

# THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

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## The Week in Review.

### NOTICE.

The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration Short Stories and Descriptive Articles illustrated with photos, or suggestions from contributors.

Bright terse contributions are wanted dealing with Dominion life and questions.

Unless stamps are sent, the Editor cannot guarantee the return of unsuitable MSS.

### How the New Zealanders are Misled—The Abuse of the Cable System.

IT is impossible for the average New Zealander, following the cables from day to day, to grasp what "the greatest political struggle of modern times" involves, as, unfortunately for us, the cables are partisan in their statement of the position. The New Zealand papers at present purchase the cable news that is sent from London to the Australasian dailies. The cable services of the Empire are in the hands of a monopoly. They are virtually owned by six London financiers, who are all Tariff Reformers. It is patent to anybody who has followed both sides of English politics that what we get sent out here is entirely the Unionist view of the case. The space devoted to the speeches of the leaders of both great parties are one indication of it. Time and again we have half a column, a whole column, sometimes a column and a-half of what Mr. Balfour (the Unionist leader in the Commons), or Lord Lansdowne (Unionist leader in the Lords) has to say. It is followed up by lengthy quotations from Unionist reactionary journals like "The Times," "The Daily Telegraph," "The Daily Mail," "The Pall Mall Gazette," and

"The Standard." The most enlightened of all the Unionist papers on Imperial affairs—"The Morning Post"—is seldom if ever quoted for the reason that it occasionally tells the Unionists the truth about themselves. On the other hand, when the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) makes a speech, the cable man seems to be chiefly employed in separating his original sentences from their context, and wording statements in such a way as not only to be misleading, but sometimes to convey a meaning directly contrary to what was originally intended. Some system of deliberate misrepresentation seems to be in operation. When Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Winston Churchill (both of whom are cordially hated by Unionists for their attacks on wealth and privilege) make any remarks, the cables either deliberately ignore them or give quotations from a single sentence that, separated from the context, might mean anything, and not infrequently makes the speaker look foolish. There is not space here to give the cables as they are sent out, and the remarks of Liberal statesmen as they appear reported in both Unionist and Liberal papers. But the charge of partisanship against the cable accounts of British politics sent out to the Australasian colonies is none the less substantially true.

### Juggling with the Language.

We seldom, if ever, get anything like a proportionate and accurate view of the Liberal side of politics as presented by their own journals. The items cabled, instead of representing any of the views put forward by Liberal editors, are more often so trivial and so dexterously worded as to rather discredit them in the minds of the Australasian public, who follow British affairs. The habit has grown up in the colonies of accepting the cabled statements as a pure and unadulterated statement of fact. Not

a few editors in New Zealand accept the cabled statements unquestioningly, whereas, should the Liberal party in New Zealand ever be misrepresented to Britain in the manner the British Liberals are pictured to the Australasian colonies, there would be columns of protest and indignation.

### How Mr. Lloyd George is Treated.

The system of misleading the New Zealand public seems to have been very much in active operation over the present fight. Mr. Lloyd-George, as the protagonist of the Budget, is surely entitled to be as well and as liberally treated by the cables as Mr. Balfour or the Marquis of Lansdowne. But he is not. His speeches are not only subject to the distorting process complained of, but frequently whittled down as to be almost unrecognisable. The celebrated Limehouse speech is a case in point. The cable man gave Mr. Lloyd-George's remarkable challenge to wealth exactly ten lines. This is what was sent out to New Zealand:—

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking at Limehouse, said that land was not merely for enjoyment, but for stewardship, and unless the landlords discharged the duties attaching to the ownership the time would come to consider the conditions under which land is held. His resolve in framing the Budget was that no cupboard should be bare and no lot harder to bear."

Why, might we ask, should the Chancellor of the Exchequer of a Liberal Ministry be limited to ten lines when half a column, a column, and sometimes a column and a-half are given to the reactionary sentiments of men like Mr. Balfour, the Marquis of Lansdowne or Lord Rosbery?

Following the usual practice of sending the partisan Press comments on the utterances either in favour or by the Unionists themselves, one would naturally expect that Mr. Lloyd-George's speech would be treated accordingly. Quite the contrary. Not a line of what the "Daily Chronicle," the "Daily News," the "Westminster Gazette," or the "Morning Leader" said was sent. Instead, the statement was cabled two days later that "many prominent Opposition speakers are complaining of the violence of Mr. Lloyd-George's speech at Limehouse," followed by a denunciation of Mr. Walter Long (Unionist) against Mr. Lloyd-George for "attempting to destroy the great landed and propertied classes." "Violence" and "Destruction."

### "Violence" and "Destruction."

The sort of "violence" and "destruction" preached by Mr. Lloyd-George is typically illustrated in the extracts we give from some of his recent utterances this week on page 2. It is time that the Liberal Press of New Zealand did something towards remedying the existing state of things by which public opinion in the Dominion as to the real state of affairs in Britain is being constantly and deliberately misled.

### The Knyvett Case.

The deputation which went down to Wellington to submit the case for Captain Knyvett to the Premier's consideration, has had at least this much success, that Sir Joseph Ward has promised that some further investigation shall be made. We do not see that the Premier did anything to weaken the arguments that have been so strongly urged in favour of re-opening the case by entering at length into the circumstances of the Auckland company's Wellington trip, or by discussing Captain Knyvett's past relations with his Robin. As to the visit paid by Captain Knyvett's company to Wellington, nobody denies that he received permission to go from his commanding officer. The opinion previously formed by the Department about Captain Knyvett seems to us entirely beside the point, except in so far as the Premier's remarks on this subject amount to an admission that the Department, for whatever reason, was already prejudiced against the captain. The Premier's defence of Colonel Robin is no doubt satisfactory to that officer and his friends; but none of these things concern us at present. The reason for the widespread public agitation in Captain Knyvett's favour is simply that, in the eyes of a very large number of people, he has been treated with gross injustice by the Department. Mr. G. Peacocke put the case briefly and forcibly before the Premier last week when he said that Captain Knyvett's arrest, his trial and his condemnation were all alike irregular; and this conviction is by no means confined to Captain Knyvett's friends or to the people of Auckland. Dealing with the subject a week ago, the "Otago Daily Times" described the Knyvett inquiry as "a travesty upon judicial methods," and added that the course followed in Captain Knyvett's case "can bear no other interpretation than that the military authorities in New Zealand would virtually deprive a volunteer officer altogether of the right of complaint." Such a right, as we have already shown, is secured to every soldier irrespective of rank by the King's regulations; and though the letter in which Captain Knyvett submitted his protest to the Minister for Defence is forcibly worded, we have read it carefully without discovering anything in it that would justify the authorities in ignoring the charges made or punishing the officer who made them. The question as to whether Captain Knyvett's allegations against Colonel Robin were well founded is entirely a different one; though the Premier must surely see that it is a matter of vital importance to our military system that such charges should be carefully investigated, and he must further admit that Captain Knyvett, having been refused the right to discuss these charges by the Court of Inquiry, cannot formulate them fully till a properly-constituted tribunal has been appointed to hear them. But all this is comparatively a side issue. What we are chiefly concerned

with is the obligation laid upon Government of repairing the injustice inflicted upon Captain Knyvett, and the harm done to the course of military service here by the glaring and outrageous irregularities which the Department has perpetrated in connection with this case, and we await with deep interest some further intimation of the course the Premier proposes to follow.

#### A Model Industrial Village.

In the "Magazine of Commerce" Dr. C. R. Hennings describes the model village laid out at Leverkusen on the Rhine, not far from Cologne, by the Farbenfabriken Company, which manufactures practically all the most important dyes, photographic materials, and many synthetic drugs of the greatest value. The firm employs 6,000 workmen, besides 1,700 officials, 220 of whom are trained analytical chemists. The Welfare Department has become so large as to necessitate the employment of a special staff.

The number of workmen's dwellings now amounts to about 750, and is being increased every year by about twenty. Each house is suitable for four tenants, so provision is made for 3,000 separate families. Each house is surrounded by a garden. The rent is 55/ per room per year. Supervision is entrusted to a committee consisting of officials and workmen. Co-operative stores supply provisions, and yield a dividend of ten per cent. Two bachelor homes, each occupied by about four hundred unmarried workmen, supply cheap and healthy quarters at from 2/4 to 4/1 a day, with breakfast, dinner and supper at 10d a day. For workmen not living on the premises a dining hall serves a good dinner for 4d. A refreshment-room attached furnishes victuals and non-alcoholic beverages. Foremen pay £18 per annum rent.

To every manufacturing department baths are attached. There are swimming baths on the Rhine for men and for women and children. Free medical attendance is granted to the workmen and their relatives. Workmen's wives are treated entirely free at the Maternity Home. At the Girls' Home workwomen can obtain board and residence at low cost. A house of recreation is provided for workmen, including a banqueting hall seating 1,200 persons, with refreshment-rooms, ballrooms, a reading-room, and skittle-grounds. Sons of workmen are trained, practically and theoretically, in a workshop for apprentices connected with the finishing school. A progressive society provides a course of instruction by fully qualified lecturers. The dramatic side is a special feature.

A special manager presides over the whole educational system, including a library comprising 12,000 volumes, which is used by 32 per cent. of the workmen, 98 per cent. of the officials. Natural science and travel are the most popular works. Eighty thousand books circulated in 1907, averaging forty-two books per head for the year. Women share in all these advantages equally with men. Special instruction is provided for the children. Boys are taught horticulture, girl needlework. A Ladies' Benevolent Association looks after the sick and needy, the widows and orphans. An orchestra has been organised for men and boys, a glee club, a string band, gymnasium, etc.

To the pension system the employees contribute one-third, the employers two-thirds. Workmen receive a long service premium amounting to £53 after 25 years, and £200 after 50 years' service. There is also a pension fund for workmen who have become unfit, which amounts to £100,000. The Welfare Department cost the firm in 1908 £90,000, only one-seventh of which was required by Government. The main motive of the firm is to educate and keep a staff of employees whose interest in life is bound up with the success of the firm.

#### Our Coastal Waterways.

The unfortunate mishap to the Kaipara while leaving Auckland, has naturally directed public attention to the necessity for safeguarding our mercantile marine by securing the fullest and most accurate information about the conditions of navigation around our harbours and along our coastal trade routes. We are not at all inclined to admit, without absolutely convincing proof, that there is, from the standpoint of navigation, anything radically wrong with the Waitemata or the channels leading in and out of our port. But it is manifestly of the utmost im-

portance to our shipping and commercial interests that the pilots and captains who work our coastal waters should be able to depend implicitly upon the data supplied them as to shoals and soundings; and the stranding of the Kaipara, following on the grounding of the Waitemata certainly suggests that the time has come for a complete resurvey of the harbour and its approaches. On this subject we are glad to endorse the opinion of the Wellington "Post," a journal with which we are by no means always in agreement, but which has just dealt with this question in a perfectly fair and impartial spirit. It is quite possible that the alleged sitting up of certain parts of the harbour, of which we hear from time to time, may have produced consequences invisible but none the less serious in Rangitoto Channel; and, as the "Post" says, nothing but "a comprehensive and accurate survey by independent hydrographers" can set all doubts at rest. The "Post" assures its readers that it has no intention of a-spersing the reputation of our port, and the people of Auckland must see for themselves that in their own interests such a course is not only desirable, but urgently necessary.

#### A Survey Wanted.

This suggestion for a resurvey of the Waitemata and the adjacent gulf raises once more the question of resurveying the whole of our coastal waters, which has from time to time cropped up in Parliamentary debates. Up to five years ago the Admiralty had a gunboat engaged on this work, New Zealand paying half the cost. When Government decided, on the score of economy, to drop this arrangement, it was found that it would cost £50,000 to build and equip a vessel to take the place of the Penguin, and about £12,000 a year to maintain her, as against £9,000 a year originally paid to the Admiralty. The project was therefore postponed indefinitely, and recent events have emphasised the necessity for bringing up to date our knowledge of the risks and perils of navigation on these coasts. The recent wreck of the Waitakere points the moral most effectively; and though we admit that a minutely detailed survey of the Fiords would be a most laborious and expensive task, there is, unfortunately, plenty other work of the same sort to do elsewhere. Two years ago Mr. Millar told the House that the completion of the Penguin's survey was indispensable to the safety of our commerce. At the same time Mr. Latreuxon stated that hardly any systematic work had been done in surveying our coasts since the Acheron cruised here between 1850 and 1860. It is well known that many of the charts constantly used on our coasts were compiled from data collected half a century ago; and we hope that Government will be successful in the negotiations which we understand are now proceeding with the Admiralty for a new survey agreement on the lines of the "Penguin" contract. Considering the immense importance of our sea-borne trade, and the naturally dangerous character of our coastline, it seems to us imperative that the work of resurveying our coastal waters should be gone on with at once.

## HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

With wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen, that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have the aches, festers all the remedies you have tried, which, if not extracted, you never can recover, but go on suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints become necrotic; the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds; the disease, if allowed to continue, will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals and had medical advice, and been told your case is hopeless, or advised to submit to amputation. But do not, for

**I CAN CURE YOU. I DON'T SAY PERHAPS; BUT I WILL.** Because others have failed is no reason I should. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of

## GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT

and Pills, which is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Carbuncles, Poisoned Hands, Tumours, Itchiness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Bursitis and Ringworm. See the trade mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label. Prepared by ALBERT & CO., ALBERT HOUSE, 78 FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, ENGLAND.

## Lloyd George and What He is Fighting For.

### "Implacable Warfare" Against Poverty—The Greatest Political Struggle of Modern Times.

UNTIL the final returns are through, it is impossible to tell what the political position will be in Britain. History tells us again and again that it is not right, but often might prevails in the struggles which nations undergo for the betterment of the race. The Lloyd George Budget is one of those inspired efforts to make Britain a more humane and better land for the multitude to live in. The British millions do not live at present—they simply exist. The causes are as well known as widespread, but it is only

Clearly, Mr. Lloyd George's idea is to tax wealth rather than indigence. But he goes farther than that. Not only does he lay the revenue burdens of government upon the backs best able to support them, but he offers something more substantial than relief from taxation to the poverty-stricken citizens of the nation. Hearken to his humane utterance and compare it with the unconcern of Unionist leaders about the social welfare of British citizens:

"Now I come to the consideration of the social problems which are urgently pressing for solution—problems affect-



THE RIGHT HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, M.P.

personal contact with the slum, the sweated wage-earner, the tremendous infant mortality, the slum "gin palace," the commercialised landlord and agent, and the demoralisation of the multitude by all these elements that one can realise the iniquities that go on in "the land of liberty." If the financial proposals of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer prevail, humanity throughout the civilised world is certain to be profoundly affected. Mr. Lloyd George's Budget frankly proposes to shift some of the burdens of national expenditure and naval supremacy upon wealth. He has declared his Budget means "implacable warfare" against poverty. Therefore, the less fortunate members of society in every country have a great interest in the fight which Lloyd George is waging. If he wins, there is little doubt that the new taxation scheme of Great Britain will be agitated in other countries, particularly in the United States, which is far behind Germany and France, as well as England, in the equalisation of taxation burdens according to the ability of the different classes of citizens to bear them.

ing the lives of the people. The solution of most, if not all, of these questions involves finance. What the government have to ask themselves is this: Can the whole subject of further social reform be postponed until the increasing demands made upon the national exchequer by the growth of armaments have ceased? Not merely can it be postponed, but ought it to be postponed? Is there the slightest hope that if we defer consideration of the matter we are likely within a generation to find any more favourable moment for attending to it? I confess that, as to that, I am rather pessimistic. And we have to ask ourselves this further question. If we put off dealing with these social sores are the evils which arise from them not likely to grow and to fester until finally the loss which the country sustains will be infinitely greater than anything it would have to bear in paying the cost of an immediate remedy? There are hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children in this country now enduring hardships for which the sternest judge would not hold them responsible, hardships entirely due to circumstances over

Continued on page 6L.

# Sayings of the Week.

## "Straight to the Throne."

It must be made perfectly clear that if the House of Lords reject a bill sent up a second time, it must be sent straight through to the throne.—*Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer.*

## They Dislike Walking.

In the country they ride a horse, and in the city they take a penny-worth of electric tram. Why, their legs will become atrophied.—*Bishop Nelson, on the New Zealanders' dislike to walking.*

## Churchmen and Education.

Churchmen must make their wishes regarding education so plain that no Government will be bold enough to attempt further experiments.—*The Bishop of Birmingham.*

## The Safest of all Grounds.

Let every man remember that he has his own success to make; and that success lies more or less within his own reach; and then he will be upon the safest of all grounds.—*Mr. H. Rider Haggard.*

## Stand and Deliver.

We must have the courage frankly to go to England and demand from her what we seek and what we require. If England refuses to stand and deliver Germany should go to war, now, at once, and not wait until too late, until England has carried out her encircling policy to a finish.—*Herr Maximilian Harden, a well-known German journalist.*

## Britain's Danger.

We cannot tax the land if the land is taken from us, nor reform our tariffs if we lose our trade. We are in the presence of a more powerful and bitter enemy than the Peers, and it behoves us first to prepare for him. Our domestic differences we can settle afterwards.—*Mr. Robert Blatchford, on the German danger.*

## The Freedom of the Church.

I think that in the abstract the Church in any country in which the component elements of a church are present in sufficient numbers for organic purposes—viz., a body of lay members, with the clergy in all their orders—can proceed in freedom to formulate regulations for orderly self-government with no further reference to outside authority than appeals to her civil relations, in which respect she is amenable to the laws of the country itself. Such was the recognised position of the Church in England in Anglo-Saxon and even in Norman times.—*The Most Rev. Dr. Nevill, at the opening of the Anglican General Synod.*

## The Backblockers.

There is no finer work than that amongst the backblockers of New Zealand, who are living lives as brave and heroic as those of any of the pioneers who came to the country from Britain 60 years ago.—*Bishop Nelson, of Auckland.*

## Greatest Danger Since the Armada.

That our Empire is to-day confronted with the greatest crisis and the most imminent danger since the time of the Spanish Armada is the conviction of very many of the sanest and best-informed minds in this country.—*Mr. Robert Blatchford, the well-known Socialist and editor of the "Clarion."*

## Two Great Vices.

Two great vices, gambling and drink, are ruining New Zealand's workers. They must be fought tooth and nail. They cannot be met by Act of Parliament, but only by the grace of God, through the home missionaries.—*Rev. E. K. Mules, Otago.*

## Lesson of the Poll.

The lesson taught by the poll is that in the new Parliament tariff reform will be a political impossibility.—*Mr. Asquith.*

## Defence Force Control.

I want to say straight away that the suggestion as to the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into defence matters should not be entertained by the Government for a moment. We have no sympathy with it at all.—*The Prime Minister, in reply to the deputation on the Knyvett case.*

## New Zealand Pagans.

Thousands of children are growing up in New Zealand absolute heathens, and so far as their soul's welfare is concerned, in darkness. If this is the case in the cities and amongst the intellectual sections of the community what must it be in places never even visited by a clergyman.—*Rev. E. K. Mules, Otago.*

## Too Much Time to Arts.

The University of New Zealand is something apart from the people. I hope that as the result of the conference in Wellington next month, it will be more democratic in its scope. Too much time is devoted to arts and not enough to practical education.—*Mr. C. J. Parr, Chairman of the Auckland Board of Education.*

## Tariffs and the Sword.

Every Chancellor holds that an Anglo-German war is probable. There are people in Germany who declare that a Customs tariff, closing the British Empire to German goods, will have to be pierced by a German sword.—*Herr Maximilian Harden, the well-known German journalist.*



SOME NEW USES FOR THE GYROSCOPE.

Why not apply the gyroscope (which is now beginning to be used to keep trains on an even balance) to the human frame and so make it finally impossible for men and animals to suffer any more from falls?

## Not Good for Women.

I have always been an opponent of womanhood suffrage, because it is not good for women nor for the State.—*Mr. Asquith.*

## Hundreds of Pagans.

In New Zealand there are hundreds of pagans. Paganism is rife amongst the most intellectual sections of the community.—*Rev. E. K. Mules.*

## Spiritual Indigestion.

It does no good to hurry mission work. Things must be taken slowly. What is the use of taking the heathen and ramming the 39 articles down their throats? It merely gives them spiritual indigestion, and in a year or two they will be back again to eating their grandmothers.—*Bishop Julius, of Christchurch.*

## The Supposed Opinion of the Colonies.

I strongly deprecate importing into the present electoral controversies the supposed opinions of the colonies, whose far-sighted statesmen would be the first to deprecate that any sort of pressure should appear to be exercised by them on the free judgment of the Motherland's people.—*Mr. Asquith.*

## The State Coalminers' Strike.

The trouble is over, and I think we may now look for a slightly increased output. The men acted very fairly and reasonably in regard to the matters at issue, and I had no great difficulty in getting a settlement of the whole of the matters. We are expecting a strong demand for State coal owing to the heavy call which is now being made on all the coal mines on the West Coast.—*Hon. K. McKenzie, Minister for Mines.*

## Damn the Consequences.

If we believe a thing to be bad, and if we have a right to prevent it, it is our duty to try to prevent it, and to damn the consequences.—*Lord Milner, to the West of Scotland Unionists.*

## Up in the Clouds.

I took such a fancy to Mt. Egmont that I spent most of my time in ascending and descending it. You have the finest material there for a meteorological observatory that exists in the whole world, barring the peak of Tenerife. I certainly think both mountain houses should be equipped with instruments, because of the valuable data to be obtained there.—*Mr. H. C. Barton, of Brisbane, an enthusiastic meteorologist.*

## The Needs of Labour.

If you want reforms passed you must not expect other men to do the work for you; you must rise up and do it yourselves. You need a manly self-reliance.—*Mr. D. McLaren, M.P.*

## A Teacher's Life.

No teacher will really be what a teacher ought to be unless first and foremost he is replenishing, refreshing, and restoring his own personal life.—*The Archbishop of York.*

## The Housewife's Health is Precious

The happiness of the whole family depends greatly on the health and strength of the housewife. If she is weak and worn out, fretful and nervous, she cannot be the wise and patient adviser of her children, the congenial companion of her husband, the calm mistress of her many trying household duties that she was when in perfect health.

For such women nothing equals

## Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil

the peerless tonic and appetizer which is so pleasant to the taste that it agrees with the most delicate stomach, yet is certain in its strength-renewing and body-building effects. It has not even the faintest taste of cod liver oil, and millions of people in all parts of the world unite in praising its value as a restorer of health and vigour. Get it at your chemist's, and be sure you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

# News of the Dominion.

## OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

January 22.

### Wellington's Anniversary.

**A**NNIVERSARY Day, and, of course, a holiday—a day which might well be called "a day of devotion." It is a day on which to look back on sixty-eight years of good history. We look at the big wharves that now surround the old harbor in the inner bay called Lambton, and we walk round the miles of planking among the big ships, we note the city grown out into the valley and overflowing out of it to the tops of the hills around, we admire the good buildings, and we see the smoke of foundries and the steam puffs of railway trains, we hear the roar of trains, and we realize the last word of a truly great chapter of history.

We do not forget at the same time that it is a history common to the Dominion—a history of self-reliance, of adaptation, of good sense and prudence; full, in fact, of all the works and qualities which belong to the great capacity for self-government possessed by our race. Thus, while we think and talk of the great men who made Wellington, we are reminded also of the great men who made New Zealand, building the country in security up to greatness. So without thinking too much of our own we pass on to the enjoyment of the day in the customary manner, races, and the junketings which remind us of the achievements of our fathers, body forth our patriotism, and rest at the same time our capacity for wholesome enjoyment.

### The Coming of Kitchener.

There is a mild sensation among us. We are talking with bated breath about the Marshal who is to come and make us all "sit up" presently. It is realised extensively that the military authorities have taken the hint of his doings in Australia. Hence, we all smile when we read the programme which is to concentrate the men of the four centres and let the Prime Minister do all the rest. The Prime Minister puts it better, thus:—"We simply supply the human material. Lord Kitchener will select the area for the manoeuvres, and draft the scheme of operations." It will be all done between February 17th, when the Prime Minister and the Defence Council meet the Marshal at the Bluff, and March 3rd, when the same men will see him off at Auckland for Fiji. It will be a rapid visit. But for the Marshal has a rapid eye.

### How to Settle the Knyvett Case.

A few men who may be called dreamers, but if so they dream for their country's good, had developed a theory about the Knyvett case before the report of the deputation from the Northern City was made known by the newspapers. It was to the effect that the matter might be referred to Lord Kitchener. The only doubt they had was whether K. of K., who is so stern a disciplinarian, as his African exploits help his Egyptian history to prove, would bring himself down to the level of advising anything relenting in a matter of a breach of discipline, but they remembered that he had at one time, when he was, like Captain Knyvett, young and impressionable, not to say headstrong, broken discipline himself. As the story goes, having been refused leave of absence—he was stationed at Cyprus—by his General, so that he might go to Alexandria to see the threatened bombardment, he could get on board the first steamer sailing for that place, saw the bombardment as a guest of a naval officer engaged in the affair, and, returning, reported himself with the same coolness to the General who had refused him leave of absence. What came of it history has forgotten; at all events, nobody who tells the story nowadays thinks of saying anything about the sequel. Clearly, however, it could not have been very serious, because the Lieutenant who committed that breach of discipline is now the Field Marshal who overthrew the Mahdi, made peace at Vereeniging, made Lord Curzon "sit up," while he used the Indian command to reorganise the Indian military

system, and is visiting these parts before taking up the greatest and newest command in the British Empire. The Cyprus episode is somewhat analogous—distantly but distinctly—to the visit of the Auckland Artillery to the Artillery of Wellington, and might therefore be a good peg on which to hang a story of intercession and rehabilitation, granted to the prayer of the great Marshal wanting to signalise his visit by an act of clemency. But there was always to be considered the question of how to get the Marshal to take such a course under cover of a review of a military decision. To hint at such a thing might rouse him unpleasantly, and to leave him to himself might find him never suspecting what was wanted of him.

### An Over-zealous Friend.

But since the report of the deputation proceedings—the idyllic idea has receded. Simply because the proceedings, while disclosing reasons for asking explanation from the Court about the non-taking of notes of evidence and other allegations of irregularity, also threw further strong light against the case for the captain. Since then the champion blunder has been made by a friend of the captain's—a volunteer officer, nameless, of course, but not tongueless, for he has practically accused the Prime Minister of lying in the endeavour to make people believe that it was Colonel Tuson who advised the sentence of dismissal, whereas the said volunteer knew, as did everybody else did, that the colonel was in Australia all the time. This is somewhat typical for the truth turns out to be that the colonel did go to Australia, but that he dealt with the Knyvett case before he left for that country, and decided upon it finally after he had received the report of the Court after his return. There are the documents and the dates to show, and these have been publicly quoted, to the great discomfiture of the nameless volunteer officer, whose over-zeal in his friend's behalf has betrayed him into a blunder, perhaps fatal to his friend's cause. But presently we shall have the reply of the Court to the request for explanation which was promised on the representation of Mr. Wilford, who handled that part of the case during the deputation proceedings remarkably well. Till then it will be well not to say too much one way or the other. For my part, I do not think there is much hope from that quarter. If I am wrong, I shall be agreeably surprised.

### Mystery Mongering.

In the meantime, I have another agreeable surprise to chronicle. Some two years ago the Hon. T. K. Macdonald got hold of some gossip about a firm known as "E. A. Smith" and asked to be told all about it in the Legislative Council, in a return for which he asked. The implication, not, of course, directly made, was that there was said to be something dreadful going on in the matter of shipping commissions. The return was not granted on the score of expense, and the matter dropped, only to be revived in the columns of the "Dominion," which really only re-opened the question which had been previously raised by the London correspondent, who caters for that paper and others. This brought the Prime Minister to the front with a simple enough explanation. The firm of "E. A. Smith" turns out to have been run by a son of Sir W. Kennaway, and to have been doing shipping business which was profitable enough in the way of commissions paid by the shipping people, but from first to last not a farthing was paid by the Government. The business was done by this firm, and the Government decided last year to take the business over themselves, defraying the cost out of the commissions which had been paid to the firm aforesaid, and taking over some of the clerks of the same. It was for this purpose that the late head of the Tourist Department, Mr. Dome, was sent Home. The whole thing turns out to have been a simple matter of business, in which the Government were in no way implicated, and, further, that the business will in future be done by the Government, which will not make any profit out of it, but must find an advantage in the better control the

change perhaps may give them in the matter of immigration of all sorts in place of the control hitherto limited to the assisted immigrants. A report is to be furnished of the whole matter by the High Commissioner, and that is all absolutely that there is in this highly circumstantial, much circulated, very mystery-mongering story circulated with bated breath by the Opposition syndicate of newspapers.

A good scene was the opening of the branch of the Labour Bureau in the new Te Aro Post Office yesterday. The best of it was supplied by the unexpected necessity for replying to an attack on the Labour Department by the President of the Trades and Labour Council. Mr. Noon went so far as to declare that he and his friends had come to the conclusion that the Department is run nowadays in the interest of the employers rather than in that of the workers. The Minister of Labour replied with much vigour that the Department was run in the interest of justice, that the workers had derived immense benefit from its operations, and that if anybody wanted it to tyrannise over any interest, employer or otherwise, those persons would be grievously disappointed. The kind of instances the Minister chose for the illustration of his points made his speech a specially severe and suggestive rebuke of the behaviour of the Trades Council. It was a strong man's reply, and it had the heat of personal conviction. What the supporters of the Trades and Labour Council are going to do about it we shall see. The Department and the legislation behind it have been cited directly, and still more often indirectly, the cause of preventing industrial upheavals. It is true that the prevention of only one would have amply justified the Department and all its policy. As there happens to be several the argument is irrefutable. The pleasantest part of the episode was the character of the Minister's reply. A stranger familiar with the line and the methods of the enemies of the Department and the Labour legislation behind it, would infallibly have come to the conclusion that the reply was addressed to the uncompromising enemy, not to the doubtful friend. It is suggestive of the fact that the workers have in some instances gone over to the enemy with arguments of similar character. But it is impossible to believe that this represents a movement which is likely to develop into the formation of an Independent Labour party.

Sir Joseph Ward backed up his lieutenant with the practical argument that the Dominion of Canada has just taken and set up a copy of the Labour Department of this Dominion with similar laws behind it. As usual, he did not neglect to give a pleasant bird's-eye view of the Dominion's finances, public and private. What else he could have done in the face of the wool prices upheaved from the deep of depression one can not see. Neither can one see how any one else could have done the optimistic suggestion half so well. I need only add that the prognostication of the half-million surplus made by him last week at Christchurch, and referred to with agreeable surprise in this column, does not, I find on inquiry, refer to the current year. That would have been, as I hinted, too much joy. But there are good hopes in financial circles that the surpluses will begin again next year. If they do I do not think the Government will repeat the experiment of giving away much in "concessions."

### Lord Kitchener's Dominion Tour.

The "New Zealand Times" announces that preparations are being made by the defence authorities to enable the volunteer troops and cadets of different provinces to be concentrated in the four centres of New Zealand during Lord Kitchener's visit. Lord Kitchener has expressed a desire to make a thorough examination of the fortifications at the four centres, and every facility will be afforded him of doing so.

The Government will entertain Lord Kitchener at Wellington, and the Mayor is making arrangements to give him a civic reception at the Town Hall.

### The New Vice-Regal Residence.

Within the past few weeks the new vice-regal residence at Mount View has risen out of its tree-shrouded surroundings, and now stands up and commands attention (remarks the "Dominion"). The building, which is a long two-storey structure, running from east to west, is surmounted by a tower and several gables,

which relieve what would otherwise be a somewhat squat-looking structure. Although the building is still encompassed by scaffolding, practically the whole of the external walls have been completed, and the front and back entrances and balconies are beginning to take definite shape. The greater portion of the roof has been boarded in, and a start has also been made with the tiling. Plasterers have made good progress on the outside of the building, putting a covering on the Powellised wood walls, and a start will shortly be made with some of the inside plastering. As the inside of the building stands at present, it is simply a forest of woodwork, scantling for the corridors and partitions rising on every side. It will be several weeks yet before any idea can be obtained of the interior of the building. The main entrance, which faces the south, is approached by a drive, which commences near St. Mark's Church and runs past the eastern side of the residence and terminates at a covered-in archway at the main front entrance. It is anticipated that it will be another four months before the end of the building contract is reached. There are about 110 men employed on the job at the present time.

### The General Synod.

The General Synod of the Anglican Church is now proceeding at Wellington. The Primate, Bishop Nevill, of Dunedin, referring to the possibilities of Church Union, expressed the opinion that unions of wide-spread bodies should not be consummated in small areas without consultation with the authorities in wider spheres; but he did not think the universal consent of the authorities of the negotiating bodies need be required. If the whole Church, say, in Australia or Canada, were happy enough to come to agreement with the authorities of a denomination in such an extended area, perhaps independent action might be justified.

### America's Tariff.

Interviewed regarding the cablegram stating that the President of the United States has granted the minimum Customs rates under the new tariff law to the United Kingdom, but not to British colonial possessions, Sir Joseph Ward said he regretted that the new tariff did not refer to the British colonial possessions. It meant, as far as New Zealand was concerned, our practical exclusion from the United States in regard to certain articles, which would be difficult to introduce even under the lower tariff. There could, he added, be no doubt that at present a considerable quantity of New Zealand wool was shipped to England and bought by Americans there, and then conveyed to America; the anomaly was, he assumed, that such purchases would come under the minimum tariff, while if shipped from New Zealand it would come under the maximum tariff. There were some articles which would fully compensate for interchange of trade between New Zealand and America, and would not in any way injure our local industries.

### Fire at Wanganui.

A serious fire occurred just before midnight on Saturday, and but for the fact that there was a total absence of wind a whole block of buildings might have gone. The fire started as the result of an explosion which took place in the shop of Mr. Davis, a jeweller, in the Rutland Hotel Building. An assistant was working in the shop when the gas failed. He went into another room and struck a match, when a violent explosion took place. The man got out of the building in a manner which is a mystery to him. The explosion was followed by fire. The flames got into the second floor of the Rutland Hotel, and rushed with remarkable rapidity along the corridor into the third storey and out of the tower. The brick walls and corridors appeared to act like a funnel. When the brigade arrived the fire was raging fiercely. After an hour's work the flames were subdued, but not before the hotel was practically ruined. As the seat of the fire was upstairs those portions of the building not burned were soaked with water. Only one upstairs wing and the dining-room escaped.

So far as can be ascertained the insurances on the building are as follows:—Laverpool and London and Globe £2000, Royal Exchange £1500, Alliance £1000, North British £1000, National £1000, Phoenix £500, total £7000. The contents of the hotel are insured for £2940

**In The Royal Exchange.** It is believed Mr Davis' stock was insured for £250, in the New Zealand office, which has a similar risk on the stock of Mr Aynsley, tobaccoist and hairdresser.

The Rutland was a fine brick structure, and was built about six years ago. Practically everything but the walls will have to be renewed.

## AUCKLAND.

### East Coast Railway.

Tenders close at the end of the month for the Otoko viaduct on the railway between Gisborne and Motu. Situated at a point 31 miles five chains from Gisborne, the structure will span an upper reach of the Waihaka River, which at this point is confined between the hills, and is better described as a ravine. The viaduct is to be a steel structure, mounted on great solid concrete blocks. It will be 370ft in length, whilst the rails will cross the gulch 100ft above the stream below. The contract, which provides for both construction and erecting, requires the work to be completed in 15 months.

### Discontent Among Volunteers.

Some of the remarks that have been made with reference to the discontent among volunteers in regard to the administration from headquarters in Wellington, might by those not familiar with defence matters be construed into an expression of dissatisfaction with the instructional staff at Auckland. "Such is by no means the case," said an experienced infantry officer to a "Graphic" reporter last week. "The district instructors have the entire confidence of officers and men, and the work they have done cannot be too highly commended. They are not only efficient, but enthusiastic, and none of us would wish for better men. From Colonel Wolfe downwards, we are in complete accord with the Staff, and you will not find a district in the Dominion where there is a better feeling."

### Harbour Soundings.

Commenting on the accident to the a.s. Kaipara, the "Poverty Bay Herald" says: "Hitherto Wellington has been made the port of departure of the largest ocean liners, and even there care has to be exercised in taking out of harbour these great vessels when deeply loaded. A chart of Wellington harbour shows that off Warner Bay, between the Steeple Rock and Gordon Point, there are soundings of 31ft and 33ft, and a little to the right or left patches of from 26ft to 29ft. This does not give much margin to a deeply laden modern steamship, especially if there be a swell rolling up the harbour, and it would be safer, even at Wellington, for such vessels to always choose high water, which gives an additional 3ft, for their time of departure. Auckland and Wellington, it may be interesting to point out, are the only ports in the Dominion from which the Kaipara, with the draught stated, could have taken her departure. At Lyttelton a channel is being dredged to 28ft, but a uniform depth to this extent has not yet been attained. At Timaru the soundings show 23ft, and the limit of Port Chalmers is for vessels drawing 25ft."

### The Stranded Kaipara.

Affairs have progressed quietly in the Dominion through the week. The New Zealand Shipping Company's fine steamer Kaipara, which met with an obstruction while steaming out of port last week and damaged her bottom, has been floated off and brought up into the harbour. Several large holes were found in her hull by the divers, and on these being plugged up the powerful pumps of the tug Terawhiti, assisted by the Harbour Board's pump, emptied the holds of water and the liner floated off and was brought up to Holston Bay, where she was beached until more of her cargo has been discharged prior to docking for repairs. It is stated by Capt. Cornwall, master of the vessel, that he discovered a shoal patch with 20ft. of water on it, about 200 yards astern of where the Kaipara grounded, and this the officers say they have no doubts caused the mishap to the ship.

### A Big Scheme.

The Auckland City Council has adopted, subject to confirmation at next meeting, a scheme for extending the municip-

pal electric light and power system, providing for the expenditure of £215,000, including the erection of a new electrical power station on the reclaimed land near the Railway wharf, known as the Farmers' Freezing Company's reclamation, recently acquired under the Public Works Act, and now the property of the City Council. At the opening of the University Senate the speech of the Chancellor, Sir Robert Stout, who is now on his way home from England, expressed opposition to the proposal to give the four colleges in New Zealand power to grant degrees. He declared that New Zealand's requirements in mathematics for the B.A. degree were higher than those of Cambridge.

### The Knyvett Case.

The latest phase of the case of Captain F. B. Knyvett, who was dismissed as the outcome of the letter he wrote to the Minister of Defence, asking certain charges against Colonel Robin, is that in answer to the deputation sent down from Auckland this week, Sir Joseph Ward has promised to get a full report from the so-called Court of Inquiry, which was supposed to try the Captain, and says he will give the matter his fullest consideration. Sir Joseph defended Colonel Robin, who he said had had nothing to do with the proceedings against Captain Knyvett, the officer who directed them being Colonel Tison. The request for a Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the Defence Administration was declined, Sir Joseph refusing to believe that the volunteer forces were disaffected as alleged by the deputation.

### Waihi Miners' Union.

The Waihi Miners' Union ballot on the question of cancellation of registration resulted as follows:—

Waihi: For cancellation, 188; against, 229. Waikino Branch: For cancellation, 34; against, 12. Total for cancellation, 222; against, 241. A bare majority would not carry the proposal, as under the provisions of the Act, with a total membership of 1200, it would require over 600 votes in favour of the proposal to carry it.

## TARANAKI.

### Sweet Pea Society.

At a meeting of sweet pea growers at Stratford last week, it was decided to form a New Zealand Sweet Pea Society. A committee, consisting of Messrs. C. Goodson (Hawera), E. A. Osmond (Stratford), G. Holder (Porirua), W. B. Scott (Kaponga), W. C. Armstrong (Hastings), E. C. Bradfield (Palmerston North), G. W. Plummer (Auckland), and Dr. Carbery (Stratford), was appointed.

## SOUTH ISLAND.

### Arthur's Pass Tunnel.

Work on the Arthur's Pass tunnel is proceeding steadily, states Mr. Murdoch McLean, of Messrs. McLean Bros., contractors, who arrived in Christchurch from Wellington last week. Mr. McLean stated that some difficulty had arisen through the shortage of labour, due to grass-seeding and harvesting, but it was anticipated that this trouble would be overcome when the busy season was over.

### Coal in Canterbury.

Several bores are being sunk in the Homebush Estate, Glentunnel, in connection with the proposal to test the coal deposits there. Some have gone to a depth of 50ft., and have picked seams from 4ft. 6in. to 7ft. in thickness. Arrangements have been made to put in a long drive, and although the character of the coal has not yet been definitely decided, some of the experiments show that the coal in the best of the seam is likely to be a good gas producer.

### Civil Servants' Horticultural Society.

A meeting of Civil servants to consider the advisability of forming a Horticultural Society was held in Christchurch last week, when a resolution affirming the desirability of forming a society having for its object the holding of exhibitions of flowers, fruit, and vegetables, was carried. It was resolved that persons who are in the employ of the New

Zealand Government in any capacity should be eligible as members or exhibitors. Should the support anticipated be accorded, it is proposed to hold the first show about the end of February.

## PERSONAL NOTES.

Herr and Madame Wieleart returned to town last week, after having spent four weeks' holiday in Rotorna.

Mr. Horace Baker, of Adelaide, has been appointed organist and choir-master of the Napier Cathedral.—Press Association.

Mr. F. W. Frankland, of Wellington, was a passenger by the Navua on Thursday for Suva to join the Makura for San Francisco.

Among the passengers by the Maheno last week was Mr. J. R. Riddell, en route for the Old Country, where he intends remaining a season on a pleasure and business trip.

Miss Whitelaw, principal of the Auckland Girls' Grammar School, will attend a conference of secondary school principals, to be held at Wellington at the opening of next month.

Mr. George R. Murriner, curator of the Wanganui Museum, has been unanimously elected a member of the Council of the Australasian Ornithologists' Union. This makes him the Union's New Zealand representative.

Mr. F. Harris, secretary of the Federal Boulder Shire Line, was a passenger from Liverpool by the Morayshire last week, accompanied by his wife and family. After visiting all the chief towns of the Dominion, he will return by the Morayshire.

General regret is expressed in the Waikato at the death of the late Mr. Wm. Bankart, of Raglan, and the Raglan County Council, of which the deceased was a member for many years, has passed the following resolution:—"The Council expresses its deep sympathy with the relatives of the late Mr. W. M. Bankart at his untimely death, and conveys to them the regret of the Council at losing the able assistance of such a valued councillor."

Mr. D. Petrie, chief inspector, will represent the Auckland Education Board at the Dominion Conference on educational matters in Wellington next month.

At St. Peter's Church, Onehunga, Mr. Herbert Walker, dentist, of Auckland, was on Thursday married to Miss Muriel Clark, daughter of Captain Clark, of Onehunga. Mr. and Mrs. Walker spend their honeymoon in Wellington.

Mr. H. M. Woodward, relieving manager for the Bank of New Zealand, and Mrs. Woodward arrived in Auckland last week, and are staying at "Cargen."

Dr. Lloyd Clay and Mr. W. C. W. Tringham, of Wellington, and Mr. R. Galloway, of Christchurch, arrived in town by the Main Trunk train last week, and are staying at the Grand Hotel.

On the occasion of his departure for Port Chalmers after 12 years' service in the Presbyterian charge of Havelock North, the Rev. Alexander Whyte was presented with a cheque for £87 10s., and Mrs. Whyte with three silver flower vases, subscribed for by parishioners. The presentation was made last night.—Press Association.

The remains of the late Surgeon-Lieut.-Col. Beale (V.D.), New Zealand Militia, were interred at Purewa last week, the ceremony being performed by Chaplain Lieut.-Col. Calder. The doctor was in indifferent health for the past few years, and was under the care of his friend, Surgeon-Major Carolan. Symptoms of heart failure appeared the day before his death, but consciousness was retained until the last.

Mr. John Brive Mullin, of Millfield House, Buncrana, County Donegal, arrived by the Monowai from the South last week, accompanied by Mrs. Mullin and his son, Mr. A. B. Mullin, on a visit to Auckland, which is likely to extend over several months. Mr. Mullin, who is deputy-lieutenant for Co. Donegal, a member of the Education Board of Londonderry Presbytery, and an ex-president of the Londonderry Chamber of Commerce, came out to Australia by the Otway, arriving at Wellington some days ago by the Manuka. He is an old and personal friend of Mr. A. J. Enrican, of this city, with whom he is renewing a friendship that was formed when both were young men starting life in the Old Country. Mr. A. B. Mullin will probably remain in New Zealand to take up pastoral pursuits.

Dr. Alfred Agassiz, who died on the 6th inst., in a Sydney private hospital, had an adventurous career in New Zealand and Australia. He was born in Devonshire in 1840, his father being Dr. Lewis Agassiz, late of Bradfield, Essex, took his M.B.A.S. in 1863, and came to Australia, intending to return. In Melbourne he met Colonel Pitt, who was raising a militia force to take part in the Maori war in New Zealand. He accompanied the force to New Zealand, and Sir George Grey appointed him assistant surgeon, in which capacity he served with the 79th Regiment, joining the flying column under Major Ryan. During the war Dr. Agassiz had many narrow escapes, one being on the occasion of the massacre by the Maoris of Dr. Grace and several missionaries. On another occasion Dr. Agassiz was captured and tied to a tree. He managed, however, to convey a message to a chief whom he had cured of typhoid, and who rescued him. After the war, the doctor who had married a daughter of Dr. Deakin, of Whangarei, went to Australia, and was for a time medical superintendent of Bay View House, Cook's River. He went to Cootamundra after this, and was there when the great railway accident occurred in 1885, being for a time the only medical man attending the sufferers. After he returned to Sydney his health failed. Death took place from diabetes.

Mr. C. W. Tringham, of Wellington, who has been staying at the Grand Hotel, left for home on Friday.

Mr. Charles E. Palmer, local manager for the Ocean Fire Corporation, left by Thursday's Main Trunk train for Wellington.

Captain and Miss Maxwell, of Christchurch, arrived from the South on Thursday and proceeded on Friday by the Rotorna train on a visit to the Waitomo Caves.

Mr. E. Di Dimant, of Melbourne, and Mr. C. H. Cranby, of Napier, were arrivals by the Main Trunk train this morning, and are both stopping at the Central Hotel.

Candidates announced for the Nelson Mayoralty are Mr. Jesse Piper, the sitting Mayor, who has served five successive terms, and Mr. T. Pettit, a councillor.—Press Association.

It is understood (says the "Wellington Post") that Mr. Haselden, S.M., will carry out the duties of Dr. McArthur, S.M., at Wellington, during the absence of the latter on leave.

Mr. Peter Keddie, well known in commercial circles in Otago and Canterbury, died suddenly at Timaru last week. He had until lately been inspector of factories, but retired owing to failing health.—Press Association.

Messrs. G. H. Dixon, G. C. Fache, and G. H. Mason left Wellington by the Ubinara on Friday, to represent the New Zealand Rugby Union at the football conference in Sydney.

Commissioner Hay, chief of the Salvation Army staff for Australia, accompanied by Mrs. Hay, reached Dunedin on Friday, and were accorded a civic reception at the Town Hall.—(Press Association message.)

The Rev. the Hon. R. J. Yarde-Buller, Warden of the Church of England Naval Church Institute at Chatham, ran for the benefit of the bluejackets, arrived at Wellington on a visit to the Dominion by the Warrimoo on Wednesday.

Messrs. W. F. Suga and W. Vivian, of Dunedin; F. H. Irwin and S. C. Leary, of Wellington; and F. E. Graham and R. Galloway, of Christchurch, who have been stopping at the Grand Hotel, returned South on Friday by the Main Trunk train.

Mr. C. W. Foote, who has been in the employ of Messrs. A. Clark and Sons, Ltd., for the last 8 years has severed his connection with the above firm to join Messrs. Jones and Foote as a partner. He was the recipient of a handsome gold watch on leaving, as a mark of esteem from his fellow employees.

Mr. H. B. Seddon, the first New Zealand student at the Veterinary College, Melbourne University, and who has passed his first year examination, besides securing the gold medal for the best first year student, is a son of the late Mr. Robert Seddon, Te Puke, and well known in the Bay of Plenty and Waikato districts.

Mrs. Goodbehore, relict of the late Mr. Samuel Goodbehore, ex-Mayor of Feilding, died at the age of 99 years on Friday (says a Press Association wire from Feilding). The deceased was the mother of Mr. Edmund Goodbehore, a present Councillor and the Chairman of the Fire Board, and an ex-Mayor of Feilding. The family was one of the first to settle in the district.

The Rev. Herbert C. Fallock, Canon Residentiary and Vice-Dean of Rochester

who is to be in charge of the Mission of Help in New Zealand, arrived at Wellington on Wednesday from Sydney by the Warramoo. The Rev. Mr. Pollock, who is accompanied by his wife and family, has come out at the wish of the English Committee to make arrangements for the work of the visiting clergy. He will be in the Dominion some three or four months.

A large number of friends will regret to hear that Sergeant McPhee, one of the most popular officers in the Auckland police force, and officer in charge of Newmarket, died last week as the result of ptomaine poisoning. The sergeant had been ill for ten days or more, suffering from what was at first supposed to be influenza, but which was subsequently diagnosed as ptomaine poisoning. The deceased officer was in the prime of life, and had been in the service for about eighteen years, having been stationed successfully at Thames, Te Awamutu, and Auckland, while for the past eighteen months he had been in charge of the Newmarket sub-district. His death will be a decided loss to the Department. The late sergeant is survived by his wife, but had no family.

Owing to the fact that Mr. Maurice Priestley, of Waikiekie, has been appointed to the position of headmaster of the Model Country School in connection with the Auckland Training College, the residents of Waikiekie tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Priestley a banquet in the Public Hall on the 25th ultimo. Some two hundred well-wishers attended to say farewell to the guests, who have been residents in Waikiekie for a period of eight years. Mr. Alex Stephen, sen., J.P., the pioneer settler of the district, and a chairman of the district school for thirty-three consecutive years, presided, and in flattering terms touched on Mr. and Mrs. Priestley's services to the district in various capacities, and asked them, on behalf of the residents, to accept of a token of their esteem and appreciation a very handsome marble clock suitably engraved. Mr. Priestley in a fitting manner, thanked the residents for their kindness and consideration shown to him and his family, and assured them that whatever he and his wife had done for the district had been done from a deep sense of duty and not from hope of reward. The handsome present made that night, however, would ever be valued as a link binding them to the place where they had spent the first years of their married life. The evening was spent in a social manner, Mr. Connold officiating as M.C. After the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" good-byes were said, and the guests departed.

Mr. W. G. Grace, of London, arrived by the Main Trunk train on Saturday and is staying at the Star Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dance, of Dunedin, were arrivals by the Main Trunk train on Saturday, and are stopping at the Central Hotel.

Captain Newton, of the ill-fated Wairare, has been chosen for the position of harbourmaster at New Plymouth, from amongst over 30 applicants.

Messrs. C. H. Seville and W. Angus, of Wellington; Herbert Roland, of Dunedin; and A. Kaye, of Christchurch, are at present in Auckland, stopping at the Star Hotel.

Mr. H. Wollerman arrived by the Main Trunk express from Wellington, and is at present staying at the Grand Hotel. He is pleasure-seeking, and proceeds shortly to Rotorua.

Miss Ingalls, matron of St. Helens Hospital, Christchurch, has been appointed matron of Cambridge Sanatorium, says a Christchurch message, which also states that Miss Ludwig, sub-matron at St. Helens Hospital, Christchurch, has been appointed matron of St. Helens Hospital, Auckland.

Mr. W. Fishwick, L.A.B., accompanied by his wife and family, left Auckland by the express on Friday to take up a position as organist at Trinity Church, Timaru. Mr. and Mrs. Fishwick were presented with an elaborate silver tea set as a mark of esteem. A good programme, consisting of songs, recitations, solos on piano and violin, and graphophone selections was gone through, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

The death took place at his residence, Stanlake, Mauku, on Thursday, of an old and well-known colonist, Mr. Heywood Crispe. The deceased gentleman arrived at Auckland in the ship Victory on February 2, 1851, and has been a resident of the Mauku district for 52 years. In 1859 he joined the first volunteer corps formed at Mauku, and later served as a sub-lieutenant during the trouble with the natives in the district in 1863, receiving the New Zealand war medal. Afterwards he served in the Orahuhu troop of the Royal Cavalry Volunteers, under Colonel Nixon. The late Mr. Crispe was an active worker of St. Bride's Church and Sunday School, having been Sunday School superintendent for nearly 20 years, and till within a year or two of his death a lay reader in the Church. He was also keenly interested in local public matters, having been in the past chairman of the Mauku Road Board for about 15 years. About three years back he underwent an operation, from which he never fully recovered. A widow, three sons, and three sisters survive him.

## German Samoa.

### AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

#### POSITION OF THE ENGLISH.

Dr. Solf, Governor of the German colony in Samoa, who is spending some time in Wellington after a nine years' absence, was seen by a representative of "The Post," and in the course of an interview gave some interesting information on German methods of administration in Samoa.

It was gathered that the staple native product of Samoa had been, and would continue to be, copra. The Government was trying to improve, and had already largely succeeded in improving, the cultivation of copra, and the traders, as well as the planters, were absolutely satisfied with what was being done in this direction.

Dr. Solf was asked if there had not been some dissatisfaction with the methods of the Government in this matter.

"Oh, yes," he readily replied. "There are, you know, traders, but not of high standing, who take a very narrow view of the ethics of trading. They are reluctant to adopt what shall I say? Well, good morals in trade. They wish to cheat the natives. But I am glad to say that the Government, assisted by the leading white traders, English as well as German, is doing its best to establish a better code of commercial

morality, and the natives themselves are quick to see what is good for them, and are willing to co-operate also.

### RUBBER PROSPECTS.

"You wish to know to what the whites can turn their attention? Well, rubber cultivation is one thing; and in that they are already most successful. Indeed, there is much English and New Zealand capital invested in it. The trees are expected to show excellent returns in two years. Almost every kind of rubber is thriving well. I am very optimistic as to the success of rubber cultivation. As to the price of rubber keeping up, well, the world's visible supply is not yet equal to the demand.

"Great success, too, has been experienced in cacao culture—for making cocoa."

"You have some difficulty, do you not, with regard to labour?"

"We did have. That has been met by importations of Chinese, who, generally speaking, work well. If masters and coolies understand each other better, the friction that sometimes arises would disappear."

"The Samoan native, though, has a reputation for laziness, has he not?"

### "FAA SAMOA."

"They do not like to work on contract labour for white men; but I can tell you that the stories you may hear of lazy Samoans must be taken cum grano salis. The natives have to grow their own coconuts, yams, taro, kava, bananas, and tobacco; they have to fish for their own tables; they have to build and repair their canoes; and they are their own architects and builders—and very fine houses they build, too, most artistically decorated in the native manner. I can assure you. No, the native is not so lazy as he is represented to be. Moreover, there is a communism among the natives, which stands in the way of individual effort. Each member of the race owes some duty to the other members, and must contribute to the common weal. If, then, he works for a white man, his labour is a loss to the community. So they regard it. Therefore, they think and maintain that what a native may earn by working for a white man, he should put into the communal purse. So you see, working for white men in plantations must necessarily be unpopular."

### NATIVE LAND POLICY.

The land policy of this German-governed colony was referred to, and Dr. Solf explained its working. It was calculated that every native required three acres of fertile land for his own use, and after that had been provided then the balance could be available for cultivation by whites. "This system gives ample room for the increase of the natives," said Dr. Solf, "and I am glad to say that the natives are increasing, although slowly, and this our statistics prove. The policy satisfies both whites and natives. A native cannot sell or lease any of his three acres of land. But leases which were granted to whites for thirty years in international times and after the hoisting of the flag, may become freeholds of the whites. The reason of this is plain. It was recognised that the land which had been kept in a state of high cultivation by whites and greatly improved should not revert to

the native who would have the advantage of thirty years of a white man's labour."

### UNDER THE GERMAN FLAG.

The status of British residents under the German flag was referred to, and Dr. Solf at once made it clear that all who were not natives were distinguished as white. "Now," he said, "the British have equal protection with the Germans, and equal consideration. We have no preferential tariff. There is one Customs tariff and, it does not favour any one—German or otherwise. The Government has given great consideration to the historical development of Samoa, and has continued to regard all whites, be they Germans, Englishmen, or Americans, under the one heading of foreigners as distinguished from Samoans. New Zealand feels the benefit of this, and directly, for New Zealand products are admitted to the group on exactly the same footing as German, in so far as the Customs duties are concerned, as there is no preference for Germans. Consequently, now that the Oceanic Steamship Company has ceased sending their steamers from San Francisco to Samoa, there is no competition in canned goods from America, but they come from New Zealand. Butter and frozen meat—the latter in not such large quantities as ought to come—and canned meats and timber, come from this country in considerable shipments."

### THE RIGHT OF BRITISHERS.

"Would it be correct, then, to say that the British have political rights equal with the Germans?"

"Certainly, that is so. Why, I have on my Advisory Council two Englishmen. There is not, nor has there been any trouble between the Germans and the English because of the difference of nationality. The British have been given no reason to find German rule irksome, and have not found it so.

"I am glad to say that in Samoa there is not, as it seems there is in other parts of the world, any ill-feeling between Englishmen and Germans. In Samoa they dwell together harmoniously, and during the whole of my term in the islands they have never done anything else. I cannot speak much about the present high tension of feeling between Englishmen and Germans in Europe, except to regret it as all thinking Englishmen and Germans must regret it; and I do think that if it is much exaggerated by the inflammatory section of the British and German newspapers, I do not really think that bitter feeling is characteristic of the people of England and the people of Germany. Each needs to know the other more."

There is no reason why the national forces of Australia should not make their standard of efficiency on a par with, if not higher than, those of the military Powers of Europe and elsewhere, but you cannot expect immediate results.—*Lord Kitchener*, speaking in Melbourne.

In no other country in the world do the young men show such natural qualifications whereon to build a military career. A great deal of the training that in the ordinary course is necessary to obtain an efficient soldier is already part of their daily life.—*Lord Kitchener*, speaking in Melbourne.

# King's College, Auckland.

## Boarding & Day School for Boys

The College, which is built in the highest part of Remuera, is an ideal spot for a BOARDING SCHOOL. The grounds are ten acres in extent, and laid out in playing fields, lawns and shrubberies. Boarders have the use of a good SCHOOL LIBRARY, GYMNASIUM, Dark Room for Photography, Carpenter's Shop. Their comfort and well-being is made the first consideration in the house.

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The Curriculum includes all the subjects required for the UNIVERSITY AND CIVIL SERVICE Examinations. There is, in connection with the College, a well-equipped Science Laboratory.

All boys, unless specially exempted, are required to play Cricket and Football, and to enter for Gymnastic and School Sports.

The Religious Instruction is under the direction of the Visitor.

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The Experiences of a Wizard.

(By CARL HERTZ.)

I became a conjurer chiefly because I was attracted by the art of deception from my earliest years. My parents had different views, and wished me to devote myself to business, with which intent they secured me a position in a store in San Francisco when I was about fifteen years of age. I devoted my time, however, in the store to playing weird tricks with umbrellas, hats, and various other goods that I had to show the customers, the cleverness of which did not at all appeal to my employers. At last the climax came one day when a lady came to try on a bonnet. She liked it well enough, but when she removed it from her head and found that it contained two kittens she gave vent to a scream and left the establishment—and so did I an hour later. I have been practising the art of deception ever since, professionally.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE.

I made my first appearance in London some years later with a trick that obtained immense popularity. I allude to the "canary trick," in which my assistant holds a cage containing a live canary. I throw a cloth over the cage for an instant, and when I remove it the bird has disappeared. Sometimes I make the cage vanish also. I performed this trick at Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's house when the King, then Prince of Wales, was present; there were also a number of well-known people among the audience. I remember one gentleman who held the cage on that occasion asked me afterwards if it really was a trick. "I don't mind a trick," he said, "but this looks like magic, and I don't like that." I assured him, however, that it was a pure and simple piece of deception, and that it had taken me close on five years to learn how to do it.

VICTIMISING "THE CLOTH."

In private life I have performed some of my tricks under rather amusing circumstances. I remember at one time I was staying at a hotel in Manchester when a clergyman was also a visitor. One morning, in the smoking-room, the reverend gentleman was present, and was declaiming against the evils of gambling. "Well," I remarked, "I dare say all you say is true enough, but may I ask why you carry two packs of cards in your pockets?" He at once declared that he never did such a thing, and that I was talking nonsense, but I insisted that he had two packs of cards in his pockets, and asked him to take them out. I shall never forget the look of astonishment in the poor clergyman's face when he put his hand into his tailcoat pocket and produced two packs of cards, and the shout of laughter that greeted their production. When it subsided I confessed that I had played a little trick on the clergyman, which accounted for the presence of the cards, but I am afraid there were some present who were inclined to think that the reverend gentleman was not all he pretended to be.

A BOGUS PRIEST

Talking of clergymen reminds me of a bogus one whom I met once, and whom, by the aid of a card trick, I was able to expose as a cheat and a swindler. This happened after I had finished a long tour in the East, and was returning from China to pay a visit to my native town of San Francisco. On the steamer was a Roman Catholic priest, but somehow he did not seem to me to be quite the genuine article. He was asked one night to take a hand in a game of poker, and after declaring that he rarely played cards, and that he understood nothing about them, consented to join the game. He held extraordinarily good cards throughout the evening, and won a good deal of money. The same thing happened the next night, and by then I had quite made up my mind that he was cheating, and determined to give him a lesson that he would remember.

AND HIS EXPOSURE.

I considered a little plan I had made up to some of the passengers, among whom I remember was Lord Ranfurly, and with their connivance I carried it out most successfully. I took a hand that night, and dealt the priest the four kings, to another player I dealt four queens, and to myself I dealt four aces. Then the fun began. The "priest" was,

of course, absolutely sure that he held the strongest hand, for the chance of four aces being out against him were very small. To cut a long story short he raised the betting to £400, and then put down his four kings, uttering a cry of triumph as he saw the four queens. When, however, I put down my four aces he nearly collapsed. He paid the money, which was handed to the captain of the ship, who subsequently returned it to the reverend gentleman, telling him how it had been won from him, and warning him not to try on any of his tricks again at the card table. The "priest" did not make his appearance any more in the card room, and I trust the lesson he received was not without some good effect.

EXPOSING A FEMALE IMPOSTOR.

The most curious place, by the way, in which I ever gave a performance was in a witness-box. This was in New York, when a lady named Debau was being prosecuted for having obtained large sums of money by trickery from a man named Marsh. It is contrary to etiquette for one conjurer to expose another, but in this particular instance I had no hesitation in doing so, for, in the first place, Miss Debau claimed to be a spiritualist and not a conjurer, and, in the next, she had been guilty of defrauding her victim, in the most heartless manner, of nearly all his money. My evidence consisted in showing that what Miss Debau claimed to have done by spiritualism was, in point of fact, done by trickery. She was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Before she was convicted she wrote me a letter vowing to devote the rest of her life to revenging herself on me in the most terrible manner, but I have, happily, never heard of her since.

It has, by the way, often amused me when performing at private houses to observe how many people there are who think that by standing close to a conjurer they will be able to see how he does his tricks. Of course, it is impossible if a conjurer knows his business properly for a person to discover how a trick is done, no matter how close he may stand to the conjurer. I did a number of card tricks for a gentleman once who stood a foot or two from me the whole time. Afterwards, when I showed him how some of these were done, he was amazed. "One would certainly never guess the way they are done by watching you," he said. "Well," I replied, "if you could do that the trick wouldn't be worth doing."

TRICK THIEVES.

What the average person does not understand is that the conjurer's art is to deceive. If you can see how a trick is done by watching a conjurer he must either do it very badly, or it must be a very poor trick. Of course, a professional conjurer can often see how a trick is done by watching the performance closely, and, nowadays, it is extremely hard to guard against one's tricks being stolen. Numbers of tricks that have taken me years to learn have been copied by others, and then they are, of course, no use to me any longer. However, I have a fair number in my repertoire which have defied all the efforts of the trick thieves so far, and I am continually working out new ones to replace those that will probably sooner or later be discovered by the people who have not the ability to devise any original tricks for themselves. Stealing tricks, I may remark, is a regular business. I know of one man who makes, or was making some years ago, a thousand a year by stealing tricks and selling them to third-rate conjurers. For some tricks he would get as much as £20, which, probably, cost the inventor three or four hundred pounds to learn.

"Unions of wide spread bodies should not be consummated in small areas without consultation with the authorities in wider spheres. But if the whole Church, say, in Australia and Canada, were happy enough to come to agreement with the authorities of a denomination in such an extended area perhaps independent action might be justified."—The Primato at the Anglican General Synod.

