

THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

AND

NEW ZEALAND MAIL

VOL. XLV.—NO. 13

SEPTEMBER 28, 1910

Subscription: 25/ per annum; if paid in advance, 21/. Single copy—Sixpence.

CONTENTS

Week in Review	1	Some Wellington Bowlers	28
Madame Liza Cavendish	2	A Fine Flight by Airship	29
Sayings of the Week	3	Little Shooting at Pongose	30
News of the Dominion	4	Feilding Fire Station Equipped	32
Personal Paragraphs	7	Some Orchard Lands of Tomorrow	33
Sports and Pastimes	10	Life in the Garden	35
Golf Notes	10	Special Bafford Supplement	37
Turf Gossip	12	England and Germany—Will They	
Music and Drama	14	Flight	47
ILLUSTRATIONS—			
Developing the East Coast	17	Tales of Rotorua	49
The Struggle on the Zambesi	18	Topics of the Day	50
Workers in the Sky	19	The Book-shelf	51
Leaders of Commerce	20	Progress in Science	54
Auckland to Gisborne	21	(The Parly Line (sh. story)	56
Extension of Wireless to Austr-		Turquoise and Pearl (sh. story)	59
Insia	22	Children's Page	62
In the Hamilton Domain	23	Orange Blossoms	66
Auckland's First Venture in Com-		Society Gossip	67
petitions	24	The World of Fashion	73
'An International Disaster	26	Versé—Old and New	75
		Anecdotes and Sketches	75
		Our Funny Page	76

The Week in Review.

The Australian Worker.

MR TOM MANN has contributed to an English paper some very interesting notes on Australia from a Labour point of view. Unlike many who write on the colonies, Mr. Mann did not pay a mere flying visit of a few weeks or months, but he spent eight and a-half years in Australia, and made a close study of all matters affecting labour. Speaking from the standpoint of the average mechanic, and allowing for difference in purchasing power, he estimated that a man whilst at work in Australia, had an advantage of 7/6 a week, taking the rate of pay as 10/- per day of eight hours. Mr. Mann considers that Mr. Justice Higgins' award for labourers of 7/- per day was the best award they ever received, but he thinks it is to be regretted that the award is not universally observed, and instances cases of men receiving only 5/6 or 5/- a day. It is when Mr. Mann turns to the individual States that his remarks are most interesting. He shows how in many industries the work is only carried on for a portion of the year, and consequently men are constantly on the tramp. He instances the case of Queensland and sugar production. In the crushing mills, which have always been worked by white men, the working hours are twelve per shift—that is, the mills run all the twenty-four hours round with two shifts of men. The wages of these men are 22/6 per week and food, but the work lasts only from five to six months in the year, and upon its termination ninety per cent of these men clear out, and hump their swag, seeking work, and probably getting on the average not more than one week in four for the other half year. This means that home life is practically impossible, as the man is always on the tramp, save when he is at the sugar mills, and is then in barracks.

Land and Mines.

Most of Mr. Mann's time was spent in Victoria, and he made, while there, a special study of the land question. He says that some of the land in Vic-

toria is equal to the best in the world, but he thinks that land monopoly is driving out the farmer. In support of this contention, he points out that during a period of twenty years the agricultural population of ten of the western counties of that State actually fell by sixteen thousand. Many young farmers who had been born and reared in Victoria were compelled against their inclination to leave their native State, and whole families had emigrated for no other reason than that there was no land obtainable. From the land Mr. Mann turns to the miners at Ballarat. For day-work they receive 7/6 per day, but only one-half of them are able to get work with a fixed wage; the other half work as tributors—that is, they form themselves into parties of four men, who undertake a contract with the proprietors under which they receive no wage whatever, unless and until they produce gold. From weeks to months they struggle to exist. When gold is discovered they pay 50 per cent to the proprietors, and they have to submit to the deduction out of the remaining moiety of the whole cost of working, such as lighting, blasting, and dirt removal. In the end the average earnings under this system work out at about 20/- a week. Summing-up, Mr. Mann thinks England is quite as good as Australia, and that it is quite a mistake to regard the Old Country as played out. He also thinks that there are quite as many means for the development of England as of the Commonwealth, and that the English are more sincere in their desire for land reform.

The Gipsy Spirit.

One cannot read Mr. Mann's remarks without interest, and he has undoubtedly drawn attention to some grave defects in our social system. But he does not make sufficient allowance for the gipsy spirit that seems inherent in many Australians and New Zealanders. Scores of men who could get constant employment if they liked prefer to get casual work, and to wander from place to place, seeing the country. Henry Lawson has expatiated on the joys of being "on the wahiaby," and has himself been an ex-

ample of the love of wandering. So that the case of men who go on the tramp for part of the year is not so hard as it might seem at first sight. The Australian climate invites to an open air life, and conditions in this respect are very different from conditions prevailing in England. The abuses of land monopoly will be dealt with by the present Labour Government, and doubtless most of the worst features will be remedied. It may not be correct to describe either Australia or New Zealand as a workers' paradise; hard conditions still prevail in many directions. But when we consider the abject poverty that disgraces most of the large English cities, when we remember that in the United Kingdom, out of 700,000 people who die every year, only one in ten dies possessing property worth taxing, it must be apparent to everyone that we enjoy a more equal distribution of wealth, and that the opportunities for earning a competency are far greater in the colonies than at Home.

The Decay of Oratory.

From time to time we get lectures from different people on the deplorable manner in which we pronounce our words. Mr. Parr, the chairman of the Auckland Board of Education, in speaking at the annual meeting of the Auckland branch of the Victoria League, said that during the last few years there had been a marked deterioration in both pronunciation and accent in the schools. "Time" was called "toime," "light" became "foight," "cow" was turned into "cnow," whilst the "a" in "mad" was lengthened by about half a mile. Mr. Justice Chapman has also complained of the indistinct manner of speaking which he met with in the Courts of the Dominion, and he thought much might be done by debating societies to encourage clear enunciation. The truth would seem to be that we are all in too much of a hurry over everything to ever take pains over anything. English reporters complain that the great oratorical tradition of the House of Commons has vanished, and in its place we have the conversational style. The Prime Minister and Sir Edward Grey are said to be two of the worst offenders. Whatever they say in the House of Commons is important not only to the United Kingdom, but to foreign nations as well, and yet these Ministers are so careless in their mode of addressing the House as to leave many important passages of their imperfectly-heard speeches open to the conjecture of the reporter. Oratory still remains one of the greatest of the arts. The written word may reach a larger audience, but it lacks the magic personality of the speaker. The barrister, the clergyman, the politician, all rise to eminence by reason of their eloquence, and it would be a matter for regret if we allowed the art of public speaking to fall into decay through any carelessness on our part in teaching pupils to pronounce their words properly, and to cultivate the habit of speaking correct English.

The Mail Services.

The mail services continue to give cause for controversy, and Sir Joseph Ward is being blamed because he has not arranged a service with the Oceanic

Company. It would appear that this company was prepared to put the Sierra and her sister boats on the line again, and to run a three-weekly 17-days' service between Auckland and San Francisco if New Zealand would give a subsidy of £30,000 a year. The subsidy is high, and the steamers are old and unreliable, while the time is very little better than that on the Suez and Vancouver routes. The Imperial question also comes into the proposed service. The Americans have their own navigation laws, which they maintain very stringently against us, and they do all in their power to kill any competition. In addition to this, America refuses to pay anything towards the service, and the whole subsidy has to be paid by New Zealand. The proposed San Francisco service that is to be run by the Union Company's steamers is far from perfect, but it has the advantage of being under our own management, and we are subsidising a local and not a foreign company in supporting it. Sir Joseph Ward hopes that ultimately we may be able to arrange with Canada for a direct Vancouver service with Auckland as a port of call. We are more likely to establish a profitable trade with Canada than with the United States, and it will be a distinct gain to the Empire to have an "All Red" route for our mails. Under the circumstances it would have been unwise in the Premier to have committed us to a large subsidy for a foreign service before we have had an opportunity of seeing what can be done with our own kith and kin.

The Selwyn Library.

Considerable interest has been shown in the removal of Bishop Selwyn's library from its old home at Bishopscourt to St. John's College. The building at Bishopscourt was unsuitable in many ways for the storing of valuable books. It was damp and without any proper means of warmth or ventilation; and, in addition to this, it was used for various social functions. Dust accumulated rapidly, and some of the more valuable books were being ruined by the ravages of insects. For this reason it was deemed better that the library should be removed to the new Kinder library at St. John's, and glass cases have been procured for some of the rarer volumes. There are many very interesting books in the collection. An edition of Euripides contains notes made by the Bishop stating when and where he had read certain plays; several volumes are autographed by the authors, and others contain inscriptions by eminent men. A coronation Bible of William IV. has a number of family records on the fly leaf, and there is a beautiful little pocket edition in eight volumes of the Old Testament in Hebrew. There is an exquisitely written copy of suggestions made for translating the New Testament into Maori, and the early Church almanacs contain many interesting records of the Church as it was when Selwyn first came. The editions of the classics include several of the famous Dolphin classics, which were prepared for the Dauphin, as well as editions by Dindorf and other well-known editors. There were many duplicate copies of books, and a few books that had become obsolete, but to the student the library was full of interest.

Round the Shelves.

As one glances round the shelves how many interesting memories are evoked. Here is a copy of Vincent Bourne's Latin poems, the "Vingy Bourne" of Cowper, who translated so many of them into graceful English verse, and who regarded Bourne as the greatest classical scholar of his day. The "Noctes Ambrosianae" recall the muscular figure of Christopher North, who was said to have thrown himself away on philosophy when he might have been the champion heavy-weight of the world. The "Tracts for the Times" take us back to the early days of the Oxford movement and the historic "non placet" of the university proctors. "Notes on the Catechism" by a Lady of Quality has a strange sound about it, as has a translation of the Psalms by four gentlemen of position. Roger's Italy reminds one of the lavish expenditure of the millionaire poet—the book cost £15,000 to produce—and shows how even the most sumptuous setting cannot procure immortality for a poem. Here and there we come across books with the name of Keate, the great headmaster of Eton, who was always known as "logging Keate." In many of the volumes is embodied the theology of a bygone day, and they serve to remind us of the progress of human thought. The library deserves a good home, and the care and attention that can only be bestowed by those who regard books as their best friends. At St. John's the will, doubtless, be treasured and cared for, and they will be aptly placed in the college for which Selwyn worked so hard and which he loved so well.

Our Citizen Army.

Under the proposed amendments to the Defence Act of 1909 our citizen army will be considerably strengthened, and we may hope that we shall have in the course of a few years an army at least 50,000 strong, with a reserve of over 40,000 men and officers who have passed their full course of training. The need of some form of universal training has been emphasised by the comparative failure of Mr. Haldane's territorial army at Hong. Mr. Haldane did all that man could do to ensure the success of the voluntary system. In the impossible task he set himself he would have succeeded if anybody could. He brought quite extraordinary ability and diligence to bear upon it. But, as a writer in a London paper points out, in attempting to make the volunteer system do what it never has done and never can do he is like a man who can only change the label of a bottle when what is really needed is to change the contents of the bottle. The Territorial "Army" is not, and never can be, a real army. Its "troops" are not, and they never can be, real troops. The whole supposition that an active and spirited and imperfectly prepared minority whose numbers and training would never even give them a fair chance in the field should go out to fight and die for a slack and lazy majority is more than a vain fallacy. It is an iniquitous heresy. Mr. Haldane's work is not wasted, far from it. He has constructed a machine upon an admirable model. It has no serious fault but one. It will not work. Only national service can make the wheels go round. When manhood training comes, as it will, Mr. Haldane will reap more honour at last from the principle he still tries to fight against than he will ever receive until it is adopted. If this is true of England, it is still more true of New Zealand. For adequate defence some form of universal training is an absolute necessity, and though the cost is high, yet it is not too high if it secures us against danger of invasion.

Slower Waltzes.

Mr. Charles D'Albert, vice-president of the Imperial Society of Dance Teachers, thinks that though the "smart set" may want rapid waltzes, the general tendency is towards a slow movement. But even the "smart set," Mr. D'Albert is inclined to think, are be-

ginning to appreciate the beauty of some of the themes with which waltzes are coupled, and will dance to slower time in the coming season. To play them rapidly, he explained, is simply to kill the beauty of the theme. "The Druid's Prayer" is likely to still haunt the habitues of the ballroom this season, dividing the honours with Offenbach's "Barcarolle," from "Tales of Hoffmann." No more seductive strains have been heard for some time than Gaston de Breville's "Corisande," and the same composer's "Le Desir d'Amour," which lure the dancer into a slow, rhythmic measure infinitely more graceful than the waltz to faster time. A strange reason was given by Mr. D'Albert for the fact that waltz music is so often played too fast. He ascribed it to the orchestras having been playing during the summer months at various seaside towns, where the audiences like lively music, such as Sousa's marches, and thus they acquire the habit of playing fast. Very often, he said, a Master of the Ceremonies will go over to the orchestra at a ball and ask them to play more slowly. They will do so for a few moments, and then habit gets the better of them, and they return to their old tempo. The range of the coming season, Mr. D'Albert believes, will be the waltz, with reversing, the two-step and the "Boston." Square dances, he said, are absolutely dead. The lancers and quadrilles are seldom seen in fashionable ball-rooms, and when the lancers were down to be danced at the last Covent Garden Ball, only five sets stood up.

St. George and the Dragon.

It seems that Mr. Bertram Mackennal, the Australian sculptor, who has been entrusted with the designs for the new coinage, is not to be left an entirely free hand. Several people object to the representation of St. George slaying the dragon, on the ground that it is inartistic, and the King's Chinese subjects in Hong Kong, and intellectual Chinese elsewhere regard the emblem as derogatory to themselves. Ruskin pointed out long ago the absurdity of the present design. He said in one of his letters: "As a design, how brightly come it is! The horse looking abstractedly in the air, instead of where precisely it would have looked at the beast between its legs, St. George, with nothing but his helmet on (being the last piece of armour he is likely to want), putting his naked feet, at least his feet showing their toes through the buskins, well forward, that the dragon may with the greatest convenience get a bite at them, and about to deliver a mortal blow with a sword which cannot reach him by a couple of yards." If St. George is so careless of his armour, the day may come when the dragon will be the victor, for the dragon is waking up and recognising the weak spots in our defence.

RHEUMATISM—ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

Rheumatism is a most painful disease. Many are bent and physically disabled by the factors it inflicts. The disease may settle in the large muscles of the back, neck, or thigh; or in the joints of the arms and legs. The pain may dart from one muscle to another, and may be constant or occasional, but all are produced by the same cause—excess uric acid in the blood. RHEUMO is the best, the only sure remedy. It neutralises and drives out the poisonous acid, relieves the pain, removes the swelling, and effects a speedy and permanent cure. From all chemists and stores at 2/6 and 4/6 a bottle.

DAWSON'S Perfection
SCOTCH WHISKY
SOLE AGENTS:
HIPKINS & COUTTS, Auckland

Lina Cavalieri.

THE FAMOUS BEAUTY OF THE OPERATIC STAGE.

NOTE.—A remarkable pre-nuptial agreement, made on May 31, between Robert W. Chanter and Lina Cavalieri, the Italian prima donna, has been filed in New York. Chanter assigns all his real estate and an annual payment of 20,000 dollars (£4000) to his wife absolutely, for the consideration of one dollar, and a promise of marriage. Chanter was previously married and divorced.

EVERY beautiful woman is called upon only to know her profile, or full face, and her figure; as long as these last she has small reason to study anything else. To be a very beautiful woman, and yet to have the ambition, talent, and determination to be something more in the world, is to create an unusual situation—a situation such as Natalina Cavalieri presents to us.

From the beginning, Mme. Cavalieri's purpose has been as bravely mapped out as a great general, or a plain woman, would plan a campaign to conquer dis-

"Thais." Engaged for three trial performances, her success caused her retention there for nine.

She is a native of Rome, and Cavalieri is the family name. Her first summer days were spent in playing in the shadow of a massive doorway, under which soldier ancestors of hers—cavalieri—may have ridden into the stone-paved court beyond in the times of the Caesars. Her delicate, aristocratic type of beauty, her instinctive and graceful doing of the right thing at the right moment, are birthrights of the girls of the old Roman families. One sees in her the late-bloom-



MADAME LINA CAVALIERI.

tion. At five, she had decided to be either a great dancer or a prima donna. Early opportunities were not given her; all that she had were of her own making. For years she sang in cafes chantants, where her beauty, and, incidentally, her gay little Neapolitan melodies, conquered every audience that heard her. This was a situation with which most cafe chantant performers would have been idly content; Mme. Cavalieri was not. When she was able to afford it, she began serious musical study. For three years she toiled at it, meanwhile doing her cafe singing in the evenings; then she made her debut in grand opera at the San Carlo in Naples, as Mimì in "La Bohème," with Boni in the cast.

Since that she has sung in opera in many countries, but in no case with such unique contrast as last spring in Paris, where, once a singer at the Folies-Bergere music-hall, she returned as prima donna at the Opera in Massenet's

ing flower of a long line of cavaliers, whose fortunes, like their hearts, have long ago crumbled; but they left to her the one unfading quality of courage, and on it she has built up her life.

Her early public career in Rome was a pleasing success of the usual kind. It was not until later, after singing in various other cities, that she first went to Paris. There the adorable charm of her youth, the insinuating swing of her Italian melodies, the naive simplicity of her songs, and the classic beauty of the singer, swept the town. From then on, Mme. Cavalieri knew what such a triumph could bring.

Its material meaning, to her, was that now at last she could have behind her the career in which she had won her success, and study to reach a higher level of art.

Continued on page 65.

Sayings of the Week.

Some Mischief Still.

WHEN a man was smoking he was occupying himself in some way; if he were not smoking he might be scratching his head or biting his nails or getting into mischief.—*Mr. Vigor Brown, M.P.*

A Taste for Music.

The interest taken in music in the Dominion is highly creditable, and the standard maintained is very good. I have also noticed that there is a decided taste for good music in this country, which speaks well for the musical education of the pupils and generally the elevated tastes of the community.—*Mr. C. Schilsky, examiner for Trinity College.*

A Rat in a Sewer.

The man who reads the divorce accounts in papers, or who reads "peony horrors," or scans indecent pictures, is aptly compared to a rat in a sewer. He is always breathing vitiated air.—*Rev. J. C. Fitzgerald.*

An Episcopal Johnson.

If a man hits me in the eye I know that I should hand him the other to operate upon. But I don't. I hit out at him myself, and try to find his eye. And that's impulse, and it's a great factor in the development of Democracy.—*The Bishop of Tasmania.*

Broader Views.

A little more than one hundred years ago outside his own village a man was a stranger, and liable to have the dogs turned on him. They had gradually emerged from that state. They had passed through the stage of Little Englanders and through an age of selfishness and social indifference, when even there was a contempt shown for the oversea dominions. They had reached the broader stage now.—*Hon. Dr. Findlay.*

A Penny A Race.

I should like those of our enemies who consider that the community of New Zealand is degenerating through gambling to consider the actual results from these figures. The total amount invested in the totalisator for last year was £1,868,584, which, divided by the 200,000, leaves an average of £9 10/ per annum each, or about 3/6 per week, and as there are, on an average, over seven races per day, the gambling per head works out at less than a penny per race.—*Sir George Clifford.*

Jack Ashore.

His experience of seamen's homes was not inconsiderable, and of all such institutions he had visited he did not think he had ever been in one more commodious, homelike and comfortable than the one in Wellington. Such homes were indispensable. No establishment throughout the world deserved more support from all classes of the community than did seamen's homes. He was glad to see they were being established throughout the world.—*Lord Islington.*

The Real Reason.

La lack of patriotism towards New Zealand industries on the part of employers themselves a more honest and substantial reason for loss of work in the iron trade than the love of holidays on the part of a few apprentices?—*Hon. John Barr, M.L.C.*

A Wrong Interpretation.

It's an extraordinary thing that after all the criticism of expenditure that we have heard this session, the very first proposal on the Estimates is to increase an interpreter's salary.—*Mr. T. E. Taylor, M.P.*

A Close Season for Unions.

Our arbitration legislation has served the same purpose as an acclimatisation society. It has created a close season for unions, and has enabled unions to be formed that under ordinary circumstances would never have arisen, or at any rate would never have come into prominence. The same laws protect grouse and pheasants, and the Arbitration Act has acted a similar part towards small struggling unions.—*Mr. A. Rosser, Auckland.*

Better Than a Gold Mine.

The copra trade, at present is better than a gold mine. Copra is commanding a high price, and it is being used for a large number of purposes besides the manufacture of oil and soap. It is being largely utilised in the manufacture of vegetable butter, which is used to a large extent in confectionery, whilst in Germany it is said to take the place of ordinary table butter to a large extent.—*Hon. E. Mitchelson.*

A Limited Company.

I will undertake to say that if a little company was formed of about half a dozen business men to run the affairs of this country, you could reduce taxation by an enormous sum, and have a machine running much more effectively than now is the case.—*Mr. T. E. Taylor, M.P.*

Doubly Dangerous.

It is always a dangerous thing for a Scotsman to attempt a joke, and doubly so when he tries it on another Scotsman.—*Hon. U. Fowlds.*

The Basis of Empire.

The basis of the Empire during the last 100 years had not rested upon the force of law or the force of arms, as was the case of some older countries. It was a basis of national unity, far transcending counting-house and commercial considerations. It was not based upon selfishness, but upon heartfelt kinship and the glorious history of the nation as a whole.—*Hon. Dr. Findlay.*

Danger of Idolatry.

The judgment of the people should not be put under submission, even to Lord Kitchener, for there was a danger of idolatry of reputation. The mere fact that Lord Kitchener should leave a series of recommendations did not justify the men of New Zealand vacating their rights, for civil opinion time and again had been equal to that of experts.—*Mr. T. E. Taylor, M.P.*

There All the Time.

The young Australian is there all the time. Give him the land; he'll do the rest—he and that other young Australian we must not forget—his wife. She is an incomparable national asset. The Australian woman of today is her mother's daughter, as brave, as unselfish, as kind.—*Mr. T. W. Brown, Sydney.*

Mental Weeds.

The soil of the human mind is particularly prone to the production of noxious growths, and even as our overseas virgin lands seem to contain essential elements which foster growth of rubbish, just so does the population of a young country greedily absorb and reproduce erroneous notions and policies. They run like wildfire over the surface.—*Mr. Eustace Lane, of the Hawke's Bay Farmers' Union.*

Conventions and Conventicles.

I am quite ashamed at the conventions of politics. The conventions in connection with politics are greater than the conventions of religion, and they are pretty big, anyway. It's terrible to think of!—*Mr. T. E. Taylor, M.P.*



THE DAWN OF UNION.

Arrival of Phoebus Botha in the Union Chariot. He is attended by the Cherub Sauer, and a boy of chaste nymphs, Fischer, Moor, Hertzog, Mahan, Burton, Hall, and Graaff; and he is guided on his way by the fair goddess Aurora Smuts. (With apologies to Guido Reni's picture "The Dawn.")

Our Unhappy Divisions.

One of the greatest hindrances to the carrying of the vision of God to the heathen is the division in Christendom. It is pitiful to see three or four church buildings in a township where one would be more than enough. What does it show? Why, that we haven't enough to do. The extra unwanted agents employed in these places could be sent out to preach the Gospel where it is wanted in heathen countries.—*Canon Tupper Carey.*

Humane Lawyers.

Lawyers had taken a conspicuous and successful part in advocating and securing humanitarian legislation. Among lawyers and judges, generally speaking, there were men as honourable, humane, and sympathetic as men in any other occupation of life.—*Mr. Homan, M.P.*

The Passing of the Tohunga.

The tohunga has gone, never to return. The conditions now are not such as would favour him. He had science, but his influence was a mental one, and was an example of the triumph of mind over matter. The laws of tapu were easily transgressed, and the imaginary affections that followed and placed the transgressor in real physical distress were removed by the perfect confidence the people had in the tohunga.—*Dr. Buck.*

Zoo, Aquarium, and Park.

Newtown has its zoo, and Island Bay may some day have its aquarium. If Hātaitai can have its native park, it will be of interest to Wellington and to New Zealand as a whole.—*Mr. A. Leigh Hunt, Kilmuir.*

Deterioration in English.

During the past 15 or 20 years there had been a marked deterioration in both pronunciation and accent in the schools. They need not stop to inquire into the cause. Some blamed the parents, and some held that the teachers were at fault, but whatever the cause, there was no doubt as to the unfortunate result.—*Mr. G. J. Parr, Auckland.*

The Girls' Friendly Society.

It was not easy for any one of them to really live up to the standard they desired, to be absolutely true to faith in everything in life, and yet they all desired to do so. It was doubly hard for those trying to do this all alone, and it would make all the difference to their future if help were given.—*Mrs. Seligan, of the Girls' Friendly Society.*

Mistaken Optimism.

The principal optimist of the Dominion sits on the front Treasury benches. He is an optimist in connection with money matters, but I will not say in connection with other things. I would like to see him more optimistic in connection with land and local government reform and in connection with the amendment of the Gaming Act. The hon. gentleman, judging by what we have seen, is not an optimist where reform is required. If he was a little more optimistic in matters of reform and less so in money matters it would be better for him and for the country.—*Mr. W. F. Massey, M.P.*

Handling the Team.

I think the Prime Minister does his best for the country, but I wish he would pay more attention to his other Ministers.—*Mr. Hardy, M.P.*

Womanly Strength and Beauty

The woman who is really beautiful is the woman who is well. The languid, nervous style of beauty once so popular with fiction writers is no longer in favour, either in books or in daily life. The beauty of today eats heartily and sleeps well, and trusts to nature to paint its roses in her cheeks.

No medicine is better adapted to women's needs than

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract

It appeals at once to the palate and the eye, pleasing them by its taste and its tempting appearance. Its action is very simple and natural, since it builds up the bodily health by stimulating the appetite and digestion, and renews and enriches the blood by introducing more iron. It can always be depended upon, for besides being the best of tonics, it speedily breaks up hacking coughs and other bronchial troubles. (Get Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract at your chemist's, and be sure you get the genuine, STEARNS'.

News of the Dominion.

Answers to Correspondents.

T.M.S., Wellington.—Any reputable firm of patent agents would furnish you with the advice you require, and if the invention is of commercial value, would assist you to obtain a trial. American postage and charges are difficult to understand, but are usually justified. The postage on the "Weekly Graphic" to America is 3d. There is no uniform charge for weekly journals, the rate being determined by the weight of each paper.

OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

WELLINGTON, September 24.

"The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring."

OUR "City of the Hills" is coming out gaily in its new spring clothes. The gold of new-blossomed gorse is blazing the steep slopes of the Takarua Range and the Kaitiaki heights, and the little around Island Bay, and the other little mountains that go to give Wellington a sort of sub-Alpine character. A little later we will have the whole of the hills gorgeous with the yellow broom flower of gold, of which Kipling wrote in his poem, "The Flowers"—

"Broom behind the windy town, pollen of the pine,
Bell-bird in the leafy deep, where the raras twine."

We are the "windy town," and ours is the broom. Gorse and broom are "noxious weeds," as per Act of Parliament. Yet these despised noxious weeds are the brightest and most beautiful things—next to the blue sea—that we have around angular and rugged old Poneke. Our hills would be bare and stark and mono-colored indeed if it were not for the gorgeous gold of the unconsidered weeds.

It's peculiar to Wellington, out of all the cities of the Dominion, this yellow carpet of "noxious" bloom. You don't see gorse and broom blossoming right in the heart of a town anywhere else in New Zealand. Not even a tenth-rate country township would suffer a patch of gorse, such as, for instance, that on a certain bright little hillside close to the Tolavere Terrace stopping-place on the Kelburn cable car line. This is just about a minute and a half's ride from Lambton Quay.

In any other place but Wellington, the owner of the gorse-ridden slope would be served in double-quick time with a Police Court summons for harbouring noxious weeds. That Wellington not only suffers the weeds, but actually seems to like them may, I think, be accepted as some proof that after all, in spite of their detractors, its citizens have some aesthetic perception, some sense of the beautiful.

About a National Flower.

Talking of the flowers that bloom in the spring, I see that a leading resident has made a suggestion that Dominion Day, on some other spring festival, should be made a sort of National Flower Day, wherein New Zealanders should all wear one flower typical and distinctive of their country. He suggests the kowhai as a soft blue flower, because, he says, it is plentiful and easily obtainable. The idea is a good one, and a pretty one, but I am afraid the leading man made rather a mistake in selecting the kowhai. It is a beautiful flower, and it has some fine associations. Even Rudyard Kipling, in his short New Zealand tour a good many years ago, found time to notice the kowhai's gold—

"Bring for gift on Paipo's face,
Sign that spring is come."

But it is a fragile flower, and it is not plentiful enough near the centres of population to be likely to become in any sense a national flower. If we are to have a national floral emblem, as a sort of complement to the badge of the fern-leaf, why not adopt the manuka? This is really our national flower. It is about as plentiful as the bracken fern, and it

is to be got close to the cities. Down here I have seen a manuka bush in a garden right in the city, and the Botanical Gardens are pretty well half manuka scrub. The manuka is despised by many because it is "so common"; none the less it is a beautiful plant; there are few prettier spring or summer sights than a hillside of flowering manuka. And it is aromatic of odour, and a "barley annual" without. So let us wear it in our buttonholes, if we are to have a National Flower Day. I'm afraid that if we depend on the kowhai, most of us would have to go flowerless.

Touching the manuka, a word about its ordinary English name. Why will New Zealanders—who ought to know all about this commonest of their flowers—persist in writing of it as "ti-tree"? The ti-tree is not the manuka at all; it is the Maori name of the native palm which we call the cabbage-tree. "Tea-tree" is the way the pakelha name of the manuka should be spelled. It is so called by some of the earliest settlers who came over from New South Wales, I believe, because of its resemblance to the "tea-tree" scrub of Australia, which again was so named because it was thought to resemble the real tea plant of China, and because its leaves were sometimes used by bushmen and travelers as an infusion in imitation of tea when they ran short of the genuine article. So, sweet reader, write "tea-tree" in future, please—not "ti-tree" if you are writing of manuka. At any rate, don't perpetuate the atrocity some one did down in Otago years ago in christening a place "Titri." He thought it was pure Maori! And I believe the name is still retained as that of a railway station!

Enough of the flowers. Kati tena! Let us get on to something more solid, if less agreeable.

Parliament's Ways.

