



makes life well-nigh insupportable. After a few years of misery the husband makes up his mind to "do a get," and he does a get to other lands, where he is free from domestic troubles. Some worthy folk would urge wives to be more loving, more patient, more devoted, and to bind their husbands to them by the silken cord of love rather than fetter them by the chains of the law. It is a quaint idea, and reminds one of St. Paul's theory, that we should overcome evil with good. It is, however, typical of the kind of foolishness that prevailed before the epoch-making discovery that we could make people good far more quickly by act of parliament than by preaching. Pass a law compelling all husbands to love their wives, and all wives to love their husbands, and hey presto! the thing is done.

#### The New Woman in China.

The new woman in China has got a move on, and has organised a strike against what it is the fashion to call "the degradation of marriage." A German writer says this is the most striking instance we have had of the modernising of China, and of her willingness to adopt the advanced ideas of the West. An association has been formed, called the Society of Sisters, and this Association protests against the slavery of woman. She is said to be the slave of her parents before marriage, and the slave of her husband after marriage, and the slave of her children when she becomes a mother. If a girl refuses to marry, she remains the slave of her parents, so these sisters marry and spend three days under their husband's roof. During these three days the sister neither eats nor drinks, and refuses to go near her husband. On the fourth day she either returns to her parents' house with the dignity and independence of a married woman, or else she goes out into the world to earn her own living. She thus escapes the slavery of parental obedience, the degradation of marriage, and the burden of motherhood. The sisters have established a paper called "Sin Cheu Ki," or "The New Age," in which they refer to this new movement as the most hopeful sign yet evinced of the progress of reform in China. Certainly no one can accuse them of being behind the age.

#### Fair Rent and Cost of Living.

We are promised a Fair Rent Bill in the near future, by which the rent of houses will be fixed by valuers. This is a step forward in the direction of providing better housing for our workers, and should do away with some of the worst features of overcrowding, because the rent of slum tenements would be fixed so low that the owners would find them unprofitable. More difficult is the problem of reducing the cost of living by reducing the cost of food. Some prominent labour advocates are in favour of placing a heavy export duty on all foodstuffs leaving the colony, and of reducing or abolishing the duty on all articles of food entering the colony. The only drawback to this scheme is to be found in the fact that the agricultural portion of the community would suffer, but against this must be set the fact that farmers and squatters are not workers or unionists, and preference must be given to unionists where there are conflicting interests. One of the chief objections raised by the workers to the Arbitration Act has been that with higher wages the cost of living has also increased. If the carpenter and the bricklayer get more pay the cost of building a house is greater, and so rent is advanced. Similarly the baker charges more for his bread, and the butcher for his meat, in order that they may pay the higher wages demanded by their employees. The only way to combat the increased cost of living is for Parliament to fix the selling price of all goods. If this were done the workers would feel that they could demand higher wages and shorter hours without any fear that their demands might result in the raising of prices against themselves. We have earned a worldwide reputation for legislative experiments, and we would enhance this reputation very considerably were we to legislate in the direction of fixing prices, as well as fixing wages. For higher wages are of little benefit if they imply a correspondingly higher cost of living; and the workers are quite right to object to the halfmeasures that have raised their pay but diminished its spending

power. What they want is an Act of Parliament that shall enable them to have their cake and eat it, and when the Labour party gains the ascendancy we shall probably see legislation introduced to give effect to this very natural desire.

#### L'owelka's Sentence.

No one who has followed Powelka's career with any degree of attention could describe him as a hardened and ruffianly criminal. There was not a tittle of evidence against him of having committed any crimes of violence. When a verdict of not guilty was returned in the murder charge, scores of congratulatory telegrams reached his counsel from all parts of the Dominion. The original charges preferred against him before his escape from custody showed mad caprice rather than deliberate criminal intent. No professional burglar would attempt to steal such bulky articles as bedsteads and washstands. After his escape he was hunted like a wild beast. Every mad fool who could lay hold of a gun or a kitchen poker joined in the chase after the manner of the country yokels in Jacobs' story of "The Tiger." Hunted and half-starved, the wretched man took food where he could find it—sardines, tinned meats, sausages, beefsteak—and also boots, overcoat and clothing. Criminal this might be, but who in like circumstances would not do the same? The people who raised the scare and who shot indiscriminately at anyone and everyone were quite as much to blame as the fugitive himself. The most serious charge against him was that of arson, and arson such as his was the act of a madman rather than of a criminal. As he said himself, he had had a hard time of it since he was thirteen, and he had had to battle for himself against heavy odds. Under such circumstances we might have expected leniency and consideration, if only in view of the fact that, when flying from justice, he was also flying from a half-cracked mob of imbeciles who were ready to shoot him down like a dog.

#### A Living Death.

Yet this youth, emotional and silly, rather than criminal, receives a sentence that would not be meted out to the most brutal ruffian. Twenty-one years in a living tomb is worse than death, and many a man has received less for actual murder. Further, it is to be noted that fourteen of these years are for the offences committed in taking food and clothes when he was being hunted for his life—for the natural instinct of self-preservation inherent in all hunted animals. We do not pretend to fathom the reasons which underlie judicial sentences—why a man who carries a revolver for two years, and then shoots a harmless citizen dead, should get six months, while another gets four years for stealing a case of pineapples; why the man who embezzles thousands should get twelve months, while the lad who takes a piece of coal worth fivepence should get seven years and a flogging. No man who values his sanity would ever attempt to discover either rhyme or reason in many of the vagaries of what we call the administration of justice. There is often as much connection between the crime and the sentence as between the raven and the writing desk of "Alice in Wonderland." "Why is a raven like a writing desk?" asked the Hatter; and Alice, the March Hare, and the Hatter himself had to give it up. But even in law there should be some semblance of commonsense, and in the sentence passed on Powelka there is neither commonsense nor common humanity.

The biography of Sir Wilfred Lawson, which has just been published, contains a good story of Mr. Gladstone's physician, Mr. Andrew Clark. He once recommended his illustrious patient to take wine. Mr. Gladstone expressed some surprise at this, as he believed Sir Andrew was a "temperance doctor." Sir Andrew replied: "Oh, wine does sometimes help you to get through work. For instance, I have often twenty letters to answer after dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help." "Indeed," remarked Mr. Gladstone, "does a pint of champagne really help you to answer the twenty letters?" "No, no," Sir Andrew explained, "but when I've had a pint of champagne I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not."

## The Right Hon. Sir Geo. H. Reid.

FIRST HIGH COMMISSIONER OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

By H. STEAD in the "Review of Reviews."

NO man has been more in the political limelight during the last thirty years in Australia than Sir George Reid. No other politician has been so furiously attacked, so ridiculed, so admired. Yet he left the scene of his strenuous political warfare bearing with him the good wishes of every section of the community. Protectionists joined with Free Traders in a chorus of approval at his appointment to fill the too-long vacant post of representative of the Commonwealth in the Homeland.

Sir George, who is now sixty-five years of age, is one of those massive statesmen so beloved of caricaturists. He carries both his weight and his years well, and has lost nothing of the energy of youth. He professes himself a lazy man by nature, so averse to working that when anything has to be done he does it at once in order to get it out of the way. He consequently finds himself constantly engaged. He certainly has had a strenuous life, for in addition to his political activities, he has carried on a large practice at the Bar of New South

the Diamond Jubilee celebration. Sir George received his knighthood last year. He is a Privy Councillor and a K.C. He obtained the Gold Medal of the Cobden Club for his essays on Free Trade, but most of his other publications deal with New South Wales.

I found Sir George the other day in the entirely inadequate building which the offices of the Commonwealth at present occupy. As I waited in the draughty waiting-room, which is apparently used as a highway between different departments, I realised that one of the new High Commissioner's first duties will be to see that the Commonwealth representative is housed in a manner befitting the dignity of the great confederation by which he is accredited.

Sir George naturally has been plunged into a sea of work, but looks fit and well, although the banquets he has attended must have been a severe strain. "What do you consider the outstanding feature in your political life?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "all the years I have spent in power or in opposition have been pretty well occupied, but we can begin at the beginning with my entrance into politics. I was elected in



SIR GEORGE H. REID.

Wales, whilst he has been the most popular after-dinner speaker in the Commonwealth. He has already made a reputation for himself in London in the last capacity, and if his efforts as High Commissioner meet with equal success Australia will be indeed fortunate.

Like so many others who control the destinies of the English-speaking race, Sir George is a Scotman by birth. He was born in 1845 at Johnston, in Renfrewshire, but when two months old was taken by his parents to Australia, so that, although not born there, he is to all intents and purposes an Australian of the Australians. He is a Liberal and a Presbyterian. He was called to the New South Wales Bar in 1870. He married Miss Brumby, a Tasmanian lady, in 1861, and has three children—one daughter and two sons. Lady Reid, by the way, was complimented by Queen Victoria for remaining with her two little children in Sydney instead of accompanying her husband when he went over, as Premier of New South Wales, to

1880 to the Lower House in New South Wales, and at once set myself to bring about a reform in the land laws of the State. In those days we had selection without survey; the tenure of squatters was merely a Thursday-to-Thursday tenure. Great areas were being sold by auction, a purchaser buying merely the best bits here and there, thus reducing the value of the remainder almost to vanishing point, and consequently practically retaining the whole area in which the bits were situated in his own hands. Naturally the squatters were restless, and everyone realised that something ought to be done.

"But it was not until you came along that the matter was grappled with. What did you do?"

"We cut the squatters' holdings in half, gave them one-half with secure tenure, and allowed selectors to take up the other half on long leases. This did

Continued on page 60.

# Sayings of the Week.

### Ask No Questions.

If you think you can always elicit the truth by asking questions you are making a great mistake.—*Judge Bacon.*

### Tired Already.

My patience and philosophy are exhausted. Nothing would induce me to accept the Presidency again.—*President Taft.*

### Religious Uncharitableness.

I must say that it seems to me very regrettable that ministers of religion, and others holding leading positions in religious circles, should have lent themselves to the misrepresentation of my utterances and misconstruction of my motives to which I have been subjected.—*Mr. A. M. Myers, M.P.*

### Outside Politics.

Education is the one question on which Government and Opposition members alike work in concord for the public good. It is a subject entirely outside the range of party politics.—*Mr. Hardy, M.P.*

### A New Port.

I want to see this port of Wanganui become what I always looked forward to its becoming—a port to take ocean steamers.—*Mr. Leslie H. Reynolds, C.E.*

### Robbing Peter to Pay Paul.

It seems to me that some of our enthusiasts for prohibition need to be reminded that an old code of laws, whose authority most of them are still supposed to acknowledge, contains a prohibition against bearing false witness against one's neighbour.—*Mr. A. M. Myers, M.P.*

### Money Talks.

We have given you our land, you have the banks, give us some money. If Mr Carroll will agree we will soon appoint a committee to go to Wellington to get the gold. Now, who is causing delay? It is up to you to talk with pakaha money.—*Mr. Henare Kaihau, M.P.*

### £20 per Head.

The population of Auckland, which is now approaching 100,000, has shown marked growth during recent years, and there are many indications that Auckland, and it may be said New Zealand generally, are at present enjoying a very high measure of prosperity. As an instance of this, it may be remarked that the exports of New Zealand are now 20 millions a year, and this from a population of approximately one million souls.—*Mr. C. C. Tegetmeier, Chairman Auckland Tramways Co.*

### Which?

We are pleased that Mr Carroll is remaining, so will be very glad. He will either eat us, or we eat him.—*Makuta.*

### By-Laws and Art.

We have building by-laws relating to sanitation and electric fittings and other things. Why not have some artistic laws?—*Mr. H. H. Hayward, Wellington.*

### First-class Fizz.

If you want a real good fizz, take Sir Joseph Ward, whom I will call tartaric acid, and Mr Massey, whom I would call something else, and I would add a little water—put them together, and you will have a first-class "fizz."—*Hon. T. Mackenzie.*

### The Scot and the Kirk.

I find a great difficulty in persuading people who are newly arrived from Home to go to church, especially Scotch people.—*Rev. K. Inglis, Moderator Wellington Presbytery.*

### The Skeleton of the Past.

Anyone daring to call from death's valley the skeleton of the unhappy past would be an enemy to South Africa, and a greater enemy to the Empire.—*Mr. Louis Botha.*

### The Union Goal.

What is the goal at which Unions aim? Is it all play and no work? When is there going to be peace?—*Mr. Justice Sim.*

### The Springs of Prosperity.

The cause which led to the stringency of a year ago was, in the main, the sudden fall in values of our primary products, and the cause for the present plenty of money is the rise in the values of those products and the larger volume of production.—*Mr. H. Beauchamp, Chairman Bank of N.Z.*

### A Dream and a Nightmare.

Confiscation is the dream of the extreme Socialist and the nightmare of the extreme Tory.—*Mr. Lloyd George.*

### His Occupation Gone.

If everybody told the truth there would be no work for me.—*Judge Bacon.*

### The Neglected North.

The North Auckland peninsula, notwithstanding that it possesses the best paying line in the Dominion, contained the slowest trains, with the most obsolete rolling stock and highest charges in the Dominion.—*Mr. Vernon Reed, M.P.*

### A Shy Bird.

New Zealand is a nation in the making, and requires all the capital it can command for its development. It should be careful to do nothing to make capital shy of entrusting itself within its borders.—*Mr. H. Beauchamp, Chairman Bank of N.Z.*



HIS MAJESTY THE PARLIAMENTARY BABY.

### The Kaiser's Guide.

The Bible lies on a table near my bedside, and whenever I have to make a decision I ask myself what the Bible would teach. I am convinced that the present period of dangerous doubt will be followed by a wave of enthusiastic religious feeling.—*The Kaiser.*

### The Peer and the Pennies.

The outlook for thrift is never less promising, owing to the grinding taxation, total disregard for economy in public affairs, private luxury, and passion for pleasure, and the disdaining of that thrift which is at the root of independence and self-respect—the two vital principles of the national and individual life.—*Lord Rosebery.*

### Plain or Coloured.

I don't know what I am. You have all got me puzzled. Some of you say I am a Maori, and some say I am a native, but not a Maori, and some say I am a European.—*Mrs. Eva Brown.*

### Legalised Robbery.

I sometimes think bazaars are a form of highway robbery still permitted by the law of England.—*Judge Moulton.*

### Britain's Magnanimity.

No action in the history of the world can compare with Britain's magnanimity in giving Australia to a handful of colonists.—*Sir George Reid.*

### To Let, Unfurnished.

It was a pity some young fellows did not give up watching a football match occasionally in order to read "To Let, Unfurnished." If they had to hang that label on a young fellow's head, what future was there for him?—*Rev. Dr. Fitchett.*

### An Educational Defect.

If children, when they left school, had no desire to extend their study and to read the best class of books, for all practical purposes their education had ceased. While there was much to be said for the primary school system, it seemed to him that a good proportion of the pupils after they left school, only wanted to read the sporting news in the paper, or the football notes. There appeared to him to be a want of knowledge of the "well of English undefiled."—*Dr. Elliott, Wellington.*

### A New Way of Paying Old Debts.

The Premier's scheme of paying off the debt by means of a sinking fund was like a company paying a dividend out of an overdraft.—*Mr. A. W. Hogg, M.P.*

### The Greatest Epic.

No epic ever impressed me so deeply or so stirred my heart, as my first sight of a vacuum cleaner.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

### Cheap Land.

It is cheap land that is attracting immigration to other countries, and if we are to secure an increase of population by immigration we must be able to offer to the newcomer some advantages. Notwithstanding the severity of the Canadian climate and the many drawbacks to farming there, the people are flocking to that Dominion, attracted mainly by the opportunity offered of securing land at an exceedingly cheap rate.—*Mr. H. Beauchamp, Chairman Bank of N.Z.*

### The Home Missionary.

The orphans and destitute children in the Dunedin and Wellington Homes are better fed, and better clad, and better cared for in respect of all material things than the children of many of our home missionaries. It is a shame to us that these things are so. How—I have asked this question often, and I ask it again—how can we hope to induce men to take up our home mission work while this state of matters continues? It isn't that we are poor and cannot give. Suitable missionaries would not be lacking if that were so. But you cannot get men to serve a Church that can give and won't.—*Rev. Dr. Gibb, Wellington.*

### The East End.

There were hundreds of houses in Auckland East without proper conveniences, eaten with dry rot, and with back yards small and sodden and the whole surroundings unhappy-looking and not calculated to promote the happiness, dignity, or health of the occupants.—*Mr. T. E. Taylor, M.P.*

### The Bolter.

From Manurewa, exactly 15 miles from Auckland, there is practically only one train, of any use to residents, a day. This train, known, because of the maddening pace at which it travels, as "the bolter," leaves Manurewa at 8.15 a.m., and arrives in Auckland (occasionally) at 9.5, but generally between 9.10 and 9.15. The next train leaves at 11.37 a.m., and has been known, I hear, to arrive at 1.30 p.m., but generally speaking a train leaving at 1.34 catches this "crawler" at Penrose, and, by changing trains, one can arrive in Auckland at between 2.30 and 3 p.m.—*Mr. Frank Colbeck, Manurewa.*

### Learning from Us.

During the Budget campaign New Zealand's land taxation legislation was often referred to. The introduction of land taxation as a means of producing revenue and producing other results in New Zealand has been watched very closely at Home.—*Mr. R. McNab.*

### Patent Drugs.

One could not put a boy to repair a tap or paint a shed with impunity, unless he carefully watched the painters' or some other award. Yet anybody could administer patent drugs to himself or others.—*Dr. Giesan, at the Chemists' Dinner.*

### Sauce for the Goose.

It had been claimed that doctors should not be allowed to dispense, but he suggested that so long as some chemists were prepared to treat all human ills, from a bunion to consumption, the doctors should be able to reciprocate, and should not be called upon to resign the right they now possessed.—*Dr. Elliott, Wellington.*

### Waipiro.

You were strong to bring waipiro to us. You are strong enough to put it away again. We will unite with you to destroy this evil monster which is destroying the Maori.—*Tupotahi, of Kihikihi.*

### Level Crossings.

New Zealand is about the only country claiming to be civilised where level crossings still exist.—*Mr. T. Mason Chambers, Napier.*

### Shifting Cargo.

We have a deal of shifting cargo in all our Methodist churches. Whenever any crank comes along and travels the land with a strange gospel he is sure to gather some followers out from Methodism. Those people might be Methodists one day, Plymouth Brethren another, and Dawicites on the morrow.—*Rev. Dr. Fitchett.*

## Business Care brings Nervous Wear

The petty cares of business life wear away nervous strength, and this applies as much to the clerk at the desk as to the manager in his luxurious office. A thousand little details of duty requiring attention exhaust the nervous energy and cause one to fret over trifling things that would not receive a second thought under conditions of perfect health.

Nervous, fretful persons of either sex are usually poorly nourished, and in all such cases the surest and quickest permanent relief is to be had by the use of

## Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil

which first quickens the appetite and aids the digestion and enriches the blood, thus providing the tired nerves with the nourishment they need. This condition banishes the wakefulness that so many nervous people suffer from, and permits them to enjoy sound, restful sleep. Get Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil at your chemist's—and be sure you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

# News of the Dominion.

## OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

WELLINGTON, June 17.

### A Touch of the Antarctic.

**H**AILSTONES are rattling on my window to-night, and it is blowing a hard gale from the south, with every now and then a shrieking squall that is not a bad imitation of a hurricane. It is raining and pelting hail as hard as I have ever seen it rain and hail in this City of the Winds; and it is nearly cold enough to freeze the tail off a brass monkey, as the sailor said when the mate booted him aloft to furl the mainsail in a squawstorm without giving him time to put on his trousers. This is the time dwellers by Cook Strait can realise something of what a life on the ocean wave is like occasionally.

It is terribly bad weather out in the Strait, and one pities the men in any coasting craft that may be caught out in it. Making Wellington Heads on a night like this is something that every sailor dreads.

It is fortunate indeed for the mariner that there are snug havens on our Marlborough Sounds side of the Channel into which he may run for shelter; but even those anchorages are not easily made in thick and stormy weather.

The gale carries an Alpine breath, and should the weather clear sufficiently in the morning to give us a glimpse of the Tararua Mountains and the rugged ranges on the eastern side of the harbour entrance we shall see them coated with snow. Those people who live on the high levels of the city, on such wind-swept heights as Kelburne, Karori, Northlands and Brooklyn, have some cold, wet adventures in their daily rushes for the tram-cars. But even they can console themselves with the reflection that they might be much worse off. The officer on his reeling bridge, the sailor at the wheel, the settler in the back-blocks, are the men who really know all about it.

### The Return of the McNab.

I had a talk this week with the Hon. Robert McNab, back from England after a long absence, partly spent in the political campaign, and partly in pursuing his historical researches. He looks all the better for his travels, and he has a lot of interesting things to tell of what he saw and did in his long stay in England. Politics come first, for he had quite a busy campaign helping Dr. Chapple to win the Stirling seat. There he addressed meetings on the universal training question. Much of what he has to say regarding things political in England and Scotland have already been telegraphed to you. What seemed to strike him particularly in the Old Land was the extreme difficulty of breaking down the wall of privilege with which the wealthy and aristocratic classes have surrounded themselves. A certain proportion of English people are doing their best to make a breach in the wall, but the Landlord, abetted by the Church, stands pretty firm. Many curious examples of the reverence the people have for a Lord, and particularly a Landlord, came under his notice. He had many a bout with his London political friends on the subject of manhood suffrage and adult suffrage. Here the conservatism of John Bull is most remarkable. Manhood suffrage he won't hear of, although he is perfectly willing to let the nation's manhood, whether it possesses property or not, go soldiering in his defence. And as for adult suffrage, he yells with horror on the bare mention of it. The very word suffrage scares John Bull. He so often sees it in print with the letters "t" at the end of it, and it haunts him in his dreams.

Mr. McNab laughed as he recalled some of his koreras on the suffrage business. He tried to persuade his Tory friends that in the end the extension of the suffrage to all adults would be likely to be really an additional bulwark of Conservatism. "Look at your own house," said he to one sturdy Unionist; "there are your womanfolk and your servants; they'll all vote as you do. What does your Butler care about politics, for instance, beyond the fact that he knows what yours are? He'll vote as you do, for his master's interests are his. And

the other servants will vote the same way. It's really playing into your own hands to give them the suffrage."

But it didn't convince the Londoner. To give a vote to every man or woman wasn't right, and that was all about it.

"It does seem strange to a colonial to watch the English point of view. Millions of the people in the Old Country have got accustomed to look upon the existing state of things in regard to land tenure, taxation, and so forth, as eternal and immutable, and that it is sacrilege to lay hands on them. They have grown accustomed to unnatural and artificial social and economic conditions that they now come to regard them as natural and proper. They don't know of anything else; have never seen any other conditions of life. But we from New Zealand, who have grown up in healthier and more natural surroundings, have lived close to Nature, can see these things with clearer vision than the Englishman. We can, so to speak, sweep away the mist of false principles that deaden the life of the people in England, and get at the root of all the trouble." There is no doubt in Mr. McNab's mind that the monopolisation of land by a few, and the restriction of voting power, are the two big evils that John Bull will require to remedy first of all.

Particulars of Mr. McNab's historical researches in Paris you will have already heard. He has brought back a large amount of useful new material, and more is coming. He tells me that his next book will deal with the history of South New Zealand between the years 1830 and 1840.

### The Farmer and the Sodawater.

One finds a lot of humour at times in Wellington's morning Tory paper, the "Dominion." Not that it knowingly and of malice aforethought admits anything that strikes it as a joke to its staid and weighty columns. Its proprietors are good solid Scotsmen, and they are very properly suspicious of anything approaching humour—having so often been made the subject of jokes, cartoons, and similar horrible levities and liberties in their time. But nevertheless, a search of its columns revealed a good think this week.

It was in a letter from a farmer concerning the newly-drained and newly-opened Government land on the Hauraki Plains—the great Piako Swamp. The farmer elanged the Government vigorously for the things it had neglected to do after draining the land. His final complaint was that when the Government sank artesian wells for the farmers it struck a flow of hot sodawater. "Nice stuff this," he yelled, "to use in connection with the washing of butter!"

That farmer must be a hard man to please. Instead of thanking the Lord and the Government for the good things they give, and laying in a stock of something suitable to mix with that sodawater, he only shuts his teeth and hisses out maledictions. Possibly he wants his Lands Department to lay on a supply of State wairopi for blending purposes. But the Lord helps those who help themselves to the bottle. If a whisky well and a brandy creek were to be providentially discovered on the next farm that agriculturist would write to the "Dominion" slating the Government and asking for beer instead. As for washing butter with the fluid, one agrees with the indignant farmer-man that it would not do, but would like to suggest to him better uses than that for good sodawater.

### Smoking in the College.

The Victoria College Council decided this week to take a vote of the students on the question whether smoking should be allowed in the men's common room at the college. The matter arose out of an application from the Executive Committee of the Students' Association for permission to smoke in the common room. This was favourably reported upon by the Finance Committee of the Council.

Sir Robert Stout thought that students should be discouraged from smoking, not encouraged. The consumption, per head, of tobacco in New Zealand was alarming. Besides, they had to consider the minority—it might be the majority, for all they knew—who might desire the common room to be free from the pre-

sence of tobacco smoke. Mr. Bell: Why not have a referendum on the question?

This was agreed to, and the students are in the midst of their pipe and cigarette campaign.

### Trees for the Treeless Coast.

A recent letter from a correspondent to the "Horoehenna Chronicle," the little paper published at Levin, contained some useful hints as to the kind of trees required on our deforested foreshores and on sand dunes. The suggestions dealt mainly with the best means of stopping sand-drift, but some of them will be of interest to Wellington people just now, in view of the crying necessity for tree-planting on our sea-beaches and seaward hills. As they deserve wider publicity than they will have through the columns of the Levin page, I will quote some paragraphs here—

"If we study our natural forest we will find an abundance of undergrowth, which Nature has provided for the kings of the forest; and for successful planting we must keep as near Nature as possible. The coprosma (taupata) is a hardy evergreen shrub, and will do well for planting, as it is a native of the New Zealand shores. It is easily cultivated, and usually grows to the height of ten feet. The ngaio and the karaka are both good sea-coast trees. Auriacaria Excelsa is undoubtedly the best tree for the sea coast, and at the same time it is the grandest tree in cultivation; but, unfortunately, it is too expensive for extensive planting. No doubt there are many other varieties of trees and shrubs suitable for this purpose. All trees and shrubs should be planted close enough to force the growth upward, and as time goes on it is simply the survival of the fittest. Once a good belt of trees is established, of ten or twenty chains deep, on the foreshore, there would be no difficulty in coping with the inland areas. At Paekakariki and Kapiti Island the trees are exposed to the full force of the westerly gales, and still they survive and make headway. From Cape Egmont northwards, no two trees are to be seen growing on the sea coast, and doing well, and they are also exposed to the gales off the sea."

### Census Returns.

A protest against the wealth of detail required by the Census Department for its census to be taken in 1911 was made at the meeting of the Industrial Association last week. The president of the Association (Mr. E. Bull) said that the details required by the Department would entail an enormous amount of work. The form presented to manufacturers simply meant that they would be required to take stock when the Department required. In the past it had been quite different. The particulars asked for in this census were going altogether too far. He enumerated the various headings under which information was required. Personally, he did not believe in publishing too much of what one was doing. Some of the facts asked for by the Department should be a man's own private property. Of course, the Department said that the returns would be confidential, but, in some cases, he did not think it would be very hard to pick out any particular industry or work. For these reasons, he thought the Association should move in this matter.

Mr. T. Ballinger said he knew the secretary of the Employers' Federation had written on the Secretary for Labour in regard to the matter. He moved that the president, vice-president and secretary of the Association should wait on the Employers' Association, ascertain what had been done, and then approach the Labour Department. At first, he continued, he took the return to be the same as that which had previously been required, but, on glancing over the form, he considered it would be very hard on the employer to get out the information required. Some employers would certainly have to employ more clerks. The motion was duly seconded and carried.

### North Auckland Railway.

Regarding telegraphed reports as to Indignation in the Bay of Islands district at the remarks of the Minister for Railways to the effect that the North Auckland Trunk line will not pay one half per cent, the Hon. J. A. Millar tells me he still adheres to that opinion. "Let them," he said to your correspondent, "take out the area of land which is to be served by the railway and the

area which for all time will be served by water carriage, and they will then see on what my opinion is based."

### An Explanation and a Challenge.

Further discussion took place at the Harbour Board meeting on the question of the issue of an unauthorised prospectus in London for the half-million loan. This had been signed "T. M. Milford," evidently a mutilation of the then chairman's name, T. W. Wilford.

A letter was received from the National Bank, stating that the prospectus was prepared by a London firm and handed to the Hon. T. K. Macdonald for perusal and correction. As was frequently done, the chairman's name was attached to the statistics, the firm being under the impression that his signature would be forthcoming. The circular was withdrawn as the negotiations fell through.

Mr. Wilford expressed himself satisfied with the explanation given in the letter, which, he said, absolved him from blame that had been put on him.

Other members of the Board were still dissatisfied, and wanted to know why Mr. Macdonald had not explained. The latter resented this, and asked them, if they thought him guilty of any impropriety to say so straight out, whereupon one member said so.

Mr. Macdonald challenged his opponents to formulate a series of resolutions, and said: "I will sue them for libel if they like, and then we can have the whole thing thrashed out."

Messrs. Harkness and Cohen took up the challenge, and the discussion closed at that.

### Worse Than Gael.

The dead body of a woman named Isabella Anderson was found on the sandhills between Lyall Bay and Kilmorie on Saturday. She was only released from prison on Friday, and it is presumed died from exposure during the storm.

### A "Consignment" of Girls.

A number of Napier ladies have taken the domestic servant problem in hand in practical fashion by arranging for English importation (says the "New Zealand Times"). A "consignment" of twenty-three girls arrived by the Arawa from London as a result of the Napier syndicate's enterprise. Apparently the New Zealand ladies' part of the work is the guarantee of situations for the girls, and an assurance that they will not, in any case, lack a home in New Zealand. The rest is done by the British Women's Emigration Association, which has Lord Stratheona, the famous Anglo-Canadian, as its president. Accompanying the girls is Mrs. Hume-Lindsay, one of the British Women's Emigration Association's matrons. She looks after the girls on the voyage, and will accompany them to Napier, seeing exactly where they are settled before she returns to England. Mrs. Hume-Lindsay gave a "New Zealand Times" representative some facts about the organisation's work and about the servant problem generally. The girl immigrants all have situations to go to, and their passage money has been advanced by the association which under the facilities enjoyed—the New Zealand Government's encouragements among them—obtains the passage for the very small sum of £10. The girls have to possess £2 upon landing, and this is also seen to by the philanthropic organisation, which, in addition, guarantees them a situation at not less than 15/ per week. They remain morally bound to keep in touch with the association's representatives for a year, and undertake to repay the amount advanced. The Napier ladies who have taken their share of the responsibility obtain first choice of the servants. As the matron is six weeks on the ship with her charges, she becomes thoroughly well able to advise mistresses as to the capability of each girl, and "place" them in suitable positions.

### Parliament Buildings.

Full details of the Government's proposals in connection with the closing of a portion of Sydney-street and the widening of Charlotte, Bowen and Museum streets were given by the Prime Minister (Sir Joseph Ward) to the Mayor and members of the City Council last week. Sir Joseph Ward said that in connection with the proposals of the Government regarding the future Parliamentary Buildings and the rearrangement of Government properties for Departmental purposes, he had a plan prepared, and he suggested to the Mayor and some of



the Councilors during the last session of Parliament that they should consider the proposals made. About two months ago a request was made that a Government reserve of 12 acres at Lyell Bay should be handed over to the City Council. At that time, he said that he would have to look into the matter, and the proposal he made was that the City Council should agree to the closing of a portion of Sydney-street, between Molesworth-street on the one side, and Museum-street on the other, and that Government in return should give the City Council concessions. The corporation had had a valuation made of the land that he proposed should be given up, and the amount was fixed at £7500. The value of the land that the Government proposed to give was £23,720.

Mr. Wilford (Mayor) suggested that if the reserve was vested in the Council it should be a part of the arrangement that it should be available for drill purposes in connection with the territorial forces and for other Government functions. It should not, he said, be used for buildings of any kind. If the corporation agreed to the Government's proposal to put the work in hand without delay, he had no hesitation in saying that it would add materially to the advantage of the city and the country. He thanked Sir Joseph Ward for the plain way in which he had placed the matter before the Council. A definite reply would be sent on Friday evening.

#### Powelka's Sentence.

A meeting, attended by about 40 persons, was held last week to discuss the Powelka sentence. It was unanimously resolved that a petition be circulated praying for a remission of a portion of Powelka's sentence, and that a public meeting be held at a future date to further the resolution. The meeting formed itself into a committee with power to add to their number in order to carry out these objects.

#### The Bank of New Zealand.

The speech of the Chairman of the Directors at the annual meeting of the Bank of New Zealand affords some very pleasant reading. The financial returns for this past year, as the report shows, are fully in keeping with the hopeful prospects set forth by the Chairman at the last annual meeting. The balance-sheet, in Mr. Beauchamp's words, "carries on its face the evidence of a satisfactory financial position, and reflects in almost every detail the Bank's continued prosperity and progress." The reserve fund has been strengthened by £150,000, and now, including undivided profits, stands at £864,000; deposits have increased by more than £2,000,000; advances and discounts have been reduced by over £900,000—a fact which shows the general improvement in the country's finances; the assets taken over from the defunct Realisation Board are now nearly extinguished; and the net profits for the year's transactions come to the substantial sum of nearly £260,000. It is true that the profits are less than last year's profits by some £50,000; but the difference is accounted for by the reduction in advances and discounts and the increase in deposits—evidences of the all-round strengthening in our commercial finance, of which the fortunate holders of B.N.Z. shares are not at all likely to complain.

The statistics that Mr. Beauchamp has brought together provide an impressive proof of the rate at which our exports have increased during the past twelve months in quantity and value. The total increase for 1909-10 above the previous year is no less than £4,700,000; and as Mr. Beauchamp reminds us, we need look no further than this for an explanation of the present penitence of money for loan and investment and the disappearance of the financial stringency which we were all deploring twelve months ago. It is true that nearly two and a-half millions of the rise in our export values must be credited to the single item of Wool; but in all our staple products except Timber the rise in export values has been maintained. In four years our Dairy exports have increased by over a million sterling, and half of this amount was made up during the past year. Even in the Frozen Meat trade, which was for some little time last year in a rather precarious position, the low selling price secured wider sales, and really acted as an advertisement for our products. Values rose again toward the end of the year, and in any case, a trade which can show, according to Mr. Beauchamp's figures, an increase of something like £900,000 in

## AUCKLAND.

### Deepening the Waikato.

At the conference of delegates to the conference of local bodies within the Manukau County Council, held last week at the Auckland Chamber of Commerce Buildings, Mr. E. Allen, who presided, moved, and it was agreed, to urge the deepening of the Waikato River from Mercer to the sea, in the interests of both drainage and navigation.

Mr. W. F. Massey, M.P., explained that last session, at his request, the Government had appointed Mr. W. Breakell to inquire into this question. Mr. Massey said he had seen a synopsis of this report, and the engineer was of opinion that it was possible to deepen the river. He was of opinion that the bed of the river had silted up considerably in the last 50 years. The deepening could be accomplished by groins, and confining the stream to a width of, say, three chains. There was lots of swamp land along the Waikato, and if it were possible to thus drain them, they would, instead of being worth five shillings an acre, fetch as many pounds. Then, of course, navigation would be improved, and the much-talked-of canal from the Waikato and the Manukau also had a bearing on the question.

### A Great Improvement.

The conversion from an overhead to an underground system of telephone communication is being rapidly brought about in Auckland. A large tunnel has been excavated below the present Post Office building in Shortland-street, and ducts from different suburbs will come in at different sides of the tunnel. A pair of wires is required for each subscriber, and each duct carries 600 pairs of wires. In all 32 ducts are being installed, thus making provision for 19,200 subscribers—which is nearly 16,000 more than Auckland at present possesses. The west and south-west portions of the town will be served by six ducts. Three of these will go up College Hill, and three towards Ponsonby-road. Ten ducts will be required to serve the wharves, Queen-street and the city area proper. Six will run up Shortland-street and spread over Grafton, Parnell, Remuera, Newmarket and Onehunga. Six have been laid along High-street. Three of these will continue along Symonds-street to tap Mount Eden, Mount Roskill and Khyber Pass, and the other three will serve the intervening part of the town, including Upper Queen-street and Karangahape-road. Some ducts have also been laid up Swanston-street as far as Albert-street. The High-street ducts have reached Lorne-street, and the Shortland-street ducts are well into Newmarket. It will be necessary to distribute the wires overhead from the manholes, light poles being required to carry them. The present heavy and unsightly poles will be removed. The work will occupy some months before it is completed.

### Earthquakes in Rotorua.

Between sixteen and twenty-one distinct earthquakes were felt at Rotorua between five and half-past six on Wednesday morning. Each shock was accompanied by a low rumbling noise. Many of the visitors were much alarmed. Shocks somewhat similar were experienced at Rotorua about six years ago. No damage was done.

### Blaze at Mangaweka.

A disastrous fire occurred at Mangaweka last Tuesday week, which destroyed four business places and one dwelling. Those who suffered were:—Carter (jeweller), Campbell (hairdresser, tobacconist, and keeper of a large billiard saloon), Mrs. Summers (private boardinghouse). A butcher's shop was also damaged.

The fire originated in the back portion of Carter's premises during the temporary absence of the owner. Carter and Campbell, who were uninsured, are heavy losers. Mrs. Summers also loses heavily, as she only had a policy for £350 on the house and furniture. The greater portion of the goods were salvaged.

There was no wind at the time, but

five years, and is valued annually at considerably over three millions sterling, is on the whole in a reasonably prosperous condition.

## SOUTH ISLAND.

### Drink and Drill.

Complaints having been made by the Ministers' Association at Timaru that drinking was going on in the Drill Hall, a meeting of officers was held last week, at which the Revs. Hunt and Stinson were present by invitation. After hearing that in future no intoxicating liquor be allowed in the Drill Shed on any occasion.

### Huddart-Parker Steamers.

The Huddart-Parker Company's fine new steamer Zealandia is now on her way to Australia from Durban, and there has been some speculation in shipping circles as to what purpose she will be applied when placed in commission. The "Daily Times" is informed officially that the Zealandia will replace the Manuka in the Sydney-Vancouver service, and that the Manuka will immediately re-enter the intercolonial trade. Until the end of last year the Canadian-Australian Royal Mail service was run by the Makura, Marama, and Aorangi. About November last the New Zealand Shipping Company decided to withdraw from the service, and the Aorangi was replaced by the Manuka. The Manuka, however, has her limitations, and those in charge of the service being anxious to make it thoroughly efficient, regarded the new arrangement as merely temporary. As the outcome of negotiations the Huddart-Parker Company has decided to enter the service with the Zealandia.

The new vessel is of 6000 tons burden,

the building on the opposite side of the street narrowly escaped destruction. The other insurances are not yet available.

### The Value of a Mine.

The value of a mine like the Waipi to others outside of actual shareholders may be gathered from the following facts shown in the annual report just issued. The gross revenue last year amounted to £970,083 15/3, and the gross expenditure (including mine development) totalled £363,851 10/7, leaving a gross profit of £606,182 4/8. A sum of £26,151 7/7 is allocated for new plant and machinery, and £40,778 17/6 towards the cost of Hora Hora hydro-electric scheme. Shareholders received £396,725 12/- in dividends and £38,845 7/6 went to the Governments of Great Britain and New Zealand as income tax. On general mining expenses, £138,592 8/8 was spent, and another £6,131 13/7 on the transport of ore, while the milling costs were £45,759 2/5. Another £96,889 18/9 is the cost of extraction of bullion, cyanide, zinc, and treatment of concentrates. Another expenditure of £19,763 17/8 is to the Government for gold duty and rent. The investments of the Company in various debentures amount to £249,404 17/9.

### The Roman Catholic Bishopric.

News was received in Auckland this morning to the effect that Archbishop Redwood, Metropolitan of New Zealand, had received a cable from Rome, stating that the Very Rev. Dr. Cleary, of Dunedin, had been appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Auckland, vice the late Bishop Lenihan. The bells of St. Patrick's Cathedral were rung on receipt of these tidings, and the information was joyfully circulated by priests and laity.

### Auckland East By-election.

The interest taken in the result of the by-election for Auckland East was demonstrated by the large crowds that thronged the streets on Thursday night waiting for the returns from the various polling booths. The polls closed at 7 p.m., and the final returns were posted at the "Star" Office a few minutes after nine o'clock, as follows: A. M. Myers (I.L.) 3180, G. Davis (Lab.) 1087, W. Richardson (P.) 754, R. W. Hill (O.) 309, R. I. McKnight (Lab.) 75. These figures give Mr. Myers an advantage of 2093 votes over the next candidate, Mr. Davis, and an absolute majority of 955 over all the other candidates combined, his total being 3180, as against 2225 polled in favour of the other four seeking election. There is no need, as a consequence, for a second ballot.

and has been specially built for the Huddart, Parker, and Company Proprietary for the Australasian trade. During her trial trip she recorded 18 knots per hour. She has extensive accommodation for three classes of passengers, and is fitted with wireless telegraph apparatus. The Zealandia will take up the Manuka's running on August 1, leaving Sydney for Vancouver, via Brisbane and Honolulu.

### After the Battle.

Mr. T. Taylor, interviewed on his return to Christchurch, said that Messrs Mc Bride, McLaren and himself went to Auckland at the urgent and almost unanimous invitation of the Labour leaders in Christchurch and of the executive of the Labour party in Auckland. With regard to the split in the Labour ranks, he said that before the election there was every intention to give effect to the selection of Mr. McKnight by the mass meeting of unionists, but the day after the selection prominent unionists objected that Mr. McKnight was opposed to statutory preference to unionists, that he was a "three-fifths" man, and a "State controller" on the liquor question. Mr. McKnight promptly agreed to sign the Labour party's platform when questioned on these points, but, said Mr. Taylor, his sudden conversion on matters of vital importance failed to give the bulk of the workers confidence in his candidature. At a meeting of unionists, held subsequently, a deputation was appointed to ask Mr. McKnight to withdraw. Mr. McKnight declined, and the unions, with one exception, decided to ignore his candidature and nominate Mr. Davis.

Mr. Taylor continued that there was no real division in Labour ranks, as the election figures showed. The feeling of those who supported the Labour candidate was one of satisfaction. The fight was a fierce one. He had never seen such an array of motor-cars, carriages and other conveyances as were at the disposal of Mr. Myers. His friends made a frenzied fight, and if they had had 48 hours instead of ten they could not have raked out of Auckland East another dozen votes in support of their man. In the brief time at their disposal, the Labour party were not able to make an effective canvass, and they had but little money at their disposal. Referring to Mr. Davis, Mr. Taylor said he was a fine type of working man, but had no Mayoral record to boast of. "Auckland," he continued, "to a greater extent than perhaps any other city in New Zealand, is possessed of commercial ambitions. I think she is justified believing that it is her destiny to become the chief commercial centre of the Dominion. Many business men supported Mr. Myers because they regarded him as the guardian of the city's commercial interests."

Mr. Taylor described the contest in Auckland East as the forerunner of Labour challenges in every electorate in New Zealand.

### The Big Hat.

The lady's hat of formidable dimensions figured in the deliberations of the Otago Rugby Football Union on Monday night. Mr. Harris said it had been suggested to him that the Union should take steps to stop the large hat nuisance in grand stands. Two gentlemen sitting behind hats of this description had been unable to see one of last Saturday's matches. The chairman said he did not know who would take such a matter up—certainly no married man would have the temerity to do so. A little gentle persuasion might meet the case if large hats become obstacles in the grand stands.

### Families Not Wanted.

A case has been brought under our notice (says the "Otago Daily Times") which verifies the charges laid against some property-owners that they are unwilling to accept as tenants persons who have families. In this case the agreement to let had actually been concluded, but when the day for taking possession came the owner of the house declined to give it up for the reason that the would-be tenant had children. Such action was not only harsh but absurd, as it happens that the youngest of the children is about 12 years of age, and therefore old enough to know better than to injure the property. This is the second case of the kind brought under notice recently, and the action of the landlords seems to furnish a vivid commentary on the ever-increasing cry that the cradles should be kept full. Similar complaints emanated from Auckland some

## PERSONAL NOTES.

The firm of W. M. Bannatyne and Co. was founded by the late Mr. William McLeod Bannatyne in 1842, and is, therefore, one of the oldest mercantile houses in the Dominion. Mr. Beauchamp entered the service of the firm in May, 1877, and was admitted as a partner with the late Mr. Bannatyne's stepson, Mr. Arthur Howells Baker, in January 1880. In 1900 the business was converted into a limited liability company. Mr. Beauchamp's colleagues on the Board of that company are:—Walter I. Nathan (managing director), J. F. Dyer, W. G. D. Brown, and H. L. Nathan.

A Press Association cable from Sydney announces the death of the Rev. Pincombe, a Methodist minister.

The Rev. R. Inglis, of Khandallah, has been unanimously elected moderator of Wellington Presbytery for the next six months.

Dr. Foster, at present house surgeon at the Wellington Hospital, has been appointed senior house surgeon at the Christchurch Hospital.

Mr. George Witty, M.P. for Riccarton, arrived in Wellington on Tuesday en route to Napier. He will spend a few days there prior to leaving for Auckland via the Main Trunk route, in company with Mr. T. H. Davy, M.P.

The death is announced of Mrs. Jellicoe, the wife of Mr. E. G. Jellicoe, formerly of Wellington, and now a barrister of Gray's Inn, London. Mrs. Jellicoe, who was fifty-one years of age, died on April 30th at the residence, Downs House, Duke's Drive, Eastbourne.

Mr. J. E. Hutton, chief postmaster in Wellington, whose retirement from the service has been announced, is to receive a handsome presentation from the letter-carriers of the city. It consists of a ram's head, with a pair of magnificent horns, converted into an inkstand. The horns are beautifully polished, and are tipped with silver, and the two inkwells, that are sunk in the top of the head are also of silver. Mr. Hutton's successor has not yet been appointed.

Mr. Hugh Hutchison, of the engineering firm of Hutchison and Campbell, Ltd., of Wellington, has been advised that his brother, Mr. J. B. Hutchison, has been appointed managing director of the Scott Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, on the Clyde. This is the company which has recently completed the building of the first super-Dreadnought Colossus (in which 18,000 tons of steel plates were used), a record work which only occupied nine months. Mr. Hutchison, of Wellington, recently supervised the repairing of the Kaipara at Auckland, a work for which the young firm (of which he is the senior partner) received much credit.

Mr. R. W. Carpenter, of the literary staff of the "Auckland Star," and who is about to enter the bonds of matrimony, was the recipient last week of a presentation from the members of

12 months ago, when the action of certain hotelkeepers who refused to accommodate persons with families was the subject of severe comment. It may also be remembered that in America a legal decision was obtained by the action of a high-spirited lady, such decision being to the effect that a property-owner could not refuse to accept tenants on the sole ground that they possessed families. Apparently the "no encumbrances" fetish dies hard, and will not become extinct till healthy public opinion administers the coup de grace.

## Religious Instruction.

At the Anglican Synod last week the following motion, proposed by Dean Fitchett, was carried:—"That this Synod welcomes the decision of the General Synod to recommend the adoption of the New South Wales system of religious instruction in State schools, and invites the co-operation of other religious bodies in urging upon the Legislature that the question be submitted to the people of New Zealand by referendum, after the example recently set by Queensland."

The following members were appointed to confer with representatives of other religious bodies as opportunity arose:—The Primate (Bishop Neville), Dean Fitchett, Archdeacon Gould, Archdeacon Neill, Canon Curzon Siggers, Messrs. Braithwaite, Talhous, Washer and Williams. A bill providing that ministers should receive a minimum stipend of £250, with house, or £300 without house, was passed.

the literary department, as a token of goodwill and well wishes for the prosperity and happiness of his future estate. The presentation was in the shape of a handsome silver hot water kettle and entree dish, and in handing them over the editor (Mr. T. W. Leys) voiced the hope of the staff that Mr. Carpenter's married life would be a long and happy one.

Mr. James Y. Wilson, a well-known merchant, died suddenly at Dunedin on Sunday.

Mr. T. H. Wood, of Tauranga, left by the Atua on Tuesday for the South Sea Islands, where he will spend some months.

Messrs. David A. Storey and G. F. Morrison are Sydney visitors who arrived by the Maheno yesterday, and are staying a few days at the Central Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, visitors from London, who have been on a lengthy visit to the Dominion, leave by the Maheno this evening on their way Home.

M. A. de Jarnac, of Tahiti, accompanied by Mlle. de Jarnac, his daughter, leave by the Maheno to-night, en route for Tahiti, after a holiday visit to the Dominion.

The Revs. W. Ready and T. G. Brooke, and Mr. J. Veale returned to Auckland by the Maheno on Sunday, from attending the recent general Methodist Conference in Australia.

Mr. C. H. Poole, M.P., leaves to-night by the express train for Wellington, to attend as a delegate the Temperance No-license Convention, which opens in that city on Wednesday morning.

Mlle. Bel Sorel and her mother, Mlle. Emma Sorel, arrived by the South boat yesterday, and are staying at the Grand Hotel during the visit of the Grand Opera Company to Auckland.

Constable Miles, of the Waihi police staff, has been promoted to the charge of the Paeroa district, in succession to Constable Henry, who has been raised to the rank of sergeant, and will be stationed in Dunedin.

A private cable from Liverpool announces that Mr. Fred Cuff, who served his apprenticeship at Messrs. Fraser and Sons' works, Auckland, has passed his examination as chief engineer, and intends returning shortly to New Zealand.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Williams, of Gisborne, and their two daughters; and Mr. William Busby, of Tokomaru Bay, and two daughters, are at present staying at the Grand Hotel, and leave by the Maheno this evening on a visit to Australia.

Mr. James Lonergan was presented at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday, after High Mass, with a handsome salad bowl, from the choir, in token of well wishes on the occasion of his approaching marriage. The Rev. Father Holbrook made the presentation.

Messrs. J. S. Dickson and R. A. Armstrong left by the Main Trunk express on Sunday, to organise meetings in southern towns in support of the Knyvet case. Messrs. G. L. Peacocke and A. J. Black, who are to speak at these meetings, leave on Thursday.

Among the guests at the Central Hotel who arrived from the South yesterday are Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Sutton, of Amberley, N.S.W.; Mr. H. J. Bromley of Colombo; and Mr. H. Bracy, manager of the "Madam Butterfly" Grand Opera Company.

## Mr. Harold Beauchamp.

Mr. Harold Beauchamp (chairman of the Board of the Bank of New Zealand) arrived in New Zealand with his parents in 1861. In 1884 he married the third daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Dyer, first resident secretary in New Zealand for the Australian Mutual Provident Society, and has a family of four daughters and one son. Since his arrival in the Dominion, Mr. Beauchamp has taken a prominent part in the affairs of the country, and a brief mention of some of the more important offices which he has held will be of interest. In 1901 he was a member of the Federation Royal Commission, and from 1895 to 1908 was a member of the Wellington Harbour Board. For several years he acted as chairman of this body, but retired in 1908, not seeking re-election. For many years he was Consular Agent for France, retiring in 1909. In 1899 he joined the Board of the Bank of New Zealand as Government nominee, and for the last three years has held the office of chairman. He is also chairman of the New Zealand Advisory Board of Royal Insurance Company, Ltd., and chairman of the Wellington Patent Slip Co., Ltd., as well as a director of several well-known joint stock companies including the Gear Meat Preserv-

## NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

LONDON, May 13.

Lord Islington, who was the last to kiss hands on appointment by his late Majesty as Governor of New Zealand, left London on Tuesday for Paris, en route for Marseilles, where he joined the Macedonia for New Zealand to-day. Lady Islington accompanied her husband as far as Paris, returning to London to-day, after seeing his Lordship off to Marseilles from Paris yesterday.

Many friends were at Charing Cross to see Lord Islington off, among them being Lord Balfour of Burreigh and Mrs. Asquith. His send-off, however, was quite informal. The High Commissioner (Hon. W. Hall-Jones) and Mr. C. Wray Palliser represented New Zealand, and the Colonial Office was represented by Colonel Seely, Sir Charles Lucas, Sir Francis Hopwood, and others. Mrs. Christie and the Hon. C. Louissou, of New Zealand, were also at the station.

Mr. W. Robinson, of Riccarton, Christchurch, who is studying medicine at Guy's Hospital, has just completed his third year there with a list of fine performances to his credit. His principal feat—and it is a notable one—has been to pass the Primary Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons of England at the first attempt. His is by common consent acknowledged to be the "stiffest" examination in the medical course. Only 15 to 20 per cent of the candidates who go up each time get through the searching tests, although all the candidates may be said to be picked men—the best men of their year at the schools. Many a surgeon of eminence will tell you that he was "ploughed" more than once—in some cases four or five times—before getting his Primary Fellowship. The Final is not so severe an examination, and the student who has got through his Primary, especially at the first attempt, may be reasonably regarded as a certainty for the distinction of F.R.C.S., the "blue ribbon" of the medical career. In addition to this success Mr. Robinson has passed the intermediate M.B., B.S., tied for the Sands Cox Scholarship of Guy's Hospital, awarded for three years for physiology, and won the Junior Efficiency Prize at Guy's, and was the runner-up for the Michael Harris Prize for anatomy. Mr. Robinson is now off for a two months' well-earned holiday, leaving London this week for Ireland and Gloucestershire. He may also visit the Brussels Exhibition in July.

Other New Zealanders have also distinguished themselves at Guy's—indeed, it has been quite a New Zealand year there. Mr. J. G. Richards, of Wellington, has passed the Intermediate M.B., B.S., and won the Michael Harris Prize for anatomy and a Junior Efficiency Prize. Mr. C. H. Gould, of Christchurch, passed the first part of the Intermediate with distinction in organic chemistry—only two men in the whole examination passed with distinction—and Messrs. J. B. Stringer and T. I. Bennett, both of Christchurch, passed their Intermediate.

An octogenarian "globe-trotter" is sufficiently remarkable, even among a people so vigorous and long-lived as the New Zealanders. But trips round the world have evidently no terrors for Mr. Eric Craig, one of Auckland's very oldest identities. Not only had he braved the 13,000 miles journey by sea from New Zealand to London, but he looks upon it as a mere preliminary jaunt. His programme is far more extensive than that. With a certain dry humour the veteran told me of his plans. "I have no special programme," he said, "but I intend taking advantage of every opportunity of seeing all I can and enjoying myself, for if I do not do it while I am young (I am only a little over eighty years old), I shall not be able to do it when I become old. I came in the Tainui via Cape Horn, and arrived here on May 4. As to my return I cannot say definitely. It is my intention to stay in Europe until November next, and if my health keeps good, to return to New Zealand by China, Japan and New Guinea. I have been a resident of Auckland for 57 years," added the youthful tourist.

Mr. H. S. King, who has been in England for some nine months, is returning to New Zealand by the Ruapehu, which left London yesterday. During his stay over here Mr. King has travelled extensively, both here and on the Continent. He

spent five weeks in Switzerland, where by courtesy of the authorities he studied the latest developments of hydraulic power plants in that country. He is going out to New Zealand as sole representative of some of the largest engineering companies in Great Britain, and is taking with him a large stock of electrical and mechanical machinery and appliances. Since coming to England Mr. King has been elected a member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, also a member of the Royal Society of Arts.

Mr. W. F. Ware, late of Auckland, and now a resident in Brazil, is on a visit to England. He arrived on April 9 from Rio de Janeiro, and will remain till some time in July. Mr. Ware is engaged to be married to Mrs. Seavill, formerly of Rosario, Argentine, and the wedding will take place shortly in London. Mrs. Seavill has lately visited Auckland.

Mr. J. H. Upton and Mr. John A. Newell, M.P., of New Zealand, have joined the Royal Colonial Institute.

Mrs. John Gordon, of Hamilton, arrived in England by the Otranto, and after staying for a few weeks at Berner's Hotel, has gone to Scotland for a trip.

Mr. M. G. McGregor, of Auckland, with his two sisters, Misses C. and J. C. McGregor, are here on a pleasure trip. They arrived by the Malwa on April 9, and have been in London since then. At the end of next week they will go for a month's visit to the Continent, and later will spend a month in Scotland before leaving for New York. After spending about six weeks in America they will join the Union Steamship Co.'s liner Makura at Vancouver on November 4.

The New Zealand Shipping Company's steamer Ruapehu (Captain Forbes) left London yesterday for New Zealand, via Capetown, with the following saloon passengers:—Miss A. J. Anderson, Mr. P. Henderson, Mrs. F. G. Hume, Mr. H. S. King, Mr. E. Martin, Mr. N. J. Munnerley, Mr. C. Binnell, Mrs. Pinnell, Master W. T. Pinnell, Miss D. M. Pinnell, Mr. J. W. Porter, Mr. A. Hindle Smith, Mr. H. E. Temple and 173 third-class.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Girdwood, of Wellington, who arrived at Avonmouth, Bristol, at the end of January, have just reached London. The voyage to England was taken on account of Mrs. Girdwood's health, which has greatly benefited by the change. They spent three weeks in Monte Video on the way.

From Avonmouth they went to Edinburgh and Glasgow, visiting the home of Mr. Girdwood's father at Rothesay. Thence to Ireland, where at Kilworth they stayed a while with Mr. Girdwood's aunt, the Countess of Mountcashell, afterwards visiting Cork and Killarney. They intend visiting the English lakes and the Scottish Highlands, and expect to leave on their return to New Zealand about July.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbin, of Hawke's Bay, and their two daughters, who have been wintering in Switzerland, are now in London, residing in Cleveland Terrace, Hyde Park.

At All Saints' Church, Norfolk Square, Captain William Edwin Comber Hood, Bedfordshire Regiment, was married on April 25 to Mary Augusta (Molly) widow of Mr. Percy Waterfield Shakespeare, and second daughter of the late Vicomte Lionel de Labrosse, of New Zealand.

Mr. Robert Engles, of Palmerston North, arrived in England last week and left on Wednesday night for the Continent. He leaves here on his return journey next August.

Mr. A. E. M. Rhind, of Wellington, who arrived from New Zealand recently by the Avava has come to take up work in the London office of the Bank of New South Wales. He expects to be here for about a year.

Mr. Louis Cohen, of Wanganui, has arrived in London, accompanied by two sisters, and is staying with his brother Dr. Cohen, in Brondesbury. As one of the leading amateurs and critics of music in New Zealand, and a keen student of the drama, Mr. Cohen has been appointed to write his impressions of music, art and the drama in both hemispheres, in a series of articles for the "Auckland Star," the "N.Z. Times," the "Lyttelton Times" and the "Dunedin Star."

Mr. J. H. Aitken, of Wanganui, arrived in London on Saturday by the Mongolia on a pleasure trip to the Old Country. He proposes to include a tour in Spain in his itinerary, and to leave on his return to New Zealand on October 22.

ing and Refrigerating Co. of New Zealand, the Wellington Gas Company, the Equitable Building and Investment Co. of Wellington, and the New Zealand Candle Company.

# The Wide World.

## CABLE NEWS IN BRIEF.

### IMPERIAL.

**H**IGH hopes of a compromise between the two great parties are entertained as the result of negotiations which have been quietly progressing between the leaders for over a week. Mr. Asquith held out the olive branch, and Mr. Balfour accepted, and a meeting of these two, together with the leaders in the House of Lords, the Marquis of Blandford and Lord Loreburn, met and arranged for a general conference next Wednesday. Some papers suggest that the Speaker should act as chairman of the conference, but the majority urge that no chairman be appointed. The Opposition understand that Mr. Asquith's invitation for a free conference is untrammelled by conditions or preliminary restrictions. Mr. Philip Snowden and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald condemned the conference. Mr. Macdonald denied the right of the Front Benches to settle the matter. There were other benches. Mr. C. Martin (the stormy petrel of Canadian politics, who was elected to the House of Commons at the last election) asked whether, in connection with the conference, Liberals would be committed to a change of policy without the Government first consulting its supporters in the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith said it was useless for the Government to enter into a conference unless it could rely, as he believed it could, on the confidence of its supporters.

Lord Kitchener has declined to proceed to the Mediterranean to accept the High Commissionership. The post was devoid of real power, and was not one which, in the opinion of experts, Kitchener should have been asked to fill. Mr. Haldane (Secretary of State for War), speaking in the House of Commons, said he greatly regretted that Lord Kitchener did not desire to assume the appointment in the Mediterranean. The appointment, in Kitchener's hands, would have been subject to certain modifications and additions. The name of the holder of the post would be announced shortly.

The first official announcement upon the accession oath was made by Mr. Asquith when he stated in the House of Commons that the Government intended at an early date to bring in legislation modifying the King's declaration regarding the Roman Catholic faith.

Mr. L. C. Amery, of the "Times," addressing the Colonial Institute, said the present system of Imperial Government, based on the supremacy of the United Kingdom, cannot last. A single foreign defence policy for the whole Empire with a single responsible administration was essential for the future well-being of the Empire. It was, said Mr. Amery, impossible to utilise the existing Parliament for the formation of an Imperial Assembly, as this was contrary to the principle of equality of political status upon which the overseas dominions insist as a condition of any form of union. The Imperial Conference was, however, said Mr. Amery, a possible nucleus of an Imperial Parliament, and the supreme importance of the Imperial Conference as the highest assembly in the Empire should be recognised by vesting the King with the formal presidency of the Conference.

### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great storms and floods have caused damage totalling millions of pounds, and cost many hundreds of lives within the past week. The Ahr, a tributary to the Rhine, overflowed and drowned nearly two hundred in one day, while the next day a bridge over the river collapsed, and 150 people who were watching the floods were drowned. In other parts of Germany 150 lives were lost, while torrential rainstorms in Austria caused great damage. A cloudburst in Hungary caused enormous losses of life and property, 250 bodies being recovered from amid the ruins. It is feared that many more have been drowned. Governor Gillette has issued instruc-

tions to prevent the match between Johnson and Jeffries being fought in California. He states that prize fights are criminal, but sparring exhibitions are lawful, even if they come to a conclusion. Tex Rickard, one of the promoters of the fight, has replied that if Governor Gillette opposes the meeting of Johnson and Jeffries in California he will take the fight to Salt Lake City or Nevada City. The principals have agreed to sell the rights of the moving pictures of the fight for £30,000, the fighters taking £10,000 apiece, and Messrs. Rickard and Gleason £10,000.

### IN THE COMMONWEALTH.

Football has bulked largely in the Commonwealth this week. The New Zealand Rugby team won its second match by 17 points to 11, while the Maori fifteen drew with the Newcastle union after an interesting game. The match under Northern Rugby rules between New South Wales and England closed with a melee after one of the visitors had been ordered off for striking an opponent.

The schooner *Lessie* was wrecked on the New Guinea coast, with the supposed loss of about 20 lives. She was caught in a sudden squall and capsized. Six members of the black crew kept afloat on the wreckage, and were washed ashore.

A tragedy occurred on Wednesday in a street in the centre of Rockhampton in the presence of a large number of people, who had assembled for school prize day. A well-known amateur jockey named Davis fired a revolver at a man named Hett, who was standing talking to some friends in a buggy. Davis then went up to the buggy and fired, and shot in the back Emily Salisbury, aged 23. He then rushed round to the front of the trap and fired two more shots at the girl's breast, killing her. Detective Seymour rushed Davis, who attempted to fire on the officer, but the weapon missed fire, and the murderer was arrested. Jealousy is supposed to be the cause of the crime.

### Buried in a Blazing Pit.

#### CUMBRIAN COAL MINING HORROR.

136 DEAD, 4 SAVED.

LONDON, May 13.

The death of King Edward's father, the Prince Consort, was followed by one of the most dreadful accidents that ever occurred in this country—that at the Hartley Colliery in Northumberland, when 300 lives were lost. By a shocking coincidence King Edward's death was followed by a coal mining tragedy which, it is feared, has cost the lives of over 130 men and boys.

This accident occurred at the famous Wellington Pit, Whitehaven. The pit in question is one of three belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale, and leased by the Whitehaven Colliery Company. In depth it is about 130 fathoms, and the coal is worked under the sea, the furthest point being over five miles from the pit shaft. The pit is worked on the endless haulage principle, and has an output of about 1000 tons per day.

The men on the night shift descended the pit on Wednesday evening at 5 o'clock. They numbered about 140 men, consisting of about eighty-six hewers and fifty-four shiftmen, the latter including several boys. Everything was apparently all right until about 7.40, when some of the men working near the shaft heard a loud noise which caused them considerable alarm, and soon after fumes began to ascend. At once an effort was made to ascertain the cause, but the telephone wires were found to have broken down, and it was impossible to get into communication with the men below.

### Midnight Rescue.

With all haste rescue parties were formed, and meantime crowds had flocked to the vicinity of the pit. With the

## Proclaiming the King.

### INCIDENTS OF THE LONDON PAGEANT.

#### VOICE OF THE CROWD.

LONDON, May 13.

The proclamation of the new King on Monday was a picturesque and impressive ceremony. This is one of the things they do best in London. The pomp of heraldry, the brilliant escorts of Life Guards, the time-honoured forms and ceremonies—these features are not to be found elsewhere in the Empire.

But it was not the blaze of pageantry which made the London proclamation remarkable, fine though that undoubtedly was. What was remembered best in connection with the brilliant scenes of Monday is the voice of the people. Spontaneously, after the reading of the proclamation on the steps of the Royal Exchange, some hundreds of people at the foot of the steps began to sing the National Anthem.

The strains were taken up by others, and spread until the whole huge crowd, including the spectators far away down Cheapside, Queen Victoria-street, Princes-street, Cornhill, and Lombard-street were singing the verses with stirring patriotic feeling, all with heads un-

arrival of the wives, mothers, and sisters of the men below some distressing scenes were witnessed.

Men went down, and men came up, but intelligence as to what had happened could not be gathered. A rumour that two men had been found lying dead had, however, a happy sequel just before midnight in the appearance of the two men in question at the pit top. They were Joe Walker and Stephen Gregory. They were in an exhausted condition, but the fact that they were alive was a source of general congratulation, and helped to modify very materially the prevailing gloom. At the time of the explosion Walker and Gregory were employed in what is known as the Benk Turn, about two miles from the shaft, and the fact that they had been overcome in the main road, where the air was, of course, the best, gave rise to gloomy forebodings among those who knew the pit.

Soon after the appearance of Walker and Gregory, large quantities of material for building separating walls, together with fire extinguishers, were sent down the pit in rapid succession.

Another hour passed before there were any further tidings of the unfortunate men, but shortly before one o'clock on Thursday morning two hewers—John Ware and Joe Kenmore—who were employed in the middle district, were landed safely at the pit top, appearing little the worse for their desperate and thrilling escape. They had come three-quarters of a mile through dense smoke, over fallen debris, past flames, to fall exhausted at the feet of the rescue party.

### The Fatal Fall.

Hope ran high among the crowd when Ware and Kenmore were brought to the surface, but those who knew the mine best were the least hopeful.

The men entombed were working at the further end of the pit, and the explosion, so far as could be ascertained, had taken place just where the main road broke into the three branch workings where the night shift men were on duty.

All day long the rescue parties toiled unremittingly, and at four o'clock had won their way to within a couple of hundred yards of what they believed to be the centre of the explosion. They came across few serious obstacles to their passage save smoke, till they neared the scene of the explosion. Then they encountered fire, but with hosepipes and chemicals they gallantly forced their way along until about 7 o'clock. Then suddenly the ominous sound of timber cracking and rending came to their ears, and knowing the signal full well, the men bolted for their lives. They were not an instant too soon, for a moment later the roadway where they had been working was blotted out by an enormous fall of coal from the roof. And with that fell all their hopes of rescuing the entombed miners left them. They returned to the work, of course, but the most sanguine among them felt that they had nothing to work for save perhaps the recovery of the bodies of their former companions in toil.

covered, heedless of the rain which had begun to fall. It was a most impressive sight and sound.

There was another feature in yesterday's function which specially pleased those who saw it, and which will touch the fancy of millions throughout King George's broad Dominion. The first proclamation took place, according to custom, from the terrace of St. James' Palace. At a point on the wall just opposite Marlborough House four of the Sovereign's children had come to hear their father proclaimed King. The Duke of Cornwall and Prince Albert, who wore their uniforms as naval cadets, stood at salute, while Garter King of Arms read the proclamation with all the pomp of macebearers and royal trumpeters around him. Their presence, and that of their brother and sister, gave to the time-honoured function the touch of nature and of home that goes straight to the hearts of all English men and women.

### Old-time Ceremony.

At Temple Bar the proclamation was marked by one of those old-time ceremonies which link the London of to-day with the Middle Ages. For hundreds of years the same ceremony has taken place on that historic spot at the proclamation of each new Sovereign. The Lord Mayor and his train waited on the city side of the monument which marks the site of old Temple Bar, on the city boundary. Across the street was stretched a rope of crimson silk. Presently arrived the cavalcade from Westminster, headed by Blumenthal Purauvant, with a trumpeter on either side. Wearing a tunic, with its gorgeous heraldic ornament in gold and colours, and a round cap of black velvet, he was a striking and picturesque figure.

