

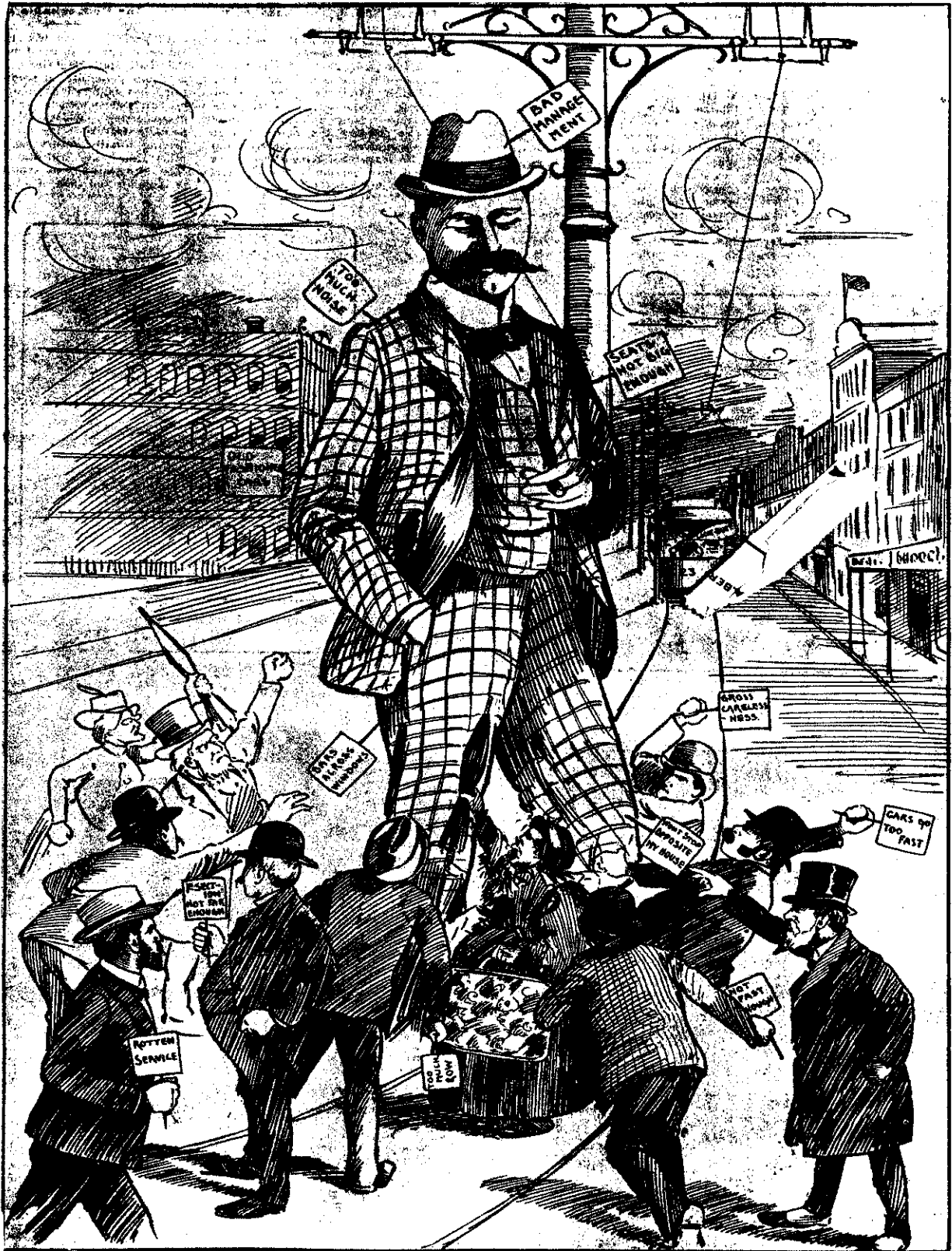
# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

VOL XXXI—No. VI.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1908.

[Subscription—38s per annum; if paid in advance 20s. Single copy—Sixpence.



## THE GOD OF THE CAR.

MANAGING DIRECTOR HANSEN (loq.)—"Go ahead, my little men, it pleases you and don't hurt me, so we're all satisfied."

# People Talked About

### The Servian Horror.

We give this week some portraits of the principal actors in the events which occurred recently in Servia, and shocked the whole civilized world. King Peter A. Karageorgevitch, who has been chosen as the new King, was born at Belgrade in 1844, and is the eldest son of Prince Alexander Karageorgevitch, who reigned over Servia from 1842 to 1858. He is a grandson of the famous "Black George," who, as the first national leader to rise against the Turks, in 1804, laid the foundation stone of the liberty and independence of modern Servia. King Peter Karageorgevitch re-

ceived a careful education, and finished his military studies in Paris, at the schools of St. Cyr and the Staff College (Etat Major). He went through the whole of the Franco-Prussian war, being attached to the Etat Major XV. et XVIII. corps, under Generals Feuillet, Pilatrie, Billot, and Bourbaki. In recognition of his valour and courage the French Government awarded him the Order of the Legion of Honour. At the time of the up-rising of Herzegovina and Bosnia, in 1875, King Peter Karageorgevitch hastened to the support of his brethren fighting for their liberation, having equipped and maintained a body of men at his own cost. King Peter, in 1883, married the late Princess Zorka, the eldest daughter of the Prince of

Montenegro, and by this marriage has one daughter and two sons. He has the great advantage of being the son-in-law of the Prince of Montenegro, and thus connected by marriage with the Imperial family of Russia and the Royal families of Italy, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Battenberg. Unquestionably, therefore, he would have much influential support among the Powers and in the Balkan States themselves. It may interest our readers to learn that King Peter is the translator into Servian of John Stuart Mill's work on "Liberty."

### The Unspeakable Turk.

A Greek has been writing about the Sultan of Turkey in the June number of the "Pall Mall Magazine." This much-talked-of potentate is painted in anything but fascinating colours. He dyes his hair and moustache, and has a most disconcerting physiognomy, the most peculiar feature being his eyes. Reflecting usually uneasy melancholy, at other times they will stare for a long time into vacancy as though absorbed in thought, and then, if a flash of anger



KING PETER KARAGEORGEVITCH.

The late Queen Draga's sister says the new king was largely responsible for the murders.



PRINCE GEORGE KARAGEORGEVITCH (Son of King Peter).



GENERAL LAZAR PETROVITCH.

Principal aide-de-camp to the late King. He was murdered in defending His Royal Master. General Petrovitch went to London last year to represent King Alexander at the Coronation.



THE LATE QUEEN DRAGA AND HER SISTERS.

The late Queen is standing on the left. The sister who, according to the cables, is now lecturing in Switzerland, Germany, and Austria, and revealing the circumstances of the murder, is the one seated.

or fear lightens up the dark-grey iris—the colour of a stormy sky—they instantly become keen and alert, and cause those whose glance they meet a painful impression that can be borne only after long familiarity. Not only is the life of a man who is troublesome to him of little account, but spilled blood seems to calm and soothe his shattered nerves, always stretched to the snapping point. "At night, before going to sleep," says one of his chamberlains, "he has someone to read to him. His favourite books are those giving detailed accounts of assassinations and executions. The stories of crimes excite him and prevent him sleeping, but as soon as his reader reaches a passage where punishment falls upon the criminal the Sultan immediately becomes calm and falls asleep." His nature, judging from his acts, is not a kindly one. When Neby-Agha executed the unfortunate Grand Vizier Midhat Pasha and Mahmoud-Djellaleddin Pasha, at Taifa, the Sultan, wishing to see the heads of his victims, ordered them to be embalmed and sent to Constantinople. In this must be seen also a precaution inspired by distrust, Abdul-Hamid wishing to be sure that his two enemies were dead.



COLONEL ALEXANDER MASCHIN  
(Brother-in-law of the late Queen of Servia)  
one of the principal organisers of the massacre.

About Paderewski.

Paderewski has been ordered a rest and he is now living quietly at his home in Switzerland. This is not the first occasion that a breakdown in health has followed a long and exacting tour, for it is well known that during any series of concerts the great Polish pianist throws himself so into his work that he makes excessive demands on his physical endurance. All musical London is familiar with this great pianist, of whom his compatriot De Puchmann, said: "Paderewski is the most modest artist I have ever seen." His reserved somewhat dreamy manner, the absence of all tricks and grimaces, and the rarity of his public smiles, have all been noticed by those who have been enchanted by the magic of his music; and the clearly cut, refined features, with thick mass of clustering fair hair, have been described and pictured in every corner of the world by painters, sculptors, cartoonists, and now by the illustrated post-cards (says a London paper). At the time when Mme. Modjeska first predicted a great future for

Paderewski she described him "as a polished and genial companion; a man of wide culture; of witty, sometimes biting tongue; brilliant in table talk; a man wide awake to all matters of popular interest, who knew and understood the world, and whose friendship her husband and herself prized for the elevation of his character and the refinement of his mind." Paderewski is fond of practical joking, has a keen sense of humour; writes an admirable letter, plays a fine game of billiards, and speaks fluently in Polish, Russian, English, French and German. Of his personal habits perhaps the two that are least normal are his inveterate smoking of cigarettes and his disposition to sleep in the day time. Many tales of Mr Paderewski's magnetism have been told, and the devotion of his friends reaches an extreme standard. Frequent instances of his generosity are known to the public, and Huneker's line is a very happy summary of this gifted and charming man: "His life has been full of sorrow, of adversity, of viciousness never. His heart is pure, his life clean, his ideals lofty."

Expected Mora.

A good story about the volatile Earl of Yarmouth, who used to do skirt dances in Melbourne, has just come out. The Earl recently married an American heiress named Miss Thaw. It seems that the Earl and Miss Thaw dined with a Pittsburg family a week before their wedding. The daughter of the hostess, a little girl of nine years, sat opposite to the Earl, and not once did she take her big, grave eyes from his face. Finally she said, "Are you an English lord, sir?" "Yes," he answered, laughing. "I am an English lord." "Really and truly?" "Yes, really and truly." She regarded him in silence for a moment. "I never saw an English lord before," she said. "I have always been very anxious to see one." "And now that you have seen one, you are satisfied, aren't you?" the young man said, gaily. "No, I am not satisfied," the little girl returned. "I am disappointed."

Daring Feat.

The most sensational feat seen in London since Diavolo attempted to "Loop the Loop" at the Aquarium, is Miss Mjr-Alix's daring turn at the London Hippodrome, which is called "Hooping the Hoop." The track is a perfect hoop around which Miss Alix flies in a motor car at almost incalculable speed. The

car starts from the flies down the track, which is inclined at an angle of thirty-five degrees, and enters the hoop at a tremendous pace through an opening which immediately closes. The impetus gained on the downward rush is sufficient to whirl the car right round the hoop in less than three seconds. Brakes, in the form of trailing sandbags, are applied to the car as it is travelling up the opposite incline, and it is brought to a standstill within a few feet of the net.

A Well-known Sea Captain.

The late Captain William Gilmer, who died last week, was the only son of the late Mr George W. Gilmer, formerly of the Bank of New South Wales, Auckland. Deceased was born in this city. He adopted the sea as a profession and made several trips to the Old Country. Captain Gilmer was subsequently associated with the late Captain Norris



THE LATE CAPTAIN WM. GILMER.

in the intercolonial trade. He was for some time in the service of the N.S.S. Company, and also with the U.S.S. Company. When leaving the latter service he was appointed master of the brigantine Aratapu, which he sailed for some years, until compelled by the state of his health to retire. Captain Gilmer married a daughter of the late well-known Captain Barker, of the whaler Rosario, of New Bedford, U.S.A. He leaves a widow, but no family.

An E. A. Poe Story.

The late John Sartain, the eminent engraver of Philadelphia, knew Edgar Allan Poe intimately. He was free to admit that Poe in his youth had been somewhat profligate, but he always denied stoutly that in later life the poet was anything like the drunkard gossip paints him.

"At the University of Virginia," Mr Sartain once said, "Poe did drink too much. In the middle of his Freshman year there he gave a peach-and-honey party. Peach and honey was the drink of those days—a mixture of honey and peach brandy that was as overpowering as it was sweet and pleasant."

"Poe sat at the head of the table. 'Boys,' he said to his guests, 'shall we behave like men or like brutes?'"

"Like men, of course," a senior answered, in a rebuking voice.

"Then," said Poe, "we'll all get drunk, for that is something brutes never do."

Sandow on the Cult of the Corset.

Eugen Sandow has an article on "Woman and the Corset" in "Sandow's Magazine." He admits, with shame, that "few of the present-day women can lay aside their corsets. Their bodies are too weak to support themselves without artificial aid; but what cannot be done at a single stride can be arrived at by patient endeavour. A lady called at one of my schools," says Sandow, "suffering from dyspepsia, insomnia, with a tendency at times to hysteria. She had suffered for some six or seven years. After questioning her as to her habits and mode of living, I came to the conclusion that a tight-fitting corset was the cause of all her ailments. She was measured over her corsets by one of my young lady attendants, who reported that the tape showed a girth of 22in; immediately after the corset had been removed the waist measured 23in. I gave instructions that she should lie down for half an hour. At the end of that time the waist showed a measurement of 24in. I ordered 30 minutes gentle exercise of abdominal movements, after which the measure showed 25in. A three months' course of systematic exercise was then prescribed, which was rigidly adhered to. At the end of this course my patient had a waist measurement of 26in, which was maintained for the remainder of the time she was under my training, and all her old ailments had disappeared."



SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

One of the most bitter opponents of the much-talked-of Preferential Tariff Proposal.

# The Brass Bandsman.

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

## PART II.

### THE BANDSMAN.

(Continued.)

#### ECHO ATTACHMENT.

The echo attachment fits on to the cornet like a slide, with a screw; the piston for it being permanent. In the attachment, the tube increases conically to a diameter of 2½ inches. It then diminishes to its normal circumference, forming a bulb-like protuberance, which is cut off, leaving but a small aperture instead of a large bell for the escape of

character. The two different classes of horns in general use are the French horn, which is chiefly used in orchestras and military bands, and the sax, or upright, horn, in general use in brass bands.

Of the saxhorns, the mechanism may be briefly described by which all notes are obtained throughout the compass of the instrument without recourse to crooks.

The valves divert the columns of air into extra portions of the tubes, which practically increase it in its entire length, and this, of course, lowers the pitch.

There are three valves in the saxhorn, but it has been pointed out by Dr. Stone that, from the closeness of the harmonies to one another, in the part of the scale chiefly used by two valves, the first and second would be sufficient

Horn in F—A perfect fifth lower than the notation.

Horn in E—A minor sixth lower than the notation.

Horn in E Flat—A major sixth lower than the notation.

Horn in D—A minor seventh lower than the notation.

Horn in C—An octave lower than the notation.

Horn in B Flat (basso)—A major ninth lower than the notation.

#### COMPASS.

The compass of the valve horn in F and E flat extends from A flat below the staff to C natural above, but the latter note is known and used by very few horn players.

#### TIMBRE.

The majestically pleasing sound of the horn depends in part upon the absolute purity of intonation of the combined sounds, which only exist when horns in the same key are placed together.

#### DESCRIPTION.

Horns are instruments of 16ft. tone. Horns in C sound an octave lower than the notation.

important parts, or a useful, but subordinate one.

Saxhorns form the element upon which the accompaniment to melody parts is based, and great care should always be taken in their tune, and in the selection of their voice timbre.

#### ORIGIN.

Saxhorns are named after the Sax family. To the Sax family we owe much, as they were undoubtedly the inventors of brass band instruments.

#### PITCH.

The tenor saxhorn is pitched in F and E flat, and is sometimes called the alto-horn. In brass bands it replaces the French horn, the latter instrument being on the march too soft in tone.

#### EASY TO LEARN.

The saxhorn is easier to learn than the French horn, and it presents greater facility in rapid passages. It is easy to learn and to play.

#### TIMBRE.

The timbre of the saxhorn is soft and mournful.

#### BARITONE.

##### DESCRIPTION.

The baritone, sometimes called the alto-horn, like the other classes of saxhorns, has three valves, and the music for it is always written in the treble clef. Broad melodies and rapid passages come out well on this instrument. Solos are occasionally given to the baritone in brass bands. Some years ago every piece of music in the shape of a solo for saxhorns was written for and given to the baritone, but now matters have changed, and the euphonium has them.

#### EUPHONIUM.

##### DESCRIPTION.

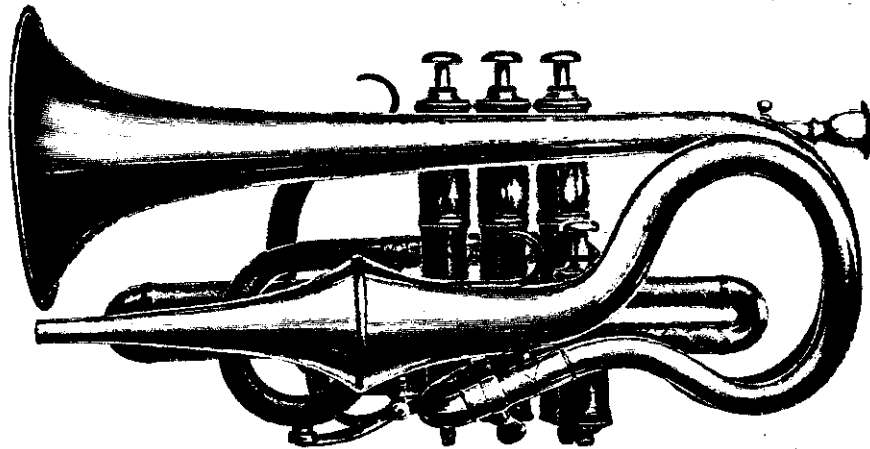
The valves are worked by the fingers of the right hand, but should there be the extra fourth and fifth valves, these extra ones are manipulated by the left hand.

In modern music the euphonium is much employed. It sets the part of the cello to the brass instruments.

#### COMPASS.

Its compass is very remarkable, depending entirely on the flexibility and power of the lip of the performer. In its lowest sounds there is a distinct falling off, and the quality of its pedal notes are somewhat harsh.

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



air. The vibration within the bulb is thus alternately retarded and accelerated in such a manner that, whilst the pitch is sharpened, the diminished volume of sound remains in accord with the normal tone of the instrument. All sound appears to be an echo of reflection.

#### THE FLUGEL HORN.

##### ORIGIN.

The word flugel is the German for "wing." Some authorities say the "flugel horn" owes its name to the fact that the player of such an instrument in a German regimental band is usually a flank, or "flugel," man.

##### DESCRIPTION.

The flugel-horn resembles the cornet in shape, but it is somewhat larger.

##### USES.

The B flat flugel horn constitutes a splendid contralto to the B flat cornet. In a brass band it rounds the volume of the cornet section, and gives it a more pleasing tone colour. Some bands prefer to use them as substitutes for third and fourth cornets, and the tone is very effective in that capacity.

##### TONE.

The flugel horn has a soft, sweet, and mellow tone, and is especially adapted to brass band music. It imparts diversity in tone colour to the band of saxhorns.

##### PITCH.

The flugel horn is generally crooked in B flat, though occasionally to be met with in F and E flat.

##### POETRY.

"Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn,  
It was the crest ere thou wast born;  
Thy father's father wore it,  
And thy father bore it;  
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn."  
—Shakespeare.

#### SAXHORN.

##### DESCRIPTION.

The horn is the most genial of all brass instruments. As a melodic instrument the horn is of a most sublime

#### ACTUAL SOUND PRODUCED.

For the information of those who are desirous of studying the sounds produced, when the music is written in the treble clef, the following table will be found useful:—

Horn in B Flat (alto)—A tone lower than the notation.

Horn in A—A minor third lower than the notation.

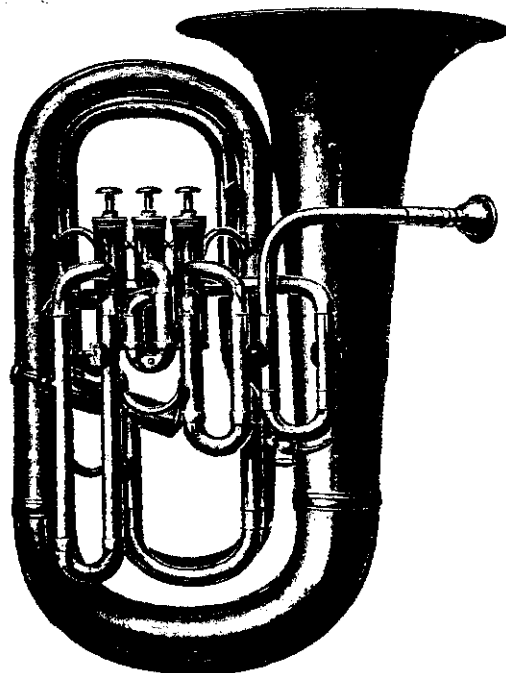
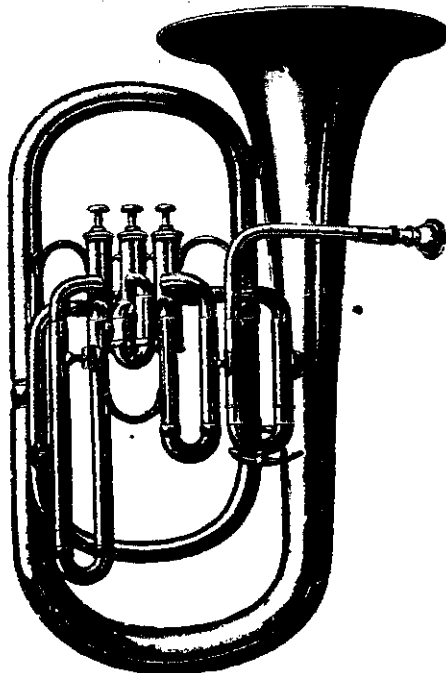
Horn in G—A perfect fourth lower than the notation.

#### OVERBLOWING.

When we consider the beautiful soft tones which the horn is capable of giving, the performer should be extremely careful not to overblow his instrument, but, on the contrary, subject it to care-treatment, i.e., if he wishes to produce the soft, mellow tones which by right belongs to the instrument.

#### SELECTION OF.

The saxhorn blends with the general harmony of a brass band, and can take



# New Zealand New Zealand



THE RAINBOW FALLS, NEAR ATIARU.

## 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!*

VISIT THIS WONDROUS LAND OF THERMAL ACTIVITY.

**V**ISIT TE AROHA. Enjoy its hot baths and drink its health-giving mineral waters. Visit ROTORUA, the Sanatorium of the World. Its natural hot mineral waters cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, Obesity, Liver Troubles, Uterine Complaints, Nervous Disorders, Skin Diseases, and other kindred ailments. Rotorua is a thousand feet above sea level. It has a splendid climate, fine drainage, a pure water supply, electric light, excellent hotels and boarding houses, and Government Baths. Visit the Thermal Wonders of Tikitere, Whakarewarewa, Tarawera, Rotomahana, Waitapu, Wairakei, Taupo, etc., etc. See WAIMANGU, the greatest geyser on earth.  
Visit the Wanganui River. Its loveliness is beyond compare. Visit the famous Buller and Otira Gorges.  
Visit Hanmer 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-plunging 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.



MUD VOLCANO ON THE ROAD TO WAIOTAPU.

Trains, Coaches, Steamers everywhere. Comfortable Hotels. Cheap Tariffs. Full information regarding NEW ZEALAND supplied free at the Head Office of the Tourist and Health Resorts Department, Brandon Street, Wellington, or at the Branch Offices at Auckland, Rotorua, Christchurch, Dunedin and Ararangi.  
Visitors may have their Correspondence addressed to the Tourist Offices as above. Free use of Directories, Telegraphic Code Books, and Writing Facilities. Photographic Dark Room provided free at the Head Office, Wellington.

Cable Address: "MAORILAND."

Minister in Charge of the  
Tourist Health Dept.—

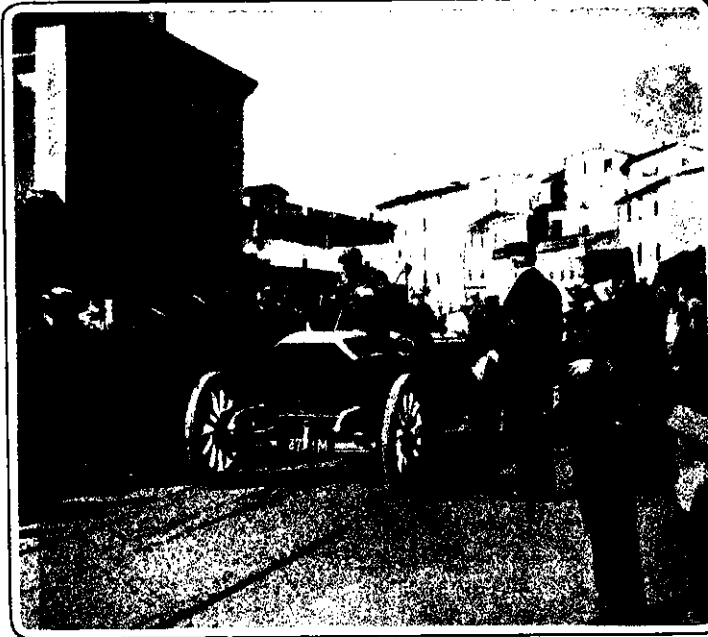
The Hon. Sir JOSEPH WARD, K.C.M.G.

Superintendent—

T. E. DONNE.



THE YELLOW TERRACE, WAIOTAPU.



COUNT ZBOROWSKY STARTING ON HIS FATAL RIDE.

**Automobiling.**

Much discussion has recently arisen among sportsmen as to the capabilities of women as drivers of motor cars. It is argued that, being of a more nervous disposition than men, and more susceptible to excitement, the fair sex are not reliable skippers of a fast machine, writes Miss Lane-Jackson in "Madame." This, with the few usual exceptions to every rule, is undeniably true, but it applies only to the driving of machines which only the most vain, or the most reckless, among men care to undertake. There are thousands of good lady riders to hounds and good lady whips; why, therefore, should the sex be unable to provide good automobilists? As a rule, the feminine touch is more rapid, accurate and delicate than a man's, and these are all desirable attributes in the proper handling of a motor-car. That the majority of my

sex lack the pluck, or recklessness, as it is variously estimated, necessary to drive a car at fifty or sixty miles an hour, is, in my humble opinion, something to be thankful for. There is little doubt but that ladies may drive the ordinary "knock-about" car, either in town or the country, without risk, if they use proper discretion, and that they will derive a great amount of enjoyment from the pastime goes without saying.

In one way, women can exercise a most beneficial influence in this new sport, or pastime, whichever it be, and that is by discouraging racing and unduly rapid driving. The recent terrible accident at La Turbie, in which that capital sportsman, Count Zborowsky, met an untimely death, has brought this subject forcibly home to motorists in particular, and the public in general. This fatal accident occurred in a race, and was caused by the front wheels failing to grip the

road at a sharp turn when the car was travelling at about seventy miles an hour. It seems to be pretty generally conceded by experts that when such a pace as this is required the steering may at any time become unreliable, because the vibration is so great that the front wheels may be off the ground for an appreciable time. As a fraction of a second at such times suffices for the car to dash from the road into the wall which guards it or over the ledge if it is unguarded, it is easy to understand how quickly such accidents may happen, and to realise that every exertion should be made to prevent drivers risking their own lives and the lives of others by participating in such dangerous and useless competitions.

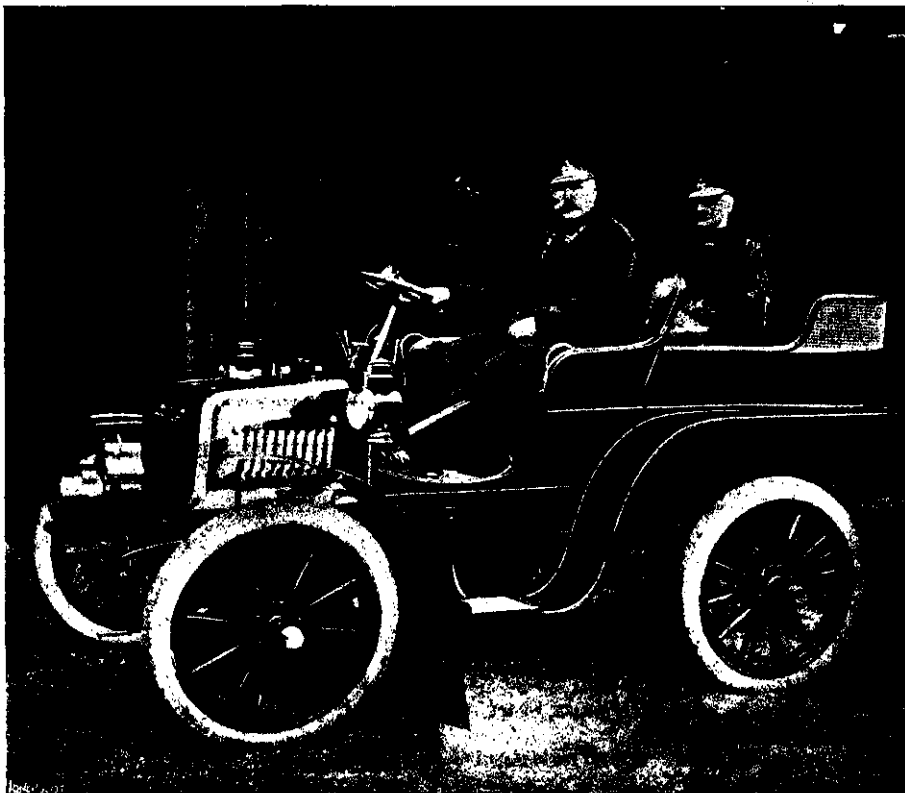
I am sure that no sensible woman would object to motor-racing if any practical benefit to humanity resulted from it. But this result is certainly not achieved by travelling at such a haz-

ardous pace as that which caused Count Zborowsky's death. The speed of our railway engines has been greatly accelerated during the last few years, but it was not considered necessary to have races to arrive at that improvement. If it is thought to be essential that the full amount of speed obtainable by any car should be ascertained, it could well be done by testing it for speed much as our Atlantic greyhounds are tried over a measured mile, and having satisfied themselves on the subject, those interested could permit the car to be utilised for the ordinary purpose for which motors are built.

Having tried my 'prentice hand at driving a car, and having been driven at various rates of speed, say from the statutory twelve miles to about sixty miles an hour, I may be excused for giving my readers the benefit of my experience. First let me advise beginners never to start in busy thoroughfares. Good



THE COUNT'S CAR AFTER THE ACCIDENT.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN HIS MOTOR CAR.

wide country roads should be stuck to until the necessary "touch" and the knowledge of the levers, etc., have been acquired. Then drive slowly among the traffic, always keeping the foot on the foot-brake, and never looking anywhere but in front. After sufficient discipline and practice of this nature the rest is easy, and handling a car comes to feel as natural as driving a horse, while the steering is really easier, for the machine is even more obedient than the animal. As a passenger a lady should be companionable without being too conversational. She should not talk to the "man at the wheel" when there is much traffic about, or when there are difficult corners to be negotiated. If she is sensible she will tell him that she prefers a reasonable speed to an express rate of progression.

Recently a friend of mine, anxious to show what his new 40-h.p. Panhard would do, took me from Paris to Dieppe. For many miles the road runs parallel to the railway, and when the Continental express overtook us my charioteer joined issue, and for about half-an-hour I suffered the agony of travelling at a rate exceeding fifty miles an hour. My feelings are better imagined than described, for although I am far from being a nervous woman, I would advise any of my readers who are invited to enjoy (?) a similar experience to flatly refuse. On the other hand, when driven by a rational man and at a reasonable speed, I know few things more enjoyable than a skin over the country on a good car: one that goes easily, quietly, and that does not have to crawl up hill and struggle to get to the top. For such trips one should always be very thickly clad, for even in summer the rush through the air causes the chilliness of winter. A small, well-fitting hat should be worn, and this and the whole of the head and neck should be covered with a gauze hood, with a transparent mask in front for the eyes. Box cloth is a good material for the coat or cape, for the dust will penetrate any loose material, and can then only be removed with great difficulty.

# 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 Ernys 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 companions. 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 ceases 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 has been, human. Tredegar is left alone in helplessness and horror.

## CHAPTER IV.

Twelve months have elapsed since the events summarised in the foregoing. Introduced to the heroine, Mavanwy Morgan, daughter of John Morgan, the ruined owner of Lynglas, 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 Ernys 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 turn 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 jaw fell, and suddenly losing her wrists he struck savagely at something that was running across one of his own bonds. 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 looked at the mark 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 sharply 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 twilight. 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 pronounces 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 will not 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. Tredegar is disgusted, and when he wakes up in the middle of the night, he hears some one in his room. He pursues, but the midnight visitor escapes. The place is in darkness, and the hero remembering that there were matches on the library table, gropes his way there. To his horror, when he obtains a light, he sees on the floor the dead body of Cyrus Walroyd, grasping in his hand the letter written by Mavanwy to Tredegar, warning him of Walroyd's hatred. On the floor glittered the mys-

terious half of the golden disc. Tredegar puts this in his pocket. Sounds of people are heard at the door, and the whole situation dawns upon him at a glance. He is sure to be suspected of the murder, so he flees and hides in London, changing his name to John Edwards, and letting his beard and moustache grow.

## CHAPTER VII.

Introduces us to a seller of gems who has a daughter of great beauty. They are examining gems in the old man's office or den down by the Thames, when suddenly the door opening on to the river bursts open, and in the doorway stands Ernys Tredegar fleeing from his pursuers.

## CHAPTER VIII.

These people take him in and he falls sick with rheumatic fever, through which he is nursed by Cynthia Cantrip, who falls in love with him, and vows to win him even after she has heard that he loves Mavanwy. While here, Ernys reads in the papers of another murder in Cardiganshire. Like Cyrus Walroyd, the second victim was crushed to death in some mysterious manner. As soon as he is well enough, Ernys, oppressed by Cynthia Cantrip's love, steals from the house, leaving as a memento for the woman who has been so kind to him, the only thing of value which he has about him—the gold disc.

## CHAPTER IX.

Ernys steals down into Cardiganshire to see Mavanwy, and tells her that he must leave England in a few days—perhaps forever.

## CHAPTERS X. and XI.

More murders are reported, and the country-side turns out to hunt down the perpetrator—Ernys as they think. After bidding his lover farewell, Ernys steals over the marsh to elude his pursuers, and makes a horrible discovery. Up in the wood, near an old worked out lead mine, he stumbles in the darkness on a rope. He strikes a match and, "horror of horrors, he finds strung between the trees a replica of the terrible web or net that he found in the weird island! The "creature" must have followed him to England! When he recovers from the shock this discovery gives him, Ernys sees a man appear from the mouth of the mine. The stranger makes off in the direction of Tredegar Place and the sea. Ernys follows stealthily, and is more than surprised to find that the man is John T. Walroyd, brother of the murdered Cyrus. Tracking his man down to the beach and along the shore, Ernys observes a boat pull in towards the land. It is manned by three persons—two at the oars and the third crouching in the bows.

## CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

The crunch of Walroyd's feet on the shingle beneath had grown fainter and fainter as Tredegar had proceeded on his way, till at last it died out altogether. But, looking over the edge, he saw Walroyd trudging slowly along the beach, a mere speck in the moonlight. He lay down and watched him. Then he suddenly started. Some three hundred yards behind Walroyd another figure moved stealthily from boulder to boulder, and as he watched it he noticed that it moved in a very curious manner, not upright as a man, but on all fours, like a beast. And yet not altogether like a beast, for every now and then it would move swiftly forward on two legs and decrease the distance between itself and John Walroyd. The latter appeared to be entirely unaware of its approach.

Tredegar's blood ran cold at the sight. He had seen that ungainly movement once before. If John Walroyd did not turn and see his danger, he was a dead man. Tredegar picked up a stone and sent it flying on to the rocks below. Walroyd turned round sharply, and the pursuer sank flat on the ground behind a small rock. And then, for the first time, Tredegar saw that something else moved on the beach nearly a quarter of a mile behind the thing crouched among the pebbles.

After a pause of two or three minutes, Walroyd continued his journey, but the thing still remained motionless by the spur of grey rock, and the newcomer crept nearer and nearer in the shadow of the cliff. Tredegar rose to his feet and

ran as hard as he could over the brow of the ascent.

Three hundred yards further on the cliff sloped down again to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and at this point a narrow winding path led to the beach. He ran as though the devil were at his heels.

In less than five minutes he had reached the beach, and was moving slowly and softly over some ridges of slate to the projecting corner of the cliffs which hid everything from his sight. When he reached it, he saw that the boat was close inshore against a small platform of rock, and that Walroyd was talking to the man in the bows. He looked carefully along the beach to the north, but could see nothing of the other two figures.

A high spur of rock ran down almost to the water's edge from the place where he was standing. He looked at it enquiringly; the top was broad and even, and if he could reach it, he could crawl along it to within a few yards of the boat. He tried two or three places, but with no success. He could not afford to risk a fall on the shingle. He knew that Walroyd was armed and would not hesitate to fire on him. He would be shot like a wild beast, and the whole country-side would applaud his murderer. He could not therefore attempt any ascent where he could not be certain of a sure foothold. At last, however, he found such a place, and, reaching the summit, crawled along to the end of the ridge.

He looked over the edge, and saw that Walroyd was still talking to the stranger. The latter was standing now on the rock, and his back was towards Tredegar. He was a small man, and his head did not reach to Walroyd's shoulder. Then he suddenly turned, and Tredegar drew in his breath sharply, and could scarcely prevent himself from giving vent to an exclamation of surprise. The little man was Mr Cantrip.

Tredegar puzzled his brain to think of any possible connection between the two men, but in vain. He leaned forward to catch their conversation, but they were speaking in low tones, so that even the boatmen could not hear them. The whole thing was so unexpected and incredible that Tredegar could think of no solution to the problem.

He had only seen Mr Cantrip three or four times, and knew nothing about him, but it seemed an inexplicable circumstance that this little old man from River-street should have a midnight appointment with a millionaire in Wales.

But he guessed now that there was some mystery in the past life of the Walroyds, and he had a vague feeling that he was being drawn against his will into a strange web of circumstances, and that even the horrible creature that had followed him to England was weaving some of the threads that would ultimately entangle his life. But he could not see into the darkness before him, and now, when a few words might have explained everything, he could only listen and hear nothing but the low murmur of voices.

In less than five minutes Cantrip stepped into the boat, and the men pushed out from the shore. Tredegar could see that Walroyd no longer had the bundle at his waist, and that the old man was fingering something lovingly in the bows.

The boat made straight out from the shore into the west, and for the first time Tredegar noticed a light twinkling on the horizon, and knew that a ship was waiting in the bay.

In less than a quarter of an hour the boat had vanished in the haze upon the sea. But John Walroyd still stood upon the ledge of rock and gazed out across the waters.

Then suddenly a terrible scream broke the silence. There was a sound of pebbles flung up by a man's feet, and a second or two later a figure emerged from the shelter of the cliff—the figure of a man running as though for his life. A few yards behind him came a huge brown form, moving swiftly in leaps and bounds. Tredegar rose to his knees as they neared the rock, and looked round for some missile, but the surface of the ridge was bare as a billiard-table. Walroyd's hand went sharply to his pocket, and the barrel of his revolver glittered in the moonlight. He raised it, but dared not fire. The two men were coming for him in a straight line.

Then the foremost man fell on his face with a crash. Quick as thought Walroyd seized the opportunity and fired at the pursuer. He missed and the bullet splattered against the rock behind, and before he could fire again the two forms rolled over and over on the ground, and there was a sound of snapping bones and a long, terrible wail of pain.

Walroyd was no coward. He knew when he fired that the murderer of three men was before him. He ran hastily towards the struggling mass of limbs so as to get in a shot without hurting both of the combatants, but fortune was against him. His foot slipped on a piece of wet seaweed, and he went crashing



NEW TRACTION ENGINE, BY RUSTON, PROCTOR & CO. LINCOLN, ENGLAND. Agents: E. Porter and Co., Auckland.

to the ground. His revolver flew out of his hand.

He rose to his feet, but before he could regain the weapon he was seized from behind and flung down in a heap among the pebbles. He did not stir. The creature leant over him, and then stooped and caught him by the arms, but before it could do anything further, its throat was seized in a powerful grasp, and it was forced slowly backwards from its prey.

Tredegar had been watching the whole proceeding from the top of the cliff, and this was the moment he thought fit to interfere. He had no reason to love John Walroyd, but he had every reason for saving him from this adversary. He had slid down swiftly from the rock, and thrown himself headlong into the combat.

The creature loosed Walroyd. All its energies were required for this new foe. It seized Tredegar by the collar, and literally tore off one side of his clothes in a single sweep of its claws. Coat, waistcoat, and shirt hung in shreds from Tredegar's waist, and his bare side was streaked with long red lines of blood. He winced with pain, and drawing back his right hand, struck the animal so fearful a blow in the face that the blood spurted from it, and its hair was crimson in the moonlight. But before he could strike again the creature broke from the grasp of his left hand, and fled. Perhaps, with dumb, brutal instinct, it had recognised its adversary. Perhaps it realised that it had

Tredegar sprang to the revolver, which lay shining on the pebbles, and steadying the weapon with his left arm, fired every barrel at his retreating foe. At the best of times he was not a good shot, and in the darkness and excitement of the moment, every one of his bullets went wide of the mark. He flung the revolver on the beach with an oath, and turned to Walroyd. The latter opened his eyes and stared up at the sky.

Then he saw Tredegar, and quickly reaching out across the pebbles for his revolver, he aimed it at the latter's face and pulled the trigger five times in rapid succession. There was no report, and his hard keen face grew pale. He rose to his knees, and swung the weapon back to hurl at the man he thought to be his adversary. Tredegar quickly caught hold of his wrist and gripped it so tightly that the revolver fell on the stones with a clang.

"That will do, Mr Walroyd," he said calmly, "I don't know why you should want to shoot me. I have just saved your life. If I had been a minute later you would have been a dead man. I have not come off Scot free myself."

Walroyd did not answer, but stared wildly at Tredegar's face. The gigantic figure of the latter looked weird and terrible in the moonlight. His side was red with blood, and the shreds of his clothing hung down in festoons from his waist. A braver man than John Walroyd might have quailed at such an apparition.

"You recognise me, I suppose," Tredegar continued.

"Yes," replied Walroyd, "I recognise you." His face was white as death. Another man might have prayed for mercy, but Walroyd's quick brain was

only searching for some means of escape. He glanced quickly to right and left, then suddenly sprang to his feet, and swerved out of the reach of Tredegar's arm. The latter picked up a heavy stone from the shingle and hurled it at the legs of the flying form with such force and accuracy that Walroyd gave a cry of pain and dropped on to the beach. Tredegar came up and caught hold of his arm.

"What's this nonsense," he said sharply. "I have just saved your life, and you are flying from me as if I was trying to take it. I suppose to-morrow you will tell everyone that you have escaped from the mad Tredegar. You contemptible fool," and his voice rose with passion. "You will find out before long that you are after the wrong man. Why, I could kill you now, as easily as I could kill a rat. Perhaps if I spare you, you will understand that I am no murderer. But I will ensure your silence till I have left the neighbourhood. You unutterable idiot, if you only knew what it is you have to fear, you would pray every night on your knees to God and thank Him that Emrys Tredegar was at hand to-night to save you."

Furious with anger, Tredegar wrenched some strips off his clothing, and bound Walroyd hand and foot, so that he could not move a limb. Then he carried him farther up the beach, out of reach of the highest possible tide, Walroyd did not speak a word, but he foamed at the mouth with impotent rage.

"Do you know," Tredegar said, as he set him down on the stones, "that I have given you two lives to-night. You will repay me by hunting me down to the death. But if ever I meet you again, Mr John T. Walroyd, I will let you know the sort of man I am to deal with."

With these words he left Walroyd and walked over to where another form lay motionless on the beach. He turned the body over so that the moonlight fell upon the face. It was a stranger, a keen, thin, foxy faced man with red hair. Tredegar searched his pockets for some clue to his identity. Among the half dozen letters addressed to—

James Wright, Esq.,  
The Red Lion,  
Llanfihangel.

he found one in a hand that he recognised. It was brief and to the point.

"Dear Sir,  
"I enclose you a further £10. I hope you will soon have news of what you seek.—C.C."

Tredegar crumpled the letter in his great palm, and rising to his feet looked with contemptuous pity on the face of the dead man.

"A detective," he muttered to himself. "In the pay of Cynthia Cantrip. I wonder if she means me well."

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### BY THE SARN OF CEFYN.

Tredegar ran towards Garth as fast as he could make his way over the rocks and shingle. Then he climbed the cliffs and doubled back swiftly to the South. As he passed the place where he had left John Walroyd, he peered over the

edge and saw that the latter had not moved. Fifty yards away another form lay motionless. It was the body of the stranger, crumpled into a little heap like a dead insect.

Tredegar passed the highest point of the cliff and descended a long slope to a tiny bay. Then he crossed this and began to ascend the next ridge of hill. A little way inland a farmhouse stood white and bare in the moonlight. He looked at it, stopped a moment doubtfully, and then walked boldly up to the gate. A sheep dog began to bark and rattle his chain.

Tredegar flung himself upon the animal and strangled it. He felt as though he had murdered a friend, for he was passionately fond of dogs. But it was no time for sentiment. Whatever stood in his path that night had to be silent or to die.

Five minutes later he had broken into the house and secured every piece of food he could lay hands on, together with an old coat and a flannel shirt. He left nothing that could possibly be eaten, and he emerged with a small sack of loaves, bams, flour, butter, cheese, etc. He gave one glance at the dead collie, patted him tenderly on the head and fled up the hill.

He had decided on his hiding place. Two miles south of Garth there was a small hole in the face of the cliff. It was about fifty feet from the ground, and not more than four feet in diameter. Twenty years before the date of this story a mining engineer from London had spent his summer at Garth. In the course of his wanderings along the beach he had picked up a piece of gold quartz, and his practised eye had detected a reef on the slaty face of the cliff. He returned to London, had an assay made, and found that it ran about six ounces to the ton. On the strength of this he obtained mining rights, floated a small company, and they commenced boring an adit in the wall of rock. They took out sixty tons of quartz, and obtained

about 250 ounces of gold. For two or three months Wales boomed like Australia in the palmy days of Ballarat. Mines sprang up like mushrooms, and miners in far-off lands started to pack up their goods and book passages to England. Then one fine day the reef disappeared, and the company dug through yards and yards of slate in the hope of finding it again. But never another pennyweight of gold did they take out of the concern, and the only asset of the company when it was wound up was a tunnel some 200 yards in length.

It was for this place that Tredegar was making. He had explored it often as a boy, and had been whipped more than once for returning home with torn and dripping garments. It was one of these incidents that had flashed across his mind as he hurriedly cast about for some place of refuge. The miners had struck a tiny spring in their efforts to find gold, and at the bottom of the adit was a minute stream of trickling water. It would be useful in case of a siege.

He passed over the brow of two more hills, and descended a small valley to the beach. Then he returned towards Garth till he reached the mouth of the adit. It looked black and dismal in the moonlight.

The ascent was a difficult one for a man laden with half a hundredweight of food, but he accomplished it in safety. As he crawled in at the narrow entrance, the cold chill of water struck through the knees of his trousers, and he could hear it dripping from the roof. It was a miserable place for even a wild beast to shelter in.

When he had gone a few yards down the tunnel he struck a match. The walls were green with slime, and they glistened in the light. He moved on rapidly, striking one match after another till he reached the end of the tunnel. Here there was a cross-cut, running twenty yards each way into the walls. It had been bored a foot above the bottom of the adit, and was comparatively free from

CAN BE OBTAINED

FROM

All Ammunition  
Dealers - - -

Also from

E. PORTER & CO.

AGENTS,

AUCKLAND.



AERATED WATERS of Highest Quality.

REGISTERED



TRADE MARK

TRY OUR LITHIA WATER.

It is similar in taste to Soda Water, and, in addition, possesses the Valuable Qualities of LITHIA CARBONATE of removing Uric Acid from the system. All people with any tendency to GOUT or RHEUMATISM should drink it.

PRICE, 2/- PER DOZEN.

THE WAIWAI MINERAL WATER CO. LTD.

STANLEY STREET, AUCKLAND.

TELEPHONE No. 1336





water. He put down the sack of provisions in a dry place, and returned to the mouth of the tunnel. The dawn was breaking over the mountains in the east, and the smooth sea glistened coldly in the twilight. The tide was low, and at this point a long, narrow stretch of shingle ran out for more than half a mile into the water. It was the famous Sarn of Cefyn.

Tradition has it that in the far past this part of Wales was originally joined to Ireland, and that the Sarn is the last connecting link between the two countries. For ten miles out it is visible under the water, though fifty yards on either side of it the sea-bed lies eighty fathoms deep. The fishermen say that in low tides and clear waters they can see the ruins of a city at the far end of it. And more than one has told tales of strange dim shapes that swayed and moved and glided in the green water, of faint music chanted by ghostly voices, of the clear notes of a bell ringing slowly in the distant depths.

Tredegar had heard all these tales in his boyhood, and he idly recalled them as he looked out across the sea. He even thought that he could hear the voices calling to him across the waters and urging him to fly from England. Then on the distant hills he saw the dark woods round Llynllas, and knew that he could not go, and that he must watch over Mavanwy till this foul creature had been killed or captured, and that he must risk his own life to be near her.

As the sun rose, and the whole panorama of the bay was flooded with light, he retired to the cross-cutting and laid down to rest. For he had to sleep by day, and go forth at night, when the thing he was in search of was abroad. Then he closed his eyes and lay down in the darkness, and listened to the dripping of water from the tunnel roof till he went to sleep.

For a whole fortnight Tredegar lived in his burrow. He never stirred from it by day, but every night he would creep stealthily inland and make his way by a long, circuitous route to the woods round Llynllas. Here he would watch and listen through the hours of darkness, always on the alert in case Mavanwy needed his assistance, yet never showing himself or attempting to communicate with her. More than once he saw her dear face, and was so close to her that a whisper would have reached her ears. But he was silent. They had said the last word—"Good-bye!" And though he suffered agonies from his silence, he had resolved not to speak again till his name was clear from dishonour.

And all through these dreary days he never heard the sound of a human voice, save in the distance; nor could he find any trace of the thing he sought, save only that strange web in the Tredegar woods. Hour after hour on his journey homeward he would sit among the trees at the foot of the mound and watch for the creature to appear. But he never saw it, though he knew it was still alive and in the neighbourhood, for fresh animals were fastened to the web each time he saw it. He saw John Walroyd twice again in these nightly vigils. Once on the lawn of Llynllas with Mr Morgan, and once going through the Tredegar woods with another small bundle. He puzzled his brain for any solution to this new mystery. He once more followed Walroyd, and once again saw the boat run into the shore and Mr Cantvrip land from it. But he gathered no information about their business.

He slept most of the day, but at early dawn and evening he would sit near the mouth of his tunnel and drink in the sunlight on the shore and sea. He rarely saw anyone pass along the beach. An occasional fisherman with a prawn net, poking about in the pools and crevices of the rocks; an old woman and her little grandson gathering driftwood for the fire; now and then a small party of summer visitors. But visitors were few in Garth that year. The terror of the place had been noised abroad in every newspaper in England, and the landladies waited in vain for the money that would keep them in comfort during the winter.

Tredegar waited and watched from the side of the cliff like an eagle perched on a crag. And in the long hours of silence he tried to find some solution of the things he could not understand. But he tried in vain to pierce the veil. All was darkness.

Then one evening in August a dazzling flash of light broke across the gloom, and left behind it a horror that was

more terrible than all the blackness of the night.

It was nearly nine o'clock, and Tredegar was just starting on his nightly journey to Llynllas. There was still a faint glow of crimson in the West, but it was dark enough for him to escape observation. The moon was not up, and the whole land was wrapped in grey shadows. A few yellow lights twinkled along the shore by Garth.

He slid over the edge of the entrance, and descended slowly and silently to the beach. When he had reached the bottom he crept along close under the cliff towards the south. It was high tide, and in the other direction the sea washed deep against half a dozen points between him and Garth.

He had nearly reached the little cove where the cliffs ran down to the level of the shore, when suddenly the grey figure of a woman moved out of the shadow of a rock and stood in his path. He stopped, and crouched low to the ground. She advanced towards him fearlessly. At that time few women in the neighbourhood would have dared to come out after nightfall, and the appearance of a man would have sent them away shrieking with terror. They were all afraid of meeting the madman, Emrys Tredegar. But this woman walked up close to him. She was evidently a stranger. It was he who turned to fly.

But before he had gone a couple of yards a voice called his name, and he stopped.

"Mavanwy!" he said, in a low voice, "is that you?"

The woman did not answer, but came to his side, and laid her hand upon his arm. A silk scarf muffled her face.

"Emrys," she repeated, "I want to speak to you."

And then he recognised the voice, and knew who it was.

"You here, Cynthia!" he cried, in astonishment. "What brings you here? At this time—now?"

"What should bring me here?" she broke in, passionately. "I have come to save you! I have come in time! I have tracked you to Garth. One of the detectives is dead. They say you killed him! The news in the papers brought me down. For a fortnight I have searched and watched and waited. I have run you down at last! You must leave here at once! This very evening a fisherman caught sight of something moving in your hiding-place. They are going to hunt the beach to-night. Emrys, you must leave at once! Here, I have money! Take it, but go at once!"

And she pulled out a thick wad of banknotes and thrust it into his hand.

"You are generous, Cynthia," he said, handing her back the notes. "But I cannot go."

"Ah!" she cried, in a hard voice, "that other woman! You cannot leave her! Then stay here and die—Oh, no, Emrys, forgive me! I only want to save you! Leave this part of the beach before they come here. I implore you!"

"Yes," Tredegar replied; "I must find another lair for to-morrow. But you—I cannot leave you here! Even men are afraid to go out alone at nights."

"I am not afraid of you, Emrys," she said, with a smile.

He laughed bitterly.

"No, no, of course not," he replied. "But there is real danger abroad—something too terrible to contemplate! If it is not caught soon, I shall probably suffer for its crimes. But I will see you home to Garth. You are staying there, I suppose?"

"Yes, with my father," she answered. "He knows Mr. Walroyd, and has business with him. I wanted a rest, and persuaded him to bring me here. It was only a short time ago that I found out that he knows this place."

"Why did you come?" Tredegar asked, abruptly. "What should bring you to a place like this?"

"I wanted to speak to you," she said, stopping and clutching him by the arm. "I had forgotten for the moment. Your danger overshadowed all else. I did not come down here to follow you because—because I care for you. I have some pride left. But the present you left me—I have not thanked you for it—and—Oh, where in God's name did you get it?"

He hesitated. He had no wish to tell her from whence it came.

"I picked it up," he said, after a pause, "on the coast of a desert island, where I was wrecked."

The grip of her fingers tightened on his arm.

"Yes, yes!" she said, hastily. "Go on!"

"That is all," he replied. "Why do you ask?"

She loosed his arm and walked a few paces away from him. Then she returned swiftly.

"I will tell you," she said, in a low voice. "Then, perhaps, you will tell me all you know. I have never seen the half disc before, but the piece of bracelet—it was once mine. My initials are on it still—and I gave it to my husband." "Your husband?" cried Tredegar, in astonishment. "I did not know that you were married?"

"I was married," she replied, with averted eyes; "but my husband left me eight years ago, and he is now dead. He was drowned at sea. I resumed my maiden name. He had covered his own with infamy."

Tredegar stood as though he had been carved out of stone. Every trouble of his own was forgotten. The woman's words swept over his brain like a flood of fire, obliterating everything but the one central fact which glowed like molten steel. The horror of it was inconceivable.

"Her husband!" he muttered to himself. "Her husband! Oh, my God!"

She could not see his face in the darkness, but she heard his muttered words, and peered up at him inquiringly.

"Yes, my husband," she said, slowly, and with an effort. "Tell me where you found the bracelet. The truth, mind you—the truth!"

He was silent for a moment. Then he said in a low tone of pity:

"I found it—on the body—of a dead man."

"Thank God!" she said, with emphasis. "I thank God that he is dead!"

Tredegar shuddered, and roughly shook her hand from his arm.

"Ah!" she said, "you loathe me! You think I should be sorry. He ruined my life, and left me. I have thought him dead for eight years, and to-night I say thank God—Ah! what is that? Quick, Emrys! We have been talking—wasting time! Quick! Hide or run! Oh, it is too late—too late! I—Leave me, quick—leave me! Oh, what have I done?"

Tredegar swung round on his heel, and saw half-a-dozen lights moving between him and the pathway up the hill. At the same time there was the sound of two boats grounding on the shingle, and the rush of a small body of men from the other direction. He was surrounded!

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE TOILS OF THE HUNTER.

For one brief moment Tredegar stood irresolute. He was thinking not of himself, but of the woman who had come out to save him, and who would be compromised for life. He turned, and grasped her arm roughly.

"Scream!" he said, in a whisper. "Loud, so they can hear you! Quick!" She was silent.

"Scream, damn you!" he said, hoarsely; and he gripped her so tightly with his powerful fingers that she gave a piercing shriek of pain.

Then he ran swiftly from her side, as though he had been surprised in an attempted murder. It did not matter which way he ran. On one side there was the cliff, on the other the sea with two boats on it. Before and behind him the dark figures of his pursuers.

He moved rapidly up to those who had landed from the boats and stopped.

"What do you want?" he said, quietly. "Let me pass!"

Half a dozen guns were levelled at him, and struck aside by the more prudent who saw that the other party was in the direct line of fire. None of them moved forward.

"Let me pass!" he said. "I am Emrys Tredegar, and you had better not stop me!"

"We will stop you all right!" said the voice of John Walroyd; and some of the men laughed.

Tredegar's blood boiled. He could only remember that a fortnight ago he had saved this man's life.

"You fools!" he cried. "You are after the wrong man. Let me pass!"

Again they laughed. Then he clenched his fists and went straight for them. He knew the game was up, and that escape was practically impossible. Some of them were armed, and though they would not dare fire while he was in their midst, they would lose a volley directly he got clear of them. It would, indeed, be a miracle if one of them did not hit him. He realised to the full that they would kill him rather than let him escape. And so he dashed into their midst for a last good fight, every muscle of his frame strung up for a contest that would leave its mark on more than one of his adversaries.

If they had not been so close together they would have moved aside to let him pass and trusted to their guns. But very shame kept them in position.

# Tired All the Time

A Terrible Feeling of Exhaustion. Unfit for Business. Debilitating Effects of Hot Seasons. All Easily Removed.



Mrs. C. McDonald, of Northcote, Victoria, Australia, sends us her photograph and says:

"I was a great sufferer from some of the most terrible forms of indigestion. I was all tired out from morning until night. My languor made me unfit for work or business of any kind, and I was about ready to give up discouraged. My liver was all out of order, and this made me suffer from constipation and biliousness. Two remedies completely cured me. I took Ayer's Pills to act on my liver and keep my bowels in good condition, and Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify my blood, strengthen my nerves, and put my digestive organs in a healthy state."

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

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is of great help to almost every one in this debilitating climate. It prevents exhaustion, keeps the nervous system in good order, and takes away all that tired feeling. Don't wait until you are down sick. It's much wiser and easier to prevent sickness. When the stomach fails, sickness comes very easy. Profit by Mrs. McDonald's experience and put your digestive organs in a healthy state.

We must caution you against imitation Sarsaparillas. Be sure you get "Ayer's." There's no risk to run with this old, reliable medicine.

# AYER'S Sarsaparilla

The Oldest, Surest, Strongest, and Best Sarsaparilla

Ayer's Pills act on the liver and keep the bowels in good condition.

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

The first two went spinning to the shingle, and then half a dozen leaped upon him and tried to tear him to the ground. He tore off two, one with each hand, and shook the others with such violence that they swung off their feet and fell heavily from him, taking pieces of cloth off in their grips. Then another lot sprang upon him, and he saw the ugly flash of a knife. He had restrained himself till then. His great strength had been almost a handicap, for he knew that a blow from his fist might possibly be mortal, and then he would be a murderer indeed. But the blue glitter of steel roused him to a sudden burst of fury. He caught the man's wrist with one hand, and dealt him so terrific a blow on the arm with the other that the bone snapped, and the fellow shrieked with agony as the knife went tinkling to the stones.

It was a great fight, but it was over in less than five minutes. Tredegar was overpowered by numbers and bound hand and foot. His face and hands were red with blood, and he trembled in every limb. Then he looked at the crowd and smiled. He had marked a dozen of them, and four had broken limbs. It was a great fight, he thought to himself, one worthy of Samson and the Philistines.

Three figures had stood apart from the combat—two men and a woman. They now approached. Walroyd came forward to meet them with a lantern in his hand. As he saw the woman's face he started.

"You, Miss Cantrip!" he cried in amazement. "What—"

"We were only just in time to save her," he father broke in.

"Ah, the scream," said Walroyd. "I thought it sounded like a woman, but we could not see from this side. Well, he's safe enough now. I am glad we did come in time. Yet, how on earth did you come here, Miss Cantrip?"

For a moment she hesitated. Then she saw that she was bound to continue the lie.

"I fell asleep round by the rocks this afternoon," she said, faintly. "When I woke it was getting dark, and I was cut off from Garth by the tide. So I had to come along this way. Then a man grasped me by the arm. I did not see his face, but I was frightened and screamed. That it all."

"The scoundrel!" said Mr Morgan. "Thank God, we have got him. He'll swing now."

"Let's look at him," said Mr Cantrip, swinging his lantern and peering to where Tredegar stood surrounded by his captors. "A strong fellow, eh? Done some damage, eh? Yet I wager I once saw a man who could have downed him, eh? Cynthia? I should like to look at him. You'd better stay here with Mr Walroyd," and he blinked his little eyes as he saw a flush of pleasure cross the American's face. For John Walroyd was never insensible to the beauty of a woman, and Mr Cantrip had more than once during the past fortnight noticed the American's admiration for his daughter.

"No, I will come with you," she answered, firmly. An idea had flashed across her brain. She had yet another part to play in this tragedy.

"You had better stay here," Mr Cantrip answered, coldly. "This is no sight for a woman," and he moved towards the crowd. She turned her back on Walroyd and followed. The latter bit his lips with vexation, and then walked slowly after her.

As they neared the group of men they saw by the light of the lanterns that several of them were hurt, and that four were stretched out on the ground. The old man checked.

"By the Gods," he said, "a pretty fight, a pretty fight! Where is he? I should like to see him." The crowd opened out, and they pushed Tredegar a little forward, forgetting that his feet were bound. He fell forward with a crash. Cynthia's face whitened and a look of fury shot from her eyes. The men laughed, and half a dozen of them hauled Tredegar to his feet again and set him up, as one sets up a fallen pillar. His forehead was streaked and stained with blood, and it trickled down his dirty, unshaven cheeks. The old man came close to him, and, raising the lantern, peered up into the ghastly face. He started, and a keen observer might have noticed that the hand which held the lantern trembled. Then his daughter,

who was behind him, suddenly sprang forward with a cry of surprise, and snatching the lantern from his hand held it up within a foot of Tredegar's face.

"Father," she cried, "who is this? Surely there is some mistake. This is Mr Edwards, the man who was ill at our house. Don't you remember him? There is some awful mistake here. Why, at the very time the second murder was committed this man was ill. I read the account of it to him myself from the newspaper," and she turned round and faced the crowd that was pressing close to her to hear her words. Mr Cantrip looked sharply up at her excited face, and in a flash he read the whole truth. His daughter had come to the beach that night to meet Emrys Tredegar, to warn him of his danger to— He blazed with fury, but restrained himself, and pretended to closely scrutinise the young giant's face.

"Well, Mr Cantrip," said Tredegar coldly. "Do you know me?"

"Yes," the old man answered, "I recognise you. Your name was then Edwards. You doubtless changed it for an excellent reason. I did not know we were entertaining a murderer."

"But, father, the daughter cried eagerly, "he could not have committed the second murder. He was with us."

"I think your memory plays you false," the old man said quietly. I distinctly remember reading of the second murder five days after he left us. You are distracted with all you have gone through, Cynthia. We will go home," and turning away from Tredegar he began to move across the shingle with feeble steps.

For a moment Cynthia Cantrip stood looking at his retreating figure with scorn and loathing in her eyes. Then she saw that Walroyd was keenly watching the expression of her face and she laughed nervously.

"Yes, I think I will go home," she said in a calm voice, and then swayed as though she would have fallen. However, she quickly recovered herself, and looked once more at Tredegar.

"Come along," said her father, roughly. "Mr Walroyd, can we go back in one of the boats. I am an old man, and I don't think I can manage the walk to-night. I darsay you can find room for us."

"Certainly," replied Walroyd abstractedly, still keeping his eyes on Miss Cantrip's face. "We have to take Tredegar by boat. But perhaps you would not care to go in that one."

"Oh, yes," the old man said, with an evil smile. "We will certainly go in that one if you are in it. We shall be quite safe."

Cynthia Cantrip clenched her hands. "Safe," she said to herself; "aye, if Emrys Tredegar could but be free for a moment, you could be safe." Then she felt in her pocket for a small knife she usually carried there.

