

# The New Zealand Graphic

## And Ladies' Journal.

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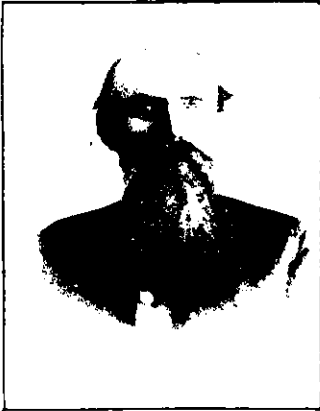
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### THE EASTERN SITUATION.

JOHN BULL AND UNCLE JONATHAN:—"Go on Jappy, cut in and get your divvy, don't let the old pirate stick to the treasure-box. You've got all the right on your side you know."

# People Talked About



CANON GOULD.

When the Rev. Canon Gould, of the Wesleyan Church, visited the Wesleyan Conference in New Zealand in the month of November, he was the first to present the case for the abolition of the slave trade in the Pacific.

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### A Deaf and Dumb Baronet

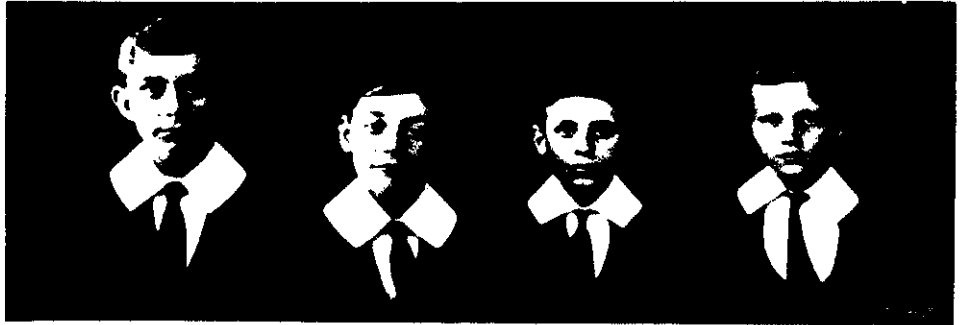
A most interesting personality is Sir Arthur Holburne Fairbairn, the third Baronet of Ardwilck in the county of Lanarkshire, the only bearer of a hereditary title in Great Britain who is deaf and dumb. The philanthropic work which he is doing for those who are afflicted in a similar manner, no less than his own intelligence and handsome appearance, make him distinctly a man of note. Situated at Rugby, and afterwards by private tuition he has shown much progress in learning to travel and study the heavy languages which is the. A friendly, kind, well-blessed man, with a certain aplomb for successful men, he is the last to give you an impression of sadness, having always a cheery look of his own which is often as not the impart to his visitors. There is little of the gloom that Sir Arthur has met on his travels in one of his journeys, and he has wandered through Russia, Greece, and Iceland, Spain, Portugal, and Denmark; Norway, Sweden, and Germany, to say nothing of the countries nearer at hand—France, Belgium, and Holland. He has also visited the United States of America, and the results of his wanderings are not only a quantity of curiosities in the way of art and bric-a-brac, but an intimate personal knowledge of the various institutions in other lands which grapple with that subject—disinfecting at times to him the situation of the deaf and dumb.

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MR. DICK KRIDGE.

When Mr. Dick Kridge, who is now in the service of the Government of New Zealand, was in the command of an expedition to the South Pole, he was the first to present the case for the abolition of the slave trade in the Pacific.

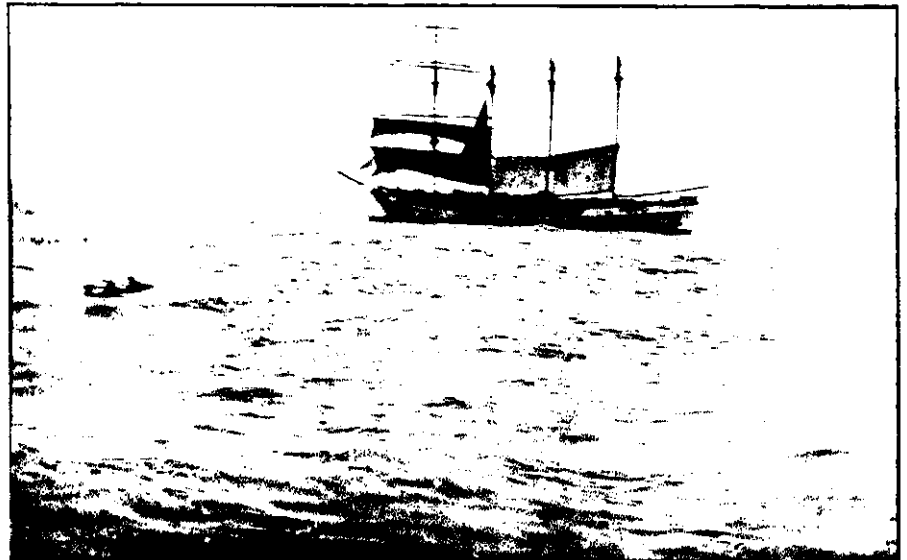


BOY SOPRANOS OF THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY GLEE SINGERS, who have just concluded a most successful New Zealand and Australian season.



THE OFFICERS OF THE "ZEALANDIA" THE POPULAR INTER-PROVINCIAL STEAMER, whose salvage of the American barquentine "Aurora" will result in benefit to all.

Steward—W. Vane, Chief Steward; H. H. H. H., Third Officer; P. V. V. V., Fourth Officer; A. H. H. H., Surgeon; J. J. J. J., Second Engineer; K. K. K. K., Chief Engineer; W. H. H. H., Chief Officer; S. W. W. W., photo. F. R. R. R., Second Officer.



AMERICAN BARQUENTINE "AURORA."

Picked up by the s.s. "Zealandia" and towed to Sydney on 25th Sept. 1860. 110 days out from San Francisco; 14 days disabled; only two days food or water left.

**Dudley Hardy.**

Phil May is gone, but another master of black and white remains to us in the person of Mr Dudley Hardy, and one hopes for many a long day (say a London journal). The "Dudley Hardy girl," as fascinating in her bold, demi-monde way as the Gibson maid of the American degree, introduced herself to the public so long ago that one is inclined to look upon her brilliant instructor as a veteran; but in point of fact he is quite a young man, whose eighth lustrum still lacks four years of maturity. Fairly tall, strongly built, there is something of the colouring of the famous "Yellow Girl" in Mr Hardy's wavy hair, moustache, and brown, hazel-locked eyes. Bon camarade is he, and all too generous, and a man who has not the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" with the buckler of a stout heart. Bon peintre chasse de race, one may say, varying the French proverb. Hardy's father was a well-known marine painter. Planted in artistic soil, then, this Hardy annual blossomed early, and when but 15 was studying art in Düsseldorf, and afterwards under Verelst at Antwerp. Then one morning he awoke to find himself cut off with a "thing." Nothing daunted, he went to Paris, and studied in the ateliers of Michael Collin and Courtois, but perhaps his art has been most influenced by Wilhelm Müller and Fortuny. Eighteen years ago his first picture was hung in the R.A. It represented a Dutch sand-dune with two figures on it, and was not only hung but sold. Big success came two years later at the Salon with "Sans Asile," representing Trafalgar Square by night, and since then, if black-and-white work has to some extent trampled him, he has given us many fine pictures—and of late has been devoting himself successfully to small full-length portraits, such as Mr Herbert Silver Smith so well. Like Mr Maurice Greiffenhagen, Mr Hardy prefers painting to black-and-white, but few men can afford to refuse to supply a big public demand, and so Silver Smith's "Johnnies" continue to materialise at the end of his brilliant pen, while as a designer of "posters" he is almost unrivalled. The first poster he did was for Sir Augustus Harris, and doubtless his most successful ones have been the "Gaiety Girl" and the "Yellow Girl" for To-day.

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**Maitre Labort.**

M. Labort, who has added fresh distinction to his name by his masterly defence of Madame Humbert, has for many years had great sympathy with England and the English. This attitude is partly due, no doubt, to the fact that he married an English wife, and quite a little romance was attached to his marriage. Some years ago M. Labort went to England, a young man, apparently, with an ordinary commercial career before him. He went to learn the language. While in London he stayed at a boardinghouse kept by a Mrs. Okay, and in course of time he fell in love with the daughter of the house, who was possessed of great charm of manner and an exceptional talent for playing the piano. However, as never M. Labort was not immediately successful, and in time Miss Okay became the wife of the well-known pianist, M. Edouard de Pachment. There was a time in America, and some time afterwards M. Labort met his first love once again in Paris. He proposed, was accepted, and if every marriage turned out as happily as this has done, the French Court would have to close its doors. M. Labort has often declared that he owes his success to the encouragement he has received from his wife. Since his marriage M. Labort had given up commerce for the law. He achieved great success in a very short time, for he had been at the Bar for only a few years he was to all intents and purposes the President of the Conférence des Avocats in Paris. Our readers will need to be reminded of M. Labort's brilliant defence of Dreyfus, of his attempted assassination, and ultimate trial. A less strong man would have succumbed to the injuries inflicted on M. Labort by the criminal, still unrepentant, but the leading advocate of France is a strong man in more senses than one. He is over six feet in height and well proportioned. M. Labort speaks the English language very well.



THE TROUT SEASON AT THE HOT LAKES.  
Three Roturua Fishermen and their day's catch on the lake. From the left W. Constant, A. D. Kusaba, Duncan Steele.



MISS NORRIDGE, WHO RODE IN THE PROCESSION, LABOUR DAY, AUCKLAND.

# NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST RESORTS

THERMAL SPRINGS, WONDERLANDS, SCENIC EXCURSION ROUTES, AND HEALTH-GIVING SPAS.

## TE AROHA.

A beautifully situated health and holiday resort at the foot of the Aroha Mountain, 115 miles South of Auckland; accessible by rail direct or by steamer and railway via the Thames. It has several good hotels and boarding-houses. There is a large supply of hot mineral water, with excellent public and private BATHS. The hot waters are efficacious in cases of Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Eczema and other Skin Diseases, and in Disorders of the Urinary Organs, Liver and Spleen; also, in ailments due to excess of acidity. Dr. Kenny is the Government Resident Medical Officer, and may be consulted. Male and Female Attendants in charge of the Baths. There are two Tennis Courts and a Bowling Green in the Public Domain adjoining the Bathing Pavilion.

# ROTORUA.—THE WORLD'S SANATORIUM.

**ROTORUA**, on the shores of the lake of the same name, 915 feet above sea-level, is 171 miles South of Auckland, with which city it is connected by a daily railway service. It is the Centre of New Zealand's Thermal Wonderland, and its unequalled natural Hot Mineral Waters are sure remedies for many painful and distressing ailments. The climate is healthy and temperate; there are several large and comfortable hotels and many boarding-houses. Easy facilities for side-trips are provided by steamer, coach and buggy. **Spouting Geysers** (including WAIMANGU, the largest in the world), boiling springs and lakes, miniature volcanoes and other thermal marvels abound. Beautiful forest, river and lake scenes. **The Government Gardens** cover 250 acres of the lake-side. Lovely flowers; artificial geysers; ornamental shrubberies; winding walks; lakelet covered with native water fowl. Pleasant recreation grounds; afternoon tea; music. Tennis Courts, Croquet Lawns, and Bowling Greens are provided.

### PARTICULARS OF THE BATHS.

**THE HOT SPRINGS OF ROTORUA** are beneficial in a very large number of cases of Chronic and Subacute Disease; more especially in cases of Chronic Rheumatism and in Convalescence from Acute Rheumatism, in Gout, in Rheumatoid Arthritis, and in such local manifestations as Sciatica and Lumbago, in Peripheral Neuritis, Neuralgia, and many other nervous diseases when not of central origin; in Neurasthenia, and in certain cases of Hysteria, and in certain Uterine complaints; in many diseases due to failure of excretory organs such as the Liver or Kidneys, and in many skin diseases.

**THE PRIEST'S BATH**—This is an immersion bath; the water is of a strongly acid and aluminous sulphur nature, acting as a powerful stimulant to the skin, relieving pain and stiffness, and stimulating the circulation. Hot douches and cold showers are provided for use after the bath.

**THE RACHEL PUBLIC BATHS**, supplied by the Rachel Spring, are immersion baths like the Priest, but the water is of a bland, alkaline nature, and distinctly sedative in its effects.

**THE RACHEL PRIVATE BATHS** are also supplied by the Rachel Spring. In addition to privacy, there is the advantage of obtaining a bath at any desired temperature. Special baths and towels are reserved for those suffering from skin diseases.

**THE POSTMASTER BATH** is similar in nature to the Priest, but the waters are even more acid and stimulating.

**THE SULPHUR VAPOUR BATH**—This is a natural hot vapour, highly charged with sulphur gases, conducted into a properly constructed box, in which the patient sits, while Sulphur in an impalpable form is constantly deposited on the skin.

**LOCAL SULPHUR VAPOUR BATHS**, for treatment of a single limb or a part of a limb, are available.

**THE MUD BATHS**—A part of the whole of the body is immersed in hot mineral mud. These baths are especially useful in cases of stiff joints and localised pain.

**THE AIX MASSAGE BATHS**—These baths, only recently opened, are in charge of trained operators. Various kinds of powerful douches, under high pressure, which the body, while at the same time massage and various manipulations are employed. The installation, though at present comparatively small, is very complete, while the Rachel water possesses in a very high degree the "glairy" quality which makes the waters of Aix les Bains so peculiarly fitted for massage purposes. There is no bath in the Southern Hemisphere to compare for a moment with this.

**THE DUCHESS BATHS**—These consist of a large, hot, covered Swimming Bath and two sets of private baths. For those who desire a luxurious bath at a reasonable price there is no better bath in the world than the Duchess. In addition to the Duchess Swimming Bath, there are

**THE BLUE BATH**, an open air hot swimming bath, fed by the Malfroy Geysers, and furnished with cold shower baths; and

**THE LADIES' PAVILION SWIMMING BATHS**, an open air hot bath similar in arrangement to the Blue Bath, but fed by the Rachel Spring.

**THE NEW BATHS** now in course of construction will, in point of completeness and luxury of baths and appliances, rival the most famous baths of the Old World, and in the variety of Mineral Waters supplied they will completely eclipse any other baths in existence.

The Famous Te Aroha Drinking Waters are obtainable at Rotorua.

### THE GOVERNMENT SANATORIUM

The charge for admission to the Government Sanatorium at Rotorua is 30/- per week. The fee includes board and lodging, medical attendance, nursing, baths, and laundry. Owing to the accommodation being limited, and the great demand for beds, including patients are advised to secure accommodation in advance. Patients recommended by Hospital or Charitable Aid Boards and members of duly registered Friendly Societies are admitted at 21/- per week. To these patients are extended all the privileges given to those paying the higher rate. Beds available for Friendly Society patients are limited to six.

The Government Bacteriologist, ARTHUR S. WOHLMANN, M.D., B.S., London, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Eng., is in charge of the Government Baths and Sanatorium, and is assisted by WILLIAM B. CRAIG, M.A., M.B., and C.M. (Ed.). Either of these medical officers may be consulted at the Sanatorium or will, on request, attend at visitors' residences.

### TARAWERA-WAIMANGU TOUR.

Chief among the side-trips in the Rotorua District is that to Tarawera, Rotomahana, and the mammoth Waimangu Geyser, which frequently hurls its water, mud, and stones a thousand feet into the air. The coach route passes the beautiful lakes of Tikitapu and Rotokakahi and lands passengers at the ruined village of Wairoa, which was destroyed by the Tarawera eruption in 1886. Thence boats convey the visitors across Lake Tarawera. A short portage is crossed, and a boat trip is made across Rotomahana, a wonderful lake, where excursionists may be rowed over boiling water. Thence visitors walk to the Waimangu Geyser. Government accommodation house at Waimangu.

### LAKE WAIKAREMOANA.

This lake, surrounded by great cliffs and forest-clothed mountains, is accessible from Wairoa (Hawke's Bay). The most convenient route is that via Napier, whence coaches and coastal steamers run to Wairoa. From Wairoa a coach leaves for Waikaremoana bi-weekly at 7 a.m., arriving at the Lake the same evening. "Lake House," a large, comfortable, and well-equipped house, established recently by the Government, stands on the shores of Waikaremoana, for the accommodation of tourists. Excellent trout fishing is to be had, and interesting excursions may be made on the lake and also to the lovely little neighbouring lake of Waikareiti. An oil launch will be available on Lake Waikaremoana next summer.

MORERE may be visited from Wairoa. It has hot mineral waters, but the baths are at present in a very primitive state. Hotel accommodation is available.

### HANMER HOT SPRINGS.

These hot mineral springs, at which is established a Government Spa, are situated on a healthy plateau of the North Canterbury Plains, 1218 feet above sea-level. The climate is excellent, the air clear, bracing and invigorating. Hanmer is easily reached in one day from Christchurch by train to Culverden, thence by coach. Accommodation may be obtained at the Government Spa. Manager, Mr. James Baring Gould. Natural hot mineral private baths are provided; also, hot air and douche baths and massage. The springs are sulphuretted saline water, possessing valuable properties for both external and internal use in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, certain forms of Indigestion, Kidney complaints, and Skin diseases. Inhalation in certain forms of Bronchitis and Asthma is also found effective. Dr. Little visits Hanmer Spa on behalf of the Government. Tennis Court, Croquet Lawn, and Bowling Green are provided for the use of visitors.

### SOUTHERN ALPS. MOUNT COOK.

The Hermitage Hotel (under the control of the Tourist Department) is situated near Mount Cook (12,340 feet) and within easy distance of the great Tasman Glacier. The Hermitage (2506 feet above sea-level) is reached by rail from Christchurch and Dunedin to Fairlie, thence by coach. On the coach journey a night is spent at Lake Pukaki, where there is a Government Hotel. Guides, horses, and Alpine equipment obtainable at the Hermitage. Alpine huts with bedding, etc., at elevations of 3,604 feet and 5700 feet. Cook's Tourist Coupons accepted at the Hermitage Hotel.

### LAKE WAKATIPU.

The Southern Lakes are unsurpassed for the grandeur of their surroundings. Wakatipu is the most easily accessible. Queenstown, on the shores of this lake, is reached in one day from Invercargill or Dunedin, by train to Kingston, thence by Government steamer 25 miles. From Queenstown the Government steamers run to the head of the lake, past scenes of majestic beauty. Meals are provided on the steamers. From the head of the lake excursions may be made to Mt. Earnslaw (9300 feet), Paradise, the Routeburn, Bore Lake, and other places of remarkable scenic charm. Comfortable hotels in the district.

### LAKE TE ANAU AND MILFORD SOUND.

The overland route from Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound is one of the finest scenic tracks known. Te Anau is reached from Dunedin and Invercargill by train and coach. The train journey from Invercargill is 50 miles, thence a coach journey of 52 miles lands the traveller on the shores of Te Anau, the largest of the Southern Lakes. At the head of the lake (which is 28 miles long) is Glade House, available for the accommodation of visitors; here a guide is obtained for the overland Alpine trip. There are huts at convenient distances on the road to the Sutherland Falls, the highest in the world (1894 feet). Accommodation house at Milford Sound, in the midst of majestic and sublime scenery. Oil launch on Milford Sound. Lake Manapouri is easily accessible from Lake Te Anau.

## ALL INFORMATION

as to Charges, Fares, etc., in connection with the above and other Tourist Resorts in the colony may be obtained free on application to the GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT OF TOURIST AND HEALTH RESORTS, WELLINGTON, or on enquiry at the Branch Offices, Auckland, Rotorua, Christchurch, Dunedin, or Invercargill. Information is also supplied at the London Office by the Agent-General (Hon. W. P. Reeves), Westminster Chambers, 13, Victoria Street, S.W.; and by Mr. J. G. Gow, Commercial Agent for New Zealand, Durban, South Africa. For details as to routes, fares, and time-tables, see Tourist Department's Itinerary.

Minister in charge of the Tourist and Health Resorts Department.

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

Superintendent, T. E. DONNE, Wellington, N.Z.

Cable Address—"MAORILAND."

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# IN DOUBLE HARNESS

By ANTHONY HOPE.

AUTHOR OF "DOLLY DIALOGUES," "PRISONER OF ZENDA," "RUPERT OF HENTZAN," ETC.

CHAPTER I

SOME VIEWS OF THE INSTITUTION.

The house—a large, plain white building with no architectural pretensions—stood on a high swell of the downs and looked across the valley in which Mill-dean village lay, and thence over more rolling stretches of close turf, till the prospect ended in the gleam of waves and the silver-grey mist that lay over the sea. It was a fine, open, free view. The air was fresh, with a touch of salt in it, and made the heat of the sun more than endurable—even welcome and nourishing. Tom Courtland, raising himself from the grass and sitting up straight, gave utterance to what his surroundings declared to be a very natural exclamation: "What a bore to leave this and go back to town!"

"Stay a bit longer, old chap," urged his host, Grantley Imason, who lay full length on his back on the turf, with a straw hat over his eyes and nose, and a pipe, long gone out, between his teeth. "Back to my wife!" Courtland went on, without noticing the invitation.

With a faint sigh Grantley Imason sat up, put his hat on his head, and knocked out his pipe. He glanced at his friend with a look of satirical amusement.

"You're encouraging company for a man who's just got engaged," he remarked.

"It's the devil of a business—sort of thing some of those fellows would write a book about. But it's not worth a book. A page of strong and indiscriminate wearing—that's what it's worth, Grantley."

Grantley sighed again as he searched for his tobacco-pouch. The sigh seemed to hover doubtfully between a faint sympathy and a resigned boredom.

"And no end to it—none in sight! I don't know whether it's legal cruelty to throw library books and so on at your husband's head—"

"Depends on whether you ever hit him, I should think; and they'd probably conclude a woman never would."

"But what an ass I should look if I went into court with that sort of story!"

"Yes, you would look an ass," Grantley agreed. "Doesn't she give you—well, any other chance, you know?"

"Not she! My dear fellow, she's most aggressively the other way."

"Then why don't you give her a chance?"

"What! you mean—?"

"Am I so very cryptic?" murmured Grantley, as he lit his pipe.

"I'm a Member of Parliament."

"Yes, I forgot. That's a bit awkward."

"Besides, there are the children. I don't want my children to think their father a scoundrel." He paused, and added grimly: "And I don't want them to be left to their mother's bringing-up, either."

"Then we seem to have exhausted the resources of the law."

"The children complicate it so. Wait till you have some of your own, Grantley."

"Look here—steady!" Grantley expostulated. "Don't be in such a hurry to give me domestic encumbrances. The bloom's still on my romance, old chap. Talking of children to a man who's only been engaged a week!" His manner resumed its air of languid sympathy as he went on: "You needn't see much of her, Tom, need you?"

"Oh, needn't I?" grumbled Courtland. He was a rather short, sturdily built man, with a high colour and stiff black hair which stood up on his head. His face was not wanting in character, but a look of plaintive worry beset it. "You

try living in the same house with a woman—with a woman like that, I mean!"

"Thanks for the explanation," laughed Grantley.

"I must go and wire when I shall be back, or Harriet'll blow the roof off over that. You come, too; a stroll'll do you good."

Grantley Imason agreed; and the two, leaving the garden by a little side gate, took their way along the steep road which led down to the village, and rose again on the other side of it, to join the main highway across the downs a mile and a half away. The lane was narrow, steep, and full of turns; the notice "Dangerous to Cyclists" gave warning of its character. At the foot of it stood the Old Mill House, backing on to a little stream. Farther on lay the church and the parsonage: opposite to them was the post-office, which was also a general shop and also had rooms to let to visitors. The village inn, next to the post-office, and a dozen or so of labourers' cottages exhausted the shelter of the little valley, though the parish embraced several homesteads scattered about in dips of the downs, and a row of small new red villas at the junction with the main road. Happily these last, owing to the lie of the ground, were out of sight from Grantley Imason's windows, no less than from the village itself.

"And that's the home of the fairy princess," asked Courtland, as they passed Old Mill House, a rambling, rather broken-down old place, covered with creepers.

"Yes: she and her brother moved there when the old rector died. You may have heard of him—the Chiddingfold who was an authority on Milton. No? Well, he was, anyhow. Rather learned all round, I fancy—Fellow of John's. But he took this living and settled down for life; and when he died the children were turned out of the rectory and took Old Mill House. They've got an old woman—well, she's not very old—with the un euphonic name of Mumples living with them. She's been a sort of nurse-house-keeper-companion; a mixed kind of position—breakfast and midday dinner with the family, but didn't join his reverence's evening meal. You know the sort of thing. She's monstrously fat; but Sibylla loves her. And the new rector moved in a fortnight ago, and everybody hates him. And the temporary curate, who was here because the new rector was at Bourne-mouth for his health, and who lodged over the post-office, has just gone, and everybody's dashed glad to see the last of him. And that's all the news of the town. And, behold, Tom, I'm the squire of it, and every man, woman, or child in it is, by unbroken tradition and custom, entitled to have as much port wine out of my cellar as his, her, or its state of health may happen to require."

He threw off this chatter in a gay, self-contented fashion, and Tom Courtland looked at him with affectionate envy. The world had been very good to him, and he, in return, was always amiable to it. He had been born heir and only child of his father; had inherited the largest share in a solid old-fashioned banking-house; was now a director of the great joint-stock undertaking in which the family business had consented to merge itself on handsome terms; had just as much work to do as he liked, and possessed, and always had enjoyed, more money than he needed. He was thirty-three now, and had been a social favourite even before he left school. If it was difficult to say what positive gain his existence had been to Society, there was no doubt that his extinction would at any time have been considered a distinct loss.

"A country squire with a rosy-cheeked

country girl for wife! That's a funny ending for you, Grantley."

"She's not rosy-cheeked—and it's not an ending—and there's the post-office, too in, and be as civil as you can to Lady Harriet."

A smile of pity, unmistakably mingled with contempt, followed Courtland into the shop. The tantrums of other men's wives are generally received with much the same mixture of scepticism and disdain as the witticisms of other parents' children. Both are seen large, very large indeed, by sufferers and admirers respectively.

The obligation of being as civil as he could to his wife caused Courtland to take three or four minutes in framing his telegram, and when he came out he found Grantley seated on the bench that stood by the inn and conversing with a young man who wore a very old coat and rough tweed knickerbockers. Grantley introduced him as Mr. Jeremy Chiddingfold, and Courtland knew that he was Sibylla's brother. Sibylla herself he had not yet seen. Jeremy had a shock of sandy hair, a wide brow, and a wide mouth; his eyes were rather protuberant, and his nose turned up, giving prominence to the nostrils.

"No family likeness, I hope?" Courtland found himself thinking; for though Jeremy was a vigorous, if not a handsome, masculine type, the lines were far from being those of feminine beauty.

"And he's enormously surprised and evidently rather shocked to hear I'm going to marry his sister—Oh, we can talk away, Jeremy: Tom Courtland doesn't matter. He knows all the bad there is about me, and wants to know all the good there is about Sibylla."

One additional auditor by no means embarrassed Jeremy: perhaps not a hundred would have.

"Though, of course, somebody must have married her, you know," Grantley went on, smiling and stretching himself luxuriously like a sleek, indolent cat.

"I hate marriage altogether!" declared Jeremy.

Courtland turned to him with a quick jerk of his head.

"The devil you do!" he said, laughing. "It's early in life to have come to that conclusion, Mr. Chiddingfold."

"Yes, yes, Jeremy, quite so; but —" Grantley began.

"It's an invention of priests," Jeremy insisted heatedly.

Courtland, seared with fifteen years' experience of the institution thus roundly attacked, was immensely diverted, though his own feelings gave a rather bitter twist to his mirth. Grantley argued, or rather pleaded, with a deceptive gravity:

"But if you fall in love with a girl?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Well, but the world must be peopled, Jeremy."

"Marriage isn't necessary to that, is it?"

"Oh!" whistled Courtland.

"We may concede the point—in theory," said Grantley; "in practice it's more difficult."

"Because people won't think clearly and bravely!" cried Jeremy, with a thump on the bench. "Because they're hidebound, and, as I say, the priests heaven-and-hell them till they don't know where they are."

"Heaven-and-hell them! Good phrase, Jeremy! You speak feelingly. Your father, perhaps—Oh, excuse me, I'm one of the family now."

"My father? Not a bit, old Mumples now, if you like. However, that's got nothing to do with it. I'm going on the lines of pure reason. And what is pure reason?"

The elder men looked at one another, smiled, and shook their heads.

"We don't know; it's no use pretending we do. You tell us, Jeremy," said Grantley.

"It's just nature—nature—nature! Get back to that, and you're on solid ground. Why, apart from anything else, how can you expect marriage, as we have it, to succeed when women are what they are? And haven't they always been the same? Of course they have. Read history, read fiction, though it isn't worth reading, read science, and look at the world round about you."

He waved his arm extensively, taking in much more than the valley in which most of his short life had been spent.

"If I thought as you do at your age," said Courtland, "I should have kept out of a lot of trouble."

"And I should have kept out of a lot of scrapes," added Grantley.

"Of course you would!" snapped Jeremy.

That point needed no elaboration.

"But surely there are exceptions among women, Jeremy?" Grantley pursued appealingly. "Consider my position!"

**R. W. de MONTALK,**  
ARCHITECT,  
22, Mining Chambers, Queen St., Auckland.

ARCHITECT OF THE AUCKLAND INDUSTRIAL MINING EXHIBITION, 1898-99.

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Correspondence Answered Promptly.

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for the erection of all classes of buildings.

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"What is man?" demanded Jeremy. "Well, let me recommend you to read Haeckel!"

"Never mind man. Tell us more about woman," urged Grantley.

"Oh, Lord! I suppose you're thinking of Sibylla?"

"I own it," murmured Grantley. "You know her so well, you see."

Descending from the heights of scientific generalisation and from the search after that definition of man for which he had been in the end obliged to refer his listeners to another authority, Jeremy lost at the same time his gravity and vehemence. He surprised Courtland by showing himself owner of a humorous and attractive smile.

"You'd rather define man, perhaps, than Sibylla?" suggested Grantley.

"Sibylla's all right, if you know how to manage her."

"Just what old Lady Trederwyn used to say to me about Harriet," Courtland whispered to Grantley.

"But it needs a bit of knowing. She's got the deuce of a temper—old Mumples knows that. Well, Mumples has got a temper, too. They used to have awful rows—do still now and then. Sibylla used to fly out at Mumples, then Mumples sat on Sibylla, and then, when it was all over, they'd generally have a new and independent row about which had been right and which wrong in the old row."

"Not content with a quiet consciousness of rectitude, as a man would be?"

"Consciousness of rectitude? Lord! it wasn't that. That would have been all right. It was just the other way round. They both knew they had tempers, and Mumples is infernally religious, and Sibylla's generous to the point of idiocy in my opinion. So, after a row, when Sibylla had creaked Mumples and told her to go to the devil (so to speak), and Mumples had sent her to bed, or thumped her, or something, you know—"

"Let us not go too deep into family tragedies, Jeremy."

"Why, when it had all quieted down, and the governor and I could hear ourselves talking quietly again—"

"About marriage and that sort of question?"

"They began to have conscience. Each would have it borne in on her that she was wrong. Sibylla generally started it. She'd go weeping to Mumples, taking all her own things and any of mine lying about handy, and laying them at Mumples' feet, and saying she was the wickedest girl alive, and why hadn't Mumples pitched into her a lot more, and that she really loved Mumples better than anything on earth. Then Mumples would weigh in, and call Sibylla the sweetest and meekest lamb on earth, and say that she loved Sibylla more than anything on earth, and that she—Mumples—was the worst-tempered and cruellest and unjustest woman alive, not fit to be near such an angel as Sibylla. Then Sibylla used to say that was rot, and Mumples said it wasn't. And Sibylla declared Mumples only said it to wound her, and Mumples got hurt because Sibylla wouldn't forgive her, when Sibylla, of course, wanted Mumples to forgive her. And after half an hour of that sort of thing, it was as likely as not that they'd have quarrelled worse than ever, and the whole row would begin over again."

Grantley lay back and laughed.

"A bit rough on you to give your things to—er—Mumples?" suggested Courtland.

"Just like Sibylla—just like any woman, I expect," opined Jeremy, but with a more resigned and better-tempered air. His reminiscences had evidently amused himself as well as his listeners.

"Wouldn't it have been better to have a preceptress of more equable temper?" asked Grantley.

"Oh, there's nothing really wrong with Mumples; we're both awfully fond of her. Besides, she's had such beastly hard luck. Hasn't Sibylla told you about that, Imason?"

"No, nothing."

"Her husband was sent to quod, you know—got twenty years."

"Twenty years! By Jingo!"

"Yes. He tried to murder a man—a man who had swindled him. Mumples says he did it all in a passion; but it seems to have been a cold sort of passion, because he waited twelve hours for him before he knifed him. And at the trial he couldn't even prove the swindling, so he got it pretty hot."

"Is he dead?"

"No, he's alive. He's to get out in about three years. Mumples is waiting for him."

"Poor old woman! Does she go and see him?"

"She used to. She hasn't for years now. I believe he won't have her—I don't know why. The governor was high-sheriff's chaplain at the time, so he got to know Mumples, and took her on. She's been with us ever since, and she can stay as long as she likes."

"What things one comes across!" sighed Tom Courtland.

Grantley had looked grave for a moment, but he smiled again as he said:

"After all, though, you've not told me how to manage Sibylla. I'm not Mumples—I can't thump her. I should be better than Mumples in one way, though. If I did, I should be dead sure to stick to it that I was right."

"You'd stick to it even if you didn't think so?" observed Courtland.

For a moment the remark seemed to vex Grantley, and to sober him. He spent a few seconds evidently reflecting on it.

"Well, I hope not," he said, at last. "But at any rate I should think so generally."

"Then you could mostly make her think so. But if it wasn't true, you might feel a brute."

"So I might, Jeremy."

"And it mightn't be permanently safe. She sees things uncommonly sharp sometimes. Well, I must be off."

"Going back to Haeckel?"

Jeremy nodded gravely. He was not susceptible to ridicule on the subject of his theories. The two watched him stride away towards Old Mill House with decisive, vigorous steps.

"Run product for a country parsonage, Grantley."

"Oh, he's not a product; he's only an embryo. But I think he's a promising one, and he's richly amusing."

"Yes, and I wonder how you're going to manage Miss Sibylla?"

Grantley laughed easily. "My poor old chap, you can't be expected to take a cheerful view. Poor old Tom! God bless you, old chap! Let's go home to tea."

As they walked by the parsonage a bicycle came whizzing through the open garden-gate. It was propelled by a girl of fifteen or thereabouts—a slim, long-legged child, almost gaunt in her immaturity, and lamentably grown out of her frock. She cried shrill greeting to Grantley, and went off down the street, displaying her skill to whosoever would look by riding with her arms akimbo.

"Another local celebrity," said Grantley. "Dora Hitting, the new parson's daughter. That she should have come to live in the village is a gross personal affront to Jeremy Chiddingfold. He's especially incensed by her lengthy stretch of black stockings, always, as he maintains, with a hole in them."

Courtland laughed inattentively.

"I hope Harriet'll get that wire in good time," he said.

No remark came into Grantley's mind.

unless it were to tell his friend that he was a fool to stand what he did from the woman. But what was the use of that? Tom Courtland knew his own business best. Grantley shrugged his shoulders, but held his peace.

(To be continued.)

### Tactful Young Man.

"And so," said the young man, "you say you cannot marry me because I am too young?"

"That is my reason," averred the girl. "Surely you do not mean for me to understand that you consider yourself too old to marry me?" he murmured, diplomatically.

Looking at it in that light, she concluded she had been hasty.

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# THE WOMAN WITHIN.

By ATHOL FORBES.

\*\*\*\*\*

Author of "Cassock and Comedy," "A Son of Rimmon," Etc.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

On the way to the office Barking stopped at a florist's. It seemed to him that he ought to begin to pave the way to the heart of his master's daughter by some little lover-like attentions. The thought flashed upon him as he stood by the window attracted by the display of colour. After some haggling over the price, he finally determined upon white roses. He had already explained to the lady in charge the purpose for which he required them, and she opened her eyes very wide when he wrote down the name and address.

"Have you any card or message you wish to go with them, sir?"

"Ah! happy thought. No, I haven't a card—on me," he added, feeling in his pocket and wondering what was best to be done.

"I can give you a blank card," she offered.

"Thank you; that will do very nicely." She gave him one, and he wondered what he should put on it. He sucked the end of the pencil for a few seconds, then he resolved to take the young woman into his confidence.

"Now, what's usually put in such—I mean what should I write on this card?"

"Well, it all depends, sir," and the girl smiled. "You see if you are engaged you can put: 'with best love,' or something even more passionate." She was of a sentimental turn, and sentiment suffers from over nutrition in an atmosphere of flowers and people who buy and present them.

"I am not exactly engaged," he explained.

"Oh! I see, just an understanding." "That's about it," replied he.

"Kindest remembrances' or 'To recall a happy hour.' One gentleman that calls and sends flowers regularly, puts 'In memoriam.' It is Latin, and always looks nice, besides, it does not convey too much."

"What do the majority of people put?" he asked, resolving to be guided by a well established precedent.

"They simply put a piece of paste-board inside."

"Eh! what?" inquired the puzzled youth.

"A card mentioning the name. If you have not sent the lady flowers before, that would do."

Barking agreed, and wrote "Dug. Barking," his usual signature. He contemplated this for a moment, then asked for another card and wrote in full "Douglas Barking."

"They shall go at once, sir, and there will be sixpence extra for special messenger. Won't you have a button-hole for yourself, sir?" she said, as she handed him the change out of a sovereign. "Here is a nice one, sir, for sixpence—unless you prefer an orchid, one and sixpence."

He shook his head. "I can get one for a penny, that will be quite good enough for me."

"Yes, I should think you could," was the reply. "Quite good enough."

It struck him afterwards that there was a latent meaning in this last remark to him, which was by no means meant to be complimentary; and the omission of the appellation "Sir" grieved him.

It was after eleven when he arrived at the office. To the chief clerk's stern look of enquiry, he vouchsafed no explanation. With a careless, "How do, fellows?" he took his seat. Then he inquired whether the governor had arrived. The man on his right, who was busy, answered, "No," without looking up from his work.

Barking hated to be ignored. It has been said that the more contemptible a man is, the more apprehensive he is of contempt. The mean minded man is for ever on the look out for insults and manages to give a jaundiced complexion to many things in which more generous minds would see nothing. Barking in possession of a great secret, with money in his pocket, and a certainty of more for the asking, felt somehow, that his importance in that office should be acknowledged. The chief clerk had already got the worst of an encounter with him, and this in itself ought to have set the others thinking, and to have placed him in the exalted position of being envied. To sit there feeling himself to be so much, yet receiving no credit for it, irritated him. He longed to blurt out the fact that he had the head of the firm under his thumb. That it was only the question of a few days and these men would feel the weight of his influence and authority. He had determined in his own mind that the chief clerk was to go, to be ignominious-

ly dismissed. That he had served the firm from being a boy, and was a clever, trustworthy man, carried no weight. He had treated Barking with a calm indifference, and he had always been just. When he had rebuked or found fault there was a real reason for doing so. This made his offence worse.

"Barking," said the man who worked by his side, "has your mother inherited a tortoise, or has she merely bought a mangle?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Barking, with a rush of blood to the head.

The clerks tittered.

"Why, you ass, I mean that you will be getting the chuck out before you are very many days older. I thought perhaps because your mother had a mangle you didn't care a hang about Langthorne and Son's paltry thirty bob a week."

The senior clerk looked up through his glasses and a number of heads made a downward movement. Barking sat and gnawed his nails.

"Cannot you find something to do?" said the elderly man.

"I am waiting for the governor," he replied, shortly.

"Have you resigned your position in this office?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Then proceed with your work. The chief will not be here to-day. When he does come you and I will interview him together."

Barking sat a few seconds, then, without replying, took his hat from its peg and made towards the door.

"You will not leave this office without permission." There was a note of anger in the chief clerk's voice. All the clerks looked up. It was a moment of triumph for Barking!

With a look that was meant to spell defiance in capital letters he walked out of the office.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Before her father was awake next morning Edith was up giving orders that he was not to be disturbed. Then she went into his room and sat down by his bedside. She was thankful that he was not. What her father's trouble was she knew not, but she was convinced that it would be less supportable with

other people's comments, and after the scene of the night previous she determined that her attitude toward him should be one of sustained, quiet sympathy, whatever his misfortune might be.

If the loving, closed heart of a good woman could open before a man what a revelation it would often be. How much controlled tenderness, how many veiled sacrifices, how many dumb virtues would be found reposing therein!

She heard her mother stirring in the next room, and with soft footsteps she entered. "Father is still sleeping."

"I do not know what has come over him, Edith, but it seems to me there is some shadow of evil resting on the house."

The tears were in her eyes.

"Don't, mother," she said, gently. "You and I can be brave. We won't add to this trouble."

"I could be brave if I knew what it was, dear. It is the sense of a lurking, secret danger that unnerves me. We have never had trouble. Success has followed us through life, and I know in life's great discipline, trouble is wholesome and necessary factor."

"Yes, mother. It keeps the heart soft and kind because it has to bear the weight of it; our successes the world helps us to share."

"Our hearts must be the sole confidants of this. Your father is too proud a man to go to others for help. I am sorry; I am afraid I worried him last night."

Edith assisted her mother to dress, then she took a book and went back to her father's room. It was past ten o'clock before he awoke, then the two of them breakfasted together in his room. He was anxious to be up, but he yielded to her gentle persuasion. No sooner was he awake than she saw the cloud come over his face as he recalled the events of the night before.

"Father," and she nestled to his side, "you have mother and me."

A smile passed over his face and he tried to joke, but it did not ring true.

She attended upon him anticipating his every want, and for the time the pressure of his burden seemed lightened. It is one of the things women have in common with the angels, that she regards the place of suffering as her special sphere of usefulness.

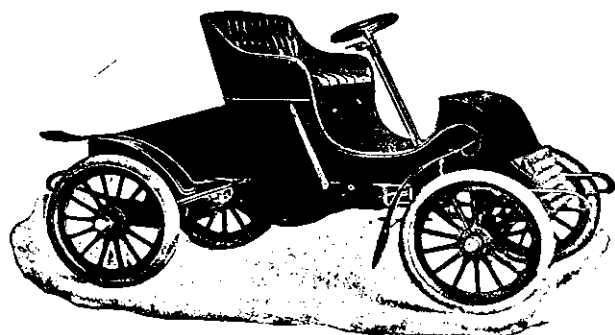
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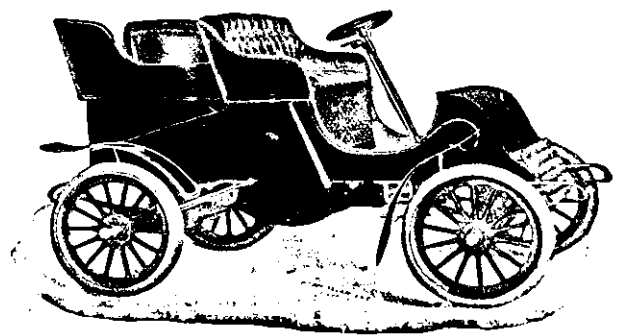
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nice, and it did not need much persuasion for him to send a telephone message to say so. Yet, in a way, he felt the cowardice of it all.

"How is mother this morning?" he asked.  
"Oh, she slept on like the rest of us, and is only now up."

"I am glad of that. She is quite well!" he looked at her in a way she understood.

"Yes, father dear, mother is quite all right. She is sorry she worried you last night."

The morning paper came up. She read him the foreign news and then the leading articles. This led to conversation. Afterwards he read the stock market and Exchange news, she still sitting by his side.

A tap at the door and her maid entered with a box.  
"By special messenger," she said.

A flush of pleasure mounted to the face of Edith Langthorne. She quickly cut the string and there was before her the mass of white roses. She gathered them all together and carried them off to her room. There was no note, but as she began to arrange them a card dropped out.

Her pleasure gave way to indignation as she looked at the name. She had started off at once with the card to her father, but at her door she stopped and rang the bell.

"These will lighten up your room," she said to her maid. "They are very fresh and sweet."

The young woman looked surprised and formed her own conclusions, which were wrong. Edith tore the card into small pieces and threw them into the fire place.

"What marvellous impudence!" was her only comment, but this act of Barking's started a train of thought which did not make her any the happier.

She heard her mother go into her father's room, and then their voices in conversation. Presently her mother entered.

"Where are the flowers?" she asked, looking round surprised.

"Jordan is arranging them," she said with her back to her mother.

"Jordan arranging them?" repeated her mother. "Well girls have changed very much since my young days. When John—your father—sent me flowers, had anyone attempted to touch them but myself, I should have regarded it as nothing less than sacrilege."  
Edith remained silent.

"Mr dear child, be sure of your own mind before you encourage young Jordan's wild father. I am afraid we have both spoiled you."

"I am quite sure of my own mind, mother."

"Be sure of your own heart, girl. I think, after all, it is the best guide; it must be so in your case."

Mr Langthorne tapped at the door. "Can you come and write a few letters for me, Edith?"

She and her father were no sooner seated, than a servant brought in a card. A hunted look came into his eyes and instinct told her the visitor was Barking.

"I told you that my father was not to be disturbed this morning."

"Yes, miss, but the young man was very pressing."

"Tell Mr Barking that I am not well this morning," said Mr Langthorne.

The man bowed and withdrew. Edith had settled to her writing again when the footman returned.

"I hope I am acting for the best, sir, but this young man—I thought I had better come and tell you, sir," and he hesitated.

"Yes; yes," said his master, impatiently.

"He refuses to leave the house, sir."

CHAPTER XXX.

When Barking entered his master's house his mind was made up. He knew he could not continue the game of bluff for ever; that he was, in a way, living on a powder mine which might explode any minute and prove fatal to him and his prospects. Barking was sure that he was a clever man. Vanity prompted him to demand the hand of Edith Langthorne in marriage; safety urged him to press it. If the worst came to the worst, and his game be known to Mr Langthorne, though he would not scruple to punish his clerk, it might be fairly inferred that he would hesitate to bring a criminal charge against his son-in-law. Still a lump sum and America had its attractions; but he had read of felons being extradited, and he resolved to play for the higher and safer stake.

He was always melodramatic. As he rang the bell he turned, for a moment, looked up at the sky and then along the garden.

"When I come out again from here, I shall be a partner in Langthorne and Son, and a prospective son-in-law, or the game will be up," he said, "and London will know Dug Barking no more."

As we have seen, he refused to be denied.

"When I heard the lion in his den, I am not going to fall with the harmless animal outside," he said to himself, when the footman had taken the card he forced into his hand.

"Take a seat, young man," said the footman, after some hesitation.

"By gad! I will put a civil tongue in that fellow's head before long."

It was Miss Langthorne who came in response to his second request for an interview. He gave her an elaborate stage bow, and was just framing a compliment when she cut him short.

"My father is not well, sir. He cannot be seen this morning."

This was a use of the polite understatement which he did not quite understand or relish.

"But he will see me?"

"Your card was given to him, and he declines."

"Miss Langthorne, it will be a serious matter if I do not see him."

Her eyes flashed at once; "Indeed," she said coolly, "I think my father is capable of managing his own affairs independently of your aid, sir."

He saw his mistake. This high-spirited girl was not to be taken in by bluff.

"But, Miss Langthorne, it means ruin to me. Unless I see Mr Langthorne this morning the consequences will be too terrible. I have news for him—for his ear alone, of the greatest possible importance."

She shook her head: "My father cannot be troubled this morning."

Barking was wondering what his next

move was to be, when the library door opened and Mr Langthorne appeared. Without a word he beckoned him. The two men entered the room and the door was shut.

Edith choked down a lump that came into her throat. She was annoyed at the persistency of the man, and the success attending it. Not that she was overbearing to her subordinates, but there was something in the youth that roused her worst nature.

"It's all out; the evening papers had the whole thing in last night," he whispered, with stage-like emphasis as soon as the door was closed.

Mr Langthorne felt a cold chill at his heart.

Barking flung himself down into a chair and watched his master as he steadied himself against the table.

"There's the 'Globe.' You had better read it for yourself."

He took up the paper. Barking had marked the paragraph, which was double-headed:

"A Woman's Body Found in the City. Foul Play."

"I thought you had—you told me you would get clear of—the body," he gasped, as if the words caused him pain to repeat it.

"Couldn't do it. I deposited the body there where it was found. The other risk was too great. I have not slept since that infernal night," he went on, "and I seem to get no thanks for it. This morning, because I did doze off, and was a few minutes late at the office, I was grossly insulted. My head was in such a whirl I could not work. It was impossible with that paper in my pocket, so I thought I would come on and warn you, and a nice reception I got here."

"You have played me false," Mr Langthorne said, but the firm face was firm

no longer. The muscles quivered; despair and perplexity were there only too plainly.

"I am game to play to the end," said Barking, jauntily, and with assumed bravado. "I am going to risk my neck, and if I lose the rub I am prepared to take the consequences—to take all the guilt upon myself, and if necessary pay the capital punishment of certain conditions."

"I do not trust you, Barking. I do not trust you," said his master.

"Here I am prepared to execute a document, my signature can be witnessed so long as you only read the confession, in which I shall confess the murder of Mrs. Langthorne. That document you can use as evidence against me, if the worst comes to the worst."

"That I could never permit, whatever the consequences might be."

"Well, you will admit that it shows my sincerity, and my anxiety to save you?"

"Yes; I suppose I must admit that," was the reply.

"But I must have my price."

Some of the old dignity came to his master's aid: "Your price? It has come to that then?"

"It has," said the unabashed Barking. "You do not think, you do not seriously maintain that one hundred pounds a year is recompense for the risk I run. Suppose it is traced to me. How can I clear myself?"

"I would give myself up; no man should suffer for my crime."

"Yes; now we are calling things by their right names, so far so good, but one can be very philosophical in a study. When disgrace and death face you, Mr. Langthorne, you might change your mind."

There was a second's pause. Then the distressed man got up and paced the room.

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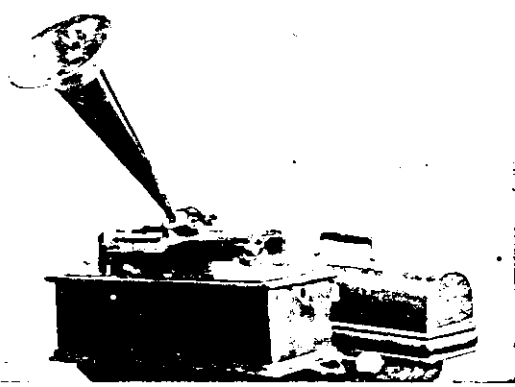
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"Yes. Think it out," said the other, turning to the "Globe."

Suddenly he sprung round: "Where and how did you learn that the woman was my wife?"

"I gathered that," Barking replied, quickly, "and I heard part of the conversation before you murdered her."

He dwelt with lingering emphasis on the word "murdered," and it caused every muscle in Mr. Langthorne's anatomy to vibrate.

"Barking, you are a poor man. Ten thousand pounds would be a large sum to you. I will give you that, and you can seek safety in any part of the world you choose."

Here was a chance, but the greed of the man could not let him accept it. He shook his head, though he could not conceal the satisfaction of his mind.

"Then name your price." For a few moments there was a pause.

"A partnership,"—Barking waited to see the effect of this.

"Yes."

There was a long-drawn breath, then he completed the sentence.

"—And your daughter."

"Marry my daughter! Never! You are mad to make such a proposition."

"I mean it. I am not wanting in brains. Good clothes will do a lot for a man. I would work night and day for the business."

Mr. Langthorne held up his hand: "Enough! I will not sacrifice my child; that is beyond discussion. And that you may know your desire is hopeless, I tell you she is promised to another, in her own station of life."

"She shall never marry him. I will prevent that by a word. And, by God! I will!"

The tortured man suppressed a cry of pain.

(To be continued.)

Copyright Story.

# The Hermit of the Bachalp.

(From the French of Paul Hervieu.)

By ALYS HALLARD.

The remarkable railway from the Faulhorn had been opened for about three months, and the European press had been most enthusiastic about the success of the undertaking. The difficulties in the way of such a railway had hitherto appeared to be absolutely insurmountable, and now that all was in working order every tourist felt it to be his duty to see this new wonder.

On a certain evening the nine o'clock train had just arrived. There had been a fine drizzling rain all day, and only about nine or ten travellers had ventured to face the weather in the hope of the next day being fine, and had made their way to the Alpenrose Hotel in order to be ready for the sunrise in the morning.

The platform of the little station was soon cleared; the Inspector had returned to his office and was settling himself down to his long clay pipe, when, to his surprise, the stationmaster arrived at his door.

As it happened, these two officials were not on good terms with each other, for the simple reason that they both received exactly the same salary, and were lodged in exactly the same sized cottage, and as each of them considered himself superior to the other, they both naturally felt themselves ill-used.

"What good luck brings you here, M. Linder?" asked the Inspector, trying to appear pleasant, "and what can I do for you?"

"Oh, . . . as to what you can do for me. . . . The fact is, my men have found a passenger murdered in a first-class carriage."

M. Muller was just blowing back an obstinate puff of smoke, and he merely glanced questioningly at his colleague. "I suppose you are joking, M. Linder," he remarked.

"It's your business. . . . not mine," replied the other, turning round and walking away.

The Inspector began to feel rather uneasy, and taking his cap down from its peg, hurried out of the office.

A ghastly sight awaited him. On the stained cushions of a railway carriage a man was lying on his back. A ball had passed through his right ear, and his sandy beard was covered with blood. He was dressed in Alpine costume, and on opening his bag M. Muller found a guide book in English and a large sum of money in English gold and bank notes. There were no papers to prove his identity, and no weapon was to be found which might suggest the idea of suicide, and yet what motive could there have been for a crime since the victim had not been robbed?

M. Muller was in a state of great consternation, whilst M. Linder appeared to be comparatively at his ease.

The Inspector gave orders that the strictest secrecy should be observed, as otherwise the shares in the new railway would go down. The body of the victim was then placed in a large cupboard which was used for lost luggage, and inquiries were made at the hotel as to the other travellers who had arrived by this train, but there appeared to be nothing suspicious about any of them.

M. Muller then retired and spent the best part of the night in writing a report which he sent off at day-break to the Board of Directors. He had given all possible details and all the deductions which a Company has the right to expect from an official who is paid at the rate of three shillings and sixpence a day.

which are the special domain of wind and clouds, the meteorological forecasts proved to be wrong, and a violent thunder-storm broke out in the afternoon covering the blue sky with heavy grey clouds.

In spite of the electricity in the atmosphere, which influenced the working of the telegraph, a message arrived at last, informing M. Muller that a delegate was being sent to investigate the terrible affair; and from that moment the Inspector's face beamed once more with satisfaction, and he was able to breathe more fully.

In the meantime all precautions were taken in order to prevent a similar catastrophe. A certain number of employees received orders to walk along the narrow platform outside the trains and to keep watch on all compartments in which there happened to be more than one occupant, particularly if there were anything suspicious looking about any of the passengers.

The awful drama of the previous evening seemed all the more unaccountable from the fact that owing to the rock on one side of the track and the precipice on the other, it would have been utterly impossible for the criminal to have escaped by jumping from the train; it would have meant certain death.