Last night I spent two hours, or thereabouts, in the Press Gallery, listening to our politicians paying each other left-handed compliments, and incidentally having a whaek at Auckland every now and again. The debate was on the second reading of the Imprest Supply Bill. Don't imagine, however, that honourable members talked about Imprest Supply. They talked about every subject under the sun but that. The principal orators were Sir Joseph Ward, Mr. Massey, Mr. Herries, Mr. Allen, Mr. Dumedin Thomson, and Mr. Malcolin. They talked about Lascar seamen, Imperial Conferences, the Union Co's monopoly, the "Frisco" mail service, Auckland's colossal "front," Mr. Gunson and the Auckland Chamber of Commerce, fine ripe Island oranges, and the price of fish. Anything, anything but the Bill. And Dumedin's baw Scotch member told a wondrous tale about one poor but virtuous constituent of his who had to do a fortnight's "hard" because he wouldn't, or couldn't, pay for the support of his brother who was in a mental hospital. There was a really good, brisk, vigorous speech from Sir Joseph Ward. The Premier was in great form; he was real "chippy," and keen as a razor. I have never heard him speak more incisively on the subject of Mr. Massey and the Masseyite delusions and Opposition hogwags. Then he turned his tongue on young Mr. Gunson, and his now famous telegrams about the Pacific mail service. He spoke his mind plainly. The Government knew what it was about; it had information that Mr. Gunson hadn't, and the Auckland Chamber of Commerce's policy was a piece of "colossal stupidity." He showed pretty conclusively that the Auckland people—or that portion of the people represented by the "self-constituted" Chamber of Commerce was "barking up the wrong tree" as far as the "Frisco and Vancouver mail services were concerned. (At any rate, then, they weren't "dumb" dogs, like the Wellington members, vide a recent speech.) If the Auckland Chamber of Commerce thought it was going to put its ear in and govern this country it was making a big mistake. (Chorus of "Hear, hear!")

So There!

Later on in the debate Mr. Massey gave Mr. Launson, Lyttelton's little Scotch-speaking member, a testimonial of a sort. Said he, apropos of some interjection from Mr. Launson: "I'll say this for the honorable member: He

handles Billings-gate better than any member in the House."

Auckland's Government House and "Points of Order."

One of the big debates in the House this week was that which concerned the Auckland Government House. Mr. Arthur Myers made a very sensible and moderate speech on the question, and Mr. Lang, member for Manukau, who speaks seldom but always to some purpose, pointed out that every Governor that had ever come to New Zealand had had the privilege of two Government houses. He told the House, further, that the Governor's residence would serve a double purpose; it would accommodate an admiral of the Australasian Naval Squadron when in Auckland. Mr. Glover, too, said his little piece. Some of the Southern members were at white heat. Auckland's victory over this Government House business seems to have wounded them sorely, and Mr. F. M. E. Fisher (Wellington Central) gives it as his opinion that the Auckland people realised that they had only to shout loud enough, and they could get anything.

Mr. E. H. Taylor, the clerical member for Thames—whose usual style of oratory is not calculated to set the Thames on fire—succeeded in jabbing his little knife into Auckland over the Governor's House. He said that the matter had not been settled yet by any means; the better class of people in Auckland hadn't been consulted.

Mr. Albert Glover was on his feet in a jiffy, with slaughter in his bright blue eye. "A point of order, sir! A point of order!" he cried.

"What's the point of order?" Mr. Speaker mildly inquired.

Mr. Glover exclaimed, indignantly: "He's reflecting on the people—"

"That's not a point of order," interrupted some honorable member—a base Southerner.

Mr. Glover said, with still more indignation. "The point of order is that he is diverting from the subject."

(No doubt he meant "diverging," but he didn't say so.)

Mr. Speaker ruled that Mr. Taylor was quite in order.

Then Mr. Arthur Myers rose. He asked whether the honorable member for Thames was right in casting reflections on the better class of people in Auckland. Southern members laughed villainous ironical laughs. "I have reason to know," continued Mr. Myers, "that the better class of people—"

Mr. G. W. Russell: "That's not a point of order."

Mr. Myers said it was a reflection on a section of the community that Mr. Taylor was not justified in using.

Mr. Speaker, in calm, judicial mood, said that the statement that the better class of people had not been consulted was no reflection on them.

So the "points of order" fell blurted on the floor of the House, and the vilification of Auckland went on in the usual strain, of which, doubtless, you have read more than enough in the dailies this week.

The Blunders of Mr. Hogg.

Mr. A. Hogg, member for Masterton, surpassed himself on Thursday night in the House. He made what was probably the most foolish speech of the week. It was on the Government's new Defence Bill. He devised the idea of preparing for war, and of drilling our young men and teaching them the use of arms. Better wait till the foe come, said he, in effect, and then we'll all "rush to arms." The same old "rushing to arms" phrase, the same old fatuous fallacy. "A mighty lot of use it would be rushing to arms," commented a listener, "if the men didn't know how to use the arms."

But it was in a burst of rhetoric on the subject of John Bull's mighty prowess in Every Jolly Thing that Mr. Hogg was at his best—or worst. "He was surprised"—I quote from the report in one of the dailies yesterday morning—that on every possible occasion the example of Germany, Japan, and Switzerland was brought out before New Zealand. Had Germany ever produced a Johnson or a Jeffries? Had any country on the Continent ever produced a Sandow? No; if one wanted to find people of muscle and courage one had to go to Old England." (Applause.)

That peroration is certainly funny. Does Mr. Hogg really mean to tell us that he is in his sober senses, and not intoxicated by the verbosity of his patriotic "purple patches"—that Mistah Johnson, of Reno fame, is a son of Old England any more than he is of Ger-

many? I hardly think our cullud brudder's pedigree has much of the John Bull strain in it. And does Mr. Hogg really imagine Sandow to be an Englishman? He'll be claiming Kaiser Bill as a York-shireman next, or Biemarck and Von Moltke as North of Ireland warriors! And does he really truly believe that John Bull has the monopoly of "muscle and courage"? Won't he ever let poor Sandy from Scotland into the sacred ring? Really Mr. Hogg is funnier than a pantomime.

Cheap Transit for Government House Guests.

The Wellington cabbies are up in arms against Mayor Wilford's latest bright idea. This is, to run a quick service of taxicabs—every three minutes—from Lambton Quay to the gates of Government House, at Newtown, on the occasion of the various "functions" and entertainments to be given by Lord and Lady Islington this summer. Mr. Wilford has had an interview with the Governor, who seems to be intent on democratising the Government House receptions and other affairs more than has obtained in the past, and enlarging their scope very considerably. To this end the means of transit came under review. The Mayor has arranged for a three-minute service to enable people to get out quickly—and cheaply—to the bran-new mansion on Mt. View. For that's where the rub comes in for the cabbies. They point out that receptions at Government House and similar society affairs have brought them a lot of custom in the past, and that to put framers against them is to take the bread out of their mouths—and the oats out of their horses' mouths. They hold that their charges are not excessive, and that anyone who can afford to go to Government House can well afford a cab to take him or her there.

There's a good deal of truth in that, I suppose; the fair ladies who flock to Government House don't spare expense on their pretty clothes. Judging by the frocks and the hats, they ought to be so opulent that a 10/- fare to the home of vice-royalty wouldn't hurt them. Nevertheless, I fear the poor cabbie will lose the day, and a lot of his old-time fares. We shall see High Society—such of it as doesn't own motors—trooping to "Ad Homes" in packed taxicabs next summer; and the common person who cabs if comfortably will be regarded as quite vulgar, you know!

Two Charming Cities.

Replying to Mr. Russell's request that, as Wellington and Auckland have vice-regal residences, permanent residences for his Excellency should also be established in the "beautiful, healthy and invigorating cities of Christchurch and Dunedin," Sir Joseph Ward said he concurred as to the attractiveness and suitability of the two charming cities referred to, but there was no practical need for further residential places for the Governor, when such admirable houses in each of the localities named could be obtained from time to time as required.

False Income Returns.

The correct amount of the sum to be paid by Bowron Bros. in respect of income tax and penalties arising out of the short return of the income for the year 1905 is £9408 16/. The amount of income on which the tax was not paid was £44,965. Details of the tax penalties, etc., are as follows:—Fine £100, tax on £44,965 £2248 4/, ten per cent penalty £224 16/, treble amount of tax short paid £9744 15/, costs allowed Department £91; total, £9408 16/.

Native Appellate Court.

The Native Appellate Court, which has just concluded an important sitting at Kaitiaki and Kaihoko, in the North of Auckland, the pro-riding judges being Chief Judge Jackson Palmer and Judge Holland, dealt finally with the ascertainment of the native ownership of 81,307 acres of land held by natives under their customs and usages, besides dealing with numerous partitions and other matters. As a result of the sitting Crown grants will be issued for the following blocks of land, the ownership of which was settled by the Court: Ahipara 6554 acres, Motaitai No. 5 22,035 acres, Waikato 9437 acres, Waerongatua 152 acres, Whakare-Manawakania 11,373 acres, Mangakawakawa 7470 acres, Matawau 4880 acres, Kohatutaka 13,717 acres, Tuhuna 2140 acres, Kohewhata 2040 acres,

Matauri No. 1 1034 acres, and Motukaukai 435 acres.

Most of these blocks lie along the route the North Auckland railway will run, and the Government have been anxious to have the titles of the blocks completed before the railway runs through. The effect of issuing Crown grants for these 81,000 odd acres of land will be that now the native ownership is ascertained, those who could not previously deal with it will not be hampered by the former disabilities, and will be in a position to deal with the land, subject to the restrictions concerning such dealings under the native land laws of the Dominion. The greater portions of this land is volcanic, the soil being of a nature similar to that in the districts surrounding Mr. Eden and Mt. Albert. The 81,000 acres are probably worth over £250,000.

Shortage of Railway Trucks.

Replying to recent complaints of delays to shipping as the result of scarcity of trucks, the Hon. J. A. Millar said he was aware a slight difficulty had arisen in the discharging of the Wakefield. This, however, was due to the fact that vessels carrying nearly 10,000 tons of coal arrived at Auckland and Onehunga almost simultaneously. The delay was of a temporary character, and was overcome as soon as possible. The Minister pointed out that the Railway Department had to cope with every class of business. In this case it would have required 1600 railway trucks to provide for the requirements of the four vessels concerned if they were kept working the whole time at the maximum rate. Everything possible was done to cope with shipping traffic, but he could not admit as a general principle that other industries should suffer for the sake of shipping business.

Aberdeen Liner Launched.

Advice of the successful launching of the first of the two new Aberdeen liners has just been received. Like most of the earlier vessels designed for this route, she has been identified for a considerable time with the Australian trade, the new steamer's name is taken from the history of ancient Greece, and it is known as the *Themistocles*. It was launched at Athens, that Themistocles was an Athenian who lived some hundreds of years before the Christian era, and was celebrated for his seamanship and prowess as a general. He took part in the engagement at Salamis, but subsequently his popularity declined, and eventually he was forced to flee from his native land into Asia.

The new steamer has been built at the world-renowned yards of Messrs Harland and Wolff, Belfast, and is about 12,000 tons gross. Like the majority of modern steamers, the *Themistocles* is fitted with twin screws, and all the latest developments in marine construction are being employed to make her up-to-date in every feature. Wireless telegraphy is to be installed; also submarine signalling apparatus, which is found of great convenience in waters where there are submarine signal stations for finding the position in foggy weather. Everything is being carried out to ensure a maximum of steadiness at sea. The latest appliances will be provided for the speed and effective handling of cargo, and there will be extensive capacity for general and refrigerated produce to meet the growing requirements of the trade. Brief accounts of the passenger accommodation, which is to be of a sumptuous description, have already appeared. First and third-class passengers will be carried, and many notable features are due to their comfort and convenience. The bridge deck is entirely given over to saloon passengers, and here will be fitted an unprecedented number of roomy single-deck cabins, that are sure to meet with much approval. Each is to be 9 ft in height, and every saloon cabin on the ship will contain a porthole. The public rooms comprise the dining saloon (which is well removed from, and on a different deck to, the cabins, so that no smell of cooking can penetrate to them), library, lounge, smoke room and verandah cafe. A hundred saloon passengers can be carried, and the dining room has sufficient seating accommodation for the full complement to take their meals at the same time. Extensive promenade decks will be provided for passengers in both classes, and the tiled class will be of a most comfortable description, the cabins and public rooms being fitted in a style in bygone days unknown, even to those who were able to pay large sums for superior accommodation.

A complete system of watertight compartments has been arranged, so that two of the compartments may be completely filled without sinking the steamer. The *Themistocles* will be ready for sea in the course of the next few months, and it has been arranged for her to make her maiden Homeward voyage next April, and doubtless she will attract large support, as the above might be intelligently considered the delight of the passenger season.

"Material Self-Sufficiency."

Lord and Lady Islington attended the opening meeting of the Anglican Mission of Help, in Wellington, at the Town Hall this afternoon. Considerably over 3000 persons were present, and the concert chamber was opened to accommodate the overflow—Canon Stuart speaking there while Bishop Julius, of Christchurch, ad-

ressed the larger meeting. Hymns were sung by the combined Anglican choirs of the city.

Bishop Julius said that owing to the materialistic self-sufficiency of colonials, religion had been cashed out of their lives. Some might say this was due to education and the growth and development of science, but no true enlightenment was opposed to true religions. By way of instilling into the people of the colonies a true sense of their responsibilities to the Church and to God, it had been found necessary to bring a band of missionaries from England to help in the work, because the clergyman out here were a "very poor lot."

At the close of the meeting Canon Stuart, addressing the larger crowd, asked all who so desired, to renew their vows to the Church, to kneel and do so. Nearly all present complied.

Wellington Engineer Drowned.

A young man named Albert Williams, 21 years of age, an engineer by occupation, in company with two companions, were swimming from a dingy at Karaka Bay on Sunday. Williams was attempting to climb into the boat when it overturned, and it must have struck him on the head. He was carried ashore unconscious, and restorative measures were resorted to. Williams revived after a while, but suddenly collapsed and expired, heart failure caused by shock being the cause of death.

Chinese Laundries.

Fifty-four Chinese are petitioning Parliament, through Mr. Arnold, protesting against any amendment of the Factories Act in regard to hours of labour in Chinese laundries. They point out that when they paid the heavy entrance fee imposed upon Asiatics they believed they would be allowed to pursue their vocations on even terms and in friendly rivalry with the other factors of the brotherhood of man, and judged that the opportunity was a favourable one for establishing small laundries where any person could get washing done in small quantities. They submit that the limitation of hours of labour proposed by the bill would work unfairly and against the interests of the working man, who wants to wear a clean shirt on Sunday; besides which the laundry-keepers cannot afford, out of the small profit they make, to employ a clerk to keep a wages book in the English language. In conclusion, they point out that that legislation, designed to create a discrimination between the Chinese and people of other nationalities, is inconsistent with the "Open Door" policy which has been thrust upon the Chinese nation by the Western nations.

Military Appeals.

It is Sir Joseph Ward's intention to considerably alter the provisions of the Knyvett clause in the Defence Bill. This clause, it will be remembered, provides that when, except in time of war, any officer or non-commissioned officer is dismissed he shall have a right of appeal to a board consisting of a Supreme Court Judge and two officers of a rank not lower than that of colonel. When explaining the provisions of the bill tonight the Minister of Defence said he proposed amending the clause in committee, and inserting a similar provision to that obtaining in Imperial law. This would necessitate the appointment of a Judge Advocate General in the chief centre, and deputies in other centres. Their duties would be to ascertain if charges made were correct, and the clause would apply to the rank and file as well as officers.

Mr. T. E. Taylor said he presumed this clause of the bill arose out of the proceedings known as the Knyvett case. It showed the necessity of introducing the democratic element in military life and giving the civic right of appeal to an Appeal Board.

Sir Joseph Ward: It is not an Appeal Board that I am providing for. It gives everybody (officers as well as rank and file) the right of the civil law under certain circumstances.

Mr. Fisher said he hoped the new commandant would root out the old system of appointing officers to preside over court-martials. If Sir Joseph Ward's proposed amendment to clause 10 of the bill meant that the same old system of the past would still obtain, with the addition only of a Judge Advocate General, the country would be very little better off. Cases like that of Captain

Knyvett and himself would continue. A Judge Advocate could do little good if the Court were composed of similar officers to those who presided over the Knyvett trial. In his opinion, a more obsolete, ill-informed, and useless Court had never sat than the Court in question, and he hoped to see some definite improvement made in the personnel of future Courts.

"This Terrible Gunson."

Friday's "Evening Post," in its leading columns, under the heading "The Right Hon. Gunson," says: "N.Z. has two Prime Ministers—Sir Joseph Ward and Mr. Gunson. Mr. Gunson is not a member of Parliament; he is more—he is a shaker of Parliaments. He took it upon himself, as president of Auckland's remarkable Chamber of Commerce, to act as a sort of plenipotentiary for New Zealand in conducting a high and mighty cable correspondence with the American Oceanic Company regarding the 'Frisco' mail service, with Auckland as the 'star' port. Sir Joseph thought one thing, Mr. Gunson another. Mr. Gunson naturally believes that Gunson was right, and he chided his rival, the Premier. These days must indeed be sad for the Wellington head of the Government. Here is the Northern dictator's ire surging on top of all the worry about the Land Bill, the Gaming Bill, no-license pressure, and other troubles. What can be done to appease this terrible Gunson? Apparently Auckland takes him seriously, and when Auckland takes anything seriously, it is farewell to New Zealand's peace till Auckland is given soothing syrup. It does not seem that a small part of New Zealand which is not Auckland has enough treasure to keep Gunson and Bart. Kent quiet for more than a fortnight."

At a Low Ebb.

Speaking in the Arbitration Court last week on the demand made by the Wellington branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers for a new award, Mr. Allen (employers' representative) said there was no other trade which had so much foreign competition as the engineers' trade. The foundries were, in fact, becoming mere repair shops, and manufacturing was ceasing. The industry was in a serious condition, and employers could not stand any additional burdens.

David Robertson, ironfounder, declared that the state of the trade had never been at such a low ebb as at present. Further hearing of the case will be heard at Napier.

Population Statistics.

The following are the population statistics for the four chief centres of the Dominion for the month of August:—

Greater Auckland	97,929
Greater Christchurch	78,605
Great Wellington	76,390
Greater Dunedin	62,584

The total births in these centres amounted to 651 against 590 in July, an increase of 61. The deaths in August were 306, an increase of 65 on the number in July. Of the total deaths, males contributed 157 and females 149. The deaths of children under five years of age were 17.65 per cent of the whole number, and 41 of these were under one year of age.

The New Defence Bill.

The bill to amend the Defence Act of 1909 was discussed in Parliament on Thursday, and Sir Joseph Ward was able to make out a strong case for the system and the special modifications that he now proposes to introduce into it. The most important change suggested by the Premier is the raising of the age of liability for service from 21 to 25 years. The Premier's object is, as he explained, to ensure that none of our military training shall be wasted, but that the process shall be carried on from boyhood and youth to this comparatively advanced age. The effect of this alteration will be to increase the number of those liable for service from 30,000 to about 75,000; but allowance must then be made for exemptions. The list of possible exemptions is certainly a comprehensive one, designed to cover all deserving cases; and the work of exempting, as well as of selecting in each district the annual quota required for training is to be done by a committee of magistrates or some other suitable authority appointed for the purpose. This scheme gets rid of the ballot system of selection which, as

Mr. Jas. Allen said, is one of the worst features of Continental conscription. Allowing for exemption, it seems probable that within six years from the inauguration of the system we will have a citizen army of at least 50,000 strong, with a reserve of over 100,000 men and officers who have passed through their full course of compulsory training. The cost of the scheme is, of course, an important factor, and, considering our heavy financial responsibilities, it will be no light task to find an additional £400,000 a year even for such a purpose as this. But the public safety should be paramount over all other considerations; and it augurs well for the future of our nation that this early in our history we have laid down the principle that it is each man's duty to learn how to defend himself and those dear to him, and to make whatever sacrifice he may be called upon to undergo in his country's cause.

Red Funnel Fleet.

During the statement on the question of overseas mail services in the House last week, the Postmaster-General (Sir Joseph Ward) said he had just received a telegram from the general manager of the Union Steamship Company stating that the company had contracted for a 10-knot passenger steamer to be built. The new vessel would be 430 ft by 55 ft 6 in, and would be larger and faster than the *Maratona*. The contract time was August 1 next year, and the vessel should be in service 12 months from now. Her cost would be £200,000, delivered in the Dominion.

Lady Barrister Admitted.

At the Supreme Court, Gisborne, Miss Annie Lee Ross was admitted to the Bar. A large number of ladies and prominent business men were in attendance. Judge Chapman congratulated Miss Ross, and wished her a successful career, remarking on the advance made since her boyhood days, when angry comments were made upon the aspirations of women obtaining University degrees.

AGUTE NEURALGIA.

This Woman's Life a Misery until she found a Cure.

"When I was younger, I used to go out in all weathers, and I blame this first for my health giving way," said Mrs. E. W. Burn, 31, St. Vincent-st., Nelson. "Neuralgia was always troubling me. It was particularly bad in the left side of my face. I was hardly ever free from the nagging burning pains, and sometimes I hardly knew how to bear them. I had left school then. My appetite was always very small, but it began to get less and less till at last I had to be fully coaxed to eat anything. I had no colour, my lips and hands and cheeks were pale, and my hands and feet were always cold, even in the summer. A sudden cold would set my head aching violently. Sharp pains would dart across my temples and press down on my eyes till I could hardly see, and these attacks would last the greater part of the day. While my head ached I'd always have ringing noises going through my brain. I was particularly nervous, the least thing would startle me and set my heart thumping, and a short walk would occasionally set it beating quickly. I could hardly stoop or bend forward without my back aching. At times I'd ache all over. I only slept at night in fits and starts, and would wake up quite weary before finding how spoiled all day. I'd have to rest during the day. But on trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I found them to agree with me from the first, and in time they completely built my health up. I found my appetite improving a little, and I viewed a meal better with less dislike. As I began to eat better, my health slowly began to return, and I felt my blood getting much richer. Some colour came to my lips, and the neuralgic pains ceased off, and I found my headaches getting less severe. In time every ache and pain passed out of my system, till at last I was cured."

"When you want Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, don't be put off with anything else, send for the best as good. If you have trouble in getting them, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australia, Ltd., Wellington, who will send them by return, post free, 3/ for one box, six boxes, 16/6."

"Terrible Auckland."

The "Dominion" in a leading article headed "Terrible Auckland," says: "It is probable that the country, as well as Parliament, derives a good deal of amusement out of the desperate efforts of Auckland members to maintain the rights and privileges of the Northern city, and, incidentally, to grasp any fresh perquisites for that much-favoured portion of the Dominion. Southern members, who so very properly protested against the humiliating backdown of the Government, are in error in imagining that Auckland is sacrificing its ambitions regarding the university scheme for the sake of retaining the Governor's residence. They mean to have both, and the Government dare not thwart them. It is not a question of logic or justice; it's not a question of studying the taxpayers' pockets or public interests—the only circumstance that counts is that if Auckland does not get what it makes up its mind for it makes itself so amazingly unpleasant to the Government that Ministers rush around trying to pacify these desperate Northerners. What is the House going to do? Does the whole Parliament tremble at the name of Auckland?"

Water Power.

In the House of Representatives on Tuesday night the Prime Minister introduced a bill to increase the amount proposed to be borrowed from £1,750,000 to £2,250,000, to provide half a million for the acquisition of water rights, etc., in furtherance of the scheme to obtain water power for electricity. Members of the Opposition demanded details of the proposed expenditure, and eventually the amending bill was dropped to enable the Prime Minister to introduce it as a separate bill.

During discussion of the Loan Bill, the Prime Minister stated that it was proposed to spend the £1,750,000 which the bill asked Parliament's authority to borrow, as follows:—Railway construction, £800,000; additional rolling stock for other lines, etc., £350,000; the construction of roads, tracks and bridges to open up the backblocks, developing goldfields, etc., £500,000; and in respect of other public works, £100,000.

State Guaranteed Advances.

A new clause in the State Guarantee Advances Amendment Bill provides that all moneys raised under the Act shall be raised under and subject to the provisions of the New Zealand Loans Act, and the maximum rate of interest is fixed at four and a-half per cent. All moneys so raised are to be paid into the State Guaranteed Advances Account, and all loans are to be repaid out of that account, and the provision is that where the amount of the loan does not exceed £100, the loan shall be for a period of 2½ years, from £100 to £500 the period of the loan is to be 30 years, and over £500 the period is to be 30½ years. The second reading was agreed to on the voices.

Compensation Claim.

Judge Edwards, in the Supreme Court at Wanganui, gave judgment for £13,000 in a claim for £21,046 made by the Bank of Australasia against the Minister for Public Works in connection with the State acquiring the Bank of Australasia site for post office purposes. No costs were awarded.

Mr. Hine's Allegations.

In the House of Representatives on Friday notice of motion was given by Sir J. G. Ward re the allegations made by the member for Stratford during the debate on the Financial Statement concerning the purchase of private estates by the Land Purchase Board for the purposes of close settlement as follows:—

(1) That a member of Parliament was agent for the vendor, and received a commission in connection with the purchase of an estate; (2) that in connection with the purchase of an estate two members of Parliament acted in collusion, and received a commission; (3) that a member of Parliament divided a commission with a land agent in connection with the purchase of land by the State; (4) that a member of Parliament received a huge commission, running into four figures, for acting as agent in connection with the purchase of land by the State; and any other allegations of a similar nature against members of Parliament that may be brought before the committee, be referred to the Lands Committee for investigation and report, the

committee to have power to call for persons and papers, and to examine such witnesses as they deem necessary.

Mr. Massey interjected that an inquiry by two Supreme Court Judges would be more to the point.

A Clergyman's Resignation.

Writing to the "Timaru Herald" on the subject of his resignation from the charge of the local Presbyterian Church, the Rev. J. H. G. Chapple remarks: "Now that the heat of controversy is over, it is easier to see things in the mellowed light and the softened tones. The wretch has been hard. . . . With some variation it is 'Robert Elsmere' over again. If this letter should be read by any member of the Presbytery they will kindly remember that I bear no malice, I wish to meet them all with a good square look and hearty handshake. Six weeks' mental pain and distress, with sleepless nights, through the indignity of the whole thing, is not conducive to the choice of elegant words and phrases. To feel strongly and write mildly is an art I have never cultivated. Evidence is reaching me from all sides that it has made South Canterbury think. Even if this has happened life has not been altogether vain. The most gluborously orthodox must be subject to a flash of reason now and again. . . . The future is being asked from me on all sides. It is indefinite. I have a message—a modern message, a wider view and a newer vision—if God opens up the way, it must be delivered."

Rail-less Electric Traction.

Some interesting information regarding rail-less electric traction systems has been supplied to the members of the Christchurch Tramway Board by Mr. D. Sykes, a member of the Board, who is at present on a visit to the Old Country. The information is embodied in a copy of the report of the deputation from the city of Bradford that recently visited the Continent to inspect the systems installed there that are run without rails.

The rail-less system of traction which is being developed in Italy under the name of "Filovia" has been found to be of considerable utility to the public. The first line of this system was installed in 1904, and since that date a number of lines have been put in, totalling well over 50 miles in different parts of the country, and are in regular daily use. As a proof of the non-experimental character and stability of the rail-less trolley system in Italy, it is interesting to know that the Italian Government has decided to grant a subsidy of £60 a year for each mile of line equipped on the rail-less system in districts not provided with railway or tramway services. From figures supplied it appears that the energy consumed per ton mile is about the same as that consumed on a tramcar. This is somewhat surprising, as it might be expected that the tractive effort of rubber tyres on an ordinary roadway would be much in excess of that of a tramway line. The explanation, however, is probably to be found in the fact that more modern motors of greater efficiency than the old type of tramway motor are in use, and to the use of rubber tyres; in addition to the freedom of each driven wheel to take its own course, when rounding curves, by means of a very excellent electrical differential. The steering and control of the car are quite as good, if not better than the control of an ordinary petrol vehicle of similar dimensions. The deputation was very favourably impressed with this particular system of rail-less trolley for heavy routes, and was strongly of opinion that it was no speculative experiment, but a good engineering proposition, and capable of considerable utilisation.

Tokanaui Prison Farm.

The Hon. Dr. Findlay (Minister for Justice) visited Te Awamutu on Wednesday, September 21, and paid a visit to the site of the proposed prison reformatory situated on the borderland of the King Country, and adjoining the site of the Mental Hospital about to be erected. The Minister, in the course of an interview, stated that Cabinet would immediately be requested to authorise the erection of buildings. The work of surveying the estate is now completed. The full estate covers an area of from 6,000 to 7,000 acres. Of this, some 1,500 acres are to be devoted to the prison reformatory, the balance being in charge of the Mental Hospitals Department. The reformatory will be controlled from the head office of the Department at Wel-

lington, and will be in charge of a local staff. It is proposed at present to provide accommodation for some 30 or 40 prisoners, who will erect accommodation for a greater number until the whole scheme is completed, when it is anticipated that some 300 or 400 men will be provided for. The objects of the scheme, as proposed, are not only to accommodate prisoners for the term of their imprisonment, but during this term to afford them every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the methods of practical and scientific farming. A scheme whereby the men will be paid is being arranged—the wives of married men or dependents of single men will be paid by the Department, while the accumulated earnings of single men will be in charge of the Department after the term of imprisonment has expired. It is the intention of the Department to assist men in securing employment at the expiration of the term. By systematically farming the land, it is anticipated that the institution will, when properly established, be self-supporting. The Minister was satisfied that the site selected was a most suitable one. Being near to the Main Trunk railway, the costs of carriage would not mean unnecessary carriage of goods or products. It was a decidedly healthy site, being high and free from dampness. The land, at present unimproved, would, by means of prison labour, be greatly enhanced in value when brought into cultivation.

Arnst v. Barry.

Dr. Thacker, of Christchurch, who backed Arnst in the match against Barry for the sculling championship of the world on the Zambesi last month, was a passenger to Wellington by the Tongariro, which arrived last week. He has a high opinion of Barry's abilities as a sculler, and describes the race as one worth witnessing. Arnst is to row Barry again on the Thames for £1,000 a side.

The Antarctic Expedition.

Mr B. C. Day, a member of Captain Scott's Antarctic expedition, arrived from London by the s.s. Tongariro bringing with him three motor sledges, specially designed by Captain Scott. The tractors will, to a certain extent, take the place of dogs and ponies in hauling loads, and petrol will supply motive power.

A Home for £10.

An interesting announcement was made by the Prime Minister last week during the discussion upon the State Guaranteed Advances Amendment Act, when he stated that an enlargement of the present liberal assistance now rendered to the workers of the Dominion was proposed to be introduced. He held in his hand a bill which it was intended to introduce this session, under which a worker might obtain a home by paying an initial deposit of £10, whilst an annual payment of £25 would wipe out the capital and interest in 2½ years. In addition to the half-yearly payment workers could voluntarily reduce their liability by £7 or any multiple of £7. Sir Joseph added that he had not brought down all the Government's proposals, but it should be complained they were only overloading the order paper without any intention of passing the legislation proposed.

Wireless to the Pole.

