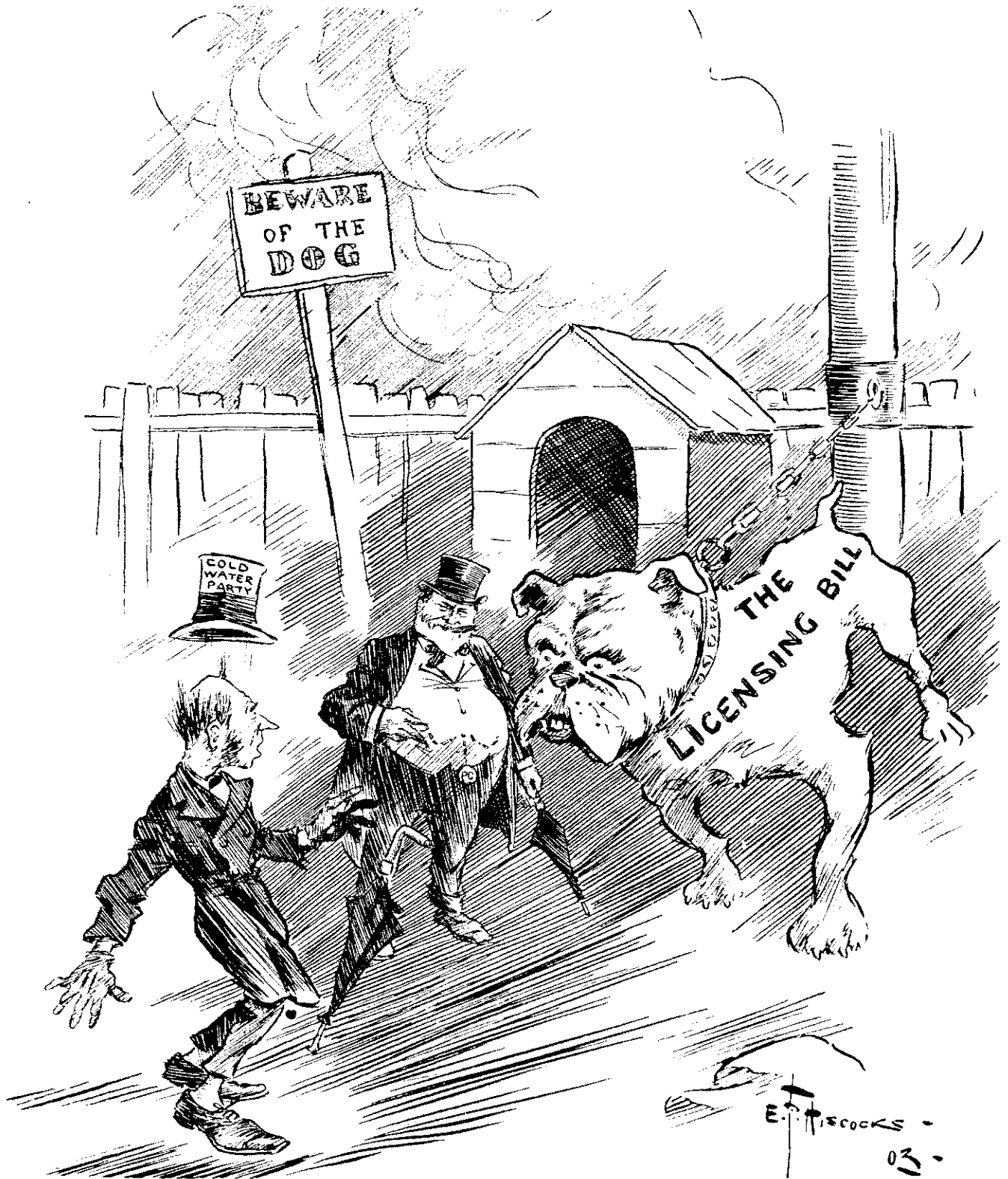


# The New Zealand Graphic

And Ladies' Journal.

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**The Licensing Bill, or Certain Death to Prohibition.**

COLD WATER GENT: "By the Great Niagara Falls, Seddon man, are you quite sure the chain won't give way?"

## People Talked About

### Mr. Joe Chamberlain's Brother.

Such a great man as Mr Joseph Chamberlain throws such a great shadow that very little light falls on the rest of the family; but Mr Arthur Chamberlain, his brother, is being talked about in Birmingham just now as a possible aspirant for Parliamentary honours. Even if he were not talked about he would be interesting just now from the fact of his relationship with the man of the hour. According to "M.A.P." his action as chairman of the Birmingham Licensing Justices, so widely followed throughout England, has given him in the eyes of the man in the street the character of an erring brother, whom it was the bounden duty of the Colonial Secretary, on his return from South Africa, to reduce to a convenient state of penitence. "Whatever will Joe say?" and "You just wait till Joe comes home!" were expressions always on the lips of the indignation meetings that protested against brother Arthur's attempt to put an end to air-gun clubs in the public-houses of his district. In spite of his brother's immediate remonstrances, however, Mr Arthur Chamberlain is still impenitent. So the working men of Birmingham are inclined to regard him as hopeless, and there is a story to the effect that at the time of the great football final, some enthusiastic air-gunners, with a distorted sense of humour, wired him simultaneous telegrams stating that they proposed to visit the match, and asking if the intention met with his approval. In private life Mr Chamberlain is the head of Kynoch, Ltd., the ammunition makers, and five other large trading concerns, and spends his day driving between them with clockwork precision in an unpretentious hansom. He is generally clothed in a blue serge suit of no cut at all, and very much bagged at the knees. A Chamberlain without a mannerism is almost unthinkable, and Mr Arthur announces his advanced opinions by wearing a tie of an invariable shade of hunting pink. Though younger than the Colonial Secretary, he looks much older, and disguises the strong family likeness with a great grizzled moustache. His spare time is devoted to mapping out the city into districts, and telling the brewers how many licences they will find it advisable, lest a worse thing should befall them, to surrender in each district. Just lately he has been studying Mr B. Seebohm Rowntree's observations upon the "poverty line" in great cities, and has made investigations amongst his own employees, ending by raising everybody's wages to a minimum of 22/ per week, whether married or single. This is slightly above the living wage arrived at by Mr Rowntree, and Mr Chamberlain is pleased with his experiment, in spite of the fact that in the case of his largest firm the more highly-paid artisans most ungratefully went on strike because they, too, were not given a proportionate increase. If he is persuaded to enter Parliament, the House of Commons will be the better off by one more member of strong and forceful personality, with a bull-dog grip of affairs and an amazing enthusiasm. Upon whichever side of the House he takes his seat, the Government of the day may be assured of having a thorn of peculiar sharpness in its side.

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### About the Lytteltons.

As the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton has been lately in Auckland, and his brother has just been made Colonial Minister, anything about the family will probably have some little interest for your readers (writes a correspondent). There were several brother Lytteltons, all of whom several brothers Lytteltons, all of whom were in the Eton eleven. The two youngest, the Hon. E. Lyttelton, now headmaster of Harlebury, and the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, K.C., Secretary of

State for the Colonies, were the most famous cricketers. They were both fine batsmen, and Alfred Lyttelton was the finest amateur wicketkeeper of his day. They both belonged to those celebrated Cambridge eleven that held its own against the great Australian elevens, and included such famous cricketers as A. P. Lucas, the brothers Steele (D. G. and A. J.), the Studds, Ivo Bligh, etc. The Lytteltons, although the family estate is in Worcestershire, played for Middlesex, and the Hon. Edward played a fine innings for that county against Gregory's team. Alfred Lyttelton was Lord James of Hereford's "devil," and soon won renown in Parliament. One brother is General Lyttelton, Commander-in-Chief in South Africa. The brothers are a conspicuous instance of brains and athletics. They were in the sixth form at Eton, which is limited to 20 boys only (Eton numbers over 900 boys), and prominent in football, racquets, athletics, as well as in cricket. The Hon. Alfred represented Cambridge in racquets and tennis. One of the former Lord Lytteltons is the hero of a well-known ghost story. The brothers are nephews, by marriage, of the late Mr Gladstone.

### "Boss" of Tammany Hall.

Tammany Hall is the most powerful piece of machinery the world has ever known. When the Democrats are in control in New York City, its power is almost unlimited, and even in those years when the Republicans are on top, the influence of Tammany is great enough to make itself felt; and the power of Tammany centres in one man, the so-called leader, who, elected by the votes of his fellows, is practically absolute master. The present leader, writes Mr M. Low in "The World's Work," is Mr Charles Francis Murphy, who came into power when Boss Croker abdicated to become an "Englishman Gentleman." He is 45 years old, a New Yorker by birth, the son of an Irish immigrant, who died a year ago at the age of 88, boasting that he had never been idle a day in his long life. Charles Francis is the second son of a family of eight. As soon as the boys were old enough they were put to work. Charles began life in a shipyard, with an ambition to become a first-class ship-caulker. The work was hard, but young Murphy thrived upon it.

his muscles hardened into steel, his chest expanded, and he became quick on his feet. He worked with rough boys, and the new apprentice had to fight his way into the fellowship of the craft. He not only knew how to use his fists, but he had no fear. In two years he was the acknowledged boss of the boys in the shipyard; he had literally fought his way into leadership. Boy after boy went down before him, and when there was no more fighting to be done, he beat them all in swimming, rowing, and playing baseball. He had all of an Irishman's love for a "beautiful serap," and an Irishman's keen zest for manly sports. Combined with these, he early displayed a marked ability for organising and leading his associates, the same qualities that for many years made him a prominent figure in New York City politics, and have now made him the leader of Tammany. When he was only 17 years old he organised the Sylvan Social Club, the members of which were boys from 15 to 20 years old, and was elected, as a matter of course, its president. The club had a baseball team, and Murphy was the captain. Frequently a game with a rival team ended in a fight, when



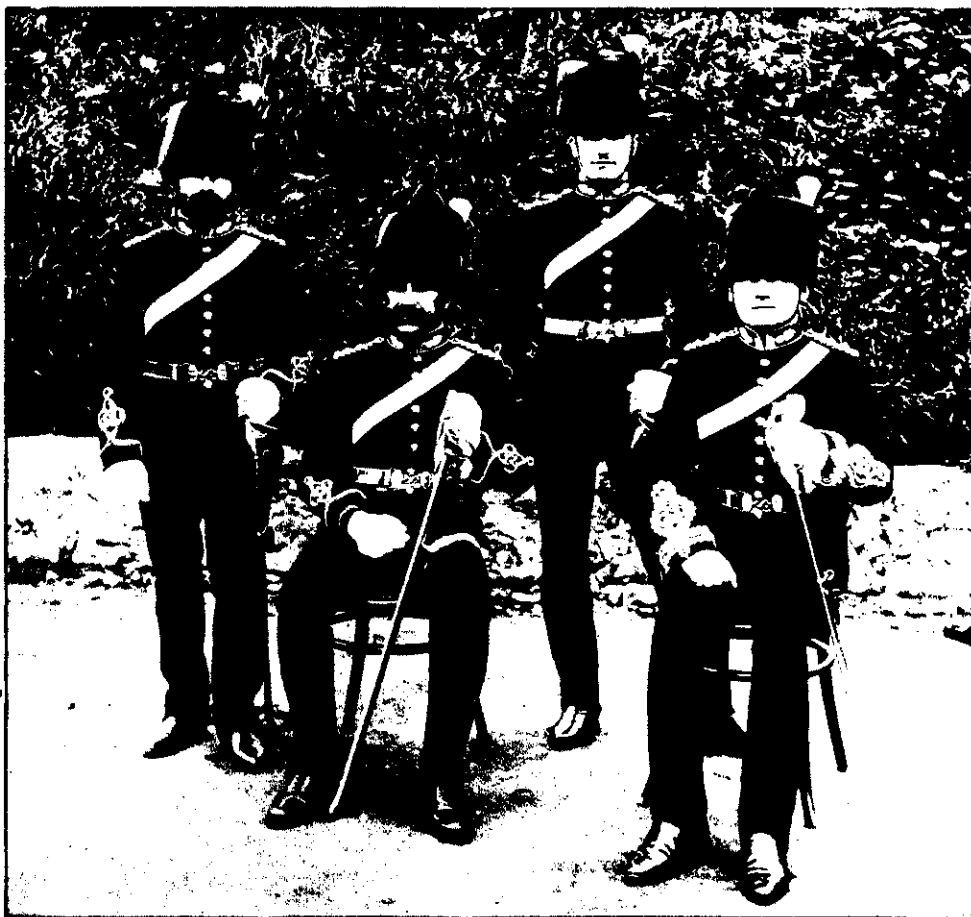
MISS MAUD MILTON AS "MARIA" IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

no quarter was given or asked, and retreat was only sounded when the other side had been pounded into submission. In all these battles Murphy was always in the thickest of the fray. He tackled without hesitation men twice as old and twice as heavy as himself. Sometimes he was knocked out by the sledge-hammer blows of a carpenter or caulker working in a neighbouring shipyard, but the more often he held his own, and withdrew his forces in triumph from the field of battle.

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**Sarasate in Spain.**

The twenty-fifth of September is a day in the year which Sarasate, the famous violinist, marks with a white stone. He generally spends it in Pamplona, a sunny, mountain-girdled old city in the north of Spain. There he was born, and—so a sentimental story runs—were it not for a certain grave under the cypresses in the little Campo Santo amongst the hills, he would not at the present time be a lonely, middle-aged bachelor. September 25th is the Festival of Saint Fermin, the patron saint of the tiny town, and great is the merry-making of the populace. The narrow streets are decorated, and are radiant at night with scores of coloured lamps. There are famous bull-fights in the Plaza de Toros—but chief of all the attractions is Sarasate himself. He is lord of the laughter and monarch of the mirth. In fact, he is as important a personage as the dashing toreadors themselves. When the Pamplonians know that he has arrived at the Fonda La Perla—the principal hostelry in the world-forgotten place—great is the joy. Rockets rush heavenwards, and in the evening a mechanical iron bull, stuffed with fireworks, goes running explosively about the square, belching Bengal lights and coloured sparks in front of the great violinist's windows. And, of course, he comes out on his balcony and makes a speech. Also amongst the prime features of the Festival are the concerts where he plays, and where rugged, picturesque Navarra peasants, burnt by the sun into lank brownness, come in enthusiastic shoals to listen to the son of genius who was born amongst them.



Lieut. J. Ewan. Lieut. G. G. Spink. Captain G. W. S. Patterson.  
 Jones and Coleman, photo. Lieut. A. W. Baragwanath.

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# NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST RESORTS

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## 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 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 **unequaled 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 Rheumatical Arthritis, and in such local manifestations as Sciatica and Lumbago, in Peripheral Neuritis, Neuralgia, and many other nervous diseases when 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 albuminous 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 cots 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 or 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, and high pressure, play upon 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, intending 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 Balmologist, 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 Eotomahana, 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 fine lake, surrounded by great cliffs and forest-clad 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.

MOREERE 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, 615 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 Barling 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 (12,349 feet) and within easy distance of the great Tasman Glacier. The Hermitage (2596 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 3404 feet and 3700 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 Klugston, 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. Earnshaw (3290 feet), Paradise, the Ront-burn, Rore 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 coach journey from Invercargill is 50 miles, thence a coach journey of 32 miles lands the traveler on the shores of Te Anau, the largest of the Southern Lakes. At the head of the lake which is 38 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 (1964 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.C.M.G.

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

Cable Address:—"MAORILAND."

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CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

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# IN DOUBLE HARNESS

By ANTHONY HOPE.

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

## CHAPTER III. THE WORLDLY MIND.

For a girl of ardent temper and vivid imagination, strung to her highest pitch by a wonderful fairy ride and the still strange embrace of her lover, it may fairly be reckoned a trial to listen to a detailed comparison of the hero of her fancy with another individual—who has been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude for attempted murder! Conceal circumstances extenuating the crime as amply as you please (and My Lord in scarlet on the Bench had not encouraged the jury to concede any), the comparison is one that gives small pleasure, unless such as lies in an opportunity for the exercise of Christian patience. This particular virtue Jeremy Chiddingfold suspected of priestly origin; neither was it the strongest point of his sister's spiritual panoply. He regarded Sibylla's ill-repressed irritation and irrepressible giggling with a smile of malicious humor.

"You might almost as well come up to Imason's," he whispered.

"She can't go on much longer!" moaned Sibylla.

But she could. For long years starved of fruition, her love revelled luxuriantly in retrospect and tenderly in prospect; and she was always good at going on, and at going on along the same lines. Mrs Mumples' loving auditors had heard the tale of Luke's virtues many a time during the period of his absence (that was the term euphemistically employed). The ashes of their interest suddenly flickered up at the hint of a qualification which Mrs Mumples unexpectedly introduced.

"He wasn't the husband for every woman," she said thoughtfully.

"Thank Heaven!" muttered Jeremy, glad to escape the superhuman.

"Eh, Jeremy?"

She revolved slowly and ponderously towards him.

"Thank Heaven he got the right sort-Mumples."

"He d.d." said Mrs Mumples emphatically; "and he knew it—and he'll know it again when he comes back, and that's only three years now."

A reference to this date was always the signal for a kiss from Sibylla. She rendered the tribute and returned to her chair, sighing desperately. But it was some relief that Mrs Mumples had finished her parallel, with its list of ideal virtues, and now left Grantley out of the question.

"Why wasn't he the husband for every woman, Mumples?" inquired Jeremy as he lit his pipe. "They're all just alike, you know."

"You wait, Jeremy!"

"Bosh!" ejaculated Jeremy curtly.

"He liked them good-looking, to start with," she went on; "and I was good-looking." Jeremy had heard this so often that he no longer felt tempted to smile. "But there was more than that, I had tact."

"Oh, come now, Mumples! You had tact! You? I'm—well, I'm—"

"I had tact, Jeremy." She spoke with overpowering solidity. "I was there when he wanted me, and when he didn't want me I wasn't there, Sibylla."

"Didn't he always want you?" Brother and sister put the question simultaneously, but with a quite different intention.

"No, not always, dears.—Is that your foot on my table? Take it off this instant, Jeremy!"

"Quite a few thousand years ago there was no difference between a foot and a hand, Mumples. You needn't be so fussy about it."

Sibylla got up and walked to the window. From it the lights in Grantley's dining-room were visible.

"I haven't seen him for ten years," Mrs Mumples went on; "and you've known that, my dears, though you've said nothing—no, not when you'd have liked to have something to throw at me. But I never told you why."

Sibylla left the window and came behind Mrs Mumples, letting her hand rest on the fat shoulder.

"He broke out at me once, and said he couldn't bear it if I came to see him. It upset him so, and the time wouldn't pass by, and he got thinking of how long the time was, and what it all meant. Oh, I can't tell you all he said before he was stopped by the— the man who was there. So I promised him I wouldn't go any more, unless he let it or wanted me. They said they'd let me know if he asked for me and was entitled to a visit. But a word has never come to me, and I've never seen him."

She paused and stitched at her work for a minute or two.

"You must leave men alone sometimes," she said.

"But, Mumples, you?" whispered Sibylla.

Mrs Mumples looked up at her, but made no answer. Jeremy flung down his book with an impatient air; he resented the approaches of emotion—especially in himself.

"He'll be old when he comes out—comes back, old and broken; they break quickly there. He won't so much mind my being old and stout, and he won't think so much of the time when I was young and he couldn't be with me; and he'll find me easier to live with; my temper's improved a lot these last years, Sibylla."

"You silly old thing!" said Sibylla. But Jeremy welcomed a diversion.

"Rot!" he said. "It's only because you can't sit on us quite so much now. It's not moral improvement; it's simply impotence, Mumples."

Mrs Mumples had risen in the midst of eulogizing the improvement of her temper, and now passed by Jeremy, patting his unwilling cheek. She went out, and the next moment was heard in vigorous altercation with their servant as to the defects of certain eggs.

"I couldn't have done that," said Sibylla.

"Improved your temper?"

"No, stayed away."

"No, you couldn't. You never let a fellow alone, even when he's got tooth-ache."

"Have you got it now?" cried Sibylla, darting towards him.

"Keep off! Keep off! I haven't got it, and if I had I shouldn't want to be kissed."

Sibylla broke into a laugh. Jeremy relit his pipe with a secret smile.

"But I do call it fine of Mumples."

"Go and tell her you've never done her justice, and cry," she suggested.

"I'm going up to Imason's now, so you can have it all to yourselves."

"I don't want to cry to-night," Sibylla objected, with a plain hint of mysterious causes for triumph.

Jeremy picked up his cap, showing a studious disregard of any such indications.

"You're going up the hill now! I shall sit up for you."

"You'll sit up for me?"

"Yes. Besides I don't feel at all sleepy to-night."

"I shall, when I come back."

"I shan't want to talk."

"Then what will you want? Why are you going to sit up?"

"I've ever so many things to do."

Jeremy's air was weary as he turned away from the inscrutable feminine. While mounting the hill he made up his mind to go to London as soon as he could. A man met him there.

No air of emotion, no atmosphere of overstrained sentiment, hung, even to Jeremy's critical eye, round Grantley Imason's luxurious table and establishment. They suggested rather the ideal of comfort lovingly pursued, a comfort which lay not in gorgeousness or in mere expenditure, but in the delicate adjustment of means to ends and a careful exclusion of anything likely to disturb a dexterously achieved equipoise. Though Jeremy admired the absence of emotion, his rough, vigorous nature was challenged at another point. He felt a touch of scorn that a man should take so much trouble to be comfortable, and should regard the achievement of his object as so meritorious a feat. In various ways everything, from the gymnastic apparatus in the hall to the leg-rest in front of the study fire, sought and subserved the ease and pleasure of the owner. That, no doubt, is what a house should be—just as a man should be well dressed. It is possible, however, to be too much of a dandy. Jeremy found an accusation of unmanliness making its way into his mind, he had to banish it by recalling that, though his host might be fond of elegant lounging, he was a keen sportsman, too, and handled his gun and sat his horse with equal mastery. These virtues appealed to the English public schoolboy and to the ama-

teur of Primitive Man alike, and saved Grantley from condemnation. But Jeremy's feelings escaped in an exclamation: "By Jove, you are snug here!"

"I don't pretend to be an ascetic," laughed Grantley, as he stretched his legs out on the leg-rest.

"Evidently."

Grantley looked at him, smiling.

"I don't rough it unless I'm obliged. But I can rough it. I once lived for a week on sixpence a day. I had a row with my governor. He wanted me to give up— Well, never mind details. It's enough to observe, Jeremy, that he was quite right and I was quite wrong. I know that now, and I rather fancy I knew it then. However, his way of putting it offended me, and I flung myself out of the house with three and sixpence in my pocket. Like the man in Scripture, I couldn't work and I wouldn't beg, and I wouldn't go back to the governor. So it was sixpence a day for a week and very airy lodgings. Then it was going to the recruiting sergeant; but, as luck would have it, I met the dear old man on the way. I suppose I looked a scarecrow; anyhow, he was broken up about it, and killed the fattest calf—killed it for an unrepentant prodigal. And I could do that again, though I may live in a boudoir."

Jeremy rubbed his hands slowly

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against one another—a movement common with him when he was thinking.

"I don't tell you that to illustrate my high moral character—as I say, I was all in the wrong—but just to show you that, given the motive—"

"What was the motive?"

"Just pride, obstinacy, conceit—anything you like of that kind," smiled Grantley. "I'd told the fellows about my row, and they'd said I should have to kneel down. So I made up my mind I wouldn't."

"Because of what they'd say?"

The case is, I repeat, not given as an example of morality, but as an example of me—quite different things. However, I don't want to talk about myself to-night; I want to talk about you. What are you going to do with yourself?"

"Oh, I'm all right!" declared Jeremy. "I've got my London B.A. (it didn't run to Cambridge, you know), and I'm pegging away." A touch of boyish pomposness crept in. "I haven't settled precisely what line of study I shall devote myself to, but I intend to take up and pursue some branch of original research."

Grantley's mind had been set on pleasing Sibylla by smoothing her brother's path. His business interest would enable him to procure a good opening for Jeremy—an opening which would lead to comfort, if not to wealth, in a short time, if proper advantage were taken of it.

"Original research?" He smiled indulgently. "There's not much money in that."

"Oh, I've got enough to live on! Sibylla's all right now, and I've got a hundred a year. And I do a popular scientific article now and then—I've had one or two accepted. Beastly rot they have to be, though!"

Grantley suggested the alternative plan. Jeremy would have none of it. He turned Grantley's story against him.

"If you could live on sixpence a day out of pride, I can live on what I've got for the sake of—of— He sought words for his big vague ambitions. "Of knowledge—and—and—"

"Fame?" smiled Grantley.

"If you like?" Jeremy admitted with shy sulkiness.

"It'll take a long time. Oh, I know you're not a marrying man; but still, a hundred a year—"

"I can wait for what I want."

"Well, if you change your mind, let me know."

"You didn't let your father know?"

Grantley laughed.

"Oh, well, a week isn't ten years, nor even five," reminded Jeremy.

"A man can wait for what he wants. Hang it! even a woman can do that! Look at Mummies!"

Grantley asked explanations, and drew out the story which Mrs. Mummies had told earlier in the evening. Grantley's fancy was caught by it, and he pressed Jeremy for a full and accurate rendering, obtaining a clear view of how Mrs. Mummies herself read the case.

"Quite a romantic picture!" The lady and the lover, with the lady outside the castle and the lover inside—just for a change."

Jeremy had been moved by the story, but reluctantly and to his own shame. Now he hesitated whether to laugh

or not, Nature urging one way, his pose (which he dignified with the title of Reason) suggesting another.

"A different view is possible to the worldly mind," Grantley went on in lazy amusement. "Perhaps the visits bored him. Mummies—if I may presume to call her that—probably cried over him, and 'carried on,' as they say. He felt a fool before the warden, depend upon it! And perhaps she didn't look her best in tears—they generally don't. Besides, we see what Mummies looks like now, and even ten years ago— Well, as each three months, or whatever the time may be, rolled round, less of the charm of youth would hang about her. We shouldn't suggest any of this to Mummies, but as philosophers and men of the world were bound to contemplate it ourselves, Jeremy."

He drank some brandy and soda and lit a fresh cigar. Jeremy laughed applause. Here, doubtless, was the man of the world's view, the rational and un sentimental view to which he was vowed and committed. Deep in his heart a small voice whispered that it was a shame to turn the light of this disillusioned levity on poor old Mummies' mighty sorrow and trustful love.

"And when we're in love with them, they can't do anything wrong; and when we've stopped being in love, they can't do anything right," Grantley sighed humorously. "Oh yes, there's another interpretation of Mr Mummies' remarkable conduct! You see, we know he's not by nature a patient man, or he wouldn't have committed the indiscretion that brought him where he is. Don't they have bars, or a grating, or something between them at these painful interviews? Possibly it was just as well for Mummies' sake, now and then!"

Despite the small voice, Jeremy laughed more. He braved its accusation of treachery to Mummies. He tried to feel quite easy in his mirth, to enjoy the droll turning upside down of the pathetic little story as pleasantly and coolly as Grantley there on his couch, with his cigar and his brandy and soda. For Grantley's reflective smile was entirely devoid of any self-questioning or of any sense of treachery to anybody or to anything with claims to reverence or loyalty. It was for Jeremy, however, the first time he had been asked to turn his theories on to one he loved, and to try how his pose worked where a matter came near his heart. His mirth did not achieve spontaneity. But it was Grantley who said at last, with a yawn:

"It's a shame to make fun out of the poor old soul; but the idea was irresistible, wasn't it, Jeremy?"

And Jeremy laughed again.

Jeremy said good-night and went down the hill, leaving Grantley to read the letters which the evening post had brought him. There had been one from Tom Courland. Grantley had opened and glanced at that before his guest went away. There were new troubles, it appeared. Lady Harriet had not given her husband a cordial or even civil welcome; and the letter hinted that Courland had stood as much as he could bear, and that something, even though it were something desperate, must be done. "A man must find

some peace and some pleasure in his life," was the sentence Grantley chose to read out as a sample of the letter; and he had added "Poor old Tom! I'm afraid he's going to make a fool of himself."

Jeremy had asked no questions as to the probable nature of Courland's folly (which was perhaps not hard to guess); but the thought of him mingled with the other recollections of the evening, with Mrs. Mummies' story and the turn they had given to it, with Grantley's anecdote about himself, and with the idea of him which Jeremy's acute, though raw mind, set itself to grope after and to realise. The young man again felt that somehow his theories had begun to be no longer theories in a vacuum of merely speculative thought; they had begun to meet people and to run up against facts. The facts and the people no doubt fitted and justified the theories, but to see how that came about needed some consideration. So far he had got. He had not yet arrived at a modification of the theories, or even at an attitude of readiness to modify them, although that would have been an unimpeachable position from a scientific standpoint.

The sight of Sibylla standing at the gate of their little garden brought his thoughts back to her. He remembered that she had promised to sit up—an irrational proceeding, as her inability to give good ground for it had clearly proved; and it was nearly twelve—a very late hour for Milliean, so well had Grantley's talk beguiled the time. Sibylla herself seemed to feel the need of excuse, for as soon as she caught sight of her brother she cried out to him:

"I simply couldn't go to bed! I've had such a day, Jeremy, and my head's all full of it. And on the top of it came what poor Mummies told us; and—and you can guess how that chimed in with what I must be thinking."

He had come up to her, and she put her hand in his.

"Dear old Jeremy, what friends we've been! We have loved one another, haven't we? Don't stop loving me. You don't say much, and you pretend to be rather scornful—just like a boy; and you try to make out that it's all rather a small and ordinary affair—"

"Isn't it?"

"Oh, I daresay! But to me? Dear, you know what it is to me! I don't want you to say much; I don't mind your pretending. But just now, in the dark, when we're all alone, when nobody can possibly hear—and I swear I won't tell a single soul—kiss me and tell me your heart's with me, because we've been true friends and comrades, haven't we?"

It was dark, and nobody was there. Jeremy kissed her and mumbled some awkward words. They were enough.

"Now I'm quite happy. It was just that I wanted to hear it from you, too."

Jeremy was glad, but he felt himself compromised. When they went in, his first concern was to banish emotion and relieve the tension. Mrs. Mummies' workbook gave a direction to his impulse. If a young man be inclined, as some are, to assume a cynical and worldly attitude, he will do it most before women, and of all women, most before those who know him best and have known him from his tender age, since to them above all it is most important to mark the change

which has occurred. So Jeremy not only allowed himself to forget that small voice, and, turning back to Mrs. Mummies' story, once more to expose it to an interpretation of the worldly and cynical order, but he went even further. The view which Grantley had suggested to him, which had never crossed his mind till it was put before him by another, the disillusioned view, he represented now not as Grantley's, but as his own. He threw it out as an idea which naturally presented itself to a man of the world, giving the impression that it had been in his mind all along, even while Mrs. Mummies was speaking. And now he asked Sibylla, not perhaps altogether to believe in it, but to think it possible, almost probable, and certainly very diverting.

Sibylla heard him through in silence, her eyes fixed on him in a regard, grave at first, becoming, as she went on, almost frightened.

"Do ideas like that come into men's minds?" she asked at the end. She did not suspect that the idea had not been her brother's own in the beginning. "I think it's a horrible idea."

"Oh, you're so high-falutin'!" he laughed, glad, perhaps, to have shocked her a little.

She came up to him and touched his arm imploringly.

"Forget it," she urged. "Never think about it again. Oh, remember how much, how terribly she loves him! Don't have such ideas." She drew back a little. "I think—I think it's almost—devilish; I mean, to imagine that, to suspect that, without any reason. Yes—devilish!"

That hit Jeremy; it was more than he wanted.

"Devilish? You call it devilish? Why it was— He had been about to lay the idea to its true father-mind; but he did not. He looked at his sister again. "Well, I'm sorry," he grumbled. "It only struck me as rather funny."

Sibylla's wrath vanished. "It's just because you know nothing about it that you could think such a thing, poor boy!" said she.

It became clearer still that Grantley must not be brought in, because the only explanation which mitigated Jeremy's offence could not help Grantley. Jeremy was loyal here, whatever he may have been to Mrs. Mummies. He kept Grantley out of it. But—devilish! What vehement language for the girl to use!

(To be continued.)

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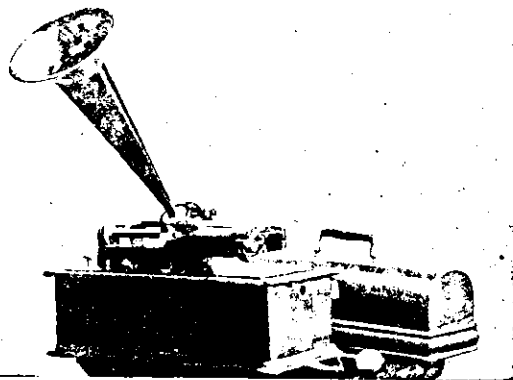
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# THE WOMAN WITHIN.

By ATHOL FORBES.

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

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Immediately his wife was seated, Mr. Langthorne spoke.

"My task would have been easier, Margaret, had I been candid with you when I asked you to be my wife. You may not believe it now, nor for the years to come, but it was always my intention to tell you before our marriage day, what I am about to disclose to you now. Somehow, the opportunity, the right opportunity, never seemed to come. Time slipped away, and there was always the temptation to put off a disagreeable duty. Besides, I thought the chapter in my life was closed for ever. I do not wish to shift the blame or divide the responsibility, but my greatest friend, who knows all, strongly urged me not tell you."

"When I was at college, I married a woman of inferior social position to myself. At the time, I was infatuated with her. Unfortunately her faults were not merely those of inferior status: she drank, and that was not all. In a few weeks we separated, and I learnt some time afterwards that she was dead. Then I met you, and in you I found my ideal mate, and we have been very happy. A week ago, the woman, whom I thought dead, called upon me at the office."

"Oh, John, is she alive?"  
She had resolved to sit quietly to hear the confession, but the horror of another wife living struck her like a whip, for what was she?

"Hear me out," and he laid his hand upon hers, and she suffered it to remain: "This woman became violent. I offered her money to go away, but she was determined to wreck everything, to come to this house to you and Edith, and claim her right as my legal wife. She would not listen to reason. Her object was revenge, and for what? My God!—I treated her well enough so long as she needed help—"

"Go on, go on!" gasped his wife.

"Well, the woman goaded me into madness. My brain seemed to catch fire; her language, her taunts, her threats became more than I could bear. In desperation, I seized her by the throat, my mind fury had complete mastery, and before I could think of anything, she and before I could think of anything, she was the murderer! That is the terrible secret that has made my life a hell for the past week, and that secret is possessed by Barking and explains his hold over me."

"It is all too terrible to realise; but, John, you did not mean to kill the woman?"

"I don't know what I intended, when I had my hands upon her throat."

"Oh, John, how you must have suffered! Why did you not tell me before?"

She put her arms about his neck, and kissed him. His face softened as his eyes looked into hers. "I did not think you would take it like this," he said.

"Ah, John. If I judged you at all, I should judge you gently. I cannot blame you, and I cannot be jealous of your infatuation for a woman who came into your life before I did. That would be unreasonable. I feel it; that is natural; but, John, dear, what are you going to do?"

"Barking must be bribed."

"To keep the secret? I understand" she said, and she drew closer to him: "but you will have me by your side whatever happens."

"Does Edith know anything?"

"No."

Would it not be well to consult your solicitor in regard to Barking? He is not a man to be trusted."

"I am afraid the man is a scoundrel, who will drag out of me the full value of his silence."

"But about his complicity?"

"Complicity? How do you mean, my dear?"

"He knows—of what you have done. He accepts money to keep silence. Is not that being an accessory after the fact? I don't know much about law, but I have read of such things in criminal cases."

"I suppose it is; my own stake in this is greater than his, and he might easily say that I used my position to compel him to keep silence. I do not see what a solicitor could do in the way of helping me."

"He is a man that I instinctively dislike, that is one reason why I refused to comply with your request to send him an invitation, but there are other reasons."

"But you will do as I wish now?"

"Yes; I will do anything. If we have to face disgrace, you will not find me far from your side. I thought it was something else. This is dreadful enough, but it is no sin against me, that is what makes it easier for me in a way, I sup-

pose. We can think now together, cannot we?"

She put her hand to her head. "Of course when this woman was alive I was not really your wife?"

"She could have disputed your right, but had I given it a thought, my course was simple. I had ample evidence for a divorce."

"Did you know much of her first life when you married her?"

"Not much."

"We won't talk about that. It is the future we must look to, and the present. Have you thought of Edith—I mean her position? It will be terrible for her, for Chetwynd ought to be told. We could not allow them to marry with this hanging over our heads. It would be wrong, would it not?"

"Yes, you are quite right, dear. I cannot think; I seem to have lost all power. I sometimes seem to lose the sense of right and wrong. Talk to me: your voice soothes me. Would to God I had confided in you sooner!"

"So many thoughts come into one's head," she went on, "I seem suddenly to be in another world."

"You are very brave over it, dearest, very brave. Heaven bless you for it!"

Her calmness astonished him, as it astonished herself. It seemed to have a steady effect upon her now that she knew all. Before, she had been hysterical; now, there was no sign of weakness. Her husband's danger, her daughter's happiness, their own future, these pressed upon her and compelled her to think, and the effort to do so gave her courage.

"But you must be brave, too, dear heart," she said. "You know, John, I was ever considered a coward. A mouse was always thought sufficient to annihilate my courage."

She smiled through her tears.

"Ah! darling; my courage cannot compare with yours now, for yours is the courage of innocence—mine nothing but the brand of guilt, and it is no use pretending to be brave."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"All events we can be resolute," was his wife's reply, as Mr. Langthorne told her of his terrible dilemma. "I mentioned young Chetwynd just now. What is to be done in regard to him?"

"You think he should be told?"

"He must be told something. The en-

gagement cannot go on at present. To tell him everything would be to put yourself in another man's hands, but he must be given plainly to understand that for the present all thoughts of marriage must be put aside."

"Poor Edith," he murmured.

"Yes, it will be hard for her; hard for both of them, for it is really a love match; but, John, we must be just; our duty is plain."

"It is, and costly. I wish I could pay all that cost myself."

"I know that, John," she said, softly, "but the All-Wise One has ordained that all shall partake of sorrow, not necessarily of their own making. It is an essential part of our education here: now is the time to show what our faith is forth."

"You are a brave woman."

"I shall try to be. Now about Chetwynd? He will be calling sometime to-day. When he comes, you must see him and tell him firmly, that the engagement for the present must be considered as a matter for future consideration. You will put it gently?"

"I shall have every consideration for him."

"Then about this young—black-mailer—" There was a strong tone of bitterness in her voice. "Of course I will do what you wish, but do you not think that an ordinary invitation to dine with the family would serve the purpose?"

"For the present it might, but he will not, I fear, be content with that for long."

"Well, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. At all events we shall gain time; a severe trial awaits us when we have to introduce that man to our friends."

"He is certainly a common youth."

"Worse than that, he is vulgar. Commonness can be overcome; vulgarity never."

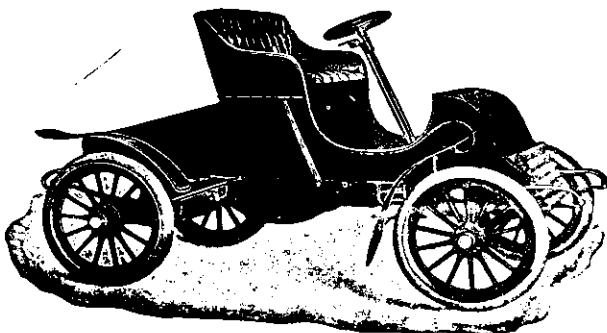
"Yet he risked something—in fact, he risked a great deal in order to save me!"

"That is his story. I wonder how much of it is true? Do you know I cannot understand that man risking anything—Oh, John," she broke off suddenly, "did you really kill this woman? Are you sure she did not merely faint? Surely some stir would have been made before now."

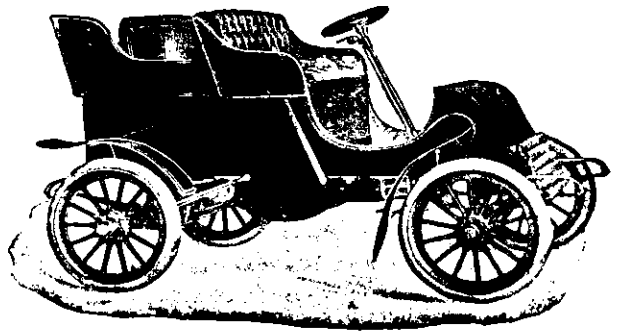
"Barking showed me the paper—the body was found where he placed it."

"How dreadful! But, how do you know it was the same woman? Murders

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are committed, alas, in London daily that might have been a coincidence."

He shook his head sadly: "I wish I could think otherwise. I wish there were the faintest gleam of hope."

"There is one thing. I do not wish to worry you too much, dear, but it is better that I should know all now. You spoke of bribing him—what is his price?"

"He demands a partnership."

She drew in her breath; it was as if hot iron had come into contact with her delicate flesh.

"This is drinking the dregs of bitterness, indeed," she said.

He was afraid to tell her the rest: of the further demand for their daughter's hand.

A servant entered, and presented a card to Mr. Langthorne.

"Ask Mr. Barking to wait in the library," he said.

The footman bowed and withdrew. As a matter of fact Barking had been waiting a considerable time in the hall already until the man in livery had thought fit to take up his card. He descended the stairs very leisurely, stopped in full view of Barking to stare out of the window at nothing in particular, then plucking a speck of dust from his coat, said, "Come this way, young man."

Barking ground his teeth and followed. But the footman was not finished. He was a past master in the art of annoyance, so he stopped to engage a parlour-maid in conversation before he opened the library door. Then in a casual way he said, "Step inside here."

To show his utter indifference he whistled in a low key. Barking understood what it meant only too well. It was to let him see that his presence in that house was regarded by the servants as an intrusion.

For a few seconds after the servant had left the room, husband and wife were silent.

"I suppose I must see him," said Mr. Langthorne, wearily, getting up from his chair by his wife's side.

"No, John; I'll see him."

"You?" he ejaculated in surprise.

"Why not?"

"But why should you? No, dear; there is no need for you to be burdened with my sorrow more than can be avoided. It is hateful enough for me to see him; it would be worse for you."

"I want you to give me my own way for once, just because I want to try to help you. Sometimes our troubles blind our eyes, and somehow I feel that you are not managing this with the grip of things with which you handle business matters. Forgive me, dear; you know what I mean. Sometimes a woman's intuitions enable her to do what a man's cannot. It will surprise her to find that I know all."

"You have some scheme, then?" His eyes brightened as he put the question.

"No," she replied sadly, "I have not, I confess, but I do want to help you, and I want to satisfy myself as to whether Barking is to be trusted, if the worst be true. Sometimes, too, a man betrays himself to a woman. The task is distasteful enough, I admit, but when a woman loves a man as I love you, John, she cannot do too much for him."

"You have lost none of your old sweetness, Margaret."

"And none of my love," she answered simply. "I don't understand why this great sorrow has come upon us, but it will draw us closer together. I feel that already."

His eyes were wet as he kissed her, and he seemed to read hope from her quiet air of resolution.

"If he is rude, dear, you will order him out of the house at once."

"I shall be guided by circumstances. Do not worry about me."

"It seems like cowardice letting you go."

"Do not come, unless I send for you," she said, with her hand on the door.

"You promise that?"

"I promise."

With a nod and a smile she passed out

of the room; "I will send Edith up to you."

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

Her heart rather failed her as she went downstairs. She had answered truly when she said she had no plan. But her husband's danger braced her up to an effort. She realised that he was unnerved, and therefore unfit to face a daring, unscrupulous man as she believed Barking to be. "After all I cannot do much harm," she thought.

Barking was standing on the hearth-rug fuming, determined that someone should pay for his casual reception, and for the indignity to which he was sure he had been subjected in being required to wait so long. He had consoled himself by promising to put the screw, as he termed it, upon his master. He was somewhat surprised when Mrs. Langthorne entered the room. The speech he had prepared was useless. However, he put a bold face on his disappointment, resolving that he would demand to see Mr. Langthorne as soon as Mrs. Langthorne had made the expected apologies for him. "You wished to see my husband," she said coldly, in reply to his elaborate bow.

"Yes, I should like to see Mr. Langthorne."

"He will not be able to see you to-day."

"Not unwell, I hope?" he ventured, wondering what excuses she would make. "Not at all. He is quite well. I can take any message you wish to be conveyed to him."

Barking began to show signs of discomposure at her manner, and he took refuge in bluff.

"Excuse me," with another elaborate bow, "but the matter is confidential."

"I am quite sure Mr. Langthorne would not confide anything to you, Mr.

Barking, which might not be told to me."

"Well, it would be better that you did not know this business. You would be very sorry if you did. If you will pardon me saying so."

"Indeed! Perhaps I know the nature of your business as you call it."

"I don't think so. I wish to see Mr. Langthorne, and it will be better for all parties concerned if you let him know that I am here without delay."

He sat down with a decisive jerk of the head, just to show that he would stand no nonsense.

"Mr. Langthorne knows you are here. He will not see you. Unless you can give your message to me, you had better go back to the office, until he cares to make an appointment."

"Well, over this matter, madame, it is for me to say when I can see him. An angry light shot into his eyes. "Perhaps you do not know that your husband is in my power. Perhaps you don't know—"

"Pardon me, sir. I know everything, and until my husband has seen his solicitors, I do not think he will see you again."

Barking started. The manner suggestive of the house belonging to him, disappeared; he was alarmed, and Mrs. Langthorne saw it. Drawing her own conclusions she continued:

"You are playing a very dangerous game."

"I have played it to save Mr. Langthorne."

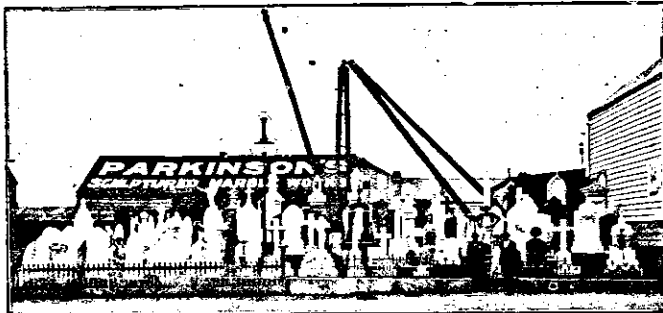
"To save yourself, too."

"I did not commit the murder," he blurted out.

"Was there a murder?"

What prompted her to ask the question she knew not, but from a certain look of guilt on his part, she saw there was something hanging to this query.

"Of course there was a murder—a



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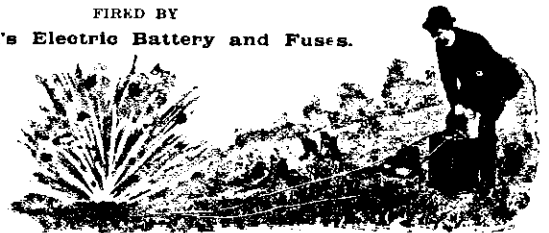
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# The Secret of St. James' Palace.

## AN HISTORICAL MYSTERY.

By ALLEN UPWARD.

(Author of "Secrets of the Courts of Europe, etc.")

shocking murder. It was all in the papers. Mr. Langthorne has a copy. If I told what I know to the police, well, there would be a hanging business."

"Where are you living now, Mr. Barking?"

Again he reddened. This woman was too cool for him. A guilty conscience is always the victim of fancied fears, and it struck him that his questioner knew something.

"I don't see what that has to do with the matter. Of course, if Mr. Langthorne cannot see me to-day, I suppose I must wait until he can; but I am very disappointed. I hope you will tell him so."

He waited, but no answer came from her. She looked him steadily in the face, and she knew he finched. Something told her that with a secret like this in his possession he could have been more resolute in his determination to see her husband. Her silence made him very uncomfortable. To him there was the uncertainty of the position. How much did she know? Had anything been found out? He fumbled with his hat:

"You know Mr. Langthorne promised me a sum of money?"

"What, to-day?" she asked, sharply.

"There was no time mentioned, but there was a promise."

"Had you not better write and ask him for the money?"

Again he eyed her narrowly. Is this a plant?" he asked himself. "Why does she want me to write it?"

He moved towards the door. Each time he faced the calm, grey eyes he finched. There was a lurking suspicion that she was playing with him, and that she knew more than she cared to let him see.

"You do not think it would be possible for Mr. Langthorne to see me?"

"No, and you may go and inform the police of that fact, and anything else you may care to add."

She trembled at her own audacity. Had he assented to her daring proposition; had he attempted to take her at her word, she would have been a supplicant at his feet. How her heart beat at the moment as she waited for the effect upon him of her words. She put her hand on the table to steady herself, "would he never speak?" It seemed an eternity, and so much was hanging in the balance as it were.

"I do not wish to do Mr. Langthorne any harm."

"I should hope not. My husband has been a good friend to you."

Barking was anxious to leave the house, but he lingered in the hope of learning something. If the game were up, it was time for him to bolt. The front of the woman made him more and more suspicious. It might come to an appeal to his master's mercy, if so it would be as well to have a few enemies as possible.

"Thank you for seeing me, Mrs. Langthorne."

Without replying, she rang the bell, and Barking, with mixed feelings raging in his heart, passed out, conscious that he had got the worst of the interview.

His enemy the footman waited for him in the hall with a supercilious, but malicious smile on his face. Barking slipped on the newly waxed floor, and the footman made no attempt to conceal his amusement. He took care that the door was not jumbled upon him this time by a sharp exit. He walked down the garden path. There was a whistle. He turned back in obedience to a wave of the hand from the powdered flunkey.

"Ah! She has thought better of it," and he smiled. "This game is not finished yet."

"Young man, be good enough, shem! to close the gate after you," was the salutation from his tormentor.

With a half suppressed oath, he strode out of the grounds, slamming the gate after him.

"My God! I ought to have taken the money down when he offered it. That woman is a fiend. She either knows something, or she doesn't care a ham sandwich what becomes of her husband. Meditating upon her unwise conduct, he hailed a bus going in the direction of the Strand. His castles in Spain were giving way at their foundations.

(To be Continued.)

Bob (who has offended her): Won't you forgive me?  
 Sue: If I did you'd kiss me again.  
 Bob: No: on my honour. I won't!  
 Sue: Then what's the use!

There is a dark tradition which clings to the sullen walls of a certain quarter of the old Palace of St. James's.

The date of the tragedy which it concerns was the night following on the 30th of May, in the year 1819. The scene was in the apartments of Erass, Duke of Cumberland, one of the younger sons of George III.

In order to reach his bedroom the Duke had first to pass through a small ante-room, the door of which faced the head of the staircase; while another door towards the right gave admission to one of a suite of rooms known as the State apartments. The little ante-room which formed the approach to the Duke's bedroom had also a small door to the left. This was the door of a lesser bedroom for the use of the valet in immediate attendance on the Duke. At this time it was occupied by a man named Neale.

But there was yet another room on this floor, a room round which a dreadful interest was presently to centre. This was also a bedroom, assigned to the use of a valet in attendance on the Duke from time to time, whose name was Sellis.

It will be seen that this floor formed a sort of square, having the well of the staircase in the centre. At one corner of the square was situated the Duke's bedroom, at the other, Sellis's, the two being connected round one side of the square by an ante-room and corridor, and round the other by the State apartments and the passage.

No other persons slept on that floor on that night except the three that have now been named, the Duke of Cumberland, Neale and Sellis.

The Duke of Cumberland at this period was forty years of age. His name was deeply tarnished by more than one sinister report. His chief personal peculiarity was the extraordinary depth to which his eyes were set back in his head, under thick overhanging eyebrows, giving the appearance of a perpetual scowl. His sight showed a tendency towards blindness.

It may be added that the Duke's household at this period comprised several other servants, among whom the wife of the valet Neale acted as house-keeper.

Sellis, the occupant of the solitary room at the end of the corridor, had been in the Duke of Cumberland's service for many years. He was a native of Piedmont. At a former period he had been to America in the service of a Mr. Chant. This gentleman had discharged Sellis without any complaint at the time, but long afterwards he made a remarkable statement to this effect, that he had suspected the man of theft, and that on one occasion opening his eyes suddenly after a nap, as he sat alone, he perceived Sellis retiring from his room in a mysterious manner, whereupon his secret fears were so aroused that he made the man a liberal present to go back to his own country. Sellis had been slightly indisposed two days before, and had been attended by an apothecary who subsequently testified that he had never noticed in him the least sign of mental derangement.

Sellis was married, and the father of several children. His family lived in an adjoining building, in apartments granted to them by the Duke of Cumberland. This was not the only indulgence shown him by the Duke. On the occasion of a recent journey to Windsor, the Duke had taken Sellis inside the carriage with him, on account of his weak health. In short, by the other servants he was regarded as the favourite.

Yet on one or two occasions he had shown an ungrateful spirit towards the Duke. It was stated that Sellis had sometimes used insolent language to his

master, who had forbore any reply. He had sometimes talked with his wife and other persons of leaving the Duke's service.

Sellis's relations with the rest of the household were unsatisfactory. It was said that he had once fought with the steward at Kew. But the person with whom his relations were admittedly the worst was the other valet Neale.

Neale was a more recent addition to the Duke's household, and had to some extent taken Sellis's place as the closest attendant on the Duke's person. There were various accounts of the origin of the bad blood between the two men; but a year before things had come to such a pitch that Sellis had made a determined effort to drive Neale out of the Duke's service. He had accused him of acts of petty dishonesty, and of disrespect towards his master. An intemperate letter from Sellis, demanding Neale's dismissal, or his own, had been preserved.

Neale, there is no doubt, fully returned the dislike of Sellis. The two men met nearly every day in the Duke's rooms, but never spoke to each other except when compelled. Their mutual dislike was well-known to the other servants, some of whom had been warned by Sellis against associating with Neale.

On this night Sellis had had supper with his family. He seemed to be in good spirits. He informed his wife that he was under orders to pack some of his master's clothes, and to accompany him to Windsor early the next morning, for which reason he left as soon as supper was over to go and sleep at the Duke's. As a matter of fact the Duke had no intention of making any such journey the next day.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the Duke's under-butler, coming into his master's bedroom with a drink for the Duke to take in the night, was surprised to find Sellis there, standing with a shirt in his hands. Now this was not Sellis's night to be on duty, the valets taking duty by turns, in the absence of special instructions. Sellis looked at the butler, but said nothing, and the latter retired, leaving Sellis in the bedroom, apparently engaged in packing the Duke's clothes. When the Duke retired to bed an hour later, Sellis had disappeared.

The Duke of Cumberland retired between the hours of twelve and one. The bedroom next to the Duke's was occupied as usual by Neale. The other servants were in their quarters on other floors of the building.

One other fact remains to be noted. A few days before, the Duke of Cumberland's regimental sword had been sent to be sharpened. It had now come back and had been lying for the last two days on a couch in the Duke's bedroom.

Such was the state of affairs when silence closed down upon the sleeping Palace.

The light remains shed full upon the stage till midnight; then it is turned off for three hours. After that it is turned on again, and it reveals a shambles. The Duke of Cumberland is bleeding in the arms of Neale, the sword is blunted and wet with blood upon the floor, blood is on the walls, the panels, and the paintings and smears of blood lead from door to door through the vast, enormous rooms of State to the bedroom where Sellis is stretched out dead, with his neck cut almost through, and a blood-stained razor fallen two yards away.

It is from the depositions of the survivors, that we have first to reconstruct the drama, as it was afterwards unfolded before the tribunal which publicly pronounced upon the transaction.

The hour of half-past two has struck. The dim light of a lamp standing behind a screen in the fireplace falls upon the Duke of Cumberland lying in his bed asleep, with the curtains drawn around him, and his head protected by a quilted nightcap. Presently there is a faint stir. The door of the closet in the inner room opens, and a figure emerges carrying a naked sword, and leaving behind in the closet a dark lantern, a pair of slippers, and a scabbard of a sword. He advances softly into the Duke's bedroom and towards the head of the bed. Then with his left hand he draws back the curtain, and leaning over the bed, brings down the sword upon the head of the sleeping man.