The Inspector had his customary nap after supper, and just before the evening train was signalled, he shut himself up in his office, giving strict orders that he should not be interrupted in his work. He knew very well that the delegate, whose visit had been announced by telegram, would insist on seeing him, and his official soul revelled in the idea of being discovered buried, as it were, amongst his papers and documents like

the zealous servant of the Company he was.

As fate would have it, his little scheme fell through, for it was the station master who hung open the office-door, without any attempt at an apology. "M. Muller," he cried, "there is certainly something radically wrong as regards the inspection of this line."

The Inspector looked up with a severe expression on his face, and crossing his arms deliberately frowned angrily.

"What do you mean, M. Linder?" he asked, haughtily.

"I mean that another murder has been committed in the train on the way here."

M. Muller uttered an oath. The situation was certainly getting intolerable.

The second victim had been killed in the same way by a ball through his head, and the two officials were convinced that the unfortunate man was no other than a member of the Board of Directors of the Company.

"It is M. Gutzsch," said M. Muller. "Excuse me," objected M. Linder. "I believe it is M. Kaufmann."

Whereupon, there was a warm discussion between the two rivals, which would probably have never come to an end if it had not occurred to one of them to search the pockets of the murdered man.

They found several letters, the envelopes of which were all addressed to M. Krug, who was no other than the Manager of the company.

Amongst these envelopes was one which excited the curiosity of M. Muller. The handwriting was most extraordinary, very large, and with enormous capitals. In his excited state of mind the Inspector opened this letter mechanically, and his colleague, leaning forward, read it at the same time. The contents were as follows:

September 3.

To the Manager.

The most abominable things are taking place on your line. You have no right to persevere in so ridiculous and monstrous an enterprise, and this I venture to declare.

(Signed) Serge Ostrépieff.

Hermit of the Bachalp.

And so the frightful mystery of these daily crimes was no secret to this stranger. The murderer had no doubt given some kind of warning of his intentions, and the dwelling of this important wit-

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The following morning the weather was all that could be desired, and the mid-day train brought a crowd of tourists who never doubted but that they would have a magnificent sunset to contemplate.  
As it often happens in these regions,

ness was comparatively near; it was the house that stood the nearest to the top of the mountain, a massive-looking dwelling, built just on the site where the railroad crosses a short platform.

Undoubtedly the first thing to be done in the investigation was to interview this man who had voluntarily constituted himself a witness in the affair, and M. Krug had evidently come himself with this intention.

Although M. Muller's duty was thus clearly traced for him, he hesitated now to prove his zeal, for he did not relish the idea of paying a visit to the Hermit of the Bachalp, whose unsociability had become a tradition amongst the mountain population for some distance round.

As to M. Linder, he would have been glad to prove his own worth at the expense of his colleague, but he was rather perplexed as to how to act, for he was wondering what the result would be for himself of any steps he might take.

"Are you a man, M. Linder?" murmured the Inspector, at last shaking his head and winking in a knowing way.

"M. Muller," replied the station master, "there are two of us, and we are both men."

Whereupon they shook hands with such gusto that the joints of their fingers fairly cracked. It was a cordial grasp such as hypocrites delight in when they seal a bargain together.

The two men understood each other perfectly, and in a short time the telegraph wires were at work announcing the fatal news and assuring the company that the zeal of the officials had risen to the occasion.

### III.

The following morning after breakfast Muller and Linder arranged their work so that all might go on satisfactorily during their absence, and set out together on their errand.

The weather had not cleared up, and there were heavy showers, thunder storms and gales of wind at intervals.

After about an hour and a half's descent, they crossed the railway, and continuing along the banks of the Bachalp, reached the rough-looking dwelling, built on an eminence and on strong foundations. They knocked at the door several times, and a marmot raised an alarm from its burrow.

"How extraordinary!" remarked Muller, attempting a joke. "I should have thought little ladies of that kind would have made themselves scarce here considering the progress of civilisation."

"Knock again," muttered M. Linder; "the only marmot we care to see appears to have gone to sleep."

He had scarcely finished speaking when the door was half opened, and a strange apparition presented itself. A tall figure muffled up in a long black cloak stood in the doorway. His face was pale and clean shaven, and on his head he wore a seal-skin cap. He stooped so much that his chin was under the neck-band of his green shirt.

As to the age of the individual, it could only be estimated by striking an average between the eyes, which were as keen and brilliant as those of a young man of twenty, and the wrinkles on his forehead, which bespoke some forty years at least.

When the visitors had stated their names and profession, the Hermit stepped back, and lifting his chin, spat on the brick floor before speaking.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a clear, distinct voice, "although I have the most profound horror of your wretched undertaking, you are very welcome here."

Somewhat disconcerted by this strange reception, Muller and Linder did not feel inclined to enter Serge Ostrepieff's dwelling, but the latter ushered them in to a dark, bare-looking room on the ground-floor, where they took their seats on some boxes.

Their host closed the door, and as there was no window in the room, lighted two candles, and turning to them, said in a sneering tone:

"I owe you an explanation, gentlemen."

Here he bowed and his guests also. "There is only one thing in the world that I hate," continued the Hermit, "and you shall judge whether my hatred is not well-founded. I hate the railway. . . . For the last sixteen years I have had this feeling of hatred, and it is after all only natural. On the 2nd of September, 18—, I was going from St. Petersburg to Moscow. It was pouring with rain, and it was dark when we left the

Tver station. We had not gone far when suddenly—"

Here he broke off and commenced walking up and down the room, evidently under the influence of some terrible recollection.

Muller and Linder nodded their heads deferentially and put on an expression of sympathy.

"As railway officials," continued the Russian presently, "you have probably seen plenty of collisions, and you know what a terrible havoc is the result. When I recovered consciousness I found myself lying on a moving heap all bespattered with blood."

"When they began to clear the line it was a horrible sight. . . . ghastly. . . . legs and arms with no one belonging to them. Hereupon he made a frightful grimace, and gesticulating wildly, seized his own arms and legs as though he were throwing them into the four corners of the room.

The spectators of this extraordinary pantomime expressed their sympathy, and congratulated their host on his marvellous escape.

"Heaven be praised!" he said, with a sigh, a melancholy smile playing over his lips, "I had nothing but a wound on my head," and he put his finger to his right temple, under his seal-skin cap.

Peals of thunder could be heard from time to time, and as every peal the Hermit frowned in a strange way.

M. Linder did not feel perfectly at ease with his host, and decided to come to the point in order to get the business over.

"We took the liberty of coming," he said, "my colleague and I"—Muller nodded in corroboration—"on account of your letter."

"Ha—Ha!" interrupted the Hermit, "you are very good to take the trouble for the sake of a letter from me." Hereupon he came so near that his nose almost touched Muller's, and the latter was obliged to draw his head back so that he almost lost his balance.

"Let me tell you," continued the Russian, "that during the last sixteen years I have sent more than three thousand letters, and I have never had an answer to one of them, not to one of them. Do you understand?"

He then proceeded to tell his guests the story of his life since the accident.

As soon as he was well, his one idea had been to leave the accursed country where he had suffered so much, and from that time forth he had never been able to see the railroad without feeling the sensation of a sword entering his flesh, and he could not hear a train rushing along without fancying that all his muscles were being stretched out. He had not been fortunate, though, in the choice of his places of refuge, as no matter where he went his enemy had always pursued him.

He had tried India, Greece, the Far West, and everywhere the railway had increased the links of its formidable chain, encircling all the land which had been conquered by the human race. After protesting in vain against this invasion of the enemy, Serge Ostrepieff had always been obliged to escape and to fly from place to place, until at last the idea struck him that he might establish for himself a place of refuge near the summit of a steep mountain. There, at least, he imagined, he should be safe, and he had begun to live again in a happy, peaceful, dreamy way, just as he had lived in his earlier days.

Here he broke off for a moment in his story, and the tears came into his eyes. He wiped them away, and rubbed his eyelashes in a nervous, irritable manner.

"One fine day," he began again, speaking quickly, in a hard, dry voice, "I saw the fiery serpent's head appear. It had tracked me out, and was making straight for me. That was rather too much! I refused to believe my own eyes, and rushing away shut myself up in my house, and lived on all kinds of salted provisions; and in the dark, too, just like the fishermen in the Polar darkness. Gradually the reptile approached, reached my hiding-place, and then went on and on, higher and higher, over the mountains. I endured this terror for a year and a-half."

"Are you quite sure that the making of the line occupied so long a time in your neighbourhood?" asked Muller, who was always delighted when he could correct any inaccuracy.

The Hermit looked straight at Muller, and then at Linder, with that expression of pride and pity peculiar to inventors

when they are exhibiting some wonderful instrument hitherto unknown. He then took off his seal-skin cap, and pointed to a whitish scar in the middle of a dry, bald patch on his head.

"Every stroke of the pickaxe and of the hammer is numbered there, do you understand?—there—"

There was silence for a moment, and then Serge Ostrepieff burst into a convulsive fit of laughter.

"It wasn't likely now, was it," he began again, "that I could foresee that a locomotive would ever climb up over those rails! Only a person with the most outlandish ideas could have imagined that."

He bent his head forward, as though listening for something, and seemed as though he had caught some distant sound.

"Well, one day—just about this time—I heard a dull, heavy noise—it was like something coming along towards this house, and it was raining in the most infernal way, too, that day—". Well—the sound came nearer, and grew louder and louder—Pff—pff—boom—boom—boom—"

The narrator stamped up and down the room, whistling, and imitating with the most perfect exactitude, the noise of an express train.

"Presently my house began to shake, and seemed to be moving along too—I was certain that there would be another collision—it was inevitable—I shrieked for help and wanted to rush out—but the walls all round me were moving too quickly—I felt sure then that nothing could be done, and I flung myself down like this, with my arms round my head—Oh, my head—my poor head—!"

The Hermit was crouching down in a corner of the room trembling all over, and moaning out in his distress that it was all so cruel and unjust. All he asked for was some little hiding place, some spot in the world where he could live in peace. He had given up everything, and was willing to accept solitude and exile from his own country, and it was neither honourable nor just to continue persecuting him.

Muller shook his head gravely in a way which might mean that he either agreed or disagreed with the unfortunate man, whilst Linder took advantage of a pause to try to arrive at some conclusion:

"You took the trouble to write to the Company informing them that abominable things take place on their line—those were your very words, I believe?"

Just at this moment the Russian was evidently preoccupied by some great anxiety, for he did not reply at once.

"Exactly," he murmured at last, in a very low voice as though he were listening intently for something—"yes, I have witnessed some most extraordinary and frightful things ever since the day when in sheer bravado I opened my shutters as the trains went by—"

Muller and Linder looked at each other—the revelations for which they had been waiting so long were about to be made.

At intervals the thunder could be heard rumbling as each peal was taken up by the mountain echoes, but it was not to that Serge Ostrepieff was listening. He was leaning forward in his crouching position so that his ear was nearly level with the ground.

He had dropped his voice almost to a whisper when he spoke again.

"Have you ever seen the carriages galloping along at night?—The red light of the lamps—How ghastly it all is! Then

underneath—creatures gliding along like phantoms—Where are they all going in their wild flight? They are not the same sort of people as we are. What does it matter to them if fire and pestilence reign in the countries which they pass through so indifferently? And if the devouring fire has broken out amongst them, why, they carry it along in their mad course—". A shudder of horror passed through him at this idea. "I have seen some of their lying still, like dead creatures—others, moving about as though they were fighting, and others with their arms round each other—Then suddenly they disappear, and all is silence—and I begin to doubt whether I have seen them or whether it is all a dream—whilst the dismal rain continues all the time just as it did that fatal night—Listen—listen—"

The wind which was rising in the valley wafted along the sound of a horn.

"We shall be very much obliged, sir, if you will kindly come to the point," said Muller, looking at his watch with a gesture of impatience. "The evening train has just left the Woldspit station, and we ought to have started back again some time ago in order to be at our post."

The Hermit paid no attention whatever to these words. He was rubbing his head and listening to a rumbling sound which could now be heard in the distance, and as it grew more and more distinct he became more and more excited. Suddenly, and without uttering a word, he left the room, and his heavy tread could soon be heard making the wooden staircase, and then the planks of the room overhead, creak.

### IV.

"Shall I tell you what my opinion is, M. Muller?" said the station master, with a certain amount of humiliation when the two men found themselves alone.

"Certainly. By all means, M. Linder."

"Well, I fancy this poor gentleman has not quite all his reason."

"M. Linder, I agree with you."

Neither of the officials spoke for a minute or two, and the sound of the approaching locomotive could be heard more and more distinctly, whilst in the room overhead there was perfect silence.

The two men were most curious to know what their host was doing, and after discussing the question, they decided to go in search of him.

They mounted the stairs very quietly, and right in front of them found the door of a room open, and opposite that, a window which had been partially opened. A dark figure was standing in front of this window.

Suddenly, a stray moonbeam rested on the barrel of a gun.

Linder immediately stepped forward, and the Inspector had only just time to seize him by the elbow. The noise of the engine drowned the creaking of the floor.

"How imprudent!" whispered Muller. "You don't know whether the gun is loaded or not. At least, do not compromise our safety!"

The end of the sentence was lost in the report of a gun, fired from the window.

Both officials rushed upon Serge Ostrepieff, who struggled energetically, brandishing at the same time his smoking weapon.

"Assassin! Assassin!" they both yelled together.

"What do you mean by that?" cried the Hermit. "Will you loose me! Have done, I say! Are you both mad, gentlemen?"

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Complete Story.

# The Master of Ballyoshane.

\*\*\*\*\*

I.

Dusk. Overhead a gorgeous red sunset was fast fading to the slate-grey of night.

A glaze sea lapped lazily to the edge of the beach, ever receding, ever creeping a little nearer, nearer. A seagull whistled mournfully as it winged its way into the beyond. Lights were beginning to twinkle here and there along the Wicklow coast, and a solitary figure rose from the shingle with a regretful sigh.

"Three whole days gone!" said Joan Bount, Englishwoman, art student, and holiday-maker, as she moved across the stony foreshore to the road.

With a final, lingering, backward glance at the sea, she crossed a deserted railway-line and set her face towards winding, shady ways and green country. There were no terrors in the lonely walk before her. Already it seemed that a friendly understanding existed between the bright-haired English girl—who lodged "wid Mrs Kelly beyant"—and the simple-minded inhabitants of the scattered thatched cottages comprising the village of Ballyoshane.

Unconsciously the girl slackened speed as she approached the shabby iron gates of the one "big house" of the neighbourhood. Through the dense surrounding foliage she caught a glimpse of weather-beaten, yellow walls and shuttered windows. The owner, then, was still absent. Joan had heard much during her three days in Ballyoshane of "Master Michael," and had been told that he was in Dublin.

Somehow the old place and the unknown young master had a curious interest for her. She weaved romances about the fallen fortunes of the head of the O'Shanes, delighting in her conception of picturesque poverty, peculiarly a feature, in Saxon eyes, of Erin's sons. Her holiday, charming as it was, would not be quite complete without an encounter with Michael O'Shane, she thought, without an exploration of his rambling old home.

A shuffling footstep and a hoarse cough broke in upon her reverie. From the shadow of the gates a man emerged cautiously, and laid a hand upon her arm. The girl flinched momentarily.

"Don't let me frighten you," he panted. "I have been watching for somebody and—"

His voice died away into a murmur as he removed his hand from her arm and fell back against the gate.

Joan's pity was instantly aroused.

This was no tramp, but a cultured gentleman, she swiftly decided. For a space the pair stood motionless. The man—he was little more than a lad—was clearly endeavouring to regain control of himself. Through the gloom the regarded uncertainly the wasted outline of his features and slight, trembling form, clad in a plain suit of grey tweed.

"You are ill?" she interrogated gently. "Indeed, I am only anxious to help you!"

"Thank Heaven!" he muttered. "Yes; I have been ill—very ill—a long time ago."

He passed his hand across his brow as he talked disjointedly, staring wildly into the shadows.

"But I can't stand it any longer! I don't care what he says; I meant to go myself; but it is a long way, and I am weak—you can go for me."

"Where can I go?" mystified Joan asked.

"Why, to the police barrack!" he cried with sudden energy. "To tell them that—that—to send them for me! Quick! He may miss me at any moment, and take me back again! I escaped, you know, when he thought I was asleep! I was too cunning for him!"

Joan shrank back, horror-stricken. For a moment the thought flashed upon her that she was interviewing an escaped lunatic.

"But why must I go to the police barrack?" she faltered.

"You know—the man who disappeared! It must have been in all the newspapers! And I won't put up with it! Hush! He will be angry when he finds that I am gone! Never let him know that you helped me! He would be furious!"

The wild, husky voice sank to a whisper.

"Who was this mysterious 'he'?" The perpetrator of some bold crime, she was sure.

What disclosures would follow her visit the police barrack?

That her companion had been confined against his will, and had now escaped, she gathered vaguely. The police barrack was a mile beyond the cottage where she lodged, and she was making a rapid calculation as to how speedily she could get there, when a third form loomed up.

"It is he!" Joan's new acquaintance gasped.

The girl thrilled with the dramatic horror of the moment. The new-comer seemed to be a well set-up, distinguished looking man, wearing rough shooting clothes. He looked from one to the other in a brief silence, outwardly cool and collected; but Joan noted the extreme pallor of his handsome face, and when he spoke his voice shook.

"Ah, what a foolish lad you are!" he said, with an affectionate touch upon the younger man's shoulder. "You should not venture out until you are stronger. Come back with me now. I am sure you have quite startled this young lady."

Joan looked a hot remonstrance, but the other merely acquiesced sullenly, seeming even glad of the support he accepted.

"Yes, yes, I shall return with you!" he said, hurriedly.

As they passed up the avenue together Joan sped onwards. She decided to go at once to the police barrack, as she had been requested to do.

II.

So deeply engrossed was she in thought that she did not hear a footstep behind her, and the sound of a quiet voice in her ear was her first intimation that she was not alone. The girl wheeled round, at bay, and confronted the gaoler of the man she had determined to rescue. A pair of keen

blue eyes searched her face, read her inmost thoughts.

"Who are you?" she murmured faintly.

The man lifted his cap. "I am Michael O'Shane," he answered simply. "You are the English lady who is staying at Mrs Kelly's cottage. Pardon me for overtaking you, but I must have speech with you—" He paused as though at a loss for words to continue.

Joan stood silent, embarrassed. So this was Michael O'Shane!

She was surprised to find her indignation ebbing; that in spite of herself her companion impressed her favourably, with his grave, sunburnt face and pleasant tones.

"I am extremely sorry that Fate should have forced you into any connection with this affair," he went on presently. "Your presence in the roadway just then was an unfortunate accident, and Heaven knows what the consequences may be," he finished, half to himself.

A shadow of sadness fell across his face, a groan broke from him. Then, rousing himself, unconscious of his action, he imprisoned her slender hands in both his own.

"What do you know?" he demanded, abruptly.

Joan's eyes were lifted courageously to his.

"I know that you detain a man against his will for a purpose of your own; that he escaped this evening, only to be brought back again by you, whom he fears that he is in some cruel strait from which I may be able to release him!" She cried boldly.

"That is all?"

She thought that she heard a sigh of relief.

"And now you intend giving information of my—my guest at the police barrack?"

"Yes."

"You will not do anything of the kind."

"You cannot prevent me!" "No!" He laughed. "You are a free agent, and yet— Tell me one thing. You meet me in damaging circumstances, you believe me to be a criminal at present; but, withal, don't you feel that I should inspire you with confidence, if it were not for the knowledge you have gained—that you could trust me?"

The girl was yet unable to resist him.

"Under any other circumstances I should have trusted you," she conceded slowly.

"Then will you go a step further, and trust me now! I want your promise that you will remain silent about this evening's work until I give you leave to speak. I cannot tell you all; but I believe myself to be in the right, and I ask you to believe me, too. Will you try?"

"No, no! It would be horrible of me! And, oh, why should I trust you?" Joan cried wildly.

"Nevertheless, I think you will," he answered. "Listen! Your information will not benefit this man, and no harm will come to him in Ballyoshane. I swear. Whereas, if his presence is discovered now, ruin and destruction follow. I have told you all that I dare. You are quite at liberty to seek the police with your story, but my honour is in your hands. I am going to see you back to Mrs Kelly's now, and you can make up your mind as we go."

It was like a troubled dream to Joan as they paced along the quiet road in the August night between the fragrant hedgerows, her hand resting meekly up-

on the arm of this authoritative, mysterious criminal, who proved to be her hero, Michael O'Shane, too. When they reached Mrs Kelly's cottage he spoke again—gently, persuasively.

"You will be silent!"

Joan heard herself saying, "I will!"

And then O'Shane, with a whisper of gratitude, raised her fingers to his lips.

"You brave little girl!" he said wonderingly. "You will never repent of your clemency!"

A moment later Joan was standing alone, her brain whirling with the excitement of her adventure. Of a truth Irishmen were every bit as daring and impulsive as they were said to be!

The following morning Mrs Kelly walked into her lodger's room, and laid a packet in her hands.

"A letter which Master Michael gave me himself," she announced importantly.

Joan had passed a wakeful night. Michael O'Shane's blue eyes and saddened face, the intonation of his voice as he thanked her, refused to be banished from her mind. The words he had used to bend her to his will still rang in her hearing: "I believe myself to be in the right, and I want you to believe in me, too."

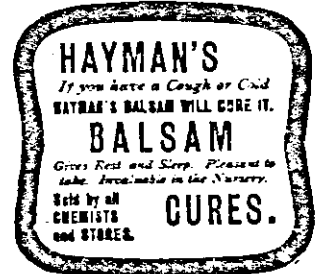
Trembling, she broke the seal now and read:

"Thank Heaven, all's well that ends well, and I am able to reward your trust by a full confession. My 'prisoner' is a great friend, who was in touch with me, believing he had killed a man at Ballydogan Fair. He fell ill on a raging fever, and I was obliged to frustrate his desire to give himself up to justice. In my temporary absence he escaped yesterday as you know, and sought your aid. When I got him back to the house he had already regretted his rash step, and was in terror of being arrested. Had you done his bidding, I am sure that the coming of the police and their investigation would have killed him.

And this morning we have news that the man he supposed dead is alive, and progressing towards recovery. My friend, I am happy to say, is mending rapidly. I thought to remove the ban of silence imposed upon you when I had contrived to ship him to America, but the burden has been taken from me— Always your grateful friend.

"Michael O'Shane."

Mrs Kelly's English lodger soon attained her wish of exploring the "big house," and the grounds thereof, the master making a very capable cicerone. That her holiday was thus perfected, there is no doubt. Furthermore, when it came to an end, the friends she had made in Ballyoshane were comforted at parting by the six communication of "Master Michael" that her absence would be but a matter of months, as he was going to fetch her back to them himself!



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# Here and There.

A well-dressed young American and his wife, while passing through St. Paul's churchyard, London, one day last month, caused considerable amusement among the fair sex by the novel manner in which the dutiful husband was carrying the baby, slung in front of him in a broad leather strap, which was passed round his neck.

Three Fisherrow (Midlothian) fishermen were out on the Forth when a storm arose, and for a time it looked as if they were not likely to successfully make the harbour. At this juncture one of them said, "Taru, can ye pray?" "Naw, Wattie, I canna." "Weel, jist lift a bit hymn." "I dinnae ken ony." Lord presbiter's Tam, we intae dae something' relegious." "Weel, Wattie, let's make a collection!"

The question who invented the clerical phrase "the kailyard school" to describe Scottish fiction of the present day, is set at rest by Mr. J. H. Millar, in his "Literary History of Scotland." The title was given to an article by Mr. Millar, which was published in the "New Review" when that periodical was edited by the late Mr. Henley. Mr. Millar has, therefore, been generally supposed to have originated the phrase, but he explains that Mr. Henley himself, in his editorial revision of the article, invented it.

The Pope's mother is still living. "What a proud mother she must be," remarks a Catholic contemporary. In the study which Cardinal Sarfo has occupied for the last ten years the only ornament was "the picture of a grey-haired peasant woman, in fustian dress, and with a kind, intelligent face"—the mother of the new ruler of the Catholic Church. His three sisters—Maria, Rosa, and Anna Sarfo—are also "living, and are well-preserved women of over 60," an excellent peasant type of Northern Italy.

Visitors to Stratford-on-Avon may frequently see two ladies driving a small trap drawn by a pair of shaggy Shetland ponies. The occupants are probably Miss Marie Corelli and Miss Viva, who is her great friend. One day quite recently the local guide pointed out Miss Corelli's residence to an American tourist. "Well, I guess," he remarked, "that is a fine house, and I wonder Miss Corelli has never married." "Well, you see, sir," replied the guide, "Shakespeare is dead."

F. Weiss, the Australian champion billiard-player, who is touring South Africa, played a match recently at Ladysmith with A. Johnson, who was conceded a start of 350 in 750, while Weiss only counted breaks of 50 or upwards. The local man won, scoring 750 to 510 by Weiss. Johnson's highest break was 31, and Weiss' 98. In a match with H. Levy, at Ladysmith, Weiss conceded 200 points in 500, and counted breaks of 80 and upwards. This time he won easily. He made breaks of 100, 110, 134, 82, and 80 (unfinished); while he once broke down at 78.

A well-known figure at Baltimore has passed away in the person of a man named Miller, who in face and form was the ideal model for "Uncle Sam." Miller was tall, thin, with aquiline nose, prominent features, clean-shaven upper lip, and a bunch of white chin-whiskers. When he donned the gorgeous raiment accredited to the part, he seemed to fill perfectly the fanciful character of "Uncle Sam," so familiar to every American. He first appeared in public at Washington many years ago, and since then he has taken part in practically every inaugural parade. He was in the World's Fair procession at Chicago. As Miller grew older the better he played his part, and even took to drawing his words through his nose. He was a great favourite with children, who believed him to be the real character he impersonated.

Mr. Stephen Fortescue, promoter of the project of a bowling team from the Mother Country visiting Australia and New Zealand, has announced the reluctant abandonment of the undertaking. In addition to communicating with several hundreds of leading clubs and most prominent bowlers, Mr. Fortescue made a tour in Ireland and Scotland as a member of Dr. W. G. Grace's bowling team, and throughout the whole route traversed did his utmost to enlist supporters on behalf of the movement he has laboured so devoutly to make a success.

The notice, "Smoking strictly forbidden," which appears near the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, was posted up two years ago in consequence of the nuisance caused by workmen then engaged in the building—smoking under the porch and filling the cathedral with the odour of pipes. "Since that time," says one of the vergers, "we have had great difficulty during the dinner hour in preventing people from smoking under the porch, and even inside the building. Foreigners are the chief offenders in this respect, but a still greater evil is the objectionable habit of spitting on the floor indulged in by many American visitors."

It has been asserted by some of those who have seen the cinematographic views of the Royal visit to New Zealand that the films are hopelessly bad, but Sir Joseph Ward evidently thinks that they are of some value, for he told Mr. Herries in the House last week that the views are in the hands of the Government, together with the necessary appliances for exhibiting them. The Government are now considering the advisability of sending some qualified person through the colony with these to give free exhibitions to the several public schools and institutions. It would, Sir Joseph thinks, be unwise to allow these films to be used by private individuals.

The wonderful tone of the old violins depended on the varnish a great deal. The secret has been lost. "We don't know to-day how the old varnishes were made. An expert who went into this subject deeply claimed that oil with gum in solution and colour evaporated in spirit were the bases of the best varnish. But whether he was right or wrong no one knows. A violin consists of from thirty to seventy pieces. We make violins to-day just as they were made in the past, but we don't varnish them the same. Some varnishes contained ground amber. Recently, to the ruin of a priceless Guarnerius, its varnish was scraped off and analysed, and an abundance of amber powder was found.

Mr W. T. Stead is responsible for a new book called "The Despised Sex," in which all the time-worn arguments in favour of a woman's suffrage are woven into the texture of a story—the impressions of a mid-African on a visit to London, remarks an Home paper. If Mr Stead had contented himself with steering clear of his well-known tendency to cast odium upon his own countrymen, he might have succeeded in making an exceedingly entertaining book. Englishmen are not so sensitive that they resent just criticism, but when this is turned into endless abuse of their country, their habits, and their customs they feel that even an anti-English Englishman like Mr Stead should be discouraged. "The Despised Sex" is worth reading merely for the purpose of testing the temper. A Briton who can read the book without feeling his ire rise against the author may claim the prize for phlegm.

A Wellingtonian who recently visited the Auckland Peninsula gave an exceedingly doleful account to a local paper of the condition of the alleged roads in the district, and in the House of Representatives Mr Harding took advantage of the text to ask the Minister for Public Works if he intended to take remedial steps. The reply

was not of a very encouraging nature, the Minister stating that the difficulty referred to is common to nearly all newly settled districts during the winter months, and does not apply only to the district north of Auckland. During the last few years the Government had spent large sums of money by way of grants and otherwise on these roads with the object of permanently improving them. It is hoped that during the current year further progress will be made in this direction.

"I don't wish to take up your time," the caller said, "unless you think it is likely I might interest you in the subject of life insurance."  
"Well," replied the man at the desk, "I'll not deny that I have been thinking about it lately. Go ahead. I'll listen to you."

Whereupon the caller talked to him forty-five minutes without a stop.  
"And now," he said at last, "are you satisfied that our company is one of the best, and that our plan of doing business is thoroughly safe?"

"Yes."  
"Have I convinced you that we furnish as good insurance as any other company, and at rates as cheap as you can get anywhere?"

"Yes; I am satisfied with what you say—perfectly satisfied."

"Well, don't you want to take out a policy with us?"

"Me! Oh, no! I'm a life insurance agent myself. I thought I might be able to get some tips from you!"

In reply to Mr Hanon, the Premier stated in the New Zealand House of Representatives that he was of opinion that power should be given to coroners, judges, and magistrates to suppress the publication of the horrifying details similar in character to that in the case of the inquest on Mrs Niccol. "It must be harrowing to the feelings of those bereaved, it does harm to the younger generation, and no good results follow therefrom. The prudent-minded should not be gratified at the expense of good taste and morality. The views thus expressed may be unpopular. They may be held to be a restriction of the freedom of the press, but if all journals are placed upon an equal footing there can be no good ground for complaint. It is owing to one paper doing that which is referred to in the question that others follow in like manner. If all were forbidden the ends of justice would be met without contaminating our public morality."

John Alexander Dowie, head of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, who was nearly mobbed in New York the other day, has planned for his American capital on the shore of Lake Michigan what he says will be the largest tabernacle in the world devoted exclusively to the worship of God. The structure will cost £200,000, and seat sixteen thousand persons. It will occupy a ground space of 230ft by 340ft, and will be Oriental in architecture. The proprietor's attempt to raise five million dollars to help build this palatial structure are not, if we can believe the cables, being enthusiastically sided by the New Yorkers. Two large galleries, in the shape of a horseshoe, will be built in such a manner that the public leading seats there will be able to see plainly the face of everyone sitting on the platform. These galleries will seat about 8400, the ground floor about 6000, the choir and officers' galleries about 1600, giving a total seating capacity of 16,000 persons. On either side of the basement, directly under the choir gallery, robing rooms for the candidates for baptism will be arranged, on one side the women, on the other the men; both rooms will be seventy by fifty-eight feet in size. On leaving the robing room the candidates go directly to the river-side baptistry by way of separate corridors, one for men and one for women, entirely hidden from public view until the large stairways leading into the baptistry proper are reached. Two hundred persons may be baptised at one time, and so complete will be the arrangements that one thousand can easily be baptised in one hour. The baptistry basin will be twenty feet wide and sixty-five feet long. It is to be arranged with flowers and shrubbery, while the water will come from a waterfall under the speaker's platform. The water will fall in full view of the public, flow through the entire length of the baptistry, and pass out of sight under the floor of the auditorium.

When President Roosevelt, in his official capacity, opens cattle shows, fairs and exhibitions, he does not wear his hearers with a political address, but delivers a little sermon, inculcating moral maxims, approving of this, disapproving of that. Next morning his sayings are published in the same columns as the Kaiser's. No doubt our readers have heard that he approves, among other things, of strenuousness, fruits and large families. It may be news to hear that he also approves of the Bible. Yet such is the case. The New York Bible Society recently issued Bibles with an endorsement by Mr Roosevelt, which they publish "with the kind permission of the President."

A lady detective is now employed to watch the mail packets at Dover in consequence of the continued extensive traffic in young girls from the Continent. The work of detecting the victims is very difficult because, although most of them come from humble surroundings, they are provided with good clothing before leaving their country. Many of the girls are deceived away from their homes under a promise of remunerative employment on the stage or elsewhere. Several cases have been discovered, and in these the victims after being warned of their probable fate have at once consented to return, their passage money being handed to them out of a special fund.

It is very difficult to do anything new nowadays (says "Sport"). The doings of the world have a trick of repeating themselves, and so, we presume, it will be to the end. When the news arrived that M. Edmond Blanc supplied the first three in the Grand Prix, it looked as if he had established a world's record, but it appears that in having three horses placed in a classic event he was anticipated some 70 years ago by no less a personage than His Majesty King William IV., who had a similar experience in the Goodwood Cup of 1830. In this event the then King had Fleur de Lys, Zingam, and The Colonel engaged, and he gave directions to run the lot, they finishing first, second and third, in the order named, in a field of nine. M. Blanc's trio—Quo Vadis, Caius, and Vincius—were placed in a field of 14. And so, in addition to the fame which his connection with Monte Carlo brings him, M. Blanc shares a unique record with a dead King.

The Auckland Board of Education last week laid on the table the annual returns of the travelling expenses and allowances of the members. The charges of the present members were as follows:—L. J. Bagnall (Turua), £33 12 6 (previous year £29 12 6); A. R. Harris (East Tanuki), £10 17/ (collected August, 1902); R. Hobbs (Papanui), nil (collected August, 1901); V. Lombe (Papatotoe and Morningside), £10 4 6 (previous year £20 3 1); S. Luke (Otahuhu) £11 10/ (previous year £10); P. M. Mackay (Auckland), nil (collected May, 1902); J. D. McKenzie (Whangarei), £73 4 (previous year £74 6); J. Muir (Remuera), £23 9 6 (previous year £19); J. G. Rutherford (Ahuera), £15 8/ (collected August, 1901); total, £187 17 6.

The chairman, Mr R. Hobbs, moved that the returns be submitted to the Finance Committee for them to report on. He thought the charges required some revision, because he was not aware till these returns were prepared that members living in the city or suburbs were drawing allowances. It had never been done in his time, and he never knew it done before till he saw the present returns. There was another matter which he thought would require a more definite arrangement; that was the allowance to (say) a member from Whangarei. It did not appear to him to be quite in accordance with the intentions of the Audit Department that a member leaving his home by steamer at night should charge 10/ for that day, as well as for the day of his return, when his steamer arrived back at six o'clock in the morning. He thought there should be a rule that twenty-four hours should constitute a legal day, and that the other points he had mentioned should be defined. It was right that members should have a fair allowance, but it was not expected that members of the Board should draw more than would be considered fair and equitable.

The chairman's motion was carried without further discussion.

"I see that a dancer has married an Archduke near Paris," said the boaster who reads all the papers.  
"She evidently kicked—I mean aimed—high," said the idiotic boaster.  
"She certainly took steps to secure him," the oldest boaster suggested.  
"I've no doubt she'll lead the poor man a pretty dance," snuffed the loud-lady.

And then the idiotic boaster ended it. "Well," he said, "let's at least give her credit for getting there with both feet."

The paternal management of the Berlin tramways, impressed by the awkward and even dangerous method in which the more or less lovely women detach themselves from their caravans, have resorted to a desperate remedy. They have plastered up in the cars a couple of photos on the "before" and "after" principle. In the one we see a dainty person descending the right way, to the admiration of the crowd, with a possible offer in the offing. In the other is represented the wrong way. The catastrophe has occurred, and lovely woman appears on the asphalt as a mere whirling of chiffons, and a couple of agitated understandings "a-waving in the breeze," amid the disrespectful attentions of a waerrel public.

The reorganisation of the personnel of the British Navy which Lord Selborne began at the end of last year is not yet completed. Two important changes are pending—the merging of the accountant branch and the abolition of chaplains. In a word, the paymaster and the parson are shortly to disappear. The supervision of the former department will henceforward be delegated to executive officers. In fact, the paymaster of the near future will be as much an executive "specialist" as the existing gunnery, torpedo, and navigating officer. With regard to the chaplains, it has long been felt that the duties they perform can well be carried out by the captain or commander. In some ships the chaplain is also naval instructor, but the duties of this latter office are to be delegated to some other rank. In addition to these changes a variety of reforms are expected by the navy medical branch to take effect. The chief purport of these is to give young doctors seniority more rapidly than at present. In regard to this, however, nothing definite is known.

A curious fact has been brought under our notice which, considering the interest now taken in the question of Imperial preferential trade, deserves a certain amount of public attention. On some large classes of goods imported from Japan to New Zealand duty is levied on the basis of about 2 1/2 per cent. In Japan the exchange value of the yen is very nearly 2 1/2. One of the last quotations being 2 1/2-16, and it is only very recently that it has fallen so low. It is clear that if the yen is rated here at about 1 1/2 less than its exchange value, the exporter of goods from Japan to New Zealand practically gets a bounty amounting to about 50 per cent. There are many lines of merchandise in which Japan competes more or less directly with England in our markets; and these are many more in which the cheapness of labour helps the Oriental producer to keep British manufactures out of our markets. It is plain that to allow the Japanese exporter a 50 per cent. better rate of exchange here than he enjoys in his own country, means a heavy premium in his favour, and practically gives him the benefit of a differential duty as against England. Possibly investigation would reveal other inconsistencies of a similar nature; but in any case here is a small opportunity which the Minister in charge may easily seize to give British trade a chance of competing with its rivals on absolutely fair terms.

Miss Katie Seymour, the Gaiety favourite, died after a brief illness on September 18th, at the Paddington Nursing Home, London. It was only the previous Friday that she returned from South Africa, where she had been touring. It was understood that the cause of her death was Bright's disease. Miss Seymour was only thirty-four years old. It is no exaggeration to say that Miss Katie Seymour was one of the greatest dancers the English stage has seen since Kate Vaughan. Her

dancing was largely individual, for although she did not wear the attenuated skirts of the ballet dancer, she did not use the trailing robes worn by Miss Letty Lind and the other "skirt" dancers. She was, if the phrase may be used, a humorous dancer, and her movements were full of an irresistible light-heartedness. To play coarsers her name will always be associated with the Gaiety Theatre, now closed for ever, though before she went to that playhouse in 1890 she had already won a considerable reputation in the music-halls. At the Gaiety she played *vis-à-vis* to Mr Edmund Payne in "The Shop Girl," "The Runaway Girl," "The Messenger Boy," and "The Circus Girl." After leaving the Strand she first went to America and played in "The Casino Girl" under the management of Mr George Washington Lederer. Then followed an engagement at the Alhambra, and more recently a tour in South Africa.

Mr J. M. Barrie appears to be still without honour in his own country, in spite of the fact that at the present time he has three plays running at the three first-class West End theatres. A London Scot, visiting home from Kilmuir (Thrum) says that the natives here look upon the author of "A Window in Thrums" as "a haiverin' body," who has made money out of books that have nothing in them. "If ye tak' the bees out," said one of his critics, "there's naething left but the ordinal crack an' conversation ye might hear among folk in the High-street any'where. An' I assure ye no one of these things in that book ever happened." The correspondent says that when "The Little Minister" made a hit, an old Thrum woman, who had known Barrie "from a bairn," remarked, "Weel, it's a gude thing the laddie can mak' somethin' at his writin'—he could never hae made his livin' in the mill." Working at the mills was the old dame's standard of respectable employment, it being the staple work of Thrum, and seeing that Barrie was too "silly" (physically weak) to earn his bread in that way, it was a mercy he could get it, even if only by "writin' haivers."

Heroes and heroines are in danger of rapid extinction, according to the whimsical suggestion of a writer in the "Popular Science Monthly." This alarming prospect for the readers of fiction is based on the low birth rate in novels united with the abnormal death rate. Low as this birth rate has always been, the writer says that he is under the impression that it is decreasing, and that while families of a respectable size may occasionally be found in the older writers, they scarcely exist in the most modern. The following analysis of the size of families in "Vanity Fair" gives point to the contention, it being stated that a family of three keeps the population stationary:—"Looky Sharp was an only child, nor do we hear of uncles or aunts. 'Vanity Fair' is a novel without a hero. Sir Pitt Crawley, twice married, has four children, his

brother five, and his sister none; of there is an average family of three, just sufficient to maintain that questionable line. Osborne and Dobbin each have two sisters, and we have again the family required for a stationary population. The Sedley family consists of brother and sister. In the next generation, however, things are worse. Amelia has two husbands and two children. Becky one child, Sir Pitt one, and Josh none. This is apparently an average family of 1.83, which is almost exactly that of the Harvard graduates, according to President Eliot."

The Jamaica negroes, some of whom are great dandies in their way, make a soap out of cocoanut oil and home-made lye; and a fine scrub it is, smooth and fragrant. This cocoanut-oil soap is used for shaving (says "Health"). When a man wishes to shave in the morning he starts out with his cocoanut-shell cup and his donkey-tail brush and a bottle. It is never any trouble to find an empty bottle in Jamaica, even in the mountains. At least twenty generations of thirsty people have lived there and thrown away the empty bottles. The man carries no mirror, because he has none to carry. Not one negro cabin in a dozen has even a cheap looking-glass. But Nature provides the mirror as well as the soap. The man goes to a convenient pool in the mountain stream, where the water is still, and there is his mirror. He breaks his bottle on a stone, and picks out a good sharp piece. Then he lathers his face profusely, and begins to scrape away with his piece of glass, which works almost as well as a sharp razor.

A spider and a fly can't make a bargain.

Fine harness does not make a fast horse.

Gilded youth is quickly furnished by adversity.

Little things console us because little things afflict us.

Prejudice roosts on a perch from which facts are barred.

Love is sometimes blind, and sometimes it is only a blind.

The more you speak of yourself the more you are likely to lie.

Better say only half you think than think only half you say.

Poverty may pinch an honest man, but it never destroys him.

Curiosity is looking over other people's affairs and overlooking our own.

Some of the blessings that come in disguise never take their masks off.

There is nothing new under the sun except the methods of expressing old thoughts.

The important difference between the natural and human sponge is that you can't squeeze anything out of the latter.

Truth is not a dress-suit consecrated to special occasions; it is the strong, well-woven, durable homespun for daily living.

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The Cunard liner *Campania* has achieved the distinction of establishing the first wireless money order office at sea. Mr Henry Robertson, one of the saloon passengers, was dismayed on finding in the middle of the voyage for Liverpool that he did not possess sufficient ready money to pay the Customs dues on arrival at New York. To add to his difficulties, he had no friends on board to whom he could appeal. He remembered, however, that his mother had sailed from New York in the *Lucania* on the same day that the *Campania* left Liverpool. When the liner was in mid-ocean, Mr Robertson sent a Marconigram addressed to his mother on board the *Lucania*, with which communication had been established when the two vessels were fifty miles distant. The message transmitted by Mr Robertson to the *Lucania* read: "Pay purser *Lucania* £10, asking him to advise purser *Campania* to pay me." An hour later the purser of the *Campania* received the following message from the purser of the *Lucania*: "Pay Henry Robertson £10. Have collected amount from his mother aboard *Lucania*."

It has frequently been said that muscles in excess of the practical wants of the body become not only useless but a danger. As soon as training ceases, the muscles must degenerate, this degeneration sets loose in the system harmful salts which poison the blood, and render one very liable to disease. A celebrated writer says: "A big arm, fine biceps, and deltoid development may be very pretty to look at, but such arms have oftentimes cost their owners their lives." Again he says, "One of the greatest pugilists quitted his regular occupation to enter the counting house. He died within a year of tuberculosis. The immense lungs necessary to the prize ring fell into disuse in the counting house. Disease meant degeneration. Death followed. I have had under my professional observation several professional athletes in whom a similar result occurred."

Writing on "Death Warnings" in the "London Morning Post." Mr. Andrew Lang tells what he describes as "a really original and gruesome death warning." The anecdote, says Mr. Lang, comes to me at fourth hand. A saw the phenomenon, and told B, who told C, who told me. A was driving westward from Euston Station in a hansom. He saw approaching him on the pavement a servant girl, who appeared to have been sent out on an errand. She met a man, whose back only was visible to A, she looked at him, gave a shriek of terror, and fled. After driving on for some thirty yards A stopped his cab, alighted, and walked back to confront the man who had frightened the maid. The man had the face of a corpse! A watched him go to a certain house and let himself in with a latchkey. Next day A went and reconnoitred the house. It had a bill of lading of apartments to let, and on the excuse of wanting to take rooms A rang the bell, and was admitted. There were two sets of rooms, but, as to one set, the landlady was uncertain whether she could let them. They were held by a Mr. —, who was at the front in the South African war (as a volunteer, apparently), and a report of his death had appeared in the newspapers of the previous day. Till the report was confirmed the rooms could not be let. The report was confirmed, and the inference was that A and the maid had seen a phantom of the late tenant, with a phantom latchkey, which opened a material door.

A dramatist like Mr. J. M. Barrie, whose plays have firmly caught the public on both sides of the Atlantic who has had for some time two comedies running in London and America, to say nothing of the provinces, at the same time, must have been taking as toll from the theatre-going public quite £500 a week for a considerable time, or allowing for certain months in the year when the theatre is practically dead, the income of the playwright who attains to the eminence of Mr. Barrie may, without exaggeration, be put at the comfortable sum of £25,000, says a correspondent in a London paper, discussing the earnings of dramatists.

It must be remembered, too, that though a play often disappears from the ken of the London playgoer after its first run, it will in many cases, be toured in the provinces year after year, every

week making some addition to the royalties it has earned. A successful play, therefore, may be stated to be worth £10,000. A very fairly successful novel is certainly not worth more than £1,000, and very few novels reach that figure. It is, therefore, easy to see that of all men who earn their livings with their pen the dramatist is most to be envied, particularly as the actual number of words in a play rarely exceeds 8000—that is, rather less than seven columns of the ordinary newspaper—while few modern novels are less than 90,000 words, and many of them reach as much as 120,000.

There is an old wine-mellowness about London, a softness, a quietness that is one of its chief charms (says an American writer named Fremont Olden in the "Frisco" Bulletin). No one is in a rush, and no one talks loudly or excitedly, and for true politeness—politeness that has the ring of sincerity to it—you will find more of it in London than in any other European city. As an evidence of it, I rang the bell at Grey's Inn the other day and asked the servant who answered it if strangers were allowed to enter. He said I might see the hall. He disappeared and presently returned with an elderly gentleman with gray hair and a kindly face, who said he was a "bencher," and would show me the hall. He spent an hour in taking me about the place, giving me the history of every window pane, picture, chair, and table. After he had gone I learned that my guide was none other than Sir Arthur Collins, Justice of the Supreme Court of India.

A charming little love-story reached the "live-happy-ever-after" stage at Earl's Court Exhibition, London, recently.

It began in far-away Egypt, where, in a little village close by the mighty Nile dam, Hamdun Salach, a stalwart hunter, of the Bishari tribe, first met Halima Mahamed. Though Halima was but fourteen she could not withstand Hamdun's love-making, and, in direct defiance of tribal etiquette, met him several times in secret. Hamdun then sent his mother to contract a bargain on his behalf for the hand of the maiden, and a marriage was arranged. Everything was going smoothly, when suddenly there occurred a hitch in the shape of Halima's bashfulness. She expressed a determined objection to marrying anyone until a year had elapsed, and as this could not be overcome the two left Assouan in January last, engaged to visit London in the same troupe, and sailed from Egypt for Earl's Court. The strange land, the chilly and wet summer, and homesickness, all combined to weaken Halima's resolve, and as Hamdun was persistent and devoted in his courting by the Great Wheel, she at last consented to an immediate marriage.

There is of course a dark side to London, as there is to all great cities. It lies in what is known as the East End. There the poorer classes live, and there the criminal element abides. An Englishman who knows London well told me that very few of the workmen of East London are married to the women they live with (says an American writer in the course of an article on "The Great Smoke"). A clergyman of his acquaintance, learning of this deplorable condition, decided that it was because these men were too poor to stand the expense of marriage. Arriving at this conclusion, he took up temporary residence in that neighbourhood and made it known that he would marry the entire community free of charge. He expected to do a tremendous business at once. But no one came. Then he looked up a man whom he knew to be living with a woman not his wife, and asked him why he didn't marry. "I don't believe in it," the fellow said. "There is nothing in it for me. As it is, me and my woman get on all right together. She stays at home, does her work proper, and behaves herself. Why does she? Because she knows if she doesn't, I'll turn her into the street. Now suppose I were to marry her. She'd neglect me; she'd run about with other men and she'd drink, and if I turned her into the street, she'd go to the parish and say she was a married woman, married to a brute of a man who wouldn't support her, and I would find myself in gaol. No, sir. No marriage for me." The clergyman thereupon took down his sign and moved into a more congenial part of London.

The following extract from "The Little Revenge" in the August "Scribner" gives some interesting facts about old Clovelly, the picturesque little Devonshire village:

The boat shot from the landing like a high-strung horse given his head, out across the unbordered road of silver water, and in a moment, as we raced toward the low white clouds, we turned and saw the cliffs of the coast and the tiny village, a gay little pile of white, green-latticed houses steeped in foliage lying up a crack in the precipice. Above was the long stretch of the woods of Hobby Drive. Clovelly is so old that its name is in Domesday Book; so old, some say, that it was a Roman station, and its name was *Clausa Vallis*. But it is a nearer ancientness that haunts it now. Every wave that dashes on the rocky shore carries a legend of the ships to the Invincible Armada.

As we asked question after question of our sailor, handsomer than ever today with a red silk handkerchief knotted sailor-fashion about his strong neck, story after story flashed out, clear and dramatic, from his answers. The bunch of houses there on the shore? Yes, that had a history. The people living there were a dark-featured, reticent lot, different from other people hereabouts. It was said that one of the Spanish galleons went ashore there, and the men had been saved, and had settled on the spot, and married Devonshire women, but their descendants had never lost the tradition of their blood. Certainly their speech and their customs were peculiar, unlike those of the villages near.

He had been there and had seen them, had heard them talk. Yes, they were distinct. He laughed a little to acknowledge it, with an Englishman's distrust of anything theatrical. A steep cliff started out into the waves, towering three hundred feet in almost perpendicular lines. Had that a name? Yes, that was called "Gallantry Bower." No; it was not a sentimental story—it was the old sea fight over again. It was said that an English sailor threw a rope from the height and saved life after life of the crew of a Spaniard wrecked under the point.

The average weight of the human brain (male) is about 40½oz at forty years of age, the period of its highest development. The proportionate weight of the brain to that of the body is far greater at birth, when it is as 1 to 6. Little wonder that babies learn so rapidly! At ten years the proportion is as 1 to 14, which accounts for boys of that age being so "fresh" with their superiors. When able to vote this proportion is reduced to 1 to 30, and after the young man is settled in life it is further reduced to about 1 to 36½. It has been said often that Daniel Webster had the heaviest brain of any man in the world in any age. This is pure guesswork. His brain actually weighed 61½ oz, or about 30 per cent. above the average. The ordinary brain begins to lose weight after the fortieth year at the rate of one ounce every decade. Webster's continued to grow till the day of his death. Even his skull increased in size, as if to make room for the brain. His hats were always getting too small for him. He dared not leave his mea-

sure with a hatter because it had to be changed every year or two. The heaviest brain of which there is accurate record was that of Tugenieff, the celebrated Russian poet and novelist. It weighed 71 1-3 ounces, nearly ten ounces more than Webster's. Cuvier, father of modern comparative anatomy, a man of gigantic intellect and ceaseless activity had a big brain. It weighed 65.7 ounces, or 1 1/2 ounces more than Webster's. Byron had brains to spare, if weight counts for anything. His cerebral organs were nearly as large as Webster's, weighing 63.8 ounces. Schiller, another poet, owned 55.8 ounces of grey matter. While Dante, still another, had 50.2 ounces. Bausa, the great German mathematician, had a brain of 52.7 ounces. Professor Virchow has found a brain weighing 67.7 ounces, but its owner was absolutely without high mental development. He may have been sickly, as men with big brains usually are, the body being unable to nourish well so much head power. When you see a man whose Derby or silk hat becomes him, seems a part of him, "sets off," and adds much to the tout ensemble, you may rest assured that he has a 6½ head. But you cannot tell whether he possesses a brain of high quality or not. In brains it is quality first, quantity next.

Philadelphia may produce a new motive power by harnessing the heat of the earth and utilizing it for the driving of all classes of machinery. The discovery of the practicability of this is claimed by Mr H. C. Demming, mineralogist of the State Board of Agriculture. "It is now possible to have hot water and steam through holes bored into the earth," says Mr Demming. "It is not only possible, but, with modern appliances, practicable. As coal and petroleum become dearer, it will finally be necessary to heat our buildings with something else. Some are looking to electricity, generated by wind or water power; but others, practical men, are inquiring whether we cannot economically make use of the heat within the earth." Hot water, Mr Demming continues, can be had from a depth of 7000ft, and there should be no difficulty, he thinks, in obtaining steam lower down, as the average rate of increase in heat as one descends a mining shaft is 1 deg. Fahrenheit for every 60ft. Mr Demming proposes that, to raise steam, twin holes should be bored down to the hot area. The holes would converge at the bottom. Water poured into one would be heated and turned into steam, which would pass through the second hole to the earth's surface for use. "The pressure of such a column of steam would be enormous; for, apart from the initial velocity, the descending column of cold water would exert a pressure of at least 5000lb to the square inch, which would drive everything movable through the second hole. Give me a dozen pairs of holes," says Mr Demming to the Philadelphia local authorities, "1ft in diameter and each 12,000ft deep, and I will guarantee to run continuously every movable piece of machinery in the city; with 24 pairs of holes I will, in addition, supply enough electricity to illumine every street and building from sunset to sunrise, and with 36 pairs every part of the city can be heated as well."

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# After Dinner Gossip

and

## Echoes of the Week.

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### Tourists and Their Liquor.

To add one's mite to the wealth of ridicule and contempt with which the Licensing Bill has been received on all hands, seems rather like hitting a man when he is down. But Mr Seddon has broad shoulders and a sovereign contempt for criticism, so one may as well enjoy some of the humour which several clauses of the new measure abounds. The point that particularly tickles my sense of the ludicrous is the provision which is to allow a tourist to obtain drinks in a prohibition district in which even private individuals will be prosecuted for keeping beer, wine or spirits in their own homes for the consumption of themselves and their friends. The question which at once arises is, what is a tourist? The dictionary defines it as thus: Tourist, one who makes a tour; a traveller who goes about from place to place enjoying scenery, etc. Now here is a pretty kettle of fish to start with, for there is no indication given as to the length of the tour which entitles a man to be called a tourist. A journey of three miles gives a man a right to be called a traveller. A Wellingtonian in Auckland, or a Dunedin man in Christchurch, would certainly be a tourist; I take it, if travelling for pleasure, and under the circumstances everyone would travel ostensibly for pleasure. We should then see the quaint sight of a city where strangers could indulge in refreshments to their hearts' content, while the inhabitants looked thirstily and enviously on. One would, I suppose, get one's certificate as a tourist when one took a railway or steamer ticket for any town over a certain distance off, and would have to show it before one could obtain the foaming tankard, or whatever one's particular "vanity," as Mr Stiggins called it, happened to be. A tourist, too, will no doubt be allowed to carry a flask; but, if so, what is he to do with it if he happens to go on a visit to a friend; for in a prohibition district to have the smallest drop in the house of a private individual is to render him (or her) liable to prosecution. Of course it may be said that the tourist exemption will cover this, and that tourists will be allowed to give a friend a drink. If so, tourists are likely to become exceedingly popular, and those fond of the forbidden thing will keep a tame tourist on the premises, or rather a series of them, to call week by week. This would, of course, open a new avenue of employment in which a certain section of the community would find congenial employment. They would tour the colony, visiting the houses of those who love their toddy, and standing treat; being, of course, well paid and well pruned for the trouble and subsequent headaches. But, of course, Mr Seddon might soon put a stop to this, and a tourist would be sworn to drink by himself and never to share his flask with his host under any condition whatsoever. There are other possibilities, a host of them in fact, but space will not permit of further reference at present.