Some time ago the Council of the Canterbury Philosophical Institute, prompted by a letter from Dr. Mawson, a member of Sir Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic expedition, wrote to Sir Joseph Ward, bringing under his notice the advantages of establishing an installation for wireless telegraphy on the southern coast of New Zealand, of sufficient power to be able to communicate with the mainland of the Antarctic Continent. Sir Joseph Ward has replied, stating that it is the intention of the Government to install a high power station at or near the Bluff, with a range of 1,250 nautical miles, under all conditions in the day time. He adds that at night probably communication will be practicable over a much greater distance, even up to 2,500 miles. To obtain any communication from such distances from either sea or land would require an equipment that is not usual on any ships, and he says that the installation proposed at or near the Bluff will, therefore, be more than sufficient

for any probable requirement at present. Members of the Council of Philosophical Institute express satisfaction at the Prime Minister's announcement.

Mr R. M. Laing, president of the institute, says that Captain Scott probably would have made arrangements to take an effective apparatus if he had thought that a corresponding station would be established in New Zealand. Mr Laing points out the value of the scheme in case the explorers found that it was necessary to summon help. It is doubtful, however, he adds, if the institute can do anything now to make the proposal practicable, as far as Captain Scott's expedition is concerned. It is not known, for one thing, how far the Government's arrangements have been pushed forward, or to what extent Captain Scott would be able to cooperate, if the Bluff station is available for use while he is in the Antarctic.

Dr. C. C. Colledge Farr expresses an opinion that if it was a question of obtaining funds the difficulties could be swept away by making a special appeal to the public on behalf of the expedition and of science generally. He describes the idea as a good one, but he thinks that it is doubtful if the station at the Bluff will be established in time to be of service to Captain Scott. A permanent combined meteorological and cutties in the way are insurmountable. Dr. Mawson, Dr. Farr adds, intends next year to go with a party of Australian scientists to the northern coast of the Antarctic Continent, which is several hundred miles nearer than McMurdo Sound, and he has no doubt that communication could be maintained from the Bluff with the members of that expedition.

Mr R. Speight, secretary of the institute, favours the establishment of a permanent combined meteorological and wireless observatory in the Antarctic. He points out that the Argentine Government has a permanent meteorological station on the South Orkneys, in the Antarctic region, on the other side of the globe. He feels that Australia and New Zealand should not be behind the South American Republic in this respect. He states that Dr. Mawson's expedition will explore the region west of Cape Adare, to ascertain how a gap in the northern coast line of the Continent shown in the map should be filled in.

Many men hitch their wagons to stars, while others are satisfied with members of the chorus.

The carpenter "saw" that his wife was ill; "This 'plane," said he, "you've caught a chill; Now, as a 'rule,' you look so strong. It worries me when something's wrong. To cure those 'cramps,' and that sore 'chest,' I'll 'straight' way do my 'level' best. The best of 'Woods' I will secure, A bottle of his Great Peppermint Cure.

A MUCH-NEEDED CHANGE IN OUR RAILWAY ADMINISTRATION.

"CHAMPION" ASSUMES CONTROL WITH VIGOUR.

STATE COMMUNICATIONS BY TELEGRAM.

21st Sept. 1910.

Hon. Millar, Minister Railways, Wellington.

"You stated if Country wants any other Policy, they will have to get another Minister. Well, we do want a more up-to-date Policy, accompanied with Vigour, for this glorious North, the envy of the South. I understand, on receipt of this Manifesto you will resign in favour of the Only 'Champion' who killed the Southern Flout Trust, 52 Strong, and kept the 'STAND-ALD' unflinched."

God Save the King. (Sgd.) P. VIRTUE.

N.B.—Up to the time of going to Press the Hon. Millar had not replied. As this is the first occasion he has been taken seriously, doubtless his colleagues have advised "Silence is Golden." If he wishes to retain the Portfolio.—P.V. NUNQUAM—NON PARATIS. (Never unprepared; always ready.)

The Brussels Fire.

LONDON, August 19.

After reading through the mass of eabled and written intelligence concerning the Brussels Exhibition fire, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that we have yet to learn the true extent of the damage done. That the accounts we have received in England concerning the conflagration have erred considerably on the side of exaggeration there can be no manner of doubt. All the talk of "priceless art treasures" having been consumed was practically so much clap-trap, for we now have it on the authority of the chairman of the British Royal Commission at the Exhibition that no pictures, ancient or modern, were contained in the British section destroyed, that the collection of old English furniture was a small one, the value of which is fully covered by insurance at about £25,000, and that the destroyed loan collection from the Victoria and Albert Museum of "the finest specimens of English gold and silver work" were mere electro reproductions!

Estimates of the damage done by the fire reached £5,000,000, but when the cold truth is come at, it appears that the real amount will not be more than a tenth of that sum. Moreover, we have the word of the President of the Executive Committee of the Exhibition that "in a fortnight the remains of the fire will be no longer seen. The President deprecates the exaggerated language in which the fire has been "written up" by the Press, and his business-like description of the actual scope of the fire reads queerly alongside the sensational accounts furnished by some of the correspondents of London newspapers.

One thing brought clearly before the mind by the fire is the terrible danger to the public created by the erection of flimsy lath and plaster buildings for exhibition purposes. Of those destroyed at Brussels nothing remains but the distorted iron framework. All the rest went up in sparks and smoke, in an incredibly short space of time. The moment a building was attacked it was doomed. The fire enveloped it with such lightning rapidity that one Colonial visitor who saw the conflagration remarked: "The fire couldn't have travelled much faster if the place had been drenched with kerosene."

Apparently none of the inflammable material used in the buildings had been treated in any way to make it fire-resisting. Moreover, it is stated, apparently on unimpeachable authority, that the fire appliances at the Exhibition were miserably inadequate, kept in a state of utter unreadiness, and that when they could be brought into operation the pressure of water in the fire mains was such that the jets from the fire hose would hardly reach an object 30 feet away from the nozzle.

Happily, so far as is known, not a single person was killed, or even seriously hurt by the fire, which occurred after the destroyed buildings had been closed to the public for the night. Had the fire broken out a few hours earlier, the chances are that it would have involved a loss of human life far greater than that caused by the great Paris char-

perhaps be best shown by a letter which he has addressed to the President of the Local Government Board, Mr. John Burns, to whom Mr. Sedgwick first broached his scheme and with whom he has been in regular communication on the subject since his return from the Dominion.

To Mr. Burns he wrote last Friday: "They (the Central Unemployed Body) decline to co-operate unless all the individuals of the party are selected by them, as well as passed by me on behalf of New Zealand. This would bar any provincial lad, boy under 18, or person in badly paid work at present being of the party. The Board, however, could not say how long such selection would take, as all the applications have to be received through the local distress committees.

"If the distress committee under whose aegis most of the selected cases would come, is typical of the others, the case is quite hopeless.

"I had seen over twenty most suitable lads in one borough, and therefore called at that local distress office. I was informed that no cases could be entertained under 18 years of age, and that casual and blind-alley workers, if considered at all, would be 'strangled with red-tape,' notwithstanding the facts that your Board have ruled that such lads, when upwards of 15 years, are eligible under the Act of 1905, and that the colonial farmers in many districts prefer them at the younger age, and they regard a lad who has worked as van and shop boy, in jam, lank and wire-rope works, in oil-works, lead or saw-mills (according to the demand for his labour) as more versatile, adaptable and likely to succeed than one who has spent his whole time at one or perhaps two jobs. The latter would, moreover, be far more prone to drift into his old trade in the towns. As the season is rapidly approaching, the necessity for expedition is recognised; but the secretary informed me that it might be December 31 before they were passed, as after they had been accepted on behalf of the Dominion, each case would occupy at least twenty-four hours for official investigations, and special inquiry officers would have to be engaged. The whole work of the committee was in a state of suspended animation, and, although the limited period, when lads are most needed on the dairy and other farms of the Southern Hemisphere, is now commencing, the new registers had not even been received from the lead office.

"I therefore write to inquire whether you can suggest any other source whence the necessary £600 for fares (repayable) and outfit for the 50 lads can be obtained. Otherwise I am afraid that this first and only offer of reciprocation in migration received from the overseas Dominions will have to be rejected.

"As you know, I regard this matter as of so paramount importance to all concerned that I have spent upwards of £100 of my own money—which was all I had—and borrowed an additional £50 to go and secure this truly patriotic offer from the Government of New Zealand, and it would be an Imperial disaster if it now fell through.

"Only those who have both lived amidst the hideous poverty of East London and other parts and seen the abundance of everything save labour in the glorious lands of New Zealand can realise what a difference £600 would make for 50 lads, the friends they would get out to them, and their posterity."

On Mr. Burns' reply to this letter will depend Mr. Sedgwick's future course of action. It must be said for him that the unsympathetic attitude of the Central Unemployed Body has not in the least damped his ardour. On the contrary, it has in vulgar parlance "put his back up," and unless the intervention of Mr. Burns produces favourable results from the Central Body, Mr. Sedgwick intends to try the effect of a newspaper campaign.

It is said that the proprietor of a certain widely read London newspaper is not at all averse from opening his columns to an appeal for funds in furtherance of Mr. Sedgwick's scheme, provided that it is made applicable to all our overseas possessions and not restricted to any particular area.

In addition to sounding the possibilities of newspaperland, Mr. Sedgwick is submitting his scheme in detail to a number of influential and wealthy men who have first-hand knowledge of New Zealand, and he is soliciting that whatever assistance the Central Unemployed Body may eventually consent to give him, he will be able to fulfil the task he has set himself on the lines of his own programme.

One thing Mr. Sedgwick feels that he

Was Dickmann a Double Murderer?

Carnarvon Bay Wreck.

GRAPHIC STORY OF THE DISASTER.

MELBOURNE, September 19.

The full-rigged ship Carnarvon Bay, 1795 tons, bound from Liverpool to Sydney, struck a reef to the south east of King Island during a heavy gale on Thursday last. She was abandoned in the evening by Captain Griffiths and the crew.

The captain, with the second and third mates, and 14 of the crew, were picked up in an open boat by the steamer Tararua, on Saturday afternoon, off Cape Fitzroy, near Wilson's Promontory. The first mate, 13 of the crew, and a passenger, who got away in another boat, have still to be accounted for.

In his account of the disaster, Captain Griffiths said: "We were holding up to east by north course when the ship struck, just before I had time to look at the standard compass and found that she had been coming up higher than her course, set by the after compass. I had told the man at the wheel to let her fall off half a point. Just as I gave him that order the ship started to graze on the reef, and almost immediately to lump. The bumping was comparatively slight for a few minutes. Then she started to bang. In another instant she was bumping all over. The vessel began continuously to lump. I sang out to the mate to swing up his port boat and to pass it over to the starboard, or lee, side of the ship. Meantime, the starboard boat was swung into the water, and I was hanging on to the side.

"Some of the men must have tumbled into her as soon as they had lunched her. I called for a carpenter to sound the bell. He was not there. I afterwards found that he was in the boat. I went along the deck to try and find the sounding rod, but I could not see it. By this time the ship was hard and fast, but still bumping heavily. The men had clambered into the boats and the port boat had cast off from the ship and pulled out. Five or six men were in it. I called out for them to come in and take some of the men from the starboard boat in with them. At that time there were only the first, second, and third mates and one of the apprentices and myself on deck. The men said that they would not come alongside as it was too dangerous. I don't think it was. They said they were frightened of the masts falling on them. The masts, I may say, were standing well when last we saw the ship.

"I went downstairs to get the papers. The men were singing out while I was gone, 'Let go the boats, or the mast will come over on us.' When I came on deck again the starboard boat was still hanging to her. The first, second and third mates and the apprentices were still on deck. We all got over the side into the starboard boat, and pushed away from the ship. I sang out to the port boat to take half of our men away. Altogether there were 31 in the crew, and one passenger, but whether the passenger was in our boat or the boat with the mate I cannot now recollect. When we got some distance from the ship the port boat came alongside, and the chief officer and nearly half our men clambered into it. I called out to the mate, who had taken charge, with the bosun under him, to lunge on to the shore for the night, and try and find a landing place on the east end of the island at daybreak.

"Three minutes after we lost sight of them, the last we saw of them the mate was steering for the east side of the island, where there is a sandy beach. We tried to make after him, but his boat could go better to windward than ours, and we could not make way towards the east end of the island. I then decided to run for Launceston after daybreak, hoping to keep the ship in sight as long as possible, to see whether she was in any great danger. At about 10 p.m. the gale, which had been blowing from the west, turned to the south-west, and came up with tremendously increased force. I quickly realised we would never be able to make the Tasmanian coast, so I decided to make for Port Phillip.

"We ran all that night before the gale in a tremendous sea, with our oars, heading us far as we could to the north. At about 5 o'clock on Friday morning the gale began to abate, and we set a sail. By 7 o'clock it completely died away. Later it sprang up again from the north, but in the afternoon backed round to the north-west. All this time we were hauling out and fighting our way through a nasty cross sea. The boat was 22ft long, and was taking in water rapidly. At 11 o'clock on Saturday morning we sighted

The latter was ill with a dangerous chill, and his breath came in rattling "snorts," so they said, just hung by a "thread."

For the doctor had murmured "no chance."

No words can express "press" his awful distress. But it "seems" that he put up a fight; he took the thing sure, the Woods' Pepper mint Cure.

"Sew," "needless" to say, he got right.

Town Lads for N.Z. Farms.

MR. SEDGWICK'S DIFFICULT TASK.

LONDON, August 19.

Mr. Thomas E. Sedgwick appears to be finding considerable difficulty in arranging for the emigration of the 50 town lads he was empowered by the New Zealand Government to select as a trial party for New Zealand farms. The Dominion Government is prepared to grant the lads assisted passages, and I understand, to guarantee to find them work and to keep a fatherly eye upon them until such time as they may be safely permitted to paddle their own canoes.

Beyond the amount represented by the New Zealand Government's assistance, however, Mr. Sedgwick estimates that he will require some £600 in order to pay the balance of passage money, provide each lad with a decent outfit and to cover incidental expenses in connection with their emigration.

This amount, or some part thereof, Mr. Sedgwick designed to obtain from the Central Unemployed Body for London, but as a result of almost daily communication with that body he seems to be on the point of ignoring them and making an appeal to public philanthropy for the desired sum.

The attitude of the Central Unemployed Body towards Mr Sedgwick's scheme may

PERSONAL NOTES.

Captain Albert V. J. Lockie, son of Mr. James Lockie, of Wellington, has been elected a member of the Transvaal Parliament.

Mr. Howard Watkin, Treasurer, Collector of Customs, and Postmaster-General of Tonga, is at present travelling in the North Island.

The statement is freely circulated that Mr. E. M. Wilford intends to contest the Wellington North seat against Mr. Herdman at the next election.

Archbishop Rodwood, who has been attending the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal, is expected to return to Wellington about the end of November or early in December.

The Prime Minister has received a cablegram from London, advising him that Dr. A. McArthur, S.M., and Mrs. McArthur left by the Arawa last week on their return to New Zealand.

Mr. James Shaw, ex-Mayor of Adelaide, whose death was announced in a London cable message, was a contractor in a large way, and was well-known in New Zealand, which he had frequently visited. The "Southland Times" says he was in Invercargill shortly before the Westralian gold rush, and made for the West, where his investments proved successful. Mr. Shaw, who was the first Mayor of Coolgardie, had been in failing health for some time.

Mr. Tong Ung Tung has been appointed Chinese Consul-General for Australia, in succession to Mr. Liang Lan Hsun, who has asked to be relieved of the duties in consequence of ill-health. The new official has held several high offices in the service of the Peking Government, among which was that of Consul in Korea. It is announced that Mr. Tong will leave for Australia during October. Mr. Dow, who has been associated with the teaching staff of Cambridge University, will be the new Consul-General's English secretary.

Mr. John Earle, an old and well-known resident of Auckland, died last week at his residence, Ladies' Mile, Remuera, at the age of 60 years. The deceased was a native of Scotland, having arrived over 30 years ago in Auckland, where for long he was in business as a tea merchant. Mr. Earle was ever an active supporter of philanthropic and church work, being in turn a prominent member of St. Andrew's, St. Luke's, and Knox Churches, and was, moreover, a keen and public spirited citizen on matters affecting the common weal. A man generally esteemed for the integrity and kindness of his character, his death will be widely regretted. He also took a prominent part in the musical life of the country, and gave valuable assistance to the chorists of the various churches to which he belonged. He is survived by a son and two daughters. The interment will be private.

Mr. A. J. Lockie, late chief officer of s.s. Kotikui, has joined the Wanaka in a similar capacity, vice Mr. P. J. Foster, who is ashore for orders.

The Rev. W. E. Lambert has resigned the pastorate of the Ashburton Baptist Church, and intends leaving Ashburton in three months' time.—Press Association.

The Wangmudi Celestian Society forwarded an address of welcome to Lady Islington, as a "Child of the Heath," and received a reply expressing warm appreciation of the sentiments expressed.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Cleary (Catholic Bishop of Auckland), writing to a friend in Rome, stated that he expected to be in the Eternal City at the end of September or early in October. He will then probably catch an outward-bound Australian liner en route for his new home.

Dr. Strange, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (London), late house surgeon at St. George's Hospital, is leaving shortly for Haig Cove, Otago, as the medical missionary.

Cape Enderby. We did not really know what part of the coast it was till 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when we came near it. Then, seeing we were in the direct course of steamers coming round the coast from Sydney, we lay to and drifted till we saw the Tararua's smoke come over the horizon. One of the crew hoisted a pair of old trousers as a signal, and we succeeded in attracting the Tararua's attention. Captain Irvine took us on board, and within two minutes of our stepping on deck every man had a cup of coffee handed to him. I cannot speak too highly of the treatment we received from Captain Irvine and his crew.

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

LONDON, August 19.

Miss Belle Spence, third daughter of the late Mr. James Spence, of "Lemnacre," Garmouth, Morayshire, N.B., was married on August 17th to Mr. James Piddie Whitelaw, of the New Zealand Press Agency, London, youngest son of the late Mr. G. Whitelaw, of the Bank of New Zealand, and Mrs. Whitelaw, of "Rosenheim," Auckland. The wedding, which was celebrated at "Lemnacre," the home of the Spence family, was a very quiet one, only relatives being present. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Major Hugh Spence, wore ivory crepe de chine silk, with hand-embroidered net veil, and carried a bouquet of white heather. Her bridesmaids were her two sisters, Miss Polly and Miss Jean Spence, and Miss A. Whitelaw, the bridegroom's sister, who is now head of the famous Wycombe Abbey School for girls. The best man was Mr. George Spence, and the Rev. George Binnie, of Speymouth, tied the nuptial knot. The Spence family is very popular in Garmouth—a quaint old-world village at the mouth of the Spey—and the whole of the population turned out to give the happy couple a send-off at the railway station on their departure for Cornwall, where the honeymoon is being spent. Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw were the recipients of a very large number of wedding presents, and numberless telegrams and cables of congratulations, including some from New Zealand and one from that world-forgotten paradise, Coeos Island.

Mr. Thos. A. Gubb, of Port Albert, Auckland, has been staying in Devonshire, his native county, for some little time—his first visit after 44 years' residence in New Zealand. He brought with him letters of introduction from Sir Joseph Ward and Mr. W. F. Massey, and has been made much of by his old friends in Devon, where he has been several times interviewed since his arrival by newspapers on the Dominion's land system, income taxes, universal suffrage, etc. He has spoken also at

selected by the Church Missionary Society of England, for the post. As Dr. Strange is an old Auckland boy, an effort has been made in Auckland to guarantee the necessary funds to enable him to go, and the result has been extremely gratifying, inasmuch that Dr. Strange is able to leave without delay.

The Hon. T. Thompson and E. Harris, M.L.C.'s, left for Wellington by the mail train last evening.

Dr. Scott, who was captain of the 1886 Australian cricket eleven, is dead, says a Press Association telegram.

Mr. M. A. Clark and his three daughters returned by the Maheno on Sunday, from a two months' visit to Queensland and Sydney.

Mr. C. Freddy, a visitor from Rhodesia, arrived by the Cornwall this morning, and is stopping at the Central Hotel while in Auckland.

Mr. G. Ranson, manager of the Northern Steamship Company, returned with Mrs. Ranson by the Maheno on Sunday, from a trip to Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kidd, of Epsom, who have been on a three months' trip to the Islands and Australia, returned to Auckland by the Maheno.

Mr. Jas. Biddle, general manager of the New Zealand Insurance Company, who has been on a two months' visit to Australia, accompanied by his daughter, returned by the Maheno.

Mr. H. Harrison, late sub-editor of the "Hawke's Bay Herald," a position he occupied for over eight years, prior to leaving Napier for Auckland, on Friday, was presented by the staff and proprietors with some pieces of silver plate. Regret was expressed that for health reasons he had been compelled to relinquish his duties, and tribute was paid to the ability with which he had sub-edited the paper during his long connection with it.

News has been received in Christchurch that Captain G. Milward who is well known in New Zealand, and who was in command of the New Zealand Shipping Company's steamer Matama when she was wrecked in the Straits of Magellan on her way from New Zealand to London—some years ago, is on his way out to visit New Zealand. Captain Milward is the owner of a large ranch at Punta Arenas in the Straits of Magellan, and is also British Consular Agent at that port.

several open-air political meetings with conspicuous success on female franchise. Mr. Gubb leaves to-day by the Ormuz on his return journey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Marks, of Auckland, arrived in England by the Macedonia, and are now staying in London. Mr. Marks, who is an engineer, and the inventor of the Marks High Speed Reversible Turbine, has been sent over here by his company to demonstrate the capacity of his new invention, and he has brought with him a couple of engines, manufactured in Auckland—one of about 50 and the other 12 horsepower. Later, the New Zealanders hope to be able to tour Europe before returning to the Dominion.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Holmes, of Auckland, who have been in England since June, have rented a flat in West Kensington, and will be in this country until the end of October. Since their arrival, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes have journeyed no less than 2,000 miles by motor in England and Scotland, and they confess themselves altogether charmed with the beautiful country they passed through. Before returning to New Zealand, they intend spending some time on the Continent. Mr. Holmes, who is the president of the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association, has attended the Kent tournament, Queen's Court Championship, and the All England Tennis Championship, at Wimbledon, during his stay.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Warnock, of Auckland, arrived in this country by the Macedonia, and are at present staying in London. The length of their visit is at present not decided.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Whitehead, of Auckland, leave again for New Zealand, after a very happy visit to this country, on September 2nd by the Ruahine.

"In touring in various parts of England, especially in agricultural districts," said Mr. Whitehead to me this week, "I have been charmed by seeing such splendid crops of wheat, oats, barley, etc., and market-gardens generally, and in conversation with several farmers, and in answer to my inquiry, 'How is it that farming does not pay in England?' the invariable answer has been 'But it does pay!' and the prices obtained for corn, hay, bacon, etc., seem to be a complete answer. I found frozen New Zealand mutton selling in nearly every town and village, and always heard it highly spoken of. New Zealand is highly praised as being a very fine country."

Recent callers at the High Commissioner's Office—Mr. Walter Campbell (Christchurch), Mr. David W. McPhail (Christchurch), Mr. Thos. A. Gubb (Auckland), Mr. C. Stone (Dunedin), Mr. C. Kidson (Nelson), Mr. George Page (Nelson), Mr. Victor S. Moore (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. J. Faulder (Auckland), Miss E. N. Russell (Christchurch), Mr. Samuel H. Jenkins (Paranaki), Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Warnock (Auckland), Mr. W. H. and Miss Newenham (Wellington), Mr. J. A. and the Misses Colledge (Auckland), Mr. John Broadhead (Timaru), Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Govier (Waikato), Mr. S. Holders (Christchurch), Mr. Chas. Clayton (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. Eric Stanley Pees and baby (Palmerston North), Mr. and Mrs. Granville Curry and family (Christchurch), Mr. and Mrs. J. Marks (Auckland), Mr. H. Fortune (Bay of Plenty), Mr. L. D. Worsley (Christchurch), and Mrs. B. N. Paton (Wellington).

King Edward's Faith.

A RUMOUR AND A DENIAL.

A letter in the following terms, written on behalf of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Dean of Quebec, who had forwarded his Grace a cutting from the "New York World," giving expression to a rumour that King Edward had died in the Roman Catholic faith, has been published by the "Dublin Daily Express":—

"My dear Dean of Quebec.—You have called the Archbishop of Canterbury's attention to a preposterous and baseless rumour, which you tell him has obtained currency in some quarters about King Edward and the Roman Catholic Church. For the Archbishop to issue a public contradiction of such a report would be to give increased importance and currency to an allegation which can only have emanated from some ignorant or malicious person. It must be as painful to the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church as to others that reports so totally devoid of foundation should, on the strength of anonymous newspaper paragraphs, find currency anywhere."

NORTHERN STEAM SHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

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

For Russell. CLANSMAN. Every Monday, at 7 p.m. For Russell, Whangaroa, and Mangouhi. CLANSMAN. Every Wednesday, at 5.30 p.m. No Caron for Russell.

For Awanihi, Waiharara, Honohora, Whangaroa, and Mangouhi. APANIHI. Every Monday, at 2 p.m. No Cargo Whangaroa and Mangouhi.

For Whangaruru, Helena Bay, Tautakaka, and Whananaki. PAEROA. Every Monday, 21st June, 1 p.m. For Great Barrier. WA'OTAHU. Every Wednesday, midnight.

For Waikae and Coromandel. LEAVE AUCKLAND. DAPHNE. Every Mon. & Fri. Forenoon. LEAVE COROMANDEL, VIA WAIKAE. DAPHNE. Every Tues. and Sat., Early.

FROM ONEHUNGA. For Hokiang. CLAYMORE. Every Thursday. For Raglan and Kwhia. CLAYMORE. Every Monday.

WHANGAREI SERVICE. Steamers leave Whangarei as under:— S.S. NGAPPHI. Train Whangarei S.S. Coromandel to Whangarei. Leaves Bay.

Goods re. Pas. Mangapou. Paras. ceived till Train. 2nd-8.45 a.m. 1 p.m. 11 a.m. 1 p.m. 4th-8.45 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. 1 p.m.

7th-Prevs. day. 9.30 a.m. 8 a.m. No str. 9th-Prevs. day. 9.30 a.m. 7 a.m. 10 a.m. 11th-8.45 a.m. 11 a.m. No str. 11 a.m. 14th-8.45 a.m. 1 p.m. 11 a.m. No str.

16th-8.45 a.m. 1 p.m. 11 a.m. 1 p.m. 18th-11.45 a.m. 2 p.m. No str. 2 p.m. 21st-Prevs. day. 9 a.m. 8 a.m. No str. 23rd-Prevs. day. 9.30 a.m. 7 a.m. 9 a.m.

25th-8.45 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. 11 a.m. 28th-8.45 a.m. 1 p.m. 11 a.m. No str. 30th-11.45 a.m. 2 p.m. 11 a.m. 2 p.m.

Goods outward by steamers leaving on following dates, viz.:— 7th, 9th, 11th, 21st and 25th. Must leave up-country stations by afternoon train previous day. NORTHERN S.S. CO., LTD. Agents.

CANADIAN-AUSTRALIAN ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG. Via FIJI, HONOLULU, and VICTORIA (B.C.) to VANCOUVER IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE CANADIAN-PACIFIC RAILWAY.

CHEAPEST AND MOST INTERESTING ROUTE TO GRANDDEST SCENERY IN THE WORLD.

Choice of all ATLANTIC MAIL LINES from Montreal, Halifax, Boston, New York, &c. &c.

ROUND THE WORLD TOURS. Via SUEZ, SOUTH AFRICA, CHINA, JAPAN, &c.

Passenger from New Zealand may join Mail Steamers at Sydney or Suva, Fiji. For Maps, Guide Books, and all information Apply—

UNION STEAM SHIP CO. OF NEW ZEALAND, Ltd

Sports and Pastimes.

WITH SAIL AND MOTOR

NOTES FROM THE WATERFRONT.

(By RINGTAIL.)

IN a very short time the waters of the Waitemata will be covered with the white sails of the yachting fleet.

Already quite a number of launches are ready for the water, and one or two are now at their moorings.

It is to be hoped that the Viking and Thelma will be seen with sails spread, giving our waters a touch of the Solent.

The foreshore presents a very busy appearance. Crews of yachts and launches are hard at work painting, scraping, rigging, etc. All are busy making ready for the coming season.

It is a great pity that more of our young men and boys do not go in for the grand and healthy sport of yachting.

The crack yacht Rainbow is in the hands of Mr. A. Logan, undergoing a thorough overhaul. Her mast has been unshipped, and three feet taken off the head; it will be cleaned and re-stopped, with new standing gear fitted. She is also to have new sails and running-gear, and will be painted white to the rail capping, instead of the bright cedar rail she carried before. The rail capping has been taken off and replaced by one of bright teak; so when she takes the water this season she will have the appearance of a new yacht.

Mr. Edgcombe's fine launch Countess will be ready for the water in a week or two, the work of overhauling the engine and the painting being well pushed forward under the supervision of Mr. Edgcombe himself.

On the crack yacht Kotiri the work is well under way, being done mostly by the crew. The mast has been taken out to have new hoops fitted, and is now ready for re-stepping. Great credit is due to this crew for the seamanlike way that they go about their work.

The work on the Ida is well under way, the copper paint having been well rubbed down, which should add to her sailing qualities.

The little yacht Iris is looking very sprick and span in her new paint. The crew have been at work for some time, and she should be ready for launching at the end of next month.

The Lune Star is now ready for the water, looking very neat and natty, and is ready to give as much pleasure this coming season as she has done in the past.

The yacht Rangitira looks a wreck. Her figure-head was knocked off at the end of last season, when she came in contact with the yacht Ngatiri during an easterly gale. The Ngatiri did not come off soot free, about eight or ten feet of her starboard quarter rail being carried away.

Work is being well pushed forward on Mr. J. Hodgson's fine launch Tahatu. The crew expect to have her ready by the end of October.

The only new yacht so far this season is Mr. Le Huquet's cruiser Marangi. She is a fine runny boat, well thought-out, having a flush deck, except for a small light-top amidships, with fore-hatch and companionway. She is intended as a good runny cruiser, but should give a good account of herself in a breeze. The following are her dimensions: L.o.a., 28ft.; L.w.l., 25ft.; b., 9ft.; draught, 3ft. 6in. She carries over three tons of lead on the keel, with a spread of 900 square feet of canvas. She is a three-skinned boat, all copper fastened, and very strongly put together. The cabin is very snug, twelve feet long, with full head room under a light-top. The Marangi should prove a very comfortable cruiser.

Last week a very pleasant evening was spent by some of Auckland's yacht-men in entertaining Captains Hylthe and Arapakis of the yawl Pandora, at a dinner at the Tiffin, some forty yacht-men being present. The toast of "The King" having been honoured, Mr. J. Parks, of the Manukau Yacht Club (chairman for

the evening), proposed "Our Guests," with musical honours. Both Captains replied. In the course of his reply, Captain Arapakis said that, though other small vessels had circled the globe before them, none had taken the course that the Pandora was about to take (by way of Cape Horn, calling at Pitcairn and Easter Islands). They were quite sure of their vessel, and, like all true sailors, made very light of the whole matter. He hoped to be again in Auckland, and to meet again the kind friends that he had made in ports of call. Mr. Robin, in his speech, said that he was an ex-sailor himself, and had rounded the Horn more than once, and knew what the crew of the Pandora had to go through. They had no high bulwarks and no longboat to shelter under; there was nothing for it but to stand and take all that came aboard, and yachtmen know a little in that line. Mr. Bagley spoke of the good that could be got out of such a voyage. He said that boys would read the account of the voyage, and want to become sailors, which is, and always has been, the malady of the Old England. At the close of the evening the autograph book of the Pandora was passed round, and the good wishes of all the Clubs present registered therein, together with the Club's burgee in colours. A vote of thanks to the chairman closed a very pleasant evening.