The trumpets sounded thrice. Then the City Marshal, wearing a gold-laced scarlet coat and a black cocked hat with white plumes, rode up from the city side of the barrier, and asked in a loud voice, "Who comes there. The pursuivant made answer, "His Majesty's Officers of Arms, who demand entrance into the City of London in order to proclaim His Royal Majesty King George V." Then trumpets sounded from inside the barrier, where the city trumpeters were stationed, and the Officer of Arms was at length allowed to cross the boundary. Under the conduct of the City Marshal, he advanced to the Lord Mayor, and handed to him the Order in Council requiring the proclamation of King George V. The Lord Mayor, still keeping his station close underneath the Temple Bar Memorial, read the order aloud, and then ordered the barrier to be opened. Thereupon the pursuivant rejoined the cavalcade from Westminster, which was allowed to continue its way past Temple Bar without further delay. The Lord Mayor and his retinue at the same time re-entering their carriages and making part of the procession. The advance, however, was only continued for a few yards. When the corner of Chancery-lane was reached, the cavalcade halted, and Norry King-at-Arms, in tabard and black cap read the proclamation.

I have never been to a race meeting in my life, and I find that I can get on very well without it.—*Mr. Justice Cooper.*

A young man once told his bishop that he had never been in a seminary or college in his life, and thanked God for it. "My friend," said the bishop, "do you thank God for what you don't know?" "Well," said the young man, "I don't put it exactly that way, but you can if you like." "Then," said the bishop, "you have great grounds for gratitude."—*Dr. J. Q. A. Henry.*

I warn you of this, if you attempt too much pampering and deal too leniently with the unthrifty, you are doing harm to the race. It's easy for the politician to offer to do anything that will be pleasing but the right thing in this matter of pensions is to encourage those who are willing to help themselves.—*Mr. Allen, M.P.*

No one tells intending immigrants anything in a systematic way. The only thing the agents do is to sit in their offices and advertise that anyone can see them about Australia, and when the intending immigrants make a call they are simply induced to come to the country without having a proper knowledge of it.—*Rev. F. B. Corning, Sydney.*

On all hands—in the manifestoes of Ministers, the reports of school inspectors, the advertisements of tradesmen, the leading articles of newspapers, and a thousand other things published—we have a gruesome haunting of bad English.—*Mr. C. N. Hageritz.*

# Sports and Pastimes.

## FOOTBALL.

### RUGBY.

#### Results at a Glance.

**AUCKLAND.**  
Grafton (12) beat Ponsonby (5).  
University (10) beat City (5).

**WELLINGTON.**  
Petone (8) beat Athletic (3).  
Poneke (14) beat Wellington (0).  
Old Boys (6) beat Melrose (0).  
St. James' (16) beat Victoria College (0).

**CHRISTCHURCH.**  
City Representatives (42) beat Combined County Team (5).

**MANAWATU.**  
Palmerston and Kia Toa, a draw.  
Old Boys (10) beat Feilding (11).

**WANGANUI.**  
Pirates (9) beat Eastern (0).  
Wanganui (11) beat Kaierua (3).

**NAPIER.**  
Havelock (17) beat Rovers (0).  
Kia Ora (3) beat Athletic (0).  
Lincoln College (Canterbury) and Te Aute College, a draw (9 all).

**OTHER CENTRES.**  
Whangarei (16) beat Maungakarama (0).  
Whangarei (3) beat Kiripaka (0).  
Cambridge City (8) beat Kihikihiki (0).  
Ohaupo (3) beat Maingatauturi (0).  
Te Kuiti (5) beat Nehehenui (3).  
Tauramarama and Manunui a draw, three points each.  
Houtly and Ngarnawahia a draw, three points each.  
Thames 17, beat Tairua 0.  
Waikato Suburbs and Waikato West, a draw.  
Waikato 8, beat Paeroa 6.

## NORTHERN UNION GAME.

**AUCKLAND.**  
City 14, beat Newton 5.  
Ponsonby 7, beat North Shore 3.

### ASSOCIATION.

**AUCKLAND.**  
Ponsonby and Caledonians a draw, one goal each.  
Corinthians 5, beat Y.M.C.A. 1.  
North Shore 3, beat Carlton 2.

## HOCKEY.

**AUCKLAND.**  
University and St. George's a draw, 2 goals each.  
North Shore 3, beat Grafton 1.  
United 3, beat Auckland 2.

### LADIES' MATCHES.

Rangitira A 4, beat Kopana 0.  
Arava 11, beat Rangitira B 0.  
Moana 9, beat Mokoia 0.  
Training College 4, beat Unitarian 0.  
Rahitii 2, beat Ao-tea-roa 0.

### WAIRAPA.

Carterton 8, beat Knox 0.  
Marlborough forfeited to Excelsior.

## VOLUNTEER NOTES.

(By Rifleman.)

Colonel C. B. Wolfe, O.C. Auckland District, is on the East Coast, on an inspection visit.

An inquiry into the circumstances of an accident which one of the gunners of No. 2 Company A.G.A. met with in January last, was held last week by Capt. Potter and Lieuts. Finch and Moody.

The Hudson Cup, which was won last year by the Port Chalmers Naval Artillery, has been received from Auckland in a damaged condition, probably owing to insecure packing (says a Dunedin newspaper).

In consequence of the death of His Majesty King Edward, the committee of the Palmerston Naval and Military Tournament has decided to postpone this year's tournament from November 8 and 9 till December 31 and January 2 next.

After the parade of the No. 2 Company A.G.A. last week, Mr. Blackett, who has been appointed lieutenant of the corps, was welcomed by the officers and men. Captain Richardson, while in Auckland, inspected the corps, and expressed himself well pleased with the parade.

In general orders, the resignation is announced of Lieut. G. T. Kretschmar, No. 3 New Zealand Natives, and he has been placed on the active list, unattached. Among appointments approved are those of Lieut. E. A. Beardon (Auckland Engineers), Lieut. J. F. Atkinson (Auckland Mounted), Lieut. Wm. Thomas (No. 2 Co. A.G.A.), and Lieut. H. W. King, to be acting captain, B Company, Auckland Grammar School Cadets.

It is notified in District Orders that the following have passed the qualifying examination for the rank set opposite their respective names: O. F. Johnson, Bay of Islands M.R. for sergeant; A. Anderson, Bay of Islands M.R. for sergeant; Juv. Penny, Bay of Islands M.R. for corporal; W. E. Pentecost, Bay of Islands M.R. for corporal; R. F. Nelson, Bay of Islands M.R. for corporal; H. Donovan, Highland Rifles, for sergeant; Sam. Oldfield, Mangonui M.R. for sergeant; A. A. Gardner, Mangonui M.R. for sergeant.

The Gordon Rifles held their annual meeting in the Lecture Room, Drill Hall, on Friday week last, June 10th, when 64 members were present. The balance-sheet showed the Corps to be in a highly satisfactory position financially. Capt. W. Kay also announced that he was daily expecting to receive notice of the appointment of Sergt. S. M. Seel as a lieutenant of the Corps. The promotion will be a very popular one. During the evening a vote of thanks was passed to the officers, hon. treasurer (Capt. Cumming), hon. secretary (Sergt. L. G. Ashton), and the Shooting Committee for the work done during the year. The A. Battery has started on the new syllabus for the year. In addition to the usual Thursday parade for gun drill and fire discipline, classes for non-commissioned officers, specialists, and the instruction of recruits take place on Tuesdays, under the supervision of the Battery officers. Now that the Battery is practically at full strength, the work will be taken right through from the elementary stages to the end of the course, so that by the time the annual examinations come off this year they will be held prior to the camp—the men should be well qualified to pass and earn the grants awarded to specialists. The fact that the Battery will be working at full strength does away with the inconveniences caused by the continual incoming of new recruits, and we may expect the corps to make a good show for the year.

Fourteen candidates for A and B certificates in connection with the junior division of the officers' training corps (King's College Cadets) were examined last week by Captain Carpenter, A.A.G. One paper was taken each evening, and the practical part will follow later. The following advantages are conferred on cadets of the Officers' Training Corps who, after obtaining one of both certificates, accept commissions in the reserve or defence forces: (1) should be take a commission in the reserve of officers' active list—exemption from examination as lieutenant; (2) should he take a commission in the defence force—exemption from promotion to the rank of lieutenant; (3) should be become a teacher under the education system of the Dominion—entitled to receive certificate of qualification in military drill.

The following extract from a circular received from the Chief of the General Staff concerning recruiting for the Territorials is published in a District Order issued by Col. Wolfe for the information of all concerned, and must be read in conjunction with the view of probable amendments to the Defence Act, necessary to give effect to proposals made by Lord Kitchener, and considering that the current year must be one of transition in the Territorial force corps and units should as far as possible for the present confine their recruiting to physically fit men below the age of 23 years (twenty-three years), to maintain the corps or units at their present strength; neither should the increase of their strength until the permanent staff for corps is available to carry out the necessary renumbering, recruiting, and reorganizing the corps up to the new establishments. In connection with the above extract, a pamphlet showing the peace establishments of the Territorial force is now being issued from the Defence Office to all commanding officers.

In a circular memo. on the subjects of training and engineer training and training camps for the year 1910-1911, Captain Dalgan, Chief Instructor for Engineer and Signalling services, states that in future the year will be divided into two periods for training purposes, viz. (a) individual training period, and (b) collective training period. During the individual training period each O.C. company will classify his men into the following grades: A grade, instruction in third year subjects; B grade, instruction in second year subjects; C grade, instruction in first year subjects. Men who have been trained in all subjects will be formed into a class for redrilling and instructional duties. Individual training period will be the months of May, April, May, June, July, and August, and the collective training period the months of September, October, November, December, January, and February. Collective training will be devoted to drills and combined instruction during training and ceremonial parades which will be carried out at the training camps, but every endeavour should be made by O.C. companies to have at least four days' continuous training. The days for continuous training should be at the intervals of one week. Recruits are not to be posted to the ranks in signalling and engineer companies until they have passed their

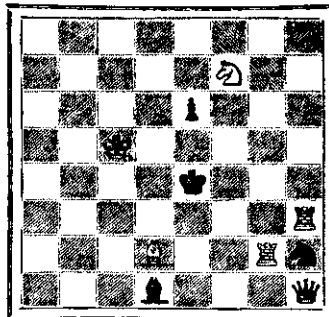
## CHESS.

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

### Position No. 46.

(By S. LLOYD.)

Black.



White.  
White to play and mate in two.  
33Q3,  
8, 5Kt2, 4p3, 2K5, 4k3, 7R, 3K2Rkt,  
3b3Q.

### Victorian Championship.

The following game was played in the 12th round of the Victorian Championship Tournament. In publishing this, the most brilliant game of the tourney, the "Australasian" says that Mr. Stanley is the only living player in Australia who has had the pleasure of meeting Paul Morphy—

White.	Black.
Mr. E. B. Loughran.	Mr. J. S. Stanley.
1. P-K4	1. P-Q4
2. Pxp	2. Qxp
3. Kt-QB3	3. Q-QR4
4. Kt-B3 (a)	4. Kt-KE3
5. P-Q4	5. B-Kt5
6. B-Q3 (b)	6. Kt-B3 (c)
7. B-K3	7. Castles
8. B-K2	8. P-K4
9. B-Q2 (d)	9. BxKt
10. RxB	10. KtxP
11. B-K4 (e)	11. KtxB
12. Kt-Kt	12. Q-Q4
13. P-KB3	13. P-KB4
14. Kt-B3	14. Q-B5 (f)
15. P-QKt3	15. Q-B3
16. P-QR3 (g)	16. B-K2
17. Castles	17. R-Q2
18. Q-B (b)	18. KR-Q
19. B-K	19. B-B3
20. Q-Kt2 (i)	20. P-K5
21. Pxp	21. Kt-K7 ch
22. K-R	22. KtxKt
23. Resigned (j)	

### Notes.

(a) P-Q4, followed by B-Q2, is the best course at this stage.  
(b) The natural continuation to his fourth move would now be B-K2.

recruit course of training. Semaphore signalling and knotting and lashing should be taught during the recruit course. On infantry drill nights the recruits will not receive instruction in technical subjects, but will be put under a smart N.C.O. for drill.

### Bisley Cadets

Two junior cadets, Bugler-Sergeant Morgan and Sergeant Clarkson, of the Onehunga District High School, left by the Main Trunk line last week, en route to England, to fire in the cadet competitions at Bisley on August 6. The boys were accompanied by their fathers, Mr. Morgan going as far as Wellington, while Mr. Clarkson will make the whole journey. Prior to leaving, the teachers and scholars presented each of the boys with handsome rugs. They also sent one by the boys for Dr. Hanson, who is secretary of Lord Roberts' boys. Over 1000 well-wishers, including the No. 3 Company A.M.R., of which the Morgans (father and son) are popular members, were at the railway station to wish the boys bon voyage. Amongst those present were Majors McDonald and Robb, Captain Pluggs, and Chief Scoutmaster Stebbing, the last of whom had with him a number of scouts, eager to wish their fellow-scout Clarkson good luck. A deputation waited on the members of the Cabinet when they were here last week, with a view to securing a monetary grant, for the boys. This is

(c) Taking immediate advantage of the chance to develop his pieces.  
(d) If 8. Castles, BxKt; 10. BxP, Pxp; 11. BxKt, PxB; and if 12. BxP, P-B4, winning a piece.  
(e) We wonder how Black would have met P-QKt4.  
(f) A very fine move that causes White a great deal of embarrassment.  
(g) If Castles, B-Kt5.  
(h) An exceedingly dangerous place for the Queen, seeing that there is a Kt threatening to get to K7.  
(i) Rushing into another danger, R-R2 is far better.  
(j) Could that great genius Paul Morphy have seen this game he would have had no reason to criticise his old friend's play.

### Auckland Chess Club.

#### HANDICAP TOURNEY.

In the first round, Harvey conceding the odds of pawn and move, drew with Sacks, Wilson, lost to Ewen, the latter giving pawn and two moves. Fairs, with a knight off, defeated Utting, and Jowitz won from Putman at the same odds still to play: Davies v. Singer, Grierson v. Stewart, Ray v. Hemus, Horsley v. O'Loughlin.

In recent ladder matches, Ewen defeated Miles for rung 3, Wingfield challenged Harvey for rung 9, and won. Layland was successful in keeping Wilson off rung 13.

The two games with Norfolk Island are progressing favourably.

Mr. George Burton, late secretary of the Wellington Hospital Trustees, died recently, aged 47 years. The deceased had been in ill-health for some time. He was formerly in the employ of Messrs Levin and Co., and then started business at the Hutt as land and estate agent. This he gave up to become secretary of the Hospital Board, a position he filled until failing health necessitated his retirement. Mr. Burton was for many years a prominent cricketer, being a member of the Phoenix Club, winning his place into representative elevens. He also took a great interest in chess, and was secretary of the Wellington Chess Club during 1906-7. In the latter year he was a member of the South Wellington Chess Club, and in the tournament of that year he tied for chief honours with Mr. Featonby. The deceased leaves a widow and one daughter and a son, Mr. George Burton, leading batsmen last year for Wellington South, and a representative cricketer.

### Solution to Position No. 46.

R-KB3.

evidently not forthcoming, and as a desire has been expressed from several quarters to render assistance to Mr. Morgan, who is the caretaker of the Penrose range, any donations towards this object will be gratefully acknowledged by Major Robb, who has so interested himself in getting these boys to accept Lord Roberts' invitation.

### Field Artillery.

The official results of the 1900-10 field artillery competitions for the Rhodes challenge cup for shooting under service conditions, and for the challenge shield presented by the New Zealand Government for award in the field battery securing the highest marks for general efficiency, were made available last week. The marks awarded in the Rhodes cup gunnery competition were as follows:—(1) "D" Battery (Wellington), 165; (2) "B" Battery (Dunedin), 150; (3) "E" Battery (Christchurch), 132; (4) "A" Battery (Auckland), 124; (5) "H" Battery (Nelson), 91. In order to qualify for first-class, 140 marks, or 70 per cent, must be obtained; and to simply qualify, 50 per cent must be obtained. This is the third year of the Rhodes Cup competition, and it is the "D" Battery's first win. Auckland won the competition last year.

In general efficiency, "D" Battery gained 93.5 per cent of marks; "B" Battery, 90 per cent; "A" Battery, 77.5 per cent; "H" Battery, 76.6 per cent; "E" Battery, 76 per cent. The honours list for the efficiency challenge shield is, therefore, in that order of merit. The shield is now in the fifth year of competition, and has been won four times by the Wellington gunners. Last year Wellington tied with Dunedin for first place.



# GOLF

## The Fantastic Side of Golf.

### FREAK COMPETITIONS.

married men only, the conditions being that each entrant was

to use his wife's clubs.

It is, of course, a matter of history that Harry Vardon, having by some accident got separated from his own clubs, broke a record with a set of ladies' clubs which he managed to borrow for the occasion. However, most golfers are not so versatile, and the competition in question added more than a little to the gaiety of nations. The same idea in another guise has sometimes been tried by making a right-handed player use a borrowed set of left-handed clubs, and vice-versa. Even Braid is said to have lent the weight of his example to this form of lunacy.

The "nomination" match, in which each man brings a stipulated set of clubs, on the understanding that his opponent is to have the privilege of choosing which of the set is to be employed at each particular stroke, is scarcely so amusing as it sounds, and is not to be encouraged. The effect upon the clubs is apt to be disastrous, and the remarks of the green keeper, when he comes across one of the jokers using his brassie on the green or cutting up the teeing ground with his mashie, will probably be unprintable.

An exceedingly sporting form of medal match is provided by what might be described as the

### excessively eclectic competition.

The method in this case is that the committee choose three, four or five holes out of the eighteen; the competitors play the full round in complete ignorance of which holes have been selected, but nevertheless only the scores made at the selected holes count. The competition can be played under handicaps proportionate to the number of holes chosen, or, if preferred, since the whole thing becomes so much of a lottery, handicaps can be dispensed with altogether. The real fun of this competition comes when the cards are being examined, and perhaps the scratch man, who has got round in two under bogey, finds that the three holes which are to count are the only three bad ones on his card, while the prize is carried off by a hopeless duffer who had to pick up his ball at half of the odd fifteen holes which didn't.

The foregoing, like some other forms of competition, probably owes its invention to the desire of committees to force players to return cards, however bad their score. Another effort in the same direction has been made at least once by holding a competition in which the worst score was to win. I forget at the moment which club had the honour of introducing this experiment, but I remember that the prize was a sucking pig, and that the event was a huge success.

To America belongs the credit, or discredit, of not a few of those inventions. Probably the wildest is

### the drop-out competition.

for any number of players up to eighteen. They all play to the first hole together, and the player who takes the largest number of strokes to get down drops out of the game. The others proceed to the second to repeat the process. Ties, of course, are numerous, and a tie at any hole is played off along with the main competition at the succeeding holes. The arithmetic of the various ties gets delightfully complicated about the third or fourth hole usually, and the position of referee is far from being a sinecure.

### Where to Draw the Line.

The matter of Sunday golf was mentioned at the Invercargill City Council meeting last week, being raised by a condition attached to a proposed lease of part of the Park Reserve to the Golf Club. The condition was that golf be not played on Sunday. Councillor Lillierap thought that the condition was rather a slight on the members of the club. In any case, even supposing some members did play golf on Sunday, he could not see that the Council should take cognisance of it, as it seemed much on a par with, say, cycling to Winton, or taking a motor-car ride to Winton on a Sunday. The point was where was one to draw the line. "They want us all to be Sunday School teachers," interjected a Councillor. But (says the "Southland Times") Councillor Lillierap showed that his tolerance extended both ways. "Well, I don't know about that," he replied. "It would probably be just as well for us if we were Sunday School teachers." The Mayor supported the inclusion of the Sabbatarian condition, not so much on the ground of Sunday

This paper has been appointed the official organ of the Ladies' Golf Union, New Zealand branch.

Secretaries of ladies' golf clubs are invited to forward official notices, hand-caps and alterations, results of competitions, and other matters of interest, to reach the publishing office not later than the Saturday prior to date of publication.

### Auckland.

**A** FOUR-BALL-BEST-BALL match was played on Saturday, 18th. The weather was splendid, though cold, and a large number of players were out. The winners were H. and D. Kirker. The weather was splendid, though cold, and a large number of players were out. The winners were H. and D. Kirker, four up. Other cards handed in their combined forms were: Burns and S. Frater 2 up, Lusk and Jackson 2 up, Colbeck and McCormick 1 up, Bruce and Macfarland 3 down, W. Frater and Pearce 4 down, Lawrence and Dargaville 6 down, Gordon and A. Myers 6 down.

### Waitemata.

A match was played on Saturday for a handsome trophy, presented by Mr. Alex. Allison. A large number of players took part, and the winner proved to be Mr. H. G. Stringer with a net score of 84.

### Cambridge.

On Wednesday and Saturday mixed foursomes were played for the trophy presented by Messrs. Hood and McCormick, of Auckland. Miss Kathleen Willis and Mr. A. H. Nicoll were the winners, with a net score of 48. The following were the scores:—Miss Willis and Nicoll, gross 51, handicap 5, net 46; Miss Brooks and Middleton, 59—10, 49; Miss Cox and Stone, 62—11, 51; Miss Ferguson and Wilkinson, 61—7, 54; Gavey and Walker, 66—12, 54; Miss Hally and Ferguson, 67—12, 55; Miss Landon and Wells, 67—9, 58; Miss Richardson and Buckland, 71—13, 58; Miss Taylor and Roberts, 70—11, 59; Mrs. Bunyard and Richardson, 74—14, 60; Miss Pickering and Hindmarsh, 73—11, 62.

### Hamilton.

On Saturday week a bogey competition was played on the Hamilton golf links. The weather was perfect, and the state of the links having improved so greatly, a very large number of players turned out, no less than 50 entering for the competition. The ladies' competition was won by Miss McAllum, being one down on bogey; the gentlemen's by Mr. Shepherd, with two down. The following cards were handed in:—

Ladies (8 holes, bogey 47).—Miss McAllum (24), 1 down; Mrs. Douglas (8), 3 down; Miss Primrose (20), 4 down; Mrs. Ward (20), 6 down; Mrs. Gillies (30), 7 down; Miss Rothwell (32), 7 down.

Gentlemen (18 holes, bogey 80).—A. J. Shepherd (10), 2 down; A. Elliott (30), 3 down; E. B. Heywood (22), 4; J. Hill (16), 4; J. H. Hume (10), 5; C. O. Mahoney (8), 5; C. Bennett (32), 5; A. Archer (30), 6; W. L. Ward (20), 6; W. A. Worsley (14), 7; E. J. Mears (18), 9; G. McLeod (22), 10; F. Swarbrick (8), 12; P. Hazard (32), 10; G. Hardwood (20), 12.

### Wellington.

The team of golf and tennis players cabled from Melbourne as likely to tour America and Britain during 1911 is not without possibilities. As a tennis team, of course, it is practically confined to Norman Brookes, who can hold his own in that department with any man in the world, but who as a golfer cannot be said to be in the front rank. The chief interest in the team from a Wellington point of view lies in the fact, of course, that Arthur Duncan, New Zealand amateur champion, is likely to make the trip, though, so far, he has not received any details beyond those contained in the cable message. The Hon. M. Scott, Clyde Pearce, and Arthur Duncan

are a formidable trio, who, with plenty of practice, will be very hard to beat by the best of the world's amateurs. E. P. Simpson, C. Pelethead, and Bruce Pearce are not quite in the same class as the other three, but are all sound players, who are likely to develop their play during the tour.

Colonel Tuson has presented a cup to the Wellington Golf Club, and has left it to the committee to decide how and when the competition should be played. It is possible that the cup will be allocated for the annual match between the Christchurch and Wellington golf clubs, to be played for on the first occasion at the Heretaunga links towards the end of the present season. The question will be decided this week.

The first general meeting of the newly-formed Waiwetu Golf Club is to be held shortly for the election of officers. Meanwhile, the course is being put into good order and the greens are being rolled and cut. With this club and the Miramar Sports Golf Club, Wellington will have five golf clubs and one public golf links.

It is surely time that one of the clubs took in hand the initiation of an annual Wellington provincial tournament. All the other cities and several of the towns have their annual tournaments, at which golfers from all parts of the Dominion compete, and there is no doubt that it would be a good thing for the local players to meet in friendly rivalry players from other clubs. As a rule, it is only short handicap men who visit a New Zealand championship meeting, yet if other longer handicap men could only realise the amount of good it does their game to attend one of these meetings they would undoubtedly endeavour to be present. In the same way, but in a lesser degree, a provincial tournament does a vast amount of good, and it is to be hoped that one of the Wellington clubs will take the matter up.

### Picton.

The rainy weather, and its consequence—the mud, have not yet been conducive to enjoyable golf. The club members are greatly increased this year, and the committee hope to start matches and competitions shortly. Several trophies, donated by members, as well as the usual matches with Bleisheim, loom in the near future, and as a pavilion is to be erected on the ground, in which the members can take shelter, the rain and the mud will be looked upon as trifles.

### New Plymouth.

The monthly St. Andrew's Cross match was played on the Ngamotu links last Saturday. Twenty-three players took part, and the following are the best scores:—

H. B. Armitage, gross 93, handicap 14, net 79; T. Hanson, 80, 5, 81; J. W. Haslam, 101, 18, 83; F. S. Johns, 87, 3, 84; J. Paton, 94, 10, 84; T. R. Southall, 94, 0, 85; P. D. McCord, 97, 12, 85.

Last Friday a 36 hole eclectic match (the best 18 holes to count) was played for a prize presented by Mr. Tonks. There were 23 players, and the following were the best scores:—

H. H. Ward, gross 76, handicap 1, net 75; A. H. Glasgow, 79, 2, 77; H. B. Armitage, 83, 5, 78; E. S. Bayley, 84, 5, 79; V. Elliott, 86, 5, 81; T. R. Southall, 85, 3, 82; A. H. Steeds, 85, 3, 82; T. V. Mackay, 86, 4, 82; P. D. McCord, 86, 4, 82.

### Hawke's Bay.

The golf match Waipawa v. Takapau, at Takapau, resulted in a win for the home club by 7 matches to 4. The results were as follows:—Ropata (Takapau) beat Deck (Waipawa); Richardson (Takapau) beat Darley (Waipawa); Gavin (Takapau) beat Oliver (Waipawa); Ellingham (Takapau) beat Murray (Waipawa); Russell (Takapau) beat Norris (Waipawa); Beckett (Takapau) lost to

perhaps the most successful effort in this direction has been the devising of what for want of a better work I may describe as

### The Teamsome.

Briefly, its method is this. There are two teams, each playing a single ball. The team consists of a captain and several players, each armed with a single club, one member of the team having a driver, another a brassie, and so on. The captain, who, for obvious reasons, ought not to be one of the actual players, or if he is, ought to be the wielder of the putter, settles which member of the team, and that is to say which club, shall be entrusted with each stroke. It is astonishing what good results can be obtained from a team of quite mediocre players, provided each is responsible for the club which he can really play.

In contrast to the teamsome, which aims at getting the best out of the player's game, may be mentioned some of the inventions of the enemy" by which unkind committees have sought to reduce each man's game to its worst. The creak competition, in which each player is restricted to the use of a single club, is a common form of this, and is frequently productive of some excellent scores. Professional matches, in which each player employed his putter only, have taken place more than once, George Dunearn being the hero of the last.

A special medal of honour ought to be awarded to the fiend in human shape who initiated a medal competition for

E. Waldom (Waipawa); Burgess (Takapau) halved with G. Waldrom (Waipawa); Hobson (Takapau) beat Fellow (Waipawa); White (Takapau) halved with Martin (Waipawa); Ferguson (Takapau) lost to Renouf (Waipawa); Cotter (Takapau) lost to Carson (Waipawa). The hospitality shown to the visitors was much appreciated. A return match will be played at Waipawa.

### Palmerston North.

On Tuesday afternoon a medal round was played, the senior division competing for a trophy presented by Mrs. A. Strang, and the junior for one given by Mrs. Mellisop. Of the senior division the best cards were returned by Miss Sylvia Abraham, 119—38—81; Miss Wray, 94—4—90; Mrs. Mellisop, 113—18—95. Miss Dorothy Walegrave won the junior competition with a score of 133—32—101; Miss M. Walegrave second, 135—32—103. A downpour of rain in the afternoon prevented many from finishing the round.

Mrs. J. P. Innes has offered a trophy for any American tournament by stroke under handicap.

### Christchurch.

A bogey match was played at Shirley links on Wednesday afternoon, and resulted in a win for Miss Cowlishaw in the senior division, and Mrs. Donald and Mrs. Sims tied for the junior division.

A Wellington team of golfers played a match with the Christchurch Club on Saturday, at the Shirley Links, the home team winning in both doubles and singles. Owing to the very bad weather, the second contingent of Wellington players, including Duncan (N.Z. champion), did not leave Wellington, which very much weakened the visiting team. The seven players who took part by an earlier boat had some most interesting games, the feature being that Abbott and Lees were only beaten by the Canterbury cranks, Wood and Wright, 2 and 1. Wood beat Abbott in the singles at the 18th hole, after the latter being 4 down and 5 to play. Rutherford, after being down 4, only halved with Reid. Following are the detailed results. Christchurch players being mentioned first in each instance:—Foursomes: Wood and Wright beat Abbott and Lees, 2 up and 1 to play; Reid and Rutherford beat Wood and Will and Hale, 2 and 1; Gow and Treweek beat Reid and Clark, 3 and 2. Singles: Wood beat Abbott, 1 up; Wright beat Blyden, 2 up; Rutherford and Reid all square; Gow beat Clark, 5 and 4; Treweek beat Hales, 3 and 2; Borthwick was beaten by Lees, 4 and 3; Harman was beaten by Gore, 4 and 3. Christchurch had three wins in the doubles, four in the singles, two losses and a half.



LADIES' GOLF.

Auckland.

On Monday, the 13th, the second round of the captain's tourney was played. The third round was played on Monday, 19th, and the concluding round will take place on Monday, 27th. On Thursday the weather was very cold and windy, and perhaps this may account for the bad scores handed in. The competition was a match against bogey for trophies presented by Mrs. O'Rourke, Senr. Miss N. Coutz, a Taranaki player, who appears to have been rather liberally treated by the handicapping committee, was the winner, with 7 down; Miss E. Pierce, Miss E. Martin, and Miss W. Cotter were second, with 9 down. I may say that the Bogey is very stiff indeed, 82. The ladies only play three shorter tees than the men, at Nos. 1, 11, and 12; and I think their bogey is only two strokes more. This is really heart-breaking. Miss Vera Duthie was the winner for those without handicap, but owing to her card not having been countersigned, she was disqualified. Much sympathy was expressed for Miss Duthie, who bought her experience rather dearly. Mrs. Ferguson and Miss Jessie Reid tied for second place, and will play off for the prize. Miss Jean Richmond and Miss M. Alison, after finishing all square in the play-off for the president's prize, tried conclusions again, and again finished "square." They will try to decide the match on Monday, 20th. The programme for the Auckland Ladies' Golf Club Championship Meeting, which starts on July 4th, is out. On the 4th: The first round of the championship in the morning; driving and putting in the afternoon. Tuesday, 5th: Second round championship. Wednesday, 6th: Third round championship; Bogey singles. Thursday, 7th: Medal round handicap and teams' match; approaching and putting in the afternoon. Friday, 8th: Final round of championship; afternoon, prize-giving and tea. Entries close June 27th. The play off for the President's Prize was won by Miss G. Richmond, who beat Miss Alison, 3 up and 2.

MAUNGAKIEKIE CLUB.

Mr Wade-Grey has been appointed assistant secretary of the above club, and will attend to all matters at the club house.

Miscellaneous.

Miss C. Leitch, who has been playing such splendid golf of late, was put out in the first round of the English Ladies' Championship by Miss Henning Johnson by one hole. Another instance of the glorious uncertainty of golf. Next week we should have the full accounts of the meeting.

The following remarkable score was made by James Coombes, professional to the Thurstone Golf Club, over the full course.—Out, 34443443—33. Home: 43433345—33. Total, 66. The previous record was 70.

William Dickinson, the one-armed golfer attached to the Oawentia Club, Lake Forest Hill, has issued a challenge to any one-armed player in the world. His challenge is particularly directed to John Huskens, of Hoylake.

The Royal West-Norfolk Golf Club pays the village of Beaneaster 4 per cent on the gross income of the club for the use of the links, and each householder in the village has just received 5/6 as his share for this year.

For the small charge of twopenny per hour the working classes of Liverpool may now enjoy the use of clubs and balls, and a turn on the nine hole putting course, which has just been laid out at Seflon Park by the Liverpool Corporation.

A novel feature in connection with the tournament for the "Edinburgh Evening Dispatch" trophy was the appearance of the signallers of the 24th (South Edinburgh) troop of Boy Scouts, who signalled the state of the matches from various

points on the course to those in the pavilion.

Prince Albert of Schleswig Holstein was a competitor in the Sunningdale Club's scratch gold medal. By returning the excellent score of 83, Prince Albert has proved that he is a golfer of more than average ability, and, perhaps, the best Royal personage playing golf.

It has at last been decided to hold the golf championship of Australia on the Seaton links, Adelaide. Mr. W. Colbeck, of the Auckland Golf Club, will take part in the tournament.

The British amateur championship has been won by Mr. H. M. Cairnes, a prominent Irish golfer, who defeated R. Maxwell, the present holder, in the final.

For stopping for a while to take shelter from the rain, two players in a competition at Clendon course were disqualified. And the irony of it was that one of them had a card equal to that of the winner.

In these days of dear golf balls, a player cannot think so lightly of a lost rubber core. Yet, a new terror has been added to the game, according to the following incident. Two golfers were playing on Stonelaven course the other day, and at the eighth hole one of them sliced his drive. As he went to his ball, he found a crow pecking at it, and, as he approached, the bird flew off, carrying the ball, which it ultimately let fall over the cliff.

According to Professor Milne, the world itself is elastic. There is no getting away from rubber.

Taylor's average of 28 rounds last year was 74.3, which is perhaps the best on record.

As a means of inculcating the virtue of self-reliance, golf is pre-eminent among all games, and, for that reason alone, school boys should be taught to play it as soon as they can handle a club.

The old player to novice, who is pleading the state of his health as an excuse for his bad play, "My dear sir, I've played for over 40 years, and have never beaten a man who was in perfect health."

RELIEF FROM THE START. HELPLESS AS A BABY.

The man or woman who is suffering from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, or other complaints arising from the uric acid poisoning, is oftentimes as helpless as a baby. The stiffened muscles and joints cause intense torture, and frequently reduce the victim to a state of utter helplessness. Don't remain the victim of Rheumatism. Take RHEUMO, the modern antidote for uric acid poisoning. RHEUMO is a scientific preparation, to be taken inwardly. RHEUMO gives prompt relief; with the first dose the pain and swelling usually disappear, and a cure is generally effected within 48 hours. Sold by all chemists and storekeepers at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle.

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 poison that defies 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 being ulcerated; 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.

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and Pills, which is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Carbuncles, Polypoid Hemorrhoids, Tumours, Abscesses, Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Bunions and Ringworm. See the trade mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label. Prepared by ALBERT & CO., ALBERT HOUSE, 73 FABRINGTON ST., LONDON, ENGLAND.

MR. G. M. NEWTON (For some years with Mr. William Coleman)

Has commenced Practice as a BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR At No. 102 (First Floor), VICTORIA ARCADE, QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.



By WHALEBONE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Constant Reader.—General Sout won the Welcome Stakes and Mueset Stakes as a two-year-old, at the A.R.C. Spring Meeting of 1907.

The N.Z. Racing Conference opens its deliberations at Wellington on July 21.

The weights for the N.Z. Cup are due on Aug. 20.

The Regal gelding Maroon and Black is now under the charge of R. Hall, at Ellerslie.

The veteran son of St. Hippo, up-to-date, ran second in both the Steeplechases at the recent A.J.C. Winter Meeting.

T. Quinlivan, jr., is reported to have a couple of very smart youngsters amongst his two-year-olds at Hastings.

Latest information from Napier states that the Jockey Luke Wilson is making a good recovery from his recent accident.

Mr A. Peters left for Sydney by the Maheno on Monday, with Waitata and Mahinga.

The Menschikoff—Castorace filly is to be retired to the stud, and will be mated with Bezoulan.

No less than five first favourites were successful on the second day of the Hawke's Bay Winter Meeting.

The winner of the Hawke's Bay Steeplechase, Audax, was nearly down at one stage of the journey, but made a good recovery.

If Mr G. D. Greenwood's horses make the Australian trip, the southern rider R. Hatch will go across and ride them in their engagements.

Prophet is not the first Auckland horse to win the Hawke's Bay Hurdles, the late Mr J. B. Williamson winning the event in 1906 with Irish.

T. A. Williams has had an addition to his string in a rising four-year-old gelding by Curassier—Krepsch, which looks a likely-looking sort.

The rising three-year-old Vivace, by Obligado—Greenaid, which has been spelling for some time, has been put into work again, and is now an inmate of John Rae's stable.

The Auckland-owned King Hippo was a disappointment at the recent Hawke's Bay Meeting, and, according to Southern writers, was greatly bothered by the big county.

Mr A. F. Douglas evidently contemplates another trip to Australia, for Woolloomooloo has been nominated for the Australian Hurdle Race.

The Marlborough-trained mare Fighting Maid, by Saracen, is showing plenty of pace, and gives promise of being fairly fast over six furlongs.

Although the ranks have been greatly thinned, there are still a fair number of horses working at Ellerslie, principally rising three-year-olds and jumpers.

The hurdle horse Wellenst has been purchased by a patron of P. Conway's stable, and the son of Castor is now under the charge of that trainer at Ellerslie.

F. Macmanamin has no less than seven rising three-year-olds in work at Ellerslie, viz.: Apellan, Ashby, Royal News, Poitiers, Wenonah, His Highness, and Echo.

Mr G. Leitch, of Clareville, has purchased the well-known Wairarapa pacer Fairfield III. from Mr J. Montgomery, of Masterton.

The rising two-year-olds at Ellerslie are anything but a promising lot, and present indications point to Auckland being very weak in this department this season.

The ex-Auckland gelding Snowfoot was sent out favourite for two races at the A.J.C. Winter Meeting, but the best he could do was to run a second and a third.

Although Woolloomooloo finished up favourite on the morning in the Hawke's Bay Hurdles, the Auckland horse Prophet was always at a shorter price with the book-makers.

The latest addition to Wairarapa's string of racehorses is a five-year-old mare by Chalkinuk—Turnuolac mare, which is being broken preparatory to being put on the training track.

N.Z. horses have been freely nominated for the leading Australian spring events, and everything points to the Dominion being well represented at the Randwick and Flemington carnivals.

The Multiform filly Roselike was to have been shipped to Sydney by the Wimmera, but was taken bad with her kidneys, and her departure was postponed until Monday, when she was shipped by the Maheno.

The Spalpeen filly Wenonah has filled out into a handsome, well-grown filly, and she gave evidence of great staying power in her two-year-old engagements, should be decidedly useful next season.

The Monoform colt Apellan is getting through a lot of work at Ellerslie, and it is the intention of his owner, providing that he goes on satisfactorily, to give him a chance to earn distinction in the A.J.C. Derby.

The Obligado gelding Ashby is particularly unfortunate, and after recovering from his recent severe accident, picked up a nail the other day, and had to be given a rest. He has made quick recovery, and is now in work again.

In a private letter to a friend in Auckland, Mr A. Phillips states that he had Ellerslie practically sold for 3500g, but the daughter of Menschikoff getting away from her attendant, cut herself about badly, and the sale was declared off.

The gelding Obsidian, which has been off the scene since last December, has made his reappearance on the tracks at Ellerslie. The son of Obligado, which is at present very much in the rough, does not seem to have grown a great deal during his retirement.

R. McMiken left for the South on Saturday, with Le Beau and Explosive, both of which are engaged at the Napier Park Winter Meeting. Owing to the accident to Jones, there is a probability that the southern rider, T. Richards, will ride the pair in their engagements.

Although Prophet's time, 3.49, for the Hawke's Bay Hurdles, is a good performance for two miles at this time of the year, it only takes place as the second fastest time for the race; the record belonging to Moffat, which, with 12.0 in the saddle, covered the journey in 1901 in 3.45.

The winner of the Hawke's Bay Bracelet, Cullinan, is a full brother to Kollinor, and is one of the first of Royal Fusilier's stock. If I am not mistaken, Cullinan was making his maiden effort on the turf, and, according to report, is a horse that is likely to see a much better day.

While schooling over the pony hurdles at Ellerslie last week, both Maroon and Black and Explosive fell. The latter came down sideways, and skidded along the ground for a distance of 54ft before stopping. His rider, J. Jones, had his shoulder broken.

The N.Z.-bred filly Martyre was sent out a warm favourite for the Bonny Vale Handicap at the recent V.R.C. Birthday Meeting, but the record would do was to run second to Gold (Lord) another N.Z.-bred one, by Kitcheran—Spun Gold, which, starting at a very outside price, won by three-quarters of a length.

The Hurdles received by J. Jones when schooling Explosive at Ellerslie on Tuesday morning, turn out to be more serious than at first anticipated, and it transpires that the shoulder is broken instead of being dislocated. The mishap is bad luck for Jones, as it will keep him out of the saddle for some months, just at the busiest time of the year for cross-country horsemen.

The Gold Reef gelding Golden Water, which won the Hurdle Hurdles on the opening day, and ran second to Oxton on the second day of the Hawke's Bay meeting, is only a three-year-old. Horses of this age are not usually seen out in hurdle races, but Specter, which won the Maiden Hurdles on the second day of the recent Takapuna meeting, is a three-year-old.

Mr W. T. Jones, who won the Melbourne Cup with Bravo, and had a half-share in Stonelaven, another Melbourne Cup winner, has not been much heard of in recent years in England as a racehorse owner, but his colours were carried to victory in the Visitors' Handicap at Newmarket on April 26, by a namesake colt by William III. from Brillante, who started second favourite.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Winter Meeting was responsible for the death of two cross-country horses, one of which, Jack Pot, was an exceptional good performer. According to the report of the running of the race, Jack Pot was running

observance as because many people walked in the Park on that day, and the practice of playing golf there annoyed them. Councillor Steel considered that the condition was not puritanical. If the golfers golfed on Sunday, there was no reason why the bowlers should not bowl in the reserves that day; and the footballers play football, which would certainly entail a considerable amount of public irritation, and the Council was looked to to protect the public from such vexation of spirits. Discussion on the matter was not further pursued.

Just behind Audax, and just when spectators were settling down to witness a good fight...

The old English jockey Giles, who died recently, was the actual hero of a story that has been fathered on him...

C. Creag was evidently injured when Sir Lethe fell with him to the Hawke's Bay Steeplechase, on the opening day of the H.B.C. Winter Meeting...

When J. Chanse, Junr., left Auckland for Hastings with Prophet he was very sanguine of winning both hurdle races at the Hawke's Bay Meeting...

Writing of the success of New Zealand horses in Australia, an Exchange says:—Since 1890 the triumphs secured by Australian-bred animals in Australia include the following big races:—Melbourne Cup, with Apologue; Toorak Handicap and Newmarket Handicap, with Soultine; Caulfield Cup, with Maranui; Oakleigh Plate, with the victor and runner-up, Celestity; and A.J.C. Derby, with Nuctiforma...

Mr A. Cox, who has won the English Derby with Lemberg (racing under the name of "Mr Faire"), was well known in Melbourne at the end of the eighties, when Broken Hill had just come from the front...

A most remarkable occurrence is reported from Mundabullaguna Station, in the north-west of West Australia, the property of Mr. Sam. P. Mackey. In a communication addressed to Mr. J. Morton Clark, of Perth, Mr. Mackey states that a valuable mare on the station gave birth to a foal, and four months later to a mule...

Now that the hunting season is well under way, a number of young fellows are making their first appearance with the lakuranga hounds this season, and I feel sure they will not mind receiving a few hints as to the proper etiquette for the hunting season...

room to cast his hounds, and be sure not to be any noise, to cause the hounds to get their noses to the ground they get a chance to hit off the line quickly...

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday. After the Ashburton County Racing Club's meeting next week there will be nothing in the way of horse racing until the Grand National Meeting takes place at Kilecarton, in the second week of August.

A southern writer says that there is reason to believe that the Racing Conference attempt will be made by at least one leading club to annex dates belonging to a minor club which has a prior right to them. It has to be borne in mind, he says, that the changing about of dates is purely a local significance, and he points out that if the Wellington Club clashed with the Dunedin Club there might be trouble, as both draw a good deal of support from Canterbury. He adds that the Wellington Club possibly may imagine they are only interfering with one of the minor clubs near the Parliamentary city, but the matter is more far-reaching. It would very seriously affect the Wellington clubs to start annexing dates belonging to country clubs, if only for the reason that the representatives in the House of Parliament could be outvoted by about three to one on such a matter as the retention of the totalisator.

Sir George Clifford has engaged half-a-dozen of his youngsters in the A.J.C. Derby, and has also secured the last of Chapman's sons. Very high opinions have already been formed of this colt, which is a full brother to Glenowiet, Kirriemuir, Glenowiet and Madam Madcap, the dam being a good one.

It is stated that bookmakers had a bad time at the recent meeting of the South Canterbury Trotting Club. One lost £40, another £240, and another £100. The pecuniary fraternity were about £1200 out after the meeting.

The Ladurad—Ozone colt, in Rutledge's stable at Dunedin, has been named Blazing. He is evidently well thought of, as he claims engagements in the Australian Jockey Club's Derby and Champagne Stakes.

The first New Zealand Cup candidate to score a win since nomination day is Cullinan, who was successful in the Ladies' Bracelet at the Hawke's Bay Meeting. Cullinan is a good-looking three-year-old brother to Kohinor, by Royal Fusilier—Bijou.

The extremely wintry weather yesterday compelled the Ashburton Trotting Club to abort the second day of its meeting. The first day's racing was exceptionally good, and the meeting, as a whole, promised to be highly successful.

It is expected that the Wingatui trainer and country horseman Mr Carr will take up his residence in Invercargill at the conclusion of the C.J.C. Grand National fixture. Carr will probably train for a local sportsman.

Mr Carr participated in trotting circles that the Metropolitan Trotting Club will place on their November programme a stake of 1000sovs. Should this course be decided upon, a public announcement to this effect should be made with the next week or two.

The recent success of Australian trotters in the Dominion have caused the eyes of owners in the Commonwealth to turn in this direction, and a thousand pound stake at Addington would mean the presence of a number of overseas visitors.

At a sale of trotters held at Ashburton to-day the Prince Imperial mare Lady Clare was bought by Mr. W. Clinton for 165sovs. She has a record of 4:40 2-5. Piecework, a four-year-old, by Prince Imperial—Patchwork, realised 100sovs.

HAWKE'S BAY JOCKEY CLUB'S WINTER MEETING. FIRST DAY. NAPIER, Wednesday. The first day of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's winter meeting was held to-day at Hastings, when there was only a fair attendance. The weather kept fine until late in the afternoon, when the wind came piercingly cold and rain set in. The ladies' race was the only one in which the course was in good order and the racing generally of an interesting nature. Several accidents occurred during the afternoon. In the Maiden Steeplechase a rider of the Pelton and a colt of 400sovs, H. Campbell were thrown, and had such a collarbone broken; while in the big steeplechase Jack Pot hit the sod wall and came down heavily, breaking his neck, and Harmoreo luckily escaped unhurt. The sum of £3833 passed through the totalisator, as compared with £4045 on the first day of last year's Winter Meeting, a decrease of £112.

Maiden Steeplechase, of 120 sovs; 2 mls. miles.—Nero, 9.10, 1; Kauru, 9.7, 2; King Hippo, 10.6, 3. Scratched: Corason and Showman. Won by seven lengths. Pebble, Kauru and Showman fell. Time, 4m 13s. Ladies' Bracelet of 100sovs, 1 1/2 mls.—Cullinan, 10.7; Mahuta, 2.12; Karakara, 11.0, 3. Scratched: Ortygia, Storm-light. Won by a length. Time, 2.4 3-5.

TURMOE HANDICAP HURDLE RACE, of 150 sovs. One mile and three-quarters. V. Bolger's br g Prophet, by St. Paul—Tawhiti, 5yrs, 11.5 (C. Creag). 1 W. Roberts' Showman, 9.2 (F. D. Jones). 2 G. C. Hamilton's Forest, 9.7 (Pritchard). 3 Also started: Polyantibus.

Prophet and Showman raced most of the distance in close company, and took the last fence together. Prophet then forged ahead and won by three parts of a length. Polyantibus fell at the hurdle in front of the stand. Time, 3m 10s.

HAWKE'S BAY STEEPLCHASE, of 400 sovs. About three miles. Hon. J. D. Ormond's b g Audax, by Birkenhead—Ternaire, aged, 11.5 (A. Julian). 1 D. Simmonds' Prospector, 9.11 (carried 10.1). 2 O'Neil's Pearl Reef, 9.11 (Claremont, Douche, Glen, Rossgrove, Dorando). 3 Also started: Jack Pot, Barua, Sir Lethe.

Kauru got rid of his jockey when passing the stand the first time. Sir Lethe also unseated his rider at the brush, leaving Jack Pot to take the lead, with Audax second. Jack Pot fell at the sod wall, and broke his neck. This disaster left Audax, who started a strong favourite, with nothing to beat, and he catered home a furlong in front of Prospector, these being the only two left in the race. Time, 6m 42s.

WIATAKAPU HACK HURDLE RACE, of 100 sovs. One mile and three-quarters. G. F. Ross' b g, 3yrs, 9.5 (K. Thompson). 1 P. J. Bassett's Millennium, 9.0 (F. Willis). 2 J. Hennah's Captain Jingle, 9.0 (O'Connell). 3 Also started: Pearl Reef, Oxtou, Claremont, Douche, Glen, Rossgrove, Dorando.

There was a capital struggle between Golden Water and Millennium, which resulted in favour of the former, who won by a neck, a length separating the second and third horses. The favourites, Glen and Oxtou, were never prominent. Time, 3m 19 2-5s.

SCURRY HACK HANDICAP, of 100 sovs. Six furlongs. D. Bulck's b g Gold Battery, by Field Battery—Cyanide, 3yrs, 9.0 (H. Gray). 1 J. McLaughlin's Multiple, 10.13 (O'Neil). 2 E. J. Wain's Kildonan, 9.6 (C. Jenkins). 3 Also started: Ascaton, Leolanter, Tinatos, Niwara, San Dine, Bercola, Composed, Ruapare, Harekon, Artie.

Gold Battery led all the way and won by about two lengths, the favourite (Kildonan) being only a fair third. Time, 1m 17s.

HERETAUNGA HANDICAP, of 150 sovs. Seven furlongs. R. A. McDermott's b g, 3yrs, by Birkenhead—Nixie, 5yrs, 10.2 (C. Jenkins). 1 A. J. Billingham's Glissade, 9.3 (Seates). 2 Hon. J. D. Ormond's Idealism, 9.0 (F. D. Jones). 3 Also started: Parable, Maudie, King's Lynn, Marathon.

Glissade slot out in front from a good start, but after going two furlongs lost her place to Hermit, who was never after, was troubled, winning comfortably by a good length and a-half. Idealism was a poor third. Time, 1m 31s.

SECOND DAY. NAPIER, Thursday.

Flue weather favoured the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club to-day for the second day of their winter meeting at Hastings. The attendance was fairly good, and an interesting day's sport was enjoyed. Several mishaps troubled the meeting, but the only one of a serious nature was a fatal accident to Diplomatic in the Hack Steeplechase. The sum of £5343 passed through the totalisator, making 11,577 sovs for the two days, as compared with £12,005 at the last winter meeting—a decrease of £427. Thirteen bookmakers were licensed.

Hack Hurdles of 100sovs, one mile and a-half.—Oxtou, 10.1; Golden Water, 10.3; 2; Glen, 9.8, 3. All started. Won easily. Time, 2.51.

Hack Steeplechase of 150sovs, two miles.—Nero, 11.3, 1; Corazon, 11.2, 2; Oakley, 9.7, 3. Scratched: King Hippo, Kauru. Won easily. North Star, Diplomatic, and Pebble fell. Time, 4.38. H.B. Hurdles of 300sovs.—Prophet, 11.2; 1; Woolloomooloo, 9.11; 2; Forest, 9.3, 3. Scratched: Polyantibus and Audax. Won by a length. Time, 4.38. Ladies' Neckline of 60sovs, one round.—Fanus, 12.1; Pimmoana, 10.7, 2; Mahuta, 13.0, 3. Scratched: Woolloomooloo. Won by half a length. Time, 1.55 4-5.

Hermit, who started a favourite, broke his back in the Hack Steeplechase.

JUNE STEEPLCHASE HANDICAP of 250sovs. About two miles and a-half. Mr C. E. Brewer's b g Sir Lethe, aged, by Lethe—Suster, 11.0 (J. Nolan). 1 Herock. 2 Mr W. Cave's King Hippo, 9.11 (A. Julian). 3 Mr I. Rutherford's Kauru, 11.0 (J. Nolan). 4 Also started: Needlework, 10.1; Hermita, 9.7.

Sir Lethe had things all his own way and romped home a winner by about a dozen lengths. Kauru held about the same distance behind King Hippo. Time, 5.9.

Mr A. Helm's Niwara, 9.4 (C. Jenkins) 2 Also started: Leolanter, 9.15. Herock, 9.0. Composed 9.0. (Carried 9.0). Idealism slot out from the rack, and, challenging Herock, came on in great style, winning easily by half a length. About the same distance separated the second and third horses. Time, 1.31 3-5.

FINAL HANDICAP of 100sovs, Six furlongs. Mr J. McLaughlin's b c Multiple, 3yrs, by Multiflor—Soul Girl, 9.7 (A. Oliver). 1 Mr A. J. Billingham's Glissade, 9.8 (Seates). 2 Hon. J. D. Ormond's Bolita, 11.0 (C. Jenkins). 3 Also started: Hermita 11.0, King's Lynn 9.0. Multiple led all the way, and won comfortably by two lengths, Bolita being a good third. Time, 1.16 3-5.

DINES OUT NOW.

Young Wife: "This dish, dearest, is an original composition of my own." Husband: "Well, I should rather my pet, that you would cook after the old masters."

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Department of Lands, Wellington, 15th June, 1910. HAURAKI PLAINS DRAINAGE WORKS. PUHANGA CANAL. CONTRACTS 18 AND 28. Separate Tenders, addressed to the Right Hon. Minister of Lands, will be received by the District Surveyor, Department of Lands, (thence, for the construction of the above canal, up to NOON of the 9th July, 1910. Plans and specifications can be seen at the Lands Offices, Auckland, Thames and Hamilton. Tenders to be in sealed envelopes, and marked "Hauraki Drainage Works, Puhanga Canal Contracts." WM. C. KENSINGTON, Under-Secretary Lands.

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# Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

## BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)

### AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S.

June 20 to July 6 — Grand Opera Co.  
July 7 to 16—Clarke and Meynell.  
July 18 to 21—Hugh J. Ward.  
August 1 to 12—J. C. Williamson.  
September 4 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 Session—Fuller's Pictures.

### WELLINGTON.—OPERA HOUSE.

July 4 to July 23.—Clarke and Meynell.  
August 1 to August 12.—Hugh Ward.  
Sept. 1 to Sept. 14.—J. C. Williamson.  
Oct. 7 to Oct. 26.—J. C. Williamson.  
Oct. 27 to November 5.—Alma Hamilton.  
Nov. 12 to November 24.—Fred H. Graham.  
December 24, six weeks' season.—J. C. Williamson.

### THEATRE ROYAL.

Vaudeville (permanent).

### "The Hypocrites"—A Great Play

HERE is nothing which reveals the capacity and limitations of a company so readily as an attempt to stage a modern realistic drama. "The Hypocrites," produced in Auckland for the first time in New Zealand by Messrs. Clarke and Meynell, answers the description admirably. The full plot has already been given in these pages. In penning a notice of "The Hypocrites" I want to indulge in a few speculations that are somewhat outside the usual bounds. They are induced by the fact that such a fine play has been brought to the Dominion for the first time. It is a vivid slice of humanity. The reality is as clear cut as it is pitiless. It grips. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, like his great contemporary Sir A. W. Pinero, has analysed and sifted to its dregs the hypocrisy and elaborate shams practised in the name of good-breeding by a certain section of English middle-class society. Their vogue is by no means confined to the Homeland.

The dramatist no doubt would be flattered to learn that he had been billed in company with so eminent and sentimental a writer as Mr. Hall Caine. One might soon expect with such a combination to see Mrs. Henry Wood and Mr. Bernard Shaw fraternising on the billboards. The difference between a play like "The Hypocrites" and a medley like "Pete" makes one dizzy to think of it. The one is an aggregation of more or less familiar stage props exuding sentimentality and platitudes. The other is a masterly piece of realism with characters and incidents sketched to the life. Mr. Hall Caine handles the question of immorality in an immoral way. He justifies the maxim of the late George Meredith that "sentimental people fiddle harmonies on strings of sensualism." Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, on the other hand, presents the subject dispassionately and blamelessly. He divorces his emotions from his reason and with all his dramatic intensity and vividness of realisation holds the mirror up to humanity. He is one of the growing circle of modern dramatists who recognise in the stage functions other than those of amusement and recreation.

### What is the Stage For?

The stage of the modern drama is the pulpit of the modern people. However much conservative thought may be opposed to sermons from behind the footlights, the tide is all against it. There was no greater protagonist in the cause of shaping this wider aspect of the drama than Ibsen, regarded by many as the greatest dramatist of the last century. It was said of him "To act as the physician of the age, to point out the festering sores in the social and political organism, and to scar them with irons heated to whiteness in the furnace of the poet's indignation—this was his mission, and for its sake he scorned delights and lived laborious days." Many have followed the great Scandinavian, both in England and on the Continent.

To-day almost every play of the modern British school of writers is "a play with a purpose." Thus are dramas like Henry Arthur Jones' "The Hypo-

crites," Pinero's "His House in Order," Galsworthy's "Justice," Granville Barker's "Waste," Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara," Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," Arnold Bennett's "What the Public Wants," Israel Zangwill's "The Melting Pot." The list might be extended to many American productions like "The Fourth Estate," by Joseph Paterson and Harriet Ford, or Charles Klein's "The Third Degree," which Mr. Williamson is to stage in New Zealand.

### Taste in New Zealand.

In this country, however, public taste has not yet advanced to the appreciation and the realisation of the importance of the modern drama in shaping national thought. I was talking to a man of world-wide experience of the stage re-

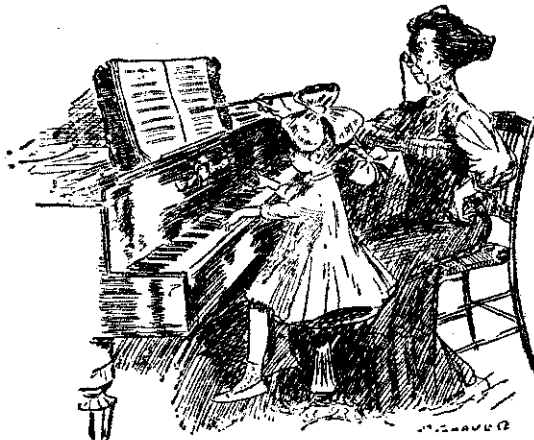
### Modern Drama and the Actor.

Every patron of serious drama will delight in seeing an influential firm like Messrs. Clarke and Meynell setting their ambition to such realistic works as "The Hypocrites." The cardinal difficulty of the producers who are willing to give the successes of England and America in plays of this class is to get competent handling and production. So long as the staging of a strong modern drama is left to a combination where the majority are better suited to pieces like "Pete" or "The Christian," its success is jeopardised, and public opinion influenced accordingly. The reading of "The Hypocrites" was not at all what a number of people would like to have seen, but despite its defects, despite the execrable setting of the first act and the melodramatic flourishes, it remains a powerful thrilling play. There was a considerable section of the Auckland audiences who saw and felt it as such. The extraordinary human interest sustained almost from the rise of the curtain, and cul-

minating in the famous third act, which, when produced in each centre, set all London and New York agog, took a big hold on the more sober and introspective section of the audience.

### The Finest Interpretations.

The finest interpretations were those of Mr. Conway Wingfield as Mr. Viveash and Miss Ethel Bashford as Rachel Neave. For a young actress the latter combined a considerable amount of promise with temperament. Given the opportunity, she should be heard of in the future. Mr. Wingfield was always convincing, and showed how much talent, submerged in such an unreal character as The Deemster, rises to the surface in the keen, cynical lawyer who Mr. Jones has so brilliantly sketched. Miss Beatrice Day was disappointing as Mrs. Whitmore, whilst Mr. Roberts gave an altogether different impersonation to the curate to that intended by the dramatist. Linnell is essentially a strong virile man—a revolutionary against organised hypocrisy. Mr. Roberts made him emotional and theatrical—a sort of self-righteous "John Storm." He, moreover, sacrificed his opportunities when he descended to melodrama to develop the psychological moments of the drama. As the Lord of the Manor, Mr. H. E. Greenaway maintained a good impersonation for the first two acts, but fell away subsequently. Mr. F. John Forde, as the Rev. Daubeny, got dangerously near to caricature at times, whilst Miss Elvyn Harvey made a pretty Helen Plugenet. Mr. Harry



Music Teacher: Why don't you pause there! Don't you see that it's marked rest!  
"Yes, teacher, but I aren't tired."

cently who visited New Zealand about fifteen years ago, and asked him if he thought the taste of the public had improved. His answer was brief, but incisive, "Yes—in picture shows and melodramas." The indictment would be very hard to deny. The blame does not rest wholly with the people. The theatrical managements of Australasia must take their share of it. From a purely business point of view, they rightly, in their own interests, will not "educate the public" at the risk of financial loss. So long as melodramas, farces, musical comedies, and light opera like "The Merry Widow" pay to good dividends so long will the public get them, and the appreciation of the modern drama suffer.

### Giggling at Tragedy.

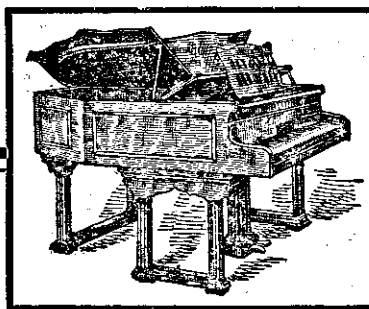
The effect of a long course of "popular productions" on the minds of the younger generation (to whom the name of "The Broughs" conveys nothing), was only too much in evidence at the first production of "The Hypocrites" in Auckland last week. The greater part of the public, prepared no doubt by the melodramatic devices of "Pete," evidently expected to see a melodrama. They seemed to have no conception of any other class of production but that intended to excite the crudest emotions. At the most tragic moments of "The Hypocrites" there was laughter and giggling. Even when young Lennard confesses in an agony of contrition to Curate Linnell that he is the father of Rachel Neave's unborn child, an extraordinary burst of laughter went up from all parts of the house. They evidently mistook him for "The Funny Man." In the third act, when the unhappy youth, driven to denial by the pressure of his parents in order to save the family name from social disgrace, denies the paternity, a woman leant forward from the front row of the circle and hissed "Liar!" Was there ever such a telling exhibition of crude taste. To some extent the illusion of the audience, who treated a fine drama to such banality, was fostered by the melodramatic outbursts of Mr. Harry Roberts. Such exhibitions were quite unsuited to both the character and the play, and could but make any discriminating member of the audience squirm in his seat.

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Sweeney, as Lennard Wilmore, had a very responsible part to fill in that of a weak, impulsive, young man, spoilt by an ambitious mother in childhood. If he was not altogether satisfying and somewhat inelastic, the impersonation showed real insight and talent.

**"Kaiser Symphonic Poem."**

The portrayal in musical strains of some great personality is a congenial task to many composers; two examples that at once come to mind are Beethoven's "Ereica" Symphony, founded on his notion of the character of Napoleon Buonaparte, and Strauss' "Don Quixote." Whether he was inspired or not by two such eminent examples cannot be said, but the fact remains that a certain German composer of the name of Scheide- mann has produced a piece entitled "The Desires and Will of Kaiser Wilhelm II.," the avowed object of which is to give musical expression to the Emperor's share in the making of German history. The work opens with the German Na-

the way. It is satisfactory to know that the Kaiser achieves a final victory over all his foes in a few triumphant passages, while the finale illustrates Bismarck's boast that Germans fear God and nothing else—not even ridicule.

**Crystal Palace on the Scrap Heap.**

The failure of the Crystal Palace Com- pany was considered the other day at a meeting of creditors held in London. The chairman mentioned that since its incor- poration, in January, 1859, by royal charter, thirteen Acts of Parliament were obtained by the company for various purposes. He added that unless some scheme were put forward which could offer the first debenture holders some reasonable prospect of security for the future, there would be no course left open but to dispose of the property at break-up prices, in which event it was hardly likely that the claims of even the first debenture holders would be met. The failure of the company was attribut- ed, among other causes, to its outlay having been nearly ten times greater

cess." All really big boom breakers like "The Merry Widow," "A Waltz Dream," "The Dollar Princess," are all termed "Viennese." It has such a distinguished flavour. It is up to someone to produce a real hot, smoking melodrama with all the seven deadly virtues naked and un- ashamed in a Continental halo.

Latest news from London tells that Dr. Hans Richter, the famous conductor, has been ordered by the doctors to take a complete rest.

"Imaginary Interviews with Great Composers," by Gerald Cumberland, Lon- don, William Reeves, 8/-. This is an exceptionally well-reviewed book, publish- ed recently.

The extraordinary compositions of a thirteen-year-old boy, Erich Korngold, son of a Viennese musical critic, have called forth remarkable tribute from Dr. Richard Strauss. The boy's works in- clude a sonata for piano, music for a pantomime and a set of six "character studies," entitled "Don Quixote." Dr. Strauss writes: "I have received the com- positions and read them through with the greatest astonishment. The first feeling I had was one of awe and apprehension, succeeded by a fervent wish that as pre- cocious a manifestation of genius may have an opportunity for normal develop- ment. What assurance of style, mastery of form, individuality of expression and harmonisation in the sonata! It is all genuinely astounding!" Professor Her- man Kretschmar, Director of the Royal High School of Music at Berlin, says: "I know of no analogous case but that of the young Handel." Is Korngold going to be the great composer of the future?"

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein has been wiped off the American operatic map. He has received a cheque for two million dollars, and retains the Manhattan Opera House. In return he has given Mr. Stotesbury, the Philadelphia millionaire and member of the banking firm of Drexel and Mor- gan, his Philadelphia Opera House, and his contracts and operatic rights. It will be interesting to see what happens to Mr. Hammerstein. He may try and out-rival the millionaires' theatre in the production of high-class drama, or he may convert his own opera house into a sort of London Empire; but "The Morning Leader" thinks that before many months are over the Metropolitan Com- pany will be asking him to take charge of the huge trust whose sphere of opera- tions will one day stretch from the Atlan- tic to the Pacific slope.

The death is announced of Julius Bluthner, the founder of the well-known piano-manufacturing business.

An interesting rumour is going the rounds in London musical circles. It is to the effect that Mr. Thomas Beecham, whose forthcoming season of light opera at His Majesty's Theatre is arousing great expectations, is now forming an

opera club. The central idea of the scheme is that the society shall form a backbone of support for opera in the kingdom. Mr. Beecham has already se- cured the names of about a hundred influential people who are favourably impressed with the idea, and there is, therefore, good prospect of the scheme maturing.

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**MADAM BUTTERFLY.**

BEL SOREL as CHO CHO SAN

SATURDAY, JUNE 25.

**LA BOHEME.**

MARIA PAMPARI as MIMI

MONDAY, JUNE 27.

**LA BOHEME.**

MARIA PAMPARI as MIMI

TUESDAY, JUNE 28.

**MADAM BUTTERFLY.**

AMY CASTLES as CHO CHO SAN

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29.

**CARMEN.**

BEL SOREL as CARMEN

THURSDAY, JUNE 30.

**LA BOHEME.**

MARIA PAMPARI as MIMI

FRIDAY, JULY 1.

**CARMEN.**

BEL SOREL as CARMEN

MARIA PAMPARI as MICHAELA

SATURDAY, JULY 2.

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**THE MATINEE HAT.**



(1) The only way to solve the theatre hat difficulty that we can see is—

tional Anthem, which is intended to bring before the hearer an idea of his Imperial Majesty, though it is not quite clear why it should not equally suggest Frederick the Great, or Wilhelm I, or even Bismarck, Schumann's first Novel- ette is then ingeniously utilised to define the Kaiser as the "Ruler of a Military Nation," but this would seem rather an arbitrary application of the material. However, although the ruler of a mili- tary nation, his Majesty is also a con- sistent guardian of peace, and so, with infinite resource, Herr Scheidemann seeks to convey this aspect of his illus- trious subject—that is, if a monarch can properly be styled a subject—by means of two sonatas of Beethoven, Op. 53 and Op. 81. It is a truism that really great music always reveals new features to the earnest student. Herr Scheidemann has also discovered in these two sonatas material which appropriately alludes to the celebrated visit of the Kaiser to Palestine, as well as his constant care for the welfare of his people.

