After Dinner Gossip____ Echoes of the Week.

Farewell to Lady Banfurly.

On Saturday New Zealand said farewell to the Countess of Ranfurly, who for now ever aix years has filled the high and responsible position of con-Bort to the Governor of this colony. It has fallen to those of us long resident in the colony to see many governors arrive and depart, and when the end of their term has arrived it has been our pleasing duty-for New Zealand has been fortunate in its governors—to speak the words of farewell and God-speed with something more of true feeling than mere courtesy and formal etiquette chan mere courtesy and format eviquence demanded. And, in these expressions of gratitude and goodwill it has been customary to include in complimentary terms the lady who has been hostess at Government House. But never within the recollection of the writer, never so far as one can learn in the history of this manufacture of the control of the writer, has go profar as one can learn in the history of this or any Australasian colony, has so pro-found, so universal, and so sincere re-gret been aroused as that manifested from one end of the colony to the other over the departure of the Countess of

To fill the place she leaves in the hearts To fill the place she leaves in the hearts of the people of this colony will be impossible, and it will be long indeed before the memory of her gracious dignity, her kindly disposition, her ready sympathy of anything of good report, her tirelessness in work, her ready tact and her tender woman's heart, fade from the memory of New Zealanders.

She was indeed the ideal wife of the Governor of the colony, a worthy repre-

She was indeed the ideal wife of the Governor of the colony, a worthy representative in truth of that noble and gracious lady who shares the throne with Edward of England. Her work here, the fruit of the fine example she set, will live and be felt long after she and we of this generation have passed away. Many other noble ladies have filled the position of hostens of Government House with distinction, and have brilliantly entertained there, but their memory survives not. It has been with them a case of "la reigne est mort, vive re reigne." We have forgotten the parting guest in welcoming the new. But re reigne." We have forgotten the parting guest in welcoming the new. But to thousands in this colony to-day this is impossible with Lady Ranfurly. Prompted only by her own good heart, her own high sense of principle and duty, she has done things no other governor's wives have ever done, entertained those to whom Government House hospitality has nover revenuely hear never the sense. has never previously been extended, and enlarged the scope of her interests and sympathies and duties in a manner never

eniarged the scope of her interests and sympathies and duties in a manner never even dreamed of by any of her distinguished predecessors. And thus, she has won for herself a place in the respect and downright affection of the colonies, which can only be compared to the affection and warm-hearted loyalty we all bear to our King.

New Zealand will follow her after-life and those of her children with the genuine interest of the heart, her health, and her happiness, and that of thouse belonging to her will ever concern us, and she may remain assured that if ever she cares to re-visit the colony, where she has done so much good, she will receive a welcome so enthusiastic that it will show that our gratitude and affection are not marely the words of to-day, but will exist while we have life to wave hats withal and breath to cheer with.

. 4.. .. 4 New Zealand and the St. Louis Exposition.