The annual general meeting of the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron will be held in the Club Rooms on Thursday, 29th September, when the business of the past year will be looked into, a new committee elected, and other important business transacted.

New Zealand Power-Boat Association.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the New Zealand Power Boat Association was held last Wednesday, the commodore (Mr. A. R. Ender) presiding over a good attendance of members.

Annual Report.—In the fifth annual report, presented by the secretary (Mr. A. L. Alexander), the committee congratulated the Association on the successful result of the past season's operations, the year's finances showing an increase in the number of subscriptions paid, some 203 having been paid, as compared with 174 the preceding year. During the season numerous races were held, all of which proved successful, especially the cruising events, there having been plenty of entries, while the trophies were valuable and attractive. Several prizes were also held, and were well attended and enjoyable. A good number of boats turned out on each occasion, and it was felt generally that the association might number these pleasant events among their most successful fixtures. The committee considered that in future a larger number of such tips would add greatly to the popularity of the association. The financial statement showed a satisfactory state of affairs, a substantial credit balance being carried forward. The report and balance-sheet were adopted, the commodore and vice-commodore (Mr. Jaggz) both referring to the evident success of the past season's operations.

Officers.—The election of officers for the ensuing season resulted as follows:—Commodore, Mr. P. J. Huxley; vice-commodore, M. W. Hazzard; rear-commodore, Mr. Chas. Palmer; hon. treas., Mr. L. Buchanan; committee, Messrs W. H. Worsell, C. Dent, A. J. Collins, S. Lyndall, A. H. Hoadley, J. Wilson, B. Morrison, A. H. Alderson, C. Dryland, E. Edgcombe and T. Presser. Some difficulty was experienced in securing a secretary to replace Mr. A. L. Alexander, who retired from the post, the matter being eventually left to the managing committee. Mr. Palmer moved that in future an honorarium be paid to the secretary, the amount to be fixed by the committee. The motion was carried, the appointment of a hand-keeper was also left to the managing committee. Messrs J. de Renzi and Payne were re-elected as honorary auditors. Mr. Jaggz was elected as delegate to the Yachting Association, the appointment of a second delegate being left to the new committee.

Thanks.—Votes of thanks to the retiring commodore, vice-commodore, and members of the outgoing committee were carried. Messrs. Brett and Jaggz returning thanks.

Trophies.—Mr. A. R. Brett promised three trophies, to be presented at the end of the season to the three boats winning the most points. It was decided to place £5 in the reserve fund, and Messrs. Brett and H. Whitson each contributed £2 10s towards the reserve fund.

ROWING.

The Sculling Championship.

"The consensus of riverside opinion is that Ernst is an over-rated man." I came across this sentence in an article published by a London sporting journal two days before the great sculling match on the Zambesi. By "riverside opinion" the writer apparently meant the aquatic guild-mates who are to be found in sheels on the banks of the Thames at Putney and in the hostilities of that vicinity. How these people came to form such an opinion it is difficult to understand, for neither they, nor the scribe who placed their views on record, had ever seen Ernst or any of the men he has so easily beaten in the course of his meteoric career. They, however, had the courage of their convictions, for they backed Ernest Barry, and were only fearful lest the parties accepting their bets should fail to see the line when setting day arrived!

It was peculiarly amusing to hear the way some of these anti-Ernsts talked. Listening to them, one could only come to the conclusion that sculling had no history, and the Australians didn't know a good man in a boat from a duffer. They

Port Captains.—Mr. Jaggz suggested that the commodore call at the earliest opportunity upon Mr. Wilson, of Mahurangi, on the question of appointing him port captain for that district, as there are a good number of members in the locality. The commodore expressed the opinion that it would also be appropriate if the following gentlemen were appointed as port captains:—Mr. Darby (Rus-sell), Mr. Steadman (Whangarei), Mr. H. Dacre (Manukau), Mr. E. Payne (Thames), and Mr. Moresby (Paeroa). It was decided to adopt the suggestions.

Presentation.—The commodore presented Mr. H. Cadness, junr., with a handsome gold medal in appreciation of his past services as secretary, and Mr. Alexander, the retiring secretary, also received a token of appreciation for his efforts on behalf of the Association.

Club-house.—Captain St. Clair Whyte expressed the opinion that it was time the Association possessed a clubhouse of its own, seeing that a site was given it by the Harbour Board three years ago, and he proposed that debentures be issued at £1 each for the purpose of erecting the building. A number of gentlemen present proposed to take up debentures. Mr. Jaggz moved that the flag officers and Capt. Whyte be appointed to go into the matter, visit the site, wait on the Harbour Board, and report to the committee at the next meeting, after which a general meeting be called to obtain the feeling of members. The motion was seconded by Mr. Alexander, and carried unanimously.

Harbour Theft.—Mr. De Renzi thought that something should be done in the way of offering a reward leading to the conviction of perpetrators of petty larceny from power boats. The general feeling was that the matter was one for the Yachting Association to deal with, but it was decided to place £5 in the hands of the Yachting Association for the purpose.

Oil Launches

IMPORTANT TO OWNERS.

The following letter from the Minister of Marine, in reply to a query sent him by Mr. Stallworthy, M.P., will be of interest to owners of oil launches: "I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 3rd September, forwarding a communication from Mr. —, in which he asks how far he will be affected by the provisions of the Shipping and Seamen Amendment Act, 1909, which requires oil launches up to six tons register to carry a certificated master or engineer; and in reply to state that the provisions referred to will apply to launches carrying passengers or plying for hire, but they will not apply to launches which are used as pleasure boats, or which carry for their owners only. Section 166 of the Shipping and Seamen Act, 1908, exempts pleasure boats up to 50 tons register; that is, boats which do not carry passengers, but only the owner's family and servants and his own goods, from having to carry a certificated master of officers. The amending Act of 1909 has not yet been assented to by His Majesty the King, and, therefore, its requirement as to master or engineer is not in force at present. The amending Act provides that certificates of service, that is, certificates without examination, can be granted to persons of good repute who, not later than six months after the coming into operation of the Act, apply for them, and produce satisfactory evidence that they were, for a period of not less than one year at any time prior to the commencement of the Act, in charge of a launch of the description referred to. The certificates when granted will specify the limits within which the holders can have charge of the boats, and such limit will be those within which the qualifying service has been performed."

FOOTBALL.

RUGBY.

Results at a Glance.

Auckland Territorials (6) beat Auckland Juniors (0).
South Island (14) beat North Island (10).
Goldfields (3) beat Thames (0).
Whakaitane (9) beat Rotorua (0).
West Coast (13) beat Buller (12).

ASSOCIATION.

THE BROWN SHIELD.

Canterbury (2) beat Auckland (1).

had apparently clean forgotten that one of the outstanding features of the history of sculling is the fact that since 1875 Australasia has supplied nine world's champions, and that whenever an Australian has come to the Old Country in search of the major honour, or the championship of England, he has always managed to get it.

So far as the Zambesi race is concerned we are at present in possession of only the baldest facts. From these it would appear that though Ernst admitted that Barry had given him the race of his life he really had the measure of his man practically from start to finish, sculled Barry to a standstill, and won comfortably.

It phases Mr. Guy Nickalls to tell us by cable that if the race had been rowed upon the Thames Barry would have won. This is a very obscure and entirely unconvincing statement, and if there is something more in it than meets the eye, we ought to be quickly made acquainted with what that something is.

Circumstances connected with the Zambesi race may have prevented Barry giving of his best, but the latest cables received prior to the race, stated that both men were in splendid condition, and re-presented Barry as brimful of confidence.

Ernst's victory has, of course, completely silenced his former critics, but it has by no means altered English opinion of Barry's sculling. They still regard him as one of the most scientific scullers that we have seen on the Thames for years past, and if Ernst is willing to visit the Old Country, there is little doubt that money will be found for Barry to have a second out at the New Zealand over the Thames championship course.

Ernst would be warmly welcomed here, for though he has knocked on the head the high hopes we had all entertained of seeing an Englishman in the proud position of world's champion, he is, after all, a Britisher, and his victory has created none of that bitterness which would follow defeat by a foreigner.

Pearce and Webb.

The editor of the "Referee" writes to the editor of the "Manawatu Standard" to the effect that Pearce and Webb have signed an agreement for a sculling race for a purse of £200, to be raised in Wanganui. The editor of the "Standard" suggests it will not now be necessary for Palmerston North enthusiasts to back Pearce. The truth is that no purse can be raised or is likely to be raised in Wanganui, though plenty backing can be found for Webb for a stake.

"Miss Passay is furious with that society report!"
"Why so?"

"He published the announcement of her approaching wedding under the misleading headed 'Late engagements.'"

G. A. Tyler. K. Harvey.

TYLER & HARVEY,

Ship, Yacht and Boat Builders.



HAVE now commenced business in continuous premises with water frontage, and are prepared to supply Design and Estimates for all classes of work. Motor Launches and Repair Work a Specialty.

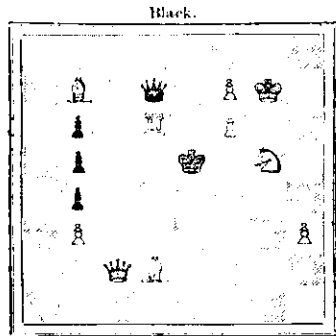
47 Customs Street, Auckland.

CHESS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail," Box 764, Auckland.

The Auckland Chess Club meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, at No. 24, H.M. Buildings, Queen-street.

Position No. 60.
(By E. EYLMANN.)



White to play and mate in two.
Forsyth Notation. 8. 1R1q1PK1.
1p1R1P2, 1p2k1K1, 1p1, 1P5P, 2Q14, 8.

Amusing End Play.

The following well-constructed game has an amusing finish:-

French Defence.	
White.	Black.
1. P-K4	P-K3
2. P-Q4	P-Q4
3. K-K1	K-K3
4. B-KK1	B-K2
5. P-K5	K-K1
6. BxB	QxB
7. K-K1	K-K3
8. P-Q1	P-Q1
9. P-G5	P-K1
10. P-K1	R-K1
11. QxR	Castles
12. PxP	QxP
13. P-Q1	P-K1
14. P-K4	R-K2
15. B-Q3	K-K1
16. K-K2	R-K1
17. Castles	PxP
18. PxP	P-Q1
19. Q-K	Q-Q (a)
20. P-K4	P-K1
21. P-K1	PxP
22. R-B	R-K5 (b)
23. R-K	P-K1
24. R-B	K-K1
25. K-K2	KxQ
26. KxQ	R-K7 ch (c)
27. K-K3	R-K7 ch
28. BxK (d)	Q-K6 ch
29. K-K4	P-Q5
30. R-B (e)	P-R4 ch
31. PxP e.p.	P-B4 ch
32. K-K1 (f)	QxR
33. K-Q5 (g)	Q-K7 ch
34. K-B	QxK1
35. KxP	RxB
36. P-R7ch	K-R
37. QxR	B-K ch

- And now Black announced mate in seven moves:-
38. K-B
 39. Q-R5
 40. K-K5
 41. KxR
 42. P-R3
 43. P-R3
- (a) A preliminary precaution, necessary in order to prevent Q-R4. From this point onwards the course of the game is of the very highest interest.
- (b) A fine move, the consequences of which are shown at a later stage.
- (c) Forcing the game by a magnificent combination.
- (d) Best; if 28. KxK1, Black wins easily by 28. Q-K6 ch.
- (e) White's defence is an excellent one, but he has an untenable position.
- (f) If 32. PxP e.p., then, of course, 32... P-K4 ch would follow.
- (g) White should have abandoned the game. In that case, however, an amusing finish would have been lost to the chess world.

GOLF

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, handi-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.

THE members of this club indulged in mixed foursomes (a form of golf which is not supposed to be taken very seriously) on Saturday last. The weather was perfect, and a large number of players took part, and there were quite a number of on-lookers. Some good cards were handed in, the best being that of Miss Ethna Pierce and D. Hay, gross score—90, 9, 81. Then came Miss Winnie Cotter and G. Hanna 83, and Miss Sybil Payton and H. Horton 83, Miss Jean Richmond and McCormick 85, Mrs. Edmunds and Cave 85, Miss McLean and H. Frater 87, Miss A. Carr and Greig 88; Miss Henderson and Nathan 88, Miss Duthie and Dargaville 91, Miss Bloombfield and Towle 93, Miss L. Gorrie and Lawrence 93, Miss Hesketh and Allen 94, Miss Coutts and P. Upton 94, Miss Thorpe and McFarland 94, Miss Myra Reid and Guy Pierce 95, Miss Draper and Gilliland 97, Miss Martin and Lambert 100, Miss Leys and S. Upton 101, Mrs Bruce and Maxwell-Scott 105, Miss Cooke and Bruce 107, Mrs E. Russell and Carr 108.

Wellington.

THE RANFURLY CUP.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

WELLINGTON, Saturday.

The Wellington Golf Club's competition for the Ranfurly Cup (men's foursomes) was played to-day, under beautiful weather conditions. G. E. Johnson and C. J. Nathan won with the excellent score of 2 up. The following were the next best cards handed in:—C. Elgar and P. A. Keshell 1 up; G. Thorne-George and T. S. Weston 1 up; L. C. Hales and C. Gore 2 down; A. S. Biss and H. G. H. Rawson 2 down; A. S. Biss and H. G. Didsbury 3 down; A. E. Whyte and W. E. Fussell 3 down; M. Ross and C. M. Turrell 3 down; W. Higginson and E. L. Chaffey 4 down; J. Marchbanks and George Johnson 5 down; R. Wynn Kirkby and A. Young 5 down.

MIRAMAU.

The semi-finals of the Miramar Golf Club's championship resulted in B. L. Taylor beating F. E. Mills and R. L. D. Kidston beating F. Stevenson one up on the eighteenth green. This leaves Kidston and Taylor to fight out the championship next Saturday.

Hamilton.

A very enjoyable golf match was played on Wednesday last between the Hamilton and Cambridge Clubs on the local links. The following are the de-

NOTES.

The late Robert Kock, the great bacteriologist, was a keen chess player, and used to beguile the time when in Central Africa with the royal game. Once, on a voyage there on a Hamburg-American liner, he organised a tourney among the officers and passengers, and won the first prize.

It is stated that the Government of Cuba are willing to give a prize of 2,000 dollars for a match for the world's championship between Dr. Lasker and J. R. Capablanca.

At the Auckland Chess Club, in the handicap tournament, Ray is leading with two wins, having defeated Grierson and Davies, receiving Knight and move from them. In the Level Tourney O'Loughlin is leading, being closely followed by Ewon and Grierson.

Solution to Position No. 60.

Q 118

tails of the games, the Hamilton players being mentioned first in each case:—Mrs Douglas lost to Miss Willis; Miss Swarbrick lost to Miss Landon; Miss Wilkinson lost to Miss Ferguson; Miss Primrose lost to Miss Brookes; Mrs Peerless and Miss Taylor, all square. Gentlemen: Gillies beat Howden, Bond lost to Nicol, Swarbrick and Wells all square, Mahoney and Banks all square, Edgcomb beat Roberts, Shand beat McBride, McLeod lost to Wilkinson, Cavanagh lost to Muir.

Cambridge.

A large brake load of Cambridge golfers and their friends journeyed to Hamilton on Wednesday to play a return match with Hamilton, Cambridge won by 7 points to 3. The details of the play are as follows, Cambridge players being mentioned first in each instance:—Miss K. Willis defeated Mrs Douglas, 5 up and 4 to play; Miss Landon defeated Miss Wilkinson, 5 up and 3 to play; Miss Ferguson defeated Miss Primrose, 4 up and 3 to play; Miss Brooks defeated Miss Swarbrick, 4 up and 3 to play; Miss B. Taylor and Miss Peerless, all square.

Men.—A. H. Nicoll defeated C. F. Bond, 2 up and 1 to play; Dr. Howden lost to H. T. Gillies, 4 up and 3 to play; M. Wells and F. Swarbrick, all square; J. Banks and C. Mahoney, all square; R. J. Roberts lost to H. Edgcombe, 5 up and 4 to play; C. W. McBride lost to A. G. Shand, 5 up and 3 to play; R. Muir defeated Cavanagh, 7 up and 5 to play.

The Vice-President (Mr W. R. C. Walker) presented a trophy to the player who returned the three best cards in the season's monthly medal competitions. This was won by Mr A. H. Nicoll, whose three best cards totalled 294, Mr M. Wells being second with a score of 311.

The ladies' September monthly medal was won by Miss K. Willis, with a gross score of 111—14—07.

The mens' September monthly medal competition was won by M. Wells with a gross score of 90—10—74.

Rotorua.

The match of the season was played between P. Sherriff and J. McFarlane in the championship series.

The score of 86 put on by Percy Sherriff (42 and 44) and McFarlane's 89 (43 and 46) were both splendid rounds. That two such fine and consistent performances should come off in one match shows again that our younger players are coming into form fast. Many members are now putting on scores under 50, and the whole tone of the play is improving.

The B division of golfers were expected to play a qualifying round on Saturday, but only two handed in scores, Mr. Crowther (109) and Mr. Redward (108). The rest of the competitors will play on Wednesday.

In the Ladies' Monthly Medal Competition the scores handed in were as follows:—Mrs. Kusliss, gross 57, handicap 12, net 45; Mrs. Urquhart, 67—20—47; Mrs. Grove, 56—8—48; Mrs. Crowther, 63—15—48; Miss Landon, 75—20—55; Miss Phillips, 76—20—56; Mrs. Dyson, 71—14—57; Mrs. Bennett, 78—20—58; Mrs. Hill, 84—20—64.

Stratford.

The mens' last medal round for the season resulted as follows:—F. W. Wake, 98—14—84; J. R. Stamford, 86—scratch—80; J. H. Thompson, 98—6—92; S. Spence, 96—2—93; H. H. Betts, 106—13—93; Dr. Menzies, 106—12—94; A. C. Jones, 101—7—94; P. P. Uniacke, 90—2—97; P. Jackson, 112—14—98; O. Vaughan, 116—16—100; N. Black, 106—4—102; W. Remell, 132—22—110.

The ladies' last medal match round resulted as follows:—

A Section (18 holes).—Miss Fussell, 119—5—114; Mrs Robinson, 128—6—122; Mrs C. Raikes, 129—5—124.

B. Section (12 holes).—Mrs Hogg, 83—20—63; Mrs Anderson, 104—20—84;

Mrs Copping, 123—28—95; Miss Anderson, 115—20—95.

A match between the Stratford and New Plymouth ladies teams was played on Saturday, the weather being very showery and unpleasant. The local club won by 4 to 2. The scores were as follows, Stratford players being mentioned first:—Miss F. Orbell, 1, v. Miss Stephenson, 0; Miss Orbell, 1, v. Mrs Reid, 0; Miss Fussell, 1, v. Mrs Grinson, 0; Mrs Raikes, 0, v. Mrs Arnold Jones, 1; Mrs Robinson, 1, v. Miss Bewley, 0; Mrs Johnston, 0, v. Miss Hall, 1; Mrs Menzies, 1, v. Miss Kirkby, 0.

The following are the totals of the players who have qualified (from four rounds) for the aggregate (medal play) of the Stratford Club:—Mr F. P. Uniacke, 364; Dr. Menzies, 367; F. N. Fussell, 368; S. Spence, 369; H. L. Betts, 369; N. Black, 375; J. H. Thompson, 380; O. Vaughan, 397.

Poverty Bay.

The final of the Poverty Bay Golf Championship was played off on the local links on Saturday week, when, in spite of a most unpleasant nor-westerly gale, a most exciting game was played, ending in Mr G. M. Dodgshun carrying off the honours from Mr Pare Keiha, an old champion, by 1 up. The game was most even and exciting, a large number of golfers following throughout the 36 holes.

In a putting, driving, and approaching contest, Miss E. Barker won the driving and putting, and Miss F. Davies the approaching shot.

Nelson.

The last match of the golf season was a four-ball bogey handicap, played on the Tahuna Links on Saturday week. The four best scores handed in were:—Messrs. Wood and Johnston, 4 down; Messrs Hair and Richmond, 6 down; Messrs Brown and Jackson, 6 down; Messrs Herd and McCabe, 7 down.

Shots That Linger in the Memory.

One may play round after round on the links, and though each game will be full of interest—for herein lies the fascination of golf—and may even reach that standard of excellence that one has set up for oneself as an ideal, there may be nothing in any of them that calls for the exercise of memory. But every now and again something of super-excellence occurs that will harm our hearts to remember in those far-off days. Nature compels even the plus six man to lay aside his clubs till such time as he may play a more superior game in a Better Land. This "something" it is that makes golf the queen of games she is. However dead one's play may be in after days, the thoughts go back to that heroic shot that won a hole which had already been lost, in the midst of missed drives and fozzled approaches one reflects that what has happened once may happen again, and at any moment. And so you take fresh heart and address your ball—in hope.

One such shot occurs to me. It was during the final of the cup competition which was the principal event in the particular club to which I refer. All through the morning round I had played execrable golf, so that at lunch-time I was four down, and with my equipment playing as he had rarely played before there seemed but little probability that I would be able to make up the leeway in the afternoon. But the conversation of friends at lunch served me to renew efforts, so that as we went to the first tee I felt more confident. In consequence I played a bit above my form. We were all square at the eleventh, and then began a neck-and-neck struggle. Hole after hole we halved in or under bogey till we reached the thirty-fifth. Now, this hole was my pet abomination. Though only two hundred yards long, it was up hill, and with the prevailing wind dead against the ball a very full drive was required to reach the green, which was heavily bunkered.

In fear and trepidation I addressed my ball—with the inevitable result. With that horrible sound that tells of a bad slice the ball skidded off the heel of my club a bare fifty yards at an obtuse angle to the line of the hole. Then my adversary drove a long, clean shot that landed him hole-high to the right of the green. When I reached my ball I found it lying in an unexpectedly good lie in the rough, but between the hole and me yawned a savage bunker. In an agony of despair I called for my mid iron and played a long low shot off the right foot. The

spectators who were gathered about the bunker scattered as my ball soared above it, and as I came up to the green I gathered from their pointed fingers that something out of the common had occurred. I could barely restrain myself to maintain the necessary attitude of calm, and when I had fetched a compass about that bunker I found my ball lying within nine inches of the pin. I noticed the quivering lips of my adversary. From his point of view the position was beyond human utterance, and at such a moment the outraged feelings must find some outlet. It was on the cards that he might lose a hole that to all intents and purposes was already his. Taking his mashie he could do no better than lay himself about ten feet from the hole. He missed his putt, and the rest of the game requires no description.

Another outstanding shot that recurs to me was one with the niblick. This wisest of all golf clubs plays strange tricks with one at times, now exceedingly flattering to the golfer, now very much the reverse; at times docile as a park hawk, at others frisky as a two-year-old; at another it will utterly refuse to deal with one lying in very moderately rough grass.

We were playing in a foursome competition, and both my own and my partner's nerves had "come un-stuck," owing to a succession of misfortunes. We had already played the odd, and now I was called upon to negotiate a fifty-yard niblick shot from behind a sandhill, our adversaries lying just off the green. By some strange freak of fortune the ball pitched four yards from the hole and ran dead. We won the hole, and thenceforward all was plain sailing.

But why multiply instances of what must have occurred to every golfer? The moral is clear. It is the man who never loses heart who wins his matches—he who with the luck dead against him goes plodding steadily on his way hoping for better times, will often pull a game out of the fire, either in golf or a wider pastime. And one good recovery often turns the fortunes of the links, for it has an equally powerful moral effect both upon the striker and his adversary. To any player who finds himself in a tight corner I would say that no game is lost till the last shot has been played, and that what has been done once may be done again. Devote your whole attention to every individual shot, and do not forget that holes have been done in one before this. Many a hole has been taken with a driver, more with a brassie; and if wooden clubs are capable of this, surely nothing is impossible that is within reach of one's iron!

F. L. PUNLEY.

Social Characteristics of Golf Clubs.

We have often heard that golfers were very human, but we have never yet had a set of golf clubs characterised in the social way. A bag of golf clubs is a symbolical epitome of human society. In the front rank you have the driver, smooth, elegant, and polished, the aristocrat of the circle, to whose lot falls the showy role in the day's performance, who disdains to play his part on the level of his fellows, and must have his sphere of operations artificially raised above the plane of the common earth. The brassie is the rich commoner, substituting a barrier of metal for the tee that confers rank on his social superior. After these come the humbler cleeks, lofters, and mashies, the common herd, who, like the hutchers, shoemakers, and tillers of the ground among human beings, have the bulk of the work to do, and can afford no polish save what comes from keeping themselves clean, which at times is no easy matter. Apart from them all stands the niblick, the good Samaritan of golf, resorted to only when the player is in a serious difficulty. The function of the niblick is to aid the golfer in the day of trouble, and his destiny, after having done his "duty in that state of life," is to be relegated to the limbo or forgetfulness.

New man, who is beating a lump behind his ball with an iron club: "Is this a brassie lie?" Stickler: "No, but it soon will be if you go on like that." Miss C. Leitch, playing at Silloth, went round the course, only requiring twenty-three putts on the eighteen greens. Five over an average of one putt per green is surely a putting record.

A handsome oyster girl was watching two golfers drive off on a public common. "That's a fine carry," said one. "Ere, not so much of it, young fellow," cried the "donah." "My nime's Caroline, an' don't yer forgit it!"

LADIES' GOLF.

Auckland.

In the club match played last Monday Miss Hikia Bloomfield was the winner, with a score of 110-31, 79. Other good cards were Miss L. Gorrie, 118-37, 81; Miss A. Carr, 120-38, 82; Miss C. Hall, 112-29, 83.

We were all much impressed with the condition of the greens on Saturday, when playing in the mixed foursomes. If we could have greens like that through the week, we would not mind paying an extra subscription. I do hope our committee will see that if our subscription is raised, we get something for it. A nine-hole course for Saturdays, and well-rolled greens during the week.

The Captain's v. Secretary's match proved most interesting. There was an entry of nearly 50, and the result was a win for the secretary's team—15 games to 9.

WAIATEMATA.

Mrs. A. Alison presented a prize for all those players with a handicap of 18 or over. This was won by Miss Bray.

All the matches for the season are over. On Wednesday a prize-giving and afternoon tea will take place at the Club-house. Approaching and putting competitions will start at 2.30 p.m., and at 3.15 afternoon tea will be served. It is hoped there will be a large muster of members and friends present.

Hawke's Bay.

LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

The annual tournament of the Napier Ladies' Golf Club opened on Wednesday. High westerly winds have interfered considerably with the play, rendering record scores impossible. The following are the scores of those who qualified for the championship: Miss Humphries (Christchurch), 95; Miss Bell (Wellington), 95; Miss Campbell (Christchurch), 99; Miss Hindmarsh (Napier), 97; Miss Abraham (Manawatu), 99; Miss Hamlin (Napier), 101; Miss Meg Hindmarsh (Napier), 101; Miss Pearce (Wellington), 104; Miss B. Hindmarsh (Napier), 104; Miss Borthwick (Christchurch), 104; Miss Brathwaite (Hastings), 105; Mrs. Cato (Napier), 107; Miss Hartgill (Dannevirke), 108; Miss H. Macfarlane (Napier), 110; Miss Woodcombe Boyce (England), 111; Miss Adams (Gisborne), 112.

A bogey handicap was played on Wednesday afternoon. The best cards given in were: Miss Bell, handicap 10, 3 down; Miss M. Dean, handicap 18, 3 down; Miss B. Hindmarsh, handicap 12, 4 down; Miss M. Hindmarsh, handicap 12, 5 down; Miss Baird, handicap 18, 5 down; Miss Hamlin, handicap 9, 6 down; Miss Sykes, handicap 8, 6 down; Mrs. H. J. Smith, handicap 18, 7 down; Mrs. Borthwick, handicap 13, 7 down; Miss Crosse, handicap 18, 7 down; Miss Pearce, handicap 6, 8 down; Mrs. Cato, handicap 17, 8 down; Mrs. Ross, handicap 18, 8 down; Miss H. Macfarlane, handicap 18, 8 down.

The first round of the championship was played on Thursday morning, and some very close games resulted. The match between Miss Hindmarsh (Napier) and Miss Campbell (Christchurch) was very evenly contested, Miss Hindmarsh eventually proving the winner. Quite the closest match was that between Miss Humphries (Christchurch) and Miss Brathwaite (Hastings), the present holder of the cup. They were all square at the 18th hole, halved on the 19th and 20th, and Miss Humphries finally won on the 21st green. Details of the scores were as follows: Miss Pearce beat Mrs. Cato, 3 up and 2 to play; Miss Abraham beat Miss Bell, 4 up and 3 to play; Miss Humphries beat Miss Brathwaite on the 21st green; Miss Hamlin beat Miss B. Hindmarsh, 3 up and 1 to play; Miss Boyce beat Miss Adams, 6 up and 4 to play; Miss Meg Hindmarsh beat Mrs. Borthwick, 7 up to 6 to play; Miss Hindmarsh beat Miss Campbell, 2 up and 1 to play; Miss Macfarlane beat Miss Hartgill, 4 up and 3 to play.

In the afternoon a ladies' foursome was played. The results were as follows: Mrs. Borthwick and Miss Bell, handicap 11, 1 down; Miss Pearce and Miss Abraham, handicap 9, 5 down; Misses B. and M. Hindmarsh, handicap 12, 5 down; Miss Boyce and Miss Sykes, handicap 9, 6 down; Mrs. Ross and Miss Gilbertson, handicap 18, 6 down; Mrs. Russell and Miss Leggatt, handicap 18, 6 down; Miss Campbell and Miss Hartgill, handicap 8, 7 down; Miss Brathwaite and Miss Hindmarsh, handicap 6, 7 down.

The second round of the championship

was played on Friday morning, the weather being much more favourable. Results were as follows:—Miss Abraham beat Miss Pearce 1 up on the 20th green; Miss Humphries beat Miss Hamlin, 5 up and 4 to play; Miss Boyce beat Miss Meg Hindmarsh, 2 up and 1 to play; Miss Hindmarsh beat Miss Macfarlane, 5 up and 3 to play.

The semi-finals were played in the afternoon, when Miss Boyce, an English player, beat Miss Hindmarsh, 2 up and 1 to play; and Miss Abraham (Manawatu) beat Miss Humphries (Christchurch), 2 up and 1 to play.

The driving competition was won by Miss Campbell—152 yards.