"Perhaps," Walroyd said, "Miss Cantrip would not care to—"

"Thank you, Mr Walroyd," she broke in. "I do not mind who is in the boat."

Walroyd left them and gave orders to the men. The wounded were carefully lifted up and laid in one of the boats. Half a dozen sailors got in with them, and then another half dozen ran the craft off the shingle, and leapt into it, as it went gliding from the shore.

Then another batch picked up Tredegar and placed him in the second boat. Walroyd, Mr Morgan, Mr Cantrip, and his daughter took their places, and no one noticed that the latter skilfully contrived to be near the prisoner.

Then the boat was launched and headed towards Garth. The remainder had to return by the cliffs, and looking back, Tredegar saw the waving line of yellow lights moving along the shore, and heard the strain of the Welsh hymn sung by the sailors. He could scarcely resist a smile, as the harmonies came across the water to his ears.

There was little light from the sky overhead, and only a single lantern flickered in the bow of the boat. Cynthia drew out her small pen-knife, and felt cautiously for the cords that bound Tredegar's feet. Then a thrill of horror ran through her, for she encountered the cold touch of steel. They had substituted manacles and handcuffs for the cords with which they had first bound him. She shut up the knife, and, replacing it in her pocket, clasped her hands in silent agony.

In half an hour they reached Garth. Long before they touched the shore they could see a dense crowd of people, and the continuous moving of lights along the beach. When they were fifty yards

from the ripples at the edge, a chorus of voices greeted them.

"Have you got him? Have you seen him?"

"Aye, aye," the answer came back from the sailors in the boat. "We have him right enough."

Then they landed, and lifted Tredegar on to the beach. A dense crowd swayed round his prostrate form, and the air rang with shouts and jokes.

"You cur!" he said, quietly. "Lift me to my feet!"

They seized hold of him and set him upright. Then he suddenly snarled like a wild beast, and lifted his manacled hands above his head, and the crowd shrank back. The chains clinked on his trembling wrists, and murder was in his soul. A single blow from the irons on his hands would have dashed out a man's brains.

All at once there was a stir in the crowd, and a woman forced her way through them to Tredegar's side. It was Mavanvy. As he saw her, all the lust of blood died out of his heart, and his great hands sank down before him.

Then, without shame or hesitation, she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him, and when she had moved her lips from his her face was stained with blood. Then she turned on the crowd, and tried to speak, but the words would not come, and she sank senseless to the ground. The crowd stood in silence. But far on the edge of it, almost where the waves rippled to the shore, another woman buried her head in her hands and wept bitterly.

#### CHAPTER XIV. THE SACRIFICE.

There was no prison cell in the little village of Garth, and the back parlour of the policeman's house generally served for the trivial offenders that brought themselves within reach of the law. It was felt, however, that a man of such gigantic strength and ferocity as Tredegar, arrested, moreover, on so serious a charge as murder, required a more secure confinement than the four walls of an ordinary room.

Walroyd suggested one of the cellars of the Plas Tredegar, and the idea was eagerly seized on by the more brutal of the crowd. It amused their coarse natures to think of a man being locked up in his own house. The two policemen were more impressed by the facts which Walroyd put before them—namely, that the cellars were without windows, that the walls were part of the solid rock itself, and that the doors were made of six inches of oak, clamped with iron, and furnished with modern Bramah locks.

Morgan and Walroyd—the latter of whom was an Englishman, in spite of the many years he had spent in America—were both Justices of the Peace, and after a brief consultation they ordered the prisoner to be taken up to the Plas Tre-

degar for the night, and to be removed to the county gaol on the following day. Several men placed Tredegar on a cart, and set off slowly down the village. Walroyd then insisted on both the Morgans and the Cantrips coming home with him to spend the night, giving as the reason for the invitation that Miss Morgan was too ill to stand the long drive to Llyn-glas, and that Miss Cantrip would be required to keep her company.

Both the fathers acquiesced willingly in the suggestion; Mr Morgan, because his daughter was still faint and weak, and it would be impossible to take her back to Llyn-glas that night, and Mr Cantrip because he saw the way Walroyd had looked at Cynthia as he issued the invitation, and guessed that the American was seeking some opportunity of seeing his daughter alone. Mavanvy was too ill to offer any opposition and Cynthia, for her own reasons, was silent. She was working out a plan in her subtle brain, and the invitation supplied the one link she required to join the various parts into a perfect whole.

They got into Walroyd's wagonette, which was waiting in a street, and calling at the Cantrips' lodgings for a few things necessary for the night, drove rapidly down the long street.

At the foot of the hill they passed the slow procession taking Emrys to his prison. Cynthia looked back on it with tightened lips. Mavanvy sat with closed eyes and saw nothing. The three men smiled grimly at each other.

When they reached the house they all had supper, and directly afterwards Mavanvy went up to bed. It had been arranged that Cynthia should sleep in the same room with her, and though the latter now loathed the very sight of her rival, she could not with decency refuse this little comfort to the sick girl.

When Mavanvy had left the room, Walroyd touched the bell.

"Send one of the policemen here," he said, when the footman entered.

The man returned, and in a few minutes afterwards the heavy step of P.C. Davies, the village constable, was heard outside, and there was a loud knocking at the door.

"Come in!" cried Walroyd. The door opened, and a large, grizzly-bearded man stood sheepishly in the entrance.

"Well, Davies," said Walroyd, "how is the prisoner?"

"Quiet, sir, aye, indeed, very quiet." Walroyd laughed.

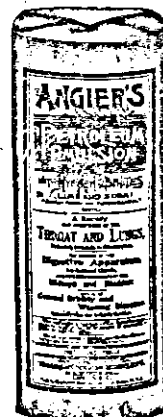
"What do you think of the prison, Davies?"

"Very strong, sir, and not too comfortable. We've given him some straw to lie on."

"I'll come down and look," Walroyd said. "Perhaps you had better come, too, Mr Morgan, and you, Mr Cantrip. I am sure Miss Cantrip will excuse us." She smiled sweetly.

"I think I will come with you," she

## Coughs and Bronchitis.



There is positively nothing equal to Angier's Emulsion for the relief and cure of troublesome Coughs, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, and all Chronic Lung Affections. Made with our specially purified petroleum it has a wonderfully soothing and healing effect upon the mucous membrane of the throat, lungs, and air passages.

## Angier's Emulsion

(PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES)

Is pleasant to take and agrees with and benefits the most delicate stomach, promoting a healthy appetite, and building up the health and strength. It is equally good for the cough of Chronic Bronchitis with profuse expectoration; the dry, harsh Throat Cough; the irritating cough of Influenza; and for Whooping Cough and Croupy Coughs of children. Thousands of doctors prescribe it, and every sufferer who has used it recommends it.

A FREE SAMPLE

on receipt of 4d. postage. Mention this paper.

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

In three sizes; of all chemists.  
THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD., 7 Barrack Street, Sydney, N.S.W.;  
London, England; Boston, U.S.A.

said. "I am afraid of being left alone." And she gave Walroyd a warm glance of affection that made him tremble and wish that he could stay behind with her and get rid of the old men.

"Very well," he replied. "We will all go. I am sure Tredegar ought to be fastened."

They made their way through several long corridors, and then down a flight of stone steps. At the bottom of these there was another passage, terminating in a heavy door. The policeman went on in front with a lantern; Walroyd and Cynthia brought up the rear. Under cover of the darkness she laid her hand upon his arm, and a thrill went through his whole body. He raised the hand to his lips and kissed it silently. She did not resist.

The party stopped on the threshold, and P.C. Davies unlocked the door and, entering the cellar, cast the light of the lantern round the walls, so that they could see everything. It was a cold, dreary spot, to spend the night in. Floor and ceiling were both of stone, and the walls seemed to have been planed out from the solid rock. A few wine-bins ran along on one side, but they were empty. A heap of straw had been thrown in the centre of the floor, and Tredegar lay on this, with his face buried in his arms.

"Has he had food and water, constable?" queried Walroyd.

"Yes, sir. We fed him like a baby. Daren't free his hands."

At the sound of the voice, Tredegar raised himself, and the chains rattled on his limbs. He blinked as the yellow light shone into his eyes, and tried to peer into the darkness beyond. He was a pitiable sight to look upon. His hair was eaked and matted with blood; his eyes blazed like two live coals. He showed his teeth through his half-open lips like some wild beast.

Then, for a brief second, the light from Davies' lantern fell on the little group by the door. He saw the faces of the three men, and behind them, almost in the shadow, the red-gold light of a woman's hair. He tried to rise to his feet, but only succeeded in struggling to his knees, and his chains clanked heavily as he shook his great arms towards the door.

"Leave me," he cried, "or by God, I will come closer to you than you care for," and he shuffled along on his knees towards them.

Davies sprang forward, and seizing him by the shoulders, hurled him off his balance on to the straw. Cynthia's hands clenched so tightly that the nails drew blood from her soft white palms. Tredegar lay quite still, and Davies backed cautiously towards the door.

"Excited, eh?" said Walroyd. "I think we will close this interview." When they were all outside he shut the door, and taking the key from the constable, turned it in the lock. In the old days a heavy mass of iron would have accomplished this task, but Walroyd had had patent locks put in all over the house.

Then they returned to the smoking room, and again in the passage Cynthia's hand contrived to touch Walroyd's. He grasped it fervently in his strong fingers, and then tried to place his arm about her waist. But she moved a little away from him. When they emerged into the light, their eyes met, and she blushed and looked away from him. He burned with passion and longed to clasp her in his arms.

The men finished their cigars, and then Cynthia and her father and Mr Morgan went up to bed. Walroyd re-

mained behind. He had, so he said, certain matters of business to go into, and certain accounts to make out before the morning. He lit a fresh cigar, and going over to his desk, pulled out a mass of papers and began to sort them.

Cynthia looked back at him as she left the room and smiled. He had squeezed her hand very tenderly as he said good-night.

She went up to her room, and closing the door, walked over to the bed where Mavanwy lay asleep. The girl's dark hair flowed in rippling waves over the pillow. Her face was white, and her lips parted. She stirred uneasily in her sleep. Cynthia looked at her careworn and beautiful face, and then walking over to the cheval glass, gazed for a minute at her own self. Then, returning to the bed, she looked again at the sleeping form, as though comparing notes with what she had seen in the glass, and her face grew hard and bitter as she looked.

"You are younger," she said softly as though addressing the sleeping girl, "but you do not love him more, and you are not more pleasing to look upon, and you would not do more to save him."

Then she turned out the light, and opening the door, quietly made her way back to the smoking room. The house was wrapt in silence, and even her soft footfalls on the velvet pile carpet seemed to sound alarmingly. She opened the door, and then drew back as she saw the light still burning inside.

"Who is there," said Walroyd, quickly shutting some papers over a glittering object that lay on the desk before him.

Cynthia held the door half open, but did not show herself.

"I'm so sorry, Mr Walroyd," she said softly; "but Mavanwy left her smelling salts somewhere about, and she wants them. Could you give them to me?"

Walroyd pretended to look about the room. The salts were on a small table close to where Mavanwy had been sitting. He glanced at them with a smile, and put them in his pocket, but continued to search somewhat ostentatiously.

"I can't see them," he said in a tone of vexation. "Will you come in and look for yourself?"

She opened the door a little wider and stood irresolutely in the doorway, as though half afraid to enter. Walroyd looked round from the corner where he was searching diligently and his face flushed. Rarely had he set eyes on so glorious a vision as the one he gazed upon. The white beautiful face, the crown of copper hair, the diamonds flashing on her hands and throat, and something indefinable that he had not seen before—a look of passion in the violet eyes, a faint glow on the cheeks, like the flush of coming dawn, the slight parting of the lips that almost seemed to tremble with expectation. Walroyd advanced a step or two across the room.

"Please come in, Miss Cantrip," he said. "You needn't be afraid."

She laughed nervously, and entering the room, began to look round for the bottle of salts. It was needless to say that she did not find it. Walroyd chuckled to himself. He did not know that she had mapped out the whole game, and was going to play it to the end.

Then, as they were both searching among some odds and ends on a table, their hands chanced to touch, and Walroyd seized her cold white fingers in a warm clasp. She tried feebly to withdraw them, and then laughed.

"Please, Mr Walroyd," she said, "I can't look for anything if you do that."

He seized her other hand and raised

both to his lips. Then he drew her close to him, and loosing her hands, clasped her in his arms, and kissed her passionately.

"Cynthia," he cried hoarsely, "I love you. My darling, I love you." A shudder of loathing passed through her body, and she could hardly restrain herself from crying out in horror. Then she burst into tears, and he let go of her.

"Cynthia," he continued eagerly, "I have not offended you. I could not help it. I love you so much. Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife!" she said slowly, "your wife!" She had not dreamt of this. She had hoped to gain her point with a few kisses. But his wife—that would be too horrible a sacrifice.

"I do not love you, Mr Walroyd," she said simply.

"I will make you love me," he answered passionately. "I am rich and can give you all you ask for. You love jewels, do you not?" and he glanced at the gems sparkling on her fingers. "See here." He strode over to a steel safe let into the wall, opened it, and taking out a box poured its contents on to a velvet cushion. Every gem of the earth was there, and the heap sparkled with every colour of the rainbow. Her eyes glistened, and she turned the jewels over with trembling hands. For the moment she forgot even Emrys Tredegar.

"These are mine," he said, "and more a hundredfold. Your father is selling off my collection. Perhaps you have seen some of them."

Her mind went back to the dingy parlour in River-street, and then by the association of ideas to Emrys Tredegar. She turned her back on the glittering heap and was silent. Walroyd came close to her and tried once more to take her hand. She moved away from him.

"I must think," she said in a low voice. "Please let me think."

For two minutes neither of them spoke. Walroyd busied himself with replacing the jewels in the box, and Cynthia stood with her eyes fixed on the window, as motionless as though she had been turned to stone. At last she made up her mind, and turned her beautiful face to Walroyd.

"I will marry you, Mr Walroyd," she said slowly, "but only on one condition. I want you to give me something."

"Name it," he said, striding towards her. "If it is in my gift, you shall have it."

"I want," she continued, "the key of the cellar in which Mr Tredegar is confined. I want also a key to the handcuffs and manacles. Mr Tredegar must go free to-night. These are my terms."

(To be continued.)

**Brickmaker's Tough Fight.**


"Yes, I have had a tough fight," said Mr G. A. Oliver, of Masterton, "but I've come through all right."

"Ordinarily I battle with bricks for a living, as the saying is, but this time," continued Mr Oliver, "I had to battle with ill-health, and Dr. Williams' pink pills which I bought from Mr Ridd, chemist, of Pahiatua, alone won the fight for me. I am a brickmaker, you know, and have to work sometimes in the damp and cold, and sometimes in the heat. Five years ago sciatica struck me like a shot. Sharp, dagger-like pains pierced my feet and darted up my legs. They tore through my hips with agonising cruelty and some of them seemed to

settle in the small of my back. I often felt as if my legs and hips were on fire. Oh, the agony was horrible! I could neither sit nor lie down, for the slightest pressure caused spasms of anguish. The only comfort I had was when limping about. Why, man," said the sturdy brickmaker impressively, "I could not sit down to my meals—but had to walk about while I ate. Of course, I tried patent medicines, liniments and blisters, but they were not worth twopence. In fact the sciatica grew worse and worse and for over three months I lay crippled in bed. Doctors couldn't cure me. Then a Masterton friend said that Mr W. Pickworth, of Balclutha, Otago, had been cured by Dr. Williams' pink pills of sciatica. I read the report of the case and saw at once that Mr Pickworth's sufferings were exactly like my own. So when I was in Pahiatua I got from Mr Coleridge Ridd some of Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. He gave me the genuine New Zealand kind in small wooden boxes, and 31 boxes absolutely cured me. They drove the poisonous acid from my veins. They actually made new, pure, rich blood for me. This new blood braced up my whole health, fed and soothed my nerves and made my muscles pliable. Gradually the pains vanished and the crippling disease left me. Now I work at my trade in all weathers. I tell everyone who comes to see me in Cornwall-street that these pills won for me the battle of health."

Mr G. A. Oliver's case is only one of hundreds in New Zealand. Sciatica, which is so common in this colony, is really a disease of the nerves. Whenever the blood becomes impure and the system run down, then the nerves give way. The result may be neuralgia, st. vitus' dance, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous prostration, spinal disease, or terrible piercing sciatica like Mr Oliver suffered. Now, there is absolutely only one way to cure all these nerve diseases—and that is to feed and nourish the nerves by building up the blood with Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. By making new blood these pills, of the famous Edinburgh University doctor, have cured right here in New Zealand the worst cases of anaemia, debility, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles, backaches, headaches, and the special secret ailments of women. Their action is direct and simple, sure and scientific, positive and permanent. They can be obtained from chemists and storekeepers and the Dr. Williams' medicine co., Wellington, at three shillings a box, or six boxes for sixteen and six, post free. When purchasing, be sure that the pills are in wooden boxes—not in glass bottles—and that the address Wellington, New Zealand, is in red on the pink outside wrapper. Insist on getting the genuine kind that cured Mr Oliver in Masterton, Miss Maud Copland in Wellington, Mrs Janet Sinton in Auckland, Mr Robert Clucas in Canterbury, Elizabeth Samson in Dunedin, and hundreds of others in every corner of New Zealand.

**WE SHIP ON APPROVAL**  
and guarantee safe delivery  
Highest grade Cycles. Fully warranted  
Latter Model **\$2.10-\$5.50**  
Dunlop Tyres. Steel or Wood  
Rims, Free Wheel & Mud Guards  
and Brakes.  
**CARRIAGE PAID**  
To any Port in Australia.  
**TYRES, ACCESSORIES,**  
Sporting Goods and Sewing  
Machines Half Usual Prices  
Write for Catalogue & Special Offer  
Circular Stamp. Address Dept 3014  
Chicago U.S.A.  
**Mead Cycle Co.**



**BYCROFT, Limited**

**JAMES HUME, MANAGER**

First Award at the Auckland Exhibition for TULIP Flour, with Gold Medal and Special Mention; First Award for SNOWDRIFT Flour, also for Wheatmeal.

**CITY FLOUR MILLS,**

First Award at the Auckland Exhibition for BISCUITS, with Special Mention for UNIFORMITY and EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY.

Manufacturers of TULIP and SNOWDRIFT Brands of FLOUR, WHEATMEAL, PORRIDGE MEAL, SELF-RAISING FLOUR, also all kinds of PLAIN and FANCY BISCUITS.

**Shortland Street**

# "The New Zealand Graphic."

(PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.)

Office—

SHORTLAND STREET,  
Auckland, N.Z.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

Per Annum - - £1 5 0  
(If paid in advance, £1.)  
Single Copy: Price SIXPENCE

By sending direct to "The Graphic" Office Twenty Shillings sterling, which you may pay by Post Office Order, Postal Note, One Pound Note, or New Zealand Stamps you can have "The Graphic" posted regularly to you every week for a year.

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

Cheques, Drafts, etc., and all Business Communications to be addressed to the Manager.

Literary Communications, Photographs and Black and White Work to be addressed to the Editor.

Society Notes and Correspondence relating to matters of special interest to ladies to be addressed to "The Lady Editor."

The Editor will carefully read all manuscripts submitted to him, and all communications will be regarded as strictly confidential by him.



## A SOOTHING, HEALING, STIMULATING OINTMENT

Particularly recommended for Ulcerated Legs, Piles, Fistula, and all long-standing and painful Wounds.  
A Household Remedy for all Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Bolls, Bruises, Kicks, Sores, etc. It should be found on every Dressing Table as a very effective Salve for Pimples, Eczema, Redness and Roughness of the Skin, Inflamed Eyes, and all Skin Affections.

## IT HEALS QUICKLY AND GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

Prices, in Pots, 1/1½ and 2/9.  
Sole Makers: BEACH and BARNICOTT (Ltd.), Bridport, England.



# Here and There.

It is said that Mr J. V. Barrie has earned £60,000 by the dramatisation of "The Little Minister," and that his income for 1902 was £50,000.

In a cricket match in England—Authors against Artists—Conan Doyle made 28, J. M. Barrie 10, and Horning 3. Everybody played very badly, but the authors polished off the Academicians easily.

When two babies were being reared in an incubator at Harwood, Texas, they got mixed up, and a lawsuit is pending over their identity. The two mothers each claim the same child as their own.

In Japan most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the dummies of cart-horses wear straw shoes, which in two cases are tied round the ankle with straw rope, braided so as to form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about a halfpenny a pair.

For ten years W. S. Adams, a cripple, of Marquette, Michigan, has edited a magazine from his bed. He directs the policy of the paper over a telephone fitted up by his bedside, and writes verses and fiction on a typewriter, which he always keeps at hand.

You know the English alphabet has 26 letters. Do you know the number in other alphabets? The Sandwich Islanders' alphabet has 12 letters; Burmese, 18; Italian, 23; Bengali, 21; Spanish, 27; Arabic, 28; Russian, 41; and Sanscrit, 50.

Pedestrians in Jersey City, U.S., were alarmed one day last month to see a blazing rat run squealing down the street. It came from a house owned by Vincenzo Leinde, who had poured kerosene oil on to the rolfent and then set it alight. He was arrested and fined £5.

Mr Sidney Colvin is about to contract a marriage which has special interest for Stevensonians. Mr Colvin was the friend in England to whom the Vailima Letters were written from Samoa, and he is Stevenson's literary executor. But many of Stevenson's letters were also addressed to Miss Sitwell, who was a valued friend. Miss Sitwell very shortly will become Mrs Colvin.

Bush work at Kaes, North Auckland, is in full swing. Messrs. Nisbet Brothers have secured the largest bush contract ever given out in those parts, viz., 20,000,000ft or more. It is expected to take five years to work it out. All the timber will go to Hokianga. Mr E. Irving has secured a contract on the Kauripute of about 2,000,000ft of timber. Mr George Wrathall arrived at Kaes recently to work a bush of about 2,000,000ft, at the Takakuri, belonging to Mr Slater, of Auckland.

The revival of interest in the dahlia is one of the most remarkable features of modern floriculture, says Country Life in America. The revival is not a "warmed-over enthusiasm," but a brand new movement aroused by the introduction of the "cactus" dahlia and other new forms that have lately been developed. The "dahlia craze" of the middle of the last century was caused by the perfection of the "show" type—the formal globular flower. A new era began with the discovery of the "cactus" type. With the crossing of the show and cactus dahlia, and the reaction against excessive formality in all kinds of flowers, have come a host of new forms, which, for want of a better name, are called "decorative dahlias," and their possibilities of development are greater than anything that has hitherto been imagined.

Harry Bateman, who was at the last examinations bracketed with P. E. Marack as Senior Wrangler in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos, is son of Mr. Samuel Bateman, a Manchester commercial traveller, and began his educa-

tion in Ducie-avenue Board School in that city. One day the teacher offered a shilling to the boy who could solve a very difficult mathematical problem, and Bateman won it with astonishing ease. He and his brother each won a City Council scholarship at the Grammar School, and Harry two years later won a four years' foundation scholarship at the Grammar School. He won there a scholarship worth £100 a year, and the Derby scholarship of £40 a year at Trinity College, Cambridge. When he had been a year at Trinity he won an open major mathematical scholarship of £100 a year. He is now twenty-one years of age.

The Auckland Anti-compulsory Vaccination League telegraphed to the Minister for Public Health protesting against the edict requiring post office employees to be vaccinated as unnecessary, futile and a great moral and physical wrong. Sir Joseph Ward replied that the general public must be considered, and that it was only decided to take the course that had been adopted after the matter had received the most careful consideration. The League in answer to this sent a further protest.

It may be news to some to learn that there are ninety-two hospitals and twenty-five dispensaries in various parts of the County of London. Among them are twenty-eight general hospitals, having 5374 beds, costing £484,330 a year, and dealing with 70,000 in-patients and half a million accidents; seven cottage hospitals, with 137 beds; two for cancer cases, with 150 beds, and 1000 in-patients during the year; five chest hospitals; eleven children's; one each for dental complaints, fever, fistula, diseases of the heart, and stone; three for epilepsy, incurables, orthopaedic, and skin; seven lying-in hospitals, where 3500 poor women are attended to during the year; five ophthalmic; four for the throat; and six for women.

The mother of the three boys had noticed that when they slept in the same room they were a long time going to sleep. A little investigation brought out the reason.

"John," she said, "what kept you boys awake so long last night?"

"Bob was telling us stories," he replied.

"But I heard him saying, 'Boys, I wish you wouldn't bother me. I want to go to sleep!'"

"Yes," admitted John. "When he'd told us one story we'd get out of bed and run round the room a while. Then we would crawl in again and put our cold feet against his back, and keep them there till he told us another."

Years afterward "Bob" became a famous lecturer and story-teller, and that, possibly, is the way he got his start.

Thirty thousand skylarks were last winter stuffed with truffles by Denoist and preserved for that nourishment which is called supper. Horrible! As barbaric as nightingales' tongues! Bear that in mind next time you are offered a lark embalmed in carmine aspic and reposing snugly in a fair white frill. Refuse the morsel. Taste it and you are lost. You will become a raving advocate for the close preserving of larks for eight months in the year, so that during the other four months they may be more widely preserved—with truffles, observes a London newspaper in an article on the delicacies turned out at the establishment of Victor Benoit, the famous chef of Wardour-street. It was the children of Israel who discovered the excellence of quails in the wilderness. When they had come out of the wilderness, and had arrived even in Park lane, they brought their knowledge with them. Flocks of quail flutter daily through the kitchens of Benoit; every season tens of thousands pass that way. What a perfect bird a quail is. Since the secret of manna has been lost, no other food has been deemed worthy to accompany it through all the long centuries. As simply and as plainly as Miriam stewed her quails beneath the

shadow of Sinai are quails stewed to-day in Wardour-street. What a history!

The Department of Agriculture has been desirous for some years past of ascertaining whether New Zealand hemp could be improved by cultivation, both in quality and quantity. Arrangements were made not long ago to plant an area of land at the Experimental Station at Weraoa, near Levin, and this will be done in the course of a few weeks. Steps are also being taken to establish a collection of the various forms of flax known in the different districts as "varieties," which will be planted on an adjoining section, each root will be named and the locality from which it was obtained will be stated. This collection, when complete, will be most valuable. Important results are anticipated from the experiments.

At the General Assembly of the United Free Church of Scotland, held a few weeks ago in Edinburgh, Rev. John Tainsh, convener of the Praise Committee, spoke some useful words on the organ question. The Scotch have taken to organs with an enthusiasm which has not always been tempered with discretion. Apparently they have expected too much from the organ. Sometimes they have bought with the Carnegie money instruments too big for their churches, and they have found difficulty in getting organists in sympathy with the simple psalm and hymn service of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Tainsh's advice is to develop the vocal side—the choir, the praise, the devotional spirit. "Sing with heart and voice," he says, "and keep the organ in its place. Do not suffer the great monster to overpower you." This is wise advice. The organ must be regarded as an accompaniment. Choir, congregational and Sunday-school musical training must go on just the same after the organ is introduced as before it came.

Business was slack, and Mr. Dryplate, the photographer, was standing at the door of his studio waiting for a custom to come along, when a gentleman, whom at a single glance the cante photographer divined was not Mr. Pierpont Morgan, approached wheeling a baked-potato can.

"I want you to take my photo," he remarked.

"Certainly," said Dryplate. "Would you like the potato-can included in the picture?"

"Well, gov.," explained the prospective customer, "it's like this. My brother Bill what lives in Edinburgh sent me his photo larst week standin' by the side of a moty-car. Now that was brag. Bill ain't no more got a moty-car than he's got the Atlantic Ocean in his back-yard. And I wants to take 'im down a peg."

"I see," said Dryplate. "You want to play your potat-can against his motor-car, eh?"

"Well, not exactly," was the reply. "I wants you to stick a sheet on it, put it against a blue background, and take it a bit misty, like when the smoke comes out of the chimney, and very likely, Bill'll take it for a steam-yacht!"

The Hon. E. Mitchelson (Mayor of Auckland), who is also chairman of the Remuera Road Board, accompanied by several Auckland members, waited on Sir Joseph Ward on July 28th with a request that he would re-build the bridge over the railway in the Remuera-road.

Mr Mitchelson stated that the Tramway Company were about to commence the work of laying rails through the Remuera district. The bridge was in a state of disrepair, and would require renewing within two years. It was proposed to renew the bridge now, and strengthen and widen it, in order to make it sufficient to carry the traffic. The Tramway Company was prepared to pay £200 towards the cost, and the Road Board would also contribute. Plans and specifications had been prepared by the Resident Engineer for Railways.

Sir Joseph Ward stated that he would obtain the report and plan of the engineer in a day or two, and would then inform Mr Mitchelson as to what the Railway Department could do.

Mr Mitchelson pointed out the necessity for haste in the matter, as the Tramway Company wanted to start work within a month, and to have the trams running before Christmas. He pointed out that the bridge was very old, and was below the regulation height.



It may be said with safety that for every letter received and answered by King Edward in 1879 there are two received and answered by the Prince of Wales in 1903 (remarks a London magazine in an article on the Royal House of Great Britain). Moreover, although their Majesties, all through their busy career, always set an illustrious example to their generation by the energy with which they fostered all charitable causes, it is undeniable that the amount of detail examined and sifted by the Prince and Princess of Wales to-day in connection with their public duties is infinitely greater and more laborious than anything experienced by their predecessors at the same period of their lives. An interesting question arises, in comparing the present with the past, as to what records are being made of the vic intime of the Royal Family of England for the instruction of future generations. Does there exist any document that will do for the Edwardian reign what was done for the Victorian period by the Monarch's personal diary, out of which she permitted herself to make two volumes of excerpts for the delight of her people? The answer is, No. Neither Edward nor Alexandra has ever found either the time or the inclination to preserve a personal record of doings and impressions from day to day. In this respect the Prince of Wales follows the example of his parents. Had Queen Alexandra encouraged her children in early youth to docket their experiences day after day, as "Vicky" and "Alix" were encouraged to do by their mother, they might have formed a habit that would remain with them to this hour. But it was not to be. Her Majesty made up her mind to talk and write in her adopted tongue from the moment of her marriage, and the unfamiliarity which at first she experienced doubt less had some effect in deterring her from setting up an English diary. Be this as it may, there are no records of this kind, and although the Princess of Wales, who got her habits of orderliness and tidiness from her revered mother, keeps up an aide memoir, it is a brief practical document, not designed for the eye of the public, or even of her intimate friends.

The latest "eruze" in London is one that it is to be hoped will "catch on." If there were more of it we would hear less about the deterioration of the British race. This new craze started when the members of the Royal Stock Exchange walked from London to Brighton, and culminated in a waitresses' walk from the Exchange to Hyde Park. A London newspaper gives the following account of this latest incursion of the gentler sex into the pursuits of man:

When the athletic records of this year come to be written, the waitresses' walk will go down in history as the most wonderful walk that has ever happened.

It all arose from an idea of Mr John Pearce, managing director of the British Tea Table and the Pearce and Plenty restaurants. He suggested to his girl-assistants that their walking abilities were not confined to trotting up and down stair with cups of tea and plates of meat.

They showed he was right, for 167 girls, or an average of three from each depot, turned out in the early hours of the morning, and, under the fire of chaff from a festive band holiday crowd, bravely tramped from the Royal Exchange to the Marble Arch.

Shortly after seven the first blushing damsel emerged from the B.T.T. depot at the top of Queen Victoria-street and made her way to the starting-post.

She was followed by a long stream of girls, neatly dressed in black, with skirts, as the regulations put it, "two inches above the ground," aprons of unimpeachable whiteness, and white sailor hats—the "B.T.T.s" wearing a white band and the "P.P.s" a black.

The starter shouted "Go!" and a mighty cheer went up from the crowd. The driver of a big wagon whipped up his horses, and cleared a pathway through the crowd. Right along the Embankment there was a crowd of from five to six deep, and a small army of cyclists and runners cleared a path for the competitors.

At Hyde Park Corner the noise and the pace were terrific, while fully 5000 people waited at the Marble Arch on the tip-toe of expectancy.

The driver of the wagon bore down on the crowd, and cut a path through.

Then followed a solid phalanx of cyclists, who led a solid black mass, with handkerchiefs waving in the wind. Towering up in the centre were two stalwart policemen, and between could be seen a speck of dusty, perspiring humanity. It was Miss Annie Grainger, of the British Tea Table depot in Ironmonger Lane, who had completed the four and a-half miles in less than 50 minutes.

In all 97 competitors finished, and nearly all within the hour.

The competitors afterwards went to the B.T.T. depot in Edgware-road, where breakfast was prepared for them, and the prizes presented, amounting in all to £31.

Interesting figures relating to separation and divorce in England and Wales are given in the Civil Judicial Statistics for 1901, just issued.

There has been a remarkable growth in the number of separation orders of late years. In 1893 the orders granted were 825, or 2.77 per 100,000 of population. In 1897 the figures had increased to 6550, or 17.81, and in 1901 there were 7330 orders, or 22.47 per 100,000.

A striking diversity is noticeable in the number of separation orders in various counties and borough. London comes fairly low in this respect, with only 18 separations per 100,000 inhabitants, whereas Lancashire's separations numbered 40 per 100,000, and Durham's (the highest listea) 43. Rutlandshire enjoyed a complete immunity from separation orders.

The number of petitions for dissolution of marriage was 750—higher than in any previous year. The nearest previous figure was 683 in 1897.

Petitions for judicial separation have remained almost stationary for six years, and were, in 1901, 98. This remedy is being less and less resorted to in the superior Courts.

Of the 750 petitions for divorce, 491 were filed by husbands and 259 by wives.

Fifty-three of the petitioners were secretaries or clerks, 30 were labourers, 20 soldiers and sailors, 13 military and naval officers, 30 engineers and architects, 11 journalists, 23 actors and musicians, 7 policemen, 23 publicans, 3 students, 6 clergymen, and 70 "gentlemen, esquires, etc."

The action of the Russian Government in confiscating at St. Petersburg the "Almanach Hachette"—the French equivalent to the English "Whitaker"—because it mentioned the income of the Czar, has had quite the opposite effect to that desired. It has drawn more attention to the Imperial privy purse than would otherwise have been the case.

The income derived by the Czar from his subjects is no less than £8,614,720 a year. This is at the rate of £16 4/4 a minute, or £972 an hour, or £23,328 a day. Other monarchs are comparatively poor. The Sultan of Turkey has only £2,000,000 a year, and the next richest ruler, the German Emperor, has not a third of that income, receiving £828,000. Then comes the King of Italy with £571,000 per annum, while King Edward VII. is content with the relatively modest sum of £470,000.

To the average individual these no doubt appear very comfortable sums, but they fade into insignificance beside the incomes of certain kings of commerce. Mr John D. Rockefeller has no less than £10,512,000 per annum. Mr Andrew Carnegie has just half that sum; while Mr Russell Sage receives £1,800,000 a year, Mr W. A. Clarke £1,600,000, Mr George J. Gould £1,200,000, and Mr J. Pierpont Morgan £1,000,000.

The professional or business man who manages to jog along with his paltry £1000 a year may find some difficulty in realising exactly what an income like Mr Rockefeller's really means. If he cared, he could spend every day of his life in counting his salary in sovereigns, working at that pleasant occupation eight hours a day. He could present each of the 311,532 couples who are married in the United Kingdom every year with a "dot" of £20, and have over £6,000,000 left to meet his personal wants. Perhaps better still, he could send a crisp £10 note every Christmas to each pauper in the British Isles. He could substantially relieve the ratepayers of London by defraying the cost of the metropolitan police and yet have £20,000 a day left wherewith to pay for his lunch and other necessaries.

With the assistance of the Sultan and Mr Andrew Carnegie, the chief of the Standard Oil Trust could pay the interest on the National Debt, which costs every person in the United Kingdom 8/8 a year.

There are twenty persons in the world whose totalled salaries equal the national income of Great Britain. These gentlemen dining together might have some reason to be satisfied at the thought that they could, in a way, buy up this country. New York is the home of millionaires. There are eight hundred of them in that city, and the names of five hundred have never been heard by the general public. Every morning at 7.44 there leaves Croton Landing for New York a train which is known as "the billion-dollar express." It is run for the accommodation of a colony of millionaires who occupy summer houses on the east bank of the Hudson river. Great care is taken with this train. The drivers and guards are picked men. For their twenty-eight passengers own something like £100,000,000 among them.

The question of a lady's age is always a delicate one, and some ladies display a great deal of ingenuity in fencing with it. The following passage-at-arms took place between a counsel and a witness, the former being anxious to elicit her age, and the latter being equally determined not to reveal it:

"What is your age, madam?" inquired the counsel.

"My own," she responded, emphatically.

"Of course, I understand that, madam; what I mean is, how old are you?"

"I am not old at all," she retorted, with pardonable indignation.

"I beg your pardon, madam. What I want to know is, how many years have you passed?"

"None," she flashed. "They have all passed me."

"And how many of them have passed you?" persisted the cross-examiner.

"All," she said, calmly. "I never heard of any of them stopping by the way!"

"Madam, you must really answer my question. I want to know your age."

"I do not fancy," she replied, disdainfully, "that your desire for acquaintance is reciprocated."

"I cannot understand why you insist on refusing to answer my question," said the lawyer, coaxingly; "I am sure I would tell my age at once if I were asked."

"Nobody is likely to ask you," she replied, conclusively, "for it is sufficiently obvious that you are quite old enough to know better than to be asking a woman her age."

And the honours of war were admitted to be with the witness.

Entertainments for Royalty are always important, but the first ball attended by the King and Queen since their accession to the throne makes a memorable event. Last year King Edward was present at one or two dinners dansants, seasoned with bridge, but to receive him at a great ball was reserved for the house of Rothschild. The invitation card had the words, "Very small, 10.30," printed on it; and also the words, "Knee Breeches and Decorations." The dance was preceded by a big dinner of thirty-six people at two large round tables adorned with gold plate and white orchids and lilies (says a London weekly in referring to this brilliant event.) The well-worn expression "small and smart" describes this ball to perfection. The invitations were limited to about one hundred and fifty, and the guests represented high politics, diplomacy, distinguished foreigners, and the most exclusive set in London Society. The King's new regulation that knee-breeches and decorations must be worn at Royal parties certainly smartened the scene, and gave a courtly touch to the entertainment. But the fair sex predominated in

numbers, and it was surmised that some of the golden youth objected to the purchase of special clothes, or to the display of their—possibly—deficient—extremities. King Edward looked bright and smiling, but certainly very pale. He wore the broad blue ribbon of the Garter. Queen Alexandra was lovely in sparkling black and a high diamond crown. Her strings of pearls reached nearly to her feet; and even under the very closest inspection she appears to have successfully defeated the advances of time. The King and Queen stood side by side in the gallery at the top of the white marble staircase, and there they watched the arriving and the departing dinner guests with apparent interest. It was a wonderful sight! Millions of money must have been represented by the jewels alone, and the dresses were the best productions of London, Paris, and Vienna. Listening to scraps of conversation is always suggestive, and at the present moment three topics—and three alone—seem to interest smart society—bridge, motors, and Free v. Fair Trade.

If the insularity of the English people is proverbial, it is equally true that their proverbs are insular. Why should this be so? They import a word from Tongataboo, and a custom from China, why not a proverb from Peru or Swaziland? The study of outlandish proverbs with a view to grafting them on to the English language would not be unprofitable. We have no parallel to equal the Chinese saying, "No maker of images worships the gods: he knows what they are made of"—a proverb eminently suitable for every-day use. Take another from the Swazi: "A man does not run among thorns for nothing; either he is chasing a snake, or a snake is chasing him." And another from Swahiland: "He who rides two horses will split asunder." There is a touch of quaintness about these which would add a charm to English talk. Moreover, it is admirable to have more than one form in which to express the same idea. For instance, the saying is true enough that "Two people walking arm-in-arm cannot have the same liver;" but its mode of expression is trite compared with the African parallel, which runs: "Two people cannot sit upon the point of a thorn at the same time," or as the Zambesi people put it: "Two people with long chins cannot kiss each other." And why should not our unemployed pauper, who prefers a good grievance to a bad payment, possess a proverb worthy of his salt? Let him exclaim with the useful negro: "The poor man's hen never lays; and even if she lays she never hatches; and if she hatches she never rears; and if she rears, all the chickens are taken by the kites. A few proverbs from the Maoris, too, are quite worth doing into English for general use. Of the fair weather cousin the Maori says: "When there is work to do he is only a very distant relation; but when I have plenty of food and no work he calls himself my son." Of the hot-headedness of youth they say: "Boys will be boys and girls will be girls, and the waves of the sea will always chase one another before the wind." And the chief failing of human nature they set forth in the following original way: "Another's faults break out on his skin and disfigure him, but our own hide behind our eyes." A very little research among outlandish proverbs would reveal many more of an equally quaint nature which would infuse well into the English language—"Modern Society."

Air-ships are the last invention. They navigate the air. In future we'll be in suspension. Travelling here to there. We'll gaily sail up in the sky, Till as the clouds immure And catch bad colds, but won't say die, With— WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

**C. BRANDAUER & Co.'s, Ltd.**  
**Circular Pointed Pens.**  
 Seven Prize Medals.  
 Worked Birmingham, England.  
 These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil.  
 Ask your Storekeeper for an assorted Sample Box.



# After Dinner Gossip and Echoes of the Week.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Inter-Church Courtesies.

Few of those outside the faith of the Roman Church who accepted the courteous invitation of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Auckland issued to the clergy of other denominations, the Consuls, and representative citizens to be present last week at the solemn dirge occasioned by the death of Pope Leo XIII., will forget that impressive and beautiful ceremonial. It was indicative of the deep admiration in which men of all shades of religious opinion held the late Pontiff, that the gathering of strangers—if one may so call those belonging to other churches—was very large, and included several of the Anglican and Nonconformist clergy. Courtesies such as this between the representatives of various branches of the great Christian faith cannot fail to do good, for while completely unprejudicial to the strong convictions and differences of sect, they emphasise the fact that however divergent may be the route by which the churches and their people chose to travel, the goal is the same—the honour of God and service of mankind—and they also show how all can unite in the recognition of great and good men to whatever faith they belong, and however strongly personal convictions may be opposed to that faith. The funeral panegyric delivered by the Rev. Father Hackett was one of the most masterly and impassioned orations ever heard in Auckland, and created a most profound impression not merely on those of his own faith, but on the minds of visitors. The sermon was also remarkable for the astonishingly free confession of the political power of Rome and the expounding of the means by which that power was achieved, and could and would in time make itself felt. The preacher seemed once or twice to pull himself up, as if trenching too nearly on politics, but the earnestness of his desires for his Church and for her influence amongst the great nations of the earth were startlingly obvious, and will, I imagine, rouse considerable discussion and thought in several quarters.

## Juries of Women.

There is not, I take it, any immediate probability that the Bill introduced by Mr McNab providing for the trial of women accused of criminal offences before a jury of women, will become law. But the bringing in of such a proposition naturally raises the inevitable question as to whether the proposed innovation would result beneficially to the cause of justice or no, and, further, whether the majority of accused would prefer to be judged by a jury of their own sex after all. If the female jury were to be empanelled from that section of their sex which prefers the platform to the parlour, and, a la Mrs Dellaby, find interest in everything save domestic affairs, it is probable the number of acquittals in criminal cases against females would be largely increased. But, of course, this would not be the case, and, take it all round, the judgment of woman on woman is more severe and less tolerant than that of man on woman. It is, one presumes, the theory of the member who proposes the change from the present jury system, that a jury of women would be likely to bring a fuller understanding of the circumstances and motives for any alleged crime on the part of a woman than can be composed entirely of men. This may be so, but would they be so free from prejudices and so unbiased by the accident of sex as is perhaps the more dull and unimaginative male? Would not emotion play a dangerous part with many, and would women be so well able to withstand rhetoric as opposed to reason as the rougher-minded and more

phlegmatic jury-man? Not that one does not recognise that men are also moved by sentiment and oratory, but would not the tendency be greater with women? One looks forward with considerable interest to the debate on the question. Some interesting opinions ought to be forthcoming on both sides of the House. It may be mentioned, by the way, that the parent of the measure, Mr McNab, is a bachelor.

## A Witty Politician.

What a truly delightful thing it is to be represented in Parliament by a man of such mental and intellectual attainments and exuberant ideas as Mr Witheford. The electors of Auckland must feel proud—justly proud—of the recent speeches of their senior member. What wit, what point, what downright commonsense, and what practicality. Take, for instance, that conundrum concerning the difference between the Minister of Public Works and a donkey. What a superlative stroke of humour could any other single member have evolved so excruciatingly funny a personality, or one in better taste? Why, there was not even one who could answer it—or even attempted the task. It was left to Mr Witheford himself to give the reply. "Because he (the Minister) is a better swimmer." How truly exquisite! What delicate wit, what a depth of hidden meaning. Was ever better jibe uttered in any Legislature? And mark, too, how subtly the true inwardness and meaning of the reply is concealed from the eye of the vulgar. Why, had not the author been Mr Witheford one might have thought it stupid and meaningless enough. But do we not know that the truest art is that which conceals art; and if this be so, Mr Witheford's conundrum is surely a masterpiece. You have not yet seen the point. Well, as a matter of fact, no more have I; but it must be there all right, so do as I do—keep on looking for it. It's bound to be worth the trouble when one does discover it. Then, again, that luminous suggestion that the America Cup might be sailed for at the Auckland Regatta; and the other proposition that Mahuta should be installed at Admiralty House. Why, there is something like satisfaction in paying a legislator who can come before the House with matters of such weight. What is £300 a year for genius which can see how far wiser it is to take up the time of the House with matters and suggestions of such value and moment, rather than the sordid and unimportant affairs such as the Main Trunk railway and the general advancement of the colony at large? Assuredly we should be grateful that the New Zealand Parliament is graced by men of such calibre and attainments, and Auckland electors should consider how best to recognise the gifts of their senior member when next he appears before them.

## The Borderland.

"At the close of the service Mr. So and So will describe the spirit friends of the audience." It was probably this unconventional foot-note to an advertisement announcing a spiritualistic gathering that led me one Sunday night to seek out a little meeting house up Pitt street, and form one of a small but reverent audience or congregation, some of whom were attracted, like myself, out of curiosity. You could tell that by the diffident way they came. They had the same air that marks a deserter when he or she goes to St. Patrick's Cathedral on the first Sunday in the month to see the procession and hear glorious music. It was my lot to live in a small town once, where the believers in spiritualism were

numerous, and many and weird (to you and me, reader, who probably don't believe in this religion or whatever we should call it) were the tales I have heard recounted by devotees. That was why I read Dale Owen (or is it Owen Dale), the great authority upon "borderland mysteries." I was disappointed. His chapters on the aims and objects of spiritualism—his prospectus, as it were—were remarkable for their breadth of mind and nobility of purpose, but when it came to proving his case—that the spirits of the departed can and do hold converse with us of this world, through mediums—it seemed to me that the bathos was too great to allow the two things, the premises and the proofs to hang together. The premises were grand—the proofs were trivial. His "spooks" wasted their time opening locked doors, hiding pieces of sugar in barrels, and making roses out of cabbages, when you would have thought they would have sent some message, some word of guidance to those mortals who are trying, clumsily, it is true, but at the same time earnestly, to pierce the veil of futurity. At the same time I neither believe nor disbelieve in spiritualism, and am quite seized of the truth of the remarks that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. To return, however, to Pitt street. We had some music to start with, a hymn, and a prayer, and then an address, which was delivered by the speaker with closed eyes and gas turned low. Then more music and hymns. After some announcements had been made the person who had given the address stepped forward, and with only a few words of preface, in which he asked for attention and sympathy, he launched forth into language which some people would regard as very uncanny. Running his eye over the audience he would deliver himself somewhat after this effect: "That gentleman at the back." (Here several leaned unconsciously forward.) "No, not you. That gentleman in the light suit by the window. Yes, thank you. Standing by you, sir, I see an old lady who has a look of what we might call benevolence. Her white hair is drawn back from the forehead, so—(indicating what he means on his own head). She is leaning over you in a loving attitude, and is gazing fixedly at you. She gives me the name of—(here a long pause, in the attitude of listening) Mary for your friend." This was the substance mutatis mutandis of some dozen or more descriptions. In only one case was a surname given—once where he told a man the name "Munro" was written (spiritually) over his head. In some cases he described what the spirits were supposed to have died from. It was decidedly uncanny, because it was all done so seriously, and some of the audience were so visibly waiting to hear news of friends, who, though they had gone, were still loved. To a person like myself it was very unconvincing. You knew no one, and the lecturer might have been talking the veriest nonsense for aught you could tell. Only once did he ask if his descriptions were recognised. True, he then received the answer "Yes." If, however, these spirits who looked with longing eyes at those they had left behind them, could give this man a "name," they could surely give him something more satisfying—something that would have been as balm to suffering hearts. There was one in the audience for whom I felt truly sorry. She was a dear little old lady with white hair, and pathetic eyes, which seemed to be looking for something all through the service. She was quite near me, and I could almost feel the thrill of expectancy that came to her face when the lecturer began his descriptions. She never took her eyes from his face and tried hard to arrest his gaze when it wandered over the audience. He came to the end without noticing the piteous appeal, and the little old lady leant back with a sad sigh, that drew one's fullest sympathy. I suppose the argument used in toleration of these spiritualistic seances is that if they do no good they do no harm, but this one feels inclined to doubt. They rouse emotions to no purpose, and are in many instances morbid and unwholesome, and they never have and never probably will be free from a suspicion of humbug and deception.

## When "Mediums" Disagree.

Apropos of the above, one of Mr W. T. Stead's lady mediums is claimed to have foretold in March that King Alexander of Serbia would be assassinated.

The fact came out on June 11, after the event had taken place. According to Mr Stead he gave a dinner to a select company at Gatti's, in the Strand. The mediums present were Mrs Burchell, Mrs Brencley, and Mrs Max. Seances were held before and after. Said Mr Stead: "I am not quite clear which medium it was that foretold the King's death. In the course of the seance she was banded a jewel which at one time belonged to King Alexander, and a letter which had been written by the King. She was not aware to whom they belonged or where they came from. She took them in her hands, and, after holding them for a time she said, 'These belong to Royalty.' She then became very excited. 'I see,' she said, 'the interior of a palace. The King is being killed. The Queen is beside him. She has fallen on her knees, and is crying to them to save her. I can't see whether the Queen has been killed, but the King is dead. Terrible, terrible!'" This, says a writer in the "Australasian," commenting on this, of course, is not what Mr Stead wrote down at the time, but what he remembers after he has read all about the assassination, which has taken place. Now, when it is premised that the Serbian Minister was present at the seance held before dinner; that he left behind him (not being able to stay himself) the prepared sealed letter; that, in March, the air was filled with rumours of conspiracies in Serbia, and assassination was a thing that had already happened twice to Serbian monarchs, there was nothing remarkable in the medium venturing the prophecy she did. It is the business of mediums to provide sensations when distinguished persons come to be astonished. What is noticeable is the uncertainty of Mr Stead about important details. The uncertainty does not invalidate his testimony; it merely shows that he must hear so many prophecies which do not come off that even when a specially sensational one is announced it makes only a faint impression on his memory. But the real point is yet to come. After the prophecy had been fulfilled, Mrs Burchell and Mrs Brencley each publicly claimed to be the medium who uttered it. They contradicted each other flatly, so, as Mr Justice Pring, of Sydney, would say, one or other must be committing perjury, and Mr Stead, who was present, cannot say which. This further remark may be made. It is always said that when mediums go off into trances they lose ordinary consciousness, and have not the least idea what they are saying; and afterwards, they do not know, till they have been told, what they have revealed. In the present case, both ladies, long after the eventful evening, supply vivid and "convincing" details as to the visions they saw, not perceiving how by doing so, and how also by giving each other the lie, they are co-operating to bring discredit on the "profession" they belong to.

## Lift Accidents.

Lift fatalities are so common that the elevator rises to almost the dignity of an epidemic in the yearly returns. To be sure influenza and typhoid are still leading, but lifts become more numerous every month, and if the authorities do not insist upon a little more care in the guarding and management of them influenza may have to take second place. The average city dweller has a fine contempt for the stranger from the bush, to whom the lift is a wonder and a mystery; but the latter's life is worth preserving, and it would be advisable to catechise all country visitors at big hotels where lifts are employed, and if they show themselves ignorant of the ways of elevators to give them a practical demonstration of the working of lifts, and warn them carefully of the whereabouts of wells. A visitor at a Melbourne coffee palace, after nearly going down the lift-well the other day, went to the manager in a raging frame of mind, declaring that a parcel of his which he had left in a certain room was gone. "Have you looked the room over carefully?" asked the manager. "Looked the room over!" cried the visitor. "Hing it all man, the room's gone too!" Of course he had left his parcel in the lift. Another visitor at the same institution, a miner, was seen out in the street, trying to get a view of the roof. "I can understand how they work the cage in there," he said, "but I can't make out where they've put the bloke with the windlass."



HAWKINS BAY RAILWAY DEPARTMENT (Head Office), Wellington, 21st July, 1903.

WRITTEN TENDERS will be received at this office up to NOON OF MONDAY, 10th AUGUST, 1903, for the Supply and delivery of IRON CASTINGS.

Specifications and forms of tender may be obtained at the Railway Stores Office, Newmarket.

Tenders to be addressed to the General Manager, New Zealand Railways, Wellington; and to be marked outside "Tender for Iron Castings."

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted; and telegraphic offers cannot be entertained.

By order.

T. RONAYNE, General Manager, New Zealand Railways.

G. W. ALLSOP, A.R.I.B.A.

(Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects),

ARCHITECT

213, VICTORIA ARCADE.



WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK "CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER?" We can teach anyone at home by post...

A. Edison and British Electricians. Our correspondence system has helped thousands to better positions and salaries.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE, Dept. 74, 242, West 23rd street, New York, U.S.A.



SPRING GRIP DUMB-BELL Ladies and Gentlemen.

Physiological Culture Appliances. In the first instance, my SPRING GRIP DUMB-BELL should be used according to the Charts accompanying it.

Obtainable from all Sports Departments, Ironmongers, and Storekeepers throughout New Zealand.

HAYMAN'S BALSAM advertisement with logo and text: "If you have a Cough or Cold HAYMAN'S BALSAM WILL CURE IT. BALSAM CURES."

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

Surgical, Medical, Hospital Goods, Rubber, Manufactures of every description. Any special Article in Rubber Goods made to order.

ASTHMA advertisement: "Respirants throughout Great Britain and Colonies. ASTHMA taken from the System. Nothing remains which can produce an attack..."



TURF FIXTURES.

- August 11, 13, 15—Canterbury J.C. August 27—Amberley Steeplechase September 23—Marton J.C. September 23—South Canterbury J.C. September 23, 24, 26—Avalonide J.C. September 23, 24—Rangitikei J.C. September 24, 25—Geraldine R.C. October 1—Kaway J.C. October 1, 2—Wanganui J.C. October 1—Ohoko and Eyreton J.C. October 7, 8—Hawke's Bay J.C. October 13, 14—Napier J.C. October 14, 17—Otaki Maori R.C. October 14, 15—Dunedin J.C. October 15—North Canterbury J.C. October 21, 24—Wellington R.C. October 22, 23—Ashburton County R.C. October 27, 28—Dannevirke J.C. October 28, 29—Gore R.C. October 29, 30—Poverty Bay J.C. October 29, 30—Masterton R.C. November 7—C.J.C. Metropolitan (New Zealand Cup)

TURF NOTES.

The first acceptance for the New Zealand Cup is due on August 7, 1903.

The profits over the Victoria Grand National Meeting are very small.

The Wanganui Hunt Club's annual meeting will be held next month.

There is no change in the New Zealand Cup betting to report. Watrlik is still favorite.

Irish, by the Cambria Park Stud Company's horse Etou, is shipping satisfactorily as a hurdler.

Graffell, the V.R.C. Steeplechase winner, was sold by his breeder as a yearling for 35 guineas.

A lad named Savage was killed recently at Rapahiki from a fall of a horse he was schooling over the low fences there.

Westley has recovered his accident met with in the Grand National Hurdle Race, and is in work again.

The Carbine colt, Fowling Piece, finished third in the Hurdwick Stakes won by Sceptre at Ascot in June.

Emir is a strong fancy in Victoria for coming season's classic engagements in which three-year-olds meet.

Sceptre won the Hurdwick Stakes, of 2000-sovs, at Ascot, just before the fall left. There were seven runners.

In France, since 1897, M. Lehmann has won about £100,000 in stakes with his horses in hurdle races and steeplechases.

The West Australian Turf Club has authorized the expenditure of £7000 on improvements to their course.

The annual ball of the Pakuranga Hunt Club will be held during the second week in September, on a day to be fixed.

Jacovite a brother to Heway, now in India, made his debut at Rosehill, New South Wales, lately, and is said to be promising.

Lady Moth, dam of Hothorn, and her twin foals (a colt and a filly), will be amongst the lots sold at the disposal of the Syrita Park Stud.

Emir is reported to be the only Melbourne Cup horse in constant demand, both straight out and to finish doubles with.

Mr J. H. Tollock, of Wellington, has been appointed to the position of handicapper to the Otaki Maori Racing Club, vice Sir Henrys, resigned.

Kunstler, winner of the Royal Hunt Cup, at Ascot, is a grandson of Deadlock, a mare Captain Mabel bought out of a spring colt for £10.

The report that P. Nolan received £200 from the bookmakers as an inducement to start Graffell in the V.R.C. Grand National is contradicted.

Tassoon, a Trenton colt, ran second to William Burns in the Duchess of York Plate, of 975 sovs, 12 mile, at Hurst Park (Eng.) on June 13th.

Siege Gun is amongst a number of other horses that have found support for the Melbourne Cup. Wakened, the top weight, was also backed for that race.

Seeing that New-west had 11.10 in the New Zealand Grand National, which would have been apportioned to Cammugate on form shown at the North New Zealand Grand National Meeting, some Aucklanders are asking:

Freedom, who won in 1901, is the only chestnut that has won the Grand National Steeplechase. Graffell, Clifftonham, and May Be are the three greys that have been successful.

In how many races Ostrik started favourite during the season without winning it would be interesting to know, but in five races of over 200 sovs in value he was the medium of most support, and failed each time.

Dolores, who injured herself in the Malton Hurdle Race at Auckland in May, which she won, appears to have quite recovered, and is doing steady work at headquarters.

The Tasmanian Racing Club is still going on with its inquiry into the alleged existence of a "jockey" ring, and will come to a decision as soon as certain evidence can be obtained.

It costs money to race anywhere, but a full subscription to the Eclipse Stakes of 10,000-sovs, won by Aid Patrick, amounted to 115,000, made up of instalments of 10, 21, 32, and 52,000.

The death of Mr Albert Levy, long and favourably known as a commercial traveller, and also as the owner of several racehorses, took place on Sunday at the residence of his sister, Mrs Pesscauskite, Auckland.

The Trenton mare Ciderella, a well known performer at Sydney gallop meetings, from Chilterra, once well known in Auckland, has foaled a colt to Bill of Portland in England, and has a three year old son in Ireland.

Tinkowari, by Dike—Flora McDonald, who J. Rae took to Australia with his half-brother Donald, Orangeman, and Guy Hawks about twelve years ago, is still alive, and in use as a back on one of Gipsy's stations near Melbourne.

Mr Hugh R. Dixon, chairman of the Owners' and Trainers' Association of South Australia, is a member of a Delegates of the various racing clubs to control the sport, as is done in New Zealand.

The drawback to making courses easier every year is that the thoroughbred flat races will gradually elbow out genuine steeplechasers like Freedom. And the flat races are the sort of horses one wants to use encouraged—"Australasian."

At the Donlinquin races a horse called Everytime, by Audacity, son of Handwick and the Trainer mare Eisa, grand dam of Princess of Thule, Hautapu (late Motevi), won a 25 mile hurdle race on July 14. Audacity was a noted performer on the flat and over hurdles himself.

Count Lehnhoff, who purchased Aid Patrick for the Russian Government, is allowed to be one of the best judges of a race-horse in the world, both as to conformation and pedigree. Indeed, he is a great student on breeding, and his book on that subject is that of a thoroughly practical man.

In a letter in the "Australasian" of a recent date, a correspondent alleges that proprietary racing costs owners and trainers in Victoria between £5000 and £7000 a year. What it costs the public, says the writer, Heaven knows, and it is said to have reduced the ring to a mere skeleton.

Many of P. Nolan's friends would have liked to have seen his name returned as the owner and rider of a Grand National winner, but next to the accomplishment of such a performance training the winner for someone else is much to be proud of. In Graffell Nolan has a clever young horse in his hands.

The Trainers' and Jockeys' Insurance Fund starts from to-day, August 1st, and every owner of a horse racing during the season will have to pay £1 to the annual fund before such horse is allowed to start, which should be borne in mind by secretaries of racing clubs.

Mr Tom Wilson, the Dowling Forest (Victoria) trainer, who was successful alike with cup candidates and jumping horses, died recently at the age of 75. Amongst the winners trained by him during his career were Oakleigh (Grandfield Cup), Sir Peter (V.R.C. Grand National Hurdle Race), and four V.R.C. Grand National Steeplechase winners, viz., Great Western, Wyallet, Game and May Be.

The Takapuna Jockey Club direct the attention of owners who owe money for fees to the fact that it will be necessary to use the machinery that the rules of racing provide for those who do not pay up at once.

Plans of the new grandstand for the Takapuna Jockey Club, to be constructed by Mr Wilson, architect to the Auckland Racing Club. The building will provide for six hundred persons, and is to be built on the terrace overlooking the Parawai course, which is itself a colt of vintage. When the club succeeds in getting an extension of the running ground, their property will be one of the most up to date of those held by country clubs in the North.

Mr W. Lyons, the well-known penciller, who went from Auckland to Sydney to play in the amateur billiard tournament, has been ordered announcing that he won his first engagement on Thursday night. Mr Lyons is 75 points behind scratch, and gives starts ranging from 40 points to more than half the game, so will be lucky if he pulls through.

Mr W. H. Keith has had bad luck in his attempts to win the Grand National. When he ran second for the Grand National Steeplechase with D. I. to D. I. to D. I., many thought he would have won had not the late Harry Underwood received a nasty fall early in the day, which dazed him so that he failed to realise that they were close home.

The Abercorn horse Newry, who was sent to South Africa by the Grand National, from Sydney, won the Johannesburg Winter Handicap, of 1500 sovs, one mile, at the June Meeting. He carried 84, and starting at 6 to 1, beat eleven others. Killmuck, in J. Thorpe's team, at Ellerslie, and owned by Mr M. J. M. M., was a half brother to Newry, and their dam luxuriates at Cambria Park.

In noticing the presence of Mr E. D. O'Rourke at the meeting of the Melbourne Hunt Club, the chronicler of that event for the "Leader," refers to the New Zealand as the master of the Puckarraha Christchurch bounds, fearlessly leaping wire on his NZ hunter Gothic, in which he was quickly initiated by Mr E. Browne. Gothic was purchased by Mr O'Rourke for Mr Alister Clarke, of the Onkaid Hunt Club, Melbourne.

The report that money and jewellery had been saved in the safe when the Harp of Erin Hotel was destroyed is incorrect. When the safe was opened it was found that jewellery, gold and silver (including a large number of medals, pieces and larger coins) had been melted and a bundle of notes burnt, the contents of the safe being about a fortnight's takings. Much sympathy is felt for Mr and Mrs Lennard and their family, who have lost much that money cannot replace.

Some one in Australia started an idle rumour that Westley, who ran third in the Grand National Hurdle Race, was not the "New Zealand King" of that name. The Sydney "Town and Country" says in this connection, "Nothing definite appears to be known that he is not Westley, as some people have hinted." New Zealanders who were present at the meeting certainly have satisfied any doubting Thomases on this head, I am sure.

No horse that I can call to mind has ever been held in greater favour by the Auckland public than the St. Leger—Anzolee horse Bluejean, winner of the Great Northern and the winner of the Auckland Cup and other races. A game, good stayer, and a stoutly bred one he should make a good sire, and become a useful horse at the stud. Bluejean was this season be at the service of breeders at Wellington Park.

The Pakuranga Hunt Club's annual sports meeting, fixed for September 5th, should be one of the best the club has had. It follows only a few days after that of the Waikato Hunt Club, a little too close, perhaps, for members of the P.H.C. who may wish to run their horses at both meetings. The Pakuranga Hunt Club was not largely represented at the meeting on the 15th of this year. It is to be hoped that there will be a number of competitors from the Auckland end.

A steeplechaser by Graffell is a novelty at present, but there will be plenty of them later on (according to the "Australasian"). Nearly all the Graffells are great, fast horses, and those that are too slow for the flat can be put to jumping. Graffell's tabularies neither alone what a contrast Freedom had on hand on the score of blood. Graffell is by Galopin, and he is a grandson of Quiver, the dam of La Fleche and Meudon, while Graffell's dam Little Nell, was bred by the latter's son of Sappho, and the best two-year-old of his year out of Keepsake, by Yattendon from Scandal, by The Libel. No wonder poor little Freedom failed to give a horse like this 200? The latter's best form was covered himself with glory, and the Mores Lazzarus were as proud of him as if he had won.

