

The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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I'LL LEAD, YOU FOLLOW.

MR. SEDDON: "That was well won, me boy. You showed 'em your tail that time right ———
Hullo! what's this? A protest! Well I'll be ———!"

People Talked About

Chosen a New Pope.

The celebrated Cardinal d'Este, writing to Villeroi in 1665, shrewdly remarked: "No sooner is a Pope elected than all eyes are busy searching for his probable successor," and the truth of this dictum, which applies to Popes both young and old, strong and ailing, is so generally recognised that, in discussing chances of leading candidates to the Tiara at the present time one cannot feel guilty of that indelicacy which too often characterises the conjectures of people in these cases. The election of a new Pope is a ceremony full of interest, and one that attracts the eyes of almost the whole world. When it is known that the Pope is dead his forehead is lightly



CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

Whose chances of election are considered very good.

Cardinals seriously considered the advisability of holding the Conclave out of Italy as a protest against the usurpers. Spain, France, and Malta were proposed in turn, and the Cardinals went so far as to ask the then Minister for Home Affairs, Signor Crispi, whether the Italian Government would protect the Sacred College in its peregrination. With characteristic shrewdness Crispi replied that the Government would afford the members of that eminent body every facility to reach the Italian frontiers, but that the Papal Curia would not be allowed to return to Rome after the election, and the Vatican would be officially occupied by the Italian authorities. The Cardinals changed their minds, and the project of transferring the seat of the Conclave was definitely abandoned.

For the last three centuries and a half—namely, since the reign of the Flemish Pope, Hadrian VI.—foreign Cardinals have played only the part of



CARDINAL GOTTI.

The Pope's nomination as successor.

tapped with a small silver hammer, the words, "The Pope is dead," are pronounced, and the sad event is announced to the world. The Cardinals forming the Sacred College are summoned to Rome, and when the Conclave is held they retire to a wing of the Vatican. Each Cardinal is accompanied by a body servant. A secretary, two doctors and four cooks are also in attendance, and the whole party is walled up in the wing of the palace by masons. The Car-



CARDINAL SVAMPA.

dinals are not allowed communication with anyone. Sometimes the election lasts two days, and sometimes longer. When it is over the ballot papers are burned, and the smoke issuing from the chimney announces to the watching crowds outside that a new occupant has been chosen for St. Peter's chair.

Two things may be considered as positive, namely, that the Conclave will be held at Rome, and that the next Pope will be an Italian. After Pius IX.'s death a group of intransigent



CARDINAL PARROCCHI.

electors in Papal Conclaves, and the Pontiffs have always taken care to maintain a strong Italian majority in the Sacred College, so that the Chair of Peter, although nominally "open to all comers," has become practically an Italian birthright. Therefore all the Cardinals whose names are mentioned in connection with the future succession to the Holy See are Italians.

The Cardinal probably who has the best chance of success to the vacant chair is the Secretary of State, Monsignor Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro, born in 1843 in Sicily, and created Cardinal in 1887. Many different opinions have been formed of Cardinal Rampolla. Some contend that as Pope

he would show uncompromising severity. Others, on the contrary, say that Leo XIII.'s Secretary of State is a man of splendid ability, of highly cultured mind, a lover of the sciences, to which he devotes all his evenings, and that consequently the highest possible liberalism may reasonably be expected of him. In any case, he would not be a fascinating Pope. A great French writer has said of him that "he has the cut of a brigand of Calabria." That, perhaps, is somewhat exaggerated, but his face has certainly something very characteristic in its expression—the hard, energetic features which are often seen among the members of the Sicilian nobility.

Another Cardinal who is talked about as the future Pope is Cardinal Gotti, born at Genoa in 1834, and created Cardinal in 1895. He belongs to the Carmelite Order, and is very intimate with Leo XIII., who, in his private conversations with several Cardinals has enjoined them to nominate Cardinal Gotti as his successor. It is this high recommendation which places Cardinal Gotti to-day among the candidates for the Papal chair.

It is no secret that Leo XIII., alarmed at the dangers which threaten monasticism, especially in America, where a leading Archbishop has openly taken a stand against religious orders, has



CARDINAL SERAFINO VANNUTELLI.

more than once expressed the hope that his successor will be a monk. But in spite of the sanctity of his life, his erudition, and his many virtues, it is to be feared that Cardinal Gotti would become a second Celestine V., the saintly monk whom Dante stigmatizes in his *Inferno* as—

colui
Che per viltade fece il gran rifiuto.

Before his resignation of the Vicar Generalship, Cardinal Lucido Maria Parrocchi, Chancellor of the Church, was considered a most likely candidate to the Papacy. His popularity, however, is somewhat on the wane, as a result of the numerous disputes with the clergy of Rome, brought about by his extreme severity. "If Cardinal Parrocchi becomes Pope he will be a second Sixtus V." is the general verdict.

On the other hand, Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, who has had great experience in the diplomatic service of the Holy See, is credited with uncommon tact and ability. His brother, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, is an untiring and able canvasser, so that it would not be at all surprising if their joint efforts were successful, especially as the French and Austrian Governments have more than half signified that Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli is their candidate. He is now sixty-eight years of age, although he looks much younger. In the event of his election he, too, would probably be favourable to a policy of deconciliation with the Italian Government.



MISS EMILY R. BARRON, Nelson-st., Auckland.

Whose plucky act saved a man from a serious railway accident at Ellerslie. She was rewarded with the Royal Humane Society's Certificate.

Emperor and Lion Tamer.

Probably the most remarkable performance in the world is that given by Herr Julius Seeth, the famous German who has made a world-wide reputation as a lion-tamer. He has held thousands spellbound with his daring feats. Armed with nothing more formidable than a short riding whip, he enters a cage of lions and puts them through their tricks. This marvellous man has just been giving some interesting copy to "M.A.P." concerning "people I have met." He places Menelik the Emperor of Abyssinia, in the first position among all the remarkable persons he has met. During the summer of 1897, writes Herr Seeth, while I was touring in Switzerland, I was one evening informed that after I had finished my performance with my twelve lions a gentleman desired to see me. It was no less than that I should accompany him to Adis Abbaba, to the capital of Menelik, Emperor of Abyssinia. He introduced himself as the Abyssinian Prime Minister, and he assured me of a cordial reception by his Royal master if I would journey with him to Abyssinia. The Emperor, he said, very greatly admired "brave deeds and men of iron nerve," adding that no account of his of my performances with my lions would be believed by anyone at home, as the Abyssinians entertained the greatest fear of lions. I had to decline his flattering invitation.

After the lapse of some months, when I had almost forgotten the occurrence, I received a letter from the same Prime Minister. He wrote to me "by command," inviting me to Court, and promising that every attention should be paid me, while a Royal present of twelve forest-bred lions (worth, say, £1,000) was held out as an additional inducement. Well, I accepted the invitation, and arrived early in 1898 at Adis Abbaba. I had scarcely arrived at my house before a whole sheep and some gallons of native beer were sent from the Royal commissariat, but these I handed to my guard, to their huge delight and my great relief. I had already tasted that beer! It was barely six o'clock the next morning when I was aroused by the Prime Minister, with whom I had supped overnight. He urged me to get up without delay, as the Emperor desired my presence immediately, and he added that as I was not travelling in the country officially, levee dress would be excused, so I went in my tweed suit.

I hope I shall not be accused of vanity if I say that the Emperor was

evidently immensely impressed by my appearance, for I stand 6ft. 2 1/2 in. in my stockings, and weigh about 17 stone; while the Emperor, like most Abyssinians, is very short of stature, and is, moreover, of poor physique. I felt more afraid of him, I'm sure, than he did of me, and felt more than a trifle nervous as I shook hands with this little black man seated tailor fashion on a divan. However, when he began to talk and laugh, displaying a fine set of teeth, my nervousness soon passed off. He was most eager for me to see his lions, and the Prime Minister was ordered to conduct me to the stable. I shall never forget the face of their keeper when I told him to open the upper half of the stable door, nor the look of surprise on everyone's countenance, including the Emperor's (for he had stolen after us unperceived), when the whole troupe of twenty-eight lions retreated directly they saw me, in evident fear, huddling together in the further corner of the shed. I was at once regarded as a magician, or as an expert mesmerist at least. The Emperor was simply delighted, and shook me heartily by the hand. The reason of the lions' timidity was clear to me. They had never seen the face of a white man before!

Well, to prove my powers over lions the Emperor ordered me to select some of the lions for training purposes, so I entered the shed and pointed out three by the Emperor, and which were conveyed my quarters. In eleven days I had these lions so much under control that they sat on pedestals and worked the see-saw plank as docilely as my lions do at the London Hippodrome. As a matter of fact, those three lions are included in my present troop, together with twenty-five other lions which were given to me by the Emperor, and which were conveyed on camel-back to Djibouti on my departure from Africa. Besides the gift of the twenty-eight lions, the Emperor invested me with an order which consisted of a golden bracelet heavily jewelled with precious stones, similar in form to the military decoration bestowed on his generals by the Emperor. It was explained to me that these orders of chivalry date from a time when their warriors were only partially clothed, and wore no tunics on which to attach decorations.

During my visit I was invited to a Court banquet, the Emperor presiding at a separate table on a raised dais, and also I was asked to a tete-a-tete little dinner with Grasmach Makonnen, a re-

shall never forget that meal! One course consisted of a portion of a raw sheep which was held in front of us while we cut off strips of flesh, I with my knife and my host with his sword. Afterwards we had, horrible to relate, a chicken which had been held only a few minutes over the embers of a charcoal stove placed between us. This repast struck me as all the more revolting and quaint from the fact that my host kept up the conversation in French, bringing to me in the sharpest contrast the reminiscences of many delightful petit dinners I had eaten in gay Paris. After this experience I need scarcely say I was somewhat chary of accepting dinner invitations in Abyssinia.

Mr T. P. O'Connor). Mr Oppenheim is one of the comparatively few writers—ladies excepted) who have never been anything else, though I must qualify that statement by admitting that for some years he was interested in his father's business, which, when he inherited it, he lost little time in disposing of. Still, on the whole, he has earned his living by his pen since early manhood. He was but eighteen years of age when his first book, "Expiation," was published, and he spent the next few years and most of his money in buying up copies of it. Heaven forbid that I should encourage blackmail, but I fancy that anyone with a copy of "Expiation" for sale would receive a fashionable bazaar price for it from Mr

which, and a very striking one, was in the "Windsor."

Sir Philip Burne Jones Criticised.

Sir Philip Burne Jones has been having an unpleasant time in New York. "When this country is visited," says a New York paper, sternly, "by a man who cannot paint, the duty of those who judge is to declare that he cannot paint." Sir Philip is informed that "he would never have been heard of except for his father, and for a scandalous interest which he encouraged by making 'The Vampire' the conspicuous element of his exhibition." This leads the New York paper to a general reconsideration of the attitude of America towards visitors, which visitors will no doubt do well to note. "We are not," it says, "so easy as we were. If a duke is silly and vulgar, even our tuft hunters ignore him. If a painter is very weak, his being an Englishman will not save him. Even a popular musician from Italy must behave." In short, New York announces that it has outgrown the stage at which a foreign label was a passport to its pocket and its affections.



THE SHAM PRINCE.

The Countess of Russell's husband, who passed as Prince Stuart de Modena, but was convicted a few days ago in the name of William Brown, upon a charge of having caused a false entry to be made in the marriage register. He was only a footman after all.

A Rising Author.

Mr E. Phillips Oppenheim, the author of "A Prince of Sinners," an interesting novel just out, is an Englishman by birth and descent, hailing from Leicestershire, where he was educated at Wyggeston Grammar School. Mr Oppenheim is a "mere boy" of thirty-six, of average height, and with a suggestion of the "gentleman-jock" in his wiry build and ruddy, mobile, clean-shaven face. For the rest, he has smooth, dark hair, humorous grey eyes beneath prominent reddish eyebrows, a determined chin, and a very cheery—I had almost written "chirpy"—taking manner. A man who thoroughly enjoys every moment of his life, and is never so happy as when in motion, especially in a motor-car (writes

Oppenheim, for he was not, and is not, proud of his first-born, although "The Times" described it as "the most extraordinary book we have ever read," possibly because all the original characters had met a violent death half-way through, and an entirely new set had to be introduced. His next book, "The Monk of Cruta," however, brought him into favourable prominence, and since then he has steadily advanced with "Mysterious Mr Sabine" (which brought him a visit from an indignant gentleman of that name), "A Man and His Kingdom," "A Millionaire of Yesterday," "The Traitors," "The Survivor," and "Master of Men." The last-named is, in Mr Oppenheim's opinion, his best work. Of course, he has written many short stories for periodicals, the latest of



MR WALTER W. HURLEY, Auckland. Who was awarded bronze medal, special ribbon, and certificate by the Royal Humane Society. He has on several occasions saved persons from drowning.

A Winston Churchill Story.

The Duke of Argyll tells a good story of Mr Winston Churchill. He was, he said, once at a school at Ascot, and he observed a small boy running once, twice, three times round the cricket ground. His Grace said to the head master, "What on earth is that little boy doing running round the field in that way?" "That," replied the head master, "is Lord Randolph Churchill's son, and when he speaks too much we make him run three times round the cricket ground." (Laughter.) "I cannot help thinking," the Duke added, "that sometimes his constituents might make him run round the town of Oldham." (Renewed laughter.)

How Many Miles People Dance.

A statist has recently calculated the number of miles people dance. According to him, an ordinary waltz represents a journey for each dancer of about 1,308 yards. It is the longest dancing journey, except, of course, the quadrille, the four united figures of which involve a dance of about a mile. For dances with separate partners the mazarika ranks after the waltz, with a distance of 1035 yards, the polka 948 yards, and the Pas de Quatre with scarcely 872 yards. He further estimates, basing his opinion on numerous experiments, that at a grand ball, beginning, for example at ten p.m., to finish at 5.30 a.m., a person who figures in all the dances, including the cotillon, makes at least 28,000 paces, which is equivalent to nearly twelve miles.



MR R. COCK,

The popular Mayor of New Plymouth. Hanna, photo.

lation of Ras Makonnen, Viceroy of Gallaland, who took part in the Jubilee rejoicings over here. Both occasions were marked by strange customs. At the Royal banquet I do not allude so much to the fact that the Emperor carried everything to his mouth with his fingers as to the singular exigency of etiquette which required that whenever the Emperor drank from his cup (containing a potent spirit), an attendant on either side screened him from observation by holding up before him an embroidered cloth. It seems ungracious to criticise the manners of a country where I received such a hearty welcome, but I cannot refrain from also speaking of my little dinner with Grasmach Makonnen, though I do so in no carping spirit. I



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT.

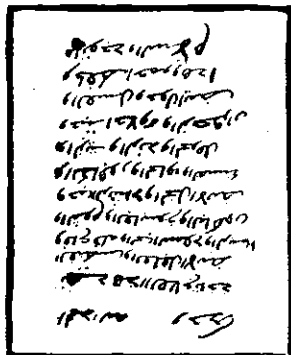
ODDMENTS FROM EVERYWHERE.

Prescription of an Arabian Physician.

Medicine is supposed by the followers of Islam to possess some supernatural power, and this popular notion enables many Arabian physicians to acquire a great reputation for wisdom at a very small cost.

A physician of this type is not well educated. He knows how to read and write his own tongue and he is acquainted with the properties of a number of plants, which he uses at haphazard in the treatment of all diseases, but beyond this he knows nothing. In his opinion the most effective prescriptions consist of verses which are selected from the Koran and written on coloured bits of paper. These bits of paper are then to be swallowed by the sick persons, who are assured that they will speedily become convalescent.

Sometimes the prescription is placed in water until it is at the point of boiling, and then it must be drunk by the unfortunate patient. No matter how



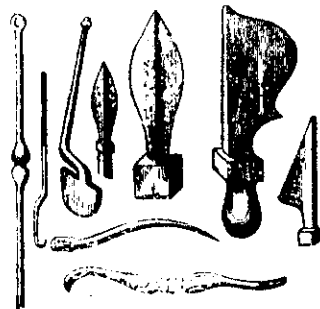
absurd they may seem, the patients faithfully follow the prescriptions, and never hesitate to pay a high price for them. Nay, at the bidding of their physicians they even perform the most foolish antics, and if they are not dead by that time, they are next obliged to swallow doses composed of plants, roots and metals.

In case of fever, a more extraordinary method is employed. The physician writes on an egg certain verses from the Koran, and then bids the patient hatch the egg, informing him that if a chicken comes out he will certainly be cured.

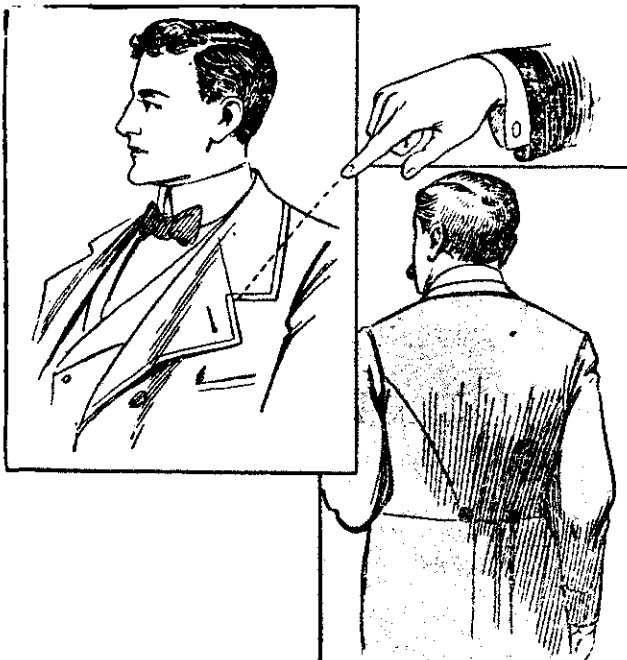
Patients suffering from other maladies usually make a mixture of mercury and ferrocyanide of potassium, which they place over a fire so that they may inhale the vapour. Among other substances used in prescriptions are fat, cod-liver oil, garlic, aniseed, pepper, salt, angelica, asafoetida, orange water and vinegar. The druggist does not prepare prescriptions, but delivers the ingredients, the quantity of each being solely designated by its monetary value, and the patient himself is expected to mix them.

Roman Surgery.

Excavations recently made in Pompeii brought to light a variety of surgical instruments like those presented above, which go to show that, although the an-



cient Romans possessed rather crude ideas of surgery, there were surgeons among them nevertheless.



Curious Marks on Men's Coats.

The general lack of picturesqueness about the present-day male attire is frequently lamented, yet how many people are aware that the average man carries on his coat at least two historical relics, one of which dates back to feudal times?

This relic of the times of William the Conqueror consists of the two buttons worn at the back of a morning or frock coat. The buttons are, of course, useless for any practical purpose; and, inasmuch as they are certainly not decorative, you may naturally ask what they are there for.

Sartorial historians now tell us that these two buttons come down to us from the sword-bearing age, when they were placed at the back of the coat for the purpose of supporting a sword belt, which, together with the sword, has long since been discarded, save by military men, the sole remaining evidence of its existence being the two buttons. Thus, to this day they remain on our coats as mute witnesses of the days that are gone.



KILLING A BIRD IN MID-AIR WITH A GOLF BALL.



FINE DRIVE, WHICH SENT THE BALL INTO THE HOLE AT A SINGLE STROKE

Remarkable Golf Feats.

To the achieving of remarkable feats in golf there is no end. The other day a modest-looking Scotsman—for some Scotsmen can look modest even when they are playing golf—stepped up with a driver and made a fine drive over a bunker on a golf course near London, the ball going straight into the hole.

The other day a sparrow happened to be in full flight across a golf course in the Midlands just as a player had sent his ball on a long drive. The bird and the ball came in contact in mid-career;

The other historical relic which still survives in our modern coats is the nick in the lapel.

Though you have been wearing coats and waistcoats ever since childhood's early days you have probably never thought to inquire whether or not there is any reason why tailors should continue to make this nick.

It is now recalled by sartorial experts that when Napoleon first felt the sway of boundless ambition he tried to implicate General Moreau in Bichegren's conspiracy.

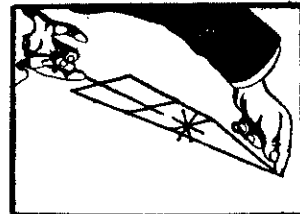
As you will doubtless remember, Moreau had been the Man of Destiny's rival, and was an exceedingly popular soldier; but, in the circumstances, with Le Petit Caporal in power, it was not safe to publicly express sympathy with Moreau. So it came about that his admirers and supporters secretly agreed to nick their coat lapels to show their fellowship, the outlines of the coat, after the cut had been made, forming the letter M.

It would be interesting to learn if men carry any other marks about their dress which have historic origins or associations.

The Windmill.

Do you want to build a windmill without expense, or the help of water and steam power? The illustration shows plainly that we mean only a pretty plaything, set in motion by the power of our lungs.

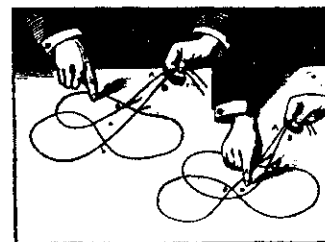
We need several pieces of straw such as are used in summer to such cooling drinks from a glass. We cut a piece of straw seven inches long. This is going to be the tube by which we set the mill in motion. Then we cut off two pieces of straw of equal length (three inches). We split these two pieces carefully with a penknife in four parts (each two inches long), and bend the split parts back in such a way that they stand perpendicularly like spokes of a wheel. We stick



them, as the wheel of the windmill, on a thinner piece of straw (four inches long) in such a way that the split and bent two parts form a wheel with eight spokes. After this we build a framework of straw, as shown in our illustration. In the middle of this framework we insert the wheel, after piercing the sides of the frame with a penknife. Behind the wheel we insert a bar of straw, to strengthen the frame, and stick the bowing tube through it and the base of the frame. The illustration shows how to hold the windmill and how it is set in motion.

With a Piece of Cord.

Take a piece of cord about two yards long, hold the two ends with the thumb and index finger of the right hand and form the figure shown



on the left side of the illustration on the table. The task is to pull the cord off the table while another person is trying to prevent it by placing the index finger on any spot inside the figure formed by the cord. You may be certain that anyone will select the part of the loop marked with O. When we now pull the two ends of the cord it will slide past the finger that is trying to prevent it.

Let us start over again.

We lay the cord again and declare that if the partner places the index finger on the same spot of the figure the finger will be caught and the cord will not be removed. The partner places the finger on P, we pull, and the cord is actually held fast.

Solution: The partner has not noticed that we have changed the loops of the cord. By comparing the two figures in our illustration you will notice the change. In the figure on the left the right end of the cord forms first the loop A, while in the figure on the right it forms first the loop behind it, so that in this case the loop A belongs to the left end of the cord.

New Zealand New Zealand



THE RAINBOW FALLS, NEAR A'IAIU.

The Scenic Masterpiece of Nature!

The Wonderland of the World!
The Deerstalkers' Delight!

The Sanatorium of the Earth!
The Anglers' Paradise!

The Home of the Maori!
The Tourists' Elysium!

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Visit the Wanganui River. Its loveliness is beyond compare. Visit the famous Buller and Otrra Gorges. Visit Hammer Hot Springs, (Government Baths and Accommodation House).

VISIT NEW ZEALAND.

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.)

The home of the Tattooed Maori Warriors and their handsome, dusky daughters. Visit this wonderful country with its endless variety of beautiful and magnificent scenery which charms the senses, inspires the imagination and challenges comparison. Stalk its thousands of Wild Deer and Fallow Buck. Whip its rippling streams, teeming with Rainbow, Loch Leven and Brown Trout. For Pure Air, Pure Water, and a Temperate Climate. The Holiday Resort for the brain-weary and jaded man of business. The Ideal Home for the man of leisure. Four days from Australia. Seventeen days from San Francisco. Twenty-six days from London.



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Minister in Charge of the Tourist Health Dept. —

The Hon. Sir JOSEPH WARD, K.C.M.G.

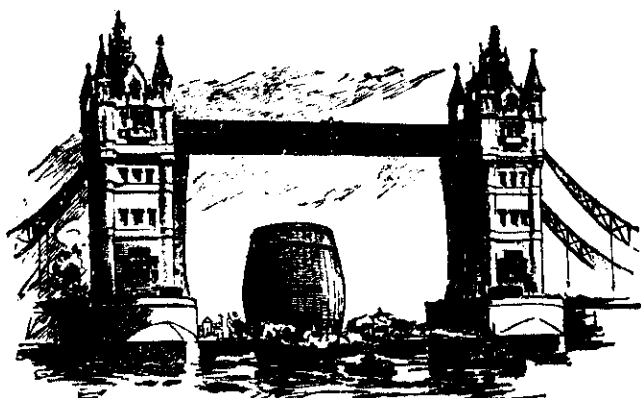
Superintendent —

T. E. DONNE.



THE YELLOW TERRACE, WAIOTAPU.

WHAT LONDON DRINKS.

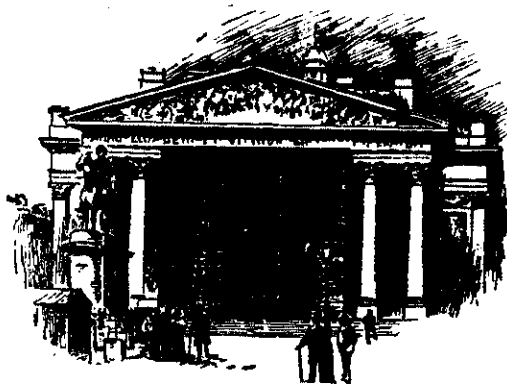


LONDON'S DAILY BEER BARREL (76 feet high and 36 feet wide.)

In dealing with this colossal problem I do not pretend to a perfect accuracy (says a writer in the "New Penny Magazine"). It would, of course, be practically impossible to specify all the various kinds and quantities of liquid drunk in the great Metropolis in a single day. I have even passed over pure water, the first and simplest beverage of all; not because the water drunk in London is at all a negligible quantity, but, rather,

feet, a barrel 76ft long by 36ft in mean diameter, measured internally between the bung and head, will hold this quantity.

Wine has been drunk in London from Romano-British, if not from earlier times. At present the quantity consumed in a day is about 5500 gallons, or 44,000 pints, which could be stored in a wine vault 52ft square and 1 foot deep. Of spirits—home and foreign—about



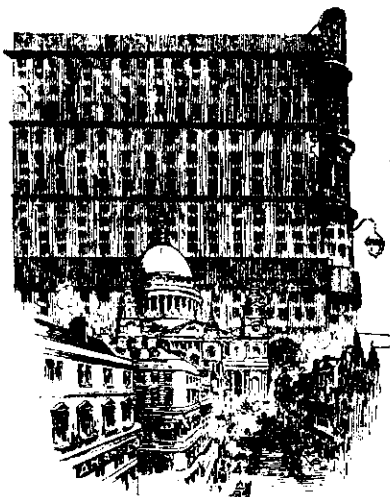
THE BIN THAT WOULD BE REQUIRED TO HOLD A DAY'S SUPPLY OF WINE FOR LONDON, COMPARED WITH THE FRONT OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

in London daily, and assuming that a coffee sack or bale 11 cubic feet in contents will hold a hundredweight of beans, a sack or a canister 14ft high and 10ft in diameter will serve London for a day.

According to a little book on cocoa by "Historicus," the use of this beverage dates from the mythical times of Quetzalcoatl, king of the Toltecs, to whom it

9ft high by 5ft wide and 3ft thick will hold this quantity.

The reports of the Metropolitan police give the number of licensed public-houses.



LONDON'S LICENSED HOUSES PUT INTO ONE.

because it is not an artificial drink. I have confined my study to the principal liquors, beer, wine and spirits; to tea, coffee, cocoa, and to mineral waters.

From the nature of the case these estimates are merely approximations to the truth, arrived at by calculation. At the present day about 177,000,000 gallons of (British) beer are drunk in London yearly, and 485,000 gallons daily. Taking 485,000 gallons or 78,000 cubic

16,000 gallons are drunk daily by Londoners; and, as a gallon is 0.16 of a cubic foot in volume, a demijohn 20ft high and 13ft in diameter, measured internally, would supply the town.

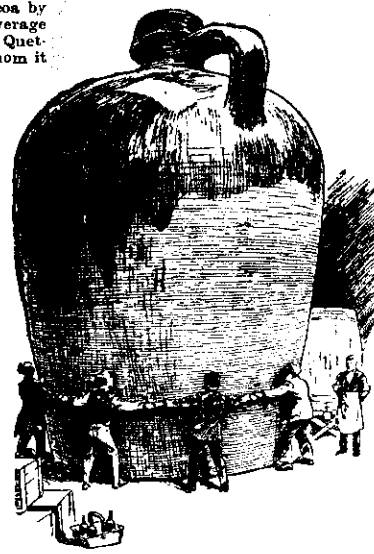
Tea, which has a mythical origin in China, as wine has in Europe, and is referred to in the days of the Emperor Chin Wung, who flourished about 2737 B.C., was introduced into England at the beginning of the sixteenth century, if not earlier.

About 33,000,000lb of tea are now consumed in London yearly, or some 90,000 lb daily. An ordinary tea-chest, containing about 4.5 cubic feet, holds from 80 to 100 (say 90) lb of tea, according to its quality. A chest of 4500 cubic feet or 20ft high by 15ft square, in other dimensions, would therefore hold the 90,000lb which London requires every day.

Coffee—which owes its name to Kaffa in East Africa, where it grows wild—was, according to an Oriental legend, discovered by a Deverish, Hadji Omar, who, when he was expelled from Mocha, in 1285, and hiding in a cave, roasted the berry to sustain his life. About 100cwt (112,000lb) of coffee beans are consumed



LONDON'S COFFEE CANISTER (14 ft. high and 10 feet wide.)



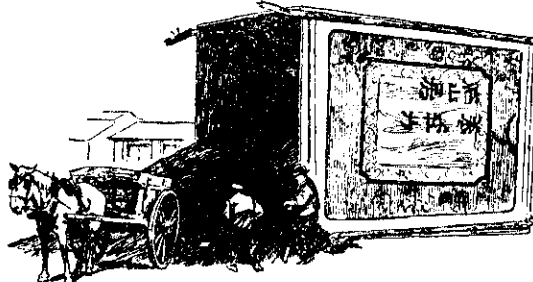
LONDON'S NIP OF SPIRITS FOR ONE DAY (demijohn 70 feet high and 13 feet wide.)

was administered by a magician named Titlacahua in order that he might transport himself wherever he wished. About 22,400,000lb of raw cocoa, or "nibs," are consumed in the United Kingdom yearly, and about 3,200,000lb in London—that is to say, 8800lb daily. Probably not more than half of this, or 4400lb, is drunk as cocoa and chocolate, the rest going in the preparation of nibs and in the manufacture of sweets. A tin about

including hotels, taverns and bars, in London as about 14,000. They are of all shapes and sizes; but with an average of 50ft of frontage if they were placed side by side they would stretch 130 miles, or from London to Birmingham. Assuming that each could be contained in a cube 50ft in the side, they would form a single enormous public-house, towering above St. Paul's Cathedral as shown in our illustration.



LONDON'S COCOA TIN (Would serve as a sentry-box for a Life Guardsman.)



THE CHEST THAT WOULD BE REQUIRED TO HOLD ONE DAY'S TEA.



AN IMAGINARY RING FENCE OF LONDON'S LICENSED HOUSES (each side of the square is 33½ miles long.)

The Brass Bandsman.

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

THE STUDENT.

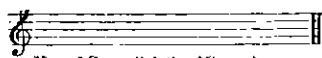
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SCALE STUDY.

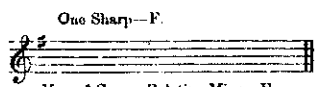
The scale is the basis of melody. From a knowledge of its musical instruction has its beginning. A scale is a regular succession of the notes belonging to major and minor keys. A scale consists of whole tones and semi-tones.

DIATONIC SCALES.

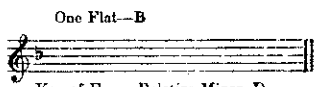
The word "diatonic" means "tones throughout." The word "scale" comes from "scala," a ladder, and means a regular succession of sounds, gradually rising, or descending, in pitch. Diatonic scales are separated from each other by tones and semi-tones. A diatonic scale may commence on any note we please. The note from which any scale starts is called its key-note.



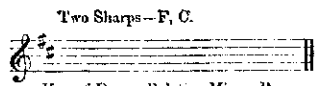
Key of C. Relative Minor, A.



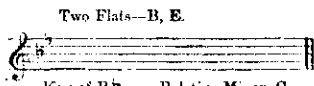
One Sharp—F. Key of G. Relative Minor, E.



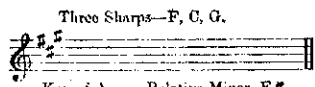
One Flat—B. Key of F. Relative Minor, D.



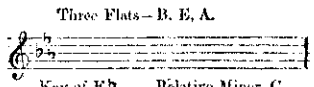
Two Sharps—F, C. Key of D. Relative Minor, B.



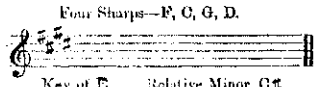
Two Flats—B, E. Key of Bb. Relative Minor, G.



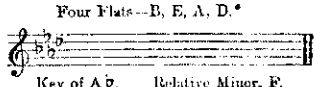
Three Sharps—F, C, G. Key of A. Relative Minor, F#.



Three Flats—B, E, A. Key of Eb. Relative Minor, C.



Four Sharps—F, C, G, D. Key of E. Relative Minor, C#.



Four Flats—B, E, A, D. Key of Ab. Relative Minor, F.

For proper analysis, and comprehension of all music, and especially of the complicated modern music, perfect familiarity with the notes properly belonging to the key in major and in minor must be secured. This is, in fact, one of the main objects in scale study.

SCALE STUDY.

There are two semi-tones in a scale, namely, the step from the third to the fourth, and from the seventh to the octave.

In the minor scales the sixth and seventh are each raised a semi-tone in ascending, and lowered again in descending. Those major and minor keys which have the same signature are relative keys. For instance, the key of A minor is the relative minor key of C major, because neither of them has either sharp or flat in the key signature. Of a major key the relative minor key is on the sixth of the major key.

As brass band music seldom reaches beyond four sharps, or four flats, the student will find the table given below of use when he is desirous of determining the key of any particular piece.

MUSICAL TERMS.

The following list of words will be found useful to the student, as they comprise the terms most commonly used in brass band music. Of course there are plenty more, but those given should suffice until the student has become thoroughly acquainted with his instrument:—

Grave, Largo, Lento: The slowest rate of movement, bearing the characteristic of solemnity.

Larghetto: Rather faster than largo. Adagio: A slow movement. Andante: Moderately slow. Andantino: A little quicker than andante.

Maestoso: Majestically, when used alone, but sometimes depending upon the time of the movement to which it is joined.

Moderato: In moderate time. Tempo Guisto: The right or exact time. Allegro Moderato, Allegretto: Moderately fast.

Allegro: A general term for a quick or animated movement. Allegro con brio, Allegro con fuoco: Brilliant and spirited, rather quicker than allegro.

Allegro Assai: Very fast. Vivace: With vivacity. Presto: Very quick. Prestissimo: The quickest possible movement.

DEFINITIONS, ETC.

Ten stands for tenuto, and indicates that a note must be carefully sustained its full value. (Tenuto means "held.") Sempre Staccato signifies always short,

Sempre—Always, evermore, continually. Storzando means forced, or one particular note is to be played with force and emphasis.

Smile meaning the continuation in like manner.

Spiritoso—Lively, animated, brisk, or spirited.

Syncope—An unequal division of the time or notes; irregular accent.

Troppo—Too much; non-troppo allegro, not too quick.

Tutta Forza—As loud as possible.

Un Poco—A little.

Vigorous—Vigorous, bold, energetic.

Vivo means life, lively.

Volti subito—Turn over quickly.

ff signifies fortissimo, or as loud as possible.

pp. signifies pianissimo, or as soft as possible.

mf means mezzo-forte, which is not quite forte, but louder than piano.

A cadenza belongs to melody.

A cadence belongs to harmony.

CARE OF AN INSTRUMENT.

We are told by various writers that "in having a dirty instrument the bandsman stands condemned as a sloven." I have known one to not only condemn a clean instrument, but strongly object to his own being cleaned, preferring a dirty brass to the clean and polished instrument a bandsman will insist upon having when he respects himself, and takes a pride in the instrument he uses. At intervals of not more than a month the instrument requires a thorough overhaul, valves cleaned by washing in warm water for the removal of all grease, etc.; the slides cleaned and greased, and if necessary, new springs substituted for the old or weak ones. If the student does this portion of his work in a satisfactory manner, then his instrument will at all times be fit for use, and he will find that it materially adds to the pleasure of practice, for nothing is more aggravating than sluggish valves. Always remember that neglect in the proper treatment of an instrument depreciates its market value, hence the necessity for the regular monthly overhaul.

Brass instruments need constant attention to keep them properly bright, whereas plated instruments require scarcely any attention at all, i.e., externally. For the polishing of brass instruments no sort of gritty material should be used as it may find its way into the valves and thereby become the direct cause of their sticking when it is required for use. Soap and hot water, a sponge, a dry cloth, and plenty of manual labour, are all that need be used to clean it.

For the lubrication of the valves oil of no kind must be used. A large number of players expectorate on the valves, but an instrument which is treated in that manner (if not in daily use) will at any time be liable to stick.

Messrs Silvani and Smith recommend the following treatment:—Carefully clean the interior of the cylinder case and the pistons, then pass over it a rag moistened with very fine paraffin oil. The effect will be that, if unused for a time, the valves will work just as freely as if

expectorated on. Some authorities recommend the forcing through the instrument a wet sponge. To do this the student must force it through by blowing with the mouth strongly, at the mouth-piece. Should the sponge stick, a small bullet will force it out. An instrument should be overhauled and cleaned immediately after rather than before being used at a contest. It has been proved that the accumulation of dirt, unequally at the bend of an instrument will in due time flatten it and throw it out of tune. A large dent near the bell will not affect the tone so much, as when situated in any other part of the instrument.

In any case, when a dent is made, the sooner it is seen to the better, both for the performer and the appearance of the instrument.

If the student cleanses his instrument with hot water and soda he should dip a sponge in milk and blow it through the instrument, when he will find it take off any roughness of the bore, which is generally found after the use of soda.

BEHAVIOUR OF STUDENT.

As a finale to the "student articles," the advice given by Messrs Wright and Round as to his (the student's) conduct on joining a band is in every way worthy of his most earnest attention:—"Avoid being stubborn in what you think is right in defiance of the band, as the member who is ready to go anywhere and do anything the bandmaster wants him, from conducting to putting kerosene in the torches, is sure to get on. By learning to obey, you learn to command. Do not hug the delusion to your heart that others are jealous of you, or dislike you, because they may differ with you, but above all be obliging and don't be stubborn."

(To be continued.)

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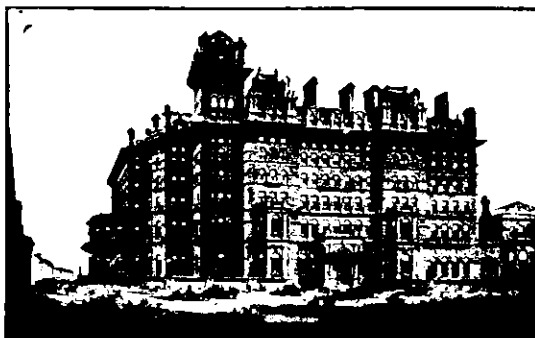
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The Unspeakable Thing

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

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

This weird story opens on an island in the South Pacific, which is reached by Emya Tredegar, the hero, and the rest of a shipwrecked crew. They find the place infested with myriads of spiders of all sizes, from huge to small. Gradually Tredegar's companions disappear mysteriously, till there are only himself and one Hughes left. Wandering in the bush they happen on an immense spider web, hanging to which are several of their late associates. At night these two are attacked by some frightful creature, and Hughes is killed. Tredegar fixes himself a stronghold in a cave, and has another encounter with the creature, which escapes after a desperate struggle, but leaves in the white man's hands a small metal disc, certain markings on which drive him to the conclusion that the horror which has taken the lives of his companions, is, or had been human. Tredegar is left alone in helplessness and horror.

CHAPTER IV.

Twelve months have elapsed since the events summarised above. We are now introduced to the heroine, Mavanwy Morgan, daughter of John Morgan, the ruined owner of Lyngtas, an ancient Welsh country seat. Mavanwy is thinking of her absent lover, who has never been heard of since he left England a year back, and who is supposed

to be dead. No student of fiction needs to be told this lover is Emya Tredegar. She is called to dress for dinner by her father and told to make herself specially cordial to one of the guests invited, namely, Cyrus Walroyd, an American millionaire, who has recently bought up a place in the district. He is, her father reminds her, in love with her, and is about to urge the young man's suit when his arrival with his brother brings the conversation to a close. After dinner, however, Walroyd proposes and is refused gently. Upon this he bursts into a violent passion, and informs Mavanwy that he has bought everything her father owns, his mortgaged land and the very house they live in, and that he could damn them out to-morrow. Mavanwy reiterates her refusal with contempt, and he returns this refusal by saying she shall marry him whether she likes it or not. She answers him furiously, and would have struck him had she been able. Cyrus Walroyd laughed. This was a woman after his own heart, and he loved her all the more for this outbreak of passion. But a second later a look of horror crossed his face, his feet fell, and suddenly loosing her wrists he struck savagely at something that was running across one of his own hands. It was only a little harmless spider. But he had struck, as though it had been an adder. Nothing remained of it but a small blotch of blood. He rubbed his hand vigorously with his handkerchief, and removed all traces of it. Then he looked up quickly to see if Mavanwy had noticed his action.

But she was several yards away from him. He hesitated for a moment, and then turning abruptly he walked up the path, and re-entered the house.

CHAPTER V.

Tredegar, given up for dead, turns up at this juncture. He drops like a bolt from the blue. Seated by his sweetheart's side he tells his story in the freight. Tells how he was rescued by a passing ship and how he reached home, but one thing he withholds. He cannot tell of such horrors before Mavanwy. He does not tell of the horrors he saw on the island. When he shows them the metal disc, which proves to be gold, Morgan presses the markings on it to be early Welsh, and strangely enough they are similar to those on a ring given to him by Cyrus Walroyd. Walroyd wants to secure the disc, but Tredegar will not part with it. Just as Tredegar and the two Walroyd brothers are taking their departure, a horrible face appears at the window. They give chase but are unable to solve the mystery, the object of their curiosity escaping them.

CHAPTER VI.

The Walroyds are renting Tredegar's old home, and propose to buy it from him, but he refuses. Our hero becomes the

guest of the Walroyds at Tredegar Place, and while there learns that Cyrus had proposed to Mavanwy, and insulted her when she refused him.

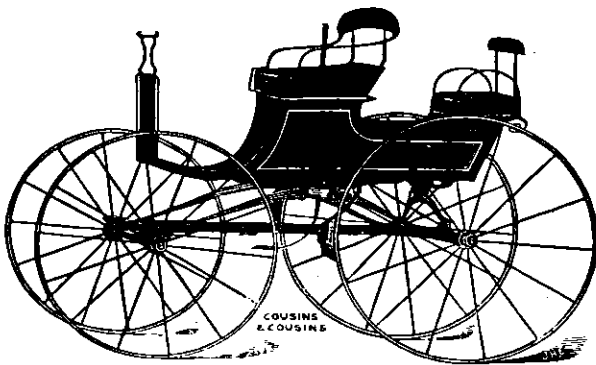
CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

His blood boiled with fury. He strode to the window, and, flinging it open, let the fresh night air cool his burning face. He did not notice that the window was already unlatched. Outside the wind rustled in the trees and in the ivy on the wall above him. Save for a distant lighthouse, the whole land was dark. He was in no state to think. At any rate, Walroyd's purchase of the Tredegar Estate was made impossible. He resolved to go to bed, and do nothing till his mind was more calm. He walked over to the door of the sitting-room and locked it. Then his eye fell on the whisky and soda Cyrus Walroyd had poured out for him. He drank half of it, turned out the electric lights, and closing his bedroom door, was in bed in less than ten minutes.

In spite of the tumult of his mind he felt strangely drowsy, and was asleep in less than five minutes. When he woke

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up it was dark, and he had a splitting headache. He had a confused idea that he had lost something, and was looking for it in the darkness of space. Then he thought he heard a sound in the next room, and reaching out his hand, he turned down the switch of the electric light. The room remained in darkness, and a sudden sense of fear came over him. He jumped out of bed, and to his horror, found that he could hardly stand. His head swam, and he clutched the bed-post to save himself from falling. In a minute or two he recovered himself. Then, fumbling for the match-box in his waistcoat pocket, he struck a light and examined the room. There was nothing to be seen. He looked round for a candle, but could not find one. The match burnt to his fingers, and again he was in darkness. All was silent, and he got back into his bed. Again he had a strange idea that he had lost something. Then he turned over and went to sleep.

When he woke again it was still dark. Something was moving in the room. He stretched out his hand for the match-box which he had placed on a chair by his side. It had gone! He felt the chair all over carefully, and then reached down over the floor, but the match-box had disappeared. He sprang out of bed, and as he did so he heard the door creak. He rushed towards it, and groping for the handle, flung it open. He saw something dark against the grey patch of window, and heard something else moving in the room. He called out, but no one answered. The next minute the dark form had sprung from the window to the floor, and a moment later there was a sound of a scuffle, the crash of breaking furniture, a thud, and then a long horrible scream. He moved across the room with outstretched hands. In the confidence of his enormous strength he feared nothing. He only wished that he could see what was happening. Then something brushed past him. He grasped at it, but was too late. A dark form again showed against the window. In a second it was gone, and Tredegar heard the sound of footsteps on the stone paving beneath. In less than a minute the sounds had died away in the distance.

Then he remembered there was a match-box on the table with the cigars and glasses. He fumbled for it, and sent a decanter crashing to the floor. When he found the box he struck a light, and the dim, flickering flame showed him the prostrate body of a man. There was a candle on the mantel-piece. He lit it, and examined the motionless form. It was Cyrus Walroyd, and he was dead. In one hand he grasped a letter. Tredegar recognised the envelope. It was the letter he had received from Mavanwy that night. He tried to release it from the dead man's fingers, but could not. Then something glittered on the floor a yard or two away. Tredegar picked it up. It was the half of the golden disc. He put it in his pocket. At that moment there was a sound of footsteps outside, and the voices of men talking eagerly together. The handle of the door was turned, but the door was locked. Then there was a thundering on the thick oak panels. Tredegar moved forward to turn the key. Then he suddenly stopped, and a look of horror came over his face.

He saw the whole situation in a glance. Cyrus Walroyd had been last seen by the footman in his rooms. The door was locked. Cyrus Walroyd was there still, and dead. In his hand was Mavanwy's letter, telling Tredegar that Walroyd was his worst enemy. The furniture was shifted and broken. The dead man had been killed by someone of enormous strength. The conclusion was obvious to an unprejudiced mind that knew nothing of the real facts of the case. There had been a quarrel about Mavanwy Morgan, and Tredegar had broken his rival's back in an outburst of passionate jealousy and hatred.

For a moment clear reasoning prevailed, and he resolved to open the door and prove his innocence. He saw that flight would confirm the suspicion of his guilt. But the effects of the drugged whisky had weakened his nerve. He hesitated, and then rushed to his bedroom. In less than three minutes he had thrown on his clothes and had resolved on a plan of action. It was fortunate that he had that day cashed a cheque for £25. He thrust the gold into his pocket. And all the time men thundered at the door and cried out to him to open it.

He slipped quietly on to the window ledge and sprang to the ground. Some-

one seized him, and he flung the fool with a crash against the stone wall. In a second he had disappeared into the woods and was making his way eastwards to the junction to catch the midnight mail. He knew he had a few minutes start. The man he had flung against the wall would be silent for a while; if indeed he ever spoke again. He hurried onwards in the darkness. There was no time to think. His only idea was to escape. Even Mavanwy was far from his thoughts. He was dizzy and confused. He could not think. But he plunged forward through the night, as though all the hounds of hell were pursuing him through the dark and lonely woods.

Before he had gone very far he had changed his mind about getting in at the junction, and walked to a station three miles farther up the line. The down train went direct to Liverpool, and he took a ticket for that place. For twenty miles from where he entered it there was another junction where he could catch the London mail. He knew that before an hour had elapsed telegrams would be flying all over the country. This ruse would at any rate put his pursuers off the scent for an hour or two.

But before he had been a quarter of an hour in the train he bitterly repented the course he had taken. Every minute as his brain grew clearer he saw more plainly that he had done the worst thing possible. However, it was too late to turn back. The harm had been done. The mere flight was sufficient to impress people with the idea of his guilt. It did not matter whether he fled to the next village or to San Francisco. The evil thing was that he had fled at all. And so he resolved to go on to London. His only chance of concealment lay in the vastness of that great city. As fortune would have it, he was not penniless. He would at any rate be able to exist for a few weeks until he could find work. In the meantime the real murderer of Cyrus Walroyd might be discovered. If not—well he scarcely dared think of the future. But it had to be faced, and there, by himself in the ill-lighted third-class carriage, he faced it. He saw the long years of terror, the awful life of a hunted man, the separation from Mavanwy, the stain on his name. No God would permit it. He had not been saved from the horrors of the island for this. The murderer would be found.

Every stop of the train brought its own terrors. At every station he expected to find policemen waiting for him. He could not decide whether he would offer resistance or go quietly with his captors. But he knew that if he resisted he would probably kill someone and be a murderer in very deed. However, no one interfered with him. He changed at the junction, and the train ran without a stop to a station twelve miles out of London. Here he got out, and for the first time was painfully aware of the fact that he had no luggage. It would be almost impossible to take a room. Landladies would eye him with suspicion. Then he suddenly bethought him of the Rowton Houses, of which he had often read. They were clean, comfortable, and cheap. He could live in one of them in comparative comfort for several months. He went to a small shop and bought an ill-fitting suit of shoddy. Then he made his way to the Rowton House in Hammersmith, changed his clothes, pawned his old blue suit for half a crown, and set out to find work. That very evening he read of the murder of Cyrus Walroyd in the evening papers. There were long accounts of the dead man, and a minute description of himself. There was even a small woodcut of the Plas Tredegar. It was quite evident that the artist had never seen the place.

For several days particulars appeared in the papers, and it was the sensation of the week. Then it was forgotten, and the police were left to do their silent work without any undesirable advertisement of their plans and actions. Tredegar changed his name to John Edwards, and allowed his beard and moustache to grow.

CHAPTER VII.
A DEALER IN GEMS.

In a dingy back room in one of the dingiest houses in River-street, S.E., an old man sat at a table by the window turning over the pages of a huge leather bound ledger. Outside the house the rain poured down pitilessly, and the grimy panes were streaked and splashed

with little rivulets of water. The small yard beneath was slowly forming itself into a miniature lake. Beyond it there was a grimy line of twisted and rusty railings. Beyond that a patch of gravel enclosed with more railings, and then a high wall with a single door in it. By climbing to the top of the house one could look over the wall and see that the river ran past it, and that the ships went to and fro unceasingly.

The room was no more than twelve feet square. The furniture consisted of two kitchen chairs, a deal table, and a large steel safe. The walls were completely covered with shelves that were littered with every conceivable object from a copper kettle to a Chinese idol. The dust lay thick on everything. Yet many a connoisseur would have been glad to blacken his fingers with it and rout out the miscellaneous objects beneath. For among piles of rubbish—such things as sailors bring from foreign parts and sell for a few pence—there was more than one precious thing—an ivory of the sixteenth century, a Sevres cup and saucer, even perhaps a curiously wrought piece of silver or gold that had fallen through centuries of honour to an ignoble position in this lonely quarter of the globe.

And as the room was, so was the man who sat in it with his keen spectacled eyes glued to the dreary book in front of him. Mr Cantrip's hair was grey and abundant, but his form was as small and withered as a shrivelled apple. His pale waxy face was covered with a two days' growth of beard. His clothes were of the finest broadcloth, but so dirty and ill-cut that they would not have seemed out of place on a tramp. His linen was soiled and frayed, his hands grimy and stained with ink. He was not a pleasant person to look upon, yet there was something in his face that marked him out from the ordinary person of his type, something in the white sloping brow and the quick glance of the eyes that stamped him as a man who was something more than a mere trader. He, too, seemed part of the rubbish of this world, yet with perchance something in him that God, the Connoisseur, might unearth from the dust and cherish.

Every now and then he would look up and watch the sleeting arrows of rain. Then he would take a stubby piece of pencil from behind his ear and tick off an entry in his ledger. Drip! drip! tick! tick! Every drop seemed to him like a unit in the long column he was adding up and checking with the dirty little pencil. At the bottom of some of the pages they ran into six figures.

His calculations were interrupted by a knock at the door. "Come in," he said abstractedly, in a low tone of voice. There was another knock. He turned sharply in his chair. "Come in," he yell-

ed. "Why the devil don't you come in!"

The door opened and a woman entered. She was not more than 30 and of extraordinary loveliness. Her hair was the colour of red gold. Her eyes at first sight seemed to be almost black, but when the light fell upon them it could be seen that they were in reality of a deep violet. Her skin was that of almost deathlike pallor that so often goes with Auburn hair, and which Tibou has painted in so many of his pictures. And it seemed somehow as though the rose tints of youth and health would have been out of keeping with the stateliness of her beauty. Several magnificent rings sparkled on her fingers, and a single diamond of wonderful size and brilliance glittered like a star at her throat.

She closed the door behind her, and advanced to where the old man still peered over his ledger. He had looked round at her, and then resumed his work. She laid her hand on his shoulder, and the dusty coat glittered for a moment with the light of diamond and emeralds and rubies.

"Well, father," she said. "One hundred and seventy-nine thousand pounds fourteen shillings and five pence," he replied abruptly. "That is since January. Yet it ought to be five shillings and sixpence more. There is an error somewhere," and he turned back the pages of the ledger and frowned. "Let me see them," she whispered; "the last ones."

"They are pretty," the old man replied with a chuckle. Then he drew something from his waistcoat pocket, and without taking his eyes from the ledger, handed a small key to the woman.

She went over to the safe, and her eyes glittered with excitement. Then she moved the levers of a combination lock.

"The word for to-day?" she queried. "Jones," he replied curtly. "I wish you wouldn't interrupt me. I must find this error before to-night."

"Is your master so exact then?" she asked.

"He is most exact," he answered. "Won't you tell me the name, father?"

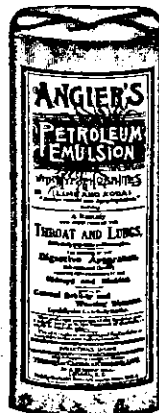
"Jones," he yelled, turning round on her savagely.

"The name of your master," she persisted.

"He has no name," was the angry reply. "You can call him Jones. Perhaps you will see him some day." And he returned to the long columns of figures.

She set the letters of the lock to the required combination, turned the key and swung the door open. Then she peered inside and tried to drag out a large black box. But it was too heavy

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for her so she crouched down and opened the lid. For more than two minutes she looked at its contents without moving a muscle. Then a glad smile overspread her face, and she began to take out the articles one by one, and examine the. Everything was of gold—cups, bracelets, necklaces, crosses, sword hilts, rings, anklets, earrings—all of gold, all beautifully wrought, priceless treasures of some bygone age. She looked at each one lovingly and sighed.

"To be melted down, I suppose?" she asked.

"All but six," the old man replied. "They will fetch almost as much as the rest put together. It is a pity I cannot sell them all as they stand. But it would be impossible."

For a whole hour the two sat in silence, the father still looking for the lost five shillings and sixpence in the great ledger, and the daughter fingering the golden treasures. At last she replaced all the articles, closed the lid of the box and drew out a small wooden casket from the back of the safe.

"The key of this" she said, holding out the cube of dark wood, as if it were some divine gift. The old man snarled impatiently and handed her a tiny key. She opened the box and poured out its contents in her lap.

The gems fell in a cascade of rainbow coloured light. Then she took up a double handful of them and let them trickle slowly through her fingers, eagerly watching each drop of colour as it fell with a tiny click among its companions. Never had she seen so fair a display of jewels. It seemed to her that all the world must have been ransacked for these treasures that dropped one by one into her lap. Diamonds, white, brown and black, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, white and pink, amethysts, topaz, pink and yellow, beryls, cats' eyes, turquoise—almost every gem of the earth was there, mingled together like shells in some corner of the beach, where the winds and waves have carried them from the depths of a dozen seas.

Again and again she took them from her lap and watched them slide through her white fingers. Then through a rift in the clouds came a yellow shaft of sunlight. It fell on the woman's beautiful face and crowned her with gold. The jewels flashed out like coloured flames. The whole room seemed to sparkle with their light. Even the old man at the ledger turned round and blinked his eyes. The woman grasped two great handfuls of them and let them fall in a glittering cascade.

"Fireworks!" the old man said. "I love fireworks. I always used to go to the Crystal Palace."

The woman laughed. The simile was hopelessly inapt. The bunches of starry light from the bombs and rockets were nothing like this, where every spark cost several pounds. She lifted them again and again, and sent them crashing down into a heap. Then the sunlight died away, and the room was grey with the evening twilight.

"You can stop that," the old man said, harshly. "You will ruin all the pearls. I daresay they're all spoilt now. Put them away."

"I have not looked at them yet, father," she replied. "I won't let them fall again."

He grunted and resumed his laborious task. She took up the gems one by one, tenderly now as though a touch would break them. When she had examined one, she placed it softly in the box. It was getting dark, and they no longer sparkled. But it seemed to her that each glowed with a soft radiance, and that the colouring came deep from the heart of every stone.

At last every one of them had been returned to the box. She stirred them a few times gently with her finger, and closed the lid with a sigh. Then she rose to her feet, replaced the box in the safe, turned the key, and came back to her father's side. He took the key from her without a word, and she stood there a few moments looking out into the gathering darkness. The rain had stopped, and the patch of sky above the high wall was tinged with a lurid crimson. She moved forward, and, opening the window, drank in the fresh air. Beyond the wall she could hear the splashing of the waves against the small wooden jetty, and the cries of men calling from one barge to another, and the hooting of sirens, and the throb of paddles and screws.

Then she started slightly, and looked intently at the wall. She could have sworn that she had seen the wooden door bend inwards as though someone were trying to push it open. She knew that it was locked. Before she could speak to her father the door splintered, broke in half, and fell in two pieces on to the gravel. Then the figure of a man appeared against the square patch of river beyond. He was in the shadow of the wall, and she could not see his face, but she could see that he was tall and broad-shouldered. The water ran down in streams from his clothes, and formed little pools at his feet. He paused for a second or two and glanced swiftly round. It was Emrys Tredegar. His pursuers were behind him. He had swum the river, and had walked into a trap. On both sides of him were high blank walls. In front of him the back of a dingy house, with a man and woman watching from the ground floor window. He looked back and saw a boat coming swiftly across the water. As a matter of fact, it merely carried three men returning to their ship on this side of the river, but he did not know that, nor did he know that his pursuers had lost the trail, and were even then hunting the wharves half a mile nearer the sea. He saw the necessity for instant action, and in a few seconds he had decided what to do. He advanced to the spiked railings, vaulted over them with one hand, and moved towards the window.

As he advanced the old man saw the powerful build, the dripping clothes, and the haggard face of his visitor, and, quickly opening the drawer, laid his hand on the butt of a revolver. The woman drew back a little, and a frightened look crossed her face. Tredegar came up to the window.

"What do you want?" the old man queried sharply, grasping the revolver more tightly in his hand.

"I have fallen into the river," Tredegar answered. "I am wet and exhausted. May I come in and wait while my clothes are being dried? I am miles from home."