A handicap medal round for the Perry Cup was also played in the morning. The results were as follows:—Miss Abraham, gross 93, handicap 16, net 77; Mrs. H. J. Smith, 102-25-77; Miss R. Hindmarsh, 94-16-78; Mrs. Cato, 102-23-79; Miss Balfour, 99-17-82; Miss L. Davis, 108-25-83; Miss Boyce, 96-12-84; Miss Crosse, 109-25-84; Miss M. Dean, 108-24-84; Miss Pearce, 93-8-85; Miss Gilbertson, 110-25-85; Miss Meg Hindmarsh, 101-16-85; Miss Bell, 99-13-86; Miss Humphries, 95-8-87; Miss Sykes, 98-11-87; Mrs. Ross, 113-25-88.

THE FINAL.

The final between Miss Woodcombe Boyce and Miss Abraham was played over 36 holes on Saturday. On the morning round, Miss Boyce was two up, and increasing her advantage in the afternoon took the match and the championship by four up and two to play.

Christchurch.

Miss Sykes, Miss A. Humphries, the Misses Moore (2), and Miss Campbell (Christchurch Golf Club), are in Napier for the golf championship.

The monthly medal match was played at Shirley on Wednesday afternoon, and resulted in a tie in the senior division between Miss P. Anderson and Mrs. A. Campbell, and a win for Miss Symons in the junior division.

Manawatu.

The bogey competitions played on the Tikowhiti links on Tuesday week resulted as follows:—Seniors, A: Miss Wray, handicap 1, 8 down; Miss McLennan, 17, 9 down. Seniors, B: Mrs. Mour, 23, and Miss E. McLennan, 23, tied for first place. Juniors: Mrs. Bendall, 15, and Miss Coombs, 3, tied for first place.

The American tournament has finished. The senior grade was won by Mrs. Mellisop, with Mrs. Innes and Miss Moore one point behind for second place. In the junior contest Mrs. Beale, Mrs. Bendall, Miss Coombs, and Miss D. Waldegrave tied in the play off, and Miss Waldegrave won.

Dannevirke.

In the second round of the ladies' championship, Miss Tansley beat Miss Hartgill and Miss Pettit beat Miss Baker.

Wanganui.

A most enjoyable match against Waverley ladies was played on September 22nd on the country club's links. The visitors won by 6 matches to 4. Following are the results:—Mrs. H. Sargeant (Wanganui), v. Mrs. Dickie (Waverley), 1; Mrs. Izard, 1 v. Mrs. Booth 0; Miss Parsons, 1 v. Mrs. Johnstone, 0; Miss H. Bates, 0 v. Mrs. Rutherford, 1; Mrs. D'Arcy, 0 v. Miss Newing, 1; Miss S. Dymock, 0 v. Miss Butts, 1; Miss Ida Stevenson, 1 v. Miss Leo, 1; Mrs. Meldrum, 1 v. Mrs. P. Wilson; Miss Brettagh, 1 v. Miss W. Leo, 0. Totals: Wanganui, 6; Waverley, 4.

Blenheim.

Last Saturday week the ladies played off the semi-finals of the championship on the Riverland links. Mrs. P. Hulme beat Mrs. Ross, 1 up; Miss Chapman beat Mrs. P. Hulme, 2 up.

"What did you take at the last hole this morning, Tippler?" "A large brandy and soda!"

Secretary: "Have you played off your tie yet?" Novice: "No. Is that a good thing to do? I always use a rubber tee."

Bully Bunkered: "I've got a stroke in hand, remember." Stony Dead: "Yes, but I've got the hole in my pocket."

Miscellaneous.

A Caddie.—"Something between a hindrance and a help."—Wordsworth.

K. of K.'s First Round.—The sword has given way to the ploughshare, or to something not distinctly resembling it. At North Berwick recently Lord Kitchener of Khartoum made his first essay of the royal and ancient game, playing under the tuition of George Sayers, in a three-ball match with Mr. and Lady Winifred Benschaw. The famous soldier, in spite of one or two atrocious fumbles and an occasional miss, made some surprisingly good strokes with a three-quarter swing. Bad shots are frequently taken over again under the professional's instructions, and toward the finish Lord Kitchener had made such progress that he got away some fine shots. At the last hole he carried the bunker with a very fair tee shot, but even then he was by no means satisfied, and insisted upon driving another, this time hitting a long straight drive of about 180 yards. Altogether, his lordship made a much more promising beginning in the game than most high personages can boast of.

A Youthful Record Breaker.—There is something almost criminal in the doing of a hole in one nowadays, and when one hears of a mere boy taking to such evil courses, one cannot fail to raise pious hands in horror. One of the junior members of the West Kilbride Club, Master John Fraser, whose years are no more than 10, did the 13th or Cable hole (110 yards long) in one with his iron. He had the 5th (152 yards) in a two by putting down his pitch, and at the 8th (166 yards) he registered a three. Master Fraser has a future before him.

In New York there is a universal system of handicapping, and the associations in the U.S.A. are gradually bringing about standardisation.

The inculcation of self-control is the chief influence of golf on character. More self-control is needed in a round of the golf links than in any other sport.

A game has been played between a cricketer throwing a cricket ball and a golfer playing in the ordinary way. Victory lay with the former.

Gray, the professional at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, in 1908, went round that course in 97, playing with one hand only.

Happier is the man who has four clubs that suit him than he who has forty and four that do not.

"O, you've wounded me to the core!" as the topped ball said to the niblick.

"Why didn't I win?" repeated the lad loser. "Why, he did all the holes at which I had to give him strokes on downy!"

Fooler hit a good shot for once. The caddie dropped the bag and loudly clapped his hands. "Thank you, my boy," said the old gentleman. "That stroke really deserved some applause." "A" was an applauding," replied the youth. "A" was just scaring away them crows from the green!"

Caddie: "Who are you playing, sir?" Visitor: "Mr. Skelper. Is he a strong player?" Caddie: "Yes, sir. 'E takes the biggest divots of any man in the club!"

Stranger (approaching a plateau green): "What is it? A quarter mashie?" Caddie: "No, sir. A full putter."

It is proposed to encourage golf, as well as other games, at colleges, in order that its qualities may be acquired early.

A player whose persistent shouts of "Fore" had failed to attract the attention of an old gentleman who was seen to be standing motionless on the last green, sent his raddle ahead to make inquiries. "Well?" he asked, impatiently, as the boy came hurrying back. "Please, sir, it's old Mr. Bingley," said the youth. "E says 'G' spent forty years of 'is life trying to get round a golf course in less than a hundred strokes. For the last 'arf hour 'e's been gazing at a two-foot putt, which will give him ninety-nine, but 'e can't make up 'is mind to play."

Little Perky: "Just did the short hole (80 yards) in one!" Major Granter: "What with? Your brassie?"

"I saw you play a good stroke at the third today, Bull." "I played eight good strokes at the third today, sir; to which one do you refer?"

A golfing wrinkle of Brad's in driving against a strong wind is to use a slightly stiffer shaft than one does in ordinary weather. It checks the tendency to press which frequently possesses even the best of players.

A good driver differs from other forms of play in that it ought never to be judged solely by the length of its run.



By WHALEBONE.

FIXTURES.

Sept. 29 and Oct. 1 - Wanganui J.C. Spring Oct. 5 and 6 - Hawke's Bay J.C. Spring Oct. 12 and 13 - Northland R.C. Spring Oct. 12 and 13 - Napier Park R.C. Spring Oct. 12 and 15 - Dunedin J.C. Spring Oct. 19 and 22 - Wellington R.C. Spring Oct. 20 and 21 - North Otago J.C. Spring Oct. 22, 26 - Auckland Trotting Club Spring Oct. 29 and 27 - Gore R.C. Spring Oct. 29 and 28 - Poverty Bay T.C. Spring Oct. 28 and 29 - Masterton R.C. Spring Oct. 29 - Waikato Trotting Club's Autumn, Nov. 5, 7, 9, and 12 - Canterbury J.C. Metropolitan Nov. 5, 9, and 12 - Auckland R.C. Spring Nov. 9 - Waverley-Waihorua R.C. Autumn Nov. 19, 23 - Otahuhu T.C. Spring, Dec. 27, 31, Jan. 7, A.T.C. Summer, Dec. 29, 26, and Jan. 2 and 3 - Auckland R.C. Summer Dec. 31 and Jan. 2 - Greymouth J.C. Mid-summer

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Inquirer. - I have been unable to get trace the breeding of the mare you mention, but will have it by Wednesday. C.R., Auckland.—Apelton won the Sylvia Handicap at the A.R.C. Summer Meeting, and the Northern Champagne Stakes at the A.R.C. Autumn Meeting.

One or two big punters got a nasty knock over Admiral's South defeat in the Nihotupu Handicap on Wednesday.

The two-year-old track at Ellerslie is shortly to be put in hand, and a couple of furlongs will be formed for a start.

Before the start for the Avondale Cup, Wainmanga and Lochbuie had a duel with their heels, but fortunately neither was injured.

With Partinon, Wellrest, Swagsman, and Roman in the field, the hurdle race at Avondale on Saturday could well be called the Veteran Stakes.

In winning the steeplechase at Avondale on Saturday, the Salvadoran gelding Antaretic put up a record for the course, the previous best being 6:12 3/5.

The veteran horseman, S. Lindsay, was won in the saddle again at Avondale on Saturday, when he had the mount on Mistine in the Istington Handicap.

The Auckland horse Hoonga was sent out a warm favourite for the hurdle race at the recent Tattersall's (Sydney) meeting, but a faulty jump brought him to grief.

The Auckland horseman, B. Doble, has a great record in the Avondale Stakes, and out of seven rides, he has started the winner on no less than five occasions.

The next meeting of King Sout, Apelton, and Tomters should be very interesting, as the two latter are bound to improve with a little racing.

Before the start of the Kingsland Handicap, Miss Folly gave an exhibition which would have earned her a place in any buck-jumping show, and twice inserted her rider (E. H. Brown).

John Rae, the well-known Greenlane trainer, has been laid up for some days with a severe attack of bronchitis, but his many friends will be pleased to know that he has fully recovered and is about again.

After Antaretic's victory on Saturday, Mr Browning was asked to put a price on the Salvadoran gelding, but as he was not anxious to put with the horse, he declined to state a figure.

The Castor gelding Partinon brought his winning list of hurdle races to four by accounting for the Second Hurdles at Avondale on Wednesday. All of his successes have been on the suburban course.

The weight, 9-12, and 7 which California won the Avondale Cup, is not by any means a record for the race, for St. Paul won it five with the staidler of 10-8 in the saddle.

The late J. B. Williamson was never tired of singing the praises of Salvadoran as a sire of jumpers, and he would have been a happy man had he been present at Avondale on Saturday last.

In winning the Maiden Plate at Avondale, Soliva scored his first success. The son of Salvadoran was very unlucky as a two-year-old, but will probably make amends this season, given ordinary luck.

The field of 24 which saddled up for the Maiden Plate at Avondale, is a record for the course. Throughout the afternoon the fields were large, and an average of eleven a race for eight races, takes some beating.

The horses for courses they get another illustration in the case of Partinon. Since April 29, 1908, the veteran's score of Castor has only won three races, all of which were hurdle races run at Avondale.

In my notes last Saturday, I only credited Mr Ryan with winning the Avondale Guineas on three occasions, whereas the veteran has ridden the winner four times, viz., Nonette, Iopa, Kidderkin, and Cambrian.

The first of Gladstone's progeny was seen out under silk on Saturday, Master Gladstone being a runner in the Avondale Stakes. Master Gladstone did not leave the barrier with the others, but when he got going, showed a lot of pace.

These on the look out for coincidences should have backed Antaretic for the steeplechase on Saturday. Antaretic ridden by Scott, was a lumpy combination, and one can only hope that the secker after the South Pole will be as successful.

The field that contested the Avondale Guineas, contained four promising three-year-olds, in King Sout, Apelton, Folicies, and Antoinette, and each should, with ordinary luck, be well on the credit side of the ledger before the season closes.

General Sout has not fulfilled the expectations formed of him when he was a two-year-old. In my President's Handicap at Avondale on Wednesday he was made a very warm favourite, but was never prominent, eventually finishing outside a place.

The Hawera-owned mare Emblem gave a very plucky display at the barrier in the Mt. Albert Handicap on Wednesday, and absolutely refused to budge one way or the other, and eventually the field left without her. As Emblem was a warm favourite, her unsuccess cost backers some money.

The Menshevikoff gelding Turbine seems to be improving with age, and his brace of wins at Avondale were good performances. In view of his previous record, he has always been allowed to go to the front, but at Avondale was ridden behind in each of his races, and finished with great dash.

After his good showing in the Maiden Plate at Avondale, Royal News was expected to run prominently in the Kingsland Handicap on Wednesday, for which he obtained a second favourite. He gave a very disappointing display, however, finishing with the "also started."

The Daysair mare, Royal Day, which is trained and owned down Tauranga way, nearly brought off a surprise in the Hurdles on Saturday, and would have paid a substantial dividend had she won. As it was, her price for running second was a two-figure one, the mare starting the outsider of the field.

A few days after Antaretic won the Avondale Steeplechase, his owner, Mr Theo. Dowling, received word of the death of his dam, Corpybore, which was found dead in the paddock. Corpybore was not put to the horse last year, but had a gelding colt by Starina running with her at the time of her death.

Mark Ryan was very cautious of winning the Avondale Guineas on Apelton, and in drawing his attention to the fact that I had only credited him with three winning rides instead of four, said "You had better wait till to-morrow, and then you can make it five." He, however, failed to make up the quintet.

The following sires have been inducted for the Fourth Manawatu Produce Stakes: Charlemagne II., St. Ambrose, Achilles, Elevator, Merlin, Clairaud, Treachin, Baudouin, Arribentant, Merriwee, Gold Troop, and Rand. (Official) sires: Capt. St. Paul, Royal Fusilier, Field Battery and Manapoto.

Mr. M. McLean has decided to send Folicies South to contest the Hawke's Bay Hurdles, and a valuable gelding will be shipped on Tuesday in the charge of J. Buchanan. Folicies has been nominated at Wellington, and if his performance at Hastings is satisfactory will be taken on to Trentham.

The win of Lochbuie on Wednesday was long expected, for the little son of Cyrenian had not credited his trainer-owner with a stake since he won at Avondale last spring.

The Avondale Stakes winner, Miss Winsome, had no difficulty in accounting for the field that opposed her in the Nursery Handicap on Wednesday, and is undoubtedly gifted with a lot of pace.

For some reason or other, most of the southern horses that compete in Auckland are notoriously bad at the barrier, and are always trying to break through the tapes. Naumal and North-east, on Saturday, were cases in point, and evidently the starters in South Otago have as strict a guarding the standing start as they are in Auckland.

The victory of Winsome in the Avondale Stakes was well received, and it must have been specially pleasing to her owner, Mr D. McLeod, who also bred the filly. Winsome is a bit on the small side, but this is only to be expected, as she was a very late foal, and is yet a couple of months short of two years. The little daughter of South knows how to take herself, and her victory was a very easy one.

The nominations received for the positions of stewards of the Otago Trotting Club do not exceed the required number, and there is no necessity for a shortlist. With the exception of Messrs Absalom, Crookes, and Thom, last year's stewards were re-elected, the vacancies caused by the retirement of the above-named gentlemen being filled by the appointment of Messrs C. E. Palmer, H. A. Lloyd, and E. Leslie.

The Seaton Delaval horse Gladstone is advertised as the services of breeders this season at a fee of £7 7s. Gladstone is a beautifully bred horse, being by Seaton Delaval-Miss Gladys, and is therefore full brother to the great Gladstone, and half brother to the Melbourne Cup winner Apollo. Gladstone's stock are well spoken of, and several at present in work show a lot of pace. Fuller particulars can be had from R. Hall, Greenlane.

In the Hampton Handicap on Wednesday California again demonstrated his right to be classed as one of the best handicap horses in the Dominion, and his effort in conceding Lochbuie to less than 40lbs and running him to a head was a high-class one. I am sure that he will be well spoken of, and several at present in work show a lot of pace. Fuller particulars can be had from R. Hall, Greenlane.

The victory of King Sout in the Avondale Guineas was a meritorious performance, and if he goes on the right way in the meantime, the Southern cracks will have a hard nut to crack. King Sout has furnished a clever bit, and is a very clever mover, while he gives the impression that he would stay on. In Wednesday's race he came at the right end, and put in a good run over the last couple of furlongs, winning comfortably at the finish.

Now that the Avondale Club have brought their appointments up-to-date, the next step will be to improve the course. From the four-furlong post round to the entrance to the straight - about a couple of furlongs - the course is too high next the rails. It will entail a large expenditure to put the plough in it, and lower it about a foot, and they would then have a galloping ground equal to anything in the Dominion.

The Waikeato trainer, R. Hamon, informs me that he had the bad luck recently to lose two two-year-olds, a colt by Seaton Delaval - Matawharukiekie, and a colt by Sout - Lady Emmeline. The latter, which was purchased at the recent Glenora park sales, by Mr F. Ross, had shown himself to be of the first class, and was well forward for the Avondale Stakes. He had been working up a hill, and on reaching the top, was upset. He was got back to the stable with some difficulty, but did not last long. Veterinary examination showed that his lungs were completely gone, and this was the cause of death.

When Seaton Delaval made his appearance in the yards of the N.Z. Loan and Mercantile Company on Friday, to be submitted to auction, he carried his years lightly, and looked the picture of health. An effort was made to start him at 700gs - low enough in all conscience - but he travelled backwards, Dutch auction fashion, until the modest toner was forthcoming. Then he came quickly, with tens and fives, till 700gs was reached, and a long pause ensued, and then, in long-drawn-out singles, 800gs was totalled, and this proved to be the limit, and after a lot of fruitless rallying on the part of the auctioneer, he was knocked down at that figure to Mr T. Cunningham, who secured a bargain.

A Sydney paper, commenting on the fact that next Monday is Dominion Day, bursts into poetry as follows: - The Zambler A fern-frog, gay and green, should wear Stuck proudly in his hat - or hair!

His fern opinion That "God's Own Country" over there Is all right, outside world can share, Yet do we love, for change of air, His dear Dominion! He's one of us in love of sport - Dick Arndt put Barry out of court, "A-B" Blue Nile at Rugby hold the fort, The list's a long one! Again his horses come to score, And when he's starting two or more, We'll wait 'til they're all over, And back the wrong 'un!

When Antaretic first made his appearance at Ellerslie, a more ungainly runner it would be hard to find, and many a laugh was raised at his owner's expense. His action in front was a horrible climbing

one, and his owner must have had the heart of a lion to keep him going. However, he kept him going, and gradually he improved out of all knowledge, and would not now be recognised as the same horse. Antaretic is by Salvadoran - Corpybore, and was bred by the owner who bought him from Joes, it being the popular opinion that she was past breeding, but the late J. B. Williamson succeeded in getting her to build to Salvadoran by artificial means. Corpybore was the dam of Antaretic, a most promising jumper, owned by C. W. Coleman, which unfortunately went amiss.

The Auckland Trotting Club are out with the programme for their Spring Meeting, which is fixed for October 22 and 25. On each day of the gathering the principal event is worth 100sovs, and it is noteworthy that one is for saddle and the other for harness. In this connection, it will be noticed that, in accordance with the resolution carried at the last Trotting Conference, optional races are done away with, and for the first time in the history of trotting in Auckland, saddle and harness horses will have to compete separately in the races set out for them. This, it is expected, may have some effect on the nominations at first, but there is no doubt that eventually, trotting will greatly benefit by the innovation. As usual, a prize race is a very liberal one, and in accordance with the club's progressive policy, nominations for all events close on Friday, Oct. 7th, at 9 p.m.

Writing me from Sydney, Denis Morgan gives the information that Master Sout has made a good recovery from his recent accident, and was working again. Before the accident, the Auckland crack in the never set better, and although the mishap put him back somewhat, at the time of writing, he was going on all right again. The Ellerslie trainer gives some interesting information regarding various horses. Prince Folicies, for instance, is a horse something after Elysian's style, but just a shade bigger. Son of the Mash and Comedy King are a couple of fine horses, well up to weight. Aborigine, although he looks well, is not better than he was in New Zealand, but Mori King is stated to be a much-improved horse. One thing that forcibly struck the Aucklander was that the horses were not required to be out on the course so long before a race as they are in New Zealand, and this is a big consideration from a trainer's point of view. The tracks in Sydney, Denis considers, are about on a par with ours, the only advantage being that the rails are outside the course are available every other morning.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday.

The weather this week has favoured training operations, and plenty of work has been done, according to the reports of the day nor-westers have hardened the ground, and caused a little anxiety to trainers who have tender-legged horses in hand. However, steady rain set in last night, and has already given some of getting the tracks into fine condition. There is a very large number of horses in training for the Geraldine meeting next week.

The Hiccarton candidates for the new Zealand Cup are apparently being kept steadily at work, and nothing of note has transpired in regard to them. Reports state that Kent is plugging his fingers by his exertions on the Hastings track, and all going well in the interim, the chestnut will fulfil his New Zealand Cup engagement.

Mr F. S. Easton, the Foxton sportsman, has claimed a licence for his bay colt by Sir Laddo from Cecil. With Lady Moulton, Moulton Girl, and Sir Moulton, Mr Easton must believe that there is some virtue in the name.

Rangikapa continues to get through some satisfactory work on the old Hutt course. It really seems that a long overdue win on the part of the Saffron colt is now within measurable distance.

Mon Ami is reported in capital racing trim at the Hutt, and in all probability the Sout mare will fulfil her Wanganui engagements.

The trotting horse Abertons, which won races in the nomination of the Messrs Wickham, of Auckland, put up a fine performance in a handicap at the Ashburton Trotting Club's meeting today. He started from scratch in a field of six, and a great run over the last half mile carried him to victory in the good time of 4:45. It was not till half a mile from home that the spectators realised that he had a chance, but from that point his performance was watched with the keen interest of the whole of the front in the straight he was very loudly cheered, the demonstration being the most enthusiastic that has been seen on any Canterbury course for some time.

CARTERTON RACES.

CARTERTON, Thursday.

The weather conditions were favourable for the Lower Valley Jockey Club's races today. Bookmakers' fees amounted to £204 10s, and the totalisator receipts for the day amounted to £233, as against £283 on the first day of last year. The following are the results:

Hack Flying Handicap, six furlongs. - First Consul (W. Price), 8-5; 1st Miss Sylvia (E. Kemmerson), 2; 2nd J. W. Kirk, (W. Price); 3rd Palestine, Middlemore, Longwood. Won in the straight, a short distance from home. Time, 1:30 3/5.

Jumpers' Steeplechase, eleven miles and a half. - 1st J. W. Kirk (W. Newman), 1; 2nd Bungo, 12-2 (Buchanan); 3rd Heperu, 10-7 (J. W. McKenzie). Also started: Miss Hippo, Te Kani, and the horses of the Royal and Floral Guard and Sylvia ran off. An exciting finish. Won by half a head. Time, 5:41 1/5.

Lower Valley Jockey Club Handicap, 1000

mile and a distance.—Traun, 8.11 (W. Ayre), 1; Royal Marine, 8.7 (N. McDonald), 2; Moloch 7.8 (S. T. Carr), 3. ... Also started: Afterthought, Lanover, Happy New Year. A good race. Won by two lengths. Time, 2.33 3/5.

CARTEBTON, Friday. The weather was fine for the second day of the Lower Valley Jockey Club's Meeting, but there was a slight drizzle in the afternoon. The totalisator receipts for the second day were £2088, which, with £2531 for the first day, made a total for the meeting of £4619, leaving a shortage on last year's meeting of £232. The following are the results:—

Jack Hurdles.—Rosegrove 1, St. Amelia 2, Gaelic 3. Scratched: Sir Letho. Won easily. ... Martin Memorial Stakes, one mile.—Lanover, 6.7 (C. Emerson), 1; Merric Zealand, 9.5, 2; Matauri, 9.18, 3. ... Steeplechase, about two miles.—Wahitika, 11.5 (N. Newman), 1; St. Amelia, 12.5, 2; Royal Gallop, 13.0, 3.

Black Scoury, five furlongs.—Merrie Time (W. Ayre), 1; Grand Jewell, 2; Field Fair, 3. ... NURSERY HANDICAP of 100sovs. For two-year-olds. Four furlongs.

AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

The second day's racing in connection with the Avondale Jockey Club's spring meeting took place yesterday. With the exception of a couple of showers, the weather was although a cold, wet day, making matters a bit unpleasant. The attendance was up to the average. Mr. B. Lusk officiated as judge, and Mr. S. H. Smith as timekeeper. Mr. E. W. Edwards as starter, the latter gentleman being again successful with his dispatches.

THE RACING.

W. Lang's b g Traquill, by Hicarc—Peace, 7.7 (R. W. Brown), 1. ... PLUMPTON HANDICAP of 20sovs. One mile.

W. G. Brown's b g Lochinvar, by Capouan—Sappho, aged, 7.2 (omnes), 1. ... AVONDALE GUNESAS of 200sovs. One mile.

to turn for home, close followed by Salute, with the rest of the field closing up. When fully a mile to go, Salute, California and Advocate came along, in strong challenges, and although California put in another of his brilliant finishes, and caught Salute, he just failed to reach Lochinvar, who got the victory by a half, after a desperate battle. Salute was a neck away, third, with Advocate close up, fourth, then came Sir Arcteg, North-east and Cranium. In that order. Time, 1.14. North-east was favorite.

KINGSLAND HANDICAP of 100sovs. Six furlongs.

A. Lindsay's c Kinnago, 3yrs, by South—Golden Rose, 8.0 (Whitaker), 1. ... NHIOPU HANDICAP, of 100 sovs. Seven furlongs.

A. H. Tapper's b in Zimbia, 3yrs, by Ex-Eosion, aged, 8.10 (Gray), 1. ... MAIDEN HANDICAP BURLIES of 100 sovs. one mile and three-quarters.

W. Davies' b g Turbine, aged, by 1. ... SECOND HANDICAP HURDLE RACE, of 100sovs. One mile and three-quarters.

G. Arthur's b in Royal Day, 3yrs, 9.0 (Collis), 1. ... WELTER HANDICAP of 100sovs. six furlongs.

T. W. Hackett's b Studied, 3yrs, by Wonderland—Heavenly Twin, 7.10 (Whitaker), 1. ... AVONDALE GUNESAS of 200sovs. One mile.

M. McLean's ch g Polkiera, 3yrs, 8.5 (Brennan), 2. ... CONCLUDING DAY'S RACING.

The Avondale J.C. Spring Meeting was concluded on Saturday last, after another successful day's racing was witnessed. The weather was fine, for although one slight shower fell, it was not heavy enough to disturb any convenience. The attendance was large. Mr. B. Lusk officiated as judge, Mr. S. H. Smith as timekeeper, and Mr. E. W. Edwards as starter, the latter gentleman being again successful with his dispatches. The fields were exceptionally good all a whole, and the racing was interesting, testifying to the excellence of Mr. Morcos's handicapping.

Speculation during the afternoon was broken by the estimator staff, under Mr. J. E. Cooke, handling the sum of £10,331, as against £1084 10/ last year. This gives a total of £27,087 for the meeting, an increase of £16,400 on last year's total. The bookmakers' fees totalled £1029 for the meeting, as against £912 10/ last year.

NEW LYNN HANDICAP of 100sovs. five furlongs. F. W. Arnold's ch g Mastrol, 3yrs, by Ouzel—Lute, 8.3 (E. Gray), 1. ... WELTER HANDICAP of 100sovs. six furlongs.

A. H. Tapper's b in Zimbia, 3yrs, by Ex-Eosion, aged, 8.10 (Gray), 1. ... PUBLICANS' HANDICAP of 100sovs. 6 furlongs.

SECOND HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 100sovs, about three miles. Thimo M. Bowling's ch g Antares, 3yrs, by Salivada—Coryphe, 10.0 (Newman), 1. ... GRANDSTAND HANDICAP of 100 sovs. one mile.

H. McManaway's ch g North-East, 3yrs, by Young—Anselmo, 10.0 (Newman), 1. ... ELECTRIC HANDICAP, of 100sovs. Four furlongs.

Were Downen's b g Nautal, 3yrs, by Compuer—Cukunwa, 9.13 (Pritchard), 1. ... MEMBERS' HANDICAP of 100sovs. 7 furlongs.

A. H. Tapper's Zimbia, 5 years, by Ex-Eosion—Pansy, 7.7 (Morris), 1. ... PUBLICANS' HANDICAP of 100sovs. 6 furlongs.

C. E. Major's ch in Emblem, 3yrs, by Field Battery—Yapon, 7.12 (R. W. Brown), 1. ... PUBLICANS' HANDICAP of 100sovs. 6 furlongs.

Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)

AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S.

September 29—"Sweet Nell of Old Drury."
October 20 to 21—Alban Hamilton.
October 20 to November 4—Fred Graham.
November 21 to 25—Auckland Competition Society.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

In Season—Fuller's Pictures.

TIVOLI.

Vaudeville (permanent).

WELLINGTON.—OPERA HOUSE.

Sept. 24-30.—Johnson-Ketchel Eight Pictures
Oct. 7 to Nov. 5.—Alban Hamilton.
Nov. 12 to Nov. 24.—Mascam's Pictures.
December 24, six weeks' season.—J. C. Williamson.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Vaudeville (permanent).

A Comedy by the Late Clyde Fitch.

UOVER'S Lane" is to be the next comedy that New Zealand will witness, and is to be presented by the new Plummer-Denniston combination, under the management of Alban Hamilton. It is not a melodramatic or a romantic production—at least, it should not be if correctly handled. It is more a comedy of character and atmosphere. The dominating personage of the story, the Rev. Thomas Singleton, vicar of Brentford, is a lovable, generous-natured man, whose personage is filled with financially helpless people. It is ruled over by Miss Mattie, a lady whose acidulated loquacity, occasionally sweetened by her devotion to Tom Singleton, is well and brightly shown by Miss Valentine Sidney. Miss Mattie has had to put up with the addition to her household of Simplicity Johnson, a merry "tomboy" of twelve, expelled from an orphanage asylum; Aunt Martha, a silver-haired coquette, whose dread of "dying in a workhouse," is thus generously relieved; and Uncle Bill, the bell-ringer, who thereby acquires home comforts in his old age. This open-handed hospitality is regarded with jealous dislike by the narrow-minded parishioners. The parson is "stretching them all he can," but his purchase of a billiard-table for the young men's club is denounced on all sides, his investment in playing cards is voted a sacrilege, and their cup is filled to overflowing when it is discovered that pretty Mrs. Herbert Woodbridge, the actress from London, who sings soprano in the choir, is separated from her husband. The lady-organist declines to accompany a "divorced voice," the Sewing Circle boycotts the dangerous visitor, so that she is at her wit's end to find lodging for herself and her little son, and Singleton, with his characteristic defiance of local opinion, promptly finds room for her in his already crowded house. This leads indirectly to the nearest approach to a dramatic situation that the scope of the story admits of. Mary Larkin, a pretty bride of 18 years, arrives at the parsonage, with Herbert Woodbridge, in order to get married, Singleton, much caught by the girl's youthful charm, after asking the usual official question, gives her a ring from his finger to supply the place of the one forgotten by the careless bridegroom, and then calls in members of his household as witnesses. This brings the divorced pair face to face. Mrs. Woodbridge still loves her husband, the young man on his side has told Mary nothing of this complication, and the girl at last consents to follow the vicar's advice, and at least wait six months before uniting herself with a man of whom she evidently knows so little. The rest of the comedy is devoted to showing with ingenuity and tact how Mary, appointed school mistress by the parson whilst waiting the half-year of trial, insensibly responds to his warm admiration, and begins to think less of Herbert Woodbridge. Singleton's position, as a deeply-interested adviser who yet assumes an air of clerical impartiality, is extremely delicate. Eventually a reconciliation is effected between Woodbridge and his deserted wife. The growing attachment between him and Mary sounds the happy ever afterwards note that heralds the curtain. Mr. Reynolds Denniston is to appear as Woodbridge, Mr. Harry Plummer as the Rev. Singleton, Mrs. Robert Brough as

"Mrs. Woodbridge," whilst Miss Lizette Parkes will take the part of "Simplicity Johnson."