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, or Lumbago, you can speedily obtain relief. A bottle of RHEUMO, the one remedy for these uric acid diseases, has cured many a sufferer. Remedies claiming to cure nearly every disease will not give you relief. RHEUMO cures because it removes the cause. Sold at all chemists and stores, 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.

Dogs in the Home.

ARE THEY "UNHYGIENIC"?

A civil "war" is likely to rage in London over the long-haired pet dog, which has been condemned as "unhygienic" by certain veterinary surgeons and others. Dog-lovers are dividing themselves into two camps—the "ants," who would entirely banish the long-haired dog from London; and the "pro's," who say that the long-haired dog is perfectly harmless, and shall do exactly as it likes.

Lady Paget, the well-known exhibitor of Pomeranians, was seen by a reporter. She took up the cudgels for the long-haired dog very determinedly.

"I can see no objection to long-haired dogs," she said. "They do not catch colds easily, and they are just as clean as the smooth-haired dog."

"Pomeranians, for instance, are most affectionate and intelligent animals, and as for their coats harbouring germs, it is impossible if they are well brushed."

Lady Paget sent for some of her dogs and four beautiful little Pomeranians came jumping into the room, their coats as glossy as silk.

"Would any doctor be hard-hearted enough to banish these little animals from London?" concluded Lady Paget.

Lady Sibyl Grant, the eldest daughter of Lord Rosebery, whose Irish wolfhounds are famous, was also seen.

"I certainly believe that keeping a dog in the house is a bad habit," she said. "It is a habit, however, which I for one am quite unable to give up. My dog does not climb upon the furniture, because he weighs over 10st. Let me introduce him."

A huge Irish wolfhound, almost as tall as a donkey, walked into the room. "I wonder whether anybody would dare to say he is unhygienic?" asked his owner.

"Personally, I think that both long-haired and smooth-haired dogs are equally liable to catch germs in their coats if there are any about."

"The practice of continually fondling a dog should certainly be avoided, because it is exceedingly tiresome for the dog."

Sunday-school teacher—"Children, we are all made of dust."

Irrepressible Willie—"And is bigger made of coal dust?"

NORTHERN STEAM SHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

Weather and other circumstances permitting, the Company's steamers will leave as under:—

- For Russell. CLANSMAN. Every Monday, at 7 p.m.
- For Russell, Whangarei, and Mangonui. CLANSMAN. Every Wednesday, at 5.30 p.m. No cargo for Russell.
- For Awanui, Waiharara, Honehono, Whangarei, and Mangonui. APANUI. Every Monday, at 2 p.m. No cargo Whangarei and Mangonui.
- For Whangarua, Helena Bay, Tutukaka, and Whanauaki. PARROA. Monday, 29th Dec., 1 p.m.
- For Great Barrier. WAIOTAHU. Every Wednesday, midnight.
- For Waiheke and Coromandel. LEAVE AUCKLAND. DAPHNE. Every 2 & 4 Thurs. For one LEAVE COROMANDEL, VIA WAIKANAHI & DAPHNE. Every Wed and Fri., Earl. FOR WAIKANAHI.
- Sat. at 2 p.m., commencing 4th Dec.
- FROM ONEHANGA. For Hokianga. CLAYMORE. Every Thursday.
- For Raglan and Erwhia. CLAYMORE. Every Monday.

WHANGAREI SERVICE.

Steamers leave Whangarei as under:—  
Train Whangarei S.S. Coromandel to Wharf. Leave Bay. Goods re- Pass. Mangapai, Para. re-ved till Train Bay.  
2nd-9.15 a.m. 11 a.m. 10 a.m. 1 p.m.  
4th-9.15 a.m. 11 a.m. No str. 11 a.m.  
7th-11.45 a.m. 2 p.m. 1 p.m. No str.  
9th-11.45 a.m. 3.45 p.m. 2 p.m. 4 p.m.  
11th-11.45 a.m. 8 a.m. No str. 8 a.m.  
14th-11.45 a.m. 9.30 a.m. 8 a.m. No str.  
16th-9.15 a.m. 11 a.m. 9 a.m. 11 a.m.  
18th-9.15 a.m. 11.45 a.m. No str. Noon.  
21st-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. 11 a.m. No str.  
23rd-11.45 a.m. 3 p.m. 1 p.m. 3 p.m.  
24th-No cargo. 2 p.m. No str. 2 p.m.  
26th-11.45 a.m. 9.30 a.m. 8 a.m. No str.  
28th-9.15 a.m. 11 a.m. 8 a.m. 11 a.m.  
31st-No cargo. 11 a.m. No str. 11 a.m.  
\*Goods outward by steamers leaving on following dates, viz: 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, 29th, and 30th, most leave on country stations by afternoon train previous day.  
NORTHERN S.S. CO., LTD.  
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Paid-up.	Liability per share.	Company.	Last quotation.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
3 0 0	10 15 0	BANKS—	
1 0 0	10 0 0	New Zealand	9 0 0
1 0 0	10 0 0	National	1 0 0
1 0 0	10 0 0	Australia	115 0 0
1 0 0	10 0 0	Union of Australia	57 0 0
1 0 0	10 0 0	New South Wales	60 0 0
		INSURANCE—	
2 0 0	10 0 0	New Zealand, Limited	3 16 6
1 0 0	10 0 0	South British	2 16 0
1 0 0	10 0 0	Standard	1 3 0
		FINANCIAL—	
1 0 0	10 0 0	N.Z. Loan & Mercantile	0 2 9
1 0 0	10 0 0	N.Z. and River Plate	1 15 0
		COAL—	
0 7 6	25	Hikuroangi	1 1 6
1 0 0	10	Northern Coal Co., Ltd.	0 13 0
1 0 0	10	Tauripi Mines	0 19 0
2 4 0	10	Westport	6 5 0
		GAS—	
1 0 0	10	Auckland (10/- paid)	1 6 0
1 0 0	10	Auckland	15 5 0
1 0 0	10	Nairnchurch	10 5 0
1 0 0	10	Fairfield	1 1 6
1 0 0	10	Gisborne	2 11 0
1 0 0	10	Hamilton	2 10 0
1 0 0	10	Napier	2 0 0
1 0 0	10	New Plymouth	2 7 6
1 0 0	10	Tairāhiti	2 0 0
1 0 0	10	Wellington	1 4 8
1 0 0	10	Palmerston North	1 5 6
1 0 0	10	Palmerston North	8 5 0
		SHIPPING—	
1 0 0	10	Union Steamship	1 14 0
1 0 0	10	New Zealand Shipping	7 2 6
1 0 0	10	Northern S.S. P.O.	0 12 6
1 0 0	10	Devonport Ferry	0 2 0
		WOOLLEN—	
5 0 0	10	Kaipori	5 0 0
2 0 0	10	Mangapai	2 18 0
		TIMBER—	
1 13 0	10	K.T. Co.	1 13 6
0 15 0	10	Leyland & Sons Co.	0 14 6
1 0 0	10	Leyland & Sons Co.	1 2 6
1 0 0	10	Mountain King Co.	1 3 6
1 0 0	10	Parker-Lamb	1 5 6
		MEAT	
7 10 0	10	Canterbury	10 18 0
1 0 0	10	Christchurch	2 12 6
1 0 0	10	Wellington Meat Ex.	4 0 0
4 0 0	10	Georgina	4 15 0
2 12 0	10	Georgina	1 17 0
1 0 0	10	Georgina	2 14 0
4 0 0	10	Georgina	10 7 6
		MISCELLANEOUS—	
1 0 0	10	Auckland Elec. T. Prof.	1 2 6
1 0 0	10	New Zealand Drug	2 7 0
1 0 0	10	Shaarland & Co.	1 1 6
1 0 0	10	Union Oil	1 0 0
1 0 0	10	N.Z. Paper Mills	1 1 9
1 0 0	10	N.Z. Portland Cement	1 18 0
1 0 0	10	Wilson's	2 3 6
1 0 0	10	Donaghay Rope	1 2 0
5 0 0	10	Wgton. Opera H. Ltd.	7 11 6

MINING.

1 0 0	Ltd	Waikato	9 18 0
1 0 0	Ltd	Waikato Grand Junction	1 12 6
1 0 0	Ltd	Blackwater Mines	1 7 0
1 0 0	Ltd	Consolidated Goldfields	0 19 6
1 0 0	Ltd	Progress Mines	0 13 6
1 0 0	Ltd	N.Z. Crown Mines	0 8 6

All colonials repudiate with scorn and derision any suggestion to give them preference.—Mr. Will Crooks.

We find that every year there are a number of pupil teachers who are admitted to the Training College, where they are trained for a couple of years, at the end of which time they are presumed to be efficient teachers. In many instances, when the two years' of training have elapsed these young teachers are found to be averse to taking country positions. They therefore ask to be excused from country service, saying, in some cases, that they want to go on with their studies and take a University degree. The Board has, therefore, resolved that it cannot be made a convenience for the obtaining of a University degree.—Mr. C. J. Parr, Chairman of the Auckland Board of Education.

The Opposition leaders have been saying "Let us treat with our colonies." My reply to that is "Why with the colonies alone?" A tradesman does not put a notice outside his shop, "I trade only with relations." If the colonies want assistance we are bound to help them, and they are bound to help us to the last drop of their blood, but business is business.—Mr. Lloyd George (Chancellor of the Exchequer).

# The Wide World.

## CABLE NEWS IN BRIEF.

### IMPERIAL.

THE British elections, begun last Saturday, are still in full swing, and the final results will not be complete until Tuesday next. So far all the "front bench" men on both sides of the House have been re-elected, but the wide disparity between the two main parties will not be perpetuated in the new House. The most notable defeats have been those of Will Thorne and Will Crooks, the Labour leaders.

The tariff and the navy have boomed large in the battle, and Mr. Balfour, in a plea for preference, said that the Government had turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of the oversea dominions. He trusted that we would not for long turn an unheeding ear, while the method of framing tariffs adopted by our rivals was such as would compel the colonies, unless we altered our policy, to come to some arrangement with those with whom they were doing business. Mr. Will Crooks made the surprising statement that the colonies laughed at and scorned the idea of any preference from Britain. The Federal Minister for Customs took the first opportunity of denying this, remarking that no sentiment was more popular throughout Australia, and that last year the preference extended by Australia had meant a voluntary gift of £828,000 to British merchants. A straight out threat as to what would happen if preference were granted was made by Herr Harden, the noted editor of the "Zukunft," who said: "Every chancellery holds that an Anglo-German war is probable. There are people in Germany who declare that a Customs tariff closing the British Empire to German goods will have to be pierced by the German sword. Mr. Asquith says that the naval power of Britain is complete and unassailable, while Dr. J. Macnamara, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, stated at Hastings that he would stand by the following forecast concerning the respective strength of Britain and Germany in April, 1912:—Dreadnoughts 20 to 13, pre-Dreadnoughts 40 to 20, cruisers 35 to 13, a total of 95 to 48.

The "Daily Mail" reports that the War Office census of horses reveals an alarming deficiency owing to the activity of foreign buyers. The census enumerates 156,000 horses, being the maximum required, but leaving no allowance for reserve.

It is expected that the trouble over the Eight Hours in Mines Act, which threw over a hundred thousand Northumberland and Durham miners idle, will be settled by conciliation. Meantime three-fourths of the men are now at work.

### FOREIGN.

A tariff war is threatened between America and Germany over the Payne tariff. The reciprocity treaty having expired, America demanded as an irreducible minimum the free entry of meat into Germany. This the agrarians would not concede, and America threatens the maximum tariff on April 1, while Germany replies that her maximum will automatically operate against America on February 7. England will secure the advantages of the minimum tariff, but the preference her colonies grant her detars them from the minimum, and another tariff war between Canada and the United States is likely.

President Taft, in a message to Congress, advocated conservation of the natural resources of the United States, and asked the withdrawal from private settlement of such public lands as contain timber, coal, minerals, or phosphates, or which border on water. The President applied for 30,000,000 dollars to complete irrigation projects already begun, and for 60,000,000 dollars for the deepening of inland waterways. The Sultan of Turkey's palace which cost four millions to build, was destroyed

ed by fire on Wednesday, many of the archives of the Ottoman Empire being burned. A disastrous fire in a clothing factory in Philadelphia resulted in twelve women being killed jumping from high windows, others being killed when the roof fell in.

### THE COMMONWEALTH.

Serious floods affected the inland districts of New South Wales, the rivers rising to record heights. Many townships were isolated and hundreds of settlers have been left homeless. Over a dozen lives were lost, and the damage to property is enormous. Relief funds have been opened.

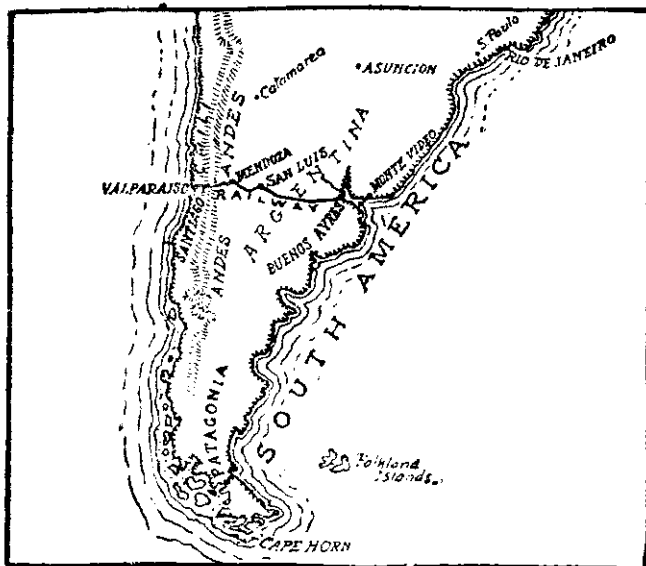
The Newcastle strike still continues, and hopes of a settlement are still distant. The Southern miners balloted, by a small majority, in favour of a Compulsory Wages Board, but they will not return to work till the demands of their northern fellow-unionists are satisfied. Peter Bowling proposes a scheme of conciliation, but it is not considered likely that the employers will accept this.

Lord Kitchener has carefully inspected the defences of Melbourne and the forces of Victoria, after which he had a lengthy conference with the Federal Ministry. Mr. Deakin subsequently remarking that by the help of Lord Kit-

pointment of a committee of six distinguished scientists to examine Dr. Cook's papers was intended as a concession to public feeling, which regarded the national honour and prestige as seriously involved in the dispute. When this Committee reported that it had received from Dr. Cook only a type-written copy of the "story" that he supplied to American newspapers, and "a copy of note-books which contain no astronomical records," the scientific world practically washed its hands of Cook; but Denmark has been waiting anxiously for the official pronouncement of Copenhagen University, which has carefully examined all the documentary evidence in secret. Cook's friends will doubtless attempt to make capital out of the fact that this last report contains no reference to the "faked" observations which Cook was recently accused of purchasing; but in such a case as this, nothing but definite and conclusive proof of the explorer's good faith and his success could have saved him. Such proof is manifestly wanting, and we are driven, however reluctantly, to accept as probably accurate the charges brought against him of falsifying his Mt. McKinley records and photographs and attempting to procure spurious observations, "the same with intent to deceive." The facts speak for themselves, and alienists and other students of morbid psychology will probably entertain themselves for some time to come with attempts to diagnose this extraordinary case and to decide whether Cook's gigantic swindle was the outcome of vulgar dishonesty, or was due to mental derangement induced by the terrible hardships which he had suffered, and the terribly nervous strain to which he has been exposed.

other necessary of life, has from time to time given place to a definite grievance, and thus to a resolute determination to resist to the uttermost such an encroachment upon the rights of the people to a fair share in the means of living. And so by an easy process of development we reach the situation that has arisen in the Eastern States where the rise in the price of food has induced the consumers to combine in a boycott against the depredations of the irresponsible capitalists who are ruthlessly exploiting the needs of the poor.

We need hardly labour to prove the generally acknowledged fact that the American meat supply is practically controlled by a few great houses—Armours, Swifts, Morris, the National Packing Company—and it is almost universally admitted in the United States that the great combine into which these firms have been organised has secured its impregnable position by illegitimate means. However, the knowledge of the existence of a dishonest monopoly is not enough to arouse public resistance, so long as the individual consumer does not feel the burden pressing too heavily on his own shoulders. But in America the Meat Trust seems to have made the mistake of allowing its greed to outrun its discretion; for there is no doubt that it has been steadily raising retail prices against the consumer for a long time past. Four years ago Mr. C. E. Russell, in his famous attack upon the Meat Trust, showed that while the cost of cattle had fallen, the price of meat had risen everywhere in the markets that the Trust controls. It takes some time for facts of this kind to impress themselves upon the public imagination; but the Americans appear to be realising at last that they are being systematically forced to pay extortionate prices for their food to swell the profits of a handful of plutocratic law-breakers. When once the nation fully grasps this truth, we may safely trust the courage and capacity of the Americans to find a way out of the difficulty. But the position of America in regard to the Meat Trust to-day may be our own to-morrow, and the experience of the United States should be enough to persuade all democratic nations that it is the duty of the State to protect the people against any attempt on the part of monopolists to secure control over the sources of the food supply.



THE ANDES PIERCED BY A RAILWAY TUNNEL.

Map showing the situation of the tunnel which has pierced the Andes, between Argentina and Chile. The two sections of this huge tunnel, which is 3280 yards long and about 11,000 feet above the sea, were joined recently. The railway will be at once constructed, and by next March passengers should be able to travel between Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres without going round Cape Horn. The completion of the tunnel is a great triumph for the British engineers who have carried out the work.

chener's judgment and knowledge, Cabinet hoped to revolve a defence scheme which would stand to them without idle sacrifice of their young manhood in the last emergency.

### The Cook Fiasco.

The verdict pronounced by the Council of the Copenhagen University upon Dr. Cook's diaries must be regarded as disposing finally of that extraordinary man's pretensions. Copenhagen, having received Cook with high honours on his return to civilisation, and having thus committed itself to some sort of recognition of his claims, has naturally been much interested in the controversy that has raged round him, and the ap-

### Food and the Trusts.

From time to time the nations have been solemnly warned of the danger in store for them if they allow their supplies of food to fall into the hands of a few powerful monopolists; but so far the ominous predictions of economists and demagogues have produced little effect. It is still open to any man or corporation rich or powerful enough to secure control of a country's stock of meat or corn or coal, and by raising prices at his own discretion to make profit out of the necessities of the general public. In America, however, where the principle of commercial monopoly has been most effectively carried out, the vague apprehension of a "corner" in grain or some

### What Is a Gentleman?

One of the world's great sayings is that which Carlyle made famous. "How did you know he was a gentleman?" "Oh, he kept a gig." But the beauty of that does not solve the problem of the definition of the grand old name of gentleman. Somewhere or other a lady is made to say: "Show me a man, and I'll tell you whether he is a gentleman or not. But I can't define the creature." And it is to be feared that the feeble intelligence of the human race is not likely to get much further than that. At all events the latest police-court definition will not help us. A gentleman, it was stated at Westminster, London, is "a man who smokes sixpenny cigars."

"If you walk into a criminal court and bet 9 to 1 that the case being heard arose from drink you will win money," said Judge Rentoul at the Old Bailey, London. "Ninety per cent of the cases heard here and 97 or 98 per cent of the cases of bodily injury arise from drink."

I noticed in the Wellington newspapers that at a graduation ceremony there was much disturbance by students. For the sake of University education in New Zealand this is much to be deplored.—The Chancellor of the University of New Zealand (Sir R. Stout).

Under the circumstances, with so much concern being manifested, and so much interest being taken in the matter, I think some sort of inquiry should take place.—Mr. G. M. Poole, M.P., on the Knyvett case.



# Sports and Pastimes.

## WITH SAIL and MOTOR

### NEWS FROM THE WATER

(Special to "Graphic.")

#### FIXTURES.

- Jan. 29.—Auckland Regatta.
- Jan. 29.—Hamilton Regatta.
- February 5.—Ponsonby Cruising Club's Ocean Race
- February 5.—Victoria Cruising Club's Picnic.
- February 5.—Richmond Cruising Club's Class Races.
- February 12.—Devonport Yacht Club's Picnic.
- February 12.—North Shore Yacht Club's Cruising Race, to Kawau.

**T**HE weather on Saturday and Sunday was again favourable for the week-end cruises for yachtsmen. The wind was, however, a bit on the light side for the sailers, but the power boat sports were just in their element.

The Auckland Anniversary Regatta takes place on Saturday next, for which an excellent programme has been arranged.

The Victoria Cruising Club's annual picnic takes place on February 5.

The annual picnic of the Devonport Yacht Club takes place on February 12.

North Shore Yacht Club's next race will be a cruising race to Kawau on February 12.

The Ponsonby Cruising Club held their annual picnic at Hobsonville last Saturday, at which there was a large attendance of members and their friends, a very enjoyable outing, with fine weather resulting. The Club hold an ocean race on February 5.

There were some interesting scenes in the harbour on Saturday, more especially on the Northern side, with the large number of yachts engaged in the Devonport Yacht Club's races, besides the large fleet of sailing yachts and power boats all hurrying away for various pleasure resorts.

The 16-foot open boat race sailed at the Ponsonby Regatta on December 19 has been ordered to be resailed, owing to the course on the programme having been wrong. The date of the race has not yet been fixed.

Ponsonby Regatta Club's balance-sheet shows that only £90 6/ was collected as prize money for the last regatta, and consequently the prizes had to be considerably reduced in value. This is always a very unfortunate position to face, and it is to be hoped that if a regatta is to be held this year business in connection therewith will be started early, in order that the collectors will have sufficient time to cover the city and suburbs to obtain funds to carry out the event in a successful manner.

In the death of Mr. P. F. Battley, which occurred under somewhat painful circumstances last week, the local aquatic world has lost one of its keenest enthusiasts, and he will be much missed by many friends. Kindhearted and genial to a fault, "Fred," as he was always addressed by his intimates, took a very keen interest in all matters connected with aquatics. For some years he was one of the officers of the Auckland Yacht Club, and also when the Club obtained the title of the Royal New Zealand Squadron. His bereaved relatives have the sincere sympathy of many friends in their sad loss.

#### Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron.

The Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron held two races on Saturday afternoon, one being an ocean yacht race, and the other a long distance power boat race for a handsome cup presented by Mr. W. C. Leys. The weather was very favourable for the latter event, but the wind was rather on the light side for the sailing craft. The wind was from about north-north-east, blowing light, and falling even still lighter, as the afternoon progressed. There were only three starters in each event, Messrs Stewart and Hewson were the officers of the day, and started the races promptly on time, and, for once in a while, the contestants

were at the starting line well on time. The following are the details.—Ocean Yacht Race: Entries and handicaps:—Rainbow (sc.), Heartsease (30m.), Ngatira (60m.), Aorere (90m.). Course: From off the end of Queen-street wharf, round Canoe Rock, off Kawau; thence outside Ganet Rock, Waheke, Pakatoa and Ponui Islands; thence through the Sandspit Passage, finishing at Maitaitai. The race was started at 2.30 p.m., Heartsease not putting in an appearance, she being engaged in the race for the Rudder Cup by the North Shore Yacht Club. A fairly even start was made, only a few seconds separating the three boats. Ngatira was first across the line, Aorere next, and Rainbow last. The wind was light from the north-north-east. On the lead down the harbour Rainbow worked up into the weather position, but it was a fairly even "go" down to the North Head, where Rainbow assumed the lead. From thence onward the race became merely a drifting match, and the finishing times at Maitaitai were: Rainbow, 9.15 a.m. Sunday; Aorere, 1.30 p.m. Sunday; Ngatira did not finish within reasonable time, and so her finish was not taken. The corrected times place Rainbow the winner.

Power Boat Race.—Entries and handicaps:—Winsome (sc.), Zephyr (9m.), Tahutu (18m.), Ione (23m.), Elsie (28m.). Course: From off the end of Queen-street wharf; thence through the passage between Motutapu and Motuiki; thence between Ganet Rock and Waheke; thence between Pakatoa and Waheke, finishing at Maitaitai. The race was started at 2.45 p.m. Winsome and Zephyr being non-starters. Ione was first across the line with Tahutu and Elsie in close attendance. The three contestants wet off at "full bore" from the start, Tahutu catching up somewhat on Ione, and took the lead. This order was maintained until near the finish, when Elsie passed Tahutu and finished first, the latter second and Ione third. On corrected times Ione wins, with Elsie second and Tahutu third.

#### North Shore Yacht Club.

The North Shore Yacht Club held a long cruising ocean race for the Rudder Cup on Saturday, the distance being 100 miles. The entries and handicaps were: Heartsease (scr), Thistle (1h 30m), Miro (2h 30m), Ronaki (2h 40m), Calypso (2h 50m), Mystery (3h 10m), Daisy (3h 20m), Jack (4h 10m), Rhona (4h 20m), Kaho (4h 20m), Iolanthe (4h 30m), Tangaroa (4h 50m), Encounter (4h 50m), Acacia (5h 30m). The course was: From off Victoria Wharf, round Canoe Rock, off Kawau Island; thence round mark off Deadman's Point, Coronand coast; thence through Sandspit Passage, between lighthouse and Ponui Island; thence to the north of Brown's Island, finishing at starting line. Distance, 100 miles. The race was started at 2.45 p.m. The wind was light from the north-east, and when North Head was rounded, fell away, and, like the squadron race, simply resulted in a drift. Miro was first across the line, with Acacia, Iolanthe and Ronaki in close attendance, the others all being well up. It was a case of drift all round the course until yesterday afternoon, when a light north-east breeze sprang up, and enabled the boats to finish their long race. The finishing times were: Heartsease (4h 14m 10s) (Sunday), Miro (4h 14m 45s), Thistle (4h 15m 18s), Calypso (4h 24m 22s), Ronaki (5h 22m 52s), Acacia (6h 44m 43s), Jack (7h 19m), Mystery 7h 22m). Daisy, Rhona, and Tangaroa did not finish, and all the others were outside of time limit. On corrected times, Acacia is first, Calypso second, and Miro third.

#### Victoria Cruising Club.

The first cruising race of the season of the Victoria Cruising Club was held on Saturday afternoon from off Freeman's Bay to Hobsonville. The following are the details.—First-class Race.—Entries and handicaps:—Sadie (scr), Miro (2m), Emerald (2m), Eulalie (6m), Encounter (6m), Valdora (9m), Rose (11m), Konini (13m). On corrected times, Sadie is first, Emerald second, and Eulalie third. Second-class Race.—Entries and han-

dicaps: Venus (scr), Hetty (scr), Moe-wai (scr), Heather (1m), Hilda (3m), Decima (8m), Sceptre (9m), Lasca (9m), Fleetwing (11m), Seabird (11m), Maro (11m), Countess (18m). On corrected times, Seabird is first, Decima second, and Venus third.

#### MOTORING.

There was a large fleet of the power-boats afloat on Saturday and Sunday at our various pleasure resorts, the weather just suiting all classes.

The oil-yacht Alroyne went out to Canoe Rock on Saturday with a party of friends of the owner, including Mr. J. W. Froude, of Sydney. The weather was very fine for the trip, and those on board had a splendid time fishing, getting a splendid haul of hapuka, snapper, etc.

#### The Froude Prize.

The race for the silver tea service presented to the New Zealand Powerboat Association for competition by Mr. J. W. Froude, of Sydney, takes place on Saturday next (February 5). The course will be from Auckland, round Canoe Rock, off Kawau Island and back.

#### CRICKET.

##### Auckland—First Grade.

###### EDEN V. UNIVERSITY.

University started their first innings with a score of 290 to Eden. Robinson and Wallace opened the innings, and put on 28 runs before Wallace lost his wicket. Jacobson assisted Robinson to carry the score to 43, but then a rot set in, and the total only reached 55, having two men short when the last wicket fell.

University opened their second innings, requiring 35 to avert a one-innings defeat, but Eden were unable to secure the three-pointers, the students having a hundred on the board, and one wicket in hand when time was called.

###### PARNELL V. PONSONBY.

Parnell, whose score last week stood at 114 for 4 wickets, resumed batting with Wright and Cato. Both scored freely. Cato's contribution of 15 included one 6, Wright took his score of 54 to 77 before he was magnificently caught by Gavin at point off Saunderson. O'Neil and Sale, the succeeding batsmen, contributed 25 and 42, and were not out when the innings was declared closed at 224 for six wickets. Both gave good displays, and Sale made his runs in about 20 minutes. Ponsonby, in their second innings, with the exception of Woods and Gavin, made a very poor stand for 112. Parnell scored a three-point win.

###### NORTH SHORE V. GRAFTON.

The first grade match between North Shore and Grafton was concluded at Devonport, the Shore men securing a two-point win by a majority of 41 runs on the first innings. When play was resumed this afternoon Grafton had six wickets down for 66 runs. Neill and Sloan continued batting, and the latter displayed excellent form, hitting up the best score of the innings, and placing 29 runs to 4 of lock, but when stumps were drawn he was left with 20 minutes. Ponsonby, the innings closing for a total of 130, against the Shore's 171.

North Shore's second innings was not productive of a particularly brilliant display. The first six wickets, topped for 66 runs, and it remained for Dacre and Howden to save the situation. Both men played well, and each placed 24 runs to his score. Between them they tottered the runs that the rest of the Shore batsmen put together.

Wanting 145 runs to win, Grafton commenced their second innings at 20 minutes to 4 of lock, but when stumps were drawn had only contributed 55 runs at a cost of three wickets towards that total. The game thus resulted in a two-point win for Shore.

###### Second Grade.

Eden A v. Eden B.—Eden A just failed to secure a 2-point win, wailing on the first innings by 124 runs to 20.

Parnell v. Grafton.—Parnell closed their innings at 212 for five wickets, in the hope of being able to get Grafton out, and securing a three-point win; but their opponents managed to hold their own up until the call of time, Parnell winning on the first innings by 113 runs.

Waitemata v. Ponsonby.—Waitemata secured a three-point win, by eight wickets and 45 runs.

North Shore v. University.—North Shore secured a three-point win. The Shore men in their first innings scored 277. University's first innings resulted 71, and the second 130.

#### The Australian Cricket Visit.

Owing to the Wellington Association refusing to fall in with the suggested pooling arrangement, the Cricket Council decided to cancel the proposed tour of the Australian team, and a cable was sent to that effect. By a coincidence the cable crossed one from the Board of Control, giving the names of the most prominent players chosen. On receipt of the names the N.Z. Council held a further meeting on Saturday night, when it was

unanimously decided that the tour be proceeded with, and the position is now that the four leading centres guarantee £150 each and take all risks. Auckland were agreeable to either the pooling scheme or the separate risk, so that the Australians will be seen in Auckland. The principal members of the team are Armstrong, Whitty, Bardsley, Kellaway, Mayne, Waddy, Emery, Smith, Gorry, the others to be arranged.

#### Wellington.

Taking advantage of the holidays, the senior cricket matches were played all day on Saturday. North put up 155 against South (Captain G. Henson) and lost, 229. South responded with 216 (Gibbes), not out, 68, Sackling 26, Vane 32. In their second innings South lost five wickets for 133. Henson, not out 55, Jackson 87, G. Henson 29, South won on the first innings. Central easily defeated Victoria College. Central first innings, 229 for four wickets (Horton 91, Hawthorn 48, Laws, not out, 41, College, first innings, 158 (Pactor 31, Broadbent 21; second innings, 154 (Pactor 82, Broadbent 19, Kinzig took three wickets for 13 runs, and Miller four for 15. East A lost 100 to 100 by an innings and 50 runs. Victoria 87 (Horton 23, Gibbes took five wickets for 28 runs; Hedges, three for 36; and Gimmey, two for 7. Second innings, 79 (Joyce, not out, 41, Hedges took five wickets for 21 runs, and Gibbes five for 29. East A, 247 for nine wickets (Mullane 26, Hedges 27, and Gibbes 32).

#### Dunedin.

In the local matches, first grade, on Saturday, Albon's second innings closed for 132 (not out 55, Jackson 87, G. Henson 29, Macfarlane took eight wickets for 133. Central B require 150 to win. Dunedin made a feeble response to Christchurch, as they were second last Saturday, the innings closing for 47. Christchurch took the bulk of the wickets, Dunedin's batting on a good wicket was painfully slow. Christchurch B responded for 77. Sackling (27) alone reaching double figures, 100 runs for 45. Dunedin's second innings closed for 43. The two bowlers unchanged, two men being run out in attempting short runs when the position was hopeless.

Albon have now scored five four-point wins, and are safe for the season's premiership.

#### Christchurch.

The 6th round of the first grade matches commenced on Saturday in the 14th. The scores were: Sydenham 142, v. St. Albans 35 for four wickets. West Christchurch 252, v. M. C. 127. The 100 yards walk was for four wickets. Recreation 154, v. A. E. 70, v. East Christchurch 48 for five wickets.

#### SWIMMING.

##### Waitemata Club's Carnival

The third carnival of the Waitemata Amateur Swimming Club, at the Auckland Graving Dock on Saturday, was attended by about three hundred people. The racing was most successful, all the 100 yards Ladies' Braconi Handicap, M. E. Champion (the well known swimmer) broke the local record by covering the distance in 68sec. During the afternoon Messrs. F. E. Kronfeld and E. Simpson gave an interesting exhibition of fancy diving, and at the conclusion two tennis trials concluded in a game of water polo, the display being most appreciated by the spectators. The results were as follows:

Boys' Handicap, under 17 years. Yorks.—First heat: W. Harris, 7sec.; 1. E. Beavard, 8sec.; 2. Second heat: W. Hayward, 8sec.; 1. E. Horton, 2. Third heat: J. Kawley, 8sec.; A. D. Dawson, 2. Final: E. Beavard, 1. Dawson 2. Stage 3. Time, 35sec.

220 Yds. Breast-stroke Championship of the Waitemata Club.—E. Horton, 2. A. O'Hare, 3. At the finish Champion was only about 18 inches behind the winner, and the third man was very little more behind Champion.

Novice Handicap, Boys. First heat: J. Ross, 1sec.; 1. D. G. Saunders, 1sec.; 2. Second heat: H. Mendoza, 2sec.; 1. O. Anderson, 2. Third heat: J. Briggs, 3 sec.; 1. T. Hancock, 2sec.; 2. Fourth heat: J. Purdy was the only one to finish. Final: Hancock 1, Briggs 2, Ross 3. Time, 35sec.

100 Yards Ladies' Braconi Handicap.—First heat: W. Hayward, 1sec.; 1. W. H. Brown, 2. Time, 1:14. Second heat: M. E. Champion, 1. H. Thomas, 12 sec.; 2. Time, 1:14. Champion's time was 2sec. the closest that has been done here. Third heat: A. O'Hare, 3sec.; 1. W. T. Matthews, 2sec.; 2. Time, 1:16. Final: Dempster 1, O'Hare 2, Thomas 3. Time, 1:22. Sec. A close race, Wilson finished second, but was disqualified for starting before his time.

Next Header of the Calendar: F. E. Kronfeld was placed first, and W. R. Horton second in the close finish. The 100 yards Anniversary Handicap, Boys. First heat: H. Purdy, 2sec.; 1. G. Jones, 2sec.; 2. Second heat: A. T. Waddell, 4sec.; 1. A. Dunford, 4sec.; 2. Third heat: J. O'Hare, 2sec.; 1. E. Simpson, 2. Fourth heat: E. Underwood, 2sec.; 1. D. G. Saunders, 2sec.; 2. Fifth heat: O. Anderson, 3 sec.; 1. C. Murray, 4sec.; 2. Sixth heat: E. Hayward, 2sec.; 1. W. Hayward, 2. Final: O'Hare 1, Howard 2, Underwood 3. Time, 1:23. Sec. Won by a yard. Karen Memorial Handicap, 220 Yds.—G.

Wilson, Isaac, 1; M. E. Champion, sec. 2; M. McLaren, Zacc. 3. Time, 2m, 45 sec. Champion made a good race of it, but he had to concede too much start, the limit was having 25 sec. Wilson won by about three yards.

**Crocodile Race, 20 yds.**—This amazing event was won by E. Marrett and W. E. Morton.

**LAWN TENNIS.**

The Wairarapa tennis tournament opened on Saturday. Two rounds of the championship singles were played, those left in being Booth, Quinell, Cox, Aitken, and Eze. In the men's championship doubles those left in are Cox and Aitken, Hunting and Elocate. In the ladies' championship singles, those left in are Miss Carter, Mrs Holmes, Miss Simpson, and Miss Hughes. In the combined championship doubles those left in are C. C. Cox and Miss Hindmarsh, Quinell and Mrs Hawkins, Aitken, and Miss Simpson.

**ATHLETICS.**

**Caledonian Sports.**

The Wanganui Caledonian Society held its 27th annual sports meeting on Saturday. The weather was gloriously fine, and the attendance constituted a record. The Highland events were more prominent than usual, competitors coming from all parts of New Zealand. Points and prizes were won as follows:—Piping, Flulayson; dancing, J. Dickie; junior dancing, K. McNeive. The local men won of the running and pedestrian events. McFadyen, McTowell, and Sutherland led in testing the caber. McDowell won in throwing the hammer, and McFadyen putting the shot. C. Long won the Cumberland style of wrestling, and Cairns of the catch-as-catch-can. The society's membership now totals 600, an increase of 200 during the past two years.

**BOWLING.**

**Southern Tournament.**

The trials final finished this morning in a win for Northend (Southland). The team had a meritorious victory. Roslyn fell away on the few heads, but the skip (Wedderspoon) played splendidly, saving big totals against him. Northend's skip (Service) and the third were in capital form. In the doubles final, Tazari (W. H. Allen and W. Tait), 29, beat Kaituna (J. Scott and C. Payne), 25.

**ROWING.**

**The World's Championship.**

Particulars of the £1000 purse offered for a sculling match between R. Arndt, the world's champion, and Barry, the English crack, are given in the London "Sportsman," of December 4, which says:—"Today the 'Sportman' is authorized to announce that a number of African financiers and sportsmen have subscribed a purse of £1000 for a world's sculling championship race between the holder, Richard Arndt, of New Zealand, and Ernest Barry, the English champion. The match, if all the preliminaries are satisfactorily arranged, will be decided on the occasion of the international regatta on the Zambesi River, South Africa, in August next, over a 31-mile course on the regatta reach, near the Victoria Falls, which, according to competent authorities, offers one of the finest rowing courses in the world. The regatta will be under the direct patronage of the British South Africa Company.

"The whole matter was fully discussed at 'The Sportsman' office yesterday by Mr. Guy Nickalls (who is representing the British South Africa Company), Mr. Harry T. Blackstaffe (the Olympic Sculls champion), Tom Sullivan (ex-champion of England), and the rowing representative of 'The Sportsman.' Mr. Blackstaffe and Sullivan attended in Barry's interest, and at the outset the former announced that the terms offered were quite satisfactory to the English champion, and that he would go out with Tom Sullivan as his adviser and trainer.

"The approaching of Arndt was discussed, and it was deemed advisable to cable to him the following:—

Arndt, Christchurch, New Zealand. African sport-men given £1000 purse, winner £350. Arndt-Barry world's championship. Zambesi, August. Cable expenses required immediately. "Sportman," London.

The offer is a remarkable one, and it will be surprising if Arndt does not accept. He has cleared out all the opposition in Australia and New Zealand, and now has the offer of another race without making a penny of his own or his backers' money. Truly this is a fine chance, and lucky are the champions who live in these days. No doubt the object of the great financiers who are at the back of this

project is to develop the country, and we can imagine no better scheme than that of a great sporting match that will attract all South Africa, and direct so much attention to the Zambesi, that on the day of the race it will certainly be the most thought of river in the world. None the less remarkable is the patronage given to the race by the British South Africa Company, which for years has been developing the country.

The course upon which the race will take place is near Livingstone, North-West Rhodesia, and is within about five miles of Victoria Falls. Mr. Guy Nickalls, who went out last year to organize the Zambesi regatta, speaks highly of it, and, according to "Umfundisi," who contributed an article to "The Sportsman" after that event, it is a splendid piece of water. He wrote of it as follows:—

"The finest course in the world bar none seems to be the only opinion on the subject. Those who were accustomed to judge distances on the South African coast looked across directly opposite the boathouse at Long Island, and said, 'Two hundred yards wide'; on consulting the surveyor they found that the true measurement was 450 yards. The whole river at this point is about two miles wide, with many islands; but the regatta course was between Long Island and the North Bank. Practising was delightful; there was never any trouble about crews stopping the course, the five boats being quite lost in the vast expanse of water."

According to Mr. Nickalls, the situation is magnificent, as will be understood when it is mentioned that it is 3500 feet above the sea level. The stream over which the race is to be decided runs at 75 yards an hour, which is about as fast as Henley, where, however, the crews row against it. There is hotel accommodation for about 500 people. The regatta, however, will attract so many that it has been practically decided to build a huge grass hut city to accommodate the people.

The Zambesi railway, too, have promised their assistance. They have a large siding that runs down to the water and overlooks the course. The Company will run trains in which the travellers will live throughout the racing.

The sculling championship of the world is, of course, the great event, but the International Regatta, of which it is part, promises to be of exceptional interest, and it will not be surprising if eights, and perhaps fours, go out from England and Europe. The British South Africa Company hopes to make the event of international importance, and if everything pans out as is hoped, the constitution of some of the crews that will compete for the Zambesi challenge cup will be most interesting. In addition to rowing, there is also to be a gymkhana.

British interests will, of course, rest in the sculling championship, and here it is hoped that Arndt will accept the terms, and not be unreasonable in the matter of expenses. He, of course, as world's champion, has the undoubted right of naming New Zealand as the venue for the next race, but, as previously stated, with such an offer, he can well afford to surrender his claim. Provided Arndt accepts, it is possible that Barry will remain in England until after Henley Regatta. In that event he will leave on July 9 with Sullivan, and arrive at the scene of the race before the end of the month. That will give him three weeks on the water. Nothing, however, is definitely settled, for if it is thought advisable to give the English champion a longer term he will go out earlier. Barry appears likely to undergo some novel experiences. When leaving his hotel for his training quarters he will be run down to the river by trolleys propelled by six natives. He will also find very hot weather at midday and frost at night. He will take with him two sculling boats and a double sculler for coaching purposes.

Directly Arndt's reply is received, it will be communicated to the parties interested, and then made public. The following letter was posted to the "Sportman" by Arndt's manager on January 7:—"Arndt has cabled Barry, accepting a race on the Zambesi River some time during August, 1910, for £1000, the winner to take £750 and the loser £250; also Barry to allow Arndt £200 expenses. Arndt wants you to place to his credit in Christchurch, New Zealand, Bank of Australasia, the aforesaid sum guaranteed for expenses before

May 10, 1910, at which date he proposes to leave New Zealand for Africa. He also insists, in the event of any person or persons wishing to take cinematograph pictures, or any kind of living pictures of the race, that he shall have the sole right to make any financial or other arrangements he may deem fit as to the control or otherwise of such pictures. This condition is also to apply to souvenirs of himself. I am enclosing a copy of the rules governing the race for the sculling championship of the world. You will see that rule 3 reads:—The stakes shall be as follows:—Not less than £500 a-side when it is an international contest; not less than £200 a-side when two scullers of the same place or country row. The question arises right away: Is this for the championship of the world? Personally, I think it is not, and the Press here back up this opinion. This was our reason for cabling to Barry to wager £500 a-side. However, it is only a question of name, and the match cannot suffer therefrom. I shall be pleased if you will write informing us of the exact date of the contest, the place where it is to be held, and give us all the necessary information of the route, etc., once we land in Africa."

[The match has since been definitely arranged.—Ed. "Star."]

**Pearce Wants to Meet Welch.**

Welch received a challenge from Pearce, of Sydney, this afternoon to row for the championship of New Zealand, at Akaroa, for £200 a-side. If no definite reply is received from Arndt next week, Welch will accept the challenge from Pearce. They will probably row at Easter.

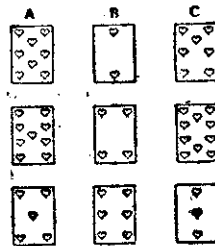
**"Tower of Hanoi" Patience.**

**A NEW SOLITAIRE.**

(By Ernest Bergholt.)

This amusing little game is mentioned by Mr. William Dalton in the current number of the "Strand" Magazine, and I am indebted to him for some further explanations of the modus operandi.

Take nine plain cards of any suit in numerical order. Shuffle them, and deal them out into three rows of three in a row, face upwards. The first time I dealt them they came out as follows:—



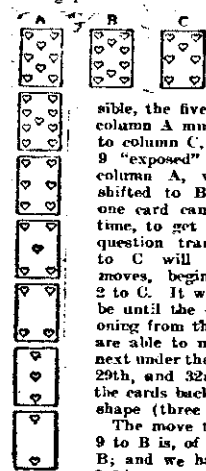
This happens to be an easy arrangement to manipulate; but, as a first introduction to the solitaire, it is none the worse for that.

Our ultimate object is, by moving one card at a time under certain restrictions, to get all the nine cards into one (vertical) column, running, in regular numerical order, from the 10 at the top to the 2 at the bottom. I have lettered the three columns A, B, and C. Only the lowest card of a column can be moved (including, of course, any single card that may happen to be left by itself in a column), and it can only be moved to the foot of another column, the bottom card of which is of a higher denomination. Thus, in the table set out above, the 6 cannot be moved, because there is no place to which to move it, for both the 5 and the 3 are of lower rank than itself. The 5 may be moved to Column B, under the 6; and the 3 may be moved either to column A, under the 5, or to column B, under the 6. Whenever a column is left bare of cards, the bottom card of either of the two remaining columns may be put in the top row to fill up the vacancy.

The task proposed is always a possible one, no matter how awkwardly the cards may be dealt. Some positions, of course, require many more moves than others; the problem, in every case, is to arrive at the prescribed result in the fewest possible number of moves. I find that the above position can be worked

out in 107 moves. Can any of my readers beat this! In stating a move it is only necessary to name the card moved and to give the letter of the column to which it goes, since in every case it must go to the bottom of the column specified—or to the head of it, of course, should the columnar space happen to be left vacant.

Our first aim will be to get the 10 to the top of a column. This can be done in eleven moves, as follows:—(1) 3 to B; (2) 5 to C; (3) 3 to C; (4) 6 to A; (5) 3 to B; (6) 5 to A; (7) 3 to C; (8) 4 to A; (9) 3 to A; (10) 2 to A; (11) 10 to B, occupying the vacancy at the head. We have now arrived at the following position:—



Our next aim is to get the 9 immediately under the 10. To make this possible, the five bottom cards of column A must be transferred to column C, thus leaving the 9 "exposed" at the foot of column A, when it can be shifted to B. But as only one card can be moved at a time, to get the five cards in question transferred from A to C will take thirty-one moves, beginning with (12) 2 to C. It will not, therefore, be until the 43rd move (reckoning from the start) that we are able to move the 9 to B, next under the 10. At the 20th, 29th, and 32nd move we get the cards back into the square shape (three in a column).

The move that follows (43) 9 to B is, of course (44) 8 to B; and we have then our 10, 9, 8 in proper descending order. At move 76 we get the 7 under the 8, and thirty-one moves more bring the whole of the five cards that are then in column A into column B, completing the problem.

Readers should take the nine cards and actually work through the whole process, which does not take nearly so long to do as it does to describe. They will then clearly see the principles on which every other position may be manipulated.

The idea on which the game is based is evidently the "Tower of Hanoi" puzzle, invented a good many years ago by Edouard Lucas. This was a mechanical toy consisting of three upright rods in a row and a number of circular discs of graduated sizes, each pierced in the centre by a hole, so that it could be threaded on to any one of the rods. The discs are first placed on one of the rods in proper order, the largest at the bottom and the remainder tapering gradually upward to the summit. The puzzle then is to move one disc at a time, always shifting it either on to an empty rod, or on to a larger disc on another rod, until eventually the whole of the discs have been again built up, in proper graduated order, upon one of the other two rods. So far as I recollect, the legend attaching to the toy, it was of a certain Brahmin doomed to move one stone at a time, on the point of an adamant needle, under the restrictions stated, until the whole of a large tapering pagoda or tower had been transferred in its proper shape to another locality. Those learned in Hindu lore will perhaps pardon me if I have not got all the details of the story quite accurately.

Supposing there were only thirty stones to move, a rough calculation (I hope it is correct) shows that the task would require 1,073,741,823 moves, which one would suppose ought to go a long way towards bringing the toiler into final beatitude.

The connection between the puzzle of M. Lucas and the new solitaire being obvious, I have christened the latter by the title appropriate to it.

My ingenious friend, Henry E. Dudeney ("Sphinx"), has introduced an additional development into the "Tower of Hanoi" puzzle by supposing four rods, instead of three—which of course gives us extra facilities for making the transference of discs, but at the same time makes it more difficult to ascertain the minimum number of moves in which the complete transference of a pile can be effected. To move twenty-eight discs from one rod to another, there being four rods in all, would require only 708 moves—and there is one method only by which the result can be achieved so rapidly—whereas, if there were only three rods, the number of moves required would be 268,435,455.

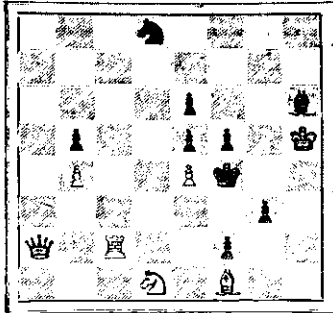
**CHESS.**

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail," Auckland.

**Position No. 25.**

(By Rev. G. Dobbs.)

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three.  
Forsyth Notation—3k14; 8: 4p2b; 1p2pp1k; 1P2Pk2; 6p1; Q122; 3K1G2.

**A Classical Game.**

Second game of the match between Dr. Lasker and Monsieur Janowsky, played in Paris, October 21st, 1909.

**"FOUR KNIGHTS GAME."**

- |                 |             |
|-----------------|-------------|
| White.          | Black.      |
| M. D. Janowsky. | Dr. Lasker. |
| 1. P—K4.        | P—K4.       |
| 2. Kt—KB3.      | Kt—QB3.     |
| 3. Kt—B3.       | Kt—B3.      |
| 4. B—Kt5.       | B—Kt5.      |
| 5. Castles.     | Castles.    |
| 6. P—Q3.        | P—Q3.       |
| 7. B—Kt5.       | BxKt.       |
| 8. PxB.         | Kt—K2 (a).  |
| 9. B—QB4 (b).   | Kt—K3.      |
| 10. Kt—R4. (c)  | Kt—B3 (d).  |
| 11. BxKt (B4).  | PxB.        |
| 12. Kt—Bc (e).  | B—Kt5.      |
| 13. P—KR3.      | B—R4.       |
| 14. R—Kt1.      | P—QK3.      |
| 15. Q—Q2 (f).   | BxKt.       |
| 16. PxB.        | Kt—R4.      |
| 17. K—R2.       | Q—J3.       |
| 18. R—Kt.       | QR—K.       |
| 19. P—Q4 (g).   | K R.        |
| 20. B—QK5.      | Q—R3 (h).   |
| 21. QR—Kt5.     | P—KB3.      |
| 22. QR—Kt4.     | P—Kt3.      |
| 23. B—Q3 (i).   | R—K2.       |
| 24. P—B4 (j).   | Kt—Kt2 (k). |
| 25. P—B3.       | Kt—K3.      |
| 26. B—R.        | P—KB4.      |
| 27. QR—Kt2.     | R—B3.       |
| 28. B—Q3.       | P—KKt4 (l). |
| 29. R—KR.       | P Kt5 (m).  |
| 30. B—K2.       | Kt—K4.      |
| 31. BxP.        | P—B6.       |
| 32. R—Kt3.      | PxB (n).    |
| 33. Resigns.    |             |

**NOTES BY MESSRS HOFFER AND GUNSBURG.**

- (a) At the recent Scarborough Congress B...Q—K2 was almost invariably adopted after Nergant's failure against Atkins with the 8.Kt—K2 variation; but the latter move still holds good, it being also a favourite variation of Janowsky—Hoffer.
- (b) The orthodox 9.BxKt seems preferable, perhaps better with withdrawing B to QB4.—Hoffer.
- (c) White must stand or fall by BxKt; otherwise his original move of B—Kt5 amounts to loss of time, and acts in favour of giving Black a superior development with his two knights. Lasker, however, knew what he was doing when he played Kt—K2, as Janowsky cannot be persuaded to part with the Bishop—Gunsberg.
- (d) Now, this move is worse than useless, as it places the Knight in an insecure position, as soon as the White Bishop is compelled either to retire or to take the Knight. It is obvious that the Bishop cannot maintain itself on Kt5 for long—Gunsberg.
- (e) A forced retreat, KtXP being threatened, and Black takes the offensive; consequently the excellence of Black's 10; Kt—B3 is thus confirmed.—Hoffer.
- This further serious loss of time clears the ground for Black's advance. White might possibly have attempted to avoid this loss of time by a move such as 12. R—K; for if then KtXP, 13. RxBt, Qxkt; 14. P—Kt3, without any damage.

Rut in reply to 12. R—K, Black would probably not execute the threat of KtXP, but play P—KKt4 instead, compelling 13. Kt—B3. There was also 12. P—Kt3. I should have been inclined to adopt any move rather than retire the Kt to B3.—Gunsberg.

- (f) Unable to dislodge the Bishop, it is the best course to force Black to the capture of the Knight, the open Kt file being a slight compensation for the double Pawn—anyhow, in Janowsky's opinion.—Hoffer.
- (g) To prevent R—K4.—Hoffer.
- (h) A casual examination would suggest 20. P—B4. It would probably be answered with 21. P—K5, with unnecessary complications. Dr. Lasker's line of play is simple and sound, his King's position being secure even against the doubled rooks.—Hoffer.
- (i) This is to prevent (presumably) Black's P—KB4; but it removes the Bishop from a useful post. The alternative would have been 23. B—Kt3, R—K2; 24. B—B6.—Hoffer.
- (j) Stalemating the Bishop still more.—Hoffer.
- (k) The superiority of the Knight over the Bishop is again illustrated in this position. Black can leave the double Pawn "en prise," for, if 25. QxP, then 24. QxQ; 26. RxB, Kt—K3, getting back a better pawn in exchange.—Hoffer.
- (l) Threatening 29. QxPch; 30. KxQ, R—B3, mate.
- (m) There is no defence to this move.—Hoffer.
- (n) A classical game on the part of Dr. Lasker.—Hoffer.

**News and Notes.**

A match for the championship of Victoria is proceeding in Melbourne between Mr. Coultas, the present holder of the title, and Mr. Steele. The scores to date are: Mr. Steele 3 wins, Mr. Coultas 1, two games having been drawn.

While the P. and O. liner Mantua was travelling from Fremantle to Adelaide the week before last, her passengers played a game of chess by wireless telegraphy with those on the R.M.S. Morea going west. The game was in progress for six hours, and the Mantua passengers won in 21 moves.

The nine games entered for the brilliancy prize at the conclusion of the recent N.Z. "championship tourney" are being carefully looked over by the judges—Messrs. Ewson, Little, and O'Loughlin—and their verdict will be given at an early date.

**VOLUNTEER NOTES.**

(By Rifleman.)

Officers and men are wondering what the programme is to be for the visit of Lord Kitchener, but so far nothing official has been announced. The officers of the Auckland Garrison met the O.C.D. on Friday night to discuss the matter.

At the last inspection parade of the Eden Camps Private Coy. was presented with a silver medal and pair of sleeve links, donated by Mr. Bullen, for shooting at Penrose. Corporal Flynn won the second trophy—half a dozen silver spoons, presented by Lieut. Rhodes.

Major Barclay, Deputy Commissioner of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in New Zealand, has been advised that the regulations governing the medical scheme in connection with the internal defence of the Dominion will be placed in the hands of the Brigade authorities before being finally agreed to in order that the Brigade authorities may make suggestions as to alterations or the insertion of additional regulations.

The men of the No. 3 Company Auckland Garrison Artillery Volunteers, who went into camp at Fort Takapuna on Friday, have now settled down to work with a will, and are busy preparing for the firing which takes place next week. To equal last year's record will require some good shooting, but when the numbers go up it will probably be found that the Best No. 3 have as yet still retained the Kicker Cup, and probably added something to the honours roll.

The immense superiority of the targets installed at the local range over the range ones at Wanganui and Auckland was very clearly demonstrated at the late meetings (says the Taranaki "Herald"). At Wanganui men had to hang on to the lower part of the targets, and at Auckland they had to stand at the feet of the targets and mitered off the posts to immediate destruction. At Auckland, though the targets were not so high, men had at times great difficulty in keeping them plumb.

"A splendid combination" is the Sydney "Morning Herald's" description of the New Zealand team which is to visit the United States. The names and ranks of the team are as follows: A. Culler, S. A. Kefferd (Bathurst), W. J. Piggott (Grenaway), W. Jacobs (Albany), W. H. Cutler (A.R.R.), Private W. H. H. (A.R.R.), Sergeant, Major Bliton (A.R.R.), W. H. Powell (Parramatta), George Fisher (Sydney), P. Ettinghausen (Parramatta), and J. J. Matheson (North Sydney).

The last named two have been picked chiefly as coaches. M. H. Townsend (Albany) and C. Morrison (Gowburn), sergeants.

One weak point in the Liverpool (N.S.W.) manoeuvres was the breakdown of lateral communications between one column and another. Lord Kitchener agrees in the immense importance of lateral communications. And an officer suggested to him that as they are so important it would be a good thing if such crossings as that over Head Man's Creek should be improved. "It does not seem to be possible," he replied, "said the Field-marshal. His opinion is that a practice-ground with the difficulties taken out of it is no practice-ground. For practice he would choose a line of communication with a good big bump to the middle of it."

The Professional Board of Victoria College last week discussed its committee's proposals regarding University military training. While various views were entertained as to university military training, a motion was carried unanimously to the effect that while the Board was of opinion that the Government must make provision for teaching the theoretical and practical aspects of the military art, it was not prepared to say whether the direction and control of such instruction should rest with the Defence Department or with the university. The Board was also unanimous in opinion that the question of direction and control should be submitted to Lord Kitchener.

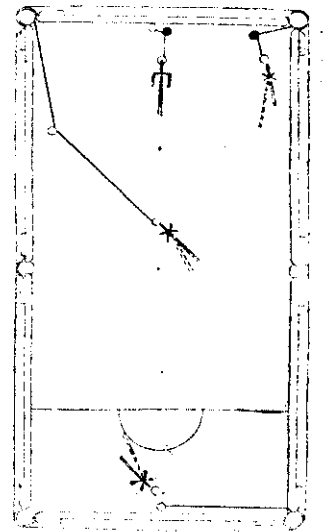
No. 2 Company of the Auckland Garrison Artillery, at present in camp at the North Head, fired their instructional series last week. Lieut. Colonel G. W. S. Patterson, Officer-commanding the Garrison, acted as chief umpire for Fort Cutley, and Captain Pilkington, R.N.Z.A., in a similar capacity for the North Battery. At Cutley Captain Potter was Garrison Commander, with Sergt. Major Clarke as assistant, and at the North Battery Lieut. Thomas was in charge, with Lieut. Ewan as assistant. Everything went off satisfactorily, and judging from the results the company should make a good showing in the competitions. On Sunday the company held a church parade, half attending the Anglican church and half the Presbyterian church. In the afternoon the men were "At Home," a large number of their friends going across from Auckland to visit them. Excellent work has been done by all ranks, and the efficiency of the corps will be considerably raised when the training is concluded on Saturday next.

"Ting" Knyvet, who has been dismissed from the volunteer force, has been dispensed with, not because he was not a good soldier, but because he broke a regulation (writes "No. 1B" in the "New Zealand Times"). Many a keen man has been "broken" by a regulation. I don't suppose the authorities could object to "Ting" of the First Queenslander, enlisting in the Territorials as an ordinary everyday private, or that there would be anything against him being allowed to climb to a certain amount of assistance that great soldiers and soldiers have sometimes bumped hard against regulations, but that their services have not been lost to the Empire. "Ting" and I trekked together and chewed bits of the same wagon, and saw the heliograph at Kaiteraki working at the same moment, and had a picnic on the same hill on the way to Harberton, and did practically the same things at Samara's Pass and Beyer's. I know that under the regulations "Ting" has no right to "kick against the pricks," but I also know that there are not too many keen volunteer officers in New Zealand to make it altogether injudicious to exempt this great little soldier from ever bearing arms again. Knyvet always did his duty as a soldier, and although he and I sorted letters alongside one another in Pretoria, he was there very long when he had there was more war in progress. Although he has broken regulations, I sympathise with him and hope he will keep on being a soldier for the Empire, even though he can't wear stars.

(North Sydney). The last named two have been picked chiefly as coaches. M. H. Townsend (Albany) and C. Morrison (Gowburn), sergeants.

and taking hold of it near the tip, make his stroke while standing at the wrong side of the object-ball.

The amateur player, however, can seldom train himself to any such devices as the professionals adopt. It requires not a little practice and training of the limbs to be able to throw a leg up on the table, and play accurate in such a position. To put the cue behind the back is not everybody's fancy, and this, too, is not easily acquired, to do anything like justice to the stroke. Then, again, standing up against the side of the table on one leg, with your body vainly trying to bore a hole into the woodwork, is anything but comfortable or secure. The amateur has to turn to his "rest" as being safer and fraught with less discomfort than any other compromised stance for the stroke, poorly as he manipulates it. Unless he is playing slow to medium pace, the odds are not only that he misses his stroke, but also his ball. This is the billiard "fizzle," which, as in golf, is always "on." And, unless you get to know the art of handling the "rest" and letting it be what it is intended to be—a steady and lifting platform for the cue to pass along—you will be always liable to make the same mistake.



Some shots with the "rest" and full-butt, most of which might well be played with the left hand.

The butt end of the "rest," the whole of its length, in fact, should lie flat upon the table. No greater fault can there be than to hold it aloft at an angle of 75 degrees. Do not let the handle of the "rest" lie directly under the cue, as so many are in the habit of doing. The player's disengaged hand should press firmly upon the butt-end, which should lie across and wide of the cue, but towards the player's left hand—that is, if he is a right-handed player. Keep the whole thing free from any chance of rocking. Judge the lengths of the cue you desire to extend beyond the "crossed" rest-head, and make sure that you have allowed enough space between it and the cue-ball, so that you will not commit the common error of pulling it too far back and off the "rest" and strike this in returning. There is a great tendency to do this in all forcing strokes, the longer backward swing the player takes, in his effort to put all the possible force into the shot gets him into this trouble. It is something he will seldom do if striking at medium or slow paces. Another thing which the forcing shots are always likely to bring about is a shifting of the left arm. If this is moved much the pressure of the hand upon the butt is likely to be released and the "rest-head" shifts with the strong play of the cue, and the result in this case is anything but that intended. The "rest" should be kept rigidly still all along its length.

**BILLIARDS.**

**The Use of "Rests" and "Butts."**

**AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL METHODS.**

One important detail of play on the full-sized 12ft. by 6ft. 11in. table, is the use of the "rest" and the half and full "butts." It hardly needs to be told that these implements are not called for by the player unless he finds he cannot strike his ball correctly, or even at all, without their aid. They are not at all easy to handle, to say nothing of the time which is cut to waste in getting there. Therefore, they are not exactly prime favourites with any kind of billiardist. The professionals avoid their use as much as possible. Any way but the strokes with the "rest" is preferred by them—behind the back, with the cue in the left hand, or with one leg placed on the ledge of the table. There is as much desire to avoid a stroke with the "rest" as to get on with the straight-way with the play. Only one leading professional can I recollect who favoured the use of all three of these playing accessories. It was a case of necessity with him, though, owing to his lack of height and reach. I refer to the famous spot-stroke expert, W. J. Peall. What is more, he was the most proficient handler of them all that the game has ever seen. But he would discard the "rests" in an ingenious way at a close cannon position, by laying his cue flat upon the table,

**BILLIARDS.**

**The Use of "Rests" and "Butts."**

**AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL METHODS.**

So much for the "rest." Now for its longer companions, the half and long "butts." Indispensable as they are, when the cue-ball is out of the player's striking reach, their popularity is strictly limited. It is very deceptive billiards played with such long and heavy cues. The need for steadiness is the same as with the "rest." But the end of the cue and the ball it has to strike being further away, increases the difficulty of judging and striking. Not only this, but the extra weight of the ball "butt" and the long "butt" in particular have to be taken

into account in playing any "acrew" or fast strokes. If you attempt to play them in the same way, that is, with the same force, as when you are using the ordinary cue, you are bound for failure. The added power in the longer lengths of wood make you "overdo" your screws and forcers every time, unless you make due allowance for the fact. This is to be done by trying to just miss the second object ball or pocket, as the case may be, on the weak side. Do not play as though you had your cue in your hand, because it is so much lighter, and therefore not possessed of anything like the driving power of even a half, which is saying nothing of a long butt.