"You certainly cannot come in," the old man answered. "Why have you come here? Why did you break in my door? Why are you standing there? Why don't you go?" and his voice rose almost to a shriek. Tredegar did not move, but he gazed appealingly at the woman's beautiful face, which he could just see through the gathering darkness. She lowered her eyes and flushed. Then she raised them, and for a few seconds looked at the young man admiringly. Rarely indeed had she seen so fine a specimen of manhood. Even the ill-fitting clothes could not conceal the strength and symmetry of his limbs. His voice, too, was the voice of a gentleman, and was strangely out of keeping with his rough face and cheap attire. She began to be interested.

"Father," she whispered. "He's shivering with cold. We might let him in."

"No," he cried. "No. Let him go

away," and then in a lower voice, "You must be mad. Remember what we have got in the house."

"I will pay you well," Tredegar said. "But I must come in," and he moved towards the back door, prepared to break it open if necessary.

"Lock it," the old man screamed. Then he took out his revolver and levelled it at Tredegar's head with a shaking hand. The latter saw the light on the barrel, and stopped. Then he glanced back at the patch of water, which showed through the broken door. There was no sign of his pursuers. He almost made up his mind to retire. But he was in a trap. There was no way out of it, save through the house, or by the river. He laughed.

"Put that away," he said. "I won't harm you. I can't get out of here except by the way I came, and I don't fancy that. May I pass through the house?" There was the sound of oars close to the wharf. He turned round with a look of terror, and then laid his hand on the handle of the door.

"I shall let him in," the woman said, decisively, and, leaving the room, she descended a few steps and unlocked the back door.

"Come in," she said; "I am not afraid of you."

"Thank you," he replied simply. "I know all this is very unusual, but I am in a great difficulty. I will not stay. I must run. I am terribly cold," and his teeth chattered as he spoke.

(To be continued.)

SAWS OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

1.—HOW TO CATCH COLD.

"You generally catch cold," said the doctor, as he settled himself in his chair, "by infection from the breath of another person who has a cold.

"In a railway carriage with a man who is sneezing and snuffing, insist on having the window open a little, or you will stand a good chance of catching that Cold yourself. More Colds are caught through stuffiness than draughts.

"Don't neglect a Cold. It may turn to influenza; or it may start a cough that will tear a wound in your lung. Then you spit blood, and the wound enlarges until you are in the first stage of Consumption. Your throat will be husky, your chest sore; you will get thin and perspire more than you ought. All through a Cold!

"Why does one man catch Cold more easily than another? Because some people (especially women) haven't half enough blood in their veins. What they have is poor and thin. That lays you

open to disease of all sorts; it is a disease itself—anaemia, the Royal College of Physicians calls it. Try Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. Best thing I know for it. We doctors don't like advertised medicines, as a rule, but these pills are not a patent medicine; they are a discovery by one of our own profession, a graduate of my own University—Edinburgh. They mean more blood in the veins, more vitality, more nervous and spinal power. A safeguard as well as a cure. Don't purge yourself; these pills are a tonic, and will do you all the good purgatives are supposed to, without the discomfort."

The old Physician's candour does him honour. A Cold is described, almost in the Doctor's own word, by the victim of it, Mr John Collins, of Jenks-street, Foxton.

"Four years ago," says Mr Collins, "my blood was poor and my health in a low state. In the Winter I caught a heavy Cold, which settled on my lungs. Every act of coughing racked and strained me tremendously. Then influenza gripped me and I was laid up in bed. For weeks I was so weak and ill that I could not do a hand's turn. My lungs were sore and tender, and I was afraid of hemorrhage and Consumption. I tried all kinds of cough mixtures and medicines to strengthen the lungs, without effect. I lost my appetite, could not sleep properly and was intensely miserable until," added Mr John Collins, "I tried Dr. Williams' pink pills. In a few days I felt a little better. They made blood for me, and this new blood strengthened my heart and lungs. Gradually I threw off the Cold and influenza. Now my lungs are sound and strong, and there is no fear of hemorrhage or Consumption. You can find out from my neighbours how bad I was, for I am known to almost everyone in Foxton."

Mr Collins' case exactly bears out the truth of the physician's advice. Weak lungs can only be strengthened by new, warm, pure blood. These pills, besides enriching the blood, brace up the nerves, and in this way they cure hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, sciatica and nervous prostration in men and women. See that you get the genuine. They are always in wooden boxes, never in glass bottles. The address, Wellington, New Zealand, must be on the outside wrapper. The pills thus put up have cured thousands in Wellington, Auckland, Dunedin, Invercargill, Christchurch, Wanganui and elsewhere.

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Copyright Story.

A Brave Man's Sin.

By HEADON HILL.

(Author of "The Peril of the Prince," etc.)

It was a wild night when William Laxton, the second coxswain of the lifeboat, fetched the doctor to see his ailing wife. The rain lashed the casement, and vicious gusts shook the cottage as he tramped to and fro in his tiny kitchen and waited for the doctor's tread on the stairs. But when the good man came down at last the distant thunder of the surf drowned the creaking of his boots, and the stalwart giant in the blue guernsey first learned of his presence in the room by the presence of a kindly hand on his shoulder.

"Your wife is very ill—very ill indeed, William," Doctor Cramp shouted, his voice wrestling with the storm. "First stage of pulmonary phthisis—consumption, you know. But the case is not hopeless—yet. She must be fed up and taken care of—port wine and plenty of chicken broth, and a rest from the family wash-tub. Nice nourishing things and an easy time will pull her round quicker than physic, though I'll send her a bottle of stuff in the morning, of course. Lord, what a blizzard, but I must face it, I suppose. Good-night, and keep a good heart."

Laxton nodded grimly, and, having let the doctor out into the night, sat down at the table and buried his face in his hands. "Keep a good heart," indeed! Easy words to speak, aye, and an easy thing to do if it was human life to be snatched from the tempest at the risk of one's own; but a different matter when the life was his nearest and dearest, and could only be saved by money—money which he did not possess.

The once prosperous fisherman had never made a song about misfortune to the gentry, and the doctor did not know that the heavy guns at the new fort had frightened all the fish away, and that his source of livelihood had dwindled almost to vanishing point. But the village shopkeepers knew it; and he knew that his credit wasn't good enough for a pound of cheese, to say nothing of port wine and chicken broth.

And as to the rest from the wash-tub—who was to care for the four youngsters asleep upstairs in the next little room to Susie's? Well he knew that while there was breath in her body she wouldn't have the girls go without clean pinafores and the boys without starched collars, and he hadn't a penny piece to pay a woman to do these things for her.

He raised his head at last and turned wild, unseeing eyes and clenched lips to the rattling doorway. There was one way—an only way, so far as he could find—out of his trouble. He would have to steal—he, William Laxton, who had always held his head so high—but he would even do that for Susie and the bairns, and the plunder was ready to his hand. Yes, he would become a thief, and win that way the necessities which an unkind providence had denied him.

The contribution-box at the lifeboat-house should furnish him with the means for obeying the doctor's orders. The collector had not emptied it for months, and part of the time included the tail-end of the holiday season when tourists and visitors were about in plenty, so that the contents should run to four or five pounds at least.

The box was fixed on the inside of the boathouse door, which had a slit in it to tempt coins from passers-by. As second coxswain he had a key to the house, but he would not be such a fool as to use it. No, he would be cunning, for Susie's sake. He would break in by climbing to the window of the sail-loft, and so leave it to be inferred that the thief was an outsider, driven to such means of access.

Tip-toeing up to the bedroom, he saw that his wife had fallen into a deep sleep, while the snores from four little noses in the next room told him that the children were all right. He tip-toed down again, and, putting on his oilskins and sou'-wester, let himself out into the lane that wound down to the beach. The half-frozen rain stung his face, and the gale tugged at his crisp-curling beard, but he

held steadily on till his sea-boots crunched the shingle and the loom of the boathouse grew out of the darkness ahead.

Working round to the rear of the squat brick building, he searched in the sedge grass at the foot of the sloping cliff for a broken oar he knew of, and, having found it, the rest was easy. Raising the oar to the sail-loft window, he shinned up the improvised ladder, prised back the bolt with his knife and clambered through. He dared not strike a light lest it should be seen from the coastguard station on the cliff at the end of the bay, but he knew every inch of the interior by heart and soon groped his way to the great folding entrance doors.

The rising tide, lashed by the storm, thundering and gurgling on the slip outside, joined with the hurly-burly of rattling shingle to deaden all other sound, and Laxton attacked the box without fear of being heard. He was a very thorough man, this steadfast seaman, and having laid this nefarious course for himself stuck to it with the dogged determination that had marked his hitherto honest life. Remorse would come afterwards, but as he was to be a thief, for Susie's sake, at least he would not bungle the job.

With the help of a boat-hook he wrenched the box open at last, but so violently that the coins as well as their receptacle fell in a clattering, jingling shower to the concrete floor. As he stooped to fumble for the money there sounded above the riot of the elements a sullen "Boomi!"

He straightened himself and stood listening intently. Yes, after a brief interval, there it was again, and well he knew the purport of the sound—well as the war-horse knows the trumpet-call to charge. It was the mortar fired by the coastguard to call the lifeboat crew for a wreck. Even now his hardy mates would be hurrying to the boat-house; in a few minutes they would be swarming in with lights, eager to launch the boat to the rescue.

Laxton stooped again and commenced a feverish search, making the whilst a rapid calculation. The first to reach the boat-house, by reason of his cottage being nearest, would be Amos Duberly, the coxswain—Amos Duberly, the rival whom he had ousted from Susie's wavering affections ten years ago, and who had never forgiven him, though they had stood by each other in many a stirring deed of rescue since. Duberly was a bitter man, biding his revenge, and here it was, cut and dried for him, if the money could not be picked up before his coming.

For the money at all hazards Laxton meant to have, and if he was quick and lucky he might get it before Duberly arrived. The coxswain might be expected in seven minutes. He would allow himself five, and then he would decamp by the way he had come with such of the coins as he had recovered, and approach from the front—ready for duty.

He groped frantically, transferring a good many coins to his pocket—two he knew by the feel to be sovereigns—but he realised that he had accounted for nothing like the shower that had fallen; and his wife's needs dominating his mind, he overshot the limit of time. The roar of the wind and sea overmastered the grating of the lock, and his first warning came in a dazzling ray from a lantern, and in a gust through the suddenly opened door.

Amos Duberly's hard eyes took in the scene at a glance—the broken box, the stooping figure, the glittering of money on the floor. And the hard eyes grew harder with the gleam of triumph as Laxton stood up and faced him.

"So, I've caught you in the very act, Mr Thief," he rolled out sonorously, enjoying to the full the sweetness of his revenge. "Well, you won't have long to wait for the constable; he'll be down with the rest directly, I reckon."

"Susie's like to die for want of comfort: I shouldn't have done it else," said Laxton, banging his head. And then for his wife's sake he shook off his shame and made an appeal that no other force would have dragged from him. "This'll kill her outright," he added desperately, "unless—unless, Amos, you'll pass it over and say naught if I put the money back. You and she was friends once, you mind."

He could not have made a more unfortunate reference. His mind was entirely centred on the sick woman; that of Duberly on his own fancied wrongs. To be reminded of his defeat by his victorious rival inflamed the first coxswain to fury, as though he had been made the target of deliberate insult.

"You mean, sneaking bound—to shelter behind a woman's petticoat," he hissed. "And in the same breath to go and fling it in my teeth that you bested me with her. Why, I've been thanking God this ten year that I was quit of the false-tongued trollop."

The vice epithet was no sooner uttered than Laxton was on to him like a wild cat, by the sheer weight of his onslaught beating him to the ground. The lantern was extinguished in Duberly's fall, and for forty terrible seconds they struggled in the darkness, each striving with furious fingers for the other's throat. Laxton, from his upper vantage, won first grip, and being, as has been said, a very thorough man, proceeded to hammer his enemy's skull on the concrete till there could be no manner of doubt that he was dead.

"May God forgive me," he groaned, rising and mopping his brow. "I shouldn't have done that if he hadn't mis-called Susie, but now 'tis done I must use it for her good."

He went out of the door and ran a little way along the beach till he met several of the life-boat crew and a coast-guard carrying a lantern. "There's something wrong at the boat-house," he cried in excitement that needed no feigning. "There's a man lying inside, but I don't know who 'tis, as I came away from home when the signal went too quick to grab my lantern. Look slippy with your gim, Davy."

A few moments later they stood over the lifeless body of Duberly, and their gaze wandered from it to the broken cash-box and the open window of the sail-loft. Out of their element they were slow-thinking men—these heroes of the salt-sea foam—and having come out with a set purpose it was a shock to their primitive intelligence to be thus rudely switched on to a different track.

But the indications were sufficiently clear, and having once mastered them they were unanimous.

"Amos must have come along—first, as he always did—and have found someone that had broken in through that window stealing the cash. Then there was a fight, and the thief settled him," was the verdict of the coastguard, to which all murmured assent. Not a breath of suspicion rested on Laxton. His presence on the spot was explained by his supposed response to the call of duty, and all were aware that he had a key and could have entered without any window-opening.

"Well, boys, we're here to save life; we can grieve for him that's gone to-morrow, and I must take her out, I reckon," said Laxton, turning to the fast mustering crew and pointing to the great blue and white boat that had been the silent witness of his crime.


The response was a willing assent, and the village constable, who had now arrived, and the "helpers," having removed the body, there was a general donning of cork jackets, and in something over her record time the life boat with Laxton at the helm slid down the slip into the angry sea. But the small crowd that had assembled, awestruck by the tragedy, omitted to speed her on her way with the accustomed cheer.

The wreck proved to be a Norwegian barque, hard jammed among the breakers a mile down the coast, but, thanks to Laxton's masterly handling of the life-boat, her crew of nine were safely brought to shore ere she broke up in the grey of dawn.

The murder of Amos Duberly passed into the list of undiscovered crimes, Laxton's evidence at the inquest and the oar at the sail-loft window all pointing to the deed having been committed by a stranger. The money which Laxton obtained provided for his wife's immediate wants, and strangely enough, from that very hour his circumstances took a turn for the better. Heavy gun practice was discontinued at the fort, the fish returned to the bay, and once again prosperity seemed to smile on the cottage in the lane.

But a load weighed upon his soul, and though the change was so gradual as not to excite suspicion, he became moody and taciturn—a kind husband and a good father, but uncompanionable outside his own family. The village gossips had it that he was puffed up by reason of his having stepped into Duberly's shoes as first coxswain of the lifeboat.

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Life-saving became a mania with him, and he trained his crew into such a state of efficiency that the boat became famous on the coast. The men, though a little afraid of him, gave him their entire confidence, and would put out into the wildest weather with "our William," as they proudly termed their chief, at the helm. On several occasions he saved life by his own individual daring, and was thrice decorated with the Humane Society's medal.

No ten years passed, and Laxton's short wiry beard began to be streaked with grey. His eldest girl had married and left the village, and the two boys were doing well in Canada, whither they had emigrated by their father's advice. His only companions at home were Susie and his youngest daughter Nell.

Then, suddenly, the disease which she had only in part shaken off gripped his wife again, and there came a day when poor Susie was carried up to the churchyard on the hill by the pick of the lifeboat crew. Bowed with grief, Laxton stood looking into the grave with tearless eyes till the sods covered the coffin, and then astonished the bystanders by raising his head and gazing fiercely round with an audible sigh of relief. After which he stalked away with resolute tread down the village street, and only slackened his pace at a door over which was the inscription—"County Police."

He was about to knock, when a tremulous hand was laid upon his arm, and wheeling round he saw the pretty face of his unmarried daughter, Nell, enshrined in its new mourning bonnet.

"Don't go in there, father! Come home with me," the girl panted, breathless with catching him up.

He shook her off, but very gently. "No, my lass, I can't come home. I have business with the constable," he replied, and, stooping, kissed her.

"Father, I know your business. You'll ruin my life if you go," Nell whispered, clinging to him. "Come away before we're noticed here."

Laxton allowed himself to be led away, but did not speak till they reached the cottage. The married daughter was unable to be present at the funeral, so they were quite alone.

"I've been talking in my sleep?" he murmured hoarsely, adding quickly when the girl nodded: "Did she—did mother know?"

"No, it was since she died—the last four nights," was the reply.

"Thank God!" Laxton exclaimed. "It was done for her: that is my only justification. And now, my girl, how would it ruin your life if I was to ease my soul by giving myself up? You don't seem to want to marry. You've sent most of the boys packing, and you'll have a snug bit of money when I'm gone. It'll soon blow over."

"I sent the boys away, father, because the right one didn't come along till a week ago," Nell sobbed. "Fred Lane, it is, but his people would never let him have me if—"

"If your dad had been hanged," Laxton finished the sentence for her, smoothing her hair. "Well, it's not for the likes of me to stand between young folks and their happiness. Fred is a steady lad and should be a good man to you. I will bear my burden a while longer for your sake, Nell, as I did for your mother's."

"Bear it always, father, for your own sake," wept the grateful girl. "Why should you suffer after all these years for what can't have been really your fault? Duberly had no kin to cry for vengeance; it is forgotten—done with long ago. Promise you'll keep silence for ever."

But to that Laxton would not commit himself, and bade her be satisfied that no confession should interfere with her prospect of marriage. With that she had to remain content, and as the months rolled on she discerned an increasing cheerfulness in her father which filled her with hope that he had abandoned his intention. The courtship proceeded uneventfully, and when Susie had been laid at rest a year the wedding day was fixed. Laxton threw himself into the preparations with a heartiness that finally disarmed his daughter's fears for him.

The bridegroom who had been telegraph clerk at the post office, had obtained the offer of a better situation in Cornwall, and Laxton pressed his acceptance of it. At first Nell demurred to going to such a distance, but Laxton assured her that he should be better by himself, and so gained his end, as he had in the case of his other children. His wife had often wondered at his persistence in rooting his offspring out of their native village—contriving a London marriage for his eldest daughter, and sending his boys to Canada.

The wedding day broke stormy, with heavy clouds banking to the westward and an ominous growl in the surf on the beach. By the hour fixed for the ceremony it was blowing half a gale, but that had no effect on the spirits of the marriage party. The lifeboat crew mustered in force at the church, and later assembled at the cottage to drink the health of their chief's daughter. Then Laxton, who had carried himself with a chastened and dignified goodfellowship throughout, walked up to the railway station with the young couple and saw them off.

On his leaving the station one of two people noticed that he was smiling, and putting their heads together concluded that he was glad to be rid of Nell because he meant to marry again. Such is the way of wiseacres. Laxton swung down the village street with his free scurrah, and once again made for the door superscribed "County Police." There was no one to hinder him now, and he tapped and entered.

The policeman, a new importation since the days of Amos Duberly, met him on the threshold and greeted him warmly. As a law-abiding citizen and one who paid his way, the coxswain of the lifeboat was entitled to respect.

"I've come to give you a bit of a surprise, Barker," said Laxton, holding out his hairy wrists. "Got a pair that'll fit 'em?"

The constable broke into a guffaw. "You're having your little joke after the wedding, Mr Laxton. All passed off well, I hope?"

"I'm not one to jest, Barker. Oblige me by taking—" Laxton had got so far when his next word was drowned by a loud report that clattered the constable's crockery and set both men's ears a-ago. Another bang resounded—the signal for the lifeboat crew.

"A wreck!" cried the constable, struggling into his tunic, while Laxton astonished him by hesitating, half-dazed in the passage. But only for a moment. The old instinct was too strong for the champion life-saver. With a sigh and a snap

of his jaw he dashed into the road, prevented for the second time on the verge of surrender.

The denizens of the cove will tell you with pride how their renowned coxswain for all his five and forty years, was first at the boat-house that day, and beat all previous records in getting the boat launched. Thirty minutes only elapsed between the firing of the signal and the rush of the great boat into the boiling surf with Laxton, stern and vigilant, at the tiller.

The wreck lay on a saw-back reef that ended the point at the northern limit of the bay, and was therefore in full view of the spectators on the shore. Huge seas were breaking over her, and Laxton's practised eye saw at a glance that it would be touch and go whether he could approach near enough to take off the six hands visible in the rigging. Moreover, she was bumping heavily and was in immediate danger of going to pieces.

With masterly skill he edged the lifeboat as near as possible under the brig's lee and bade his bowman cast a line aboard into the tumult of waters. While the slack was being coiled in Laxton kicked off his sea boots.

"Come to the helm! I'll board her," he said to his second coxswain, and going forward he took the line from his bowman.

"You'll never do it, Bill," his trusty comrade tried to stay him. "We can't afford to lose you."

"I wasn't born to be drowned," was the answer, taken as a jest by his hearers, but uttered in grim earnest. And with a few curt instructions he plunged into the seething breakers, fast gripping the line.

Brained and half-choked, he won through the broil at last and clambered up the quaking side of the dying brig. A feeble cheer rose from the rigging overhead and a louder one from the shore, but heedless of both he made fast the line and set to work to haul in the stouter rope paid out from the lifeboat. Not till that too was secured did he deign to notice the men he had come to save.

But then they had his sole attention, and one by one he brought them down and settled them in the breeches-buoy till all had been safely hauled into the lifeboat save one. This last of the mariners was clinging to the main shrouds, and Laxton was shinning up to assist the poor-nerved creature down when

the vessel shivered under an enormous wave, and from below came the noise of rending timbers. The end was at hand.

To the coxswain that sound presented the simple problem that either he or the shipwrecked sailor had to die. The brig would not hold together while the buoy made two journeys. Laxton solved the problem in favour of the sailor, though well aware that he himself was too exhausted by his exertions to battle back to the boat through the breakers.

He continued to climb steadily till he reached the man. "Now, mate, look alive if you want to keep alive," he shouted. "She'll break up in half a shake. I'll help you down."

The descent was safely accomplished, Laxton being far too occupied to look at the seaman's face till he had got him lashed in the breeches-buoy, but just as the apparatus went dancing along the rope towards the lifeboat he caught a glimpse of his features. Wonder of wonders! The features of the man whose life he had preferred to his own were the features of Amos Duberly, slain by his own hand ten years before.

Laxton pressed that same hand to his forehead now, striving to piece the mystery that hammered at his worried brain. Then something seemed to snap in his head; there was mystery no longer, and he sank to his knees on the rocking deck and thanked Heaven that by some means—how mattered not—the past had been a dream. There was no blood upon his hands. He had not taken Duberly's life, but had saved it—at the expense of his own.

"My God, I bless Thy name for Christ!" he cried in an ecstasy, his salt tears mingling with the sea-brine as with a last grinding crash the brig's back broke and the waters engulfed her.

The rescued sailor's resemblance to what Amos Duberly had been was noticed by one or two people, but it was not so striking as to be generally admitted. The man was a Suede, and the likeness could not therefore have been a family one. Can it be that the coincidence was sent in mercy to crown the expiation of a sin not too harshly judged above? That is beyond our ken, but Coxswain Laxton sleeps in honour in the churchyard alongside his Susie, his secret untold, and "Our Bill" is the standard by which the hardy sons of the cove judge themselves: when high courage and whole-souled devotion to duty are at issue.

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Here and There.

New York, in the "Daily Bulletin," has now an afternoon paper owned and edited by women. The policy is to be woman and her ideals.

One of the biggest ventures of modern times will be the St. Louis Exhibition of 1904, for which active preparations are now being made. According to a St. Louis newspaper this World's Fair will cover an area of 1180 acres. A better idea of its hugeness will be gained when it is said that the Chicago Exhibition of 1893 only covered 638 acres; Paris (1900) 299 acres; and London (1851), 21 acres.

In East Indian schools mental arithmetic is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of Australia. Catch questions are numerous in the Orient, and the multiplication table is swollen into a mountain of difficulty by native teachers. Pupils of ten years are taught to carry the multiplication table up to forty times forty.

An American paper has been saying things concerning Mrs Langtry's age, and making guesses at it. Says the scribe, "The Lily is now 47." This (remarks "The Pelican") is perhaps not quite polite, but it is certainly not accurate. How old or how young Mrs Langtry is, I shall not be rude enough to attempt to guess; but it is a fact, unless I am a great deal more mistaken than I believe myself to be, that in 1882, the year Mrs Langtry decided to take to the stage, she was 35. Anyhow, as we all know, a lady is precisely the age she looks, and no more, just as a man is as old as he feels.

A curious and interesting experiment took place at Aldershot not long back. The guns and carriages of a battery of artillery, having been painted with daubs and streaks of red, blue, and yellow, were placed in position on outlying hills, and artillery officers were sent out to locate them. The odd style of painting made the guns harmonise so completely with the background that at a distance of 3600 yards they could not be seen even with field-glasses. The officers all knew in what direction the guns lay, yet not one was able to point them out. Some horse artillery, sent forward to engage the guns, advanced within 1000 yards before they discovered the battery.

Here are some examples of what the schoolboy can do when he tries hard:—
"John Wesley was a great sea captain. He beat the Dutch at Waterloo, and by degrees rose to be Duke of Wellington. He was buried near Nelson, in the Poet's Corner at Westminster Abbey."
Asked to name six animals peculiar to the Arctic regions, a boy replied: "Three bears and three seals."
"The sublime poet is a very fine old wine."
"The possessive case is the case when somebody has got yours and won't give it to you."
"The plural of penny is twopenny."
"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas."

Von Bulow, the German statesman, optimistic at times as to the future trade relations with Great Britain, is now and then depressed because of the hostility which certain elements in each nation express towards each other. An Englishman sufficiently prominent to gain admission to Court circles found the German statesman in a dejected mood. The woes of the German manufacturer caused by the British invasion had just been recited to him. Von Bulow repeated what had been said. Unhesitatingly the Englishman adopted a line of argument which abounded in figures, showing the value of Germany's exports to England. "As a compliment to your skill and a recognition of German ingenuity and cleverness we import 9,000 tons of toys each year," said the Englishman, impressively. "Yes," said Von Bulow, "but when the children receive the toys they credit them to Santa Claus, and when they are old enough to give us the credit they don't care for the toys."

Among inventions that are really wanted, "The British Inventor" tells us, are a plan to prevent shop windows from being covered with steam; and new letters for advertising upon windows, tablets, etc. The latest thing of this kind, a small silvered glass studs, producing a very brilliant effect, have caught on well in London, and have already realised a small fortune. A new cycle rest is also required that is not in the way when riding, and can be easily dropped down into position to hold the cycle upright when it stands at the side of the road. There is always an opening for a really good line in mechanical toys.

The "Deutsche Juristenzeitung" records the following instance of Prussian red-tape. A woman who disappeared from her home was adjudged dead after a time, and her name was entered in the list of those who have gone before. Three years later she reappeared, proved her identity beyond doubt, and demanded a passport and other legal documents which Germans are required to possess.

The authorities, however, refused to give her the documents, declaring that legally she was dead, and the law courts decided that she could not appeal against the ruling that she was dead, because too great an interval had elapsed for an appeal to be allowable.

The courts of appeal upheld this decision, so that the unfortunate woman is still dead, though very much alive to the absurdities of red-tape.

It was raining heavily, and Smilax had not an umbrella. At last a smile fluttered across his rain-swept countenance.

"That looks like old Jackson ahead there," he murmured, "and he's got a broily. Oh, joy!"

He quickened his footsteps and tapped the man in front on the shoulder.

"I'll thank you for that umbrella, if you please," he said jokingly.

The supposed Jackson turned and disclosed the perturbed face of an utter stranger.

"Oh! is it yours?" he said. "Well, I wasn't to know that. You can have it."

And, relinquishing the gamp to the astonished Smilax, off he went.

There is a pleasing stir at the tower of London, for the War Office is getting out and the British Museum is getting in, with the Office of Works behind it. Lither to the Tower has been half an "ancient and historical building," and half a defensive fortification, and the friction between the military and civil authorities has been like the friction between church and chapel in a country village. But the White Tower henceforth is to be regarded, not as a fortification, but as a museum, and the British Museum officials are taking over its management. It is probable that many places and objects of interest in the Tower closed to the public since the days of Fenian fears will be thrown open by the new managers.

An interesting appeal is forwarded from the head gardener of the general cemetery, Johannesburg. He writes:—"There are a number of graves here of the New Zealand volunteers, and I would be glad if you could let me have some seeds of any suitable New Zealand plants that you think would thrive. The climate here is similar to that of Melbourne. We have splendid soil, and every care will be taken by me to raise whatever you choose to send.—(Signed) Chas. A. White, head gardener." This letter has come into the hands of Mr W. Goldie, Superintendent of Parks here, and he is willing to undertake the despatch of any seeds adapted to the purpose that may be forwarded him. It is pleasant to find in far-off Africa such a genuine effort to keep in order and decorate the graves of those who have fought for their country on the veldt, and whose last resting place is far from friends and relatives. Such action will be appreciated, not only by those whose dear ones lost their lives on battle-ground or in fever hospital, but also by every colonist whose sympathies were with the thousands of our youth and virile manhood who volunteered for service during the Boer War.

The most curious specimens of vegetable or plant life in existence are the so-called "living stones" of the Falkland Islands. These islands are among the most cheerless spots in the world, being constantly subjected to strong Polar wind. In such a climate it is impossible for trees to grow erect, as they do in other countries, but Nature has made amends by furnishing a supply of wood in the most curious shape imaginable. The visitor to the Falklands sees scattered here and there singularly shaped blocks of what appear to be weather-beaten and moss-covered boulders in various sizes. Attempt to turn one of these "boulders" over, and you will meet with a surprise, because the stone is actually anchored by roots of great strength. No other country in the world has such a peculiar "forest" growth, and it is said to be next to impossible to work the odd-shaped blocks into fuel, because the wood is perfectly devoid of "grain," and appears to be a twisted mass of woody fibres.

John Alexander Dowie, who is said to be coming out to Australia on a visit, has planned a campaign against sin which concentrates its force on New York. Mr Dowie claims to be a second Elijah. He has 4000 followers who will assist him in the regeneration of New York. It is reported that he has accumulated from his campaigns in the West money and property to the amount of more than one million dollars. In his church there is but one head and but one cash-box. Converts are required to surrender whatever worldly goods they may possess when they join Zion Church, and in turn are assured of a living. The prospect from a worldly point of view is not alluring, but such of the Zion converts as possess the gift of oratory find the work pleasing. The tongue is a part of the human anatomy that never tires of a job. It can be relied upon to do its work in storm and sunshine. When the gift of oratory is inspired by a desire to save souls, the tongue often becomes eloquent. Dowie does not follow the beaten path. He is a man of infinite resources. He has made nankin, which includes woman, a study. Many of his followers are of the gentler sex, who prove their devotion to the cause by the sacrifice of their hair.

A couple of bad characters attempted to carry out a highway robbery in conventional style last Tuesday week at a lonely spot on the road mid-way between Hobsonville and Avondale. Mr George Downing, who has carried on a blacksmith's business at Avondale for many years, commenced a branch at Hobsonville several months ago. He was in the habit of making regular visits to Hobsonville, returning alone on his pony in the evening. It probably occurred to the would-be-highwaymen that he would collect accounts in Hobsonville and take the money home to Avondale, and this was the case on Tuesday week, when Mr Downing had several pounds in his possession. When he had passed the black bridge near the camp known as "Dan Buck's," a man rushed into the road from behind a tree, shouting "Hands up!" Mr Downing did not put his hands up, but the pony was smartly pulled up and the highwayman failed to secure its head. The animal shied and galloped in the direction of Hobsonville. Mr Downing saw another man lurking in the bush, and thought it wise to continue his retreat to the township. Here he secured an escort and safely reached Avondale the same evening. He escaped without injury or loss, but steps should be taken to clear the district of characters capable of waylaying residents in this disconcerting manner.

Mr. Coghlan, the New South Wales statistician, is very much concerned to find the birth rate of Australia at a dangerously low ebb, and still dwindling, and side by side with his lamentations, we read that a prominent Frenchman suggests a new order with a ribbon of honor to be bestowed upon the mothers of large families. According to Mark Twain it is extremely difficult for a Frenchman to be decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, but it is evident that the craze for decorations is still strong in France, or no sane Frenchman would seriously propose to bring about an appreciable increase of population by the simple device of giving the women a new ribbon for their bonnets. Mr. Coghlan will probably find little or no consolation in the suggestion. Where woman is not to be prevailed up-

on by the feather in her cap a large family confers, she is not likely to be ejected by a new ribbon. Another suggestion that the fathers of large families should be relieved of taxation is much more practical. Judging by the noise the Parliaments of the world are making, nothing is so desirable to man as to be relieved of taxation, and if this idea were put into execution it would certainly have its effect upon the fathers. But as to the mothers, the Commonwealth Government need never think to prevail upon them with a bit of ribbon. At the very least it must go the whole hat.

It is predicted that the American cakewalk will soon give way in Paris to a new dance which an accomplished French dancing master has invented. It is called the "veil-dance," and is described as follows: "Each lady wears a wrap of mousseline de soie or other filmy tissue thrown around her waist, and waves the free ends as she dances, and the men attempt to look as 'regence' as possible, and use their closed crush bats as dancers in the graceful old pavan used their three-cornered ones. The dancers form in line, barndoor dance fashion, and to a tune half waltz and half gavotte the room is filled with graceful floating forms, to which the black coats of the men make an effective background. The effect is a pleasing one, and the dance, when well done, is almost stately."

A performance at the Libertad Theatre, Manila, one day last month, resulted in an extraordinary scene. The company played an exciting melodrama, entitled "Yesterday, To-Day, and To-Morrow," depicting Spanish corruption and oppression, the Philippine insurrection and victories, and then the American supremacy. In the last phase the Filipinos are represented as submissive, though nursing dreams of independence. Near the end of the play the leading actress tears down the United States flag and waves the Katipunan emblem, passionately prophesying that the foreigners will soon be expelled. Upon this twenty Americans from the audience rushed on the stage, demolished the scenery, and cleared the house. The play is written by the Philippine ex-Major Tolentino.

Two new books of particular interest are in the English press—Mr. Rudyard Kipling's volume of verse, "The Five Nations," and Mr. Hall Caine's novel, "Fathers and Sons." Mr. Kipling's poetry is now so much admired, and it is so long since "The Seven Seas" appeared, that his next collection of poems will be eagerly awaited. There are to be 25 entirely fresh poems in the work, besides those which have appeared in periodicals. "The Recessional" will be included. Mr. Caine's novel will be a character study of a modern millionaire. It will be noticed that for the first time for many years he has dropped the definite article prefix customary in the titles of his novels.

Mr. Josiah Flint, in an article in the March "North American Review" on "Police Methods in London," tells incidentally the following remarkable story of how the late Commissioner of Police, Sir Edward Bradford, lost his arm and saved his life: "Sixty odd years ago there was born to a clergyman in England a son, who in course of time elected to try his fortune in India. Some years after the birth of the son there was born to a tigress in the wilds of India a youngster which waxed strong and big. Events so shaped themselves that when the clergyman's son had grown to man's estate, and the tiger had been taught to manage for himself, the two had a meeting. . . . The tiger discovered the Englishman, and, springing upon him, felled him to the ground. Remembering a story, heard years before, that so long as a man will keep quiet and does not move, there are chances that an attacking tiger will refrain from further attack, he lay perfectly still. The tiger, however, began to gnaw at the man's left arm. The pain was intense, and there was nothing to prove that his legs would not be nibbled off next, but the Englishman continued to lie still—and hope. Pretty soon he heard the voice of a rescuing party. The tiger heard them also. The rescuing party arrived, and the tiger was slain. The Englishman got back to civilization minus his left arm."

The bouquet has now reached its apothecia, for never were more costly and beautiful blossoms used, and never was greater skill and delicacy shown in its making. Flower arranging has become an art of its own, and requires a liberal education as well as a light touch and cool hands. Two to three guineas used to be considered a handsome sum to give for a Court nosegay; but now twice and even three times that sum is not considered out of the way. The flowers are brought into town very early in the morning in specially air-exhausted tin cases, and are consigned to rooms below the level of the street, where no sun can penetrate. There a whole army of flower artists manipulate the blossoms into posies that are a thing of beauty, if not a joy for more than a few hours. This season the Court posy is worn very large, with long drooping sprays and streamers of fine French tulle or filmy lace. On presentation nosegays lappets of real lace are sometimes used.—"London Modern Society."

A Scotch golfer who played golf in 1838, before the railway era and long before the English took up the game, writes the London "Times" that the English are mispronouncing the name of the national game in a way that distresses him. He proceeds to say that among gentlemen who had been in England or India, and were free from the pronounced Scotch accent, the game was called "gofe," by caddies and those speaking a broad Scotch it was "gowf." The phrase, "folk play gof," was pronounced by gentlemen "foke play gofe," "gofe" rhyming with "loaf." By caddies it was pronounced "fowk play gowf." There was a third pronunciation, but was an affectation, "goff." Those who so pronounced it were supposed to speak high English, avoiding the broad pronunciation of the letter "g," a prevalent Scotch substitute for "g" is "k," thus "heffest sivin," for half-past seven. "This peculiar dialect is greatly admired by my fellow countrymen," he says, "and was known to them as Edinburg English, but even in the unsounded 'P' in golf could they have foreseen what the actual future mispronunciation of the English on taking up the game would have been with what joy would they have called it 'gawif.' It would have seemed to them 'so English.'"

In view of the discussion now centring round preferential tariffs the information given by the British Consul-General at New York in his last annual report is highly interesting. He states that United States imports from Great Britain increased from £10,802,000 in 1901 to £22,169,000 in 1902, or about 12 per cent., while those from British possessions increased from £9,243,000 to £10,943,000, or about 8½ per cent. The following extracts throw a light on America's trade with the old country and her Colonies:—

Books.—The largest part of these come from the United Kingdom, notwithstanding the provision of the tariff which imposes a duty of 25 per cent. ad valorem on most British books, while those in a foreign language are admitted free.

Copper.—The United Kingdom is one of the principal sources of supply.

China and Earthenware.—The United Kingdom one of the three principal exporting countries.

Furs.—The largest quantities come from Germany and the United Kingdom.

Tin plates.—Imported almost exclusively from the United Kingdom.

Tin.—By far the largest quantity is imported from the United Kingdom and India.

Woollen Manufacture and Raw Wool.—United Kingdom sends 40 per cent. of the total imports.

The value of all imports from foreign countries at New York last year was £118,248,000, to which total the United Kingdom and British possessions contributed £32,212,000. Germany and possessions coming next with £15,220,000.

A most touching and pretty story comes from the little Scotch village of Croft Head, Bridge of Weir, where a man of 30 years, blind from his birth, has been given sight by Dr. Matiland Ramsey of the Glasgow Ophthalmic Institute. He might have never had the veil of blindness removed had it not been for a student on a vacation passing

through the village. Hearing of the case, he made an examination and thought it possible to give the man, whose name is Carruth, sight. He brought the case to the notice of the institution. Carruth was taken there and operated upon. He is now home again, with good sight. In describing the sensations when light first dawned upon him he said the first face he was that of the doctor. He was bewildered, but thought he must be looking on a face for the first time. Then he saw the face of the nurse and knew she must be a woman, for her face was so pale and smooth. His first meeting under the altered conditions with his mother was the most pathetic incident of the recovery. "Lovely," was the word he used when he gazed upon her face, and the mother's joyous cry, "Ph, laddie, you can see! you can see!" made the hearts of those who heard it throb in sympathy.

The British Lord Chancellor's Bill, which makes it a criminal offence to offer or accept a secret commission, is causing much discussion among West End tradesmen.

A gentleman, who at one time acted as secretary to a large club, declared that the bill would accomplish a much-needed reform in the management of clubs.

"It is a notorious fact," he said, "that great expense could be avoided if secret commissions from wine merchants, cigar manufacturers, butchers, and others, were not paid to members of some club committees. The question of choosing tradesmen is often left in the hands of some member of a committee who has his own axe to grind, and who takes a tradesman under his wing, and receives in return all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life at his private address. If the tradesman grossly overcharges the club he knows he can do it with impunity as long as his friend and protector is on the committee."

At seventeen she said: "I want a man who is ardent in all of love's ways and whose passionate devotion may never flag. He must be tall and broad-shouldered and handsome, with dark, flashing, soulful eyes, and, if need be, go to the ends of the world for my sake."

At twenty she said: "I want a man who unites the tender sympathy of a woman with the bravery of a lion. I don't mind his being a little dissipated, because that always adds a charm. He must be, however, accomplished to the last degree, and capable of any sacrifice for my sake."

At twenty-five she said: "I want a man who unites with an engaging personality a complete knowledge of the world, and, if, of necessity, he happens to have a past, he must also have a future; a man whom I can look up to and with whom I can trust myself at all times without the slightest embarrassment."

At thirty she said: "I want a man with money. He can have any other attributes that a man ought to possess, but

he must have money; and the more he has the better I will like it."

At thirty-five she said: "I want a man."—"Life."

"Daniel," a curly-headed Samoan whose face is familiar in the Auckland Police Court, provided an amusing interlude on July 9, when he was charged with assaulting a Queen-street fruiterer named "Hannah" Zainey.

The evidence of the prosecutor showed that Daniel became annoyed when he found the price of bananas too high, and struck the complainant twice in the face.

Daniel, whose faulty English and explanatory gestures caused a great deal of amusement, alleged that he was first assaulted. He had a beating inside the shop, and had a policeman outside ready for himself. He simply shook up the prosecutor between two fruit boxes, (Laughter.)

Daniel held the Bible upside down when in the witness box, and solemnly eyed it while he repeated his evidence.

Sub-Inspector Black, in cross-examining him, asked if he knew the nature of an oath? Did he know what he was swearing?

Daniel: I know myself, I never swear in my life.

The Chairman (Mr P. E. Cheal): Do you understand what that book is?

Daniel (turning the Bible over with a critical air): It's a Roman Catholic book. I can't read it.

The Chairman: Have you ever heard of a book called the Bible?

Daniel: Oh, yes, I might have.

The fine was 40/- and costs, or seven days' imprisonment, and the interesting Samoan gave a very audible sigh after he had searched his pockets and made up his mind to go to gaol.

During the King's recent visit to Edinburgh, the Royal Company of Archers—otherwise known as the King's Bodyguard for Scotland—were the most picturesque feature of the various ceremonies. Between 40 and 60 members of the company were on duty during the King's visit of four days. To irrelevant spectators a body of sedate and middle-aged gentlemen, all armed with large bows and arrows, parading in green and red uniforms, gauntlets, and bonnets adorned with eagles' feathers, might perhaps appear ridiculous, but most people will be thankful for the survival of anything that is picturesque in these colourless days. Every member of the company, whether he be a lieutenant-general or a private, wears a short sword as well as his bow and arrows. The King's Bodyguard for Scotland was first constituted in its present form in 1678, since which year minutes have been regularly kept with the exception of a short period at the end of the seventeenth century. It must not be supposed that the Royal Archers cannot use their bows. They hold shooting matches every month, and during the King's visit the "Musselburgh arrow" was shot for, the distance being 180 yds.

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is a reliable old English home remedy. It acts hard on the lungs, permitting it to be expectorated without strain, soothing the membranes and allaying the irritation so commonly experienced. There is nothing to equal it of all Chemists throughout the Empire. Strongly recommended by Medical Men.

The international stamp would not be a difficult reform to introduce, since we have already international values for stamps, and it would be an inestimable boon. Stamps are very useful for small payments; and at present it is impossible for the casual correspondent abroad to "enclose stamped envelope for reply." There is no particular reason why each nation should flaunt its own King or its own President, or its own flag, on all the letters it despatches. And it should not be difficult to bring the Postal Union into agreement upon a single brand of stamp, good all over the civilised world.

I was shut up in Hongkong for six weeks when it was quarantined against the whole world for bubonic plague. Whilst in Canton, Li Hung Chang gave me a breakfast in the great pagoda. I can never forget that breakfast, nor the diplomacy I had to exercise in my endeavours to escape some of the dishes he pressed upon me, and which it would have mortally offended him if I had not freely partaken of. I can remember my dismay when he offered me some boiled puppy-dog, and my absolute horror when he begged me to eat an egg, as black as ink, which, he assured me, was a hundred years old!—Extract from some scraps of autobiography by Mrs Brown-Potter.

A man and his wife went to a dance. They arrived so late that the dressing-rooms were empty, but, as the wife was noticing that set apart for ladies she noticed a tear in her husband's coat, and, thinking she could easily mend it, led him into the ladies' dressing-room. She found, however, she could not mend the rent unless he took the garment off, but just as the husband had disrobed footsteps were heard, and women's voices. The husband, in a fright, looked round for an avenue of escape, but saw only one other door besides the one by which they had entered, and towards this the footsteps were coming. The wife was still more terror-stricken, and pushed him through the second doorway, turning the lock behind him. At the same instant two women came into the dressing-room, and discovered the wife standing there with the man's coat in her hands. She attempted to explain, but her words were drowned by a ferocious pounding on the door through which her husband had gone. "Open the door! Open the door!" he shouted. "I can't!" said the wife; "there are two women here!" "Hang the women!" shouted the man; "I'm out here in the ballroom!"

The Germans are the originators of the souvenir post card. Nearly ten years ago there began to be printed in Berlin cards showing Unter den Linden, also the Opera House, the equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, the Brandenburg Gate and other architectural masterpieces of the Prussian capital. Then came views from along the Rhine—Bingen, with the memories of the Soldier of the Legion; Mainz and Cologne, with their famous cathedrals, and sketches of unnamed but romantic looking ruins far up the vine-clad hills. The university towns were immortalized, too. It is estimated that the amount spent in Germany every month in buying souvenir cards reaches millions of marks. The postal authorities say the percentage of sealed letters to cards distributed throughout the empire is rapidly rising in favour of the latter, and that as a matter of fact little correspondence, apart from that relating to business matters, is now carried on by letter. Card collecting has had a very damaging effect upon the business of philately. Several large stamp collectors in Germany have suffered a 50 per cent. reduction in revenues, while smaller ones have either ceased operations entirely or substituted cards for stamps as articles of sale. Every German starting off on a long tour receives this parting admonishment, "Don't fail to send me some post cards, and the traveller's importance is likely to be measured by the number and novelty of the cards which he sends back.

A genius hailing from North London has been struck with a brilliant conception for ridding back gardens and out-house roofs of philandering cats. It consists of nothing less than the invention

of a fearsome automaton tom-cat made up of a tin frame and covered with a fur coat. "Tom" is as black as the darkest night, with a stiff black tail standing up defiantly in the air, and a ghostly look in its sightless eyes, which, when roused to anger, send forth a light calculated to make even Ulysses tremble. This baneful glare is produced by a four-volt electric battery stowed away in that portion of "Tom's" anatomy generally occupied by the digestive organs. The general principle of construction, according to the "British Inventor," is based upon powerful clockwork, released by a lever when the tail of the animal is moved. The clock works a pair of bellows, with two loud screeching reeds, at the same time forming contact to light the lamps in the eyes, and forcing outwards a dozen long needle points which come up through the skin of the back. The tail also acts as a trigger, and releases a hammer formed of the lower jaw of the cat, which explodes two percussion caps in the mouth. One night an experiment was made. The clockwork was wound up, and the beast placed in a back garden. In due course a ferocious tabby of loose character and with chips of its ears walked up to the stranger to give battle, while a dozen of his lady friends sat round to see the fun. In feline language, the tabby appears to have asked his lady friends not to crowd into the ring, and to watch closely while he prepared "Tom" for the undertakers. He began by walking up to a wall and sharpening his claws. Then he came back wagging all that was left of his tail in an aggressive and insulting manner, and took the measure of his silent enemy. Without the slightest provocation he flew at the automatic cat, removed a lump of loose hair from his back, and broke his tail in half. That ended the first round, but it was only the signal for the tin tom-cat to get into action. The tail exploded the percussion caps in the cat's mouth with a sound resembling that of a 47; the electric eyes blazed out like Ladysmith searchlights, while heart-rending shrieks rent the air from the bellows inside, and the needle points got their business ends into the tabby cat. Within a few seconds the garden was clear, and pale-faced pussies were tearing off through the quiet streets in search of home comforts. It was more than a month before they ventured to peep over the wall to see if the "black-terror" was still in possession.

The Sultan of Johore bought a motor car in Sydney for use in Melbourne. "How shall I send it?" asked the shopman. "On the car," said the Sultan. "But that would cost £25 more. The carriage by train is £35 and that by boat only £10." "What of that?" replied His Highness. "I shall have it a day sooner. Send it by car." After this had been noted the Sultan continued, "I shall want a chauffeur. Can I have that man over there?" "Well, no," replied the manager; "he is employed in our business." "No matter, I want him. If you like to come into my service I will give you so much (naming a princely sum). Your salary starts from this instant. Do you accept?" The chauffeur accepted. The Sultan is an only son. The only other child of the late Sultan was a daughter, who recently married an Eastern potentate and is now in England seeing the sights. When he came to the throne and enormous wealth His Highness set about getting together a large stud of horses. He sent an order to Sydney for racehorses and twenty-four unbroken ponies of polo height. He superintended the breaking in of these ponies in person, and trained them himself for the work ahead. They only cost £20 a head landed in Singapore. He selected a dozen of the best for his own riding, and the rest were given to his friends. Two went to an English army officer, a polo enthusiast, where, after the owner's death in South Africa, they were sold for over £200 apiece. At Johore His Highness lives unostentatiously in a villa near the palace of his ancestors, and he delegates the duties of entertaining at the palace to trusted counsellors. Society has no charms for him. He prefers a tiring jaunt in the jungle, sharing the rice and dried fish of his retainers to State or society functions.

To-day is the forty-third birthday of Mr J. M. Barrie, who, of all others, is the typically successful English dramatist of the beginning of the twentieth century, says the "Daily Mail" of May 9th. "The Admirable Crichton" has

reached its 200th performance, and continues playing to large audiences, and "Quality Street" might quite well fill the Vaudeville for another year to come. Certainly Mr Barrie has caught his public. His success is interesting and of vast importance to the future of the English drama. To begin with, Mr Barrie is an accomplished writer, and his plays have a literary quality not to be found in the work of any of the successful playwrights of the last twenty-five years. Then he stands for the revolt against the eternal sex drama that has so largely engrossed the attention of Mr Pinero and Mr Henry Arthur Jones. In "The Wedding Guest" Mr Barrie, for a moment, turned his mind to what is called the "problem" play, but he soon returned to his true mood, and the two plays of his now being performed are a standing and most salutary example of the possibility of writing clever, interesting plays without the least tinge of the unpleasant.

Added to his power of literary expression, and his clear, interesting, pleasantly sentimental view of life, Mr Barrie has a gift of dramatic construction which perhaps reaches its highest point in "The Admirable Crichton," and he is altogether an interesting commentary on M. Sardou's remark that the Englishman cannot write drama. Thirty years ago the late T. W. Robertson began a new era of play-writing in England; more recently Mr Pinero used his incomparable craftsmanship to lisenise our drama. Now Mr Barrie's success will almost certainly mark the beginning of another development of the drama, the note of which will be the return to the normal English point of view. This development is an important step towards the goal of a really national drama, not imitative either of the French Sardou or the Norwegian Ibsen, but essentially English.

When a balloon passes over a forest it descends, and ballast must be thrown out to keep it up. This is explained by Professor Mouillefert of the French National Agricultural College of Grignon, as being due to the existence above every forest of a prism of cool, moist air, produced by the abundant transpiration of the trees, and extending to a height of from 3000 to 5000 feet above the treetops. Professor Mouillefert also says that while forests drain the soil underneath them, they keep the upper layer, to a depth of four or five inches, moist.

The Elocutionist is the latest subject chosen by Dorothy Dix in the amusing series of "Natural History" papers she is writing. According to her, the origin of the Elocutionist is not definitely known, but it is believed that the first one was discovered, cycles of ages ago, at a church so-called. It was found, says the legend, standing on a platform, wearing a white dress with blue ribbons, reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night" and "Lit-tle Ma-a-a-abel with Her Fa-a-a-ace Against the Window Pa-a-ane." It will thus be seen that the Elocutionist has changed but little in the process of time, if this account of its origin be true. Naturalists have with one accord agreed that the Elocutionist was the flueest example extant of the Bore family (genus yawpiss). As is the case among many other kinds of animals, the female is much more persistent and less easily scared off. In this species it accompanies its vocal contortions by weird poses and wooden gestures, and is known specifically as genus feminis Delsartia. One of the chief dangers to be feared from the Elocutionist arises from being unable to tell it at sight. In appearance, especially when young, it is so mild, pretty and gentle that no one could suspect that it carried a number of humorous and poetical selections concealed about its person. Thus innocent men and women are lured into taking it into their very homes and petting it, only to learn, alas too late, that they have brought their doom upon themselves and thrust their ears, so to speak, into the lion's mouth. Of the habits of the Elocutionist little is known except that it is the most industrious known creature and always wants to be up and at it. Its chief diet appears to be "methods," and it spends most of its time knocking its fellow Elocutionists. It is also believed that it cherishes a secret ambition to play Hamlet and Juliet, and believes that but for

parental intervention and the rapacity of the Theatrical Trust it would be famous. Its chief peculiarity is its voice, which has a cracked ice tremble that induces a tired feeling in the listener. It is also extremely complaisant and willing to oblige the company by doing everything but keep quiet. Indeed, when once an Elocutionist gets going, one can never stop it until it gets through its repertoire. In this connection attention should be called to the fact that many people who cherish secret grudges against their friends use the Elocutionist as a means of wreaking a deadly vengeance. In order to do this they take the Elocutionist while very young—when it is even more terrible than when older—and have it taught "Little Boy Blue," and kindred pieces, which it recites when unsuspecting people drop in of an evening. Thus again are we called upon to marvel at the inhumanity of man to man.

SICK MADE WELL WEAK MADE STRONG.

Marvellous Elixir of Life Discovered
by Famous Doctor-Scientist that
Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures are Effected That
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The Secret of Long Life of
Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy is Free to All Who Send
Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty records of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realm of medical science, Dr. James W. Kidd, 454 First National Bank-building, Fort Wayne, Ind., U.S.A.,



DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

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

Partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, dropsy, gout, scrofula and piles are quickly and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissues, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced as a result. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy to-day. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free by return mail. Remember, a letter to American readers and postage is free, your name, city, state, and be sure to give your full address, so there can be no mistake in delivery.

After Dinner Gossip and Echoes of the Week.

Public versus Private Gambling.

No one who makes any study of the graver and more thoughtful articles in the English weekly, and even daily press, can have failed to notice the amount of space recently devoted to serious animadversions on the extraordinary hold which cards in general, and bridge in particular, are beginning to exercise on the upper and middle classes of English society. The "Spectator" under the heading of "The Tyranny of Bridge," and the "Express" under that of the "Curse of Bridge," draw most unpleasant pictures of the financial and moral ruin being wrought broadcast by a game which two years' since was practically unknown. If one-eighth of what these articles asseverate, is truth, the gambling fever in England has reached a dangerous pitch indeed, and yet, save by moral suasion one does not see exactly how it is to be nipped or ended. How could the law deal with private gambling in private houses, it would be to all intents impossible! This naturally brings two thoughts to one's mind, first, whether bridge or any other card gambling game has any hold on society in New Zealand - and secondly, since people will apparently gamble, if it is not better to have a craze for tote-betting, which can be regulated and even suppressed, rather than private house gambling, which could not be regulated in the smallest degree, and which it would be utterly impossible to suppress. Gambling on cards is not, I believe, a New Zealand vice. A little "nap" at very thrilling stakes amongst our women folk there may be and no doubt a certain amount of poker and bridge amongst men, but high stakes are practically unknown, and cards as a means for gambling have no fascination for any class or grade of society. The worst feature of the card craze at home would appear to be that women and unmarried girls lose such sums to men as they are utterly unable to pay, and thus place themselves in the power of those specious and polished scoundrels, of whom there are all too many in society. Now at all events, the girl who gambles on the "tote" avoids this danger. When her money is gone, she can't lose any more. It is a cash transaction. Of course both are wrong, and I only wish to point out that while we are with justice perpetually upbraided for the tendency of our young people to gamble on the racecourse, this is perhaps a lesser evil than hidden gambling at a game like bridge in private houses.

our party and you shall see how grand it will be, and you and I will be friends for ever and ever!" And so the game goes on. President Loubet has now had his party, and the French are wild with enthusiasm for the English, and all that belongs thereto. Meanwhile Germany, like the small boy in the next backyard, looks over the fence and says there is nothing in the party, and that the whole thing is, in the slang of the day, "a frost." Of course it is all deeply serious, really, but as Gilbert says, "It has its ridiculous side," and it is strange that such small things should influence great nations. But it is so, and always will be. As I have pointed out before, the bitter spirit between England and America over the Venezuelan affair, which nearly resulted in war, was not really aroused by that dispute, the inner bitterness sprang from the accusations of foul play made by Lord Dunsraven when he lost his temper over not being able to win the America Cup. Smile if you will, but 'tis a fact all the same!

Out and Out Prohibition.

"If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well," is evidently the motto of the Premier with regard to prohibition, and it is rather amusing to find that in out-Heroding Herod, in announcing his intention of shutting off every opportunity of getting drink in places where prohibition is carried, he has somewhat alarmed certain advanced leaders of the prohibition party. "Not only will I cancel the charters of clubs in prohibited districts," says the Premier, "but I will punish people who keep it for their private use in their own homes," whereupon Mr Isitt, of all men in the world, says the prohibitionists don't wish to go so far as all that, or to interfere with the public to that extent. Now, why this fussiness, one wonders? Is it Mr Isitt's notion that if the cat is let out of the bag in this way beforehand that the women voters—his party's strength—will desert? If so, he is probably right. Thousands of women who will vote for prohibition have no objection to their men-folk having a bottle of beer or glass of whisky at home; they rather like them to do so, in fact, and these would probably refuse to "strike out the top line" if prohibition were enforced in private houses. As a fact, one doubts if much domestic drinking, if one may so term it, exists in the colonies, and certainly what little there is of a harmless nature. For his meals the average colonial drinks tea, and the home consumption of beer or spirits is practically limited to a glass of ale with sapper, or a night-cap on going to bed. There is no class which sits over its wine here, and the man guilty of showing intoxication in a private house commits a social offence which one is glad to know is generally considered unforgivable. The very worst tactics the prohibition advocates can adopt during the next few years will be to frighten the moderates with pictures of the state of affairs which will prevail when prohibition is carried, and, vice-versa, the liquor party cannot do better than shout heart and soul with Mr Seddon that if prohibition is carried private persons who keep it in their houses shall be rigorously punished. Extremes have lost and won many and many a battle, a fact which is obviously appreciated by the tacticians on both sides.

The Finest Game in the World.

Mr Baume, M.H.R. for Auckland city, made, so I notice, last week the speech of the session (so far), according to the critics of such matters in Wellington, and doubtless he is now in accord with Mr T. P. O'Connor, who has pronounced politics the finest game in the world. In one of those brilliantly descriptive

articles on the House of Commons from within, which made his name, Mr O'Connor describes the scene a few weeks back, when Mr Balfour, attacked by his friends, was only saved from defeat and practical political extinction by, marvellous to relate, the lump vote of the Irish party. After holding one breathless with the tension of the occurrence "Fay Pay" concludes:—"This is one of the scenes which explain the fascination of Parliament. In such a scene you can see the uncertainties the rapid change of fortune, the vast stakes that turn on a card, the play of human hatreds and human ambitions, the rapid transformations, that make up the life of the politician, and that raise his profession to a plane of excitement, importance and uncertainty that makes the gamble of the racecourse or the card table appear but the insipid pastimes of women and babies." Now, one wonders if it is like that out here—in a comparative degree, of course. If so one would think that more men of the Baume and Belford stamp, men of University education and training, would be found to enter the lists, and the personnel of the House would be mightily raised. There is a tendency to regard colonial politics as petty, or even as dirty. But surely they need neither be one nor the other. The early success of Mr Baume should be an encouragement to others, and perhaps at next election we may see a "Young New Zealand Party" heading the polls in every direction.

The Arrival of the Motor.