### Scenery Preservation and Protection.

Everyone will applaud the wise action of the Government in taking practical steps to preserve as Government reserves the various beauty spots with which this colony abounds, and on the spending of a sum of £100,000 on this object if necessary. Action has happily been taken in time, and if wisely administered the funds should allow the preservation of several places whose beauty or historic interest make them a desirable national possession. But it would pay the country to go further, and to spend still more money on the beautification of places naturally lovely, but capable of natural improvement. The extent to which this is done in Switzerland and in Italy is extraordinary, and most unquestionably it pays very handsomely. The Tourist Department have done such ex-

cellent work with the moderate means at their command that I think it would be almost impossible to be too lavish in the funds allowed them, and it would be an investment on which the returns would increase with every year of the colony's life. The number of persons with money to spend and time to employ seeing new places is almost incredible, and fast steam transit has made New Zealand almost as accessible now as was Norway a few years back. By preserving and improving the scenic beauties with which the colony is so liberally endowed, and by making New Zealand one of the finest sporting countries in the world we are adding to our forest assets, and every private and individual effort, as well as every public endeavour, should be unceasingly devoted to this direction.

### Colonial v. London Journalism.

As readers of these paragraphs may possibly have noticed, I am not one of those who believe in the wisdom or good taste of perpetually blowing our own particular New Zealand trumpet, but I have lately had it brought very forcibly before me that we have good right to be proud of our daily papers in this colony. "Weekly, too,"—you would add, and but for the impropriety of self-praise out of an advertisement, I should have added them, for indeed all our New Zealand weeklies are good; and the matter in my mind, and which is alone of general interest, concerns the daily press—chiefly. It, as I have said, does us credit, and as much for what it declines to do as what it does. That the chief morning and evening papers give a very excellent review of the news of the world without and of matters of local interest is admitted, and this is good, but that they have stood clear of the tactics of the sensational methods which are now the fashion in the great London half-penny dailies, and which are still more grossly noticeable in certain American journals, is even better. In the ordinary course of professional work I have seen much of the papers whose outrageous conduct over the disappearance of Miss Hickman drew from the "Times" the dignified regret that journalism should be so proscribed. The reproach of the greatest of daily organs in the world was well deserved. The papers concerned behaved shamefully over this case, but it was only on a par with what is now a recognised policy in journalism in the Old Country. Sensationalism at any price seems the motto—and the instruction to reporters and contributors is all too evidently "Get news; true, if possible, but get news." Accuracy, absolute and perfect, should be the backbone of journalism. To obtain news early and get ahead of rivals is the ambition of every pressman, but if speed is secured at the expense of accuracy it becomes, or should become, valueless. But the odd part of it is that apparently it does not. The half-penny journals at Home publish much news that is correct, and publish it in very concise form, but some of them, at all events, also, and as it seems, deliberately, publish daily lengthy rumours, suppositions, confessions, and what not, which are palpably false. These are hotly denied or ridiculed by the opposition papers, or are perhaps just simply disproved by the events of the few hours following publication; but no notice is taken of the inaccuracy, no apology made for the publication of false information. All this is called "smart," and is, one understands, up-to-date journalism. All I can say is, long may we remain out of date in New Zealand. The space given day after day to murderers, their private concerns, and alleged new discoveries of their crimes, and to such cases as this of Miss Hickman, arouse positive disgust. A certain inquest was reported a week or so ago with more detail than seemed to me necessary, but other-

wise the daily press of this colony is remarkably free from the chief sins which are beginning to so seriously lower the status of daily journalism in the Old Country.

### The Last Straw.

As though there were not weights enough and to spare in the British system of measuring things, the Board of Trade people have just added another to the list. The little stranger is to be known as the half-cental, and weighs 60lbs—certainly a very fine child, but still it will hardly be welcome. A calculating person has come to the conclusion that about one-half a boy's time at school is taken up in committing to memory the long string of weights and measures which find a place at the beginning of the arithmetic book. Who does not remember them, even now, with a shudder, and a feeling of pity for the present day pupil—the victim of British stupidity and conservatism, doomed to a worse task than stonewalling Sisyphus? Why, even now, with all the added experience of use, one can not always say if asked quickly how many gills and pints go to make up each other (whichever it is), or what the difference is between grains and dwts, drachms and minims. It gives one the nightmare to simply try and run through even the names of the multitudinous systems with which the British tradesmen fence themselves round. On the other hand, the 'cute continental has three or four systems of measurements which are simplicity itself, and enable him to do without a minimum of exertion that which would take the average British person much time, and require a great deal of brain fag and voluminous figuring. Why cannot some Chamberlain of weights and figures arise and wake us up to a consciousness of the time we are wasting by clinging to obsolete methods when our neighbours and rivals have cast them off long ago?

### The Veil of Futurity Rent.

We laugh at the Maori tohunga and invoke the law to suppress makutu-ism, but at the same time there is enough of the taint of superstition left in our natures as the legacy of our ancestors to make it easy for an incredible number of fortune-tellers, and ladies with foreign names, who read palms, to make a pretty comfortable living among us. Thackeray says we are all hypocrites, some for a good purpose and some for a bad. If we are all perfectly frank we will have to admit that we are, none of us, absolutely free from the influence of that state of the mind which has been termed a "misdirection of religious feeling." We have all heard of the man who used to laugh at the silly people who would never start a journey on a Friday. He was above such things and did not believe in them. He always started a journey on a Friday, and had never had an accident yet. "In fact, sir, I wouldn't start on any other day of the week but Friday!" Zadkiel and other smart folk take advantage of this peculiarity in their fellow-men and make money out of it. The annoying part of it is that one always forgets to take note of these prophecies when they are made. Ninety-nine go by without the remotest suspicion of being fulfilled, and no one bothers to remark the fact, but when the hundredth comes along, and by a lucky coincidence an event something like comes with it, the prophet loudly announces the fact (or fiction), and so preserves his reputation. The other day a weird publication called "Out of the Silence," with a lot of things like oughts-and-crosses and Egyptian mummies about it, reached me. It seems that so long ago as April, 1902, one of the seers whose lucubrations appear in this journal of esoteric lore, predicted trouble between Russia and Japan. He says: "By a process of intuition and deduction we believe the 14th and 29th of August to be focus days of danger—September 12, 23, October 10, 23, November 8, 19, and December 13 are also evil—and so leave our prediction for Time, the great alchemist, to test in his crucible." The prophet evidently anticipates the crucible will "boil-over." Incidentally he remarks that "the Japs will win handsomely and astonish Europe; the Vernal Equinox, early in the coming year at Tokio, being a glorious one, Venus exactly culminating in her exaltation in Pisces, and the sun in conjunction

with Jupiter in Ares." If anything were wanting to make clearer this already crystal clear argument, there is also a seven-line sun with a lot of full-stops, degree marks, stray signs of the Zodiac sked out with a liberal dash of "intuition" and "deduction." In a sort of supplement called "Arrows of the Chasm" he deals out promiscuous trouble, and anyone who wants to test his powers should remember that "in 1905 Don Carlos will come into his own and rule over Spain; February 19, 1905, Emperor of Austria sleeps with his father; 1908, Duc D'Orleans becomes King of France; November, 1908, Mark Twain tries a joke on Charon; August, 1924, Republic in England; May, 1929, Home Rule, Ireland; December, 1929, Lord Roberts meets Nelson." These are a few of the principal events in the seer's calendar. It is only fair to him to state that he prophesied "No Cup for Shamrock" as far back as June of this year. There are other equally interesting events foreshadowed, but I will leave this new reader of visions at "August, 1924, Republic in England."

### Not Such a Fool as He Looked.

The passengers by the Orient liner had come to the conclusion that the young English tourist was a fool, but, as an American put it, they were not quite sure "what size of a fool" he was. In running his eye over the breakfast list he saw sea-pie amongst the dishes, and said, "Haw! sea-pie; I've never eaten it, don't you know. Steward, bring me some, please." The table watched him curiously as the dish was brought, and just as curiously the tourist gazed at the strange mixture put before him. "Take it away, steward," he said decisively. "But you haven't tasted it," protested one of the guests. "No," said the novice emphatically, "and I don't intend to—too much debris." There was a roar of laughter at the table, and the tourist's size in the fool-gauge shrank considerably.

### What Deaf People Should Avoid.

The things that deaf peoples should avoid are well summed up in a few brief hints entitled "Don'ts for the Deaf," part of an article on "Hygiene of the Ear," contained in the latest number of the "Review of the Ear, Nose, and Throat Diseases." Turning the leaves of this popular magazine one finds also much of interest in the way of general information on deafness and different forms of catarrh. The routine treatment of the aural specialist comes in for much criticism, and new methods are thoroughly discussed, preference being given to the new treatment based on outward applications behind the ears. This treatment, the Drouet Method, which can be applied at home, is said to have effected a large number of cures in cases where other methods failed. Those who are interested in the subject can obtain a copy of the "Review of Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases," free by post, by addressing the Editor Drouet Institute, 10, Marble-arch, London, W., England. Another special feature of the "Review" is the enclosure of a Patient's Report Form, for the benefit of those who wish advice, for which no fee is charged if given by correspondence.

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MY DEAR DOCTOR, - I have no hesitation whatever in saying "Yes" in reply to your letter received to-day, in which you ask me whether I am willing to let the public know the benefits I receive at your hands. When I saw you upon the recommendation of Mr. Griffith (whom you had previously completely cured of a similar complaint), I was taken in about as 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 by future was a blank. I was an object of misery and despair. You told me I might and would cure vigour of mind, so that I should no longer be fearful and stupid in society, and could take my part and interest in the amusements and sports of others, and have an ambition in my business. At first I thought your promise was too good to be true. I am thankful to say I tried your treatment, I never solemnly feel a different man to-day. I have put on flesh and muscle and have my amount of endurance in myself. I can perfectly breathe and quite happy, and capable of enjoying myself as others do, and I don't worry about my mind and body. I can't 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.



TURF FIXTURES.

October 27, 28 - Danversville J.C. October 28, 29 - Gore R.C. October 29, 30 - Poverty Bay T.C. October 29, 30 - Masterton R.C. November 7 - N.Z.J.C. Metropolitan (New Zealand Cup)

TURF NOTES.

Mr C. E. Major's Loch Erin has gone wrong, and it is thought may not prove trainable again.

Many local backers supported Stalpeen's half-brother Air Motor for the Caulfield Cup.

Halberdier has been hindered and is to be spoiled, as it has been found that he is not likely to stand strong work.

The spring meeting of the Wellington Racing Club will result in a handsome profit, which is pleasing to all concerned.

At Retribution (P.A.) on September 11, Prince Albert paid a mile in 2m 21s, which is a world's record for a half-mile track.

Position got into a wire fence on the eve of the Wellington Racing Club's meeting, and his trainer could not start him there.

With Tallas out of the way, and a less solid pace made, Sheppard might have won the Wellington Racing Club's Handicap on Wednesday last.

Waikabou and Beales, the Taranaki-bred champions still in the flesh at Scone's farm, show they are having a good time, rarely doing any work.

Sir George Clifford was absent from the Wellington Racing Club's meeting, where he had looking engaged. Mr Walter Clifford was present on the second day.

The following are the latest foalings at Sylvia Park: - St. Lora (St. Leger - Charlotte), filly to Stacey DeLaval; Keesake (St. Leger - Bangh), colt to Exposition.

Will-o-the-Wisp, who won the Parliamentary Handicap at Wellington in July, 1902, beating Jack Eric, (Trudy) and a few others, was an unsuccessful competitor at the Hunt.

Rawlin was nearly down, after running a short distance in the Flying Handicap at Wellington, and seemed quite unable to get afterwards, and his many supporters were sadly disappointed.

Elch W. broke the world's record for pacing mares on a half-mile track at Anderson (Ind) on September 4, in the free-for-all pace. Her time by quarters was 33.50, in 3/4, in 59, in 78.

Sandy has only to win another race to lose his back status, and will likely run at the Waverley or Waitara meetings, or both, where he may pair with his qualification for second back society.

Mr William Wilson, of Whenuakura, a well-known figure at Wanganui and Rotorua meetings, and a leader, who has been on a visit to England, returned from a trip to the Old Country on Thursday, to Wellington.

Okeah, after her long spell, came out at the Hunt during the week, and stripped in nice order, carrying less flesh than usual. This mare and Battaxe have been on the scene about six years. Battaxe looked well, too.

Reynone, who was so severely injured in the Auckland Cup of 1902, has apparently all right again. He has been taken up from the paddock by Mr Wood, and will shortly be put into work again.

Dan O'Brien came up from Taranaki last week, bringing with him a two-year-old full brother to Heron, the New Zealand Cup creditor. This colt is a well-given youngster, and has been placed with J. Lee, who will train him.

A three-year-old filly in Ross Hunter's hands had the misfortune to break her leg while playing in the paddock on Saturday afternoon. She was by Ledwith's Hinnon, a very fast sprinter that Sam Powell used to race.

A number of Hawke's Bay sportsmen were disappointed by their absence from the Wellington R.C. spring meeting, owing to the Hawke's Bay spring being held at the same date, and sheeping operations engaging so much of their time.

Indeed I amongst the applicants for the position of secretary to the Wellington Racing Club will be a number of secretaries of racing institutions throughout the colony, so that in making an appointment of a successor to Mr J. P. Clark whose retirement is much regretted, the executive will have a wide selection to choose from.

He in Bay was unable to compete on the second day of the Wellington Racing Club's meeting, owing to the injuries received in running on the first day. It is, however, not thought probable that it will be long before he can run again. Master Alix was taken home, having contracted a cold.

The crack trotting gelding Major Delmar got over a mile in 2m 21s, at Syracuse (N.Y.) on September 11, lawing the gelding record by 1/200. Three days later Major Delmar attempted to improve upon his own record, but failed to do better than 2m 21s. An offer of \$2000 was subsequently made for Major Delmar, and refused.

Hincantur's trainer decided not to run her at Wellington, fearing that the hard ground would come all against her prospects for the New Zealand Cup. In this world was, I think, right, for there is no doubt that should the daughter of Robinson Crusoe continue sound, she will render an excellent account of herself in the big handicap of the year. The little mare is going on the right way.

A public meeting was held in the Towal Hotel, on Saturday, October 24, Mr R. W. Brown in the chair. After considerable discussion it was resolved to hold races in January, and a strong committee were elected to carry out the same. Mr T. Marshall was elected treasurer, and Mr E. Ferguson secretary.

The American crack, McChesney, was in goal form last month, and among the races he accounted for was the Twin City Handicap at Sheephead Bay (New York). He carried 12, beating 10 others easily in 2 1/4 miles for the mile and a quarter. His owner, Sumner, is credited with having won \$2,000, in bets.

The V.R.C. stewards had an exhaustive meeting on the 24th, the chief business connected with the fall of Czarowitch and Duke of Grafton in the October Stakes. All the jockeys engaged in the race except Pickett, who was absent in Sydney, were examined, and the stewards came to the conclusion that there was no evidence of foul play, but that the occurrence was purely accidental.

The acceptances and nominations received by the Auckland Racing Club in connection with their Spring Meeting are all that could be desired. There are not many outsiders engaged, but there are now so many horses trained locally that large fields can be secured without outside assistance. A.B.N. and Mangamahua will probably come up from the East Coast, and the meeting should be a most successful one.

The following are the latest foalings at Wellington Park: - Grey (Hippocampus - Cressida) a chestnut filly to Menselehoff; and Problem (St. Hippo - Elsie), a chestnut filly to Phoebe Apollo. At Sylvia Park Elsie (Trenton, d. of Lady Grubbin), a colt to Sam Francisco. Making nine colts and eight fillies at Messrs Nathan's stud so far. At Cambria Park, Porangi Point (Carter - Madcap) a colt to Greyhound, and Songstress (The Drummer - Canary) a colt to Greyhound.

I slip the following paragraph from the Melbourne "Herald": - "New Zealand increase hay, maize, peas, beans and oats from the best of the several meals a day of wheat, barley, and carrots, hulled and better feeding for such varieties. They breakfast it eight o'clock, have a snack of hay and green fodder at about ten, dine at midday, have 'afternoon tea' at 3.30, and 'high tea' at 8. Between 8 o'clock and breakfast they are amply supplied with a hot supper, or series of suppers, which they may mix up with their sleep." - Such is the luxurious feeding of one of Mr Walter Hickenbotham's race-horses in training - thought or no thought.

Mr A. Moss, owner of Cauteen, was not present to see his horse run at the Dunedin spring meeting, owing to the rules of the N.Z.C. prohibiting bookmakers from being present. There is probably no club in the world which is so strict in its permission to be present as owners merely after accepting entrance fees of their horses, unless some extraordinary rule were in existence, and I should say the club will remove such an obstacle in future.

Mr Paul informed me during the progress of the Wellington meeting that Cauteen, in the shape of Lockhart, this gelding in fact would be very subject to the danger to state, has foaled a colt to Muskerry no less than 41 days over the recognised time! It is proposed by Mr Paul to call the youngster "Overdue" which is a very appropriate name, but still stances will be very appropriate, but still more so would, I think, be the name "Overdue," seeing the length of time the old daughter of Ledwith went before producing her last-born.

D. Moraghan has had an extra lot placed in his hands to train for jumping races, in the shape of Lockhart, this gelding in fact was bred by Lockhart - Economy, and with success, at the last meeting in the Waikato. Amblion, who is also in Moraghan's hands, was schooled last Saturday, and jumped well, but he unfortunately kicked himself through standing on a very rocky surface. His attempt is not so serious as was thought at first, and a day or two's rest will probably mend him.

In response to the request that they should require suburban clubs to increase stake money and distances, the V.R.C. committee have decided, subject to the approval of their members, that clubs racing within a radius of 20 miles of the Melbourne Post Office shall provide 2,500 stake money on Saturdays for 1000 yards, and 2,000 for ordinary day fixtures. These clubs will have more than nine days' racing, and any club holding more than three days' racing in the season must include at least three races on the day of not less than a mile and a quarter.

Much of the interest in the Dunedin Jockey Club's spring meeting was centred in the presence of the well known grey horse, Cauteen; indeed, his race with Pampere in the leading handicap, I am informed by those who witnessed it, was the feature of the meeting. Dunedin people fancy that Pampere and Cauteen are both equal to getting into the first three in the New Zealand Cup; but opinions are divided as to the better of the pair. Cauteen is voted the sounder, and most likely to train on.

The field for the V.R.C. Derby has now dwindled down to 19, but it is fair to assume that less than half that number will go to the post, or, more probably, in the "Town and Country Journal." As in the Guineas, Seaside plays a strong hand, as the Ballarat trainer having such representatives as J.A. Esler, Street, Neil, and Hunter. Mr. Deane, Pringle, and Grafton are left in to uphold the honour of this State, but the last-named is a certain non-starter, while the others will have to make very considerably on their recent displays if they are to bring the blue ribbon across the border.

The Hurdle Race, which was won in record time for the Otago course, was the one which elicited a block protest from the jockeys, because the hurdles were believed by them to be unfair. They need at the hurdles as if they were only so many stepping stones, easily kicked down, and so it proved. A well known racing enthusiast asked more than one of the objecting horsemen if it were not really that their hearts were in the wrong place, and not the hurdles that were faulty, a taunt that went home to a few of the who are known to be of the right grit, and who are generally credited with possessing the hall mark of gameness.

Some people were under the impression that holding the Wellington Racing Club's spring meeting before the Canterbury Jockey Club's spring meeting would be an advantage on the part of the Wellington Racing Club, and others imagined that it would seriously interfere with the prospects of the New Zealand spring carnival; but why should it, any more than do the Dunedin and North Otago meetings? For my own part I fancy the interest will be considerably increased in a majority of the events, and the racing at the Hunt will likely have done more horses good than it will have done harm to others. The fact that the meeting has proved a popular one with horse-owners goes to show furthermore that the North Island club have done the right thing in their own and the interests of the main body of owners.

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Mr H. Piper starts on both days of the Poverty Bay Turf Club's meeting.

The Hon. J. D. Ormond is without a representative in the C.J.C. Wokomo stakes.

Mr C. O'Connor is on his way North to the Auckland Racing Club's spring meeting.

For the first time for many years Mr Stead will be unrepresented in the Canterbury Derby.

The hurdle horse engaged at the Canterbury Jockey Club's spring meeting are a moderate lot.

There were four out of five riders in a hurdle race at the Hunt whose name were prefixed with Mac. A horse with the Irish cognomen Killarney got home.

Punley, who was purchased from Mr J. Harris by the Weston owner, has gone to fulfil his Canterbury J.C. spring engagements.

It would appear that Mr H. Friedlander will be represented in the classic C.J.C. Derby and Oaks at Riccarton, and with Ropa in the Auckland Great Northern Guineas.

Zuleika managed to get foul of a bath-wire fence last week, and was severely cut about the hind legs. She will not, in consequence, be a competitor at the A.C.C. Spring Meeting.

From the back ranks to the position of a favorite in the New Zealand Cup is a big jump for a three-year-old to make. Some people are even talking of Roscoe as a not unlikely winner of the C.J.C. Derby.

Many thought that after Herolus's display at Wellington Mr O'Brien would not send that colt on to Christchurch, but he has been paid up for in the Cup, and claims other engagements also.

When Mr Montgomery sent Strathaven to Christchurch that gelding was accompanied by a roan colt as a mate, and he is said about a good deal in the walking exercises by his attendant, who rides the roan and leads him. Strathaven's chance is not held in great esteem for the New Zealand Cup.

Tallas, winner of the Wellington Handicap, after running a sterling race in the Pearce Handicap, was lame indeed before he went out for that race, and he carried a bit unsound, but his name appears in Southern nominations, from which it can be inferred that it is considered likely that he may train out.

It is almost invariably the case that there are horses left in the C.J.C. Derby, Oaks, and other classic events through neglect in the past of their owners, and this year is no exception to the rule, for there are about four in each of the two races named that are not at all likely to compete.

It is generally admitted by racing experts that we have not yet any two-year-olds of high class racing this season so far. A few will improve as the season advances. Nilworn, brother to Hothorn, and winner of the classic race at Hawke's Bay, and St. Anna, winner of the Arundale Stakes, are probably the best that have carried colours in public. A filly that may come so soon is Mr Watts' Albucera.

Could Battlexe be depended upon to reproduce his form at the Wellington meeting, he would no doubt run a fair race in the City Handicap at the Auckland Racing Club's spring meeting, but there is a couple above him in the handicap that would probably have rendered quite as good an account of themselves in the same race as the son of Hothorn figured in at relative weights.

Although the A.J.C. Derby winner, Belah, made a rather inglorious display in the Caulfield Guineas on Saturday, it does not follow that he is altogether out of court in connection with the V.R.C. Derby (says "Martindale") in the "Town and Country Journal". The history of these races for three-year-olds shows that during the past

twenty years only twice have the Guineas winners succeeded in capturing the classic Flemington event, Strathmore doing the trick in 1891, and Wallace four years later. Last year Abundance, like Enair on this occasion, was sent for the Caulfield Stakes, and while the Pilgrim's Progress colt beat Great Scot in the Derby, the latter, who was unplaced in the Guineas, turned the tables on Strathmore and Great Scot, who filled first and second places in the mile race at Caulfield. There is little doubt, however, that Scobie regards the Wallace colt as the best of his good three-year-olds, and that being so, Enair, taking last year's running as a guide, certainly stands out as the Derby winner, especially as he went very well on Saturday.

Mr H. Friedlander has purchased from Messrs Darlot and Duffree, the South Australian sportsmen, their horses Ropa, Torchon, and Potang. J. Thorne, who trains for Mr Friedlander, took delivery of the trio last Wednesday. This is exceedingly hard luck for Ropa; Ropa has a second to none chance in the Guineas, which is a race that any trainer likes to win, and Potang is a very useful horse that not only has plenty enough to buy his way out of the ring, but also is a natural jumper, and one that should be capable of holding his own amongst the best over the small sticks. Both these horses have been improving with age and experience, and the slight lameness probably have looked forward to leading in a few winners with their aid, apart from the others in his fairly numerous string. Torchon was put to Menschikoff, and was no doubt purchased on account of her breeding.

We occasionally see some very curious cases at law reported in the newspapers (says "Martindale" in the "Town and Country Journal"). The following is one that occupied the attention of the Breslau Tribunal (Germany): In a garden at Schwing, formerly the estate of Count Goetzen, a well-known gamester, Jesuit, had been buried with due honours after having carried successfully the colours of his owner. A grave was made and surrounded with a hedge to mark the spot, and the Count in his will imposed an obligation on his successors and future purchasers of the land to maintain the place as it was left by him, under penalty of a sum of £50, to be devoted towards some deserving local charity. Evil times compelled the sale of the place, and the purchaser, who did not care a fig for the Jesuit, had his private park levelled the mound, and cleared away all traces of the spot. He was sued by the executors of the Count, and has been compelled to pay the £50, which has been handed over to the School Board of Schwing.

The following par, by "Merlin" in the English "Referee," will interest trainers, caretakers, and others who have to do with training tracks in this colony. He says:—"One of the mistakes of the day is preaching about thick coverings of herbage. If you have a covering with plenty of matted roots, you don't want long stuff on top; in fact, the two are inconsistent, and the latter is apt to lay its teacher's hands out for you, because the matted earth works through, and horses slip about on it disastrously. Besides, leaving the grass long hides inequalities, and, I may add, is somewhat apt to induce too much faith in rollers. Personally, I hate rollers, especially the heavy ones, and wouldn't have one on a gallop of mine, except for use, perhaps, twice or so in a year. You can safely bet a hundred to one on a track treated by putting men on to see to the hoof-prints and plenty of men providing against the latter-day over-rolled courses. If you want downy spilt, place a Young England trainer of the Newmarket school in charge of a ground. In a season—more particularly winter—the will probably make all the good an experienced manager of the old school has effected in years.

"Pilot" in the Sydney "Referee" has the following to say about Sweet Nell's performance in the Caulfield Guineas:—"The Caulfield track must have been very fast on Saturday, and in winning the Guineas in 1.43, Sweet Nell put up a record for the race, improving half-a-second upon Strath Florida's time. Prior to Saturday, a filly

had not been successful since Volley scored in 1888. Sweet Nell does not seem to have had much to spare from her stable-companion, Enair, on Saturday, but there was probably a lot more in it than "won by a neck" would suggest, otherwise she would not have subsequently been made such a strong order for the Caulfield Cup. When in Sydney recently Sweet Nell looked none too bright, but all the same, she will in each of her races, and going on her showing in the Derby and Metrop, there is no doubt that a mile and a half is well within her compass. She was expected to make a good bid for the Metropolitan, but she was unlucky in that race, as Lewis was unprepared when the barrier went up, the result being that the filly was absolutely last at the end of the first furlong. She finished sixth, so that, taking everything into consideration, her performance was a good one. Some good Melbourne judges were of opinion that the Sydney trip would knock her out, but the reverse was the case, as she is said to have looked particularly well on Saturday.

From accounts received from Hawke's Bay it would appear that Royal Fusilier will probably prove himself a brilliant horse over short courses. This colt ran once last year starting in the Hastings Stakes at the Hawke's Bay spring meeting. I remember him well. He then stood about 16 hands, and being so overgrown looked somewhat leggy. He is a horse that never should have been raced at that age, not only on account of his size, but his joints did not bear the strain of such a suspension. However, he ran, and showed great pace for about two furlongs, and many were of opinion that, given a chance, he would turn out a good horse. His owner, Mr. G. G. G., has been very anxious to work further of him as a two-year-old, and we now see him showing brilliancy in his early three-year-old career. If he stands, he is sure to turn out right with age, and cannot see any valid reason why he should not stay. Most of his life's stock can get a journey, and Janet's dam, belongs to a great family of sires, she being a full sister to Duxstar, Alford, etc., by Castor from Cissy, by Musket from Prality.

We learn that Ard Patrick, the Derby winner of 1902 (says the London "Sportman") will not again be seen in public. The remarkable three-year-old and Rock Stand in the Eclipse Stakes in July is to be permitted definitely to end his racing career, and the colt will probably go to the stud forthwith. It will be remembered that shortly before Ard Patrick ran at Sandown Park in July he was sold to Count Schouboff for 20,000s, a similar price to that which the Russian Government gave for Galtee Moeve, though with the important difference that Mr Gubbins had three valuable races to the good. In other words, Ard Patrick was to be permitted to fulfil his weight for age races this season before proceeding to Germany. He won the Eclipse Stakes, as all the world knows, and he would probably have won the remaining two races had he run in them, these being the Jockey Club Stakes of 10,000 sovs. to be decided at the Newmarket First October meeting, and the Champion Stakes of 100,000s, added to a sweepstakes of 50,000s each, to be run at the Sevenoaks Club meeting. The net value of these events to the winners last year was a little over 900,000s, and it is possible that Mr Gubbins has received recompense in some way for the loss of a like sum, which there was every probability of the colt "losing" up. During his career on the turf, Ard Patrick, who is by St. Florian out of Morganette (Galtee Moeve's dam), won six races and lost five, crediting his owner with 23,816s. Of this sum he won 20,000s as a two-year-old, 1,180 sovs as a three-year-old, and 12,470s during the present season. Mr Gubbins bred the colt, and that he has done well by him is a point upon which he must feel thoroughly satisfied. Ard Patrick, however, is a grand horse, and comes in a race from the stud he will, in all probability, greatly enhance his reputation. It may be interesting to give the amounts won by other noted horses during their racing careers:—Stagless won 57,450s, Donnan 53,150s, Flying Fox 40,019s, Perlinum 34,700s, Orme 24,620s, M. Frainquin 22,900s, Ormelas 23,200s, Galtee More 27,050s, Vlasquez 23,365 sovs, and Ladis 18,516s.

The Napier Race Club's Committee thought to procure a larger totalizer (renover) by cutting off commutation to and from outside by telegraph or telephone. This was a very short-sighted policy, and one can only be surprised that they so conclusively showed such small knowledge of their business as regards wagering in this country. If an owner, who is in the habit of betting, specifies his horse finds as in this case, that there will be no wires available on the course, he makes other arrangements, and falling this, either scratches his horse or runs a bye. The club, therefore, have practically no chance of inducing him to invest his cash on the machine, but on the other hand, they have a good chance of seeing the pen run through his horse's name, to the detriment of their gathering. Not only this, but it may be taken for granted that the said owner will not feel inclined to patronise the club's future gatherings. On the other hand, it is a well known fact that the bookmakers in different centres secure money which they wire to the totalizer, which, were there no commutation available, the club would never get, there being hundreds of bettors who will not go to the trouble of wiring the cash to the secretary of the racing club, but who avail themselves of the local bookmaker. A club to be successful must depend on its power to patronise its gatherings, whereas the Napier club have, in this instance, worked in exactly the opposite direction. One would have thought that the lesson taught by the Wellington Racing Club in connection with the same point would have been sufficient, but it was evidently not so, and the Government again signified their disapproval of these tactics by erecting a temporary telegraph office handy to the course.

The records of the "Stud Book" (says "Vigilant" of the London "Sportman") will show a pedigree unfavourable to first foals as few of the best sires of the last century produced a first-born of any great account, and these that did produce a really first-class foal at the first attempt seldom produced another that was worth a deal. To take a dozen famous names, they might be named as Albee Hawthorn, Bessing, Cranick, Panchonias, Queen Mary, Mendicant, Paradium, Madams Paganini, Prince of Wales, Acres, Thatch, and Perilla. If Albee Hawthorn began very badly, as she missed in her first two years, and the first she dropped, Young Hawthorn, she was, however, a good one, her best, Thoroughbred, was her fifth foal, and she was then 10 years old. Bessing's first, Old Port, by Sir Hercules, was very moderate, and all the good he did to the stud was with Pansy ponies. The second old mare missed her second year, had a good one in Nuanik in her third year, and her best, Nuanikier, was her fifth produce. The first produce of Cranick, Cowl, was, perhaps, a speedy horse, but his foals would not stand training for any length of time. The price of Danbury missed her second, and her third, Crozier, could run a hand her fourth, Surplice, was her best. Panchonias made no great promise when she produced Cambulas, and like many others, she missed in her second year, and her three great sons, Stockwell, Rataplan, and King Tom, were respectively her seventh, eighth, and ninth, being a 12-year-old when she produced Stockwell. Queen Mary may be taken as one of the exceptions to produce one better than herself as a first foal, as there can be no question that Harriet was very useful, but not so good as Blooming Heather, Bonnie Scotland, or Blink Bonny. Mendicant's first, a filly called Mordred, died before she was put into training, and she did not breed anything of very great account until her fifth, Bread-man, Paradium's first son, King at Arms, foaled when she was a four-year-old, was a winner of many races, but in class he was not within two stone of Lord Lyon and Achievement, her eighth and ninth productions. As a dam of a number of winners, there is nothing in the "Stud Book" that can be well compared to Paradium, as King at Arms, Man at Arms, Rouge Dragon, Blue Mantle, Gadenvisire, Lord Lyon, Achievement, and Hatchment all won. The Princess of Wales started

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much better than other breeders, as Albert Victor was decidedly a good horse, but the hero of the family, George Frederick, was the fourth, and the rest were of mixed quality. Albert was bred and George Albert being anything but first-class. Madame Magistrate commenced with a moderate filly by Charleston, and her second, Monica, was by no means as good as her fourth, Rose-crean. The fourth indeed it has been often seen have turned out the best. There was nothing remarkable about Lily Agnes' first produce, Narcissus, as he was only moderate, and Eastern Lily and Rosington were by no means first-class. Queen Mary and Paradigm had no work racing, whilst Beawing, Alice Hawthorn, and Crucifix had been very hardy trained. Such as these might also have done a bit to restore the vitality that had been sapped by their doings on a racetrack.

SPORT IN AFRICA.

A friend of mine received a letter last week from Pretoria, giving an interesting account of racing and other sporting affairs at the Cape. He says that it is no place for the small man, and that no man without four acres at his back has a chance of doing business with the bag; but that it is a great game if a man has money and bets legitimately. The last three meetings at Johannesburg have been harvests for the bookmakers, one favourite after another getting beaten. At the spring meeting, held in September at Johannesburg, a famous horse, known as an Australian bookmaker, had a try for the big handicap, worth £1500, with his horse Calcedonia. He was unlucky to lose, being beaten the shortest of heads, and had his horse won he would have had a power of money from the ring. There were seven starters, and the greatest outsider got home, in the shape of an English importation, whose name was never mentioned in the betting. He speaks very highly of a three-year-old named Peppermint, an American-bred horse who was conceding Calcedonia 37lb, and was only beaten by a length, after being badly handled by an amateur rider.

Talking of foot racing, he says the sport is greatly neglected, and that at present no professional horse is a man but that there are signs of an improvement in this direction. Boxing, it appears, has got to rather bad repute, on account of some unjust decisions being given, which it is believed, was done for monetary considerations on account of the bookmakers. Crisp, who is to meet M. Williams in the heavy weight division shortly, has got himself into rather bad odour on account of a decision he gave when acting as referee. It is thought that he will probably win his coming battle.

THE CAYFIELD CUP.

So the great mile and a half handicap has been won by a mare. No member of the gentler sex has triumphed since Crisp's four-year-old in 1888, and Sir Rupert Clarke's three-year-old filly Sweet Nell completes the trio of mares that have proved victors in this important engagement. That the race, as usual, was run at a sterling pace throughout, the watch goes to prove, as Sweet Nell's time for the journey has never been bettered, and has only once been equalled, when Hyematus triumphed two years ago. Prior to her winning the Cayfield Handicap, she came in his company in the market and secured £12,000 about his filly at tempting prices, so that it is evident that she had shown him something out of the ordinary in her work. He the captain account of the race, Sweet Nell must be very smart off the mark, and no doubt her light impost would be in her favour in this direction. Richardson appears to have made the most of this advantage, as he has most right up with the leading division throughout, and, making a final dash from the half-distance, she had enough steam left in her to fight out a determined battle with

The Idler, and eventually beat him home by half a length. None of the other well-backed division ran up to expectations, with the exception of Mr Motor, who was prominent at the home turn. Even the great sprinter Thelma is not mentioned as having been in the hands of any of the jockeys, the favourite Edgerule being also unopposed. The win was most popular, which is always pleasing to an owner. Sweet Nell is entered in the V.R.C. Derby and Melbourne Handicap. Her dam, Rosella, has incurred a 100% penalty, which will mean her carrying 7 lb in the event of her starting in the most important handicap of the racing year in Australia. It appears from her pedigree, that Mr Motor can lay some claim to the breeding of this great filly, her dam, Novelle II, being by Vandenfeldt from Ouida, and bred at Wellington Park in 1893. Her sire was the Rt. Simon horse Hunt Friar. Sweet Nell was bought as a yearling by Sir Rupert Clarke at Hoedern's sale for 400 guineas.

THE WEIGHTS FOR THE SPRING MEETING.

(By ASHBY.)

Promptly to time Mr Fyett gave us his adjustments for the City Handicap and the Manukau Handicap. Many people were heard on their first glance over the weights, to at once express an opinion of a handiapper's work, but unless some very palpable blunder has been made, which is very rarely the case, such remarks are of little value. To criticise a handiapper fairly entails looking up, at least, the later performance of each horse; this means an amount of labour such as the average street critic does not attempt. Mr Fyett could not, after her form at the autumn meeting, which was the last time she was seen out, very well let off Golden Rose with much less than 8 lb, to give any of the light-weight division a chance at all, but she may be said to have got her full share. Reddinton, who comes second in the matter of pounds, did not race last season, and taking this into consideration, together with his past efforts, under the 6 lb, must be considered to have every pound that he is entitled to, and a few more besides. Romeo comes next, and, bearing in mind the race he ran in the Avondale Cup last meeting under 8 lb, which was a most unimposing race, when he ran 2nd under 8 lb to Matamatharakeke (6 lb) in the Autumn Handicap, and occupied the same position in the Avondale Handicap of a mile and a quarter, with 12 lb to Elchandra, it is not surprising that he is entitled to, and a few more besides. Romeo comes next, and, bearing in mind the race he ran in the Avondale Cup last meeting under 8 lb, which was a most unimposing race, when he ran 2nd under 8 lb to Matamatharakeke (6 lb) in the Autumn Handicap, and occupied the same position in the Avondale Handicap of a mile and a quarter, with 12 lb to Elchandra, it is not surprising that he is entitled to, and a few more besides. Romeo comes next, and, bearing in mind the race he ran in the Avondale Cup last meeting under 8 lb, which was a most unimposing race, when he ran 2nd under 8 lb to Matamatharakeke (6 lb) in the Autumn Handicap, and occupied the same position in the Avondale Handicap of a mile and a quarter, with 12 lb to Elchandra, it is not surprising that he is entitled to, and a few more besides.

In the Manukau Handicap Havin was harshly dealt with in being allotted 12 lb in a mile and three-quarters hurdle race, and has since been withdrawn. Up-to-Date met Spalpeen at National time, and, giving him a stone, was beaten by a length over the same distance as is now under consideration. Since then Spalpeen has shown winning form at Avondale, and should improve, according to weight-for-age scale, 8 lb more than Up-to-Date. These horses may, therefore, he said to have been properly handicapped. Tupara has none the best

of the weights; he is evidently handicapped on the fact of his beating Evening at Christchurch, she afterwards running third in the National. Rufus is very well in, and compared with those above him, appears to me to have quite 7 lb the best of it. Princes of Thole is in her right place, and the same may be said of Tauhei. Tim can have no chance with those above him, whereas Idler is nicely treated. Kawaaka I take to be well in at 8 lb, and if as well as he was at Avondale would take a lot of beating. Of those lower down the list A.B.N. is a beginner over sticks that can gallop fast and stay; should he jump as well as he would be hard to beat, while Manukau Lovell is nicely handled. To sum up, Mr Fyett has evidently carefully studied his adjustments, and, except in the cases which I have pointed out, he has left no reason for growling, and he is, on the whole, to be complimented.

WELLINGTON R.C. SPRING MEETING.

WELLINGTON, Thursday.

A perfect day favoured the Wellington Race Club for the opening of their spring meeting, the Flying Handicap being the first, and there was a large attendance of the public and visitors from different parts of the colony. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Richmond, Captain Knox, Lord Northland, Captain H. Trevor, and Captain Alexander, the captain and officers of the Phoenix, several Ministers, and a number of members of the House of Parliament were also present. The course was somewhat hard, and consequently extremely fast. The fields averaged well throughout the day. The racing was of an interesting character from start to finish, and on the whole of the eight races was of the keen order. The sum of £10,000 was passed through the desks during the afternoon, which represents 22% more than as handled on the corresponding day last year. Indeed, the wisdom of holding the meeting earlier than usual has been made apparent.

The business of the day commenced with the October Hurdle Handicap, for which the Hawke's Bay mare Evening, who stripped looking the picture of health, was made a dead favourite. Though she fenced well and had the services of Hall, it was early seen that she could not go the pace with the leaders, and since it was good reason to suppose that the little daughter of Wonderland and Vesper is not nearly so good as some people have supposed her to be. Killarney, the winner, had the measure of Evening's couple of furlongs from home, and had an easy victory. Evening was quite unequal to the task of catching the leaders, but got within three lengths of Levant. The race was run at a slow pace over the first two of three furlongs. A start of £4 10/6 was a good start for a five-horse race. Kobun's rider appeared to make the mistake of following Evening too long. Mourner moved a bit slow.

Field Battery, looking in robust condition, beat him out cleverly in the Short Handicap, in which Gold Seal was made favourite, but only commenced to get into a prominent position in the run down the straight, when too late for Te Taiaba and the leaders, and since it was good reason to suppose that the little daughter of Wonderland and Vesper is not nearly so good as some people have supposed her to be. Killarney, the winner, had the measure of Evening's couple of furlongs from home, and had an easy victory. Evening was quite unequal to the task of catching the leaders, but got within three lengths of Levant. The race was run at a slow pace over the first two of three furlongs. A start of £4 10/6 was a good start for a five-horse race. Kobun's rider appeared to make the mistake of following Evening too long. Mourner moved a bit slow.

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was beaten, but on the home stretch he came again, and it was only in the last stride that Kelburn, who was ridden vigorously, squeezed into second place, while Float was less than half a length off fourth. Battlexe close up fifth, and Menura at his quarters, sixth, Herolam and Perfection being the last to finish. The race was run at a clipping pace, but in the straight Pallas' superior condition and good pace enabled him to run the distance right out, and he won by quite four lengths. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2.7 2/3 sec, which shows how fast the Hunt racecourse is when in condition. As further evidence on this point, it may be mentioned that the last of the 12 to finish got over the distance in 2.11, the race indeed proving the fastest mile and a quarter handicap race run in the colony. Strappel's friends were pleased with that horse's display in view of his coming engagement in the New Zealand Cup. He is evidently getting into shape fast, and it is thought that the Handicap course will suit him well. Kelburn looks a bit knobby about the hind joints, but he ran very gamely. Herolam and Kingman did not race well enough to please their friends. Pallas paid £2 1/2, and Kelburn £3 1/4.

In the Flying Handicap Black Reynard and General Symons, the New Zealand Cup candidates, competed, and both ran well. General Symons was finishing very strongly and coming well in the last furlong, and is likely to be in good form next month. Black Reynard seemed to be outfooted by Okoari for four furlongs, but stuck to his task well until he headed her, and he had enough left to stretch at a late stage, and did so, Mr Ormond's filly, Idea, while Madrigal ran a good race. General Symons would, however, have beaten both, and probably the winner, with another half furlong to go.

Rawiri was made a pronounced favourite, but galloped very badly. He was upset prominently at a late stage, and did so, when called on for an effort. The going did not suit him, evidently, but the pace was more solid than he ever previously tried to race at. Ficki Battery carried a penalty of 7lb, and started a strong favourite, De la Rey got galloped upon. Matuku showed pace for three or four furlongs. Black Reynard paid the nice dividend of £8 5/2, while backers of Idea received £4—good dividends. The time, 1.15 1/2, showed that there was no softening on the way.

Australasia, a useful sort of hack, said to be by the Australian pair a Nator mare, cleverly won the Rimutaka Hack Handicap from Stejson, who got badly away of might have won. Catapan and Tebit, who had started a strong favourite, closed up. The dividends were—Australasia and £2 on Stenson. The time, 1.31, was very good for hacks. Six of the 13 runners were strongly backed, but a lot of money was taken through the race being started very sharp on the wire.

Sea Lion and Bandmaster were made equal favourites for the Waiuku Handicap, but the going told on Bandmaster, who could get no nearer than fifth. Sea Lion ran prominently for half a mile only. Phylaros, who ran so well in the Shows, won handsily from Maro, who finished well in second place. Dividends of £4 1/2 and £2 3/4 followed.

There were 10 runners, including old Willie-Wisp and Fakir, who were third and fourth respectively.

The Nursery Handicap saw 11 juveniles at the post, all with the exception of Forest Ranger, Promotion, and Unaware having competed previously. The race was an interprovincial character—Hawke's Bay, Canterbury, Auckland, Wanganui, the West Coast, and Wellington stables being engaged. The several starters were strongly supported, and after a good race Mr Ormond's Forest Ranger, son of the Officer, won from Mr Harris' Musketry colt, Purty, who is a nice sort. The Stepiak—Huguenot filly finished close up third, while Abura was fourth, Promotion fifth. Abura may beat the same lot of time they meet. She pursued a most erratic course, and was one of the three that did not get well away.

The Spring Hack Handicap proved a good betting race, Walkakaho being a strong public fancy, next in point of backing coming Chant, another of The Officer's gets. Contingent was also well befriended. A good race saw Chant win by a clear length from the favourite, while Contingent was not more than half a length off



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third. Waipai, who made the pace into the straight, was fourth. Time, 1.4. Dividends, £3 3/8 and 10/4.

WELLINGTON, Friday.

The Wellington Spring Meeting was concluded on a high note, and it was, though a stiff breeze was blowing during the early part of the day. The racing was of a most interesting character, the times of the various events fast. The fields in all the events, with the exception of the weight-for-age race, in that event the favourite Sea Lion scored, though not without being ridden to keep his place. Only one other favourite won during the day, and that one was Killarney, who was, however, closely followed in the investments on the tote by the Danbrians and Evelyns. There were eight runners, and the race was won in the fast time of 2.49. Defiance, who was one of the best backed, beating Evelyn for second place. Levant finished away from the start. Hydrant, who had run in three short races, was believed to hold a mortgage over the Parara Hack Handicap, but Stenson and Lass O'Gowrie were equally and solidly supported, and the Stepnak gelding getting away on the first day, and Hydrant beat Lass O'Gowrie by half a head. Sir Galahad made most of the running, and Cambuslan as usual did not start well.

The nice field of thirteen striped for the Fenae Handicap, Pallas, with all his weight, being made a short favourite, while Shrapnel was a good second fancy. Black Reynard, Melwood, and General Symons were each about equally supported. Black was well backed also, the other seven starters carrying estimates ranging from £10 down to £25. Herodius being the outsider of the party. Pallas looked particularly well all-out carrying a suspicious looking leg. Shrapnel was very quiet and sober-looking, and walked about appearing all the better for his race in the Wellington Handicap on Wednesday. Shrapnel moved very soon, but all the others got along in their preliminaries freely. General Symons and Black Reynard made the pace with Ghorka. They ran in close order to the turn, when Melwood came out with Ghorka, Pallas, and General Symons. All were together clear of Battixax and Shrapnel. A capital race all down the straight ensued, but Melwood, next the rails, stole some lengths at the turn, and striding out in the home stretch, nearly two lengths, Battixax beating Pallas by a neck for second place, while General Symons was a similar distance off fourth. Front and Shrapnel handy, and Rhythm at the head of the pack, a couple of lengths at the head of the field in the home stretch. Ghorka having come in in the home. The dividends £6 1/2 and £8 3/8 came as a surprise to most people, and the time 1.55 2-secs. (some made it faster) constitutes a record from a barrier like in New Zealand, having never before the course is. Melwood's win, however, needed, and Battixax ran probably his fastest race, assisted by a more lenient impost than he has been accustomed to carry. The fact that six New Zealand Cup candidates competed lent additional interest to the event.

Sea Lion was opposed by three other 3-year-olds in Torbina, Front, and Rose Madder in the Trial Stakes. Front, who was in front and vigorously handled, won by two lengths from Rose Madder, Torbina, who made play with the Porirua colt for four furlongs, retiring second. The time was returned as 1min 16 3/8 sec. Dividend, £2 4/8.

Mr. Ormond's Men was more solidly supported than Field Battery and Riwiri for the Hunt Park Handicap, but Gold Seal, the next in demand, was always in front, and won by two lengths in the Field Battery and Idea finishing in the places. Sixth, fourth, Pakir fifth, and Kawiri sixth, the other of the seven that went to the post. Livestock being left there. Time, 1min 30 1/8 sec. Dividend: Gold Seal, £8 1/4; Field Battery, £1 2/0.

The Wanganui gelding Continent was made favourite for the Ruahine Hack Handicap. Catpaw, a d. Australasia also carried a lot of money, but of the blue runners Lass-O'Gowrie (by South) won by a length under pressure. Good Spec beating Continent by half a head for second place. Delight handy. Waipai led to the straight. The dividends were £7 6 and £3 18 1/2. Time, 1min 16 3/8 sec.

Purley, who was sold during the morning to a Foxton Syndicate for £250, carried most money on the two and three-year-old Juvenile Handicap. Sir Percival having a strong following, the Crown was supported well. The last-named, however, did not carry the confidence or the money of his owner, as he had failed to run into the first six in a ten-horse field over the same distance on the first day, carrying 11bs less weight, while the race was run in 1min 3sec. The son of Gold Reef must bear the character of being unreliable, for he simply won in handsome style in 1min 2 1/2 sec. A splendid finish resulted for the two sows, of second money between Purley, Sir Percival and Albion. The Judge's verdict being in favour of Purley by a neck, and there was only a neck between Sir Percival and Albion. Dividends, £3 19/6 and 10/6.

The afternoon's racing was brought to a close with the Natal Handicap, a splendid field in which there were seven runners. Ghord having unfortunately met with severe injuries in collision with the telephone wire, was withdrawn. Starbuck was favourite, Platypus, Madrigal, Fullery, Te Kaha, and Maturu coming in for the second money. The stable connections. A battle royal resulted at the end, and Madrigal lasted just long enough to win by a head from Starbuck, who beat Fullery by a short neck. Platypus being less than a length away fourth. The time was 1min 2 4/8 sec.

There was not a single protest during the meeting, nor an official enquiry, and the sum of £10,849 was handed at the totalisator,

making £20,973 for the two days, or an income of £1485 on the evening ending meeting of last year. The general results will bring the club out with a substantial profit. The starting was good, and the management generally was up to the mark, and Mr J. B. Clark, the retiring secretary, was generally awarded a word of commendation for his share in the business.



NORTH OTAGO RACING CLUB.

OAMARU, Wednesday.

The Spring Meeting of the North Otago Jockey Club took place to-day. The weather was perfect, and the attendance was large. Sprung Handicap.—St. Monica, 1; Tony, 2; Rye, 3. Time, 50 2 1/2 sec. Dividends: £3 18/ and £8.

Eldredge Trot.—Club Member, 1; Kerry All, 2; John Brown, 3. Time 5min 17 2/8 sec. Dividends: £4 12/ and £2 10/.

Wairiki won the North Otago Handicap in a canter. OAMARU, Thursday. The second day's races of the North Otago Jockey Club attracted an improved attendance to-day. The racing was good and all conditions were favorable. The sum of £134 10/ passed through the machine, making a total of £3004 for the meeting, which is larger than for some years.

The President's Handicap, 7 furlongs, resulted as follows:—St. Denis, 1; 1; Wairiki, 10 6. 2. Won clearly by three-quarters of a length. Time, 1.32 2/5. Dividend, £2 4/.

A match for £70 a side over a furlong between Radium, 8 2, and Plover, 8 2, resulted in a win by two lengths for the latter.



AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

The following acceptances and nominations were received last night in connection with the A.R.C. Spring Meeting:—

ACCEPTANCES:

MANUKAU HURDLE RACE of 100sovs. One mile and three-quarters.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Odds, and another Name. Includes Ep-to-Date, Spaalpea, Rufus, Hautapu, Lingard, Kawaka, Lady Bell, etc.

CITY HANDICAP of 300sovs. One mile and a quarter.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Odds, and another Name. Includes Idas, Putty, Musketer, The Needle, Fattless, St. Olga, etc.

The following weights have been declared for the first day's racing of the A.R.C. spring meeting:—

Military 8.10, Defender 8.7, Lavadel 8.5, Walpuna 8.0, Geordie 8.0, Coronation 8.0, Culrassier—Lady Agnes colt 8.0, Mishap 8.0, Southfish 7.12, Cyrus 7.11, Swagman 7.10, Dolores 7.9, Mervin 7.8, Scatona 7.8, Bonheur 7.6, Bobs 7.5, Ian 7.0, Rogoo 6.10.

Shorts Handicap, 5 furlongs.—Nuna 9.5, Cordon Rouge 8.11, Austerlitz 8.11, Marshal Sout 8.9, Black and Gold 8.9, Cygnet 8.9, Partuta 8.4, Glasgow 8.0, Coronation 7.13, Dolores 7.8, Cema 7.5, Newbourn 7.5, Vivandel 7.5, Lady Bobs 7.4, Camille 7.3, Bloodstone 7.0, Delta Rose 6.10, Agrapus 6.10, Boucama 6.7.

Pony Handicap, 7 furlongs.—Orange and Blue 10.3, Annoy 9.4, Glron Girl 9.4, Forth 9.3, Steppaw 9.3, Shrewsbury 8.11, Lady Lida (late Lottie) 8.0, Ayalanche 8.0, Sonoma 8.0, Sentinel 7.7, Sweet Marie 6.12, Little Mabel 6.7.

Flying Handicap, 6 furlongs.—Nonette 10.3, Romeo 8.11, Dolores 8.8, St. Olzo 8.8, Green and Gold 8.7, Cygnet 8.6, Marshall 8.6, Scott 8.6, Antislitz 8.6, Military 8.6, Partuta 7.9, Glasgow 7.7, Delta Rose 7.5, Newbourn 7.6, Geordie 7.6, Camille 7.6, Silla 6.7, Agrapus 6.7, Mary Seaton 6.7.

Hunt Club Hurdles, 2 miles.—Hilstone 12.9, Emergence 12.4, Frances Lovely 12.0, Marine 11.12, Pencer 11.10, Tabas 11.10, Khama 11.10, Tip 11.10, Mangamahaki 11.10, Major 11.9, Star 11.5, Pokenim 10.7, Lockard 10.0, Cyclone 10.0, Flower of Gold 10.0. Hunt Club Stewards, about 94 miles. Tani 13.7, Riot 12.7, Pencer 12.5, Mangamahaki 11.12, Major 11.9, Boxer 11.9, Mance 11.7, Star 11.7, Cloister 10.7, Flower of Gold 10.7.