The composer has not forgotten that the German nation is not one big happy family; it numbers very many Social Democrats and other discontented people; so with marvellous subtlety he suggests this fact by passages of discord. If modern music is, as is sometimes claim- ed, a reflex of the conditions of modern life, there must surely be a serious amount of Socialism about, if the theory of discord be sound! However, that by

than was anticipated, to the fire of 1866, which destroyed the north end of the building and its contents, to a great storm and three landslips, to litigation with one of the refreshment contractors and difficulties with the railway com- panies; also to the competition in later years of more accessible and attractive places of amusement. It was stated that a proposal for reconstruction had been prepared, which could not be discussed now, and one hundred and fifty thousand pounds would have to be found. It was resolved to leave the liquidation in the hands of the official receiver.

**Stray Notes.**

Here's a pretty business at Bangor! The cathedral organ has come into com- petition with washing day. Recently the Corporation diverted the supply of water which works the engine of the blowing apparatus at the cathedral, and now the pressure is so light that, particularly on Mondays, when the washerwomen are busy, the engine declines to work, and consequently the organ cannot be played. The cathedral authorities have complain- ed to the Corporation. It is difficult to know which to sympathise with.

A few years ago it was quite the ex- ception for English-speaking audiences to witness musical comedies except from the pen of English writers. Nowadays there are all "that stupendous Continental au-



(2) To throw pictures upon the back of it that those behind may get something for their money.

# "Madam Butterfly" in Auckland. The History of "Madam Butterfly."

The Triumph of Bel Sorel and Hazon—Puccini's Original Genius.

Opera Written by a Crippled Composer—Howled Off the Stage in Milan.

THE expression of true beauty lies not in laughter, but sorrow—that was a fundamental observation to be gained from the first performance of "Madam Butterfly" in Auckland on Monday by the Williamson Grand Opera Company. Over the whole story and its numerous incidents, humorous, dainty and infinitely tragic as they are, looms a wonderful sense of beauty. It haunts one even as the memory of a great canvas glowing with the inspiration of a master. That beauty is contained and expressed in Puccini's music—the soul of the opera.

The score of "Madam Butterfly" cannot be assimilated in a single hearing, nor yet in two performances. One is at first charmed with its natural wealth of melodic material, its gorgeous orchestration and extraordinary effects. It is only on more familiar acquaintance, and after careful analysis that the intellectual scheme of the composer is laid bare. The complexity and the felicity of the work once realised becomes a source of unending beauty and delight. Here probably for the first time is the power and originality of the composer reaching to mature expression. In "La Boheme," and earlier work and more direct in inspiration, Puccini shows very much the influence of Wagner. He follows closely the great German in thematic construction and development, but losing none of his originality in the virility and natural beauty of his melodies. But in "Madam Butterfly" Puccini the man and the genius stand emancipated from earlier influences, and mature in the expression of some of the most glorious music he has ever penned.

### The Basis of the Opera.

The basis of the Opera itself, like his earlier works, completely ignores the set forms of the older Italian masters. One's sense of the artistic and the natural is not offended by arbitrary periods of recitative, aria, and chorus. Instead, we have a continuous flow of music and story passing from act to act, and culminating at last in the extraordinarily virile and profoundly tragic closing scene. Every person and important incident has its motif, which recurs through the orchestra as they unfold and develop in the story. The score of Madam Butterfly is a network of these themes sometimes combined, sometimes distorted, according to the scene. Thus, as a single instance, the love music leading up to the exquisite close of the first act, is used and distorted in the second act in conjunction with the themes foreshadowing the impending tragedy. If it was only possible for an audience to be fully acquainted with the "themes" or motifs of the opera beforehand, they would find that the score tells just as much and sometimes more than the libretto itself. The music, in fact, would be an open book to them. It is in the use and the application of these themes combined with a genius for lyric beauty that Puccini excels. His gift of melody is only that which one would expect nowhere else, outside of Italy. His orchestration, too, is just as original. He uses tonal combinations regardless of the old-fashioned canons of harmony. The effect is just as striking as that made by the great Spauriardi, Sorolla, when he lays his colours on to canvas—gorgeous, daring, and free. Puccini delights in the untrammelled use of the reeds, the horns, and the drums, or plucking from the strings of the harp some melting liquid effect, even as a burst of sunlight on secluded waters. The unconventional effects he revels in impart an extraordinary richness of colour and variety to the score. They are, in short, the interpretation of the story itself, the intense musical expression of the emotions and incidents that make "Madam Butterfly" a thrilling and human story.

### A Woman's Love Is Her Life.

The character of Cho Cho San is no more Japanese than it is French or English. It is just the old, old story of a natural and human woman giving all her life with her love, whilst the occasion for the man was no more than an incident. "Poor Madam Butterfly! Poor Madam Butterfly!" as Suzuki sobs. What should have been the realisation of her springtime was crushed in a tragedy reaching

to intense and sublime expression through the genius of Puccini himself.

### The Performance.

The opening performance in Auckland was full of excellence and felicity. Signor Hazon has his fine and complete orchestra schooled to every expression of his conception of the opera. He is quiet and unassuming in his direction, and gives the score all that breadth of colouring and strength of interpretation which marks the fine conductor.

Madame Bel Sorel was frankly delightful. Her natural charm and refinement predominate both in singing and acting. The impersonation of Madam Butterfly, which seems to come to her quite naturally, is one that could not fail to delight even an European audience. Not the least attractive element in her singing is the quaint and pretty French accent which distinguishes many of her words. She is, in fact, an artist of that exquisite quality which we so rarely see on the stage in the Dominion. Her high soprano voice is singularly penetrating in quality, and splendidly controlled.

Mr. Frederick Barney (Lieut. Pinkerton) has a commanding figure for a young man of twenty-four years. He possesses a tenor voice of exceptional quality and power, and uses it with a vigour and clearness that won the warmest applause. In the closing scene of the first act, both artists sang magnificently, the curtain falling over a scene of supreme felicity, which only Puccini's glorious love music could have rendered possible.

Mr. Arthur Crane sang very well, and acted excellently the difficult part of "Sharpless," whilst Miss Rosina Buckman was in very good voice, and succeeded in impersonating "Suzuki" with a vitality and a feeling that carried conviction with them. There was nothing at all weak or palpable in any of the casts, whilst the choruses and concerted singing were all up to the high standard which the Wellington performances led one to expect.

### Youthful Artists.

The charm of the whole company is its youth. All the artists are young, and their parts lose nothing in appearance or vitality. In consequence, "Madam Butterfly" was a memorable performance for Aucklanders, and over all, even the gracious charms of the youthful Bel Sorel herself, was the spirit of Puccini hovering with its message from the Infinite.

"MADAM BUTTERFLY" has a singularly interesting history in the way it came to be written. The composer had a good deal of it planned out by the end of 1902. He let it be known that "the theme has a sentiment, a passion which veritably haunts me. I have it constantly ringing in my head." But he had done practically nothing towards putting it on to manuscript, and then came a terrible accident, which nearly cost him his life.

Puccini, who was always addicted to sport and an open-air life, went in for motoring in the year 1901. His accident, by which he broke his leg and suffered a great deal of pain and anxiety owing to the difficulty of the uniting of the bone, took place in the February of 1903. He had left his beloved Torre del Lago and gone into Lucca for a change of air and place, owing to a bad cold and sore throat from which he could not get free. One of Puccini's characteristics is a certain obstinacy, which very often leads him to do things in direct opposition to anything like a command. The fact that his doctor had told him not to go out in his car at night was sufficient, of course, for "Mr James"—Puccini is invariably addressed by those round him as "Sor Giacomo"—to decide on a little evening trip; and he and his wife and son with the chauffeur started off in the country.

About five miles from Lucca there is a little place called Vignola, where is a sharp turn in the road by a bridge. Going at full speed, this was not noticed in the dark, and as the car turned, it went over an embankment and fell nearly thirty feet into a field. Mme. Puccini and Antonio were unhurt, but the chauffeur had a fractured thigh and Puccini a fractured leg. Unfortunately, Puccini was pinned under the car, stunned and bruised by the fall; and, moreover, suffered considerably from the fumes of the petrol. A doctor, luckily, was staying at a cottage near by, and he was able to render first aid. Afterwards another doctor was sent for from Lucca, and it was decided to make a litter and carry Puccini to Torre del Lago by boat, as owing to the inflammation the leg was not able to be set immediately. Puccini's great friend, Marquis Ginori, went with him on the boat; and, although in great pain, the invalid found himself regret-

ting that on the journey so many wild duck flew within range, just at the time, as he laughingly remarked, he could not shoot them. Three days after his arrival home, Colzi, a famous specialist from Florence, came and set the leg. The actual uniting of the bone was a long and tedious process, which spread over eight months, and Puccini was not really able to walk again properly until he had been to Paris—where his "Tosca" was produced at the Opera Comique—and undergone a special treatment at the hands of a French specialist. It was during the recovery from his motor accident he was wheeled to the piano each day and planned out "Madam Butterfly," although the actual writing down of the melodies and the general work of construction was done, of course, away from the instrument.

Puccini was at Rome for a time soon after his complete recovery from his accident, and took special pains to get up the local colour for his new work. For this he invoked the aid of the Japanese ambassador, and obtained some actual Japanese melodies from a friend of hers in Paris. Of music there is no lack in Japan, but by the Japanese themselves it is never written down. Like the troubadours of old, the musicians, who are a sort of guild, hand the traditional songs and dances on from father to son.

"Madam Butterfly" was produced at the Scala, Milan, on February 17, 1904. Campanini was the conductor.

Although Puccini was at the very zenith of his popularity, a strange thing happened with the first production of this new opera, and the composer went through a similar experience to that which Wagner had to suffer when "Tannhauser" was first given in Paris. The audience simply howled with derision. For the reason of this it is difficult to account. The storm of disapproval began after the first few bars of the opening act. Puccini, very quietly, took matters into his own hands, and at the end of the performance, thanked the conductor for his trouble, and marched off with the score. The second or any subsequent performance was therefore an impossibility.

He tells an amusing story of a little incident occasioned by the fiasco, which, he says, brought him at least some little consolations, and atoned for much dis-



PROFESSIONAL GALUSY.

What happened when a Melba record met a Tetraxini record on the library table.



# "La Boheme"—The Finest of Puccini's Operas.

**R**INE as "Madam Butterfly" is, I can only voice the almost universal opinion of the European musical world that "La Boheme," which is to be produced in Auckland, is generally a more direct inspiration. The story of the Bohemian quartet and the tragedy of poor little Mimi has already been given in these columns.

It was in the first days of the residence at his beautiful home that Puccini penned the greatest of all his operas. No more happy or charming surroundings could have combined to produce a perfect environment for composition. The composer was always of a shy, retiring disposition. He had often longed to get away from the cramped conditions of town life, and Torre del Lago, situated on a secluded lake not far from Lucca, fulfilled his desire. The lake lies in beautiful country, surrounded by woods and connected by canals with the sea, into which it flows just by the spot where poor Shelley's body was washed ashore and afterwards cremated. Amid such picturesque environment he built the delightful villa to which he is so devotedly attached, and to which he always refers as a Paradise.

### The Story of Its Success.

"La Boheme" is the composer's fourth opera. It captured the Italian populace immediately, and such was its success at Turin when produced there on February 1st, 1896, that many babies were christened "Mimi" and "Rodolfo," after the two principal characters. The greater part of the opera was composed amid the lovely surroundings already described. "Of all Puccini's works," writes a London critic, "it exhibits perhaps the most spontaneity, and as a piece of modern music its absolute continuity is not only a very high artistic achievement, but stands unquestionably as its most striking feature." So great had

illusion. A bookkeeper at Genoa, an ardent admirer of Puccini, indignant at what he considered the outrageous treatment—for it was nothing else—meted out to his favourite composer, went to the City Hall to register the birth of a daughter. When the clerk asked the name of the child, he replied, "Butterfly." "What!" said the official, "do you want to brand your child for life with the memory of a failure?" But the father persisted, and so as Butterfly the child was entered. A little time after this Puccini heard of the incident, and rather touched with the simple devotion, asked the father to bring the child to see him. On the appointed day Puccini looked out of the window and saw a long stream of people approaching his front door. Not only did the father bring little "Butterfly," but, as in the first act of the opera from which her name was derived, her mother, sisters, cousins, aunts, uncles, as well—in fact, the whole surviving members of the genealogical tree. Puccini laughingly said at the end of a trying afternoon that it was the most gigantic reception he had ever held.

The despised opera was given in what is known as the present revised version at Brescia, on 28th May of the same year, the Butterfly being Krusenicki, and Bellati the Sharpless, Zenatello being again the Pinkerton. Strange to say, it proved entirely to the taste of those who saw it. The revision, as a matter of fact, amounted to very little. It was played in two acts instead of one, with the intermezzo dividing two scenes in the second act, making it, in reality, in three acts, and the tenor air was added in the last scene.

No more striking proof of Puccini's popularity could be found than the fact that the new opera quickly came to London. It was seen at Covent Garden on July 10, 1905, Campanini again being the conductor. It has since had many performances in London and New York, besides being sung in English through the counties by the Moody-Manners Opera Company.

Both "Madam Butterfly" and "La Boheme" are the most successful operas of the day and their popularity continues unabated.

been its success in Italy that within a year of its production in its native land the opera was given in England, at Manchester, on April 22, 1897, by the Carl Rosa Company, in English. Puccini went to Manchester for the production. This was not, by all accounts, one of his most pleasant visits to a country of which he is very fond. Apart from the nervous worry of a first performance of a brand-new work in a strange language, there were difficulties which made it a peculiarly trying time for the composer. Robert Cuninghame, the Rodolfo, was unfortunately seized with a fearful cold which made him practically speechless on the night of the performance, and he could do no more than whisper his part. All things considered, it is not to be wondered at that Puccini, after spending nearly three weeks in rehearsal, decided to keep away from the theatre on the eventful night. He has himself written down his impressions of Manchester, as well as those of London and Paris.

wandering up and down the streets until the premiere was over.

All sincerely musical people in Auckland, as in Wellington, will never regret hearing the opera, the opportunity for which might not offer itself again.

### Why Puccini was Fascinated with "The Bohemians."

In order to realise what the libretto represented to the composer and why he should have come to write his finest opera on such unconventional characters, it is necessary to know something of Puccini's early life.

Milan, the chief operatic centre of opera-loving Italy, is full of music school agencies, restaurants and cafes, whose reason for existence is practically found in the fact that half the population is one way or another connected with the operatic stage. Milan is even more Bohemian than Paris in this respect, and it is not difficult to understand why the subject of unconventionality should have come to Puccini with such force when he wrote the music to "La Boheme." He had, in fact, gone through the whole thing completely so far as living on nothing and making all sorts of shifts for existence were concerned. Milan's social atmosphere is

Rome, Puccini was in receipt at this time of £4 per month. The sum used to come in a registered letter on a certain day, and he and his companions usually had to suffer the landlord to open it and deduct, first, his share for the rent. Many were the scenes they had with this worthy possessor of real estate. He had forbidden them to cook in the room, and even with the marvellously cheap restaurants, where at least the one national dish of spaghetti could be indulged in for the merest trifle, our group of young strugglers found it even cheaper to do their cooking at home. As the hour of a meal drew near, the landlord used to go into the next room, or prout about the landing, to listen and to smell. The usual stratagem was to place the spirit lamp on the table and over it a dish in which to cook eggs. When the frizzling began, the others would call out to Puccini to play "like the very devil," and going over to the piano he would start on some wild strains which stopped when the modest omelette—two eggs between three—was ready to turn out.

The material for firing was another source of expense. Their modest order did not warrant the coal-merchant sending up five flights of stairs to deliver it whatever receptacle took the place of the usual cellar; so Michael Puccini, the brother, used to dress up in his best clothes, including a valuable relic in the shape of a "pot-hat," and take with him a black-bag. The others said, "Good-bye, bon voyage," with some effusion on the door-step to let the neighbours imagine he was going away for a visit; and off Michael would go, to return in the dusk with the bag full of coal.

There is something infinitely pathetic in recording that Puccini, when fortune smiled upon him, wrote to this brother in great glee to tell him of the success of Manon, and to say he was able to buy the house in Lucca in which they were born. But his brother, who had departed to South Africa to mend his own fortunes, was stricken down by yellow fever, and died before the glad tidings could reach him.

The opening performance of "La Boheme" in Auckland is to take place on Saturday next, when Mlle. Maria Pampari will appear as "Mimi"—the beautiful little flower girl around whom the tragedy of the story centres. Mlle. Pampari is said to impersonate the part to the life, whilst her vocalisation in the South has won nothing but the most ardent praise. Signor John Zerga will be the "Rodolfo"—a magnificent tenor part, to which, according to all accounts, he has given as fine an interpretation as one could wish to see. The combination of the two vocalists is more than a happy one, and opera enthusiasts in the Northern City can look forward to hearing an excellent piece of work in this—Puccini's finest opera.



Puccini's Manuscript. First sketch for the end of the first act of "Madam Butterfly."

"Manchester, land of the smoke, cold, fog, rain, and—cotton!"

"London has six million inhabitants, a movement which it is as impossible to describe as the language is to acquire. A city of splendid women, beautiful amusements, and altogether fascinating."

"In Paris, the gay city, there is less traffic than in London, but life there flies. My chief friends were Zola, Sardou, and Daudet."

### The London Production.

"La Boheme" was first produced in London at Covent Garden Opera House on June 30th, 1899, when Manciwelli conducted. Melba took the part of Mimi—a part in which she has appeared many times since.

The complete success of the first performance of the opera in England was duly chronicled in London, on the day following the event, in "The Times." The notice states that the composer was called at the end and bowed his acknowledgments, from which it would appear that he was prevailed upon at least to appear on the fall of the curtain, although, by all accounts, Puccini went

almost completely that of theatrical Bohemianism, and all the students come very intimately into contact with its essence and spirit.

### The Plinch of Poverty.

There are many little stories of Puccini in his early days, which, after all, only represent the common lot of many a struggling genius the wide world over. He and his companions rented one little top room, for which they paid twenty-four shillings a month. Puccini kept a diary, which he called "Bohemian Life," in 1881. It was little more than a register of expenses. Coffee, bread, tobacco and milk appear to be the chief entries, and there is an entire absence of anything more substantial in the way of food. In one place there was a herring put down; and on this being brought to Puccini's recollection, he laughingly said: "Oh, yes, I remember. That was a supper for four people."

As is to be seen in "La Boheme," this incident is made use of in the third act. From the Congregation of Charity at

Miss Ivy Scott is going to London by way of America, and left Sydney by the Marama on Monday last. Miss Scott has been with the J. C. Williamson management from childhood, her first hit being in the diuet with Miss Carrie Moore, "I don't want to play in your yard." Of her recent performances, "Nan," in "A Country Girl" was the most successful.

A great future seems assured for Miss Phyllida Terson, the charming daughter of Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson, whose performance as Viola in "Twelfth Night," in the Shakespearean festival at His Majesty's Theatre, was generally hailed as a wonderful triumph. Miss Terson is only seventeen.

Messrs. Clarke and Meynell's new English comic opera company will stage "The Arcadians" for a short season in Adelaide before presenting the piece in Sydney. After Sydney the company will probably come to New Zealand.

A "Dominion" correspondent, writing from Melbourne, says:—"As well as being delighted with 'Gaiety,' I am sure you will fall in love with the singing of Signor Gasparri, who accompanies the diva. His style is beautiful, and his magnificent interpretation of the various operatic airs and songs has delighted the Melbourne audience. He was born in Florence thirty years ago, and was intended for business, but his talent for operatic delineations was pronounced. Like many other professionals, he started in amateur societies, later joining the company of the famous Salvini.

## New Zealand's Prima Donna.

MISS NORA D'ARDEL'S PHENOMENAL SUCCESS.

## METEORIC CAREER.

LONDON, May 6.

Nothing succeeds like success, as Miss Nora D'Arjel, the young New Zealand prima donna, is rapidly proving. Miss D'Arjel only returned to England last week after her magnificent triumphs at Nice, and she was at once inundated with offers of engagements.

She has been booked for the Beecham opera season in London. She opened on Monday as Olymnia, in "Tales from Hoffman," and later on creates the soprano part in (George Clutsam's opera, "A Summer Night."

I am told that so enthusiastic was Mr Clutsam over the young New Zealander's beautiful voice that after listening to Miss D'Arjel's singing he sat up all night composing a special solo for her in his opera.

Miss D'Arjel made her debut in Nice only six months ago, and her success has been remarkable. She is looking very fit and well for her venture in the London operatic world.

No fewer than twenty-seven letters and telegrams poured in on Miss D'Arjel, offering her engagements, as soon as it was known she was in London. They came from as far as the Boston and Manhattan Opera Houses, from Berlin, and other Continental music centres, and from managers in London. She was approached by the authorities of Covent Garden Opera House, the goal of every operatic singer, and was asked to give a trial of her voice. But she declined the invitation. "Not yet," she said, "I have had only six months' stage experience, and I don't want to sing at Covent Garden until I am thoroughly trained in stage-work. The Continental opera houses are the best training ground, and I shall sing on the Continent for the present. As for Covent Garden, I am content to hide my time."

And sure enough Miss D'Arjel, who is a very determined young lady, with very definite opinions of her own, turned her back on all sorts of tempting offers to remain in England. She leaves London next Tuesday for Paris to settle an engagement to sing at Lyons.

But in her decision not to appear in London for the present the young prima donna made one exception. Mr Clutsam, whose opera Mr Beecham is producing, is the husband of Mme. Miuna Fischer, who trained Miss D'Arjel when the latter first came to London. As a return for the help and encouragement she received from Mme. Fischer at the outset of her career, Miss D'Arjel consented to take part in the Beecham opera season in London this month.

Mr Beecham, who is one of the leading conductors in the musical world, heard the young New Zealander sing for the first time at a dinner at Hampstead last week. He was astonished at the quality of her voice and instantly offered her an engagement. For a long time she would not consent, but finally gave way. She did not care, however, for the principal solo in Mr Clutsam's new opera, and said so. But the composer, delighted at the prospect of getting her to create the soprano part, announced that he would go home and write the best song he had ever composed. And after sitting up all night he produced it, and Miss D'Arjel will sing it in the opera.

Her success has been phenomenal. It has all been accomplished within six months, and there seems no doubt that a golden future awaits this gifted young queen of song.

Meanwhile, in spite of her meteoric rise to fame, she replies to all who invite her to talk of her career: "No, no, wait till I've done something!"

## Our Illustrations.

## MR JOSEPH McCABE.

RATIONALIST, PRESS LECTURER, AND AUTHOR, TO TOUR NEW ZEALAND.

ARRIVES NEXT SUNDAY.

MR. JOSEPH McCABE, whose interest with the Rationalist Press Association is so well known, and whose works are very widely read, is to arrive in Auckland next Sunday from Sydney. Mr. McCabe is the missionary of modernism. At one time he was a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, and withdrew from the cloister to take up and promote the cause of scientific religion as opposed to the orthodox. He has been sent to Australia and New Zealand by the Rationalist Press Association to deliver a series of lectures similar to those which have made his name so well known throughout England. The visit amounts to a tacit recognition of the steady intellectual growth of the colonies in the minds of those interested in spreading popular knowledge of scientific subjects.

Mr. McCabe's treatment of Evolution in popular language with the aid of his specially prepared sergen illustrations has probably drawn larger audiences in the aggregate than any other lectures have on any one subject. Mr. McCabe will deliver lectures in Auckland as follows:—Monday, June 27, Choral Hall, "Evolution of Man"; Tuesday, June 28, St. James' Hall, "Evolution of Morality and Civilisation"; Wednesday (afternoon), June 29, Albert Hall, "The Present Conflict between Science and Theology."

Amongst other subjects the lecturer will treat of during his tour of the Dominion, are the following:—"A stirring future of the Birth and Death of the World"; "Evolution of the Mind and the Animal World"; "From Primitive Microbe to Civilised Man."

Mr McCabe, we are requested to state, comes purely on a mission to spread the modern development of Thought and Reason. He is doing this without profit to himself. It is intended, after deducting his actual expenses, to devote the surplus from his lectures to the fund of the R.P. Association. It is the first time any of these subjects have been handled by so popular a lecturer in the Dominion, and his method of treatment places his subjects within the grasp of everybody. Mr McCabe's recent book on the "Martyrdom of Ferrer" has had an enormous run, and has been translated throughout Europe. His last book, "The Decline of the Roman Catholic Church," has also excited wide interest and controversy.

## Francisco Ferrer.

The death of Francisco Ferrer, who was shot on October 13 of last year as the result of a court martial convicting him of complicity in the riots of Barcelona, was the subject of a lecture by Mr Joseph McCabe in Melbourne recently.

Mr McCabe, in giving an interesting sketch of Ferrer's career, said that it was true that as a young man Ferrer was a revolutionary, but in Spain a revolution had been merely the normal and ordinary form of bringing about a change of government during the greater part of the 19th century. It was hard for Australians to realise the present condition of Spain. Out of 16 millions of people, only four millions could read and write. The vast mass of the people

were held in the densest ignorance. Schoolmasters in Spain received £10 a year, while the bullfighter received £10,000. Governments changed office by agreements between the rival parties, the one saying to the other in effect, "You have had the spoils of office long enough." Of the four hundred members of the Spanish Cortes, not 150 were really elected by the people. Without wishing to wound the feelings of anyone, he would give Australians a word of advice, and ask them to dissociate themselves as rapidly as possible from Roman Catholicism in Spain, as many had in that country itself. There did not and could not exist in Australia the things done in Spain in the name of religion.

## Survivals of the Brute.

If you are a hairy man, the hair on your upper arm runs down, the hair along your forearm runs up. It is the same with the ape. That said Mr Joseph McCabe in a Sydney lecture, is one evidence of evolution. When the ape sits in the rain he clasps his hands over his head, and the hair of his arms acts like a thatch, and the rain runs off. So did our ape-like ancestor, and that is why our hair still runs that way.

The Protestant Hall was crowded. The subject of this lecture, the evolution of man, was evidently the most popular of the series. The lecture consisted, for the most part, of a description of those parts and organs of the human body which, while they serve no use now, are evidences of man's rise from lower forms of life in which they were of use. A statue by the great sculptor, Praxiteles, was shown upon the screen. Scientists, said Mr McCabe, while fully appreciating the beauty of Nature and of man, analysed it, to show how it has evolved. Parts of man's figure, even at its utmost beauty, as represented in that statue, could not be understood except as survivals from earlier stages in its ancestry.

The breasts, for instance. Why should the male have breasts? They were a survival from a time when both sexes suckled the young, and even nowadays this was in some countries not an unknown thing, and Mr. McCabe gave instances from Madras and Ceylon. The external fleshy ear, again, was about as useful as a tin ear-trumpet would be if it were crushed flat. It, too, was a shrunken survival from the time when, larger, pointed, and movable, as in the dog or horse, it was really useful to catch the waves of sound. There were seven muscles connected with it, the whole of which no human being could use. These, too, were survivals. In the larger apes the outer ear was almost as small and useless as in man. Over the body, again, were patches of muscle, as that by which a man moved his eyebrows, useless now, but survivals of the coat of muscle which in such animals as cows was used to twitch the skin to drive away the flies. The fleshy pad on the inner corner of the eye was a survival of a third eyelid, which in some birds and in the shark was capable of being drawn sideways across the eye. In the middle of man's brain was a third eye, the pineal body, now partly atrophied, and without opening through the skull. Some ancestor of ours saw with that eye and even now there was one fish-like animal that used it, through an opening in the top of the head. The hair on our bodies, useless to us, was a useful covering to the lower animals, and to primitive man. And the vermiform appendix, which often, because of its narrow inlet, beyond which food may gather and decay,

has to be removed from man, had in the vegetarian animals a far larger inlet, and was used as an extra storage chamber.

The human embryo before birth was shown to go through the stages of life at which the lower animals had stopped. It began with gills and a fish's heart up in the throat; these shrank, and lungs and a human heart formed in their places, until we reached the human form. Even now, many of man's blood vessels were those proper to a quadruped. And there was a crowning proof. It had been found that the blood of one animal had a poisonous effect on that of another if that other were far removed from it in kind. But the blood of man did not poison that of the higher apes; it was skin.

Australia was a museum of survivals, evidences of evolution, because this continent was cut off from the rest of the world before higher types than opossum and kangaroo could evolve. "And isolation," said the lecturer, "means stagnancy or death." Half a million years ago the large ape retreated into the forests, their skulls closed over their brains in the bony ridge that is there now, and there was no room for progress. That was one reason why the apes could not be developed. Our hairy ancestor did not retreat and isolate himself. He developed, and became man. They receded, and became apes. With us and our ancestors, the dome of the skull had been slowly rising for a million years. It was the change of outlook, brought about by the hairy link's descent from a tree life, that had given him his first start. But the progress of primitive man had been very slow. He had at first no articulate speech. Living in caves together, instead of as isolated families, had taught him that. And so 50,000 years ago the rudiments of civilisation, with the sowing of corn and the taming of animals, had been born.

In the last 2000 years humanity had travelled faster in progress than in 200,000 years before; and in the last 100 years ten times faster than in any other age. In the 10 million years yet left to us, and before the sun died and the earth grew cold, what might we not become?

## THE DECLINE OF HALLEY'S COMET.

(Photographs taken at Mecanee Observatory by the Marist Fathers.)

The photographs of Halley's comet, reproduced in this issue, were taken from the Mecanee Observatory, Hawke's Bay, and have been chosen from their numerous fellows with a view to illustrate how the beautiful comet of a few weeks back is rapidly breaking up as it recedes from the sun. The tail is made up of minute particles of luminous matter, first thrown out from the head, and then forced as if by a violent wind away from the sun to form the tail. As soon, therefore, as the volcanic action ceases in the head, the tail as surely disappears as the river whose source is drained. The head is active only when near the sun; and as it passes back again into space life slowly becomes extinct, and the tail, the manifestation of that vitality, dies with it.

During the taking of the photographs the comet had to be kept shining on the same place on the photographic plate. The motion of the telescope, then, had the effect of drawing the stars out into lines pointing out the direction and extent of the motion of the comet.

The extreme rarity of the comet is shown from the fact that stars show through it even in the head itself. Indeed, in photographs taken through the large telescope the fainter stars were distinct lines across the plate, when as yet the outline of the head was scarcely noticeable.

## The OCEAN Accident &amp; Guarantee Corporation LIMITED

Gross Assets (1908), £2,453,030.

Reserves, £1,750,113.

Income, £1,455,513.

Invested Funds, £2,003,798.

Business Transacted—

Accident. Guarantee. Fire.

Auckland Offices—

SHORTLAND STREET, AUCKLAND.

Head Office for New Zealand—

117 &amp; 121 CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.

Chas. M. Montefiore, General Manager and Attorney for New Zealand.





### WELCOME TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, LORD ISLINGTON.

The new Governor, it is expected will arrive in Wellington to-day (Wednesday) by the Ulmaru. When the vessel reaches the harbour the Prime Minister (Sir Joseph Ward) and the members of the Ministry will go out in a Government steamer to meet Lord Islington. A time will then be fixed for the formal landing. Lord Islington will be introduced to the members of the Cabinet by Sir Joseph Ward, who met His Excellency and Lady Islington in England. The Mayor and councillors of the city will be introduced to the Governor at the Queen's Statue, opposite the post office, and the ceremony of swearing in will then take place publicly at the old Parliament Buildings. The oath will be administered by the acting-Governor, Sir Robert Stout.

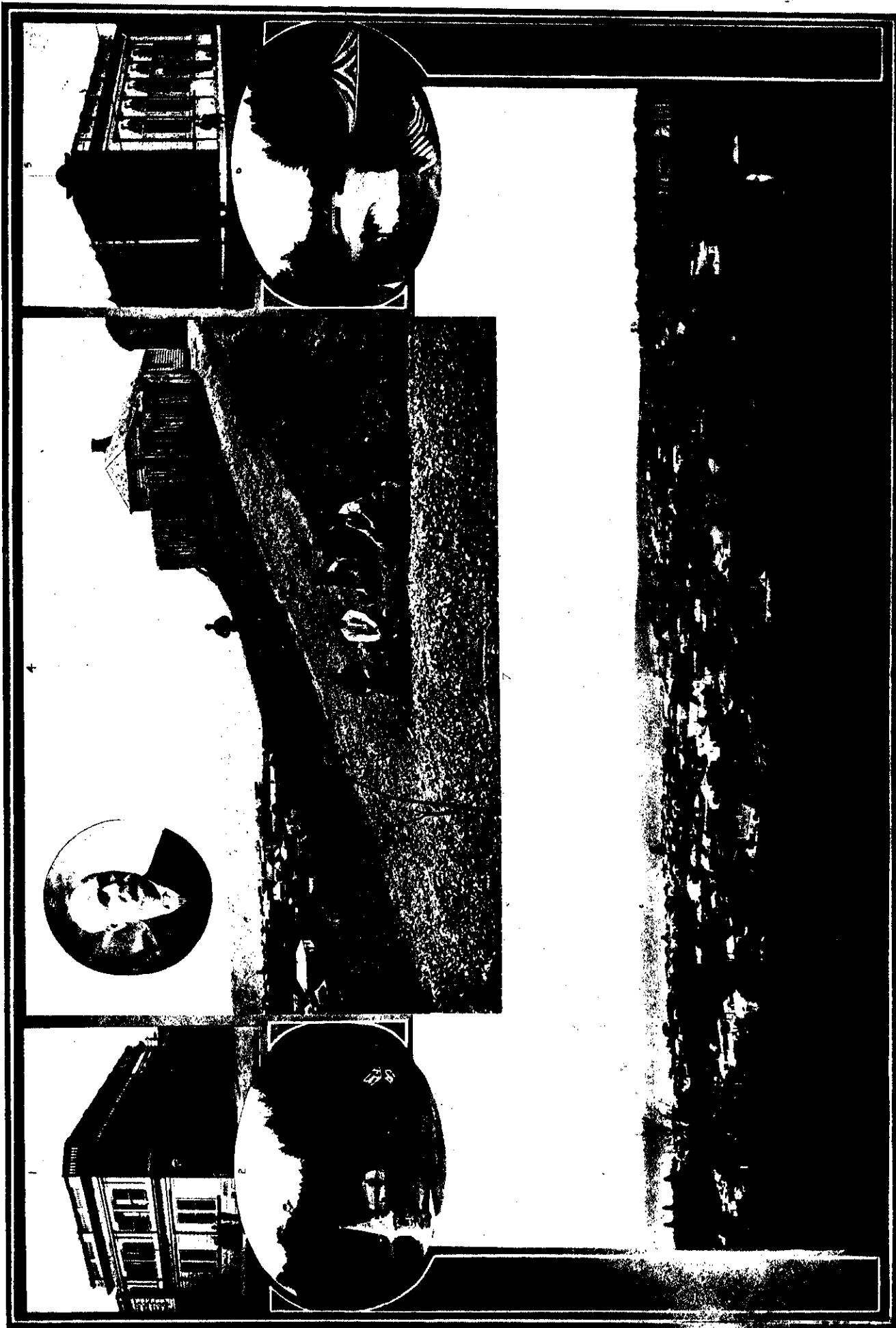


**"THE HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE GEORGE FREDERICK ERNEST ALBERT.**

The proclamation of His Majesty King George V. in the City of London, showing the vast crowd which gathered to witness the first part of the ceremony at Temple Bar. The City Marshal calls to the Herald to halt at Temple Bar, in the words "Halt! Who goes there?" The Herald (shown in the photograph) replies, "A friend," and demands admission to the city, after which the ceremony proceeds.

Topical, photo.





**WHERE HISTORY WAS MADE—NEW PLYMOUTH, THE GARDEN OF THE WEST.**

(6) A

(1) The National Bank, New Plymouth. (2) A scene in the Recreation Grounds. (3) A veteran of the Maori wars, Mr. George Taylor. (4) The old redoubt taken in 1868, with some of the garrison in front. (5) The Bank of New Zealand. (6) A corner of the Recreation Grounds. (7) A panorama of New Plymouth from the Western Park, showing the Hospital and Old People's Home on the right.

(A special account of the Waireka engagement, and the part played by Mr. George Taylor in the campaign, will be found on page 43.)

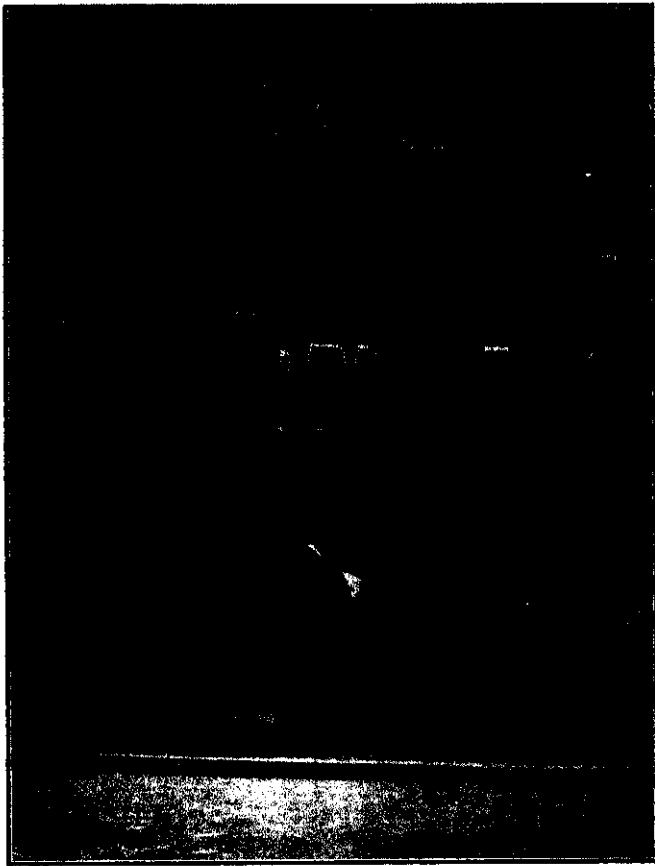
J. E. Hanna, photo.



WHERE HISTORY WAS MADE—NEW PLYMOUTH, THE GARDEN OF THE WEST.

The port of New Plymouth is situated at the Sugar Loaves, two miles from the town. Protection for shipping is afforded by a concrete mole or breakwater running in a north-easterly direction for a distance of 1860 feet. Under the lee of this there is wharf accommodation provided for the coastal trade. Steamers of 2000 tons can be berthed here in almost all weathers. (1) Devon Street, New Plymouth, in 1859. (2) The Church of England. (3) The Church of England. (4) Approaching the Railway Station at New Plymouth. (5) The Railway Station. (6) One of the numerous mountain streams that run through the town. (7) A panoramic view of New Plymouth from Marsland Hill. (8) The Borough Council Chambers.

J. R. Hann, photo.



Topical, photo. WHERE ALL EYES WERE TURNED.

The room where His late Majesty lay in Buckingham Palace. The blinds were the only ones up in the great building.



Topical, photo. POSTING THE FATAL BULLETIN.

People watching the bulletin being posted outside the Government Buildings at Whitehall, recording the death of His late Majesty King Edward.



Topical, photo.

**WAITING FOR NEWS FROM THE PALACE.**

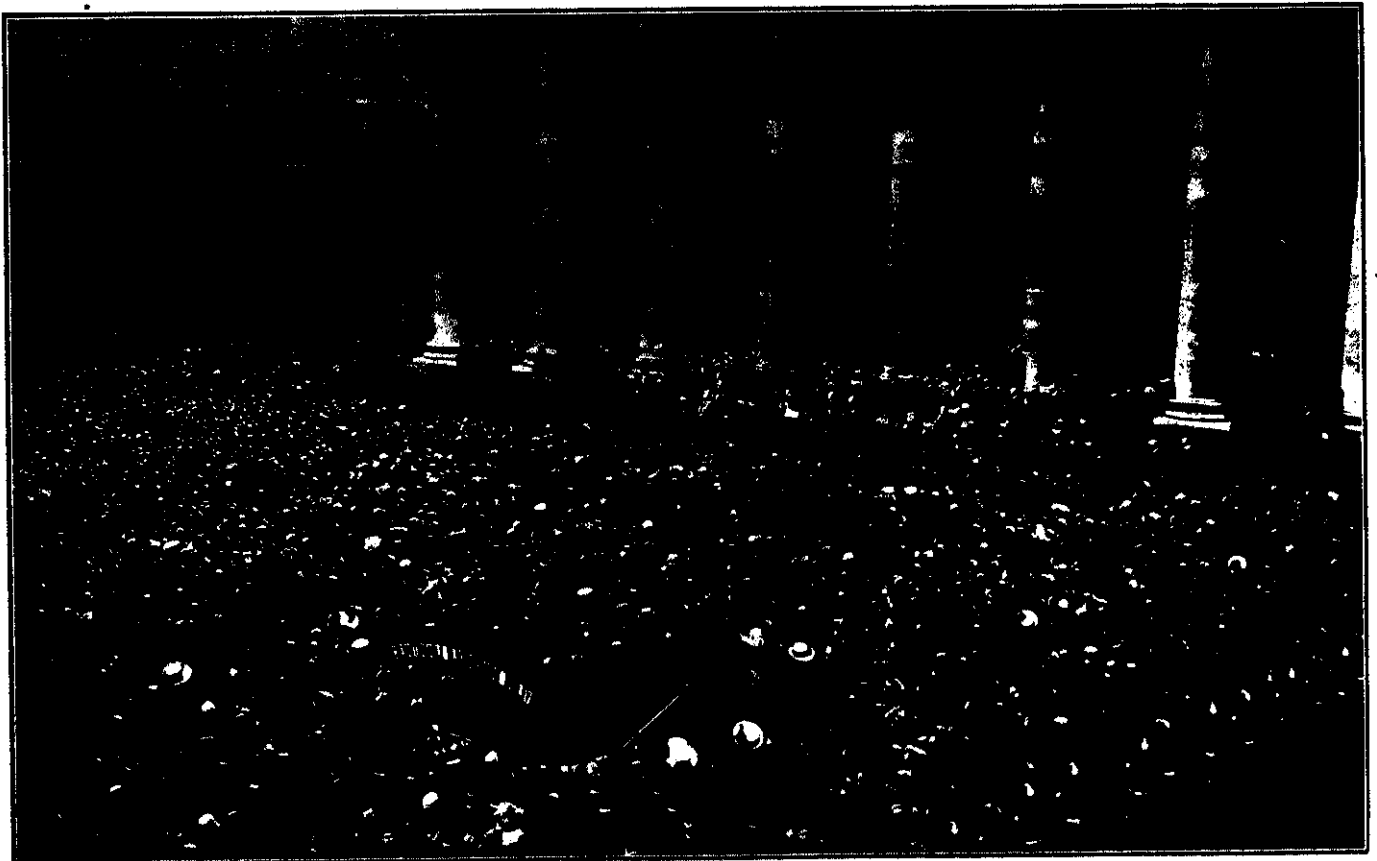
• CROWDS OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE WAITING FOR THE BULLETINS, DURING THE PROGRESS OF THE LATE KING EDWARD'S ILLNESS.



**WAITING FOR THE NEW MONARCH.**

Topical, photo.

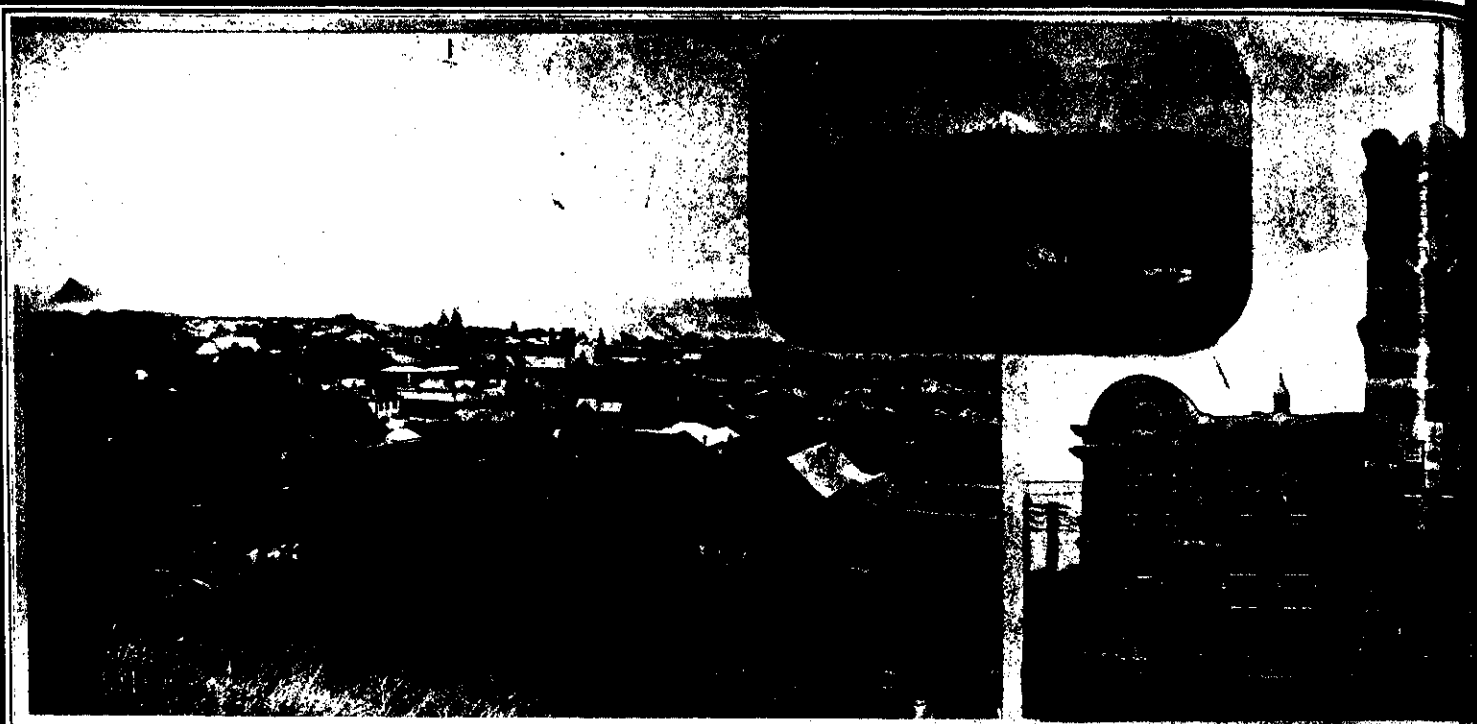
The photo shows the crowd waiting outside Buckingham Palace in anticipation of a visit by the new King and Queen. Inset is a scene showing the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace on the first day of the New King's reign, May 7th, 1910.



**"THE HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE GEORGE . . . OUR ONLY LAWFUL LIEGE."  
HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V., PRO CLAIMED AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.**

Topical, photo.

# The Citadel of Taranaki—To



6



1865



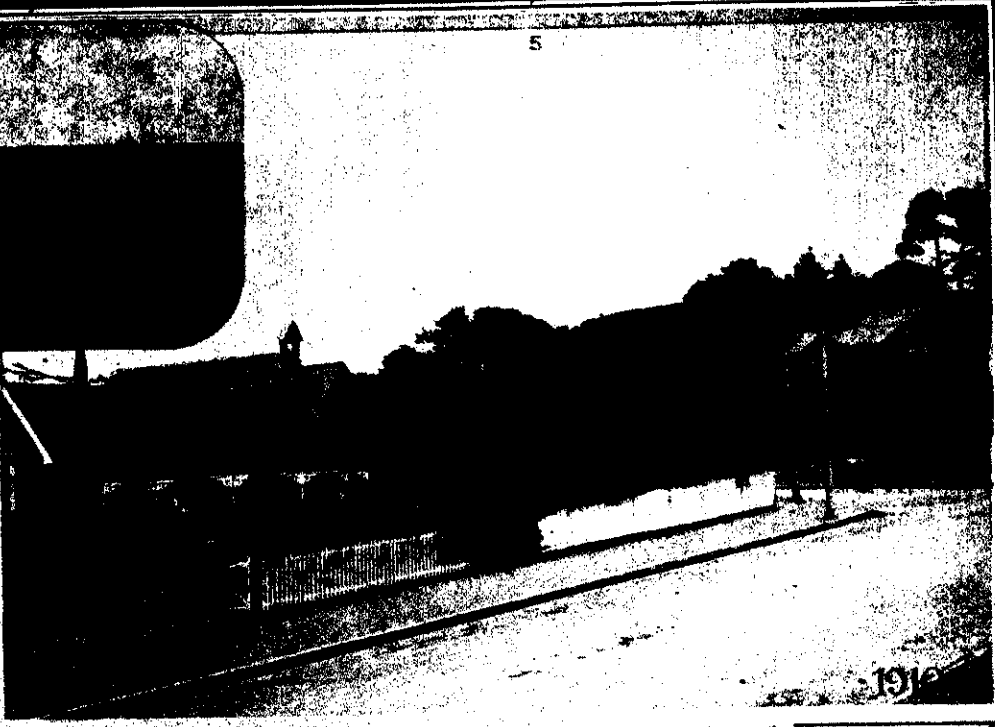
J. R. Hanna, photo.

## NEW PLYMOUTH, THE HISTORIC PORT OF

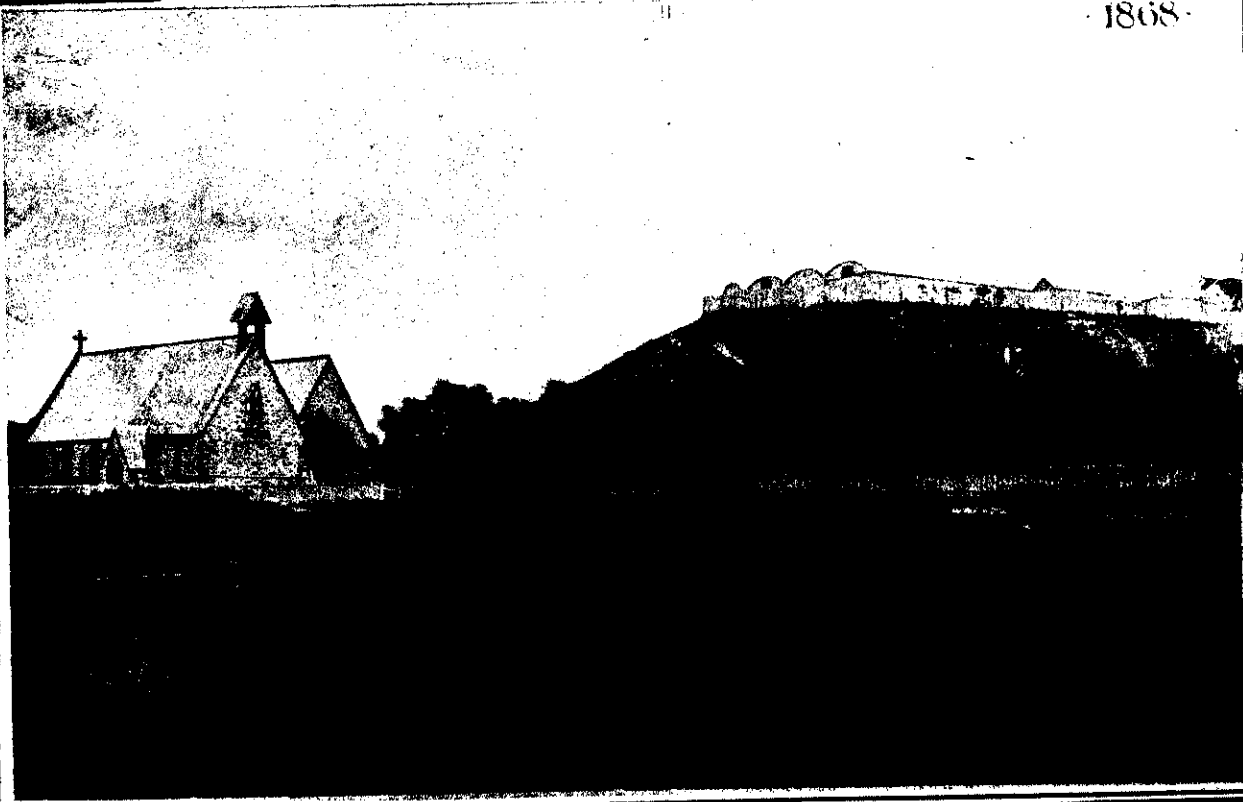
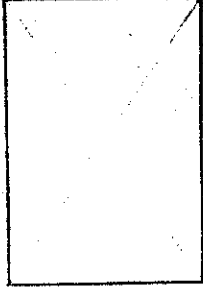
New Plymouth, the capital town of Taranaki, has been appropriately styled the "garden of New Zealand." It is, in addition one of the most historical and prettily situated towns in the island. It was first settled in 1840, and was the first European settlement in the North Island of New Zealand. It was named after the Dutch navigator, Tasman, who saw the land and mountain in December, 1642. Not again until January 1772, was the place until 1840, when the New Plymouth Company established a colony at Waitara, near New Plymouth, purchasing 50,000 acres from the natives and bringing out British emigrants to settle there. In 1840, that troops from other parts of New Zealand, landed under the mountain, to stop a new war in the bud. A New Plymouth Association was formed in 1840 to colonize Taranaki. The photographs on the opposite side of the page give a vivid idea of the changes which have been wrought in New Plymouth in 42 years. The old photos were secured by the "Graphic" from a gentleman who lived in the town in 1840. The top photo, seen from the town, (3) The post office, (4) The breakwater, (5 and 11) These two photos are taken from approximately the same point, though at an interval of 42 years. The top photo, hidden in the other photo by trees and buildings, is the redoubt with its stockade and loopholed walls.



# Day and Forty Years Ago.



COPY NEG. C18 993



**OF TARANAKI, AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.** Tinton, lying as it does, at the foot of the isolated peak of Mt. Egmont. Taranaki, once the scene of fierce fighting during the Maori war, gets its name from Mt. Egmont, the snow-capped mountain, and a month later M. du Fresno, the French navigator, saw this point. None but whalers, it is believed, visited the mountain, and it was here, in 1800, that British volunteers first went into action, and it was here, in 1840, that the emigrants who were this sent out to Taranaki were chiefly Devonians and Cornishmen. (1 and 2). Those two pictures with the two on the left show New Plymouth in 1910 and 1898, as seen from the Redoubt. (3). The southern of Taranaki, Mt. Egmont was always close at hand. The number of pictures for the Government in 1868. The two photos on the left show this corner of the town as it now appears, the top of St. Mary's Church showing over the trees. In No. 11, the same church is plainly seen, and on Marsland Hill, which is nearly level with the sea. (4) The Sugar Loaf is outside the port. (7, 8, 10) Pretty scenes in the Recreation Grounds.



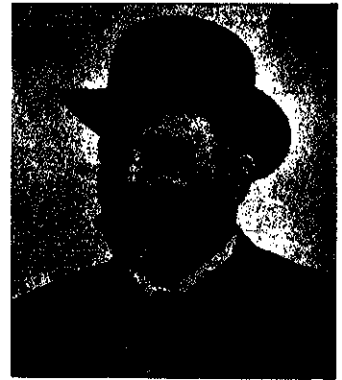
**DEPUTY CONDUCTOR.**

Mr Alfred Hill, Deputy Conductor to the Williamson Grand Opera Company, the musical direction of which is in the hands of Signor Hazou.



**A NEW ZEALANDER'S SUCCESS.**

Miss Nora D'Argel, the young New Zealand singer who made her debut at Nice about six months ago, and, from the outset, made a signal success. She has been booked for the Beecham opera season in London, and opened early last month as "Olympia" in "Tales from Hoffman," and later on created the soprano part in George Clutsam's Opera, "A Summer Night." See "Music and Drama."



**A LABOUR PREMIER.**

Mr J. Verran, the new Labour Premier of South Australia.



**AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERT.**

Mr E. K. Mulgan, who has been appointed to the position of Chief Inspector in the Auckland Educational District.



**TO LECTURE IN NEW ZEALAND.**

Mr Joseph McCabe, the Famous Author and Orator, who commences a Lecturing Tour in New Zealand, at Auckland, on June 27th. See "Our Illustrations."



**A LABOUR CANDIDATE.**

Mr G. Davis, the Official Labour Candidate defeated in the Auckland East By-election. He came second in the poll, with 1087 votes, against Mr Myers' 8180.



**THE NEW MEMBER FOR AUCKLAND EAST.**

Mr Arthur M. Myers, who was returned last week for Auckland East, with an advantage of 2083 votes over the next candidate. See "News of the Dominion."



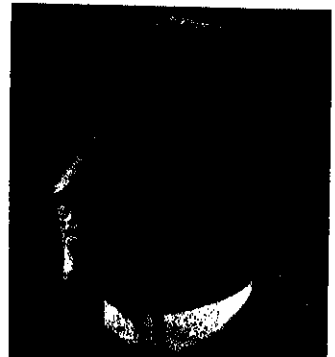
**LOST HIS DEPOSIT.**

Mr R. I. McKnight, the second Labour Candidate for the Auckland East seat; one of the three who forfeited their deposits of £10.



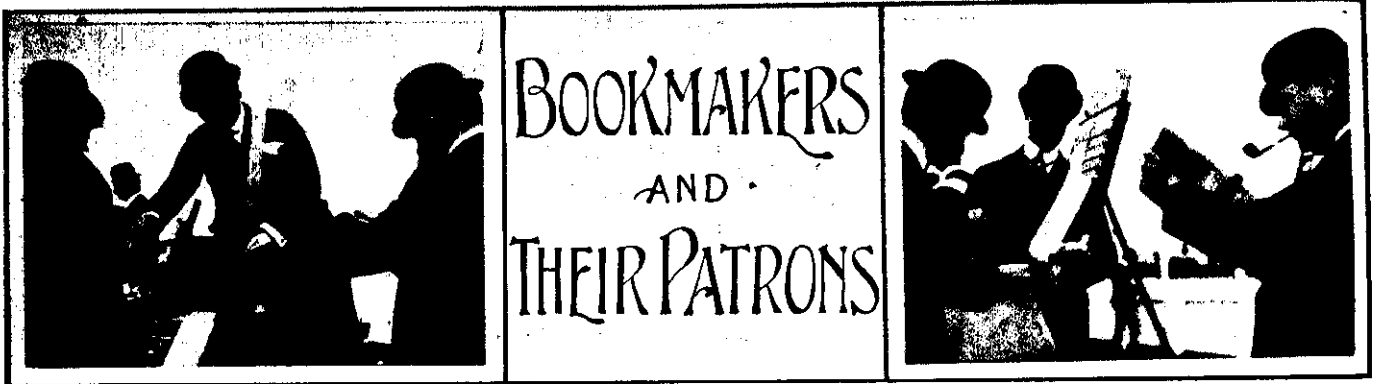
**PROHIBITION.**

Mr W. Richardson, the well-known temperance advocate, who was defeated in the Auckland East By-election, and lost his deposit.

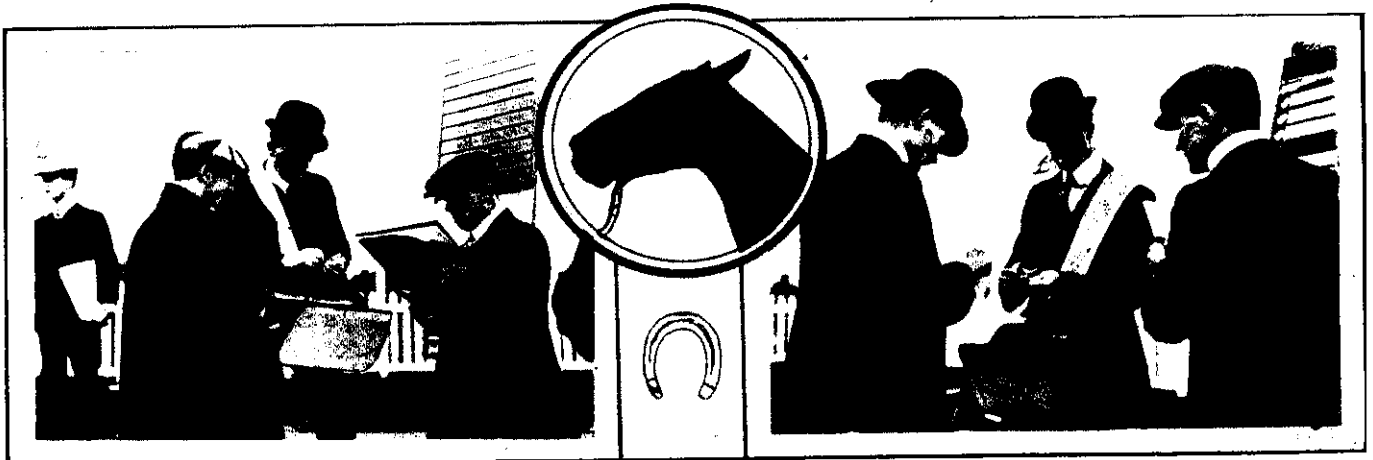


**LABOUR'S LATEST CHAMPION.**

Mr T. E. Taylor, M.P., who, with other Southern Labourites, took a prominent part in the Auckland East By-election.



WHAT WOULD THEIR GRANDMOTHERS SAY?



THE NOBLE HORSE AND HIS RETINCE.

THE HEY-DAY OF THE PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER.

SNAPS AT THE HAWKE'S BAY RACES AT NAPIER LAST WEEK, SHOWING BOOKMAKERS AND THEIR CLIENTS ON THE COURSE.

Sorrell, photo.



Topical, photo.

**WILL HE PLANT THE BRITISH FLAG AT THE SOUTH POLE?**

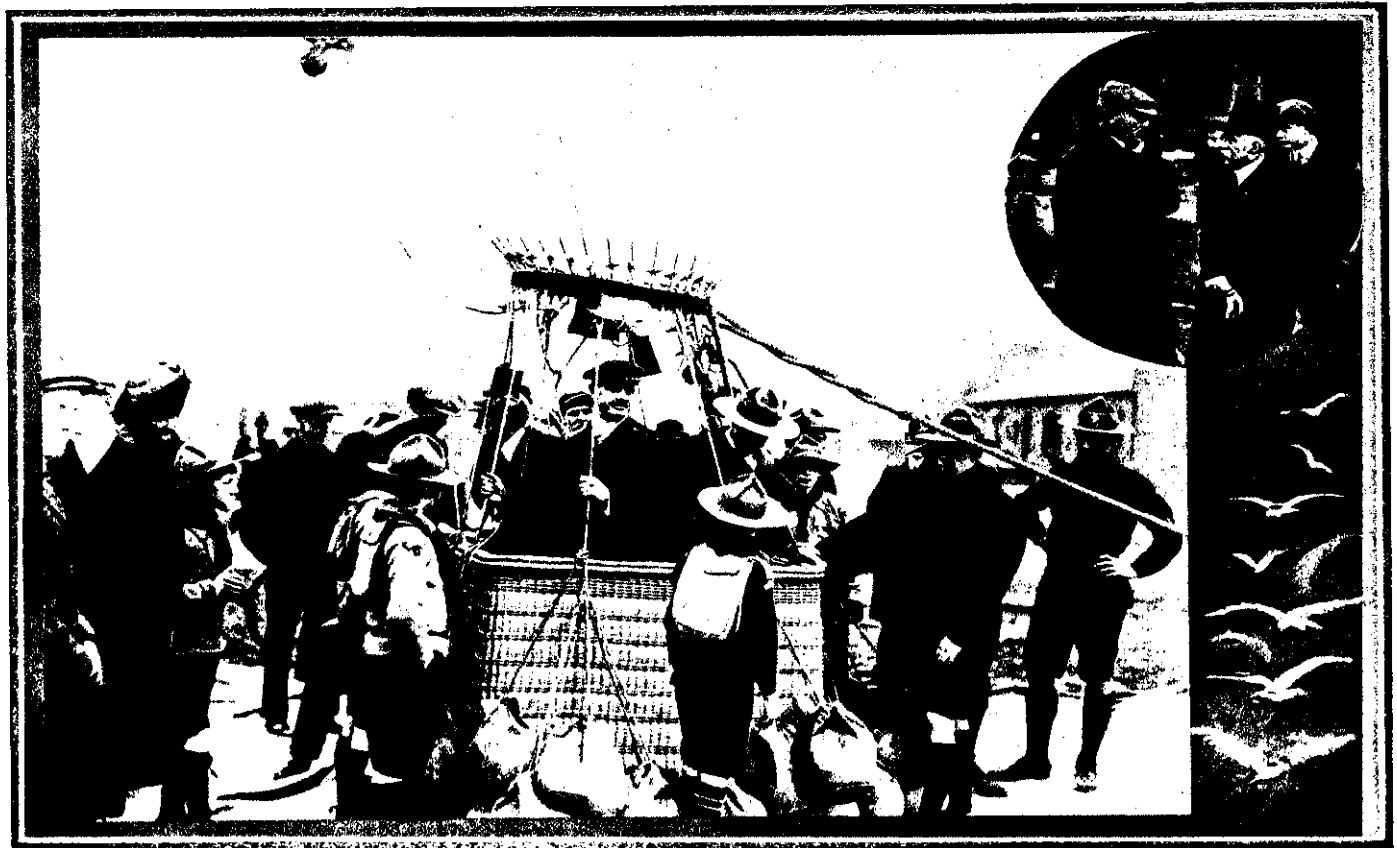
Captain Scott, whose Antarctic exploration ship "Terra Nova" left London early this month, on her voyage south, entering the Royal Society's Club.



Topical, photo.

**AN ELECTRICAL WONDER—THE LUMINOUS LADY.**

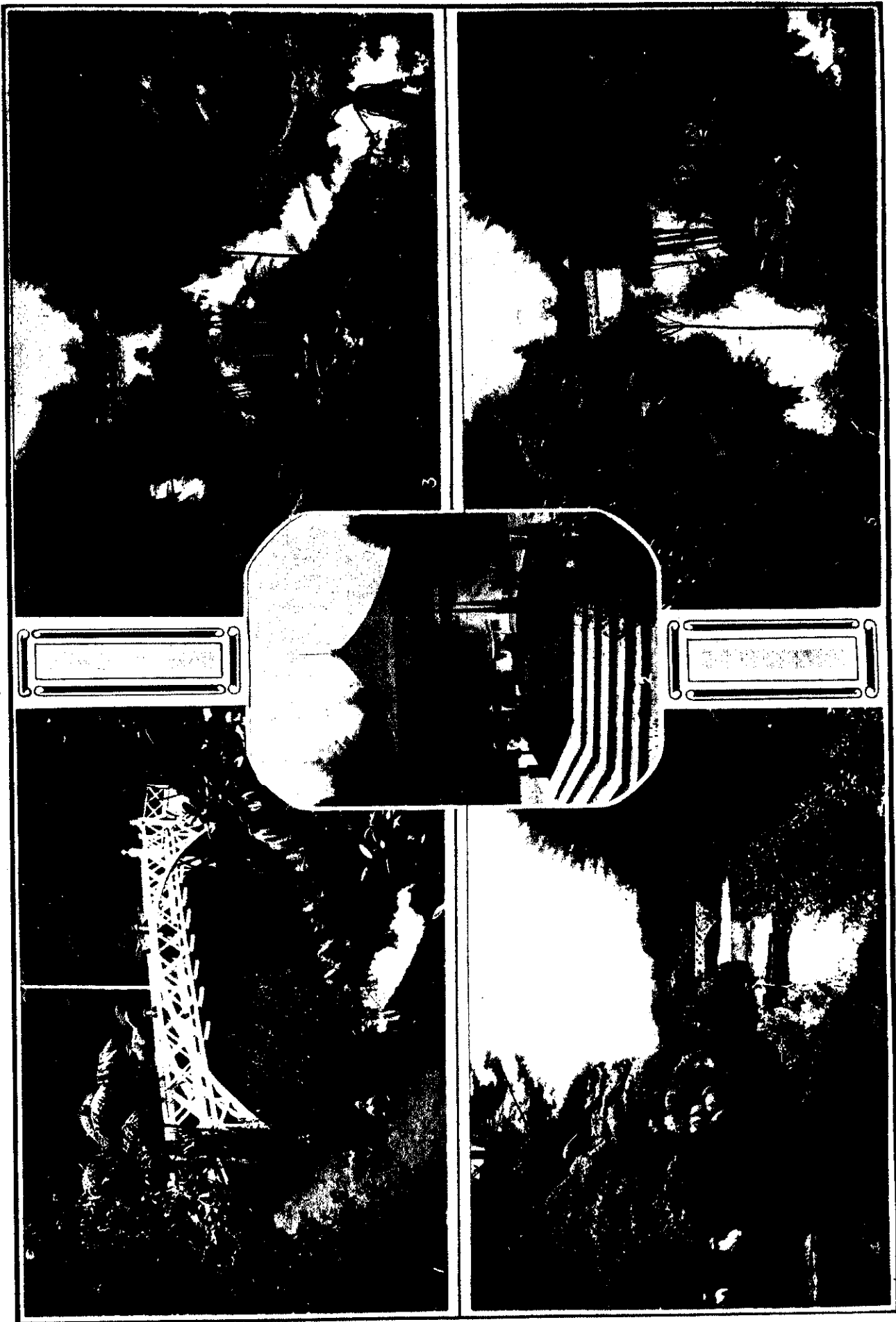
A new wonder of science has appeared in London, electric wireless waves being the medium employed. Mr. T. A. Phillips, by means of these waves, makes Miss Hart, the lady shown in the photo, glow all over. The rods shown are really miniature antennae.