The Evolution of Clyde Fitch.

Clyde Fitch was no doubt the most industrious of American playwrights. Never a season passes now where two or three of his plays are not produced with varying success. And yet the critics, when he was alive, especially in New York, dismissed his work, as a rule, with supercilious praise. He was not regarded as literary. And this curious fact must also be recorded: Europe, which regards most American playwrights with amused contempt, lent a willing ear to the late Mr. Clyde Fitch. Three or four of the leading theatres in London have produced plays by him, and the sophisticated critical Grand Moguls of Berlin have received "Truth," a drama New York has rejected, with enthusiastic approval. Americans have always regarded Mr. Fitch in the light of a clever dramatic causeur, not to be very seriously discussed, but Mr. Martin Birnbaum, a friend of the playwright, demonstrated in "The Independent" just before the dramatist's sudden demise last year, a logical development in Mr. Fitch's dramatic career. Mr. Fitch, it seems, had made and lost several reputations. There was a deepening in his work, though his prodigious facility and his impatience, originating in plenitude of ideas, debarred him for a while from serious recognition.

His Career.

Fitch's real career as a dramatist began in 1890 with "Beau Brummel." He was entirely in sympathy with the subject, being an elegant young dandy himself. He was only twenty-six at the time of the first performance. The play, it will be remembered, achieved a noisy triumph. The author since devoted himself entirely to the drama. His adaptations from the French and the German were not, Mr. Birnbaum insists, slavish imitation of foreign works. He endowed the figures with new life, transformed foreign types with genuine American types, and was often entitled to the credit of original creation. This work improved his technique; he became a master of stagecraft and a writer of simple, fluent dialogue. Much of his work was acknowledged to be poor, flimsy hack work; but he might have repined with Dr. Johnson's couplet:

"The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
And those five to please must please to five."

If, says Mr. Birnbaum, the critic suggests that the favourable opinion of his audiences meant too much money in the playwright's pocket, Fitch, who was above all things a typical American in spirit and a child of his age, smiled blandly and complacently admitted it. In his early original plays, such as "A Modern Match," "The Moth and the Flame," Fitch still clung to established dramatic conventions; but there was the promise of finer work. Before he died he had abandoned the hackneyed phrases, filling his work with technical innovations and keen realistic characterisations. The spontaneity, freedom and liveliness of "The Climbers" effaces the memory of his early transgressions.

"The Climbers."

"The Climbers" opens with a scene which is distinctly Fitch's. To start a play with a party of women returning from a funeral was so daring that it was with difficulty that a manager could be found willing to put it on the boards. Since its very successful production, however, in 1901, his audiences invariably expect some example of this bold pictorial originality. He rarely disappoints them, for his power of invention seems unlimited. At times he allows himself to be too amusing. He hesitates at nothing and occasionally goes beyond the verge of daring. His first nights have an air of gaiety, of delightful expectation. We never know what may or may not happen on those festive evenings. In "The Way of the World" (a title which had been used by Congreve for one of his masterpieces) we were guests at a baby's sensational christening; in "The Stubbiness of Geraldine" we were on the wave-tossed deck of an ocean liner; in "The Girl with the Green

Eyes" we were shown the Apollo Belvedere, surrounded by a group of peppermint-eating Cook's tourists; in "The Girl and the Judge" there was the famous folding-bed scene; "The Cowboy and the Lady" had the mirth-provoking cure for cursing; "Her Great Match," the convenient lovers' corner, moonlit at will, and so on through the long list of plays."

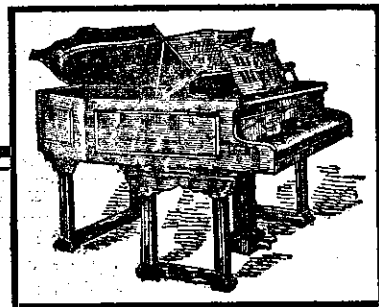
Unrecognised by America Whilst Alive.

Fitch's stage vibrates with life; everything moves with dash, and we are blinded to the fact that many scenes are inessential to the development of the action. As Fitch agrees with Lawrence Sterne's remark that digression is the soul and the sunshine of literature, he deliberately impedes the action for the sake of introducing his brilliantly polished and epigrammatic sayings. In his later work, Fitch succeeded in avoiding the error of distracting his audience. "Her Great Match," "The Woman in the Case," and "The Truth" represent a notable advance. He learned that straightforwardness is not incompatible with theatrical situations. The metropolitan critics, however, with few notable exceptions, treated him with scant respect, and were either purposely or hopelessly undiscerning. They dismissed him as a merely clever man tainted with commercialism, as a writer of ungrammatical English deformed with slang, and a creator of vulgar characters; or they employed that barren kind of criticism which finds fault with dramatist for not writing like some other man. The language of the theatre need not always be correct. Indeed an error of speech, a slang phrase or a colloquialism often breathes the breath of life into a character. The charge of vulgarity is for the most part also the charge of stereotyped criticism. To arraign Fitch because some of his characters are not refined types but ordinary people is as unjust and absurd as it would be to impute to Dryden the obscenity of his. "I feel very strongly," said Fitch, in a lecture on the "Drama," delivered at Yale, "the particular value—a value which, rightly or wrongly, I can't help feeling inestimable—of reflecting absolutely and truthfully the life and environment about us; every

class, every kind, every emotion, every motive, every occupation, every business, every idleness."

The Last Phase.

Fitch does not condone the weaknesses of his characters, but he is a genial satirist, and his irony free from bitterness, is often mistaken for sympathy. Also the patience of selection often deserts him. He could not restrain his impetuosity. He knew there was room for improvement, but new works had an irresistible fascination for him; and instead of perfecting the old play, he determined to improve upon it in the next. That was the secret of his slow evolution. In his last phase of dramatic authorship, Fitch freed himself in a measure from the tyranny of "stars"—at least, the "star" no longer dominated the entire situation. His studies in femininity were unsurpassed, and his late European successes justified the belief that he would one day write something really fine, at least a great social satire. Unhappily America's most brilliant dramatist was cut off as a comparatively young man. He was just forty-five when death stepped in a few moons ago. Shortly before he died the dramatist declared that "The City" was the finest play he had ever written. Apparently Fitch has profited in his latter years by the study of Ibsen. "Ibsen is right," he confessed to a biographer; "I accept him thoroughly as the master genius of the age. Perhaps we are not ready for him as playgoers, but we shall mount closer and closer to his perfection by reason of the example he has piled high before the intelligence of the younger men who are aware of his message." "The City" was not the last work of Clyde Fitch. There are still two unproduced plays of recent date—"Kitty and the Canary," his last completed work, written for Zola Sears; and "The Social Guide," "The City," however, is regarded as his valedictory as a playwright. There are touches of humour in the first act, touches of sentiment in the last, which show Clyde Fitch at his very best, and which will compare favourably with the work of any English playwright. The play, said a critic at the time of its production in New York, "is as strong as a raging bull,



The 'GRANDETTE' Piano

As you know, the tone of the grand piano is much fuller and rounder, has more volume, than an upright instrument. The chief reason for the greater popularity of the latter has hitherto been the awkward shape and ungainly appearance of the grand.

But there is now a grand of artistic shape—the GRANDETTE—made by the world famous piano house, A. ALLISON & CO.

The GRANDETTE represents the greatest advance in piano making for a century. Musically and artistically it is the most nearly perfect piano ever made.

In it you get purity of tone—tremendous power and volume—in the smallest possible dimensions. Its shape is symmetrical—it graces a room no matter where you place it.

You are cordially invited to inspect the Grandette in our showrooms. You will find the new piano interesting.

E. & F. S. COLDICUTT, Manager.
191 Queen St., Auckland, near H.M. Theatre.

an elephant in passion or a hungry tiger."

"Here is a play that shocks its beholders into thought, smites their frail conventionalities, makes the timid and formal gasp; a play that is as soothing as a salvo of artillery. If it be asked what the spectator will see as he sits through this three-act drama at the Lyric Theatre, let the answer, briefly enough, be this: He will see a highly respected, tax-paying citizen, the leader of his community, banker, philanthropist, pillar of the church, blackmailed by his illegitimate son—as twisted a knave as ever crept among men; he will see and hear this esteemed subscriber to worthy causes rebuke his legitimate children for their desire to live in 'the city,' where there is opportunity, fashion, the chance and the game; he will hear the country extolled, the city traduced, then the country traduced and the city extolled; he will hear the model father confess to his model son his faithlessness, and will presently learn of the esteemed gentleman's death under the shock; he will see the model and legitimate son risen in the city, a public figure climbing higher and higher on a ladder of lies and graft; he will see the illegitimate son tricking, undermining, scheming, drawing his nets around his seemingly luckier brother, but finding himself caught in his own intrigues, and married to his own sister, killing her in a gorilla-like rage when he learns the truth; he will see the model brother, with the governorship within his grasp, ruined in his political, professional and social ambitions, but, responsive to his fearful lesson, ready to start life anew with a real man's courage."

In his long and busy career, remark's Louis De Foe, in the "New York World," Clyde Fitch experienced his share of failure. He touched the life around him with the feather of wit and sometimes pricked it with the dart of satire; but not until his name became only a memory did he deliver the unexpected sledge hammer blow.

"Certain it is that in 'The City' Clyde Fitch did not concern himself with beauty. He dealt with life only in hideous aspects. He laid human nature bare and exposed its carvers in their most repellent forms. He cut through the quivering flesh to the very heart. He made the foundation of his work firm and then went on, piling sensation upon sensation, multiplying horror with horror, until he reached uncanny heights. Murder, incest, suicide, blasted ambition, the degenerate raving of a mind dulled by drugs—these were only a few of the materials with which he worked. Out of them he builded a structure so firm in the illusion it created that it seemed no longer a counterfeit of life, but life itself. And when he reached the summit of this structure he turned his climax into a pathological exhibition which vividly recalls that scene at the last moment of Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' when Oswald grovels at Mrs. Alving's feet gibbering and crying wildly for the sun.

"The craft and cunning of the play compel admiration. They will arouse amazement at Fitch, who, throughout his career, was charged with being a dramatist of women and a photographer of drawing-room manners. It was often said of him that the virilities of life were beyond his reach, and that he could only make frivolousness seem real. He could not live until he had proved the contrary, but he left ample testimony in 'The City' that he could play with volens as well as pin wheels."

Calve Has Heart Seizure.

Madame Calve, the famous dramatic soprano, suffered a heart seizure on Friday evening in Wellington, and it was only due to her courage and persistence that a very large audience did not lose an opportunity of hearing her. Madame Calve had sung only a few notes of her opening solo, "The Mysoli," when she became ill, and had to hurriedly leave the platform.

Dr. E. Bruce Allnutt, surgeon on the steamer Tongariro, was among the audience, and immediately offered his services. He found that Madame Calve was in a very distressed condition, and administered a restorative. When the sufferer recovered, Dr. Allnutt strongly urged her not to take the risk of singing again that evening, but she insisted on keeping faith with the audience, and the full programme was gone through. Indeed, the programme was extended, because Signor Gasparri and M. Pirelli gave extra numbers during the time Madame Calve was ill.

Lord and Lady Islington, who were in the audience, sent their aide-camp to the manager to inquire about Madame Calve's condition, and to express their sympathy with her.

After the concert, Madame Calve, though still considerably upset, was a great deal improved, and it is hoped that she will quite recover during the voyage to Sydney, for which city she and her party left Wellington on Saturday by the Uimaron.

"The Third Degree."

Those who appreciate high dramatic art should not fail to see Miss Katharine Grey in the realistic presentation of the heroine in "The Third Degree," says "The Southern Sphere" in a recent issue regarding the Williamson production we are shortly to see in New Zealand. No more naturalistic piece of acting, no truer portrayal of a woman with the genuine instincts of her sex, has been seen on the Melbourne stage for many

ard Brewster, who at the irresistible appeal of the young wife, consents to defend her wrongly-accused husband against the charge of murder. The other lady in the cast, Miss Ethel Warwick, possesses temperament and sensibility, and gives a convincing study of Mrs. Jeffries, senior, wife of the hard-hearted autocratic father, who is well presented by Mr. Winter Hall. Mr. George Bryant is impressive and powerful in the picture of Captain Churton, the coarse-grained and ruthless criminal investigator, who hypnotises young Jeffries into a confession. Mr. Cyril Mackay plays the last-named character with admirable transcendence, while Mr. Sydney Sterling gives a graphic study of a ruined and hunted man, who has come to the end of his resources and finds succense from his troubles in the suicide's bullet. It only remains to say that the play is mounted with artistic taste, especially in respect to the first scene, depicting the chambers of an art collector.



SOCIAL TERRORS—THE TALKING MACHINE.

The funny record which all the family know by heart, but of which you are unable to distinguish a word, never having heard it before.

a long day, and we say this with the fine emotional histrionics of Margaret Anglin fresh in our memory. Miss Grey, in the opinion of some people, might not equal Miss Anglin in the display of emotional intensity, but while the latter would tear a passion to tatters, the former achieves her effect with that restraint which suggests reserved power, and is the mark of the true artist. Miss Grey is perhaps the most natural actress now on the Australian stage. Her art is the art which hides art, and is therefore the highest art. In the more intense scenes of the drama she thoroughly grips the audience, the more impressionable among whom are reduced to tears or strung up to hysterical pitch by the realism of the situations. This part is a rather arduous one, for the progress of the play is practically a series of scenes in which a plucky, true-hearted woman exercises her indomitable will over adverse influences, or opposes her whole moral strength against persons who are moved against her by vindictiveness and cruelty. Mr. Julius Knight, it is needless to say, gives a finished picture of the part of the barrister, Rich-

Miss Kitty Campion—Madame Calve's Discovery.

What is the future of Miss Kitty Campion? The question was at the lips of a good many folk in the numerous house that greeted the young Auckland singer at the Choral Hall on Saturday night. The occasion was vested with a large amount of interest, seeing that it was Miss Campion's first appearance in public since Calve raised her from the unknown and put her on a pedestal. Naturally there was a good deal of enthusiasm for a young singer coming from a family whose name is well known to the comedy stage of Australasia. Her youth and attractiveness, moreover, speedily found its way to the hearts of the audience. Neither Calve nor anybody else can say with certainty that Miss Campion will become a great artist. I, for one, would be very sorry to declare definitely that such a thing is impossible. The most that can be said at present is that she has a high soprano voice of considerable range and unbounded quality. The quality varies according to the register which must be ex-

pected whilst the opportunity for specialised training has not been forthcoming. The middle register is distinctly weak, the production crude in some notes as it is good in others, whilst the enunciation lacks that refinement of expression which is essential to the charm of a true artist. These are principally defects of technique, although some cannot altogether be dissociated from temperament. Every young singer passing into the hands of a European specialist in voice production has in some degree to be divorced from inherent faults, and it is wonderful what can be done in four, three, or even two years with a pupil who is eager and not afraid of hard work. Miss Campion is quite at the beginning of her career, although she has passed through certain elementary stages. In several of her upper notes the timbre of the voice is both rich and full, and it may be that such a characteristic will be general to the whole range when her training is complete. The standard of the prima donna to-day is higher than what it was twenty years ago. Not only in technical proficiency, but in quality and interpretation, a voice has to be very exceptional indeed to attract notice on the grand opera stage or achieve distinction from the platform of an orchestral concert. Miss Campion may, or may not, aspire to such heights. It must be sufficient that she has won the notice and will have the support of one of the greatest operatic sopranos of the time. Whatever defects may present themselves at present, and however much one might like to speculate what temperament or conception will be behind her voice in its maturity, her goal is Europe. With three or four years' training in one of the big centres and realisation of the artistic standards required to-day, her future will be manifest—not before. There is no certainty that she will fail; there is every reason that she should be given the opportunity to try and win success.

An Enthusiastic Reception.

Miss Campion was cheered for every item at her concert. Her rendering of Gounod's "Angels Guard Thee" was sympathetic and straightforward. The "Ave Maria" founded by Gounod on a Bach fugue, with a violin obligato by Miss Beryl Vedland, was more remarkable for the power and distinction of the voice than for phrasing or legato, whilst several bars went distinctly flat. The more ambitious items were Donizetti's "O Luce de Quest' Anima" and "Caro Nome," from "Rigoletto." Both were interesting for what they revealed of the scope and powers of the vocalist, and whilst there was evidence of care and study, the renderings were marred by an almost total lack of conception. Tosca's "Good-bye" was amongst the encores given by the singer with a good deal of power and feeling. The particular expression she imparted to the phrases, "Hush, a voice," and "Kiss Me" savoured a good deal of exaggeration, although it was evidence of dramatic intention that a skilled teacher would turn to good account. Miss Campion was fortunate in having so able an accompanist as Mr Cyril Towsey, who throughout the concert distinguished himself by the facile and sympathetic support which he rendered alike to all singers. He also contributed to the programme with characteristic and skilful deftness a poetic rendering of Grieg's fine lyric piece beginning with "Butterflies" and ending with "To the Spring." The other performers who took part were Miss Beryl Vedland, Mr O. E. Farrow, and Dr. Hugh Keith.

Auckland Competitions Society—Preliminary Concert.

If the organisation behind the popular concert given by the Auckland Competitions Society at the Choral Hall last Thursday is as thorough in its big venture next November, there will be no room for grumblers. The concert was designed to bring the competitions under the notice of the public and at the same time to wipe out a few preliminary expenses. As it drew a full house and provided a good programme—a forest of things to come—success could not but smile, even if she did wink at one or two of the items. The Auckland Liedertafel, under Dr. Thomas, gave two fine numbers in Elgar's "Follow the Colour," a stirring composition and the beautiful "Reveries" (Storch). Both items were well rendered, although the former could have been given with a little more spirit and vigour. Mr Robert Bell, winner of the gold medal at the Waikato festival this year, made his first appearance to an Auckland audience with "Songs of Auld." The pos-

posses a voice of fine and sympathetic quality, but as yet does not understand how to use it. The beauties are chiefly those of immaturity, the production of the upper notes being distinctly a case for careful training. The song was given with feeling, and carried with it a well-deserved encore. Both in "The Raft" (Pianissimo) and the encore, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Mr. Wilfrid Manning showed plenty of power and vigour, but his voice lacked in elasticity and quality. Mr. O. E. Farrow gave Frances Allitt's fine song, "The Lute Player," with sympathetic voice and resonance, and had to respond. Likewise Mr. A. J. Black, whose musical monologues had quite a quality of their own. In the humorous "Cecile Mo and the Eggs," Mr. Alan McElwain was the success of the evening, in contrast to the somewhat ragged and mediocre rendering given to the humorous quartet, "Jenks' Vegetable Compound," by "The Lyric Four." Both items were encored. Mr. Frank H. Lorking's recitation of "Othello's Defence" was distinct for its sympathetic diction and intonation, although one would like to see him smile occasionally. He richly deserved a recall. The only pianoforte solo of the evening was Chopin's "Scherzo in B Flat Minor," rendered by Mr. Cyril Towsey with the sympathetic caprice and brilliance of lingering the composition demands. Miss Mary Cooper also reached a high plane of musical expression in three fine songs bracketed as follows:—"Mifawny" and "From out of the Mist" (Dorothy Fraser) and "Sea Wreck." Miss Beryl Yeoland, a young and promising violinist, was encored for her rendering of Carl Rubin's "Legende," to which Herr Wieleaert gave sympathetic accompaniment at the piano. Miss Yeoland also came before the public at Miss Champion's concert, playing Saint Saens' "Le Cygne," "The White's Dance" ("Fado"), and Hubay's "Fejete Katil." The latter indicates, she is more than an advanced pupil. Her technique is facile and clever, but the bowing is not without hitches, and as yet there is not a marked amount of expression and feeling. With opportunity and more mature years she ought to advance considerably above the average amateur. The accompaniments of the singers for the evening were played by Mr. H. G. Woolley, and the concert was organised under the direction of Mr. Scott Colville, managing secretary of the Competitions Society.

Marie Hall Coming to New Zealand
 Miss Marie Hall, the English violinist, sailed from Southampton early last month for South Africa, where she will commence a lengthy professional tour, which will be extended to India, China, Japan, New Zealand, Australia, and Canada. The tour will occupy more than ten months, in the course of which Miss Hall is to play at two hundred concerts; for which, it is said, she has been guaranteed a minimum sum of £10,000, and, in addition, she is to share in the profits of each concert over £50. The artist was to begin the tour on the 20th August in Durban, where she was to play on four occasions, and she will then proceed to Johannesburg, and afterwards to Pretoria and Cape Town. Miss Hall purposes returning to England about next July.

Wellington's Municipal Orchestra.
 The Wellington Municipal Orchestra scheme has advanced a step further. The Wellington City Council at its meeting last week unanimously adopted the following resolutions made by the Finance Committee in connection with the proposed orchestra:—
 That the Council authorise the formation of a Municipal Orchestra on the lines suggested by the City Organist. The scheme to come into force on 1st October next, and that the City Solicitor be instructed to obtain a legal indemnity from the guarantors of the scheme to

protect the Council against loss. The following are the details of the City Organist's proposal summarised:—

- (1) The orchestra to play at twelve of the organ recitals to be given during the twelve months commencing 1st October, 1910.
- (2) The intervals at which these orchestral performances should take place to be left to the discretion of the City Organist, as conductor of the orchestra. Two or three performances could probably be given before the end of the present year, and the series could be resumed about the end of February.
- (3) Suggested prices for admission—6d and 1/ (as at the organ recitals), and 2/ for reserved seats.
- (4) The expenses over and above the ordinary organ recital expenses are estimated not to exceed £27 per performance, or £324 for the series of twelve. The chief expenses would be the fees for a certain number of the orchestral players. Minor expenses would include extra advertising, additional attendants on recital nights, insurance on Orchestral Society's property, occasional hire of music, probably a few handstands, extra programmes and tickets, etc. Expense would be saved if the orchestra could rehearse in one of the Town Hall rooms.
- (5) To protect the Wellington City Council against loss in connection with the estimated expenditure of £324, a number of guarantors have agreed to guarantee an amount, which at present totals £415.
- (6) All profits to go to the City Council.

A slight amendment was made to sub-clause 1, making it read as printed above. The clause originally read that the orchestra should play at "not more than" twelve of the organ recitals.

Svengali and Hypnotism.

The very popular and successful run of Barrie's delightful comedy was succeeded by a revival of "Trilby" at His Majesty's, Auckland, for the last week of Nellie Stewart and Company in the Northern City. It seems a fair number of years since Du Maurier's popular play was at its zenith, and some of us no doubt hoped it had passed into the limbo of forgotten things. As a play, it always was a vastly overrated production. It presents amazing crudities of construction, the entrances and exits are reminiscent of the worst traditions of melodrama, whilst the dialogue and characterisation never rise above a mediocrity that nowadays verges on banality. The whole fabric of its success rests upon the uncanny suggestion associated in the lay mind with Svengali and his alleged black arts. There is an insidious appeal to morbid taste in the power which he exercises over the beautiful young girl Trilby—a power that gets right down to the ancestral and superstitious prejudice, tingling more or less in everybody's veins. Unfortunately for the play, hypnotism is no longer a black art or a product of the devil which no self-respecting God-fearing Christian would have anything to do with. Thank heaven, the world has moved past medieval ignorance and mid-Victorian stupidities. Hypnotism is now a recognised science and employed with considerable success by the medical faculty in European centres. It involves no giving of one's soul to another, as Svengali would have it, but is merely a definite process of psychology that, judiciously employed, can result in a lot of good. In the light of modern science, Svengali no longer terrifies us. His taste for puling ballads is execrable. He is merely a half-crazed, miserly, old charlatan in need of a bath.

Mr. Gaston Mervale's Triumph.

This is not to suggest that there was anything seriously wanting in the performance of Miss Nellie Stewart and her company. Quite the contrary, in fact. The undoubted talents of the popular actress and of Messrs Beatty, Turner, Atholwood and McMahon were seen at the flood in Barrie's splendid comedy, where the characterisation and action gave full scope to the art of every leading member of the cast. It would be unfair to criticise individual performances where such animated stage props as the Laird, Taffy or Billy are concerned; whilst as for Zou-Zou or Colonel Kaw—well, there is no space to discuss caricature. The two great things of the piece were Mr. Gaston Mervale's Svengali and Miss Stewart's Trilby. Mr. Mervale scaled the heights of dramatic art in one leap, and kept us ever in the clouds by the strength, the restraint and the intensity of his acting. The quality of his art is little less than superb. It grips with extraordinary vigour, and there is never a false note or a descent to exaggeration. It is the dominating note of the whole production. Miss Nellie Stewart showed, too, she can be something altogether apart from that self by which she is best known and recognised on the stage to-day. She acted with fine restraint and feeling. It was a revelation of versatility, and carries with it a powerful slice of conviction. Crude and incongruous as the dramatic construction in the closing scene is, Miss Stewart kept clear of the melodramatic quicksands that would engulf many a less accomplished actress. Thereby some of us escaped a lot which might otherwise have dragged the harrows across one's spinal column. Staging, dressing and all such accessories are extremely well done; whilst, as a closing note, much credit is due for the excellent presentation of the revels in the second act.

Stray Notes.

A Derbyshire miner is stated to have invented a new musical instrument which he calls a "pickophone." It has been constructed out of the ordinary colliery pick and shaft with which as a miner he has worked in the pit at Creswell. The instrument has only one string, and Mr. Lord (the inventor) has skillfully attached an old phonograph horn, without which the music would be scarcely heard. A mellow sound is given out by the instrument, and with a piano accompaniment the effect is stated to be pleasing. Paderewski, the great pianist, has erected, at a cost of £20,000, a statue of King Jagello, of Poland, who was the victim of the battle of Tannenberg, six hundred years ago. The statue, which is at Cracow, was unveiled by the Polish pianist recently. There is a growing movement throughout the United States to put a stop to the exhibition of cinematograph pictures which depict crime. A girl, after attending a show in Philadelphia, committed suicide because of a dispute with her lover, having been actuated to the deed by seeing the heroine of a moving picture drama shoot herself when deserted by her lover. In Pittsburg six young men who held up a street car and shot a policeman confessed that they were inspired to the deed by seeing a moving picture story of a train robbery. A wave of crime which is extending itself across several States is believed to be almost directly due to the exhibition of these sordid pictures. According to our contemporary "London Opinion," Mr. Harry Tate was asked by a well-known aviator, who is a rigid abstainer, if he would like to accompany him on a flight. Mr. Tate, however, firmly refused. "I am like you," he said. "In what way?" inquired the teetotal airman. "Well, I am afraid of taking a drop too much," said Tate.

"The Islander," at the time the last English mail left London, had passed its 100th performance at the Apollo Theatre, in the big metropolis. The Australasian rights of the piece have been acquired by Mr. J. C. Williamson.

By 45 votes to 29 the London County Council decided that it was not expedient that the pictures of the Jeffries and Johnson fight at Reno should be shown in London. The proposal was brought forward by the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, an ex-chairman of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, who moved: "That in the opinion of the Council the public exhibition, at places of entertainment in London, of pictures representing the recent prize fight in the United States is undesirable, and that the proprietors of London music halls and other places licensed by the Council for cinematograph performances be so informed." It is improbable that the Council can enforce its decision, but it can, on a following season, refuse to renew the license.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

Lessee, C. R. Bailey.
 DIRECTION..... ALLAN HAMILTON.
 MONDAY, OCTOBER 3.
 A NOTABLE EVENT.
 HARRY PLIMMER
 And
 REYNOLDS DENNISTON,
 Present for the First Time in New Zealand.
 The New Clyde Fitch Play,
LOVER'S LANE
LOVER'S LANE
LOVER'S LANE

The Sweetest Story Ever Told.
 Interpreted by a Specially-selected Company,
 Including
 MISS LIZZIE PARKES
 And
 MRS ROBERT BROUGH.
 New Scenery by Harry Whitte.
 Box Plan at Whillman and Arcy's.
 PRICES—4/2, 3/1.
 Early Doors as usual.
 NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR BOOKING.
 Day Sales at Martelli's.
 Touring Manager, GEORGE BULLER.

TIVOLI THEATRE,

NEWTON.
 Sole Lessee.....ALOYS DATNE
DAYNE'S MAMMOTH MINSTRELS
 AND
VAUDEVILLE COMPANY
 Entirely New Programme To-night,
 Magnificent Australian Bush First Part.
 New Scenery. New Effects.
 ALL THE OLD FAVOURITES APPEARING.
 PRICES: 1/6, 1/, and 6d.
 HALDIMAND DAYNE,
 Manager.

If you want to learn to
PLAY the PIANO,
USE WICKINS'
PIANO
TUTOR
 Of all Music Sellers, 2/6 post free.

The **OCEAN** Accident & 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 Office—
 SHORTLAND STREET, AUCKLAND. Head Office for New Zealand—
 117 & 121 CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.
 Chas. M. Montefiore, General Manager and Attorney for New Zealand.

DEVELOPING THE EAST COAST.

PROGRESS OF THE TRUNK LINE.