To gauge the striking length that should extend beyond the open-arched pass head or slotted wooden head to be found on butt "rest heads," it is always advisable to walk round to that part of the table where the latter is placed. Adjust the end of the cue, and the length you judge should extend from the "rest head" with your hands. This is an old-time professional idea, which still stands good to-day. The player is thereby enabled to avoid many of those little happenings which arise, if such precautions are not taken. He is not liable to strike his ball in a "half-cooked" way, or to go over the top of it, or miss-cue on its side. These common mishaps can be avoided to a great extent. Still, it is a tax upon the best of players to be able to make use of those long "telegraph pole" sticks, and strike as they wish to do. The "strength" is so difficult to arrive at. But, awkward as the "rest" and "butt" are to most, they fall into insignificance before the spider "rest," which is a downright



(By WHALEBONE.)

FIXTURES.

Jan. 23, Feb. 2 and 5—Takapuna J.C. Summer.  
 February 3, 4—Gisborne Racing Club.  
 February 3, 5—Canterbury Jockey Club.  
 February 9, 10—Egmont Racing Club.  
 February 12, 11—Poverty Bay Turf Club.  
 February 12, 13, 14—Otahuhu Trotting Club.  
 February 16, 17—Rotorua Jockey Club.  
 February 16, 17—Taranaki Jockey Club.  
 February 19—Huntly Racing Club.  
 February 23, 24—Woodville District Jockey Club.  
 February 23, 24, 25—Dunedin Jockey Club.  
 February 23, 25—South Auckland Racing Club.  
 March 3, 5—Wanganui Jockey Club.  
 March 3, 5—Waikato Jockey Club.  
 March 7, 8—Te Aroha Jockey Club.  
 March 12—Thames Jockey Club.  
 March 17—Whakatane Racing Club.  
 March 26, 29, and 29—Auckland R.C. Autumn.  
 April 9 and 13—Avaldale J.C. Autumn.  
 May 21, 24—Takapuna Jockey Club.

T. A. Williams has had his team increased by the addition of a pony by Sout.

The mare Patricia, by Patronus—La Bijouterie, is now an inmate of W. Gall's stable.

P. Conway has just taken in hand a good-looking sort of a mare by Explosive—Nettle, which is a four-year-old.

The Auckland-bred gelding Snowfoot has been accorded the honour of a nomination in the A.J.C. Doucater Handicap.

Word from the North states that the Australian-bred horse Trepine did there recently, after a season at the stud.

The new number board at Takapuna is now completed, and will be in use at the club's forthcoming Summer Meeting.

It is stated that the recent Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting will result in a profit of about £2000 to the club.

C. Coleman has taken the gelding Omali in hand again, after a lengthy spell.

A would-be purchaser was after the two-year-old Doughboy recently, but the price quoted, 200gs, did not lead to business.

The Strawn colt, Caruso, which accounted for a double at Ohapno on Wednesday last, was sold a few months ago for 50gs.

The horses Prophet and Doughboy are now the property of the local sportsman who races under the assumed name of Mr Bolger.

Visitors to recent country meetings are strongly of the opinion that supplementary stewards are badly wanted.

The Otahuhu Trotting Club have received several nominations for their summer meeting, which opens on February 11th. Mr Edwards' adjustments are due next week.

The Sout—Miss Annie colt, for which Sir George Clifford paid 820gs at the recent Cambridge Park sale, has reached his destination safely, and is to be broken in shortly.

Two Auckland-bred ones, in Don Hanabial and Annapolia, figure amongst the nominations for the V.R.C. Newmarket Handicap.

The gelding Celtic is fast becoming prominent at the illegitimate game, and in his schooling displays at Ellerslie of late has pleased greatly.

Arriet is greatly pleasing the track watchers at Trentham, and the Menschikov mare is reported to be better now than she has previously been this season.

K. Heaton has put Lady Frances in work again, after a lengthy spell, occasioned by an attack of influenza. The daughter of Eton bears a very robust appearance after her rest.

The N.Z.-bred mare Chamade keeps on picking up a race now and again, and at the Warwick Farm meeting in Sydney recently, won the principal event of the day, carrying 7.10, and beating six others.

The Freedom mare Kamate, which accounted for a double at the recent Otahuhu meeting, was bleeding badly after concluding an event at Ohapno last Wednesday.

Although the Jockey R. Deeley was suspended by the Auckland Metropolitan committee about a month ago, no notice yet appears in the Official Calendar, as required by Rule 20, part 3.

The death of lightweight riders will probably be felt at the Wellington meet-

ing, where so many of the entrants are handicapped at the minimum. There are a lot of anxious inquiries for capable lightweighters.

The Summer Cup winner Miss Mischief, which went amiss after winning the Goodwood Handicap, is still located at Greenlane in charge of H. J. Ross, the daughter of Treadmill not having sufficiently recovered to be shipped South.

In connection with the Hutt Park Race and Club's pony meeting next week, the management has decided that all horses competing will be examined by a veterinary surgeon, and also by a farrier, to see that they are not too heavily shod.

The stewards of the Waikato Trotting Club held an inquiry into the running of V.S. at the Hamilton Trots. At a meeting last week, Scott, the owner, made an explanation, which was considered satisfactory, and it was decided to take no further action.

It is stated the next work contemplated at Ellerslie by the Auckland Racing Club is the enlarging of the saddling paddock, and by the means of the ground between the bridge to within a line of the boxes, on which portion an up-to-date tea kiosk is to be erected.

The cross-country horseman E. J. O'Brien had a narrow escape from what might have been a serious accident at Ellerslie last week, when Don Quex fell with him. The horse turned a complete somersault, rolling right over O'Brien, who fortunately got off with a shaking and a bruised arm.

In order to prevent the overcrowding of the press room at Trentham during the Wellington Racing Club's meetings, the Wellington pressmen have formed a body, of which Mr W. Conroy has been elected chairman and Mr Beasley vice-chairman, to deal with the question.

Brobrikoff is not engaged in any event on the 31st day of the Wellington Racing Club's meeting, but he is located at Trentham, and may be seen with the colours up before the meeting closes. It is stated that Mr Lowry intends shipping Brobrikoff en route to Sydney after the Wellington meeting.

In England it has been decided by the National Hunt Committee to use numbered saddlecloths at their fixtures. The jumping meetings in England, where the event is held under National Hunt rules. It is anticipated that the stewards of the Jockey Club will also provide for the use of numbered saddlecloths when the flat-racing season again comes round.

At a recent country meeting a well known performer was nominated under his pedigree only, and without a name. The name was sent after the acceptances, and the horse was duly on hand to fulfil his engagement in England, where the owner could allow him to start. Probably the owner will get a surprise when he is called upon to pay the fine to which he is liable for nominating a horse without a name.

A well-known pincoller was victimized to the extent of his license fee at the recent Ohapno meeting. When he arrived on the course he was bailed up by an individual for his fee for the right to bet, which he paid, but shortly after he came round again, and the secretary came round to collect the fee, and then it was discovered that the "flood" had been had by the "lamb."

The acceptances for the various events at the Takapuna Jockey Club's summer meeting are considerably better than was generally anticipated. Twelve have paid up for the Cup, which bears a very open aspect, and should produce a good race. The largest field is in the Perry Handicap, for which 16 have been left in, but all the races look like promising two-dividend events, and present appearances everything points to a reward gathering.

During the week the stewards of the Auckland Trotting Club held an inquiry into several cases in connection with their recent summer meeting. W. O'Grady, for alleged interference in the President's Handicap Trot on the concluding day, was fined £2 and severely cautioned. A matter in connection with the training of Viscount was investigated, and the explanation offered accepted. The inquiry into the alleged interference which brought down John Harold was adjourned to enable further evidence to be taken.

The Metropolitan Committee held a special meeting last week, to consider the suspension of the Jockey R. Deeley. The meeting was successful with his appeal against the sentence imposed upon him by the Takapuna Club last December, but since then the North Canterbury body have reopened the case, and imposed a twelve

months' suspension. Against this decision an appeal has been lodged on behalf of Deeley, and the Metropolitan Committee decided to hear the appeal on February 1st. Deeley's license to be suspended in the meantime.

Though we do not look for non-triers at Randwick, where the prizes are all well worth winning, it must be confessed there was room for doubt as to the bona fides of some of the competitors at the recent meetings. I am quite aware (says "Pilot" in the "Referee") that many racegoers discover a "dead" "na" in nearly every horse in the race, but it really did seem that, without their feelings being unduly hurt, a few owners might have been questioned by the stewards. Possibly indifferent riding was the trouble, but, whatever the cause, an inquiry of two would not have been out of place.

The New Zealand bred Soultline and Tanager met for the first time in India last month, in the December Plate, a weight-for-age event, run over seven furlongs, at the Calcutta Third Extra Meeting. It was thought that Tanager would extend Soultline, who was an odds-on favourite, but such was not the case, as Soultline always has been, and he won easily. Eubolus finished third, and the placed position included Fizz, who afterwards won the Viceroy's Cup. Soultline was regarded as a certainty for the Trials, run on the first day of the Viceroy's Meeting. Kathrapan won the Corinthian Plate on the same day, and Five Crown, another well known Australian, was unlucky to lose the Maiden Handicap, for which he was an even-money favourite, but he did not, after being badly shut in at the distance.

The practice of running off dead-heats in India does not meet with the approval of the "Indian Mauter's Gazette," which in a recent issue said:—"The Continental rule concerning dead-heats is one that might with advantage be substituted in our present clumsy Indian rule, which has been so much criticised and which is undoubtedly bad. On the Continent it is sudden death; that is, there is no run-off under any consideration, and the horse is compelled to divide and, if there is a trophy attached, they draw for it. This is a far more sensible rule than ours, which makes the dead-heat a new race, and which, in our opinion, so far from protecting the public, is offering a direct inducement to a dishonest owner to put them in the cart. For instance, if the owner of one of the dead-heaters had backed his horse at short odds in the original contest, and he was asked to accept a miserable price about the run-off, it would pay him to stop his horse and back the other, and he could make such a certainty of it that he could go on doing it at 10 to 1 on! Our rule, which is a stock and barrel. The Continental rule has another thing to recommend it, so far as India is concerned, in that we are of opinion that asking a horse to run two severe races in one afternoon, and possibly with a very short interval between, is a mistake. It would be better from every point of view to make all dead-heats final, and compel owners by racing law to divide."

A Wellington writer says: Numerous complaints are to be heard with regard to the state of the training tracks at Trentham, and having inspected them only yesterday, I am not in the least surprised at this. The only gallop fit to work on, namely, the one at the end of the track, had been becoming a bit bare and hard, and a request was made that it should be given another dressing of tan, or be in some other manner put in rights. During the last day or two portions of the straight at either side of it have been covered with sawdust, which has been put on so thickly as to render the going quite unsafe. Inquiries have been made, and it is found to have the sawdust spread considerably thinner, but several of our foremost trainers are of opinion that sawdust should not have been used at all, tan being much preferable. At any rate, the sawdust is now there, and what is now required is to thin it out and give the track a good sprinkling with the aid of a water cart every evening. During the past few winters had another cause for complaint, in the fact that the only available track—the grass gallop, is too rough to be of much use—was harrowed only on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, namely, when the grass was cut, and on the mornings. It was rough and uneven for "fast" mornings. Every effort is now being made to remedy matters, but it is a pity that the management, which is so thorough and popular in all other respects, should have lain itself open to censure in the manner indicated.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.  
 After three days' rain, the weather cleared on Friday, and the Riccarton tracks are again in excellent order. With so many horses away at Wellington matters are somewhat quiet here, but they are bound to liven up on the conclusion of the Northern fixture.

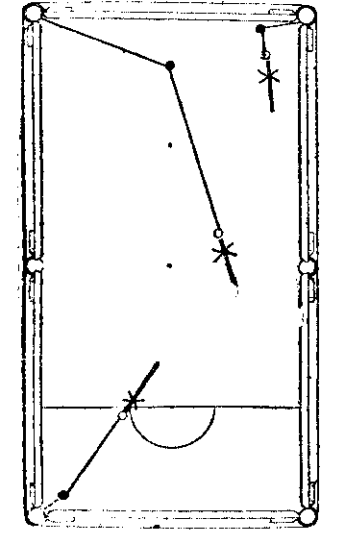
The entries received for the Canterbury Jockey Club's summer meeting are about up to the average for that fixture. There are, however, a few "bush" entries, and it looks as if the fields will be lacking both in size and quality. Somehow this meeting does not seem at all popular with outside owners.

Mr. Harry Thompson has been appointed starter for the North Canterbury Jockey Club.

Summons have been issued by the police against a number of Christchurch bookmakers for standing in the street on the day of a recent race meeting for the purpose of betting.

Grand Sam, who was recently purchased by Mr. F. Glasgow, has an opportunity to earn distinction over hurdles.

Reports from Wellington state that Danbo is suffering from a cold, and unless he improves rapidly, he may not be started at Trentham. This is unfortunate, as many



Shows at which the average player uses the "rest" or pitches himself against the side of the table, standing on tiptoes on the front leg—a decidedly wobbly position.

terror. This implement derives its name from the fact of its being set with such long legs. It is requisitioned only when the player's ball lies on the other side of a ball and nearly touches it (or, as in snooker's parlance, when the two do actually touch). Being unable to strike his ball, even with a "bridge" formed on the very tips of his four fingers, and all other parts of the bridge hand off the table, he is forced into playing with the spider "rest." At the best he can only strike somewhere up at the top of his ball, and coming down a bit, as the cue does, there is always a chance of a miniature curly mass occurring to spoil your shot. It is absolutely fatal to try and play with "side" when you are using the deceptive spider "rest" without you are an expert. To be able to gauge and allow for the swerving effect it creates. Thin balls is the thing to make a sure of your shot as it is possible to do with every kind of "rest" or "butt." But with the spider "rest," this middle of the ball stroke is nothing short of a first principle which must never be disregarded. By steady practice, however, and a better acquaintance with the different instruments, the amateur can gain a nice knowledge of their peculiarities, which should stand him in good stead in the moment of need. Above all, though, do not forget to make due allowance for the extra length and weight of the "butts."

people were looking forward to the Wellington Stakes to decide the question whether Formby or Danube was the crack two-year-old of the season.

Toroanga, who won a double at the Gore Racing Club meeting, is an aged son of Chief Commander and Clara.

When being taken to the Gore R.C. meeting to fulfil her engagements there, Stratagem got injured in a horse box, and came in for rather serious damage.

A bluster to the recent meeting of the Vincent Jockey Club makes some drastic comments on the conduct of that fixture. He says the racing track is badly in need of improvement, more especially the last furlong or two.

WELLINGTON SUMMER MEETING.

TRENTHAM, this day. The Wellington Summer meeting opened in fine weather to-day. The attendance is large.

Trentham Welter Handicap of 100sovs, one mile.—Tauria 1, Hilarian 2, Separator 3. Won by a length. All ran. Time, 1:44 1/5.

Anniversary Welter Handicap of 200sovs, 1 mile.—Effort, 9.6, 1; Wimmera, 8.12, 2; Swinling Bolt, 8.12, 3. Won by two lengths. Scratched: Chauvelin. Time 1:42 4/5.

Electric Handicap of 200sovs, 5 furlongs.—Bonages, 7.2, 1; Nannal, 9.7, 2; Sea Queen, 7.2, 3. Scratched: Gipsy Belle and Warlock. Won by two lengths. Time, 1:12 4/5.

Nursery Handicap of 200sovs, four furlongs.—Lady Reina, 7.5, 1; Formless, 7.5, 2; Souite, 6.10, 3. Won by a length. Time, 58.

WELLINGTON CUP of 1000sovs, One mile and a-half.—Crucella, 7.12, 1; Glabola, 8.12, 2; Hulmbhann, 8.6, 3. Won by a neck. Time, 2:34 1/5.

Scratched: Sir Antrim and Equitas. Time, 2:34 1/5.

Trial Plate, of 200sovs, seven furlongs.—Parula 1, Genios 2, Ambata 3. Won by a length. Scratched: Pukewai, Pannus, Guainforte, Multiole, St. Felix, Louis, Royal Marine, Emblem, Magoeto, and Excalibur. Time, 1:27 3/5.

Ruapaha Handicap, of 120sovs, six furlongs.—Te Rori, 7.11, 1; Pannus, 7.9, 2; Kina, 7.9, 3. Won by two lengths. Time, 1:15 2/5.

Telegraph Handicap.—Equitas, 7.13, 1; Arulet, 9.3, 2; Tamui, 7.9, 3. All ran. Won by two lengths. Time, 1:14 1/5.

The totaliser amounted to £19,307, as against £23,465 last year.

FOXTON RACING CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

FOXTON, this day. It is beautifully fine weather for the first day's racing. The attendance is large.

Hack Hurdles of 80sovs, 1 1/2 mile.—Windage, 9.13, 1; Silken Rein, 10.13, 2; Golden Glow, 11.3, 3. All started. Won easily by a length. Time, 2:57.

Electric Handicap of 80sovs, 6 furlongs.—Dervish, 8.3, 1; Repeat, 7.12, 2; Fond Memory, 7.13, 3. Scratched: Lady Doria. Won by a length. Time, 1:18.

Foxton Cup of 200sovs, one and a-quarter mile.—Adela, 6.7, 1; Parable, 6.2, 2; Milan, 7.13. Scratched: Tentane. Won by six lengths, a length between second and third. Time, 2:59 3/5.

Trial Hack Handicap.—Moree 1, Bay Paul 2, Captain 3. Scratched: Hackrook and Walhapa. Won easily by a length. Time, 1:19.

A wabou Hack Welter Handicap of 80 sovs, one mile.—Attention, 8.5, 1; Happy New Year, 8.5, 2; Silva, 8.9, 3. Scratched: Leolander, Walhapa. Won by a length. Time, 1:46.

TAKAPUNA ACCEPTANCES.

The following acceptances have been received for the opening day's racing of the Takapuna Jockey Club's Summer Meeting, which takes place on Saturday next:—

Table with 2 columns: Name and Odds. Includes Ngapuka, Waupohe, Yraiam, Lochbuhle, Te Aroha, Casemandel, Tanekeha, Rimlock, Arlofoe, Asoe, Apoom Lass, Elegance.

STEWARDS' HANDICAP of 1000sovs, five furlongs and a half. Table with 2 columns: Name and Odds. Includes Miss Winnie, Devoport, Hohouatahi, Sir Artegal, Tarina, Turbid, Admiral Sout, Elegance.

Maiden Plate, one mile.—Prince Leo 9.7, Fraulein 8.4, Pukewai 7.12, Waiohahi 7.8, Jill 7.7, Waipa 7.4, Castle Blancy 7.3, Spectre 7.0, Fusa 6.13, Prophet 6.13.

Orewa Hardie Race, one mile and three-quarters.—Hauhieta 10.9, Leo 10.4, Hauipou 10.3, Tui Cakobau 10.2, Sabre 9.8, King 9.1, Hoanga 8.0, First Barrel 8.0, Pleiades 8.0.

Pony Handicap, five furlongs and a half.—Mistine 8.12, Cyrona 8.5, Miss Stella 8.2, Eruigence 7.6, Nora Sout 7.4, Malka 7.4, Peggy Pryde 6.7.

Ferry Handicap, five furlongs and a half.—Madam Sout 9.0, Castle Blancy 8.9, Rob the Ranter 8.6, Flying Sout 8.6, Captain Sout 8.6, Mascadne 8.5, Steplink 8.5, Mary Ann 8.4, Boss 8.4, Lady Betty 8.4, Haki 8.4, Amoteke 8.4, Parawai 8.4, Arletos 8.4, Pouti 8.4, Toa Tere 8.4, Puirawaatu 8.4, Matarere 8.4.

Zealandia Handicap, five furlongs and a half.—Miss Wangle 9.0, Malora 8.10, Devonport 8.10, Tairua 8.0, Waiari 7.9, Almond 7.7, Hyperion 7.4, Admiral Sout 7.4, Lady Dot 7.3, Zinnia 7.3, All's Well 6.13, Spectre 6.13, Excalibur 6.13.

Calliope Handicap, five furlongs and a half.—Merrige 8.9, Solus 7.13, Doughty 7.7, Princess, Sout 7.8, Columbia 7.1, Lucille 7.1, Veirala 7.0, Wenonah 7.0, Hamudryd 7.0, Master Theory 7.0, Mistrud 7.0.

Dash Hack Handicap, four furlongs.—Gaiouru, 8.19, 1; Conquering, 8.2, 2; Gladys, 8.11, 3. Also started: Gemlike, Strathmore, Lady Doris, Blend, Celebrity, Anaru, Bravery, Ascation, Katipo, Converter, Marlonis.

Won by a nose, a head between the second and third horses. Time, 51s.

Herrington Welter Handicap, seven furlongs.—Goodwin Park, 8.9, 1; Repeat, 8.0, 2; Pascalls, 8.0, 3. Also started: Te Olane, Marathon, Waioala. Won by a length. Time, 1:29.

Betting Prohibition in the States

CURIOUS METHODS TO EVADE IT.

Betting on horse races has been prohibited by laws of the State Legislatures of New York and California. But the devotees of the sport have found a way to evade the enactments by a unique system known as "memory betting."

The memory system of betting is something quite new, but as people get accustomed to the way it is worked they find it is still possible to have a little wager on the races, notwithstanding the laws.

The innovation is based on a decision of the Court of Appeals of New York State that betting is a crime only when accompanied by a record, registry, or the use of some part of the paraphernalia of professional gamblers.

"Legislation should be practical," said Chief Judge Cullen in his opinion, "and it is at least doubtful whether a statute making every offer or acceptance of a bet

or wager a crime could, in the present state of morals and habits of the community, be enforced."

In order to keep within the law, the bookmakers do not call themselves bookmakers now. They are "layers." Those who bet against them are "players."

No designated place for the layers to stand is provided. They carry no paraphernalia of any kind, but mingle with the crowd, and go where they please. A programme, containing scratchings, names of jockeys, and other advance information, is supplied by the jockey club to the layers at a stipulated price.

Upon this programme the layers mark the prices, which may be seen by the public. The bets, though, have to be memorised. There can be no recording of wagers. In order that a person may speculate he must establish his credit with one of the layers. In other words, the night before the races, or a week before if preferable, he must deposit with some mutually satisfactory stakeholder a sum of money, and this gives him credit with the layer.

A regular clearing house has been established in San Francisco, where bettors may establish their credit. Only those known to the layers are able to wager. It will thus be seen that the new system provides facilities only for regular and systematic bettors.

VERY AWKWARD.

A Boston girl the other day said to a Southern friend who was visiting her, as two men rose in a car to give them seats: "Oh, I wish they would not do it." "Why

not? I think it is very nice of them," said her friend, settling herself comfortably. "Yes, but one can't thank them, you know, and it is so awkward." "Can't thank them! Why not?" "Why, you would not speak to a strange man, would you?" said the Boston maiden, to the astonishment of her Southern friend.

TWO MEN RID OF CRUEL ECZEMA

Nephew Doctored for Fifteen Years but Got No Benefit—Finally Tried Cuticura Remedies and was Permanently Cured—Uncle Similarly Cured Five Years Ago.

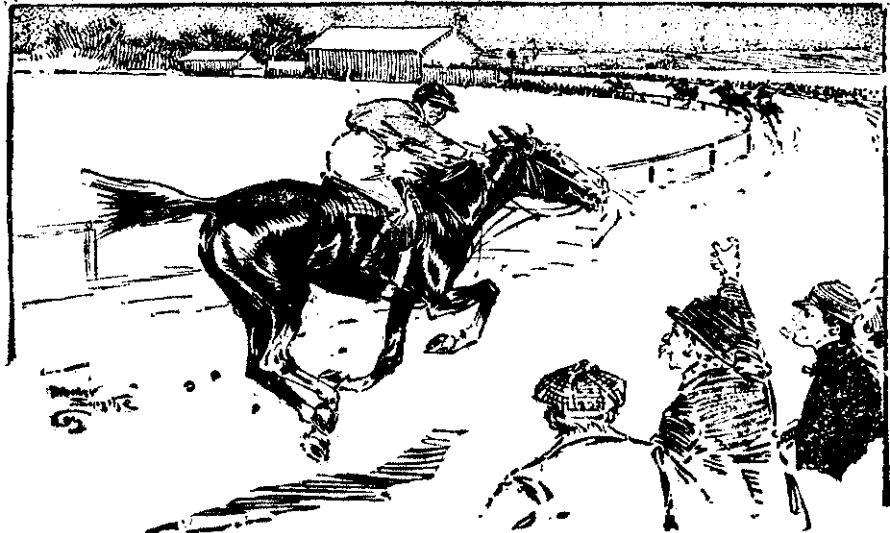
ONE CURE BY CUTICURA LEADS TO ANOTHER

"About five years ago I was burned in an explosion of natural gas. My head and face, also my hands and arms, were burned. About three weeks after, eczema set in over the parts of my body which were burned and my physician undertook to cure it by administering a solution of arsenic, increasing the doses, but without any perceptible benefit. I was gradually losing strength from the suffering and I was in a very serious condition.

"About that time my nephew told me about his experience with the Cuticura Remedies. He had eczema so severely that the blood ran down into his shoes. He suffered with the eczema for many years and had tried everything the physicians could prescribe. After doctored for fifteen years, in which time he found no relief, he was finally induced to try the Cuticura Remedies, and they cured him permanently in four months.

"You can easily believe that I made haste to try them on his recommendation. I commenced using the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I was cured in less than two months so perfectly that I have not even had a symptom of the disease since, although it is over five years since the trouble began. I give this testimonial voluntarily, without solicitation or hope of reward, except that some one seeing it may be relieved from suffering as I was. G. T. Hamilton, Indiana, Pennsylvania, U. S. A., Dec. 15 and 24, 1908."

Reference: R. Towns & Co., Sydney. Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour of Infants, Children and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment to Heal the Skin and Cuticura Resolvent Pills to Purify the Blood. A Single Set often Cures. Sold throughout the world. English: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Prop., Boston. See 32-page Cuticura Book, post-free, giving description, treatment and cure of diseases of the skin.



Outlook (to belated jockey): "You'll find 'em round the first turning on the left, gallop!"

# Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH

## BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)

**AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S.**  
 Jan. 24 to Feb. 14—J. C. Williamson, "The Cheat."  
 January 24 to February 19—J. C. Williamson ("Flag Lieutenant") Co.  
 February 21 to March 12—Carter the Magician.  
 March 14 to 24—Harry Rickards' Company.  
 March 26 (Easter Saturday) to April 16—Marlow Dramatic Company.  
 April 18 to 23—Amy Casella.  
 April 28 to May 14—J. C. Williamson.  
 May 16 to 23—Allan Hamilton.  
 May 30 to June 18—Meynell and Gunn.  
 June 20 to July 6—J. C. Williamson.  
 July 7 to 16—Meynell and Gunn.  
 July 19 to 31—Hugh J. Ward.  
 August 1 to 11—J. C. Williamson.  
 September 1 to 3—Auckland Boxing Association.  
 September 5 to 24—J. C. Williamson.  
 September 26 to October 19—Allan Hamilton.  
 October 20 to November 4—Fred Graham.

## THE OPERA HOUSE.

In Season—Futler's Pictures.

## ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

In Season—Hayward's Pictures.

## WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE.

Jan. 17 to 26—Carter the Magician.  
 Jan. 29 to Feb. 10—J. C. Williamson.  
 Feb. 26 to March 25—Allan Hamilton.  
 March 26 to April 18—J. C. Williamson.  
 April 19 to 27—Meynell and Gunn.  
 April 28 to May 18—J. C. Graham.  
 May 19 to June 3—Fred H. Graham.  
 June 4 to 25—J. C. Williamson.

## THEATRE ROYAL.

Vaudeville (permanent).

## TOWN HALL.

March 17, 18, 19—Boscoe of the Barn Band.  
 February 10 to 26—Fish Jubilee Singers.

## Galsworthy's Industrial Play.

JOHN Galsworthy's "Strife," which we are soon to see on this side of the world according to the recent announcement by Mr. J. C. Williamson, is one of the successes of the past year in America. It has aroused a tremendous amount of interest in the States, more so in fact than it did when produced first in London. In both England and America the play created a profound impression on the audiences. It deals with the problem of strikes—a factor that ought to ensure for it more than passing interest on this side of the world. Here is an account of the play, published by the "New York Post":

"As must be pretty generally known by this time, the original location of Mr. Galsworthy's play was in England, and it is doubtful whether much has been gained—if something has not been lost—by the transference of the scene to south-eastern Ohio. The original personalities do not always harmonise with the new environment to which they have been transplanted. This possibly is a somewhat fanciful objection. At all events it is not a matter of grave moment. The action is supposed to be confined to a period of six hours. When the curtain rises a strike of the hands of the Ohio River Tin Plate Mills has been going on for weeks and months, until the workers and their families have been reduced almost to the last extremity. When the curtain rises the president and directors of the company are holding a meeting in the manager's house to discuss the crisis. In the progress of a singularly life-like and veraciously written scene, the exact situation is unfolded. It is evident that the whole energy of the strike is centred in old John Anthony, the founder and president of the company, on the one hand, and David Roberts, the socialist and fanatical leader of the men, on the other. The former offers adamant resistance to the feeble protests of his weaker-kneed associates. He has had four labour battles on his hands, he says, and has won them, all. The only true policy, he argues, is to settle your terms and stick to them. Every concession will be but the prelude to more extravagant demands. If dividends be growing less now, they will vanish altogether when expenses are greater than receipts. To the remonstrances of his son—who sympathises with the men—the timid expostulations of his co-directors, the prayers of his daughter, the warnings

of his secretary, the representations of the union delegates, he turns a deaf ear. When a committee of the working men is introduced, with the fiery Roberts at their head, he opposes to demands and threats the same rigid front of inexorable denial. Even when warned of the impending desertion of him by his board, he maintains an unmoved attitude of solitary defiance.

## The Horrors of the Strike.

"Then the scene shifts to Roberts' cottage, wherein are assembled a number of starving women, who lament the obstinacy of Roberts in fighting a losing battle, in which the women and the children are the greatest sufferers. It is intimated that the men themselves would yield if it were not for the inspiring zeal of Roberts, who pledges them to certain victory in return for endurance. Mrs. Roberts herself is plainly dying of want and heart disease, but she is loyal to her husband and refuses absolutely to profit

labour' before his eyes—does his best, in the face of growing hostility, to induce the men to yield, and an old Welsh workman and exhorter, Henry Thomas, implores them for the sake of their wives and babies to return to work, arguing that this is the plain course prescribed by duty and nature. The conflicting elements in the crowd are the cause of constantly increasing turbulences; but the majority are plainly wavering, when Roberts, haggard but dauntless, takes the platform, and, in a passionate address, thrilling with scorn and invective, kindles them to yet stronger rebellion. At the moment of his triumph, just after he has asserted that life itself would be a small price to pay for victory, Madge Thomas comes to him with the news that his wife is dead, an episode that brings the scene to a powerful climax. Stunned, but still unsubdued, Roberts staggers from the platform to regain the home that is now more desolate than ever, and the meeting resolves itself into a semi-riot upon which the curtain falls.

## A Fight to a Finish.

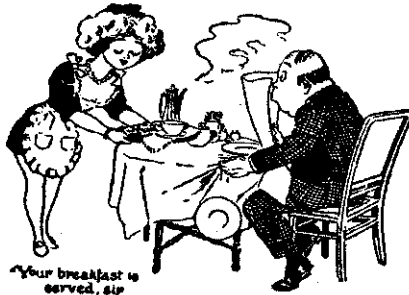
"In the concluding scene the directors are again assembled in the manager's house. All except old John Anthony are wavering. He is staunch as ever, though he is conscious of impending defeat. The news of the death of Roberts' wife is the chief cause of his overthrow. The

wife's death—is at first disposed to exult over his fallen foe, but is quieted by the union delegates. By degrees the stage is cleared, the haggard Roberts, and the stricken Anthony, retiring by opposite doors. Finally only the secretary of the board and the union delegate remain. Slowly the former realises that the compromise reached is the one which both sides had rejected before the fight, and that all the loss and suffering has been in vain. 'That is where the fun comes in,' says the delegate, and the curtain falls."

## Maeterlinck's Wonderful Play—The Fairy Tale of a Philosopher.

When Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" was published in English in the spring its wonderful twilight beauty was at once recognised, but the more the reader realised the beauty the more impossible did it seem that so subtle and intangible a thing could resist the materialism of the stage. It will be recalled that the dramatic production of the piece at the Haymarket Theatre, London, by Mr. Herbert Trench, was called out here as "The most remarkable dramatic and pictorial success of the present generation."

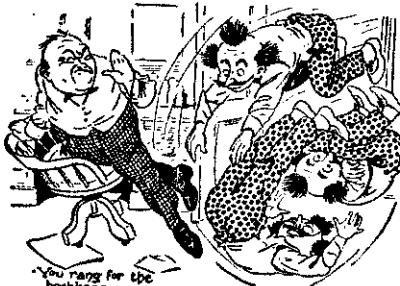
The play, which Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos has translated with striking



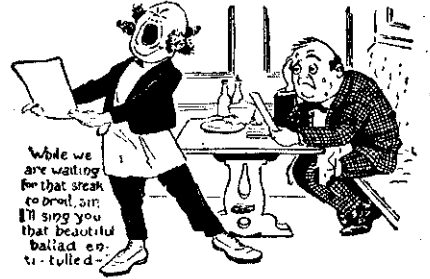
"Your breakfast is served, sir."



Message for you, sir."



"You rang for the bookkeepers, sir."



"While we are waiting for that steak to broil, sir, I'll sing you that beautiful ballad entitled—"



"Please, Sir, who was it I beg you down street with—"



"Get to bed, you old fool, and stop spending over that theatrical page—"

## IF ALL THE WORLD WERE A STAGE.

by the aid which Enid Underwood, the compassionate daughter of John Anthony, would be only too glad to supply. The charitable instincts of Enid, indeed, only expose her to the savage scorn of Roberts, who tells her that he would not raise a finger to save her father from lingering death, and the denunciation of Madge Thomas, a fierce daughter of the people, who, in the depths of her despair, declares to her lover that she will sell herself rather than see her old mother want food longer. Mr. Galsworthy paints the squalid horrors of strike famines with an unhesitating brush.

## A Realistic Scene.

"Another change of scene shows a meeting of the mill hands outside the mills, where various speakers harangue the strikers. It proved last evening to be a triumph of modern stage management. The union delegate—with visions of defeat, and the engagement of 'scab

more susceptible directors dread the effect of it on public opinion, and shudder at the thought of possible action on the part of a coroner's jury or the press. They propose a resolution that the union delegates be empowered to make a settlement with the men, but before it can be put to the vote old Anthony, in a speech of fine dramatic force, once more defines his position, declaring that the whole future of the company is at stake, that peace obtained now by concession must lead inevitably to future ruin, whereas firmness would ensure speedy victory and permanent prosperity, and that the question involved is one not of sympathy, but vital business principle. "When the vote is recorded against him he resigns his position on the board, and then sinks into pathetic relapse. Presently the men's committee are admitted to deliver their final decision. Hearing what has happened, Roberts—who has entered late, having been detained by his

ing felicity, tells of the search made by two children—Tyltyl and Mytyl—for the Blue Bird, the symbol of Happiness. They are accompanied by a dog and a cat, and the spirits of Bread, Sugar, and Light, to all of whom the fairies have given the gift of speech.

They visit their dead grandfather and grandfather in the Land of Memory. They are attacked by the spirits of the trees in the Forest. They meet Time and scores of unborn children in the Kingdom of the Future. They find many blue birds in the Palace of Night. But they all die in their hands.

In every scene there is delightful fantasy, in every episode some aspect of Maeterlinckian philosophy. But the play is always dramatic, always moving.

The cat is Mr. Kipling's "cat" that walks by himself," untamed, intriguing, treacherous. The dog is man's faithful

slave, and the characters are individualised with consummate skill.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the delightful moments of the play, but the scene in the Land of Memory perhaps moved one the most. The idea that the dead sleep on until they are awakened by being thought of by the living is indeed exquisite.

**Remarkable Dressing.**

The designing of the dresses of the characters was closely in keeping with Maeterlinck's instructions. Light was clad in a dress of pale gold, shot with silver, radiating a glowing radiance from her figure. Time wore his scythe and hour-glass, and appeared as a bearded man in a dark cloak.

Night appeared in a black, star-covered robe, the folds of which gave reddish-brown shadows, and Fire was dressed in scarlet, his cloak lined with gold, and an aigrette of iridescent flames.

Maeterlinck's idea of Bread and Sugar is amusing. The former wore a rich pasha's dress, with an ample crimson sash or velvet gown. He had an enormous stomach, red, puffed-out cheeks, and a round head crowned with a turban.

Sugar wore a silk gown, half white, half blue, to suggest the paper wrapping of a sugar loaf. And Water? Who could imagine that a dramatist could make water a speaking part? Yet Maeterlinck has.

Few stage managers have had a more difficult task than to follow Maeterlinck's stage instructions, for he writes, according to Mme. Maeterlinck, with an utter disregard for stage conventions.

The secret of how the transformations have been done have not been disclosed, but they are remarkable none the less. In Act I. the children turn a magic diamond, and, according to Maeterlinck's instructions, "the souls of the quarters loaves in the form of little men in crust-coloured tights, hurried and all powdered with flour, scramble out of the bread-pan and frisk round the table, where they are caught up by Fire, who, springing from the hearth in yellow and vermilion tights, writhes with laughter as he chases the loaves."

Later, too, "the tap begins to sing in a very high voice, and turning into a luminous fountain, floods the sink with sheets of pearls and emeralds, through which darts the soul of Water, like a young girl streaming, dishevelled, and tearful, who immediately begins to fight with Fire."

After this it seems a mere trifle to arrange for the appearance of Milk, who rises from a broken milk-jug "a tall bushy figure, who seems to be afraid of everything."

All through the play wonderful things are made to happen in the search for the Blue Bird, which is the secret of happiness.

**A Chance Idea.**

"As for 'The Blue Bird,'" said Madame Maeterlinck to an interviewer at the time of the production, "the idea of it came to Maeterlinck quite by chance. 'I have an idea,' he said one day, 'of something which will be amusing for me to write.' So he wrote it solely for his own amusement. The original manuscript contains many more beautiful scenes, but the play as he wrote it would be too long for production. It is a play for children—for children of all ages. To the young ones it is simply a beautiful fairy tale of the search after the Blue Bird; to the elder children it is the story of life, the search after happiness, for the Blue Bird is Happiness. It is the fairy tale of a philosopher." London is the first capital of Western Europe to produce this remarkable play. Until recently it had only been seen in Moscow and St. Petersburg, but such is its charm that now fifty-two companies are playing it in Russia. On its success in London depends its success in other European capitals and in America. M. Maeterlinck came to London in time to witness the rehearsals, and during his visit when the fog fell over London he expressed his wonderment at the beauties of the city shrouded in shadows and gloom. For a poet whose scenes are act in mists and shadows London must hold strong attractions, and Maeterlinck prefers London in fog to London in sunshine.

**The Importance of Being Earnest.**

Oscar Wilde's "trivial comedy for serious people," as he called it—"The Importance of Being Earnest," has been reviewed with some success at home by Mr. George Alexander at the St. James' Theatre, London. It is remarkable how public opinion, or rather public prejudice

has changed in England during the last few years in regard to a man whose name was once forbidden in the circle of all respectable families. It is the recognition that comes to a man's genius after he is dead. Whatever Wilde's private life was, or however much he was driven to despair by stupid social stifling conventions and mediocrity, he was a brilliant dramatist. Many of his droll epigrammatic utterances are cherished keenly to-day by his admirers, not the least heard of, which "The man who calls a spade a spade is only fit to use one." His wit is diamond pointed. It plays like summer lightning upon the scene, illuminating everything and everybody. "Wilde obviously caught the trick from Sir W. S. Gilbert, although he brought to it no small measure of his own peculiar talent," remarks the London "Daily Telegraph," with characteristic English complacency. It is wonderful how patriotic and ridiculous the truly English person is when he comes to discuss the merits of genius. That Oscar Wilde, brilliant daring Irishman that he was, would ever be guilty of imitating an Englishman and a rigid conservative gentleman at that, is incred-

charged with the offence; there is one witness who knows that the charge is false, but his mouth is sealed, because the lady from whose house he saw the commission of the crime lays imperative commands on his honour and his loyalty not to reveal the dreadful and compromising secret of their relations. The wife of an ex-Home Secretary, with a reputation to preserve, cannot possibly allow her lover, Richard Cardyne, to give away the fact of their close intimacy. Drawing-room melodrama, indeed! And very good melodrama, too, based, in this instance, on an actual historic fact, and replete with consequences of tragic import to the social butterflies whose wrongdoing involves them in the imbroglio.

**Who is to Confess?**

What is to be done? Apparently very little, although there is a good deal of backward and forward movement, and at one time it looks as if a maid's good name was to be sacrificed. Mrs. Rivers is in an agony of fear and apprehension; her lover is in the throes of remorse, and a fierce conflict of duties. Of course, one or other of them

the dance has been found in Burne Jones' picture of "The Vampire," and the thought that was the basis of the picture affords ideas that suggest the movements of the dancers. The curtain was rung up to show a heavily-draped stage in which stood a man bending over a red rose in his hand. Slowly a brilliant red light broke in the centre of the stage, to make describable the form of a woman lying in a graceful attitude, from which she gradually raised herself to step, with a scarlet gauzy scarf in her hand, towards her victim. Nearer and nearer the man is drawn, until he forgets everything, and is lured into the hands of the Vampire, who, after biting him in the throat, leaves him to his death.

At the Tivoli Musical Hall the same night Miss Mildred Devorez also presented the weird "Vampire Dance," assisted by Mr. Tom Terriss, for which Mr. Frank Touss has written the music. On the rise of the curtain a tall form is displayed on a dimly lit stage, which by degrees asserts itself as that of a woman wrapt mysteriously in a transparent scarlet drapery, over a black jewelled robe. In the distance a voice is heard singing "A fool there was, and he made his prayer," and as the melody continues the figure, in lithe, sinuous movements, passes to the centre of the stage and dances. Her partner shortly appears in the form of a painter, engrossed in his work, and the climax is the same as in the other version.

**A Splendid Programme.**

A splendid programme: Overture, "Die Meistersinger" (Wagner); symphonic poem, "Till Eulenspiegel" (Strauss); Brandenburg Concerto for string orchestra (Bach); Variations on an Original Theme (Elgar); Symphony No. 5, in G minor (Beethoven). The above programme was played at a recent concert of the London Symphony Orchestra at Covent Garden Theatre. Dr. Richter, who conducted, can doubtless be credited with the selection of pieces—a selection as eclectic as it was interesting and enjoyable. Bach as the master of absolute music and Richard Strauss, the daring modernist whose tone poems have excited the ire of reactionary critics, are separated by a wide gulf; between them is Wagner, represented by one of the finest creations of his genius. English orchestral music was worthily represented by Elgar's Variations, and Beethoven, in one of his magnificent masterpieces, set the seal upon a programme which reflected credit upon all who took part in its superb interpretation. How long, O good people, how long, before we shall have such a programme in New Zealand?

**"Dream of Gerontius" in Adelaide.**

Says the London "Musical Times"—From time to time the enterprise manifested by musical societies in the colonies calls for hearty recognition, and in this connection it is gratifying to record the spirit and enthusiasm displayed by the Bach Society of Adelaide in the production of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" on October 6. The interest taken in the work and its performance was so great that the Town Hall was packed to overflowing, and hundreds were refused admission. Immense pains had been taken with the production, the choir having been specially selected and no less than 1550 rehearsals in all of the various departments having been held. The result was that the choir was admitted to be the finest ever heard in Adelaide, while the services of an exceptionally good orchestra were secured. The choral portions revealed excellent attack, volume of tone, and enunciation, and warm praise may also be accorded to the orchestral work. The solo parts were ably interpreted by Miss Grace Spafford, Mr. Wamborough Fisher and Mr. Fred Hyett. The performance, as a whole, may be said to have been worthy of the work, and hearty congratulations should be offered to the conductor, Dr. E. Harold Davies, for the highly artistic interpretation by the forces under his control. The announcement that the oratorio was to be repeated on the following Saturday afternoon indicated the faith that the promoters had in the attractive power of the work, and the important advantage of a second hearing was thus afforded to many of the audience.

**Vocal Instruction as an Art.**

The "Musical Courier" is responsible for the admirable and illuminating extract given below.

"You have temperament," said Signor, the singing teacher, to the female scholar who was having her voice tried.



SINGERS AND THE SONG.

"Say, darling, say, when I'm far away,  
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;  
Bright sunny days will soon fade away,  
Remember what I say, and be true, dear."

ible. The despair of the Irish is the average Britisher's stupidity and slow thinking. One has only to read Mr. Shaw's preface to "John Bull's Other Island" to realise that Sir Wm. Gilbert has his own inimitable and delightful vein of satire it is true, but he is much too British in wit and sentiment to ever inspire a Celtic genius to imitation. The interest being taken in the Wilde revival has led to a complete edition of his works being published, together with several biographies.

**"The House Opposite."**

A somewhat melodramatic play, entitled "The House Opposite," by Mr. Percival Landon, was produced at the Queen's Theatre, London, recently. It has the elements leading up to a powerful situation. Based on the well-known story of Couvoisier, in which a valet was seen from the house opposite killing his master, Mr. Landon's plot reveals how Richard Cardyne, in the boudoir of the Hon. Mrs. Rivers, was the horrified spectator of a similar crime. Richard Cardyne was the lover of Mrs. Rivers, the wife of the Right Hon. Harry Rivers, ex-Home Secretary, and it was from the windows of her room that he saw old Mr. Chancellor done to death by a man. But how can he make use of the knowledge thus fortuitously acquired? Supposing that an innocent person—say, the house-keeper, Anne Carey—is wrongfully accused of the murder, how can he tell the truth, when every word he reveals will fatally compromise the character of Mrs. Rivers? This is the dilemma on which the play turns. A murder has been committed; an innocent person is

ought to confess, and thus secure the ends of justice. But who is to make the needful confession? No one knows better than Cardyne that if he holds his tongue, he is putting the assured position of a leader of society above the most primitive demands of ethical responsibility. In the long run, the woman herself confesses, confesses in an indirect fashion, by mentioning an analogous case to a listless husband, who is apparently too deeply engrossed in his newspaper to listen to the meaning of her words. She never knows whether he really understands the significance of her speech. After all, however, the confession itself is unnecessary. Mr. Rivers himself reveals the fact that the real murderer has confessed the crime, and that, therefore, the innocent will be allowed to go free. But Mrs. Rivers has had a lesson which she is not likely to forget during the rest of her life, and Richard Cardyne, too, has discovered how the pursuit of light loves may lead him into a terrible impasse, in which the conventional and the real sense of the word "honour" are tossed to and fro. Thus, viewed from the theatrical standpoint, the play contains a very strong situation, worked out in a series of scenes which end up in a very obvious moral.

**The Vampire Dance.**

Another dance of sensation and realism has been added to London's existing examples of this particular form of artistic expression. At the Hippodrome recently a Vampire Dance, performed by Miss Alice Kis and Mr. Bert French, who have previously met with a good reception in New York. Inspiration for

She entered the class!  
"You display artistic reserve," Signor said to the bustling basso who rattled the roof with his bawling.

He entered the class!  
"You have rare vocal equipment," Signor said to the attenuated alto, who sang with her eyebrows and shoulders.

She entered the class!  
"You sing with unusual intelligence," said Signor to the tiny tenor, who did not understand a word of the texts he uttered.

He entered the class!  
"You have wide range," Signor said to the capacious contralto, who sang three tones and talked the rest.

She entered the class!  
"Your top tones have tenor quality," said Signor to the burly baritone, who almost dozed when he ventured above middle D.

He entered the class!  
"You are a born dramatic soprano," said Signor to the shrinking young thing who bleated "Violets" in tremulously piping tonlets.

She entered the class!  
"Your eyes look beautiful when you sing 'For All Eternity,'" said Signor to the poor, plain person who had neither voice, diction, intelligence, nor musical feeling.

She entered the class!  
"I must place you inopera," said Signor to the bow-legged, cross-eyed clerk who sold ribbon on weekdays and sang in the choir on Sundays.

He entered the class!  
"You would make an ideal Mimi or Madame Butterfly," said Signor to the middle-aged lady with the 58 bust.

She entered the class!  
In fact, Signor's class is full to over-ther vocal teachers are complaining this season.

#### "The Cheat"—A Drama with Melodramatic Interludes.

"The Cheat," described as "a stirring spectacular Anglo-Afghanistan military drama," was the chosen piece by which the J. C. Williamson New Dramatic Company inaugurated their three weeks' season at His Majesty's, Auckland. The play lives up to the description. It is popular drama with melodramatic interludes. Like all representative military dramas, it compresses into its four acts a liberal vein of excitement and sensation.

The story is woven round a somewhat conventional set of characters, in which Stephen Blanchard, a world-travelled millionaire, and Isra Mahomet Khan, chief of the "Tungiris," stand out as studies of original and more human interest. Captain James Blanchard, the son of a distinguished General, is compelled to resign his commission on the eve of trouble amongst the hill tribes of Afghanistan. He is falsely accused by his cousin, Captain Rivers, of cheating at cards. His fiancée, Ethel Hardy, who previously rejected a proposal of marriage from Rivers, declines to desert her lover. She and Joan Fleming, a girl whom Captain Blanchard's accuser has deceived, go to the front as nurses. Stephen Blanchard, uncle of the cousins, returns from abroad to find that Joan, whom he has loved for years, has fled, leaving only for his eyes a written confession of her unhappiness. Blanchard resolves to follow her and bring her unknown deceiver to justice. James enlists as private in the Gordons, and distinguishes himself by conspicuous bravery at the front. In the meantime, Rivers is in charge of a small garrison at a native port at Ghizeh. By his cruelty and injustice he has brought upon him the threat of assassination by the rebellious hill tribesmen, under the leadership of Isra Mahomet Khan, a courageous and chivalrous chief. Rivers' determination to send Abdul Hamid (the chief's brother) south under arrest, despite the urgent advice of his brother officers, excites

the hill tribesmen to rebellion. Vengeance is vowed. A camp is raided in the pass, and the two nurses, Ethel and Joan, are borne away to the stronghold of the enemy among the hills. Stephen Blanchard, in his search for the missing Joan, had penetrated the pass a month before, whilst the war is in progress, and was captured by the hill tribesmen. Enraged by Rivers' injustice, the natives wreak their ferocious vengeance on the helpless Blanchard by blinding and torturing him with fire until he is almost driven mad. In this state he is found by the captured nurses. Maimed and crippled as he is, he learns from Joan's lips the story of her desertion and the treachery of Rivers, both to her and his innocent cousin James. Isra Mahomet Khan dispatches Blanchard to the fort with a message that unless Rivers gives himself up to the tribe by dawn of the morning following, the women will be tortured as Blanchard was and subject to the brutality of the tribesmen. In the third act a powerful scene is reached—the climax of the whole play, in fact—when Blanchard, in full cognizance of Rivers' despicable conduct, comes in to deliver the hill tribesmen's message. Rivers is brought to confession after a thrilling scene. He is horrified by the demands of the enemy, and in agony of fear blurts out the whole story of his miserable conduct and shoots himself in full view of the audience. The opening of the fourth act sees the situation intense with the peril of the women and the desperation of the garrison. The play, however, after a series of thrilling scenes, comes to a highly melodramatic close which must be left for future audiences to experience.

As a play "The Cheat" derives its action and force from apparently the inexhaustible springs of melodrama. The merit of such a production lies in the scope and vitality of its conception and the interpretation it receives at the hands of the company. The author's conception lives more in the conventional aspects of the stage than downright originality. Much of the dialogue is commonplace, whilst occasionally leading characters are made to appear or given a clear stage with a looseness of construction that is apt to defeat the plausibility of the story. Much of its mediocrity is relieved by the splendid acting of Mr Harold Plummer (Stephen), Mr Cyril Mackay (Rivers), Mr Boyd Irwin (Isra Mahomet Khan), and Miss Ethel Warwick (Ethel). The latter is pretty and graceful, and acts up to the part of the faithful girl lover and heroine the public dearly love to see. Mr George Titheradge as General Sir Christopher Blanchard (the father of James) invests the character with his accustomed penetration and skill. He makes the most of a strong scene between father and son, when the latter tells him he has resigned his command, but unfortunately the author gives the actor few chances for his art. The impersonations of Mr Eardley Turner (Dr Vorland) and Colonel Paget (Mr A. E. Greenaway) were also well rendered.

The piece was received with evident delight and applause by the audience, its more exciting and melodramatic climaxes taking a rigorous hold of those emotions of the typical audience that delights in popular drama. The staging and effects, needless to add, were capitally arranged.

#### Stray Notes.

The London Stage Society recently produced to a packed audience the censored play of Mr. Bernard Shaw entitled, "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet." The play, which was fully outlined in these columns some time ago, is described by the author as "A crude sermon in melodrama." It is one of the anomalies of the censorship at Home that any banned play can be produced, provided the audience support it by subscriptions instead of through the box office.

There has been an interesting contro-

versy in the Melbourne "Argus" with regard to Mr. Oscar Asche's representation of Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice" at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne. The discussion assumed a rather piquant aspect when Mr. Asche replied in straight-out terms to his critics, whose principal objection was that Mr. Asche as Shylock did not wear the yellow badge compulsory to be worn by Jews in those days. Mr. Asche pointed out that he did wear the yellow, in the form of a turban around the head, customary for the Eastern Jews to wear. Mr. Walter Bentley also took part in the controversy after Mr. Asche had pointed out that he did wear the yellow. The "Argus" published a leading article referring to the fact that the public must take a keen interest in the Asche-Brayton Shakespearean productions when numerous letters are sent to the Press commenting upon the details of the productions.

Messrs. J. and N. Tait, who are directing the forthcoming Australasian tour of the Besses of the Barn Band, now announce that the band's first appearance in Christchurch, New Zealand, has been unavoidably postponed from 1st to 8th February. The band has been delayed en route from South Africa by the fact that the Suez was forced to go onto Durban for coal, owing to the shortage in the Commonwealth. The "Besses" will leave Melbourne for New Zealand on 2nd February. Their further itinerary through the Dominion of New Zealand will not, however, be altered by this unfortunate disturbance in their travelling engagements. After leaving Christchurch they go to Invercargill and Dunedin, and then proceed to Wellington and Auckland.

In the revival of "The Corsican Brothers" at the Sydney Theatre Royal, the big scene is the fight. When Pabien dei Franchi and Chateau Renaud meet in the last act, the points of broken swords are used in the fashion of Corsica. The duel thus becomes a fight with knives. We are promised another sensation of the same kind when Mr. Oscar Asche produces "Count Hannibal." The Count fights with a sword in one hand and a dagger in the other. In November Signor Giovanni Grasso, the Sicilian actor, did more than was set down for him while appearing in Florence. The latter-day Salvini was playing one of his fiercest parts, in which he has to stab his enemy with a dagger. In the heat of his passion, Grasso let the weapon slip out of his hand. The dagger alighted in the pit on a man's head, cutting it slightly. An indignant member of the audience flung the knife back to the stage, where it was dexterously caught by Grasso. Raising it aloft in his hand, and, as though it were accursed, Grasso smashed it in two, and then stamped upon it. Then, with a swift bound, Grasso was in the pit beside the injured man. The next minute he had climbed back to the boards with the victim in his arms. After settling the injured man in a chair, Grasso threw himself on his knees and began a long entreaty for forgiveness. This was freely granted by the much-embarassed playgoer, who on his side begged to be allowed to return to his seat. But this was not to be until Grasso, weeping copiously, had bestowed no fewer than 50 resounding kisses on the man's blushing cheeks. The action was greeted with loud cheers, and after Grasso had gracefully bowed his thanks the play was resumed.

A galaxy of star melodists will arrive in Australia in a few months' time. Calve, Dolores and Carreno are due in April. Melba, now busy settling her son on a fine farm at Lilydale, and entertaining Gov. Carmichael thereon, says she surely will return from foreign parts with a grand opera company within eighteen months. Charles "Spats" Harris will bring his Sheffield

choir, known as the "Yorkshire Dumpings" along next year.

Miss Viola Tree, daughter of the famous Sir Herbert, made her debut as a vocalist last month in the Queen's Hall (London) at the third concert of the new Symphony Orchestra. Her rendering of Charpentier's "Dupine le Jour" was characterized by brilliant vocalisation and fine charm. All success to one who, frankly admitting her inability to take a leading position in the world of drama, courageously challenges the verdict of the musical public. Critics tell us that in Miss Tree's grand opera will find a valuable recruit.

Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," which the J. C. Williamson Grand Opera Company will produce here (in English) next Easter, is to be performed for the first time in Dresden next September.

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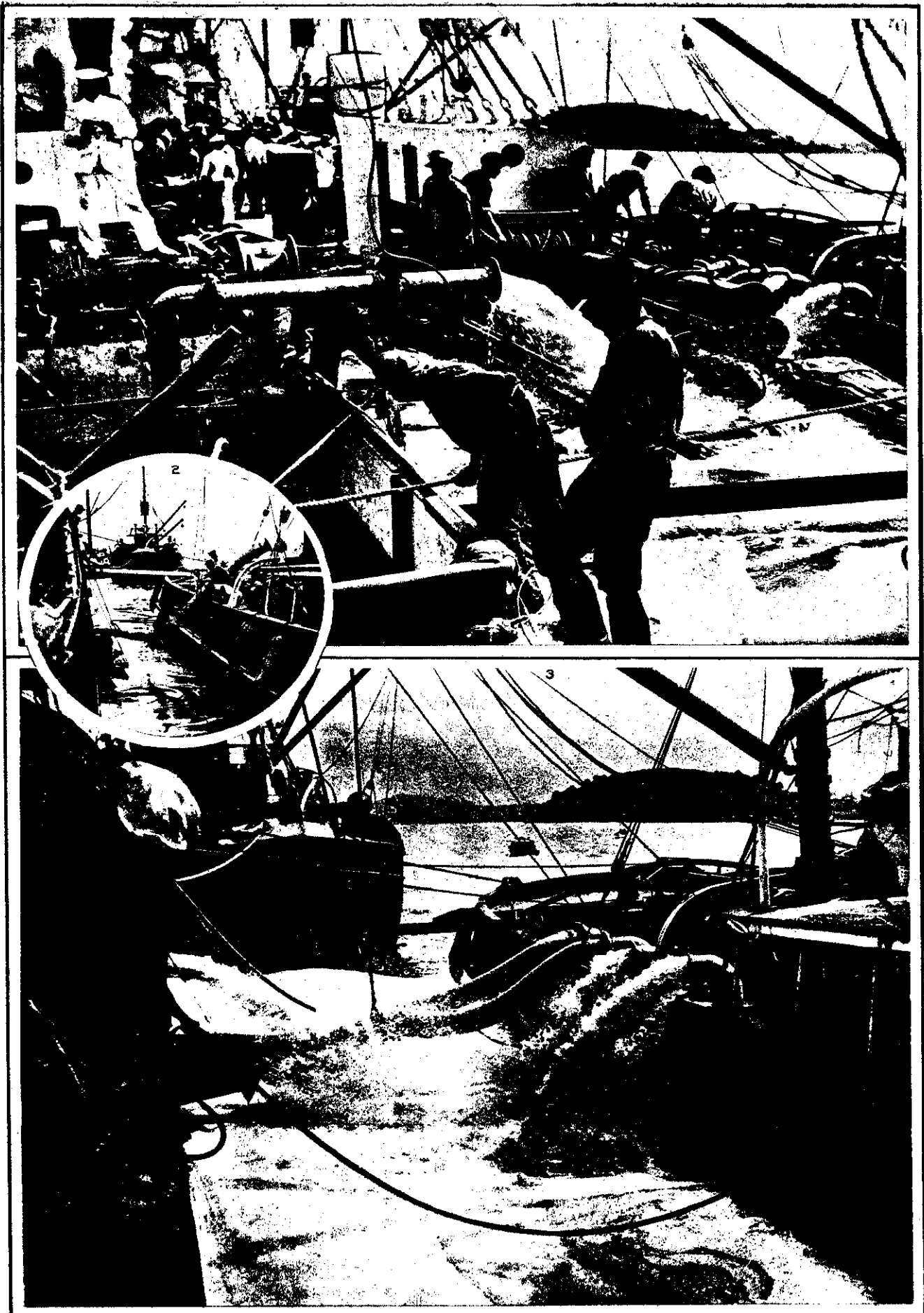




*George Frampton  
London  
1904*

IMMORTALISED IN THE HALLS OF FAME—THE SEDDON MEMORIAL IN ST. PAUL'S.

A cable message last week records that the Seddon memorial panel, cast in bronze, for the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, adjoining Sir George Grey's tomb, has been completed by Mr. G. J. Frampton, the well-known sculptor. Through the courtesy of Mrs. R. J. Seddon, we are permitted to reproduce a photo of the design as it appears now completed. The crypt of St. Paul's contains memorials to many famous men, including Wellington, Nelson, Sir Frederick Laidton, Sir John Mills, Turner, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Charles Reade, and numerous British and colonial statesmen, poets, heroes, etc. Verily the memory of our greatest statesman has been immortalised in the halls of fame.



### MOVING 2000 TONS OF WATER PER HOUR.

Several holes were found by divers in the bottom of the New Zealand Shipping Company's fine steamer Kalpara, which grounded in the Raupoto Channel, and after this had been plugged up, the powerful pumps of the tug Terawhiti, assisted by the Harbour Board's pulsometer, emptied the flooded holds in a few hours, and the liner was brought up to Hobson Bay, where she was beached until more of her cargo has been discharged, prior to docking for repairs. (1) The pulsometer at work assisting the pumps. (2) Preparatory operations. (3) This striking picture shows the powerful pumps of the Terawhiti throwing out about 1,500 tons of water per hour from the flooded holds.



SAVING  
THE  
"KAIPARA"



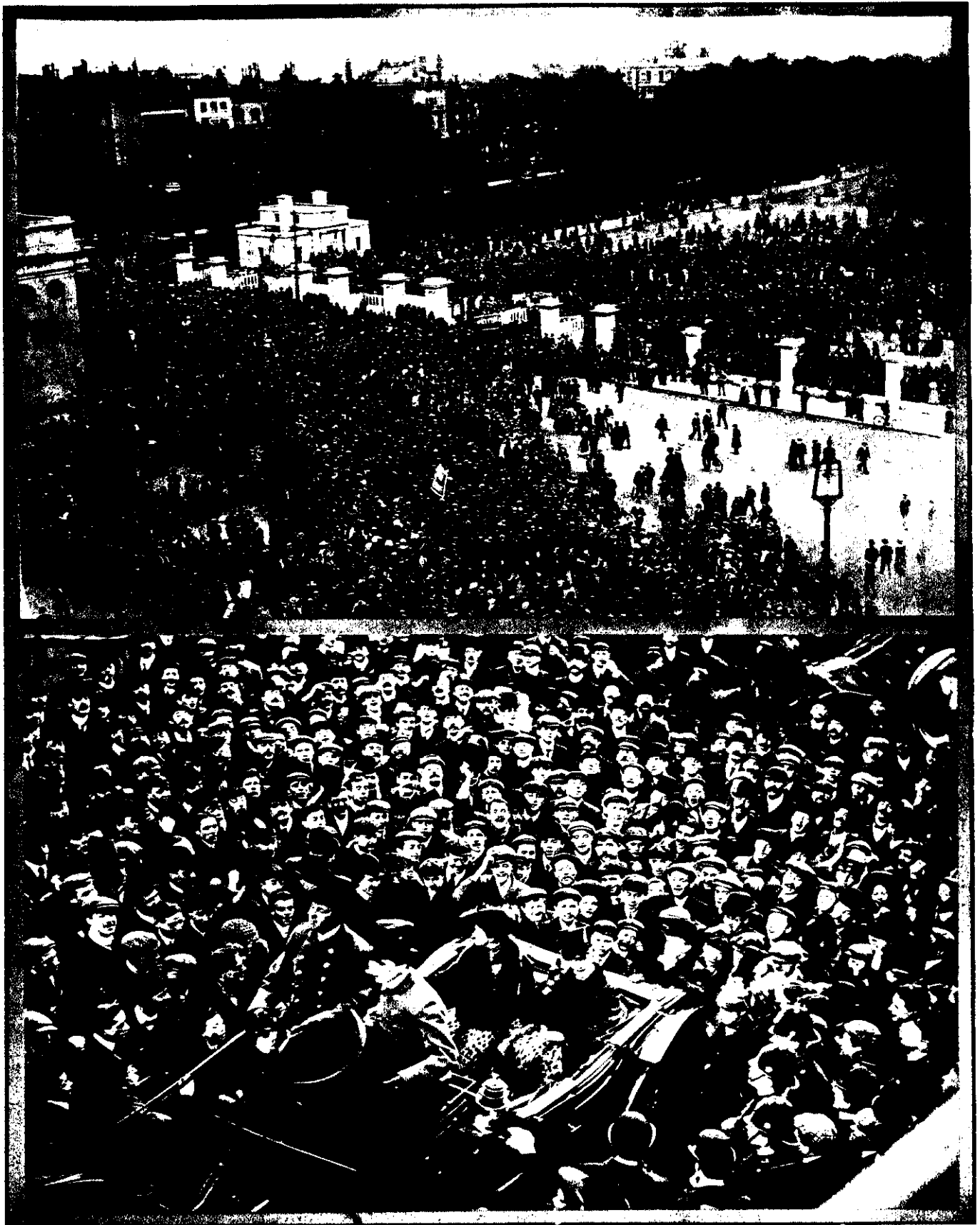
THE PLIGHT OF A BIG OCEAN LINER—DIVERS AT WORK ON THE STRANDED "KAIPARA."