Topical, photo.

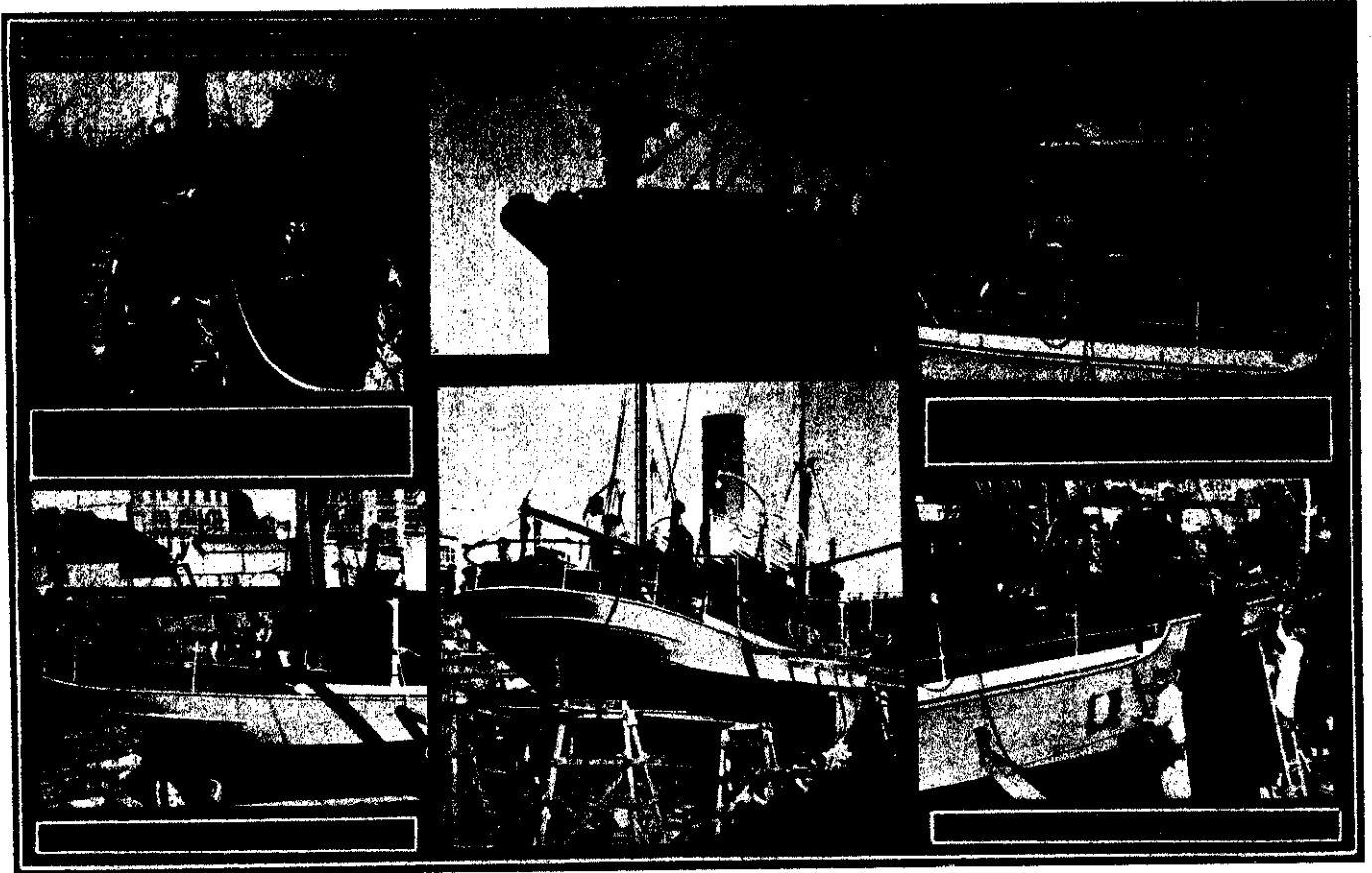
**AERO SCOUTS AT WORK—BALLOON DESPATCH RUNNERS.**

Boy Scouts in London enjoyed themselves immensely last month, when they assisted in some interesting experiments which were intended to test the value of balloons and aeroplanes in despatch running. Two balloons, piloted by the Hon. C. S. Rolls and Major Baden-Powell, and carrying Boy Scout officials, rose from Brompton gas works, and while in the air dropped "special despatches," which were collected by vigilant scouts and delivered with all speed to headquarters. The main picture shows the Hon. C. S. Rolls holding the ropes in the car of his balloon. It will be remembered that he recently accomplished the first flight across the Channel and back again in an aeroplane. Inset is a photo showing Colonel Mansey on the right, and Major Baden-Powell on the left.



**IN THE PICTURESQUE PUBLIC GARDENS OF NEW PLYMOUTH.**

J. R. Hanna, photo. The people of New Plymouth are justly proud of their Recreation Grounds, which are amongst the most picturesque in the Dominion. The grounds have been well laid out, and the natural beauty of the bush and sheets of ornamental water have been displayed to the best advantage. An excellent idea of the beauties of these grounds is afforded by our illustrations. (1) A bridge over one of the sheets of ornamental water. (2) The band-stand. (3) The beauties of the bush well displayed in a public garden. (4 and 5) Pretty walks in the grounds.



An up-to-date steam whaler, with which it is proposed to enter on the whaling industry in New Zealand waters, arrived in Auckland from Middlesborough last week. The vessel, named the Hanau, is a steam vessel, and is capable of travelling at 11 knots per hour. She is equipped with a powerful winch forward, and a harpoon gun at the bow. Captain M. Irvine, who brought the steamer out to Auckland, states that the voyage occupied 77 days, including six stoppages at various ports, the total distance covered by the vessel being 13,863 miles. The various photographs show the steamer in dock at Auckland. The middle picture in the top row shows the bow, with the harpoon gun in position.

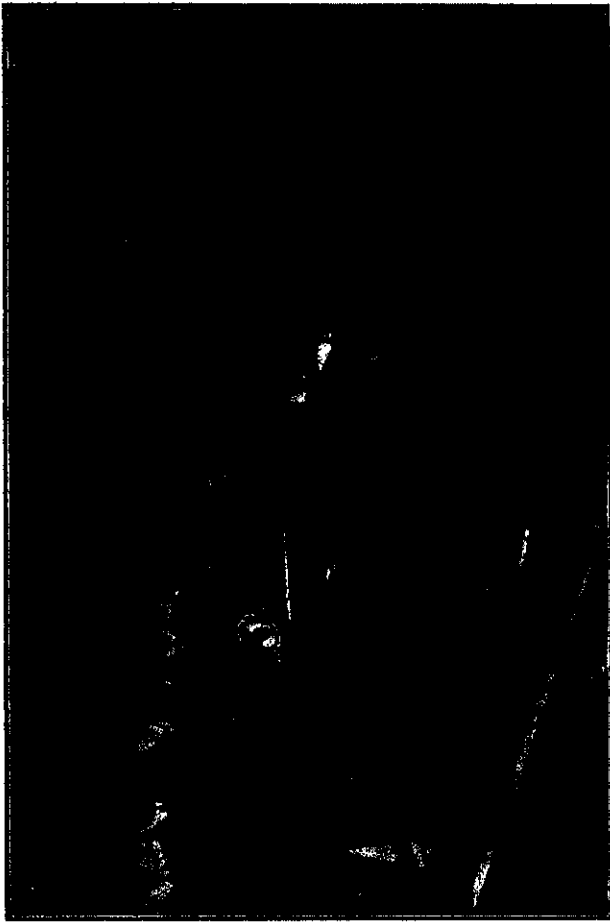


E. Denton, photo.

#### HEAVY SNOWSTORM ON MAIN TRUNK.

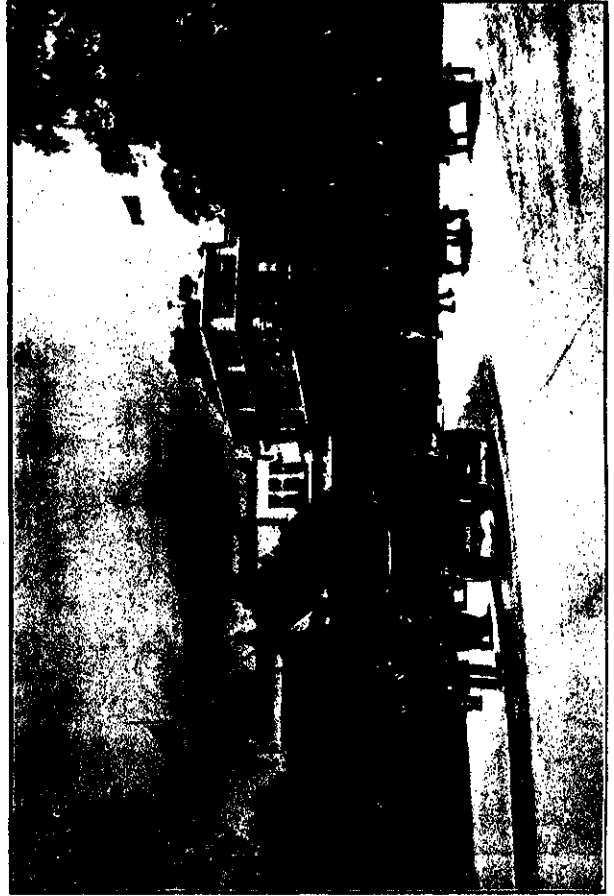
A severe snow storm passed over the higher levels of the Main Trunk Railway last Friday night, the fall being very heavy in places. There was over two feet at Walouru, whilst Ohakune and other places had a liberal share of the downfall. The photos show a scene at the Hapuwheua Viaduct.





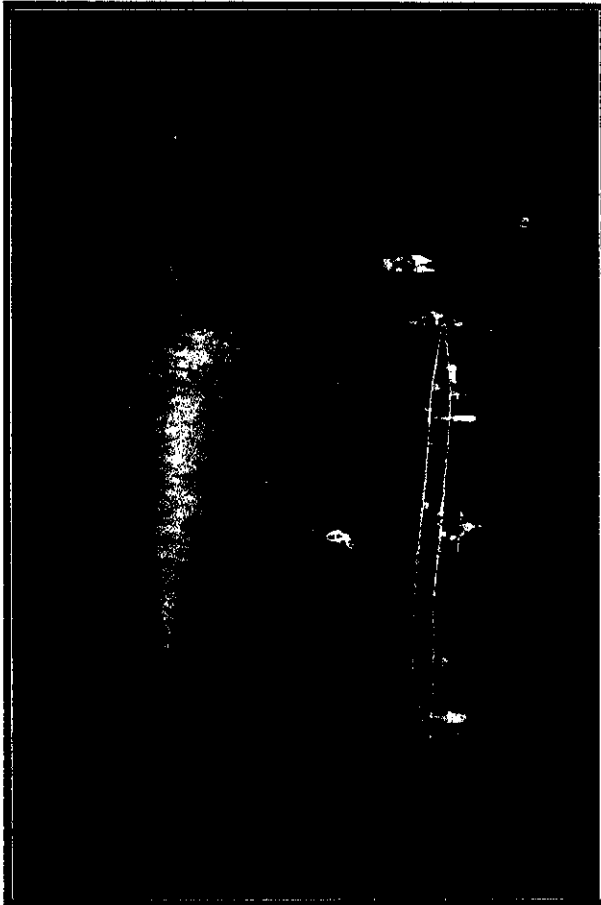
MOTOR-CAR VERSUS MILK-CART. THE RESULT OF A COLLISION.

The photograph shows the battered remains of a motor-car which came into violent collision with a milkcart in Wellington recently.



"THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE KING."

The Royal Standard flying full mast high over Marlborough House in honour of the accession of King George, and the Union Jack at half-mast over the Oxford and Cambridge Club in Pall Mall for the late King Edward.



CONTROLLED BY "WIRELESS." AN AERIAL DESTROYER.

An Englishman, Mr. Thomas Raymond Phillips, has invented the torpedo of the air. Sitting at a transmitter in London, he can send a dirigible balloon through the air at any height, and to almost any distance. By means of the wireless transmission of electrical power, he can make it ascend or descend, turn to the right or left, and go forwards or backwards, fast or slow. He can make it stop dead over any selected spot—a town, a fortress, or a battleship—and by simply touching a lever, can release the spring of a box carried on the frame and drop explosives on whatever lies beneath.—See "Progress in Science."



THE LAST BULLETIN.

A section of the crowd around Buckingham Palace gates reading the last bulletin which announced the death of King Edward.

Halley's Comet, taken on the morning of 15th of May. Exposure 30 minutes. This is the best of the photographs of this famous comet taken at Meeanee Observatory. It reveals the comet in the full blast of its activity. In the photographs we see it quickly returning to the cold, inert and lifeless condition that maintains through the long winter of its absence from the sun.

See "Our Illustrations."

Halley's Comet taken on the evening of 24th of May. Exposure 25 minutes. A convenient eclipse of the moon cut off the disturbing light from our atmosphere. We were enabled thereby to obtain a photograph that in the length of exposure and in the distance of the comet from the earth was similar to that of 15th of May. All circumstances, therefore, were favourable for a comparison. During the interval of nine days the comet had passed across the sun, disappearing in the morning sky to appear in the evening. The tail has begun to thin out. Its edges are rough and straggling; and altogether the comet is losing that gracefulness of form and evenness of structure that excited our admiration a week before.



Halley's Comet, taken on the evening of 29th of May. Exposure 1 hr. 45 min. The comet is no longer uniform of structure. The head has assumed a bulbous formation owing to the tail, having thinned out behind it into a mere skeleton of its former plumpness.

Halley's Comet, taken on the evening of 31st of May, or two days after the preceding. Exposure 1 hr. 40 min. Unfortunately, the Observatory was unable to obtain a photograph on the intervening evening. The wedge shaped central portion of the tail as shown in the last picture has passed away from the head and is to be seen here near the end of the tail.



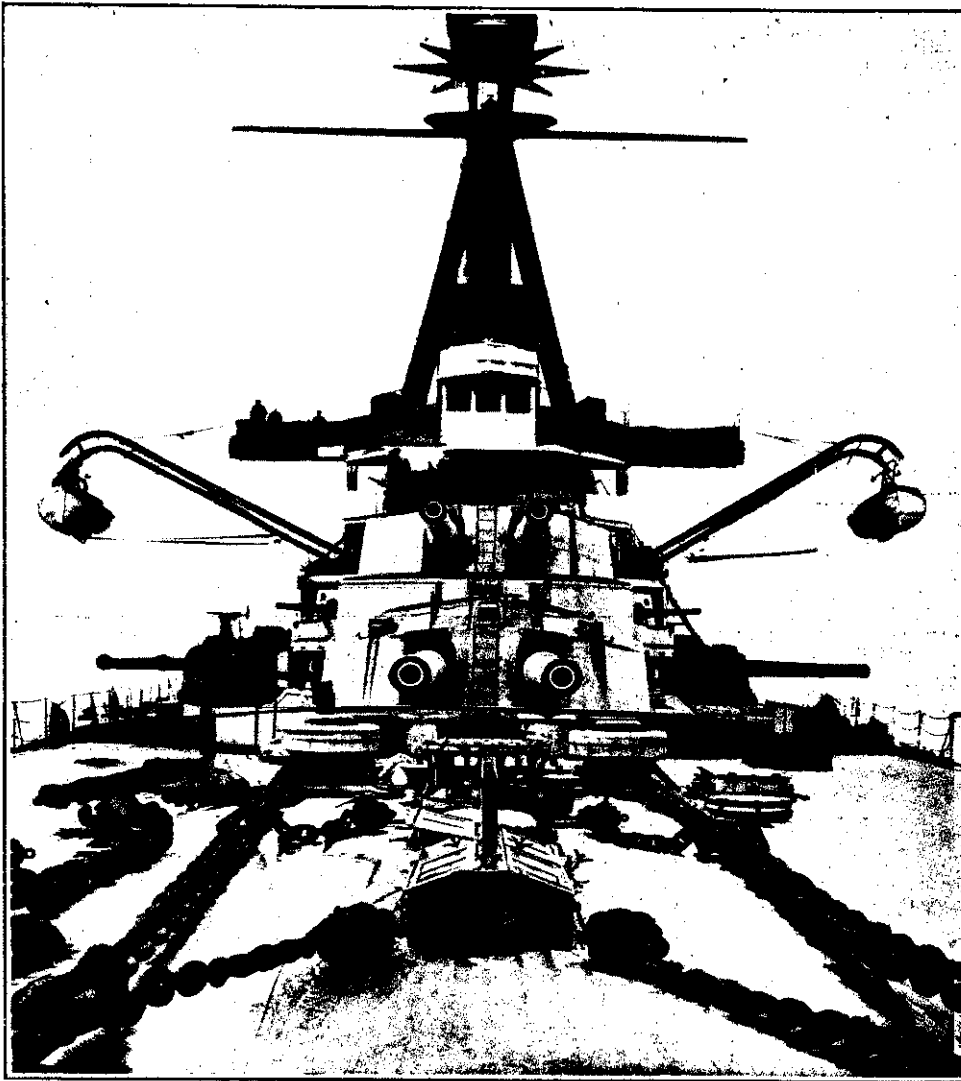
"Town and Country Journal," photo.

**BRITISH RUGBY LEAGUE TEAM TO TOUR NEW ZEALAND.**

Back Row (reading from left to right): W. Jukes (Hunslet), G. Ruddleck (Broughton), R. Ramsdale (Wigan), F. Boylen (Hull), W. Winstanley (Leigh). Second Row: "Chic" Jenkins (Ebbw Vale), E. Young (Leeds), J. Clifford (joint manager), J. H. Houghton (joint manager), F. Lomas (Salford, captain), J. Battholemew (Huddersfield). Front Row: J. Thomas (Wigan), F. Webster (Leeds), F. Farrar (Hunslet), F. Smith (Hunslet).

# A MIGHTY BATTLESHIP.

THE BRAZILIAN MINAS GERAES.



THE MIGHTY ARMAMENT OF THE NEW BRAZILIAN DREADNOUGHT, MINAS GERAES.

This view is taken at the bow looking aft. It shows eight 12-inch and four 4.7-inch guns trained directly ahead. This is the first ship to carry twelve 12-inch guns, and she is the most powerful vessel in commission at the present time.

IN the early part of this year the first of the Dreadnought battleships, the Minas Geraes, about which much speculation has been rife, was handed over by the builders, Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., of Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to the Brazilian Government, thus definitely disposing of the supposition that the vessel was designed for some other power. This vessel has been the source of considerable discussion, since it represents the last word in heavy battleship design, and is at present the most powerfully armed warship afloat. The vessel's over-all length is 543 feet, moulded breadth 83 feet, moulded depth 42.25 feet, displacement 19,000 tons, speed 21 knots. The propelling machinery, built by Vickers, Sons and Maxim, who have the second vessel of the series completing at Harrow, is of the reciprocating four-cylinder triple-expansion type, driving twin three-bladed propellers. She has a speed of 21.4 knots.

The outstanding feature of the vessel, however, is the armament. The main armour on the broadside amidships is nine inches for a depth of 22.3 feet, five feet of which extends below the normal load water-line. The forward and aft barbettes are protected by a transverse 9-inch armour bulkhead, while forward and aft the hull is protected by 6-inch

belt armouring, tapering to four inches at the extreme ends. There are two protective decks, the upper being 1.25 inches thick, and the water-line deck two inches thick. Nine-inch armour is also used for the upper strake amidships, and the 4.7-inch guns of the secondary armament are mounted within the citadel thus formed. In regard to offensive armament, the main battery comprises twelve 12-inch, 45-calibre guns. Four are carried in pairs in two turrets in the centre line of the ship, both forward and aft, the remaining two pairs being mounted on either side amidships. In order to permit these to be trained throughout a full arc of 180 degrees, the superstructure is cut away fore and aft. It will be readily seen that the upper deck of the vessel is left clear of all obstruction, a factor which is one of the outstanding features of the design. It will be seen also that the pairs of guns forward, as well as those aft, are stepped, the uppermost pair being some 12 feet above the level of those below, so as to enable the upper to fire over the lower pair. It will be seen from this arrangement that a terrific gun fire can be concentrated on either side, for the forward and aft two pairs of guns can be trained through an arc of 150 degrees on either side of the centre line of the

ship, thus giving a fire on either broadside, including the pair of guns amidships of ten 12in guns. Moreover, owing to a pair of guns fore and aft being set

at a higher elevation, they have a corresponding advantage in action. As these guns fire a projectile weighing 850lb, this means that an aggregate discharge of 8500lb can be concentrated from either broadside. In the accompanying photograph, taken during the gun trials, a full broadside fire is shown, and this is interesting, as it is the first occasion on which ten 12in guns have been fired from a broadside. Similarly, owing to the amidship guns on either broadside being capable of training through an arc of 180 degrees, it is possible to fire eight 12in guns ahead or astern.

The secondary armament comprises 4.7in guns and three-pounders of the quick-firing type. The central superstructure of the vessel has been so designed as to carry four 4.7in weapons arranged in pairs one above the other on either side of the bridge at the forward end, with a similar disposition aft. These guns fire forward and aft parallel with the centre line of the ship but have a considerable angle of fire abaft the beam. Also six three-pounders are similarly mounted forward and aft in the same superstructure, while two other three-pounders are carried on the top of each of the gun houses of the upper level pair of guns. On the main deck there are seven 4.7in guns mounted within the citadel of 9in armour on either side, and the arrangement is such that the guns can be trained through an arc of 50 degrees on either side of the centre line transverse to the keel, so that they can be trained astern and ahead altogether, there are 22 4.7in guns included in the secondary armament. The result is that in action the vessel can pour a broadside from 10 12in guns firing 850lb shells, 11 4.7in guns firing 45lb shells, and six guns firing three-pounder projectiles. As all are of the latest quick-firing type, a comprehensive idea of the formidable character of the attack of this vessel may be obtained.

The gun-operating mechanism is electrically and hydraulically driven, electricity being used for training the turrets. In addition there is emergency gear for every operation. Immediately the gun is fired an airblast cleans it, and the rammer is fitted with a water spray, so that in the event of any sparks remaining when the breech is opened, they may be at once extinguished. The accommodation for the personnel is most adequate and commodious, especially in regard to the officers' accommodation; and in view of the hot climate in which the vessel is to be in service, special attention has been devoted to ventilation. The navigating bridge has outer wings, which are also removed when the ship is cleared for action.

The gunnery trials created unusual interest, and the representatives of several Powers were present thereat. The trials served to dissipate conclusively many apprehensions that had formerly been entertained. For instance, there was considerable discussion as to what effect would be produced upon the gun crew in

## WET FEET!

Avoid wet feet and the Consequences arising therefrom by wearing

### HOOD'S RUBBER OVERSHOES.

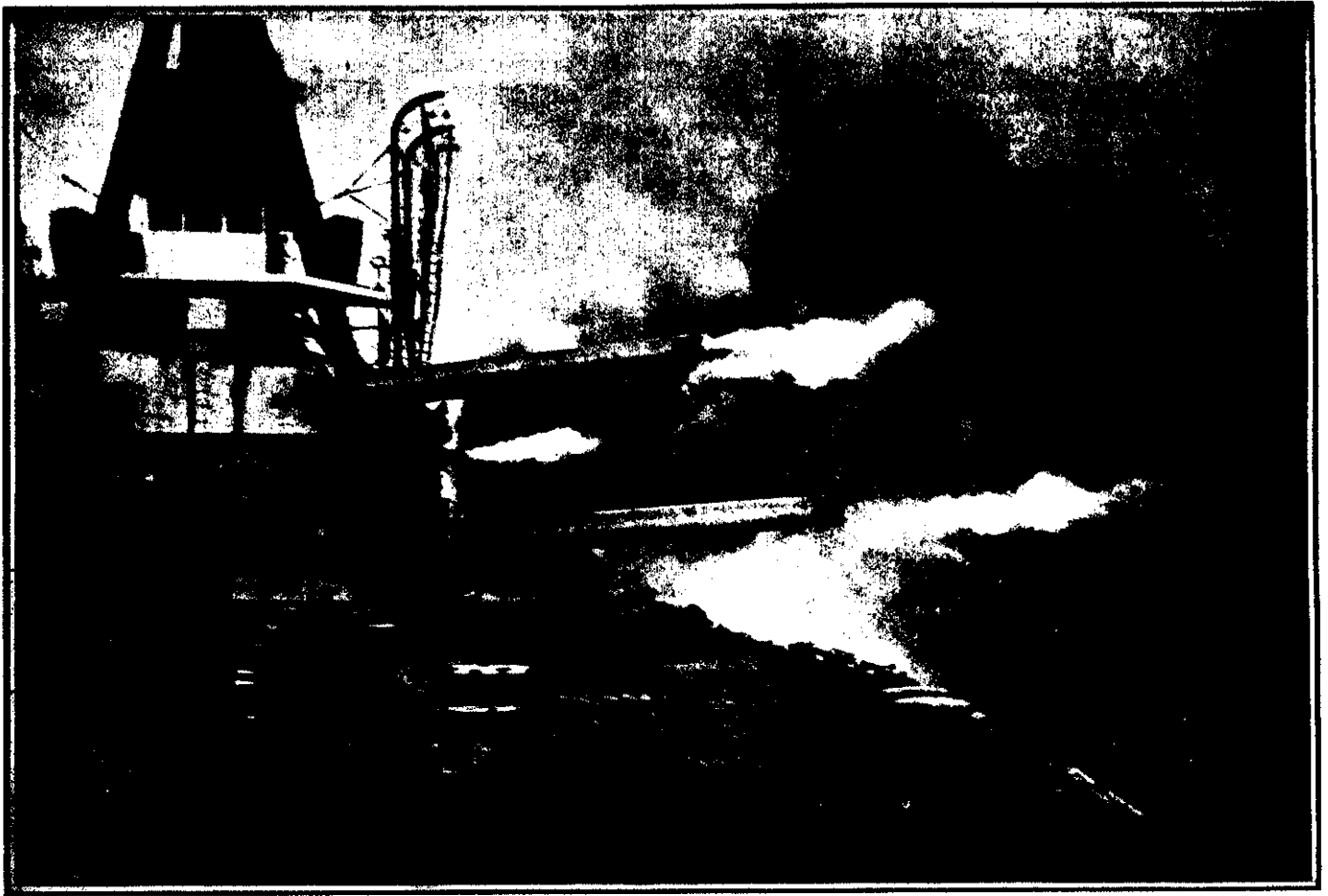
We have just opened up 57 Cases—which notwithstanding the enormous increase in price of rubber—we are offering at the following Cut Prices:—

Ladies' Footholds, 2/6 and 2/11 pair; Ladies' Overshoes, 2/11, 3/11, and 4/8 pair; Ladies' Best Quality Knee Boots, 9/6 pair; Gentlemen's Footholds, 2/11 pair; Gentlemen's Overshoes, 3/6, 3/11, 4/6, 4/11, and 5/11 pair; Gentlemen's Best Quality Knee Boots, 15/11; Thousands of Pairs of Warm Winter Slippers, 8d, 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 2/11, and 3/11 pair.

At

**MILLER'S Boot Palace,**  
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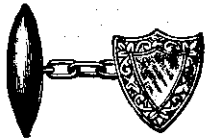


**THE GREATEST BROADSIDE EVER FIRED FROM A BATTLESHIP.**

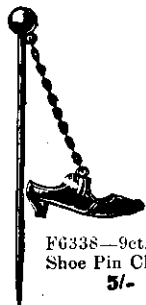
During the gun trials of the Minas Geraes, ten 12-inch guns were trained on the broadside and discharged simultaneously. The combined energy of the projectiles amounted to 300,000 foot-tons, or sufficient to lift the ship bodily 25 feet into the air.



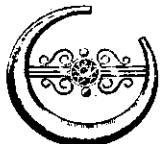
J 2910—9ct. Gold Brooch, real stones, **21/-**



F 6907—9ct. Gold Links, **15/6** per pair



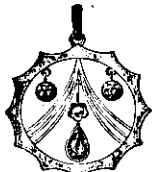
F 6338—9ct. Gold Shoe Pin Charm, **5/-**



J 2885—9ct. Gold Brooch, **15/6**



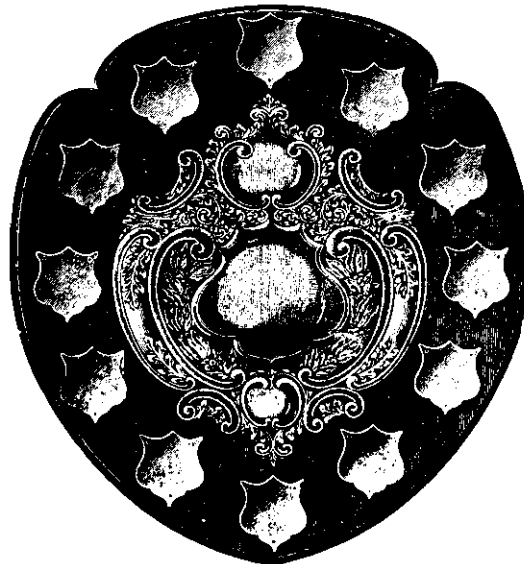
G 485—Gold and Greenstone Axe Pendant, **6/6**



J 2909—9ct. Gold Pendant, real stones, **21/-**



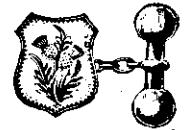
J 2022—Silver and Blue Enamel Toilet Pot, **7/6**



H 2515—Handsome Challenge Shield, 24in. x 20in., Solid Oak, and Silver Shields, **£16 10** - Inscriptions at moderate rates



J 1047—Greenstone and Gold Brooch, **12/6**



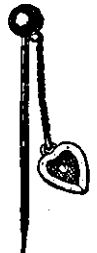
H 7974—9ct. Gold Links, **20/-** per pair



G 5951—Silver Charm **1/6**



H 5575—Gold Pendant, Amethyst and Pearl, **21/-**



Enamel Pin Charm **3/6**



J 2060—Silver and Enamel Toilet Pot, **5/6**



262—9ct. Gold Medal, **21/-** Others from **10/6**

# Stewart Dawson & Co.

— N.Z. LIMITED, —

**QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.**

In purchasing from us you will find that our prices mean a saving 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 choose 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.

# THE HOME OF PURE BISCUITS:

## Huntley and Palmers'

### Old-world English Home

Eight across the globe, exactly thirty miles from the capital of the Empire, stands Reading, one of the fairest of our old English towns and the home of the greatest biscuit industry the world has ever seen. Reading may be said to have been built upon biscuits and to live upon biscuits, for, in one way or another, the majority of its inhabitants are connected with the enormous biscuit-producing enterprise which the firm of Huntley and Palmers, Ltd., have here established.

Every working day, and all day, in this firm's great factories, over six thousand active workers are busily employed in making, baking, cutting, packing and dispatching biscuits; while other thousands, though not actually in the employ of the firm, come in contact with it at some point, and thus indirectly derive an income from the same world-famous industry.

### The New Biscuit Making.

The history of biscuit-making as a commercial enterprise begins with the founding of the firm of Huntley and Palmers in 1841. Only since then have that variety and delicacy in biscuits, which the very name of Huntley and Palmers suggests, become possible.

It was in that year that George Palmer, a young West Countryman, who, to a thoroughly practical knowledge of milling and baking added a sound commercial instinct and the genius of a born mechanical engineer, allied himself with his cousin, Mr Huntley, and founded the famous business. Machinery was introduced, the invention of Mr Palmer, which proved so satisfactory that in ten years the firm won at the International Exhibition, 1851, the highest award given to the biscuit trade. Some of the appliances designed by Mr Palmer, even at this early stage, are still in use, and so far cannot be improved upon.

As the business expanded, more assistance became necessary, and Mr Samuel Palmer and Mr William Isaac Palmer joined the firm. After the death of Mr Huntley in 1857, the three brothers continued the business, which, under their direction, continued to prosper at a remarkable pace.

### Merit Wins Out.

By 1878 the firm was employing three thousand hands, and had become world-famous. At the Paris Exhibition of that year the International Jury awarded them the "Grand Prix," accompanying it with the following testimony of merit: "Unrivalled house, known throughout the world for its enormous production and for the excellent quality of its manufactures."

This expression of expert opinion was confirmed by the Jury of the Paris Exhibition of 1889, who, in conferring upon Messrs Huntley and Palmers the extraordinary distinction of two "Grand Prizes" expressed its convictions thus:—

"This firm has not ceased to progress, either in the extension of its business or in the excellence of its manufactures." The International Jury of 1900 made the following further commentary in awarding to Huntley and Palmers the "Grand Prix Unique" for biscuits and cakes for exportation:—

"Unrivalled house; immense production; beyond all criticism. Since its foundation it has made constant progress, not only in the volume of its business, but in the perfecting of its products. The products themselves are irrefragable, and consequently are to be found all over the world. Their keeping qualities are perfect."

The National Academy of Agriculture, Manufactures and Commerce has twice conferred its Diploma of Honour upon the firm, and altogether the number of distinctions and honours held by Messrs Huntley and Palmers is far in excess of those held by any other biscuit-making firm, probably by any industrial firm in the country.

### How the Reputation Has Been Won.

It is upon the scrupulous care bestowed upon every ingredient, every process of manufacture, and every machine employed in the manufacture, that the reputation of Messrs Huntley and Palmers for absolute perfection of manufactures has been built up.

Everything that enters the firm's premises is submitted to the most searching examination and test, and even when the test is passed the article has still to be "dressed" or purified before being used in the preparation of the wonderfully delicate productions of this celebrated firm.

For example, all the flour used, although it is of the very highest grade, and comes dressed from the best mills, has again to be "dressed" in the firm's own special plant before being passed on to the bakers.

Special attention is given to the cleaning of currants. They are taken from the boxes in which they come packed from Greece, and transferred to a washing machine. They are then dried in another machine, and any stalks removed by friction. Even then the currants are not clean enough to satisfy Messrs Huntley and Palmers; they must still be taken to a "sifting" process, boys, girls, and men, go over great heaps of currants, throwing out every particle of foreign matter which may have escaped the earlier processes.

The very small quantity of waste which results from this sifting seems almost insignificant, but the firm have a reputation to maintain, and nothing short of absolute purity serves for anything which is to bear the name of Huntley and Palmers. The same patient care is exercised in preparing nutskins, and even caraway seeds are examined and sorted, almost singly, before being used. All the cocoanuts used by the firm are imported fresh from Ceylon, and are cut up and dried in the firm's own factories, after every nut has been examined and every faulty one removed.

### Milk, Butter, and Egg Testing.

Enormous quantities of milk, butter and eggs are used in the manufacture of Huntley and Palmers' biscuits and cakes, and the greatest care is exercised to ensure the purity of these important ingredients. It will be gratifying to New Zealanders to know that New Zealand butter forms an important item in Messrs Huntley and Palmers' productions. All the milk used is drawn from the rich pasture lands within a radius of fifty miles of the factory, and every gallon delivered is carefully tested for quality and purity. No substitute for butter is ever used, and the butter itself is of the best quality only, yet every pound of it is inspected and then washed before use. Eggs are tested singly, each one being passed between a powerful light and a reflector. The slightest suspicion of staleness is sufficient to condemn them.

The daily consumption of butter and milk represents the yield of 15,000 cows, while 150,000 hens are wanted to supply eggs for the same period.

### The Making of the Biscuits.

The actual making of the biscuits and cakes takes place in three great factories communicating with each other by covered viaducts, and with lifts connecting the floors.

The ingredients for the various forms of dough are weighed out in rooms above the mixing machines, and sent down shafts to the hoppers. Great care is here exercised, as upon the mixing of the dough depends the ultimate success of the product. When thoroughly mixed and kneaded, the dough is transferred to heavy rolling machines, where it is rolled out into slabs of the required thickness, and passed on to the cutting and stamping machine. This last machine cuts out the biscuit, and at the same time stamps it with any lettering it is to carry. All these machines are kept scrupulously clean, and, to prevent any possibility of oil or grease from the machinery getting into the dough, the bearings are all cased in.

As soon as the biscuits have been stamped or cut out, they are carried forward on a moving web of felt to the trays, which stand ready to be slid into the travelling ovens, through which they slowly pass, and by the time they reach the far end they are baked. These ovens are long chambers, open at both ends, and fitted with endless bands of plate or chain work, which carry the trays of biscuits forward. The rate at which the trays travel varies with the size and nature of the biscuit, and is regulated to the time required for baking.

Some of the richer kinds of biscuits are cut and formed by hand; some are baked in moulds instead of in tins, while special ovens are required for others.

### Making Cracknels.

The making of the cracknel is a very interesting process. It may not be known that these delicious biscuits are both rolled and baked, and it is this fact which accounts for their peculiar dry nutty flavour. Eggs enter very largely into the composition of cracknels, and the dough is made very rich. When cut out the cracknels are thrown first into boiling water, in which they sink. But as the heat of the water begins to act upon them, they gradually swell and rise to the surface. They are then taken out, and thrown into cold water, after which they are dried and baked at a great heat. The result of all this is a crisp brown, glossy cracknel, three times as large as the original stamped-out dough.

### Each Biscuit Must be Perfect.

As soon as the biscuits emerge from the ovens they are conveyed to the sorting rooms, and turned over to an army of experienced and alert sorters, trained to detect the slightest flaw. Every biscuit not absolutely perfect is thrown out. The ordinary person might wonder why some of these had failed to pass the sorter—they seem so perfect, but the expert sees that there is just a shade too much of too little about; a minute fragment broken from the edge, or a speck—a single speck—on the surface. It is enough to condemn in a system that admits only of perfection supreme and absolute. The rejected biscuits are broken up in special machines, and disposed of as "broken biscuits."

Having passed the sorters, the biscuits are transferred to the packing room. Here they are taken in hand by hundreds of det-baggers and girls, some of whom pack the biscuits neatly in tins, while others label the tins and make them air-tight. Biscuits intended for tropical countries are packed in hermetically-sealed tins, and Huntley and Palmers' biscuits are thus made to retain their freshness indefinitely, and whether the tin be opened within a few days or after months of its being sent out, the contained biscuits are always crisp and delightful.

But it is not only for biscuits that Messrs Huntley and Palmers have become world famous. They are equally famous for their cakes, the variety and rich flavour of which is unequalled. The same scrupulous care in reference to the ingredients and proportions is exercised here as with the biscuits, and no cake that falls short of absolute perfection is ever sent out.

Messrs Huntley and Palmers' cakes are made to suit all tastes and all purses, but whatever the cake and whatever the price, the one rule holds good—no substitutes. An expensive cake, of course, contains more expensive ingredients than a cheaper kind; but in both cases the ingredients are of like quality, like purity. Only the best butter, the freshest eggs, the richest fruit, are ever used in the making of Huntley and Palmers' cakes—and that is the secret of their reputation.

Whatever machinery can be pressed into the service of this most progressive firm it is done. To look across one of the great rooms is an impressive sight. A perfect forest of shafting and belting meets the eye, driving the mighty machines which stand side by side the whole width of the room, and from each of which an endless stream of biscuits comes pouring out to feed the insatiable ovens.

### A Self-contained Factory.

Everything practically is done on the premises. In the engineering and carpentry departments almost every trade is represented. Bricklayers, masons, joiners, carpenters, painters, plumbers, wire-workers, fitters, case-makers, etc., all find work in this great self-contained factory. The engineering department alone gives employment to hundreds; for the firm makes nearly all its own machinery; even the four locomotives employed for hauling goods to and from the railway systems connected with the factory being repaired on the premises.

The perfect organisation of this wonderful business is evidence of the master minds which rule it. The office accommodation is constantly being increased—a fact which shows the ever-growing prosperity of the firm. Scores of entirely separate sections of the different departments are maintained, each under the superintendence of a foreman, who, in turn, is responsible to the head of the department, he to an assistant director, and so on until the whole is brought to a focus in the office of the General Manager.

It is this perfect organisation which has made Huntley and Palmers' business the perfect machine it is, and enabled it to meet with the enormous demand which has grown with every year, and still grows. And it is because the firm has kept faith with the public that it has achieved a world-wide reputation.

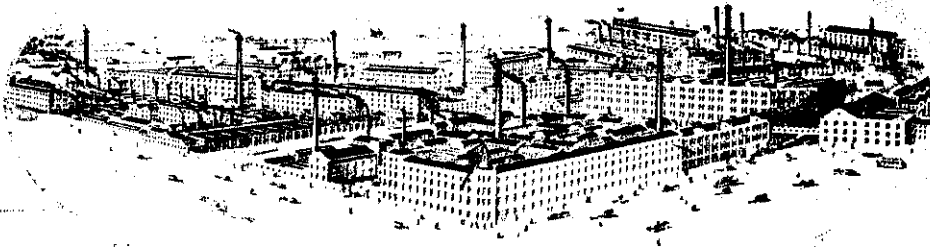
The name of Huntley and Palmers stands for absolute purity, and highest possible quality. Every biscuit or cake turned out is of the first standard, and nothing will ever induce Messrs Huntley and Palmers to reduce that standard. Supreme excellence is their aim, and they achieve it and maintain it by using only the purest and best of materials in the manufacture of their biscuits and cakes, combining their ingredients in the most approved way that life-long skill can devise.



# Messrs HUNTLEY & PALMERS Factory

The Home of

Pure Biscuits



A Bird's Eye View of Huntley & Palmer's Manufactory.

The wonderful development of Huntley and Palmers, Ltd., forms one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of British industry. In 1841 Mr. George Palmer joined Mr. Thomas Huntley, who had been in business in Reading since 1826. In 1878 the staff of operatives had increased to 800, a body that number is more than doubled; and Reading's population has increased from 12,000 to nearly 80,000, largely as a result of the growth of the factory.



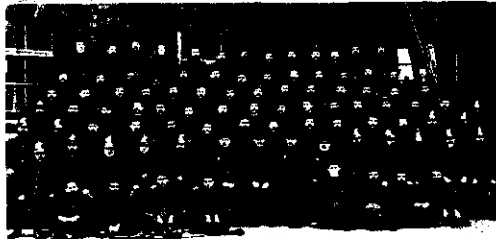
The Factory Sixty Years Ago.

The oval picture on the right shows Huntley & Palmer's fire front—an ever-ready and invaluable safeguard.



The Factory Sixty Years Ago

The illustration on the left shows H. & P.'s fire escape. Below are shown two apparatuses taken at the factory sports.



H. & P.'s Fire Brigade.

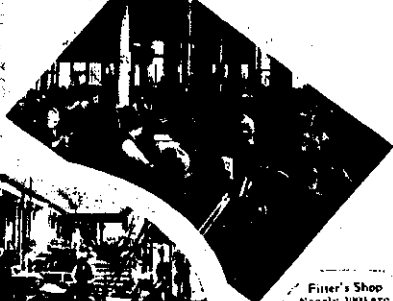
For many years Huntley and Palmers have supplied their biscuits direct to His Majesty King Edward VII. at Windsor castle, and the other Royal Residences. Other Royal Appointments include—Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria; H.M. the King of Italy; H.M. the King of the Belgians; H.M. the King of Sweden; H.M. the Queen of Norway; H.M. the Emperor of Japan; H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, etc.



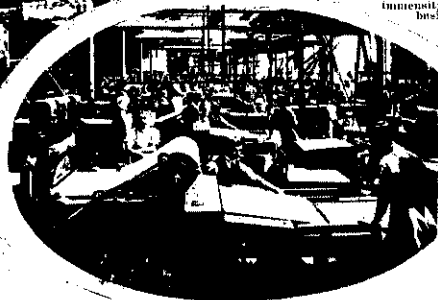
H. & P.'s Private Sidings. A further indication of the immensity of H. & P. business.



Packing the Biscuits. Here, as elsewhere, cleanliness and care are evident at every stage.

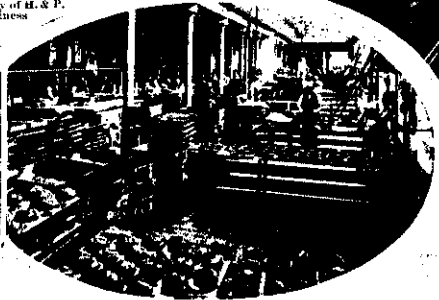


Fitter's Shop. Nearly 100 are engaged on the engineering staff. Each division has a separate building.



The North Factory.

A standard of perfection which would be high on such for most firms, does not suffice for H. & P. The "highest attainable" is the only standard recognised in these Reading factories.



The Cake Factory

If one word more than another may be said to embody the secret of the firm's success, it is the word "Quality" for nothing but the best has ever been allowed to bear Huntley and Palmers' name.

# LIFE IN THE GARDEN

Official Organ of the New Zealand Sweet Pea Society and Auckland Horticultural Society.  
By Veronica.

All communications for "Veronica" should be addressed to "Graphic" Office, Auckland. Secretaries of Horticultural Societies are invited to send us short reports of their proceedings, and also any items of interest to Horticulturists. Photographs of Flowers, Fruits or New Vegetables, or Garden Scenes, will be welcomed.

## SHOW DATES.

Schedules may be obtained on application to the secretaries.

**Rose and Carnation Club's Show,** Wellington, at Town Hall, November 16.

**National Sweet Pea Society of New Zealand,** Palmerston North, December. E. A. Osmond, Secretary, Stratford.

**Auckland Sweet Pea and Carnation Show,** Choral Hall, December 1 and 2. W. W. Bruce, Secretary.

## SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

**Vegetable.** — Broad Beans, Early Peas, Saladings, Early Carrot, White Turnip, Onions.

**Flower.**—Nemesia, Schizanthus. Sweet Peas.

**Bulbs.**—Flowering bulbs and tubers, Narcissus, Hyacinthus, Ixias, Sparaxia, Iris, etc.

**Plant Out.**—Potato Onions, Eschallots, Garlic, Rhubarb.

## GARDEN WORK IN BRIEF.

Take up Dahlias, label carefully and store in dry, airy place.

Plant out Strawberries in clean land, the rows should be 2ft apart and the plants nine inches.

Plant out Cabbage and Cauliflower; see that plants are strong and hardy.

Plant Broad Beans. These should not be set too thickly, 3 to 4 inches between each bean, and rows 2ft apart will give ample room.

Dig or trench all vacant ground intended for cropping; it is better left rough until ready to sow seeds or put out plants.

Sprout potatoes in boxes in readiness for early planting; get strong thick buds, and discard all "stringy eyes."

Sow Lettuce and Cauliflower in boxes or frames or in a dry sheltered spot.

Attend to growing crops by stirring the soil whenever dry and keep down weeds.

Look out for Slugs and Snails, and use snail lime or "Rough on Slugs" freely, and frequently.

Sow Sweet Peas in pots, boxes, pans or frames, using loam and sand in about equal proportions; don't use any manure.

Red lead all seeds sown outside to protect from birds.

Herbaceous Borders can be rearranged where required, and the plants or roots subdivided and replanted.

Attend to Carnation beds; keep clean and dress with soot and lime, and keep the beds as dry as possible.

Regulate and prune hardy trees and shrubs where necessary.

Roses: Where fresh planting is to be undertaken, the beds or borders should be got ready at once; dig deep or trench the soil.

Attend to Lawns and Edgings. Lawns are improved by frequent rollings when sufficiently dry. Edgings may be trimmed and put in order.

Keep Garden Tools in good order; spade bright and sharp, an oil rag should be kept handy for rubbing the spade after using; shears, secateurs, pruning hooks and knives should all be kept in good order, when work will be much more pleasant and also better done.

## Growing Geraniums from Seed.

Geraniums are not considered of much value in the North. These plants being so easily grown, have been in many cases relegated to some out of the way corner, or made to do duty for shelter. There are few plants, however, which give so much flower for so little attention, and now that the plant has been through the hands of the skilled hybridist, it is surprising how large and varied the flowers have been bred to. One seldom sees in our colonial gardens the old bronze and tricolour leaved sorts so much prized in the Homeland, yet we feel sure they would make splendid bedding subjects here. Our object, however, in writing is to call the attention of amateurs to the fact that geraniums



SEEDLING CYCLOPE GERANIUM.

can be grown without much trouble from seed. The only difficulty is to procure seed of the best new sorts. We have seen some very good varieties raised in Auckland from seed. Single, double, and semi-doubles of most beautiful shades can be procured from seed, and the treatment is very simple. Sow during April or August in pots of finely sifted loam and sand, of about equal parts; place the pan in a frame or greenhouse, covered with a pane of glass; keep fairly moist, and when the seedlings appear, remove the glass. When the seed-

lings have made their second pair of leaves, pot off in small pots. We have found potting the best plan, singling out into boxes often cause loss through the young plants damping off. Pelargoniums can be raised in precisely the same manner as geraniums.

## Thunbergia Fragrans Var. Laevis.

The twining Thunbergia is a very free-flowering plant, and in a warm greenhouse it will blossom practically through the whole year. The growths, being slender and twining, are suitable for training round the smaller pillars in a greenhouse, or they may be trained to small wire balloons or even to a tripod formed of three stakes. In the Begonia house at Kew, where the spray of blooms shown in our illustration was photographed, several plants are arranged on the front of the stage and trained up wires to the roof. The pure white flowers are 2 inches across; they are freely produced from the leaf-axils. Unlike the species, the variety laevis is not fragrant.

Plants are readily propagated from seeds, which are freely produced, and also from cuttings inserted in spring. For repotting the plants a compost of fibrous loam, leaf-mould, and coarse sand is suitable. Thunbergia fragrans is a native of the East Indies, where it grows in hedges and bushes on the banks of streams. It is especially plentiful on bushes along the water courses in districts of the Coromandel coast.

## SWEET PEAS—"I LOVE THEM."

We have been permitted to make a few extracts from an interesting letter received by a Sweet Pea grower in Auckland. The writer, a resident in the Wellington province, says: "I have been up to my eye-brows lately getting my peas out for the Auckland show in December. I shall also exhibit at the New Zealand show, to be held at Palmerston North, and the Wellington show. For the Auckland show I shall compete in the waved section; also in the 3-6, 12-18, and 24 vases; so you see I shall have my hands full. I am looking forward to meeting the Auckland growers. Our bowling club asked me to take a team to the Auckland meeting in January next; I told them I could not do it as I was going to the Sweet Pea show, and do you

know, I am an enthusiastic bowler. It must, however, take second place to peas. I love them—they are a part of my being every day of the year. I honour and pay it tribute. Earl Spencer seed is now selling in England at from 2/6 to 3/ a seed; it has a greater run than any yet offered previous to Zephyr, which held the highest price. Last year it was sold at 2/6 a seed, but the de-



SEEDLING PELARGONIUM.

mand was only limited. I received two packets of that variety which cost me 3/, and only four seeds came true. I hope I shall be able to get my blooms through to Auckland all right; I believe wet wadding wrapped round the stems and water-proof paper outside will help them; shall be glad to learn of any better way of sending them. I sent 50 varieties to Melbourne last year and they arrived in very good condition, but they were placed in water. I want to push along the New Zealand show; it must not be allowed to drop. This show must be boomed. I am depending on Maori Belle for my lavender this year; it is superior to Asta Om. Maori Belle was raised by Mr. Trevethick, of Wellington. What a time we will have next year; it will be shows every week. I don't look upon this as letter writing, but just a little chat about our lovely flower. I gave an exhibit and a lecture on Sweet Peas last year; the people were so taken up with the blooms that the



THUNBERGIA FRAGRANS VAR LAEVIS.

Flowers pure white.

evening was passing rapidly. The president came to me and said: 'How long will it take you to talk about Sweet Peas?' I replied: 'I could talk for two months, and then feel fresh.' At a recent show in this district I had an exhibit on two tables each more than 100 feet long, and I was delighted with the result. You see, I not only put my work I also put my soul into it. Have you read Dean Hole on roses? He says: 'If you want roses in your garden you must have roses in your heart'—that's me. Several other growers in the North Island, south of Auckland, will compete at the Auckland show, including Mr. Fox, of Wellington. I often send notes to 'The Gardener,' in London, but if other growers get up a controversy in the 'Graphic' I shall be there with both feet. The thought has just come to me that Mr. Plummer is a stranger, and I have let myself go like this, but I smile and console myself when I remember he is a Sweet Pea grower."

tributed from Silverhill Park this season are all marked advances upon the cactus varieties in the same lines of colour. Red Admiral is a remarkably fine variety

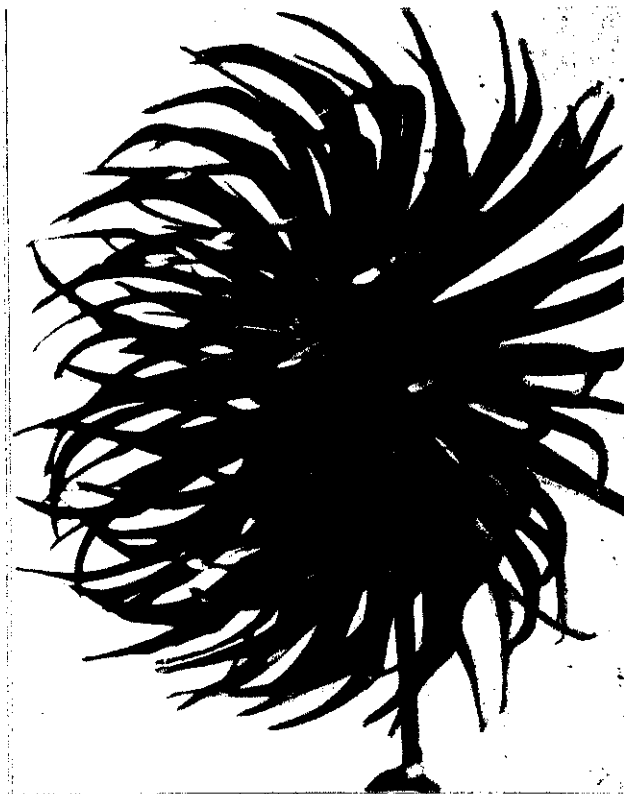
with large, finely-formed blooms of a rich scarlet hue. The size and form of the blooms is well shown in the accompanying illustration, and with the

aid of this it is not difficult to understand that the National Dahlia Society should have awarded it a first-class certificate and the Royal Horticultural Society should have made an award of merit in its favour.

Messrs. Stredwick offer a set of four cactus varieties for garden decoration. These are Erecta, Lightship, Penguin, and The Lion, and they appear to be especially deserving of attention from the general body of cultivators. —'Gardener's Magazine.'

**MIDLAND DAFFODIL SOCIETY.**

The annual exhibition of the Midland Daffodil Society, considered by many the premier society in England, was held at the Birmingham Botanical Gardens on the 28th and 29th April. The show was acknowledged by all present to be the best ever held, both in quality and quantity. Amateurs and experts alike agreed that the present exhibition was particularly prolific in new and interesting varieties. The Birmingham "Daily Post," describing the show, says:—"In their first prize exhibit in Group "A," Messrs. Cartwright and Goodwin stage two new specimens of poeticus daffodils, which they have named "Oliver Goldsmith" and "Child Harold"; a large, white trumpeted "Ailsa"—one of the purest white trumpets in existence—and several noteworthy Triandrus hybrids. In the trumpet classes some exceptionally fine blooms are seen, particularly "Van Waveren's Giant," which has a deep yellow perianth four and three-quarter inches in diameter. Among the short trumpets are "Mrs. William Miles" and "Graffe," each having a pale yellow perianth with a deeper yellow cup. Prominent among the small cups is "Eitelbert" and "Dorothy," the latter raised at King's Norton. It has a very brilliant deep yellow cup. Mr. F. H. Chapman's display in the poeticus group contains some very beautiful blooms; and of the flat cups the most outstanding is "Arme-



**NEW CACTUS DAHLIA, RED ADMIRAL.**  
Raised by Messrs. J. Stredwick and Son. Colour, rich crimson.

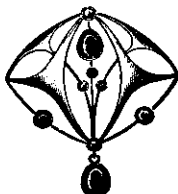
**Some New Cactus Dahlias.**

To those of our readers who take an interest in dahlias and their cultivation it is well known that Messrs James Stredwick and Son, Silverhill Park, St. Leonards-on-Sea, have occupied a prominent position among raisers and cultivators of these flowers. It is also a matter of common knowledge that they have been especially successful in their efforts to improve the cactus dahlia, and as the result of their persistent endeavours have enriched our garden with a large number of varieties of an especially high order of merit. The number of varieties of their raising that have received distinction from the Royal Horticultural Society, the National Dahlia Society, and other bodies is very large, and the popularity enjoyed by the most noteworthy is indicated by the free use that is made of them by growers for exhibition in making up their collections for competitive purposes. Their new varieties belonging to the cactus section are each season anticipated with much interest. The varieties that are being dis-

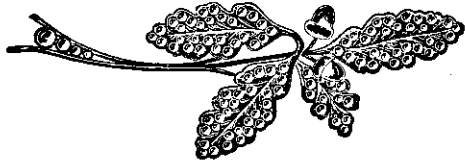
By Appointment to His Excellency the Governor.

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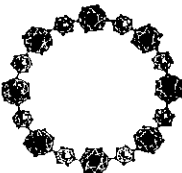
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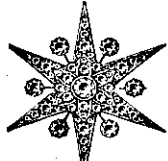
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from £50



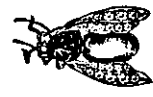
B 1268  
Diamonds  
£45



B 1210  
Diamond and Fancy Gems  
£12



B 1233  
Amethyst and Pearls  
£9



B 1244  
Diamonds, Opal, and  
Sapphire  
£27 10/-



B 1237  
Diamonds  
£38



B 1219  
Turquoise and  
Pearl  
£5 7/6



B 1221  
Rubies and Pearls  
£6 15/-



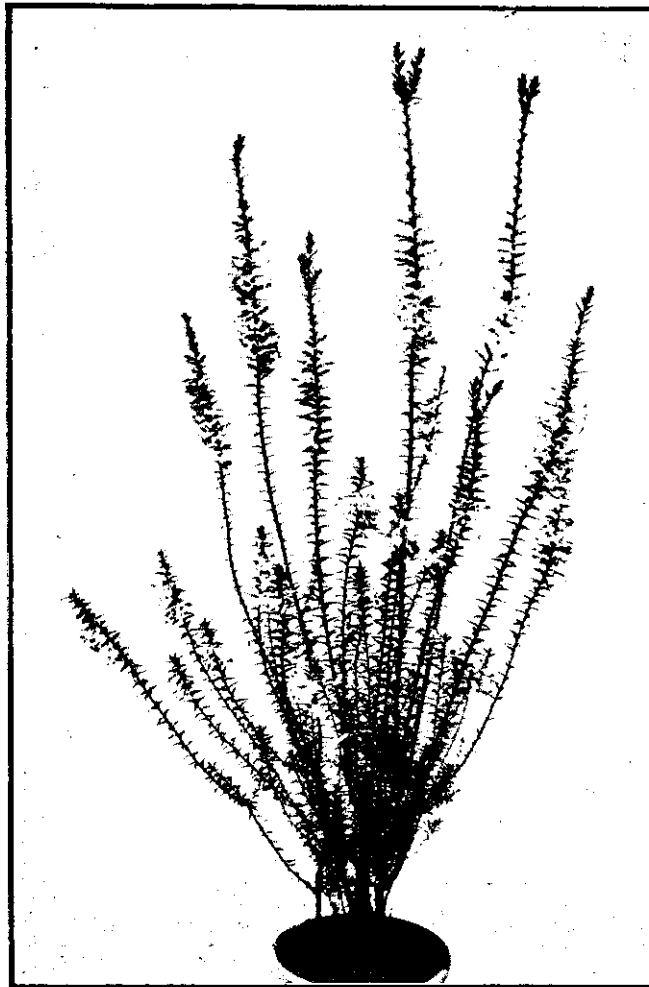
B 1238  
Diamonds  
£20

line," which has a large ivory white perianth with a cup of deep orange. The exhibition was opened by the Lady Mayoress, a great lover of flowers, and specially interested in Daffodils. The Lord Mayor (Alderman Bowater) followed with a few remarks, and referred to what the city had done in the way of floriculture. He pointed out that there were nearly half a million bulbs in the various parks, and of these about 180,000 were different kinds of narcissi; and for 50,000 of these they were indebted to Mr. Robert Sydenham. (Applause.) In Birmingham they had about 650 acres of parks and open spaces, and through the generosity of bulb growers even their smallest recreation ground was now beautiful with spring flowers. They spent £25,000 a year on their parks, and the parks cost the city—exclusive of those which were presented to them—£172,000, so that they might claim to spend a fair amount in flowers and gardening.

Messrs. Cartright and Goodwin secured first prize for a collection of 50 varieties, also for long trumpet varieties, and for short and trumpet flat cups. The Rev. J. Jacob won the prize for large-cupped varieties and bunch-flowered (polyanthus). Mr. H. P. Chapman won for true poeticus. For seedlings and new varieties, the Bourne Challenge Cup and gold medal for group of 12 distinct varieties, raised by exhibitor, was won by Mr. E. M. Crossfield, Mr. F. H. Chapman being second. The same gentleman also secured the Cartright Challenge Cup and piece of plate for 12 distinct varieties that had not been in commerce more than four years.

Awards of merit were taken by F. H. Chapman for "Kingsley," a very fine poeticus; Mr. E. M. Crossfield, who showed "Anchorite," which has a large white perianth and a large eye tinged with green; "Challenge," having a large white perianth and brilliant scarlet cup; and "Firetail," with a brilliant red cup; Messrs. Cartright and Goodwin for "White Star," a flower with an ivory perianth with a deeper coloured eye and a bright green tube; and Barr and Sons for "Snow King," 3 1/2 inches in diameter, a poeticus with bright orange eye heavily edged with crimson.

At the Grand Hotel Mr. Robert Sydenham entertained to dinner the principal exhibitors, the judges and a number of visitors. After the toasts were completed, the Rev. G. H. Engleheart gave a short address dealing with the show. It was two years since he was there last, he said; and what he had seen that day was a full two years' advance on what he saw on the last occasion. There was a greater discrimination in what was shown, a greater knowledge of what constituted a flower fit to put on a stage, and there was a great advance in the quality of the flowers themselves. As to the future development of the daffodil, Mr. Engleheart said he thought if they had not reached the possible limit of size, they had



A TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF EPACRIS.

said he thought by not keeping "off coloured" flowers when they had been trying for pure whites or strong yellows, they had, perhaps, missed what a more discriminating public would seize upon, and which would enable them to give a larger range to the series of things they put upon their stages. An interesting discussion followed.

### How to Propagate Ericas (Heaths).

Ericas are such splendid subjects for the garden, supplying as they do exquisite blooms for cutting, that no garden of any size can be considered complete without a few. Some amateurs say they find the plants hard to cultivate, and we believe that many amateurs kill their plants through kindness. We have no difficulty in growing the majority of ericas, and have them flowering most profusely. Our mode of treating these plants is to plant on dry situation without any manure of any sort, and plant firmly, in fact, ram the soil round the roots; and then leave them alone. These plants resent cultivation, and where the ground is being continually stirred around the roots, many of the varieties are very short lived, but we have proved that they can be well grown by following the plan we have described. Some varieties of erica are splendid pot subjects, and are extensively used in the Old Land in this way for winter decorations. We recommend for pot culture, *Hyemalis*, *Wilmoreana*, *Autumnalis* and *Canadensis*. All the ericas are hairy, and can be grown in the open. Some of our readers are interested in the mode of propagating these plants, and we give an illustration showing the plan usually followed. Ericas may be grown from seed, which is very minute. It should be sown soon after being gathered on live sphagnum moss or peat, and the greatest care must be taken not to allow the pot to dry out.

The Epacris is a member of a closely

allied species to the Erica, and requires practically the same treatment. The cuttings root very slowly, and bottom heat is desirable.

### Winter Pruning the Gooseberry.

Select a good position in the garden for this fruit, and avoid placing it where it is too hot and likely to be dry.

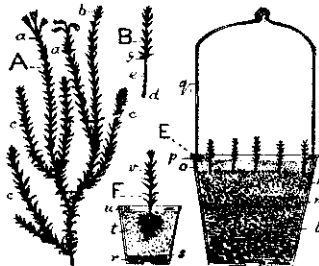
There is little or nothing which is new to say about the pruning of the Gooseberry. The tree is most accommodating and long suffering, scarcely ever failing to bear fruit whichever system, or no system, is adopted. Still, experience has

proved, even in the case of the gooseberry, that its fruitfulness and the quality of its fruit may be improved by properly directed pruning. For the benefit of the more inexperienced of your readers, I will endeavour briefly to describe the system mostly in vogue with our best growers.

Starting with the cutting, this should have been placed in the ground in the autumn, but it is not too late now. Select a straight, clean shoot of last year's growth. Cut it straight across the bottom with a sharp knife, rub all the buds away from its base to the height of 10 inches; open a trench 5 inches deep, and put 1 inch of sand or road grit at the bottom, lay the cuttings in this, and bury four inches deep in soil, pressing the soil to them as firmly as possible. The cuttings should be 4 inches apart in the row, and the rows (if there are more than one) should be 12 inches apart, to allow of hoeing and clearing amongst the plants in summer. Having denuded the cutting of buds to a height of 10 inches from its base, as above-mentioned, there will remain 6 inches of the denuded part above the ground after the cutting has been inserted. This will give our future tree a clear stem of 6 inches above the ground, always a desideratum in a gooseberry bush, as then the branches and the berries do not get besmirched by the soil in wet weather. (This is a point worth bearing in mind when buying young gooseberry trees.) The cutting beyond the denuded part should have three buds left on. Select a shady, cool position in the garden in which to insert the cuttings.

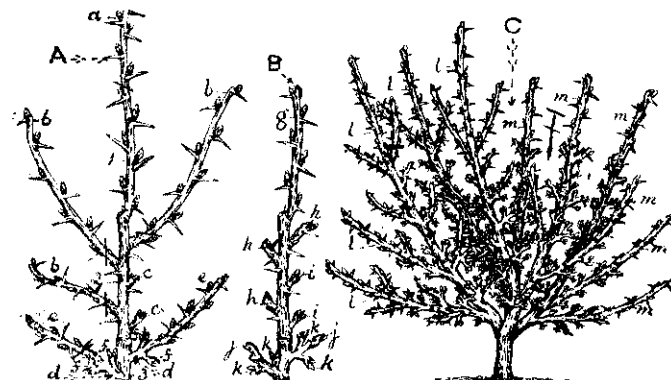
We will now suppose that a year has elapsed, and the cuttings are young trees, each having three shoots. They should now be removed to another part of the garden, still a cool one, and planted 18 inches apart, pruning each of the three young branches back to within 6 inches of its base. From each of these cut back shoots select other two shoots to grow during the summer their full length. Probably other shoots may start. These should be stopped with the finger and the thumb at the fourth leaf, with the object of compelling them to form fruit spurs instead of branches. In pruning these one year old trees, and in the subsequent pruning of older ones, care should be taken to prune always to a bud on the outside of the branch, and never on the inside; by this means the bush is forced to form side branches inclining outwards, compelling the tree to spread out laterally, leaving the centre more or less open, in the form of a saucer.

We now come to the second year in the life of the tree, and this is the age the trees are generally sold out from a nursery and, I think, the best age for satisfactory planting in permanent plantations in field or garden. The pruning now to adopt will be a repetition of that of the past winter, namely, shortening back the three shoots of last year's growth to within 8 inches of the base, and selecting in spring two fresh shoots from each of the cut-back ones to grow their full length during the summer, pinching back as advised before any other shoots which may start. The third year will be practically the same when the



A. A branch of Erica: a, shoots which have flowered, and are not suitable for cutting; b, soft upper shoot, not suitable; c, short side shoots, suitable. The cuttings may be taken about 1 inch long when the wood is a little firm at the base. B, cutting prepared: d, cut under a point; e, leaves removed; f, depth of insertion. E, section of cutting pot; l, drainage; m, rough soil; n, sandy peat; o, sand; p, space for water; q, bell-glass. F, young plant potted; r, drainage; s, moss; t, sandy peat; u, space for water; v, point of stopping if side shoots do not form naturally.

reached the desirable limit. (Hear, hear.) Then, he thought, they had got into somewhat of a rut as to what was considered beauty of form. He thought there was a larger future than they had been making for in the long petalled, and the star-petalled flower. Referring to the question of colour, the speaker



A, part of a branch before pruning, but marked by cross lines for that operation; a, leading shoot of preceding summer; b, side shoots; c, natural spurs; d, spurred growths; e, shoots from extremely buds; f, spurs. Ages of wood: 1, one year; 2, two years; 3, three years. B, part of a branch similar to A, after pruning; g, leading shoot shortened to cause the buds to break at the base, and thus provide a vigorous continuation growth and spurs, or shoots to form them, for bearing; h, side shoots shortened to within 1 inch of their base; i, natural spurs; j, shoots from growths spurred in previous year, shortened to within 1 inch of their origin; k, spurs not to be shortened, as that implies cutting away the fruit which they are likely to bear. C, bearing bush of Red Champagne Gooseberry; l, branches before pruning, but marked by cross lines for that operation; m, branches after pruning.

banes, as a rule will be furnished with their full complement of permanent branches. Those intending to grow gooseberries for exhibition, or merely for size and appearance, must adopt the system which may be termed the thinning out of the branch process, depending for the crop on the full length shoots of last year's growth, slightly shortened by cutting 3 or 4 inches off the top. Those shoots will result from partly cut-back shoots of the previous year.