The Duke, roused out of his sleep, felt a second blow descending like the first just where his forehead happens to be protected by the padding of the nightcap. The first impression in his half-awake mind is that some foul night thing has found its way into the room and is beating with its sharp-pointed wings about his head. A third blow quickly undeceives him; he realises that an assassin is there, aiming at his life, and he leaps frantically from the bed under a rain of blows. To his eyes, blinking in the feeble light, the swift movements of the blade seem like flashes of lightning. Like a man in a nightmare, unable yet to think coherently, and moved only by a blind instinct to escape from the unseen murderer, who is striking at him out of the dark, he rushes towards the nearest door, that leading into the little ante-room. The man behind him follows his victim, still keeping up his blows, one of which inflicts a flesh wound on the fugitive, while another severs a great splinter from the door-post. Then as he gains the ante-room the Duke hears the sound of the weapon thrown clattering after him on the floor, and at last his senses come back to him, and he calls, calls loudly several times: "Neale! Neale! Neale!"

Neale has been sleeping too, sleeping in the next room, with only a thin partition between him and the room where this deadly struggle is going on. He is roused suddenly by hearing his name shouted in those accents of dreadful fear. He recognises his master's voice, and there comes immediately the appalling cry: "I am murdered, and the murderer is in my bedroom!"

Neale springs out of bed, bursts

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through the door, and rushes into the ante-room, to find his master dripping with blood from many wounds. The Duke is just able to indicate the direction in which he believes the assassin has gone. Snatching up a poker as the first weapon that comes to his hand, Neale is manfully preparing to go in pursuit when the Duke, overcome by the shock of his experience, bids the valet remain with him.

And there in the dusk of the ante-room the two men are left standing, while the deep tick of the clock ascends from the hall, and drops of blood fall from the Duke's forehead upon the carpet. Presently, making some movement in the dark, Neale's bare feet tread upon something upon the floor, something hard, whose surface is wet to the touch. He stoops down and picks up his master's sword.

Where is the assassin all this time? He is stealing off, silently groping his way through the long empty suite of rooms, but leaving a tell-tale mark on every door as he goes past.

In a minute or two, nothing all so still and silent, the Duke comes out of his daze of terror, and the two men begin to think of giving the alarm. The Duke refuses to be left alone—the assassin may be still lurking within reach. He leans upon the servant's arm, and they grope their way down to the porter's room, where they procure a light. It is from Neale's lips that the astonished porter learns that his royal highness has been attacked. The porter, rising in his turn, arms himself with a sword, and then for the first time steps are taken to prevent the murderer's escape.

It is at this point that the obscurity which hangs over the transaction begins to lift. The footlights are turned up, and the conclusion of the tragedy is played in the presence of spectators.

Outside in the courtyard two soldiers are keeping guard. In the dead hour before the dawn, they are suddenly startled by a cry and a commotion in the sleeping-house. The door is unfastened, and a man standing in the doorway shouts out to them that the Duke of Cumberland has been murdered, and that no one is to be permitted to escape.

But the soldiers do more than watch against the murderer's escape. Since he has not left, he must be still inside that fast awakening house. Somewhere behind those sombre walls, on which the first grey light of dawn is just glimmering, he lurks. Some one must go in, and take him upon the scene of his crime.

The sergeant is called up. He comes quickly to the spot, with two other soldiers, and together they enter the house. Although it is beginning to be daylight outside, within the house, with its closed and shuttered windows, the atmosphere of night still hangs. The soldiers make their way upstairs, and presently they come upon a group of servants huddled together in fright before a door that has not yet been opened. It is the door of Sellis's room. Sellis sleeps soundly; he is not to be aroused by the clamour around that locked door at the end of the corridor.

But that is not the only entrance to the room which has all at once assumed such dark importance. The mention of the second door comes first from Ann Neale, the housekeeper. At her suggestion the excited throng, which has now been joined by the sergeant and his men, make their way into the dark, shuttered State apartments, and pass through them, guided by the light of a candle, which one of the servants carries in his hand; and as they go they notice ominous stains upon the doors which tell them that that way has been already traversed by some one who had no desire for light or companionship upon his stealthy course. At last they come to the remote door, the door that is not locked on the inside. And having reached it they pause terrified, hearing a certain sound, a most peculiar bubbling sound, like the noise of someone gargling water in his throat.

At what time did the first suspicion as to Sellis's fate arise? The porter afterwards stated that the hearing of that sound within the bedroom convinced him that Sellis had been murdered as well as the Duke. The sergeant affirmed that on first entering the house he was met by two servants who cried out to him that the Duke of Cumberland had been wounded and Sellis murdered. When the fatal door was opened at last the porter took one glance inside, saw the ghastly figure on

the bed, and uttered the decisive exclamation—"Good God! Mr. Sellis has cut his throat!"

The servant who was holding the candle, hearing these words, let it drop from his shaking hand. One of the soldiers snatched it in time, and stepped across the threshold. The sergeant, Creighton, took the candle from him and walked into the room.

The spectacle that met his eyes and the eyes of the affrighted servants who crept in after him, was one almost too shocking to be described. The inmate of the room was lying partly dressed upon the bed, his arms composed quietly by his side, his head and shoulders supported on the pillow. Such support was indeed necessary to keep the head in place, for the throat had been divided by a stroke so deep that the head seemed to be almost sliced from the trunk. And at this moment, when that throng of horror-stricken witnesses burst into the room, the body of the dead man was still warm, and the blood was still frothing out of that horrid chasm in his neck.

Some other gruesome details which the chamber of death presented have to be remarked. A razor, apparently that which inflicted the death stroke, was picked up off the floor, two paces from the bed. A white handkerchief, cut in several places, also lay on the floor. A blue coat, belonging to the dead man, was hanging near the bed, splashed with blood on the left sleeve. His neckcloth was found also cut, as though the first attempt to cut his throat had been made before it was removed. And on the washstand was a basin filled with water, tinged with blood, as though some one had attempted to cleanse his hands from incriminating stains.

By this time a surgeon, Mr. Howe, had been brought to the house. He found the Duke of Cumberland lying on his own bed, and was in the act of bandaging his wounds when a servant came to the door of the room and said these words—"Sellis is murdered."

At this the duke manifested great anxiety, and ordered Mr. Howe to go and attend Sellis. The surgeon went, but after a glance at his body, returned, saying there was no doubt that Sellis had killed himself.

Up to this point there had been no suggestion that Sellis was the author of the attack on the Duke of Cumberland. But presently a search was made through the apartments, and in the closet already referred to, were found the scabbard of the Duke's sword, the dark lantern, and the pair of slippers, the latter being marked with Sellis's name. On these discoveries was based the theory that Sellis had concealed himself in the closet before his master's return home, in order to perpetrate the crime.

At this point the public evidence terminates, leaving two facts, clearly ascertained, the injuries received by the Duke of Cumberland and the death of his valet.

Such an event taking place in a royal palace demanded and received investigation. And it is at this stage that the mystery already surrounding the case was made deeper by the course pursued by the authorities.

The royal palaces, it must be explained, are not within the jurisdiction of the ordinary coroners, but of an officer who is styled the Coroner of the Verge, at this time a person named Adams. He was informed of the affair, and at once took steps to summon a jury.

But the matter was deemed grave enough to demand the attention of the Privy Council. Accordingly some of the Privy Councillors assembled at the Palace, and examined the whole of the persons in a position to throw any light on the transaction. These examinations took place "in camera," and at their close the evidence of each witness was reduced into the form of a deposition by the chief police magistrate.

On the next day the public inquest was held. What followed was practically an undefended prosecution of the deceased man, Sellis.

Mr. Adams, the coroner, opened the case as counsel for the prosecution by informing the jury that there was very little doubt that the attack on the Duke of Cumberland was the work of the deceased. Each of the witnesses then had his deposition read over to him, and the jury were invited to put any questions they thought proper.

The only person who availed himself of the permission was one named Place. He was probably anxious to see justice done, but not being a trained advocate, was, of course, quite incapable of affording testimony. The witness Neale, after pretending reluctance to speak, made the extraordinary statement that he believed Sellis had intended that he, Neale, should be charged with the murder in order to ruin him.

One medical man was brought forward to say that the wound in Sellis's neck was one that might have been inflicted by his own hand. The body, when viewed by the jury, was still dressed, and in the same position on the bed, and no attempt was made to ascertain whether it bore the marks of any other wounds, or whether that in the neck was in truth the cause of death.

On this evidence the jury brought in their verdict after an hour's consideration. They found Sellis guilty of "Felo de se."

The wife and mother of the unfortunate man were subsequently pensioned, and went abroad.

But the public were not so easily satisfied as the jury. To many minds there appeared to be very grave doubts left undisposed of by the verdict at the inquest.

The first which must strike every one is the total absence of motive for the murderous attack supposed to have been made by Sellis on the Duke of Cumberland. The existence of ill-feeling between the Duke and Sellis was strenuously denied at the inquest. The hatred between Sellis and Neale, which was so strenuously insisted upon, could furnish no possible motive for an attack by Sellis on the Duke, though it might have furnished a very strong one for an attack on Neale—or for an attack by Neale on Sellis.

Much stress was laid at the inquest upon the door of Sellis's room, being locked. But it was only the door opening upon the corridor which was locked. If both doors had been found locked the case against Sellis would have been nearly decisive.

Another difficulty arises out of the attitude in which the body was found. Assuming that the wound in the throat was the cause of death, it might have been expected that death would have been instantaneous, that the razor with which the deed was done would have been found clutched in the right hand, and the arms fallen in some less composed position upon the bed. The description of the witnesses reads like that of a body laid out after death, rather than that of a man who had just violently killed himself. Nor is the incident of the neckcloth quite easy to understand. That a man should attempt to cut his throat through his neckcloth certainly appears improbable. It would be easy to understand that a murderer, seeking to create the appearance of suicide in his victim, might try to inflict such a wound with-

out staying to remove the neckcloth, till he found it necessary to do so.

One of the principal points brought forward against Sellis was the circumstance of his slippers being found in the closet adjoining the Duke's bedroom. But the present writer has it on the authority of an old man who was connected with the Palace of St. James' at the time, that these slippers were found with the toes pointing inwards, that is to say, not in the position in which they would have been left by a man standing ready to issue from the closet, and taking his feet out of the mat the last moment, but in the position they would naturally be placed in by a person carrying them into the closet and depositing them inside. There was another peculiarity in the manner in which this closet was locked, which was considered to tell powerfully against the theory of Sellis's guilt, but this circumstance had slipped from my informant's mind.

Another circumstance which was left insufficiently accounted for was the blood on the left sleeve on Sellis's coat. Men do not usually use the left hand for holding a sword, but the left arm is the one which they naturally raise to ward off attack.

Public opinion from the first fastened the crime upon the Duke of Cumberland. The explanation of his wounds, such as they were, was that they had been either received in a mortal struggle with his unfortunate valet, or self-inflicted to account for the blood-stains left by his crime.

That he had behaved brutally to Sellis in the past had been shown. And the favours heaped upon Sellis more recently are in themselves the strongest confirmation of the inner version of the whole transaction, that version which those best acquainted with the Duke believed to their dying day.

The secret of the whole affair, then, is that Sellis was a blackmailer. He had in his possession an ugly secret relating to the Duke's past life. It was this power that had enabled him to extort concessions from his master, and had tempted him to become insolent, quarrelsome and ungovernable, till the Duke was driven to the desperate resolution of getting rid of him on this fatal night.

About ten years since a certain Department of State drew up a scheme of retrenchment on the expenditure upon the royal palaces. Among the other proposals was one to abolish the office of Coroner of the Verge. The scheme was submitted for the approval of the late Queen Victoria, whose observations on the various proposals are still to be seen on the document in a confidential drawer of the Department. Against the recommendation to abolish the coroner's office stands the following significant comment: "Disapproved; there have been occasions in the past when it would have been highly inconvenient to have had the palaces included in the jurisdiction of the ordinary coroners."

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Complete Story.

# A LOYAL LOVER.

A Complete Romance by Athol Forbes.

Many and varied were the ways in which my old chief was called upon to interfere and take a prominent part in the affairs of his fellowmen. Apart from his diocesan duties, the number of people who came to him for advice in matters pertaining to law, love, family disputes, and such-like were quite sufficient to have kept an ordinary man fully occupied. He could never understand why he was sought out and appealed to, for he was by nature a recluse and a student. When the case was from within the boundaries of his own diocese he was patient and painstaking, and accepted the responsibility, perhaps with a sigh of reluctance, still he accepted it as a duty and did his best. But he did at times lose patience with outsiders. This occasion was one of them, only circumstances proved too strong for him. We had been spending some little time in Florence, and were returning, via Turin and Modana, by the night express. We had just seated ourselves in a first-class carriage, after having our luggage examined, and were preparing to make ourselves comfortable with our rugs and pillows, when my attention was drawn to a man who was peering in through the window. I looked at him for a moment, and then the face vanished.

"I should draw the curtain across," said the bishop, "these people will then understand that we don't want them in."

I smiled at this innocent device, and said as I was told; at the same time I pulled the hood over the sole means of illumination the compartment boasted as another sign that we intended, if possible, to sleep. The train was not crowded, and I looked forward with confidence to at least a few hours' rest. Just as we were due to start the door opened, and I saw the man who had been staring at us through the window a minute or two previously.

"May I come in, gentlemen?" he asked in excellent English, as he raised his hat.

"The next compartment is quite empty, sir," I responded. I must say I did resent this intrusion, for it heavily discounted my chances of sleep, and what made me feel angry was the fact of there being a carriage which he could have had to himself in the same train. To me his action in thrusting himself in upon us was unwarrantable.

"Pardon me, sir"—as he raised his hat again—"but you are an English clergyman?"

"I am, but I do not see what that has to do with the question." And I sat up and looked at the man in no amiable mood.

"Pardon again, but it has everything to do with the matter. And this is an English bishop, if I am not mistaken?" And he turned his attention to him with provoking coolness. All this time he was standing on the step, with the door open, and a cold, damp wind blew in upon us, which certainly did not improve one's temper.

"Well, as you are determined to come in, perhaps you will be good enough to close the door," I said, and made room for him beside me by removing part of my luggage and drawing my rug across my knees with a jerk.

"Do not, I beg of you, disturb yourselves or your belongings, gentlemen. Believe me when I say it is a matter of necessity which compels me—a providence, if I may use the term, gives me the chance to be your fellow-traveller, and I cannot resist it."

The train was now on the move. Instead of putting his bag on the seat or on the rack overhead, he opened the other door and placed it in the corridor. It was a large portmanteau, and I noticed the metal work outside was silver. While out in the corridor he held some conversation with the guard in charge of the train, who or his entering locked the door, evidently at the direction of our fellow-passenger, who had, I saw,

typed him handsomely, if the official face were any guide.

"It is a special inspiration which caused me to travel by this train," he commenced on entering again. "I am sure now of help and guidance and success." And his eyes lighted up as if such confidence had taken a great weight off his mind.

"Well, sir," said my bishop, "I sincerely hope that the same special inspiration will suggest to you the propriety of not disturbing your fellow-travellers. I am an old man, as you see, and a few hours' rest means a great deal to me. I should not be travelling by night only the business of my diocese—an unpleasant business—makes my speedy return a matter of the greatest importance."

"Your Eminence, you have my most humble apologies," and he bowed. "My business with you is also of vast degree important; but I will not trespass upon your kindness until you have rested, then I will ask you to hear more."

At this moment the guard came along the corridor, and, lowering the window, passed in two rugs and a pillow.

Although I could not help smiling at his addressing my dear old chief as "Your Eminence"—for my thoughts immediately flew to certain of the clergy and laity in the diocese who would have been horrified could they have heard—yet in my own mind there was a suspicion of mystery about the man and his utterance which exercised my ingenuity to its utmost.

The man was below the average height, but for all that he had a remarkable presence. His beard was neatly trimmed in Vandike fashion, or rather more beard and less moustache. He had a fine forehead, and the complexion of his oval face was clear and refined. His appearance reassured me somewhat, and I could perceive that he was a gentleman, or, at least, one well acquainted with the manners and customs of cultured people.

I invited him to part of the seat on which I sat, as he was still standing in the middle of the space between the bishop and myself.

"No, no; certainly not!" and he held up his hands. "It is not my intention to disturb you. Sit out, sir, full length; I do not require a place on your seat. I have intruded—that I know. At least I can lessen the discomfort of such intrusion. I must travel with you, but my business shall wait until his eminence has rested. Meanwhile, believe me your humble servant." Another bow.

"But the next carriage is vacant," I repeated.

"Yes, but I cannot change now. The door into the corridor is locked. Nor do I wish to leave this carriage. At Dijon this train will be crowded, but I have arranged that we three shall not be disturbed. So, my dear, sir, dormi bene."

I resented his cool interference and his identifying himself with us, but he was so gentlemanly over it all that for the life of me I could not get vexed; but what this stranger, whom we had never seen before, could want with the Bishop of Nunechester was a puzzle. I began to suspect that he was some prisoner making his escape, but his frank, open face and ease of manner did not bear out such a theory. Then robbery suggested itself. With the exception of my watch and a few francs I had nothing, and the bishop was not in the possession even of the former, and this robbery idea did not coincide with the man's remark that our meeting was due to an inspiration.

While these thoughts were occupying my mind the stranger was busy making his preparations for the night. He took off his collar and tie, and wrapped a silk pocket-handkerchief round his neck. Then he placed one of the rugs on the floor, with the pillow at the end, so as to form a kind of couch; then he stretched himself full length, puffed the other rug over him, and prepared to go to sleep. I was determined not to

sleep, for I was far from satisfied with the state of affairs. The place was in semi-darkness, as before lying down he had put the hood over the light again, which he had uncovered on entrance, so I was unable to read. I repeated to myself his remarks and scrutinised his actions from the time he entered, but without any solution to the situation dawning upon me. Then I thought of the guard, and came to the conclusion that he was in league with him. At one time I had wrought myself up to such a pitch of excitement that I seriously thought of turning on the alarm and stopping the train. It was while this was in my mind that I was conscious of a movement on the part of the man who was lying on the floor. In the dim light I could detect his hands moving under the rug. I felt certain now that mischief was ahead, and I was prepared for a spring.

I am a fairly powerful man, and at the "Varsity I was generally regarded as a tough customer in a football scrum-mage. By what I could make out, he was getting something out of his jacket pocket. Presently the bishop turned over on his other side. The movement beneath the rug stopped instantly. I was keenly on the alert now, as my suspicions of murderous design on the part of our traveller seemed to be justified. Yet all the time I wondered what his object could be. Was he some religious fanatic? I must make up my mind quickly.

At this moment the shape of a revolver appeared above the rug. I waited for no more. In a flash I was upon him, and had his wrist in a grip which I knew well the strength of. He cried out something, but my other hand was on his throat, and I bade him unloose and throw away what he held. This he immediately did.

The bishop started up at the noise, and was gazing at us in a kind of stupor. I asked him to pick up the revolver, while I still pinned my opponent to the floor. His lordship turned up the light, and I nodded in the direction of where the thing was lying. Meanwhile the man under me was endeavouring to speak, but he had some difficulty, and he could only jerk out a word here and there as he caught his breath. The bishop looked about the compartment, but failed to find the object for which he searched.

"Let the man get up, and we will hear his explanation," said my chief.

I was sure that the little man had no chance with me as regards physical strength, so I got up, and he at once struggled to his feet, but I watched him narrowly.

"Sir! sir!" he began, as soon as he had sufficient breath to get his voice. "What, may I ask, is the meaning of this? Why do you assault me in this

brutal way, when I do you no harm?" "No, I will take care that you do not harm me," I replied, warmly. I was astonished and angry at his calm impudence and self-possession. But he continued to stare at me, and I thought what a clever actor he must be.

"Perhaps your eminence will explain?" and he addressed himself to the bishop. "for I deny that I have in any way disturbed your rest. Your attack is unprovoked."

"Perhaps you will deny that you have been manipulating a revolver quietly beneath your rug the last minute?" I darted out.

"I do, most emphatically. Look for yourself." And he made a gesture inviting search.

But I was not to be done this way, and was determined not to be taken at a disadvantage while hunting the carriage for the weapon which he knew he had been compelled to drop, and which I felt sure was under the seat.

"There must be some mistake," said the bishop.

"Are you referring to this?" And the stranger picked up a black leather pipe-case from the floor. This was a knock-down blow for me, I admit.

The bishop looked at me reproachfully.

"While trying to sleep I happened to turn on this side," and he put his hand to his pocket. "I was immediately made uncomfortable by this case which I had on me, and quietly I removed it from my jacket, and was waiting my opportunity to place it upon the rack without disturbing you when you pounced upon me." Then he laughed. "But I see it all now. Gentlemen, it is my fault, after all. My manner has caused your suspicions. Yes, yes, I see—I see it is I who have caused the misunderstanding. My apologies to you, gentlemen."

At once I hastened to tender my regret, but he adhered to the fact that he was more to blame, and that I only took a wise precaution. I never felt more uncomfortable, but his gentlemanly manner soon put me at my ease. In the scurrying his clothes had suffered somewhat, and I took out my brush and cleaned off the dust, while we both continued to apologise and explain together in a kind of duet.

The Bishop sat with an amused smile upon his face until this was over. "Well, you have managed between you to give me a nice fright, and my chance of sleep is gone now. You mentioned, sir, when you first entered this carriage that you had some business with me. Perhaps you will be good enough to state in what way I can be of service to you?" he said severely.

"Well, your eminence, to be quite frank, I want you to help me to find

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the lady whom I intend to marry, I was on my way to England to see one of your lordships, when I saw you and this gentleman enter this carriage at Modena. I take it as a sign that my quest will be successful. It is at least a good omen."

"But, my dear sir, I am not a detective, nor are my brother bishops. If the lady whom you seek has been lost in my country you must apply at Scotland Yard for help; they are much more likely to be of use to you than myself."

"Oh, she is not exactly lost. I have rather lost sight of her, but I thought an English bishop would be able to give me her name."

"Do you mean to say that you are in search of someone whose name you are ignorant of?" asked my chief in a tone of astonishment.

I began to think that the man was some escaped lunatic.

"In a way that is so," he replied, "but I can explain. Now, how shall I begin? It is a long story. It is practically the story of my life, but I am sure—I have a feeling here—and he laid his hand upon his heart—that you are the one who will help me to realise what I have lived for—the lady whom I love, and whom I have, for the time, lost."

It would be difficult to describe the look of amazement on the bishop's countenance. I, who knew his repugnance to any matters in which the other sex was brought in, could understand his feelings in a way our companion could not. It was with the greatest diffidence we could get his lordship to preside at the ordinary annual meetings of various sisterhoods, and such like, which owned him as president. To think that he was invited to aid a man—a complete stranger—in a wild-goose chase after a lady whose name was even unknown to him—the thing was ridiculous!

"I am afraid you have come to the wrong person," I laughingly rejoined. "The Bishop has not time and no taste for such adventures."

"Do not laugh, sir, or raise more obstacles. It is a serious matter to me." And the look he gave me was sufficient to check my feeling of humour from manifesting itself again. At all events, there could be no harm in listening to his narrative, since sleep was out of the question; and I suppose the bishop took the same view in the case, for he set himself in a listening attitude, and nodded to him to go on with the story. "It is thirteen years ago since I saw her. She was at Nice with her father, who was the English clergyman for some period to a congregation there, and was what you call—" And he hesitated.

"A Continental chaplain?" I put in. "That is it. Yes. He did the duty for a certain time, and then went away. Not the permanent priest. I was a youth of seventeen at the time, spending a short holiday there, and out of curiosity I went into the little church of your people. The only part I remember in seeing an angel. She was dressed in white, and it was her voice that led the singing. A glorious, rich voice it was. Then afterwards I used to see her at times with the elderly gentleman, her father. I haunted all the places where I thought I might meet her, and longed for the Sundays to come round when I should see her again. I was in love, hopelessly, madly. No," and he checked himself, "not madly, for I am just as much in love now, and my mind, I know, must be well balanced, as I shall presently prove to you. But I went on Sunday as usual, and the place was closed. I could get no information save that the English clergyman was gone. For the time I was stunned. It was a great blow."

"But had she gone without letting you know?" asked the bishop.

"Ah! do you not see I had not spoken to her? Oh, no. She was far above me. I was simply a poor student. I could not walk in the society of the rich English. I could but worship afar off—a long way off."

"I suppose you have spoken to her some time?"

"Never," he replied. "No. We never had opportunity. It was one month of bliss to me, just to know that I could see her. There was never a word spoken between us."

A hopeless kind of expression came over the face of the Bishop, and he glanced at me, wondering, I suppose, what I thought of the matter. I could see he was anxious to drop the subject.

"I am afraid if you do succeed in finding her you have very little to go upon," I remarked.

"Wait, sir. There was one look she gave me. It was all I have to go by. Once, as she passed me in the aisle of the church. It was something, for that look has been my guiding-star ever since. I was poor—as I say, wretchedly poor—and I was not particularly clever at my books; but from the day I stood and gazed at the deserted chapel a change came over me. I resolved to be clever. I vowed to work hard and earn fame and money, and in the end the angel of my destiny. Ah, you cannot know how great is my love for her. It is the same now as then, not more only, because it could not be more."

I saw the Bishop's eye glisten, but it was some years before I discovered the green spot the man's story had touched in my old chief's life.

"Perhaps she may be married now," said the Bishop softly.

"No, I do not think so—cannot think so," he answered. "If so, then, indeed, my future would be dark; but I feel she is waiting for me, can I but find her, and that she will be mine."

"Your story is a remarkable one, and I am so far interested in it that I shall make every effort to assist you in your search. It may not be so difficult after all." After a slight pause: "But you will, of course, see the necessity of acquainting me with something more about yourself."

He seized the bishop's hand in a warm grip.

Just then the train ran into a station.

"This will be Aix-les-Bains," we all agreed, but we were mistaken.

So interested had we each been in the narrative that we were pleased to find that we were miles beyond the place we thought. Yet we had not noticed any stoppage. There was a rush for the train, and a large number of English people, I could see. Many tried the door on each side, but it was locked, and no one offered to open it.

"We shall not be disturbed. I have seen to that," said our friend.

He had stepped out into the corridor and brought in his bag, or, rather, the guard did it for him, who was most obsequious and seemed to know our companion. When we were out of the station he opened it and took out some papers, which he handed to the bishop, who, in turn, passed them on to me.

I was surprised to find that our fellow-passenger was none other than the celebrated Dr. Giacomo, whose books were widely known and had caused more than ordinary excitement in scholastic circles.

"I have just been promoted to the Chair of Moral Philosophy at the University of Venezia," he added, when we had glanced through the papers. "And now I go to place my honours and all I possess at the feet of this sweet English girl, who has been my guiding-star throughout all," he said solemnly.

"I am very pleased to have had the opportunity of meeting you. I shall feel honoured by a visit from such a scholar as yourself, if you care to stay with me awhile," said his lordship.

"I thank you—and he bowed—"but I must find my angel first. Then I will gladly come and see you. You are the Bishop of—?"

"Nunchester," answered the bishop.

"Ah! Then we have already crossed swords," he cried in delight.

My old chief smiled. He could afford to do so. It was generally understood that the doctor had got the worst of it in the encounter which had taken place in one of the leading literary journals of the day. Sometimes, at first, the other side would seem to have the advantage, but his artillery, if it took him some time to get it into action, was pretty deadly when it did find the range. It was charming to see the joy on the faces of these two literary giants, and the respectful attention of the younger to the older. From this part of the journey onward the time passed away very pleasantly. They discussed all subjects, in the midst of which I fell asleep.

We arrived at Paris about nine-thirty. Here we had decided to rest, for one night, and the bishop pressed the doctor to remain as his guest at the hotel where we had by wire engaged our rooms. But the utmost we could get our companion to do was to have breakfast with us, and then he started at once for England. My bishop gave him a letter to the Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, as in

all probability they would be responsible for the employment of the temporary chaplains at Nice, and then, if he were still alive, the rest could be discovered by consulting the current "Crockford." With many protestations of friendship we parted, and I was quite sorry when he drove off.

"I wonder what will be the outcome of this? Thirteen years is a long time. She may be married or dead by this," said the bishop when the doctor had departed. "He seems very confident. For a man so deep and learned I am surprised that he does not estimate the chances that are against his marrying her. Why he did not try to communicate with her before is a mystery to me."

"Perhaps want of means would not permit of him marrying," I ventured.

"Maybe. It is a curious story. More like some romance. I never imagined that he was a man of that stamp from his writings. He is as ardent as a lover of twenty. I do sincerely hope he will find her still a spinster, but I would not give much for his chances."

"You forget the look she gave me. That may convey a lot."

"She differs from the majority of her sex, then," he replied with some asperity.

A few days after this I noticed in the post-bag a letter marked private, in a strange handwriting, which gave the idea that a foreigner had written it, but the post-mark was a town within twenty miles of Nunchester.

"Why, Athol!" exclaimed the bishop excitedly, "he has found her; and, what is more, her father is one of my own clergy. Fancy that, now!"

"Good!" I responded, and anxiously waited for more. "Is she married?" I cried out at last, putting good manners to one side.

"No, it is all right. But wait a minute, and you shall read the letter yourself. He is anxious that you should. The S.P.G. were able at once to direct him. This is indeed a pleasure. How delighted the poor fellow will be."

I could stand it no longer. I jumped up and went round, and read the letter from over my chief's shoulder.

"There, you impatient boy," as he threw the letter down, "you may read the rest yourself." I saw his eyes were full of tears, and that he had given up the letter because he could not manage to read more. I did not know that it

was possible for him to possess such feeling, much less to show it in the way he did. But he had his own love story, which for the present must remain a secret.

The epistle from the doctor was a fairly lengthy one, and really a sweet letter. Briefly, through the bishop's instructions he had found her, and they were to be married before he returned to his post in the University of Venezia.

I knew the father. He was a curate in one of the manufacturing towns in the county—a hard-working cleric, with no other special qualification. Each year I knew he took his holiday on the Continent, helping the expenses by doing chaplain's work.

"Write and ask the whole family to lunch with me to-morrow or Thursday." I nodded, and proceeded to write the invitation.

"No. Stay, I must write myself."

Rarely had I seen my old chief so excited. Old thoughts come into one's head. The scene in which I had nearly throttled the doctor rose up before me, and I laughed as I recalled the circumstances that led up to it. Truly, life is strange in its many sides and shades.

In less than a month after this there was a quiet but pretty wedding at the church which the young lady's father served as curate. The bishop officiated, much to the surprise of many of the clergy in that town and the people of this particular parish. I am certain that a substantial cheque from my uncle largely helped to provide the trousseau.

I only saw the bride twice—when she lunched with us and when she was married. Personally, I could not see where in lay her great attraction, but the doctor did: he was as much in love as ever. Now the father spends his month's holiday each year with his married daughter and her talented husband. Whenever he published a new book, one beautifully bound was always sent by him as a gift to the Bishop of Nunchester.—"Pictorial Magazine."

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Donald McDonald, of the Melbourne "Argus," who gained honour as a war correspondent in South Africa, is to be the Liberal candidate for Corio at the next Federal election.

A movement has been started in France to put to practical use the illustrated post-card craze. Sympathisers are invited to send such cards to poor village schools, where they are hung on the walls to give the youth there an idea what the cities and "show places" of the world are like.

A unique feature is connected with a Methodist church at Ipswich, England, recently opened—viz., an outside pulpit. It is believed to be the first Nonconformist church in England to have one. It is conveniently placed near to the public road, and space is provided in the grounds commanded by the pulpit capable of accommodating nearly 2,000 people.

A new revolving light of 1,000,000 candle-power, visible at a distance of between forty and fifty miles, replaced the two previous lights at the Lizard on October 1. The new light gives a flash every five seconds, and for the guidance of mariners a fixed light is displayed in a line with the Lizard Head to enable them to learn when they are clear of the point. The Lizard is one of the only four light-houses in the world that are fitted with electric light.

A memoir of Miss Anna Swanwick, well-known as the translator of "Faust" and the dreams of Eschylus, is now being published by Mr T. Fisher Unwin. It has been written by her niece, Miss Mary L. Bruce. Miss Swanwick was an intimate friend of many of the distinguished men and women of her time, including Gladstone, Martineau, Newman, Tennyson, and Browning, and interesting recollections of these will be found in the volume.

Mr Edison announces that after years of experiment he has successfully completed a commercial phonograph. The new machine is capable of taking testimony in a court of justice, and will record from dictation. It is said that with a pair of machines, one for recording and the other for reproducing, a single typist can do the work of eight under the present system.

A new calling has come into vogue. A person carries on business in London as a tattooer of dogs. His idea is that so clever are fakers that with dyeing the stolen animals, clipping and distorting their ears, and other devices, it is practically impossible even for the owners always to swear to their own dogs. The man in question found that barring the first trouble with the hair, tattooed crests, mottos, and devices remained just as indelibly on dogs as they do upon a human being. He also tattoos the make so as to make these invisible to all but the dog's owner, but no two dogs are marked alike.

Ex-President Cleveland used to fish and gun a good deal in the Barnegat Bay district. John Cambura, a Waretown guide, says that one cold, wet night Mr Cleveland got lost. He wandered through the mud and rain and darkness, trying to find his party, for more than two hours, but not a house could be seen, not a light, not a road. Finally he struck a narrow lane, and in due course a house appeared. It was now late. Mr Cleveland was cold and tired. He thought he would go no further. So he banged at the door till a window on the second floor went up, and a gruff voice said:

"Who are you?"  
"A friend," said Mr Cleveland, meekly.  
"What do you want?"  
"To stay here all night."  
"Stay there, then."  
And the window descended with a bang, and Mr Cleveland, shouldering his gun again, resumed his journey wearily.

Darwin's "Origin of Species" is now catalogued among sixpenny literature. The Rationalist Press Association has brought out an edition at that price un-abridged.

Two Turks were at a French banquet. Towards the conclusion of the feast, a Frenchman selected a toothpick from the tray near him, and politely passed the tray on to his neighbour, who, however, peremptorily declined the offer, exclaiming: "No, thank you. I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no more!"

The mayor of a small provincial town, says a French contemporary, has just had the following notice promulgated: "After analysis at grocers' and wine merchants' establishments that have been pronounced injurious to health will be confiscated, and distributed among the various local benevolent institutions."

In Sir Walter Besant's posthumously published "Essays and Historiettes" he is found inveighing in his old manner against the supposedly contemptuous treatment of men of letters. "In what other line of intellectual work would a man submit without indignation to be considered a workman without rights, a mendicant, a helpless dependent, the mere recipient of bounty and charity? Can one figure the physician standing hat in hand before his patient—'Oh, sir, this is too much! You are indeed generous! Heaven itself will bless—Another shilling! The starting tear betrays the grateful heart.' Or a barrister? Or a solicitor? Or a clergyman? It is ridiculous. Yet this is supposed to be the attitude of the man of letters." It had become a sort of fixed delusion with Besant that such a state of things survived in his time.

A story is told of an attempt made by a Swedish missionary to obtain a foothold in Abyssinia. No sooner had he begun to preach than he was brought before King Menelik, who asked him why he had left his home in Scandinavia in order to come to Abyssinia. The missionary promptly replied that he had come to convert the Abyssinian Jews, who are regarded as fair game for the outside propagandist. "Are there no Jews in your country?" asked Menelik. The missionary admitted that there were a few. "And in all the countries that you have passed through did you find no Jews or heathens?" the King continued. Jews and heathens, the missionary admitted, were plentiful. "Then," said Menelik, "carry this man beyond the frontier, and let him not return until he has converted all the Jews and heathen which lie between his country and mine."

A regatta is regarded as such a peculiarly British institution, and elicits so much enthusiasm wherever Britons do mostly congregate, that it will surprise many to learn that this particular form of sport was almost unknown among us a century or so ago. But that such is the case will be evident (says "The King and His Army and Navy"), from an extract from a publication of the year 1775, in which, under date June 25, we read that "an entertainment called a regatta, borrowed from the Venetians, was exhibited, partly on the Thames and partly at Ranelagh; and as it was quite new in this country, the writer purposes giving a more particular account of it on some future occasion." The word "regatta" has become so

thoroughly naturalised in this country that we are apt to forget its Italian origin, as signifying "a contest of boats," such as it was customary to hold at Venice, in the days of its great splendour.

A recent number of the "Lancet" draws attention to the fact that flies in the house generally mean dirt. Whether this be so or not, it is a certain fact that flies do carry infection on their minute and spongy feet, and at a time when infectious diseases are rife the careful wife and mother will find it well worth her while to give thought to this fact and provide fly papers and fly "ropes" which may attract the little domestic pests and keep them away from food, the milk-jug, and most of all from the sick room and the invalid's bedside. Flies, by their incessant buzzing and settling on a sick child's face, may do a great deal of harm in the way of irritation; then, not content with that, they will fetch and carry germs to and from that house or room to other places. Fly papers are a simple enough remedy, and (if the "Lancet" is to be believed), well worth a trial.

Few inventors can have taken the course adopted by an inventor in Cleveland, U.S.A., to demonstrate the value of his apparatus. He had claimed that his fender or cow-catcher would strike and would pick up an animal or person in the way of the moving car without inflicting the least injury. In order to prove this valuable attribute he flung himself down in front of a tramcar fitted with his fender when the car was moving at the rate of twelve miles an hour down an incline. The car was stopped as soon as possible, and the inventor taken from the basket of the fender. He came out without a scratch. The fender is a lattice work of iron pivoted at an angle of about 45 deg. in front of the car; and at the lowest point in front, is a hollow rubber cylinder designed to strike the object at about two inches from the ground. As the obstacle falls on the inclined plane of the fender, the fender immediately tips back and holds the obstacle as it has swept up as if in a basket. Another flexible screen in front of the car prevents shock from contact with the car.

The Jewish New Year—5664 of the Hebrew calendar—commenced in September. The first month, Tishri, of the civil year, is believed by the Jews to be that in which the world was created, and in which the destiny of all persons was settled by God. The first and second days are therefore kept much like a Sabbath, with additional prayers and passages of Scripture.

After the first service all devout Jews salute each other with "May you be true to a good year." At the first evening meal the number of the house cuts up a sweet apple and divides it among those present. Each then dips his piece in a cup of honey and eats, saying, "To a good year and a sweet one."

After the morning service there is the ceremony of blowing the ram's horn, as a proclamation to all men to repent, and a reminder of the giving of the Law and the great Day of Judgment. Special preparation for blowing the horn is needed, and a special prayer is offered before it is blown. Various readings and prayers, with an address by the rabbi or reader, are interspersed with the blowing of the horn. The full service lasts about six hours.

The first ten days of the year are days of repentance and confession of sins, which, it is said, can arrest the evil decrees of fate, but such repentance to be effectual must take place before the tenth day—the Day of Atonement—when the great Roll of Fate is sealed for the year.

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A useful Veterinary Book is attached to every bottle of **Condy's Fluid**. In this Book Eminent Veterinary Surgeons strongly recommend **Condy's Fluid** as a Speedy and absolutely Certain cure for Sore Dacks, Sore Shoulders, Broken Knees, Grease, Thrush, Cracked Heels in Horses, Distemper, Mange, Canker, Eczema, and Wounds of all kinds in Dogs.  
Condy's Fluid is sold by all Chemists. Beware of Local imitations. All substitutes are inferior. Insist on having "Condy's Fluid."

A bluejacket named Shotton will always remember the recent visit of the Channel Squadron to Sunderland, England. He served under Lord Charles Beresford on the Ramilies, and was invalided home from Malta. After calling on the Mayor, Lord Charles Beresford proceeded to Shotton's house. When he entered the sick room he heartily greeted Shotton, addressed him as an old shipmate, and told him to get well quickly. The Admiral recalled many lively incidents on the Ramilies, and after shaking hands with the relatives present told the man to write to him when he recovered.

Crabs can see and smell, but cannot hear.

More than 15,000,000 visits are paid annually to London pawnbrokers.

There is but one sudden death among women to every eight among men.

As a rule grey horses attain a greater age than those of any other colour.

Thirty-nine per cent. of Russia's 12,000 locomotive engines were built abroad.

Newsboys in Moscow, or any males who sell papers, must appear in uniform.

In London there are 700 fire alarm call-points. They vary from 200 yards to 400 yards apart.

Baldness afflicts almost every young man who spends any length of time in the Philippines.

In Hawaii there are more Chinese than natives, and the Japanese outnumber the natives two to one.

Spanish peasants believe that the water in which a wedding ring has been dipped will cure weak eyes.

A recent invention is a cradle which rocks by clockwork, and at the same time plays nursery tunes.

The number stamped inside a pair of gloves is the size in inches round the knuckles of the closed hand.

In Switzerland the bride, on her wedding day, will let no one, not even her parents, kiss her upon the lips.

The beds of peas in Colorado sometimes include as many as 2000 acres, and there is one bed exceeding in size 2500 acres.

There is every prospect of the proposal of the British and Foreign Bible Society, that Sunday, March 6, 1904, shall be observed by all the Protestant churches as "Bible Sunday." Will meet with a very general response. It is suggested, and indeed definitely asked, that the work of the Society at home and abroad shall be brought before the congregations both morning and evening of that day, and that special offertories be taken on behalf of the Society's operations, thus forming part of the Centenary movement. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York, with most of the Bishops of the two provinces, have expressed their willingness to recommend to the clergy in their several dioceses this special use of the Sunday in question. The Society completes, on March 7 next, a century of remarkable work. Founded with the object of issuing the Bible as cheaply as possible in all tongues to all people, "without note or comment," it has issued 180,000,000 copies of the Scriptures. At the beginning of the last century the Bible was current in about forty different languages; to-day some part of the Bible has been issued in over 400. The Society's grants to Dr. Morrison and his assistants, for producing the first Chinese Bible, totalled £10,000; while to Dr. William Carey and his associates in the various Serampore versions, the grants of money and material exceeded £30,000. Last year the Society's agents sold the Scriptures in fifty-three languages in the Russian Empire, and in twenty-eight languages in Burma. An effort is being made to mark the completion of the Society's first century by raising a centenary fund of 250,000 guineas—a fund to which the King has contributed 100 guineas.

I think we Godfrey's may lay claim to being a musical family. My son Charles is conductor at the Spa, Scarborough, being by the rules of the Service prevented from succeeding me in my present position. Arthur was formerly musical editor to Robert Cocks and Co., and is now assistant manager to Hopwood and Crew. Herbert, conductor of the Crystal Palace Band, was intended for art, and was in training for art master at the South Kensington Schools of Art, but, strangely enough, he has persist-

ently developed the musical faculty, and is now following it professionally. A striking instance of an inherent tendency. He was the hero of the bear incident at the Crystal Palace, when he saved the life of a trainer by hitting an infuriated bear over the head with the butt-end of his music-stand. My brother Dan, recently deceased, was too well-known to call for any elaborate life-record. My brother Fred succeeded my father in the Coldstreams. Curiously enough, although I bear my father's name, it was always the name of Dan that stood foremost. I was merely introduced to anyone as "Charles," but as "Dan's brother"—and not infrequently I was thought to be his son! Somewhat amusing, when one takes into consideration the fact that his period of service only exceeded mine by three and a half years! I am now in the forty-fourth year of my service. This is a record for a military bandmaster in the Guards. I have never been a bandsman, having picked up the baton at the commencement of my career. In January next the period of my service will reach its age limit, and I shall have to retire. It has already been extended five years, a similar compliment to that paid to Dan. I am thinking of forming a band of my own, on the lines of Dan's, and have already had the names of some excellent instrumentalists who have left the Service sent in to me. But nothing is settled yet, as much may happen in six months.—Lieut. Charles Godfrey, in "M.A.P."

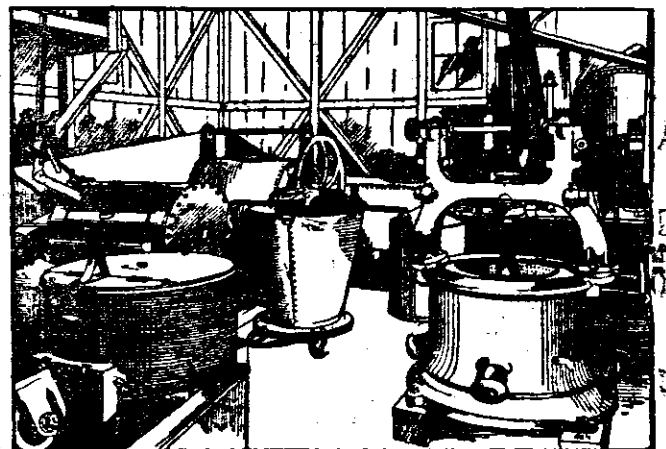
The recent visit of the Frawley Company, which played "Barbara Frietchie" in Auckland, gives interest to the following clipping from an American weekly: "In referring to the story of Barbara Frietchie which is again creating considerable comment, the 'Springfield Republican' calls attention to Carolin Dall's brochure, published by Roberts Brothers in Boston over ten years ago, which says that Whittier's aged heroine lived in a house on the edge of a creek that borders Frederick City, and across it was the Benston Road, passed over in a straggling fashion by the Confederate soldiers. This was just before sunrise, September 6, 1862, but a little before they came in sight. Barbara's attic window, where the Stars and Stripes were waving. Stonewall Jackson dropped out of the line, and entering the town, thrust a note under the door of the home of a friend, a few squares away, to tell Dr. Ross, the Presbyterian minister, that he would meet him at church the following Sunday. On returning to the head of the line, we are told, he spurred his horse up a wide alley to Patrick-street, and so crossing the bridge over the creek he must have passed directly under the window, where the flag had been displayed from the beginning of the Rebellion. If the rudeness of his soldiers ever drew his attention it was at this point, and here must his voice have said, 'March on.' Mrs Dall has found no other connection between Stonewall Jackson and Barbara, and it destroys the truth of Whittier's ballad to halt, and to fire, resulting in cutting down the flag, and Barbara's seizing the flag as it fell,—her defiance, the 'blush of shame' on Jackson's face, and the rather theatrical cry put into the mouth by Whittier, 'Who touches a hair of you grey head Dies like a dog! March on!' he said. Barbara Frietchie, however, was an ardent patriot in a town of secessionists, and when the rebel army passed her house, she, a woman ninety-five years of age, did wage the American banner, though there is no evidence that any of the soldiers fired, though some of them did lift and point their guns at the dwelling. Some twenty-five years ago the 'Springfield Republican' published an article, by Miss Jennie Zacharias, of Frederick, which differed from Mrs Dall's account in correcting Whittier's ballad. Miss Zacharias represented Barbara as keeping the flag flying from her attic window from the beginning of the civil war until her death; and gave a picture of the aged heroine thrusting off with her cane rebel soldiers who had stopped to rest in her porch, and using strong words of condemnation while. But however the story is told, it shows the bravery and patriotism of a noble woman who will go down to posterity principally through the Quaker poet's stirring lines, whether they be strictly true or not. The main idea is in the poem and that commemorates forcibly Barbara Frietchie's undying love of country."

A volunteer four that created a good deal of interest at Home, was that organised by the Hon. Artillery Company, who arranged for a "delegation," composed of 163 of their men, to visit the United States and Canada. They left on September 24 by the Mayflower for Boston, the same ship in which Lord Roberts and his suite sailed. During the last half-century the H.A.C. has undergone several alterations in its constitution. Up till 1840 it contained a body of archers. Until very recently the company consisted of a light cavalry squadron, a field battery, and an infantry battalion. In 1889 the light cavalry were converted into horse artillery, and so, too, was the field battery. The batteries, which are the only volunteer horse artillery in the country, were recently armed with a new 15-pounder breechloader. In July last the corps was reviewed by the King, who holds the post of captain-general and colonel of the regiment. In the Jubilee year of 1887 the company celebrated its 350th anniversary by a grand review. The contingent that sailed last month went at the invitation of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. It appears that among the early settlers in Massachusetts were a number of members of the London H.A.C. They founded an organisation similar to the one they had belonged to at home. This body was the first organised military force in America. It is only right to add, however, that during the American war with Great Britain the company suspended its meetings. The most friendly feeling has always existed between the two corps, and it is at the express wish of the American organisation that Lord Denbigh is visiting the United States as head of the London delegation.

It is not generally known, but often when a man's watch refuses to keep good time the fact is due to the magnetism of his body, says the New York "Telegram." This is vouched for by a well-known jeweller, who, in talking to a customer, declared the electricity in the body sometimes makes it impossible for a man to get any use from a watch that is not non-magnetic. "I had one customer," the jeweller said, "who had trouble with his watch for years, and when he purchased a new and more expensive one he had no better luck. Finally, after he had left other jewellers in disgust, he came to me. I tested him with several watches, and then decided that the trouble was with him, and not with the watches. He has a non-magnetic watch now, and it keeps perfect time. It is a thing I do not under-

stand, but the electricity in the human body certainly has an effect upon watches. Generally the effect is too small to be noticed, but I know of one man who cannot carry an ordinary watch and keep it going. It invariably stops after he has worn it a few days, and refuses to run. When I carry it it keeps excellent time. The magnetism in different persons varies to a marked degree, and often one man can carry a watch and have it keep good time, when another person would find the same watch useless. If a man has a good watch and it fails to keep good time, he can be pretty sure it is because his body is too heavily charged with electricity."

I can't explain why it is, but her eyes suggested to me those of an elephant—with their tight lids, their long extension to the end of her cheek, and their oblique look. Is there anything, then, in the appearance of the woman to suggest the extraordinary force of character and the wondrous and magic influence, which undoubtedly she exercised over so many people? Certainly there is. As she sits there and you look at her, hour after hour, and see the face sustain that steady, impassive, changeless look, you begin to understand that she is a woman who hasn't any nerves—who is always the mistress of herself—who has, at all moments, and under all circumstances, the power to drop a mask, behind which nothing can penetrate. She has also that huge jaw which usually accompanies great audacity. There was a remarkable figure in Irish politics when I was a youngster, who represented to the majority of Irish people—especially of my way of thinking—something of the same qualities which Mme. Humbert represents to French people. His name was Judge Keogh. He was one of the men who first belonged to the popular party, and afterwards joined their opponents. He did so with a certain reckless shamelessness, and with an aggressiveness that made him stand out from even a family of turcocks; and feeling and resenting the popular fury of which he was the subject, he was constantly doing things to add fuel to the flame; abusing his position as a judge to hound some political opponent, and making at times violent attacks on the principles of the men he had deserted. Fearless, audacious, belligerent, he was at once loathed and feared. The face of Mme. Humbert is singularly like the face of Judge Keogh, and perhaps the characters are also very similar.—T. P. O'Connor, in "M.A.P." describing the heroine of the cause celebre of the century.



Nettoyage à Sec.

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**Shortland Street.**

Mr. Henry Frederick, who left New York by the steamer Deutschland on 2nd July, on a journey round the world, has arrived back, faster by an hour than the trip completed by Mr. Gerald Sarre, of Seattle. The train journey from Paris to Dalny, in China, consumed eighteen days. Two days were occupied in crossing the Yellow Sea, and two days by rail across Japan to Yokohama, where Mr. Frederick missed the steamer by ten hours, and lost seven days, being compelled to take a slow boat two days later, which was sixteen days on the Pacific. He landed at Victoria and crossed the American continent in a little over four days. This, with the Deutschland's fast time of six days across the Atlantic, made the record 54 days. During that time Mr. Frederick only slept in one hotel, namely, in Yokohama.

As a party of bluejackets from the Channel Fleet were strolling along a street in Monkwearmouth, Sunderland, a gentleman's carriage passed, driven by a surly coachman, and one of the tars jumped on the step behind. "Get off there!" shouted the driver, as he lashed the tar viciously with the whip. In an instant the other Blues had stopped the carriage, a bo's'n's mate in command. "Tention!" he cried. "Dismount the gun!" Next moment it looked as if every tar carried a carpenter's outfit. In three minutes they had taken the carriage into some dozens of pieces. They laid them on the road, and the bo's'n's mate, after inspecting the job, cried, "Good! Dismiss!"

A story is told of an English bishop who was reproving one of his clergy for his interest in hunting. "It is unfortunate," he said gravely, "that your name should appear in connection with the sport—most unfortunate." The clergyman had known the bishop for many years, so he ventured to murmur a query as to whether the bishop considered hunting worse than attending balls. "I know to what you refer," said the bishop, with a slight accession of colour, "but I wish you to understand that, although my name appeared as that of a guest at Lady Brookmorton's ball, I was never in the same room with the dancers." "Ahi!" said the clergyman quickly. "That is exactly my position. I am never in the same field with the hounds."

Mr. Elery H. Clark, a lawyer, is the all-round athletic champion of America. In an interview he has said: "That which does a man the most good is some active game out of doors. One hour on nature's playground is worth two hours in the gymnasium. The great thing is to get outdoors and have fun, while you breathe the deep draughts of clean air and let the invigorating sun shine on you. Refrain from overdoing the exercise, and you will find that each day's amusement adds wonderfully to your working power and endurance at business or professional labour. Sneaking of overdoing reminds me of the way schoolboys of to-day are overtrained. It is a shame to put soft-framed youngsters into hard training in order to develop schoolboy champions. It is like racing horses to pieces as two-year-olds. They are never so good again. Boys ought to play hard out of doors every day, but hard athletic training and competition should be reserved until they are at least twenty years old." "What training have you had?" the visitor asked. "None at all as a boy," Mr. Clark replied. "That is, none that I was conscious of training. I was a lanky youngster, all legs and arms. I played baseball and swam, and walked a great deal. I guess I developed a lot of endurance duck shooting at Cohasset. You paddle down the wind a quarter of a mile to retrieve a dead duck, and then row back against strong tide and wind in a heavy boat, and you're getting a lot of exercise. Repeat this a score of time or more in one morning and you're doing as much work as a fellow in a Varsity crew. And the best of it is, the exercise is all incidental, a mere part of the sport. Therefore it's twice as beneficial as the hard, staling work of strict training."

"What great ones do, the less will prattle of," is as true to-day as it was when Shakespeare wrote, as witness this absorbingly interesting piece of news culled from one of the English society papers which came out by the

last mail:—"The First Gentleman has fallen into line with the drift of fashion by adopting the double collar. This is another example of a rule upon which we have had occasion to comment from time to time, that His Majesty hesitates to incur the responsibility of giving the lead in minor matters of dress, although the tailors and outfitters are always seeking the advantage of his patronage when they have a new style to bring before the public. The double collar, however, has taken its place in the wardrobe of the fashionable man, and its convenience for unceremonious purposes, especially when a full beard is worn, cannot be denied. It is interesting to note, however, that King Edward draws the line at two items of current fashion which are on the border of smartness. He is not partial to the soft-dressed front, even for shooting, and he still insists upon the single collar for use with the frock coat. Where the full frock and the silk hat are concerned His Majesty is still the arbiter."

Booker T. Washington, the American negro, who is celebrated for his efforts to improve the conditions under which his compatriots live in the States, contributes to the "Century Magazine" a number of instances of devotion and high principle in men of his race. One, illustrating scrupulous fidelity to a promise, relates to a Virginia slave, named Matthews, who, in 1838, had arranged to pay his master 1500 dollars for his freedom. To earn the money he had liberty to take carpentering contracts in different parts of the country. He was working in Ohio when the end of the civil war came, conferring freedom on him and four million other slaves. But, by the antebellum contract, he still owed his former master 300 dollars. He was perfectly well aware that by Lincoln's proclamation he was released from all legal obligations, and that in the eyes of nine-tenths of the world he was released from all moral obligations to pay his former master a single cent of the unpaid balance. But he said that he wanted to begin his life of freedom with a clean conscience. In order to do this, he walked from his home in Ohio, a distance of three hundred miles, much of the way over the mountains, and placed in his former master's hands every cent of the money that he had promised years before to pay him for his freedom. "Who (asks Mr. Booker Washington) will be brave enough to say that such a man is not fit to use the ballot, is not fit for citizenship?"

A German once estimated, from data he said was reliable, that the money American women pay for cosmetics each year would paint 17,000 houses, allowing 75 dollars for each house. But the modern American woman is not the only one who used cosmetics. Cleopatra used every cosmetic known to her time, and also wrote a book on the care of the skin. When Ovid wrote about women and their ways he said that a fancy for looking ill and delicate and playing on the feelings of the man had taken possession of them, and that it was a smart thing to get a fetching pallor on their faces by white lead and other stuffs. In the ruins of Thebes an entire toilet case was found, with bottles of perfumery, jars of powder, and tubes of paint, with brushes and cloths, evidently showing that the belle of the day was not unaware of the advantages of artificiality in colour. The belles of Nineveh were willing to suffer to be beautiful. They had their skins made smooth with brimstone and then they were enamelled. In 1779 the English Parliament—it always protects its men—considered this bill: "All women, without distinction as to age or rank, maidens as well as widows, who should deceive the male subjects of His Majesty and lead them into marriage by means of paint, salve, beauty water, false teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, corsets or padded hips, should be punished under the provisions of the law against sorcery, and the marriage shall be declared null." The bill did not pass.—"New York Press."