The day of the motor-car is not merely coming, it has come; and daily the number of people driving various forms of the new vehicles is increasing. The handy little "runabout" of various makes are, of course, the most numerous, but already we have a motor fire engine at Wangauti, and motor buses are on order for half a dozen towns and suburbs. Motor delivery cars are on order to arrive for tradesmen in both Wellington and Auckland, and a company to start a set of motor cabs is in embryo in the Northern City. Still, with all this, I am not one of those who believe that the horse will become extinct, as a section of the community asseverate. The horse will remain, both for the rich, those who can afford hobbies, I mean, and for the poor, those to whom motor traction will ever prove too expensive. Tradesmen in a large or even in a moderate way of business will doubtless tend to our daily needs in the provision line in motor waggon, but the small men, the fruit and vegetable vendors, the peddlers, in fact, no insignificant or unimportant section of our local communities, will still find the horse their best friend. The sensation of driving in a motor, at a good speed, is assuredly a pleasure worth living for, but so as certainly is the delight of sitting behind a spanking pair of horses, and the rich man will always afford himself both. Where the motor is going to revolutionise things is with the city worker. Life in the country will shortly be a possibility for the business man, for travelling at the moderate speed of twenty-five miles an hour he will be able to live ten, fifteen or even twenty miles out from the city, and yet be able to run into work at the accustomed hour every morning. The pleasures of town and country life can also be combined by those who take up country pursuits, and an immense rise should take place in the value of suitable land within the radius of thirty to forty miles of our various chief centres. At least, so it seems to me, but perhaps it is only an "after-dinner" vision after all.

In the Way of the Motor.

Apropos of motors and motoring, a writer in the "Express" (London) writes an interesting article dealing with things which stand between the public and motors and retard their general use. One of these is the middleman.

When a private customer applies direct to a good maker, he is almost invariably told that he must wait six months, a year, 18 month, or even longer for the car he orders. Why is this? Because the middlemen, in view of the great demand, monopolise the output of the more prominent makers. They know that, as a rule, the customer does not care to wait a year for his car,

and that he must therefore come to them. The result is that the middleman sells him the car at an increase on the manufacturer's retail price of between 150 and 200 per cent.

As an instance of the sort of thing the public have to put up with I may mention the case of a standard type of car, the catalogue price of which is £320 net. The manufacturer is able to turn out this car at a cost price to himself of £80, and the middleman takes £90, or actually more than the car cost to build.

As things now are there are too many intermediate profits in the motor trade, too many liberal commissions for which the customer has to pay. Many people look upon this sort of thing as extortion, and either abandon the idea of purchasing a motor, or else think they are acting cleverly in going to a job manufacturer who puts together a motor composed of one part by one well-known firm, another part by another well-known firm, and a third portion by a third well-known maker. The inexperienced purchaser supposes that he cannot go far wrong in ordering such a car, seeing that all the component parts are by well-known makers. He soon discovers his mistake. None of the various component parts of his car thus thrown together were ever made to work in with each other, and soon there is a breakdown, followed by others at frequent intervals.

The great beauty of the cars built by the leading manufacturers is the perfect harmony with which all the parts of the car work together, for they have been manufactured for each other in the same factory.

Children's Quaint Sayings.

Knowing my fondness for children and for their quaint sayings, a friend sends me the following for readers of After Dinner Gossip:—

There is a man who fancies he is the head of the house. This particular man has several small children, and it pleases him to discourse a great deal on the training of the young.

A few days ago he had friends visiting him. His two little sons began to play about noisily. It is one of his theories that children should obey implicitly, and he wanted his friends to see how he carried it out in the training of his own family.

"Johnny," he said, sternly, "stop that noise instantly."

Johnny looked up in surprise, then grinned a little.

"Oh, Freddy," he said to his brother as they went on with their noisy romp, "just listen to papa trying to talk like mamma."



If you are young, you naturally appear so.

If you are old, why appear so?

Ayer's Hair Vigor will surely restore color to your gray hair, and will give to it all the wealth and gloss of early life. It will stop falling of the hair also; and will keep

the scalp clean and healthy, entirely free from dandruff.

And it makes the hair grow thick and long. This is because it is a hair-food, giving to the hair just what it needs to make it grow as nature intended.

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There's a pleasure in offering to you such a preparation; while you will certainly feel a sense of security in using something that others have used for half a century.

Do not be deceived by cheap imitations which will only disappoint you. Make sure that you get the genuine Ayer's Hair Vigor.

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

flag, by making the word "resorting" in the old Act include the sending of messages by telegraph or telephone, but undoubtedly it was only a step to the attempt to make all betting illegal. The Earl of Durham made a scathing speech in moving the rejection of the Bill, and said: Of all strange specimens of the human race, he thought the fact that a stranger, if he were asked to define a fiddler, he should say he was a cross between a fanatical Pharisee and a lunatic. In the end, the motion for the second reading of the Bill was lost by 48 votes to 58.

It transpires that Mr J. Davidson was acting for Mr Hugo Friedlander when he purchased Val Rosa on Friday last at the sale of Mrs Leonard's racing stock.

Mr W. Walters and Mr E. Abbott were passengers for Wellington by the Ngapahi on Sunday.

Mr Patterson, one of the Auckland Racing Club's delegates, was unable to get away to attend the annual conference of racing clubs this week in Wellington. Major Pitt went alone.

Messrs Harris, Adams, and Mark represent the Auckland Trotting Club at the Trotting Conference. Mr Absolom represents the Otahuhu Trotting Club.

G. Absolom, who has trained Val Rosa throughout his career, says that horse has never been the same since he had a bad attack of influenza.

How would it stand in law, if among the many curious insurances of every character possible of arrangement at Lloyd's, one took out a policy at an agreed rate per cent., which would be the market odds, insuring the success of a certain horse on the Derby? Without question such would be practicable, for the underwriters will practically insure, or lay, against any possible kind of happening. Would not this legitimate proceeding be termed a bet, and is not identically the same as where one "lays" a man's lives, shipwrecks, or anything else similar?—"Larry Lyncx," in "The People."

Under the modern conditions of racing, the present generation is never likely to see fields thirty strong measure strides for the Derby, as was the case in the early "stables," when the opposition often fell little short of three dozen, says an expert. There are too many valuable prizes nowadays, and the form is thoroughly thrashed out before the great race comes round. The Turf is subject to violent fluctuations as regards the number of horses worthy of try contention for the annual Derby. In various seasons, and the death of first class three year olds was, perhaps, never more pronounced than in the present year of grace, as evidenced by the fact that only a meagre lot of seven could be found to face the starter, two of whom were aliens.

Almont's record of 4.52 for two miles, recorded near Melbourne, is the champion pacing record for the colts for that distance. Ribbonwood's record for the distance takes second rank as an actual record, but it will be a long time before a four year old beats his time, which stands as a record for one of his age. When he covered two miles at the spring meeting of the New Zealand Metropolitan Trotting Club in November last in 4.43, the achievement was admittedly a marvellously good one for a young four year old, but he afterwards registered a much better performance in private, and will no doubt, in time, go one better than Almont has done, for he is quite capable of a big two mile performance. It is pleasing to find our New Zealand bred pacers showing such good form.

This is how a writer in the "Sunday Times" refers to the barrier system of starting:—The starting gate is responsible for a lot of in and out running, and now that such an important event as the One Thousand Guineas has been spoilt, the Australian device may be done away with. One thing is certain—a very different gate will have to be designed, unless we are to revert to the old method of starting with the flag, which was occasionally in-

effective, but much more reliable than the system that has superseded it. It is a pity that Prince Soltykoff's objection to Friday's race was not lodged at time to raise the question thoroughly, but it is an advantage to have Prince Soltykoff, a pillar of the turf, personally interested in the matter.

Australian turf people have the notion that S' Africa is a land of milk and honey, and a stop of those already on the ground and journeying that road, members more or less anxious to go. His offer of inducement comes in. Examination of entrance money paid and prizes available in connection with recent three days' meeting at Johannesburg showed former total £3124, while latter only aggregated £784, which means expenses are excessively high and prize money comparatively low. 'Murkan Jockey' Ames, just back, said it is the last place racing men should think of going to. Australia, at its worst, is heaps better for them. Even Mo, with much the better end of the stick, is not so well too agreeable—he has to pay a registration fee of £500, and often finds big losers non eat on settling day; still, however, the bejelled one keeps at it, and waxes fat, despite his lamentations.—"Bulletin."

It is said that one Derby Day is much the same as another, and such may be the case (says the racing reporter of the "Sportsman"). Certain it is, however, that no other spectacle in the world excites the public so much as the Derby. The Derby is a carnival, and the so-called "Cockney's Carnival," and the porter does not exist nor has the poet yet been born who could do adequate justice to the scenes of rollicking hilarity and uproarious merriment enacted upon Epsom Downs on the anniversary of such a successful race. The Derby is a festival, and nothing essential to the success of the festival was missing. The weather was glorious. The King and Queen graced the proceedings with their presence, and one of the biggest crowds ever seen on such an occasion assisted at what proved to be a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment.

In the matter of time making, English racers would appear able to hold their own with the best, especially over short distances. Races timed by Benson's chronograph at Epsom were: Derby Stakes (won by Rock Sand), about 1 1/2 miles, 2:42 4/5; Cannon Plate (won by Blue Diamond), 5 furlongs, 5:2-3; and the Effingham Plate (won by Sun Bonnet), 1 mile, 1:36 2-5; Great Surrey Fox Stakes (won by Bridle Road), 5 furlongs, 5:2-3; Riddlesdown Plate (won by Child's Guide), 4 furlongs, 1:22 4-5; Royal Stakes (won by Sandringham), 1 1/2 miles, 3:18 1-5; Coronation Cup (won by Valenza), about 1 1/2 miles, 2:41 2-5; and the Durand Plate (won by Pharisee), 1 1/2 miles, 2:4-3. Most of these times are remarkably fast, but Blue Diamond's five furlongs is the only one that equals a previous record.

Referring to the French-bred colt Vincicus, "Vigilant," in "Sportman," wrote on the day following the Derby: He was the chief object of interest in the paddock, as most of us had often seen the remainder of the competitors, and when he was taken into a stall to be saddled, there was such a crowd round him that it was impossible to get anywhere near him. When this operation was over he was led out, and then there was ample opportunity of seeing him. He is a big bay horse, standing, as nearly as can be guessed, seventeen hands high, and with proportionate bone and substance. He showed any amount of muscle, and his quarters are magnificent, but, as was only to be expected, I thought that he showed a lack of quality. It is rarely indeed that we can get a Prince Charlie, a horse standing this height, and yet with the action of a blood pony, and the quality of a colt of normal size.

Gisborne would appear to be a happy hunting ground for old Straybird, who on paper looked the worst treated of the horses engaged in the First Steeplechase, which event he however won. Cronje, who had incurred a 7lb penalty, was meeting Straybird at a distance of 1lb, but fell, and The Pullack, who was sent to some Auckland punters as a good thing, only

managed after a good race to get second. The double victory of Croupier was quite surprising. The well-bred gelding ran in Auckland. It is, by the way, that he had weak opposition in the Hack and Hunters' Steeplechase, Fencer, the Walkate gelding, getting second, the only other starter, Mangamahau, coming to grief. The victory of Comfort, the Hawke's Bay gelding, was looked for after that gelding's performance at Napier Park. Hinetaupariki, who was second in the Flying Handicap, paid the best dividend of the day, viz., £8 15/-. It was pleasing to find that with such small fields the opening day nevertheless proved a record one in so far as attendance and speculation are concerned, £2815 being put through the totalisators during the day.

Mr Selig, president of the New Zealand Trotting Association, was present at the committee meeting of the N.S.W. Trotting Club on his recent visit, and according to the "Sportman" delivered an address on the way trotting in New Zealand, and at the same time throwing out suggestions as to the best way to go to work to give the sport a lift here. He was of opinion that a governing body similar to that of New Zealand should be formed, and that that body should be empowered to hold a meeting of delegates of trotting clubs and shows. He pointed out that New Zealand had many difficulties as this State is raising trotting to a high standard and is thoroughly popularising it. He dwelt on the utility of the trotter as compared with the racehorse, and finally stated that, from inquiry to the present committee of the N.S.W. Trotting Association, being earnest in his efforts to place trotting on a firm basis. At the conclusion of his address Mr Selig was tendered a vote of thanks.

There has been no rush to back anything in particular since the spring handicap weights came out (says the "Referer.") Locales are open on the Epsom and Metropolitan and the New Cup, and it is in this class of speculation chiefly that bookmakers are trying to do business. For the Epsom Handicap I have heard of Kensington, Air Motor, and Pendant being supported a little, but the same trio have been used to start doubles with, including with Bewitcher, Patterdammed, Patronage, Nubes, and a few others in the Metropolitan. In Sydney not much has been done in Cup doubles, but backers have begun to sort out their selections in Melbourne with more freedom. It is a general rule with the Epsom and Metropolitan weights are skilfully put together. There are all sorts of differences in the way many horses are treated in the Cups, comparatively, and there is no room for complaint about the weight-adjusters. Whenever a horse wins in the class in which he starts, he will go on to the next faster class, and on winning there will again move up to a still faster class, until he reaches the open, or championship, class. If he is capable of doing so. According to this plan a horse will remain in a class until he has won a race in that class, but he cannot win twice in the same class. It is believed that the new system will operate to improve the sport, and force every horse into the class in which he belongs. This is a system we have long advocated in New Zealand, where it appears to me it could be tried advantageously, in Canterbury without doubt successfully.

As a rule, the ringmen in New South Wales and Victoria are opposed to the totalisator, says a Sydney writer, so that it is somewhat refreshing to hear a prominent bookmaker say that racing will not be placed on a proper footing until the introduction of the machine. Speaking for himself, he stated that when taking a holiday in Tasmania some years ago, he

stood up against the machine, and, despite the fact that three favorites were, and he had £100 against a winner in running, he was not a loser. He points out that a 10 per cent deduction enables the race clubs to give substantial prizes, and trainers, instead of having to look for punters, as is the case here at present, are paid well if they can win the stake, and result being. It is not a matter of "dead men" there is a preponderance of tiers, and there is not only a good thing for the betting public, but for the ringmen as well. In this connection, it has often been pointed out in these columns that betting men in New Zealand are not opponents of the totalisator, but only desire to be allowed to do business where it is used.

Talking over the Derby race some few hours before it took place, the trainer of Vincicus remarked to "Vigilant":—"My horse is a good one, but if Rock Sand is a very good one, I shall not win." Well, there is no doubt that Rock Sand is a "very good one," well worth £2000, and he was on a Flying Fox, Cylone, Perlimmon, and St. Frusquid (says that writer), and the trainer of the second summed up the situation with absolute correctness. After it was over, and we were drinking the health of the winner, a particular American colt remarked:—"If only Mornington, Cannon, and Vinkfus he would have broken Rock Sand's heart." I told him that this was a big task, for if ever there was a colt with the heart of a lion it is Rock Sand. He always seems to do what the breed of him with a trifle to spare. There is no doubt that he ought to have been beaten, and the actual history of his defeat in the Middle Park Plate may never be known. Both he and Vincicus are engaged in the St. Leger, and I only hope that the pair may meet, both fit and well, and with powerful jockeys on the back of the French colt I shall have no fear as to the result.

"No one will find fault with Mr Menzies for setting Wakeful have a chance at 10/8 though on American she is entitled to more," writes a Sydney confrere. Another writer says Mr Menzies has made a much higher handicap for the Melbourne Cup than Mr Maitland has for the Caulfield Cup. Mr Menzies has started with Wakeful at 10/8, which seems a tremendous weight for a mare, but compared with the other top weights, she is well in. Through the top weights, Wakeful may well in, but the achievements of mares in the Melbourne Cups run for in the past do not make it seem as if she is not. Wakeful is well in, even presuming her to be the best of her sex that ever graced the turf. What do the records reveal since the race was started in 1861? That horses have seldom been asked to carry so much weight, and in the Caulfield Cup, for example, with over 100, namely Archer, in 1862, with 102, and Carbine with 105 in 1890; while only four others carrying over 90 have been successful. These were Archer, 97, in 1863; Glencoe, 97, in 1868; Melton, 99, in 1884; Paton, 94, in 1894; and Grafter, 92, in 1898. Sporting writers hold Wakeful in such respect that they include her, with all her weight, in their selections. It would be a great performance indeed were a mare to win the Melbourne Cup carrying 100.

Although he only retired from active turf life some three years ago, it may be reasonably said that John Dawson, sen., the trainer, who, like recently, was practically unknown to the great majority of the present generation. His connection with the turf had extended well over 50 years, and his successes chiefly accrued in the "sixties" and "seventies." Mr John Dawson, as one of the old school of trainers, never changed his ideas. His life was spent and his work done during a period absolutely opposite to that of the present day, when mammoth stakes were unknown, starting gates, apprentice allowances, and other lines of contention never dreamed of while the American jockey was foreign to English racing. It was chiefly in the handicap line that the deceased was an expert, the winners under his charge scoring quite a mixed record—in fact, in turf, in every big event in racing. Strongly enough, most of his winners were trained from "commoners." As the younger brother of the even more famous Matthew Dawson and the father-in-law of the late

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Fred Archer, John Dawson had gained certain fame apart from the success of his own efforts. His son, usually referred to as "the young John," is also a promising figure, and will maintain the prestige of an honoured name—that of Dawson—in the racing world.—"The People."

When the big chronograph was first presented to the V.H.C. for the information of Flemington race-goers, it was lauded more as a business "ad." for the late Thomas Gaunt, the old-time Bourke street horologist, than as anything of the nature of the "bulletin." It has become an institution. John Trowbridge, Gaunt's brother-in-law, devised the first Flemington chronograph. The most intricate feature is the extra-fine-toothed interengring—the wheels which are only 1/100 of a minute exactness. They consist of three circular layers of ebony, ivory, and gun-metal, placed and cut together, the teeth being so fine as to be barely distinguishable to the naked eye. These work into similar wheels in the same position in the other two cylinders into the ebony, and so on—thus the fifth of seconds are registered. During the past 25 years the famous speed-recorder has undergone many mechanical changes for the better. It is started by electricity on the latest plan, but its timing is entirely dependent on the exactness (and coolness) of the man who sets it going, and the man who stops it. If the man who starts is anticipatory at the nerve centre, or the man beside the judge gets excited over a close finish, the time suffers. The H.C.C. official timekeeper is only interested in his "hit"—a truly difficult one, requiring a cool nerve, quick eye, and spicidid judgment, and the racing itself doesn't interest him in the least.

The decision of the Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan to break up their Sylvia Park stud at an early date will come as a surprise to many, and the news will not be received with pleasure by those who have come to look upon the stud as one of the attractions of the Auckland sportsmen, who are fond of the thoroughbred, and have periodically gone there in search of yearlings to add to their racing stables. The stud has gradually been built up from a small affair to an institution of large proportions, and in the paying stage, judging from the recent sales. People will be wondering why it has been decided to disperse the stud under the circumstances. The proprietors recently left Whitford Park for dairying purposes, and after losing by death an old servant, Mr. Hibbins, who used to look after the mares during a part of each year on that estate. Mr. A. Davis, who has looked after the racing branch, and managed the stud, has now time, though the best of health, to devote more time to his other business, and he has a couple of months ago. The brothers have too many demands on their time to devote the necessary attention to the stud themselves, and hence have elected to sell, and the fine collection of mares and heas will thus find their way into other hands, and Sylvia Park, so long the home of the high-class thoroughbred, will in time become a memory of the past. There are no fewer than thirty-three brood mares in the stud, most of them young mares, and a number which have not yet been bred from. There are about twenty foals (yearlings) they will be next month, and the four stallions, Seaton Delaval, San Francisco, both imported (the last named a full brother of Prosquain), and the local stallion, St. Hippo. The sale must command attention from breeders of pedigree stock.

"Milroy" relates that Mr. Love, an Indian buyer present at the Townsville meeting, gave some details with regard to the class of horses required in India. First there was the very heavy battery horse. Then there was the leader of the artillery, and the ordinary field artillery horse of 14.34 to 15.23 hands. The centre horse of the same class was the hardest for buyers to obtain, and had to be a big, strong, well-bred animal, with plenty of action, and the weight carried less than 17st. It could be understood what sort of a horse was required to carry that weight. It must have plenty of quality and strength. Then there was the charger, for 100 horses, which was a very tall order, he was supposed to include seven chargers, and it was very rarely that a buyer could obtain his proportion of that class of horse, which had to be an animal showing splendid action and good impet, and very many were rejected for catarrhs. Out of the last lot of horses he sent to India, there were a number rejected for this fault, which was difficult to cure. There were various kinds of native cavalry horses. He read a letter from the officer commanding the 10th Bengal Lancers, showing that this class of horse must be between 14.24 and 15 hands, with good action, and the weight carried less than 17st. Mr. Christian said no amount of excellence in a horse would make an army buyer depart from the conditions laid down. This was to say, if a horse was 16 hands high and another was 15 hands high, the former would be rejected, even if it was nearer the required height. This supports what I wrote last week concerning the remount. Vitality does not concern the army man in India as much as tape measurements.

The programme of the Avondale Jockey Club for 1902-03 has been drawn up, and there is an increase in the stakes money for the year of £50, the increase being made at the spring meeting, while the other meetings remain the same as last year. The added money amounts to £2475. After declaration of forfeits twenty-one remain in the Avondale Stakes, and there are thirty three in the Avondale Guineas. In the two-year-old

events Mr. H. Friedlander claims three, Messrs L. D. and N. A. Nathan two, and other nominators one each. There are six by Seaton Delaval, five by Heaton, two by the defunct Brigadier, two by Phoebe Apollo, one by Explosion, one by Lochness, one by Cyrenal, one by Sout, one by Castor, and one by Simmer, the last mentioned being from Kilmorey, therefore a brother of Dewey, a performer of merit in Australia and South Africa. This colt is named Klimarnock, and is voted as smart as anything of his age at present in training at Ellerslie, though in the same stable the full sister to Kamin, and "Foras" the colt by Seaton Delaval from Miss Gladys are doing nicely. The Messrs Nathan's pair, the colt by Seaton Delaval from Tres Bell, full sister to Pormula and Mulliform, and the Seaton Delaval—Role filly are progressing well. Mr. J. R. Williamson, a full brother to Casket, Ringman, and Co., is making into a nice colt. Mr. Frank's Seaton Delaval—Leocott colt is a fine colt; and the Hotchkiss—St. Mary filly in G. Wright's team is growing into a promising big number of others, some of them trained away from Ellerslie, have not yet come under my purview; but I saw last week Mr. E. J. Watts' Sout—Hotchkiss filly at Hastings, and she looks likely to develop nicely, and is doing so satisfactorily for the time. The opening two-year-old race of the season promises at the present time to be an attractive one, though it is rather much to expect the club to have such a fine field as lined up to meet them. The Sydney and the Avondale Guineas are nearly all known. About two-thirds of the number have raced. Rona, Lady Anne, Lady Boba, Roseshield, Sans Peur, Kamo, Merry Soul, Idassa, Alba, Rose, Matua, Stibington, Bonheur, The Archer, Agrius, Boumiana, Starshoot, Royal Fusilier, and Desdemona are names that are familiar to us that appear in the list.

The spring handicaps have come to hand this week from Sydney, and the Sydney events, that is, the Epsom and Metropolitan Handicaps, the Caulfield and the Melbourne Cups Handicaps, were framed by different weight adjusters, and one of them being the work of a new man, there has naturally been a great increase in interest that these are so productive. It is most remarkable how the weight adjusters used to agree up to a couple of seasons back, and suggestions were frequently offered that they used to confer. He this at Sydney, there are now handicappers of different castles, and the handicapping certainly bears the appearance of independence of opinion—a good thing for horse owners. "Empire," in the Sydney "Referee," thus comments on the productions in a general way: "Even a casual glance at the weights issued for the Epsom, the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups shows clearly enough that the handicaps are on very different lines. Those who like to see variety in the appraisal of the capabilities of horses entered for the big things of the spring ought to be satisfied after looking through the respective productions of Messrs W. A. Mezzes, R. K. Maitland, and J. Daly. There seems to have been a general desire that the better class of horses should not be hampered with weight, but that usual desire is satisfied on the other side that sameness about the weights which has been noted in other years, more or less. Mr. Maitland has determined to have handy racing weights at Caulfield, as far as possible, and he has shown that he is prepared to take a little risk in this regard, which other handicappers are very careful of. The consideration which will safeguard his production is that if he has fixed lenient imposts for some horses, he has done the same thing with others, and that the fillies will be put on a lower grade horses will have to suffer, and this will not prevent the Caulfield Cup from being a well-contested race. About three-fourths of the entries are dealt with between 7.7 and 6.7, and there is a range of two in the better horses. There is a good deal of difference in the way Mr. Mezzes has dealt with his horses. He seems to have been particularly careful with some very ordinary performers, and the priority of cases wherein he differs from his contemporaries is on the severe side. Both the Victorian handicappers fall to agree with Mr. Daly very often, and as far as the Sydney horses are concerned, the argument will probably be easy in support of the Sydney. Still, variety of treatment is what is wanted, in a measure, and many owners concerned have got it this year.

The death of Malvolto recalls some striking incidents connected with his Melbourne Cup in 1891. "Milroy" thus refers to the event:—"There was a lot of money about in Malvolto's year, and there was heavy gambling on the race. Mr. Greenham held something like £50,000 on that day, and all the leading jockeys were in the race. There was just before the land and silver boom burst and fairly knocked the bottom out of Melbourne. Malvolto did not run as a two-year-old. In the spring of 1890 a handicap at Oakleigh Park, now called on the other side, was selected for his debut. He looked only like a colt, but the 'happy family,' headed by the late Morris Jacobs, backed the Malna colt heavily and felled valiantly against the favorite, Highborn, whom Messrs E. A. Oatley and William Forester had backed to win a big fortune for the Melbourne Cup, to be run four days later. At a difference of only 10lb the colt wore the old horse down and won by a neck. After this episode Highborn was called on to race for the Cup, in which he had a very rough passage, and ran second to Carbide. His maiden effort firmly established Malvolto's reputation, and he was the first horse backed for the Cup of 1891. All through the winter and spring the Malna colt was the top of the Cup quotations, but as the day drew near it was whispered around that Redfern's party were not on, and the cream of the market had been well skimmed. The

element ran rail-high for days, and when Pigeonot, Strathmore, Correo, and Highborn were selected to win the Malvolto of a German State (the Malvolto party got the money on the night before the Derby, and next day backed the son of Madcap to win the Melbourne Stakes against such smashers as Marvel, Mungah, and Megaphone, but he ran very badly, and his cautious Cup backers looked very blue indeed. He went badly in the Cup betting on Monday, and on the day of the race there was little or no demand for him; in fact, one large cash bettor tried hard to "unload" £2000 "over the rails" at the finish, but could find custom for only £100 to £2 while 25 to 1 went a-begging all over the ring against the son of Malia, though he was returned at 16 to 1. After a pleasing race Malvolto beat the Sydney horse Sir William by a long half length, with the fast-coming Strathmore a neck away third. Strathmore was mixed up in the field for the greater part of the way, and was shuttlecocked about like a cork on water. Some ugly rumors were about concerning his bolt on the day of the race, and though naturally disaffected at the way Cauldn rode such a brilliant customer—one that could show his heels even to Ringbone over a short course—Messrs W. R. Wilson and L. C. McDonald put the defect down to bad luck, but before the autumn was a week in they had reasons for believing it was not all luck that beat probably the best three-year-old Australia had known. After the race there were whispers abroad that Malvolto's owner was not entitled to the stakes. The smoke entombed in fire when the trustees of Mr. E. De Mestre put in a claim for the stakes on the ground that Malvolto's dam belonged to the estate. When Mr. Redfern least expected the Williams course and stables, Mr. De Mestre intended to stay there with his horses when on a visit to Melbourne, and in return for the busy Yorkshiresman's many kindnesses Mr. De Mestre made him a present of a filly by Robinson Crusoe from the Williams course and stables. Mr. Madson, who won Mr. Redfern some nice races before she went to the stud and gave him Malvolto. The claim to the stakes was disallowed, as it was proved that the filly was a bono fide gift, and the Malvolto party breathed again.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday. Mr. Stead has virtually decided to send Croneform and Orloff to Sydney. He talks as if he did not intend to start the former in either of her handicap engagements, and as if he did not cherish great hopes of Orloff winning the Epsom Handicap. He thinks Orloff may run a fair race in the Metropolitan Stakes.

The death of Enid removes another of the quartette of mares by Apremont—Idalla, of whom Fair Nell, Enid and Lullawing were famous, either on the turf or at the stud. If I recollect aright, the only race Enid won was the Oaks. In private she was a really good mare, but she failed to reproduce her home form in public, owing, I believe, to her inability to act on hard ground. Her feet were always terribly troublesome. She produced Gerald and Bellecote, the former a useful sprinter, and the latter a Great Autumn Handicap winner.

The Canterbury Jockey Club's programme for the coming season will be the same as last year, with the following amendments: Spring Meeting: Elimination of the Sapling Stakes, and the substitution of the Great Tom Plate, a handicap of 250sovs, second horse 250sovs and third horse 150sovs, minimum weight 8.0, penalties for winners 7lb, entrance levy, acceptance 20sovs, one mile and a half. The stakes in the Bankers' Handicap will be reduced by 100sovs, and the acceptance made 150s. Summer Meeting: In the Belfast Plate 80sovs to be substituted for 50sovs in the conditions. Autumn Meeting: The distance of the Maiden Plate to be increased from seven furlongs to one mile. The Ashburton Racing Club has altered the date of its Spring Meeting to September 10 and 12, in order not to clash with the Dunedin Jockey Club. It will distribute £250 in stakes.

Mr G. H. McHaffie has been appointed chairman of the New Zealand Metropolitan Trotting Club.

Goldspur, Wisawhite, Goldenmeru, Khaki and Lee Russell went North on Thursday night to fulfil their respective engagements at the Wellington Racing Club's Winter Meeting. Sir George Clifford travelled by the same steamer.

The Stepiak-Cobweb yearling colt, the property of Mr W. J. Tennant has been named Gossamer.

A filly by Wallace from Faraway, which has just joined McQuinn's team at Wanganui, is credited by McQuinn with being like Carbine. As McQuinn is one of the famous sons of Musket, he ought to know what he is talking about.

Isa, the rising two-year-old filly in the same stable, is said to be a larger edition of her full brother Vladimir.

Famperoo's foot, which burst at Wellington, has completely healed, and the son of St. Clair is said to be thoroughly sound.

A filly by Casket, has joined Jackson's team. Jackson, by the way, has broken Blazer into harness. Menton of Casket reminds me that an offer of £300 made recently for the son of Castor was declined.

Blackstone, the overgrown son of Grafton, in McQuinn's stable, who has been in the private sale list, has been withdrawn, and is to be trained again.

A report that Red Gauntlet had broken down has been contradicted.

The Southland steppesucker Viola is expected at Riverton shortly, to be trained for engagements at the Grand National Meeting.

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

The weather is the chief topic of conversation here. For once it certainly deserves the notice it is receiving. After a week of most sunbaked days, and in the absence of the thermometer at 67, the weather changed abruptly before Saturday night. Snow had fallen in most parts of Canterbury, and although it did not last long in the vicinity of Christchurch, it was followed by such weather as to bring to a standstill all outside work and render training operations an impossibility. This is the present situation. Luckily for them the local horses in their engagements at Riverton had left before the weather had changed.

Sultana, the last of them, journeyed up on Friday night. He was very well when he took his departure, and in the absence of strong opposition it is not unlikely that he will win the Wellington Steeplechase.

T. Pine, the well known light-weight horseman, has again accepted service with E. Cutts.

Mr. Friedlander's fillies by Clanranald—Irta and Cullasser—Anita are now being ridden by they are behaving well.

Accommodation has been secured at Riverton for the spring meeting. From this it may be inferred that the Auckland racing man intends to try to repeat the impulsive coup with Wairiki.

Alarming rumors are current here regarding L. E. Hewitt, the well known horseman. One of them is that the Auckland doctors have found it necessary to amputate the leg which Hewitt had injured just prior to the Canterbury Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting. Colour is given to the rumor by a letter from Hewitt which announced that the injured limb had given trouble on the voyage from New Zealand to San Francisco.

The stallion Nihilist, by Stepiak—Silverly, is for sale at Dunedin.

St. Denis was priced a few days ago. It is understood that £500 was asked.

It is rumored that legal proceedings may arise out of the dispute between the Forbury Farm Company and the St. Kilda Borough Council, which I mentioned in a former letter.

The following business has been done locally on the New Zealand Cup:—700 to 1 against Secret Society, 700 to 18 against Strathaven, 600 to 28 against vicrom, 600 to 24 against Golden Rose, 500 to 15 against Malwood, 500 to 5 against Leovora, 500 to 22 against Shrapnel, 2.0 to 21 against Orloff, 200 to 8 against Gold Crown, 200 to 15 against Halberdier, 200 to 22 against Wairiki, 200 to 18 against Lady Lilian, Grand National Steeplechase and Hurdle Race: 600 to 7 against Golo and Walwera, 200 to 44 against Hircanica and Tresham, 200 to 7 against Sultana and Tresham, 200 to 7

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2 goal-t Avshurt and Battloxe, 200 to 3 against Hardy and Comfort, 200 to 2 against Hardy and Victor, 200 to 4 against Avshurt and Avshurt, 200 to 2 against Gobo and Scottish Minstrel, 200 to 2 against Scullywing and Merry Boy, 200 to 2 against Jack o' Lantern and Merry Boy.

SALE OF THOROUGHBREDS AT AUCKLAND.

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company (Mr. H. O. Nolan, manager) sold by auction on July 10th, on account of Mrs J. Leonard, the following horses:—
 Maroon and Gold, b. g. by St. Hippo—lda, W. Thomson..... 90gs
 Laval, b. c. by Stenton Delaval—Dorothy, J. D. Flexman..... 31gs
 Idana, b. f. by Stenton Delaval—T. Arncliffe..... 50gs
 Val Rosa, br. h. by Stenton Delaval—Vieux Rose, J. Davidson..... 175gs
 Alba Rose, b. f. by Stenton Delaval—Vieux Rose, W. Moberley..... 62gs

WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.

The following acceptances have been received in connection with the Wellington Racing Club's Winter Meeting:—
 Stewards' Handicap at 1500yds; 6 furlongs—Outak 10.13, Gotsuput 10.0, Chasseur 10, St. Olga 9.4, Strapnel Shell 9.3, Rangitara 9.11, Goldenmere 9.5, Reclamer 9.5, Mara 9.0, Platypus 9.0, Linton 9.0, Camelot 9.0.
 Miramar Hack of 500yds; 7 furlongs—Revol 10.0, Hantun 10.5, Reseshoot 10.5, Position 10.2, The Guesse 9.10, Sir Agnes 9.5, Cumulus 9.5, Retelions 9.5, Austrasia 9.4, Fireball 9.3, Parkshot 9.3, Rapids 9.3, The Romney 9.2, Royal Blue 9.0, Commonwealth 9.0, Artisan 9.0, Fairwater 9.0, Lady Field 9.0, Camsang 9.0.
 Wellington Steeplechase of 250yds; about 2 miles—Gobo 11.6, Nor-west 11.0, The Gryphon 10.4, Pipi 10.3, Sultan 9.12, Straybird 9.7, The Puma 9.7, Marine 9.7, Counterline 9.7.
 Parliamentary Handicap of 500yds; 1 mile—Dartlet 11.8, Ostak 10.13, Exmoor 10.10, Windwhistle 10.0, Strapnel Shell 10.5, St. Olga 10.3, Meura 10.3, A.B.N. 9.13, Taro 9.13, Reseshoot 9.12, Kobunja 9.10, Volley 9.3, Platypus 9.0, Rubin 9.0, Saufilo 9.0.
 Hack and Hunters' Steeplechase of 800yds; about 2 miles—Great Shot 11.12, Unisopake 11.5, Kiater 10.5, Testator 9.12, Taranaki 9.0, Counterline 9.8, King Lear 9.7, Kalou 9.7, Flakery 9.7.
 Winter Hurdles of 250yds.—Walters 11.7, Hayden 11.3, Trenchard 10.8, Meunier 10.1, Merry Boy 9.13, Rags 9.13, Meteor 9.13, Slow Tom 9.10, Kohunui 9.9, Klaki 9.6, Levant 9.5, Roko 9.2.
 Te Aro Hack of 800yds; 5 furlongs—Revol 10.9, Optimal 10.7, Sandy 10.7, Matuku 10.7, Scorty 10.0, Clevelly 9.9, Spotted 9.5, Aidinga 9.8, Repulse 9.6, Rapids 9.5, Silver Star 9.3, Maulinga 9.3, Hinerua 9.3, Parkshot 9.2, Landlock 9.0, Lady Field 9.0, Motai 9.0, Mooruanuku 9.0, Black Spall 9.0, Commonwealth 9.0, Maserline 9.0, Sergius 9.0, Notion 9.0.

VICTORIAN NATIONAL MEETING.

MELBOURNE, Saturday.
 The V.I.C. Grand National steeplechase resulted:—
 Grafnell..... 1
 Freedom..... 2
 Plunger..... 3
 Also started: Error, Brokerage, Fiddlestring, Syringa, Stoth 11, Drummer, Springfield, Sir Harry, Anchor, Worgelburne, Burghos, and Bush Lad.
 Betting: 3 to 1 on Grafnell, 12 to 1 on Freedom, 10 to 1 on Anchor, 12 to 1 on Error, 14 to 1 on Grafnell, 15 to 1 on Brokerage and Fiddlestring.
 The first half of the running was made by Freedom, Springfield, Worgelburne, Fiddlestring, and Sir Harry. The latter, who was not favourite, fell shortly after the concluding stage was entered upon, and after Springfield had run out, Freedom went to the head of affairs and led to the last fence from Grafnell, Burghos, and Plunger. Once in the straight Grafnell challenged the leader, and easily cutting him down, won comfortably by four lengths. Plunger was a similar distance way from Freedom, then came Isis, Burghos, Worgelburne, Stoth 11, and Anchor in the order named. Time, 6.31.

R. R. R. R.
FOUR "r's" easily remembered, and well worth remembering. They mean a good deal to many sufferers in the community, for they represent in an abbreviated form a great truth—"Rheumo Reveals to Believing Rheumatism." Here you have in a single sentence all that need be told of Rheumo, the rest must be left to your experience after a trial. Rheumo is a medicine to be swallowed in prescribed doses, and every dose that is swallowed goes to the affected parts, kills the pain, removes the swelling, and eliminates the excess uric acid. Rheumo is the best solvent of uric acid and phosphate sediment. Rheumo Conquers—Rheumatism, Stoked in, Auckland by H. King, Chemist, Queen-st.; J. M. Jefferson, Chemist, Queen-st. and Upper Symonds-st.; J. W. Robinson, Chemist, Harrell's, Graves' Aikin, Chemist, Queen-st.; and sold by all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.



GOLF NOTES.

(By "Stoney Dead.")

The Fry Challenge Trophy was won last Saturday by Dr. Coates. His score was 3 down, a score that should never have been closer than 4th or 5th when the links were in fair order, as they were on Saturday. The next return to his was 4 down, and then 5 down. The three lowest handicap players in the club returned (or rather were ashamed to return) 10 down. Certainly, the wind was a little puzzling, but that should have made very little difference; in fact, to the scratch players it ought to have been an advantage. It is wonderful to hear the excuses that are given for a disgraceful round. One man says he was dancing too hard and late the previous night, another that he had too many late nights in a late business trip, another that his shoes were new and chafed his heels, another even that he had new gloves on and so could not grip his club. I don't mean that there is nothing in all these excuses, for there is something, but not enough to account for a really bad round. I remember a story which may be new to some of my readers on the subject of a golfer's excuses. We are all familiar with the man who misses a putt because the caddie moved just as he was striking the ball, and the same man who fozzled because some one spoke; but the piece of best cake is taken by the man who, after missing a ridiculous easy put, glared round and found the caddies as stiff as trees and as quiet as mutes. Suddenly he became aware of the fact that there was a lark singing in its joy some hundreds of feet above him, and he ejaculated with necessary expletives, "Who can putt when there is a lark making that noise!" In regard to last Saturday's play, I can congratulate the genial doctor on his win, and the rest of the club on nothing else except the multiplicity of their excuses.

A little time back a unique match took place between two of the club members. A was dorny three, playing the 16th. After playing their thirds it was just A's turn to play the odd from about 40 yards from the hole. He put his shot stone dead, or at any rate what looked like stone dead from 40 yards, and what if not actually dead would certainly be holed by a putter of A's class. B had thus to play a 40-yard shot to hole out to have any hope of halving the match. This mirabile dictu he brought off, making his score dorny two down. He followed on by playing the last two holes in fine style and halved the match.

The final for Mrs Carrick's prize produced a very close match. Mrs Bloomfield got a lead early in the game, but Miss Lewis altered the aspect of the game by brilliantly playing six consecutive holes in 23, thus putting herself into the strong position of 2 up and 3 to play. However, Miss Lewis did not continue her effort, and Mrs Bloomfield just got home by one hole.

On Thursday the competition for a club presented by Hood took place. Miss J. Draper proved to be the winner with a return of 53. The handicapping was very close, as several were just a point or two behind the winner. The course was a short one, excluding Jacob's Ladder.

It has always been a mystery to me why the ladies play their present dodging in and out course that they do, and also why the Men's Committee allow them to play it. Ladies realize that it is inconceivable for them to be continually passed by men players, and goodness knows it is annoying enough to be always passing people. But as the

ladies have their course at present it is possible for one couple of men players to pass the same three couples of ladies three times in a round. I don't know which is most annoying, to pass or be passed. And the matter could be so easily altered. Make the ladies' course the same as the men's, with much shorter tees, and the thing is done. Once a couple has passed or been passed they are done for that round and everything goes smoothly. So far no friction has arisen on this point, as most of our ladies are so exceedingly nice in allowing men to pass, and most of our men are very careful never to drive into the ladies.

This Thursday I believe the ladies are to play for a 36 hole bogey eclectic competition for a prize presented by Mrs Lewis. This form of competition requires explanation. 36 hole bogey speaks for itself. An eclectic competition is one in which the player plays the same hole twice, or more than twice, and has the right of returning the best score for that hole. But this mixture of eclectic with bogey is neither bird, fish, nor fowl. The eclectic scoring system is an adjunct to medal scoring, and originated in the idea that it is very hard for a player to be hopelessly out of a competition by playing one real bad hole spoiling the return of 17 good ones. If a player fails twice at the same hole nothing more can be done for him. So a second round is played, and the player plays for brilliance at the holes at which he has already got a safe return, and plays for steadiness at the holes at which he has had scores. But playing bogey the return is, win half or loss, and not 3, 4, or 20 (Jacob's Ladder), and so eclectic scoring is out of place for bogey. If the players want a 36-hole match, let it be all bogey, and if they want eclectic scoring, let it be an 18-hole medal competition scored eclectically from two rounds of 18 holes each.

The English amateur rule reads as follows:—An amateur golfer is a golfer who has never made for sale golf clubs or balls, or any other article connected with the game; who has never carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of 15 years, and who has not carried clubs for hire at any time within six years of the date on which the competition begins, who has never received any consideration for playing in a match or for giving lessons in the game; and who has never received a money prize in an open competition. This rule was formulated in 1886, and I believe has never been altered up to the present day. Under it the majority of those playing in the late English amateur championship would be disqualified. Many of the leading amateurs are connected in a financial way with the making of golf implements and patents. Many have received money for giving lessons. Horace Hutchinson wrote Badminton on golf. Nearly everyone has received a money prize in an open competition. Nearly all clubs have open competitions to which sweeps are attached. The fact is that the rule is a dead-letter, and ought to be amended to meet modern conditions, which requires the rule to be based on the principal that anyone is an amateur who does not make his chief or only source of livelihood out of the game.

I came across a good story the other day. A Scotchman who had been a keen golfer all his days was persuaded by a golfing pal to attend a race meeting. When the big event of the day, the steeplechase, came on, the sporting pal told Sandy to put a little on a grey horse that was a dead cert. Sandy put up his five shillings, his only bet of the day, and felt comfortable till the grey took the sod wall very badly and came to grief. Shortly after the race Sandy was asked by an acquaintance how he was getting on, to which Sandy replied, "Mon, Mon, I was doing fine till you grey beastie made such a horrible fozzle at that sand bunker o'er yonder."

FOOTBALL.
AUCKLAND CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The match between City and Grifton on Saturday afternoon drew a very large crowd in Auckland. The weather, however, was not at all inviting, a cold sharp wind blowing from the north-east. Very great interest was taken in the match, for it was felt that the issue would practically decide the championship. The result was a draw, each side scoring three points, after an even and exciting game, which, however, as an exhibition of football was dull. Both scores were recorded in the first spell. The result of the match leaves City still a point ahead of Grifton, and as they are not likely to be beaten in the remaining matches of the round the championship is practically theirs. On No. 2 ground Newton defeated Suburbs by 15 points to nil, and at Deception North Shore beat Ponsonby by 5 points to 3.

SECOND FIFTEENS.
 North Shore beat Ponsonby by 14 to 7. City beat Grifton by default.

COUNTRY FOOTBALL.

THAMES.
 The following team has been selected to represent the Thames against Waititi next Saturday:—Fullback, Newdick; three-quarters, J. Houghton, McLean, Thompson; five-eighths, Keating; half, A. Houghton; wing forwards, R. Johnston, W. McCollum; forwards, G. Smith, Newdick, Hayward, Roto, Arncliffe, Mullins. Emergencies: Johns, Morgan, Duffy, Twobill, Gerreighy, Dunlop.

PAEROA.
 The junior match East v. West resulted in a win for East by 11 points to 8. Roton and Hanna scored for East, and Potts converted a try and kicked a penalty goal. Phillips and Casey scored for West.

WAHII.
 The inter-union match, Paeroa v. Waihi, was played on Saturday afternoon on the local reserve, and proved the most exciting and best contested game of the season. For the first ten minutes Paeroa had pressed the local men, Mana scoring a penalty kick forwards. Currie, however, had registered a splendid goal, making the score Paeroa 6, Waihi nil. The maroons then rallied, and from a good throw-in by Hayward, Harvey took the ball neatly and transferred to Foster, who cut over the line. Lundy followed with the kick. (Paeroa 6, Waihi 3). For the rest of the spell the maroons confined play to the visitors' territory, but no further score resulted. The second spell proved all in favour of Waihi. Shortly after the ball came into play Foster kicked a neat goal from the field. (Paeroa 6, Waihi 7). The visitors from this out were compelled to play on the defensive. Ansell for Waihi added another try by a smart piece of following up play. (Waihi 10, Paeroa 6). Just before time, however, Foster brought the local 25, and made an effective rally. Sorrenson getting over the line. Currie made a fine kick at goal, but failed, and Paeroa thus led the match by one point. (Waihi 10, Paeroa 9). Mr Speight gave every satisfaction as referee.

SOUTHERN MATCHES.
THE NEW ZEALAND TEAM
BEATEN BY WELLINGTON PROVINCE.
FOOTBALL UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WELLINGTON, July 11.
 The New Zealand representative football team, which has been selected to represent New Zealand at the Athletic Park ground this afternoon against a Wellington provincial team. Just before the start of the game very heavy rain set in from the north, and continued throughout the afternoon. Consequently the roughest reserol itself into a scramble in the mud and water, and afforded no test whatever of the wits of the New Zealand representatives. The stand was well filled, but other portions of the ground did not contain 200 spectators. Amongst those who braved the elements and put in an appearance were Sir Joseph and Lady Ward, Duncan and Wood stood out of the New Zealand team, their places being filled by Stear and Stead. New Zealand were beaten by 14 points to 5, but the result must not be taken seriously as an indication of the strength of the combination that is to tour Australia. In several places the ground was under water, and at times hindring rain squalls rendered it impossible for the spectators to distinguish the players.
 The New Zealand and Wellington Rugby Union entertained the New Zealand football team at dinner this evening, prior to their departure for Australia. There was a large attendance of supporters of the game. G. F. C. Campbell, president of the New Zealand Rugby Union, in the chair. Amongst the guests were the Premier, Sir Joseph Ward, and Messrs W. E. Massey, Jas. Allen, and Buchanan. Mr H. R. M. Sedgwick responded to the toast of the Parliament of New Zealand, and wished the team every success. Sir Joseph Ward, in proposing the toast of the New Zealand team, said the game they had to play was a very rough one, could not be taken as any criterion of the abilities of the team. Mr A. C. Norris, manager of the team, in replying, expressed the opinion that the team was the best all-round one that has ever been put together in the colony. The Micallef left shortly after 8 p.m., in the teeth of a heavy scudgerly gale

and torrents of rain. A large crowd gave them an enthusiastic send-off. J. Duncan has been elected captain of the team, and Wood is captain. E. McGee was chosen as the third man to act with the captain and manager as the Selection Committee. The injuries sustained by J. Spencer and D. Wallace were not of a serious character, and they were able to accompany the team.

At the send off to the New Zealand team at the Trocadero on Saturday night, Dr. Newman (President of the Wellington Rugby Union), and Mr. Campbell (a prominent member of the New Zealand Union), expressed their high appreciation of the way in which the Government had shown sympathy to all branches of sport by giving facilities to civil servants to accompany travelling teams. The Premier in reply said that it was with extreme regret that the Government had been unable to grant leave to Harvey, who is employed at the Deaf Mute Institute at Sumner. A large number of children were depending on him. So far as the trip to England next season was concerned, the Government would facilitate members of the civil service obtaining the necessary leave of absence.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Y.M.C.A. V. GRAFTON.

The supporters of the Y.M.C.A. team received an unwelcome shock on Saturday, for the Grafton had so far recovered itself that it inflicted a defeat on the champions of the first round by one goal to nil.


THISTLE V. NORTH SHORE.

The Thistle-North Shore match was played on the Derouport ground in a high wind, the advantage of which North Shore had in the first spell, but failed to use, no score on either side being registered. Thistle knew better how to use it, and rattled up the large score of two goals in the second half.

Last week I took to my bed
With a cough and a cold in my head,
And my friends were all sighing, as they
thought I was dying.
But I banished all fears when I said:
Bad cold I may have for sure,
But to die, that I will not endure,
Just send for the stuff that will cure any
cough.

Send for
WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

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THE MARVEL OF THE MEDICINE WORLD.

RHEUMO is to-day the marvel of the medicine world, because it has effected such marvellous cures. Rheumo conquers Rheumatism. In uric acid or gout poisoning, Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gravel, and all uric acid conditions, there is nothing to compare with Rheumo. It works promptly, safely, and surely, gives instant relief, and effects a complete cure mostly within forty eight hours. Rheumo is a solvent of uric acid, and adopts Nature's mode of solution. Rheumo is a medicine, not a fluid; Rheumo is a liquid, not a pill. Rheumo kills the pain and banishes all swelling. Stocked in Auckland by H. King, Chemist, Queen-st.; J. M. Jefferson, Chemist, Queen-st. and Upper Symonds-st.; J. W. Robinson, Chemist, Farnell; Graves Atkin, Chemist, Queen-st.; and sold by all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.



Whittaker Wright has agreed to be voluntarily extradited to London.

Owing to the condition of the Pope the visit of King Victor Emmanuel to Paris has been postponed till September.

Sixteen hundred troops in the Kwangsi province have deserted, with their arms, to the rebels.

The heat in New York is intense, and 38 fatal cases of sunstroke have already occurred.

The profits of Mr Pierpont Morgan's Atlantic Shipping Trust for the past half year totalled £150,000.

The King of Servia has decided to abolish the censorship of foreign newspapers.

A railway collision near Rockfish, Virginia, killed 23 persons, including 19 negroes and some Austrian immigrants.

At the present time there are twelve British and fifteen American men-of-war in the Gulf of Pechili.

The Union Bank of Australia for the half-year has declared a dividend of 8 per cent, added £50,000 to reserve, and carried forward £19,800.

In the House of Commons the Irish Land Bill has been passed with the exception of the seven non-contagious clauses.

The State of Kansas is in need of 20,000 labourers for the harvest. Many are receiving pay at the rate of 14/ to 20/ a day.

The widow of the late Edward John Eyre, ex-Governor of Jamaica, and at one time Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand, has been granted a Civil List pension of £100 per annum.

President Roosevelt has decided, in regard to the American petition to the Czar concerning the Kishnieff massacre of Jews, that the incident must be considered closed.

The debts of the late King Alexander and Queen Alexandra in Vienna amount to £16,000. The creditors have rejected the offer of the new Government to pay one-fifth.

Mr Harris, the "Times" correspondent at Tuniere, who was recently captured by bandits, has now been released in exchange for some rebel tribesmen in the hands of the British.

The estate of the late General Sir Hector Macdonald has been valued at £4402, and everything is bequeathed to his only son, now being educated at Dulwich College.

Lord Roberts has expressed a desire that his appeal for the restoration of captured Boer Bibles containing family records should be brought under the notice of colonial troops who served in the war.

The Earl of Jersey, who is to act as Agent-General for New South Wales during the absence on leave of the Hon. Henry Copeland, will also act as that colony's representative on the Pacific Cable Board.

In the House of Commons Sir William Anson, speaking on the Education vote, declared that the Act was now working smoothly, and that the local authorities were co-operating with the officials of the Education Department.

Four members of the Boer Contingent just returned from Somaliland, were outside a tavern at Delagun, when they were attacked by a number of Portuguese and stabbed. One has succumbed to his injuries. The ringleader of the assailants has been arrested.

The United States fleet, which has been visiting Kiel, has now arrived at Spithead. Immediately on the arrival of the squadron His Majesty the King sent the admiral commanding a warm message, welcoming the fleet to British waters.

A negro murdered a policeman at Evansville, in Indiana. The mob then attacked the negro settlement, and three rioters were killed. They then attacked the gaol. The military repelled

the attack, and killed seven and wounded fourteen.

The remarkable Celtic ornaments recently found at Lough Vale, and declared by the Government authorities to be a treasure trove, have now been presented to the Royal Irish Academy, by the British Museum, into possession of which they passed according to law.

Professor Orth, successor of the late Professor Virchow, in the University of Berlin, in a paper read before the Berlin Medical Society, announced that his experiments definitely prove the communicability of human tuberculosis to cattle, and vice versa. The extent of the danger to men he has not yet discovered.

GENERAL CABLES.

IRISH LAND BILL.

In the House of Commons the Irish Land Bill passed through committee, the House cheering.

BRITISH TRADE.

British imports for June increased by £630,000, and exports by £1,019,000, as compared with the previous June.

PURSUIT OF THE MULLAH.

General Egerton has left Berbera for Bohotle with a force of 2000 Indian troops and 3000 camels.

UNIONISM IN RUSSIA.

In order to allay agitation in Russia, the Government has authorised employees to engage in collective bargaining with their employers through elected representatives.

AT LAST.

An order of the Czar has abolished the use of the knout, in flogging with rods, and the chaining of convicts to wheelbarrows. The order applies to both the convict prisons on the island of Saghalien and in Siberia.

CENSUS OF CHURCHGOERS.

The census of church attendance made by the "Daily News" has now been concluded. The figures are given as follows:—Church of England, 430,153; Non-conformists, 416,225; Roman Catholics, 93,572; and other bodies, 62,990.

MOAT FARM TRAGEDY.

Dougall, the Moat Farm murderer, now under sentence of death, in a lengthy document to the Home Office urges that the death of Miss Camille Holland was caused by the accidental explosion of a revolver. He was bewildered and concealed the body.

CANADA'S GUEST.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales presided at the annual dinner of the Trinity House. Sir Frederick Darley, Chief Justice of New South Wales, in responding to the toast of the colonies, declared that Canada's policy of immigration and of fostering private enterprise was the cause of the Dominion's great prosperity. The Prince of Wales' visit had, he held, increased the ties between the colonies and the Mother Country.

ENCOURAGING.

The "Daily Graphic" says the Victorian surplus will be received with keen satisfaction. The Australians are coming through a severe ordeal bravely.

The experience gained will be helpful in the brighter era now dawning.

The "Daily Express" says the Victorian Budget is particularly welcome in view of recent doubts and misgivings as regards Australian finance.

COTTON CORNER.

"Bear" operations have forced a sensational decline in cotton in New York. The enormous sales have caused a fall of 9 dollars 50 cents per bale on August options, from prices reached at the end of June. The "bull" clique lost £400,000. It is expected that manufacturers will now begin buying again.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

A syndicate, headed by Mr Ferdinand Peck and Mr Lyman Gage, president of the United States Trust Company, has obtained exclusive trading and running privileges in connection with gold mines of extraordinary value, copper and coal mines, and salmon fisheries between the Gulf of Anadir, in North-east Siberia, and the Behring Strait.

RESTRICTING MOTORISTS.

In the House of Lords Lord Balfour of Burleigh introduced a bill requiring county and borough councils to register and number motor cars, and to license professional drivers.

The recent rule regarding the maximum speed of motors in urban districts is to be maintained.

The fine for the first offence is not to exceed £20, or three months' imprisonment; for a second offence the fine is to be £50, or six months.

HISTORIAN REWARDED.

A Civil List pension of £250 has been granted to Mr Justin McCarthy, M.P., in recognition of his services as a historian.

Mr Justin McCarthy has been a many-sided man. He was a great journalist in his day, he was Chairman of the Irish Nationalists from 1890 to 1898, and above all he was the brilliant author of "A History of Our Own Times" and "A Short History" works in which, although a man rather inclined to be a partisan in ordinary life, he succeeded in dealing with the political history of the reign of Victoria with the nearest thing to complete impartiality. As a novelist he was not of the first rank, while his son, Justin Huntery McCarthy, has proved more popular, and is often mistaken for his father.

MANCHURIA GONE.

Dr. Morrison, the "Times" Peking correspondent, in a letter dated June 3, says:—"China is more than usually quiet. Those alarmist reports all originated at the Russian Embassy at Washington, and had for their object the assent of the Powers to Russia's proposal for further enforced prohibition of the importation of arms for two years.

"Manchuria is gone hopelessly. England and America may make academic protests, but the fact is accomplished. Japan, I think, will do nothing, and I doubt whether both England and America are averse to a war between Japan and Russia this year. The relative strength of Japan is at its greatest. If the opportunity is missed, such a chance may never recur."

THE BALKAN PROVINCES.

Owing to urgent Austrian and Russian representations Prince Ferdinand has given the strongest assurances that Bulgaria will not proceed further with her military preparations against Turkey.

The Austrian, Russian and British Consuls, during a tour in the Turkish vilayet of Uskub, discovered that the Turkish officials had committed terrible outrages on Bulgarians of both sexes.

Their revelations have caused horror and indignation.

Twelve hundred Turkish troops surrounded two hundred Bulgarians near Amatsova. Two of the leaders were killed while attempting to escape.

HOW TO CURE AILMENTS OF CATTLE AND SHEEP.

Eminent Veterinary Surgeons and Stock Breeders (see book on bottle) strongly recommend **Condy's Fluid** as a Certain Cure for Hoove, Rinderpest, Foul in the Foot, Wounds in Cattle, and Scab, Foot Rot, Fly in Sheep. **Condy's Fluid** is sold everywhere by all Chemists and Stores. All substitutes are inferior. Insist on having "Condy's Fluid."

FRANCE AND GREAT BRITAIN.

Discussion is still rife as to the precise nature of the agreement, which is believed to be more or less foreseen by the statesmen of both countries, between England and France.

A very widespread opinion appears to prevail that the outcome of the negotiations will be nothing less than a treaty of arbitration. This view might seem to gain strength from the fact that the members of the House of Commons have invited Baron Destournelles De Constant, President of the French Parliamentary Conciliation and Arbitration Group, and seventy colleagues, to accept of their hospitality. By invitation of the King they will also visit Windsor and take tea at the castle.

AMERICAN VISITORS.

Admiral Cotton and the officers of the American squadron were entertained at luncheon at the Mansion House on July 11.

Mr Chauncey Depew, who is in London, and was invited as a distinguished guest, in the course of a speech referring to the friendship existing between Britain, France and the United States, alluded in terms of praise to the tact, wisdom and statesmanship of King Edward.

The Lord Mayor, alluding to President Roosevelt's action in connection with the Kishineff outrages, said he rejoiced that America was not always bound by the stern usages of diplomacy. America had the courage to do what she thought right, and did not hesitate to protest against modern barbarities and do her utmost to alleviate the lot of the oppressed. (Cheers.)