Three divers did valuable work in connection with the salvage operations on the New Zealand Shipping Co.'s steamer Kaipara, which was stranded recently in the Rangitoto Channel. The divers were able to locate the damage to the ship's bottom, and also to plug up the hole, after which the water was pumped out of the hold, and the steamer was floated into Harbour's Bay, previous to being dacked and put in repair.



**NEARING COMPLETION—AUCKLAND'S BIG FERRO-CONCRETE BRIDGE.**

The big ferro-concrete bridge which spans the Cemetery Gully is now practically completed, and is already in use by foot passengers. The bridge provides a direct avenue from the city to the Domain, and has immensely improved the means of communication with some of the eastern districts. The view from the bridge is magnificent. (1) In the early stages of the work. (2) A view illustrating the massive construction underneath the bridge. (3) Looking across the Gully, and showing the sweep of the central arch. The false-work showing in the picture has yet to be removed. (4) Among the trees in the Gully. (5) Looking up from the bottom of one of the main columns.

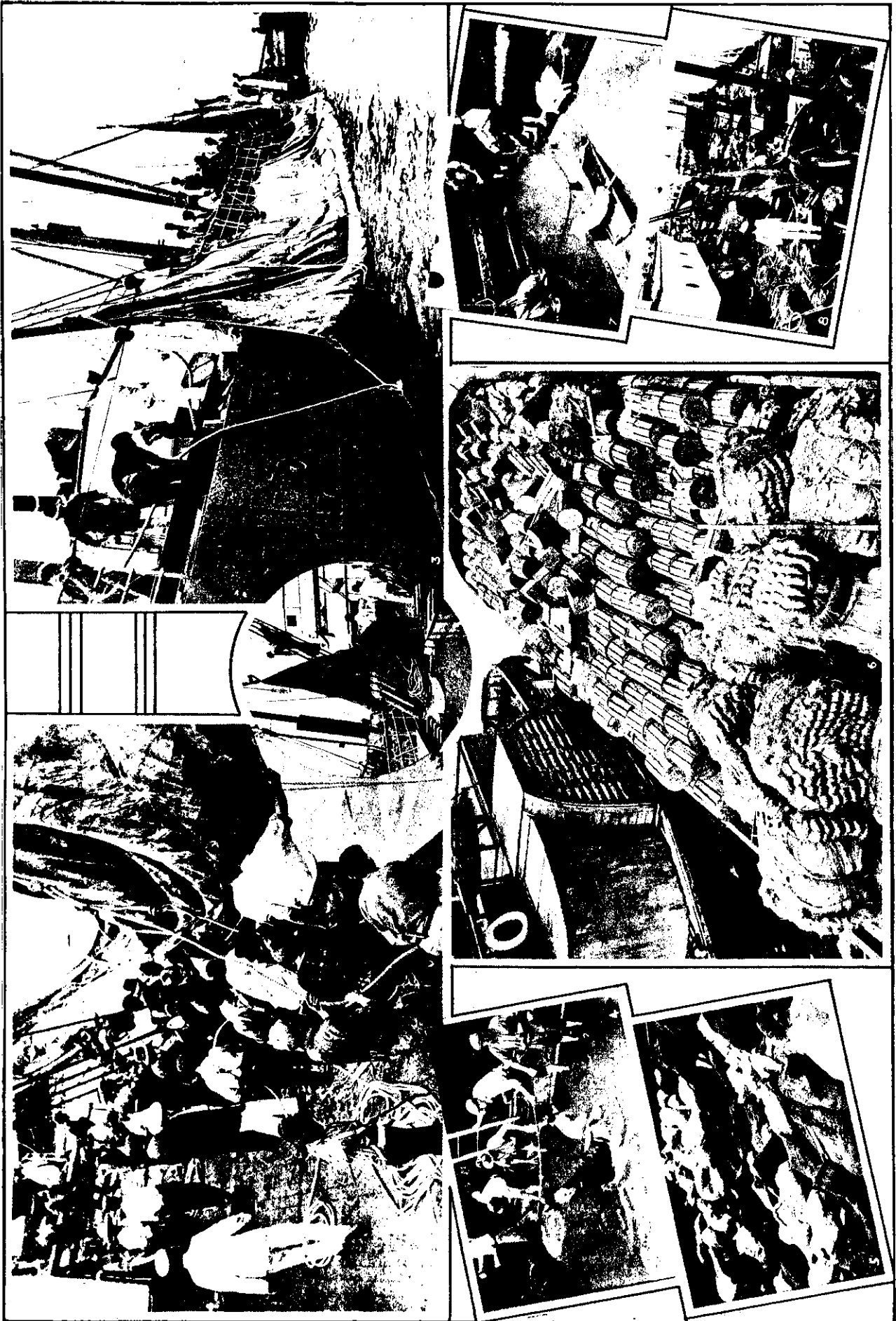


Topical photo.

### THE GREATEST POLITICAL STRUGGLE OF MODERN TIMES—WEALTH AND PRIVILEGE V. DEMOCRACY.

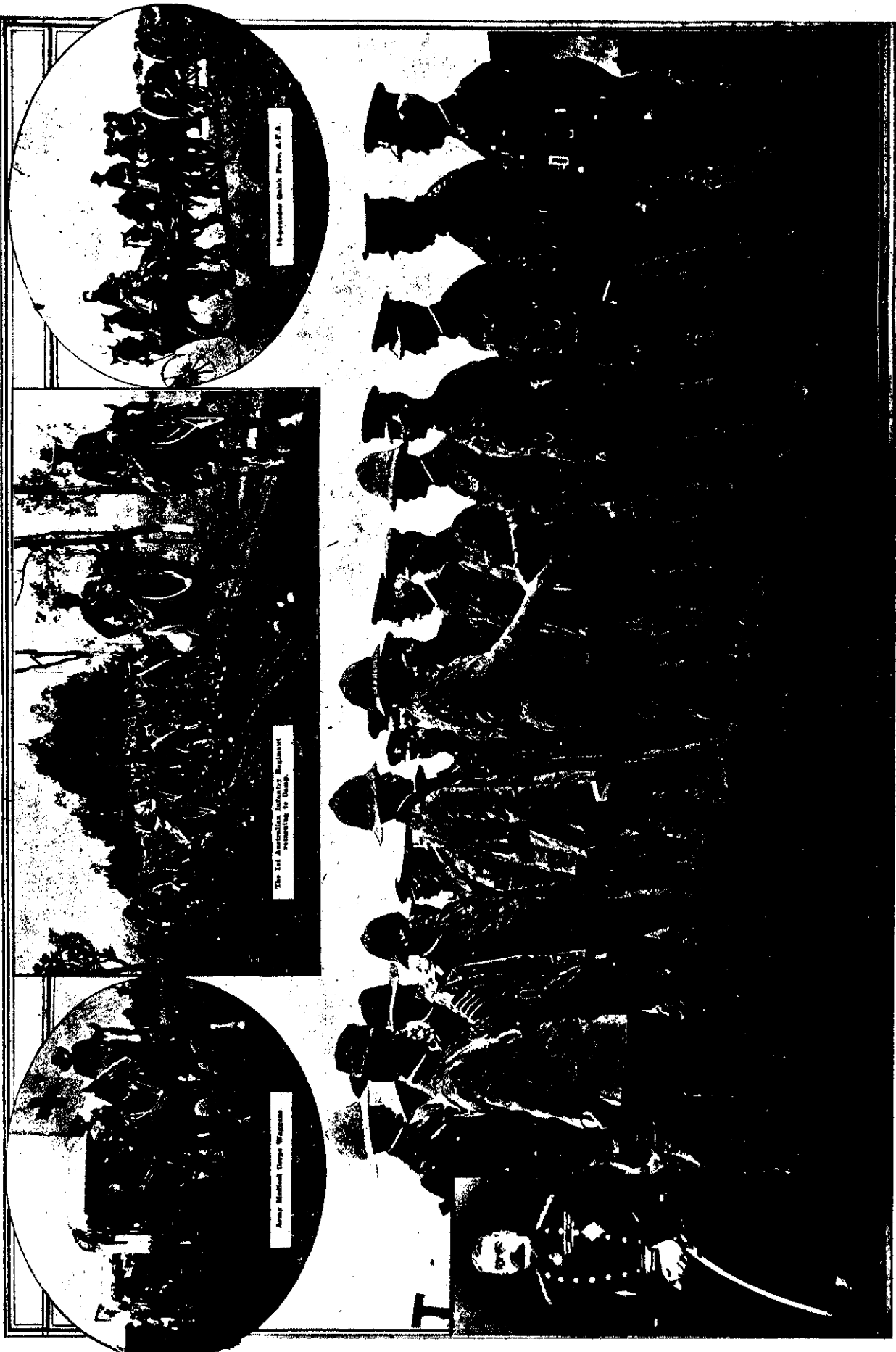
(1) A demonstration in favour of the Budget passing underneath Marble Arch into Hyde Park, London. (2) Mr. Joseph Chamberlain driving through Birmingham the "Mecca" of Tariff Reformers.

The British elections, which are now in full swing, will not be completed before February. To Colonials accustomed to see their elections finished in one day, the British system seems incomprehensible. In Britain, however, there is no one man one vote. Out of a total population of 33,000,000, votes are held by only 7,000,000. Plural voting is still the order of the day. The land-owning classes have votes. In every electorate in which they hold property, and it is simply a survival of the bad old days that permits the elections to be so arranged that the plural voter can register all the votes at his command. This necessarily gives the property owners relatively much greater power to decide an issue at the polls than that possessed by the householders who pay not less than £10 per year in rent. Those who pay less than that, of course, have no vote.



SALVING THE KAIPARA—THE PLIGHT OF A BIG OCEAN LINER

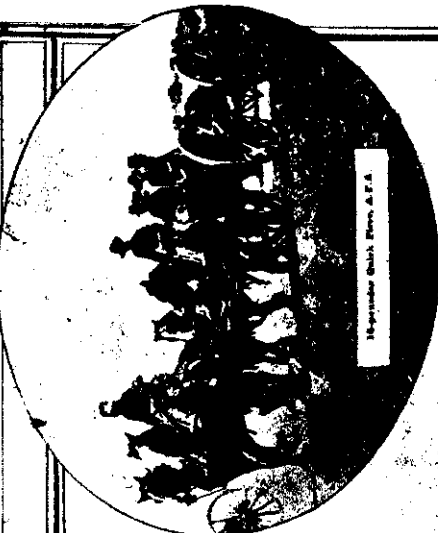
(1) The great mat—made of canvas and stuffed with straw—which was used to cover up the hole in the steamer's plates. The mat is being hoisted into position. (2) Preparations for stopping the leach of water. (3) The mat being lowered over the side, ready to be dragged into position. (4) An unsavoury job. The work of recovering the cargoes of meat became more and more trying as time elapsed, and decomposition set in. (5) Part of a snow load of meat ready to be taken to sea and jettyhoused. (6) Cakes of cheese and boxes of milk recovered from the Kaipara. (7) Fishing up cargoes of mutton from the holds. (8) A general view during the salvage operations.



Army Medical Corps Station



The 1st New Zealand Cavalry Regiment marching in camp



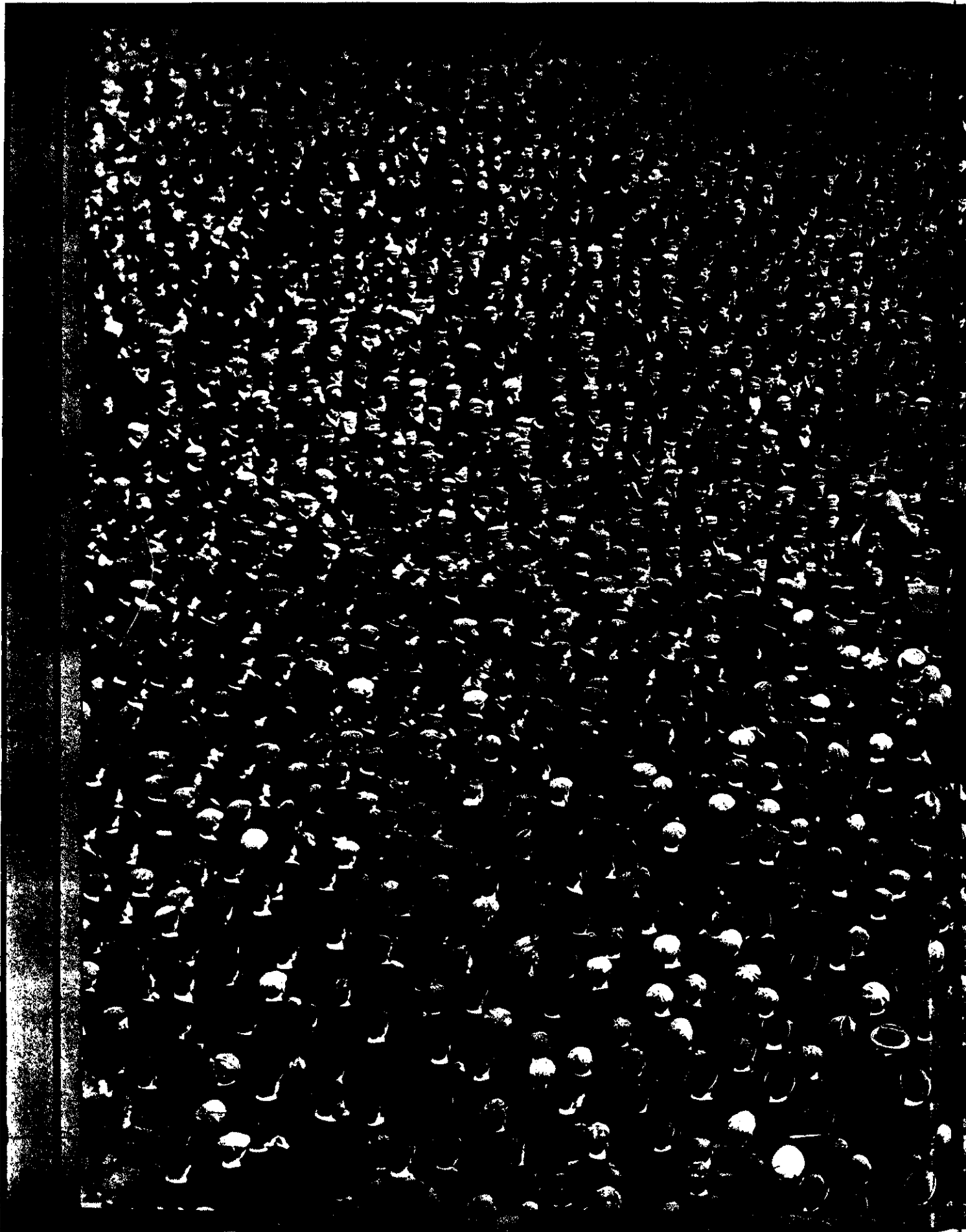
Independent Bush Bore & F.A.

LORD KITCHENER IN AUSTRALIA—A BUSY DAY FOR THE TROOPS.

"Town and Country Journal" photo.

Lord Kitchener's scheme for the Liverpool Camp near Sydney, was based on the idea of an attack on a convex. The operations occupied 35 hours, and were conducted as far as practicable under actual war conditions. In the lower half of the page the famous Field Marshal is seen being introduced to the officers of the Headquarters Staff. Lord Kitchener arrives at the Bluff on February 17, and takes his departure from Auckland on March 3.

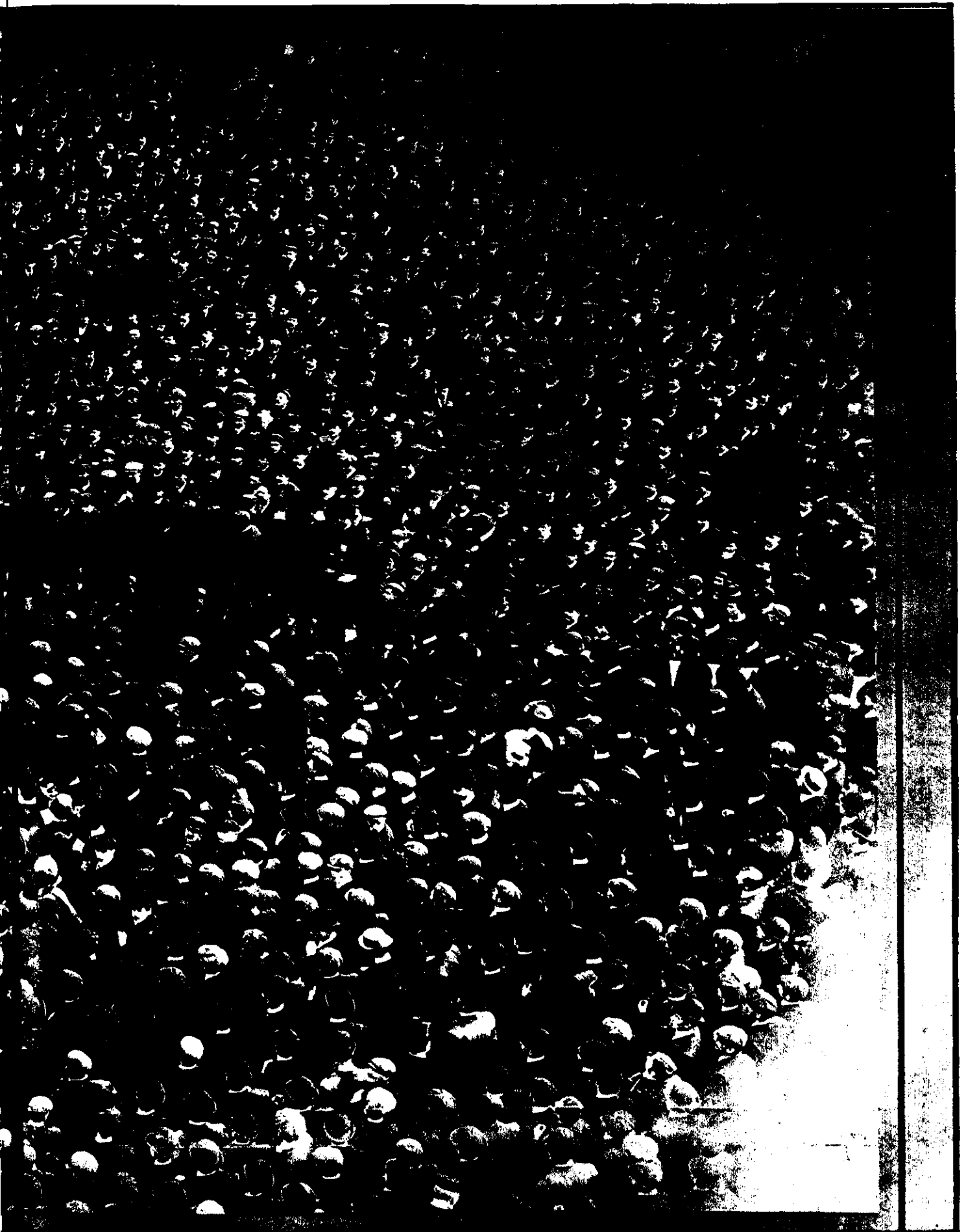
# The Greatest Political Struggle of Modern T



Topical photo.  
Tower Hill is in the East End of London, in the vicinity of the great docks that line the banks of the Thames below Tower Bridge. It has been the scene of many a fiery speech, and of many a political demonstration from different parts of London.



# Times—Wealth and Privilege v. Democracy.



**THE HEIGHT OF THE BRITISH ELECTION'S CAMPAIGN.**  
The photograph shows a characteristic slice of London's industrial millions taken during the luncheon hour. Over twenty similar gatherings were held in the same day and hour.



Muir and McKinlay, Photo.

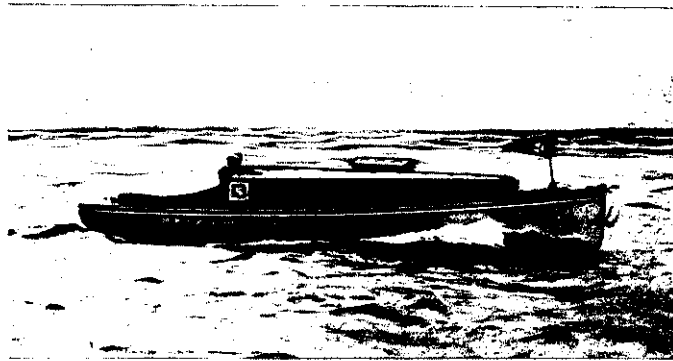
ANGLICAN BISHOPS OF NEW ZEALAND AND THEIR CHAPLAINS.

The photograph shows the Anglican Bishops of New Zealand who have been attending the General Synod in Wellington. Front row, reading from the left: Bishop Averill (Waikato), Bishop Wallace (Wellington), Bishop Julius (Christchurch), The Primate, Bishop Nevill (Dunedin), Bishop Mules (Nelson), Bishop Williams, Bishop Seligson (Auckland). Standing behind the bishops are their respective chaplains: Ven. Archdeacon H. W. Williams, Rev. T. H. Sprott, Ven. Archdeacon J. A. Jacob, Ven. Archdeacon C. C. Harper, Rev. W. W. Selgwick, Canon Woodthorpe, Rev. R. G. Mules, Ven. Archdeacon D. Ruddock, Ven. Archdeacon Willis.



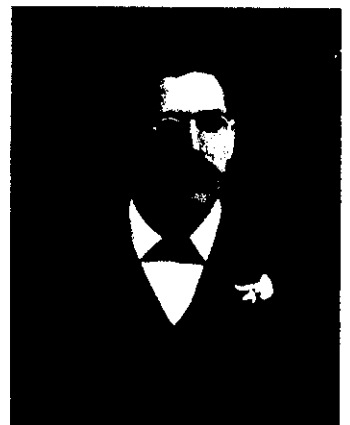
NEW ZEALANDER ELECTED TO BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Dr. W. A. Chapple, M.P., whose election for Stirlingshire in the Liberal Interest, is announced, is a well-known New Zealander, and a former member of the House of Representatives.



A FAST MOTOR LAUNCH.

The launch here proved herself the fastest boat for her size and power in the long-distance race for Mr. C. Leys' cup, held by the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron, on Saturday, in Auckland. The boat is owned by Mr. Wilson, of Mahurangi, was built by Mr. David Reid, and is propelled by a 12 h.p. Sterling engine, supplied by Mr. W. R. Twigg. The race started from Queen Street Wharf and finished at Matalahi, the course being about 35 miles.



REV. S. HENDERSON.

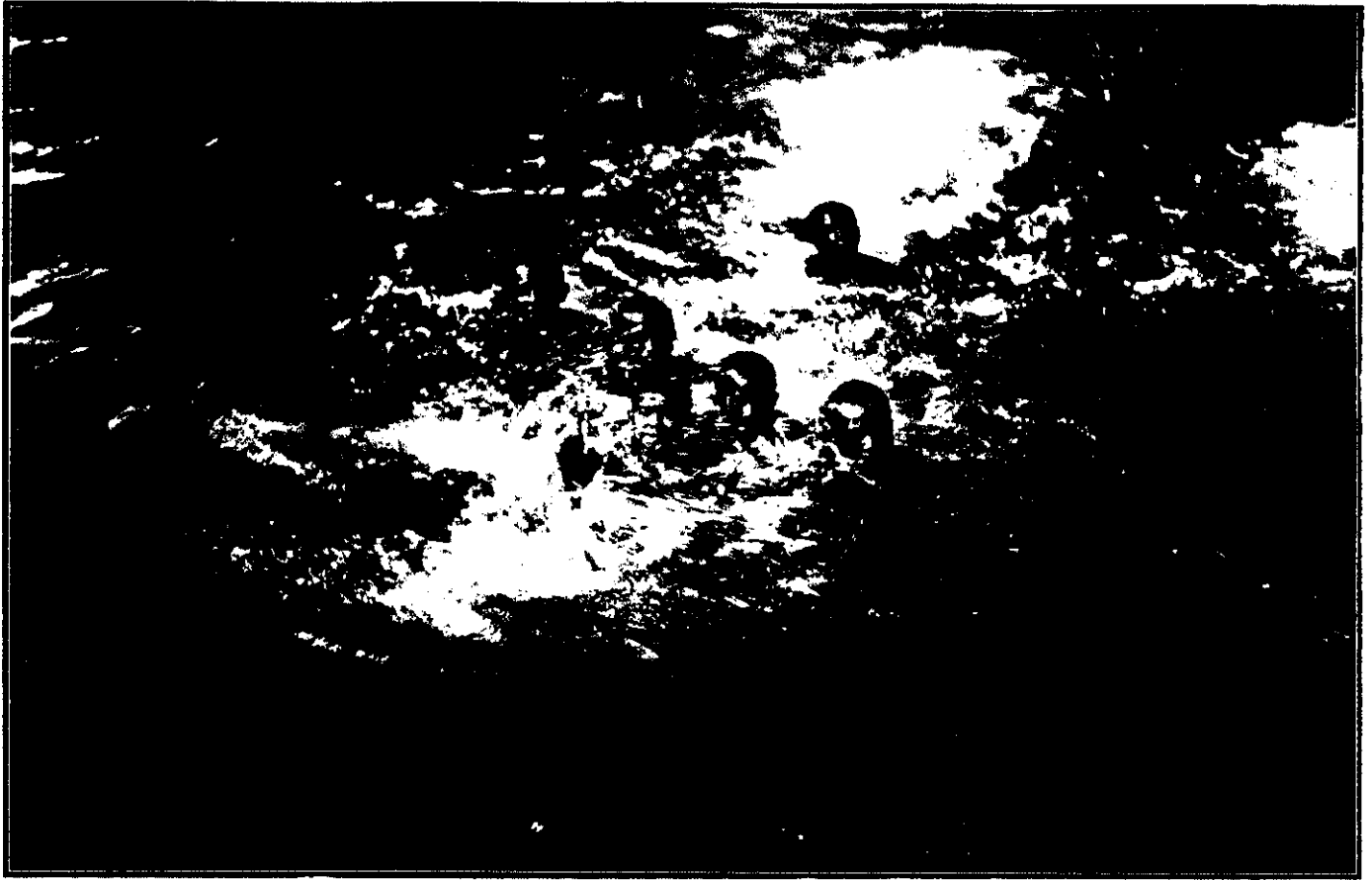
The Rev. S. Henderson, of Christchurch, presided over the Primitive Methodist Conference, which sat at Timaru recently.



Muir and McKinlay, Photo.

CLERGY AND LAITY ATTENDING THE GENERAL SYNOD OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH OF NEW ZEALAND.





Winkelmann, photo.

### "TROW A PENNY, PAKEHA."

As soon as a visitor comes in sight of the crowds of brown children usually clustering round the bridge at Whakarewarewa, he is assailed with yells of "Trow a penny, pakeha." The coin is pitched over into the deep pool below, and large and small children at once plunge after it from the bridge, a distance of between twenty and thirty feet. The water is soon swarming with them, and they will keep on diving to the bottom as long as the coin and the generosity of the crowd last.



H. E. Bell, photo.

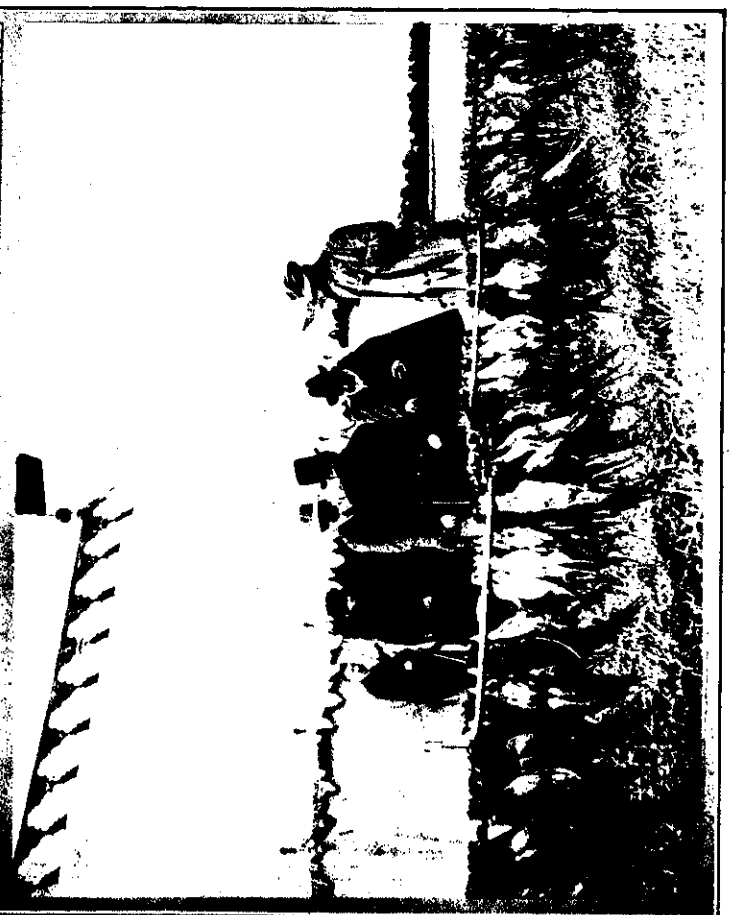
### A PROMISING NEW COALFIELD.

A Wellington syndicate has acquired a large coal-bearing area, situated about six miles from Ngatawaha, Waikato, on which most favourable reports have been made. Mr J. Hayes, F.R.S., has estimated the quantity of coal available as 22,500,000 sale tons. The first undertaking of the company will be to construct a branch railway and bridge across the Waipa River, so as to connect their property with the Main Trunk Line. In the photograph the thickness of the seam is shown by the full height of the waterfall.



**MIDWINTER IN LONDON.**

With a foggy sky and a snow white earth, London in midwinter sometimes assumes the most picturesque aspects. The outlines of trees and buildings are softened into indistinct masses. The lakes in the parks are frozen. Through it all moves the



Published by kind permission of His Majesty.

**THE KING OF SPORTSMEN.**

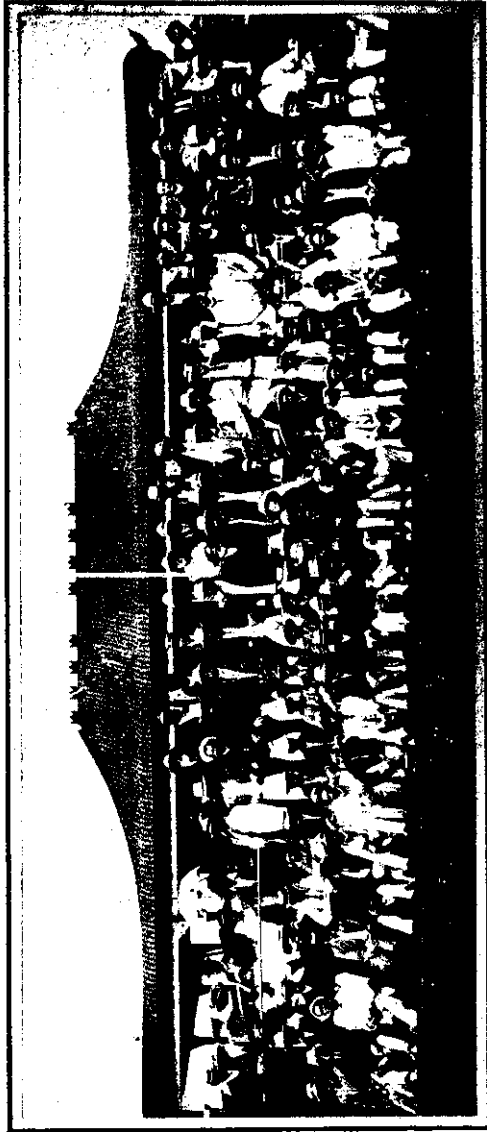
KING EDWARD, ACCOMPANIED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA, SHOOTING IN SANDRINGHAM COVERTS. In Queen Alexandra leaving the hutchon tent in company of George, Countess of Dudley. The Prince of Wales is seen immediately to the left, and the Princess on the extreme right. © His Majesty respecting the big game hunt on Sandringham Estate. Football commemorated by the Earl of London, Countess of London, and the Duke of Devonshire.

Photo. W. J. Edwards.



**NEW ZEALAND'S GROWING COMMERCE—A BUSY SCENE AT THE RAILWAY WHARF, AUCKLAND.**

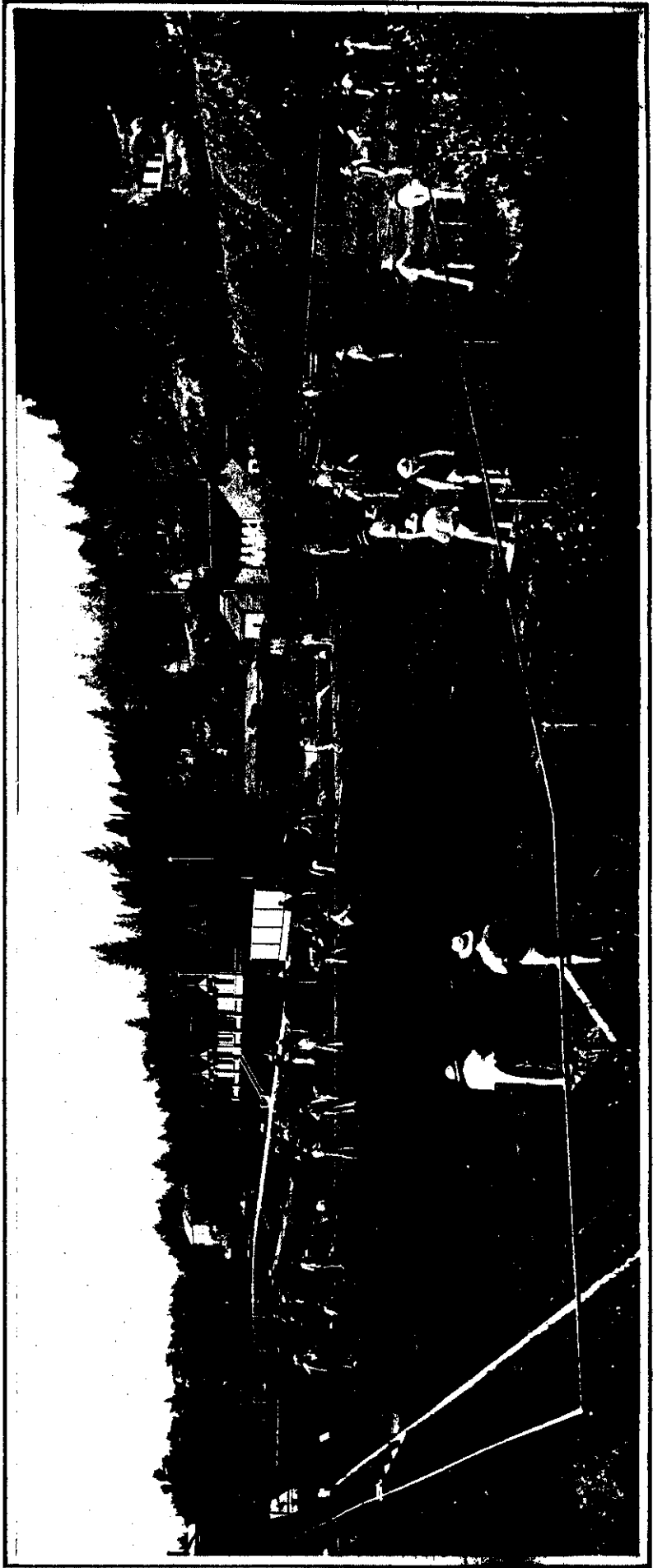
The new ferro-concrete Railway Wharf, which has been built at Auckland presented a busy scene just now, with four large, ocean-going steamers alongside, taking in their valuable cargoes of New Zealand produce for the markets of the Old World. The four large steamers are the *Manawatu*, *Manini*, *Wairere* and *Wairangi*.



A GROUP OF COMPETITORS.



A CORNER OF THE GREEN.



A VIEW OF THE GREEN DURING THE TOURNAMENT.  
**PROVINCIAL BOWLING TOURNAMENT AT TE AROHA.**

A large number of clubs from various parts of Auckland Province were represented at the successful bowling tournament which was held in Te Aroha on January 1 and 3. The final was won by the Rotorua No. 2 team, who played off with the Te Aroha representatives.



"ECSTASY," BY PROFESSOR REGAN.

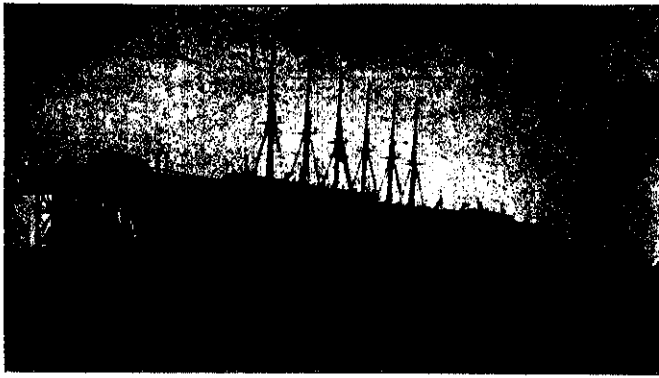


"THE POWER OF MUSIC," BY JOSEPH LAMHURY.

**STUDIES IN MODERN SCULPTURE.**

Two beautiful examples of the modern sculptor's art in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris.

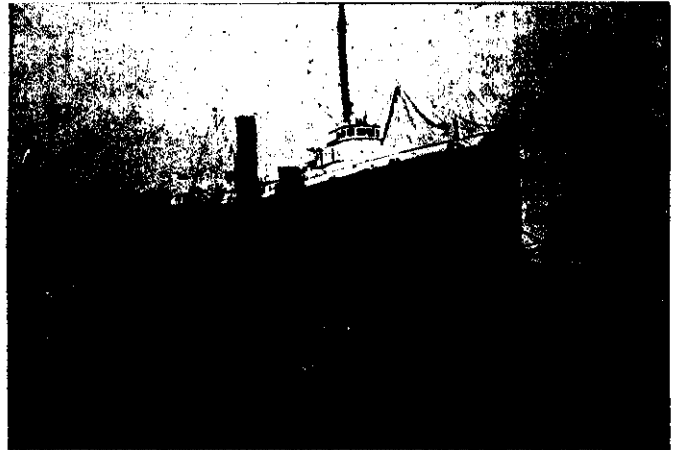




SIX-MASTED SCHOONER LOADING COAL AT NEWPORT NEWS FOR BOSTON.

country protect the coastwise shipping against all competitors, and they have made it profitable for Americans to build steamships for home trade, and to operate them.

no fear of foreign competition. For section 4 of the Navigation Act of 1817, which is still in effect, says that no goods shall be transported, under penalty of their forfeiture, from one port



LOADING COAL AT NEW ORLEANS DURING A FLOOD.

## The Great Coastwise Fleet of the United States.

AMERICAN TONNAGE SURPASSED ONLY BY GREAT BRITAIN—THE STEAMSHIPS THAT COMPETE WITH THE RAILROADS—THE EVER-INCREASING FLEET OF SAILING VESSELS.

By LAWRENCE PERRY.

THE extraordinary achievements of the foreign trans-Atlantic liners have filled the popular mind for the last forty years. The merchant service of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts has been left to develop unheralded and unsung. Yet the domestic merchant marine of the United States now includes the largest and, from every maritime standpoint, the best fleet of domestic carriers in the world. This is a fact, undramatic perhaps, but a fact of great significance. It is a record of progress unattended by spectacular struggles, speed, or an absorbing ambition for first-class passengers, achieved by the sane, careful carrying-out of a business-like policy. It has placed America second in tonnage among the nations of the world. The total documented merchant ship-

to others, they have jealously guarded their coastwise traffic. The laws of the

And this increase is for productive service. Boats are not built in the coastwise service as advertisements. They are built because conditions warrant their construction—because there is freight to be carried. And there is

of the United States to another port of the United States in a vessel belonging wholly or in part to a subject of any foreign power. No English or German or Norwegian tramp steamer can enter a port and



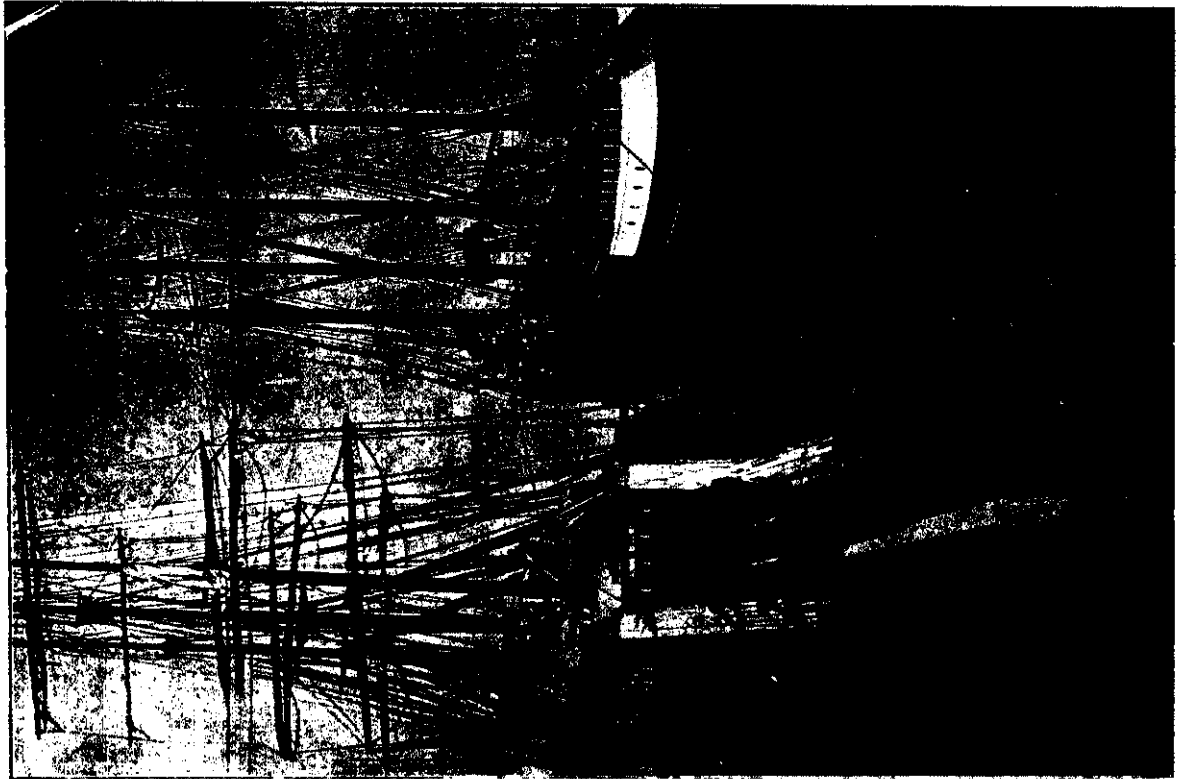
A THREE-MASTED FREIGHT SCHOONER—THE TYPICAL AMERICAN COASTWISE TRAMP. The fore-and-aft, the American rig, is more economical and faster than the old square-rigger ships.



AN OLD "SQUARE-RIGGER" ON THE PACIFIC.

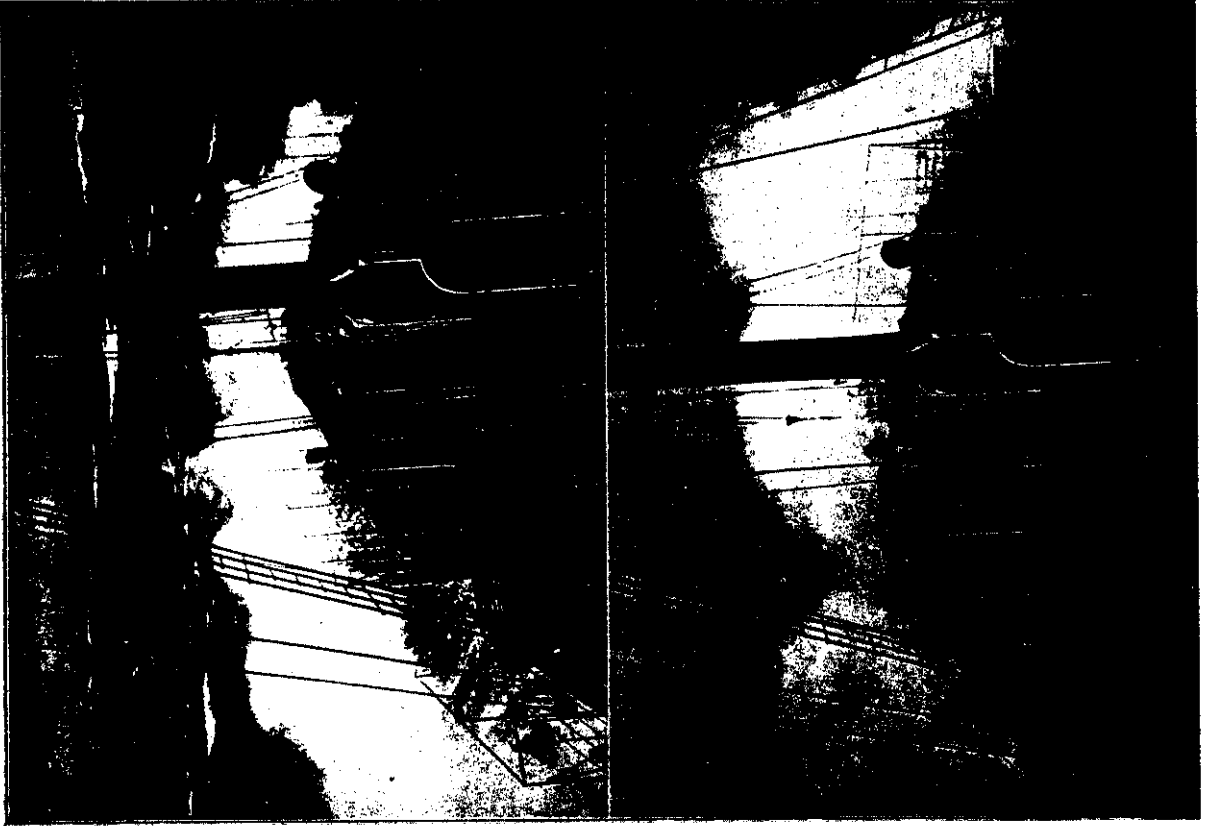
ping of the United States, at the close of the fiscal year 1907-8, comprised 25,425 vessels of 7,365,445 tons. Only Great Britain exceeds these figures. One-third of this tonnage is employed on the Great Lakes. The great bulk of the remainder is on the coasts and rivers from Maine all the way around to Washington.

America has practically ceased to build ships for foreign trade. But, while they have given up this commerce



LOADING LUMBER AT PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON.  
Lumber, coal, and cotton make up the bulk of the coastwise traffic.

THE GREAT COASTWISE FLEET OF THE UNITED STATES.



A HEAD SEA ON THE ATLANTIC.

take charter to carry goods to another port on any coast, lake, or river of the United States.

The cotton carried by most of the coastwise liners is, of course, of inflammable nature, and fires frequently occur. But, except in the case of the Mallory liner, Leona, in which some dozen persons were burned to death off the Virginia Capes, in 1897, fatalities have been rare. When the cargo of cotton takes fire, the sailors force steam into the holds, and the vessel proceeds on her course, while the passengers, for the most part, are ignorant that anything unusual is occurring.

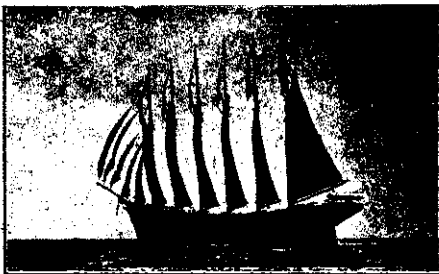
Far from being at a standstill in the tumultuous months, navigation on the Atlantic and the Gulf coasts is never so active as at this season. Not only the steamships, but seagoing tugs towing coal-barges, and schooners of three, four, five, and six masts are abroad at this time along a part of the coast—the section north of Hatteras—which is feared by every deep-sea captain who sails the North Atlantic. Northwest and northeast gales visit the Atlantic coast between Canada and Cape Hatteras all winter. The Gulf Stream off Bermuda rears mountainous seas, and the foreign square-riggers frequently occupy more than a fortnight in fighting their way across this forty-mile barrier. Through all this well-nigh constant riot of the



THE HUDSON RIVER LINED WITH DOCKS ON BOTH THE NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY SIDES.



FURLING SAIL ON A "SQUARE-RIGGER."



A TYPICAL "SIX-MASTER."

Nearly as many men on one yard as comprise the crew of the schooner, whose sails are worked by donkeyengines.

elements, the coastwise trade is carried on, and the fact that schooners and coal-barges are lost each year, and that occasionally a small freight steamer goes down, only emphasises the skill and hardihood of the great bulk of coastwise seamen and navigators who, blow high or blow low, regularly carry passengers and freights from port to port.

The most important part of the coastwise fleet of steamships consists of the vessels engaged in carrying both passengers and freight from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore southward, and, on the west coast, from San Francisco to Puget Sound and Alaska.

The coastwise traffic is made up of coal from the coal ports, such as Newport News; cotton from such ports as Galveston, Charleston, and Savannah; rails from Baltimore; sulphur from Sabine



H 776  
Silver plated Vase.  
5 1/2 inch. 4/6  
7 inch. 6/6



H 6290  
Cut-glass Silver  
Mounted Flower Vase.  
8 inches high, 17/6

## Stewart Dawson & Co.

N.Z. LIMITED,  
**QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.**

In purchasing from us you will find our prices mean a saving to you of fully 10 to 20 per cent. We do not keep inferior goods. Our low-priced articles are all of good make and finish, and we have by far the largest variety in Auckland to select from.

To ensure receiving our goods it is necessary to deal with us direct at our **AUCKLAND TREASURE HOUSE**, as we do not employ Agents or Travelling Salesmen. On receipt of remittance we forward goods, post free, to any address. We also supply Illustrated Catalogues free to anyone interested.



G 4037  
Solid Silver Vase.  
4 1/2 inches 14/6  
5 1/2 inches 18/6  
6 1/2 inches 25/-



H 1571  
Solid Silver Vase.  
5 1/2 inches 12/6  
6 1/2 inches 14/6



H 833—Handsome Rest Silver-plated Flower Stand,  
13 inches high, 16 inches wide, £3.  
Other Designs at 35/-, 50/-, 55/-, 60/- up to £7/10/-.



H 850—Silver-plated Flower Stand,  
7 1/2 inches high, 27/6.  
Others at 30/-, 35/- upwards.



J 610—Best Silver-plated Flower Stand,  
13 1/2 inches high, £5 3/-.



F 454—Silver-plated Pie Dish with White China Lining,  
12 inches long, £2.  
Others at 32/6, 42/- and 50/-.



J 186—Silver-plated and Embossed Cake Basket,  
10 inches diameter, 21/10/-.



F 289—Best Silver-plated 11 inch Entree Dish,  
Removable Handle. Dish and Cover make a pair.  
£25/-.  
Others at 52/6, 55/-, 67/6, upwards.

Pass; ties and sugar from New Orleans; phosphate rock from Jacksonville; and lumber and naval stores from all Southern ports. Going south, holds are filled with general merchandise, which, as in the case of north-bound cargoes, is carried in successful competition with the railroads.

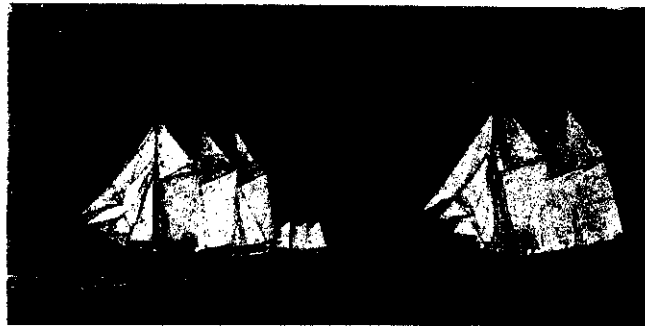
The coastwise steamship lines on the Atlantic coast pay little attention to the railroads. They make their own rates for freight and passengers without consulting the landward carriers, and get all of both that they can carry.

The same situation applies to all territory where steamship companies in connection with railroads compete with an all-rail service. The all-rail routes are underbid in rates; and, in addition to this, the uniformity of service which the steamships offer—the only risk being that of the vessel sinking, which is infinitesimal—proves most alluring to shippers. Freight is carried not only from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and elsewhere to the South, but cargoes from interior states north of the Potomac and east of Buffalo and Pittsburg are hauled to tide-water, transported to Savannah or other Southern ports, and there delivered to railroads for final shipment to interior points, as far west as Denver and Salt Lake City, at a considerable saving in cost over all-rail rates and without appreciable loss in time.

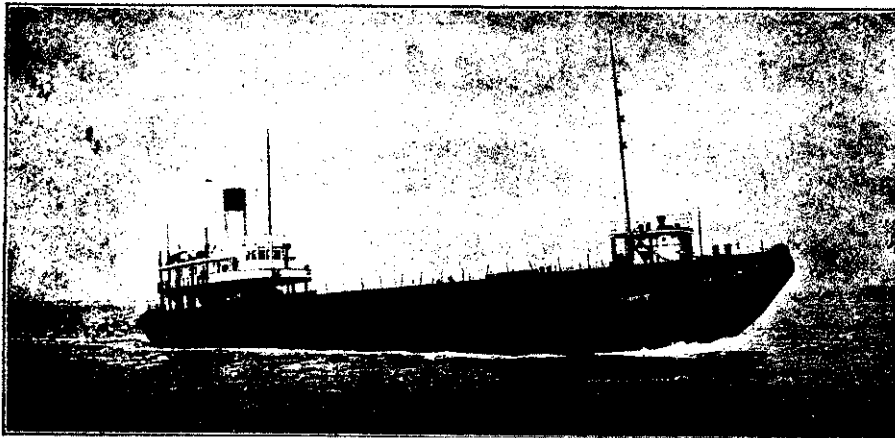
Durability, safety, economy in operation characterise the average coastwise liner. Built in American shipyards, designed to ply steadily through North Atlantic storms, they are regarded even by the transatlantic shipping men as a credit to the flag. Aside from the Brazos and the Long Island Sound and Hudson River liners, they are not of more than average speed. Excessive speed is not desired. The railroads carry the mails. Passengers who travel southward or northward by steamships go for two reasons; the desire for a sea voyage, or because the rates of travel are cheaper. In either case, there is no demand for speed, and, so long as freight trains are stalled, shunted, and sidetracked, the coast wise steamers do not need excessive speed to meet their competition. The liners average about twelve knots in speed, and the extra six knots which



DOCKS AT NEWPORT NEWS, AND THE SCHOONER FLEET WAITING FOR CARGOES.



A FLEET OF FREIGHT SCHOONERS LEAVING NEW YORK.



AN OIL-STEAMER—A TUG AND A CARGO BOAT COMBINED.

sels are increasing steadily. They are, in reality, the tramps of the coastwise lanes, proceeding hither and thither, picking up cargoes where they can.

The commonest type in the schooner coastwise trade is the three-master, although there are many four and five-masters, and some with six masts. There was a seven-master, the Thomas W. Lawson, but it was lost on the other side of the Atlantic on Friday, the 13th of December, 1907, turning turtle because of shifting cargo. Before that time it had been a success in the coasting trade, and, with a crew of only sixteen men, it carried as much cargo as a German transatlantic freighter. The schooner is peculiarly the product of Yankee shipbuilding genius, and is the handiest "wind-jammer" that floats. The schooner has figured in the coastwise trade since the eighteenth century, but the three-master came into vogue about 1870. By the early eighties, schooners of this rig filled the ocean from Maine to Texas, and they do to-day. They are built in every State from Maine to Virginia, and their oaken frames and planking of hard wood resist the most tumultuous weather.

When the three-masted schooner reached eight hundred tons, the spars became too unwieldy to be handled by the seamen, and donkey engines are used to hoist sail, which saves men and labour. There are not a few steel schooners carrying coal and lumber along the coast, nowadays; but, as a prominent schooner owner put it the other day, "When wooden schooners cost so little to build, and steel schooners so much, why not keep to the wooden boats, especially as they do just as good work as the metal craft?" Probably his view reflects the attitude of most of his brethren. At all events the yearly output of wooden vessels continues to increase. A curious coincidence occurred to the Eleanor Percy of Bath and the George Wells of Boston, the first two six-masted vessels afloat. A year after their launching, these two ships, one headed up the coast, the other headed down, crashed

would be required to save twenty-four hours would not bring in sufficient financial returns to make the extra cost worth while.

And, seemingly, the extra speed is not necessary for the passenger business either. For the vessels sailing south out of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia leave port full, and are likewise full on the return journey.

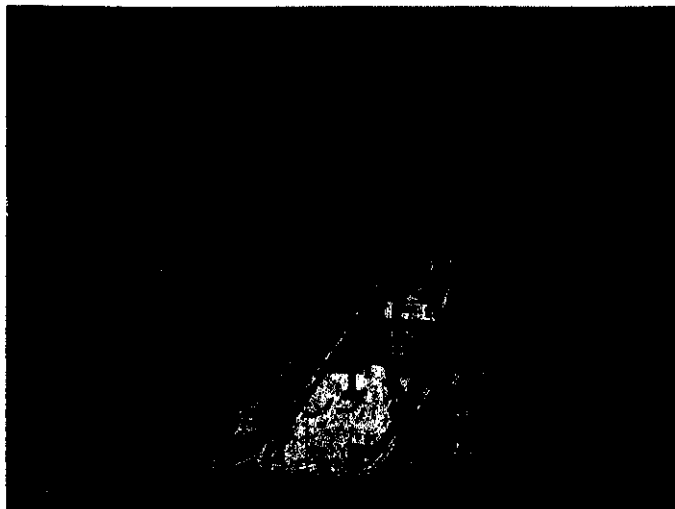
The greatest number of coastwise wrecks, so far as steamships are concerned, occur to foreign vessels which go down the coast to buy cheap coal at Norfolk. A deep-sea skipper is not much at home on the treacherous coastwise lanes of travel, and vessels under foreign flags are so often lost between Hatteras and Hampton Roads as to cause the serious apprehension of marine insurance underwriters, who have taken steps to force captains of foreign steamships to buy their coal at the port in which they happen to be, and, when they sail, to head for deep water as quickly as possible.

But the great preponderance of coastwise losses occurs to schooners. They far outnumber the steam traffic on the Atlantic coast, and, far from disappearing from the sea, the canvas-driven ves-

**It is to be hoped that with the invention of Odol the care of the mouth may become as general as the universal habit of washing the face and hands.**

*Price 2/6 a bottle of Odol, lasting for several months (the half-size bottle 1/6). Of all Chemists and Stores.*





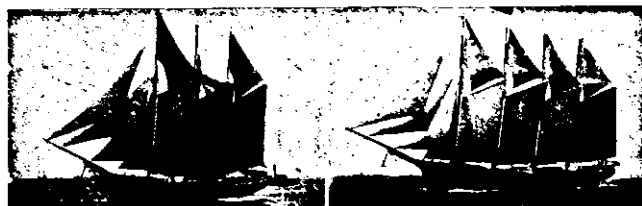
THE OLD TYPE SQUARE-RIGGED VESSEL, WHICH IS PASSING OUT.

together off Cape Cod. Both were seriously damaged, but limped into port safely.

Schooners of their size are not infrequently used these days; and, when winds are good, they can equal the speed of the swiftest coastwise steamship. The George W. Wells once sailed from Brunswick, Ga., to New York, with a cargo of railroad ties, in just four days. The Thomas

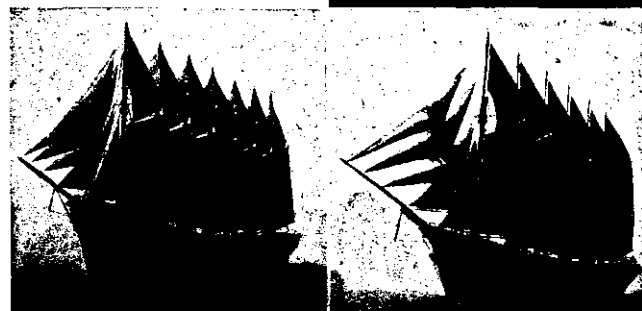
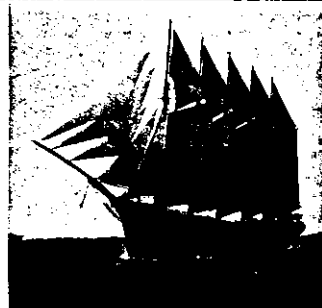
W. Lawson, the seven-master before referred to had a spread of forty-three thousand square feet of canvas, and she could carry a cargo of eight thousand tons of coal. The six-masted schooners already carry more than five thousand tons of coal a trip.

Continued on page 61.



AMERICAN COASTWISE SCHOONERS  
—THE CHEAPEST CARRIERS  
AFLOAT.

The larger ones carry as much freight as the foreign tramp steamers, and can be depended upon to deliver it at any coastwise port with promptness and regularity.



Established  
1857.  
Rebuilt 1907.



A HOME  
AWAY  
FROM A  
HOME.



Telephone  
No. 46.  
P.O. Box  
No. 54.

**FOSTER'S HOTEL,**

Nearly opposite Town Bridge. **Tanpo Quay, WANGANUI.**  
The most up-to-date in Wanganui. Fitted throughout with electric light.  
Within three minutes of Railway Station and River Tourist Steamers.  
**J. R. FOSTER, Proprietor.**

**TUCKER'S SUNSHINE  
GUSTARD POWDER.**

**AT THE TOP OF THE TREE FOR  
FLAVOUR, PURITY & CHEAPNESS**

SOLD THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION.

A Little Customer of RENDELL'S

**Baby Outfit Parcels**

- No. 1 BABY OUTFIT.—**
- 6 Shirts, or 3 Silk and Wool Vests
  - 3 Night Gowns
  - 3 Day Gowns
  - 3 Long Flannels
  - 2 Flannel Blunders
  - 2 Swathes
  - 1 dozen Turkish Towelling Squares
  - Puff, Box, and Powder
  - 1 Nice Robe or Shawl

£2 the lot, carriage paid. Money refunded if value is considered unsatisfactory.

We have been sending these Baby Linen Parcels all over N.Z. for the last ten years.

- No. 2 BABY OUTFIT.—**
- 6 Shirts, or 3 Silk and Wool Vests
  - 3 Night Gowns, 3 Prettily trimmed Day Gowns
  - 1 Monthly Gown
  - 2 Flannel Blunders, 2 Swathes
  - 1 Silk or Woolen Jacket
  - 3 Long Flannels, scalloped
  - 1 dozen Turkish Nursery Squares
  - 1 Waterproof Cot Square
  - 1 Long Skirt
  - Puff, Box, and Powder
  - 1 Handsome Robe or Shawl

£3 the lot, carriage paid.

Baby Linen Parcels all over N.Z.