Indian music rarely pleases European ears, but the description of Hindu melody given by an Indian paper may lead to its better appreciation. The beauty of Hindu music is said to consist in the intervals—breaks or sruti—between each note. The scale has three octaves of seven notes, with twenty-two different kinds of sruti to each note, but this

scale has been reduced to two and a-half octaves to suit the compass of the human voice. There are three modulations in the voice—the mandra or chest voice, the madhya or throat voice, and the tara or brain and nose voice. Of the seven notes, the first, sa, was imitated from the cry of a calf, ri from the bellowing of an ox, ga from the bleating of a goat, ma from the howling of a jackal, pa from the piping of a black-bird dha from the croaking of a frog, and ni from the noise of an elephant. To express the notation only one line is used with the initials of these notes and other signs, and harmony is not regarded, as the whole character of Hindu music is that of melody. There are six Ragas, songs to be sung at certain seasons and expressing various feelings—such as love, fear, anger, etc. An aggregate of sruti is termed a swara or musical sound, "exercising a calm and soothing influence on the ear."

The "St. James's Gazette":—"The memorandum of the Director-General of the Army Medical Service on the poor physique of intending recruits for the army, which is issued as a Parliamentary paper, gives a further seal of authority to the melancholy allegations as to the growing physical decadence of the race to which we have often drawn attention. . . . Between 1893 and 1902 690,000 men or lads were medically examined by the army authorities. Of these, over 37 per cent. proved unfit for military service. . . . Moreover, this total of 37 per cent. does not include those rejected by the recruiting officers themselves, without reference to the doctor. The total percentage of physical inefficiency among the unskilled labouring class must, therefore, be enormous. . . . This deterioration in national physique coincides with an increase of 15 per cent. in the urban population during the past decade—77 per cent. of the population of England and Wales are now town-dwellers—and the great majority of defects are the result of malnutrition. It may be whimsical to say that flat feet are the result of improper feeding, but it is an unquestionable fact; they result from insufficiency of bone-making material in the food supplied in early life. . . . It is this very lack of bone-making material which Mr Spiking attributed to the loaf baked of American flour. . . . Ninety-

five to a hundred loaves of bread can be made from a sack of American flour, as against eighty from a sack of English flour, on account of the 'strength' of the former, that is, greater capacity to absorb moisture. Therefore, the bakers prefer it (naturally enough) for their business. The consumer also prefers the loaf made therefrom, because it bulks better and is more 'upstanding.' He is ignorant of the fact that there is a loss of 15 per cent. of nourishment in every quarter he divides with his family, and has not yet reflected that, if he wants water, it is cheaper to go to the tap for it than to buy it at the baker's. Meanwhile, on account of this pernicious sacrifice to appearance, corn grown on our own English lands is fetching as much as 4/ a quarter less than the leavings of Minnesota, and the population which might be breeding up a hardy race in the sweet country is decaying in the towns. . . . If the absurd prejudice against our native product can be removed, we are certain a solid benefit would result. . . . Canadian wheat has the properties of English, and, therefore, from the point of view of good value, the dietic advantages of English wheat would be secured if Canada became indeed the granary of the Mother Country. If the produce of the Imperial duties be applied to relieving land of its burdens, then English wheat will be able to take its place in the competition on terms unexceptionable to the stoutest Free-trader."

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# After Dinner Gossip

## and

# Echoes of the Week.

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### The Holiday Season.

It is now only a matter of weeks when those who can afford it will be eagerly packing up their boxes, shaking off the dust of the sultry city, and hieing them away on a holiday. It is a glorious month—that one in twelve—when the hard-worked man casts off the trammels of city and society, gets into his "glad rags," as the Americans call the light and airy attire of the summer vacation, and drifts into oblivion for a period—regulated by his opportunity and purse. Vistas of grimy roofs and chimney pots, the roar of electric cars, and the odours of close tenements are exchanged for green fields, God's beautiful sunshine, the lowing of kine, the songs of birds and fragrant air, heavy with the scent of things growing. Under the benign influence of Mother Nature the city man thaws out once more, his eye, bleared with figures and pouring over accounts, grows clear and bright; away from the smoke and glare of the city he sees life in a new light, the frown on his forehead gives place to a smile on his lips, and he finds himself performing feats that make him think of his school-days. Then, as the long summer days slip by there steals over him the irresistible desire to be up and doing once more (the echo of the curse which Father Adam brought on the race), and he returns to town bronzed and with an un-wanted elasticity in his muscles which titles him over another year and gives him strength to earn enough to fill a lot of hungry little mouths, and provide the means to train up his olive branches in the way they should go. Of course, I have been talking about the man who uses his holiday as a holiday, who goes away leisurely, and seeking out some quiet farm-house, or seaside cottage, spends his days dolce far niente—not the misguided mortal who, gets away from the office for a stated period to play that absurd game, "Follow the man from Cook's," and crowd the greatest possible number of sights and places into the shortest possible time. The last state of this steamed, trained, coached, and hotelled individual is immeasurably worse than his first, and he returns to town just half an hour before the office opens, certainly with a record number of labels on his trunks, but with a brain full of pieces that are as clear to him as the cry of the "muddle-fuddle porter," and a general air and feeling of "shoo-kon" that takes him weeks to get over. If you want to enjoy the full benefit of your brief respite during the coming summer, you must be imbued with some of the spirit of that old golfing rhyme:

"Drooping 'a' the day,  
Doing no work at all;  
Thinking about w' a bag o' sticks  
After a wee bit ba'."

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### Greediness in Society.

From Wellington, where, as readers may have noticed, they have been having a number of important social fixtures, to farewell Lady Ranfurly, comes a lengthy and eloquent plaint animadverting on the extraordinary greediness of persons of presumably decent breeding and education, at the various balls and receptions which have lately taken place in the Empire City. The supper-room rush at dances in Wellington is, my correspondent alleges, disgraceful, people who cannot have left their homes a couple of hours pushing and almost fighting for food, as if they had been starved for a month. Let my correspondent take it not too greatly to heart, and feel that Wellington is too deeply disgraced. The same thing prevails not merely all over the colony, but all over the world. Time after time at large

social functions in this colony, in Australia, England, and in various parts of the world, the writer has seen the same wild frenzied rush for food on the part of people who could not possibly care whether they ate again that night or no. It seems to be in our blood. The same complaint is curiously enough prominently to the front in Sydney just at present, some really disgraceful scenes having, according to the "Australasian," taken place. It is certainly rather hard to understand, but the facts are unfortunately beyond dispute. Is it not altogether astonishing that persons who have dined at their usual hour, and who usually retire with no further sustenance than a biscuit and a glass of toddy or cup of tea, should, when hidden forth to a dance or reception, become so ravenous as to lose all sense of shame and decency, and to "rush" the eating rooms like persons possessed? The writer well remembers many years ago, when the exhibitions now held at Earlscourt were located in South Kensington, that there used to be a "subscribers' night," when only subscribers were admitted, and on these occasions the show developed into a large society function. On one occasion, when the Prince of Wales (now the King) was announced to be present, the management or some firm, I forget which, announced that free strawberries and cream would be served at a certain part of the grounds at 10.30. As that hour approached the throng round the locality became enormous, and when the distribution commenced the fight for the diminutive platefuls beggars description. Yet all these persons had not merely dined within an hour or so of the time, but could easily afford to buy as many strawberries as they desired at any time. But for a few free—there was the rub—they struggled and scurried in a manner which would have disgraced an East End mob. In the midst of it all royalty arrived, and even this only temporarily stayed the rush. The look of unfeigned amusement on the Prince's face when the cause of the commotion was explained may be imagined. No, Wellington is not singular in respect of the greediness of its society folk. The complaint is common, almost universal, one fears.

### Racing Versus Gambling.

Nowadays, when in New Zealand and Australia, every week is a race week, and every day a race day, the importance of Melbourne and New Zealand Cup week have faded into comparative insignificance. Thousands who used once to enjoy the carnival, as it used to be called, with the keen appetite aroused by abstinence, have long since been drawn into the vortex of tote betting, and, sated with the fierce delights of daily gambling, have ceased to feel any more interest in the great equine contests, such as the Melbourne Cup, than they do in the most insignificant hack handicaps of a third or fourth-rate country meeting. The street bettors care only for the fact that a "divvy" is to be picked up, or a loser backed, and whether it be at the Flemington or Lonelyville racecourse matters not a jot. One is as good as the other. Racing as an enjoyment and as a sport has, in short, sunk in exact proportion as racing as a means for gambling has advanced. What part does the actual racing now play in the enjoyment of the majority of those who go out to Flemington, Riccarton or Ellerslie? What proportion of pleasure, I mean, do they derive from watching the beautiful animals struggling for supremacy, absolutely apart from financial interests? All will gibberingly inform you they love racing, but how many would or do find complete pleasure in that sport when they have not a sixpence on any horse engaged in the meeting? Yet if the love were for the sport, if the pleasure were in the racing, there would be no need to bet, and lovers of

racing could view with equanimity the abolition of the tote and the extermination of the bookmakers. But of course we know this is all bunkum, and that to all intents and purposes there is not one person in a hundred who does not derive his or her pleasure at the races from the excitement of gambling. The very phrase we commonly use: "Must have a little bit on, just to give me an interest in the race," betrays the most modest of us. Before the era of the "tote" races were attended far more for pleasure, and as much excitement was got out of the half-crown sweep arranged amongst friends as is now derived from the huge stream of gold which passes into the "tote" from the pockets of thousands who cannot afford it. The tote may be the fairest means of betting, but it is unquestionably the most insidious, and, just as there are many moderate drinkers, who vote prohibition, and who would, if it were carried, put up with their own deprivation cheerfully, because of the general good, so there are many who go racing, and who now have a modest wager, who would, did occasion arise, vote against the tote because they see the misery it may and can lead to when indulged in to excess, as it now unquestionably is from one end of this colony to the other.

### Making Cricketers.

The Auckland Cricket Association did wisely in taking a leaf out of the Rugby Union's book and adopting the district scheme in the formation of clubs eligible to compete for the annual championships. Under the old system the different elevens created interest in only a comparatively few personal friends of the members, and in the handful of genuine enthusiasts in these parts. Under the new system the elevens are identified with specific districts, and many people who previously thought very little about the knights of the willow, now take an interest in the fate of a certain club because it comes from their own district. Public opinion and support has a wonderfully stimulating effect upon all sports, and the renewed interest in the game due to the new order of things augurs well for the future of one of the finest games which the British carry wherever they go. The standard of play is also undoubtedly being raised in various parts of the colony by the employment of English coaches who give our budding Dr. Graces the benefit of their skill and ripe experience, but there is one very important omission in the methods that are being pursued to popularise the game, and that is in not paying sufficient attention to the youngsters. The footballers were so fully alive to the importance of keeping up the supply of fresh players by catching them young that they have instituted a good system of inter-school contests, with the result that there is always plenty of material to fill the gaps in the ranks of the seniors. Youngsters at school would only be too ready to take up cricket in real earnest if they were properly looked after and saw that their elders took an interest in their progress, and it is here that the cricket authorities must direct their energies if New Zealand cricket is to rise above its present mediocre standard. Look after the boys and the seniors will take care of themselves. If we could engender a keener interest in this peculiarly British pastime I think it would be a fine thing, for, without wishing in the slightest to disparage football, there is no doubt that cricket brings out certain admirable traits and qualities which are not touched by the winter game. Some doubt whether the young New Zealander would ever take to cricket, but I think the avidity with which the average boy seizes a stray kerosene tin for stumps, and anything in the wood line for a bat, is sufficient guarantee that he only wants his taste cultivated to make him as keen a cricketer as his ancestors.

### A Cheap Millionaire.

In certain of the cheaper shopping thoroughfares of London the vendors of poultry, and the like, used, when the writer was a lad, periodically to stick out large printed notices, such as this: "Ducks are cheap to-day," the notices

varying, of course, with the season. It seems to me millionaires must, in the language of trade, be "in plentiful supply" just at present, for surely from a financial standpoint millionaires must be "cheap to-day," when the price asked for the kidnaped American is only £2000. One is not informed, of course, how much of a millionaire the young gentleman now in detention is—he may be worth five, or even twenty—but even if it is only a beggarly million he owns, one would have thought the price of his liberty would come higher than that. Yet from what one has seen of some Americans where youth and extreme wealth went together, one can understand that there might be millionaires whom, if one had in hand, one would be disposed to sacrifice as a bargain. "This lot must be cleared however low the price," is a feeling one would sympathise with with a certain type of young man. But it must be mighty curious to be captured and awaiting your ransom. Imagine your feeling or mine if we were seized tomorrow and held for well—let us say £500 ransom. We should promptly find out exactly the value in which we were held by our immediate relatives and friends, a pleasure (but would it be?) not given to us on any other occasion. We are told, of course, we are all the world to our wives. So we are, but all the world is vague. Now £500 is definite, concrete. Are we worth £500 or not? Would it be forthcoming, or by return of post, so to say, or would we be haggled over? Imagine the humiliation of it all, yet it is what would inevitably happen. If five hundred were asked your people would probably offer £200, and they would intimate with some pliancy that this was more than you were in reality worth, but that it was offered—well, not to encourage future business, but something equally galling. If, as used to be the case in Italy, in my young days, this offer was contemptuously refused, and an ear or a slice of nose sent as a reminder to hurry, the home offer might spring another hundred with the intimation that if the article (you) was further damaged all negotiations would be off. Ultimately after more chaffering you would probably change hands at say £350, with five per cent. off for cash. But, as I say, imagine your feelings while your value was under discussion. Seriously, though, it must be odd for this young fellow to find his value set down at so low a figure, and really his family seem (at time of writing) in no hurry to pay over the cash. He will probably return to society a wiser if a sadder man.

### Infants' Property.

The Court has a certain amount of power of disposal over the property of infants, and in a proper case can order that trustees who have charge of the infant's belongings shall use part of the capital for the maintenance or advancement of the child. But it is very hard to induce the Court to exercise that power. The other day Mr Justice Hood was asked to sanction payment of £225, out of a little nest egg of £340, for the purpose of enabling a girl of 15 to be trained as a pupil teacher. His Honor declined the request. He thought it far better that the young lady should, at the age of 18 or 19, have £340 to her credit, minus the profession of a pupil teacher, than that she should then possess the qualification minus the cash. The request came from Sydney, where it seems such orders are made almost as of course. A greater vigilance is the rule in Victoria. Indeed, the principle is pretty well recognised there, that an infant's capital is not to be broken in upon by the Court for the mere purposes of education. Where there is a shortage of bread and butter the Court can hardly stay its hand; but, inasmuch as the State provides a splendid education, the judges not unreasonably say that an outlay in that direction is not justifiable. Doubtless, their Honors think, and with propriety, that if a boy or girl has any special ability, he or she will find means of developing it, either by personal efforts of the kind that fired us in our salad days, beneath the spell of Dr. Smiles, or by the aid of friends.





An American writer says that Chicago is nothing if not suspicious, and just how the gamblers and bookie pen-fishers are having a war to the knife among themselves. There are two cliques or syndicates, and the factional fur is flying fast and furious, with raids, arrests, trials, Winchester, and all that sort of thing.

In New Zealand a favourite method with some of the tale-tellers and spiliers who travel from meeting to meeting is to carry cameras on to the various courses on the pretence of wanting to take snapshots (says the Sydney "Telegraph"). The possession of a camera did not prevent one of the number getting a month's "hard" at Wangarua on the charge of no visible means of support.

When the American colt Africander recently made his record of 2.54 for 1 1/2 mile he carried 8.1, and Heno (whom he beat by a head) 9.0. The first six furlongs were run by Heno in 1.14 2/3, mile in 1.50 2/3, mile and a quarter in 2.5 1/5, and mile and a half in 2.31 4/5. Africander was two lengths behind at that stage, but got up in time to score by the narrow margin already mentioned.

The Russian "doping" affair has ended in the State Stud Committee overruling the decision of the Zarakoski Racing Association, the stewards of which body had suspended two trainers alleged to be guilty of doping their horses. The "Deutscher Sport" says the horses are not to be disqualified, and their owners are to receive the stakes won by their animals. As a consequence of the State Stud Committee's decision, the Wanganui winner, Irish Lad, can fulfil his Buda-Pest engagements.

The Look-out at the bend on the Ellerslie racecourse is a fine idea, and kept some of the stewards busy on Saturday travelling up and down between that point and a stand enclosure. Half-way between the look-out and the stewards' stand there was a couple of suspicious-looking cases of jockeys stopping horses on Saturday, which did not meet the gaze of the look-out steward either down the course or in the tower, and they were not accidental offences like that of Quinton.

When recording the gallop done by Achilles on the plough gallop at Riccarton all the papers had it that the son of Medallion had covered a circuit in 2.21 4/5. The writer has timed hundreds of gallopes on the same track, and is quite sure that the time given was a mistake, as he has been able to cover the ground in the time stated. The probability is that the round occupied just eight seconds longer, as it takes a fast horse with a flying start all his time to run from the mile and a half mark on the plough to the winning post under seven seconds.

I have always had a liking for the Seaton Delaval colt from Tres Belle, the unraced sister to Multiforum, and was not at all surprised to see him win the Welcome Stakes at Ellerslie on Saturday. It is somewhat of a coincidence that on the day that the first son of Tres Belle should win the Welcome Stakes at Ellerslie the first daughter of her brother, Multiforum, in Golden Lily, should win the Canterbury Jockey Club's Welcome Stakes. This is highly gratifying to Mr. Stread, who imported their maternal ancestress, Pinchra. What a fine lot of horses have descended from that mare! I look to Multiforum to make a great sire.

There are very few bookmakers in New Zealand just now who own racehorses, but those who do have the reputation of running their straight, and set a good example to owners who are known to care to bet themselves, and to try and get at the pencilers when they can. The bookmakers consider themselves fair game, but are never so happy as when a number of the waiting brights come at the same time, and an outsider slips in and upsets their calculations.

The appeal entered by certain owners of winners of classic races in Russia against their ruling off by the stewards of the respective Jockey Clubs for having contravened the Rules of Racing by drugging, or causing to be drugged, horses running in their colours, has been heard by the Imperial Stud Book Committee (writes the London "Sportsman"). In the result the opin-

ions of eminent veterinary authorities were not accepted as conclusive, and the owners of the horses in question, well known on the Russian turf, have been reinstated, while the trainers have had a limit put upon their terms of suspension. The horses are not to be disqualified, and the owners are to receive the stakes won by their animals.

The Attorney-General of Tasmania has caused a bit of a sensation (says the "Sydney Mail") by his recent action in giving notice, through the Police Department, of which he is the official head, to the T.R.C., that in future the police doing duty on the racecourse will in no way interfere with any person found with a ticket of admission to the course, unless in cases where such individuals are misbehaving themselves. This would seem to mean that any of the many bookmakers in Tasmania, where bookmaking is illegal—can procure an ordinary admission ticket and ply their calling in defiance of the club which owns or leases the course; that is so far as any assistance from the police is concerned.

When Mr H. Friedlander purchased the chestnut gelding Ropa he did the right thing. That gelding is a decidedly useful sort, and he won the Great Northern Cup in the most pleasing manner. Mr Darlot was present and saw him run, and that gentleman would be pleased at the success of the son of St. Leger, though he had sold him to Mr Friedlander. By the way, the (L.A.Z.) reported to have been done by Ropa was much faster than a number of private watches made it, and Ropa's performance and that of Bonheur, who finished second, may be magnified in consequence.

Several intending applicants for the secretaryship of the Wellington Racing Club, say that they did not enter the field because they were told that the position was not to be given to a gentleman who was an unsuccessful competitor when Mr Clark received the appointment. The gentleman whose name has been mentioned informed the writer that he did not intend to offer his services this time. How hastily conclusions are arrived at, and on what slender grounds?

The three 2-year-old fillies which Mr J. F. Reid purchased in Australia last autumn should prove as good as the Ellerslie stud. The first is by Heat Biron—Natchew by Prince Rudolph—Angalo, by Macherth—Angelica, a sister to St. Simon. The second is by Wallace—Elenis, by Barcardine—Mystery. This filly is closely related to Elusive, dam of To-morrow, who is daughter of Elenis, by Trenton. The third mare is by Lochie—Melena, by Splendor—Minnet, a sister to Melodious, the dam of Wallace.

The Welcome Stakes, run for at the spring meetings of the Auckland Racing Club, during the past six years has seen the progeny of Seaton Delaval in front on each occasion. This is a unique record. The winners have been Miss Delaval, Val Rosa, Nettie, Idea, Kamo, and Sean Seaton. The last named has the best time down against his name (1.4), being the fastest time the distance has been covered during the seventeen years in which the race has been run over six furlongs. Five of Taylor has ridden four of the winners, M. Ryan and J. Keen two each.

The following paragraph from the London "Sportsman" is of interest to breeders, the more particularly just now when Trenton's great daughter Wakeful, and his grandson, Lord Cardigan, have been doing so well.—"Trenton's position at the moment is a very peculiar one, for wherever his stock is to be found outside England it succeeds, whereas in this country there has been a run of ill-luck against it. The probably best three-year-old in Germany last season was by Trenton; Knight Errant, the only Trenton two-year-old in America, has made a winning debut for an important stake (the Autumn) at Coney Island. Knight Errant is the property of Mr. James H. Keene, and he is out of the St. Simon mare, St. Mildred, who was mated with Trenton by Mr. James McCall, and sent over to the late Mr. Marcus Daly, at whose sale she was bought by Mr. Keene. Knight Errant is well engaged in England next year, so he will very probably be sent over for Allen to train."

A Wellington wharf hand who likes to have a trifle on his fancy writes of Mr. Stead asking him how Marbine Gunn was doing, as he wished to back that colt for the Stewards' Stakes in a double with something in the Cup, and in due course received a reply to his communication, which he only gave to his mates. It was to the effect that Machine Gun would run if he kept well; that he was training on all right, and his owner expected him to run a good race.

A Chicago paper has the following about the owner of the champion trotter, Lou Dillon: "Counting all the expense that has attended Mr. Billings' dealings with harness horses, it is conservative to estimate that he has spent 1,000,000 dollars in gratifying a desire to own fast horses. There has been no chance for him to get a return on any investment, for the sole reason that he bought for pleasure and not for profit, and for this reason he would not accept Alta McDonald's challenge to race Major Delmar against Lou Dillon for from 5000dol to 25,000dol a side."

A large number of trotters and pacers are in training at Alexandra Park. The track every morning presents a very busy appearance. The following is a list of the different trainers and their charges:—W. C. Hird has: Waltham, Polly H., Eric, Miss Munroe, Rebel Boy, K.D., and a Wild-wind gelding. T. Cotton has: Sir Robert, Isabel, Eric, and Victor Hugo. G. Duncan has: Lusitana, and a colt by Albert Victor. J. Campbell has: Inez, and a young venie events at Christchurch. Lobenetz has: Kidney Pie and Imperator. May has: Talbot and McQuarrie. Tozer has: Rushlight and Lady Florence. Laing has: Lady Lou, and Mrs. Bert; and G. McBride, Duke C., Berliwood, St. John, and Duchess of Rothschild.

The Auckland Trotting Club have issued the programme for the summer meeting, which is to be held at Alexandra Park on December 28th, 30th, and January 9th, 1909. There are seven events on the first and second days, and eight on the third day. The amount of prize money allotted is £1485, nomination for all events closing on the 11th December, the principal events being: Auckland Trotting Cup of £200, two miles; Summer Cup of £100, two miles; the President's Handicap Trot of £100, one mile; and the Pony Cup of £115, one mile.

As a specimen of what sporting scribes in this country know about the Australian racing, we quote the following from an exchange:—"A writer in the 'Transvaal Leader' has circulated a story through his paper that Kinglock won the Melbourne Cup with it on his back. An English writer attributes the par to sheer malice or opaque ignorance. Frank Kinglock winning a two mile race? The writer further asserted that Kinglock was handicapped out of everything in Australia, and was sold for a song as useless for racing in this country." A Sydney writer, commenting on this, says: "The 'song' was 1600 guineas, and after he won the New Year's Gift (one mile) with 10.8 up, Australian weight and stakes did not give much chance to 'happidac' him out of everything, as he was sold a few days later."

After West Australian had won the Guinea and Dork in such an easy manner he was made favourite for the St. Leger (says a writer in "Sporting Sketches"). Despite the money that was piled upon The West, however, he went very badly in the market, and a desire to lay him, no matter what the amount, was always shown by the ring. Up to that time the triple crown had never been secured by one animal, and this possibly had something to do with the opposition. Although he did not get much was to be associated with the peculiarities of the jockey. Frank Butler, who had ridden The West in all his races, liked artistic finishes, and preferred cutting things fine to winning easily. He therefore wished to win the St. Leger on West Australian "by the length of his arm." Isaac Walker, the Streatham stud groom, however, had full command in Mr. Bowe's absence, and when he gave Butler his orders would not bear of the proposed tight finish. "Then dodging ways don't suit me," he informed Frank. "They make me shake in my shoes." Butler took The West in the easiest of winners, and thus earned Isaac's commendation for riding to orders. "Yes, I thought of you

during the race," remarked Frank Butler. "and if those beggars behind me stood still I'd have put you in a nice sweat, Walker."

In the Prix Royal Oak, a race for three-year-olds, worth £3125, run at the Paris autumn meeting, all the crack three-year-olds of the spring were beaten by the 50 to 1 outsider Torquato Tasso, a colt by Callistrata. Vincinus, whom many reckoned should have won the English Derby, in which he was second, and was subsequently beaten in his own country by Ex Voto and Quo Vadis, was an even money favourite for the last Royal Oak, and his stable mate, Quo Vadis, started second favourite at 4 to 1 among the runners were Ex Voto, Vindis Kink, and Champ de Mars, three good performers. Torquato Tasso won easily, and ran the mile and seven furlongs in 3.24. Quo Vadis was second, Champ de Mars third, and Vincinus last.

As the Canterbury Jockey Club have shifted the winning post further down the course, and consequently altered all the starting posts, the New Zealand Cup race at the Welcome Stakes event will be from a point further down the course, straight than usual by something like a hundred and fifty yards, which would give from the starting post of the Cup race to the new mile and a quarter post a run of nearly three-quarters of a mile. A fair wind blowing would make that particular portion of the New Zealand Cup distance particularly fast as a considerable portion of the run is also downhill. I can well understand that the first six furlongs was run in a little over 1.15, and a fair wind would assist the horses quite a mile of the journey, and the belt of trees would break the force of the wind as they ran along the back. At Riccarton it is possible to see extremely fast or very slow races, for there such matters depend greatly upon how the wind is blowing.

I am reminded of some little incidents in connection with the New Zealand Cup. On the day after their arrival from America the Welcome Stakes event was won by the Sileno and Evans Comedy Company, whose visit to this colony was brought about by Mr. Stephenson, who had Mr. Moss as one of his agents. Shortly after we met the comedians at a party, when I soon discovered that more than one of the visitors were most enthusiastic on the favourite theme—horse. One of them informed me that he had heard that Mr. Moss had a horse in the Cup, and a fair wind would assist the horses quite a mile of the journey, and the belt of trees would break the force of the wind as they ran along the back. At Riccarton it is possible to see extremely fast or very slow races, for there such matters depend greatly upon how the wind is blowing.

When Melwood won the Pearce Handicap in Wellington, it is said that £100 was put on his chance at racing in each large centre; that is, Dunedin, Auckland, Christchurch, and Wellington, and the win in that case represented about double the amount invested on every horse in the race on the totalisator. Several horses were backed almost as extensively for other races at the same meeting away from the course, and yet there are people who declare that betting has decreased in New Zealand. Hardly a meeting takes place without shelves of telegrams being sent investing money on races in different parts of the colony when racing is on. The set books on the New Zealand Cup would probably not amount to much over £12,000, big and small, without the double betting, and this represents all the winter betting. On almost any decent handicap race in the colony a heavy speculating owner, with a good thing that would pay the limit could easily lay out £1000 with the starting price merchants, and win between £2000 and £7000 from the betting, though nothing so extensive as this has ever been consummated, so far as I know.

Another Melbourne Cup has come and gone, and another great performance has been registered by that great mare Wakeful, who though defeated covered herself with glory by carrying the crushing impact

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of that late second place, proving that she still retains her great staying powers and that the race was evidently that of her life, and was run in the climbing good time of 3m 55sec, time which has only been beaten on six occasions and equaled once. Wakeful's performance, time-making, and for so long a distance achievement, the best ever accomplished in the spring of the year in the world's history for one of her sex, which is saying something, is an achievement certainly entitled her to be classed as the best mare we have ever known in the colonies at all distances. To be beaten by a three-year-old colt like Lord Cardigan, carrying the light impost of 6.8, was hard lines indeed. Not since Sula in 1881 won by a similar distance, carrying the feather of 5.10, has such a light impost been borne to victory. Briggis, Haricot, Nimo, and Eastern, and Beker each carried less in the days when the minimum was 6st. No four-year-old has ever won carrying so much as 9.4, the weight Abundance (who divided favouritism with the winner) carried. It is interesting to note that Mr J. Mayo owned and bred the winner, who is by the St. Simon horse Postilion from Lady Trenton, by Trenton from Black Swan; so that once more the Wellington stud has produced a winner through the achievements of the first and second—indeed, New Zealand has had a big interest in many winners since Martial-Henry won 20 years ago. Carbine, Clara, and T. T. Crawford, the three leaders of the sweep, to say nothing of placed horses—having done big advertising for this colony.

Why do white sheep eat more than black ones? Answer: Because there are more of them. Why do grey horses win more races? Answer: Because there are so few of them. The evidence against grey horses should be put aside by most people after the performance of Canteen in the New Zealand Cup. Mr Moss's horse may not be what the Americans would call a Cracker, but he is a horse of the distinction of being the two-mile record holder of the colonies—indeed, nowhere outside of England has two miles been run so fast on a grass track, and in other respects he is entitled to be classed as the best placed grey horse in the world from a time-making point of view. Here has there been such another of the colour? Canteen could not be objected to upon any other score than his colour, though a strong prejudice I confess I entertain against the Castor horses. He is a rare shaped one, and possesses good legs and feet, and has done no end of racing, and it is now quite evident is a better horse than ever he was. He has beaten the best never won a race run in fast time before, but has frequently been beaten in fast time before. He has had three essays for the Cup. The first time, with 7.4, being unplaced, next with 7.9, and on Saturday, with 7.12, he put up the good time of 3.29, a record for the colonies. I predicted that the ground at Riccarton, being very fast, a record would likely be established, and provided the wind was blowing in my favour, but I did not look for the success of Canteen in such a brilliantly run contest. The sound-legged ones appear to have come through well, while the under-suspension ones were blown away at the beginning. The four-year-olds Waitiki and Achilles ran with credit, but here again we have had it established that with weights such as they carried even the champions of that age have been knocked out of the race. It is needless were always sanguine that he would race well, but they expected Roseal to beat them, and those connected with Achilles fancied Roseal most. One shrewd judge wrote, "Good things lead to oblivion, that without going into a long story, he expected Canteen to win, but as Waitiki had wasted much he gave that horse no chance." Other good judges, who had seen the horse win, were equally sanguine. He lies in front of Canteen. Waitiki would perhaps have been better for more racing, and I should certainly think want of racing had made very considerable difference even to a free worker like Achilles.

While enlarging the bookmakers of Sydney a short time ago an owner publicly stated that he had backed his horse with the odds for one of £1000 in the Melbourne Cup. It may not be out of place to mention here that the horse alluded to is not regarded with much favour in professional betting circles, and in consequence the majority of the ring men looked upon laying against him at "fading money." While the owner of this horse could back it to win £40,000, the owners of such horses as Abundance and Postillon did it difficult to back their horses at any price. A sum of £40,000 is certainly large, but it was taken from the Melbourne Cup book, seen a Melbourne Cup book belonging to a well known Sydney man that ran into over £40,000 before the day of the race, which was won by Glenloch; and before the day of running of the Canteen Cup he incurred a £30,000 liability on the Canteen Cup won by Grace Darling. Horse owners are not as maulable as they used to be, and as a body do not bet as heavily as the men of the past. Experience has taught them that plunging on "fading things" leads to oblivion rather than affluence. Like the new generation of bookmakers, they have become wary, and betting in a large way on races like the Caulfield Cup, Melbourne Cup, Easter Handicap, Sydney Cup, Doncaster Handicap, and Ascot Handicap does not attract so much money from owners as hitherto. Where horses were once backed by stable connections weeks and months before the race the money is now held back until the week, or till the bookmakers are all "backed" and the odds are posted. Betting, of course, begins on the day the handicaps are the weights appear, but usually the backers are members of the general public, who, without waiting for a stable "back," back their fancy, to the great satisfaction of the promoters of the registered bookmakers, street bookmakers, and sheep bookmakers.

Though all round betting is much heavier at the present time than it has ever been in Australia, ante-post wagering is nothing like so voluminous as it was in the olden days of the ring as it was 20 years ago (says the "Sydney Mail"). That betting has increased is evidenced by the large number of bookmakers engaged in the business, both on and off the course; but wagering has never been so general, more general than it was when Thompson and Humphrey Oxenham led the ring with mammoth books on important races. Competition in Thompson's time was not so keen as now, for in consequence of wagering being then the prevalent investors were chary and placed their money in few hands. In bygone days only members of Sydney Tattersall's and the Victorian Club were registered to wager in the Randwick reserve. All this is now changed, and registration for betting as a field as heretofore, competition has increased considerably, and the big bookmakers have been compelled to reduce their ante-post books on important races. When the betting was in the hands of a few operators they were strong enough to satisfy themselves on one hand. If a horse was generally quoted in those times at, say, 20 to 1, and the stable was desirous of backing it to win a York Cup, the commissioner, if he knew his business, would fix the odds at 20 to 1 or four of the ring leaders at about 12 to 1 rather than adopt the more precarious course of trying to get the money on among the ring leaders at longer odds. After laying big amounts to the public at such a stable the ringman was "armed," and he generally traded a portion of his wager off to the smaller men on advantageous terms. The small man nowadays, however, is not so easily handled as his predecessor. Shop betting and pony racing afford the small bookmaker daily opportunities of stimulating his keenness, until he has become a wary bird indeed, and in quickness of business, and shrewdness in speculation, he can give his predecessor a good lesson from 20 to 40 years ago half the course and a beating. Like the American rough of fiction, his hand is over on his gun, and the common-sense seldom finds him in a deal. The order of things now and then is reversed. In the past the little man worked for the big bookmaker; in the present the big man works for the smaller one. Nowadays, when a ring leader lays a large wager and wants to cover part of it with the small men, the chances are he will have to take a much shorter price than he laid, for the little man can scent a commission from afar. When the money comes from the big man, he is generally ready to deal with short odds, and instead of humbly returning it into the big book at over full rates he dribbles it out to the public at very short rates. Small backers, too, have increased, and a marvellous business is done. They are slowly but surely becoming exact. Experience is killing them off gradually. Without big backers in the clubs big books cannot be made. Therefore owners who desire to back horses for a decent amount must collect the money from many hands in comparatively small sums, whereas a few years back their wants could have been generally satisfied by two or three men.

It is really surprising how ill-tempered some racecourse crowds can become. Betting is at the bottom of it all, of course. There are thousands of people who will persist in speculating in the chances of horses and cannot take their losses as sportsmen do, for the reason that they are not built that way; but are gamblers pure and simple, of a very poor class. They do not care how they win money, and they are not content to wait until they are ready to jump at the conclusion that the owners of horses that do not race just as they have expected them to do, are conspiring against them. They rush in and make a horse favourite for a race, and because of such an opinion, if the horse is not pulled or raced dishonestly, if an owner has two horses in a race and the non-favourite wins they roar, and more often than not have no justification for so doing. In Australia this sort of conduct is not infrequently met with, and the Klud is reported in connection with the Victoria Racing Club's Derby. Some owners are so unpopular that they cannot do anything right in the eyes of a large section of racegoers, who take no pleasure in their horses in a general manner. Sir Rupert Clark's colours have never been popular, and the public have time after time shown this when that owner's horses have won or lost. Had Sweet Nell, who started favourite for the Derby, won that event there would no doubt have been some cheering, but because a stable companion in F.J.A., who proved superior in an apparently honestly run race, and started at an outside price, defeated the popular selection, instead of hearty appreciation of merit being shown, the air was filled with disgraceful groans and marks of disfavour. We have had similar exhibitions of bad temper in different parts of this colony, and Flemington is not the only course in the United States where prominent owners and their riders have been very unjustly treated. Occasionally, hostile demonstrations have not been undeserved, for it is not pretended that the horses of owners have always been and independently of betting considerations. In the case under notice the respective supporters of Sweet Nell and F.J.A. appear to have had a fair deal, and the conduct of those who led off and all who assisted in the demonstration against the latter party are strongly condemned. Men who can afford to race and do race for the pleasure it affords them, and who at all times deny favour by the racing public, must feel very sore at the treatment of their horses, trainers, and riders are jeered at, and the public, when all concerned have been doing their best to win. If F.J.A. had been pulled to permit of Sweet Nell winning the V.R.C. Derby, there would not have been a murmur from the multitude of her supporters at the equity of the proceeding, and they evidently thought the best was on the

other leg, hence their hostility. Is it at all probable that Sweet Nell could have beaten her stable companion, who equalled the previous best Derby achievement on record in the colonies, by covering the mile and a half in 2.30? Here we have in F.J.A. evidently a marvellous piece of horse flesh, compressed into a small space, for he voted the smallest Derby winner ever seen at Flemington. Got by Wallace, Carbine's best son in the Southern Hemisphere, from Robison Crusoe's daughter, La Tosca, F.J.A. is bred on the stoutest of lines, and his pedigree is full of the strongest winning and staying strains, with a preponderance of Elphinstone ever any other.

**TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.**

(By Telegraph.—Special to "Graphic.")

**CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.**  
At a meeting of the Committee of the South Canterbury Jockey Club last week, the plans and estimates of improvements to the buildings at the Timaru racecourse proceeded. With certain improvements forthwith, Dr. Thomas, on behalf of Mrs. Thomas, asked the club's acceptance of an enlarged photograph of the late Mr. E. Timaru Rhodes, who was for a number of years president of the Club. The gift was accepted with a vote of thanks to Mrs. Thomas. The secretary was instructed to have Mr. Teschmaker's photograph also enlarged.

Bellcent, by Maxim-Enid, has foaled a filly to Royal Artillery.  
The totalisator did not work very smoothly at Riccarton on Saturday, but they doubtless needed a little time to adapt themselves to the altered circumstances.

Orloff is making a good recovery from his mishap, which caused his retirement from the racecourse. His leg is healing down well, and there are reasonable grounds for expecting that he will be fit to go into work again in a few months.

One or two early backers of Canteen, who did not like his chance so well on the day, tried unsuccessfully to get rid of their liability on the course. Among those who stood their wagers were a Dunedin hotelkeeper and an Otago racing official, who won £1000 and £700 respectively, and a theatrical agent and an Oamaru racing man, both of whom won tidy stakes.

The report that Golden Lily was a smash-or, turned out to be correct. She is a fine advertisement to Multiform, the first of whose progeny to race she is. It is a curious coincidence that she is out of the dam of Gold Medalist, Multiform's celebrated contemporary.  
Last week the Canterbury Cup promised to be one of the "races of the century." The entries included Achilles, Cruciform, Waitiki, and Treadmill. The New Zealand Cup proved Achilles a stayer, and that there is very little difference between him and Waitiki over a distance. Cruciform had only to come to the post dressed in her best, and Treadmill had only to accomplish satisfactory performance in the Derby, and the Canterbury Cup would be invested with an interest scarcely ever associated with it. But Cruciform damaged her front bone on Saturday, and had to be withdrawn from all engagements at the meeting, and Treadmill went down so easily in the Derby as to prohibit all possibility of his extending Achilles and Waitiki. The Canterbury Cup is thus reduced to virtually a match between the latter pair.

McCombe has appealed to the Racing Conference against his disqualification by the Canterbury Jockey Club.

**A.R.C. SPRING MEETING.**  
**NORTHERN GUINEAS AND WELCOMES STAKES DAY.**

Save that an easterly wind was blowing rather strongly during part of the day across the course, the weather for the opening day of the spring meeting of the Auckland Racing Club could not have been much more perfect. The course, though somewhat hard, had been top dressed in places, but was unusually fast for this season of the year. The attendance was probably not so large as we have seen it at some corresponding first days at A.R.C. spring meetings, but speculation, which commenced quietly, increased as the day proceeded, and the sum of £7976 was passed through the totalisators, as against £3661 last year, thus showing an increase of £4315. The management generally was good, the starting of Mr. O'Connor satisfactory, though in two or three instances horses misbehaved themselves, and did not leave the barrier well. The fields were well up to the average, and the racing was of an interesting character, several of the colts being well fought out. Five first favourites were carried off, and one of the number, Delania, securing twice, one finished second, and another third, while the second favourites won once only, and were second three times.

The scratching pen was busy over the opening race, the President's Handicap, as six withdrawals had to be registered, leaving nine to go to the post. Of these Souths was made favourite, indeed there was such a strong following for the son of South that he carried off three times as much money as the next fancied one, which proved to be Mr. H. Friedlander's Cyrus. The Beaton Delaval horse Geordie was responsible for most of the running. Geordie, being a slayer of five furlong posts, went out well clear of the field, and it looked likely to prove a case of what would be second as they turned into the home stretch. Swagman, however, came very determinedly, and Geordie began to tire, and was fully worn down, and eventually beaten a full length. Souths, the favourite, who was in the rear for nearly half the journey, came through a beaten field, and only just snatched the barren honour of third place by a neck from Cyrus, but was about three lengths behind Geordie. The nice dividends of £10 1/2 and £3 2/2 were returned. The next event was the Great Northern Guineas of 5000srs, for which Mr. H. Friedlander's chestnut gelding Rops was made a decided favourite, and the race proved the good thing it was voted for the son of St. Leger, who raced to the front at the end of three furlongs and a half, and won with the greatest possible ease from Rops, who slayer of Rops, who ran very gamely. Idessa was a one-way back third, just beating Cordon Rouge, who was only started on the off-chance, and was sore after the race. Onewa, the big son of Cairnsier and Jadestone, was in the front with fiery South during the early stages of the race, but outside the winner the class was not good. Bonheur is a big filly that will improve with time, however, and Onewa will also want age, both being in the shrewdness side. Idessa will never carry a lot of weight, and Cordon Rouge at best will be seen to advantage over shorter distances. If he trains on, though he is a neat sturdy little colt. Cairnsier may make some day a jumper. Rops was bred at Wellington Park, and was purchased by Mr. Darlot, who raced him in conjunction with Mr. Dunfee, until Mr. Friedlander effected his purchase a few weeks back. The scratchings for the Welcomes Stakes were Luaila, Gwendol, and Brown Rose, leaving nine runners, Kilmarnock, coupled with Gladstone, being made solid favourites. Thorpe had both looking very well, the black particularly so. Beau Seaton striped very well, having a season's appearance, and Muthenus also, but this filly was sore. Love Link looked bright, and there was no fault to be found with the condition of the rest, though

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The Queen has been elected a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. She is the first lady to occupy this position.

Lord Curzon will return to England next May. He will be reappointed Viceroy in August. Lord Ampthill will act as Governor-General in the interim.

A French fisher-girl at Ushant swam in her clothes to a boat containing six shipwrecked sailors in a perilous position, and steered them into safety.

Owing to the great unrest in the Central American Republics, the United States is sending the fleet to the Atlantic side of the isthmus.

By an earthquake at Turshiz, Persia, 350 persons were killed and many injured. All the carpet factories and most of the town were destroyed.

The Sanitary Conference meeting in Paris proposes an international sanitary bureau for the collection of information with regard to infectious diseases. The Powers are favourable.

The employing secretary of Messrs. F. Eckstein and Company, of Johannesburg, having introduced Italian miners, the British workers threatened to strike.

The Agents-General are forwarding to the colonies tender forms for one year's meat, groceries, and forage for the South African troops from April, 1904. The tenders are deliverable in South Africa on January 19.

Mr. George B. McClellan, son of the famous Civil War general, and a Tammany candidate, has been elected Mayor of New York, defeating Mr. Low, the present occupant of the office. Plurality voting is estimated to involve 70,000 votes.

## GENERAL CABLES.

### DEAR GAME.

A sheriff's posse at South Dakota killed 16 Sioux Indians and captured 12 for infringing the game laws.

### THE BALKAN RISING.

The famous Macedonian leader, Saraff, is alive. The report of his death was due to the fact that he threw his cloak over a dead insurgent chief.

### DOWIE'S CRUSADE.

The American press declares that Dowie's crusade resulted in only 79 converts. Most of the Zionists have returned home.

### MISS HICKMAN.

The inquest on Miss Hickman, the lady doctor whose disappearance created such a sensation recently, revealed morphine in the viscera.

### JEWS IN RUSSIA.

Lord Rothschild has acquired extensive petroleum fields in the Caucasus, but the Court has upheld the rival bidders' contention that Jews are unable to acquire property, and that the sale is therefore cancelled.

## SUICIDE MANIA.

Three wealthy San Francisco ladies, who were members of the well known Suicide Club, which has already been the occasion of several women seeking their own destruction, have committed suicide.

## MR O'BRIEN REVOLTS.

Mr William O'Brien, M.P., in a letter announces that owing to the "Freeman's Journal" sowing discord in connection with the land policy he resigns his seat in Parliament, quits the Irish League directorate, and discontinues the publication of the "Irish People."

## NEW BRITISH WAR VESSELS.

The Admiralty has ordered three 22½ knot cruisers. Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Company, the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company, and Messrs. Vickers, Son and Maxim, are building one each. Four 25 knot scouts are also ordered. Orders will also shortly be placed for three 18,000 ton battleships.

## THE PENALTY OF BEING RICH.

The persons who kidnapped Mr. Wentz, the well-known American millionaire, have put themselves in communication with his friends.

In the course of a letter they state that they will be pleased to surrender the person of the millionaire on receipt of a sum of £2000.

## CANCER.

A meeting of doctors has been held at St. Bartholomew's Hospital to consider the discovery of Dr. Otto Schmidt, of Cologne, who claims that he has isolated the parasite of cancer, and cultivated a serum killing the cancer cells. The treatment, which is believed in its result to show a complete absence of cancer, created much interest.

## PRINCESS RADZIWILL AGAIN.

The Princess Radziwill, who was recently released at Capetown after undergoing a sentence for fraud and forgery, is now suing the trustees of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes for £1,400,000, basing her claim on Mr. Rhodes' alleged agreement with her dated June, 1899, and on certain notes of hand. She declares that the proceedings at Capetown resulted in a miscarriage of justice, which was due to the fact that South Africa was then under martial law.

## SANATORIUM FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Among the Sanatoria for Consumptives which have been, or are to be, built as an outcome of the meetings of the committee over which the King presided when he was Prince of Wales, is that to be erected near the market town of Midhurst, twelve miles from Chichester.

The King laid the foundation-stone of the magnificent building, which will be erected at a cost of £60,000 on a site covering 150 acres.

## MILITARY REFORM

The newspapers warmly approve the appointment of Lord Esher, Admiral Fisher and Sir G. S. Clarke, Governor of

Victoria, on the committee to reorganise the national defence. They specially commend Sir G. S. Clarke's selection.

The "Daily Telegraph" says there is a singular fitness in Sir G. S. Clarke's selection. He originated the term Imperial defence and largely the ideal underlying it.

## THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

Mr. Alan Aylesworth, one of the Canadian representatives on the Alaska Boundary Commission, speaking at a banquet at Toronto, delivered a conciliatory speech. He eulogised Lord Alverstone and the other Commissioners, and said Canada must bear the award graciously and submissively. He said that even if she childishly resented what she considered an injustice the ties binding Canada and the Motherland were able to stand the strain of many Alaskan awards.

## THE FAR EAST.

An affray took place at Chemulpo between Russian and Japanese bluejackets, a number being injured.

The Chinese Court is much alarmed at the reoccupation of Mukden by Russia, and has conferred with Yuanshihkai and Chanchilitung. It is believed they advised China to join Japan in opposing Russian aggression.

Russia is sending to the Far East 1500 seamen, 2000 naval reservists, and 50 picked gunners immediately; also five battleships as soon as the Baltic is open to navigation.

Prince Alexieff intends to stop the Chinese entering Eastern Siberia and Manchuria, excepting workers for the railways, and imposes a poll of ten pounds per head upon Chinese merchants.

## REVOLUTION AT PANAMA.

The American cruiser Marblehead, the gunboat Concord, and the defence vessels Wyoming and Nero are hastening to Panama. Admiral Glass commands the naval forces at Panama and Admiral Coghlan at Colon. The American policy will be to prompt the Panama Republic to prevent attempts to land Colombian troops. Colombia at first protested to the United States against the encouragement of insurrection or the recognition of the Provisional Government.

President Roosevelt earnestly recommends the Governments of Colombia and Panama to promote a peaceful settlement, adding that the United States is bound by treaty and in the interests of civilisation to see that the peaceful traffic of the isthmus is not disturbed by a constant succession of unnecessary and wasteful civil wars.

## THE FISCAL QUESTION.

Sir Charles Dilke, speaking at Kermantou, said that if preference were given to food products taxation must be far higher than that which Mr Chamberlain had suggested, necessitating a separate bargain with each colony and requiring constant alteration and involving much friction. Though the proposal was disguised, it really amounted to the subordination of Home interests to the material interests of New Zealand alone, and the supposed but not real interests of Australia.

The Hon. R. P. Roblin, Premier of Manitoba, strongly favours Mr Chamberlain's scheme. He states that to make loyal Canadians it is necessary to obtain preference for cereals and agricultural products in the British markets.

The "Standard," in a leading article, states that it hopes that Mr Chamberlain's next speech will be augmented

tively confined to criticism, and that he will not indulge in rhetorical and emotional appeals. His declaration at the Colonial Premiers' Conference had been effectually answered by Mr. Deakin's suggestion for keeping up a protective wall against the British manufacturer while raising it a little higher against the foreigner.

Professor Bowley, in a letter to the "Times," asserts that the wages of agricultural builders' labourers had risen 10 per cent. in the decade, and were now much the same as those of skilled artisans.

## PREFERENTIAL TRADE.

At a meeting of the council of the Central Associated Chambers of Agriculture in London, Mr. Rider Haggard moved that the time had come for a reform of the fiscal system. He said Mr. Chamberlain's proposals would incidentally benefit agriculture, but retaliation alone would be ruinous. Better no change than that.

Sir Edward Strachey, M.P., moved an amendment urging further inquiry. This was defeated by a large majority, and the debate was adjourned till December.

The Leeds Chamber of Commerce, by 76 to 65, advocated a modification of British fiscal policy.

Mr. Marcus Dorment, in a letter to the "Times," says that the census reveals that the numbers of employed in the nine important industries have decreased by 31,630 in 20 years, principally in agriculture, and the silk, nails, and tin-plate trades. The rate of progress of the others has variously declined in the last decade as compared with the previous one.

Lord Beauchamp, speaking at Halesowen, Worcestershire, said that what was needed was a little more energy, on the part of manufacturers and a greater readiness to throw obsolete machinery on the scrap heap. Above all the nation needed the best possible education.

The Board of Trade at St. John's, Newfoundland, warmly supports Mr Chamberlain's preference as an act of far-seeing and courageous statesmanship.

The "Daily Express" states that 100,000 tons of "dumped" American steel bars have been bought recently at Swansea, Newport, and Llanelly at £4 a ton.

An appeal signed by the Duke of Sutherland and Mr Chamberlain, asks for subscriptions for the Tariff Reform League. Twenty have already subscribed £1000, and other subscriptions range from £1 to £500.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach gave an address to 1000 Manchester commercial men. He did not deal with retaliation except to say that he approved of the Sugar Convention. Referring to Mr Balfour's practical proposals, he said that if any great industry was attacked by illegitimate competitors like sugar producing and refining, it behoved the Government and Parliament to interfere. Mr Chamberlain had raised wider and larger issues by his policy, and absolutely reversed that of Mr Gladstone in 1860, which increased prosperity by removing hindrances to industry. Mr Chamberlain proposed to remove the tax on tea and sugar which Mr Gladstone declined to do, and impose fresh duties on a hundred articles. The welfare of the country had undoubtedly increased under Mr Gladstone's policy, and the condition of the workers had enormously improved, but this was not at all due to free imports.

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**AUSTRALIA.**

A man named George Atwood, belonging to New Zealand, was burned to death at the Boulder Block, owing to the destruction of his hut by fire.

Skinner, the caterer of the V.R.C., won £11,000 over Lord Cardigan. He hedged £2,000 and laid £1,000 to his employees and friends.

A youth named Wilburn Finlay, a member of the Salvation Army Guards Band, and a native of Auckland, was drowned while bathing at Gunnedah, New South Wales.

The Bradford ((Vic.) Roman Catholic Church has been the scene of vandalism of the worst description. Images and pictures were destroyed, and the altar-clothes and priests' vestments torn and covered with filth.

Riding in the Australian mile handicap, Ivor Lawson, the American cyclist, beat Don Walker, of Victoria, establishing a world's record of 1m. 55 2-5a. D. Plunkett, the New Zealand rider, qualified for the final, and Burton, of New Zealand, finished first in the semi-final of the Sydney Wheel Race.

**A RECORD COAL SEAM.**

Coal-boring operations at Cessnock, near Maitland, revealed at a depth of 260ft. what promises to be the world's record seam of coal. The seam has been cut through 31ft, which constitutes a world's record.

**AUSTRALIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.**

Over 100 Australians have returned from South Africa by the Gracchus. Five of them give a very unfavourable account of the state of affairs. Stranded Australians are as thick as flies, and would all be back if they could only

**COLONIAL CREDIT.**

Mr Harold Beauchamp, of Wellington, who has returned from a visit to Europe, on being interviewed at Perth, said the British public were disposed to look to our indebtedness from a per capita basis, and would not take into consideration the large assets in the shape of railways, telegraphs, and telephones. Not only colonial securities had suffered, but consols had slumped. If any further fall in gilt-edged securities occurred there would be an unparalleled financial crisis.

**THE ENGLISHMEN IN AUSTRALIA.**

In fine weather, with a perfect wicket, and in the presence of a large number of spectators, the English cricket team began their Australian tour on the Adelaide Oval in a match against South Australia.

**ENGLAND.—First Innings.**

Warner, c Jennings, b Claxton.....	65
Tykesley, c Giffen, b Claxton.....	2
Foster, run out.....	1
Hayward, c Hill, b Travers.....	157
Braund, b Giffen.....	58
Hirst, c Evans, b Claxton.....	37
Bosanquet, b Hay.....	19
Lilley, not out.....	91
Relf, c Travers, b Claxton.....	30
Arnold, not out.....	7
Extras.....	16

Total for eight wickets (innings closed).....483

**BOWLING ANALYSIS.**

Travers took one wicket for 95 runs.
Giffen, one for 129.
Hay, one for 68.
Reedman, none for 40.
Claxton, four for 76.
Evans, none for 37.
Hack, none for 9.

**SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—First Innings.**

Gebra, thrown out.....	31
Hack, b Rhodes.....	16
Hill, b Lilley, b Bosanquet.....	18
Travers, not out.....	4
Giffen, not out.....	15
Extras.....	0

Total for three wickets..... 84

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	1st Prize.	2nd Prize.
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2. Cushions (most original).....	£1 10/	10/
3. Pin Cushions.....	10/	5/
4. Wood Carving (Relief).....	£1 10/	10/
5. Wood Carving (Chip).....	£1 10/	5/
6. Dolls, Dressed (open to all)	10/	5/
7. Dolls (Dressed by Children under 15).....	10/	5/
8. Bouquets.....	10/	5/
9. Buttonholes.....	10/	5/
(No Entrance Fee for Above).		
10. 6 Photos (developed and mounted by Amateurs).....	£1 10/	
(Entrance Fee, 1s.)		
11. 6 Photos. (developed and mounted by Professionals).....	10/	5/
(Entrance Fee, 6d.)		
12. Best Snap Shot (open to anyone).....	10/	5/
(Entrance Fee, 6d.)		
13. Best Article sent in. Total cost of every material used in its manufacture not to exceed 2/.....	10/	5/
(No Entrance Fee.)		
(A bill showing cost of the various articles used in the manufacture must be sent with No. 13.)		