Admiral Cotton and his officers in the evening attended the King's inspection in the presence of the Queen of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, two hundred members of which are proceeding to Massachusetts at the invitation of the Honourable Artillery Company of Boston.

His Majesty, in addressing the company, said he hoped the journey of the artillerymen would help to cement the friendship of Britain and America, "a matter," he added, "to which I attach the greatest importance and am always glad to know of."

King Edward has telegraphed to President Roosevelt as follows:—

"I have had great pleasure in entertaining Admiral Cotton and the captains of the squadron, and proposed your health with every feeling of cordiality and friendship."

PREFERENTIAL TRADE.

The United States Steel Trust is establishing a Canadian branch at Port Colborne in order to circumvent British trade preference.

An Opposition caucus has decided not to accede to the wish of the extreme section of the Liberal party, which favours a vote of censure upon the Government on its fiscal policy. The caucus decided, however, to preserve its present attitude of constant vigilance.

Under the title of the "Union Free Trade League," an organisation is being formed, including many outside of Parliament, in order to combat the preferential policy of the Government.

In the House of Lords, in a discussion on the preferential tariff inquiry, Lord Northbrook urged that a fiscal change would not benefit India.

The Marquis of Lansdowne said he realised the importance of acting cautiously, but India would certainly come within the scope of the inquiry, which aimed at determining whether a plan was discoverable and to what part of the Empire it could be applied. Colonial tariffs were protective, but India's was purely one of revenue. Those conducting the inquiry must bear in mind that the Mother Country was India's great creditor, and must take account of the political equally with the economic considerations, otherwise it would offend the self-governing colonies. It was intended to publish the facts and statistics collected in order to show the basis of the Government's ultimate judgment.

Lord Goschen welcomed the announcement.

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council, said that the Government was anxious to publish the report at the earliest possible date.

PHYSIQUE OF BRITISH WORKERS.

In the House of Lords the Earl of Meath asked for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the causes of the deterioration in the physique of the working classes in Great Britain.

The Bishop of Ripon (Rt. Rev. Dr. Boyd Carpenter) declared that the decline of the birth-rate was alarming. Already there was a shortage of 1,100,000 children, and he added that similar causes were operating in Canada and Australia.

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council, admitted that an inquiry was necessary, though he expressed some doubt with regard to the deterioration of urban operatives. After consulting the medical profession, the Government would consider the desirability of appointing a Royal Commission to inquire into this question.

[Dr. Boyd Carpenter made a similar reference to the birth statistics of the United Kingdom shortly after the census of 1901. It should be noted that although Great Britain has the third most healthy increase of the greater countries of Europe, at the same time she has relatively the most rapid diminution. The evil is not confined to the British Empire, appears in some appalling figures recently published as to certain cities of America:— In 1900, in St. Louis, a city of 575,000 people, there were only 104 more births than deaths; in Baltimore, a city of 503,000 people, there were 1684 more deaths than births; in San Francisco (342,000) the deaths exceeded the births by 2,133; in Cincinnati (325,000) the excess of deaths was 1084; in Detroit (285,000), 1087; in Washington (278,000), 1545; in Toledo (132,000), 740; in Allegheny (120,000), 982; Syracuse (108,000), 171; St. Joseph (102,000), 61; Los Angeles (102,000), 418; Scranton (102,000), 770; Albany (84,000), 460. A glance at the above figures, says a contemporary, will show that the evil is spread throughout the Union.]

SOUTH AFRICA.

Lord Milner, as High Commissioner for South Africa, has submitted to the South African Intercolonial Council a statement showing the allocation of the 35 millions loan as follows:—Acquisition of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony railways, fourteen millions; repatriation and compensation of burghers, five millions; new railways, four millions; land settlement, three millions; public works, two millions; and previous liability, six millions, including the first year's deficit of the Transvaal, and the debts of the late republic and compensation for the Cape and Natal loyalists.

Mr Edwin Emmet has unreservedly withdrawn his allegation made before the Transvaal Concessions Commission in 1900, that the agent for the dynamite concession bribed General Botha prior to the war.

Many of the leading Dutch in South Africa are strongly disapproving of Botha's hostile attitude, and are starting an anti-Botha crusade.

Mr Arthur Basil Markham, M.P. for Mansfield, has handed the "Daily News" a cheque for £5000, to be donated to the London Hospital, if his allegation that the directors of the De Beers mines and their Rhodesian associates own or control the greater part of the South African press is not substantiated.

The "Cape Times" now offers a similar amount for the South African Hospital if Mr Markham's statement is established against itself or the "Transvaal Leader."

The Transvaal Political Association has passed a resolution largely in favour of imported and unskilled coloured labour.

The Natal Legislative Assembly has negatived a resolution against the importation of Chinese.

BISLEY MEETING.

Eight members of the Australian Bisley team, practising under Kolsoppe Cup conditions, aggregated 708 points. Mathieson and Howitt each scored 100, and Lindsay and Ison each 97.

At Bisley the American team won the Palma or Centennial trophy, with a score of 1570 points. The other scores were:—Britain, 1559; Canada, 1518; Australia, 1501; Natal, 1399; Norway, 1241; France, 1230. The weather conditions were brilliant sunshine with light breeze.

The officer commanding the Australian team was entirely satisfied with the position the team occupy considering the Australians had few opportunities of practising at long ranges.

The British and colonial teams in competition for the Palma trophy were handicapped by the fact that the American aperture sight proved useful in the glaring light which prevailed. The opinion of the Australian competitors is that the War Office should recognise this contrivance.

[The final selection of the Australian team for Bisley was as follows:—Victoria: A. Carter, Victorian Railway Club; J. Grummett, Hawthorn E.C.; Lieut. W. Ison, Victorian Railways. New South Wales: J. J. Mathe-

son, St. Leonards E.C.; George Lindsay, Woolongong E.C.; R. C. Dawson, St. Leonards E.C.; Queensland: Sergeant Soden, Charlton Towers; Private Hogan, Brisbane; George Bradley, Brisbane. South Australia: G. Howitt, West Australia; M. Lloyd, Perth E.C. Tasmania: Gunner K. Wee, Launceston Artillery. Capitals: Lieut. Colonel Oldershaw (New South Wales).]

ILLNESS OF THE POPE.

A bulletin issued this evening states that the Pope had secured some hours of painless rest, that his pulse is regular and his condition unchanged.

It is stated that an examination of the liquid suggests that the pleuritis is rheumatic in character.

ROME, July 11.

Dr. Mazzoni and Professor Rossoni declare that the cure of the pleuritis is impossible, and that an operation is necessary, but the present weakness of the Pontiff is the great obstacle to its performance.

The Pope is so active that he has disregarded the doctors' injunction to remain in bed, and has often walked with assistance to an armchair, where the doctors generally found him, and ordered his return to bed. Replying to the remonstrances of the doctors he said he wished to die standing.

The Pope took beef tea and an egg yesterday evening. There is a prospect of the patient passing a quiet night.

ROME, July 12.

The morning bulletin was as follows:—"The Pope slept better; he is stronger generally, and there is a marked improvement."

The Pope remarked to a Cardinal: "I have been in great danger, but I feel it has disappeared. Though the doctors consider recovery impossible, I think I may live a few days, perhaps a week."

The evening bulletin states that the Pope had a fairly quiet day in bed. His pulse is stronger and his spirits better. The level of the liquid remaining after the operation is stationary.

UNIVERSITIES' CONFERENCE.

The Allied Universities' Conference was held in the rooms of the Royal Society, at Burlington House, Piccadilly. All the British and most of the colonial universities were represented. Professors Gurney, Scott and Threlfall represented Sydney; Professors Lamb, Beare and the Rev. Dr. Paton, Adelaide, and Dr. Bamford, New Zealand.

Dr. James Bryce, ex-Professor of Civil Law, at Oxford, presided, and in his opening address said that it was desirable that all British universities should increase their efficiency by combination and specialisation. One of the functions of an Imperial Council would be to help the colonial universities to raise their standard of teaching and research, and secure more complete equipment. It was desirable to improve the interchange of students, thus helping to create a common public opinion among British people.

The Rev. Professor Chase, of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Vice-Chancellor of the University, moved, and Professor Peterson (Vice-Chancellor of McGill University, Montreal) seconded, a resolution, "That it is desirable to establish such relations between the principal universities of the Empire as will secure special or local advantages for study, and particularly post-graduate research for students throughout the Empire."

The resolution was carried unanimously.

Professor Warren (President of Magdalen College, Oxford) moved for the appointment of a council consisting in part of representatives of British and colonial universities, to promote the objects desired, and that a committee consisting of Lords Kelvin, Strathcona, Professors Bryce, Haldane, Warren, Chase, Professor Sir William Huggins (the famous astronomer), Sir Michael Foster (professor of physiology at Cambridge, and secretary of the Royal Society) Professor Mahaffy, Mr W. P. Reeves, and Sir Gilbert Parker, be entrusted to arrange the constitution of the council. Professor Threlfall sec-

onded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

At a banquet at the Hotel Cecil in connection with the Conference of the Allied Universities of the Empire, there was a brilliant assemblage. There were 450 guests, including scholars, scientists, clergy. The Agents-General were also present.

Mr Bullivar, in proposing the toast of the overseas universities, said that the movement which had culminated in that assembly was intended to develop a great alliance of the greatest educational institutions of the Empire. The Motherland had great reason to be proud of her overseas universities, and ought to rejoice that her younger children were adopting her educational ideals. He hoped that a great development in post-graduate research would result, gathering and providing seed for greater things and furthering sound learning and sound patriotism.

The toast was coupled with the name of Professor Threlfall, of Sydney, who said that only ignorance could separate the Motherland and the colonies. Ignorance caused the separation of America from Britain, and also the South African war.

The Master of Trinity College, Dublin, said that the movement was the first stone of academic federation. He hoped that the colonials would attend the older universities in ever-increasing numbers.

Professor J. P. Mahaffy (also representing Trinity College, Dublin) declared that if another conference were held two years hence Dublin would gladly welcome the delegates.

PRESIDENT LOUBET IN ENGLAND.

CORDIAL WELCOME.

Off the naval station on Sheerness a flotilla of torpedo destroyers met the Guichen and escorted her through a line of twenty-five British men of war outside Dover harbour, all being dressed in rainbow fashion. These warships fired a salute of twenty-one guns as the Guichen passed.

In reply to an address from the Corporation of Dover, President Loubet said that his visit was a public testimony to the friendship of France for Great Britain. Both nations had motives and interests drawing them together, and such an accord would at once prove useful and profitable to themselves and at the same time help the progress of civilisation and the welfare of humanity.

The King greeted President Loubet with the greatest cordiality upon his arrival at Victoria station, where the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Cambridge and Argyll, Lord Roberts, Mr Balfour and Lord Lansdowne were also among those present to greet the distinguished visitor.

As the train drew up at the platform, which was a mass of colour between the uniforms of the welcome and the decorations, the National Anthem and Marseillaise were played by the military bands in attendance.

The King and President Loubet then drove from the station down Piccadilly to York House, St. James' Palace.

Piccadilly and St. James-street were lavishly decorated, many French emblems being in evidence. There were immense crowds along the route, and they gave the President a welcome of remarkable warmth and sincerity.

President Loubet was the guest at a State banquet at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty the King, in proposing as a toast the health of the President of the French Republic, said that the warmth of the reception showed that all classes were really friendly to France, who ought to be England's best neighbour. President Loubet replied that he was touched with the reception accorded to the representative of France. Paris treasured the memory of the visit of His Majesty the King. He was certain that it would serve in a high degree to draw closer the relations of the two nations to their common good, and at the same

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time to guarantee the peace of the world. President Loubet on July 7 visited the French Institution, and there received a number of deputations, including that of the Associated Chambers of Commerce.

The President also received several members of the Diplomatic Corps. In the afternoon he attended a luncheon given by the Lord Mayor at the Guild-hall. The city was filled with sightseers from every part of London.

Responding to the toast of the President of the French Republic, proposed by the Lord Mayor, President Loubet said that a cordial understanding and a sense of common interest should inspire both nations to a spirit of conciliation and accommodation. He emphasized the fact that the presence of the French Minister for Foreign Affairs was a pledge of the value which France attached to the friendship of the two countries.

The "Debats" says the reception accorded President Loubet surpassed all expectations. The "Temps" says that the beneficent rapprochement indicates that happy and fruitful diplomacy will terminate bygone misunderstandings.

London was full of enthusiasm over the visit of the French President, and hundreds of thousands turned out on July 8th to witness his drive—which was rather a triumphal progress than anything else—from York House, St. James', to the Mansion House.

The whole route was decorated with flags and bunting. Although the crowds were enthusiastic throughout the whole distance travelled, the supreme height was reached when the President, who was accompanied by M. Delcasse, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, arrived in the small and crowded area known to every Londoner as "The City."

The City was reached in the business-luncheon hour, when thousands of clerks were turned loose from their offices. Consequently the President was greeted by dense crowds representative of commercial life, from merchants and stock-brokers to junior clerks.

The cheering was prolonged and intense, and President Loubet repeatedly and smilingly bowed his acknowledgments.

At the Mansion House the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City, and guests, including the Cabinet Ministers and many other people of distinction, were awaiting the party.

In the evening the President gave a great banquet at the French Embassy, Albert Gate House, Hyde Park, at which the guests included His Majesty the King and T.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught.

After the banquet President Loubet conferred numerous decorations. The Lord Mayor of London and Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont (late Admiral on the Australian Station) were created Grand Officers of the Legion of Honour.

Later on the President attended a gorgeous gala performance at the opera, which was specially given in his honour. Their Majesties the King and Queen and all the Royal Family were present, besides a wonderfully brilliant assemblage of the most distinguished men and women of the day.

The display of diamonds is described as marvellous.

The performance, in which Mesdames Melba and Calve both took part, included portions of "Rigoletto," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Carmen."

President Loubet visited Windsor Castle and laid a wreath of white lilies on the tomb of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

President Loubet, accompanied by their Majesties the King and Queen, visited Aldershot and witnessed a review of 16,000 troops, constituting the First Army Corps, and subsequently dined with the Marquis of Lansdowne at Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square.

After dinner the President attended a State ball at Buckingham Palace, at which there were 2000 guests present, and the finest entertainment since the King's Coronation.

The King, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Mr Balfour, and the Marquis of Lansdowne were among those present at Victoria station to bid good-bye to President Loubet on July 9th.

Enthusiastic crowds had gathered in the streets to bid farewell to the nation's visitor.

The President later, from on board the Gruchon, sent an telegram tendering the King his liveliest gratitude for the warm reception by the Sovereign, the Royal Family, and the nation, which had been extended to the representative of France, the friend of England.

The King sent an equally felicitous reply.

President Loubet, replying to a congratulatory address at Calais, said his visit to England had produced a profound impression upon him. It had proved to him that more justice was shown to France abroad than she showed herself.

President Loubet's welcome on his return to Paris was of unprecedented cordiality and enthusiasm.

AUSTRALIA.

There is just now a marked exodus of workers to South Africa, including a number of the late railway strikers.

Good-raises are falling in south-eastern Queensland, Northern New South Wales, and the coast.

Mr A. Dangar, of Sydney, has purchased the Royal Agricultural Society's Show champion stallion Suffolk.

The rumoured deportation of 300 French convicts to the Nickel Mines of New Caledonia is engaging Sir Edmund Barton's attention.

About 700 white men, chiefly bushmen, shearers, and miners from West, camped in the Mackay district, are seeking work in the canefields.

The annual report of the Mount Morgan mine shows that 262,819 tons of ore were treated and yielded 143,584 ounces. £150,000 was paid in dividends.

The Employers' Unions of Sydney and Melbourne are each forming a fund of £20,000 for the purpose of fighting the Federal Government at the next election.

Mr Thomas Roberts, of Melbourne, has died at the age of 91. He was a member of Sir Jas. Ross' Antarctic expedition, and subsequently fought prominently in the Maori war.

The Bishop of Melbourne, in a letter to Sir Edmund Barton, reiterates his contention of the recent deputation of the Protestant churches that the order of ecclesiastical precedence should be determined by the numerical strength of the denominations.

The "Sydney Morning Herald's" special commissioner estimates that the wheat this year will show an increase of 122,000 acres. Prospects are now favourable, granting moderate spring rains, and an average crop of 10.9 bushels to the acre should be realised, giving a total yield of 13,418,000 bushels.

RAIN-MAKER BAFFLED.

Dr. McCarthy on July 8 abandoned his rain-making experiments, and admitted that he was baffled. He states that he lost £250 by the transaction.

VICTORIA'S DEBT.

The accountant of the Victorian State Treasury leaves for London next week to arrange matters in connection with the flotation and conversion of a loan of five millions, which must be raised before the end of the year to redeem the bonds payable on January 1.

N.S.W. MORALS.

At a conference on public morals at Sydney appalling statements were made as to the extent of immorality prevailing, especially amongst young girls. Resolutions were passed comprehensively dealing with this evil, to be presented to Parliament as an incentive to new legislation.

BROKEN HILL DROUGHT.

The Broken Hill Mine Owners' Association estimates that it would require a million gallons weekly in addition to the proprietary supply and that for domestic requirements to enable the miners to carry on, and suggests that half that amount could be obtained by the erection of a condensing plant, and the rest be brought by train.

Mr O'Sullivan has promised the Government the consideration of this scheme.

N.S.W. LABOUR DEPARTMENT.

The report of the New South Wales Department of Labour shows that the factories of the metropolis last year had increased by 198. The report calls attention to the increasing proportion of female and child workers. For every man added to the number of factory workers there were over seven women and children. Amongst the latter permits were issued in the city to 443 between the ages of 13 and 14. A decline was noted in the number of Chil-

nese employed in the furniture trade, but there had been a remarkable extension of competition of the Chinese in the grocery trade. The report also states that Italians and Greeks now practically monopolise the fruit and fish trades.

WORK AND WAGES.

At the annual meeting of the New South Wales Pastoralists' Union the president congratulated his audience on having passed a turning point of the losses by drought. The efforts of the Government to fix minimum wages interfered with industrial conditions, and were almost the only cause of the unemployed difficulty. After twelve months' experience the outlook for the Arbitration Act was unpromising. The first effect in law had been to multiply and intensify to an enormous extent. The sooner the Act disappeared from the Statute Book the better it would be for the State. With regard to the coming shearing industrial agreement, which could be applied, owing to the small number of sheep to be shorn, there was certain to be a large surplus of labour in this direction.

An industrial agreement has been arranged between the New South Wales Shipowners' Association and Mort's Dock on the one part, and the Ship Painters' and Dockers Union on the other, with regard to hours of labour, wages, and other conditions. The arrangement will be registered under the Arbitration Act.

POLITICAL CONTROL FAULTY.

The report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the working of the Fitzroy Dock, Sydney, recommends a number of drastic changes. It says: The inescapable conclusion from the evidence is that if its affairs are to be placed on a satisfactory footing, changes must be made which will finally end in political control. Nothing but the shadow of power can be discovered anywhere but in the hands of the Minister. The superintendent states that his power of dismissal is only nominal, and this unreality has a ruinous effect on the discipline of the establishment. Other sweeping condemnations of political control occur in the report, and the superintendent of the dock gave evidence to the effect that up to three years ago he had every control, while now everything was changed through the interference of members of Parliament with the Minister. Other officers of the dock gave similar evidence, and instances of being compelled to take dismissed men back, and put on incapables on the strength of letters from the Minister. They also stated that Trades Union matters overruled everything else in the shape of departmental discipline.

COLONIES AND THE NAVY.

Sir E. Barton, in moving the second reading of the Naval Agreement Bill, after explaining the old agreement, said the total cost of the new squadron would be about two millions, as against £590,000 for the old. It would consist of a first-class cruiser of 12,000 tons, with a speed of 21 knots, and a complement of 765 men; two second-class cruisers of the modern type of 5880 tons, with a speed of 12 to 21 knots. In addition to these vessels four third-class cruisers, which were already here, and one of the Amethyst type would be in-

cluded in the Australian Squadron. These vessels will have bases in the ports of Australia and New Zealand. The cost of the new agreement to the Commonwealth would be 1/0d per head, as against 8d under the old. As the population increased the cost would decrease. He had no hesitation in saying, after consultation with the Admiral, that the rates of pay would be satisfactory. Following on, he made reference to the strength of the French and other squadrons in the Pacific, and declared that if they refused to agree to the necessary conditions they would deserve the destruction that would come upon them. The chief and most valuable feature of the agreement was the provision that the field of operations should be not only in the waters of Australasia, but in the waters of China and East Indian stations. The main object of this was to make the three stations work as one, so that in times of stress they could all work together. He thought he might absolutely dismiss the argument that if the colonies refused to accept their duty in providing the cost of naval defence they would still get the defence of the British navy.

Sir E. Barton, continuing, said it was necessary that there should be concentration to render the fleet effective. The expense of creating and maintaining a local fleet under local control would be prohibitive. It would cost about half a million a year, as against two hundred thousand under the proposed agreement. The new squadron was the minimum strength necessary for their protection, even with a reciprocal arrangement with other squadrons. He admitted the spirit of patriotism of those who advocated a local squadron, but it did not agree with the principle of unity of control which was considered essential. He urged on every ground, material and sentimental, the adoption of the agreement. Referring to drill ships, he said that they will carry 25 officers and 700 seamen. Two would probably remain in Australian waters, and one in New Zealand. Additional to drill ships there would be a number of second-class cruisers and ships in the reserve, bringing up the total equipment to about 1600 men. It was his strong desire that Australia should be faithful to the Empire through good or ill. Apart, however, from all else, the material benefits of the agreement and pride in the partnership were worth more to Australia than they were asked to pay.

The "Sydney Morning Herald," in commenting upon the new Naval Bill, says: "Sir Edmund Barton and his colleagues seem to think that they will do well enough to get an agreement passed, and the Admiralty is so far impressed with the views of the Prime Minister that it apparently attaches little or no importance to the defence of the ports of the Commonwealth, but deems it sufficient to give all possible help on the naval side as affects Britain. The way in which the naval forces had been treated since the Commonwealth took charge was little better than a scandal. The Governor of Western Australia had seen fit to lift a warning voice. The Federal Government had allowed coast defence to get so far back that only the King's representative can enter a protest sufficiently powerful to penetrate the deaf ears of Ministers."

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The COLLEGE, which is a new one, built throughout in cemented brick walls, stands on a section of ground fourteen acres in extent, which affords the students convenient and healthy recreation space. The College has been fitted with all the modern appliances that are capable of adding efficiency to teaching and of securing comfort for the boys.

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THE COLLEGE WILL BEGIN WORK ON THE 6TH JULY.

A Prospectus giving full particulars can be obtained by applying to the Director, BRO. BASIL.

GENERAL NEWS.

Mr J. Walker, of Auckland, won sixty prizes in all classes at the New Plymouth poultry show last week. He scored well in Fokling also, winning amongst others the North Island championship for white fantail pigeons.

The Rotoma paper states that during the excavations on the road between Atimuri and Orakeikorako some very pretty specimens of opal and cornealium were found, which have been sent on to Sydney to ascertain their commercial value.

During this month the Lands Department will throw open for selection 60,045 acres of land in different parts of the colony. The Auckland land (4272 acres) has already been parographed. In Tarnaki several sections in the Rehu township. No other North Island lands are being offered.

A supply of the new wheels for the Auckland tram-cars recently arrived, and some have already been fitted to the cars. They are quieter and afford more comfort to the passengers than the old wheels. The proposal to give increased width to the new cars, which are to arrive before next summer, is favoured in the city, and the City Council last evening decided to favour the improvement.

The popular course of University lectures on ancient art, mentioned some time ago, commences on July 22, provided that not less than 40 persons are desirous of attending the series. There are to be in all some ten lectures. Lantern slides have been specially secured at Home for the purposes of illustration, the majority being from negatives the exclusive property of the Hellenic Society. It is proposed to give the lectures on Wednesdays, and each will occupy an hour, commencing at 5 o'clock.

The other day an old man, who was thought to be insane, was taken from Havelock to Blenheim. Recently he had terrified two ladies by compelling them to stand and answer a whole host of ridiculous questions. He had for a long time been worried by the presence in the creek of innumerable boulders, and used to spend many hours of the day and night in the vain effort to take out the stones. He was also accustomed to digging in his garden all night, and the ground was worked into a fine powder, but he had seldom planted any seeds or plants.

An extraordinary case of accidental poisoning is reported from Waihou, near Te Aroha. Mr D. Russell, school teacher, and his wife and three daughters were accidentally poisoned on Monday week through a box of wax matches being put in the teapot used at tea. The youngest child, three years of age, was playing with the teapot and a box of matches, and put the box in the pot, the mistake not being discovered until the meal was nearly over. When the accident was discovered, Dr. Kenny, of Te Aroha, was sent for, and in the meantime remedies were administered. When the doctor arrived he found the family out of danger, with the exception of Mrs Russell, whose condition was serious. Dr. Kenny remained with the family all night, and Mrs Russell's condition had improved considerably by the morning.

The Auckland City Council last week had under consideration a letter from the new Commissioner of Police, Mr Dinne, concerning the recent request for more policemen for Auckland, stating that "the number of men now at my disposal precludes the possibility of making any addition to the present strength, but should the augmentation to the force which has been applied for be sanctioned by Parliament, it will probably enable the strength of the City of Auckland to be increased in an appreciable manner." Councillor Parr was not satisfied with this reply. In comparison with other cities, Auckland was certainly undermanned, and he moved, "That our Parliamentary representatives be urged to interview the Minister for Justice with a view to strengthening the police force in Auckland." This was seconded by Councillor McLeod and carried.

A dense fog overlunk Auckland on July 10th. It set in about seven o'clock, and continued until half-past nine, during which time it was quite impossible for one to see more than a few feet ahead. The trams were scarcely discernible, even to a person abreast of them on

the footpath. In Pattenon street, Freeman's Bay, the fog was densest, and warning bells were kept ringing on the trams continuously. A most peculiar sight was witnessed in Newton. The fog appeared to come up Howe-street in a solid mass, and it lifted a few feet in crossing Karangahape-road, and then sweep down into Newton gully. No interruptions are reported in the ferry services, although considerable difficulty was experienced in steering a safe course. Fog signals were being sounded at short intervals, and all vessels were driven at reduced speed. The mail steamer Ventura was something like an hour coming up from her anchorage off Campbell's Point.

A meet of the Pakuranga Hunt Club took place at Mr. W. McLaughlin's residence at Papatoetoe on Saturday, but only a fair number attended. A hare was found at the other side of the avenue, and ran to the mountain, where fresh hares were picked up. Hunting was then rather slow until late in the afternoon, when a strong hare afforded some splendid sport. He ultimately escaped in the cover. Luncheon was provided at Mr. McLaughlin's house. As Mr. O'Rourke was absent Mr. McLaughlin acted as master of the hunt, and the followers included the Misses Kelly, Stribley, Want, Rae, Grey, Mrs. Moody, Messrs. Lewis, Pittar, Bullock-Webster, Carriner, Lloyd, Sammers (Wellington), Meredith, Purchas, Myers, Crawford, Wallace (2), Wood (a visitor from England), Grey, Motion (2), and Held, the four latter being from Waituku. Those driving were Miss Smales and party, Mr. Wynne-Grev and party, and Mr. A. R. Harris, of East Tamaki.

Mr E. Ford, who died suddenly of heart disease at Wellington on July 10, was on a short visit to that town, and contemplated returning on Thursday, but was unable to do so on account of illness. Mr Culver, secretary of the Liberal and Labour Federation, went to see him on the morning of July 10, hearing he was ill, and was just in time to see him pass away. Mr Ford (says our Maungaturoto correspondent) has been a prominent public man for some time, and had the good of the public at heart, and he will be greatly missed in the district. The sincerest sympathy is felt for his relatives.

Ancient Art.

INTERESTING FORTHCOMING LECTURES BY PROFESSOR TUBBS, AUCKLAND.

Auckland is decidedly fortunate in possessing as a citizen and a professor a man of such energy, attainments and hobbies as Professor Tubbs, who holds the chair of classics at the Auckland University College. Professor Tubbs has devoted much of his strenuous and busy life to the intimate study of life and art amongst the Ancient Greeks and Romans. Last year he delivered a most interesting series of lectures on "Life in Greece," from the earliest years of infancy to manhood or womanhood. This year the Professor has taken up ancient art, and will deliver a series of ten lectures on the "Art of Mycenaean Greece and Rome." Over one hundred specially prepared slides, representing the artistic development of 2000 years, will be used. The majority of these are from negatives which are the exclusive property of the Hellenic Society of London. Some idea of the scope and absorbing interest of the lectures may be gathered from the following extracts from the syllabus:—

LECTURE I.

THE DAWN OF CIVILISATION.—Mediterranean Culture, and its Relation to Geographical Conditions—The Rich River-valleys.

The Forerunners: (1) Egypt, (2) Chaldea, (3) Phoenicia.

Egypt: The Art of the Nile Valley—Its Triumphs and its Limitations. Typical Illustrations.

Chaldea: Its Artistic Conventions. Illustrations.

Phoenicia: The "Prophet" of the Mediterranean—The Services, to Art, of the Inartist—How Phoenicia Preserved the Taste for Colour, and Fulness of Design. Illustrations.

LECTURE II.

"MYCENAE."—The Enigma of Origins—What was "Mycenaean"?—The Question as Between Europe and the East—The

Bronze Age in Europe—Did the East Civilise Europe, or Europe the East?

How "Mycenaean" Regained her Fame—Schliemann—Dorfield—Evans—Petrie. The Adjusting of the Balance.

Characteristics of "Mycenaean" Art—The Famous Inlaid Swords—The "Lion Gate"—The Ceiling of Orchomenos—The Vaphio Cups—These, with other characteristic finds, described and illustrated.

LECTURE III.

THE COMING OF THE HELLENE.—What the Greek of History Did—Starts with the Handicap of Orientalism—but also with the Help of Process and Tools Discovered—What he Added of His Own—His Conception of Beauty—His Dealing with the Problem of Colour.

Illustrations of Early Types and Schools of Greek Art, showing (a) The Influence of Past Tradition, and the Misleading Conventions of Orientalism; (b) The New Greek Spirit—Naturalness, Life, Anthropomorphism.

LECTURE VI.

THE ART DIVINE.—A City that Worshipped the Beauty of Goodness—Its Masterpiece, the "Parthenon"—General Description—Artistic Adornment.

The Master of the Parthenon—Pheidias and his Followers—How Painting had Shown the Way—The Failure of the Seed which Fell on Less Receptive Soil.

LECTURE VIII.

THE DAY OF PORTRAITURE.—Last Efforts of the Ideal School—How Greece dealt with the Individual—Portraiture: (1) Ideal; (2) from Life.

Reaction Against the Ideal School—The Modified Realism of Lysippos—Recreation of "Physical" Art—New Canons of Beauty.

The Two Streams Unite—Lysippos' Portrait of Alexander.

LECTURE IX.

THE ART OF HELLENISM.—Expansion of the Greek World—The Day of "Cities"—Art of the Studio—Cleverness Begins—Genre and the Farm-yard School—Fantasy and Romance—Alexandrianism, Ancient and Modern—The Appreciation of Michelagnolo—The Belvedere Torso—The Cinquecento.

LECTURE X.

THE AFTERMATH.—Pergamum—The Wonderful Second Bloom—Tours de Force—Rhodes—Colossi—Refractory Materials—Polychrome Effects.

False Smoothness—The Ease of Incapacity—The Several Stages of Graeco-Roman Art, through Audacity to Superficial Softness, and a "Pre-Raphaelite" reaction to Archaism.

The Lessons of Ancient Art, and its Spirit. What Message has it for us?

Citizens' Ball.

THE REPORT AND BALANCE-SHEET.

A meeting of the guarantors and general committee in connection with the citizens' ball given last month in Auckland to His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly as a farewell, was held on Tuesday, July 14th, at the office of the hon. secretary, Mr W. R. Holmes, Shortland-street. The report and balance-sheet presented by Mr Holmes showed that the cost of the ball was £767 19/3. The receipts fell short of this by only some £50. This was made up without any further call being made upon the guarantors by the various creditors allowing discounts and refunds, which made up the slight difference. General satisfaction was expressed at the result. The accounts were kindly audited by Mr Harry Gillilan, junior. At the same meeting Mr Holmes presented to the committee the balance-sheet in connection with the presentation of two pictures to Lady Ranfurly. The total receipts to date were £200 5/. The expenditure, including payment for the pictures was £179 5/8. There will be some small charges on this balance—such as freight and insurance on the pictures—but there will still be something left.

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Prepared by I. W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 25 RYDM STREET, BELFAST, IRELAND.

MOTORING NOTES.

On Saturday, July 11th, there was a run of the Automobiles' Association to Panmure. The meet took place at St. Owen's, Princes-street, and in all 11 cars turned out. Some little amusement was caused by Mr Spinks appearing seated upon the "innards" of an "Oldsmobile," without any sign of bonnet at all. The machinery he had coated with aluminium paint, and in the distance this lent the car the appearance of having been made of burnished steel. I, for one, did not envy him his seat, perched as he was upon a mere narrow ledge of hard wood. However, in these days we are nothing if not original. Nothing of any moment took place on the run, and tea was served at the Panmure Hotel.

The following is a list of the different motors and their occupants: Dr. and Mrs Rayner, Dr. and Mrs Owen, Mr and Mrs R. Whitson, Mr A. Cleave and chauffeur, Mr W. T. D. Bell and chauffeur, Mr J. Moody and Mrs Moody, Dr. and Mrs de Clive Love, Dr. Knight and visitor, Dr. Purchas, Mr W. G. Bloomfield, visitor and chauffeur, Mr G. Henning and three visitors, and lastly Mr R. B. Spinks upon his "suider car."

The roads in Auckland are a crying disgrace to the city and suburbs. Why, do the various road boards permit such a state of matters? I am not talking now about motor traffic, but traffic in general. In some places the condition of these roads (?) is enough to break up the springs of any trap. Yet, day in and day out, week in, week out, there they remain. Perhaps it would do some good if the A.A.A. were to have a "City Fathers' Day" and invite all our councillors to take a trip into the country. Then, when the state of things is really, and forcibly brought home to them, perhaps we may be blessed with better highways.

The membership of the association is daily increasing. Three new names were put up last week for election.

When many more of the more powerful cars come into the association the committee will have to arrange that the smaller cars start some time before the larger ones, because the higher power cars cannot be "held in" to keep pace with such cars as the "Locomobile" or "Oldsmobile" without an immense amount of vibration, noise, and real discomfort to the occupants of, say, such a motor as a 12 h.p. "Darrueq." However, time will tell.

I am glad to see that Mr A. Cleave has purchased a car. Congratulations, Mr Cleave.

I am also told that Dr. Pabst has purchased a "Locomobile." He will find it a great help in his work.

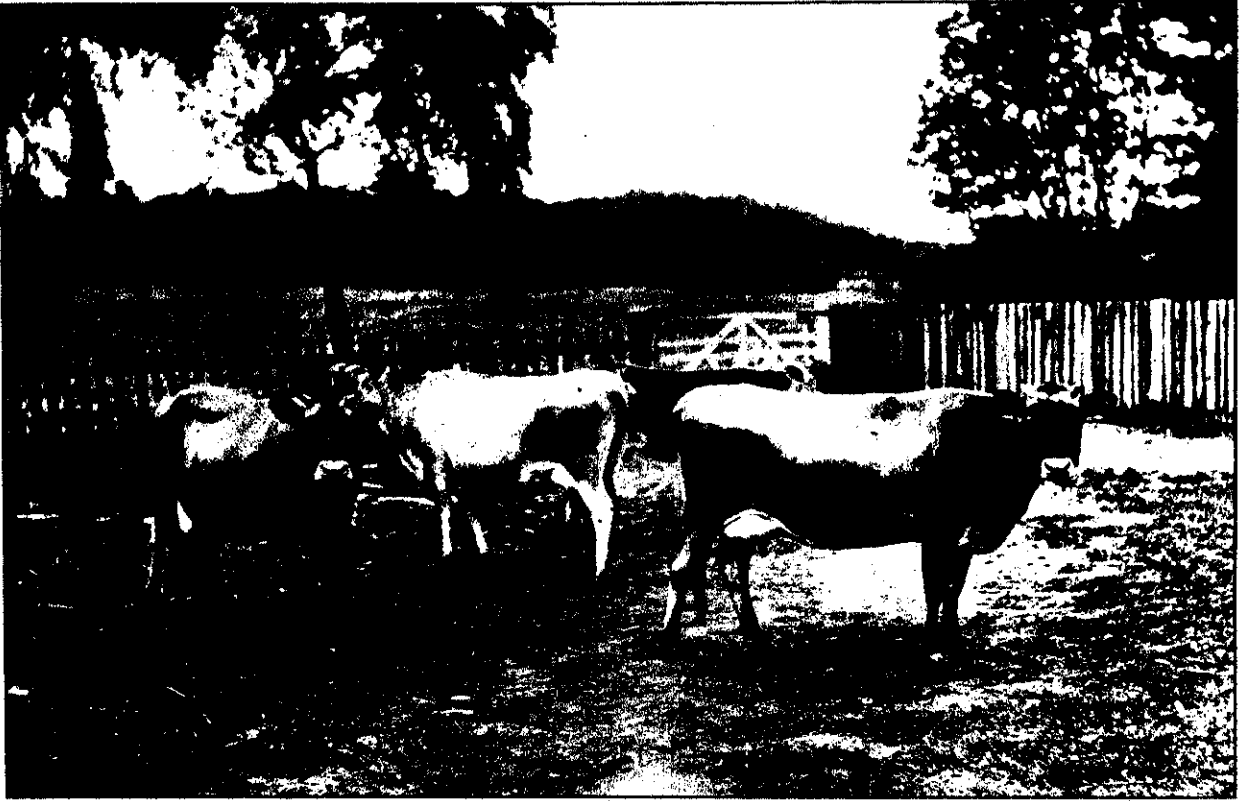
Last Saturday Dr. A. C. Purchas ran from Mount Eden to Gladstone-road, Parnell, on urgent professional business, in four minutes! This shows how great an amount of time may be saved on the road.

I hope soon to see four more large power cars on the road, and no doubt soon there will be motor broughams and "buses flying over our roads. Australia's motto, "Advance, Australia!" will soon be rivalled if Auckland goes on at this rate.

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TRIO OF JERSEYS—FANCY II., YOUNG GOSSIP, PRIMROSE II.—PROPERTY OF MR. J. A. McCREA, TOKORANGI, HALCOMBE.



Bell Bros., photo., Marton.

A PORTION OF MR. J. A. McCREA'S JERSEY HERD, TOKORANGI, HALCOMBE.



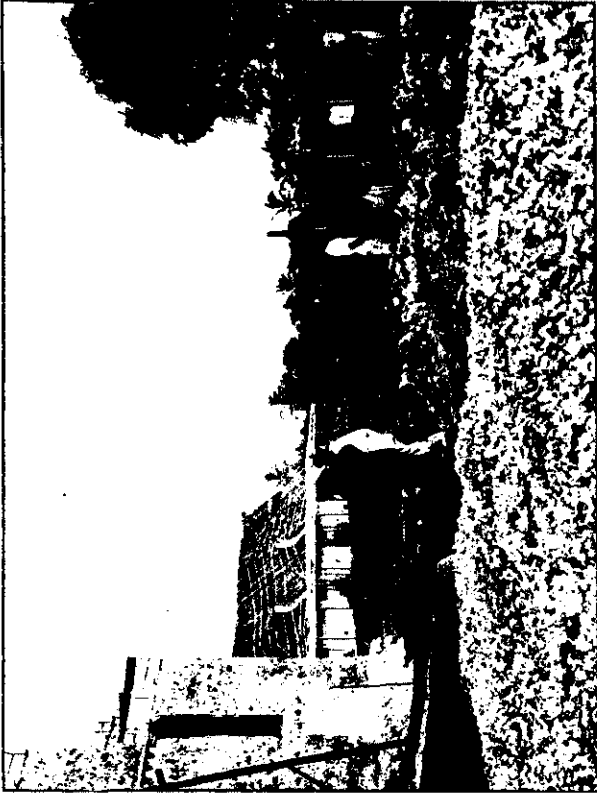
NATIVE CHURCH, NIEU.



MISSION BUILDINGS, RAROTONGA.

Walrod, "Graphic" photo.

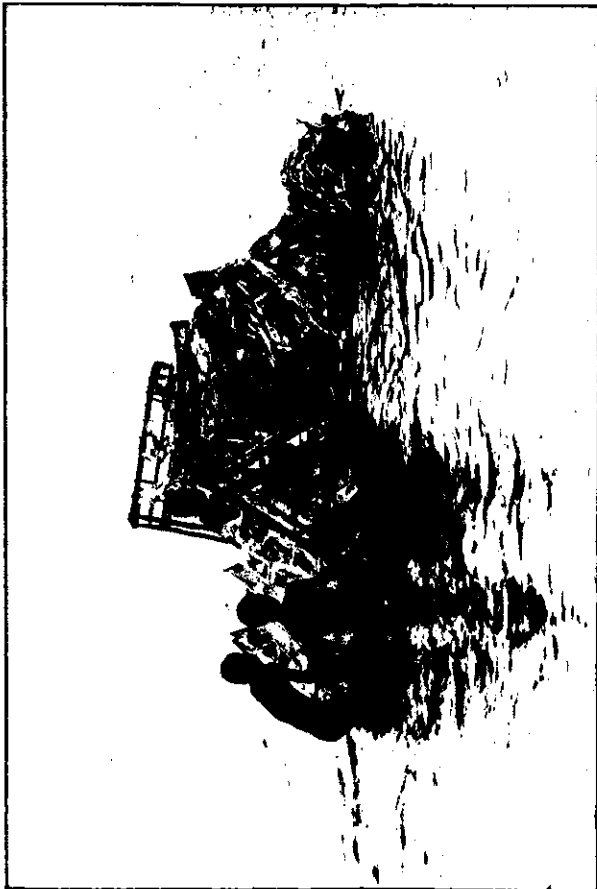
Our Parliamentarians in the Pacific.



NALIDILI, HEWA RIVER, FILL. The actual spot where the Bible burning took place.



HAT MAKING, NICE (SAVAGE ISLAND.)



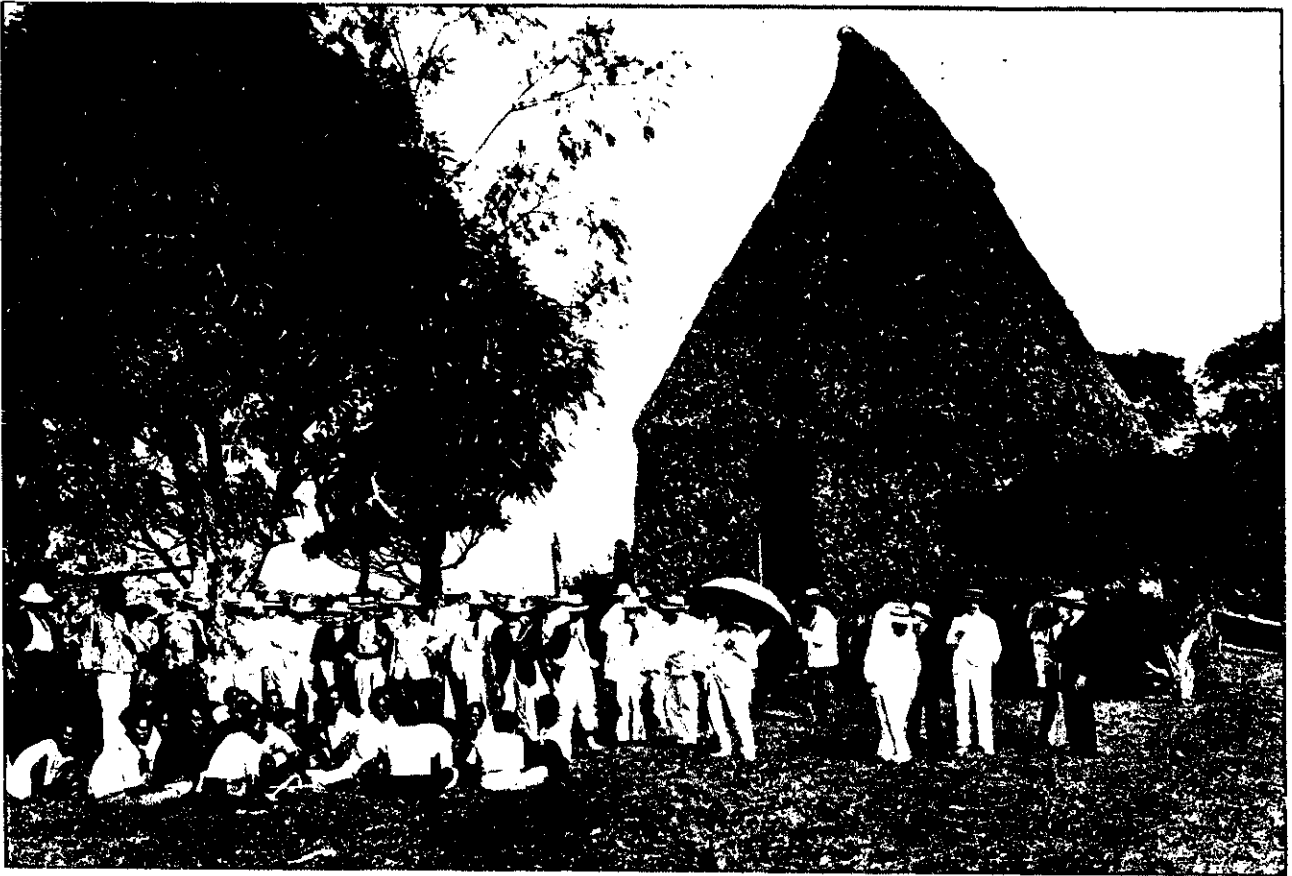
DESTRUCTION OF PAGODA USED IN MAHOMEDAN CEREMONY NEAR HEWA RIVER.



COOLIES ON A SUGAR PLANTATION, HEWA RIVER.

Waikato, "Graphic" photo.

OUR PARLIAMENTARIANS IN THE PACIFIC.



CHIEF'S HOUSE. NAVUSO, REWA RIVER, FIJI, WHERE THE PARTY LUNCHEONED.



THE LUNCHEON.

Waipoua, "Graphic" photo.

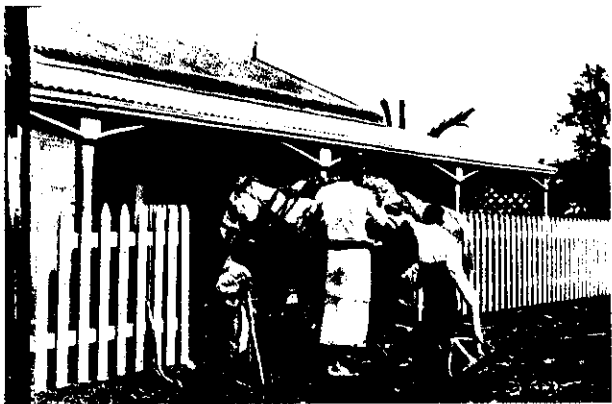
Our Parliamentarians in the Pacific.



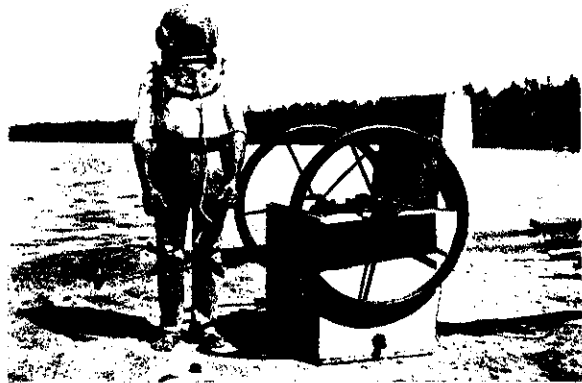
DIVING FOR PEARL SHELL, PENRYHN ISLAND.



BRINGING UP THE SHELL.



A LOAD OF COPRA, VAVAU.



MACHINE DIVER.



SPEARING FISH.



RETURNING FROM PEARL SHELL DIVING.



ENTRANCE TO COVE, VAVAU.



BABY'S TOILET.



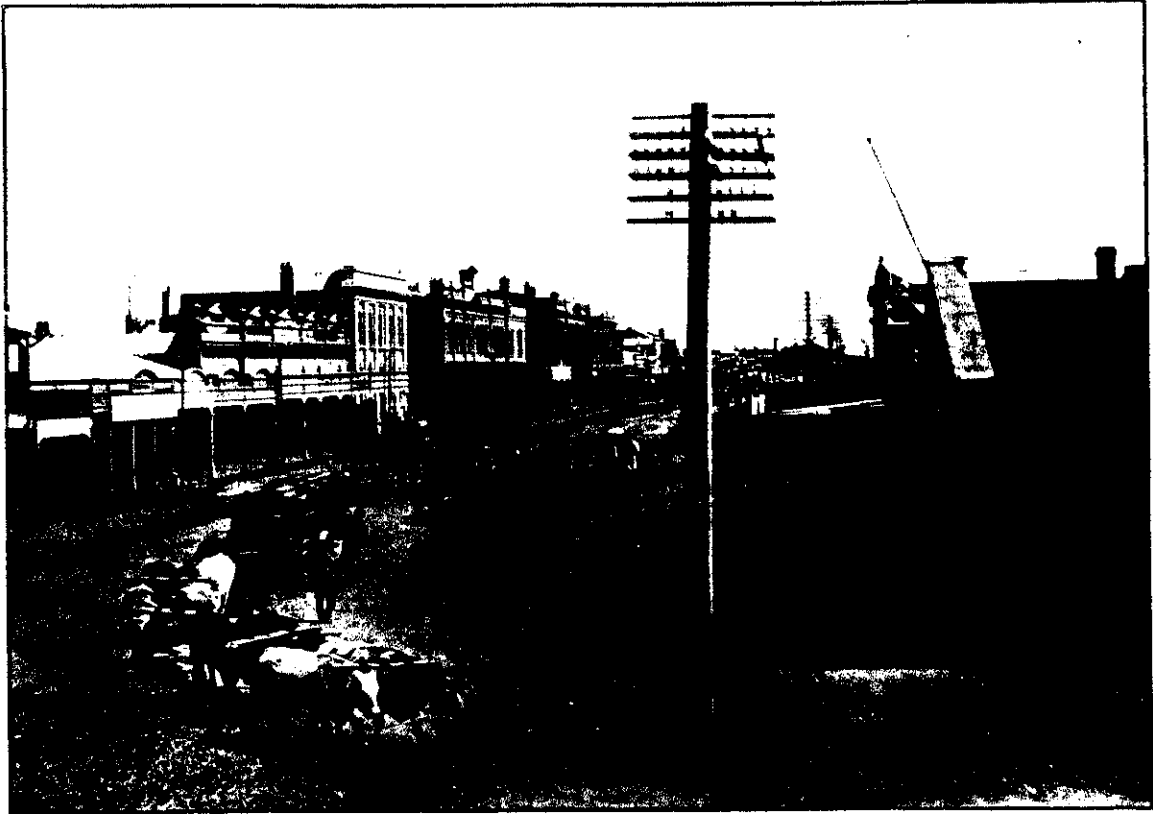
AT NAVUSO, BEWA RIVER, NEAR SUVA.



NATIVE SETTLEMENT.

Watroun, "Graphic" photo.

Our Parliamentarians in the Pacific.

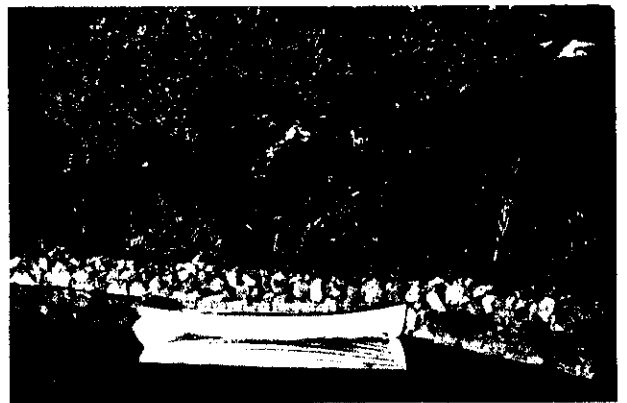


THE MAIN STREET.



MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

STRATFORD—Taranaki's Most Flourishing Township.

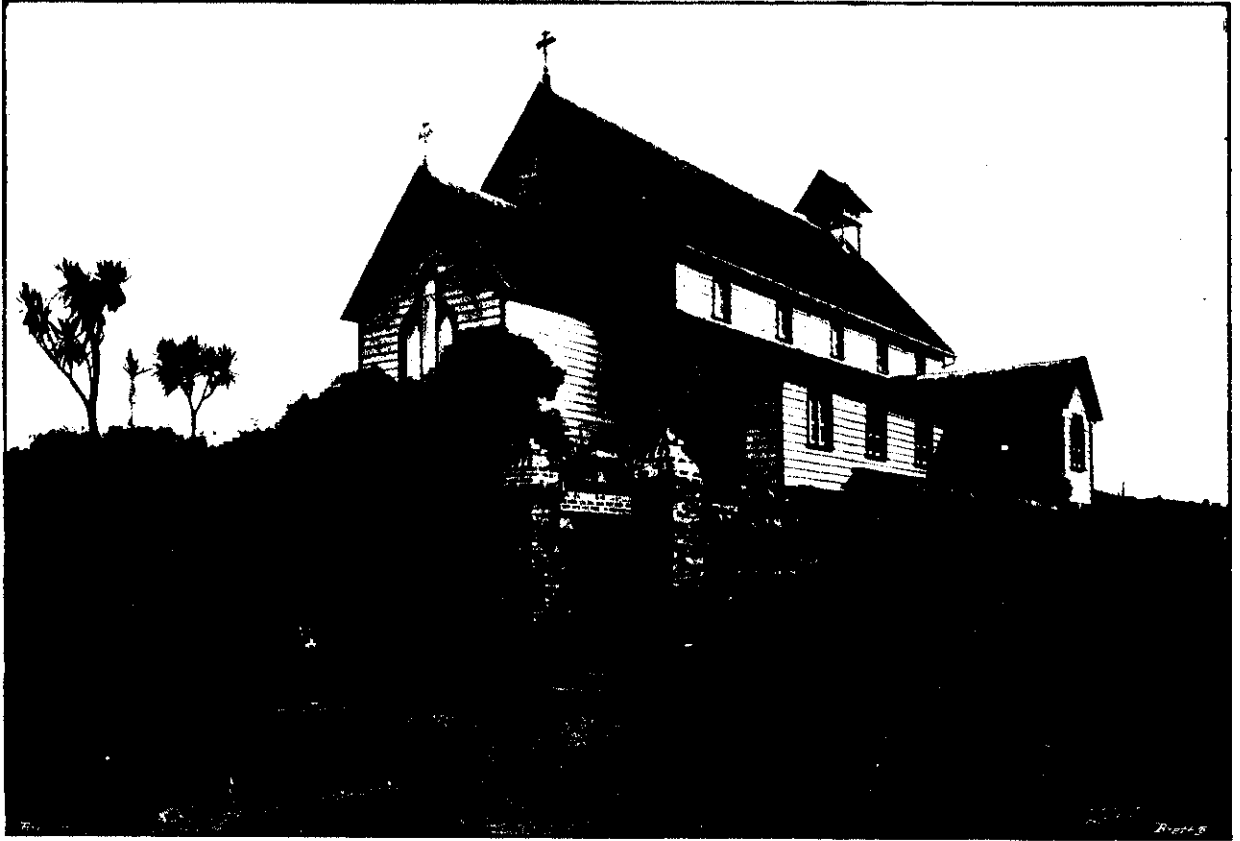


Snapshots at Lake Takapuna.



THE NEW ZEALAND RHINE.—The Landing Place, Pipiriki, Wanganui River.

Morrison, photo.

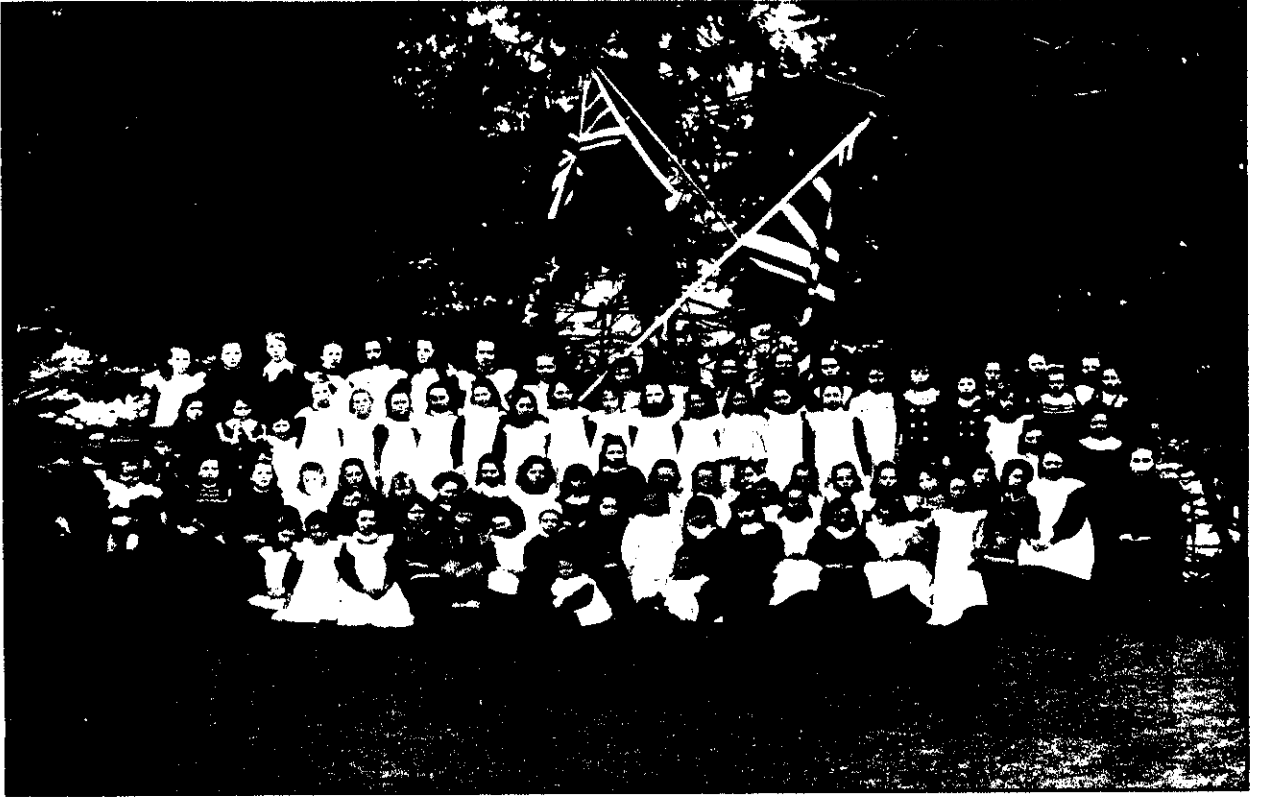


ST. PETER'S ANGLICAN CHURCH, HAMILTON, WAIKATO.



SOME COMPETITORS AT THE BI-ANNUAL SPORTS GIVEN AT "WOODLANDS," WAIKATO, BY MR JOHN GORDON.

Tibbutt, photo.



GIRLS OF HAMILTON WEST PUBLIC SCHOOL.