**Short Clothes**

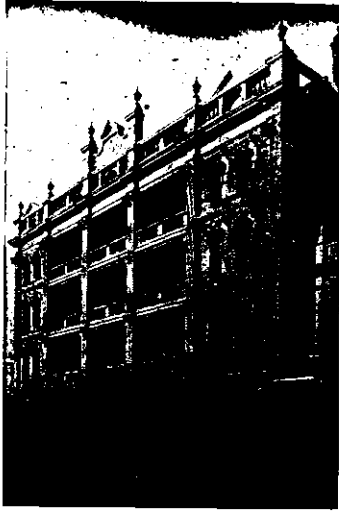
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Some very choice ones from 12/6 to 19/6  
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Special range at 2/11, tucked embroidered and lace insertion, no two alike.  
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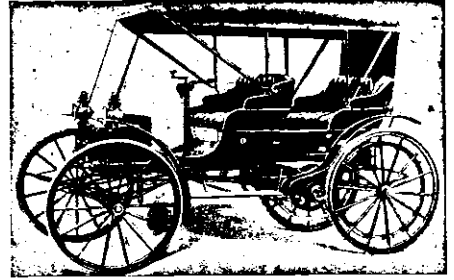
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**T**HIS Hotel is replete with every modern Hygienic convenience; and furnished throughout in the best style. Absolutely fire-proof. Private sitting rooms on every floor. Hot and cold water baths. Commercial and sample rooms. Night and day porter in attendance. Cable: "Grand," Hastings. Telephone 114.

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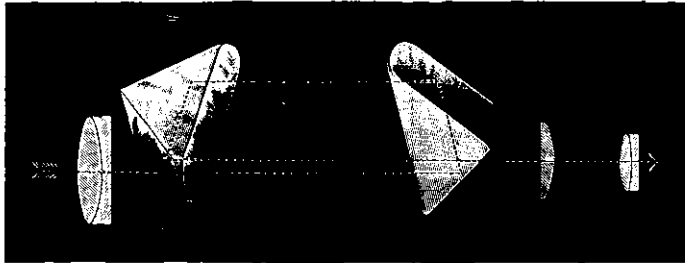
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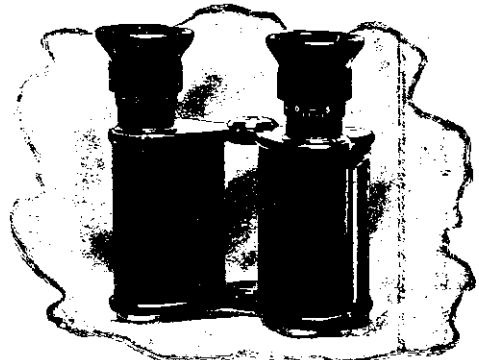
## Caledonian Hotel, Napier

FERRO CONCRETE

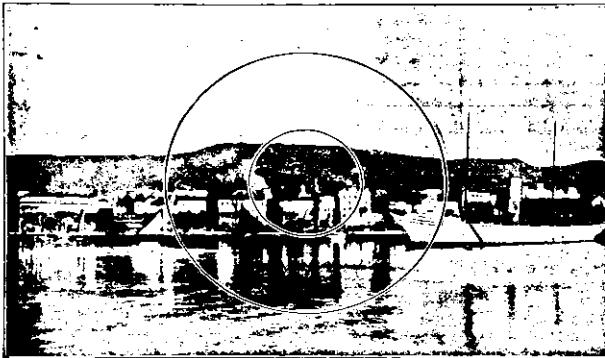
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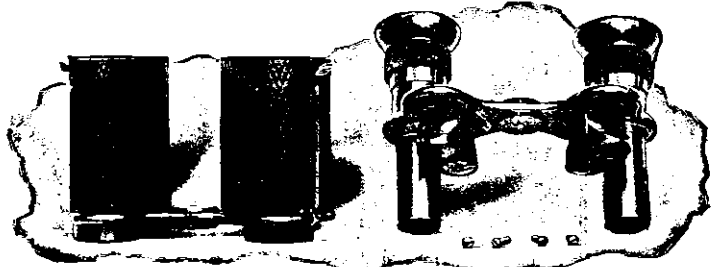
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These circles show the comparative sizes of the field of view, the smaller as seen through an ordinary Binocular and the larger as seen through Dollond's Prism Binocular, both of the same power.



Shows construction of Dollond's Prism Binoculars. Being English-made, the rate of custom duty is one third less than on German-made Prism Binoculars, and they justly claim to be the BEST VALUE in New Zealand.

By Special Appointment to His Excellency the Governor.

# W. LITTLEJOHN & SON,

224-222 Lambton Quay, Wellington.

# Life in the Garden.

## Practical Advice for Amateurs.

### TO SECRETARIES OF HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

We shall be pleased to publish dates of proposed exhibitions free of charge, and invite all Secretaries to inform us of dates by sending schedules.

March 9, 10—Napier Horticultural Society. J. H. J. Murdoch, Secretary.

### Wellington Rose and Carnation Club.

#### CARNATION AND SWEET PEA SHOW

LOWER lovers in Wellington have become so used to storms at Christmas time, that the success of the January Show is always considered doubtful. This season has been no exception, as what the terrific storm on Christmas Day left undone, a howling nor-wester a few days later tried to accomplish.

Unfortunately carnations suffered to such an extent, that only blooms of very indifferent quality were staged at the Show held last Wednesday, while the quantity was also reduced to a minimum. So bad were the effects of these two storms, that at one time it looked as though this year's Show would have to be abandoned.

Fortunately sweet peas recover quickly, and make fresh growth very rapidly under proper care. To such an extent was this the case, that the Show just held, although essentially a sweet pea exhibition, was a pronounced success. About 500 vases of sweet peas were entered for competition, while a side exhibit of sweet peas from Mr. G. C. Holder of Porirua, containing 3500 blooms of the latest and best varieties, assisted to make the Show a memorable one.

At the three previous Summer Shows, exhibitors had quite excelled themselves in the production of "Waved Standard" varieties, but this year a wide improvement was noticeable, owing to the fact that all the peas shown, were of the

"Spencer Type," and an evenness of quality made the Judge's duties any thing but a sinecure.

Mr. C. Trevethick secured the £10 10/ trophy for 12 vases of sweet peas with waved Standards for the second time, so that it now becomes his property, Mr. G. C. Holder, of Porirua, coming second with a splendid exhibit, and Mr. H. A.

that in Mr. Fox's vase of "The King" in the Cup class, no leading flower on any spike of bloom measured less than two inches across—most of them measured 2½ inches—while on immense bloom of perfect shape measured 2½ inches across—the colour being intense crimson. The same exhibitor staged a magnificent vase of "Helen Lewis," and another of "Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes," both of which were the production of New Zealand grown seed, showing that this country can produce equally as fine seed when carefully selected as can be produced from the Old Country; in fact a great percentage of blooms come from locally produced seed, while the show as a whole was notorious for blooms measuring from 2 to 2½ inches across. Blooms of "Helen Lewis," "Mrs. Hard-

ment on Henry Eckford) were most noticeable.

Most of the sweet peas were very attractively set up, some with Perennial Gypsophila, and others with light grasses intermixed with the blooms, causing them to show to considerable advantage, and as all the vases were staged on tables painted green, and three tiers high, the effect was very fine.

Roses staged for competition were few in number, but some very nice blooms for this time of year competed, the same remarks applying to Cactus Dahlias.

Bellevue Gardens contributed a choice exhibit of roses and cactus dahlias, for exhibition only, while Mr. Henry Wright of Newtown showed over 100 excellent blooms of Pom Pom, Show, and Cactus



CLARA CURTIS.



TOM BOLTON.

Fox third, while Mr. J. J. Kerslake's unplaced exhibit was also well worthy of mention so good were his blooms.

Mr. G. C. Holder secured first, and Mr. H. A. Fox second in the class for 6 vases, distinct varieties of Waved Standards, Mr. Fox securing 1st in the 3 Vase Class.

As an indication of the excellence of the blooms staged, it may be remarked

castle Sykes," "John Ingman" and "Evelyn Hemus," predominated, while amongst the new varieties, "The King" (crimson), "Paradise Ivory" (cream tinged with faint pink), "Syeira Lee" (a new and beautiful shade of pink), "Mrs. Routzahil" (cream suffused pink), "Zephyr" (pale blue), and "Earl Spencer" (salmon flame), a great improve-

Dahlias, not for competition.

The displays of pot plants made by Miss Duncan and Mr. Poole were very attractive, while Messrs. Cooper and Sons', and Jackson and Sons' exhibits also added greatly to the general display.

Ladies' decorated tables occupied the centre of the hall and were greatly admired, the general public being particularly interested, as every visitor had a vote, the prizes being awarded by popular ballot.

Following, we give the prize list:—  
Roses (open section).—Twelve distinct varieties: C. P. Skerrett. Six roses: C. P. Skerrett. Amateur section—Three assorted H.P. and H.T.: P. W. Skelley. Three reds: P. W. Skelley 1, C. Trevethick 2. Three assorted: R. Hirschberg 1, C. Trevethick 2. Three teas (any colour): C. Trevethick 1, P. W. Skelley 2.

Cactus dahlias (open section).—Collection six blooms, any varieties: Mrs. Abbott. Amateur section—Twelve blooms (not less than six varieties): A. J. Smith. Six blooms (other than self): A. J. Smith. Three blooms (separate varieties): H. A. Fox 1, Miss J. Taylor 2.

Sweet peas (open section).—Collection of 12 varieties, distinct, winner to hold £10 10/ trophy: C. Trevethick 1, G. C. Holder 2, H. A. Fox 3. Six varieties waved standard peas: G. C. Holder 1, H. A. Fox 2. Collection three varieties sweet peas, distinct: H. A. Fox. One vase with waved standards, white: H. A. Fox; with waved standards, pink: H. A. Fox; with waved standards, rose shade: C. Trevethick; with waved standards, orange shade: H. A. Fox; with waved standards, crimson or scarlet: H. A. Fox; with waved standards, yellow ground, pink edge: C. Trevethick; with waved standards, white ground, pink edge: C. Trevethick; with waved standards, lavender or blue shades: H. A. Fox; any other colour, J. J. Kerslake. One vase, white, cream, or yellow: J. J. Kerslake. One vase, orange shades: C. Trevethick. One vase, crimson, scarlet, pink, or rose shades: C. Trevethick.



SPECIMENS OF MRS. HARDCASTLE SYKES AND OLIVE BOLTON.

One vase, pale blue, lavender, mauve, darker blue, or purple: H. A. Fox. One vase maroon or bronze: H. A. Fox. One vase, any other colour: J. J. Kerlake.

Sweet peas: Novice section—Six vases sweet peas, with waved standarda, distinct: Miss Ivy France.

Three vases, one distinct variety in each—Mrs. W. R. Plimmer. One vase sweetpeas, waved standarda, any colour: Miss Ivy France. One vase sweet peas, orange shades, Mrs. R. W. Plimmer; one vase sweet peas, any other colour: Mrs. W. R. Plimmer.



MRS. CHARLES FOSTER.

Fansies (amateurs only).—Six selfs, one colour: Mrs. W. L. James. Six, any other variety: Mrs. James.

Orchids (open).—H. Poole. Carnations (open section), six blooms, yellow or buff ground fancies.—Distinct varieties: A. Laurenson, 1; G. Jeffrey, 2. Six blooms, distinct varieties: H. A. Fox, 1; G. Jeffrey, 2. Six blooms, picotees, distinct: G. Jeffrey. Three blooms, distinct varieties: H. A. Fox. Twelve



A FINE SPECIMEN OF MRS. HARDCASTLE SYKES AT THE WELLINGTON SHOW.

blooms, distinct varieties, including two flakes or bizarres: G. Jeffrey. Six blooms, perpetuals, any variety: G. Jeffrey, 2.

Carnations (amateur section).—Twelve carnations arranged in three vases, each containing four different colours: Mrs. Harry Gore. Twelve carnations or picotees, distinct varieties: Mrs. C. W. Tringham. Six carnations, distinct varieties: Mrs. R. Hirschberg. Three flakes and bizarres, distinct varieties: Mrs. R. Hirschberg. Three flakes or bizarres, any variety: Mrs. R. Hirschberg. Three selfs, any colour, distinct varieties: Mrs. R. Hirschberg. Three selfs, any colour or colours: Mrs. R. Hirschberg. Three fancies, yellow or buff ground, any colour or colours: Mrs. R.

Hirschberg. Three fancies, other than yellow or buff ground, distinct varieties, Mrs. R. Hirschberg. Three fancies other than yellow or buff ground, any colour or colours, Mrs. R. Hirschberg. Three picotees, white ground, any colour or colours: Mrs. R. Hirschberg. Three picotees, yellow ground, distinct varieties: Mrs. R. Hirschberg. Three picotees, yellow ground, any colour or colours: Mrs. R. Hirschberg. Three carnations, any colour or colours: Mrs. R. Hirschberg. Miscellaneous section.—Six exotic ferns: Miss Ethel Duncan. Three foliage plants, distinct: H. Poole. Three coleus: Miss Ethel Duncan. Three asparagus: Miss Ethel Duncan. Three palms: H. Poole. Three maidenhair ferns, any variety:

Miss E. Duncan. One aspidistra: Mrs. Abbott. Best pot plant in flower: H. Poole.

Ladies' Section.—Vase of six distinct varieties of sweet peas, artistically arranged: Mrs. H. L. James, 1; Miss H. R. Hodge, 2. Bowl of roses, artistically arranged: Mrs. H. L. James, 1; Mrs. Plimmer, 2. Bouquet of carnations or picotees: Mrs. H. L. James. Vase of carnations or picotees: Mrs. H. L. James, 1; Mrs. Gay, 2. Bouquet of sweet peas:



QUEEN OF NORWAY.

Mrs. H. L. James. Spray of sweet peas: Mrs. H. L. James, 1; Mrs. R. W. Plimmer 2. Collection of twelve vases cut blooms, each vase distinct species: Miss Ethel Duncan, 1; Jessie Taylor 2.

Children's Section (girls under 15).—Bouquet of flowers: Maggie Poole. Vase of carnations, or picotees: Marie Pyke, 1; Maggie Poole, 2. Vase of sweet peas: Maggie Poole. Three buttonholes: Maggie Poole, 1 and 2.



A FIELD OF SWEET PEAS GROWING FOR SEED ON THE FARM OF MESSRS. ARTHUR YATES & CO. BUCKLAND.

The peas, it will be observed, are grown entirely without support of any kind.



**Garden Notes.**

Now that rain has fallen so time should be lost in getting in plants and seeds which could not be done when the ground was too dry. Broccoli and winter greens, lettuce, swedes, and turnips. Plants are best set out just before a shower, but seeds can be sown where land is dry, and there is sufficient moisture now in the soil to germinate the seed.

We hear several complaints that the codlin moth is much more in evidence this season than last. Of course, we usually reply to such complaints that "spraying has not been attended to at the proper times," but this reply is not always conclusive. In two cases we know that spraying has been carried out according to up-to-date methods, and the fruit is worse infected than last year. There must be some cause for this, and we should like to know what it is. Assuming that the trees have been properly sprayed, then it is possible the arsenate of lead may not have been of the right strength; the fruit blossoms may have closed earlier; the first spraying may have been too late. Our Government experts appear to be silent on the subject. One would expect that after all the expenditure on State farms and orchards, we should hear something regarding the State experiments and the prospects of the fruit crop.

We sometimes have the question asked, "Does the public get value for the money expended on State farms and orchards?" We are sometimes inclined to think we do not. For one thing, the experiments are not carried out on commercial lines; nor are they conducted continuously for a length of time sufficient to establish results. We are not contending for one moment that experiments should pay—such a thought is absurd; but when we say they should be carried out on a commercial basis we certainly mean that the exact cost of each experiment or series of experiments should be stated, so that all interested may know the cost, as well as how the experiment has been conducted.

We have advocated before, and still think, that an advisory board of commercial men should be set up in each province where an experimental farm or orchard is located. Such a board could advise on what lines the various experiments should run; length of time to continue, soils and manures, etc. Now, suppose a board of, say, 12 members were to have the direction; we should say it could be elected by the various societies interested, viz., three farmers from the combined agricultural societies in the province, three members from the combined horticultural societies and nursery and seedsmen; three commercial orchardists from the Fruitgrowers' Union; the farm manager, and two to be nominated by the Government. This body would be purely advisory and honorary; three or four to retire each year. We believe good results would follow the appointment of such a board.

The crimson flowering gum (*Eric Fictifolia*) is now in bloom, and makes a most conspicuous tree in the garden. Many people are enquiring for its name, and where there is a good-sized garden, it is a splendid subject, and appears to do well in most places, but we should not advise anyone to plant it in a small plot.

Land around Auckland is now so valuable that many people are erecting quite large dwellings on what appears to us very small allotments. One reason we have heard is that it saves the bother of a garden, and also a gardener's wages. This may be so, but vegetables and fruit cost money, and ladies must have flowers, and these can't always be had for love, so at the end of the year we doubt very much if such people will be any richer. But a house without a garden is nearly as bad as a farm without a cow.

Messrs. C. S. McDonald and Sons, Epsom, showed us a very fine bloom of that grand begonia *Queen Alexandra*. Those who grow tuberous begonias should have this handsome variety in their collections. It is very double, large, well-built flower, rich cream ground edged with bright crimson like a picotee. Messrs. McDonald's begonias, like their rhododendrons, are well worth seeing. They are lines in which these gentlemen have specialised for years, intensely interesting work; but in the Dominion it does not pay. However, we believe it will come, and may the "Maeks" be here to greet it.

Referring to the recent sweet pea and carnation show held in Auckland, which was got up in a great hurry and was so successful, we would like to point out to the Auckland Society that if they intend to make the show a fixture, they should set to work before long. First

of all we should strongly recommend them to import sufficient Sydenham sweet pea stands to stage all their flowers at next show; then start out and secure two or three real good prizes worth winning; for, be it remembered that if valuable prizes are offered, competition is sure to follow. The schedule should be printed early and posted to all growers in the North Island. Keep the matter stirring, thereby creating an interest, which deepens as show day advances. We advocate introducing the single bunch sections, giving every one a chance to compete.

Some people advocate altering the date of the rose show. I would suggest that a rose show should be held on the same day and at the same place as the Agricultural Show. The society might make terms with the executive, or at all events the roses could be shown in a tent; make a 6d charge for admission, and we believe it will pay the Horticultural Society handsomely. We hope the executive will consider this suggestion.

**VERONICA.**

**DAFFODILS IN NEW ZEALAND.**

The following article from the "Scottish Gardener" will be read with interest by daffodil growers throughout New Zealand:—"That magnificent illustrated paper, 'Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail,' for 1st September last, devotes seven of its big pages as a 'special' on Daffodils, with no less than twenty-seven plates of the very best blooms. Articles by several experts are given, and the editor, 'Veronica' (Mr. Allan), sums up the whole by giving a column or two of selections (from the great number specified) of those suitable for general culture, with an idea of the cost, which is admirable guidance to new growers. It is all very well to advise amateurs to choose Weardale Perfection as a first-class sort, but Mr. Allan points out the cost in the Dominion as 7/6. Now, there are numerous enthusiasts who have the cash and don't grudge it, but there are thousands more who have not the money, and therefore must be contented with Emperor and Horsfieldii at a very few coppers. Of course, in making the list, rich and poor had to be advised, and we must say that the cream of Narcissus is noted, from Redoubt at £24 a bulb, *Incognita* at 25/-, to *Madame de Graaf* at 1/6, and *King Alfred* at 10/- each. Our home prices are, in most cases, much less than these, as *Ariadne* is 4/-, but we can buy it here at 1/6. Then in New Zealand that grand one named after the Daffodil King, who earned the honour notably, Peter Barr is quoted at £10 10/-; *Gloria Mundi* costs 2/6 (with us 2/-), not so great a difference there. When we consider that it is the bulbs we have raised, and the cost of freight, with losses on stocks thereby, the prices are not so high if we allow a fair profit, for seedsmen are not philanthropists, but tradesmen, who must buy and sell to pay dividends, yet so adjust their prices to encourage business and make customers come again. Already, however, hybridising has begun across the seas, and with soil and climate in their favour, not to speak of ability and 'go' of a great race, stronger because of transplantation to a new land, free of the deteriorating occupations in factories and civil life so marked here, why, in a few years we may be importing from them.

As they have most of our best varieties, old and new, they have more than an equal chance of producing results in the future. We welcome this 'family competition'; it gratifies fatherly pride to see sons and daughters delighting in the works and recreations of the 'old home.' One paper, by 'Duff,' gives a succinct account of the advance of the daffodil, from old Parkinson far back in 1629, who raised seedlings, of course, from self-fertilised pods, to Miller, who wrote in 1724 on the 'Management of Seedlings' in the 'Gardeners' Dictionary.' Then Dean Herbert, in 1843, in Manchester, to whom he ascribes the honour of being the first real practical exponent of cross fertilisation, while Mr. Leeds, of the same 'City of Calicoes,' followed, and it was his collection Mr. Peter Barr and others bought, from which we now have obtained such great floral riches. It is rather strange that our great Dutch nurserymen do not seem to have done much in this work. England has always led the van—still does so—while Scotland is never once mentioned. 'Alas! my country!'

Ireland, however, with Rurbridge, of Dublin; William Baylor Hartland, of Cork; and now Sir Jesslyn Gore-Roth, of Lisadell, Sligo, have gone in wholeheartedly for raising new sorts and growing bulbs second to none in the market; so that the cult is an active one, all sections of narcissus being raised. Old John Horsfield, of Sale, Manchester, gave a great impetus to the business when he raised the beautiful one, *N. Horsfieldii*, with yellow trumpet and white wings. He was a poor artisan, but sold his stock for £100, it is said. Mr. Backhouse, of Durham, was a great grower of new sorts; some bear his name as a class, and the great kinds he raised, Emperor, Empress, Barri Conspicuous, etc., are the foundations from which much of present-day specimens spring. We remember being at the Daffodil Conference at Chiswick twenty-three years ago, when the Rev. C. Wolley Dod lectured in the tent on 'Daffodil Culture,' and Mr. Peter Barr and others were on the platform. These gentlemen carried on the work, and now the Rev. G. H. Engleheart, Rev. J. Jacob, Messrs. Cartwright and Goodwin, Messrs. Barr and Sons, are, with many more, busy producing new sorts, which are at present very high in price, but which will shortly be cheaper, and soon be in the gardens of the ever-increasing lovers of this gem of spring.

The growing of daffodils as cut flowers for the market has been a godsend to the Scilly Isles, who now send tons every season to London, Norfolk and the Fen lands have followed; Ireland is almost as early, while wonderfully adapted for growing blooms of the very best. Even in Scotland several lovers of the flower, like Dr. Crawford, who years ago grew largely on Lochlynness, Mr. Spier at Newton, Rutherglen, and others have been pioneers in this work. Of course, the varieties grown for sale cannot be the newest forms, like the Irish *Lorna Doone*, *W. B. Hartland*, *Cleopatra*, *J. Sangster*, *Will Scarlett*, *Narcissus Dream*, and *Rosamond* and *Lady McCallmont*. These are 'select,' but Ard Righ, *Maximus*, *Cernuus*, *Victoria*, *Stella Superba*, *Sulphur*, *Phoenix*, and *Poeticus* kinds are always wanted, and the ever-increasing sales indicate the widespread love of this queen of spring, demanding fresh fields to be set apart yearly for the supply of the public need. Like 'gooff,' the cult has become general, and we congratulate our 'Dominion' growers and Mr. Allan on their spirited adoption of both these charming hobbies from the Motherland, the one for the body and the other for the soul.

**"THAT DULL, HEAVY, DEPRESSED FEELING."**

**A MODERN SCIENTIFIC REMEDY.**

Here Mr. Joseph Burns, of 29 Market St., Sydney, illustrates the advantage of a Laxo-Tonic Pill treatment over less up-to-date remedies.

"I am a shoemaker by trade, and the continual confinement of the workshop and the never-ending sitting down in a cramped position brought on a settled constipation. When these fits of constipation were prolonged I suffered from headaches, a dull, heavy, depressed feeling. I found it necessary to take salts every day, and gradually to increase the dose. The effect of this continual dosing with salts was to make me feel weak and tired. I often tried other laxative medicines which I saw advertised as a sure cure for constipation, but they were worse than the salts, for they weakened me just as much and often griped me as well, and I often felt quite exhausted after using them. In Laxo-Tonic Pills I have found the medicine which I just wanted. In fact, Laxo-Tonic Pills suited me so well that I am practically cured of my longstanding constipation, and only have to take one of these pills occasionally, say once a fortnight, whereas once it was necessary, as I have before said, to take medicine daily. I find Laxo-Tonic Pills do not grip me at all and they effect their purpose thoroughly without leaving behind any feeling of weakness, weariness, or relaxation. I have acted with me as a strong tonic, removed all traces of headaches and made me feel better altogether, and brighter and more cheerful and able to do my work with pleasure instead of with a feeling of weariness. One of my children, a girl aged twelve, was suffering from disordered blood, and the Laxo-Tonic Pills acted wonderfully well in her case."

Laxo-Tonic Pills are sold by all chemists and stores at 10d for the Regular size or 1/6 for the Double Size, or post free upon receipt of the price in stamps from the Laxo-Tonic Pill Company, 15 O'Connell street, Sydney, N.S.W.

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While You're Looking Work is almost done

and just because you have seen the

**Vital Necessity**

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**Satisfied and Delighted With "TANIWA" SOAP**

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**Hurt a Baby**

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Respectfully solicit the attention of intending planters to their large, varied and most complete Assortment of General Nursery Stock, consisting of Fruit Trees, all the most Popular and up-to-date varieties for commercial and private orchards; Ornamental Trees and Flowering Shrubs, Shelter Trees, Hedge Plants, Chubbers, Greenhouse and Decorative Plants, CAENNA-TIONS, over 100 named varieties; ROSES, systematic collection of over 400 varieties, including latest and best novelties; Annual and Biennial Seedlings, etc. Edible Knap-sack Spicy Fumos, Sweetcorns, Pudding and Printing Kelp, Vermorel and other Gardening requisites. Write for Catalogues, post free on application.

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Seeds, Plants and Flowers

ARE the real MACKAY. NOTHING BETTER IN THE DOMINION.

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English and American.

ALL THE BEST AND MOST APPROVED MAKES.

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SEED MERCHANTS, AUCKLAND.



DANIEL'S COMET OF 1907.

Photographed with the Yerkes forty-inch refracting telescope, the largest in the world.

# Comets and Their Mystery

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT.

**T**HE year 1907 was distinguished by the discovery of a comet by Professor Daniel of Princeton Observatory. Although it has been surpassed in brilliance and size by many of its predecessors, Daniel's comet was by far the brightest object of its kind that we have seen in the northern heavens for twenty five years. When first observed, on June 9th, it was a faint nebulous spot visible only through the telescope. Rapidly increasing in brightness, it could be seen with the naked eye in July. During the latter end of August and the early part of September it was as dazzling as a star of the second magnitude. In the early hours of the morning, from two o'clock until dawn, it was a conspicuously beautiful object in the constellation of Gemini (the Twins), particularly during the first week in September. Its head had a diameter of nearly 230,000 miles, which means that it was nearly thirty times larger than the earth. Because the comet was presented to us obliquely, its tail seemed shorter than it really was;

probably an ellipse, was to us an ellipse of such inconceivably vast dimensions that mathematically it must be regarded as an open curve. Although three observations made on three different nights will usually give three points from which the astronomer can determine in a general way the character of a comet's path, the problem of plotting the orbit is one of unusual complexity. The period of Halley's comet has not yet been definitely fixed, with the result that we know only in a general way that it will appear some time in 1910. Many astronomers are working hard to win a prize offered by a German astronomical society for an exact determination of the path of Halley's comet. The orbit of Daniel's comet presented difficulties because the angle made by its plane with the plane of the earth's orbit was so very small that a line drawn through three points obtained on three successive nights did not differ sensibly from a straight line. When the comet rounded the sun, however, the curve was obviously more pronounced. Once in the toils of the mathematician it becomes possible to follow the movements of the comet in the astronomer's mind's eye, even when it has disappeared, and to indicate the very spot in the heavens where it should reappear if it describes a closed curve.

When the labour of plotting the orbit of Daniel's comet is at last completed, it may transpire that it visited the earth so long ago that its visit has been forgotten even by tradition. Who knows but it may have ushered in some pregnant event when mankind was young. Who knows but it may return to us when mankind is old and decrepit and the earth is entering upon that last stage of its career which will ultimately reduce it to a cold, dead, and desolate world?

Halley and his comet are inextricably bound up not only with the history of Europe, but with Newton and his law of gravitation; for Halley was Newton's pupil, staunch friend, and counsellor. To his persuasive insistence and to his touching devotion to what he considered his scientific duty we owe the publication of that famous treatise of Newton's in which the immutable laws of gravitation were first laid down. He became the prophet of gravitation. In accordance with Newton's laws he plotted the orbit of a comet that had alarmed the world in 1682, and concluded that it was the same that had shone in 1607 and 1531, and that it would return in 1758, fifty-four years after his utterance. Past the prime of life when he made his calculation, he knew that the triumph of seeing his prediction fulfilled would be denied him. He died in 1742 at the age of eighty-five, certain that his forecast would be verified, and leaving behind him a pathetically patriotic appeal, which reads: "Wherefore, if, according to what we have already said, it

should return again about the year 1758, candid posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman." With poetic fitness the comet blazed forth on Christmas day, 1758.

Newton's law of gravitation teaches us that comets must describe ellipses, parabolas, or hyperbolas, all of which curves are obtained by cutting a cone in different ways. Since Halley's time the orbits of more than three hundred comets have been plotted with more or less accuracy, and of these, sixty describe ellipses, 255 parabolas, and two hyperbolas. Of the entire number we may expect to see only the sixty travelling in elliptical orbits; for the others follow open curves which must inevitably convey them far beyond the confines of our solar system. The sixty comets which revolve about the sun in closed ellipses return to the same point after periods that vary from three years to several hundred years. On an average two or three periodical comets appear every

year, and three or four of which are unexpected and will never be seen again. Mathematics in Newton's law of gravitation have so thoroughly dispelled the dreadful divinity which once did hedge a comet that only the possibility of a collision of the earth with some large fiery wanderer gives us any cause for uneasiness in these unsuperstitious days. A gambler at Monte Carlo, however, is more likely to break the bank than the earth is to encounter a comet. Two inquisitive scientists, Arago and Babinet, have computed the possibility of such a meeting. They have soothingly concluded that such a calamity may occur once in about fifteen million years, and that the chances in favour of a collision are roughly 281,600,000 to 1. Although the earth has never struck a large comet, it has frequently swept through a



DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE TAIL OF A COMET IS ALWAYS DIRECTED AWAY FROM THE SUN.

comet's tail. The last passages of this kind occurred in 1819 and in 1861. In neither case was anyone the wiser until, long after, the fact was announced by astronomers. If the earth ever does collide with a very large comet it has been asserted that the impact will develop heat enough to melt granite. The effect on terrestrial life can be imagined. So remote is the possibility, however, that speculation of this kind is childishly futile. Jules Verne and the modern newspaper are largely responsible for the popular belief in such a catastrophe.

A comet is distinguished usually by a nucleus, by an envelope called the coma, which surrounds the nucleus, and, lastly, by its luminous tail streaming behind



BROOKS' COMET IN 1893.

Showing tail broken supposedly by collision with a swarm of meteors.

yet astronomers figured that it must have been at least twenty million miles in length.

At the time of its greatest brilliance the comet had a speed of about sixty miles a second, compared with which the swiftest projectile fired from the most powerful modern gun would seem to crawl through space. On September 4th the comet whirled around the sun. A fortnight later it retreated so far from the earth that it could be seen only with difficulty. By the end of September the telescope alone could detect it. Thus it made its exit as modestly as it had entered. Will it ever return? Perhaps in some thousands of years it may; and on the other hand it may not. The astronomers have not as yet completed their final computation of its period. It travelled in an orbit which, although



ANOTHER VIEW OF DANIEL'S COMET, TAKEN WITH THE GREAT YERKES TELESCOPE.

In photographing a comet, the telescopic camera is timed to move exactly with the comet. Hence, in this and the picture at head of page, the comet appears sharp and the stars as streaks of light.

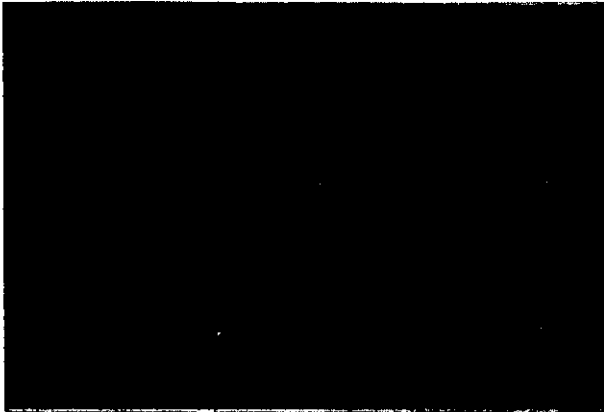
The nucleus for perhaps a hundred million miles and more, as the comet swims toward the sun. Occupying a volume thousands of times greater than the sun, the question naturally arises, How can a body with so vast an appendage sweep through the solar system without deranging every planet? Fortunately for the preservation of the solar system, a

ejected from the nucleus helps to form the comet's tail, but that supposition, justifiable thought it is, fails to explain the startling eccentricities of that tail.

A comet is first seen as a hazy patch of light, frequently without any appendage. As it speeds toward the sun it throws out first jets or streamers,

The pressure of a sunbeam is never manifested to our eyes in the sense that we actually see bodies swayed by its means. Yet a Russian physicist, Lebedev, and two Americans, Nichols and Hull have proved by actual experiment that light and all other forms of energy radiated from the sun exert a pressure which, on the entire earth, amounts to the considerable total of seventy-five thousand tons. Light-pressure overcomes gravitation because it acts on surfaces rather than on masses. Divide a ball of lead weighing one pound into one thousand leaden balls. The entire mass still weighs one pound, but the surface exposed to light is enormously increased. If each small leaden ball is in turn divided into a thousand parts, the weight still remains the same, but the surface subjected to light-pressure is again enlarged. By carrying this subdivision to microscopic minuteness, particles of lead will finally be obtained so vast in area compared with their mass that the pressure of light will exactly counter-balance the attraction of gravitation. Consequently each particle will be poised in space absolutely motionless. When that critical point is passed, and subdivision is carried still further, the pressure of light tears each particle from the clutch of gravitation and hurls it out into space. A very distinguished Swedish physicist, Svante Arrhenius, bases an ingenious theory of cometary phenomena on this principle—a theory, moreover, which has gained credence among the more progressive scientists of our time. In order to explain that theory somewhat more fully, we must know something of the chemical composition of a comet's tail.

higher boiling point. Finally, a time comes when these more refractory hydrocarbons in turn decompose into free carbon in the form of soot. Because the interstellar spaces are airless the



THE COMET OF 1858, SHOWING APPARENTLY THREE TAILS.

The two lighter ones form the two sides of a hollow cone, supposedly of hydrogen. The broad tail is composed of hydrocarbons.

comet, so far from being a compact mass, is often transparent. Stars have been distinctly seen without perceptible diminution of brightness, not only through the tail, but even through the nucleus. In structure the tail is a gossamer of molecules so ghostly that in comparison the filiciest of bridal veils is coarsely dense and the thinnest haze that hovers on the horizon is an impenetrable blanket. Indeed, the earth's atmosphere on the clearest day is far denser. Hundreds of cubic miles of a comet's tail are probably outweighed by a jarful of air. A plume of such fairy lightness can hardly be supposed to remain permanent, and so it is not astonishing to find that during its swift journey around the sun a comet's outlines are incessantly changing. An interval of a few days, or perhaps a few hours, may work wonders in its diaphanous texture. Its path is its only permanent characteristic, indeed, the only characteristic by which it can be surely identified if ever it returns.

and eventually its luminous tail, which increases in length and brightness as the sun is approached and which trails behind like the smoke of a steamer. When the comet whirls around the sun something very amazing happens. The tail no longer floats behind, but actually precedes the nucleus, just as if a mighty wind were blowing it from the sun. By all the laws of gravitation it should always point toward the sun. Yet some strange solar force, more powerful even than gravitation, must repel it from the sun. Only within the last few years has the riddle of that unknown force been solved. Two undreamed-of sources of power have been discovered, to which we may attribute all the vagaries of a comet's tail. Of these the one is the pressure of light, and the other the electrical repulsion of the sun.

By means of an instrument called the spectroscope, which enables a chemist to identify any element by its light when heated to incandescence, comets have been magically transported to our laboratories and analysed with nearly as much accuracy as if they were stones picked up in the road. This scientific sorcery has taught us that the composition of a comet is not unlike that of the blue flame of our gas-stoves. In a word, a comet consists chiefly of hydrogen and carbon combined—what chemists term hydrocarbons. As the comet dashes toward the sun, and its temperature consequently rises, the spectroscope reveals the presence of iron, magnesium, and other metals in the nucleus. With a closer approach to the sun, the hydrocarbons split up into hydrogen gas and hydrocarbons of a

COGGIA'S COMET OF 1874, SHOWING CLEARLY THE NUCLEUS AND THE COMA OR HEAD FROM WHICH THE TAIL STREAMS AWAY.

soot cannot burn, but must accompany the comet in the form of a very fine dust. This dust, propelled away from the sun by radiation pressure, constitutes the tail of many a comet. Naturally, the soot particles will vary considerably in size. Some will be smaller than the little leaden particles of the critical size to which reference has already been made. They will be flung back from the comet to form the tail. Some of the soot particles may be larger than the critical size. They will be jerked forward toward the sun in advance of the comet to form what is known as the comet's beard, a rather rare phenomenon. Because the particles which are small enough to be repelled by sunlight, may not all have the same diameter, and because there are in all probability particles other than those of carbon, it is inconceivable that the dust will be thrown back from the nucleus with equal force in all its parts. Hence it may happen that more than one tail will be formed. Thus Arrhenius explains the wonderful comet of 1744, which had no less than five tails, and the three-tailed comet of Donati, which astonished the world in 1858.

From all the known facts astronomers have concluded that the nucleus of a comet is merely a mass of meteors, easily dispersed into small groups, or distributed gradually along the orbit, until eventually the comet is completely disintegrated and extinguished. Astronomical history offers considerable evidence in support of this hypothesis. Biela's comet, discovered in 1826, and carefully observed on each return, split into two parts and reappeared as a curious double comet in 1846. When it revisited the earth in 1852, the two parts had drifted away from each other, and were separated about one million miles. Since then the comet has disappeared. Every six and a half years, the earth crosses the track of that lost comet. Meteoric showers then rain upon us. In these meteors we see all that is now left of Biela's comet. Similarly, the great comet of 1882 literally lost its head by breaking into four portions, each of which, will some day form a separate comet. Another link in this chain of testimony is presented by the chemical composition of meteorites which have found their way to the earth, a composition which agrees exactly with that of a comet.

How large are the meteorites which constitute a comet? From all that we can judge, their size may vary from a grain to several tons. The shoal of meteorites or "shooting stars," through which the earth ploughs in autumn, are certainly but mere grains of matter heated to luminosity by the friction of the earth's atmosphere. Of such grains a comet is probably chiefly composed.

As a comet approaches the sun violent eruptions occur in the nucleus. The matter which is ejected is thrown back in a curve, and forms the brilliant hollow casing which we call the coma. Sometimes several comas are formed in succession, and are concentrically collected around the nucleus. Donati's comet of 1858 was so equipped. Doubtless much of the matter which is thus



THE GREAT COMET OF 1882 WHOSE NUCLEUS BROKE INTO FOUR SEPARATE PIECES.

Newton saw the great comet of 1680 throw out a tail sixty million miles long in two days. Can the pressure of light impel cometary dust with sufficient speed to cover that enormous distance in so short a time? Arrhenius has mathematically demonstrated that a particle of one-half the critical diameter would travel at a speed of 865,000 miles an hour. Since the dust particles under discussion are only one-eighteenth of that critical diameter they will be cast over the same distance in less than four minutes. The particles which are thus ejected from the nucleus are necessarily minute; yet their estimated diameter, which may vary from one twenty-thousandth to one one-hundred-and-twenty-five-thousandth part of an inch, is not less than that of many bacteria.

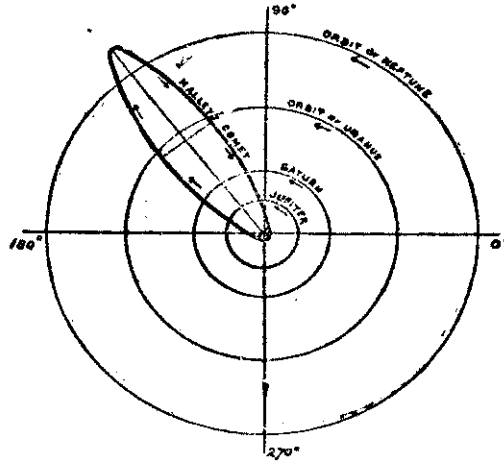
The doctrine of Arrhenius applies only to comets having tails which are repelled with an energy not exceeding twenty times the force of gravitation. A thirteen-inch gun charged with the best modern smokeless powder cannot be expected

to fire a projectile more than a certain number of miles. So the light-pressure of the sun has its limitations. In order to explain the occurrence of tails which are ejected from the nucleus with a force that may be as much as forty times more powerful than gravitation, we must rely on the tremendous electrical energy of the sun.

The modern school of English physicists headed by Prof. J. J. Thomson, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Sir William Crookes, has taught us that a hot body, a metal upon which ultraviolet rays are allowed to fall, a Crookes' tube, and radium, discharge corpuscles with enormous velocity, and that the corpuscles are charged with negative electricity. Indeed, there is some evidence that the corpuscles are themselves what may be termed material electricity. Each corpuscle is about one thousand times smaller than an atom—the smallest body which chemists hitherto supposed could exist. About three hundred thousand chemical atoms laid side by side would measure an inch; yet one hundred thousand of these corpuscles can lie in the diameter of an atom. Compared with atoms they are as a buckshot to a Gothic cathedral. It is generally agreed

when the negative pole of one magnet is presented to the negative pole of another magnet, the one repels the other. Hence the sun, in order to repel negatively charged corpuscles, must itself be a negatively charged globe. When the corpuscular charges from the sun encounter the molecules constituting the gas which surrounds a comet's head,

little particle of soot is a miniature mirror that reflects the image of the sun. It may be that other causes contribute their share in the creation of a comet's elements. Two at least have been definitely discovered which adequately explain what was long a mystery but is really a very simply explained manifestation of cosmic forces.



ORBIT OF HALLEY'S COMET—THE FIRST TO BE ACCURATELY PLOTTED.

Its period is fifty-seven years.

they charge the molecules negatively. The result is obvious. Evidently the negatively charged gas molecules and the negatively charged corpuscles will both be repelled by the negatively charged sun. So terrific is the corpuscular energy lavishly expended by the sun that it is amply adequate to form tails of comets for which the pressure of light cannot be invoked.

That the theories of Arrhenius and Thomson are not mere scientific moonshine, but have some basis in fact, the spectroscope testifies. The gases which are so indispensable, if the corpuscular theory is to be accepted, have been traced in many a comet's tail for vast distances from the nucleus. In Swift's comet they persisted for three million miles from the head, which means that electrical forces were there at play. On the other hand, the presence of cometary dust impelled by radiation pressure is indicated by reflected sunlight; for each

Not the General's Cow.

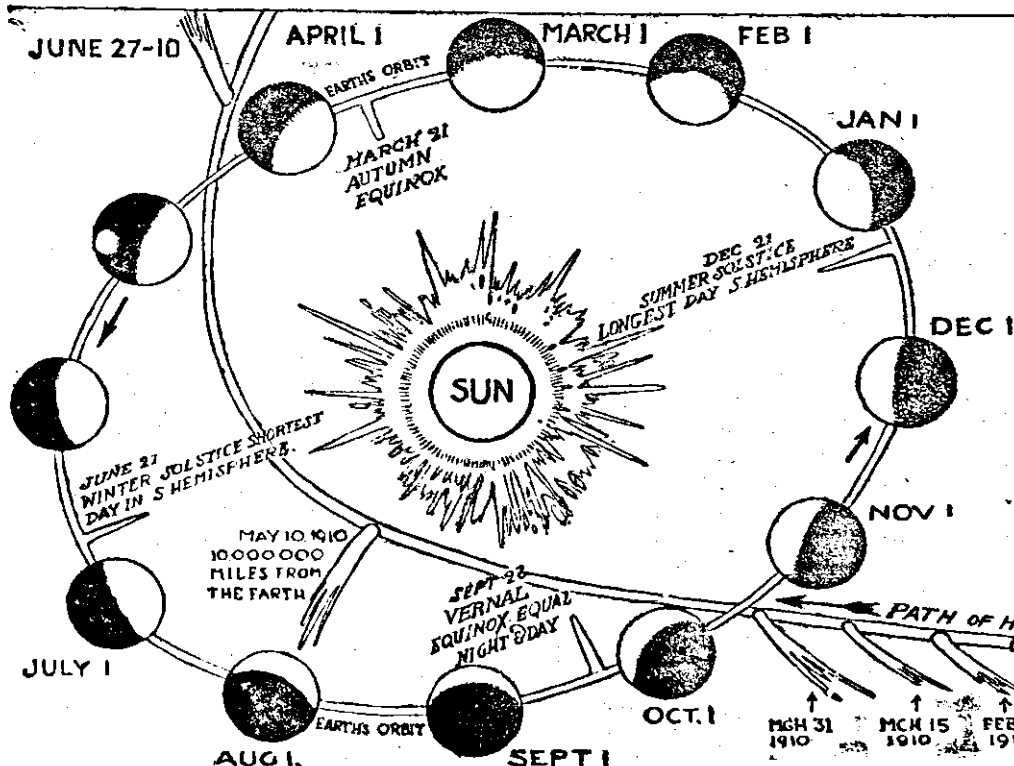
In a seaport town long ago a general and an admiral were neighbours. The general's house was fronted by a grass plot, on which he claimed the right to pasture a cow. One day his wife complained that the supply of milk was falling. The sentinel accounted for deficiency by saying that the grass had lately been much trodden down by the public. The martial despot immediately gave orders that no animal, human or other, except the cow, should be allowed on the grass-plot; and he added—men were not particular in those days—that if this rule were infringed the sentinel should be flogged. Soon afterward the admiral's wife, having a pressing engagement, took a short cut over the grass in disregard of the sentinel's repeated order to halt. "Sir," said the offended lady, "don't you know who I am?" "All I know is that you're not the general's cow."



WHAT THE INHABITANTS OF WESTERN EUROPE SAW IN THE GREAT COMET OF 1528.

The sword and severed heads described by Ambroise Pare.

that the sun is constantly bombarding the universe with countless millions of these infinitesimal charges of negative electricity. Every schoolboy knows that



THE PATH OF THE COMET.

The diagram shows the course of Halley's Comet, with the dates of its successive positions and the three principal danger points which are—when it enters the earth's plane, when it comes nearest to the earth, and when it leaves the earth's plane.

PILES FOR TEN YEARS.

ZAM - BUK ENDS A VICTORIAN RAILWAY MAN'S TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

The case of Mr. John Playle, the goods-shed foreman at Wanganatta railway station, Wanganatta, Vic., is an illustration of the wonderful efficacy of Zam-Buk for that most tormenting and weakening complaint, piles.

"I can testify to the marvellous properties of Zam-Buk in cases of piles," he says. "I contracted this most torturing of complaints about ten years ago in a most obstinate form. I tried all sorts of so-called remedies and sought the advice of doctors, with but very little satisfaction. Some time since, seeing Zam-Buk advertised as a reputed cure for piles, I at once gave it a trial, and I can faithfully say that, after undergoing the Zam-Buk treatment for a month, I was thoroughly cured. Seeing that I had been a martyr to the piles for ten long years, and that the many treatments tried had been so unsuccessful in affording me even relief, much less cure, I consider the achievement of Zam-Buk wonderful. Zam-Buk is a remarkable soothing and healing balm, and an undoubted cure for piles.

"In the course of my business in the goods sheds I am often getting nasty cuts and bruises, but I find Zam-Buk invaluable for quickly healing the skin. I am glad to recommend Zam-Buk as a splendid balm for household use."

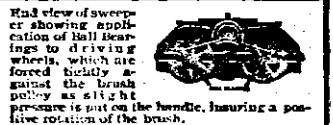
The home that keeps a pot of Zam-Buk handy is furnished with the ever-ready healer and skin-cure, and with the one reliable remedy for eczema, scap sores, piles, bad legs, festering and swelling from blood-poisoning, and any burning, irritating, itching sores which are among the daily perils of this season. Zam-Buk is obtainable from all chemists and stores, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per pot.

THE GREAT REMEDY. BLAIR'S GOUT & RHEUMATIC PILLS.

Strongly recommended by the late Dr. Hastings, Dr. Ramskill, and other noted doctors. BLAIR'S have proved themselves for many years the best cure for Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, and Sciatica. Purely Vegetable. Sure and Safe. All Chemists and Stores, 1/ and 2/6 per box

A Sweeping Satisfaction

BISSELL'S NEW "Cyclo" BALL BEARING Carpet Sweeper represents the latest and highest development of the carpet sweeper art; it runs so easily a mere touch impels it; it cleans itself automatically to all grades of carpets or rugs, removing dust and grit with ease and thoroughness unknown to any other make of sweeper. No other cleaning device either takes the place of or can supplant the



as ours is the ever-ready, handy machine that is needed daily in every home and that is within the purchasing power of the masses of the people. The strategy of sweeping is unknown to the woman using a latest fashioned Bissell. Just consider that a Bissell Sweeper will last longer than fifty corn braces. For sale by all the best trade. Prices, "CYCLO" Bearing 15/- to 25/- "Cyclo" BALL BEARING 15/- to 25/- BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., 25 Warren St., New York, U. S. A.

# Progress in Science.

## Erection of the Fades Viaduct.

A PIECE of bridge construction work presenting some noteworthy features has recently been carried out in France. It is known as the Fades Viaduct, and is designed to take the railroad across the wide valley in which flows the river Sioule. The present work is notable for two reasons, one of these being the exceptional height of the masonry pillars, which are built in the valley, and in the second place for the considerable length of the central span. The viaduct has the form of a straight iron lattice-work bridge construction. It is carried upon two lofty piers and two abutments, the length of the consecutive spans being 383 feet, 373 feet, and 383 feet. The flooring of the viaduct lies at a height of nearly 440 feet above the level of the Sioule. The height of the great masonry columns of rectangular section is 394 feet, and they appear to be the highest pillars for a bridge built in Europe up to the present. The most difficult part of the work was to make the junction between the overhanging halves of the central span. This was carried out recently, and the operation was performed with remarkable precision. To make the junction, the whole bridge had to be lifted off the two main columns by hydraulic jacks, in order to make up for the slight sinking of the two fore ends and bring these exactly opposite each other and in true line. After joining the ends, the bridge was lowered again upon its supports.

### Centenary of Gas Illumination.

The centenary of gas illumination has evoked the customary inquiry as to who was its inventor. Some years ago, before gas lamps flickered in even London streets, a Cornish miner had filled a kettle with small coal, and had been found lighting the gas he got out of the spout. But the real inventor was the ninth Earl of Dunlopd, then engaged in the manufacture of another new thing—tar. He made an enormous pile of coal for the sake of gathering the residuum. But the pile did not burn fast enough to please him, and he inserted a large air pipe to quicken combustion. The gas from the air pipe, to his astonishment, ignited. But while it frightened the

neighbourhood from its propriety, it quite failed to enlighten the Earl to the discovery of something even more useful than tar.

### An Interesting Discovery.

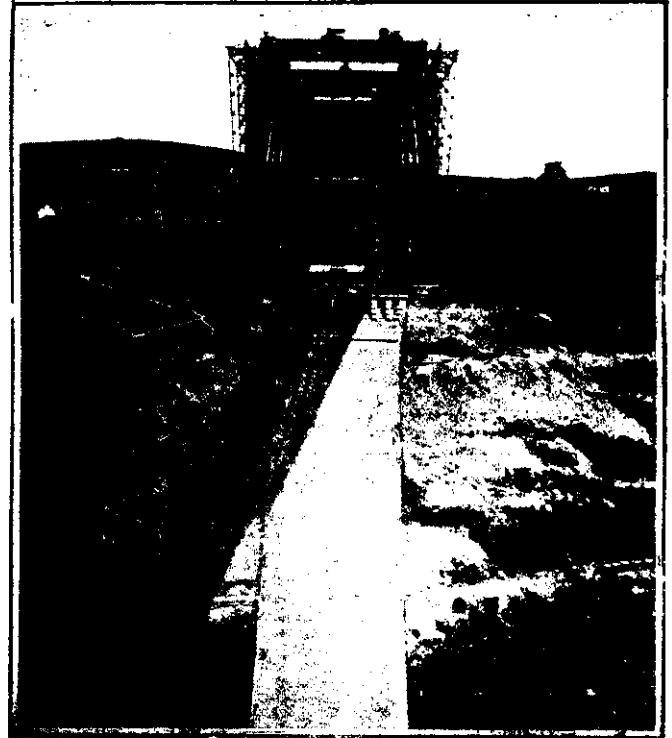
A recent mission of the Chicago University resulted in the discovery of more than two thousand tablets covered with wedge-shaped characters (writing) dating five thousand years B.C. They are of every possible variety of size and shape. The most ancient look like a little orange on which the scribe responsible for the writing painted scrawl-characters and left them for the sun to dry. That particular form of tablet was replaced by flatter discs, and, last of all, about four thousand years before Christ, came the perfectly flat, square, and rectangular tablets which were to hold their place indefinitely. Among the rectangular tablets of the ancients there were a few designed for special use. Some of them were for the use of school children. They were very much like the slates used by the children of the infant schools—nearly round. One of the most remarkable of these special forms was that of the tablet used for correspondence dating from 2500 years B.C. The clay slate was prepared and the inscription made as for all the ordinary documents; then, when that part of the work was done, the slate, or tablet, was covered with a thin envelope, also of slate-clay, just as we use envelopes to-day, to protect the letter from curious eyes.

### A Wonderful Invention.

It is seriously declared that Nikola Tesla, the well-known American inventor, "has practically perfected a new system of telegraphy and telephony, which differs from the present wireless system in that it utilises as the transmitting agency, not waves of air, but the inherent conductivity of the earth itself. Space, time, and the elements it almost utterly disregards," and, says the announcement from which we quote, Mr. Tesla is absolutely confident, from experiments which he has already conducted in Colorado and Shorham, Long Island, that the day when one may talk around the world

by wireless telephone at a trifling cost has dawned. Moreover, the messages being sent underground, any possibility of interference is obviated. Mr. Tesla's claims are very interesting, and that is why they are given such prominence. He boldly asserts that distance is no obstacle, as in the case of the air wireless,

had proved from a station he had already established that the very powerful current developed by the transmitter traversed the entire globe, and returned to its starting point in an interval of eighty-four one thousandths of a second, the journey of 25,000 miles being effected almost without any loss of energy.

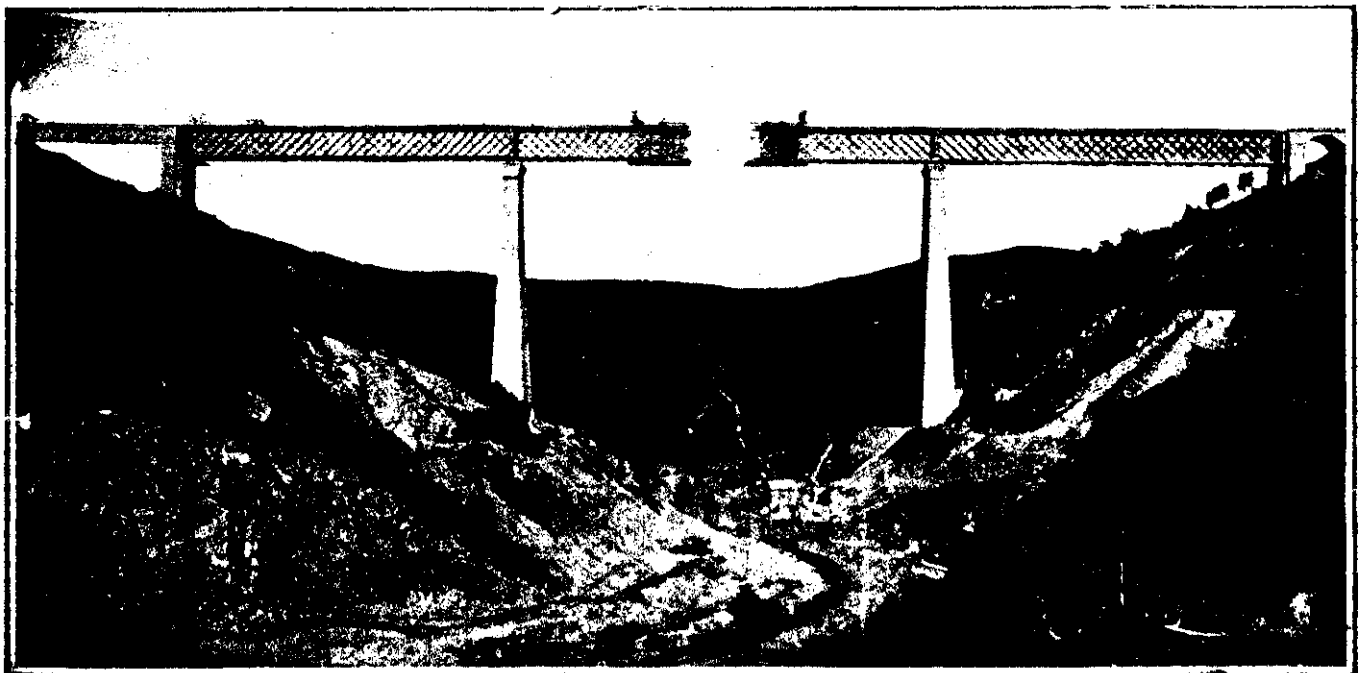


END VIEW OF THE TRUSS.

that any number of receiving stations may be used, and that not only will messages across and around the world become incredibly cheap, but that any man anywhere in the world may, by plugging into his car a receiver purchased for a dollar or two, hear an opera in Paris, Melbourne, Vienna, or New York. To an interviewer, Mr. Tesla said that he

### A Fortune in Grains.

Ten grammes or about one third of an ounce radium chloride, equivalent to one gramme of pure radium, is the total output for eighteen months of the Jaximisthal mine. After the hospital and scientific institutions have been supplied, the remainder will be offered to the State at 415,000 francs, or 157 grains.



ERECTION OF THE FADES VIADUCT.

The meeting ends of the truss in the central span.

# The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

## BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

**M**R. EDWIN ARNOLD is publishing shortly "Recollections of South Africa," by Lady Sarah Wilson. As every one will remember, Lady Sarah Wilson was a war correspondent in South Africa, and was taken prisoner by the Boers outside Mafeking.

Mr. Joseph Keating, whose daring novel has created such a sensation in "Home" political circles, is the brother of Mr. Matthew Keating, M.P. for South Kilkenny. Hitherto Mr. Keating has been best known as a writer of vivid, dramatic stories of mining life. It remains to be seen whether his incursion into the realms of political fiction will be successful enough to justify further inroads. We confess we like Mr. Keating's physiognomy as revealed by the admirable portrait of him which appears in the current number of the Bookman.

A novel which bears the sensational title of "A Mission to Hell," is announced by a Boston publisher. Its author is a Congregational minister named Eells who hails from Massachusetts.

Scribner's are said to have paid Colonel Roosevelt, as he is now called, a dollar a word for his South African articles. A New York newspaper man speaking of Galbraith, of the Bookman, says: "I've not heard that Scribner's is having a phenomenal sale to correspond with the phenomenal price they paid. Sometimes I wonder if the price was really a dollar a word, or if the announcement was intended to be taken with a pinch of salt, as we take the announcements which the impresario makes as to the five-figure salary he is going to pay to his prima donna." It is only fair to say, adds Galbraith, that this is the first time I have heard of this spiteful suspicion, though many people appear to doubt whether Colonel Roosevelt's articles are now so valuable as they promised to be when he was still President. All of which goes to show the ephemeral nature of fame and prestige.

That fine scholar and litterateur, Dr. William Barry, has an article in a prominent literary review on Mr. H. G. Wells, "Ann Veronica." Ann Veronica he compares to a kind of hesitating George Sand, and with Grant Allen's "Women Who Did." Like Dr. Barry we were thoroughly interested and enjoyed Mr. Wells' book until we came to the Ramage scene. Then our respect and our belief in Mr. Wells' bona fides declined, and we waded in a slough of increasing despondency until the end of his book was reached. That it may be an absolutely true presentation of the attitude and the procedure of many of the ultra-modern young women of today we have no reason to doubt. But all the same it is, to put it as mildly as possible, a nasty presentation, and utterly unworthy of Mr. Wells. And if he, with his great gifts of progressive thought and marvellous prophetic insight, can offer us nothing more comforting or ideal for the future of the feminine disciple of modernity than a vision of an "Ann Veronica whitewashed by a complaisant society because of a tardy marriage, and an increased prosperity, we like Dr. Barry, conceive ourselves justified in wishing that Mr. Wells had not conceived, much less written "Ann Veronica."

Most prominent amongst the attractions of "Life" for January is Dr. Fitchett's account of how he first became acquainted with the "Cornhill Magazine" forty years ago. The article reproduced in "Life" first appeared in the "Cornhill," which has just been celebrating its jubilee. Admirable photographs are given of its first editor and founder, the late George Murray Smith, and its present editor, Mr. Reginald J. Smith, K.C.

Grant Richards have lately published at the low price of 3/6, a book which contains three prose plays written by that powerful writer, Mr. John Masefield. The "longest and the finest," is named "The Tragedy of Nan." The other two, and especially "Mrs. Harrison" (which has never been acted), a sequel to "The Campion Wonder," are both exceptionally good in their terse presentation of character through an ar-

tistic arrangement of natural speech. The first mentioned is really all that matters just now. It is said by Mr. Edward Thomas to resemble a ballad, if there were one, that had all the mournfulness and beauty of its music wrought into its very words. For Mr. Masefield's play combines the effect of music and words. It has the rusticity, the breath of Nature, and the passion "more precious than Sheba's gold," which the best of the ballads have at those best moments where their words are all but mad with the inexpressible extremity of love and misery. And yet there is no place where it can be said that Mr. Masefield turns lyric poet and ceases to be dramatic. He is as strict in the final scene as in the chat over the dough. The influence of the ballads has been great in poetry. But this poet has been

may readily be believed that were it not for his extraordinary success as an editor, endowed with a natural instinct, with an unflinching flair and good discretion, the centenary of his birth, which took place on November 30, 1809, might have been allowed to pass by the "Bookman" without the celebration and without the consecration of a special illustrated article to his memory. He was, declares Mr. Spielman, a worker at the edge of the literary field, and took on any job that fell in with his love of writing and of humour, and demanded little scholarship and less learning. His chief love was for humour and the stage; class journalism became his profession, and good judgment controlled his pen. Nevertheless, his style was good enough for his purpose, and his dramatic sense was sufficiently keen enough to carry to a successful issue any staged play of his, as the public of his day were not as critical of what has been called "their middle-class entertainment" as now. None of Mark Lemon's plays, Mr. Spielman thinks, are ever played now, nor are his novels read; few of

"The Shakespeare Head," in Wych street. The result was unfortunate for both. Romer had to shut up the tavern, and Lemon found that the fumes of the beer stuck to him more or less through life, and were audibly sniffed at by his enemies at certain critical points of his career. He married on a loan of five pounds, an adventurous step, which was justified by results, as Mrs. Lemon counselled him not to lose sight of his literary companions, many of whom would meet, like the literary clubman of a previous age, in the mis-called "coffee-room" of the little hostelry. Lemon had been writing plays from the age of sixteen. In 1835 his "P.L., or No. 30 Strand," was produced at the Strand Theatre, and thenceforward for twenty years and more he flooded the stage with his productions, not a few of which, no doubt, were based upon French or German originals. In 1841 Lemon became editor of "Punch." His salary, we are told by Spielman, was at first only thirty shillings a week; but it was destined to rise to £1,500 a year before the end—the largest editorial salary, it is believed, which up to that time had ever been paid." Notwithstanding the duties and anxieties of his new position, Lemon still continued to write for the stage. A good story of him is told by Mr. Spielman in connection with his career as a dramatist. A play of his, entitled "Punch," necessitated the introduction of a parrot into its opening scene, and when the curtain rose on the first night, the profane bird belched forth such a torrent of appalling blasphemy that the success of the play would have been jeopardised had it not been for the sense of humour of a shocked yet tolerant audience. In 1856 "Medea" was produced, and then the stage knew him no more. Sixty plays in all, we are told, and not one among them showed an attempt at genuine comedy or tragedy. His more vigorous writing seems to have been kept for publications, such as "Household Words," "Once a Week," the "Illustrated London News," but his most serious role of all was his editorship. For "Punch" as has been hinted, did not monopolise his attention; he was the first editor of the "London Journal," which, it is said, he nearly ruined by trying to keep up a fair standard in its literature; of the "Family Herald," and for a time, of "Once a Week," besides the "Field," which he took a major part in establishing. Possessed of an indomitable energy, Mark Lemon must undoubtedly have been, for we hear that he used to fill in his spare time with lectures upon London and public readings from the still cited, but not acted, "Hearts are Trumps." These were his labours; his relaxations included acting. He played with Charles Dickens, and his amateur company in "The Lighthouse" and in Wilkie Collins' "Frozen Deep," and acted Falstaff with his own natural "padding" at the Gallery of Illustration—a performance that is mainly memorable as bringing about a reconciliation between Lemon and Dickens, who had long been estranged in friendship. But as an actor Lemon did not shine. "In a word with 'Punch'—that special number in which 'Punch's' long-suffering victim, Alfred Bunn, at last turned on his tormentors and rent them—the appearance on the stage of Lemon and the other members of the 'Punch' staff is savagely attacked. 'Did you ever see them act 'Punch'?' he asks. 'Did you ever see Douglas Jerrold... and Mark Lemon act at Mrs. Kelly's Theatre? And if so, did you ever see such an awful exhibition? ... and if, as they say, they did 'hold the mirror up to Nature' then I say, it was only to cast 'reflections' on her.' Then Bunn, smiting Lemon on other grounds, proceeds to show that his satirical critics were no better poets than himself. But as editor of 'Punch,' Mark Lemon was, without doubt, the right man in the right place. 'Punch' and I," he would say, 'were made for each other'—modestly omitting to claim that the making of the paper was in considerable measure his own. When Ebenezer Landells, the wood engraver, determined on issuing in London a comic and satirical journal, corresponding to the Paris "Charivari," and obtained the adhesion of the printer Joseph Lest, the latter recommended him to seek out the support of Henry Mayhew, a genius of journalistic imagination, and a brilliant humorist who might be depended upon to form a thoroughly capable staff from among his own friends and acquaintances. Mark Lemon was one of the first enlisted, and when the paper was launched Mayhew, Lemon and Sterling Coyne



Mrs. Tubbs: "But you can't expect us to believe that Methusalem could have lived to the age of 960 years?"