**THE NATIONAL SWEET PEA EXECUTIVE.**

**WHAT ARE THEY DOING?**

(By MR. C. TREVETHICK, Lower Hutt.)

I was very pleased and gratified when I received the advance schedule of the Auckland Sweet Pea Show, and it is a step in the right direction. It gives intending exhibitors a good idea what to sow, and the number of plants of each kind they want, and there is no speculation whatever about it. How different is the National managing their affairs! I have written several letters about the advance schedule, but I can get no satisfaction whatever. I wanted to know, so that I could sow accordingly; and I left my sowing as late as I could, hoping I could get the information desired. I have now sown, and I am mostly depending on my novelties for the great fight at Palmerston. There is no need for the secretary to send this information to individuals; I am sure your journal would be pleased to publish anything that might be useful to growers. I understand that the "Graphic" was made the official organ for the National at the initiatory meeting held at Stratford last year, and your readers are naturally waiting and anxious for information. I don't think it will do any harm if they shake themselves up a little. As the society is only just formed it depends so much on the results of the first show, and some life and energy and grit should be put into it. I am pleased to say that I have a substantial sum towards the Wellington trophy, and hope to get more soon, and when I get members' cards I will get to work getting members. We must have a big membership, and all the horticultural societies should be asked to affiliate, subscribing, say, 20/ a year. It all brings grit to the mill, and gets them interested. Let me say this, the public knows nothing about this society yet—only just a few growers.

What is to prevent the Society having a notice in all the horticultural societies' schedules, and I quite believe this could be got with very little, if any, cost to the Society? Just one line in a prominent place would do, and all lovers of flowers would know of it. I would suggest to the executive that an endeavour to do this be made before the printing of the schedules for the coming year. It will entail more work, but if it is too much for one, why not ask one of the committee to do it, so as to relieve the secretary? And now a last word about the schedule: Let two or three draw it up and submit it to the others. As it is now, it is not conducive to the good of the society.

**INQUIRIES FROM CORRESPONDENTS.**

A large daphne now flowering measures about three feet every way, stem 4 1/2 inches round at base, leaves yellow and scanty. We propose to dig it up, dig well under it, adding some good soil, and replant. What time of year should we do it? What else can be done? We think the soil under it has never been deeply dug, and is probably stiff clay. Three years ago the leaves were all deep green.—"QUERCUS."

The cause of your daphne leaves turning yellow is probably owing to a stiff clay subsoil, and stagnant water being unable to soak through. We should say if you tunnel under the plant, without cutting all the roots, break up the subsoil, and add good, fresh soil, your plant will recover. This or next month is a suitable time. We would advise you to layer some of the branches, and provide young plants.

Two large camellias about 5 feet high are in bad places, and need moving. Is it possible, and if so, what time of year, and should they be much cut back, and how much?—"QUERCUS"

Large camellias require very careful handling. If you can shift your plants with a large ball of earth, there will not be much danger, and if, as we assume, your soil is clayey, this should not be a difficult matter. Make the hole large enough to hold the ball of roots before lifting the plant, press the soil firmly round the roots, and stake, to prevent the winds shaking the plant. You could cut back the plant just sufficient to maintain it in good shape. Attend to watering during dry weather.

Last year our sweet peas were all mildewed in October, and sprinkling them with sulphur had no effect. Suppose our present sowing gets mildewed in July or August, what shall we do?—"QUERCUS."

Sweet peas should not be grown twice on same land without adding fresh soil, and deep digging is essential. We take it your peas would be about 12 or 18 inches high when attacked, and

which good taste in arrangement is so noteworthy. Good new things comprised Scarlet Gem (Poetas), several new doubles of remarkable colouring, and a few quite new seedlings, of which Target (Princess Mary—Chaucer), and Sailor, a fine hybrid from Minnie Hume, and Stella superba, were of the best. Silver flora medal.

From Lissadell (Sir Josslyn Gore-Booth) came a fresh, bright lot of flowers, prominent among which were Arme, Sir H. Plunket, a fine new self yellow trumpet, Mrs. R. Sydenham, Muriel, a Poeticus with deep coloured eye, Joseph Sangster, fine bicolor Incomparabilis, and several nice seedlings. Silver flora medal.

Messrs. R. H. Bath, Limited, Wisbech, had a stand of tulips and daffodils, the tulips fresh and good in colour, and such narcissi as Apricot and Brilliance—a much improved Barri conspicuous. Bronze Banksian medal.

Messrs. Carter's, High Holborn, had a bank of Narcissus King Alfred, remarkable for the high quality of the flowers, but these were only an item in a large



HOW TO RE-POT PLANTS.

1. The small plant ready for re-potting. 2. Tap the pot on edge of staging to release the contents. 3. Remove the cracks from base and rough soil from sides. 4. The "ball" ready for its new quarters. 5. The operation finished.

would recommend you to try sulphide of potassium, 1oz. to 3gals. water, with 4oz. soft soap added. Use this twice a week, and give a top-dressing of sulphate of ammonia at the rate of 1oz. to the square yard.

**VERONICA.**

**DAFFODIL NOTES.**

**EXHIBITS AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SHOW.**

One of the finest groups ever seen at the R.H.S. fortnightly show was set up by Mr. A. M. Wilson, of Shovel, North Petherton, Bridgwater, and was awarded a well-merited gold medal. Very high quality was maintained throughout, particularly good being such fine new things as Conqueror (an improved Weardale Perfection), Inglescombe, a large yellow double of great refinement, Gaddy, with brilliant flat red crown, several Poetas seedlings of large size and brilliant colour, and Ivorine, a most refined Leeds, with many other high class flowers.

Messrs. Barr and Sons had a very fine lot, including high class varieties such as Bedouin, Jaspur, Seraphin, Charm, Mermald, White Slave, Mrs. G. H. Barr, Loveliness, and Lord Roberts in exceptionally fine form. Silver flora medal. Messrs. Cartwright and Goodwin again put up one of those exhibits of theirs in

and varied group of elaborate and excellent design. Silver Banksian medal.

Messrs. Lilley, all the way from Guernsey, showed a collection of well-grown flowers, among which one noted Lord Munceaster (an improved Emperor); Rev. C. Digby, a triandrus hybrid; Homespu (very good), and others. Bronze Banksian medal.

**THE BEST CARNATIONS FOR EXHIBITION.**

Herewith I send you an audit of the principal Self and Fancy Carnations exhibited at Westminster last July, and published in the annual report of the National Carnation Society for this year. It may have some interest for your numerous readers.

**BLOOMS ON WINNING STANDS.**

Miss Willmott.....	63
Mrs W. H. Parton.....	37
Daffodil.....	20
Mrs E. Hambro.....	24
Sir Galahad.....	20
Cardinal.....	19
Agnes Sorrel.....	18
Helen.....	12
Cecilia.....	10
John Pope.....	10
Hiladyarde.....	9
Miranda.....	9
Lady Hermione.....	8

**Fancies**

Sam Weller.....	63
Rony Buchanan.....	31
Lord Steyne.....	22
Paquin.....	22
Hidalgo.....	18
King Solomon.....	13
Erl King.....	10
Richness.....	10
The Nizam.....	9
Millic.....	9
Mandarin.....	6
Carnaval.....	6
Liberte.....	5
Highland Lass.....	5

**YELLOW GROUND PICOTEES.**

Their name is legion, but few of them hold out for long. "Their little systems have their day, they have their day and cease to be," but the following were in evidence and take a lot of beating. Mrs Walter Heriot, Lady Halford, Togo, Exquisite, Leonora, Peregrine, Astrophel, Aesop, Santa Claus, Archie Brown, Cymbeline. David Walker, Kay Parks, Kilmarnock N.B.

The Jubilee Bulb Show, held at Haarlem from March 23rd to April 17th, attracted no less than 82,418 visitors. The Perpetual Flowering Carnation Society has decided to continue the trials instituted last year at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, in order to further test the suitability or otherwise of perpetual carnations for the open garden.

**New Zealand Grown Sweet Peas.**

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Lambton Quay, Wellington, N.Z.

GIANT SWEET PEAS, 28 Exhibited Varieties, 25 seeds of each named separate, 2/4 posted; 150 mixed, 7d.; vegetable or flower seeds, 6 packets, 7d.—W. ARWATHAM, Parcell, Auckland.

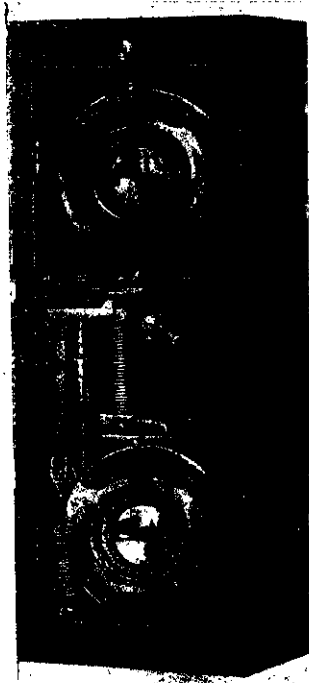
# Progress in Science.

## Detecting the Reckless Motorist.

### AN INGENIOUS INVENTION.

**A** VERY ingenious instrument for recording the speed and license numbers of an automobile has been devised by two instructors of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The instrument, which is but little larger than a pocket kodak, consists of a double camera with a watch movement, which controls the operation of the camera shutter.

When an automobile passes at a speed that seems excessive, the operator trains the instruments upon it and releases the mechanism by pressing a button. Immediately the shutter of the upper camera is sprung, taking a photograph of the receding automobile, and a moment later the other shutter is sprung, taking a second image of the automobile, whereupon the timing mechanism comes to a stop. The plate is developed by the regular process, and the resulting negative shows an image of the automobile near the operator with its license number distinct and a second view of the machine taken at the end of the time interval. In the centre of the print are the photographs of the hands of the stop watch caught when the first and second exposures were made.



DOUBLE CAMERA WITH WHICH VIOLATIONS OF THE SPEED LAWS ARE DETECTED.

Since the automobile has traversed a certain space in the time interval, the second image is smaller than the first by an amount which can easily be measured with an ordinary scale, divided in hundredths of an inch; and knowing that the standard wheel tread is 50 inches, the distances of the two objects from the camera and hence the space the automobile has covered in the time interval is easily found by the following law: The distance of any object from the lens is as many times greater than the focal distance of the camera as the length of any line of the real object is greater than its length in the photograph. This is a simple proportion in which three of the terms are known, namely, the size of the object, the size

of the image of the object on the plate, and the distance of the image from the lens. The fourth term of the proportion, the distance of the object from the lens, follows by simple division. However, the operator is saved all irksome computations by a table attached to the instrument.

To overcome the possible objection by the courts, the watch has been designed so that the operator of the instrument may actually see it during the process of taking the picture. This is made possible by simply boring a hole from the outside of the camera box to the back of the watch, which brings to view a dial around which travels a hand attached to the same pinion or staff as the regular hand of the watch. In order to see this dial more plainly, two mirrors have been placed permanently in such a manner as to illuminate it.

The instrument gives extremely accurate results, and can be calibrated from time to time on objects of known speeds.

The inventors believe that the instrument should be welcomed by autoists as well as police. It is an impartial judge, the personal element being entirely eliminated. A motorist who has been stopped does not have to rely on an officer's estimate of the speed, nor on the speed claimed by the officers operating a trap by means of stop watch and signals. Dozens of motorists are fighting cases every day who honestly believe that they were not overspeeding when stopped. They would be perfectly willing to pay their fines if convinced they were violating the law. Even where the more rational view is taken that the speed alone shall not determine whether or not a man is violating the law, but that the speed taken in connection with the surroundings shall determine it, it is always a question of the officer's word against the autoist's as to surroundings. This photographic speed recorder shows whether there were several vehicles near the automobile, whether people were crossing the street, whether it was more than ordinarily dangerous to run at the speed indicated, or more than ordinarily safe.

A great advantage of the instrument is that it records speed over a short distance. In the congested portions of cities, near crowded cross streets and in similar situations, it offers the only existing method of measuring momentary bursts of speed. The record of any reckless driver can be easily obtained, and a print sent directly to him, when he cannot deny the evidence of his own eyes, and in many cases an arrest will not be necessary, as the offence will not be repeated.

Regarding the legality of this speed recorder, in a recent case that was strongly contested Judge Hammond, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, said: "The result of the evidence did not depend upon the fluctuations of human agencies nor on conditions where relations to results were uncertain, but upon the immutable working of natural laws; and upon the evidence the presiding judge may well have found that such experiments were likely to be more reliable as to the speed of the automobile than the conjectural statement of an eyewitness or the interested statement of a chauffeur."

### The New Gospel of Sleep.

The new gospel of sleep which some doctors are spreading has found converts even in the busiest haunts of New Yorkers. It is not the hard labourer alone who finds the midday nap a refreshment. There are some busy brain workers who take a nap some time between 12 o'clock and 2 as regularly as they take luncheon, and there are others who strictly live up to the injunction, "If you are sleepy, sleep."

The preachers of the new gospel say that the ability to take a nap at will

is the secret of some men's success. Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, it is recalled, found great refreshment in sleeping on the short railway journey to and from his office. A highly successful lawyer in a small city of the Atlantic Coast walked the better part of a mile home to his midday dinner and then took a nap that sometimes

### Britisher's Wonderful Invention

LONDON, May 6.

"I can sit in an arm-chair in London and make my airship drop a bunch of flowers into a friend's garden in Manchester, or Paris, or Berlin."

So said Mr. Thomas Raymond Phillips, as he stood on the stage of the London Hippodrome last Saturday, his fingers playing lightly over the keys of a complicated electrical apparatus standing on a table in front of him. The keys, save that they were blank, looked much like those of a typewriter. But every time he pressed one there was a whirring, crackling noise, and a jagged blue streak shot from each of two brass knobs towards a metal globe about the size of a small orange, that stood midway between them.

Drifting about in mid-air over the auditorium was a 20ft model of a Zeppelin dirigible, a harmless, helpless-looking thing. Suddenly Mr. Phillips touched a key, there was a cr-r-rack! and the airship sprang into life and moved swiftly across the auditorium; cr-r-rack! and it stopped dead a few inches from the balcony rails.

Another cr-r-rack, and it rose quickly some 20ft, its propeller whirling faintly. Then to an accompaniment of whirring and crackling it voyaged round about and up and down, turning figures of eight and performing all manner of evolutions, finally stopping motionless in the air 40ft above the stalls.

"Now," said Mr. Phillips, "just imagine that row of seats is a row of houses, and that instead of a model, with paper toys in its hold, I am controlling a full-sized airship carrying a cargo of dynamite bombs. Watch!"

He pressed a key. There was a faint click from the framework of the airship, and the bottom of the box hanging amidships fell like a trapdoor, releasing, not bombs, but a flight of paper birds that fluttered down on the seats beneath. "There!" said the inventor, as though closing his demonstration. But even as he commenced to answer the hail of questions, there came on the stage Mr. Grahame White, the aviator, full of interest and scepticism. For his benefit Mr. Phillips put more life into the model, and made it perform an even more wonderful series of evolutions, demonstrating his absolute command over the dirigible.

It explored the auditorium from stalls to gallery. It nosed its way into a private box and out again. It soared over the orchestra; then up towards the roof.

"Turn it to the left," suggested Mr. Grahame White. At the crack of command the model turned abruptly left-handed, and explored the recesses of the upper circle.

"Now bring it nearer," and in a moment it was at rest with its nose barely a yard from the aviator's chest.

"This—this is wonderful!" ejaculated Mr. White, and he begged to be allowed to manipulate the transmitter himself.

Mr. Phillips had no objection, and presently, with a little tuition from the inventor, Mr. White was making the airship show off its paces, whilst Mr. Phillips was explaining the working of his invention and imbuing us with unlimited possibilities of the principle of wireless transmission of electric power.

He claims that his principle can be applied with as much success to man-lifting airships and aeroplanes as he applied it to the model, and that, seated at a transmitter in London, he can send a dirigible balloon through the air at any height and to almost any distance. He can make it ascend or descend, turn to right or left, go forwards or backwards, fast or slow. He can make it stop dead over any selected spot—a town, fortress or battleship—and, by simply touching a lever, can drop explosives on whatever lies beneath.

There was something uncanny and unreal about Saturday's demonstration. It seemed impossible that the mere pressing of buttons on a table could make the model dirigible act in the manner she did. But there was no deception, and knowing this, you could not help imagining this harmless model transformed into a grim, relentless weapon of war.

The innocent model at the Hippodrome may be the mother of terrible children. Her offspring may be a fleet of aerial torpedoes, whose master can wreck a town or destroy a navy, five hundred miles from where he sits in an armchair puffing a cigar and fingering a keyboard.

On the other hand, Mr. Phillips' model may be the parent of an aerial fleet ministering only to the convenience and comfort of the human race. So may be he.



SPEED OF AN AUTOMOBILE SHOWN BY TWO CONSECUTIVE PHOTOGRAPHS.

ran to half an hour. He was good then for a long afternoon, and, if need be, a long evening at his office.

The doctors do not expect New York to imitate the Southern custom of a long midday suspension of business for luncheon and the siesta, but they do expect that tired men will gradually learn the value of the brief nap in business hours. Men who sit long alone in their offices often fight sleep for an hour or more in midmorning or after the noonday luncheon, and, coming out victors, stick to their work.

In that hour of struggle with sleep the man is only half himself, and the doctors say that the thing that enables him to recover the full use of his powers and keep on working effectively for the rest of the day is the fact that nature has really had her way; that for a few seconds together he has partly or wholly lost consciousness, and has spread a five or ten minute nap over an hour or perhaps an hour and a half.

It would have been money in his pocket to put his head down on his desk when sleep began to creep upon him and take a solid nap of the necessary length, they declare. Such a nap, not necessarily more than five or eight minutes, possibly as little as three or four, is often followed by an astonishing refreshment that almost doubles the man's powers.—"New York Sun."



## Taranaki's Fight Against the Maoris.

THE WAIREKA ENGAGEMENT—PAKEHA AND MAORI STORIES.

THE history of New Zealand colonisation is studded with deeds of valour. It is possible to be brave without physical fighting. Heroism may be shown in the everyday business of life; and there are weapons that may be even more effective than "Brown Bess" and her bayonet. Still "Brown Bess" in the hands of a man who fought for his country, and by so doing provided peaceful possession for happy successors, effected much for Taranaki. Recently the survivors of the Battle of Waireka and their friends celebrated

### The Jubilee of the Engagement.

The Maori unrest of 1860 required strenuous handling, and it is apparent that in the successful issue the Taranaki Rifle volunteers and militia bore themselves notably. It has frequently been said that the corps was harshly treated, and that "undisciplined raw troops" should have been more carefully shepherded and helped. But in the history of all bush fighting and guerilla warfare, it has been proved time and again that the hardy son of the soil, who knows the country and loves it, is the equal, if not the superior, of the trained soldier who is not so well acquainted with the country, and who has not the same incentive to fight as the soldier-civilian.

Mr J. Black, who was a sergeant in the corps, chats interestingly of the engagement as shared in by himself.

### The Maoris.

had been "out of hand" for some time. They were "spoiling for fight," and, in order to get it, they shot to death, on the road close to the Omata run, three settlers, Messrs S. Shaw, S. Ford and H. Passmore. To make double sure the natives tomahawked all three. The Rev. H. H. Brown found Pote and Parker, both settlers' sons, tomahawked to death.

### A Punitive Expedition

was the only course possible, for opinion in this town would brook no delay. The day after the receipt of the message conveying news of the murders the troops left for New Plymouth en route for Waireka, filled with the justice of their cause, and spurred to endeavour by popular enthusiasm. The militia and volunteers (Capt. Brown commanding) took the sea-beach, the regular troops marching along the road. The irregular force was 150 strong, and it was a strong, confident and cheerful party that moved out to fight.

### The First Battle

in which British volunteers were engaged. When the Waireka stream was reached dispositions were affected, Capt. Stapp's force taking the centre, and Capt. Brown and Capt. Atkinson proceeding to the flanks. The Maoris from the Waireka pah, evidently expecting trouble, gallantly prepared to meet it by rushing pell-mell down the hills towards the stream. Therefore, as soon as the advance force saw anything solid to fire at, it loosed a couple of rounds, the distinction of firing them falling to Sergeant McCoy and Private C. Allen. The advance had been moving "en echelon," but it quickly broke into a smart double file.

### The Seat of the Trouble.

The centre attack was composed of 25 or 30 citizen soldiers. The Maoris were between 600 and 700 strong, armed variously with double-barrelled shot guns, muskets, tomahawks—anything that would fire a shot or make a wound. The Maoris were always good soldiers, both in attack or defence, and so they frequently avoided unnecessarily exposing themselves, were vary in their skirmishing and careful in launching their force, which in this case was done in circular formation, the wings widespread and curved so that an enflading fire would be ineffectual. To close in on the centre seemed to be

### The Idea of the Maori Leader.

As they closed, it was necessary for them to surmount a four-rail fence,

which they did with accompanying yells. Many of the yells were bitten short, for the range was only 50 yards. Captain Stapp instructed his men to "Give it to 'em!" and to use Mr. Black's expression, "they fell like blackbirds." Lieut. Blake, commanding a shore party of bluejackets, had been shot in the preliminary skirmish, and Colonel Murray ordered the retirement of the sailor-men. There seems to have been numerous ill-timed withdrawals from strong positions by Colonel Murray, and it was therefore inexpedient for the volunteers to push the advance unsupported. Captain Atkinson occupied the southern gully, and Captain Stapp's command found itself in an open dip, with a number of wounded. This party retired to Jury's farm, and there the wounded found sanctuary and such "first-aid" as could be given them.

**Heavy Firing.** From left, right, and centre continued, and the dull roar of the "Brown Bess" mingled with the loud explosions of reloaded shot-guns. As in the Crimea, many men, in their haste to "get even," put the bullet in first and the powder after, or inserted an extra charge, or forgot the cap—and so on. There is at least one story of a Maori being killed by the bursting of his gun; which was loaded with nails. The volunteers' ammunition ran short, and orders were issued that no unnecessary shots were to be fired. The short Enfield was always a poor weapon, but it is a poverty-stricken gun indeed if you cannot feed it. Colonel Murray had a cartload of ammunition, and Orderly-sergeant William Brown (late of the 65th) volunteered to carry a dispatch requesting a supply and

### Reinforcements.

It is said that Colonel Murray's reply was to the effect that since the volunteers had got into a mess, they could get out of it. It is worth observing that in many subsequent affairs volunteers have got regulars out of a hole. An inquiry in respect of the ammunition was subsequently made by the War Office.

### The Maoris' Flag Lowered.

It was observed that the flag on the Maori pah was lowered just about sundown, but the party at Jury's thought that this might be a device of the enemy, and did not investigate, although Coad and Bailey volunteered to do so. It was further thought that Colonel Murray might have outflanked the enemy and launched his blow at the rear of the pah. The Maoris moved to within 50 yards of Jury's, and fired some ineffectual shots, to which there was reply. They did not return, and the volunteers moved away in fours to the Omata Blockade, refreshed, and then set out on a return to town. A strong party from town was met outside the hotel on the South-road at two o'clock with food and ammunition. There was great rejoicing when it was found that the casualties were comparatively few.

### The Niger Men to the Rescue.

It was then discovered that the lowering of the flag had been effected by Captain Cracroft and a party from H.M.S. Niger. It was galling that British bluejackets should be left aboard while there obvious thing—to invest the pah. Captain Cracroft landed every available man (in addition to the shore party under Lieut. Blake), and simply proceeded to do the obvious thing—to invest the pah. Capt. Cracroft had never been in action before, and it is related of him that he was under in action than any man on the field that day. The story goes that he smoked a cigar during the storming of the pah, and offered £10 to any man who would capture the flag. The coxswain of his gig rushed the offer, and his skipper was alongside. A Maori, it is said, was about to tomahawk the coxswain, when the captain remarked, "Excuse me, that's my coxswain," and cut the Maori down with his sword. The casualties among the citizen soldiers engaged that day was two killed and 14 wounded. Paul Inch, who persisted in fighting while

badly wounded, was mentioned in despatches for bravery, and it was impossible to prevent him wielding a weapon until he fell exhausted. And so the Taranaki volunteers did that day what every real Britisher, whether soldier or civilian, would be proud to do. We honour them, revere the memory of those who died, and admire the veterans who survive. And if at any future time it should be necessary to fight for hearth and home, it is certain that the descendants of the brave pioneers would advance to the fray with as much keenness as did the citizen soldiers on March 28, 1860.

## The Natives' Side.

### AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Some little time ago one of our representatives had an interesting conversation with Hori Teira (Mr. George Taylor), of Pungarehu, concerning the early days of our settlement. At that time the subject had been worn threadbare, so the notes were pigeon-holed pending the arrival of an occasion when his graphically-told life-story could be introduced into the columns of passing events. Such an opportunity presents itself in the celebration of the engagement between the settlers and the Maoris at Waireka. It is not often that one finds in Taranaki a Maori at the same time so well informed and so communicative as Mr. Taylor, and his story should be read with interest, particularly as it introduces fresh matter with regard to one or two incidents of those troublous times which have made Taranaki's history worth writing and worth preserving.

### The Narrator.

The narrator of the story given below was born at Kororareka, in the Bay of Islands, a good many years ago. His father was a ship's carpenter; his mother a full-blooded Maori, who had been taken from her home in Taranaki by one of the marauding bands of warlike Waikatos. She was very young then, and in course of time she found herself in the Bay of Islands district, probably as the result of missionary effort. As a boy he was educated at the mission school, and knew as much English as Maori. Whilst still a lad he was brought back to Taranaki by relatives, and he went to Ikaroa, near Warea, to live. His mother came down to Taranaki not long afterwards. He was living at Warea when the war broke out, and he was at the Waireka engagement whilst only a lad.

### Waireka—His Own Story.

"From what I have read and heard all along," he said, "the pakehas seemed to think there was a big crowd of us Maoris at Waireka, but I don't think there were more than three hundred in the whole force, which comprised only a part of the Taranaki tribe and very few of the Ngatiuani. When the Maoris decided to stay at Waireka they built a pah." From there they made excursions into the surrounding country, pulling down houses and looting wherever opportunity offered. At the time the troops arrived from town and set up an attack on the pah there were very few there, the great majority of the men being out on a foraging expedition. Presently those at home were surprised at seeing the pakehas coming by way of the beach. The sound of firing brought the other Maoris in to the pah. It must have been known to the whites, he said, that there was a force of Maoris to be encountered, for they had had word of the killing of the man Ford. At this stage, Mr. Taylor remarked that the Maoris had not interfered with a Portuguese and a Frenchman, knowing they were not English; or with Mr. Brown, because he was a parson. The bluejackets appeared on the scene when it was just getting dusk. When they came up there were no warriors in the pah—only the old men, "who were no good down below," and a lot of boys, unarmed, amongst these being the narrator. They had been looking on all day and until evening. Suddenly the bluejackets came over the hill and rushed into the pah. So short was the notice that two very old chiefs, Tere Hanetana (Honi Pihama's uncle) and Paul Kukatai, were unable to reach the pallisade before them. "We boys tumbled into the rifle pits. They didn't bother about us, but went straight for the flag, and went away again. They met one Maori boy just going in. He had an old fowling-piece in his hand; it was no good, but he was proud of it. One of the sailors

gave it a cut with a cutlass, and nearly cut the barrel through; but the boy got in all right." The Maoris all retired from the position during the night, taking their wounded with them in drays. They had commenced burying their dead, but the friendly Maoris from Potuku relieved them of that duty.

### After Waireka.

After this the Maoris remained quiet for some time, and then they started off again with a bigger body of men, with the idea of again taking possession of Waireka. This they did, and built a second pah there, near Jury's. Their object was to have the Omata redoubt shifted, but they never attacked it, for the wise old men of the tribes considered it too strong to be taken, and the Maori force not sufficient to starve the garrison out. So they remained in the locality, looting. Upon their retiring, the troops occupied Waireka and built a redoubt there. Mr. Taylor said that often, when pillaging, the Maoris came across plate and other articles of value which settlers had buried for safety before fleeing from their homes.

The Maoris returned again to the locality and built a pah on Mr. Harrison's or Tom Wilkinson's farm, whence they frequently exchanged shots with the soldiers in the redoubt. The Maoris lived in expectation of an attack, but none came. An incident related here showed the Maoris respect for the Sabbath. In those days no Maori was allowed to fire a shot on Sundays. "One Sunday we saw about half a dozen soldiers come out of the redoubt and, as far as we could make out, they were unarmed. I, like a fool, and some others ran out, calling 'Haeremai,' and inviting them to have a 'kovero.' All of a sudden one of the men dropped to his knee, picked up a rifle which he had been dragging behind him, and fired. But he just missed us. We were not allowed to fire back; it was Sunday."

### Warm Corners.

Another narrow escape befell Teira. One night he and a friend went out in the hope of stealing a horse or two from a paddock just below Captain Good's and alongside a pakeha potato patch, from whence the Maoris drew potato supplies under cover of night. They crept along the hedge to the gate, when suddenly they heard triggers being cocked on the other side. They dropped down and crawled away among the potatoes. When they had gone about fifty yards a volley came singing after them, but without effect. Evidently there were men on the look-out for the robbers of the potato patch.

Stories were told of the shelling of the pah at Kaihihi. One Maori picked up a live shell. It went off. The man recovered some time afterwards. In another case a man saw a shell coming, and gave warning. It fell where he stood and blew his head off. The Maoris left the pah the same night, fearing that after the shelling the pakeha might rush the pah.

### Partial Peace.

Then came an interval of peace. Sir George Grey and a number of chiefs from the Bay of Islands met at Waitara. "They didn't come to our pah and make peace, but made peace only with the Ngatiawau and Waikatos. Of course some of our chiefs were there, and they agreed in a way. It was agreed that what land we took from the pakeha we should keep. The peace lasted for about a year but we didn't feel that it was a proper peace. None of us went into New Plymouth, and we saw none of the pakehas."

### Wreck of the Lord Worsley.

It was during that year that the ship Lord Worsley came ashore at Te Namu. We treated the passengers well, and gave them houses. William Kingi was there, and he directed things. The passengers were allowed to bring their own personal belongings ashore, but the Maoris insisted that the ship's effects were theirs, and took all the arms and ammunition they could find. In connection with this there was the making of an unpleasant situation. During the evening after the landing of the people a man Robert Graham went down to the cliff and shouted to the cook to throw all the gunpowder overboard. This was done. When the Maoris discovered this they became infuriated. There was a great kovero. Some of the chiefs were strong in their demands that the lives of all the pakehas should pay forfeit, and there were many who favoured that

course. Wiremu Kingi and Te Whiti were opposed to that plan, and their counsel prevailed, but only after a long and animated korero. Then the shipwrecked people were sent off to New Plymouth, their belongings being carried in drays. They had to pass through the Maoris' toll-gates, and Hori Teira was in charge of the gate at Ikaroa. Every man was required to open his box for inspection, and the Maoris collared all the revolvers, cartridges, and so on. The man Robert Graham, previously referred to, had two boxes filled with gold. This the Maoris wouldn't touch. But Graham wouldn't trust the Maoris too far. Instead of carting the gold into town that day he threw the two boxes into a flax bush by the wayside, and he came back at night for it, with three Maoris, who got £5 each for the job. This incident of the generosity of the natives towards the shipwrecked people was cited by Mr Taylor as an instance of the nobility of the Maoris of those days.

Not long afterwards the European settlers began to drift back to Tataraimaka. The Maoris told them to go back, for the land belonged to the Maoris. Then Sir George Grey determined to re-take Tataraimaka. Hearing of this, the Maoris built a pah at Kaitake, and sent a letter to Major Farris to the effect that if the troops crossed the Tapuae river the Maoris would recommence hostilities. Nevertheless, the troops were sent down to Tatarai, and the Maoris were not sufficiently strong to oppose them.

**The Wairau Massacre.**

**THE SECOND WAR.**

So the Maoris got a fighting force together, not a very big force, it is true, only some 200 men in all, perhaps. Whilst waiting for an opportunity of coming to grips with the Europeans, a "friendly" native came to the pah and imparted the information that Sir George Grey and General Cameron would be coming along on the next day, bound for Tataraimaka. The news caused a big stir, of course, and immediately a big korero was held, the ultimate decision being to intercept the party. Better, they said, "to start with the head of the tree," alluding to Sir George Grey. To make sure of capturing this man, a rangitira amongst his own countrymen, an ambush was laid, a large party of Maoris concealing themselves

in the trees at the Wairau, near the beach.

A sentry was posted a little towards New Plymouth to give notice of the approach of the party, but instead of the men they expected the Maoris suddenly found in front of them a number of soldiers coming in towards New Plymouth from the other direction. To the best of Hori Teira's recollection, there were about ten men, with a couple of officers, bringing in a prisoner. "When these came right in amongst us we couldn't let them go past. The word was given to fire, and the first volley knocked all but three down. These ran up against a sandhill, and Kelly managed to crawl away. Then all these yarns that I shot Dr Hope," said our friend with great earnestness, "how could a man tell which of the forty of us killed any of those men? I don't know how the Maori got the yarn at all." The party from New Plymouth turned out to be only a transport, a couple of drays and provisions. When the firing commenced, the soldiers left the dray, and the Maoris later on got the dray and the flour and sugar. "That," he continued, "was the start of the second war, which started again on all sides."

**Support from the Kingites**

Then the chiefs sent a message to the King party, telling them that the fighting had been resumed by the Government, and asking what course they should adopt. The answer came, "Start to fight." Then the tribes knew that they had a backer, and prepared for business. The troops, it was explained, had been at Tataraimaka fully three or four weeks before any definite action by the Maoris was taken to rid that party of the country of the pakeha. They waited, and waited, expecting that the troops would come out from Kaitake, but they made no move. The Maoris chafed at this enforced inaction, and some of the young bloods started little expeditions on their own account. He was one of a force of a dozen who got clear of the camp unknown to the chiefs, and came overland to the neighbourhood of the Potuku redoubt, hoping to have a stray shot at the pakehas. But no opportunity presented itself. Another party of four came close to the lines at New Plymouth one night. They were Tautahi, Taikamoko, Turu, and another. Taking advantage of the darkness they came right down to Shar-

land's (near Bonithon), and rushed the house. Fortunately for the peace of the community, the house was empty.

**A Veteran's Statement.**

Mr J. C. Davies, who was present at the interview, remarked that he had slept in the house the night previous to this attack, but he and the other lads were ordered not to stay there any more by night, owing to the information that had been brought concerning bands of Maoris prowling about by night. He was curious now to know how it was that the Maoris did not follow their usual custom and burn the house down.

The reason given by this raconteur was that the Maoris were not anxious to make a big show and bring the garrison out after them. So they contented themselves with cutting down the flagstaff and stripping the walls of the calico which did duty as wall paper.

Mr Davies said that he had always understood that the flight of this little band of marauders was hastened by a volley from Fort Murray, the officer in charge there seeing the lights about the house and knowing that the place was supposed to be unoccupied.

"Yes, I believe there was something of that kind," assented Mr Taylor.

**A Narrow Shave.**

Evidently the old saying that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," was as true of the Maori fifty years ago as it is of his white-skinned brother to-day, for next morning we find Tori Teira and his boon companions still on the look-out for mischief. They went down to Honeysuckle Hill, with a view of intercepting anyone passing between Oakura and Potuku. They laid an ambush there, and had not long to wait for in about a-quarter of an hour's time an officer approached on horseback. Had he kept on by the road, this portion of Teira's life story would never have had to be told. The road would have brought him under the muzzles of the rifles of the Maoris who lay in wait on the top of a bank beneath which the road passed. But he struck off across the paddocks. When he came abreast of the ambuscade, all fired, and the horse fell. Immediately the Maoris, with the exception of the man who tells the story, cleared out, putting a decent distance between them and the Potuku redoubt as quickly as possible. This one exception jumped down into the cutting, tomahawk in hand, and made for the

prostrate man, who saw him coming, fired his revolver, and struck the Maori's haversack.

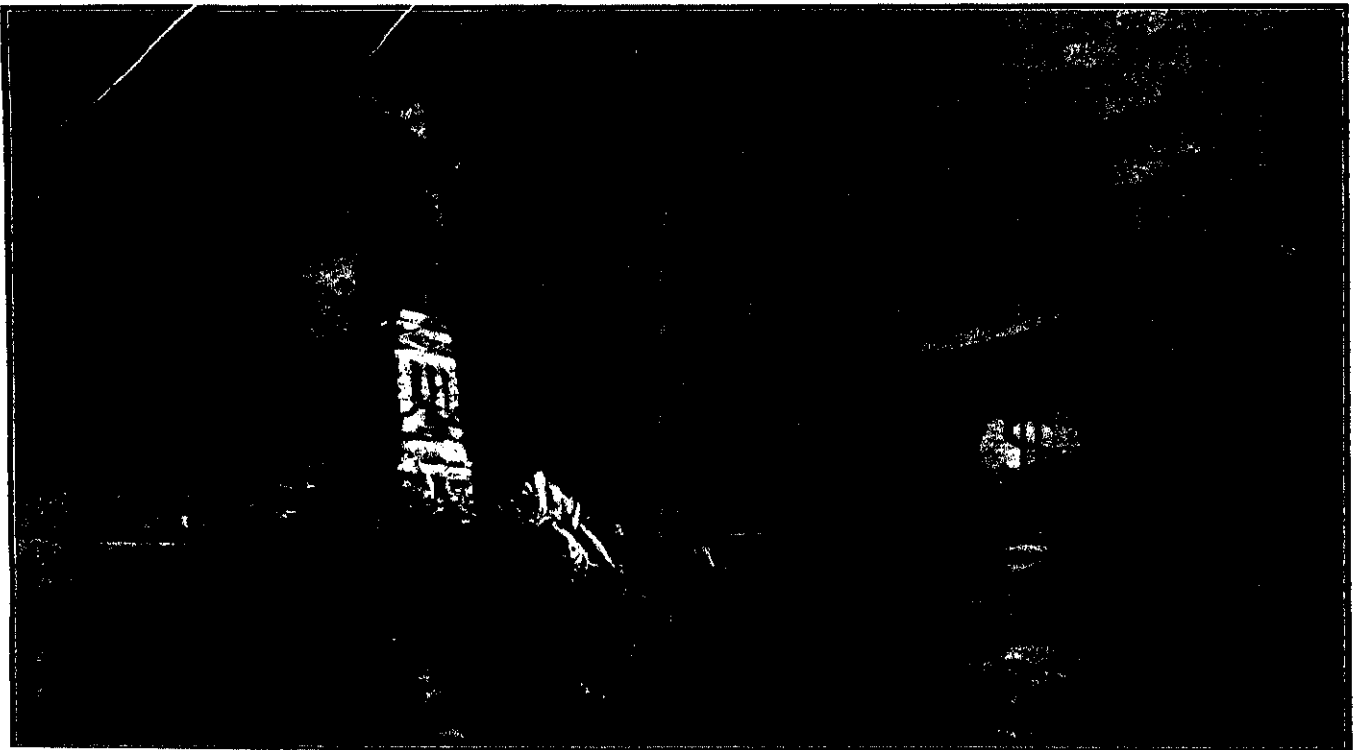
**A Tehuanga's Advice.**

Here the narrative was broken to introduce one of the old Maori superstitions. "The first arm that you take off the dead, give it away," said the wise old man. "Don't carry it. It will bring you bad luck. The second man you kill, it is all right. Take his gun, and use it." Such was the advice given to all young warriors, and this superstition was so generally held as to have amounted to custom. "Now at Wairau, I had taken Lieutenant Hope's watch and chain, ring, and rifle. I threw away my fowling-piece, and stuck to the rifle. I wouldn't give it away. They all said afterwards that was the cause of me being knocked down that day."

**Caught and Sentenced to Death.**

As I told you, I jumped down with the tomahawk in my hands, leaving the gun where I had been sitting. As soon as Waller's revolver went off and hit my haversack I was helpless. I couldn't see. I couldn't use my hands. I couldn't move. Then the troops came and made me a prisoner. They gave me an awful knocking about. They found Lieutenant Hope's rifle, and found the watch on me. Then they knew I had been at Wairau. The soldiers had a big fight over the gun. They brought me to the Court at New Plymouth and tried me for the murder of Lieutenant Hope. They said I was guilty, and I was condemned to be hanged." The man related the story with the manner of a stoic. Not a twitch of muscle, either from unpleasant memories, or from fear of the moment. Then he smiled. "They sent me to Auckland to be hanged, but the Auckland people, they wouldn't have me, and I was sent back to New Plymouth. Mr. Farris came to the gaol some time afterwards and read me a reprieve. He told me they weren't going to hang me now, but would keep me till after the war was all over. So I stayed in gaol a long time. Sometimes I thought to run away. Then one day Robert Graham came to me. You know Robert Graham, the man who was on the Lord Worsley. He said to me, "I'm sorry to see you here. You saved my life. Your people were very good to me, and I'll try and get you

Continued on page 60.



UP-TO-DATE AMERICA—THE SUN OF BABYLON, NINEVEH AND TYRE.

The artist reveals a vision of the States as they are to-day controlled by millionaire financiers, political bosses, corrupt politicians and judges, and gigantic trusts manipulating the food supplies, the necessaries of life and the public services for individual gain. The broken statue is that of Liberty.

# The Bookshelf.

By DELTA

## BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

### Victor Hugo Pillorised.

THE erection in the garden of the Palais Royal, Paris, of a Rodin monument to Victor Hugo, chief of the French Romantics, has provided Mr Francis H. Gribble, critic, novelist, etc., with an opportunity to pillorise the great French genius, who is not only accused of simultaneously maintaining two separate establishments and a high moral tone, but of inducing his wife to write his life while he was diverting himself in the society of Juliette Drouet, who posed, among his friends and admirers, as Hugo's "Beatrice." The greatest thing that Victor Hugo ever did, according to Mr Gribble, was to fasten upon humanity the "Hugo legend," which means that mingling of romance, of misrepresentation, of idealisation, that has come down to us as Victor Hugo.

The romance of Hugo lies in the fact that he was able without difficulty, and without loss of moral or social status, to pose as the greatest moral romantic France had ever known. "Noble ancestors," Hugo felt were essential to his sublimity; and as he had none he invented some, giving out that he was a scion of the house of the Hugo's of Lorraine, and a great-grandson of Charles-Hyacinthe Hugo, chevalier, conseiller-maitre en la chambre des comptes de Lorraine. Which, says Mr Gribble, is not true, as Victor Hugo's ancestors have been traced, and there is not a chevalier among them, all being of plebeian, though respectable origin. Of his mother Victor Hugo said, "That as a poor girl of fifteen she fled to the boge and became a brigand (that is, a Vendean insurrectionist), like Madam de Bouchamps and Madam de la Roche Jaquelein." It is a romantic story, says Mr Gribble, but there is not a word of truth in it. "Sophie Trebuchet," remained in Nantes from the beginning to the end of the Vendean revolt.

### Victor Hugo's Supposed Pseudonym.

Nor is true that Chateaubriand, in the poet's early days saluted him as "enfant sublime," amazed by the dazzling splendour of his "Ode on the Death of the Duc de Berri." It was the sort of thing that Chateaubriand ought to have said, but as a matter of fact, he denied ever having used the words. Hugo invented them as he had invented his ancestors, for his own greater glory. Other charges, more or less sordid are laid to the charge of the author of "Les Miserables," "Le Travailleurs de la Mer," "The History of a Crime," etc., which may or may not be gospel. But it is, scarcely likely that a writer of Mr Gribble's reputation would have pillorised a genius of such world-wide fame as M. Hugo, without assuring himself of his facts. Nevertheless, though Mr Gribble's commentary is exceedingly interesting and illuminative reading, we regret keenly that the writer of the three great works above quoted, should be found to possess feet of brass. And as we have always done, we protest against the pillorising of genius, for, so long the work of genius does not bear upon it the signs of the beast, it is well for posterity to leave the judging of genius to the giver of it. And we are at least positive that more evil comes out of the raking up of human frailty, than in its decent burial until the day of resurrection when the secrets of all hearts shall be open. We deplore, greatly, Mr Gribble's article.

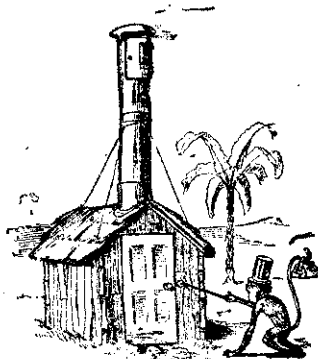
### It Never Can Happen Again.

"Current Literature" for April has a highly-eulogistic article on Mr de Morgan's book, which bears the above title. Mr de Morgan was hailed as the new Dickens when his first book appeared on the Home literary horizon. But a consensus of critical opinion in America places this author on a higher plane than Dickens; and the "Rochester Post Express" insists that he, though he has his defects, has only one living rival—*at the most, in the world*—that can take higher place in contemporary literature. "It Never Can Happen Again," we are told, is a novel which deserves to find a place beside such English masterpieces as "Tom Jones," "Clarissa Harlowe,"

"The Newcomes" and "Adam Bede"; all of which is pleasant for Mr de Morgan's countrymen to listen to. But Dickens, contrary to Mr de Morgan, possessed the power not only to deal with a crowded canvas with such mastery and detachment that each figure stood out distinct and different, though in harmony with the general scheme. Mr de Morgan, though to a great extent his style is modelled upon that of Dickens, will never obtain the vast hearing and following that Dickens had. For, though he has undoubtedly more culture than Dickens, he does not possess the key to the affections of the people. Dickens loved the people as no writer ever did, and enjoyed a vogue the like of which no English writer, living or dead, ever had. To read a book by Mr de Morgan is to be surfeited with good things. To read a book by Dickens, also crammed with good things, is to ask "for more."

### Three New Books.

Three eminently noteworthy books awaiting review, and which have been



Agent: This is the oddest bungalow I've seen. Wonder if anybody's home. Methinks I'll ring.



Mr Giraffe: Hello, son!

favourably noticed by the Home critics, are: "The Greatest Wish in the World," by E. Temple Thurston (Hodder and Stoughton); "A Certain Rich Man," by William Allen White (The Macmillan Co.); and "Devious Ways," by Gilbert Cannan, author of "Peter Homunculus" (Heinemann).

### Nelson's Promised Two-shilling Novels.

Three of the promised 2/- novels have been issued by Messrs Nelson and Sons, and are now on hand. The binding and printing is much the same as the binding of the 3/6 "Colonial Editions." First in point of merit comes Mr H. G. Wells' "History of Mr Polly." Then comes "Second String," by Mr Anthony Hope; and "Fortune," by Mr J. C. Snaith. As the English price is 2/- net, the colonial price will be about 2/6. Those readers who have fears that either quality or quantity will have been sacrificed need have no further fears, as the reputations of the authors forbid the first, and a mere glance at the books will relieve the other.

### Songs of the Happy Isles.

"Liber," of the "New Zealand Times," has a very complimentary notice of Miss Maude Peacock's little book of poems bearing the above felicitous title. "As to its quality," says this reliable critic, "it is at once a pleasure and a duty to say that many of the verses are true poetry, not mere clever rhyming; and none are so immature, in either idea or style, as to have merited exclusion; and many there are which are distinctly fresh in both subject and manner."

### Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's Adventures.

Murray's are shortly to publish Mr. Roosevelt's "Adventures in Africa," as far as the English edition is concerned. It is to be hoped that it will be published at popular prices, since it is bound to attract popular notice.

### A New Book by Lucas Malet.

Though Lucas Malet has erred more than once on the side of a too gross realism, it is impossible to hear of any

new book of her's without a feeling of pleasurable excitement, if only for the reason that she is a daughter of the late Charles Kingsley, and that sooner or later blood must out. A new book of her's is shortly to be published by Hutchinson's, the scenes of which are to be set in France and England. The hero is a young Frenchman, who falls a victim of Dan Cupid, and we understand that out of this love complications arise.

### A Posthumous Novel.

The late Marian Crawford's posthumous novel entitled, "The New Governance," has been announced by Macmillan and Co., and the colonial edition should shortly be on hand. As a familiar acquaintance with all Marion Crawford's published fiction, we reiterate, with keen regret, our continued sense of the loss sustained to wholesome fiction by the death of the wholly estimable author against whom no shaft of scandal has ever been winged.

### BITS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

#### The Eternal Feminine.

"To please women one must adhere to only one."

"Women never come of age; reason irritates them; sentiment guides them."

"Thoughts and Remembrances," by Countess Vera de Talleyrand.

#### A Scientific Love Song.

"When you were a tadpole and I was a fish,  
In the Paleozoic time,  
And side by side on the ebbing tide  
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,  
Or skittered with many a caudal flip  
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,  
My heart was rife with the joy of life,  
For I loved you even then."  
—"Evolution," by Langdon Smith.

#### Book-buying.

"It is in catering for her literary wants that a woman's shopping capacity breaks down most completely. If you have perchance produced a book which has met with some little measure of success, you are certain to get a letter from some lady whom you scarcely know to bow to, asking you how it can be got. She knows the name of the book, its author, and who published it and how to get into actual contact with it is still an unsolved problem to her. You write back pointing out that to have recourse to an ironmonger or a corn-dealer will only entail delay and disappointment, and suggest an application to a bookseller as the most hopeful thing you can think of. In a day or two she writes again: 'It is all right; I have borrowed it from your aunt.'"—"Reginald in Russia," by Saki.

#### Privileged.

"To be celebrated, of course, covers multitudes of sins."—"According to Maria," by Mrs. John Lane. Lane. 6/.

#### Beware!

"When a woman prompts you with an answer, beware of it. In the same manner, beware of her."—"The Greatest Wish in the World," by E. Temple Thurston.

#### Next Nomenclature.

"The mare is road-shy, with intervals of stolidity, and there is no telling what she will pass and what she won't. We

call her Redford."—"Reginald in Russia," by Saki.

#### Love's Degree.

"The worst man loves somebody; the best man loves everybody."—"Tinsel and Gold," by Dion Clayton Calthrop.

#### Woman's Estimate of Words.

"A woman does not resent selfish or even brutal treatment from the man she loves as she resents cold or slighting words; which is also, perhaps, the reason why she is so often indifferent to the plain-spoken man of worth and so easily charmed by the smooth-tongued villain."—"The Tyrant," by Mrs. de la Pasture.

## REVIEWS.

**A Marriage Under the Terror:** Patricia Wentworth. (London: Andrew Melrose. Melbourne: George Robertson and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. Price, 3/6.)

This superb story, whose author, Patricia Wentworth, as "Graphic" readers will remember, was deservedly awarded Mr. Andrew Melrose's best novel prize of 250 guineas, details not only the ghastly and pitiful incidents that led up to the consummation of "A Marriage Under the Terror," but details also the course of the Revolution, from mid-August, 1792, to July 27, the 9th Thermidor in the new calendar of the Revolution, a time when France, sick to dementia with the sight and smell of the blood of foes and friends alike, began dimly to realise that liberty was not license, equality not a pulling down, and fraternity something more than a partnership in injustice, brutality, bestiality, murder, rape and pillage. Miss Wentworth, though she has but touched lightly on the sufferings, mock trial, and execution of Louis Capet and Marie Antoinette, has, while adhering closely to historic fidelity, managed to give not only a darkly romantic and realistic picture of Paris under the Terror, but has shown us the most salient qualities of the principal leaders of the Revolution, who represented the Girondist, the Jacobin, and the Cordelier section of the Commune, and who are known to the student of French history as Roland, Camille, Desmoulins, marat, Robespierre, Hebert, Fouchier, Tiville, and Danton. Miss Wentworth has also made a splendid analysis of the motives that prompted, animated and inspired these various parties, and describes with wonderful skill the effect of their eloquence upon the mob, who were too drunk with the memories of past wrongs and present sanguineous orgies to discover that they were but the tools of a still greater tyranny. Jacques Dangeau, the book's hero, was one of the few leading spirits of the Cordeliers who were animated by a pure patriotism. Of Dangeau it was said that he always carried in his mind "a vision of the ideal State, in the service of which a race should be trained from infancy to the civic virtues, inflamed with a pure ambition to spend themselves for humanity. He saw mankind, shedding brutishness and self, become sober, law-abiding and just; in a word, he possessed those qualities of vision and faith without which neither prophet nor reformer can influence his generation." To him the proclamation of the Republic was a matter of only a few weeks, and then—the golden age. Aline de Rochambeau, the heroine, was an aristocratic of aristocrats, forced into a marriage with the plebeian Dangeau, for the dual purpose of saving her honour and her life, the former of which was threatened by the attentions of the bestial Hebert, and the latter by the guillotine. How Aline de Rochambeau came to fully recognise that honour and delicacy and nobility of thought, manner and action were not the sole prerogative of her class, is the task Miss Wentworth has essayed, and succeeded so incomparably in. We have not nearly exhausted the points of interest of "A Marriage Under the Terror," but it would be impossible in the limits of a review to recapitulate the numerous points of interest and attraction that crowd this book from page to page, and set us puzzling as to whether it is its pathetic yet staid romance, its historic and its human interest, its sternly just, yet sympathetic treatment of its gruesome subject, or the fascinating glamour of its style that has charmed us most. But, in any case, it is a work that will plant its author's feet firmly on the ladder of a high popularity. We have received our copy through the courtesy

## The Mispronunciation of the King's English.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS AS A CORRECTIVE—MR. C. N. BAEYERTZ'S INDICTMENT.

**A** PROPOS of the recent literary competitions in Christchurch, Mr. C. N. Baeyertz contributes to the "Press" some reasonable and cryptic remarks on the pronunciation of the competitors. The editor of the Triad is a keen exponent for the purity of the language. His sensibility, attuned as it is to the arts in no uncertain harmony, revolts against the somewhat frequent mispronunciation of words by New Zealanders.

"I have no longer the slightest doubt about the high value and usefulness of these contests," he writes. "I am perfectly certain that they stand for increased intellectual activity and a considerable stirring of dry bones. From long personal observation, I know how greatly they improve the work of individual competitors. They make students

of Messrs. George Robertson and Co., 107 and 113, Elizabeth-street, Melbourne, who are the publishers of the colonial edition.

**Storm and Treasure:** By H. C. Bailey. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey, 2/6 and 3/6.)

Mr. Bailey's unassailable position in the realms of fiction as an historical romancer, and his finished artistry, are too well known to need but brief mention for the benefit of those readers who have not had the felicity of reading any former work of his. For his present romance, "Storm and Treasure," he has transported his readers to La Vendee, and has bid them, in imagination, go back to the days of the French Revolution, and try with his help to put themselves for the nonce in the place of the loyal Vendeeans, who, as history records, were the only people who remained loyal, as a whole, to the principles of established monarchy. Not that much imagination will be needed, for Mr Bailey has painted pen pictures of that deeply tragic and pregnant time, with such realistic skill and fidelity that readers will have to pull themselves together to rid themselves of the horrible nausea that some of these pictures provoke. It is somewhat unfortunate, unless one can read "Storm and Treasure" as a pendant to "A Marriage Under the Terror," that both these books should have fallen to our lot to have reviewed at the same sitting, since, to some extent, the theme is identical. But the only comparison that can be made lies in the difference that must always exist between the feminine and the masculine style. And, as a wholly absorbed and thoroughly sympathetic interest was ours during our reading of both these high romances, we shall, in common gratitude, abstain from expressing anything but the pleasure both these books have afforded us. We confess ourselves wholly delighted with Mr. Bailey's characterisation of M. de Jan, who stands as a strongly gracious type of the true patriot, and the royalist, faithful to monarchical principles, but not to the individual wearer of a crown, unless that crown be worn worthily. Mr. Wild and Narcisse Colet puzzled us somewhat at the outset. But in the end we bade adieu to both with keen regret. There are two heroines, and of the two our sympathies are most centred in Lucile Colet, who, if she sinned much, loved more. Mademoiselle Barac is a type of the Vendean Mesdames de Bonchamps and de la Roche Jaquelein. Citizen Durand is another Dangeon, but set in sterner mould. We strongly recommend readers to buy "Storm and Treasure," and discover for themselves the secret of the de Jan treasure, which was afterwards used for the building up of loyal La Vendee, who will be quoted as a shining example of loyalty to immortality. We are indebted to Methuen and Co. for our copy of this distinctive romance.

out of mere amateurs, and that is a wonderfully good thing. There was added proof of this here at Christchurch this year. The lady competitors from Dunedin won all before them as they went. Their work was often singularly original and delightful. Why? is it to be assumed that the intelligence and refinement of Dunedin are in advance of Christchurch and other centres of the Dominion? Not at all. I am sure that it is not that. It simply means that Dunedin competitors have had years of training at their own competitions. It simply means that this outspoken public criticism of which so much has sometimes been made by vain little people, is good for culture and good for discipline. It would be absolutely idle and foolish to pretend that the competitions in Dunedin have not accomplished a great good. The leading Dunedin competitors were notably free from disfiguring mispronunciation and the average tendency to quite emphases. I believe that ultimately fame as great a good will be accomplished at Christchurch.

From what I have called the more definite critical standpoint, I can only repeat that the most amazing and most saddening thing was the frequency of grossly bad mispronunciations. All these



VENUS DE MILO.

Restored and Revised by a Suffragette Sculptress.

young people have attended school, and most of them have passed high standards. It is difficult to believe that they could have become so hardened in mispronunciation if their faults had been properly corrected at school. That, however, is an aspect of the matter as to which I shall say something later.

Among the commonest mispronunciations in elocution and singing were such as these: Loike (like), twoyloisly (twilight), wander (wander), easerly (easily), amoilng (smiling). Many similar vowel sounds were flattened into diphthongs in this way, and many similar short vowel sounds were slurred in the slovenly fashion here indicated. I know that it has been pretended in New Zealand before now that singers cannot invariably pronounce certain words properly in song; but that is a pretence we can toss aside at once as unworthy of a moment's consideration by reasonably intelligent people. Mispronunciations such as these are not the fruits of ignorance, but of gross carelessness and in-

veterate bad habit. Mispronunciation is a vice, and it has proved curable at Dunedin.

Mr. Baeyertz gives a large number of examples both in children and adults. He insists that the children are not taught by properly educated teachers, who lack "a true and saving sense of the English tongue." "I have been accused before now," he says, "of exaggerating the importance of pronunciation. It cannot be exaggerated. It is less distressing as a fault than as a symptom. I mean, if a man or woman is content to mispronounce his or her native tongue, there is little hope of any true cultivation on the intellectual side. Mispronunciation destroys the beauty of English verse and prose. A man who mispronounces very openly or in his mind, cannot truly enjoy good literature, and most certainly cannot enjoy good verse. I am afraid that this frequent mispronunciation is directly responsible for the fact that comparatively so few of our competitors truly appreciate rhythm. They read and recite verse in a see-saw—now up, now down, with every now and then a creak of the plank in the middle; or they go to the other extreme and degrade it into flat and rancid prose. The English language is a marvellous instrument on which they have never learned to play. They have as yet only a rudimentary sense of the beauty of words as words, of the swing and balance of phrases, of the appealing melody and effect of sentences harmoniously combined.

As to false emphases, what can one say? It is a difficult thing to talk about. Given a certain sentence with a certain perfectly obvious meaning, how does a man of reasonable intelligence distribute his emphases so as to distort or destroy the sense? I confess that I don't know; but I suspect that we have here another fruit of the horrid elocution-habit. Children in the schools are taught to read prose artificially, and verse vilely. That idiotic business of suiting the action to the word is done to death and dragged for ignominious uses from the grave. If you ever heard a class of New Zealand children reciting verse in concert, you would know what I mean. If you have heard it, I can only offer you the tender assurance of my sympathy. Prate and prattle as we may, we are not a literary people yet, and we have little right to expect in our teachers qualities generally dormant in ourselves. If you doubt me, ask any average man or woman of your acquaintance to read a chapter of De Quincey or a page of Milton to you, and you'll doubt no more.

In short, we need, not only better teachers of youth and better teachers of elocution, but also a general re-awakening of the public conscience in regard to the whole big matter of the King's English.

### The Nicotine Cure.

Smokers will be delighted to learn that a military doctor has discovered, and undertakes to prove by convincing statistics, that smoking, instead of being bad, is good for the health. Better still, smokers are almost immune from meningitis. Tobacco, therefore, instead of being tabooed by some medical men, ought to be hailed with delight, and anyone threatened with the terrible brain or spinal attack should be at once told to take the nicotine cure. The discoverer of this new scientific fact is Dr. de Kermabon, of the French army. He has patiently gathered statistics and watched the ravages of cerebro-spinal diseases among the young recruits of the French army, and, as their habits, among others that of smoking, are carefully noted in the reports, he was astonished to see that so few of the habitual smokers were attacked by the disease. The proportion, as established by him, is 1 to 20—that is to say, for one case of meningitis among a given number of smokers there are 20 cases of non-smokers. What will the society against the abuse of tobacco say to this? Its chief argument hitherto has been that smoking is especially bad for the young. But Dr. Kermabon could argue exactly the contrary, and this is what he does. Rather than discourage young men from smoking, they ought to be encouraged, especially if they are liable to brain or spinal troubles.

## EXPECTED BABY TO DIE OF ECZEMA

She was a Mass of Humour All Over When Three Months Old—Sat with Her Night and Day, Thinking the End Would Come at Any Minute—Skin Now Clear—Doctor Declares

### CURE BY CUTICURA TO BE A MIRACLE

"I use Cuticura Soap steadily for my baby's skin. She had the eczema when she was three months old. She was in an awful mess all over her body. We never thought she would get over it. We sat with her night and day for about a month, expecting every minute to see her die. The doctor gave me an ointment to rub her with but it did her no good. My mother was home from America and she told me to try Cuticura Ointment and to wash her with Cuticura Soap. There was a great difference when I used the first box. It seemed to soothe her and she slept. I used three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and she was quite cured. She has the purest skin and is the fattest baby now! She is a miracle, the doctor declares. I am glad to tell anybody about it. Mrs. John Ewan, 5, Victoria St., Inverurie, Scotland, Sept. 21, 1909."



Reference: R. Towns & Co., Sydney.

### CLEAR SKINS Through the Use of Cuticura.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment afford the purest, sweetest and most economical method known of preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands of infants, children and adults, of preventing minor eruptions becoming chronic and of soothing and dispelling eczemas, rashes, itching and chafings. Eczema falls on distracted households when Cuticura enters.

A single tablet of Cuticura Soap or box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient to cure. Depot: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; U. S. A., Foster Bros., Chem. Co., Sole Props., Boston. Post-free, 32-page Cuticura Book on the Best Care and Treatment of the Skin.

### TWIN BABY BOYS.

A Mother's Experience with Rexona.

The tender skins of infants demand a mother's infinite care. At the first sign of any rash or soreness, a suitable ointment should be immediately applied. In the following case, Mrs. M. Wilson, of 138 Little Simmonds Street, Newtown, Sydney, relates how Rexona effected an almost immediate cure of thick rash, spread over the skin of a new-born infant.

"My twin baby boy, now about six weeks old, became covered with and obstinate rash when about a fortnight old. The rash was most pronounced on the head, arms and face. About a week ago I obtained a tin of Rexona Ointment, and rubbed it on the child night and morning. The pimples which made up the rash were so close together that you couldn't put a pin's head between them; but they began to go away almost at once, and now they have all gone, and a new smooth skin has come. I find Rexona suits the tender skins of babies splendidly, and is far away the best thing I have yet come across."

Rexona is obtainable from all Chemists and Storekeepers in triangular pots at 1/6 and 2/6.

## Rexona

THE RAPID HEALER

DAWSON'S Perfection SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE AGENTS: HIPKINS & COUTTS, Auckland

# Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

LONDON, May 6.

**M**AY, June and July are the most interesting months in the London year. More things seem to happen than in all the rest of the year. London renews its youth in the early summer, and plunges into a thousand new activities with a zest which would leave you breathless if you tried to keep pace with the foremost. It is a rush and a whirl, and yesterday's events are forgotten in the excitement of to-morrow.

The opening of this year's summer season has been unusually brilliant, in spite of the weather, which is atrocious. London is enjoying

## THE NOVELTY OF AN AVIATION BOOM.

The wonderful aeroplane race to Manchester has set the fashion for the season, and everyone talks aeroplanes now. Louis Paulhan, the winner of the "Daily Mail" £10,000 prize, had such a reception in London on Saturday as falls to the lot of few men. At the luncheon at the Savoy Hotel, where the French Ambassador presented him with the £10,000 cheque in a golden casket, men of mark in every profession assembled to do him honour, and when he and Grahame White drove to Charing Cross after the banquet their progress was a triumphal procession. The Strand was black with cheering thousands. The young Frenchman, by nature modest and reserved, had a curious, half-frightened look through it all, but he was very happy, and his little wife looked radiant!

There is no doubt that the English can be hospitable. "Damm! But you do things well in England," said Louis Paulhan, in one of his rare bursts of expansiveness. Coming from so reticent a man, it spoke volumes for the impression made on him by the surging welcome, the magnificent banquet, the mighty chorus of praise. He liked, too, the sporting spirit shown by the English in thus acclaiming a Frenchman, although he had beaten their own champion. "Ah," he said, "that is real sport."

I have never known or heard of a race of any kind which created such widespread excitement as that historic flight for the £10,000 prize. It interested people of every rank and station in life, from King to crossing-sweeper. Half England seems to have staved out of bed all night on the night of the race. The whole country was on tip-toe with excitement. Some of the London morning papers published as many as seven editions during the night, and one of them, to my knowledge, sold nearly 100,000 extra copies next day. And now the excitement is being kept alive by the offer of another £10,000 by the "Daily Mail" to be divided between two great flying contests—one in England and the other between Paris and London. Never has a newspaper received better value

for its money than the "Mail" has had for that first £10,000. It has been a magnificent, world-wide advertisement, and is in its way another striking tribute to the genius of Lord Northcliffe, whose idea it was.

Paulhan, by the way, does not retain the £10,000, I hear. He was under contract to his teacher, Farman, the designer of the machine, to fly on Farman biplanes for a salary of £80 a week, and five per cent of all prize money won. So the bulk of the £10,000 goes to Farman, the winner's share being 5 per cent, or £500.

## "LA MILO'S ACQUITTAL."

After a trial extending over five days at the Old Bailey, Mrs. Fanny Eggena, who is better known to readers on both sides of the world as "La Milo," was last Monday acquitted of the charge of fraud levelled against her by a West End jeweller named Wood.

The charge was made three months ago, the prosecutor alleging that "La Milo," with her husband, Ferdinand Eggena, and Percy Easton, had conspired to obtain from him jewellery to the value of £6,280.

The defendants were all committed for trial, but only Eggena was kept in durance vile, "La Milo" and Easton being admitted to bail, pending the opening of the Old Bailey sessions.

At the opening of the trial this week, Mr. Avory, who recapitulated the circumstances of the case at considerable length, said the man Eggena, who was a German, early last year made the acquaintance of the prosecutor. He asked him to supply certain jewellery, which he wanted to show to his "aunt." In view of the prosecution, "La Milo" was the "aunt" spoken of. After negotiations, the jewellery, the subject of the charge, was selected by Eggena, the prosecutor agreeing to accept as security 25 motor-cars, worth £20,000, which were stored at premises in Easton-road, of which the prisoner Easton was one of the managing directors. They were represented to belong to Eggena. Payment for the jewellery was to have been made in January last, but the money was not forthcoming, and upon Easton being applied to for the cars, he said he had given them to Eggena upon a properly signed order, which he had notified to the prosecutor. That, however, was denied.

In February it was ascertained that the jewellery had been pledged. The case for the prosecution was that the whole of the representations made by the prisoners were false and merely a scheme to get possession of the jewellery.

"La Milo," in the witness-box, was a picture of indignant innocence, and cross-examine her as he would prosecuting counsel could get nothing out of the

lady which could be construed into an admission that she knew anything of the nature of her husband's dealings with either Mr. Wood or Easton. It became quite clear in the course of her evidence that she had known really nothing of Eggena's nefarious transactions, and like a loving and dutiful wife had never asked questions. That she was in any real sense a party to the frauds the jury did not believe, and after the judge had summed-up they at once acquitted her.

So also did they acquit Easton, against whom the judge suggested that there was no real case. He, like "La Milo," had been quite aware of the real nature of Eggena's transactions. Against Eggena a very strong case of fraud was made out, and it was proved in evidence that in pursuance of his schemes he had deliberately forged Easton's signature to a receipt which he had shown Mr. Wood, in order to induce that gentleman to part with jewellery against the security of the 25 cars stored at Easton's establishment.