**CONDITIONS.**

1. All articles sent in for competition (after the prizes are awarded) to be sold for the benefit of the VETERANS' HOME.  
2. The award of the judges to be final.  
ENTRIES close December 1st, and should be forwarded (with entrance fee where required) to H. Gillman, Junr, Esq., No. 40, New Zealand Insurance Buildings, Queen street, Auckland.  
It is, however, requested that those intending to enter will do so without delay, so as to ensure adequate space being provided to properly show the exhibits.  
POST ENTRIES will be accepted, and charged special entrance fee of 1/ in addition.  
No second prize unless six competitors.  
NOTICE.—All goods must be marked with name of sender and the number and name of COMPETITION, and must be delivered at Government House on December 10th or December 11th.

**ADDITIONAL COMPETITIONS.**

	1st Prize.	2nd Prize.
14. Pound Cake.....	10/	5/
(To be delivered on the 15th December, before 1 p.m.)		
15. Sponge Cake.....	10/	5/
(To be delivered on the 16th December, before 1 p.m.)		
16. Any Kind of Jam Sandwich.....	10/	5/
(To be delivered on the 17th December, before 1 p.m.)		
17. Seed Cake.....	10/	5/
(To be delivered on the 18th December, before 1 p.m.)		
18. Basket of Fancy Biscuits and Cakes.....	10/	5/
(To be delivered on the 19th December, before 1 p.m.)		

ALL CAKES to be 2lb weight or over.  
ENTRANCES for Competitions Nos. 14 to 18 close at 12 o'clock noon on the day prior to the Competition.

**Wreck of the Ovalau.**

Four of the Ovalau's crew had a narrow escape. They were sleeping in the fore-castle when the fire started, and were dragged out insensible.

Prior to the first explosion, Captain Todd, believing that it might be possible to keep the fire smouldering, conceived the idea of pushing on to Sydney. After leaving the passengers on the island, he called for volunteers among the crew, and they to a man offered to stick by the ship. When it was seen that the vessel was doomed, the engine-room staff responded to the chief engineer's call and drew the fires, though at the imminent peril of their lives.

Captain Todd is a native of New Zealand, his home being in Dunedin City. He is a man of about 50 years of age. He is tall in stature, and very jovial in conversation. He was very well known all over this colony as the master of several of the Union Company's boats, he having been engaged in almost every trade carried on by this company. Before joining the Union Company he was a deck officer on one of the steamers regularly trading between England and India. As a master mariner he was first appointed to the Union steamer Southern Cross, then employed in the inter-island trade out of the port of Suva. He subsequently had command of the Suva, Taupo, and Brunner, being transferred from the latter vessel to the intercolonial trade. He successively had command of the Te Anau and Talune, and about eight years ago was transferred to the company's coastal

steamer Corinna. He left the company shortly afterwards to take up a position with Messrs. Burns, Philp & Co., of Sydney. About two years ago he had the misfortune to lose the steamer Mambare. He was later given the command of the company's steamer Ovalau, which was purchased from the Union Company to replace the Mambare.

To their everlasting discredit, two members of the crew of the Ovalau recorded that while the ship was being rapidly destroyed by fire they stole away from their comrades, who worked at high pressure to save as much as possible from the burning ship, and forced an entrance into the trade room where the liquor was stored. Having found a supply they partook freely, and in a short space of time were in a practically helpless condition.

When the fire gained such dimensions that it was imperative to abandon the ship, the captain called the small company left on board. One boat-load intimated that they must leave immediately for the shore. It was then discovered that the two missing men were found enjoying themselves in the trade room, unconscious of the danger in which they were placed. They were implored to leave, but declined to go on deck. It was impossible to make them understand that their lives were in great jeopardy.

Captain Todd, upon learning what had occurred, rushed below through the dense volumes of smoke fumes from the burning copra and entered the trade room, caught the men by the neck, one in each hand, and by an almost superhuman effort dragged them up the staircase of the burning vessel.

The helpless men were then lowered over the side into the boat.

**Veterans' Home Bazaar.**

In connection with the opening of the Veterans' Home at Auckland on 10th December, Lord Ranfurly will give a tea at the Home, and in the evening a smoke concert will be given to the veterans. A bazaar follows from 15th to the 19th December, inclusive. There will be a great variety of afternoon and evening entertainments in Government House and grounds during the week. Amongst the competitions will be a tug-of-war on horseback, a night attack, wood-chopping, etc. A ladies' cricket match will be another feature in connection with the bazaar. Lord North-

land is to control a hat stall, and prizes are to be given for the trimming of ladies' hats, both by professionals and amateurs, the hats afterwards being sold in aid of the funds of the Home. Already the hats are said to be pouring in from all parts of New Zealand. The prizes for these competitions are very handsome, and the certificates which will accompany the prizes are not the ordinary printed certificates, but have been done by a veteran with a talent for draughtsmanship. They will be signed by Lord Northland and the president of the bazaar. The veterans' stall is to be another unique feature of the bazaar.

**Lady Ranfurly's Departure.**

A parting tribute was sent by telegraph to-day to the Countess of Ranfurly by the members of the Veterans' Association. The following is a copy of the message: "The Countess of Ranfurly, Wellington.—The members of the Empire Veterans' Association, old sailors of the Royal Navy, and aged soldiers residing in the Auckland district, unite in respectfully wishing your Ladyship and family a safe and pleasant voyage, a happy home-coming, and every blessing which God can bestow. They also desire to express once more their deep appreciation and vivid remembrance of your Ladyship's gracious kindness and courtesy, and also that of Lady Constance Knox, to them during your stay in Auckland. Our last thoughts of you are expressed in the familiar quotation:

"What can we pay thee for this noble usage  
But grateful praise! So Heaven itself is paid."

(Signed) Burton J. Daveney, Herbert G. Archer, Arthur Morrow, Thos. Thompson, Vice-Presidents Empire Veterans' Assoc.

At the Nurses' Home last week the lady superintendent, on behalf of the nursing staff of the Auckland Hospital, presented Nurse Rowles (who has been connected with this institution for the past twenty years, and is leaving to take up another appointment) with a handsome silver tea set, as a small token of the high esteem in which she is held by her fellow-workers, who wished her every success in her new position.

# CEREBOS

## TABLE SALT

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 Stores.  
Wholesale Agents:—Chrystal & Co., Christchurch.

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**SURGEON DENTIST,**

## QUEEN STREET - AUCKLAND.

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# Music and Drama.

## HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Lessee ..... C. R. Bailey  
 Under the Sole Direction of  
 MR GEORGE MUSGROVE.  
 Manager ..... Mr Chas. D. Westmacott

THIS EVENING, at 7.45.  
 MR GEORGE MUSGROVE'S COMPANY OF  
 BRILLIANT COMEDIANS,  
 In  
 TWELFTH NIGHT,  
 TWELFTH NIGHT,  
 TWELFTH NIGHT,  
 In  
 SETTINGS OF RARE BEAUTY.  
 To the  
 ACCOMPANIMENT OF GLORIOUS  
 MUSIC.  
 BOX PLAN  
 At Messrs Willman, Lyell, and Arey's,  
 where Seats may be secured Six Days  
 Ahead.  
 PRICES—5/ 3/ 1/  
 Early Door to Gallery and Stalls, 6d extra.

## OPERA HOUSE.

Under the Direction of Miss Katherine  
 Russell (Mrs Alfred Dampier).  
 A BRILLIANT SUCCESS ACHIEVED.  
 A PROFOUND IMPRESSION CREATED.  
 ALFRED DAMPIER.  
 Supported by  
 MISS LILY DAMPIER.  
 And their  
 ENGLISH, AMERICAN, AND AUSTRALIAN  
 DRAMATIC COMPANY.  
 SUCCESS OF ALL GREAT SUCCESSES.  
 THE BUSH KING.  
 THE BUSH KING.  
 THE BUSH KING.  
 Popular Prices—3/ 2/ 1/  
 Early Doors, 6d extra.  
 Box Plan at Willman, Lyell, and Arey's.  
 Day Seats at Carter's and Willman's.  
 IN ACTIVE PREPARATION—  
 Grand Production of Charles Reade's Anglo-  
 Australian Drama, entitled,  
 "IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."  
 CLAUDE E. WEBB .... Touring Manager

Maud Beatty, it is said, will return to New Zealand in consequence of ill-health.

The New Plymouth Amateur Operatic Society have decided that "La Mascotte" is the next opera to be staged.

The receipts at the Wellington Musical Festival amounted to £1000, of which sum £800 went in expenses.

Miss Lilian Digges has left for England, to the great regret of all her confidantes, with whom she was a great favourite.

"Topsy Turvy" has made such a "hit" in the South that Messrs. Willoughby and Geach have decided to make it their trump card for the North Island tour.

Dan Leno has been ordered a long sea voyage. He may come to Australia. If he does, and should he have recovered his sanity on arrival, he may give a few performances under Mr Rickards' management.

On Derby night in Melbourne a very modern melodrama, entitled "The Great Millionaire" was presented for the first time in Australia by Bland Holt. A motor car pursuit and a great catastrophe were the most thrilling features of "The Millionaire," which bears the trade mark of Raleigh and Collins, play founders.

Mr W. F. Hawtrey's Comedy Company passed through Auckland last week en route for the country districts. They have been doing well in the South, whence their new play, "The Two McWetherbys," built on lines like "The Tyranny of Tears," has been very successful. They return to Auckland in January.

"The Bush King," with which Mr Alfred Dampier and his dramatic company opened their Auckland season last Saturday, caught the popular taste at once, and has since been drawing crowded houses. Mr Dampier and Miss Lily Dampier, in the two principal roles, were excellent, and the rest of the company gave them very good support. While in Auckland the company will produce a series of stirring dramas of the kind which is always popular in Auckland. "It's Never Too Late to Mend" will follow "The Bush King."

"Twelfth Night," as staged by the Musgrove Shakespearian Company, is perhaps the most completely satisfying Shakespearian production ever put on a colonial stage, and in everything except scenic display completely distances and outclasses the "Midsummer Night's Dream." In that truly sumptuous and splendid production, some of what one may term the Shakespearian effect, was to a considerable extent sacrificed to the splendours of the scenery and the magnificence of the mounting, and the effect was almost purely spectacular, and somewhat more reminiscent of pantomime than of comedy by the Bard of Avon. In "Twelfth Night" every advantage is taken for scenic effect, and some exceedingly fine stage pictures are produced, but there is not the same opportunity for extravagance and opulence in this direction, and in consequence the playing and the comedy have a chance of showing on their merits. And it would be hard to rate those merits too highly. The staging and mounting are perfect, but even more excellent is the acting, the singing and the music. The company play together with a finish and attention to detail, and a love of their work, which was not to be found in the "Dream," and it would be difficult indeed to imagine a much finer presentation of a most charming comedy. The majority of the cast are quite exceptionally fine in their respective parts, and the weaknesses are surprisingly few. In the famous kitchen scene the high-water mark of excellence is reached, and this particular scene could not be played more completely or more satisfactorily in any London theatre. Mr. A. Ford, as Sir Toby, Mr. Croker-King as Aguecheek, Miss Milton as Maria were truly superb, as was also Mr. Kenningham as the Clown. It was a memorable and delightful bit of art, and was warmly and deservedly applauded. Miss Rignold as Viola, and the Olivia of Miss Kerin were also worthy of special mention in a production which will not be easily forgotten by those who have witnessed it.

Miss Beryl Faber, a talented young actress, who was a member of the Brough and Boucicault Company some years ago, scored a transient success recently at the Garrick Theatre, where she filled the part of Miss Violet Vanbrugh in the play, "The Bishop's Move," towards the end of the season.

Manager Hamilton's reflections on the apathy of the Christchurch public towards theatricals were apparently abundantly justified by the lack of support accorded to Mr. Musgrove's Company during its recent season. "The Fortune Teller" had a fair run, but upon its withdrawal receipts decreased considerably, and on several nights when I dropped in there was a very disappointing attendance, says the writer of the dramatic notes in "Canterbury Times."

M. Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian Shakespeare, has dropped from problem into comedy. A new play of his has been produced at Geneva, entitled "Le Miracle de Saint Antoine." This title at least does not suggest anything in the way of roaring farce, but one must be prepared to expect anything from this erratic genius.

Mr. Claude H. White, who arrived in Australia by the Oceana, as touring representative of the English society entertainer, Mr. Mel. B. Spurr, who comes to New Zealand shortly, made himself exceedingly popular with all and sundry on board the P. and O. liner, the result being that he was made the recipient of a very handsome present, consisting of a gold and silver cigarette case, also a matchbox and cigarette holder and case. The presentation was made by the passengers, as a token of their appreciation of Mr. White's efforts in arranging sports and amusements during the trip. Amongst those who subscribed to the presentation was the captain of the boat, who presented it, and in doing so remarked, "I only wish I could always have a passenger like Mr. White on board, as it not only makes the voyage pass pleasantly, but it also makes the boat popular."

Immediately after the performance of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" on Derby Day in Melbourne, Miss Nellie Stewart presented a gold-mounted riding-whip to young Richardson, the jockey, who rode Sweet Nell to victory in the Caulfield Cup. There are three Sweet Nells concerned in the foregoing paragraph, but in the estimation of all Australians the thoughtful donor of the handsome gift has certainly the best claim to the adjective.

Over on the other side the big star after Ada Crossley continues to be the great bird trainer, Madame Marzella, who is filling the Tivoli night after night. Madame Marzella says that she trains by kindness her eagles, macaws, parrots, cockatoos, ravens and pigeons. Madame Marzella, a German, has been training birds in conjunction with her husband for 19 years. Two of them are 20 years of age; other ages are 14, 12, and 7 years. Each of her birds is treated once a day to as much port wine as it will sip. On a sea journey she gives them champagne in medicinal doses. She has about a hundred trained birds, and she spends three hours in coaching them every morning. She values her birds and apparatus at £2000.

Clarence Holt, whose death occurred recently, was, as most people knew, Bland Holt's father, but some people mixed the two. Once Bland was introduced to an ancient man in Melbourne, who said, "Holt, Holt!" Dear me, you keep well. It must be nigh on thirty years since I saw you in "The Mountebank."

The following is of interest:—Doubtless what is called "the inevitable law of change" operates in theatrical as in all other human affairs (says the "Australasian"), but it operates with a strange capriciousness. A few months ago Melbourne play-goers were offered at the two leading theatres a choice of musical pieces; comic opera at the Princess's Theatre opposed musical farce at Her Majesty's; and it looked for months as if the drama had become quite displaced in the repertory of the rival impresarios. Now for two or three months drama has vied with comedy, and the musical piece seems to have been banished from our stage. It is notorious that for some time the musical piece has failed in Melbourne to fulfil the expectations of the managers; and there is an idea that the days of the "musical comedy" are numbered. By this it is not meant that we shall see no more of those delectable mixtures of melody and buffoonery; but the vogue of such pieces which justified rival managers in staging synchronously a somewhat similar genre of entertainment seems to be passing. Something of the same state of affairs has been remarked in London; and Mr George Edwardes, the manager chiefly responsible for the popularity of the "musical play," has been interviewed on the subject. He discredits the idea that the vogue of the musical comedy is weakening.

Seems to me that some of the com-

parisons drawn between Melba and Ada Crossley are absurdly unfair to the greater singer (says a writer in the "Bulletin"). It is remarked that whereas Melba showed very little emotion when being welcomed and gushed over on one Australian occasion and another, Ada Crossley is really "overcome." Tears rolled down her cheeks, for instance when she found thousands of people (recipients of invitation tickets) waiting to glorify her at Melbourne railway station. But Melba had been the heroine of excited demonstrations in many cities before she came to Australia. She was hardened to such flattering extravagances, and had long ago taken the measure of their worth. Nevertheless, Melba didn't "lack feeling." The ordeal of facing a Melbourne audience for the first time after her return in the character of a great singer affected Melba in one way and Crossley in a different way. The soprano sang divinely—the first notes of Melba's first number (from "Lucia") were marvelously beautiful. She was strung up to perfection pitch. The contralto, on the other hand, was too nervous to do herself justice. Her voice had no thrill in it, her singing was not particularly full of expression. She didn't rise to the occasion as Melba had risen, and that's all about it. It is often remarked of Melba, in indirect disparagement of her triumphs, that she possesses a great capacity for business—knows how to advertise herself and "work the press and public." What struck me about that strange-mannered woman was her inability to make herself half so pleasant as she doubtless would have liked to appear. So far from being a great tactician, she is a bad business-woman as regards the business of ingratiating herself with all sorts and conditions of people. I would say that Ada Crossley can give Melba many points in that branch of industry—and more power to her if she can. She has the cooler head of the two artists, and by far the greater aptitude for winning the esteem of all who make her acquaintance. She wears the V.O. decoration on her chest. She travels with an ex-Australian pen-woman and persistent puff paragraphist as a sort of unofficial private secretary. An admirable artist, a shrewd, kindly lady, and an unaffected self-advertiser.

**NOTICE . .**

To sufferers from Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, and all pains of Head, Face, or Limbs.

The Old Reliable English Remedy.

**PATERNOSTER'S**

**PILLS**

PREPARED BY  
**POINGDESTRE & TRUMAN,**  
 OF 71 OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON.

Renowned for over a Century for quick efficacy, as proved by testimonials from all parts of the world.

Is sold by all Chemists in the Colonies.

**W. P. HOFFMANN, QUEEN STREET, Auckland.**

**Pianos and Organs on Time Payment.**

SOLE AGENT FOR

Brinsmead Pianos

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Call and inspect the Royal Piano Player.

Violins,

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AND ALL KINDS OF FITTINGS.

All kinds of Musical Instruments Tuned and Repaired.

VIOLIN STRINGS IN GREAT VARIETY.



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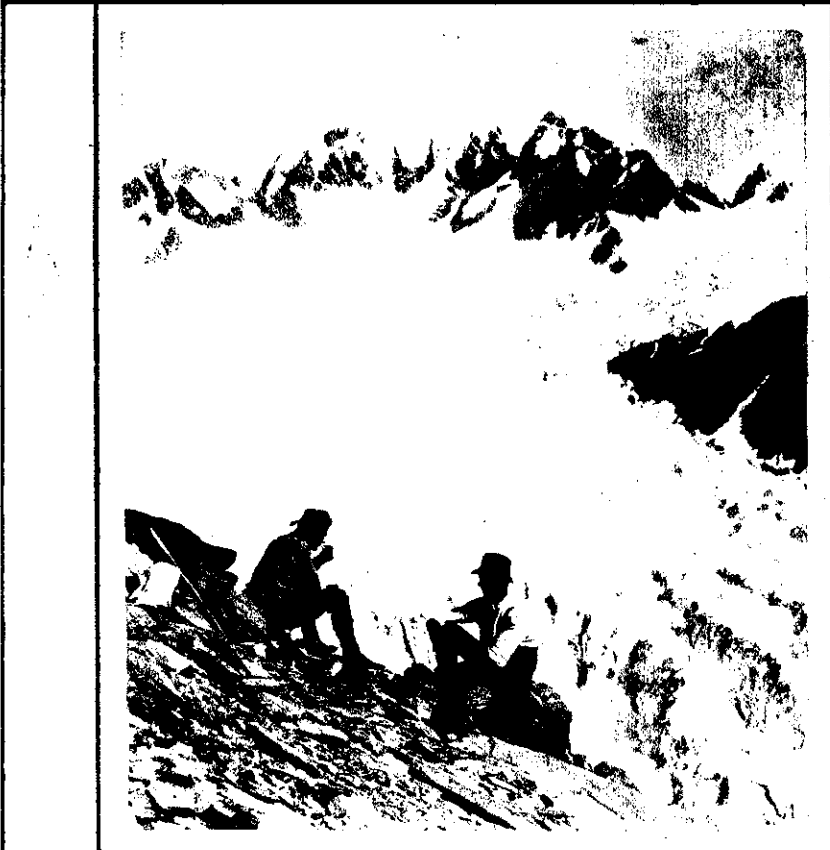
Northwood Bros., photo.

## A King Country Joke!

PORTRAIT OF A MAORI GENTLEMAN WHEN ASKED BY A THIRSTY BUT UNSOPHISTICATED TOURIST IF HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE TO GET A DRINK IN THE KING COUNTRY.

Note.—For the benefit of readers outside the colony it may be explained that though the King Country is supposed to be strictly prohibition, there is little difficulty in obtaining any "refreshment" which may be desired.

# MOUNTAINEERING ON THE WEST COAST



The Alpine country of the South Island of New Zealand has attracted the attention of English and Continental climbers for many years past, resulting in a considerable number visiting the Hermitage annually. Prominent amongst these in the past have been the Revs. Green, E. A. Fitzgerald (accompanied by M. Zurbriggen), and Malcolm Ross. As a result of this interest shown by outsiders in our glorious Alpine country, many young New Zealanders have become ardent mountain climbers, and what is after all one of the noblest kinds of sport, promises to take firm hold of the present and coming generation. When it was known that Mr E. A. Fitzgerald, accompanied by M. Zurbriggen, the chief of Alpine guides, was coming to New Zealand to climb Mount Cook, three young New Zealanders decided, if possible, to forestall him. In this they succeeded, and the complete ascent of Mount Cook was made for the first time on Christmas Day of 1894, by Messrs T. C. Fyfe, C. Graham, and I. Clark (at present senior guide at the Hermitage). I mention this because only 12 months ago, in the Christmas number of one of your contemporaries, it was given forth to the world that E. A. Fitzgerald was the first to complete the ascent of Mount Cook. Mr Fitzgerald never attempted it, the fact that he was too late to be first, seemed to have hurt his feelings.

The second ascent was made by Zurbriggen alone on March 14, 1895, since then Mount Cook has been unconquered, although a number of attempts have been made.

In consequence of the many conveniences offered to tourists at the Hermitage and in the Tasman Valley, most of the Alpine work has been done from there as headquarters, so that it is not surprising to hear the New Zealand Alps compared somewhat unfavourably with those of Switzerland.

In the first annual report of the Tourist Traffic Department (1902), the impressions of Dr. Heims, a Swiss geologist, are given. He states, "The European mountains form a contrast by reason of the beautiful and immensely varied colours of the flowers in the meadows, that make the slopes and the valleys so delightful; here in New Zealand the meadows and downs are yellow with tussock grass, till we search the level almost of the glaciers, and there the flowers that meet the eye are nearly all white."

This is quite true of the eastern aspect of the great mountain range, but it seems strange that so few people realize that there is another and an absolutely different aspect from the western side.

Here access to the high mountain ranges is through magnificent forests, with a marvellous undergrowth of moss and fernery, just beautiful woodland

lakes, up wooded and rocky ravines, until an elevation of over 5000 feet is reached. Then the more stunted growth commences, and Alpine flowers of great variety abound until the permanent snow line is reached.

The glaciers, much more beautiful and interesting than those on the Eastern side, pass down for miles in these heav-

ily wooded ravines abounding in waterfalls, until the end a few hundred feet above sea level. Access to these glaciers is gained either on foot or horseback, through charming lanes and tracks, surrounded by dense fern and timber growth, which extends to within a few feet of the ice.

Camping out up to a level of 5500 feet is delightful, there being abundant sup-

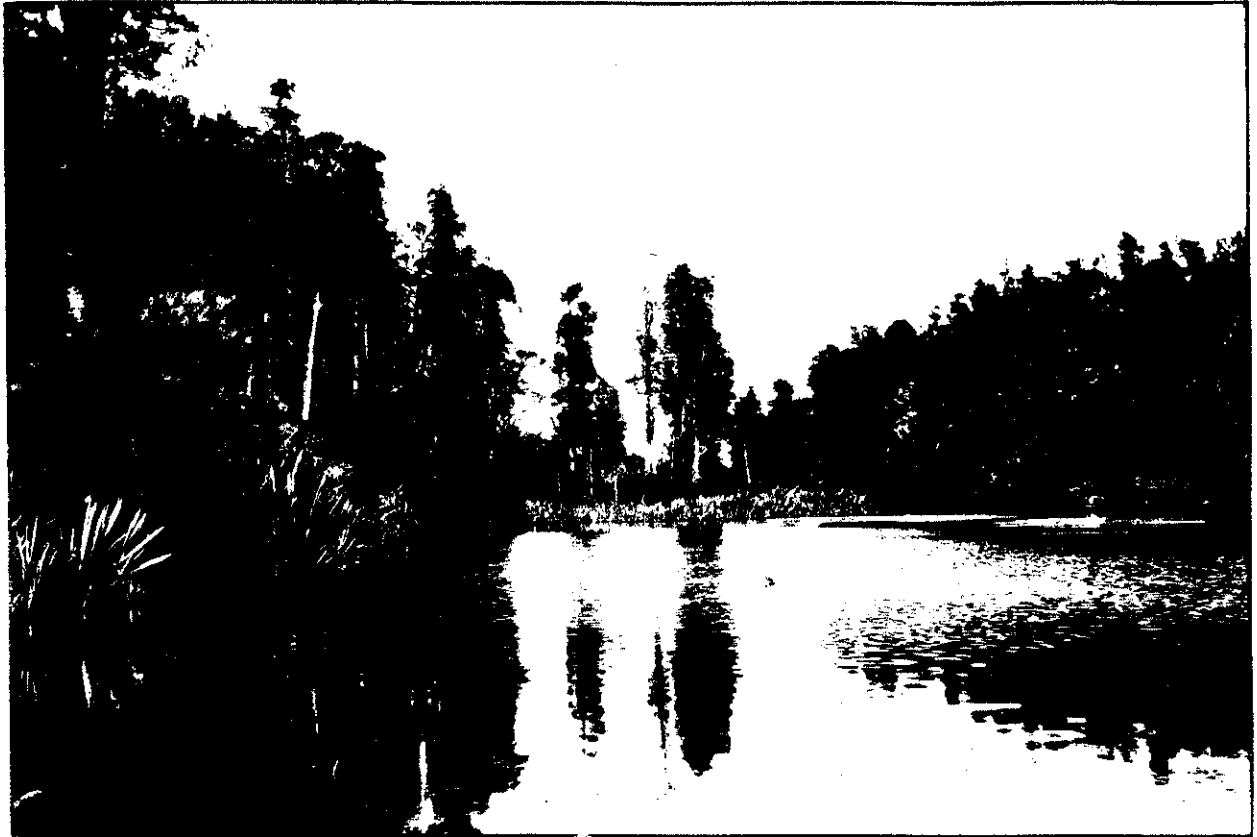
plies of wood and water at that height.

At present there are comfortable huts at the Franz Josef and Fox Glaciers, and in the Hokitika and Whitecombe Valleys with horse tracks leading up to them, also a fair bush track up the Copeland Valley, leading up to Fitzgerald's Pass, and thence to the Hermitage.

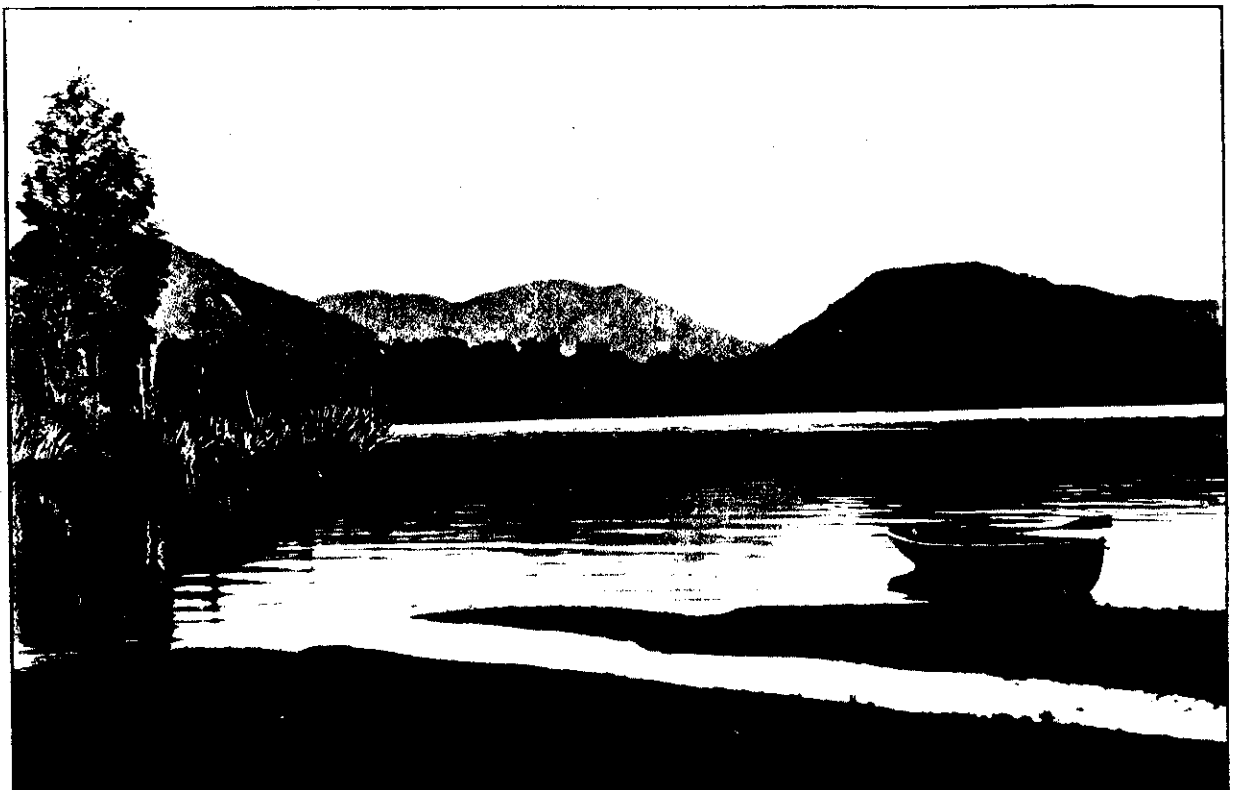
Access from the coast to these huts

and tracks is at present good, and improving year by year, and before long, with some assistance from the Tourist Traffic Department, Westland promises to become the Alpine Climbers' Paradise.

For some account of mountaineering in Westland, readers are recommended to get Harper's "Pioneer Work in the New Zealand Alps."



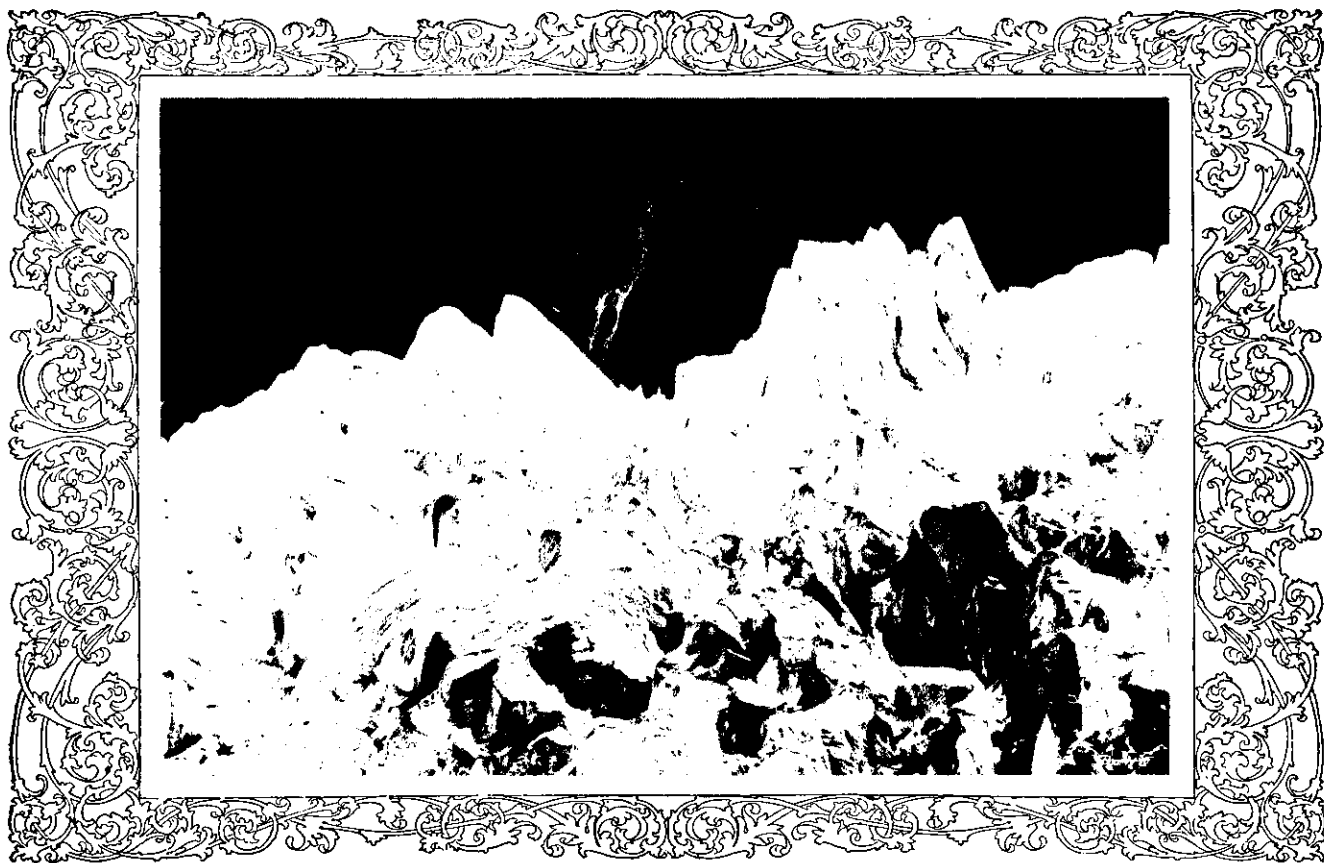
ARNOLD RIVER NEAR ITS EXIT FROM LAKE BRUNNER.



CAMP BAY, LAKE KANIERI.

Telchmann, photo, Hokitika.

## Mountaineering From the West Coast Side.



ICE PINNACLES ON THE FOX GLACIER.



Tetzelmann, photo, Hokitika.

A TYPICAL SCENE LOOKING DOWN THE FOX GLACIER.

### Mountaineering From the West Coast Side.

**Are You Left-Handed?**

**SOME STRIKING FACTS ABOUT THE BRAIN.**

An "Answers" representative recently had an interesting conversation with Dr. Withrow, a young member of the medical profession, who has devoted considerable attention to the brain, though he modestly confesses that he is yet but at the beginning of his studies, which later may lead to remarkable results.

"You see," said Dr. Withrow, "that ordinary persons trouble themselves but little as to how far their brain influences their most ordinary muscular actions of everyday life, and yet it is a fact that before you move a limb the order to move that limb must be conveyed to it from the brain. The headquarters in the brain from where these orders are issued is known as the speech-centre.

"The speech-centre lies either at the right or left side of the brain. If it lies on the right side the orders will be transmitted more rapidly to the left than to the right limbs, and make a person what is generally called left-handed, though in reality a more correct term would be right-minded. On the other hand, a person having the speech-centre on the left will exercise their right limbs more readily than their left, and such an individual might be called left-minded.

"Young children, who naturally use their left hand in preference to their right, are simply obeying the orders issued from the brain, and if not taught to use their right hand will grow up left-handed. When taught from their earliest years to use their right hand they find no difficulty in doing so later on, because the habit becomes so strong; but I have seen one or two rare instances where reversion to the use of the left hand has come about late in life. One case was after a long attack of fever, when during the period of delirium the patient began to use the left hand more than the right, and during recovery took his medicine with his left hand.

"Both sides of the brain are capable of performing the duties of giving commands to the limbs; but, as I said, the orders only come from one side, either from the right or left; but if the side upon which the speech-centre lies gets injured, and is rendered incapable of performing its duty, then the other side takes up the work, though it requires some time before it can do so properly.

"Supposing a man meets with a bad fall or accident of any kind which damages the speech-centre on the left, he becomes dumb for the time being. Then the right side slowly learns how to give orders and the man gradually regains power of speech after some years, but in many such cases he becomes left-handed, because now the orders from the brain are transmitted more rapidly to the left than to the right.

"You have often experienced, I suppose, the curious feeling that you have done something, or met someone at some time or other when in reality you have not done so at all. There are two or three theories to account for this hallucination, but the now generally accepted theory is, that in such cases one side of the brain acts slightly quicker than the other. Thoughts of this sort, by the way, have nothing to say to the speech-centre which only controls muscular action. In thinking of any idea or person, both sides of the brain act simultaneously; but, as I say, in some cases one side acts a bit quicker than the other.

"Supposing the left side of your brain conceived the idea that you were going to tie your bootlace, and that the right side was, say a thousandth-part of a second behind hand in grasping the same idea, the result, when the right side did grasp it, would be that you would imagine that you had already tied your bootlace.

"Of course, no one could possibly notice the delay in the action of one side of the brain, but the result, when it does occur, is to make a person fancy he had already performed an action which in reality he had only thought of performing, and the strangest part of such an hallucination is that the contemplated action seems to have been done a long time ago. Of course, being right or left-minded has nothing to say to a person's intellect—a very clever, or a very dull man may be either one or the other."



THEIR FIRST RIDE.



A PARTY DRAWN UP TO HONOUR THE FIRST MOTOR AMONGST THE MAORIS.



A CAMP BY THE WAY.

**With a Motor Car Amongst the Maoris.**

Photos by H. Haines.

MR. AND MRS. H. HAINES' TRIP TO ROTORUA AND HOT LAKES DISTRICT IN THEIR LOCOMOBILE.



Walrond. "Graphic" photo.

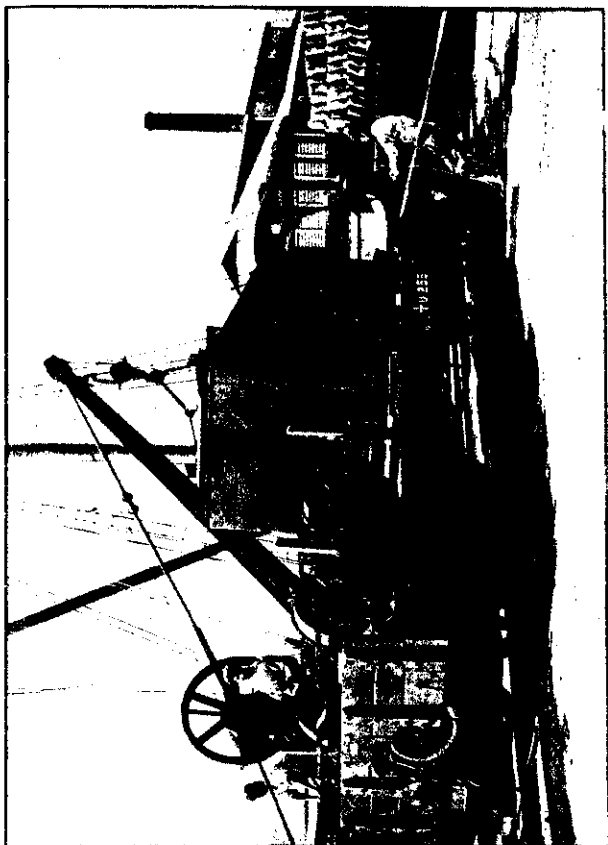
GIANT WHITE CANDYTUFT.



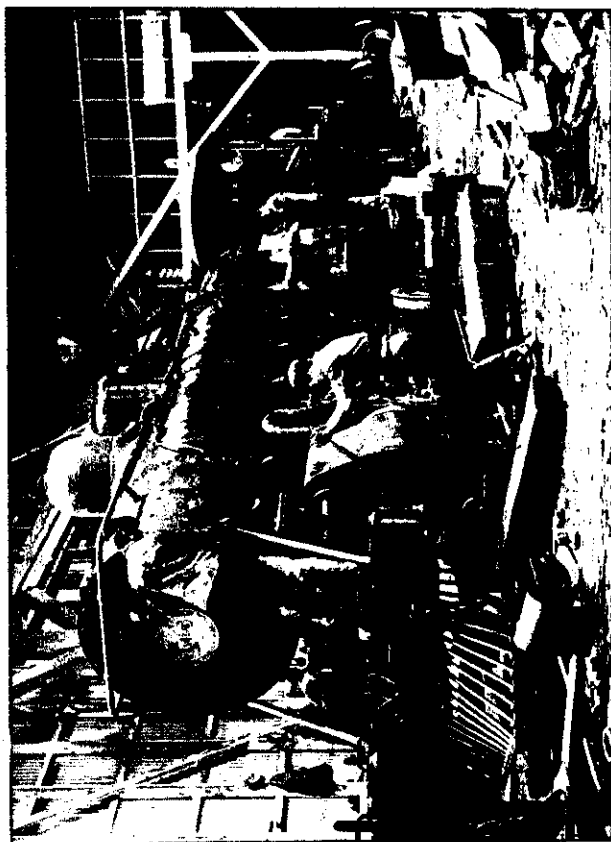
Water G. Owen, photo.

RHODODENDRONS IN MR. OWEN'S BEAUTIFUL GARDEN, EPSOM, AUCKLAND.

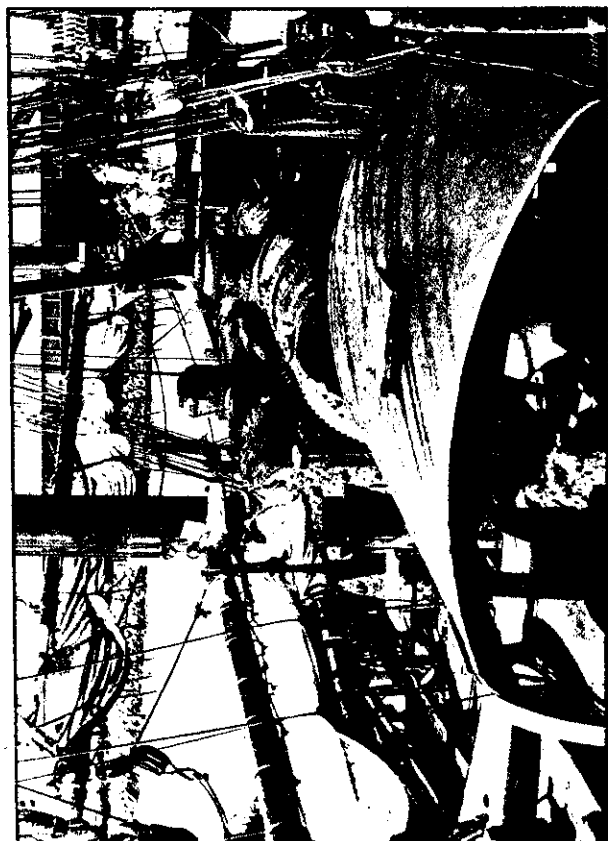
**FLOWERS OF THE WEEK.**



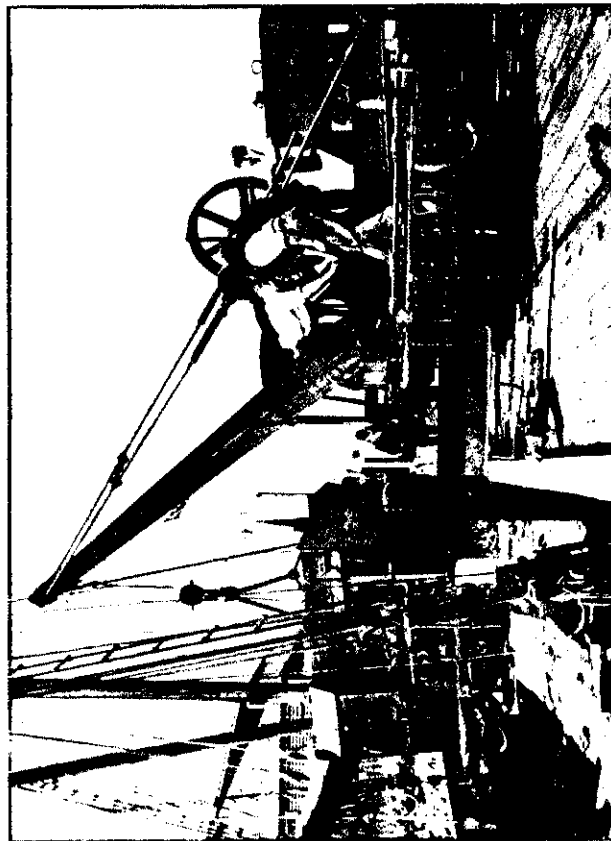
EN ROUTE FOR THE WORKSHOPS.



ERECTING ONE OF THE ENGINES AT NEWMARKET.



THE SEAR'S CARGO.



A BIG LIFT.

**IMPROVING THE RAILWAY SERVICE TO ROTORUA.**

In order to provide sufficient haulage power necessitated by the addition of heavy-firing cars to the Rotorua express trains and other causes, two of the largest type of locomotives were recently sent up from Invercargill to Auckland.

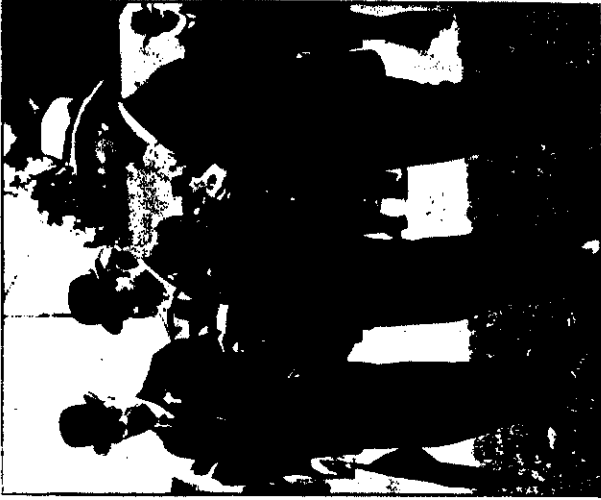
Waikato, "Graphic" photo.



A WELL-KNOWN TRIO OF SPORTSMEN: MESSRS. J. RAE, O'BRIEN AND BROWN.



MESSRS. ISAACS, DUNNETT AND J. MARSHALL, CRITICISING THE CANDIDATES IN THE GREAT NORTHERN GUINEAS.

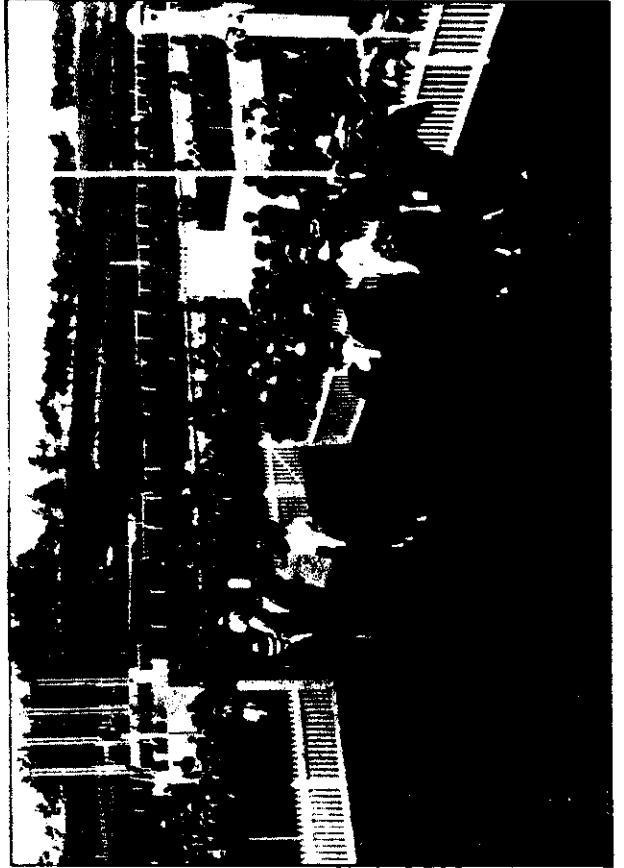


MR. "BOLE" DAVIS GIVES TWO OF HIS FRIENDS A TIP.



BOVA RETURNING TO SCALE AFTER WINNING THE GREAT NORTHERN GUINEAS.

C. Holt, photo.



SPALDEN RETURNING TO SCALE AFTER ANNEXING THE HIDDLES.

**AUCKLAND RACING CLUB'S SPRING MEETING AT ELLERSLIE.**

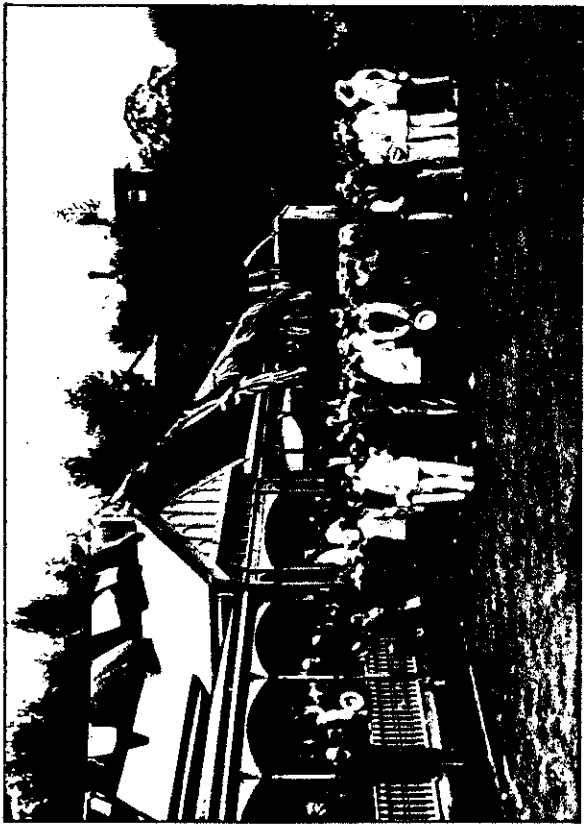




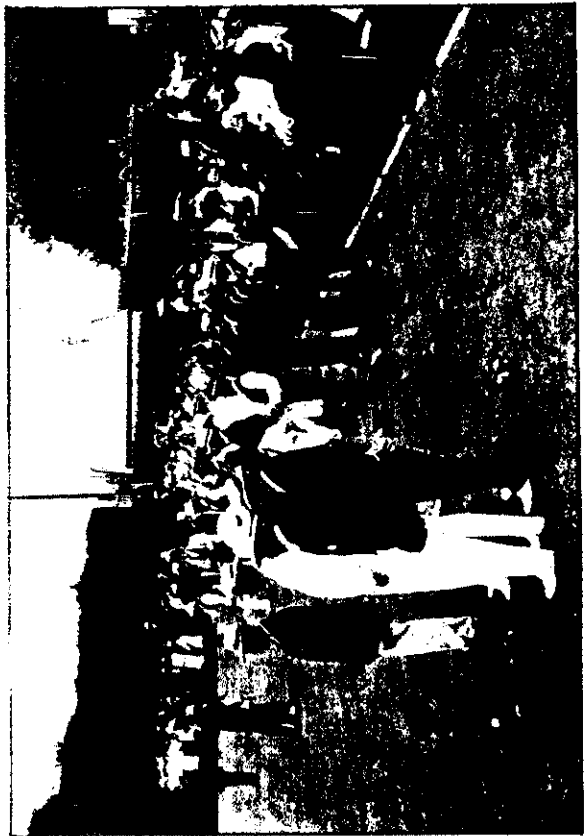
MR. KIRKER "DIRECTING."



LADIES WATCHING THE GAMES.



LISTENING TO THE OPENING SPEECH BY MR. W. LAMBERT.



A GROUP OF PLAYERS.

**OPENING OF THE AUCKLAND BOWLING CLUB'S GREENS, GRAFTON ROAD.**





**HE MOARI—AN OLD-TIME MAORI PASTIME.**

This fine picture, by Mr. Kenneth Watkins, gives a good idea of a favourite pastime of the Maori youth: and maidens in the "good old times." The Maori swing or moari was generally to be found in every native village, usually near a stream or a small lake, and it was a queer source of amusement to the young people. The moari was often a tree stripped of its branches (as shown in the picture), or was formed by placing a long tapering rocky or spun trunk on some rising ground, and some times, for love of pearl on the bank of a piro-piro. A number of these ropes, according to the size of the tree or the spot, were fastened to the top of it, usually one below the other at intervals of a foot, and from these the people would swing, grasping the rope in their hands, and then tumbling swifly round and swinging out into the air over the sloping ground, tiller or still as the case might be. Some romantic tragedies occurred in connection with these swings. One is still pointed out at the secluded native village of Waihi, on Lake Taupo, where a Maori girl, crossed in love, swung out over a rocky river bed and threw herself on the stones and was killed.



MR. T. D. REID'S CARRIAGE STALLION, AGAMEMNON, WINNER OF 17 FIRST PRIZES, AND HIS STABLE MATE "JACK."



GOVERNMENT AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT'S SHORTHORN BULL, "RED LORD."



MR. C. T. BARRIBALL'S CHAMPION LINCOLN LAMB.



GOVERNMENT AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT'S IMPORTED SHIRE STALLION, HERTFORDSHIRE BOY.



THE WOOD-CHOPPING COMPETITION.—THE WINNER, ESAW, IS MARKED WITH A CROSS.



A CIRCUS PERFORMANCE IN THE RING.



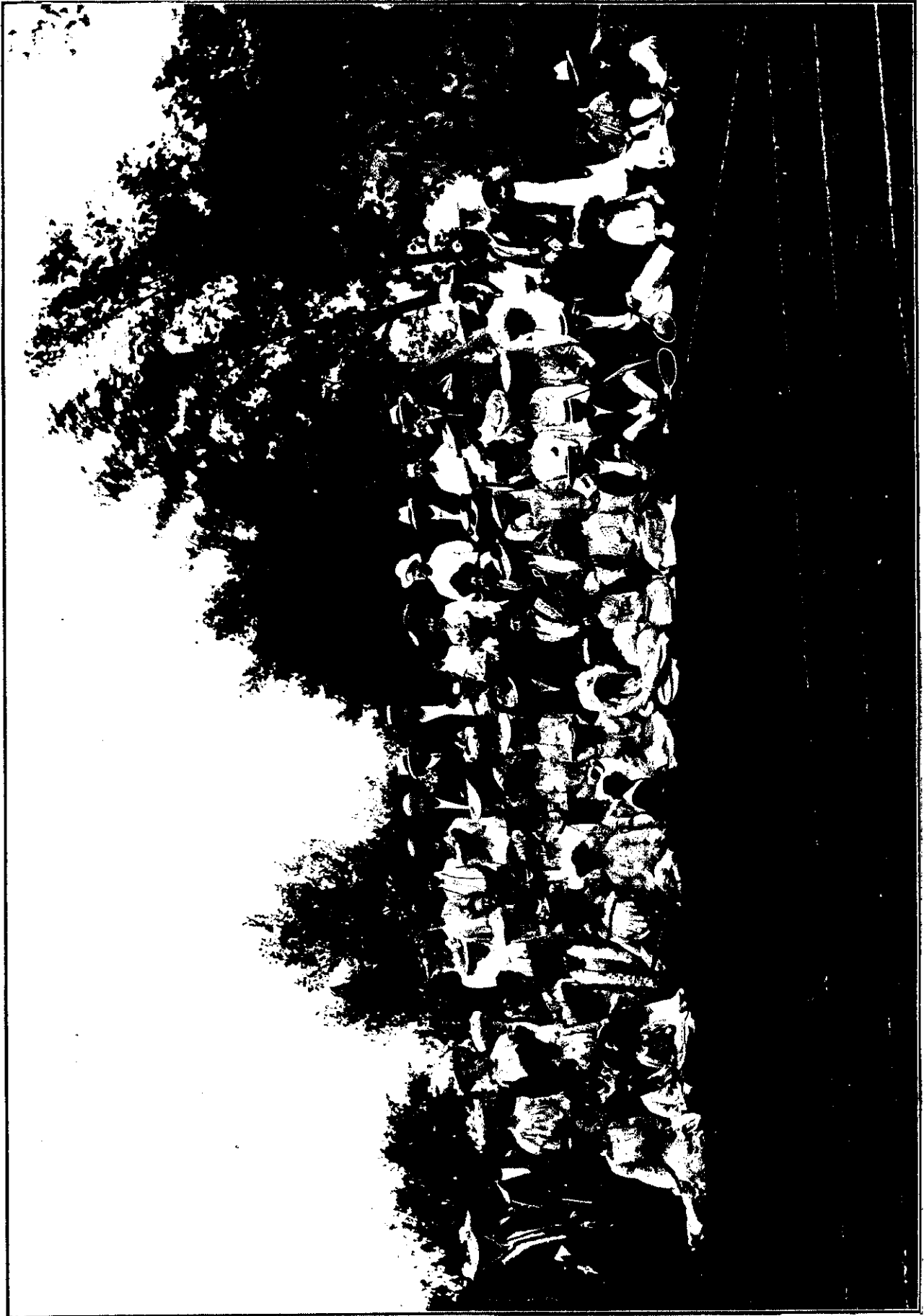
ONE OF THE SIDE SHOWS.