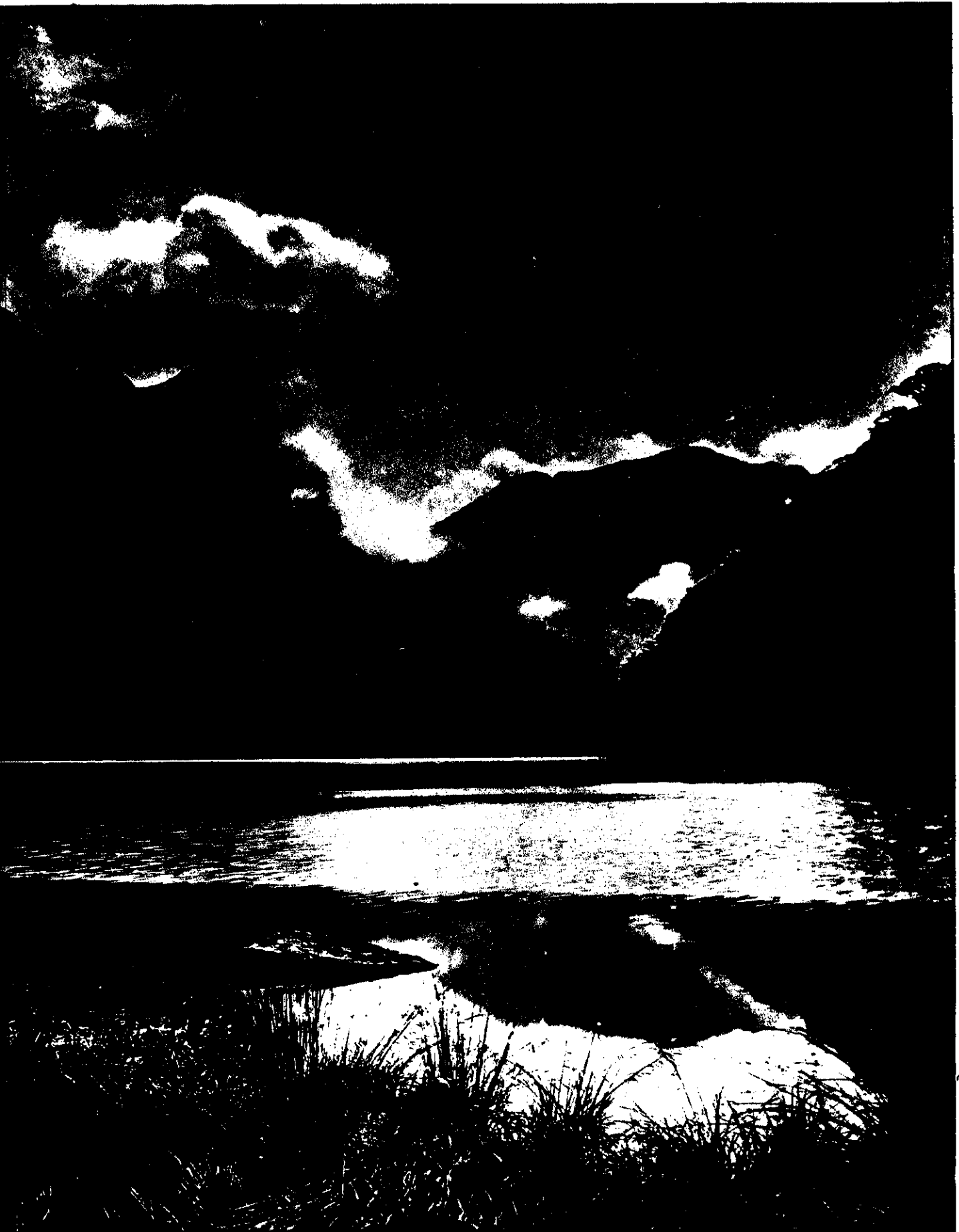
Tibbutt, photo.

BOYS OF HAMILTON WEST PUBLIC SCHOOL.

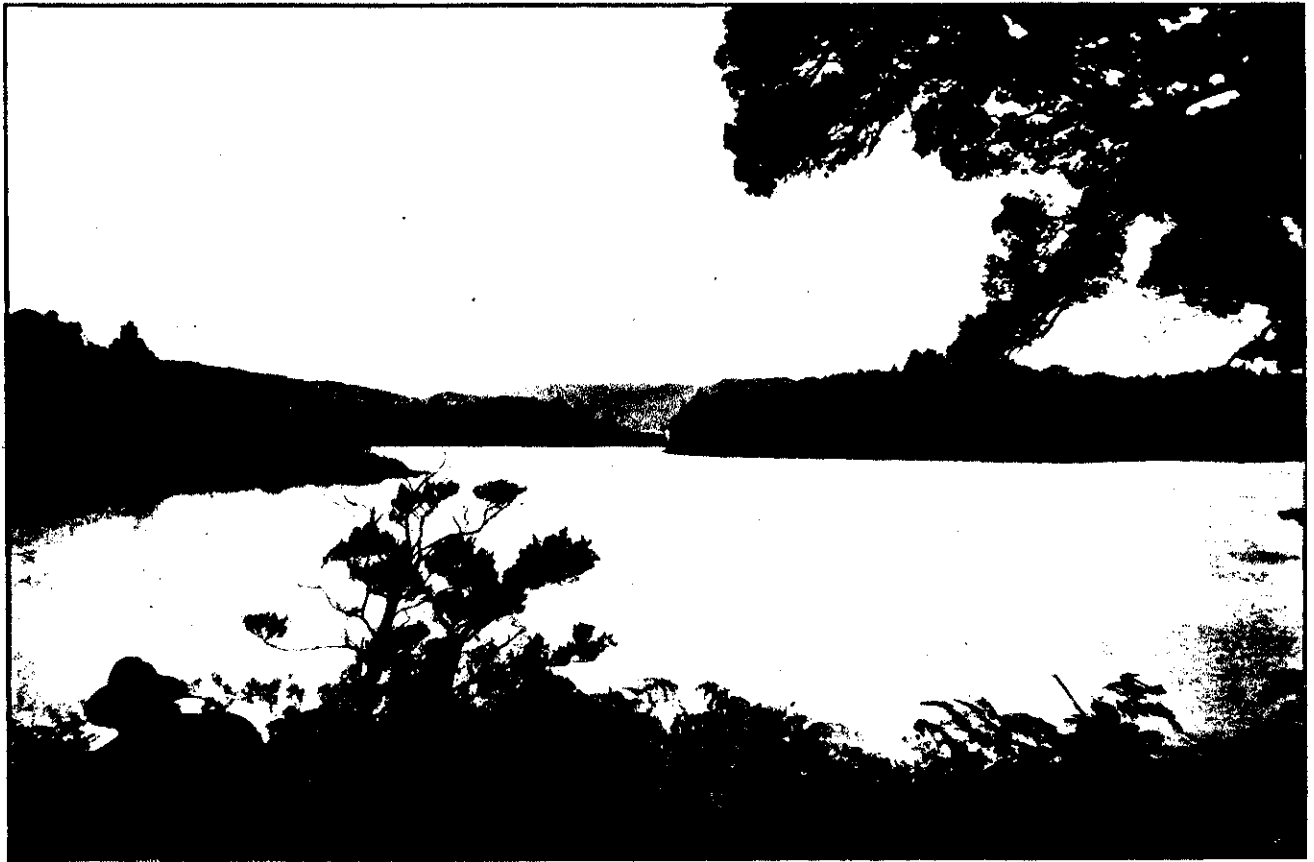


Muir and Moodie, photo.

Lake Ada, M.

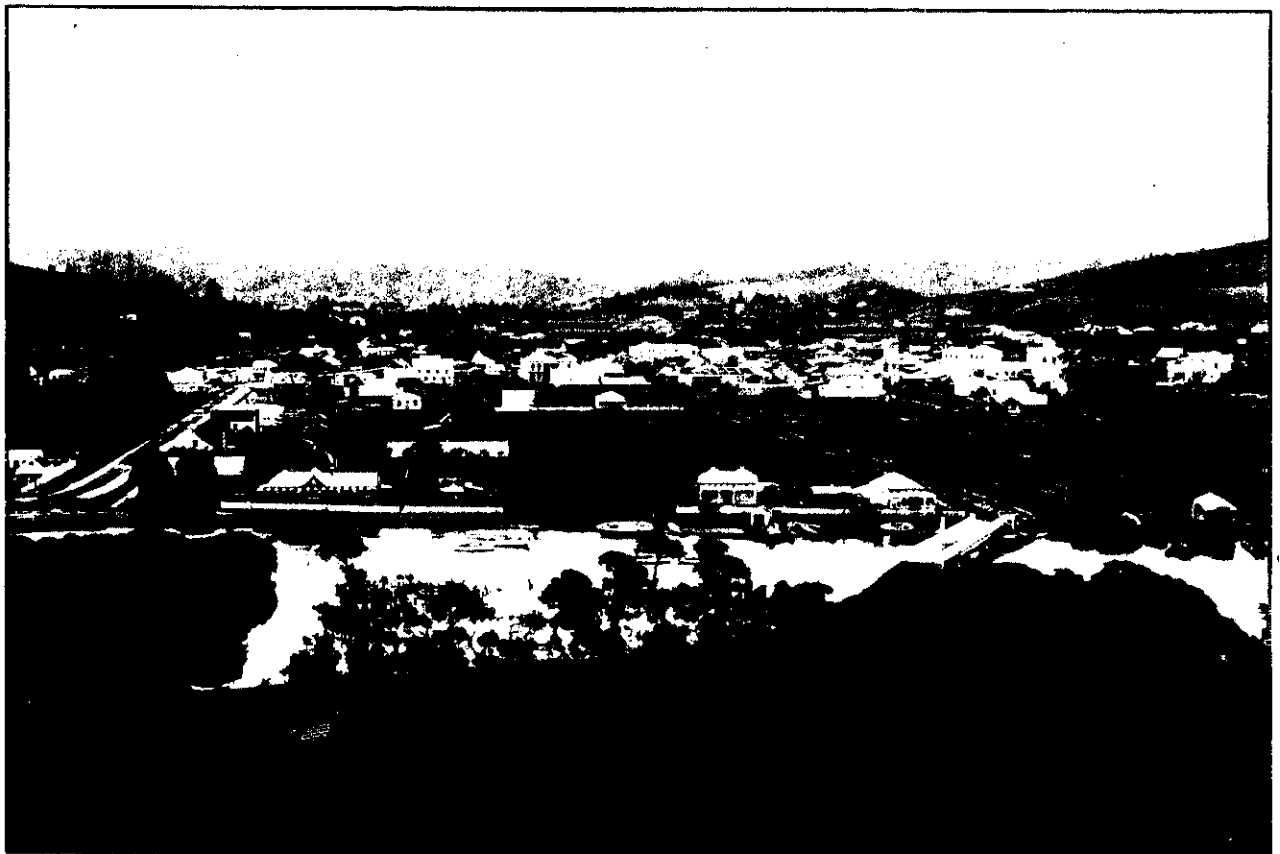


Milford Sound.



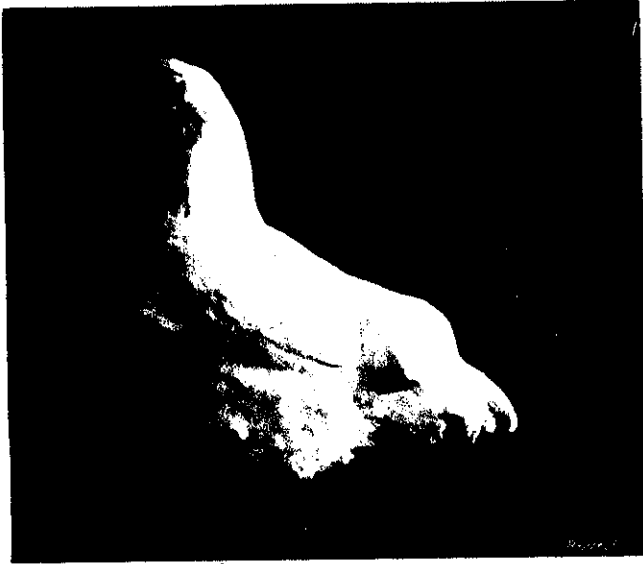
W. A. Neale, photo.

TE KAKA BAY, WAIRAU-MOANA.—Motu-Ngarura Island shows at the entrance.



Middleton, photo.

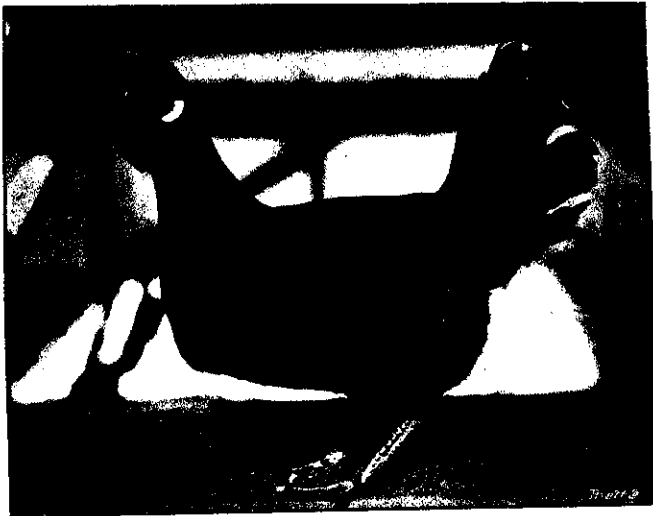
A VIEW OF WHANGAREI.—One of the most prosperous and rising townships North of Auckland.



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MR. A. CAFFLER'S WHITE LEGHORN COCKEREL. Best local Bird in Show.



MR. A. CAFFLER'S BLACK MINORCA PULLET, 1st Prize.



MR. HUTCHINSON'S BLACK ORPINGTON.



MR. A. S. SHARDEN'S BROWN LEGHORN ROOSTER.



MR. J. NIXON'S BLACK GAME PULLET.

Middleton, photo.

Poultry Show, Whangarei.

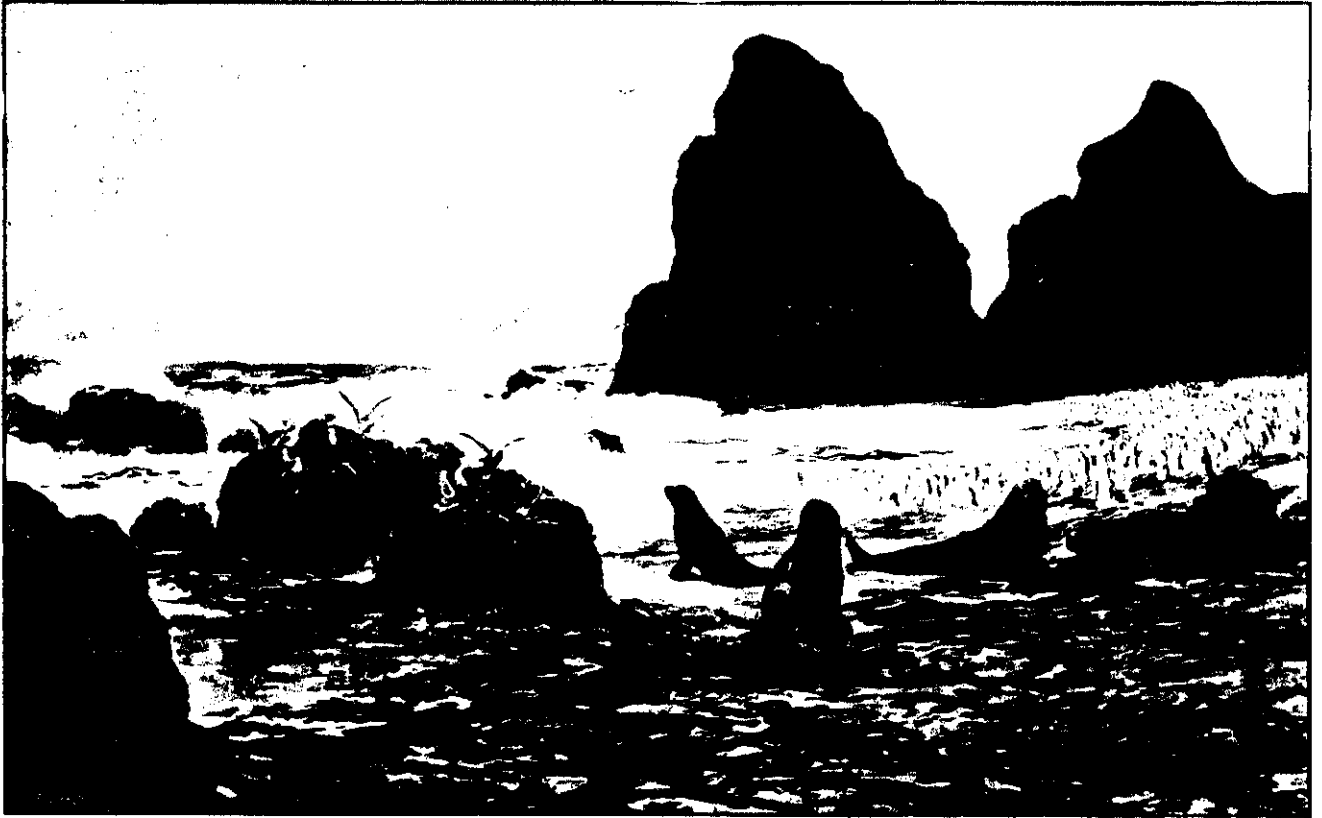


KARORI RESERVOIR, WELLINGTON.



Schaefer, Sarony Studios, photo.

THE HOSPITAL, WELLINGTON.



SEA ELEPHANTS, MACQUARIE ISLANDS.

From the painting by C. N. Worsley, in the possession of Lady Ranfurly,

Reproduced by special permission.



KING PENGUINS, MACQUARIE ISLANDS.

From the painting by C. N. Worsley, in the possession of Lady Ranfurly,

Reproduced by special permission.

A Handsome Presentation.

On this page we give a picture of a very beautiful and chaste solid silver photo frame, enclosing an autograph portrait of the Countess of Ranfurly. This frame forms part of a very kindly and handsome presentation made by Lady Ranfurly prior to her departure from Auckland to Miss Kelly, florist by appointment to His Excellency the Governor. The other portions of the Countess' presentation consists of an autograph portrait of His Excellency, and a very handsome purse and wallet of real crocodile skin, richly moun'ed in silver. At every entertainment at Government House, Auckland, during the years Lady Ranfurly has been hostess, the decoration of the ball and drawing rooms with palms, greenery, pot plants, and flowers has been the theme of universal admiration. It was generally known that the taste of the Countess was responsible for this, but everyone did not know perhaps that the decorations were carried out by Miss Kelly under the direction of Lady Ranfurly. It was as a mark of her appreciation of the value of Miss Kelly's services in this respect that the beautiful presents reached Miss Kelly from the kindly and gracious lady so soon to leave these shores. Needless to say they form a proud possession and are highly prized.

Mr Beerbohm Tree, in a recent speech at Stratford-on-Avon, outlined a scheme for the training of actors that has at least two chances of success, since it is both simple and practical. Mr Tree proposes at the end of the year to start a school for the training of young actors at His Majesty's Theatre. From the school his provincial companies will be mainly recruited, and these companies in their turn will act as a feeding ground for His Majesty's Theatre. Of course, it is not suggested by Mr Tree that his entire cast should be at once engaged from the graduates of his school, but there is no doubt that his idea, if carried out, will give the talented dramatic aspirant a chance he has never had before.



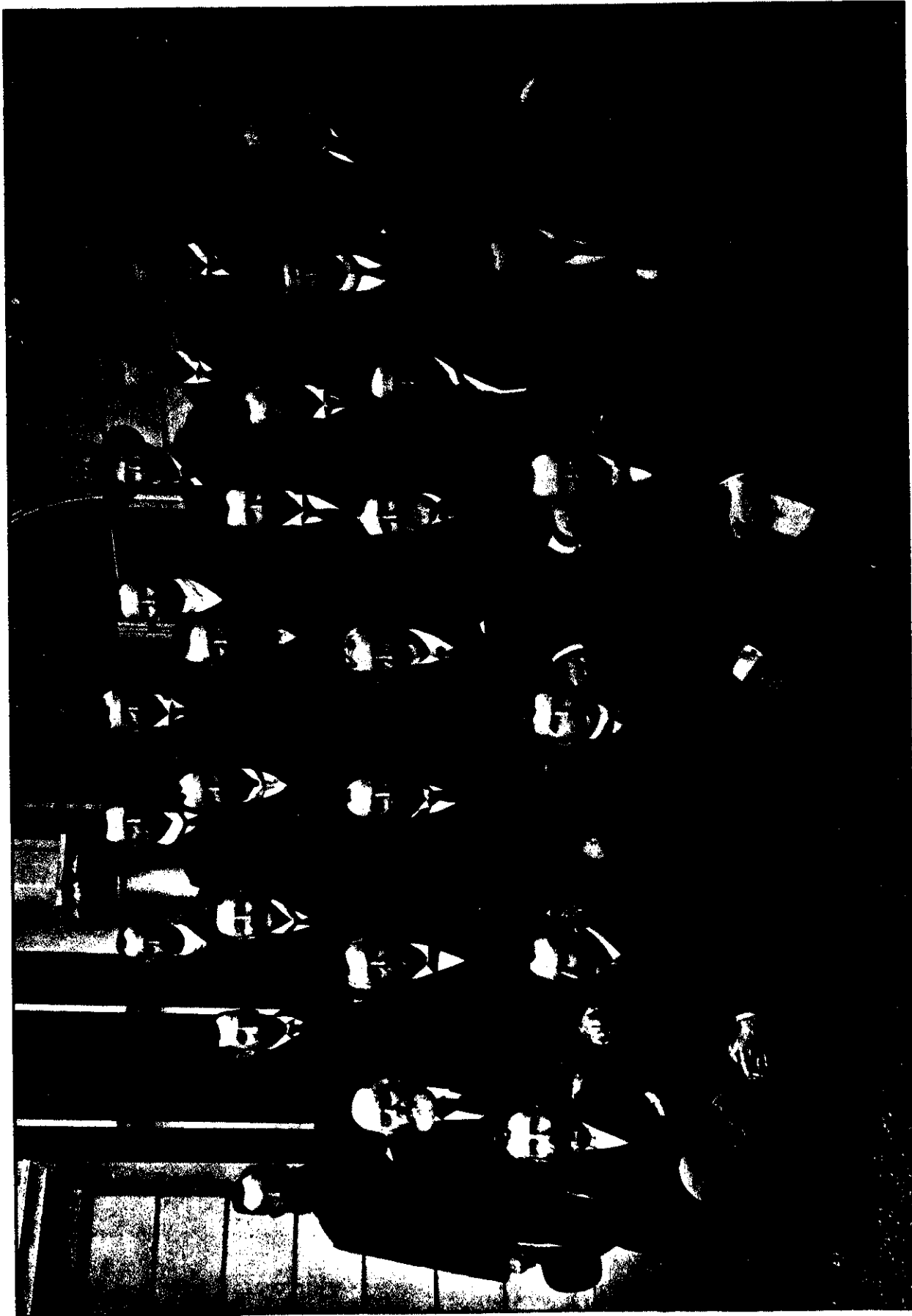
A HANDSOME PRESENTATION.



Schaefer, Sunony Studios, photo.

THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

The Hon. A. R. Guinness, in his robes of office, standing in the Speaker's chair. Seated below are: On the left, Mr. H. Otterson, Clerk to the House; and on the right, Mr. Alexander John Rutherford, Clerk Assistant.

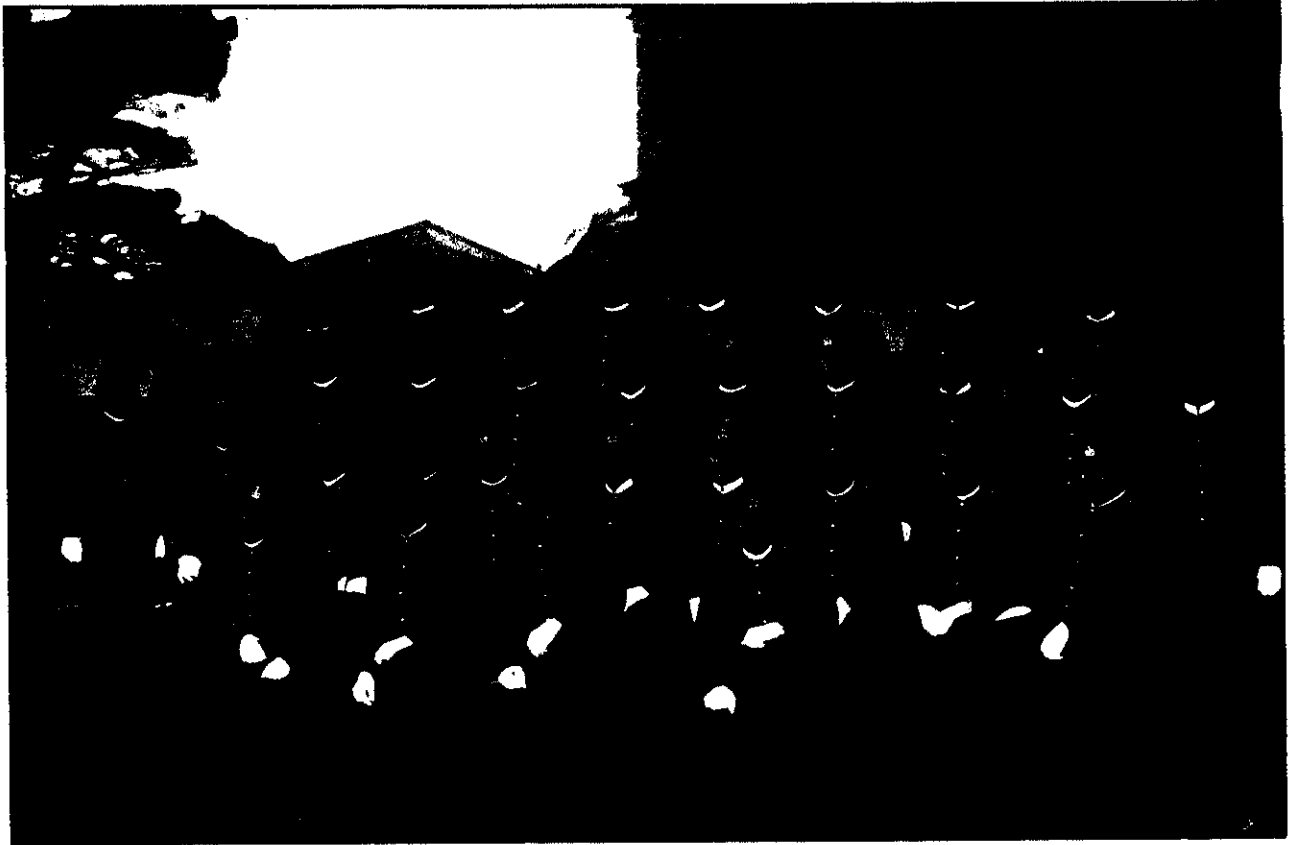


BACK ROW—Left to right: Messrs. L. R. Phillips (Auckland), D'Arcy Chaytor (Marlborough), A. J. McQueen (Southland), A. K. Orbell (Otago), W. J. Birch (Wellington),
 MIDDLE ROW—Messrs. T. W. L. Smith (Auckland), W. Murdoch (Wellington), H. F. Reeve (North Canterbury), W. D. Harkness (Sydney), J. G. Rutherford (Auckland), E. Morgan (Auckland),
 FRONT ROW—Messrs. J. W. Hunter (Gen. Secy.), J. Clarke (Invercargill), G. W. Lendroy (Vice Col. Pres., Canterbury), J. G. Wilson (Col. Pres., Wellington), A. E. Russell (Col. Ofc. Train), A. J. McCurdy (Col. Ofc. Train),
 FRONT ROW—Messrs. J. Burgess (Gairloch), A. H. Russell (Invercargill), A. Lewis (New Zealand Farmer), T. Mills (Evening Post).

DELEGATES TO NEW ZEALAND FARMERS UNION CONFERENCE, WHICH SAT IN WELLINGTON LAST WEEK.



A Modern Idyll in Maoriland.



CONSTABLES WHO MUSTERED FOR THE PRESENTATION TO MR. TUNBRIDGE, EX-COMMISSIONER.



ALL OVER SIX FEET IN HEIGHT.

Schaeff. Sarony Studios, photo.

Wellington Police Force.



AT KAWARAU FALLS STATION.



QUEENSTOWN—MOUNT CECIL AND WALTER PEAK IN THE DISTANCE.

Hart, photo.

Lake Wakatipu, South Island.

A Lost Art.

The observant person who goes to many dances nowadays cannot help noticing how the style of dancing has degenerated. Simply because people do not practise it enough. Not one man in a dozen knows how to hold his partner, and few women know how to hold themselves and dance with grace. Everybody has a particular style of their own, and a waltz, once the most fascinating and graceful of dances, is now a mixture

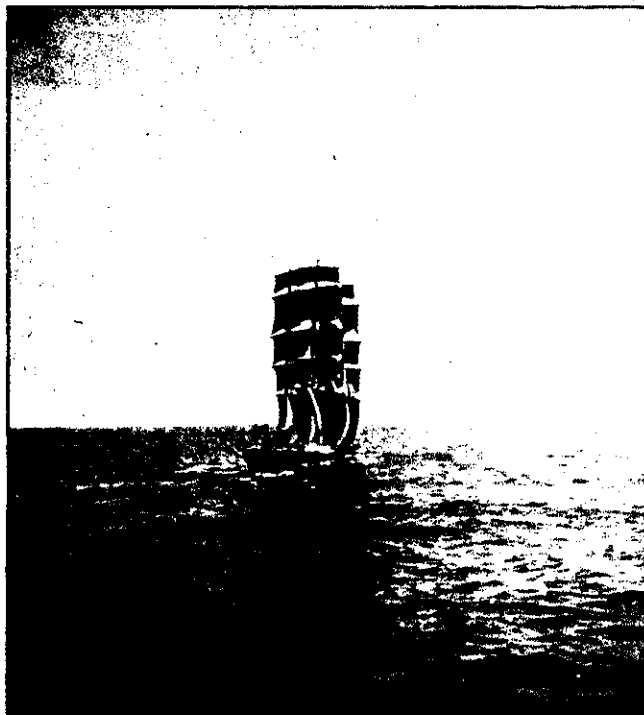
of polka, gallop, schottische, and general go-as-you-please in which every individual backs his or her own fancy in steps. Dancing classes are not half popular enough. It is a mistake to imagine because you once took lessons you are finished in the art. It wants continued practice, just as music or anything else does. Everybody should take a few lessons at least once a year. Not so many years ago it was the fashion to hold small classes at private houses, the class being held at a different member's house one evening in

every fortnight. Coffee and sandwiches were served at ten o'clock, and those cheery informal little affairs served to brighten the winter months as well as to improve the style of ball-room dancing. The time is now ripe for their revival.

Afraid of Microbes.

Queen Alexandra, it is said, has a great horror of the microbes. She will in no case accept a piece of money until it has been thoroughly decaused. Whenever a check is turned into hard cash

for the Queen's use the coins are plunged into a basin and scrubbed in a lather of spirits of wine, water and soap to which has been added a few drops of carbolic acid. After this bath the coins are placed in the royal purse, and Her Majesty is ready to start out on her purchasing tour. But when she tenders a coin in payment for any article on which change is due the change is never on any account handed to the Queen, but is turned over instead to her Lady-in-Waiting. At the end of the shopping excursion all of the coins received in the way of change from tradesmen are put into the microbe-destroying bath before they get into the Royal purse.



Ships that Pass in the Daytime.

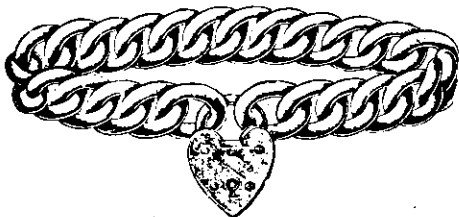
PHOTOGRAPHS OF SAILING SHIPS TAKEN ON A STEAMER ON A VOYAGE THROUGH THE PACIFIC.

KIRKMAN, DENISON & CO.

Manufacturing Jewellers,

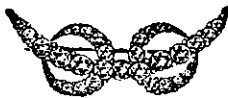
Queen St., Auckland

Opposite the Bank of New Zealand,



Curb Bangle, from 85/ to £10.

We manufacture Jewellery of all kinds to Order.



Set. Gold Brilliant Brooch Stones, set in Sterling Silver, from 6/6.



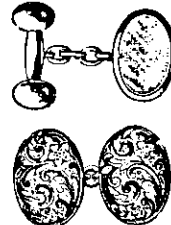
Silver Match Box, 7/6



Faith, Hope and Charity Charm, Gold, 7/6.



Silver Sov. Purse, 10/6; Gold Sov. Purse, 55/.



Chased or Plain Link, Gold, from 15/; Silver, 8/6.



Silver Name Brooches, in great variety, from 2/.

A DAILY TREAT FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD.



Guaranteed Full Weight of Tea.

PROPRIETOR:

ARTHUR H. NATHAN

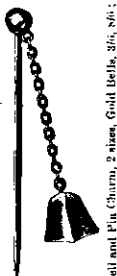
AUCKLAND.

AIR-TIGHT LEAD PACKET.

THE WORLD'S BEST.



Gent's 1st Gold Rings various size diamonds; prices from £6 10s. to £8 10s. £10 10s., £12 10s., £16 10s. and upwards.



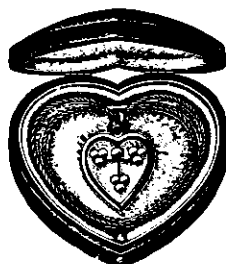
Bell and Pin Charm, 2 sizes, Gold Beads, 36s. 6/6; with Greenstone Bead, 7/6.



No. F2234—1st Gold Brooch, set Sapphires, £1 17/6; similar designs, set Fine Diamonds, £3 10s., £3 15s.



No. F1881—1st Gold Brooch, set 2 Rubies, 1 Diamond, or set 2 Sapphires, 1 Diamond, £1 7/6.



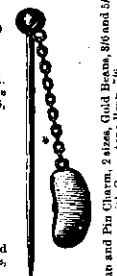
No. F8998—Gold, Pearl and Turquoise set Pendant and Kecklet, in satin-lined velvet case, £2 12/6.



No. F3656—1st Gold Brooch, set Diamond, Ruby and Sapphire, £1 7/6. Numerous other lovely designs; prices, 10/6, 17/6, 18/6, 21/- upwards.

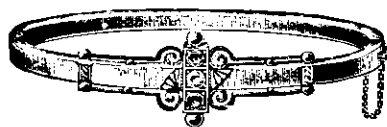


No. F4851—Lovely Pearl St. Brooch 1st Gold £4 10s. Great selection of these, all prices, from 30/- upwards.



1st Gold Wedding Rings; y loss run 21/-, £1 5/-, £1 7/6 and upwards.

For Spot Cash.



No. 150—1st Gold Bracelet, 1 Diamond, 2 Rubies, £4 10s.



F1037—1st Gold Gem Ring, set 2 Rubies, 4 Diamonds, £3 5s.



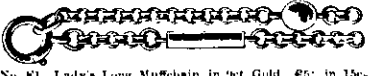
No. F6561—1st Gold Brooch, set 2 Sapphires, 1st; or set 2 Rubies and 1 Diamond, 21/-.



F508—1st Gold Gem Ring, set 1 Ruby, 4 Diamonds, £4 4s.



Fashionable Bamboo Bracelets, different thicknesses in 1st Gold, £1 1s., £1 5s., £2, £2 5s., £2 10s., Different thicknesses in 1st Gold, £3 10s., £4 4s., £5.



No. F1—Lady's Long Muffchain, in 1st Gold, £5; in 1st Gold, £3 5s. Many other heavy designs, from £4 upwards.

STEWART DAWSON & CO.
Queen St., Auckland.



No. 233—1st Gold Pearl-set Scarf Pin, 17/6.



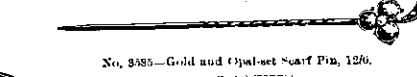
No. 3419—Diamond and Sapphire, or Diamond and Ruby set 1st Gold, £2.



No. B9414—1st Gold Brooch, set Pearls, very neat, £2.



No. 181—Cluster Ring, 8 Fine Diamonds, 8 Sapphires, 1st Gold, £7 17s.



No. 3985—Gold and Opal-set Scarf Pin, 12/6.



No. F345—1st Gold and Amethyst Bracelet, £1 10s.



F7042—New Massive Design Bracelet, 1st Gold, £4 10s. Great variety of similar ones set with Pearls, Opals, Turquoise, etc. Prices, £3 10s., £4 4s., £5 upwards.



No. G1277—1st Gold-plated Bracelet, in 3 widths, £1 10s., £1 15s., and £2.

Choice. Unlimited, and Unequaled.



No. 1187—Links, in 1st Gold, 21/-; in 1st Gold, £2 5s.



No. 1180—Links, in 1st Gold, 21/-; in Solid Silver, 4/-.

GOODS FORWARDED REGISTER POST FREE. Send for our Illustrated Booklet. IT'S FREE.

Music and Drama.

G. HAROLD HARDEY,
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.

Maud Beatty is now in the English provinces.

Mr. Dix is once more doing well in Wellington. Auckland friends will be glad to hear of his returning success.

"Florodora" is still doing big business in America—ten performances per week—seven nights and three matinees.

The Westminster Abbey Concert Company is expected back in New Zealand in September.

Sousa's band, which is coming to the colonies next year under engagement to Mr. J. C. Williamson, is at present touring in Belgium.

Clive, the clever conjurer with Rickards' Company, now in New Zealand, is going to America by the next mail boat.

Mr Harry Rickards' Vaudeville Company brought their Auckland season to a conclusion on July 10 and left for the South the following day.

Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" has been dramatised in America. Liberties are taken with the story, and new characters are introduced for comedy effect.

Private letters received in Auckland state that Mr Walter Kirby, who went to Paris to get his voice trained, is doing very well. His teacher is said to be most enthusiastic over his pupil's voice.

Mr Williamson has secured the rights of "The School Girl" for Australasia. Mr Williamson has now six musical comedies in hand, which have not yet been seen in Australia.

Mr Charles Pollard has despatched from Sydney to Manila his newly-organized Anglo-Australian Comedy Co. of 17 selected artists with a varied comedy repertoire. After the East Canada and the United States will be visited. Mr James MacMahon will control the tour.

Mr Clement L. Wragge, the well-known Queensland meteorologist, whose occupation has gone since the Commonwealth was struck with a fit of retrenchment, is about to start on a lecturing tour. New Zealand will be included in the list.

The taxation of theatrical people on incomes they make while in this country is a matter concerning which opinions differ. Sandow, it will be recollected, struggled ineffectually against the impost, and ended by paying up, after touching up the Department through the medium of the newspaper correspondence.

D'Arc's Marionettes, who are paying their first visit to New Zealand, are now in the South Island. The entertainment has a very good reputation in other parts of the world, and should prove popular here. Mr. H. G. Parker, formerly with the Dobson-Kennedy Company, is acting as advance, and he expects to be in Auckland some time in August.

The Musgrove Comic Opera Company are to make a New Zealand tour. The Shakespearean company is not likely to visit Maoriland. Referring to the expense of these productions, Mr. Musgrove has stated that "a Midsummer Night's Dream" cost £2500 to stage, while "As You Like It" cost £4000.

Mr. Watkin Mills, English baritone, with M. Eduard Parlovitz, the Polish pianist, has arranged to make a concert

tour through Australia and New Zealand next year. The company will open its season at Sydney in May.

Willoughby and Geesh have issued a writ against the Victorian Railway Commissioner for alleged negligence. Recently the popular company were announced to play "Mistakes Will Happen" at Albury. Mistakes did happen, since the scenery and properties were carried against instructions to Sydney. No less than 145 were looked at midday, yet the company were compelled to remain idle. The management claim £100 damages, being estimated value of the house.

Before leaving New Zealand for Sydney Mr. George Musgrove stated, that in view of the splendid recognition of theatre-goers of the merits of his recent theatrical ventures in this colony, he had finally decided to send across the Shakespearean company, which will open in Auckland in November.

The plans prepared for the new theatre in Christchurch have been accepted, and it will be a replica of the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, except that it will not hold so many. Everything will be up to date, including the latest working of mechanical effects and scenery. This will be good news to the long-suffering playgoers of Christchurch, and will enable us to be on an equal footing with the other large centres of the colony as regards the visits of high-class companies, says "Christchurch Press."

A pathetic paragraph from the "Press": The Van Burg Dramatic Company, which on Saturday week began what was announced as a three months' season at the Canterbury Hall, was to have given the first change of programme on Saturday evening. "The Curse of Gold" was billed, but at 8.30 the curtain rose on "When London Wakes," which was played by members of the Van Burg and Oswald Dramatic Companies. Several of the members of the Van Burg Company were indisposed, and their professional comrades stepped into the breach. Monday morning's papers contained no announcement as to the continuation of the season.

Unless one is very much mistaken, there are hard times in store for the majority of theatrical companies now touring, or booked to tour, New Zealand. Weight of name, reputation and capital which can secure the best of the best will probably carry, though anything either Mr. Musgrove or Mr. Williamson may choose to send across the Tasman Sea, and possibly one or two others, may do more than make ends meet, but these will be few. After an unprecedented boom in theatre-going—a boom which amazed the most optimistic managers, a slump has set in which threatens to be both serious and prolonged. It is the natural result of a surfeit. Owing to a variety of circumstances and causes on the other side (mainly drought), we have had an unending procession of companies of varying degrees of excellence through the colonies for upwards of two years. Week after week, month after month, regular theatre-goers have been bidden to entertainment after entertainment, till now appetite is jaded and pockets are empty, and there are nights of empty benches before not a few of the great "profes." Even the Nellie Stewart season in Auckland, which began with an undeniable boom, petered out wofully from a financial standpoint as the rather spun-out season drew to its close, and the better parts of the house were a decidedly desolate appearance on several evenings. The vaudeville company of Mr. Rickards did none too well even during its first week, and though the show was a really good one, as all who saw it down South will agree, patronage in the second week was attenuated to a depressing degree. Melodrama appears to take better, and on one or two nights Miss Fitzmaurice Gill and her company have drawn profitable houses, notably on Saturday last, but even she would probably admit that Auckland, like other large towns in New Zealand, has for the present ceased to be the "lone filler's ground" it was a little while back. Several other companies coming on will pro-

ably fare worse, and the depression will, one imagines, continue some little while—worse luck for all concerned.

The absolute consensus of opinion all over New Zealand would appear to be that Mark Hambourg is the most marvellous and magnetic player of the piano who has ever visited New Zealand. He would appear to grip persons to whom the piano as an instrument does not usually appeal, while the effect of his supreme mastery of the instrument, on those who love and understand the piano, is nothing less than extraordinary. Private letters from Wellington assure the writer hereof, that Hambourg must be heard to be understood. No amount of descriptive criticism can give an idea of the personality of the man—a personality instantaneously made known to his auditors by his playing. Even the most shameless of concert-chatterers are stilled into temporary silence by the charm and magnetism and power of his interpretations, and some glimmering of what music may mean is brought to the dullest (musical) comprehension. So says a Wellington musician, and similar raptures come from other centres, where the young pianist—he is only 24—has appeared. The first Auckland concert will take place after this issue has gone to press, so an account of the impression he has created in the Northern capital cannot appear till next week.

The Fitzmaurice Gill season in Auckland witnessed a slight contretemps between the management and the press. The morning paper issued a wittily-written and, perhaps, severe criticism on "The Prodigal Parson," and this incensed the management that they intimated that they could not admit the critic in question for the remainder of the season. The advertisement was also temporarily withdrawn, but subsequently an understanding was apparently arrived at on both sides.

The point raised here is of interest to all theatrical critics. The right of any management to decline to issue free seats to any newspaper or critic is undeniable. But to do so only when, and because a certain criticism is unfavourable, is another matter. Few managers would care to lay down as a principle that free seats are only to be during what one may, perhaps, term the "critical good behaviour" of the newspapers concerned, and to be forfeited immediately an adverse criticism was penned. Yet this is no doubt what a good few hold in their heart of hearts, and they do feel a sense of injury when a truthful critic, after accepting their hospitality, as they put it, says that a bad thing is bad. As a fact, it would be better if no seats were given free, and no preliminary puffs or paragraphs inserted. The habit of booming shows beforehand has reached an absurd pitch in this colony, and the idea that so many inches of advertisement merit so many lines of puff in advance, usually written by the agent, is as mischievous as it is ridiculous. What can be more absurd than to see a paper which has devoted a daily puff of several inches to a coming show as one of the finest things ever seen obliged to go back on itself, so to say, and say that the thing is a disappointment? Yet this, as we all know, is the common custom. Here, it seems, is a matter the Institute of Journalists might take up and bring under the consideration of the employers. The present condition of affairs is unsatisfactory and undignified.

Gisborne amateurs have, it is announced, decided to stage "Iolanthe," and the same will probably be put into rehearsal forthwith. With considerable experience of amateurs and operas, the writer hereof would point out that "Iolanthe" is far inferior to "The Mikado," from every point of view, for amateurs. First of all, "The Mikado" is a far more certain and abiding draw. Age cannot wither or custom stale its infinite variety. Then, it is so easily cast and played. A very ordinary set of principals can emerge triumphant from "The Mikado." Not so "Iolanthe." There is no harder opera to cast, especially for amateurs. No doubt, from the fact that the opera has been chosen, there is someone who considers he can play the Chancellor, and at Gisborne, one knows, there does happen to be such a one; but the Chancellor is only one part. Lords Toller and Mountararat want playing with a finish, a polish, and a discernment, rarely, if ever, achieved in amateur circles. A man may make a perfect Pooch-Bah or Fish-Tush, or do well in the "Gondoliers," and yet be a

failure as either of the Noble Lords. If there is yet time, Gisborne amateurs will do well to think the matter over, for, again, what about the Fairy Queen? How many voices are there in the colony could do "Oh, Foolish Fay" justice! No! "Iolanthe" is vastly ambitious; there is no doubt about it.

In advertising their latest laughing success, "Mistakes Will Happen," Willoughby and Geesh sometimes drop into verse. Here is a fair sample:—

Said the great Sir Thomas Lipton to a crowd:
"Don't you see, Every time I get a must blown out I advertise my tea!"
But since Mistakes Will Happen first
packed the Tivoli tight
It's needed no advertisement—it's crowded every night!

"Mistakes" will happen at His Majesty's shortly.

During a performance of "Nancy Brown" in New York a young woman with a large hat received the following note from one of the ushers, from the man behind, who is a well-known public man:

Could you take off your hat?
It's rather in the way.
It may be I am cranky, but—
I paid to SEE this play.

The hat came off.

The versatile editor of the "Triad," Mr. Baeyerztz, is possibly the most accomplished linguist and brilliant conversationalist in the colony, and he has forgotten more about music than the majority of one's colleagues who scribble thereon have ever known. He is a genuine enthusiast, and is broad and tolerant in all his views save that he has a most inveterate and unfashionable detestation of humbug. His opinions are always worth reading or hearing, and he has usually some such "jeu d'esprit" as the following to add the wine of wit to the dry-bread of every-day life:

After one of the Hambourg concerts I (he says) injudiciously indulged too freely in—supper, and the following lines came, no doubt as a punishment. I trust that if you should peruse them, gentle reader, they will not bring out any incipient hereditary or acquired tendency to peripheral or centripital neuritis:

Mark Hambourg is a player, of credit
and renown—
And he's "bull" a reputation, so he
brings the houses "down";
Right early come the ladies, and each
one longed to be
Kissed by the wondrous melodies that
swelled from C to C.

If is playing is remarkable from sweetly
"arioso,"
A cavarezzo, "espressivo" to "Mantoso";
Maucando, "lagrimoso," and even "glorioso,"
"ameroso," and sometimes quite
"adegnoso,"
O ndoglogonoso, "deciso," or "rubato,"
Unqualified at "stringendo," "tremolo," or
"marcato";
R isvolgito, "dangann," yes he plays
with all his soul—
G conducted, "Viva" Maestro; and likewise
"Lebe wohl!"

The Wellington Amateur Opera Club open their "Ruddigore" season on July 26th and run till August 5th. The cast reads like a particularly strong one, and consists of the following:—Robin Oakapple, W. D. Lyon; Richard Dauntless, E. J. Hill; Sir Despard Murgatroyd, G. F. Parsons; Old Adam, W. Parsons; Sir Roderick Murgatroyd, C. Webb Bowen; Rose Maybud, Miss Murphy; Mad Margaret, Miss Sims; Dame Hannah, Miss C. Donovan. If half one hears from private sources be true, the opera will be an enormous success, or deserves to be so at all events. Mr Hill and Mr Lyons are, of course, to be depended on for sterling performances, and it is whispered that Mr Hill is particularly happy in his part and will once more be the success of the opera. Miss C. Donovan is a new-comer with a fine contralto voice, which she knows how to use, and she likewise possesses that slight soubçon of the Irish brogue which is so attractive in a woman with a rich voice. Miss Murphy will, it is confidently stated, make a tremendous hit. This is, by the way, probably the last time this very talented lady will be seen on amateur boards. A little bird has it that she offers which Mr Williamson has constantly made to Miss Murphy are shortly likely to be accepted. They are most favourable, and if taken up the young Wellingtonian will step at once into leading parts with the Royal Comic Opera Company.

B U R I E S L E M.
MISS IDA BURLEM, who was last heard of in 1883, when she was living in Grafton Rd., Auckland, New Zealand, will communicate at once with Messrs Sharp and Brain, Southampton (Solicitors to the Executors of the Will of her late aunt, Miss Ellen Burlem, of Southampton, who died on the 14th ult.) she will hear of something to her advantage. Miss Ida Burlem was a daughter of the late Francis Henry Burlem, C.E., Du Ordnance Survey Department until 1883. He was in South Australia until 1883, in Van Diemen's Land till 1883, in New Zealand till 1883, and died at Sydney, New South Wales, in 1888. Any information about Miss Ida Burlem will be gratefully received by Messrs SHARP & BRAIN, Solicitors, Southampton.

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY.

AN INTERIM DIVIDEND, at the rate of Two Shillings per share, for the six months ended 31st May last, is payable to Shareholders at the Office of this Company, Queen-st., on and after WEDNESDAY, the 8th instant.

By order of the Board.

JAMES BUTTLE,

General Manager.

Auckland, 7th July, 1903.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mr E. Cecil Abbott left by the Ngupuhi on Sunday for Wellington.

Mr. J. Slevin has been appointed secretary of the Waikato Miners' Union.

Miss Mee, of Wellington, is spending a few weeks in Wanganui.

Miss Rutherford is the guest of Miss Miles (Wellington).

Mr M. W. Armstrong, J.P., Whangarei, is on a visit to Wellington.

Miss Ruth Anderson (Christchurch) is on a visit to relatives in Wellington.

Miss Robinson, Nelson, has returned to her home after a visit to the South.

Professor Cooke, of the Canterbury College, is on a visit to Wellington.

Mr Sydney Smith, Fiji, is at present staying at the Kamo Springs Hotel.

Mr G. Potts (Levin) has gone on a holiday visit to the Argentina.

Mr Tripe (Wellington) is back from a visit to Sydney.

Miss Fell, Nelson, has been staying in Wellington with relations.

Mrs Arthur Russell (Manawatu) is in Wellington for a visit.

Mr. W. Aldred (Christchurch) is visiting Wellington.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Denniston (Christchurch) are visiting Wellington.

Mrs Arthur Russell, Palmerston, is visiting Wellington for a short time.

Bishop Wilson left Norfolk Island last week for the Solomon Group.

Mr Kallendar, bank inspector, has been on a short visit to Whangarei.

Col. and Miss Wales, of Dunedin, are staying at the Kamo Springs Hotel.

Miss Fraser, Dunedin, is the guest of Lady Ward.

Mr and Mrs E. Kenny, Picton, were in Wellington for the opening of Parliament.

Miss N. Riddiford, Rangitikei, is staying in Wellington with Mrs Rhind.

Mr and Mrs Eddy, of Auckland, left by the Ventura for London via America.

Mr. D'Arcy Robertson, of New Plymouth, is in Auckland this week.

Miss Ida George is still staying at the Bay of Islands with Miss Williams.

Miss Tucker (Gisborne) is making a short stay in Auckland.

Miss Mackenzie, Pokenahia, Otago, is in Marlborough visiting several friends.

Captain and Mrs Owen, of Wellington, are staying in Wanganui at the Ladies' Club.

Messrs. Beard and Cockburn-Hood (Wairarapa) are in Wellington on business.

Dr. and Mrs. Saunders (Wanganui) are back in New Zealand after a delightful trip to China and Japan.

Mr Henry Wilding has been appointed Deputy-Inspector of Lunatic Asylums and Hospitals.

Misses Green (2), who have been visiting the sights of New Zealand, returned to England by the Ruapehu.

Mrs J. C. Johnson, of Whananaki, is at present staying in Whangarei, the guest of Mrs Purdie.

Mr Justice Conolly is not expected to return to Auckland before the end of the month.

Miss Phyllis Martin, of Kamo, is staying at Whananaki, the guest of Miss Hardwicke.

Miss Ruth Anderson (St. Martin's, Christchurch) has gone to Wellington on a visit.

Miss Imley (Wanganui) has been spending a few days in Wellington on her way home from Japan.

Mr and Mrs Rust, of Hikurangi, have returned from a short holiday spent in Auckland.

Mr Mark Foy, the well-known Sydney yachtsman, is getting a yacht built in Auckland by Messrs. Logan Bros.

Mr and Mrs. Chapman, "The Ranch," Christchurch, are spending a short holiday in Auckland.

Mrs. Gillies and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gillies returned from a flying visit to Rotorua last Thursday.

Sir Robert Stout has been elected Chancellor of the New Zealand University Senate.

The Misses Abbott (2) have been staying in Cambridge for a few days, but have returned to town.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Cotterill (Christchurch) spent a short holiday with Mrs. C. Wynn-Williams at Waikari.

Professor MacMillan Brown (Christchurch) passed through Wellington on his way Australia the other day.

Miss M. Williamson (Auckland) left for the South by the Zealandia on 8th July for a trip.

Mr and Mrs W. Birch, "Moawhango," Rangitikei, are in Wellington for a time. They are staying at Miss Malcolm's.

Mrs H. Allan (Waikato) has been staying for a time with Mrs Allan, Onehunga.

Mr G. A. Storer (Dunedin) has donated £10 to the New Zealand Soldiers' Graves Guild.

Mr. F. Courtney (Wellington) is on a visit to Sydney. Mrs. Courtney accompanies her son.

Mr Frank Armstrong, of the Auckland Railway Department, is spending his holidays with his people at Whangarei.

Mrs W. Bloomfield won Mrs Carrick's golf prize last Thursday at the Cornwall Links, Auckland.

Mr A. Watson, of Devonport, who has been lately visiting Australia, returned from Sydney by the Ventura.

The Sultan of Jahore has purchased, and is sending out to Calcutta, several Australian racehorses.

Captain Beaumont (Auckland) is at present enjoying a holiday of some length.

Mrs J. M. Mennie, of Auckland, left by the Ventura for Sydney on a visit to her daughter, Mrs Williamson.

Messrs. L. D. and N. A. Nathan are going to break up and sell all their stud at Sylvia Park very shortly.

Miss Hewin, of Auckland, when last heard from was in Venice, and seemed to be enjoying herself in the City of Canals.

Mrs J. J. O'Brien, of Ponsonby, returned from Sydney by the Ventura on Friday.

Mr. Clarke, manager of the National Bank, New Plymouth, has been spending a short holiday in Wellington.

A Girls' Hockey Club has been formed at the North Shore. Hockey seems to be the favourite game for girls this year.

Mrs Mackay and her son from Devonport are at present staying with Dr. and Mrs Roberts, of Cambridge.

Miss Newell, of Wellington, is at present on a visit to Miss Williams, of Cambridge.

Miss George, of New Plymouth, has been paying a round of visits in Cambridge.

Miss Mildred Millington has returned to Picton from Wellington, and is staying with her sister, Mrs E. Kenny.

Mr Meddings, Inspector of Telegraphs, was a passenger South by the Rototiti last week.

Miss Lorrimer (Wellington) is staying in Christchurch as the guest of Miss Fairhurst, Montreal street.

Mr Freeman Potts, late of Eketabuna, has commenced the practice of his profession as a solicitor at Dannevirke.

Mrs. Govett, of New Plymouth, and her two daughters, are staying in Rotorua at present.

Mr W. McCullough, of the Thames, left by the Westralia for Sydney and Europe last week. His son went with him.

Mr S. Renaud, of Napier, has received an appointment as organist of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Christchurch.

Mr J. J. Bayliss, of Narandera, New South Wales, is to be asked to judge the Shorthorn classes at the Hawke's Bay A. and P. Society's spring show.

Dr. Teare, of Wellington, is paying Auckland a visit. It is rumoured that the doctor is abandoning his Wellington practice.

Mr Dyason has relieved Mr Cooper as third officer of the s.s. Moura. The latter has joined the s.s. Waipori in a similar capacity.

Mr J. Hinton, a missionary of the Poona and Indian Village Mission, is expected in Auckland shortly. He is now in the South.

Mr and Mrs Hole, "Belmont," Wanganui, are leaving in October to reside on their farm at Maramaratotara, Wanganui River.

Mrs. Melville Jamieson (Timaru) is staying with her mother, Mrs. Elworthy, "Inglewood," Papanui road, Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith (Christchurch) have returned from their wedding trip to Hamner, and are now staying at Sumner until their house is built.

The Misses Denniston and Molineaux (Christchurch) have returned from Wellington after a most enjoyable visit there.

Among English visitors to the colony is Captain D. H. Colnaghi, of the Royal Engineers, who is at present in Wellington.

The appointment of organist to St. Andrew's (Presbyterian) Church, Christchurch, has been accepted by Mr. S. Renaud, of Napier.

Mr O'Connor ("Fountain Hall," Wellington), has bought land on Wellington Terrace, and intends to build very shortly.

At the Wellington Golf Club's Cleek Competition Mr W. Reid won the first-class match, and Mr C. Higginson the second-class.

Miss Ada Julius and Miss H. Denniston, who have been visiting friends in Wellington, have gone home to Christchurch.

Professor J. Macmillan Brown, of Christchurch, intends leaving the colony this week on an extended trip to Australia.

Mr J. W. Poynton, Public Trustee, who had been incapacitated by an attack of scarlatina, has now quite recovered and resumed his duties at Wellington.

Yet another artist is going to open a studio in Auckland—Mr E. Fristrom, of Brisbane, where he has lived for some years.

Miss Maud Williams, of Wellington, who for some time has been living in Auckland, left last week for the South, on a visit.

Mr R. Hine (Waikato), who went down to Gisborne a short time ago, returned to Auckland by the Mararoa last Sunday.

The Rev. G. Carver has not yet quite recovered from the shock he received in the late accident, when driving with the Bishop of Queensland.

Miss Colbeck, who came out from Home some months ago, and has been staying in Auckland, has left for England.

Dr. and Mrs Butler and child will take up their residence at Cambridge on Saturday, where he intends to practice his profession.

Miss Eva Gray, Otahuhu, who has been spending the past year with relatives in the South, returned to Auckland last week.

It is rumoured that Mr. Douglas Cox, of Auckland, who won the ping-pong championship last year, is shortly leaving for Wellington.

Mr. Cyril Blundell, who has been spending a short holiday in Auckland, returned to Wellington on Saturday last by the s.s. Tarawera.

Mrs (Dr.) King, who has been on a visit to England for eighteen months, returned to Auckland by the Ventura on Monday.

Miss Mildred Heathcote, who returned to Auckland a short time ago, has been staying for some time at Patea, with her sister, Mrs Hawkins.

Mrs Robert Browning, of Auckland, who is at Home, is thinking of returning to New Zealand, leaving the Old Country in two or three months.

Mr T. N. Horsey, of Christchurch, came up from the South last week, and joined the Ventura at Auckland. He is going on a short visit to the United States.

A matinee concert is to be given by Miss Ivy Anley at the Federal Hall towards the end of this month. The date is not quite fixed yet, but I believe it is to be on the 28th or 29th.