PETER F. HEERING, COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY. A STRONG FAVOURITE. As Supplied to The King of England; The Royal Danish and Imperial Russian Courts. SWIFT & COMPANY, 7 Spring Street, Sydney, General Agents.



A half-brother to Kaimete in the back and another Linaukel was in the field at the meet of the Pakuranga Hounds on Wednesday, carrying a lady, having been chased by a number after the Wellington Hound Club's recent meeting.

Nonette who won £2000 in stakes during the season of 1901 is down for the small sum of £45 earnings for the season just closed. That amount was won at the Ashburton, Hawke's Bay, Spring Meeting, and Nonette only started three times during last season. A severe preparation for the New Zealand Cup and hard racing at Ashburton found a weak spot in its armour, but it would now appear that the long spell he has had had done him a lot of good. He seems perfectly sound, and is a daily attendant at Ellerslie.

You want a seasoned horse to win a Grand National as a general thing, with plenty of good luck. Consider that there is only a four year old 10st 4lb was not a very light weight for Graffell in the big steeplechase, says Terling, but it is not likely that any thoroughbred, with a little fat race form, will get into a Grand National steeplechase on such easy terms again. The genuine 'chaser of the Freedom type has no chance against a fat racer when the latter stands up, and the handicapper is supposed to be aware that a horse entered for a steeplechase can jump.

It is a pity that the dates selected by the South Auckland Racing Club and Thames Jockey Club for their March meetings are so close together. It is possible, but most unlikely, that owners would race horses at South Auckland on Saturday and then attempt to get them to the Thames to race on Monday, as they would get no rest, as the interval would be taken up in travelling. It is in this matter we have been most noticed and dealt with at the Racing Conference in Wellington. Clearly, the question of suitable dates in this instance was overlooked by those who could have afforded the conference information on the subject.

It is expected that Cruciform and Orlov will leave Canterbury on Friday for Sydney. A meeting between Cruciform and Wakeful in the weight-for-age races at Randwick would be fraught with interest, and being a young and probably an improving mare, the daughter of St. Leger and Forme may be found good enough to measure strides with the Victorian mare, whom one and all proclaim the best of her sex in our sister colony. There is just a possibility that Wakeful may actually be able to reproduce her best form, and Cruciform would only want to be right at her best in any case to give Triton's daughter a race.

At one time hunting close to Auckland was more frequent than at present, but nowadays country has become more cramped, and fine residences stand where bounds were accustomed to run. Two capital runs were had on Wednesday last. The first one started in the Orakei Basin, and a good hare gave the few hunters a very nice run about Little Rangitoto and Mountain Road, bounds running to within a few chains of the rear of the Remuera Hall, after which the course taken was into Mr. Main's property, not far from the Junction of the Remuera, Greenfield's Bay, and Ladies' Mile roads. The second hare ran from Mason's Gardens, skirting the St. John's Lake, nearly to Wellington Park, and got back to Mr. Barry's, opposite Mowbank, where she was killed.

The opinion was freely offered by several leading writers in Australia that had Wootery had a race or two in public as Marmont had just prior to the Grand National, it might have made the difference between losing and winning, though after running showed that Marmont had probably a much easier win than was at first supposed. Races in public, as most men know, will often let horses of good quality, especially those that are in the hands of the public. We have seen this the case quite recently, and one of this class that I have noticed particularly is the ex-back hurdler Rags. A veritable tough rag he is, for he has had more travelling over hurdles in a few months ago than any other horse that I can think of at the moment.

In England a few weeks ago, the Brighton race stand trustees made a gift of £400 to the Corporation, for the benefit of the aged and deserving poor. The gift was distributed at Christmas time. The Corporation recorded their high appreciation of the benefaction, which is only one of a series, amounting to some £50,000, the former gifts being represented by the Corporation of Brighton, of 18 acres, part of the racecourse, and the legal estate in the race ground.

Being at Johannesburg is expensive to witnesses from the outcrops, and the promoters are making a big harvest out of the business. Owners of horses have to pay dearly for everything, and the game is clearly one of business in every department. Talking to Mr. H. E. McRae, who was present at the Wellington A.C. Meeting and who saw something of racing in South Africa, he informed me that were racing run on the same lines as in New Zealand, where the bulk of the profits goes back to owners in stakes, instead of the places given now, and if it were £50000 stake at each meeting at Johannesburg, they could be increased enormously, probably to four times their present value.

A big favourite with the crowd for the Grand Steeplechase at Antwerp, Record Reiga II. (writes the Paris correspondent of 'The Sketch'). It belongs to the Indian Koor Sahib of Patiala, and he brought it to France under the guard of a body of Sikhs, who always watched at training and sleep round it in the stable. On the eve of the big race, the fakirs decided on a great religious festival. Amulets were placed round its neck, and it was anointed with perfumed drugs and was made to drink from strange phials. Then they were worth incantations, and the fakir dropped into a urstic sleep and dreamed for a 'nip.' And it came. There was a falcon where Record Reiga rolled home. Fate was cruel. Not only did Record Reiga swerve and fall, but it had to be horse brought down by other English candidates. So much for 'stipping' up-to-date.

In his notes on the Grand Prix de Paris the London 'Sportsman's' Paris correspondent remarks that 'dippers' and 'ticket-smatchers' were fairly in evidence round and about the totalisator offices where the more important investments were made. It appears that the police cannot interfere with them unless they are taken red-handed, so that the detectives, who are so clever in raiding the clandestine betting-houses in Paris can only look on at the elaborate system of telegraphing racing on between the elderly 'gus' who stand reading his prophecies from the office and the 'books' watching for where the intended victim has stowed away his 'parcel.' Numerous complaints were made during the races by those who had fallen victims to one of the 'dippers' or 'ticket-smatchers', and had an easy living on the racecourse, since the machine betting provided excellent results for nimble fingers.

Hurdle race at recent Herberston (Q.) show-week picnic races was sensational. Legs were stiff legs. Brownlock (winner of water-jump contest) was favourite, and he proved the only one up to requirements. Hurdles were dashed at the obstacles as it was a flat race, and falls were frequent and heavy. Once three or four bags and riders were in a confused heap. Then Brownlock had the course to himself, and looked a certainty, but, nearing the last jump, he was dashed at the obstacle, and came to the ground with a thud; whereupon an onlooker jumped off his own nag, bestrode Brownlock headback, negotiated the leap safely, chased Marnaxe (upon a long way in front), caught him in the straight, and won amid all the excitement that North Queensland could raise. Winner was then decried at 11st, and as his new rider scaled 12st, he easily weighed minus the saddle. Surprising part of the occurrence was that, despite all the falls—and everybody fell—no rider suffered seriously.—'Bulletin.'

One of the most useful and consistent racemongers ever seen in Australia had to be destroyed about a fortnight ago in Victoria, but he was also unfortunate. I refer to Progress, who was during his racing career owned by Mr. William Branch, and had the bad luck to be inferior to a flyer of the same name in Grand Flancur, whom he followed home each time he met him

and in two such important races as the V.R.C. Derby and Melbourne Cup, though when Grand Flancur was out of the way he was good enough to win the St. Leger, the Derby, the Cup and Stakes, A.C. Plate, and South Australian J.C. St. Leger, and other races, the Birthday Cup at Adelaide, won by New Zealand's good old gelding Mata, being one of the few races he ran second in. Progress was 26 years old, but during the whole time he was at the stud failed to get a single foal, so good as himself—indeed, was a failure as a sire.

Maroon and Gold did not perform satisfactorily when asked to jump the little sticks one day recently, at Ellerslie, but that may not always be the case. I have often seen this case with horses that have afterwards turned out well, and I have in my mind's eye at the moment, a horse who on his first showing was condemned, and offered for sale for £25, because it was thought that he was not likely ever to become proficient. That horse was Rositer, who won quite a number of good races over hurdles and country and could have been sold, after winning a steeplechase at Randwick, for £200, at which time he was favourite for the V.I.C. Grand National. Another good performer, who never did take kindly to jumping was Couranto, and we all know that a good horse, ridden by a good rider, has instances of bad schooling work could be effected by owners and trainers who have had horses that have afterwards turned out well.

It has been pointed out in a Southern paper that the Canterbury and Wanganui Jockey Clubs are the only two metropolitan clubs that can show an increased totalisator amount per day, while the other metropolitan clubs that hold winter steeplechase meetings, viz., Canterbury, Auckland, Wanganui, Hawke's Bay, and Wellington, the last-named club is the only one at which the totalisator returns did not show a falling off. The Canterbury Jockey Club's New Zealand Grand National Meeting comes into the statistical returns, though properly speaking, calculation should be based upon the returns for the coming season. The Dunedin winter meeting, which, however, is not a steeplechase meeting, also showed an increase of tote bit.

The decline in the jumping portion of the race meetings in Sydney and suburbs has shaken up the A.J.C., as a result (says the 'Bulletin'), a proposal has been launched that, during six months of the racing year, each day's sport shall include a jumping event. The idea is to give the matter a full trial; if found wanting, the fault will be at the door of the horse-owners, and not the club. Judging, however, from the record of the past six months, the compulsory placing of a jumping race in the programme is a bad matter, unless the inferior quality of New South Wales stock and the tempting prizes cause an influx from the neighbouring States. Then, when the term is up, and the Interstate race-people clear out, what advantage will be gained? In the past, hurdle racing and steeplechasing have been a disgrace to the sport in New South Wales, and the spectacle of a dozen horses starting in a race, and all but one or two refusing to negotiate the obstacles or falling in the attempt, isn't inspiring. This is a genuine trial of the Hellenistic branch of the sport, and if it fails at the end of the allotted time, it should be wiped out altogether.

The Waikeata Hunt Club meeting has been fixed for September 2nd. It was intended to hold the meeting on September 22nd, but that date was found to clash with Avondale, and at a meeting held last week it was thought that members could

not be expected to keep horses in training till September 20th for the small stakes race at the meeting, and so September 2nd was agreed upon. The club had hoped to join in with the Country Racing Club Conference, but as they had not yet got replies from all the clubs, had no handicapper appointed. The secretary reported having both written and telegraphed to Mr. H. W. Wray, asking that the Hunt Club's handicapping, but up to date had received no reply, so after a little discussion Messrs Wyan-Brown, H. M. Wyatt, and Boston S. Cooper were appointed a handicapping committee. The following programme was arranged:—1. Hunt Club Hurdle Handicap of 2500s, £2 10s to second horse, 13 miles; 2. Maiden Welter Handicap of 1000s, for all horses who have never won a race, 1 mile; 3. Hunt Club Steeplechase Handicap of 2500s, about 3 miles; 4. Hack Race Handicap of 1000s, for all horses who have never won a race exceeding 2500s, 6 furlongs; 5. Ladies' Bracelet Handicap of 1000s, for all fillies, 1 mile; 6. Hunt Club Steeplechase Handicap of 1000s, open to horses that have never won a steeplechase at time of starting, about 2 1/2 miles.

Many people (says the 'Australasian') think that Sussex won the first V.R.C. Grand National Steeplechase in 1851, but there was a year before, ridden by Adam Lindsay Gordon, fell at the first fence, Free-trader at the second, and Ballarat at the third. Nowadays a horse that falls early in the race has not much chance of making up his ground and getting into a place. Next year Banker, a good horse of Mr. Watson's, won easily by six lengths, after falling once. The time for the three miles was 25sec 25 against Gulu 31sec for the three miles and a furlong last Saturday, and Freedom carried 6lb more than Banker. In 1858 Western Flyer, ridden by H. Chifney, won, and the time was much faster. In this race Active and A. Hill, his rider, were killed. The last Grand National prior to 1851 was won by Viking, a horse running in Mr. A. L. Gordon's name, but who was, we believe, owned by Mr. Robert Power. Ballarat, who was the best steeplechase horse of those days, was second, carrying 13st. All these races were run on New Year's Day.

Graffell, who won the Grand National Steeplechase, and Sir Harry, who started favourite (says the 'Australasian') are both stud-book horses, and with courses becoming easier every year, owners who want to win the richest prizes for cross-country work will have to go in for thoroughbred horses. Evidently the blood horse can jump just as well as a three-quarter-bred one, when properly schooled, and horses of the Sir Harry and Graffell type are up to any reasonable weight. People who deary the present thoroughbred should see Sir Harry. Although well enough bred to run any race in the world, he looks quite equal to carrying 13st to hounds. It seems a pity that horses of the useful sort, who can jump and carry weight, should be allowed out of the steeplechase field, but with courses as they are they cannot hold their own with horses well enough bred to win a Derby. Flamingo is getting easier every year. We do not regret the disappearance of the 'cathedral.' It was generally unpopular, and the committee did not do away with it without due consideration. Apart from this particular 'harbinger,' however, the jumps are much lower than they were 20 years ago. When the horses went the old course there were two fences in the training ground that were several inches higher than any jump Graffell crossed last Saturday. The lower the jumps the faster the pace, and the better the chance of the horse with plenty of pure blood in his veins. Men who want to win Nationals now must go in for thoroughbred horses, and have them taught steeplechasing. The fast time pace the more chance there should be of a serious accident, but with fences brushed as they are now falls are not so frequent as they used to be in the earliest days of 'Grand Nationals' at Flemington.

**A. & A. LINE.**

27 Days to London.

CHEAPEST ROUTE TO CANADA AND AMERICA.

SHORT SEA ROUTE TO ENGLAND.

Six days longest time at sea. NIAGARA FALLS viewed from carriage windows.

**St. Louis Exhibition**

OPENS MAY, 1904.

Special Rates to Visitors.

**TO SYDNEY IN ABOUT THREE DAYS BY A. & A. LINE.**

For Fares, Descriptive Matter, etc., apply  
**HENDERSON & MACFARLANE, AUCKLAND.**

Oceanic Agent, any port N.Z.

---

**CANADIAN-AUSTRALIAN LINE.**

**BANFF, ROCKY MOUNTAINS.**

Visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales on their round-the-world tour

**THE FAVOURITE SUMMER RESORT OF AMERICA.**

THERMAL SPRINGS. BOATING. FISHING. SHOOTING.

\*\*\*\*\*

Return Excursion Ticket, including  
all Rail and Hotel Expenses. **£65**

\*\*\*\*\*

**SEE CANADA IN SUMMER.**

En route to BANFF passengers pass through the Grandest Mountain Scenery in the world.

EXCURSION STEAMERS LEAVE JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST.

Through bookings by the ALL RED LINE, the fastest route to Europe.

MOANA leaves Sydney 18th May, and steamers every 23 days thereafter. New Zealand passengers may connect at Fiji by steamer leaving Auckland two days after the date of departure of mail line from Sydney.

UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND, LIMITED, Managing Agents.

Mr Fred. Graham, the clever comedian, who is playing the part of Ischaod Bronson in the "Hill of New York," at Her Majesty's Theatre, had a flighty debut on Saturday night with the following verse in his song "Perhaps":

There's a way in which the charities may be relieved from debt.  
Perhaps, Perhaps.  
I can tell you how to do it for a certainty, you bet,  
Perhaps, Perhaps.  
Instead of asking citizens to ante up a note,  
If the charity authorities would take a solid vote,  
They could get a big majority to legalize the lot.  
Perhaps! Praps not!  
Do you think not?  
Still, of course it matters not a jot!  
Praps they would! Praps they wouldn't!  
Praps they could! Praps they couldn't!  
Praps! Praps!

If the V.I.C. committeemen would shake themselves together, and show a bit of energy "perhaps" the legalization of the totalisator might be pushed on a bit. I wonder whether, after promising to do their utmost to further the views of some of the members of this committee, members of the V.I.C. committee will be able to explain at the annual meeting why there has been so much cry and so little wool. "Perhaps! Praps not."

On the management of racing the "Australasian" has a leading article complimentary to the New Zealand Jockey Club and the Club of the South Australian owners and Trainers' Association, which was apparently become a power there—"It would seem from what is going on that the opposition will not be happy until the control of racing in South Australia is placed in the hands of the S.A.J.C. and vested in representatives of all the clubs. Chirmans have been sent to all registered clubs asking their opinion of this proposed change. The S.A.J.C. and Patterson's have replied that they were in favour of the change, but that the rest of the clubs (except the A.R.C., who have not given any answer) seem to have decided that they would like to take a hand in management. We can only think of one important racing country where the English system of the supreme club to make rules and exercise general control is not in force. This is New Zealand. There is some excuse for the delegate system in New Zealand. There are four large towns of about equal importance there, viz., Christchurch, Wellington, Dunedin, and Auckland. Although Sir George Clifford, Mr. G. V. Stead, and other leading lights live at Christchurch, it is hardly to be expected that the other towns will bend the knee to the C.J.C. unless they have the "Conference of Jockeys" club, which meets annually, and for the rest of the year Sir George Clifford, the president, and Mr Aanklyn, the secretary, appear to do all the managing. It stands to reason that if the S.A.J.C. is brusque and and a conference among the New Zealand style adopted, the representative of, say, the Otago and Jockey Club, will not be able to attend meetings every fortnight, unless, indeed, he is paid like a member of Parliament, and sent to live in Adelaide. It is inadvisable for representatives of clubs not quite so far away as Otago and Adelaide to be constantly in Adelaide, and in the end the country clubs which favour the conference will find that they are not so well off as they think. Practically nothing has happened since we last still be controlled from Adelaide, and the S.A.J.C. will not have sole control." After giving some particulars of how the conference is worked in New Zealand, the article continues—"This in South Australia will probably do, but when the delegate system comes to pass, that they will have very little to do with directing the affairs of the turf. Control will naturally drop into the hands of a few men on the spot, and if they are not chosen with care, it is likely, in the natural course of things, that the chairman will be a man of social position like Sir George Clifford? That is, of course, provided such a man can be persuaded to take the position."

Though many people can be found who are full of complaints against the A.J.C. committee, the Sydney Town and Country Jockey Club, which has fully fallen into their management admit that they are always working towards the improvement of racing affairs generally. They may be slow to act, but when they do pass a new law or regulation it is pretty sure to work out all right. The impetus compelling all race clubs within a certain radius to give nothing less than 4000 in added money to a day's racing was by many of them. It has worked out all right, as it is very certain at the present time that, given fine weather, no race meeting held upon a Saturday afternoon is ever run at a loss. Next came a rule that in one race upon each day of the week the winner should be not less than ten furlongs, and this was followed by a further condition that there must be at least three races over the flat run at a distance not less than a mile. At the time these regulations were issued, they caused a lot of grumbling; but they have been found to work well, and to the advantage of the sport generally. The question is often asked, What is the cause of the delay in the new system? Without a doubt, our horses are not at the present time possessed of the stamina that they exhibited some years back. Perhaps they have more size and quite as much speed as they did, but they are slow Hawthorn, Jockeys, and other equine ailments, but it is doubtful if they have the staying ability. Only last Saturday we heard Mr Thomas Stewart, about the oldest and our present champion of Veneo, say, "Ah, if I could I would like to be an old Prim." No doubt the son of New Warrior-Toppet was one of the old-fashioned castron sort of horse. He could have been raced every day in the week, and

would have never left a grain of feed in his manger. We look in vain for one of his sort now. No; the short sprouts of the present day have cast the old-time heroism, and the efforts made by the A.J.C. committee to increase the distance over which races are to be run is commended. The only thing is that the dog not go far enough. Why not make the rule general over the whole of the district? In fact, it would not be a bad move if it were made so that the leading race of the day be run over a mile and a half. The A.J.C. committee have for some time past done all in their power to push the development of stephophage racing abroad. So far they have received poor encouragement, but not disheartened they are still on the same track. This is shown by a resolution is moved last week at the date of making in the metropolitan district in the south of the district that "other metropolitan clubs are to assist in the matter by placing on their programmes during the months of April, May, June, July, August and September one or two races of the kind of money to which shall be no less than 50 sovereigns. The proprietary club race people will not approve of the new regulation. All the same, we hold to the idea that it is a good one and as the race of that kind is generally held, we think it is well made general. In the Southern State (Victoria), hurdle or stephophage races find a place upon the majority of the programmes issued for both the metropolitan and provincial meetings. Even in the southern districts, such a thing as a hurdle race is almost unheard of in New South Wales. It is thus easily seen why we are so far behind our Victorian neighbours in this branch of sport. As a result of the New Zealandist as well as the metropolitan is generally agreed. With this a Victorian writer, commenting upon the matter, thoroughly agrees, and we cannot do better than present his views to our readers, as they are so thorough and worth our own. He says: "A careful study of the matter goes to show that if jumpers are required at Randwick, it is absolutely necessary that both hurdle racing and stephophage must be encouraged in the New South Wales country districts. At present there are about an equal number of country racing clubs in Victoria and New South Wales, holding about an equal number of meetings. There are 274 in Victoria, but, however, nearly every club in Victoria includes in its programme a hurdle race or stephophage, and many include both. In New South Wales it is the exception to find even a hurdle race in the country club programme. As for a stephophage it is as rare as the dodo. In these circumstances, it is surprising that jumpers are not fashionable in New South Wales? Insist upon the country clubs encouraging jumping races, and one great obstacle to the production of jumpers is removed."

© © ©

HANDICAPPING CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor.)

Auckland, July 25, 1903.  
Sir,—The following is some of the correspondence that has passed between the committee of the Auckland Racing Club and myself with reference to the handicapping of Awahuri and Cannongate for the Grand National Hurdle Race, run last June—

May 10, 1903.  
The Committee Auckland Racing Club, Gentlemen,—I think, in fairness to yourselves, Mr Evelt, and myself, an inquiry should be held by you for the purpose of asking Mr Evelt to give an explanation of his handicapping of Awahuri and Cannongate in the Grand National Hurdle Race. My horse did not win at that race, but Awahuri started and won the race in very fast time. Neither of the horses have raced since, and Mr Evelt has now declared the weights for the Grand National Hurdle Race. This race is run over the same course and at the distance as the state, and Mr Evelt handicapped Awahuri at 11st and Cannongate at 11st 6lb, while only three weeks ago he handicapped Awahuri to give Cannongate 10lb. You will therefore see that my horse's "weight" without other aids, starting in the meantime, my horse has now to meet Awahuri on 16lb worse terms. I might have asked Mr Evelt personally for an explanation, but consider the proper course is to ask through the committee. The given difference in the weights must be my excuse for troubling you.—Yours truly,  
JNO. MARSHALL.

Auckland Racing Club, July 3, 1903.

Dear Sir,—I am instructed to inform you that Mr Evelt admits, after reading your letter, that if there was any mistake it occurred on the third day of the Autumn Meeting in not keeping Awahuri's and Cannongate's weight closer together.—Yours cordially,  
Wm. PERCIVAL, Sec.

Auckland, July 13, 1903.

Gentlemen,—Your letter of the 3rd inst. I received upon my return to town, giving Mr Evelt's explanation re handicapping Cannongate and Awahuri. I must say I feel rather surprised that you should have any misapprehension, as the latter really no answer to my complaint. For your information I give you the extract from your secretary's letter:—"Mr Evelt admits after reading your letter that if there was any mistake it occurred on the third day of the Autumn Meeting in not keeping Awahuri's and Cannongate's weights closer together." I can hardly imagine you accepting such a reply, and consider the proper course to adopt was to have sent his letter back for

further information, which I wish you now to do. I need say further only that I cannot believe any one of the committee, had they had a competent hand, but could be so misled by the explanation given by Mr Evelt. For your information I will mention the weights given to those horses mentioned at the Autumn and Winter Meetings (Hawkes), and I think after reading them you cannot help but come to the conclusion that the handicapper has, to say the least of it, been most careless in his work.—

AUTUMN MEETING.

First day—Cannongate, 11st 6lb; Awahuri, 11st 7lb.  
Second day—Cannongate, 12st; Awahuri, 11st 11lb.  
Third day—Cannongate, 11st 6lb; Awahuri, 11st 8lb.

WINTER MEETING.

Cannongate, 11st 6lb; Awahuri, 11st.  
You will therefore see that on the first day of the Autumn Meeting Cannongate was conceding Awahuri 11lb, but on the third day Awahuri was conceding Cannongate 10lb—a difference of 17lb in Cannongate's favour—but in the Grand National Hurdles (the weights of which were declared about three weeks after you will see that Cannongate has to give Awahuri 6lb—a difference of 16lb in Awahuri's favour from the last handicap. I might just remind you that Awahuri won the three races at the Autumn Meeting, and that Cannongate was a non-starter in those races. In conclusion, I wish to state that I do not intend racing at the meeting where Mr Evelt handicapped, which practically means that I will be unable to race in Auckland.—Yours truly,  
JNO. MARSHALL.

Auckland Racing Club,

July 17, 1903.

Dear Sir,—I am instructed by the committee to acknowledge receipt of your letter dated 13th inst., and in reply to say that while expressing regret at the decision to which you have come, they can take no further action in the matter.—Yours faithfully,  
Wm. PERCIVAL, Sec.

I regret very much that the majority of the country clubs consent to the conclusion not to take any further action in the matter. Handicapping such as I have mentioned tends to make owners run their horses so as to try and deceive the handicapper. I can safely say that since I have been racing, not about 20 years, I have neither attempted to deceive either handicapper or the racing public, and I don't think I will commence that practice now.—Yours truly,  
JNO. MARSHALL.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the members of the Auckland Racing Club was held at two o'clock Monday afternoon at the Chamber of Commerce, and was well attended. Mr Thos. Morrin presided.

ANNUAL REPORT.

The following is the annual report which was submitted to the members on Monday:—Gentlemen,—Your committee have the pleasure of submitting you the annual report and statement of accounts for the year ending 30th June, 1903. During the past season we have held four meetings of 13 days, giving in added money the sum of £21,000; the totalisator investments amounting to £158,414, compared with £163,714 last year. The net profit contributed to capital account is £1633 10s. 6d., a falling off as compared with last year of £386 7/11. This is owing to the decrease in totalisator receipts. Your committee have written off £1298 12s (equal to 10 per cent) for depreciation of the valuation of the club's property. Your committee record with deep regret the death of one of the club's oldest members, Mr Alfred Buckland, who has been an active worker as president, steward, and committee man. You have to elect six members of committee, as Messrs L. D. Nathan, Donald McDonald, R. H. Reid, Richard Doder, and Wm. McLaughlin retire in terms of rules, but all being eligible offer themselves for

re-election. The following gentlemen have also been nominated in accordance with the rules, and are eligible for election:—Hon. E. A. Brown, John Mackintosh, Alfred Kidd, W. D. Hoigston, and H. M. Gunn.—THOMAS MORRIN, Chairman of Committee.

BALANCE SHEET.

Balance-sheet of the Auckland Racing Club for year ending June 30, 1903.—Liabilities: To capital account, £28,062 4/8—less 10 per cent depreciation, £1789 1/2; less amount written off long-outstanding accounts, £65 7/7; creditors secured, £2000; Great Northern Hunt Stakes, 1902-3, £304; Great Northern Derby, 1902-3, £201; Great Northern Derby, 1901-2, £3; Champagne stakes, 1902-3, £4; Great Northern Guinea, 1902, £204; Great Northern Guinea, 1901, £2; 9th Royal Stakes, 1902-3, £33; 10th Royal Stakes, 1902-3, £4; 5th Century Stakes, 1902, £7; sundry creditors, £30 12s; Bank balance, £54 6/10; total, £28,062 4/8. Cr.: By racecourse, buildings, etc., including grandstands, members' lavatories, and ambulance, £22,139; water reservoir, £300; latrine, £58; furniture, £332; working plans, £275 10s; dining-room paint, £138; unpaid subscriptions, £19; sundry debitors, £755 1s; stocks, £36 2/8; cash in hand, £8 10s; total, £28,062 4/8.—H. T. GORRIE, Treasurer; Wm. PERCIVAL, Secretary. I have examined the above balance-sheet and the accompanying profit and loss account and certify that they correctly accounted them with the books and vouchers, and certify them to be correct.—R. M. ISAACS, A.S.A.A., Eng., Auditor.

Profit and Loss Account for the year ending June 30th, 1903.—Dr.: To Secretary, £100; accountants, £137 10s; handicappers, £200; caretaker, £20; bookkeepers, £100; interest, £154 2/4; fire insurance, £102 14/3; office rent, £70; rates and taxes, £102 9/11; charge—racing calendars, snoring, implements, telephones, sundries, sundry repairs, £100; accounts, £137 10s; handcar, £300; 1903; horse feed, £118 11/3; advertising, £388 11/3; printing and stationery, £193 8/8; donations, £71 10s; legal expenses, £5 5s; refreshments and entertainment of visitors, etc., £52 16/8; periodicals, £5 16/8; tea and food, £138 15/11; timber account, £75 2/9; starting gear, £14 0/11; new mile post, £32 18/3; Spring Meeting, £132 15/3; balance, £1633 10s 6d.; total, £585 12s. Cr.: By members' subscriptions, £1231 10s; subscriptions, £1612 10s; gentlemen riders, £18 10s; Messrs, £29; fines, £1; rest of course and grazing, £20; training fees, £237 0/8; Summer Meeting, £1792 8/8; Autumn Meeting, £243 1/8; Winter Meeting, £388 16/8; total, £5855 12s.

Capital Account.—Dr.: June 30, 1903—To balance b/d, £23 10s; advertisement, £15; Cr.: June 30, 1902—By balance, £23 10s 6d.; profit for year ending June 30, 1902, £1633 10s 6d.; total, £26,062 4/8.

Balance-sheet of the Trainers' and Jockeys' Association.—Discreet Jockey Fund: To balance at 30th June, 1902, £32 10s; advertisement, £15; interest, £10 0/2; total, £296 11/11. Discreet Jockey Fund—By Auckland Savings Bank, £296 11/11. Trainers' and Jockeys' Disabled Fund—To balance at 30th June, 1902, £296 11/11; interest, £3 18/1; total, £299 15/10. Trainers' and Jockeys' Disabled Fund—By disbursements, £20; Auckland Savings Bank, £273 15/10; total, £298 15/10. Jockeys' Provident Fund—To balance at 30th June, 1902, £494 17/2; interest, £14 16s; Messrs, £29; fines, £1; total, £504 15s. Jockeys' Provident Fund—By disbursements, £117 11/8; medical appliances, £7 8s; Auckland Savings Bank, £485 13/2; total, £610 14s. Trainers' Provident Fund—To balance 30th June, 1902, £254 6/8—less arrears, £2; interest, £6 1/2; Messrs, £56; total, £256 17/4. Trainers' Provident Fund—By Auckland Savings Bank, £256 17/4.

Statement of Accounts for year ending 30th June, 1903.—Dr.: Spring Meeting, 1903—Receipts: To nominations, £207; races, £263 18/6; grandstands, £214 2/8; booths, cards, etc., £543 14/8; stables, £10 8/8; totalisator, £2382 18/3—less tax, £372 5/8—£1980 8/8; totalisator clerks, £25; balance to profit and loss, £132 19/3; interest, £117 6/8. Expenditure: By added money, £3690; band, £27; Judge, £31 10s; starter, £37 3/4; clerk of the course, £10; clerk of the scales, £10; totalisator clerks, £18; wages (gatekeepers, etc.), £149 2/8; caterer, £43 2/8; Pakuranga Hunt Club, £20; sundries, £11 2/8; total, £1177 6/8. Summer Meeting, 1902-3. Receipts: To nominations, £2663; gates, £1362 18s; grandstands, £1173 7/8; booths, cards, etc., £1342 18/3; stables, £18 9/8; protest,

**Hubert H. Daere,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
QUEEN STREET - AUCKLAND.

Entrance through Cochrane's Auction Mart. TWO DOORS BELOW UNION BANK.  
**CHLOROFORM PATIENTS ATTENDED AT THEIR OWN HOMES BY ARRANGEMENT.**

29; totalizer, 60881 8/6—less tax, £1007 0/- = £58733 18/8; totalizer bonus, £25; total, £11,618 13/8. Expenditure: By added money, £9330; bands (two), £68; Judge, £49; starter, £37 10/-; clerk of the course, £110; clerk of the scales, £10; totalizer, £24; wages (gatekeepers, etc.), £234 7/8; caterer, £114 5/-; signatures to petition re continuance of totalizer, £11 4/9; sundries, £43 18/-; balance to profit and loss, £1732 8/8; total, £24,648 12/8. Meeting, 1903.—Receipts: To nominations, £1740; gates, £435 5/8; grandstands, £447 10/-; tickets, cards, etc., £237 4/9; stables, £12 3/-; totalizer, £8003 10/3—less tax, £1732 8/8; totalizer bonus, £25; total, £2539 10/-; Expenditure: By added money, £1730; L.A. £27; Judge, £31 10/-; starter, £37 10/-; clerk of the course, £10; clerk of the scales, £10; totalizer, £24; wages (gatekeepers, etc.), £102 10/-; caterer, £139 17/8; sundries, £210 10/-; postage to press and loss, £243 1/8; total, £3629 19/-; Water Meeting, 1903.—Receipts: To nominations, £158; gates, £57 7/8; grandstands, £430 6/-; tickets, cards, etc., £640 6/8; stables, £7 14/-; profit, £3; totalizer, £224 16/8; total, £2434 10/8. Totalizer bonus, £25; proceeds sale winner of Selling Steeplechase, £48 0/-; total, £2479 6/6. Expenditure: By added money, £2000; band, £27; Judge, £31 10/-; starter, £37 10/-; clerk of the course, £10; clerk of the scales, £10; totalizer, £24; wages (gatekeepers, etc.), £102 10/-; caterer, £139 17/8; sundries, £229 14/-; balance to profit and loss, £338 16/8; total, £2479 6/6.

The chairman moved, and Mr McLean seconded, the adoption of the report.

Mr J. Marshall referred to items £735 1/ owing to the club, and £626 7/7 written off. He asked for an explanation.

The chairman said £200 of the £735 1/ had since been paid. As to the rest, he considered it impossible to carry on race meetings on a cash basis. They must temporise with horse owners. It would be very hard to make horse owners pay on the day they nominated.

The report and balance-sheet were then adopted.

Mr. E. O'Rourke said he wished to make an explanation on behalf of the Pakuranga Hunt Club. The report had been circulated that the Pakuranga Hunt Club was running a ticket in connection with the election that was to take place that day. He wished to give that an emphatic and absolute denial, as such a thing was never mooted. The Hunt Club never at any time wished to interfere with the election of a committee for the Racing Club. Their relations had been most amiable with this and previous committees. He might also point out that out of 31 steeplechase horses competing at Ellerslie 24 were from the Hunt Club, which showed how the two sports went hand in hand. (Applause.)

The Hon. E. Mitchellson, Messrs. L. D. Nathan, R. H. Reid, W. McLaughlin, J. Marshall and R. Duder were the successful candidates for seats on the committee.



**TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.**

(By Telegraph.—Special to "Graphic.")

**CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.**

Although the weather is still disposed to be eccentric, it has been sufficiently fine during the week to make an early-morning visit to Riccarton passably enjoyable. The work during the past few days has been interesting, and the early morning visitor has had no reason to regret his enterprise. The influx of visiting horses continues. Scottish Minstrel, Phaetonica, Awahuri, Scullyway, Reclamant, Emulopogans, King, Hipstone, The Mourner, Mars, McRivith, Schnapper, and Sirius have all arrived during the week, and more are expected to-day (Saturday).

Scottish Minstrel has a big leg, which is callous.

Judging from the free style in which he fenced the other morning, Awahuri looks particularly well, and so does Sirius, but Mars looks light, a fact which is probably attributable to a rough trip which he had from Auckland.

Hags and The Mourner are both in fine fettle.

The Grand National Steeplechase favourite Haydn continues to progress satisfactorily, and a similar remark applies to Battieaxe, who is still favourite for the Grand National Hurdle Race.

In company with Sultana, Haydn gave a fine exhibition of jumping on Tuesday morning, and Sultana fenced in a style quite at variance with his inglorious displays at Wellington.

Hurricane and Boller were schooled over the hurdles yesterday morning, and Boker and Catherine Gordon, and Tradewind and Comfort on Thursday morning. Hurricane fenced rather slowly, but Catherine Gordon fell, but the others jumped well. Tradewind and Comfort particularly well. Since his display Tradewind has again come into prominence for the Grand National Hurdle Race.

Nor-West's withdrawal from the Grand National Steeplechase came as a surprise, as we had been led to believe that he was coming down to fulfil his engagement.

Kohupapa, who had been absent from the track for several days, made his reappearance yesterday. He has given his trainer some trouble, but is now said to be sound again.

A gelding by Artillery from a Messenger mare, who has engaged at the Grand National Meeting, has been named The Soldier.

Cruciform and Orloff, in charge of Mason, and accompanied by F. Jones, were shipped to Sydney by the Monowal yesterday afternoon.

The Christchurch-owned Chiara, by Culraaser-Quids, is to visit South this season.

The two-year-old colt by Culraaser from Annabelle has just been broken in at Ashburton.

There will be ample time to make selections for the minor events to be decided on the first day of the Grand National meeting after the closing of the acceptances, meanwhile I will go as far as to commit myself to a declaration that the handicaps give evidence of careful preparation.

**CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.**

After Saturday's showery (and weather cleared, and Sunday was fine and warm. The temperature was again on Sunday night, but no rain followed, and a clear frost fell yesterday morning the tracks were in first-rate order. As it was an "on morning" the work done was not of a very interesting character. An exception to this rule was provided by Awahuri, who galloped once round over the big fences. He jumped extremely well, and clearly. Many of the other horses took his chance, but others had him rather closely-roped to get to the end of 2 1/2 miles or so, especially if the going should prove heavy. Comfort, Tradewind, and Catherine Gordon were also schooled, the first three and Boller jumped a few flights of hurdles. The former, looking rather widely at home and Aratawa, both of them, especially in a schooling gallop over the old fences.

On Saturday morning Windwhistle, who is engaged in the Winter Cup, did a good gallop for a lazy worker, defeating Manglebass over six furlongs in 1:22. On the same morning Haydn was schooled, and had an excellent exhibition of jumping in a schooling task over the steeplechase fences. The former is more popular than ever for the Grand National Steeplechase, and the latter, it is thought, may win the shorter steeplechase at the meeting.

Others who are doing well on the tracks at present are Mars and the younger Mars, probably with one of the hunters' hurdle races, and the latter, if she could be induced to try her best, might take one of the flat races.

At the most Riccarton can now be only represented in the Grand National Steeplechase by Sultana. Social Fest was withdrawn some days ago, and her horse's name, Zither and Rowlock, have been scratched. I am not surprised at Zither's withdrawal, but I confess I thought Rowlock would stand up. He has failed to train, however, and his name has been scratched. Many of the local critics profess to think the situation is overdone. If that is the case, the chance of the race remaining at Riccarton must be exceedingly remote.

Hipstone is voted coarse and clumsy by the Riccarton tourists, but they admit nevertheless that he can jump, and that he has a bit of pace.

A wager of 300 to 12 was taken locally about Royal Fusilier for the New Zealand Cup last week.

The following business has been done locally on the Grand National Steeplechase and Hurdle—1000 to 50 against Hurricane and Battieaxe, 1200 to 42 against Haydn and Mars, 1400 to 13 against Haydn and Hags, 1200 to 12 against Scullyway and Waiwera, 1000 to 20 against Scullyway and Battieaxe, 1000 to 20 against Sultana and Tradewind, 900 to 6 against Hurricane and Hags, 900 to 12 against Awahuri and Awahuri, 800 to 4 against Awahuri and Mars, 800 to 4 against Awahuri and Zealous, 800 to 12 against Scullyway and Tradewind, 800 to 8 against Jack o' Lantern and Tradewind, 800 to 2 against Boller and Boker, 800 to 9 against Piraybird and Tradewind, 800 to 6 against Jack o' Lantern and Slow Ann, 600 to 6 against Haydn and Evening, 600 to 3 against Haydn and Zealous, 600 to 3 against Haydn and Evening, 600 to 2 against Scullyway and Merry Boy, 600 to 2 against Zither and Hags, 600 to 4 against Scullyway and Slow Ann, 500 to 5 against Rowlock and Slow Ann, 500 to 5 against The Gryphon and Comfort, 500 to 5 against Hipstone and Comfort.

Lady Lillian's sire, Phaeton, by Trenton—Sappire, has been sold to a Wanganui breeder, Mr Reynolds.

The local patentee of a new totalizer has arranged with a racing club in Canterbury to give his machine a practical test.

Clyde, by Phaeton—Neroli, has retired to the stud.

The new race on the programme of the C.C.C. Spring Meeting taking the place of the Captain Stakes will be known as the Grand Plate. This name has been adopted in place of the original idea, "the Great Tom Plate."

The Dunedin Jockey Club will distribute £5040 in stakes during the coming season. This is the same amount as the club gave away last year.

Billet Doux, by St. Ledger—Valentina, is still being backed stout in Dunedin.

Porthouse, an Australian trainer who has been seeking employment in Dunedin, has decided to return to the Continent.

**RICCARTON, TRAINING NOTES.**

**CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.** Beautiful weather prevailed at Riccarton this morning. Work was confined to

the inside track, which was in good order. Work consisted principally of long, slow gallops, including up with sprints. This class of work was performed by Bep, Duncanson, Karamans, Windwhistle, Neil Gayman, Phayce, Belleaux, Hypnotist, Ornaunce, Dragoon, Sultana, Secret Society, Boulevard, Awahuri, Victor II., Pipi, Slow Ann, Soutinely Boster, Scullyway, Scottish Minstrel, Sophie, Helias, Fast Shot, Promoter, Ardale, Kaaka, Croupier, Goldspur, Fairy Rose, La Vallette, Phaetonica, Benzoim, Lee shield, Umulopogans, and Boller. Battieaxe and Pipian went once round over the hurdles, both jumping with Haydn and Scullyway traversed the mile of twice round in 1:30, Haydn drawing away at the finish. Comfort and Tradewind went round over the hurdles in 1:5, half a second slower than Battieaxe's time. Boker, Boster and Catherine Gordon were set a similar task, but Boker was the only one to finish. Catherine Gordon, who was remarkably well, fell at the last hurdle, while Boster bailed out and got off as a rider. Catherine Gordon was not injured.

**GRAND NATIONAL MEETING. FIRST DAY'S HANDICAPS.**

The following are the handicaps for the first day of the C.C.C. Grand National Meeting:— Maiden Hurdles.—Tradewind 10.3, Comfort 10.5, Tupapa 10.5, Kaaka 10.1, Zealous 10, Himewai 10.5, Wet Blanket 9.7, Phaetonica 9.7, Evening 9.7, Catherine Gordon 9.7, Arapiti 9.5, Karamans 9.5. Entrial Steeplechase.—Gryphon 11.5, Himewai 10.7, Dooney 10.5, Hipstone 10.5, Umulopogans 9.12, Eglint 9.11, Acent 9.11, Sautby 9.10, Agastus 9.9, King Lear 9.7, Topyaon 9.7, Victory 9.7, Andy Rogan 9.7, Karamans 9.7, Dragoon 9.7. First Hurdles.—Hurdles.—Ardale 12.11, Himewai 12.6, Wet Blanket 12.5, Wonderful 11.12, Belleaux 11.10, Reverse 11.0, Switzer 11.5, Fairy Rose 11.5, Andy Rogan 11.5, Boster 11.3, Phantagery 11.3, Main Tom 11.3, Comprehend 11.0, Glenora 11.0, Benhenna 11.0, Drogoon 11.0, Mokowhit 11.0, Young Melchior 11.0.

**VICTORIA AMATEUR TURF CLUB'S GRAND NATIONAL MEETING.**

**MELBOURNE, August 1.** The V.A.T.C. inaugurated their Grand National Meeting at Caulfield to-day. The weather was fine, and there was a large attendance. The following are the details of the racing:—

Caulfield Grand National Hurdle Race of 1200 yds, 5 1/2 miles, 102 yards.—Mr J. N. McArthur's Marmont, aged, by Wellington—Lady Gay, 11.8 (H. Cogrove), 11. My Mistake, aged, 9.7. 2: Pierrot, aged, 9.1, 3. Fourteen horses started. Betting: 5 to 2 against Marmont, 14 to 1 My Mistake, 16 to 1 Pierrot. Marmont was first into the straight, followed by My Mistake. The latter put out a challenge of the distance post, but Marmont never left the issue in doubt, and drawing away, won by two lengths. Pierrot was five lengths away from My Mistake, in third place. Time, 6:56.

"Felo de Se," which we've been told, is meant for suicide, Applies to Jones who caught a cold, Neglected it, and died; Carelessness won't make old bones, Nor health to us secure, When you've a cold, don't follow Jones, Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

**ILL WITH ANAEMIA.**  
**Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore a Pale Young Woman to Robust Health and Strength.**

"I was so terribly pale and ill from anaemia a few years ago," says Miss Alice M. Taylor, daughter of Mr and Mrs W. Taylor, of St. David street, Lyttelton. "that I was a miserable shadow of my former self. Week after week I became thin and feeble. The best of good food did not strengthen me. I loathed the smell of meals, and often turned from the table without eating. My stomach became upset, and I started to retch. What with my bloodless lips, drawn features, pale, wan face, I was a pitiful picture. Then a friend said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were the best blood builder and nerve-tonic in the world and that I ought to try them. Tonics and emulsions had never done me any good, but I decided to try these pills. They not only benefited me," continued Miss Taylor, "but they absolutely cured me. They're the finest medicine for growing girls in all the world. They filled my dried up veins with warm, red blood and strengthened my stomach. The vomiting ceased and my appetite came back. Soon I slept soundly each night and the rosy colour of health came into my cheeks, lips and face. In six weeks I gained 9 lbs in weight. Eight boxes made me a strong, healthy girl again. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills also cured my father of indigestion. This they did by enriching his blood and strengthening the liver and digestive organs to work properly. Our family cannot say too much in favour of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."



Miss A. M. Taylor (Made bright and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills)

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all blood and nerve diseases. This they do because they act directly on the blood and nerves. They have been proved to cure anaemia, debility, liver and kidney troubles, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, and chest and lung complaints. They are recommended by doctors and nurses all over the world. They are made from the prescription of the great Edinburgh University physician, Dr. Williams. See that the address, Wellington, New Zealand, is on the outside wrapper of every box you buy. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as put up for N.Z., are always in boxes, never in glass bottles. Sold by retailers and sent post free by the Dr. Williams' medicine Co., Wellington, 3/- per box, six boxes 16/6.

**A PROPOSAL**

TO EVERY LADY TO MAKE DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITH

**BIRD'S GUSTARD POWDER**

**A DAILY LUXURY!**

BIRD'S Custard Powder makes a perfect High-Class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomats of the South Kensington School of Cookery, London. Invaluable also for a variety of Great Dishes, recipes for which accompany every packet.

**NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!**  
 Storekeepers can obtain Supplies from all the leading Wholesale Houses.



## GOLF NOTES.

(By "Stoney Dead.")

The tie between Mr W. D. Heather and Mr H. Horton for the George Cup resulted in a win for the former. Mr Heather returned 103-12-90, the same score as his average in the competition itself. Mr Horton spoilt his chance by bad play at the seventh hole, but the general average of the rest of his holes was just about the same as Mr Heather's. Had he done the seventh in a respectable number the tie would have produced a close finish. Both players are rapidly improving, and though the handicap of both will probably be well reduced, I expect to see both players return winning scores in future competitions. Mr Heather has also won the final for the prize presented by Mr Hanna. He defeated Dr. Lewis by 4 to 2. The game was a very good one, and the advantage of his strokes just got Mr Heather home. When the competition started, Mr Heather's handicap was 16, and so Dr. Lewis had to give him two strokes. The Dr. had to give one stroke at the eleventh, a short hole, when he was downy three down.

The local championship has now started. On Saturday two matches were down for decision, the remaining competitors having byes in the first round. The captain (Mr Sykes) gave Mr C. E. S. Gillies a bye. The other match produced a very close finish. Mr Hooper beat Mr Burns by one hole. It was expected that Mr Hooper would have an easy win, but the younger player gave a great fight, and had he putted normally on the 18th green, he should have halved the match. Mr Burns started off in great form, and was 4 up at the ninth hole; after that Mr Hooper settled down to work, and squared matters at the 17th hole. At this hole a most extraordinary thing happened. Both players playing with new Haskells, got beautiful drives well clear of the plantation, in the same direction. But when they came up to play their seconds, only one ball was found. Naturally, both players thought it was theirs, and they finally agreed to go back to the tee and play again. Mr Hooper then won the hole. At the 18th Mr Burns had 3 for the hole, when lying on the green, but took 4 putts, and so only halved the hole.

Next Saturday the most important matches will be played. Mr C. E. S. Gillies plays Mr Colbeck, and Mr Hooper plays Mr H. T. Gillies. Very close matches are expected, and I am not going to stuff myself by prophesying the winners, though I have my own ideas. Other matches to be played are Mr Carr and Mr W. Heather, Mr O'Rourke and Mr Peel.

Thursday was such a "villainous" day that the ladies' postponed the third round of the eclectic berry match for the prize presented by Mrs Lewis. Better luck to them next Thursday.

Miss Maud Shaw won the monthly medal in the "A" team at Napier at 77-12-65, and Mrs James McLean, 84-4-80, was successful in the "B's." The next best scores were, in the "A" team, Mrs Perry, 67, scr, 67; Mrs Cargill, 74-6-68; Miss Balfour, 78-10-68; Miss Eva Bennett, 78-10-68; Miss Davis, 75-4-71; Miss Linda Davis, 77-4-73; Miss Locking, 86-12-74; Miss McLean, 87-12-75; Miss Hindmarsh, 81-8-76; Miss Chapman, 82-6-77. In the "B" team Miss Newbold, 91-scr-91; Miss Lila Davis, 97-6-91; Mrs A. Kennedy, 98-6-92; Miss Lorna McLean, 93-2-93; Miss M. Locking, 99-6-93. Some mixed foursomes were played by the men, which resulted in a win for Messrs H. Smith and H. Peacock, 103-3-100. Play was much interfered with by a gale from the north-west, and many could not find courage to enter the lists in such weather.

Great preparations are being made for the championship tournament, which is to be held in Napier in the first week in September.

Mr Horace Hutchinson has recently published the following on driving. It is so interesting that it is worth repeating in full:—

The man who first said that long driving was no use was either a short driver trying to suggest to himself that he had an equal chance with a longer, or a long driver trying to persuade a shorter into a match on advantageous terms. The latter is more likely. You may be quite sure that in golf it is a great thing to get near the hole; and this a long driver does, as a rule, more quickly than the short. It is a rule that has exceptions to prove it. If a long driver be very crooked, a short driver may be nearer the hole, habitually, in the same number of strokes; but it is seldom that a long driver is so crooked as all that. On this point it is to be observed that the average golfer seldom realises how length of driving increases the difficulty of keeping on the course. You hear some men priding themselves on their straightness, when the main explanation is that they do not drive far enough to get off the course at all. That is a kind of exaggeration, but it shows the way in which the difficulty of keeping on the line is increased by length of driving. Suppose that B, who

### DRIVES

130 yards, and A, who drives 230, start their drives with an equal angle of divergence from the absolutely right line; by how much more will A's ball have departed from the line than B's when both balls have done? I do not know. But there are people of such extraordinary skill in mathematics that they can solve you even such a problem as this. For the mere golfer, it is enough to know that A's ball will have gone "a blamed eight further" out of the line—which is English as she is spoke, if not a strictly mathematical form of statement. The sticks of a spread-out fan show you the principle. The longer the sticks the bigger the spread of the fan, although both in a little fan and a big one the angle of the sticks from the starting point—the tee—is about the same. So, when some of the short drivers are swaggering about being on the course, it may be well to remind them that they are very little fans indeed, so that they better be shut up altogether. It is certain that if we ever drove nearly as crooked as we sometimes putt we should astonish ourselves very severely.

But are there any short drives now? In the days of the Haskell and the fishing rod clubs one begins to doubt it. The problems of long driving seem very hard to solve. I do not mean that they are involved in the discussion of the "dynamics of the golf ball" (dear phrase and venerable), but the insurmountable question why "A is happy"—that is to say, is a long driver—"B is not." It does not appear to be in the least because A is a very strong man and B a weakling, nor because one seems to hit harder than the other, according to the strength that is in him. I am far from saying that it is not good to be strong, nor that I should not be exceedingly grateful to the gods if I had Mr Maxwell's fifteen stone, and a little more to lunge at the ball as he does, and make it go such a fearful distance, especially against the wind and at certain slants of the wind. Strength is by no means to be despised. It has more to do with length than merely rhyming with it. But there are some other qualities involved in

### LENGTH OF DRIVING

much more subtle and elusive than strength. This is quite obvious. There once was a poor fellow who died at Nairn. When he was in a stage of consumption so far advanced that he could not walk more than what were then the four holes of "the loop"—they are now squeezed down into three holes—

he used to be able to outdrive Dalgleish, the professional, and he did not look at all exceptional in his muscle. If you ask a professional to explain such a thing as this—to tell you how it is that one man drives so far, and another who seems to hit just as hard and correctly, not nearly up to him, the professional will tell you: "Eh, it's just something in the way he strikes the ball." Well, of course, you knew that before. It is so obvious that you only laugh at it. But when you have finished laughing at it and begun to think about it, you are quite surprised to find how very little further your most solemn reflections will take you. "It's just something in the way he strikes the ball."

There are many men with whom it is fairly obvious why they drive so far. There is Mr Maxwell—if the ball is hit with all the weight of body blow, something must happen; and so the ball seems to think, getting out of the way of the happening as soon and as far as possible. Braid is a similar kind of hitter; and so, too, Mr Edward Blackwell, whose ball goes off at a tremendous pace. This is not at all the case with Vardon's ball, which gets almost as far as any of the others, when it has finished. But it begins as if it were not nearly so much in earnest. It begins lazily, but it takes a long time getting tired, and keeps going and going long after it seems (especially to the opponent) quite time it came down. Mr Beidham, who was photographing us on a square, chalked out like a chess-board, at Muirfield, told me that the result of his instantaneous photographing went to show that Vardon's wrists moved a great deal slower as he struck the ball than Braid's, or Taylor's, in fact, than any of the hitters. Is this the reason that his ball starts so slowly? And if so, what is the reason that it keeps going so long? "These are the questions nobody can answer," or, at least, they may answer them, but nobody else is satisfied with the answers.

### TAYLOR'S DRIVING.

Taylor's length of drive is a mystery. He plays with such short clubs, such light clubs, and such stiff clubs, that they do not seem to have any driving virtue in them. But then, I expect, Taylor has terribly strong wrists. His own notion is, as he told me a year or two ago (and I do not think he has changed his view) that you cannot get your wrists into the stroke unless you use a light club and a short and stiff one. But, then, every man has not such wrists, and must get help and compensation. A player who is more worth watching than most, because of the cleverness with which he does his best to make up for a lack of any unusual power, is Mr Hilton. He is very clever at taking advantage of each slant of the wind—with a slight slice if the wind is on the left, with a pull if on the right, and so on; and if the wind be right ahead, so that there is no chance of making use of it he can drive a wind-cheating ball as well as anybody—a very finished golfer. I hardly believe there is a stroke in the game known to anyone in the world that he does not know. Whether a man is altogether the better for knowing too many strokes is another question. Too much knowledge of this kind sometimes tends to make a man's play too tricky—he will not play the simple, straightforward game; and then

the man of simple-minded methods has an advantage over him. But Mr Hilton knows quite well enough how to use, and when not to use, his science so as to make the game easier by it, instead of more difficult, as some do. His length of driving in any case is often the result of science and in watching him you can see the science applied—a useful object lesson. You cannot learn to be strong, but may learn to be clever.

There is no doubt that a good many have lengthened their drives by lengthening their drivers—into fishing rods, as the scoffers call them. It seems to me—to descend again from the

### EXALTED SPHERES OF GOLF

to the depths of mathematics, neither of which arts I profess—that, granted a man's hands are going at the same pace, whether he swings with a club long or a short, the head at the end of the long shaft must be a good deal quicker than the head at the end of the short. And it seems a fair supposition, too, that the quicker the club-head is going at the moment it meets the ball, the quicker the ball will go, and so, probably, the farther. One has to speak with all seemingly hesitation on this point of the case, for all that so-called commonsense would seem to show is contradicted by Vardon with his slow-moving wrists, his slow-starting ball, and yet its tendency to keep moving on. So troublesome of him! But, for all that, it does seem as if we had got at the truth of why the long clubs, other things being equal, will make the balls go.

Vardon said (but he may have repented) that he could drive a "gutter" further than a Haskell. Be that as it may, it is sure, not only that comparatively short drivers get much more advantage from the Haskell than long hitters, but also that among long drivers some are far more helped in their driving than others by the Haskell. This, again, is a dark mystery, but there seems to be a glimmer of light. It seems as if the people who really swing at the ball get more help than those that hit at it in a catchy, jerky way: it seems as if what the Haskell wanted to make it go was not so much a hard knock at the start as a sort of followed-up blow giving continuously increased pressure until ball and club departed company. But yet it cannot be said that Vardon's is a catchy hit. It is quite the contrary. Life is full of problems.

## FOOTBALL.

### AUCKLAND RUGBY UNION.

#### CITY THE SENIOR CHAMPIONS.

Glorious weather prevailed for Saturday's Rugby matches at Alexandra Park and at Devonport. Saturday was a day of surprises. The City-North Shore, on which the greatest amount of interest centred, attracted a large crowd, and after a most exciting contest resulted in a draw, each side scoring three points. Under these circumstances a win to Grafton at Epsom would have given that team the championship, but they were defeated by Newton by 9 to 3, and so the championship goes to City. There is one more series of matches to finish the round, but these will be cancelled to make room for the trial match on Saturday. The third senior match was that between Suburbs and Parahi, the latter team scoring their first win this season by six points to nil. The following table

THE GOLDEN KEY.



TELEPHONE No. 564.  
**Jefferson's Pharmacy**

UPPER SYMONDS ST., AUCKLAND.

**GEO. DENBY & Co.**

During the winter season everyone requires

**ANTI-INFLUENZA TINCTURE.** A celebrated remedy for Influenza, Cold in the Head, etc. Price, 1/6.

**PRUNE BARK BALSAM.** Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, etc. Price, 1/6.

**FINEST COD LIVER OIL EMULSION.** Fortifies the whole system, and enables it to resist cold and wet weather. Price, 1/6.

**THE CHILDREN'S COUGH MIXTURE.** Especially prepared for Children. Highly recommended. Price, 1/6.

**QUININE AND IRON TONIC.** Cures Neuralgia, Headaches, etc. Price, 2/6.

ORDERS BY POST receive the most careful attention and prompt Dispatch.

shows the position of the teams:—

Club	Pld.	Wn.	Lat.	Dr.	For.	Agst.
Grafton	11	8	2	1	187	13
Clifton	11	8	2	1	103	10
Newton	11	7	3	1	83	45
N. Shore	12	6	5	1	72	87
Pousoyby	11	5	6	0	77	56
Suburba	11	1	10	0	15	134
Farnell	11	1	10	0	9	167

**SECOND FIFTEENS.**

North Shore and Clif played a draw. This gives North Shore the Second Grade championship.

**COUNTRY FOOTBALL.**

**THAMES V. WAHAI.**

The return representative match between Thames and Waihi was played on Saturday afternoon on the Waihi Reserve. The game ended in favour of Waihi by 3 to nil.

The match was fought hard, the local backs proving rather superior, but the game was confined mostly to the forwards, both packs were exceptionally fast, Thames proving best in scrum work, but were beaten in the open. Cunningham, Graham, McCall, Elett, and Arscott, five of Waihi's best men, were not playing. Mr White, of Auckland, refereed.

**PAEROA V. PIAKO.**

The Paeroa Rugby Union's representatives played a return match with the Piko Union at Te Aroha on Saturday, and won a well contested game by 5 points to nil.

**SOUTHERN MATCHES.**

**SOUTH CANTERBURY V. HAWKE'S BAY.**

The football match South Canterbury v. Hawke's Bay was played at Napier on Saturday. The weather was fine, and there was a large attendance of spectators. The game was very even all through, and resulted in a draw, each side scoring a try. The Hawke's Bay men were slightly heavier all round than their opponents.

**WELLINGTON FOOTBALL.**

The Wellington Juniors played a team of Canterbury Juniors at Wellington on Saturday, and indicated defeat on them, the scoring being 9 to 6 in their favour. Petoue (2) beat Ponake (1).

**CHRISTCHURCH FOOTBALL.**

Lancaster Park was very soft and muddy on Saturday afternoon, when the senior football competition was resumed. There was a large attendance. The match between Ablion and Sydenham attracted the bulk of the spectators, owing to the fact the game had on the result of the competition. Ablion did most of the attacking, and eventually won by 9 points to nil. The game between Canterbury College and Linwood was not conspicuous for brilliant play, and in the end the college defeated last year's champions by 8 points to 8. The result of Saturday's matches is to give Ablion a lead of 21 points for the championship, and as there are only two more games left to complete the round it is probable that the competition will be closed by the committee leaving Ablion in the position of champion team for the year.

**THE NEW ZEALAND TEAM.**

**MATCH AT SYDNEY.**

**NEW ZEALANDERS WIN BY 33 TO 3.**

**SYDNEY, July 29.**

A large assemblage, including the Governor (Sir H. Rawson), witnessed the football match New Zealand versus the Metropolitan Union.

New Zealand.—Full-back, Wallace; three-quarters, Asher, Wood and D. McGregor; five-eighths, Duncan, Stead; half, Humphries; forwards, Armstrong (wing), Long, Tyler, Udy, Fanning, McMin, Given, Cooke.

Metropolitan Union.—Full-back, Hawthorne; three-quarters, Barker, Oggard, Macnamara, Oxenham; halves, Manning, Johnston; forwards, O'Donnell (captain), Larkin, Burden, Davis, Brown, R. Harris, Judd, Carew.

The only score registered in the first spell was a try secured by Sydney. The second half had not been long started when the hopes of the New South Wales supporters were rudely dashed to the ground, as the New Zealanders got going with a will, and in a few minutes Duncan (their skipper) wound up a good run by passing to Long, who scored an easy try, and the kick at goal was improved by Wallace, New Zealand, 5; Sydney, 3. The game was hardly resumed before Duncan was again to the fore, and he carried the leather down to the local 25, where he transferred it to Humphries, who in turn passed it along to McMin, who scored. This angle was a difficult one, and Wallace failed to convert. New Zealand, 8; Sydney, 3. The visitors were soon aggressive again, and Stead, after a good run, passed to Asher, who dashed for the line, but was pushed out

just on the corner flag. From the throw in a fine pass to Wood and then to Duncan, Stead and Asher in quick succession enabled the last named to get over. Wallace failed to improve the score. New Zealand, 11; Sydney, 3. The local side appeared to be demoralised, and were rapidly going to pieces in the face of the fierce onslaught by the visitors. A splendid bit of passing from Long to McMin, Duncan, Wood and McGregor and back to Long gave the latter a chance to add another try to his credit, which he succeeded in accomplishing. Wallace was successful in placing a goal. New Zealand, 10; Sydney, 3. The visitors dribbled down the field again, but Udy lost the ball when on the point of scoring. Humphries, however, came to the rescue, and getting possession handed the ball to Stead, who gave it to McGregor, the latter crossing the line. Wallace was once more successful in scoring the major points. New Zealand, 21; Sydney, 3. The local men were visibly outplayed and hopelessly unable to withstand the rushes of the visitors, who returned to the attack with a fine dribbling rush started by Given and McMin and finishing with Wood scoring. Wallace's kick at goal was successful. New Zealand, 26; Sydney, 3. Shortly after the ball was in play again Humphries scored a mark right on the half-way line, from which Wallace, amidst the hearty applause of the spectators, placed a magnificent goal, raising the New Zealanders' score to 30 against Sydney's 3. Just on time Humphries and McGregor engaged in a passing rush. Asher passing the line, but Wallace, from a difficult angle, failed to convert, and the game ended—  
New Zealand ..... 33  
Sydney ..... 3

**NEW ZEALAND V. QUEENSLAND.**

**BRISBANE, August 1.**

Great interest was manifested in the opening match, New Zealand versus Queensland, and there was a very large attendance, it being estimated that fully 15,000 persons were present. Perfect weather prevailed, though the sun was rather oppressive to the visitors. In the early stages of the game the New Zealanders, both backs and forwards, exhibited form much below that shown by them in other matches of the tour, particularly the vanguard men, who displayed sluggishness in their movements. The catching, fielding and handling and kicking of the backs was very poor in the first spell, but improved somewhat in the second half. Wallace, at full-back for the visitors, gave a magnificent display, his tackling, line-kicking and catching being repeated shouts of applause. Kierman, who has recovered from the injury to his knee, shaped well, and McGregor did good service. Wood played below his usual form; but Asher was prominent at times, and Long, Tyler and Cooke were the best of the forwards.

In the first spell New Zealand put on five points, and Queensland failed to score. The visitors increased their advantage in the second half, and the game ended, New Zealand 17, Queensland 0.

**ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.**

Saturday's matches were full of surprises. What seemed like a certain draw was converted into a win by Y.M.C.A. against Thistle, although it is claimed that the score was gained after the expiry of the regulation time for the game. On this ground Thistle has protested, for they claim that the referee did not even have a watch, and when the touch-line angle, who kept the time, signalled to the referee that time was up, he did not see or, in any way, took no notice of the unprised flag. It is the fact that the Y.M.C.A. was on the point of scoring at the time, and some are inclined to assert the power of the referee to let the game go on in such a circumstance. The matter will be dealt with by the Association this week, if the protest is dismissed Y.M.C.A. lead by one point for the cup, and are virtual winners. If a draw is secured, Thistle are still one point ahead, and in the event of a Y.M.C.A. draw with Tabernacle will play off with Y.M.C.A. for the championship; if Y.M.C.A. wins the "Tubs" match, the club wins the cup by one point—a defeat is scarcely to be reckoned in the calculations.

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

**CATCHPOLE'S**  
**Karangahape Road,**  
**AUCKLAND,**  
Is the Best Place for  
**FURNITURE.**

**G. Zinzan Harris,**  
**SURGEON DENTIST,**  
**Wyndham Street, Auckland.**  
THREE DOORS FROM NATIONAL BANK OF NEW ZEALAND.

**MY OBJECT IS**  
**NO FEES FOR CONSULTATION. FEES CHEAPEST IN TOWN.**

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

**CEREBOS SALT.**

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

From Grocers and Stores  
Wholesale Agents—L. D. Nathan & Co., Auckland.

**THE BALMORAL BAKERY,**  
**AUCKLAND.**

**J. Gardiner, BAKER AND CONFECTIONER,**  
Symonds Street,  
Wishes to thank his numerous customers for their loyal support during the past eight years, and trusts that his efforts to supply them with **FIRST-CLASS BREADSTUFFS** will meet with their continued approval.

**A VISIT TO THE NEW SHOP**  
will be appreciated. You will find all the latest English, American, and Continental **HIGH-CLASS PASTRIES.**

**OUR BREAD IS MADE BY MACHINERY ONLY,**  
on the Latest Hygienic Principle.

**SPECIAL QUOTATIONS FOR COUNTRY CUSTOMERS.**



The rain destroyed four million bricks drying in the Kentish brickfields.

The New Zealand Band has left London in the Gothic. The tour has been unsuccessful financially.

Owing to the epidemics prevailing at Home the authorities have ordered the disinfection of all coins.

Torpedo-boat No. 112 ran ashore in Milford Haven. Two holes were cut in her hull. A gunboat rescued the crew.

The Russian Government hopes to complete six battleships of 16,000 tons each, and three armed cruisers, by 1906.

The "Standard" asserts that the King in September takes the Marienbad cure, and meets the Kaiser and Tsar at Darmstadt.

The petition from Australian residents at the Cape to remit Lieutenant Witton's sentence in connection with the Bushveldt murders has been refused by the Imperial authorities.

Regarding the Antarctic expedition, the "Morning Post" states that Captain McKay will command the Terranova, and Captain Colbeck will command the expedition.

A New Orleans cotton syndicate is holding 300,000 bales, purchased by its members for 20,000,000 dollars. The syndicate has complete control of the market.

Whitaker Wright, who recently consented to voluntarily return to England to answer charges of fraudulent company transactions, has sailed from New York in the Oceanic for Liverpool.

In response to an invitation, it has been arranged that a deputation of members of the British House of Commons will return the visit of the French Legislators in the course of November.

Sir Blundell Maple, head of the well-known furnishing house, the donor of the new buildings for University College hospital, and a great sportsman, is seriously ill.

The shareholders of the Cunard Steamship Company have ratified an agreement with the Imperial Government to remain a purely British undertaking for a period of 20 years.

Grievous reports are to hand concerning the damage occasioned by the rain throughout Great Britain. Eighteen hundred public school volunteers at Aldershot had their tents swamped.

An explosion in the United States Cartridge Company's factory at Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, wrecked the magazine and many houses within a radius of half a mile. Twenty-five persons were killed and 50 injured.

M. Andre, French Minister for War, accepted M. Santos-Dumont's offer to place an aerial flotation at the service of the Republic in the event of war. Two officers have been appointed to make practical trials.

Mr. Balfour, presiding at a meeting in connection with the cancer research fund, said he was hopeful that important results would be obtained. Every suggested remedy supported by reasonable evidence would be carefully investigated.

It is reported that Lord Kitchener has submitted to the Government a scheme for the great modification of the Indian Native Army. The Princes have promised their assistance, and the success of the project is regarded as assured.

The startling assertion is made in a pamphlet just issued, by attendants and nurses at the Victorian asylums, that at two of the big institutions near Melbourne certain patients are being drugged instead of being placed under physical restraint. The drugs alleged to be used are chloral, bromide, and sulphonal. The press is being fully supplied with statements by medical men and discharged patients, to the effect that these inmates are treated in a manner which amounts to a frightful travesty of mercy.

## GENERAL CABLES.

### A SERIOUS CHARGE.

Some policemen have been arrested at Grangemouth, in Scotland, on charges of being implicated in systematic burglaries in that district.

### SERVIAN REGICIDE.

Queen Draga's sister is lecturing in Switzerland, Germany, and Austria, and revealing the circumstances of the Belgrade tragedy. She alleges that King Peter was largely responsible for the murders.

### LYNCH LAW.

The "Times" New York correspondent states that lynchings are so common that the newspapers only record them when their features are unusual, as in the case of lynching by women yesterday.

Influential pressure is being brought on Federal and State Governments to end this intolerable situation.

### A FAUX PAS.

M. Clemenceau has severely criticised Lord Cranborne for condemning the French Religions Association's Act in the House of Commons.

The British press generally severely blame Viscount Cranborne for his indiscretion in attacking the internal policy of the French Government.

### STUDIOUS COSSACKS.

The "Cologne Gazette" reports that on the pretext of being engaged in geological research, several hundred Cossacks entered Tibet, claiming that they possess the permission of China to march through the country.

The Chinese Government denies this, and has warned its representative in Tibet to be vigilant.

### BULGARIA AT ST. JAMES'.

The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (the Marquis of Lansdowne) has informed the Bulgarian Foreign Office that Great Britain consents to the establishment of a Bulgarian diplomatic agency in London.

Hitherto this principality has remained unrepresented at the Court of St. James.

### UNREST IN RUSSIA.

Serious strikes in most of the Russian industrial centres and agrarian riots and outrages are frequent.

The mujiks or peasants horribly tortured and murdered Prince Gagarine on his estate at Michilofsh, and beat the Princess severely. They also killed Prince Urinoff in the same district.

The largest petroleum works at Bakn have been set on fire.

### COLLISION IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

As the steamer Ruperra was proceeding with cargo past the Scilly Islands she was run down by the cruiser Melampus.

The Melampus quickly lowered her boats and all hands on the cooler were brought off safely before their vessel sank.

The cruiser was slightly damaged, and is proceeding to Devonport to dock for the necessary repairs.

### EXPLOSION AT NOUMEA.

A fearful explosion took place in the busiest part of Noumea on July 31. Hundreds of people assembled on hearing a terrible report.

A tinsmith was putting a tap in an iron alcohol drum without removing the bung. The drum exploded, decapitating the tinsmith, whose head was blown a distance of several feet.

The chief engineer of the steamer France, who was watching the tinsmith, with his eight-year-old son, was blown several feet. The former had half of his face and an eye blown out, and the latter was badly injured; it is feared both fatally.

## THE LATE POPE.

The Rome newspapers complain of Dr. Lapponi's embalment. The decomposition of the body had caused the Noble Guard to petition to be relieved of their duty round the Catafalque.

The "Kolnische Zeitung" has denied the rumour which is current to the effect that the German Government will use its influence to prevent the election of Cardinal Rampolla. The Government is firmly resolved to endeavour to influence the Cardinals neither in opposing nor promoting any candidate.

## ACCIDENT AT A CRICKET MATCH.

A serious accident occurred at a cricket match at Perth on Saturday afternoon.

Perthshire was playing Forfarshire before a large attendance of the public in all parts of the ground.

Without any warning one of the stands suddenly collapsed, throwing 500 to the ground, some of those of the upper tiers falling a distance of 30ft.

One man was killed outright, 50 were removed to the infirmary, while 100 others received less serious injuries.

## FREE AND EASY POLITICS.

Another of the turbulent scenes now so familiar has occurred in the Hungarian Chamber. Papp Kossuth, a deputy, laid on the table of the House a sum of £420, which he declared had been given him as a bribe to prevent him causing obstruction.

The excitement culminated in a hand-to-hand fighting.

Count Hedevary, the Premier, at length consented to appoint a commission of enquiry.

## ENTENTE CORDIALE.

Baron de Constant, in the course of an interview, stated that Great Britain and France were ready to sign an arbitration convention on the lines of the one Britain negotiated with the United States, and were also ready to favour the working of The Hague Tribunal. That would be a prelude to the settlement of old difficulties, and the limitation of armaments would be certain to follow.

Sir Francis Knollys, His Majesty's Private Secretary, has telegraphed M. Constant that the King cordially shares his wish for good relationship between the French and British members of Parliament just established may contribute to the consolidation of the world's peace.

## ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM FOR AUSTRALIA.

Relf and Fielder have accepted a position in the English cricket team which visits Australia.

Arnold has accepted the M.C.C.'s invitation to accompany the cricket team to Australia.

The first-class batting averages include the following: Fry 83, Warner 52, Hirst 49, Tyldesley 47.5, Bosanquet 41.5, Hayes 40, Hayward 36, Arnold 34, Braund 28, Rhodes and Lilley 27, Relf 23. Bowling: Hirst 70 wickets, average 12; Bosanquet 46 wickets, average 16; Fielder 43 wickets, average 16; Rhodes 100 wickets, average 16; Relf 79 wickets, average 18; Braund 94 wickets,

average 20; Arnold 77 wickets, average 21.

## PRISONERS REVOLT.

A serious outbreak has occurred among the prisoners at Folsom Gaol, California.

Fifteen prisoners succeeded in making their escape, after killing two gaolers who tried to intercept them. They then made for the adjoining woods.

The town was quickly made aware of the occurrence, and the utmost excitement prevailed. The sheriffs were summoned, and the troops ordered out.

A chase then ensued, which ultimately resulted in the pursuers getting within sight of the convicts. The troops killed two of them, and ultimately surrounded others.

Gatlings have now been called into requisition, and a heavy fire is being maintained against the escapees, who, however, are so far continuing to hold out.

It is expected that they will shortly surrender.

## SOUTH AFRICA.

The South African Loan and War Contribution Bill has been read a second time without division.

By way of rebutting Sir William Harcourt's pessimism, Mr Chamberlain said that the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony were among the most progressive countries in the world. Nevertheless it would require large sums in the future for many of the purposes of development.

The Government contemplates a large irrigation scheme, including the damming of the Vaal River. If the Transvaal did not oppose the importation of Indian coolies neither would be. Unless any direct Imperial interest were concerned he intended to treat the Transvaal as a self-governing colony.

Referring to the proposal to import 10,000 Indian coolies, Lord Milner, in a despatch to Mr Chamberlain, states that the question of labour is assuming a really alarming aspect. Despite its enormous resources the colony would soon be landed in financial embarrassment unless outside labour were obtained, since there was not enough locally, even if all the natives worked.

Mr Chamberlain, in reply, said the ventilation of the question was necessary to ascertain the real verdict of public opinion.

Botha pleads that the European relief funds are spent and that he is unable to fulfil his promise to contribute £36,000 to supplement the Government relief for widows and orphans. Sir Arthur Lawley, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Transvaal, asks why the missing Boer millions are not available.

## THE FAR EAST.

The director of the Asiatic section of the Russian Foreign Office, interviewed by an American news agency, used extremely provocative language with regard to Great Britain and Japan, accusing Great Britain of extreme duplicity, and declared that Russia could crush Japan to sand, and that she was not afraid to fight any five Powers.

Reuter's Pekin correspondent states that Russia has prohibited the exportation of Manchurian wheat, fearing that

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

# Munyadi János

## FOR GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

Professor Immermann, Basel, Professor of Internal Medicine at the University—  
"Munyadi János has invariably shown itself an effectual and reliable Aperient; which I recommend to the exclusion of all others. Never gives rise to undesirable symptoms even if used continuously for years."  
AVERAGE DOSE.—A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water.

### CAUTION.

Note the name "Munyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, ANDRÁS BALKLÉNER, and the Medallion, on the Red Centre Part of the Label.

## HOW TO CURE HORSE, & DOG AILMENTS

A useful Veterinary Book is attached to every bottle of Condy's Fluid. In this Book Eminent Veterinary Surgeons strongly recommend Condy's Fluid as a Speedy and absolutely Certain cure for Sore Backs, Sore Shoulders, Broken Knees, Grease, Thrush, Cracked Heels in Horses, Distemper, Mange, Canker, Eczema, and Wounds of all kinds in Dogs.

Condy's Fluid is sold by all Chemists. Beware of Local Imitations. All substitutes are inferior. Insist on having "Condy's Fluid."

Japan is extensively importing with a view to war.

Vicount Hayaashi, the Japanese Minister in London, on being interviewed by a press representative, stated that war with Russia was a very long way off.

Any disagreement that might exist or might arise would doubtless be settled by arbitration.

The leading Japanese newspapers write calmly and confidently on the situation, and declare that Russia is increasing her military and naval forces in the Far East for the purpose of intimidation.

The Dowager-Empress has begun a crusade against the reformers in the south, and has ordered the arrest of 40 journalists at Shanghai and Peking, who mildly criticised the Government.

The German newspapers are supporting Russia over the Manchurian question.

General Kouropatkin, Minister for War, in the course of an interview in St. Petersburg, said that war with Japan in the near future was very improbable, though Russia was prepared, having 200,000 soldiers in the Far East.

**ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.**

The Queen gave £500 for distribution among the poor of Ireland, while at Buncrana, on Lough Swilly.

The Royal yacht then went south, and encountered a terrific gale in Killybegs Bay.

Their Majesties accordingly landed with a motor car, by means of which they proceeded through the wildest and most picturesque scenery of Connemara. On their way they visited the peasants' huts, and were accorded a most enthusiastic reception.

Landing at the little Donegal town of Buncrana, on Lough Swilly, their Majesties travelled twelve miles south-west by rail to Londonderry. There they received a great reception, the whole of the town turning out to welcome them.

After listening to many loyal addresses, to which the King replied, the party proceeded to lay the foundation stone of a new infirmary.

Their Majesties then embarked again in the Royal yacht, and started on a cruise along the west coast.

Their Majesties proceeded to and inspected the famous Connemara quarries, and, waiving formalities, allowed the peasants to push their carriage up the hills. The King and Queen's friendliness and evident enjoyment of their novel experiences occasioned great delight. They had a great reception in the city of Galway.

An old woman by the wayside at Reccs, County Galway, asked the King to remit her husband's sentence of imprisonment. Inquiries were made proving that the man's character was good. The Queen, with the King's permission, then remitted the sentence on the spot.

His Majesty, in replying to several addresses of welcome, said that the future of Ireland mainly depended upon the development of the spirit of industrial activity.

They sailed for Spithead on August 2.

**PREFERENTIAL TRADE.**

The presidents of the Liverpool, Sheffield, Glasgow, Swansea, Dundalk and Newport Chambers of Commerce, and the vice-president of the Dundee Chamber, favour the fiscal inquiry.

A meeting at St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, protested against the taxation of food as a great national danger.

Mr H. H. Asquith, M.P., said that Mr Chamberlain's proposal meant an immediate addition of eight millions sterling to the nation's bread bill.

Sir Edward Grey, speaking at Maidstone said he did not believe Mr Chamberlain's statement that the Empire would break up unless the present fiscal system was abandoned. He would dread to see a bond of bargain replace the sentimental union. Great Britain would not benefit if the colonies raised duties to the foreigners unless they lowered duties to her. He trusted the nation's strong sense would not support Mr Chamberlain and Mr Balfour in their great political gamble.

Mr Gerald Balfour, in moving the second reading of the Sugar Convention Bill in the House of Commons, said the chief objection was removed since the Government's declaration that they would not consent to penalise bounty-fed sugar imported from autonomous colonies.

The debate was adjourned.

The "Standard" asserts that it is expected that Mr Balfour, when addressing the National Conservative Union on October 1, will disclose the Government's fiscal policy.

Sir W. V. Harcourt, in an article contributed to a newspaper, argues that since the colonies are united to the Motherland by bonds of brotherhood, pride, and affection, Mr Chamberlain's plan to unite them by obligations of interest is superfluous, while the means proposed would be mischievous both to the centre of Government and to the Empire without.

**ELECTING A NEW POPE.**

The Conclave for the election of the new Pope has been constituted, with many quaint ceremonies.

The cardinals assembled in the Sistine Chapel, and took the oaths of secrecy, and to observe the Apostolic Constitution in the election.

At nightfall on August 1 the Camerlingo and the Swiss Guards, preceded by torch-bearers, minutely examined the building to see that no strangers were present. Then the doors were locked by the Camerlingo on the inside, and by the Marshal of the Conclave on the outside, 365 persons remaining within, comprising 62 cardinals, each with his secretary, valet, and one member of the Noble Guard, and 40 archbishops and bishops, besides cooks and porters.

Cardinal Herrera was taken ill almost immediately after the doors were closed, and Doctor Lapponi was summoned to attend him.

It is expected that Cardinal Rampolla, on the first ballot, will secure 20 votes as a mark of esteem for his political services. Then he will withdraw his candidature and support Cardinal Gotti. Cardinal Dipietro's chance is still considered the best.

The meeting of the Conclave at the Sistine Chapel opened at four o'clock. At fifteen minutes past eleven dense white smoke issued from the chimney connected with the stove where the voting papers are burned. This was due to the addition of damp straw, indicating that the first ballot had proved without result. The second ballot, which finished at six o'clock, had a similar result. Ten thousand people, who had assembled in the square awaiting the result, dispersed half an hour later.

The Cardinals in conclave celebrated mass at 6.30 this morning.

It is rumoured that the first ballot was informal, and that eight of the candidates received substantial support, Cardinals Rampolla and Vannutelli heading the list, Depietro and Capecalino following.

After lunch a conference was held with the object of reaching an agreement, but the second ballot was practically the same as the first.

Cardinal Herrer kept his bed while the voting was proceeding. Three infirmaries employees fetched the voting papers from his cell.

The Italian troops posted in the vicinity of the Vatican ensure the liberty of the deliberations.

All food and communications of every kind are passed through four revolving trap doors, which are guarded by six officials.

All letters and newspapers passing in are scrutinised by a censor. Even chickens and fish are opened before they are admitted. These steps are taken to prevent unauthorised communications from reaching the cardinals.

**AUSTRALIA.**

The Federal Customs receipts to July total £884,000, exceeding the estimate by £125,000.

**COLLISION IN SYDNEY HARBOUR.**

A serious collision took place in Sydney Harbour on July 31 between the steamer Mildura and Argus. The Mildura was inward bound from Newcastle, whilst the Argus was outward bound to Calcutta, with a cargo of horses, etc. The Argus was so badly injured by the collision that she had to be beached at Goat Island.

The Mildura's bows were stove in, but it is believed that all her damage is above the waterline. The Sultan of Johore, who has been on a visit to Australia, was a passenger by the Argus.

The weather was overcast and gloomy at the time of the collision. The Mildura hit the Argus stem on. The blow was

terrific, and her plates on the starboard bow were cut into from the rail to below the waterline.

When the vessels rebounded it was seen that the Argus needed assistance. The Mildura immediately put out her boats to render aid, but the Argus steamed over to Goat Island, and beached in two fathoms of water.

The Mildura's bows were crumpled up, but no damage was sustained below the water line. Both vessels had commenced to go astern before the impact.

The Argus had a number of passengers, including women and children. As all were below owing to the rain, they were thrown into a temporary panic when the shock came.

The top of the hole is 15ft wide, tapering to 6ft on the water-line.

Some of the crew had a narrow escape. The bunks in the fore-castle were smashed to matchwood.

There were over a hundred horses on board, including valuable racers, which were plunging and kicking wildly.

The Sultan of Johore endeavoured to calm the women. He states he was surprised at the way the terrified Lascar crew behaved. He urged them to act calmly.

[The Argus is a steamer belonging to Messrs A. Currie, and is engaged on the Australia-India trade. She was built in 1880 and her tonnage is 3782.]

[The Mildura is a steel steamer of 1304 tons net register, and is owned by the Australian P.S.N. Co., and her port of registry is Brisbane. She was built at Glasgow as recently as 1901.]

**GENERAL NEWS.**

Mr Pedersen, a native of Denmark, has been engaged by the Government as dairy expert in the place of Mr Kinella, and is expected to arrive in the colony within three months.

There was a magnificent eruption at Waimangu at 9.30 a.m. on Aug 1. A column of steam rose from seven to ten thousand feet in height, and was visible from here. The weather is very cold and bracing, and Mount Tarawera is covered with snow, telegraphs our Rotorua correspondent.

The discount-stamp transactions at the Post Offices of the colony during the June quarter were not startling, but still were a slight advance upon the same quarter of last year. The value of discount-stamps sold was £688 10s, as against £548 10s in June, 1902, and stamps redeemed £591 11s, against £475 18s. The value of stamps on hand at the end of the quarter was £775 5s. Wellington did the biggest trade in the stamps, purchasing £587 worth and redeeming £508 5s worth. None of the transactions in the other postal districts reached as high as £100.

One of the arguments in favour of the establishment of the Railway Servants' Superannuation Fund last year was that it would put an end to the countless petitions to the House for allowances from retired railway servants. In view of this, it is rather curious that the

first petition dealt with by the Railways Committee at its first meeting this session, held to-day, was from a retired railway employee praying for a compassionate allowance. The evidence showed that the petitioner had paid five months' subscription to the fund, and was in receipt of an annual sum of £73. In the face of this he asked for an allowance because of an alleged injury of which his superior officers had never heard. The application was very promptly thrown out.

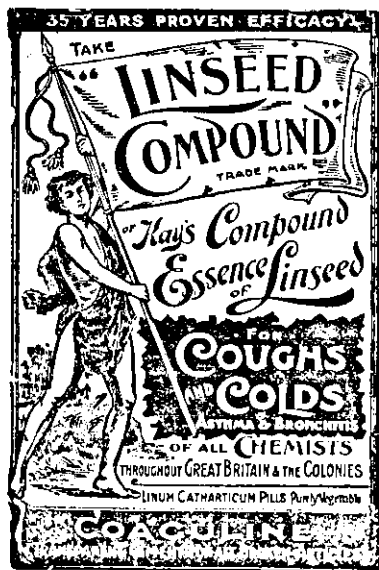
Changes of a fairly radical nature are contemplated in connection with the syllabus in use in the primary schools. The nature of the proposals which are to be submitted to Cabinet is in the direction of giving more liberty to teachers in shaping the course of studies. There will be more freedom in small schools particularly, and discretionary powers will be vested in teachers subject to the approval of Education Boards in the teaching of geography and history. For instance, the information imparted to children will be more general and practical, there will be less stuffing with dates and unimportant details, and civic history will be paid particular attention to. In science considerable latitude will be allowed to teachers, and local requirements will be considered by masters in deciding the trend of tuition in this subject. Provision will also be made for a course of physical exercise.

The net Customs duty collected at Auckland in July amounted to £60,332, this port in July amounted to £60,332, and compared with £54,017 for the corresponding period last year, shows an increase of £6315. The beer duty was £1345, as against £1461 in July last year, a decrease of £116. The exports of gold amounted to 23,045ozs., valued at £84,660, compared with 16,310ozs., valued at £61,369, an increase of 6726ozs. and £23,291. The silver exported totalled 65,407ozs., valued at £6,547, as against 34,253ozs., valued at £3426, an increase of 31,154ozs., and £3121. The exports of produce and frozen meats were as follow:—Butter 436 cwt., valued at £2190, compared with 1033 cwt., valued at £5316, a decrease of 597 cwt., and £3120; cheese, 10 cwt., valued at £32, compared with 177 cwt., valued at £462, a decrease of 167 cwt., and £430; beef, 3726 cwt., valued at £4737, as against 4554 cwt., valued at £5314, a decrease of 828 cwt., and £576; lamb, 4757 cwt., valued at £7806, compared with 364 cwt., valued at £425, an increase of 4169ozs., and £7381; mutton, 4068 cwt., valued at £5452, as against 588 cwt., valued at £595, an increase of 3480 cwt., and £4857.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 1s 6d. The genuine is stamped. "L.B.Q."

Agents—SHARLAND & CO., Ltd., AUCKLAND AND WELLINGTON.



# 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.

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**  
AN IMPORTANT INTERNATIONAL  
EVENT.

ARRIVAL IN NEW ZEALAND,  
PER S.S. SONOMA,  
OF  
A REPRESENTATIVE COMPANY  
OF  
AMERICAN COMEDIANS,  
Under the Sole Direction of  
MR. GEO. STEPHENSON,  
SPECIALLY SELECTED IN AMERICA  
BY MR. FRED. W. DUVAL,  
COMMENCING THURSDAY, AUGUST 6,  
FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW  
ZEALAND.

STINE AND EVANS'  
AMERICAN COMEDY COMPANY  
is  
One of the Most Novel and Successful  
Comedies in the United States,  
Entitled,  
MAMA'S NEW HUSBAND.  
Written Purely for Laughing Purposes  
only by Mr. J. O. de Kibler.

New Scenery, Costumes, and Dresses ex-  
pressly made for this production.

PRICES—4s, 2s, and 1s.  
Box Plan at Willman, Lyell, and Aray's.  
Touring Manager ..... Mr. F. W. Duval  
Representative ..... C. R. Bailey

Maggie Moore leaves for New York  
the second week in November.

It is understood that Mr. George Mus-  
grave has cancelled all his New Zealand  
dates pencilled for the end of the year.

Mr. J. Brown, who was ahead of the  
World's Entertainers during their New  
Zealand tour, is now acting in the same  
capacity for the Westminster Glee and  
Concert Party.

The Westminster Glee and Concert  
Party returns to New Zealand in Octo-  
ber. Dates are booked at the Opera  
House, Auckland, from 20th to 22nd of  
that month.

A cable from London states that  
Mr. Justice Farwell has granted the  
well-known actress, Miss Olga Nether-  
sole, an injunction to restrain the pro-  
duction by Mr. Bernard Espinasse, of  
Sydney, of a version of "Sappho" on the  
ground of an infringement of copyright.

The Auckland Choral Society's third  
concert was to have taken place on Tues-  
day evening (after we went to press with  
this issue). The last rehearsal on Mon-  
day did not give promise of any very sig-  
nal success. A poorer "final" has prob-  
ably seldom been heard.

From genial George Tallis and His Ma-  
jesty's Theatre, Melbourne, comes a reg-  
ular "pick" of future postcards, beauti-  
fully printed, with scenes from "The Mes-  
senger Boy." The Musical Comedy Com-  
pany did exceedingly well with "The Belle  
of New York." Miss Digges as Bill com-  
ing in for much commendation.

The Majestic Dramatic Company has  
been doing satisfactory business at the  
Opera House. "The Shastruck and the  
Rose" followed "Justice at Last," and  
proved a very popular piece. On August  
7th the company will stage "Jealousy,"  
and on the following night will put on  
that sterling drama, "For the Term of  
His Natural Life."

Walter Kirby writes from London by  
the Frisco mail: "Just a line to send  
best wishes to all New Zealand friends.  
I have come on to London from Paris on  
the advice of Madame Melba. I sang for  
Mons. Bostly, who declared himself  
enchanted with my voice, and wishes me  
to go in for opera. At present I am  
studying with Signor Loreus and Mr.  
Franklin Clive."

Fred Duval on American reporters:  
"And," said the reporter, "of course you  
think San Francisco is the finest city in  
the world?" "No." "Ah! you prefer  
Los Angeles?" "No!" "Seattle?"  
"No!" "Chicago?" "No!" "New York?"  
"London?" "No!" "Paris?" "No!"  
"What, then, sir, do you think is the  
finest city in the world?" I answered  
"Waikouaiti." "Dog gone me if ever I  
heard of it!" he observed. And next  
morning he had a lump in his paper  
about me and Waikouaiti.

Once again the City Hall is the nightly  
scene of merriment and music. Once  
again the ebony-faced bones and tambos  
crack the jokes we all know so well, but  
always laugh at, and all is as it used to  
be. Mr. John Fuller, for whom Auck-  
landers have always had a soft spot in  
their hearts, has taken up the tale where  
Mr. P. R. Dix left off, and it is to be  
hoped he will be able to hold the atten-  
tion of his audience for many days to  
come. The opening performance on Aug-  
ust 1 was certainly encouraging, and the  
warm reception which the people gave  
the tenor, who has so often charmed  
them, showed that he was very wel-  
come.

The decision arrived at to send the  
Trowell boys to Frankfurt, to the Hoch  
Conservatorium, instead of to Leipzig,  
has been arrived at only after long con-  
sideration, and after all the arguments for  
and against have been duly weighed.  
The reason for the step now resolved  
upon is that at the Hoch Conservatorium  
Master Thomas Trowell will have the  
benefit of the training given by the great  
cellist, Hugo Becker, who is probably  
unrivalled at the present day as a teacher  
of that instrument, says the "New Zeal-  
and Mail."

The enterprise of Mr. George Stephen-  
son in bringing from America a com-  
plete company of representative artists,  
with a new repertoire of the latest com-  
edy successes, is a theatrical event which  
is creating the greatest interest. The  
company, which was specially selected in  
America by Mr. F. W. Duval, arrived on  
Monday by the s.s. Sonoma, and will  
make their first appearance in the col-  
onies at His Majesty's Theatre on Thurs-  
day, August 6th. During the season  
three of the latest comedy successes will  
be presented, viz., "Mama's New Hus-  
band," "Brown's in Town," and "Where is  
Cobb?" These plays were specially se-  
lected by Mr. Duval, and the exclusive  
Australasian rights have been purchased  
by Mr. George Stephenson. The initial  
production will be "Mama's New Hus-  
band," for which new scenery, costumes  
and properties have been expressly pre-  
pared. As is generally known, Mr. Ste-  
phenson recently despatched Mr. Duval  
to America with instructions to secure  
the best attraction in that country most  
suitable to the tastes of New Zealand  
and Australian playgoers. Mr. Duval  
was successful in inducing the Stine and  
Evans Comedy Company to make a trip  
to these colonies, and he speaks in terms  
of the highest praise of each member of  
the organisation. The box plan is now  
open at Willman, Lyell and Aray's.

In Auckland the Hawtrey Company are  
doing fair business. "Other People's  
Business" is really a clever little play,  
and the young authors deserve warm  
commendations thereon. An immensely  
successful matinee performance of "Little  
Lord Fauntleroy" was given on Saturday  
before a packed house of enraptured  
children. The company played up to their  
exceptional audience in fine style, and the  
charming little play never went better.  
Though late in the day, a tribute should  
be paid to the immortal Hobbs, as pre-  
sented by that fine actor, Mr. Oily Doer-  
ing. It is not too much to say that ab-  
solute genius is shown by Mr. Doering,  
and the part could not possibly be better  
played. The Little Lord of Miss Lorking  
is an exceedingly clever performance, and  
Mr. Hawtrey is of course an ideal Earl  
of Devoncourt.

Unquestionably the theatrical event of  
the week, though outside New Zealand,  
was the opening of the new Her Majes-  
ty's Theatre, Sydney, built by Mr. J. C.  
Williamson, in conjunction with Mr. H.

Vincent, of St. James' Theatre, Lon-  
don, to replace the edifice burned down  
last year. The new theatre is a very  
magnificent and up-to-date building, and  
has cost Mr. Williamson the traditional  
"hateful of money." The veteran actor-  
manager, who seems to have the secret of  
perpetual youth, appeared himself in his  
old part in "Kerry," and received a tre-  
mendous ovation. As was previously an-  
nounced, the whole of the proceeds were  
devoted to charity, and as no seat in the  
dress circle sold for under a pound, and  
others in proportion, the amount handed  
over to various Sydney institutions must  
have been considerable. Mr. Williamson  
received many congratulatory telegrams  
from friends in all parts of the Common-  
wealth and New Zealand, including mes-  
sages from the branches of the New Zeal-  
and Institute of Journalists. The whole  
theatre-going population of this colony  
will wish Mr. Williamson every success in  
his new playhouse. He has been a good  
and plucky impresario and manager, and  
always takes New Zealand with his  
scenes, so that we have of late years  
been exceedingly well catered for in re-  
gard to amusements. The common idea  
of a manager is that he has nothing to  
do but sit in a luxurious room in his  
theatre and watch his bank account aug-  
ment. As a fact, it is as arduous, as  
wearying, and as speculative a business  
as there is in the world. There are large  
gains, no doubt, but also heavy losses.  
Mr. Williamson has experienced the vicis-  
situdes inseparable from the profession,  
but in the main fortune has smiled on  
him, and it is the hope of this paper and  
thousands who have enjoyed his produc-  
tions that it may continue to do so.

It is probable that Mr. Harry Weir will  
visit New Zealand at no distant date.  
Negotiations are proceeding with a view  
to his taking the tenor solos in "Elijah,"  
"The Messiah," and "The Golden  
Legend" at the forthcoming Musical Festi-  
val at Wellington.

Mr. Williamson has engaged the Can-  
terbury Hall in December for Miss Ada  
Crossley. It is probable that Mr. Harold  
Ashton, now here in advance of "Are  
You a Mason?" Company, will pilot Miss

Crossley through New Zealand. The  
support to the star is said to be very  
strong, indeed; far stronger than ac-  
companied the great Melba.

An occasional correspondent writes  
from Rotorua:—The Mushroom Drama-  
tic Club played the comedy, "My Sweet-  
heart," at the Assembly Hall, Rotorua,  
on Wednesday and Thursday evenings  
last week, and received a splendid recep-  
tion. The cast was as follows: Snow, Mr.  
McLeod; Dudley Harcourt, Mr. F. W.  
Tomlinson; Dr. Oliver, Mr. F. I. Ellis;  
Tony Faust, Mr. H. J. Blomfield; Joe  
Shotwell, Mr. W. H. Young; Farmer  
Hatzell, Mr. W. Wiggs; Mrs. Hatzell, Mrs.  
C. B. Turner; Lena Fleeter, Mrs. D. L.  
Barron; Tina Hatzell (My Sweetheart),  
Miss Malfroy. Miss Malfroy, as Tina,  
played the name part with a spirit of  
great freshness and energy. As Lena  
Fleeter, the adventuress, Mrs. D. Innes  
Barron was ideal. Her posing was very  
graceful, and at times gave considerable  
dramatic force, which added to the ac-  
tion of the piece. Mrs. C. B. Turner, as  
Mrs. Hatzell, had a very heavy part, and  
entered fully into her character. She  
was decidedly original and funny, and  
calls for special mention. As Farmer  
Hatzell Mr. Wiggs made the most of his  
part. The character of the sportive  
doctor, who tries to bring about Miss  
Fleeter's downfall, was in the hands of  
Mr. Ellis, whose enunciation was exceed-  
ingly good. Mr. Blomfield, as Tony Faust,  
appeared to be perfectly at home. He  
played the part with great thorough-  
ness, no point being spoiled. As Snow,  
the negro, Mr. McLeod was very funny.  
Mr. Tomlinson, as Dudley Harcourt, and  
Mr. W. H. Young, as Joe Shotwell, the  
gambler, filled their parts very credit-  
ably. The stage management was in  
the hands of Mr. Wiggs, the scenery be-  
ing from the brushes of Messrs. Steele  
and Blencoe. Several pieces were de-  
lightfully rendered by the orchestra, un-  
der the control of Mr. Horace Stewart.  
Miss Ripson played the various accom-  
paniments most acceptably. Several  
beautiful dresses were worn by Miss  
Malfroy and Mrs. D. L. Barron. Great  
credit is due the club, which is only in  
its infancy.

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

**HORSE AND COW COVERS**  
HAWKE'S IMPROVED PATENT.  
Leg or Thigh Straps Covers. Send for Price Lists, or Call and Inspect Our Covers.

**E. LeRoy,**  
HORSE COVER AND OILSKIN MANUFACTURER.  
(Opposite Smeeton's.) TELEPHONE 1104. 42, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

**W. P. HOFFMANN, QUEEN STREET, Auckland.**  
Pianos and Organs on Time Payment.

SOLE AGENT FOR  
Brinsmead Pianos  
Gollard & Gollard Pianos  
Carl Ecker Pianos  
Rosener Pianos  
STORY & CLARK ORGANS.  
Besson BAND INSTRUMENTS.

Call and Inspect the Royal Piano Player.



Violins,  
Banjos,  
Guitars,  
Accordions,  
Concertinas,  
&c., &c.  
AND ALL KINDS OF FITTINGS.  
All kinds of Musical Instruments Tuned and Repaired.  
VIOLIN STRINGS IN GREAT VARIETY.





**A Sturdy Young New Zealander.**

NO FEAR FOR THE RACE WHILE THE COLONY HAS SONS LIKE THIS.

Photographic study by Jenkinson, Karangahape Road, Auckland.

## From Mount Cook over the Copland Pass to the West Coast.

A TRIP NEVER BEFORE DONE BY LADIES.

(By Miss Constance Barnicoat.)

Last autumn the route from Mount Cook to the West Coast via the Copland or Fitzgerald's Pass was for the first time traversed by three ladies, of whom I was one, under the escort of the Government guides, Clarke and Smith, from the Hermitage. Hitherto some dozen men had had the monopoly of this track (which is as bad as it is beautiful), among them Mr. Fitzgerald himself, who gave his name to the pass; Zurbriggen, the Swiss guide; and Mr. Pringle, the Tourist Department photographer.

When I went down to the Hermitage Hotel, Mount Cook, in March, I found that this trip, which may some day become famous, but of which I had never even heard, had already been arranged for two West Coast ladies, Mrs. Thomson, of Greymouth, and Miss Perkins, of Westport; and I and a young Englishman, a practised mountaineer, who happened to be at the Hermitage, decided that we would go over too. Of course everyone undertaking so rough a trip, over country for the most part trackless and rarely with anything better than a blazed track, would have first to satisfy the guides as to their fitness. It is no trip for delicate people, nor, indeed, for anyone who is not very tough indeed, much tougher than the average woman. I was a fortnight and more training on the moraines and mountains around the Hermitage before going, though I was really ready to start long before that; but I warn anyone thinking of such a trip that they will probably have to spend at least three or four days going expeditions before the guides will consent to take them. There is no taking people likely to give out half-way. Also they will have to submit to very much reformed dress, but since there is no one but the keas and the guides to see, that really does not matter. Anything but a more or less boyish dress—better more than less—is utterly impossible.

The whole trip is only 26 miles, but those 26 miles took us three and a half days, which was considered very fair time. During those days we had to camp out, and of course we saw not a sign of any soul but ourselves. April is fully late for such a trip, because of the snow on the pass; and the very morning before we were to have started we woke up to find the mountain-tops all hidden in the thick whiteness of falling snow, and the ground around the Hermitage like a great sheet. Three days afterwards, however, we made a start, in an inauspicious drizzle, knowing that even then the snow could not be in good condition, but that if we waited it would probably be worse. We took a tent and four sleeping bags, and, of course, had to carry besides all our provisions and some for the guides coming back—far too much weight for so few shoulders. As for luggage on such a trip, you can only take what will go in a ruc-sack, which is next to none; everything else must be sent overland to Hokitika or Greymouth, which takes a tremendous time, and the luggage is quite likely not to be at its destination when you are.

We did not start till about three on a Friday afternoon, seven of us, including the Swiss porter, whom we only took to the top of the pass. That day our way lay over the Hooker moraine, which is not so rough as some of the other moraines, but still rough enough to be very slow walking, and of course no track can ever be made across any moraine. Our camp was under a huge hollowed out boulder, on a small plateau on the other side of the moraine.

Next morning everyone got up in the dark, and we started at daybreak in a thick, drenching drizzle—a peculiarly dismal morning, soaking everything, even to the flannelly flowers of the edelweiss, clinging forlornly to the dripping rocks. What was most grievous was that, so far from seeing a view, which in clear weather is magnificent, we could not even see the nearest mountain spur.

That morning—Saturday—till about 11, we climbed dripping rocks, steep but not bad enough for a rope to be needed. About 11 the rope was put round us; we had reached the snow of the pass. It was most bitterly cold, an icy wind was blowing, and the scene was unspeakably bleak, lonely, and desolate. For nearly an hour we were roped three and

four, the guides going first, cutting steps and seeing that the snow, which was sometimes up to our knees, was perfectly safe.

Once over the pass we sent the Swiss porter back, congratulated ourselves,

and drank one another's health in whisky. On the other side, the West Coast side of the Southern Alps, we soon got into sunshine, weak and watery though it was, and even found the last of the mountain lilies lingering in a

sheltered corner. But those who want to see the alpine flowers should be much earlier in the season, about December or January. Before unroping, there was a long stretch of snow fit to glissade on. (Continued on page 409.)



BETWEEN HINDES AND ROSS—A TYPICAL WEST COAST ROAD.



OUR PARTY.



GUIDE CLARKE, CHIEF GOVERNMENT GUIDE AT THE HERMITAGE, MOUNT COOK.



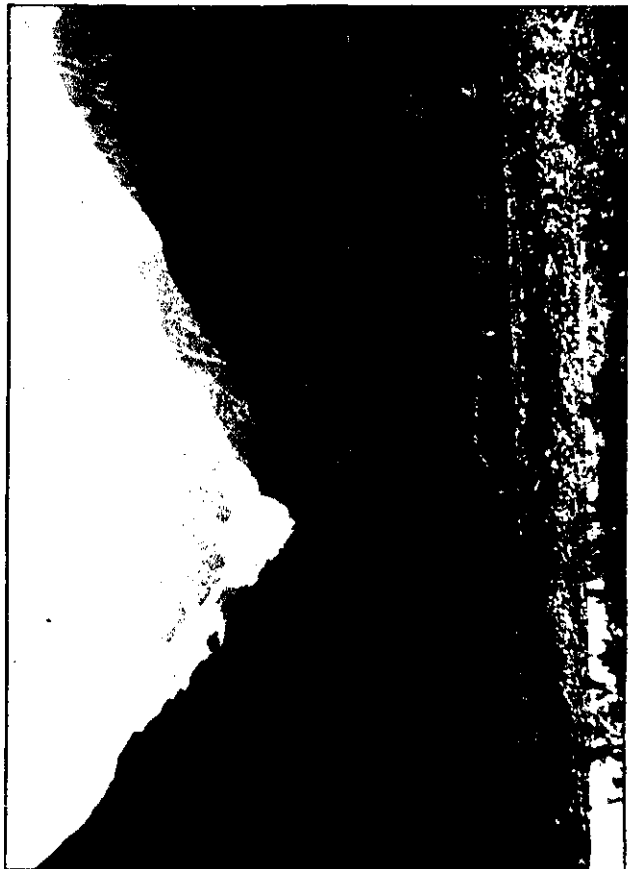
LAKE MAPOURJKA.



LOOKING DOWN FOX GLACIER.

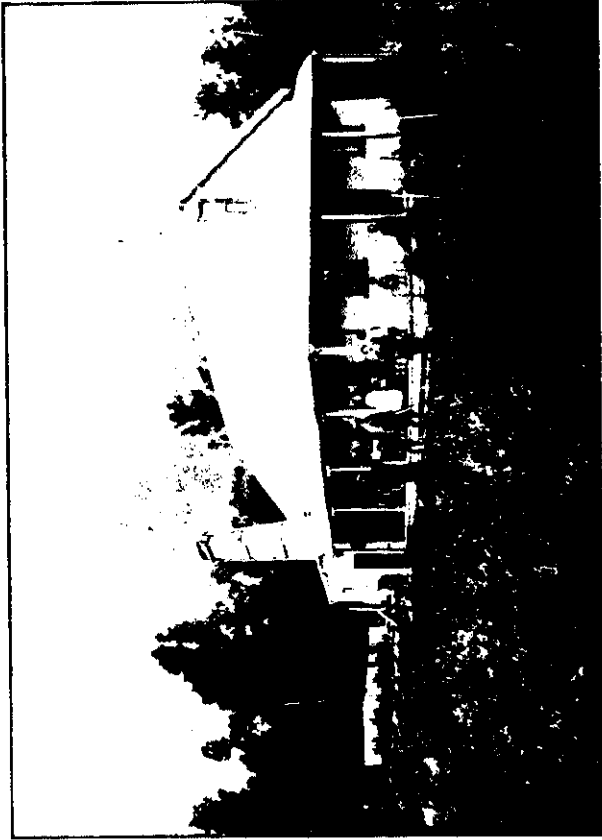


THE SECOND NIGHT IN CAMP.



AT WELCOME FLAT, BETWEEN COPLAND PASS AND SCOTT'S.

FROM MOUNT COOK OVER COPLAND PASS.



SCOTT'S ACCOMMODATION HOUSE.—The first sign of civilization after crossing the Pass.



LOOKING UP FRANZ JOSEPH GLACIER.



BATSON'S ACCOMMODATION HOUSE.—On the way from Scott's to Ross.



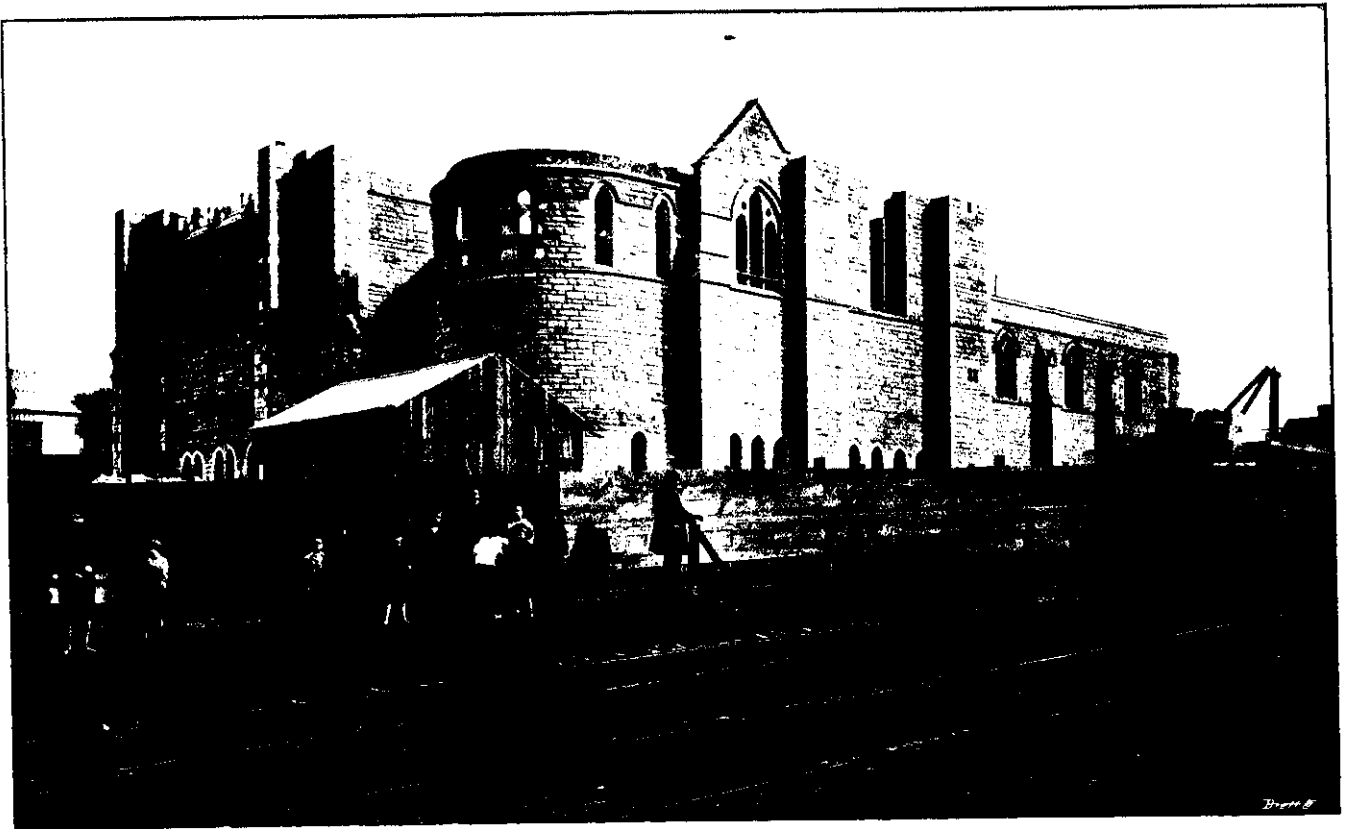
SOME UNCLIMBED NAMELESS PEAKS AFTER CROSSING THE PASS.

FROM MOUNT COOK OVER COPLAND PASS.

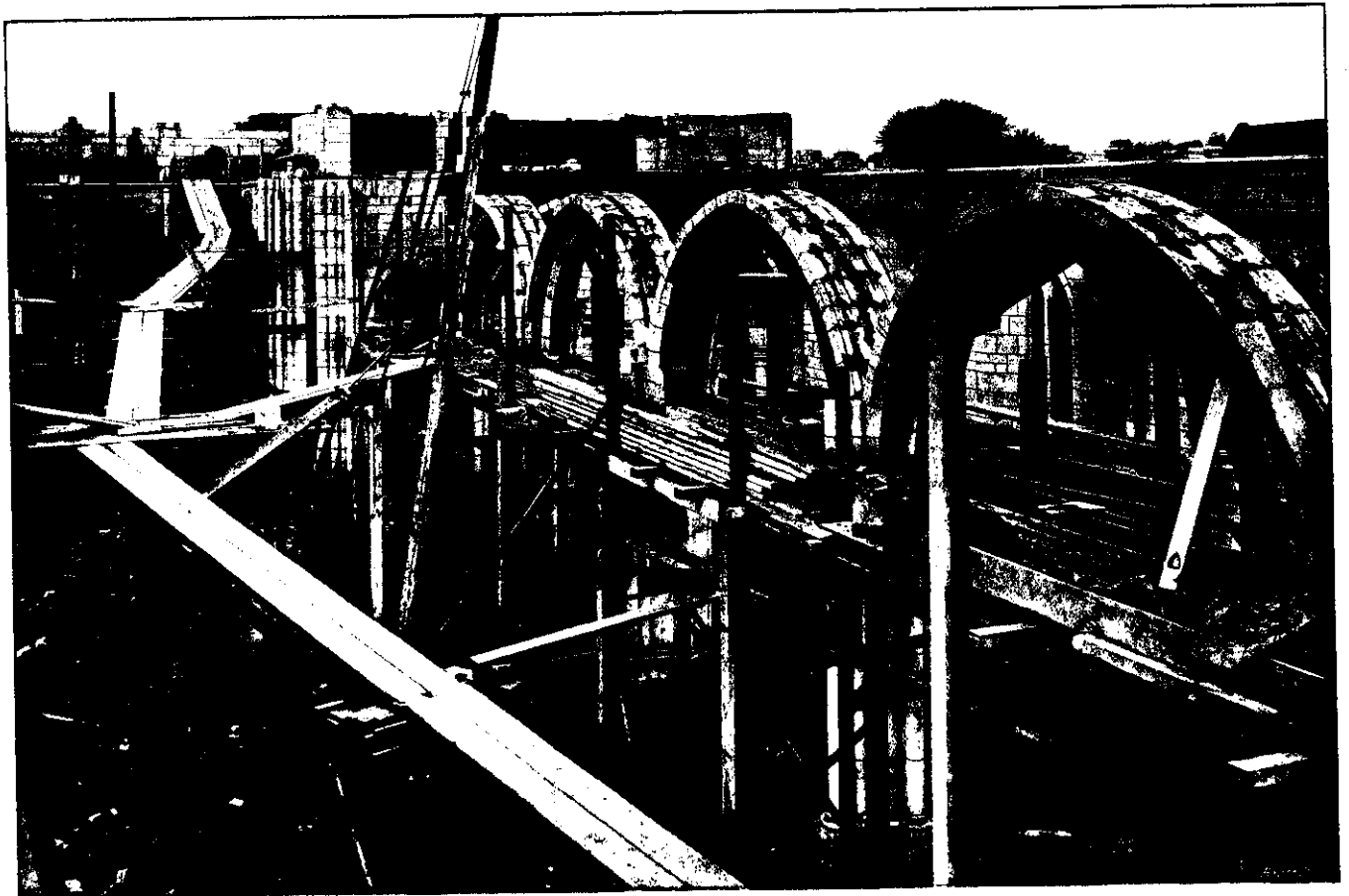


ST. MATTHEW'S STONE CHURCH.

GROUP OF EXPERT STONEMASONS AND ASSISTANTS ENGAGED IN THE ERECTION OF THIS FINE BUILDING.



THE EXTERIOR FROM WELLESLEY STREET.



Hemlock Studio, photo.

AN INTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

### The Building of St. Matthew's Stone Church.



THE MISHAP TO THE NIWARU AT NAPIER

1. Mr Tyler and Captain East (looking down the hold) watching the pumping operations. Captain Fishwick and the first officer talking together by the ventilator. 2. Pumps at work on No. 4 hold. 3. The effect of the pumping. 4. The hold where the leak is. 5. Captain Fishwick, the master of the Niwaru, in the right hand figure in the central photograph. He is discussing the situation with Captain Davidson.

Copy neg: c16, 186 -



INCLINE, NGUNGURU COAL COMPANY'S MINE, KIRIPAKA.

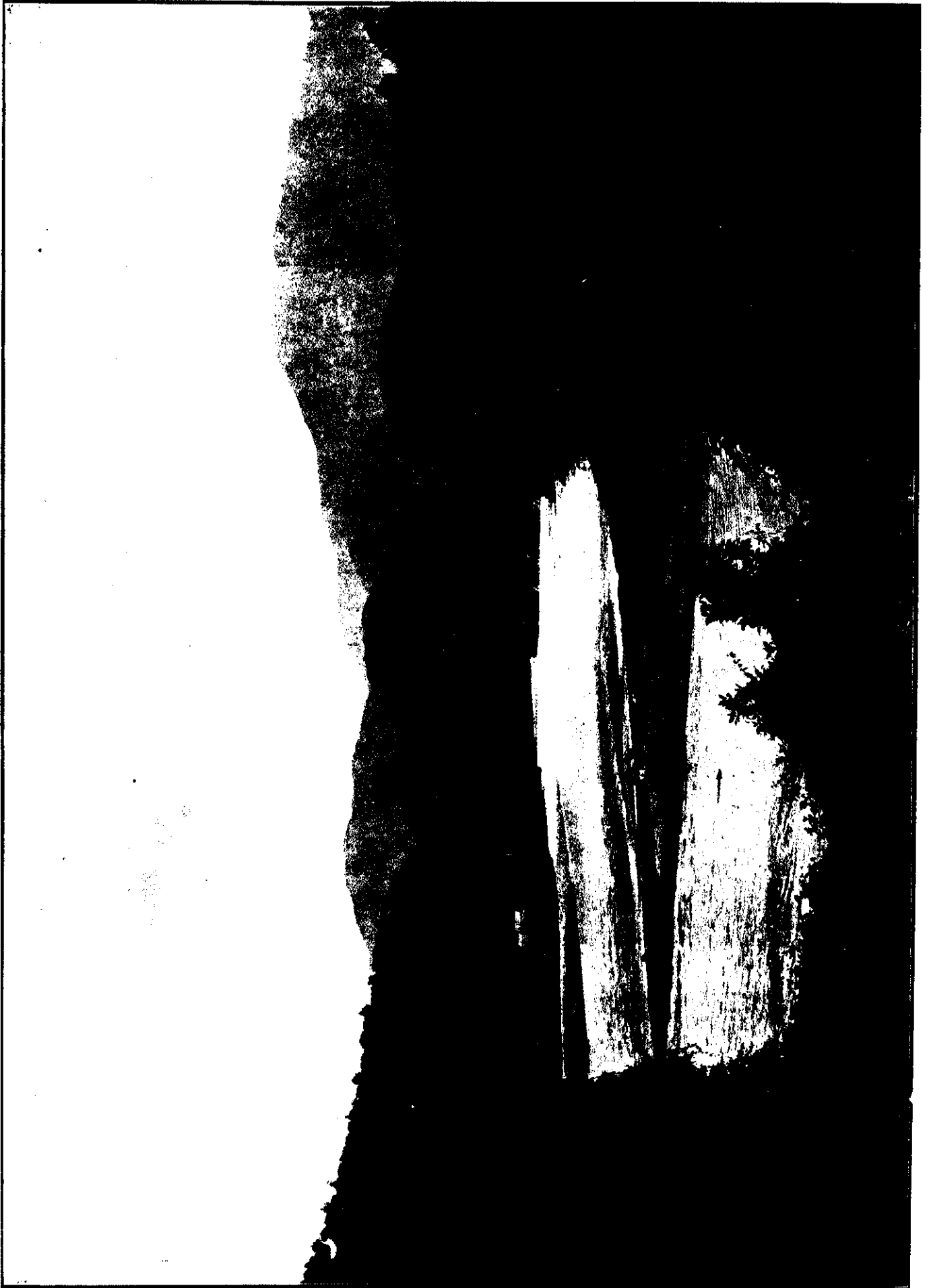
Copy neg: c8718.



NATIVE WOMAN GATHERING AND STORING MAIZE.

Copy negative no. c8718.





FAMOUS SOUTH ISLAND SCENERY.—Junction of the Buller and Inangahua.

Waikato, "Graphic" photo.



THE VETERANS.



THE AMERICAN ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS.



THE DRUIDS.



THE RECHABITES.

Auckland Friendly Societies' Demonstration in Aid of the Veterans' Home.



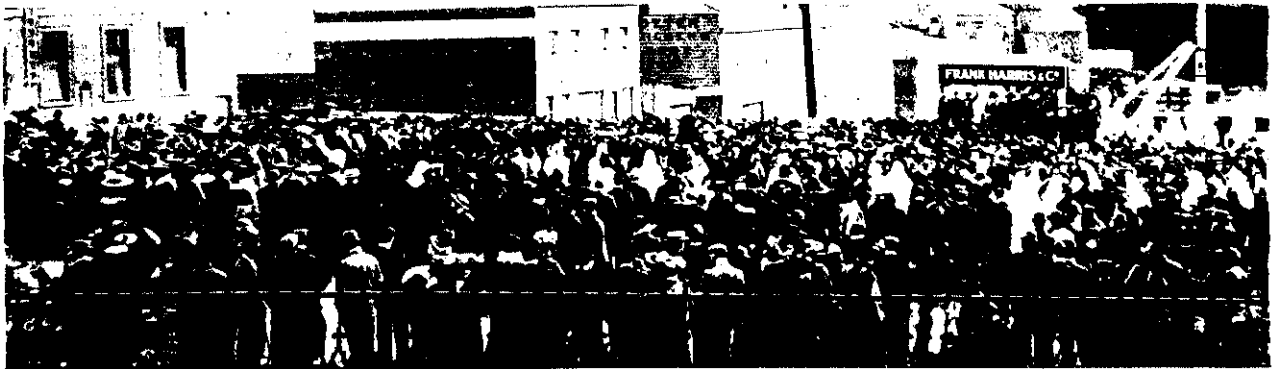
START OF THE PROCESSION, NEWTON.



A PASSING SHOWER.



THE VETERANS ASSEMBLING.



THE CROWD AT THE DRILL SHED.

Auckland Friendly Societies' Demonstration in Aid of the Veterans' Home.

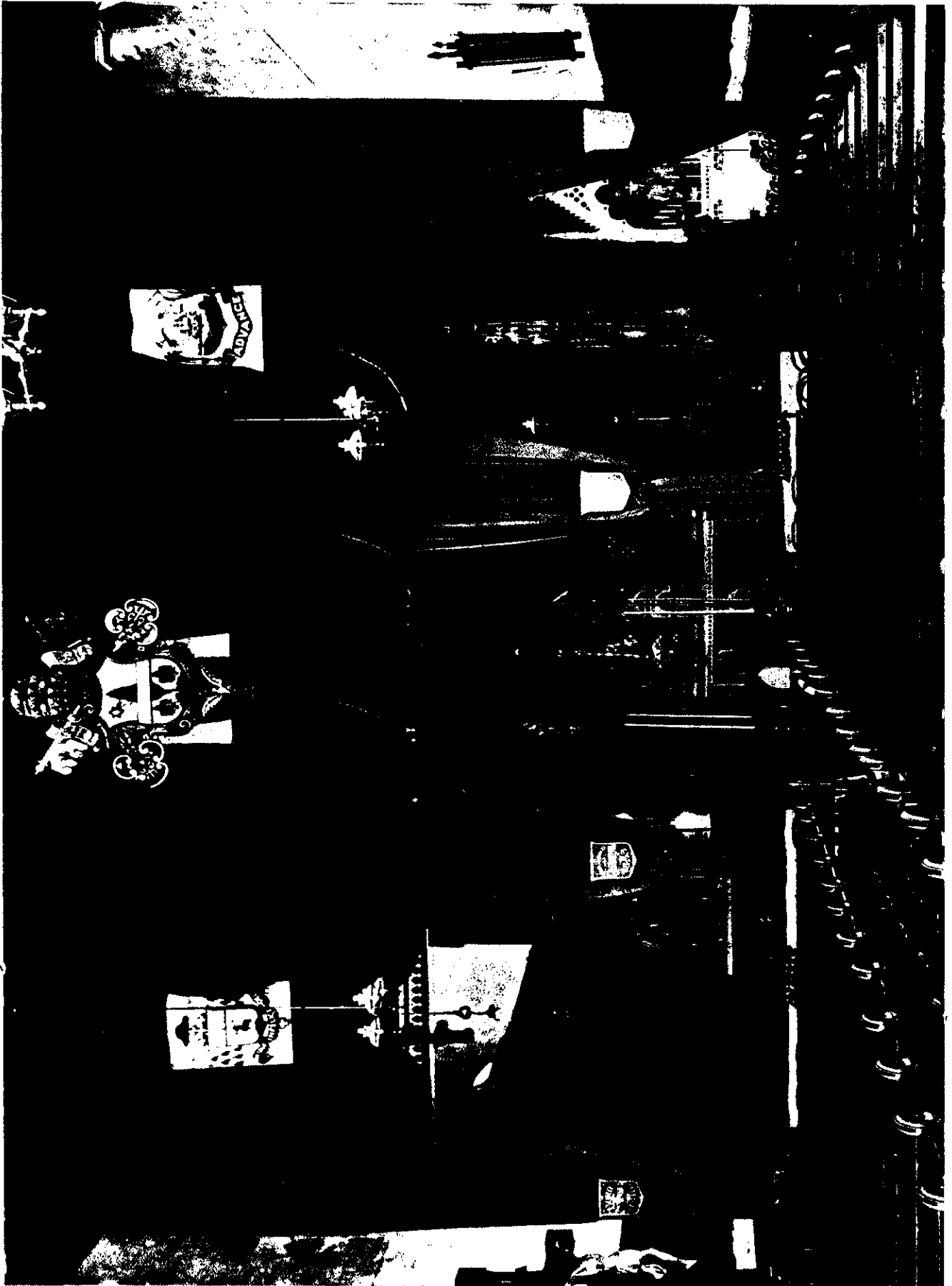


Watrou, "Graphic" photo.

# The Late Pope—Catafalque and Mourning Decoration

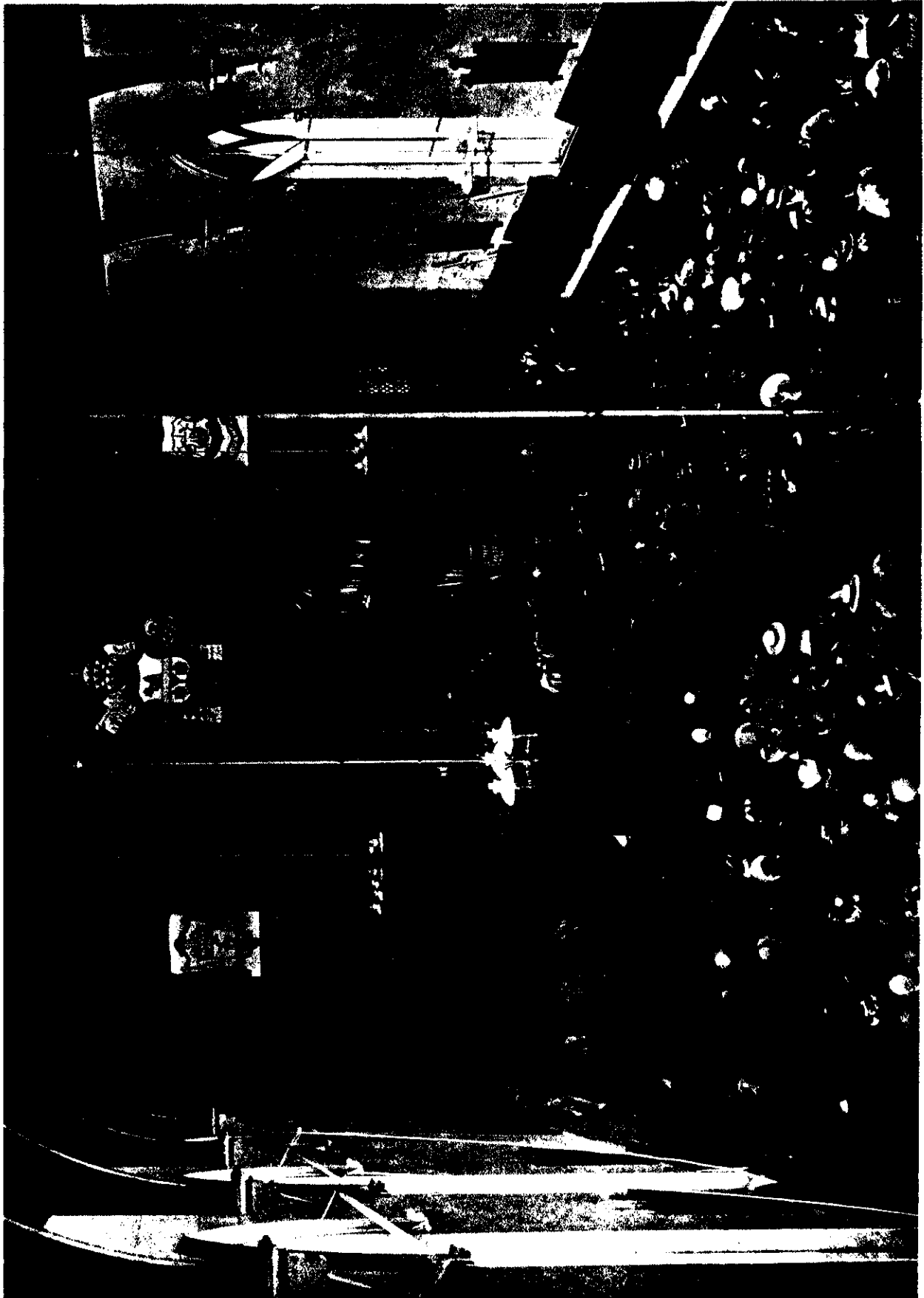


in the The Sanctuary, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland.