The Curate (cornered, and taking refuge in mild humour): "Oh, I don't know! There were no motor-cars in those days?"

able to preserve the simplicity of the ballad while enriching it with the beauty of a grave and sensitive modern spirit that has long brooded upon it. He has drawn from the rustic fiddle music that might have graced an exquisite violin."

Shaw F. Bullcock writes whimsically and sympathetically and critically in the November Bookman on Mr. Robert Lynd's new book "Home Life in Ireland" (Mills and Boon). Everything affecting Irish home and social and educational life is discussed upon and thoroughly ventilated. Mr. Lynd is no Hardy, says Mr. Bullcock in effect. But he knows—he knows. And all he says is worth knowing.

Space forbids a mention of "Billicks," Mr. St. John Adeock's inimitably written book, but we hope to give a resume of it next week.

### The Mark Lemon Centenary.

More than ordinarily interesting is the current number of the "Bookman," which contributes a long article to mark the centenary of that famous editor of "Punch," Mark Lemon. This centenary article, which has been written by Mr. W. H. Spielman, can scarcely be called a flattering one. Mark Lemon's place in literature is not, we are told, difficult to determine. He was not, in the true sense, a man of letters, and it

his children's books are republished, and those that are, are republished more for the sake of their illustrations than their text. The volume by which he is best remembered is "Mark Lemon's Jest-book," containing the wit of all ages, including jokes of his own staff—Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, and others. By 1864, it had run into its seventh edition, and if it is still purchased, it is partly because it is treasured by collectors of the works of Charles Keene, who drew the design on the title-page that was engraved on steel by Jeans. At this juncture readers will naturally wonder how Mark Lemon came to be "Punch's" most popular editor. The story of Mark Lemon's rise to the editorial chair, as told by Mr. Spielman, is a splendid illustration of the saying, that, "It is better to be born lucky than rich." Mark Lemon was the son of a hop grower or hop merchant, of Chem, near Epsom. At his father's death his mother married a brewer named Very. Being without means, he was glad to accept a clerical position in the brewery, and coked out his salary by writing for the magazines, which pursuit, however, yielded very little grit. The brewery failing, a jovial tavern-keeper named Romer, who had had business relations with the Very brewery, placed him as manager of

Whom on account of his indifference to his personal appearance, Douglas Jerrold used to dub "Filthy Lucre") were the three editors. In 1842 Bradbury and Evans were called in to save the paper's life, and Lemon was installed as sole editor with Mayhew as suggestor-in-chief—Coyne having retired. Mayhew always felt that Lemon had dispossessed him disloyally of his birthright, for it was he and not Lemon who had imparted to the paper its distinctive character, and it was his ideas that had secured public approval of its healthy tone and original humour—his the conception which had brought a force hitherto unthought of into the world of satirical and humorous, yet seriously-intentioned, journalism—his the idea that a comic journal might be a journal of responsibility. Lemon, however, bore the reflection of disloyalty with his usually radiant good nature, and took Mayhew and the rest of the "boys" to his bosom; fixing himself firmly in the chair, he continued to occupy until his death, which took place on May 23rd, 1870—just a fortnight before his immortal friend, Charles Dickens, followed him to his eternal rest. Aided by the genial personality (which, according to Mr. Spielman, constituted Mark Lemon's chief eligibility to the editorship of "Punch"), Mark Lemon piloted "Punch" to success. Under him "Punch" aimed at leading public opinion, and not merely at the illustrating and criticising of it which has become its later vogue. He enlisted the able pens of Jerrold, Thackeray, Shirley Brooks, and others, and the pencils of Leech, Newman, Doyle and Tenniel, were struck more forcibly into the body politic of the Government of that day than in these politer and less strenuous days. "It was Lemon's hand, though mainly at Mayhew's dictation, that had indited the original prospectus of "Punch"—when the intention was to call it "The Funny Dog"—but it was Lemon's rule that gave its direction, albeit the policy was in great measure imposed by Jerrold just as its cast of fun was imagined by Mayhew. Powerful and talented as were his staff, yet Lemon ruled them with a kindness that was only equalled by firmness." He might not be the most brilliant or the most masterful at the Wednesday Dinner, but as he presided at the Table, he made all feel that the business of the meeting was in his hands." With unflinching good humour, yet with a strict consciousness of knowing what he did, he declined G. A. Sala's sketches and Dickens's unique offering on the metropolitan water supply entitled "Dreadful Hardships Endured by the shipwrecked crew of the London." Here I sit (he exclaimed to Mr. F. J. Ellis, who was made to feel that in rejecting his work he had laid him under an obligation to Lemon by the charming way he had rejected it) like a great ogre, eating up other people's little hopes. But what am I to do?" "Look here"—and he showed him the waste-paper basket full of imbecility, graphic and literary, that the morning post had brought. And yet his own "songs for the sentimental" with their bathetic last line at the end of each stanza, his pointed paragraphs, his mild jokes, his cleverish epigrams, and the like, comprised the major part of his literary performances. But he was a genius at suggesting the subject for the cartoons. From 1845 to 1847, that is to say, while the paper was winning its high position, not only as "premier comic," but as a real political power, Lemon proposed thirty-five subjects, Henry Mayhew twenty, Horace Mayhew fifteen, Jerrold sixteen, Thackeray four and the rest fewer still. Later on, when Leech asserted his fuller powers, the other members of the staff became aides and critics rather than prime suggestors. The paper, fully launched and successful, Mark Lemon laboured on, almost infallible in judgment, wise in administration and organisation, firm in his determination to keep the paper clean, honest, and fearless (not that anyone on the staff would have had it otherwise), level-headed in times of crisis, and courageous in the defence of the prerogatives, the rights and the privileges of the editorial chair when he thought the actions of the proprietors were making a covert attack upon them, and in which he was supported by his entire staff, who, in their turn, were wont, at times, to jib a bit, or, in summer-time to shirk their work. But whatever happened, "Uncle Mark" would literally "come up smiling," laughing down incipient revolt, and ignoring the occasional derogatory sneer of anyone of them who felt his own intellectual superiority to that of the man whose

fat, caressing palm soothingly pressed him back into his place in the team. In short, Mark Lemon, though lacking the higher intellectual graces, possessed to an eminent degree those diplomatic qualities and the strategy that is invaluable in the handling of artistic and literary genius, and which, for reasons that should be obvious, is so apt to get out of hand, and he was recognised as a consummate editor who had never slipped and rarely blundered during all the nine and twenty years that he grasped the helm. No wonder that when Mr. Gladstone awarded Mark Lemon's widow a pension from the Civil List, he took occasion to declare that Mark Lemon had "raised the level of comic journalism to its present standard," and that Shirley Brooks, speaking for the staff in the pages of "Punch," bore "the fullest and most willing testimony that the high and noble spirit of Mark Lemon ever prompted generous championship, ever made unworthy on-slaught or irreverent jest impossible to the pens of those who were honoured by being coadjutors with him." This is a high thought, a just tribute, coming as it did from the man who Lemon had long before declared wielded the most graceful pen in London. We have not nearly exhausted the article Mr. Spielman has so admirably written, but we have skimmed the thickest of its cream. If

fishman who has died and left her with somewhat straightened means to bring up a robust and highly turbulent family whose tastes run from operatic music, to marked unconventionalism, tolerance of free love, and anarchy, as personified in one Deminski, Krem-ski and Marie Petersen, the latter's mistress, who, penniless, trade upon the good nature of Mrs. Severin, a weak, kindly hearted, slipshod woman of the type of femininity that lies in bed one half of the day, and potters about in deshabille the other half. At the time this story opens the tradespeople have refused to supply Mrs. Severin with any more goods unless they receive something substantial on account. At this juncture, Michael, Mrs. Severin's eldest son, who has been brought up and educated since his father's death by a well-to-do uncle, and has for some time been holding a good position in a flourishing mercantile firm in India, writes to say that he is returning to England and home, and Mrs. Severin, so used is she to disaster, concludes that Michael has lost his situation, and is to constitute another to the many burdens that she has already sunk under. But she manages, in spite of this conviction, to persuade the butcher that the leg of mutton she has ordered, and the back account also, will be paid for by this eldest son of hers, and it is accordingly sent. This cannot be freely circu-

so frequent or as spontaneous as those which usually characterise this breezy author's works. In the dozen samples of Sailor's Knots demonstrated, we single out "Matrimonial Openings" as being most original, "Peter's Pence" as being most cute, and "Head of the Family" as best illustrating the true Jacobean humour, and the proper spirit that has so endeared Mr. Jacobs to the hearts of thousands upon thousands of readers. The title is felicitous, each knot being tied and untied with the expert nautical knowledge and skill that has made this author's name on the title page of a book a guarantee of its inner excellence. Our copy has been received through the courtesy of Wildman and Arey.

**Northern Lights:** Gilbert Parker. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey.)

In "Northern Lights," Sir Gilbert Parker has returned to the fields of former conquest, and has given us stirring, pathetic and powerfully vital pictures of the primitive, yet strenuous, life of the far west. Of the seventeen tales that comprise the book five are reminiscent of "harder days and deeds"—of days before the great railway was built which changed a waste into a fertile field of civilization. The remaining stories cover the



Solicitous Mother: "Them 'ome lessons is a bit 'ard, 'Enery. Can't me nor father give you a 'and with your grammar or somethink?"

there is a fault to find with it, it is that Mr. Spielman has written with somewhat contemptuous bias about that very quality which constituted Mark Lemon, not only the consummate editor he was, but demonstrates his exceeding fitness for the position he so worthily and inimitably occupied. Great literary qualities are far from uncommon in editors, but to our way of thinking the qualities that Mark Lemon possessed to such a marked degree, are of infinitely more importance in an editor than that of high literary gift. That he had high literary and artistic appreciation is clear, that his faculties of suggestion topped those of the intellectual members of his staff is shown, and that he was an ideal leader and organiser, and a generous, and a genial, and a properly modest, and an infinitely tactful, and a feeling and a just man, and a sufficiently moral man has been testified to. What more, then, can Mr. Spielman desire? Mr. Spielman's article is splendidly illustrated, and an added interest is a facsimile of a page from "Punch" (Vol. 1, No. 4, August 7, 1841).

**REVIEWS.**

**The Severins:** Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey.)

This is an exceedingly entertaining story of a modern Bohemian family, written with both practical and sympathetic insight. Mrs. Severin, of German extraction, is the widow of an Eng-

lated, and humourously discussed over the meal at which the afore-said leg of mutton forms the piece de resistance. Bob Severin, the youngest hope of the Severin family, orders a bicycle on the same basis, and, as showing the perennial faith of London tradesmen, gets it also. Into this, not to put too fine a point upon it, disreputable family, came Michael Severin, who, though as kindly in temperament as his mother, is the very antipodes of his family in character and conduct. But the reader is advised to buy the book and learn how Michael who had just been made a junior partner in the flourishing firm on account of his trustworthiness and splendid business qualities, assumes his position as eldest son of the house, and reduces chaos to order and decency, eventually winning both the hearts and intellects of his highly clever family, who, though Bohemian by drift and circumstance, are sound enough at heart. Michael's two love affairs too, are out of the ordinary, and repay perusal. Mrs. Sidgwick is to be highly complimented on her judicious handling of an out-of-hand set of dramatic personae as ever figured in the pages of a novel. We are indebted to Wildman and Arey for our copy of "The Severins," which to read is to thoroughly enjoy.

**Sailor's Knots:** W. W. Jacobs. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey.)

It may be that our mood is to blame, but it seems to us that the flashes of humour in "Sailor's Knots" are not quite

period passed since the royal north-west mounted poker and the Pullman car first startled the early pioneer, and sent him into the land of the farther north, or drew him into the quiet circle of civic routine and humdrum occupation. Of the former epoch we best like the tale entitled, "A Lodge in the Wilderness," which we take it, strongly advocates the white man remaining true, once espoused, to the red woman. We are no advocate of mixed marriages, but when once the white man has crossed "the forbidden boundary" every law, both human, moral, and politic, should see to it that he stays there. Much has been said and written as to the rapidity with which the white man travels the road to Avernus once the "forbidden boundary" is crossed. But we are of opinion that, though the road travelled might be different, the same goal would be reached somehow, and sometimes, by the white man that could not keep faith with the coloured.

"In 'The Stroke of the Hour,' and 'Buckmaster's Boy,' we think the sentiment over-strained. 'The Stake and the Plumline,' we have made acquaintance with before, and strongly approve of. 'A Man, a Famine, and a Heathen Boy,' is an exceedingly splendid argument in favour of muscular Christianity, as against theoretic. Indeed, all the stories are worthy of the reputation of the author of 'When Valmond came to Pontiac,' and we strongly recommend them as a whole to lovers of the wholesome, the natural, the primitive, and the strenuous in literature. We are indebted to Wildman and Arey for our copy.

# Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

## HECKLING A LORD.

LONDON, December 10.

THE Earl of Dunmore is a gallant soldier, who has won the Victoria Cross, but politically he is a "backwoodsman." Possibly that was the reason he essayed to do a little political pioneering on behalf of the Lords at Barking the other night. Now, the inhabitants of Barking are no doubt very estimable people in their way, but if they "dearly love a lord"—well, they have a most peculiar way of showing it. A more merciless heckling politician never had than the Earl received at Barking when he essayed to explain how the Lords were the people's friends and protectors. No soldier ever led a forlorn hope than did Dunmore.

His appearance on the platform in a huge fur coat was the signal for mock-cries of awe, interspersed with remarks concerning the dearness of rabbit skins, and when he rose to speak, his opening words were drowned with cat calls, yells and hooting.

"I want to tell you why I supported Lord Lansdowne," said his Lordship. But the answer came from the audience, "To further your own interests."

"We wished to refer the Budget to the people—" "Because it touched your pockets," replied the audience as one man.

The Earl tried another tack and mentioned the name of Rosebery. But that name only brought forth cries of "traitor," "gibber," and cheers for Lloyd George.

The Chairman intervened, "If you don't want to hear Lord Dunmore, say

of the noble Lord's lack of knowledge of the subjects whereon he had attempted to speak.

One could not help pitying the helpless peer, who, long before his torturers had done with him, was a picture of helpless misery. He will certainly never forget his visit to Barking. Like a good many other gentlemen with handles to their names, he has made a valuable discovery, namely, that it is very unsafe to presume ignorance on the part of your audience because it happens to be composed of East End workers.

## CONFOUNDING THE PROPHETS.

We are still looking for the "financial chaos" so confidently predicted by Lord Welby and other authorities as the first result of the Lords' rejection of the Budget. The fact of the matter is that the Peers' action in flouting the Commons has had much the same effect as the Cardinal's curse, which resulted in nobody being a penny the worse—save the jackdaw.

The Budget curse of the House of Lords may have affected some person or persons unknown, but so far as the general public is concerned, it is much in the same position as the "gobillies" of the Rheims feast. Customs dues, income tax, and the like are being collected practically as though the Budget had survived the ordeal of the "Gilded Chamber."

Attempts to evade payment of the taxes imposed by Mr. Lloyd George's Finance Bill are, indeed, few and far between, in spite of the suggestions made to the people to the effect that they can lawfully refuse to pay taxes imposed by the Budget rejected of the Lords. But common sense tells the average Englishman that

dictions to the contrary, and one can only describe the "financial chaos," which we were told must ensue as a result of the rejection of the Budget, in the language of the schoolboy, who, being called upon to define "chaos," wrote it down as "A lump of nothing stuck against nowhere."

## "OF YOUR PITY PRAY"

The news received from St. Petersburg this week to the effect that the Czarina is standing on the brink of the grave has caused no surprise to those who know the conditions under which her Majesty has lived ever since her marriage. There is no more pitiful tragedy in the history of any royal house than the story of the unhappy Empress, who has for years been dying of terror.

The Empress of Russia is the youngest daughter of the Grand Duchess Aliee of Hesse, and after her mother's death she was cared for by Queen Victoria. She was so happy and bright as a child that her mother called her "Sunny."

Married at twenty-two, the rigorous etiquette of the Russian Court changed the entire course of her life. She missed the freedom and simplicity of Balmoral and Darmstadt, and the atmosphere of suspicion and distrust which pervaded even the innermost circles of Russian Court life did much to embitter her.

She has been a devoted wife and mother—but even her domestic life brought her sorrow. For years the Czar longed for a son, but the Czar's family of daughters increased, and the Czarina grew more and more melancholy.

At last, when the hopes of the Czar were realised, and the Czarevitch Alexis was born, the Empress's joy was followed by even more profound dejection, for attempts were made to kidnap the child, and the precautions taken to protect the Imperial family from anarchical attacks had to be redoubled.

The Czar's life was one long nightmare. She was constantly oppressed by the fear that something might happen to her little

The very beggar in the street can afford to pity the hapless wife of "The Little Father."

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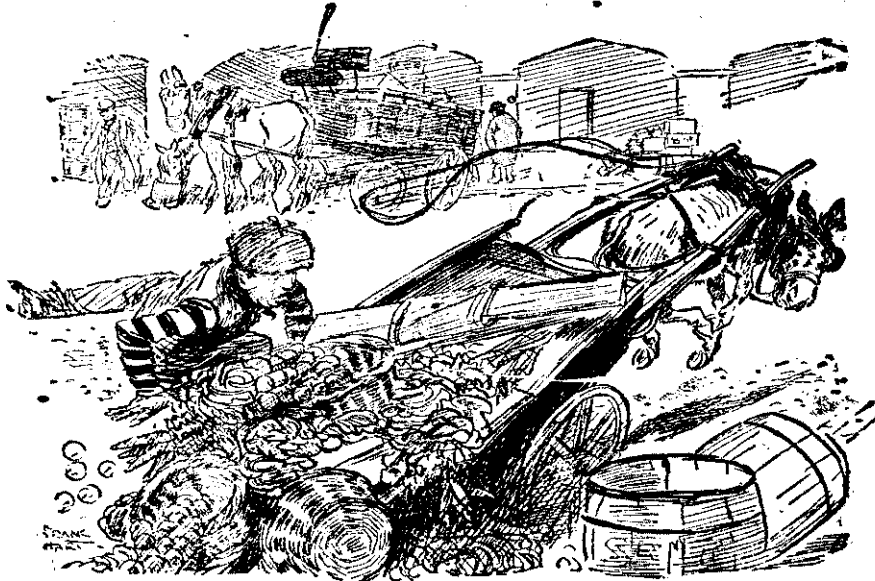
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(Coster: "Ere! not so much of yer bloomin' haviating!")

The audience gave an emphatic intimation that they didn't, and invited his Lordship to retire to the backwood.

But Lord Dunmore refused to accept his dismissal, and ploughed bravely on, though almost every sentence he uttered was drowned with pointed contradictions and hilarious laughter.

He tried the Licensing Bill and the Land Taxes, only to be hopelessly howled out in his "facts" at every turn, for his hecklers proved conclusively that they were far more familiar with the provisions of those measures than the speaker. They inquired with tender sarcasm why he didn't talk about some thing he knew something about. "Tell us how to keep trousers from bagging at the knee," was one wag's suggestion.

On the subject of unemployment, education, and indeed, every topic he tried to touch, his Lordship came to grief. And when he had concluded his speech, he was called upon to answer a rain of questions. Everybody in the hall seemed to have come armed with queries especially designed to plumb the depths

of the money earmarked by the Government for specific purposes must be found somewhere, and commonsense tells them that refusal to pay those taxes will precipitate what we are all most anxious to avoid, namely, a marked disturbance of the normal conditions of finance and trade, which will be bad for almost everybody.

Compared with Mr. Lloyd George's estimate, there will, it is probable, be some shortage in the revenue collected during the present and the next three months, and to meet this the Government will have to borrow upon short currency bills. Opinions differ naturally as to the amount that may have to be raised to meet the needs of the State, but the best financial authorities do not place the total above £6,000,000. This amount will be no trouble to raise. On the contrary, the money market would, it seems, welcome even a much larger amount, for the simple reason that there is at present a great scarcity of first class bills in the market, whilst there is a very strong demand for them.

The financial sky, indeed, is at present practically colourless, in spite of all pro-

son. Even the most trusted servants of the Imperial entourage came under her suspicion, and during the first three years of the infant Czarevitch's life, she could hardly be persuaded to abandon custody of her son's person for an hour. All the food given him was prepared under her own supervision, and the child partook of nothing until his mother had first tasted it.

After the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius at Moscow, her Majesty could not sleep without the aid of opiates, for a week, and after the funeral of the Grand Duke Alexis, to attend which she took a long railway journey, she collapsed, and for a time it was feared her reason had gone. The recent visit of the Russian Royal family to Italy reduced the Czarina to the verge of imbecility, so great was her terror of bomb outrages by the way. From the effects of that journey, with its constant menace the Czarina has never recovered, and apparently the only release from the reign of terror beneath which she has lived must come through hopeless imbecility or death.

## WOMEN WHO SUFFER

Confinement indoors, hard work, lack of fresh air, and home worries, renders the women-folk more prone to indifferent health than any other member of the household. Both her nervous and physical systems get out of order; she becomes "nervy" and irritable, and suffers from biliousness, headache, digestive disorders, stomach trouble, loss of appetite, constipation, anaemia, blood impurities, and other ailments that owe their origin to deranged liver action. For such troubles, Bile Beans are unequalled. Being purely vegetable, they work hand in hand with nature, regulate the stomach, liver, and bowels, strengthen the enfeebled organs, tone up the nerves, and purify the blood.

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ONE BEAN—ONE DOSE.

## USE BILE BEANS



# The Nature Lovers.

**L**ANCELOT JENKINS was a poet, but he was also "half-book" with a man on the Stock Exchange, which was perhaps a fortunate circumstance for Mrs. Lancelot Jenkins, a blue-eyed young lady named Lenore, who had an acquired taste for her husband's Muse, and a natural one for pretty frocks. But, though up-to-date in the matter of modes, Lenore was old-fashioned enough to make it the first duty of her life to love, honour and obey her husband, and for three years had shared his joys, sorrows, and fads—principally the lat-

he was "having" them, he decided they had better study the heavens in less congested districts. So they took the train out, and went for country tramps; but, unfortunately, the weather was bad, and Lenore caught a chill in consequence of coming home in wet boots, and while she was in bed, Lancelot went by himself to collect botanical specimens to discuss and dissect with her, and got fined twenty shillings and cost for trespassing.

"The fact is," he said bitterly, when reviewing the failure of their various attempts, "the great City is too strong

tage is fairly comfortable, but you will have to bring your maids, as we are giving ours a holiday.

"Yours ever,  
"TRIX."

"No," said Lancelot, with a look of dreary rapture. "Maids would be out of the picture; we'll give ours a holiday, too."

"Then shall we go?" said Lenore. "I was afraid you might not be able to get away."

"I'll take a fortnight now, and a week later—there's nothing doing," said Lancelot. "We will go back to nature and live like the birds and flowers, and serve our own simple needs."

"Of course," she assented, "and we can take a lot of tinned things, and it will be a rest to me to get away from the maids for a bit." Then her face fell. "But what about the Sausage?" she said.

"We'll take the Sausage with us," replied her husband, and she ran and kissed him, for a weight was lifted from her heart. The Sausage, a plump and elderly pug, had been her special pet since her thirteenth birthday, ten years ago. When Lancelot proposed to her, it was a case of "Love me, love my dog," and he had obeyed, and was really quite fond of the affectionate and wheezy little beast.

"The river," rhapsodised Lancelot, "runs at the bottom of the paddock. We will bathe when the sun is hot, and I will teach you to swim in a shadowy pool with mossy banks, and a sandy bed, while the nightingales sing around us and the sunlight dapples the water, through the whispering leaves."

"Yes," said Lenore, "and I must put some new white braid on my scarlet bathing-dress—and, Lancelot, I shall take nothing but tub frocks to wear, sage-blue linen ones, to blend with the summer foliage, and a broad pink ribbon for the Sausage, to match the pink-tipped daisies."

Lancelot closed his eyes. "Pink-tipped daisies," he mused, "on velvet sward sloping down to the river, which winds like a blue girdle among the silver rushes."

"And a little thatched cottage in the background," said Lenore, "all our own for a fortnight!" And, being an irritative animal, she also closed her eyes, and leaning back her pretty head, swayed it from side to side in an ecstasy of anticipation.

It wasn't thatched, however—that was the annoying part—neither was it a cottage at all according to their ideas; and they were very disconcerted when, after the short railway journey from London, they found themselves staring disconsolately at a square, solid, eight-roomed house, red bricked and slate roofed. And worse was to come, for inside, instead of the red-tiled kitchen and little dainty-trimmed garret-bedroom they had fondly dreamed of, they found two luxuriously furnished sitting-rooms; white, blue, and pink bedrooms; bath—hot and cold, elec-

tric light, and—horror of horrors!—a telephone in the hall.

Lancelot's face went white with disappointment. "How shall I listen to Nature's voice with these obtrusive trappings of civilisation around me?" he thought.

"How shall I keep it all clean?" thought Lenore, to whom, by the way, luxuries were not such bugbears as she tried to make them. In any case, the gas stove in the kitchen was very convenient for tea-making, for she was hot and dusty with her journey, and put the kettle on to boil, while Lancelot strode off to find the river and a bathing-pool.

"I can't find just the sort of spot I had pictured," he said when he returned, "but I've found a pretty decent place, and when you're rested, we'll go and have a dip." Then he glanced at the tea-cups: it was twelve o'clock, for they had come by an early train, and, of course, real children of nature ought not to require a pick-me-up at mid-day. Still, as the weather was very warm and enervating, he made no objection, but refused a cup himself, though as a matter of fact he went into the next room and furtively mixed himself a whisky-and-soda.

Refreshed and feeling more appreciative of their surroundings, they went outside into the garden. It was a little too conventional for their taste, being the orthodox square of green surrounded by flower-beds. But a beautiful cedar stood in the middle of the lawn, and gently sloping hills, well wooded, stretched away on either hand. In fact, when Lancelot stood with his back to the cottage and watched Lenore in her sage-blue tub frock, with the sun shining on her fair hair, playing under the cedar with the pink ribboned Sausage, he began to feel the place was not so disappointing after all. But an ode to a river nymph had begun to spout in his brain, and he was anxious to get down to the water again, to collect local colour; and half-an-hour later, in a striped stockinette confection, he led Lenore, dainty and excited in her scarlet bathing-dress, across the paddock, followed by the Sausage, who sniffed the air suspiciously, as was natural in a dog used to asphalt pavements all his life.

"The river" was, conversely, as much a misnomer as "the cottage," for Lancelot could easily have jumped it in parts, if he had been an athlete instead of a poet, and it appeared only a few inches deep, for the muddy bottom could be plainly seen. But counselling patience to the disgusted Lenore, Lancelot led her farther on to a pool where the stream widened, and the banks grew steeper, and the bottom was quite invisible. Then with grin, resolute face he stood on the bank and threw up his arms.

"Don't dive," cried Lenore; "jump in, it's safer."

"No," he said, "I must dive. I've got an idea for a poem in which a shepherd plunges in the river and finds a naiad at the bottom, and I want to get local colour."

He did, and came up well plastered with it. Fortunately, he went in flat, or



They went on the leads every morning before breakfast and inhaled the odours from the chimneys of their neighbours.

ter, for until the events happened here chronicled, fortune had spared them any excess of sensation.

They lived in Tooting, and were rather sought after by their set, until Lancelot weighed the social resources of his suburb and found them wanting, and accompanied by Lenore, turned to culture. For a year they waded through much heavy reading and the study of foreign languages, but Mrs. Jenkins had a nervous breakdown, which suggested physical development as a substitute for mental, and under her husband's tuition she grey quite efficient with French clubs, until one sad morning a club slipped from her hand and blacked his eye in passing, and she vowed with tears she would never touch them again. However, they still persisted in "deep breathing drill," and went on the leads every morning before breakfast, and inhaled the odours from the chimneys of their neighbours, who were unfortunately addicted to the sausage habit, alternating with bloaters and bacon. But Lancelot found that, according to a medical weekly, deep breathing was apt to strain the heart, so he dropped the practice and became a Nature Lover, with the admiring and obedient Lenore still in tow. In Throgmorton-street he would suddenly lift his head to study sky effects, while Lenore felt bound to do the same thing in Tooting, so that when he said at dinner in the evening, "Did you see that sun-shaft strike a dun mass of cumulus at 2.55, and change it to molten copper?" she could reply in the affirmative. But one night he came home to find Lenore's straight, little nose cut and swollen, where she had run into a lamp-post, the result of sky-gazing; and as he was getting unpopular in the City by continually leading people to believe, first that there was an airship somewhere about, and next that

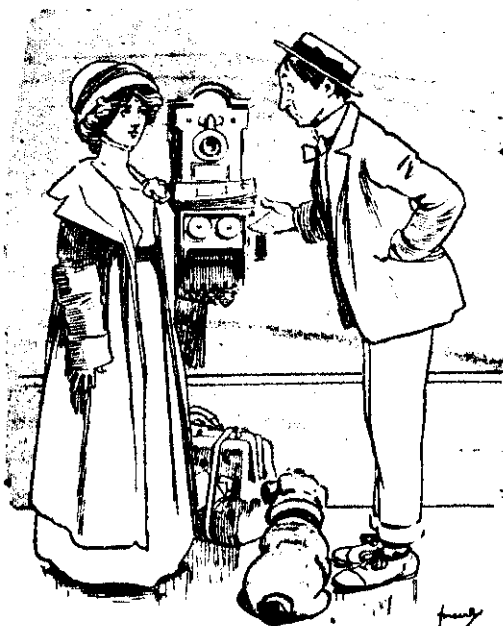
for us. It twines its tentacles round our reluctant limbs, and brings us back to bricks and mortar like boomerangs."

"Oh, no, dear! We were wet, and my fringe was out of curl, but we don't look quite as bad as that!" protested Lenore, whose general knowledge was shaky, and who was under the impression a boomerang was a kind of ape.

"Nature has many messages for me," said Lancelot, "but how can I hear them when I am so far away? No wonder my efforts are returned," and he looked viciously at a bundle of long envelopes on his writing-table. "They haven't the true ring. Ah, here's another of them. I expect," he added, as the postman knocked at the door. But it happened to be a letter for Lenore this time, from a frivolous woman friend, who had married an artist and lived in the country. Lancelot turned away indifferently, till a little cry from his wife recalled him, and she thrust the letter in his hands, and he read as follows:—

"Riverview Cottage, near Winterton, Bucks.

"Dearest Lenore,—  
"Are you and Lancelot still nature lovers? If so, perhaps you would like to come down here for a fortnight, and keep the cottage aired for us while we are in Paris. Otherwise we shall shut it up, so don't feel you must come to oblige us. It's a decent little place, with a river running at the bottom of the paddock, and not another roof to be seen for miles. That is my trouble; the country bores me to tears, and I am only too charmed to exchange its freshness, and cleanliness, and emptiness, for the life and rattle of the gay city. Tell Lancelot he can exercise his Muse undisturbed, except for the nightingales, which I think ought to be shot; they get on my nerves so terribly. The cot-



"And—horror of horrors—a telephone in the hall!"



Lenore shut her eyes tight and snuggled down under her bedclothes.

he would have broken his neck on the bottom. As it was, he got a nasty jar, to judge from the frog-like expression on his romantic countenance, when he re-appeared with long tangles of weed adhering to his hair and person.

"Come along, dear!" he gasped, wading to the scarlet-clad maid on the bank and holding out his hand; catch hold and jump."

But Lenore drew back, and, shrinking from dredging operations of a personally conducted character, she decided in favour of the shallows lower down, where she rolled religiously about among the weedy pebbles till she was wet all over. The bath, in fact, was not an overwhelming success, but they really felt children of nature, as they ran back to the cottage through the hot sunlight, while the Sausage, relieved that their apparent attempts at suicide had failed, barked joyously at their heels. Another bath indoors was necessary, however, to cleanse the mud status from their persons, and it was two o'clock before they sat down to lunch, and never had they enjoyed kinned food so much.

"I don't think I shall write my maid poem at present," said Lancelot. "I think I shall make her a dryad instead—a woodland epic. We will go now into the woods and stay till nightfall."

"How lovely!" said Lenore. "I'll get my hat."

"Your what?" exclaimed the poet. "A hat?"

"Well, it looks inclined to rain, dear," said Lenore, "and the damp takes my fringe out of curl."

"Oh, fetch it by all means," he said coldly, "and bring a sun-lade, too."

Shamed by his scorn, Lenore brought neither, and the clouds, both celestial and domestic, soon passed, though a column of foul-smelling blue smoke appeared on the road before them when they started for their ramble, and round the corner they came in sight of a long line of vans of "Lamb's Travelling Circus," and saw that a closed van had come to grief and was being painfully extricated from the ditch by a puffing traction-engine. Disgusted at the foul fumes and language that was soiling the rural scene, the nature lovers scrambled up the bank, and plunged into the wood, and rambled blissfully until 4.30, when a dreadful craving for tea attacked them both so insistently that they retraced their steps in order to satisfy it.

"Of course, after a day or so," said Lancelot, "we shall get out of these town-bred habits, and go from breakfast at seven to dinner at three, and from then to a light repast after sundown, cheerfully and with comfort."

Lenore looked a little doubtful, and troubled, but did not contradict him.

"And we will sleep," he continued, with the rapt and dreamy expression she loved to see in his eyes—"we will sleep under the cedar tree in the garden, our

roof the dome of heaven, and our lamp the silver moon."

"You don't mean it!" ejaculated Lenore.

"Yes, I do," he replied; "and while I think of it, I'll go down and get those two camp bedsteads down and put them up under the tree. Shall we know Nature in her day-gown alone, and never see her in her dusky, star-spangled robe of night? As a matter of fact, I've got an idea for a lyric to that effect, and the words will come naturally to my brain when we are alone with the stars."

Lenore was not in sympathy with the idea. She said it was a pity to spoil the whole holiday by getting an influenza cold at the start, and well she knew that when a cold entered Lancelot's system, all the poetry went out of it. But his mind was made up, and so were the beds, and at 9.30 the nature lovers were in occupation of them, and lay silently gazing up at the "blue vault of heaven," though the "silver lamp" was not timed to appear for an hour or two. The Sausage lay on a small rug between them, and a very disgusted Sausage he was at the turn events had taken, though he preferred company in the open to loneliness under a strange roof.

All was still and sombre and mysterious.

"Are you asleep?" said Lenore. "Asleep? No," replied Lancelot. "I'm drunk with beauty."

"Oh," she said, "because I'm perfectly certain a large insect has just dropped on my bed from the tree. I wish you'd strike a match."

"Oh, it won't hurt you," said Lancelot. "It's only a wood-louse. They don't sting."

Lenore gave a little shuddering shriek, and the Sausage barked in sympathy.

"Oh, but I do loathe wood-lice," she whined.

"Oh, my dear girl," the poet ejaculated, "do control yourself, and try to get more in harmony with calm, brooding night. I don't believe you love nature at all."

"Oh, yes, I do," she cried eagerly; "but I hate insects, and I can't get in harmony with anything while they keep dropping on me."

"Well, they keep dropping on me, too," retorted Lancelot testily, "and I don't make such a fuss. It's sacrilege to break the stillness, not to mention my train of thought, with such puny complaints."

Lenore shut her eyes tight and snuggled down under her bedclothes, of which each had a plentiful supply, including a down counterpane.

Silence reigned for several minutes; then with a noisy flapping and melancholy hoot, a large white owl floated over their heads. Lenore moaned.

"Oh, Lancelot," she whispered, "I don't like it. It frightens me!"

"What frightens you?" said Lancelot, in a chilly, long-suffering voice.

"The dreadful weirdness of it all."

"Lenore," he said, sternly, "I'm surprised at you. You are no more in touch with Nature than the Sausage. You have been deceiving me."

"No, I haven't, dear," she replied, remorsefully. "I won't be so foolish. I won't disturb you again." But as she spoke a loud roar reverberated through the hush of the night, and, with an uncontrollable shriek, Lenore flew to her husband's side. "What is it? What is it?" she cried, clutching him.

"What's what?" he replied imperturbably.

"That dreadful roar!"

"I heard an old cow in the meadow, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, it didn't sound like a cow; it sounded just like feeding time at the Zoo. Lancelot, I believe it was a lion."

Lancelot got up on his elbow, and disengaged himself from her clutch. "If you think it is a lion," he said roughly, "for heaven's sake go indoors and stop there. I must really beg you not to spoil my rest and enjoyment like this."

He had never spoken roughly to her before, and she rose with dignity. "I do not wish to spoil your enjoyment," she said, "and I will certainly go in."

She walked across the lawn with a haughty demeanour, for her heart was hot with anger—not so hot, however, but she sent back the Sausage, who followed her, to return to the cedar tree, to afford what protection he could to her cruel husband through the unknown dangers of the night. Then she went to bed in the blue bedroom, but before she cried herself to asleep, she consigned the two outsiders into the hands of Providence.

After communing with nature for about three-quarters of an hour, Lancelot also dropped off, and was awakened from his first sleep by the vague consciousness that there was something the matter with the Sausage. The moon was up and very bright, and over the rail at the foot of his bed he could see that the plump little pug was walking restlessly to and fro, sniffing the air in great agitation and trembling violently.

"Lie down, Sausage!" he exclaimed fiercely. "I wish to goodness you would go into the house, too, and confound you!"

over to look in the direction of the sound.

The swishing ceased, and the next moment a large animal leaped over the garden paling and stood on the grey, moonlit lawn. At first he thought it was a donkey with some curious growth on its head, but next moment, as it moved, its shape was silhouetted against the large circle of the rising moon, and he saw it was a lion.

"Thank heaven!" was his first mental ejaculation, and his gratitude was not prompted by the visit of the king of beasts, but because his wife was safe indoors. Then, without the slightest hesitation or even thought, he sprang from his bed, and though he had never done any tree-climbing even as a boy, he ran up that cedar tree like a monkey, and clung convulsively to the topmost branches, attired in a picturesque pair of pink-and-lavender-striped pyjamas.

"Thank heaven!" he said again, and this time it was because, after a rapid survey of his stock of natural history, he remembered that lions do not climb trees. The lion, in fact, seemed to take small interest in his proceedings, for it lurched off to the thick bushes near the gate and disappeared. Lancelot saw the bushes shake mysteriously, but heard no sound, but that was not surprising, for the thumping of his heart and the tumultuous drumming of his pulses deafened him. The branches of the cedar tree were hard and unsympathetic to his lightly-clad form, yet far from being cold, the perspiration poured off him, though cold shivers went up his backbone as the bushes parted, and, with a dignified and deliberate gait, the lion slouched across the moonlit lawn again and approached the beds. He sniffed curiously at Lancelot's hastily vacated couch, then, jumping upon it, began luxuriously treading up and down on the down counterpane with the kneading action of a cat on a cushion. Then, while Lancelot stared at him, with distended eyes and parted lips, through which the breath came sharp and short, the lion sank slowly down on the bed—dropped his great maned head between his huge paws, and went to sleep.

Meanwhile, snug and safe in the blue room, Lenore slumbered on, unconscious



The lion sank slowly on the bed and went to sleep.

Before his appreciative eyes the country-side lay bathed in a silvery-grey haze of moonlight. He could see the dim outline of the opposite hill and the white streak of the high road winding up it, and he could distinctly hear the soft gurgle of the river over the ford at the bottom of the paddock. But another sound, that did not connect itself with the murmuring water, arrested his attention—a rhythmic "swish, swish," as if some large body was pushing its way through the cornfield.

"It's that wretched cow got in the corn," he said to himself, and turned

of the peril outside, though her dreams were decidedly troubled. She dreamt that she was bathing in a pie-dish on the lawn, and that Lancelot was calling her unutterable things because she would not duck her head right under. Then the pie-dish changed quite naturally to a swimming-bath, and Lancelot ordered her to dive in from the top board. Lenore had never dived before, but such was her husband's influence, even in dreams, that she obediently threw up her arms and sprang off, only to find when she was in mid-air that there was only half an inch of water in the bottom of the bath, and she was dashing head-

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first to destruction. Just at the moment, however, when her head touched the tiles, she awoke, to find it was broad daylight, and that she was alone in a strange room and in a strange bed. The mists of sleep cleared, and she remembered who and where she was, and with a big stretch and one or two sleepy yawns, went across to the window to see how her husband had fared.

A heavy dew had fallen, and the lawn, sparkling with diamonds, stretched away from beneath her window to the big cedar tree. Her own bed was empty and tumbled as she had left it, but what—what—WHAT was that awful shape stretched upon Lancelot's? Lenore neither shrieked nor fainted, she just clung to the window sill and stood as if turned to marble with her protruding blue eyes fixed on the recumbent figure of the lion, and her heart grew cold as a stone, as she realised that her husband was dead, devoured, while she, who had basely deserted him, had been sleeping in security within a few yards of the awful tragedy.

Then she gave a great cry, and would have dropped in a dead faint had not her closing eye caught a glimpse of a pink-and-lavender arm waving stiffly to her from the top of the cedar. He lived, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling, Lenore uttered a peal of laughter, and for the next twenty minutes gave way to a fit of violent hysterics. But even the most genuine hysterics are apt to languish for lack of human sympathy, and Lenore wiped her eyes, and pressing her clasped hands to her throbbing bosom, returned to the window, hoping

The official evidently turned away to a companion, for she heard disjointed bits of conversation: "Lamb's Circus lion"—"accident to cage yesterday—door worked loose"—"Riverside Cottage—ring up Lamb."

"Yes, yes, madam," the official voice continued, turning to the mouthpiece again, "that will be all right—we'll send immediately."

"Oh, but make haste," cried Lenore. "What shall I do? My husband is up the tree. He's been there all night."

"Tell him to stay where he is," said the soothing voice. "The lion has escaped from a travelling menagerie. I must ring up the proprietor and tell him to remove the animal. Good-morning."

The next hour was an eternity to Lenore, not to mention Lancelot. Her whole intelligence seemed reduced to three words, "Hold on tight!" and his to two, "Stop inside." Yet there was also a question at the heart of both, that remained unspoken until Mr. Lamb, three negroes, and two cow-boys had gingerly approached and successfully lassoed the lion, and hauled the half-strangled beast back into his cage, until, in fact, Lancelot, scrambling down, practically fell into his wife's outstretched arms. Then, when the first ecstatic embrace was accomplished, they met each other's eyes, and said in unison, "Where's the Sausage?"

Where, indeed? Sadly they searched the garden, and found in the bushes by the gate where the lion had been busy during the first part of his visit, not the Sausage, but all that was left of him, the broad pink ribbon and silver bell wrenched from his silky, if shapeless, neck.

"The faithful angel," ejaculated Lenore, with happy tears, forgetful of the fact that he had left her and Lancelot to their fate.

"We'll finish our holiday at Brighton," said Lancelot, as they sat at dinner and listened glompingly to the switching of the electric train wires and the ceaseless roll of traffic on the high-road, "and we'll stay at the Metropole," he added.

"Yes," assented Lenore, "there'll be no nature at Brighton, thank goodness." She spoke boldly and he did not reprove her.

"Except the sea," he said. An apprehensive frown crossed Lenore's face.

"I'd forgotten that," she said; "well, I shan't let either of you out of my sight for a moment."

"In case the sea serpent might come and eat us?" laughed Lancelot.

"Oh, don't," said his wife, "how can you joke about such things, for you never know what may happen."

And, judging from recent experience, Lancelot was inclined to agree with her.

**The Safest Place on Earth.**

A British railway train is still, the "Railway Magazine" points out, the safest place on earth, as only one passenger in seventy millions is killed, and one in every 2,300,000 injured. This deduction is based upon a careful survey of the Board of Trade report on railway accidents during the year 1907. Last year the number of fires in trains amounted to 170, but it should be explained that many of these were of the most trifling description. It is a significant fact that of the number of fires reported, not a solitary one occurred either directly or indirectly through a lightning flash. It would appear that for some reason, railway trains are practically immune from the disastrous effects which usually mark the track of a violent thunderstorm. What is the explanation of this fact? In reply we are told first that the telegraph poles alongside the railway provide a measure of protection to passing trains. These poles are usually spaced three chains or sixty-six yards apart, and on each pole is stapled a thick galvanised iron wire, projecting about six inches above the pole roof and terminating five or six feet below ground. This earth wire, as it is technically known, tends primarily to prevent conduction between contiguous wires, but there can be no doubt that it also serves as a lightning conductor, and that too in a very efficient manner. Further, it is contended that the pieces of ironwork scattered over the roof of a train constitute a conductor, or act as a safeguard against the injurious effects of atmospheric electricity. They fulfil the function of a metal screen or cage, and it has long been known, in scientific circles that a complete metallic enclosure will protect a railway train as effectually as a powder magazine. Sir Oliver Lodge has declared that "a wire netting all over a house, a good earth connection to it at several points, and all over the roof a plentiful supply of barbed wire, which serves so abominably well for fences, and you have an admirable system of defence against lightning." The similarity between the roof of a railway carriage and the conductor system described is evident.

The owners of a St. Abbs fishing boat have made the important discovery that a net dyed as nearly as possible the hue of the sea, instead of the traditional brown, yields much larger results in the matter of fish caught. The discovery was, says an American exchange, put to the test a short time ago, when out of a fleet of sixty-five boats, the boat with its nets dyed blue made far and away the largest catch.

The dye used is bluestone. The discovery has aroused much interest among the fishermen.

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Three negroes and two cowboys had gingerly approached and successfully lassoed the lion


and half believing she had been the victim of some horrid nightmare. But no, there lay the same scene stretched before her—the softly-wooded country all around, the high road winding up the nearest hill, the glint of sun on the river below the paddock, the dew-spangled lawn of the country garden—the figure in pyjamas in the cedar tree, and the lion luxuriously stretched on the bed beneath it. What could she do? She was distracted. Her dear Lancelot, mumbled and cramped, might at any moment come crashing through the branches—and then! It was unthinkable, and she groaned aloud in her helpless anguish. All of a sudden an inspiration came to her—the telephone in the hall—that "obtrusive trapping of civilisation!" She flew downstairs and seized the telephone book and rang up Winterton Police Station.

"Hullo! Hullo! Who are you?" came the voice the other end.

"I'm Riverview Cottage," wailed Lenore. "Oh, send help at once. There's a lion in the garden, and it's nearly eaten my husband."

With these last sad relics in her hand, Lenore returned to town next day with her husband, positively refusing to stay longer in a place so full of horrors. She did not reproach Lancelot, but he knew, and he felt she knew, that in a sense his open air sleeping had been the cause of the disaster. His long night's vigil had made him a less self-confident and more biddable man, and like Lenore, he felt a positive repugnance to the unprotected countryside, and a relief at the proximity of bricks and mortar.

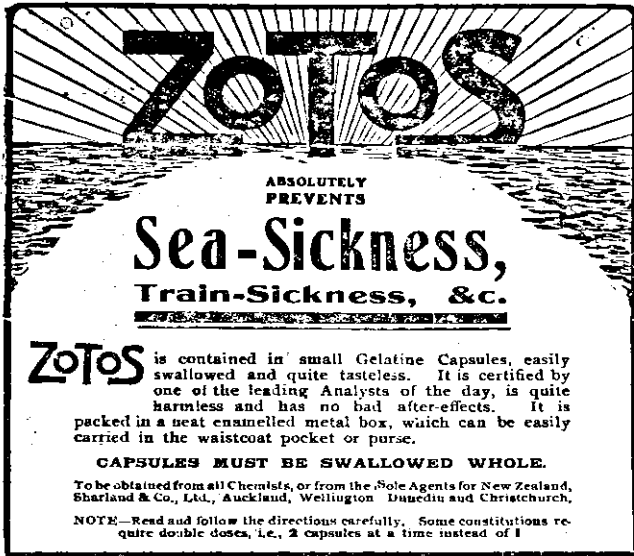
It was nightfall when they stood at the door of their villa in Tooting, and Lancelot was finding the key-hole with his latch-key, when he stumbled over a bundle of something on the step. His nerves were in ribbons, and he swore the only oath he had ever uttered in his wife's presence. But she never heeded it, for with a wheezy yelp, half pain, half pleasure, the bundle leapt into her arms. It was Sausage! Frightened out of his small wits by the appearance of the lion—which happily for him was already gorged with half a sheep—the Sausage had run all the way home.

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Copyright Story.

# THE LOVELY JOSKIN

By MURRAY GILCHRIST.

Author of "Passion the Plaything," "A Peakland Faggot," Etc.

**A**FTER midnight the fine haze resolved into heavy rain. Chloe's chamber overlooked the square courtyard of the inn; at the sound of the downpour she stole on tiptoe to the window, drew aside the curtain of gay chintz, and knelt on the sill. A clock in the gallery struck one—she had heard the striking of the three hours that had passed since her step-mother had insisted upon her retiring.

"You must rest well, my sweet one," the lady had said. "My brother will in all probability be here in another hour; but 'tis not etiquette that you should see him so late. Your father" (she pointed with complacency to where her spouse lay asleep in an armchair)—"your father and I will receive him. Most pleasant dreams, my Chloe. None can wish you better than I do. And pray remember that my brother, Mr. Delamere, is a cadet of noble family, and heir to a fine fortune made in the East Indies!"

The girl had striven to touch her father's heart, had made her ministrations more tender, her voice more cajoling than ever. But Sir Roger Loveljoy was too sodden with wine to heed much; he only stroked her hair with a puffy hand, and declared that he who got her for wife'd get a prize indeed.

"Egad, a nutbrown maid, same as was her poor mother! A nutbrown maid on mill and honey fed. And madam's chosen her own brother—a bachelor, who'll have more than his weight in gold! Ah, Chloe, Chloe, 'tis the curious-est world gentleman of honour e'er dwelt in!"

Then, his wife's eyes, being turned away, he had drunk at one draught—another pint of wine, and had fallen a-weeping a-hiccoughing; and mine host and a tapster had been called to convey him gently to the four-poster bed in the Whistle-jacket Chamber.

At eleven o'clock, old Mince, who had been abigail to Sir Roger's first wife, crept up to the girl's chamber. She had been dismissed for the night; but she came now bubbling with excitement. An ancient virgin of a romantic turn, who was given—amongst her fellow-servants—to long quotations from Pamela and Clarissa Harlowe.

"Lord bless us all, dearest miss," she said; "but you should ha' been abed, getting your beauty sleep! Yet here I find you dressed and wakeful as can be!"

She made a feint of departing; but Chloe, realising that she had something on her mind, laid a hand on her sleeve.

"I know that you have something to tell," she said. "So, pray, good Mince, keep me not in suspense, nor yourself in misery."

Mistress Mince cried out upon her—she was enchanted to be sure; nay, the young beauty knew as much magic as Mother Sawyer, the white witch who lived just outside Sir Roger's gates. Nay, she couldn't reckon Miss Chloe up, not she! Mercy on us, to think as the pretty dear knew kind old Mince had some news! And so on, good soul, till Chloe affected no desire to listen, and thus brought her at once to reason.

"'Tis news that would set any waiting-woman a-bursting," she said. "I was sitting in the parlour her ladyship had hired for me and her own maid (a poor, miserable soul as ever lived!)—when I heard a coach and four draw up in the yard, and, peeping through the window, watched a gentleman alight. He'd a black servant with him—one who cringed like a spaniel... nay, the fellow was like to ebony itself!"

"And the gentleman was Mr. Delamere, my stepmother's brother, whom we've come half-way to town to meet," said young Chloe coldly. "Since you describe things so well, Mince, you may tell me what he is like!"

Mince clasped her hands and smiled, amiably. "Some would say he's handsome," she replied, "and some would swear otherwise; but I would simply

and with a truthful tongue protest that I have seen worse."

At this Chloe shuddered and turned her face from the light. She knew her woman well enough to be certain that if the stranger had one redeeming feature, she would have spoken in his favour. When Mince was lukewarm one might rest assured that the subject was hopeless.

"I verily believe that this Mr. Delamere is some monster of strangeness," she said uneasily. "I wish, Mince, that you could devise some means for me to look upon him. Since 'tis my stepmother's will that I should wed her brother (and I am certain that she means it in kindness, since my poor father can give me no power), 'tis only proper that I should accustom myself to the sight of him at once."

Mince departed at once, to return soon with word that a small door on the first landing opened into a musicians' gallery that ran from end to end of the great parlour where her ladyship sat with Mr. Delamere.

"They're at the further end, and the peeping-spot's in darkness," she explained. "If you don your dark green cloak and draw the hood over your face 'twill be impossible for 'em to see you. But go softly, my precious miss; for if my lady knew as I'd plotted with you in this

fashion, she'd quickly set me trudging!"

She opened the door of a satinwood wardrobe that had seen better days in some noble house, and took out a fringed mantle of rich emerald silk. This she placed on Chloe's shoulders, covered her russet hair with the hood, took off her slippers; fearing that the clicking of wooden heels might betray her curiosity; then finger on lip, led the way down the deserted gallery, whence three steps descended to an oaken balcony. Chloe drew the hood closer, so that nought of her face save her eyes was visible; then, not stealthily, but with a delicate grace moved down and passed to the twisted balustrade. For some moments the halo in so large a place—the candles stood on a small table where wine and food were spread—bathed her gaze; then her heart began to beat with such violence that she almost swooned as she made her way back to the gallery, where she stumbled into Mince's outstretched arms.

The gentleman, to say the least, was singularly unprepossessing. He was obese in the extreme, with legs like well-filled bags of flour, and large splay feet. It was not his figure, however, that filled poor Chloe with such distaste; it was his visage—so small that a man might almost have covered it with his hand—and with a tawny-coloured skin that glistened like porcelain. His eyes protruded so oddly that they seemed about to fall upon his cheeks. His nose was bottle-shaped, his lower jaw projected a good fingerbreadth, and one temple was disfigured with a hairy port-wine mark.

Mince, greatly troubled by the sight of her consternation, slipped an arm around her waist and drew her back to the helmsman, where she administered a wineglassful of the unparalleled Hungarian Water, without which cordial ladies of quality never travelled.

"A most terrible figure of a man!" sighed Chloe, when her faintness had

passed. "For all the world like the tortoise our worthy parson keeps in his garden!"

A while later she sent Mince away again, and sat beside the rushlight, her eyes closed, her lips tightly pressed, wondering how she might extricate herself from a predicament that was most hateful, and which promised to be even dangerous. Sir Roger had wedded her step-mother only a few months ago; but already the lady had shown herself capable of having her own way in everything she chose. A young city madam, whose first husband had been thrice Lord Mayor, and had left her a very pretty fortune. Of the Delamere family there was no question—she was a daughter of Spine Delamere, of Delamere Chase; but her manner had acquired somewhat of the rich and overbearing citizen. Sir Roger and Chloe had met her at the Bath, and she had purchased the jovial baronet by paying his debts and settling on him a certain income for his cockfighting expenses. Chloe she had chosen at the very first for her as yet unknown brother who, much younger than herself, was but just returning from the Grand Tour.

When the clock struck one, Chloe, whose excitement had grown too extreme for her to rest, rose from the window sill, and began to pace from end to end of the chamber, and did not quieten until the skies lightened for day-break. At times she put her hands between the iron bars of the open casement, and cooled them in the pleasant downfall. But when the sun, feeble and watery, rose, it seemed as if the trouble of the night all passed away—as if indeed she were no longer a weak and undecided girl, fresh with all the wonder of youth.

"I'll soon take matters in my own hand," she said with a laugh that was almost gay. "This Delamere, were he king of all the world, should never have



THE MOSQUITO SEASON.—THE FIRST SUMMER BOARDER ARRIVES

me for wife. The gods grant me wit to find a way to better fortunes!"

The rushlight guttered and went out a vile odour; he dropped the extinguisher on the blackening wick. As she did this the sleeve of her negligee caught in the handle of a drawer, which, being ill-fitted as inn drawers usually are, clattered with all its contents to the floor. It obviously contained the Sunday clothes of mine hostess' son, who, to judge from the size of each article, must be a lad of fifteen or sixteen. There was a coat of dark green broadcloth, a vest of fawn-coloured korsemerie sprigged with straw-rocks, and breeches of palest grey wanken.

A vivid colour rose to Chloe's round cheeks; her eyes sparkled; her lips parted to show the prettiest of teeth. "By the little cupid!" she said under her breath. "Here's a way out if I but dare!" Then she continued to empty the drawer, bringing to light a box that held a muslin stock, a pair of neat ribbed stockings, buckled shoes, and a pointed beaver.

"The good lad will perforce stay away from church this Sunday," she murmured. "Like as not he'll never know till the day—and 'tis but Tuesday morn yet. Ubb! if so be 'tis possible, they shall be sent home ere then, though sure one never knows what may happen! In any case, there'll be a surprise for him when he opens this drawer, since I'll leave for him my figured damask negligee. But, Lord!" she fell a-laughing again—"my stepmother may pay, since 'tis her doing that I leave the place in so strange a fashion!"

She began to deliberate—as she had often deliberated of late—concerning a haven of refuge, and at last decided in favour of an ancient kinswoman of her mother's, who dwelt, so she had heard, in a lonely grange that rose from a concave of Kinderscout. Patience Cuthbertson was the lady's name; ever since Chloe had learned to write, she had sent this spinster a letter for Christmas, and had in return received small presents, such as garnet shoulder-knots, tanned handkerchiefs, and fans whose satin displayed engravings of Cipriani's masterpieces. With her, although she knew nothing of the lady beyond this exchange of courtesies, she was quite satisfied that she would receive shelter, and, if needed be, concealment for as long as it pleased her to keep away from her own folk.

She whipped off her clothes quickly, and in a very few minutes presented a richly coloured picture of a lovely jokin. She stood before the long, spotted mirror, moved her arms this way and that, touched her forehead in obsequious fashion, and realised that unless her hair were clipped or hidden, every wayfarer would know her for a lass. Her first impulse was to cut off as much as need be, her second to tie it in a knot at the crown, and wear the hat firmly pressed down. Fortunately, however, as she lifted the hat there fell from the interior a black bobwig, with hair crisp and fresh as though but just taken from Dobbin's mane. She slipped it on, paused for a while, aghast at the change it wrought; then pressed her hands to her side, lest that her peals of mirth might rouse the house. When she had grown more used to her quaint appearance, she found her road-book, and consulted both map and index in the hope of finding some way of reaching Mistress Cuthbertson's demesne. It was only with considerable difficulty that she discovered the easiest route, which passed by way of Derby, of Matlock, of Bakewell, and then into the High Peak. She had her stepmother being not illiberal—some few guineas in her purse; by means of these she could travel in comparative comfort.

On reflection, she wrote a few lines of explanation to the landlady, enclosed in the folded paper a guinea, then left it with her negligee in the drawer. Half-an-hour later, when she had donned the youth's shoes—after well padding the toes—she unlocked the door, stole very gently to Minee's chamber, where she found the tender soul sleeping happily, with a brave a snore as any alderman. She felt some compunction in leaving one so devoted without a word of farewell; and although she knew herself ill-versed, she wrote another message, which she placed upon the pillow. Then she kissed the frill of Minee's snowy nightcap, descended the stairs on tiptoe, and after some curious wanderings, found a side door, whence a flight of stone stairs descended to

the garden. The rain had set free the fragrance of the flowers; a light wind came from the west; the river that bounded one side was in flood, its waters foaming and peat-laden.

Chloe sought unavailingly for some way of reaching the highway, but found that the only gate opened into the stable yard, where the post-hoys slept in the lofts above the stalls. She climbed at last to the top of an artificial mound, and with no little trepidation contrived to draw herself to the coping of the boundary wall, whence, with a prayer for safety, she let herself to the coping of the boundary wall, whence, with a prayer for safety, she let herself descent to a mounting-block of red sandstone, and then—after a breathing space—to the white limestone road, which the storm had left inch-deep in mud. There was a pleasant border of green grass on either side; on this, taking off her beaver (which was dangerously loose in the fitting), she ran as quickly as her dainty breeding would allow in the direction of the rising sun, which was already shooting rays across the valley. But, alas! the way was all sodden, and at each step the water rose high as her

spots. Her course was towards a precipice—there was absolutely no chance of escape. She heard the brute's panting breath, and shrieked aloud in anticipation of the meeting of fangs in her tender flesh.

Fear awakened her; she sat up with a start, and found that the sun was already high in the heavens. She bathed her fevered face in the stream, realised with distress that she was exceedingly hungry, then stole back to the road, and, as far as possible keeping in the shade of the trees, made her way to the next posting-house—one that bore the sign of a fiddler, and the legend "Hark to melody." There a fat serving-wench who was whitening the steps of the lobby dropped her cloth and gaped at a foolishly as if in sober truth she had never seen a handsome lad in her life.

"I will have breakfast," said Chloe, in as gruff a voice as she could command, "and that quickly. Pray give my order at once."

"Sir to you!" said the maid, who now held both wet hands to her bosom. "What would your honour require?"

"A dish of chocolate and as many almond biscuits—" began Chloe. Then

mistaken, the person you're seeking of!"

Chloe gave a little cry as a gentleman rose from the oval table, on which were placed a fine sirloin, a brown loaf, and a bottle of wine. The girl turned hastily to escape; but her eyes caught a strange reflection in a convex mirror, and simultaneously both hands rose to the back of her head. In her slumber the bobwig had shifted forward, and her glorious hair, loosened, had fallen down upon her shoulders. And never for one moment had she suspected that there was ought extraordinary in her appearance!

"Pray, Mistress Chloe," said the gentleman, who was but a few years her elder, and, moreover, remarkably handsome, "Pray, Mistress Chloe, what hast against me?"

"She found something vastly charming in his laughing impudent face; he was so good to look at that she could not eyes from."

"Sir, you have the advantage of me," she began.

"Your father, Mistress Chloe, and I are brothers-in-law. This morning, arriving late in my room, I found my sister in alarm tells me that you have fled all through fear of me. Sure you need not be so scared; give but the word, and I'll never come into your sight again."

"The ugly man," faltered Chloe. "I thought that he was my stepmother's brother."

The gentleman clapped his hands. "My godfather and uncle," he said, "who hearing that your party was on the road, made his way at once to the inn to bid all come to his house at Wolnote, which lies twenty miles away. A better soul never breathed!"

"You'll own that he's ugly," said Chloe, then bit her lip.

"Not in my eyes," he replied. "Come, mistress, I bid you give but the word, and I'll offend you no longer with my presence. Your poor father's abed at his inn prostrate from shock—my sister's posing in one direction in search of you—my uncle in another. Your abigail is in peril of becoming a Niobe. I came hither in a closed carriage—with command to take you back—if I found you, willy-nilly. But I'm not of those who regard women as chattels, and if you wish you may go your way for me."

Chloe felt momentary pique, then, after one look into his mirthful eyes, gave him her hand. He kissed it very gallantly, and held it long.

"I don't know," said the girl. "I don't know but that I go back without complaint."



IMITATION.

Can your parrot speak yet, Cohen?"