The Bishop of Queensland is fast recovering from the injuries he sustained in the accident that he and the Rev. Mr Carver had lately, when their trap came into collision with a tramcar.

Mrs and Miss Birdie Murray left Auckland on July 8th for Gisborne. They have been staying in Auckland for the past three years for the sake of Miss Murray's health.

Mr G. Stewart, chairman of the Dunedin Stock Exchange, was married a short time ago, and the other members of the Stock Exchange presented him with a very handsome marble clock.

Mr Bathgate, of the railway department, Picton-Blenheim line, is being transferred to Wellington on promotion, as Inspector of Bridges for the Wellington-Napier line.

Mr J. N. Williams and Miss Williams, of Frimley, Hastings, who have been for a visit to England, are returning to New Zealand, via America, at the end of the month.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stacey, of Buffalo, N.Y., passed through Rotorua last week, and was much struck with the wonders, which are, he states, comparatively little known in America.

Major Pitt left Auckland for Wellington last Sunday, by way of the West Coast. He has gone to attend the Racing Conference as a delegate from the Auckland Racing Club.

Mr Hugo Friedlander, of Canterbury, has bought an estate at Papatotoi, Auckland, which he intends to divide up and sell again in small sections. He paid £10,500 for the property.

The members of the Wapiti Ladies' Hockey Club, Auckland, gave a surprise party last week, which took place at Mrs Smith's, Mt. Eden, several officers from the Phoebe being present.

Dr. and Mrs Guinness, who have been at Waikato for the last two years, are thinking of shortly leaving for Home. Before going to Waikato Dr. Guinness practised in Auckland.

Miss Pitts, who has lately come from India, is staying with Dr. and Mrs Purchas, Epaoim. Miss Pitts was in Auckland a few years ago, before she left for India.

Mr C. F. Mark, Secretary of the Auckland Trotting Club, left by the Ngapuhi for Wellington on Sunday to attend the Racing Conference. Major Pitt also went South for the same purpose.

Miss E. M. Strong, who is vacating the charge of the Maritai school, has been presented by the pupils with many little gifts, so as to memorialise her stay amongst the children of the school.

Constable Raynes, who has been stationed at Balclutha since August, 1890, has resigned from the force, and intends to start business on his own account in the North Island.

Mr J. J. Ramsay, who unsuccessfully contested the Taieri seat in the Government last year, is seeking election to the Otago Education Board.

Mr E. H. Taylor, pastor of the Church of Christ at the Thames, has been presented with a pocket-book containing 21 sovereigns, the gift of the people of the church.

Lieutenant Evans, of the Morning, is to join H.M.S. Phoebe shortly to continue his studies, but will return to Christchurch in time to start for the Discovery in December.

Miss Froud (Exeter, England), who has been spending a year in New Zealand, principally with old friends in the Rangitikei district, has left on her return journey to England.

Miss Cholmondeley (Christchurch) passed through Wellington on her way to Nelson recently. She was the guest of Mr and Mrs Ewen during her short stay in Wellington.

Sir James Hector, who has just retired from the Government service, was presented by the staff of the Colonial Museum (Wellington) with a gold and amber cigar-holder, enclosed in a silver case.

Mr Whittington (Dunedin) comes to Greytown (Wairarapa) to join the local staff of the Bank of New Zealand, in place of Mr Norman Ross, who has been transferred to Martinborough.

At the New Zealand Racing Conference, which will be held in Wellington during July, Sir William Russell and Hon. J. D. Ormond will act as delegates from Hawke's Bay.

Before his departure for Wellington Mr George Tyler, one of Auckland's representatives in the New Zealand football team, was the recipient of a useful present from his employers, Messrs Bailey and Lowe.

At the match for the Victoria Cup by the Wairarapa Golf Club, the three best scores were made by Miss Bidwill, Miss Hannay and Mrs. W. Bidwill, and for the men by Messrs. G. and W. Hume and F. Pearce.

Mr. I. Hyams, treasurer of the New Zealand Rugby Union, was invited to accompany the New Zealand football team on its Australian tour, as the guest of the Queensland Rugby Union.

Mr. E. Wastney, of the Wellington office of the National Bank, has been transferred to New Plymouth, where he will act as manager in place of Mr. A. E. Clarke, who has been granted sick leave for some months.

The Rev. T. G. Kay has arrived in Wellington, to take up his duties as assistant curate at St. Paul's (Anglican) Cathedral. Mr. Kay was formerly at Lawrence (Otago), where he was very highly esteemed.

The Hon. F. Trask, M.L.C., and Mrs Trask (Nelson) are in Wellington for the season, and are staying at the Occidental Hotel. Mr Major, M.H.R., and Mrs Major (Hawera) are at the same hotel.

Dr. Harold Kemp, who has just set up practice at Wellington, is the son of a former well-known and respected resident of that city, Dr. W. Kemp, who has been living in England for the last ten years.

Dr. H. E. Gibbs, who has been giving lectures in connection with the Wellington branch of St. John Ambulance Association, was presented by the members of his class with a handsome smoker's companion.

Captain R. H. Rhodes arrived in Christchurch last week, but only on a flying visit, staying for the few days with Mrs. Rhodes at Coker's Hotel. Both have since returned to Wellington for the season.

Miss Margaret O. Ross, M.A., at present teaching at Miss Stanford's School, New Plymouth, has been appointed assistant mistress at the Marlborough High School, in succession to Miss Downes, who has resigned.

Mr J. A. R. Greenhill, has returned home to Picton from Wellington. Miss Greenhill was not strong enough to bear the journey home, and her removal from Wellington has been postponed (writes our Marlborough correspondent).

Mrs J. W. Stewart, of Hamilton-road, Ponsonby, Auckland, gave a very pleasant musical evening last week, in honour of the engagement of her brother, Mr Leslie Murray, to Miss Fannie Hudson.

Mrs T. Hope Lewis, the captain of the Auckland Ladies' Golf Club, is going to accompany the members of the club who are to play in the golf tournaments in Wellington. They are leaving Auckland on the 16th of August.

A few days ago Mr G. L. Stewart, the chairman of the Dunedin Stock Exchange, was presented by his fellow members with a handsome marble clock and a pencil case on the occasion of his marriage.

Mr Higginson, C.E., has resigned his position in connection with the Wanganui Borough waterworks at Okehu, to take up a position in London under Mr John Carruthers, C.E., formerly of New Zealand.

Mr A. E. Cohen, the Parliamentary agent of the Dunedin "Star," has been presented with a handsome

memento of his services in the gallery for many years by his confederates in the press room.

A unanimous invitation has been extended to the Rev. J. Urwin Spence, ex-moderator of the Synod of Otago and Southland, to undertake ministerial work in an important district in the North Island of New Zealand.

The Hon. T. K. Macdonald, M.L.C., was entertained at a banquet on July 3 by the citizens of Wellington in connection with his elevation to the Council. The Mayor presided, all the members of the Ministry being present.

Mr W. H. J. Slee, Chief Inspector of Mines in N.S. Wales, will shortly be granted leave of absence, and it is understood will retire from the Public Service at the expiration of that period.

The Hon. J. Carroll, Minister for Native Affairs, has invited Mr Hori Ngatai, one of the leading Tauranga chiefs, to consult with him and the Hon. Mahuta, M.L.C., at Wellington on native matters.

Mr Robert Blair, who represents the Mitchellson Timber Company in Melbourne, is at present on a fortnight's visit to Auckland, combining pleasure with business. He is staying at the Northern Club.

Mrs. Wilson, whose husband is on the Discovery, left for the North last week. Her destination is the Preparatory School at Marton, where her brother is one of the masters, and I understand Mrs Wilson wishes to help the matron in her duties, to have occupation, and relieve the dreary waiting time, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

Messrs. A. W. Hogg, M.H.R., John Young, John Kebbelle, W. H. Field, M.H.R., F. G. Magnusson (Masterston), and Rev. J. McCaw (Pahiatua) have all been nominated for the three vacant seats on the Wellington Education Board.

A movement is on foot among past and present pupils of the Wanganui Collegiate School to mark their affection and esteem towards Mr Empson, who has been headmaster for so many years. Residents of Wanganui and the surrounding districts are taking an active interest in the matter.

Colonel Gorton, a well-known resident of Rangitikei, was in Wellington last week on his way to Argentina, to visit his sons, who have settled in that country. Just before leaving Wellington news came that his fine residence near Bulls had been totally destroyed by fire, so his departure for Monte Video has been delayed.

The officers of H.M.s. Phoebe played a return match against the Wapiti Ladies' Hockey Club last week over at the Calliope Dock. The match was played in the Dockyard Reserve, and after the game, which resulted in a draw, the members of the Wapiti Club and the onlookers, numbering about 30, went on board the Phoebe for afternoon tea.

Mr Alfred E. A. Clarke, who has not been in good health for some time, has been given a lengthened leave of absence from his managership of the National Bank, New Plymouth. Some years ago he was in the National Bank in Auckland, and was very well known and popular here.

At a complimentary social at Hamilton to Miss E. Soppet, who has resigned the position of St. Andrew's Sunday-school superintendent, Mr E. Adams, who has charge of the Church, presented the guest with a pair of butter dishes and a set of silver spoons. These were the gift of the subscribers to Miss Soppet on the occasion of her marriage.

Mr. James Archer, who was last week appointed clerk of works to the Auckland City Council, has only been in the colony since December, and he joined the Caversham (Dunedin) Council as inspector of works four months ago. He was articles as road surveyor for Welverhampton (England), and for a period was attached to the Borough Engineers' and Surveyors' Department at Horw-gate (York).

Miss Daisy Rice, who some weeks ago left Auckland en route to South Africa, where she is going to make a stay of some length, is still in Sydney. She was to have left Sydney in the Essex, but as that vessel sprung a leak and was declared unfit to go to sea, Miss Rice is staying with Mrs Shirley until she can get an opportunity to continue her journey.

Mr Justice Cooper is not very well at present, his indisposition being traced by his friends to the strain of the Arbitration Court work. Mr Justice Williams is also not in the best of health, and the Court of Appeal had to postpone its sitting for a few days on account of his being unable through illness to reach Wellington from Dunedin in time for the arranged opening.

Miss Barber, the matron of St. John's Collegiate School, was presented with a fine travelling rug by the masters and scholars on the occasion of her birthday. The Rev. P. S. Smallfield made the presentation, and alluded to the satisfaction of the school at Miss Barber's safe recovery from her accident and at her return to the school.

Mr C. White, late postmaster at Halletts, who died there recently, came clutha, who died there last week, came to Otago from Bulls in August last, but had to be relieved from duty three months ago, as he was suffering from cancer of the liver, which carried him off. He was fifty-one years of age, and had been thirty-three years in the service of the Postal Department.

Mr Leslie Orbell, Deputy-Registrar of Deeds at Christchurch, who has retired on compensation, will probably take up sheep farming. The work of the Deeds and Land Transfer offices at Christchurch will in future be amalgamated under the control of Mr G. G. Bridge, District Land Registrar.

Mr T. F. Thomson, county engineer in the Buller, with his wife and son, Frank (who has been appointed to the Auckland office of the Lands and Survey Department), have been spending a few days in Rotoura, and have now returned to Auckland.

A "hallelujah wedding" was celebrated in the Newton Salvation Army Barracks on July 9th. Emma Sharp, a Queensland lady, and Captain Whitehead, daughter of Mr W. Whitehead, Newton, were married by Major Twyford. The bridesmaid was Miss F. Whitehead, and the best man Ensign T. Buttinora.

Dr. Mason, Chief Health Officer for the colony, arrived by the Takapuna at Onehunga on July 11, and was met by Dr. Makgill, with whom he proceeded at once to Cambridge. They will there visit the Sanatorium. During his stay in the North Dr. Mason will attend to several matters affecting the sanitation of the districts visited.

The students of the cookery classes at the Technical School have presented Mrs George George, who has been honorary instructor to the classes from the beginning of the season till the arrival of the cookery instructor from England, with greenstone brooch in gold and pearl setting. Mrs John Mitchell made the presentation, and alluded to the generosity of Mrs George in taking up the work.

Mr Ernest A. Keesing, who has been on the clerical staff of the Campbell and Ehrenfried Company for the past nine years, goes to Suva (Fiji) on Wednesday next to take up a responsible position with one of the leading trading firms there. Mr Keesing was held in great esteem by his late colleagues and employers, and last week on behalf of the clerical staff Mr A. S. Bankart presented him with a travelling bag and companion, as a token of appreciation.

Just before leaving Wellington, Miss Nellie Stewart, of the Musgrove Company, sent a cheque for £21 to the Wellington Hospital, accompanied by a letter expressing her great appreciation of the kindness experienced by members of her profession from the staff of the hospital, and regretting that through indisposition she would be unable to visit the institution herself to personally thank the officials.

Among the passengers from London by the Rimutaka was Mr C. H. Robinson, formerly of the firm of Hope Bros., one of the best known sharebroking firms in London. Mr Robinson, who intends to settle in Wellington, will be an acquisition to the local football and cricket circles. He has played Association football and cricket for such well-known clubs as Alexandra Park and St. Mark's. Mr Robinson is a nephew of Mr George Wheatley, of Messrs G. Wheatley and Co., London, who have extensive business relations with this colony.

The many friends of Mr. W. J. French, eldest son of Mr. R. French, Karangahape road, and formerly of the "Star," Auckland, will be pleased to learn that he has

just been elected one of the delegates at San Francisco Typographical Union to the annual convention of the International Typographical Union of America, which is to be opened in August by President Roosevelt at Washington, D.C. There were five candidates for the three seats at the election this year, and Mr. French headed the poll with 417 votes, his nearest opponent being 97 votes behind him. The position is much sought after by members of the union.

Among the passengers by the Westralia for Sydney last week was Mr P. S. Ardern, M.A., of the Auckland University College, who is going to Oxford for further study. Mr Ardern had a distinguished career at the Auckland University College, and his career at Oxford will be followed by many with interest. At the University he obtained a Senior Scholarship in English, and also a Tinline Scholarship, and he took first-class Honours last year.

Mr E. Horneman, who has been appointed farm manager and accountant at the Sanatorium recently established by the Government at Cambridge, was for some considerable time Private Secretary to the Minister for Public Works, which position he vacated to take up the duties of Secretary to the Department of Public Health. Previous to his ten years' experience in Government service, Mr Horneman had considerable experience in practical farming, so that he is no stranger to the class of work he is about to undertake supervision of.

Our London correspondent writes:—Mr Colin Cook (Lyttelton), with Mrs Cook and his two daughters, is staying in London, having left Lyttelton at the end of January, and staying some little while at the Hot Lakes and in Sydney en route to Marseilles. Thence they went on to Nice, Monte Carlo, and Meantone, and then had twelve days in Paris on the way to London. At the end of June they take a three months' tour of Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr and Mrs Cecil Kebbelle, of Wellington, who have been spending some weeks in London, go down to Cambridge next Wednesday for Commemoration Week.

Miss Dorothy Harper, second daughter of Mr Leonard Harper, of Jersey, is to be married in July to Mr Gerald Coney, of St. Saviour's, Jersey.

Among the latest recruits to the Fellowship of the Royal Colonial Institute are Mr Harry G. Harvey and Mr D. E. Theomin, of New Zealand.

Mrs T. C. Williams (Wellington), with her three daughters, has taken a flat at 14, Sussex Mansions, Sussex Place, for the season. They intend to stay in England till the late autumn.

Mr Wemyss Bear, of Napier, who is at present at Shoobred's great establishment in Tottenham Court-road, intends to stay in London for a couple of years to gain experience in his trade as a draper.

Mr T. O. Kelsey, of New Plymouth, returns to New Zealand via America in August. He is over here purely on a holiday, and intends to have a good run through the country and over to Paris before commencing the return journey.

Amongst those who have passed the first professional examination for the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons of England is Mr J. V. Arkle, of New Zealand.

Dr Hoeken is back from his long round of the Continental museums. At Rome he saw the fine Maori head of which General Robley made a most accurate drawing for the late King of Italy.

Mr Arthur Wise (Dunedin) is here on a visit of business and pleasure until the end of the year. He is going down to stay with a friend at Cambridge next week and see the bumping races on the Cambridge.

Amongst the spectators at the Polo Tournament and Ladies' Sports at Kane-lagh on Saturday were Mrs Lyaill-Wilson and Miss Gladys Wilson, Miss Hilda Williams and her sister, Mrs James Ferguson, Mr and Mrs Otterson, and Mrs Cantley (formerly Mrs Humphreys, of Christchurch). Col. Cantley, who has recently retired from the service, and Mrs Cantley have settled down in their beautiful new flat in Rutland Court.

Just before the mail left London Mr. Albert Joyce Gawton, formerly of Christchurch, was married at St. Peter's, Eaton

square, to Miss Minnie Fanny Greening, daughter of Mrs. Greening, of Penze, and of the late Mr. James Berry Greening, of London and Guildford.

Messrs. Charles Duggan and Edwin Edmonds, of Christchurch, arrived in London by the Rhein. After staying a month in London and having a run through England and Scotland, they are going to Canada for a trip. They intend to return to England, and will probably leave for New Zealand about October.

Among the Persie passengers Home on holiday-making intent are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morcy, of Christchurch. The length of their stay on this side of the waters appears to be uncertain, and their plans for enjoying life indefinite. When they set their faces New Zealand-wards again they will probably patronise the White Star line.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wren, of Dunedin, landed at Marseilles from the Orient liner Orontes, and spent ten days coming through France. The glimpse they had of the Rhone Valley on their journey to Lyons pleased them especially, and the week they had in Paris was all fine weather. They saw Paris at its very best; the clear, dry air and bright sunshine made every building sparkle as if everything were built of marble. London, even in June, seemed grimy and dirty after the brilliancy of Paris, but they have found, as many others have done, that much of the beautiful effects of distance to be seen in the streets and over the river are due to smoke and dirt—downright dirt. If I am not much mistaken it was David Wilkie, the painter, who used to say, "Mon, there's a deal in dirt!" At Whitsuntide Mr. and Mrs. Wren ran down to Oxford to see two nephews of Mrs Wren who have the good fortune to be passing two or three years of their young days in that charming old place. What Oxford was like at Whitsuntide this year I myself shall ever remember, and I am not surprised that the New Zealanders revelled in the scenic beauties of the locality for ten days, and were not even then weary of it. Besides the beauties of Oxford Mr and Mrs Wren saw Woodstock and Blenheim and Dorchester and many other old-world places in the county round. Now they are back in London on business, but are soon going to Yorkshire. Thence they cross to Antwerp and to various factories in Germany, then back to London, and in October leave for Italy, and sail from Naples for the colony.

Miss Lettie Lloyd Hassell (Timaru) leaves for New Zealand in October, and intends to begin teaching music in Wellington early in the New Year. With the long and excellent training that Miss Hassell has had in London and at Leipzig she will begin work well equipped for her profession, both as a teacher and as a concert singer. Her voice is of such a fine quality that there can be no doubt but that she will soon be a favourite in New Zealand concert rooms.

Mr Cecil Theilmann, who was living in Dunedin for about three years between 1886 and 1890, is now settled down at 7, East Parade, Leeds, as manager for Yorkshire of the Canada Life Insurance Company, the oldest of any of the colonial life offices. Mr Theilmann first served in the Dunedin branch of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of New York, then in the National Bank under Mr Dynnock, and then in the Dunedin office of the New York Equitable Insurance Company, being then promoted to the managership of the latter office at Brisbane, and afterwards moved to Sydney as inspector for the Equitable Company. In August last Mr Theilmann, who had married a New Zealand lady whilst at Brisbane, returned with his wife and family to England, and last February accepted the appointment which he now holds.

Mr John A. Butler, a son of Dr. Butler, who lived at Timaru years ago, has just returned from a place a thousand miles up the Amazon. Christchurch people will remember Mr James Butler as a visitor there last year for a period of some months. He occupies an important position in the employment of the firm of Messrs Charles Booth and Co., ship owners, etc., of Liverpool, London, and New York, of which firm the head partner is the Mr Charles Booth of statistical fame. Mr Butler's trip up the Amazon was in connection with the opening of Manaia harbour. Going up the river the steamer ran ashore, and in endeavouring to get her off a lot of gear was carried away and two sailors killed in the accident. After two and a half

days work the vessel was got off under the direction of Mr Charles Booth himself.

Dr. Eugene O'Neill, Dunedin, who took his Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, in April, has been taking a holiday since in Scotland and Ireland, and is now off by the Aberdeen liner Nineveh to Sydney, and probably thence to New Zealand, but he is at present uncertain as to his movements beyond the Harbour City.

Miss Constance Randall Johnson, second daughter of Mr G. Randall Johnson, formerly of Wellington, but who for some years past has been living at Feniton Court, Devonshire, was married on June 3rd at Feniton, to Captain L. H. Delves Broughton, of the Royal Field Artillery, and eldest son of Major-General W. E. Delves Broughton, of Aspenden Hall, Hertfordshire.

Mr Charles Tringham, of Wellington, who went out to New Zealand in 1885 and has never been Home since, is now in the Old Country again and enjoying himself to the utmost. He came Home across America, going from San Francisco to Los Angeles, to Williams, in Arizona, and thence by the new railway right up to the Grand Canon. Mr Tringham was greatly impressed with that geological marvel even more than by Niagara itself. After enjoying that sight Mr Tringham went to Chicago and thence to Washington, Philadelphia and New York. Crossing the Atlantic by the Cymric he landed in England at the end of May, and since then he has been over to Paris for three or four days, and down to the South Coast for a brief spell. To-morrow he is off to Scotland with Mr Potzie, of Sydney, who has been his companion during the greater part of his wanderings.

FLORAL DESIGNS.

Society Gossip

WHANGAREI.

Dear Bee, July 14.
We have been having the most perfect weather here. Old identities say, it is like the old days, when the winters were so very enjoyable. Cold, crisp nights, followed by a fine sunny day, with a clear warm atmosphere; the moon, too, at the full, veiled by its fleecy mask of cirrus clouds, has made night glorious. Nearly everyone has taken advantage of the fine weather to return calls. I have noticed: Mrs R. Reyburn, wearing a black costume, pretty black bonnet with touches of red; Mrs Dalston was also in black, large black hat, and long fur necklet and muff; Mrs Gillon, navy serge, elaborately trimmed with cream insertion and crossway folds, black hat; Mrs Mackie, fawn coat and skirt, black hat relieved with pink and cream shaded roses; Mrs Hobart, black voile trimmed with jet and touches of blue, pretty blue and black toque; Mrs Migginsom, navy cloth tailor-made, black toque with spray of red roses under the brim; Mrs Hamilton, black dress, cream vest, black hat with black and white wings; Mrs Edward Bout, black skirt, dark-coloured Chesterfield, black hat; Mrs J. C. Johnson, pretty black dress strapped with silk, hat en snite; Mrs Harold Millington, navy costume and hat to match, very chic; Mrs J. I. Wilson, jun., black dress, pretty pale grey Chesterfield, large picture hat trimmed with long black feathers and pink daisies under brim.

MISS UNA WATERS, Floral Artist, is now prepared to receive and execute orders for Floral Wreaths, Bouquets, Shower Posies, Ladies' Dress and Hair Sprays, etc., etc. All Floral Work designed in the most graceful Style. Choiceest Flowers, Ferns, and Foliage used. Telephone Orders Received. QUEEN-STREET, opposite H.M. Theatre (front portion of Mr Chas. Hesketh's premises).

(Telephone 344.)
By Special Appointment.
MRS WEBSTER,
PROFESSIONAL FLORIST,
Opposite the Railway Station,
The Best House in Town for Floral Work of Every Description.
Guaranteed to Satisfy the Most Fastidious. Trial Solicited. Moderate Charges.
FRESH CUT FLOWERS ALWAYS ON HAND.
Kludly Note the Address.

TO MRS M. A. SWINDELLS, FLORIST, "TORRADOR," HIS MAJESTY'S ARCADE, AUCKLAND.

MADAME.—I have been the recipient of countless Floral Tributes from time to time, but I can conscientiously say that, of all the Bouquets I have ever received, none have been better selected or more tastefully arranged than those prepared by your hands.—I remain, truly yours,
ANTONIA DOLORES.

FLORAL WORK.
THE FINEST DISPLAY IN THE CITY.—WEDDING BOUQUETS A SPECIALTY.—WREATHS, CROSSES, AND FLORAL EMBLEMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT MODERATE PRICES.—CUT FLOWERS DAILY.—POT PLANTS ON HIRE.—Porcelain Wreaths, Crosses, and other Designs in Glass Shades.—G. J. MACKAY, Florist and Seedsmen, 193, QUEEN-ST., 4 doors from Union Bank.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Fannie Hudson, second daughter of Mr Hudson, of "Australbion House," Ponsonby, Auckland, to Mr Leslie Murray, son of the late Mr T. J. Murray, manager of the Bank of New Zealand.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

RISHWORTH—WATKIN.

A quiet wedding was solemnized in Pitt-street Wesleyan Church, Auckland, on July 14, when Mr J. N. Rishworth, Dental Surgeon, Onehunga, was married to Miss Ethel E. Watkin, youngest surviving daughter of Rev. W. J. Watkin. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Rishworth (father of the bridegroom), and Rev. W. J. Watkin. The bride, who was given away by her eldest brother, was attired in a neat green travelling dress, and stylish picture hat. The intimate friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom were present. After the ceremony, the happy couple left for Te Aroha, where the honeymoon will be spent. The wedding presents, which were numerous and valuable, were an eloquent testimony to the popularity of the recipients.

Our fleet of oil launches will receive some additions for the coming summer season. Picnicking down our fine harbour is very popular, and quite a number of launches find plenty to do in the summer. The oyster beds, the long reaches, and the great over-spreading pohutukawas, are each and all favourite attractions with the holiday folk, and the youngsters collect shells, catch shrimps, puddle in the sand, and generally enjoy and thoroughly dirty themselves.

ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR OIL
FOR THE HAIR
UNSURPASSED. UNEQUALLED.

Use it for your own and your Children's Hair and you will find it Preserves, Nourishes, Restores and Eradicates It more effectually than anything else. Golden Colour for Fair or Grey Hair. Sold by Stores and Chemists. Ask for Rowland's Macassar Oil of 67, Hatton Garden, London.

Complete Treatment FOR EVERY Humour

CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET of these great skin curatives is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly, and pimply skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

MILLIONS USE

CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for itchy rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, or for tree washes for obstinate weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteless, odorless, economical substitute for the celebrated liquid CUTICURA RESOLVENT, as well as for all other blood purifiers and humour cures. In screw-cap vials, containing 60 doses.

Sold throughout the world. Australian Depot: E. THURROCK CO., Sydney. British Depot: 27, Abchurch Lane, London. French Depot: 4 Rue de Valenciennes, Paris. POTTER'S DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A.

There are rumours of another bank being opened here, and the ladies are curious to know whether it will mean more pin money for them.

How very educative the pictures in the "Graphic" are. When we saw what a fine Court-house and post-office the town of Hawera has, readers wanted to know why Whangarei, which is one of the oldest towns in New Zealand, and has now the largest population of any town in the province, excepting, perhaps, Waihi, has been so neglected by the Government in regard to public buildings. The pictures in the "Graphic" are most interesting in this respect.

We have, by the bye, one very fine new public building, the County and Borough Council's Offices, but these were built mostly with local money—a Mr. Gordon Cumming, who on the advice of his friend, Mr T. P. Moody, left his little estate for the benefit of the borough and a public library. The new council hall is quite an imposing chamber, and I am somewhat afraid that the new environments have infected the city headmen with swelled head. They have passed a by-law that no horses must be fastened to any verandah post in the town, and the inspector of nuisances was sent around with a crowbar and tools to take down all rings and hooks, etc. Fancy, and this in a town where quite one-half the people ride. A lady must now take her horse to a stable if she only wants to go to the chemist shop for some urgently needed medicines. What would such a council do with your Auckland Juggernaut, the lightning express electric cars, of Queen-street?

A dance held in Kamo in aid of the cricket club was a very great success. The erstwhile mining town does not have many functions of the kind, but when one is held it is a "right out" affair, and all enjoy themselves. The night was an ideal one for dancing, and the floor was in splendid condition.

We are all looking forward to the visit of the now quite famous Bishop Neligan, who is expected shortly. From what we have heard of him, and from what we have seen of him through the pictorial press, we are already impressed with his personality.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,
July 14.
AN ENJOYABLE DANCE.

Last week Mrs Udy gave a most successful dance for young people at her residence, Esplanade-road, Mount Eden. The ideal ballroom attached to the house was tastefully decorated with greenery. The night was pleasantly cool, and dancing was kept up with the greatest spirit to the strains of an excellent band. The supper table was artistically decorated. Mrs Udy received in a handsome black merveilleux; Mrs Barnard wore black silk; Miss Udy was in a pretty white silk and Irish point lace; Miss Daisy Udy looked charming in cream silk and lace; Miss Dawson wore a prettily gauged white silk; Miss Tibbs was in handsome white net over silk; Miss M. Metcalfe, pretty pink silk with white lace; Miss D. Metcalfe, soft white silk inserted with lace; Miss B. Hay, pink silk and cream lace; Miss N. Upton, pretty white silk; Miss M. Blades, white striped voile, with blue choux; Miss Pearl Gorrie looked well in white silk; Miss Coates, white silk with overdress of lace; Miss Rice, white lace over pink silk; Misses Rice (2), blue silks; Miss M. Price, dainty dress of ivory satin and Paris tinted gipure lace; Miss Crowther wore white, relieved with crimson, and autumn berries in her coiffure, her sister was in white silk; Miss Trevithick, pink silk and cream lace; Miss Hesketh, pretty white silk; Miss W. Wilson, dove grey and pink silk; Miss K. Wilson looked pretty in white silk; Miss Kidd, soft white silk; Miss M. Reid was also in white; Miss Milne, handsome blue silk, her sister looked charming in white silk trimmed with bebe ribbon; Miss Cooke, yellow silk; Miss Adams, white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Sloane, white silk with clusters of pink roses; Miss Hosking, white silk; Miss W. Oberlin Brown, white silk; Miss B. Ziman, white silk; Miss B. Oxley, pretty pink silk and white lace; Miss Kronfeldt, cream silk. Among the gentlemen were - Messrs Milne, Reid (2), Stewart, Price, Metcalfe, Garrett, Oxley, Crowther, Upton, Gorrie, Banks, Craig, Kidd, Sands, Perry, Trevithick, Ziman, Tibbs, Adams, Henton, Phillipson, Hosking, Benjamin, Beetham, Cooper, Finlayson, Owen (2), Cooke, Choyce, Connelly.

D.S.C. ANNUAL BALL.

The Choral Hall presented a bright and animated appearance on Wednesday last on the occasion of the D.S.C. annual ball. A profusion of flags and evergreens had been skilfully and tastefully employed in the decorations. There were about two hundred participated in the dancing, and the balcony and stage were occupied by a large number of spectators. As on former occasions the ladies' dresses were conspicuous for their variety and excellent taste. The committee to whose efforts the success of this annual function is largely due were most assiduous in ministering to the comfort and enjoyment of their guests. Meredith's band discoursed a choice band programme, and the catering was in excellent hands. A conspicuous feature of the decorations was the stage furnishings, which had been kindly lent by the Direct Supply Company.

On Wednesday, July 8th, a committee of Onehunga ladies, with Mr T. S. Bassett as honorary secretary, gave a most enjoyable dance in the Foresters' Hall. The stage was tastefully decorated, and furnished with carpet and chairs for the convenience of the chaperons. About 170 people were present, with a predominance of gentlemen, and, needless to say, there were many handsome dresses, white and cream being so much in favour that it might almost have been called a black and white dance, the few coloured costumes standing out in marked contrast. The supper table was artistically decorated with autumn leaves and yellow narcissus. The following are a few of the most striking costumes: Mrs. (Dr.) Pabst, sweetly pretty blue silk, finished with cream lace; Mrs. (Dr.) Scott, very handsome black silk gown, cluster of pink roses on corsage; Mrs. John Neil, rich black silk, with transparent sleeves; Mrs. Ansenne looked well in a handsome black merveilleux silk gown; Mrs. McKinney wore a very pretty white silk;

Mrs. H. Hume looked charming in a dainty white silk frock; Mrs. C. Otway, black silk, the waist encircled with a lovely silver belt; Mrs. Beveridge wore a stylish gown of black satin, with a beautiful cream lace collar; Mrs. Selgrin wore a black skirt and pretty red and white evening blouse; Mrs. Wynyard, beautiful cream brocade; Mrs. H. Johnstone looked particularly well in a becoming black velvet gown; Mrs. Martin, handsome black gown; Mrs. Yonge, black; Misses Nichol (3) looked very dainty in pretty white muslin frocks; Miss Suttie wore a pretty black net over silk; Miss Martin, pretty white silk; Miss M. Martin, flowered muslin, over pink; Miss E. Martin, white; Miss Barnes, dainty white silk gown; Miss B. Browne, soft white Liberty silk; Miss E. Browne looked pretty in a lovely heliotrope frock; Miss Pitt, very pretty pink silk gown; Misses E. T. Percival wore white; Miss Percival, lovely pink satin gown; Miss Watkin, cream; Miss Porch, pretty yellow silk gown; Miss Selgrin, dainty ceru silk gown; Miss Baird (Hawera), pretty blue and white frock; Miss Devereux, white silk; and her sister wore black; Miss Vernon, white silk; Miss Smales, striking costume of black net over old rose; Miss A. Yonge, pretty white silk frock; Miss Grey, cream muslin; and her sister wore pink; Miss Davy, yellow silk, relieved with black; Miss E. Brookfield, white; Miss Farquhar, white muslin; Miss V. Farquhar also wore white; Miss Brown (Otahuhu), white silk; Miss M. Shepherd, pretty pink voile; Miss D. Brewer (Hawera), dainty white silk; Miss Nolan (Hawera) looked well in black; Misses Noakes both wore pretty white frocks; Miss Treanor, pink; Miss Torrance, black satin; Miss Sellars, white Liberty silk; Miss M. Peacocke, white silk; Miss Gordon, white satin, trimmed with silver passementerie; Miss Parsons, blue, with touches of black; Misses Wentle, white; Miss Little, white Liberty silk; Miss E. Wilson, cream silk.

On July 13 a dinner was tendered at the Strand Cafe by a few friends to

MR. E. A. KEESING,

who is leaving the Campbell-Ehrenfried Company to take up a position at Suva, Fiji. An excellent dinner was provided by the Strand Cafe Company. As usual Mr Speight made very complete arrangements, which were admirably carried out by his large staff. The toasts were "The King," "The Guest of the Evening" (proposed by Mr Leo M. Myers), "The Guests' Parents" (proposed by Mr Coney), "The Ladies" (proposed by Mr A. S. Bankart and responded to by Mrs Leo M. Myers), "Absent Friends" (proposed by Mr E. A. Keesing and responded to by Mr Weldon). Miss Leo Myers wore a charming gown of white silk and black velvet; Mrs Keesing, black silk and Maltese lace; Mrs Ehrenfried, black silk and jet; Miss Ehrenfried wore a lovely dinner gown of black net over black glace silk; Miss Miller, white silk; Miss Keesing, white and grey silk; Mrs Hudson Williamson, black and white silk gown; Miss Kathleen Williamson, black silk skirt and blue silk blouse; Miss Marion Metcalfe, white glace silk skirt, crimson silk dinner blouse, with Paris lace; Mrs Kerr-Taylor, black silk; Miss Kerr-Taylor, pink gown; Miss Winnie Goodwin, black satin skirt, Paris silk blouse with blue choux; Miss Alice Goodwin, black satin skirt, dainty pink shirred chiffon blouse; Miss Edith Oxley, yellow silk and white chiffon; Miss B. Oxley, pink silk; Miss Halliwell, white silk; Miss Coney, black silk; Miss F. Miller wore a white gown with roses on corsage; Miss Fonhy, white satin and lace; her sister wore a pink satin frock. Among the gentlemen were: Rabbi Goldstein, Messrs. Myers, Keesing (3), Bankart, Bell, Reynolds, Goodwin, Oxley, Weldon, Halliwell, Keenan, Metcalfe, McCoy, etc.

My Cambridge correspondent Elsie writes:—On Wednesday afternoon the Paeroa hockey players came over to play Cambridge, the match took place out at Bardowie; there was a large attendance could have been desired. It was a very closely-contested match, but the visitors proved victorious by one goal. The visitors put up at Wainoni during their stay, and were entertained at a dance in the evening in the Oddfellows' Hall at Mrs Isherwood's dancing class, who very kindly consented to prolong the dance instead of closing at 11 p.m. as usual. A very nice supper was provided by the Cambridge Hockey Club, who did everything in their power for the enjoy-

ment of their guests. There must have been over 150 people present, and amongst so many it seemed hopeless to try and describe the dresses.

On Saturday night Mr Haygarth's company played "Charlie's Aunt" to a full house at the Oddfellows' Hall. Mr Haygarth as Babbs, Charlie's aunt, was really splendid, and he was well supported by the members of the company. It was announced at the end of the performance that they would return at an early date, and I think they can count upon a good reception.

The hounds met at Bruntwood on Saturday, and at the invitation of Mr and Mrs Ross, between 40 and 50 guests sat down to an excellent luncheon. Before leaving, the master (Mr Norman Banks), in a few well-chosen words, thanked their host and hostess for their hospitality, and at the speaker's request their health was drunk in bumpers. Mr Frank Ross responded on behalf of his parents, and asked the assembly to charge their glasses again and drink the health of the master and his beautiful bride, which I hardly need state was done with the greatest enthusiasm, also with musical honours. The hounds threw off in the paddock opposite the homestead, a hare was soon found, which gave them a good run into Mr A. Potts, across the road to Mr G. Booth's, back again into Mr Potts', then into Ashwin's up the railway line, then back to Bruntwood, where she was eventually killed by the plantation.

Great interest is being taken in the golf tournaments which are going on at present. Numbers of players are to be seen practising on the links most days. The first round has been played off, and players have commenced to fight out the second round. The finals will be watched with very great interest, as it is expected they will be very closely contested.

My Rotorua correspondent "Hinemoa" writes: "The dance of the season was held in Rotorua on the evening of the 4th of July, in the Assembly Hall. It took the form of a

MASQUERADE AND FANCY DRESS BALL.

It was arranged by the committee of the regular Cinderella dances, which have been held this winter. The hall was gaily decorated with bunting, and the stage converted into a miniature drawing-room. The supper—a delicious one—was daintily arranged in the supper-room. When all the dancers in their dominoes and masks, and fancy dresses were grouped about the lull, the effect was tantalising in the extreme, it was very difficult to distinguish "who was who." Naturally there was a good deal of fun and confusion until about 11.30, when the order to unmask was given. Of the disguises, that of Mr Hope's (Father Christmas) was considered the most complete. Miss French's dress representing "Education" was splendidly carried out, every detail being carefully followed. To give the dresses of the ladies on the committee first—Mrs C. B. Turner and Mrs Wiggs, "Two Little Girls in Blue"; Mrs D. J. Barron, "Reaper"; Mrs Maxwell, "Christmas"; Mrs Peace, "Star of Peace"; Miss Malfroy looked very charming as "A Haymaker." Looking on I noticed Mrs Malfroy in a handsome black silk with heavy jet trimmings; Mrs Empson, black silk; Mrs Wilson, black and white check. Amongst those masked I noticed Mrs Kusabs as a "Maori Belle"; Mrs Ellis, "Pierrotte"; Mrs F. M. Boord looked striking as a "Gaiety Girl" in a handsome black and white fancy dress; Mrs Pearson, "Maggie"; Miss Selby (Waikato), in a crimson domino; Miss Parr as a "Wasp," looked very nice in one of the prettiest fancy dresses in the room, as also did Miss P. Griffiths as a "Ping Pong" in a pretty and very original costume; Miss Johnson (Te Aroha), "Red Cross Nurse"; Miss Empson went as "Spencer's Hair Tonic," the most remarkable feature of her dress being her wealth of hair; Miss Gardner, "Night"; Miss Murrish looked nice as a "Flower Girl"; Miss Hogarth, "Diablotine," a striking dress; Miss Boord, black silk under a black domino. Amongst the gentlemen present were: Mr C. B. Turner, "Norwegian Fisherman"; Mr Wiggs, "Turk"; Mr Empson, "Domino"; Dr. Craig "Domino"; Messrs Barron, "Guy Fawkes"; Ellis, "Governor of Bengal"; E. Dansey, very striking as a "Native Chief"; Blomfield, "Roger de Beaufort"; Brebner, "Jahy" (very comical); Young, "Black and White"; Maxwell, "Naval Officer"; George, "Irish Peasant"; Pel-

lam, "Domino"; Williams, "Domino"; Peace, "Jester"; and a number of others. Dancing was kept up till 2.30. The music was supplied by Mr J. F. Heley, which means that it was good. Extras were played by Miss Empson and Miss S. Empson. So much a most successful ball for Rotorua. Great credit is due to the committee, who spared no pains to make it so.


PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,
July 9.

There was a large number of guests at Government on Tuesday, when the Countess of Ranfurly held an afternoon reception from 4.30 till 6. All the rooms were very cosy and pretty, as they always are. Large pot plants and palms adorned the corridors and corners. The beautiful flowering scarlet poinsettia was the admiration of everyone. His Excellency received with Lady Ranfurly in the first drawing-room. Lady Ranfurly wore a graceful gown of black crepe de chine, rather simply made, and with a deep yoke collar of lovely sequins and soft chiffon ruffles at the wrists; Lady Constance Knox wore a very pretty gown of rose pink crepe de chine, shirred and inserted with Paris lace; Miss Costello wore a black voile gown trimmed with lace. A most delicious tea was laid in the dining-room, where everyone was attentively waited upon. Lord Northland, Captain Alexander and the Hon. Hill-Trevor and H. Butler were in attendance. Among the numerous guests were Mrs Seddon, wearing a black cloth costume, with ceru lace revers, black and ceru bonnet; Miss Seddon, a grey voile gown with white vest, and a heliotrope hat edged with leaves to match; Miss May Seddon, wore a biscuit coloured voile gown and black toque; Lady Ward, in a peacock blue frieze gown with collar of handsome silk applique, black toque with plumes; Mrs Babbington had a pretty pink voile gown trimmed with cream lace, and a cream hat with ribbon and flowers; Mrs C. H. Mills, in a black silk gown and velvet hat with feathers; Miss Mills, dark coat and skirt and cream and black hat with feathers; Mrs Butler had a dark green gown trimmed with beaver, and a black hat; Mrs Pharaayn, black

Only a Cold.



SEE you are not looking very well today; what is the matter? "Oh, nothing only a cold in the nose; but it will be all right tomorrow." How often do we hear the above assertion? If people only knew the danger of a cold in the nose, they would not look upon it as a mere detail. A cold in the nose is often the forerunner of a complication of ills, and so, too, are damp feet and chills. In order to guard against such evils effects from colds, the body must be kept in a healthy glow. That Bile Beans for Bileless people will do for you. This is their mode of procedure. They go direct to the liver, cleanse that organ thoroughly, and set it in good working order. In their journey through the body, they cause the bowels to disperse the unnecessary and impure bile in the stomach, and see that just a sufficient quantity of that fluid remains with the patient. The kidneys, and consequently the urinary organs, are repaired, and a full passage is allowed the blood to proceed on its course of circulation. The blood running freely through the body of necessity brings friction or magnetism, and that friction brings warmth. This is what Bile Beans succeed in doing, and that is the reason why they are invaluable during the winter season, and no home should be without a box.

Bile Beans

silk gown, and jetted bonnet; Mrs Collins, a black coat and skirt, and jetted Toreador hat; Mrs Duncan, handsome black and white spotted foulard satin trimmed with white lace, and a black bonnet with blue rosette; Mrs Arthur Duncan had a light figured silk gown trimmed with cream lace applique, and a black chiffon hat; Miss Duncan, a neat black braided gown and straw hat trimmed with white feathers; Mrs Rhodes, handsome black gown and mantle and jetted bonnet; Mrs Newman, in a neat tailor-made gown; and black hat; Lady Steward, in a black costume, and bonnet with ospreys; Mrs Adams, in grey silk trimmed with cream silk lace, toque to match; Mrs Stowe, black gown and mantle, black and gold bonnet with pink roses; Miss Stowe in a stone grey gown, and black hat with feathers; Mrs Pearce wore a dark tailor-made costume, and black hat with feathers; Mrs Gore, a black and white gown and chiffon ruffle, black and mauve bonnet; Miss Gore in a long pale blue coat, bound with white fur, large white felt hat trimmed with blue; Mrs H. Johnston wore a pink zibeline gown with cream chiffon rulle, and a flat white felt hat with pink flowers underneath; Mrs Purdy, a grey gown, and black hat with wings; Mrs Edwin, black silk gown, and bonnet with flowers; Miss Edwin, in a red dress, and hat to match; Mrs H. Gore, wore a scarlet gown braided with black, and a black hat; Mrs Pynsent, in black voile with cream lace, and a black bonnet; Mrs Fitzherbert, black gown and caracul coat, black and white toque; Miss Fitzherbert, in a green zibeline gown, and white toque; Mrs Gee, handsome black silk gown, and black hat; Mrs H. Crawford in a pretty black gown trimmed with medallions of ecrú lace, and a hat trimmed with pink; Mrs A. Crawford wore a sage green costume, and hat trimmed with crimson flowers and leaves; Mrs Cooper, a black silk gown and feather boa, black and mauve bonnet; Miss Cooper, in a dark coat and skirt, and a burnt straw toque trimmed with red velvet and cherries; Mrs Ernest Hadfield, in a black suit, with lace collar, and white felt hat trimmed with black; Mrs M. Ross, green coat and skirt with white

collar, and light felt hat; Mrs J. Tripe, a black gown, and black hat with plumes; Mrs Follen, a dark green zibeline gown, and hat trimmed with plumes and ecrú rosettes; Mrs H. Rawson, in a green costume and black hat; Miss Rawson, light brown Eton gown, and felt hat to match; Mrs Denniston (Christchurch), in a brown tweed gown, and toque to match trimmed with cream; Mrs Judge Cooper, in a black gown and hat with feathers; Mrs Hislop, black gown and caracul jacket, black and violet bonnet; Miss J. Hislop, a grey frieze gown and black hat; Mrs C. Cooper, had cream frieze, and a black hat; Miss Buchanan, in a pretty black voile gown much shirred, and cream and blue hat; Mrs Turrell, a pastel blue frieze gown trimmed with silk to match, and a gold embroidered collar, black and white toque; Mrs Baillie (Pieton), in a black gown and cape, and black and white bonnet; Mrs N. Reid, rich black silk and jet, black toque; Mrs Hunt, in pale grey, and a black chiffon hat; Mrs Anson, dark gown and sealskin coat, black hat with flowers; Mrs Lizard, black gown and caracul coat, Toreador hat bound with yellow velvet; Mrs Fitchett, in pale grey, with toque to match; Mrs Barton, dark costume, and black and cream toque; Miss Barron, a grey gown and black hat trimmed with cream lace; Mrs Joseph, in black silk; Miss Joseph, pastel blue voile with lace, and a black hat; Mrs Rhind, black cloth costume and jetted toque; Miss Coates wore a blue and black broadcated cloth gown, and black toque with ospreys; Miss Fell, dark grey Russian suit piped with white, white felt hat trimmed with black and white birds; her sisters wore dark blue and dark green Russian costumes and black hats; Miss Nelson (Auckland), a crimson frieze gown and pale blue felt hat trimmed with flowers; Miss Harcourt had a stylish dark grey zibeline and white and black toque; Miss G. Harcourt wore a red frieze gown and black hat; Miss Howard (Auckland), in a black braided suit, and black Toreador hat; Miss Richmond, in brown silk, and a black toque; Miss E. Richmond wore a black costume, and a white felt hat with satin and ostrich plumes; Miss Brandon, dark green gown

trimmed with velvet, and hat to match; Miss A. Brandon, in a dark coat and skirt, and black hat; Miss O. Fitzgerald, dark grey Russian gown with white piping, and a white toque with flowers; Miss K. Fitzgerald, a blue grey gown, and cream hat with pink flowers; Miss Chaylor (Ilkeburn), brown coat and skirt, and hat to match; Miss Skerrett, in a violet gown trimmed with cream lace medallions, and a white felt hat; Miss J. Skerrett, in turquoise blue, and a black hat; Miss Simpson, wore a lawn flecked cloth suit with bridging, and a large hat to match with plumes; Miss Medley, grey coat and skirt, grey and white toque; Miss Fraser (Dunedin), a black costume with basques piped with white, and a black hat; Miss Mules, black coat and skirt, and blue and black hat; Miss Fraser, in grey, and a hat trimmed with red flowers. Also Sir Joseph Ward, General Babington, Captain Glossop (H.M.A. Lizard), the Mayor of Wellington, Rev. T. H. Sprott, Hon. G. McLean, Sir William Russell, Sir William Steward, and others.

Miss Elsie Joseph entertained a NUMBER OF HER GIRL FRIENDS

at an afternoon tea last Thursday in honour of her birthday. A guessing competition and other games added to the enjoyment of the guests, and a very delicious tea was spread in the dining-room. Among those present were the Misses Brandon, Harcourt, Finch, Johnston, Harding, Edwin, Nelson, Miles, McGregor, Fell, Fitzgerald, Rawson, and others.

Another very large

AFTERNOON AT HOME

was given to-day by Miss Coates, Hobson-street. The fine large rooms were all thrown open, and looked very bright and cosy after the gloomy weather without. The long table in the dining-room was spread with a variety of tempting things, and there was also tea to be had on the verandah adjoining, which was covered in, and made a pleasant outlet from both this room and the drawing-room. It also kept the rooms

comfortably cool, which is such a great advantage at afternoons of this kind. There was an advertisement guessing competition, which kept a lot of people busy for some time. Miss Fell won the pretty prize for guessing the largest number correctly. A fortune-teller upstairs had her hands full in trying to satisfy the numerous applicants who wished to hear all about themselves. Miss Howard, of Auckland, who is staying with Miss Coates, gave great pleasure by her singing during the afternoon, and between the songs a string band discoursed sweet music from the hall upstairs. Miss Coates received in a black silk gown, very much tucked, and with a bolero of handsome cream guipure; her niece, Miss Nelson, wore a pretty soft white silk gown trimmed with lace insertion, and a milk sash; Miss Howard, in black silk with ecrú lace collar. I am afraid I can never tell you what everyone wore—there were so many—but among those I caught a glimpse of were: Lady Ward, in a dark green frieze gown, the collar bound with vivid green velvet and appliqued with ecrú guipure, black and white toque; Mrs Seddon wore a black costume, and toque with lace wings; Miss M. Seddon, in a striped grey tweed costume, and round black hat; Mrs Richmond wore all black, and a little white in her bonnet; Miss Richmond, brown silk trimmed with cream insertion, black hat; Mrs Arthur Russell had a stylish

WOMAN'S UNFAILING FRIEND TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL and STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES.

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We are making a SPECIAL DISPLAY OF DINING-ROOM FURNITURE, and are showing some Very Choice Designs at very Moderate Prices. We have a very extensive line of Sideboards, Suites, Couches, Dinner Waggons, Tables, Bookcases, etc., manufactured under our supervision and from our own designs. We employ only the highest skilled workmen, and can guarantee that every article is of superior quality throughout.

We mention one or two of the many styles we have in stock. There are many others which we will be pleased to show you if you will VISIT OUR SHOW ROOMS, or describe to you if you cannot visit us personally.

NEATLY DESIGNED SIDEBOARD, 4ft. 6in. in length, with Best British Plate Glass Back—a very superior article at a low price. This is a Very Special Value at £7 15s.

Other Sideboards are shown at £9 10s. and £10 12s.—Very Superior Articles for the prices named.

DINNER WAGGONS—A variety of Pleasing Designs in various woods; very highly finished. Best of trimmings.

DINING ROOM SUITES, 7 pieces, covered in strong, serviceable Leather Cloth. A very good design, and very durable. This is another Special Value at 8 guineas.

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BOOKCASES—A very good showing in plain cases and in the Combined Bookcase and Writing Desk. Prices furnished on application.

SEPARATE TABLES, CHAIRS, COUCHES, etc., are shown in great variety.

We most cordially invite you to VISIT OUR FURNITURE ROOMS, and we assure you that, whether you come with a view to purchasing or merely to look over the department, we shall be very glad of the opportunity to show you our goods. We know that once you become fully acquainted with our prices and the very excellent qualities we offer you, you will see the advantage of BUYING YOUR FURNITURE from our stocks.

If not convenient to call personally, remember that we pay special attention to country orders, and a card of inquiry will bring you any desired information about our goods. We fill orders promptly and accurately.

black gown, the coat made with a long basque, and broad collar and cuffs of white satin, with an open-work pattern, soft vest and pretty black jetted chiffon toque; Mrs Duncan, in black and a blue rosette in her bonnet; Miss Duncan had a long coat of fawn cloth, edged with a broad band of pale blue silk, embroidered in black, white felt hat with white plumes; Mrs Stott, a pale biscuit gown trimmed with lace, and black and cream toque; Mrs Herries, a pink voile gown trimmed with Paris lace, and a cream toque with flowers; Mrs Adams, in grey silk with cream silk lace, and a toque with white feathers; Mrs Collins, neat black coat and skirt with briding, and a black toque; Mrs F. Young, in a dark green gown, and toque trimmed with lighter green; Mrs A. Pearce, black Russian suit trimmed with fur, and a black hat; Mrs Coleridge, black gown and hat, fur cape; Mrs C. Pearce, black tailor-made suit and black toque; Mrs Wickham, in a grey flecked tweed costume and cream toque; Mrs Warren, black gown and Toreador hat, sealskin coat; Mrs Stowe, black gown and silk jacket, black bonnet with pink roses; Miss Stowe, in a blue grey gown, and black hat; Mrs Butler, a dark gown trimmed with beaver fur, and a black hat; Mrs Medley, in black and white; and Miss Medley, in grey; Mrs McTavish, sage green gown, and toque to match with ospreys; Miss McTavish, a pastel blue Russian gown and black hat; Mrs McIntosh, in a black gown, and bonnet; Miss McIntosh, a pink frieze gown, and hat to match; Miss — McIntosh, blue voile trimmed with cream insertion, black hat; Mrs Edwin, black and white silk gown, and bonnet with flowers; Miss Edwin wore a dark green Eton gown, and black hat with tips; Mrs Crawford, in black voile with lace, and a touch of cerise; Mrs Rhind, black cloth and silk costume; Mrs Joseph, all black; Miss Joseph, dark Eton gown trimmed with fur, and a black hat; Mrs H. Gore, in a red gown, and black hat; Miss O. Gore, pastel blue zibeline coat, the cape bound with white fur, large white hat; Mrs Fitchett, in a grey gown and toque; Mrs Findlay, dark blue gown trimmed with velvet, black hat with feathers; Mrs Anson, in a dark gown and sealskin jacket, black hat; Mrs Hunt, pale grey with white vest, large black hat; Dr. Mills, a black voile gown trimmed with medallions of cream guipure, and a black toque; Mrs Pynsent, black silk gown with cream lace on the bodice, and a pretty black bonnet; Mrs C. Izard, in a green costume, and black hat; Mrs Firth, a dark tweed gown with long basque, and trimmed with embroidered braid, handsome fur; Mrs Tweed, in black, and a pale blue felt hat trimmed with black; Mrs Quick, in black satin with lace, and a naive and cream bonnet; Miss Quick, pale grey gown trimmed with cream lace, toque to match; Miss Fell, grey flecked tweed suit, piped with white, white and black hat; Miss M. Fell, in dark green, and a black hat; Miss Harcourt, slate grey zibeline, and a white toque with ospreys; Miss Fitzgerald, in a dark tweed gown with basque, white velvet toque; Miss Nelson, grey gown and white felt hat trimmed with black, white fur; Miss Simpson, in light brown, and hat to match with ostrich plume; Miss Reid, in a black Eton gown, and black hat; Miss Finch, pastel blue trimmed with black, and a blue felt hat; Miss Miles, a green gown trimmed with white lace, and hat to match; Miss Skerrett, violet cloth gown, with cream lace vest, white felt hat; Miss O. Rawson, black Eton gown, and white hat; Miss Somerville had a blue frieze gown, with vest of white silk, and a red hat; Miss Brandon, in dark green, and a toque trimmed with white chiffon and lace; also Mrs Ross Mrs and Miss Seed, Miss Greenwood, the Misses Harding, Mrs Morrison, Mrs and Miss Barron, Mrs Dyer, Mrs and Misses Nathan, Mrs and Miss Butt, and Mrs and Miss Ewen.

Invitations have been issued by the Countess of Ranfurly for a dance and cotillion on the 22nd of this month.

The Garrison officers' ball, held in the Sydney-street Hall on Friday was a great success. The ballroom was very gorgeously and effectively decorated with flags and grometry. Various designs of side arms were tied with the battalion's colours. The stage was comfortably furnished with easy chairs, etc. An excellent set-down supper was laid in the gymnasium. The table was beautifully decorated with pot plants and flowers. Fleming's band provided good music, and altogether it was a most enjoyable ball, the many bright uniforms of the officers

and the pretty dresses worn by the ladies making an extremely festive sight. His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by the Countess of Ranfurly, Lady Constance Knox, Lord Northland, Major Alexander and the Hon. H. Butler, arrived shortly after nine o'clock. The Wellington Highland Rifles presented a guard of honour at the entrance. The official set of lanceurs was then formed. Those who danced were His Excellency the Governor, with Mrs. Colonel Webb, Colonel Webb and Lady Ranfurly, General Babington and Lady Constance Knox, Commander Gloesop (H.M.S. Lizard) and Mrs. Babington, Colonel Collins and Mrs. J. Dutoic, Captain Campbell and Mrs. Colonel Collins, Major Brandon and Miss Seddon, Major Alexander and Mrs. Brandon. Messrs. Menzies and Turnbull, the secretaries, are to be congratulated upon the excellent arrangements in every way. Lady Ranfurly wore a lovely gown of black glace silk, veiled in chiffon, beautifully embroidered with jet and medallion of ecru lace, beautiful diamond ornaments on corsage. Lady Constance Knox wore a pretty white satin gown, trimmed with chiffon frills, wreath of ivy leaves in hair; Mrs. Webb, black silk, richly trimmed with lace; Mrs. Babington, rich white brocade, trimmed with chiffon and lace; Mrs. Collins, black satin, with white lace on bodice; Mrs. Duthie, pale blue silk, veiled in white lace; Mrs. Brandon, lovely white trained brocade, with berthe of folded chiffon; Mrs. Biss, deep blue silk, trimmed with chiffon to match; Mrs. Henry, cream satin, elaborately trimmed with lace; Mrs. Rose, white satin, trimmed with deep lace; Mrs. Gilmer, black gauze, with satin edged frills, spray of flowers on corsage; Mrs. Ross, white silk, trimmed with lace; Mrs. Kemp, pretty white brocade and lace; Miss Coates, black glace, trimmed with handsome ecru guipure; Miss Seddon, white satin, trimmed with chiffon and lace; Miss Brandon, black satin, relieved with pink choux; Miss — Brandon, lovely white tulle gown; Miss Gore, black satin, with blue striped sash; Miss Harcourt, white satin, softened with white chiffon; Miss Fitzherbert, pretty green chiffon frock, inserted with lace, pink roses on corsage; Miss Fitzgerald, white silk, with deep lace; Miss K. Fitzgerald, pink silk, softened with white tulle and lace; Miss O. Rawson, white tulle silk; Miss George, pink satin, trimmed with chiffon to match; Miss Eil, black satin and jet; Miss M. Fell, white silk, with chiffon frills; Miss Harding, blue satin, trimmed with lace; Miss H. Harding, pale yellow silk, veiled in white lace; Miss Beetham (Masterton), white satin, finished with lace and sprays of violets; Miss Nelson (Auckland), pale blue, with berthe of lovely cream lace; Misses Finch (2), blue crepe de chine gowns, trimmed with flowers; Miss Riddiford (Rangitikei), white silk and lace; Miss Nelson, pink tulle silk, with white lace berthe; Miss McGregor, cream satin, trimmed with lace; Miss Howard (Auckland), black satin, trimmed with sequins; Miss Stafford, pink flowered satin, trimmed with pink chiffon; Miss Miles, blue merveloux, with berthe of white lace; Miss Seed, black satin and jet; Miss M. Seed, pink silk, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Blundell, pretty pink satin and chiffon gown; Miss Marchant, lovely pale green silk gown. Some of the gentlemen present were: Messrs. Harcourt, Morrison, Duthie, Fitzgerald, Menzies, Higginson, Reid, Gore, Robison, Sloman, McShane, Nelson, Leckie, Denniston, Cooper, Dr. McKenzie, McLean, Webster, Izard, and others.