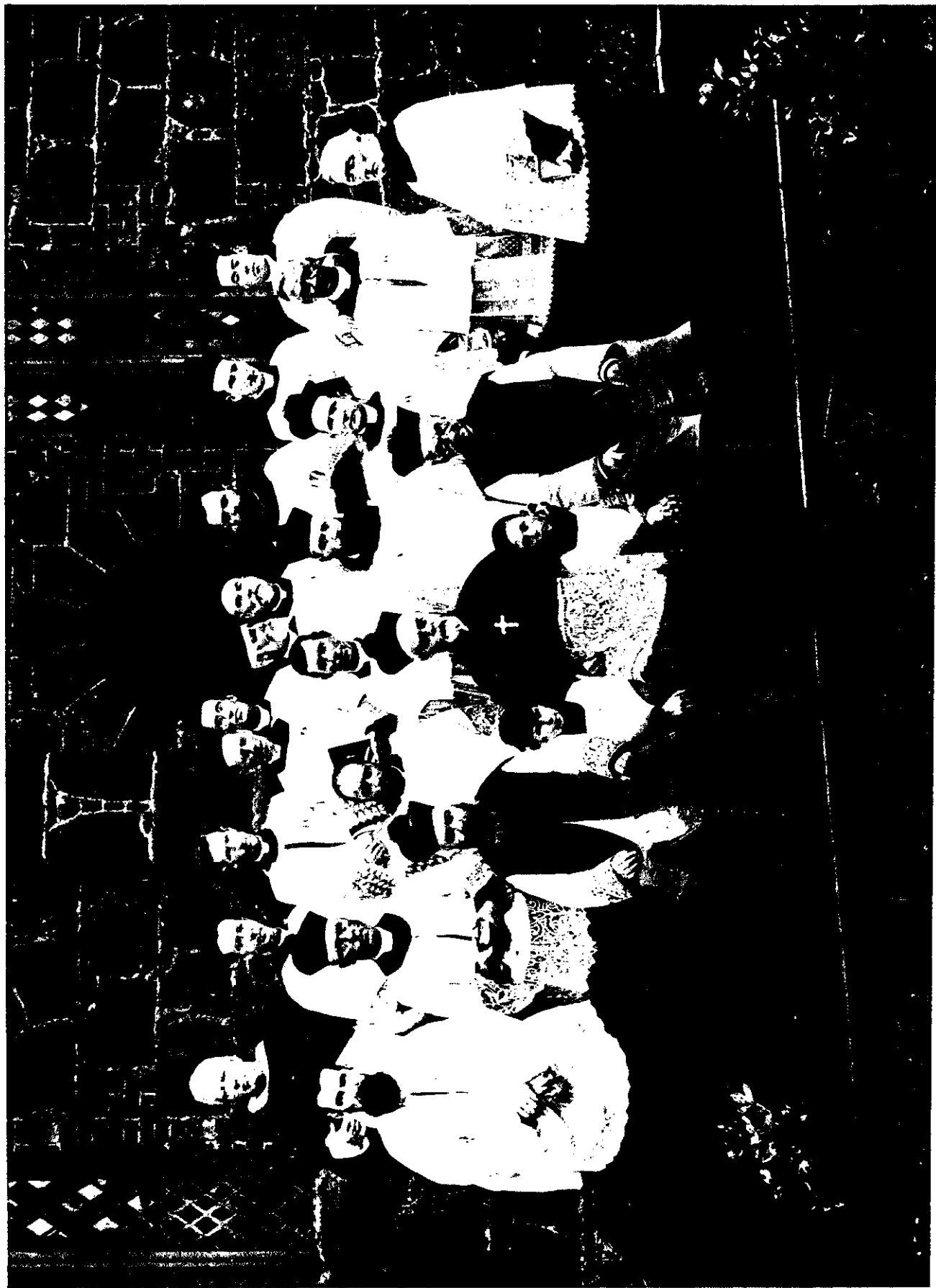
**THE LATE POPE.**

A VIEW OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, AUCKLAND, SHOWING THE SPLENDID MOURNING DECORATIONS IN HONOUR OF THE LATE POPE.



# THE LATE POPE.

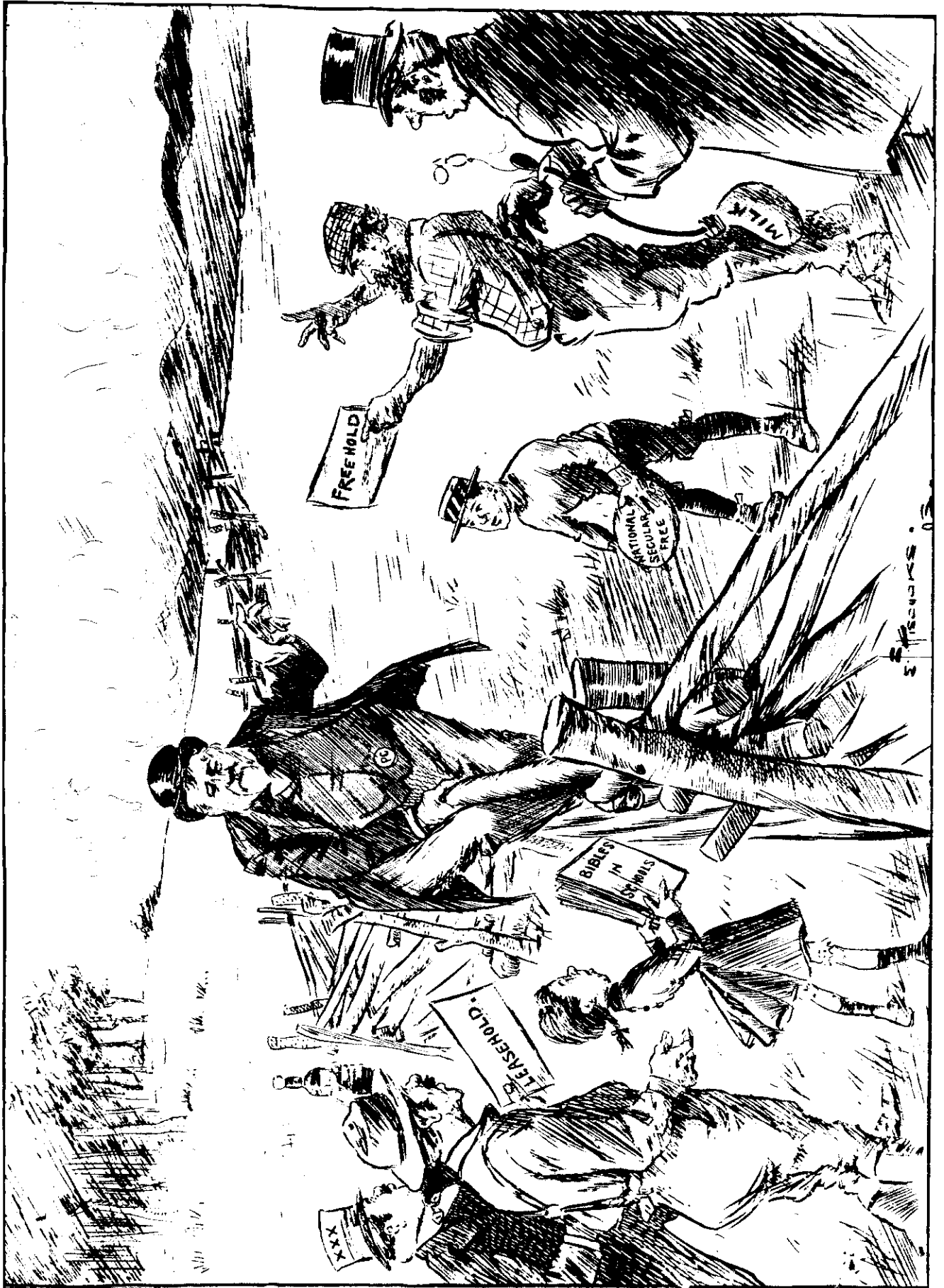
SCENE IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, AUCKLAND, DURING THE SOLEMN DIRGE AND REQUIEM SERVICE.



Wairangi, "Graphic" photo. **THE LATE POPE—Priests who took part in the Memorial Services, St. Patrick's, Auckland.**

Back row—Left to right: Very Rev. Father Bamford, O.F.S.; Rev. Fathers Darby, O'Connell, O'Hara, McGilchrist, Patterson, T. Kehoe, Kyrreburgh, Parsons, Hothcock, Middle row — Rev. Father Kehoe, Very Rev. Dean Hockett, Rev. Father Gillan, Brodie, M. Egan, Torney, King, Purdon, O.S.B. Seated — Right Rev. Monsignor Kelly, Monsignor Robert Hansen, (altar boy), Right Rev. Dr. Lenthall, Bishop of Auckland; Monsignor S. Newbery (altar boy), Very Rev. Monsignor Paul, V.O.



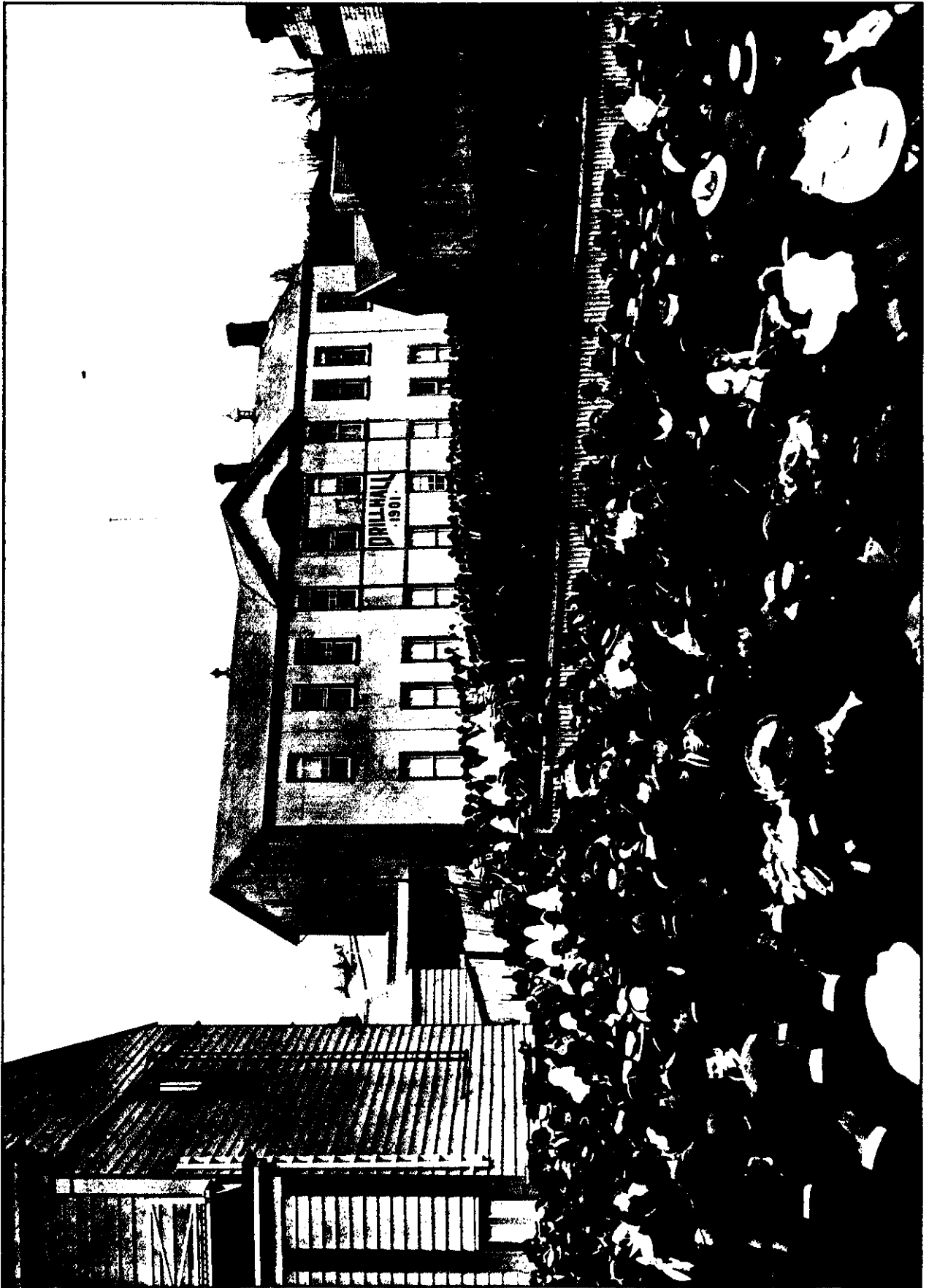


A NARROW RAIL TO RIDE.



AUCKLAND FRIENDLY SOCIETIES' DEMONSTRATION IN AID OF THE VETERANS' HOME.  
 THE PROCESSION PASSING DOWN UPPER QUEEN STREET.

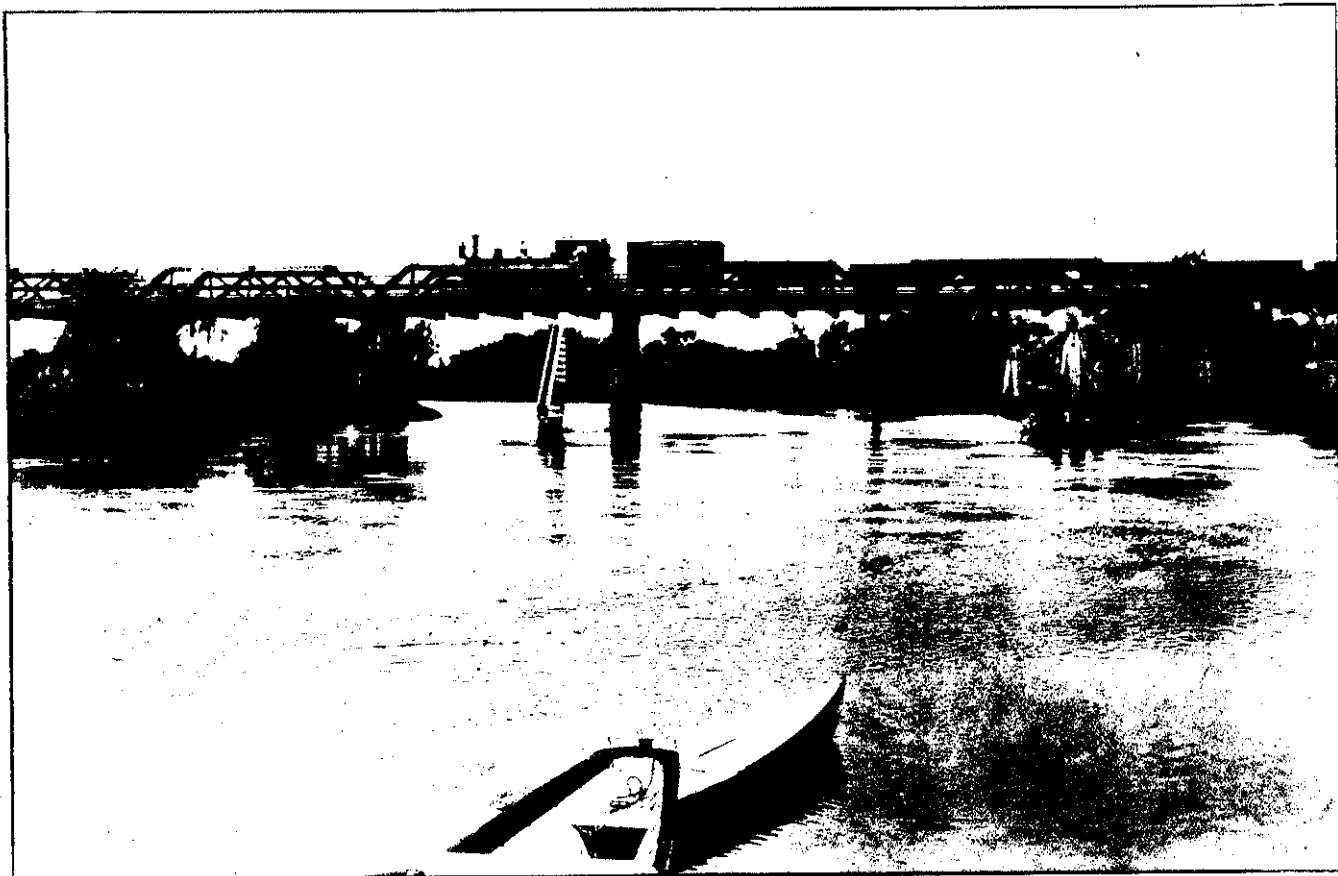
Watson, "Graphic" photo.



AUCKLAND FRIENDLY SOCIETIES' DEMONSTRATION IN AID OF THE VETERANS' HOME.

ARRIVAL AT THE DRILL SHED.

Welland, "Graphic" photo.



THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

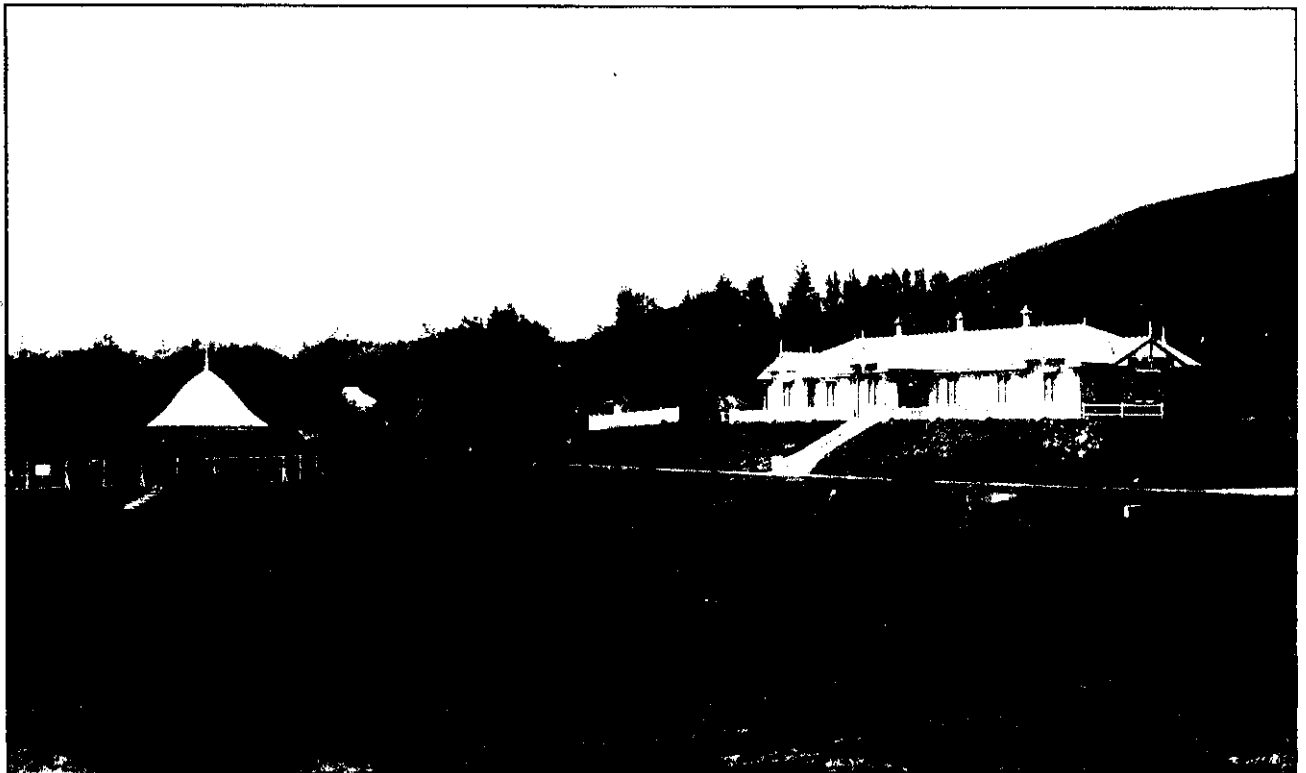


A GENERAL VIEW.

TE AROHA—One of New Zealand's Most Famous Mineral Spas.



BATH HOUSES IN THE DOMAIN.



A VIEW OF THE DOMAIN WITH PRIVATE BATH PAVILION.

TE AROHA—One of New Zealand's Most Famous Mineral Spas,



VIEW OF THE TOWNSHIP FROM THE HILL.



THE PRINCIPAL STREET.



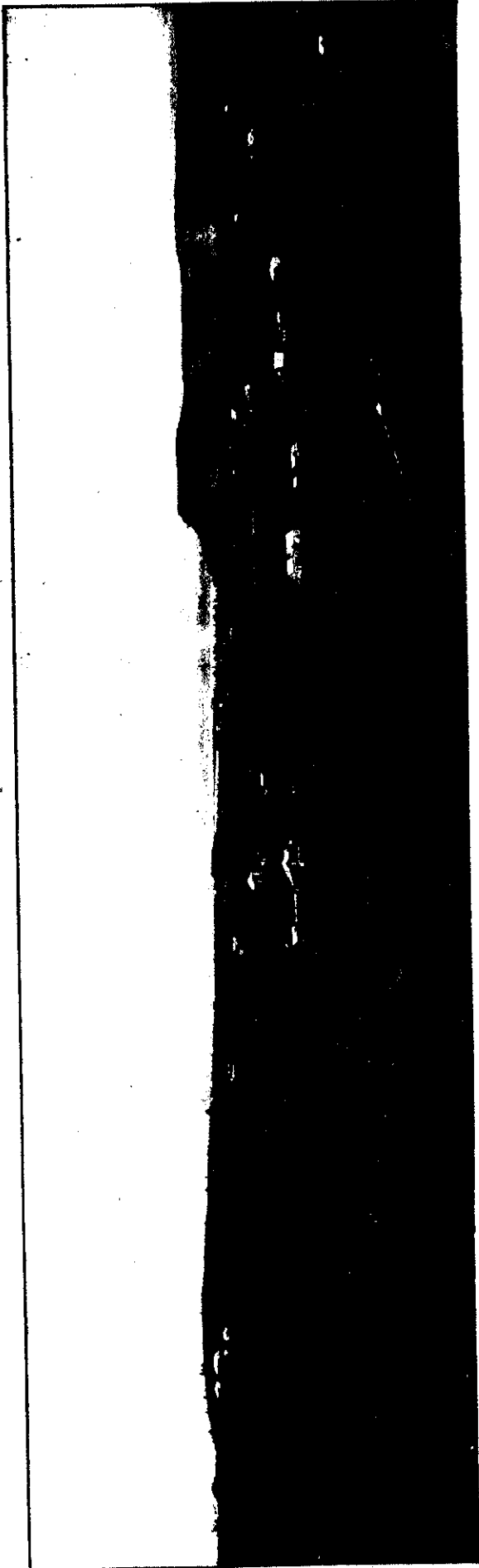
ANGLICAN CHURCH.



THE SALEYARDS.

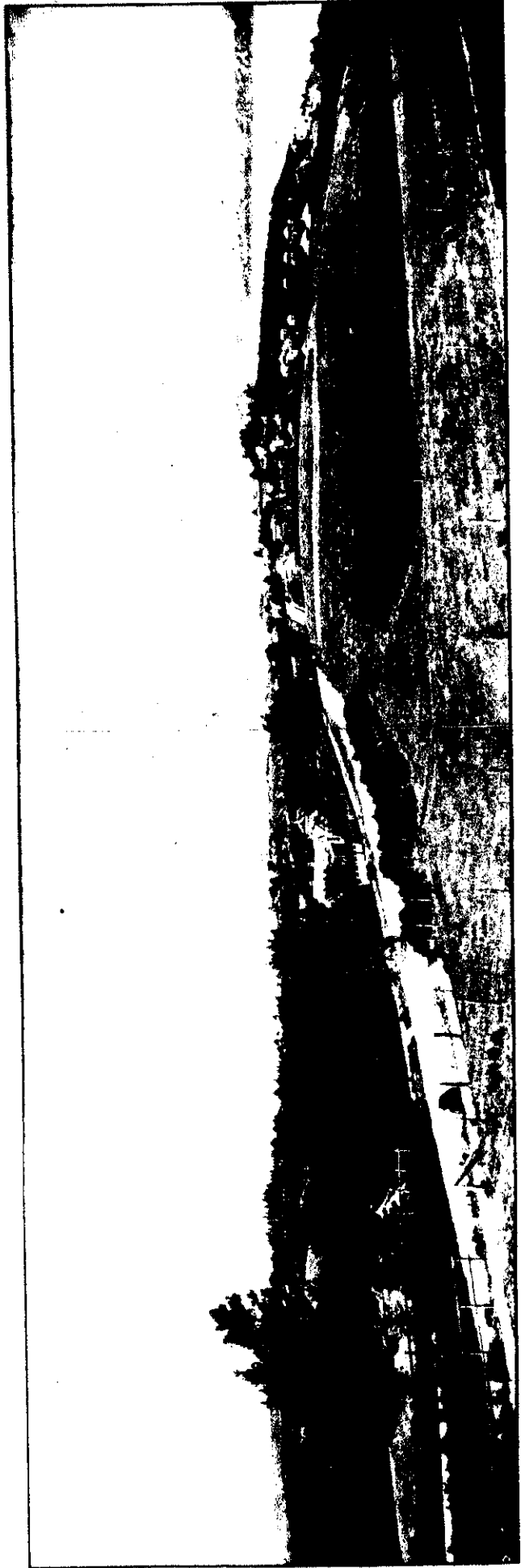
HUNTERVILLE—A Growing Township on the Main Trunk Line, 16 miles north of Marton.

Copy neg. C16,037  
Copy neg. C16,038



PANORAMIC VIEW OF BIRKDALE FROM BAYFIELD ROAD.

Copy neg.  
C 14,763.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF RIVERHEAD AND NORTHCOTE FROM HIGHBURY CORNER.

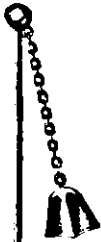
stellig photo.

AUCKLAND'S MARINE SUBURBS.

THE WORLD'S BEST.



Gent's 18ct Gold Rings various size diamonds; prices run £5 10/-, £8 10/-, £10 10/-, £12 10/-, £16 10/- and upwards.



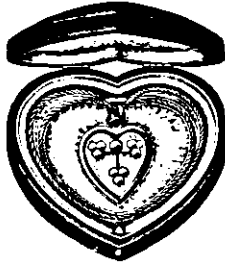
Ball and Pin Chain, 2 new Gold Beads, 30/-, 30/- with Greenstone Bead, 7/6.



No. F2254—18ct Gold Brooch, set Sapphire, £1 17/6; similar designs, set Fine Diamonds, £2 10/-, £2 15/-.



No. F1631—18ct Gold Brooch, set 2 Rubies, 1 Diamond, or set 2 Sapphires, 1 Diamond, £1 7/6.



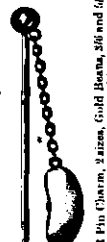
No. F8936—Gold, Pearl and Turquoise set Pendant and Necklet, in satin-lined velvet case, £2 12/6.



No. F3656—18ct Gold Brooch, set Diamond, Ruby and Sapphire, £1 7/6. Numerous other lovely designs; prices, 16/6, 17/6, 18/6, 21/- upwards.



No. F4851—Lovely Pearl St. Brooch, 18ct Gold £4 10/-. Great selection of these, all prices, from 30/- upwards.

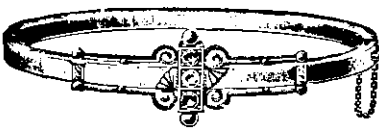


Ball and Pin Chain, 2 new Gold Beads, 30/- and 30/- with Greenstone Bead, 7/6.

For - Spot Cash.



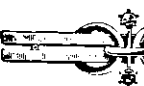
18ct Gold Wedding Rings; prices run 21/-, £1 5/-, £1 7/6 and upwards.



No. 150—18ct Gold Bracelet, 1 Diamond, 2 Rubies, £4 10/-.



F1837—18ct Gold Gem Ring, set 2 Rubies, 4 Diamonds, £2 5/-.



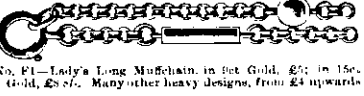
No. F5511—18ct Gold Brooch, set 2 Sapphires, 18/6; or set 2 Rubies and 1 Diamond, 21/-.



F3508—18ct Gold Gem ring, set 1 Ruby, 4 Diamonds, £4 4/-.

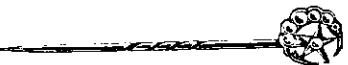


Fashionable Bamboo Bracelets, different thicknesses in 18ct Gold, £1 17/-, £1 5/-, £1 10/-, £2, £2 5/-, £2 10/-, Different thicknesses in 18ct Gold, £3 10/-, £4 4/-, £5.



No. F1—Lady's Long Muffchain, in 9ct Gold, £2; in 15ct Gold, £2 6/-, Many other heavy designs, from £4 upwards.

STEWART DAWSON & CO. Queen St., Auckland.



No. 233—18ct Gold Pearl set Scarf Pin, 17/6.



No. F345—9ct Gold and Amethyst Bracelet, £1 10/-.



No. 2419—Diamond and Sapphire, or Diamond and Ruby set 18ct Gold, £2.



No. E3414—18ct Gold Brooch, set Pearls, very neat, £2.

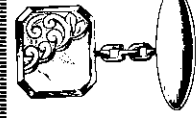


No. 181—Cluster Ring 8 Fine Diamonds, 3 Sapphires, 18ct Gold, £7 10/-.

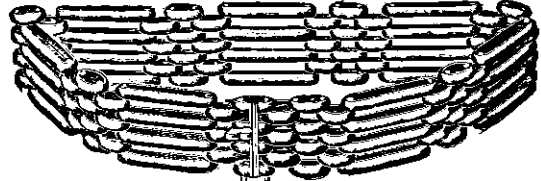


No. 3585—Gold and Opal set Scarf Pin, 12/6.

Choice, Unlimited, and Unequaled.



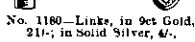
No. 1157—Links, in 9ct Gold, 21/-; in 18ct Gold, £2 5/-.



F7642—New Massive Design Bracelet, 9ct Gold, £4 10/-. Great variety of similar ones set with Pearls, Opals, Turquoises, etc. Prices, £3 10/-, £4 4/-, £5 upwards.



No. G1277—9ct Gold-chased Bracelet, in 3 widths, £1 10/-, £1 15/-, and £2.



No. 1180—Links, in 9ct Gold, 21/-; in Solid Silver, 4/-.

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

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

KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

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



THE COLLEGE.

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



THE GYMNASIUM.

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

JOHN GREY & SONS, Auckland.

MENZIES & CO., Waikato and Thames

TELEPHONE 127.

Grey & Menzies LIMITED.

Head Office

EDEN CRESCENT, AUCKLAND.

AERATED WATER and CORDIAL MANUFACTURERS

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





**From Mount Cook over the Copland Pass to the West Coast.**

(Continued from page 386.)

which was absolutely delightful, and thoroughly soaked through whatever shreds of our garments were not soaked through already.

That day was the most tiring of all. After crossing the pass, going down a long mountain slope (where you could sit down and slip if you did not mind risking tearing your garments to tatters), and getting over several rivers, there was the very worst conceivable piece of scrub, which had to be got through somehow. It was trackless, densely thick, full of prickles, and the only relief from it—and that a very doubtful one—was getting up and down into the river bed and climbing over colossal boulders. I do not know which is worst, the West Coast boulders or the West Coast scrub. This last two miles took from about 2.30 till nearly 7 in the evening, when we reached our camp, under quite the most enormous boulder I ever saw, in the thick bush. That night all six of us slept under this boulder, which will be a permanent camp for everyone going along this route—at least until a better one is known.

Next day, Sunday, was perfectly fine and bright. The whole time we were following a scarcely perceptible—trace through the bush—the thick, soaking wet, exquisite West Coast bush, with the most luxuriant moss and every kind of fern, from the tree-fern and *Adiantum* to the filmy *Hymenophyllum*, growing over everything. That night we reached a camp near what is, I believe, the only hot spring anywhere in that district. The way to it is at present through lawyer-ridden bush and a flax-swamp, with warm, deep slush half way to your knees; and when there, there are no steps nor even a board from which to get in, so that you sink into more thick, warm mud, added to which the sand flies are distracting, so that under present conditions a bathe in it is more of a toil than anything else. But some day a delightful bathing place might be made out of it, as steps could easily be put to it, and the water is of a temperature that would be, by most people, considered just right.

The last day, Monday, we were again up in the dark, and away at the break of a threatening day, which soon became pouring wet. We had most of this day through another blazed track in the bush, always the same thick, ferny West Coast bush, absolutely exquisite, with every moss and fern drenched to the last pitch of drenchingness. It was a most tiring morning; we could not stop to rest much, for all the wood and stones—which were often our only hand, or foot holds—were soaking wet, and specially slippery in consequence, and we had to cross a certain creek, celebrated for getting up, within a couple of hours sometimes, into a raging torrent. As we did not want to wait in the soaking bush, and pouring rain while Architect's Creek went down, we hurried along as fast as possible, and once safely over it had our last meal of food almost as sudden as ourselves. In the afternoon, after a long tramp through more bush, over wet and slippery boulders, creeks, and finally a track through some bush that was a prolonged bog—latterly we crashed through everything, rivers, bogs and all—we reached the fat on which, somewhere, if we could only find it, was the first sign of civilisation we had seen for days. Mr Scott's homestead, the first accommodation house, at which everyone crossing by this route will have to stay at least one night, and more, if the rivers hedging it in on every side happen to be, as they often are, impassable.

After Scott's, which is about 120 miles south of Ross, it is a serious business getting to Hokitika. Much of the way I rode in state on a man-saddle, and on the very laziest horse I ever set eyes on; the last day I cycled on a high-geared man's machine I managed to get hold of. Ride you must, for there are always the rivers every few miles, mostly unbridged, often full of quick-sands, and always more or less dangerous. Besides, the roads are, at least to my thinking, far too rough for a bicycle, and the dragging of even the lightest machine over these rickety suspension

bridges is an experience I do not want to repeat. It took me from Wednesday morning till last Saturday to get from Scott's to Hokitika, and then I was a day and a-half ahead of everyone else. Some people might say—Is it worth it? Very much so indeed, I should say. Whether crossing the snow, going step by step up an ice-slope, finding an uncertain foothold in the scrub, or fording a river, I enjoyed it all to the very top of my bent, and I think everyone else did too. But you must be strong to do it, and not only strong, but enduring, which is not the same thing.

In conclusion, I cannot say how much I think we all owe to the guides who piloted us through. They are both kindness and consideration itself, and I could not wish others doing the same trip anything better than that the guides who went with us should also go with them.

**The Stranding of the Niwaru.**

The judgment in the Niwaru case was delivered on August 1. The conclusions arrived at were as follows:—

"We are satisfied from the evidence that the ship was navigated in a seamanlike manner, the captain never having been off the bridge from the time of passing Portland Island until he reached the anchorage. We think, however, that he was deceived by the reports of the soundings given by the leadsmen, and also in over-estimating his distance from the Bluff Hill light, the lower lights of the town being obscured by the haze. We do not consider that anything has been elicited by the inquiry to show that there was that degree of negligence on the captain's part to cause us to recommend that his certificate should be dealt with. We, however, consider he is deserving of severe censure in not stopping his vessel when he reached his supposed position 'C' and verifying that position by accurate soundings. From the evidence of the captain, the ship's officers, and the harbour-master, we think there is no doubt the Niwaru struck on what is known as the ½ fathom patch, which is less than half a mile from the red light on the Breakwater. In conclusion, we think the captain's certificate should be returned, but that he should be ordered to pay the costs of the inquiry. It was brought out in the evidence at the inquiry that the port is very imperfectly lighted, and the assessors and myself are of opinion that something should be done to remedy the present state of affairs."

**£200,000 FOR A STOMACH**

ATLANTIC CITY (N.J., U.S.A.) 19th January. — John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil multi-millionaire offered Dr. Philip Marvel, a local physician, two hundred thousand pounds if he would provide him with a healthy stomach. Dr. Rockefeller remarked to him that if the doctor could put his digestive apparatus in good working condition, it would be worth this amount to him.

**£200,000 FOR A HEALTHY STOMACH**

And a physician, a man thoroughly versed in the science of medicine, possessed of all the arts of diagnosis and of an accurate knowledge of anatomy, cannot find a remedy which will restore the power of digestion.

THE PRIZE £200,000  
THE PRIZE £200,000

INDIGESTION, the robber of health, the bane of existence, the support of vitality, the foundation of the life that flesh is heir to.

**PEARSON'S PEPTO-CHLOR**

Has relieved thousands of sufferers. Why not you? Pepto-Chlor acts at once on the Digestive Organs, and relieves indigestion in three days. To ensure safety against substitutes or imitations, Orlando Pearson's signature appears on the seal of every bottle.

Healthy digestion depends upon the flow of these secretions in the stomach. By an abundance of "good living," the secretory glands are overtaxed, become sluggish, dormant, and finally stop the supply of secretions. Then the food, instead of taking the course intended by Nature, rots in the stomach, generates a gas, and produces all the horrors of indigestion. PEARSON'S PEPTO-CHLOR will absolutely cure you.

We want to give proof of this claim. We can give the names and addresses of hundreds of prominent men and women cured by PEARSON'S PEPTO-CHLOR.

CHEMISTS & STORES.

Wholesale Agents: SHARLAND AND CO., LTD.

**OBITUARY.**

Mr George Sturtevant, of the Lands Transfer Office, has passed away, and Auckland thereby has lost one of its identities. Mr Sturtevant came to Auckland in the Annie Wilson in 1863, and he had been for 40 years a public servant. He was buried at Purewa.

Another of those who have been associated with the settlement of Taranaki from its early days has passed away in the person of Mrs Elizabeth Cudd, wife of Mr E. J. Cudd. The deceased lady was one of those who arrived here by the Amelia Thompson in 1841, and was the senior survivor of the passengers by that vessel, having shared in the vicissitudes of the early days, and through the Maori war.

**MR. GEORGE SIBBIN.**

A very old identity passed away on August 1 in the person of Mr George Sibbin, who died at his residence, Devonport. Mr Sibbin had attained the advanced age of 88 years. To the present generation his name will not be over familiar, but a good few years ago Mr Sibbin was a prominent auctioneer and a very well-known figure in the city.

**MR. H. J. SYMS.**

Last week the death occurred of a well-known Auckland, Mr. Henry James Syms, aged forty-one years. He was the second son of Mr Henry Jos. Syms, P.P.G.M., of Auckland District M.C. Oddfellows. The late Mr Henry James Syms was a P.G. of the Fountain of Friendship Lodge. He served his apprenticeship in Auckland (where he was born) to the blacksmithing and horse-shoeing trade. At one time he was a prominent member of the

Waitemata Boating Club, and filled the office of treasurer for a year. At the time of his death he occupied various positions under the Queen's Government, namely, sergeant of police, clerk of petty sessions and electoral registrar, and several other appointments at Waihorah. His many friends in Auckland will be sorry to hear of his early demise.

**INDIGESTION AND BILIOUSNESS.**

**SPEEDILY DISPELLED BY BILE BEANS.**

"About twelve months ago I became a victim to Indigestion and Biliousness, accompanied by Sick Headaches, and every morning, on rising from my bed, I had a severe attack of retching," says Mr H. Morgan, Lessee and manager of the Victoria Theatre, Westport, N.Z. "About three months ago I decided to give Bile Beans a trial, and, although I only consumed two boxes of Beans in that time, I am pleased to be able to say that my health has greatly improved. Hatching has become a thing of the past, and I can enjoy my food with the healthiest person in the district. I can strongly recommend Bile Beans to all who suffer from Biliousness, Indigestion, or sick and nervous headaches. They are, without doubt, a valuable remedy for those complaints." Bile Beans have now a world-wide reputation for curing Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Debility, Female Weaknesses, Nervousness, Bad Blood, Pimples, and all skin eruptions, Bad Breath, Anaemia, Loss of Appetite, Rheumatism, Influenza, and by giving tone to the system will ward off Coughs and Colds. Bile Beans are obtainable from all medicine vendors price 1/11, or 2/9 large box (contains three times the quantity of the 1/11 size).

ON SALE . . . .

General Groceries, Grain and Produce, Agricultural Seeds, Bone-dusts and Artificial Manures.

SEED POTATOES and OATS

various kinds.

**E. ELLINGHAM & CO.**  
ESTABLISHED 1869.  
GENERAL MERCHANTS  
CUSTOMS STREET EAST, AUCKLAND.

DEALERS IN  
Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Fungus, and all kinds of Farm Produce.

**KAURI GUM BROKERS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS**

ESTABLISHED 1847.

**Alcock's POROUS PLASTERS**

Are a universal remedy for Pains in the Back (so frequent in the case of women). They give instantaneous relief. Wherever there is pain apply a plaster.



For Pains in the region of the Kidneys, or for a Weak Back, the plaster should be applied as shown above. Whenever there is pain apply Alcock's Plaster.



For Rheumatism in the Shoulders, Elbows, Wrists, Ankle-joints, Sprains, Stiffness, etc., and for Aching Feet, cut plaster size and shape required, and apply to part affected as shown above.

Alcock's Plasters are superior to all other Plasters.

Rheumatism, Colds, Coughs, Weak Chest, Weak Back, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc., etc.

Wholesale Agents: SHARLAND AND CO., LTD.

## Personal Paragraphs.

His Excellency the Governor (Lord Ranfurly, accompanied by Lord Northland, arrived in Auckland on July 31st on business connected with the Veterans' Home, which is now rapidly approaching completion. A very successful meeting was held at Government House on the day of His Excellency's arrival. Those who have volunteered to help at the bazaar which is to take place in Government House at the end of the year, to augment the funds of the home, gave encouraging reports of the progress they had made. Judging from the enthusiasm being shown in the movement the bazaar should be a great success. On Sunday His Excellency was present at the demonstration organised by the friendly societies in aid of the home, and he and Lord Northland returned to Wellington on Monday.

Miss Harris (Dunedin) is the guest of Mrs Webb (Wellington).

Mrs Simm (Dunedin) has been staying with Mrs Pondlay (Wellington).

Dr. Charles Hopkins, of New York, is at present in Wellington.

Mr Justice Conolly has returned from Wellington.

Miss Mair, Deveron, Whangarei, is spending a holiday in Auckland.

Mrs. Denniston (Christchurch) has gone up to Wellington on a visit.

Mr J. E. Wilson (New Plymouth) has gone to Wellington for a few days.

Mr A. P. Friend (Auckland) has gone to Wellington for a week.

Judge Gill, of Auckland, has returned to town.

Mr Seavill (Waingaro) is paying a short visit to Auckland.

Mrs Simpson, of Napier, is visiting her sister, Mrs Dodge-hun, in Wanganui.

Mr and Mrs Lusk, of Napier, spent a few days in Wanganui last week.

Mr Esdalle Thomas, of Auckland, paid a short visit to Wanganui last week.

Miss Warrington, of Wanganui, left last week for Sydney.

Mr George Newman, of Auckland, is on a visit to New Plymouth.

The Rev. Dr. G. Brown went across to Sydney by the Tahine last week.

Mrs and Miss Gilmer (Wellington) have gone to Sydney for a trip.

Mr Arch. Clark (Auckland) has been visiting Wellington.

Mrs and Miss Begg, of Dunedin, are staying at the Masonic Hotel, Napier.

Judge and Mrs. Williams (Dunedin) are in Wellington. They are staying at Miss Malcolm's.

Mrs Walter Clifford and Miss Clifford are back in Marlborough after a few weeks stay in Wellington.

Miss Butts, who has been for some months in Hawke's Bay, has returned to Wellington.

Miss Whitson (Dunedin) has been in Wellington on a visit to her aunt, Mrs Malcolm Ross.

Major Alexander is back in Wellington, after a flying trip North with His Excellency the Governor.

Lieut. Evans, R.N., of the Antarctic relief ship Morning, is at present in Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Fotheringham, two Canadian tourists, arrived by the Sierra last week.

The Hon. E. Mitchelson, Mayor of Auckland, was entertained at Wellington on July 30 by some of his old colleagues.

Mr G. Abbott, manager of the Opera House, returned to Auckland by the Sierra from Sydney.

Mr John Shaw, ex-Mayor of Adelaide and of Coolgardie, who has been visiting Fiji, has returned to Auckland.

Dr. J. W. Browne has been appointed port health officer at Hokianga, in place of Dr. Wheeler, resigned.

Miss Rose Marshall, has returned home to Whangarei, after spending an extended holiday in Auckland and Thames.

Mr. Frank Cubitt, of the Waikato, is to be married to Miss Hall, Springfield, Whangarei, on August 4.

Miss Francis Parsons, of Kaitiaki, is at present staying with her sister, Mrs. F. Reid, Whangarei.

Mrs Beauchamp has returned home to "Anikiwa," Queen Charlotte Sound, from a trip to Wellington.

Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Bullock (Christchurch) have left on a visit to Sydney.

Signor Bragato returns to Hawke's Bay early this week to further arrange for the proposed viney there.

Colonel Hume, Inspector of Prisons, came to Auckland on Monday by the Ngapuhi.

Mr. and Mrs. Courage, of "Seadown," Amberley, Christchurch, left for England by the last "Frisco" mail steamer.

Mr Alfred Kidd, M.H.R., has arrived in town, and will be here for a few days.

Mrs. and Miss Wilding (Christchurch) are visiting Mrs. Duncan Cameron at Methven.

Mrs. Sinclair Thomson (Dunedin) is visiting her sister, Mrs. Randal Macdonald, "Hambledon," Christchurch.

The Hon. E. Mitchelson (Mayor of Auckland) has returned to the city from Wellington.

Mrs. Acland, with Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Acland, were the guests of Dean Harper, Christchurch, last week.

Mr and Mrs F. M. Wallace (Christchurch), who recently spent a week in Dunedin, returned on Saturday week.

Miss N. Devenish-Mearns (Christchurch) left for Palmerston North last week.

Miss Morris (Christchurch) has gone on a visit to Mrs Hugo Friedlander, Ashburton.

Miss Ruby Roberts (Dunedin) is staying at "Strowan," Christchurch, with Mrs G. G. Stead.

Mr Percy Stuart (Blenheim) is visiting Christchurch, he is staying at the Clarendon.

Miss Nestor Cooke and Miss Susie Henderson (Auckland) leave for a short trip to Rotorua this week.

Mr J. P. Stevenson (Auckland) is at present travelling in the South. He will be away about six weeks.

Mr Walter H. Jackman (Kaipara) arrived in Auckland on Friday last, and left for Gisborne on Tuesday.

Signor Bragato, the Government Viticulturist, arrived in Auckland from the South on Sunday last.

Mrs Duigan, of Melbourne, is spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs Duigan, "Gouville," Wanganui.

The Rev. Wm. Mawson, M.A., Presbyterian missionary to Canton, is now on a visit to Auckland.

Mrs Simmonds, of Napier, is visiting her aunt, Mrs Thomas King, New Plymouth.

Mr A. C. Fookes and Miss E. Fookes, who have been on a visit to Ashburton, have returned home to New Plymouth.

Miss Marchant, who has been visiting her relatives in New Plymouth, has returned to her home in Timaru.

Mrs W. Bridson, who has been on a visit to Dunedin, has returned to her home in Auckland.

Efforts are to be made to induce Dr. Neligan to visit Kawhia during the winter months.

Dr. Acland, who has recently arrived from England, has decided to settle in Christchurch.

Bishop Neligan will be in Whangarei on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 22nd and 23rd.

Mr Isaac Gibbs (Christchurch) passed through Wellington last week on his way home, after a visit to Wanganui.

Mrs Gregson has arrived from England, and has taken a house on the Bluff Hill, Napier.

Dr. and Mrs Ronald intend leaving England very shortly, and will arrive in Napier about the middle of September.

Mr George Broad has returned to Napier after an absence of several months.

The Hon. Colonel Pitt is to be entertained in Nelson in August in recognition of his appointment to the Ministry.

Captain E. Wheeler left Auckland for Fiji in the Haurato on July 30. It is his intention to remain at Fiji for about two months, returning home via Sydney.

Mr Russell, Gladstone-road, Auckland, arrived from Sydney by the mail boat last Friday, and left for America the same day.

Mr and Mrs Duthie, St. George's Bay-road, left Auckland for Wellington on Sunday last. They expect to be away about three weeks.

Mr, Mrs and Miss Empson (Wanganui) left for Auckland this week. They sail from there for an extended tour in England.

Miss Jessie Marshall, of Wanganui, left for Wellington on July 30th; she sails from that port for a trip to England.

Mr Strouts (Bank of New South Wales), who has been moved from the New Plymouth to the Auckland branch, takes up his new duties this week.

Major Whitney, general manager of the Colonial Ammunition Co., arrived in Auckland from Melbourne by the Zealandia on Monday.

Mr W. Webster and the Misses Webster have returned to New Plymouth after their pleasant trip to Melbourne and Sydney.

Mr Strouts, who has been in the New Plymouth branch of the Bank of New South Wales for some years, has been transferred to Auckland.

Miss V. Reynolds and her cousin, Miss Denniston (Dunedin), are visiting Wellington. They are staying at Miss Malcolm's.

Miss Thyra Beetham has returned to "Brancepeth," Wairarapa, after a short visit to Wellington for the various festivities.

Miss Christine Smith is back in Wellington after an absence of nearly two years in England, where she has been staying with relatives.

Major Straker (Northumberland, England) who has been visiting various parts of this colony, is shortly returning to England, via Vancouver.

Dr. Treare and his sister were among the Sierra's homeward passengers. They have been for some time past in Auckland and Rotorua.

Mr Mark Hambourg and company returned to Auckland from Rotorua last Monday, and left for the South on Tuesday.

A farewell social was tendered on July 30 at Meyer's Hall, Waihi, to Mrs Thompson and Miss Fellows, who are leaving for Australia.

Mr R. G. M. Denny, till lately purser in the Union S.S. Co., went by the Haurato to Tonga, where he has obtained a position.

Mrs. A. C. H. Collins, of New Plymouth, is on a visit to Auckland, and is staying at Wiltshire Villa, during Mr. and Mrs. Devore's absence in Australia.

Mr. Henry Gittos, who has been on a visit to his relatives in Auckland, returned to Gisborne on Saturday by the Te Anau.

Miss Lifferton, of Wanganui, who has been staying with her aunt, Lady Douglas, at Glenbervie, Whangarei, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Castleton, Hamilton, have gone to Whangarei, to attend Mr. F. Cubitt's wedding, Mr. Cubitt being a brother of Mrs. Castleton.

Mr. J. King, of the Railway Department, has been shifted from Whangarei to Auckland, Mr. J. Robson having taken his place.

Mrs. A. Hessel Witham went South by the Ngapuhi on Sunday last on a visit to Mrs. Kitchen (Wanganui) and her cousin, Mrs. Lloyd Clay (Otaki).

Mr Gerard, who has been appointed Official Assignee at Auckland, assumed his new position formally on Saturday last.

Dr. Scott, of Whangarei, has come to Auckland to take up a three months' appointment as medical officer to an insurance company.

Mr R. Higginson (Wellington), who has been engaged in engineering work for some time, has gone to England to continue his studies.

Mr J. H. McAlister, who was formerly on the staff of the Right Hon. the Premier, has been appointed secretary of the Health Department.

Professor Macmillan Brown and his two daughters have left Christchurch for Sydney, where they will remain for the rest of the winter.

Mrs. John Williams, accompanied by Miss Williams and Mr. H. Williams (Christchurch), have gone on a visit for a few weeks to North Canterbury.

Miss L. Gossett (Christchurch) has gone to stay with friends at Amberley to be present at the Hunt Club ball there.

Mr G. Martin (Christchurch) has returned from Rotorua much benefited by his trip (writes our Christchurch correspondent).

Mr and Mrs Hugh Lusk, of Napier, arrived in Auckland on Tuesday last, and left for Rotorua on Wednesday, where they expect to stay for a fortnight.

Mrs Ida George has joined Mr and Mrs Zoe George in Wellington. They are staying at the Empire, and are, I believe, enjoying themselves immensely, writes our Wellington correspondent.

Mr J. Brewer, a popular member of the Wellington Cycling Club, has been presented by his comrades with a handsome afternoon tea set in honour of his recent marriage.

Captain Morgan, who is resigning his connection with the volunteers in Palmerston North, has donated 45 for medals to be competed for in the coming year.

Mrs and Miss Fenwick (Canterbury) have returned home after a visit to Wellington, where they were the guests of Lord and Lady Ranfurly at Government House.

On dit, Mr. W. N. Bond has disposed of "Lawford," and with Mrs. Bond will stay at "Inglewood" with Mrs. Elworthy for a time, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

Mr J. J. Craig recently visited Hikurangi and secured a large area of the great Hikurangi swamp, at the same time taking an option over Miss Brown's coal property.

The Rev. Dr. Egan, D.D., returned to Auckland by the Sierra, after attending the obsequies of his brother-in-law, the late Hon. Mr Toohy, M.L.A., of New South Wales.

Both A. Johnstone and C. L. Clarke, of the Waihi Company's office staff, are dangerously ill, the former suffering from pneumonia, and the latter from a severe attack of peritonitis.

Mr Justice Conolly returned to Auckland on Saturday. He will hold the usual sittings this week, prior to the opening of the criminal sessions on the 10th of August.

## SKIN TORTURES



And every Distressing Irritation of the Skin and Scalp Instantly Relieved by Baths with

## Cuticura SOAP

And gentle anointings with CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure and purest of emollients, to be followed, in severe cases, by medium doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS, to cool and cleanse the blood. This is the most speedy, permanent, and economical cure for torturing, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply humours, with loss of hair, ever compounded.

MILLIONS USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for restoring, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes and irritations, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. Australian Depot: R. TOWNS & Co., Brisbane. British Depot: W. & A. GIBBS, 10, Abchurch Lane, London. French Depot: A. Rue de la Paix, Paris. Spanish Depot: A. G. G. & Co., Calle de San Francisco, 10, Madrid.

Mr. W. H. Stevenson, the famous English billiard champion, is at present playing in Australia, and is due in New Zealand on 21st August, commencing his tour at Auckland.

The Hon Captain Kenny, M.L.C., has been ordered Home on account of his health, which precluded his attention to his duties. He returned to "The Rocks," Queen Charlotte Sound, last week.

Lieut.-Colonel Sommerville, of Wanganui, arrived in Auckland by the Ngapuhi on July 31, and went with His Excellency the Governor to the site of the Veterans' Home.

Mr. Phil Nathan, of Wellington, came up to Auckland to meet his brother, Mr. Maurice Nathan, who returned from a trip to the Old Country by the American mail boat.

The Rev. W. Shiber has been elected president of the Wellington Ministers' Association for the coming year; the Rev. J. W. Elliott will act as secretary and treasurer.

At the last weekly parade of the Palmerston North Rifles Corporal Needham was presented with a pair of gold links, which he won at a recent shooting competition.

Miss Margaret Ross, M.A., one of the most distinguished students of Victoria College (Wellington), has accepted the appointment of mistress of the Marlborough High School.

Mrs. W. Booth and her daughters passed through Wellington last week on their way to Australia, where they will spend some time before returning to Carterton.

Mr. A. Hardie, of the Wellington staff of the Government Railway Department, has been presented by his comrades with a handsome travelling bag on the occasion of his leaving.

Mr. C. A. Laurence, of the Public Works Department, Wellington, has been presented by his fellow officials with several handsome pieces of silver in honour of his coming marriage.

Mr. John Young, who, after thirty-three years' service, is retiring from the Public Works Department, has been presented by the staff with a purse of sovereigns and a handsome set of table cutlery.

Captain T. de Wolfe, of the s.s. Paeroa, transfers to the Ngunguru, which has been purchased by the Taranaki Collieries Company, and takes her as far as Onehunga. Captain Faulkner, of the Ngunguru, joins the Paeroa.

Dr. Faulke, president of the Wellington Kennel Club, has given £5 to the club, and Mr. J. B. Speed has presented a gold medal for the best Cocker Spaniel bitch exhibited at the coming show, which opens on August 15.

Mr. H. M. Smeeton lays the foundation stone of the Whangarei Baptist Tabernacle on August 6th, and several Auckland ministers of the Gospel will go up to the Northern metropolis to assist in the ceremony.

Mr. Moorhouse, an inspector of the Tourist Department, was recently snowed up at Mount Cook, where severe snowstorms have been experienced this winter. There has been a record number of visitors to Mount Cook this season.

Dr. Wohlmann, Government Balneologist, left for the Bay of Islands last week to inquire into the mercury springs at Tuwhakina. He then goes to Kamo Springs, and later returns to Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, of Te Puke, have sold their farm in that district, and joined the "Frisco" mail boat on July 30th at this port, en route for England. They were entertained by their friends on the occasion of their departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Justice Williams are in Wellington for a few weeks. His Honor the Chief Justice has gone to Dunedin for a time, in order to relieve Mr. Justice Williams, whose health has not been quite satisfactory of late.

Captain and Mrs. Henty (England) who recently arrived in Wellington are on a round the world trip, and have already toured Australia. Captain Henty is a very near relation of the late G. A. Henty, the well known author.

Miss Ingall, late of the Remuera school, was recently presented by her pupils with an inkstand and a music holder on the occasion of her leaving the school to take up duty in the Pouscuby school.

The railway men at Pukekohe entertained Ganger T. Kennelly at a smoke concert on Saturday week, and Mr. A. Craig presented him with a gold Albert and pendant on behalf of the men. Mr. Kennelly has resigned the service after 26 years work in it.

Mr. Samuel Brown, the employers' representative on the Arbitration Court Bench, is making progress towards recovery from his illness. Mr. Brown will probably take the trip to the South Seas which his sudden illness caused him to put off.

Mr. W. J. Boden, teacher at the Waiokaraka school, Thames, has been presented with a fountain pen by the pupils of the Fifth and Sixth Standards of the school. He was a short time ago made headmaster of the Mahurangi school.

Miss Elsie D. Grant, who has received promotion from the Panmure School to the mistress-ship of the Remuera school after six years' service at the former place, was on Saturday week presented by her late pupils and their parents with a gold chain and locket, and an address.

Mr. Alex. Simpson has succeeded Mr. E. Gerard as Chief Clerk of the Wellington Official Assignee. Mr. Gerard, who was the recipient of several valuable presentations, has gone to Auckland to take up the duties of Official Assignee to the northern city.

Mr. Maxwell Walker, M.A., lecturer in Modern Languages at the Auckland University College, has received the appointment of Latin master at the Sacred Heart College, Richmond-road, erected recently, and conducted by the Marist Brothers.

At the annual meeting of the Wellington Bowling Club two of the most popular members were the recipients of flattering testimonials. Mr. W. Muir was presented with a gold and meerschaum pipe, and Mr. Grady received a beautiful porcelain vase.

Mr. H. A. Bruce (Christchurch), who is an enthusiast on the subject of Acclimatisation, was recently presented with a beautiful fishing-rod of split cane, the gift of the Canterbury Acclimatisation societies, to mark their appreciation of his services.

Mr. R. P. Hood, ex-secretary of the Wellington Cycling Club, was presented by his comrades with a purse of sovereigns and an illuminated address. Mr. C. Pope, another member of the same club, who is leaving in order to study dentistry in America, was presented with a travelling trunk.

Mrs. George White gave a small "At Home" at her residence on the Barrack Hill, Napier, last week. Amongst the guests were Messdames Anderson, Baxter, Bradley, Cato, Hernald, Johnston, London, Westall, Nantes, Williams, Misses Baker, Humphries, Sutton, Westall, Williams, etc.

Dr. Neligan conducts a confirmation service at Paeroa on Monday, August 10, and he will also be entertained at an "At Home" on the following day by the parishioners and the vicar (the Rev. J. P. Cowie). The vestry at Whangarei is also preparing to receive the Bishop in September.

Mr. J. N. Baxter, who is leaving the employ of Messrs Macky, Logan, Steen and Co., after being there 20 years, to accept another position in the city, was on July 30 presented by the employees with a pair of steel-links and a purse of sovereigns. Mr. G. M. Reid made the presentation.

Mr. F. Courtney (Wellington), who is on a visit to Australia, is a very keen Association footballer, and acts as hon. sec. of the New Zealand Association. While in Australia Mr. Courtney has successfully negotiated for a visit from a representative team from the Commonwealth, which will come over next year and tour the colony.

At the annual meeting of the Wellington branch of the Educational Institute, the following officers were elected:—President, Mr. Finlay Bethune; vice-presidents, Miss Myers and Mr. Worboys; secretary, Mr. W. Foster; treasurer, Mr. A. Erskine; auditor, Mr. Bennett; Management Committee, Misses Bullingall, Wright and Craig.

Mr. J. C. Parker (Gisborne) has just returned from a round the world trip, which included a lengthy visit to Argentina, where he had thoughts of settling. After a pretty thorough investigation Mr. Parker has decided to remain in New Zealand, where he considers the conditions are more favourable for the average farmer.

His many friends will be glad to hear that Mr. T. Mandeno Jackson is returning to Auckland. It is now some seven or eight years since he joined Madame Belle Cole's Concert Company, and Auckland lost one of its most popular tenor singers. Mr. Jackson will accompany his parents, who intend to return from their trip to England about Christmas.

Mr. Trengrouse, the well known London produce merchant, was recently in Stratford. He takes on the whole a cheerful view of the future of New Zealand dairy business. He is anxious to get a trial consignment of unsalted butter, as the popular taste in England is developing in that direction.

The uniform courtesy of Mr. Charles Edwards, for four years cadet at the Ohaupo post office, and now transferred on promotion to the Thames, was recognized by the people of the former town by giving him an address and a purse of sovereigns, the latter to be used to procure a memento of the esteem of the local people.

Through a printer's error in a recent issue of the "Graphic" the price of Dr. Williams' celebrated Pink Pills was quoted at 4/ per box, when it should have read 3/ per box. We are asked to correct the error and notify our readers that there is no advance in the price. The price of the pills remains as before—3/ per box.

Misses Hannah and Lillias Reid, who went out to China under the auspices of the China Inland Mission about seven years ago, have returned home to Akaroa on furlough. News has been received that Miss Laura Jensen died of typhus fever on May 29 at her station in China. Miss Jensen was well known both in New Zealand and on the mission field.

Mrs. Wilkins, Picton, who was going out to Singapore with her sister, Miss Sutherland, of Spring Creek, received letters from the gentleman to whom Miss Sutherland was engaged that the climate is totally unfit for Europeans, that people are dying there by the hundreds, and that he has given up his good appointment and is coming back to New Zealand.

Captain A. W. Pearce, of the well-known Australian paper "The Pastoralists' Review," is at present on a visit to New Zealand. After inspecting the winter show at Palmerston North, he goes to Napier and then to the South Island. From New Zealand he proceeds to the Argentine by the Rimutaka, and returns to Australia by way of South Africa.

Captain H. A. Hayns, formerly an apprentice in the New Zealand Shipping Company's service, has passed his examination in London as extra master. Captain Hayns, who is a New Zealander, gallantly rescued the crew of a sinking French brig in the Bay of Biscay about three years ago, and was presented with a valuable binocular by the French Government in recognition of his bravery on the occasion.