The judge took a lenient view of Eggena's offence, and, taking into consideration the fact that he had been in custody since February, let him off with 21 months' hard labour.

One thing that particularly nettled "La Milo" was a suggestion made to the effect that Eggena was living on her. This she indignantly repudiated, pointing out that through being a bankrupt himself, Eggena could not have a banking account, so the money supplied to him by his rich relations was placed to her account, and she gave it to him as he required it.

"La Milo," in the course of her examination made the interesting admission that she earned about £5,000 a year, her weekly salary being anything from £100 to £200 a week.

## WANTED—A NEW WORD.

What is the best word to describe a man who flies? So long as aeroplanes were in their experimental stage and nobody knew or talked much about them, it was sufficient to give the men who manipulated them a scientific sort of name, such as aviator. But flying has in the last week or two been the most-talked-of subject in England, and "aviator" is found to be far too clumsy and pretentious for a household word. What is there to take its place? We need a new word.

The newspapers wrestled manfully with the difficulty in their accounts of the great London-Manchester race, but their attempts to ring the changes on "aviator" were not very hopeful. "Flying man" suffers from lack of compactness, as also does "man-flyer." "Aeronaut" is not a word that the multitude take kindly to. The French use the term "oiseau-Louise," or birdman, as a synonym for aviator, but that does not seem very satisfactory either.

There has been some correspondence on the subject in the papers this week, and perhaps the best suggestion that has been put forward is the word "airman," on the analogy of "landman," "seaman," "countryman," "townsman," and many others. To the objection that

"airman" does not distinguish between the men who fly in airships and those who fly in aeroplanes, the reply is that neither does "seaman" distinguish between those who go to sea in sailing ships and those who go in steamers.

Most new things begin with a long name, and end with a short one, the Anglo-Saxon tendency being to keep words short. "Wire" is gradually replacing "telegram" in everyday use, and in course of time will probably do so in books and newspapers. "Bike" is still plebeian, but its day of triumph over "bicycle" may only be a matter of time. "Wireless" is already a noun, used to denote a wireless telegram, and "photo" is used far oftener than "photograph." Nobody talks nowadays of "piannoforte." So that if we call our flying men by a name which cannot be easily shortened for everyday use, the chances are that that name will not stick. For this reason "aviator" is a term which seems doomed to extinction.

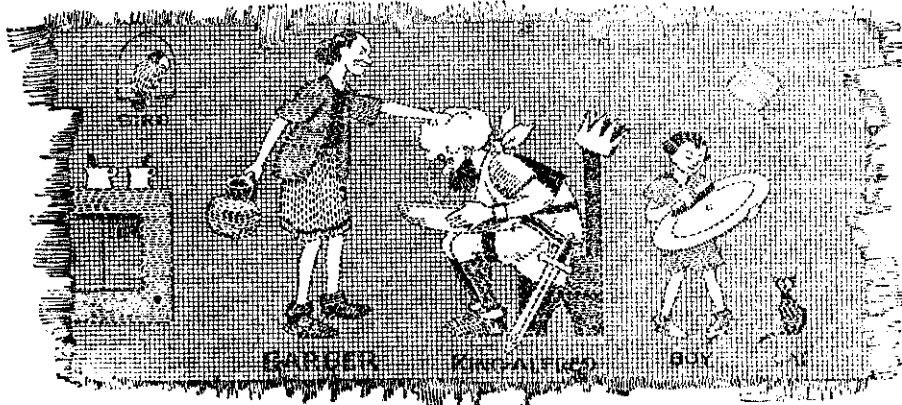
## SKINNED BY A SCALD.

NECK LIKE RAW MEAT — LOTIONS AND ORDINARY TREATMENTS NO GOOD.

## ZAM-BUK ENDS TWO YEARS SUFFERING.

Mr. George Haigh, of the Harbours and Rivers Department, Newcastle, says:—"While working at my trade of engineering, a steam-pipe burst, and scalded my neck severely, which broke out in ulcerated and inflamed wounds, and caused me an immense amount of agony. I consulted a doctor—also pretty well all the chemists in Newcastle—who prescribed different lotions, which I applied without gaining any material benefit. Some of the treatments would heal my neck temporarily, but it would soon break out again. For two years I thus suffered agony, during which period my neck was like raw meat. I could not bear to wear a collar, but always a soft muffer round my neck, and had great difficulty in turning my head. I had seen Zam-Buk advertised as a cure for my trouble, and was often on the point of writing for a free sample as advertised but failed to do so. One day I met a friend, and when explaining my trouble to him he presented me with a pot of Zam-Buk, which he happened to have with him, and advised me to give it a fair trial, which I promised to do. After the fourth dressing with Zam-Buk I found the inflammation greatly reduced and I could turn my head slightly without turning the whole of my body as formerly. Thus encouraged I purchased a supply and continued with the treatment, and after persevering with Zam-Buk for only a short time, my neck was quite healed and as sound as before the accident occurred. I can now wear a stiff collar without discomfort, and, in fact, am my old self again."

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THROUGH THE TONSORIAL AGES.  
(From an old Saxon Tapestry.)

Barber (genially).—I suppose this being a king is some different from the days when you was running around and biding from the Danes. Hilt! I see a big Dane named Swansen the other day. He come in for a shave. He says he was almost on top of that hut where you was hiding when you burned the lady's cake. Say, it was a pretty hot shot that dame handed you when—

King Alfred the Great (with dignity).—Hurry up with that shampoo!

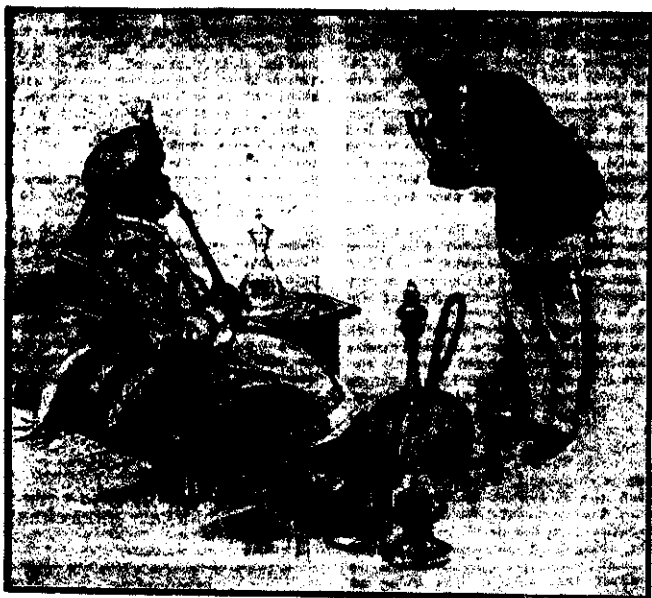
One simple dish  
is a feast when  
seasoned with

# MELLOR'S

GENUINE WORCESTER

# SAUCE!





Then Gorst drew on his imagination.

## Gorst Sahib's Vicarage.

By W. A. FRASER.

GORST SAHIB concocted the villainy when he was in Bombay with but five rupees in his pocket. That was his nature; when the little devil of impunctuality drove, he claimed fellowship with the one of the big D.

Gorst was a half-caste—in fact, he was a lot of things. He had a roving repertorial connection with the Calcutta papers, and an unholy alliance with two seditious native publications. He used these influences to work on the desires or fears of native princes, who looked upon the newspapers as the eyes and ears and tongue of the British Raj.

So Gorst Sahib, sitting in Bombay, fingered the five rupees in his pocket and thought hard. That day he had seen at Abdul Hossein's stables a clinking country-bred pony for which Abdul asked two thousand rupees. And the horse dealer swore by the beard of the Prophet that Baghna was the swiftest pony he had ever seen.

Here was chance for a commission, if Gorst could find a buyer. Lord Peter! The name popped into Gorst's mind like the crack of a pistol. But Lord Peter was at Simla; and, after all, the commission would be but two hundred rupees.

Insensibly Simla stirred the half-caste's memory to something he had heard at that place. Rajah Dharpore, a petty prince, was moving heaven and earth—which is the Sahibs of State, to obtain a salute of eight guns when he entered Calcutta with his retinue of gaudy stragglings. It was an inspiration; and Gorst's Oriental mind was quickened to such matters. He borrowed twenty rupees from a Marwari money lender at five rupees per month interest, and the next morning was at Dharpore. He knew the obese, depraved old rajah well—even better than that prince knew him, and in the afternoon he got an interview. That he had come on the matter of the eight guns put wide the purdah to his entrance. Dharpore blinked his heavy eyes, rubbed his fat stomach, and commanded:—

"Ha, Gorst Sahib, talk, talk! Soon I must sleep."

What Gorst said was to the effect that the old rajah was too guilelessly honest in his application for a salute. That was a fairly diplomatic beginning.

"Rajahs Bankiana and Durwaza and Futuh, even nawabs and thakores, have the big guns of Fort William to thunder a welcome when they go to Calcutta," Gorst said; and Dharpore's brandy-swizzled eyes narrowed with malicious envy. "And how did they get a salute, Your Highness?" Gorst questioned.

Dharpore clapped his hands, and when a bearer had brought the jewel-studded hookah, the rajah sucked at its snake-like stem, and as the smoke bubbled up through the attar-of-rose perfumed water, he pondered over this stupendous problem.

"From the Lat Sahib," he answered finally.

Then Gorst drew on his imagination, and explained that the rajahs came by this favour because they raced horses, and gave stakes and cups of great value, and, "behind the purdah," made presents of valuable racehorses to the sahibs who had the ear of the viceroy. It was all a lie, and Gorst knew it; but he also knew that a rajah will assimilate some European things with avidity, while nothing on earth can teach him others. He will take to brandy diluted with champagne; but you can't disabuse his mind of the idea that every sahib is open to a bribe.

So Gorst explained that Lord Peter stood at the ear of the viceroy; and also that Lord Peter would almost sell his birthright to win the Civil Service Cup; and that in the stable of Abdul Hossein was a pony to do the trick, and, if the matter were properly handled, the eight guns were as good as charged for the Dharpore salute.

"All right, Gorst Sahib," the rajah said finally. "I will send a chittie (note) to Abdul Hossein to send Baghna to Lord Peter."

"And Lord Peter will have you deposited from the guddi."

Then Gorst explained the difference between a bribe offered in the open and his method, which was that Dharpore would buy the pony, give it to him as a present, and he would sell him to Lord Peter for a nominal sum. Lord Peter would know and yet not know.

Dharpore asked his hookah what it thought of this plan. He drew the attar-scented smoke through his thick, heavy lips reflectively; then he said:

"Buy the little horse, Gorst Sahib. I like that name—it is lucky. Baghna means Little Tiger. We will give him to Lord Peter. My Dewar will give the rupees."

Gorst received two hundred rupees commission from the horse dealer and brought Baghna to Dharpore, where rajah whimsically detained him for a week. Then Gorst proceeded to Umballa, where he learned that the great sahibs would be down from Simla in a few days on their way to Calcutta; so he wrote to Lord Peter about Baghna, the mervel, stating that he would await his lordship's arrival at Umballa.

The next morning Gorst rode Baghna to the race course for an exercise gallop. As he swung around the course, a thin-faced, blonde-mustached man, mounted on a strong-limbed, flea-bitten grey, rode into the paddock. It was Frank Jocelyn, ex-captain of Hussars, now professional racing man and gentleman jock, with instincts as sharp as his finely chiselled nose, and morals adaptable.

"By Jove, curse it!" what bounder is cutting in on my game now?" he drawled irritably, as his small, piercing eyes caught sight of Baghna on the back stretch. "Here, Syce," he continued, slipping from the saddle, "take this nag to the mango grove, till that other sahib goes away."

Then he leaned over the rail, and watched through a pair of glasses the silver-grey Baghna.

"By Gad!"—the exclamation was a low, rasping cry of delight—"that's a rare bit of galloping machinery. He's an Arab on looks, but he strides like an English nag." As Baghna was cantered back to the paddock gate, Captain Frank whistled a low note of astonishment. "Gorst, by all that's holy! He's bagged that cracker-jack from some rajah; and unless he's got that five hundred he owes me, I'll snap up that sweet lily of the desert. By Jove, I will."

"Good morning, captain," Gorst greeted, showing his even, white teeth in a smile, as he rode into the paddock and slipped from Baghna's back.

"Make a good polo pony, that. Where did you puckerow (grab) him—Arab, isn't he?"

"Polo pony!" Gorst laughed derisively. "Why, man, he'll win the Civil Service Cup in February."

"And you'll be viceroy in March? I'll lay you a hundred to one against both propositions."

"Done with you, Captain Frank—as to the cup; I'll take a thousand rupees to ten." Gorst drew forth a ten-rupee note, and handed it to Jocelyn.

The latter shoved it in his pocket, and drawled, "On account, my dear boy; balance due, four hundred and ninety."

"It's a bet, Captain Frank."

"Don't worry, my plunger. If that crock wins the cup, I'll hand you over a thousand—you're on. But if you're flush, Gorst, I'll trouble you for four hundred and ninety."

"I haven't got it, captain; I'll pay you soon—"

"I'll take that polo nag, Gorst, and call the debt off. By Jove, I'll do better—I'll give you a hundred besides. I'm a bit sore over that coin, for if I hadn't paid up for you, you'd have landed in gaol."

The smile faded from Gorst's lips, his dark face turned pasty yellow, and his brow clouded with a frown. It was very unlike Jocelyn to remind anyone of a favour done; but, also, when Captain Frank did turn rusty, he was a very hard, vindictive man indeed. And now there was a covert threat in his rasping voice.

Jocelyn circled around the silver-grey, and his soul surged full of delight as his sharp eye noted the huge quarters, the short barrel, the sound, saucer hoofs, the long, tapering neck, and the clean, bony head, with the big honest eyes set in the broad, flat forehead. Yes, indeed, he thought, he has got the make of a cup winner.

"Isn't he a good one, captain?" Gorst asked, hoping to switch Jocelyn's mind from the irritating debt.

"He's as coarse as a Waler; and he's the very worst mongrel of cross-breeding I ever saw. He's got the silver-grey skin of an Arab, the hocks of a country-bred, and the shoulders of an English coach horse." Gorst laughed.

"He wouldn't be any good to you, then, Captain Frank."

"Yes, he would; he'd play polo. If I was mounted on that buffalo, I'd ram half the fellows off the field. I'll take him at what I offered."

"He's promised to Lord Peter, or I'd let you have him—at a price."

The blonde moustache twitched at the name. If there was one man in India that could hold his own with Frank Jocelyn it was that nobleman. And if Lord Peter was after the grey, he must be a good one. Also, to outwit this clever official, and get the pony, Jocelyn must go slow; so, in duplicity, he said:

"Sell the nag to Lord Peter, by all means, and give me an order on the little man for five hundred—I must have the rupees."

Then Jocelyn went to the mango grove, mounted his flea-bitten grey, and rode back to his bungalow in a brown study. That evening he had an interview with Gorst, and explained how everything could be arranged so that everybody would profit in the deal. He was training for the Civil Service Cup a grey maiden country-bred that nobody knew anything about. They could try the two ponies in the morning, and if Gorst's proved the better one, Captain Frank would trade, and wipe out the debt of five hundred. Gorst could sell the pony he received to Lord Peter for as much as the other would bring. This appealed to the half-caste as a possible way out of the difficulty, so he agreed to the trial, leaving terms to be settled afterwards.

In the trial Captain Frank put his riding boy on Baghna, and rode his own pony, saying to Gorst, "I'll carry fourteen pounds more on my country-bred than I put on your Arab, for that's weight for class; then we'll see which is the best."

But he didn't—he rode at level weights; and told the boy on Baghna not to win by more than a length, if he won at all.

As Jocelyn drove at his pony all up the stretch, with the silver-grey forever in front, he muttered: "Gad, that must be a good maiden—I've got fourteen pounds the best of it, and he's winning in a walk." When they returned to the paddock he said: "There's not much between them, Gorst. If we



Jocelyn circled around the silver-grey.



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can make a deal Lord Peter will get the best pony he ever owned. But I want to get hold of a good Arab on account of that fourteen pounds."

Gorst knew that if Baghna's silver coat and Arab make had deceived Jocelyn, they would deceive any man; and, as this mistake would add a thousand rupees to the pony's value, because of the allowance in weight, he let this little matter of breed pass. If Captain Frank would squeeze him, then it was each man for himself.

That night a trade was made. Gorst received Jocelyn's flea-bitten grey, five hundred rupees in cash, and the debt cancelled, in exchange for Baghna.

"What's the nag's name—has he got one?" Captain Frank asked.

Gorst laughed, and said: "He's never started in a race—he isn't even registered, so name him to suit yourself."

Captain Frank took the silver grey to the stewards at Agabad, had him measured and registered as "Shazada," grey Arab pony, fourteen hands.

When Lord Peter arrived, Gorst showed him the flea-bitten grey as Baghna; and the pony reeled off such a fine trial on the Umballa course that Lord Peter eagerly paid the thousand asked, feeling something of compunction that he was robbing the half-caste. And in Calcutta this pony was measured and registered as "Baghna"; and Lord Peter, thinking that at last he had the Civil Service Cup in his grasp, kept Baghna's form dark, and took care that the pony did not lose his maiden allowance by winning a race.

After the Calcutta meet, Lord Peter's stable was sent to Lucknow, where Captain Frank was already plugging around the course on Shazada; and in February, Lucknow became a Mecca to which every racing man in India made pilgrimage.

Strange to say, Rajah Dharpoore had been bitten by the "raoc bug." It was the interweaving of Baghna with the salute of eight guns that startled him in this way. And then his Moonshi read from the Calcutta papers that Lord Peter was starting a pony named Baghna in the cup.

"Of course Baghna will win," the rajah grunted. And the next day he summoned his Dewan and told him to lay by a large credit of many rupees in Lucknow, for he was going to see the races. Quite reasonably enough Dharpoore thought that if he were at Lord Peter's elbow when Baghna won the great race, there would be chance for an allusion to the eight guns. So Rajah Dharpoore journeyed to Lucknow, with his ragged outriders and his hookah bearer.

The night before, the big race "lotteries" were being held at the club. Lotteries are a complicated business; but if a man has a dark horse whom everybody despises, he can acquire great wealth by buying him in every pool for a small sum. Lord Peter knew all this; and while the others bid eagerly for Captain Doyne's Rex, a stable companion, Lord Peter's agent diffidently acquired Baghna at twenty rupees. As each lottery would net about three thousand, this was good business.

But the Fates shoved Rajah Dharpoore's burly form through the club door, to the evil shattering of this financial endeavour. The rajah had become as eager over racing matters as a newly-blooded piker, and he wanted to dabble his fingers in it all.

Gorst gasped when the rajah entered, and his face was sickly yellow as he whispered to Dharpoore, "Don't say a word to Lord Peter to-night, Your Highness."

A lieutenant drew a chair beside the long table for the rajah. As he sat down, the race secretary was saying: "Three thousand rupees in the lottery, gentlemen, and Baghna for sale." No-body bid, and the secretary pleaded: "Oh, I say! this is too bad. Hasn't Baghna got a friend in the room—does nobody think enough of Lord Peter's crack to start me with ten rupees?"

Dharpoore blinked his heavy eyes in astonishment. He took the secretary's plaintive wail seriously. Both Lord Peter and Baghna without a friend? Not much! He didn't understand the game, but that was nothing; he would play—he had the rupees; and befriending Lord Peter meant—well, perhaps it meant the salute.

"I'll pay, sahib," he said, eagerly, "ten rupees."

The officers turned away to hide their smiles. Somebody said, "Bravo, Rajah Dharpoore!"

"Twenty rupees!" Lord Peter's agent bid.



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"Thirty rupees, Your Highness?" the secretary questioned.

"Yes, sahib—hundred if you like." Lord Peter's agent nodded a bid of forty.

Still Dharpore didn't understand the game, but he did understand that there was opposition, that somebody's rupees were being pitted against his, and he would show that he was a greater friend to Baghna and Lord Peter than anyone else; so he bid fifty.

The officers laughed. One said, "The old rajah's as full as a goat; he thinks he's buying a pony."

"His rupees will swell the lotteries for the winner though, so it's good business. Some of you fellows ought to run him up to a thousand and then drop out," another said. Everybody thought that some joker really was running the rajah up for sport; everybody thought it was sport—all but Lord Peter.

When Dharpore finally bid a hundred Lord Peter shook his head gently, and the agent stopped. Baghna's winning chances were written against Dharpore's name. Then the rajah was congratulated ironically upon his keenness in racing matters, and called a real sport. Some one said to Lord Peter, "By Jove! devilish funny, isn't it?"

"It's devilish stupid, I think."

"What, getting the Dharpore rupees to swell the lottery? "You Government House fellows will get it all over Rex."

"The old rajah isn't fair game," Lord Peter objected; "he doesn't know a racing pony from a Brahmini bull. I'm going to take him away from you looking Hindaries." And he did.

Dharpore's swarthy face spread large in happiness when Lord Peter put a hand on his shoulder and said, "Come and have a glass of wine, rajah. You've got too many rupees for these fellows; you'll break them."

The sahib's voice, so friendly, rang in Dharpore's ears like a salute of eight guns. He heaved his body majestically from the chair, the cluster of diamonds set in his turban glittering like dewdrops in the morning sun. Then beside the dapper little Lord Peter the huge native waddled to an inner room, where the truly Oriental drink of brandy diluted with champagne still further mellowed his heart, already gratified by the attention of the great sahib.

"You had confidence in my pony, Baghna, rajah," Lord Peter said, in the way of detaining the unwise prince from further mischief. "I suppose you did that out of friendship for me, rajah, not knowing anything about the pony?"

"I not know Baghna?" Dharpore leered heavily at Lord Peter, and prodded that nobleman playfully in the ribs.

Lord Peter stared. Had some traitor in the stable told the rajah about this pony's good form? "What do you know about Baghna, rajah?" he asked, suspiciously.

"He's good pony; he'll win the cup, Lord Peter." Then he leered again, a brandy-champagne leer. "You paid Gorst Sahib for him, Lord Peter?"

"Yes, I bought him of Gorst."

"Of course you did, Lord Peter. Gorst Sahib got good dustoor. He told you I was your good friend, eh? You tell the viceroi I am loyal man, eh, Lord Peter? I'll send ten thousand men to fight the Russians if they come. You tell the viceroi that I'm British rajah."

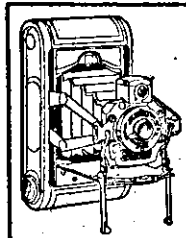
It was the champagne, and the all-absorbing idea of a salute; but to preserve the peace of the lottery room Lord Peter would have listened for an hour to this thing he did not understand; but an officer came, saying he was wanted—something over the races.

Lord Peter wisely got Dharpore into his carriage, and that gentleman was whirled away to his bungalow, where he fell asleep and dreamed that a milk-white pony won the cup, and he had a salute of a hundred guns.

The next afternoon the racecourse was thronged with a many-coloured multitude. From all over India native princes and rajahs and officers of the British army and civilians had come to see the Civil Service Cup, so dear to the heart of every man in the service. To win that with a stout-hearted little horse was almost like attaining the "V.C." The cup was to them like the laurel wreath at the Olympian games.

In the stand Rajah Dharpore sat, his heavy eyes now lighted with a look of expectation as he waited for the parade of the racers that he might gaze upon the silver-coated Baghna, the gallant "Little Tiger," that would surely win, in addition to all the rupees and the cup, a salute of eight guns for him.

Gorst Sahib, agitated by a fearfulness of results, hovered near. He cursed fer-



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vently the ill luck that had brought Dharpoze to Lucknow. And by what strange perversity of fate was the old rajah so uncomfortably sober? If Captain Frank's pony—that was really Baghna—won, Dharpoze would surely discover the cheat.

The third race was over, and a hush of expectancy fell upon the stand. Indeed, most of the sahibs had gone down to the betting ring to have a last wager on the cup.

Suddenly an exclamation of "Ah! here they come!" vibrated along the benches; and down the greenswarded course a parade came a line of twenty miniature, lion-hearted race horses—blood bays and golden chestnuts and silver-grey Arabs, Australians, English, and country-bred.

"Wah, Gorst Sahib!" Rajah Dharpoze exclaimed. "Ah, there is 'Little Tiger,'" as, trailing with the others, came the pony he had given to Gorst. He did not know that the silver-grey was entered as Shazada.

Well might the rajah cry out in delight, for good as Baghna had looked at Dharpoze, he had now developed into an absolute picture of equine beauty. Captain Frank, great horseman that he was, had brought him to the post fit to race for his life. The pony's pink skin shone through the silver coat that glistened in the sunlight like a polished mirror. And in the sculptured head, from which every ounce of flesh had been sweated, the large eyes now looked larger, and they were clear and bright, and full of restful courage, as Baghna turned them inquiringly toward the stand. His delicately-pointed ears were pricked forward, as though he asked for admiration.

Lord Peter's horse, that raced as Baghna, was also big and strong; his broad country-bred quarters, showing the full power that had come to him from his great English sire, held promise of galloping strength that would surely carry him through his field, and drive him onward when the others had commenced to tire.

Lord Peter had said to his jockey at the last: "Drive him, my boy, from start to finish. He's strong and stout-hearted, and will drop before he finches. It's a big field, and you must get through your horses. Remember, boy, he's a bit sluggish and is a stayer, so drive him."

And Captain Frank had said to his jock: "You've got the chance of your life. You can't lose if you don't lose your head. You've got fourteen pounds the best of the weight; because he's an Arab, and he's as good as any country-bred that ever breathed. If you get the worst of the break, and they close in in front, go around. Shazada can run all round that field and beat them. Don't get in a pocket—don't get shut in. Keep cool, Dick, and remember that as long as you get an opening, Shazada is never beat; he'll come again under the whip a dozen times."

Now the ponies had finished their parade, and were cantering down to the post; and the steps of the grandstand echoed to the beat and shuffle of feet as men hurried from the betting ring and the paddock to seats.

Gorst felt a tremor of fear chill his blood as Lord Peter came hurriedly along an aisle and took a seat close to Rajah Dharpoze.

"Ah, Lord Peter!" the rajah said, "Baghna will win. Here!" he turned to Gorst—"go and put two thousand rupees that Lord Peter's horse will win."

Lord Peter smiled, nodded, and, unslipping his glasses, trained them on the starting-post, three-quarters of a mile away, where the intricate woof of many-coloured silk was weaving strange patterns like Oriental rugs.

Just in front of them Captain Frank, cool and debonair as though the course held nothing of interest for him, leaned against a post. At the sound of Rajah Dharpoze's voice he turned and drawled: "Ah, Lord Peter, we've got this bally match between us; I've bet a thousand on yours as a saver. The favourite, Cyclone, doesn't count—he's an ekka pony; and Rex won't do—he's flabby-hearted. When I've beaten you, I'll have about won it."

"My dear Jocelyn, when you've beaten Baghna you will surely have won," Lord Peter retorted.

"Ho," grunted Dharpoze, "beat Baghna? Can't do that!"

"I'll lay you an even five thousand, Lord Peter," rasped Captain Frank, "that my pony catches the judge's eye before yours—five thousand first past the post, mine against yours."

"Done with you, Captain Frank," and Lord Peter wrote a memo in his betting book.

A roar from the throats of the many watchers smothered the voice of Captain Frank to an inaudible whisper. Then, as a hush as of death stifled the clamour, his drawl was heard again:

"We'll soon know now. They're off, and I've got a bit the worst of it; some dragon has swallowed up my pony—I can't see him. You're out in front, Lord Peter, and going great guns."

Through his glasses Jocelyn could see the light blue jacket of Lord Peter's well in front, showing against a wall of purple and black and orange that blotted completely the crimson coat that meant his pony Shazada.

"Lord Peter," Captain Frank droned, "can you see a crimson jacket left at the post, or streaking around the course the other way? I'll take my oath I sent a nag to the post—and he was a good one, Lord Peter."

"Baghna's still in front," somebody said. Then he added, "Baghna'll win! You've got it now, Lord Peter—he's walking. The boy hasn't moved on him. Hurrah for Government House! We'll show the Lucknow Johnnies a trick!"

"Yes, you won't," sneered Captain Frank. "I've just picked out a pony that'll gallop over the top of you. Bully-boy, Dick. He's coming across country, Lord Peter. Pick up with your glasses there under the outside rail, and tell me if you'd like to lay against him again."

Lord Peter stood on the bench, for the whole stand had risen to its feet, the people straining every nerve in tense excitement. The little silver-grey Shazada,

"Ha, Lord Peter, Baghna is great horse, eh? You have won the cup; congratulate, Lord Peter." The rajah leaned groggily over, pulling Lord Peter toward him by the hand, and whispered: "Eight guineas, Lord Peter. Don't forget I am your great friend."

The little man pushed him away angrily. "You're mistaken, rajah; Captain Frank's Shazada won. He was a neck to the good when he passed here, and gaining every jump."



Lord Peter stood on the bench.

creeping up under the outside rail, was unseen by the throng, and they cheered for Lord Peter and Baghna. "Baghna wins; he's got the race now!"

Men laughed, and women clapped their tiny gloved hands and looked with bright eyes toward the compact figure, clad in gray, that now shifted a pair of glasses nervously from Baghna, with the blue jacket, to the scarlet-topped, silver-white blotch of galloping machinery that, hanging wide of the others, pounded the sounding turf with the springy strength of a tiger. And flat to the white withers lay the scarlet silk, and there was no flash of a whip in the sunlight—nothing but just the smooth rhythm of passionate speed.

Captain Frank's blonde moustache curled in a sneering smile as he muttered: "Dick, you cool-headed little cuss, it's a million to one on you—just sit still, my boy." He raised his rasping voice till it carried to Lord Peter's ear. "You're out of it, my lord, but yours is going a devil of a cracker!"

Now they were a hundred yards from the finish, and then some one cried: "Great heavens! what's that in red! Mon Dieu, see him once! Your boy is asleep, Lord Peter."

Lord Peter bit his lip. Indeed it was so. His jockey, watching close over his shoulder, thinking he had the race in hand, had overlooked the pony creeping up inch by inch against the outer rail. Now Shazada bore in a little, guided by Dick, and his head lapped the saddle girth of Baghna.

Lord Peter's jockey saw the danger too late. His whip hand rose in the air—too late! The little grey had closed in on him, and he could not use it. His shoulders swayed as he sought to handle his mount. They were level, nose and nose, and Dick, crouched in stillness, held his pony steady, and the silver-grey was speeding with the smooth celerity of an arrow. Now he was a head in front, and as they swept past the stand it was a neck.

Lord Peter dropped his glasses, turned with a smile to Captain Frank, and said: "By Jove! Jocelyn, you've won. That's a corking fine gee-gee—came from behind too."

He was interrupted by Dharpoze. The fat old rajah heaved majestically to his feet, his huge mouth spread wide in a grin of exultation, and, holding out a hand to the little man in grey, said:

"No, Lord Peter, that was Baghna—he was in front."

Captain Frank smiled; then he said: "Excuse me, your Highness, that was my pony Shazada. You've got the horses mixed."

This contradiction made the rajah cross; rajahs spend most of their lives without being contradicted. So, in his anger, he forgot Gorst's admonition, and blurted out:

"I mix Baghna—I don't know Baghna, beautiful Baghna, the Little Tiger, when I have given him to Gorst Sahib? See, Lord Peter," and he pointed to the silver-grey that now was being led back to the weighing scales. "That is Baghna, and he is first in this race. Here, Gorst Sahib!" he called to the half-caste, who was slipping away. "Come here, Gorst Sahib!"

Reluctantly the half-caste came back. From his face Lord Peter could see that something was wrong. Even Captain Frank carried an air of uneasiness.

"His Highness has had too much champagne," he whispered in Lord Peter's ear.

But that nobleman answered sharply: "One at a time, please, Captain Frank. There's something very mysterious about this affair!"

The numbers were run up showing that Jocelyn's Shazada had won. But Lord Peter, speaking to a friend, said: "Just step over to the stewards' stand, please, and ask them to wait a bit. I dare say it's all right, but we'll just prove it, that's all."

Of course the investigation, started by the chance happening of Rajah Dharpoze's having come to Lucknow, disclosed the change that had been made in the two ponies by Gorst. The Arab, Shazada, that had won was certainly Baghna, the country-bred, that Rajah Dharpoze had given to Gorst, and which the half-caste had sold to Captain Frank. And the slow-bitten grey that had been sold to Lord Peter as Baghna was no pony at all—at least, nobody would tell where he had come from, or what his name was. However, he was undoubtedly a country-bred and had carried proper weight, and had run second; so the race was given to Lord Peter when Jocelyn's pony, that had carried the weight of an Arab, was disqualified.

Captain Frank proved that he had bought the silver-grey from Gorst as a



"I not know Baghna!" Dharpoze leered heavily at Lord Peter.

Welcome and Farewell.

NEW ZEALANDERS IN LONDON MEET THE NEW GOVERNOR.

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RECEPTION BY HIGH COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HALL-JONES.

(By Our Lady Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 6th.

Not often is there such a brilliant reunion of New Zealanders as that of Wednesday night, when the High Commissioner and Mrs. Hall-Jones gave a reception at the Westminster Palace Hotel to enable the new Governor and Lady Islington to meet the hundreds of New Zealanders at present in England. It was a case of "welcome and farewell" for Lord Islington leaves forthwith for the Dominion.

On the staircase and in the large hall New Zealanders delightedly hailed others not seen for years, and compared experiences. The buzz of conversation rose high above the music of the orchestra. "How long are you going to be here?" "When did you come?" "How are you enjoying it all?" "Where are you staying?" and that always asked, always carefully evaded question, "Which do you like best—England or New Zealand?" filled the air on all sides. A hundred people had a hundred different opinions, one found. Nearly all professed themselves charmed with the fascination of the metropolis, but it was good hearing for an exiled New Zealander that many looked forward to returning to the Dominion.

A stalwart footman at the entrance to the reception room called each name, and the guests advanced in a queue towards their Excellencies and Mr and Mrs Hall-Jones, while a Hungarian band played on a platform at the opposite end of the room. Lord and Lady Islington and their hosts came smilingly through the ordeal of something over 400 handshakes each. For there were about four hundred New Zealanders in addition to other guests presents. The accommodation of the rooms was taxed to the utmost, but high spirits, smart frocks and jewels, brilliant lights, and gay music made a very merry scene, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Lord and Lady Islington have made an excellent impression, and there is little doubt that they will win the hearts of all New Zealanders when they reach the Dominion. One incident on Wednesday night will serve to show—to all the feminine world, at least—how charming and how marvelously self-controlled, be it whispered!—is Lady Islington.

As their Excellencies proceeded down the reception hall towards the supper-room, an old gentleman crossing the room not only trod on Lady Islington's beautiful train, but absent-mindedly stood on it, with his back to the wearer, looking round for some friend.

At this awful moment—when a gentle feminine profanity could not help but riot in every be-trained woman's heart—the intruder was nudged off, and the incident passed over with the sweetest of smiles from Lady Islington!

Many well-known people were present. One familiar figure was that of our former Governor, Lord Ranfurly, looking very pleased to find himself once more surrounded by New Zealanders. Most of the Australian Agents-General were there. One noticed, also, the veteran Sir Walter Kennaway and Lady Kennaway, Sir Montague Nelson, Dr. Chapple, Major and Mrs. J. G. Hughes, Lady Stout, Mr. Justice Denniston and his wife and daughter, Major and Mrs. Nelson

Arab without name, and had entered him, innocently enough, as Shazada. Almost disappeared, which made little difference.

And still everybody seemed to have come out of the deal with profit. Lord Fyler had won the coveted cup and a great stake, and he insisted on paying Captain Frank the first post—the post bet of five thousand; Ishapore had inadvertently won in the lotteries and from the bookmakers. Captain Frank had won money, and clearly had the best gun in India. Gorst, even, had received three payments in the deal. The sale of the gun is still under government consideration; and to this day people are wangling over the bets that were made.

George, Lady and Miss Mills, the Hon. S. Thorne-George, the Hon. C. Louison, Sir W. H. Peeces, and Dr. and Mrs. McArthur, to mention only a few of the well-known New Zealanders at the reception. A list of those who accepted invitations is appended.

Mrs. Hall-Jones and Lady Islington received the guests, who then passed on and shook hands with Lord Islington and the Hon. W. Hall-Jones.

Lady Islington looked very beautiful in a gown of white satin and silver, Empire style, and with a long train. She wore a magnificent diamond and emerald tiara and diamond ornaments, and carried a white bouquet. In attendance on her was Miss Pauline Cotton, in black velvet.

So dense was the crush that I found it almost impossible to identify gowns and wearers with each other; when the gown was visible the wearer's head was not, and vice versa. The dresses were beautiful, and New Zealanders on all sides were excitedly greeting one another, so that, fortunately, the crowd kept moving.

Mrs. Hall-Jones was in dove grey charmuse with wide panels of cream tuckered chiffon, trimmed with grey iridescent cambric; Lady Beatrice Clark (wife of His Excellency's private secretary), black satin and diamonds, diamond tiara; Lady Stout, heliotrope stencilled chiffon and pearls, a silver spangled shoulder scarf; Miss Hall-Jones, white chiffon and chiffon lace with a wreath of pale blue; Miss Rosa Hall-Jones, azure chiffon, trimmed with gold; Mrs. Christie, pink charmeuse, veiled with a tunic of smoke-coloured chiffon; Miss Hattie Hall-Jones, pale pink chiffon, trimmed Limerick lace and black spangles; Mrs. Nolan (Anokland), black spangled gown, ruby ornaments; Mrs. Wray Palliser, peacock charmeuse, veiled in a tunic of black and gold, white chemisette of tulle; Miss Palliser, white satin with silver spotted tunic; Mrs. John Ross, pale green nixon de soie; Miss Lilian Whitson (Dunedin), black glace, trimmed cream silk, Maltese lace; Mrs. Callender, pale grey Louise gown; Miss Palmer (Wellington), black spangled net over glace; Mrs. K. Long (Dunedin), black lace over white silk, and silver trimming; Mrs. Emery (Dunedin), black silk; Miss Janet Stout (Wellington), cream satin; Mrs. Betty Brooke (Christchurch), black spangled lace over royal blue charmeuse; Miss Evans, apricot crepe de chine, trimmed gold and white chiffon; Mrs. Rous-Marten, black silk trimmed white lace; Misses A. and M. Emery (Dunedin), black glace silk; Miss Addie Van Staveren (Wellington), cream satin; Miss M. Van Staveren (Wellington), white silk; gold spangled shoulder scarf; Mrs. Knight (Auckland), black silk; Miss Dorothy Knight, claret-coloured silk; Miss Muriel Knight, white; Lady Mills, black silk, corsage garniture of dull gold; Mrs. Percy Harris, heliotrope chiffon covered with a tunic of latticed gold beads; Mrs. Creighton Hale, black velvet; Mrs. Kettle (Christchurch), wedgwood blue charmeuse veiled in golden chiffon; Mrs. G. H. Scholefield (Dunedin), pale blue charmeuse; Miss Christmas (Dunedin), white and gold; Mrs. Batkin, black silk trimmed dull sage green; Mrs. Gore-Martin, black spangled net; Mrs. Wolf Harris, blue beetles' wing-spangled gown, diamond necklace and earrings; Mrs. Arthur Ballance (Wellington), golden brown charmeuse; Mrs. Heales, white trimmed with silver; Mrs. Jackson, white satin veiled in nixon; Miss Brock, strawberry taffetas, trimmed chemise and sequins to match; Mrs. Arthur Pearce, black silk; Mrs. Louison (Christchurch), smoke coloured nixon over rose trimmed pale blue; Miss Griffiths, white satin, trimmed guipure lace and floral silk; Mrs. Togetmeier (Wellington), black spangled net; Miss Laing, pale violet chiffon; Mrs. Hamer, black silk, iridescent trimming and chemisette of white chiffon; Miss Noel Richardson (Hawkes Bay), pale blue charmeuse; Miss — Richardson, white silk; Mrs. A. Nichie (Dunedin), grey chiffon over charmeuse, Limerick lace scarf; Miss Michie, coral coloured charmeuse, coral necklace; Mrs. Ritchie, black crepe de chine, trimmed black lace; Miss Henderson (Dunedin), pale pink chiffon; Mrs. Reynolds, black chiffon over white silk; Mrs. Hutchins, black lace over white satin; Miss Moss Davis, pink chiffon; Miss — Moss Davis, pale blue chiffon; Miss Scholefield, white silk; Miss Fenton, black net over black silk.

The following is the list of those present:— Miss Andrews, Miss Allen, Mr F. A. and Miss Abbott, Mr and Mrs Frank Allen, Mr and Mrs F. Anson and Miss

Anson, Mr and Mrs Gilbert Anderson and Miss G. Anderson, Mr Hubert Akers, Miss Allen, Miss Arrow, Mr A. I. Alexander, Major Dudley Alexander, Mr W. Acton Adams. Mr, Mrs and Miss Batkin, Miss S. Brock, Mr H. R. Butterworth, Mr J. J. Boak, Mr and Mrs Mark Brumfit, Mr B. J. Boys, Mrs Bone, Mrs A. M. Buckley, Mr and Mrs J. H. A. Burnes, Miss Burnes, Mr R. Burnes, Mrs C. M. Brook, Captain Beamish, Miss Billingham, Mr and Mrs Arthur Ballance, Mr and Mrs J. R. Boosey, Mr and Mrs Burt, Miss Barncot, Mr R. Bowen-Hogg. Mr and Mrs Patrick Campbell, Mr Robertson Kerr Clerk and Lady Clark, Captain and Mrs Muirhead Collins, Commander Crutchley, Mr T. R. Cooke, Mrs A. Copeland, Mr, Mrs and Miss Callender, Miss Cadman, Mrs Crichton, Mr and Mrs C. J. Cowan, Mr and Mrs R. Chase-Morris, Mr J. Carruthers, Mr and Mrs Gilbert Carruthers, Mrs and Miss Caldwell, Dr. and Mrs Chapple, Mr and Mrs W. B. Craig, Mr H. C. Cameron, Miss E. Childman, Mr and Mrs G. Courie, Mr N. Collie, Mr A. Crabb, Mr H. D. Cook, Mr F. A. B. Cameron, Mr E. W. Christmas, Mr W. B. Ching, Mr Herbert Cowell, Mrs Henry Cooper, Mr and Mrs Treacher Collings, Misses Coleridge (2).

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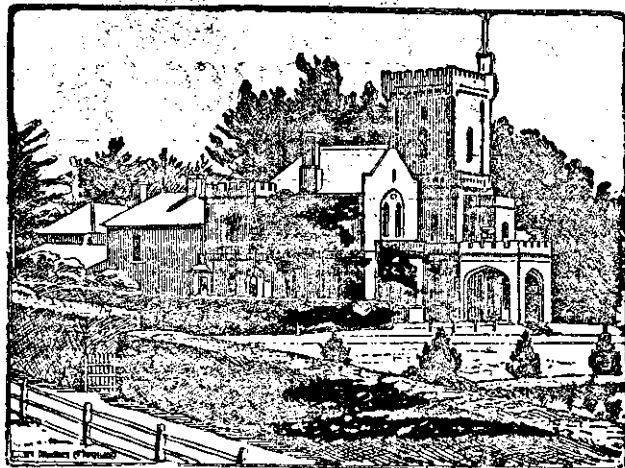
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# The Black Man's Hand.

By VIOLET JACOB.

(Author of "The Sheepstealer," "The Interloper," etc.)

I was quite a young man when I first made the acquaintance of my Aunt Bessie Arnot thirty years ago and went to stay with her at Bank Villa.

I had never met any of my Scotch relations, and Aunt Bessie, my mother's sister, seldom left the Scotch country town in which I was to spend the next three months as her guest. I had finished my last university term, and was preparing to read for the Bar, but my plans were brought to a standstill when I strained my heart in a cross-country race, and everything had to be left to slide in the general collapse which followed. The doctor said I must make up my mind to rest in some quiet bracing place.

My home was in the West of England, and to myself and my parents, who were anything but rich, the question of where I was to go was a difficult one to answer. But Aunt Bessie answered it by suggesting that I should come to Bank Villa, where I could get strong lowland air and the good feeding I needed. Accordingly I started for the north.

My aunt, who met me on the platform of Dalbraith station, was as much unlike the hard-featured Scotswoman dear to fiction as anyone could be. Everything about her was soft. She had soft eyes, a soft voice, soft-gray hair, and she wore an old-fashioned Indian shawl with a pattern of soft colours. She looked at me with interest as we walked together to our destination, and I know now that she was debating how much good food she would be able to cram down my throat.

We took our way across a tiny public pleasure ground and up a road ascending between a long wall and the deep cleft laid out in nursery gardens which formed the east boundary of the town.

"That's Bank Villa," said my aunt.

We were passing under a small stone house standing on a mound which rose so steeply on the other side of the wall that the villa was perched above our heads. It was an odd-looking little place, and the horrid word "Villa" had prepared me for something much more modern and less solid. On that grey afternoon its dark stone and the dark shrubs surrounding it were all merged into a damp monotone of colour, and its laurel bushes pressed close about it in a way that was both exclusive and protecting; a few larger trees surrounded it, too, and it had a slice of garden which crowned the back and ended in a double row of gnarled apple-trees. It was dull, sombre, and early Victorian; and though it stood at right angles to the road, and I could not see its windows, I somehow knew by instinct that it had Venetian blinds. What made it unusual was the small, semi-classic porch supported by Palladian pillars which sprung from its side, looking down upon us through the trees. It reminded me of a mausoleum I had once seen in a wood. I thought how badly my aunt and her house matched each other.

I went upstairs early that night, for my journey had tired me more than I fancied, but though my belongings were unpacked, and everything was in order, I did not get into bed at once. My little room was very comfortable, and I sat down at the fire, as tired people so often do, to enjoy the pleasant feeling that my next move would land me between the sheets.

Every room worth the name, whether ancient or modern, has its own expression, its distinctive atmosphere. Some rooms are churlish, some perky, some tragic, some stimulating. This one was both snug and uncouth. There were hobs on either side of the grate, and the one window was hidden by dull red curtains. The armchair that I sat in would fetch, nowadays, a large sum at a sale, and the bed, which stood along the wall opposite to the window, had a quaint valance with a curious pattern

of pagodas. The paper was of an old-fashioned, nondescript design which I cannot now recall, but which were the quiet, non-committal look of everything else. The dominant suggestion of it all was an unobtrusive secrecy.

There was only one object between the four walls which made any demand on the occupant, and that was the picture hanging above the mantel-piece. I lay back against my cushions, and, stretching out my feet into the fender, began to study it.

It was a three-quarter length portrait of two people, one of those pictures which, as paintings, are neither very good nor very bad, representing an Englishman and an Indian whom, from his subordinate position behind the former's chair, I took to be his servant. The master sat squarely on his red velvet seat, a stout, hard-mouthed individual, wearing the high neckcloth of the early nineteenth century. His eyes were small and set close to a large nose, and his gold watch chain, with its tassel of

my aunt had only known how late it was when I turned my eyes from the couple in the tarnished gilt frame, she would, I verily believe, have come up and put me to bed like a naughty child. I lay down at last still thinking of them, and when I fell asleep, I dreamed of them all night—at least I think I dreamed, for I dropped into one of those fitful slumbers in which one can never be quite sure whether one sleeps or wakes. But all night long I saw the man and his Indian servant. The strange thing was that the native no longer pointed to my bed, but to the window.

I did not strike a light in my wakeful intervals, for I was wearied out with the perpetual vision of the two men, and had no desire to give it reality. But my overwrought nerves strove the whole time with them; not from the effort to banish them, but from a futile attempt to get the black man's hand into the right place. I slept normally towards morning, and awoke saner and a little refreshed.

Aunt Bessie had forbidden me to appear at breakfast, and she came upstairs when her own was over to see how many eggs she could make me eat.

"That's your great uncle Julius," she said, when I questioned her about the picture.

"I'm glad he's not my grandfather—nor your father, either," said I, "for I don't like him."

(By this time I was sure that I liked my aunt very much.)

"Well, I'm afraid nobody did," replied she, laughing, "except, possibly, that man standing behind him; and I only guess he did because he came all the way back in Scotland with him. How he managed

ing a number of very valuable pieces of Indian jewellery, which he lodged in the bank here. They were not his own property, but had been sent home with him by a friend who had died in India, to be kept until the owner's daughter should come of age. Once a year he used to take them from the bank to examine them, for there were many unset stones which he would make a list of and count over to satisfy himself that all were safe. The black man was the only creature who knew where he kept them; for Uncle Julius trusted him implicitly, and had been served by him ever since he landed in India. People said that he never forgave himself for this mistake; for one night, when the box was in his possession here, the Indian disappeared, and the jewels with him.

"Your great-uncle was a sour, hard man, but he grew sourer and harder after the catastrophe. What humanity he had seemed to go from him; his honesty had been unimpeachable, and it was said that the blow struck him to the earth. He shut himself up here and led the life of a hermit. He would be seen pacing about under the windows or sitting alone in the porch, looking down over the bank; and at last he did not even do that, but took what exercise he needed among those old apple trees at the end of the garden, where he could not be seen from the road. It was as though he loathed humanity after the treachery of the person he had believed in. When he died at last—nearly 80 years old—his brain was tormented by the idea that the black man was pointing at him; for this was his room, and the picture hung where it does now. You see that the hand is stretched this way."

I made no comment as my aunt



Lady: "Oh, fancy robbing birds' nests! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? And what will the poor mother do without her eggs?"

Boy: "Oh, she won't mind—she's in your hat!"

hanging seals, stretched ostentatiously across his stomach. He did not attract me at all.

I knew enough about Indian types to guess that the native was a Madrassi, for, though he was only moderately black, the cut of his smug, mutton-chop whiskers and his pugaree bore the stamp of southernmost India, as I had seen it in the Indian picture books, which were the delight of my youth, and which had been sent home by my mother's father, who was a Madras merchant. I wondered if it were he who hung on the wall, though the portrait did not tally with any descriptions of him I had heard.

The servant was gazing into space with his dull, liquid eyes; his left hand was on the back of his master's chair, and he pointed with his right to something outside the picture—something which ought to be standing just where my bed stood. There was a heavy gold ring on his little finger set with a red stone, which was remarkable from its conical shape, for it stood up in a high point above the setting. Behind the pair was a landscape with a white building that looked like a palace and a row of palm-trees. The date on the painting was 1833.

Imaginative people and those who are in a nervous state have no business to sit with their minds fixed on one particular object the last thing at night. If

to exist in this climate I cannot understand, and why, having served his master faithfully for so many years, he ended as he did I cannot imagine either."

"What did he do?" I asked eagerly. "It's a long story," said Aunt Bessie, sitting down on the foot of my bed. "Uncle Julius was my father's eldest brother, and I can remember him as an old man living in this house. He had gone to India in his youth and settled in Madras, as your grandfather did, where he made a moderate fortune. I was dreadfully afraid of him as a child. I remember. He had a loud voice, and used Indian expressions which I did not understand, and which frightened me because they seemed to my childish mind like some sort of magic."

"And did you know the black man?" I broke in.

"No," said Aunt Bessie. "He was gone years before I knew Uncle Julius; and the only person I ever saw when I came to visit him was a man called Thomas, who seemed to be the sole creature about the place. I suppose there was a cook somewhere, but the black man had done all the cooking until he disappeared, for his master liked Indian dishes. Thomas was short and strong, with a scar on his face which went down one cheekbone and gave his mouth the look of being caught up at one side in a wry smile.

"When Uncle Julius came home for good he brought a box with him contain-

stopped, for a strange feeling was creeping over my skin which even the sunlight coming into the room did not dispel. The hours in which I had tossed about trying to get the hand of that native into its proper place in the picture came back to my mind with an added horror. Uncle Julius had some justification for supposing that he pointed at him, but why had I, to whom the Indian was nothing, been perturbed half the night by the contrary direction of his hand? It was too foolish, too senseless, and I felt that I could not make myself ridiculous by telling my aunt about it. Had I experienced no thrill of misgiving I might have spoken, but the goose-skin on my body kept me silent from shame. Because I knew myself for a fool I would not share the knowledge.

I got up, dressed, and went out of the house as quickly as I could, for I wanted to be away from any influence which could remind me of great-uncle Julius and his servant; and with the clear air the feverish notions of night slackened their hold upon me and I was ready to jeer at my own folly. It was not till bed-time that any uncomfortable feelings came back.

There was nothing for it but to put away by force of will the silly creepiness which the thought of that picture gave me. Even could I have brought myself to tell my aunt of my difficulty there was no other room in the little



House that she could have given me. I must make up my mind to live with the black man and his master for the next three months and the sooner I got used to doing so the better. When I turned in that night I avoided so much as glancing at the wall while I undressed.

Perhaps it was the fatigue of my sleepless hours, perhaps the day I had spent out of doors—in any case I slept without waking; and having, as I thought, overcome my nerves and my nonsense, went to bed without misgivings, and for a whole week ate, thought and rested like the healthy man I hoped soon to be again. But I took care to look at the picture as little as possible.

I supposed by the end of that time I had grown overbold. I was so much stronger and the walks I took daily were clearing the cobwebs out of my head. I was able to catch the black man's eye unmoved, and to look at his ring-decked hand as if it had never come between me and sanity. It was in this comfortable mood that I put my head on the pillow one night and blew out the candle.

It must have been some time after midnight when I awoke with a jerk. The

rest with a heart which beat like a drum until I slept.

My next sensation was of waking with the same jerk, and as I had submerged my head in the sheets as before I peeped out from under them. A light was again showing in a patch behind the curtains, and as I saw it I remembered with a pang that the moon was but three days old, and that I had seen the crescent go down in a rift of cloud as I walked home in the dusk. God only knew what that light might be! It was not the moon because there was no moon there—and then the certainty rushed over me that, whatever it was, the native was pointing at it.

They say that despair makes cowards brave, but be that as it may, it is suspense that makes many people mad. I struck a light and sat up.

One glance at the wall was enough to show me what I dreaded to see. He was pointing steadily at the curtains.

There is no terror so appalling as that of the unknown and I sprang out of bed, dashed to the window and pulling back the heavy moreen, I saw that there were people in the garden.

The reality of the sight struck a new

strange suggestion of its outline made me pause, taken by a sudden panic. I stood stock-still, my knees shaking under me, and the cry that rose from my lungs was choked in my throat.

The men were stooping, but they turned towards me. A deep hole yawned behind them at the foot of the largest tree, and I saw that they worked neither by torch nor by lantern, but by the subdued glare of the luminous mist.

It was by that light that I knew their faces. One was my great-uncle Julius and the other was a man scarred from lip to cheek-bone.

I remember the sound of my own voice as I fell—nothing more.

When the world stirred next morning I was picked up from the grass where I lay insensible and carried in, and for many weeks I hung between life and death. My aunt nursed me, and when I was able to speak, my one prayer to her was that she would have the ground under the apple trees dug up. It was the doctor who persuaded her to consent, assuring her that her refusal might cost me my life.

Three feet under the surface they uncovered a man's skeleton, which lay with one hand outstretched. On the third finger was a gold ring with a conical red stone.

I never went back to Bank Villa after my recovery, and five years later Aunt Bessie died, leaving everything to me. All her possessions are mine now, except that one portrait, which I burnt with my own hands, and Bank Villa, which I sold. It was when the new owner was doing up the house that he discovered a strange thing. Just behind the bed that I had slept in—Uncle Julius's bed—they came upon a hole in the wall which had been papered up. It contained a box of Indian jewels.

sixty-six years ago by Conolly, the great apostle of the non-restraint and humane systems of treatment for the insane. It is quaintly described by him in his sixth report as "a room of which the floor is a bed, and the four walls are padded." In his day its employment was without doubt a step in advance and was a sheer necessity, as it was a substitute for the less humane methods of mechanical restraint by straight jackets and straps which he had discarded. At that time the padded room was no doubt needed, and its use was to be commended, but now that the art of tactful management is practised, and patients from the first moment they enter the wards are treated with consideration and kindness, it has become practically unnecessary. Cases of furious or raging mania, such as were described in those days, are never seen now, because they were goaded into being by the vile treatment they received, whereas skilful treatment has a tranquillising effect. We now employ a very much larger staff than was done in those days—probably two or three times as great, and we have a large night staff, while they had none. With a staff such as we now have, and good supervision, we rely on constant personal care and attention by night and day to tranquillise the excited. We are glad to see these symbols of the past disappear, not so much on account of any direct harm they actually did when not abused, but because their influence on the morale of the nursing staff was not elevating.

**HUSBAND AND WIFE PRAISE BILE BEANS.**

**TERRIBLE STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES CURED.**

"Both myself and husband have derived the greatest possible benefits from Bile Beans," says Mrs. Burr, residing in Pinkenba, via Brisbane, Q., "and we have kept them as our general family medicine for years. I was afflicted with terrible stomach and liver trouble, and used to experience the most agonising pains in the region of the liver, spasms caused through wind in the stomach, and vomiting. Life to me became nothing but a misery, and I was forced to employ someone to carry on my household duties. I consulted doctors, but the treatments prescribed failed to restore me to health, and I can assure you I was in a pretty bad way when I decided to see if Bile Beans would do me any good. They proved the remedy I had been long seeking, for Bile Beans quickly relieved me of all pain, rid me of the wind, and toned up my system admirably. My husband suffered from a severe attack of windy spasms, and I thought he would have died with the pain, but a short course of Bile Beans restored him to the best of health. The excellence of our general health testifies to the great merits of Bile Beans."

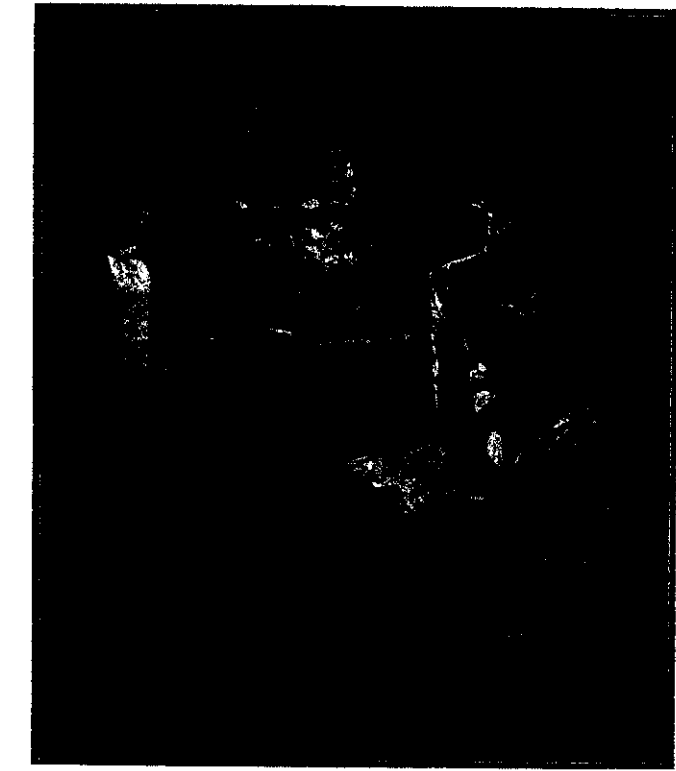
Bile Beans are the world's family medicine, and a proved remedy for headache, constipation, biliousness, liver trouble, constipation, piles, bad breath, flatulence, nervousness, weakness, debility, anaemia and female ailments. Bile Beans are a grand medicine for both the mother and the growing daughter. Of all chemists and stores at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

**Everyone Has a Halo.**

What is the colour of your halo? The question is perfectly serious. Dr. Talmage Doren, a well-known American educationalist and teacher, has set the world a-talking by declaring that every human being is equipped with an "aura" or "halo," which radiates in every direction from his body for two or three feet, and is usually drab in colour. It is a sort of manifestation, apparently of the subjective mind, and in the opinion of savants who have studied the question, to say nothing of clairvoyants and photographers, and hundreds of other people, it would be as rash, Dr. Doren contends, to deny the existence of the halo, as, for example, to impugn Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood. The aura, said Dr. Doren, who has been extensively commented upon, though usually drab-coloured, may take on all the hues of the rainbow, depending on a person's condition and the state of his emotions. The variety of these colours is more extensive and beautiful than in the case of any bird of paradise. Sadness may bring a purple halo, jealousy a green, and anger a red appearance of the aura. Dr. Doren declares that they will ultimately reveal to physicians the most important symptoms upon which they can base their diagnosis of physical or mental trouble. The halos are so powerful that two persons with unmatched ones cannot sit beside each other comfortably in a railway carriage. Often on his way to New York, he said, he has had to change his seat because he happened to get beside a halo entirely unlike his own. The preacher advised everybody to change seats in such circumstances. He referred to the harmony of two perfectly matched halos, and said that most of the troubles of married life grow out of the fact that the auras of husband and wife do not match. He rejoiced to know that serious attention is being given now by learned men to a subject the study of which must confer great benefits upon mankind.

**The Care of the Lunatic.**

As an instance of characteristic asylum practices which have been discarded; the disuse of padded rooms and of the practice of locking up patients in rooms by day may be mentioned, said Dr. G. Robertson, Physician Superintendent of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, on March 1st. Strange as it may seem, the padded room, of which we are now beginning to feel ashamed, was apparently invented about



"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

flattering firelight was dancing over the room, and something stronger than myself directed my eyes to the wall above it. The native was looking towards me as he always did, but my heart almost stopped as I saw his hand.

It was pointing straight at the window.

I say it to my shame, but without another look in the fatal direction of the mantelpiece, I fell back in bed and drew the clothes over my head. One o'clock struck and then two, and still I lay with only a little corner of the sheet turned back near my mouth that I might breathe. I was damp all over, and when at last I ventured to look out the fire had died down, and I felt easier because there was nothing now to reveal those figures on the wall to my terrified sight. A patch of light shone in the window, but the moon, whose beam I took it to be, would show me nothing through the moreen curtains. I turned over to sleep, and sleep found me at last.

All next day I wrestled with my fears. I did not believe I had dreamed and could not convince the logical part of my brain that what I had seen was reality. I had so far mastered myself as to determine to spend one more night in my room before proclaiming myself a coward and drawing upon me the probable wrath and derision of my aunt. I bolstered up my courage, and went to

note and almost banished the superstitious misgiving that had gathered round me. In tangible things I do not think I am a coward, and the notion that some unprincipled persons had broken into my aunt's little domain stirred my wrath. I never doubted that the light under the apple-trees was the light of a lantern, though there was no lantern to be seen and I merely took its presence for granted. A mist seemed to have arisen at the bottom of the garden which made a diffused shine through the apple-boughs and their arms stood in sharp angles above the luminous mass.

In the midst of it the figures of two men were working at something in the ground. Their backs were towards me, and their movements made me fancy they were digging; but I could form no idea of what manner of men they were, nor could I be absolutely certain of their occupation. But in any case they were after no good.

The reaction from my morbid fear caused by the sharp surprise was strong on me and I slipped on my shoes and an overcoat, and let myself softly out of the house. The luminous haze under the trees was so steady that I crept forward guided by it, taking cover from bush to bush till I reached the grass on which the trees stood.

A heap lay on the ground hidden under what looked like a table-cover, and the

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# The Question of the Day

The question of to-day, of to-morrow,  
and of every succeeding day is

**HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?** If you have not, you have not done your duty by your skin and complexion. If, on the other hand—that is on both hands, and on the face, and on the skin generally—you **HAVE** used **PEARS**, you can feel happy, for you will have done the best that possibly can be done for the skin's health and beauty. There can be no question about that.

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## Cost of the Next European War.

## SOME STUPENDOUS FIGURES.

(By M. CHARLES HUMBERT,  
Member of the French Senate, and a  
recognised military authority.)

Germany has understood better than any other Power that millions of men under arms do not constitute the only factor necessary nowadays to warrant undertaking war with a chance of success. A nation must also have at its immediate disposal milliards of francs to enable it to undertake and conduct a modern conflict.

With the truly remarkable methodical spirit which characterises the Government of William II., Germany has classed its efforts in three groups—the financial preparation of war, the financial mobilisation and the financial conduct of war. Following this line of thought it has begun by consulting the most recent lessons in modern warfare. Statistics show that Germany will have at the end of 1912 10,240,000 men in readiness. As it would be both impracticable and commercially and industrially unwise to enlist such a mass of soldiers, Germany admits they would only call, inclusive of Army and Navy contingents, 3,000,000 men in all.

At the rate of 6/ a day, as in 1870, this would make a total expenditure of £376,344 a day, or about £138,000,000 a year, exclusive, of course, of all subsequent indemnities and pensions.

But this enormous sum is not immediately necessary. What Germany would need during the first six weeks following the declaration of war is:—

(1) £60,000,000 to meet immediate expenses of troops on sea and land, as well as purchasing supplies of all kinds, which are considerable and costly, especially for the Navy.

(2) £80,000,000 required by the industrial, commercial and agricultural undertakings which would be called upon to furnish war supplies. As this sum would represent the price of the raw material, and initial expenses indispensable to begin work, it should be held in readiness in local German banks.

(3) A "war-scare" Budget of £12,500,000. This sum must be immediately available and would be necessary to face the needs created by the inevitable panic resulting from the declaration of war, which would take the shape of a run on the banks and the collection of outstanding notes.

This makes a total of £132,500,000 that the German Empire would require before beginning hostilities, and it is the most practical means of obtaining this sum that J. Riesser endeavours to discover.

First of all, the mobilisation expenses could suffer no delay. To cover these the initial resources exist in the annual Budget of the Empire; that is to say, credits destined in time of peace to all such undertakings as public instruction, public works which the declaration of war would necessarily express or postpone. Germany estimates it could obtain in this way at least £14,000,000, which was the amount saved on interior expenses in one year by the Russian Government during the recent war. The cash on hand in the Reichsbank, which is the official Government institution, averages £45,000,000, while the war treasure in the Julius Tower, at Spandau, which is the gold



## 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 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.

## NOTICE.

[Miss Amy Holland, Secretary of the Auckland Branch of the Victoria League, City-road, Auckland, will be very glad to have the names and addresses of any "Graphic" Cousins who would like to correspond with children in England.]

## COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Watino Road, Pihama.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—Looking up the "Cousins' page" every week, it struck me I am jolly lazy for not writing before this. My brother Emmet is down in Hawera. He went in February, and I know he is having a good time, for he does not want to come home. He may as well have a good time now, for he will soon have to graft when he gets school at school just as I did with two school chums. They are soon going to Hawera to live. I shall be sorry to lose them. All through spring and summer, and right up to Easter we had lovely weather, when it suddenly ended with a southerly buster, and for the past three weeks it has been very cold and wet. We had our quarterly exam, on the 30th April, and I passed first in my class. Last Wednesday there was a hockey match between Opunake and Pihama. The home team won by three goals to nil. There was a play in the Pihama Hall on Friday evening, and I went to see it. The hall was full of people, and most of them enjoyed themselves, I think. I told you I have a pair of bananas, and although I have had them two years, it was not till this morning that I discovered they were apples. The Inspector of Agriculture was at the Pihama school on Thursday, and he showed us how to plant aëgagone and spray potatoes. Next year he said he would show us how to graft fruit trees. We play football at school just now, and we have some great fun. I have a football at home, and when any of my chums come we have a practice. I have been for some lovely motor drives to Okato and Pungarehu. There are such a lot of cousins' letters in "The Graphic" to-night. It will take me some time to read them all. Good-bye for the present.—From Cousin JACK.

[Dear Cousin Jack,—Yes indeed you have been lazy, but your jolly long letter somewhat makes up for the long silence. I have often been to Okato, and have often driven along the Long Quay Road between Opunake and Hawera. One thing I did love was Mount Egmont. I once went right to the top of it and had a grand time. Hockey and football are all the rage here. I play golf, and am very keen on it. Do write again soon. I enjoyed your letter. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Tua Marina.

Dear Cousin Kate,—My sister Flossie wrote last week and I should like to become one of your cousins. I am ten, and am in the second standard. I have five brothers and two sisters. Our baby is such a dear wee pet. We all love her so. I must tell you that we all like "The Graphic" and the post cards are real good. We all like Buster's page. Will you please send me a badge with Flossie's, as I am sending a stamped envelope, if that will do for both. With love to all the cousins and yourself. Will you please accept me as a cousin?—From SHAMROCK.

P.S.—Will you please send me a blue badge.

[Dear Cousin Anne,—I am glad to have you for a new cousin. Thank you for the nice letter you wrote. I am sure your baby must be a dear. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ±

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have just been reading the cousins' letters, and I resolved to write and ask you if I may become one of your cousins? We are having very bad weather here. Will you kindly send me a blue badge, please? I am eight years of age, and am in the second standard. We have all had colds. I have a doll, and will you please give me a name for it. I will close now, so good-bye.—From Cousin IVY.

[Dear Cousin Ivy,—Yes! I like reading very much. I have sent you a badge, and we are pleased to have you for a new little cousin. Don't you think Violet would be a pretty name for your dolly. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ±

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have been reading the cousins' letters, and I resolved to write and ask you if I may become one of the cousins? I am 11 years old, and in the fourth standard. I like music, and I have a number of musical instruments, and I can play them all. The instruments are: Mouth organs, tin whistles, a zither and a gramophone. I have a brother and a sister. I am writing for a badge.—I remain, Cousin GEORGE.