What is New Zealand going to do at the St. Louis Exposition-unquestionably the greatest affair of its sort the world has ever seen? At present an extraordinary apathy and even ignorance with regard to the whole project seems to prevail, and it appears not unlikely shat the colony will lose the finest opportunity of bringing itself before the eyes of the world, and advertising its productiveness and scenie and other attractions that has ever been offered. The Government have been curiously and reprehensibly inactive in the matter, for they have not, so far as one can ascertain, made any arrangement for an exhibit themselves, nor have they sought to stimulate public interest in the direction of sending representative exhibits of our various products and industries to St. Louis. Minister McGowan has, I believe, stated that the terms offered the colony by the Exposition authorities were "libersl," but the adjective is somewhat inadequate to the case. As a matter of fact, when New Zealand seemed somewhat shy of coming to the fore, Consul-General Dillingham, of Auckiand, Government such space at it might require gratis rather than the colony should not be represented. The Consul-General was, by the way, offered the poat of Commissioner for the Exposition for Australia and New Zealand, but his already heavy duties and responsibilities prevented his accepting the same. So far no move appears to have been made, and there are now but few months to act in, or the chance will be lost. But surely the Government are not going to let the chance go by? The Expoand there are now but few months to act in, or the chance will be lost. But surely the Government are not going to let the chance go by? The Exposition will without douth the the most magnificent the world has seen, and will be visited by millions more than attended either the great affairs of Chicago or Paris. Sixty millions have already been spent on the Exposition, and it is estimated at least twenty more millions will be paid out before the opening day. Visitors will come from every part of the globe, and every part of the world will be represented, and it will certainly be the greatest of pitles if New Zealand alone is utterly unrepresented. By the Sierra on December 4 Mr C. Green. Commissioner for the Exposition in this part of the world, will arrive from Sydney, and he proposes to go to Wellington, whither he has asked Consul-General Dillingham to accompany him, to endeavour to pursuade the at the Exposition to do something adequate at the Exposiendeavour to pursuade the Government to do something adequate at the Expo-aition. He also proposes to address the various Chambers of Commerce, and to various Chambers of Commerce, and to interview some of the more prominent commercial men and merchants with a view of securing their influence and cooperation in the same direction. One hopes the efforts of this envoy will be successful, and that not the least interesting and attractive of the many thousands of exhibits at St. Louis will be that from New Zealand. that from New Zealand.

Leaders of Men.

There are two classes of men for whom-I have a high regard-sailors and miners. Daily contact with danger gives them a distinctive character hard to find in other walks of life. My admiration for those that go down to the sea in ships was increased last week by reading of the incidents in the burning of the island steamer Ovalau. Most of all, perhaps, one admired Catpain Todd. True, without other brave men to help him, one brave man would be helpless in such circumstances, but reading between the lines one realises that in addition to being a brave man Captain Todd is one of those favoured children of for-tune—"a leader of men." He is pos-sessed in some degree of that power, which, like faith, can move mountains, and whenever the average man comes across it he admires it more than any-thing else in this world. Many of us cannot see eye to eye with Mr. Seddon, but secretly we all admire the power by which for the past ten years he has held the House of Representatives in the hol-low of his hand. It would be hard to say what power or quality it is which gives one man such a remarkable as-cendancy over his fellows as to enable one of those favoured children of for-

him to eway hundreds, may thousands, but I saw a remarkable manifestation of it some two years ago down in Wellington. It was during the Financial debata. Several of the Opposition had stirred Mr. Seddom up with a long pole sufficiently sharp at the point to annoy that gentleman, and when the time came for his reply he shook his mane, and one could see that something out of the ordinary was on hand. It was just after the dinner adjournment, when the Colonial Treasurer, with a sheaf of notes in his hand, rose to reply. In theatrical parlance, there was a "beautiful house." The gelleries were full, and there were very few empty benches. As he warmed to his subject his audience had eyes and ears for nothing else, and even the irreverent press gallery forgot any of the flippant remarks with which the gentry who inhabit that ervire usually punctuate the ovations of the august Senators. It was just like a magnet in a packet of nails. "Time is up," in the measured tones of the Speaker, broke the spell. As Mr. Seddon sat down there was a vigorous clapping of hands from the floor of the House, and a hum of applause came from the galleries. As the stentorian voice of the burly West-Coaster ceased you could feel the auditors "rise at him," a saying I had often heard but never properly understood till that memorable evening. Call it personal magnetism or what you will, Mr. Seddon possesses some of that subtle power which led half a million men to tramp from Paris to Moscow in the wake of the "Little Corporal"; which drew the hordes of the East after Xerxes when that monarch crossed the Hellespont to smit the Weat; which enabled Alexander to march from Europe to India with whole armies at his back. In different ages the manifestations have taken various forms, but the power has always been the same, and is it any wonder that mankind makes heroes of the possessors?