A number of her girl friends presented Miss Lily Paterson (Wellington) with several valuable gifts, including a gold necklace, set with pearls, and a diamond brooch and pendant, mounted in gold. Miss Paterson, who is the daughter of the Rev. J. Paterson, the retiring minister of St. John's Presbyterian Church, is going to stay with friends in the North during her father's absence on a lengthy trip round the world.

Mrs. Allen has returned to Picton after a pleasant trip to Wellington and New Plymouth, where she went to visit her daughter, Miss Allen, and also Mrs. Robertshaw, at Inglewood. Facilities for travelling are so easy to arrange nowadays and railway fares so reasonable that it is little wonder that the trains are crowded with passengers, especially taking into consideration the beauty spots by the way; and last, but not least, the pride of Taranaki—Mount Egmont.

At the annual general meeting of the Wellington Branch of St. John's Ambulance Association, the prizes and certificates were presented by Lady Ward, in the absence of the Governor and Lady Ranfurly. The following were elected members of the committee for the year: Messdames Hoby, Henry, Adams, Chapple, Walters, Young, and Koudal, Misses Holmes and McLean, and Messrs. Balcombe, Brown, T. Donno, G. Bethune, R. J. Lewis, J. Durbac, E. Nesant, C. P. Powles, and H. Seed.

Out of 37 candidates the following were successful in passing the recent ambulance examinations in Wellington:—Medallions: Mrs. N. Gooder, Mrs. K. Preston, Misses Fuller and Tattler; certificates: Mrs. L. B. Gyles, Mrs. J. Kitching, Mrs. J. Lamb, Misses M. and A. Anderson, E. Chapman, B. Chaytor, E. Danby, J. Drummond, R. Fagan, G. Gardner, E. Gooder, W. Henderson, L. Kuch, W. and N. Kibblewhite, E. Luke, M. Nairn, D. Maudsley, L. Osborn, E. Parton, F. Rogers, M. Waters and E. Whiteford.

Among the passengers from Sydney by the Victoria were Lady Mary Louise Cooke, widow of the late Major-General Cooke, and a daughter of the late Earl of Galloway; and Lady Shyri Tollemaelic, daughter of Baron Tollemaelic, whose country seats are in Cheshire and Suffolk. Travelling with these ladies is Dr. Finlay, of London, and his mother. The party are on a tour round the world and have already visited India, China, and Japan. The tour will be continued on to Auckland, via the Hot Lakes, thence to Honolulu, America, England.

Mr. E. G. Banks, metallurgist to the Waihi G.M. Co., was accorded the honour of a "send-off" at Waihi last Saturday week by his friends, and the members of the battery staff presented him with a binocular glass. Mr. H. P. Barry presided, and wished Mr. Banks a pleasant holiday and a safe return to the town of his adoption. Messrs Phillips (Mayor of Waihi), T. Johns, A. T. Kendrick, T. P. Clarke, W. J. Grey and H. W. Moore also commended the guest. Mr. Banks said it was his intention to combine with his holiday tour of the United States an examination of the methods adopted in the chief mining centres.

The Rev. Dr. Frodsham, according to the Sydney papers, is rapidly recovering from the effects of his accident. He was welcomed on his arrival at Sydney by the officials of the local diocese, and he afterwards went to Wentworth Falls to continue his recuperation. From letters received in Auckland it appears that Dr. Frodsham will have to go to England in connection with the diocesan re-building fund. This is in accordance with his original intention, but he told a "Star" interviewer while he was in Auckland that he wanted to see what the colonies would do before he approached the Mother Country for help to rebuild. Apparently the tour has not yielded enough to rebuild the churches, and therefore his mission will be extended to the Mother Church at Home.

At a recent meeting of the Caversham Borough Council, the Council's inspector, Mr. James Archer, tendered his resignation, stating that he had been appointed clerk of works to the Auckland City Council, and asking the Council to release him as early as possible from his engagement. Mr. Cole, in moving that the request be granted, regretted Mr. Archer's departure, but would be very glad to hear he was going to a better position. Mr. Burgess, in seconding the motion, also expressed regret at the Council's loss of a valued servant, and extended his best wishes for Mr. Archer's future welfare. The Mayor also regretted the loss of Mr. Archer's services, and especially that it was so soon after his appointment to the position, but he (the Mayor) wished Mr. Archer every success.

## ROWLAND'S KALYDOR FOR THE SKIN

COOLING, SOOTHING, HEALING  
and Emollient; Preserves the Skin,  
reals all eruptions, and Beautifies  
the Complexion more effectively  
than any other preparation; re-  
moves Freckles, Tan, Sunburn,  
Redness, Roughness and all irritation  
and is warranted harmless.  
Ask Stores and Chemists for Row-  
land's Kalydor of 77, Hatton Garden,  
London.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT ST. PATRICK'S, AUCKLAND.

The memory of the illustrious Pope Leo XIII. was commemorated at St. Patrick's Cathedral on the evening of July 28th, in a manner eminently worthy of that great pontiff. The impressive dirge was rendered by the united priests in the sanctuary in a most effective and solemn manner. The attendance at the service was a record one. Every seat was occupied, and large numbers stood in the aisles. Among the seventy invited guests were the European Consuls, members of the City Council, and a few Anglican clergymen. The church was tastefully decorated in the papal colours, purple and gold. The catafalque, draped with purple velvet and gold, was erected in the centre aisle before the high altar, and was surrounded by lighted candles. At the head of the cathedral was the papal coat of arms, which included the keys of Peter, surmounted by the Tigris, with stars. On the right of this was His Lordship Bishop Lenihan's coat of arms, "For Faith and Country," and on the left was the Auckland Corporation's coat of arms, "Advance Auckland." Below, upon small shields, were the words: Horn 2nd March, 1810; appointed Cardinal, 1853; consecrated Pope, 1878; died 20th July, 1903. Somewhat over a thousand yards were used in the decorations, which will be left standing for some time. The Bishop presided over the dirge, and was supported by the Very Rev. Monsignor Paul, V.G., and the Rev. Monsignor O'Reilly. The dirge commenced with the recital of the solemn office of the dead, Matins and Lauds. The Matins consisted of three nocturnes, each of which comprised three psalms. The readers of the lessons in the first nocturne were Rev. Fathers Torney, Holbrook and McGuinness; second, Fathers Dorly, Brodie and Breckley; third, Rev. Father Egan, Right Rev. Monsignor O'Reilly, and His Lordship the Bishop. Next came a sermon by the Very Rev. Dean Hackett, of Bacon, which was followed by the lauds. The chanters were the Very Rev. Father Benedict, O.P., and Father Furlong, Father Patterson, Abbot, accompanying on the organ. The choir then sang the "Miserere" and "Benedicite." The soloists were Miss Donovan, Mrs. Hicocks, Messrs. Gaster, Gussott, Clark, Lomax and Parish. The final prayers and Benediction were pronounced by the Bishop after which the "Dead March" in "Saul" was played, and the service concluded.

The panegyric on the Pope, delivered by the Very Rev. Dean Hackett, was delivered in a most eloquent manner, and is considered one of the most able sermons heard in the Cathedral for many years. In the course of his sermon the preacher said that today the eyes of 250,000,000 Catholics were turned to Rome, and the voice that spoke to all nations and all classes, from the Sovereign on his throne, to the workman in his pit, was silenced. The heart that beloved the poor, the suffering sons of toil, was stilled; the hand that steered the barge of Peter through troubled seas had fallen from the helm; the eyes of the watchful sentinel were closed and sealed in death. This mourning was not confined to any one nation or people; it was world wide

and universal. Leo was a great ruler, whose power came from the right hand of God, whose sceptre ruled over the willing hearts of man, whose throne rested not on the will of any nation. Greater was he than Abraham in power, than Melchizedek in priesthood, than Moses in authority, than Samuel in jurisdiction. In him Catholics recognised the centre of human faith, the inflexible guide and shepherd of Christ's flock militant, the cardinal point of all the churches. Today he is taken from his flock, Time and history will crown him with the name of Leo the Great. The preacher then briefly outlined the life of the Pontiff, whom, he said, had striven with uncompromising hostility to check the advance of atheism, materialism and socialism, which were very rampant when he ascended the throne. All combined forces against him, but he arose like a giant and smote them. His tactful suppression of the persecution in Germany was one of the glories of his reign. Leo always exhibited the greatest zeal in the cause of education, and was unswerving in his efforts to uplift the poor. The speaker concluded by enjoining the faithful to offer prayers for the repose of the soul of the departed sovereign Pontiff, thus assuring him that their blessings follow him beyond the grave.

On July 29th at nine o'clock a solemn requiem mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Patterson, Abbot, Very Rev. Dean Hackett being deacon, and Rev. Father Brodie sub-deacon. His Lordship the Bishop presided, and the priests in attendance on the throne were the Very Rev. Monsignor Paul, V.G., and the Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Reilly. "Jubera Me" and "Dies Irae" were chanted during mass before the catafalque. Prayers for the dead and special to the occasion were recited by the Bishop and priests. The congregation was very large, the whole of the seating accommodation being occupied. Those present included the Rev. Canon Nelson and Rev. Wilson, and Consul-General Dillingham, U.S. After the service the "Dead March" was played by the organist.

THE VETERANS' HOME.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES' SYMPATHY.

A GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

Though the weather did not altogether favour yesterday's United Friendly Societies' Demonstration in aid of the Veterans' Home, the function was taken up with so much heartiness that complete success was achieved, a remarkable gathering being seen. The demonstration was organised by the Friendly Societies' Conference, the president of which (Mr W. Knox), with the vice-president (Mr C. Lisle) and secretary (Mr C. Wheeler), and Mr John McLeod (president of the Friendly Societies' Dispensary), spared no effort in making the demonstration notable and financially successful. A large procession, which was thoroughly representative of the friendly societies, formed at the Reservoir, Karangahape-road, early in the afternoon, and marched to the Drill Hall, Wellesley-street, where a great gathering was addressed by His Excellency the Governor (Lord Ranfurly), Bishop Neligan, Father Patterson and Bro. J. McLeod.

THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH.

His Excellency, who was received with loud applause, began by deprecating the Sunday gathering, to attend which he had consented only because no other day was considered possible for such a big gathering. (Applause.) He declared himself a great believer in the good work done by Friendly Societies (Applause.) In this colony it was especially advisable that the societies should be supported, because too many people thought that the Government should do everything; whereas, he believed that the nation could only grow and continue strong by doing and thinking for itself all it could. (Applause.) It had been said to him by one gentleman, who ought to know something about it, that the patriotism of New Zealand would not stand the test of "pounds, shillings and pence;" but even if this were so (he hoped it was not) the colony had shown that it did not begrudge what was more important to the nation in time of danger—its men! (Loud applause.) The gentleman who made the remark had evidently quite forgotten the incidents of the Maori war, when every man who could bear arms was put on the field, and did his duty nobly; he had evidently forgotten the fact that of the British soldiers who were sent out to that war many remained as settlers, and their sons had in them the martial blood of their fathers; and in the late South African war there had never been any difficulty in recruiting men from the colony, and he believed had the pay been even nothing but the Imperial "Tom-nens" pay they would have gone. With reference to the Home, he had been assailed with the argument that the Home was not needed, that no one would go into it; the answer to that was the number of applications already in, in spite of the non-advertisement of the fact that applications were being received. No less than 38 were in, and of the 40 beds in the Home, Auckland residents had applied for 26. This was argument enough to induce the province to lend its support to the Home. He gave an instance of an old man of 68 who had fought in the Mutiny and in the China war, and when refused a position in the colony's First Contingent had gone to South Africa and joined an irregular corps, finally finding his way back to the colony, wounded and poor. He hoped to have this man amongst the first inmates. (Applause.) He added that from the financial support he saw ahead of him in the next six months he did not think it would be necessary to "pass round the hat" afterwards to maintain the Home, but it would be necessary for the Auckland public to make the place a success by visiting and honouring the inmates. (Applause.) For it was an honour to be an inmate, not a disgrace, since the character of the candidates had to be above reproach before they could obtain admission. "It is a national memorial," His Excellency concluded, "and I give the Home to you, ladies and gentlemen, I trust you will do your best both now and in the future to make the lives of the inmates as happy as lies in your power." (Great applause and cheering.)

A collection taken up realised about £50.

The Premier's "At Home," Wellington.

The "At Home" given by the Premier, the Rt. Hon. R. J. Seddon, P.C., in the Sydney-st. Hall, on Monday night, was a brilliantly successful function—one of the most successful, indeed, ever held in Wellington. More than a thousand invitations were issued, and though the night was cold, showery, and bitter, an exceedingly large number of citizens attended. The hall was profusely decorated for the occasion, a fairy-like picture being presented. Palms, ferns, lycodium were used with great effect, and relief was brought by a tasteful use of coloured drapings surrounding panel mirrors. The platform was almost hidden by a tastefully arranged mass of greenery embellished by arum lilies and flowers sent from Auckland for the occasion. The guests were received by Mr, Mrs and Miss Seddon, Mrs Seddon being attired in a wine-coloured velvet robe, and Miss Seddon wearing a white silk evening dress. The floor of the hall was densely packed. So large was the attendance that the din of many tongues drowned the music of a strong orchestra. The scene was a most attractive one, the brilliant costumes of the ladies contrasting very effectively with the sober black of the male section of the assemblage. Members of the Legislature were very prominent in the gathering, and representatives of all the professions were there. All the Ministers were present, and the Government House party included Lady Constance Knox, Major Dudley Alexander, and the Hon. H. C. Butler. During the evening an interesting programme of songs and instrumental items was gone through, and when these were announced the babel ceased as though by magic, to be resumed immediately the item was concluded. A recherche supper was provided, and was done full justice to. After supper the floor was cleared for dancing, which was indulged in until after midnight, the crowded state of the floor making the operation a somewhat difficult one. A number of side rooms were tastefully furnished for the occasion, and were taken full advantage of by those desirous of sitting out the dances, or escaping the crowd in the hall.

WHELPTON'S PILLS FOR HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, BILE. TO BE OBTAINED FROM SHARLAND & CO., Ltd.

Ex "Tomoana." JUST ARRIVED—A LARGE SHIPMENT (about one and a-half ton)

3850 POUNDS OF CHOICE ENGLISH CONFECTIONERY

COMPRISING SLADE'S Delicious Home-made Toffee, Butterscotch, etc. IN 1lb TINS (nett weight), 1/- EACH. SLADE'S Almond Rock and "Exquisite" Toffee, 1/3 per tin. CRAVEN'S Genuine Yorkshire Toffee. 1lb TINS, 1/- EACH. Nett Weight.

LONDON SENSATIONS PER 1/2 LB. Make Your Own Raspberry Jam. 7lb Tin PURE RASPBERRY PULP, 3/3 each.

COMPRISING CRAVEN'S Assorted Jujubes. 1/4 lb. CRAVEN'S Celebrated Drops. (Assorted Flavours.) 2 1/2 GLASS BOTTLES, 2/- EACH. 20oz GLASS BOTTLES, 1/3 EACH. 8oz GLASS BOTTLES, 6D EACH.

H. M. Smeeton, Ltd., THE OLD MILL, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

(Telephone 344)

By Special Appointment.

**MRS W. B. WERTER**  
**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.**  
 Kindly 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, 105,  
 QUEEN-ST., 4 doors from Union Bank.

**FLORAL DESIGNS.**

**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 De-  
 signed in the Most Graceful Style. Choice  
 of Flowers, Ferns, and Foliage used.  
 Telephone Orders Received. **QUEEN-  
 STREET,** opposite H.M. Theatre (front  
 portion of Mr Chas. Hesketh's premises).

**ENGAGEMENTS.**

The engagement is announced of Mr  
 J. D. W. Elliott, of Wanganui, to Miss  
 Maysmore, of Wellington, grand-daughter  
 of the late Major Durie, "The Glen,"  
 Wanganui.

The engagement is announced of Miss  
 Ethel Culpin, third daughter of Mr J.  
 Gartsdale Culpin, Mt. Eden, Auckland,  
 to Mr G. W. Heald, of Te Arorua, Giar-  
 borne, eldest son of Mr Heald, station-  
 master at Hastings, Hawke's Bay.

**ORANGE BLOSSOMS**

The marriage of Miss Adelaide Snel-  
 ger, daughter of Mr Wm. Snelger (Tai-  
 haruru) to Mr Howard Baker, son of Mr  
 C. Baker (Whangarei) was celebrated  
 at the St. Francis Xavier Church at  
 Whangarei recently by the Rev. Father  
 Smiers.

At Ohaupo on Wednesday, July 22,  
 Miss Maud Graham, second daughter of  
 Mr A. Graham (Ohaupo), was married to  
 Mr Charles Finch, third son of Mrs  
 Finch (Pirongia). The ceremony was per-  
 formed by Archdeacon Willis. Miss  
 Louisa Graham acted as brides-  
 maid, and Mr Edgar West as best man.  
 The honeymoon was spent at Rotorua.

**WHITE—PRICE.**

On the 22nd July, at Tangarewa, Ta-  
 kapau, the marriage took place of Mr  
 Frank White, of Sherwood, with Miss  
 Price, fourth daughter of the late Mr  
 Alfred Price of Tangarewa, Hawke's Bay.  
 The bridesmaids were two in number—  
 Miss M. Price and Miss Inglis. The bride  
 was given away by Mr R. Price. The  
 Rev. F. W. Martin, of Waipukurau, per-  
 formed the nuptial rite. A large num-  
 ber of the friends of the bride and bride-  
 groom were present at the wedding.  
 Amongst them were Mr and Mrs Carlyon,  
 of Gwavas, Mrs White, Mr and Mrs  
 Sydney Johnston and the Misses John-  
 ston, Mr and Mrs Lambert, Mr and Mrs  
 Kinross White, etc. Later in the day  
 the newly-married pair left en route for  
 Australia, where the honeymoon will be  
 spent.

**Society Gossip**

**AUCKLAND.**

Dear Bee,  
 August 4.

**THE SHAKESPERE SOCIETY.**

Notwithstanding the very unpropitious weather a large audience assembled on Thursday evening at the Masonic Hall, Princes-street, to hear the second recital of the present season by the Shakespere Society, the play chosen being "Julius Caesar." The cast was as follows:—Julius Caesar, Mr W. R. Walker; Octavius Caesar, Mr Montague; Mark Antony, Mr Fred Earl; Brutus, Mr Hugh Campbell; Cassius, Mr R. McVeagh; Casca, Mr F. H. Templar; Decius Brutus, Mr H. J. D. Mahon; Metellus Cimber, first citizen Messala, Mr Maxwell Walker; a sooth-sayer, servant to Caesar, servant to Antony, second citizen, Mr Montague; Lucius, Miss Flora Robertson; Artemidorus, Rev. W. Jellie; Calpurnia (wife to Caesar), Mrs F. C. Rollett; Portia (wife to Brutus), Mrs W. R. Walker. These ladies and gentlemen showed complete mastery of the play in their splendid interpretations of the respective characters allotted to them. The next recital to be given, "The Merchant of Venice," should, with such talent available, be a complete success.

Mrs W. R. Walker wore a black silk voile skirt with silk bands on the numerous frills, and black Lousine silk bodice, with ceru point de esprit yoke and undersleeves; Mrs F. C. Rollett was in an emerald green glaze silk blouse and point lace collar, black voile skirt; Miss Flora Robertson wore a ruby velvet with Persian galoon bands; Mrs Kent, black crepe-de-chine with Maltese lace fichu; Miss Oekenden, black voile, with white corded velvet vest; Mrs Archdale Taylor, pearl grey and white floral crepe-de-chine, trimmed with opal blue glaze silk and white lace; Mrs Lawry, rich black brocade; Miss Gorrie, pretty white tuckered silk blouse, inserted with lace and black satin skirt; Miss Pearl Gorrie, white silk blouse with carnation pink choux, black voile skirt; Mrs Ashly Hunter, black gown; Miss Blanche (England) wore a lovely white tuckered silk evening gown with white evening cloak; Mrs Oxley, grey, white silk blouse strapped with black velvet, grey skirt; Miss Cozens, white silk blouse with water-melon pink choux, black silk skirt; Miss Ivy Buddle, brown velvet, with cream guipure lace pelerine; Mrs Keckwiel, black satin, and large cream lace collar; Miss Binks, peacock blue velvet blouse, and black voile skirt; Mrs Ashton Bruce, tuckered tussore silk blouse and black skirt, red evening cloak; Miss Ruddock was in a dainty pale blue and white figured silk blouse with lace fichu and dark skirt; Mrs St. Clair, pretty white lace blouse over azure blue silk, black trained skirt; Miss Bennett (North Shore), handsome white Indian embroidered silk blouse and black skirt; Nurse Beach, black silk and turquoise blue choux, black skirt and white evening cloak; Miss D. Moor, black velvet gown, with white lace fichu; Mrs McCallum, pretty watermelon red and white Oriental satin blouse adorned with lace, black voile skirt; Mrs Wilfred Manning was in white silk, trimmed with lace; Miss Caldwell, pretty brown tweed gown; Miss Priestly, pale blue silk evening blouse, with white Maltese lace collar, dark skirt; Miss Wright, black gown; Miss Lewis, black gown, with bretelles on front of bodice; Miss Cooke, wore black relieved with white chiffon; Miss Ledingham, black gown, with Maltese lace collar; Mrs Mitchell (North Shore), black silk, with large pelerine of Paris tinted luxeuil lace; Miss Kennedy, pink and white blouse, black skirt; Miss Holland, very pretty turquoise blue silk blouse with pink design, black voile skirt, etc.

The second  
**MOUNT EDEN "CINDERELLA" DANCE**  
 on Tuesday last, July 28, reflects credit on the committee, who have worked hard to make these dances a success. There were some pretty dresses worn. Mrs. H. Dacre wore a white figured satin, with pearl passementerie; Mrs. Trevithick, black and tomato red; Mrs. Oldham, black; Mr. Boak, white silk, green velvet trimmings; Mrs. Wilson, black silk; Mrs. Cooper, white; Mrs. Kenneth Low, black silk; Miss Udy, white silk; Miss Daisy

Udy, white silk; Miss Gillilan, pink and black; Miss K. Stephenson looked pretty in a dainty white silk, blue chiffon trimmings; Miss A. Gittos, white silk and lace; Miss Haultain, pretty green silk; Miss Ruby Porch looked well in black, relieved with drake's neck green; Miss Penocke, white silk; Miss E. Hosking, white silk, blue choux; Miss Alice Goodwin looked dainty in white silk and blue choux; Miss C. Haven, white satin, profusely tuckered, green choux; Miss Thorne, white silk, pink choux; Miss Oxley, yellow silk and white chiffon; Miss Bertha Oxley, rose-coloured silk, relieved with cream; Miss Metcalfe, white inserted muslin; Miss Fanny Hudon, pretty black silk gown, with Maltese lace; Miss Maud Wingfield, black silk, with black chiffon, blue choux; Miss K. Wilson, dainty white silk; Miss Kent, pretty pink silk; Miss Sloane, white silk; Miss Garrett, white silk; Miss Lill, white; Miss A. Hill, white silk; Miss W. Culpin, pretty white tuckered silk gown, white accordion-pleated silk, and violets on corsage; Miss Trevithick, pink gown; Misses Milne, white silks; Miss F. Kidd, white; Miss Crowthor, white, with black velvet bows; etc. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs. Dacre, Milne, Reid, Stewart, Cooper, Gillilan, Banks, Hill, Sloman, Oxley, Kidd, Trevithick, Thorne, Culpin (2), Phillipson, Murray, Kent, Crowthor, Richardson, Benjamin, Post (3), Armstrong, Brown, Huntly, Bedford, Garrett, etc.

**HOCKEY DANCE.**

A very pretty dance was given by the young ladies of the Te Huiia Hockey Club in Ponsonby Hall last Friday, 24th July. There were about 60 couples present. The hall was decorated with flags, and the supper table was a work of art, being tastefully decorated with yellow and white flowers. Great credit is due to the committee for their efforts in making the dance a success. Among those present were: Mrs Colien, pretty white tuckered silk, relieved with pink flowers; Mrs Gouk wore a maize silk; Mrs Usher, handsome black silk; Miss McLeod, pretty cream cashmere skirt with numerous tuks, pretty silk blouse to match; Miss Ivy Usher wore pale blue cashmere skirt, relieved with white silk, blouse to match; Miss Odium, very dainty blue satin dress with cream lace; Miss L. Connelly, handsome cream satin; Miss Rainey, pretty white silk; Miss Gannon, dainty pink cashmere, trimmed with pink chiffon, flowers in hair; Miss Young, black skirt, pretty silk blouse; Misses Usher wore pale green cashmere dresses, relieved with white lace; Miss Ada Davis, dainty pink silk; Miss Mary Gannon, very pretty pink voile, trimmed with black velvet; Miss E. Robertson, handsome blue silk, trimmed with white; Miss Crawford wore a pretty black and white silk, which was much admired; Miss E. Crawford, dainty cream satin; Miss Olive Crawford, red silk; Miss Con-

nely, pretty blue satin, covered with white net; Miss E. Carder, white mouseline de soie over pink silk; Miss S. McGill, pink silk; Miss McKenzie, dainty blue with black spot; Miss Durner, handsome black dress; Miss Ivy Player looked pretty in white silk frock; Miss Slater, black silk with transparent sleeves of black lace; Miss Daisy Slater, handsome white satin with black bird in her hair; Miss V. Smith looked graceful in a very pretty blue silk dress with white insertion; Miss Woodham, dainty white muslin; Misses Gillet, pretty silk dresses; Miss Gresham, handsome black evening dress with red flowers; Miss Peace, pretty white frock; Miss Weston, very pretty cream cashmere with cream lace and crimson velvet ribbon. Among the gentlemen present were Messrs Rees, Sanda, Foote, Harper, Gresham, Chambers, Foster, Gittos, Johnson, Fraser, Northey (Napier), Usher, Culpin, Connelly, Stokes, Lewis, Booth, Connell, J. Robertson, Hellaby, Mitchell, McKenzie, Torrence, Brown, McCormick.

**PING-PONG.**

Last Saturday night a large number of ping-pong enthusiasts of Auckland entered for the Handicap Tournament in aid of the Children's Home, Parnell. Some of the games were well worth watching, and the Choral Hall presented a very lively appearance when the whole nine tables were in play. There were not a great many spectators, and most of the lady players, in view of the work before them, wore loose blouses and short skirts. Amongst so many who were constantly moving about, it was almost impossible to see every one, but I noticed Mrs Phillips, in a pretty white voile gown, large turquoise blue choux; Mrs Jones, black skirt, blue glaze silk blouse with handsome black lace zouave; Miss Moir, black skirt, black silk blouse, pretty twine-coloured lace collar; Miss L. Moir, black, cream lace collar; Miss —, Moir, navy blue skirt, pretty white silk blouse; Miss Hunt, black voile skirt, cherry silk blouse, lovely lace collar; Miss Slater, black skirt, dainty white tuckered silk blouse; Miss Myra Reed, black skirt, pretty white silk blouse; Miss Thomson, black skirt, crimson silk blouse, trimmed with ceru insertion; Miss Butters, black skirt, very pretty pink merveilleux silk blouse; Miss Scheiff, black skirt, black velvet blouse, lovely lace collar; Miss Gore-Gillon, black skirt, pale blue chiffon blouse; Miss K. Hill, black skirt, blue silk blouse with transparent white lace yoke; Miss G. Hill, black skirt, pretty blue blouse; Miss Connie Sloman, black skirt, crimson crepe de chine blouse; Miss Shera, black skirt, white silk blouse, turquoise blue choux; Miss Ireland, dark skirt, pretty flowered muslin blouse with transparent lace yoke, finished with dull green ribbon; Miss Lusk, black skirt, turquoise blue velvet blouse; Miss Olive Lusk,

**A PERFECT BEVERAGE.**

Preferred by Connoisseurs for its high quality and delicious natural flavor.

**van Houten's Cocoa**

Rich in nourishing and stimulating properties, it builds up and invigorates the system.

**Best & Goes Farthest.**

black skirt, cherry-coloured velvet blouse, finished with string-coloured insertion; Miss Helen Fenton, vieux rose cloth skirt, white satin blouse with transparent lace yoke; Miss Whitaker, dark skirt, flowered muslin blouse; Miss Frazer, black skirt, pale blue satin blouse; Miss J. Fraser, dark skirt, pretty green blouse; Miss Parsons, black skirt, crimson silk blouse, ecru lace collar; Misses Atkinson (2), black skirts, white silk blouses, black ribbon choux; Miss Proce, black skirt, blue satin blouse; Miss Dawson, black skirt, pretty ecru silk blouse, deep lace collar; Miss Muriel Hesketh, black skirt, dainty pale pink blouse; Miss Hesketh, black skirt, white satin blouse with ecru insertion; Miss M. Hesketh, black skirt, yellow and black silk blouse; Miss Caro, black frock with silver belt; Mrs T. Keesling, black skirt, black crepe de chine blouse, handsome black applique lace collar; Miss Ehrenfried, navy blue and white foulard skirt, cream crepe de chine coffee jacket with long stole ends; Mrs Ehrenfried, black gown, butterfly bow in coiffure; Miss Alice Davy, black skirt, white silk blouse, pale blue choux; Miss Bessie Smith, black skirt, pale pink blouse; Miss Brabant, black skirt, crimson flowered silk blouse; Miss Culpin, black skirt, pale green silk blouse.

On Wednesday, July 29th, Mrs. Houghton gave a large "at home" at her residence, Gladstone road, Parnell. The table was most artistically decorated with green silk, tied with violet velvet ribbon, and large bowls of violets. Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. Houghton, black voile skirt, banded with ecru insertion, white silk blouse, lovely cream net and lace coffee jacket; Mrs. Rose (Wellington), black voile skirt, tucked sea-green silk blouse, very pretty coffee-coloured jacket; Mrs. Neligan, grey silk voile, trimmed with black velvet and twine-coloured lace, large black picture hat; Miss Burdette, black skirt, sealskin coat, black Astrakhan hat; Mrs. Duthie, redwood cloth, Russian costume, pretty black hat; Mrs. Uphill, black hopsacking gown, trimmed with Oriental embroidery, blue felt hat; Mrs. Tewley, cream cloth costume, stitched with glaze silk bands, turquoise blue velvet toque; Mrs. Hutchison, black cloth jacket and skirt, pretty black hat; Mrs. Cotter, mourning costume; Miss Cotter, very pretty cream cloth costume, picture hat; Mrs. Holmes, white serge costume, strapped with white glaze silk bands, black picture hat; Mrs. J. Chambers, dark blue voile, profusely trimmed with cream insertion, black hat; Mrs. Buller, black cloth jacket and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Buller, blue jacket and skirt, blue felt hat, trimmed with white; Mrs. Hunter, black, dainty black and white hat; Mrs. Hunt, dark blue costume; Mrs. Phillips Turner, black voile skirt, black silk Eton jacket, large black hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Parkes, green cloth, trimmed with velvet and insertion; Miss Grierson, pretty green hopsacking frock, black picture hat; Mrs. Robert Dargaville, black gown, trimmed with ecru insertion, hat to match; Miss A. Mulvaney, grey tweed Russian costume; Miss Coates, dark brown sibilene gown, hat en suite; Mrs. Bertina White, black costume, black bonnet, relieved with touches of crimson; Mrs. Stevenson, black tweed, pretty black toque; Mrs. Cuff, dark red Russian costume; Miss Cuff, heliotrope voile, black hat; Mrs.

Smith, green coat and skirt, white felt hat, trimmed with heliotrope chiffon and violets; Mrs. Lawry, black silk skirt, black velvet jacket, hat to match; Mrs. Harry Bloomfield, pretty black costume; Miss Gill, dark blue jacket and skirt, very becoming black hat; Mrs. Pollen, black and white tweed Russian costume; Mrs. Lyons, black skirt, short black velvet coat, trimmed with Oriental embroidery, black and white hat; Mrs. Ireland, black voile gown, with white satin yoke, pretty black and white bonnet; Miss J. Ireland, black and white beaked tweed skirt, sealskin Eton coat, white felt hat; Miss M. Dargaville, redwood Russian costume, white felt hat, trimmed with black, pretty drage's neck hat, trimmed with wings; Mrs. McCullough, dark coat and skirt, black hat, trimmed with crimson; Mrs. Brown, grey tweed costume, black velvet hat; Mrs. Rathbone, black voile, finished with string-coloured insertion and glaze ribbon, black picture hat; Mrs. Robert Lusk, black serge Russian costume, pale pink hat; Miss White, fawn cloth gown, dark red hat; Miss N. Kissling, black cloth tailor-made gown, black hat; Miss Agnes Mulvaney, terracotta cloth costume, trimmed with Roman insertion, black hat; Mrs. Sagar, black skirt, long black coat, black velvet picture hat.

"Elsie," my Cambridge correspondent, writes:—A most delightful

**EUCRE PARTY AND DANCE**

was given by Mrs Richardson, of "Corrie Lea," on Wednesday evening, July 29, between 40 and 50 guests being present. The large dining-room was used for cards and dancing, and the drawing-room was used for the supper. All the rooms were beautifully decorated with bush ferns, lycopodium and camellias, most artistically arranged. A very recherche supper was served, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, after which the young people indulged in some dancing. The prizes at eucres were won by Mrs B. Cooper first, a lovely smelling salts, and Miss Dunne second, a silk Maltese lace handkerchief. Mr Farnall first, a silver stud box, and Mr C. Buckland second, a silk handkerchief. Mrs Richardson received her guests in a black velvet gown cut square back and front and transparent lace sleeves; Miss Richardson, white silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Cooper, black evening dress; Mrs Roberts, black velvet evening dress with violets; Mrs R. J. Roberts, black silk blouse with cream silk and lace vest, black skirt; Mrs Martyn, black silk evening frock; Mrs Briffault, black broche silk, with a very lovely Paris lace cape collar and crimson choux; Mrs F. Gane, black evening dress; Mrs Runciman, white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Willis, white silk blouse with black bow, black skirt; Miss C. Willis, rose pink silk blouse, large pointed net collar and black skirt; Miss E. Willis, pale blue evening blouse with pink roses, black skirt; Miss K. Willis, white silk blouse with insertion and black skirt; Miss Wright, very pretty white evening dress; Miss Dunne, white silk evening frock; Miss Hill, pink muslin evening dress; Miss Walker, white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss E. Walker, white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Cave, blue silk voile trimmed with cream net and black velvet; Miss H. Wells, very pretty white glaze silk

evening frock with swaddles of string coloured spotted net; Miss Buckland, white silk blouse, with motif trimming and black skirt; Miss Williams, black evening frock, Maltese lace fichu; Miss Gwynneth, black Oriental silk; Miss James Hally, pink silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Hally, exceedingly pretty white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss P. E. Kering, white evening frock. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs Richard-son (2), Roberts, Hine, Douglas, Scott, Potts, Rush, Banks (2), Williams (2), Walker, Buckland, Farnall and Cooper.

"Zilla," my Hamilton correspondent, writes: The Hamilton Polo Club wound up the season with a very pleasant ball in the Volunteer Hall on Friday evening. The weather, unfortunately, was not inviting for those who meant to be present, and probably it kept many away who lived at a distance; nevertheless the hall was well filled, and the ball was most successful. A number of polo players and lady friends from Cambridge were present. The room was entirely decorated with flags and club colours, interspersed with saddles, bridles and polo sticks giving it quite a picturesque appearance. The music (Mr. Bosworth's band) was excellent, and extras played by Messrs Panton and Nixon were greatly enjoyed. The supper, which was laid in the room at the back of the stage, was all that could be desired. Amongst many pretty dresses worn on the occasion I noticed: Mrs. Sandes, black silk, pink opera cape; Mrs. Knight, black brocade; Mrs. Chitty, black satin; Mrs. Worthington, white satin, black lace trimming; Mrs. Verones, white, relieved with black; Mrs. Going, apricot satin; Mrs. Farrar, maroon satin, cream lace; Mrs. Hine (Cambridge), black silk; Mrs. Bell, black; Mrs. Clem Dixon, black skirt, mauve silk blouse; Miss Watkin, black lace over black; Miss M. O'Neill, white silk; Miss Sandes, green silk; Miss Inez Sandes, white; Miss Stone, black skirt, cream blouse; Miss Duder, blue brocade; Miss Campbell, white, and red roses; Miss Swarbrick, white satin; Miss Oberlin Brown, white; Miss Hill, pink satin; Miss Taylor (Cambridge), white satin; Miss Wallnutt, blue Oriental satin; Miss M. Cussen, white; Misses Roche, one in white, the other blue; Miss Newell, pink satin; Misses Clarkin, one in white, the second cream, relieved with red; Miss McGarigle, blue satin; Miss Barton, white silk; Misses Edgecumbe, white silk; Miss J. Hill, red satin; Miss Cox (Taupiri), pink.

PHYLIS BROWN.

**WHANGAREI.**

Dear Bee, August 1. Among the visitors to the district just now is Dr. Wohlmann, Government Bacteriologist, who is inspecting the mineral springs of the North. He has been to Ohacawai to see the celebrated mercu-rial springs at that place, and is now at Kamo, the Vichy of New Zealand. Our Kamo springs are alkaline, ferruginous and highly charged with carbonic acid gas, and contain also minute traces of arsenic. Like the "Source des Medecines" and the "Puits Lady" of Vichy, the mineral waters of Kamo are invaluable in many of the chronic diseases of women, particularly in anæmic cases. Those acquainted with the French spa at Vichy, will know how very popular the place is with the gentler sex, having the reputation of not only curing diseases peculiar to women, but also of beautifying the complexion. Dr. Wohlmann's visit should lead to important results, as his report will indicate just what these waters are suitable for, which is a matter of great moment to those who are in search of health, who want to know just where to go for their par-

For Quiet Nights & Healthy Infants  
TRY  
**RIDGE'S**  
The Best FOOD  
Relieve all Irritations  
Satisfying, Strengthening, Soothing for Infants  
Agreeable, Digestible, Nourishing  
AGENTS FOR AUCKLAND AND WELLINGTON—  
**Sharland & Co. Ltd.**  
RIDGE'S FOOD MILLS—LONDON, ENGL.

**MELLOR'S SAUCE**  
PIQUANT OR MILD  
FOR SOUPS, CHOPS, STEAKS, FISH, GAME  
"WORLD-WIDE CONSUMPTION"  
MANUFACTURED BY WOLFE & SHERER

**Things That Are New**

TO BE NEW YOU MUST GET THEM AT JOHN COURT'S. IF YOU GET THEM AT JOHN COURT'S THEY MUST BE NEW.

**JOHN COURT,**  
Drapery Importer,  
**QUEEN STREET**  
— TWO SHOPS —  
Has this week opened up a new lot for good of the VERY LATEST in...  
**LACE CAPE COLLARETTES**  
and **BERTHES.**  
THEY ARE SOMETHING MAGNIFICENT, and range in prices from 2/11 each to 25/6 each, the various classes of Lace being—Soutache, Gimpure, Point d'Arabe, Duchesse Point, Oriental, Honiton. If only you want to see them, you will have to come at once. They are so new that we cannot keep them.

STANDARD LINES THAT JOHN COURT WISHES TO KEEP BEFORE THE PUBLIC NOTICE:—  
**KID GLOVES,** at 2/11, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11  
**SUEDE GLOVES,** at 2/11, 4/11, 5/6. Value never beaten in the History of the Glove Trade.  
**HOSIERY.—LADIES' ALL-WOOL CASHMERE BIBS,** 1/ 1/3, 1/6, 1/9, 1/11, 2/3, 2/6. Value never likely to be beaten.  
**UMBRELLAS,** at 1/11, 2/4, 2/11, 3/11, 4/11, to 21/. These are the best that money can buy.  
**HANDKERCHIEFS—Ladies' Hemstitched Lawn,** price per dozen 1/6, 1/11, 2/6, 2/9, 3/6, to 5/6.  
Ladies' Hemstitched Linen, price per dozen 4/6, 5/6, 7/3, to 14/6. All Belfast Goods.  
**MURRAY APRONS,** nicely trimmed with pretty Embroidery and good designs, at 11/4, 1/8, 1/6, 1/11, 2/6, 2/11.  
**LEATHER BELTS,** for Ladies and Little Boys, 1/10, 1/11.

**LADIES' BELTS—**The New Medallion Belt, from 1/8 to 16/6. The reputation we have got for Ribbons and Laces is brought to light day by day. We thoroughly believe that we cut more than any two houses in town. This certainly proves that we always have the Right Goods at the Right Prices at the Right Time.  
**HABERDASHERY.—**Very few people in Auckland ever think of going anywhere else than JOHN COURT'S for their Haberdashery. We supply the public with Pins, Tapes, Cotton, Needles, etc., at wholesale prices.  
**TRIMMINGS** for this Season comprise—Appique, Strappings, Orientals, Braids, Drop Ornaments, Bequins Gimps, etc. We have always a very nice variety in stock, and persons can rely upon getting a very suitable Trimming for their material at a very keen price.

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

**JOHN COURT, TWO SHOPS QUEEN STREET**

ticular complaint. Hitherto people have drifted about from one place to another, not knowing which was best for their complaints, and wasting in this way time and money. Kamo is entirely different to any other mineral springs district, in that the water is a natural soda-water. At the back of the springs is a large lake of soda-water, in which visitors can bathe. It is a charming place, and from one point of view the water has the peculiarity of looking the colour of blood.

Mrs Gillon gave a very enjoyable "Poster afternoon" at her residence, "Rah-whiti," on July 31. It was given for married ladies only, and a greater novelty was given to the poster advt. in a prize for the best spent threepenny bit. The hostess received her guests, looking very nice in heliotrope, assisted by the Misses Drummond and Corns. Among the guests were Mrs Col. Goring, who won the prize, a silver thimble, for the most original poster. This poster was unique, the subject being an advt. for a local undertaker. It was an artistic and bold presentation. Mrs Higginson was the winner of a prize (a vase) for guessing the greatest number of poster advts. correctly. Mrs Struthers won the prize (a greenstone pendant) for the "best-laid-out threepenny bit." The following were some of the posters: Mrs Higginson, Royal Barlock Typewriter; Mrs Dalston, Hennessy's Brandy; Mrs C. Thomas, Reckitt's Blue; Mrs R. Thompson, Swan Soap; Mrs R. Mair, Potted Yarmouth Bloaters; Mrs L. E. Cubitt, Perfect Typewriter; Mrs T. L. Drummond, Aseel Tobacco; Mrs Struthers, Lifebuoy Soap; Mrs Matheson, McIntosh's Cream Toffee; Mrs G. Foster, "Northern Advocate"; Mrs J. Mackie, Fragrant Vanity Fair; Mrs Lockart, Maori Chief N.Z. Clothing; Mrs Gillen, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; Mrs W. A. M. Bain, Colgates' Shaving Stick; Mrs Corns, Three Star Brandy; Mrs E. N. Boutil, Y.Y. Ginger Stout; Mrs W. Caruth, Smith's Premier Typewriter.

NGAIA.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, July 29.  
On Thursday, July 23, Mrs. John Anderson entertained a few friends at her residence in Victoria avenue. The finals for the bridge tournament were played off. Mrs. Kissing won the ladies' prize, an embossed silver cabinet photo frame; and Mr Allison a combined knife and pencil of silver for his watch chain.  
On Saturday evening Mrs. Dodgshun gave a most enjoyable progressive euchre party, and after supper dancing was indulged in. Miss W. Anderson won the ladies' prize, a pretty silver button-hook and shoe-horn. Mr. Brandon was the winner of a silver matchbox. The booby prizes fell to Miss O. Mason (Gisborne) and Mr. B. Anderson. Mrs. Dodgshun wore a handsome black silk costume; Miss Dodgshun, pink crepe de chine blouse, shirred round the neck, black satin skirt; Miss Rawson, pretty white embroidered muslin, with deep net frills on corsage, handkerchief sleeves of net, pink roses; Miss Gillilan (Auckland), pale blue satin blouse, hemstitched, black satin skirt; Miss Nolan (Gisborne), black silk costume, trimmed with cream inser-

tion and lace; Miss Baker, smart black silk gown, the corsage trimmed with white insertion; Miss McDonnell, cream crepe de chine, shirred round corsage, angel sleeves; Miss Jackson, pink tucked silk blouse, fichu of white net and lace, black satin skirt; Miss Griffiths, black satin, trimmed with velvet and jet; Miss Campbell, white silk frock; Miss W. Anderson wore a cream gown, relieved with crimson velvet; Miss O. Mason (Gisborne), cream satin evening blouse, covered with lace insertion, with gold outline and tassels, black skirt; Miss Gresson, black silk, trimmed with white lace, pale blue chou; Miss Aitken, black silk, Maltese lace collar; Miss Earle, white lace gown, with frills of muslin. There were also present Messrs Harold, Izard, Osbiston, Lewis, Bruce, Dodgshun (2), Dymock, Brandon, C. Wilson (Mangamahū), Anderson, and others.

On Saturday afternoon the Egmout-Wanganui Hunt Club had their meet at the popular rendezvous, Lamb Hill, Mr. A. Sutherland's property. Amongst the followers were: Messrs Cholmeley, Hastie (Manaiā), R. Grace, H. Speed, Wootton (Rangitikei), Brownlie, H. Cameron, Phillips, Higgle, Blair, McNeill, Judor (Marlon), Faber, Bruce, Miss Duigan (Melbourne), Miss Clayton (Stratford), and Miss Campbell. Driving were: Mr. and Mrs. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, Misses Morecroft (2), Bamber, Mitchell, McNeill and many others.

On Tuesday, 28th, Miss Ethel Christie gave a farewell to Miss Jessie Marshall, who is leaving this week for a trip to England. A most enjoyable evening was spent in playing tiddy-winks and dancing. The prize, a pretty silver photo frame, was won by Miss J. Marshall. Amongst those present were Misses Moore, Earle, Izard, McDonnell, G. Krull and Richmond (Nelson), Messrs. Dunn, Harold, Brandon, Stedman, H. Montgomery, Izard and Dr. Barnard.

On Monday afternoon Miss Jessie Griffiths entertained a number of her girl friends at an enjoyable afternoon tea at her pretty home in Wilson street.

On Tuesday evening Miss Griffiths gave a very successful progressive euchre party. Mrs. D'Arcy won the ladies' prize, a gold heart for a miniature; Mr. Bruce winning the men's prize, a penknife. The booby prizes fell to Miss G. Campbell—a pretty picture—and Mr. G. Pownall. Mrs. Griffiths wore a handsome black costume, with white silk collar, ornamented with herring-bone; Miss Griffiths, white tucked silk blouse, black silk skirt. Amongst the guests I noticed: Mrs. D'Arcy, in a pale pink silk blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs. Stevenson, black voile gown, white chiffon front, ornamented with black embroidery medallions; Mrs. Arthur Lewis, black silk, with pale pink roses on corsage; Miss R. Jones, black silk skirt, rose pink silk blouse; Miss W. Anderson, white silk evening gown; Miss M. Anderson, pink tucked silk blouse, trimmed with black velvet and Paris-coloured medallions, black satin skirt; Miss Gresson, black silk frock, pale blue chou; Miss Brewer, white tucked silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Brabant, pretty maize silk blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Nolan (Gisborne), white voile skirt, pink silk blouse; Miss Gillilan (Auckland), smart pink silk gown; Mrs. Hughes-Johnston, black silk evening frock, ornamented with jet and handker-

chief sleeves; Miss Newcombe, black costume, pale blue chou; Misses Millward (Wellington), Pratt, G. Campbell, Dodgshun, H. McDonnell, and others. Messrs. G. Pownall, D'Arcy, Stevenson, Lewis, Bruce, Heatherley, Fowler (England), Anderson, F. Brabant (Napier), and many others.

HUIA.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, July 30.  
This week has been comparatively quiet after the gaieties of last week, but the weeks ahead are full of good things to come, so perhaps it is best as it is after all. There were

TWO VERY NICE AFTERNOON TEAS, one on Thursday and another on Friday. At Mrs Tweed's on Thursday, the lovely display of early spring flowers were the envy of all. They came from the gardens at Featherston, where Mrs Tweed's brother, Mr Martin, grows them in glorious profusion. There were jonquils, daffodils, and violets everywhere, such as we never can grow in town, all with the delicious sweet bloom of the country about them. An exceptionally dainty repast was laid on the dining-room table, and after coming in out of the cold and wet, the delicious hot tea, coffee or chocolate was very cheering and welcome. Mrs Tweed received in a handsome black skirt and bodice of pale blue and white silk, prettily trimmed with insertions of lace; her sister, Mrs George, had a black silk gown, the bodice trimmed with pink silk and lace; Miss George, who played several times during the afternoon, gave much pleasure by her brilliant playing. She wore a soft pink gown, shirred and softened with Paris lace insertions. Among the guests were: Mrs Biss, in a dark blue costume and black and white toque; Lady Millar, black gown and cape, bonnet with crimson roses; Mrs and Miss Barton; Mrs Menzies, black sabeline with white vest, black and vio-

let bonnet; Mrs Turrell; Mrs H. Gure; Mrs Pearce; Mrs Crawford; Mrs Rhind; the Misses Brandon; Mrs Adams; Miss Dransfeld; the Misses Harding; Mrs Loughnan; Miss Joseph, and others.

The tea on Friday was given by the Misses Edwin to a number of their girl friends. There was a Geographical Competition, which was won by Miss Nelson. Very tempting tea was laid in the diningroom, the table being decorated with flowers. Some of those present were Mrs S. Cox, Mrs Ernest Haddfield, and the Misses Harding, Harcourt, Fitzgerald, Gore, Feil, Simpson, Reid, Nelson, Howard, Finch, Miles, Brandon, Beetham, Rawson, Skerrett, McGregor, Quick, Chatfield, and others.

There was A SMALL SUBSCRIPTION DANCE organised by Miss Duncan, in aid of

GIVEN AWAY!

WE GIVE AWAY Free of Charge to every purchaser of one of our ELECTRIC BELT or APPLIANCES a pair of our ELECTRIC FOOT BATTERIES, which are the GREATEST of modern times, and will be found the greatest of all PREVENTIVES against RHEUMATISM, COLIC, COLDS, INFLUENZA, and BRONCHITIS.



Our SPECIAL ELECTRIC BELT with SUSPENSOR for gentlemen gives a steady INVIGORATING current to all WEAK and NERVOUS parts of the body, and have restored HEALTH and VIGOR when ALL ELSE had FAILED. Our SPECIAL BELT for ladies has proved a BLESSING to WOMANKIND. We allow a 30 DAYS TRIAL BEFORE PAYMENT, and we give a WRITTEN GUARANTEE that it will CURE YOU or RETURN the FULL AMOUNT PAID.

Send for our "ELECTRIC ERA" and Price List (post free) explaining the different Applications for both sexes, also TESTIMONY which will CONVINCe the most SCEPTICAL.

Address: German Electric Appliance Agency, ARCADE BUILDINGS, 63 Elizabeth-street, Sydney, N.S.W.

SOFT RUBBER HAIR CURLERS and HAIR WEAVERS.

Protected by Letters Patent throughout the World.

WON'T Break the hair; hurt the head; look un-ightly; cause sleeplessness nor headaches.  
WILL Preserve the hair; curl effectively; induce sleep; make curls either tightly or loosely, frizzy or wavy.

ONCE USED NEVER ABUSED FOR New Century Hair Curler, Pleasant and light, Made of soft rubber, Is women's delight.

COLOURS— Made in Three Colours.  
SETS— SIX comprise a Set of CURLERS FOUR, a Set of WEAVERS.  
PRICE— They are ONE SHILLING per Box. Directions for using on each box.

The Curiers may be washed in hot soapy water, to which a few drops of ammonia have been added.

SOLE AUSTRALASIAN PROPRIETORS— The New Century Curler Co., Ltd. Agents: F. H. LEONARD & Co. Auckland.

GROWING— "THAT'S" A GOOD INDICATION.

We are EXTENDING OUR GROUND FLOOR by double its present size, when we trust, by serving our patrons better, if possible, than heretofore, to do a largely increased business on the same POPULAR LINES, viz:

Popular Goods, Popular Styles, Popular Prices.

McCULLAGH & GOWER

244, 246, 248, 250, Queen Street, Auckland.

INSPECT OUR VALUE IN FURS, JACKETS, SILK DRESSES, FANCY GLOVES, Etc.

the Kindergarten schools, in the Sydney street Schoolroom, on Tuesday evening. The room was prettily decorated and the stage furnished easily. The supper was very delicious, all tempting home-dishes, which are always so good to eat. King's Band played excellently. Unfortunately, the ladies were decidedly in the majority, otherwise it was a very enjoyable dance, and we hope those who worked for it were rewarded. Among those present were Lady Constance Knox and Lord Northland. Lady Constance wore a pretty soft white silk and chiffon gown; Mrs Duncan, in black satin and jet; Miss Duncan, pale pink silk, with white lace; Mrs Hunt, in a pretty silk gown, veiled with lace; Miss Coates, black silk, with handsome lace; Miss Brandon, yellow satin, with chiffon, and her sister in white; Miss O. Fitzgerald, white silk, with lace frills; Miss K. Fitzgerald, in pink satin and tulle; Miss Howard (Auckland), black satin and jet; Miss Dennison (Dunedin), in soft silk and chiffon gown; the Misses George (Auckland) both wore black; Miss Fell, in black satin; Miss Skerrett in white silk and chiffon; Miss Skerrett wore a pink gown; Miss McTavish, pale green silk and chiffon; Miss Harcourt, black satin, with white chiffon; Miss G. Harcourt, in primrose silk; Miss Nelson (Auckland), pale pink silk gown; also the Misses Reynolds (Dunedin), Rawson, Waldgrave, Finch, Simpson, McGregor, Reid, and Messrs Duncan, Latham, Fell, Higginson, Cooper, Denniston, Nelson, Reid, Harcourt, and others.

A large number of ladies assembled in the main hall of the Technical School the other afternoon, when Mrs Langer, of Sydney, inventor of the Langer System of Dresscutting, gave an interesting address on the principles of the system. All kinds of garments, it is stated, can be made from the Langer system, which is said to be extensively in vogue in Australia, Tasmania, and the chief cities of New Zealand. The classes are taught by Miss Kate Stewart, Principal of the Wellington School.

OPHELIA.

### MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Lee, July 27.

The proposed conference to be held in Picton next week is causing considerable discussion among the various bodies representing Boards, Unions, etc. Most of them are agreed to attend the conference, and agitate for harbour improvements, and other necessary works.

Miss Downes, late assistant mistress at Blenheim High School, was, prior to her departure for Dunedin, presented by the pupils with a silver-mounted purse and a gold beetle brooch set with an opal, rubies, and pearls. Miss Downes left Blenheim on Wednesday last.

The South Canterbury football team visited Blenheim last week, and gave our leather-hunters a wholesome lesson in the art of playing football. Not one single point did our men score, and as everybody says, "It serves them right," and they ought not to make an exhibition of themselves by trying to play an outside team when they do not even attempt to practise together with any regularity. The fact is, that such sports as football and cricket are "gone out" in Marlborough. There is never a match played worth going to see in these degenerate days.

Very rough weather has been experienced in the Straits and on the coast lately, and the passengers, of whom there are an unprecedented number, are having a bad time. Steamers have had to put in here for shelter, some coming right up to Picton, and others sheltering under Long Island, near the entrance.

Another old identity of Marlborough has passed away in the person of Mr Richard Bowden, formerly a resident of Tory Channel, where he and his brother did business as sheep farmers. Later he and Mrs Bowden were appointed to the care of the Picton Hospital, where they remained till failing health necessitated retirement. Mr Bowden died in Picton on Sunday last.

A petition will probably soon be presented to the authorities praying that the original name for Picton (Waitoni) be resumed. There is no question about the beauty of the old name, and almost everybody would sign the petition. Everybody has a strange sort of affection for the name of Waitohi, and almost every new club call themselves the Waitohis, and every boat and vessel which can possibly take the name does so.

News has been received here that Mr J. H. H. Baillie, youngest son of the Hon. Captain Baillie, M.L.C., late of Para, Picton, has passed his examination as M.R.C.S., lately, in London.

Miss Mackenzie, who has been visiting friends in Picton, has gone on to Levin, to visit her brother, Dr. H. Mackenzie, prior to returning to Otago.

Mr T. Baillie, who has been visiting his friends in Picton, left last week for the North Island, to make arrangements to go to England on account of his health.

The s.s. Corinthic has just arrived in Picton to take away the last of the season's meat from Kaipupu. The works will now be closed for the season.

MIRANDA.

### CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Lee, July 28.

We have not had such fun for a long time as we had at Miss Cox's last assembly, which took the form of a Mask and Domino dance. The ladies were allowed any colour, but the gentlemen wore black or red. The unmasking happened in the middle of a dance, and it was funny to see the surprises. Among those present were Mrs and Miss Julius, Mrs and Miss Molineaux, Mrs Andrew Anderson and the Misses Anderson, Mrs and Miss Thomas, Mr and Miss Nancarrow, Mr and Miss Kitson, Mrs and Miss Cook, Mr T. and Mrs W. Reece, Mrs and Miss Wilding, Misses Denniston, Hill, Symes, Campbell, Gossett, Wells, Hargreaves, Barker, Louissou, Mr and Miss Babington, Messrs Cox, Curnow, Barker, Kettle, Stead, Burns, etc.

Mrs E. C. J. Stevens gave great pleasure to her numerous juvenile friends in the Art Gallery on Saturday with a Fancy Dress Ball. A large number of adults were present to assist in entertaining the little ones, but none over

**A BEAUTIFUL FABRIC.**

THE

# 'Louis' Velveteen.

NOTE WELL!—Each Yard of Genuine "LOUIS" Velveteen bears the name (spelled L-O-U-I-S and in no other way) and is stamped with a guarantee of wear.

**QUALITY**

THE

**BEST and CHEAPEST**

**HOUSE in AUCKLAND**

FOR

**Household**

AND

**Furnishing Drapery . .**

AND

**MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.**

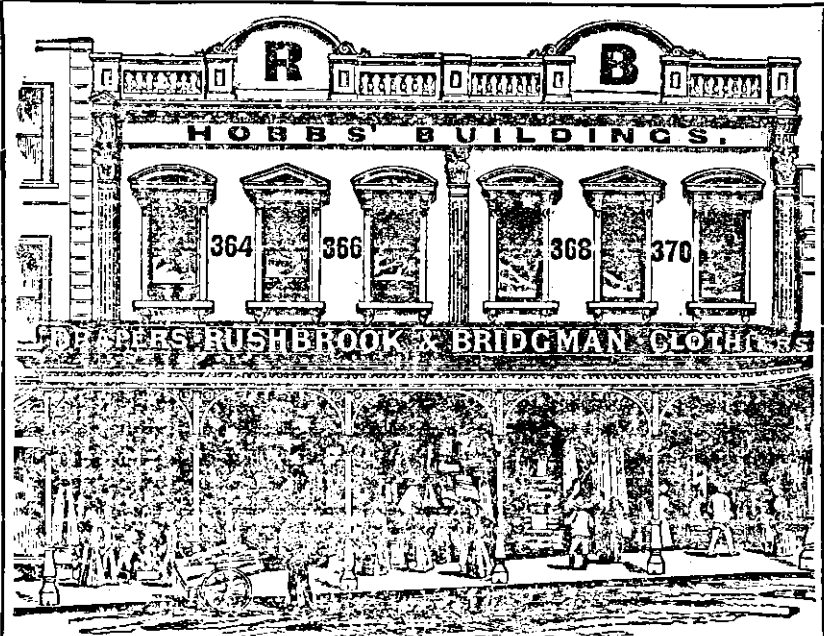
# RUSHBROOK

Premises Close at 1 p.m. on Wednesday, and are Open on Saturday until 10 p.m.

Prompt attention to all orders, and parcels exceeding 20/- in value sent freight paid to nearest port or station reached direct. Careful packing.

**VALUE**

# AND BRIDGMAN



**A Reliable**

## WATERPROOF

**An Absolute Necessity**

We carry the most complete stock of Ladies' and Gents' Mackintoshes and Waterproof Garments ever submitted.

**BIG SPECIAL PURCHASE OF LADIES' MACKINTOSHES**

All New Styles, Selling at **HALF USUAL PRICE.**

**THREE-QUARTER WATERPROOF JACKETS. Only 8/11 Each.**

**MAIDS' and CHILDREN'S MACKS VERY CHEAP.**

**Furs.** BOAS, MUFFS, NECKLETS.

Splendid Choice. Special Value.

**HOSIERY and UNDERWEAR**

Special Value. Etc., Etc.

RECENT PURCHASES include full ranges of SAMPLES of the most

**Kaipoi WOOLLEN MFG. CO.'S**

**MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING**

Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, Shirts, Sweaters, Under Shirts and Pants, Hosiery, etc.

Bought at a big discount. Marked to sell at . . .

**UNCOMMONLY LOW PRICES**

**BLANKETS** Imported from the Mills. All Sizes and Makes.

**FLANNELS** Colonial and Imported.

**RUCS** Specially Manufactured.

**SWANSKIN BLANKETS** Warm, Durable, and Inexpensive.

ADDRESS: **364, 366, 368, 370, QUEEN ST.**

And through to Wakefield Street. (A little above Firebell.)

**NOVELTY**



fourteen were in fancy dress. The Gallery was very prettily decorated, and when all had assembled, soon after three p.m., made a very pretty sight. Dancing was kept merrily going, and most dainty refreshments were provided. Six o'clock came all too quickly. Among those present were Lady Clifford, Mrs and Miss Moore, Mesdames Wilding, Loughnan, Reece, Fox, Beawick, Haumer, Pyne, Worsley, Bond, J. C. Palmer, Wynne-Williams, Ogle, Blunt, Dalgety, Kettle, L. Harley, Jennings, Cox, R. Macdonald, Guthrie, A. Murray-Ansley, Vernon, Holderness, J. Gould, J. Williams, Tonks, Lance, Cotterill, Litchfield, G. Harris, Anderson, Way, P. Campbell, the Misses Kitson, Wynn-Williams, Raine, Sanders, Mathias, Boulton, Murray-Ansley, Wilson and others. Some of the little ones looked charming. A few of them were — Janet Ogle (A Gainsborough Lady), Alison Jennings (Japanese), Mary Wigley (Queen of the Roses), D. Cowlishaw (Spring), J. Campbell (Irishland dress), Humphrey Palmer (Irishman), Leila Way (Japanese), F. Cowlishaw (Spanish dress), W. Reece (Robin Hood), Roger Blunt (Cavalier), C. Kettle (Folly), W. Robinson (Grace Darling), and J. Robinson (Mermaid).

Mrs F. Graham gave a most enjoyable progressive encore party at her residence, "Merivale," when among those present were—Mr and Mrs W. Reece, Mr and Mrs T. W. Stringer, Mr and Mrs McBride, Mr and Mrs F. W. Thompson, Mr and Mrs V. Hargreaves, Mrs Louison, Mrs de Vries, Mr and Mrs Appleby, Mr R. D. Thomas, Dr. and Mrs Morton Anderson, Dr. and Mrs R. Anderson, Mr I. Gibbs, Mr A. L. Parsons, and Mr G. Bennett.

"Three penny" parties are all the rage, and certainly bring out one's ingenuity. I heard of one the other day in which the first prize was won by a croquet lawn and set. Cardboard was used for the lawn covered with green paper, matches made the tiny mallets, beads the ball, and tiny hoops completed it. The second prize was secured by a bricklayer's outfit, cardboard again being used for barrow and hod; these were accompanied by bricks, trowel and mortar.

The Misses Wilson, "The Grove," Sydenham, have issued invitations to an advertisement afternoon tea, which will also bring out some ingenuity and fun.

The news of the death of the Rev. Gordon Webster, in Edinburgh, caused great regret among his numerous friends in Christchurch. For many years Mr Gordon Webster had charge of St. Andrew's Church, and only left on account of failing health, but after treatment of Home he very much improved, though was never strong enough to return and take up his work.

The weather has been stingingly cold lately, and last Saturday was one of the worst days we have had all the winter. Needless to say, Mrs Wymouth's walking party did not come off on that Saturday, no place being like our "ain fireside."

July 15.

With next to nothing going on, and the thermometer at freezing point, one's spirits are naturally a little low. Last week when writing you we were revelling in quite spring-like weather, and then without any warning suddenly we were plunged into an Antarctic climate, leaving influenza, colds and other ailments scattered broadcast on suffering humanity. In many parts of Canterbury the "oldest inhabitant" has not seen such a snowstorm, and this, following so closely on a week of nor-westers, has caused great floods and much damage in the country. Business in town has been greatly interfered with too, and the great winter sales now on have lacked the patronage of our country cousins in search of bargains.

We hope the storm is now over, and that we will be favoured with brighter weather for the Grand National in August. A Hunt Club ball is also announced to take place in the Canterbury Hall during that week. This gathering is always looked forward to as a most enjoyable function.

The rink has been in high favour this wintry weather, and as many devotees now have their own skates some very

enjoyable hours have been spent there. Miss Cox's assembly dances form also pleasurable meetings, and at the Art Gallery last Tuesday a large party assembled, many visitors being introduced.

Mrs. E. C. J. Stevens has again filled the hearts of her juvenile friends with delight with an invitation to a fancy dress ball in the Art Gallery this week. It is for quite juvenile hours, too, from three to six. The adults in charge of these same young people will be able to witness one of the prettiest of scenes—a children's fancy dress ball, when the first shyness has worn off.