CANTERBURY JOCKEY CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

ACCEPTANCES.

NEW ZEALAND CUP, of 1500sovs. 3yo colts.—Achilles 9.5, Wairiki 9.5, Starbuck 7.9, Kauri 7.13, Canteau 7.12, Binetaura (including Sir Percival) 7.11, Pampero 7.10, Melwood (including Sir Percival) 7.10, Mars 7.7, Strathavon 7.7, Ringman 7.2, Herodius 7.0, General Symons 6.18, Rosal 6.7, Count of Kalmar (including Sir Percival) 6.10, Lavolette 6.9, Bombarde 6.7, Leonore 6.7.

STEWARDS' HANDICAP of 300sovs. Six furlongs.—Achilles 10.7, Pallas (including Sir Percival) 9.9, St. Denis 8.10, Machine Gun 8.9, Pampero 8.9, Westward 8.5, Petrovna 8.3, Red Gauntlet (including Sir Percival) 8.1, Bieser 7.12, Kaimo (including Sir Percival) 7.10, Canine Chief 7.9, Golden Vets 7.7, Madrigal 7.6, Sychem 7.3, Gladstone 7.0, Rose Shiel 7.0, Lela 6.12, Idea (including Sir Percival) 6.12, Royal Fuller 6.7.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph.—Special to "Graphic.")

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

All things considered those people who have backed Wairiki for the New Zealand Cup have no reason to be disappointed with his running at the North Otago meeting. The son of Perth was not ready, but he polished off the weak opposition in the North Otago Handicap, and, though beaten, ran a capital race in the President's Handicap. It is not an easy task to give St. Denis a stone and a half over seven furlongs, and in failing to accomplish it Wairiki was by no means disgraced. He was of course much admired, and deservedly so, for few finer horses have been seen on the Oamaru course. The racing will do him no end of good, and a few rasping galleys will doubtless work wonders in his condition. In my last letter I prepared you for the withdrawal of Lady Lillian, but hardly expected that Secret Society would be scratched. Hulaway's absence from to-day's list of acceptors is due to the son of Perkin Warbeck II. having gone amiss.

The accident to Pampero was a very minor affair. Mr. Lean's horse was at exercise last Monday, and next morning he did strong work, moving freely, and pulled up perfectly sound.

An employee in a Dunedin range-making factory drew Sweet Nell in Tattersall's sweep on the Caulfield Cup. He wins about £8000.

It is stated here that Hewitt may ride Mars in the New Zealand Cup.

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

The field for the New Zealand Cup promises to be a decent one. It now comprises 18 horses, and allowing for the shrinkage of the last fortnight, 11 or 12 will probably go to the post. Among the doubtful starters is Teiharu, who was lame after exercise yesterday morning. The injury, whatever it is, does not interfere with his galloping, but troubles of this kind as a rule grow worse instead of better, and sooner or later reach a stage when they do interfere, and very materially, with an animal's galloping powers. The remainder of the local division are sound. Wairiki looks lighter for his racing at Oamaru, which is

of course a disadvantage. His trainer proposes to be more than satisfied with his display there. Rosal continues to be famously, but Strathavon has done literally nothing to suggest that he can win the Cup. Whenever he has been put against the watch he has been very slow. Canteen, who arrived from Dunedin on Saturday, looks wonderfully well, and a similar remark applies to Lavolette and Leonore. So far Lavolette shares with Rosal the track honours of the present spring. It is stated that on Saturday afternoon the son of Seaton Delaval galloped a mile and a-half in 2.30. He had the shoes off, but on the other hand he carried a good deal more than his cup weight, and was by himself. It was a hot-west day, however, which is always a factor to fast time. I don't think Leonore can get two miles, but I doubt if this view shared by her connections, who have taken something like £1000 about the dilly. Of Mr. Friedlander's pair, General Symons is supposed to be the better, although this season's form points to his stable companion being a distinctly useful horse. Since his victory at Wellington, Melwood has come into favour, and it must be borne in mind that at one time staling was regarded as the son of Perth's best. Pampero and Bombarde are expected at Riverton on Wednesday. Conflicting accounts are current here regarding Mars. One is that he is very well and likely to run a good race, and the other that he is sore. If the son of Ingomar arrives at the post dressed in his best, and if as is reported he is ridden by Hewitt, he is bound to take some beating. For a little while last week Achilles ruled as the favourite, but has since given way in favour of Rosal. The truth is the market is in a somewhat unsettled state. There are objections to almost every candidate, and this no doubt accounts for the presence at the top of a horse of second position being occupied by a horse whose staying powers have to be taken on trust.

The following are the latest quotations:—6 to 1 against Rosal; 7 to 1 Achilles, Wairiki, and Shrapnel; 8 to 1 Canteen and Pampero; 10 to 1 Melwood and General Symons; 12 to 1 Bombarde, Kauri, and Lavolette; 20 to 1 Bombarde, General Symons, and Count of Kalmar; 30 to 1 Ringman and Herodius; 40 to 1 Leonore.

Machine Gun is a strong favourite for the Stewards' Handicap, a report that he is amiss not having been confirmed. The prices range from 20 to 1 to 300 to 1 on the

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**NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.**  
**WAIKATO AGRICULTURAL SHOW**  
**AT KIRIKIRIROA.**  
**4th AND 5th NOVEMBER, 1903.**

Cheap Excursion Tickets, available for return up to December 5th will be issued to Kirikiriroa and Hamilton from any station on Sat. 4th, and 5th November, at the rate of 2d per mile First class and 1d per mile Second class (minimum 4, and 27 respectively). Mileage counted one way only.

**THURSDAY, 5th NOVEMBER.**

A Special Train will leave Auckland at 6.45 a.m., Newmarket 6.57, Penrose 7.17, Drury 8.0, Mercer 8.26, Huntly 10.30, Ngauruhia 10.54, arriving Kirikiriroa 11.55, returning leaving Kirikiriroa at 6 p.m., Huntly 6.30, Mercer 7.35, arriving Auckland 9.55 p.m.

This train will not stop at Westfield or Runciman.

The 8.30 a.m. train from Te Awamutu will run through to Kirikiriroa.

A Special Train will leave Kirikiriroa at 8 p.m., Frankton 8.29, arriving Te Kuiti 8.5 p.m.

A Special Train will leave Kirikiriroa at 6 p.m., arriving Cambridge 6.55 p.m.

The 7.5 a.m. train from Rotoura to Frankton, and the 11.20 a.m. train from Frankton to Rotoura will not run. The north and south express trains will stop at Kirikiriroa to put down passengers.

A special train will leave Rotoura at 6.35 a.m., Putaruru 8.45, Morrinsville 11.5, Kirikiriroa arrive 11.50, and Frankton 12.25 p.m.

Return Special will leave Kirikiriroa at 4.30 p.m., Morrinsville 5.29, Putaruru 7.40 p.m., arriving Rotoura 10 p.m.

A special train will leave Thames at 7.25 a.m., Paeroa 8.45, Te Aroha 9.30, Morrinsville 10.15, arriving Kirikiriroa 11.0, and Frankton 11.50 a.m. Return Special will leave Frankton at 4.50 p.m., Kirikiriroa 5.20 p.m., Te Aroha 7.5, Paeroa 7.59, arriving Thames 8.55 p.m.

For further particulars see posters and handbills.

BY ORDER.



**GOLF NOTES.**

(By Stoney Dead.)

Some months ago I wrote on the subject of the perfect scenery and views that one enjoys when playing at One Tree Hill. At the same time I promised to write at some future date about the course as a golf course. That time has now arrived. I am afraid my remarks will not be palatable to those who had most to do with the laying-out of the course. But as I think, so I write.

The first point is that nothing on earth, even the expenditure of thousands of pounds, could ever have made One Tree Hill anything like a good golf course. And this is so by reason of the soil and the grass that grows on it. Disguise it as you like, there is only one term to apply to such a course, and that is that it is a mud course pure and simple. It is a rich volcanic soil, through which undoubtedly rain water percolates quicker than through pure clay, but just quicker and no more. If there has been very wet weather One Tree Hill is just as spongy and impossible (from a golfing point of view) as Green Lane was. It has the advantage of drying itself quicker.

Then as this soil is so rich it consequently grows grass luxuriantly, and no amount of cutting will keep the grass within bounds in the spring-time. The only time of the year when the grass is anything like in proper condition is in the autumn, when the rain has forced up a sward of green grass. In winter-time, when most of our play is done, the grass is so weak that the ball lies right into the ground, and a clean lie is almost unknown. In the spring-time the ball is certainly kept off the ground, but so reposes that only one-half is above the surrounding grass, however close it may be cut. In summer-time the lie is better, but then again, the ball lies right into the ground, with the disadvantage of very hard ground. It is a maxim that a lie is all right however hard the ground may be, provided the ball lies clean. A golf-course made of Neuchatel asphalt would be a better course than One Tree Hill under any conditions; in fact, one has the condition of asphalt when playing on a frozen seaside course. Again, it is a golf lie to play out of cups, but never out of slinging grass. An English amateur or professional championship would never be played at One Tree Hill even if the course were properly laid out. The second point is that the course has not been properly laid out. Before analysing our own course it is necessary to establish what a first-class course is. There are two sine qua non of a championship course, and they are that there must be at least 10 two full shots holes, and that the total length of the course is over 6000 yards. A two full shots hole is one that is slightly under the distance of two full shots for a powerful player, and just what an average player can comfortably reach in two. If it were taken as the full length of the two shots of the big driver the hole would cease to be a good one even for him when there was any wind against. He gets his advantage when the wind is against at a property-laid-out hole, for his weaker opponent cannot quite reach the green with his second. Of the remaining 8 holes, 3 at least should be reachable in one, three holes should be nearly three full shots, and only two a drive and a pitch. As I have already said, 10 is a minimum for two full shots holes, and consequently if there are more (as most good courses have) the other holes are varied. When a hole is a drive and a pitch there should be peculiar difficulties in the drive and in the pitch, such as to make the pitch a reasonably difficult one if the tee shot has been good, and almost impossible if it has not been good.

Now to analyse our course. Let us count, as broadly as we can, the two full-shot holes. There is the 1st, 2nd, 6th, 8th, 15th. By no possible means can one count more. To go over the course from 1st to 15th, it reads: 1st, two full shots; 2nd, two full shots; 3rd, drive and pitch; 4th, two and a pitch; 5th, one shot; 6th, two full shots; 7th, two and a pitch; 8th, two full shots; 9th, drive and pitch; 10th, one shot; 11th, one shot; 12th, drive and pitch; 13th, one shot; 14th, drive and pitch; 15th, two full shots; 16th, two and a pitch; 17th, one and a pitch; 18th, two and a pitch. Perhaps the 4th, 16th and 18th ought to be called three-shot holes, but they are very bare ones. So one finds there are five two full-shot holes, six holes drives and a pitch, four holes one-shot holes and three three-shot holes. Thus we have only five two full-shot holes, whereas we ought to have 10; we have six of the variety that ought only to sport two, or at the outside 3, in the 18; four short holes and three long ones. The six drives and pitches are the blemishes of the course. The third, for instance, is an absolutely bad hole in itself. To a Vardon it would be a matter of absolute indifference when his tee-shot lay, for he would just bang his second on the hillside behind the hole. A Taylor would not even attempt to pitch his mashie-shot for a three. He would do the hanging. This is not golf. What special feature of difficulty is there in the approaches at the 7th, the 9th, the 14th and the 17th? An iron, a cleek or a brassie shot may just lie as well as the perfect played pitch. Where people get wrong about this subject of two full-shot holes is this—they say why so exclude the mashie? But a round of 18 two full-shot holes does not exclude the mashie, except to an absolute automaton. Let them think how often they use their mashies at our five full-shot holes. If they are playing well enough to be on the green each time in two they don't use the mashie; but how often does it happen? The whole point in laying out a green is a true appreciation of what is true golf—which is that if one player plays a shot below par against his opponent, who plays absolute par, the former must lose that hole unless he plays a shot above par (i.e., getting down in two from off the green).

The total length of the course is some 5700 yards, as a liberal estimate, and, as I have already said, no course is first-class unless 6100 yards.

The ladies had quite a tournament week of it last week. Three New Plymouth ladies have been up trying their strength against our ladies. The first match was played on Wednesday, when a teams' match was played. The Auckland Club did not put into the field its best team, but played players of equal handicaps to the New Plymouth ladies. A very good game resulted in a win for Auckland by 10 up. Miss Stevenson, the New Plymouth lady champion, played very well against Miss Lewis. She was only 3 down, and this, too, when she could not have known the course. Miss J. Draper beat Mrs Edwards by 5 holes, and Miss J. Richmond beat Miss Hawkins by 2 holes. On Thursday Mrs W. R. Bloomfield presented a prize for competition among all-comers. It was played against bogey, 13 holes, and Miss Lewis won with 5 down. The returns

were not good, the next to Miss Lewis being 7 down. This is pretty bad in 13 holes. On Friday the New Plymouth ladies very gracefully presented a prize. This was 14 holes medal play. Miss Ethna Pierce won with the good return of 89—14—75. Miss Stevenson (New Plymouth) did the best, scratch, with 80. In the afternoon an approaching and putting (combined) competition took place for a prize presented by Mr. Lewis. The distances were 80, 50 and 25 yards. In the first round Miss Stevenson, Mrs Bloomfield and Miss Lewis tied with 9. In the second round Miss Stevenson went out, and the other two again halved at 9. A third time they halved, and at the fourth Miss Lewis won by her last putt. Nothing could be closer. Miss Stevenson's approaching was much admired, and if she had putted as well as the others she would have won.

**LAWN TENNIS.**

**CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.**

The championship meeting of the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association is to be held this year at Napier, and Mr Barry Keesing, the secretary, is making every preparation to ensure the success of the gathering. The dates fixed are December 26, 28, 29 and 30, so no doubt many tennis enthusiasts who take their holidays at that time of the year, will take a run down to Napier to see the meeting.

**AUCKLAND CLUB'S OPENING.**

There was a large attendance of players and friends at the Auckland Club's lawn on Saturday afternoon, when the season was opened. The President (Mr Jackson) formally declared the course opened, and play was indicated in during the afternoon. Considerable improvements have been made in the courts during the winter months.

**EDEN AND EPSOM CLUB'S OPENING.**

The pretty lawns of the Eden and Epsom Club presented a very attractive appearance on Saturday afternoon, the opening day of the season. The green superintendent (Mr Horace Walker) had the lawns in splendid order, and there was a large attendance of members and visitors. The Rev. E. J. McFarland, one of the vice-presidents, made the opening speech, and referred to the lawns as no doubt the best in New Zealand, and Mrs Heather performed the opening ceremony by serving two balls to the court. Matches were then commenced, some of the play being of a high standard for the day. Afternoon tea was dispensed during the afternoon, and a band played several enjoyable selections.

**CRICKET.**

**"WILLOW THE KING"**

**CRICKET SEASON OPENED.**

**FINE WEATHER AND FAST WICKETS.**

The cricket season was opened at Auckland on Saturday, when the championship match of the New Districts was played. During the week previous had been apprehensive about the weather, but Saturday was a fine summer's day, and the season was opened under the best conditions. On an evening of that which the Domain are generally slow, but the winds of last week had dried the ground, and players were faced with fast pitches. The ground was in the best of form, and it is a pleasure to notice that the attendance of the public was very satisfactory. The scoring in the senior matches was perhaps not so high as one would have expected on the excellent pitches, which had to be remembered, of course, that it was the first day, and players had not yet struck form. The chief interest centred in the Grafton-Eden contest. Grafton's strong batting combination, which had scored 112, and Eden responded with 88 for the loss of three wickets. Parsell, who are in many quarters favourites for the senior championship, were expected to score an easy eleven over Eden, but the latter team, after starting disastrously, total 112, and Parsell have 58, no less than four wickets

**EXAMINATION FOR MINE MANAGERS' AND BATTERY SUPERINTENDENTS' CERTIFICATES.**

Mines Department, Wellington, 1st Oct., 1903.  
 An Examination of Candidates for Certificates as First and Second class Mine Managers and Battery Superintendents, under "The Mining Act, 1894," and First and Second class Mine Managers under "The Coal Mines Act, 1891," will be held on TUESDAY, the 26th January, 1904, and following days, at places to be hereafter named. All applications, with necessary certificates, and fee of £1, must be addressed to "The Secretary of the Board of Examiners under the Mining Act (or Coal Mines Act), Wellington," and must be received before the 25th December, or they will not be dealt with until the Examination in 1904. Forms of application may be obtained at School of Mines, Thames, Waikato, and Coromandel, also from Inspector of Mines, Thames, Westport, and Danedin.

T. H. HAMER,

Secretary to the Board of Examiners.  
 (NOTE.—No candidate will be permitted to present himself for examination unless he holds an authority from the Secretary, stating that his certificate of service has been accepted by the Board.)

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for 31. At Devonport the City team opposed the home team, who scored 121, of which Warren made 64, the highest score of the day. City have lost one wicket for 32. It will thus be seen that all three senior matches present an open appearance, so that there should be some interesting cricket on the second day, next Saturday. A word of praise is due to Mr. H. J. Yates, the caretaker of the Domain Cricket Ground, for the excellent state of the ground.

**SOUTHERN CRICKET.**

**WELLINGTON, October 29.**

The cup contests were continued here on Saturday. In the Midland v. Wellington match Wellington's first innings totalled 130, Richardson (44), Mahoney (28), S. Hickson (19), C. Gore (11) being the double-figure scorers. Stirling was leading by 32 at the first innings. Phoenix defeated Old Boys by 65 runs. The winners' second innings totalled 152, while Old Boys were disposed of for 86.

**CHRISTCHURCH, October 29.**

The senior cup cricket matches were continued on Saturday afternoon. The batting was very poor on the whole. Notwithstanding their moderate total of 147, the Midland occupy the commanding position against United. H. Lawrence made no less than 81, compiled without a chance. Olyvier, Fisher, and E. Franklin divided the wickets for United. The latter had an hour's batting, and fared disastrously, losing five wickets for 41 runs (Weston not out 10). Bromley met with great success with the ball. At St. Andrew's Park the home team made an excellent start against Lancaster Park, and had 73 up before a wicket fell. In spite of this their total only reached 157 (Reese 34, Kinzig 21, Fowke 15, and Macdonald 10). For Lancaster Park, Callaway and Wilding divided the wickets. At the call of time the Lancastrians had lost seven wickets for 119 runs (H. C. Bailey 30, Wilding 24, Barrett not out 11, and Redpath 19).

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Whittaker Wright's trial has been postponed until November to enable him to prepare his defence.

France is preparing judicial arbitration treaties with Italy, Holland, Sweden and Norway.

The death is announced of the Right Hon. William Edward Hartpole Lecky, P.C., M.P., the famous historian, at the age of 64.

The official estimate of the English hop yield is 8½cwt per acre, giving a total production of 421,078cwt, as against 683,390 cwt last year.

The New Zealand Agricultural Company proposes to reduce its capital by one-half, returning the shareholders 10/ per share.

A Siemens electric car on the Zossen railway, in Germany, put up another record, attaining a speed of 123 miles an hour.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier states that the Canadian Government must consider the building of an all-Canadian route to Yukon, the capital of the Klondyke mining district.

The United Irish League has selected Mr Patrick Dempsey to oppose Mr Arnold-Forster at the election following on the appointment of the latter as Secretary of State for War.

King Leopold's mission to Vienna regarding the attitude of Great Britain on the question of the Belgian rule in the Congo Free State has ended in failure. The Emperor Franz Josef contented himself with advising the King of the Belgians to refer the question to the Arbitration Tribunal at The Hague.

William Booty, an elderly London solicitor, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for misappropriating £25,000 of his clients' money. He speculated in building to the extent of a quarter of a million. The deficiency is £144,000, consisting largely of trust money.

Mrs. Frances Day was sentenced at Exeter to six months' hard labour for gross and unnatural cruelty. It appeared that this person exposed her daughter, who is 14 years of age, in the garden all night, and charges were also proved of burning and cutting her flesh, and other barbarities.

**GENERAL CABLES.**

**SCANDINAVIAN EMPIRE.**

The "Frankfurter Zeitung" states that it is proposed to create Prince Charles of Sweden King of Norway, and then unite Sweden, Norway and Denmark into a Scandinavian Empire, with the King of Denmark as first Emperor, the object being to resist the Russian conquest of the peninsula.

**THE VICTORY DAMAGED.**

The obsolete battleship Neptune, while being towed out of Portsmouth Harbour, broke adrift and rammed Nelson's old flagship Victory, which is now used for exhibition purposes, 12ft below water-line. She began to fill and was towed to the docks.

**DEATH OF MRS SPURGEON.**

Mrs. Spurgeon, widow of the late Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, is dead. [Mrs. Spurgeon was closely associated with her husband in his work, and took an active part in the well-known "Book-Fund," and in various missionary movements initiated by the famous preacher.]

**SOUTH AFRICA.**

Violent language was used at the Synod of the Dutch Church held at Capetown. The exploded charges of barbarities were revived, and some of the speakers declared that the Afrikaners' day had now come. One minister said that thousands of his "sisters" had been murdered, and that the Lord of Revenge would visit it on the guilty.

**WHITTAKER WRIGHT'S CASE.**

The case in which Whittaker Wright, company promoter, was charged with fraud came on at the criminal sessions before Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, K.C., Recorder of the City of London.

The Recorder, in his charge to the jury, said that he hoped that the facts disclosed would prove a solemn warning to persons in high position not to lend their names to commercial undertakings without first obtaining a practical knowledge of their scope and intention.

The allusion of the Recorder was clearly to the involving of a great diplomatist and statesman, the late Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, in the affairs of the Globe Company, floated by Whittaker Wright and others.

**DOWIE'S MISSION TO NEW YORK.**

Dowie's vituperative attacks on dergymen, Freemasons, journalists, and others exasperated an audience of 5000, and much disorder occurred.

A guard of eighty followed the carriage to the hotel, fearing that the prophet would be mobbed. The meetings are a fiasco, and there is little prospect of Dowie's five millions being forthcoming.

Tremendous disturbances took place at Dowie's meetings.

Half of his followers are ill with colds. Dowie has declared that those who were not recovering rapidly would be considered lacking in faith, while others, who recover early will be regarded as "shining lights."

Several wealthy converts have joined the movement.

**A DASTARDLY ACT.**

At the Staffordshire Autumn Sessions Ernest Edalji, solicitor of Birmingham was again brought up on sundry charges of maliciously wounding horses and cattle.

The depositions of the previous hearing, and the fresh evidence, showed that the prisoner, who is the son of the highly educated Hindu vicar of Great Wyrley in Staffordshire, had deliberately planned the mutilation of a large number of cattle and horses. This he had carried out with razors, hooks, and other sharp instruments, the injuries in some cases being terrible.

The jury recommended the prisoner

to mercy on account of his social position. Sir Reginald Hardy, the chairman, refused, however, to accept this rider, emphasized the gravity of the outrage, and sentenced Edalji to imprisonment for seven years with hard labour.

**THE FAR EAST.**

Preliminary arrangements have been completed for the expeditions summoning or a portion of the two years' Russian infantry reserves.

Many insurances are being effected at Lloyd's against risk of seizure, capture or detention on the voyage to Japanese and Russian ports in the Far East.

Much speculative shipment of coal to the Far East is also going on. Lloyd's officials do not, however, believe in the imminence of war.

The "Daily Mail's" Tientsin correspondent states that Japan has notified China that if Russia does not evacuate Manchuria Japan will likewise take Chinese territory.

The British and Japanese Ministers here are urging Corea to open Yonampo as a treaty port, and include within it the Russian concession, thus overcoming the dilemma in which Corea placed herself when she granted Russia exclusive concessions in non-treaty ports.

The Foreign Minister of Korea is favourable to the proposal to open Yonampo to foreign trade.

The King locks himself in his palace, and consults his fortune-teller at every emergency.

**THE ALASKAN AWARD.**

Lord Alverstone and three American Commissioners signed the Alaskan Award. Sir Louis Jette and his Canadian colleague abstained, considering that the finding with regard to the islands at the entrance to the Portland channel and the mountain line not judicial. They complain that Canadian interests have been sacrificed because the awarding of the islands of Kannagunut and Sitka to the United States gave America command of the Portland channel, Observatory inlet and the ocean passage to Port Simpson, destroying the strategic value to Canada of Prince of Wales and Pearce islands. They also complain that the tribunal selected a line of mountains northwards of Portland channel, far back from the coast, clearing all bays and inlets and means of access to the sea, giving the United States complete land barriers between Canada and the sea from Portland channel to Mount St. Elias.

The "Times" says that the attitude of Lord Alverstone shows that Canadians could hardly have hoped for a more favourable result from an actual Court of Arbitration. The decision is practically a ratification of the status quo. It is an inestimable gain to have

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settled a question which offered perennial opportunities for exciting discord between the two great kindred nations. The "Canadian Free Press" admits that Canada must acquiesce without "squealing" in the decision of the Boundary Commission. The "Press" advises the Government to make sure of the Canadian right to the Arctic Islands and to the islands of Hudson Bay, and to consolidate their dominion by federation with Newfoundland.

The American newspapers warmly praise Lord Alverstone's impartiality, and declare that the Alaskan was the greatest diplomatic victory of their generation. They urge Americans to make every reasonable overture for improved relations with Canada.

Canada is exceedingly bitter over the Alaska Award, and the feeling is expressed that Great Britain's care is more for friendship with America than for the whole of the Dominion. Mr Aylesworth, one of the Commission, in an interview declared that Canadians felt so keenly that probably in order to prevent a repetition of such a decision they would for the future demand larger powers of self-government.

**PREFERENTIAL TRADE.**

Mr John Morley spoke at a great and enthusiastic meeting at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester. He declared that the whole weight of authority, both practical and theoretical, was against Mr Chamberlain's crude, raw and unthinking proposal.

Mr Balfour said Mr Morley was the mere shadow of a Premier. It was unworthy of him to resort to a policy of intellectual shuffling. Cobden and Bright had proved that they were right too often to be overthrown. Anyone acquainted with Lancashire in its days of Protection would know that it was idiotic to declare Free Trade to be a failure.

Instead of ruining agriculture it had enabled the farmer to hold up his head, and it had raised the position of the labourers. He pointed to the enormous increase in the income tax and in Savings Banks deposits, and the increase in shipping. While the average price of food had fallen 30 per cent., wages have risen by 5 per cent.

He denied that there was any real displacement of trade by the principal foreign competitors. And even if it was a cause for anxiety it was unwise to seize the first remedy.

Free imports were the true and only key to national prosperity. Mr Balfour, wishing to gain liberty, was offered a choice of fetters or manacles. The nation must, however, refuse to be bullied into the accepting of a difficult and dangerous policy of retaliatory tariff. Jingoism was the backwash of the war.

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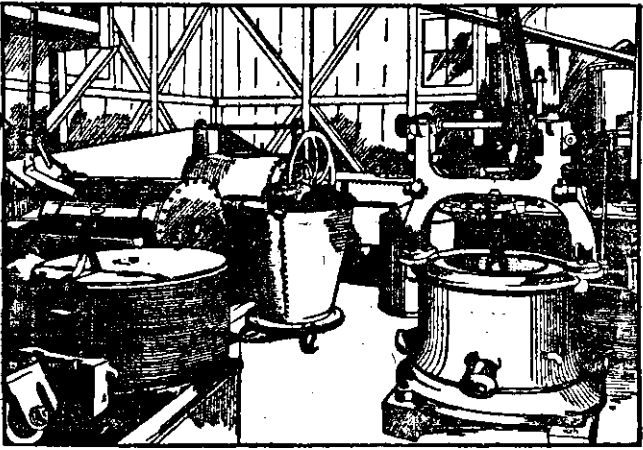
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## OPERA HOUSE.

Lessee and Manager:  
WILLIAM ANDERSON.

MAGGIE MOORE.  
MAGGIE MOORE.

"THE WIDOW FROM JAPAN."

SATURDAY NEXT.  
"WAY DOWN SOUTH."

PRICES — 3/6, 2/6, and 1/6.  
Early Door, 6/3 extra.

On Tuesday evening, after this paper went to press, the Musgrove Shakespearean Company appeared in what is absolutely unquestionably the most perfect and most magnificent production which has ever been placed on the boards of a colonial theatre. It being manifestly impossible to criticise or commend a thing before witnessing the same, it might legitimately be asked how such an opinion could be here laid down. Knowing that a week must elapse before this paper could comment on "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the critic thereof stunted permission to attend a final rehearsal of the same in His Majesty's Theatre. The very fact of having a full and most rigid rehearsal of the play, which has been running for months now in Australian and English theatres, will indicate the scrupulous and infinite care which has been lavished on the production. Space will not permit of a detailed eulogy—for nothing else is possible—in this issue. The superb completeness of the performance in every single particular is a theme on which one could effectively enlarge for a column or more, but the hucyete, like the tide, waits for no man, and it may not be. Let it then be said briefly and emphatically, and with due sense of responsibility, and dislike of gush, that no finer conception of a most beautiful comedy could be possibly imagined. Miraculous as are the stage effects—and miraculous is the only word—in

acting, and beauty in elocutionary effect, have not been one iota subordinated to them. Exquisite as is the wood scene in the second act, where Titania and her train enter, a scene whose marvels grow and grow on the spectator throughout the act, it is no whit more beautiful than the culture with which Titania speaks her matchless lines of blank verse, or the delightfulness of the beautifully-sung fairy lullaby. The masterpiece, from a stagecraft point of view, is, of course, the famous dawn scene in act 4, which theatrical wonder cannot well be described in a few lines of bald print. Its beauties unfolding themselves in slow degrees to a nocturne of Chopin, really well played by a large and exceedingly fine orchestra, will ever remain in the minds of those who see it, as soberly and literally one of the sights and enjoyments of a lifetime. The acting throughout is as close to perfection as heart could desire, and it may be said without hesitation that anyone who can afford to see this production and does not do so commits a blunder of incredible stupidity. No single company which has ever come to New Zealand has ever attempted such a performance, no company has ever earned from a responsible paper more sincere, more emphatic, or more worthy commendation than it seems the duty of the writer to here bestow.

The Maggie Moore season in Auckland did not open too brilliantly with "Killarney" which proved, on the first night at all events, a weak play—decidedly weakly played. With the single exception of Miss Moore, who also was scarcely up to her usual form, the players seemed either careless, or else ill at ease, and the whole performance, in acting, staging, and general setting, smacked more of the amateur than the professional stage.

Miss Moore retains a marvellous vitality and vivacity, but it must be reluctantly confessed her singing is not what it was, and, after all, one has no right to expect it to be so. "Killarney" was played two nights, and on Tuesday evening, after we went to press, "The Widow from Japan" was to be staged; and that again is to be followed in due course by the ever-popular "Struck Oil," in which Miss Moore is always at her very best.

Mr and Mrs John Prouse and Miss Prouse, of Wellington, were in London when the last mail left. Mr Prouse suffered somewhat severely after his departure from New York from the effects of the heat experienced while he was in that city, and the assistance of a medical man had to be obtained on his arrival in Liverpool, where he had to rest for a few days before proceeding to London.

Recognising the very arduous and exceedingly good work which Mr Montague, of Auckland, had done in forming the Shakespeare Society, which has been such a success during the winter season, the members of that society made Mr. Montague the recipient of a small souvenir of their gratitude and goodwill last week in the shape of a handsome gold sovereign case. Mr. Campbell (president of the society) made the presentation on behalf of the members, and Mr. Montague, who was obviously taken very completely by surprise, responded in felicitous terms.

"Mistakes Will Happen." Messrs Geach and Willoughby's latest "boom" in the laughter-making line, commenced work in earnest in Dunedin last week, and is reported from trustworthy sources to be excruciatingly funny. The company work leisurely North, and have magnificent dates, including Carnival Week in Christchurch, and Christmas holidays in Auckland. The luck of the firm (or is it good management?) evidently keeps in, and a host of friends of the genial pair will hope it may long continue to do so.

The engagement is announced of Mrs Bode, of East Melbourne, and Mr Carlyle Smythe, musical and dramatic critic of the "Argus," and son of Mr R. S. Smythe.

Madame Emily Soldene met Mrs Herrick Knowles (Lily Titterton) in London recently. Mr and Mrs Knowles—and baby—will return to Sydney shortly.

The "San Francisco Dramatic News" says that when the Frawley Company returns to America, in about a year's time, Mr Frawley expects to engage extensively in other theatrical interests in Australia.

A well-known teacher of music in the city has methods which are peculiarly abrupt. A new pupil had come to him for an opinion, and after listening to her for some time, he said suddenly, "Why do you not wear earrings?" The question was so sudden, and to the poor girl so extraordinary, that she could only stammer, "Earrings! Why?" "Well, you might just as well use your ears for something," said the teacher. "They are no good for music."

Miss Ada Crossley is decidedly amused at the care Mr Williamson takes of her, in case she should be fatigued for her concerts. He would not allow her to shake hands at the Mayoral reception, and watches over her carefully. Miss Crossley relates how in England she has travelled miles to sing at a concert in the afternoon, then returned to town, dressing in the train, just in time to sing at an evening concert, or has travelled practically all day and night between two concerts.

Mr Harry Rickards, as the result of his present trip to England, has arranged for his first contingent of new performers, and they are already on their way to Australia. The following performers are coming by the Oroya—Madame Vulcania, a female Sandow; Atlas, an athlete; Johnson, a musical comedian; and Mrs Sims Reeves, soprano. With the exception of the widow of the famous English tenor, the new artists will open in Melbourne at the Opera House, on October 24. Mrs Reeves will make her Australian debut at the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney, on October 31. Mr Rickards has also engaged the Dunmonds, a company of Parisian minstrels, who are coming to Australia by way of America, and are due here this month.

There have been ructions in the Pollard Opera Company, says the "Critic," and Miss Nina Osborne, who has made a decided hit over there, and become a great favourite with the public, has left their ranks. The trouble culminated at

Johannesburg, where the comedian, Mr. Percy, had painted up the scenery, and asked as a favour that his wife should play "Mimosa San." His request was granted, and Miss Osborne was asked to play "Tommy." After making such a hit there, this was rather too much, especially as she had played a better part for Mr. Williamson, with a superior all-round company, more especially as Miss Ransay, who was playing "Mimosa," was promoted from the chorus, and had only played it once in New Zealand, as understudy. A New Zealand night was given during the run of "Geisha," and so great a favourite was Miss Osborne, that spite of the fact that she was no longer a member of the company, she was invited to be present with a theatre party, and was presented, like the principals, with a souvenir of the occasion, a small gold medalion, with on one side—"N.Z. night, Jo'burg," and the other the initials of the recipient and Kia-ora. After the performance they gave a supper on the stage. The company left for Petermaritzburg at the end of September.

Apropos of Miss Osborne, who, when in New Zealand, was the bosom friend of Miss May Beatty, the young lady's many admirers in this colony will hear with mingled feelings the news that she will not return to the colonies, as she is going to marry and settle in South Africa. By all accounts her fiancée is a fine fellow, Major W. J. Robertson, of the Capetown Highlanders, who was all through the South African campaign. Her Melbourne friends, while delighted to hear of her happiness, regret that it will mean a great loss to them, for she is such a sterling little woman, a universal favourite where personally known, and a staunch friend. Miss Osborne has proved a great favourite with Pollards' company in South Africa, but she has lately succeeded from its ranks, and is staying with friends.

"Mark Hambourg, who regretfully describes himself as 'a bundle of nerves,' ascribes his poor health to overwork in childhood (says the "Bulletin"). They even dragged me out of bed at night to practise," says the victim bitterly. Nowadays the word of the successful Mark is regarded as law by his relatives, and it is owing to him that brother Boris is allowed to take up athletics and spend some of his time in amusing himself. "He may thank me that there remains curl in his hair and colour in his cheek," says Mark, scanning with complacency the comely bellist, who, for his part, says he would gladly barter his superior digestion and nerves for a chance of ever landing in the same musical street as his gifted elder brother."

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FITTINGS.  
All kinds of Musical  
Instruments Tuned  
and Repaired.  
VIOLIN STRINGS IN  
GREAT VARIETY.



**Mr Clark Russell.**

The dearest little gentleman! That was the dominant thought in my mind as the train whirled me back from Bath, and it is the dominant thought now, for impressions of such a personality as Mr Clark Russell's do not readily fade, but rather deepen with reflection. The dearest little gentleman! Not very old, indeed, having been born in 1844, but dear, yes; little physically, too; and a high-souled gentleman, whose simple faith is summed up in the words, "Fear God and honour the King." I would gladly leave it at that and say no more, for it is no pleasure to write of suffering, however bravely borne, of a life of late years, cribb'd, cabin'd and confined (says a correspondent in a

Home journal). Yet, suffering, excruciating suffering, has so long been Clark Russell's daily companion, that some reference to his bodily infirmities is unavoidable, and may, perhaps, be best introduced by repeating a little joke of his great friend, Mr H. W. Lucy. Some four years ago "Toby" paid Mr Russell a visit at Bath. They had no met for ten years, and as "Toby" entered the room he exclaimed, "Why, you haven't changed a bit. How are you?" "Well enough in mind," answered Mr Russell, "but as regards body, I haven't stood for ten years." "Humph," retorted "Toby," cleverly covering his natural pain at seeing his old friend in such parlous state, "what are you going to 'stand' now?" For fourteen years then, Clark Russell, crippled

with rheumatism, has not set foot to ground, nor had a day's freedom from racking pain, but the fine brain is as keen, the irrepres-sible love of a joke as irrepres-sible, the spirit as dauntless, as when in years gone by he went down to the sea in ships, and gained that knowledge of "merchant Jack" he was subsequently to turn to such splendid account. To my mind he is at once the most exhilarating and the most pathetic figure I have ever met. Let us take a peep at him, then, as he peers out from beneath the hood of his Bath chair, a cigar between his lips, and a nod and a cheery word or two for every second person he meets. There is something bird-like in the small, thin, clean-shaven face, with its "flying jib of nose," as he calls it, and eyes, dulled

by gout, as varying in hue as a Jersey sea, now blue, now grey, and sometimes almost brown. A clever face, an interesting face, and a good face. For the rest there is a whimsical, I might even say, a roughish gaiety about his manner and speech which is irresistible. One forgets that he is an invalid, one forgets everything save that one's sides are all too inelastic when he talks. If in work he has often found surcease from pain, Clark Russell is rightly going to take things more easily in the future, but a new book may be looked for from his pen in the course of next year. His work, I may add, is all dictated to his daughters, and critics, who pounce on any technical error, should remember that he has to visualise ships as they were forty years ago, and are not now.

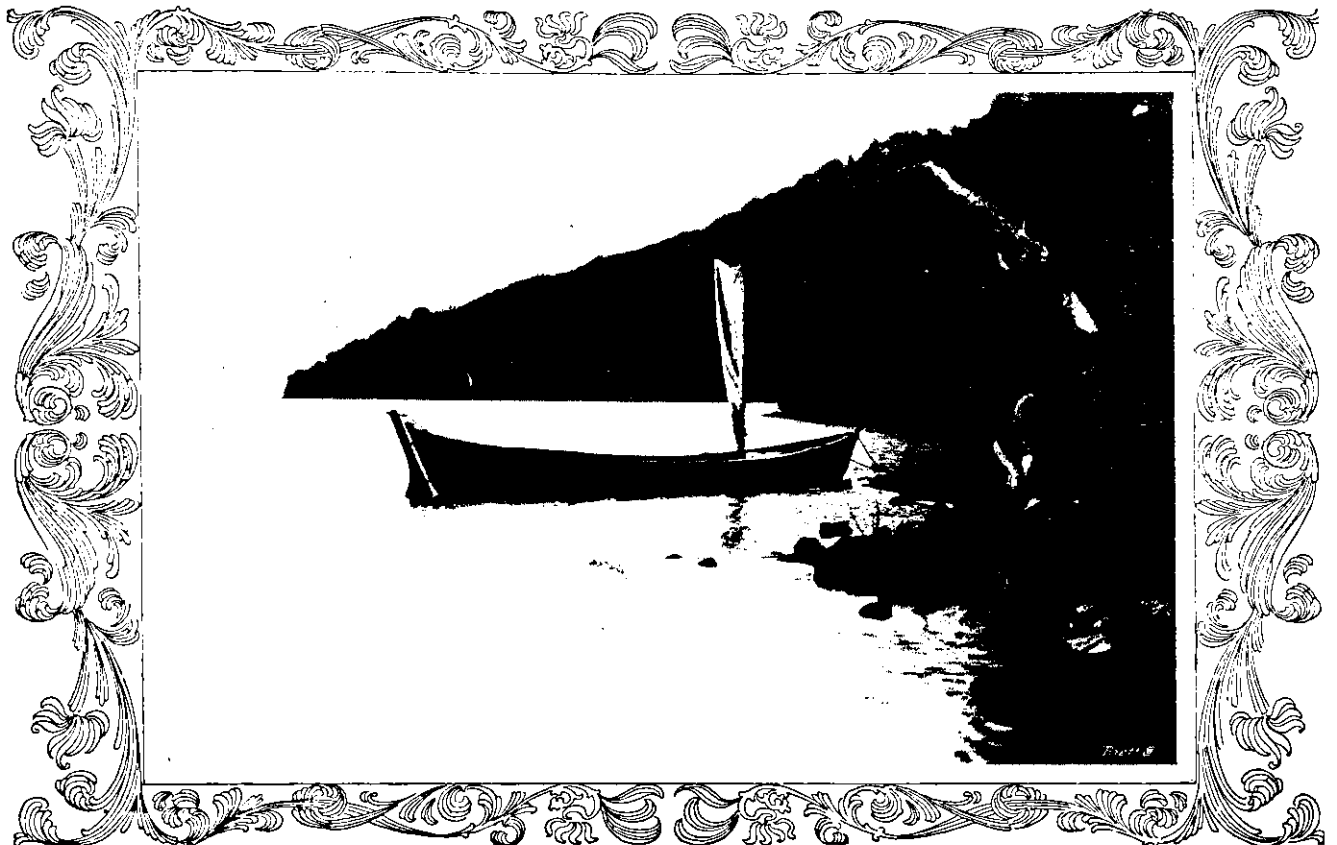


**A Bush Accident.**

CARRYING AN INJURED COMRADE TO THE NEAREST TOWNSHIP BY A BUSH TRACK.



LOWER ANIWANAWA FALLS AND CREEK.—Trout up to 15 and 20 pounds are frequently taken here.



MENAI STRAITS, ENTRANCE TO WAIRAU MOANA.



LOWER ANIWANAWA FALLS, WAIKAREMOANA.



W. A. Neale, photo.

MAHAKI'S PA, TE PUNA, WAIRARUA.



RUATUHUNA VALLEY. UREWERA COUNTRY.



ANCIENT "PATAKA" STORE AND FOOD HOUSE.

In the picture of the Pataka the putting of pigeons is in progress. Note the Teko Teko to the right, rotted off with age. A splendid specimen of ancient carving. W. A. Neale, photo.



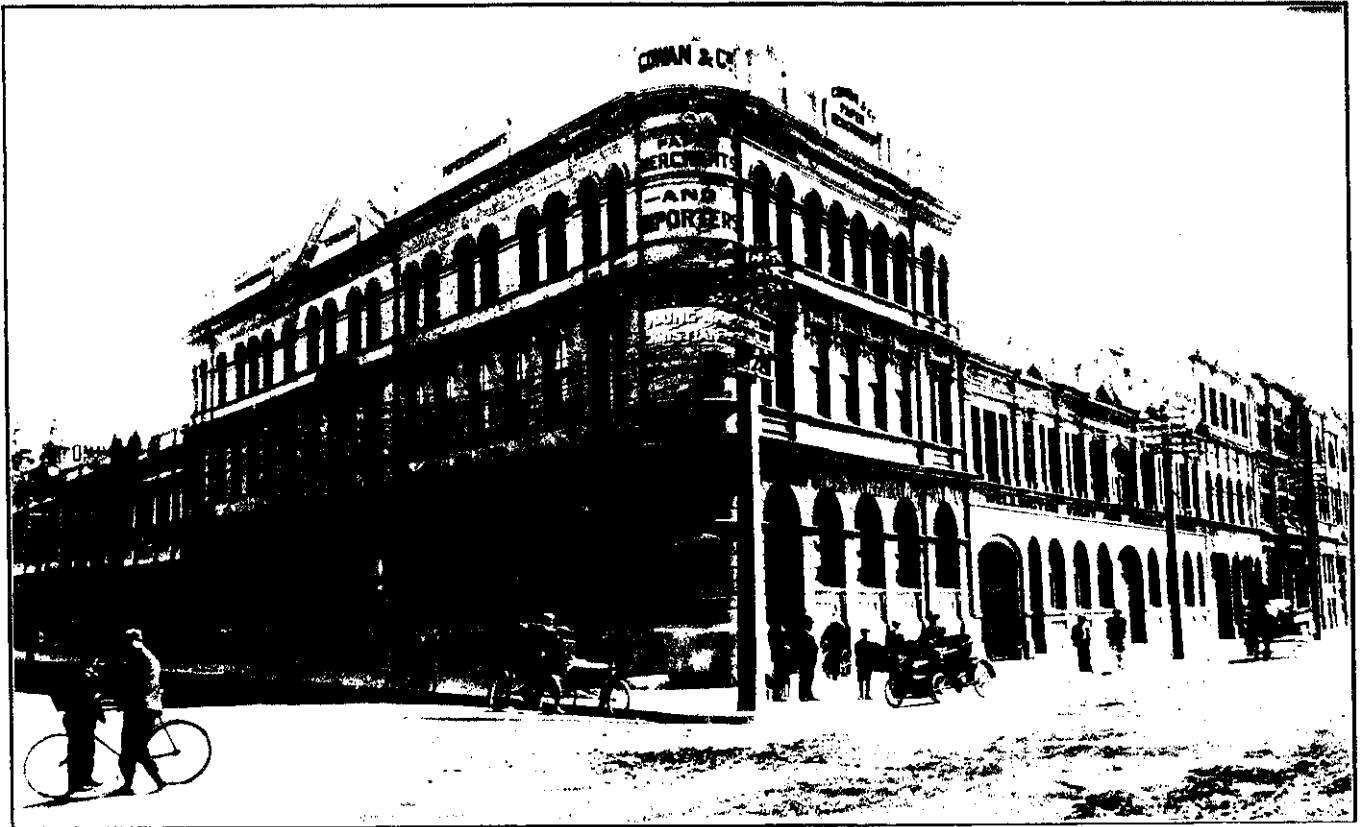
THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF THE NORTH SHORE BOWLING CLUB ON OPENING DAY.



Vaile, photo.

AN OPENING MATCH AT THE NORTH SHORE BOWLING CLUB'S GREENS.

## The 1903 Bowling Season in New Zealand.



EXTERIOR OF THE BUILDING WHERE THE Y.M.C.A. PREMISES ARE NOW SITUATED.



Schnee, Strong Studios, photo.

THE BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

# Young Men's Christian Association, Wellington.



MR CHARLES KENNINGHAM, whose singing is a feature of the productions.



MISS KERIN.



MISS MARSDIN AS "PUCK."



MISS MILTON.

**MR. GEORGE MUSGROVE'S SHAKESPEAREAN COMPANY,**  
 WHICH COMMENCED ITS NEW ZEALAND SEASON IN AUCKLAND ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27.



A CORNER OF THE LAWN.



THE FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON.



REV. E. J. MACFARLAND ADDRESSING PLAYERS AND VISITORS.

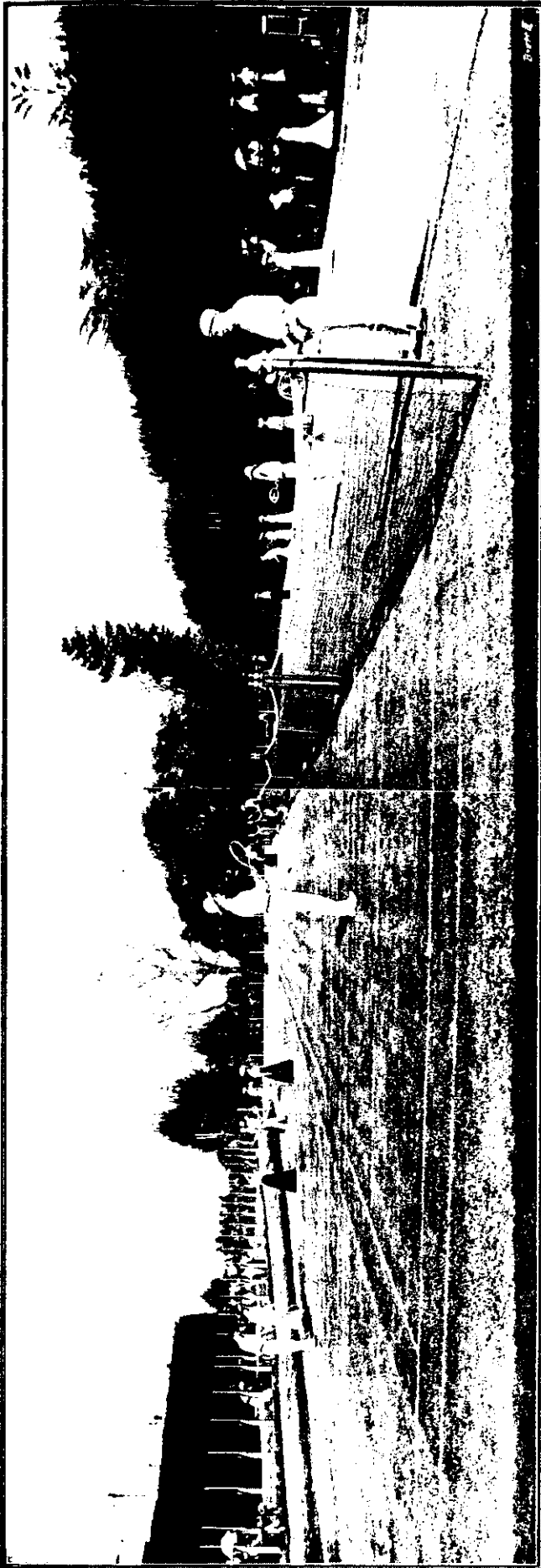


SOME OF THE VISITORS.

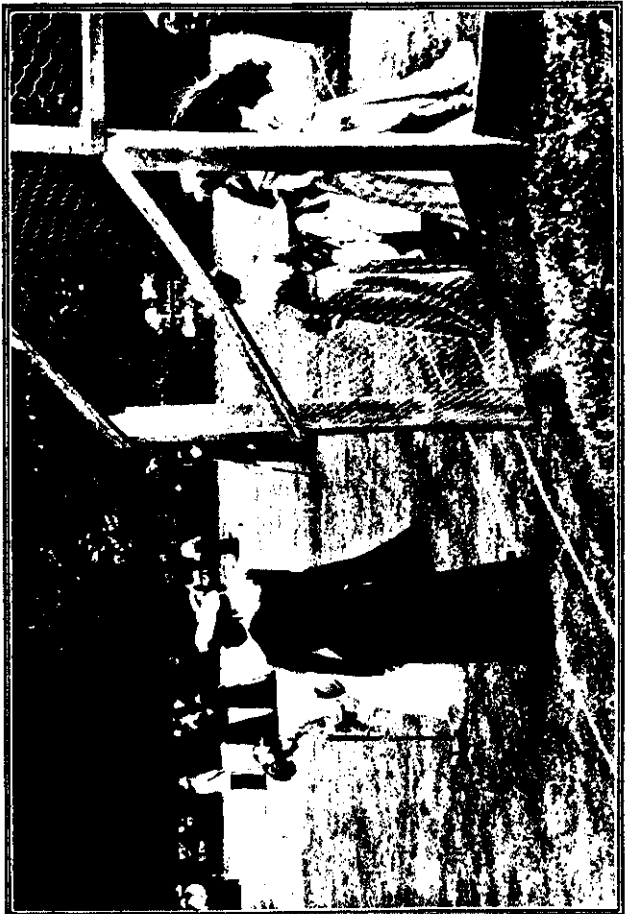
Opening of the Season at the Eden and Epsom Lawns, Auckland.

Waikanae, "Graphic" photos.





THE CLUBS' SPLENDID TENNIS COURTS.



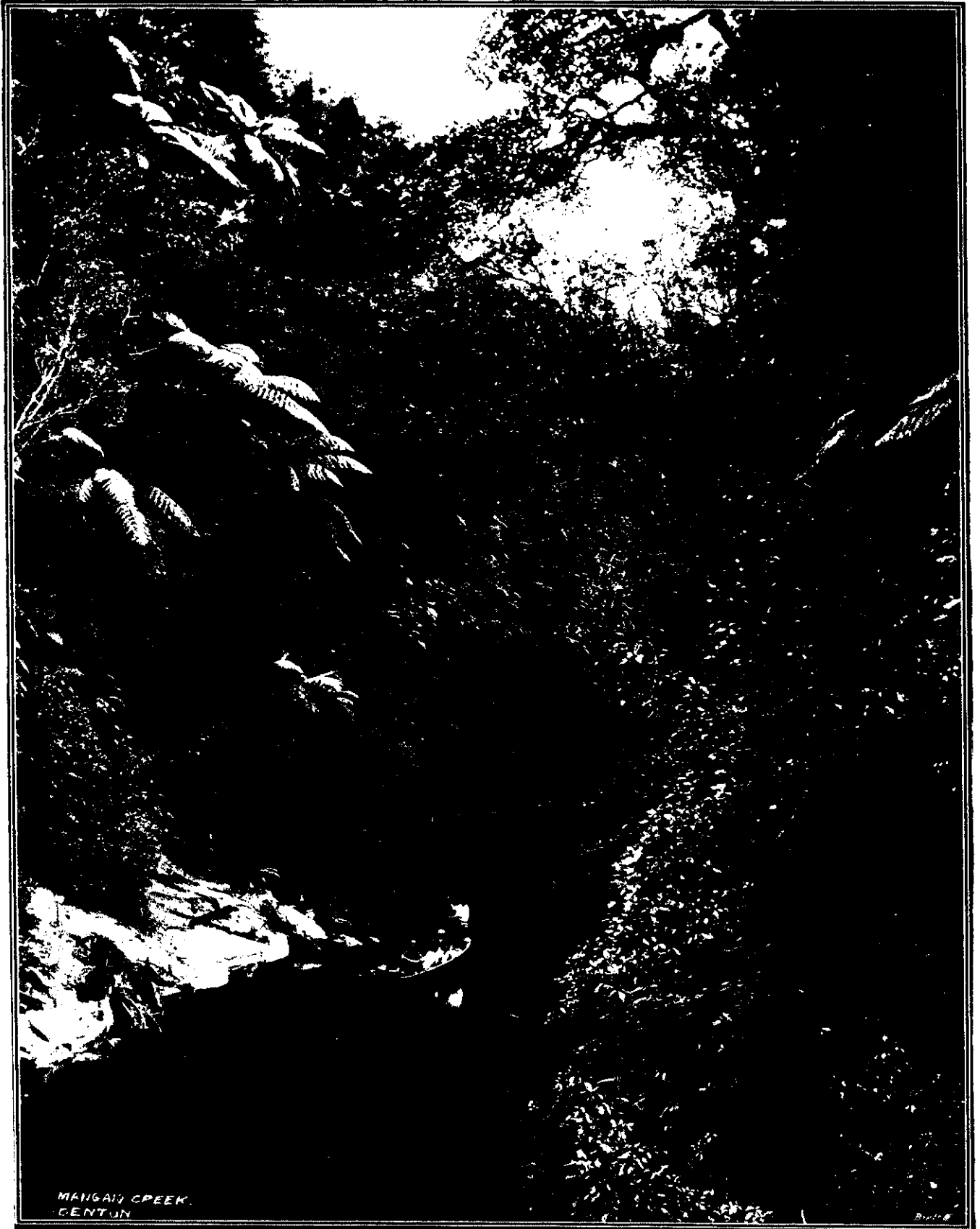
AMONG THE CROQUET ENTHUSIASTS.