Walrod, "Graphic" photo.

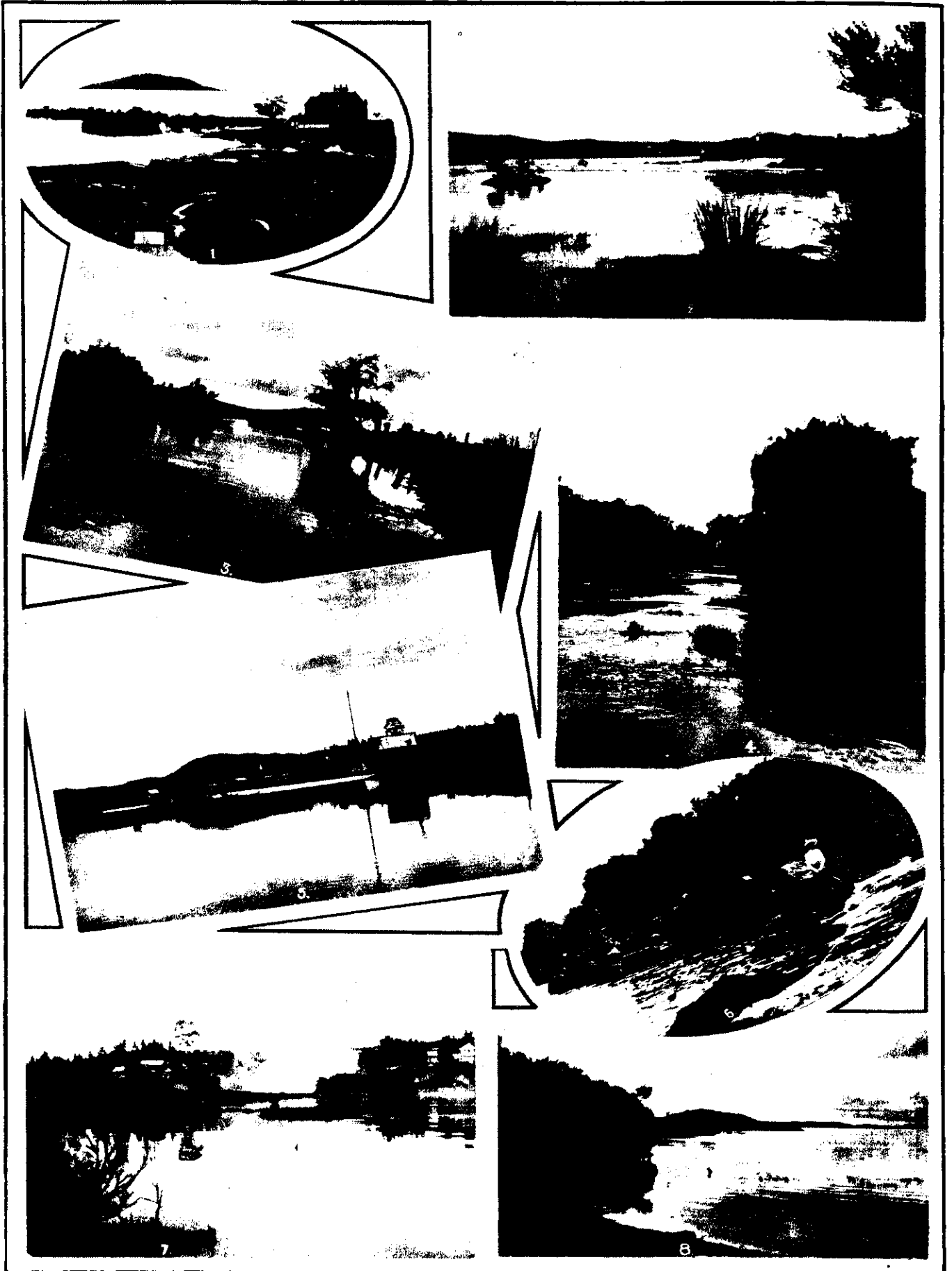


A COIGN OF VANTAGE.—WATCHING THE JUMPING COMPETITIONS.

Waikato A. & P. Association—Snapshots at the Twelfth Annual Show.



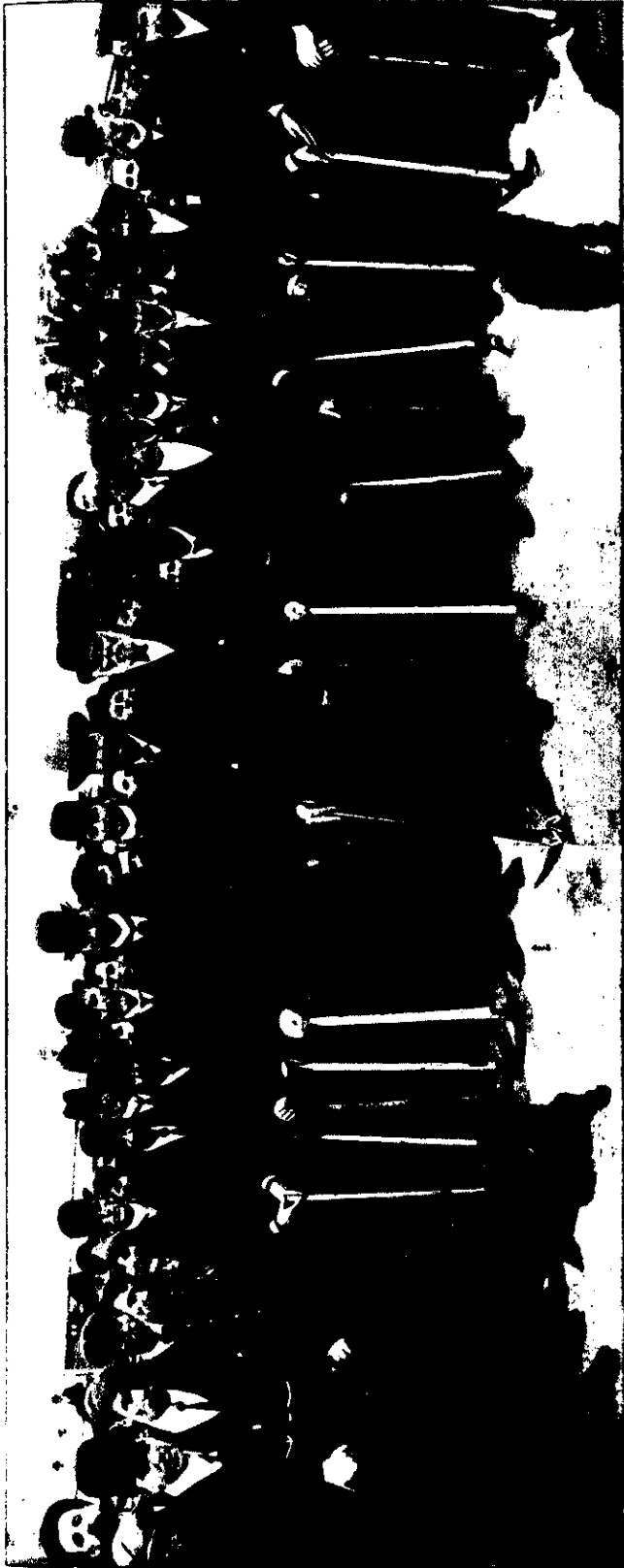
Group of Members and Friends at the Opening of the Parnell Croquet and Tennis Lawns.



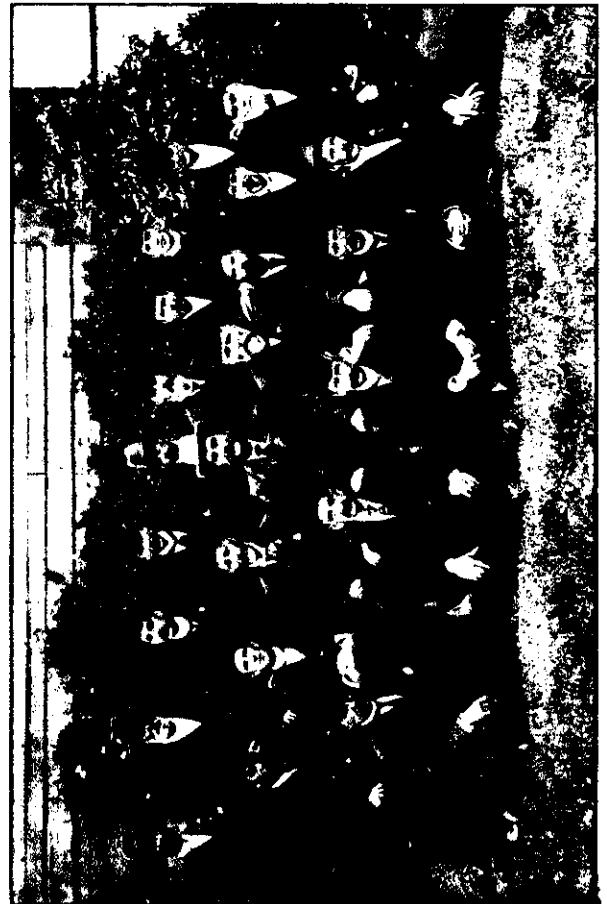
ON THE SHORES OF LAKE ROTORUA.

1. The native church on the point, Ohinemutu ; Mokoia in the distance. 2. The edges of the lake in the Sanatorium grounds. 3. The stream, Ohinemutu. 4. The weed-grown Hamurana River. 5. Ohinemutu—evening. 6. A summer's day on Mokoia. 7. Ohinemutu, early morning. 8. Another view on the lake edge from the Sanatorium grounds.

Photos. by C. Leys.



MAYOR AITKEN AND CITY COUNCILLORS WAITING TO BREAK THE FIRST GROUND.



MAYOR AITKEN AND CITY COUNCILLORS AND CONTRACTORS

Scharf, Newry Studios, photo.

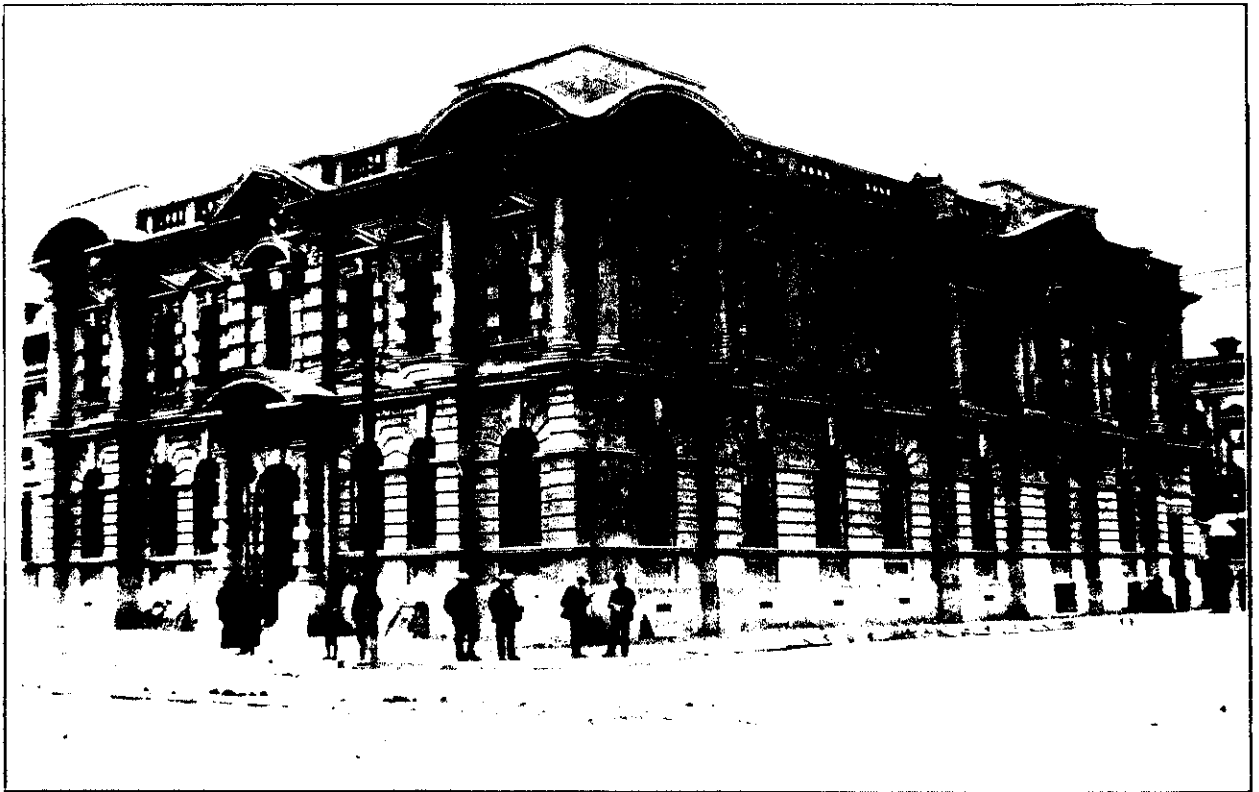


THE CROWD WATCHING THE CEREMONY.

WELLINGTON'S MUNICIPAL ELECTRIC TRAM SERVICE.



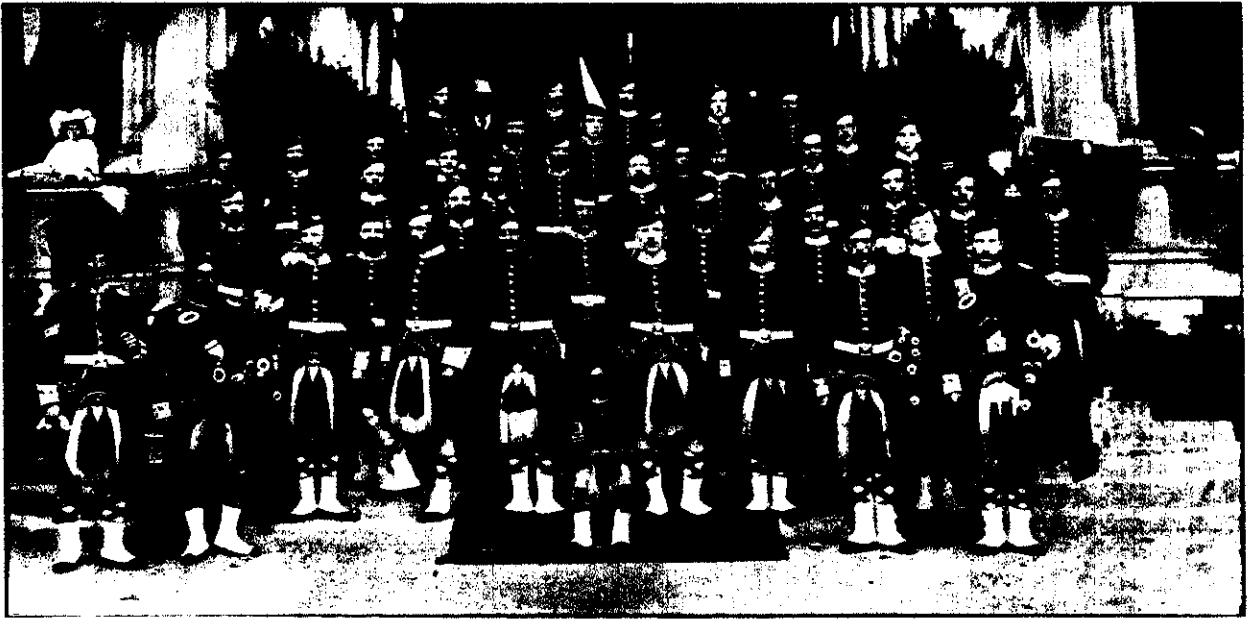
THE LOBBY OF PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON, DECORATED FOR THE RECEPTION TO LADY RANFURLY.



S. Barf. Sarony Studios, photo.

THE HANDSOME NEW LAW COURTS, WELLINGTON.





THE HIGHLANDERS WHO MOUNTED GUARD AT THE PARLIAMENTARY RECEPTION TO LADY RANFURLY.



VETERANS PRESENT AT THE PARLIAMENTARY RECEPTION.

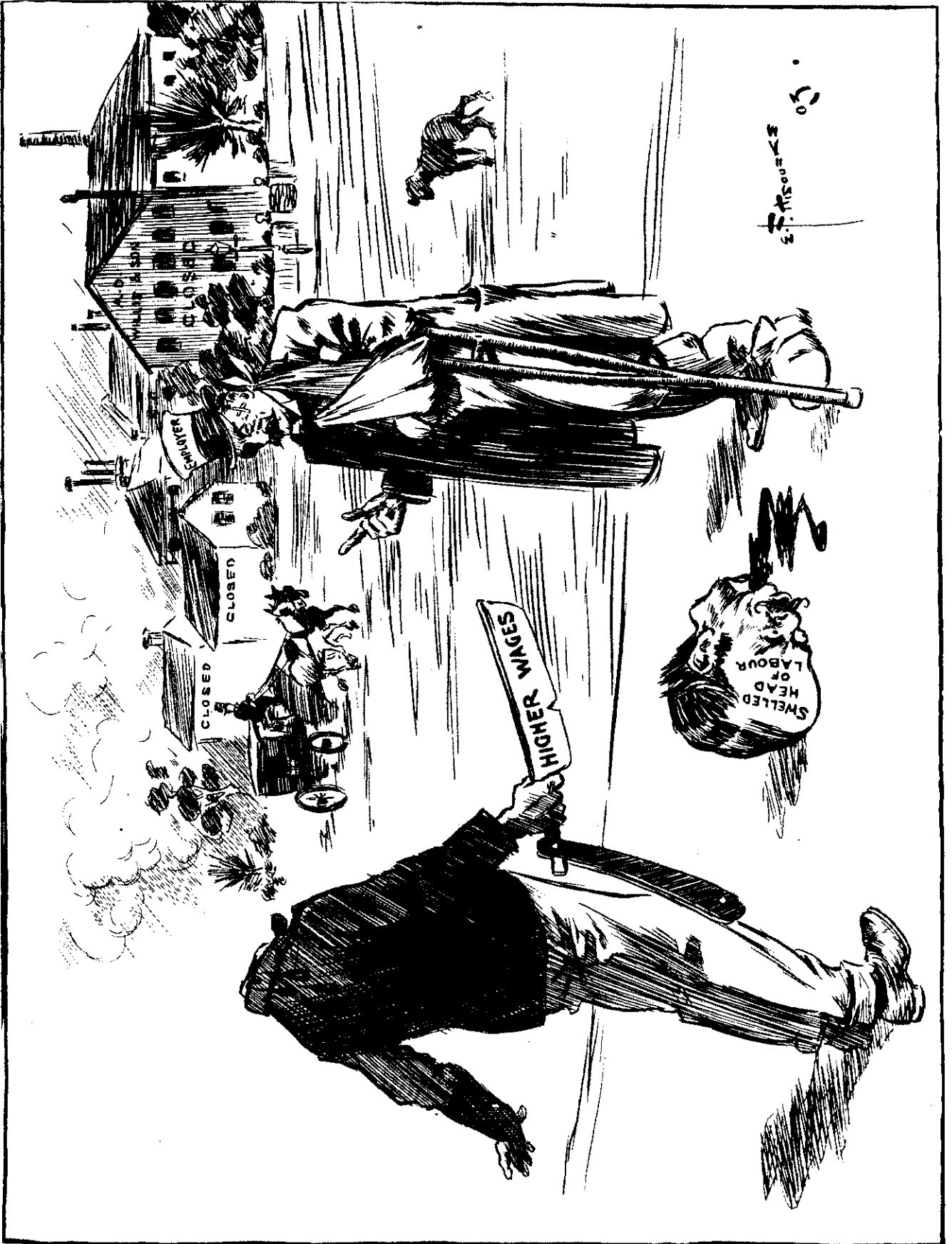


JUSTICES OF THE PEACE WHO TOOK PART IN THE OPENING OF THE NEW WELLINGTON LAW COURTS.  
Schaeff. Sarony Studios, photo.



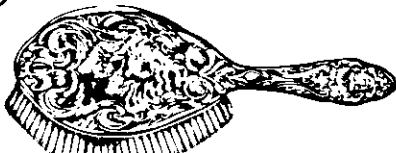
Denton, photo.

Two Maori Girls from Wanganui.

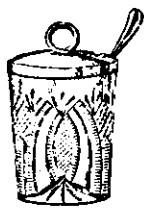


**ARBITRARY ARBITRATION—CUTTING OFF HIS OWN HEAD.**

EMPLOYER—My, good fellow, you've made a nice mess of your-self now. You should have been satisfied with the knocking about you've already given me. That little instrument, to be successfully wielded, requires a little more tact than I fancy you possess.



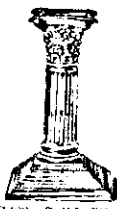
No. G100—Latest Design Solid Silver Backed Hair Brush, best bristles, £2 2/7. Others at 16/6, 15/6, 21/-, up to £2.



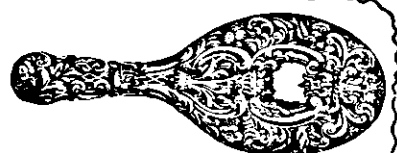
No. F5164—Fancy Glass Honey or Marmalade Jar, with Silver-Plated Lid and Spoon, 3/6.



G1414—Best Silver Plated Hot-Water Kettle, on Stand, £2 15/-; others, £3, £3 10/-.



No. G408—Solid Silver Candlesticks, £10 10/ a Pair; smaller sizes at £8 10/, £8 10/.



F872—Sterling Silver back stand Mirror, £2. Hair Brushes to match, 21/-, 25/-, and 30/- each.



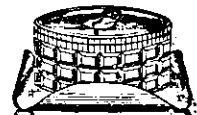
Solid Silver Useful Sewing Set, in case, containing Scissors and Thimble, 18/6.



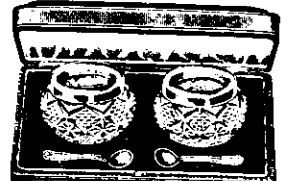
No. G1427—Silver Plated and Glass Butter Dish and Knife, 6/6.



Serviette Clips, Silver Plated, 1/6; Solid Silver, 2/6, 4/6.



No. F778—Best Silver Plated and Cut Glass Butter Dish, 12/6; Remarkable Value.



No. E8407—Cut Glass and Silver Mounted Salt Cellars, with spoons, in Morocco Case, 15/6.



Silver Plated Cup, 9 1/4 in high, £2 2/7. Great variety of others and also in Solid Silver. Prices low.



F858—Silver Plated Honey Pot, Pierced Mount, Glass-lined, with Spoon, £1 5/-.

Goods forwarded Post Free Registered on receipt of remittance. Write for our Illustrated Booklet.  
**Stewart Dawson & Co.,**  
146 & 148, Queen St., AUCKLAND.



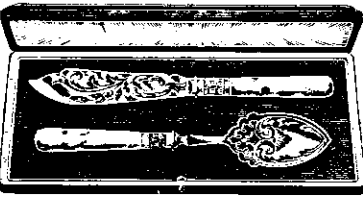
No. E2330—Silver Plated, Fluted and Chased Sugar and Cream, on Tray, £1 17/6.



385A—Finest Silver Plated Cake Basket, saw pierced, £3 15/.



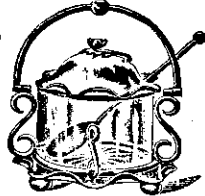
Lovely Crown Derby China Biscuit Barrel, Best Silver Design, Hot-Water or Plated Mounts, 27/6, 30/-, Claret Jug, best Silver-plate, £2.



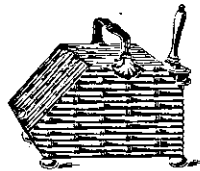
F6537—Finest Quality E.P. Butter Knife and Jam Spoon, in case, with real Mother-of-Pearl Handles, 18/6.



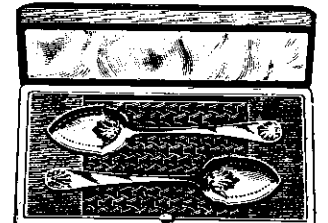
No. F830—Silver Plated and Fancy Glass Butter Dish, with Knife, 11/6.



No. E7874—A1 Silver Plated and Clear Glass Jam Dish, £1 7/6.



No. F6544—Best Silver Plated Sugar Scuttle and Scoop, £1 10/.



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

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

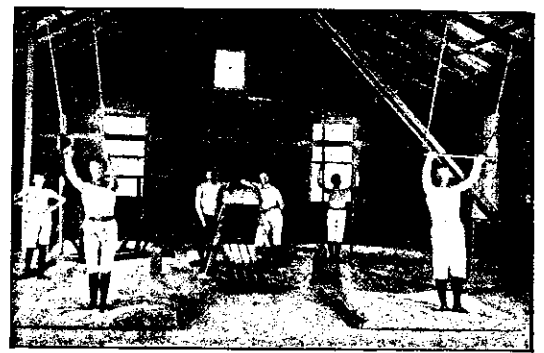
# KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

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



THE COLLEGE.

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



THE GYMNASIUM.

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

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IN JEWELLERY.

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Is Now Proceeding.

# SKEATES BROS.,

## SEE OUR WINDOWS.

To See is to Buy NOW, and  
To Buy NOW is to SAVE MONEY.

The People's Popular and  
Reliable Jewellers,  
OPPOSITE EXCHANGE,  
AND AT DEVON STREET, NEW PLYMOUTH.

# QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

# Personal Paragraphs.

Mr and Mrs Peter Laurence, late of Kuatunui, have returned to Auckland to take up their residence there.

Madame Merz, who has been visiting Sydney and Melbourne, returned to Wellington in the Moeraki.

Mr R. Sloan, who has been on a six months' holiday trip to Great Britain, has returned to Wellington.

Mr G. H. Bethune, who is expected back in Wellington this month, is to be presented with an address by the members of the Star Boating Club.

The Hon. H. C. Butler and Mrs Butler are leaving Wellington to take up their residence at Dinard. Their present intention is to leave on Christmas Eve.

Mr Joseph Joseph and party, who went to the Hot Lakes, via the Wanganui River, have returned to Wellington by way of Napier.

Miss Wallis, sister of the Bishop of Wellington, arrived from England in the Ruapehu, and intends to spend a few months in New Zealand.

Mrs and the Misses Farquhar Smith, who have been spending the winter in Sydney, returned to Wellington in the Moeraki.

Miss Gilmer, of Wellington, went South for the Carnival at Christchurch, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs Niele.

Mrs Lightfoot, of Naseby, Central Otago, is in Auckland at present. She is staying with her mother, Mrs Wilfrid Renuell, at "Hinemoa."

Mr and Mrs Wise, of Dunedin, have returned from their trip to Rotorua, and proceeded on to Dunedin on Tuesday, via the East Coast.

Mr Newton King, of New Plymouth, came up to Auckland at the end of last week, to be present at the Spring Meeting of the Auckland Racing Club.

Mr and Mrs Audley Jones, who have been visiting their many friends in Auckland, returned to New Plymouth last Thursday.

Mrs A. C. H. Collins, who has been on an extended visit to Auckland, returned to New Plymouth by the Rototiti last Wednesday.

Out of fifty-five applicants Mr F. G. Magnusson has been appointed town clerk to the borough of Dunnevirke, vice Mr G. Wright, who recently resigned.

Miss Speed, who went out to Africa as nurse during the war, has returned home to Picton from a visit to England and the Continent.

Miss Anderson, from England, is paying a visit to New Zealand, and is at present the guest of her brother, Mr James Anderson, No. 1 Line, Wanganui.

Mr Roderick McKenzie, the member in Parliament for Motueka, is visiting the Auckland district with Mrs McKenzie.

Professor Klotz, of Canada, who is engaged in making an astronomical survey of the world, left Sydney for New Zealand on Saturday last.

Mr A. D. Riley, Director of the Technical School, Wellington, has resigned after 18 years' service. He intends to go into business in the city.

Mrs Cunningham and Mrs W. B. Common are passengers for New Zealand by the Kumara, and are expected to arrive in Lyttelton this week.

Mr Alec Connal, brother of Mr John Connal, of Linwood, Christchurch, has arrived from England, and is at present staying at Linwood.

Miss Dene Guthrie (Melbourne) is paying a visit to her mother, Mrs J. S. Guthrie, Carlton-road, Merivale, Christchurch.

Mrs Govett and Misses Govett (2), New Plymouth, have gone for a trip to the Old Country, on account of Miss Dorothy Govett's health.

Miss Read (England), who has been a visitor at Government House, Wellington, has left on her way back to England.

Miss C. Hargreaves (Christchurch), who is having a delightful time in Melbourne and Ballarat, is not expected back till the end of the month.

Mrs and Miss Cholmondeley (Christchurch) are back from Dunedin, and I regret the former has not much benefited by the trip (writes our correspondent).

Miss Annie Adams, of Thames, recently passed an important musical examination, and has since been presented with a purse of sovereigns by her Thames friends.

News has been received in Wellington of the marriage of Miss Dora Heywood to Mr Frank Statham. Miss Heywood went to England with her father in the Athenic some months ago.

Mrs Stuart Greensill, who has been visiting her relatives in Picton, has left again for Singapore. Her mother, Mrs C. Beauchamp, went to Wellington to see her off.

Mr A. A. White, president of the Auckland Kennel Club, left Auckland on Sunday for the purpose of judging at the Palmerston North and Wanganui shows.

Mr and Mrs J. A. Macfarlane, of Clive Grange, Mr and Mrs F. Waterhouse, of Mangawhare, and Mr and Mrs C. Goulter, of Wellington, have been stopping at the Masonic Hotel, Napier, lately.

Colonel Burton, who has been absent from the colony during the past twelve months, is expected to return to Auckland by the mail steamer due on Tuesday next.

The Misses Henry, who have been absent from the colony for two years, returned to Wellington by the "Moeraki." Their time has been chiefly spent in England.

Mr Harris, of the Phoenix Aerated Water Co., Wellington, was, on the eve of his marriage, presented with a tea and coffee service from the employees, and a handsome cheque from the firm.

Mrs Gilkison, of Dunedin, who has been on an extended trip to the other side, is at present in Auckland. She will spend a few weeks here before returning to Dunedin.

The Rev. T. F. and Mrs Robertson left Auckland last Thursday for the South on a short holiday. Miss Violet Tibbs accompanied them, and is going to stay with Mrs Haslett, at Dunedin.

The extremely popular captain and officers of His Majesty's survey ship Penguin are once more in Auckland. Their very numerous friends are delighted to see them again.

Mr. Mrs and Miss Beddington, of England, have been staying at the Masonic Hotel, Napier, went to Christchurch for Cup week. They will pass through Napier again on their return to Auckland via Taupo.

Two Maorilanders married recently in Johannesburg, were Miss Annie Curlice, of the Pollard Opera Co., and Mr Sidney Richardson, at one time on the Wellington staff of the A.M.P. Society, but for some years resident in South Africa.

Mr Fitzherbert, at one time in partnership with Mr Napier, of Auckland, but now in practice of his own in Taranaki, was in Auckland for a few days last week, and received a warm welcome from many old friends.

Among the most successful of the Victoria College students at the annual examinations are Mr Bert Stout and Mr T. Seddon, the former gaining an unusual number of passes, writes our Wellington correspondent.

The members of the choir of St. Joseph's Buckle - street Church, Wellington, have presented the conductor, Mr McLaughlin, with a baton in recognition of his services to the choir. Mr Cronin made the presentation.

Archdeacon Fancourt, of Wellington, who has been ill for some weeks, is slightly better, and if his health will permit, intends taking a trip to England. He will probably leave early in the new year.

Mr Lambert, accountant of the "New Zealand Times," Wellington, was recently presented with a souvenir, the occasion being his approaching marriage. The presentation was made by the different departments at the "Times" office.

Mr R. Alexander, of Sargood, Son and Ewen, Wellington, who is severing his connection with the firm, was presented with a handsome gold watch, suitably inscribed. The presentation was made by Mr Montague Laing on behalf of the staff.

Mr A. B. Balfour, son of Mr T. W. Balfour, of Napier, has commenced practice as a dentist in Greytown. Prior to his departure he was presented with a handsome dressing case by his football friends, who greatly regret his departure from amongst them.

At the conclusion of the meeting of the Coronandul Methodist Band of Hope last week the president, Mr B. B. Johnson, presented Miss R. Collier with a handsome silver butter cooler on the occasion of her approaching marriage.

Mrs. Cameron, of "The Gables," Remuera, and her daughters, returned home last week, after a most enjoyable trip to the Old Country.

The brother officers of Mr John A. Gillespie, of the Auckland staff of H.M. Customs, who has been transferred to Christchurch, presented that gentleman with a snoker's companion last week. Captain W. D. Reid made the presentation, and Mr Gillespie thanked his comrades for their present.

Last week Mr William Spence's Hampson, who is leaving the employ of H. M. Smeeton, Ltd., Auckland, where he acted as secretary, was presented with a silver-mounted walking-stick from his fellow-employees. The presentation was made by Mr Bycroft, and Mr Hampson suitably replied.

Mr W. S. Douglas, editor of the "New Zealand Herald," was at the first meeting of the new council of the New Zealand Journalists' Institute, held at the Y.M.C.A. rooms last week unanimously elected president, to fill the vacancy caused by the late Mr. Berry's death.

Mr R. Miller, the travelling teacher of the Jubilee Institute for the Blind, Auckland, has gone to Wellington to instruct any one who is blind, and to interest the public in the laudable work carried on by the institution. Mr Miller, who is himself blind, will remain in Wellington for a fortnight.

The purse of money given by the citizens of Dunedin to Dr. Brown last week is to be applied to the purchase of a carriage and pair. Dr. Brown goes to Tauranga for the benefit of his wife's health. The Dunedin doctors on November 4 presented him with a phaeton and album.

The friends of Mr. A. B. Duncan, railway stationmaster at Dunedin, and well known throughout the railway service of this colony, will regret to learn of the death of his wife, who died on Tuesday week at Dunedin, after a long illness. Mrs. Duncan was a resident of Auckland for some years.

Captain James E. J. Archibald, of the American army, and war correspondent of "Collier's Weekly," New York, is in Auckland, having arrived from Tahiti. He is engaged in writing special newspaper articles of the places he visits, and will write up New Zealand during his stay here. He is also writing a series of trade articles.

News has been received in Wellington by cable of the death at Melbourne of Mr Roach, son, Mr Roach, who was accompanied by his son and daughter, left Wellington early in the year for a trip to England in quest of health. On arriving at Melbourne, on the return journey, he was advised to undergo an operation, which ended fatally.

Mrs John Hill (Christchurch), who has been visiting her mother, Mrs Hoskin, of New Plymouth, has now returned home. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss A. Hoskin. During Mrs Hill's absence her husband, who is in the Customs Department, has been transferred to Dunedin, so after making final arrangements about her home in Christchurch, she will join him there.

Mr. Mrs. and Miss Beddington left Napier for the South on Monday week, it being their intention to visit Christchurch during the Cup meeting. Mr. Beddington is a well-known sportsman, was the breeder of the sire Seaton Delaval, now doing stud duty at Sylvia Park (Auckland), and will have the pleasure of witnessing one of that horse's representatives, Lavalette, make a bid for the big race. After the meeting the party return to Napier and journey to Auckland via Taupo.

Just at the close of the year, some 16 months ago, Mr A. T. Firth left Auckland for South Africa, and upon arrival at Durban proceeded to Pietersburg, via Johannesburg and Pretoria, and upon hearing that the Selati Goldfields were about to be opened he decided to be first in the field and open an assay office, which he did early in October, 1902, calling it the Selati Assay Office. Several others went down later on with the intention of doing business in the same line, but upon finding that Mr Firth was getting all the local work, they decided to go back again. Some months later Mr Firth was appointed assayer and chemist to the Sutherland Reef, Ltd., besides acting as consulting metallurgical and analytical chemist to several other mining companies.

In a private letter received recently at Christchurch Sir John Hall stated that he expected to leave England on November 6th, and hoped to land in New Zealand before his 80th birthday.

Mr and Mrs Sidney Kirkcaldie have arrived at Wellington from Sydney. They intend to live at Karori.

Mr Walker and Mr Cronbie returned to Auckland last Friday, after their trip to Rotorua.

By Special Appointment.  
**MRS W. BOSTER**  
**PROFESSIONAL FLORIST.**  
 Opposite the Railway Station,  
 The Best House in Town for Floral Work  
 of Every Description.  
 Guaranteed to Satisfy the Most Fastidious.  
 Treat Solicited. Moderate Charges.  
**FRESH CUT FLOWERS ALWAYS**  
**ON HAND.**  
 Kindly Note the Address.

**MACKAY'S FLOWERS,**  
**PLANTS AND SEEDS.**  
 If you want everything up-to-date, give us a call. **YOKO MATS** (the new flower pot cover) Art Shades at Greatly Reduced Prices.  
**FURNAL WORK A SPECIALTY.** TELEPHONE 221.  
 Opposite D.S.O., QUEEN ST.

**ORANGE BLOSSOMS**  
**LAMBERT—MURDOCH.**  
 The wedding was solemnised at St. Andrew's Church, Wellington, on the 4th November, of Mr W. H. Lambert, accountant to the "New Zealand Times" Co., and Miss Rose Murdoch, daughter of Mr Murdoch, Hill-street. The bride was attended by four bridesmaids, Miss Nellie Murdoch and the Misses Clare, Nestie and Madge Lambert. Mr H. Lambert was best man. A reception was afterwards held at the Sydney-street Schoolroom.

**REW—HURNDALL.**  
 Last Wednesday, November 4, a very pretty home wedding took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Hamilton-road, Ponsonby, when Miss Hilda Hurndall, daughter of Mr Arthur Hurndall, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr Wm. Rew, eldest son of Mr Robt. Rew. Rev. T. F. Robertson was the officiating clergyman, only the immediate relations of the bride and bridegroom being present. Mr R. Rew, bridegroom's brother, was best man, while Mr Lloyd Keats acted as groomsmen. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a very dainty white silk prettily shirred and trimmed with fine white Valenciennes lace. She wore a beautiful wreath of orange blossoms, over which a long tulle veil fell gracefully, and carried a shower bouquet of choice white blossoms and maidenhair fern. She also wore a handsome gold muff-chain with sapphire pendant, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride's father's gift to the bride was a sapphire and diamond brooch. Miss Carlotta Hazard and Miss Rew, the two bridesmaids, were daintily attired in white, the former wearing a white silk blouse with white point lace yoke, and greenish skirt, and carried a shower bouquet of pink rosebuds. She wore a pretty sapphire and pearl brooch, the bridegroom's gift. Miss Rew wore a white voile elaborately tucked, and a white tucked chiffon pelerine. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses, with pale green streamers, and wore a gold initial ring, a gift from the bridegroom.

Mr and Mrs Hurndall entertained the guests at "afternoon tea," after which the bride and bridegroom, amidst showers of rice and rose leaves, departed for their honeymoon, which is being spent at Rotorua. The bride travelled in a pale green and white drake cloth gown, and Monte Carlo jacket trimmed with white lace motifs, and a becoming white hat swathed with pale green silk. The happy couple were the recipients of many valuable and handsome wedding gifts. Mrs Hurndall (mother of the bride) was gowned in a pretty mauve brocaded silk blouse, with cream lace Monte Carlo jacket and a black voile skirt; Mrs Rew (bridegroom's mother) wore a handsome black silk, with pink and gold vest, and trimmed with cream lace medallions, cream lace straw bonnet with roses of the same shade; Mrs Gerald Hazard, pink voile gown and large black hat with pink roses; Miss A. Rew, white tucked muslin frock, with crimson corsage bouquet; Miss Elsie Hazard, biscuit coloured dress prettily tucked and trimmed with lace insertion; Mrs Robertson, black silk gown; Mrs Bruce Morpeth, black gown and black hat; Mrs Chas. Hazard, black gown, and bonnet with crimson roses; Mrs Helen, black silk gown; Mrs Cooper, champagne coloured cloth dress and black hat; Mrs W. Morpeth, dainty pink voile trimmed with cream lace and black bobes ribbon; Miss Bertha Hazard, grass lawn

frock with blue spots, and pretty hat to match; Mrs Arthur Blane wore white silk with silver trimmings; Mrs S. Morpeth, pretty grey and black gown, hat on suite; Mrs Parr, white and black spotted silk gown, with a white chiffon ruff; Mrs Alex. Hazard, blue figured muslin gown inserted with lace, black and blue hat; Mrs Bell, black silk and jet relieved with white; Miss Bell, blue blouse and black skirt, white hat trimmed with blue.

**YOUNG—MCNEILL.**  
 A quiet but very pretty wedding was celebrated on November 5th at the residence of the bride's father, Mr John McNeill, of Devonport, when Mr Chas. Young, son of Mr William Young, was married to Miss Daisy McNeill. The bride, who looked very winsome and pretty, was attired in a very becoming traveling costume of blue grey summer tweed, with vest of white tucked mousseline de soie, trimmed with Jaris insertion. She carried a lovely seaver bouquet with chifon streamers, and wore a pretty hat to match the costume.

She was attended by Miss Prime as bridesmaid, who wore a stylish toilette of champagne grass lawn trimmed with insertion and shirring with green silk folded belt. Her hat was one of the fashionable "Country Girl" style in cream and green plaited straw, trimmed with green shaded ribbon and marguerites under the brim. She carried a lovely bouquet of yellow roses with green streamers. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. B. Gray, and the bride was given away by her father.

The bridegroom was attended by Mr J. Stuart Milne as best man. His present to the bride was a gold dagger set with opals, and to the bridesmaid a greenstone bangle linked with gold. Afternoon tea was subsequently served at the residence of the bride's parents. Instead of the usual orthodox white wedding cake, it was relieved with shaded flowers, and the floral decorations were of shaded roses.

The bride's mother, Mrs John McNeill, wore a very handsome gown of black figured silk voile trimmed with black silk passementerie, and vest of tucked net over black silk, and black and silver bonnet to match; Mrs Young (mother of the bridegroom), black striped voile, real lace collar, black and lilac bonnet; Mrs W. Young, blue Etrened foulard, cream silk lace vest, tissue to match; Mrs R. Young, black silk blouse and black skirt, lace collar, black hat with tips; Miss Caldwell, pink linen, streamers of buff and black spotted linen, "Country Girl" hat trimmed with black silk; Miss Young (sister of the bridegroom), cream India silk gown, cream hat trimmed with black velvet and white feather; Misses Nannie and Janie Young (nieces of the bridegroom), dainty white silk dresses trimmed with tucks and insertion, the former pink and white plaited hat, and the latter a white top straw.

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The medicinal properties of Bile Beans are well known and appreciated throughout New Zealand, and consequently grateful letters from citizens whose sufferings they have relieved are continually coming to hand. Here is one of the latest, from Mr. James Young, a blacksmith, of Cambridge, Waikato. This gentleman writes: "I have been a sufferer from indigestion for years, and have tried numerous remedies, but all of no avail. In complaining to a friend of mine, he informed me that his sister, who was a martyr to the disease, was permanently cured by Bile Beans. I therefore decided to give them a trial. I procured a box, and before I had finished the contents I experienced a decided relief. Altogether I have taken six boxes. It is now about two months since I discontinued taking them, and I have never felt better in my life, and can now eat food that formerly disagreed with me. Whenever any of my friends complain of indigestion, I encourage them to give Bile Beans a trial, and the results invariably warrant the recommendation." 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, Anæmia, 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).

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.**

- BIRTHS.**  
**BECK**—Nov. 1 (at Saints' Park), at Te Kōwhiri, North Auckland, the wife of Mrs. A. J. Beck, a son.  
**BURNELL**—Nov. 1, at 24 Main street, Wellington, the wife of Fred Burnell, of Manukau, a son.  
**DAVIES**—Oct. 30, the wife of Murray Davies, Hereford, Canterbury, a daughter (premature).  
**GILES**—Nov. 4, at Parnell, Auckland, the wife of T. Kacie Giles of a son.  
**GREENSLADE**—Nov. 7, to Mr and Mrs Arthur R. Greenslade, of Northcote, Auckland, a son.  
**GUTHRIE**—Nov. 3, at Mr. Booth's, Auckland, the wife of J. E. Guthrie, a son.  
**HOBBS**—Oct. 28, at 74 Papanui road, Christchurch, the wife of F. W. Hobbs, a son.  
**HURRELL**—Nov. 3, at Kūmara, Wellington, the wife of E. Hurrell, a son.  
**MOORHOUSE**—Nov. 2, at Telford terrace, Oriental Bay, Wellington, the wife of F. Moorse, a daughter.  
**NORTH**—Nov. 3, at Possesby, Auckland, the wife of Arthur North, a daughter.  
**PALMER**—Oct. 31, at 29 Gloucester street, Christchurch, the wife of E. J. Palmer, a daughter.  
**POULTON**—Oct. 21, the wife of A. Poulton, Opawa, Canterbury, a daughter.  
**RIDDELL**—Nov. 5, at Cambridge-terrace, Wellington, the wife of Alex. Riddeil, a son.  
**ROBERTSON**—Oct. 23, at Christchurch, the wife of J. Robertson, a daughter.  
**ROULSTON**—Nov. 4, at Ponsonby, Auckland, the wife of William Roulston, Pukekake, a daughter.  
**SCARSBURGH**—Nov. 2, at Aro, the wife of W. Scarsburgh of a son.  
**SCOTT**—Nov. 2, at Huirua, Canterbury, the wife of W. B. Scott, a daughter.  
**SHUBER**—Nov. 3, at St. James's Presbyterian Manse, Wellington South, the wife of Rev. William Shuber, a daughter.  
**SIMPSON**—Oct. 21, at the Manse, Winton, Otago, the wife of the Rev. J. M. Simpson, a son.  
**WILLIAMS**—Oct. 23, at the Vicarage, Harehills, Canterbury, the wife of the Rev. H. Williams, a son.  
**WISE**—Nov. 1, at "Wroning," Burke, Otago, the wife of Frank L. Wise, a daughter.  
**WOOLLEY**—Nov. 5, at "Beaconsfield," Mt. Eden, Auckland, the wife of J. E. Woolley, a son.

**MARRIAGES.**


- BERRY—WEIR**—Oct. 1, at Christchurch, Daniel, second son of the late Henry Berry, Leithfield, to Marjorie, second daughter of James Weir, Sydenham.  
**COLLINS—SORENSEN**—Oct. 31, at Gisborne, William, eldest son of W. Collins, Roderic Street, to Mary, third daughter of Jens Sorenson, Palmerston North.  
**GIBBS—POLLEN**—Oct. 7, at Papanui, Canterbury, John Lewis, eldest son of T. J. Gibbs, of Leithfield, to Catherine (maiden), eldest daughter of C. Poulson, North-east, Papanui.  
**HARRISFIELD—FINDLAY**—Oct. 21, at Christchurch, Thomas, third son of Mrs. Harrisfield, Hiccarton, to Jessie Cook (maiden) daughter of H. Findlay, Christchurch.  
**IRWIN—HARE**—Nov. 3, at Wellington, James, only son of the late William Irwin, Conary Derry, Ireland, to Hester Ann, second daughter of the late George Hare, Marlborough, and niece of P. Mason, Beilborough, Waikanae.  
**JOSEPH—LAING**—Sept. 12, at Johannesburg, South Africa, Arthur H. Joseph, eldest son of A. L. Joseph, Kai-Tua, Upper Riccarton, to Agnes Laing, eldest daughter of Alexander Laing, Christchurch.  
**KINNEAR—WEBB**—Sept. 12, at Paddington, Sydney, David B., eldest son of William Kinnear, to Emily J. (Toorie), third daughter of James Webb, Auckland.  
**MCCULLY—CRAMPTON**—At Ambletey, Samuel McCully, of Temuka, to Mary Elizabeth Minnie, second daughter of Mr W. Crampton, of Eskdale, Ambletey.  
**MULCOCK—WARD**—Oct. 7, at Christchurch, Edward Thomas Mulcock, of "Pepper Place," Flatiro, to Anna Ward, of Christchurch.  
**PLATT—SMITH**—Oct. 7, at Parramatta, New South Wales, Walter Woodgrove, third son of John Platt, of Sydney, to Annie, youngest daughter of the late James Smith, of Petone, Wellington.  
**REID—PETER**—Oct. 14, at Sefton, Canterbury, Alexander, second son of Alexander Reid, Mount Grey Downs, to Annie Beckett, eldest daughter of James Peter, of Sefton.  
**SINCLAIR—DREUMOND**—Oct. 14, at Belfast, Canterbury, James Thomas, eldest son of John Sinclair, Kircaldy, Scotland, to Margaret, eldest daughter of James Drummond, Belfast, Canterbury.

- SMITH—HERRISON**—Oct. 21, at Dunedin, C. B. Smith, eldest son of J. Smith, Blackburn, England, to Margaret HERRISON, second eldest daughter of R. HERRISON, Burnside.  
**TAYLOR—HAY**—Oct. 21, William Charles (third son of Mr George Taylor, to Caroline, seventh daughter of Mr George HAY, both of Timaru.  
**TIPPETT—FAIRIE**—Oct. 14, at Waiport, Ursula John, eldest son of Charles Tippett, Biscopri, to Jessie Margaret, only daughter of John Gage, Waiport.  
**TYLER—WILLIAMS**—Oct. 21, at Christchurch, Albert Henry, eldest son of C. A. Tyler, Rangiora, to Margaret Jane, youngest daughter of the late W. C. Williams, Hokitika, West Coast.  
**TYSON—WALKER**—Sept. 30, at Waiata, Canterbury, Henry, eldest son of Mr A. Tyson, of 87 1/2 to Rachel, second daughter of the late William Walker, of Richmond, Auckland.  
**WATSON—HANDLEY**—Nov. 4, at Plymouth, L. Watson, of Kilmarnock, to Louisa Elsie, second daughter of T. Handley, of Recent-street, Hawera.  
**WHITE—TURNER**—Oct. 27, at Striving, Socialized, John Stuart, eldest son of Mr John White, Johnson's Bay, Dunedin, to Frances Louisa, second daughter of the late George R. Turner, Waihata.

**DEATHS.**

- ANDREWS**—Oct. 27, at Sawyer's Bay, Dunedin, Mary, the dearly beloved wife of Oliver Andrews, and daughter of Mr and Mrs James Boosten, aged 37 years.  
**CRAMP**—Oct. 29, at Waiwera, Wellington, after a painful illness, George William, youngest son of Frances and John Cramp, aged 15 years and 10 months.  
**CURRIE**—Nov. 7, at Lincoln, Ponsby, Auckland, Jessie, beloved wife of John Currie.  
**DANIEL**—On Nov. 5, at Francis-st., Richmond, Auckland, William James Clifford, youngest and dearly beloved son of R. W. and R. Daniel, aged 3 years and 3 months.  
**DAVIS**—Nov. 3, at Wright-street, Wellington, Mary Louisa, second daughter of the late Henry Davis, and Mrs A. Davis.  
**DOHE**—Oct. 24, at New Plymouth, Geo. Peter, son of the late Captain Peter Dohe, Wellington, and Receiver of Land Revenue, Taranaki, aged 26 years.  
**DOYLE**—Oct. 30, at Remuera, Canterbury, Ella, the beloved wife of William Glasey Doyle, and eldest daughter of Mr H. H. Shaw, of Main-street, Christchurch; in her 25th year.  
**EATON**—Oct. 27, at Anderson's Bay road, Dunedin (suddenly), Percy Broadley Eaton, aged 11 years.  
**FINDLAY**—Nov. 5, at Gunnedah, Sydney, Newburn, the beloved son of W. and F. H. Findlay, of Remuera (and grandson of the late James Kelly, M.H.R., in his 19th year. Accidentally drowned).  
**HECKLER**—Oct. 25, at Mount Pleasant, Waikato, Otago, Susan, widow of the late William Heckler; aged 68.  
**JOHNSON**—Oct. 29, at St. John street, Woodston, Canterbury, Samuel Johnson, of Barry's Bay; in his 60th year.  
**KERR**—Oct. 27, at Gimmebarra, Otago, Jane Corcoran Drummond, the beloved wife of David Kerr, and sister of J. O. Drummond, Dunaback; aged 75 years.  
**KING**—Oct. 30, at Caroline street, Wellington, Charles King, second son of Charles King, Esq., of Nelson, and beloved husband of Annie Louisa King; aged 37 years.  
**MCGREGOR**—Oct. 29, Mary, the beloved wife of Archibald McGregor, Bannockburn, Otago, aged 73 years.  
**MCMURRAY**—Oct. 30, at Brooklands, Southbridge, Canterbury, Sarah, the beloved wife of Robert McMurrah.  
**MENZIES**—Oct. 30, at 84 Madras street, Sydney, Christina, Christina McNeilan, wife of the late John Forsyth Menzies; aged 68 years.  
**MORRISON**—Oct. 31, at Waik. Hawera, Donald Morrison; aged 56 years.  
**RICH**—Nov. 5, at Remuera, Auckland, Albert Edward, the dearly loved son of William I. and Annie Rich; aged 11 weeks.  
**RYAN**—Oct. 31, at Carter street, Christchurch, Edward Larkham, relief of the late Captain Ryan, of the Union Steamship Company, and sister of Mrs Ruddenkirk; in her 71st year.  
**SEALY**—Oct. 30, at Southdown, Timaru, Edward Percy Sealy; aged 64 years.  
**SHERRIFF**—Oct. 27, at Dunedin, Edward, beloved son of Edward and Jessie Sheriff; aged 6 years and 9 months.  
**SIMPSON**—Nov. 6, at Rolleston-street, Dunedin, Joseph Francis, the dearly beloved husband of Beatrice Simpson, aged 28 years.  
**TODD**—Oct. 25, at 72 London street, Dunedin, George Todd; in his 90th year.  
**WALL**—Oct. 29, at Porirua, Wellington, John Wall, aged 72 years. After a long and painful illness.  
**WHEATLEY**—Oct. 31, at No. 17 Tuam street, Lincoln, Canterbury, Robert William Wheatley; aged 72 years.

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Lady, so soon to leave these Isles— Exchange Southern Summer's smiles— For Northern gloom and Northern snow— Zealandia bids thee fond farewell And prays that eye with thee may dwell Some memory of her radiant glow.

Not that, but we have cause to sigh; For brightness from our social sky; And gladness, will with thee depart; While thou, through changing seasons roll, Shalt bear with thee, wherever thou art, The radiance of a gracious soul, The sunshine of a loving heart.