Call it luck, chance, coincidence, or what one will that inscrutable "something" which brings to one man a set of pleasant circumstances, and to another man, the reverse, does play some Puck-like pranks in its time. A some-what amusing instance of the vagaries of this "something"-let us call it luck for want of a better name—came under my notice last week. It occurred at Ellerslie, and shows that it is sometimes better to be born lucky than wise -in racing matters. Three young men who were wandering round studying the very motley collection of humanity that surges round the outside "machine," and the leather-lunged gentry who cry and the reather-lunged gentry who cry
the odds alongside the rails, met and
compared notes. Each knew about as
little as the others concerning the finer
points of the sport of kings. "How are
you doing?" is the correct form at Ellersile if you wish to know whether
"the guns" or your friend is having the
best of the deal, and this idiomatic bit
of English elicited the fact that the
trio had not been breaking the bank.
"In spite of this," remarked one of
them, drawing from his purse a small
green enamel and gold shamrock, which
his better-half had given him for luck
when he started out for Ellerslie. A
wheezy hurdy-gundy at the back of them
was coughing out "Killarney" in fitful
gasps. "Irish air and shamrock—a
good omen this," said one of his friends.
"Let's look at the card and see if 'green
and gold' figures on the list?" A search
revealed the fact that Marine in the
Steeplechase was the first horse carrying those colours. Knowing nothing
about the game, and knowing they
knew nothing about it, they laughingly
decided to pin their faith on the "dear
little shamrock" and walf for Marine—
who, I may say, was considered to have
little or no chance. When the time
came they all backed the green and
gold colours, and after a race in which
the favourite fell and other unexpected events happened, Marine won by two
lengths and paid a "divvy" of several
pounds. The shamrock wasn't such a
had judge after all. Sweet Marie, a
rank outsider, was the next prad to
carry the mystic colours, and as a matter of course the trio was on this also.
Sweet Marie ran second and paid all but
£8. If none of my readers believe in
luck, I know three men at all events
who do. the odds alongside the rails, met and compared notes. Each knew about as

A Mutual Improvement Society Joka

An elaborate joke was once worked off on a dult literary club, which never loses an opportunity of advertising itself, and posing as an authority on literary matters. A young professional man having promised to read a paper, forgot all about it until the day before he had to deliver it. There was no time to prepare it then, so he spologised to the audience, and said that with their permission he would substitute for the original subject a lecture on the great poets of the Pamir Plateau. He proceeded to enter upon a detailed description of the work of Sulienan Zuffar, whose work, he remarked, was known to everyone of culture in the English-speaking world. The lecturer outlined the aspirations of Sulienan with liberal quotations from his poem, "The Daughter of the Susset," and showed the distinction between Sulieman's methods and those of the poet who founded the Pamir school, Igma Khan, dispuissing Igma as a writer of little literary merit, but entitled to all praise for the influence he exerted over Sulieman and his great contemporaries, Bushna Brahm and Tintac Kobo. The lecturer was applieded at frequent intervals, and sai down with everybody saying how nice his address was. Then there arose another young man, who patronisingly described the lecture as able and scholarly. He regretted, however, that so much research should have been undertaken by one with so little judgment as the lecturer. The audience seemed quite shocked. This young man was almost offensive in his frankness, holding that Sulieman was nothing but a plagiarist, and a bad one at that. The incomparable works of Tintac Kobo stamped that writer as the real poet of the Pamir. His was the idea for "The Daughter of the Sunset," which had been stolen by the incompetent Sulieman. The next turn in the discussion was taken by a third young man, who showed that both the others were mistaken, and that the real genfus of the Pamir was Toohorna, and recalled to the minds of the audience facts that nobody dared to contradict, to show that the whole of the poetry of the Pamir was particularly his. One point on which all speakers agreed was that the Pamir had given the world the greatest poetry, whoever wrote it, that has yet been read. The audience concurred in this view, and it was not for some months that they discovered that the lecturer and tw was no time to prepare it then, so he spologised to the audience, and said that with their permission he would had simply invented the whole story of the Pamir poets to cover his omis-sion to prepare a paper.



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