WATCHING THE PLAY.

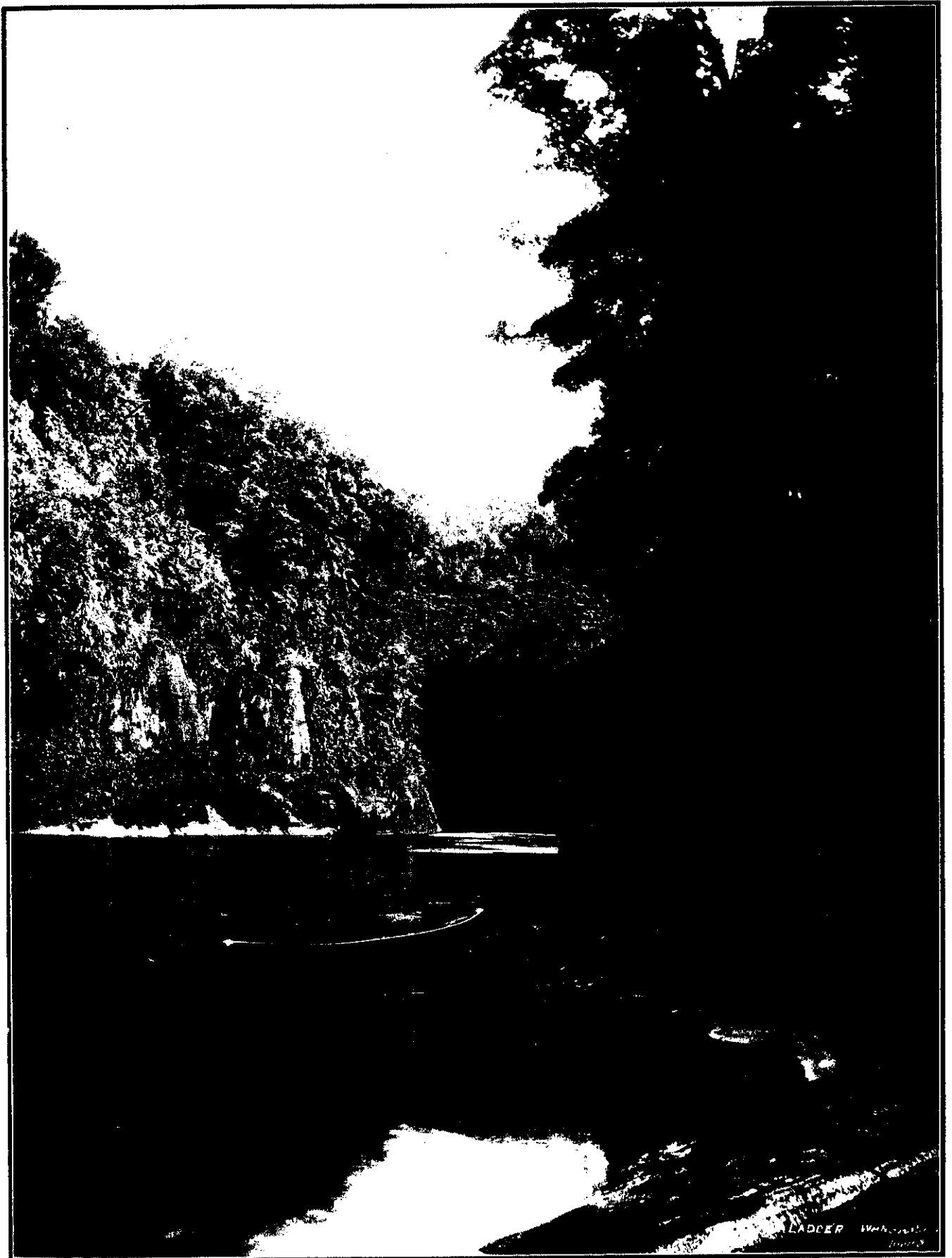
Opening of the Season at the Eden and Epsom Lawns, Auckland.

Waikou, "Graphic" photos.



Denton, photo.

**The Beautiful Mangaio Creek, Wanganui.**



Dutton, photo.

**The Famous Ladder Reach on the Wanganui River.**



CHOOSING PARTNERS.



ONLOOKERS.



FINDING THEIR GROUNDS.



A VIEW OF THE TENNIS LAWNS.

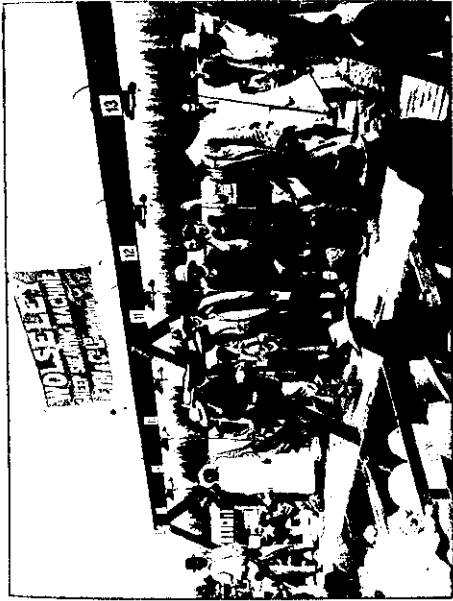


A GROUP OF PLAYERS ON THE AUCKLAND CLUB GROUNDS.

Opening of the 1903 Croquet and Tennis Season.



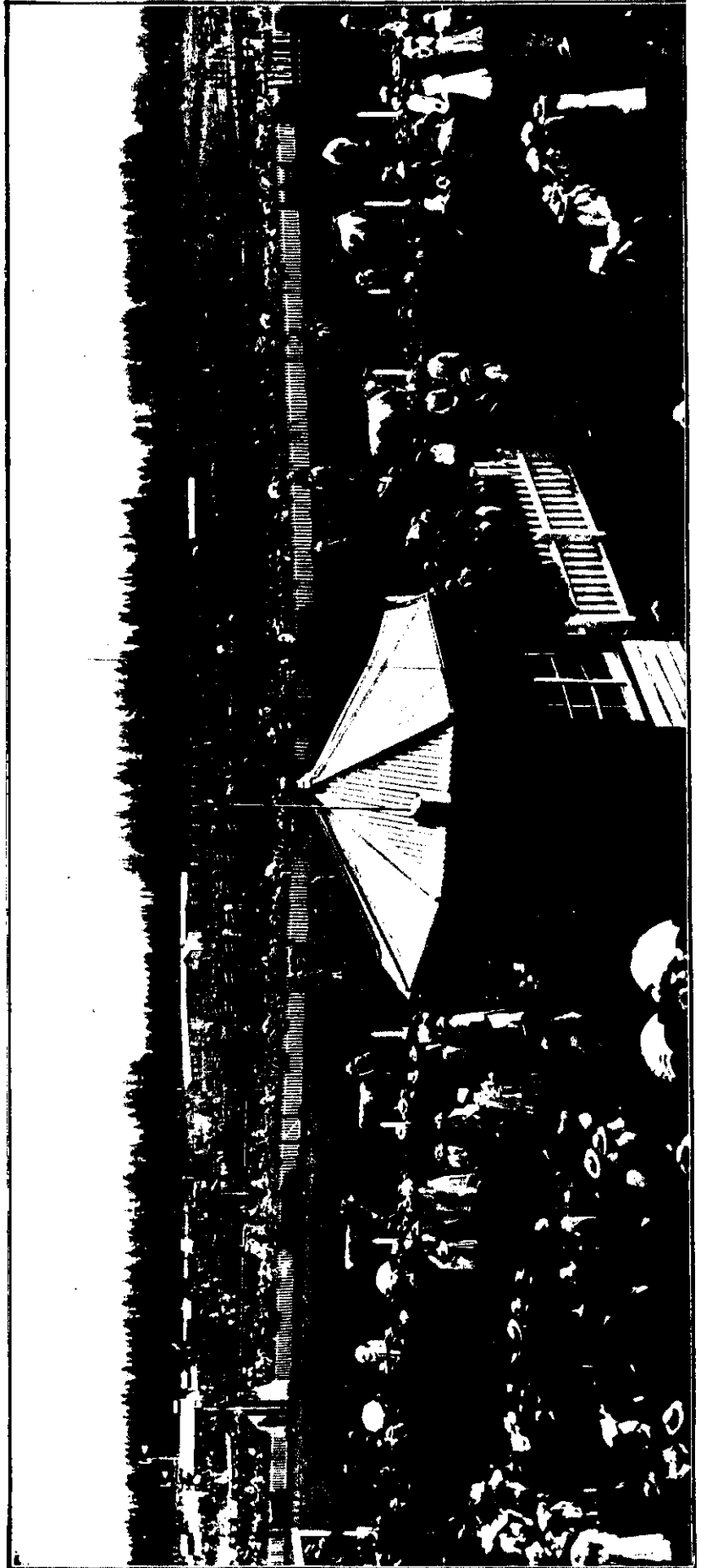
ANOTHER STAGE IN THE SHEEP SHEARING COMPETITION.



THE SHEARING COMPETITION.



A CORNER OF THE MACHINERY PADDOCK.

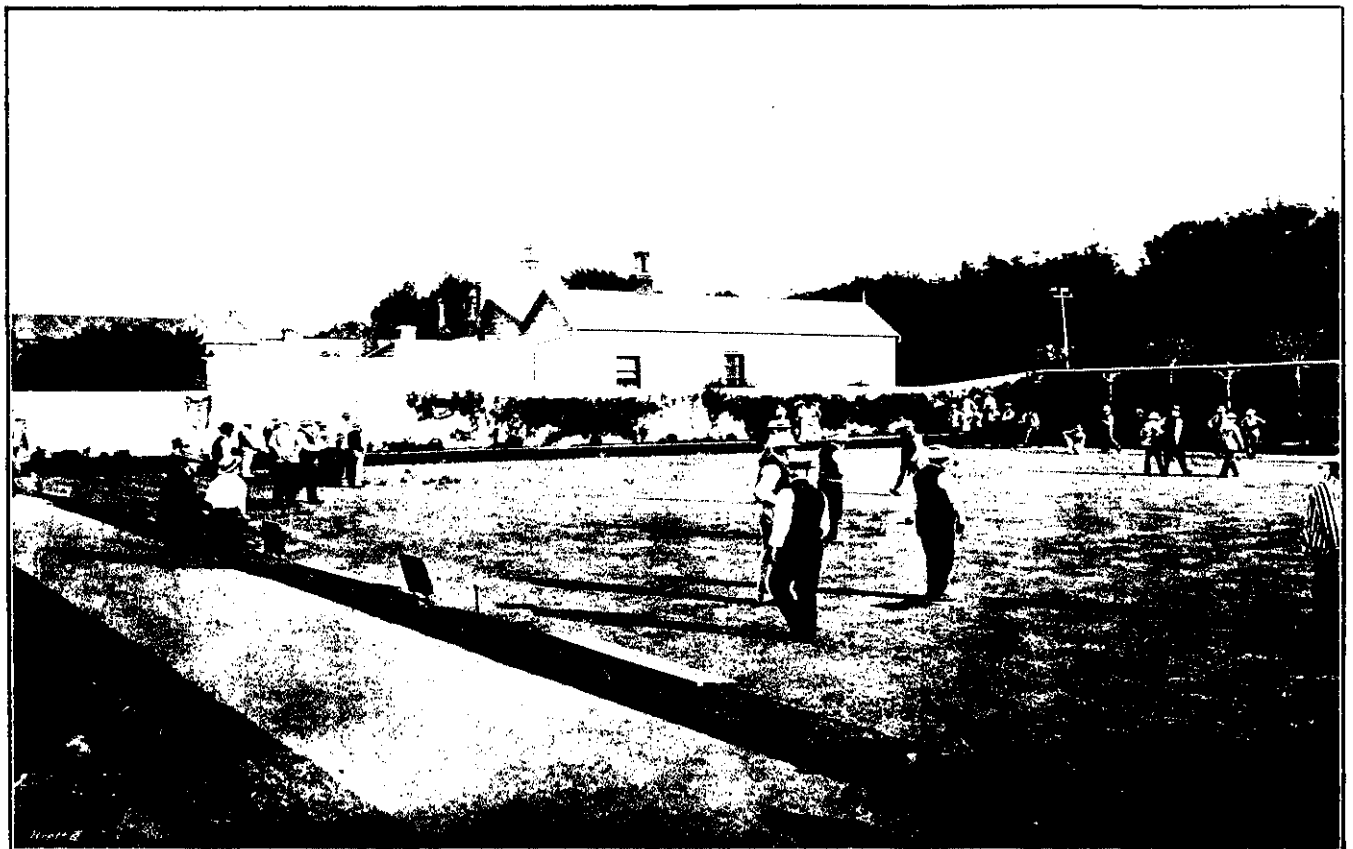


A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE MACHINERY PADDOCK

Hawkes Bay A. and P. Show, held at Hastings, October 21 and 22.



GROUP OF MEMBERS ON THE OPENING DAY.



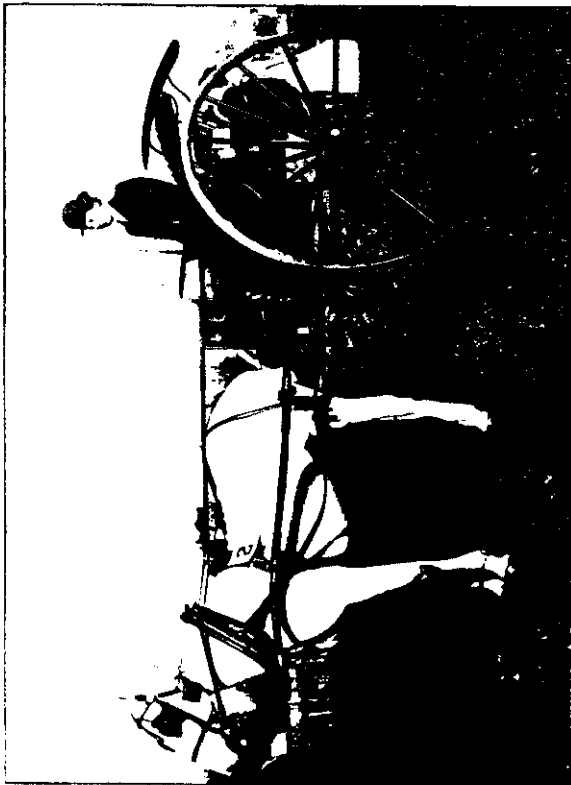
A VIEW OF THE GREENS.

Birkington photo.

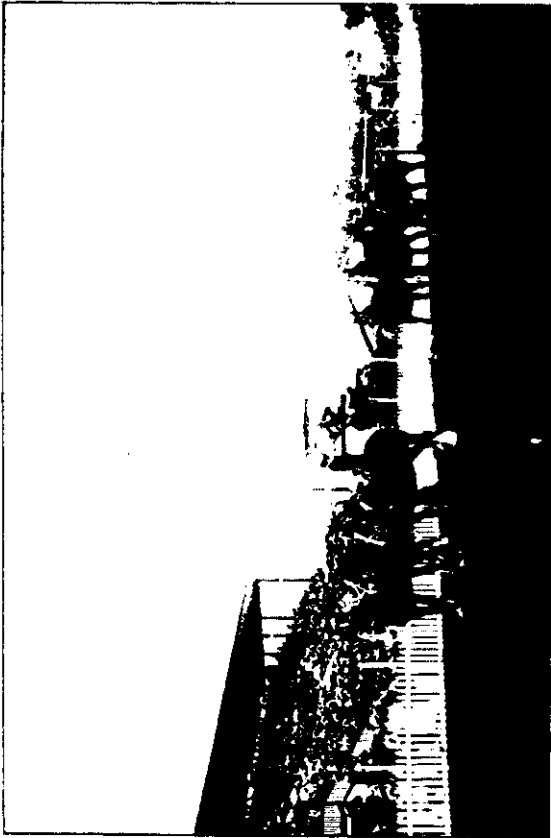
# Opening of the Bowling Season, Wanganui.



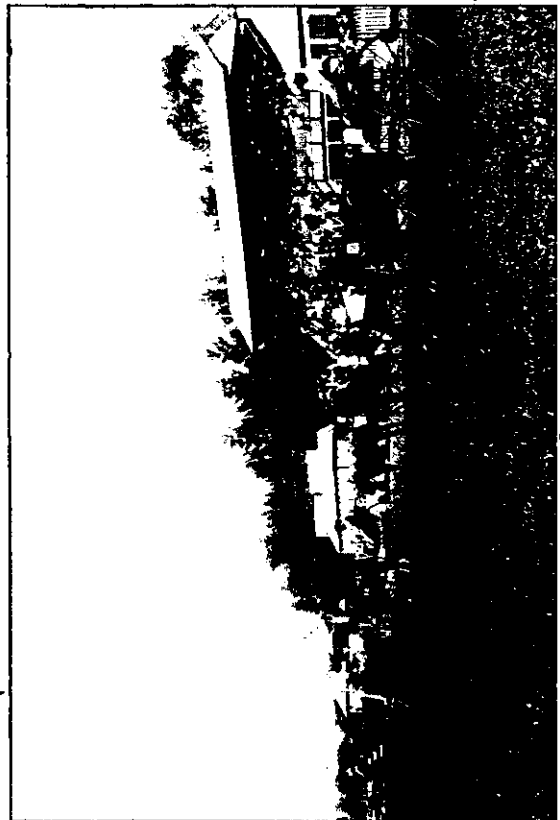
SISTERS.—Two Maori Beauties from the Wanganui District.



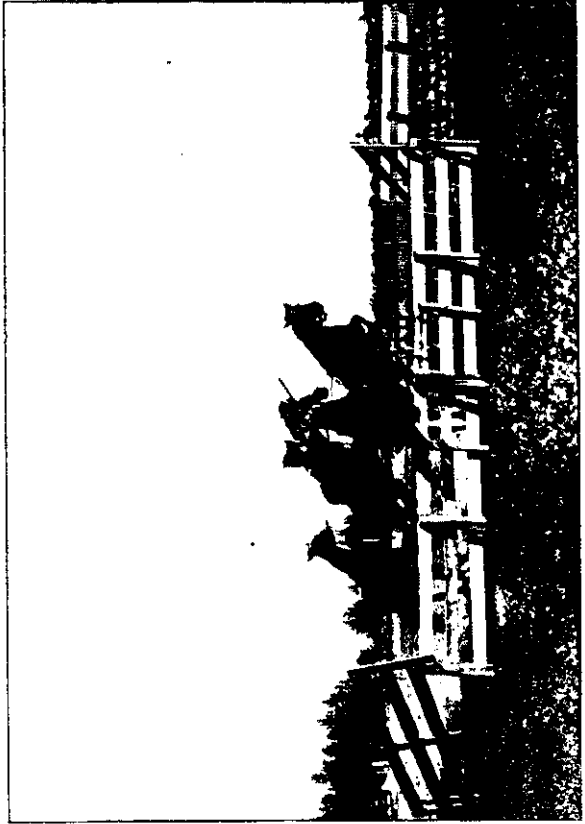
MISS D. PLEMMER, WINNER OF THE LADIES' DRIVING COMPETITION, with her Pony "Monkey," which secured First Prize in the best Pony Class.



THE PARADE—THREE HORSE TEAMS PASSING THE GRANDSTAND.



JUDGING LADIES' DRIVING COMPETITION.



MILITARY COMPETITION, LEADING.

Hawkes Bay A. and P. Show, held at Hastings, October 21 and 22.

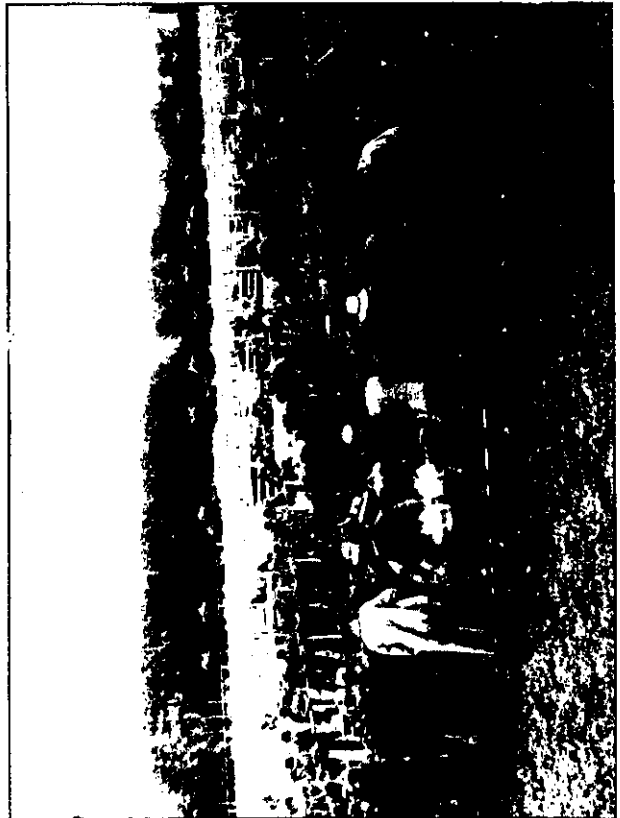




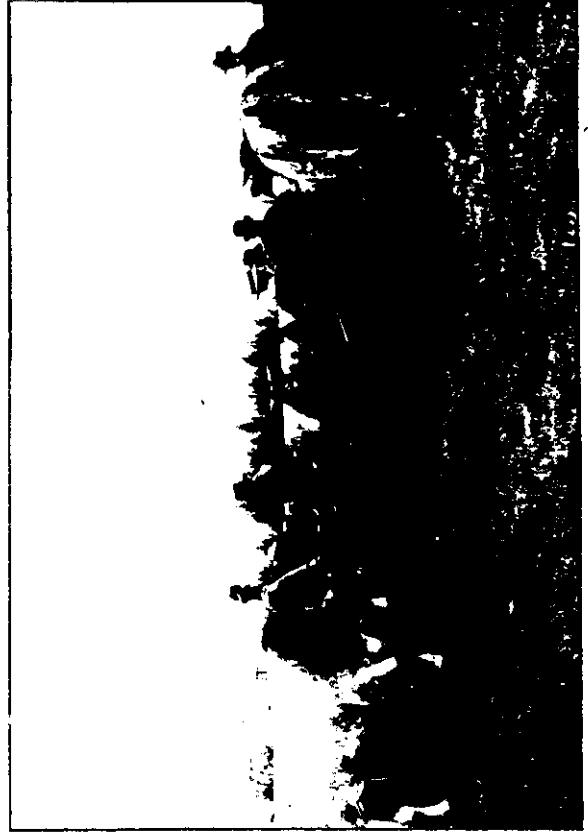
MOUNTED RIFLES GALLOPING PAST GRANDSTAND.



MILITARY COMPETITION, JUMPING.



A GOOD RING OF SHORTHORN BULLS.



JUDGING FOR THE CHAMPION SHORTHORN BULL.

Hawkes Bay A. and P. Show, held at Hastings, October 21 and 22.



A RARE SIGHT IN NORTH NEW ZEALAND.—HORSE CHESTNUT IN FULL BLOOM IN MR. OWEN'S GARDEN, EPSOM, AUCKLAND.



Walsford, "Graphic" photo.

THE AUSTRALIAN WARATAH.—The most striking of Australian native flowers.

**FLOWERS OF THE WEEK.**

**An Ascent of Mt. Egmont.**

(By A. M. SKEATES, Auckland.)

While in New Plymouth on business last November I had many an admiring look at Mt. Egmont—that splendid snow-capped mountain—and this created within me a longing to tread the soil and scoria up to the summit. Being in New Plymouth again in February last, I managed to get together a jolly and sociable party numbering eleven all told. Hiring a brake, we collected our bedding and provisions, and made a start from New Plymouth one dull morning. We were not exactly fortunate at the start, for, after having gone

about four miles rain began to fall pretty heavily. However, not to be beaten by the unfavourable elements, we drove on, and about noon reached the radius line, which is 16 miles distant from New Plymouth and 4 miles from the Mountain House. Here we unloaded our brake, and awaited the arrival of the pack-horses. We then wended our way through mud and water along a horse track, which in fine weather must be a most pleasant and beautiful walk, and partook of lunch on the way. It is not exactly strange to relate that after nearly two hours' tramp we arrived at the Mountain House a bit weary, as well as wet, considering that we were climbing up all the time. When we

reached the House we had attained an altitude of 3140 feet above sea level. I might here mention that this house was at one time used as a soldiers' barracks at New Plymouth, and the Government, finding no better use for it, had it removed to its present position for the accommodation of mountain climbers and those seeking health in the exhilarating air to be found up there. I hear it is no uncommon sight to see elderly gentlemen of 70 and 75 years of age playing leap-frog over the tree stumps; and I believe it's true. The house is divided into five compartments, two at one end used for ladies' bedrooms, and two at the other end for gentlemen, the large room in the centre being used by

all as a dining-room and hall for concerts and dances. At one side of this common room is a large fireplace, where a huge log fire is always kept going. Here we speedily dried our clothes. We had already sent three pack horses down to the radius line for our goods, and these arrived by tea time, little the worse for the wet. We heartily enjoyed our evening meal, and then sought an early repose. We slept in bunks one above the other, as on shipboard. The next day broke without any signs of clearing up, and wet weather continued for five days, with sometimes a clearing up for an hour or so, when we got a glimpse of the beautiful white patches

(Continued on page 47.)



MOUNTAIN PARTY IN THE BUSH NEAR THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE.



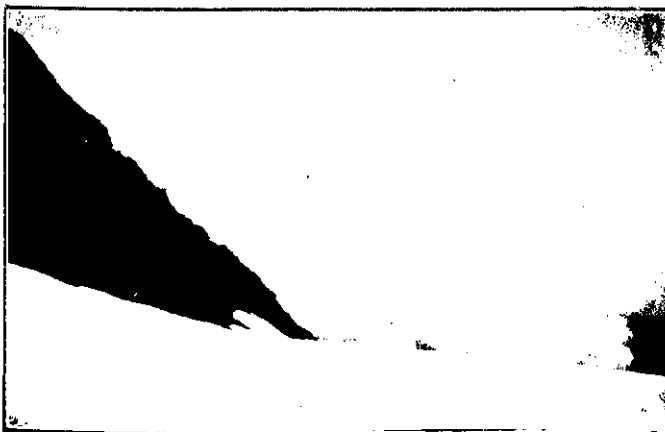
HALF WAY UP.



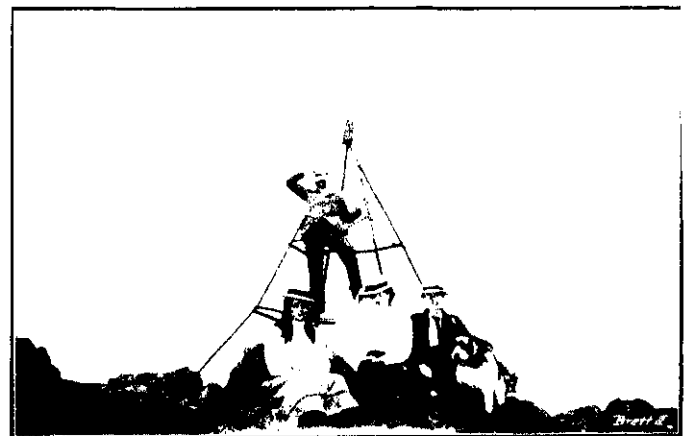
CROSSING THE CRATER ON FROZEN SNOW.



A WALTZ ON THE SUMMIT.



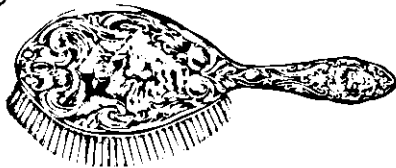
CLOUD EFFECT FROM THE SUMMIT.



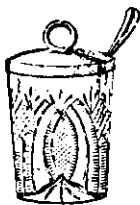
AT THE TRIG STATION ON THE SUMMIT, 8200 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

A. Skeates, photo.

**An Ascent of Mt. Egmont.**



No. 6100 Latest Design Solid Silver Backed Hair Brush, best bristles, £2 2/6. Others at 16/6, 18/6, 21/6, up to £2.



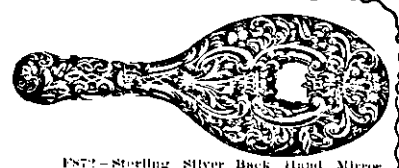
No. 15044 Fancy Glass Honey or Marmalade Jar, with Silver-Plated Lid and Spoon, 3/6.



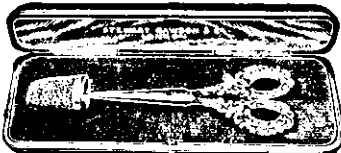
No. 11414 Best Silver Plated Hot-Water Kettle, on Stand, £2 15/6; others, £3, £3 10/6.



No. 6408 Solid Silver Candlesticks, £10 10/6 a Pair; smaller sizes at £6 10/6, £8 10/6.



No. 1872 Sterling Silver Back Hand Mirror, £2. Hair Brushes to match, 21/6, 25/6, and 20/6 each.



Solid Silver Useful Sewing Set, in case, containing Scissors and Thimble, 18/6.



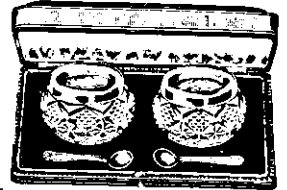
No. 41427 Silver Plated and Glass Butter Dish and Knife, 4/6.



No. 41427 Silver Plated and Glass Butter Dish and Knife, 4/6.



No. 4778 Best Silver Plated and Cut Glass Butter Dish, 12/6; Remarkable Value.



No. 18407 Cut Glass and Silver Mounted Salt Cellars, with spoons, in Morocco Case, 15/6.



Silver Plated Cup, 4 1/2 inch high, £2 2/6. Great variety of others and also in Solid Silver. Prices low.



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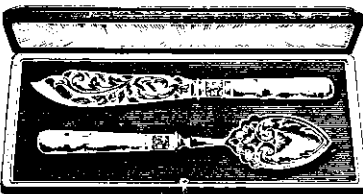
No. 18270 Silver Plated, Plated and Chased Sugar and Cream on Tray, £1 17/6.



No. 385A Finest Silver Plated Cake Basket, saw pierced, £3 15/6.



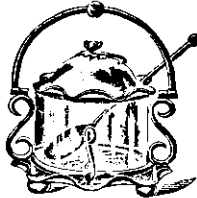
Lovely Crown Derby China No. F1159 Handsome Besant Barrel, Best Silver Design Hot-Water or Plated Mounts, 27/6, 30/6. Claret Jug, best Silver-plate, £2



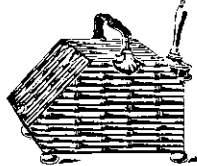
No. F6537 Finest Quality E.P. Butter Knife and Jam Spoon, in case, with real Mother-of-Pearl Handles, 18/6.



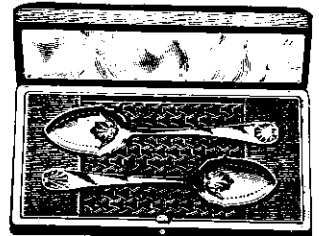
No. 18288 Silver Plated and Fancy Glass Butter Dish with Knife, 11/6.



No. 18784 A1 Silver Plated and Clear Glass Jam Dish, £1 7/6.



No. F6344 Best Silver Plated Sugar Scuttle and Scoop, £1 10/6.



No. F2472 Two Best Quality Silver-plated Jam Spoons, in Morocco case, 11/6.

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# QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

**An Ascent of Mt. Egmont.**

(Continued from page 45.)

of snow 2000 feet above us. We did not find the time irksome, as we found plenty to occupy and amuse us, what with reading, ping-pong, music and stories. But as soon as fine weather made its appearance we who were ambitious enough, and had the physical strength, started off one morning to attempt the climb. But after reaching Humphries' Castle (which is considered half-way up from the house) we had to return owing to a thick fog. This same afternoon a large party arrived from New Plymouth, with the intention of reaching the summit on the morrow. Many of them proved of the noisy class, and therefore no one had much more than forty winks that night. Next morning, before daybreak, our party was up and on its way. Arriving at the top of the bush line before sunrise, we climbed a ridge, and there waited for the return of day. The sun slowly rose above the horizon a little to the south of Mt. Rusephu—a ball of pure gold. From here we plodded on at the rate of about 900 ft. rise in the hour until we reached the line above which no vegetation grows—about 2000 feet from the summit. The climb from this upward became rather wearisome on account of the steep grade and loose scoria we had to contend with. There were five in our party who made the climb, three ladies and one gentleman besides the writer. The ladies climbed remarkably well, and were doubtless many times spurred on by the sight of provisions ahead, which we men carried strapped on our backs. Many times we had to climb almost on hands and knees to prevent ourselves from slipping back on the loose scoria until within 900 feet of the top, when we got on to solid rock, with patches of frozen snow all round us. Looking about, we got a splendid view of the surrounding country, including New Plymouth and the Sugar Loaves. While looking down the mountain slope we could see straggling groups of the other party. We reached the summit at 10.30, thus taking six hours to climb the 5120 feet from the house. On our arrival there a broad and very extensive field of frozen snow met our view. The summit, including the crater, which is full of frozen snow, is some five acres in extent. From the highest point, 8280 feet above sea level, we could just discern the outline of ranges in the South Island over Nelson way. Unfortunately our view was very often interrupted by clouds coming round us. But with the extensive view we got when clouds did permit, and the novel experience of being surrounded by so much snow and ice, and also of seeing the rolls of clouds, like pure white wool, floating below us, we were very well repaid for the hard work we had in ascending. Having a kodak with me, I was fortunate enough to obtain some novel and interesting pictures, which are given in this issue of the "Graphic." After spending about two hours in this delightful atmosphere, we began to descend, and reached the house again about 3 p.m. Needless to say, we slept very soundly that night, as the noisy party had gone back home, and we felt we had justly earned a good night's rest. We

awoke next morning without feeling any ill effects, and spent the day exploring the wonderful and beautiful bush and collecting some of the pretty mosses and ferns which grow there in wild profusion. The next day we spent in much the same fashion, and in the evening we decorated the old barracks and held a concert and dance as a farewell to this magnificent mountain. The following day our party and another packed traps, and we wended our way slowly down the shady and rugged, but beautiful, track to the radius line, where our brake was awaiting us; then, having almost all a down hill run to New Plymouth, we arrived there at 5 o'clock. This concluded one of the most enjoyable holidays I have ever spent, and, notwithstanding the few days' rain (which was rather unusual just at that time of year), we all proclaimed it a first-class excursion. The accommodation at the house is not all that could be desired, but the charge made is very trifling, 1/ per day, or 5/ per week, including use of cooking utensils, and 1/6 per meal if desired. Neither has the caretaker as much power to quell the disturbances of noisy visitors as might be desirable, but this could easily be remedied, and I can strongly recommend this trip to any who want a complete change of air and scene, or those who would desire to climb mountains.

**Through the Colony on a Motor Car.**

When Messrs W. A. Ryan and Co. suggested my running through the colony on a motor car, I must confess I had visions of a mangled mass of wheels and works, and a few bachelor's bones thrown in. I looked forward with anything but a happy feeling at lying on a muddy road on my back, trying to diagnose the many natural shocks that a motor car is heir to (writes a correspondent).

But I have finished this trip; have been through swamps and rivers, over clay roads, sandy beaches, across the Rimutaka, the Zig-Zag between Lyttelton and Christchurch, the Horse Range, and the two other ranges between Oamaru and Dunedin, with few of luggage, and I have not had to get inside or lay outside while on the road, and not a single screw or bolt has broken. I was more than sorry to ship my little "Oldsmobile" back to Auckland. The road from New Plymouth to Inglewood was in splendid condition. After that we struck bad weather, at least not so bad for this district, but we had many miles into Stratford covering ourselves with mud. From Stratford to Eltham the road is fair, past Eltham you get into the worst road for a motor car—clay hills. There is a grade of about 1 in 10 in some places. We had an escort of Maoris on horseback nearly into Hawera, who were intensely interested, and when we got over one of the hills and were sliding down the other side, they shouted, "By golly, kapa! the pakeha," and come after us for all they knew how. From Hawera to Wanganui is the best bit of road I have struck in New Zealand. It has a surface almost as smooth as

Queen-street, and the grades are just sufficient to make motoring interesting, and the scenery in the gorges is indescribably beautiful. The road right to Palmerston North is simply splendid. We had rather an experience in crossing the Manawatu. The river was low, and it was with some difficulty that we motored across the river bed, and then the ferry could not be brought close enough for us to board, and we had to get rope and tackle to lift the car. Round the Gorge the road is bad and dangerous; in some places there was scarcely room for the car. After this, right to Featherston, except for 100 or so water races, it is all plain sailing. We started our climb over the Rimutaka. It is a nine-mile ascent, and though I was told by many that a four horse-power "Oldsmobile" could not do it, we went up without a hitch. I am looking forward to a repetition of this trip, for in all my travels I have never met anything so fine as our run down on the other side. Wellington is not an ideal motoring city; the roads want planning, and I found it difficult to find a place to have a good run. From Wellington I sailed to Lyttelton, and here I met the worst bit of road of my journey, the Zig-Zag between Lyttelton and Christchurch. The grade I am sure must be 1 in 5. I am told that, with one exception, no one else has tackled this bit. Over this we are in that flat motoring province of Canterbury. I was very disappointed with the roads in the South. I had looked forward, and been told so much about them, that I looked for great things. I took a trip in North Canterbury, and then went south. The road between Dunsandel and Rakaiia is simply awful. It is just the virgin clay, with ruts some two feet deep. The road to Chertsey is first-class, hard metalled and smooth right into Ashburton. After leaving Ashburton, we struck one of those roads that break a man's heart. For nine miles we were sometimes up to our axles in muds, and had to plough away at the speed of about three miles an hour. You could not distinguish the spokes of the wheels. The illustration in the "Oldsmobile" catalogue of going through mud is a mere bagatelle. We arrived at the Rangitatu Bridge, and then our troubles ended. It was between Geraldine and Timaru that I did my fastest run. I went through the deepest river at Winchester, the water coming over our footboard. We ran from Temuka to Timaru in 30 minutes (12 1/2 miles). South of Timaru to Oamaru the roads are fairly good. There are some rough bits, especially across one river bed. The water was rather high, and it is not the nicest situation to find yourself careering about in the middle of a stream bumping boulders. From Oamaru to Dunedin the road is a series of switchbacks, ranging in grade from 1-5 to 1-15. It was between here that I met with my only accident. Going down a hill the car got away, and for the first time I used the emergency brake, with the result that it pulled off the back tyre and cut the valve off. There is no mistaking the breaking capabilities of this brake. We had to journey at slow speed in Palmerston and wait there, while a very obliging cycle man healed our wounded tyre. This delayed us considerably, and we left Tal-

merston at 11 o'clock and arrived at the end of our trip in Dunedin at 4 a.m. There is a humorous side to motoring, and one wants to be a good tempered man. Once when stopping to oil my motor, a little imp of a boy came up to me with a very serious face and said, "I say, mister, father says if you like he is going into the town, and you can lash your cart on to the back of his." Another time, when stopping outside a tea room, a gentleman with a highly-coloured alcoholic nose said, "Governor, if you take my missus and kids for a run, I'll give you a blooming pig." The funniest thing that happened to me was in a store in the South Island. I was running short of benzine, so pulled up at a small store to know whether they stocked it, and to my surprise they said they did. I told them I would take all they had got, so they brought a card with 12 bottles, about a quarter of a pint, at sixpence each, for cleaning clothes. Motoring would be an expensive luxury at this rate. I have been from February to the end of July on this car, and have stayed sometimes a week or a month in the big towns. I have used it to call on machinery users, travelling altogether 4030 miles, using about 88 gallons of oil. The car has done more than it was ever made for. Total number of miles travelled in this trip from New Plymouth to Wellington and Christchurch to Dunedin, and running about a month or so, is 4030. This is as correct as it is possible to get at. I have kept a log of each day's run.

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## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

**ARMSTRONG**.—Oct. 20, at Wanganui, the wife of E. E. Armstrong, a daughter.

**BAGNALL**.—Oct. 22, at Epsom, Auckland, the wife of G. E. Bagnall, a son.

**BAILEY**.—Oct. 16, the wife of Drummond Bailey, Mangara, Canterbury, a son.

**BARRY**.—October 14, at Seafield View, Auckland, the wife of P. Barry, a son.

**CLARK**.—Oct. 13, at Makerau, Shannon, Wellington, the wife of Albert J. Clark, a son.

**CLARK**.—October 22, at Grey Lynn, Auckland, the wife of G. Clark, Karangahape rd., a son.

**DES LANDES**.—Oct. 18, at Wellington, the wife of C. des Landes, a son.

**GLASBORNE**.—Oct. 3, at Waimata Valley, Gisborne, the wife of N. Gordon Glasborne, a daughter.

**GUY**.—Oct. 1, at Annet, Christchurch, the wife of John Guy, a son and daughter.

**HADFIELD**.—Oct. 16, at Wellington, Mrs. H. Hadfield, of Lindsie, Otahanga, a daughter.

**HILL**.—Oct. 23, at Ponsbury, Auckland, the wife of A. Hill, a son.

**HOLE**.—Oct. 25, at Eden terrace, Auckland, the wife of Arthur E. Hole, a son.

**MCBRIDE**.—Oct. 20, at Devonport, Auckland, the wife of Wm. McBride, a daughter.

**McKILLIP**.—Oct. 20, at Eden terrace, Auckland, the wife of F. A. McKillop, a son.

**McMANAWAY**.—Oct. 16, at Leeston, Canterbury, the wife of Oliver T. McManaway, Wellington, a daughter.

**PETER**.—Oct. 12, at Christchurch, the wife of J. P. Peter, a son.

**RAMSAY**.—Oct. 17, at Hyde, Otago, the wife of Thomas Ramsay, a son.

**RUSH**.—Oct. 20, at Bowen-st., Feilding, the wife of C. S. Rush, a son.

**RUSSELL**.—October 21, at Ponsbury, Auckland, the wife of E. L. Russell, a son.

**THORPE**.—Oct. 21, at Mt. Roskill, Auckland, the wife of Geo. Thorpe, a daughter.

**TOMPKINS**.—October 10, at Linwood, Christchurch, the wife of Joyce Tompkins, a son.

**WATERS**.—October 18, at Pakokoke, Otago, the wife of William Waters, a daughter.

**WISHART**.—Oct. 19, at Glenmore, Auckland, the wife of John Wishart, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

**AUSTIN-POTTER**.—Sept. 10, at Epsom, Auckland, Thomas G. J. Austin, eldest son of the late Andrew Austin, One Tree Hill, to Ada Mary, daughter of W. H. Potter, Remuera.

**BARTON-BUTLER**.—Oct. 14, at Auckland, Iselin Ross, eldest son of Mr Jns. Barton, Portabello, Dunedin, to Emilie Lorica (Birdie), eldest daughter of the late Mr F. B. Butler, of Ponsbury, Auckland.

**CLOUT-LACEY**.—Sept. 23, at Wellington, Henry Thomas, second son of Mary Ann and the late William Alfred Clout, to Jane, second daughter of Nicholas Lacey.

**COLLEDGE-NICHALLS**.—Oct. 14, at Ochuanga, Wm. John, eldest son of William Colledge, to Sarah Elizabeth (Bessie), daughter of Robert W. Nichalls; both of Ochuanga.

**FLAVELL-DAY**.—October 7, at Sumner, Christchurch, Charles Flavell, of Heathcote Valley, to Nina Mary Day, of Sumner.

**GRANT-MUIRHEAD**.—Oct. 16, at Mosgiel, Otago, David Grant, fourth son of John Grant, Waitapeka, to Agnes Muirhead, youngest daughter of Robert Muirhead, Mosgiel.

**HARTLEY-CUMMOCK**.—Sept. 27, at Alexandra South, Otago, Thomas Hartley, Oamaru, to Sarah Steel Cummock, Dunedin.

**KING-REID**.—Sept. 23, at North Dunedin, Harold King, fourth son of J. W. King, assayer, Kaitiaki, W.A., to Flora Day Reid, third surviving daughter of James H. Reid, mill proprietor, and grand-daughter of the late James H. Reid, C.E., Ayrshire, Scotland.

**MOUAT-HARPER**.—Oct. 14, at Wellington, James D. Mouat, third son of Thomas and Thomsena Mouat, Waitapeka, to Margaret, fourth daughter of James and Margaret Harper.

**PERKIN-BUTTON**.—Sept. 30, at Christchurch, Francis Frederick, second son of Richard Perkin, to Laura, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Button, both of Christchurch.

**POTLEY-MERRITT**.—Oct. 14, at Auckland, George Herbert, eldest son of the late George Potley, of Wood Green, Middlesex, England, to Florence, third daughter of Hector Sutherland, of Wellington, late Greenmouth, and widow of the late Ernest Merritt, of Christchurch.

**STEVENSON-OVERTON**.—Oct. 8, at Lakeside, Canterbury, Robert Stevenson, third son of the late Robert Stevenson, Christchurch, to Ida, eldest daughter of Frederick Overton, Lakeside.

**WILSON-HAMPTON**.—Sept. 16, at Christchurch, Thomas, only son of Thomas Wilson, of Woolston, to Harriet (Hettie), sixth daughter of John Hampton, of Christchurch.

## DEATHS.

**ADAMS**.—Oct. 18, at Burnell avenue, Wellington, Adelaide Muric, the beloved wife of Cecil F. Adams.

**ASHER**.—Oct. 15, at Woolston, Christchurch, Alexander, beloved husband of Margaret Asher; aged 51 years.

**BENTLEY**.—Oct. 13, at Belle Knowes, Dunedin, after a long and painful illness, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Richard Bentley; aged 75 years.

**BERRY**.—Oct. 12, at Woodlands, Southland, Mary, relict of the late John Berry; aged 78 years. R.I.P.

**BOYCE**.—October 15, at Leitchfield, Canterbury, John, dearly beloved husband of Rebecca Boyce; in his 70th year (suddenly).

**BRIDER**.—Oct. 15, at Wanganui, Edward Chas., beloved husband of Tryphena Brider; aged 63 years.

**BROWN**.—Oct. 10, at Tasman-st., Nelson, Gordon Muir, third son of Thomas Muir and Maud Mary Brown; aged 3 years and 10 months.

**BUNTING**.—Oct. 15, at Heathcote Valley, Canterbury, Mary, beloved wife of Charles Bunting; aged 70 years.

**CAVANAGH**.—Oct. 17, at Ohango, Waitaki, Francis William, dearly beloved second son of Daniel and Ellen Cavanagh; aged 23 years. R.I.P.

**CLEMENTS**.—Oct. 14, at Dunedin (suddenly), Thomas, the beloved husband of Eliza Jane Clements of 67, Frederick-st.; aged 50 years. Deeply regretted.

**COLQUHOUN**.—Oct. 21, at Courtenay Place, Wellington, Archie James Henry, beloved son and only child of Campbell and Ellen Geneva Colquhoun; aged 11 years and 11 months.

**COX**.—Oct. 26, at Auckland, Edith Florence, the beloved wife of Hubert Francis Cox, late of Shaftesbury, in her 31st year.

**CROSS**.—Oct. 13, at Campbelltown, Bluff, Charles Victor, beloved youngest son of Henry and the late Jane Cross; aged 5 years and 5 months.

**DAVIS**.—Oct. 10, at Christchurch, Emma, beloved wife of James Davis, Henley-st., St. Albans; aged 62 years.

**DICK**.—Oct. 10, at Dunedin, the wife of William Dick, Snellymount; aged 65 years.

**DRUMGOOL**.—Oct. 17, Jane, the wife of M. Drumgool, of Waiuku East, and second daughter of the late Samuel Motherell; aged 57 years.

**FAWCETT**.—Oct. 14, at Ashburton, Canterbury, Bertha Barbara, beloved daughter of William Fawcett, late of Loburn; aged 27 years.

**GEYRE**.—Oct. 20, at Park-rd., Auckland, Gladys Alma, darling daughter of Sarah and Ernest Geyre; aged 1 year and 3 months.

**GOODWIN**.—Oct. 29, at Green-st., Wellington, Caroline, dearly beloved wife of John Goodwin; aged 46 years.

**GEY**.—Oct. 8, at Annet, Canterbury, Annie, the dearly beloved wife of John Guy, and second daughter of W. H. and M. Coumbe, Annet; aged 89 years.

**HART**.—At Pah Farm, Waipua, Auckland, William Samuel Hart; aged 57 years and 2 months.

**HEDLEY**.—Oct. 26, at Auckland, Anthony Todd Hedley, late of Opatiki, beloved husband of Jane Hedley; aged 53 years.

**JENKINS**.—Oct. 26, at Devonport, Auckland, William Henry, the dearly beloved husband of Mary Jane Jenkins, and only brother of Mrs Lumpkins, Newmarket; aged 57 years. Deeply regretted. Late of Falmouth, Cornwall, England.

**JONES**.—Oct. 18, at Clytha, Cambridge, Waikato, Thomas Jones, late of Newport, Monmouthshire; aged 53.

**LINDELOFF**.—Oct. 12, at Little Pipit-st., Wellington, Jenny, wife of Nils Ludloff, in his 64th year.

**WILLIAMS**.—Oct. 19, at Wellington, Ellen Minnie, beloved wife of Richard Williams, and second daughter of the late Thomas H. Ellison; aged 35 years.

**WILSON**.—Oct. 19, at Christchurch, John Wilson; aged 71 years.

**WINTER**.—Oct. 21, John Leo, infant son of Robert and Winnie Winter, Papatoetoi, Auckland; aged 1 week.

## Personal Paragraphs.

Mrs. Denniston, Mrs. G. G. and Miss Stead, Christchurch, are in Wellington.

Mr. W. Kennedy (Wellington) is away on a trip up North.

Mrs. Duncan (Cameron) (Methven) has gone on a visit to Dunedin.

Mr. A. Carter has been elected a commissioner of the Kamo Town Board.

Mr. Morshead, of New Plymouth, is visiting his many friends in Wellington.

Mr. Crombie, Auckland, has gone for a fortnight's holiday to Rotorua.

Mr. and Miss Beetham (Wairarapa) are visiting Wellington.

Miss Weber is staying with Mrs. Lake, of Seapoint-road, Napier.

Miss B. Chaytor ("Marshlands," Blenheim) is on a visit to Wellington.

Mrs. King is the guest of Mrs. H. A. Cornford, of Cameron-road, Napier.

Mr. and Mrs. Strang (Palmerston N.) are spending a few days in Wellington.

Mr. J. G. Harkness, secretary of the National Dairy Association, spent a few days in New Plymouth recently.

Major Holgate returned from the South by the s.s. Westralia on Sunday last.

Miss Burke, who has been spending the winter with friends in Gisborne, has returned to Napier.

Mrs. Palmer has returned to Wellington after a very pleasant stay at the vicarage, Wanganui.

Mrs. Arthur Kenderdine, Auckland, has gone on a visit to the Thames, and is staying with Mrs. Woodhouse.

Mrs. A. C. Purchas, of Auckland, left on a visit to Sydney by the Ventura on Tuesday.

Mr. Riddiford, of the Wairarapa, visited Hawke's Bay for the Agricultural Show.

Mr. Walker, of Auckland, who has been in bad health for the past few months, has gone to Rotorua for a trip.

Mrs. Fletcher Harrison, Wanganui, has gone on a visit to her father, Archdeacon Fancourt, Wellington.

Mrs. Scherff and Miss Dolly Scherff have gone to Christchurch for a month's trip.

Mr. Moffatt and Mr. Wise, of Dunedin, have returned to Auckland from their trip to Rotorua.

Mr. and Mrs. Neave (Christchurch) have been visiting Wellington for a few days.

Miss Ettye Ireland returned to Auckland from Sydney by the Zealandia on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Bush, jun., of the Thames, returned from their honeymoon trip to Australia by the Zealandia last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Owen have decided to leave Wanganui and settle in Wellington.

Mrs. and Miss Bullock have returned to Christchurch from Sydney after a prolonged visit.

Mrs. R. D. Thomas, Christchurch, has gone South on a visit of several weeks to Mrs. Glasgow, at Waimate.

Miss Webb-Brown (Nelson) has been visiting friends in the Wairarapa district.

Miss Helen Macdonald and Miss O'Brien Hoare, Christchurch, have left for England via Australia.

Mrs. Norman Macbeth, who has had her children at Akaroa for a change, has returned to Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Fox (Wellington) are on their way back from England, traveling by the Suez route.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Reid (Wellington) are on a holiday visit to Australia, and were recently in Melbourne.

Mrs. John Studholme, sent, has returned to Christchurch from England, but she is only on a visit.

Mrs. Evans and her sister, Mrs. Broham (New Plymouth) are at present in Wellington.

Mrs. Courtney, of New Plymouth, who has been on a short visit to Auckland, has now returned home.

Mrs. J. H. Howard has returned home to Springlands, Blenheim, from a visit to her people.

Mrs. Alfred Kidd, wife of Mr. A. Kidd, M.H.R., is on a three-weeks' visit to Wellington.

Mr. Hanley Hutchings, of Huanui, has got back to Whangarei from a trip to Yorkshire (England), where he spent an enjoyable holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bond have taken Mr. Arthur Lyons' house at Templeton, and intend residing there, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Hansen went to Wellington by the West Coast last week. Mr. Hansen on business of the Auckland Tramway Co.

The Misses Henry (Wellington), who have been on a visit to England for nearly two years, are shortly expected back.

Mr. and Mrs. A. de B. Brandon (Wellington) and Miss Brandon are shortly going on a trip to Rotorua and the Hot Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald and family, late of Wellington, who have decided to make their home in Wanganui, have taken Mr. Parker's house in the Avenue.

The Otago Centre of the Amateur Athletic Association has decided to submit H. Murray's name for inclusion in the champion team for Australia.

Mr. E. J. Watt, who has been spending some months in the Argentine, is returning to Hawke's Bay, and will arrive there this week.

Miss Mary Kissling and her brother, Mr. Stanley Kissling, were passengers from Sydney to Auckland by the s.s. Zealandia last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wise, of Dunedin, arrived in Auckland by the s.s. Westralia, and intend spending a short time in this city.

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RAILWAY WHARF, AUCKLAND.

Archdeacon Cole, of Taranaki, came up to Auckland by the s.s. Takapuna last Saturday to be present at the meeting of the Synod.

Mr Hardie, of Remuera, after an extended tour in England and America, returned to Auckland by the s.s. Zealandia last Sunday.