J. LIDDELL KELLY, Wellington, 4th Nov., 1903.

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Society Gossip

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, November 6. The annual athletic sports in connection with the Boys' High School took place at the Recreation Ground yesterday afternoon, when there was an unusually large attendance. The City Band rendered excellent music during the afternoon, and refreshing tea was provided by Mrs Polson. The various events were keenly contested, and at the close of the programme the prizes were presented to the successful competitors by Mrs T. Moore, wife of the chairman of the Board of Governors. Mrs Polson wore a most becoming brown dress, and a hat to match; Mrs Moore was in pink voile, and her pretty hat was trimmed with flowers of the same colour; Mrs Cornford wore black, black bonnet with heliotrope flowers and chiffon; Mrs Westall was in blue; Mrs Horvell, becoming costume of black voile, black silk coat, with cape of deep cream lace; Miss Horvell, very dainty dress of pale green linen, the bodice covered with cream lace, floral hat; Mrs Cecil Cornford looked well in a white skirt, and a holland coat, and a large black hat with yellow flowers; Mrs Humphries wore a blue spotted silk dress, and a black toque; Miss Humphries wore a white dress trimmed with

lace and insertion, and a black chiffon hat; Miss Ethel Humphries, green Eton coat and skirt, and large hat trimmed with roses; Mrs Bowen, holland costume; Mrs George also had a holland dress and a toque to match; Mrs McLernon was in black; Miss McLernon had a white blouse, a black skirt, and a picture hat trimmed with poppies; Miss M. Hindmarsh wore a very dainty white dress and a pretty hat trimmed with blue; Mrs Morris wore a fawn costume; Mrs Stedman was much admired in deep cream with violets and lavender on the bodice; Mrs Peacock wore pale grey, black and white hat; Miss Elsie McLean was much admired in a pretty white dress; Mrs F. W. Williams, blue and white costume; Miss Hamlin, dark blue coat and skirt, piped with white, fawn straw hat; Miss Ella Burbe, fawn skirt, pink blouse, hat to match; Miss Gillies wore cream; Mrs T. McLean had a black dress strapped with black silk; Mrs Baxter, pretty tussore silk dress, toque of the same colour adorned with pink flowers; Mrs Hill wore grey and white muslin, black toque; Mrs Hill, white muslin costume, becoming black picture hat.

MARJORIE.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, November 10. A.R.C. SPRING MEETING.

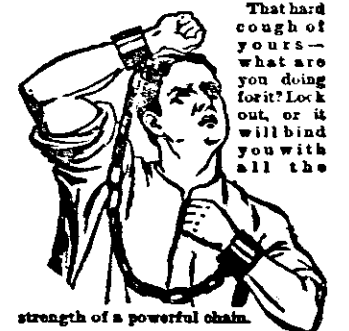
On neither Saturday nor Monday were the weather conditions of an order to enhance the enjoyment of racing at Ellerslie. On Saturday the wind was detestable, and on Monday the sloppy ground and drizzling showers made things very unpleasant. The attendance was naturally not up to the mark, and though there were some smart frocks, the general effect was not what it generally is at this meeting. The new regulation as to reserving a part of the grandstand for members only may possibly prove a success in time, when people have got used to it, but on Saturday and Monday it caused considerable friction and some inconvenience. Some complaints were heard as to the catering of afternoon tea in the members' room; the service was not efficient, the cakes provided were, it was alleged in several quarters, not of the nicest—to put it mildly—and the tables were bare and unattractive, there being no flowers, as there always used to be, in this room.

Amongst those present on the lawn and on the stand I noticed on Saturday:— Mrs Anson, green cloth finished with ecru insertion, cream net vest, blue flop hat trimmed with black; Mrs Dean Pitt, grey corded bengaline gown, white hat with berries; Mrs Davy, black costume, bonnet to match; Miss Davy, navy blue costume with light vest, hat en suite; Mrs Jones, black cloth costume faced with white, black and white hat; Mrs Nichol, black gown with brown Chesterfield coat, black hat; Mrs Charlie McCormick, black voile skirt, black silk blouse with cream insertion; black picture hat; Mrs Harry Hume, black skirt, white silk blouse, burnt straw hat trimmed with wheat ears; Mrs Devereux, black and white gown trimmed with insertion, toque to match; Mrs George Roberts, black with dainty white vest, pretty black and white toque; Mrs Morrin, handsome black glace silk tucked and inserted with applique, ecru net vest, blue choux, black "Country Girl" hat with wreath of pink flowers; Miss Morrin, cream cloth gown with lace and insertion trimmings, pretty blue hat; Mrs (Dr.) Lewis, white and black spotted silk trimmed with wide black insertion, and relieved with turquoise blue net vest, black hat; Miss Lewis, very pretty blue gown, cream vest, black picture hat; Miss Williams (Wellington), tucked grey voile inserted with Paris tinted lace, large black hat; Mrs Carrick, stone grey voile costume, and black hat; Miss Gore-Gillon, champagne crush skirt, Monte Carlo jacket, flowered muslin blouse with green ceinture, cream hat; Mrs Sharmar, grey tucked voile gown, grey chiffon hat with forget-me-nots; Mrs A. P. Wilson, grey tweed gown with black and white hat; and her friend black voile, white chiffon vest, black hat; Mrs Scott, blue flaked gown, black hat with pink; Mrs R. B. Lusk, black voile Monte Carlo coat and skirt, pale blue blouse, pink hat finished with black flowers; Mrs Fraser, grey coatee and skirt, black hat; Mrs A. F. Friend, navy costume, Tuscan hat with

navy blue; Miss Peacock, white silk with crimson velvet stole ends, black hat with feathers; Miss Eva Firth, cream skirt, white silk blouse, hat with crimson roses; Mrs Worsp, flaked green costume with drake's neck hat; Mrs Cotter, black with cream lace vest, black toque; Miss Cotter, cream coat and skirt, blue ribbon stole ends, black hat; Miss Kerin, pretty heliotrope Monte Carlo coatee and skirt, pale blue blouse, black and white plumed hat; Miss Celliers, cream cloth gown piped with blue, "Country Girl" hat trimmed with blue flowers; Mrs Ure, black voile costume with green, gold toque; Miss Ure, white and brown figured costume, large black picture hat; Mrs Worsp, grey flaked tweed costume, dark blue hat; Mrs Angus Gordon, grey voile with cream lace vest, black hat with wreath of pink roses, Mrs Wilfrid Colbeck, Wedgwood blue Russian coat and skirt, finished with Oriental embroidery, ecru lace vest, coralflower blue floral hat; Miss Gilkinson (Dunedin), black sun-ray pleated skirt, black bodice, with cream vest, deep lace collar, edged with coarse motifs, burnt straw hat, slashed with black and cerise flowers; Mrs Chamberlin, black costume, with cream lace vest, black and pink bonnet; Miss Alice Walker, pink flowered crepe de chine, white satin vest, veiled in net and lace, black and white straw hat, trimmed with ecru lace and turquoise blue, Tuscan hat, finished with blue; Mrs Aldrich, black gown, black toque, trimmed with yellow roses; Mrs Dignam, vieux rose frock, with white vest, black hat; Miss Torrance, flowered silk frock, with transparent roke, white hat, finished with berries; Misses Gorrie, dark grey costumes, with hats to correspond; Miss Ida Thompson, pretty cream cloth, finished with brown fur, deep lace collar, hat trimmed with pink; Mrs R. Bodie, black voile, white chiffon front, white hat, trimmed with violets and velvet; Mrs Le Camp, fawn coat and skirt; hat en suite; Miss Daisy Worsp, cream frock, cream hat, with bandeau of orange shaded roses; Miss Blanche Worsp, sage green frock, much admired, white hat, with lace and roses; Mrs Clem Lawford, champagne voile gown, hat to match; Miss Alison, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs E. F. Firth, cream cloth gown, finished with ecru insertion, black hat, with plumes; Mrs Carpenter, black costume, with black insertion, black picture hat; Miss Ruddock, dainty green gown, black and white hat; Mrs Lawson, green cloth costume, with white silk vest, green hat to match; Miss Ansley, dove grey costume, white hat, swathed with black and white spotted silk.

KING'S BIRTHDAY.

As I have said, the weather was detestable, and the attendance somewhat



That hard cough of yours— what are you doing for it? Lock out, or it will bind you with all the strength of a powerful chain. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cures coughs and colds, even hard coughs and old colds. Mrs. A. White, of Fitzroy, Victoria, says: "I had a very hard cough night and day. I tried many remedies, but without relief. I thought my lungs were nearly gone. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I began to improve at once, and only one and one-half bottles completely cured me." There are many substitutes and imitations. Beware of them! Be sure you get Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Two sizes. Large and small bottles. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

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sparse on Monday. Amongst those I noticed were: Mrs. Morrin, champagne coloured cloth gown, with glaucé silk collar of same shade, black plumed hat; Miss Morrin, reeds green costume, laced with black, white yoke; Miss Cotter, navy blue cloth, coat and skirt, with motifs of Oriental embroideries, white vest, counter crush hat, with navy and white rosettes; Miss — Cotter, dark red costume, burnt straw hat; Mrs. Duthie, navy blue cascade, white vest, pretty hat, trimmed with poppies and leaves; Mrs. Lyons, grey flaked tweed costume, pink vest, pretty toque, trimmed with pink and pale green; Mrs. Friend, navy blue serge gown, outside feather boa, white hat, with wreath of forget-me-nots; Mrs. Kingswell, grey tweed costume, spotted net vest, cream and pink toque; Miss Binney, dark blue serge gown, white vest, large black hat; Miss Alice Binney, navy blue serge, burnt straw hat, trimmed with pale green; Mrs. Bodle, dark heliotrope frieze gown with black picture hat; Mrs. Nolan, dark green tweed, piped with black, straw hat, with wreath of crimson roses; Mrs. Ranson, dark blue cloth coat and skirt, small black and white toque; Miss Sellers, black cloth coat and skirt, white vest, white hat with black trimmings; Miss Banks, pretty light green frock, Tuscan hat trimmed with pink roses; Miss Le Camp, fawn costume, with small hat to match; Mrs. Anson, green gown, with long Chesterfield coat, black hat; Mrs. Roberts, handsome black voile costume, toque to match; Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield, dark green frieze gown slashed with black velvet, deep cream lace collar, black plumed hat; Miss Thompson, deep red coat and skirt, cream vest, and small hat finished with ospreys; Miss Ida Thompson, brown cloth costume, pretty chiffon hat; Mrs. Edward Firth, black tuckered voile gown, large black picture hat; Miss Firth, black frock with dark grey Chesterfield coat, dark hat to match; Miss Torrance, dark blue coat and skirt, straw hat trimmed with chiffon, lace and black daisies; Miss Percival, grey striped tweed coat and skirt, pretty hat trimmed with green silk and pink poppies; Miss Edith Percival, black cloth gown, pretty cream vest, relieved with turquoise blue, black hat; Miss Worsp, navy blue coat and skirt, blue hat trimmed with blue and green; Miss Blanche Worsp, brown cloth costume, burnt straw hat swathed with blue silk; Mrs. Leo Myers, black boucèe crepe de chine, long grey cloth coat, floral hat trimmed with jetted white wings; Mrs. Sharman, navy blue cloth cut-away jacket, and skirt, white vest, cream straw hat adorned with clusters of oats, and blue, green, and heliotrope ribbon; Mrs. Alison, flaked tweed costume, pretty blue and green hat; Miss Alison, grey tweed coat and skirt, dainty little sable toque; Mrs. R. B. Lusk, black voile skirt, chine silk blouse, fawn Chesterfield coat, black picture hat; Miss Lusk, black voile costume with blue folded stock, burnt straw hat with garland of autumn leaves; Miss Olive Lusk, black skirt, cream Monte Carlo jacket; "Country Girl" hat with splash bow of champagne ribbon spotted with red; Miss Fenton, green linen Russian coat and skirt, Tuscan hat with wreath of pink roses and green leaves; Miss Eileen Harper, pretty green cloth costume, green hat to match; Miss Atkinson, half mourning costume of black and white; Mrs. Lundon, lovely white tuckered voile gown with handsome applique trimmings, Tuscan hat with garniture of salmon poppies; Mrs. Wilfrid Colbeck, serviceable gown of flaked grey tweed, burnt straw hat, wreathed with green ribbon; Mrs. Lincoln Rees, navy blue cloth coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Lewis, finely tuckered black voile costume, with tuckered voile shoulder capes, cream lace vest, flat black hat, trimmed with rosettes and green berries; Miss Lewis, dark blue frieze coat and skirt, with collar and stole ends of chine silk, hat to match; Miss Sewell Reid (England), pale champagne tinted cloth gown, with green hat, trimmed with black and white ribbon; Miss Ethna Pierce, green frieze costume, piped with white, green and white hat, adorned with white wings; Mrs. Basley, rich black silk gown, black bonnet, with touches of violet; Miss Basley, black voile coat and skirt, trimmed with cream applique, green ceinture and chape, black picture hat; Miss Mabel Basley, black voile skirt, white silk blouse, finished with cream insertion, black hat, with feathers; Mrs. Goodhue, black gown with Chesterfield coat, black toque, finished with pink roses; Miss Gordon, violet cloth costume, pretty

hat, adorned with green rosettes; Mrs. Phillips, black tuckered silk kown, trimmed with cream applique, black plumed hat; Mrs. Ballin (South), champagne canvas voile over crepe silk, large velvet hat; Mrs. Keesing, black silk gown, black bonnet, trimmed with violets and ospreys; Miss Keesing, brown and white spotted foulard, pink hat, finished with black; Miss Evelyn Keesing, black tuckered voile, burnt straw hat; Mrs. Savage, pale grey tweed costume, with blue silk vest, white chiffon hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and pink flowers; Mrs. Clem Lawford, navy blue costume, white vest, black hat, with cluster of crimson roses under the brim; Mrs. Ernest Moss Davis, very pretty black voile coat and skirt, wide green belt, large black plumed hat; Miss Rigold, grey cloth gown, large white felt hat, trimmed with grey velvet and birds; Miss Shaule George, grey tweed costume, with medallion of cream and black, black hat; Miss Walker, dark grey tweed gown, finished with Roman embroidery, crimson hat; Mrs. Denniston, apricot voile over silk of deeper shade, with garniture of black lace, large black hat; Miss Denniston, dark blue cloth coat and skirt, pretty red hat; Miss Pearl Gorrie, grey tweed coat and skirt, with collar and stole ends, trimmed with shaded green berries; Mrs. Mahoney, pale green frieze costume, faced with white cloth, Tuscan straw hat, with wreath of poppies; Mrs. A. P. Wilson, fawn cloth cape costume, black and burnt straw hat; Mrs. Ure, black costume, with deep cape collar of cream lace black and green toque; Miss Ure, black skirt, pretty sea-green silk blouse, black picture hat; Miss Kerin, black voile costume, Maltese lace collar, black and white plumed hat; Miss Gorrie, dark grey (a) made gown, with black hat, finished with large grey bird; Miss Nora Gorrie, navy blue serge coat and skirt, small black hat; Miss Gwen Gorrie, grey gown, black picture hat.

#### AUCKLAND BOWLING GREEN.

On Saturday last the Auckland Bowling Club re-opened their green for play, and in response to invitation nearly 1000 guests assembled. Fine weather favoured the function, which possessed all the attractions of a garden party. At about half-past two the president, Mr. Will Lambert, came forward, and made an appropriate speech, congratulating the club upon the opening of the season, and extending to all a very cordial greeting. Mrs. Lambert then gracefully threw the "jack," and declared the green open. Afternoon tea was presided over by Mrs. Lambert, assisted by the ladies' committee, and an excellent band played selections at intervals. Mrs. Lambert, biscuit-coloured crepe de chine blouse and holland skirt, white turban hat with yellow cowslips; Mrs. Dillingham, black merveilleux gown, black frilled crinoline hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Myers, embroidered grass lawn bodice, black brocaded skirt, and white and amethyst panne bonnet; Mrs. Wm. Coleman, navy blue crash gown piped with white, white hat with navy trimmings; Miss Edith Isaacs, navy boucle canvas, the Monte Carlo jacket being trimmed with Persian embroidery, hat en suite; Mrs. Read Bloomfield, black toilette with touches of white; Miss Reay, white tuckered silk blouse, black silk skirt and black toque; Mrs. J. Mackie, cream silk blouse and black silk skirt and hat; Miss Buttle, white gown with red sash burnt straw hat trimmed with red; Mrs. C. M. Nelson, black silk matalasse, and black chiffon and ecru lace fichu, black and cream lace toque; Miss Nelson, French blue and white turban hat; Miss K. Nelson, fawn cloth gown with white vest, white hat wreathed with scarlet geraniums; Mrs. Bachelder, stylish emerald green voile over white, black velvet hat with cream lace applique, and white ostrich plume; Mrs. Carlaw; Miss Binney, navy gown and black hat; Miss Kirker, pretty pale voile frock and black picture hat; Miss Carrick, dainty cream voile and a large white hat turned up in front, with forget-me-nots under brim; Mrs. P. Olijphant, blue crash skirt piped with white, and a white tuckered silk blouse and a white hat; Miss Coleman, cornflower blue silk figured bengaline gown with cream guipure lace bolero, white picture hat; Miss Thornes, tussore silk, pretty pink "Country Girl" hat; Mrs. T. Hutchison, French blue voile with velvet medallions, outlined with ruffled ribbon, navy chip hat slashed with white and blue; Miss

Hooper, electric blue frock trimmed with cream lace insertion, white hat with forget-me-nots; Miss Owen, azure blue and white figured voile gown, white hat with black silk rosette; Miss Ada Owen, pretty grey frock, with an elaborate applique on front of skirt and bodice, burnt straw hat swathed with pink silk; Miss Ruby Culpnan, navy and white spotted foulard dress, black hat; Mrs. Steele, black costume with touches of white; Mrs. Gilmour, dove grey crepe, Monte Carlo jacket, tabs piped with white satin, white hat with blue silk; Miss Hesketh, navy and white spotted foulard, white hat with deep orange flowers; Mrs. Stevenson, navy gown trimmed with black fancy braid, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Jones, black and white pin-spotted voile, black hat with violets; Miss Bessie Jones, navy and white spotted voile with white bands, white turban with black and white silk; Mrs. (Dr.) McDowell, blue crash skirt and a white silk blouse, pretty white hat swathed with silk; Mrs. Elliot, navy crash relieved with white, white hat; Mrs. Ballin, stylish cream voile, and scarlet chiffon picture hat, ermine collar; Mrs. Ziman, salmon pink silk blouse, and black silk skirt and hat; Miss Ziman, pretty cream voile frock, and pale blue hat; Miss Savage, turquoise blue bengaline gown, with cream lace blouse under bolero, white hat with feathers and black velvet; Mrs. Henry Wilson, crash costume piped with white, white hat wreathed with buttercups; Miss Cooke, French blue voile, with pink and cream canvas applique on Monte Carlo jacket, white hat trimmed with pink and blue; her sister wore a white silk blouse, black skirt, and white hat with pink roses and Nil green silk; Mrs. Pritt, black boucle cloth gown strapped with silk, black bonnet trimmed with ecru lace; Mrs. Stewart wore a very stylish black gown with numerous bands of black and white spotted silk, white hat turned up at both sides with roses; Miss Graves Aicken, white lawn dress with three tier skirt, white Victorian hat with roses and black velvet strings; Miss — Graves Aicken, brown voile profusely trimmed with ecru guipure lace, pale blue hat; her sister wore navy blue bordered with pale blue, and a black hat with white lace; Mrs. Robt. Frater, black tuckered voile, black bonnet with white ostrich plume; Mrs. Lyons, smart grey and white flake tweed gown with coral pink vest, white chiffon, French toque with pink roses; Mrs. A. Porter, orchid mauve silk blouse with handsome white lace bolero, black satin skirt, hat en suite; Miss Porter, blue silk blouse and ecru lace, Monte Carlo jacket, white hat wreathed with pink roses; Mrs. Barry Keesing (Napier), pale green linen gown and black hat; Mrs. T. Keesing, black gown and white and black hat; Mrs. Caro, mourning costume; Mrs. Robt. Lusher, white tuckered silk blouse and navy pleated skirt, hat en suite; Mrs. John Beale, stylish cornflower blue and white flake voile, burnt straw plateau hat with black silk rosettes under one side of

brim; Miss (Professor) Brown, white silk and white Victorian hat with black velvet strings, her sister wore cream voile with pink rosettes and black and white hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Lindsay, navy canvas piped with white, hat en suite; Mrs. Edward Lewis, navy tailor-made coat and skirt, black bonnet with ecru lace; Miss Dolly Davis, seafoam blue and white flake canvas, cream lace pelerine, burnt straw hat wreathed with black and yellow primroses; Mrs. Thornes, navy canvas piped with white, hat to match; Miss Caro, white muslin; Mrs. John Reid, black crepe de chine gown and black hat; Mrs. Caldwell, black costume with touches of white; Mrs. Atkinson, all black costume; Mrs. W. H. Churton, white silk blouse, black skirt and Panama hat; Mrs. Spreckley, black brocade, pretty pale green, "Country Girl" hat; Mrs. Hodgson, black tuckered voile, black hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Beattie, pretty embroidered biscuit voile, white hat with black chiffon and blue forget-me-nots; Miss Anderson, tussore silk and black hat; Mrs. Tudehope, Nil green brocade blouse, black satin skirt, hat en suite; Mrs. Brassey, black and heliotrope figured voile, black hat; Miss Brassey, Indian embroidered tussore silk, pink hat; Miss McDonald, emerald green gown with white silk chiffon vest and cream lace motifs, white hat trimmed with pale blue and green; Miss McLachlan, black voile gown relieved with cream, ecru straw toque with black chiffon rosettes and red flowers; Miss Bell, French grey frock and white hat wreathed with blue flowers; Miss — Bell, pale green silk blouse and green hat, black skirt; Mrs. Plummer wore a stylish blue floral French muslin trimmed with rich cream lace, large white hat wreathed with yellow and red roses; Miss Crowther, vieux rose silk blouse with white lace pelerine, black voile skirt and black hat; Mrs. Massey, bright navy gown with cameo pink brocaded silk vest, white plateau hat; Mrs. Green, black costume; Miss Keesing, fawn costume and pink hat; her sister wore navy crash, with white spot, navy turban; Mrs. Ralph Keesing, biscuit voile, white hat with blue; Mrs. Mennie, black figured bengaline, gold straw bonnet with primroses; Mrs. J. L. Holland, black, with silk applique, black bonnet; Mrs. W. Johnston, black and white stripe brocade blouse, black skirt and hat; Mrs. Oldham, grass lawn, prettily gauged, fawn toque; Mrs. J. McKenzie, white and black spotted blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Conolly, green and white flake cloth costume, white hat with black satin rosettes; Mrs. Wootton, black silk, with ecru lace insertion, black hat; Mrs. Arthur, black voile, white hat with wreath of autumn leaves; Miss Howard wore a black costume; Miss Maude Howard, white and black spotted silk blouse, black skirt and black hat; Mrs. Keals, pretty pale green silk blouse, and black satin skirt, black hat; Mrs. R. M. Watt, white silk blouse, with lace bolero, white hat and pale grey skirt; Mrs. Parkinson, black grenadine gown and black hat en suite; Mrs.



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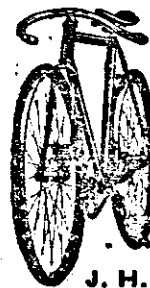
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S. Hanna, black gown, strapped with silk, black hat; Mrs. Keesing, stylish grass lawn gown, with ceru guipure Monte Carlo jacket, black and white hat; Mrs. Cumming, smart white silk blouse, with black lace coffee jacket, black skirt, and black hat with white straw brim; Mrs. Fred Kenderdine, crass costume piped with white, white turban with silk; Mrs. (Dr.) Lawry, white silk shirred blouse, black satin skirt and black hat; Mrs. Wilfred Bruce, navy and white pin-spotted foulard, black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. E. Ashton, black voile, with frilled skirt and stylish cream Monte Carlo jacket, and becoming black picture hat; Miss Kempthorne, tussore silk gown and black hat; Miss Rose, tussore silk gown and heliotrope bonnet; Miss Laird was becomingly attired in crass, piped with pale blue, and a blue "Country Girl" hat; Mrs. Littler, black brocade and cream vest, black hat with feathers; Mrs. McGregor Laird, French grey gown, black and white chiffon hat; Miss Phillips, cream voile, white hat with wreath of violet flowers; Mrs. (Dr.) Grant, blue crass skirt and white tucked silk blouse, white hat swathed with navy and white spotted silk; Mrs. Culpin, grey tweed gown and floral bonnet; Miss Butters, becoming cornflower blue satin striped gown, with ceru lace and black straw hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Lena Butters, was in a pretty rose pink and white flake voile, white hat with red and pink roses; Miss Moir, looked pretty in a French grey voile frock, and a black picture hat; Mrs. Kent, black voile with ceru guipure lace bolero, and a black hat; Miss Kent, black, with gauged white satin yoke edged with white satin tabs falling over point lace berthe, white hat with pale blue and olive green trimmings; Mrs. Harold Bagnall, light green and white flaked voile gown, large black hat, wreathed with pink and green leaves; Mrs. Wm. Gorrie, black tucked voile trimmed with black silk applique, black bonnet; Mrs. Partridge, pale grey and white muslin trimmed with black lace insertion, deep Paris lace pelerine, cream and blue hat; her friend wore blue; Mrs. Gresham wore a black silk striped voile, and black and white turban with touches of heliotrope; Mrs. (Dr.) King, black and white pin-spotted muslin gown, and black hat with white ostrich feathers; Mrs. S. Nathan, navy canvas, piped with white, hat to match; Mrs. Edmiston, navy and white costume; Mrs. Coutts, black tucked voile, black hat; Mrs. Bartlett, yellow silk blouse, and cream lace bolero, black skirt and hat; Mrs. Alexander, navy and white gown, hat en suite; Mrs. (Dr.) Owen, green linen piped with white, white hat with pale blue; Mrs. Dingle, black costume; Mrs. Orsley, white muslin blouse, pale grey skirt, and large white hat wreathed with pink and blue flowers; Miss Kennedy, white blouse and grey skirt, white and pink hat; Mrs. See-combe, black costume with touches of white, black hat; Mrs. Braithwaite, black and white striped muslin gown, and black hat; Mrs. Dickenson, tussore silk, black and white hat; Mrs. (Judge) Macdonald, black brocade, lace mantle, black bonnet; Miss Macdonald, black and white brocade blouse, black skirt and toque; Mrs. Crawford, black brocade, black hat; Miss Ivy Crawford, black tucked voile, handsome Maitese lace pelerine, white "Country Girl" hat; her sister wore a fawn

costume, and white blue hat; Mrs. H. Baker, tussore silk and lace bolero, hat to match; Miss Moore, cornflower blue and white flake costume.  
 "Hinenoa," my Rotorua correspondent, writing on November 7th, says:—"The last of a series of Cinderella dances, held in the Assembly Hall on Thursday evening, was a great success. People were rather afraid dancing would prove a warm pastime at this time of the year, but Rotorua is noted for its cool—in fact, dreadfully chilly—nights, and this particular evening proved no exception. The supper was tastefully laid in the supper room at the back of the stage. The stage itself was prettily decorated with greenery and azaleas, and made cosy with carpet and easy chairs. The committee ladies were Mrs. C. B. Turner, in pale blue muslin; Mrs. Barron, handsome yellow brocade with pale cream fichu; Mrs. Pearce, grey silk gown; Mrs. Wiggs, blue with ceru trimming and chiffon corsage; Mrs. Maxwell, white muslin. Amongst the guests were Mrs. Wilson (Auckland), white blouse, black skirt; Mrs. O'Malley, white; Mrs. W. A. Williams, blue under white net; Mrs. H. Williams, black gown; Mrs. Crowhurst, black, relieved with white lace; Miss Mahroy, black; Miss Empson, pale green silk, black bebe trimming; Miss S. Empson (debutante), white silk much tucked and frilled, white chiffon on corsage; Miss M. Harris, blue relieved with white lace; Miss Mauasell, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Goodwin (Auckland), white silk relieved with black bebe ribbon; Miss Landon, bright pink, black velvet trimmings; Miss E. Landon, white nun's veiling; Miss Cresswell, white cashmere. Amongst the gentlemen I noticed Messrs. C. B. Turner, Barron, Wiggs, Maxwell, Williams, W. A. Williams, Pearce, Ellis, Millar, Desborough, Dr. Craig, Crowhurst, Probert, and several others. Extras were played by Mrs. Barron, Miss Empson, and Miss Goodwin. Dancing was kept up till 2 a.m., and we realised with regret that there would be no more dancing for us this year—at least as far as we know at present. The tennis lawns and bowling green in the Sanatorium grounds have been opened, and we anticipate a lively season.

THE PARNELL TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB

opened their season on Saturday, when the members held an "At Home" for their friends. Owing to several other social fixtures of a similar nature there was not quite such a large gathering as is usual at these annual gatherings, but a very pleasant afternoon was spent. An exceptionally dainty afternoon tea was served, and during the afternoon a group of members and guests was taken for this paper; it appears on page 39. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs. Seymour George, handsome black hopsacking gown with cream lace vest, black hat, trimmed with cream lace and roses; Mrs. Gillies, cool black Japanese silk frock with pale green shirred silk vest, black hat; Mrs. Robert Gillies, navy blue serge coat and skirt, white vest, black hat; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, pale green linen Monte Carlo coat and skirt, piped with green a shade deeper, burnt straw hat, trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. J. R. Bloomfield, white linen skirt, tussore

silk, spotted with black, blouse, Tuscan hat, trimmed with pink, blue and black ribbon; Mrs. Philson, navy blue and white spotted voile, faced with white, Tuscan hat; Mrs. Chatfield, navy blue serge coat and skirt, Paris-coloured net vest, black hat; Mrs. Roach, black tucked voile, white vest faced with turquoise blue, black and turquoise blue turban; Mrs. Colegrove, pale fawn costume, hat to match; Mrs. Duthie, holland skirt, dainty white silk blouse, burnt straw hat, trimmed with poppies; Mrs. Hill, pale grey voile gown with white vest, black hat; Mrs. Bruce, blue and white spotted cambric with white vest and stole ends, covered with cream applique, black picture hat; Mrs. Hart, pretty black voile gown with white front, pink floral toque; Mrs. Biss, white linen skirt, black and white spotted muslin blouse with blue ceinture, black hat; Mrs. Bathbone, black silk blouse, black canvas frilly skirt, Tuscan hat, trimmed with green; Mrs. Segar, pretty black skirt, black glaze silk jacket with handsome applique lace collar, white vest, black hat; Mrs. Kenderdine, black skirt, black and white spotted blouse, hat to correspond; Mrs. Stevenson, black gown with deep cream lace collar, black hat; Mrs. Nichol, navy blue serge frock with cream collar, brown hat; Mrs. Goodhue, black costume, black hat, trimmed with roses; Mrs. Ruck, handsome brown cloth costume with white vest and applique lace on collar, hat to correspond; Mrs. Marsack, striped holland gown with white muslin insertion vest, burnt straw hat, trimmed with wine-coloured velvet ribbon; Mrs. McConnell, cornflower blue linen costume with French stitched seams, Tuscan hat, trimmed with black; Mrs. Uffill, black hopsacking coat and skirt, finished with Oriental insertion, black and blue hat; Mrs. Smith, blue flowered muslin frock, "Country Girl" hat, trimmed with fancy grass; Mrs. Tewssler, black voile skirt, black silk jacket with white vest, pale blue chiffon toque; Mrs. Brooke-Smith, black costume, black bonnet, relieved with clusters of violets; Miss Winnie Lewis, blue and white spotted muslin frock, trimmed with embroidery, blue and green hat; Miss Connell, black voile skirt, pretty little holland

coat, white silk blouse, white hat, trimmed with blue; Miss Amy Moss, navy blue and white spotted gown, faced with white, burnt straw hat, trimmed with crimson; Mrs. Jack Reid, blue cloth gown, piped with velvet, hat en suite; Miss Gordon, violet cloth costume with deep cape of velvet of same shade, burnt straw hat, finished with green rosettes; Miss Atkinson, white and black spotted muslin; Miss Ethel Atkinson, black and white muslin; Miss Louie Atkinson, holland skirt, white blouse, trimmed with black insertion; Miss Daisy Thomson, pink crass costume, faced with white, black hat; Miss White, black skirt, blue blouse and black hat; Miss May White, dark red costume, black hat; Miss Dargaville, white muslin, trimmed with white insertion, white hat; Miss Basley, pale green flecked linen coat and skirt, Tuscan hat, trimmed with heliotrope ribbon; Miss M. Basley, holland skirt, white blouse, white muslin hat; Miss Parsons, grass lawn costume, trimmed with ceru insertion, white picture hat with pink and red roses; Miss Preece, holland skirt, blue blouse, white hat, trimmed with blue and white; Miss Fenton, blue flecked linen, Tuscan hat, trimmed with black; Miss Blundell (Wellington), dark blue voile costume, black hat; Miss Colbeck, cornflower blue linen coat and skirt, large white collar, white hat; Miss Maude Howard, black skirt, white and black spotted silk blouse, black hat; Miss Lewis, blue linen with muslin insertion on bodice, white hat, trimmed with black.

WEST END TENNIS CLUB.

The West End Tennis Club's green was opened last Saturday afternoon for the season under the most favourable circumstances. The occasion was honoured by visits from a considerable number of members of other clubs, and some well contested games resulted. The attendance was equal to anticipation so far as tennis players were concerned. There was also a large gathering of visitors, who watched the games with interest. At about three o'clock the president, Mr. C. J. Parr, made a felicitous speech, and declared the lawns open. Afternoon tea was handed round by the members of the club. Among the ladies present I noticed:—

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Mrs Archdeacon Calder wore a black satin gown and a brown and pink bonnet; Mrs Henry Wilson, stylish holland costume; her friend also wore a holland gown with aac jacket; Miss Owen was gowned in a pretty blue voile, white hat with black silk rosettes; Miss Ada Owen, dainty grey dress and white "Country Girl" hat swathed with pink silk; Miss Nicholson, black skirt and white blouse and hat; Miss A. Nicholson, white blouse and dark skirt; Mrs Angus, black skirt and blouse with moss green strappings, hat en suite; Miss Caldwell; Miss Clegburn, blue blouse and holland skirt; Miss Webb, black skirt and grass lawn blouse, white hat; Miss Moir was in a pale grey voile with large picture hat; Miss Belle Moir, becoming grey frock and black Romney hat; Miss L. Butters, shrimp pink voile with black velvet Swiss belt, white hat wreathed with roses; Mrs Snow, brown costume and black hat; Miss L. Moir, white muslin frock; Mrs W. J. Rees, black silk gown and black bonnet; Mrs C. Chapman, smart holland costume; Mrs Wilfrid Manning, blue linen gown; Mrs J. Newell, pretty blue grey linen; Mrs Norman Burton, tussore silk gown and picture hat; Miss Holloway, dainty white blouse and darker skirt, white hat with crimson flowers; Mrs Massey, blue cloth gown relieved with pale pink brocade, white hat with flowers; Miss Toie, black skirt and white blouse, hat en suite; Miss Gilton, purple gown; Miss Rees, white silk blouse, black skirt and pretty hat; Miss Billington, white skirt, eau de Nil blouse and hat to match; Mrs H. Jones, black skirt and cream silk blouse, large hat; Miss C. Butler, graceful crash costume with Monte Carlo jacket and a "Country Girl" hat swathed with blue silk; Miss Aitken, white tucked silk blouse and black skirt, pretty hat to match; Mrs. Hellaby, white blouse and black skirt.

**EUCHE PARTY IN AID OF THE VETERANS' HOME BAZZAAR FUND.**

Assuredly the Epsom ladies deserve to make a signal success of their stall. Getting up concerts and dances and so forth in public halls is all very well in its way, but it is certainly not to be compared with turning one's own house upside down for the good of the cause. The euche party at Mrs Bloomfield's was a great success, as you will remember, and that given at the residence of Mr Percival was equally so. The night was lovely, and really the tram ride out and back was, instead of merely a means to an end, part of the evening's enjoyment. Fourteen tables were set going, and at the end of the evening the winners turned up in Miss Torrance (1st), who received a large case of scent, and Mrs Anson (2nd), who also received a similar but smaller case. The men winners were Mr Hull, whose prize was a framed picture, and Mr Brown, who received a carved box. The Misses Percival made ideal hostesses, and were indefatigable in looking after their guests. The party broke up in time to catch the last tram to town. Amongst those present I noticed: Miss Percival, black voile skirt, very pretty blue satin blouse, elaborately trimmed with ecru insertion; Miss Edith Percival, black satin gown with berthe of

white chiffon; Misses Eva and Ida Percival looked very dainty in pin-tucked white muslin frocks, finished with lace collars and chiffon choux, sprays of roses on corsage; Mrs Bloomfield, black satin gown with crepe de chine flounces, transparent lace sleeves, blue bow in coiffure; Mrs Beaumont, handsome black satin gown, transparent yoke, sleeves of Spanish lace, spray pink roses on bodice; Mrs Tonks, black silk gown finished with lace, spray of roses on corsage; Mrs Hesketh, black silk frock, handsome Paris tinted lace collar; Mrs John Dawson, black satin with fichu of pale yellow chiffon; Mrs Frater, rich black satin gown with berthe of jetted lace, cluster of pink roses on corsage; Mrs Cummings, black skirt, pale pink silk blouse, and lace coffee jacket, white osprey in her hair; Mrs Young, black skirt, pale blue figured silk blouse, with ecru lace bolero; Mrs Dr. Scott, black brocade silk skirt, pink silk blouse inserted with string-coloured lace; Mrs Anson, black skirt, pretty blue silk blouse with vandyked yoke of white insertion; Miss Dunnet, black gown with ecru lace collar threaded with turquoise blue; Miss Purchas, rich black satin trimmed with jet; Miss Torrance, black satin frock with crimson choux and sprays of roses; Miss Scott, black skirt, pink crepe de chine blouse; Misses Marya wore dainty white silk frocks with pink and blue choux respectively; Miss Sellars, black satin, the bodice softened with white lace; Miss Flo Smith, white satin with lovely lace collar, cluster of black and green flowers on bodice; Miss Millie Hesketh, cream silk frock relieved with touches of turquoise blue velvet; Miss Muriel Hesketh, dainty white Liberty silk frock inserted with lace, pale blue choux on corsage; Miss Lusk, white voile with cherry-coloured ceinture; Miss Fenton, white satin blouse trimmed with real lace, redwood skirt; Miss Thorpe, looked very well in a pretty white Liberty silk frock, bows of black velvet ribbon in coiffure; Miss Walker, pale blue satin gown with lace flounces, corsage outlined with black velvet; Miss Nora Walker, black skirt, pretty cream silk blouse with medallions of pink chine silk; Miss Gordon wore a lovely mauve accordion-pleated silk frock; Miss May Dawson, very pretty white muslin frock; Miss Hull, black satin skirt, very pretty white silk and insertion blouse over pink; Miss Dawson, black satin with lace berthe, blue choux on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Jackson, pretty pink flowered delaine frock; Miss Williamson, pretty blue silk frock finished with white lace, crimson roses on bodice. Amongst the gentlemen present were:—Messrs. Percival, Frater, Beaumont, Donaldson, Davis, Klette, Brown, Thorpe, Hesketh (2), Hull (2), Linnell, Smith, Reid, Dawson, Wynyard, Spera, and others.

**WAIHI HOCKEY DANCE.**

On Friday evening last, 30th October, the Waihi Hockey Club gave a most enjoyable dance in the Academy of Music to mark the closing of the hockey season. The decorations of the hall were of a pleasing and effective character. Around the walls were placed hockey sticks interlaced with red and white, the colours of the club. The costumes wore by some of the guests were as follows:—Mrs

Cave, dainty white silk with blue trimmings; Mrs Wahea, rich yellow brocade with a profusion of Maltese lace on bodice; Mrs Currie, handsome gown; Mrs Ridings, black silk with jet trimmings; Mrs Guinness, pretty white silk; Mrs Gordon Cumming, black dress, red trimmings; Mrs Meyer, stylish black silk with white roses; Mrs Hutchings, black satin, Paris lace insertion; Miss Cave (Cambridge), white satin, red roses on bodice; Miss Ulph, very handsome white silk with black lace overdress; Miss Gilmour, white, with yellow trimmings; Miss Forster, turquoise blue silk; Miss Knight (Auckland), pretty black frock, the bodice trimmed with forget-me-nots; Miss Buddie, pale green, with cream lace and roses; Miss Murray (Waikato), black, with red roses; her sister, white silk; Miss Carson (Waikato), stylish red dress; Miss — Carson, pretty pink silk; Miss Lofthouse, dainty white muslin; Miss Clarke, white silk, red roses on bodice; Miss Mair, blue satin, with Valenciennes lace; Misses Power (2), black, trimmed with red roses; Miss Brown, white silk; Miss Moore, pink silk, with ecru lace insertion; Miss Davidson, white silk; Miss Brennan, black silk trimmed with jet and chiffon; Miss Brane, white silk; Miss Donnelly, black, with red poppies; Miss Ferguson, pretty white silk; Miss M. Gilmour, white silk; Miss Torrens, ecru cashmere; Miss Graham, white nun's veiling; Miss Bond, blue cashmere, with satin trimmings; Miss Pattullo, white silk; Miss Quick, black silk, pink choux. The committee, consisting of Messrs B. H. Stafford, Gray, Cave, Ulrich, Budd, and Dr. Guinness, is to be congratulated on promoting such a successful and enjoyable dance.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

**NEW PLYMOUTH.**

Dear Bee, November 7.  
The formal opening of the New Plymouth

**BOWLING GREEN**  
took place last Thursday afternoon, in the presence of a large gathering of ladies and members. Mr J. Paul (President) declared the green open. Afternoon tea, provided by Mrs Paul, was served in the pavilion. During the afternoon McNeill's string band played a number of selections, which were thoroughly enjoyed. Among those present I noticed: Mrs Paul, cream silk blouse, black skirt, toque en snite; Miss Cleveland (Wellington), blue linen braided with white; Mrs

Wood, pretty heliotrope and cream lace costume, black picture hat; Mrs Hall, tussore silk; Miss K. Hall, cream silk blouse, pretty pale blue kilted skirt; Mrs Colson, pale blue and white costume; Mrs Oswin, pale green linen, hat to correspond; Miss Bedford, tussore silk relieved with blue, black and white hat; Miss D. Bedford, tussore and pale blue, cream hat; Mrs Percy Webster, pale blue and cream lace costume, pretty pink and green hat; Miss Jackson, holland costume, finished with a vieux rose choux, hat en suite; Mrs Sykes, black; Mrs Palmer, mourning; Mrs H. Stocker, mourning; Mrs W. Newman, heliotrope; Miss Walker, black and white costume; Mrs Collins looked well in a pale green linen, hat trimmed with a darker shade; Mrs Kerr, black; Mrs Donald Wilson (Nelson), black, hat to correspond; Miss Wilson (Naseby), pale blue and white costume; Mrs Wright, pink blouse, brown skirt; Mrs Mannering, black; Mrs Cooke, cream blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Morey, blue blouse, dark skirt; Miss — Morey, cream blouse, black skirt; Miss George, heliotrope; Madam Tutachka, black and white costume; Mrs Clarke, black and heliotrope; Mrs Rundle, black; Miss Rundle, pink; Miss — Rundle, grey; Mrs White, black; Mrs Ah. Goldwater, black silk and jet; Miss Goldwater looked well in tussore relieved with pale blue; Miss Morshead, pink linen; Miss Watkins, holland costume; Miss Humphries, holland; Mrs Humphries, black; Miss E. Wilson, dark blue and white costume; Mrs C. T. Milla, pretty pink figured blouse, black skirt, hat en suite; Mrs A. Fookes, tussore silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Middleton, black; Mrs Blyth, holland costume, black hat; Mrs Morgan, black and pink; Mrs Pascoe, blue linen, pink floral hat; Miss Murphy, cream silk, black hat; Mrs Teed; Miss Teed, pink, etc.

NANCY LEE.

**WELLINGTON.**

Dear Bee, November 8.  
The members of the Wellington Club are celebrated for the lavish way in which they carry out their entertainments, and their  
**FAREWELL BALL TO THE COUNTESS OF RANFURLY**  
on Wednesday was no exception to the rule. Indeed, it was perhaps as enjoyable as any they have given. The verandah was covered and nicely furnished, and a pathway was covered in, and led into a large marquee erected on

A BEAUTIFUL FABRIC.

THE

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2000 Yards of FANCY SILKS, suitable for elegant Blouses and Dresses. Big assortment and grand value. 1/11, 2/6, 3/11, 3/11, 4/11 yd. Tussore and Japanese Silk in great variety of width and prices; all at our usual good value.

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Linen and Linen Crash, flaked and plain. 8/4, 1/0, 1/4, 1/6 yd. Flaked Silk Grass Linnen, 1/0, in Champagne, Sky, Pink and Gold. We are noted for our assortment, value, and style in Millinery, Laces, Cape and Stone-end Collarettes, Silk and Kid Gloves, Lisle, Cotton, Plain and Fancy Hosiery, etc.

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the tennis court, where delicious ices and refreshments were to be had. It was a glorious moonlight night, and seats placed about the pretty garden were thoroughly appreciated. The dining-room was used for dancing, and the billiard-room for supper, whilst the fine large sitting-room and library were turned into drawing-rooms. The supper-room looked very pretty with its many tables, decorated with sweet roses, and the numerous electric lights shaded with pink silk. The sitting-rooms were beautifully decorated with groups of pot plants and masses of lovely azaleas amongst the green. King's band was splendid, and its spirited music kept everyone dancing till the early hours of morning. An extra was played by Miss Gore. The programmes were neat and pretty, and had on them "Farewell Ball to Lady Ranfurly, and the Maori inscriptions, Naumai Haerere 1903." It was a most lovely ball in every way, and a fitting end to the dancing season. Dr. Collins (president) and Mrs. Collins received the guests at the top of the first staircase. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Ranfurly arrived in time for the first set of lancers; Her Ladyship danced with the president, and Lord Ranfurly with Mrs. Collins. The Countess wore black satin, with bands of jet embroidery on the skirt, and berthe of jet softened with a little white chiffon, black velvet bow in her hair. A lovely shower bouquet of cream roses and maidenhair was presented to her. Mrs. Collins wore lovely white point lace over chiffon, and soft chiffon ruffles at the foot and on the bodice, diamonds in the hair and on the corsage; Lady Constance Knox had white and pink striped floral brocade, with short bolero of tuckled chiffon, and chiffon ruffles; Mrs. Duncan wore handsome grey satin, with deep white lace flounces and steel embroidery; Mrs. Wallis, in white satin, with berthe of white lace with blue flowers; Mrs. Tolhurst, in rich black silk, with jet; Mrs. Cooper, in black silk, with white lace, and a soft white cap; Mrs. Wilford had a beautiful gown of pale green silk, with much applique work upon it in different shades of green; Mrs. Crawford, in black satin, the bodice trimmed with ecru points and scarlet flowers; Mrs. Andrew, black satin and jet; Mrs. L. Pharaayn, lovely white satin, with jewelled passementerie and flowers on the corsage; Mrs. A. Duncan, in oyster and pink brocade, with guipure insertions and chiffon berthe; Mrs. Gee, in black, with white lace and turquoise chiffon berthe; Mrs. K. Duncan wore pale blue crepe de chine, with white lace insertion and chiffon to match; Mrs. W. R. Wright wore a pretty yellow chiffon gown, with jewelled passementerie; Mrs. Moss Davis (Auckland), handsome black brocaded satin, with white lace and diamonds; Mrs. C. Izard, yellow silk and chiffon; Mrs. Purdy, in black satin, with chiffon and jet; Mrs. Turnbull, grey crepe de chine, with steel passementerie; Mrs. Pollen, black satin, trimmed with ecru guipure and roses; Mrs. Perry (Napier), in white and pink brocaded chine, trimmed with white lace and red roses; Mrs. Kennedy, black satin and jet; Mrs. Walter Strang wore her lovely wedding gown of satin with lace and shirred chiffon; Mrs. Biss, white spotted chiffon gown with long ends of blue satin ribbon; Mrs. Alan Strang had an elegant

tucked white chiffon dress with much ecru lace trimming; Mrs. Marchbanks, in pale pink with chiffon; Mrs. Mantell, black satin with berthe of cream lace; Mrs. Tweed, in palest grey crepe de chine with lace; Mrs. Bucholz, cream and red; Mrs. Ross, blue brocade, trimmed with lace and roses; Mrs. (Dr.) Hislop, cream satin with lace berthe; Mrs. Gould, buttereux brocade with lace and passementerie; Mrs. C. Cooper, white satin, trimmed with lace; Mrs. Tripe, in white, trimmed with blue; Mrs. Riley, black satin and jet; Mrs. G. Pharaayn, white satin, founced with chiffon; Miss Johnston had a lovely black and white gown, black applique chiffon over white, with chiffon and diamonds; Miss Coates, black brocade with berthe of white lace; Miss Duncan, pale green satin with berthe of sequined lace; Miss Tolhurst, white satin with lace and chiffon; Miss Read (England), in pale pink, veiled with beautifully embroidered chiffon; Miss Coleman (Napier), cream satin, trimmed with jewelled passementerie; Miss Z. Johnston wore pale blue crepe de chine with chiffon flounce and white lace; Miss Brandon, in black; Miss Rawson, white crepe de chine; Miss E. Rawson, in pink silk with white lace; Miss O. Rawson, white silk and lace with red sash; Miss Stead (Christchurch), in white founced accordion chiffon; Miss Fell, pale blue silk and white tulle; Miss M. Fell, in white and blue; her sister, in green; Miss Russell, in cream satin and ecru lace; Miss McLean (Dunedin), pink brocade and chiffon gown; Miss K. McLean, pale blue tuckled chiffon gown, trimmed with lace insertion; Miss Gore, in cream brocade and chiffon; Miss Ingles (Hawke's Bay) wore pale blue satin with white lace; Miss Fitzherbert, white silk and lace; Miss K. Fitzgerald, in black silk with white lace; Miss O. Fitzgerald, white satin with chiffon berthe; Miss Fell (Nelson) wore blue brocade with white lace; Miss Izard, white brocade with lace berthe; Miss Hacon, soft white gauze with lace, and a blue sash; Miss Reid, white silk muslin, trimmed with lace, and black motifs; Miss Williams (Napier), pink silk with lace and flowers; Miss Harcourt, in white satin with lace and chiffon; Miss G. Harcourt, pink silk; Miss G. Richmond, white and blue pompadour silk with lace berthe and blue sash; Miss M. Johnston (Hawke's Bay), white gauze; Miss Rees George, pink silk and chiffon gown; Miss Moss Davis, white tuckled silk with chiffon fichu; Miss Atkinson, in white; Miss Miles, pale blue silk and lace; Miss Finch, yellow brocade with chiffon flounces and turquoise velvet; Miss Riley, in white silk; Miss Butt, cream satin with lace berthe; Miss McIntosh, yellow satin and lace; Miss — McIntosh, in pale blue; Miss McGregor, white satin with flowers and lace; Miss Rose, in white with chiffon and lace; the Misses Simpson, Seed, Ewen, and Stafford all wore pretty white gowns; also, Lord Northland, Major Alexander, Hons. Hill-Trevor and Butler, General Babinington, Captain Campbell, Sir James Prendergast, the Bishop of Wellington, Messrs H. W. Bell, J. Duncan, Tolhurst, Harcourt, Coates, Cooper, Crawford, Johnston, Wright, Pharaayn, Gee, Mantell, Kebbell (2), Turnbull (2), Fell, Williams, Higginson (2), Menzies, Gore, Perry, Hunt, Beetham, Tripe, Tripp,

C. Crawford, Duncan (2), Miah, Strang, Reid, Wilford, Denniston, McShane, Sloman, Rawson, Robinson, etc.

A number of Wellington people have gone down to Christchurch for the Carnival week there, among them being Mr and Mrs Johnston, Mr and Miss Harcourt, Miss Tolhurst, Miss Brandon, Miss Somerville, Mr and Mrs K. Duncan and Miss Rawson. Mrs Heaton Rhodes has also moved back to Christchurch after the session months. Miss Russell (Hawke's Bay), Miss Stead (Christchurch), Miss Beetham (Masterton), Mr and Mrs Perry and Miss Ingles (Hawke's Bay), who have all been visiting Wellington, have gone down also for the gaieties in the Southern city.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee,— November 4.

An usual Christchurch stagnates this week preparatory to the giddy rout of carnival week, which commences on Saturday, the 7th. Visitors are beginning to arrive, and everyone is on the qui vive, as it were. There have been immense alterations at the Riccarton racecourse—new stands, new tea house, the description of which sounds very pretty, with its ornamental water, rustic bridge, etc. There will be one terrible drawback, however, this year, and that will be dust, for, owing to the long spell of dry weather, the grass has not come on well on the new ground, and I am afraid to think what the roads will be like out to the course. However, even that will be preferable to a downpour of rain, though the want of some refreshing showers is beginning to be felt. We can in a measure laugh at dust now if we are sensible and wear washable dresses, for a new industry started last week—"a steam laundry."

Mrs. G. Stead, "Strowan," has issued invitations to a garden party on Tuesday, 10th, when the pretty garden

and grounds should be looking their best, and a great number of the visitors of the week will surely be present.

The Musical Union gave another

ENJOYABLE CONCERT

on Tuesday evening at the Canterbury Hall, when every seat was occupied. A short first part followed, by "The Spectre's Bride," formed the programme, the soloists being Mrs. Burns, Mr. H. Weir (Sydney), and Mr. P. Hockley. It is eight or nine years since Mr. Weir left Christchurch, and we all enjoyed hearing him sing again, especially "My Queen" in the first part, and his encore song, "Come into the Garden, Maud." Mrs. Burns trilled "Il Bacio," and later took the soprano part in "The Spectre's Bride," the duets between Mrs. Burns and Mr. Weir being splendidly rendered. Mr. Hockley sang the bass solos excellently. The concert as a whole was a great success. Among the audience were Mrs. and Miss Julius, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kaye, Mr. F. M. Wallace, Professor and Miss Cook, Mrs. and Miss Izard, and the Misses Anderson, Mrs. J. Fairhurst, Misses Fairhurst, Hargreaves, Grant, Mr. and Mrs. N. Macbeth, Miss K. Wood, Mrs. McBride, Mr. and Mrs. Roper, Mr. and Miss Snow, Mr. and Miss Connan, Mr. John Tinline (Nelson), Mr. and Mrs. Prostick, Mr. and Mrs. Marriner, Mrs. and Miss Milson, Mrs. Guthrie Moore, Mrs. W. Lake, and Mr. A. Carrick.

Mrs. Burns' song recital, to take place on the 5th, promises to be something quite unique and very pretty. Mrs. Burns will be assisted by Mrs. Wilson, Miss Maud Graham, Messrs. H. M. Reeves, S. B. Collier, and Percy Denton.

Miss Murphy and Mr. Densem, both of Dunedin, are in Christchurch busy rehearsing, as they take part in "Trial by Jury," "Les Cloches de Corneville," and "The Sleeping Queen" at a great function got up by the Catholics in aid of their cathedral, and lasting through the carnival week.

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 BELTS are to be worn again this season. We have the nicest and smartest that money can buy. Metals, Leathers, and Tinsels will be in great demand. We have also a splendid collection of Belt Clasps.  
 Our EMBROIDERIES are, as usual, second to none for value and excellence of patterns.

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 value, as of yore, notwithstanding the tremendous advances in wools.  
 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 Galoons, 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.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, November 3.

On Wednesday, October 28th, Mrs Pattle Izatt gave an afternoon tea at her residence in Guyton-street for Mrs C. Izard, of Wellington, who is visiting friends in Wanganui. Amongst those present were Mesdames Izett, Fitzherbert, C. Izard (Wellington), Krull, Janisch, McLean, Moore, Grieg, Sarjeant, Hewitt, James, Watt, Gifford, Marshall, Collins, Alexander, Atkinson, Fitzgerald, and McDonnell. Misses Moore, I. Fitzherbert (Wellington), McNeill (2) Alexander, Cowper (2), and Earlie.

On Friday afternoon Mrs H. Sarjeant gave a small but very enjoyable afternoon tea. Owing to a steady downpour of rain the guests were not able to play croquet or admire her beautiful garden.