"Speak! He's a vander. And since I've had him he moves his wings as well!"

ankles. She carried her road-book in one hand, and paused to consult the frequent finger-posts, regarding them with a pretty intolerance after the first mile or two, since they bore no mention of her destination.

The sunlight grew stronger and stronger; and being unaccustomed, as any girl of her time, to walking, she soon felt somewhat overcome, and, seeing a stile on the left where a bypath entered a wood, she determined to leave the road and rest a while. A mountain stream ran there in a narrow ravine, its banks all white with stitchwort. Before Chloe had gone many yards she stumbled and fell gracefully enough upon the gnarled root of an ancient yew, where, finding herself in a restful position, she prepared to stay, with no attempt to rise. And there, before another five minutes had passed, she snuggled up against the bole, and with a little restful murmur—her nights had been very restless of late—she fell fast asleep. She dreamed that by enchantment she had been turned into a poor pitiful hare, and that she was being pursued across country by a yellow hound with liver-coloured

she flushed wonderfully, and, mindful of men's ways, ordered a tankard of home-brewed ale, and some ripe cheese and bread. But the lass, whose mouth opened ever wider and wider, did not budge. Her eyes grew round as crown pieces, her rich red disappeared, her chin began to tremble.

"Come," said Chloe. "I have no time to waste, and I must on with my journey. Are you mad or moonstruck to stare so?"

The maid recovered herself somewhat, then with many a look over her shoulder went indoors to the bar, and there whispered into the ear of a comely landlady, who came forward at once, pressing lips closely together.

"Please you to come this way, good-gentleman," she said mimingly. "And I promise you shall have all that you require."

Wherewith she conducted her along the lobby, and then, with a sharp movement, flung open the door of a parlour that was full of bright sunlight.

"Here, sir," said mine hostess, with a laugh—"here, sir, is, unless I be much

**ALL FLESH**

IS IMPROVED BY THE ADDITION OF

**MELLOR'S SAUCE**

**ROWLAND'S KALYDOR FOR THE SKIN**

Produces soft, fair, delicate skin, heals all cutaneous eruptions, and insures a lovely delicate complexion to all who use it.

Box, 2/6, of Stores and Chemists.



# Beauty's Favourite

The article which excels all others in improving the beauty of the skin is naturally and deservedly beauty's favourite. This has been the acknowledged and honoured position held by Pears' Soap for nearly 120 years. It won, and has maintained that position by virtue of its complete purity, and by the possession of those special emollient properties which soften, refine and impart natural colour to the skin. No other soap possesses these qualities in such a pre-eminent degree as

# PEARS

## MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION.

### International Exhibition, CHRISTCHURCH,

1906-1907.

THE FOLLOWING HIGH-CLASS MILLED, DESICCATED AND DELICATELY PERFUMED

### LONDON MADE TOILET SOAPS

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**PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE Co., Limited**  
(LONDON and LIVERPOOL)

"REGINA"	
"REGINA CREAM"	"REGINA VIOLET"
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"PALMITINE BATH"	"GLYCERIN CREAM"

These Soaps may be obtained through any CHEMIST or STORE-KEEPER Wholesale in

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And of their Celebrated—  
"GAS ENGINE OILS"  
MOTOR OILS AND LUBRICANTS

81 HONOURS and AWARDS.  
2 Grand Prizes Franco-British Exhibition, 1908.

NATURAL  
**ENO'S**  
HEALTH-GIVING  
**FRUIT**  
REFRESHING  
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INVIGORATING

## HILL & PLUMMER, Ltd.,

Wholesale and Retail Merchants,  
QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.

Importers of  
OILS, PAINTS, WHITE and RED LEADS, PICTURE MOULDINGS, PAINTERS' BRUSHWARE, VARNISHES, etc.  
PLATE, SHEET, SILVERED and ORNAMENTAL GLASS.

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We have the most COMPREHENSIVE STOCK OF ARTISTIC

### Wall Papers and Friezes

In the Dominion. New shipments arriving every month. Call and see them. Our showroom is always, at your disposal. Send for patterns, and state what rooming you require for, and price you wish to give.

Agents for:  
**Sherwin Williams' Coach and House Paint.**  
We warrant this paint to last as long again as paint prepared from White Lead, although it only costs the same. Colour card on application.

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Telegrams: "HILLPLUM" Auckland



To Our Young Readers.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of cousins, by writing to

COUSIN KATE,

"The Weekly Graphic," Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever it interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," on the Children's Pages.

All cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our cousins some who have passed out of their teens.

A Badge will be sent to each new cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Kaitiata.

DEAR Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? I like reading the cousins' letters in the "Graphic." I am 13 years of age, so I write to you, Cousin Kate. I go to the Kaitiata School. I am in Standard VI. We are having our Christmas holidays. I have a pet guinea-pig. Please write me a name for it. I have four dolls. One is a very large one; its name is Violet. I have a cat and two kittens. I call the cat Topsy. I am sending an addressed envelope for a navy blue badge. I will now close, with much love. From Cousin ELLIE.

[Dear Cousin Ellie.—Yes, you certainly may. I hope you have had a pleasant holiday. How would Zampina suit your pet? You are well off for dolls, are you not? Please write me again.—Cousin Kate.]

+++

Karamia.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not written you for a long time, so I will write now. We have two dear little kittens. One of them is all grey and the other is grey with white feet, and we call them Burns and Johnson, because they are always fighting. They do not hurt each other, as they fight in play. As I am not going away for any holidays, I will not be able to write to you about my holidays. We had a new sitting on 11/2/28, and she has only three chicks out. We began our school holidays on December 15. There were only six children at school on the last day. Dear Cousin Kate, is the answer to your puzzle. "Head up and down, and you will see that I love you and you love me." We had our examination about a week before the holidays, and I passed into Standard VI. I will close now, hoping you are quite well. Love to all.—Cousin LENA.

[Dear Cousin Lena, I am so pleased to hear from you again. I am sorry you could not enter for the competition. I wish to thank you and Cousin Ethel for the cards you kindly sent me. What a very successful hunt, that! In the answer, I am pleased to hear that you passed.—Cousin Kate.]

+++

Collingwood.

Dear Cousin Kate, I saw your letter in print last week, so I thought I would write. We have a lovely garden now. Had has peas, beans, potatoes, cabbages, and many other things. Mother and I have flowers. We have cornflowers, pansies, violets, sweet william, and carnations in flower now. We all went to the New Year sports, and I was in the booths with mother all day. My sister is in West Wanganui with grandmother now. We have two cows around our house, and a large willow tree in the corner where the two creeks meet. I am reading a book called "Imogene," by Charles Garville. Have you read it, cousin? This is all this time. Love to all, not forgetting yourself.—From Cousin MARTINA. P.S. I have a doll 4ft long. Will you please give me a name for her?—C.M.

[Dear Cousin Matilda.—Success to all your flowers and vegetables. You must have had a jolly time on New Year's Day. That willow will give you a dreadful lot of trouble when its saplings begin to grow. I have not read the book you name. How would Rosalind do for your doll?—Cousin Kate. P.S.—Thank you very much for the pansies.—C.K.]

+++ Okarano.

Dear Cousin Kate, I am pleased to say that I have received my badge, and I liked it very much. I was a little disappointed at not seeing my letter advertised in the "Graphic," but hope to see it in the next issue. The annual sports were held here on the 1st. In my father's paddock, and it was very nice indeed, for there were amusements of all kinds. It has been very wet these last few days, and we thought the weather would be miserable for the sports, but, however, it kept fine. We live in a hotel in the Marlborough district, and we keep cattle, such as sheep, cows, pigs, and horses. Every morning I go out in the fields and feed the cows, while my father milks them. Dear Cousin Kate, I had better close now, with love.—Cousin CLARA.

[Dear Cousin Clara, I am pleased that you liked your badge. Your letter appeared just after you wrote me last time. I am sure you must have been glad the weather cleared up for the sports. What a busy life you have. Well done, Cousin Clara, I can see that you are a help to your father.—Cousin Kate.]

+++ Dargaville.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Three weeks of our holidays have passed. I am having a really good time. I went up the line on New Year's Day, and down the river in the "bus" last week. We clear our desks at Christmas and at Michaelmas. Our school picnic is to be held a few days after we return to school. I will close with a riddle: "Why is an elephant like a wheelbarrow?"—Cousin CECELIE.

[Dear Cousin Ceclie,—What a lovely way of going down the river. I should love to try a sail in a "bus" myself; it would be better than the "Three Old Men of Goshen, who went to sea in a bowl." What a good idea to keep that school until school reopens. "Because it carries a trunk."—Cousin Kate.]

+++ Tinn.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you for the pretty badge you sent me. I went to the South Island for a holiday, to see my grandmother and aunts. I like the South Island very much. Our pet dove went away about three weeks ago, and has not come back yet. There was another girl in the same standard as I am, but I don't think she is coming back to school again. It looks as if it is going to rain to-day. It will do good if it does, because the grass is getting dry.—From Cousin JESSIE.

[Dear Cousin Jessie,—I am pleased that you liked the badge. By some mischance I have forgotten to enter your name in my register, but I take it you are sister to Cousins Alice and Lizzie. Am I right? I will return the stamp when you let me know, as there was no need to send it. Our dog ran away two days ago, and only came back to-day. We were quite worried about him. I fear you will not recover your dove.—Cousin Kate.]

+++ Tinn.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you for the badge you sent me. It was very pretty. I wore it on New Year's Day to the sports. It was wet here on Christmas Day. I am going to Masterton for a holiday next week.

I called the kitten that played the most tricks. I have read nearly all Ethel Turner's books. There is a pretty bush about three miles from where we live. There are two lovely waterfalls in the bush, and all kinds of ferns, flowers, and birds. There are four pigeons there. I wish you and all the cousins a bright New Year. With best love.—From Cousin ALICE.

[Dear Cousin Alice,—How nice of you to wear our little token to the sports. I do hope you have had, or are still having, a nice visit. Let me know all about it. What a pretty bush that must be. Thank you for your good wishes.—Cousin Kate.]

+++ Tinn.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you so much for the pretty badge. It was very nice. My father gave me a little pup to look after until it was old enough to work. Its name is Bob. I had four pet sheep, but two are dead. We had got three or four prizes at that our teacher gave us, but we do not get any now. I like reading very much. Do you, Cousin Kate? I have got a lot of Ethel Turner's books. They are very nice. I wish you and the cousins a bright New Year. With love to all the cousins and yourself.—From Cousin LIZZIE.

[P.S.—My cold is not better yet. I am so pleased that you thought the badge pretty. I should love to see Bob. We once had a colt called Bob. How unfortunate about your sheep. I like reading, too. Many thanks for your bright wishes.—Cousin Kate.] [P.S. I am sorry to hear your cold is still there.—C.K.]

+++ Okarano.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry I did not write before, as I have been for a holiday, and have just returned home. I was glad to see my letter in print. My birthday was last Saturday, and I was nine years old. At the last examination at school I passed into Standard IV. We have plums, apples, and mulberries ripe now. We have been having very hot weather up here lately. My father has his wheat in the stack, and he is carting in the oats. Then he has his peas to cart. I know another one of the cousins that writes to "The Graphic," and she goes to the same school as I do. I was very delighted with my badge. I will now close, with love to all the cousins.—From Cousin FLORENCE.

[Dear Cousin Florence,—I wish you "Very many happy returns of your birthday." A long life and a useful one, dear cousin. You will soon be in "Six" at this rate. Is that Cousin Clara? I am glad you liked the badge.—Cousin Kate.]

If you want the very best

FLANNELETTE

the Old Country Produces

buy HORROCKSES'

GRAND PRIZE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION 1908

SEE HORROCKSES' NAME ON SELVEDGES and decline all substitutes Sold by all First-Class Drapers and Storekeepers.

C. & G. 60

Advertisement for 'THE BEST CANDLE' featuring an illustration of a woman holding a candle and the text 'SYLVIA' WAX LOOKS WELL, BURNS WELL AND IS MOST PLEASANT TO USE.

Advertisement for a steam iron featuring an illustration of the iron and the text 'To take a DALLI' to his wife And make her happy all her life, Professor leaves his gamp behind, For having DALLI' on his mind. DALLI' is the best, most simple and most comfortable way of ironing. Independent of stove and gas it can be used anywhere. Non-inflammatory fuel without noxious fumes. No risk from fire; healthier and safer than any other iron. Of all Storekeepers. Stocked by: E.W. MILLS & CO., LTD., Wellington, N.Z.

Advertisement for 'The Allenburys' DIET' featuring a large illustration of the word 'DIET' and the text 'A COMPLETE FOOD FOR GENERAL USE. This DIET is recommended in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, etc. Wholly acceptable to all as a light nourishment it is particularly adapted to the needs of Dyspeptics and Invalids. The "Allenburys" DIET is readily digested by those who are unable to take cow's milk and is particularly serviceable in convalescence and as a light supper diet for the Aged. The "Allenburys" DIET is made in a minute by simply adding boiling water. The "Allenburys" DIET is for ADULTS and is quite distinct from the "Allenburys" Foods for Infants. FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION TO ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Bridge & Loftus Streets, SYDNEY.

Bower, Cousin Kate? Before I close I will give the cousins a puzzle: "Flower of England, fruit of Spain, met together in a shower of rain?"—From your loving Cousin, GWENNYTH.

P.S.—I will ask some of my friends in Australia to join the Cousins' Society.—G.U.

[Dear Cousin Gwennyth.—I quite excuse you, though I am very pleased to hear now, but you haven't told me how the table-centre looks. I have seen orchids. I love old-fashioned flowers best. Thank you so much. We should love to have some "Puzzle Answer" write.—Cousin Kate.]

Pirongia.  
Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins? I like reading the cousins' letters. I have a horse called "Sirius." The other day he jumped a wire fence. It is my school examination tomorrow. I am now in standard VI, but I hope soon to be in standard VII. I have three brothers, namely, Jack, Horace, and Laurie. We had a good time on November 5th, with Guy Pawkes and a box of fireworks. Is not Buster a funny boy, always up to tricks of some sort? Please, will you send me a red badge?—Cousin EDWARD.

[Dear Cousin Edward.—We are most happy to welcome you as a cousin. What

a fine name for your horse. No wonder he tries to do some feats to get up to it. I do hope you have passed. Please let me know. I also have three brothers. Brothers are a great institution. What should we do without the 21st? Cousin Kate.]

± ± ±

Oamaru.  
Dear Cousin Kate.—I take pleasure in writing you a few lines. I am working in a bookseller's shop, and I read the "Graphic" every week, and so interested was I with the children's letters, that I thought I would like to write. Would you please send me a blue badge? I do not know how much

I have to send for it, but you can let me know when you send the badge. The Oamaru trades picnic is going to be held at Moeraki on the 29th, and I am looking forward for a really good time. I think I will close now, with much love. From Cousin ALICE.

[Dear Cousin Alice. We do not use non de plume. I hope you won't mind. I am very pleased indeed to welcome an Oamaru cousin. Is it not very interesting being in a book shop? I am glad you like the letters. I hope you had a pleasant day at the picnic. Let me know, won't you. Cousin Kate, P.S.—We don't charge for the badges.—C.K.]



**RESOLVES**

THAT THE LOCALS, MAN AND DOG, GOT THE WORST OF IT IN THIS ADVENTURE, WHICH TEACHES US NOT TO DESPISE THE OTHER FELLOW BECAUSE HE'S A STRANGER AND SIMPLE IN LOOKS — HE MAY KNOW A FEW TRICKS WHICH WE NEVER SAW, AND THE STRANGER MAY TAKE US IN. DON'T DESPISE ANY ONE, FOR NO ONE IS ALTOGETHER A FOOL; AND EVERYONE CAN TEACH US SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING. THE CONDOLIER TAUGHT US THAT THE CABMAN'S INSTINCT IS NOT CONFINED TO MEN WHO DRIVE HACKS, AND TIGER TAUGHT THE VENETIAN DOG THAT WE KNOW A THING OR TWO.

*Buster Brown*

WHILE THE OTHER THINGS ARE BEING DRIED

I SHOOK MY SELF DRY

## Stead's Spooks.

## ITALIAN JOURNAL'S ATTACK.

The "Corriere della Sera" publishes a three-column exposure of the working of Julia's Bureau. Signor Guglielmo Emanuele, its London representative, received a joint invitation from Miss Julia and Mr Stead to Mowbray House for a second interview with the recently deceased Professor Lombroso, who had already honoured the bureau with glowing encomiums in messages communicated on October 20 and November 3.

Mr Stead took away the correspondent's breath by appearing in the full garb of an English convict. He explained that he was wearing the stripes and arrows because of the anniversary of his committal to prison a quarter of a century ago in defence of social purity.

## LOMBROSO ANNOYED.

King the medium impressed the Italian very unfavourably. He stated at the outset that there was an astral tempo prevailing which would make communication difficult. Then Julia announced that she was not yet able to buttonhole Lombroso, because he at that moment was talk-

ing with Milan. Shortly after Lombroso turned up ejaculating, "Will you leave off annoying me?" But when Mr Stead reminded the illustrious criminologist that he had himself fixed the appointment with the Italian journalist, Lombroso became calmer, and said, "Well, I am taken up with important questions, but I will give you a few minutes."

Signor Emanuele began in the Italian language, asking Lombroso, as a guarantee of identity to mention his favourite little nephew's Christian name. "Don't bother me with personal questions," retorted Lombroso, newly irritated. "I have urgent work on hand. Now, quick."

The next question was, "Have you left a volume of studies in crime among your unedited papers?" Whereat Lombroso, or King, returned the nonsensical answer, "I am still interested in that subject, and shall still work at it, but not at present. It is a project dear to my heart, but it is necessary to wait."

The third question was, "What was the last book you wrote upon a criminal trial?" Signor Emanuele, of course, had in mind the famous Olivo case, but the reply was, "Unable to say at this moment, but later on light will come—not now, I'm off," before Mr Stead could get a word in edgeways.

## A MISERABLE FIASCO.

Julia came to apologise for Lombroso's abrupt retreat, as he was due at a very important reunion convoked in the astral spheres that day, which appears to have been a belated mass meeting of protest by spooks against the execution of Ferrer. Mr Stead did not conceal his disgust at the fiasco, and ordered Julia to bring along an Italian spook at all costs, so that bilingual experiments might be renewed before Signor Emanuele left.

Garibaldi sent a message of admiration for his fellow-countryman present, begging that he would devote himself to spiritualistic study, so that the great liberator of Italy could avail himself of his splendid psychic qualities and literary gifts.

Among other personages who dropped in towards the close of the seance was a mysterious lady who forgot to give her name, implying that King Alfonso of Spain might be forthwith warned that he was on the eve of a terrible danger.

Lombroso also requested that a telegram of greetings be immediately dispatched to his family, but in the hurry he appears to have forgotten that they reside in Turin, for he gave the address as Milan.

## Exit Telephone Girls.

A United States consular report states that the first automatic telephone exchange system in Germany has just been installed in Hildesheim by the Imperial German Post Office. It requires no "Central" to make the connection, each subscriber being his own exchange. The apparatus is like a clock, the indicating numbers connected to the automatic exchange being composed of a disc on which are ten holes, numbered from 0 to 9. These holes are large enough to permit the insertion of a finger. If a person desires to be connected with No. 951 he places his forefinger in the slot numbered "9," and turns the disc as far as it will go. He then permits the disc to return to its normal position under the action of a spring, whereupon the operation is repeated for "5," and "1," after which the disc returns to "0." The connection is then established. It is not necessary for the subscriber to ring, as this is done automatically. The connection is terminated by hanging the receiver on the hook. The instrument is so arranged that a subscriber cannot obtain a connection while another conversation is in progress.

GRADUALLY FADING  
INTO A DECLINE.YOUNG GIRL WASTING AWAY  
WITH ANAEMIA.

Her case appeared hopeless when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were used. They cured her.

"I was very bright and healthy as a young girl, but as I grew up my blood gradually turned to water," said Mrs. Millie Milbank, Wallaroo Mines, near Kadina. "I fell off and got very puny and wasted, and instead of sipping it off I steadily got worse. As to my appetite, for days at a time, I'd only take tea and bread and butter, and not much of that, for nothing had any taste in it, and all I cared for was something acid, such as pickles, and lemon and vinegar. I remember I was very fond of, and I'd pop a bit of starch in my mouth very often. I had such a craving for it, and also for sage and rice. If I took much solid food I couldn't keep it down at all. I got so thin my clothes merely hung on me, and as to colour, my face was washed quite white, my gums and lips

were bloodless. My hands looked shrunken and white, and the palms were always damp, even on a cold day. I had no strength at all. I was always tired out and weary, and my daily duties were a great burden. I was very easily startled, my heart would beat most violently, and I could hardly get my breath if I walked for long. Whenever I'd get a chance I'd lay down on the bed quite tired out and I'd be so drowsy all the day. My face was very drawn, with dark circles under my eyes, and my people were very worried over me, fearing I was going into a decline. They were always asking me to go outside and get some fresh air, but I never wanted to go out or be bothered with anyone calling or even speaking with me. With any exertion, say, in working about, the perspiration would pour off me and I'd get faint turns, as if I were going to swoon, and I would get hysterical often and cry and laugh till I was exhausted. I could not stay in a hot room or near the fire, as I would always feel a hot turn coming on. My head would ache just all over my eyes, so that I couldn't see clearly to read or sew, with the mists in front of them. My mother did all she could for me, and yet she saw me fading day by day. I was just skin and bone. I used to be startled when I looked in the glass, my face was so deathly white. All my friends said how ill I looked. I'd wake up wondering however I would get through the day, and it was as much as I could do to get out of bed or dress myself. I look back now and feel thankful the agent persuaded my mother to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There was a change with the first box, but the second did me a lot of good. My appetite picked

up, and presently I was eating quite well. I began to fill out and all the symptoms of Anaemia passed off. I owe my health to just four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

TO CURE ANAEMIA.  
MORE BLOOD.A MEDICINE THAT INCREASES  
THE BLOOD SUPPLY—THE  
RIGHT TONIC.

This Auckland Woman, after ailing for months, found a valuable remedy.

"As a girl I was very healthy, but about six years ago I began to get run down, and got worse each day instead of better," said Mrs. Mary Mackie, of 113, Hobson-street, Auckland, New Zealand. "My appetite fell away till at last I could not fancy anything. Sometimes what I did swallow wouldn't stay down. My strength failed utterly. I had to give up my housework, and for two years I didn't do a stroke. I was in the Auckland Hospital for six weeks, and came out as bad as I went in. I fell away in flesh until I was as thin as possible. All the colour faded from my face

and lips. I had hardly any blood in my body; they said I looked like a walking ghost. If I cut myself the blood was just like water, and would hardly trickle. I had violent headaches lasting for hours at a time. I'd be so dizzy with them that I couldn't hear anyone near me, and the slightest noise drove me distracted. My back was always aching cruelly. I only wanted to lie down all day on the lounge. My heart would thump wildly at the least exertion. If I climbed a stair I'd have to sit down at the top and gasp for breath. For months at a time I never went out of my house. I was carried each day from my bed to the couch on the balcony, and when we removed I had to be taken in a cab. At night I slept very badly. I had several doctors, and though I spent large sums of money, I got no lasting benefit. Then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to give them a trial. The next box did me a little good. I kept on with them, taking just three a day. Soon my face and lips got some colour in them, and I began to fill out. That cruel back-ache ceased, and I found myself able once more to get about and do my housework, and last Christmas I was able to take a holiday to Wellington. People could hardly believe it. I am a changed woman since I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

## START RIGHT TO CURE ANAEMIA

Starting right is half the battle in curing Anæmia or bloodlessness. It is important that pale, listless, bloodless people should know that they will be cured as soon as their blood supply is increased. The headaches, indigestion, weakness, languor, heart palpitation, backache are only symptoms of the great main trouble—bloodlessness. Wafers for the headaches; laxatives for the indigestion; something else for the heart palpitations will not increase the blood supply and cure the cause of the whole trouble. Start to cure the cause—that will be a right start. Start to increase the blood supply. When the blood supply is normal it will be found that the other symptoms are gone, because there is nothing to cause them.

Make a good start by getting the best blood-maker you have ever heard of. That will be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When you want Dr. Williams' Pink Pills don't be put off with anything else said to be just as good. If you have trouble in getting them send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia Ltd., Wellington, who will send them by return, post free 3s for one box, six boxes 16s 6d.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

## The Great Coastwise Fleet of the United States.

Continued from page 37.

Schooners laden with coal and lumber and naval stores brave the dangers of the Atlantic all the year round. They are lashed on the Diamond Shoals, on the Georges, on the coasts of New Jersey, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia; some are cut down in collision; many are abandoned at sea. The abandoned schooners do not sink below a certain point. They become water-logged and flail about in the grip of ocean currents, working their harm upon traffic between the Grand Banks and Florida. Some of these schooner derelicts, like the Fannie Woolston, have wallowed about the ocean, driving hither and thither for more than a year before they were destroyed. No great a menace had these derelicts become—twenty-five or thirty have been charted at a time—that the United States Government built a derelict destroyer, the Seneca, which cruises up and down the coast doing nothing but looking out for these sodden wanderers which it blows up or tows to port as the condition of the vagrant may seem to warrant.

The average schooner captain is not a licensed navigator; that is to say, a great many captains have declined to go to the trouble of studying for master's papers, and yet, in cases of collision with steamships, the findings in a majority of cases have proved the steamship men at fault. The schooner captains may not know a great deal about logarithms and the like, but they know how to sail, and they know the coast that they travel.

Considering the number of schooners and the conditions that they face, the wonder is that the percentage of losses is so low.

As a rule, the "wind-jammers" try to follow courses up and down the coast between the lanes prescribed for steamships, which, bound south, go down the coast considerably out to sea, and bound north, steam nearer to the coast. But storms intervene, and frequently a schooner, getting under the bows of a coastwise liner, goes to the bottom.

There is another kind of schooner besides the freighter in the American merchant marine the American fisherman that sails out of Gloucester for the Georges Shoals, for the Grand Banks, and for Labrador. These staunch, two-masted schooners put out to sea from the New England coast for three months at a time, and work week after week in the heart of the fog, returning at last with full fares of cod or mackerel, or, as happens year after year, never returning, for many are run down by the transatlantic liners. And many men from their crews are lost in their dories in the fog.

The third division of the coastwise traffic is made up of sea-going tugs and the barges which they tow along the Atlantic coast from Hampton Roads to Massachusetts Bay. Tugs and barges are for the most part owned by the railroad or coal-mining companies of various states.

Plying northward and southward, week in and week out, no matter what the weather, trailing their three lumbering barges astern, these coal-tows are a familiar sight to all coastwise voyagers. If romance can be said to exist so close to the coast, these towmen and bargemen may lay claim to their share of it, for there is danger in this coast-towing game. When the gale comes and the rangy tug struggles to, with her hempen bow (under punching holes in the ornishing combers, there is a man's work for every one of the crew. Astern, the thousand feet of tow-line leading to the first barge twangs like a harp-string; the barges are but vague, indefinite shapes in the outer gloom, reeling grotesquely. Then a report like a cannon sounds dull above the roar of the gale. The towing hawser has parted. Away go the barges, and the captain without a thought, throws his tug across the seas and goes in pursuit. Sometimes he catches the castaways and gets another line aboard. Sometimes he never sees them again, and the water swallows them up. Or, perhaps, the bargemen succeed, with the aid of the fore and aft sails they carry on their two masts, in outliving the gale. In that event they eventually make port, or are picked up by another tug or steamship. If the tow-line connecting the second or third barge breaks, the captain of the tug, if it is possible to do so, waits until the barges are still attached to his boat lower their anchors. Then he casts loose and goes off to search for the wanderer.

Coal barges are drawn largely from the ranks of the fast-disappearing square-rigger. Many a famous ship of the past, cleared of her cabins and spars, is being drawn up and down the coast, a mere receptacle for coal. In summer, the barge captains have their families with them in their leasant trips up and down the coast; but, when November comes, the bargeman leaves his family on land, and prepares for a season of hardship and grave risk. There are times when all but the little cabin on the end of the barge is buried under water, and there are times, when, with a broken tow-line dancing from her bow, the barge goes hustling away into oblivion.

To safeguard this coastwise shipping—the steamers, the schooners, and the barges—the United States has protected its coasts better than any other country. Lightships, lighthouses, and buoys of various sorts give warning of reefs and shoals and bars. In addition to the beacons, bell-buoys, gas-buoys, whistling-buoys and the like, to say nothing of lightships with their submarine bells, the Government maintains a coastwise revenue-cutter patrol which is a most beneficial institution.

These cutters suggest in design small gun-boats, and they are armed with four-inch rifles. Officers are appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury after passing severe and comprehensive examinations. Beginning as second lieutenant a young officer works his way through the various grades to a captaincy, just as in the navy, and seamen are also enlisted under the naval system.

When November comes, these boats leave port for their winter's patrol on the look out for vessels in distress. And many are found. Sometimes it is a craft which, in working up the coast, has run short of provisions; sometimes it is a sinking vessel from which the crew is taken in the nick of time; sometimes there is a mutiny to be quelled, or misunderstandings to be adjusted. It is a winter filled with work, excitement, hardship, and peril, and of the deeds performed by these revenue men in the past half-century a book might be written—a readable, absorbing book it would be.

## Lloyd George and What He is Fighting For.

Continued from page 2.

which they have not the slightest command—the fluctuations and changes of trade, or even of fashions, ill health, and the premature breakdown or death of the breadwinner. Owing to events of this kind, all of them beyond human control at least beyond the control of the victims—thousands, and I am not sure I should be wrong if I said millions, are precipitated into a condition of acute distress and poverty. How many people there are of this kind in this wealthy land the figures of old-age pensions have thrown a very unpleasant light upon. Is it fair, is it just, is it humane, is it honourable, is it safe, to subject such a multitude of our poor fellow-countrymen and countrywomen to continued endurance of these miseries until the nations have learned enough wisdom not to squander their resources on huge machines for the destruction of human life?

Speaking at Limehouse, London, last July, the Chancellor (practically none of whose remarks were sent out by the cable man) summed up the case of the naval expenditure very well as follows:— "A few months ago a meeting was held not far from this hall, in the heart of the City of London, demanding that the Government should launch into enormous expenditure on the Navy. That meeting ended up with a resolution promising that those who passed that resolution would give financial support to the Government in their undertaking. There have been two or three meetings held in the City of London since, attended by the same class of people, but not ending up with a resolution promising to pay. On the contrary, we are spending the money, but they won't pay. What has happened since to alter their tone? Simply that we have sent in the bill. (Laughter and cheers.) We started our four Dreadnoughts. They cost eight millions of money. We promised them four more; they cost another eight millions. Somebody has got to pay, and then those gentlemen say, 'Perfectly true; somebody has got to pay, but we would rather that somebody were somebody else.' We started building; we

wanted money to pay for the building; so we sent the hat round. We sent it round amongst workmen, and the miners of Derbyshire—(loud applause)—and Yorkshire, the weavers of High Peak, and the Scotchmen of Dumfries, who like all their countrymen, know the value of money. They all dropped in their coppers. We went round Belgravia\* and there has been such a bowl ever since that it has completely deafened us."

"But they say, 'It is not so much the Dreadnoughts we object to; it is pensions.' (Hear, hear.) If they objected to pensions, why did they promise them? (Cheers.) They won elections on the strength of their promises. It is true they never carried them out. (Laughter.) Deception is always a pretty contemptible vice, but to deceive the poor is the meanest of all. (Cheers.) But they say, 'When we promised pensions, we meant pensions at the expense of the people for whom they were provided. We simply meant to bring in a bill to compel workmen to contribute to their own pensions.' (Laughter.) If that is what they meant, why did they not say so? (Cheers.) The Budget, as your Chairman has already so well reminded you, is introduced not merely for the purpose of raising barren taxes, but taxes that are fertile, taxes that will bring forth fruit—the security of the country which is paramount in the minds of all. The provision for the aged and deserving poor—it was time it were done. (Cheers.) It is rather a shame for a rich country like ours—probably the richest in the world, if not the richest the world has ever seen—that it should allow those who have toiled all their days to end in penury and possibly starvation. (Hear, hear.) It is rather hard that an old workman should have to find his way to the gates of the tomb bleeding and footsore, through the brambles and thorns of poverty. (Cheers.) We cut a new path for him—(cheers)—an easier one, a pleasanter one, through fields of waving corn. We are raising money to pay for the new road—(cheers)—aye, and to widen it so that 200,000 paupers shall be able to join in the march. (Cheers.) There are many in the country blessed by Providence with great wealth, and if there are amongst them men who grudge out of their riches a fair contribution towards the less fortunates of their fellow-countrymen, they are very shabby rich men. (Cheers.) We propose to do more by means of the Budget. We are raising money to provide against the evils and the sufferings that follow from unemployment. (Cheers.) We are raising money for the purpose of assisting our great friendly societies to provide for the sick and the widows and orphans. We are providing money to enable us to develop the resources of our own land. (Cheers.) I do not believe any fair-minded man would challenge the justice and the fairness of the objects which we have in view in raising this money."

Probably none of Mr. Lloyd George's proposals have aroused such powerful antagonism as those with respect to the taxation of land values. The tax on undeveloped land will be charged upon unbuilt on land only, and all other land of which the capital value does not exceed £15 an acre will be exempted, as also any land exceeding that value with respect to which it can be shown to the satisfaction of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue that no part of the value is due to the capability of the land for use for building purposes. Under these provisions all land having a purely agricultural value will be exempt. Further exemptions will be made for gardens and pleasure-grounds not exceeding an acre in extent, and for parks, gardens, and spaces which are open to the public as of right, or to which reasonable access is granted to the public.

The taxation novelties in the Budget have made its author, temporarily at least, the most interesting economist in the world. Lloyd George is a man of interesting personality as well as interesting theories, and the story of the man is the key to his policies. He is a man of the people. He was left an orphan in infancy, and has had no social or external advantages to aid him in his long, hard climb to power. But he was fortunate in having an unusual sort of man for an uncle. This uncle, who was a shoemaker, had made himself a Latin and French scholar. Believing his nephew to be a lad with promise, he decided to make him a profes-

\*West End of London.

sional man. To that end he tutored the boy in Latin and French, and through what his uncle taught him and put him in the way of acquiring, the young man was able to pass the examination for the bar. He became a solicitor at the age of twenty-one. During the early years of his practice in his native village he had a case which made him something of a local hero and extended his reputation to distant parts. An old quarryman before his death had expressed the wish to be buried in the churchyard by the side of his favourite daughter, and the vicar, resenting the service of a legal notice upon him, assigned a grave in a place set apart for suicides. The family and friends of the dead man were indignant, and their indignation was shared by the entire village. The furious family and villagers consulted Mr. Lloyd George as to their rights, and he advised them to break down the wall, make their way through the churchyard, and bury the old man by the side of his daughter. They followed his advice, and legal proceedings ensued. The case, which attracted considerable attention throughout the country, finally came before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, who decided that Mr. Lloyd George's advice was sound and that the villagers were entirely within their rights in the action they took.

At twenty-seven Lloyd George entered Parliament. He is now forty-five. He was one of the most unpopular men in England during the Boer War, but his opinions were never shaded because of their unpopularity. Three years ago he was appointed President of the Board of Trade. His administration of that office was signalled by the settlement of the threatened railway strike, and the putting through of the Patents Act.

Lloyd George is a slim man, of medium stature. He has rather long, black hair, which he brushes back from a pale, wide forehead. He has a very straight, firm mouth and a strong under jaw. His eyes are blue, and, whether twinkling with mirth or flashing scorn, are always suggestive of a militant soul. He usually sits side by side on the Treasury bench with Mr. Winston Churchill, with whom he is on almost brotherly terms.

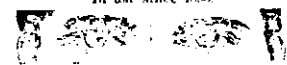
The political enemies of the Chancellor are deriding his Budget as Socialistic and confiscatory. His own claim for it is that it is democratic and humanitarian. He declares frankly his belief that under the existing scheme of taxation in Great Britain an unequal share of the burdens of government falls upon those least able to bear them. And he proposes to shift the burden, making each man carry according to his capacity; that is, according to his means. Read this peroration to his Budget speech, and you will get a perfectly clear idea of his purposes:—

"This is a war budget! It is a budget for waging implacable warfare against poverty, and I cannot help hoping and believing that before this generation has passed away we shall have made a great advance toward the good time when poverty, with the wretchedness and squalor and human degradation which always follow in its camp, will be as remote from the people of this country as the wolves which once infested its forests."

Mr. Lloyd George is a courageous man. His challenge to privilege is couched in no uncertain terms. It is an order to capitulate the citadel. But it must not be forgotten that arrayed against him are the peers, the landowners, the financiers, the commercial magnates, the brewers, and the Church. No wonder that this is the greatest political struggle of modern times!

Mary Jane (to gentleman with the bow legs, who has called to see her mother): For 'twing's sake, we do stand back from the fire; yer legs is warping in a' terrible.

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# A Story of the Future

THE brief life of London's lilac and lavender was over. Spring had made her display of fresh colour and breathed such mild days that one again committed the ancient and perennial error of imagining Spring was Summer. And then Spring abruptly disillusioned with sudden cold winds and grey rains in the lilac and apple trees with their perished bloom, those who had so erred. Then came my breakdown. The State visiting physician advised me to go to a professor of psychotherapeutics, though he himself really diagnosed my case well enough; I was suffering from suppressed insanity brought on by work without pay, by worry and strain. I told the visiting physician that I could do as much for myself as the professor could do, could easily suggest to myself that after all everything was all right, that the money would come in, that my own life and the life of the Universe were not so far wrong after all; for I am old-fashioned in one or two things, and one of my old-fashioned dislikes is the dislike of hypnotic suggestion; I hate the thought of another one influencing me. But really what I wanted was change, open spaces, rest. Still I kept on working. And then suddenly one morning, after a sleepless night, I realised that I must get out of London; I could no longer suppress the insanity. To go away or to go mad—I recognised indeed that these were the alternatives when I looked up the time-table, not even then wholly decided that I must go, but looking it up subconsciously almost, saying: "No, I shall not give in yet," and set feeling that the very sight of the time-table with its many beautiful names of Other Places was a book of balm. I saw that an airship left Euston at 10 a.m., but noticing a small italic letter by the side of that entry I looked to the foot of the page to discover its significance. "Except Saturday," I read there.

"What does that mean?" I wondered. "Does that mean that an airship goes north at 10 a.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, but not on Saturday? Or does it mean—" and then I saw another footnote regarding another ship, "Saturdays only," which helped me to understand.

"This," I thought, "is bad; very bad. I must go." For I knew that I should not have much difficulty in understanding a time-table. My brain had refused, struck work. "If I cannot understand a time-table I cannot hope to understand anything," said I. "Allo!"

II.

Going up in the elevator to the Low-level depot, which, as you know, is the depot for north-bound ships, I cast from me all my worry. A rush of joy came into my heart. Three hours and a half later I would be at home.

There are even bars in the lights around my sister's home, as it lies under a little-travelled field of heaven.

We love larks now more than ever, now that they are disappearing from our countryside.

The elevator purred upward, halted, the doors slid aside, and we stepped out on the north platform. Higher still, not directly above, though parallel, were the south platforms; and looking up to them we saw those who awaited their ships there, leaning on the balustrades looking down on us, tiny little spindly figures etched on the sky at the summit of the soaring depot. Our forefathers knew little of such sights. The Forth Bridge, I suppose, was, pictorially, the nearest approach to these stations of our day.

I thought how perhaps some of those away up there envied us, young men perhaps going off to African appointments. For a stop has been put to the frequent trips home that so many African employees were wont to indulge in; and there seems some sense in the reason for that change; though we have done so much toward annihilating distance we must not be effete; we must still practise endurance. Perhaps in this virtuous and noble idea is the explanation for the sudden breakdown of so many workers; for a virtue may become a vice. They work on and on, and instead of, as one might think, being happier in their exiles than were our fore-

fathers, who endured a deal in alien lands, are less so. Always aware that they can, if they will, flee away very quickly, they put off more resolutely the desire for holidays, often quixotically reject opportunities to relax, and do not leave their work till Nature, which is not yet wholly under our power, settles their affairs for them either with crushing, or, as in my case here in London, kindly finality. Musing so, I looked away from the high station, for the brilliant blue beyond it dazzled my eyes. I looked down—and saw smokeless London below us, vast and terrible, dry as Hell. An antiquated Zep was drifting half way down from girder to girder of the south station, with mechanics testing bolts and stays. Intent on watching them, and seeing their Zep bobbing here and there like a cork in water, the north-bound was upon us before I expected. Its muffled horn buzzed. It drifted to the platform. We took our seats.

III.

How delightful it is to travel short distances—because of the people one meets; though I should have relished the talk of those of my fellow passengers who sat near me more had I not been so painfully run down. The most hideous thoughts of disaster came to me. The emergency parachutes hung above us, one to each seat; but you know how, if one puts a hand near his parachute trapeze, the glances of his fellow passengers drift in his direction pityingly. It is so difficult to get away from Nature, so difficult to get away from the cat-like, dog-like dislike of being laughed at! Really we were safe enough of course; but I may as well honestly acknowledge my fears. I seemed unable to prevent a hundred spasmodic imaginations, all of disaster, leaping in my over-wrought mind.

Though I had travelled north and south in Britain, and though I had, not seldom, gone far afield also beyond our shores, looking down on the thin rim of soundless foam remind the utmost Aran Isles or the Isles of the Hebrides, seeing Britain fade on many a quiet evening, the lights of the many cities glimmer away as we journeyed off where were only stars and the scattered lamps of monoplanes, aeroplanes, and arships, frequently though I had journeyed through the sky to-day I journeyed in a ceaseless tenacity of nerves. It seemed ridiculous. I had often enough slept like a child in the swinging hammocks of the trans-Atlantics; now, on this short trip, I was quite unliking. I imagined all sorts of catastrophes. I imagined a thunderstorm, though the air was clear, coming and ripping the gas bags, smashing the motors. I imagined what might happen if the motor broke down. At the speed we went I pictured us all being slung a hundred yards out of the ship at the jerk—no chance to get the emergency motor going! Actually we were perfectly safe, but—I gasped at my deranged imaginations.

Beside me sat a Progressive, the fruit of a long line of scientific and poetic ancestors. I noticed that he did not smile when one of those hideous wake-fantasies, more terrible than nightmares made me jerk in my seat. He had the new courtesy of the Progressives. There seemed to be always a New Courtesy. The "Naturals" tried to break it down in their natural resentment of progress, but, as we know, it is the strong who can be tended; the weak are always ponderous when they try to be strong.

He turned to me and said kindly: "You seem overwrought."

"Yes," I said. "I have been working too hard."

"You should think of the future generations," he said, "if you have no pity for yourself."

"I have been thinking too much of the present," I said.

He nodded courteously.

"Yes," he said; "one is apt to forget the distant vision in the fascination of the present," and then he seemed to mope a space.

I was glad to meet this person, because I saw what he was—one of the new people. They have, as you know, all so far been childless; but they are of very long life, living thrice as long as the "short-arms" or "Naturals." Records show also that those of this type born a couple of centuries ago lived only about

twice the average length; so there is no saying what this type may ultimately attain.

Like all the Progressives, this person's mere presence moved me, filled me with a curious blending of longing, half-sad, half-longing; and also, not fear of death, but regret that one must die. I said to him quite candidly:

"I always like to meet a Progressive. You have an air, you Progressives, that does one good. One wants to watch you. You seem to have discovered some secret."

"Yet we call ourselves 'Imperfects,'" he replied. "I suppose that we call ourselves so is one sign of hope that we are really Progressives; that, and the hatred of us among the females of the Naturals."

I should have liked to draw him into further talk, he but whetted my appetite, but made me feel that I might hear something from him in answer to the cry of longing in me that his presence awoke—and then he was gone. He left us at Agricola, the border town.

There was a female of the Naturals on board who sat glaring at him strangely. I had noticed her face suffused with blood, her lips protruding oddly as if they filled with blood, a brutish look growing on her as she looked at him; and after he had gone she said:

"There goes another of these lettuce-eaters."

I am greatly interested in all phrases of the various orders, and wondered why she labelled him so, was curious as to the derivation.

"Why do you call him so?" I asked.

"Because he is," said she.

"I mean the derivation," I asked.

"Why lettuce-eater?"

"O, it is the word for such as he," said she; "that is why. I hate them. They think they are perfect."

I left it at that.

After leaving Agricola, named, like so many new places, after a great historic figure, we swept through the border valleys, flying low. And high over us, now and then, shot, whirring, the southward-bound. It was here that I saw a most beautiful sight.

This part of the Great North Road is subject to sudden fogs; and, in case of collisions in the high void, nets have been stretched for miles along the hills, stretched in three layers, to give every chance for the breaking of any chance falls of wrecked aeronauts, come to grief in the mists.

On this journey there were no mists. Rain had recently fallen and the sun had broken through again; and as we swept evenly along a valley, a hill towering above us, we came close to the ground at the hill's base and then shot up, not lark-fashion, but skimming up on an incline level with the grade of the hill. The rain had wet the gauzy nets, and as we skimmed thus up-hill one could see the whole brown and green hillside covered with a silver gauze. For a brief space, as we rose like a water-bird rising from a lake, we could look up the long slope between the nets. That wet, green, shining hill, with the silver gauze over it, seen briefly as we shot up to the crest, was the joy of the journey. I forgot all about derivation of class phrases, forgot even the belligerent air of the Natural, forgot everything but the beauty and magic of life—forgot for a space my nervous "funk" of this journey. After all there is beauty in our

modernity, as much beauty as there must have been in the days when steamships went down the channel, not occasionally, as now, but when at night the sea-highway was dotted with the red and green of their side-lights and the yellow of the many mast-head lights, and their phosphorescent wakes churned out behind in the star-glow. One reads poems of railway stations of the old days and feels a half regret for the vanished magic of life. But science and poetry and beauty, are always with us.

If it had not been for my nery condition I would not have done what I did. As we sailed away past Tinto and came in sight of Edinburgh, and saw the Forth beyond, and the Lomonds of Fife, and the Law beyond Dundee, and the Grampians marching into the blue North-West, I felt such a sense of being come home again that I could hardly contain myself. And when I saw my sister's house lying in the northern fold of Pentlands, now on our port bow, I suddenly had a thought that if one went down now with a parachute, the wind on our quarter would carry me fairly near the garden. Before I well knew what I was doing, I laid hand to the parachute-cord, slipped the elastic ring over my wrist, thrust back the sliding wind-glass—and leapt!

Down I went with a rush like a stone. Often enough I had practised the dropping from the State balloons provided for the purpose of practice in such descents by all who care; but, as I leapt out, I forgot the use of the notice over our heads: "The Parachutes are for use only in emergency. Fine for improper use—£10."

"The parachute won't open!" I thought in horror. The thought was primitive in the extreme, a survival of the nineteenth century ideas, a superstitious idea. Why should it not open merely because I broke the law? One reads in books how in the old days a certain section of the public, if a steamer was wrecked on Sunday, thought the Deity did it because He was angry at having His day turned into a day of seeing the world and getting fresh air.

Then I thought: "It will open, because it is love of home that prompts me." And then I thought how love of home was now being derided as narrow.

Then I thought: "The parachute will open if it is in proper working order; if it is not it won't," ending all these ridiculous, swift ideas in phititude.

Then the parachute opened. I had gauged the moment of my leap well, came drifting down into the dear old garden with the Neuter carrying out the tea.


"Another cup!" I cried. It looked up, recognised me, and fled indoors to tell my sister of my arrival. She emerged just as I alighted on the lawn, coming to me over the grass in pale grey acolienne with her faint frown of welcome.

I kissed her on either cheek.

"What!" she said. "This effusion bespeaks a lack of mentality." But I think she liked it nevertheless. Even the Progressives, I suppose, must occasionally "return."

I told her of the state of my mind—told her about the "Saturdays excepted."

"Ah well—you will soon be better here," she said; "rest, and a world of leaves, you know," quoting from some



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## J. H. HUDSON,

Manufacturing Chemist, AUCKLAND

poet of old years whose poems are lost, but who lives in single, disconnected lines.

So I had tea in the garden (the delight which has survived so many generations) that afternoon, as I had desired.

Just as we finished a mono came down on us like a wasp, and the officer alighted.

I paid the fine with a light heart, for, after all, I had come home at the least ten minutes earlier than I could otherwise have done; and, besides, had I gone into the city I should have had to pay 2/6 for a local mono out to the house. The officer gave me a receipt and wrote my name in his book. If it were found that I had before broken the regulation regarding using the parachutes I would be sent another account. Of course he did not say so. I knew it, however, knowing the law. Neither did he ask me if I had before broken the regulation. Our civilisation now gives no opportunity for lies. My name would be looked up at Webb House—that was all.

The officer folded up the parachute, went aboard, zipped away again, and left us in peace in the garden with the blackbirds.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

### The Increase of Insanity.

Eminent doctors have renewed their alarms that insanity is greatly on the increase, but (says an American writer) it may only seem so. In the earlier days of our nation there was so much individuality, both of action and expression of opinion and of general behaviour and deportment, that the widest variations in demeanour were considered quite normal. Now any deviation from the accepted commonplace in manner or views is held to be eccentric if not worse. After centuries of the moulding influence of fixed ideas and fixed rules of conduct in China, the Chinese as a people came to look, speak, and act exactly alike. There is no insanity in China. Until Western nations appeared on its horizon with a few intellectual novelties as well as other bric-a-brac and Yankee notions there hadn't been a new idea in China for 2000 years. If we keep on locking up all our queer people in large brick and stone buildings and appointing "attendants" to watch over them, or, more especially, if we otherwise punish them by shunning them, casting them out from fellowship and political and social communion because of their weird views of sociology, marriage, political economy, dress reform, the nude in art, or vegetarianism, we shall in good time so discourage the development of original thought that we shall reach the restful, placid, and quite deceased mental state from which China is with great and painful struggles being resurrected. This is not to be taken as a reprehension of the restraint of persons who imagine they are fried eggs, and ask you for a piece of bread "in order that they may sit down," or the poor victims of melancholia that are wretched in the hallucination that they are Lady Jane Grey. There is real insanity enough, but, as nearly half of it, according to the figures of the medical experts themselves arises from alcoholism, and 40 per cent from "heredity," which is largely alcoholism in its secondary or tertiary manifestation, it is reasonable to conclude that the human race, where it is not thus artificially contaminated by the practice of bad habits, is essentially as good in its health of brain as primitive man.

### Reading at Meals.

The habit of reading at meals is (says the "Family Doctor") to be condemned, and more particularly when it has grown to one of actual study, and when the reader endeavours to gain knowledge and save time at his meals. The solitary reader, if he reads, should only read what is light and amusing. The common practice of having the morning paper at our breakfast table is not especially injurious, as it furnishes items for conversation, and does not particularly exercise the brain, but if it should do so, it is advisable to at once discontinue it. Digestion is always best served when the mind is free from care, and when the physical processes of our frames are left to discharge their work free from nervous trammels. It is on the ground of the elevation of spirits produced by cheerful association with others that pleasant company at meals has always formed a condition of social enjoyment.

### ENGAGEMENTS.

No Notice of Engagements or Marriages can be inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person, with Full Name and Address.

The engagement is announced of Mr. H. Monro, eldest son of Mrs. A. Monro, "bankhouse," to Miss M. Clouston, eldest daughter of Mrs. W. E. Clouston, "St. Andrew's," Blenheim.

Announcement has just been made of the engagement of Miss Heima Fraser, youngest daughter of Mr. J. C. Fraser, of Coromandel, to Mr. F. P. Burgess, barrister and solicitor, of that town.

The engagement is announced of Miss L. B. Duigan, daughter of the late Mr. Duigan, for many years Editor of the "Wanganui Herald," to Mr. H. Ostler, L.L.B.

### Position of Women in France.

The gallantry of Frenchmen is proverbial; but it will come as a shock to most of us to hear that as soon as the result of an examination held last month in Paris for visiting doctors to the Paris hospitals was announced, and Madlle. Romme headed all her male competitors, her ungallant rivals commenced shouting, "Down with the examiners!" "Down with all women!" and raised what is known as a "chahut" against their woman conqueror. If this manifestation was against woman's progress, it was certainly most unjustified. In France a woman is treated with very scant favour by the law. She is, in fact, little better than a slave according to the Code Napoleon. When she is married she cannot spend a penny of her own money without her husband's signature, which is also necessary for every act in everyday life. She cannot even deposit money in a bank alone, and a Turkish princess who tried to do this lately was constrained to remark, "Is this what you call liberty in France? We are better off in Turkey." Until quite recently a woman had not even the right to spend her own earnings, and her drunken husband could take them away from her and her children without her having any redress. Nevertheless, the Frenchwoman has been steadily fighting her uphill battle, never claiming a privilege till she has proved her capacity for not abusing it. In this way women are admitted as witnesses to all notarial acts; they have votes for electing Consular Judges and seats at the Councils of the Prefectures, and they are already becoming numerous as advocates at the bar and practising as physicians. This is the first time that a woman has headed the list in the examination for visiting hospital doctors, but not long ago a Madlle. Monod passed first as house physician at Lyons, and there are many women now installed in the hospitals, both as "internes" and "externes."

A little fresh air girl, on her return to New York the past summer, refused to drink milk, as her custom had been. Upon being urged to drink it, she said, "I used to like it, but I know what it is now—it's chewed grass."

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## Orange Blossoms.

COLEMAN—SWINBURN.

A WEDDING which created a good deal of interest was that of Miss Blanch May Swinburn, only daughter of the Rev. W.

Swinburn (vicar of All Saints', Gladstone, and formerly vicar of Waipawa), and Mr Herbert Napier Coleman, son of Mr and Mrs J. H. Coleman, of "Wattirau," Napier. The service, which was fully choral, was conducted by the Rev. W. Swinburn, assisted by the Venerable Archdeacon Neild, of Dunedin, and Canon Tuke, of Napier. The ceremony took place at Christ Church, Te Aute, on Wednesday last, and the church was prettily decorated for the occasion by girl friends of the bride. The bride was given away by Mr Allan Williams, and looked very graceful and charming in a lovely Directoire gown of ivory satin meleur. The gown was made with a long court train, the front panel of the skirt being elaborately soutache. The draped corsage was also finished with silk soutache, and the sleeves were of finely-tucked net. She wore a handsome tulle veil over wreath of orange blossoms, and carried an exquisite shower bouquet of white flowers with white streamers. The chief bridesmaid—Miss Nell Zichy Woonarski—wore a dainty French striped muslin Empire frock over pale blue glace, and large blue picture hat with tulle and lace; her gift from the bridegroom was a lovely little bimbo enamelled watch on safety pin. Two tiny maids—Mary Warren and Mildred Gardner—wore dainty white frocks of Indian lawn, inserted with lace over blue silk; their muslin hats over blue silk were wreathed with tiny pink rosebuds; they received as mementoes of the occasion enamelled pendants and chains, and they carried bouquets of pink rosebuds. The bridegroom's brother (Mr. E. D. Watt) acted as best man. The "Wedding March" was played by Miss Freda Davis. A reception was afterwards held at Te Aute College by Mr. and Mrs. Allan Williams. The bride's travelling dress was a tailor-made of hair cord lustre, trimmed with silk soutache braid, and hat of creme straw lined with blue and trimmed with pale blue chiffon and long plume; a long dust coat of pale blue completed her costume. (Napier Correspondent).

WILLIAMS—FERGUSON.

A marriage of some interest to New Zealanders took place on the 29th of December, when Miss Roberta Ferguson, of Christchurch, New Zealand, and Mr. F. Williams, of Hastings, England, were married at All Saints' Church, St. Kilda, Melbourne, by the Rev. Archdeacon Crossley. The bride looked handsome in a smart white linen costume, heavily embroidered, dainty white Maltese lace scarf, and large black hat. Miss Leith Staite, another New Zealander, wore a

most becoming lavender Shantung silk costume, relieved with black, large lavender hat with black ospreys. The bridegroom was attended by the Rev. Horace Crotty, M.A. After lunch Mr. and Mrs. Williams left for "Graceland House," Healesville, on their honeymoon.

JONAS—MAHON.

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated at St. John's Church, Feilding, on January 14th, by the Rev. A. Innes Jones, the contracting parties being Mr. Charles O. Nathan Jonas, son of the late Mr. Emanuel Jonas, of Sydney, N.S.W., and Miss Ada Mabel Mahon, daughter of the late Mr. John Mahon, of Napier. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. Walter A. L. Bailey, was attired in a navy blue travelling costume and pretty Tuscan hat, with shaded roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Ethel Mahon, who wore white embroidered muslin, daintily trimmed with lace and insertion, large black hat with feathers, and carried a bouquet of pale pink roses. Mr. Harold Bennetts, of Auckland, was best man. After the ceremony, the immediate relatives were entertained at the residence of the bride's mother. Later Mr. and Mrs. Jonas left for New Plymouth, en route to Auckland, their future home. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a pearl pendant and pearl and ruby brooch, and to the bridesmaid a gold bracelet. Mrs. Mahon, mother of the bride, wore black chiffon tulle and black hat with feathers; Mrs. Walter Bailey, black silk, black hat relieved with white.

### Gorgeous Meals.

On their visit to Baroda, in the Presidency of Bombay, on November 16 last, the Viceroys and Lady Minto inspected the State jewels, which are among the finest collections in the world. They are kept in the old Nazar Bagh Palace, and are estimated to be worth upwards of £3,000,000. Here (says the "Times of India") one may see a famous diamond collar composed of 500 diamonds, in five rows, and two rows of emeralds. In the pendant is one beautiful diamond, larger than the Kohinoor, called "The Star of the South." There are chains of exquisite pearls, all about the size of a small nut, and perfect in shape and colour. There are gleaming necklaces of sapphires and rubies and rings worth a king's ransom. Greatest of all in attraction, perhaps, is a carpet woven of strings of pearls, with the centre and corners of diamonds. It is 10ft long and 6ft wide, and cost £200,000, and took three years to complete. This was made for the Gaekwar Khandi Rao, and was intended as a present for a lady with whom he was in love.



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# Society Gossip.

Special to the "Graphic."

## NOTICE.

The Editor desires to draw the attention of occasional contributors of any items to the Society Gossip columns that name and address must be given with copy, otherwise any such communication cannot be recognised.

## WELLINGTON.

January 22.

### At Home.

MRS. O'CONNOR gave a delightful "At Home" at her residence, "The Terrace," on Wednesday. The decorations were most artistic, the drawing-room flowers being blue and white agapanthis, bows of pink and white flowers in the hall, and a charming arrangement of sweet peas in the dining-room. Mrs. O'Connor wore a handsome black gown of silk edouienne, with guimpe of cream lace; Miss O'Connor, cream net and lace frock; Lady Ward, black taffetas, long sleeveless coat, and large black hat; Miss Eileen Ward, white embroidered muslin, hat with small pink roses; Mrs. Newman, black crepe de chine with gold and black embroidered guimpe; Mrs. Grace, black silk voile and charmingly lace; Mrs. Tunson, pale mauve cloth, mauve ostrich feather stole, black picture hat; Mrs. Head, embroidered tussore, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Martin, Princess gown of white muslin, hat with pink and white flowers; Miss Slattery, saxe blue Shantung coat and skirt, grey hat with small roses; Mrs. Millward, soft French grey, slightly braided, and finished with silver cord, large black hat; Mrs. H. Crawford, petunia and white spotted foulard, petunia toque; Mrs. Algar Williams, tan-coloured Shantung, black hat, and salmon pink ruffle; Mrs. Duncan, mole coat and skirt, slightly braided, mole hat with tips; Mrs. M. Myers, pale pink cloth, black hat; Mrs. Holworthy, beautiful gown of Irish crochet over black, black picture hat; Mrs. Collins, black and white striped voile, large black hat; Miss Collins, white frock; Miss Moorhouse, old rose nimon, made with paniers, black and white hat; Miss Simpson, mauve linen, hat with violets; Miss Brandon, pale grey cloth with touches of silver and white braid on the bodice; Miss Wardell, natter blue tailor-made, black hat; Mrs. Malcolm Moss, embroidered muslin, straw hat with roses; Mrs. Cyril Ward, pale blue Shantung; Miss Turner, moss green Shantung; her sister, white muslin; Mrs. Watson, grey coat and skirt, grey toque.

### A Dance.

A charming little dance was given on Wednesday evening at Awarua House by Miss Eileen Ward. The drawing-room—always a pretty room, with its deep bay windows—was arranged for dancing, and the wide hall and corridors made capital sitting-out places. The mantel-pieces were beautifully banked with masses of pink and white hydrangeas, and a tall column of lilyum anatum was very much admired. On the supper table the decorations were also pink and white hydrangeas, arranged in silver vases, and lighted by wax candles in silver candelabra. Lady Ward wore a beautiful white satin gown, with silver and crystal embroideries; Miss Ward, cream net worked in silver and edged with silver ball fringe; Mrs. Cyril Ward, pale blue nimon de soir, trimmed with silver tassels and fringe.

### The Challenger's Dance.

There is always a charm about a dance on board a man-of-war, and the one given last night on board the Challenger by the officers was a delightful one. Flags were hung everywhere, also hundreds of Chinese lanterns, interspersed with palms and greenery, the whole effect being very pretty. Supper was laid in the ward room, which seemed to be almost filled with flowers, sweet peas of all shades, blue and pink hydrangeas and some fine gladioli. The table had twists of pink and pale-green chiffon and vases of pink sweet peas. The silver epergne presented to the officers of the Challenger by Sir Joseph Ward after his arrival in her from Suva stood on a small table near, and was filled with sweet peas. Mrs. Cherry, wife of Dr. Cherry, H.M.S. Challenger, wore an oyster-white satin gown;

Mrs. Tunson, black satin, with over-dress of net, heavily beaded; Miss Eileen Ward, blue satin charmeuse, with touches of silver; Mrs. H. Johnston, Tangerine satin; Miss Algar, cream satin, with touches of gold on the bodice; Mrs. Algar Williams, silver tissue and sequin gown; Mrs. Kennedy, black net, with insertions of lace, over white silk; Miss Collins, pale blue and silver; Miss Gore, pink silk and cream lace; Mrs. Elgar, black chiffon Directoire gown; Mrs. Symes (Christchurch), ciel blue brocade; Mrs. G. Pearce, white satin; Miss Rubi Seddon, pale blue Directoire gown, black wing in her hair; Miss H. Miles, pink chiffon, with gold embroidery on bodice; Miss Watson, heliotrope silk; Miss Bell, pale blue messaline; Miss Kennedy, rose-pink silk and silver embroidery.

### Afternoon Tea.

Several little teas were given for Mrs. Soff during her stay here, among others by Mrs. Fitchett, at Day's Bay, and by Mrs. Gichelbaum, at Bouleolt-street. Among the guests were Lady Ward and Mrs. Focke.

### A Coming Garden Party.

Invitations have been issued by Mesdames Collins, H. D. Crawford, Chas. Crawford, Grace, Duncan, Ian Duncan, Wallis, A. Pearce, Newman, C. Johnston, Misses Coates, and Harcourt, for a garden party at Mrs. Grace's residence, Hawkeston-street, to meet her Excellency Lady Lunken. Mrs. Algar Williams is hon. secretary, and one of the hostesses.

Mr. Tolhurst has issued invitations for a garden party, to be given for the General Synod.

### A Small Tea.

Mrs. Louis Bunnell was hostess at a small tea yesterday, given for Mrs. Malcolm Ross, the occasion being to make her a presentation, which had been got up by a few personal friends. Mrs. Fulton made the presentation in a short speech, and Mrs. Ross thanked them all warmly for their gifts, which were most acceptable, comprising as they did a cabin trunk, Kaiapoi rug, and other travelling requisites. Mrs. Bunnell wore a black gown with white lace yoke; Mrs. Malcolm Ross, brown and white striped tailor-made, brown hat.

### Amateur Theatricals.

The Eastbourne Amateur Dramatic Society's last production, "The Magistrate," was a great success. The ladies' costumes were remarkably handsome. Miss Fleming, in the leading role as Mrs. Posket, looked exceedingly well, and was attired in a rich gown of spangled net and lace over white chiffon taffetas. Her diamonds looked well in her dark hair. The daintiest pair of gold shoes completed her evening attire. In the second act, Miss Fleming added to her costume a smart cloak of black cloth, with blue facings, and blue chip hat and feathers to match. Miss May Carte made a very handsome Charlotte Verrinder. Her gown was of ivory glace silk, cut semi-Empire, with an exceedingly handsome train; the corsage was finished with crimson roses and velvet strappings. A most striking crimson cloak and black velvet picture hat and ostrich feathers completed her costume in the second act. Mrs. Eileen Simpson, as the little music mistress, wore sweet and appropriate frocks, and looked very charming. Miss B. Clarke, as the lady's maid, looked very pretty and smart. The gentlemen are also to be congratulated on the excellence of their attire, the military uniforms being especially striking. Miss May Clarke was the recipient of a bouquet of beautiful roses.

### Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Ross leave by the Malwa next month, and will be away for nine months.

Miss Holmes and Miss White (Dunedin), who have been on a trip to Europe, have returned here, after spending some weeks in Dunedin.

Captain the Hon. James Boyle and Mrs. Boyle, who have been travelling in

the Dominion, left for Sydney to-day.

The Hon. Islay McOwan and Mrs. McOwan (Suva), who have been staying with Mrs. M. M. Simpson, are now at Heretaunga, the guests of Mr. Griffiths, Mrs. McOwan's brother.

The Rev. Canon Pollock, Mrs. and the Misses Pollock (Rochester, England) arrived by the Warrimoon, and will stay here while the Synod is in session.

Mrs. and the Misses Bowen (Napier), are here on a visit.

The Misses Turner, Kelburne, who have been staying at Rotorua, are back in town.

The Primate and Mrs. Neville, the Bishop of Christchurch and Mrs. Julius, are staying at Bishopscourt, which is at present in Kelburne.

The Bishop of Auckland and Mrs. Neli-gan are at the Royal Oak Hotel.

Mrs. W. Turnbull, who, with her children, has been staying with her mother, Mrs. Johnston (Highden, Awahuri), has returned.

Bishop Williams, who has lately resigned the See of Waipapa, and Miss Williams, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tolhurst, Grant Road.

News has been received here of the death of Mrs. Norman Perston, which happened suddenly in Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. Firth (Wellington College) have been spending the holidays at Mount Cook.

Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Cargill (Napier) spent two or three days here, en route for Dunedin.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Young are just back from a trip to Te Anau and Milford Sound.

The Rev. T. H. and Mrs. Sprott, who have been spending a holiday in Picton, are back in town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Birch (Marion) are staying at Miss Malcolm's. Mr. Birch is a member of the Synod.

Capt. and Mrs. Stewart have gone to Auckland.

Archdeacon and Mrs. Harper (Palmerston) are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Kensington, Hobson Crescent.

OPHELIA.

## HAMILTON.

January 20.

### Croquet Club.

Although the holidays seem to have interfered with croquet to a very large extent, we were glad to find that the new lawn laid down for the club by Mr. Holden, is in fairly good order, and fit for playing on. It has been decided not to formally open the lawn until the pavilion is erected, which if it is not considered advisable to do just now. It was gratifying to learn that the club had benefited from the bridge evenings held during the winter, to the extent of £14, which, with the £5 from the ball, and a small balance carried forward, will more than suffice to pay off existing liabilities, including the first season's rent of the new lawns.

### Girls' Afternoon.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at Dr. Brewis' on Tuesday last, when his young daughters invited some of their girl friends to tea on the lawn. Games of croquet were the order of the day,

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the non-players for the time being disposing of themselves in merry groups, on the seats and grassy banks around. At the request of the girls, the doctor's sister, a visitor from Home, gave several much appreciated songs, accompanying herself on the banjo. Among those present were—Misses Brenda and Ousha Hunter, Kathleen Knight, Enid Haywood, Nancy Pirze, Kathleen and Judy Lufford, Merle Pollen, Isidore Cumming, Provis (2), Dorothy Insoll, Trissa Tompkins, Eileen Buckleton, Jessie Oliver, M. Rutherford, K. Cowie, M. Manning.

ZILLA.

**GISBORNE.**

January 21.

**Children's Party.**

A most enjoyable evening was spent at "Midetney," the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Barker, Whataupoko, on Friday last, the occasion being a children's party, at which there were some seventy or eighty guests present. Dancing was kept up most enthusiastically from 8 p.m. till 11 p.m., a short interval being taken at 9.30 p.m. for supper, which was served in the large dining-room. Amongst the ladies present were Mrs. W. K. Barker (hostess), her sister, Mrs. D'Arcy (Wanganui), Mesdames F. B. Barker, Kennedy, A. N. Rees, T. F. Morgan and R. Burton; Misses Nolan (2), Ferguson, Barker (3), Lusk (Napier), and many others.

The invitations are out for a large juvenile dance given by Mrs. Wallis, "Mungaroa," for her daughter Norma, on 29th inst.

**Personal.**

Miss de Loutour, who has been visiting friends in Wellington, returned home on Saturday last.

Miss Sayers (Sydney), for some time the guest of Mrs. Black, Kaifi, left on Sunday for Hawke's Bay.

Captain Rainey (Napier), is spending a few days in Gisborne.

Mr. C. A. de Loutour, and Mr. Oederwald, returned on Wednesday last from Wellington.

**NAPIER.**

January 22.

**The New Bishop.**

An impressive ceremony was the consecration of the new Bishop of Waiapu, which took place at the Napier Cathedral on Sunday last. Every seat in the building was occupied, and many were unable to gain admittance. Bishop Julius preached in the morning and Bishop Averill in the evening. On Tuesday afternoon a large garden party was given as a welcome to the new Bishop, and Mrs. Averill, and was held in the vicarage garden and grounds surrounding the Cathedral. The weather was ideal for an outdoor function. An excellent band performance was continued throughout the afternoon, and afternoon tea was served on the lawns. The ladies responsible for the success of the function were: Mesdames Mayne, Henley, Hill, Levien, Edwards, Lascelles, McCarthy, F. W. Williams, Hansard, Hughes, McLernon, Redshaw, Snodgrass, Ruddock, Sheath, Collins, Stedman, Nautier, Misses Williams, and Faulkner. On the lawns were many pretty frocks, with a fair sprinkling of clerical suits and silk hats. I noticed: Mrs. Averill, in a becoming olive green gown and crinoline straw hat of shades of brown;

Mrs. Mayne looked smart in black chiffon taffeta gown, large purple hat with upturned brim, trimmed with flowers, white feather boa; Lady Russell looked graceful in black gown, handsome soft lace cape, black bonnet; Mrs. Henley, soft eau de nil silk muslin, large black hat with plumes; Mrs. Hill, black glace silk gown, with semi-fitting coat with applique, toque with pink; Mrs. E. H. Edwards, black gown and black bonnet, Maltese lace scarf; Mrs. Levien, white frock and becoming hat; Mrs. Hansard, olive green gown and flower-trimmed hat; Mrs. McLernon, handsome gown of navy blue chiffon taffeta relieved with heavy guipure on bodice, hat trimmed with blue flowers; Mrs. Ruddock, brown and navy blue striped gown, brown hat; Mrs. Stedman, lovely trained gown of Paris tone, the bodice handsomely trimmed with rich lace, and brown silk cord, hat with brown silk and long champagne tinted plume; Mrs. Nautier, cream Sicilian coat and skirt, with black buttons and facings, large black hat; Mrs. Ashcroft, becoming blue Sicilian pointed coat and skirt, black crinoline straw hat lined with pale blue and trimmed with plumes; Mrs. Russell Duncan, lovely gown of vieux rose silk, becoming hat en suite; Mrs. Robertshawe, brown voile gown and hat; Mrs. Rutherford, smart Empire gown of black glace, relieved with square tucked net yoke, black crinoline straw with plumes; Miss Rutherford, pretty blue frock with short pointed collar and killed skirt, flower trimmed hat; Mrs. Kennedy, black gown and smart little bonnet; Miss Kennedy, becoming heliotrope crepe Princess gown, heliotrope hat to match; Mrs. Locking, black gown, handsome lace scarf, black hat; Mrs. Locking, blue silk frock, hat to match; Mrs. Edgar, handsome grey Princess gown, large black hat; Miss Hitchings, smart white gown, becoming floral hat; Mrs. R. Smith, handsome gown of champagne tint, with striking braiding in key pattern in black, smart hat; Miss N. Margoitouth, cream muslin frock, black hat with ruching of chiffon; Mrs. Stoford, dainty heliotrope striped muslin frock, chiffon scarf, and hat with heliotrope; Mrs. Troutbeck, handsome black silk gown, relieved with net yoke, smart hat with plumes; Mrs. Perry, striking Princess gown of black and white silk with flowers; Miss Coates (Wellington), mauve coat and skirt, black hat with feathers; Miss McLean, dainty pale blue linen coat and skirt, and becoming white hat; Miss L. McLean, stylish black glace tight-fitting gown, relieved with white, Spanish lace on corsage, black hat with vieux rose wings; Miss Buchanan, pretty frock of blue-grey striped voile, relieved with cream net, black hat; Miss J. Buchanan, smart olive green costume, flower-trimmed hat; Miss Phyllis Boulton (Auckland), soft pale blue frock, finished with black buttons and ribbon velvet, white hat; Mrs. H. A. Cornford, black gown, and bonnet with pink roses; Mrs. Arthur Cornford, dainty white embroidered frock, flower-trimmed hat; Mrs. Jardine, pretty eau de nil gown, smart hat; Mrs. de Lisle, smart navy blue silk gown, hat trimmed with cornflowers; Miss Whitaker, lovely gown of eau de nil silk, smart hat en suite; Mrs. Humphries, mauve trained gown, and toque to match; Mrs. Aubrey Humphries, pretty blue silk frock, black and white hat with plumes; Miss Dean, cream voile gown with heliotrope, becoming large hat to match; Mrs. W. Nelson, black gown, long Maltese lace scarf, becoming bonnet; Miss Ruddock, dainty white embroidered muslin

over pink, hat with pale blue; Mrs. Mars-ton, white frock, flower-trimmed hat; Miss Williams (Hukarere), black gown, lace scarf, black bonnet; Miss Elsie Williams (Frimley), pale blue linen coat and skirt, smart hat; Mrs. James, cream Sicilian gown, smartly finished with black buttons and facings, black hat; Mrs. A. Brown, striking gown of mauve eolienne, large hat of same shade; Mrs. Ormond, black coat and skirt, black bonnet; Miss Ormond, flowered muslin gown, trimmed with lace, toque trimmed with silk; Mrs. Vigor Brown, smart grey coat and skirt, toque to match; Miss Brown, striped linen coat and skirt in two shades of blue, flower-trimmed hat; Mrs. I. Cato, vieux rose silk gown, becoming hat of same tone; Miss Willis (Auckland), navy blue silk gown, handsome lace scarf, and floral hat; Mrs. Nevill, tussore silk gown, with lace, black hat; Miss Smallbone, white frock and floral hat; Mrs. Archer, pretty white embroidered Empire frock, large black plumed hat; Mrs. H. Gregson, soft muslin gown, flower-trimmed hat; Mrs. Betemeyer, black and white coat and skirt, black toque; Mrs. Hoobs, black silk gown, black toque; Mrs. J. B. Fielder, black silk gown, and black bonnet relieved with white.

**Personal.**

Mr and Mrs Kettle and Miss Kettle, who have been spending a holiday at Taupo, returned home on Tuesday.

Miss Coates, of Wellington, is visiting Napier, and is at present the guest of Mrs. Perry, at Otutara.

Miss Louie Fitzroy is on a visit to Napier, and is the guest of Mrs. F. W. Williams.

Mr and Mrs H. N. Coleman are spending a holiday at Taupo.

Miss Eckston, of Waipawa, has been spending a holiday in Napier.

Miss Whitaker, of the Girls' Friendly Society, who is the guest at present of the Bishop and Mrs. Averill, left with them for Wellington last week.

Miss B. Moore, of Ireland, is the guest of Mrs. John Moore, Rissington.

Miss Phyllis Boulton (Auckland) is staying with Mrs. H. Hill, on the Bluff Hill.

Mrs. Hitchings, of Levin, is spending a holiday with her sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Edgar, in Napier.

Mrs. Skerrett, of Gisborne, has been visiting relatives in town.

**HASTINGS.**

January 20.

**A Quiet Week.**

The weather has been oppressively hot since Christmas, and everybody complains of that "tired feeling." However, last night, after a small shock of earthquake, heavy rain fell, making everywhere feel fresh and cool. Socially, Hastings is very quiet, the only stir being caused by the cheap sales, and judging by the large numbers of larger buyers, I am sure the tradesmen must be doing good business.

Last Wednesday Mrs. F. Perry took all the small folks from the Children's Home to a picnic at West-hore. The children very much enjoyed the motor-launch. Before dispersing for home, Mrs. Perry's little daughter presented each of the children with a book.

**Personal.**

Mr. Torlesse, who has been promoted to the Union Bank, Waimate, left for his new duties on Tuesday by express. Before leaving Hastings, Mr. Torlesse was presented with many

valuable mementoes, including a parcel of sovereigns from the bank's customers.

Miss G. Stead is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Stead, "Keruru."

Mr. Kieley (Mr. Torlesse's successor) arrived in Hastings last week.

Mrs. Kieley and her daughters are expected from the South next week.

Mrs. W. Wallace has returned from Feilding.

Mrs. Murray has gone to Dannevirke. The Misses Wellwood have gone to Dannevirke to take part in the tennis tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Gardiner (Havelock) and child have gone to Taupo.

Miss Piddie has gone back to Feilding.

Mrs. Piddie and Miss Piddie and Mrs. Jack Miller have gone South for a holiday.

SHEBA.

**NEW PLYMOUTH.**

January 21.

**The Theatre.**

The New Comic Opera Company paid us a visit last week, and staged "The Country Girl" and "Bavaria," but as there were crowded houses both nights I had much difficulty in seeing what the ladies wore. Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. Walker, black silk, front panel of sequined embroidery; Mrs. Payer (Stratford), black silk, relieved with pale blue; Mrs. Schmalenberg, pale blue taffetas corsage finished with cream lace; Mrs. Wilkinson (Eltham), pretty pale blue sequined robe; Mrs. H. Bailly, pale heliotrope crepe de chine, trimmed with rich cream lace insertion; Mrs. W. Perry, black silk skirt with cream silk and lace blouse; Mrs. William Bayly, black chiffon taffetas; Miss Bayly, black silk, finished with cream lace; Miss C. Bayly, pale pink taffetas, sequined berthe, finished with bands of flowered guipure; Miss Standish, pale blue muslin, black velvet corsage; Mrs. Crick-shank, black taffetas, Maltese lace berthe; Miss Bedford, black taffetas, sequined berthe; Mrs. Bedford, plum-coloured brocade, cream crepe de chine vest, finished with sequined embroidery; Mrs. Heard, cream chiffon taffetas, daintily finished with lace; Mrs. Cox (Nelson), turquoise blue silk; Mrs. Fitzherbert, cream voile lace coat; Mrs. C. Kettle, pale blue flowered muslin, white Valenciennes lace vest and undersleeves; Mrs. Penn, cream embroidered net over a glace foundation; Mrs. Ellen Penn, white muslin; Mrs. Paul, rich cream silk voile; Mrs. Bennett (Blenheim) was much admired in a dainty cream satin charmeuse with folded rainbow chiffon berthe; Miss Brown, black silk, dainty cream and silver shoulder scarf; Mrs. J. J. Russell, veseda green taffetas, cream silk vest; Miss Russell, cream banded with moss green velvet; Miss E. Atkinson, cream silk; Miss L. McAllum, white muslin; Miss S. Bennett; Miss Irene Foote, white silk; Mrs. G. Ganson, turquoise blue silk, cream lace yoke; Miss Hoskin, pale blue silk; Mrs. Glasgow, pale blue taffetas; Mrs. Leatham, black embroidered net over a white silk foundation; Miss Leatham, pale blue penon de soie with silver sequined berthe; Misses C. and K. Leatham, white silk respectively; Miss Testar, black lace; Miss Green, white silk, rose pink bows in hair; Mrs. Blundell, black taffetas; Miss Blundell, ivory taffetas, silk lace berthe; Mrs. Hall, black silk and cream silk blouse; Miss Hall, pale blue muslin;

You may guess that when

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Have to be cleared in double quick time

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Not a Line can be repeated, each section is being closed up as the stock is cleared, therefore

### ACT PROMPTLY.

There have been many disappointments up to the present.

# D.S.C. in Liquidation.

Mrs. H. Goldwater, black silk; Miss Turnbull; Mrs. Staples; Mrs. W. D. Webster, black silk, relieved with cream lace; Miss Webster, black net over satin; Miss L. Webster, white silk; Mrs. Evans; Misses Evans (3); Mrs. Claude Weston, brown and cream striped colienne, trimmed with heavy cream lace and bands of brown silk; Mrs. Thomson, black silk; Mrs. F. Wilson, white lace robe over a silk foundation; Mrs. Chapel, black silk; Misses Chapel (2), black satin respectively; Mrs. Kirkby; Miss V. Kirkby was much admired in violet mousseline de soie with cream lace yoke, violet ribbon in coiffure; Mrs. F. Fookes, black satin, cream lace berthe; Mrs. Mackay, grey striped colienne, trimmed with bands of black velvet; Miss O. Mackay, reseda green tulip-tas, trimmed with violet guimpe; Miss B. Rennell, pale pink silk, cream lace berthe; Miss G. Morey, cream silk and lace; Mrs. J. Paton, cream silk folded chiffon bodice, relieved with pale pink roses; Miss Fitzgerald, pretty cream tucked voile, lace yoke; etc.

**Personal.**

Miss E. Rennell, who has been visiting her relatives in New Plymouth, has returned to Auckland.  
Miss C. Bayly, of New Plymouth, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Stres, of Dunedin.  
Miss L. Taylor (New Plymouth) is on a visit to Auckland.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hirst, of Hawera, leave shortly for a visit to the East.  
Miss M. O'Brien, late of the New Plymouth Hospital, has been appointed Matron of Stratford.  
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Fagan and family, after their pleasant trip to Russell, have returned to New Plymouth.  
Mr. Clement Govett, who has been in the Old Country for the past two years, returned to New Plymouth last week.  
NANCY LEE.

**SOUTH TARANAKI.**

HAWERA, January 21.

**Tennis and Croquet.**

The courts have had a very deserted appearance lately, but last Saturday there seemed to be a brighter aspect. It was a "General Tea." Those I noticed were: Mrs. Ryan, red and black striped linen costume, faced with black satin, Tuscan straw hat with black velvet bow; Mrs. Campbell, white embroidered muslin, black and green hat; Mrs. O. Hawken, grey costume, mado-coloured hat with blue roses; Mrs. Webster, black skirt, white muslin blouse, black and white hat; Mrs. McDiarmid, heliotrope cambric, trimmed with white embroidery, burnt straw hat with scarf; Mrs. Stewart, white linen, cream hat with saxe blue band; Mrs. Bell, white muslin, cream hat, trimmed with green ribbon; Mrs. Gasson, brown skirt, pink blouse, pink hat; Mrs. Page, black and white striped linen coat and skirt, black and white hat; Mrs. Parkinson, black crepe cloth, black hat; Mrs. Nalder, cream dust coat, brown hat; Mrs. Sutton, white linen, hat trimmed with green; Miss Clapcott, cream muslin, hat with two shades of green ribbon; Miss E. Caplen, white lawn, burnt straw hat with green band; Miss Glenn, blue striped cambric, strapped with a darker blue, grey hat with Oriental scarf; Miss Q. Glenn, white muslin, burnt straw hat swathed with black chiffon; Miss Whittaker (Thomes), blue cambric, brown hat; Miss Williamson, heliotrope cambric, linen hat with white muslin bows; Miss B. Nolan, white lawn, white felt hat; Miss Turton, white muslin, white motor cap; Miss L. Turton, white, saxe blue hat; Miss White, white lawn, burnt straw hat with brown band; Miss B. Counts, blue and fawn striped cambric, cream hat swathed in pale blue; Miss Littlejohn, navy skirt, white lawn blouse, sailor hat; Miss Baird, white linen, burnt straw hat, trimmed with navy ribbon.

**Personal.**

Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn, who have been spending a short holiday with their daughter (Mrs. McDiarmid), have returned to Wellington. Miss Littlejohn, who has been here for some months, has also returned home, Miss R. Haine accompanying her.  
Mrs. C. Bayly has returned from a visit to Hawke's Bay.  
Dr. McGibbon left for Dunedin this week, Dr. Thomson acting as locum tenens.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hirst (Wanganui), late of Hawera, leave next month on a trip to the East.  
Miss Wray, who has been living with Mrs. Barton for some months, left this week for Timaru, where she joins her

parents. The family leave immediately for England, where in future they intend to live.

Miss Henry, a missionary from China, has been giving addresses on her mission work in Hawera, and those who have heard her have been most interested.

Mr. E. Barton (Brisbane), who has been visiting his brother, returned to Australia this week.

JOAN.

**PALMERSTON NORTH.**

January 21.

**Garden Party.**

The weather behaved disgracefully on Wednesday afternoon for the garden party held at Mrs. Slack's residence, "Waitaiti," near Awapuni, in aid of All Saints' new church building fund. For only about half-an-hour did the large number of people who had driven and motored from town enjoy the many pleasures and attractions provided by the promoters of the fete, when down came the rain in sheets, and continued for the remainder of the afternoon. The pretty stalls, etc., presented a woful appearance in no time, and the daintily attired attendants were drenched, to say nothing of the groups of unhappy feminines standing under dripping trees, feeling their smartest frocks were being ruined. Miss Slack was the originator of the idea—the fete, not the storm—and was ably assisted by her friends of both sexes. The Misses Monro and O'Brien were in charge of the fruit stall, Mrs. C. R. Hewitt and Miss Watson of the flower stall, the Misses Margaret and Dorothy Waldegrave and Trixie Russell the sweet stall, the Misses Abraham and Warburton the lavender stall, the Misses Sybil and Sylvia Abraham the ice-cream stall, Mrs. Palmer and the Misses D. Wilson, N. Johnston, Draw (2), N. Moore, E. Norling and Slack the tea stall. In the different competition Mrs. F. S. McRae was in charge of the croquet, Mrs. Warburton quirts, Mrs. Mellisop putting Aunt Sally, Mrs. Bond fish-pond, the Misses M. Hewitt and L. Monro waxworks, the Misses Hewitt and L. Russell and Messrs. Cooper and B. Pratt skilltally, Mr. Money art gallery, Masters P. Monro and Vesey Hamilton nail-driving, Mr. Page sandbags, Mrs. C. J. Monro, apple hobbling, Mr. Slack. I only had the opportunity to see very few of the frocks; the rain came on so soon. Mrs. Slack was in a black toilette with a black bonnet; Miss Slack, corollifer blue linen, cream straw hat with pale pink roses; Mrs. C. R. Hewitt, white muslin and lace, floral hat; Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave, Oxford blue cloth coat and skirt with fawn swede waistcoat, hat with pink roses; the Misses Margaret and Dorothy Waldegrave, dainty white muslin and lace frocks, flower trimmed hats; Mrs. C. J. Monro, golden brown linen coat and skirt, brown hat; Miss Monro, white muslin and lace; Mrs. Warburton, fawn crash coat and skirt, deep mauve hat; Mrs. F. S. McRae, white embroidered linen coat and skirt, white hat with clusters of forget-me-nots; Miss Bonnie McRae, pretty white frock, white hat with satin ribbon; Miss Fraser, grey linen coat and skirt, with black collar and cuffs, black hat with pale pink flowers; Miss Isabel Fraser, navy coat and skirt, blue hat with deep crimson flowers; Mrs. Mellisop, grey coat and skirt, black hat with black cherries; Mrs. W. Bendall, green striped linen coat and skirt, hat with berries; Mrs. Barnicoat, black mourning frock, black hat; Mrs. R. K. Reed, black voile, cream tucked net vest, white ostrich feather boa, black toque with black tips; Mrs. A. E. Russell and the Misses Russell; Mrs. and Miss Hewitt; Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Beale; Mrs. and Miss Randolph; Mrs. Goring Johnston; the Misses Park; the Misses Robinson, Dundas and Richter; Mrs. and Miss Armstrong; the Misses Glendinning; and many others were there.

**Children's Garden Party.**

On the previous Wednesday Mrs. Walter Johnston, "Highden," near Feilding gave a large garden party for children. There were also a great many "grown-ups" present. The very young portion of the guests were intensely delighted with a huge Christmas tree, off which a generous Mr. and Mrs. Father Christmas gave them lovely presents. Mr. and Mrs. P. Baldwin and children, Mrs. and the Misses Russell, Mrs. R. S. Abraham and the Misses Abraham, Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Abraham and children, Mr. and Mrs. Monro, the

Misses Monro, Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave and the Misses Waldegrave, Mrs. and Miss Warburton and Maud and Molly Warburton, Mr. and Mrs. Goring Johnston and children, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Strang, Captain and Mrs. Hewitt and Miss Hewitt, and many others went from here.

**Tennis.**

The tennis courts have been much better attended lately. Mr. and Miss Warburton, Mrs. F. S. McRae, Mrs. Bendall, Mrs. Rennell, Mrs. and Miss Bennett (Auckland), Mrs. and Miss Porter, Miss Watson, Miss Hewitt, Miss I. Russell, Miss Armstrong, the Misses Margaret and Dorothy Waldegrave, Mrs. J. Waldegrave, Messrs. Morrah, C. Smith, Collins, Stedman, Wither, Waldegrave (2), Bagar, Youngusband, B. Pratt, Hunt, Keeble, Elliot, are a few I have noticed practising.

**Personal.**

Mrs. L. A. A. Abraham and children are at Tetahi Bay.  
Miss Elsie McLennan has returned from Invercargill.  
Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Thompson and Miss Wilson are back from their holidays spent at Raglan.  
Mrs. L. Stedman and children are away in Wanganui.  
The Ven. Archdeacon Harper, accompanied by Mrs. Harper, left for Wellington on Wednesday to attend the General Synod.  
Miss Ethel Wilson has returned from her holiday.  
Miss Freda Wilson, who has been staying for some time with Mrs. R. K. Reed, returned to her house in Wellington on Friday.  
Mrs. Porter leaves for a trip to England in about three weeks.

VIOLET.

**WANGANUI.**

January 21.

**Afternoon Tea.**

Mrs. and Miss Moore provided afternoon tea at the Campbell-street tennis courts. The day was perfect, and a large number of people were present. Mrs. Moore wore a brown voile costume with vest of cream net and lace, edged with waistcoat effect of Oriental shaded silk, long ends of the same forming sash effect, bordered with cream motifs, coarse brown straw hat with fawn and brown shaded roses and foliage, brown marabout stole; Miss Moore, white embroidered linen frock, white hat with electric blue velvet; Mrs. Mason, white muslin frock with insertion and lace, cream straw hat with pale blue hydrangea; Mrs. H. Sarjeant wore a beautiful gown of old rose linen, made in Princess rose style, with wide bands of cream lace forming panel effect in the front of the skirt, bodice profusely trimmed with the same, cream straw hat with old rose shaded roses and foliage; Mrs. Couper, pale heliotrope floral muslin gown with cream net and lace and killings of heliotrope chiffon, pale heliotrope coarse straw hat, with velvet and wreath of flowers in the same tones; Miss Alexander wore a black and white striped ninon gown with cream net yoke bordered with medallions, white feather stole, black hat with sequin net and feathers; Mrs. Mackay, pale sea green silk, the skirt made with a tight-fitting basque effect, and narrow accordion pleats to the foot, cream net on the bodice and cream feather boa, large black hat with jet and ostrich feathers; Mrs. Lomax, pale biscuit shaded gown with lace, pale blue hat and flowers in the same tones; Mrs. Pattie Izett, navy blue linen coat and skirt, cream vest, navy blue hat, with figured silk scarf; Mrs. Harold, white linen coat and skirt, black hat with chiffon and tiny roses forming a wreath; Mrs. Fairburn, pale blue and heliotrope floral voile gown with A-shaped vest of tucked net and insertion, long sleeves of the same, large black straw hat with black sequin net and ostrich tips with black velvet; Mrs. Good wore a Princess robe of white booby muslin, made with numerous tucks and bands of insertion, blue straw hat with tones of ribbon in all electric to the palest blue; Mrs. Freeman (England), biscuit shaded gown with net and lace, heliotrope cloth mantle, black straw hat with feathers; Miss Freeman (England), pale green frock made in pinafore style, with cream straw hat and pink roses and foliage; Mrs. Gonville Saunders, white linen frock, white hat with green velvet on it; Miss Mason, white muslin gown with lace and insertion, cream straw hat with roses and foliage; Miss Spenser, pale green linen coat and skirt, black



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LADY'S HANDS  
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**SYDAL.**  
(Wittan's Hand Emollient)  
You will remember the name because it is just the word "Lady's" spelled backwards.  
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straw hat with pink and deep shaded roses and foliage.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold, of Wanganui, have returned from their motor trip in the Taranaki district.

Mrs. and Miss Freeman, of England, have been staying in Wanganui.

Mrs. and Miss Gifford Marshall, of Wanganui, who have been in England and the Continent for a year, have returned to New Zealand.

Mr. Dunn, of Hawera, has been staying in Wanganui.

The Misses Stanford, of New Plymouth, spent a few days in Wanganui last week on their way to Greymouth.

Mr. A. K. Blundell, of Dunedin, has been staying in Wanganui.

Mr. Inlay Saunders, of Wanganui, who has been on a short visit to England, returned to New Zealand this week.

HUIA.

BLLENHEIM.

January 19.

On Saturday afternoon there was a large attendance on the Marlborough lawn tennis grounds, when Mrs. B. Clouston and Mrs. A. Mowat provided a dainty tea. Some of those present were Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. C. J. Griffiths, Mrs. J. Reid, Mrs. Lambie, Mrs. Broughton, Mrs. A. McLauchlan, Mrs. H. Horton, Mrs. D. Chaytor, Mrs. Scott-Smith, Mrs. F. Greenfield, Mrs. Hulme, Mrs. T. Orr, Misses K. Scott Smith, J. Anderson, M. Bell, R. Horton, H. Marsh, J. Horton, J. Bell, Neville (3), C. Greenfield, McDonald, Ewart (2), McLauchlan (2), D. Horton, Messrs. B. Moore, Davey, P. Hill, Brock, E. Stace, Churchward, W. Grace, Davis, Bagge, Drs. Anderson, Bennett, and Walker.

Small Evening.

On Monday a delightful evening was given by Mrs. Duckworth, in Percy-street, in honour of her niece, Miss F. Eyes (Christchurch). Music and cards were the amusements of the evening, and a pleasant time was spent by all. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. D. Scrachan, Mr. and Mrs. E. Townshend, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Wilson, Mrs. Carkeek, Miss MacLaine, Miss McLaurin, Miss Winstanley, Miss Smythe (Christchurch), Misses Eyes (3), Mr. K. Moore, and Mr. C. McShane.

Personal.

Mrs. R. and Miss Marjory McCallum are visiting friends in Wellington.

Miss Ruth Thornhill (Hawera) is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Woods, at the Bank of New Zealand.

Mrs. W. Carey is the guest of Mr. A. and Miss Bell, at "Riverlands."

Miss Smythe is the guest of Miss McLauren, in Maxwell-road.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bell have motored through to Nelson.

Miss Broadbent (Wellington), who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Griffiths, "The Barton," has returned.

Miss E. Eyes (Christchurch) is the guest of Mrs. Duckworth, in Percy-street.

Miss Connie Clouston is the guest of Mrs. Williams, at Pictou.

Miss B. Stace, "Robin Hood Bay," is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. Foster, at Starborough.

Mr. H. Monro is visiting the Empire City.

Dr. and Mrs. Pentreath have returned from a short visit to Nelson.

Mr. H. E. Burden has returned from a holiday to the North Island.

JEAN.

NELSON.

January 20.

Bridge.

An enjoyable bridge party was given by the Misses Ledger. The prizes were won by Miss Heaps and Mr. Rowley. Some of those present were: Mrs. T. Ward (Wellington), Misses Ledger, Mrs. R. Fell, Misses Heaps, Hodson, Houliker, and Booth, Messrs. Leggett, Heaps, Hanron, R. Fell, Houliker, Johnson, and Rowley.

Another large bridge evening was given at the Union Bank by Mrs. Booth. Mrs. Booth was wearing a becoming gown of black chiffon over silk; Miss D. Booth, pale blue satin charmeuse; Mrs. Allen wore black; Mrs. Barr, grey satin charmeuse, veiled with grey chiffon; Mrs. Harrison, black silk; Mrs. Worthy (Christchurch), Mrs. R. Fell; Miss Gibbs, cream satin empire gown; Miss Grey (Wellington), pale blue satin; Miss E. Ledger, Mrs. E. S. Robison, Miss Heaps, Dr. Barr, Messrs. Macquarie, Harrison, Robison, R. Fell, Grey (Wellington), H. Leggett,

Field. The prize winners were Mr. and Mrs. Harrison.

Farewell Evening.

An enjoyable "farewell" evening was given by Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Fell for Mr. Hugh Leggett. A clever drawing competition was won by Miss E. Ledger, and some delightful piano solos were given by the Misses Fell. Some of those present were: Misses Fell (2), Clark, Booth, Hodson, Blackett, and Houliker.

Euchre Party.

A very successful euchre party was given by Mrs. Kelling on the occasion of her daughter's marriage. Among many others present were: Mrs. F. Hamilton, Misses Hamilton (3), Miss D. Kelling, Miss J. Bird (Westport), Mrs. C. Green, Misses Greenland (Wellington), Booth, Edwards (2), Ledger, Bisley, Muckay, Douglas, Hair, Messrs. Kelling, Hamilton (4), Baillie (Westport), C. Green, Harley, Grace, and Hair.

Afternoon Tea.

An enjoyable afternoon tea was given by Mrs. S. Gibbs in honour of Mrs. T. Ward (Wellington). Some of the guests were: Mrs. and Miss Ledger, Mrs. and Miss Gibbs, Miss Ward, Mrs. Macquarie, and the Misses Clarke.

Personal.

The Bishop of Nelson and Mrs. Mules have gone to Wellington to attend the Anglican Synod.

Mr. and Miss Grey (Wellington) are the guests of Mrs. Dodson.

Mrs. W. Wratt (Dunedin) is staying with her mother, Mrs. Stevens.

Mr. Alfred Jones (Wanganui) is in Nelson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cook are in Christchurch.

Mrs. Houliker and Mr. J. Houliker have returned from their visit to Auckland.

Miss Greenland (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. Hamilton.

Mr. Hugh Leggett leaves Wellington shortly en route for Singapore.

DOLCE.

PICTON.

January 17.

A Naval Visit.

H.M.S. Challenger arrived on Wednesday, and during the evening the town-folk were entertained with delightful music from the ship's band floating over the peaceful waters of the harbour. On Thursday afternoon the residents arranged a cricket match, which was very easily won by the Challenger team. The ladies who presided and dispensed afternoon tea were: Messdames Maitland, Storey, Riddell, Philpotts, LeCocq, Chambers, C. H. Williams, Wynn Williams, Barnsdale, Misses Speed, Chaytor (3), Greensill (2), Philpotts.

A number of the residents were interested in an Association football match played during the evening between the Challenger's men and a Pictou team. The game was won by the visiting team, though the local men, who are just learning the soccer game, gave their opponents a warm time, and the lookers-on much amusement.

About a hundred man-o-war-men amused picnic and boating parties by their performances in the water on Thursday afternoon, reminding us of the playful antics of the porpoises in the Sound. Whole rows of them would plunge into the water at once, and race out to a boat. Splashing matches and other frolics enlivened the proceedings, and caused much laughter, and fun among the people on the beach.

Miscellaneous Items.

The Black Family gave two entertainments in Pictou this week to large audiences.

H.M.S. Challenger left the harbour early on Saturday to continue her cruise of the Sounds. The officers and crew have spent an enjoyable, if quiet, time in Pictou.

The Anglican Church Sunday School annual picnic was held on Friday at Maratiti, Tory Channel, one of the most beautiful spots in the Sound. Quite a large party accompanied the children. All spent a delightful time in the water and in the bush.

Personal.

The Ven. Archbishop Ennor (Christchurch) and his daughter are visiting relations in Pictou, and Mr. and Mrs. John Duncan are at the Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Cheek, of Blenheim, and family, are staying in Pictou for the holidays.

Dr. Ada Paterson, who has been spend-

ing her holidays with her people in Dunedin, has returned to Pictou. Her sister, Miss Patterson, is here for a holiday.

Mrs. Wynn-Williams (Wellington) is visiting her people, Mr. and Mrs. Philpotts.

Miss Moynihan (Nelson) is visiting Mrs. H. C. Seymour.

Miss Hewson (Wellington) is visiting Miss R. Greensill, Waikawa-road.

Mrs. T. Cawte has been staying in Pictou with Miss R. Greensill.

BELLE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

FRIDAY, January 21.

At Home.

On Monday afternoon, January 17th, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Cox gave an "At Home" at "Tilford," Ferry-road, the residence of their daughter, Mrs. George Hamner, in celebration of their golden wedding. A number of handsome presents were received, and amongst the numerous relatives and friends present were some who had also been present at their marriage. Mrs. Cox was the fifth daughter of the late Bishop Harper, of Christchurch. Mrs. Cox wore a handsome gown of black satin, with black and white bonnet; Mrs. G. Hamner, gown of mauve satin with mauve hat to match; Misses Hamner, frocks of white broderie Anglaise and lace. Amongst the relatives were: Mr. and Mrs. P. Cox (Ashburton) Mr. Mrs. and Miss Maling, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. George Harper, Mr. and Mrs. C. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Acland, Dr. Acland, Mr. and Mrs. Fish, Mrs. A. Harper. Other guests were: Mrs. J. Craeford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Wigram, Mrs. J. Loughlan, Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. J. Deans, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. and Miss Wilkin, Mrs. Potts, Mrs. Witnell, Mrs. and Miss Reeves, Mrs. Knight, Miss Fisher, Mrs. M. Campbell, Mrs. Wilfred Hall, Miss Bowron, Mrs. Mathias, Mrs. T. Monrohouse, Mrs. Henry Cotterill, Mrs. Elworthy, Mrs. C. Wynn-Williams, Miss Williams, Mrs. and Miss Neave, Mrs. and Miss Hennah, Misses Ross, Mrs. Tripp, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mrs. and Miss Cook, and Mrs. and Miss Bill.

A Dance.

A delightful dance was given by Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes at her residence, "Te Koraha," Merivale, on Friday evening. Mrs. Rhodes wore a lovely gown of pale pink satin, with embroideries of crystal and aluminium, and paillettes of the same on the skirt; Miss M. Rhodes, white silk frock with sash of vieux rose silk; Mrs. Boyle, pale grey satin with overdress of sequin embroidered tulle; Miss Boyle, a lovely shade of blue satin with blue chiffon tunic bordered with gold embroidery; Miss Harker

(England), black satin and net, relieved with touches of turquoise blue; Miss Maling, pale green satin and lace; Miss Symes, robe of cream lace with belt of gold tissue; Miss Park, striped white chiffon and lace; Miss Wood, pale green satin with embroidered panel; Miss Hamner, pink floral mousseline de soie with touches of pink velvet; Miss M. Hamner, white chiffon tulle and silver-embroidered tulle; Miss D. Moore, black net relieved with pale pink; Miss Ogle, Princess frock of palest blue satin trimmed with pearls and bangles; Miss Hill, white satin, with tunic of white lace; Miss Humphreys, blue satin with tunic of black nixon, silver roses on the corsage; Miss A. Humphreys, black crepe de chine and cream lace; the Misses Burns, frocks of shell pink satin with touches of silver; Miss Wilding, pale pink nixon with silver embroideries; Miss N. Anderson, Princess frock of white satin; Miss D. Anderson, pink satin, with tunic of pink nixon, caught up with pink roses; Miss Reece, primrose satin and lace; Miss Imcum, ivory satin with trimming of silver sequins; Miss E. Bridges, white satin and lace; Miss C. Gosset, pale blue velvet and lace; Miss Waterworth, cream spotted net; Miss Thomas, cream lace, relieved with pale blue velvet; Miss Williams (Woodbury), ivory satin and cream lace; Miss Rose, pale blue silk; Miss L. Cook, blue and white striped silk; Miss Pyne, pale blue satin with tunic of blue nixon. Others present were: Captain the Hon. J. Boyle, Major Head, Captain Greenstreet, Captain de Winton, Messrs. Rhodes (2), Deans, Allan, Wood, Stead, Butterworth, Humphreys, Lees, Douglas, Mailing, Cook, Wright, Godby, Fell, Nanerarrow, Anderson, Barker, and Hamner.

Personal.

Mrs. and Miss Symes (Christchurch) have gone to Wellington for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronalds and Mrs. R. Western are expected back to Christchurch this week, having spent the last two years in England.

Mrs. John Deans and Miss Park are staying at "Homebush" for a short time.

Mrs. and Miss Bullock return to Christchurch from England this week.

Miss Nanerarrow (Christchurch) is the guest of Mrs. Killian of (out Hills).

Miss Boyle (Christchurch) has gone to Wellington for the races.

Mrs. Ogle and the Misses Humphreys (Christchurch) are spending the week-end at "Atahua."

Mr. and Miss Harker (England) are the guests of Mrs. Wilding, at Opawa.

Captain the Hon. James Boyle and Mrs. Boyle (England) are staying with Mr. and Mrs. A. Boyle, at Riccarton.

Captain de Winton (England) is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes (Merivale).

DOLLY VALE.

TRY THIS HAIR HEALTH TEST.

It will tell you the state of your Scalp or Hair.

Advertisement for Harlene Hair Test. Includes an illustration of a woman with long hair and a coupon for a free color pot. The coupon asks for name and address and is addressed to Messrs. Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96, High Holborn, London, England.

A WEEK'S TRIAL OUTFIT FREE.

Try this Test to-day. It will tell you at once the state of health of your Scalp and Hair. Take your scalp before looking-glass and give your hair a thorough brushing, afterwards passing your comb through it three or four times. Now look at your brush and comb. Entangled in the teeth of the comb or among the bristles of the brush, you will perhaps find ten or three hairs, long or short, dry or greasy, discoloured, or the reverse, possibly accompanied by a certain amount of dandruff or scurfiness. If so, this is proof that your hair requires immediate and careful attention. These few hairs upon your brush and comb are a certain and infallible indication that you are in need of a hair health test. Trouble of some sort or other. But, fortunately, there is time yet to assess your hair to recover its strength and luxuriance and beauty to eliminate every weakness or disorder that may attack it now or in the future. Make the test described above, and if it is all in your favour, you will find your hair or scalp-dandruff in your brush and comb, then fill up the coupon with this article and forward it together with 1d. in stamps for postage, to the premises of Mr. Edwards', the world-famous Royal and Continental Hair Dressing and Hair Health Test, and you will at once be sent, or presented with, a Free Outfit for a Week's Trial. This includes Harlene Hair-Drill, containing everything you require (including full instructions) and a seven day supply of Harlene to eliminate that is under-mining your hair, to stop your hair falling out or losing its colour, and to renew its strength, vigour, and luxuriance. It is at the end of the week you desire to commence the treatment (as you are pretty sure to do), you can obtain further supplies of "Harlene Hair-Drill" at any of our chemists or stores, or direct from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95 to 96, High Holborn, London, W.C. in 1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles.

Economy demands that you  
join the throng that will re-  
spond to this announcement

*IT IS*  
**IMPORTANT!!**

*To Know that Our*

This is  
the  
Opportunity  
you have  
been  
waiting  
for.

**Colossal Sale**



Commences on **MONDAY, January 31**

**A Great Money-  
Saving Opportunity**

**JOHN COURT**

LIMITED

**3 SHOPS, QUEEN STREET.**

# The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

FOR our holiday travels foulard is the material which is uppermost in everyone's favour. It packs so well, and it always looks the very thing, whatever the weather almost. Very new and smart are the check and narrow striped foulards, far newer than the old flowered and conventional patterned foulards.

On the other hand, some very taking designs, in foulards of a flowering pattern are being smiled upon by some Paris dressmakers, some old-fashioned flowers, such as daisies, forget-me-nots, cornflowers, and moss-rose buds being strewn over a cream or parsley patterned ground; these make very girlish and summery gowns. French linen, which is less crushable than the ordinary sort, is largely used for holiday frocks, the skirt and corsage of the Princess type, and the coat sleeveless. These linens are trimmed with coarse broderie russe, which, with its bright, crude colouring, looks just the thing.

### NEW BLOUSES.

The changes in the style of the blouse is a never-failing subject of interest, for instead of growing less popular, this useful article becomes more and more essential. The question of short or long sleeves agitates the wearers of blouses as seasons succeed each other, and every woman who knows how to dress is well

aware that a sleeve too long or not long enough may utterly condemn even a choice toilette. The blouses of the near future allow extreme latitude to individual taste, but the woman who wishes to be quite correct will make her simple blouse look as flat and square as possible. This effect is gained by wide pleats broadening at the shoulders. English women adhere to the white blouse for use with all sorts of costumes. They have never followed the example of the French and American in wearing silk or muslin blouses to match their costumes, nor has the plaid variety ever "caught on." This season white ones have been as much worn as ever, but some of the best have had coloured stripes or spots to repeat the colour of the costume, which is also introduced in the band and necktie. Those of a cotton crepe, white, coloured, or patterned with a deep frill to the left side, and fastened with coloured enamelled muttons, were more worn in Paris than they have been in London. The newest blouses show those frills, and a variety of soft silk either thick or thin is used for making them.

As for sleeves, the number from which selection may be made is legion. Much experimenting has been going on amongst designers with results more or less satisfactory. A little cape will appear over some of the more dressy sleeves, and the

leg of mutton will be quite fashionable. Although this has not, so far, assumed exaggerated proportions, it may be taken as an indication of the return of the monster sleeves which led to extremes not so very long ago. Dressy blouses, that is blouses for afternoon wear and for theatre-goers of modest aspirations in the way of dress, show most elaborate decoration. Silk will be pleated and draped and shirred, it will be heavily encrusted with embroidery, and it will be outlined with bands of ribbon, velvet, or of passementerie. Whole blouses will be made of embroidered linen squares inset with lace, and the use of buttons will go to an extreme. Some of the new leg-of-mutton sleeves are closely drawn or shirred to one side, and then outlined with loops over velvet buttons, which fulfil no possible purpose. Collars and shoulder insets of lace, billonnes of lace at the elbows appear even in blouses of plain black silk, with cape-like sleeves from the shoulder.

A great deal of attention to the question of her headgear, whether it is only a little handkerchief cap or a pretty rustic hat which shades her face and keeps the dazzling shafts of sunlight out of her eyes.



GARDEN PARTY DRESS

in very soft rose-coloured muslin with embroideries of deeper rose and silver. Large black hat with rose buckle and silver ribbon.



A BROODING FROCK FOR A GIRL

### STOCKINGETTE GARMENTS FOR THE ENTHUSIASTIC SWIMMER.

Nowadays, non-swimmers and swimmers alike are more than fastidious on the question of their attire. The faded khaki-coloured garment is no longer the quarry of the seaside visitor. As a matter of fact, most women with any respect for their personal appearance prefer to invest in their own dresses. A neat and serviceable garment, which is well made and chosen from light and pretty materials, is very easily secured, while, however determined the swimmer may be to abjure the more decorative kind of dress, the well-made stockingette garment which is the most sporting type of bathing attire, and which is usually carried out in dark navy blue or black trimmed with scarlet or white washing band, can by no means be ranged with the atrocities which many women were content with ten years ago.

### VOGUE FOR DARK COLOURS.

Black and plain dark colours are always the most satisfactory in the end where bathing dresses are concerned. The Parisienne has a special fancy for dainty garments of black satin, trimmed in a variety of ways, and not infrequently elaborately embroidered in washing silks. Though we may be inclined to condemn the idea of satin as a useless extravagance in such a connection, the choice of a bathing dress of this material is by no means so impracticable as it sounds, and it always looks both neat and smart. With her elaborate bathing dress, too, the Frenchwoman almost invariably wears long black stockings, and devotes



Very pretty and expensive is another girlish model shown in this figure, in white cashmere, which would be quite smart for garden parties. The chemisette and sleeves are of laced coarse net, and the revers are of fish crochet. A pretty, pink Tugend hat is provided for wearing with this frock. The hat is adorned with large roses of black and white tulle, with a large jetted plume in the centre. It is tied under the chin with black velvet ribbons. Rather fascinating are these incongruous but very fashionable touches of jet, which appear on the simplest toilettes for day wear. Many of the French gowns in linen and tussore are decorated with little chains of jet arranged around the collars and cuffs. Although this arrangement sounds somewhat out of place for day wear, it is extraordinarily effective, and one always gladly welcomes any little touch of novelty that adds to the smartness of the general scheme.



A PRETTY TOILETTE

Of the palest dove-grey satin and nylon. Embroidered in silver and supplemented with a belt and tie of rose du Harri velvet.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE SCARF.

There is, besides a great deal to be said for the long, dainty wrap or cloak, which is invariably made to match her gown when she takes her journey to the sea from the little bathing hut under the shadow of the cliff, which is like-

STRIPED MATERIALS.

Striped materials are always effective for bathing dresses, and draped washing silks trimmed with plain materials will be largely employed this season, while natural tussore adorned with black is used in many instances, and black and blue alpaca have both their claim to attention. Some very pretty garments



HAT OF CORN-COLOURED TAGAL,

bound with black velvet and trimmed with lace and clusters of muscats.

wise the receptacle for all the odds and ends of needlework, toys, or books which she and her family require for the day. Englishwomen are apt to neglect this portion of the bathing dress altogether, substituting a superannuated waterproof cloak instead.

fashioned of fine cream serge or white alpaca have collars and trimming of pale blue silk and striped blue and white sashes, while scarlet will always have its need of attention from dark women, and mauve and white provide another charming alliance which deserves mention.



A PRETTY BATHING DRESS,

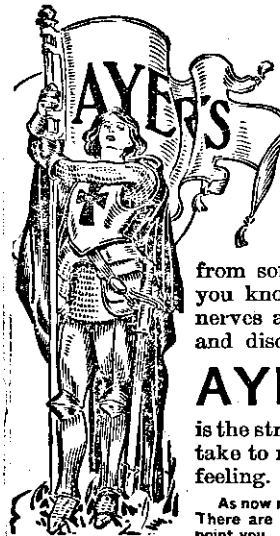
made in the latest style, with square-cut neck, of pale blue washing silk buttoned down one side and trimmed with self-coloured cloth.



Keep Cool  
if you can, and you can by drinking  
**'Montserrat'**  
Lime Juice

It communicates its own delightful purity and coolness to the blood, and it quenches thirst better than stimulants. Its delicious flavour appeals to everyone.

Made in two kinds—  
Unsweetened, i.e., Plain Lime Juice; Sweetened, i.e., Lime Juice Cordial.



The Leader of Them All!

That is, Ayer's Sarsaparilla; not some other kind, but "AYER'S." This grand old family medicine has stood the test for over sixty years. That's the kind you should take. You cannot afford to experiment, your health is too precious.

You may not now be really ill from some well-defined disease, and yet you know you are all run down, your nerves are unstrung, and you feel weak and discouraged.

**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**

is the strongest and best medicine you can take to remove this tired and exhausted feeling. It brings cheer, hope, courage.

As now made, Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains no alcohol. There are many imitation Sarsaparillas that will disappoint you. Be sure that you get "AYER'S."

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

To-day Fashion aims to achieve the Directoire style note. The new

**P. D. CORSETS**

enable every woman to attain the slight, graceful, hipless effect that marked those exquisite dames who ruled in the gay days of the French Directorate.



# Verse Old and New.

### The Civilised.

OUR parting was in peace. Another day  
 Shall mark our courteous greeting—even so.  
 Have we not learned that still the easier way  
 Is wiser far to go?  
 The times have made us what we are; we crowd  
 Beneath a placid brow a thought un-  
 couth.  
 Only to those untutored is allowed  
 The privilege of truth.  
 The generations that went quietly  
 Have left their mark upon us, and, in  
 turn,  
 Our passions know that tame civility  
 Caged animals must learn.  
 Before one's host should be disturbed a  
 jot  
 (So runs the code) we turn with easy  
 mien  
 To clasp the dank hand of Iscariot  
 Rather than make a scene.  
 And so to-day my hand touched yours  
 the while  
 You knew what right it had, as well  
 as I.  
 To dash from off your mouth its fawn-  
 ing smile  
 And brand and burn its lie.  
 'Tis well, no doubt, that careful training  
 grips  
 The throat of honesty. Yet well you  
 knew  
 Back of the civil greeting on my lips  
 The name that fitted you.  
 And so we part in peace to meet again  
 With gracious words—no doubt the  
 wiser way—  
 Yet, once upon a time, the world bred  
 men,  
 Not mummers in a play.  
 Theodosia Garrison.

### A Peevish Plaint.

The learned writers for the press  
 Are very, very good  
 At proving how we waste on dress  
 On furbelows or food.  
 Each writer new who makes his bow  
 With other sages vies  
 To show unhappy mortals how  
 They may economise.  
 They tell us of the thrifty French,  
 Who all excesses shun,  
 But I'm not anxious to retrench;  
 It isn't any fun.  
 I'm weary of this endless song;  
 I wish some seer wise  
 Would show us how to get along  
 And not economise.

### A Song in Exile.

Oh, they that leave their fathers' land,  
 new friends and homes to find them,  
 They turn their faces to the sea, but  
 leave their hearts behind them.  
 Their hearts lie buried in the fields,  
 along the blackthorn hedges,  
 Beside the brooks where rushes cool  
 crowd close about the edges.  
 They're rooted in the holy soil, the  
 green soil, of the siredland.  
 Who turn their faces to the West must  
 leave their hearts in Ireland.  
 The West is wide and rich and free,  
 a grand land—but a cold land.  
 I hunger for the warmth of love that's  
 found but in the old land.  
 I hunger for the linnets' song across  
 the silted spaces,  
 I want the sights and sounds of home,  
 the dear familiar faces.  
 At twilight how the heart stirs—when  
 the angelus is calling,  
 And on the misty Irish fields the silver  
 dew is falling!

Ashore-machree! The sea's between,  
 and foreign skies are o'er me,  
 But in the night I feel my heart throb  
 in the land that bore me.  
 I feel it beating strong beneath the  
 shamrocks and the mosses,  
 It clings about my people's bones be-  
 neath the Irish crosses.  
 It calls and calls across the sea, to  
 come home to the siredland,  
 The hunted hills, the singing winds, the  
 smiling skies of Ireland.  
 —Marie Conway Oemler.

### Unlawful Speed.

"The charge against you," said the ma-  
 gistrate,  
 "Is that of walking at a furious rate."  
 "Tis further charged against you that  
 you last night  
 You trod the public streets without a  
 light.  
 "Four miles an hour upon the public  
 way  
 Is most preposterous; what have you to  
 say?"  
 "Please, sir," the pedestrian said,  
 "Without a light because my oil was  
 spent.  
 "But surely this policeman here will tell  
 That I did not neglect to ring my bell."  
 "Sir," quoth the magistrate, in tones  
 quite gruff,  
 "Simply to ring your bell was not enough.  
 "We are resolved, let me again repeat,  
 To protect autos in the public street.  
 "Only last week a couple was much hurt  
 By an untucky child who did a 'spurt.'  
 "The car was blood-stained, and its front  
 destroyed;  
 The garage company was much annoyed.  
 "We must protect our autos, if we can,  
 Against the reckless, bold pedestrian.  
 "Fine: Ten pounds and costs, sir!—your  
 defence is vain,  
 And never walk without your light  
 again!"  
 Amy R. Miller.

**The Perfectly Proper Lady.**  
 She was always very proper in a highly  
 proper way.  
 She could not forgive a woman who  
 would ride a horse astride;  
 She would never show her ankles on a  
 rainy, sloppy day,  
 In her very proper mode of life she  
 took a proper pride;  
 She would never think of looking at a  
 man the second time  
 If a formal introduction had not  
 taken place before;  
 In her solemn, sober judgment flirting  
 was an awful crime,  
 And she blushed to even think about  
 the underclothes she wore.  
 She was always highly proper in her  
 manners and her dress,  
 It shocked her to hear people speak  
 about the "naked truth";  
 In her opinion chairs had "limbs"; it  
 gave her deep distress  
 To think that men could sometimes  
 be immodest and uncouth.  
 When the doctor asked to see her  
 tongue she very nearly swooned,  
 She was always on the lookout for a  
 shock where'er she went;  
 Because of what composed the strings  
 whereby the thing was tuned  
 She thought the violin was not a  
 proper instrument.  
 She often said if angels wore no cloth-  
 ing in the skies  
 She hoped she wouldn't have to go to  
 heaven when she died;  
 She preferred some lonely planet where,  
 with plenty of supplies,  
 She might in decent raiment be pos-  
 sessed of proper pride;  
 But the night the conflagration started  
 in the flat next door  
 She forgot that being proper was the  
 only thing worth while,  
 And was carried down a ladder from  
 about the seventh floor  
 With nothing much upon her but a  
 mighty thankful smile.  
 S. E. Kiser.

# Anecdotes and Sketches.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

### Not by Aesop.

MRS. HEN, having performed her  
 oviparous function, took a con-  
 stitutional around the yard.  
 Returning to her nest, she  
 found it empty and clucked angrily.  
 "What's the trouble, ma'am?" asked  
 the rooster.  
 "It's mighty funny," she grumbled,  
 "that I can never find things where I  
 lay them."

### Lost in Antiquity.

A little fellow who had just felt the  
 hard side of the slipper turned to his  
 mother for consolation.  
 "Mother," he asked, "did grandpa  
 thrash father when he was a little boy?"  
 "Yes," answered his mother impress-  
 ively.  
 "And did his father thrash him when  
 he was little?"  
 "Yes."  
 "And did his father thrash him?"  
 "Yes."  
 "A pause."  
 "Well, who started the thing, any-  
 way?"

### Such Foolish Questions.

Mother: "You were a long time in the  
 conservatory with Mr. Willing last night,  
 my child. What was going on?"  
 Daughter: "Did you ever sit in the  
 conservatory with papa before you  
 married him?"  
 Mother: "I suppose I did."  
 Daughter: "Well, mamma, it's the  
 same old world."

### An Expert.

"Do you know what to do if the auto  
 should break down?" asks the thoughtful  
 mother of the young man who is going to  
 take her daughter out in his new run-  
 about.  
 "Certainly," he answered.  
 The young people were quite late in  
 returning. The fair young daughter  
 rushed in to her mother and said:  
 "Oh, mamma! The auto did break  
 down, but Jack knew exactly what to do.  
 We—we are engaged!"

### Concentration.

"My daughter," says the first mother  
 proudly, "is the most popular girl in  
 town. Why, we counted them up one  
 day, and she has no less than fifty-three  
 gentlemen admirers. Isn't that splendid!  
 It must seem so very different to have  
 a daughter like your Irons, who has but  
 the one suitor."  
 "Yes," crisply retorts the other  
 mother; "but I would beg you to remem-  
 ber that my daughter has fanded her one  
 bean, while your daughter is wondering  
 which of the fifty three is coming to the  
 point."

### Possibilities.

A chocolate dorky and his "yainter  
 girl were walking along together.  
 "I've skferred mos' to def, Rustus."  
 "What an yo' skferred ob, woman!"  
 "I've skferred yo'so gwine to kiss me."  
 "How kin I kiss yo' when I've got a  
 lucket on ma haid, a wash pot in one  
 han', an' a turkey gobbler in de udder?"  
 "Oh, well, yo' fool, I wuz thinkin' yo'  
 could set de lucket ob watah on de  
 groun', put de turkey down an' turn  
 de wash pot ova' him, den set me on  
 de wash pot, frow yo' ahms round me,  
 an' des hep yo' out."

### Tough, This Being a Dog.

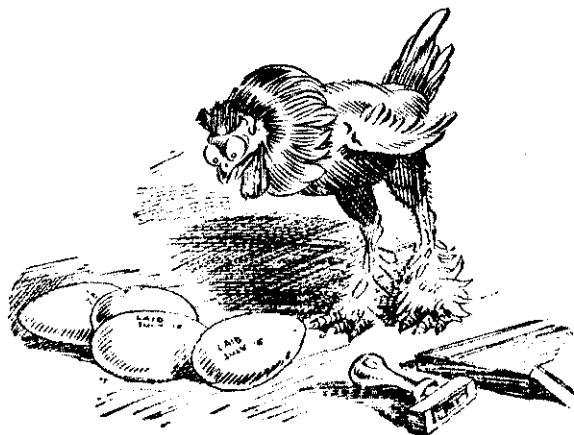
The dog killed half-a-dozen sheep.  
 Said he, "That is quite natural; I am  
 only doing what any dog would do."  
 The street-car company ran only half  
 enough cars. Said the director, "The  
 dividends are in the straps; all the lines  
 do that."  
 The merchant arranged for a rebate  
 on freight. He said, "That is business;  
 I am only doing what any merchant  
 would do."  
 The dog was condemned as a public  
 nuisance, and shot.

### Pity the Poor "Cub."

A "cub" reporter was sent out by the  
 city editor to get a story on the marriage  
 of a young society girl and a man well  
 known in the city. The "cub" was gone  
 about an hour, and then returned and  
 went aimlessly over to his desk, by which  
 he sat down. Shortly afterwards the  
 city editor noticed his presence and his  
 evident idleness. "Here, kid!" shouted  
 the superior, "why aren't you at work on  
 that wedding?" "Nothin' doing," re-  
 plied the boy. "Nothing doing? What do  
 you mean? Didn't the wedding take  
 place?" "Nope; the bridegroom never  
 showed up, so there aint nothin' to  
 write."

### A Useful Remedy.

Little Jamie, aged three, was playing  
 with his little friend, Jack. At the time  
 Jamie chanced to have a rather heavy  
 cold, and was sneezing quite often. Jack's  
 mother heard him several times, and sym-  
 pathetically asked, "Why, Jamie, what a  
 cold you have! Doesn't your mother give  
 you anything for it?"  
 "Yes, ma'am," Jamie very respectfully  
 answered; "she gives me a clean handker-  
 chief," whereupon he produced the pre-  
 scribed "remedy."



POULTRY NOTE.

"Gee whis! the hen who laid these eggs must have fed on dates."

Miss Homeleigh—Perhaps you won't  
 believe it, but a strange man tried to  
 kiss me once. Miss Culling—locally!  
 Well, he'd have been a strange man if  
 he'd tried to kiss you twice.



**THE PROMISED LAND.**  
Voice from Below: "Wait, Mistert Wait! Wait till Hiram has time to back up a little."

**SAUCY BOY.**

She: "Waste is sinful."  
He: "Not always. I know a waist which is angelic!"



"Hurt you, bill?"  
"No, I guess not; I only fell from the second story."



The Actor: "There was a thunder of applause when I left the stage."  
The Bored One: "Serves you right. You shouldn't stay on so long!"

**THE MAN IN NEED.**

The director of a matrimonial agency says the young girls ask only: "Who is he?"  
The young widows: "What is his position?"  
The old widows: "Where is he?"

**BETTER PLAY SAFE.**

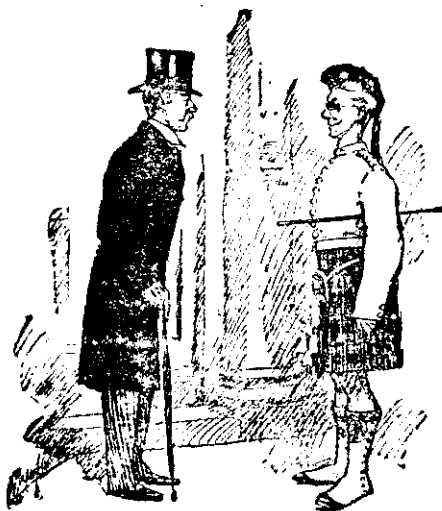
Emeralda—How many times do you make a young man propose to you before you say Yes?  
Gwendolen—if you have to make him propose, you'd better say Yes the first time.

**CAN YOU BEAT IT.**

Mabel: So you and Jack don't speak. What's the trouble?  
Marjory: We had a dreadful quarrel about which loved the other most.

**RETALIATION.**

Barber: Your hair's very thin, sir.  
Long Sufferer: And you've got a bump on your nose, and one of your eyes squints.



**CONCLUSIVE.**

Employer (meeting former office boy who had lately enlisted): "Why, Blowera, I never thought you were Scotch."  
Blowers: "No sir, I'm not, sir."  
Former Employer: "Then how came they to take you in a Highland regiment?"  
Blowers: "Me 'air is red, sir!"

**A JURY OF HIS PEERS.**

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting barrister, "this prisoner is an unmitigated scoundrel; he acknowledges it. And yet, thanks to the wisdom of the common law, he has been given a fair trial by a jury of his peers."

**"COMING OUT."**

"So this is your daughter's coming-out dinner, is it?" a friend said to a debutante's father.  
"Yes," the stern old man replied, "and if I hadn't put my foot down on that dress-maker, she'd have been out even further than she is."



BALD

**HER ONLY REGRET.**

The Bride: "Oh, darling, our honeymoon was just the loveliest ever."  
The Groom: "It certainly was, dearst."  
The Bride: "I have only one regret—I may never have the pleasure of going through another!"