[Dear Cousin George,—I am glad you made such a good resolution as to want to become a cousin. You must be rather clever to play so many instruments. The gramophone is about the only one I could manage. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ±

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you think I am a long time writing, but I have not been well, and neither has my mother. I am all right now, but mother is not better yet. The weather is fine up here just at present. How are all your cousins keeping, also yourself? We are having boy scouts and girl scouts up here. I am in the girl scouts. I received the two badges, and was very pleased with them. I have a riddle for you and your cousins. What is it that is black and white and red all over? Last week I read three books, called "Grandmother's Child," "For Lucy's Sake" and "Alleen." I think this is all this time. Give my love to all your cousins, not forgetting yourself.—I remain, your loving Cousin DAISY.

P.S.—I won't be so long in writing next time.

[Dear Cousin Daisy,—Thank you so much

for your nice letter. I am glad you are a girl scout! It must be splendid fun. Is the answer to your riddle, "A newspaper"? I am glad you like reading. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ±

Pahiatua.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am writing to ask if I may become one of your cousins. I am 12 years of age, so I will be one of the junior cousins. We are having a week's holiday, so I have more time to read, which I like doing very much. Please would you send me a navy blue badge. I would like it very much. I am in the fifth standard at school. Our school has been burnt down, and the classes are in different buildings. The fifth standard are in St. Peter's Sunday School room. I have no more news to tell you now. With love.—From Cousin IDA.

[Dear Cousin Ida,—Thank you for your nice letter. We are pleased to have you for a new cousin. You will be glad when you have a new school built. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ±

Khyber Pass.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Just a few lines to let you know I have not forgotten you. I was very sorry to hear of our late King Edward's sad death, and hope the new King will have long life, health and happiness. I have been in Auckland seven weeks. I went to see the pictures, fancy dress carnival and Besses' o' th' Barn Band. They are very good. I have seen the comet. Have you, Cousin Kate? It is a grand sight. I am having my teeth attended to at present. Hoping you and all the cousins are quite well. With love to you all.—I remain, yours sincerely, Cousin BEATRICE.

[Dear Cousin Beatrice,—You seem to be having a very good time, so I suppose you are not minding having your teeth done. It is generally a very nasty proceeding. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

± ± ±

Carluk.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very glad to see all of your letters in the "Weekly Graphic." My father takes "The Graphic." He gets it once a week, and I am glad we take it, for it is a useful book. I am writing to ask you if you will have me for one of your cousins? We are all having very bad colds lately, so we are not very well. I am twelve years old, and in the fourth standard. We have gardens at our school. It is a very big school. There are over 71 on the roll. I have got no more news this time.—I remain, Your cousin, ALBERT SIMPSON.

[Dear Cousin Albert,—I am glad you find "The Graphic" interesting, and we are pleased to have you for a new cousin. I hope you will write often. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Tommy, six years old, gazing through a microscope at the "wriggly" denizens of a drop of water: "Oh, mamma, now I know what it is that bites you when you drink soda water."

## A Good Start in Life.

Mothers should early realize how essential good health is for the success of their child in after life. A badly nourished baby generally means an undersized child, wanting in stamina and vigour. If unable to nurse your baby, you must give the substitute that most closely resembles human milk. No farinaceous or starchy food or unmodified cow's milk is permissible to a child under 6 or 7 months of age. The "Allenburys' Milk Foods are so prepared as to remove the difference between cow's milk and human milk, and they are as easy of digestion as the natural food of the child.

The "Allenburys' Foods are alike suitable for the delicate and robust, and when used as directed, form the best means of rearing a child by hand. The No. 1 Milk Food may be given alternately with the mother's milk without fear of upsetting the child or causing digestive disturbance. The dreaded process of weaning is thus made easy and comfortable both to the mother and child.

# The Allenburys' Foods.

MILK FOOD NO. 1. MILK FOOD NO. 2. MALTED FOOD NO. 3.

From birth to 3 months.

From 3 to 6 months.

From 6 months and upwards.

PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING SENT FREE.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., LONDON, and Bridge Street, SYDNEY.

balance of the French indemnity of 1870, is at present £4,000,000.

All this wealth could be withheld from circulation and kept in the Reichsbank as guarantee for a sum three times larger in bank notes of legal, if not forced currency.

This wealth alone represents a total of £65,000,000, nearly all of which is in liquid cash; that is to say, enough to cover the initial expenses of military

mobilisation. But such a move would exhaust the credit of the Imperial Bank, which must remain the goose with the golden egg. Therefore, Germany would naturally prefer making this sum guarantee an issue of paper money sufficiently large to tide until the time when, by raising loans with taxes or Custom duties as security, resources indispensable for the continuance of warfare could be found.

The Government, on the other hand, would have the right, according to the Constitution, to suspend reimbursements on all bank notes, and temporarily to institute exceptional Customs tariffs.

Germany hopes by these various means to raise the £140,000,000 necessary during the first six months of the war. Afterwards, that is to say for the £187,000,000, supposing that hostilities should last a year, one-third would be covered

by the increase of already existing taxes, and the creating of new taxes, while the other two-thirds, about £124,000,000, would be defrayed by a Government loan.

"Fortunately," the Germans say, "this appeal to public credit, if perchance it were needed, would not be necessary, contrary to what occurred in 1870, at least, until after the hardest period, that which immediately follows the declaration of war, has come to an end."

# ANOTHER POND IN THE LIFE OF



**REVOLVED**  
 THAT MOTION IS LIFE - DIRECTLY A THING STOPS GOING AND GROWING IT BEGINS TO GET FEEBLE AND ROTTEN. THE MOUNTAIN STREAM THAT SPLASHES AND RUSHES ALONG AMONG THE ROCKS STAYS PURE AS CRYSTAL. BUT THE POND LYING MOTIONLESS GROWS PUTRID AND POISONOUS. WHEN A MAN OR AN INSTITUTION BECOMES FAT AND RICH AND SATISFIED THE DECAY BEGINS: SPIRITUAL, MORAL & PHYSICAL. A MAN TO KEEP HIS MIND CLEAR & CLEAN MUST CHANGE IT. ONCE THEY THOUGHT THE WORLD WAS FLAT, THEY HAD TO CHANGE THEIR MINDS. WHEN YOU WERE A CHILD YOU THOUGHT A BOX OF CANDY AND A NEW DRUM OR DOLL WAS ALL YOU COULD EVER WISH. YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND. ONCE I THOUGHT THE WORLD WAS WRONG I CHANGED MY MIND. IT WAS I WHO WAS WRONG.

## Taranaki's Fight Against the Maoris,

Continued from page 44.

off. But whatever you do, don't try to run away." I believe it was through him I got out so soon. "When you come out come to me," said Mr. Graham, and I went to him at the Thames, and worked for him for about a couple of years.

### Made a Policeman

"When I came back here the Taranaki people didn't like to see me, for they knew I was one of the wildest of the Maoris. They didn't want me to go back amongst the tribes, so they gave me a job as a native policeman. When the native police broke up, they transferred me to the Armed Constabulary. I was sent down to Parihaka with them, but told Parris and Rolleston that I didn't want to go and knock my own people about. I asked to be allowed to leave the force, because my mother, my brother and all my relations were living in Parihaka. They refused me leave, and I applied for a transfer to another station. Then they sent me away from Parihaka."

Going back on his story, Teira said that when he was first arrested he was put into a tent, much bruised and very sore all over from his rough handling by the soldiers. William Atkinson came to him and wanted him to say which was the best way to take Kaitake pah. He answered, "You find out for yourself." Atkinson took out his revolver, and threatened to shoot him if he still refused the information. "I said, 'Shoot me if you like; I won't tell.' Then they filled me up with gin, and Atkinson came up again, but he got nothing out of me."

"I didn't like the idea of being hanged. It was no murder. It isn't as if it was not justified. I believe afterwards I was sentenced to life for attempting murder. I would rather have been shot than hanged. I knew the Wairau affair was not my fault. I didn't get up the war, but just joined in with the rest."

He added that now he was farming down at Pungarehu, and liked the peaceful life best. He is well respected by his neighbours, and few of the farmers around would believe that the pleasant and posty Mr. George Taylor, at present a prosperous farmer, was at one time in the forefront of those who offered themselves in misguided, but at times recklessly brave, attempts to hold against the pakehas the land which was theirs by right of conquest many generations before.

## The Right Hon. Sir Geo. H. Reid,

Continued from page 2.

not suppress the 'dummy' selector, but it was a great advance in land legislation."

"What was your next achievement?" The land legislation occupied a couple of years, and then we had another election. I took the part of Minister of Education in the Government, in preference to the higher post of Secretary which was offered me, for I was anxious to bring in many educational reforms. The first letter I sent to the Press in my teens urged the use of the University for evening classes. I did not think at the time I wrote it that in after years it would fall to my lot to get this done. I found that, owing to differences between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, no history at all was taught in the State schools. This absurd omission I rectified. There was nothing between the State elementary schools and the State universities, so I established State high schools for boys and girls. These were entered by examination, and a system of scholarships from these to the universities was arranged. This bridged the gap in the education of the young Australian. I also started technical schools where youths could be instructed in various trades."

"You had a pretty strenuous time. I suppose, putting these things through?" "Yes. I was kept busy until the Government was defeated on a technicality. In the following election I was defeated for the first and last time, and that by forty votes only. I have contested fifteen elections, including by-elections due to Ministerial appointments, and never have I had a walk-over. My seat has

always been vigorously assailed, but I have held it with this one exception." "I believe you led the Opposition after that?"

"I succeeded Sir Henry Parkes as leader in 1891. In 1894 I became Premier, and although my previous work was alluded to as but a flash in the pan, and the gloomiest future was cast for me, I still have the distinction of having been Premier of New South Wales for a longer period than anyone else. One of the first things I did was to secure free imports. Whilst I was Premier New South Wales was a Free Trade State, and—even in spite of that, say my opponents—it prospered amazingly. Duties were levied on five main things only, such as spirits, tobacco, etc., and there was no ad valorem duty at all. I next proposed a land income tax, which was furiously opposed. The fairness of it can be seen when I tell you that in those days there were only municipalities in the few principal towns; some 300,000 square miles of the country had no municipality whatever. The State kept up the roads, etc., and the landowners paid nothing towards the upkeep. The Machinery Bill for this new tax was passed, but was promptly rejected by the Upper House. I at once appealed to the country, and was returned by a large majority. In similar cases of deadlock my predecessors had threatened to do this, but they went no further. The Machinery Bill was then agreed to at a conference of both Houses, and the tax has been collected ever since. Now, however, it is done by the municipalities, which have come into being since that date."

"When Federation was an accomplished fact you left the State Parliament for the Federal?"

"Yes, and led the Opposition there. This consisted of Free Traders, and events have proved that the majority of Australians do not want Free Trade. Consequently I have always been in Opposition, except in 1904, when I held office as Prime Minister."

"What about immigration, Sir George. The Commonwealth has no land. That is, I suppose, a matter for the States?"

"It is the most important thing for Australia, and whilst the States will continue their present arrangements the Commonwealth will co-operate with them, endeavouring by all the means in its power to bring the resources of Australia before the notice of the British people."

"I expect you will be busy over loan transactions if the State debts are taken over by the Commonwealth. I believe that this question is paramount in the present Federal Election?"

"Yes, for the first time States and Commonwealth are in agreement at a Federal Election. The Labour Party, however, oppose the grant of 25s per inhabitant each year for ever to the States, instead of the division of the customs receipts, which has hitherto been made. It is the perpetuity of the grant that is objected to."

"If the Commonwealth takes over the debts I suppose it would also take over the assets?"

"By no means. This taking over merely means consolidation; the interest would have to be found by the States as hitherto."

"What is the real feeling in Australia about 'Preference'?"

"Australia has already embodied in her tariff the principle of voluntary preference to the Mother Country. There is undoubtedly a desire that some reciprocal arrangement should be arrived at."

"Is this desire sufficiently strong to induce Australia to sacrifice any of her own manufactures on the altar of reciprocity?"

"Certainly not, so far as I can see. But whatever may be done with tariffs and preferences, that has nothing to do with the loyalty of Australians, which is not influenced either one way or the other by such things. The Mother Country has given us a free hand in solving our own problems. There is no part of the public life in which the saving grace of 'minding our own business' is more essential than in the relations between these independent Parliaments. We are ready to yield the same rights and the same privilege of entire freedom in your own affairs as you have extended to us. Until any new departure is based upon a conviction that there is in it a mutual advantage—an advantage strengthening the Mother Country as well as Australia—Australians will not dream of urging reciprocity. They scorn an advantage to themselves which would be at the ex-

pense of the people of Great Britain."

"A new arrival often sees things which escape the notice of the home-dweller; now in what way do you think this country is failing to make use of all its advantages?"

"I wonder if your marvellous manufacturing power is being turned to the best account. The recent discoveries of science have continuously improved the arts of manufacture. Are the people of England digging deeply enough into the possibilities of applied science? Is industrial capital sufficiently embarked in the sphere of observation and experiment? Is there not as much danger in the laboratories of foreign countries as there is in their dockyards?"

Delivering himself of these searching questions, Sir George rushed off to preside at a luncheon given to Colonel Moore, the Premier of West Australia, who is engaged in opening the eyes of the dwellers in the homeland to the wonderful resources of that great State.

## The Value of Beer.

A great many bitter things have been uttered about beer; indeed, it might be said that no tap has been left unturned to throw cold water on those who drink it. It will, therefore, be a source of great satisfaction to those who have stood by it, in season and out of season, to learn that in the current number of "Science Progress" a man of science, Professor Adrian, declares that it is not merely a beverage of uncommon beneficence, but that it has the highest value as an incentive to scientific research. On its value as a beverage we will dwell only for a moment, in order to point out that probably no article of human consumption is made which is prepared under more constant supervision by impartial critics of its manufacture. Jams and butter may be adulterated, and they are; but every stage of the manufacture of beer—in England, at all events—is watched by a Revenue official, and it is next to impossible to introduce into it any illegal ingredient. Such is its native purity that another scientific authority, Professor H. E. Armstrong, was led to declare that it was the only sterilised drink available for public consumption. It is freer from germs than the back of one's hand. But apart from this bacterial blamelessness, which some people will think an insufficient compensation for its inebriating qualities, beer has the highest claims on scientific attention. If it had not been for beer Pasteur would not have studied ferments, and the world would have been poorer for the light he cast on the causes of disease. His is not the only name which is honourably connected with the scientific study of beer; and we may add to it the final touch of distinction that it has been adopted as a beverage in their army by that eminently practical nation, the Japanese.

## HACKING NIGHT COUGH.

CHEST-TORN SUFFERERS RELIEVED BY PEPS.

Sufferers whose chests are torn and hacked by a dreadful cough which is worst in the night-time will find in Peps the relief and soothing long awaited. The unique qualities of Peps likewise appeal to those whose throats are blocked by long stringy phlegm, which painful and prolonged coughing often fails to dislodge.

Remove the preserving silver wrapping from the Peps tablets, and let a tablet dissolve slowly on the tongue. Wonderful easing fumes at once pass through the throat and down the breathing tubes, into the lungs. Inflammation in the chest caused by coughing is soothed, and troublesome mucus and phlegm easily come up. Hence, chests torn by coughing fits are healed and strengthened against future attacks.

While yet novel and new, Peps' great success is based upon permanent features in the medicine—freedom from hurtful drugs, marvellous curative and soothing powers, pure ingredients, unique, invigorating, germicidal and medicinal qualities, which are conveyed by the natural process of breathing direct to the seat of chest trouble.

Peps are of incalculable benefit for that night cough associated with bronchitis in old age, with the result of influenza, pneumonia, and pleurisy, or even with consumption. Thousands of regular users praise Peps.

Peps are sold by all chemists and stores at 1s. 6d. and 3s. per box.



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as surely as a serpent's bite. It lowers vitality, produces languor, headaches, nervous depression, sleeplessness, and causes nearly all our other ailments. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the standard herbal medicine, is

**The SURE REMEDY**  
It tones and strengthens stomach, liver and bowels; restores them to healthy action. "I began to suffer most severely from stomach disorder and kindred troubles. I had retching and vomiting after almost every meal. I felt heavy, languid, out of sorts—lost strength, vigour and energy. Four bottles of Mother Seigel's Syrup restored me to sound health." — Mr. Charles Bennett, 2, Antonio Place, off Halifax Street, Adelaide.

**MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.**

**MONKEY BRAND**

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## A Fair Adventuress.

### LIVELY EXPERIENCES IN WELLINGTON.

#### HOW PEOPLE WERE DUPED.

Only a few months have elapsed since a certain woman's daring exploits startled the community, and one would have thought that the lesson she taught would have been quite enough to have put people on their guard. But this is not so (says the "New Zealand Times"). Another woman is at present "operating" in Wellington, and is making a big bid to outshine her in cunning and duplicity. This new adventuress works on different lines. Some of the leading drapery establishments, first-class hotels, and prominent business men, particularly commercial travellers, in Wellington, have succumbed to her wiles, while others have narrowly escaped through receiving timely warning. The story of her transactions has its humorous side.

#### Disliked New Zealanders.

To begin with, a week or two ago this person called upon a well-known professional business woman in Wellington and handed her a card which made her out to be the wife of a Hawke's Bay station owner. "My husband told me to come to Wellington," she said. "He has just bought me a new motor-car, and wants me to learn to drive it. I have a lovely place in Napier," she added; and she invited the business lady to visit her there. "Can you answer?" she queried, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, she said she would lend her her best hunter if the business woman would visit Napier. The impostor also stated that she was going to Christchurch to bring back her little boy who was staying there, and next year she was going to England for a twelve months' holiday. She confessed to a dislike for New Zealanders in general, and would be glad to go home. Quite taken in by the story, which was told in a most plausible manner, goods were supplied to the value of £4 2s. Shortly afterwards the deception was found out, and a hunt for the fair deceiver was commenced. "She wants whipping out of the town," remarked the tradeswoman when recounting the episode. "If I had not found out as early as I did, she might have robbed me of pounds. She is still in Wellington, and I have threatened her to such an extent with police proceedings that I have just got a chance of getting my money back, and she has already sent me £1."

#### "Don't Make a Fuss."

One of the assistants who was sent out to collect the £4 2s from the impostor, told the following story:—"I went to the hotel," she said, "accompanied by my employer. The person we had come to seek was sitting on a lounge in the hall. She came across to us and extended her hand in welcome. My employer said she had been ringing up several people and could not find out who her customer really was, but it was quite evident she was not the person she had represented herself to be. 'How dare you come in here and make a fuss before the waiters?' was the rejoinder. 'You will hear more about this. I have been to my solicitors, and they have told me to give you back the goods.' With this the woman went up to her room and my employer left me to see the result. When the woman returned she said that my employer had acted disgracefully in coming to the hotel and making a fuss. I replied that she had made an appointment and had failed to keep it, and my employer had then become suspicious. She said she would go out and get the money, and would return in about ten minutes. I waited from two o'clock until seven, but she did not return. I went back to my employer and we thought that she might be slipping off in the southern boat. We went down to the wharf, and there she was, sure enough, talking to a handsome commercial traveller. I called her to one side and asked her what she meant to do, and my employer threatened to have her arrested if she attempted to go away by the boat. She replied that she was only seeing a very dear friend away. We walked with her to a quiet part of the wharf, and made her take off a quantity of the valuables she had procured by false pretences. 'Do trust me until to-morrow,' she said, crying, 'and don't make a fuss here,' but we did not listen to her entreaties. We had heard them before. We have not

had her in our place since then, but I constantly see her in town, and I know she has swindled others."

#### The Handsome Commercial.

The reporter's next step was to hunt up the handsome commercial traveller who had been seen on the wharf with the woman on the night of the "stripping" incident. The traveller admitted having first met the fair one in Napier. The next he saw of her was on Lambton Quay a few days ago. She wished to make an appointment with him, but could not. The following day she telephoned to his office several times, but on each occasion he was out. Her next move was to send him a letter asking for £2. He did not reply, and she sent a special messenger to his private home again, asking for money. The result was that he promised to meet her at the Southern boat. The sequel was the appearance of the two persons previously referred to, and the commercial traveller then became aware of her character. Up to then he believed her to be the person she represented herself to be. He is quite satisfied now that she is a bold adventuress.

#### A Haul of £3.

The Wellington representative of a large Southern firm recounted his experiences. A few months ago, he said, he was staying at a leading Wellington hotel, and a reputable citizen introduced him to the person in question, who was staying at another hotel not very far away. Later in the day he received a telephone message from the woman. She said that a friend of hers from Napier—a nurse—had just arrived, and was to go to Christchurch in charge of an infant, and she needed £3. The nurse would be met at Christchurch by her employer, and the money would at once be returned. The impostor excused herself for not lending the money to the nurse by saying she was short of cash at the moment. The man suspected nothing, willingly lent the sum, and is still waiting for its return! He did not find out the deceit for some little time, and meanwhile he was responsible for an engineer employed by his firm being swindled for a similar amount.

It happened thus. After the introduction of the woman to the engineer, she called at the hotel at an hour when she knew that her first victim would not be in. The engineer received her, and she confided to him that she had called to see Mr. — to borrow £3, as she had overdrawn her account at the bank. The engineer fell into the trap, and immediately accommodated her, to his subsequent great annoyance.

#### An Inequitable Fraud.

The woman worked a clever swindle on a leading city drapery house some two or three months ago. She telephoned from Masterton and gave the name she had consistently used with all her frauds. She wanted certain goods, including an opera cloak, forwarded to Masterton on approval. This was done, and the firm was again informed through the telephone that some of the goods would be retained and the remainder sent back. At the same time the money for the things kept would be posted. The goods have not yet been received by the firm in question, nor the money. Inquiries were set on foot, and she was traced to Napier. She was sued there for the amount of the purchase, and the money was not forthcoming. She was held for the debt by the police for a day or two and released on the petition of the firm, when it was realised that the money could not be obtained. The value of the goods obtained amounted to about £10.

#### Well Known in Napier.

In the course of his inquiries the reporter came to the conclusion that this woman for twelve months or more had been travelling between Wellington and Napier. So venturesome did she become in the latter place that she had to quit it hastily. The doors of all the principal hotels there are closed to her. At Hastings, too, she practised her "trade," and that town also became too hot for her. It is reported that Masterton received some of her attentions, and that Christchurch has been treated in a similar manner.

Mary had a little bun  
(A pound or so—with eggs),  
And off she ran to catch the train,  
'Cos she had nimble legs!  
She wore a Merry Widow hat,  
And staggering collar,  
And had a cold, but soon fixed that  
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure!

## English Duke's Fabulous Profits

### MR. R. McNAB'S REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATIONS.

#### WHY PEERS FOUGHT THE BUDGET. APPALLING CASES OF ESCAPED TAXATION.

To a land reformer such as Mr. Robert McNab, the English Budget fight was full of interest (says the "New Zealand Times"), and it was quite to be expected that he should have taken a very active part in the general election which resulted in the return of a Government pledged to a radical change in the land law of England by introducing a revaluation of land.

"During the Budget campaign," said Mr. McNab to a "New Zealand Times" representative, "New Zealand's land taxation legislation was often referred to. The introduction of land taxation as a means of producing revenue and producing other results in New Zealand has been watched very closely at Home. It was the revaluation of land which caused the hostility of the peers. New Zealanders can hardly realise the position in the Old Country. Although there is not the driving out of those who are in by the possession of huge estates, there is certainly a prevention of any more getting any of the land by the way in which it is held, and the appalling cases of escaped taxation."

#### Inequitable Valuation.

"I know of one case where a property was let to a farmer at a rental of 35/ per acre. It paid local taxation on that basis, and half this local taxation is paid by the Government under a special Act. An institution wanted to buy the property. It approached the owner, whose price was £450 an acre. They ultimately leased 150 acres at a figure that, with the improvements they were expected to put on it, and the conditions which had to be complied with, was not far short of £400 an acre. This was for a lease of forty-two years. At its own expense the institution provided a railway station on the property. Their financial status could not be challenged. They then wanted to buy an extra piece of land alongside the leasehold holding, so as to get some of the increased value arising out of their improvements. But £600 an acre was wanted for land on which the local rates were 35/ an acre. The institution, of course, could not pay it. Now comes the glaring inequity of the thing. As agricultural land the rate was based on a valuation of 35/ an acre, but the institution, utilising it for other purposes, has to pay taxation on a valuation of £400 an acre. We have no conception here of such things, because there has never been any such legislation. Large areas held purely for pleasure, such as deer parks and pheasant-shooting reserves, come under the category of "undeveloped land," on which the new Budget imposes a tax of a halfpenny in the pound, as compared with our penny in the pound. The opposition is not so much to the amount as to the fact that it is a pioneer tax."

#### The Masses Rebelling.

"Is the land reform sentiment strong among the masses?" Mr. McNab was asked.

"They are beginning to cry out and rebel against the awful conditions under which they are compelled to live, the system under which land goes from father to son in vast areas. One case was pointed out to me where a vast territory is owned by a certain English duke. I was lecturing at a place on this duke's estate for several days, and so complete was that aristocrat's power over the land that they could point to no case of land having been sold. There was no such thing in the district as value attached to freehold. The people quoted leases, and that was all. These estates were mined under, and the lessee of the surface had no right to the minerals beneath. The latter belonged to the duke, who disposed of them separately. Mining operations made the surface so insecure that houses were in danger of collapse, and I saw a church built of galvanised iron instead of the usual brick or stone, because the foundations were too unstable, yet the surface tenants were unable to obtain redress for the damage caused to their property. The owner of that town sat in the House of Lords, and, needless to say, voted against the Budget. Originally, the duke obtained his land from the King on condition of feeding the poor and burying the dead, but these duties have long

been overlooked. Instead, when the community wanted to purchase a cemetery, it had to pay the duke £300 an acre for the privilege of burying its dead."

#### Lessons from New Zealand.

"Does the position convey any lesson to New Zealand in the matter of land reform?" Mr. McNab was finally asked. "No, I don't think so," was the ex-Minister's answer. "The duke could not do such things in New Zealand. The lessons of New Zealand may, however, be of advantage to the Old Country. Even if the English duke had the power to hold the area and pay the land tax in New Zealand, he could not, under our legislation, do as he does with impunity in England." Mr. McNab, however, mentioning that he was very much interested in the development of land legislation, since his measure, which still operates, reached the Statute Book, would not discuss the situation in New Zealand, but he indicated that absence has not in the least diminished his keen interest in our problems.

## BAD FOR THE SKIN.

### Rubbing on Greasy Ointments. How to Properly Treat Skin Troubles.

It is not a good thing for people with a tendency to have pimples and a blotchy complexion to smear themselves with greasy ointments and such things. In fact they couldn't do anything worse, because the grease only clogs the pores of the skin, making the complaint worse. When there is an irritating rash a soothing boracic wash may help to allay the pain or itching, but, of course, it doesn't cure. Skin complaints arise from an impure condition of the blood, and will persist until the blood is purified. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured many cases of eczema and skin disorder because they make rich, new blood that drives out the impurities, and imparts a glow of health. Mr. T. Manning, New Windsor-rd., Avondale, Auckland, tells how these pills cured him of a terrible attack of eczema.

"I noticed the eczema appearing very gradually round my finger tips at first, and in time it spread to the palms of my hands, and to the soles of my feet," said Mr. Manning. "I didn't worry much at first, but it gradually grew worse, and wouldn't disappear in spite of all the ointments I tried. There were no blisters or watery discharges, but the skin became thick and hard and cracked all over, and as to the itching, it would fairly drive me mad. The parts tingled so that I could hardly keep from rubbing them till the skin was sore and tender like a piece of raw beef. I used to have pimples on my hands and feet for three days at a time, but they did no good. The finger nails were all bent out of shape, and the surface skin was dead and white; it peeled off in large patches and flakes. My fingers were so numb I had great difficulty in picking up any small articles. At times I couldn't put my boots on, or walk about, unless the feet were thickly bandaged. The skin on the wrists would come off in a dry white powder when scratched. As ointments did no good I decided the complaint must be in the blood, so I started Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the rate of three pills a day. Presently I doubled the dose, but it was not till I was taking nine pills a day that I noticed any change. Then I found the irritation getting less severe. I began to feel better in my general health too, and the skin didn't crack so easily, and bit by bit became healthier. I kept on with the pills and the numbed feeling wore off, and the skin got less thick and hard, till in time every symptom wore away."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are 3/ a box, 6 boxes 16/9, of all dealers, or from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia, Ltd., Wellington.

#### WAITING FOR THE HILL.

An Englishman hired an Irish cabby to get him to the train. The Irishman's horse was going very slow, and the Englishman stuck his head out of the cab window and said:

"Whip him up. Give him the gad. Hit him in a vital spot."  
"An' sure," said the cabby, "I've hit him in every vital spot but the ears, and I'm saving them for the bill."



# Orange Blossoms.

## GATHORNE-HARDY—JOHNSTON.

**B**RILLIANT winter sunshine graced June 11th, the marriage day of Miss Doris Featherston Johnston and Captain the Hon. Nigel Gathorne-Hardy, fifth son of the Earl of Cranbrook. St. Mary's Church, Karori, was decorated with white lilies and narcissus, and the ceremony was performed by his Lordship the Bishop of Wellington, assisted by the Rev. A. Hansell. The bride, who entered the church with her father, the Hon. Charles Johnston, M.L.C., looked very charming in her ivory Liberty satin gown with a tunic of silk net embroidered in a Limerick design. The yoke and sleeves were of the same delicate material, studded with opalescent beads. Her orange blossom coronal and the tulle veil had previously been worn by her mother, and her bouquet of white lilies, orchids and azaleas was the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids—Misses Brandon, Fitzgerald, Bell and Boyle (Christchurch)—wore Princess dresses of ivory cloth, the tunic bordered with braid, a piping of palest blue finishing the yokes, and sleeves of Irish lace. Their hats of golden brown crinoline straw had tiny gold roses and big loops of velvet in the palest shade of turquoise blue. The same scheme of colouring was carried out in their bouquets, and each maid wore the bridegroom's gift—a long gold chain studded with lapis lazuli beads. The three small children (nieces of the bride)—Alice and Doris Duncan and Clara Johnston) had quaintly becoming pelisses of white cloth with velvet mushroom hats. Mr. Arthur Gathorne Hardy was best man, and Messrs. Higginson, Sclanders and O. Johnston groomsmen.

After the ceremony there was a big reception at "Homewood," Karori, where the rooms were beautifully decorated with spring flowers. Garlands of rose coloured camellias trellised the ceiling of the panelled hall, where the wedding party made a most picturesque and charming group as they stood under the big wedding bell of white flowers. The speeches were unusually good, and the health of the bride's parents was proposed by the acting Governor (Sir Robert Stout). Later on Captain and Mrs. Gathorne-Hardy left by motor for the brief honeymoon, which precedes their departure for England by the Corinthian. Mrs. Gathorne-Hardy's travelling dress was a striped brown tailor-made, the cuffs and collars heavily braided in dull gold. Her wide, black hat was wreathed with small gold roses lined with gold tissue.

Mrs. Charles Johnston wore golden brown poplin richly braided in the same shade, golden brown hat with plumes; Mrs. Earl Johnston, Indian grey, blue cloth souchanted, black and white lace hat, with pale blue roses; Mrs. Harold Johnson, pale violet cloth, smartly braided violet hat; Mrs. Ian Johnston (Waverley), mauve shantung; and hat with pansies; Mrs. Arthur Duncan, ivory cloth Princess robe, braided yoke of Irian lace, black hat with shaded roses and lilac; Mrs. Johnston (Highden), black chiffon velours, Brussels lace and black picture hat; Mrs. Goring Johnston (Palmerston), palest pink charmeuse and black picture hat; Mrs. Baldwin (Palmerston), black velvet coat and skirt, black and white picture hat; Mrs. W. Turnbull, Princess robe of reseda couple cloth, smartly braided, green hat with loops of velvet; Mrs. Newman, lotus blue charmeuse, with black and gold embroideries, blue plumed hat; Miss Emily Johnston, mole poplin and Irish lace, moiré chiffon toque; Mrs. Grace, black crepe de chine bonnet with pink roses; Mrs. Ian Duncan, navy blue and white checked ninon, lace yoke, and black picture hat; Mrs. Fitzgerald, black crepe de chine with purple embroidered and black hat; Miss Fitzgerald, sapphire colienne and myrtle green hat; Mrs. Menzies, black velvet and point lace, black bonnet with violets; Mrs. Bremner, black chiffon taffetas, black toque; Miss Bremner, navy cloth and black hat with flowers; Mrs. Dalziel, rose pink crepe de chine and black beaver hat; Lady Ward, black crepe de chine and Chantilly lace, black picture hat; Miss Ward, grey-blue rib-

shantung, black hat with white plumes; Mrs. Rhodes, black poplin and black lace coat; Mrs. Barton (Wairarapa), ivory cloth Princess dress and black picture hat; Mrs. Wallis, violet cloth and black hat; Mrs. Elgar, putty satin cloth, with yoke sleeves of black Chantilly lace, black picture hat; Mrs. Algar Williams, apricot crepe de chine, the tunic elaborately embroidered and fringed, black picture hat; Mrs. Vivian Riddiford, rose du Barri chiffon velours, Irish lace, ermine toque and furs; Mrs. Tilley (Blenheim), oyster cloth Princess dress and black hat; Mrs. Brandon, grey crepe de chine, draped with lace, grey tulle hat; Mrs. Edwin, bronze moiré velvet and brown toque; Mrs. Nathan (Palmerston), Princess robe of goblin panne velours, black and white picture hat; Miss Coats, prunelle cloth, smartly braided, black plumed hat; Miss Vavasour (Blenheim), putty cloth and sapphire blue hat; Miss Joseph, Princess robe of Irish crochet, over chiffon, black picture hat; Miss Russel (Palmerston), rose pink charmeuse, ivory picture hat; Mrs. T. S. Crawford, ivory crepe de chine and black picture hat.—(Wellington correspondent.)

## TREBILCOCK—ROWE.

A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. M. D. Rowe, Karaka-road, Thames, on June 2nd, the occasion being the marriage of his youngest daughter, Lily May, to Mr. R. J. Trebilcock, also of Thames. The Rev. Mr. Trestraill officiated. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a handsome gown of white silk, suitably trimmed, with hat to match. Her niece (Miss Mable Dunn), who was appropriately dressed in white, acted as bridesmaid, and the bridegroom's brother as best man. The happy pair left by the afternoon train for Te Aroha, where the honeymoon was spent, the bride wearing a brown costume with hat to match.

## INNES—FOSTER.

One of the prettiest weddings that have taken place for some time in Wanganui was solemnised on June 15th at Christ Church, Wanganui, when Miss Beatrice Foster, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. G. Foster, of Ballymena Villa, Wilson-street, was married to Mr. William Martin Innes, second son of Mr. W. M. Innes, of Innesville, Port Chalmers.

The church was crowded with friends and well-wishers of the bride. The chancel and choir-stalls were beautifully decorated with trails of greenery and white flowers, while from the floral arch fell long white ribbon streamers caught to each side of the choir-stalls. The whole of the decorations were carried out by the ladies of the choir, of which the bride was the oldest member. The service was fully choral, every member of the choir being present.

The bride was given away by her father, and made a pretty picture in her simple but exquisitely trained gown of white satin charmeuse, made in Empire design, the front panel and corsage were beautifully hand-embroidered in narrow silk braid, the high waist and transparent yoke of Honiton lace were banded with narrow silver sequin and bugle trimming, a string of pearls and sprays of orange blossoms being the only ornaments. Her very long embroidered veil was surmounted with a cluster of orange blossoms, and she carried a beautiful bridal bouquet tied with wide white satin ribbons. She was attended by her sisters (Misses Lulu and Grace Foster) and Miss Jessie Innes (sisters of the bridegroom). Miss Lulu Foster (chief bridesmaid) wore a very dainty gown of pale blue ninon over blue silk; the folded cross-over bodice was strapped with white silk insertion, and finished with large rosette of same; she wore a large pale blue gathered silk hat with a spray of silver roses and foliage at the side, and carried a shepherdess crook of white enamel with trails of maidenhair fern and violets and one large dark red rose in the centre. Miss Innes wore a delicate cream silk striped ninon over silk foundation, with small bolero of beautiful silk lace, and transparent tucked net yoke and sleeves; she wore a large black fancy straw hat with long cream ostrich fea-

thers caught with large jet cabochan Miss Grace Foster wore white ninon over white silk; the folded bodice was finished with silk and silver ornaments, and long ends falling from the waist finished with pearl drops; large black fancy straw hat lined in pale blue, and with gold roses and wheatears. They both carried beautiful bouquets of pale pink and white flowers and maidenhair ferns tied with pale pink ribbons. The Misses Foster wore gold Nellie Stewart bangles, and Miss Innes a gold and pearl brooch, the gifts of the bridegroom. Mr. Venn, chief officer of the Canopus, supported the bridegroom as best man, and Messrs. Albert and Pat Foster (brothers of the bride) were groomsmen. The Ven. Archdeacon Jacob performed the ceremony; after which the bridal party and guests drove to Foster's Hotel, where they were entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Innes left by the afternoon train, the bride going away in a dark plum cloth tailor-made, finished with handsome silver buttons. She wore a beautiful set of white fox furs, the gift of the bridegroom, with tricorne hat of pale blue corded silk, lined with plum silk.

## PLUMMER—RHODES.

A pretty wedding was solemnised at Beresford-street Congregational Church, Auckland, when Miss Rose E. Plummer, fourth daughter of Mr and Mrs G. Plummer, was married to Mr Ernest H. Rhodes, eldest son of Mr and Mrs G. Rhodes. The Rev. E. H. Bridge performed the ceremony. The bride wore a trained Empire gown of cream messaline silk, trimmed with lace, a coronet of orange blossom, and a tulle veil, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of white roses and dahlias. Two bridesmaids were in attendance—Miss Irene Plummer (sister of the bride), who wore pale heliotrope chiffon taffeta silk, richly braided, cream lace yolk; Miss Edith Rhodes, sister of the bridegroom, who wore pale reseda green. Both bridesmaids wore pretty little veils, and carried pale bouquets of cream and heliotrope flowers. The bridegroom was attended by his brother Mr Sydney Jones, and Mr Vivian Plummer was groomsmen. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, "Rangiora," Elizabeth-street, Ponsonby. There were about 50 guests, who were conveyed by special car. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a gold brooch, set with pearls, and to the bridesmaids, a pendant, set with pearls and opals, and a brooch set with pearls and green tourmalines. Among the many beautiful presents was a marble clock, given by the employees of the firm of Rhodes and Sons.

Mrs G. Plummer, mother of the bride, wore a black silk dress and a black bonnet, with white osprey, and carried a bouquet of violets; Mrs G. Rhodes, mother of the bridegroom, wore a black silk dress and heliotrope toque, and carried a bouquet of violets. Mrs H. K. May, black silk Empire gown, and black velvet hat; Miss H. Plummer, cream chiffon taffeta, with brown beaver hat; Miss Rhodes, cream costume, with stylish green beaver hat; Miss F. Rhodes, shell pink lustre, with black hat, lined with pink; Miss I. Rhodes, pale blue grey soft cloth, with black hat; Mrs G. H. Plummer, brown costume, hat to match; Mrs T. Rhodes, navy, costume; Mrs C. Plummer, black silk; Mrs Watkins, cornflower blue cloth, braided in black, with hat to match; Mrs G. W. Plummer, Princess dress, in prune shade, velvet hat to match; Mrs C. E. Peck, black voilé Empire gown; Miss Annie Peck, cream frock, large black velvet hat, with pink roses; Mrs Butterworth, Mrs A. E. Brooks, Miss F. Stephenson, Mrs L. Keats, Mrs J. C. Robinson, Miss A. Newman, Miss N. Newman.

After the reception the happy couple left, amidst showers of confetti and good wishes, for a tour of the King Country.

## SHAW—WILLIAMSON.

A quiet wedding was celebrated on June 8th, at the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs Donald McKenzie, of Kuri-puni, when Miss Elizabeth (Lizzie) Williamson, eldest daughter of Mr John Williamson, of Hatuma, Hawke's Bay, was married to Mr James Shaw, son of Mrs Shaw, of Featherston. Miss Maggie Williamson, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr George Hood best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Bain Macdonald. The newly-married couple left by the afternoon train for Wellington, where the honeymoon was spent.

## HAMILTON—GRIFFITHS.

A pretty wedding took place on June 8th, at St. Mary's Catholic Church, when Miss Josephine, second daughter of Mr W. J. Griffiths, of Glenduri, was married to Mr William Archibald Hamilton, of "Craigie Lea," Upokongaro. The Rev. Father Barra performed the ceremony. The bride was given away by her father, and her gown was cream crepe de chine, with transparent yoke and panel of Oriental embroidery and Maltese silk lace. She wore a veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet. The bridesmaids were the Misses Griffiths (2), sisters of the bride. They wore pale pink crystalline frocks, trimmed with cream yokes with touches of black velvet, and large black velvet picture hats, and carried bouquets of autumn leaves, violets, and camellias. Mr J. W. Miles was best man, and Mr W. J. Griffiths was groomsmen. The bride travelled in a dark navy blue cloth tailor-made gown, with handsome set of furs (the gift of the bridegroom), and saxe blue hat with feathers to match.

## DRURY—STALLARD.

At All Saints' Church, Nelson, on June 8th, Miss Ruby Stallard, only daughter of Mr and Mrs A. W. Stallard, of Nelson, was married to Mr George Robert Drury, of Wellington. The bride was gowned in a cream Paris net, with a panelled front of crystal embroidery and trimmings, and she carried a bouquet composed of white flowers and ferns, and wore a veil. The bridesmaids were Misses Margaret Hunter (Nelson) and Olga Wilson (Wellington) and two little dots, Clarice and Joyce Hall, of Tauranga. The two first-named wore pink ninon, trimmed with cream insertion, and had black cavalier hats, and bouquets of pink flowers. The children wore dresses of white silk. Mr A. J. Iott (Wellington) was best man, and Mr Keith Stallard (brother of the bride) acted as groomsmen. There was a large gathering at the church to witness the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. W. S. Lucas. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Oddfellows' Hall.

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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 recognized.

## AUCKLAND.

June 20.

### A Dance.

**M**RS. LINDSAY HORROCKS gave a delightful dance in honour of Miss Jessie Frater, who left for Sydney on Monday last. Mrs. Horrocks' house is a charming one for entertaining, and was very much admired. The supper-table was especially pretty with yellow flowers and yellow lamp handle shades to match, the whole arrangement being most artistic. Mrs. Lindsay Horrocks looked charming in a lovely white charmeuse satin beautifully braided; Miss Jessie Frater was looking very pretty in a lovely oyster white charmeuse; Mrs. Dryden was admired in a lovely white frock; Miss Rachel Gorrie looked daintily in pale blue; Miss M. Heaketh looked nice in pale pink; Mrs. Jim Frater, ivory charmeuse satin, softened with pretty lace; Miss Frater and Miss Maggie Frater wore pretty white frocks; Miss E. Pierce looked especially well in pale pink charmeuse, with lovely silk embroidery; Miss J. Nicholl was dainty in white charmeuse, with long pearl and silver embroidery; Mrs. G. Kent, vieux rose ninon over silk; Miss G. Beal looked charming in her pink frock; Miss H. Buckland, white charmeuse and lace; Miss Ruth Horrocks looked pretty in palest blue ninon over silk; Miss J. Barnett; Miss M. Towle, Miss Myra Reid; Miss Howarth; Miss Diamond.

### Juvenile Skating Carnival.

The Children's Fancy Dress Skating Carnival, held last Friday night at the Prince's Skating Rink, was a huge success. The building was crowded with spectators. Most of the children looked perfectly sweet, and quite devoid of self-consciousness. The first prize for the best fancy-dressed girl was quite easy to

judge—the sweetest and daintiest little tot as a yellow butterfly, Miss Rosie Brabant. The idea was carried out in a charming way—yellow satin short trunks made full, and yellow silk stockings to meet them, and a short gauze skirt, gauze wings and horns or antennae fixed in her dark curly hair, yellow shoes. Best "Poster" (girl): The prize was awarded to Miss D. Montague, who was a charming Gibson girl—very short pale blue velvet frock, beautifully-etched Gibson girls' heads all over it, brown shoes and stockings. The wearer herself was quite a Gibson girl. The most original (girls) fancy dress was won by Miss Betty Sharman, who was quaintly got up as "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe." There was a prize for the smallest child on skates. Two dear little dots tied for this. Miss D. O'Sullivan, as an Irish washerwoman, was very well got up, even to a miniature washing-board; and Miss H. Hunt, as "Winter," with red little coat and skirt, edged with white fur, white fur cap, with a sprig of holly berries at the side. The boys were very good, and much harder to judge. The best fancy dress prize was awarded to Master H. Martin, as Charles I.—green satin, lace ruffles, and a large green satin hat with white plumes. Best "Poster," Master Ralph Purchase, as "Imperial Ace." This boy won the potato race in fine style, and is a fine free skater. "Most original," R. Brown, splendidly got up as an Indian coolie. "The frog race, a most strenuous affair, was won by one of the rink boys (J. Hoskins), who deserved his win, if for no other reason than that he is most civil and obliging to all the ladies. Among the other children were so many who looked pretty that I should have liked to have given at least ten more prizes. I think there should be a prize for the most graceful skater, Miss Jenny Edwards as "Moon Beam" was very charming, beautifully dressed in silver tissue with a silver crescent moon on her head.

Miss Cecil Lerner was a sweet little Buttercup; Miss Dorothy Pavitt was dainty as "Kate Greenaway"; Miss Phyllis Alexander was the dearest little "French Maid"; Miss Ida Hamilton was sweet as "Peter Pan"; Miss Marjorie McFarland, Greek Peasant; Miss Marjorie McFarland, "Pierrette"; Miss Jessie Craig; Miss Norah Frater was charming as "Night"; Miss Doris Hendry "Daffodil"; Miss T. Montague "Gibson Girl" in red; Miss D. Wright was a dainty "Snowdrop"; Miss D. Frater, "Spanish Dancer"; Miss Mabel Hamilton was well got up as "The Prince's Skating Rink"; Miss Thorald Clerk was a charming "Runaway Girl"; Miss B. Lodson, "Winter." Among the boys were: D. Fuller, well got up as a "Red Indian"; Malcolm Hamilton was the dearest "Wee McGregor"; Garton Buckworth, Scout; R. Lewis, Jockey; T. Brown, Maori; G. Nicholl Roland Brown, and L. Fountain as Pierrots.

Mr. Gonard looked after the children splendidly, and carried a huge tray of chocolates, which he dispensed among the little ones. Mr. Gonard is most popular with the skaters of all sizes and both sexes, and there is no doubt he is the right man in the right place, and is most careful of the reputation of the rink. Added to this, Mr. Gonard is a most graceful skater; the merest duffer appears to skate well when skating with him.

On Saturday afternoon Miss H. Craig presented the prizes to the children, who, as they skated up to receive their prizes, were greeted with rounds of applause. Miss Craig wore pale blue pastel cloth, large black hat, and brown furs.

Miss Beatrice Day was an interesting visitor to the rink, and looked well in black velvet.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of last week the rink was crowded. A number of well-known people were present, among them being: Mrs. W. R. and Mrs.

Lucas Bloomfield, Mrs. Gore Gillon and her sister, Mrs. Rankin Reed and Miss Ethid Reed, Miss Hilda Bloomfield, Miss Jessie Reed, Miss Isabel Clerk, Miss K. Clerk, Misses M. and R. Buckland, Miss W. Alexander, Miss Frater, Misses Duder (2), Misses Steele (2), Miss Doris Baldwin, Mrs. Ferguson, Miss R. Greig, Miss U. Saunders, Miss T. Walker, Misses Butler, and many others.

### At Home.

The University Athletic Club were "At Home" on Saturday evening. The dance was held in the Training College Hall, and was a great success. The night was very cold—an ideal one for dancing, but rather chilly for onlookers. There could not have been a dull moment for any of the guests, for no sooner was a dance over than, as the dancers strolled about the building, they were asked to show their skill at various games—quits, shooting contests, and such like—the lucky ones receiving prizes. The Principal of the Training College (Mr. Milnes) kept a watchful eye on the proceedings, and made a splendid host. Mrs. Milnes was wearing a very dainty pink silk ninon, round the foot of the skirt being a band of lovely silk embroidery, the bodice being finished with white lace and lightly braided; Mrs. Andrews, a rich wine-coloured striped velvet and a pretty silk embroidered scarf; Miss Northcroft looked most graceful in a well-cut ivory charmeuse Empire frock, and wore a pretty pink scarf; Miss Andrews looked nice in white silk with yellow on the décolletage and in her hair; Miss Marriner looked pretty in her pale blue charmeuse, which had some cream lace on the bodice; Mrs. Lusher, heliotrope floral muslin; Miss Lusher, white silk, relieved with gold embroidery; Miss — Lusher wore all white; Miss Spencer looked dainty in white silk with silver sequin trimming on the bodice; Miss Hogwood, white muslin with gold tissue; Miss Badger, pink chiffon over pink silk; Miss Winnie Alexander looked charming in shell pink chiffon over white silk; Miss Weston, pale blue silk; Miss Minchin, black silk, cream lace fichu and pink in her hair; Miss Beehen, heliotrope silk; Misses Speight wore black and white; Miss Dunlop, white silk and violets; Miss McLennan looked pretty in white silk with gold embroidery.

### Melmerly Old Girls.

The Melmerly old girls held a small dance in the Melmerly Schoolroom, St. George's Bay-road, on Friday, the 17th. It was most successful in every way. The music and floor were all that could be desired. The tables were tastefully decorated in white flowers, with bows of blue and brown ribbon, the Club's colours. The ladies responsible for the success of the dance were: Misses E. Young, M. Reid, D. Hay, N. Morrow, M. Steele, M. Thorne, M. Hay and M. MacCormick. Mrs. Moss was gowned in a black net over silk; Mrs. Dewes, black silk; Mrs. D. Hay, amethyst satin; Mrs. G. Kent, pale blue crepe; Mrs. Harry Goldie, pale blue satin, relieved with gold trimming; Miss Thompson, black satin; Miss A. Thompson, pale blue over pink; Miss Ebie Birch (debutante) looked sweet in a gown of white soft satin, finished off with silver trimming; Miss Millie Birch, pale pink satin and gold; Miss Young, pale blue satin, draped with ninon; Miss H. Steele, pale pink; Miss Minnie Steele wore pale blue crystalline; Miss Hay, pale mauve satin, relieved with purple velvet and silver; Miss Daphne Hay, handsome gown of white chiffon tulle; Miss Mildred Hay, white ninon over satin; Miss Morrow, black velvet; Miss Thomas, pink satin and gold sequined net; Miss MacCormick, blue crystalline; Miss Blanche Devore, peacock velvet; Miss W. Kent, white and silver; Miss D. Cowan, pale blue chiffon tulle; Miss Westbury, white satin; Miss Miller, pale pink satin and hand-painted trimmings; Miss M. Miller, black silk and scarlet; Miss Dorothy Miller, white silk; Miss Douglas, cream net over silk; Miss N. Douglas, mauve muslin; Miss O. Butler, pale pink satin, relieved with black; Miss D. Carr, pale blue chiffon tulle; Miss P. Dewes, rose crepe; Miss L. Ward, pale grey Sicilian; Miss Thelma Hanna, white silk with Oriental trimming; Miss Dorothy Abbott, pale mauve; Miss Gudgeon, white silk with over dress of silver sequined net; Miss Mabel Hay, pale blue chiffon tulle; Miss V. Lindsay, pale pink.

### Lunch on the Iris.

A charming luncheon was given on board the Iris by Captain and Mrs. Sharp on Saturday. The weather being

perfect, the trip across the harbour was delightful. After lunch bridge and music made the afternoon fly. Among the guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Dr. and Mrs. Aubin, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Miss R. Grieg, and Mr. Holmes.

### Aviation.

Aviation will after a great many things in the world when it becomes anything like an established form of locomotion. Already it has begun to make its mark, and the most significant is perhaps the fact that a clergyman of the Church of England has included in the prayer for the safety of travellers in the Litany, in addition to "those who travel by land or sea," the words, "or in the air." This was done by the Rector of the Church at Litchfield, which was attended by Mr. Graham White's mother and sister on the Sunday before the great race to Manchester, the history of which we all know. This is the first time that those who travel by air have been prayed for in an English Church.

### A Small Dance.

Mrs. T. C. Williams has returned to small dance to young people on Thursday, 16th inst., at their new residence, "Torino," St. Stephen's-avenue, to celebrate their daughter Daisy's debut. The dance was given in the empty house before they move from their present abode, which they expect to do early next month.

### Personal.

Mr. T. C. Williams has returned to Auckland after some time spent in Wellington, and was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Russell (Palmerston North).

Mrs. Hope Lewis arrived home on Tuesday last after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Guy Williams.

Miss Doris Baldwin, who, with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, are to reside in Auckland, is on a visit, and is dividing the time between her many friends.

Mrs. Cooper (Scotland) is on a visit to Auckland, and is staying at Glenalvon.

Miss Florence, who for some time has been the guest of Mrs. Towle (Epsom), returned to her home in N.S.W. by the Maheno.

Mr and Mrs Lysagitt (Geraldine), who have been staying at Glenalvon for the past week, left by the Atua on the round trip to the South Sea Islands.

Mr J. C. Hanna, who has been in Wellington for the greater part of this month, is returning to Auckland this week before finally leaving for London.

Mrs Harry Gillies (Hamilton) and her young baby are the guests of Mrs C. H. Street, Parnell.

Mrs Walter Seavill (Waingaro) has been staying with her sister, Mrs E. G. B. Moss, Gladstone-road, Parnell, for the past month.

There are many who will be glad to hear that Mrs Frank Rhodes (Rotorua), who is at present in Mount Pleasant Hospital, is now on the way to convalescence after her late very serious illness.

Mrs V. Riddiford (Lower Hutt) is on a visit to Auckland, and is the guest of her sister Mrs W. Colbeck.

Mr and Mrs George Nicol, of Auckland, left by the Maheno, on a visit to Australia.

Mr and Mrs Bunn (Adelaide) arrived by the Atua, from the Islands, and are staying at the Central Hotel in Auckland.

Mr Orion Stevens, general manager in New Zealand for the National Mutual Life Association, is in Auckland, to meet Mr E. J. Stock, general manager for the company in Australasia, who arrived by the Maheno, and who is on a visit of inspection to the Dominion.

## 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 Miss Sybil Johnson (of the Technical School art staff) to Mr. James Hannah, son of Mr. R. Hannah.—(Wellington correspondent.)

The engagement is announced of Miss Emily England (Lower Hutt) to Mr. Frederick Pilcher, Hutt, Wellington.—(Wellington correspondent.)

The engagement is announced of Mr. W. F. Ware (Auckland) to Mrs. Seavill, formerly of Rosario, Argentine, who has recently been on a visit to Auckland. The marriage will take place in London shortly. Mr. Ware will be in England till July, and will then return to Brazil.—(Auckland correspondent.)

The following engagements have been announced this week, says our Napier correspondent: Miss Nina Hoadley, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hoadley, Hawthornden, to Mr. Izard (Christchurch); Mr. Ivan Logan, second son of Mr. Frank Logan (Napier) to Miss Turnbull (Dunedin); Mr. Barron, of the local branch of the Bank of Australasia, to Miss L. Roberts (Dunedin).

The engagement is announced of Miss Williams, of Sydney, to Mr. Lea, of Wanganui.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Tryman, of Wanganui, to Miss Westera, of Christchurch.



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Mr J. W. Joynt, who for the past twelve years has held the position of Registrar of the University of New Zealand, leaves for England in August, and takes up his residence there. Mr Joynt will succeed to the position of English agent of the University, which has been occupied by Mr H. W. Eve for the past 17 years, and who is now retiring. Mr Joynt was entertained by the professorial board of Canterbury College at dinner.

Miss Jessie Frater left by the Maheno on a visit to Australia.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pirie, V.D., and Mrs Pirie, after an absence of some months, have returned to their residence "Sarnia Lodge," Parnell.

Dr. Florence Keller will leave next month to join the Makura, en route to spend a holiday visit with her relations in California.

Mr John Mitchell, and Mrs Mitchell, left to join the Corinthic at Wellington, en route to London. They will be away from Auckland about twelve months.

Miss Maclean, Inspector of Hospitals, has arrived in Auckland, and is staying at "Cargen."

Mrs Cecil Ollivier (Christchurch), Mrs Crowther, of Rotorua, and Mrs Mitson are also staying at "Cargen."

The following New Zealand medical students have been admitted as members of the Royal College of Surgeons:—D. F. Borrie (New Zealand and Edinburgh), W. A. Dunn (Otago University and St. Thomas', F. Kahlenberg (Otago University and Guy's), A. C. Palmer (Dunedin and London), T. D. Mac. G. Stout (Wellington and Guy's).

#### PHYLLIS BROWN.

### WELLINGTON.

June 17.

#### Miss Doris Johnston's Wedding.

My account of Miss Doris Johnston's wedding had to be condensed a good deal, so a good many more details are available now. There was a great assemblage of relations to witness the wedding and to wish the pretty and popular bride every happiness in her new life. At the marriage itself everything went off so well. The weather—which had previously been disagreeable—cleared up beautifully, and the sun shone bravely on the bride as she passed up the picturesque church path on her father's arm. Later, on Thursday, the rain cleared off again, and when Captain and Mrs Gathorne-Hardy bade "Au revoir" to New Zealand it was with clear skies and sunny weather. There were many people on the wharf to see the Corinthic's departure, and she started on the long voyage with many good wishes and cries of "Bon voyage." To go back to the wedding. The engagement was so short that there was not time to send home for the trousseau, so Mrs Gathorne-Hardy will do some of her shopping when she gets to London. Her presentation dress will, of course, come from there, and in view of that her wedding gown, made in Sydney, was very simple and graceful, but not in the least elaborate, and had only a short train.

The bridesmaids, in their ivory attire, with the relief of golden-brown and a woupon of palest blue, made an artistic group; and the bride's mother carried out the harmony in her toilette of golden-brown, with a tinge of palest blue on the guimpe.

In the billiard room the presents were on view, and it was noticeable how tactfully they had been chosen for a soldier's bride. There were none of the bulky, useless things one so often sees, but instead jewellery, silver, greenstone and tortoise-shell predominated, and there was a special table for travelling things, including the latest idea in leather travelling cushions. Special interest was taken in the presents from the small pieces, which had a special place of honour, each bearing an affectionate inscription, laboriously written by the tiny fingers which had also made the gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston gave their daughter a very handsome cheque, and most of her near relations did the same. The household at "Homewood" presented a very handsome set of silver vases.

On returning from the church, Captain and Mrs. Gathorne-Hardy found shoals of telegrams waiting for them, as well as congratulatory eulogiums from the Old Country and Australia.

Regarding the speeches, everyone agreed that Mr. Johnston carried off the honours when he returned thanks for himself and his wife, and the tribute he

paid the latter brought a sympathetic hush of silence from his hearers before the cheers rang out with emphatic vigour.

#### The Reception at Homewood.

Among the guests at the reception at "Homewood" were: Lady Ward, wearing black crepe de chine with a yoke of black lace, black picture hat and white fox fur; Miss Eileen Ward, grey-blue Shantung and black and white picture hat; Mrs. Ian Johnston, navy blue and white checked ninon with lace guimpe, black hat and sables; Miss Duncan, petrol blue crepe de chine, and blue hat with plumes; Mrs. H. Crawford, white crepe de chine dress, the draped tunic finished with deep black fringe, black picture hat; Mrs. Turnbull, reseda souple cloth with narrow Russia braid and barrel buttons of the same shade, green picture hat and sables; Mrs. Barton, white cloth Princess dress, black hat and long seal coat; Mrs. Wallis, violet cloth dress and black toque; Mrs. Keibell, grey eolienne, black and white toque; Mrs. Hector Rolleston, a draped Princess dress of mauve Shantung and a violet hat; Mrs. F. Young, plum-coloured cloth Princess dress and black hat; Miss Moore (Wanganui), ivory ninon and black and white hat; Mrs. Izard, amethyst eolienne with embroideries of the same shade, purple hat with flowers; Mrs. Larnach, pastel cloth Princess dress and floral toque; Miss Brandon, putty cloth, braided in the same shade; Miss Dymock, lilac cloth en Princess, lilac hat with flowers; Miss Harding, aero green Shantung, and wine-coloured hat with black osprey; Mrs. Collins, grey charmense, lace scarf and black picture hat; Mrs. Martin, oyster cloth, braided in the same shade, grey plumed hat; Mrs. Fell, black chiffon taffetas and black and white bonnet; Mrs. Webster, black chiffon taffetas, black and white hat; Miss Harcourt, ivory cloth and guipure lace, white plumed hat; Miss Lambert, petunia charmense and black hat; Miss Holmes, grey poplin, lace scarf and grey hat; Mrs. Rhodes, black charmense and black tulle toque; Mrs. Miles, mauve cloth and black toque; Mrs. Cooper, black crepe de chine; Miss Cooper, electric blue eolienne and black moire hat; Mrs. Barron, black chiffon taffetas and lace; Miss Barron, bisuit cloth, smartly braided, black hat with flowers; Mrs. C. Pearce, ivory cloth and white hat with black and gold roses.

#### Rinking Party.

Mr. Arthur Duncan's example of a rinking party was followed by Mrs. J. Abbot, who gave a very pleasant one on Tuesday. Afternoon tea and a band added to the enjoyment, and nearly all the guests tried their skill at rinking. Mrs. Abbot wore a dark blue Russian costume braided in black, and a black bi-corn hat with cock's feathers. Among the guests were Mrs. Crawford, in a black and white tailor-made; Miss Duncan, beige cloth smart hat; Mrs. Rawson, black coat and skirt and black hat; Mrs. Pearce, dull blue coat and skirt, and beaver hat; Miss Miles, mole Sielienne and mole hat; Mrs. Webster, black coat and skirt and black beaver hat; Miss Brandon, pale mole cloth tailor-made and black hat; Mrs. Dymock, blue braided coat and skirt and black hat; Mrs. Johnston, navy tweed and blue hat.

#### Miss Hall's Lecture.

There was a splendid and overflowing audience at Miss Mary Hall's lecture on Monday, and several hundred people were unable to get in at all, as the house was full half an hour before the lecture began. Miss Hall has a clear voice and a fluent style, and her words were illustrated by a series of capital lantern slides, so the audience was kept interested throughout. Her descriptions were graphic, and touches of humour came frequently, while the pictures of stalwart savages, who were her sole escort during her long journey, were most awe-inspiring. Miss Hall wore black crepe de chine with touches of lace and jet. Among the listeners were: Mrs. H. Hall, in black taffetas with a grey burnous cloak; Mrs. Reid, black charmense and pastel coat; Lady Ward, in black crepe de chine and jet; Miss Ward, white chiffon taffetas and blue burnous; Mrs. Knight, grey eolienne and lace; Mrs. Beauchamp, black satin and black coat; Mrs. Bell, black taffetas and squirrel coat; Mrs. Spratt, black eolienne and lace.

#### A Successful Dance.

Very successful was the dance given on Monday night by a party of bachelors, among whom were Messrs. Fisher,

Fell, Prouse, Bridge. Scarlet was the leading colour in the decorative scheme, and the red-shaded lamps gave a very cheery glow. The floor and music were both very good, and there is an earnest hope among the guests that the dance will be repeated. Mrs. Fisher wore pastel charmense with crystal embroideries; Mrs. Prouse, black satin and jet with a burnous in Liberty shades; Mrs. Didsbury, black chiffon taffetas and lace; Miss Head was in ivory Liberty satin with knots of red roses; Miss Blundell, pastel crepe de chine and crystal embroideries; Miss Brandon, white chiffon taffetas; Miss Haybittle, green crepe de chine with touches of gold; Miss Prouse, ivory mousseline de soie, with a cluster of red roses; Miss Fell, white mousseline de soie with crystal galon; Miss McIntosh, white chiffon taffetas; Miss Hayward, pastel charmense and lace; Miss Smith, white crepe de chine.

OPHELLA.

### HAMILTON.

June 18th.

#### Hockey.

The first of the series of matches to be played by the Ladies' Hockey Club took place last Saturday week. The club is divided into two divisions, one wearing blue colours, under the captaincy of Miss Brenda Hunter; the other, under Miss Gladys Tompkins, wearing the red. The matches are played, the best out of three, to decide possession of a handsome silver cup, presented to the club by Mr. Howden. The game was very exciting and well fought, Blues being eventually the winners by the narrow margin of 2 goals to 1. The most prominent players for the victors were Misses Hunter, Primrose, Holden, McCallum, and Edgecombe. For the losers, Misses Knight, Tompkins, Norden, and Furze played good games. Mr. E. B. Davy kindly refereed.

#### Miscellaneous.

Great preparations are being made for the Waikato Winter Show, to take place early in July, entries for which have just closed. We hear their number is highly satisfactory, exceeding those of last year.

Mrs. Herdman is leaving on Monday for a trip to the Islands, Sydney, and Melbourne, in company with her mother and sister.

The Choral Society's concert on Monday evening last was greatly enjoyed by a large audience. The tenor singer (Mr. Bell) was the undoubted favourite of the evening, as was shown by the reception accorded him at each appearance.

ZILLAH.

### CAMBRIDGE.

June 18.

#### Hockey Ball.

The Cambridge Hockey Club intend holding a ball in the Town Hall on July 1st, and a very strong committee has been formed, in whose hands it is sure to be a success.

#### Personal.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Dorothy Payne and Mr. Sefton Banks, which is to take place in Cambridge on Thursday, June 23.

Mrs. and Miss Hosking are at present staying with Mrs. Wells, of "Oakleigh."

Mr. Norman Campbell, of Wanganui, is also staying at "Oakleigh" at present.

Mr. D. R. Caldwell, of Remuera, is at present staying in Cambridge.

Mrs. W. A. Scott is leaving this week on a visit to Blenheim, her sister (Mrs. Reid), of that town, having died very suddenly.

ELSIE.

### ROTORUA.

June 20.

#### The Rowing Club.

A combined meeting of the Rotorua Rowing Club was held last week to talk over the arranging of the annual ball. It is suggested to hold it some time early in July, but the exact date has not yet been definitely decided.

#### Tennis Club's Dance.

The members of the Rotorua Tennis Club held a very successful dance last Friday evening, the committee consisting of Misses Malfroy, S. Empeon, Hawkesworth, and Lundon, Messrs. Birks (president), Cherry, Purcell, Empeon, Williamson, McVilvie, worked unceas-

ingly, and did all in their power to make the evening enjoyable. During the evening the president presented the following prizes:—Combined doubles: Mrs. Aldridge and Mr. Williamson. Men's handicap doubles; Messrs. Tango Kokiri and G. Empeon. Men's handicap singles: Mr. G. Empeon. The music was supplied by Miss Hannon, extras being played by Mrs. Broomhall and Miss Corlett.

#### Cold Weather.

A light fall of snow visited Rotorua township on Friday last, which is a very rare occurrence. All the surrounding hills were quite white. The very rough weather lately has much interfered with golf, which is most annoying to enthusiasts.

#### Personal.

Mr. J. Coates, manager of National Bank of New Zealand, is at present staying at the Grand Hotel, Rotorua.

Dr. Endletsberger left last week on a flying visit to Auckland, and is staying at the Central Hotel.

Mr. H. J. H. Blow, Under-Secretary of the Department of Public Works, who has been staying in Rotorua, returned to Wellington by Wednesday's express.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Begg, of Clinton, are at present staying at "Grande Vue," Rotorua.

Miss E. Bagnall is spending a short holiday in Rotorua, and is staying at Brent's.

The Rev. A. Lucas, M.A., accompanied by his wife, left by Thursday's express en route for the South Sea Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Falloona, of Waiwera House, leave early next week on a holiday to the South Island.

Mr. J. Fleming, late of Cromwell, has been spending a short holiday with Mr. A. Warburton, of Rotorua.

Captain Varemé, a Russian military officer, who has been staying at the Grand Hotel, left for Wellington by Thursday's express.

Mr. S. M. Roche, of Freemantle, has been visiting Rotorua.

RATA.

### HINUERA.

June 18.

#### A Dance.

A most enjoyable dance was given by Mrs. A. C. McNeill, "Tuaparaparaha," on Wednesday evening, the 8th inst. Quite a number of people came from Hamilton and the surrounding district. The night was fortunately fine, and the grounds looked extremely pretty lit up with Chinese lanterns. The hostess received her guests in a black silk frock trimmed with white silk and lace; Miss McNeill, dainty blue silk Empire dress trimmed with silver and chiffon; Mrs. Spencer (Geraldine), handsome satin (black), berthe of lovely white lace; Mrs. Simcox (Hawke's Bay), pretty black crepe de chine, trimmed with black and pink Oriental trimmings and black lace; Mrs. Ring, black silk trimmed with white; Mrs. Ford wore her wedding dress of white charmense; Miss Jay (Okoroire), pretty pale pink frock relieved with black; Miss I. Simcox (Hawke's Bay), dainty cream satin charmense with silver and opal spangled trimming; Miss Knight (Hamilton), pink satin frock; Miss H. Ring, pretty pale blue chiffon over white taffeta; Miss D. Ring, white charmense, pretty silver trimming; Misses Clarice and Lui Ring wore white muslin dresses; Miss Browne, black chiffon taffetas daintily trimmed with gold and white; Miss Cousins (Hamilton), pretty white silk dress; Miss Edie Browne, pale pink silk relieved with green. Some of the men present were: Messrs. McNeill (2), Cooper (Hamilton), McCaw, St. Hill (Hamilton), Payne, Mahony, (Auckland), Banks, Sawyers, Pond, Seaweeds (Hamilton), Simcox, Rush, Corry (Wanganui), Kidd (Feilding).