Mrs Hughes-Johnston invited her numerous friends to a "Book Title Tea" on Friday afternoon. The first prize, a pretty cut-glass hair-pin box, with embossed silver top, was won by Mrs J. C. Greenwood; the second prize, a picture, fell to Mrs A. Blundell. A delicious afternoon tea was served in the dining-room. Mrs Hughes-Johnston received her guests in a black voile skirt, tucked and strapped with silk, white China tucked silk blouse, banded with insertion; Miss — Newcombe wore a blue-grey tweed skirt, white silk blouse with large lace collar. Amongst the guests I noticed Mrs Fitzgerald, in a grey flecked canvas, black hat with pale blue; Mrs Reaney, navy blue voile gown, the Russian coat having a border of flowers worked in white silk, cream fancy straw toque with pale blue satin trimmings; Mrs James Watt, pale grey frock, the bodice with Maltese lace collar and vest, floral toque of shaded violets; Mrs Blundell, black voile skirt, pale green and white silk blouse, large cream lace collar with stole ends, black chiffon hat with bunch of violets; Mrs John Stevenson, dainty electric blue canvas, strapped with silk, blue and green toque with ribbons and shaded bird; Mrs Lomas, black satin frock, pale pink silk vest, black hat with shaded autumn foliage;

Mrs J. C. Greenwood, white silk, trimmed with insertion; Mrs Kennedy, black silk costume with bunch of steel sequin on the bodice, black hat with chiffon; Mrs Reid, navy blue coat and skirt, white silk vest, black chiffon hat with shaded violets; Mrs McLean, black costume, the bodice and stole ends piped with white, pale pink straw hat with chiffon; Mrs Lloyd-Jones, black, voile, black chiffon hat with jewelled trimmings on the brim and crown of white lace; Mrs Dyer, black canvas gown, cream straw hat with rosettes of navy blue satin ribbon; Mrs Hoult, pink and white flowered muslin with black insertion trimmings, black chiffon hat, relieved with pink; Mrs Fairburn, electric blue cloth gown, pale blue muslin vest, blue straw hat with black chiffon; Mrs John Anderson, pale green tweed coat and skirt, collar of white silk, pretty black toque with shaded violets; Mrs J. Mason, royal blue tweed skirt, tucked silk blouse to match, cream straw hat with blue and white spotted ribbon; Mrs Brookfield, green tweed costume, hat to match; Mrs Heywood, black canvas gown, black and white hat; Mrs G. Marshall, black skirt, white tucked surah silk blouse with lace, black and white hat; Mrs Izett, pale grey frock, toque to match; Mrs Doghshun, black tucked silk gown, cream insertion, black chiffon hat with yellow primroses; Mrs C. Powell, black costume, the cape banded with cream insertion, hat to match; Mrs Wood, black cloth coat and skirt, large black and white embroidered collar with stole ends, black and white bonnet; Mrs Fenwick, champagne grass lawn gown, trimmed with insertion, black and white hat; Mrs Watson, black silk with Oriental shaded velvet mantle, black bonnet, relieved with pale pink; Mrs Brown, black costume, black and white bonnet; Miss Gifford, black voile gown, the Russian coat edged with Oriental shaded galloon, black chiffon hat; Miss Brabant, black skirt, white tucked silk blouse, black and burnt straw hat with cream lace and pale blue satin bow; Miss O'Brien, black skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Cowper, grey tweed skirt, white tucked silk blouse, black hat; Miss N. Cowper, royal blue cloth skirt and silk blouse to

match, black chiffon hat with crimson roses; Miss Liffiton, blue tweed skirt, white blouse with electric blue velvet, black hat, relieved with blue; Miss Knapp, black cloth skirt, white tucked silk blouse with lace, black and white hat; Miss Treanor, holland skirt, pale pink muslin blouse with cream lace; Miss Griffiths, black skirt, flowered silk blouse, pink fancy straw hat; Miss Aitken, blue cloth coat and skirt, white silk vest, black and white hat; and many others.

On the Collegiate School Grounds a cricket match was played between the School and some members of the Hawtry Comedy Company on Saturday afternoon. The game resulted in a win for the latter. Amongst the onlookers I noticed Mesdames Godwin, Lyssgait

(Hawera), Watson, Atkinson Fitzgerald, Kitchen, Peake, A. Sherriff, Wray, Misses Austin (2) (Hawtry Company), Montgomerie, Maling (2), Aitken, Earle, Borlase (2), Fitzherbert (Wellington), Moore, Willis, Page, Messrs Harold, Atkinson, Hardwick, Morrison, Bannister, Arford, Lomas and others.

On Saturday afternoon Mesdames John Stevenson and Cuffield gave a boating picnic up the Wanganui river in the launch and several boats. Amongst the party were Mesdames Cuffield, Stevenson, Misses Baker, Rawson, Brewer, Anderson (2), Millward (Wellington), Gresson, Roberts, Treanor, Mason and Jackson, Messrs Osbisten, Wood, Richmond (Wellington), Garret, Blackmore, Kurton and Prichard.

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NOVELTY

**MARLBOROUGH.**

Dear Bee, November 2.

**The forty-fourth ANNIVERSARY OF THE PROVINCE OF MARLBOROUGH**

passed away successfully. We had glorious weather, and excursions were arranged to suit everybody. The races at Seddon attracted a great many, as races generally do, and the bulk of the excursionists went in that direction, though a goodly number travelled Pictou-wards, the Blenheim Presbyterian Sunday-school seeking that favoured-of picnic parties—spot, Eson's Valley, to enjoy themselves in, and a very good day they spent. Some went off to Toroa by steam launch, and Pictou people celebrated the anniversary in a way of their own, by family gatherings, amongst which was the gathering of friends and relatives at Waimamonga, the hospitable home-stead of Mr and Mrs D. McCormick. The Waitohi Lawn Tennis Club gave afternoon tea on their court in Scotland-street, and nearly everybody else went a-picnicking in some fashion or other.

The Marlborough (Blenheim) Lawn Tennis Club opened the season on Saturday with a pleasant afternoon's play, and of course afternoon tea, which men pretend to despise, but of which I notice they consume an enormous quantity. The Wairau courts were opened the week before, so that now the athletic season is in full swing.

Mr Val Vonsden, the clever ventriloquist and comedian, gave performances in all the centres, and they were largely attended.

A social held by the H.A.C.R. Society on Thursday last, was very successful. The programme consisted of vocal items and dances. Miss McCabe played the accompaniments in her usual finished manner, and the dance music was supplied by Vannini's string band. The supper was also very good.

**The last of a series of WINTER SOCIALS.**

held by the Ladies of Holy Trinity (Anglican) Church, in the Sunday-school, Pictou, on Friday last, was as successful as its predecessors, or rather more so, as a much more popular programme was given, the popular taste being consulted by having items not too classical for the performers to accomplish. Among the items rendered were several plantation songs by Misses Gibb and Webster, and Messrs Wolfe and Masters, and the old, but ever verdant, "Ye Shepherds Tell Me," rendered in good style by Mrs Williams and Messrs Williams and Howard. "Pulling Hard against the Stream" was sung by Mr Morris, "The Link Divine," Mr J. McIntosh; "Tue Outlaw," Mr Le Cocq. The Waitohi Brass Band gave several selections. An excellent supper was provided. The company intend shortly to give another social in aid of the band, who have given such ungrudging aid to the fund of the church's debt.

**The Mahakipawa Rifle Club held A SHOOTING COMPETITION**

for prizes donated by the residents and friends of the club on Saturday last. Among the prizes was a very unique pie-bald lamb, which was won by Mr Neal, and a gold nugget from the Cullensville mines was won by Mr R. Beauchamp. The ladies provided afternoon tea, and quite a picnic was made of the occasion. As the two schools—Cullensville and the Grove—were trying conclusions in a juvenile cricket match, the youngsters were fortunate in the way of unlimited tea and cakes.

Out of 17 pigeons belonging to a fancier in Napier which were let loose in Pictou the other day, only six arrived home. Those six did the journey in a very short time.

The eviction of a man who goes by the name of Fisherman Hans, took place in Pictou the other day. He had been living in a dilapidated shed on the Spit, which the authorities considered unfit for human habitation. As he took no notice of any of the notices to quit, those in authority ordered the roof to

be taken off. Now when Fisherman Hans is not plying his vocation, he draws his boat up high on the beach and lives in that with the sail for a roof, and flies an ensign on the mast and sticks to the Spit like a barnacle.

A fishing party which went down the Sounds on Monday made a tremendous haul of hapuka. On their return in the evening crowds of people were seen staggering under the weight of a tremendous fish. The party gave to their friends ad lib., and the remainder were sold by Mr Perano, who owns the launch they were caught in, for the benefit of the Pictou Hospital.

MIRANDA.

*A Moment's thought should convince you that it is very unwise to take no heed of a cold and cough. Serious complaints often follow.*

**A MOMENT'S THOUGHT**

Be wise and take HAYMAN'S BALSAM  
It is a certain cure for Coughs and Colds. Safe and pleasant for Children.  
Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

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Fat and Skins to be the property of the owners, the Company paying for the former current rates, and the latter may be either sold to the Company, feilmoanged on owner's account, or sent to public auction at his option.

Or we are prepared to purchase Prime Stock at a straightout price per lb or per head.

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*We are showing some New and Very Pleasing Designs in DINING-ROOM FURNITURE, to which we wish to call special attention. These lines are manufactured under our direct supervision—materials are the best throughout, workmanship is the very best, and prices are the lowest at which genuinely reliable goods can be sold. WE INVITE INSPECTION.*

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**NEATLY DESIGNED SIDEBOARD—**

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 £3 15/-.

**HANDSOME KAURI SIDEBOARD—**

Fitted with large British plate glass; fitted also with drawers, cupboard and cellarette. Price, £7 15/-.

**RIMU SIDEBOARD—**

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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**7-PIECE DINING-ROOM SUITES—**

In Leather Cloth, Kauri frames, and well made throughout. A special value at £7 15/-.

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In Leather. Australian Hard-wood frames. A very durable and satisfactory Suite at £17 17/-.

**VERY BEST LEATHER SUITES—**

9 Pieces, with Rimu, Kauri, Walnut, or Oak frames; latest and best designs, frames nicely carved. Prices from £25.

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Special Value.

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Well finished, on castors. A very special offering at 45/-.

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**DINING-ROOM OVERMANTELS—**

In Walnut; large stock of various designs at from 35/-, fitted with best British plate glass.

**CARPETS AND LINOLEUMS.**

Just to hand—A shipment of designs especially suited for Diningrooms.

**SEE THE SPECIAL LINOLEUMS**

we are offering at only 2/- per square yard, and 1/9.

Our famous . . .

**"BONITA" Sewing Machine**

makes sewing a pleasure. Ask to see our Special Drop Head Machine, at £6 10/-; it's a great machine for doing satisfactory work.

**Modern Spies of Peace.**

**HOW THE POWERS DISCOVER EACH OTHER'S MILITARY SECRETS.**

There are many things about each other which nations would like to know.

In order to discover what they must know (says the "Daily Express"), but are not allowed to, civilised States employ military spies. They may be Military or Naval Attaches, duly accredited to an Embassy, or secret agents, who are sent to reside or travel in those districts from which information is required by the Intelligence Department.

The work of the first class is not unimportant, but it is not risky. The officer may not overstep the bounds of common honesty, and rarely, if ever, attempts to achieve anything secretly. He is closely watched and knows it. If he becomes a strong centre of attraction he may divert the attention of watchers from some secret agent who is possessing himself of the particulars the Attache is ostensibly so anxious to acquire, but is successfully prevented from securing. The Attache is useful as a clearing agent.

Spies become possessed of facts which are of no real value to those who employ them, but are assumed to be worth much by the agents of other countries, and an exchange of "pieces" is effected. Sometimes apparently useless information is sought simply for its exchange value.

For instance, some years ago two British officers created considerable annoyance in Russia by their persistence in hanging about the district in which the autumn manoeuvres were to take place. They were invited to join the staff—the British Attache was there—but this honour they declined.

**BRITISH SPIES.**

Then representations were made at the British Embassy, where the officers were unknown, and subsequently they disappeared for a time, only to be discovered at the end of the manoeuvres in one of the five great fortresses which protect the west frontier of Russia, and the one that had been the centre of the military operations.

Had these men been Prussian officers their position would have been dangerous, and an unpleasant international incident might have occurred. The Russo-German frontier is nothing to Great Britain, neither is the Franco-German. We exchange the first "piece" with Germany for the second, and the second with France for a little bit of news about Russia in Asia, which India believes to be important. And thus we get home.

Each country has its own peculiar sphere of interest to which it devotes its greatest attention. Great Britain has so many that properly speaking it has none. But India is always alarmed as to Russia; and agents—British and native—of the India Department are ever busy seeking particulars likely to be of service when we have to defend an Empire which already in the military sense extends from Aden to Hong-kong.

Most of the Indian agents in Russia are officers of the Indian army, but, needless to state, they do not travel as such. Some affect to be tourists of an innocent but inquiring turn of mind; some go as commercial travellers; some lean to religious propaganda; while others collect curiosities.

**COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.**

These agents have been so energetic and so prolific in their disguises that in the South of Russia the bona-fide commercial traveller excites suspicion. The Russians now insist upon all "commercials" being licensed and taxed; moreover, the Intelligence Department has found the orders for goods obtained by its travellers somewhat embarrassing.

As a buying agent the spy has also worked well. No Briton can now go across the Caspian to purchase skins any more than to sell hardware or even just to amuse himself, without his letters being opened and the company he keeps carefully noted.

Elsewhere than in Central Asia the inquisitive foreigner is likely to be detained as a suspect if found near a dockyard, arsenal, fortress, masked battery, or military undertaking of any kind. The real tourist may excite suspicion, and no doubt many of the people arrested are innocent, but occa-

sionally a spy is captured, and usually, of course, is liberated after inquiries.

Foreign Consuls are apt to be much more energetic, emphatic, and positive when a Government agent is taken than they are when the innocence of the parties held is so apparent that it needs no proof.

In ordinary circumstances, when the spy is known he thereby becomes innocuous, and he knows it. If discovered the impolite Russian way is to forbid him to enter the country, or to declare he comes from a plague-infested port, or that he is a Roman Catholic or a Jew.

**POLITE METHODS.**

The polite way is to offer him a guard, or helmpate, or companion. The spy is then shown what he must see, and as soon as he has seen and reported, the various military dispositions are changed so that the information he obtains is worse than useless, being actually misleading.

The polite British way is to take the recognised spy round the golf-links; or give him pegs of whisky and tell him soft stories as he sits on a stool enjoying (?) interminable regimental cricket, then to mend or take him home a happy, talkative man with nothing to tell.

That is what happens when a Russian vessel calls at Perim "for water," or Russian officers show themselves curious as to the forts at Aden.

Many are the dodges resorted to by British agents in order to avoid being "spoofed" by their Russian hosts. Their common way is to hunt in couples, each independent of the other, so that if one is taken the other may still succeed in getting through with the work. This plan has other advantages.

The Eastern races make adept spies. Russia's agents, when out of uniform, betray their calling by being so well-informed, which is unusual in Russia, but it takes a clever, educated man to detect them, and there are few such among the class of people the agents frequent in the East, for they pretend to be merchants, veterinary surgeons, pedlars, and even vagrants.

In the Far East in the matter of espionage, Japan has the game almost entirely to itself. A Japanese can readily become so good an imitation of the Chinaman, Manchou, or Mongol that the Russian cannot identify him, and the Chinaman who does will certainly not denounce him.

He can simulate ignorance, almost unbecomingly—which the Russian spy is too vain to do—and as merchant, artisan, or interpreter he can go everywhere. Then there are the women! The Japanese amah, apparently stupid and ignorant as a German goose-herd, is really as competent as the average spy in taking notice of things that matter.

What a Japanese does not know of the Russian military dispositions in Manchuria is not worth knowing, and this knowledge, like all careful espionage, makes for peace, not war. Had the British methods of espionage been better there had been no war in South Africa in 1899. Since that date we have improved considerably, but have yet much to learn.

**CATARRH A CONSTANT COLD IN THE HEAD.**

The medical explanation of the causes and symptoms of catarrh is an interesting item of a quarterly medical journal just at hand. The Editor is anxious that people should understand the serious consequences which may result from neglect of a cold or of a series of colds in the head. In fact, the beginning of many of the most obstinate forms of catarrh can be traced to what the patient thought a simple cold. This fact is emphasised by a series of cases taken from the records of the Drouet Institute. These cases also serve to illustrate the treatment of catarrh by the Drouet Method, which the Editor points out has been successful in a large proportion of instances after operations and other special procedures have failed. Names and addresses being given, this issue of the "Review of Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases" will be of use to everyone who has any form of catarrh. A free copy of the Journal can be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Drouet Institute, 10, Marbo Arch, London, W., England. The "Review" also contains a Special Report Form, by means of which anyone can obtain free advice as to treatment.

**G. Zinzan Harris,**  
**SURGEON DENTIST,**  
**Wyndham Street, Auckland.**

THREE DOORS FROM NATIONAL BANK OF NEW ZEALAND.

**MY OBJECT IS**

- The Treatment of Decayed Teeth by the most approved principles of Preservation.
- Tooth Crowning and Gold Filling, etc.
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- For the Adjustment of Artificial Teeth without Plates, thus avoiding Extractions.
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NO FEES FOR CONSULTATION.

FEES CHEAPEST IN TOWN.

**SEWING MACHINES BELOW COST**



To introduce our sewing machines at once to the Australasian Public, we will sell direct to the home, for a limited time only, at prices below the regular wholesale price. This magnificent **FRANKLIN** Five-Drawer, Drop-Head Cabinet, Full High-Arm Sewing Machine will be delivered, Carriage Paid, to any port in Australasia for **ONLY £5.17.6**

We guarantee this machine equal to any machine manufactured in the world, regardless of its price, and will refund the money to any person not satisfied with the machine after 30 Days Trial. The Head is the latest improved full high-arm, capable of the widest range of work, from the finest silks and lawns to the heaviest cloth. The Bell-Boaring Stand is one of the latest and best features in sewing machine construction, and saves half the effort of running the machine. The Woodwork is the finest oak, beautifully finished with the best piano polish. Equal to the most expensive machine made. Every machine is guaranteed for 20 Years, and we will replace, free and carriage paid, any part proving defective at any time within 27 years. Reasonable cash or be sent direct by International P. O. Order, payable at Chicago, U. S. A., or through any bank in the U. S. A. or England. **Members pay all carriage charges, delivering the machine at your principal port, guaranteeing safe delivery and perfect satisfaction.** **DO NOT DELAY** ordering a machine at once, as this offer will be withdrawn just as soon as we have introduced these machines and secured satisfactory agents.

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**Jefferson's Pharmacy**  
UPPER SYMONDS ST., AUCKLAND.  
**GEO. DENBY & Co.**

CHANGE OF THE SEASONS.  
If you require a tonic TRY  
**Jefferson's Barberry Bitters.**

The Best Tonic. The Best Energiser. The Best Liver Stimulant. The Best Remedy for Languor, Weakness, Want of Energy, Loss of Appetite and Strength. Price, 2/6  
**COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES**  
Is one of the best general tonics, and may be used in all cases of Nervous Prostration and Debility. Price, 1/6 and 2/6

**IODISED SARSAPARILLA AND RED CLOVER.**  
A valuable remedy for Impurity of the Blood and all skin affections arising therefrom, also of Chronic Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, etc., etc. Price, 2/-

**QUININE AND IRON TONIC** Cures Neuralgia, Headaches, etc. Price, 2/-  
ORDERS BY POST receive the most careful attention and Prompt Dispatch

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General Groceries, Grain and Produce, Agricultural Seeds, Remedies and Artificial Manures.

**SEED POTATOES and OATS**  
various kinds.

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ESTABLISHED 1862  
GENERAL MERCHANTS  
CUSTOMS STREET EAST, AUCKLAND.

**DEALERS IN**  
Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Fungus, and all kinds of Farm Produce.

**KAURI GUM BROKERS AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS**

**Our New Allies in the Land of the Rising Sun.**

(By Florence Balgarnie.)

NO. 7.

Yumoto, from which I still write, is a hamlet beyond Chuzenji, lying 5000 feet above sea level, by the shores of a lovely little lake entwined in the curved mountains. It is fifteen miles from Nikihio railway station, and is reached over rough paths by pack-horses, litters and rickshaws, or best of all on foot. During these summer days it is said to be the coolest place in Japan. With its ten sulphur springs, it is a miniature Rotorna, minus the glory of the geysers and the fascination of the Maoris. In winter the hotels are closed and all the villagers, save a couple of caretakers, depart, and when silence reigns the bears come prowling down from the rocky heights and make tracks through the snow-embedded streets. Then it is that the huntsmen re-open their butts in the depths of the adjacent forests and lie in wait for their prey. Next summer their booty of badger, deer, Martin, wild boar and bearskins is brought to the mart at Nikihio. Yumoto is quite a diplomatic and military holiday resort. In the hotel we have the Italian Minister and his wife, as well as the French and Spanish ambassadors, also British officers and families from Houghmy and German ones from the flourishing new German-Chinese colony at Tongtan. It is noteworthy that the Russian Minister does not venture beyond a railway and telegraph station, for diplomatic relations between Russia and Japan are still in a state of the greatest tension. I note that a largely attended Pre-War meeting was held in Tokio the other day. Americans are also in evidence and every meal time there is a babel of English, French, German and Italian. Japanese one seldom hears, for the un-Europeanised Japanese always are served in their own rooms by maids on bended knees, while they squat on mats before tables a foot in height, and eat with chop-sticks. But main attention is paid to the more lucrative European and American guests, and the utmost endeavour is made here as in many parts of Japan to pay the foreigner the compliment of speaking his language. It may indeed be little more than a money acquaintance which "the boy" has with the English tongue, but such as it is, it is ever on parade! An Englishman who ventures to air his Japanese with "the Boy" is a "persona-nigra," as he will find to his cost when ordering his dishes. He is looked upon as a defrauder of the "Boys" inalienable English-speaking rights. On the other hand the slowness of the Anglo-Saxon in picking up the Japanese language is remarkable. Even missionaries who have been in the country a score of years but infrequently attempt more than the most colloquial (coolie) Japanese. Two teachers of English, who have been in residence seventeen years, up to this day keep a Japanese interpreter in their house. I had formed wild ideas of picking up Japanese (as one so easily does some languages) as I went along; but experience teaches wisdom, and in pure-

ly Japanese places I deliberately read out Japanese words from Murray's Guide to those with whom I desire to speak. On the other hand, with the quickness of the Italians, a glance or a gesture often suffices for the Japanese. If their language is so difficult for us to acquire, we have small ground for criticism of their efforts to master English. In no unkindly spirit, but simply because they are so droll, I cannot resist giving a few examples of "English as she is spoken and wrote" out here. I will mercifully spare the guide whose extraordinary letter I found on my table the day after arrival, fired as he was with the ambition of escorting me through Japan at a salary of two guineas a week. I can assure the would-be traveller that except in the remotest localities no one need fear travelling alone.

"Oxana (lady) very hot," says a gentle voice, and the wall of my room is drawn aside as a little almond-eyed, black-haired maiden enters with her fan. This kindly attention is the invariable sequel for an English lesson. "Hand," "foot," "girl," are readily mastered, but "face and fan" are hopelessly intermixed. There is one small damsel who dodges me in every corridor to repeat her lesson, but she invariably remarks "I face a fan" instead of "I fan a face." The tiffin and dinner menus too, are a triumph of Anglo-Saxon confusion. One hesitates on seeing a dish labelled "ekat" (eat), but, having made the plunge, it proves to be excellent beef-steak. Mutton is rarely seen in Japan, and on the one occasion when hopes were raised by seeing "brebu" (sheep) on the menu, it turned out to be the inevitable chicken. Roast pork was yesterday announced as "fried powke and drabble sauce." Unluckily for me the chief "Boy" has elected me censor in chief of the menus. I find it as hard to live up to my reputation, as some of the gentlemen do to the notice board at the dining-room door—"Gentilsmen requested not to smoke before 8.30." At another place, where for a time I was the only guest, the little waitress would bring her school-reader, and, sitting down by the table, would assimilate English while I dined. The country around here appears to be all royal preserves, and every few miles boards are conspicuous with the following notice translated for the benefit of the foreigner thus: "It is forbidden to injure the trees, etc., or handle anything in the locality that may cause to endanger the properties of the estate: such as fire, etc." Here is yet another specimen dated from the same Imperial office: "No fishing brook trouts in this river." But it is in the cities over the shops which cater for the foreigner that the quaintest notices are to be seen. In Tokio I read over a veterinary establishment: "Speedlist for Catsandogs. Consult atiores at all hour." And over a dairy: "Fulish butter, criam and milke." New Zealanders would think the mistakes not inappropriate if they saw the vile compound served here as coming from the cow.

Hairdressing in Japan is a fine art, and a ladies' coiffure is an ordeal not to be lightly undertaken, but occasionally acid in all seriousness. Between times the elegant chignon is preserved intact by the use of a block of wood in place of a pillow. I noticed an enterprising

gentleman amuse himself both as a "Bar Ber and Dresser," and another added, "You are shaved while you wait."

A soap manufacturer anxious to impart as much Oriental courtesy as possible into his advertisement, announced himself as: "Soapman: Hoping to be favoured esteemed commands whether many or few."

Mrs Patten, to whom I have already made reference, gives me a further list which she has observed, e.g.: "My good is the very cheap and diligence to customer."

"Sporting gun ana revolver, shot-guns ana all ammunitions."  
"Provisiona. Quickie sole, amale protit."

Instead of "Mangling done here," the laundryman announced, "The machine of smoothing the wrinkles of the trousers" also "Callers, catts, stashed shirts," and another wrote: "Ship and family washing at vera reasin." Here is the washerman's list of a house-keeping friend:

- "Pett-coats—petticoats.
- Blaw-ee—blouse.
- Counter-Panes—Counterpanes.
- Branket—blanket.
- Masquit Curtain—Mosquito curtain.
- Pillow shames—pillow-shams.
- Shirts Unquarished—Shirts unpolished.
- Shirts corrugated."

What a corrugated shirt is, I must leave to gentlemen to explain, for it passes a woman's comprehension.

A shoemaker declares "He makes the boots with the iron mind."

A grocer: "Here are sold extract of fowl, sanitary cake and improved milk," which probably means "tinned fowl, brown bread, and condensed milk."

A milliner informs her customers: "Ladies furnished in the upper storey."

But euphuisms are the order of the day, and no one asks for "cha" (tea) but always for "O'Cha," which, being interpreted, means "I want a cup of honourable tea."

I should much like to make the acquaintance of the publican who, despite the customs of his country, eschewed all euphuism for the honour, and bluntly printed on his signboard—"Foreign liquor shop intoxicated liquors and cigars, and man of war beer."

This is after all a little more to the point than the legends which I observed on the windows of New Zealand hotels: "Licensed to sell fermented and spirituous liquora."

But the principal public houses in Japan are virtually tea-houses, and they are met with every mile. Here the weary traveller may drink green tea and eat sweets for the trifling sum of one penny. Even in the mountains they are to be found in almost every picturesque spot. To-day's fifteen miles tramp back to Nikihio and her lovely carvings and temples has, in spite of the heat, been rendered easy through these wayside resting places.

Clarke's B 41 Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the Back, and all kindred Complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes, 4/6 each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

**GIRLS WHO LACK LOVERS.**

The lives of most girls are strung on a thread of Romance, but there are always some girls who lack lovers. There are, for instance, the haughty girls, the shy girls, the girls with pale cheeks and dull eyes, and the girls who never try to be agreeable. In New Zealand, disagreeable girls are rare, and the Girls Who Lack Lovers are those who have had their colour and vivacity destroyed by the trying climate. Every man likes a girl who is fresh, rosy and full of life. These charms are more attractive than good features or fine clothes. But, unhappily, too many girls with sallow complexions and lack-lustre eyes are seen in the streets of Invercargill, Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, Wanganui and Auckland. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people are just the thing for these Girls Who Lack Lovers, for they give new colour and energy with every dose. They actually make new blood—and that is the only way to bring sparkling eyes and lively manners. And these blood-building pills do more than that. They build up girls with pallid sunken cheeks and aching backs who are just slipping into a decline. Here is an instance. "There are not many New Zealand girls healthier or happier than I am now," says Mrs G. A. Eagles, Normanby-road, Normanby. "And to Dr. Williams' pink pills I owe all the good health that allowed me to marry so happily and to look after my house as I do. When I was just leaving my teens, I seemed to lose all strength. I was too weak to sweep the floor. My blood was to blame, for the long hot summer made it thinner and thinner till it was little better than water. Then, of course, my whole health failed. I was as pale as death, and hadn't a spark of life. I couldn't eat or sleep, and no one will ever know what I suffered from backaches, headaches and weariness. The doctor and 20 medicines didn't do me a bit of good. At last I saw in the "Taranaki Herald" and "Wanganui Chronicle" how Dr. Williams' pink pills actually made new blood. That is just what they did for me, and the new blood drove away all my headaches and weariness and made me another girl. My cheeks grew round and rosy, and I became as strong and lively as any one could wish." If others were to follow the example of this young wife there wouldn't be half as many Girls Who Lack Lovers.

**THE ANGRY SHARK.**

The man with the wooden leg was swimming boldly through the waters beyond the life line. A hungry shark beneath the surface saw him, and swam silently to where he was splashing about. With a quick gulp the shark took off one of his legs—the wooden one. Lashing its sides with its tail and ejecting the splinters from its mouth, the shark hurried away growling:

"That's the second time this year I've run across this new fangled breakfast food."

**Household Ironmongery**

AND

**Enamelled Ware,**

**EUREKA IRON FRAME WRINGERS**

12in. 14in. 16in. Rollers  
15s. 6d. 18s. 20s. Each

**MRS. POTTS' NICKEL-PLATED IRONS**  
Set of three complete, 5s. 9d.

A NEW SHIPMENT OF FOLDING 10-PEG HAT RACKS, ONE SHILLING EACH.

**CHOICE TINNED FRUITS**

**Driver's Apples and Plums**

For the Winter Season.

1lb Tins, 8d. each, or 7s. 6d. per dozen.

**AMERICAN TINNED SEAMLESS WASHUP TINS**  
10 14 17 21  
1s. 6d. 1s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 2s. 6d. Each

**ERASMIC PERFUME (Delicate Odour)**  
1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle.

**INDIAN RUBBER SPONGES (Clean, Lasting, Sanitary)**  
1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 3d., 4s. 3d. each.

CALL AND INSPECT  
— OUR GOODS —

**H. M. SMEETON, LTD.,**

General Providers,  
**QUEEN ST.**

**The Need of the Maori.**

**Mass Meeting of Women.**

**EVANGELISATION OF THE RACE.**

**MASS MEETING OF ANGLICANS.**

The need for the evangelisation of the Maori race was the special subject impressed upon the public mind by a large meeting in the Choral Hall on Nov. 4, over which Bishop Neligan presided. With him on the platform were Mrs Neligan, Mrs Seth Smith, Miss Burdette, and a large number of native and English clergymen. Behind the speakers and their supporters sat the Maori boys from St. Stephen's College and the girls from the Queen Victoria School for Maori Girls.

Bishop Neligan explained that the meeting had a two-fold object—first, to tell those who had done so much noble work for the Maori in time past that they did not regard their lives and efforts as being of no value. The Synod of the diocese was determined that the work should not cease, and had tried to convince those of the present day that the work demanded intelligent interest and prayerful sympathy. (Applause.)

Canon MacMurray, after an eloquent reference to the Christianising mission of the British nation, referred with enthusiasm to the past efforts of missionary heroes in New Zealand, and said that to the Church of England belonged the honour of being the first to teach the Gospel to the Maori. The outcome of the great war begun at Waitara was the wrecking of the faith of a large portion of the Christian Maoris, and if it was true that it was caused by the wrong-doing and stupid blundering of British officials, surely it became an additional reason that they should do all that in them lay to restore the faith which raised them from savagery. He was in a good position to speak on the subject, and he would say that if the Church of England was not able to win the lapsed Maoris of the King Country and Taranaki to Christianity, then there was no other Christian body able to do it.

The Rev. F. A. Bennett (Taranaki) produced a chart, which strikingly showed the progress of religion among the Maoris from its introduction in 1825. In 1825 practically the whole race had been converted. Then there were misunderstandings between the two races, and the numbers of Christian Maoris fell off rapidly. Until 1900 hardly any interest was taken in the Maori by the pakeha, and six years ago the whole sum subscribed in the whole colony for Christian work among the Maori amounted to £9. It had, however, increased in simply wonderful fashion, over £1000 having been subscribed last year. The Maori schools were an indication of the interest now taken in the Maori people, and now had sprung up the Young Maori Party, which was composed of members who intended to go forth and improve the social, moral and spiritual welfare of the Maori people. There were 40 missionaries labouring in the cause. It was true that a terrible state of things existed, but if they knew the difficulties, criticism would be uttered in a voice which would inspire hope and not despondency. There were 6000 natives who were Hau Haus and Ringetuis, and 7000 who were neither those, but who could be called heathen. There was a large population in Taranaki not yet reached. Many of the white settlers in the back-blocks had forgotten the sacredness of the Sabbath, and the Bishop's proposal to reach these would — as a wheel within wheels — have a good influence in the evangelisation of the Maoris.

His Lordship, again referring to the subject of the meeting, said that although the mission they had been speaking of was an Anglican one, they did not wish to omit noticing the fact that other great bodies were at work amongst the Maori people of the colony. So far as his Maori clergy were concerned they should never willingly upset the sphere of influence of other Christian bodies. The diocese was wide awake to the need and hoped to take the lead in the work.

The Maori children sang two translations of popular hymns during the evening, and a collection in aid of the funds of the Maori Mission realised £30 12/.

**MRS NELIGAN ON CHILD TRAINING.**

A big gathering of the women of Auckland assembled in the Choral Hall, Auckland, on November 4 to hear addresses by the Bishop and Mrs Neligan and other speakers on subjects of special interest to them. Bishop Neligan presided, and was surrounded on the platform by Archdeacon Cole, Archdeacon Calder, Canon Nelson, Canon Haseldien, Dr. O'Callaghan, Revs. Watson, Hawkins, Carver, Lush, Buckland, Latter, Mawthorne, Gilliam, Fowler, Benning (Free Methodist), Tisdall, Wilson, and Dr. Purchas. In addition to Mrs Neligan, Mrs Gilliam, Mrs Cubitt, etc., were also present. The meeting was begun in the usual manner with hymn and prayer.

**THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.**

Mrs Neligan spoke on the training of children, and declared that there was nothing in the world so important or so interesting as the children. In these days one often heard it said: "The children are after all a very great worry. They are a tie and anxiety we would rather be without." In plain words, "They are a bother." It made her heart ache to think that there could be people who could say this—both for the parents' sake and also for the sake of the little children who were regarded in this light. Children were truly a great responsibility, a great and solemn charge, but every good gift brought with it a corresponding responsibility. The joy of bearing children must, of course, bring with it great responsibility. When she looked upon the great company assembled in the hall that afternoon she was reminded of the marvellous power which it represented, and of the fact that women had the making of our Empire for good or evil. She was, however, sorry to feel that sometimes the mothers were content to have no aims in the training of their children, and were inclined to neglect those important years of the children's infancy till it was too late to remedy the mistake, and the result was that their sons and daughters were sent out into the world unprepared for the great life before them. The motto of a mother should be, "Not success but service." The prayer of each one of them should be, "God help me. I am the mother of an immortal soul."

**SPEECH BY THE BISHOP.**

Bishop Neligan followed with an address which touched on all the three subjects already dealt with by the previous speakers. He said that a very dear creed of his was "I believe in falling in love." (Laughter.) And he thought many of his hearers would admit that he had very good reason for that. His Lordship proceeded to compare man's virtues with woman's, and added, "Speaking as a mere man, I would say for God's sake, ladies, don't come down to us. We don't want you to descend to our level. We want to come up to your level." Just as women despised womanly men, so men lamented beyond measure a manly woman. They were not what men wanted. Men respected and honoured the woman who had to earn her bread, or the bread of a parent or an invalid husband, but she could still remain womanly. Every man who was worth being called a man would admit that the finest thing on God's beautiful earth, the grandest creature ever made and sent to bless the world was a womanly woman. A man knew perfectly well when his wife was the sort of womanly woman that he wanted, and the more womanliness he found in her the deeper he fell head over ears in love with her. Every man would tell them that if there was anything good in them it was the womanliness of some woman who put it there. It was the good influence of his own mother which made him become a bishop, and as proof of this he could tell them that his one prayer for many years was, "God, if You are above, let me get my mother's religion." The meeting that afternoon was going to have a national effect over the whole community of Auckland and the colony of New Zealand. Each one of them could go away believing that in carrying out their purpose they had at least 1000 women in Auckland working for the same purpose. He believed that though the result of that meeting might never be reliable to figures, it would be apparent in the higher standard that the women of Auckland would hold up for marriage in the higher standard of liv-

ing that they would set up before the men, and in the gladder, brighter, less bad tempered lives of the children.

**Electric Disturbances.**

**INTERESTING NEW ZEALAND RECORDS.**

**CHRISTCHURCH, November 4.**

Very distinct records of the electrical disturbances reported from France have been obtained at the local magnetic observatory. The most pronounced records were made on the tape between 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. on Sunday. These disturbances are not uncommon, but special attention seems to have been attracted to the present one on account of its interference with the telegraphic wires. It must also have been of remarkable magnitude. Some idea of the immensity of the event can be gained from the statement of the fact that the magnetism of the earth has been set down at 8,404,000,000,000,000,000 bar magnets 14 inches long, an inch wide, and an inch thick, and on account of the disturbance four million billion magnets were suddenly added to the earth's magnetism. There is evidence that these magnetic storms are due to cathode rays shot out from the sun. It is supposed that the Aurora Borealis is caused by these rays passing through rarefied air. Very few of the storms were recorded last year, but there have been quite a number this year. Mr. Bernecki, when last heard from, was complaining that he had seen very few specimens of the Aurora in the Antarctic regions, but it is probable that he will not have any grounds for complaint this year.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

**DR. ELSLIE,**

L.F., PHYS., ET SURG., GLASG.,  
L.S.A., LOND., L.M., etc.  
(Registered by the Governments of Great Britain, New South Wales, and New Zealand.)

NO. 13, WELLINGTON TERRACE, WELLINGTON.

**THIS** Highly Qualified Physician and Surgeon, from the Hospitals of London and Paris, has, by 25 years' study and research, become an expert and specialist in the treatment of Chronic, Nervous, Blood Skin, and the Special Diseases of Men and Women.

His very successful treatment of the above Class of Cases, therefore, is "No Experimenting and No Failures." Consultations are free to all, so that a friendly chat, either personally or by letter, costs nothing, and may save you "Years of Misery and Suffering, so None need Despair."

**DON'T WORRY ANY LONGER,** as the ambitions and joys of life will be restored to you and my treatment in cases of Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Backache, Lumbago, Insomnia, Failing Memory, Spocks before the Eyes, Giddiness, etc., braces up the system in all cases, and

**RESTORES VITAL ENERGY.**

New Scientific Treatment and New Unfailing Remedies of the very best and purest are honestly and faithfully used. Moderate Charges. Call and see me or write full details of your troubles in your simple, homely language, and I will treat you with the strictest confidence, success, and fairness.

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**ENJOICE A FEE OF £1**

In their first letter to ensure immediate attention and prompt despatch (when possible) of remedies necessary for their case. As my remedies are sent direct from Wellington, my patients save heavy Customs duties and avoid the inspection of packages. All correspondence is held strictly confidential. Consultation hours, 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 8.

**YOUNG MEN!**

If you are suffering, or weak, or sad, call or write to Dr. Elmslie, No. 13, Wellington Terrace, Wellington, as he thoroughly understands your troubles and their causes. He guarantees a perfect cure in every case undertaken, or he will make no charge. Strictly confidential. Moderate Charges. Consulting hours, 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 8.

**LADIES!**

May consult Dr. Elmslie at his Residence, No. 13, Wellington Terrace, Wellington, from 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 8 daily, who is a legally qualified Physician and Specialist, and whose up to date Treatment gives the greatest satisfaction. Sole Agent for "Famous Ladies' Corrective Tablets," 10/ (extra) 21/, post free. Guaranteed Safe and Reliable. Strictly confidential. Moderate Charges. Call or write.

**SUBJECTS OF MOST DREADFUL EXHAUSTION CURED AND MADE HAPPY.**

**MY DEAR DOCTOR.**—I have no hesitation whatever in saying "Yes" in reply to your letter received to-day, in which you ask me whether I am willing to let the public know the benefit I received at your hands. When I saw you upon the recommendation of Mr Griffith whom you had previously completely cured of a similar complaint, I think I was in about as bad a state of misery and depression in both mind and body as any human being could be. In fact, I thought my life was worth living, and my future was a blank. I was an object of misery and despair. You told me plainly and honestly that you could and would cure vigour of mind and spirit. I should no longer be baneful and stupid in society, and could take my part and interest in the amusements and sports of others, and have an ambition in my business. At first I thought your promise was too good to be true. I am true to you. I tried your treatment. I swear solemnly I feel a different man to-day. I have put on flesh and muscle and have any amount of confidence in myself, and am perfectly healthy and quite happy, and capable of enjoying myself as others do, and I don't mope about by myself and shun society. I earnestly recommend all my fellow sufferers to put their confidence in you, as your treatment is perfect and your charges are small.—I am, yours truly,

LACILAN CAMERON.

**SCALP HUMOURS**

Itching, Scaly and Crusted With Loss of Hair

Speedily Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment

When Every Other Remedy and Physicians Fail.

Warm shampoos with Cuticura Soap and light dressings of Cuticura, the great skin cure, at once stop falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, soothe irritated, itching surfaces, destroy hair parasites, stimulate the hair follicles, loosen the scalp skin, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, and make the hair grow upon a sweet, healthy scalp when all else fails.

Millions of the world's best people use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings and chaffings, for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, for ulcerative weaknesses, and many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

Complete treatment for every humour, consisting of Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment, to heal the skin, and Cuticura Resolvent, to cool and cleanse the blood may now be had. A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning and scaly humours, eczemas, rashes and irritations, from infancy to age, when all else fails.

Cuticura Resolvent, liquid and in the form of Chocolate Cooled Pills, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap are sold throughout the world. Depot, London, 7, Charterhouse Place, E.C. 4. Sole Agents for New Zealand, The New Zealand Dispensary, Ltd., 17, Colborne Ave., Foster's Drug & Chemical Co., 80, Victoria Street, Christchurch. Write for "How to Cure Every Humour."



**Auckland University College.**  
ANNUAL EXAMINATIONS.

The following are the results of the annual examinations of the Auckland University College:—

**LATIN.**

Advanced.—Frances V. Jacobsen.  
Class II.—P. O'Dea and R. L. Ziman (equal), O. W. Williams, C. F. C. Miller, A. Gatland, Annie F. Ironside and W. H. Woodward, Elsie A. Griffin, J. Stanton, Faith Kirkbride, M. N. Skelton, R. H. Wylie, Florence de V. Jones, H. K. Burns, E. Chitty, A. C. Randsen.

Class III. (in alphabetical order).—R. G. D. Abbott, W. A. B. Bewley, Edith R. Boulton, Mona M. Brown, C. B. Buddle, Jessie V. Evans, J. C. Gleeson, M. H. Hampson, Dora A. Heney, L. J. M. Mackie, Marjorie A. McMaster, J. C. Mill, E. C. Neumegeen, Winifred Scott, Doris Wilks, A. Maud Woolley, H. N. Wright.

**GREEK.**

Class I.—D. R. Flavell.  
Class II.—H. H. Ward.

**ENGLISH.**

Class I.—Frances Violet Jacobsen, J. D. Dinneen, O. W. Williams, Mona M. Brown, A. R. Gatland.

Class II.—J. Stanton, A. C. Randsen, Hampson, C. Fraser, C. I. C. Miller, Annie F. Ironside, E. Chitty, C. B. Buddle.

Class III. (alphabetical).—R. F. Abbott, Edith R. Boulton, Jessie V. Evans, M. Finlayson, J. C. Gleeson, Mary F. Kirkbride, L. Mackie, E. E. Neumegeen, E. Panting, Doris Wilks, W. H. Woodward, H. N. Wright, A. M. Woolley, K. Wylie, R. Ziman.

**FRENCH.**

Class I.—Owen W. Williams, A. Gatland, A. C. Randsen.

Class II.—Elsie Griffin, J. C. Simmonds, H. Smith, F. P. Worley, E. Chitty, Florence Jones, May B. Robertson, H. N. Wright.

Class III. (alphabetical order).—Edith R. Boulton, Jessie Evans, R. A. Macdonald, Winifred N. Scott.

**GERMAN.**

Class I.—J. D. Dinneen.

Class II.—None.

Class III.—Florence Jones

**PURE MATHEMATICS.**

Class I.—E. Caradus, F. P. Worley, A. M. L. Woolley.

Class II.—J. D. Dinneen, Mr A. McMaster, H. K. Burns, E. Chitty.

Class III.—R. H. Bedford, P. M. Fendall, D. R. Flavell, E. Griffin, D. A. Heney, F. M. de V. Jones, F. Kirkbride, R. Latham, R. A. Macdonald, A. C. Randsen, M. B. Robertson, J. Thorne, O. W. Williams.

**APPLIED MATHEMATICS.**

Class I.—R. J. Hamilton, A. F. Ironside, equal.

Class II.—P. Thomas, M. McMaster, R. H. Bedford.

Class III.—E. Griffin, F. Kirkbride, R. Latham, G. T. Maunders, J. C. Simmonds, A. M. L. Woolley.

**MENTAL SCIENCE.**

Class I.—Miss M. Brown.

Class II.—P. O'Dea, M. H. Metcalfe.

**PHYSICS.**

Class I.—E. Caradus, R. J. Hamilton.

Class II.—J. C. Simmonds.

Class III.—R. Latham.

ACOUSTICS (SCHOOL OF MUSIC).

Class I.—H. Hunt, E. M. Webb, W. J. Bellingham.

Class II.—Pearl Hanna, May Hampson, Jeannie Gibbons.

Class III.—Emily Thorne, M. R. Blades.

**CHEMISTRY.**

Class I.—E. Caradus, A. R. Gatland.

Class II.—T. T. Thomas.

Class III.—H. H. Roget.

Advanced.—Class I.: F. Worley.

Practical.—F. C. Ailaway, E. Caradus, T. T. Thomas, E. Worby. Practical (senior).—W. Donovan.

**MUSIC.**

Advanced.—Class I.: Rosa Binsted, Horace J. Hunt, Seymour K. Phillips, Beatrice Grainger, W. J. Bellingham.

Class II.—A. Verrall, Pearl Hanna.

Class III.—W. Caley.

Intermediate.—Class I.: H. Sprague.

Class II.—Kate Collins, Leo, sr. Swales.

Class III.—J. D. C. Madill, Greta Sheppard, Edith R. Boulton, E. Brown.

Junior.—Class I.: Violet Hughes, Minnie Patrick, M. Curtis, A. W. Moodie, Alice L. Lovatt, Ruby Moses.

Class III.—Minnie Alexander, Samuel Green, Jessie Bell Heath.

**HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.**

Class I.—R. A. Macdonald.  
Class II.—J. E. Blakey, D. R. Flavell and L. J. M. Mackie (equal).

Class III.—D. A. Heney, M. H. Metcalfe, A. H. Skelton.

**JURISPRUDENCE AND CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.**

Class I.—P. O'Dea, H. H. Ward.

Class II.—J. D. Dinneen, H. K. Burns, R. J. Ziman, M. N. Skelton, Joseph Stanton, W. H. Woodward, L. J. M. Mackie, M. H. Hampson, J. C. Gleeson, C. J. C. Miller, R. J. D. Abbott, W. Oliphant, A. H. Skelton, E. E. Neumegeen, C. B. Buddle, M. J. Finlayson.

Class III.—W. A. B. Bewley.

**BIOLOGY.**

First Class.—Elsie Griffin, Anne F. Ironside.

Second Class.—J. C. Mill.

Third Class.—May B. Robertson, W. F. Scott.

**BOTANY.**

Advanced (Class I.).—J. E. Holloway.  
Junior (Class II.).—A. W. Green, Eileen A. Mahon.

**PRACTICAL BIOLOGY.**

Senior.—Elsie Griffin, J. C. Mill, May B. Robertson.

Junior.—Anne F. Ironside, F. J. Allaway, W. M. Scott, D. D. Rosewarne.

**PRACTICAL BOTANY JUNIOR.**

Eileen A. Mahon, H. W. Green.

**GEOLOGY.**

Class I.—Colin Fraser.

Class II.—R. H. Bedford.

Class III.—R. Latham, E. Panting.

**PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.**

Honours.—W. Donovan.

Senior.—Colin Fraser, R. H. Bedford.

Junior.—E. Panting, R. Latham.

**KEEPING OF TERMS.**

The following are accredited with having kept the terms of the years: A. M. L. Woolley, R. J. Hamilton, F. P. Worley, R. H. Bedford, T. T. Thomas, B.A., P. O'Dea, R. A. Macdonald, M. A. McMaster, E. E. Neumegeen, E. Chitty, M. F. Kirkbride, W. M. Scott, A. R. Gatland, F. A. V. Jones, J. D. Dinneen, C. B. Buddle, R. Latham, F. V. J. Jacobsen, J. C. Gleeson, R. J. D. Abbott, E. Caradus, A. C. Randsen, H. N. Wright, A. F. Ironside, E. M. Griffin, J. V. Evans, O. W. Williams, L. J. M. Mackie, J. Stanton, C. F. C. Miller, M. M. Brown, D. R. Flavell, J. C. Simmonds, R. L. Ziman, M. H. Hampson, C. Fraser, M. J. Finlayson, D. A. Heney, E. R. Boulton, H. K. Burns.

**"Dicky" and the Daisy.**

Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice, who is still best known as Sir Richard (or "Dicky") Webster, and Sir Edward Clarke are great friends, but much given to giving each other "sly digs" when the opportunity arises.

At a dinner given to a crowd of lawyers Sir Edward Clarke was the star speaker. In the course of his remarks he told a story wherein a certain manufacturer, left practically alone in his factory through a lock-out, was represented as pointing to the office clock over his desk and saying to his friend: "There are only two hands in my office that never strike."

"Whereupon," said Sir Edward, "the clock struck two."

After the dinner Lord Alverstone came up to congratulate him:

"Your speech was great," he said. "That story about the clock is a daisy."


Sir Edward beamed. "I think it is pretty good," he said modestly.

About five minutes later another friend came up who was not so eulogistic.

"Clarke," he said, "I think that story about the clock gets better every time I hear it. I think to-night was the fiftieth time."

"Why, Lord Alverstone says that story is a daisy," expostulated Sir Edward.

The other laughed. "You ought to study botany, Clarke, and you would learn that a daisy is a hardy annual!"



# You Don't Take Medicine

You don't take Vapo-Cresolene into the stomach, you breathe it. Put some Cresolene in the vaporizer, light the lamp beneath and then breathe-in the vapor. It's easy, convenient, safe. It can be used with success, even for infants.

Don't you see at once how valuable such a remedy must be for hay fever, diphtheria, sore throat, catarrh, asthma, and other diseases of the air passages? For whooping-cough it is a perfect specific, giving immediate relief.

What is Vapo-Cresolene? It is what the doctors call a coal-tar product; that is it's something like carbolic acid, only it destroys disease germs.

Keep Vapo-Cresolene on hand; it's not expensive, for the vaporizer lasts a life-time and the Cresolene costs but little. 5

## You Breathe it

F. N. MILLIKEN, M.D., Rochester, Pa. "I find your remedy to be the best I have ever tried in the treatment of whooping-cough, catarrhal fever, asthma, also for disinfecting rooms where scarlet fever and diphtheria prevail."

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a life-time, and a bottle of Cresolene complete, 7s. 6d.; extra supplies of Cresolene, 4oz., 1s. 6d.; 2oz., 7s. 6d. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 130 Fulton St., New York, U. S. A. Sold and recommended by KEMPTHORNE, FROSSER & Co.

**THE BALMORAL BAKERY, AUCKLAND.**

\*\*\*\*\*  
**J. Gardiner, BAKER AND CONFECTIONER, Symonds Street,**

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

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

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

**SPECIAL QUOTATIONS FOR COUNTRY CUSTOMERS.**

**TO EVERY LADY TO MAKE DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITH BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER A DAILY LUXURY!**



**A PROPOSAL**

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

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

## Cornwall Park.

## APPRECIATION OF THE GIFT.

## RESOLUTION BY THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL

WELLINGTON, November 3.

Sir John Logan Campbell's munificent gift of Cornwall Park to the colony of New Zealand was the subject of eulogy in the Legislative Council this afternoon, when the Hon. R. H. J. Reeves moved: "That this Council desires to place on record its appreciation of Sir John Logan Campbell's munificent gift of Cornwall Park to the people of New Zealand." Mr. Reeves, in a speech which throughout expressed high appreciation of the gift, said that Sir John Campbell had given a worthy example which he hoped would be followed in other parts of New Zealand. The gift comprised over 304 acres, and was of an estimated value of a-quarter of a million, while in years to come, perhaps in 20 years, it would be worth over a million of money. It was fitting that as the gift was for the whole of the people of New Zealand, and not only of Auckland, that it should be acknowledged by the legislature, and that by a unanimous vote. Sir John was a type of the colonial who made the Empire broad and generous minded. Some years ago he had given an area of 114 acres on Maungakiekie, and with the recent gift the total value would be not less than £300,000. From its intrinsic pictur-

esqueness, and the beautiful panorama obtainable from points of vantage, the Park was one of the most beautiful in the world. Sir George Grey had frequently referred to the unborn millions. Well, those unborn millions would have cause to bless Sir John Campbell for his magnificent gift, and it was fitting that Parliament should at the time place on record its appreciation of the gift. Sir John was one of nature's noblemen, one of the noblest we had ever had in the colony.

Sir Alfred Cadman, in supporting the resolution, expressed the feeling that it came with a better grace from one outside of the Auckland district, showing that the gift was appreciated by those who would derive little direct benefit from the Park. One splendid feature of the gift was that its donor made provision for its up-keep for all time. It was a pity that more people, in making philanthropic gifts, did not do so during their lifetime, and thus see the results of their generosity, and avoid the trouble which frequently arose in connection with bequests.

The Hon. T. Thompson had known Sir John for 45 years, and said that no better colonist had ever entered New Zealand. He agreed with Sir Alfred Cadman that the motion was the more graceful in that it came from a member not residing in Auckland. Mr. Thompson concluded by referring to the pleasure which it gave Sir John to see the citizens enjoying themselves on his magnificent gift.

The Attorney-General heartily supported the resolution, and expressed the hope that the splendid example given by Sir John would be followed by those in other parts of the colony who were in a position to do so. He did not know whether it was the effect of the

climate or the lovely surroundings, but at all events there was something about Auckland which induced to benevolence and munificence. He recalled the splendid gifts to the city in the past, including those of Sir G. Grey, Mr. J. T. McKelvie, Messrs. Costley, Dilworth, and Mrs. Boyd. These were examples of what private individuals might do for the public good, and he thought it quite right that the legislature should pass such a resolution as had been proposed.

The Hon. W. Beehan agreed with the Attorney-General that Auckland was indeed fortunate in the gifts which had been made to it, some of which were rendered the more valuable in that they had been presented during the lifetime of the donor. Nothing that he could say would add more to the lustre of Sir John Campbell's name than his own actions had given. The magnificent gift was far ahead of some of the best known parks in the Southern Hemisphere, and when improvements already foreshadowed and provided for by the donor had been carried out, the city of Auckland would have one of the finest parks in the world.

The motion was unanimously adopted, and the Speaker was requested to forward a copy of it to Sir John Logan Campbell.

## A COMPLETE JOB.

Algy: Gwace has a bahwid father. When I awsked him for her hand I said: "Love for your daughter has dwiven me hawf cwazy."

Cholly: And then, deah boy? "Then the old bwute said: "Has, eh? Well, who completed the job?"

## HEALTH AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT.

## READ WHAT VITADATIO IS DOING.

## BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Conquered by

## Vitadatio

54, Lander-st.,

March 27th, 1900.

MR S. A. PALMER,  
184, Pitt-st., Sydney.

Sir,—I deem it my duty to acknowledge the benefit derived by me from your wonderful Herbal Remedy—VITADATIO. For the past four years I have been a sufferer from Bright's Disease, and was under two doctors for nine months who failed to do me any good, and until six months ago I was certainly useless and helpless, and could not walk half a mile without resting, the pains in my back being so severe.

I was advised to try VITADATIO, which I did, and after taking five large bottles I am in reality a new man, all pains and aches having disappeared. I am now able to follow my usual work with pleasure and do indeed feel grateful to God for such a medium, and am pleased to recommend it to others.