Mrs. Gilbert Anderson (Christchurch), Miss Bullock (England), and Miss Bullen (Kaikoura) have left Christchurch for a trip to Sydney.

Mr. George F. Smith, assistant secretary of the Wellington Harbour Board, has just returned from Canada and England after a six months' holiday.

Mr. James Albert Hamilton, an old soldier, who served under Von Tempsky during the Maori wars, died at the Greytown Hospital a few days ago.

Miss Connie Rawson, who has been spending the winter in Wellington with her aunt, Mrs. H. P. Rawson, has returned to the Wairarapa.

Major James Pirie, on the retired list of the New Zealand militia, has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Miss C. Graham (Dunedin), who is staying with her sister, Mrs. Taverner, Rangitikei, is at present on a visit to Mrs. Montgomerie, Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Duncan (Wellington) are back from their honeymoon, and have settled into their house in Halswell-street.

Mr and Mrs Embling (Wellington), who left on a trip Home about a year ago, are on their way back to New Zealand. They will probably settle in Christchurch.

The Hon. George Jones, M.L.C. (Otago), with his family and Miss Bulleid, of Oamaru, are going to Europe early in December. They catch the German mail-steamers at Sydney.

Dr. H. M. Wilson, son of Mr H. G. Wilson, the well-known dentist of Napier, will arrive in Wellington in December. He has been appointed assistant medical officer at the Wellington Hospital.

Mrs. George Kettlewell and her little girl, who have been on a long visit to Mr. and Mrs. R. Allan, "Abberley," Christchurch during Mr. Kettlewell's absence in England, have gone to Melbourne to meet him.

Mr and Mrs H. R. Bloomfield, of St. Stephen's Avenue, Parnell, Auckland, will start on an extended visit to the Old Country and the Continent early in the coming new year.

Mr C. H. Dixon, of the Supreme Court at Gisborne, has been transferred to Wellington, where he will take up the duties of chief clerk in the Stamp Department.

Miss Hattie Brigham has returned to Auckland after a most enjoyable visit to Australia, extending over almost a year, during which time she visited Sydney and Melbourne.

Mr. Charles H. S. Macauley, formerly of the Lands Department at Wellington, who left the colony with one of the late contingents, is reported to have died in South Africa not long ago.

Mr A. R. Nicholls, accountant in the Napier branch of the Bank of New South Wales, has been promoted to Sydney, and left for that city on Tuesday week.

Mrs May, and Mrs McLean have arrived in Auckland from Wellington, and will await the arrival of their husbands in the Penguin, which is expected here shortly.

Mr. J. Breen, well known in Auckland as a representative footballer, and formerly purser of the Penguin, has joined the Warrimoo, Mr. F. Hill, of that vessel, going on to the Penguin.

Mr. Walter Best, who is leaving the firm of Wrigglesworth and Biens (Wellington) to go into business on his own account in Auckland, has been presented with a handsome oak and silver inkstand.

The Rev. W. Ready, of St. John's Methodist Church (Ponsonby), has returned from his health-seeking trip to the Waikato, and resumed duty on Sunday. He is much the better for his holiday.

The employees of Mr L. M. Taunton, New Plymouth, presented him with a pair of silver-mounted hair-brushes prior to his departure for the Old Country. The presentation was made by Mr Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Stead arrived in Christchurch on Saturday week, and af-

ter spending a few days went on to Macdonald Downs, Waikari, North Canterbury.

Mr. Oakley Archer, formerly City Surveyor at Christchurch and Timaru, has received a good appointment at Singapore, having been appointed to the charge of large railway works now under construction.

Mr. R. Cragg, of Picton, has bought out all the other shareholders, and he is now sole proprietor of King Solomon's mine at Culienaville. He fully expects that in a few months his mine will be yielding him large returns.

The Wanganui collegiate school Old Boys' Association has decided, with the consent of the college authorities, to erect a brass memorial tablet in the college chapel in memory of the late Rev. J. M. Marshall.

The Hon. W. Hall-Jones, Minister for Public Works, has been asked to arrange with His Excellency the Governor for the latter to open the Northern Wairoa Hospital or, failing this, to attend and perform the ceremony himself.

The Rev. W. A. Sinclair was unanimously invited by the officers of the Dunedin Methodist Central Mission to remain as superintendent of the Mission for the sixth year. The invitation was accepted.

Mr Henry Skey, assistant draftsman in the Survey Office, Dunedin, on being retired under the age limit, is to receive an annuity of £260. His services with the General Government prior to 1875 entitled him to this.

Captain A. L. Kerr, formerly of the Union Steamship Company's service, has been appointed by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company pilot for their vessels proceeding from the Clyde or Belfast to London.

Very great regret was felt at the death of Mrs Cox, wife of Mr H. F. Cox, late of Te Aroha, and sister of Mr A. S. Bankhart, of Auckland. The deceased was very popular in this city, and her early death—she was only 31—was a sad blow to her relatives, who have the sympathy of a very wide circle of friends.

At the opening of the cricket season at Palmerston North, Mr. E. F. Watson, President of the Manawatu Cricket Association, presented the handsome trophy donated by Mr. J. H. Hankins, to the Midland Club, the winners of last season's senior matches.

Captain and Mrs. Hume (Christchurch) were recently in Wellington in order to be present at the wedding of Mr. Frank Hume. Mr. Stanley Hume (Palmerston N.) and Mr. Hubert Hume (Nelson) also came to Wellington for the same purpose.

Among the large house-party at Government House (Wellington) for the farewell ball given by the Governor and Lady Ranfurly are: Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes, and the Misses Julius (Christchurch), Miss Marjorie Russell (Hastings), and Miss Reed (England).

Mr. R. Hay, of Dunedin, has been engaged by the Gisborne Borough Council to report upon the water supply of the locality. Mr. C. H. Reynolds, who is at present making inquiries on behalf of the Ratepayers' Association, will also report to the Council.

At the gymnastic exhibition of the Auckland Tabernacle Club Mr K. J. Forgie, the instructor, was presented with a gold chain and a pair of gold sleeve-links, these being the gift of the pupils, and a token of their appreciation of his training.

The railway staff at Wanganui has presented Mr. E. McKenna with a purse of sovereigns and a large framed photograph of the staff. Mr. McKenna, who has seen thirty-six years' service in the New Zealand Railway Department, recently retired from active work, and, with Mrs. McKenna, is now living in Palmerston North.

Among the passengers by the Manapouri to the Islands last week were Mr. and Mrs. A. Walsh. Mr. Walsh, who is managing director of the firm of Austin Walsh and Co., is making the trip partly for business reasons, the firm having extensive plantations and works in Fiji.

Those who knew Mrs Adams, wife of Mr Cecil F. Adams, will regret her death, which occurred in Wellington recently after a short illness. The deceased lady had many friends in all parts of New Zealand, and was the youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colo-

nel Loveday, of the L-fence Department.

Mr. L. M. Hancock, the electrical expert, reached Wellington last week. Mr Hancock spent a couple of days at the Huka Falls after seeing the Okere stream (the source of the electrical power at Roturua), and crossing Taupo he visited the Rangitikei and Manawatu Rivers. He now goes south to visit the Southern lakes, and will endeavour to catch the next outgoing American mail steamer.

Mr. M. Farmer King, chairman of the Colonial Iron and Coalfields Construction Company, and Mr. Nicolaus, of Messrs. Mercer, Nicolaus & Co., mining engineers, arrive in the colony next month, in order to visit those parts of the colony in which options to work iron-ore, iron ore and coal have been granted the company. Works will probably be erected at Parapara (Nelson), New Plymouth and Patea.

Bishop Julius mentioned at the Diocesan Synod in Christchurch that the Rhodes family had undertaken the full cost of the restoration of the spire of the Cathedral, damaged by earthquake. The original intention was to use Oregon timber, but the architects insisted upon ironbark, and the Rhodes family generously undertook the increased cost.

Mr. James Cowan, the Government officer who is engaged upon the collection of Maori history and folklore, and the inspection of the various tourist resorts of the colony, has just returned to Wellington from an extended trip through the North Island with Mr. T. E. Donne. Mr. Cowan's next mission will be to Canterbury, where he will continue the work he has begun in the North.

Mr F. A. Ronaut, chief officer of the Zealandia, now occupies a similar position on the Courier. His place on the Zealandia has been filled by Mr W. M. Fowler, of the Anglian. The third officer of the Zealandia, Mr A. Piggott, has been promoted to second officer of the Anglian, and Mr S. P. Buridge, of the Moresby, is now third officer of the Zealandia.

At Wellington last week the Chief Postmaster (Mr J. A. Hutton) was presented with a handsome silver tea set, an entree dish, and a salver, the gift of the post and telegraph officers in the Timaru district, with which Mr Hutton was connected till a few weeks ago. Sir Joseph Ward made the presentation, and in doing so highly eulogised Mr Hutton. The latter suitably responded.

The post and telegraph officers of Timaru have combined to make a presentation of a tea-set, silver, and entree dish, to Mr. J. A. Hutton, the new chief postmaster at Wellington, in memory of his postmastership in that district. Sir Joseph Ward, in making the presentation, referred to the high esteem with which the department regarded Mr. Wilson.

At a gathering of the colonists who came out here at Mr Ranstead's instigation about three years ago, held last week in Auckland, Mr Herrick presented him with a writing-table in New Zealand woods from the party. In making the presentation Mr Herrick said that the 200 members of the party were scattered all over the colony, and while there had been some failures the majority had realised their expectations, some being highly successful.

The Registrar of the Supreme Court has received notification from Mr Justice Edwards that he will not be in Auckland till after the conclusion of the Court of Appeal. That means he will not be here for about a week. Legal people will be interested to know that His Honor has sent to the local court some new regulations affecting the procedure of obtaining probate, administration and consent during his absence from Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Scott (England), who have been spending some months in Wellington, have now gone to Nelson for a time. While in Wellington Mr. Scott held a very successful exhibition of his pictures of New Zealand scenery, several of which were quickly purchased by lovers of art, though some of the best on view were orders to be sent to England, and, therefore, were not attainable. After their stay in Nelson Mr. and Mrs. Scott are going South, and will revisit the southern lakes and West Coast Sounds before returning to England, which they will probably do early next year.

The Rev. N. C. W. Radcliffe, the newly-installed vicar of Hamilton, graduated at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1887. He entered the Leeds Clergy School, and was admitted to the priesthood by the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1889, his first curacy being St. Luke's, Bromley Common, Kent. The Rev. Mr. Radcliffe worked in St. Giles-in-the-Fields, the most densely populated part of London for many years. Personally he is an enthusiastic athlete. His wife is a daughter of Sir Edmund Henderson, at one time in charge of a convict station in Australia, and afterwards Chief of Police in London. She is also the niece of Mr. Hazle, formerly of the Waikato, and now of Auckland.

A very pleasant dinner and social was held on Saturday evening, when Messrs P. Hayman & Co. entertained their employees at the Royal Hotel, Auckland, the occasion being the 21st birthday of Mr. Harold L. Hayman, the eldest son of one of the principals. Mr. L. W. Benjamin (manager) occupied the chair, and after ample justice had been done to the good things provided and the usual loyal toasts honoured, proposed the health of Mr Harold L. Hayman, referring in felicitous terms to the amiable nature and unassuming character of the subject of the toast, which was received very heartily and with musical honours by the company. The chairman also presented Mr Hayman with a group of photos of the whole of the staff of the Auckland house, very handsomely framed in polished oak, as mementos from the employees. Mr Hayman, who was taken quite by surprise, replied in feeling terms, expressing his gratification at being the recipient of such a suitable, if unexpected, present. The other toasts were: "The Firm," proposed by Mr Eyre, responded to by Mr Benjamin (manager); "Our Travellers," by Mr Ponsford, responded to by Messrs McLean, Taylor, Keogh and Watts, "The Employees," by Mr Benjamin, responded to by heads of departments; "Old Hands," by Mr Benjamin, responded to by Messrs Kyre, Ponsford and Brown. A musical programme was gone through, and a delightful evening spent, the catering being very satisfactorily done by Host Isaac.

A WORD TO WOMEN  
ON THE TRYING SUMMER SEASON.

With the advent of summer comes that weary, worn-out feeling. Women more particularly are sufferers in this respect, owing partly to their confinement in the house and not getting plenty of fresh air, and owing a great deal to the delicate constitution of the female organs, which give way under the strain of work and worry. To all women who are feeling "done-up" at this time of the year, a course of Bile Beans, will prove of immense benefit. They brace up and give tone to the various organs, thus strengthening the whole system. As a striking illustration of this, Mrs Amelia Percy, of 39, Franklin-road, Auckland, N.Z. says: "For a great number of years I suffered from indigestion, which, at times, caused me to have painful headaches. I also suffered from pains in the back, side, and loins, and was at times troubled with a disagreeable sensation of fullness after eating, and my sleep became broken, causing me to become drowsy and depressed in spirits. Many so-called remedies were tried to effect a cure, but without result. Three years ago I decided to give Bile Beans a trial, and they have been the means of building up my system. They cured me of indigestion, dispelled my headaches, and dispersed all the pains from my back, side, and loins. Bile Beans are, without doubt, a splendid medicine, and I have frequently and strongly recommended them to my friends and acquaintances suffering from similar complaints. It gives me great pleasure to make this statement, as by the use of Bile Beans I have reaped considerable benefit." Bile Beans are a prompt and permanent cure for Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Debility, Female Weaknesses, Nervousness, Bad Blood, Pimples and all Skin Eruptions, Bad Breath, Anaemia, Insomnia, Loss of Appetite, Rheumatism, and, in fact, all ailments that owe their origin to defective liver action. Bile Beans are obtainable from all medicine vendors. Price, 1/11 or 2/9 large box (contains three times the 1/11 size).

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**ENGAGEMENTS.**

The engagement is announced of Miss Pickering daughter of Mrs. F. H. Pickering, of Lake Takapuna, Auckland, to Mr. Hugh Montgomerie, fourth son of the late Captain Montgomerie, of Eaglesham, Wanganui.

**ORANGE BLOSSOMS**

**ARTHUR—CHERRY.**

St. Sepulchre's Church, Auckland, was the centre of much interest on Thursday, October 22, when Miss Margaretta Ethel Cherry, third daughter of Mr. Francis Cherry, was married to Mr. Thomas Buddie Arthur, second son of the late Mr. Richard Arthur, Auckland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. A. Carver, in the presence of a large gathering of friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom. The ser-

vice was full choral, Mr. V. Rice presiding at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked extremely well in a lovely white silk frock, profusely tucked and inserted with lace, the bodice having transparent yoke and handkerchief sleeves. In place of wreath and veil she wore a pretty pale blue picture hat, trimmed with pale blue and green ribbon and forget-me-nots, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. There were two bridesmaids in attendance—Miss Florence Cherry and Miss Jessie Arthur. The former wore a grass lawn, with narrow blue silk stripes, tucked and inserted with lace, and a large cream hat, trimmed with pale blue and green leaves. Miss Arthur was attired in a grass lawn frock, tucked, gauged, and inserted with lace, and large cream hat with heliotrope and green ribbon, with clusters of hydrangeas of the same shades. Each carried a pretty bouquet of cornflowers, grasses, and ferns. After the ceremony the guests drove to the residence of Mrs. J. H. Adams, Bleasard's Lane, Mount Eden, and later Mr. and Mrs. Arthur left for their honeymoon tour. The bride's travelling costume was a green and blue cloth and a blue and green hat.

Mrs. Arthur, black silk bodice, and fancy black skirt, black brocaded mantle, and black bonnet; Mrs. Cherry, black silk bodice and satin cloth skirt, black silk mantle and bonnet; Miss Clara Cherry, green lawn frock, tucked and inserted with lace and frills on trained skirt, pale green hat, with black and green flowers; Miss B. Arthur, grey French tucked muslin and lace insertion, burnt straw hat with flowers; Miss Crump, cream voile, and cream hat; Mrs. J. H. Adams, tussore silk, tucked and gauged skirt, burnt straw hat, with clusters of pink roses; Mrs. Hamilton Jones (Gisborne), pretty blue delaine blouse, fancy black tucked and gauged skirt, "Country Girl" hat, with foliage; Mrs. Williams, all black toilette; Mrs. Dellow, black costume; Mrs. (Rev.) Garland, black gown; Mrs. Thomas Buddie, black toilette. The presents, numbering about 60, were valuable and useful.

**CURRIE—CLOUSTON.**


A pretty wedding took place at "Cairnie Hill," Waiuku, Auckland, the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday, 21st October, when Miss Maggie Clouston, eldest daughter of Dr. Clouston, was married to Mr S. D. Currie, youngest son of Mr W. Currie, of Waiuku. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. Barr. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in an exceedingly pretty silvery grey silk voile. Miss Ethel Clouston attended the bride as bridesmaid, and wore a pretty pale green canvas voile, prettily gauged and trimmed with ecru insertion. Mr John Clouston, eldest brother of the bride, acted as best man. Afternoon tea having been partaken of, the newly-married couple left on their honeymoon trip, prior to leaving for Manawatu, near Te Aroha, their future home. The bride wore a stylish brown travelling costume, large picture hat. The bride and bridegroom were the recipients of many handsome and pretty presents. Mrs Clouston (mother of the bride) wore a handsome black gown; Miss M. Clouston wore pale blue canvas voile, bodice trimmed with cream insertion, and pleated skirt; Miss Currie (sister of bridegroom), in a pretty blue costume; the two young sisters of the bride wore pretty blue frocks relieved with cream insertion. Amongst the guests I noticed Mesdames Barr, Gillies (Auckland), Goble, Shakespear, Alf. Kidd, Mellsoy, and Misses Barriball, A. Gittos (Auckland), Campbell, D. Campbell, Mellsoy, Parker, and M. Brown. The gentlemen were the Rev. Mr Barr, Messrs. Shakespear, G. Currie, A. Currie, Mellsoy (2), Vaughan, E. Barriball, and Frank Webster.

**NOREWOOD—TATTLE.**

A pretty wedding took place on Thursday, October 22, at the residence of Mr and Mrs Geo. Tattle, Kent-terrace, Wellington, when their second daughter, Rose, was married to Mr C. J. Norewood, of the Wellington Gas Company.

The Rev. T. W. Newbold, of Palmerston North, a friend of the family, performed the ceremony. The bride looked charming in a white silk dress trimmed with chiffon and old spanish silk lace. Instead of the customary veil she wore a large picture hat of white chiffon and ostrich tips. The bride was attended by her sister Eva, who was attired in a costume of cream serge with handsome collar and trimmings. The bride's mother wore a magnificent black brocade costume and bonnet en suite. Mr A. D. Patterson acted as best man. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a handsome gold watch and chain, and to the bridesmaids a lovely ruby and pearl gold pendant and gold chain. The presents, which were numerous and costly, included a massive gold double Albert from the directors of the Gas Co., a solid silver tea service and silver-mounted ebony walking-stick from the employes, a gold watch from the Wels-lach Incandescent Co., Sydney, and several cheques.

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*Society Gossip*

**Government House Dance,  
 Wellington.**

Government House presented one of the most brilliant scenes last night (Wednesday) on the occasion of the large ball given by His Excellency the Governor and Countess of Ranfurly. It was a most enjoyable ball, and everyone felt how sad it was to think that this was the last time they would enter those hospitable walls with Lady Ranfurly as his hostess. The decorations were very gorgeous, and consisted chiefly of masses of yellow broom, with handsome palms and pot plants. All the mantel shelves were banked up with this, and in other places, both upstairs and down, there were large palms, surrounded with exquisite azaleas, simply ablaze with wonderful bloom. The verandah was a charming cool resting place, all covered in and luxuriously furnished, these handsome and artistic palms and flowers forming a break here and there. Every available space was utilised for sitting-out purposes, and everything possible was done for the comfort of the guests. The three rooms were all cleared for dancing, and King's band, which was stationed in the centre room, played splendidly. There were two supper rooms, the conservatory being transformed for this purpose, as well as the dining-room, so that there was no crowding, and all could enjoy the very delicious supper in comfort. The long tables were decorated with pot plants and vases of lovely tulips. It was about 2.30 a.m. when the programme came to an end, and we most reluctantly bid good-bye to our kind host and hostess.

The house party included Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. A. Boyle, the Misses Julius (all of Christchurch), Miss Read (England), and Miss Russell (Hawke's Bay). The Countess of Ranfurly wore beautiful silvery white brocade, with silver-edged frills on the skirt, and fine lace draping the bodice. She wore a black velvet bow in her hair, surmounted with a diamond tiara, and lovely diamonds and a greenstone Hei tiki ornamented the corsage of her gown. Lady Constance Knox wore the sweetest gown of white silk, with overdress of chiffon, with dainty pink and blue and green roses embroidered upon it; the skirt and bodice were finished with fluffy chiffon flounces, and a green satin sash was worn. Lady Eileen was in white muslin and lace; Mrs. Rhodes wore a beautiful pink brocade gown, with much soft chiffon flouncing to match, and diamond necklace and ornaments; Mrs. Boyle's gown was of palest oyster crepe de chine, with berthe of lovely lace, and clusters of roses; Mrs. Babington wore white satin, softened with chiffon; Lady Ward wore palest grey crepe de chine, with deep belt of peacock green velvet and crystal embroidery; Mrs. Wallis had a white satin gown, trimmed with chiffon, and a touch of pale green on the corsage; Mrs. Henton Rhodes' gown was a very beautiful one of pale blue brocade, with side panels of biscuit-colour appliqued with pink silk roses; the lace berthe was finished with dainty jewelled bands, and she wore a diamond necklace and e-grette; Mrs. Demiston (Christchurch) wore black satin and lace; Mrs. Duncan wore a handsome black and white brocade gown; Mrs. Kettle (Christchurch) had a pale grey crepe de chine gown, trimmed with chiffon to match; Mrs. Beetham (Maesterton), in black satin, trimmed with chiffon and white lace; Mrs. E. B. Brown, in black, trimmed with passementerie; Mrs. Burns, in black brocade, with white lace and swansdown on the bodice; Mrs. Butt wore black satin with lace; Mrs. Collins, in white chiffon, with bands of black velvet and jet; Mrs. Moss Davis (Auckland), in a rich black gown, with berthe of white lace and diamonds; Mrs. Arthur Duncan, white satin, with deep chiffon pleating

on the skirt, and lace berthe, beaded with jewelled passementerie; Mrs. Kenneth Duncan wore her wedding gown of handsome satin, with lace insertion and chiffon bodice; Mrs. Fell, black satin, with white lace berthe; Mrs. Firth had a striking gown of black and white; Mrs. Gee, in black brocade, with white lace and a touch of turquoise blue; Mrs. Gould, in cream satin, trimmed with blue silk and chiffon; Mrs. H. Johnston, pale green Oriental satin, much trimmed with ecru lace; Mrs. Medley, in black silk, with white lace; Mrs. Scobie McKenzie, in her wedding gown of satin and chiffon; Mrs. Warren, black satin, with white lace; Mrs. Tweed, white silk and chiffon; Mrs. Marchbanks, black satin, with cream lace berthe; Mrs. Perry (Napier) had a beautiful green and mauve brocade, with chiffon veiling the bodice; Mrs. Spratt, in black, with lace; Mrs. Stowe, black silk, with white lace fichu; Mrs. Alan Strang, in a pretty white brocade and chiffon gown; Mrs. Tripe, black satin, with chiffon folds; Mrs. Turnbull, a black velvet gown, trimmed with white lace over satin; Mrs. T. Atkin-on, black satin and chiffon; Mrs. Bothandy wore a black gown, with lace and red roses; Mrs. Bueholz, white satin, trimmed with scarlet ribbon and poppies; Mrs. Chatfield had a black satin gown with red flowers; Mrs. Colbridge wore white satin trimmed with chiffon and lace; Dr. Platts-Mills, handsome black satin and jet; Mrs. Donne had a lovely pale green brocade gown trimmed with chiffon and crystal embroidery; Mrs. F. Dyer, in cream satin and lace; Mrs. Edwin black and pink brocade gown; Mrs. Field, a black satin gown with white lace; Mrs. Pollen, in pale grey crepe de chine trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. Hacon, black silk with berthe of white lace; Mrs. Kirk, in a white and black satin gown; Mrs. Dr. Young wore black satin and lace; Mrs. T. M. Wilford had a lovely pale blue chiffon gown with silk embroidered ends; Mrs. Samuel, in cream silk with lace; Mrs. Ross, black satin with roses; Miss Coates wore a handsome black brocade with berthe of white lace; Mrs. Wilson (England), in white satin softened with chiffon; Miss Ashcroft, black satin trimmed with chiffon and jet; Miss Abbott, a yellow crepe de chine and chiffon gown; Miss Cooper, pale pink silk with Paris lace; Miss Chaytor, wore green silk with white lace; Miss Beetham, white embroidered chiffon over silk; Miss McClean (Dunedin) wore a lovely pink brocade and chiffon gown; Miss K. McClean, in green satin with chiffon; Miss Johnston, white satin trimmed with sequined lace and flowers; her sister was in pink accordian silk with white lace; Miss Tolhurst, white crepe de chine with ecru medallions and lace berthe; the Misses Seddon wore white crepe de chine with deep insertions of ecru guipure; Miss Richmond, in black and white; Miss E. Richmond, a white and blue pompadour silk with white lace; Miss Stead (Christchurch), wore black satin with chiffon and jet; Miss Gore in cream brocade and chiffon; Miss Izard, black satin trimmed with white tulle; Miss Harcourt, blue brocade with chiffon to match; Miss G. Harcourt, a pink merveilleux and chiffon gown; Miss Reid, white brocade trimmed with lace and chiffon; Miss Read (England), had a lovely gown of pink silk veiled with embroidered chiffon to match; Miss Russell, a cream satin gown trimmed with ecru lace; Miss Rawson had a flowing cream crepe de chine gown; her sister wore blue silk veiled in lace; Miss O. Rawson, an overdress of Pais lace over glace, and a blue sash; the Misses Julius, wore soft white crepe de chine gowns trimmed with lace; Miss Richardson, in white satin with chiffon; McTavish, soft white silk and chiffon; Miss Finch, handsome yellow brocade with chiffon flounces and touches of turquoise; her sister in pale green crepe de chine; the Misses Fitzherbert, wore white silk and lace gowns; Miss Somerville, in black with white lace berthe; Miss Simpson, white shirred crepe de chine; Miss Seed, in white; Miss Skerrett, pink velvet with lace and flowers; Miss Smith, white silk with lace; the Misses Fell, black satin with lace; Miss M. Fell, in pink silk and chiffon; Miss Edwin, in pale blue; and her sister in black; Miss Elliott, pale blue silk; Miss Even, white crepe de chine and lace; Miss England, yellow silk and chiffon; Miss George, white satin with chiffon; Miss Hacon, pale green silk with white lace; the Misses Louison, in white muslin over blue and pink; Miss Miles,

cream satin with lace; Miss McGregor, white satin with chiffon and flowers; Miss Waddgrave, in black net; Miss Stafford, white and pink satin gown; her sister wore white; Miss Nelson, in white embroidered silk; Miss Otterson, white chine silk and lace; Miss Butt, cream satin with red flowers; Miss Moss Davis, a white tuckled silk and chiffon gown; Miss Stone, pale green brocade trimmed with white lace; Miss Medley, white silk with lace; Miss Chatfield, white silk trimmed with blue. Also the Hon. R. J. Seddon, Sir Joseph Ward, Sir William Russell, Bishop of Wellington, General Hargrave, Captain Campbell, Captain Hughes, Captain and officers of H.M.S. Phoebe, Mrs. Collins, Fell, Tulman, Pollen, Izard, Webster, and Messrs. A. Rhodes, H. Rhodes, Boyle, Clifford, Duncan, Pearce, Tyser, Clark (England), Harcourt, Gee, Warren, Cooper, Reid, Strange, Gore, Higginson, Perry, Beetham, Dyer, Tripe, Tollhurst, George, Menzies, etc.

**AUCKLAND.**

Dear Bee, October 27.  
 Owing no doubt to the lovely weather we are having, the cricket, tennis and bowling clubs are opening their seasons much earlier than usual this year. Last Saturday was a most perfect day for any function of this sort, and the Eden and Lyson tennis lawns looked lovely with numbers of gaily dressed people moving about listening to the music of Hunter's band, which was in attendance. A very dainty afternoon tea was provided, which was much appreciated by both visitors and players. The Rev. Mr. McFarland made a most felicitous speech, and then Mrs. Heather, the wife of the absent president, served two balls on to the courts, which were then declared open. The following are a few of the dresses worn: Mrs. Heather, handsome black costume, with bonnet to match; Mrs. D. Lewis, lovely black voile dress, cream lace vest, and black hat; Miss Lewis, blue flecked tweed gown, with lace vest, black picture hat; Mrs. Prof. Egerton, dark green zibeline costume, pretty cream vest, black hat; Mrs. Billing, pink gown, finished with pink of deeper shade, black hat; Mrs. D. Bull, black frock, pretty floral hat of violets; Mrs. H. C. Fenton, Paris green linea gown, with white silk vest, stylish black hat; Mrs. John Beale, blue zibeline, prettily trimmed with cream lace medallions, burnt straw hat finished with pink roses; Mrs. Ernest Beale, black tuckled voile skirt, dainty black and white spotted silk blouse; Mrs. Fred. Kenderdine, handsome black silk gown, brown furs, and burnt straw hat; Miss Dargaville, grey tweed Russian costume, with lace vest, black hat; Miss Tole, pretty white silk blouse, black skirt, black hat; Mrs. Adkin, cream voile Monte Carlo coat and skirt, white hat finished with black velvet and violets; Miss Abbott, black canvas over white silk, hat to correspond; Mrs. Stewart, stylish crash costume, burnt straw hat; Miss Fenton, black skirt, blue Oriental satin blouse, pretty Tuscan straw hat; Miss Stewart, brown voile, profusely trimmed with ecru insertion, black hat; Mrs. Aiken, grey voile, trimmed with cream insertion, black hat; Miss Morrin, lovely white voile gown, finished with lace, forget-me-not hat; Mrs. John Dawson, black skirt, pretty heliotrope silk blouse, hat to match; Mrs. (Dr.) Coates, black costume, with white vest; Mrs. Mair, brown holland costume, white silk blouse, Panama hat; Miss Coates, brown holland skirt, white silk blouse, hat to match; Miss Dawson, black skirt, dainty white blouse, black hat; Mrs. W. Kenderdine, black skirt, white silk blouse, black hat; Misses Walker were dressed in brown skirts, green jackets, and pretty burnt straw hats; Mrs. Ross, black skirt, white silk blouse, with green ceinture, Tuscan straw hat; Misses Thorpe wore pretty dresses of white serge, with black hats; Mrs. Batty, dark blue coat and skirt, with white hat; Miss Biss, black and white costume, white hat; Miss P. Hull, pretty holland frock, piped with green, hat to match; Mrs. C. Baker, green costume; Mrs. Ollman, navy blue gown, white hat, trimmed with yellow; Miss Rice, pretty holland costume; Miss M. Rice, white; Miss Syme, green cloth costume; Miss Sellars, black voile, with lace vest, black hat; Mrs. Hooper, black

skirt, pink blouse, black hat; Mrs. H. Walker, black costume; Mrs. Watkins, black; Mrs. Mognie, black skirt, black and white blouse; Mrs. Udy, black gown; Mrs. Kidd, black costume; Miss Kerr-Taylor, holland costume, finished with red.

**OPENING OF AUCKLAND LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB.**

Under favourable circumstances the Auckland Lawn Tennis Club opened its season last Saturday, when, owing to the many other attractions, there was only a fair attendance of players and visitors. The ever-welcome afternoon tea, indispensable now at such functions, was presided over by the lady members of the club. Mrs. Sidney Nathan wore a dainty grass lawn gown piped with green, and a becoming burnt straw hat wreathed with red berries and green leaves; Mrs. W. H. Churton was in a pale cream voile blouse with cream lace motifs, and a white pique skirt, Panama hat trimmed with yellow silk; Mrs. (Dr.) McDowell, smart navy and white spotted Lousier gown faced with white, black and white hat; Mrs. Coates, white spotted silk blouse and a navy cloth skirt, fine white straw hat swathed with white gossamer; Miss Denniston wore a holland frock trimmed with white insertion, white sailor hat; Miss Home, white muslin blouse and black skirt, large white Panama hat with black silk; Mrs. Jackson, heliotrope blouse and black skirt, burnt straw hat swathed with black silk; Miss Picken, black and white pin-spotted silk blouse and a grey tweed skirt, white hat trimmed with white and black spotted silk; Mrs. Goss, white delaine blouse with ecru lace collar, black skirt and gem hat; Miss Buttle, navy and white spotted foulard, and pretty burnt straw hat brightened with red; Mrs. Barry Keesing, black gown with black lace collar and white vest, large black hat with violets under brim; Mrs. T. Keesing also wore a black gown and a burnt straw hat trimmed with white and black spotted silk; Miss Wilks, pale blue silk blouse strapped with white lace insertion, black skirt and large black hat; Mrs. F. Diddams, black satin skirt and grey silk blouse with black chiffon Monte Carlo jacket, black picture hat; Mrs. Abbot, pale blue silk blouse and beautiful Paris lace coffee jacket, black voile skirt, black chip hat with black feathers under brim; her friend wore a black gown and a black picture hat; Miss Kennedy, grey tweed gown and pink hat; Miss Watt, blue dress piped with white, blue and white hat; Miss Hennis, wore a black voile with white spots trimmed with Persian galloons, and a black hat; Miss Ring, pale green blouse and hat en suite, black skirt; Miss Caro, white silk blouse and black skirt, large white hat trimmed with white silk and black velvet ribbon.

A very enjoyable and highly successful "At Home" was given at St. Sepulchre's Parish Hall last Thursday by Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Abbott and Miss Girdler in aid of the funds for the Veterans' Home bazaar. The hall, which was prettily decorated with greenery, was arranged with great taste and originality as a drawing-room. It looked exceedingly dainty and pretty, and was moreover exceedingly comfortable. Another capital and very unique idea was the arranging of the stage as a picnic ground, in which picturesquely placed groups of girls of St. Sepulchre's Club sang choruses from "The Runaway Girl." During the evening songs were also given by Dr. Carolan. About 200 were present, and a handsome sum was realised, besides some donations for the military stall. A recherche little supper was laid in the anteroom, which was decorated with large tree ferns. Here again considerable ingenuity was shown in the decorations, the tables being decorated in designs of the Southern Cross, St. Andrew's Cross, and Union Jack, in red, white and blue. The whole affair was evidently the result of much thought and infinite pains on the part of the three hostesses, who deserve all credit for an agreeable evening's entertainment. Amongst those present I noticed were:—Mrs. Smith wore a handsome black satin gown with white silk collar; Miss Girdler, pretty white tuckled silk blouse and black silk skirt; Mrs. (Colonel) Abbott wore a handsome gown of black tuckled silk; Miss Bessie Smith, pretty white silk blouse with lovely hand-painted collar, black skirt; Miss Olive Smith, dainty white muslin dress; Miss Boscaen, pretty white silk blouse

with deep lace collar; Miss Frier, white silk blouse and black skirt; Miss — Frier, black skirt, pale blue silk blouse; Mrs Steele, pretty black dress; Mrs (Dr.) Lawry, black dress; Mrs (Major) Clarke, black satin; Miss Savage, pretty blue dress trimmed with cream lace; Misses Brigham (2), wore dainty white silk dresses; Mrs Wilson Smith, pretty black lace dress; Miss Moir, dainty grey voile gown; Miss — Moir, blue silk blouse and black skirt; Mrs Keesing, black voile with deep lace collar; Mrs Tom Keesing, black silk softened with white chiffon; Miss (Colonel) White, blue gown finished with Paris tinted lace; Miss Wove, pretty blue and white dress; Mrs (Dr.) Dawson, black silk evening gown; Miss Dawson, pink silk softened with cream lace; Miss Shera, dainty white muslin; Mrs Young, handsome black satin gown; Mrs Stone, black with cream lace collar; Mrs Recknagel, black skirt, lovely crimson satin blouse veiled in cream net and insertion; Miss Johnstone, black skirt, blue velvet blouse, with point lace collar; Miss Connell, black voile skirt, blue muslin blouse inserted with white lace; Mrs Pilcher, black satin dress with cream silk collar; Mrs Pilcher wore a lovely cream satin; Mrs Ritchie, black voile skirt and pretty accordion-pleated blouse; Mrs Corbett-Scott, blue silk skirt, very pretty lace coffee coat; Miss Dudley, wore a dainty white silk gown; Mrs McHardy, blue and white silk blouse and black silk skirt; Miss Outhwaite, black and white evening dress; Mrs Carver, wore a pretty slate blue gown; Mrs Brown, black; Miss Picken, dark skirt, white silk blouse; Mrs Harry Connell, black skirt, white silk blouse. Amongst the gentlemen present were: Major Morrow, Colonel Abbott, Colonel White, Major Clarke, Lieut. Symons, Drs. Girder, Neill, Carolan, Judge Smith, Messrs. Wilson Smith, R. H. Abbott, Corbett, Scott, Dawson, Savage, Carver, Harding, E. Connell, etc.

DANCING CLASS SOCIAL.

The sixteenth plain and fancy dress ball in connection with Mr. F. C. Bassett's dancing class took place on Friday, October 9, in St. Benedict's Hall. Over 100 couples took part, and spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening. During the evening Mr. Bassett, who is very popular with his pupils, was presented by last years' pupils with an illuminated address, as a slight token of their esteem and regard, linked by the good wishes of this year's pupils, who gave three hearty cheers for Mr. Bassett. Mr. Meredith's full orchestra supplied excellent music in its usual brilliant manner. The march, which was led by two tiny little dots, was pleasing in the extreme. Much praise is due to Mr. Nicholls, the secretary, for the brilliant success of the ball. Among the many pretty dresses worn were: Little Miss Veal, as Lily of the Valley; Miss A. Veal, Poppy; Miss Goodwin, Forget-Me-Not; Miss E. Bater, Roses; Miss M. Bater, Yachting Girl; Miss H. Dormer, Shepherdess; Miss Morran, Pierrette; Miss Graham, Spring; Miss Barnaby, Rose of England; Miss Hogarth, Briar Rose; Miss E. Aylett, Harvest; Miss A. Brash, Summer; Miss Berger, Winter; Miss A. McAffer, Grecian Lady; Miss Andrews, Red, White and Blue; Miss Drinnan, Red Cross Nurse; Miss McDonald, Eastern Star; Miss Eyes,

Witch; Miss D. Eyes, Roman Girl; Miss Barker, black lace; Miss Bella Young, white; Miss Gamble, white silk; Miss Small, blue; Miss R. Smith, white; Miss F. Small, pink; Miss Shields, yellow silk with over skirt of white spotted net; Miss McMahon, pretty white muslin; Mrs. F. C. Bassett, black and white silk; Misses Ruby and Alma Bassett wore dainty white ivory figured silks; Miss Vincent, white silk; Mrs. Vincent, pretty white muslin; Miss Judd, amber and white; Mrs. Veal, fawn silk; Miss Goodwin, pretty white silk and chiffon; Miss A. Goodwin, cream silk; Miss Martinson, pretty sea-green dress; her sister Rose, cream nun's veiling; Misses Smith, dainty white tucked muslins; Miss Harper, sea-green nun's veiling; Miss Young, blue cashmere; Miss McAffer, cream silk; Miss E. Schultze, sea green; Miss A. Schultze, white silk; Miss Aylett, cream voile and scarlet flowers; Miss Farrer, black silk; Miss Cleal, dainty amber silk; Miss Denne, white silk; Misses Wright, white and black; Messrs. F. Jackson, Tennis; J. B. Nicholls, Innocence Abroad; K. Nicholls, Uncle Sam; A. Webb, Toreador, H. Heaves, Bubbles; P. Skelton, "Sporting Review"; Mr. Nixon, Yachting; W. Reynolds, Tennis; W. Hutchinson, Artilleryman; Master Cyril Bassett, Jack Tar; Master Small, German Prince; Master J. Probert, Spanish Prince; Master V. Lempiere; Cadet.

Elsie, my Cambridge correspondent, writes:—Dear Bee,—On Tuesday evening Mrs James Hally gave a most enjoyable children's party at her lovely home, "Valmai," at which there must have been fully 160 present; the little folk have been fully one hundred and fifty present; the little folk have been in a great state of excitement for the last fortnight, looking forward to the long-expected night, and it was a lovely night for them—so beautifully cool. It was indeed a pretty sight to watch the little ones enjoy themselves, and the elder ones of the party entered into the spirit of the fun and helped to make the young ones happy by dancing and playing games with them until ten o'clock, when the mothers took their children home, after being regaled with a delicious supper. The dancing was in the dining-room only this time, and the drawing-room was used by the lookers-on and for bagatelle; the supper table looked lovely with its tempting array of good things, the table decorations were carried out in blue and gold with eschepoltzias, ixias, and yellow banksia roses. Mrs Hally received her guests in a black silk and lace gown, with lovely pink roses on corsage and in her hair, and was assisted by her daughters, Mrs A. Gibbons, who wore a very lovely pale pink silk blouse, with cream insertion and transparent yoke of cream lace, and black skirt; Miss Hally, a very dainty soft white silk; Miss A. Hally, a beautiful little white silk frock, with much tucking and insertion; Miss K. Hally, a pretty pale green silk frock; Miss Alice Hally, a soft pink silk frock; Misses Rowe (2), in white muslins; Miss H. Payze, white muslin; Miss B. Payze, pale blue voile; Miss Watt, white, with mauve sash; Miss — Watt, pink and white; Miss Atkinson, blue; Misses Rowe (2), in white muslin; Misses Pilcher (2), in white muslins; Miss M. Polworth, white silk; Miss Tribe, pale pink;

Miss Ferguson, white silk; Misses Roberts (2), white muslins; Miss L. Gane, flowered muslin; Miss R. Gane, white muslin; Miss E. Chitty, white muslin; Miss E. Stone, pale blue; Miss D. Main, pale pink; Misses Saunders (2), white muslins; Miss Langmuir, white muslin; Miss E. Souther, white silk; Miss Johnson, white muslin; Miss Dore, white muslin; Miss Alwell, white silk; Misses Onions (2), white silks; Miss M. Hunter, white silk; Miss Fisher, white muslin; Miss B. Taylor, white silk; Miss M. Taylor, white silk; Misses Runciman (2), white muslins; Miss R. Major, white silk; Miss E. Dickenson, white muslin; Miss J. McCullagh, white muslin. Boys: Masters Hall (4), Souther (3), A. Giffney, C. Taylor, F. Arnold, C. Ferguson, F. McCullagh, Hunter (2), Willis (3), Atkin, Atkinson (4), Wilkinson, Arnold (2), Runciman (2), N. Cooke, Rout, Kingsford, Tribe, McDermot (2). Amongst the grown-ups present I noticed Mrs Wright, black silk; Mrs Major, black evening dress; Mrs Sprowl, pink blouse, black skirt; Mrs Hunter, black; Mrs A. Souther, yellow silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs E. Souther, black; Mrs McCullagh, black; Mrs J. Ferguson, black; Mrs Payze, steel grey silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs M. J. Roberts, black; Mrs Atkinson, grey; Mrs C. Isenonger, white blouse, black skirt; Miss E. Cave, black evening dress, with turquoise blouse, bow on corsage and in hair; Miss Willis, black; Miss K. Wright, white muslin, with rosewood bow on bodice; Miss Wright, white muslin blouse, black skirt; Miss Wells, pink silk; Miss H. Wells, white silk, black velvet on bodice; Miss Frater (Auckland), black evening dress, and pink in hair; Miss Fisher, white silk; Miss Peterson, white muslin; Miss Ferguson, white silk; Miss Keesing, black; Miss Kingsford, white silk; Miss Jeffries, white muslin; Miss Hill, black, with yellow bow on bodice; Miss Williams, white silk blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Richardson, white muslin; Miss Young, black silk grenadine; Miss N. Young, black silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Clarke, white muslin; Miss Empson, white silk; Miss M. Brown, white

silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Gwynneth, black silk; Miss Dickenson, white silk; Miss Gibbison, white muslin. The gentlemen were Messrs Farnall, Falla, N. Banks, Stevenson, Fisher (4), Jeffries, Ferguson (2), Clarke, Richardson, Buckland, Payne, Empson, Souther (2), Shepherd, Williams.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, October 23.

Mrs Margoliouth was AT HOME

last Saturday afternoon at her residence in Milton Terrace, when a large number of friends thronged the grounds. Mrs and Miss Margoliouth received their guests on the lawn. Not far off was stationed a delightful band, which provided excellent music during the afternoon. Mrs Margoliouth wore a very pretty dress of black and pink, black bonnet with pink roses. Miss Margoliouth wore pale green muslin trimmed with cream lace; Miss Iolanthe Margoliouth looked well in heliotrope and cream muslin hat. Those present included Mrs Lanauze, in a black coat and skirt, and a hat to match; Miss Seale wore a grass lawn costume; Mrs Edgar was much admired in pale grey voile with handsome white lace on the bodice; Mrs Cornford wore black and red; Miss Cornford, blue linen piped with white; Mrs Howell, a becoming black dress; Miss Howell looked exceedingly well in a pretty dress of a pale lavender shade, and hat to match; Miss F. Williams, blue and white; Mrs T. Moore, cream with a black and white fichu; Mrs Ronald, stylish grey dress and hat trimmed with cornflowers; Mrs Von Dadelzen, black brocade costume; Miss Von Dadelzen, Eton coat, skirt of green linen over a white muslin blouse; Miss Davis, blue drill; Miss L. Hoadley, grey and white dress; Miss Kathleen Hoadley, pink with a pale blue belt and hat trimmed with pink roses; Miss Locking, black and white muslin with pink boa; Miss Spencer,

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dark blue; Mrs Tuke, black; Mrs Handard, very pretty blue dress; Miss Janie Heath, white and green, burnt straw hat trimmed with poppies; Miss Goldsmith, pale blue; Miss Rutherford, very pretty cream and pink dress; Mrs Kinross White, green figured muslin trimmed with narrow black velvet; Miss Sutton, fawn costume relieved with red; Miss Lyndon, white muslin and insertion, becoming picture hat of burnt straw trimmed with pink roses; Miss Burke, pink blouse, dark skirt, and a chiffon boa; Mrs Kight, white muslin, the bodice trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon; Mrs Tabuteau looked well in goblin blue trimmed with white; Miss Dulcie Kennedy, white dress, large hat trimmed with pale blue; Miss Fannin, blue drill costume.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, October 23.  
A very pleasant function took place at the wharf on Monday last, when the Northern Steamship Company celebrated the arrival of their new steamer, the Tarawa, on her maiden trip, by a lunch to a representative gathering of about sixty residents, to mark the event. The chair was taken by Captain Norbury, with Mr W. D. Webster as vice-chairman. The visitors were conveyed on board by a special train, and sat down punctually at one p.m. to a sumptuous lunch in the spacious saloon, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. After lunch the toasts were, "The King," proposed by the chairman, and loyally responded to; "The Northern S.S. and Co.," (coupled with the name of Mr W. D. Webster), proposed in a felicitous manner by Mr O. Samuel, and responded to by Mr Webster; "Captain Norbury and the Ship's Company," by Mr Quilliam; "The Harbour Board," by Mr E. M. Smith and "The Commercial Interests of Taranaki," by Mr Buckleton, all duly honoured and acknowledged, which brought the pleasant gathering to a close. Among those present were:— Captain W. F. Norbury, Messrs W. D. Webster, E. M. Smith, M.H.R., W. Bewley (President Chamber of Commerce), J. B. Connett (Chairman of the Harbour Board and Motuoro Freezing Works), O. Samuel, Newton King, F. D. Holdsworth (Chief Postmaster), J. H. Hempton (Collector of Customs), Lieut.-Col. Ellis, Col. Hume, Messrs Grey (Station Master), Paton (New Zealand Insurance Company), H. Bauchope (South British Insurance Company), Captain Grant (Acting-Harbour Master), W. J. Penn ("Taranaki Herald"); E. G. Allsworth ("Daily News"), J. E. Wilson, J. Paul, J. S. McKellar, A. Goldwater, M. Fraser, F. P. Corkill, C. Weston, Dr. Leatham, G. Ramson (Sargood, Son and Ewen), J. W. Wilson (A. Clarke and Sons), A. Oldham (L. D. Nathan and Co.), H. Okey (Chairman County Council), H. Buckleton (Bank of New Zealand), MacDiarmid (Bank of New South Wales), Mantering (Union Bank), Westney (National Bank), McIntosh (Australasia), J. B. Roy, J. H. Quilliam, S. W. Shaw, W. L. Newman, H. Dempsey, J. C. Webster, Ken. Webster, J. S. S. Medley, D. Berry,

H. Bedford, D. K. Morrison, H. Goodacre, Collins, D'Arcy, Robertson, Robbins (Mayor of Hawera), Wilson (Hawera), Sargent (Hawera), Paterson (Hawera).

AMERICAN COMEDY.

The Stine and Evans' Company paid a short visit to New Plymouth last week, and although their stay was brief, their pieces staged were thoroughly enjoyed by the theatregoers. On the first night "Mamma's New Husband" was staged, and although there is not much plot about it, it is full of mirth and amusement, without being in any way vulgar, everyone being easily entertained with the humorous dialogue, witty repartee, good singing and charming dancing. The Bicknell's dancing was dourly encored. The company concluded with "Brown's In Town," which is also very amusing, as well as being full of good music, singing and dancing.

NANCY LEE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, October 22.  
On Friday evening Mrs. John Anderson gave a most enjoyable dance at her residence in Victoria Avenue, the dining-room being converted into the ball-room. The supper table and rooms were decorated with spring flowers and festoons of beautiful clematis. Mrs. Anderson received her guests in a black tuck silk, trimmed with cream lace. Miss Anderson wore black satin, ornamented with jet and berthe of lace; Miss W. Anderson, pale pink surah gown, with gauged hip yoke and chiffon gown, with gauged in yoke and chiffon, pale pink banksia roses in coiffure. Amongst the guests I noticed Miss Newcombe, in black silk, with transparent lace sleeves, pale blue choux; Miss O. Mason, black silk, with overskirt of black Brussels net, gauged cream net on corsage and sleeves; Miss Gillilan (Auckland), white tuck silk, trimmed with lace and insertion; Miss McDonnell, black satin, veiled with black net; Miss H. McDonnell, white silk, with berthe of lace; Miss Stuart (Wellington), stylish costume of black silk, with overskirt of tuck black chiffon, crimson velvet and geraniums on corsage, and bow of same in coiffure; Miss Griffiths, black silk frock, with berthe of lace; Miss Rawson, white tuck silk, with insertion and large rose pink choux; Miss McBeth (Christchurch), black silk, with lionnet lace and sequin net on corsage and sleeves; Miss Baker, pale pink silk; Miss Aitken, black silk gown, with berthe of cream lace; Messrs. Anderson (2), Blackmore, Widdop, Blair, Foreman, Harold, Dodgshun, Lewis, Izard, and others.

On Saturday afternoon the Wanganui Rowing Club's season opened. A delicious afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. C. Wray, the captain's wife, assisted by Mrs. Dymock and Miss Wray. A very large number of spectators assembled at the boat sheds during the afternoon. Amongst them I noticed Mesdames Wray, D'Arcy, Dymock, Nixon, Anderson, Misses McDonnell, O. Mason, Gillilan (Auckland), Wray (Timaru), Iard, Dymock, Anderson, Baker, Sealey (Timaru), and many others.

Mrs Brookfield gave a very enjoyable evening for Miss K. McBeth, of Christchurch. Dancing and various games were indulged in.

On Tuesday evening a very enjoyable boating picnic was given by Mesdames D'Arcy and Stevenson.

Mrs Janisch, having recovered from her recent indisposition, will deliver the lecture entitled "Wars of the Century" on Friday, 23rd inst., when we expect a good attendance will assemble to hear this talented lady on a most interesting subject.

The farewell concert of the Westminster Abbey Glee and Concert Party was a great musical treat. The programme contained choice selections of part music, the majority of which is never heard nowadays outside the few remaining Glee Clubs in England. A very large audience assembled in the Opera House on Saturday. Amongst those present I noticed Mesdames Anderson, Fairburn, Outfield, H. I. Jones, Kitchen, Forde (Wellotara), Watt, Sherriff, Misses O. Mason, Jackson, Willis, Anderson, Izard, Fickering, Sealey (Timaru), Page, Earle, Baker, Rawson, Good (Geo), Stuart, Campbell, Messrs. James, Woon, Dunn, Harold, Cohen, and many others.

On Saturday afternoon the victorious Wanganui Garrison Band were entertained at a garden party by Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Willis at that picturesque residence "Te Mawhai," Sedgbrook. It was greatly enjoyed by the bandsmen and their friends.

Miss I. Fitzherbert, of the Hutt, Wellington, is staying with her aunt, Mrs. S. T. Fitzherbert, in Wanganui.

Miss Sealey (Timaru) is the guest of Miss Izard in Wanganui.

Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Barnard-Brown, of Wangianni, have gone to Rotorua.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, of Wanganui, have returned from their trip to Nelson, and are staying at the Ladies' Club, before going to their new home up the Wanganui river.

Mrs. Oswald Lewis, of Fordell, has returned from her visit to her mother, Mrs. Wilford, Hutt, Wellington.

Mrs. Atkinson of Hawera, is the guest of Mrs. John Mason, Wanganui.

Mr. Pearce, of Geraldine, spent a few days in Wanganui last week.

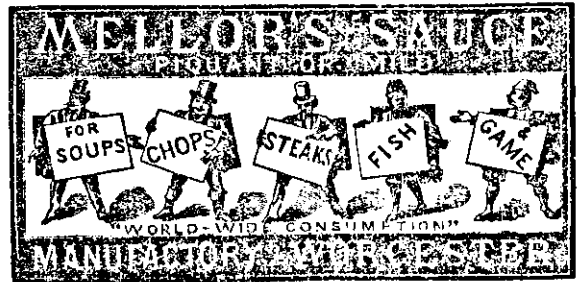
Miss Stuart (Wellington) is the guest of Miss Griffiths, Wanganui.

HUIA.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,  
Everything was in favour of THE FIRST DAY OF THE SPRING RACE MEETING

on Wednesday. It was a perfect day, hot and calm, and there was an excellent attendance on the course. His Excellency the Governor was present, accompanied by Lady Constance Knox, Hon. C. Hill-Trevor, Mr and Mrs A. Rhodes, Mrs Boyle, Miss Read and Miss Russell. His Excellency and party were present at the lunch given by the president (Mr Harcourt). Lady Constance looked nice in a violet frieze gown with short pleated bolero, worn over a white vest, and deep violet velvet belt, becoming toque of violets and wings; Mrs Rhodes had a deep crimson gown with silk vest to match, and a crimson and black hat; Mrs Boyle, in a black frieze costume, trimmed with white strapping, black and white hat; Miss Read wore pale green zibeline Eton gown, and a flat straw hat, trimmed with green ribbon; Miss Russell, in biscuit voile over pink, trimmed with lace, and a green belt, black hat; Mrs Johnston wore a black gown and silk coat, black and white toque; Miss Johnston, green linen gown and cream hat with pink roses; Miss D. Johnston, navy blue coat and skirt, and a white hat; Miss Harcourt, in cream voile, and a white hat with feathers; Mrs Beetham, white foulard satin gown, and black and white toque; Miss Beetham, in white silk and lace, and a hat trimmed with blue; Mrs Newman, a grey gown, trimmed with black, and a black hat with plumes; Mrs Tweed, a white spotted muslin gown, and black hat; Mrs Levin, white voile, trimmed with lace and black velvet, and a blue hat with crimson roses; Mrs Turnbull, black voile gown with velvet strapping, and a large black hat; Mrs Baldwin, pale fawn cloth gown with belt of mauve panne, and a black plumed toque; Mrs H. Johnston, in white voile and a lace bolero, and a white hat with lace and pink roses; Mrs A. Duncan, in black voile, and a black hat, trimmed with blue; Mrs Wilford wore a pale biscuit-coloured gown, and black hat; Mrs Strong had a blue voile gown with white embroidery on the bodice, black hat; Mrs H. Crawford, a black voile gown, trimmed with ceru lace, and a black toque; Mrs A. Crawford, in a black voile gown, and green straw hat



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IN THE FANCY DEPARTMENT. Came by the "Paparua," "Aotea," and "Ionic."