Mrs. W. Reece has gone to Nelson, and all her friends regret the sudden call, as it was owing to the serious illness of her father.

The Misses Wilder and Bowen returned from a long visit to England by the Rimutaka last week. Miss Wilder going on to her home at Ngapara the day of her arrival in Christchurch. Miss Bowen is having a welcome home this evening at her mother's residence, Armagh street West, when the "old girls" and other friends have been invited to meet her. Both are looking very well after their long "tramp abroad."

Mrs. and the Misses Berkeley gave a very pleasant afternoon tea at their residence, Armagh-street West, last week. To vary the proceedings they had a guessing game from "advertisements," which caused a good deal of fun.

Mr. John Thierens passed away last week at a very advanced age, at his residence, Gloucester-street West. He had been failing very much latterly, so that his death was not unexpected, but up till recently his was a very familiar figure in the Cathedral, often attending the daily service twice. His daughter, Mrs. Davidson, who came from England a few weeks ago, and Mr. H. H. Pitman were his devoted and constant attendants. Mr. Thierens leaves one son and two daughters. Mrs. H. H. Pitman and Mrs. George Rhodes (Claremont), both the latter being at present in England.

The Misses Devenish Meares, "Tootcowa," Merivale, gave a girls' luncheon party at their residence last week, which

was greatly enjoyed by all present, and the afternoon quickly sped with music, etc.

Mrs. W. Moore, Mansfield avenue, gave a charming afternoon tea to a number of her friends on Tuesday. Among the guests were Lady Clifford, Mrs. J. C. Palmer, Mrs. Wardrop, Mrs. and Miss Elworthy, Mrs. and Miss Hill, Mrs. J. A. Northcote, Mrs. F. Lance and several others. DOLLY VALE.



Colds often hang on. You try this thing and that thing, every kind of home remedy and cheap cough mixtures, and yet your cold continues to hang on. You must not deal lightly with these old colds. You must get rid of them just as soon as possible. You must take something to break their hold.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

soothes irritable throats, heals inflamed bronchial tubes, and quiets congestion in the lungs. This is why it so quickly controls these old coughs and prevents pneumonia and consumption.

"I was troubled with a very hard cough which I could not get rid of. When I read of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral I sent to Johannesburg and procured a bottle. It completely cured me, and I have many comrades here who have had hard coughs cured in the same way."

—Wm. Sessions, Company C, Second Royal Berks. Reg., Nel's Spruit, Transvaal, S. Africa.

There are many substitutes and imitations. Beware of them! Be sure you get Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Two sizes. Large and small bottles. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

# SMITH & CAUGHEY'S

## Great Winter Clearance

# FAIR

NOW PROCEEDING.

\*\*\*\*\*

# Smith & Caughey, Ltd.,

WHOLESALE AND FAMILY DRAPERS.

Education.

THE PREMIER'S PROPOSALS.

The Premier intends to approach the education question in a determined manner, and to thoroughly grapple with the question with the object of drafting a comprehensive scheme from one end of the system to the other.

To this effect he has moved that a committee be appointed for the purpose of inquiring and reporting, (1), on primary education, and especially with regard to the curriculum now existing; (2), on secondary education, the subjects taught, the standard of proficiency, and age limit for admission; (3), on higher education, the working of universities generally, scholarship conditions, and the advisability or otherwise of each college devoting its attention to specialities; (4), on technical education and manual instruction, advise upon the system now obtaining, and report as to extensions essential to improvement; (5), training schools as colleges for teachers; (6), on schools for the education of the native race, and (7), on such bills affecting education, schools, and educational matters as may be referred to it.

The committee is to consist of Messrs J. Allen, Burne, Buddo, Ell, Fisher, Fowlds, A. L. D. Fraser, Graham, Hull, Hamon, Hardy, Hogg, Leithbridge, Lewis, Major, Massey, T. Mackenzie, McNab, Sir W. B. Russell, Mr. Sides, Sir W. J. Steward, Mr. Wood, and the mover.

A Suspicious Character.

DETECTIVES' INTERESTING EVIDENCE.

The city detectives arrested a man named George Walter Moison on July 29 on a charge of being an idle and disorderly person, having insufficient lawful means of support, and habitually consorting with reputed thieves. Moison was brought before Messrs Joshua Jackson, J.P., and John T. Hough, J.P., at the Police Court on July 30, when some interesting evidence was presented for the prosecution, which was conducted by Chief Detective Grace.

Detective Maddern told the Court that Moison had been known to him since he landed with three well-known criminals at the Bluff in March, 1893. He associated with convicted thieves, and witness had never known him to do an honest day's work, excepting when he was in gaol, when he was bound to do so. His usual method of living was by putting scent on arca nuts and hawkling them at the doors of residences. They were quite worthless, and the accused was peddling illegally, as he had no license. The detective alleged that Moison's real object was to spy out places which could be robbed. There had been no end of robberies lately in the suburbs where the accused had been going the rounds. The witness produced Moison's stock-in-trade, consisting of a bottle of perfume, some arca nuts, and a few cheap coloured booklets, and continuing his evidence, said that the accused had been refused permission to visit racecourses, and was advised to "clear out" when he first entered Auckland in June. He was a menace to any town. He started at Invercargill in 1893, and had been in nearly every gaol in the colony since then.

Moison asked the Bench to be lenient. It was the first time he had asked for leniency. He had been made a criminal, never having had a chance. When he was arrested he was always "dead drunk," and the police tormented him in the cells.

Detective Kennedy described one of the accused's occupations, known as the "silver iron trick." He would point spoons with a silvery liquid, which, however, was at blank after he had gone. His outfit the detective described as "the usual soldier's paraphernalia for taking people down." Moison, he added, was seen in the company of convicted thieves in Auckland, and had never done a day's work since he had been in the city.

Moison renewed his plea for leniency, and said he would leave Auckland at once if he got off. He would also undertake to leave the colony within a fortnight.

The Chairman, Mr. Jackson, remarked that although his colleague felt dubious, they would give accused a chance by ordering him to come up for

sentence in a fortnight if he was still in the colony.

Detective Grace: I am afraid, sir, that is rather too long to allow him to remain in the country.

Officers' Club.

SPEECH BY THE GOVERNOR.

The newly furnished club rooms fitted up at the Drill Hall for the officers of the Auckland garrison volunteers were opened on Friday, in the presence of His Excellency the Governor. Colonel Davies, C.B., O.T.D., presided in his capacity of president of the club, and about him were assembled a number of the most active members of the club and distinguished visitors, including Col. J. Somerville, Lieut.-Col. F. W. Abbott, Major W. D. Hoigate, Captain and Adjutant F. E. N. Gaudin (hon. sec.), Captain G. B. Hutton (hon. treas.), Captain G. W. S. Patterson, Lieut. D. Murdoch (chairman of the club), &c.

His Excellency the Governor arrived during the proceedings, accompanied by Lord Northland, A.D.C., and Captain Boscawen, hon. colonel.

Col. Davies explained that the proceedings that evening were to be of a purely informal character, as they were only arranged as a kind of house warming to open the club rooms. The club was formed for the purpose of bringing the officers together, as it was discovered that many of the officers did not even know one another. He trusted that the club would have the effect of pushing volunteering ahead, and that every officer present would do his best for the object. The following artists contributed songs and recitations:—Messrs Abel Lowe, J. P. Whelan, E. L. Lees, H. Stebbing, E. Ramm, B. Mantell, A. Asbury, V. Atkinson, K. Atkinson, H. Gray, P. W. Lloyd, H. A. Singer, J. Lee, Dr. Walker, Dr. Carolan, Mr. T. Midgley acted as accompanist.

After the excellent supper provided by the Straud Cafe Company, and served under the supervision of Mr. Slight, there was a brief toast list, including the toasts of "The King" and "The Governor." In proposing the latter toast, the president, Col. Davies, C.B., announced that Lord Northland had come to Auckland, and sometimes justifiably, in spirit de corps among the officers of the various companies. Concerning the Veterans' Home, he intimated that it should be a success in every way. The applications were very numerous, and the inquiries as to coming to the applicants were of such a stinging character that it was going to be a distinguished honour to be a member of the Veterans' Home, in contrast to other benevolent institutions, in which it was often considered, and sometimes justifiably so, to be a disgrace to be found. Among old soldiers there were supposed to be many who could not keep out of the public house, but he had several times asked for police after pay day. How many old soldiers have you had in the lock-up? and the answer for several years past had been, "We have had none." (Cheers.)

Several songs followed the supper, and the party dispersed at a late hour, after a most successful gathering.

FACE SORES BANISHED.

THE VIRTUES OF ZAM-BUK PROVED.

"About four weeks back my little girl became unwell, and unsightly sores broke out on her face and hands," says Mrs R. Walker, of Stacey-street, Norwood, Adelaide. "Hearing that Zam-Buk Ointment was a remedy for this complaint, I procured a pot and applied it for eight or nine days, at the end of which the sores had entirely disappeared. About the same time I was suffering from cracked nipples, and applied Zam-Buk, with the pleasing result that my breasts became quite healed. I think that no mother should be without such a valuable ointment, and will lose no opportunity of recommending it to my friends." Zam-Buk Ointment will be found a certain cure for Cuts, Burns, Bolls, Bruises, Running Sores, Piles, Fozema, Barcoo, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Ringworms, Pimples, Black-heads, Chapped and Cracked Hands, Chillsains, etc. A free sample pot will be sent you on receipt of a penny stamp for postage. Address: The Zam-Buk Co.,

Masterton is within measurable distance of having public swimming baths. Over £200 has already been subscribed, and the matter is being taken up enthusiastically. The baths will be concrete, 150ft. long by 45ft. wide, with a depth ranging from 2ft. 6in. to 7ft. 6in.

How Crime is Made to Pay.

Crime is often a source of profit to the relatives of criminals, through the morbid curiosity of sight-seers. This is especially true in England, where an convict is frequently paid to pose in the windows of taverns and public-houses, or, if a criminal has paid the extreme penalty, some belongings of his—his hat or coat or shoes—are shown in the window, and thereby trade is stimulated.

Weapons and other important matters generally come into the hands of the police, but for the criminal's hat or pipe, or for anything he has worn, from his collar down to his boots, there is always a brisk competition.

A disconsolate widow of Birmingham, whom the hangman had robbed of her stay and comfort, a spouse who was an expert burglar, realised enough to act herself up under a new name in dress-making by disposing of his pet dog and canary at fancy prices, the dear departed having been almost as fond of the pets as of the property of other people.

The nephew of another convict who died in prison opened a coffee shop, which did a fine business mainly by reason of the attractions held forth by a collection of the lawbreaker's possessions which adorned the walls, and were open to the free admiration of all customers who expended the sum of twopence on refreshments.

The lowest public-houses of Yorkshire used to be haunted by a man dressed in rusty but irreproachable black, who had no visible means of livelihood other than playing games of nap at a uniform charge of one penny each with an chance acquaintance he met, and with a pack of cards which had belonged to a murderer hanged on the gallows years before.

Nervous people shiver when they see them. "They belonged to him," the man in black would whisper. "He played many a game with 'em, and they're marked with his fingers. Only a penny to say you'd played with his cards." He got many a coin from the people anxious for the honour.

Sometimes it is the criminal himself, apart from his property, who earns the money. Everybody knows that "The Tichborne Claimant," after his release from durance vile, was paid to practically exhibit himself. He was very far from enjoying a unique experience. The habitual criminal is apt to say that the door of honest employment is shut in his face. But there is a public-house in Liverpool where the bar attendant is employed, with a good salary, simply because, and not despite, of the fact that many years ago he tried to commit a murder and served half a lifetime for it.

Another ex-convict in the same way owes his comfortable berth as a door-keeper to a travelling show to his unlawful reputation; while a quack doctor, who travelled through all England, had in his employ an ex-convict, whose duty it was to pass around the "cure-all ointment," pills, and potions among the crowds which his face, rather than the merits of the nostrums, always attracted.

There is a humorous side to the subject. Authentic instances are on record of men, previously employed in coffee shops or in like places, coming back after expiating divers offences in prison, and demanding, often with success, to be reinstated at a larger salary, on the ground of the additional attractive power they had gained in prison.

HELPLESS AS A BABY.

THE Man or Woman who is suffering from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, or other complaints arising from uric acid poisoning, is generally as helpless as a baby. The awful pains, the stiffened muscles and joints, cause intense torture, reducing the victim to utter helplessness. Don't be the victim of Rheumatism a day longer than you can help. Take Rheumo the modern antidote for uric acid poisoning. Rheumo is a scientific preparation and is to be taken inwardly like any other medicine. Rheumo gives relief with the first dose — pain and swelling disappear — and a cure is effected mostly within forty eight hours. Stocked in Auckland by H. King, Chemist; Queen-st.; J. M. Jefferson, Chemist, Queen-st.; and Upper Symonds-st.; J. W. Robinson, Chemist, Parncell; Graves Aikin, Chemist, Queen-st.; and sold by all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 and 4/0 per bottle.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

DR. ELMSLIE,

L.F., PHYS., ET SERG., GLASG., L.B.A., LOND., L.M., etc. (Registered by the Governments of Great Britain, New South Wales, and New Zealand.)

NO. 13, WELLINGTON TERRACE, WELLINGTON.

[THIS Highly Qualified Physician and Surgeon, from the Hospitals of London and Paris, has, by 22 years' study and research, become an expert and specialist in the treatment of Chronic, Nervous, Blood Skin and the Special Diseases of Men and Women.]

In his very successful treatment of the above Class of Cases, there is "No Experimenting and No Failures." Consultations are free to all, so that a friendly chat, either personally or by letter, costs nothing, and may save you years of Misery and Suffering, so "No need Despair."

DON'T WORRY ANY LONGER. Be the ambitious and joys of life will be restored to you and my treatment in cases of Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Backache, Lumbago, Insomnia, Fading Memory, Specks before the Eyes, Giddiness, etc., braces up the system in all cases, and RESTORES VITAL ENERGY.

New Scientific Treatment and New Unfailing Remedies from the very best and purest are honestly and faithfully used. Moderate Charges. Call and see me or write full details of your Troubles in your simple, homely language, and I will treat you with the strictest confidence, success, and fairness.

N.B.—Patients at a distance may ENCLOSE A FEE OF £1

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 strictly confidential. Consultation hours, 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 8.

YOUNG MEN!

If you are suffering, or weak, or sad, call or write to Dr. Elmslie, No. 13, Wellington Terrace, Wellington, as he thoroughly understands your troubles and their causes. He guarantees to cure in every case undertaken, or he will make no charge. Strictly confidential. Moderate Charges. Consulting hours, 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 8.

LADIES!

May consult Dr. Elmslie at his Residence, No. 13, Wellington Terrace, Wellington, from 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 8 daily, who is a legally qualified Physician and Specialist, and whose up to date Treatment gives the greatest satisfaction.

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 "Tea" in reply to your letter received to-day, in which you ask me whether I am willing to let the public know the benefits I received from 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 came upon you, and you spoke some ind, cheering words to me, and pointed out the cause of all these troubles and the grave character of the folly of my youth. You told me plainly and honestly that you would cure me, and 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 any amount of confidence in my own strength, and am enjoying and quite happy, and capable of enjoying myself as others do, and I don't depend upon myself and shun society. I earnestly recommend all my fellow sufferers to put their confidence in you, as your treatment is perfect and your charges are small.—I am, yours truly, LACHLAN CAMERON.

**Examination of Pupil-teachers and Candidates.**

**THE AUCKLAND RESULTS.**

The results of the recent examinations of pupil-teachers and candidates were reported to the Auckland Board of Education on July 29.

The candidates examined numbered 103 (32 males, 71 females), of whom 28 male and 53 females passed. The pupil-teachers examined were:—First year, 13 males, 37 females; passed, 11 males, 33 females. Second year, 12 males, 38 females; passed, 12 males, 33 females. Third year, 11 males, 29 females; passed, 11 males, 28 females.

The following are the names of the successful examinees:—

**CANDIDATES.**

(Those marked (x) passed entrance examination July, 1902.)

Janet I. Ariell, Paparua; Katherine A. Ashby, Kihikihiki; Charles B. Beeson, Waiorongamai; (x) Lorna R. Benge, Waikato District High School; (x) Annie C. Black, Tauranga; Florence M. Blackett, Whatawhata; Isabella H. Blackett, Whatawhata; Susan P. Blair, Dome Valley; (x) Charles W. Boswell, Driving Creek; Lucy M. Bree, Whangarata; Helen E. Brown, Convent High School, Ponsonby; Sarah M. Brown, Convent High School, Ponsonby; (x) Evelyn Ball, Papakura Valley; Florence A. Caldwell, Mount Eden; Alice J. Christie, Waitekauri; (x) Margaret Clark, Pokeno; (x) Lucy Cooper, Bombay; Anna Curham, Kuaeranga, Baillie-street; Helen J. Daldy, Coromandel District High School; Edmund B. Davy, Buckland; Victoria A. De Montalk, Newton East; Elizabeth De Renzy, Devonport; Eileen E. Dunn, Ponsonby; Vernon H. D. Du Vall, Auckland Grammar School; Alfred B. Floyd, Kuaeranga, Sandes-street; Ethel U. Gallery, Newton East; Hilda E. Ganley, Waikato District High School; Francis R. Gruszning, Newton East; Arthur Hannah, Howick; Cecil J. Harden, Whangarei High School; Martha Hattaway, Pakuranga; Florence K. Heichway, Newton East; John B. Higginson, Hamilton West District High School; Mari-

anne E. Hill, Pokeno; Agnes J. S. Jeffrey, Waiorongamai; John A. Kelly, Mr Malcolm's Training College; Cyril B. Kenny, Pukete; (x) Kathleen E. B. Kenny, Hukarui; (x) John G. Killen, Katikati No. 2; Alice L. Litten, Howick; Emily Lowe, Henderson; Rosina F. Lowe, Kuaeranga, Baillie-street; Winifred H. McCarthy, Mr Malcolm's Training College; Hugh R. McCheaney, Tamahere; Michael McGrail, Wellesley-street; Elsie W. McHughson, Thames High School; Lily McPherson, Kuaeranga, Baillie-street; Florence M. Mahony, Paeroa District High School; (x) Bertha K. G. Matthews, Chapel-street; (x) Muriel I. May, Panmure; Olive B. Melville, Northcote; (x) Hilda A. Moloney, Puni; Harold M. Mullins, Waikato District High School; James A. Munro, Wellesley-street; Isabel D. F. Nicholson, Northcote; (x) Rhoda H. E. Parsons, Kuaeranga, Sandes-street; (x) Amy B. Pegler, Newton East; Harold E. Pendergrast, Pokeno; Agnes B. Pirrit, Newton East; Nora V. Pitt, Onehunga; (x) Bernice E. Roberts, Waikato District High School; (x) Gertrude E. Rose, Waikato; George Rouse, Pukerenui School; Nora Sadler, Dacres; Laura Schofield, Morrinsville; Margaret R. Scott, Auckland Grammar School; Alphonso W. Sergeant, Mercer; Jessie G. Shaw, Hukarui; Frank M. Shepherd, Newton East; Frederick H. M. Shepherd, Northcote; Eleanor H. J. Smith, Tauranga District High School; John H. M. Snell, Paeroa District High School; Henry Stafford, Waikato District High School; Andrew J. Sullivan, Paeroa District High School; Elizabeth H. Vinloux, Coromandel District High School; Ethel Walker, Newton East; Arthur Webster, Warrington Grammar School, England; Harold E. Webster, Wigan Grammar School, England; Hilda Wilkinson, Kamo.

**PUPIL-TEACHERS—FIRST YEAR.**

Meta Barker, Onehunga; Ada K. M. Booth, Ponsonby; Alice M. Brookhiss, Newton East; Andrew J. Brooks, Richmond-road; Martin G. Brown, Otahuhu; Mary I. Campbell, Whangarei; Rose Collier, Newmarket; Edith M. Cottingham, Ponsonby; Kathleen E. Crowe, Grafton; Eily B. Cussen, Hamilton East;

Evelyn M. C. Ferguson, Wellesley-street; Ethel M. Fraser, Remuera; Margaret E. L. Gallagher, Epsom; Julia A. M. Gaze, Te Kopuru; Ida V. C. Grattan, Beresford-street; Grace A. Harbutt, Wellesley-street; Edwin H. Haward, Tauranga; Eleanor W. Ince, Mount Eden; Emily M. King, Newton West; Percy G. Lewis, Wellesley-street; Jessie L. Low, Mercury Bay; Ethel L. McClune, Northcote; Ruby M. McElwain, Nelson-street; Roderick A. McKinnon, Huntly; Donald A. McPherson, Horo Hora; Eileen A. Mahon, Beresford-street; John Masefield, Point Chevalier; Martha E. Monstedt, Parnell; Edith R. Riddell, Dargaville; Edith J. Rogerson, Devonport; Adrian M. Rowe, Dayfield; Charles E. Scott, Napier-street; Percy F. Skinner, Tauranga; Hazel I. S. Taylor, Paeroa District High School; Hilda M. Walker, Mount Eden; Elizabeth A. Wheeler, Newton West; Frank R. Wilson, Mount Roskill; Alice E. Wishart, Parawai; Beatrice C. C. Worth, Helensville; Mabel C. M. C. Yarborough, Devonport. Also, subject to marks for teaching being assigned by an Inspector: Anna J. Fawcett, Paeroa District High School; Susan B. Forrest, Karangahake; Barbara M. Pirrit, Aratapu District High School; Emily S. L. Joll, Waikato District High School.

**SECOND YEAR.**

Annie Armstrong, Helensville; Muriel L. Barr, Wellesley-street; Daisy M. Bates, Avondale; Louisa E. Bayliss, Grafton; Leonora Brigham, Richmond-road; Frederick R. S. Bullen, Ponsonby; Gladys I. Burt, Hamilton West District High School; Elsie B. Carder, Beresford-street; Ada Clark, Kaitiaki; Edward Crosby, Hikurangi District High School; Colin R. R. Crispe, Pukekohe East; Frederick B. Dowding, Napier-street; Jessie Earle, Ponsonby; Sylvia Findlay, Kuaeranga, Baillie-street; Mary M. Fuller, Parnell; Margaret M. Hardy, Tauranga; Mary M. Harper, Onehunga; Bertrand W. Hayson, Nelson-street; Amie E. Joyce, Aratapu District High School; Laura A. Kilgour, Kuaeranga, Sandes-street; Edgar R. Long, Newton East; Hugh McClune, Remuera; Margaret McCowan, Te Kopuru; Janet G. Macindoe, Devonport; Freida M. Mackay, Devonport; Ethel M. May, One-

hunga; Isabel Melville, Beresford-street; Agnes S. Munro, Newton East; Sylvia W. Morley, Dargaville; Margaret M. Muir, Mt. Eden; Arthur E. Reynolds, Paeroa District High School; Violet Short, Newmarket; William H. Smith, Horo Hora; Margaret M. Stubbs, Napier-street; Francis Tooman, Devonport; Frederick G. Upton, Waitekauri; Elizabeth M. Vincent, Kuaeranga, Baillie-street; Ella J. Whitmore, Papakura; Elizabeth J. Wilson, Pukekohe East; Jessie C. Woollen, Grafton; Louisa Worrall, Remuera. Also, subject to marks for teaching being assigned by inspector: Alexander Bell, Waikato District High School; Ethel E. Bond, Waikato District High School; Anna M. J. Creighton, Driving Creek; Charlotte George, Waikato District High School.

**THIRD YEAR.**

Ivy M. Bancroft, Napier-street; Eleanor B. Battersby, Otahuhu; Florence I. Becroft, Warkworth; Lilian E. Bell, Napier-street; Lucy Bell, Kuaeranga, Baillie-street; Marion M. Bell, Whanaki; Evelyn C. Burnard, Beresford-street; Evelyn S. Cliffe, Newton West; Adelaide A. M. Cole, Dayfield; Charles W. Cooper, Te Aroha; Florence M. Day, Napier-street; William W. Egerley, Parnell; Thomas Finch, Kuaeranga, Sandes-street; Annie M. Gain, Tauranga; Frances J. Garrett, Newton East; Alice M. Graham, Newton East; Samuel Green, Beresford-street; Ella Greenwood, Beresford-street; Winifred M. Hill, Coromandel District High School; Vera D. Hosking, Wellesley-street; Joseph B. Johnson, Epsom; William Johnston, Onehunga; Olive N. McElwain, Grafton; Annie M. B. Macnamara, Ponsonby; Minnie L. Moore, Huntly; Myrtle Ranson, Ponsonby; Mary A. Robertshaw, Mt. Eden; Ernest T. Robinson, Chapel-street; Emily Roche, Hamilton West District High School; Blanche E. Sergeant, Puni; Gertrude I. Smith, Devonport; Jane E. B. Stevenson, Parnell; Alfred E. Stone, Mt. Albert; Florence M. Waddingham, Nelson-street; Nellie Warren, Mt. Eden; Robert S. Webster, Newton East; Kathleen M. Whitaker, Parnell; Gertrude M. Worrall, Wellesley-street. Also, subject to marks for teaching being assigned by an inspector: Thomas Turbot, Waikato District High School.

**Our GIGANTIC Half-Yearly**

Heavy Reductions in Every Department.

**FURNITURE SALE**

NOW ON.

**A Step in Advance**

That all Practical Furniture Buyers appreciate is the downright GOOD VALUE we give at our Sales. . . .

**WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE PRICES?**

FULL SIZE HEAVY GAUGE WIRE WOVE MATTRESS ... ..	8/6	Usual Price 10/6
AUSTRIAN BENTWOOD CHAIRS ... ..	4/6	" " 6/-
CANADIAN CHAIRS, Embossed Seat (just arrived) ... ..	4/9	" " 6/-
SPECIAL LINE BEST BRUSSELS CARPET ... ..	3/11	" " 4/9
LINOLEUM REMNANTS REDUCED TO HALF-PRICE.		
REDUCTIONS IN TABLE COVERS, CURTAINS, BLANKETS, Etc., Etc.		

**Gigantic Furniture Sale**

NOW ON AT

**TONSON GARLICK CO.'S**

"The People's" Furnishing Warehouse, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

Copyright Story.

# A DARK INTERVAL.

\*\*\*\*\*

By COMPTON READE, Author of "The After Taste."

Let us watch a very pretty pair. The girl, radiant with unalloyed happiness, her bright visage wreathed in soft smiles, her eyes, so large, so deep, so tender, now dreaming after the fashion of mystic maidenhood, now scintillating to the touch of her lover's hand, the whisper of his musical diapason. Yes, a very fair, and withal linguistic sample of her sex is Iza Deneford. You would turn your head to gaze if you met her on a railway platform.

And her swain, a handsome fellow—gifted with an ideal face, and a slender yet manly figure. A critic might plead that the forehead was over-developed for a youngster of barely three and twenty, but you may account for that because he had gone through the mill of Balliol, that marvellous thought-factory, where they turn out Premiers and Primates, poets and politicians by the score. Arthur Green, in fact, was on the threshold of a double crisis. To-morrow, he was going in for the first-class, which might prove just such a ring in the ladder as Miller and Cannon had trodden. That ordeal passed, he was to be joined in wedlock with this beautiful being by his side. The wedding could not be deferred, because her sire, Mr. Algernon Deneford, had been warned by his doctor to set his house in order.

To listen to the pair of lovers would be intrusive. Enough, surely, that after their lips had met, her head falls on his breast. It is an instance not often met with of a complete equipoise of situation. He loved her, she him, in the same earnest ratio. He would never feel towards another as towards her, neither could she take back the heart that had been given absolutely.

Yet one last embrace, one bright laugh of high hope from him, one longing look from her, and it is good-bye—for the present, of course, only for the present. In less than a week that fateful emanation would be ended, and he would hurry back to her home on the Surrey hills. Their banns had already been published in the village church.

"Well, Arthur, and have ye done the trick now? Is't a furst, sure, or is't a second, or f'what? Good, I'm glad to see ye, me bhoys! But it's quare ye look about the eyes."

Thus spoke Considine O'Grady as he welcomed the bridegroom from Oxford at Selley Grange. By the rules of the great God Hymen, that after not a bridegroom may not sleep in the house of the bride the night before the wedding, so Arthur had been told off to the hospitality of the bride's first cousin, a genial Irishman.

"I denegate my eyes are oddish," responded Arthur rather wearily. "Fact is, the papers were still, and I've had for the past week to turn night into day without the compensating clause of turning day into night. I tried to sleep in the train, but couldn't; my brain seems a jumble of Aristotle, Plato, Thucydides, and all the philosophers and historians. With the rhythm of the wheels of the railway carriage I kept on jabbering Greek and German, until I wished that either Kant or I had never been born," and he tried to laugh.

Considine O'Grady stared a little. Then he remarked by way of consolation, "But ye've landed yer furst?"

"I suppose so. The examiners loaded me with compliments, but that is scarcely a school of living two heads instead of one, and eyes that won't shut."

"Ye've a mighty fine coat on, friend Arthur."

"Ah, yes! Our men gave it me as a wedding present. Cost a hundred and fifty. Real sartin'."

"The dunnit it did! F'what an ill-gat affair was to take to a powder-broker. If ye're hard up, but it's not that ye'd be just yet, for your grand' Uncle Jim has sent a throbble of two hundred savins in a b. g. sure. Look here, me bhoys,

says Jim, 'the pair on 'ems going to the Tyrod for the honeymoon. It's meself did the same, and they wouldn't take circular notes. But, begorra, an' English savin' an' English savin'!' There ye are!"—and he heaved the bag over, remarking that Arthur Green without so much as a smile simply dropped it into the side pocket of his morning coat.

"Now," continued the Irishman, "it's supper ye'll be after? Sure I've got a poy for ye and a couple of fine lobsters, and a bottle of the craythur that's nivir paid duty."

Still weary and inclined to be taciturn the Balliol gentleman, flinging off his fur coat, sat down and began to eat as though he had been starving for a month. Needless to add that Irish hospitality, and there is none more cordial, prompted his host to ply him alike with food and whisky. After three stiffish tumblers of that undutiful fluid Arthur's tongue thawed.

"Wish I hadn't this horrid oppression of the head, O'Grady."

"Thy a cigar, sure?"

"No; I don't smoke. A little more of your whisky, please. It is really very good."

"Arrah, thin, roight it is yare, me dear Arthur! I'd like to have a collarful of that same. Be easy. There's not a headache in it."

To caution the young fellow would perhaps have been wiser than to ply him, for he took to the seductive fluid only too easily. Eating ended, they left the table and drew their chairs in front of the fire, it being April and coolish. Then for the first time Arthur Green seemed himself.

"It is really more than generous of you, O'Grady, to treat me so cordially. Pardon me, but I honour you for it. Not you, still less I, can forget that we have been rivals."

A little sob rose in Considine's throat, as he replied heartily, "And the best man's you."

"Not the best," responded Arthur with strange solemnity, "not the best. All the academical honours of Oxford don't make their recipient superlative; indeed, I'm inclined to think that you are worthier of 'em than I."

Considine O'Grady started, as well he might. For a second his tongue was tied. Then he blurted out with almost brutal bluntness, "I loved her. She loved you. That's the story."

Arthur Greenrose and uninvited helped himself to more whisky. Then, as if recollecting himself, he pushed his glass from him with, "I'm tired. If I went to bed perhaps I might sleep. Besides I don't want to look like a ghost to-morrow. They'll think I'm mad."

Considine O'Grady smiled involuntarily. If "they," or any candid friend, were to set eyes on the fine young fellow in his present condition they would be shocked. Certainly he needed sleep, so they took their candles and retired.

The moon shone with vivid lustre into the chamber where, with his clothes on, Arthur Green had flung himself on the bed. Perhaps if it had been dark the fumes of the spirits might have acted as a soporific. It was, on the contrary, cruelly and torturingly light, and though there was a slight frost Arthur hung open the window. He felt as though his head contained a furnace, while the oppression on his eyeballs amounted to acute pain. And presently Aristotle, Plato, Kant, and the choruses of Oedipus' tragedies began to jostle each other. He wrote reams of Greek prose, and tussled with imaginary ladies. Before the disturbed retina of his eye arose upon the delicate features of Iza. To-morrow—or, wait, to-day, for he had no count of time—would be, so he reflected, his wedding day, and he was about as unfit and dis-jointed a bridegroom as could be conceived. Moreover, that dreadful head!

It blazed and whirled. It wracked and throbbled. As for sleep, if he closed his fevered eyelids, they danced before the retina of his eye, hideous, mocking forms, all so terribly real that it seemed as if he were surrounded by devils. At last he could stand the strain no longer. Rising, he opened the door, crept gingerly downstairs—even in his semi-delirium the man was too truly a gentleman not to dread disturbing his host's rest—and, as it were by sheer instinct, took from the pegs in the hall a great coat, but not his own, and O'Grady's bowler hat. Hastily flinging the coat over his shoulders, and clapping the bowler on his head, he softly opened the front door, and, leaving it ajar, staggered forth into the moonlight.

In a few minutes he could step straight, and the cool air seemed a luxury. He found himself, moreover, endowed with preternatural strength, and in a vein of strange joyance set forth to walk at racing pace.

As for the country environing Selley Hall, Mr Deneford's place, he knew but little of it, and in his present mental state it mattered less where he went than the rate of progression. As though urged by some impelling force, he rushed forward, following the roadway blindly, and never ceasing for half a second. On he went, and still on, sometimes breaking into a run, then relapsing into a quick walk, but with incessant and vicarious motion. He was covering in effect a good six miles per hour, but of this and of everything felt unconscious.

He must have travelled quite twenty miles when a stone in his shoe caused him to stop and stoop. The action sent the blood to his head, he reeled, and leaned against the bank by the roadside.

Then there supervened the strangest sensation. He lost all recollection, not merely of time, but of place also, and of his own identity. To himself he muttered feebly, "Where am I?" and then with even graver perplexity, "Who am I? What is my name? Where do I come from? What am I doing here?" That such a condition of brain is possible every medical psychologist will admit, and indeed affirm from observation. Perhaps in non-scientific terms it may be described as a cessation of brain activity, the clock of the mind, as it were, standing still.

The sun was rising now upon the pretty village of Bletchingley, and with cock-crow labourers were issuing forth to their work. Presently an honest fellow approached him with "Morning, master! Anything amiss?"

Arthur Green stared. Then when the man repeated the question, he answered mechanically, "All right." The fellow flung in response a suspicious side glance, but trudged on. He had his work to do, and no time to spare for a mere stranger.

About an hour later, a cheery farmer drove up, and gazing at the singular figure of a young gentleman muffled up in a coat two sizes too large, with a hat ditto, which fell in front as far as the bridge of his nose, reined in his nag.

"An I do anything for you, sir?"

Arthur looked at his interrogator with a blank expression, but gave no answer.

The practical man, however, with quick perception, realised that something must be wrong—indeed very wrong, and being big-hearted and human would not leave a fellow-creature in such a state to the mercy of tramps. Quickly he dismounted, and advancing towards Arthur, the reins still in his hand, said sternly: "Here, sir, you jump up. I'm going to Redhill Station, and I'll take you as far."

The poor fellow did not comprehend anything except that the voice sounded friendly. That was enough. He obeyed orders like a child. In a trice the sturdy agriculturist had seated himself by his side, placed the whip in the rest, and holding the reins with his right hand, passed his left round Arthur's waist. But for that precaution he would have toppled out of the low dogcart.

Redhill was soon reached, and then the station-master's services had to be requisitioned. What was to be done with the gentleman? Was he an escaped lunatic? Someone of the bystanders, a crowd having rapidly collected, suggested police supervision, an expedient which would have been adopted, had not a brick German, with blue spectacles, and the appearance of a doctor, intervened.

"Ach," he said in a tone of authority, "des is a case of dementia. Ze gentle-

man is on ze verge of brain-fever. I make myself responsible for him, and will take him to ze Chairman Hospital for treatment."

"That's very good of you," remarked the kindly farmer. "Let's see if there's any identification?"—and he dived into the pockets of Considine's great coat, to find a letter beginning, "My dear O'Grady"; unfortunately there was no envelope. "I may as well keep this," he added, "in case inquiries be made in our neighbourhood."

The station-master looked a trifle diffident, but as everyone seemed to think the German doctor a gaudier, contented himself with asking his address.

"I have not a gard with me," was the reply. "My name is Dr. Frohlich, of ze Chairman Hospital, Einsbury."

That sufficed. The German paid for Arthur's ticket, first-class, the train for London steamed in, and the man bereft of mind by this concatenation of circumstances, found himself in the grip of a scientist, whose name—to reveal a secret in anticipation, was not Frohlich, but Muller.

When Considine O'Grady awoke in the morning, his first thought was of his guest. It was broad daylight, and his impulse was to awake the bridegroom, but on second thoughts he resolved to wait a little. "The poor fellow will be all the better for sleep," he said to himself.

Presently, however, the maid tapped at the door, with, "Please, sir, what am I to do about Mr Green's hot water? He must have gone out very early, because when I went down at six the hall door was open."

To reply was impossible. Considine hurried his dressing, and walked round the grounds in search of his guest. Of course there was no trace of him, and on returning to the house he discovered that his great coat and hat were missing.

To swallow a hearty breakfast and walk to Selley Hall was but natural. On entering he found himself confronted with Iza, all amazement.

"F'where's Arthur?" he demanded.

Iza gazed strangely. "Where is—Arthur?" she echoed. "He is not here. Is he not with you?"

"Belad, thin, he was at ten o'clock last night, but devil a bit is he now."

"What do you mean, Considine?"

"Maue, is't? Why that the burrd's flown somewhere, an' taken me poor hat and coat with 'um."

"I don't understand," faltered the girl, turning pale.

"No, nor me nayther. But no doubt he'll turrun up in toime for church."

"Considine! Something is wrong. Arthur arrived at your house last night. Did you observe anything singular about him?"

"He talked odd. That I admit. And he looked odd. It was all that blamed exam. But I didn't go to suppose that he'd have shown a clane pair of heels on his wedding morning. Begorra, Iza, if it had been meself that stood in his shoes, you'd not have found me behind toime."

"Hush! You mustn't reproach him. This cannot be his fault—I am sure it is not. What is to be done?"

"Countmand the wedding, sure, or it's a fool ye'll look at the church door, Iza."

"What will my father say?"

"F'what! Why, I'd not be responsible for his language."

It was a pale and cold bride that entered the sick chamber of her dying father with this cruel intelligence. Presently Uncle Jim came, and the two brothers cast strange and meaningful glances at each other, the purport of which a maiden could not so much as guess.

"You must forget him, girl," said Uncle Jim.

"Never!" was the whispered response.

"You'll have to," muttered her father, "if—if as usually happens, when a bridegroom deserts his bride, it ends in suicide."

"Suicide!" she gasped. "Oh, no! Not that. Not that. He is distraught—nothing worse. What can we do?"

"Dismiss him from our memory," growled Uncle Jim. "You'd better have had Con O'Grady. He is a man, Iza!"

The girl made no reply, but returning to her cousin Con, placed two hands on the fine young fellow's shoulders, transfixing him with a pair of earnest, pleading eyes.

"Con," said she, "once you told me of your love. I could not return it, for my

heart was given. But we are friends, dear friends, are we not?"

"On me now!" was the fierce reply, "I'd go through fire and water to please ye!"

Iza smiled in spite of her sorrow at this protestation, then with woman's art she whispered, "Will you be a good cousin?"

"Say the wurrud, Iza! Say it, it's your slave I am!"

"No, no, not slave! Cousin, friend, champion. As such will you find Arthur for me? I'm resolved to offer a thousand pound reward for his discovery. Now, lose not an hour. Advise my reward in the London papers—all of them. Set the police on his track, and let us fathom this hateful, horrid mystery. He is innocent, I believe. But, Con, I will know the truth, and to you I look as I would to a brother."

There was a tear in the Irishman's eye, and a tremor in his voice as he responded with low emphasis, "Trust me! Trust Con, dear Iza! I am yours, yours, yours!"

And with a firm grip of her little hand, he went forth on the strangest of quests—to bring back his rival, even though by so doing he ruined the hope he had begun to cherish afresh of winning the girl whom he worshipped with true Irish fervour.

A small house in St. John's Wood, on the door a brass-plate with the inscription Dr. Mudler. In the back parlour are seated the doctor and his wife, a young and fair English girl of the lower middle class.

"Ach, I am in lug! Mein schtar is rising. I shall be greater dan Pasteur or Koch. I have my chance. It have come from heaven! Zey will erect statues to ze memory of Fritz Mudler, ze benefactor, ze great physician, ze wonderful discoverer!"

"What's it all about?" demanded his wife.

"Ach, you sall zee, you sall zee! For example, I have got possession of zis young man. He lunatique. He know nozings. He goot subject, vair goot subject."

"But," exclaimed she, "you're never going to experiment on that nice young man? I won't hear of it."

Dr. Mudler's visage gloomed. Then, with the strange beaming smile of the German—from ear to ear—he drew forth ten sovereigns.

"My, what a lot of coin! wherever did you pick up all that? Why, you told me you hadn't a copper."

"I doid you true, ma tear. I had not. Now I have."

Mrs Mudler eyed him suspiciously. "Did you draw that for looking after this chap—O'Grady isn't his name?"

Again the doctor grinned. "Ach so! I sall dell, vot I sall dell. But now, zat is firr, ma tear!"

"For me, Fritz! What, all that?"

"All that. But you must be vair cautious. Listen, ze gentleman's prain is affect. He not know his name. Goot, I dake him to Vienna."

"An' me too, Fritz?"

"No, I sall not require you. I dake ze gentleman to Vienna. I have das gelt. Oh, yes. Then fee make a leetle experiment. He vair goot subject."

Mrs Mudler listened with all her ears, drawing moreover a quick breath. Her husband had often told her that he craved for a human subject.

"Foe—zat is, ze doctor Schumaker, ze doctor Plornann, and oders—fee try mein gread remedy for typhoid."

"Has the poor chap got typhoid?" she asked quickly.

"Hein! No. Bud dat is arrange easily. A leetle hypodermic injection, and pfu, ze virus dake beautifully! Zen, fee administair my remedy. It is strong. Fee have not been able to try it, because ze results might be fatal. But dees is a goot subject—vair goot."

"You're never going to murder the poor fellow, Fritz?"

"Psa! Vot ees he? Von lunie. Vot goot is he? As fell tie for science as live in a cage."

"But it's murder!"

"In England, oh, yace; in Austria—!" Mrs Mudler's face changed suddenly. It was one of those visages that can be frank, or can be a mask.

"And I suppose if this experiment answers you'll make your pile?"

"It must answer. Regard. Ze subject is exhibit in a condition of typhoid. Fee must inspect ze working of ze heart under ze conditions of ze remedy."

"But how?"

"Fee remove a portion of ze ribs and ze heart is expose. Zen we pairceive ze action of ze drug. Fee give leetle. Ze heart work. Zen fee give more. Ze heart still work, and ze temperature full. Zen as much as possible. Ze subject feel show both ze amount to be administered and ze results."

"And the young man?"

Dr. Mudler shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, adding, "Ach, he is only an Englishman, and fee despise ze English!"

"And Englishwomen?" enquired his wife, dully.

"Ach—zey are goot to lof—sometimes!"

"I hope it will all come off," she remarked in a tone which had not been insanely vain ought to have aroused suspicion. "And when do you return from Vienna?"

"As soon, ma tear, as ze profession will admit ze success of my method; as soon as I am crowned ze conqueror of typhoid, ze saviour of humanity."

"Yes. Now, before you go, Fritz, I want a word respecting myself. We were married at the registrar's, but I am told that in Austria an English marriage counts for nothing, and you can disavow me and marry anyone you choose."

Dr. Mudler's reply was, "I sall marry no vons bud my vaife."

And Mrs Mudler looked at him out of the corner of her eye. She knew much more than he imagined, but held her tongue, like the wise woman she was.

The initial portion of the programme thus sketched was carried out. Dr Mudler having possessed himself of Arthur Green's bag of sovereigns was in funds and could afford to charter the services of a fellow German as attendant. Thereby the unresisting and mindless victim was transported to Harwich, the doctor purposely avoiding the Dover route, lest, perchance, people should be on the look out. He travelled as plain Herr Schmidt, and contrived to escape the notice of the English police. We will leave him en route.

Fortunately for Arthur Green Considine O'Grady was gifted with the promptitude, perceptibility and resourcefulness of his countrymen. Leaving Iza pale and resolute, he set the police of Kent, Surrey and Sussex in motion. Then he hurried to London and interviewed Scotland Yard. Lastly and chiefly he offered the huge reward of £1000.

In twelve hours he had learned that Arthur Green left Redhill under the care of a Dr. Frohlich, of the German Hospital. Here, apparently, he had a clue. Apparently only, because no such doctor was attached to that hospital. That the man was a doctor, the staff of Redhill Station and the kindly farmer assured him, and also that he was German. But this information did not help, and, Irish-like, he grew impatient.

Within another twelve hours his advertisement had appeared, and he followed it up by placarding all London with £1000 reward. This last move of his told. Mrs Mudler, after the manner of her kind, seldom glanced at any newspaper, but when her eyes were riveted on the name, O'Grady, the accurate description of her husband's victim, and above all on a sum which made her mouth water, she sat down to think.

Dr. Mudler she had long since distrusted. He had married her for the sake of a few hundreds inherited from her father, and these had long since melted. She could not read German, but had taken some of his letters from Vienna to a Board-school teacher, who translated them. In fine, the man was engaged to a lady in Austria, and as for the English marriage he could repudiate it. What little affection she had felt for the man had long since been chilled, and indeed she knew him to be vain, reckless, cruel, and lying. The only consideration which for the moment held her tongue was the dread lest her little circle of friends should point at her finger of scorn. For a few hours that caused hesitation, and indeed might have made her an accessory. It chanced, however that she came across a further batch of Dr. Mudler's Viennese correspondence. This she took to her Board-school friend, and the revelation turned the scale. She went to Scotland Yard, met O'Grady, and tendered a full confession.

The genial, eager Irishman grasped everything. At once he despatched a

long telegram to the English ambassador at Vienna, stating that Arthur had been kidnapped as a subject for experiment, while the police further communicated with the police of Vienna. Both parties stated that the doctor's name was Mudler, an error, as we are already aware, his true name being Schmidt.

"Now," said O'Grady to Mrs Mudler, "you'll have to accompany me to Vienna."

"I daren't," she cried. "I'm afraid of my husband."

"Arrah, then look at me! D'ye think now that he'd try conclusions wid an Irish gentleman?"

"He'd poison you."

"I'll risk it, and mayhap you'll find out the German frau he wants to marry."

This touched her pride. "I will do as you wish," she replied.

He was about to hurry preparations so as to catch the night mail, when a wire from Iza demanded his immediate presence at Selley.

It was more than half disposed to ignore this, and proceed to Vienna forthwith, but on second thoughts decided to postpone departure until the morning boat from Harwich. Arranging a rendezvous with Mrs Mudler he took the train for Selley.

Iza met him with: "My father is worse. He wishes to see you at once." There was something in her manner which struck him as being singularly frigid, but he had not a minute for reflection, and hurried to the sick chamber.

"Con, my dear fellow," whispered the dying man, "I have altered my will, and it's as well you should know it before I go. I had left Iza my estates unreservedly. I now have resolved to convey all to trustees for her benefit provided she does not marry that man Green. If she should be so infatuated as to sacrifice her life to a lunatic, then the trustees are to convey everything to you."

"Sir," gasped Considine, "I object. If Green be in-ane thin bedad Iza can't marry 'un. But he's not certified yet."

"Anyhow," said Mr Deneford, "Green has shown himself unworthy of her."

"Divil a bit, saving your presence, sorr. He's not to blame, and the wretched spalpeen's the victim of a murderous conspiracy."

But Mr Deneford would not listen. He had said. He would not revoke his altered will. Wearily he turned his face to the wall, and begged to be left alone.

"I'm off to Vienna," said Con, as he met Iza on the stairs. "And as for that will—psa! I'm no thief to be stealing your fortune."

Iza cast a grave inquiring look at his flushed face, but volunteered no reply, and he left.

The Great Eastern Hotel at Harwich. Enter O'Grady and Mrs Mudler to the tune of "something to eat, and sharp, waiter! We have to catch the boat."

"It's after ating I am, Mrs Mudler, and if you'll be advised by an old sailor ye can't ate too much. Begorra, the more ye put away under yer stays the less ye'll be sav-sick!"

Mrs Mudler smiled gravely as she replied: "I am rather hungry," and they entered the coffee-room together.

Hardly had they plumped themselves, wraps and all, at a table, when a gentleman rushing from a seat at the far end of the room, placed a hand on the Irish gentleman's shoulders sobbed, "My—dear—O'Grady."

At once Considine sprang to his feet, stared for a half second, and with a laugh that might have been heard almost at Antwerp, shouted: "Orthur! Rejabbers!" and seizing his hand wrenched it with a ferocity of enthusiasm that all but smashed the tendons.

"Depor, then—what, do'st all mane? Is't a ghost yare?"

"I suppose," said Arthur Green quietly, glancing with an air of surprise at Mrs Mudler, "that you've come in search of the truant?"

"Bedad, yes."

"Then the truant must tell his tale. I recollect a long night walk. Then something like a black veil overshadowed my brain, and when I awoke I found myself aboard ship on a rough sea at midnight. I arose. I sought the steward, who informed me that I was a lunatic in charge of a German doctor, and en route for Antwerp. I must have satisfied the man as to my sanity, for he summoned the captain, who, judging by my unshaven and dirty exterior, showed signs of scepticism, but promised to report my case to the police. As you may surmise my custodian insisted

that I was insane, and I should have been carted off to the station but not happily one of our Bilial dons been on the quay. A word from him and the British Consul was summoned. Then as the German could produce no certificate of my being insane, I was released, and my champion, the don, furnished me with coin. So here I am, to thank you, O'Grady."

"And this lady, Orthur, Bedad we meant saving you. But, me bhoy, if it hadn't been for luck, take my word for't, it's vivified ye'd have been!"

How all was explained, how Mrs Mudler drew her thousand pounds, and obtained a judicial separation from her faithless husband, how O'Grady and Arthur Green hurried back to Selley Hall to learn that all was over, how the noble Irishman refused to avail himself of the provision of a will made in ignorance of the circumstances, how after a wait of six months, Iza became the wife of Arthur Green, all that follows as a necessary sequence.

But there remains something else. A Colenso was found the corpse of a sailor who had joined the Dublin Fusiliers as a volunteer, riddled through the heart, and the bullet had pierced a lock of Iza's hair. True gentleman he gave her to the man she loved, but true lover also could never forget her. It was Considine O'Grady.

And Dr. Mudler, alias Schmidt, has not yet discovered a panacea for typhoid; but he married his Austrian frau, and lives in hope of finding a human subject on whom to conduct the experiment that shall place him on a pedestal by the side of Pasteur. The right human subject would be that supreme scoundrel, Fritz Mudler, of many aliases, and not a few wives.

A WONDERFUL CURE.

INFLAMED AND GRANULATED EYES.

Cured by

Vitadatio.

READ MR H. E. NEVILLE'S TESTIMONY.

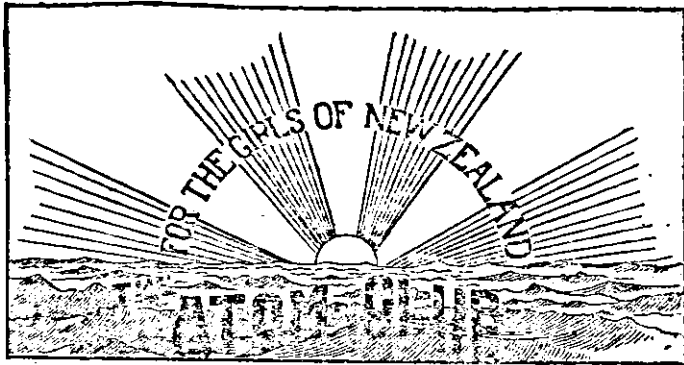
Rocky Point Rd., Kogarah, January 14th, 1902.

S. A. PALMER, Esq., Pitt-st., Sydney.

Dear Sir,—I beg to tender my testimony as to the marvellous healing power of your famous "VITADATIO". Eighteen months ago my daughter, Clarissa, had an affection of her eyes. The lashes and brows fell out, the lids became inflamed and granulated, and her sight became so affected that much she could scarcely see. In addition, a discharge was also prevalent. I tried many remedies which were recommended but without avail. I then had her attend the Ophthalmic Branch of the Sydney Hospital, which she did for about six months. After four or five months' treatment there was an improvement, and I hoped a cure was effected, but it was only temporary. I then purchased her spectacles and tinted glasses, and for a short period she was able to read by their aid but her eyes eventually became worse. Then I resolved to test the VITADATIO as a last resource. With that object I obtained a dozen bottles. When two bottles were used, the lashes and brows commenced to again appear, and the sight grew stronger, and before the sixth bottle was finished a cure was apparently effected. She could see well, and the spectacles were discarded. I have waited till now to ascertain whether the disease would return, and I am happy indeed to say there is no return. I have no doubt of its doing so. As I am anxious that anyone suffering as my daughter has done should know what I can declare to be a cure, I feel it my duty to forward this testimony for their information, and in conclusion wish it to be understood that I am willing to answer any inquiries concerning the matter, either verbally or by letter. I am well known in Sydney and suburbs, and am an Inspector of Hearing, etc.

I remain, yours gratefully,  
(Signed) H. E. NEVILLE.  
P.S.—Make what use you please of this.—H.E.N.

For further particulars,  
S. A. PALMER,  
WAREHOUSE, WATERLOO QUAY,  
WELLINGTON.  
Or, 350, QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.  
Correspondence Invited. Write for Testimonials.  
The price of Medicine is 5/6 and 3/6 per bottle.  
All Chemists and Stockkeepers.



### Atom Club Rules and Regulations.

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

#### RULES.

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

#### REGULATIONS.

1. Session lasts from March to December.
2. Each member will be present with a badge on entering the Club.
3. All articles, essays, etc., written by members will be returned corrected and advised, if desired, when not published in A.C. page.
4. Questions and answers for "Who Knows" must be sent in to the office with full name, address, and nom de plume.

### Mr Biggs' Idea.

(By May Henderson, A.C.)

(Continued.)

#### CHAPTER II.

Arrived at Rotorua, Mr and Mrs Biggs were bewildered at the noise and confusion. Porters and hotel touts rushed hither and thither, shouting and gesticulating. People pushed and jostled them aside rudely in their anxiety to get their luggage; but at last Mr Biggs managed to secure their box, and they drove off to their modest lodgings.

At dinner Mr Biggs enjoyed himself immensely, and cheerfully shovelled peas into his mouth with his knife, poured his tea into his saucer, blew into it, and beamed upon everybody.

Ebenezer was not sensitive, but poor Mrs Biggs felt hurt at the looks—some of amusement, but more of disgust—that were cast at her husband.

"Oh, Ebby," she remarked afterwards as they strolled towards the Sanatorium Grounds, "They seem awful swell folks."

"Yer just as good as any Jack one of 'em," answered Ebenezer hilariously, "and our money's as good as theirs. Perk up, old lady; I believe yer 'ome sick, pinin' for a whiff of the ole Bay, eh?"

"No, Ebby; but we didn't seem to be in their sneer, like, and they looks at yer so laz'ly."

"Aughty be blowed!" exclaimed her husband contemptuously. "Sakes alive, Carrie! there's one of them cozzers a-fizzin'! Quick! We'll be 'oo late!" And Mr Biggs glanced his wife by the arm, and started off at a trot, just as a column of water shot high into the air from one of the artificial geysers in the grounds.

"My! ain't that fine, now!" exclaimed the delighted Mrs Biggs, open-mouthed with admiration. "It's just like the water-pipe wet busted in front of our shop. I'm mighty glad we come, Ebby."

To Mrs Biggs that evening was a dream of delight. The gaily-dressed crowds, the smooth lawns, bright flower beds, the brilliant electric lights, and the sweet music dispensed by the native band, made it seem as though she had stepped into fairy-land.

The next day the Biggs had a gala day at Whakarewarewa, the native set-

tlement two miles out of Rotorua, which was a chop outing, and within their slender means.

"Lor', Ebby! I wish the little 'uzzies would dress themselves!" exclaimed the scandalised Mrs Biggs as a crowd of half-naked Maori children raced towards them across the bridge that spans a rushing torrent and divides the native village from European land.

"Trow a penny, lady; no jump!" cry the shrill piping voices, and the eloquent brown eyes look eager.

Mrs Biggs cannot resist; she opens her purse, and ventures a copper. In a twinkling a score of plump bronze bodies are flying through the air. Splash! into the water they plunge; up they come again, spluttering and blowing, the successful one holding up the penny and grinning with delight.

"Trow again; trow here," they yell, and the demoralised Mrs Biggs bristles reckless, and scatters her remaining pence with prodigal extravagance.

"Oh, Ebby, the darlings!" she cried, the scarlet geranium in her bonnet nodding vigorous approval.

"Come away, Carrie," said Ebenezer, reprovingly, but with a twinkle in his eye. "I'm surprised at ye, I am; this ain't no sight for a respectable female;" and his reluctant spouse was unwillingly borne away to fresh sights.

This delightful state of things continued for a week, at the end of which Mr Biggs found his cash was rapidly disappearing.

"Say, old gal," he remarked to Mrs Biggs one morning, with a very rueful face, "if we goes on at this rate much longer we'll be ruined."

"Oh, Ebby," cried his wife in alarm, "yer don't mean ter say as yer've spent everythink, do yer?"

"Well, it ain't quite so bad as that; but we've been livin' at the rate of a thousand a year this last week. I got enough fer our board, but no more skilful round to buried villages, and eruptions, and them sort of things."

"We've been ago'in' it, certainly," chuckled Mrs Biggs, regarding her husband with a fat smile of approval, "and I'm just thinkin' 'ow I'll make Mrs Wilkins' and Mrs Wood's mouths water when I tells 'em about it."

"And won't they be green with envy when they sees yer made beautiful fer ever, arter taken Madam Rachel's bath," said her husband, wickedly.

"Now, Ebby, that's too bad of yer ter make fun of an old woman like me; but that just reminds me, I ain't tried any of them baths yet. I declare there's been that much to see I ain't had time to think of them before; but I've 'eard the ladies at the boardin' 'ouse says as the Madam Rachel bath was 'perfectly lovely,' and yer know, Ebby, I can't 'elp envyin' them when I see 'em goin' off with their towels, and all a laughin' and jokin' together. I would just like to try it, do yer think as we could get permission to-day?" asked Mrs Biggs wistfully.

"Right, old gal," said her husband cheerfully; "we'll go straight away this mornin' and try and find out where the lady lives."

So Mr and Mrs Biggs sallied forth on their somewhat unique quest.

"We'll ask one of them gardener chaps at the grounds first," said Ebenezer, so accordingly he accosted a stalwart young Maori engaged in clipping one of the lawns.

The native seemed hugely puzzled at the question, grinned, and shook his head.

"I expect 'e don't understand English," said Mrs Biggs; "we'll 'ave to ask someone else."

The next person they encountered was a benevolent old gentleman with a

green cotton umbrella.

"Begg'n' yer pardon, sir," said Ebenezer, politely, "but could yer tell us where Madam Rachel lives? My wife 'ere is very hantious to get leave to use 'er bath."

The old gentleman gave a perceptible start and looked anxiously at Mrs Biggs.

"Don't you think, my good woman, you had better get him home as soon as possible," he said gently, gradually edging away from them. "He is not violent, I hope; you know its not safe to have him out such a blazing mornin', and without an umbrella, too." Then, as if making a violent sacrifice, "Take mine," and before the astonished Mr and Mrs Biggs could utter a word, the benevolent old creature had thrust the green monstrously into Mrs Biggs' hand, and walked rapidly away.

Mrs Biggs was the first to recover from their astonishment.

"Ow dare 'e," she cried, shaking with indignation. "Ow dare 'e."

"Keep cool, Carrie," answered her husband, who had a sense of humour. "That's the second time in my life I've been taken for a lunatic, and we've made an umbrella."

Mrs Biggs looked with disgust at the outrageous article.

"Oh, I'll take charge of that," said Mr Biggs, taking it from her; "it may come in useful, and now we'll go and tackle someone else."

They strolled on a little farther and came across a sweet-looking old lady sitting in one of the shady arbours knitting.

"Now she does look a likely one to ask," said Mrs Biggs in a relieved tone. "I'm sure she will tell us."

"Please, ma'am, could yer tell us where Madam Rachel lives?" asked Mrs Biggs respectfully.

"Yes; some people prefer the white ones, but I think the red ones wear better," answered the old lady sweetly. "I don't think you quite understand me," said Mrs Biggs repeating her question in a louder tone.

"Oh! no I never go to races," said the old lady, looking shocked.

The Biggs' gazed at each other in despair.

"Wot a pity she's deaf," said Mrs Biggs. "I reckon she knows all right, if we can only make 'er understand. Let's 'ave another try."

"Could—you tell us where—Madam Rachel lives?" shouted Mr and Mrs Biggs in chorus.

"Certainly, I think everybody should have their lives insured; mine's insured for £500," answered the old lady knitting serenely.

"It ain't no use, Ebby, she's as deaf as a beetle; we must try someone else." Just then a schoolboy hove in sight.

"Let's ask 'im; 'e looks a nice little chap," said the unsophisticated Mrs. Biggs.

The "nice little chap" put his tongue in his cheek and grinned.

"What are yer jolly well givin' us, Mister? This ain't the first of April."

"Just yer keep a civil tongue in yer 'ed, young shaver," said Ebenezer wrathfully.

"Go hon! Does yer ma know yer out?" answered the urchin, making a face.

Mr Biggs made a dive to catch him by the collar, but the young-ster was too quick for him. With a scientific duck he went full tilt at Mr Biggs, and sent that unfortunate gentleman sprawling in the dust, and then showed a very clean pair of heels.

"You limb o' Satan!" yelled the infuriated Mr Biggs, too much perturbed to choose his language. "If I could only get 'old of yer, I'd thrash yer within a inch of yer life."

"Come and do it, then," yelled the youth, stopping at a safe distance, and becoming in-solently Shakesperian.

"Don't take any notice, Ebby, dear," said his wife, soothingly, just as Mr Biggs was about to make another futile retort.

Mr Biggs gave an angry snort and picked himself up.

"Boys won't like that in my day!" he exclaimed, wrathfully. "Oh, if I only could 'ave caught 'im!" and his look expressed volumes. "Still I ain't goin' to be beat," and his usual good-natural expression returned to his face.

Mr Biggs was never cast down for long. For three solid hours the simple old souls trotted about under the despised green umbrella, the shade of which they were thankful enough, for the sun was broiling. Mile after mile they went, asking first one and then another, only to be laughed at and regarded as lunatics,

or treated with pitying contempt.

"Oh, Ebby, I give it up!" moaned Mrs Biggs at last, as with bonnet all awry she sank a warm palpitating heap upon one of the friendly benches.

"Non-sense, old gal!" exclaimed her energetic husband, entirely losing sight of the fact that Mrs Biggs had two stone in excess of his own weight to carry about. "Now, listen to me. Yer want to try them baths, don't yer?"

Mrs Biggs nodded, for she was past speech.

"And yer don't want to 'ave to go 'ome and tell all them wimmen as yer didn't 'ave a bath while yer was away, do yer?" Mrs Biggs shook her head and wiped her face with her handkerchief.

"Well, why don't put yer pride in yer pocket, and ask some of them wimmen at the boardin' 'ouse?"

"I'd sooner die than ask anythink of one of them stuck up 'uzzies."

"Then let us try and find the priests, and ask leave to use their bath, I guess we'd find 'em easy enough. Like as not they wouldn't be as stuck up as this Rachel woman."

"Ebenezer Biggs!" shrieked his wife, galvanized once more into life. "Ow dare you propose such a outrageous thing. To think that I'd live to see the day I should 'ave to blush for yer," and Mrs Biggs showed signs of becoming hysterical.

"Come, come, Carrie, ye tired and over-wrought," said Ebenezer, patting her soothingly on the arm. "I didn't mean ter vex yer, but I think it's a cryin' shame that private folks 'as the monopoly of them baths. Look 'ere, let's 'ave one more try; we'll go and ask the Postmaster."

"I declare I couldn't walk another step," protested the dejected Mrs Biggs.

"Well, Carrie, I must own as I feel a little disappointed in yer," said her husband, looking at her reproachfully. "I did think as yer 'ad more go in yer! Fancy givin' in so easy!"

The harried Mrs Biggs cast a pathetic look at her somewhat unreasonable spouse.

"I must 'ave walked a good ten miles," she groaned, "and yer tork of my givin' in easy; but do yer think the Postmaster is a married man?" she asked more hopefully.

"Sure to be," answered Mr Biggs, with conviction.

"Well, if 'e's got a wife, I mightn't mind askin' 'er about the bath," said Mrs Biggs with due modesty.

"That's my old gal," answered the triumphant Mr Biggs. "Yer just leave the torkin' ter me. I'll fix it up. I can't think why we didn't go there at first; we'd 'ave saved a power of trouble."