### TAUMARUNUI.

June 20.

#### At Home.

A very successful "At Home" was given by Mrs. F. F. C. Cowper at her residence on Tuesday afternoon, June 14th. A town-guessing competition was the principal amusement. The first prize was won by Dr. Adams Monfries, and Mrs. Hume carried off the second. Afternoon tea was served in the dining-room. Mrs. Cowper received her guests in a handsome opalescent gown, the bodice trimmed with blue silk buttons; Mrs. Ward,

blue cloth costume, blue felt hat; Mrs. Blaber, black voile and black hat; Mrs. (Dr.). Adams Monfrics looked well in a dress of cinnamon brown cloth, and pretty brown straw hat; Mrs. Dickson, dark green cloth costume, white felt hat; Mrs. Clement Read looked stylish in a dark blue cloth costume and black hat trimmed with osprey; Mrs. Hume, cream coat and dark skirt; Mrs. Thorne, brown costume with brown felt hat; Mrs. Waldegrave looked charming in a dark green striped costume, and large black hat trimmed with wings; Mrs. Long, dark green coat, black and white hat; Mrs. R. Beeche, cream blouse and blue skirt.

**Tennis.**

The finals were played off on Wednesday last. Following were the results:—Combined doubles: Mrs. Ward and Barnard beat Mrs. Cowper and Dorizeo.

A series of "Cinderellas" will be held in aid of the funds for the new tennis court.

MAVIS.

**PAEROA.**

June 20.

Last Friday evening a most successful "At Home" was held in the Criterion Theatre, promoted by the Committee of the Silting Association. Music, euehre, and dancing were indulged in till the early hours of Saturday. Solos were given by Miss Penny, Messrs. Atkinson and Griffiths, and a recitation by Mr Donovan. Among those present were Mrs Bunskill (secretary of ladies' committee) in black satin; Mrs Henry Bush, red silk; Mrs Poland, black silk; Mrs Murphy, pale green eolienne; Mrs Andrews, black; Mrs McAndrew, black; Mrs Hanna (Te Aroha), black; Mrs Pearce (Thames), pink satin; Mrs Penny, fawn silk; Mrs Irwin, white lace; Mrs Adams, pale blue and jet; Mrs Mueller (Waibi), pink and black costume; Mrs Niccol, blue and white; Miss McCombie (Karangahake), white silk; Miss Medhurst, floral silk; Miss Thorpe, white; Miss Bagnall (Turua), pink; Miss E. Bagnall, white; Miss D. Kenny, white; Miss Henderson (Thames), white satin; Miss D. Hagne-Smith, white silk. Others were Misses Garnells, Forrest,

McAndrew, Cock, Shaw (2), Evans, Robson (2), Kenny, etc., Messrs Meredith, Bush (2), Clarkson, Bagnall, Kenny, Parker, McMicken, McWatters, Hanna (2), Martin, Searle, Nicoll, Hubbard, etc.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs Henry Bush held a most enjoyable kitchen tea for Miss Edwards, whose marriage to Mr Silcock takes place on the 29th of this month. There were present: Mrs Edwards, in black; Miss Edwards, in cream; Miss Connie Edwards, in black; Mrs Bush (senr.), black and white silk; Mrs Poland, black; Mrs Moresby, dark blue; Mrs Silcock, black; Miss Silcock, blue; Mrs Wood, black; Mrs Baker, brown; Mrs Coutt, black; Mrs Black, black; Mrs Murphy, brown; Mrs Inglis, navy blue; Mrs Towers, blue; Mrs McAndrew, black; Mrs Smith, navy blue; Mrs Randerson, blue; Mrs Penny, navy blue; Miss Hubbard, blue; Miss Hague-Smith, brown; Misses Walmsley (2), Miss McCombie Bagnall (2), Miss Thorpe, Miss McAndrew, etc. Mrs Brunskill won the guessing competition, and was presented with a silver jewel case, and Mrs Paland came second, and was given two silver hat pins.

LOIS.

**GISBORNE.**

June 17.

**At the Opera.**

Williamson's Grand Opera Company has been playing here this week to crowded audiences, and most enthusiastic ones at that. Amongst those attending were: Mrs Barton, pale blue silk and lace; Mrs Barker, crimson satin; Mrs Jex Blake, cream satin and lace; Mrs Mann, pink satin charmeuse; Mrs C. Thomas, pale blue chiffon taffetas; Miss Seymour, cream silk gown; Mrs Willock, black satin; Mrs Stephenson, lace gown over satin; Mrs Nolan, black and white silk; Miss Nolan, lilac crepe de chine; Miss H. Nolan, cream silk; Mrs N. Spence, blue satin gown, trimmed silver fringe; Mrs Wilson, black silk and lace; Mrs F. B. Barker, beautiful gown of cream satin, overdress of Paris lace; Miss Barker, blue satin luxe; Mrs Holden, black satin; Mrs MacLean, silver satin, trimmed violet; Miss MacLean, cream satin robe en Princesse; Mrs Foster, black silk; Mrs Branson, black satin charmeuse; Miss

Williams, black satin and jet; Miss Davies, black silk, embroidered in gold; Miss N. Davies, cream satin; Mrs Busby, black silk; Mrs Cottrell, cream satin and lace; Mrs Kennedy, striped black and white satin luxe; Miss Rees, heliotrope silk, covered black net; Miss E. Barker, pink silk; Mrs Reeve, black and white spotted taffetas silk; etc., etc.

**Dinner Party.**

On Wednesday evening Dr. and Mrs Carlyle Wilson entertained a small dinner party at the Gisborne Hotel and to the theatre afterwards, the party consisting of the host and hostess, Mesdames Barker, F. B. Barker and Jex Blake and Miss Barker, Messrs Jex Blake, F. B. Barker, J. Curtis.

**Personal.**

The Misses Williams and Busby arrived from Auckland last Wednesday.

Mr and Mrs L. Clayton arrived in Gisborne on Saturday last.

Mrs Margoliouth returned on Saturday from a visit to Hastings.

Mr and Mrs A. E. Kennedy returned from Napier on Saturday.

Captain T. Chrisp and Mrs Chrisp sailed on Saturday for Cairns, North Queensland.

Mr G. J. Black also left on Saturday to inspect his properties in Queensland.

ELSA.

**NAPIER.**

June 17.

**The Opera Season.**

Williamson's Grand Opera Company appeared in Napier on Saturday and Monday last, playing "La Boheme" and "Madam Butterfly." On both nights the house was packed with a most appreciative audience, the only drawback being that the theatre could accommodate so few. At the Cathedral on Sunday evening, Mr. Rufus Ferguson, of the Grand Opera Company, sang as an offertorium the solo, "It is Enough," from "Elijah."

**At Home.**

Mrs. Coleman entertained nearly two hundred guests to an "At Home," at Waititirau on Tuesday. The rooms were most beautifully decorated with autumn leaves, acacia, and roses, the tea table

being massed with violets and frezias. A most delightful little programme proceeded in the drawing-room. Miss Large who is always a great favourite, sang twice each time, giving two songs. Miss Morris and Miss Nina Hoadley's songs were much admired. Miss Warren (England), has a beautiful voice, and has not often been heard before. Miss Ivers played several pianoforte solos much to everyone's delight. As it was a perfect winter's afternoon, many of the guests strolled about in the gardens, which were looking very gay. Mrs. Coleman received her friends in a violet gown, white Spanish lace scarf. Mrs. Herbert Coleman, white cloth skirt, white lace blouse; Miss Ivers, tussore frock; Mrs. J. H. Williams, grey silk, toque of violet roses; Miss M. Williams, violet rose costume; Miss C. Williams, navy blue; Mrs. Barnard Chambers, silver grey; Mrs. H. Sanders, navy blue tailor-made, emerald green revers; Mrs. Nairn, tobacco-brown costume, hat trimmed with peacock blue; Mrs. Godfrey Pharazen, smart white cloth coat and skirt, much braided, large black beaver hat; Mrs. Eric Williams, dainty gown of maize colour; Mrs. A. H. Russell, black and white check coat and skirt; Mrs. H. A. Russell, black lace over white silk; Mrs. Hector Smith, black silk, white furs; Mrs. John Moore, amethyst gown; Mrs. P. S. McLean, pale grey, hat to match; Mrs. R. D. D. McLean, black and silver; Miss Beatrice McLean, French frock of rose pink crepe; Mrs. Henley, white coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Mills, pale grey silk hat trimmed with roses; Mrs. Levien, dark blue, brown sable furs, large black hat; Mrs. Russell Duncan, French grey coat and skirt, pink hat; Mrs. Kettle, smart navy blue braided in black; Mrs. Edgar, black velvet, large black hat; Mrs. Stedman, black silk, blue hat; Mrs. Lusk, mauve Princess gown; Miss Phyllis Lusk, white, rose pink hat; Mrs. Mayne, black silk, black beaver hat; Mrs. S. Riddell, pale blue coat and skirt; Mrs. Snodgrass, grey coat and skirt, green hat; Mrs. George Nelson, brown cashmere soie; Miss Lorna McLean, navy blue serge tailor-made.

**A Dance.**

Miss McHardy gave one of her popular little dances on Thursday evening.

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Amongst those present were: Mrs. Levison, black; Mrs. Ching, white muslin; Miss Northcroft, black; Miss Hindmarsh, white; Miss Meg Hindmarsh, black velvet; Miss Litch, white satin and Nile fishwife frock; Miss Scott (Christchurch), black; Miss Rathbone, white; Miss Cora Lee, brown, with white lace; Mrs. Henley, black satin; Mrs. Borlaise, black and silver; Miss Broderich, white satin; Mrs. Russell, grey silk; Messrs. Hoadley, Ching, Barron, Dr. Henley Beamish (Wellington), Messrs. Russell, Levison, Raven, Brabant.

#### Personal.

Captain Greenstreet, of the a.s. Ruahine, has been in Napier for a few days. He has many friends here who will be glad of the opportunity of congratulating him on the success of his new ship. Captain Greenstreet spent the week-end with Mr. Nelson at Waikoko, and on Monday entertained several lady friends to tea on board the Ruahine.

Mrs. T. H. Hunter (Otopo) is visiting her sister (Mrs. George Nelson).

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lysnar and family, from Gisborne, are visiting Napier.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Kinnear (Kumeroa) are also visiting Napier.

Miss Mabel Ormond (Mahia) is visiting her grandparents at Titngor.

#### MAIRIORA.

#### WAIKURAU.

June 14.

#### A Pleasant Dance.

A very pleasant little dance took place at Mrs. Reid's home, "Airlie Mount," on Friday evening last, as a farewell to Miss Arney, who is, after a prolonged tour of the Dominion, returning to relatives in England. Miss Arney leaves on Thursday next by the Corinthia, travelling via Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, and her friends all wished her "bon voyage." The drawing-room had been turned into a ballroom, the floor being in perfect order, and the walls being prettily decorated with flags and foliage. A recherche supper was laid in the dining-room, which was decorated with scarlet geraniums and white roses; the supper table looked lovely, decorated with roses and smilax. The large balcony, screened in and furnished as a drawing-room, made a delightful resting-place for the dancers. The morning-room was set apart for bridge devotees. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Reid, in black and white; Miss Arney, in black, trimmed with white lace; Mrs. Bogle, black skirt and black and white silk blouse; Miss Bogle, white muslin; Mrs. Haggite (Waipawa), rose pink velvet; Mrs. Harper, black silk and white lace; Miss Turton (Waipawa), white silk, pale blue ribbons in coiffure; Miss Smith, pink charmuse; Miss Gilbertson, white satin; Mrs. Parsons, pale pink nixon, trimmed with black velvet; Mrs. Todd, white skirt, pale blue ribbon in coiffure; Mrs. Houston, black and white; Mrs. von Dadelzon, pale blue silk, pink ribbon and rose in coiffure; Miss Bryant, white silk; Miss Grosvenor, white muslin; Mrs. Harvey, black and white with scarlet poppies in corsage; Miss Winlove, pale blue silk, trimmed with gold sequins; Mrs. Hamilton, pale pink silk, trimmed with black velvet; Mrs. Hunter, black, trimmed with white lace; Miss Jean Hooper, white muslin; Miss Reid, white muslin; Messrs. Todd, Carrole, Graham, Arthur, Parsons, Darley, Houston, M. Smith, W. Smith, Harvey, Harper, Bogle, von Dadelzon, Smart, Richardson, Reid. Mr. Arthur's musical items were much appreciated.

#### ETHNA.

#### HASTINGS.

June 16.

#### Tennis Ball.

The tennis ball on Tuesday night was fairly well attended, about eighty couples participating. The night was bitterly cold, so that dancing was kept up vigorously. The supper-room was decorated with native greenery, tennis racquets and hunting, the supper-tables looking particularly sweet and pretty with artificial sprays of peach blossoms, and candles shaded with soft pink. A large balcony festooned with creepers and greenery made a delightful rendezvous for non-dancers and musicians. The managing committee consisted of Messdames Miller, Campbell, Russel, Ebbett, Pharuzan, Banks, McKilbin, Beamish, Rainbow, Webber, McKenzie, Reichart, Tossawill, Newbigen, Misses Wellwood, Williams, Maddison, Baird. Others present were: Messdames Landels, Murray, Bowie, Clarke, Mason, Wheeler, Cooper, Macfarlane, Patrick, Synnes, Messrs. Ebbett,

Webber, Rainbow, Bowie, McKenzie, Campbell, Wheeler, Maddison.

#### The Races.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club races were well-attended, although the two days were bitterly cold. Cloaks were much in evidence, but I managed to get a glimpse of a few lovely autumn gowns and hats worn. Mrs. W. S. Stead looked stylish in a dark myrtle and black striped coat and skirt, with aeroplane green silk revers, black beaver tripod hat; Mrs. McKenzie wore an enviable cloak of sable brown fur, with hat of massed violets; Mrs. Nantes (Napier), brown cloth costume of cinnamon lace yoke, caramel straw hat with two shades of caramel; Mrs. Williams (Havelock), grey costume, becoming toque of massed roses; Miss Williams, brown and black tweed coat and skirt, black silk hat caught up with roses; Miss Williams, pretty rose cloth coat and skirt, smart rose winged hat; Miss Macfarlane, mole striped costume, smart black hat; Miss Macfarlane, white cloth costume, white wideawake hat with rose garland; Miss Macfarlane looked very pretty in a blue coat and skirt, with white revers and cuffs, braided in black, caramel straw hat with green cabochon; Miss Macfarlane, cream coat and skirt, Burgundian red turban with large possoone at the side of a deeper tone; Miss Williams, long cloak of cinnamon brown, stylish hat in the new green shade; Mrs. Lowry was gowned in mole, with mole hat caught with amethyst roses, Stone Marten stole and muff; Mrs. Tossawill wore a gown of amethyst with wide gold insertion, large white hat with silver and black; Mrs. Russell looked very handsome in a Scotch tweed coat and skirt, lovely white fox set, black hat; Miss Evans, brown cloth coat and skirt, Burgundian and brown mushroom hat; Mrs. Scott, vicuna directoire coat, brown beaver with gold quills; Miss Wheeler, brown coat and skirt, petrol-blue straw hat; Mrs. Nairn, brown coat and skirt, brown hat with blue coque feathers; Mrs. Alex. Lane looked very nice in a cream coat and skirt, buttoned and braided, green emerald hat with wings; Mrs. Campbell, pretty coat and skirt braided and buttoned, large hat with black wings; Miss Mackersey, cream costume, hat swathed with Paisley silk; Miss Nelson, cream costume, fancy hat; Mrs. Rathbone (Waipawa) looked sweetly pretty in hazel green, tweed hat en suite; Mrs. Reid wore a smart gown of myrtle green, felt hat of a lighter tone, with darker velvet trimmings; Mrs. Johnston, navy costume, hat of blue; Mrs. Hill, hazel green tweed, with black beaver hat; Mrs. De Lisle stylish military blue cloth coat and skirt; rose hat; Mrs. Seal, dark blue costume, smart green toque; Mrs. Hassal, bronze tweed coat and skirt, sailor hat with rose garland; Mrs. Mackersey, mole costume, flowered hat; Mrs. A'Deane wore a very stylish billiard green cloth coat and skirt, black beaver hat; Mrs. Pharuzan wore a delightful costume in white cloth, much touched; Russian turban of geranium panne, bound with golden brown sable; Mrs. Hallane, smart hazel striped serge, white facings, black braid, black hat with aluminium wreath; Mrs. Clarke wore all Sevres blue costume, hat en suite; Mrs. Tanner, leather tweed costume, hat en suite; Miss Gaisford, pansy costume, black beaver hat; Mrs. Ormond, violet costume, hat of black and white; Mrs. Sunderland grey coat and skirt, black hat with violets; Mrs. Faulkner, green striped costume, black beaver hat; Mrs. Edgar (Napier), handsome black velvet coat and skirt, black winged hat.

#### The Grand Opera.

Williamson's Grand Opera Co. paid Hastings a visit last Friday night, and were greeted with a packed theatre. Amongst the audience I noticed:—Mr. and Mrs. Russel, Miss Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. G. Beamish (Whana Whana), Miss Hewson, Mr. and Mrs. C. Scott, Miss Evans, Mrs. and Miss Newbigen, Mrs. Halse Mrs. Bellhy, Misses Kelly (2), Misses Wellwood (2), Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Kiely, Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Scannel, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Miss Mason, Miss Mackersey, Mr. and Mrs. Landels, Mrs. Clarkson, Misses Coleman (2), Mrs. Dr. De Lisle, Mrs. Byers, Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner, Mr. and Mrs. Banks.

#### Personal.

Mrs. Macdonell has gone on a visit to Westport.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Beamish have gone to Wellington.

Mrs. Cuthbertson is visiting relatives in Hastings.

#### SHERA.

#### FEILDING.

June 17.

#### Club Ball.

The topic of conversation for weeks past has been the club ball. The much-talked-of event took place last night (Thursday). No pains had been spared to make the ball what it was, an unqualified success. A temporary ballroom, built in the club grounds, was beautifully decorated with ferns and flags. A raised platform at one end held the musicians, and a comfortable room at the side was set apart for chaperons. Besides the ballroom the various club-rooms were used for cards, billiards, sitting-out, and supper-rooms—in fact, the scene was one of beauty, enjoyment, and comfort, and the result must have been very gratifying to the committee. There were a great many lovely dresses. It would be impossible to mention them all, but I will endeavour to describe a few: Mrs. Wall, lovely white satin frock; Mrs. Willis, pale blue satin trimmed with passementerie; Mrs. Gillespie, beautiful frock of embroidered chiffon over flame coloured satin; Mrs. Leslie Gorton, cream satin trimmed with coloured passementerie; Mrs. Mostyn Jones, heliotrope satin trimmed with silver; Mrs. Fisher (Wellington), cream satin; Mrs. McAllum, very handsome frock of black over silver tissue; Mrs. Meyrick, apricot satin, panel of beautiful lace on the skirt, bodice draped with the same; Mrs. Carr, yellow satin with pearl trimming; Mrs. Revington Jones, grey chiffon over grey silk, silver trimming; Mrs. H. Bailey, white satin, with corselet of gold tissue; Mrs. Banks, white satin and lace embroidered with pearls; Mrs. Roberts, white satin covered with very handsome spangled net; Mrs. G. Luxmore (Mangaweka), white lace over satin; Mrs. Swainson, handsome ivory satin; Miss Alice Riddiford (Palmerston); pale pink chiffon and satin; Miss Sybil Abraham, pale pink with gold trimming, gold in hair; Miss Olga Levett (Bulls), black; Miss Maude Levett (Kiwitea), white satin; Miss Elsie Bruce, white satin, skirt and bodice draped with pink roses, roses in hair; Miss Beryl Innes Jones (debutante), white taffeta, silver in hair; Miss Carey (debutante), white satin and silver; Miss Nellie Walpole (debutante), white silk embroidered with blue; Miss Blackmore, very handsome ivory satin, corselet and trimming of gold tissue and fringe; Miss Godfrey, handsome dress of black velvet; Miss Nicholson (England), black satin; Miss Prior, white satin draped with chiffon, beautiful silver trimming; Miss Walker, pale pink satin; Miss Laura Haybittle, cream satin trimmed with silver; Miss O'Halloran, white taffeta, silver trimming; Miss De Castro (Wellington), white satin, gold trimming, gold in hair; Miss Wheeler, vieux rose taffeta; Miss Shannon, white satin trimmed with gold passementerie; Miss Livesay, cream silk trimmed with spangled net and silver trimming. Amongst others I noticed: Messdames Jacob (Kiwitea), Levett (Kiwitea), Riddiford (Palmerston), Jones Jones, Francis, Long, Barton, Goodbehere, Alymer, Miller, S. Johnston, Beedie, G. Shannon (Marton), Gorton, C. Derner, Fry, Evans, Miles, Luxmore, Atkinson, Clayton, Misses W. Walpole, Francis, West, Kirton, McBeth (2), Taylor, Sapin, Ray, Long, Wyatt, J. Bruce, T. Haybittle, V. Haybittle, Chalmers, Messrs Gillespie, Clayton, Conway, Levett (2), Goodbehere (2), Jacob, Shine (Palmerston), McQuay, Carr, Barton (2), Mostyn Jones, Prior (2), Willis (Greatford), Turnbull, Luxmore (3), Shannon (2), Brood (2) (Marton), Scott, Gaisford, Gillet, Banks (2), Derner, Johnston, Montgomery, McLennan, Spain, Roberts, Booth (2), French, Revington, Jones, Calman, Burrell, Cotterill, Gorton (2), Rev. Innes Jones, Mrs. McAllum, Willis, Livesay, and Beedie (Kimholton).

The committee were ably assisted in their duties by Messdames Ed. Goodbehere, Carr, Willis, Jacob, and Gillespie, who acted as hostesses.

#### Rinking.

Rinking seems to be once more becoming a popular pastime, morning and afternoon rinking parties being the order of the day.

#### PERSONAL.

Miss Godfrey (Eketahuna) is the guest

of Mrs. Pickering (Beaconsfield).

Miss De Castro (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. McAllum.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Luxmore (Mangaweka) are the guests of Mrs. Luxmore (Westmont).

#### TUL.

#### NEW PLYMOUTH.

June 17.

#### A Social.

Last Tuesday evening the vicar and Mrs. F. G. Evans held a most enjoyable social gathering in connection with the workers of St. Mary's Church, in St. Mary's Hall. During the evening games were indulged in, and vocal items were rendered by Mr. Nixon and Miss Gideon, while the Rev. Mr. A. Colvill gave two very amusing recitations. A most recherche supper was served in one of the side rooms. Mrs. Evans received her guests in a charming black velvet gown finished with cream lace insertion, embroidered with jet; Miss B. Evans, tussore silk, with rose pink centre; Miss F. Evans, pretty cream Louise silk blouse, ruby velvet skirt; Miss M. Evans, cream silk, pale blue centre; Mrs. Baker, black costume, cream silk vest embroidered with black; Mrs. Courtney, black silk, real lace berthe; Mrs. Home, pretty pale grey crepe de Chine, cream silk lace finished with lace motifs; Miss A. Hempton, pale heliotrope silk, cream lace yoke, finished with black velvet; Miss Percy Smith, rose pink with silk blouse finished with cream lace yoke; Miss Bedford, white embroidered muslin; Miss D. Bedford, cream silk; Miss W. Baker, pale helio-

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Queen Street,  
Ralph H. Parubank, Chemist, North  
Bluff.  
Fluor Cream, 2/- per pot.



trope muslin, finished with Oriental trimming; Miss R. Baker, white muslin; Miss Warren, cream silk; Miss Skinner, sage green voile, cream lace yoke; Mrs. W. Webster, black costume, pretty saxe blue and cream opera coat; Miss W. Webster, cream crystalline, with lace yoke; Miss Handley, cream crystalline with silk blouse; Mrs. Paton, black silk, bodice finished with lace insertion; Mrs. Dockrill, black and white, costume; Mrs. A. Jones, black taffetas, cream lace blouse; Miss McKellar, black silk; Miss L. Brown, pink floral silk; Miss Hanna, white inserted muslin; Miss N. Hanna, vieux rose crystalline, cream silk yoke, finished with lace motifs; Miss Dowling, white muslin; Miss B. Mathews, cream silk; Mrs. Davy, reseda green crystalline, cream lace yoke, finished with floral guimpe; Miss Carte, pink floral muslin; Mrs. Bewley, black, cream lace berthe; Mrs. Glasgow, brown taffetas, relieved with cream lace; Miss G. Bewley, white muslin; Miss M. Glasgow, white muslin; Mrs. J. Harvey, cream silk; Miss R. Crawford, pale heliotrope muslin; Miss A. Crawford, lettuce green muslin, folded bodice, cream lace yoke; Mrs. V. Mackay, cream silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss F. Wood, black velvet relieved with cream lace; Mrs. Kempthorne, cream floral voile finished with lace insertion; Miss Knott, white muslin; Mrs. Hall; Miss Hall, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. Jackson, cream silk; Mrs. F. Webster; Miss Ahier; Miss Roy, white muslin; Miss D. Roy, cream crystalline, bib yoke inset with lace; Miss G. Roy, pale pink silk.

**Birthday Celebration.**

Mrs. Thomas King held a reception last Wednesday afternoon to celebrate her ninety-second birthday, and very sweet she looked seated in a lounging chair, robed in black silk with a dainty white shawl draped round her shoulders. There were many callers, and amongst them were:—Mrs. and Misses Hemp-ton (3), Mrs. W. Newman, Mrs. T. White, Miss Gilmour, Mrs. Bedford, Mrs. Roy and Miss G. Roy, Mrs. Laing, Miss N. Laing, Miss F. Wood, Mrs. Renaud and Miss R. Renaud, Mrs. and Miss M. Lennon, Mrs. Chaney, Mrs. Whetter, Mrs. Courtney, Mrs. and Miss Devenish, Mrs. Earp, Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Newton King, Mrs. Mathews, Misses Humphries (2), Mrs. J. Wilson and children, Mrs. Douglas and Miss Shaw, Miss Betty King, Miss Tidy, Mrs. F. Webster, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Fookes, sen.

NANCY LEE.

**PALMERSTON NORTH.**

June 17.

**Afternoon Tea.**

Mrs Morrah, Bank of Australasia, entertained a party of friends at afternoon tea yesterday. A herald of early spring were vases of daffodils, arranged in the drawing room. Mrs Greig and the Misses Barnicoat and Dorothy Morrah played several piano solos, which were very much enjoyed by the guests. The hostess wore a cream voile skirt and dainty blouse of cream tuoked net and lace; Mrs Barnicoat, a dark green coat and skirt, and black hat with black wings; Miss Barnicoat, navy coat and skirt, green hat with green silk bows, piped with pale blue silk; Mrs C. E. Waldegrave, black coat and skirt, black lace scarf, all black hat; Miss D. Waldegrave, beaver coat and skirt, black hat with black velvet trimming; Mrs Harden, navy coat and skirt, cerise floral toque with velvet of same shade and touches of black, brown fur and muff; Miss Randolph, navy coat and skirt, black hat with green velvet and cluster of pink roses; Mrs H. R. Waldegrave, black coat and skirt, large black hat with black velvet band; Miss T. Waldegrave, black Russian costume, braided in black, black beaver hat; Mrs Greig, blue-grey coat and skirt, black hat with black wings; Mrs McKnight, grey striped coat and skirt, white coque feather boa, black beaver hat; Miss Crook, navy blue coat and skirt, mauve hat with fawn wing.

**Golf Dance.**

A small dance was given by the Golf Club on Wednesday as a warming for the new club house. Mr and Mrs L. A. Abraham, Miss Sybil Abraham, Mr and Mrs A. Strang, Mr and Mrs H. Cooper, Mr and Mrs Moore, Mr and Mrs P. Sim, Mrs and Miss Warburton, Mr and Mrs G. W. Harden, the Misses Abraham, Mr and Mrs Harman, Mr and Mrs Cohen,

Miss Hewitt, Captain Hewitt (India), Miss O'Brien, Messrs Barraud, Tyerman and others were present.

**Personal.**

Captain Dudley Hewitt, second son of Captain Hewitt, R.N., is at present at home on furlough from India. His leave lasts till October.

Mrs Shivas (Wellington) is staying with her sister (Mrs McGill).

Mr D. Buick, M.P., and Mrs Buick have returned from a trip to the South Island.

Miss Hewitt has returned from Wellington.

Miss Pinches (Wanganui) is the guest of Mrs F. E. Watson.

Miss Bright (Gisborne) is visiting Mrs R. K. Reed.

Mr J. M. Johnstone is at present in Dunedin.

Mrs F. E. Watson entertained a few friends on last Monday evening. The Misses Watson, Pinches, Porter and Levein and Messrs Watson and Keeble added to the pleasure of the evening with musical contributions.

The Misses Gladys, Ella and Olive Smith entertained a party of girl friends at a ping-pong party on Saturday afternoon.

VIOLET.

**WANGANUI.**

June 11.

**The Opera.**

There was a very large and appreciative audience last week at the Opera House, when "La Boheme" was performed by Williamson's Grand Opera Company. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Kitchen, Miss Willis, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Anderson, Miss James, Mrs. Wait, Miss Todd, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Brewer, and many others.

**Golf.**

There were a large number present at the Belmont links on Wednesday. Afternoon tea was given by Mrs. and the Misses Dymock. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Eric Riddiford (Wellington), Mrs. Gifford Marshall, Miss Cave, Mrs. Good, Mrs. V. Cowper, Mrs. Inlay Saunders, Mrs. Sarjeant, Mrs. Colin Campbell, Miss Moore, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Miss Wilford, Mrs. Christie, Miss Parsons, Miss Knapp, Miss Collier, Mrs. Tewsley, Miss Harper, Mrs. W. Paterson, and many others.

A very satisfactory sum was collected for the District Nurses' League on Saturday. When all the returns come in, it is confidently expected that the year's efforts will aggregate £300. Amongst those who collected were Mrs. D'Arcy, Mrs. D. Meldrum, Mrs. Jacob, Misses Marshall, Christie, Ashcroft, Parsons, and others.

**Personal.**

Mr. and Mrs. John Mason, of Wanganui, are at present staying in Wellington.

Mrs. John Fairburn, of Wanganui, is staying with friends in Palmerston North.

Mrs. Eric Riddiford, of Wellington, has been staying in Wanganui with her sister, Mrs. Wall.

Miss Scott, of Gisborne, is staying in Wanganui with her sister, Mrs. J. Innes.

Miss Allen, of England, is staying in Wanganui with Mr. and Mrs. J. Allen.

Rev. H. and Mrs. Dove, of the Collegiate School, Wanganui, have returned from their trip in the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Lance Steedman, of Palmerston North, have returned from their visit to Mrs. H. F. Christie, St. John's Hill, Wanganui.

Mr. Butterworth, of Wanganui, has returned from his holiday in Christchurch and Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Chrystophers, of Wellington, are staying in Wanganui.

Miss D. Brettargh, of Wanganui, is the guest of Miss Cowper in Dannevirke.

Miss Moore, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Wellington.

Mr. E. Cowper, of Wanganui, has returned from his visit to Dannevirke.

Mrs. Dodgshun, of Wellington, is at present staying in Wanganui.

Mr. Herbert Balbidge, of Wanganui, has been staying in Wellington.

Mrs. A. Izard, of Wanganui, spent a few days in Palmerston North recently. Mr. Howard Dodgshun, of Dunedin, is staying in Wanganui.

turned from his holiday trip to England last week, and intends to take up his residence in Wellington.

Miss E. Steele, of Wellington, is the guest of Mrs. Newcombe in Wanganui.

Miss Cutfield, of Wanganui, has been staying in Wellington.

Mrs. A. Montgomery, of Wanganui, has been spending a short holiday in Wellington.

Mrs. (Dr.) Innes, of Wanganui, and her sister, Miss Scott, of Gisborne, motored through from Wanganui to Wellington and back.

Miss Connolly, of Wanganui, is staying in Wellington.

Mrs. Hawken, of Wanganui, is staying in Wellington with her daughter, Mrs. Coverdale.

Mr. A. Strang, of Palmerston North, has been staying in Wanganui recently.

Mrs. Montgomerie, of Wanganui, who has been staying in Dannevirke with friends, is now in Wanganui with her daughter, Mrs. Anderson.

HUIA

**SOUTH TARANAKI.**

Hawera, June 17.

**Bowling Club Social.**

The Hawera Bowling Club held a very enjoyable social on Wednesday evening. There was a very good attendance, in spite of adverse weather, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. After a short musical programme a progressive euchre tournament was held, and the prizes were won by Miss Curtis and Mr. F. Livingston. After the euchre, dancing was kept up until a fairly late hour.

**Personal.**

Mrs. R. H. Nolan and Mrs. Brewer have gone to Hawke's Bay for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hirst, who have been on a six months' trip to the Far East, have returned home.

Mr. H. Chalmers, who has been transferred to Eltham, left on Monday for his new home. On Saturday evening his friends entertained him at a dance and supper, and presented him with a suit case as a token of esteem.

Mr. F. B. Wylds, who succeeds Mr. Chalmers, has arrived in Hawera.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hull have gone to Rotorua for a holiday.

JOAN.

**BLENHEIM.**

June 16.

**Small Dance.**

On Thursday evening the Misses Horton held a dance in the Orange Hall, but on account of the very wet weather a number who had decided to attend preferred to remain indoors. Some of those present were:—Mrs Walker, pretty cream net blouse, piped with pale blue cord, black taffeta skirt; Miss I. Horton, black chiffon taffeta dress, relieved with Paris net; Miss D. Horton, mauve muslin Empire gown; Miss Clarke (Wellington), pale blue ninon frock, relieved with cream; Miss D. Fisher, white silk; Miss E. Fisher, pale green silk muslin; Miss K. Barnett, pale blue silk, relieved with black velvet; Miss E. MacDonald, white net over white glace silk, made in the Empire style; Miss McKay, white silk; Messrs Paul, C. McShane, B. Moore, Churchward, Horton (2), Barnett, Burgess.

After the dance was over Mrs Walker entertained a few friends at her residence in Maxwell-road at a supper party. Some of those present were:—Mrs Walker, Mrs Bennett, Misses Clarke, Horton (2), Messrs Churchward, B. Moore, McShane, Mrs. Walker and Bennett.

On the Links. Last Saturday afternoon there was a good attendance at the Riverland golf links. Afternoon tea was provided by the ladies present, which was much appreciated. Some of those I noticed were:—Mrs D'Arcy Chaytor, Mrs C. Mills, Mrs MacLaine, Misses McLauchlan, Fulton, Chapman, Neville, Newton, E. Mowat, Horton (2), Chaytor (2), B. Griffiths, and Clouston (2).

Garrison Band Concert. On Tuesday evening the Garrison Band held a most successful concert in the Blenheim Town Hall, when there was an unusually large audience. On this occasion it was the last public appearance of Lieutenant Rose as musical conductor, and opportunity was taken at the conclusion of the concert of presenting Mr Rose with a large and handsomely-framed

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A HAIR DYE that does not change color! BLAND'S VEGETABLE HAIR DYE is quite different from all others; purely vegetable, it dyes natural colors—no metallic sheen, green or other disagreeable effects. Post free, 3/6. State shade required. Money returned if not as represented. - MISS CLOUGH, Ladies' Depot, 44, George Street, Dunedin.



enlarged photo of the members of the band, as a small recognition of his time and useful service in their welfare. There was much more vocal music than is usual, and the band itself put forth their best efforts to give adequate rendering of the music. Some of those present were:—Mesdames Innis, Marsh, Northcroft, McCallum, Wilson, Clouston, Woods, Bennett, Bartlett, Canavan, Misses Neville (2), C. Marsh, Bell (2), Clouston (2), Mowat, B. Griffiths, Horton (2), etc.

**Personal.**

Mrs W. Clouston and Miss Clouston have returned from a short visit to the Empire city.  
Miss R. McRae left Blenheim for Christchurch last Saturday.  
Mr and Mrs B. Calemam ("Vernon") are visiting Christchurch.  
Mr and Mrs Morrison (Gisborne) are at present staying at the Criterion Hotel, and we learn it is the doctor's intention to commence practice here.  
Miss Curry (Westport) and Mrs Scott (Auckland) are the guests of Mr J. Reid's.  
Mrs A. Bell has returned from a short visit to the Empire city.  
Mrs J. T. Wilson is visiting Wellington.  
Hon. Mr and Mrs C. H. Mills (Wellington), accompanied by Miss A. Neville, are visiting Mr and Mrs I. Mills, at Eli Bay.

mond, coral pink taffetas; Miss R. Glasgow, white lace over glace; Miss Wix (England), white sequined net trimmed with pale blue velvet; Miss Leggatt, black chiffon taffeta; Miss Stevens, smart gown of crimson brocade; Miss Langley-Adams, pale blue charmeuse; Miss Houliker, white lace over pale blue glace; Misses Cock, sky-blue charmeuse Empire gowns; Miss V. Bamford, black chiffon taffetas; Miss D. Webb, purple chiffon over satin; Miss Tomlinson, pink chiffon taffeta; Miss Clark, yellow silk; Miss G. Clark, pale blue charmeuse; Miss Earl, black chiffon; Miss Blackett, black sequined net; Miss Dixon, black net over satin; Miss B. Sharp, pale pink silk; Miss L. Haggitt (Dunedin), pale blue chiffon over silk; Miss D. Bell, pink charmeuse satin; Miss G. Harley, blue chiffon taffeta; Miss Hodson, black net over satin; Miss Booth, handsome gown of white lace over satin; Miss D. Booth, Empire gown of white satin; Miss S. Fell, cream silk; Miss Hair, pale pink taffetas. There were also present:—Messrs. Frank Edwards, Dudley Edwards, George Hoby, Cote, Hamilton (5), de Castro, Broad, Wright (Cable Bay), Brown (Stoke), Walter Colt (Brightwater), Henderson, Richards (Wellington), Allen, Harrison, Gillies, Booth, H. Cook, Houliker (3), J. Glasgow, Huddleston, Bigg-Wither, Heaps, E. Moore, Ledger, Colclough, Bunny, Grace (2), Harley, de Tourrette; Drs. Barr, Gibbs, and Johnston; Captain Blunt and officers of H.M.S. Pioneer.

a habit of those creatures to give the guardians of Tory Channel outlook the slip, and come up from the Sound to take a look at Picton, and see how it is progressing. They generally also manage to escape again, though the telephone gives warning to the whalers of their appearance.

**Personal.**

Miss Smith (Blenheim) was in Picton the other day, calling on some of her old friends.  
Mrs Neilson, and Mrs Beasley (Wairarapa) are visiting Mr and Mrs G. W. Nicol in Taranaki-street.  
Mr and Mrs Fantham (Wanganui) are visiting Picton just now, and are being heartily welcomed by many old friends.  
Mr Stanley Beauchamp has been visiting his mother at Waikanae-road, and also relations at the Grove, and Mahakipawa.  
Miss Philpotts has gone to stay with friends in Nelson for a fortnight.  
Mr and Mrs Oxley have returned from a few weeks' visit to the North Island.  
Mrs Scott has gone to Seddon to stay a few weeks with Mr and Mrs Simpson.  
Mr and Mrs Hamilton Baillie and Mrs Wilford have returned to Palmerston North. Mr Baillie, who had a year's sick leave from the Bank of New Zealand, hopes to get into harness again shortly.  
Miss McNab and Miss Grace (Blenheim) spent a short visit with Mrs Maitland last week.  
Mrs Reid died rather suddenly in Blenheim last week. She had a good many friends in Picton, who sincerely regret her death.

**NELSON.**

June 16.

**PICTON.**

June 16.

**A Successful Ball.**

One of the most enjoyable social functions of the season was the ball given at Warwick House on the 10th of June. The hostesses were: Mrs. Frank Edwards (Stoke), Mrs. Dudley Edwards, Mrs. George Hoby, and the Misses Edwards. The floral decorations in the large hall and in the ball-room were charming; the walls were festooned with pale pink roses, smilax and ferns. The supper tables were very artistically decorated with scarlet salvia and white chrysanthemums. Mrs. Frank Edwards was handsomely gowned in white charmeuse satin; Mrs. Dudley Edwards, pretty frock was moonlight-blue satin, with overdress of white sequined chiffon; Mrs. George Hoby wore palest pink chiffon charnante over satin, with bands of gold galon; Miss Edwards was wearing a smart gown of white spotted net over glace; Miss F. Edwards, shell pink-crepe de chine; Miss C. Edwards, white net over white silk. Among those present were: Mrs. John Drew, black satin; Mrs. Boyd, rich black silk, with jetted lace; Mrs. V. H. Barr, Empire gown of grey charmeuse satin with tunic effect in grey chiffon; Mrs. de Castro, ciel blue satin; Mrs. E. J. Allen, black chiffon; Mrs. C. H. Cote, white silk net over green satin; Mrs. Harrison, black charmeuse; Mrs. Fred Hamilton, vieux-rose taffeta; Mrs. E. Moore, black lace gown; Mrs. Wright (Cable Bay), white net, bands of white satin; Mrs. W. Squire, white sequined net over white satin; Mrs. Brown (Stoke), black net sequined with silver; Mrs. S. Gibbs, lace robe of Irish crochet over white satin; Mrs. J. Glasgow, green charmeuse; Mrs. C. H. Broad, pale blue net over satin; Mrs. Walter Colt (Brightwater), pale mauve taffeta with silver; Mrs. Mark Grace (Stoke), handsome gown of white taffetas with gold embroideries; Mrs. H. Cook, yellow chiffon taffeta; Mrs. Guy Ellis (Palmer), black lace over silk; Mrs. Claude Hamilton, white lace with rose embroideries; Mrs. W. Henderson (North Island), white satin gown; Mrs. Murdoch (Timaru), white satin, with tunic of silver net; Mrs. D. Gillies, black chiffon taffeta; Mrs. Innes-Ledger, sky blue satin; Miss Huddleston, handsome gown of black net over white satin; Miss May Hamilton (debutante), becoming Directoire gown of white satin; Miss Kathleen Blochynen (debutante), dainty frock of spotted chiffon over white satin; Mrs. de Tourrette, Empire gown of pink chiffon taffeta; Misses Gilkinson, black net costumes; Miss Tolmie, shell-pink charmeuse Empire gown; Miss Rich-

**The Pioneer.**

A quiet departure was that of the training-ship Pioneer, which left the harbour on Thursday morning, after a three day's visit. One hardly realised that a King's vessel was in the harbour, so quiet was everything connected with its visit.

**Concert.**

The Belle Crome Company paid a second visit to Picton last Wednesday, and was greeted by one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the hall, also one of the most enthusiastic. A few among the audience were:—Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Le Cocq, Dr. Mrs., and Miss Tripe, Mr. and Mrs. Harwood, Mr. and Mrs. Nicol, Mrs. and Miss Macalister, Mr. and Mrs. Maitland, Mr. and Mrs. Lucena, Mrs. and Misses McMahon, Misses Seymour, Dawkins, Greensill (2), Fuller (2), Godfrey, etc.

**Afternoon Tea.**

Quite a number gathered at Mrs. Riddell's on Monday and chattered about the festivities, past, present, and to come. Among those present were:—Mrs. Riddell, in black voile trimmed with silk and lace; Mesdames Nicol, Beasley, Neilson, Chambers, Rodman, Robinson, Le Cocq, Vickers, Allen, Haslett, Fantham, Barnsdale, Philpotts, Cawte, Misses Dawkins, Kirkley etc.

**A Social.**

Another of the winter socials in connection with the Anglican Sunday School took place last Wednesday evening, Mesdames Nicol, Chambers and Storey being the hostesses, and responsible for the programme, which was an excellent one. Songs were rendered by Miss Ria Macalister, Mr. Beesley, Miss Blanche Smith, Mrs. Beesley, Miss L. Cragg, Miss Rollingshaw, Miss E. McIntosh, and a duet by Mesdames Nicol and Beesley. The audience was a very large one, the schoolroom being crowded to the door.

**The C.E.M.S.**

A lecture by the Rev. O. J. Kimberley organising secretary to the Church of England Men's Society, was an attraction for a good many people last evening. The lecture was illustrated by lantern views of the Mission Fields.

**Visitors from the Sea.**

Whales are not often recognised as visitors to a town, but it is becoming

**BELLE.**

**CHRISTCHURCH.**

June 17.

**Capping Day.**

We have had a particularly quiet week. There has been absolutely nothing going on.  
This afternoon the University ceremony of conferring degrees and presenting diplomas takes place at Canterbury College Hall. This morning the students marched through town, headed by a band, and many of them dressed up in wonderful fancy costumes, which, as usual, caused general amusement. They were followed by an admiring crowd. Prof. and Mrs. Haslam are entertaining the Professors and students at afternoon tea after the presentation of diplomas.  
This evening a conversation will be held in College Hall, and the various departments of the College will be open for inspection. Afterwards a dance will close the proceedings of Diploma Day.

**Personal.**

Mrs. and Miss Boyle returned to Christchurch from Wellington on Thursday, where they were guests at the wedding of Miss Doris Johnson and Captain the Hon. Nigel Gathorne-Hardy.  
Visitors to Christchurch include: Mrs. S. Gordon (Wanganui), Mrs. Rossmore Wilson (Cheviot); Mrs. Goldingham (Palmerston North) is staying with Mrs. Beckett ("Almora," Riccarton); Mrs. and Miss Wroughten (Ashburton); Mr. and Mrs. George Rhodes and their little daughter, who have been the guests of Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes (Merivale), have returned to Meadowbank.  
Mrs. G. Helmore (Fendalton) is visiting Dunedin.  
Mr. and Mrs. Black, who have been spending a few weeks in Christchurch, have returned to Port Chalmers.  
Mrs. G. Stead has returned from a visit to Hawke's Bay.  
Mrs. H. Wood has returned from Dunedin.

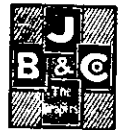
DOLLY VALE.

The old politician lay speechless in bed: His cold was so bad that he got no repose. He scarcely could think how to "act," it is said.  
To follow the "eyes," or to run with the "nose."  
That cough I'd "unsent," and the illness "defeat."  
With no "want of confidence" sure!  
And the "speaker," true friend, his health did "amend."  
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

**WINTER'S COLD CLUTCH.**

**HOW IT AFFECTS THE COMPLEXION.**

It does not matter how mild the winter may be, it is trying to the skin. It does not matter how healthy your skin or how good your complexion may be: If you don't take care, the winter will play havoc with you. If you lose your complexion, you lose your charm. One of the commonest and saddest sights on earth is the woman who, with good features, has a bad complexion, and so falls to be even ordinarily pretty. If you want to avoid that, you must use at least two of the world-famous John Strange Winter specifics.  
Lakshmi, the finest skin lotion known, contains no trace of injurious ingredients (excellent for gentlemen after shaving). Of all good toilet dentifiers, 3/6. Post free from the JOHN STRANGE WINTER CO., Wellington, 3/6.  
Lakshmi Cream contains no animal fat, exquisite and fragrant, 3/6; post free, 3/6.



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By MARGUERITE.

## The New Millinery

**A**FTER the turban coiffure, or possibly as a natural result of that favourite form of hairdressing, there comes the turban toque, and by this is meant at the moment, not at all the kind of toque once known by that name, which rested contentedly on the top of the head, made simply in velvet or silk, with an aigrette standing up high on one side.

The turban toque of to-day is far more literally a turban, and is not at all unlike the closely swathed head-dresses which are frequently to be seen in the London streets on the heads of swarthy Oriental gentlemen, the rest of whose garb, frock coat, grey trousers, and so on, is entirely European, and very possibly the handiwork of a good English tailor. Just such turbans as these, with crossing draperies of soft silk or chiffon velvet are among the millinery novelties of the moment, and in clever hands they can be made exceedingly becoming, especially when they are finished at the side with a jewelled ornament consisting of a large emerald or sapphire-coloured stone, set round in a platinum framework, and having a large pear-shaped stone to match, depending from the centre. Some of these turbans are made in brightly coloured mirror velvets, and set rather far back on the head, with no trimming beyond two large hat-pins with heads in carved and tinted horn, shaped and coloured so that they closely imitate dragon flies or clusters of iris blossom.



## Short Skirts Find Great Favour.

A number of smartly-dressed Parisians are at least taking to trotteur skirts that are extremely short. Their length is made more conspicuous because they are slit on the side and are bordered with a narrow band of fur.

The newest calling gowns are made Princess and of shadow-checked velvet. Handsome crocheted and cut buttons are the chief ornaments for these gowns. With these are worn long fur wraps and dolmans made of the same material.

Cloth gowns are in the ascendant. They have taken the place of satin and of velvet. Many are made Princess with the long panel in front. They are popular because they give the figure an extremely trim look.

The crocheted effects in trimming are quite novel. The samples are made with the crochet stitch caught into the net, and whether simple or elaborate when carefully worked, the effect certainly is

This charming toilette of soft, creamy satin is suitable for a debutante, and a sash of the satin comes gracefully down the front of the semi-Empire bodice, where it is caught with silver-tissue roses. Embroidery finishes the hem and the corsage.

beautiful. A handsome gown combines black net with crochet work known as Egyptian brick.

Strange though it sounds, fur sashes are now far more popular than the Directoire sash of a few months ago. These sashes of fur are selected to harmonise with the colour of the gown, and are made of light weight. Marabout and white lynx are the favourite materials for evening gowns.

A number of new satin-faced cloths have been launched. The prettiest is an

order of prunella, but showing a ribbed effect that lies crosswise of the material. Its lustrewise surface is charming. It is shown in cuirassier blue, medium brown, and a dark green as well as in a rich purple.

left side, where it is frequently bordered with fur. Braidings and buttons also adorn the side. The long coats for travelling, motoring, and walking follow the same trend. Wrapping well over the chest, they fasten on the left shoulder and down the side. It is the same with many of the afternoon dresses and house frocks. In the case of coats, the side fastening is greatly to be recommended, protecting the body as it does just where warmth is most needed. The side fastening has a touch of quaintness, too, and after its long absence is almost as good as a novelty.

## Side Fastenings.

There is quite an epidemic of side fastenings and side trimmings, as a result of the Russian styles. The favourite tunic, of course, fastens well over the



DESCRIPTION OF OUR SKETCH.

The little frock worn by the child on the right of the sketch is carried out in fine white serge, with belt and shaped yoke of pale blue. As regards the little lady with the doll, she is dressed in a pretty frock in a combination of silk and cloth, trimmed with scrolls of soutache and a motif of floss-silk embroidery.



HAT OF BLACK VELVET

trimmed with soft satin in a shade of myrtle green and a circular chased silver buckle.

## The Fabric that rivals silk— "SILVASHEEN."

It looks as well, wears very much better, and costs less. Especially suitable for BLOUSES, UNDERSKIRTS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, SKIRT AND BODICE LINING, CUSHION COVERS, ETC.

In Fast Black and all Colours.

The Queen says: "Silvasheen" is a capital lining; it lasts where silk does not, and has all the sheen of a silk.

See "SILVASHEEN" name on selvedge.

If you want the very best

G. & G. 60

## FLANNELETTE

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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.

**Novelties in Dress.**

Tricorn hats in fur, cloth, satin, and velvet are now to be seen.  
 For the full puff crowns on turbans moire antique silk takes first place.  
 The sailor jersey is delightful for morning wear.  
 Large and fancy shaped buckles are covered with puckered metallic tissue.  
 Sequined net scarves finish with a brilliant fringe or heavy tassels.  
 Elizabethan bodices coming down to long points, back and front, come over gather-skirts.  
 Metallic gauzes used as scarves and

**Fur Necklets for Evening Wear.**

Fur necklets for evening wear are one of the newest fancies of the season. These necklets are so small that they may be carried in the opera bag or the pocket in the lining of the evening wrap, and may be put on when coming from the theatre or restaurant.  
 Some of the daintiest designs are in chinchilla lined with shot satin or moire, finished in front with a cascade of old lace. Other becoming designs are

**Some Beautiful Theatre Cloaks.**

The curious craze for all things Russian has not been without its influence upon the evening cloaks of the season, and a very gorgeous wrap included in a recent trousseau is arranged in emerald green velvet on the lines of the long three-quarter-length Russian blouse, drawn in at the waist under a belt jewelled and bordered at the hem with a broad band of sable. The same fur is carried down the front of the coat, and used also to border the high stand-up collar and the gauntlet cuffs.  
 Another really beautiful cloak in rich, soft satin is chosen in a lovely new shade known as "star-sapphire" blue, and made in a long, straight shape, closely resembling the kimono wraps of some seasons ago, but arranged with a considerable amount of fullness at the hem, where the cloak is finished with a deep band of skunk. The large square sleeves are characteristically Japanese in shape, and are also bordered with fur, while the coat is finished with a skunk collar, and lined throughout with palest pink crepe de chine embroidered with tiny clusters of white roses and rosebuds, surrounded by sprays of pale green leaves.  
 On other new evening cloaks in velvet there are some exceedingly attractive trimmings, composed of narrow rouleaux of very fine, soft leather, put on to the velvet background in quaint scroll-work designs. These leather ornaments resemble some beautiful piece of old prosaic, as the colours chosen are always of the daintiest and most delicate description, while the texture of the leather lends itself amiably to the most elaborate manipulations. A long coat in deep amethyst mirror velvet, lined with pale mauve satin shot with silver, and bordered with skunk, is adorned most successfully with this new leather trimming.



A PRETTY GOWN OF ROSE-COLOURED CLOTH, WITH FLOSS SILK EMBROIDERY.

tied with hanging ends are the sole trimmings for many large rough beaver hats.

In contrast to the sober tailor-made costumes for street wear, the graceful indoor gowns are more striking than ever in colour.

Relief work in gold and silver thread placed over richly-coloured satins is used in many ways for trimming hats and gowns, and as vests and waistcoats.

On large fur hats, waving trimmings fastened in with a bejewelled button near the front come at the right side.

Long overdresses of transparent net embroidered at the lower edges find still many admirers. The colouring is the same as the gown worn beneath, though the shade may vary.

in ermine lined with Liberty satin in soft, delicate colourings, outlined with a narrow band of seal. The ermine necklets are fairly long, and the tails are used as a fringe, while the ends are often tied in a bow.

A charming neck finish appears on some of the new evening wraps made with collarless necks or with collars turning away from the throat. This finish is in the form of a long, narrow scarf of chiffon, embroidered in silver crystal or jet, and finished with fringe to match the embroidery. This scarf is attached to one side of the wrap at the neck, and it may be swathed several times round the throat and left to fall over the coat in front.

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.**

Of what use is WEALTH without HEALTH to enjoy it?

There are many well-known men to-day with

**UNTOLD GOLD**

whose health will not permit them to enjoy a good dinner, and why? Only because in their early career they neglected to keep their blood free from impurities.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS cleanse and purify the BLOOD, promote Digestion, and quickly remedy that "tired feeling" due to a sluggish liver.

For Bronchial Troubles, Sores, Ulcers, Scalds, Burns, &c., keep HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT by you; it is invaluable, gives speedy relief, and promotes a healthy skin. No home or factory should be without it.

**THE UNIVERSAL REMEDIES,**

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.**

Obtainable from all Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. A TRIAL WILL CONVINCING YOU.

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS**  
 Easily and effectually removed without injury to the skin with  
**SAUNDERS' ORIENTAL DEPILATORY**  
 Can be obtained from all Chemists in New Zealand.  
 Each packet bears the name and address—  
 J. T. Saunders, Ltd., 98, St. John St., London, Eng.

Euclid was boasting of his mathematical ability.

"My dear," ventured his wife, "if the high cost of living is caused by high wages, and wages must be increased on account of the high cost of living, how do you square the circle?"

With a wild cry he fled into the night.

**THE VITAL ARTICLE IN EVERY WOMAN'S DRESS IS THE CORSET.**

It counts eleven full points among the dozen garments that are worn, because the appearance of these garments, as well as the health and comfort of the wearer are dependent upon it.

To ensure satisfaction insist on getting

**P.D. GUARANTEED RUSTPROOF Corsets**



Your department will be graceful and at the same time stylish—P.D. Corsets invariably giving the fashionable lines. You will experience no discomforts in wearing P.D. Corsets, because they are designed to gently support and confine the figure in a natural way.

**ASK YOUR DRAPER TO SHOW YOU THE NEW MODELS.**



**HOYLE'S PRINTS**

The most durable and best material you can buy for a washing dress. These Prints are thoroughly satisfactory, and stand

**THE TEST OF THE TUB**

HOYLE'S PRINTS are world famous for their wearing quality and permanence of colour. Hoyle's reputation guarantees satisfaction. See that the trade mark shown above is on the outside of the piece.

**DISTINCTION IN DRESS**

No dress looks so rich and feels so soft and silky as one of Louis Velveteen or Chiffon Vel-Duvet. Its lines are graceful and flowing, and for Pile, Lustre, and Brilliance, it is unsurpassed. It is famed for its exquisite Colours and won't crush

**LOUIS VELVETEEN**

Of all Drapers throughout the World. Manufacturers 57, Newton St., Manchester, Eng.

# Verse Old and New.

## When Father Shaves His Face.

WHEN father shaves his stubbly face  
At nine on Sunday morn,  
There always steals upon the place  
A feeling all forlorn,  
An awful silence settles down;  
On all the human race;  
It's like a funeral in the town  
When father shaves his face.  
He gets his razor from the shelf  
And strops it up and down;  
And mutters wildly to himself  
And throws us all a frown,  
We dare not look to left or right;  
Or breathe in any case;  
Even mother has to tiptoe quite  
When father shaves his face.  
He plasters lather everywhere,  
And spots the window pane;  
But mother says she doesn't care,  
She'll clean it off again.  
She tries to please him all she can,  
To save us from disgrace;  
For he's an awful nervous man  
When father shaves his face.  
We try to sit like mummies there,  
And live the ordeal through;  
And hear that razor rip and tear,  
And likewise father, too.  
And if it slips and cuts his chin,  
We jump and quit the place;  
No power on earth can keep us in  
If father cuts his face.  
—Joe Cone.

## The Cost.

All trembling is the meadow;  
All crimson is the rill.  
The dead lie in the valley;  
The dead lie on the hill.  
And one side is the victor,  
The other side has lost—  
The women of two peoples  
Are counting up the costs.  
—Edwin L. Sabin.

## My Lady.

'Tis not her kind yet mastering air,  
Nor yet the glory of her hair,  
Nor yet the beauty of her eyes  
With the deep look of soft surprise;  
'Tis not the wit so often heard  
Where wisdom lines each airy word;  
'Tis not her humourous grave and gay  
That give my Lady all her sway.  
My dainty Lady's sovereign power  
Hangs not upon the passing hour;  
The years may roll and still the same  
She is my Lady and my Dame.  
My Lady's face, my Lady's voice,  
These make my heart and soul rejoice.  
And yet they fall full short of all  
That keeps me still my Lady's thrall;  
The secret why my Lady's reign  
Can never turn to change or pain  
Is known alike to man and elf,  
It is that she is just—Herself!

—Walter Herries Pollock.

## In the Amphitheatre.

Two architects of Italy—austrere  
Men who could fashion nothing small—  
refused  
To die with life, and for their purpose  
used  
This dim and topless amphitheatre.  
Some Caesar trenched the orb of its  
ellipse  
And called on distant provinces to swell!  
Resonant arches whence his world could  
scan,  
Tier above tier, the fighters and the ships  
But Dante—having raised as dreamer  
can,  
Higher tenfold these walls immutable—  
Sole in the night arena, grew aware  
He was himself the thing spectacular  
Seized by the ever-thirsting gaze of  
Hell,  
Here, on the empty sand, a banished  
man.  
—Herbert French.

## An Evening Near Athens.

How many an eve, on yonder peak at  
rest,  
We watched the sumptuous splendours  
of the sky—  
The fading hosts in plume and panoply  
Pass on the cloudy ramparts of the  
West;

Huge Titans, hurling towers from the  
crest  
Of toppling mountains of vermilion dye;  
And phantom galleons, slowly drifting  
by,  
'Mid amber seas to havens of the blest!  
Islands of desolate gold; cities august  
Tottering upon the verge of scarlet  
deeps;  
Vast promontories crowned with jasper  
fanes  
Slow crumbling into wastes of ruby dust;  
And, plunging shadowy down the criss-  
son steeps,  
The Horses of the Sun, with flaring  
manes!

—Lloyd Milfin.

## Ad Matrem Mortuam.

Dear Mother-eyes  
That watched while other eyes were  
closed in sleep,  
That o'er my sliding steps were wont to  
weep—  
Are ye now looking from the starry  
skies,  
With clearer spirit-vision, love more  
deep,  
Undimmed by tears, while I my vigil  
keep:  
Dear Mother-eyes?

## Dear Mother-hands

That toiled when other hands inactive  
were,  
That, clasping mine, constrained me oft  
to prayer  
For grace to run the way of God's  
commands—  
Are ye now resting, or in realms more  
fair  
Still find ye some sweet mode to minis-  
ter:  
Dear Mother-hands?

Dear Mother-heart  
That felt the good whens others found  
the ill,  
That loathed the sin, yet loved the sinner  
still,  
And charmed his soul to choose the  
better part;  
Farewell! a moment's fleeting space until  
God reunites us when it be His will:  
Dear Mother-heart.

—John Henderson.

## Unworthiness.

Love turned upon the secret ways and  
fed,  
Pursued by phantoms to his guarded  
keep,  
Where laid he safe and desolate to  
weep.  
Forlorn as Hope, his heart renewed and  
bled  
And the lone anguish smote him with a  
dread  
And barren sorrow. Still he heard  
the deep  
And threatening cry that drove him  
from the steep  
Remoter height where he had dared to  
tread.  
His eyes uplifted to the mountain sought  
That evermore lost form and face that  
shone  
Like the fair promise of an unknown  
land.  
He knew himself for evermore alone,  
For where he had not stood and had  
not fought  
There stood the angel with the flaming  
brand.  
—Alfred E. Randall.

## Fragment.

It takes two for a kiss,  
Only one for a sigh;  
Twin by twin we marry,  
One by one we die.  
Joy is a partnership,  
Grief weeps alone;  
Many guests had Cana,  
Gethsemane had one.  
—Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

# Anecdotes and Sketches.

## GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

### The Duke of Durham.

THE late Mr. Washington Duke, of Durham, North Carolina, at home known as "Uncle Wash," who manufactured tobacco products so extensively for a quarter of a century, used to tell a quaint little story on himself. "The first time I travelled abroad," he said, "I visited Brussels, and went to see all its sights. In one of the public buildings I found an ordinary looking armchair carefully railed off, and with a chain across its front. Being tired with a hard morning of tramping, I stepped over the fence, let down the chain, and, with a big sigh of relief, dropped into this chair, the only one I had seen in the building. A guard in lace and buttons was on me at once. "No sitting in that chair!" he blustered. "See the card on the back? The Duke of Wellington once occupied that chair!" "Well, and what of it?" I returned, cool as a cucumber. "I'm Duke of Durham, and alive at that!" "That settled the matter. Down to the floor went that stunkie, brushing the dust from my heavy American shoes with his handkerchief of real European linen. A way-up English title catches them every time. I had my rest out in that solid old chair of the Waterloo hero."

### The Better Part.

Mr. McNabber, says the London "Daily Mail," had just told his pastor that he was planning a trip to the Holy Land. "And whiles I'm there," he continued, "I'll read the ten commandments aloud frae the top of Mount Sinai." "Mr. McNabber," replied the minister, gravely, "tak' my advice. Bide at hame an' keep them."

### Fitzgerald's Summary.

Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of the Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, was a more or less genial opponent of matrimony as a state. One day he said to his friend Miss Ellen Churchyard, of Woolbridge: "Do you know, Nell, what marriage is?" Miss Churchyard thought not. "Then I'll tell you," said he. "Marriage is standing at one's desk, nkelly settled to work, when a great big bonnet pushes in at the door and asks you to go for a walk with it."

### Only Two Months.

Only two months after Chloe's marriage she reappeared in the kitchen, and asked for her old place. "What has happened to your husband," asked her former employer. "Dey ain' nothing happen to Willyum, Mis' Franklin." "Isn't he willing to support you?" "Oh, yes'm, he's willin' to suppo't me, all right." "Have you quarrelled with him, then?" "No'm, we ain' quarel'd none." "Is he sic?" "No'm, he ain't sick." "What is the matter? Has he left you?" "No, ma'm, he ain' lef' me. I'm leaving him." "Well, what are you doing it for?" Chloe paused, searching for the right phrase. "Well, I tell you, Mis' Franklin. It seems lak I dun so't of lost my taste for Willyum."

### Feared Nothing Then.

"How brave!" exclaims the wife, after her husband, at the hushed hour of 3 a.m., has told of his desperate resistance of three highwaymen who have attempted to hold him up only a block from home. "I did not dream you were so courageous. How does it happen that you dared to give them battle when any other man would have yielded weakly or would have run away if he had the chance?" "My dear," explains the husband, "I had just finished nerving myself to meet you and explain what kept me out so late—and when I am in that frame of mind I'll defy anything."

### He Did!

"Does Samuel Johnson live hereabouts," queried an Englishman who was travelling across an American prairie. "Not" was the reply from the grey-bearded old fellow spoken to. "Do you know where he can be found?" "No!" "Dear me! I must have lost my way. Can you tell me where Mr. William Buff, familiarly known as Grizzly Bill, hangs out?" "I can!" "Where?" "Right here! I'm Bill!" "Why, they told me at the Settlement that Johnson lived within gunshot of you!" "He did!"

### Good Americans.

Chairman Koskiatowsky, of the American Congressional Committee on Immigration, rapped that body to order. "We will now hear those who desire to speak on the new bill for the restriction of immigration," he announced. Whereupon Messrs. Amazuma, Hip Lung, O'Laughlin, MacDougal, D'Eauvre, Schwartzentz, Spragarou, Kumar, Ghosh, and Navarrez made eloquent talks in favour of putting up the immigration bars, so as to preserve the purity of the great American race. Mr. John Jones spoke in favour of opening the doors to all, but he was roundly hissed as being un-American. The bill was favourably reported.



IN THE DARK.

Sir Bayard.—Woo-o-o! Wow!  
His Spouse.—What's the matter, Bayard?  
Sir Bayard.—Matter enough! Just stubbed my toe against my vest.



Oh! Wirra! Oi'm scared t' open it. Somethin' tells me ut's from me brother Jimmie sayin' he's dead.

**HER LITTLE WAY.**

"I always take a day off on my birthday."  
 "That's nothing; my wife always takes a year off on hers."

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done."

**NEVER KNOW TILL WE LOSE 'EM.**

"She had a good husband," said Mrs. Babbleton. "But she got a divorce from him." "Yes, she didn't know what a good husband he was till she saw how generously he behaved about the alimony."

**HE KNEW HE WAS DEAD.**

Poet's Wife: "My husband read this poem at a public celebration before thousands of people. Alas, it was the last poem he ever wrote." Publisher: "I see. Did they stone him to death, or shoot him?"



**DIFFERENT.**

Hostess.—I saw your husband in the crowd downtown to-day. In fact, he was so close that I could have touched him.  
 Guest.—That's strange. At home he is so close that nobody can touch him!

**SCIENCE STILL TRIUMPHS.**

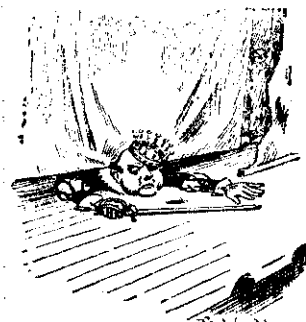
"Do you believe surgery can ward off old age?"  
 "Oh, yes. Frequently the patient dies under an operation."

**ALL THE DIFFERENCE.**

"Now, Mary, did I not forbid you to receive men in my kitchen?"  
 "But, Mum, it's not a man; it's a corporal."

**A BIBLICAL JOKE.**

"Huh!" said Uncle Eli. "Here's a fellow states that there is not one joke in the Bible. But what's the matter with this: 'And Jeremiah, the prophet, said, "Saddle me the ass, and they saddled him!"'"



**WESTERN PHRASE.**

"Getting the drop on him."

**WHOSE IGNORANCE.**

"Ignorance of the law," said the judge, "is no excuse for crime."  
 "May I inquire of your lordship," asked the prosecuting counsel, "whether your lordship's remark is directed at the defendant or his counsel?"



**A MASTERPIECE ANYWAY.**

"Maud's hair is what you would call Titian, isn't it?"  
 "Well, Titian or hm-Titian!"