

morning," and so saying he got into bed and in a minute or two was heard to snore.—"Recollections of a Long Life," by Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse); edited by his daughter, Lady Dorchester. London: John Murray. 24s net.

Mr. Wells in an Incendiary Mood.

"A large number of houses deserve to be burnt, most modern furniture, an overwhelming majority of pictures and books—one might go on for some time with the list. If our community was collectively anything more than a feeble idiot, it would burn most of London and Chicago, for example, and build sane and beautiful cities in the place of these pestilential heaps of rotten private property."—"The History of Mr Polly," by H. G. Wells. Nelson. 2s.

interest in the curate's under-clothes during her life, and on her death will leave her money to a cat. She will not discuss Swinburne."—"The Silly Season," by J. F. G. Elkin Mathews. 2s 6d net.

REVIEWS.

Uncle Hilary: Olivia Shakespear. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 2/6 and 3/6.)

Those readers who place originality of plot before probability of happening, ought to be more than satisfied with "Uncle Hilary," the plot of which is new to us, either in fact or fiction. But for the life of us we cannot understand why the author should have chosen the early Victorian period in which to air views

name. Then the baby dies, and makes the sacrifice an abortive one. Rosamond's mother dies also, and Henry is sick unto death. And the author asks the reader to believe that Rosamond, with Uncle Hilary's approval, and on the advice of a former suitor of hers, not only nurses Henry back to life, but goes back to live with him permanently. Then, as though the reader's feelings had not been sufficiently taxed, we have Henry showing signs of tiredness, of social extinction, which Rosamond perceiving sends her back to Hilary, and the solid comforts of Russell-square. The whole story is preposterous and revolting, though its arguments are plausible and sympathetically put. Our copy has reached us through the courtesy of Wildman and Arey.

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

The groove of mediocrity is the deepest of all.—D. McLymont.
A widow is like a ship of which the first captain has been shipwrecked.—A. Karr.
Women are always particularly positive when they are in the wrong.—Judge Parry.
It is not the mischievous that do the most harm; it is the mistaken.—C. K. Jerningham.
We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character.—George Eliot.
English history did not finish in 1815. The science of history is the study of the past in order to throw light on the future.—Dr. Gilbert Slater.
All bow to virtue—and then walk away.—Unidentified.
Unbought experience is as worthless as an unfulfilled lawyer.—Rentoul.
Labels are everything. It's not what you are that counts; it's what you're called.—James Douglas.
No man ever fights without feeling that the battle is an appeal to a tribunal beyond himself.—Flora Annie Steele.
Love doesn't want a key to break open the door of a woman's heart. It breaks the door down.—Hugh Leslie Dobree.
We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it, than to consume wealth without producing it.—George Bernard Shaw.
Ninety-nine persons out of every hundred never understand what it is to "be in love."—"Lady's Pictorial."
Salesmanship is nothing more nor less than making the other fellow feel as you do about what you have to sell.—"Organiser."
Of all the unsympathetic professions in this world, that of the furniture remover is the most unsympathetic.—"Morning Leader."
It's a wise legislator that knows his own constituents, but it's a much wiser constituency that knows its own legislator.—"Puck," New York.
The sand-bath is apparently one of the newest crazes of the modish beauty of Paris. The sand-bath is supposed to promote good looks, and, of course, is somewhat expensive.—"Daily Mail."
The announced discovery that "mycolysine, based on phagogenous colloids, decuplises the activity of phagocytes" and will prolong human life, sounds as though it ought to.—"World," New York.
The baby is not such an astonishing and wonderful infant as its parents fondly imagine it to be. It is merely a more or less satisfactory substitute for the paragon of the parental mind.—"Gentlewoman."
"This auto is the best argument you could have in proof of your prosperity," said the salesman. "If that is true," said the prospective purchaser, "what I now wish to know is, will I always be able to drive that argument home?"—"St. Louis Star."
There is no conceivable reason—except, perhaps, the snobbishness that is ingrained in the English character—why boys and girls should not work in the same classroom, share—with some obvious limitations chiefly physical—the same playing-fields, and strive for the same educational prizes.—"Westminster Gazette."
Those who fall from the top generally land the hardest.—"Wall-street Journal."
All men—at any rate, young men—have a perfectly different standard for their own and other people's sisters.—"Sketch."
Lying is all a habit. The hardened waiter who warbles "Yes, sir!" "Coming, sir!" as he rushes with the savoury morsel to the other hungry man, does not mean you to take his remark seriously.—"The Ballie."



HIS SOBER JUDGMENT.

Distinguished Guest (in the course of his speech) "Wha's use wastin' time—tryin' t' help the labourin' man? Soon's he gets his money—spend it for liquor. Have no (gulf) hesi-tation in shayin' drink ish the cursh of the labourin' man."

Chorus (at ten dollars a plate): "Thash ri! Rish you are!"

Unforgotten.

"I know a garden where the lilies gleam,
And one who lingers in the sunshine there;
She is than white-stoled lilies far more fair,
And oh, her eyes are heaven-lit with dream."

"I know a garret, cold, and dark, and drear,
And one who toils and toils with tireless pen,
Until his brave, sad eyes grow weary—then
He seeks the stars, pale, silent as a seer.
And ah, it's strange, for desolate and dim
Between these two there rolls an ocean wide;

Yet he is in the garden by her side,
And she is in the garret there with him."
—"Song of a Sourdough," by Robert W. Service. New edition. Unwin. 3s 6d. net.

Mittens—Their Significance.

"Woolly mittens on the middle-aged denote that the wearer takes a friendly

which cannot but be viewed as ultra modern, even in these days of tolerance. Rosamond Colston, a distant cousin of middle-aged "Uncle Hilary," a merchant in the China trade, and a connoisseur of Eastern pottery, is left to his guardianship by her father, who has led a dissolute life abroad, and whose wife, Rosamond's mother, had left him for another man. At Russell-square, in Hilary Colston's house, Rosamond, now grown to a marriageable age, meets, and eventually marries, Colonel Henry, of the India Service, going out to India for this purpose. Shortly after the marriage, word comes to Colonel Henry that the wife he thought dead is still alive. Simultaneously the knowledge comes to Rosamond that Colonel Henry's first wife is her own mother, yet in spite of this, Rosamond begs hard to be allowed to stay with Henry. Eventually, however, she returns to Russell-square, where she is received with open arms by Uncle Hilary, who takes her abroad. It soon becoming evident that she is about to become a mother, Hilary goes through the ceremony of marriage with Rosamond in order to save her good

Ravenshaw of Rietholme: Bertram Mitford. (London: Ward, Lock and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

It was with a distinct feeling of relief that we took up this book after laying down "Uncle Hilary" with a force that gave material effect to our outraged feelings. That Mr. Mitford knows his Africa is evidenced by the very realistic description of "The Camp in the Drakensberg," "The Kraal of the Eaters," and the torture of the red-hot assegai. It is a story of an unexpected fortune, to which is attached some difficult conditions—a story, too, of a haunted house, and of a vendetta, a story of country life, and, best of all, it is a story of whole-some love. The one thing that is not satisfactory about Mr. Mitford's story is his failure to explain the unearthly sounds and sight that drove poor "Bull" mad, and provided him with a motive for this story, which, if somewhat sensational, is eminently readable. Our copy has been received through Wildman and Arey.

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