OPHELIA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee,

July 10.

The hospital ball took place at the Drill Hall, Dannevirke, on the 8th inst. The company numbered about 300. As the Mayor was unavoidably absent, Dr. Reid Mackay acted in his place. The ladies' committee, dressed as nurses, opened the ball by dancing the lancets. The hall was most tastefully decorated, and good music was supplied by the Dannevirke Brass Band. The ball was most successful, and the hospital will benefit to the extent of about £40 as a result.

The Hawke's Bay Hounds had a delightful run from Oamaru on July 4th, which lasted for several hours. Mrs M. Nelson, Misses N. Reynolds, Simecox, M. Russell, Wilson, Messrs C. Smith, T. H. Lowry, Kinross, White, Denniston, F. Fitzroy, H. Russell, A. Groume, C. White,

Lowry, North, M. Nelson, and O. Nelson were out. Of a large field, the Master and Huntsman and one or two others alone survived to the finish.

There was a large attendance at the Athenaeum on Tuesday evening, when Dr. Moore lectured on "Erasmus and His Times." Next Tuesday Mr R. J. Parr will lecture on "Lee."

The Misses Sutherland, of Weber, gave a delightful entertainment last week. The occasion was a farewell to Miss Boddington, who is leaving there for Maastertan. After supper, at which numerous toasts were given and responded to, a concert was improvised, in which the following took part: Mrs Gregorie, Misses Sutherland, Boddington, Dracool, Messrs G. Crosse, Gregorie, Munroe, Harvey, J. Franklin, Campbell and J. Dinwiddie.

Mr Hector Smith, handicap 4, 3 down, won the second competition for the Vice-President's trophy at the Napier Golf Links; Mr Gordon, handicap 3, 4 down, was second. Afternoon tea was given by Mrs Gordon. Six of the best players from Waiohiki had a contest with the Whakatu Club at Whakatu, with the result that the latter were victorious by 12 holes.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,

July 10.

The second of the series of

ASSEMBLIES

held in the Theatre Royal last Wednesday evening was thoroughly enjoyed by those who were there. The floor, music, and supper were simply delightful. Among those present were Mrs Evans, black silk; Miss Evans, white inserted silk, relieved with pale pink; Miss B. Evans (debutante) was much admired in a pretty tucked satin, trimmed with silver passementerie and lace; Miss Bedford, white silk and net; Miss Kemp, vieux rose, trimmed with cream lace; Mrs Penn, white satin, prettily trimmed with net, scarlet flowers on corsage; Miss Drake, white satin, yellow roses on décolletage; Miss A. Drake, yellow silk; Miss Taylor, white silk and chiffon; Mrs C. T. Mills, pink satin; Mrs Greenaway, pale green, veiled in white muslin; Miss Wright, very pretty cream mousseline de soie; Miss Capel, black "frilled" net; Miss N. Capel, white muslin, relieved with scarlet roses; Miss M. Capel, white net over satin; Miss Miller, cream crepe de chine over pink silk; Miss Paul, cream frilled silk, bodice prettily trimmed with silver, finished with angel sleeves; Miss Biggs, cream satin and net; Mrs H. Bailey, pretty black net frock, trimmed with jet; Mrs Wright, pale silk; Miss Walker, cream net over pink silk; Miss Kerly, cream and dark green; Miss Gallagher, pretty buttercup chiffon, trimmed with black velvet and scarlet roses; Miss McAllum, black net, and scarlet roses on corsage; Miss G. McAllum, pretty pink satin with chiffon frills; Mrs Foote, handsome blue satin, trimmed with cream lace and insertion; Miss Foote (debutante), very pretty frock of white tucked net over satin, and carried a dainty bouquet; Miss Wilson, white frilled silk, flowers in coiffure; Miss G. Holdsworth, black satin, trimmed with cream insertion; Miss Wilson (Naseby), very pretty satin frock of a dark shade of eau de Nil, trimmed with cream lace; Miss J. Fraser, cream and pale pink silk; Mrs Courtney, black satin; Miss G. Shaw, cream silk and lace; Miss Ragley (Stratford), very pretty primrose silk; Miss Roy, blue silk; Mrs Kerr, black silk; Miss B. Thomson, pale blue silk and cream lace; Miss W. Thomson, white satin; Mrs Sluden, black net; Mrs Collins, black net over satin; Miss Aymes, white satin; Mrs Burgess, black silk; Mrs Paton, black spangled net; Mrs Morgan, black net over

silk; Miss J. McKellar, white muslin over pale pink; Miss Lewis, pale blue silk, veiled in white net; Miss E. McKellar, white satin; Mrs Pope, black net; Mrs Hutchen, pretty cream figured silk; Mrs Wilson, cream brocade and net trimmings; Mrs Griffiths, cream satin; Miss Marchant, cream silk and chiffon; Miss Sutton, cream satin; Misses Hanna (2), black satin, relieved with white; Mrs Home, white net over pink silk; Miss Mackay, pretty cream silk, trimmed with forget-me-nots and pale pink roses; Miss Orbell, pretty white frilled silk. Among the gentlemen were Messrs Lowe, McKellar, Standish (2), Thomson, Griffiths, Wilson, Burr, Jeffreys, Macey, Beckett, Paul, Kerr, Humphries, Taylor, McKenzie (Wellington), Fraser, Morpeth, Sumner, Woodhouse, Clarke, Cartbew, Wynn-Williams, Burgess, Southey, Baker, Fooks, George, Shaw (2), Collins, Miller, Whitcombe, T. Shaw, Hutchen, Currie, McAllum, L. Williams, Waddie, P. Webster, Robertson, Hanna, Dr. Home, etc.

Last Thursday evening the bowlers held their annual

SOCIAL

in the Freemasons' Hall. It was a great success. The hall, under the able management of Mr. Harry Goldwater, was beautifully decorated with palms and mirrors. Two dressing-rooms were arranged for card-playing, while the large outer porch was canvassed in and easily arranged as a drawing room. The supper-room, due mostly to Mrs. Paul and Miss Lawson, was prettily arranged with flags and ferns. The supper table was daintily decorated with ferns, violets and yellow and white dairies, the whole being lighted up with fairy lamps and Chinese lanterns. The music was played

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MELLORS' SAUCE
PIQUANT OR MILD

FOR SOUPS CHOPS STEAKS FISH GAME

WORLD-WIDE CONSUMPTION

MANUFACTURED IN WORCESTER

by Mr. McKnight's excellent orchestra. As the place was crowded there were many there I did not see, but amongst those I noticed were: Mrs. Paul, black satin, and sequin trimming; Miss Paul, pale green silk; Miss Biggs, black silk; Mrs. Cooke, black satin; Miss Tobiasa (Auckland), white silk, with scarlet choux; Miss Ramson, rose pink silk; Miss — Ramson, white; Misses Morry (2), white silk and lace trimmings; Mrs. A. Goldwater, black satin and jet; Miss I. Goldwater, white silk; Mrs. Cook, black silk; Miss Cook, pale pink figured silk; Mrs. Craignile, pink silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs. Craignile, black silk; Miss Allen (Picton), rich cream satin; Mrs. Quilliam, black; Miss V. Quilliam, pretty blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. W. Newman, black satin; Mrs. A. Fookes, green silk, trimmed with a Paisley border, finished with a handsome collarette; Mrs. Blyth, black silk; Mrs. Mills, black and pink; Mrs. Wright, navy blue silk, with white insertion; Miss Walker, pink and cream; Miss G. Avery, white silk, with pale pink belt; Miss A. Avery, pretty white tuckled silk, trimmed with flutings of satin; Mrs. Cottier, black; Miss I. Cottier, white; Mrs. Penn, black and white; Miss Jackson, pink silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. Vericker-Binden, cream silk; Mrs. Leafe, black, handsome Maltese lace scarf; Mrs. Dempsey, black; Miss Dempsey, cream silk; Mrs. Hood, black; Mrs. Rundle, Mrs. McKellar; Mrs. H. Goldwater, black silk and white lace; Mrs. Brooking; Miss Furlong, pink silk; Mrs. Hall, cream satin, trimmed with black velvet; Mrs. Marks; Miss Teed, pink silk; Miss Jacob, yellow satin, veiled in black net; Miss M. Skinner, pale pink, with black velvet trimmings; Mrs. H. Bailey, black, relieved with a rose pink choux; Mrs. Middleton; Miss J. Fraser, green silk; Miss Hanna, white silk. Amongst the gentlemen were: Messrs Paul (3), Goldwater (2), Hall, Bailey, Dempsey, Horrocks, Brooking, Marks, Quilliam, R. Cook, Fookes, Mills, Jackson, Cottier, Kelbel, Macey, McKellar, Jenkinson, Avery (2), Humphries (2), Hanna, Fraser, McKenzie (Wellington), Ramson, Newman, Currie, etc.

NANCY LEE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, July 9.
On Thursday, 2nd, Mrs D'Arcy gave a most enjoyable PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PARTY at her residence on St. John's Hill, in honour of her two nieces, Miss Nolan (Gisborne) and Miss Gillfillan (Auckland), who are spending a few weeks in Wanganui. Mr Izard won the first prize for the men, a silver-mounted walking-stick, and Miss Ethel Christie was the fortunate lady, her prize being a cut-glass scent-bottle with silver band. The booby prizes fell to Miss Hilda McDonnell and Mr Dymock. Amongst those present were: Misses Barnicoat, Dodgshun, McDonnell (2), O. Mason (Gisborne), M. Jackson, Griffiths, Anderson, Christie, Gresson, Pratt, Millward (Wellington), and Young; Messrs Anderson, Steadman, Izard, Blackmore, Dodgshun, Dymock, Brandon, Stevenson, and others.
On July 3rd the Williamson Comedy Company opened here to a record house with the much-talked-of play "Are You

a Mason?" The artistic and fashionable gowns worn by the lady members of the company were greatly admired. Amongst the audience I noticed Mrs McDonnell in a black silk costume, relieved with white lace; Miss McDonnell, white silk; her sister wore white muslin with frills and lace; Mrs Barnicoat, pale green silk, veiled with white and black insertion; Miss Barnicoat, blue nun's veiling frock; Mrs Alexander, black and white silk; Miss Alexander, black silk trimmed with steel passementerie in Vaudykes; Mrs Grieg, black evening costume; Mrs Knight (Dannevirke), black silk, transparent lace; Miss Knight (Dannevirke), black skirt, white tuckled satin blouse; Mrs Kitchen, black satin skirt, white crape de chine blouse, acordeon pleated the Misses Willis, white tuckled silk gowns trimmed with insertion; Mrs Holdship, black evening frock, pale grey opera coat, strapped with white and San Toy sleeves; Miss Baker, black costume long grey opera coat; Miss Rawson, white silk with insertion, blue opera cloak with collar of white silk and lace; Miss Moe (Wellington), black satin with steel passementerie forming points; Mrs Hatrick, pale eau-de-Nil silk blouse veiled with chiffon, black velvet choux, black satin skirt; Miss Millward (Wellington), black silk tuckled and trimmed with white insertion; Miss Pratt, black silk skirt, rose pink silk blouse with cream insertion; Mrs Kissling, black skirt, white tuckled silk blouse; Miss Richmond (Nelson), black silk frock, red velvet choux; Mrs Dalgetty, black silk costume; Mrs John Stevenson, black silk veiled with net, black brocade opera coat with feather trimmings; Miss Aitken, black silk, white opera cloak; Mrs H. Speed, black silk skirt, white Roman satin blouse with insertion; Mrs Blundell, black silk gown, sleeves and front of corsage of sequin net; Miss Earle, white muslin, with numerous frills; Miss Moore (Masterton), white tuckled silk with insertion; Mrs D'Arcy, black silk gown trimmed with jet; Miss Nolan (Gisborne), black silk banded with cream insertion, butterfly bow of turquoise in coiffure; Miss Gillfillan (Auckland), pale pink satin, guipure lace, pink satin bow in her hair; Mrs W. Borlace, black skirt, blue figured silk blouse; Miss Borlace, black satin frock, large white collar of sprigged Brussels net, edged with lace; Miss K. Borlace, silk gown with bands of white insertion; Miss Morecroft, black and white evening costume, white bow in coiffure; Mrs H. Nixon, black silk, pink satin opera coat with bolero and bands of jewelled passementerie; Mrs S. Gordon, black silk, jet trimmings; heliotrope opera cloak; Miss Thomas (Christchurch), black skirt, white silk blouse with tucks and insertion; Mrs Ford (Waitotara), black silk gown, bodice tuckled and handed with cream insertion; Miss G. Mason, black skirt, tuckled white silk blouse, with lace trimmings; Mr and Mrs Hole, Mrs Hawke, Mr and Mrs Palmer, Misses Brabant, Stone, Marshall, Maling, Duncan, McLeod, Mr and Mrs Greenwood, Mrs Hughes-Johnston, Mrs and Miss Christie, Miss Bey (Greytown), Mrs and Miss McLean, Mrs Bey (Greytown), Mr and Mrs Duigan, Mrs Lennie-Jones, Mrs White, Misses Jackson, Willford, Mason (Gisborne), Mr and Mrs Lloyd Jones, Mrs and Miss F. Jones, Mrs Cutfield.

HULA.

MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee, July 8.
The Steele-Payne Bellingrers have been with us for a season, showing us for the first time the cake walk fad, which hitherto we have only known by descriptive articles and pictures in the illustrated papers. Good audiences greeted the company, both in Blenheim and Picton.
Mr Walter Seymour, of South-coast Bay, Pelorus Sound, has had the misfortune to have his newly erected house burnt down during his absence. It was just furnished, as Mr Seymour was shortly to be married.

The borough schools have had rather a funny experience. The committee cut down the winter holiday to one week, and the teachers went off to enjoy themselves. On the day the Blenheim schools were to open there was only one under teacher and one or two pupil teachers present. The steamers had not arrived with some, flooded rivers prevented others from getting into town, another had met with an accident, and so on. In Picton the master had gone to the Croixelles, and couldn't get back owing to floods and landslips, and the two lady teachers had to do all the work.

The annual railway social is to be held in Picton on Friday. No sooner were the tickets issued than a rush was made and the whole number, which was limited, was bought up in four days. People are dreadfully disappointed, as the social is always so well managed and so popular that everybody would like to go.

SA VALEDICTORY SOCIAL

was given in St. Paul's (Presbyterian) Sunday school, Picton, on Thursday to Mr and Mrs Bathgate and Mr and Mrs E. Bizzard, who with their families are leaving the district for the North Island. Hymns and other books were presented from the teachers, and Mr Bathgate was the recipient from the choir of a set of gold sleeve-links with his initials engraved on them. Speeches were made by several members of the congregation, and at intervals the following items were

rendered: Mrs Bathgate, "Logie of Fuchan"; Miss V. Edwards, "Violets"; Miss R. Edwards, "Only Me"; Mr Wolfe, "They All Love Jack". Mr Bathgate gave a recitation; and a delicious supper concluded the ceremony of "speeding the parting guests". Both Mr Bathgate and Mr Bizzard have proved themselves excellent citizens and taken their share of work on committees, etc.

MRS STOW'S EVENING

on Thursday at the Bank of New Zealand was not so largely attended as usual owing to bad weather, but was pleasant nevertheless. Those present were Mr and Mrs Stow, Mrs and Miss Allen, Mr and Mrs Riddell, Misses Philpotts (2), etc.

On Friday evening Miss Elsie Gregg gave a

BIRTHDAY PARTY

to her school friends at Miss Allen's Collegiate School. Tea was laid out in the dining-room, and a long round of games kept things lively till ten o'clock, when the little ones reluctantly went home. They had a "lovely time" playing "Up Jenkins," "Moths," "Mrs McKenzie's Dead," "Dumb Crambo," "Musical Chairs," and "Charades," with its charm of dressing up. A lovely supper was provided for them by their young hostess. Among those present were Miss Gregg, Misses Stuart (2), Thompson (2), Green-sill, Borlase, Millington, Kenny, and helping them Mrs and Misses Allen (2).

There is some talk of Picton having electric light shortly. A bridge to the Victoria Domain will be shortly commenced, and many other improvements are being carried out, all through having an up-to-date and go-ahead Mayor.

MIRANDA.

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The Blue of Blues, makes Clothes Whiter than Snow.
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A nice lot COLOURED COATS from 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 11d.
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Cannot be equalled in Town. Two for 2s 6d. Long sleeves, 1s 6d. each.

20/- SPECIAL WINTER LINE
1 Fur
1 Pretty Flannelette Blouse
Serge Skirt
Lady's Umbrella
Trimmed Felt Hat
Send measurements. We guarantee fit.

13/6 DRESS PARCEL
Skirt Length Zibeline Cloth
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With Linings, Lace Insertion and Buttons

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With Linings, Trimmings, and Buttons

14/6 DRESS PARCEL
Good Heavy Material
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18/6 MANCHESTER PARCEL
1 Pair Good Sheets
6 Towels
1 Table Cloth
6 Yards Strong Orelton
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1 Pair Curtains

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CHILDREN'S ASTRACHAN HATS
Extra special, 1s. 6d. 2s. 6d. Brown and Navy, only 2s. 6d.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee,
The Christchurch Hunt Club had a delightful

July 7.

DAY WITH THE HOUNDS

at Meadowbank on Tuesday. A special train from Christchurch took out the party, and a drag conveyed the non-riders from the station to the home-stead, where Mr. and Mrs. George Rhodes made all most hearty welcome. A light repast was ready on arrival, and then a short run or two, after which the whole party reassembled for luncheon, which was served in the handsome dining-room. More sport followed, the drag party getting some good views, and all again returned to Meadowbank for afternoon tea. Before starting back to town three hearty cheers were given for Mr. and Mrs. G. Rhodes. Among those riding were: Mr. and Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes, Miss Rutherford, Miss M. Elworthy, Mr. and Miss Bassett, Messrs. Elworthy, W. Bond, Stead, Neave, Parkinson (2), Ballantyne, Clarkson, Rutherford and others. Driving were: Mrs. G. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Palmer, Mrs. W. Bond, Mrs. J. Bond, Mrs. Kettle, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Woodroffe, Mr. and Mrs. Haydon, Mrs. Bassett, Mrs. Jamieson, Misses Elworthy, Stead, Tabart, Kettle, Cleveland, etc.

On Friday the Hon. C. and Mrs. Louissou celebrated

THEIR SILVER WEDDING,

and gave a progressive euchre party, followed by a little dance in the Art Gallery, which was greatly enjoyed by all present. Mrs. Louissou wore a lovely silver grey crepe de chine gown, trimmed with accordion-pleated chiffon frills and lace, and diamond ornaments; Miss

Louissou, white silk, trimmed with fine lace, and pink sash; Miss M. Louissou, a similar gown, with blue sash. A delicious sit-down supper was served, at which Mr. A. E. G. Rhodes proposed the health of Mr. and Mrs. Louissou, and then dancing began. Among the guests were Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes, in a handsome white satin gown, and diamond ornaments; Mrs. L. Haymon (Wellington), pale blue satin, trimmed with chiffon and lace; Mrs. H. Harris, black satin, trimmed with Honiton lace; Miss Harris, black satin, relieved with yellow; Mrs. Stead, black satin and erape de chine, diamond ornaments; Miss Stead, pale blue crepe de chine, trimmed with lace; Mrs. P. Campbell, black satin; Mrs. R. D. Thomas, black satin and Honiton lace; Mrs. H. Wood, black gown, relieved with violets; Mrs. (Dr.) Jennings, black brocade, trimmed with white lace; Mrs. W. Stringer, black lace, over white satin; diamond ornaments; Mrs. de Vries, pink satin and ficelle lace; Miss Julius, black chiffon and satin; Miss Thomas, soft white silk; Miss Babington, black chiffon and silk, much tucked; Miss S. Kohn, white lace over satin; Miss Craxton, pale green crepe de chine; Miss McClatchie, white satin and ficelle lace; Miss Syme, yellow silk, trimmed with lace; Miss K. Thomas, cream lace gown over satin; Miss Kettle, black net, relieved with yellow; Miss Steele, pale pink silk; Miss Ballin, soft white silk and chiffon; etc.

A great crowd went to see
THE SKATING CARNIVAL

on Thursday evening at the Colosseum. Some of the figures performed in fancy dress were very pretty. The pastime of rinking has become a very general one, and there are now numbers of graceful skaters. Among the most regular visitors are: Mr. and Mrs. H. Quane, Mr. and Mrs. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Woodroffe, Mrs. J. C. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fairhurst, Mrs. and the Misses Louissou, Mrs. and Miss Waymouth, Mr. and Mrs. N. Macbeth, Mr. and Mrs. Sabine, Misses Stead, Kettle, Williams, Wilson, Gossett, Newton, Cotterill, Ballin, Snow, Wilding, Elworthy, etc.

From private letters received in Christchurch news comes of Mrs. Howie (who now sings under the name of Princess Te Rangī Pahi) that she was touring with the New Zealand Band, and creating a most favourable impression. The New Zealand Band also comes in for much praise wherever it has played.

DOLLY VALE.

**ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE BY
Vitadatio.**

READ MR JOSEPH COX'S TESTIMONY.

Cox's Villa, Jindalee, N.S.W.,
November 15th, 1901.

MR S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—I was a sufferer for about 12 years with a pain in my left side, on the lungs, and I have been under several doctors' treatment without a cure. And I also had a bad cough and spit blood and corruption. The doctors always told me my liver was wrong and out of order, and I was subject to asthma, and I had given up hopes of ever getting right. But on reading of the wonderful cures of VITADATIO in the papers, I thought I would

give it a trial, and to my great astonishment it worked like a marvel on me. I took it for 12 months, at the rate of a large bottle a week, and in October of 1900 (nineteen hundred) two lumps came away from my side, where I used to have the pains, and I kept on taking the medicine for a month after and I felt thoroughly cured. I have not been troubled with it since, and that is eleven months ago. I am able to do a better day's work to-day than I could fifteen years ago. I am 67 years of age, and I feel it has added years to my life. I am sending this to you for the benefit of other sufferers, and you are at liberty to do as you like with it. I am well known in Jindalee and Coomandarra districts, being a resident of 32 years. Anyone that wishes to write to me about my illness, I will be only too happy to give them all the information I can.

I remain, yours gratefully,
JOSEPH COX.

For further particulars,
S. A. PALMER,
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Correspondence invited. Write for Testimonials.
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Pope Leo XIII.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

(By Justin McCarthy, M.P.)

Pope Leo XIII. is the last survivor of the great European statesmen of the century. During recent years Gladstone, Bismarck and Pope Leo stood high above all other living statesmen of Europe. A little farther back we come to such men as Count Cavour and Thiers and Gutzkow; farther back still to such men as Canning, and then we are among the great names that belong to the earlier part of the century. In recent years, however, Gladstone, Bismarck and Pope Leo stood alone, and now the last of the great trio is nearing his end.

I desire to judge Leo XIII. only as a statesman, and not as an ecclesiastic.

The inspiration of his whole career may be described as a passion of philanthropy, to adopt the words which Gladstone in my own hearing applied to Daniel O'Connell: "To improve the condition of the toiling classes all over the world, to mitigate the troubles of the overtasked, to abolish slavery in every form, white and black; to lighten the load of the heavily laden, to spread the gospel of peace among all nations." These were the great purposes of Leo's career. It is doing no more than bare justice to the motives which seem always to have guided him when we say that his ambition was to make the life of the pontiff a practical illustration of peace, goodwill and moral and intellectual advancement among men.

Leo came to the throne of the papacy at a time when the worldly foundations of that throne seemed to be hopelessly shaken. The Pope has had no temporal sovereignty left to him, and it must be owned that the sympathy of the civilised world went for the most part with that united Italy to whose political union the papacy owed the loss of its temporal possessions. Leo's predecessor, Pius IX., was a man of pure and exalted purpose but he was almost altogether an ecclesiastic, and he had few of the qualities of a statesman. He was not a man endowed with the peculiar capacity which might have enabled him to regain for the papacy that influence which the arising of new conditions and the spread of new ideas seemed at the time to have taken from it forever. Leo XIII. appears to have from the beginning of his rule made up his mind that the position of the papacy was only to be recovered by a mastery of the new ideas and an acceptance as far as possible of the new conditions. The Pope has been a student from his earliest years. There is a distinct suffusion of the poetic in his nature, which has found expression, indeed, in the composition of many fine pieces of poetry, especially in Latin, but also has given him that which has been of a far greater importance to his career—that quality of dramatic instinct which enables a man to enter into the nature and feelings of other men, and without which there can be no really creative statesmanship.

The Pope has seen a good deal of life outside the papal city. He has been papal nuncio at Brussels, where he had the opportunity of conversing with statesmen from all countries. He visited Paris. He visited London, and was presented to Queen Victoria. He seems to have very soon made up his mind that not much was to be gained for the influence of the papacy by its setting itself into active antagonism with what might have been called the revolutionary forces, which, according to the pessimistic views of many of his fellow-

churchmen, had taken possession of all the cabinets of Europe. When he became Pope he set about what he conceived to be the work of the papacy, just as if nothing had happened to interfere with its progress. He resolved, apparently, to make the papacy an example to the Christian world instead of wasting his strength and his influence by trying to contend against the physical conditions, which had left to the Pope but the Vatican and its gardens as his worldly domain. Of course he surrendered nothing of the claims of the papacy, and he refused, as his predecessor had done, to recognise the King of Italy's title to the ownership of Rome. But he spent little of his time in futile efforts to resist the physical mastery of the new conditions, and he made it his task above all things to prove that the moral influence of the papacy was not to be circumscribed by the limitations of the Pope's earthly possessions. It must be owned that during his time the progress made by United Italy has not altogether satisfied the hopes of all those who rejoiced over the expulsion of the Austrians, and the Bourbons, and the abolition of the petty sovereignties and the union of Italy under one Crown. Italy has her destiny yet to make, but for the present we have to see in her a country terribly overtaxed with a population crushed to an almost unexampled degree by the expenditure necessary to convert Italy into the semblance of a great European Power.

Pope Leo has seemed to say to all the world: "My business in life is the welfare of humanity. I am the apostle of peace and universal brotherhood. I offer my mediation as an agent of peace and brotherhood in all quarrels where the disputants are willing to receive my counsel and my help." He has had some hard battles to fight, and for all his sweet, genial and pacific nature he has fought out his battles to the end where compromise did not seem possible, and by his principle of passive resistance he has generally contrived to come off victorious. All the world looked on with interest while he battled for what he believed to be the cause of religious liberty against no less an antagonist than Prince Bismarck, the greatest statesman then living on the European Continent. Bismarck had loudly proclaimed that whatever else he and his colleagues might do they "would not go to Canossa," alluding to the famous castle where Henry IV. of Germany submitted to the penance imposed on him by Gregory VII. But, though Bismarck certainly did not go to Canossa, he was undoubtedly not the victor in the great Kulturkampf, or education battle, which was waged between him and Pope Leo XIII. It is perhaps only fair to say that the heart of the old Emperor William, Bismarck's master, was never thoroughly with his great minister in this attempt to make the authority of the State overrule the dictates of private conscience. The arbitration of Pope Leo has been accepted more than once by disputing States which acknowledged no supremacy on the part of the Pope, but that given to him by moral influence of his authority and his character.

Leo has strongly recommended in several momentous instances the recognition of established facts in the progress of nations. For example, he recognised the French republic as the established system in France and used the whole force of his authority to induce French Catholics to accept the republican form of government and to make the best of it. He takes the closest and most active interest in all institutions to whatever country they belong, which have anything to do with

the true organisation of labour and which tends to promote the education, the moral improvement, the personal independence and the domestic comfort of the workingman. His was the first voice raised in cordial response to the appeal of the Czar for a conference of European States to bring about a cessation in the increase of armaments and to establish some basis for international arbitration and an end to the reign of war. The Pope has become so popular among certain influential classes of English Protestants that at one time it seemed to many not altogether impossible that some terms of compromise might be found between the Papacy and the Established Church of England. The Pope, however, could not compromise; Lord Halifax and his English colleagues could not venture to stretch their idea of compromise too far, and so the world went on revolving upon its own axis just as before.

Pope Leo always watches with a close and attentive eye every movement—political, social and religious—that takes place in America. He has the fullest and deepest sympathy with the peaceful progress of the republic, and is especially proud of the position which civic equality and religious freedom has enabled his coreligionists to take in the United States. Some of Pope Leo's recent days have been occupied in the consideration of certain tendencies which had been represented to him as making themselves apparent in American Catholicism—tendencies which some of his advisors believed to indicate a growing form of religious independence not unlike that which is set down as Gallicism in Europe.

It is impossible for any impartial reader not to sympathise with the spirit which pervades the Pope's encyclical issued in last August—a protest against the extraordinary suppression of Catholic associations carried on by the Italian Government. These suppressions, it will be remembered, took place after the riots which had lately broken out throughout almost all Italy, riots which impartial observers for the most part believed to have been caused by the pressure of famine, the famine itself coming in great measure from the overtaxation which the expenditure on the army and navy had brought about. The Italian Government thought fit to see in these riots the evidence of a Papal conspiracy against the monarchy, and it therefore suppressed, by wholesale decree, more than 1000 Catho-

lic associations which were for the most part purely social, economic or religious in their objects.

It is likely enough that the riots were at least in part promoted by republican, socialist, and anarchistic agitators; but, as everybody knows, Pope Leo has always used his influence for the discouragement of socialism and anarchism in their various forms, and while he recognised the French republic just as he did the American republic and the republic of Switzerland, he can hardly be suspected of any designs for the setting up of a republic in Italy.

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(By Our West Coast Representative.)

In December next Messrs. Hatrick and Co., the pioneers and owners of the Wanganui River tourist steamers, hope to make a connection between Pipiriki (the well-known tourist resort on the Wanganui River) and the Central railway at Tamaranui, thus effecting a river service between Tamaranui and Wanganui.

The Wanganui River has not yet been cleared as far as Tamaranui, but the River Trust Board has made excellent progress to a point within thirty miles of this place, and if they are not hampered for funds will by the end of the present year be well up to Tamaranui.

At present the work is somewhat handicapped for want of funds, a sum of £800, a vote granted on the 31st March last, being for some unknown reason not forthcoming from the Government. It is greatly to be regretted that this important undertaking should be thus momentarily handicapped by what appears like bungling on the part of the Government.

In the meantime, and pending the clearing of the river to suit their larger steamers, Messrs. Hatrick & Co. hope to make a start at the Tamaranui end with two sixty-foot light launches. One of these is now on the way out from England, and the other is now being engined at the firm's foundry in Wanganui.

It will be possible to make the trip from Tamaranui to Pipiriki, a distance of 80 miles, in one day, or to Wanganui, 136 miles, in two days.

The season following this (if not this season) the firm will place on the river half-way between Pipiriki and Tamaranui a large house-boat, fitted with sleeping accommodation for at least fifty persons, on which the up-stream passengers will stay one night. This house-boat will have every convenience, including electric light, and should prove a great novelty, anchored, as it will be, in one of the prettiest spots on the river. This boat is 105 feet long by 18 feet beam, and is double-decked.

This new route opens up to the tourist a large choice of interesting trips, quite apart from the river excursion; for instance, a passenger coming down from Auckland can, on arrival at Pipiriki, go on then by coach to Tokosanu, Rotorua, and back to Auckland; or on to Napier, or again can continue the river trip to Wanganui, and thence rail to New Plymouth, when, of course, the journey could be broken to make the ascent of Mount Egmont, and then by boat back to Auckland.

The passenger could also, of course, by continuing the river trip to Wanganui, then go by rail to Wellington; and of course these various trips can be made vice versa.

Private trial trips will be made by the owners over the whole route shortly, after which I will be able to give fuller and more detailed information.

Clarke's B I Pills are warranted to cure gravel, pains in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 25 years. In bottles of 25 each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Liverpool and London Colonial Drug Company, Liverpool, England.

Our Tourist Resorts.

PREPARATIONS FOR A HEAVY SEASON.

DEVELOPMENT EVERYWHERE.

It seems highly probable that the coming summer will see a tremendous increase in the tourist traffic of the colony. The Government seem to recognise this, and Parliament is to be asked to spend a very large sum of money in establishing new sanatoriums and improving the existing ones, and, moreover, to sanction much expenditure on the tourist resorts all over the colony. With a foreknowledge of such possibilities, a representative of the "Star" had a chat with the balneologist.

Dr. Wohlmann has been visiting recently a number of the springs in this great thermal district of ours. Among the places he visited were the Onepe Springs. These are at the back of Rotorua, close to Mount Edgecumbe and on the Tarawera River. They are sulphurous saline springs, but seem likely to be of use only to the local settlers. The Waitangi Springs (Roto-ehu) are effervescent waters, charged with iron, and are situated in the midst of beautiful scenery. Negotiations are proceeding with the native owners for the rights of them. The doctor also visited the springs at Matamata, and found them somewhat similar to those at Okoroire; and also those at Katikati, which are hot saline waters. Dr. Wohlmann has been most lately at Waingarua Springs, and he considers this spot is likely to attain much popularity as a summer resort, for which it is essentially suited. He has forwarded a report to the Department on the various springs and their properties, and it is understood that a very large amount will be placed on the Estimates for the proper and adequate development of these resources. Dr. Wohlmann's schemes will require a considerable amount of money to carry out, but if they effect their purpose of attracting to the colony the tourist and the invalid they should amply repay the money asked to be expended on them.

The chief object of Dr. Wohlmann's visit to town is an expedition to the Great Barrier Island with the view of reporting upon its springs. These are on the coast, and while they may not prove of much medical value, they may assist in popularising the island as a summer resort. This it seems destined to become, as it is so adjacent to Auckland, and it is considered probable in some quarters (not altogether Departmental) that the Government will be expending a large sum of money in order to make it suitable for such a resort. It has admirable fishing and yachting grounds, fine scenery, and some hot springs on the west coast of the island fairly easily accessible at the present time. With sufficient and efficient accommodation for holiday-makers it should become very popular.

Dr. Wohlmann would not be "drawn" on the question of the causes of the Waimangu geyser, though he confessed to holding his own views on the question. He is in hopes that the Government will send up an expert to investigate the causes of that mighty and mysterious eruption. He told the interviewer that the accommodation house is now completed, and is being rather elaborately furnished. It is located at a spot half a mile from the geyser, and from its verandah a fine view of the eruption can be obtained. The road from Rotorua ends at the accommodation house. It appears that the Tourist Department is having erected at Rotorua a new and very pretty office, in which is to be a Ministers' room. This latter fact seems to the Rotorua people of good import, as it points to greater Ministerial attention to the district.

The scientist told the pressman that over 90,000 baths were taken during the past season, which is about 10,000 more than last year, and Dr. Wohlmann hopes (and he thinks with the enormous increase going on, with enough cause) that before long the record will be fully 300,000 a year taken. Plans for new bath buildings had been submitted to the Government, and if these receive the official sanction, Rotorua will be able to boast of the finest and largest baths

outside of Europe. The sum that is to be asked for is said to be so great that Parliament and the people may be very much surprised.

MIGHTY WAIMANGU.

A TALK ABOUT THE LAKES.

In conversation with a "Star" interviewer, Mr Alf. Warbrick, the Government guide, who was in Auckland last week, got on to the top of Waimangu. The geyser, it seems, has been very active indeed for the past six weeks, and he believes that "ah" will always be active as long as Rotomahana continues to rise. He has a theory—and has had it for a considerable time—that the geyser is connected with the lake.

"I have made a study of it, and I observe that when Rotomahana is stationary at a certain level, I can tell Waimangu's movement almost to the half-minute as to her time. The times may vary a little, but I rarely am more than a quarter of an hour out. But when the lake rises above that mark I am never certain of my times. I think that as long as Rotomahana lasts the geyser will last."

The other day the geyser threw up a discharge over 1200 feet high at a moderate computation, and what the guides call a small shot is no less than 400 or 500 feet. The order of succession is marked. A small shot always goes before or follows a big shot, and two big shots do not follow one another. On Saturday last it was very active, and the officers of the Phoebe, who came to the place just in time, saw a magnificent display. One of the officers was out here about 20 years ago when the Marquis of Normanby paid the colony a visit, and he is naturally much interested in the changes time and the volcanoes have wrought.

Mr Warbrick says it is practically established that Waimangu is the biggest geyser in the world, and from his reading of particulars of other geysers he is inclined to think that not only is this the fact, but it is also true that if all the geysers in the world were put together they would not make one Waimangu. "It is," said Mr Warbrick, enthusiastically, "the biggest and greatest in the world, and it is certainly the finest thing that New Zealand has to show to-day."

There seems a probability that the communication between Rotorua, Lake Taupo and the Wanganui will be vastly improved during the coming season. From an outside source our representative has heard that an order for a large and strong automobile coach has been lodged with a local firm, and it should be landed here in a few months. It is intended to use it on the road between Rotorua and Lake Taupo, and it is possible that a similar service will be inaugurated between the head waters of the Wanganui and the Lake. With a rapid through run from Auckland to Wellington by way of Rotorua, Taupo, and the Wanganui, the traffic over these lines of communication should be very heavy.

Maori King Signs the Pledge.

MAHUTA AS A PROHIBITIONIST.

WILL STOP SLY-GROG SELLING.

The Hon. Mahuta, M.L.C., has commenced his career as a statesman. Arriving in Auckland July 9 he proceeded to the office of Mr J. St. Clair, solicitor, and in the presence of his advisers and other witnesses, solemnly and deliberately "signed the pledge." The pledge was set forth in ornamented letters on a card provided by the Rev. W. Gittos, on whom the privilege fell, in his capacity as head of the Wesleyan Maori Mission. The signature of Mahuta was appended in the presence of Mr Henare Kaihau, M.H.R., Mr Searancke, of Waikato, Mr St. Clair (his lawyer), the officiating minister, and a newspaper reporter. The signature consisted of the two names "Mahuta Tawhiao." Thus King Mahuta, in the name of himself and his people, renounced for ever the subtle fire water and joined the ranks of teetotalers. The certificate on which the pledge was signed was of large size and specially picturesque description. King Mahuta says he will carry it in a large pocket of his coat, and whenever a friend invites him to partake of the forbidden drink he will draw it forth to show his reply. Then he will press home his advantage and urge his friend to follow his example and also sign the pledge.

The news of their King's latest act soon reached the ears of some of his obedient followers, and before many hours had passed Parukan (the drum-major from Tuakau), Papatauke (one of the owners of the great Te Akau run) and many other chiefs came in from Waikato to assure Mahuta of their obedience to his wish and to sign the pledge. They all received cards, which, however, were less brilliant than that which reposes in the breast pocket of King Mahuta.

Speaking as the mouthpiece of King Mahuta and the Maori people, Mr Henare Kaihau said: "Bring into force section 33 of the Licensing Act, and extend the powers of the Maori Council and we will soon stop the sly-grog selling in the Rohe Potae (King Country). What is required is the power to prohibit the bringing of liquor into the district. If we are given that power the Maoris will undertake to put an end to the sly-grog question. The rangitiras, or chiefs, in each settlement will follow the lead just set by Mahuta in signing the pledge. They will thus be all on the side of abstinence, and will do their best to enforce the law if the required power is given. Every native will be obliged to conform to the will of the majority, and if he does not and transgresses the law he will be disgraced and will be liable to be thrown out from the community. Mahuta in taking the pledge has done so in the hope that his fellow countrymen will do likewise."

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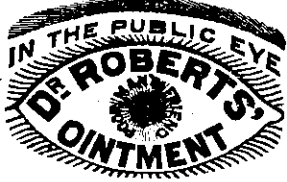
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Stamp Collecting.

The 1d. green stamp of Trinidad has appeared re-engraved. In plate 2, lines shading in the sky are fainter as they near the horizon.

The 8d. New Zealand London print, 5d. pictorial, no water-mark perforated 11, and 1d., 1d., 2d. and 3d. Queen's Head issue are reported as having been surcharged O.P.S.O.

The high values of the new issue of United States stamps are reported to be as follows: 15 cent olive, 50 cent orange, one dollar black, two dollars dark blue, and five dollars dark green.

In respect to the French stamps for Crete, "L'Annonce Timbrologique" states that the new uncharged 50c., 1, 2 and 5 francs, which were in January sold at 7/6 per set, are practically unobtainable in France, no less than 150 francs, or about £6, is being asked for the four stamps now.

Although stamps of the German Empire are now used for foreign postage from Wurtemberg, the old stamps are still utilised for official correspondence.

To have penny post from the Commonwealth of Australia to the United Kingdom, and all other parts of the British Empire, is estimated to entail a loss of £316,510.

A pair of the New South Wales emerald green 3d. stamps, with laureated head, sold in London recently for £8 5/. They were unused, cut rather close, and a little marked and cracked at the top. Probably non-collectors would be of opinion that the purchaser at that figure was in a similar condition, as far as being a little cracked at the top.

Straits Settlements is to have a 100 dollar stamp, specimen copies having already been shown in London. It is water-marked crown (C.A.) and bears the portrait of King Edward. The colour is lilac and blue on yellow. At the present current rate of exchange the face value is about £8.10/. It is intended to take the place of the revenue stamp of the same value.

Some philatelic—probably of the "dolly" type—has perpetrated the following question and answer: "Why are the stamps of Madagascar like the natives of that Island?" "Because they got a big linking and went all 'Hova' the envelope." It is true the French conquered the Hovas, but they certainly did not flatten them out enough to stick them on envelopes.

Two distinct greys are already to be found in the three pies King's head stamps of India. The shades are described as grey-black and grey. It is stated the other values of King's head stamps to be issued are 2 and 3 annas, also that the colours will not be altered. Great changes are reported in the colours of the 1901 issue, the 1/2 anna now being deep green, instead of deepgreen, the 1 anna rose-carmine instead of carmine, and the 2 annas a deep purple instead of violet as formerly.

Additional particulars with regard to the discovery of the scarce post office Mauritius stamp are interesting. It is stated that a schoolboy going over some old correspondence found this envelope, and took it to his father, who was not well up in stamps, but who had a friend a collector in Paris. The envelope was sent on to Paris with instructions to sell at the best price, and was secured by the well-known dealer, M. Th. Lemaire, for the sum of 40,000 francs (about £1600); since then it has been purchased by a well-known collector for the sum of 65,000 francs (about £2600).

Many stamp collectors have wondered why a new lot of halfpenny postage due stamp should have been issued by the New Zealand Government, as it would seem that in the ordinary way a stamp of that value would not be required. The explanation given is that at Christmas time a large amount of matter is mailed

which is overweight, and under the special circumstances the Department only put on the actual postage deficient instead of doubling it, as is the custom during the remainder of the year. If this is so, then it is gratifying to find that the Christmas failing in New Zealand can even thaw the official heart.

Of late years many animals have been depicted on postage stamps, but it has been left for Bundi State to pourtray the sacred bull of the Hindoo. This is on a one anna stamp. The year of issue is Samvat 1954, which corresponds with the Christian year 1898. Interesting collections can be made out of duplicate by getting small albums and mounting specimens of stamps showing various birds, beasts, and fishes. Such albums would interest any casual visitor who would fail to notice really valuable stamps in any general collection. In the same way a Royal Portrait gallery may be formed in another album. The different types of Queen Victoria issues alone would form an interesting collection.

The following are the prices advertised as rates at which Cook Island stamps are offered for sale: 1d. brown, surcharged in black, with a crown, unused, 15/; block of four 60/; 1d. brown, very fine but with no gum, 8/6; block of four 36/; and 1d. brown, fine, post-marked Rarotonga, block of four 34/. Appended to the advertisement is a note stating that the majority of the 1d. brown were issued without gum owing to the fact that the stock stuck together, also that only 2400 of the 1d. brown were ever made, and the crown overprint was chiefly applied to stock on hand at the smaller post offices, which were in many cases in somewhat bad condition and generally without gum.



The first stamp issued by the Federal Government of the Commonwealth of Australia is a 9d, for circulation at present in New South Wales and Queensland States. The central feature of the design of the new stamp consists of a draped figure of a female, which presumably represents Australia. In her right hand she holds a distaff, and the left hand rests upon a shield on which appears the Union Jack and the Southern Cross. The figure is seated beneath a massive arch, with the word "Commonwealth" across the span. On the supporting pillars at each side are the names of the six States of the Commonwealth with the dates of their foundation, as follows: Queensland, 1839; W. Australia, 1826; Tasmania, 1803; Victoria, 1851; S. Australia, 1830; New South Wales, 1788. A pair of scales are shown on the foundation stone of the pillar on the left hand, emblematical of Justice, while Industry is represented

on the other foundation stone by a beehive. At the foot of the arch is a circle, in which the value of the stamp is stated. Below is a space in which will appear the name of the State in which the stamp circulates. Smaller circles are cut out of the top corners of the stamp for additional indications of the postal value. Two colours are used in printing the stamp. The name of the State and the figures in the small circles are printed in blue. The large "9d" appears in white on a blue ground, and the rest of the design is given a bright brown colour. The work has been executed at the office of the Victorian Government Printer.

An article by Sybil Bishop in the "Stamp Collector" opens with the following well-told story of how the reorganising of the British postal service was most probably inaugurated: "Let me (says the writer) transport my readers back sixty-eight years, where, standing at the door of a tiny inn, in the North of England, is a bright-faced, rosy-cheeked girl. In the background a stranger, tired and travel-stained, sips his beer from a pewter mug; while well to the foreground an old postman is delivering a letter to the girl. Stretching out her hand for the letter, and seeing that it is from her brother, she scans it eagerly for a minute, then asks the price of the postage. A shilling is the sum demanded, and this being far too much for her slender purse, she returns the letter. The stranger steps forward and begs to be allowed to settle with the postman, and, finding all her protests in vain, the girl at last consents. After the man's departure, she consides to the kindly stranger, that as they are so poor and the postage so terribly expensive, she and her brother were compelled to arrange so that by certain marks made upon the letter they could tell whether the writer was in health. The traveller's name is Rowland Hill, the inventor of the penny postage. This little incident was perhaps what first set him thinking of that grand scheme by which he entirely re-organised the postal service. The three great changes effected by his plan were: A great diminution in the rate of postage, a speedier delivery of letters, and more frequent opportunities for their despatch."

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THE "VIENNA MEDICAL PRESS" SAYS:— 'Hunyadi János may be regarded as a specific for obesity.'

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

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In their first letter to ensure immediate attention and prompt despatch (when possible) of remedies necessary for their case. As my remedies are sent direct from Wellington, my patients save heavy Customs duties and avoid the inspection of packages. All correspondence is held strictly confidential. Consultation hours, 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 8.

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Sole Agent for "Famous Ladies' Corrective Tablets," 10/ (extra) 21/ post free. Guaranteed Safe and Reliable. Strictly confidential. Moderate Charges. Call or write.

SUBJECTS OF MOST DREADFUL EXHAUSTION CURED AND MADE HAPPY.

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 failure of my youth. You told me plainly and honestly that you could and would cure vigorous of manhood, so that I should no longer be bashful and stupid in society, and could take my part and interest in the amusements and sports of others, and have no 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. I swear solemnly I feel a different man to-day. I have put on flesh and muscle and have an amount of confidence in myself, I am perfectly healthy and quite happy, and capable of enjoying myself as others do, and I don't mope about by myself and shun society. I earnestly recommend all my fellow sufferers to put the confidence in you, as your treatment is perfect and your charges are small.—I am, yours truly, LACHLAN CAMERON.

Copyright Story.

The Lady in the Blue Dress.

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON.

(Authors of "The Barn Stomiers," etc.)

"How London Wakes"; that's the title!" said Mamie Collingwood to herself, as she stepped from the door of her lodgings in a street near the Marble Arch.

She could not remember that ever in her life had she been up and out so early. But then, it was her very first day in England; and she was so excited that she had hardly slept all night, in spite of being tired after the long, tedious journey she had made from Paris the day before.

It was not yet six o'clock, and a policeman who passed, staring to see a pretty, well-dressed girl out so early, was yawning; but Mamie did not yawn. She was very happy and alert, thinking of the article which was to be her first journalistic attempt, for a New York paper. It was very nice of the editor to offer her the work, when she was coming abroad for a rest (for Mamie was a very popular and charming young actress, who had lately indulged in the fashionable nervous prostration), and she wanted to show him that she could be as clever in journalism as she was considered on the stage.

She had been asked to "dash off" little sketches, when she felt like it, on out of the way subjects; and since her adventurous spirit had urged her to this early expedition, she meant to utilise it for the paper.

"How London Wakes" struck her as being a taking title. She could see it in

big head-lines at the top of a column, and was pleased with the idea. She was pleased with the fun of the thing; pleased at having stolen off while her elderly aunt still slept; and pleased with her appearance, which, if not quite suited to the occasion, was certainly charming.

She had honoured London by putting on a frock which had not only a style of its own, but a history—such a fascinating, dark blue cloth, made as only French fingers could make it, which would have been an ideal travelling frock for a bride.

When she was being extravagant at Madame Bonvallet's (most exclusive of Parisian dressmakers), she had seen a water-colour sketch of the gown, with a completely desirable hat to match, lying on the table, and had instantly ordered them to be copied for herself.

Madame had demurred; the costume had just been made for an important client; in fact, no less a personage than Mdlle. Gerolstein, the confidential companion of Amalia, Queen of Rouvia; and she might be annoyed were she to meet another lady dressed exactly like herself. But then, Mdlle. Gerolstein was not going to England; perhaps, after all, as Mdlle. Gerolstein need never be troubled by knowing, there would be no objection, in this one instance, to copying the design. So Miss Mamie Collingwood had had the dress, to say nothing of the hat; and she enjoyed wearing it for the first time.

She did not much care where she walked in the grey dawn; and after she had seen the Marble Arch darkly silhouetted against a ruddy sky, she chose the direction which looked most interesting. By and bye, she came to Oxford Circus, and turned down Regent-street. She could see her own pretty figure reflected in one or two uncovered windows of plate glass, and from thinking of Mdlle. Gerolstein (whom Madame Bonvallet had said that Mamie, oddly enough, very strikingly resembled in style and colouring, she fell to reflecting on Queen Amalia, that beautiful, unhappy woman, doing her utmost to oppose the designs of her venal husband and his corrupt minister, Orloff, supposed by many to be plotting with Russia for the betrayal of Rouvia and its people. Miss Collingwood was too much occupied, however, with her first sight of London to let her mind dwell on things so irrelevant as the Balkan States. Continuing down Waterloo Place, she strolled on to Charing Cross. Cabs were rattling out of the station yard. It occurred to her that the boat train from Dover had just arrived, and she entered the station to amuse herself by looking at the people.

There was the usual crowd of sleepy passengers, most of them pressing round the barriers where the luggage was to be examined. Mamie Collingwood wondered what had brought them all to London, trying to guess if any of the men loitering near were detectives on the watch for criminals, when she was conscious that she herself was being closely observed by a tall, foreign-looking man, with very dark eyes, a broad nose and thick lips, which seemed to proclaim him a Slav. Like all pretty girls, Mamie Collingwood was accustomed to receiving the random admiration of the streets, nor did she object to one, or perhaps two respectful glances; but she resented a stare. Turning on her heel to walk away, she found herself confronted by a man of a very different type, young, handsome, essentially English. His bronzed face brightened as their eyes met, and the next moment he was standing before her, his hat in one

hand, the other extended for a greeting.

Mamie was aware that with the particular class of cad that annoys ladies when they are alone, it is a common device to pretend an acquaintanceship when none exists. A glance at this young man, however, convinced her that he was not of that class; indeed, there was something so attractive about him, and he was so clearly "good form," that for an instant Mamie felt a mischievous impulse to put her hand in his, and claim him for a friend. Yet this would have been too unconventional even for an American girl. She suppressed a smile of goodwill, and surveyed the young man with the cold eye of a stranger.

"You are mistaken," she said; "we have not met before." The young man instantly made room for her to pass, and a pang went through her when she saw the sudden change that struck the greeting from his face and left instead a look of pained surprise. "Oh, dear!" she thought; "he's so good looking! What a pity I had to snub him!"

It was now about seven o'clock, and it seemed like an anti-climax to go home conventionally to breakfast. She turned along the Strand, and attracted by a line of market carts, drifted towards Covent Garden. "More good 'copy,'" she said to herself. In the famous market she made mental notes of everything, and came out with an armful of arum lilies. She began to feel rather tired, as well as hungry, and as she reached Bow-street her pace slackened. She thought that she would like to drive home in one of those London cabs which her American friends had so often praised for their smartness and cheapness. She looked about wistfully, when suddenly the liveried driver of a smart brougham which she had taken for a private carriage, inquiringly held up his whip. She would have preferred a hansom, but this was so delightful a conveyance that she thought herself lucky to secure it. What charming things London cabs were, to be sure! Rather different from those of New York, or even of Paris! She



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nodded assent. The brougham drew up at the pavement.

With her arms full of lilies, she was finding a difficulty in opening the door, when a man moved quickly forward, turned the handle, and politely stood aside for her to enter. During her recent month's stay in Paris, Miss Collingwood had spoken nothing but French, and now, by force of habit, she unconsciously addressed the driver in that tongue, bidding him take her to Clifford-street, Marble Arch. Then, as she stepped into the vehicle, she turned with a polite "merci" to the man who had opened the door. To her amazement and vexation, she saw that this was the foreign-looking person in the fur-lined coat who had stared at her in Charing Cross station. Her irritation changed to anger when she found that he intended to follow her into the cab. He had already one foot on the step, when Mamie seized the door to close it, at the same time demanding in her angriest French how he dared to so annoy a lady. The man instantly retired with an air of submission, and the vehicle drove away.

A little excited by this encounter, Miss Collingwood leaned back upon the springy leather cushions, her mind divided between surprise at the luxury of the vehicle and anger at the audacity of the foreigner. Suddenly it flashed into her head that she had addressed the driver in French, and that he, as well as the man in the fur-lined coat, had understood that language.

Her heart gave a bound. Surely, she thought, there is something very strange about that! What if, by some mistake, she had got into a private carriage belonging to the foreigners? But why did the driver raise his whip to her if he were not plying for hire? At any rate, Mamie reflected, it is an adventure; and what a splendid thing I can make of it for my New York paper!

Presently the carriage slackened speed, whisked round a corner, drove down a narrow road which opened into a mews, and before Mamie could lower the window and call to the driver, he had drawn up before a discreet-looking door. Hardly had the cab stopped, when another vehicle came to a standstill behind it; the door of the house opened to reveal a grave, clean-shaven man, with the air of a soldier in uniform; and before Mamie had time to demand an explanation, someone hurried before the servant to offer his assistance. A glance showed Miss Collingwood that it was again the persistent foreigner.

"Will Mademoiselle be pleased to enter?" he said, speaking in French with a curious accent.

"No, sir, I will not enter," replied Mamie, indignantly, in English; "and I shall be obliged for an explanation of all this mystery."

The smile of subservience died out of the man's eyes, which flashed a menace. Before Mamie could remark what was happening, the foreigner had seized her by one arm, and clapped a strong hand over her mouth. The man who had opened the door sprang forward, grasped her by the other arm and waist, and she was hurried towards the house.

Mamie could not scream, but she did not mean to submit without a struggle to such iniquity. She dropped her lilies, which fell in a fragrant heap on the ground, and desperately fought for freedom. But she might as well have beaten her hand against a rock. She was dragged along, and was almost on the threshold when, with a sudden sharp cry of pain and rage, the man in the fur-lined coat released his hold. At the same instant, with all her force Mamie dashed two little clenched fists full in the face of the kidnapper's assistant. Instinctively the fellow loosened his grasp with the impulse of self-defence, and the girl twisted herself free just in time to see the handsome young man who had bowed to her at the station plant a terrific left hauer fall on the foreigner's jaw. The fellow staggered reeled and stumbled against his companion, bearing him back so that both pitched through the open door of the house.

"Quick! My cab! Trust me!" panted her rescuer in French, and in the fraction of a second she was being helped into a hansom standing behind the carriage in which she had arrived. A lash of the whip and the horse was whirling them out of the quiet mews into the open streets.

Breathless and astonished as she was, Mamie's first action, nevertheless, was to turn to the mirror in the cab, straighten her new Paris hat, and bring

into their proper places some rebellious curls which had been loosened in the struggle. Then she turned to her companion; but he was signalling to the driver with his stick, and next moment the cab stopped at Hyde Park Corner. The young man jumped out, offering a hand to assist the girl. Silently she obeyed. The astonished cabman was paid and dismissed.

"Let us walk into the park," said her companion eagerly, still speaking in French. "We can talk there in safety."

Mamie Collingwood was now in a high state of excitement. It was clear that she was involved in some extraordinary mystery, and she remembered only the personal part of it now, not a chance for newspaper "copy." She determined to play her cards carefully with the view of finding out as much as possible; and as she had been addressed in French, she spoke in that language (of which she was a mistress), though she felt sure that her companion was an Englishman.

"A thousand thanks," she said, "for rescuing me from those ruffians."

The handsome young man looked at her dubiously. "It was your wish?" he questioned.

"Undoubtedly! Do you think I wanted to be kidnapped?"

"I don't know what to think," he answered. "You went freely in his carriage, yet you drew back on the doorstep! It looks like trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. But perhaps you will kindly explain."

Mamie Collingwood was thoroughly puzzled, yet thoroughly happy. It was interesting (now that she was safe) to have an adventure, but doubly interesting with so delightful a person in the part of hero. She answered diplomatically, a smile robbing the words of their sting: "Are you sure that you have a right to ask me for explanations?"

"I think I have," he said in a puzzled way; "if not on my own authority, on that of others. You can understand how I feel to see you with the other side. I was afraid that there was something wrong the moment I saw that ugly Russian brute waiting at the station. Then your conduct! You cut me dead; you wander away to a rendezvous with our enemy; you enter his carriage; you drive to the back entrance of the embassy—to the door they always use when there is dirty work on hand; then at the last instant you draw back and resist. I appear to help you; you come willingly with me; yet you ask me if I have the right to an explanation!"

"Is it possible you have followed me all the way from the station?" gasped Mamie.

"What else did you expect? Did you think that I was going to lose sight of you?"

Mamie Collingwood was enjoying enormously this game of cross purposes, but now she wondered if it were fair to her rescuer to let it go any further. Evidently he mistook her for someone else, and it seemed mean to take advantage of him, perhaps to learn some secret which he would blame himself for imparting to a stranger. They were walking slowly along the broad path which leads from Hyde Park Corner to the Marble Arch. It was not yet eight o'clock, and the Park was almost deserted. Mamie sat down on a seat and motioned her companion to her side. He was certainly very handsome, and she was amused at the air of dignity which he assumed with her. She determined to give him a surprise, and fixing her charming eyes on his suspicious ones she spoke in English for the first time.

"I think there is a misunderstanding," she said, wickedly. "Do, please, tell me who you are and who you imagine me to be."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young man, his face expressing frank consternation. He sprang to his feet, stood undecided, staring at the girl blankly, then sat down again.

"Is it possible that there is any mistake? I—you must know who I am, since you came to London to meet me! Yet I was told you understood no English, and you speak it perfectly, though like an American!" He paused, embarrassed; then he blurted out: "I am Lord Gorlon Deamond, and you—surely you are Mdlle. Gerolstein!"

"Mdlle. Gerolstein! Certainly not! I am Miss Mamie Collingwood, of New York, and I almost think that I'm a journalist."