1

2

3

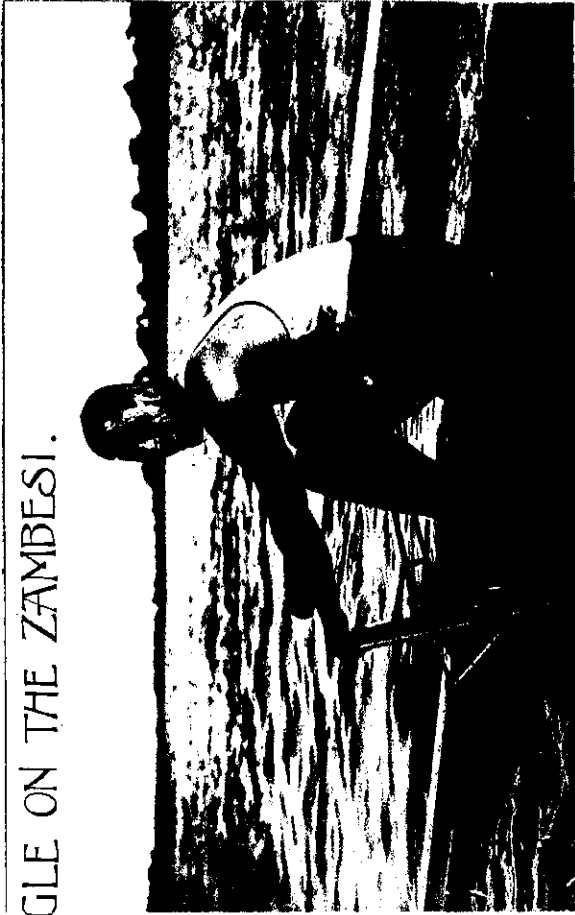
4

5

AUCKLAND TO GISBORNE—WHERE THE EAST COAST RAILWAY WILL PASS.

While speaking in the House last week, Mr. W. H. Herries (Auranga) stated that there was an uneasy feeling in the Bay of Plenty that the Gisborne-Auckland railway would not go further than the Motu. This drew from Sir Joseph Ward the remark: "That's like the rumours about the Gambing Rail." The map shown above illustrates the progress of the work, giving the section of the line opened for traffic, and the parts under construction and under survey. (1) The Rakauroa Falls. (2) Rakauroa store, now in the midst of a canvas town. (3) Waikohu station. The line is handed over to the Railway Department to Waikohu, at 23 miles. (4) Mrs. Beaufoy's house at Rakauroa, just at the back of the railway. (5) Mr. Buscke's house at the head of the railway works.

THE STRUGGLE ON THE ZAMBESI.



The picture on the left shows Arnet returning to his quarters after his daily training. The photo on the right shows Ernest Barry, the challenger for the championship honors, in his boat on the Zambesi.

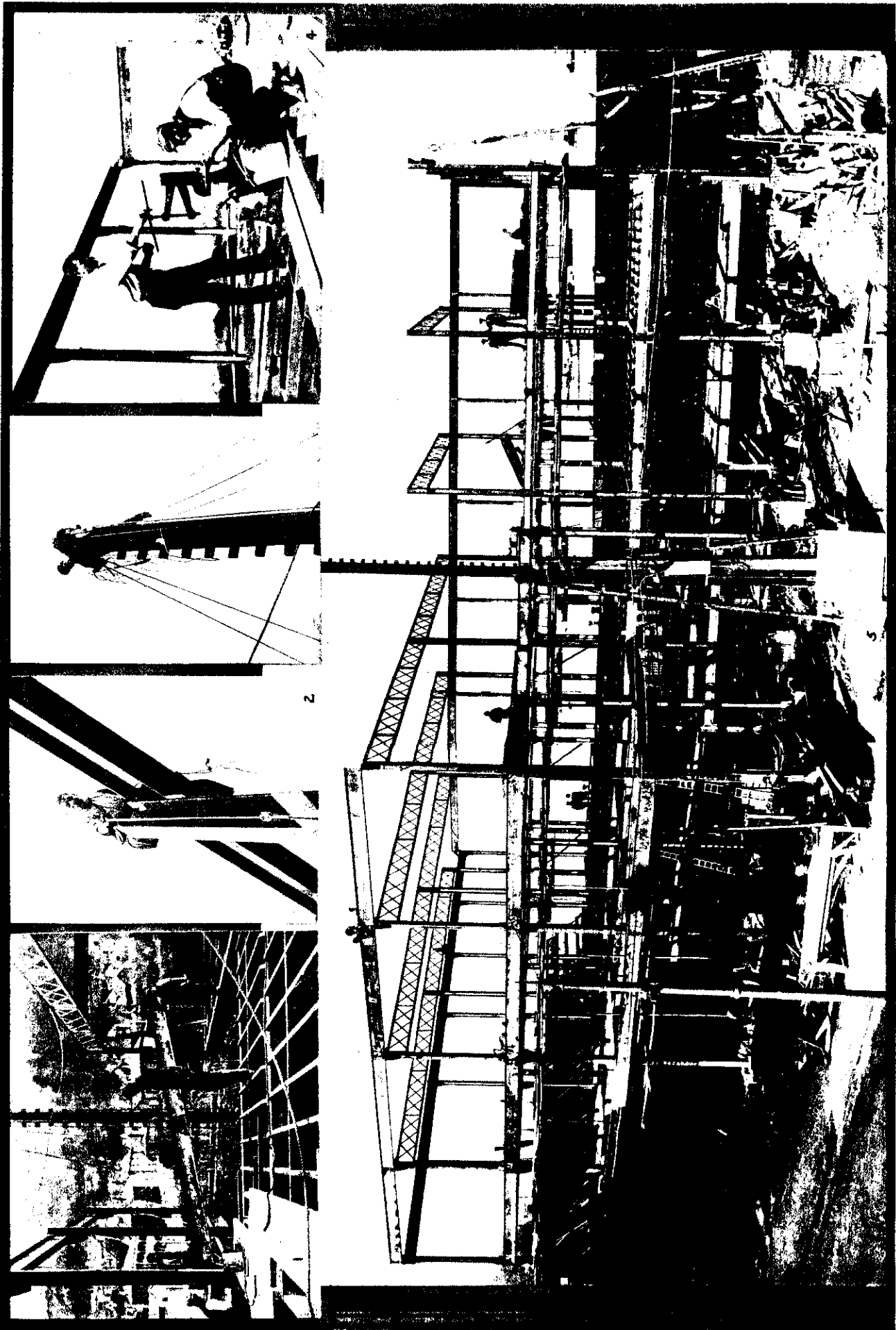


The photo shows the finish of the race between R. Arnet (New Zealand) and E. Barry (England) for the world's sculling championship. Arnet is seen winning easily by eight lengths from the challenger.

Arnold Keyser, photo.

THE ENGLISH CHALLENGER FOR THE WORLD'S SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP DEFEATED.

See "Sports and Pastimes."



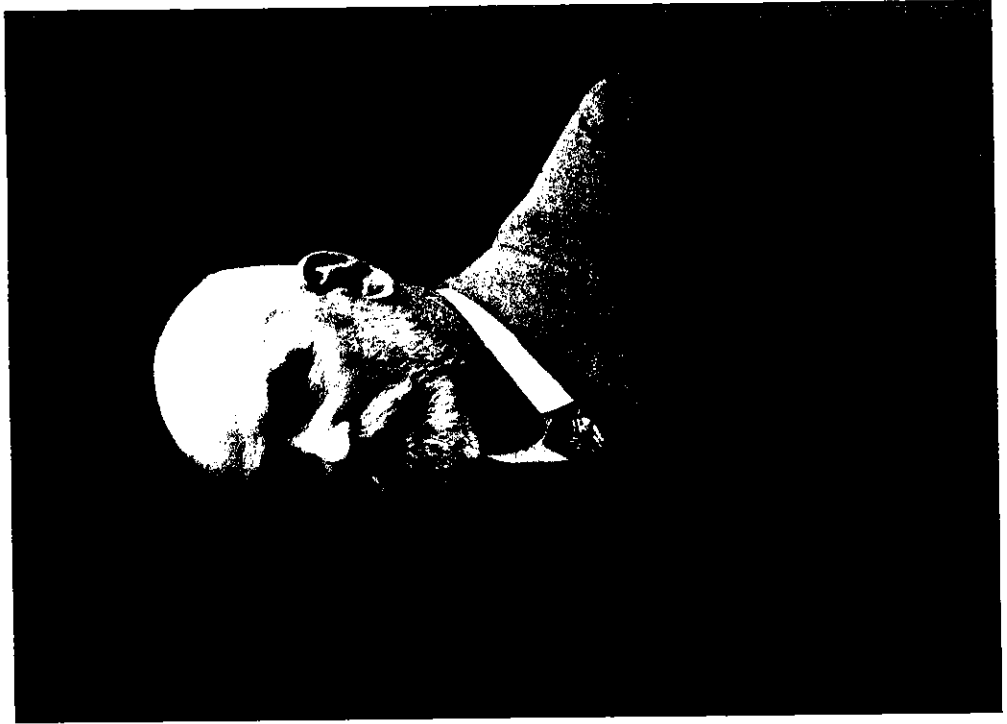
WORKERS IN THE SKY—THE LARGEST STEEL FRAME BUILDING IN THE DOMINION.

The photos show the construction of the largest steel frame building in the Dominion, a four-story store for the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Company, Limited, now in course of erection on Thorndon Quay, Wellington. The building is being built by Messrs Campbell and Bourke, contractors, Messrs Thomas Turnbull and Son being the architects. (1, 2, 3, 4) Showing the methods employed in modern steel frame building construction. (5) A panoramic view, showing the progress and size of the new building.

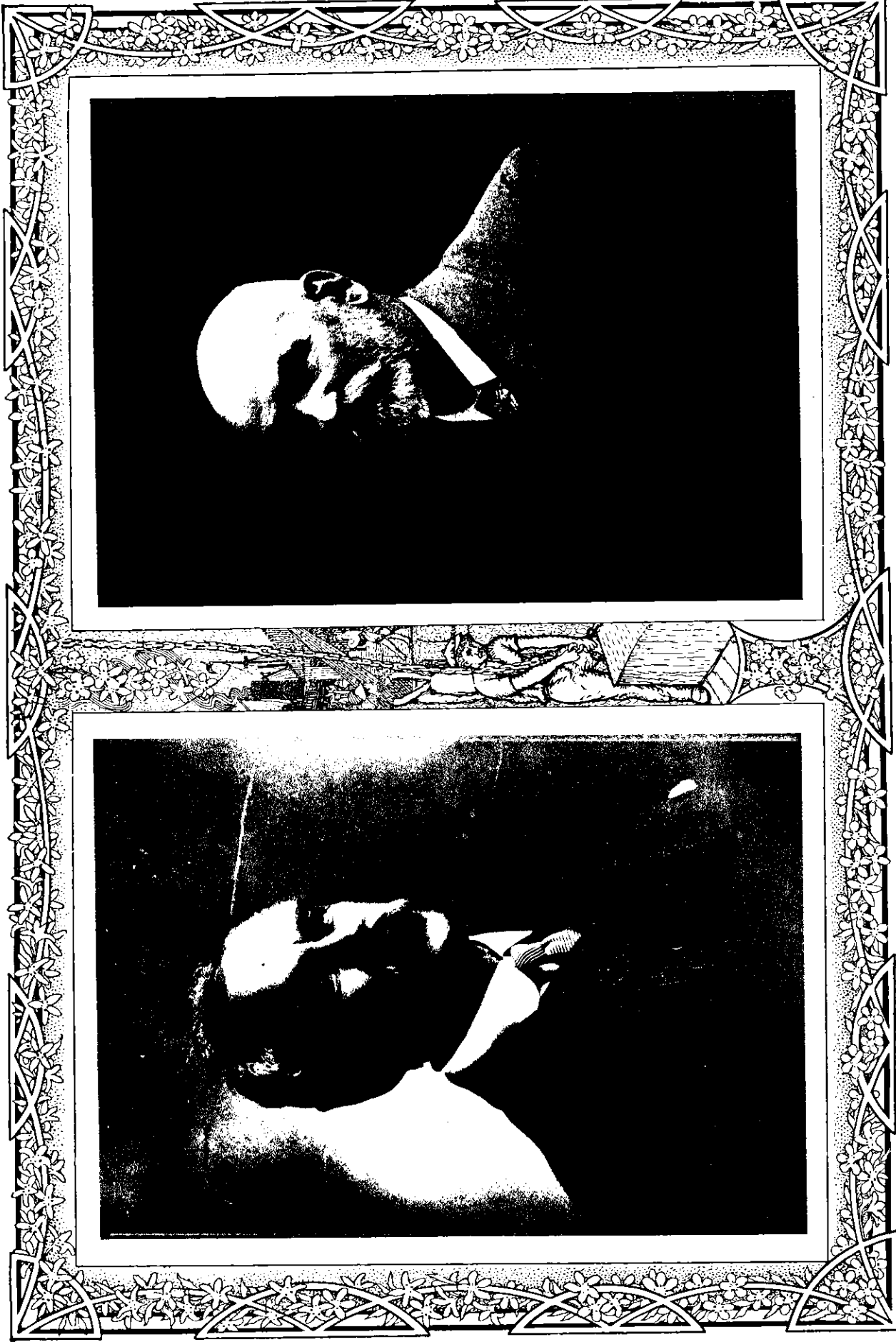
Leaders of Commerce in the Dominion.



Mr. Archibald Clark, of the well-known Auckland firm of Arch. Clark and Sons, Ltd., is a native of Perth, Scotland. He arrived in New Zealand in 1857. The business was started in January, 1859, by the late Mr. Archibald Clark, who later on took into partnership his sons, Messrs J. M. Clark, Arch. Clark, M. A. Clark, and his son-in-law, Mr. J. Stevenson. The founder of the firm died in 1873, and on the death of Mr. J. McRobb in 1898 the business was converted into a limited liability company. Mr. Arch. Clark was made chairman of directors, the other directors being Messrs M. A. Clark, A. C. Stevenson, H. C. Clark and A. M. Clark, the latter being in charge of the Wellington business.



Mr. J. C. McVay, of Napier, was born in Auckland on April 26th, 1841, going to Napier 20 years later. He commenced business in 1872, and is still extensively engaged in the sundry business, wholesale and retail, which he has worked up in 1909. 1873, McVay has always taken an active interest in local matters, and was elected to the Napier City Council in 1881. He was again elected to the office of Mayor when he was again elected in April, 1901, and is still a member. For many years he was head of the office of Napier, when he was again elected in April, 1901, and is still a member. For many years he was president and vice-president of the Napier Park Committee.





AUCKLAND TO GISBORNE—WHERE THE EAST COAST RAILWAY WILL PASS.

1. Approaching Waikeha station. The line has been hauled over to the Railway Department up to this point. 2. A bush sheep farm in Opotiki where the railway is expected to pass. 3. Oakey, where the proposed trestle will span the Waikato River. The end of the cutting is seen immediately over the hillside on the left of the picture. 4. A bullock team tending wood from Rakahouhi for a bush wharve for the Wharve Station. 5. Wharve Station. 6. A long sheep-station. Typical hillside in the barabooks—7. sports meeting at Rakahouhi. 8. A busy sheep station.



THE "WIRELESS" INSTALLATION ON THE HUDDART PARKER STEAMER ULMARUA, WHICH ARRIVED IN WELLINGTON LAST WEEK.



E. Denton, photo.

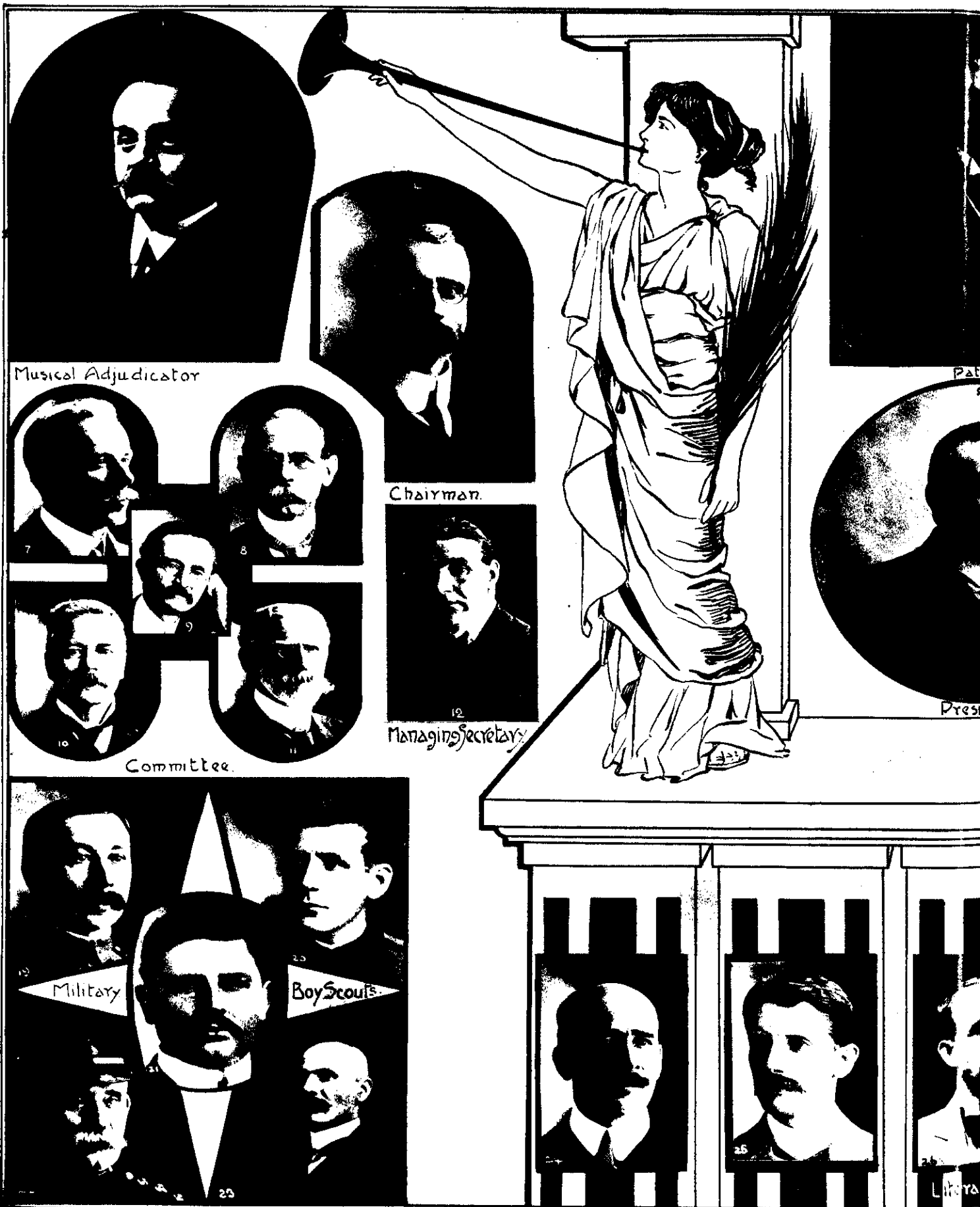
Feilding is the centre of a large number of coach services, that run for many miles into the adjoining country. On the west, communication is daily kept up with Awahuri, Rangotea and Sanson; whilst on the east, coaches run to Waituna, Beersfield, Cheltenham, Kimbolton, Apiti and Colyton, all collecting basins for the rich dairying and agricultural industries which spread through the district to a distance of thirty miles from the Post Office.



A PICTURESQUE CORNER IN THE HAMILTON DOMAIN.

Copyrighted photo.

The Rise of the Arts in Maoriland—Au



Musical Adjudicator

Chairman

Committee

Managing Secretary

Military

Boy Scouts

ADJUDICATORS AND OFFICIALS OF THE FIRST ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE AU

The Auckland Competitions Society will inaugurate their first annual festival with a prize list of £300, at His Majesty's Theatre, on November 21st next. The competitions include several Boy Scouts. His Excellency Lord Islington (photo, 21) has been pleased to act as Patron, and the Hon. Gen. Fowlds, Minister for Education (photo, 22) as President. The musical adjudicator will be Mr. W. C. McDowell (20); Managing Secretary, Scott Colville (12); Treasurer, S. J. Harbutt (13); Committee, C. B. Plummer (7), W. T. Sharp (8), J. H. Gray (9), H. Pollock (10), J. G. Taylor (11), October 15th. J. D. GIBBS - Boy Scouts: Capt. Shera (19), Lieut. Boardman (20), Dr. Tracy Inglis (21), Dr. Gore Gillon (22), Physical Dept: Capt. R. Carpenter, A.A.G. (23), Musical Judges: H. D. Balfour (24), and R. McV...

Auckland's First Venture in Competitions.

President.

Vice Chairman.

Treasurer.

Elocution Judge.

Committee & Accompanist.

Drawing.

Debate.

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

44

45

46

47

48

49

50

51

52

53

54

55

56

57

58

59

60

61

62

63

64

65

66

67

68

69

70

71

72

73

74

75

76

77

78

79

80

81

82

83

84

85

86

87

88

89

90

91

92

93

94

95

96

97

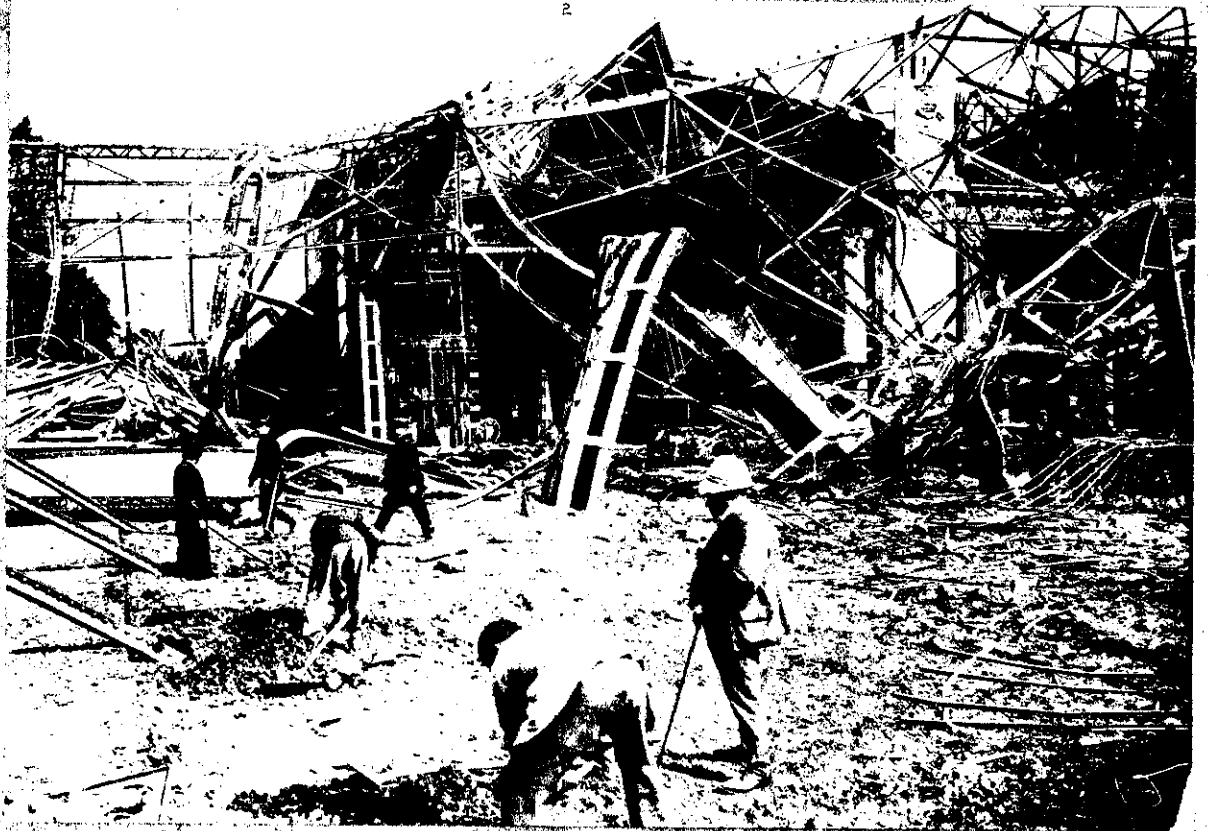
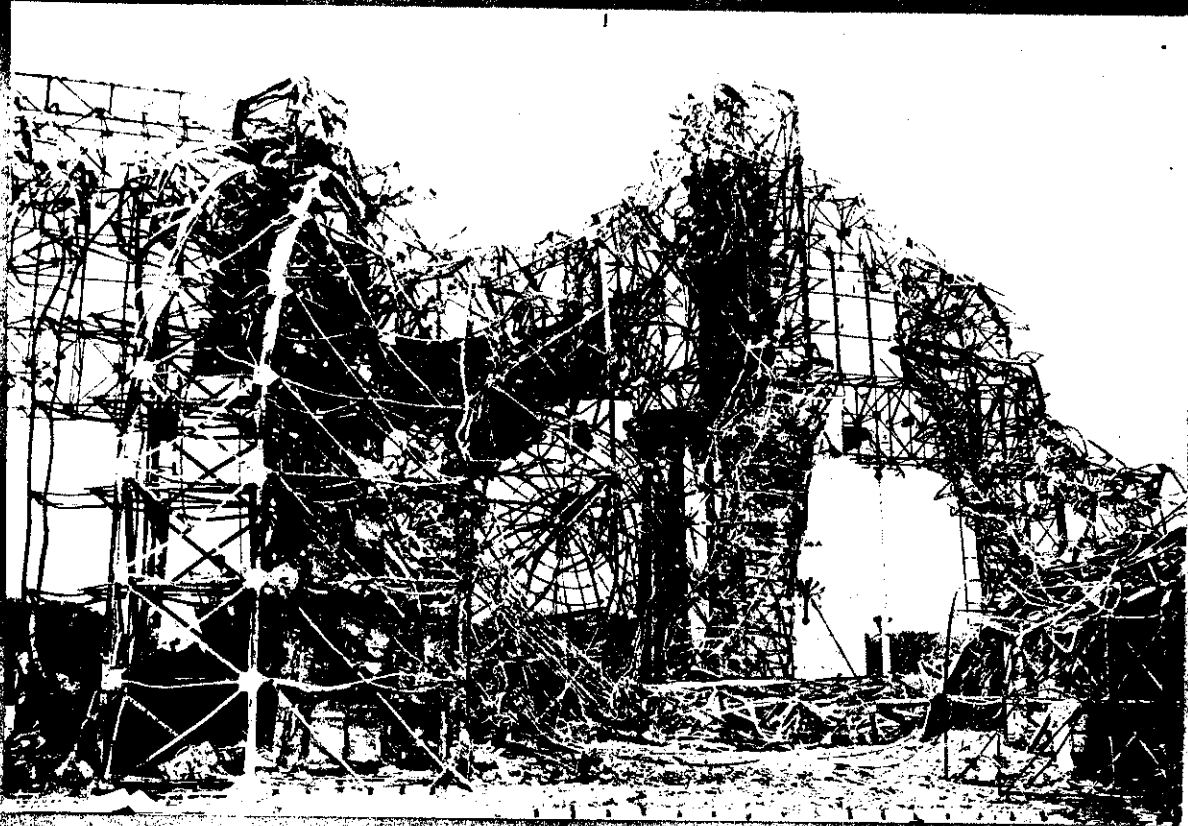
98

99

100

AUCKLAND COMPETITIONS' SOCIETY, TO BE HELD FROM NOVEMBER 21st TO 26th NEXT.

Programme for piano, violin, and other instruments, vocal solos, duets, quartet, and choir singing, elocution, essays, short stories, speeches, debates, drawing, modelling, physical drill, and events for boys and girls. The other officials and judges are as follows: Chairman, C. Hudson (14); Vice Chairman, H. G. Clark (11); E. A. Brown (14); J. F. Montague (15); R. Campbell (16); G. M. Reid (17); Official Accompanist, Mrs. Montague, Wellington (18); Entries for the competitions close on November 15th. Drawing: H. J. D. Mahon (24), J. P. Grossmann (25), F. Rollet (26), C. C. Reade (27), T. V. Wells (28). Debate: Robert, C. J. Durr (34).

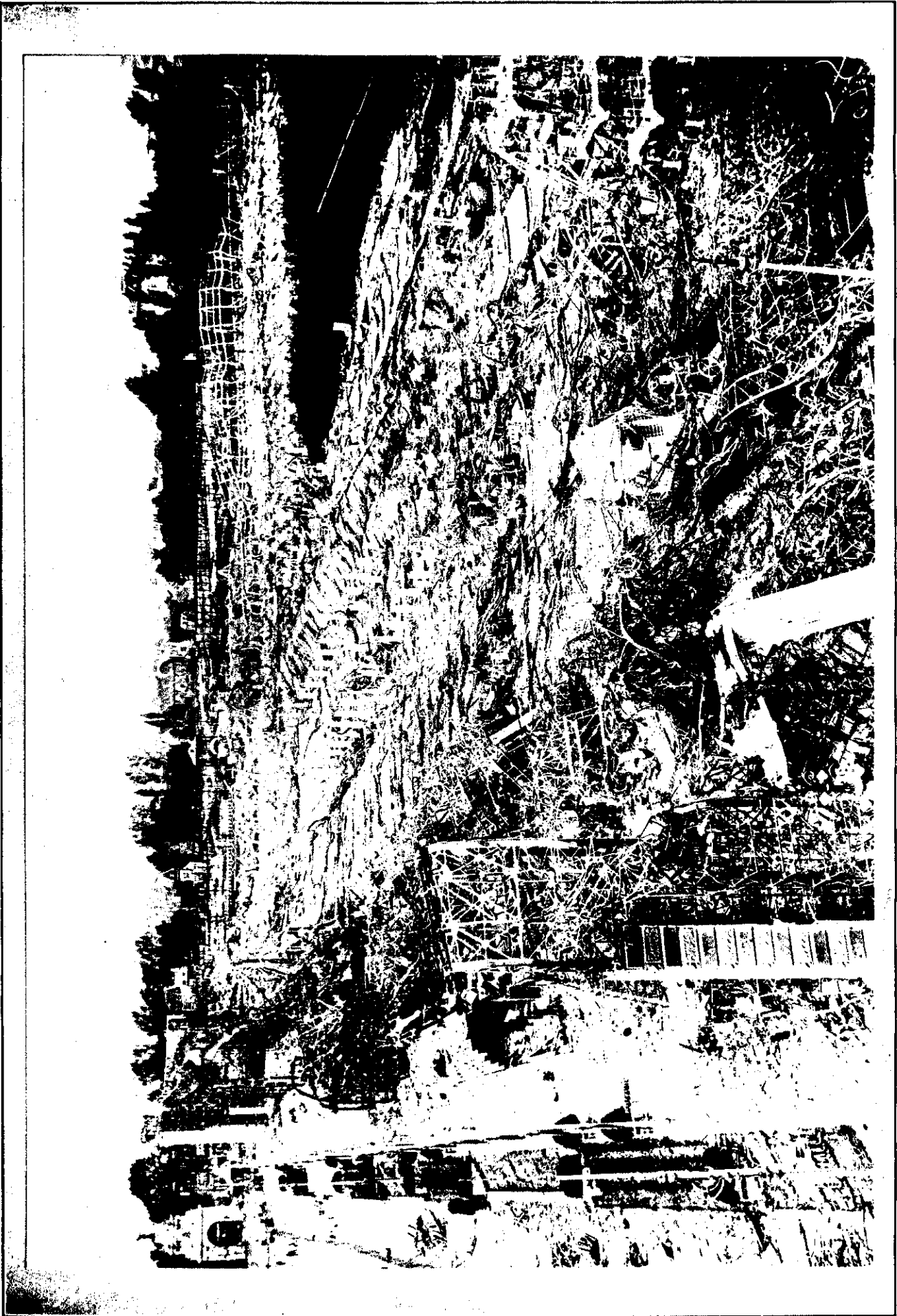


Topical photo.