"Don't make too sure," said Mrs Biggs, who, after her morning's experiences, was inclined to be pessimistical.

"You always was a rare one ter look on the black side, Carrie," said Ebenezer, assisting her to rise.

With a gasp and a groan Mrs Biggs was on her feet once more. As they neared the post office she began to feel nervous.

"Oh, Ebby, I'm afraid they'll insult us." "Keep yer pecker up, old gal; I'll manager everythink," answered Mr Biggs, confidently.

"And be sure and ask if 'e's married," whispered Mrs Biggs, as they entered. "Askin' yer pardin', might I speak ter the Postmaster?" asked Ebenezer of the clerk, who eyed the odd looking couple rather suspiciously.

"I'll see," he answered, and disappeared. The Postmaster presently came forward with a polite "What can I do for you?"

"Yer can do a mighty lot if only ye've the mind to," replied Mr Biggs, boldly.

"I'm sure I shall be pleased to do anythink within my power," answered the Postmaster, looking a little surprised.

"First of all," continued Ebenezer, "there is a question I should like ter ask yer—are yer married or single?"

Audible giggle from the clerk; gasp from Mrs Biggs.

"Oh, yes, I'm married," answered the Postmaster, looking still more surprised, "but why do you ask?"

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Mrs Biggs, with fervour.

"Well, the fact is, sir, my wife 'asn't 'd the baths yet, and she's gettin' anxious about it; so we thought if you was a married man your wife might let 'er use the bath, that is if ye ain't makin' too bold."

"Oh, please, sir, don't say no!" cried the agitated Mrs Biggs, coming forward and breaking in before the astonished gentleman had time to reply. "If yer

"ad any idea wot I've 'ad ter put hup with this blessed morning yer wouldn't refuse."

"Yer see," continued Mr Biggs, "we couldn't find out where Madam Rachel lived ter ask 'er, and my wife wouldn't 'ear of my askin' the priests."

"I should think not, indeed!" interrupted Mrs Biggs, blushing to her ears.

"And, of course, we daren't ask the Duches!"

The Postmaster looked positively alarmed and stepped over to the clerk, who by this time was choking, and gurgling, and tying himself in knots, and whispered something into his ear. Mr Biggs fancied he heard the word "policeman." The clerk untied himself, and, still choking, reached for his hat, and crept cautiously to the door. But Ebenezer was too quick for him and threw himself in front of it.

"No, yer don't, young man. I know yer little game. Yer off ter fetch the policeman. Yer think I'm either mad or drunk, but I ain't, and yer 'ad better wait till I explains myself," exclaimed the indignant Mr Biggs.

The young man attempted to thrust Mr Biggs aside.

"You stir another step and I'll knock yer down," cried Ebenezer, becoming abusive.

"Oh, Ebby, don't do anythink so awful!" cried his distressed spouse. "Yer promised yer would arrange everythink nice and quiet, and now yer losin' yer temper and makin' a scene," and the unfortunate Mrs Biggs groaned dismally.

"I've 'ad enough insults to-day," replied the incensed Mr Biggs, "and I ain't goin' ter put hup with it no longer. I tell yer I will get a 'earin'. Stand back, young fellah!"

The "young fellah" stepped forward and attempted to grasp Mr Biggs by the shoulders, but that gentleman had evidently learnt a wrinkle from his previous encounter with the schoolboy, for with the end of the green umbrella he managed to give his antagonist a very effective prod in the chest which sent him sprawling, but in doing so Mr Biggs unfortunately lost his own balance and

fell on top, and for a few seconds nothing was visible but a revolving mass of green.

"Murder! Fire! Help!" shrieked the terrified Mrs Biggs, and with arms waving like windmills, a snort and a gurgle, and she was on the floor in a dead faint.

"Oh, my old gal!" cried the penitent Ebenezer, crawling from under the ruins and rushing towards her. "Some water, for mercy sake!"

Someone came forward with a watering can used for keeping down the dust in the office, and Mr Biggs grabbed it joyfully, and Mrs Biggs received a regular waterspout, which did not, however, have the slightest effect.

Just then the door of the rear apartment opened and the Postmaster's wife came in.

"What on earth is the meaning of all this commotion?" she exclaimed.

"You may well ask!" answered her husband. "Violent lunatics seem to be allowed to wander about as they please."

"We ain't lunatics, ma'am," said Ebenezer in a hurt tone, all the anger dying out of his voice. "We're only a foolish old couple as should 'ave stayed at 'ome in our own speer."

"Wish to goodness you had!" muttered the Postmaster under his breath.

"George, I'm afraid you have been making one of your foolish mistakes again," said his wife, turning to him. "But, see, the poor soul has fainted. Get some of them to carry her into the sitting-room."

It took Mr Biggs, the Postmaster, and four telephone operators, to say nothing of the office boy, to carry Mrs Biggs inside.

Smelling-salts and brandy were vigorously applied to the unconscious Mrs Biggs, with the result in a few minutes she opened her eyes.

"Oh, Ebby! take me 'ome, take me 'ome!" she sobbed.

"It's all right, my good woman," said the Postmaster's wife, kindly, "I'm sure there has been some mistake, and I should like to hear from your husband what it is."

Gaining a hearing at last, Ebenezer poured out his tale.

"Well, yer see, ma'am, thankin' yer kindly, me and my wife's been livin' in Freeman's Bay for over forty years, and 'avin' a bit of a windfall, we thought as we'd like to 'ave a 'oliday, so we come up 'ere. Well, we got on fine the first week, seein' geesers and eruptions, and them sort of things. The folks treated us kind of 'aughty like, but we didn't mind, not we. But when my old gal there took into 'er 'ed to try 'em baths, it was a different matter, for 'ow was we to get leave from them swell folks as owns 'em, for my wife, bein' a woman, an' 'avin' the natural fainn's of the sex, nothin' would 'er but she must 'ave Madam Rachel's bath, bein' hankious to return to the Bay young an' lovely—and—"

"Oh, Ebby, 'ow can yer say such a thing?" interrupted Mrs Biggs, reproachfully, "after all I've 'ad to put up with!"

A light began to dawn upon the Postmaster.

"Well," continued Ebenezer, "we set out ter find the lady, but no one seemed ter know anythink about it, and all we got was insults. Then my old began ter knock up, and declared she couldn't walk another step, but I felt kind of riled, my blood was up, and I was determined my wife should 'ave the use of one of them baths some'ow, so we come along 'ere thinkin' as yer was the Postmaster yer would perhaps be a 'omely sort, and if yer was married yer wife might let my old gal there use the bath. Well, I've done now, fer yer all know wot 'appened after we come 'ere."

"Just fancy, George! the poor innocent old souls," said the Postmaster's wife, full of sympathy.

"And do you mean to say," asked the Postmaster, "that you have been running about the streets asking people where Madame Rachel lived?"

"Of course! 'Ow else could we find out?" answered Mr Biggs, in a surprised tone.

"Well, upon my word, if that isn't the best joke I've heard for a long time!"

exclaimed the Postmaster, going off into roars of laughter. "Fancy two saller old folks running round the town asking people—oh!—oh! Why, man, you could have had any of those baths by paying sumpence—they're public property—but you really must excuse me laughing, and he went off into a fresh paroxysm of mirth.

"And yet mean ter say—" gasped Ebenezer, faintly, "that them baths belongs to nobody in pertickler, and we've as much right to 'em as anybody!"

"Indeed, yes; quite as much right as the 'Duchess' and 'Madam Rachel,' the 'Priests,' and the lot of them," said the Postmaster's wife, with a smile.

"Yer mean as them's just fancy names like?"

"Yes," "Oh, Carrie! wot an old ass I've been; no wonder folks thought we was mad," and poor Mr Biggs sat down upon a chair quite overcome.

"Come, you must not abuse yourself like that," said the Postmaster kindly, making an heroic effort to get his features into their normal condition. "It is quite a natural mistake to make, especially if you are not used to travelling—"

"Yes, quite," broke in his bright little wife, "and now this lucky chance has brought you here, I'm oin to keep you both to dinner, and in the evening I shall take Mrs Biggs to the famous 'Rachel' bath."

"Oh, ma'am, 'ow can we ever thank yer?" exclaimed Mrs Biggs, who, poor soul, was almost weeping with gratitude.

"And I mean to keep you under my wing for the rest of your stay."

This occasioned a fresh outburst of gratitude from the Biggs'.

"Why, George, confided the little woman to her husband later, "they are a perfect pair of 'old dears.' I wouldn't have missed knowing them for anything. They might be first cousins to Noah, and in this age it is positively refreshing."

"It is—very," answered "George," with a grin.

And so Mr Biggs' "idea" was a success after all.

# PEARS

## Soapmakers

### By Royal Warrants

TO

## THEIR MAJESTIES

THE

# King and Queen





# 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 have not written to you for a long time. To-day was Kitty's birthday. She is five years old. Kitty is my youngest sister. She got a lot of presents. Uncle Will, my sister, and I went down to our boat to see if there was much water in it. There was not much, but we bailed it out. I like going out in the boat. I have been out when the sail was up once, and we went very fast. The other day Dad saw two swans on the lake. He went down with his gun, but could not get very close to them, as they were swimming out. When he did shoot he missed them. The other day Dad went shooting, and got four ducks. I like reading very much. I have read "Little Meg's Children," "What Katy Did," "Three Little Kitties," and "RUBY and PEARL." I think all of them are nice books. Have you read them? I can't think of anything more to tell you. Good-bye, with lots of love to you and all the cousins.—From Cousin Jenny.

[Dear Cousin Jenny.—It is a very long time indeed since you wrote to me last. I was beginning to think you had quite deserted the cousins, but I hope you will write often now. Will you wish Kitty many happy returns of her birthday for me, and I am glad she got so many presents. Don't you ever get sea-sick when you go out in the boat? I think all the books you mention are charming for little girls. This is a very short letter, I am afraid, Jenny, but I will try and write more next time.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sending you my post-card I got from England to see. I am sure you will say the canary is very good. My cousin, Rangi, has been very ill, so on Saturday I went down Brighton-road to see him, and took him a pretty house-shoe calendar, but as it was such a lovely day he went out for a walk to see another cousin, Hawea, so I did not see him, and as it was too far to walk there I came home. Next Saturday I am going to lunch with him, so I hope it will be fine for us to have a good time. I thank you very much for the pretty badge you sent me, and shall always keep it in remembrance of you. With love to all the cousins and yourself.—Cousin Desmond.

[Dear Cousin Desmond.—It was very good indeed of you to send me your post-card to see, and I think the canary is really wonderfully good. I hope you and your cousin Rangi will have a very

nice time on Saturday. What are you going to do—go down the beach? Hawea has only lately come up from Gisborne, ha—ha? I am posting your canary back to you this week, and hope you will get it quite safely.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I again take the opportunity of writing to you. We are having very cold weather just now. I was very sorry that I did not see my letter in Saturday's "Graphic," as I expected. Yesterday Whakatane played Matata at football. Whakatane won. Are you fond of reading? I think all boys and girls should be fond of reading. Have you ever read "Enoch Arden"? I think it is a very nice book. My father went out fishing to-day. He and some other men caught fourteen hapuka. My sister went by the steamer this morning. Now I must close, as I have got a dreadful headache. With love to all.—Cousin Florence.

[Dear Cousin Florence.—I am sorry you were disappointed at not seeing your letter in the "Graphic" as soon as you expected. The cousins' letters must be in by Wednesday, and then the answer will be in the following week's "Graphic." Yours must have been a little late. I quite agree with you that all girls and boys should be fond of reading. I have read "Enoch Arden," the poem, but I don't remember ever having seen the book. What did your father do with all those hapukas? We very seldom see any in Auckland, and I think they are such nice fish. I expect you will miss your sister very much, won't you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Please may I become a little cousin? I always read the cousins' letters in the "Graphic," and would like to always write to you. My father has got a motor car, and he takes mother and myself to church every Sunday. I am twelve years old, and I have no brothers or sisters. We had a nice trip to England, and have only been here six weeks. Oh! it is so nice in the big steamers. There was such a nice cat on the boat. I wanted to bring it away with me, but the sailors wanted it. They were so kind to it. I do love people to be kind to dumb animals. Please, Cousin, could you give me a name for a deer-hound we brought from England? It is such a faithful dog, and very quiet. We are going to stay here for three months, and then we are going to Auckland for three months; after that we are going to live in England. If you will let me be a cousin I will always write to you from England. I think my letter is too long. If it is, please tell me. I will now say good-bye. Hoping to see my letter in the "Graphic," I remain, Cousin Claire.

[Dear Cousin Claire.—I shall be delighted to welcome you as a cousin, and if you send me your full name and address next time you write I will post you a cousin's badge. What a lucky little girl you are to have such nice trips. Aren't you ever sea-sick? Would you like to have some little brothers or sisters to go out in the motor car with you? Sailors are nearly always good to animals. I went on board a steamer the other day where they had two dogs, a cat, and an opossum, and they were so well looked after. Ben and Oscar are both very good names for a deer-hound. I think, don't you? Your letter is not a bit too long. The longer they are the better I like them. I hope you will write when you go to England, but most of my little cousins forget all about me when they are so far away.—Cousin Kate.]

## Why the Chickens Say "Peep."

In the long ago all the chickens that walked about through the green grass or on the brown earth were as silent as silent could be. They depended upon their mothers to look after them and find them food, and instead of looking where they were going, walked about with their little yellow beaks pointing upward toward the bright, beautiful sun, which warmed the air and made the insects and gnats grow to be their food. As the chickens had learned, after falling many times, to step very high when moving about, they got along very well and did not stumble nearly as often as might have been expected. But one day something happened which caused a great change in their habits.

A certain little chicken on a bright summer's day, was walking through a patch of grass, and, as usual, instead of keeping his eyes on the ground, was looking up into the air, holding his beak so high, indeed, that any one who did not know him would have said that he was a very naughty little chicken.

Now, as chance would have it, a lovely little fairy, a great favourite at the court of the Fairy King, had chosen that particular stretch of grass as a convenient place in which to snatch some beauty sleep (though if you could have seen her I am sure you would agree that she did not need it in the least), for the Fairy King was to give a great ball that night, and she wished to look her very best.

And what should the chicken do, minding along with beak in the air, as though the ground on which he trod did not concern him in the least, but step directly on the slumbering fairy! With a shriek of alarm and dismay she fluttered upward into the air, but almost only to fall back to earth; for the down had been rubbed almost entirely from one of her wings by the chicken's foot, and, as you all know, it is only the down upon their wings which enables fairies to fly at all.

And even if she were able to get there, how could she appear at the King's ball with a damaged wing?

In her despair she began to weep, and the chicken, looking down at last, realized what had happened. He was sorry enough for the distress which his carelessness had caused, for the fairy's sobs and mournful words told him at how unfortunate a time the accident had occurred, and he at once began racking his brains to think of some way of repairing the mischief. At last, to his great joy, a bright thought came to him.

"If you will go to the Flower Doctor," said he, "I am sure that with a little honey and with the down which some of the butterflies will undoubtedly lend you from their wings he will be able to make you look as well as ever."

The fairy, finding the suggestion a good one, and knowing that there was no time to be lost if she meant to be ready in time for the ball, at once hastened to the Flower Doctor; and so well did he perform his task that her wings looked, if possible, more beautiful than ever, and that night at the King's ball she was acknowledged by all to be the handsomest lady present.

As for the chicken, in order that such an accident (which another time might not be so easy to remedy) might not occur again, the fairies decreed that all chickens should ever after, while walking around, say, "Peep, peep!" in order to remind them to look where they were going; and so well have they learned the lesson that when they come out of their shells the very first thing that they say is "Peep, peep!"

Little Betty complained to her mother that her "button boots" were "hurting."

"Why, Betty, you've put them on the wrong feet!"

Puzzled and ready to cry, she answered: "What'll I do, mother? They's all the feet I've got!"



See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
in the  
WORLD. **Milk**

**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
in the  
WORLD. **Milk**

**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
in the  
WORLD. **Milk**

**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
in the  
WORLD. **Milk**

**Milkmaid**  
LARGEST SALE BRAND  
in the  
WORLD. **Milk**



A Game of Hide-and-Seek.

AND HOW PHYLLIS COULDN'T BE FOUND.

"Well, of all horrid days this is the horriddest!" cried Rita discontentedly, as she looked out of the window into the wet streets.

"Oh, it's perfectly disgusting!" agreed Ted.

"And just on a half-holiday, too," grumbled Phyllis.

"Why, what a sad-looking trio!" said mother, coming into the room just then.

"What ever's the matter?" "Well, we wanted to go out, and can't, because of the hateful rain!" cried Ted.

"Never mind, you shall go and play at hide-and-seek all over the house if you like, instead."

"Oh, how splendidous!" shouted Rita. "tipping!" echoed Ted.

"You are a darling!" said Phyllis, hugging her mother. "And may we go everywhere?"

"Yes, you can go everywhere, except in the servants' rooms and the lumber-room. But you're not to go there."

"All right, we won't. Come on!" And off scampered the three children, highly delighted at the idea.

The game continued merrily for some time, and, wonderful to relate, not a single squabble occurred.

Presently the clock struck four, and Ted said, as he tried to brush some of the dust off his jacket, "Tea's at half-past four, so this is the last turn, 'cause we must tidy up a bit. You two girls go and hide, and I'll find."

"One, two, three," began Ted, with his eyes shut; and then, arriving at hundred, he shouted "Coming!" and darted off to find his sisters.

After much stealthy creeping about, and going on all-fours, Ted discovered Rita under her mother's bed, and pulled her out, with a shout of glee.

"Now for Phyllis!" cried he, and started off in another direction.

Every nook and cranny was searched, every cupboard thoroughly ransacked; but it was no good; Phyllis could not be found.

"Oh, Rita, do come and help look! I simply can't think where she's got to!" cried Ted, in desperation.

His sister willingly went with him, and together they poked their noses into every corner capable of holding a much less substantial person than Phyllis.

But it was no good, and at half-past four they made a wild rush for the bathroom, gave their hands and faces a perfunctory "lick" under the tap, smoothed their hair with the hall clothes-brush, and went into tea with their mother.

"Why, where's Phyllis?" asked she.

"Oh, we can't find her anywhere," answered Ted; "so we thought we'd better give it up, and she'd come out of her hiding place."

"Yes, and we called and called, but she simply wouldn't answer," said Rita.

"That's very funny," said mother. "I wonder where the child can have hidden!"

Ten minutes passed, and still no Phyllis appeared, and mother began to get anxious.

"Surely the silly child knows that you've finished the game, and isn't still hiding in some stuffy cupboard?"

"Oh, no! We looked in every corner of the house—even in the cellar; but she wasn't there."

Just then the kitchenmaid came in, with a rather scared face.

"Oh, please mum, do come upstairs! There's such a funny noise coming from the lumber-room!"

Mother started up from her chair, and ran quickly out of the room up to the top landing, where the servant's room and lumber-room were situated. On opening the door she heard a funny sort of half-sobbing noise coming from the other end

of the lumber-room, and called out "Phyllis! Phyllis!" A louder cry came this time, and mother then thought the sound came from a very big oak chest in the far corner. Ted and Rita had rushed upstairs, too, and soon had the lid of the oak chest undone. There, crouched down, with her little white face all stained with tears, was poor Phyllis, hardly able to move; but, oh! so thankful to see mother's face.

"Well," began Phyllis, "I couldn't find a good place to hide in—and I quite forgot you said we were not to go in the lumber-room—so I crept into the oak chest and shut down the lid; and when I tried to get out I found I couldn't lift it.

and although I shouted and shouted no one came."

"Poor little girl!" said mother. "Of course you couldn't undo the lock, because it shuts with a spring; and I am very thankful that there were some holes to let in the air, or it might have made you very ill."

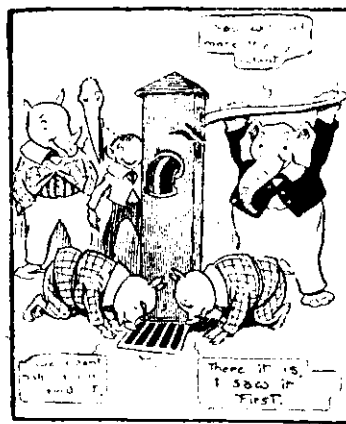
"Poor old girl!" said Ted, sympathetically.

"And if it hadn't been for Jane hearing you when she went up to her room I don't know when we should have found you," added Rita, " 'cause we never thought you'd go in the lumber-room."

"No; and I never will again," said Phyllis, as her mother kissed her.

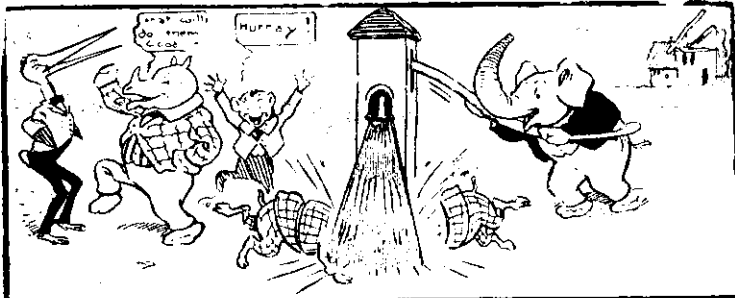
X JUNGLE JINKS. X

THE TELL-TALE BOARS GET A BATH THEY NEVER BARGAINED FOR.



1. "I say, boys," cried Jumbo, "what do you think? Those two Boars have told Doctor Lion that Bobby Bruin kicked the football through the kitchen window!" "Oh, the little tell-tales!" exclaimed Rhino; "let's pay them out. Why, here they come!"

2. "Let's pretend we've dropped something down this drain," sniggered Jacko. The Boars walked into the trap immediately. "What's the matter?" inquired Billy Boar. "We're looking for sixpence down there," said Storky.



3. "Sixpence down the drain" squeaked the Boars. "Oh, let's have a look. We want half-share if we find it, you know!" "All right, greedy pigs, you can have your share now!" shouted Jumbo, as he threw all his weight on the pump-handle and fairly soaked the porkers with 'nasty wet water. "Next time you go tale-bearing don't forget the pump!"

The New Sepia Process.

ENLARGEMENTS MADE FROM ANY PHOTO.



ART STUDIES BY BARTLETT Art Photographer Queen Street, AUCKLAND

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

GOLD MEDALLIST.

Telephone 991.

PRETTY

PICTURES

TRUE

LIKENESSES

# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## How to Improve the Complexion.

It is probably over her complexion that the average woman worries most, though this is not as it should be. To possess beauty in every particular should be the aim of all. A woman should take care of her hair, her teeth, her eyes, her hands just as solicitously as she does her skin. Nor should she stop there. She should regard herself as a traitor to her own interests should she neglect the very obvious attractions she ought to cultivate under such headings as beauty of expression, with which is inseparably bound up beauty of mind, and she should remember that the most perfect facial loveliness lacks its supreme value if beauty, in figure, pose, and movement are absent, or are deemed of second-rate worth.

The object of this article will be to teach those who are desirous of improving themselves how they may do so. No applications that are poisonous will be mentioned, no any drug to be taken internally. Moreover, every single recipe will have received a doctor's approval, so that absolute reliance may be placed in it.

Firstly, however, it should be understood that in the quest for beauty it is utterly impossible for gallons of unguents, creams and lotions to improve the complexion, the hair, the teeth, or the figure unless the bodily health is in good condition. With emphasis emphatic is this assertion made.

Yet what does the average woman who can afford to pay gold do when her skin looks blotchy or unduly pale? She buys the latest expensive cream and the newest washes, "warranted to make the skin as satin-like as a baby's," instead of going first of all to her doctor and getting him, or her, to prescribe for her health. Of a surety the woman who wants to be beautiful and to keep beautiful—and every woman can in some degree be beautiful, never doubt or forget that—must firstly and foremostly be put in a proper state of health in order that she may benefit by the treatment she may elect to receive at the hands of a beauty specialist, or in the seclusion of her own boudoir with the help here given. And to these remarks let this be added: That it is upon physiological regularity that those who wish to have pretty complexions should concentrate their attention. Many people regard a state of chronic constipation as one that cannot be remedied, and yet fail to connect such a condition with the bad complexions that so much worry them. Yet the blemished skin must and will exist if the daily functions of the body are not maintained in thoroughly efficient working order.

And now let another common-sense word be said. The beauty specialists who earn such good incomes at their callings admit that they make their biggest profits on their washes, creams and lotions, and they also admit that the reason their profits are so large is this, that their customers are everlastingly flying from one cream to another and one lotion to another, using only a third or a sixth portion of a half-guinea bottleful of stuff before they abandon it for some more attractive-sounding substitute.

The fact of the matter is this, that though the world is very old, women are still very credulous, and they like to believe deep down in their hearts that magic has something to do with the production of good looks. It is the antique story of May Day and May dew that attracts them; as if a walk every summer's morning in the pure fresh air were not much more provocative of a face of lilies and roses than just one expedition on one specially sweet morning.

Take it for truth—for it is unadulterated fact—that in the cultivation of

comeliness it is not spasmodic effort that brings about a good result, but a persistent and zealously pursued system of treatment. Find out first of all, having brought your body into a healthy state, what type of facial treatment suits you, and pursue that treatment, not every day for one week and then never again for a month, but each 24 hours, and, if possible, at the same time or times, so that the skin shall recognise the plan of routine and answer to it. It is extraordinary, perhaps, that the human body should be so like a piece of mechanism, and should flourish so much under routine. But it does.

Now to turn directly to the subject of the complexion. Let us generalise upon what all women should avoid if they desire to retain to old age the tints of youth, not in all their vivid glow, but as a very distinct echo of it. They should avoid stuffy rooms.

Night and day a window or windows should be left open in their living and sleeping apartments. If a fire be roaring in the winter, still there should be fresh air coming in to the room somewhere! perhaps by means of one of the clever ventilators now fixed into the win-

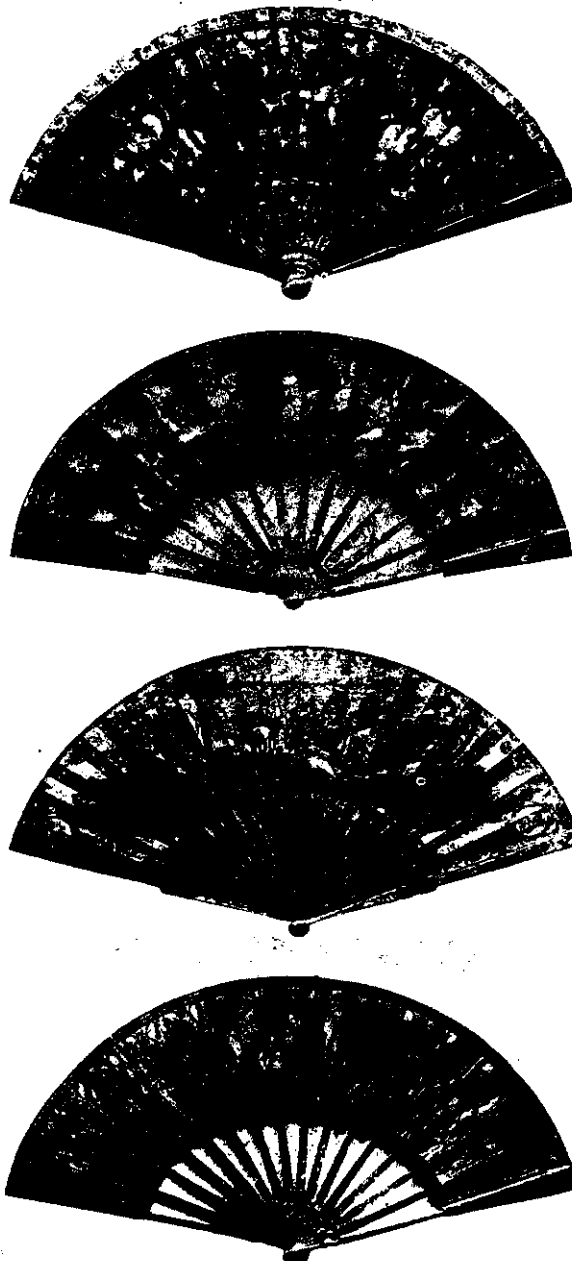
dow pane, perhaps by means of the window being opened an inch or two at the top and bottom. Even if a cold or sore throat is being endured, fresh air is a benefit, not a detriment. Does not the modern doctor give his consumptive patient an abundance of fresh air; does he not in all weather make her live outside? Even so does the beauty-producer pin her faith to air, air, air, and plenty of it. Secondly, there must be no excesses in eating and drinking. The woman who loves her food better than she loves her looks may possibly exist. Well, then, for her there is a choice to be made. Shall she gratify her appetite or shall she restrain it and keep her beauty? Even of greater importance is the question of drinking. I who write have been about a very great deal among all sorts and conditions of femininity, and have observed them and their habits closely, and I am convinced that the use of beer, wine and spirits is absolutely antagonistic to the preservation of loveliness and youthfulness, both mental and physical. I should like to go so far as to say that complete abstinence from all three kinds of liquor should be faced to secure beauty and

to keep it, and particularly as regards its preservation. But since there are some systems that require stimulants and because it is never advisable to lay down hard-and-fast rules in giving advice of this kind, I will modify that pronouncement and substitute for it this counsel, that only under doctor's orders should either beverage be taken.

As for the case of those who are the victims of a craving for alcohol and who abandon themselves to the passion, does not their own appearance preach to the observant the most solemn sermon there can be against excess? There are some devotees of the milk-and-rose complexion who never drink either tea or coffee because of the nerve-racking and bilious tendencies of those beverages. They believe in pure water or milk, and are loud in their praises of hot water and hot milk sipped instead of gulped, and not taken with food. This may be wisdom. But since there is no desire on my part to pose as a crank, I will merely comment upon such a course of procedure in these terms. Every woman should be a law unto herself. She should studiously and earnestly endeavour to find out what best enhances her beauty in the way of diet, and drink and adhere to it, modifying her line of treatment from time to time as she finds the necessity arise.

Thirdly, not because it is an inferior proviso, but in order to conclude with an intensely momentous announcement, I am of opinion that beauty would be prevalent everywhere and in every station of life, and that it would last to old age, if complete and intentional cleanliness were observed. Let no one hold up hands of horror at this assertion. The habit that the typical Englishwoman cherishes of washing often and washing thoroughly is to her credit. Her morning tub and her bedtime ablutions are part and parcel of her very existence. She is renowned the world over for her craze for water, and perhaps her beautiful complexion, for which she is also renowned, is the result of this love for splashing.

But all the same, she may carry her praiseworthy pursuits further with advantage. Water is not the only cleanser; the skin demands more attention than a douche to render it perfectly free from grime. Then there is such a thing as careful attention paid to attire. What woman, for instance, connects the blackheads with which her face is spotted with her black veil, that veil that has worn so well, far too well indeed, and that every time it presses against her face impregnates it with the dust it has collected from the atmosphere plus the moisture of her skin and breath? Intentional and intelligent cleanliness is just as necessary to beauty as good health is. When once that truth has been grasped the seeker after beauty has gone a long way towards finding it.



FOUR MODERN FANS.—The price of these varies from £5 to £50.

## A LOVELY WOMAN

Is the fairest flower in the garden of humanity. Every woman can be lovely, with sparkling eyes and with every line of beauty fully developed.

## Bovo-Ferrum



That wonderful Tonic, composed of Beef and Iron, will bring out her beauty. All in the hollows and round out the curves. It is a flesh and tissue builder that will make any woman plump and rosy, as she was meant to be.

**BOVO-FERRUM** is an absolute specific in Anemia. The price of Bovo-Ferrum is HALF A CROWN and it should be obtainable from all Chemists. Ask for it, and if not readily procurable, send 2/6 in stamps or postal note to...

**GEO. W. WILTON, CHEMIST**  
**WELLINGTON,**

Who will send a bottle POST FREE.

"If you need it, take it."

Her Rival.

I never can tell and I never could see
What he saw in you—not from the first.
That you should have come here—a rival
In me.

Yet I would not exchange our two places
In life
(Though the tears from my lashes I
Wipe).

The Cake-Walk.

The cake-walk dance has been highly
popular in England of late, and promises
to be even more fashionable next winter.

The first thing to learn is how to bear
yourself. Shoulders well back. Never
sacrifice grace for effect.

The original cake-walkers in the
Southern States (U.S.A.) always danced
in the light of the moon when work
was done.

Society Business Women.

By "A Society Butterfly," in "M.A.P."

England has been called a nation of
shopkeepers, and not without reason, as
a keen business instinct exists in both
men and women, and in every class and
every set in Society.

Every year sees new recruits to the
strong army of Society traders. Some
time ago the Duchess of Abercorn started
a creamery, near Baronscourt, that
supplies customers in Belfast with the
best and freshest of Irish dairy produce;

Mrs Wellesley, a relation by marriage
of the Duke of Wellington, once owned
a flower-shop in Lower Grosvenor Place,
and now Mrs Patrick Heron-Maxwell—
another smart woman—runs a florist's
business in Victoria-street.

Several tea-shops are kept by Society
women, notably one in Bond-street,
which belongs to Mrs Robertson, wife
of an Army officer.

Some Society women prefer not to
coquette with commerce, and instead
turn their attention to a serious profes-
sional career.

The Decline of Kissing.

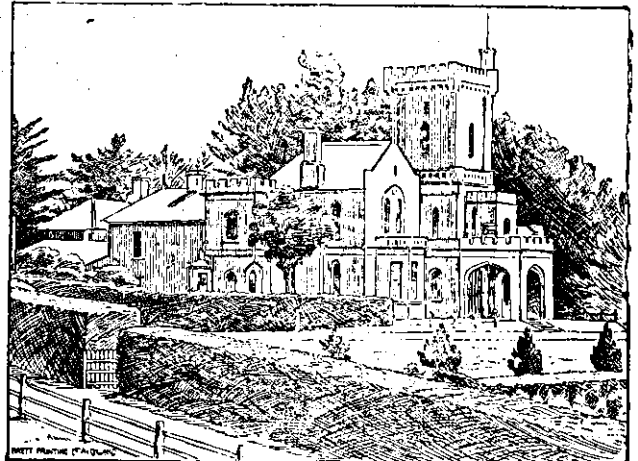
For a long time objections have been
urged against kissing—it was said to be
unhygienic and a fruitful source of in-
fection. These objections have had
effect, and there is a distinct decline
of the practice, except amongst engaged
couples.

A "ship on fire" is a fearful thing.
All helpless on the deck.
No vessel near her help to bring.

THE LADIES' COLLEGE, REMUERA,

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House.
Half Term commences March 26th.



This first-class Private School provides modern high-class Education and moral
training on Christian but unsectarian principles.

Advertisement for Sanitas disinfectants, listing various products like Fluid, Oil, and Powder, and their uses for disinfection.

Advertisement for Dales' Dubbin, a leather polish, mentioning awards and quality.

Advertisement for Viyella washing material, highlighting its benefits for various types of clothing.

Advertisement for Meilink's Home Deposit Vaults, promoting fire and theft protection for valuables.

The Wife a Schoolmaster Wants.

Many a married woman feels a bit left out of her husband's life.

She realises his strenuous efforts and hard work, and is conscious that she spends a lot and earns nothing.

It's not only that—she longs for the spirit of camaraderie which, working together, as well as playing together, would produce. Nay, more! Many a woman yearns for "far resonant" action.

She knows to the full the supreme sacredness of motherhood and home, but she wants to have more interests in life than babies and carpets.

I can picture to myself no life where a woman of energy and capability could find fuller outlet for her powers than as the wife of a schoolmaster.

There is no profession in the world where a man is so dependent on the help of his wife for real failure or success.

I speak, of course, especially of the public schools, or the preparatory schools for them.

You start with one overwhelming advantage. Your life will be passed among gentlefolks. The other masters who will form a large part of the society in which you move will be nearly all, if not all, university men, and, consequently, though occasionally you will find your social life has a tendency to get "groovy," yet you will be saved from the terrible awakenings of a third-rate London suburb.

And, first of all, the boys. You must be genuinely fond of boys, and really interested in the things that interest them. If you "put it on," they'll find you out. It seems a funny thing to say, but I say it in all seriousness, "if you are going to really help your husband, you must thoroughly grasp the laws of cricket and football, and you must know the main difference between Rugby and Association football." For good or for evil, athletics loom very large in the minds of the modern schoolboy, and if you don't know enough about it to talk to him intelligently he'll put you down as incompetent, and all your desires to help and influence him will be largely wasted; while, if only you can get the grip of things athletic, why, "all these other things shall be added unto you."

So, shortly, as to the boys. Another group of people you have to face is the masters. Now, as you value your happiness, have nothing to do with the masters as schoolmasters. Some well-meaning but ill-advised ladies endeavour to supplement or undermine the authority of masters with the boys, and to interfere with the masters among themselves. Whether you are the wife of a headmaster, a house master, or a junior master, leave the internal working of the school to the masters—it's men work, and not yours. You've got to represent the home life to the boys; if you tamper with masters' authority, the boys will hate your interference, they'll despise the master who lets you interfere, and the masters will dislike you.

Parents, as a class, are often rather an occasion of sorrow to the schoolmaster clan. They are, of course, a necessary evil; but the usual feeling amongst schoolmasters is that it's very nice to know them, it's nice to get them down to the school to take an interest in their

boys, but that "a little bit of parent goes a very long way."

Suppose you've fifty boys in your house.

Each of those fifty is the focus of the hopes of a certain mother. She has a tendency to believe you have as much time to devote to thinking of "dear Tom" as she has.

Of course, you haven't—you have fifty "dear Toms" to watch over.

Now, don't let that worry you. Grasp the principle that each Tom is "dear and only Tom," and then the letters and telegrams which will rain on you if "Tom" catches cold won't drive you silly; but you'll answer them quite calmly, and with a smile, remembering that "Tom" is "dear Tom."

I've left your husband to the last.

Back him up through thick and thin. He has a very responsible position, and he is always having to make up his mind on important decisions. Most men do their business decisions apart from their wives—away from home. Not so with you, you are at the fountain-head. Then let him talk matters over with you, discuss them wisely, differ if you will; but once the decision is formed, cling to it loyally for his sake. It means much to a man—more to a schoolmaster.

Expect him to be "jumpy" at times.

Every man is who teaches. You'll find it worst about the fourth week before the end of each term—it's quite unavoidable. Smile at it; it's not permanent. And don't forget there is such a thing as offensive sympathy when a man is "jumpy."

Then it is that he says, "Why did I marry?" and becomes ten times worse because he's let himself, even in thought, ask the question.

But these drawbacks are mere nothings to the joy of success that will come to you. He will not come home, as most men do, to talk to you about his work; but you will discuss "our" work, "our" school, "our" growing numbers. You will be the one to "mother" the boys, to see the parents, to supervise all the domestic arrangements of a school, and they are no sinecure. If you desire scope for organisation, you will have it to the full, and flowing over; you've got a career, and at the same time you have a husband bound up with your career. That is the ideal combination for which woman unconsciously dreams!

The Virtues of Eau de Cologne.

Cologne water—not triple extract—if it be of the best make, is one of the most purifying as well as healthy things that one can use. It has an exhilarating and stimulating effect on the brain and nerve centres, and quickly changes the foetid atmosphere of overheated rooms. It is invaluable in sickness, and in point of reviving invalids there is absolutely nothing which excels it. Travellers and cyclists should never be without eau de cologne. After walking, travelling, or cycling on a dusty day a few drops in the washing water will refresh one wonderfully. A shiny or greasy skin can be benefited by dabbing with a sponge dipped in eau de cologne instead of using much soap and water. Being such a skin astringent, it is excellent for preventing acne.

The Chessboard.

BY ROBERT LORD LITTON (OWEN MEREDITH).

My little love, do you remember, Ere we were grown so sadly wise, Those evenings in the bleak December, Cuttled warm from the snowy weather, When you and I played chess together, (Checked by each other's eyes? Ah, still I see your soft white hand Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight! Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand; The double Castles guard the wings; The Bishop, bent on distant things, Moves, sidling through the fight. Our fingers touch; our glances meet, And falter; falls your golden hair Against my cheek; your bosom sweet In heaving. Down the field, your Queen Races slowly her solitary all between, And checks me unaware, Ah me! the battle's done, Dispersed is all its chivalry. Full many a move since then, have we 'Mid life's perplexing chequers made, And many a game with fortune played— What is it we have won? This, this at least—if this alone— That never, never, never more, As in those old still nights of yore (Ere we were grown so sadly wise), Can you and I shut out the skies, Shut out the world, and wintry weather, And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes, Play chess, as then we played, together!

How to Make Old Ribbons New.

Can you wash ribbons? Ask yourself this question, then ask your friends. You will be surprised to find how many will answer, "No." I have tried once or twice and failed. They fade or wrinkle, so that they look worse than before they were washed. Do tell me how it is done, for I have any amount of old ribbons, good ones, but too badly soiled to be used again."

Have you not old ribbons, too? And would you not like to know how they can be made new? If you are one of the many girls who have to economise you will value the information highly; and even if you are one of the fortunate ones who can buy new ribbons whenever the old ones are soiled, you, too,

can find many other uses for your ribbon money.

To begin with, the ribbons to be washed must be of good quality. Cheap ribbons fade even before they are washed, but good ribbons can be washed many times and still look fresh and new. With good, pure soap prepare a basinful (a hand bowl will be large enough) of warm suds, and place in it all the ribbons of one colour. When they have soaked for fifteen minutes remove and spread them piece by piece flat on a smooth surface. Then with a soft brush (an old nail brush will do) rub until all the streaks and spots disappear. A little cooking soda will help to remove the obstinate stains. Rinse out the soap suds in clear, warm water. Do not wring the ribbons as you would handkerchiefs, but fold them smoothly and press them between the hands until you get out as much of the water as possible. If you desire the ribbons to be as stiff as when new, put a few drops of vinegar in the rinsing water.

Have the ironing board ready, spread the ribbons between two towels and press with a moderately hot iron until thoroughly dry.

This method will be found excellent with satin, taffeta, peau de sole, gros-grain, Liberty satin, mirror velvet, and other ribbons—except silk velvet. Silk velvet ribbons should be merely damped—not soaked—and run quickly back and forth over the face of a hot iron (silk side next the iron) until dry. With a clothes brush brush up the face of the ribbon gently but thoroughly, and the old velvet ribbon will be restored to its original condition.

Cressed silk ribbons may be restored by being laid evenly on a board and dampened with a very clean sponge. Then roll them smoothly and tightly on a ribbon block of greater width than the ribbon, and let them remain until dry.

Ribbons and other silks should be put away for preservation in brown paper. The chloride of lime used in manufacturing white paper frequently produces discoloration. White satin should be pinned in blue paper, with brown paper outside, sewed together at the edges.

Advertisement for CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS. Includes image of the product bottle and text: 'Nature's Pleasant Laxative, is a perfect remedy for Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, and all kindred ailments, pleasant to the taste and prompt, gentle, and thorough in action.'

A. KOHN,



LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF RINGS IN N.Z.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS, 15 carat.

178 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

WEDDING RINGS, 20/-, 25/-, 30/-, 40/-, all 18 carat



Ruby and 2 Diamonds, 30/-



1 Sapphire, 2 Diamonds, 45/-



1 Diamond, 2 Rubies, 75/-



5 Diamonds, 25 2/-



1 Emerald, 2 Diamonds, 75/-



1 Diamond, 25/-



8 carat, 40/- to 100/- 15 carat, 70/- to 140/-



1 Ruby, 8 Diamonds, 55/-



Ruby and Diamonds, 214



5 Diamonds, £10 to £30



Diamonds, £12 10/- to £25



Single Diamond, Gent's, 27 10/- to £35



Emerald and Diamonds, 28 10/- to £45

KEEPER RINGS, 9, 15 or 18 carat, at prices to suit all.

SEND FOR RING SIZE CARD AND CATALOGUE (post free).

**Under Turkish Rule.**

A remarkably interesting book, "The Diary of a Turk," has lately been published by Messrs. Black. It is a volume dealing with social, political, and religious matters in Turkey, and containing a considerable amount of information on subjects frequently misunderstood in this country. The author is H. Halid Effendi, M.A., M.R.A.S., who, after having retired from the service of the Sultan's Government on account of his liberal views, settled in England. Mr. H. Halid is now teacher of Turkish to Student-Interpreters (for the Levant) in the University of Cambridge. Many of the best passages in his book relate to the position of women in the author's native land. Here is the reason why Turkish women are not taught to write:—"Formerly girls in Turkey were not allowed to learn the mystery of calligraphy. We have had some excellent poetesses in days gone by, but none of them could write—they dictated their inspirations. The common explanation given of this traditional prohibition—for it is a custom rather than a rule—was that if girls once learned writing they might have indulged in talismanic pastimes, and eventually become witches. As a matter of fact, the real reason was quite different. There was a fear, perhaps not ill-founded, that having once learned to write, they might hasten to make use of the accomplishment by composing love-letters to young men, with whom they could not otherwise communicate, for the strict seclusion of females cut off all intercourse between young people of opposite sexes almost as soon as they have ceased to be infants. This absurd, in fact harmful, prohibition has of late, and for some time past, been losing its force. But it was still strictly observed in my mother's younger days, and so she was not allowed to learn to write. My mother passes a most retired life in her town and summer houses. In town there is a market place situated a few minutes' distance from our house, which she has never seen in her whole life. She went, however, to Mecca on a pilgrimage some five years ago." When only 14 years old the author was mixed up in a bride-lifting escapade, and in consequence was sent to live with an uncle. This is his description of his uncle and his home:—"Although thoroughly honest, sober, and pious in the extreme, he had fallen into some of the old failings and habits of Constantinople officialdom, such as Polygamy. When I went to his house he had three wives, all living together with their numerous children and many female attendants, in his harem—that is to say, in the ladies' section of his house. His wives were all Circassians. He bought, emancipated, and married them

at different times, but unlike some other polygamists, he kept them in one house. It was as wonderful as uncommon to see how they all obeyed him implicitly, and though a man of the sternest disposition, he treated them all kindly, and with perfect fairness. They may have hated one another at heart, but etiquette and a strict ceremony of precedence were always observed by them. The children of the different wives were more markedly jealous of each other than were their mothers. Before marrying these three Circassian wives my uncle had been married to a lady in whose lifetime he could not take advantage of the existence of the system of polygamy, because she was the daughter of a family of social distinction."

**Costly Presents.**

There were some magnificent presents at the recent wedding of Lady Mary Grosvenor and Lord Crichton. One table in the centre was set apart for the royal gifts, says a London paper, referring to a "view" of the gifts. The Prince and Princess of Wales sent a set of four silver stands, and another gift from the Princess alone is a lovely black ostrich feather fan, "For dear Molly, with best wishes from Victoria Mary, 1903." Princess Christian sent a silver box, and the Duke of Connaught a pale blue enamel cigarette case.

Among the jewellery is a diamond and sapphire pendant from the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, a massive ornament, with six pendant sapphire lockets attached. Lord Erne has given a necklace of diamond leaves alternating with single diamond flowers.

Katharine Duchess of Westminster's presents include a diamond and ruby pendant with a single ruby drop of great size, and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have sent a long coiled rope of seed pearls, with pearl and diamond tassels.

A joint gift of five graduated stars comes from the Duke and Duchess of Teek and Lord and Lady Ormonde, among others, while Lady Erne has given her future daughter-in-law a magnificent bracelet of diamonds and dark blue enamel.

One of the most remarkable gifts is from Colonel Rhodes, a burst shell from Lady Smith, cleverly constructed to form an inkstand, mounted in silver. Among the givers of beautiful fans are Lady Gerard, Lord Enniskillen, and Mrs. Algernon Grosvenor, while Lady Victoria Downey and Sir Robert Cunliffe are among the many who have sent books.

Senphires are prominent among the wedding gifts. Lady Mary Grosvenor's own present to Lord Crichton is a sapphire and diamond pin.

**Home-made Sauces**

**GARIBALDI SAUCE.**

Finely chop ½ lb of sour apples, having removed cores, with ½ lb of ripe tomatoes, some amount of onions, and three green peppers, and add ½ lb each of salt, brown sugar, and ½ lb of grated ginger. Pour over one quart of vinegar and stir until mixed. Stand for four days, then boil for half an hour, strain, reheat, pour into small bottles and seal.

**CHUTNEY SAUCE.**

Chop together very fine six green sour apples, two green peppers, two onions, one cupful of seeded raisins, one tablespoonful of mustard seeds, one tablespoonful of salt, and one cupful of brown sugar; simmer all together half an hour, pour into small bottles and seal.

**BORDEAUX SAUCE.**

Chop separately large head of cabbage, dozen green tomatoes, two onions and six green peppers. Sprinkle each with salt, using a pound. Let it stand overnight, and next morning squeeze dry and mix. Scald a quart of vinegar with whole crushed cloves, allspice, and mustard seeds, using a tablespoonful of each. Pour the hot vinegar over the chopped mixture, and set aside until next day; repeat process for three successive days, then bottle and seal while hot. The tomatoes may be omitted.

**SPICED GRAPES.**

Wash and steam ½ lb of grapes; place in a kettle and mash, so as to allow the juice to flow. Cook gently until soft and rub through a fine sieve. Return to the cleaned kettle, add half a pint of vinegar, a pound of brown sugar, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, and half a tablespoonful each of mace and cloves. Simmer gently half an hour, stirring frequently, bottle and seal while hot. This is good with any meat.

**Woman and Music.**

In the "Gentleman's Magazine" there is a very interesting article contributed by Mr. J. Cuthbert Haddon entitled "Woman and Music." Mr. Haddon regrets that as yet their sex has not pro-


duced a truly great composer; but this he considers largely due to the fact that women have not been, and are even yet not allowed to devote the time to the study of music that is indispensable. He says:—"As has been truly remarked, it needs but a glance at the lives of the great composers to show us that the high gift of original creation has ever had to be fostered by active care and congenial surroundings—that, moreover, it exacts for its full fruition a degree of detachment from the common concerns of life which would be sure to overwhelm the solicitous soul of many a woman with the obloquy it would bring upon her. And it is just here that a woman, either of her own choice or of necessity, has failed to secure the advantages and conditions necessary to her development as an artist." Mr. Haddon gives as an example the case of Mendelssohn's sister, Fanny, who in her early years offered the greater musical promise. But because she was a girl what happened? "Precisely what has always happened, and what, under similar circumstances, would probably happen still, in spite of the boasted emancipation of the sex: the training of each gradually diverged—stopped short, in fact, with the girl, while the boy was encouraged and assisted by every available means. The girl was simply taught, as girls are taught now, to dally with the keys of an instrument; the boy was prepared for an exacting art in an exacting manner." Even now the very fact that a woman is a woman is made the pretext for criticising her work differently to that of a man. "For a woman," says the critic, "the composition is remarkably good. Just as if art were a matter of sex!"

**WOMAN'S UNFAILING FRIEND**  
**TOWLE'S** PENNYROYAL  
and STEEL  
FOR FEMALES. **PILLS**

Are the Oldest, Safest and only Reliable Remedy for all Ladies' Ailments. Quickly correct all Irregularities remove all Obstructions, and relieve the Distressing Symptoms so prevalent with the sex.

PREPARED ONLY BY  
**G. T. TOWLE & Co.,**  
NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.  
And Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout Australia.

**LATEST**  
**Straight**  
**Front**  
AND  
**NOUVELLE**  
**FORME**  
**Corsets**  
**P.D.**



**All Leading Drapers**

**THE BABY'S COLD**

What is to be done? Upset the stomach with syrups and home mixtures, and make a bad matter much worse? No, for there is a better, a far better way.

It's by using Vapo-Cresolene.

Just put the Vapo-Cresolene in the vaporizer, and light the lamp beneath. Soon the healing, soothing, penetrating vapor is given off.

Put it on the table near the baby's crib, where he can breathe-in the vapor as he sleeps. You see this vapor passes right over the inflamed membranes in the nose and throat, then it goes down into the bronchial tubes, destroying all germs and quieting all inflammation.

For whooping-cough, croup, asthma, hard colds, diphtheria, influenza and hay fever, it is the one certain and safe remedy.



For a number of years a Vapo-Cresolene specialist has been under my observation. I have found it of such great value in cases of whooping-cough, croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have indicated every family under my direction to secure one. Children suffering from such diseases can oftentimes be relieved by the use of the above apparatus, and thus save being washed and disturbed by the administration of internal medicines. A family once possessed of one will never be without it.

**Vapo-Cresolene**  
CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP

I. N. LOVE, M.D., St. Louis, Mo.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Cresolene, complete, is sold extra supplies of Cresolene, 3 oz. is 3d.; 4 oz. is 5d. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO., 120 Fulton Street, New York, U. S. A.

Sold and recommended by R. S. FROST, FRANKS & Co.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

Nowadays the large shops offer every facility to the average woman; and the wise girl on her own allowance, who is neat with her fingers, will purchase a pair of well-cut and nicely made transparent sleeves, a collar, a fichu, a cravat, a bow, a sash, and, above all, a waistband, and will then search around among her odds and ends for tenderly cherished bits of old lace or accumulated remnants of silk, and turn them into excellent copies of the above-mentioned fal-lals. Not only are these charming accessories to be had at small cost, but they offer great scope to one's ingenuity, and many pleasant hours can be spent in this occupation with excellent results.

Among the accompanying illustrations you will notice two sleeves, and for the manufacture of these you can utilise, with the aid of a hot iron if necessary, some of your remnants of chiffon, gauze, and odds and ends of lace. By putting in a pair of these modern sleeves you can bring a bodice of a couple of years ago quite up-to-date, and thus include in your wardrobe an extra evening gown or demi-toilette, which would otherwise have been quite useless.

Then, see my attractive theatre hood, which may also be used as a covering for an un-coiffe head, accompanied by a

pretty bed-jacket. When suffering from influenza or any such indisposition, we do not feel inclined to have our hair properly waved and dressed; therefore after the morning brushing, it is nice to be able to place a scarf of dainty muslin or lace, or, better still, a lace and net hood, over our heads, instead of having to lie down on a multiplicity of hair-pins. In the frill of this hood you can use up remnants of lace by the yard, while the rest may be cut from a piece of muslin, point d'esprit, or any lace left over from a blouse or frock, lined with chiffon if you like. It would also be charming made of chiffon with insertions of lace.

In the left hand corner you will see the latest thing in the pelerine and stock collar combined. This can be made of black pleated or tucked satin or muslin, edged or inserted with guipure. The collar itself consists of transparent folds of muslin or chiffon covered with guipure. A little silk fringe forms a smart finish down the front. Black and white would, of course, be the most useful. Frenchwomen are wearing this style of fal-lal with their plain morning blouse and short skirts. In the between season this pelerine collar is an excellent substitute for the fur or feather stole.

The lady in the left hand corner is wearing one of the new-shaped fichus—or rather it is a very old pattern revived. This may need a little alteration to suit the individual. As it is, it is extremely picturesque, and can be

simply made of Indian muslin, edged with an insertion of lace and a gauged frill. This gauged or ruched frill takes a fair amount of muslin. You could also copy it in chiffon, gauze, or whatever light fabric you may have in your wonderful remnant box. You will observe that I am supposing no woman to be without that collection of sale remnants! I know to my cost I am besieged on every side with questions by my friends as how best to utilise remnants, and for information concerning the latest thing in neckgear.

© © ©

## DRESS BODICE OF FULL-GAUGED BLACK CHIFFON.

One of the prettiest models I have seen was a dress bodice made of full-gauged black chiffon. The gauging was set at the bend of the figure, and below this a full frill of the material fell and partly concealed the rest of the bodice. Round the neck and arranged absolutely next the skin was a trimming of jet sequins, so closely set as to present a solid mass. This was fashioned in hanging points over the figure, and a broad band of the same set into shoulder straps. The upper part of the arm was bare, but over the elbow was a full frill of the black chiffon held together with a strap of the jet sequins. Such a bodice is ideal for theatre and evening wear, while it could be carried out in white, grey, cream, turquoise, or any of the paler shades of chiffon.



DRESS BODICE OF FULL-GAUGED BLACK CHIFFON.



HOW TO UTILISE ODDMENTS.



A TAILOR-MADE GOWN.



A PRETTY BLOUSE.

The pretty blouse depicted has a closely-fitted yoke of Irish lace, the lower part consisting of tucked and pouched emerald green silk, arranged over a broad swathed band of the silk, which is finished off by little black velvet bows secured in the centre by tiny brilliant buckles. There is something very modish about the blouses which are so fashionable, which fit closely to the figure at the back, but pouch in front over a wide band.

© © ©

is the simple tucked shirt blouse completed at the throat by a fine lawn and lace collar, and a silk cravat with the ends embroidered in coloured silks. The afternoon blouse is of silk or crepe de chine with lace or embroidery liberally introduced, while the evening blouses are of the most elaborate description, with all sort of delicate and rich fabrics intermingled with the most charming effect.

**NOTICE . . .**  
 To sufferers from Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, and all pains of Head, Face, or Limbs.  
**The Old Reliable English Remedy.**  
**PATERNOSTER'S PILLS**  
 PREPARED BY  
**POINGDESTRE & TRUMAN,**  
 of 71 OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON.  
 Renowned for over a Century for quick efficacy, as proved by testimonials from all parts of the world.  
 Is sold by all Chemists in the Colonies.



SHORT COAT WITH TASSEL.



A DAINTY BLOUSE.

The dainty blouse depicted is of cream silk and lace, and is very smart in design. Blouses are as numerous and as much worn as ever, and are of infinite variety. For morning wear there

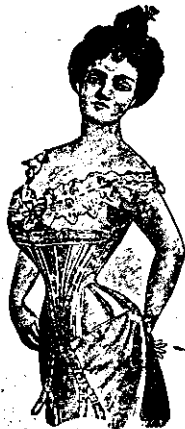
**S.L. DONNA**  
**PRIMA DONNA**  
 Corsets.  
REGISTERED.

Straight Fronted

Unequaled  
 for Style,  
Durability  
 and Comfort.

PERFECT  
FITTING.

Obtainable  
 at all the  
 Leading Drapers  
 and Warehouses  
 in the Colony.



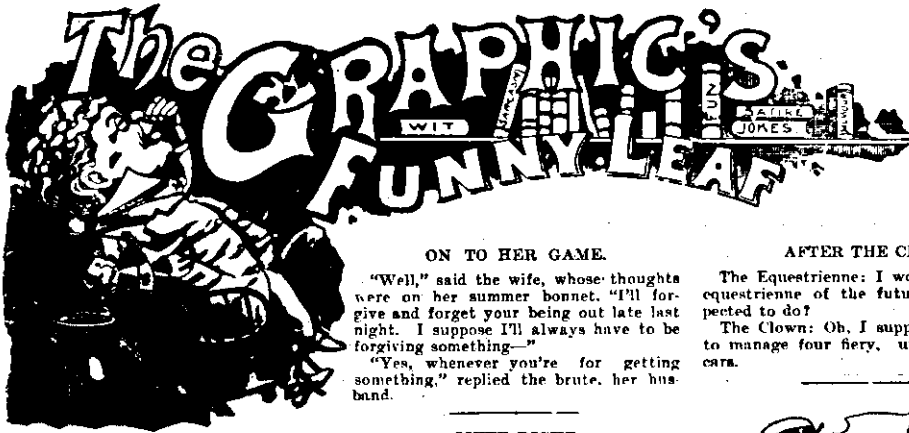
**THE NATIONAL CONDIMENT.**

**KEEN'S**  
**D.S.F.**  
**MUSTARD**

has a world-wide reputation of nearly 160 years, and the manufacturers hold the appointment of Purveyors by Royal Warrant to H.M. the King.



THE FAIRY, THE JESTER, FOLLY, AND THE FRENCH CLOWN OFF TO A FANCY DRESS BALL.



**GILT-EDGED, AND MORE.**  
Mr Noorich (instructing architect): I don't want to spare no bexpense. I want a palace, an' nothin' less. Have two staircases, one to go hup and the other to go down, and have the coalhole frescoed. I'm agoin' to show people there's nothin' cheap about me.

**THE BEST SHE COULD DO.**  
"There is only one reason," he said, "why I have never asked you to be my wife." "What is that?" she asked. "I have always been half afraid you might refuse." "Well," she whispered, after a long silence, "I should think you'd have curiosity enough to want to find out whether your suspicion was well founded or not."



HE WAS.

Artist: Is the editor engaged?  
New Office Boy: I can't say for sure, but all his friends are teasing him about it.

**GETTING TOO COMMON.**

Mr. Highmore—Doctor, is it true that a Missouri cow died of appendicitis the other day?  
Physician—Yes; that seems to be a well-authenticated fact.  
Mr. Highmore—You may charge me an appendicitis price if you want to, doctor, but call it something else in your bill.

**BEHIND THE SCENES.**

"It's like this," said the would-be actress. "I can't quite make up my mind too."  
"Oh, that'll be all right," interrupted the manager. "It doesn't matter about a little thing like that if you can make up the rest of yourself according to the requirements of the part."

**AN ALLEGATION.**

The New Reporter: Well, I have done the best I could under the hampering restraint of your excessively strict rules.  
The City Editor: I think you carry your instructions a little too far in this item.  
The New Reporter: I think not. You distinctly said that I must assert no thing.  
The City Editor: Still I think you go too far when you say the "alleged deceased citizen appears to have deliberately shot himself through the head, presumably with suicidal intent."

**ON TO HER GAME.**

"Well," said the wife, whose thoughts were on her summer bonnet. "I'll forgive and forget your being out late last night. I suppose I'll always have to be forgiving something—"  
"Yes, whenever you're for getting something," replied the brute, her husband.

**QUITE RIGHT.**

"What do you think of married life?" asked the henpecked man, addressing the youthful bridegroom.  
"Bliss is no name for it," said the young husband, enthusiastically.  
"You are right," said the henpecked one, gloomily, "bliss is no name for it."

**THE REASON WHY.**

First Man: "I hear that Smith sends everything he shoots to the hospital, instead of to the game dealer."  
Second Man: "How good of him! What does he go in for mostly—ducks, quail, or deer?"  
First Man: "No," he only shoots gamekeepers; and he has to send them to the hospital."

**TU TUQUE.**

"I wish I had been a man!" she sighed.  
"So do I!" he exclaimed, and laughed harshly at himself.  
For some moments she contemplated him in silence.  
"Ah, yes," she finally remarked, with acerbity, "if you had been a man it would be still better!"

**ISN'T IT FUNNY.**

"Isn't it funny, papa?" exclaimed the small boy, who had been in the kitchen watching the cook preparing a goose for dinner.  
"What's funny?"  
"Why, when they dress a goose they always take off his clothes!"

**SUCH A LITTLE ONE.**

Mr Surplice: "Miss Loly, as your pastor, I really must reprimand you; I hear you go out with your kodak on Sunday."  
Miss Loly: "Oh, yes, dear Mr Surplice, but then, you know my kodak takes such teenie-weenie little pictures."

**AFTER THE CIRCUS.**

The Equestrienne: I wonder what the questrienne of the future will be expected to do?  
The Clown: Oh, I suppose she'll have to manage four fiery, untamed motor cars.



**NOTHING GAINED.**

"Yes, Jack taught his wife to play poker so that he could win her money."  
"How did it work?"  
"No good. She compelled him to double her allowance."

**POMPS AND VANITIES.**

Lady (at Sunday School): "And what do you understand by the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?"  
The Head of the Class: "The flowers in your bonnet, ma'am."

**POOR PAT.**

Irish Policeman: "Now, you boys, if you want to stand up there, you will have to sit down or go away."



Clara: His protestations of love are becoming more violent every evening.  
Maud: How so?  
Clara: I am afraid he is getting tired of me.

**HE KNEW IT.**

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient. "Yes," was the reply. "Coffee," continued the M.D., "is a slow poison." "Yes, very slow," replied the old man; "I have taken it daily for nearly eighty years."

**POOR FIDO.**

Lady: "What on earth, Mary, have you been doing with that dog? He is dripping with water."  
Mary: "It's all Master Tom; he's been and tied him to the end of a pole and cleaned the winders with him."

**NOT A BAD DEFINITION.**

A little boy, after tasting sodawater for the first time, exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, it tastes just like when your foot's asleep."

**COULDN'T HAVE TRAVELLED MUCH.**

"Well," said the man at the office window, "if you haven't anything but an upper berth I'll take that. I've got to have a good night's sleep."  
"We don't guarantee the sleep," replied the austere man inside the window. "We only furnish you the berth."

**SADLY LACKING.**

"My husband cares only for money—he has no finer sentiments whatever," "No?" "Not one. Why, I can cry for hours without getting a farthing out of him."

**BEGAN EARLY.**

"Young man," said the pompous individual, "I did not always have this carriage. When I first started in life I had to walk."  
"You were lucky," chuckled the youth. "When I first started in life I couldn't walk."

**EASILY FIXED.**

"Your daughter," said the principal of the fashionable seminary, "stands well in her studies, but she lacks the—er—savour faire which our other girls have."  
"Well," said Mrs Nuritah, "buy her one and charge it up in your bill."

**ESSENTIALS.**

Teacher: Tell me, Bobby, what are the two things necessary for a bantiam?  
Bobby: Water and a baby, ma'am.