"Miss Collingwood—from New York!" he stammered. "Then how on earth—did you find out? I see! You got wind of our secret! You have personated her to deceive us! You mean to write

it all up in your miserable paper!" He stopped, flushing, for a mettlesome spark had lit in the girl's hazel eyes. "I beg your pardon," he said, quickly. "I said what I had no right to say. Forgive me! I know you're a lady, and would take no unfair advantage of—"

"Of the mistake," interrupted Mamie, appeased. "Certainly not. It shall be my secret, too. Though really, for your comfort, I assure you I know very little of it. Nothing at all but my own part."

He thanked her with his eyes, and pulling a photograph from his pocket, looked from it to her.

"Extraordinary!" he murmured, half to himself. "But the dress!" he said aloud. "May I ask how it comes that you are wearing this dress—blue cloth, five gilt buttons slant-ways down the bodice, a hat to match, with three dark blue, gold-spangled quills?" He repeated the description like a lesson he had by heart.

In a few words Mamie rapidly explained the history of the costume.

"I see!" he exclaimed. "I've never met Mdlle. Gerolstein; I had only this photograph to go by, and the description of the dress she would wear. See—it is like you, isn't it? Only not half so charming, if you don't mind my saying so."

Mamie blushed as she took the photograph, and had to admit that there was a strong resemblance to herself.

"By Jove, Miss Collingwood!" cried Lord Gorlon, impetuously, after he had studied the girl's face a moment. "I'm hanged if I won't tell you everything, and you may help me even yet—if you'll be so good! I know I can trust you. My brother is the Duke of Dartmoor—a splendid fellow, for whom I'd cut off my hand if he needed it. Years ago, when he was a military attache, he fell in love, at her father's court in Germany, with the Princess Amalia, now Queen of Rouvia. Her family would not hear of the match, and she was forced to marry Alexander of Rouvia; but my brother has never ceased to love her. You know how things are in that country. Her husband is a sot; his chief minister a traitor; they are plotting to hand the country over to Russia; Amalia heads the popular party which stands for the independence of the State. Mdlle. Gerolstein is Amalia's confidante; we hope she is her friend also; but we have been warned that even she has been bought by Russia, and is ready to betray her

mistress. After what I saw just now at the station, I am prepared to believe it; for it is clear that that Russian came to meet her, and quite expected that she would go to the embassy with him. Well, my brother has long helped the Queen by acting as her unofficial agent in London, and up to now Mdlle. Gerolstein has been their go-between.

To-day she was to have come to London to meet me, not my brother. He is well-known to the Russian spies; he dare not be seen with her for fear it should reach the jealous ears of the King that his wife is in communication with her former lover. Such a scoundrel is Alexander, that if he got hold of that, he would not hesitate to use it even against his own wife to discredit her with the people. Now do you see why I felt so angry when you went off in the Russian agent's carriage; how astonished when at the last moment you appeared to change your mind, and refused to enter the embassy?"

"The Russian agent's carriage!" exclaimed Mamie. "Why, I thought it was a public cab! I only came to London last night," she explained, in answer to Lord Gorlon's look of surprise. "I was just seeing life a little when I went into Charing Cross Station in this fatal dress."

"Well, what's become of the real Mdlle. Gerolstein—whether she came disguised, and so I missed her, or whether she didn't come at all—I don't know. It's a comfort that the Russian's are as much off the scent as I am, any way. We intended to test her loyalty to-day in this manner: Some of Orloff's agents are in London, in touch with the Russian embassy. We have been watching them for weeks. We were going to send Mdlle. Gerolstein to them (she pretending to be on their side, you understand) to try and get from them a document, which we believe they have just received from the Russians—a paper proving conclusively that Orloff, ay, and the King himself, are in the pay of Russia. She was to offer them in return a letter from the Queen to my brother, which they'd be very eager to get hold of. This appointment has been made by her, in arrangement with us, by telegram from Paris. Now, if Mdlle. Gerolstein were true to the Queen, as we hoped, she would most likely succeed in this mission; if she were false we should discover that also by the way she behaved. Now the question is: Will you continue your role of Mdlle.



Milkmaid
LARGEST SALE BRAND
in the
WORLD. **Milk**

Milkmaid
LARGEST SALE BRAND
in the
WORLD. **Milk**

Milkmaid
LARGEST SALE BRAND
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WORLD. **Milk**

Milkmaid
LARGEST SALE BRAND
in the
WORLD. **Milk**

Milkmaid
LARGEST SALE BRAND
in the
WORLD. **Milk**

Gerolstein, and carry out the scheme we meant her to execute? I can't disguise that if you do, you'll run a risk."

"I'll help you in any way in my power!" cried Mamie promptly, with sparkling eyes. "All my life I have admired Queen Amalia—I know some of her poetry by heart. I would do anything to help her, and upset that horrid Alexander." She did not add that the pleading brown eyes of her companion had had their effect in making up her mind, and spurring her to undertake the adventure. If she was glad to help the woman, she was not reluctant to please the man.

"That's splendid!" ejaculated Lord Gordon. "Let us walk, and I'll tell you the whole plan on the way. There's not an instant to lose, for who knows when the real woman may turn up, and upset all our calculations?"

Poor Mamie had begun to feel terribly hungry, and thought that she would feel much braver if she could have some breakfast, but she kept her feelings to herself, and soon, listening eagerly to the instructions she was receiving, she forgot everything else in the excitement of the game she had to play.

Half an hour later Miss Collingwood stepped out of a hansom cab at the garden gate of a quiet, semi-detached house near Regent's Park. With a quickening breath she rang the bell and waited. A small trap in the door was drawn back, and a pair of black eyes, set in a swarthy face, were scrutinising her suspiciously.

"Mdlle. Gerolstein is expected," she said, haughtily, in French. "Admit me."

The door was opened, and she crossed a small lawn by a gravel path and entered the house, the man who had admitted her first fastening the gate, then following to show her into a drawing-room which faced the garden. Left alone, she sat listening to the beating of her heart, that hammered against her side; and it was only by a strong effort of the will that she steadied her nerves when she heard approaching steps in the passage. The door opened to admit two men—one of middle age, the other younger—both dark, keen of eye, and with hair longer than Englishmen affect. As they entered, they looked at her with a sharp scrutiny, and bowed, as the girl thought with a touch of irony in the salute. Then they stood silent and alert, waiting for her to speak.

"You had a telegram to say that Mdlle. Gerolstein would be with you," began Mamie in her best French, with all the coolness she could command. "Well, you see I have kept the appointment."

The conspirators exchanged a quick glance. "We certainly did expect the lady you mention," said the elder man coldly; "but not until to-morrow. We have this morning heard that she is detained unexpectedly in Paris." Both men were watching her narrowly.

Mamie's heart thumped, but she made a haughty gesture to cover her confusion. "Can you not understand," she said quickly, "that I am compelled to change my plans almost from moment to moment? I run a great risk in coming here at all; I am watched wherever I go; even my correspondence, my telegrams, are liable to be tampered with. The telegram from Paris was a blind; you see I am here, and I have only a few minutes to stay. Now listen: There shall be no confidence whatever on my side unless I receive others from you. I have the letter

you want"—the men's eyes lightened "but not with me here. Surely you did not think I should have brought it, and so put myself in your power?"

"Mdlle. Gerolstein," said the elder man suavely, "deserves her reputation for cleverness; but we should be glad to be informed what proof of our confidence she demands."

"A sight of the document you received yesterday from the Russian Embassy," said Miss Collingwood, "the one you have in your breast pocket," she added boldly, for she had noticed the elder man start and slightly raise his arm.

The pair consulted in whispers. "As Mademoiselle is so well informed of the movements of our friends," replied the first who had spoken, "there can be no harm in trusting her. But after we have shown the paper, what then?"

"You shall both accompany me to my hotel, where my documents are," was the prompt reply.

The elder man drew a paper from his pocket and silently handed it to the girl. Murmuring something about being short-sighted, she walked to the window, put up her veil as if to see better, and at the same time drew aside the curtain to admit more light. Both men watched her keenly, the younger hovering near, as if to guard the precious paper. It was a critical moment. Mamie tried to absorb the meaning of the document, which was written in French, but her whirling brain refused to understand it. She prolonged her scrutiny as long as she dared. What was to happen now? Both men had come very close to her. Already they were suspicious. The signal agreed upon with Lord Gordon was her appearance at the window. The adjoining house had stood empty for some time, he had told her, and a few weeks ago he had hired it. As she drove up to one garden gate he and two men in his confidence had gone in at the other; that she had seen. He was to watch for her signal, through a small aperture he had made in the wall between the two gardens, with a short ladder at hand. The next move was to surmount the wall, take by surprise the man guarding the gate, break into the house, come to her rescue, and secure the paper. Now she had been at the window nearly five minutes, yet nothing had happened in the garden.

"You have seen the paper, Mademoiselle; we will now trouble you for it again," said her host drily. At the same instant there came a cry from the garden. Quick as light, the conspirators took alarm, and with a spring made a snatch at the precious document. There was just one way to save it, and if she took that way the question was whether she could afterwards save herself. But the girl's blood was up. Without a second's hesitation she dashed the little gloved fist that grasped the paper through the window pane, which smashed with a loud jingle of breaking glass.

After that, all was confusion. Mamie knew that someone leaped at her throat like a tiger, and she thought that she screamed before her breath was choked away. Then it seemed to her that she fell, or was flung to the floor, while the sound of rapid footsteps was in her ears. Doors slammed; a revolver shot rang out; at last all was still, and a strange peace fell upon her. It was as if she had waked from a sleep, only disturbed by

troublesome visions, when she opened her eyes to find Lord Gordon's face bending anxiously above hers.

"I think," she said dreamily, "that I could have done it all better if I had had my breakfast."

With that, it all came back to her again. There was a little trickle of red on the young man's forehead, and she sat up, quite herself, to ask if he were hurt.

"Only frightened about you," he said. "Everything else, thanks to your pluck and presence of mind, is all right."

"You have the paper?"

"Yes; you threw it out almost at my feet. We were late because someone had filled up the hole in the wall. So we climbed over. There was a little tussle in the garden; we got the best of it, and were in the house the moment after. One of the rascals fired—the shot just grazed my head—but we have them bound and gagged, and my men are ransacking the house. I don't know what the police would say, but luckily for us these fellows dare not complain to them. As for you, you're the bravest girl in the world, and I don't know how to thank you."

"You can do that by taking me to breakfast," said Mamie, as he helped her to rise.

Lord Gordon laughed out joyously as their eyes met. "Will you breakfast with me and my mother and brother at Portman Square?" he asked. "He'll be on tenter hooks to know what has happened."

"Yes," said Mamie. "It's a little unconventional; but this hasn't been a conventional morning."

There was an insurrection in Rouvia; but it was against the King and Orloff, whose treachery was made public. Rus-

sia dared not move openly in support of her creatures, and the King fled the country, his young son reigning in his place, with the beautiful Queen as regent.

That article of Mamie Collingwood's on "How London Wakes," was never written. Indeed she did not have time to be a journalist at all, she was so busy falling in love. Still, she always said that it was either the dramatic or the journalistic instinct which prompted her to accept Lord Gordon Desmond; for it would have been such a waste of dramatic possibilities not to annex the hero of the most romantic adventures of her life.

At all events they were married, and the Duchess approved; and some day Mamie will be Duchess, for the Duke of Dartmoor has declared that he will never marry—the few who know of his hopeless love for the Queen of Rouvia can guess why.

The wedding present which—after her husband's gift—Lady Gordon Desmond valued most was a portrait of Queen Amalia, her lovely, sad face framed in brilliants, and the photograph inscribed: "To my brave young American friend in memory of services to me and Rouvia."

Sunday I caught a very bad cold,
Monday it took a rather firm hold,
Tuesday I had to take to my bed,
Wednesday I thought I'd shortly be dead,
Thursday came and I got a bit worse,
Friday they talked of getting a nurse,
But Saturday brought relief swift and sure—
A bottle of—
WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Cousins' Badges.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would very much like to be a cousin, and be able to write letters to your page. I have been taking great interest in it lately, and I see you have got a kind word for everybody, so perhaps you have got one for me. Next week I am going to send you a short story, and I want you to give me your opinion on it, and then you can do what you like with it (burn it if you think fit). We have been having some big boats here for coal, and among them was the Jessic, on which I knew the men. On looking through an "Insurance Recorder" the other day I found the following, which I thought I would keep and send to you. Two boys were talking together, and presently one said, "I say, Tom, do you think Professor Kidder meant anything by it?" "By what?" asked the other. "Why, he advertised a lecture on 'Fools,' and when I bought a ticket it was marked, 'Admit one.'" Please forward me a badge.—Yours truly, Carle.

[Dear Cousin Carle,—I have written you a private letter, and sent you a badge, which you will have received some days ago. I am very glad indeed that you wish to become a cousin. Write again soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—During the mid-winter holidays I only went out once; it was on Thursday that I went out, which was at the North Shore. One of my friends came with me. We left at the Queen-street Wharf at half-past nine. We went over before my other two friends came. When we reached the Shore the tide was coming in, so my friend and I went out into the water. When we were tired of wading we had some games and amused ourselves by making sand castles. We then began to get hungry, so we put on our shoes and stockings, made ourselves tidy, and went into a restaurant. When we came back we found our two friends, and two of their friends, looking for us. When returning home we had a great boat's looking for our things, as they got all mixed up. In consequence we missed the boat, and had to wait till another arrived. But it was not for long, for one soon arrived, and we had some games on it returning home. I brought home some flowers and shells of every sort. Of course I was very untidy, but, worse luck, I did not bring my coat with me. We had a test exam. yesterday, and I got so excited over it that I never knew what I was doing. Our real examination is on the first of August. Now I must stop writing, as it is my bedtime. With my best wishes to you and all the cousins, I must say goodbye.—From Cousin Ivy Metcalfe.

[Dear Cousin Ivy.—Your letter is so hot, this week that I shall only be able to write a very short answer, but I will write you a nice long one next time to make up for it. What an enjoyable day you seem to have spent over at the North Shore; but it was a pity you left your coat behind. You will have to work very hard at school this month, as your examination is so close, won't you? Do you think you will pass?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your little correspondents, please? I am twelve years of age, and am in the sixth standard at school. Would you mind forwarding me a badge please, as I would be very glad to possess one? It is very cold here in winter, the frost often being on the ground for weeks at a time without thawing. I live in Lyell, a small township on the Buller River. I am sending you a few ferns, and I hope that you will like them. With love to all the cousins and yourself I now remain, yours truly, Cousin Rozellia.

[Dear Cousin Rozellia,—I shall be very pleased to welcome you as one of my little cousins, and will post you a badge to-day. We don't have nearly such cold weather here in the winter time as you do, and I am very glad, because I hate to be cold. Do you ever have snowballing matches? They are great fun, and make one so nice and warm too. Thank you very much for the ferns, dear. They are very pretty indeed. Write again very soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would very much like to correspond with you, as I have been a reader of your page for a long time, and wish to join with you. I have just turned fourteen, and am in the fifth standard. Perhaps you will think me rather backward. But I would have been much further on only I have been very much troubled with my ears for some time, which caused deafness, and could not hear what my teacher said. I have been ever so much better lately, as I had to undergo an operation a few weeks back, and I am now getting on very well. I have two miles to walk to school, and the roads are so muddy. Lately father got me a pony to ride, and it is much better riding than tramping through the mud. We had our quarterly examination this week, and we are all looking forward for our week's holiday, as we break up to-morrow (Friday). I would like very much a badge if you would not mind sending me one. I must now close, with fondest love to you. I remain, your loving cousin, Mabel.

[Dear Cousin Mabel,—I am so glad you have liked the Cousins' Page of "The Graphic," and I hope you will write often. I don't think you are at all backward for your age, and your handwriting is very nice indeed. What have you called your pony, and is he very quiet? I am sending you a badge this week, and hope you will get it safely. You must take great care of yourself this cold weather, Mabel, because it would be dreadful if you caught cold and your ear got worse again, wouldn't it? Hoping you will enjoy your holidays.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would have written to you before, but I have been ill with a sore throat, and did not go down to the office for nearly a fortnight. Theazaar in aid of the Maori Girls' School in Auckland was held at the Theatre last night. The Maoris performed haka, danced poi dances, and sang. I think everyone enjoyed themselves. I hear they made one hundred and forty pounds the first night, and as it is to last two or three days I think they will do well. Did you go to "Are you a Mason?" I didn't, but I hear it was very good indeed. I went the second night to "Oh what a Night." I enjoyed it immensely. I have read "The Maid at Arms," and think it is awfully nice. Have you read "A Speckled Bird," by A. E. Wilson? I don't like it as well as some others of hers, "The Mercy of Tiberius," for instance. I am studying for Confirmation now, it is to come off in August. Mr Evans, our vicar is pre-

paring us, and he takes such an interest in the class. There are about forty candidates, but a great many more girls than boys. I am rather sorry I was not confirmed by Bishop Cowie, as all our family except myself have been confirmed by him. Did I ever tell you that I lost my birthday book with Madame Melba's and Dolores names in? I have found it again now, so it is alright. I really don't know what I should have done if I had lost it altogether. Next week there is to be another concert in aid of the organ fund. Each girl in the choir has to get up a concert herself. Don't you think it is a good idea, Cousin Kate? I really haven't been doing anything lately, and as there is nothing to tell you, will you please excuse this mad letter.

Cousin Dora.

P.S.—Please excuse the mistakes in typing as either I or the machine have gone wrong. We'll say it is the machine.

[Dear Cousin Dora.—I am so sorry you have been ill. I can sympathise with you because I am just getting over a cold myself. A hundred and forty pounds was a great deal to make in one day. I hope they will do equally well for the rest of the time, as the money is very much needed for the Maori Girls' School. I haven't come across "A Speckled Bird" yet, but I don't care for her books much as a rule. Have you read "The Virginian," by Owen Wister, it is quite a new book, and a very good one. It would have been a great pity if you had really lost your birthday book; Melba is not likely to come to New Zealand again, so it is nice for you to have her autograph. I think each choir girl getting up a concert herself, is a splendid plan, and wish they would do the same at our church. Why did you apologise for your letter and the typing? They are both very good indeed for a girl of your age.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have got a very bad cold, really we have all had colds. We are having nice weather now, such fine days. The cousins do not seem to be writing very regular now. I suppose they are on their holidays most of them. My Auntie's boardinghouse was burned down the other day, nothing was saved but a few clothes. I really have not much news to tell you. Hoping you are well and free from a cold, with love to all the cousins.—Cousin Annie.

[Dear Cousin Annie.—I am so sorry you have got such a bad cold dear, and hope you will be better soon. I had a dreadfully bad one last week, but it is better now. I am afraid some of the cousins are very lazy about writing letters, but perhaps after they have had their holidays they will be more regular. I hope so, any way. How did the fire at your Auntie's happen? I think fires are such dreadful things, but I like watching them, when I know that no one is likely to be injured.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have been reading a number of your letters lately, so would very much like to become one of the band. I take great interest in your page, so will like to help to fill your precious page. We have not had nice weather lately, but we will have rather hot weather in summer. I lived in Dunedin and have only been up here three months, so I do not exactly know what kind of weather you get in the summer-time. But I think we are better off here than in Dunedin in the winter, because they get snow down there; but it is great fun snow-balling. At Christmas we are leaving Auckland and going over

to America, so will be very sorry to leave your page. Cousin Kate, could I write to you from America. I would write every mail. How much have we to pay for our badge, because I would very much like one. When I go to America it would be a great novelty to keep. Don't you think so, Cousin Kate. I must now conclude with best love to all the cousins, not forgetting your own dear self.—Cousin Doreen.

[Dear Cousin Doreen.—I shall be very glad indeed for you to join our band of cousins and will send you a badge directly you write and tell me your address. The badges don't cost the cousins anything, as they are a present from Cousin Kate. Weren't you very sorry to leave Dunedin. It is such a pretty place, I think, but it is very cold. Of course you can write to me from America, dear Doreen, and you will be able to tell me such a lot of interesting things, because I have never been there. Don't forget to send me your address and your full name next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I received the badge you sent me on Wednesday last, and was very pleased to get it. You were talking about riding, and asked me if I was fond of riding. Well, I am not a lover of riding, but often ride to school. We have just had our mid-winter holidays. I did not enjoy myself, as I thought I would, because it was so miserable and wet, and the river was in flood, and therefore spoilt all our hopes of a pleasant picnic up the river. So good-bye, with love, from Cousin Minnie.

[Dear Cousin Minnie.—You are a very good girl to write again so soon, and I am glad you were pleased with your badge. I wish all the cousins would write often. I think I must start a competition, and give a prize to the cousin who writes most regularly for three months, starting from the beginning of August. Don't you think that would be a good plan? I am so sorry you were not able to have your picnic up the river, but it is very cold for picnics just now, and you will be able to have a much nicer one if you wait till the warm weather comes.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I did not spend my holidays very well as the weather was so uncertain; but I think that I enjoyed myself as well as any of my school-mates. On Monday I did not go anywhere, but on Tuesday morning I went out with mamma to do some shopping. Wednesday afternoon I went for a walk with my sister Lucy, and on our way we went into the Museum, in which I met three of my school-mates. Here we stayed for a while looking at the curios, which are of a great number. Then we went to the Art Gallery. Here we stopped till it was time to go home. Thursday, the finest day of all the week, I went to the beach with some of my companions. We left home at ten, and after waiting a little while, caught a Ponsonby tram, in which we had great trouble in seating ourselves, as there were ten of us altogether, and the tram was nearly full when we got in. We enjoyed ourselves so much that the day seemed to fly. On our return home we looked nice, because the tide was high, and the rocks we climbed and stumbled over were very slippery. Friday morning I employed myself with my daisy work, which I like doing; in fact, I like any sort of fancy work; even at school I do not think any of the girls dislike this work. On Saturday afternoon I went to Harry Rickards' Company, which greatly amused and excited me. Perhaps, if you went, you were excited during the cycle act, and amused by the funny sayings of the musicians. Dearest Cousin Kate, was ever the correct picture of the Five Point Puzzle published? Will you please tell me, as I have had a great many tries at it, but I cannot get it right, so I should very much like to see a right copy of it.—From Cousin Mabel.

[Dear Cousin Mabel.—I have only time to write you a very short note this week in answer to your nice long one. You seem to have had very pleasant holidays, in spite of the bad weather. I went to see the Harry Rickards' Company one evening, but I didn't like the bicycle act at all; it looked so horribly dangerous; but I enjoyed the rest immensely. A great many of the cousins drew the Five Point Puzzle correctly. I will post one of the right ones to you if I can find one.—Cousin Kate.]

The Martyr.

One night (when Meg was in her bed
A-dreaming dreams with Moll)
The dolls of all the neighbours called
To visit Peg and Poll.
On every chair there perched and sat,
On every stool, a doll.

Their curls were brushed, their sashes
tied,
Their faces fair and clean;
They carried fans and handkerchiefs,
The cutest ever seen;
And some had come in China silk
And some in velvet.

And all of them, yes, every one
Had brought a tale to tell
About the "horrid little girl"
Who hadn't used her well;
Who'd treated her with cruelties
Beyond a parallel!

Who'd washed her twenty times a day
And dressed her twenty more,
Who'd lost her Sox and mangled her
frocks
And dropped her on the floor,
And tagged her every minute since
She left the dolly store!

From all around the room at once
Arose a deaf'ning din.
And Peg, abetting, told how Meg
Had struck her with a pin;
And Poll, how Moll had couched her hair
Until 'twas fairly thin.

Now, as it came about, the while
That little Meg and Moll
Were being thus outrageously
Abused by Peg and Poll,
There sat in that fair company
An awful looking doll—

Her eyes and nose were battered in,
Her cheeks were wan and worn,
Her head was bare of hair as though
It had been shaved and shorn;
The clothes she wore were rent to rags,
And e'en the rags were torn;

Her legs were broken at the knees
As in some mortal fray;
One arm was hanging by a thread,
And one was off to stay,
While through a hole within her side
Her sawdust ebbed away.

She listened to the discontent,
And then, in voice that broke
For want of language to express
Her state of feeling, spoke:
"Your ignorance, my friends," she said
"Would very tears provoke!"

"I did not come to tell my past
To any living toy,
But I beseech you — look at me,
And bless your lot of joy!
Oh, dwell upon your mercies—I
Was given to a Boy!"

How King Christian Came Home.

King Christian rested outside the Hermit's Cave on his way to his castle from which he had been absent nearly twelve years. All alone sat the old warrior in his suit of mail, his venerable head resting on his strong right arm, while his flowing snow-white beard swept the stone table on which stood his helmet, dented in many a fierce melee.

"Truly a strange home-coming," he said to himself presently, "without even one little page to attend me. My daughter Margaret weeps for a dead husband and a dead father, but has two dear children to comfort her in her loneliness. So much have I gleaned by the way; but—"

He paused, for he heard approaching footsteps, and a boy's voice exclaiming, "Here is the cave, Isabel, and we can easily follow the bridle-path to the pos-

tern. What ho! Sir Hermit, show yourself."

King Christian turned his head, and lo! a boy and a girl exceeding fair and handsomely attired stood before him.

"The Hermit is not within, my little friends," he said, as he noticed their surprise at seeing a stranger; "but maybe I can help you."

"Sir Knight, I thank you, no; unless indeed you yourself make for the castle. Then will my sister and I be right glad for your company, for night falls apace."

"Oh! Geoffrey, let us hasten homewards," said the girl. "Speed as we may, darkness will overtake us, and should we lose our way a second time, our wild flowers will be dearly bought."

King Christian started. The voice reminded him strangely of his daughter's voice, and his own shook as he looked lovingly at Isabel, and said, "Long ago, maiden mine, I used to sit in this old forest, and by my side a little laughing Margaret; and she was wondrous fair, and so like you, but she's a great queen now."

"And Margaret, her name?" asked the boy. "Why, that's our mother's name, and she's a queen. Go you to see her, good Sir Knight!"

"I do, for 'tis her birthday night. But, children, come and sit upon my knees, for I would talk with you awhile." Hand in hand they approached and did as they had been bidden, for Isabel had quite forgotten the darkness now. The king smiled, and putting his great arms gently round the both, continued: "So Queen Margaret is your mother, Isabel, and Geoffrey is heir to a kingdom! And does your mother ever breathe her father's name?"

It was Isabel who answered. "Daily she does, and prays he may return, and yet he died in fight against the Saracens, and so she knows he cannot."

"But he will, fair child; this very night."

"How know you that, good sir?"

"Children, I have a secret, which even the little birds have not whispered to you. You sit upon King Christian's knees; your grandsire's arms are round you. Nay, start not. Men think me dead, but the good God has brought me home to comfort a sorrowing daughter, and watch over two tender lives. In a fierce fight against the Saracens I was taken prisoner by a certain caliph, and removed to his palace. His daughter, a frail little maiden, walked with me daily in the beautiful gardens, and but for her I should have died in captivity. I told her I was a king, and longed to get back to my own land.

"Then trust to me, and to Hassan," and she pointed to a black slave of gigantic stature, who stood near.

"But your father's displeasure!" I said.

"I fear not that, O king," was the gentle reply, "for, like the roses, I shall fade with summer, and go to my Father's home and yours in that Paradise you tell me of."

"And that night a little vision in white appeared by my side as I slept and a kiss on my brow awoke me. I rose and followed the caliph's daughter through the dim and silent palace to the gardens and the city beyond. Guards and night watchmen we passed, but no one dared to stay us, for my little guide flashed in their faces her father's signet ring. And so we reached the city gates,

where stood a great white camel held by the faithful Hassan. Again a flash of the signet, and the ponderous gates flew open as if by magic.

"This beast is faithful," the maiden said, "and not to be matched in the East for swiftness and endurance. Travel westward by the stars, and at the third sunrise you will reach a great city by the sea, whose name I know not; there you will find a ship to carry you home. I have saved you for the sake of the beautiful message you brought me. It

has made me, oh, so happy. Adieu, Sir King, farewell!"

"So we parted forever. And now, come, let us be going, for a king's castle is a better place than a hermit's cave."

There was great joy in the castle on Queen Margaret's birthday night, for King Christian had come home, and father and daughter were united. His nobles came to rejoice at his return, and the old halls resounded with one uplifted shout of joy, "God save the King."

X JUNGLE JINKS. X

HIPPO JUNIOR PLAYS THE OTHER BOYS A CRUEL TRICK.



1. The Jungle School Boys had had a hard day's work, and done their lessons so well that Mrs Lion thought she would give them a little treat. "Here, boys, I've brought you a nice juicy William pear to share between you. Each boy is to have a taste, and then pass it on to the next." "Oh, how kind of you, Mrs Lion!" cried Jacko. "This is because you have all been such good children," explained Mrs Lion. "Now Hippo, you have the first taste."



2. Then young Hippo stepped forward, and took the pear. It was an anxious time for Jacko and Jumbo while Hippo turned his back to enjoy the feast. "When you have finished let Jacko have a share," said Mrs Lion. "Right!" said Hippo; and then the others waited in an agony of suspense. "Hippo seems a jolly long time taking that bite," remarked Jacko at last. "Yes," chimed in Jumbo; "I don't like the look of things." Even Mrs Lion began to grow suspicious.



3. "Have you finished with the pear, Hippo?" she inquired. "Yes, thanks," smiled the young rascal. "I've quite finished!" Then he turned round. "Why—why, where's the pear? Where's our bite?" cried Jumbo. "There isn't another bite," grinned the bad boy. "You told me to pass it on when I had finished. Well, I've finished; but there's nothing left to pass! Hee! Hee!"

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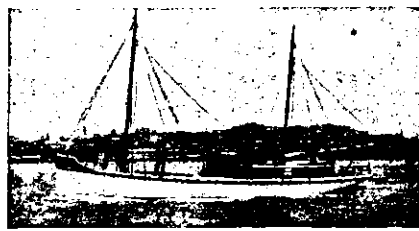
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Useful Recipes.

TOMATO SOUP.

Cut a quarter of a pound of raw ham into small pieces and fry brown with a small onion; add a can of tomatoes, a small bay leaf, and a stalk of celery. Simmer for 15 or 20 minutes. Then press through a sieve; add a quart of stock, and let it boil up; then season with salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of sugar. If the tomatoes are very sharp, add as much soda as you can put on a ten-cent piece, dissolved in a little warm water.

RASPBERRY TARTLETS.

Make some short crust, and line some petty pans with it, and nearly fill them with this mixture; cream an ounce of butter, with two ounces of moist sugar, add an ounce of breadcrumbs, a table-spoonful of raspberry jam, one beaten egg and a pinch of salt. Bake in a moderate oven till the pastry is done.

ONION AND CUCUMBER SOUP.

Take three good-sized cucumbers and two white onions; peel and slice them. Cover with a pint of boiling water and a pint of white stock, chicken or veal, and simmer for one hour; then rub through a sieve. Keep hot while you scald a pint of milk in a double boiler. Pour this over a paste made of two tablespoonfuls of flour and one of butter; return to double boiler and add the vegetable pulp; season to taste, and let cook a few minutes. Serve with croutons.

BISQUE OF TURNIP.

Put one pound of soup meat into a kettle with one quart of cold water; add an onion and four good-sized yellow turnips, and simmer for one hour. Then press the vegetables through a sieve; return to the kettle, add one pint of milk, season to taste with salt and pepper, bring to boiling point, and serve.

PUREE OF PEAS.

Canned peas can be used for this. Add one quart of white stock of water to one pint of peas; a slice of onion, a small bay leaf, sprig of parsley, and a small sliced carrot. Simmer until the peas are quite soft, then press through a sieve; return to the saucepan, season with salt and pepper, and let it boil up. Add a cup of cream or a tablespoonful of butter, and serve. A sprig of fresh mint added to the peas instead of the onion and bay leaf gives a pleasant flavour.

OXTAIL SOUP.

Bake three ox tails split by the butcher, cut in small pieces and fry in lard until brown. Throw into a soup kettle with seasoning of salt and four quarts of cold water, two dozen cloves, one large onion chopped and fried in butter and lard, one carrot fried by itself in butter and lard.

Take about one-fourth cup of flour and brown in hot skillet without water or lard. Put this in the soup kettle, to give a rich brown and make a thickening. Add to these ingredients a piece of lean beef and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Let it cook slowly three or four hours. Strain, leave only one piece of ox tail for each plate when served. This quantity makes enough for twelve persons.

ORANGE WINE.

Select quite ripe oranges. Peel the fruit and cut in half crosswise of the cells. Squeeze with a press to extract the juice, and see that the press is closed so that the seeds do not go through. Add two pounds of sugar to each gallon of sour orange juice, and one pound of sugar to each gallon of sweet orange juice. When the juice is mixed with sugar add one quart of water to every gallon. For this wine close fermentation is necessary.

HOT-POT.

The proper dish for making it in is the shape of a deep cake tin of china or earthenware. At the bottom of the dish place a layer of sliced raw potatoes, then layer of mutton chops and kidneys, then a sprinkling of sliced onions. Repeat this till the dish is nearly full. Cover with raw potatoes cut in half. Over all lay buttered paper, and bake for two hours. Remove the paper, and let the potatoes brown before serving. Serve very hot. Many people add oysters to these ingredients.

TO BOIL FISH.

When boiling fish let it come gently to a bubble after putting it in boiling water, then allow it to cook just below the boiling point. If it were boiled at the galloping point the fish would fall to pieces. A good rule by which to cook fish is to allow ten minutes to each pound, when it has once come to the boil.

CHEESE FINGERS.

Put one cup of flour in a bowl; add one heaping tablespoonful butter, the yolks of two eggs, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and two tablespoonfuls milk; mix all quickly together into a firm paste, roll it in a ball, and set half hour on ice; then roll the paste out one quarter of an inch thick, sprinkle over a half-cupful grated cheese. (American). Fold the paste double, roll out again and cover with cheese; fold it double, roll out to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Brush over with beaten egg, cut in strips a finger wide and four or five inches long. Rinse a tin pan with cold water, put in the straws and bake in moderate oven to a fine golden colour.

Colour Cult.

The cult of colour is one of the crazes of the day. The modern woman is extremely artistic in the arrangement of her house and the clothing of her person, and will spend days deciding the exact shade of yellow that will go with her turquoise wall-paper and the jewels that will harmonise best with her reseda frock. To make a mistake in either of these directions would make her miserable and the scorn of her more artistic friends. The aesthetic early Edwardian woman shudders at the crude colours with which the early Victorian covered her chairs and herself, and which the poor misguided, colour-blind creature praised as cheerful and becoming. The modern woman knows her grandmother must have looked a perfect fright in Royal-blue merino; for had not the poor thing black eyes and sallow complexion, which demanded a carefully-thought-out red colour contrast to be rendered tolerable? She could not have brought herself to sit in a drawing-room chair swathed in crimson damask, standing upon a green carpet wreathed with pink roses. The combination would have been revolting to her artistic instincts. Certainly, the cult of beauty includes the cult of colour, and the clever Society dame of to-day makes the very best of herself by choosing tints for her hat and frock which, in

themselves attractive, bring out also the best points of her hair, eyes, and complexion. The woman who finds no bright or light colour becoming relies on black—now the smartest of colours—for her sartorial effects without fear of being numbered with the frumps or the dowdies. Much of the prettiness of the up-to-date woman is the result of this study of the artistic, and many well-known women have won fame for themselves by their development of and devotion to a particular scheme of colour. Lady Brougham, for instance, is celebrated for her love of all shades of red, which tint her frocks, her window-blinds, her park railings, the fruit and flowers on her table, her lamp-shades, and even the cloaks of the old women who weed the paths on the Brougham estate. Her ladyship varies the shades with quite scientific skill, and the effect is not at all monotonous. But it has been left to a bride, Lady Mary Grosvenor, to make a record in the cult of colour. Her bridesmaids, twelve young girls and children, all had blue eyes, and their hats and frocks were chosen to match. If this idea catches on to any extent the black and brown-eyed Society debutantes will in future have to take a back seat so far as a demand for their services as bridesmaids is concerned, as these duller shades would naturally not be so popular. Perhaps when the cult of colour fashion has waned, smart brides will individualise their weddings by selecting their bridesmaids only from damsels of their acquaintance who have aquiline noses, curly hair, small mouths, or Grecian chins.

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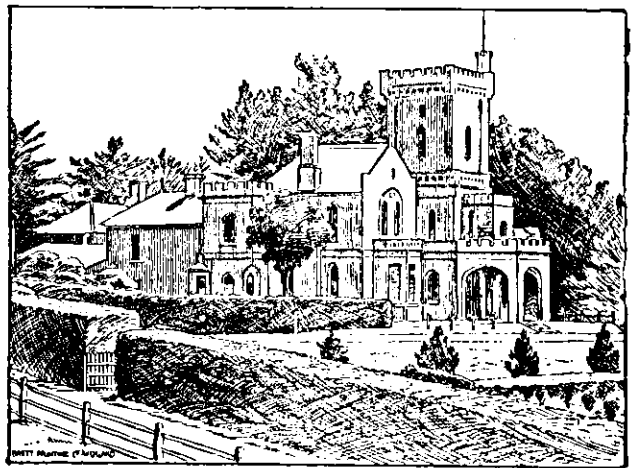
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A small token here I send
From one who fain would prove thy friend.
N of for one bright summer day.
But through life's journey all the way.
N ever thinking life too long.
If he may shield thee from all wrong.
I n the sweet dreams of thy heart;
Give him, dear one! one small part;
E very day that passes sweet,
Prays him nearer to thy feet.

C. A. YOUNG.

The Curse of Bridge.

The "London Daily Express" is waging war on the bridge players of modern Babylon, and its onslaughts on society—especially the ladies—would satisfy even Marie Corelli, and that is saying a good deal. This is how the "Express" talks: Play bridge for high stakes, and exclusive doors open before you. Smart clubs and fashionable ladies welcome the gambler with money to lose. "I don't know where he comes from, but he's a deuced good bridge player, and pays up all right"—that is a phrase that has introduced many a shady adventurer into a drawing-room. What has won the game so sweeping a victory? Why does society leave its old friends, roulette and baccarat, poker and whist, out in the cold? There are two answers to that question. In the first place, bridge is a game of quick returns, a gambling game where you are bound, save in exceptional cases, to pile up a big score one way or another in even an hour's play. Yet it is, secondly, a game of great skill, a subject which may be studied, which may be read up in books, for which you may be coached by an expert. Society loves a gamble; but its men and women love even better the thought that they have outreached an opponent by superior cunning. Bridge affords them both sensations. It is the conjunction of the two which has brought about its popularity.

It is thus that among fashionable games of chance Bridge stands supreme—the modern goddess of the card-table in great bravery of gold and tinsel, yet with women's tears for her jewels and the ruins of broken homes as a pedestal for her feet.

Does this seem an exaggerated simile? Before you laugh and turn away ask some man of the world who knows his London what miseries this game has caused. The gambling of men has its etiquette ordained by centuries; but it is when women begin to play heavily that misfortune, breeding deception, lies, and loss of honour, strikes most nearly at the sanctity of the home.

Let me give you some sidelights on the curse of bridge. They are all from personal experience or from the carefully-prepared statements of friends.

During the winter and spring there have been at least three serious bridge scandals at great houses in the country. A suggestion of cheating has been on each occasion the cause. In two out of the three cases ladies have been implicated.

In several sub-divisions of the smart set in London a bridge lunch was a fashionable winter feature.

Ladies, either by themselves, or with an equal number of men as partners, lunched together, and then adjourned to the drawing-room. The blinds were pulled down, the lights turned on, cards were produced, and the game went merrily forward.

Often enough dinner-time found them so absorbed that play was extended. Men and women dashed off in carriage and hansom, returning in smoking-suits and tea-gowns. A short dinner—more play—a 12 o'clock supper—more play—and a final departure at four in the morning.

At country houses last year bridge ruled supreme at week-end parties—as, indeed it will rule this summer. On certain celebrated occasions, over which you will hear the guests laugh nervously, as if even they were slightly ashamed of themselves, bridge lasted from lunch to early morning for two or three days in succession, Sunday included. For the most part these houses were rented by wealthy folk, who brought down parties from London.

It may be argued that high play is nothing new; that the beaux of Tunbridge Wells and Bath, the bucks and Courtians of the Regency, and the dandies of early Victorian times staked their guineas more recklessly than do our young men about town to-day.

Yet on examination it will be found that our modern gamblers differ in several points from their forbears of the same kidney, and these points do so greatly redound to their credit.

In this age of gold, in this scrambling, eager rush to get rich, "honestly, if you can, but get rich," the niceties of honour which surrounded the code of the aristocratic plungers of the past have worn away. To cheat at cards is silly now—a-days—merely because it will mean scandal. If the trickster is caught he can yet live it down—unless by bad luck it gets into the papers. If the offence be decently hushed up, it is no very serious matter in twentieth century society.

When the world was younger a cheat was doomed, however high his birth. They were less civilised than we, and preferred more strenuous measures. The duel and the horsewhip had a curiously restraining effect upon blackguards. There are signs of reaction; but they are faint as yet, coming rather from the outside than within. The leaders of society could contrive a greater good than they perhaps imagine by setting their faces against the game. If this is too radical a change, cannot they at least use their influence against high play and the gambling of women and girls?

The Little Wet Shoes.

Many a morning during the wet months to come the children's shoes will present a sorry appearance. They may have been wet through the night before, and dried into stiff, paper-like affairs, almost impossible to put on to the little feet. Pour some kerosene oil into a saucer, and with a sponge put as much of it on the shoes as they will absorb. See if they do not become as soft and black as new inside of five minutes. The oil soaks in immediately, so it is well to go over them several times.

Athletics Give Women a Sense of Fair Play.

Athletic games, in which nearly all growing girls and young women take part, are doing much not only for the bodily but also for the moral development of the feminine portion of the race. Stress sufficient has been placed on the physical improvement of women. Tennis, golf, walking, riding, and other out-of-door sports have built up the female physique, given it health, stature, breadth, grace and strength, and made living a good deal easier and less painful for women than it was. Tall women are becoming rather common, and if the physical growth of women goes on at the present rate the men will soon average less in height, chest expansion and weight than the women; unless, indeed, these fine specimens of womanhood transmit, as probably they will, their excellent physical qualities to their sons yet unborn. The languid, anaemic beauty that we read about in the older novels has passed out of fashion, together with her smelling salts, her fits of the vapours and her general air of debility. A woman that thin's five miles a walk to boast of is regarded rather contemptuously nowadays by her athletic sisters. This is good and augurs well for the men and women of the future.

But quite as important as this bodily melioration is the slower but equally sure moral growth for the better that has been caused by the participation of man and women on the same footing in athletic games. This participation is breeding in women, what they are said to lack as a sex, the spirit of fair play. The spirit of fair play is the informing soul of out-of-door sport. It impels a man to play according to the rules of the game, to take no foul advantage, but every fair advantage, of an opponent. It moves him to give a weaker opponent a handicap in order to make an equal match. It is only another name for the sense of honour.

This spirit of fair play, this willingness to play according to rule, this sense of honour in dealing with an opponent, women formerly possessed in a less degree than men. In their social battles, in argument, in conversation, in their relations with one another and with men, the majority of women do not play fair according to masculine notions of fairness. In dealing with one another, women, as a class, are especially unfair. There was a women school principal in this city, once upon a time, one of those teachers was lame. This principal declared that she wanted only young, sound and pretty teachers in her corps, and she set about to get rid of

the lame girl. To this purpose she transferred the unfortunate cripple from a room on the ground floor to one on the third storey, so that the teacher, who walked only with the aid of crutches, was compelled to go up and down two long flights of stairs several times a day. This barbarous cruelty was designed to force the lame girl to petition to be detailed to another school. Knowing the principal's purpose, the poor girl held out as long as she could and endured the torture, but at last she gave up the struggle. The illustration is extreme, of course, and there are few women, let us hope, capable of the diabolical trick to which the principal in question resorted.

Any number of men there are in whom the sense of fair play is dull or lacking, but men as a class have it, and women, as a class, and with numerous exceptions, have it not. Centuries of subjection to man, during which she was not treated fairly, dwarfed the development of this sense in woman, but under the kindly influence of athletics it is quickening and growing, and will soon attain full stature.

Generalisation of this sort, however, are dangerous and sometimes nonsensical. Women are as various as men, and any attempt to characterise either sex as a whole must be more or less unjust. Perhaps the best and truest way of putting the case would be to say that participation together in athletic games is giving both men and women a keener spirit of fair play toward each other. Certainly men have done a good deal more wrong to women than women have done to men.

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Are Women Considerate?

By the late MAX O'RELL.

I spend so much of my time singing the praises and extolling the virtues of women that I set myself thinking the other day and said to same self: "Now, surely women have not the monopoly of everything that is good under the sun; is there not some virtue, at least some quality which we men possess oftener than women?" And I thought hard, and finally succeeded, I believe, in discovering one. Ladies, I am of opinion that we men, as a rule, are more considerate than you for the feelings of others. That consideration is the characteristic and best trait of the perfect gentleman. Some women possess it; those whom I call gentlemanly women.

But let us examine the case for women.

Women are not so punctual as men, and punctuality in keeping an appointment and engagements of all sorts is the best proof of one's consideration for the feelings of other people.

Although they may be members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, women will not get out of an omnibus when it stops before No. 52; they will let it start again and then call on the conductor to stop at No. 54, which is their destination. "Women are terrible," once said to me the conductor of a London omnibus. "Why, sir, some of them wonder we can't take them to their bedroom door!"

Women will go in a shop, wondering what it is they want; oftener wondering whether they want anything at all. They will settle down at a counter and make the assistant spread before them, one after another, all the goods he has in his department, look at them, turn up their noses at them, and go away without any apology, without even expressing regret that they did not find anything they wanted, much less saying to the poor man: "I am sorry to have made you waste your time." Maybe, before leaving the premises, they will buy a yard of half-an-inch wide ribbon for 6d. Now, I have always admired my sex

making a purchase in a shop. They are simply great. "I want," they will say, "a dozen pairs of socks, of such colour, of such size, and the best you have got—Good—You are sure they are the right size!—Very good—No, no, don't take the trouble to show me any more, those will do very nicely. How much!—Good—Here you are—Good morning." It must be a pleasure to have men customers only to serve.

But see the women. Although they have found the exact article they want, you must not suppose that they are satisfied. They know they could not get anything more to their taste, anything more suitable, but they will let the poor shop girl go on showing her goods that have to be untied, unfolded and afterward refolded and retied. That's not their business. They enjoy looking at the things. They have nothing else to do. It does not enter their heads that they are making the shop girl waste her time and tire herself; that if they would only go away that girl might make money with another customer. They will not take all that into consideration.

It is the custom in France, when you ask a street car conductor for the change of a five-franc piece, to give him one or two sous for his trouble. Men very seldom fail to give him a tip for this little service rendered. But I have seen women ask for the change of a twenty-franc piece, receive it without saying "Thank you," much less giving a tip to the conductor, who had perhaps emptied his money-bag of all his silver to oblige them, but count and recount that change with a frown of suspicion on their brows until they were quite sure that they had not been cheated.

An English waiter once said to me: "When we wait on ladies, we find it twice the work it is to wait on gentlemen. They are so exacting. They will make us go downstairs half a dozen times, when, by giving their orders with some consideration, we should have to go only once. And, Lord! when we get a tip we go on a spree right away, it's such a wonderful surprise!"

And what is it that we call feminine amenities? I forget, but I fancy that in the expression the word "feminine"

could be appropriately replaced by "feline."

A charming American lady, well known for her graceful hospitality, said to me: "I would rather have ten men guests in my house for a month than a woman alone for a week."

"But why?" I asked.
"Because with a woman in it, my house is no longer mine. She has no consideration for my servants, she has no consideration for myself. It is not that she is selfish, but she is thoughtless—that is to say, inconsiderate. I will not say that she gives trouble on purpose. Perhaps she does not know or even think that she does—but she does."

No doubt the lack of consideration for other people's feelings which we often notice in woman's character comes from the notion, with which they generally go through life, that "you could not refuse this to a lady," or that "it is

the privilege of a lady to do this, or to do that."

"Ladies first" is a principle which I indorse from the bottom of my heart, but many women are often too inclined to act on it and to believe that, because they are women, everything should be forgiven to them.

I have known women who were generous and most considerate, but it cannot be said that these virtues are typical characteristics of their sex.

Au contraire!

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 line. 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—
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THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

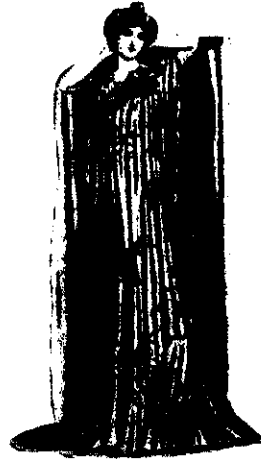
I have heard it rumoured that the tiny little bonnet which some twenty or so years ago was worn by every debutante, is likely to reappear and become both popular and fashionable. This style of headgear, when not ridiculously small, proved exceedingly becoming to the sweet face of a young English girl, much more so than the so-called bonnet of later years, which was really a glorified hat with strings. I fancy, however, it will be some time yet before the Princess bonnet (as it was formerly called) becomes generally worn, and that meantime the followers of les modes will content themselves with the flat-crowned, picturesque hats in vogue.

LACE COLLARS.

Very large lace collars are to be seen everywhere and on everything. A new way of finishing them is with full chiffon ruches and frills, which make them look voluminous and quite take away the denure and tippet-like appearance. Complete lace pelerines, rounded over the shoulders and pointed in front, or with points reaching the waist on both sides, are becoming and elegant and always have a gauze or chiffon ruche at the edge, and a second one that crosses the tops of the sleeves and ceases under a rosette on the bust. In ochre guipure, mounted on cream satin, they are charming.

The short sacque coat, with its box-pleats made to match the skirt in material, is appealing potently for favour, and it is to be feared that many girls are going to wear it who would look far better clad in something more stately as to length, or more tight as to fit. Seductive though it may be, the short full coat is decidedly trying to the majority of figures.

Among the more severe styles the corset coat is a new model. It is sure to be the delight of the girl who is proud of her figure. It is a fitted coat twenty-seven inches long, made with sixteen gores. It has a tailor finish, by the seams being covered by stitched straps of the same material as the coat. But this style of garment will only be one of the many that will appear. The fanciful loose coat will perhaps be the most in favour. It may be short or three-quarter length, according to the fancy of the individual girl who wears it. But it hangs gracefully loose and has sleeves which are worth studying, and of course is collarless. These coats are of peau de soie, perfectly black, velvet and lightweight cloth. And they are exquisitely trimmed with silk braids, jet ornaments, rich embroideries and lace appliques. Many of them are made with stole fronts where much of the trimming is displayed.



A DAINY EVENING FROCK.



CLOTH WRAP WITH FITTED BACK AND DEEP EPAULETTES.

The wrap shown in this column displays a combination cape and mantle, commonly called a "visiti," a smart and useful addition to a spring dress, and one that cloth alone or cloth in unison with taffetas carries out well.

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A PRETTY BLOUSE.

This charming model will lend itself to either silk or soft cotton goods or to ponce, foulard, or challie. There are four backward turning plaits on each side of the front and back, and they are slit underneath to allow the yoke to pass under. There are nine tucks in the upper part of the sleeves, which are released to give fullness at the elbow. The lower part is tucked to form a deep cuff. The yoke may be of lace, as illustrated, or of a contrasting fabric.

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BALL GOWN OF SATIN MOUSSE-LINE AND LACE.

The model illustrated on opposite page very unmistakably extols the drooping shoulder. It reveals it by means of an almost straight decolletage, softened by lace edged chiffon.

All the paillettes used now are either very small or conspicuously large. A white or faintly-coloured satin mousseline gown, trimmed with deep flounces of lace, may have the pattern of the lace defined by tiny silver, gold, steel, or mother-of-pearl discs (called by the



A PRETTY FANCY DRESS.

French nacre) or left unadorned. On the other hand, there is a novel way of treating the same rich fabric, satin mousseline, a material that unites the

transparency of mousseline to the shimmer of satin, with large graduated circles made of chenille, jet, nacre, gold, or silver.



BALL GOWN OF SATIN MOUSSELINE AND LACE.

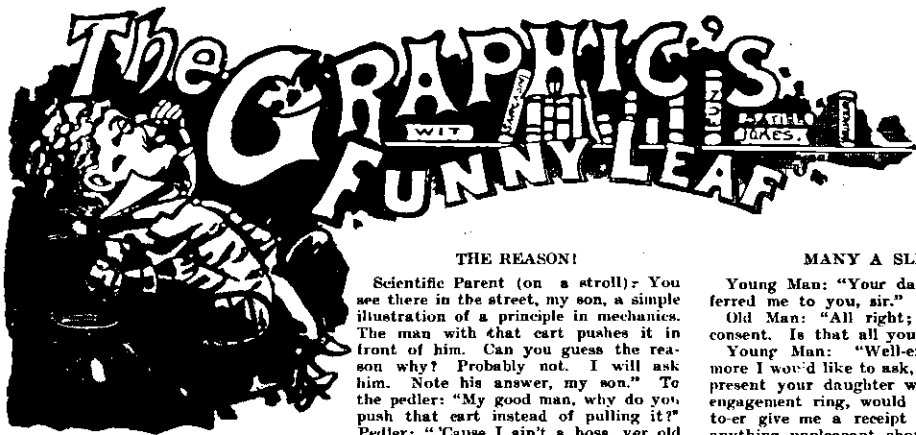


Fashionable Promenade Skirt Adapted from the Long Trained variety.



GREEN AND BLUE FORM A FAVOURITE COMBINATION.

LATEST
Straight Front
 AND
NOUVELLE FORME
Corsets
P.D.
 All Leading Drapers



THE REASON!

Scientific Parent (on a stroll): You see there in the street, my son, a simple illustration of a principle in mechanics. The man with that cart pushes it in front of him. Can you guess the reason why? Probably not. I will ask him. Note his answer, my son." To the pedler: "My good man, why do you push that cart instead of pulling it?" Pedler: "Cause I ain't a hoss, yer old stupid!"

HIS QUERY.

"That man never said an unkind word to his wife." "Well," rejoined Mr. Meekton, "what was his reason—chivalry or prudence?"

A WHOLESALE ORDER.

He: "Will you marry me?"
She: "No."
"Then will you marry my cousin Tom? He requested me to ask you wife I was about it."

MANY A SLIP.

Young Man: "Your daughter has referred me to you, sir."
Old Man: "All right; you have my consent. Is that all you want?"
Young Man: "Well-er, one thing more I wou'd like to ask, sir. If I should present your daughter with a diamond engagement ring, would you be willing to-er give me a receipt for it, in case anything unpleasant should happen?"

JOYS OF MATRIMONY.

Mr. Newly-Wed—I see fresh eggs are rising in price.
Mrs. Newly-Wed—Yes; I must get in a good stock.

JUST SO.

Professor—You see that the right leg of the patient is longer than the left, and that in consequence of this he limps. What would you do in his case?
Student—I should limp, too.

INEXCUSABLE.

Admirer: "Don't you think that you are rather unreasonable to expect me to take you to a ball, stay awake until four o'clock, and then get up at eight to go to my work."

Young Lady: "I may be a little unreasonable, but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention it."

THE WRONG ARM.

A young lady left her husband's side to look in a shop window. Then she took, as she thought her husband's arm, and continued her conversation. "You see," she said, "you don't even look at anything I want you to see. You never care how I am dressed. You no longer love me. Why, you have not even kissed me for a week, and—" "Madam, I am sorry; but that is my misfortune, not my fault," said the man, turning round.

"BEG YOUR PARDON!"

An Irishman was tossed over a fence by a bull. Recovering from his fall, he saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground; whereupon Pat, smiling at him, said: "If it was not for your bowing and scraping and your humble apologies, you brute, faix I should think that you had thrown me over the fence on purpose."

SUDDEN COLLAPSE.

"Show me the man who struck O'Dougherty!" shouted a pugnacious little Irishman at an election. "Show me the man who just struck O'Dougherty, and I'll—"

"I'm the man who struck O'Dougherty," said a big, brawny fellow, stepping in front; "and what have you got to say about it?"

"(Oh, sure!) answered the small one, suddenly collapsing, "and didn't you do it well!"

A SOFT ANSWER.

"What did you buy this piece of music for?" asked the parent crossly, as he took up a sheet from the piano.

"I bought it for a song," quietly replied the eldest son."



THE VALUE OF LOVE.

Milly: "I'm writing to Dully. Have you any message for her?"

Tilly: "What, writing to that horrid creature? Well, give her my love."



FAST IN, SLOW OUT.

"So you don't think it's so bad to run into debt?"
"No, not so bad as it is to try to sneak out of it!"

HE KNEW.

Cholly Masher (to the photographer)—Be sure and show the collar and eye glass, and don't forget to give the cane the correct pose.

Photographer—Certainly not. Now, hold steady. All right! It's done, sir.

Cholly—Done, is it? Are you quite sure you have taken the best side of my head?

Photographer—Quite sure, sir. I took the outside.

TAKE CARE OF THE DOG,

"Your wife's just met with an accident, Wilkins," said a man who rushed into the bar parlour. "She ran over a dog while riding her bicycle, and they've carried her to the hospital."

The man sitting in the corner rose to his feet excitedly, and his face turned pale.

"Did you notice," he asked, in a trembling voice, "whether it was a liver-coloured fox terrier dog, with two white spots on his fore shoulder, or not?"

MODERN WARFARE.

Critic: "What an exquisite pastoral scene!"

Artist: "Pastoral scene! That's a modern battlefield!"

"But I don't see any—"

"Of course you don't! What with smokeless powder and khaki, no one sees any!"

ROUGH ON RATS.

Mrs. Newlywed: "Oh, dear, Jack, the rats have eaten up all my angel cake!"

Mr. Newlywed: "Aha! I was perfectly sure that we'd settle those rats sooner or later."

A GREAT TRIAL.

Freddie: If after all that has been, Mabel, I should tell you that I found I did not love you as much as I love someone else, and that I could not marry you, would it be a great trial to you, dear?

Mabel: Yes, Freddie, dear. It would be a breach of promise trial.

TOO BAD!

Artist (showing his latest picture)—What do you think of the idea?
Friend—Splendid idea—not half as bad as it's painted.



Bob: "Teachers is all the same. I don't like 'em. Why are you always stickin' up for yours?"

Willie: "'Cause she gets ill every other week or so, an' there ain't no school."

NAUGHTY GIRL.

Mamie: "What was the tightest place you were ever in?"

Susie: "The chorus."

NASTY BOY.

Mother: "Clara, I don't like that young Mr. Huggard coming here so often." Clara (who likes Huggard, but wishes to give her mother a different opinion): "Yes; I'm always glad when the time comes for him to go." Clara's Brother: "Yes, and I know why, too." Clara (sharply): "And why, Mr. Clever?" Clara's Brother: "Because he always kisses you at the front door when he goes."

THE RIGHT PLACE FOR IT.

He came to the editor's room with a large roll of manuscript under his arm, and said very politely, "I have a trifle here about the beautiful sunset yesterday, which I would like to have inserted, if you have room."

"Plenty of room! Just insert it yourself!" replied the editor, gently pushing the waste-paper basket towards him.

A GALLANT LITTLE CULPRIT.

Bobby was kept after school for some misdeameanour. It was at kindergarten, and his first punishment.

The teacher inquired, "Aren't you very sorry, Bobby, to have to stay after school when the others go?"

"Oh, no," replied Bobby, "it was just what I wanted, so as to have you all to myself!"

EASILY DONE.

"And you broke off the engagement?" said one young man. "Yes—not brutally, you know. But I managed it." "How?" "I told her what my salary is."

AND HOPING HE WOULDN'T GET IT.

Householder: For a beggar you look rather respectable with glasses on.

Beggar: Yes, sir; I have ruined my eyesight looking for work.

THERE ARE MORE LIKE HIM.

"You've got a very peculiar nose." "Well, that's none of your business, is it?" "No, but you seem fond of putting it in other people's."

"She treats him like a dog—"

"Why! She kissed him right before everybody."

"Precisely! Like a dog at a dog show."