LOVELY CAPE COLLARETTES, specially the Guipure, from 6/11 to 25/6 each.  
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OUR LACES and INSERTIONS this season are simply perfect, and comprise all the very choicest goods from England and the Continent.  
BELTS are to be worn again this season. We have the nicest and smartest that money can buy. Metals, Leathers, and Tassels will be in great demand. We have also a splendid collection of Belt Clips.  
Our EMBROIDERIES are, as usual, second to none for value and excellence of pattern.

The RIBBONS this season cannot be spoken too highly of. We have again laid ourselves out to supply the ladies of Auckland with all the newest from Paris.  
Not the least important are our GLOVES and HOSIERY.  
In Hosiery we are again in the position of being able to give wonderful values, as of yore, notwithstanding the tremendous advances in wool.  
The Gloves comprise many new lines, smart in appearance, perfect in fit, and JOHN COURT for wear. Our regular lines are showing in the new shades.  
TRIMMING DEPARTMENT. In this important section we have opened up the new Oriental Galcons, Figure Eight Strappings, Silk Applique Gimps, Drop Ornaments, etc.

During this week we are holding a SHOW of all our LATEST IMPORTATIONS and you are cordially invited to visit . . . . .

JOHN COURT'S TWO SHOPS IN QUEEN STREET, CITY.

with foliage and mauve flowers; Mrs Abbott, a pale grey gown, trimmed with cream lace, and a black and white toque; Miss Abbott, soft white silk, and a large hat, trimmed with roses; Mrs C. Pharaayn, in grey voile, with lace, and a black hat; Mrs T. Young, in white silk, a pale blue poke bonnet; Mrs Biss, in pale green voile, and a black hat; Mrs Burns, a grass lawn costume, and large black hat; Mrs Kenneth Duncan wore grey voile, elaborately trimmed with white lace and black velvet, burnt straw hat with pale blue rosettes; Mrs Louis Pharaayn wore a neat blue gown, and blue and heliotrope hat; Mrs A. Abbott, a white spotted silk gown, and black hat; Miss Iard, in black and white foulard, and a black hat; Mrs Ross, a grey gown with satin coatee, and a black toque; Miss Duncan, in white voile and lace, and a pretty poke bonnet with pink roses and plumes; Miss McClean (Dunedin), an embroidered voile over pink silk, and a pink hat; Miss K. McClean wore pale blue; Miss Reid had a very pretty cream voile gown, much shirred and trimmed with lace, and a green straw hat with pink roses and green tulle; Miss Tolhurst, in white and pink rosebud silk with bands of cerise satin ribbon, and a white and pink hat; Miss Stead (Christchurch), in cream voile with lace, and a black hat; the Misses Tell wore pink linen gowns, and straw hats with rosettes of ribbon; Miss Fitzgerald, a white gown, and straw hat, trimmed with mauve and green ribbon; Miss K. Fitzgerald wore pale blue silk; Miss Gore, in white, and a burnt straw with mauve ribbon and violets; Miss Fitzherbert, pale blue linen gown, and black hat; her sister was in cream; Miss M. Seddon, pale fawn gown, and large black hat. There were also present General Babinoton, Captain Campbell, Capt. Hughes, Messrs Harecourt, Duncan (3), Poutee, Crawford, Johnston, Strang, Rhodes, Clark, Wilford, Perry, Levin, and others.

The small dance given by the Countess of Ranfurly last Saturday evening was greatly enjoyed by about twenty or thirty couples. The rooms were all charmingly decorated, as usual, and a delicious supper laid out in the dining

room. The Countess looked charming in green chiffon, veiled with ecru guipure lace, and Lady Constance wore white satin with chiffon. Among those present were General and Mrs Babinoton, Mrs Collins, Mrs Rhodes, the Misses Russell, Julius, Read, Johnston, Fell, Harecourt, Gore, Brandon, Abbott, Fitzgerald, Ridgford, Fitzherbert, Cooper, Rawson, and Messrs Cooper, Latiam, Rawson, Gore, Higginson, Hodson, Webster, Tripp, Capt. Campbell, and others.

OPIHELA.

MARLBOROUGH.

Dear Bee,

October 20.

If I hark back to poultry on every other page, please do not be surprised. Every other subject takes a back seat. The expert has told us all that there's money in it, therefore we are going in for poultry. The whole and sole topics of conversation everywhere are fowls, laying hens, clucky hens, incubators, Black Orpingtons, Buff Orpingtons, Indian Game, etc. There is no more scandal at afternoon teas. Though the present topic is not half so spicy, still there's something very attractive about the money which we jingle in anticipation as the result of the present craze.

THE CRICKET SEASON

was opened in Blenheim on the Wairau ground by a fancy costume match, in which the weaker sex was considerably caricatured. In the absence of the president (Mr D. Sturrock), the opening speech was made by the vice-president (Mr J. Conolly), who gave a resume of the events of the past year, one being the visit of Lord Hawke's team, and another important event was the purchase of the property on which they now stood for the club. The ladies provided tea, and a pleasant afternoon was spent.

In Picton they are always—or nearly always—gay. Even if "there's nothing on" one hears of walking parties going off ferning, or to get dementals, and it is no joke nowadays going out to find a bit of bush. Around the town it is

nearly all destroyed. The latest

SOCIAL

was held in the Anglican Sunday-school, and though not very largely attended was a successful function, the managers being Mrs Riddell and Miss E. Philpotts. Songs were sung as follows: "Good-night," Miss Gibb; "Jessie's Dream," Miss Dart; "The Golden Shore," Mrs Edwards; "The Man Who Carries the Gun," Mr C. C. Howard; "Good Old Jeff," Mr Wolff. There were several musical selections, which were much appreciated. Miss E. Lloyd played well, a quartette by Miss F. Lloyd (piano), Mr Ibbotson (flute), Messrs D. Lloyd and Bush (violins) elicited an imperative encore, and there were also a cornet solo and some selections from a gramophone. Supper, of course, finished the programme.

The new

WAITOHU LAWN TENNIS CLUB

opened their first season with eclat on Saturday at Nelson Square, the cricket club having resigned themselves to the inevitable, and granted the use of the cricket pitch for the opening day. The president (Dr. Redman) congratulated the club on starting with so strong a membership, and thanked them for the honour they had done him by electing him president. On behalf of Mrs Redman and himself he presented two tro-

phies to be played for at the end of the season. Afternoon tea was provided by the members. Mrs Redman wore a brown tweed costume; Mrs Allen, black; Mrs C. C. Howard, navy blue cloth, trimmed with blue silk; Mrs Macalister, blue cashmere, trimmed with blue satin; Mrs Seymour, black, hat with pink roses; Mrs Worsdell, dark costume; Mrs Wolff, black dress with long coat; Mrs Nash, black skirt and summer blouse; Mrs Riddell, black skirt, green velvet blouse, and red hat with shaded carnations; Mrs C. Philpotts, brown costume; Mrs Jacobsen, blue costume; Mrs Petrie, black; Mrs Sedgwick, grey costume; Mrs H. Godfrey, black. The younger ladies wore generally black skirts and coloured blouses with the club colours (pale blue and black). They were Misses Lloyd (2), Cragg (2), Allen (3), Macalister (2), Nash, Price (2), Young (2), Stuart, Roberts, Dart (2), Kiley. Owing to the musical examinations several ardent members were unable to be present. Great praise is due to the efforts of Messrs Worsdell, Wilkin and E. Jeffries for getting matters in order for the opening ceremony. The club are making efforts to obtain a suitable site for permanent courts. One reason is that Nelson Square is far too small to make it safe to play tennis while cricket is going on, and another reason is that anybody can interfere with the progress of games or matches by walking over the

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PROMPT ATTENTION TO ORDERS. Parcels value 20/- and upwards sent carriage paid to nearest port or station reached direct from Auckland.

NOVELTY

ground. There are many other reasons which make it expedient for the club to possess its own private courts, although it is a public club.

There is a good deal of excitement in the district over a find of coal by Mr G. Kreech, of Koroniko, at the Elevation, Pictou, not far from the railway line. A large lump picked out on Saturday was on view in Pictou. If this turns out right there will be no more hindrances to the railway extension to Canterbury.

MIRANDA.

**CHRISTCHURCH.**

Dear Bee, October 20.

The weather has been so delightful lately that we can really almost fancy summer is coming. There has already been a number of picnics. A monster picnic went out to Leeston on Labour Day, headed by a procession of motor cars and cycles, the start being witnessed by a large number of people. The various seaside resorts were well patronised by picnic parties, and an unusual number of campers are at Governor's Bay. Some of the tents are, I am told, most conveniently fitted up. It is a charming bay, with an ideal road for cyclists, of only six miles to Lyttelton, so no wonder it is growing in popularity. One of those interesting entertainments given by the Bright Honors Children at the Canterbury Hall finished up the day for a section of the Christchurch public. Mr Williamson's "Fortune-teller," at the Theatre Royal, was fairly well patronised, and Mr Tankard's gymnastic class held its annual carnival in the Choral Hall where the principle onlookers were the admiring mothers, sisters, and aunts of the boys and young men.

A tennis team from Cranmer Square courts visited Ashburton on the 14th, consisting of Misses Harman, Croxton, Campbell, Julius, Berkeley, Graham, Messrs. Williams (2), G. Aitken, Jackson, and W. Goss. They were most hospitably entertained, and greatly enjoyed the outing.

On Friday a match was played on the

Shirley Links, Christchurch, between the lady golfers of Ashburton and Christchurch. Among the visitors were Mrs Derry Wood, Miss Snodgrass, Mrs E. Saunders, the Misses Slury and Furlarton. The day was lovely, and the games were much enjoyed. Tea and luncheon were provided by the Christchurch ladies.

Mrs Lane, Fendulton, had a small afternoon tea to meet her daughter, Mrs Wells, who is in town for a few days. Among the guests were: Mrs Lasselles, wearing a black tweed flecked with white, white hat with heliotrope; Mrs J. Gould, pale blue frieze Erion costume, black and white hat; Mrs G. Gould, black and white costume; Mrs Ogle, Mrs Ronald Macdonald, Mrs J. H. Beswick, Misses Mills, Elworthy, Reeves, Hill etc.

The Bishop and Mrs Julius entertained the members of Synod, clergy, and a few friends at Bishopscourt to luncheon and afternoon tea on Thursday. A large marquee was erected on the lawn, and a very pleasant re-union took place.

Mrs Burns, so well known in musical circles in Christchurch, also in several other towns in New Zealand, has issued circulars for a concert to be given by herself and several friends. It is called "A Cycle of Song," and comes from the pen of Miss Liza Lehman, so should be worth hearing. It is to take place on the 5th November. The Musical Union takes place on the 3rd, and we are all looking forward to hearing Mr H. Wein again. Mrs Burns also takes the soprano solos at that concert.

There is great rejoicing now it has been decided to have a Jockey Club ball. I do not know why there is this uncertainty every year now. It used to be as certain as the race meeting itself. However, we are to have it once more, and it takes place on the 10th November.

A most enjoyable picnic, promoted by the Misses Wilson, "The Grove," Sydenham, came off on Saturday, about 30 taking part. The weather did not look at all promising in the early morning, the first nor-wester of the season roar-

ing over the plains with great fury. The party journeyed to Lyttelton by train, many cyclists being among them, thence all on board the new little launch Purau to Governor's Bay. The cyclists peddled to Toddington, the rest driving to Mr Lawry Wilson's pretty homestead, where luncheon was greatly appreciated, the nor-wester being left behind and forgotten. A ramble to the bush for Clematis and ferns during the afternoon delighted everybody, and all returned ready for afternoon tea. The journey home in the cool of the evening was no less a charming part of the whole, and three hearty cheers for Mr Wilson's great kindness rang out before the party broke up. Amongst those present were Mr and Mrs Winstley, Mr and Mrs V. Hargreaves, Mr and Mrs R. E. McDougall, Mr and Mrs K. Garrick, Mrs T. Garrard, Mrs Lee, and the Misses Wilson (2), Misses Campbell, (2), Garforth, Mr and Miss Marsh, Mr Alec, and Miss Hazel Elmslie, Miss Irene Reece, Miss Cushla Donald, Mr Douglas Garrick, Mr J. Way, Miss McDougall, and several more.

DOLLY VALE.

**WOMEN'S WORK.**

**INTERVIEW WITH MRS EMMA MURRAY.**

A woman's work about the house is full of worry and weariness. Busting without rest from dawn till night, it is little wonder that the health of so many give out. At special times, particularly, it is almost impossible to hear up when fatigue and nature combine to overtax the blood supply. That is the time when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold. They actually make new blood. They banish headaches and backaches and sideaches. They brace the nerves and the drooping spirits, and fill every woman with fresh energy and life. They did this for Mrs Emma Murray, South Rakaiia, Canterbury, and they should do the same for any other woman worn out with work and worry, or weak from natural causes. "I always led an ac-

tive life," says Mrs Emma Murray. "For 24 years I worked very hard both in my business and home. But I found out, like a good many more, that I overtaxed my health and strength. Every bit of energy seemed to leave me, and I grew weak and languid. I had no heart for my work. When I sat down I felt as if I couldn't be bothered getting up again. I seldom enjoyed my meals, and my sleep was always broken. In the mornings I felt as tired as if I had never been to bed. I took all sorts of tonics, but they really did me more harm than good. At last I read in the 'Canterbury Times' how good Dr. Williams' pink pills were in all cases of ill-health. The paper said they were good for men, but good in a special way for women. I got some at once, and they worked wonders for me from the start. I began to enjoy my meals and to sleep soundly. Three boxes filled me with new blood and strength. I never find work a bore now. Although I keep at it pretty constantly, it never tires me out. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are what all women need—they give them a new lease of life by making new, pure, rich, red blood."

Dr. Williams' pink pills have worked just as big wonders for other men and women in every town of New Zealand. Ask your own neighbours about them. They can tell you how they cure anaemia (bloodlessness), general decline, headaches, backaches, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, spinal weakness, and the secret ailments that only a woman knows. But, of course, you must get the genuine pills with the New Zealand address on the wrapper. They are always in boxes—never in bottles. If some unscrupulous dealer tries to make more out of you by forcing you to take a foreign substitute or some bulk imitation, refuse to be bamboozled. Write direct for the genuine to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Old Customs' House-street, Wellington. They will be sent post free on receipt of price—3/- a box; six boxes 16/6. Then you will get the kind that cured Mrs Murray, of Canterbury, and your own neighbours.

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Plain but well made from the best materials—thoroughly seasoned wood; a special value at £3 5/-.
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Kauri, with Puriri facings; fitted with best British plate glass; well finished and another special value at £5 13/-.
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Fitted with large British plate glass; fitted also with drawers, cupboard and cellorette. Price, £7 16/-.
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Made from best solid Rimu, and fitted with three bevel-plate glasses; high canopy top; full fitted with drawers, cupboards, and shelves; best of trimmings. A very handsome board for £10 2/6.
- Larger Sideboards, and more elaborately carved and fitted, at from these prices up to £30.

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In Leather. Australian Hard-wood frames. A very durable and satisfactory Suite at £17 17/-.
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- SEE THE SPECIAL LINOLEUMS**  
we are offering at only 2/- per square yard, and 1/3.

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makes sewing a pleasure. Ask to see our Special Drop Head Machine, at £6 10/-; it's a great machine for doing satisfactory work.

Complete Story.

# The Mysterious Robberies at Ashtonville.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

It was after 3 p.m., and the little bank in the budding town of Ashtonville had been closed for the day to the public by the message boy, who was now playing cricket vigorously in an adjoining paddock. The rest of the bank staff, consisting of the manager and one clerk, were still at work inside the modest building.

Suddenly the manager's busy pen stopped. He looked across at the clerk with self-accusation in his mild eyes.

"I'd nearly forgotten that I promised Flora at dinner-time to let you off the moment the bank closed," he said. "She wants to see Bessie Swan, and thinks of riding to the Mill this afternoon. No, don't stop to finish those entries, Harry. I'll fix everything up. You get away as fast as you can, if you don't want to have Flora scolding her dad for not keeping his promise."

So Harry Dunquerque grabbed his hat, and nothing loath slipped out into the sunshiny afternoon. Half an hour later he and pretty Flora Furnival were cantering along the road to Sloan's Timber Mill, very happy in each other's company. For they were engaged lovers. And though Harry's present circumstances placed the prospect of their marriage somewhat indefinitely in the future, that did not trouble them. They were both very young, and could afford to wait.

They returned home early in the summer evening, Flora bubbling over with the exciting news she had to impart.

Only think, father, what has happened!" she cried, bursting into the sitting-room upon her parents, without waiting to remove her riding-skirt. "Jack Sloan rode into Ashtonville this morning and drew the usual money for the mill hands' wages to-morrow, didn't he? Well, just imagine, he lost all the money on his way home!"

Mr Furnival, whose gentle face wore an unwonted look of trouble, roused himself with a start from a fit of abstraction to echo his wife's exclamation:

"Lost it? My dear Flora, I don't see how he could! I myself gave it him, and saw him put it carefully into that strong linen bag of his, and then place the bag in the inside pocket of his coat."

"It's the strangest thing imaginable, Mr Furnival," put in Harry Dunquerque. "Jack declares that he remembers feeling the bag in his pocket, heavy and bulky, just as he was passing Bassett's farm, and that he was getting near the Mill when it suddenly struck him that the weight and bulk in his pocket were no longer there. Putting in his hand he found nothing but the empty bag that had held the money. There wasn't so much as a hole the size of a pin's head in either bag or pocket, yet the cash had vanished to the last shilling of it."

"I've always thought Jack Sloan a silly young fellow," said Mr Furnival, with angry incredulity. "But still I would have credited him with more sense than to try to impose such an absurd cock-and-bull kind of story as that up on people. It would have sounded more believable to have said that he'd been baited up in broad daylight by a masked highwayman with a pistol! I hope to goodness the foolish lad hasn't been playing any dishonest tricks."

"Oh, Dad, you surely can't think that Jack has stolen the money himself?" cried Flora, aghast and reproachful. "He couldn't, he wouldn't! And if you only saw the poor boy! He is really half-distracted about losing the money, and his father has been abusing him terribly for his carelessness."

"I can't think that Jack Sloan has been careless, and I'm certain he is telling the truth as far as he knows it," said Harry thoughtfully. "But his story makes the whole thing very incomprehensible. Jack, when he found the money gone, rode slowly back as far as Bassett's farm, searching the road carefully in the expectation of finding it strewn with gold and silver, though

it did seem impossible that the contents of the bag could have found their way to the ground without his knowing it. But not a solitary coin was to be seen anywhere. And the two or three people he met coming from the direction of Ashtonville—decent men whom he knew well—all declared that they had seen nothing of the missing money. Now, had it fallen on the road anywhere—a lot of loose gold and silver—they could not have failed to have seen it, for two of them had been riding only a mile or so behind Jack all the way from Ashtonville."

"Well, as it can't have evaporated into air in his pocket, it comes to this—it must have been stolen from him!" exclaimed Mr. Furnival, with an irritability quite foreign to his mild nature.

"But Jack declares he never met anybody, or so much as drew rein, from the time he left Ashtonville until he missed the money," replied Harry Dunquerque. "Really, the affair seems an utter mystery."

"Like all similar mysteries, you'll find it expable in time of a rational solution," rejoined Mr. Furnival impatiently.

And he relapsed into silence, while the others continued to discuss, with considerable excitement, the surprising disappearance of the mill employees' wage money.

Mr. Furnival's abstraction and irritability was explained later on when he accompanied Harry to the gate, on the latter's departure home to the house where he boarded.

"Harry," said he abruptly, "who came into the bank when I was away at dinner to-day?"

Harry's undisguised surprise at the question was visible enough on his face in the bright moonlight.

"Let me think!" he answered. "Why, nobody came in. Not a solitary soul. I had the place to myself all the time. For, you remember, Bobbie went off to his dinner before you, and he didn't come back until you returned."

"I didn't wish to speak about it before Flora and her mother," said the manager in a low voice, "but, after you left this afternoon, I found that the bank had been robbed to-day of nearly a hundred pounds."

"Robbed? To-day?" cried Harry in consternation. "Surely there must be some mistake. Why, to-day has been such a particularly quiet day for a Friday. There hasn't been half-a-dozen people inside the bank doors all day, and none of them people you could dream of suspecting. Besides, it would be a sheer impossibility for any one to get at any money unknown to you or me, and one or the other of us has always been behind the counter."

"Impossibility or not, the thing has happened. Do you think I'd have spoken unless I'd made absolutely sure that there was no mistake? That the money was gone without the faintest doubt?" asked Mr. Furnival a little impatiently. "Old Brown of Pokorus came in just before I went out to my dinner, you remember, and he paid into his account £117-£26 in small cheques and the rest in gold and notes. He had sold some heifers at the cattle sale over at Marston's Flat yesterday, he told me. I duly counted and noted the money, and put it into one of the drawers before I went out—a parcel by itself. It was only after I had sent you off to your ride with Flora that, happening to open the drawer, I found only the small cheques. The rest of the money had disappeared—every coin of it. A glance at the books showed me that there was no way of avoiding the natural conclusion—the money has been stolen. Stolen during the time I was out at midday. For it was in the drawer when I left the bank, and it was certainly not taken out of the drawer after I returned."

"But it most assuredly was not taken while you were away," cried Harry decidedly. "I was behind the counter all the time, and, as I told you, not even so much as a cat came inside the bank." Then, as he suddenly remembered his companion's remark of an hour ago about Jack Sloan, he cried out horrified,

"Good heavens! Mr. Furnival, you surely can't suspect that I've had anything to do with the disappearance of the money?"

"No, Harry, no, my boy; I'd as soon think of suspecting myself!" cried the elder man warmly. And, indeed, that candid young face with the clear, steady eyes and strong mouth which confronted him in the moonlight would have quickly dispelled any suspicions he could have harboured of it's owner's guilt.

"I'm afraid I made a rather long dinner hour of it," he went on after a pause, following some chain of thought of his own. "But I was out of tobacco and I went down to Carroll's to buy some, and fell in with that young fellow who's living just now at 'The Crown,' Hudson Savernake, you know. He is an uncommonly pleasant chap, and we got talking, and I turned into the River Reserve to show him the view from the knoll there. And all that wasted a lot of time. I do wish I hadn't been so long away from the bank." His tone was deeply self-reproachful.

"But it couldn't signify anyhow," said Harry Dunquerque, wondering. "As I told you, nobody came in when you were out."

"Yes, yes. But it has struck me as just possible," went on Mr. Furnival, hesitatingly, "that perhaps—it has been such warm, drowsy sort of weather, and the day has been so quiet—that, perhaps, you might have dozed a bit and somebody came in and stole the money while you were asleep."

Harry laughed out right. "Dozed! Not much! I was grafting as hard as I could in order to get away earlier in the afternoon, and I never was more wide awake in my life."

"Then," said Mr. Furnival, with a gesture of hopeless perplexity, "I'm at my wit's end to conceive how the money has vanished. But vanished it certainly has, and it will be a stiff undertaking for me to make it good to the bank."

"You won't have to," Harry assured him cheerily. "Depend upon it, we'll find out what has become of that £91 and lay hands upon it before long. By Jove! doesn't it seem odd that there should be two cases in Ashtonville in which a good round sum of money has unaccountably disappeared—Jack Sloan's and this? I wonder if there is any connection between them?"

But he did not believe there was, for he was inwardly of the opinion that Mr. Furnival must have unwittingly mislaid the sum which he declared stolen.

But Harry was forced to give up this private opinion when he and the manager went thoroughly into the matter together at the bank, early next morning. For it was made clear to him that £91 of the sum paid in yesterday by Mr. Brown, of Pokorus, was indubitably no longer in the bank. And, side by side with this fact was the apparent impossibility that it could have been removed from the bank by human agency.

"It seems like Black Art," said Harry with a rueful laugh, as he and Mr. Furnival gazed at each other helpless and baffled.

This sentiment was echoed in connection with his own loss by Mr. Sloan, sen., when he himself arrived as soon as the bank opened, to fetch a fresh supply of money to pay his employees.

"If Jack is telling the truth—and that I can't but believe—the money couldn't have been stolen from him on the road yesterday any more than it could have leaked out of the bag and his pocket," he asserted vigorously.

"But it fairly beats me to make out how all that solid coin was spirited away from the boy. Seems as if the devil himself must have had a hand in it."

"It would just about clinch that opinion of his if he knew that there had been a similar kind of disappearance of hard cash here," remarked Harry to Mr. Furnival as Mr. Sloan went out.

Half an hour later Mr. Hawkesbury came in. He was Ashtonville's principal grocer and draper combined. Just now he wore a rather worried look. In a lowered voice he explained his errand.

He wanted Mr. Furnival and Mr. Dunquerque to be on the look-out for certain marked pieces of gold and silver and certain one pound notes in case of their racking the bank.

"For the last week my till is being almost daily robbed," said Mr. Hawkesbury. "And I am nearly driven out of my wits, for I can't imagine how it is done, let alone who is doing it. You know I have nobody serving in the shop except my own family, and, as there are five of us, including my girl, you may be sure that the till has been well watched ever since we discovered what was going on. But the watching has been no good as far as discovering the thief, or preventing the theft, goes."

Mr. Furnival and Harry Dunquerque's concerned interest was even deeper than their exclamation told.

"Yes, though we are all living with our eyes on that till, the robberies are still going on," continued the worried shopkeeper. "It's just as if an invisible hand was at work! And, because there was nobody else I could possibly suspect, I—Heaven forgive me!—thought it might be my youngest boy's doing, for no better reason than that the lad is fond of a good game of billiards, and I thought that that might be made to spell worse things, though he is as sober and good a lad as could be. But when I taxed Jim with it—Oh, Lord! he made me downright ashamed of myself."

"I should think so!" put in Harry, indignantly. "Why, Jim is as straight a chap as I know!"

"Well, I expect the mystery of the confounded business had gone some way to craze me," said Jim's father penitently. "But now that I've turned detective on my own account, and the unknown thief has got a handful of my marked money, perhaps he'll betray himself before long. And yet, I don't know. It's the weirdest thing I've ever come across. For my common sense tells me that nobody could possibly put his hand in that till without some of us knowing it."

When the bank door swung to behind Mr. Hawkesbury, the manager and his clerk looked at each other in blank dismay.

"What has come to Ashtonville?" groaned the elder man.

"A thief gifted with invisibility, it would seem," responded Harry, trying to speak lightly. "I'm persuaded now that the mysterious agency which is operating undetected on Hawkesbury's till, is the same that took the mill wage money out of Jack Sloan's pocket yesterday morning, and Mr. Brown's gold and notes out of this drawer here—before our very eyes, it must have been, though we never saw it. It smacks uncomfortably of the supernatural, doesn't it?"

"Oh, there's a natural solution of the mystery to be found if we were only clever enough—that I don't doubt," re-

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(By Florence Balgarnie.)

No. 3.

"See Nikko and die," or, as a popular Japanese proverb puts it, "Do not use the word magnificent until you have seen Nikko." Nikko means "sunny splendour," although rainy weather is its prevailing characteristic, but mud and drizzle are forgotten amidst the beauty of its surroundings. It lies two thousand feet above the sea, embosomed in hills, clad with evergreen trees to their summit. At the upper end of the village there comes a sudden dip into a ravine, through which the Daiza-gawa foams and dashes. Formerly this stream was spanned by the sacred Red Bridge, but this, together with the one used by ordinary mortals, was washed away in the tremendous floods of last year. Crossing by a temporary bridge, one begins the ascent through a paved grove of cryptomerias, and passing by a road which runs between a group of minor temple buildings to the right, and the summer residence of the young Imperial Princesses, and a public park, to the left, one reaches the granite torii, a form of gateway which is the sure index of approach to a Shinto temple. And now by a series of broad stone steps one rises from terrace to terrace, while each moment one is charmed by objects of ever-increasing beauty and splendour. The eye is simply dazzled by this Acropolis of Japan. Nikko has been a sacred place to Shintoists from the earliest days, and to Buddhists ever since the eighth century, when a wise old Buddhist missionary from China visited it, and instead of declaring the Wind God an impostor, quietly annexed him as a "manifestation of Buddha." Hence we find here, as throughout Japan, a "union of the churches," and the usual thing is to practise the rites of one religion during life, and be buried with the rites of the other. But the group of magnificent buildings to be seen at the present day all centre round the tomb of the first great Shogun (the Emperor's rival), Iyeyasu, who extirpated Christianity from Japan, and was buried by his son on the top of the hill above Nikko in the year 1617. The crest of this family is a trefoil, and it is to be seen on almost every beautiful building in Tokio as in Nikko. The Tokugawa seem to have been in art as well as in statecraft the Medici of Japan. Pagodas and holy water cistern, bronze and stone lanterns, temples and shrine for the sacred dance, all cluster several hundred feet below the ultimate goal, the tomb of the founder of the family, which stands high in the mountains, amidst the giant cryptomerias. All that is best in Japanese and Chinese art, form, and colour have been focussed in these buildings, and no poor words of mine can convey a comprehensive idea of the marvellous beauty and great intricacy of workmanship of groups tall carved in wood, of trees, birds, beasts, fishes, flowers, fruit, as well as of children at play, and Chinese and Korean scenes. The lower panels of the outer cloister wall are carved entirely with storks, ducks, geese, and other

waterfowl, in flight, standing on the banks of streams, and lakes, or swimming and diving in the water. The harmony of rich colour, added to the exquisite beauty of form, one must see to comprehend. The only thing in the Western world I can in the least degree compare to it is, strangely enough, to be seen in Wales. Let any New Zealander bent on a Home trip visit the recently renovated Norman Castle of the late Marquis of Bute and he will see coloured carvings on walls and ceilings not unworthy of Nikko. On one white lacquered pillar, the chief gateway, the pattern is upside-down, lest the perfection of the structure should excite the envy of the gods!! It is called "the evil averting pillar."

But glorious although these wonderful structures are, gleaming in purple and gold, against the over-arching green, it is the human beings wandering to and fro who chiefly interest me. We tourists seem quite out of place as we toss our pence to the priestesses of the sacred dance, or go through a monk service, as I observed some English people doing. So low is the church fallen that the priests perform for mere heretics for the sum of tenpence. The congregation was chucking with ill-concealed laughter, and it pained me as I recalled the scene of a few moments before. A lady leading a little girl by the hand, and followed by a train of attendants, had arrived at the principal temple. On seeing her the green-robed priests sprang with great alacrity to their feet, and while some took up positions by the sacred drum, others threw open the door of the Holy of Holies, closed to all but to members of the Imperial family. The lady and the child entered, and with great reverence went through a ceremony not unlike our Communion service, and on bended knee received cakes and cups of sake. Then the priests administered the same sacrament to the attendants, who, with faces touching the floor, were waiting in the outer temple. I noticed one of the women reverently folding up the little earthenware cup in a handkerchief to take home with her.

The majority of the visitors are, however, apparently poor people, who are doing the round of the sacred mountains in pilgrimage, much as I have seen Roman, Greek, and Armenian Christians do in their sacred places. But the glory of the priesthood has departed, and nowadays the sight-seeer brings the largest revenues into the temple coffers. Materialism is professed by those Japanese who wish to be considered up-to-date and in touch, as they fancy, with European culture. Darwin and Haeckel, and principally Nietzsche, are the writers who chiefly influence educated men, although, as I hope to show later, missionary effort is making slow but sure headway amongst the young. Just below the temple enclosure, along the banks of the river, flanked by the sacred mountain of Naigai-san, a long line of many hundred Buddhas stood for centuries in attitudes of severe contemplation. The popular story was that no one could count them. But now the river bank has crumbled away before the force of the persistent stream, and instead of by hundreds the images may now be counted by tens. Let us hope that in the long run this scene will be

typical of the influence of Christian upon Buddhist religion.

In Nikko the tourist hails from many lands, and in my little Japanese European hotel within a week we have had American, Chinese, German, French and English. On pleasure bent, they invariably call for the chief pleasure-makers—the Geisha singing and dancing girls. There are thirty thousand of these girls in the capital, and they are to be met with in every hotel and tea-house in Japan.

I have been fortunate enough not to see them in tourist fashion, but in real Japanese style on an open-air stage, set up in the midst of the quaintest garden attached to the principal Japanese inn of the place. Of course, all the moveable walls of the inn were drawn back, and, much as in the Chaucerian days in the old land, so the guests viewed the performances. In the garden itself the villagers were standing in a dense crowd. Arriving late, I was taken, by special favour, round by the open-air green room to a point of vantage, where I could see both before and behind the scenes. It was very curious to watch the sphinx-like faces of the young girls relax when the curtain was down. Those who only saw them before the scenes lost half the fun. The decorum of the dance, its dissimilarity to the boisterous ballet of the West, the long flowing robes, a pantomime which has been already too often described. I saw a peony, a cherry, a fan, and a scarf dance; but within twenty minutes

the whole thing grew monotonous, and I shall never forget the horror of the music as the playing on the samisen, inter-perced with shrieks and unearthly noises is called. Miss "Chrysanthemum" Miss "Singing Leaf," Miss "First Happy," Miss "Singing Pine Tree," and the rest of the little ladies possess a certain quaint fascination, but decorous in every way as the performance was, I think I understand the young German who, in my hearing, in reply to the enquiry of the waitress as to how he liked the Geisha, exclaimed, with Teutonic force, "I hate them." Much the same feeling possessed me when the other night we travellers were kept awake by the shrill voice of a Geisha who had been sent for by a Chinese tourist to amuse him by turning night into day. Missionaries have often been accused of narrowness because they spoke with disfavour of the Geisha girl, but let English-speaking tourists stay a few nights at a real Japanese inn, where walls have eyes, or, more strictly, where paper screens take the place of walls, and they will be compelled to admit that these young ladies are not under the careful chaperonage travellers are usually made to believe.

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## CHILDREN'S PAGE.



### Cousins' Badges.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

### COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate.—My little friend Amy Sibbald said she might write to you, as she gets the "Graphic" every week. I had my examination on Monday and finished on Tuesday, by Mr. Heriot, the head teacher, and I passed. Yes, we do have splendid games, but Muriel never joins in. The twins are very well, thank you. Yes, I did tell you that they lived next door to us. Their eldest sister, Wilma, who is the one I love best, comes in very often to play. I mean she tries to join in our games, as she is a very little thing—not two years old, yet. She always cries when the nurse comes in for her, as she does not want to go home. She can say all our names very plainly. She is such a dear little thing. I am going out to Remuera to stay with my little cousin Olga, from Friday till Monday. My uncle Alf. has a graphophone, and when I go out there I get Aunt Mamie to play all the tunes for me, as I like listening to it very much. My baby cousin Gretchen loves to hear it, and is as good as gold when it is being played. I have to go to bed now, dear cousin Kate. With love and kisses.—Valerie.

[Dear Cousin Valerie.—I have not had a letter from your little friend Amy, so I suppose she is not going to write to me after all. Your examinations did not take very long, did they? But I am glad you passed. What standard are you in now? Is Muriel much older than you are? I suppose she must be, as she never joins in your games. I know Wilma's mother quite well, but I have never seen either Wilma or the twins yet. I hope you will enjoy your visit to Remuera. You must write and tell me all about it when you come back. Graphophones are grand things, aren't they? and it is a splendid way of keeping babies quiet to play it to them, isn't it?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—A very funny thing has happened. I think father has posted a rough copy of the letter I intended to send. I am sending you an addressed envelope to send it back in if you would please. I suppose you were very surprised at getting a letter with no signature, and all snudges and crosses. I will tell you how it must have happened. I was writing it last night, and mother called me to bed, so I just addressed the envelope so that I would know next morning what it was, but when I came to get it it was gone. We are in the midst of packing, and I am sure I do not like it at all. How was it you knew I was going to Farnell?

Although most girls go up for the matriculation examination, I am glad to say that I am not; I do not like exams. I must thank you very much for the badge. I like it exceedingly; the pin makes it look quite smart, does it not? Is not the weather bad just now? It makes one feel quite miserable. I do not see many old cousins writing to the "Graphic." How is it? I think we will be going to the bazaar; it is sure to be very nice. We are going to have a Maori canoe sent to us soon, so that we shall be able to learn to paddle. I think it will be rather good fun. I will close now, hoping this letter will not be too late.—I remain, with love, Cousin Mary.

[Dear Cousin Mary.—The rough copy of your letter must have got lost somewhere at your own home, I think, as it has never come to me. I should have been rather puzzled how to answer it, if it had come, as it had no signature; but perhaps I should have recognised your handwriting. I think moving is a most dreadful performance, don't you? and you will hardly have got settled in Farnell when it will be time for you to move again. Someone told me that your father had taken a house in St. George's Bay Road for six months. I knew you were in the matriculation class at the Grammar School, so I thought, of course, you were going up for the examination. I am very glad for your own sake that you are not, as I think it is just horrid having to go up for examinations, especially if you are nervous, as I used to be. I think a lot of the old cousins got tired of writing to the "Graphic," but a great many of them are starting again now, I am glad to say. Cousins Alison, Roie, Dora, and yourself all left off for a time, and now you are all writing me such long interesting letters. Is your anklet quite right again now?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am enclosing the photograph of us all in fancy costume. I am sorry to say that Cousin Ruby is not in it, as she was not dressed. I do not think you will think the photo good enough to print, but I am sending it in for you to see. You could not recognise me if you did not know who it was. Are you going to hear the Glee Company? I am not, but my sister is going with my aunt and cousin this afternoon. One of my cousins received a photograph of Roie and her sister Gladys. They were paddling at Westgate-on-Sea. The photo was taken by an amateur, and was very good. We received a photo of my sister and her little baby. The baby is such a dear little thing, and very big for her age, being only two months old. I read such a pretty story called "Seven Maids," by L. T. Meade. Cousin Ruby lent it to me. Have you ever read it, Cousin Kate? I am going to have my photo taken soon in plain costume. When I do I will send you one. Are you going to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"? We are, as father thinks it such a nice play for children. Our kittens are such dear little things. We have called them Tom, Dick, and Harry. Here is a riddle for you, Cousin Kate: "When is beef at its highest?" Answer: "When the cow jumps over the moon." We did not go to "Arizona" after all, as mother did not think it fit for us. She enjoyed it very much indeed, and also went to "Barbara Fri thie," which she also liked. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must close, as there is really no more news. With heaps of love from Cousin Gwen.

[Dear Cousin Gwen.—I have answered so many cousins' letters this morning

that I am beginning to feel quite stupid, so I am afraid your letter won't be very long or interesting to-day. What a pity Ruby was not in the photograph you sent me. Thank you very much for it, but I am afraid it is not quite dark enough for us to take a copy of it for the "Graphic." Could you send me another one, do you think? What a pity you did not hear the Glee Company; they were so good, and some of the boys had such beautiful voices. I suppose you are getting very excited about your sister coming over. They will be here quite soon now, will they not? I meant to ask you last week to tell me some nice books for a little girl of nine years old. My little niece's birthday is coming very soon, and when I asked her what she wanted for a birthday present, she said some new books, so I thought I would ask you for the names of some. I shall be so pleased to get one of your photographs, Gwen dear, and I hope you will have it taken soon. I hope to go to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," as I hear it is going to be very good indeed.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic," and your most welcome answer. I thank you very much for the pretty badge you sent me. I showed it to my teacher at school, and she thought it was very pretty. My auntie is coming from Australia, and she arrives at Napier at 7 a.m. to-morrow morning. What a most interesting letter Cousin Roie wrote last time. I have got a lot of silkworms now, as they are all hatching, and to-day when I came home from school I found twenty out, and just after tea there was two more appeared. I never knew that there was a cousin in Hastings until a week or two ago, when I was looking at the "Graphic," but I would like to know the one, as I live only 2½ miles from there. The entertainment was a great success on Wednesday night. I will tell you what one of the dialogues was. It was a young man who was getting tired of his servants, who were always having young men up at his house, and one day he went in and found two soldiers, a policeman, and two swells all drinking and eating at his expense, so he advertised for a wife, and when he got his answers he had four sacks full of letters. My two brothers and Hope and myself went, but Hope did not come home, because she stayed at my sister-in-law's in Havlock, but you may be sure I had to come home. It was 11.20 when we got home, and was I not tired next morning, for I was nearly going to sleep in school. It has been very hot lately, and I felt it at school, so all of us boys made for the park under the trees at dinner-time, and for the river at night, when we got out of school. I have exhausted all the news, so I must stop. Love to all.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin George.

[Dear Cousin George.—I am glad you were pleased with your badge. I think they are rather pretty. What are you going to do with yours? One of the cousins told me she wore hers fastened on to the band of her sailor hat, which I think a splendid idea, don't you? Are you excited at the prospect of your aunt coming to visit you? I hope she had a pleasant trip across. Don't you think silkworms are a terrible nuisance? I used to have them when I was young, but though we had mulberry trees in our garden I never seemed able to get enough leaves for them. The entertainment you went to must have been very amusing, but I don't wonder at your being sleepy in school next day. Hope was lucky not to have

to come home too, wasn't she? I think people always feel the heat more just at the beginning of the hot weather. I suppose we get used to it later on. Well, George, I think I have exhausted all my news too.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I had a holiday from school last week, as I was not well. Last Sunday my father and I went to Henderson for a drive, and it was so nice out there. We did not get home until past eight. Last Wednesday I went over to Northcote, and we had a fine time over there. I have been down to Invercargill to see my grandmamma, and it is very nice down there. It was Christmas time when I was there, so I did not feel the cold. She has a very nice garden, and a very large orchard, and such a lot of fruit. I have been to a number of places in New Zealand, but I don't remember much about them. I should like to go to Australia, but I would not like the boat. I would far rather go in the train. I like the post-cards that are in the "Graphic." I am going to keep them. How nice to hear from Cousin Roie again. She must like being in England. New I must close, with love to yourself and all the cousins.—Muriel.

[Dear Cousin Muriel.—I am sorry to hear you have not been well, and hope you are quite well again now. What a lovely drive you must have had out to Henderson, and back. It is very pretty out that way, isn't it? It is such a long time since I have been over to Northcote that I have almost forgotten what it is like. Is it a nice place for a picnic? I expect you would like to go down and see your grandmother often, wouldn't you? Are you a bad sailor? I suppose you must be, as you say you don't care for steamers. Are you collecting post-cards? A great many people seem to be lately.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am so glad to write to you. I have got a sore leg, and when I walk it pains me. I saw that yacht Kia Ora, and think it is a small boat to sail to England via Cape Horn. She is now stranded, and is blown far out of her course by great gales. She is in command of Mr Buckridge, formerly of the Tilikum, which came from America. The yacht Kia Ora was built by Messrs Bailey and Lowe. My mother is very ill and cannot leave her bed, so good-bye. From Cousin Louis. P.S.—Please excuse this writing because I am in a hurry.

[Dear Cousin Louis.—I am sorry to hear you have got a sore leg. Are you able to come down to the office every day? I quite agree with you in thinking the Kia Ora is a very tiny boat to be going from here to England, and I think Mr Buckridge must be most foolhardy to attempt such a voyage. I really have no time to write more this morning, Louis. I hope your mother will be quite well by the time you write your next letter.—Cousin Kate.]

My Dear Cousin Kate.—The "Graphics" have not come up from Suva yet, so I have not read your letter. My garden is looking so well this morning, when it is all wet with the dew, there are a good many yellow flowers. On Saturday father took some of us children in the boat to Nausori; none of us took wraps or umbrellas, and the rain came and we got wet. We did not get very wet, though. We often go bathing in the river, and we have lovely times; but at the top of high-water it is nicest, at least I think so for I can swim. We were wanting rain so badly, we had not had it for ages, and we thought we would have no drinking water left, but rain came at last. I am sorry to have to stop now, Cousin Kate, but there is something wrong with my eyes, and they are troubling me more than usual, so I cannot write much. With much love to you and all the cousins. From Cousin Lorna.

[Dear Cousin Lorna.—I am so dreadfully sorry to hear about your eyes. What is the matter with them? You should come up to Auckland and stay with your aunt while you have them attended to. I hope they will be quite right again soon. I remember you told me before what lovely times you have in the river. But I suppose you don't bathe much in the winter. You never mentioned your little baby brother in this letter. Is he quite well? We

have been having a fearful lot of rain lately, and instead of feeling short of water we are having too much I think. What would you have done for water supposing the rain hadn't come just then? Is there any place close to where you could get some from? Well, Lorna, I haven't any news for you this time, so will stop now.—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Florence,—Your letter was so short that there is nothing for me to answer in it, so I will only tell you that your Christmas number of the "Graphic" was posted to-day, and I hope you will get it safely, and that you will like it. Please write me a longer letter next time.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you will think me a very bad correspondent. But I have not had the least bit of news to tell. I did a lot of buried words, but mislaid them, and I cannot find the "Graphic" to do them again. What a long interesting letter Cousin Roie wrote. I wish I could write interesting ones. I have been promised a ride in a motor car, and I think it will be very nice. Dear Cousin Kate, I am so glad you are going to put your photo in the "Graphic." I have just been wanting that. We had a very pleasant trip round the harbour on Labour Day. We had the band on board, and afternoon tea. I saw the procession in the morning, and thought it very good. The gardener has been cutting the lawns to-day, and we have had such fun playing with heaps of cut grass. I must now close, as it is getting late, with love to you and all the cousins.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin May.

[Dear Cousin May,—I was delighted to get your letter this morning, as I was really beginning to think that you had tired of writing to me. What a pity you lost your buried words, but if you find them before the first week of November you can still send them in. In any case I hope you will try to do the rest, as the prizes are awarded to whoever gets the highest number of marks,

so even if you don't have many marks one week, you may make them up by sending in an extra good paper the next week. I didn't say I was going to put my photograph in the paper. I said I would think about it if all the cousins sent theirs to be put in. It must have been lovely going round the harbour on Labour Day, especially as you had a band on board. I think music sounds better on the water than anywhere else, don't you? I hope the grass was not damp that you were playing in. One is so liable to catch colds and bronchitis from it.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am trying to do some of the puzzles, but I don't think I am right. I am going to see the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and was going to play in it as an elf, but owing to the silly laws of the country I couldn't stay away from school for the rehearsals. My brother's birthday was to-day, and he was eighteen. I was so disappointed that I could not go on the stage that I made papa say he would let me go on the next one he knew. I hope you will forgive me for not writing. I must now say good-bye.—From Cousin Ivy.

[Dear Cousin Ivy,—I am so sorry you were disappointed at not being able to be in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." You would not have to have missed much school, would you? Never mind, you will be able to go and see it, and next time you will be older and able to enjoy it much more. It is going to be a splendid company, I believe, and I am very anxious to go and see them. Did you go to see "Arizona?" That was very good, too, but I haven't cared for the other pieces the Frawley Company have played very much. Next time you send in the answers to the puzzles, dear Ivy, would you put them on a separate piece of paper?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry I could not write you a few lines for last week's "Graphic," but I have been so busy with my lessons lately that I had no time. It was our school examination last Friday, and I am pleased to say that I have

passed out of the sixth standard, but I do not think that I will be able to leave school yet. We will be having our school holidays the week after next, and I will be glad, although I rather like going to school. I was thinking Cousin Roie must have forgotten all about our "Graphic," but I was very pleased to see a nice long letter from her in last week's "Graphic." She always seems to write such long and interesting letters now when she writes. We have one hen with ten little brown Leghorn chickens out now. I think they are such pretty little things when they are young. There was a dance in our school last Friday night. I could not go to it, but my two sisters went, and enjoyed themselves very much. My cousins are giving a party next Friday, and I am going to it, so I hope it will be fine. Now I must close, with love to you and all the cousins.—Cousin Ethel.

[Dear Cousin Ethel,—I was sorry not to hear from you last week, but still it was better not to neglect your lessons when you were so close to your examination, wasn't it? I congratulate you most heartily on passing the sixth standard. Will you stay another year in the sixth, or have you a seventh standard in your school? They have them in a few of the town schools, I believe. I was very pleased to hear from Cousin Roie again, too, and I hope that now she has started writing from London she will write often. Chickens are very pretty when they are young, and so are ducklings. Isn't it a pity they don't grow up as good-looking? Write and tell me about the party. I hope you will enjoy it.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am writing a little note to you. I went to that party I was going to. It was a great success. I have enclosed an envelope. It has been a beautiful day. Papa is going to take a house at the seaside this summer for six weeks. I wish the holidays were here, don't you? Mamma has been shopping, and it is getting late. I ought to be in bed now. We have some lovely flowers out now. Do you like flowers? We have some big red velvet flowers called clarkia. I have a

dear dollie with pretty brown curls all over her head. She goes to sleep too. I think I will now end this short note.—I remain, with love to all the cousins and yourself, dear Cousin Kate, yours truly, Cousin Fenton.

[Dear Cousin Fenton,—I am so glad you enjoyed your party so much, and that it was such a success. I received your addressed envelope, and I will post you a cousin's badge to-day. What a lovely time you will have for your Christmas holidays if you have a house at the seaside for six weeks. No wonder you are in such a hurry for the holidays to come. I am very fond indeed of flowers, but I don't care for gardening very much; it makes one's hands so rough and horrid. You never told me the name of your doll. You must tell me more about her next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am so glad to become one of your cousins. I read the children's page nearly every week. On Wednesday it was Labour Day, and I enjoyed myself very much. I watched the procession, and afterwards walked with it to the Domain. When I got there I had great fun. I first went on the merry-go-round, then I played about until the races began. Then I sat watching them. Near the last of a bicycle race two men on bicycles collided, and one had to be carried off the grounds. Then I watched the Maori haka and poi dances, and then about three o'clock I left the grounds to go down to the office and work for an hour or two. I must close now, so good-bye, with love from Louie.

[Dear Cousin Louie,—I was very pleased to get your letter this morning, and I am very glad you enjoy reading the children's page. I went into town on Labour Day too to watch the procession. It was splendid, wasn't it? Did you get any of the bags of biscuits and sweets they were throwing out of the carts at the people. My little nieces tried very hard to catch them, but we were not quite close enough. What a delightful

# PEARS

Soapmakers

By Royal Warrants



THEIR MAJESTIES

THE

# King and Queen

day you seem to have spent in the Domain. Did you have your lunch there? I hope the man who fell off the bicycle was not seriously hurt.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am just going to write you a few lines. Was that not an awful beating Auckland gave Canterbury? I am trying to get the prize for puzzles, and I hope my first paper will not be too late, as we do not get the "Graphic" as soon as you do in Auckland, and I could not get them done in time for the mail on Wednesday. We get the "Weekly Press" and the "Otago Witness," but I do not think Dot's Little Folks or Aunt Hilda's are half so good. We are having lovely weather. On Saturday we went for a paper chase away out past Don's bush. In the lusk we saw a black rat, and a nest of young ones. Every time you shook the tree you would see the rat come out and run up the branches. We saw a lot of paroquets and peacocks. They are beautiful birds, with their long tails. What a lot of cousins you have now. You will not have room for them all soon. I think this is all the news I have to say just now. With love to you and all the consins.—Cousin Cecil.]

[Dear Cousin Cecil,—Thank you very much for your nice letter. I got your puzzles safely this morning. I meant to tell you all that the prizes won't be awarded till the first week in November, so as to give everyone plenty of time to send their answers in. I am so glad you like my letters better than the ones in the "Weekly Press" and in the "Otago Witness." What sort of a paper chase did you have? Did you follow on foot or ride? I went out to the hunt one day in Auckland to see a paper chase. It was very good fun indeed. Peacocks are lovely birds, are they not? but I do dislike the shriek they make so much, don't you? Some one was telling me the other day about Chinese pheasants. They say there are white ones, and I forget how long their tails are. They must be very handsome birds. I should like to see one very much, wouldn't you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you very much for your nice long letter in last week's "Graphic," and I am so pleased that my story will be printed. To-day being Labour Day there are sports up the country, but I am not going, although I have got a holiday. Since last writing you I have got a yacht—a regular beauty, about 3ft. in length, and painted red and white, with a blue line around it. There is a new vessel just in, and there is a black man on it, who is very comical. The other day he was walking along, when someone on the wharf said to his mate: "I say, Charlie, look at that black con." The darkie heard this, and turned round, and in a good-humoured way said, "Oh, yes, ain't I dark? but you should see some of the other fellows, where I come from. Why, they are so dark that you cannot see them without a light." I am trying hard at the puzzles, and I am hoping to win a prize. I am afraid this is a very short letter, but I will write more next time, for I must now close with love to you and all the consins.—Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Cecil,—I am glad you managed to get a yacht after all, and also to hear that you are so pleased with it. Where did you get it from? How did you spend your holiday on Labour Day, after all? It was dreadfully hot up here in the morning, and during the day some rather heavy showers fell, which must have spoilt most people's holiday a good deal. In the morning I drove down to see the procession start from Queen-street. Some of the exhibits were really splendid. I wish you could have seen them. Some of them were very ludicrous, and had to stand a great deal of chaff and laughter from the crowd. Negroes are generally very good-humoured, aren't they? and they say such quaint things sometimes. I hope you will get on all right with the puzzles. Are you going to send them in all at once? It is the best way. I think, as they are not likely to go astray then.—Cousin Kate.]

### A Child's Mistake.

A child of Sunny Italy, with organ and monkey attachment, stopped in front of a house to the manifest delight of a little three-year-old girl. After watching the antics of the red-skirted monkey for several minutes the little one begged a penny from her mother to give to the monkey. When she returned from the hall door her mother asked what she had done with the penny. "I gave it to the monkey, mamma," was the reply. "And what did he do with it?" queried the mother. "He gave it to his papa!"

### A Tragic Half-Holiday.

Written Specially for the "Graphic" by  
V. A. ROCHE.

It was such a glorious afternoon. The summer sun shone with dazzling brightness, infusing the air with warmth and life. The air rang with the sweet trilling of the birds, and the soft musical hum of the bees, and every living thing seemed full of life and happiness. You may guess how maddeningly tantalising all this was to twelve grumbling, discontented youngsters who were shut up in their dormitory for misbehaviour, thus losing their weekly half-holiday. To be deprived of their weekly half-holiday was considered a dreadful punishment by the boys of St. Thomas' College, and any of them would cheerfully take a thrashing rather than lose Saturday afternoon. But the boys of No. 1 Dormitory got the thrashings and the detention besides this time.

"Just because," said Harry Kendon, with a contemptuous curl of the lip, "we gave that little beastly cad of a Maxtone a ducking in the lake. I bet he is grinning with delight this very minute because we are kept here instead of going to the cricket match. But I will be even with him yet, or my name is not Harry Theophilus Kendon."