I am, yours sincerely,  
(Signed) WILLIAM A. FELTON.

For further particulars,  
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WAREHOUSE, WATERLOO QUAY,  
WELLINGTON.  
Or, 350, QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.

Correspondence invited. Write for Testimonials.

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All Chemists and Storekeepers.  
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The colour question's strong we know,  
And just now it applies.  
In "Havelock" 'tis a question which  
The smoker always buys.  
Some like the dark, and some their faith  
Unto the light leaf pin,  
But both are good—sold everywhere  
In handy plug or tin.

**Havelock**

**TOBACCO**



# CHILDREN'S PAGE.



Cousins' Badges.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

## COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic" to-night. It is raining steadily to-night, just as it has been all day. I got very wet last night when I came home from school, and so I did not go to-day. Everything is looking fine and fresh round here now after the night's rain. I have found a lot of birds' nests this season already, early as it is. The other night I found a lark's nest in the turnip bed, just under a leaf. The fruit is coming on very fast now after the rain we had last week. The Jungle Jinks were very good this week. Hope is not home from Havelock yet, and so she can't write to you. It is Madge's birthday to-day, and she has spent a very enjoyable day. I gave her a little sunshade, and she was pleased with it, and this afternoon her mother posted her a book and some beads from her little brother Lewis, and some ribbon from her sister Ida. Madge's little cousin came to see her the other day, and Madge was so pleased that she gave him a button-hole for his little brother Edward. It is not far from Christmas now, is it? And so you may be sure that I am looking forward to the holidays, although I do not go anywhere to stay. I always play with myself. As you said, silkworms are a bother, that is very true, for I am nearly going mad with them, for I have got seven or eight hundred now to feed before I go to school of a morning; but this year I am making a machine to wind the silk all off, so that I will not have them again. The show was a great success, and when I got home I had the pleasure of seeing my silkworms crawling everywhere but the right place. We have got four lambs now, and they are just as fond of play as I am. I must close now, hoping this will find you quite well, and love to all the cousins and yourself.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin George.

[Dear Cousin George,—Do you not get dreadfully tired of that steady rain? We have not had very much up here, and I have heard several people say we need some for the sake of the gardens. It does make the gardens look so fresh and pretty, doesn't it? Do you collect birds' eggs? I don't think I have ever seen a lark's nest, or the eggs either. I suppose Hope is enjoying herself very much in Havelock, as she has not come home yet. Neither of you have ever mentioned little Madge to me before. Is she your sister? Where do you get enough food for seven or eight hundred silkworms? and what are you going to

do with so many? I don't wonder they are nearly driving you mad. Are your lambs pet ones? I suppose they are, as you say they are as fond of playing as you are.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—We have been having such horrid weather here lately, that really I have not felt up to writing letters. I think everybody seems out of temper when we have this close, muggy, drizzling rain, but let us hope it won't last long. Cousin Alice told me she was writing to you, so I am looking forward to seeing her letter in print. I was awfully pleased to see Cousin Roie writing again, as I thought she had forgotten about the "Graphic." I suppose Cousin Alison will write to you soon. I had a letter from her sister the other day, and you may be sure I was delighted to hear from her again. Did you go to the Stine and Evans' Co., Cousin Kate? I went and liked them very much. I also went to the Woods' Williamson Company, and I think that both Miss Williamson and Mr Woods are a splendid actress and actor, don't you? We are still practising for the 9th of November, I do hope it will be fine, but if we do not do the bicycle music drill better than we do now, I am afraid it will be a failure. The mountain will be ready early for tourists this year, as there is very little snow at it now. Just fancy I have never been up there yet, but I think I will go this summer. We will be starting bathing again soon, as it is quite warm enough now. The other day, three of us girls got up at five o'clock in the morning and went for a dip. It was very cold when we first jumped in, but we soon got used to the water and enjoyed it immensely. We are going again soon when the tide is more favourable. It is simply grand having an early morning dip. But the worst is to jump out of bed, when the time comes to get up, none of us like it then, but we are pleased when once we do get out. Now Cousin Kate I must conclude with best love from Cousin Dora.

[Dear Cousin Dora,—I think we have all been having cause for grumbling lately at the weather, for it has been simply horrid here too, so hot and close, and a horrible hot wind blowing all the time. As if heat wasn't bad enough without having dust and wind too. Cousin Alice wrote to me last week, so you will have seen her letter before you see this. You can't think how pleased I am that so many of my old cousins are rallying round me again. Yes, I went to the Stine and Evans' Co., and the Woods' Williamson Co., and liked them very much indeed, especially the Stine and Evans' Co. I would always rather see something to laugh at, than something to cry at, and then I am very fond of the American accent, aren't you? What a pity you are not getting on better with your musical drill? You have not very much more time to practise it now, have you? A dip in the morning does freshen one up, doesn't it, though I think I like fresh-water bathing best. Where do you go for your bath? I don't remember seeing any really nice places close to town for bathing when I was in New Plymouth.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I expect you are wondering why I have not written. I thought I would wait until our fancy dress ball came off so I could tell you all about it. There were two hundred children present nearly all in fancy dress, some of them were very beautiful, some

very quaint. One tiny little girl about eight years old represented a Welsh woman, and looked very comical with her long grey dress and white apron, black cross over, and tall hat. I went in the character of wee nurse. I had my photo taken in my fancy dress, but it turned out a failure; and mother says I must have it taken again, and send you one. I am sending you a small photo of myself this time, and it is a very good one of me. The ballroom was beautifully decorated with nikau palms and Chinese lanterns. The supper table was loaded with all sorts of good things. I thoroughly enjoyed myself, and I am quite sure everyone else did. Next Wednesday, the 28th of this month, I shall be twelve years old, and I am going to celebrate the day by having a picnic down the bay. I will tell you all about it next time I write. I have a sister in Wanganui, her name is Trudi Celestin Veronica. Don't you think it is a very long name. My name is just as long, for I have three. I will tell you the other two in my next letter. We are going to have a children's concert very soon. I am going to recite a piece called "Ranger." I go to Bible Class every Friday after school. My brother Sydney is coming home soon; will it not be nice to have him home again, he has been away nearly twelve months? Now dear Cousin Kate I think I have told you all the news just now, with heaps of love to you and all the cousins.—Yours truly, Ruby.

[Dear Cousin Ruby,—I was so glad to get your letter this morning with the nice description of your fancy dress ball. What a success it must have been. I should like to have been an invisible looker on, able to wander about and see and hear everything without being seen myself. I am so sorry your photograph was not a success, the one taken in your fancy dress I mean. Are you going to have it taken again soon? I hope so, because I am looking forward to seeing it. The little photo you sent me I like very much indeed, but it is very small, isn't it? I wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and I hope you had a really nice day for your picnic, and enjoyed yourselves thoroughly.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to see my letter in last week's "Graphic" and also to read your most welcome answer to it. Our week's holiday is over now, and we will be starting school again on Monday. We have got a number of silkworms out now, and have about thirty more that are hatching out. We have to feed them on grape leaves, as we have no mulberry trees. I think those post-cards in the "Graphic" are very pretty, so I am keeping them all. What a lot of cousins you have writing to you each week now. Have we not had lovely weather this last week? but I think we will be having a change again soon. Our flower garden looks very pretty now with all the many-coloured flowers out in bloom. I think my only brother, who is a sailor, and is on his way back from Sydney, will be home some time next week. We are always pleased to see him home, but he can only get home about twice a year. I must close now, with love to you and all the cousins.—Cousin Ethel.

[Dear Cousin Ethel,—Are you not sorry to be going back to school again now that your holidays are over? I think it is so dreadful having to be learning lessons this hot weather, don't you? Don't you find the silkworms a lot of trouble, and one gets so little silk

after a great deal of work that I don't think they are really worth keeping? Some one told me the other day that feeding silkworms on different leaves made the silk change colour, but I don't know whether that is true or not, do you? How pleased you will be to see your brother again. Have you only got one brother? Well, Ethel, I really have nothing to write about this morning, so will close this short note.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Please excuse my writing in lead-pencil, but I have been in bed three days with a bad sore throat, and am not quite myself again yet. I was measured the other day, and am exactly 5ft 7in; is it not tall, as I am not quite fourteen yet? I enjoyed "A Midsummer Night's Dream" immensely. I don't see the opera glasses, a good idea? though I think I should have felt rather funny with a chain hanging on to me. Did you use them, Cousin Kate? I did not, as I had my own. We are having our lawn marked for croquet to-morrow, as we are all pretty mad on it, especially mother. Can you play, Cousin Kate? Here are some more pretty books for your little niece, "Little Women," "Little Men," "Jack and Gill" (all by the same author). Are you going to any more of the Shakespeare Company's plays, Cousin Kate? We may go to "As You Like It," but I am not quite sure. I have just thought of a few more rather pretty books, "Bad Little Hans," "Cosy Corner," and "A World of Girls," by L. T. Meade, also a lovely book called "St. Bede's"; these are all suitable books for a little girl of nine. Can you speak French, Cousin Kate? I am beginning to get on pretty well with mine; three other girls, myself and my sister all learn from a French lady, and we have rather great fun together. I took a few photographs the other day; amongst them was one I took of little Billie, who was sitting all alone in his father's motor-car; it looks so funny to see this little baby all alone in the big motor-car. I think we are getting summer in earnest now, don't you, Cousin Kate? I, for one, do not mind it at all. I have got another little baby girl cousin; she is only a week old; I think they are going to call her Lettie, but it is not quite decided yet. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must close this very short, uninteresting note, as there is really no more news.—With heaps of love from your loving cousin, Gwen.

[Dear Cousin Gwen,—I am so sorry to hear that you have not been well lately, and I hope you will be quite right again in a day or two. So many people seem to be having colds and sore throats just now; I suppose the sudden change in the weather has been the cause of it. Do you think you are going to grow any more? If so we shall have to put a weight on your head, because I can't have my cousins growing so much taller than I am. I am only 5ft 5in, so you are already two inches taller than I. The opera glasses were a splendid idea I think, but some one told me that they were not very much good; I didn't use them myself, as I prefer my own. I have often played croquet, but I am not a very good player. One of my sisters plays awfully well, and she beats me so easily that it isn't much fun for me. Thank you very much for your list of books, dear Gwen; my niece will have quite a lot to choose from now. Her birthday is on the ninth of this month, so she is sure to have a holiday while the King lives. I expect I shall go to see "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It." I learned French when I was at school, but I have forgotten a great deal of it now. Who is little Billie; you have never mentioned him before?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—As we take the "Graphic" in, I thought I would write to you if you will accept me as one of your cousins. I am in the sixth standard, and we have 24 miles to walk to school. I am going over to Wellington soon with my mother and sister. My eldest brother is in Africa, and is doing very well. I have read nearly all of E. S. Ellis' books, and I think they are very nice. Please will you send me a badge if I send an addressed envelope? I read a story in the "Graphic" called "The Unspeaking Thing," and liked it very much. My brother Rob. has got a very nice dog called Tim; it is such a playful little thing. I must now

close this short letter, with love.—Cousin Ned.

P.S.—Please could you send me your address?

[I have just posted badges to Marjorie and yourself, and am delighted to have you as cousins. I hope you will enjoy your trip to Wellington, and have good weather while you are there. Sometimes it blows dreadfully. I was there for my holidays once two years ago, and it blew and rained almost every day of my stay. Are you not often tired when you get to school? Two miles and a-half is a long way in hot weather. Write again soon, please.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Please excuse my puzzles being so late, but we always send the "Graphic" away, and somebody mislaid my puzzles. Good-bye, with love from Cousin Gwen.

[Dear Cousin Gwen.—I got the puzzles in time. I expect to tell you who won the prize next week.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—As we take in the "Graphic" I thought I would like to write to you if you will accept me as one of your cousins. I am in the third standard. We have 23 miles and a river to cross to school. Sometimes it gets up for a week, and then we have to stay at home. I am going to Wellington with my mother and brother, as I have not been before. My brother Robbie has got a dog, and it is very fond of him. Please could you send me a badge if I send my address at the end of this letter. I have got a brother and a sister over in Wellington, and I will be very pleased to see them. We live in such a small town that it will be funny to go to a large one. I must now close this short letter, with love to all the cousins and yourself.—Cousin Marjorie.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie.—I wonder if you and Ned will like the barges which

I have just sent off? I think them very pretty. What excitement you will have going to Wellington, and how glad your brother and sister will be to see you! Mind you tell me all about it when you write after you get back. But I hope to have some more letters from you before then. Are you fond of dogs? I am, but puppies sometimes make me cross. We have two, and the other day they tore up a huge door mat. Tell me if you have any pets next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am glad you liked the description of our ramble on the hills in my last letter. We have not been since, but sometimes we go for long walks on our half holidays. On Labour Day my mother, Winnie, and myself went to Sumner, a pretty seaside resort about eight miles from Christchurch. It was a perfect day—not too hot—and the sea breeze was delightful. After we had lunch my sister and I went for a stroll on the beach, and while there we had a donkey ride. The boy who was driving my donkey kept hitting it with a piece of sea weed, and he made the poor creature run at a great rate. This gave me such a shaking up that I was glad to dismount. Later on in the afternoon my father came down on his bicycle, and after a pleasant time on the beach we all started for home. Neville is nearly two months old, and is getting a fine big boy. Please excuse the scribble, as I am in a hurry. With love.—Cousin Olive.]

[Dear Cousin Olive.—Your letter is, as usual, most interesting but I can only give a short answer this week as owing to King's Birthday holiday this part of the paper has to go to press very early and they are waiting for my answers to the letters. Sumner must be lovely, I think. Are you fond of riding? I just love it, but never get any in town.—Cousin Kate.]

A Boy's Essay on Girls.

Girls is a queer kind of varmint. Girls is the only thing that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand other girls, if she wants you to do anything. Girls is all alike one way, they are all like cats. If you rub 'em the right way of the hair they'll purr and look sweet at you, but if you rub 'em the wrong way, they'll claw you, s'long as you let a girl have her own way she's nice and sweet; but just cross her, and she'll spit at you worse nor a cat. Girls is also like mules, they're headstrong. If a girl don't want to believe anything, you can't make her. If she knows it's so she won't say so. Girls is little women, if they're good; and if they ain't good then, nor when they get big, they're vixens—that's what father said mamma was once, when she chased him around the kitchen with a red-hot poker, 'cause she was mad at him. Brother Joe says he don't like big girls, but he does like little ones; and when I saw him kissing Jenny Jones last Sunday, and told him what he'd said, he said he was biting her, 'cause he didn't like her. I think he hurt her, for she hollered and ran, and there was a big red spot over both of her cheeks. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about 'em the better off I am.

With True Pluck.

One bitterly cold night, when his ship was off the Falkland Islands, Lord Charles Berestord, then a lieutenant, heard the awful cry, "Man overboard!" It was the entry, great coat, rifle, and all, who had disappeared beneath floating ice.

Although Lord Charles had just come on board from a shooting expedition, with his pockets full of cartridges and clad in heavy garments, he instantly seized one end of a coil of rope, and leapt into the sea.

"I went down, and down and down," said Lord Charles (telling the story afterwards), "until I began to think the rope was not fastened to anything. At last, however, I grasped my man, the rope became taut, and I began to ascend. The ship's corporal helped us both out."

This incident had a sequel. About fifteen years afterwards, Lord Charles was speaking at a political meeting. The hall was packed and everybody was paying great attention to the speech, when suddenly there was a scuffle at the back.

There were also cries of "Order! Throw him out!" and that kind of thing, when Lord Charles shouted:

"Let the man come up here to the platform, and hear what he's got to say."

The man struggled forward in great excitement. But it was no speech he wanted to make. He only wanted to shake the hand of one who had saved his life. He had recognised Lord Charles as the officer who had rescued him from a watery grave off the Falkland Islands.

POOR PAPA.

Bertie: "Are we any kin to chickens?"  
Gertie: "Of course not; we're people."  
Bertie: "Well, Uncle Harry says papa was a mighty bad egg when he was young."

WILLIE SPOKE THE TRUTH.

Guest: "What a splendid dinner! Don't often get as good a meal as this."  
Little Willie (son of the host): "We don't, either."

# PEARS' Ready November 23d. ANNUAL

Christmas, 1903.

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**Going an Errand.**

A pound of tea at one-and-three,  
And a pot of raspberry jam,  
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,  
And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the war,  
And then I'm sure not to forget,  
For if I chance to bring things wrong,  
My mother gets in such a pet.

"A pound of tea at one-and-three,  
A pot of raspberry jam,  
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,  
And a pound of rashers of ham."

There in the hay the children play,  
They're having such jolly fun;  
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,  
As soon as my errands are done.

"A pound of tea at one-and-three,  
A pot of—er—new-laid jam,  
Two raspberry eggs, with a dozen pegs,  
And a pound of rashers of ham."

There's Teddy White a-flying his kite,  
He thinks himself grand, I declare;  
I'd like to try to fly it sky-high,  
Ever so much higher  
Than the old church spire,  
And then—and then—but there—

"A pound of three-and-one at tea,  
A pot of new-laid jam,  
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,  
And a pound of rashers of ham."

Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop,  
And run through my orders again;  
I haven't forgot—no, ne'er a jot—  
It shows I'm pretty 'cute, that's plain.

"A pound of three at one-and-ten,  
A dozen of raspberry ham,  
A pot of eggs, with a dozen of pegs,  
And a rasher of new-laid jam."

**The Bald-headed Man.**

The other day a lady with a very little boy got on board an electric tram-car in Auckland. The woman had a careworn expression on her face, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"  
"Why must I hush?"  
After a few moments' silence—  
"Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."  
"What's bald?"  
"His head hasn't got any hair on it."  
"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."  
"Will mine come off?"  
"Some time, maybe."  
"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"  
"Yes."

"Will you care?"  
"Don't ask so many questions."  
After another silence the boy exclaimed—

"Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"  
"Madam," said the man, putting aside the newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out

something, and then attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies!" said the boy innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short

silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"  
"Youngster," says the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you sixpence."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm going to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed:

"Madam, hereafter, when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making

silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"  
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Teacher: "Which letter is the next one to the letter 'H'?"

Boy: "Dunno, ma'am."

"What have I on both sides of my nose?"

"Freckles, ma'am."

**JUNGLE JINKS.**

JUMBO CURES THE BOARS OF A BAD HABIT.



1. "Those young Boars never see anything but what they want to poke their noses into it," remarked Rhino in the Jungle School the other day. "I never met two more inquisitive fellows in my life." "Let's play a joke on them after school and cure them of a bad habit," laughed Jumbo. "Right-o!" chuckled Jumbo; "we'll tell all the other chaps to come and watch the fun."



2. Now, it so happened (by Rhino's arrangement) that the Boars were walking across the playground after school when they came upon Jumbo and Rhino carrying two flour-bags across their shoulders. "Why, what have you there?" inquired Billy Boar. "Something nice," replied Rhino, with a grin. "Can't you read what it says on the sacks?" "Sweets!" squeaked the Boars excitedly. "Oh, do let's have a look inside!"



3. "All right," said Jumbo, with a sly wink at Rhino. "Pop your heads in quick; we're in a hurry." Of course, the greedy Boars walked into the trap beautifully; and before they knew what had happened, Jumbo and Rhino had tied their heads in the flour-bags. "Mind you tell us when you've had enough," laughed the boys as they scampered off. "Don't tell Mrs Lion we let you look. Hee! hee!" Then the boys on the other side of the fence screamed with delight till Dr. Lion came out to see what all the noise was about.

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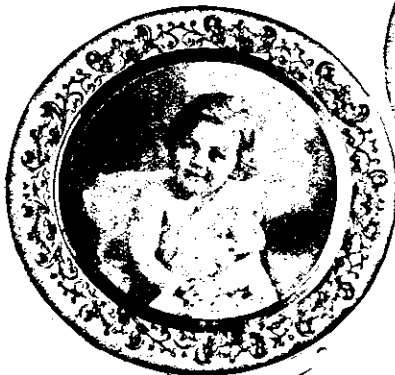
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# AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

## Spinsters and Their Troubles.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

In olden times the spinster of mature age was oftentimes the neighbourhood angel and the universal friend of suffering humanity.

In modern times the woman bachelor frequently occupies a large place in the public heart, and her opinion is respected by men and women and her character admired, her position assured.

Nevertheless it is the exceptional woman who remains single for half a century and does not become abnormal and eccentric and "dillible" in many ways.

Without question, living alone, and thinking alone, and planning alone, is an unnatural state for a human being.

Bachelors are usually cranky and uncomfortable creatures to know intimately, but the fact that they are less pronounced in their whimsical ideas than the average single woman is due to their wider association with the opposite sex. The bachelor is not deprived of the companionship of women as the single woman is deprived of the companionship of men. The laws of society and peculiarity of the two sexes render the situation entirely different.

A bachelor of forty or fifty is often a lion with young girls, and, of course, is when agreeable, sought after by older women, both single and married.

A spinster of that age is regarded as belonging to a past era by young men, and the tastes of the older ones for debutantes and the disinclination of many wives to having their husbands pose as platonic friends of other women leave the attractive spinster with a limited field for the selection of men friends and associates. She is, when self-respecting and refined, compelled to find her comradeship with men relegated to relatives who rarely give or inspire any sentiment stronger than good will, and who afford but occasional opportunities for a study of the sex as a class.

Still another explanation of the single woman's propensity to become different from married women of her age is the psychological one. The Creator intended the sexes to mate and fill the offices for which nature formed them, just as He intended the plant to bud, flower and bear fruit. The plant which fails to fulfil any one of these functions is not normal and is in some way blighted. The woman who is never mated and never a mother cannot be a complete human being. There is a certain blight upon her which affects her whole nature and disposition more acutely and peculiarly than the most disastrous marriage could do.

She is, as a rule, quite unconscious of the difference between herself and her married friends. If she recognises any, she believes that it is to her credit. She feels that she is more sensible, and that she has a keener sense of discrimination and is a finer critic. Sometimes all this is true, but it is also unfortunate.

The purpose of all life is to make human beings grow broader, sweeter, and more charitable—not more critical and fault-finding.

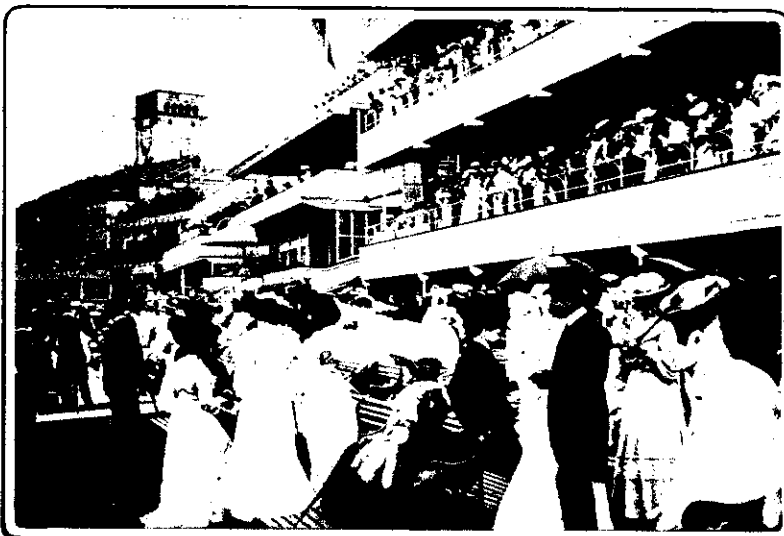
It is the purpose of this essay to set single women to thinking on these lines and to warn those who care to become agreeable old ladies against the habits which will prevent such a result as the years go by.

I remember a girl of 25 who was the adoration of children and of their mothers. She seemed to be a born entertainer of little ones and a sympathetic friend of their parents. She understood the whims and needs of the young minds, and her charity was a cloak to enfold their faults, and her tact infinite in leading them from pouts to smiles.

Encountered after an interim of almost two decades, what a change was found! She had not married, and all her interest in children had turned into criticism. She looked at them coldly, deplored their lack of proper training, was horrified at the outlook before them and manifested nothing warmer



ASCOT—THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE ROYAL BOX.



ASCOT—IN THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE.



CUP DAY AT ASCOT.

Their Majesties, with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, driving past the stands.

than a bored indifference if any one chanced to try to call her attention to the charms or gifts of some child.

She was wholly unaware of the unpleasant change in herself—a change which had come about gradually with the passing of years and through her failure to keep the springs of love and sympathy fed in her heart. Instead, she had choked them with the debris of carping criticism and unreasonable demands for that perfection of deportment in others which she was so far from exhibiting herself.

Neatness and order and system are virtues of the first order, yet many a single woman turns them into rank vices by her fussiness and her strictures upon those who do not possess these habits, no matter how great may be their other qualities. The fussy married woman is not a stranger to any of us, to be sure, but, as a rule, the wife and mother learns to submit to a little occasional disorder without making the household miserable, while the spinster is apt to become a monomaniac upon the subject without hindrance and without any one to tell her how disagreeable a virtue gone to seed can be.

The ready condemnation of the frivolous or indiscreet woman, the severity of judgment and the intolerance of another's ideas are easy faults for the woman to drift into who lives much alone.

Now, to every woman who finds herself, from design or accident, single and past 30 I would urge a careful self-analysis and watchfulness as the days go by. Let her not lose her interest in children, nor turn carping critic of the youth and maid, nor set herself as judge of all husbands and wives, nor allow her love of order to make her an uncomfortable crank about trifles. Let her be tolerant of the ideas of others and keep love and sympathy alive in her heart.

There is much said and written by a certain conventional order of mind about the people who are kind to animals and unsympathetic to human beings and indifferent to children. I think such a combination is most exceptional; kindness and sympathy for animals almost invariably indicate universal kindness and sympathy. But I have encountered two single women in my life who sunk a natural love for children in an hysterical admiration and affection for four-legged creatures. In both cases an indifference almost resembling dislike was exhibited toward children.

The present enlarged outlook for woman is a blessing to the world. It gives the single woman almost unlimited scope and avenues for thought, action and usefulness. Yet the conditions which tend to drive her toward crankiness still exist, and she should face the facts and fight against the results.

That married women should seek to grow agreeable and companionable as they advance in years is understood, but the single woman has no husband or children to condone her faults and love her in spite of them, and it behoves her to cultivate the most exceptional virtues as she goes down the hill of life toward a lonely old age.

**What It Costs to Be in Fashion.**

With many people dressing "like a duke" is synonymous with dressing like a lunatic. The duke of the penny novellette and the fashion plate spends £2,000 a year on his coats, invests half that sum with his shirt-maker, has a pair of boots and a new top-hat for every day in the year, a dozen or so wardrobes stocked with sleeping-suits, and smoking-coats of the finest silk.

With a view of ascertaining how far the garments of the duke of fiction corresponded with those worn by the dukes of real life, I made a pilgrimage the other day to the establishments of some of the smartest tailors, shirt-makers, and bootmakers in London. A duke's tailor is almost as difficult to find as the duke himself.

At an almost dingy-looking shop in Belgravia I found a tailor patronised by no fewer than three dukes. "£2000 a year on coats!" exclaimed the ducal tailor. "My dear sir, you may take my word for it that the yearly tailor's bill of all the dukes in the peerage doesn't amount to that sum. You will, of course, not mention their names, but I will show you the orders I received last year from the ducal portion of my customers, and you will see they don't run to very much more than your own tailor's bill."

I felt a thrill of pride as I handled the august ledgers which contained the orders of three live dukes, but there was nothing very thrilling about the contents. No. 1 duke's order for the year consisted of three frock-coats, four morning-coats, six pairs of trousers, five lounge suits, and one great-coat. Dukes 2 and 3 consumed about the same number of clothes.

"You see," said my friend the tailor, "except the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Leinster, none of the dukes are young men; they are mostly old or middle-aged, which may account for their want of enthusiasm about dress. Taking a frock-coat and waistcoat at £10, a lounge-suit at £7, and a great-coat at £10, those orders I showed you come to about £150 each, or about a fourth of what a very smart young commoner would spend on his dress."

A bootmaker in the Burlington Arcade, to whom next I wended my way, replied, like Mr Dan Leno, "You surprise me!" when I gave him my estimate of a ducal boot bill. "I suppose I've 'booted' as many dukes as any man in London, and if each of them bought

365 pairs a year I should have made my fortune long ago. Twenty pairs is much nearer the mark. Most of them, in addition to what they get from me, order, I daresay, three or four pairs from some local bootmaker near their country houses, but the sum total doesn't run to more than twenty-five pairs at the outside, and in the case of the Duke of Devonshire or the Duke of Norfolk, a dozen pairs is nearer the figure. What does a duke pay for his boots? Just the same as any other man who buys the best article—three guineas for ordinary walking-boots, and about ten pounds for his hunting-boots."

**Useful Recipes.**

**Pork Cutlets.**—Cut off the chine bone of the best end of a neck of small pork, take off some thin cutlets, trim them very neatly, season with pepper, salt, and, if liked, a very finely-chopped onion, and a few leaves of green sage. Brush over the cutlets with oil, and broil them over a clear fire, turning them several times. Pork requires long cooking, and these cutlets should be allowed about 16 to 18 minutes to broil. Serve with piquante or apple sauce.

**Ox Tails With Haricot Beans.**—Cut the tails into joints, soak them in cold salted water, put them on in cold water, boil up slowly, then strain and rinse well. Put two slices of lean ham in a stewpan with two carrots, two onions, one eschalon, one turnip, a few peppercorns and cloves, a small blade of mace and a bou-

quet garni. Add the tails, cover with stock or water, season with a little salt, and let simmer for three hours. As soon as the small pieces are tender, remove them, and let the larger cook another hour or so. Put them on a hot dish, strain and thicken the stock, which should be free of all fat, let it boil well, add some boiled haricot beans to it, then pour the sauce and vegetables over the tails and serve; any previously cooked vegetables may be used instead of haricot beans if preferred.

**Vanilla Blanc-mange.**—Into a quart of new milk put three tablespoonfuls of gelatine and ten lumps of sugar. Set it by the fire until the gelatine is quite dissolved, stirring occasionally. Pour through a jelly bag into a jug, and add essence of vanilla to taste. When nearly cold pour it into a wide mould, leaving in the jug any sediment that may remain at the bottom. When set turn out and garnish with strips of bright-coloured jelly and angelica.

**Boiled Fowl and Spinach Sauce.**—Select a good fowl for boiling, and cook slowly till tender. Pick the stems from the leaves of spinach, and stew it with only just enough water to keep it from burning. When cooked drain the spinach, and pass through a wire sieve. Dissolve two ounces of butter in a saucepan, add the spinach, and stir till butter and spinach are thoroughly mixed; then add sufficient boiling milk to make the sauce the consistency of good cream. Season lightly with pepper and salt, and, if liked, a few drops of lemon-juice or tarragon vinegar may be added. Pour the sauce over the fowl and garnish with fried bacon.

**BRITISH MAKE**

**"Britannia" Unshrinkable Underwear.**

To get your skin always to act well, is the true key to health according to the highest medical authorities. In order to achieve this you have to pay proper attention to your underwear.

Britannia vests, pants, combinations, &c., also Hosiery and Hair-Brush for Ladies and Gentlemen, and Children's Socks, are the **BEST MONEY CAN BUY.** They are reasonable in price and most effective in results.

**INSIST ON BRITANNIA and nothing but BRITANNIA UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR.**

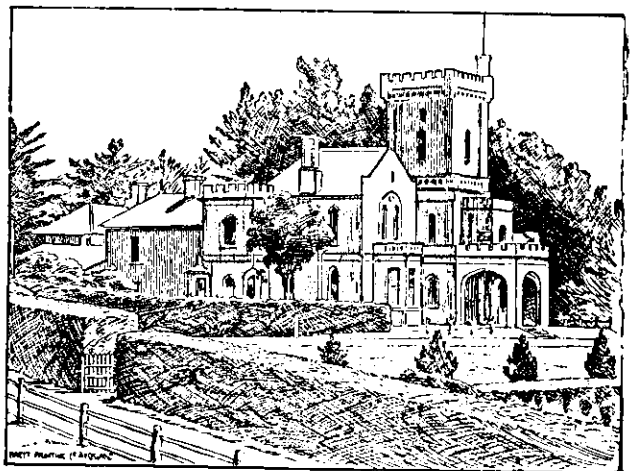
Obtainable at all Drapery and Variety Stores.

See that "Britannia" and the above trade mark is stamped on every garment.

**THE LADIES' COLLEGE, REMUERA.**

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

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This first-class Private School provides modern high-class Education and moral training on Christian but unsectarian principles. Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School under maternal supervision and with selected companionship. Full staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses—English and Foreign.

Prospectuses on application of Messrs. Upton and Co., or Principals. MRS S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., S.K.

**CREAMOLIA**  
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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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Is the fairest flower in the garden of humanity. Every woman can be lovely, with sparkling eyes and with every line of beauty fully developed.

**Bovo-Ferrum**



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Who will send a bottle POST FREE.  
"If you need it, take it."

**S.L. DONNA**  
**PRIMA**  
Corsets.

Straight Fronted

Unequaled for Style, Durability and Comfort.

PERFECT FITTING.

Obtainable at all the Leading Drapers and Warehouses in the Colony.

### Scent as a Sedative.

#### HOW THE QUEEN'S PERFUME IS MADE.

##### A HOME RECIPE.

Scores of thousands of roses and other flowers are being picked for the purpose of providing women with perfume for next season.

The modern beauty nowadays does something more than perfume her handkerchief. She perfumes her hair, and imparts the odour of roses or of lavender to her skin by a more or less elaborate process.

There is a practical, as well as an æsthetic side, however, to this lavish use of perfumes or flowers. Many kinds—more particularly roses—will quiet the nerves, acting as a sedative. Inhaled instead of salts, a fragrant rose will often soothe a headache. That a vinaigrette may be displaced by a flower is a charming fancy. A rose held in the mouth may keep away contagion. It is certainly a more agreeable panacea than a euphoric bag.

To perfume the flesh, to make it soft, elastic, and pink like a baby's cheek, a flower bath must be taken.

If it is of roses, a quantity of rose petals are put into a bag and covered with boiling water. The water is allowed to boil for ten minutes. It is then cooled and poured into the bathtub, which must be half filled with tepid water. Before entering this the body is sponged with milk slightly warmed. Then for fifteen minutes or so the flower bath is used.

After drying, a shampoo of rosewater is taken by means of an atomiser or a bath sprinkler.

This does not conclude the process known as a flower bath, for masses of the flower must be inhaled.

The flower bath is the expression of the modern maid's sybaritic longings, but the fact is too costly for ordinary mortals' indulgence. There is a way of perfuming the hair, however, which any one may try.

With the tips of the fingers dipped in rose water, the scalp is given a gentle massage, then brushed with slow, gliding motion up and down, and to the right and to the left. Then the extract of rose or violet, placed in an atomiser, is sprayed over the head through a comb-like arrangement.

The most famous manufactory of perfume in the world is a little old-fashioned looking building in Warwick street, London.

In that unpretentious but historic spot the Royal perfumery has been made by the firm of Messrs. Bayley & Co. for over 200 years, large supplies going at regular intervals, not only to our own royal palaces, but to the principal courts of Europe.

The famous Ess. Bouquet, invented by the firm, and first used by George IV. at a State ball in 1829, has been supplied to our royal family without a break since the ball.

The flowers from which the queen's perfumery is made are grown on Messrs. Bayley's farms at Byfleet. The secret of now the scent is made is, of course, the firm's own, and cannot be revealed. The general procedure, however, may be explained.

A certain quantity of purified beef or deer suet is put into a metal pan. This is melted by steam heat. Then the kind of flowers required for the odour are carefully picked and put to the liquid fat and allowed to remain for forty-eight hours. The fat is next strained from the spent flowers, and fresh ones are added very many times until the fat has absorbed sufficient "otto." Alcohol is next added in given quantities, and the whole is placed in a machine containing electrically-driven knives. These go to work and cut up the pomade in very fine flakes.

Distillation is brought about by means of a curious-looking plant. This consists of an iron pan, capable of holding twenty gallons. To the pan a dome-shaped lid is fitted, terminating with a pipe and fixed in a reservoir, with the end peeping out like a tap in a barrel. When the water in the copper is made to boil, the contents of the pan also boil and give off a vapour, which can only escape through the pipes, passing

#### THROUGH THE COLD WATER

in the reservoir. The vapour is immediately condensed, and in a liquid state received through a funnel by a proper receptacle.

From sunrise to sunset during the sea-

son on the farms at Byfleet girl workers are engaged picking the flowers for the Royal perfumes.

Foreign countries, of course, have to be largely drawn upon for the making of many scents.

Ten thousand rose trees can be grown on one acre, and are worth £70. Two thousand pounds of flowers are an average yield. An acre of jessamine produces 5000lb of flowers, and is worth £250. On the other hand, an acre of violets yields only 1600lb of flowers, and can be had for £100. An acre of orange trees, from which 2000lb of flowers are obtained, is valued at £1500.

The best roses in the world come from Roumelia and Bulgaria. The rose crop of Roumelia alone is worth £200,000 a year, and the famous attar de rose is made from this harvest; 250,000lb of rose leaves are used to make a single ounce of the essence!

A ton of orange blossom yields only 40oz of the scent of the same name, and 50lb of lavender will give exactly a pound of the liquid perfume.

Ambergris is the costliest scent in the world, being £11 an ounce. Jessamine attar comes in a good second at £8 10/ the ounce, and musk £11 4/ for a like quantity. All good scents have a basis of animal fat. This serves to "fix" the perfume and makes it lasting. The "fixer" used are civet musk, a secretion from the pouch of the animal of the same name, and ambergris, a fatty material obtained from the whale.

Of course, the chemist has done much to reduce the price of perfumery by manufacturing imitations. But these are easily detected. Perfumes prepared from flowers improve with age, while

those chemically prepared often become nauseous after a short time. The spurious article, too, is often responsible for neuralgia, headaches, and

#### KINDRED EVILS.

M. Piesse, the celebrated authority on perfumery, tells how one could, if one liked to take the trouble, convert the flowers in one's back garden into perfumes of the same name.

His recipe for rose pomade is very simple. Fill a pot with clarified fat, place it near a fire, so that the fat melts. Next throw in as many rose leaves as possible, let them remain for a whole day, strain off the fat and add to it fresh leaves until the desired strength is obtained. What is left may then be termed rose pomade.

It is doubtful, however, if success will ever attend home manufacture of perfumes, so much patience and judgment being required, and what the revenue authorities would have to say to the amateur manufacturer is a moot point.

Many chemists make up another form of Ess. Bouquet, and amateur scent-makers may like to know the recipe:

Esprit de rose triple.....	1 pint
Extract of ambergris.....	2 oz
Extract of orris.....	8 oz
Otto of Lemons.....	4 oz
Otto of bergamot.....	1 oz

"Ess." Bouquet is a name that puzzles many people. Actually it is "essence" of many different flowers wonderfully blended and prepared.


### Lavishness Displayed in Bedrooms

"I do not know that I think a great display of wealth in one's bedrooms altogether in good taste," remarked a transatlantic visitor. "In England in the best houses of the old regime you find everything in the world that really adds to your comfort. The finest of bed linen, delicious towels, and all that one really needs on the dressing and writing tables. But nothing fancy—hemstitched linen sheets, perhaps, but no lace, no incrustations of uncomfortable embroidered crests or monograms on the pillowcases, only smooth, fragrant, shining white linen.

"I have never seen such display of luxury as you have over here. In one house I stopped at the lace in the bedroom must have cost a fortune! Real Irish point, such as we would only put on gowns, was used to trim the sheets and pillow cases and the drapery on the dressing table. You felt how costly everything was everywhere you turned. Why, even the leather binding on the books was coloured to match the tint of the Japanese silk margins on the fall! There was a medicine cabinet filled with remedies, which struck me as very funny, and various kinds of toilet waters in the bathroom. The latter, I must admit, was ideal. Never in England have I seen such luxury provided for one's daily bath, and how I was to reconcile myself to a tin tub again, which is all I can hope for on my English visits, I do not know. Certainly, Americans are a luxurious people, and they remind one not a little of the ancient Romans in the days of their opulence."

# WB

## ERECT FORM CORSETS



Weingarten Bros.' W. B.

American - - - LEADING CORSETS

These are specially recommended by the leading Physicians. They reduce the abdomen without pressure, and give a beautiful incurve 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



**Mutual Attraction of Unlikes in Matrimony.**

While Government, instructed by science, meddles with nearly everything else, it keeps its hands off the most important factor in the development of the race, namely, the selection of matrimonial mates. This is left to the discretion of the individual, and in too many cases that discretion is exercised unwisely.

While not holding with Dr. Johnson that marriages should be made by the Chancellor, one may contend that people, in choosing their mates, ought to be guided by the simple laws of physiology. Children, generally, inherit characteristics, both bodily and mental, from both parents. Consequently, persons about to marry should study their characteristics with a view to obtaining for their progeny the best possible results. Thus a tall, thin man should not marry a tall, thin woman, for the children, very likely, will be taller and thinner than either of them. One should marry a person of quite contrary characteristics, so that the offspring of the union may not have the peculiarities of either parent in an unduly exaggerated degree. Perhaps nature has foreseen the possibility of the too frequent pairing of like with like, and to prevent it has planted in the human breast an instinct by which people prefer for spouses their opposites in physique and intellect. At least it is a common observation that the attraction is strongest between persons most unlike each other.

The hypothesis of this instinct explains many marriages that seem very unequal to outsiders. It explains why men of brains in so many cases marry silly women, why tall men take short women, and lean men incline to stout women. It explains why the gay pair with the saturnine, the fair with the dark, the handsome with the plain.

If like were attracted by like, the

result would be the gradual destruction of the homogeneity of a race. The athletic would marry the athletic, the intellectual the intellectual, the handsome the handsome. In each generation the type would be accentuated until mankind would be divided into a great number of different species or varieties, as dissimilar as the species of pigeons or of canines. One species would be vastly more powerful physically than any of the others. Another species would excel the rest in brain power, but would be weak in body. There would be a species composed of giants, and a species composed of dwarfs.

This state of affairs would be very good for some of the species, but very hard on others. And, in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest, the weaker species would be crowded out of the favourable regions by the stronger species.

Nature, apparently, designs to perpetuate humanity in its present fairly equal condition. Accordingly, as soon as one man becomes a cubit taller than the type or average, he is inspired to marry a short woman. As soon as he advances intellectually a considerable distance ahead of his generation he falls in love with an ordinary woman. The next generation, in either case, falls back to the level of mediocrity. At times the relapse into mediocrity may be stayed off until the third or fourth generation, but it comes inevitably. The progress of the human race to whatever goal it pursues must be an orderly movement, in regimental front. No one may run far ahead of the line or tower more than the regulation height above the file.

Of course, if all conditions were equal, the intermarriage of unlikes would soon obviate all variety and reduce the race to one uniform type. Absolute mediocrity would prevail. This event, however, is precluded by the variety and inequality of the conditions to which individuals are subjected. One man is

well fed, well housed, well taught. Another is brought up by impoverished parents, and his physical or mental development is retarded. Also, it must not be forgotten, that the fact on which all this theorising is founded—the mutual attraction of unlikes—has not been scientifically established. Certainly there are exceptions enough to the rule, if there is such a rule.

**Love and Reason**

Quite as well applicable to the present age is a comment on "Love and Reason," taken from an almost century-old newspaper. With its flavour of old-timeliness, its shrewd, half-humorous, wisecracking comparisons, this communication—for such it purports to be—shows abundant evidence that the primal opinions of human nature come unchanged down through the ages.

"In affairs of matrimony," says this long-ago writer, "some people are governed by love alone, and some by reason alone. Each ought to have a joint concern in these matters—they are handmaids, which go along with the few who are so fortunate as to be among the wise.

"Love looks only to the honeymoon. He is a near-sighted little mink; doesn't see two inches before his nose, and yet depends altogether upon his eyesight, and thinks he has a wonderfully clear vision. He is not able to discover any defects, and therefore most soberly concludes there are none. Consequently all he utters beyond his ken—you might as well tell him the moon was made of green cheese as that matrimony had a dash of trouble in its composition. All this is the natural consequence of his blindness.

"Reason is to love what a pair of

spectacles is to a near-sighted man—it enables the blind little fellow to look beyond the fair cheek and the blue eye, beyond the wedding ceremony and the wedding supper and the thousand things that cluster round the very idea of marriage. He outlines the way to look beyond all these, to the domestic fireside, to the kitchen comforts of wedded life, to the ladder and the ladder, to the padding and the purses, to the ways and means of living, as well as to the very simple business of loving.

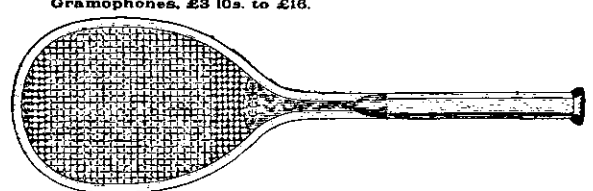
"Marry the lass that has the cow," was the advice of an old gentleman to a laddie who consulted him on the subject of a choice between a girl with a cow and one that had nothing but a pretty face. "So far as beauty is concerned, there is not the difference of a cow between any two girls in Christendom." This is not my notion, however, though there is something in it. But marry the girl who will manage your domestic concerns to advantage, who is prudent, sensible, economical; get a good disposition; an accomplished maid with it will be all the better, and beauty, if you find it united with all these, will complete the tout ensemble.

"Don't marry for money, merely—there is neither love nor reason in that. It may buy many fine things, but it won't buy happiness, and without that a man is a poor creature. Money is no objection, it may be, indeed, an important object, but every other consideration bends to the point of being matched as well as paired, when love and reason join hands."

References throughout Great Britain and Colonies.  
**ASTHMA** taken from the System.  
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# THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

All the smart garden-party hats are very large, while many are being made entirely of Irish crochet. The actual shape may be almost what we will, but the Early Victorian model is being copied more or less closely. So long as the straw is a handsome one very little trimming is needed. A big wide shape, with a low crown, is frequently finished with nothing more than a huge twist of white tulle, caught round the crown, and held there with a very large, long, nar-

row steel or jet slide, set right across the centre of the front, while a smaller buckle holds the tulle where the two ends cross at the middle of the back. The tulle is then brought round and tied under the chin in the now always necessary strings. Flowers or a tulle knot may be tucked in under the brim of such a hat, while the colour used must depend entirely upon the gown with which the chapeau is to be worn.

Our smart women are going to wear

scarves this summer, great broad, long, flat scarves made of embroidered crepe de chine, hand-wrought embroidery, marabout, ostrich feather, lace, net and tulle, and are frequently worn just slipping off the shoulders. Indescribably elegant in effect are these scarves, as our ancestresses well knew when in the artistic days of Romney and Gainsborough they wore them morning, noon, and night, with muslin, velvet, and full-dress toilettes indiscriminately, looped upon

their arms or hung about their shoulders.

A great deal of attention is being paid just now to the waist-band, for this item plays an important part where muslin dresses are concerned. Liberty satin, in the daintiest combinations of colourings, is much in vogue both for waist-bands and sashes. Crepe de chine and soft makes of taffeta are also used in the construction of the sash. The majority of lace dresses and white muslin frocks are finished by a waist-band or sash in pastel colourings.



AN EVENING FROCK IN WHITE LOUISINE SILK, TRIMMED WITH RUCHINGS OF THE SAME, AND BEAUTIFUL OLD EMBROIDERY.



"MADAME" DRESS COMPETITION.

The 1st Prize Design for a Walking Costume.

We give this week the design which secured first prize in a dress competition, announced by "Madame," a leading London fashion journal. The dress is composed of the new rough linen in dark grey, strapped with a smooth linen in a lighter shade of grey, and piped at all the edges with white. The skirt and bodice are in broad flat pleats stitched

three-quarters of the way down. The detachable cape is lined with lily of the valley green glace silk, and fastened in front with two handsome ornaments in grey and white silk cord with long tassels. The bodice (see small sketch) has the upper part of soft white silk gauged all over or smocked. The hat is in pale green straw.

ens, the style being specially suitable for a girl of sixteen or seventeen. The skirt should be adorned quite simply with fine rows of white stitching, and made with seven gores, a style which always lends itself particularly well to the slimmness of a youthful figure.

The bodice should be made in quite a loose blouse shape, as much for comfort

in the hot weather as for convenience in the matter of washing. It is arranged quite simply with two large box-pleats, back and front, and fairly full sleeves, drawn into a cuff at the wrist. The shoulders are trimmed in the latest fashion, with an insertion of lace or embroidery coming over the top of the arm




A DAINTY MODEL FROM PARIS.



LINEN FROCK TRIMMED WITH LACE OR EMBROIDERY.

Linen is the one fabric for summer frocks most in favour at the moment for girls, and in one of the accompany-

ing sketches a very pretty and thoroughly practical suggestion is given for a frock to be made in one of the art lin-




**LATEST**  
**Straight**  
**Front**

AND

**NOUVELLE**  
**FORME**  
**Corsets**  
**P.D.**

—  
All Leading Drapers





### WHO HE WAS!

The following answer was elicited to "Who was St. Alban?"  
 "St. Alban, otherwise known as the Duke of Albany, was killed in battle, and afterwards built a large church on the spot where he was slain."

### HOW!

Dr. M— has a telephone in his house, and he instructed a newly engaged Irish lad how to reply in case there should be a call over the wire in the absence of Dr. M— and his wife. One day there came such a call, and Patrick went to the telephone.  
 "Well, sor!" said Patrick, with his mouth to the speaking-tube.  
 "Who's that?" came over the wire.  
 "It's me, sor."  
 "And who's me?"  
 "Shure, and how should I know who yez are?" retorted Patrick.

### NEVER JOKE WITH A JUDGE.

"Judge: You say you are not a vagrant?"  
 Prisoner: No, your honor.  
 Judge: Did any motive bring you to this town?  
 Prisoner: Yes your honor.  
 Judge: What?  
 Prisoner: Locomotive.  
 Judge: Seven days.

### LET WELL ALONE.

A woman applied to a magistrate for a summons against a neighbour.  
 "She called me a thief, your worship! Can't I make her prove it?"  
 "No doubt you could," said the magistrate, "but I think you had better not."



### A SCIENTIFIC SET-BACK.

"Look into my eyes," pleaded the devoted youth, "and tell me what you see within them."  
 The fair young thing, who had just completed her post-graduate course and received high encomiums on her thesis concerning optics, gazed earnestly into his eyes, and then replied:  
 "The cornea is slightly distended, and the iris shows symptoms of dilation, while the—"  
 But he had gone, searching for a girl who would not insist upon writing prescriptions for goo goo.

### HE KNEW.

"Is your mistress in, Mary?" inquired the head of the house when he came home.  
 "No, sor. The dressmaker spoiled her new silk dress, and she's gone there to see about it."  
 "W-h-e-w!" whistled the old man, uneasily. "Just say to her that I am called away on important business, and won't be home until late."

### MATRIMONIAL FISHING.

Father: "I can't see what fun you find, Clara, in fishing, when you never can catch any fish."  
 Daughter: "The fish I am trying to catch holds the rod for me. Here he comes now. You'd better go."

### NO SWEETS LEFT.

"How are you, Smith?" asked a man of a friend whom he had not seen for nearly a year. "Still sweet upon Miss Jones?"  
 "Oh, no."  
 "Had a quarrel?"  
 "No: I married her."

### AN OLD HAND.

First Bazaar Young Lady: "Hullo, Maud, what cheer? How many fancy goods raffle tickets did you work off last night?"  
 Second Bazaar Young Lady (mournfully): "Didn't work off any. Had no luck at all, and I tried all the best-looking young men too."  
 First Bazaar Young Lady: "That shows your greenness. Never try the good-looking fellows; they are so conceited, they can defy you. Always tackle the plainest ones you can find; they'll feel flattered and part accordingly. Tota: better luck this evening."

### THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind): "Papa, which bone was it that was taken from Adam to make a woman of?"  
 Professor Broadhead: "The bone of contention, my son."

### THE POOR POET AGAIN.

Willie: "The other day I found mother crying over your book of poems."  
 His Sister's Fiance (delighted): "Oh! is that so?" (Aside): "Ah! what glory! What fame awaits me! A man who can bring tears to the eyes of such a flint-hearted woman is certainly great, and no mistake." (To Willie): "She was really weeping, Willie?"  
 Willie: "Yes; she said it nearly broke her heart to think that a girl of hers was going to marry a fellow who would write such rot as that!"

### AWKWARDLY PUT.

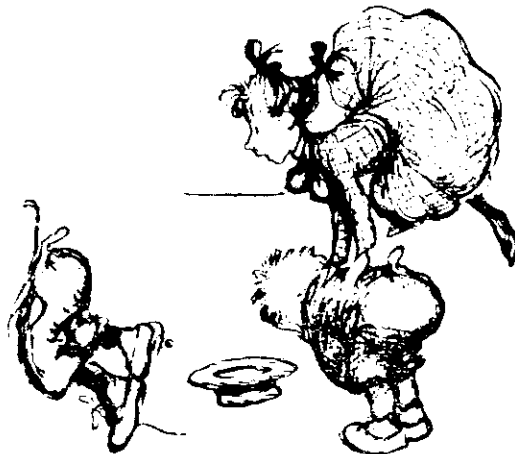
She: "I suppose if a pretty girl came along you wouldn't care anything about me any more?"  
 He: "Nonsense, Kate! What do I care for good looks? You suit me all right."

### THE ONLY ONE ABOUT.

"The man I wed must be handsome, brave and noble; he must have no bad habits, and love me devotedly." "But, my dear, that is quite impossible, you know; quite impossible." "Why?" "Because, you know there is only one such man in all the wide world, and he is going to marry me."

### PAPA'S JOKE.

"I think it is so silly to see a baby biting his toes," remarked the young mother.  
 "Well, I don't," spoke up the young father. "It shows that he is already learning how to be thrifty."  
 "Thrifty?"  
 "Yes; isn't he making both ends meet?"



### EXTRACT FROM RECENT NOVEL.

"Placing her hands on the shoulders of the bowed form of the man before her, Imogene Cazozus, the beautiful young girl, looked dreamily away into the future.  
 "Much as I regard you, Armand," she sighed, "destiny has written that I must go on and on, even though my path lies immeasurably above you."

### THE "FINE FRENZY."

A young poet worked three hours, and then produced these fine lines:—  
 It was a cold and wintry night,  
 A man stood in the street;  
 His aged eyes were full of tears,  
 His boots were full of feet.

### POOR PAPA.

Willie (at his lessons): "I say, pa, what's a fortification?"  
 Pa: "A fortification, my son, is a large fort."  
 Willie: "Then a ratification is a large rat."

### FOR TOURISTS ONLY.

Alpine traveller: This is a very dangerous place! And do the poor people who live on the mountain have to travel this way every day?  
 Guide: Oh, no. They are not so stupid. They go up by a much easier road. We only bring the tourists round this way.

### NOT TO BE DONE!

Tommy Sharp (laying down twopence farthing): "A loaf of bread, please."  
 Baker: "It's dearer, my boy; it's six."  
 Tommy: "When?"  
 Baker: "This morning."  
 Tommy: "All right, mister: give me one of yesterday's."

### A KIND HEART.

"And so you are doing charity work in the slums, Mrs Naggerson? It's so lovely of you to take an interest in those poor people." "Yes, I enjoy the work very much. Nearly all the women down there have domestic troubles that they tell me all about."

### UNANSWERABLE.

She: George, you don't love me now as you used to do—  
 The Brute: Did you ever hear of a man running after a tramcar after he had caught it?

### SO LONG!

Playwright: How do you know the public don't like a plot?  
 Manager: Perhaps they do. But they've gone without one so long that I'm afraid to risk it.

### A DISTINGUISHING TITLE.

"How did he get his title of colonel?"  
 "He got it to distinguish him from his wife's first husband, who was a captain; and his wife's second husband, who was a major."

### PROFICIENT.

Mr Waffles: "And how is your grandmother getting on with her music, Mrs Binders?"  
 Mrs Binders: "Oh, splendidly. She can go to a classical concert now and tell just when to applaud without looking at the rest of the audience."

### TOO GOOD TO HIMSELF.

Bill—You say there were six people killed in the first act of the new piece, eight in the second, and twelve in the third, but that wasn't enough?  
 Jill—No; it wasn't enough, because the author of the piece wasn't among them.