Maxtone was a new boy, and was heartily detested by the St. Thomas' juniors. He had got them into more than one scrape while he was there, and in return the boys decided to duck him in the lake. But their pleasure of seeing the unlucky youth plunging and yelling in the water was quickly extinguished when one of the teachers appeared on the scene and ordered them sternly to return to the classroom, and their dismay knew no bounds when later the teacher announced there would be no half-holiday for them that week. Now they sat in the dormitory nursing their wrath, and hurling such vindictive epithets at the absent Maxtone that he would surely have trembled had he heard them.

"I tell you what, boys," cried Graham, junior, breaking in upon the grumbings, "are you on for a lark?" "Rather," shouted the boys, "anything to break this beastly monotony?" "Well," continued Graham, junior, "you know old Jacob Evans. He told me the other day that I could go out in his boat when he was not using it whenever I liked, so I vote that we all go down to the bay and have a jolly time. Never mind the consequences. Let us have a good time and show Maxtone that we enjoyed ourselves notwithstanding him."

If there had been any demurs they were quickly dispelled by the cunning Graham's last snarl, who knew that it would go home all right. So twelve small figures stole softly and cautiously out of the school into some dense shrubbery, and from thence they cut across paddocks and fields until they came to the sea-shore. Shouting and laughing, they raced along the yellow sands till they reached the spot where Jacob Evans' boat lay high and dry on the shore. Many a fisherman's wife paused in her work as they rushed past and murmured, "Bless their happy hearts!" But, alas, Jacob's little cottage was empty. The woman next door informed them that Jacob had gone to Packerington, a town some miles distant, and would not be home till sunset. This was a crushing blow to their anticipated pleasure, and for several moments there was silence amongst them.

"Well, you fellows," exclaimed Graham at length, "I don't see why you should look so glum over it. Jacob gave me permission to use his boat, and why shouldn't we go out?"

The others brightened considerably at this. They had never thought of that. So in a few minutes they proceeded to launch the boat. Fortunately for them, though unfortunately as later events

will show, the beach was deserted, with the exception of an old fisherman, who had gone to sleep over mending his nets, and a few children making tunnels and sandhills. After much exertion, for the boat was a heavy lumbering one, the boys succeeded in launching it. With a shout of triumph they clambered into the craft and proceeded to pull from the shore. The shout, however, woke the slumbering fisherman, and, on perceiving how matters stood, hurried down to the water's edge, calling to the boys to come back.

"Look here, young masters," he shouted quite away, the poor old fisherman's Evans'. He don't allow no young fellows sky-larking in his boat."

"And he don't allow old land-crats to interfere, either," retorted Hadfield, leaving over the bow.

"Come out at once, or I'll tell the doctor," spluttered the fisherman, wretchedly.

"You had better not," said Hadfield, who was renowned for his ready tongue. "Your mother doesn't know you are out, does she?"

"Come now," remonstrated Graham, "that will do, Hadfield; there is no need to give him all that cheek," so they rowed quietly away, the poor old fisherman's expostulations becoming fainter until they ceased.

"By Jingo, boys, this is tip-top, ain't it?" said Kendon, as they floated over the smooth waters. There was some squabbling as to who should have the oars after Kendon and Graham.

"You hold your tongue, Hadfield," said Goodfellow, when the former wanted to take an oar. "I am older than you, and have had more to do with boats than you have, therefore I should be considered first."

"No, it is not because you are older and pretend to know more," returned Hadfield, hotly, "but because you are greedy and want everything first. You are too fond of pushing that freckled face, bullet head of yours into where it is not wanted."

The high words came to blows, till at last Graham and Kendon interfered, and peace was restored by deciding to call the boys in pairs alphabetically, giving each his turn at the oars accordingly. Thus everything went on smoothly until it came to little Jack Williams' turn. Although he was too proud to own it, his little arm had not the strength to hold the oar, and by a sud-

den movement the oar slipped into the sea and floated away before the others really perceived what had happened.

"By Jingo you've done it now," whistled Graham in dismay.

"I'll jump in and swim after it," volunteered Goodfellow.

"Just you stay where you are," said Hadfield. "We don't want to go back to the school minus one, or eleven plus one dead one."

This was a poor compliment to Goodfellow's swimming powers, but the situation was really too serious to permit of high words, so the latter remained silent.

A look of anxiety stole into Graham's face as he gazed around him. They had rowed several miles from the shore, and the bay from which they started was quite out of sight, though only hidden, no doubt, by one of the promontories that jutted out into the sea. As far as Graham could judge, they seemed to be pretty well out in the channel. And besides, the sun, which was high in the heavens when they started, was now sinking into the sea. No wonder poor Graham, junior, looked anxious, knowing that he was wholly responsible for the lives of his eleven comrades. The one oar proved of little use to them, for they knew very little of sculling and their young arms were tired with the previous exertion. The boat, which seemed fairly manageable with two oars, now became totally unmanageable in their inexperienced hands.

"The only thing we will have to do," Graham said, calmly, though his face was pale, "is to drift until we come across another boat, and then they can tow us back to the bay."

This was indeed a gloomy prospect. Suppose they did not meet another boat. The sun gradually sank out of sight, tinting the sea and sky in brilliant colours of red and gold. It was a particularly beautiful sunset, and Graham never forgot it. Even years after, when he became a man, he never saw a brilliant sunset without thinking of that evening in the open boat.

A slight breeze began to ripple the surface of the hitherto calm water, and some of the boys shivered. They were beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, too, for it was past tea-time. Each one's thoughts reverted to his home, and parents, wondering if he would ever see them again. Graham Junior pictured his widowed mother if she heard the news of



**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**

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in the WORLD. **Milk**

See this Trade Mark on every Tin.

his death, and his eyes became misty. But he quickly pulled himself together, for it would never do for him to be cast down when the others looked upon him as their leader. So, putting on a cheerful face, he said:

"What do you say to a song, boys?" "Yes," assented Hadfield, eagerly, "let us sing 'The Midshipmite,' and the rest, only too anxious to break the monotony, joined in heartily, and their clear boyish voices rang out pleasantly over the sea. Two hours were thus spent in passing away the time, and they ended up by singing 'Eternal Father Strong to Save.' The hymn had a very quieting effect on them, and as the darkness closed round each boy commended himself to the care of the Heavenly Father who guides them safely through so many perils and dangers. It was decided that the boys should take turns in watching. Graham Junior first, Kendon second, Goodfellow third and Hadfield fourth. The remainder were too small to be trusted alone with the care of the boat. Fortunately the night was clear and the sea was calm, so there was little fear of being wrecked.

Graham discovered a piece of tarpaulin in the bottom of the boat, and, covering his comrades with it as comfortably as possible, he proceeded to take the first watch. Harry Kendon was to relieve him at twelve, but at that hour he was sleeping so soundly that Graham had not the heart to wake him. At three o'clock Harry awoke, and on finding out the time upbraided Graham soundly for not waking him before. He took the watch from three to six while his comrade slept, and inwardly chuckled as he glanced at the snoring Hadfield and Goodfellow, and pictured their indignation in the morning when they found they were not called. The chuckle did not last, however, for he felt too utterly miserable. The gnawing hunger which assailed him at first had given way to a terrible thirst, and his tongue was parched and dry. At four o'clock a perceptible change took place in the atmosphere, and a strong wind started to blow up from the east. Dark clouds chased one another across the sky, and with the dawn came a smart squall. This awoke the sleeping occupants of the boat, who became terrified on seeing the change in the weather. Graham did his utmost to comfort them, saying that the squall would soon pass over.

There was another thing that kept Graham worrying also. The boys were frightfully thirsty, and some were becoming almost delirious, and he had to watch them carefully to see that they did not touch the salt water. Inexperienced as he was, he knew from what he had read, the terrible result of drinking sea water. A little rain had collected in the tarpaulin, however, and although there was not sufficient to quench their thirst, it alleviated their sufferings. For another two hours the boat tossed aimlessly along, its occupants becoming more wretched as the hours went by.

All of a sudden two or three of the boys gave a simultaneous shout, and lo! Just in front of them steamed a big Atlantic liner. The officer on the bridge saw the boat, and immediately gave the order to reverse the engines. The passengers, who were down at breakfast, came hurriedly up on deck to inquire the cause of the stoppage, and were astounded at the unusual spectacle of twelve lit-

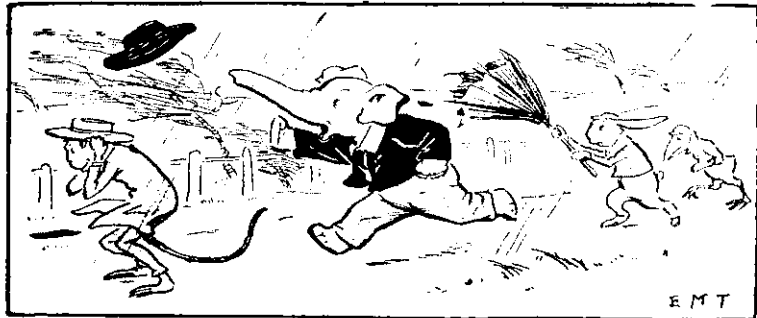
tle Eton-coated, white-collared and very miserable-looking schoolboys being helped up the side of the vessel. And what a fuss there was on board. After the boys were out of the surgeon's hands the passengers could not do enough for them. Certainly the twelve juniors never received such petting and attention before, not even from their fond mothers.

Graham Junior's first thought was to find out where they were now bound for. The captain informed him that he was on the s.s. Oceanic, bound for Southampton from New York, and that the vessel was due at the former port in a couple of hours' time. Upon their arrival at Southampton a telegram was despatched to St. Thomas', informing the doctor that the boys were quite safe, and not long after the twelve triants were whirled along in the train back to school once more. And what gladness and rejoicing there was when all the terrible suspense was put to an end. The doctor saw that the boys were not in the condition to receive corpora! punishment, and he

thought besides, the experience they had gone through was sufficient to teach them a lesson, so, after an earnest conversation, which they took with wonderful good grace, they were put on the sick list till they recovered. The boats which were sent out in search of them were recalled, and the anxious parents' minds put at rest by telegrams containing the glad news of their safe return. That half holiday was a very memorable one at St. Thomas', and I do not think any of them will ever forget it.

X JUNGLE JINKS. X

HOW JUMBO LOST HIS HAT AND FOUND IT AGAIN.



1. Windy! I should think it was! They were having dreadful weather in the Jungle. The rain poured down in torrents, and the wind whistled in the trees just as though it was winter instead of summer. "Oh, look! There goes my hat!" shouted Jumbo. "Catch it, somebody, quick!" But the other boys had all their work cut out to stop themselves from being blown away. "Catch it yourself!" cried Hare; my gamp has blown inside out!"



2. Jumbo's hat blew right away, and nobody knew where it had got to, until one day about six weeks later the boys went out birdnesting. "Hallo!" said Jumbo, "here's a nest." "You can't reach that, it's too high up," said Rhino. "Can't I?" retorted Jumbo, "that's all you know."



3. And—would you believe it—the nest proved to be Jumbo's old hat—the one he lost six weeks before, and inside, sitting as cosy as you please, were four baby chicks. "Oh, what dear little fluffy things!" exclaimed Jumbo. "I'll take them home to the Jungle School, and we'll ask Dr. Lion to let us feed them and look after them every day until they are old enough to fly."

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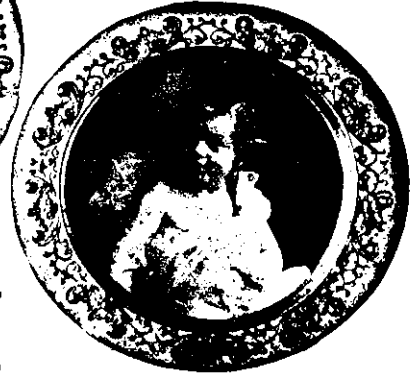
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# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## "Off With the Old Love."

HOW MEN AND WOMEN "LIVE HAPPY EVER AFTER," IN SPITE OF BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS.

"The heart that once truly loves never forgets, but as truly loves on to the close."

"Is this true of modern love? "I was once engaged to that girl over there!" says Smith to Brown at an evening party.

She is talking tenderly and intimately to her new fiance.

But Smith doesn't seem to care. He is cool and unruffled.

Nevertheless, it is only by the merest accident that she is not now his wife—a person he has sworn to love and cherish till death do them part!

Women are a little more sentimental. Even to themselves they try a "make-believe" of an emotional fondness—a sort of withered rose leaf, might have been romance.

But, all the same, little Mrs Robinson invites Dr and Mrs Wilton to dinner, and hears him call her "dear," and sees him tucking her cloak solicitously about her throat—"You mustn't take cold, pet!"—when they leave, with perfectly calm composure.

Not long since she was to have presided over the doctor's destinies. Both have married somebody else.

She was sure she should die when that foolish girl's quarrel caused an estrangement which led finally to the broken engagement.

No other man could possibly take Reggie's place. Six months afterward she accepted her present husband!

Two years later she is entertaining Reggie and his young wife, and neither the doctor nor his "broken-hearted" sweetheart of the two-year-old episode retains one tender memory of the love story that once seemed all the world to both.

"Pleasant little woman!" remarks the doctor blandly to his wife, as they settle into the brougham on their way home from the dinner party. "But I fancy she isn't as amiable as she used to be."

Pretty Mrs Robinson, lingering to have a little chat with her husband, who is enjoying his last cigar before turning in, remarks:

"Dr. Wilton is getting quite bald, and just a wee bit old boyish, isn't he, dear?" And she kisses her husband with quite a feeling of relief that it isn't for "the other one" that she has to perform this little wifely act of devotion.

Cynics sneer and say that "lovers' vows are writ in sand," and human nature is false and inconstant. But this is not the fact.

The truth is, average humans tire of "crying for the moon." They take the next best.

Reggie was not inconsistent nor shallow-hearted. But the engagement was broken off, and that was the end of it.

Most people are more in love with love than with the individual. Fate or chance ordains as to the object or whom the love in their natures shall be lavished.

Ella cries her heart out and makes herself sick and ill when Jack deserts her for another girl.

Presently she finds that it's very lonely shutting herself up and refusing to be comforted.

And Jim was always fond of her—and he has such beautiful eyes! She half suspects that he could dry her tears and soothe her injured feelings. Every body craves the warmth and comfort of companionship. And why should Ella waste her sweetness and young life on Jack, who manifestly did not care for her?

So Jim wins the sore-hearted little maiden, and the wounds in her heart, which she thought were so deep and permanent, prove to be only superficial scratches.

She wanted some love and warmth in her life—oh, how badly she wanted it!—and how lonely it was when Jack turned out untrue!

When she had a lover there was always a possible letter to look forward to at breakfast. All sorts of little surprises and treats were always cropping up—a telegram to say he had stalls at the theatre, a bunch of flowers, or a new song. Suddenly robbed of these when her engagement ended, she felt desolate.

There was nobody now to remember that lilies of the valley were her favourite flower, and nobody to care much when she bought a perfectly lovely blouse at a bargain sale.

So she took Jim. And Jim soon learned and remembered all these things, and Ella's cup of happiness was full.

It is the condition of being wooed which is so attractive to girls, and that wonderful power of "compensation" in nature usually reconciles Ella to being made love to by Jim when Jack has failed her.

But here and there are men and women who have not this power of adjusting themselves, and taking a substitute when their life's love stories go wrong.

These are the people who have made an idol and worshipped it. They possess the rare faculty of love for one only.

Sometimes in the case of a woman, this last love may be the only chance of marriage which falls to her lot.

And she goes through life devoting herself to a memory, and wasting the love element in her, which, under happier circumstances, would have illuminated her life and made a happy haven for some other man.

Fortunately, the majority are not built on these lonely lines. If they can't have Miranda, there is sweet Molly, who makes them wonderfully happy. If Reginald proves impossible, there is usually a dear old Jim in the background, and they marry and live happily ever after.

## As Others See Us.

When a woman has learned that Fashion's decrees are to be adapted and not merely blindly adopted she has made important progress towards solving the problem of smartness in dress. "As others see us" cannot fail to be of value when one has the wisdom to appreciate criticism, for whatever may be the general truth as to Fashion's edicts they must be readjusted to apply to particular cases. Fortunate souls are occasionally met to whom any style or colour is becoming. They are the rare favourites of Nature, and need give no thought to adaptability. Because Margie is tall and slender and arrays herself in garments that will add apparent pomposity and reduce her height, it does not follow that Janet, less thin and unmistakably short, can be as prepossessing in a costume of the same design. The person who assumes that all styles are equally becoming to all women has yet to learn the first principles of artistic gowning.

In choosing the spring frock due regard for the impressions received by quiet but critical observers will be taken of the fact that broades, fashionable as they are, have no sympathy for embonpoint, and that goods with lengthwise stripes will render shortness of stature and stoutness less pronounced. Sashes and dress accessories generally are either friends or foes—there can be no neutral ground. A broad ribbon sash about the waist, with a deep width in front is becoming to the very long, slender waist; such a sash defines the body and adds plumpness. But for her whose outdoor life has produced a decided waist the belt will be an obviously undesirable adjunct. Ribbon is the favourite trimming of the year, but it defeats its mission when arranged in insignificant bows placed here and there without purpose. Generous bows of ribbon that enhance a drapery or the long sash ends at the back of the summer frocks impart a grace that an unreasonable use of ribbon can never attain.

Much is being said nowadays in regard to the matron endeavouring to retain a youthful appearance—an anomaly that never fails to excite comment. The outgrowth of this ambition for perennial outward youth is the pitiable object who is over-dressed—who wears hats quite in keeping with sweet sixteen—whose gowning can only be called fussy. She cannot grow old gracefully, but shows the results of her fight with Father Time. When she supplements Nature's falling complexion also she should see herself as others see her to determine the mistake. Such erring ones fail to realise that there is a beauty that belongs to every age, and that often the most charming of objects is the dear old lady with her white hair and dainty cap. Fine feathers make fine birds, but rich and costly garments do not always make the beautifully dressed woman.

Perhaps the most distinctive article of woman's attire is her hat. Badly chosen, it mars the most beautiful costume, and instead of a crowning triumph it ruins the artistic in her pretty frock and proclaims before all that she does not know how to dress. In purchasing new head gear criticise it from all points of view. The mirror may show a most graceful and becoming front, but do not forget that others see us from the side and back; therefore, look at it long and critically from these points of view. The woman who can have but few hats should know that the most extravagant colour is white, for an all-white hat may be worn only on occasion, and is seldom in good taste for wear on the city streets. Such a hat is too elaborate, and when we wear such others see us to our detriment.

The choice of colour is always the keynote to artistic dressing, whether in frocks, wraps or hats, and to be adorned a well dressed woman one must keep her eyes open as to what appears beautiful or otherwise upon her neighbour. The result of her observation should indicate that she appreciates the fact that others see her.

## Whence Come the Fashions?

HOW NEW MODES ARE INVENTED.

"Why is it that French women set the fashions?" repeated a very large buyer of Parisian costumes and modes recently. "I will tell you."

"In the first place, a Frenchwoman is more daring. She will wear anything so long as it is new."

"Then, too, a Frenchwoman walks differently from any other. She has an upright carriage, and she is given to lifting her skirts with one hand or both hands on the slightest provocation. This fact has not escaped the eye of the man dressmaker, and all Parisian models are framed with that idea."

"But are not French models worn in England, where the habit of lifting the skirts is not so common?"

"They are adapted to English wearers. Perhaps you don't know where the surplus models of the best houses in Paris are sold?"

"In London?"

"No: they go to Australia. At the end of the Paris season buyers from Melbourne will offer to take them at 70, 80, and even 90 per cent. discount, and the dresses are shipped at once to the Antipodes, so that in point of fashion Australia is close upon the heels of Paris."

"But where do the fashions come from? Who invents them?"

"The preliminaries of the matter are settled by those who make the materials: that is to say, the manufacturers. The dressmaker does not order the manufacturer to produce, say voile, which has latterly been all the rage. A manufacturer does not abandon an idea until he has worked it out, and he modifies and adapts until there is no novelty

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left in his discovery. Then he must find something else.

"On his part the dressmaker has to make the best use of the stuffs at his command, not according to his own taste, but according to the character of the material. But the skill and genius of the dressmaker dispose of the materials at command in the best possible manner. It is as much a matter of practice as it is of taste. In March the models are ready for the commercial travellers. They are not for the summer wear, but for the winter following, and the dressmaker at that period of the year already regards the new gowns which will be on view in May to September as out of date."

"Then the fashions are really set nine months in advance?"

"Yes; but there is always a steady current which begins, extends, and ends. And who makes the start? It may be an heir-apparent who fancies a particular necktie, or a princess who prefers a particular material or colour. In a lesser degree every well-dressed woman sets the fashion. Sometimes the dames of fashion get woefully taken in. In Paris the great desire is to wear something which someone else has not got."

At What Age Should Lovers Become Engaged?

It is a proud moment in the life of the average young man when the girl he professes to love consents to wear his engagement ring. And it is quite safe to affirm that one of the happiest periods in a girl's life is when she is able to exhibit the little hoop of gold on her finger, which proclaims the fact that there is someone who considers her the best and dearest little woman in the world.

This, perhaps, accounts for the fact that no sooner do two young people become attracted toward one another, and indulge in lovers' walks, stolen interviews and kisses, than the young man makes all haste to purchase the best engagement ring he can afford, in order that he may be able to feel that the girl is pledged to him alone. The thought as to whether he and the one who has captivated his heart are old enough to plight their troth is a matter which probably both of them think of no consequence whatever.

The young woman, as a rule, is quite willing to wear his engagement ring, in spite of the fact that their combined ages do not, perhaps, exceed thirty-four or thirty-five years, and her lover's salary is such that some five or six years must elapse before they can think of getting married.

To say the least of it, such an engagement is somewhat dangerous to the happiness of both concerned. Sometimes their patience and love are tried and not found wanting during the years of waiting, and the reward of their faithfulness to one another is many years of happy married life. But more often than not, after the first glamour of love has worn off and the engagement is a

year or so old, they discover that there are serious failings between them. They unhappily find that what they thought was love in the first place was purely boy and girl fancy, and probably by the time they reach the age of twenty-one or twenty-two each of them meets some one else who wins their real love.

It more frequently happens, however, that one is true to his or her youthful vows, the other being rendered doubly miserable by the fact that he or she fears to bring unhappiness into the other's life by confessing that someone else had gained his or her heart's affection. Under such circumstances a young man has often felt himself in honour bound to continue his engagement to the girl who has loved and trusted him for so long, although he knows full well that his real love is bestowed elsewhere. And so it may happen with the woman.

Such unhappy situations would undoubtedly be avoided to a great extent if couples would wait until they were twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, or even older, if the marriage day is far distant, before pledging themselves.

It is far better that an acquaintance-ship between two young people, even if they do love one another, should continue without any binding attachment until they are both of age. If their love for one another is true and sincere it will not lose any of its value because of the absence of any outward sign. The practical girl will perhaps say that it is not fair for a man to occupy two or three years of a young woman's life without something definite being settled between them, and an engagement ring is necessary in many cases to keep him to his promise of love and marriage.

A man, however, who would not remain sincere and true to the woman he professed to love unless held to his pledge by the sight of an engagement ring upon her finger would not be worth a moment's thought.

The Network Girl.

She wears a network waist. Her stockings are network, too; I look at her openwork sleeves and see Her soft arms gleaming through. When she raises her fluffy skirts A little way, ah, me! I see the dainty bits of white That peep through filigree.

You say it is rude of me To look through her network waist, Or to gaze below when she lifts her skirts. So dainty and eke so chaste? Nay, say not so! It were rude If I should neglect to see. For why is she wearing her network things If not to be seen by me?

"New York Herald."

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Who is an "Old Maid"?

The old maid limit has been fixed. For many years there was nothing settled or definite about it. Everyone was well aware of an age line, beyond which an unmarried woman was an old maid, and within which she was a young one, but just what that age was remained a mystery.

From a woman's viewpoint it was very apt to vary with her own age. In both masculine and feminine minds it was a line purely imaginary, like the Equator and the Tropic of Capricorn.

But now comes a decision upon the subject from no less an authority than the French courts, fixing the limit at 30 years. So far, at least, as France is concerned, it is not only definite but final. At 29 years 11 months and 29 days a woman is still a young maid; forty-eight or twenty-four hours later and she is an old one. The way that the matter happened to go to court at all, and so become settled, is as follows:

A certain "Old Maids' Home" in France found itself overrun with applicants of all ages and sizes, the term "old maid" seeming to have no terrors for them when it comprehended so much in the way of leisure and shelter that was to be had for nothing. The managers of the home, in order to protect themselves, were therefore obliged to fix an age limit, and that this might be accomplished definitely and authoritatively, the courts were asked to determine it. After weighty and due consideration this body put the limit at 30 years.

Fat and Famous.

It is a curious fact that among women fame and fatness appear to be almost synonymous terms. For instance, the greater number of the most celebrated sovereigns, both of past times and of the present day, have been, to put it mildly, anything but living skeletons.

To begin with, the fair Cleopatra, according to the testimony of cameos and statues, was decidedly stout, while both Maria Theresa and the Empress Catherine of Russia were equally remarkable for their bodily and mental development, which, in the case of the Russian Empress, ultimately degenerated into downright monstrosity.

Equally stout was our own "Good Queen Anne," while among later monarchs may be mentioned the late Queen Christina and the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, and, with all respect be it added, our own late Queen, Victoria.

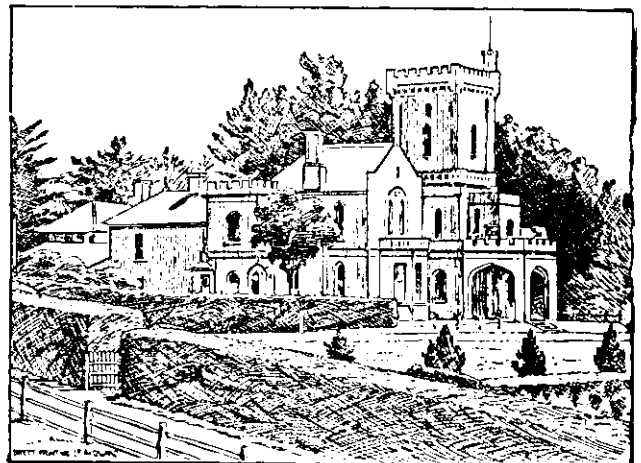
The same rule applies to literature, to science, to art, and to society. Thus "George Eliot" the novelist was stout, as were "Georges Sand," Hannah More, Mme. de Staël, and Mme. Blavatsky. So, too, was Rosa Bonheur, the celebrated painter.

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**Falling in Love.**

FROM CHILDHOOD TO OLD AGE.

Scientists will leave nothing alone. They have been analysing the sentiment of love, collecting and tabulating statistics, and arriving at hard and fast opinions concerning its beginnings, course and decay, and the causes thereof.

Most of us know that the tender passion exists in pretty nearly every normal bosom after twenty. But how many can guess that the infant who still loves his rattle may not love his little two-year-old sweetheart, too? How many of us know that small boys often dare death and are sometimes even killed just to prove their prowess to some rosy-cheeked maiden whose pigtail still hung down to her waist?

But one scientist declares that these are facts. He has been studying the matter for fifteen years, and surely he ought to know something of the matter. This indefatigable hunter after truth began at the cradle of some of his subjects. Others he followed through old age to senility and even to the grave. He got many persons of many ages to confess their own loves of every age; he sought out subjects in the public schools with which he was connected. He got students to furnish him with their own experiences.

During the past fifteen years, he says, I have observed eight hundred cases. Many more cases were studied from data supplied by persons of their own loves or instances that had come under their notice. Of 300 people who reported data of their own "cases" or of "cases" of their friends and relatives, 355 actually owned to one or more romances, some beginning after twenty-four months of life.

Only five of the 300 failed to remember any childish romance. Of 300 persons, 355 had experienced some tender touch of the heart in their early days. The scientist concludes that love begins at two years, and extends through old age—literally from the cradle to the grave.

The seven ages of love for man do not run exactly parallel to those of woman. Sometimes she starts in on an age earlier; sometimes she is a bit behind. The boy babe begins about thirty months; the girl baby takes notice of things emotional when she is Miss Two Years. It is a budding romance.

Babes of both sexes show early fondness for each other. The baby girl of two years would rather play on the lawn with the sturdy boy of thirty months than have dolly and her dishes. The boy shuns his older brother of four to show newly-discovered flowers or a bird's nest to the interest of Miss Two Years. It is a budding romance.

But when the couple reach the mature age of three—thirty-six months—then their actions are more capable of reduction to black and white. Here are the signs of love at this age: Caresses, sitting close, mutual confessions, talking about each other when apart, seeking each other to the exclusion of others, grief at separation, exchange of gifts, courtesies not shown to playmates, sacrifices for each other, extreme jealousy.

This love differs from that of some of the following ages by extreme lack of shyness. The tiny lovers are naively happy and free in their ignorance. Jimmy doesn't see why he shouldn't kiss Grace right in front of her father and mother.

Now, when these lovesick youngsters pass into the next age they become imbued with the idea of marriage, so the investigator finds. They may be only in the third reader, but Jack looks forward ten years hence when he can marry little Mary, the girl who lives across the street. The girl's beauty now appeals to the boy.

Then comes the serious stages or ages. The boys get tremendously shy. Sometimes the boys express their feelings freely, but investigations prove that they are offensive boys and are shunned or looked down upon by other boys.

Your true boy of twelve who loves a girl doesn't tell a soul about it. He turns pale if caught alone with her. In fact, his very absence from her in a company shows his devotion.

Games show the love emotion too. Of eighty children's games it was found that thirty of them were kissing games. The scientist cites cases of love sacrifice in this stage, where boys miss a word purposely in a spelling match to let their little sweethearts win.

He says from close scrutiny of his 2500 cases:

"Akin to disturbance caused by absence of the lover from school is grief from being separated. Four attempts at suicide are reported, one boy being eight years old, another nine; a girl nine and another eleven. Six cases of nervous illness are reported as due either to separation or jilting. Ordinarily, however, weaning it is an easy matter.

"Showing off" as a method of courtship, is as old as the human race. It constitutes one of the chief numbers in the boy's repertory of love charms, and is not totally absent from the girl's. It is a most common sight to see boys taxing their resources in devising means of exposing their own excellences and often doing the most ridiculous and extravagant things—jumping, dancing, prancing, sparring, wrestling, turning hand-springs, and somersaults, climbing, singing, whistling, imitating the movements of animals, 'taking people off,' courting danger, and affecting courage.

"I saw a boy upon one such occasion stand upon the railway track until by the barest margin he escaped death by a passenger engine. One writer gives the account of a boy who thus sat on the end of a cross tie and was killed by a passing train. This 'showing off' in the boy lover is the forerunner of the skilful, purposive, and elaborate means of self-exhibition in the adult male, and the charming coquetry in the adult female, in their love relations.

"Previous to the age of about nine the girl is more aggressive than the boy in love affairs. At this age her modesty, coyness, and native love for being wooed come to the surface, and thereafter characterise her attitude toward the opposite sex."

In discussing the subsequent ages of love, the scientist says that the age of

sober courtship is from 26 to 50 in men and 22 to 40 in women. This courtship is most public and generally quite short. Happy marriages generally result.

From the prime of life to old age there is still love, and particularly for those who have parted long ago and again come into each other's lives. Courtship is curtailed because there is little left of life now.

Then comes the last age of love—old age.

Men and women have many times been married when all but themselves of their own families have been laid away to rest. It is the age that seeks companionship. It is the age that harks back to the loves of long ago. Even Cupid's alchemy cannot paint the roses into the cheek again or put the sunshine in the age-dimmed eyes. But he can control the heart still, and many a man at eighty, ninety, yes, and even one hundred, has fallen victim to Cupid's darts, though he knew every day might be his last.

**The Care of the Teeth.**

The teeth not only play an important part with regard to beauty, but have much to do with the actual health. Neglected teeth cannot do their duty with food, and are the sure forerunner of neuralgia and painful ulcerations. Much of the trouble begins when we are babies. Every mother should buy a small tooth-brush and brush a baby's teeth daily in cold water. If there is any evident deformity of the teeth it can nearly always be remedied in childhood. Protruding extra teeth should be extracted without compunction, and irregular ones should be constantly manipulated till they assume a good form. The gums are pliable in young children, and much can be accomplished in this way. As we grow older the teeth should be brushed after each meal with a stiff brush. If the gums bleed do not be frightened. It often does them good. Never touch the teeth with a pin or any metal. Draw a silken thread between them to remove particles of food, or, if more is necessary, use an orange-wood toothpick. If you clean your teeth but once a day night is the best time, as the natural movements of the mouth during the day help to remove the food.

If troubled with tartar, dip an orange-wood stick in water, then in fine ashes, and scrub the teeth till the tartar is removed; then keep them free from it. Powder should not be required oftener than once a week. If the gums are sore paint with following: Bi-carbonate of soda, 10 grains; powdered alum, 5 grains; pure carbolic acid, 12 minims; glycerine, 4oz; water, 1oz.

**The Stimulant Habit.**

Two or three recent cases have shown how largely the habit of indulging in stimulating drugs is on the increase amongst women, and certainly point to the necessity of devising some means of restricting the sale of these poisons. Of course, the root of the evil is to be found in the artificial conditions under which life is lived, by all dwellers in towns at all events, in these times. Regularity of any sort is unknown, and week after week is spent in one wild whirl of excitement. We overwork our brains and bodies, both in toil and pleasure, with the inevitable result of more or less collapse, and the resort to stimulants. By their aid a fictitious strength is obtained for a while, but as the system becomes accustomed to the poison more and more must be taken to produce the desired effect—and the last state of the confirmed drug drinker is a hopeless one. The habit is a difficult one to break; all the more that one of its saddest effects is the demoralisation of will power and loss of self-respect it entails. It is a growing evil that demands early and serious attention, for it has already attained proportions that would not be credited by those who have not carefully investigated the subject. Amongst men it is by no means uncommon—though it is generally alcohol that works the mischief there—but it is women who more generally yield to the temptation to take something or other to revivify jaded nerves. It is difficult to see how the State can do much to mitigate the evil; but every woman, by example and precept, should do her best to discourage so fatal a habit as that of constant indulging in stimulating drugs.

**SOUTHERN PRAISE FOR RHEUMO.**

Rheumo, the great rheumatic medicine has only just been introduced into the South Island, and already its praises are being sung. Mr W. Newton, Carlier, Sydenham, writes 1st October, 1903:—"A few days ago I had a very bad attack of Rheumatic Gout, and on the recommendation of a friend, purchased a bottle of 'Rheumo' from Mr. McFerran, Chemist, of Christchurch. The effect was magical, and before I had taken the contents of one bottle, the excruciating pains had entirely left me, and I am pleased to say I have had no return of them. Your Remedy is a splendid one, and I shall not hesitate to induce any sufferers to use it."

Stocked in Auckland by H. King, Chemist, Queen-st.; J. M. Jefferson, Chemist, Queen-st. and Upper Symonds-st.; J. W. Robinson, Chemist, Parnell; Graves Aikin, Chemist, Queen-st.; and sold by all Chemists and Stores, at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.



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LATEST  
**Straight Front**  
AND  
**NOUVELLE FORME Corsets P.D.**  
All Leading Drapers



Men You Must Not Marry

Girls no longer are compelled to marry for a home and support. Once upon a time it was very different. In those days anxious mammae developed wrinkles through much and diligent searching after eligible husbands for waiting and no less anxious daughters. In England the situation remains much the same, where, it is said, the question among girls is not "Whom will we have?" but "Who will have us?" Our American girls can either have whom they choose, or they need not have any one. Women were taught in the days following the Civil War that they could take care of themselves and others, and ever since that time when financial misfortune has overtaken a girl she has gone bravely to work, instead of turning to marriage as an escape from enforced and often disagreeable labour. With the knowledge that she was dependent on no one but herself, her fear of old maidenhood has departed, and sensible girls, who are in the predominance, no longer echo the sentiments of a certain woman who had become thoroughly tired of spinsterhood. This worthy lady lost all interest in black cats and tea, and one evening in her anguish she went out under the trees to pray. "Send me a man," she cried; "let me be married." "To-who, to-who," booted down from the top of a tree. "Oh, Lord, anybody, anybody," exclaimed the spinster.

If a woman marries unhappily she has much more to lose than a man. Her children make her dependent upon him for support, and there is nothing to do but to bear her burden as best she can. If these gay, light-hearted girls, commonly called "boy-crazy," would give as much careful thought to the question of marriage as they give to a new gown and its trimmings, innumerable sad marriages would be avoided. It is the one thing that really counts in a girl's whole life. For almost everything else she may do there is a remedy. There is none for a luckless marriage. "Oh, yes," says someone, "there is divorce." Divorce! Is that a remedy? Is a girl's life as pure and unspotted after living a miserable life with a miserable man as when she was a happy, innocent maiden in her father's home? Are her name and reputation unscathed after having them dragged through a divorce court? No, divorce is not a remedy. It is merely

the lesser of two evils. Even divorce is not to be thought of for the woman with children. Therefore, the girl who wishes to marry will ponder well what she is about to do and not marry the first man who asks her, whether he is good, bad, or indifferent, for fear he will also be the last.

DON'T MARRY TO REFORM A MAN.

Never marry a man given to the habit of drinking. Above all, do not marry him to reform him. If a man does not love a girl for her sake before marriage, assuredly he never will do so afterwards. Of all the men to be avoided he is the one to be avoided most. Nothing so transforms a man, makes his such a beast, as liquor. The kindest and most lovable men are brutes when under the influence of strong drink. The greatest curse that ever came into a woman's life is a man who drinks. Do we not all know some dear, brave woman who has faced her trouble and who has striven as only a wife and mother can strive to help her husband and the father of her children to overcome the evil? And how many of these women have been successful? Very, very few. It is heart-breaking to think of it. In nine cases out of ten, if a man has been a drunkard once he will be again. A man can be reasoned out of anything easier than that, and it has spoiled more lives than all the other evils put together.

Never marry a lazy man. You will have him to support sooner or later if you do, and as the family grows larger the poorhouse will come nearer. It is a sad fact, but a true one, that the poorer a family is the more children they have.

Never marry a man who has lived an evil life. The horrors resulting from such marriages are too terrible to be discussed here.

Don't marry a man of weak character. Soon you will be ashamed of him, or, worse yet, you will pity him. After marriage pity is not akin to love.

THE QUESTION OF HEALTH.

Do not marry a man in ill-health. Also, if you have poor health you have no right to marry. Delicate parents bestow their poor health upon their children, an act which is nothing if not criminal. People have no right to bring children into the world unless they are reasonably sure their children will have what is justly theirs—good health and educational advantages. Above all things, do not marry if there is insan-

ity or any other hereditary disease in either family. Such disease will make its appearance sooner or later, and the parents will have naught to console themselves with save the reproaches of their children.

Do not marry a man who is penurious. You will have one long and bitter struggle to get even the necessities of life, and the luxuries will have to be gone without.

Do not marry a jealous man. He will want to put you in a glass case so that none but himself can see or speak to you, and you will always be busy explaining to him how it was that Mrs Smith sent Mr Smith to borrow your step-ladder when he (your husband) was not at home.

It would be superfluous to warn anyone against marrying a man with exasperating, irritating, and pestering ways, since these characteristics are carefully hidden during courtship days, but if by any chance a girl should discover them, she will be wise not to marry that young man, for quarrels will constantly beset her path.

THE KIND OF MAN TO MARRY.

But happy is the girl who marries a kindly, sober, industrious young man—one who is good to his mother and courteous to his sisters, and respectful to his father. He will be good to his wife and be a wise father himself. Women were meant to marry and become mothers. They are never so happy, so complete, or in their original sphere as when occupying the place God meant them to fill. This is the ambition of every good, sweet, sensible girl. But it is far better to remain single all one's life, to struggle for an existence even, to eke out an honest living in any way, to weep with loneliness, than to marry a man who will bring nothing into your life but sorrow.

Wives Who are Bread-winners.

The number of women who are bread-winners is increasing every day. Women's work is ceasing to be worse paid than that of men. They are beginning to take up forms of labour nobody ever supposed they could attempt. They are no longer compelled to go to the workhouse, or subsist on the harder charity of friends, when they are penu-

less. They support themselves, and others who depend on them.

Women are no longer at a disadvantage with regard to unjust laws, oppression, and tradition. Their place in the world is being recognised; they are no longer in it only by toleration.

This being so, man is tempted to inquire whether, as she is getting equal rights with his own, she is not getting equal responsibilities. He ventures to ask whether, if she can win bread for herself, she should not help him to win it for the household. The idea is attractive. Say a man makes two to three pounds a week. If the wife could add another pound by her exertions, it would make a considerable difference to the comfort and ease of life. Even if her contribution were a good deal less than his own, it would be a vast help in many cases.

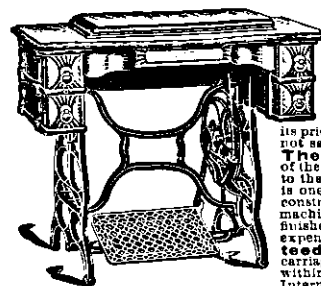
But there are two sides to every question. The amount of work that can be done by women at home is strikingly disproportionate to what can be done outside. Now, there can be only one answer as to the advantages or disadvantages of a married woman doing daily work outside her home. The home must inevitably be the sufferer; and it is not improbable that the quality of the work will suffer as well.

The home is, after all, the natural sphere of woman, and it is the one she prefers, however far the first novel joy of emancipation may carry her. There is probably no woman living who would not rather have a home to make happy for someone than kingdoms to conquer or fortunes to sweep together. The home instinct is so deeply engrained in womanhood that all the hand-to-hand struggles for existence she has nowadays can't scratch it out. In most cases it only serves to sink it in deeper and stronger.

Men can't make homes, though they can spoil them. Nobody can take this sphere of action out of woman's hands. The loss of what her care and attention could make the household and the family would be ill repaid even if she double the income by her money-making.

That being so, let the husband support the household by himself. Where he is incapacitated, necessity may force the wife to put her shoulder to the wheel; but if he can do without her help, so much the better. He can't afford to lose her as a home-maker, even if the weekly earnings suffer by the loss.

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Advertisement for Cerebos Table Salt. Large stylized text 'CEREBOS TABLE SALT'. Text: 'While common Salt is only a Seasoning, CEREBOS SALT is a Splendid Food. Used in the kitchen and at table, it gives greater strength to the diet and builds up the Constitution.' From Grocers and Store. Wholesale Agents: - Chrystall & Co., Christchurch.

Advertisement for Vapo-Cresolene. Large stylized text 'Whooping Cough'. Text: 'We mean the whooping cough. Have your children had it? Better keep them from it, for it's a tedious and dangerous disease. Let us tell you how to manage. Buy a Vapo-Cresolene outfit. It's very simple, for you just put some Cresolene in the vaporizer, light the lamp beneath, and let the vapor fill the room. Not a single germ of whooping-cough can live in this vapor. As it is perfectly safe, let the children sleep in the room and breathe-in this vapor; then any germs that may be in their throat will be destroyed, and thus they will escape the disease. If the children already have the whooping-cough, you should know that the vapor of Cresolene is the only known specific. For all throat and bronchial trouble it brings immediate relief.' Vapo-Cresolene CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP. Testimonial from O. C. TARRON, M.D., of Princeton, Minn., dated February 26, 1897. Illustration of the Vapo-Cresolene outfit.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

## DRESS-MAKING AT HOME.

### SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AMATEUR.

We are told that trifles make up life, and it is certainly the accessories in dress that go to the completion of a good or indifferent toilette. Nowadays the subject of dress is worthy of great consideration on the part of the amateur. The whole tendency is towards artistic dressing and the use of soft fabrics, and the fashionable girl of the period has a very good notion of making these trifles in dress appear to the best advantage.

In view of approaching warmer weather, and of afternoon parties, I have chosen as the subject of this article the uses of net or point d'esprit, simply because there never was such an effective fabric at so low a price.

Figure I. shows a long cloak of net, which can be used either as an evening or carriage wrap, and last, but not least, as a peignoir or the overdress of a tea-gown. This would only take 3½ yards of the 45-inch net; the frills are of a light guipure lace, which is very effective; 14 yards would be required.

You could substitute frills of the net for the lace if you prefer the former, or you might have frills of the net with a length of lace down the front.

How pretty is the river or garden hat shown in Figure II! Quite an inexpensive net would do to make this hat, but it should be fairly soft. Two yards of net will be sufficient. There is a lambou with a bow of vieux rose velvet; 1½ yards of velvet, which can be replaced by a bow of satin ribbon, a wreath of foliage, or almost any other simple decoration you please. The possibilities of this hat for summer wear are many. Lace, of course, would be

even more effective, but my aim is economy.

In Figure III. you see a pretty little cravat and bow of white or cream net inserted and trimmed with fine black lace. This would be a becoming finish to any simple blouse or can be worn inside a coat. It would take about 1½ yards of net, 5yds of narrow lace, and 1½yds of lace insertion.

In Figure IV. we have a quaint design for a blouse with the new pelerine or shawl-like ends. For this I would suggest a ring-spotted net, in white or ecru. In piece lace this blouse would look equally well. It would require 3½ yds of net or lace, 45in wide, and you may put as many lace insertions as you like, or even dispense with them altogether. Three-quarters of a yard of very thin panne or soft Oriental satin would make the wide belt.

Figure V. shows what is termed a tea or coffee coat in inexpensive net, trimmed with frills of soft lace. Two and a-half yards of net and 14yds of lace would suffice to make that very attractive little coatee.

Figure VI. gives a simpler blouse in net, inserted with motifs of embroidery or lace. The quantities required would be 2½yds of net, 2½yds of insertion, and about 9 motifs.

In Figure VII. I am giving you a rather more elaborate coatee of tea jacket. This again could be in string-coloured or white net trimmed with white satin ribbon and lace insertions and edging, and any satin chou you like. This satin ruched ribbon you can buy by the dozen yards and draw up according to the length required. Three yards of double width net would suffice, and about a dozen yards of lace.

I trust this little selection may be of service to you in using up odds and ends of net, lace and chiffon or other ethereal fabrics. We have all gone mad the last season or two over this point d'esprit, and it seems to me the smartest fabric at the price for the manipulation of the various accessories which are part and parcel of modern dressing. Always remember that chiffon under net or lace has a very soft and becoming effect.

sia roses with their buds and leaves rest under the brim in the hair, while some folds of pink tulle are swathed round the crown, which is flat, and brought over the brim, where, after twining through the roses, is brought round from the back in a long end to the throat, where it finishes in a chou. This style of hat is very popular and eminently becoming. Sometimes a fringe of pink or white banksia roses or other small flowers is arranged round the brim in place of the ruche with excellent results. Daisies tipped with pink, or lutticreups, look well used in this way. The hat to be well worn must be placed well back on the head to show the wavy hair in front of the face.



The smartest short skirts are now made in pleats, which open just below the knees, and from thence a very pretty fullness is allowed to flow. Such skirts are made of thin serge, linen, holland, pique, drill, or duck, and are sometimes hemmed with braid when in serge, or of a contrasting coloured liner when of a washing material. The ladie to such a costume is a novel "Russian" style. Rather loose, always belted, and



THE LATEST HAT.

The charming hat illustrated is quite the latest thing in the world of millinery and sets off a pretty face and a well-dressed coiffure to advantage. It is made in very light, almost lace, straw, edged with a ruffling of tulle to match the straw. Clusters of small pink bank-



A VISITING TOILETTE.



THE VARIOUS USES OF THE POPULAR NET.

occasionally cut with a basque, this style of bodice is ideal for spring wear, for it is so arranged that it will fasten down the front and button snugly if the days are cold; or it can be worn thrown open in a pretty careless fashion, allowing the wearer to display



AN UP-TO-DATE GOWN.



DIFFERENT WAYS OF USING ODDS AND ENDS.

her fancy as she will in the matter of blouse, under-front, or tie. It is impossible to restrict the varieties to which such a costume is prone. We may, if we will, adopt such a skirt only, with quite a smart blouse; or again the bodice described could with very little elaboration be worn over a full dress skirt.

• • •



This bonnet is an airy little confection of velvet lace or net and ospreys, which is merely a broad headband that permits the coiffure to be displayed in all its beauty both in front and at the back.



**CREAMOLIA**

(for the Toilet.)

Keeps the skin white & velvety. Removes Wrinkles, Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Spots. Invaluable for Insect Bites, Sunburn, Itching Skin, and Eczema.—By post 1/6.

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These are specially recommended by the leading Physicians. They reduce the abdomen without pressure, and give a beautiful curve to the back.

Is the **ONE** Corset made that has a Special Model for every build of woman.  
FROM **56** UP.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

For Sale by Leading Drapers



## A GOOD JUDGE.

"I know that justice is blind," mused the fair defendant, adding the finishing touches to her toilet, which consisted of a Paris gown, a picture hat, and other beautifiers; "I know that justice is blind, but, thank goodness, the judge is not."

## THROWN IN!

"Mother," said Little Oscar T—, "Dave don't half say his prayers; he gets through too quick." "I do, mother," replied David indignantly. "I say 'Now I lay me,' the 'Lord's Prayer,' and what I throw in."

## THEY NEVER SPEAK NOW!

The Artist: "If I do say it myself, the picture has plenty of atmosphere, hasn't it?"  
The Candid Friend: "Yes. Seems like a pity to have obscured so much of it with paint."

## SUCCINCT.

Stranger (endeavouring to collect some facts as to the profits of pig-keeping): And what does your father expect to make out of those two pigs, sonny?

Sonny: Pork!

## ONE BETTER STILL!

Bestwick: "Most accommodating fellow, my tailor. Lets my bills run on sometimes for two years."

Bagstock: "I can do better than that. Mine writes asking for his money at the earliest convenience."

## THROWING HERSELF AWAY.

She—Did you efer see such a fool as Miss Isaacs? She will marry dot man, after all!

He—Ain't he got money?

She—Yes; but dere's anodder feller wit more money vot is crazy about her.

## HE KNEW THE ROPES.

"You don't seem to be at all nervous about going to ask papa for me," she said.

"Oh, no!" he replied. "I've had experience both as an advertisement canvasser and life-insurance agent. This'll be easy."

## AN AWFUL BORE.

"Perkins," languidly called Fweddly, "come and take this beastly thing off the hook."

While his man disengaged the fish from the hook and put on a fresh bait, Fweddly yawned dismally:

"That's what makes fishing such a boah," he said. "Once in a while you catch one of the slippewy things, don't you know!"

## THE BANNIS ARE UP.

She—You say you are devoted to art. What is the particular art that you love best?

He—Thou art.

## THE BRUTE.

"Skeedicks has named his motor Lillie, after his wife."

"Why?"

"I don't know, unless it's because he expects it to blow him up every now and then."

## EASY TO SEE THROUGH.

Gertrude—Funny about folks; they don't know themselves as well as they think they do. There's Tom, for example. He thinks nobody can see through him, and yet he is absolutely transparent.

Ester—And round-shouldered besides.

"Yes," said the young author of the Successful Historical novel, "like Byron, I woke one morning and found myself famous."

"Don't worry," said his suffering friend, "you will go to bed some night and sleep it all off."



## ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Mabel: I think he is too fulsome. It's positively nauseous to hear a man complimenting women so much.

Ethel: Yes, dear—other women!



## IT REMINDED HER.

Mrs. Farmer Jones (at the zoological gardens)—Oh, Silas! that reminds me.

Mr. Farmer Jones—Reminds you of what?

Mrs. Farmer Jones (brushing away a tear)—That we must run out to-morrow and see how Henry is getting along at college.

## STILL ALL RIGHT.

The Queerist: "What do you think of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest?"

The Egotist: "It is all right, so far. I am still alive."

## HER OBSCURE COMPLEXION.

"Is she a brunette?"

"A brunette! Why, she's so dark her father has to turn the light on in the parlour to find her in the evenings."

## SMART!

Clarence: "Have you heard the latest, Gus?"

Gus: "No."

Clarence: "Cholly's half-brother is engaged to Reggie's half-sister."

Gus: "When will they be made one?"

## LOGICAL.

Bobby (whose mamma is very particular, and is always telling him to wash his face and hands)—Mummy, dear! I do wish I was a little black boy.

Mamma—My dear Bobby, you generally are.

Little Bobby—Oh, I mean really black. Then you wouldn't see when I was dirty.

## FAMILY SYMPTOMS.

Mr. Jones—That young Snodgrass seems like one of the family.

His Only Daughter—How, so, papa?

Mr. Jones—Why, he looks scared when your mother's anywhere near.

## AN INDULGENT RULER.

"I think I'm not hard to get along with." "Faith, nuyther an I, mum! Whin a mistress is doing her best, 'tis mesif that overlooks lots uv things."

## JOKES OF THE DAY.

"No," she said, "I have never met more than two men whom I considered perfect." "Ah!" he said, "who was the other?"

## NO OPTION ADMISSIBLE.

Dora: Why do so many little men marry big women? Dick: Oh, it's not that. It's the big women who marry the little men!

## CONSOLATION!

Fred: "He married the girl I was engaged to."

Arthur: "Well, don't worry. You'll get over it before he does."

## WHAT DEVOTION.

Joan—For the twenty-three years that we've been married I have made you a birthday cake each year.

Darby—Yes, dearest, I look back on those cakes as milestones in the journey of life.



## DISAPPOINTED.

Aunt Margaret—And if you're good—very good—you'll go to heaven.

Dorothy—Oh, is that all? I thought maybe you were going to say you'd give me sixpence.

## CRUEL!

Borer: You need not trouble yourself to see me to the door, Miss Caustique.

Miss Caustique: No trouble at all, Mr. Borer. Quite a pleasure, I assure you.

## A BORN ARTIST.

"Our baby seems to have a natural taste for the piano." "Indeed!" "Yes, he's gnawed half the polish off one leg!"

## TOUGH!

Doctor—Did you take my prescription, ma'am?

Patient—Yes; but, say, doctor, paper's awful hard to get down, an' it didn't seem to do me no good.

## CONTRADICTORY!

First Tramp (in the road)—Why don't you go in? The dog's all right; don't you see him waggin' his tail!

Second Tramp—Yes; and he's growlin' at the same time. I dunno which end to believe.

## AN OLD FRIEND UNDER A NEW NAME.

Sea Captain—Writer, what do you call this?

Writer—Bouillon, sir.

Sea Captain—Well, well, I must have sailed on bouillon all my life and did not know it.

## INNOCENT.

"There's Mrs. Morrygirl's husband over there. Somehow he doesn't look like a very bright chap to me. Does he know anything?"

"Know anything, my dear! He doesn't even suspect anything."

## EXTRAVAGANCE.

Mrs. Nubbs—My 'usband has sent me to the doctor in a 'urry. Baby's swallowed a pin, and we must get it back.

Mrs. Stubbs—My goodness! Fancy spendin' two bob on a doctor for a single pin, when you can get a whole packet for a penny!

## DO YOU BLAME HIM?

Towne—There seems to be nothing he enjoys so much as the sound of his own voice.

Browne—That's so; and there's nothing annoys him so much as the thought that he can't hear himself when he talks in his sleep.

## NOT TAKING ANY MORE.

"You are not singing that beautiful song, 'I Want to Be An Angel,' with the rest of us," said the teacher. The little one shook her head.

"What's the use of telling a story about it?" she demanded. "I'm having enough trouble learning to play the piano without bothering with a harp."