AN INTERNATIONAL DISASTER—THE GREAT FIRE AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

See News Column.

A large section of the main buildings of the Brussels Exhibition was destroyed by fire last month, while the grounds were filled by enormous crowds, assembled to watch the illuminations and fireworks. The flames burst out about nine o'clock with extraordinary rapidity above the door of the Belgian facade, which adjoined directly to the British section, and in fifty minutes the Belgian and British sections were destroyed. In addition, the Kermesse and Luna Park, Ville de Paris section, and the Galerie Francaise, were totally destroyed, and other courts were more or less affected. The damage was estimated at over two million pounds, and included the loss of many priceless art treasures. The upper picture is a corner of the hall of the Belgian section where the fire started, showing the mass of twisted framework. The lower picture shows part of the French section in ruins.



Total photo.

AN INTERNATIONAL DISASTER—WHERE THE FIRE RAGED AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

One of the worst features of the fire was the shocking want of organization and equipment among the French. Correspondents in the "Journal de Bruxelles" state that even at about an hour's time after the outbreak, no effective measures had been taken to cope with the flames. The firemen could not find the hydrants, or the hoses were too short; there was no ladder on the spot, and the fire was spreading, while the firemen squabbled as to who should take command, and finally it is asserted that there were no explosives for making gales, with a view to isolating the fire.

See News Column.



Muir and Mackinday, photo.

SOME PROMINENT WELLINGTON BOWLERS—PRESIDENTS FOR THE APPROACHING SEASON.

(1) Mr A. Hamilton, President of the Wellington Bowling Club. (2) Mr W. J. Kimbrough, President of the Haldimatt Bowling Club. (3) Mr J. G. Raine, President of the Karori Bowling Club. (4) Mr J. McLean, President of the Newtown Bowling Club. (5) Colonel R. J. Collins, I.S.O., President of the Northern Bowling Association of New Zealand. (6) Mr G. Allport, President of the Hutt Bowling Club. (7) Mr W. G. Henry, President of the Petone Bowling Club. (8) Mr W. L. Thompson, President of the Johnsonville Bowling Club. (9) Mr R. W. Kane, President of the Thornton Bowling Club.

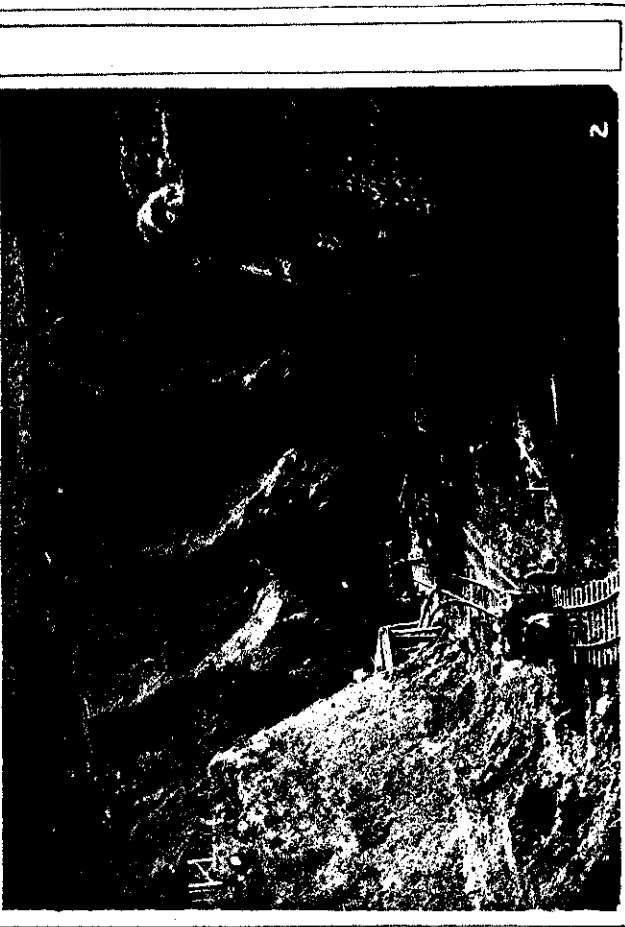
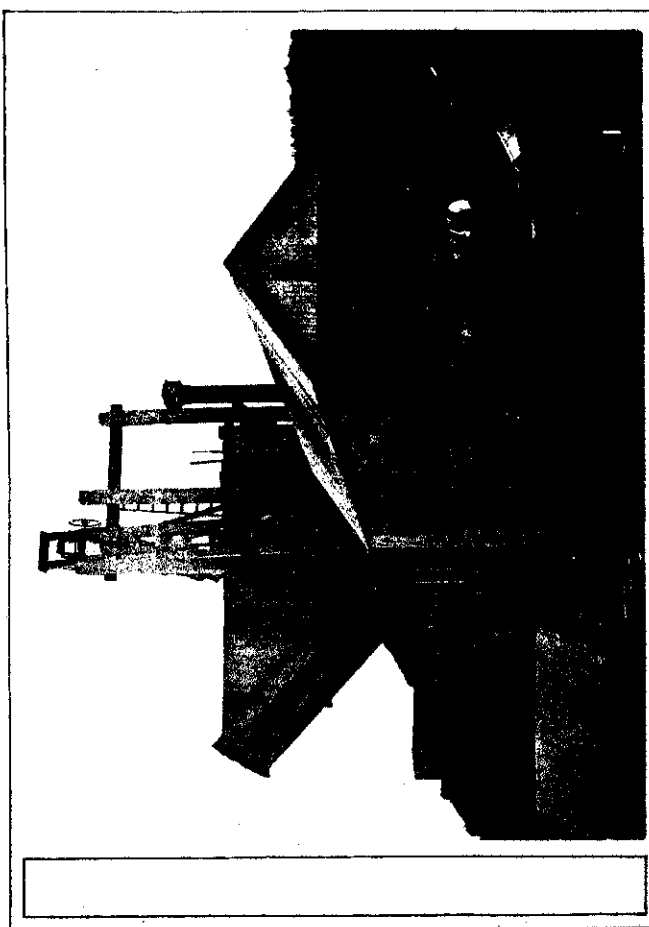


Typical photo.

FROM CARDIFF TO LONDON BY AIRSHIP.

The longest airship flight that has ever been made in Great Britain took place recently. Mr. E. Willows, a young aeronaut, flying alone in his airship from Cardiff to London, crossed the English Channel in a short time, and, within a few hours, was in London. The flight was a success, and his supply of Mr. Willows' airship and the mechanism which drives it.

See page 64.



Birke's photo.

BALLAST FOR THE NORTH AUCKLAND RAILWAY.

(1) A large hopper at South Flat, Kawakawa. (2) The ballast pit at South Flat, showing the extent and character of the workings.



RIFLE SHOOTING AT PENROSE—THE OPENING OF THE SEASON.

The Akaranga Defence Rifle Club opened the season for 1910-11 on Saturday at the Penrose range, Auckland. There was a record attendance. A match was fired between teams selected by the president and vice-president respectively, the president's team winning by 11 points. (1) Some well-known riflemen. Reading from the left: W. Cox (Bisley) 1904, J. Shupson (Bisley) 1897, J. A. Parslow (New Zealand champion, 1889), H. Doughty (New Zealand champion, 1882). (2) Behind the firing line. (3) In the firing line. (4) Some of the officials—reading from the left: E. J. H. Carrington (secretary and treasurer), J. A. Parslow (vice-president), W. H. Shepherd (chairman, Auckland Rifle Association), W. S. Moore (president).



Muir and Mackinlay, photo.

THEY WANTED FIFTEEN MILLIONS WORTH OF RAILWAYS.

The Prime Minister (Sir Joseph Ward) and the Hon. B. McKenzie (Minister for Public Works), on September 17 presided a large deputation of representative men, who urged the commencement of the East Coast Railway. The deputation was the outcome of a conference of the Chambers of Commerce of the North Island. What the deputation particularly urged was the extension of the present arterial lines—the Hawke's Bay section, linking up Gisborne with the rich lands of the North, and the line running to Wairoa and Palmerston North, and the Main Trunk line, and also the Stratford-Otago line, now under construction. In the course of his reply, the Premier said that at the present time they were carrying out public works to the tune of £2,200,000 a year, which, for a country with a population of a million, was the utmost that could be done. The Government was being asked at the moment to make thirteen or fourteen millions worth of railways, but they could not look at it.



MR BYRON BROWN (Otago).

First for reading from sight, first for recitation "Tubal Cain," and first for Shakespearean recitation at the Palmerston North Educational Contests.



NEW ZEALAND'S ENVOY TO SOUTH AFRICA.

Before leaving Wellington, the Hon. G. Fowlds, who has been chosen as the representative of New Zealand at the opening of the Union Parliament of South Africa, was the recipient of a silver loving-cup from both Houses of the Legislature. He was also entertained by the citizens of Auckland at the Pacific Club, Auckland. Mr Fowlds left Auckland for Sydney on September 19th, accompanied by the Misses Fowlds, and Mr W. Crow, private secretary.



MISS PAULINE BROWN (Otago).

First prize winner for a recitation for girls under 15 at the Palmerston North Educational Contests.



MR R. H. BILLENS.

Winner of the "Standard" gold medal for a prepared speech, first for debate and second for reading at sight at the Palmerston North Educational Contests.



Billens, photo.
MISS MABEL POLE.

First in the different classes for recitations from Shakespeare, Longfellow, and humorous verse, and first comedietta at the Palmerston North Educational Contests.



LOVERS' LANE.

Mr Harry Plimmer as "Rev Tom Singleton," and Miss Libette Parkes as "Shuttleby Johnson," in Clyde Fitch's play, "Lovers' Lane," to be produced at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on October 3. A full account of the play and the late dramatist will be found under "Music and Drama."



W. Gordon-Jones, photo.

SOLITUDE FOR THE DUMB.

Some Orchard Lands of To-morrow.

Specially written for the "Weekly Graphic" by Major Boyd-Wilson.

FOR the man who lives an outdoor life, who prefers the quiet delights of the country to the noise and bustle of cities, and who is withal a gardener at heart, there can be no pleasanter occupation than that of fruit culture. It is not an art that can be acquired in a day, and he who would be successful in his wooing of the Goddess Pomona must be content to serve a long apprenticeship in her service, and to be diligent in performing all the ritual that is demanded from worshippers at her shrine. It is not sufficient to plant a tree, then fold one's arms, sit down and say: "In due season there will be fruit." More, much more than this is required. The land on which

the future orchard is to be planted must be selected with the greatest care, the soil must be kept in a high state of cultivation, the trees must be carefully pruned, each variety according to its individual requirements; war must be relentlessly waged on pests, both insect and fungoid, by scientific spraying and syringing, and it may even be necessary for the grower to experiment in the vexed and difficult question of manuring before he can expect to see the trees in his orchard laden with the finest fruit they are capable of producing.

Fruit-growing is an industry which bids fair to become of great importance to New Zealand in the near future, and in suitable districts the production of apples for export to the Home markets will at-



THE MOTUPIKO RIVER NEAR ITS JUNCTION WITH THE MOTUEKA

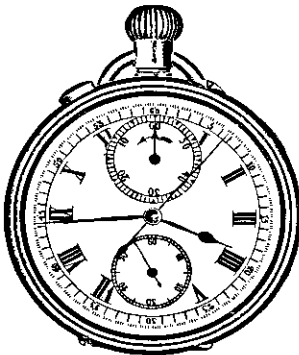


FUTURE APPLE LANDS—THE MOTUPIKO VALLEY.



LOOKING SOUTH TOWARDS THE DISTANT PEAK OF MOUNT ROBUREL.

A NEW WATCH.

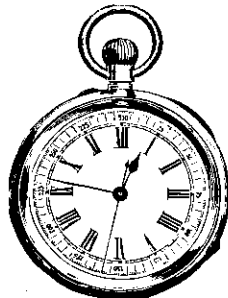


THE Independent Centre Seconds Watch (Flyback) with continuous starting and stopping action from side push piece, and flyback return to zero from winder.

The above answers every purpose of the ordinary flyback chronograph watch, and in addition can be used to make several continuous observations without returning to zero, and without any calculation will indicate nett time of several observations with intervals of stoppage, therefore useful for timing polo and football matches, etc., etc., and an ideal watch for referees. The centre seconds quite INDEPENDENT of the watch, which goes on when the C.S. is stopped.

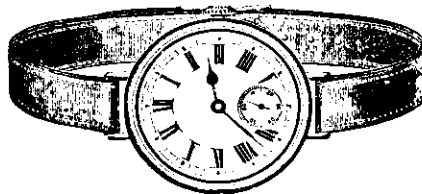
SILVER, £10.

ESTABLISHED OVER 30 YEARS



THE NURSE'S WATCH.

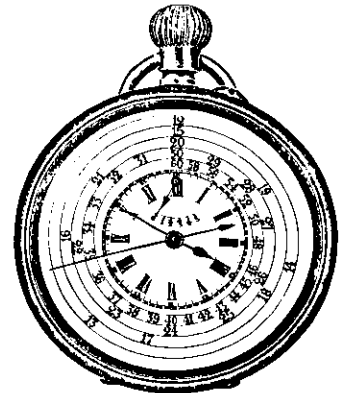
SILVER, £2 15, £3
DIAL, finest quality, £5
OXYDISED, £2 17, 6, £4 4



WRISTLET WATCH.

FINEST QUALITY.
GOLD, £13. SILVER, £5.

MILOMETER CHRONOGRAPH.



INDISPENSABLE TO MOTORISTS AND CYCLISTS, ETC.

THE special purpose of this watch is to show the exact rate of speed per hour between the starting and stopping points on a measured distance.

The minute recording hand indicates the circle or division in which to read the speed per hour. The dial plainly indicates any speed between 12 and 60 miles per hour, every mile between these speeds having its position on the dial, the scope of which answers practically every purpose for either motor car or bicycle.

SILVER, £10.

W. LITTLEJOHN & SON, Lambton Quay, Wellington



HERE AND THERE PORTIONS OF NATIVE BUSH HAVE ESCAPED THE AXE OF THE PIONEER.

ford congenial and profitable occupation to an ever-increasing number of settlers. Many parts of the country are, of course, unsuitable for this pursuit on account of climatic conditions and the prevalence of high winds, which have anything but a beneficent effect on the trees. Again,

all soils are not adapted to the culture of apples, so it behoves the would-be fruitgrower to select carefully the land which is to be the site of his future orchard.

Continued on page 64.



AN ATTRACTIVE POSTER COSTUME. This unique poster representing Milos Toilet Co. was awarded a special prize at the Princes Rink Competition. The poster was designed by Miss McElwain, 254 Queen Street, Auckland.

EMPIRE HOTEL,
WELLINGTON.

Cable "Empire" Wellington.

Box G.P.O. Wellington, 385.

THIS HOTEL HAS BEEN ENTIRELY RENOVATED THROUGHOUT, and is the PREMIER HOTEL in the CITY of WELLINGTON. Visitors to the Dominion will find their comfort thoroughly catered for. COOK'S TOURIST COUPONS ACCEPTED.

MRS F. POOL, Proprietress.

LADIES' WHITE AND TAN BOOTS AND SHOES

Over 2000 pairs of WHITE BOOTS AND SHOES NOW OPENED.

LADIES' WHITE WALKING SHOES, 3/6 and 4/6 pair
 LADIES' WHITE TENNIS SHOES, 2/9, 2/11, 4/6 and 4/11 pair
 LADIES' WHITE BOOTS, 3/11 pair
 See our WHITE OXFORD WALKING SHOE, at 6/6
 LADIES' TAN SHOES, a beautiful assortment just opened at our famous bedrock prices.

LADIES' TAN SHOES, 7/11 to 15/6
 LADIES' TAN BOOTS, 10/6 to 20/

AT
MILLER'S BOOT PALACE
 100, 102, 104 Victoria St.

Two remarkable things about Odol: it has a far larger sale than any other dentifrice in the world, and is incomparably the best.

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, Fruit, or New Vegetables, or Garden Scenes, will be welcomed.

SHOW DATES.

Schedules may be obtained on application to the Secretaries.

Canterbury Horticultural Society—Rose Show, December —; Chrysanthemum Show, May —, 1911.—Secretary, Miss E. Sneyd-Smith, Manchester Street, Christchurch.

Stratford Horticultural Society—Daffodil Show, September 29.—W. S. Cato, Box 35, P.O., Stratford, Secretary.

Masterton Horticultural Society.—Summer Show, November 16. Autumn Show, February —, 1911. Secretary, H. M. Boddington, P.O. Box 23, Masterton.

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

Auckland Horticultural Society.—Summer Show, Choral Hall, November 18 and 19. W. Wallace Bruce, Secretary, Swanson-street.

Hobson Horticultural and Industrial Society—Annual Show, Aratapu, N. Wairoa, Saturday, November 19th, 1910.

Featherstone.—November 24.

Hamilton Horticultural Society.—Summer Show, November 24, 1910.

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

National Sweet Pea Society of New Zealand, Palmerston North, December 7 and 8. E. A. Osmond, Secretary. Stratford.

Wellington Rose and Carnation Club.—The Summer Show will be held in the Town Hall, Wellington, on Wednesday, December 14.

Eketahuna.—March 3, 1911.

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

Vegetable.—Broad Beans, Beet, Broccoli, Brussels Sprouts, Carrot, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Leeks, Onions, Parsnip, Parsley, Peas, Spinach, Saladings, Turnips. Sow under glass.—Cucumber, Celery, Cape Gooseberry, Capsicum, Egg Plant, Melons, Vegetable Marrow.

Flower.—Candytuft, Chrysanthemum (annual sorts), Clarkia, Dianthus, Eschscholtzia, Godetia, Larkspur, Lupins, Mignonette, Nemophila, Nigella, Poppies, Schizanthus, Sweet Peas. Sow under glass, Camma, Carnation, Centaurea, Nicotiana, Portulaca, Phlox Salpiglossis, Verbena.

Bulbs.—Amaryllis, Callas, Gladioli, Lilies, Tuberoses.

Plant Out Artichokes, Cabbage, Cauliflowers, Lettuce, Onions, Potatoes. Herbs. Flowering plants such as Asters, Stocks, Antirrhinums, Carnations, Fuchsias, etc.

WORK IN THE GARDEN FOR THE MONTH.

There is always plenty to do in a garden, but of all the months September is, perhaps, the very busiest. After the heavy rains of last month the soil is in urgent need of working. Sowing peas for successional crops will be one of the first things to demand attention. There are now such a multitude of varieties to choose from one is afraid of recommending special kinds. This to a large extent must be decided by requirements, and also by facilities for staking; where stak-



SPRING FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE EXHIBITED AT THE MANAWATU HORTICULTURAL SHOW BY MRS. L. A. ABRAHAM.

ing or supports of some kind cannot be given, then it will be necessary to sow dwarf-growing sorts.

The main crops of potatoes must be planted. The varieties to be used must be determined by the seed supply available in different districts; liberal manuring pays for this crop. Those early sorts coming through the ground should be sprayed. On no account should this be

neglected. Vermorite is a very convenient form for small gardens. Cabbage, cauliflower, onions, and lettuce—plant out as required. Those coming on must be kept free from weeds.

Sowings of beet, carrots, parsnips, turnips, spinach, etc., should be got in. Sow in rows, as by this method they are much easier weeded than if sown in beds. Those sown last month should be thinned out three to six inches apart, according to size of root when mature.

A sowing of broccoli, Brussels sprouts, and red pickling cabbage may be made. A small packet of each will give several hundred plants. The seed should not be sown too thick, as this tends to have spindly plants.

Kumeras may be started on a hot bed, just covering the tubers with sand.

Celery and tomato plants should be singled out into boxes or pans.

Cucumbers and melons under glass require careful handling. Pot off singly, or three plants in a 6in pot. Give plenty air, and be careful in watering, as they are very liable to damp off. Sow more seed of these if required.

In the flower garden, bedding plants should be got out as soon as sufficiently hardened off. Asters, stocks, carnations, and antirrhinums, in particular, always do best when got in their flowering quarters as early as practical. Any roses unpruned should be attended to without delay. Gladioli do well planted now. Every garden should possess some of these gorgeous flowering plants.

Fruit trees which have not been manured in the autumn should receive a top-dressing of superphosphate and potash. Peaches and nectarines neglected to be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture should be seen to at once. Apple trees may still be grafted. Clear off and burn all trimmings and prunings from trees; attend to garden paths and keep clean and tidy. Lawns, where grass has grown vigorously, will require mowing with a scythe, and later with lawn mower, and frequent rolling.

Every vacant piece of land intended for cropping should be dug or forked over roughly at the earliest opportunity. This will materially assist in getting the soil in good tilth when required for planting or sowing.



E. Denton, photo. A FINE COLLECTION OF FLOWERS EXHIBITED AT THE MANAWATU HORTICULTURAL SHOW BY MR. ALAN STRANG.



E. Denton, photo. DECORATED TABLE EXHIBITED AT THE MANAWATU HORTICULTURAL SHOW BY MRS. MELLISOP (NOT IN COMPETITION).

HYBRIDISING NARCISSI.

The following is a very reliable list of seed-bearing plants and all flowers worth working with. Among older trumpets Emperor, M. J. Berkley, Mrs.

W. Ware, Horsfieldii, and Madame Plomp are good flowers and vigorous plants. Maximus, although rather delicate on some soils, is worth a trial on account of its fine colour, and because

it is said to be one of the parents of King Alfred. Among newer trumpets Madame de Graaff, Golden Bell, King Alfred, Mrs. Robert Sydenham, Mrs. J. H. Veitch, Weardale Perfection, and Judge Bird are all fairly fertile. Other good seed bearers are Artemus, Lady

Margaret Boscawen, Crown Prince, Dorothy Wemyss, Maggie May, Minnie Home, Blood Orange, Othello, Cressit, Incognita, Lady Edith Foljambe, Acme, Cassandra, and Homer.

Continued on page 45.



IF YOU REQUIRE A TONIC AND SOMETHING TO NOURISH YOU—DRINK

DOG'S HEAD GUINNESS.

IF YOU DON'T—DRINK

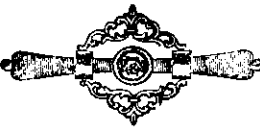
WATER

THEY ARE BOTH EQUALLY PURE AND HARMLESS.


STEWART DAWSON & CO. (N.Z.) LTD.

QUEEN and DURHAM STREETS, AUCKLAND.


The Stewart Dawson Advertising is distinguished from most others by the omission of "glaring misrepresentations and foolish exaggeration." Compare the prices and goods; then you will be fully satisfied. OUR GOODS WERE AWARDED FOUR GOLD MEDALS AND THE SPECIAL AWARD AT CHRISTCHURCH EXHIBITION.




11 7081—9ct. Gold and Ruby Brooch. 15/6




G 612—Greenstone and Gold Brooch. 22/6




J1304—9ct. Gold, Pearl, and Peridot Bracelet in Morocco Case. 75/-




J 2710—9ct. Gold and Peridot Brooch, in Case. 30/-




J1826—Silver Enamel Watch Bow 6/6
Smaller size, 5/-




G 8222—9ct. Gold Pearl Set Brooch, in case, 18/6




G 2641—9ct. Gold, Pearl and Ruby Bracelet, in Morocco Case. 70/-




F 2889—Silver-plated Entree Dish. Makes two dishes. 45/-



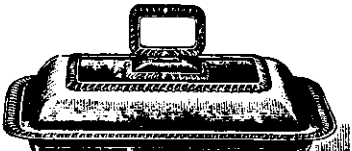
J 1631—Silver-plated Fern Pot, 5/6




G 2669—15ct. Pearl Set Spray Brooch, in a Morocco Case, 24



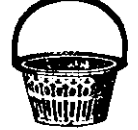
J 1632—Silver-plated Fern Pot. 7/6




F 7812—Silver-plated Entree Dish. Makes two dishes. 42/-




J 311—Silver-plated Kettle and Stand. 52/6




F 6883—Silver-plated Salt Cellars, 5/- per pair, spoons included.



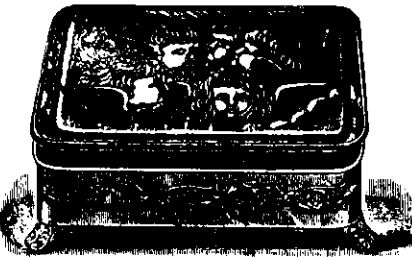
9ct. Gold Safety Pins. 4/6, 6/6, 7/6




E1938—Silver-plated Mustard Pot, 9/6
Salts to match, 11/- per pair




G 291—Silver-plated Candlestick, 4 1/2 in. high, 15/3 each



G 3064—Solid Silver Jewel Box, 5 1/2 in. x 4 1/2 in., 25

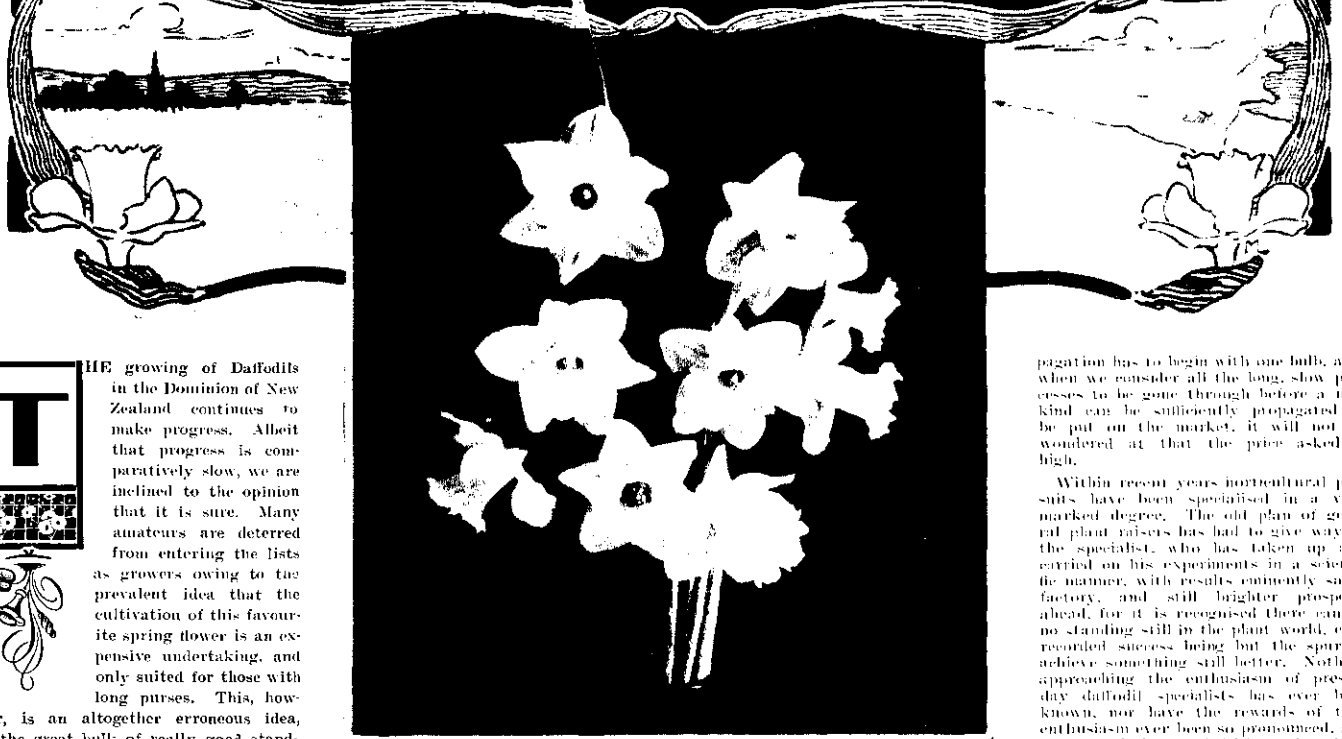


G 6118—Silver-plated Thistle Candlesticks, 13/6 per pair



J 292—Silver-plated Kettle and Stand, 42/-

THE CULT OF THE DAFFODIL



THE growing of Daffodils in the Dominion of New Zealand continues to make progress. Albeit that progress is comparatively slow, we are inclined to the opinion that it is sure. Many amateurs are deterred from entering the lists as growers owing to the prevalent idea that the cultivation of this favourite spring flower is an expensive undertaking, and only suited for those with long purses. This, however,

is an altogether erroneous idea, for the great bulk of really good standard varieties are very cheap. A few shillings expended on bulbs will go a long way, so that anyone may, if so disposed, begin to cultivate these flowers. Of course, if a grower desires to possess a collection of the latest varieties put on the market, this will cost a good deal, but for a beginner it is better to leave these novelties alone

until their merits are better known, and by that time the price will be very much lower. The prices asked and obtained for new narcissus are out of all proportion to their merits, and the reason for

the high price is that the propagation of narcissus is a very slow process. There is the seven to ten years of waiting for seedlings to develop, and, when a really good thing has been secured, all the pro-

pagation has to begin with one bulb, and, when we consider all the long, slow processes to be gone through before a new kind can be sufficiently propagated to be put on the market, it will not be wondered at that the price asked is high.

Within recent years horticultural pursuits have been specialised in a very marked degree. The old plan of general plant raising has had to give way to the specialist, who has taken up and carried on his experiments in a scientific manner, with results eminently satisfactory, and still brighter prospects ahead, for it is recognised there can be no standing still in the plant world, each recorded success being but the spur to achieve something still better. Nothing approaching the enthusiasm of present day daffodil specialists has ever been known, nor have the rewards of that enthusiasm ever been so pronounced, and it is gratifying to Britishers that English growers lead the world in this art. We have had some good things from Ireland, and the Dutch growers have also done good work. In New Zealand this work is being carried forward quietly, too quietly we consider, for some of the

WEARDALE PERFECTION.

Continued on page 39.



NARCISSUS, DOUBLE SULPHUR PHOENIX (Seedlings and Cream).
White with sulphur centre.



NARCISSUS LEEDSLI, WHITE LADY.
A strong grower and one of the best garden varieties in the Leedsli section.

Daffodil Culture in Taranaki.

By Dr. A. D. Carberry.

THAT the daffodil will thrive in any ordinary garden soil is one of those pious beliefs handed down by tradition as a guide to beginners as a pitfall to the inexperienced. The axiom is so little kin to truth that it may be placed, at once, in that category of ineptitudes which the comedian's wife happily dubs "Garden Goozle." For the grower who aims at exhibiting, daffodil culture is in no wise

soil to conjure with; but I am speaking now of the soil on the slopes of Mt. Egmont and northwards to the sea. A soil preeminently unsuited to roses, this probably expresses its faults as clearly as chemical formula would, and with untreated soil my own experiences have been disastrous, many bulbs refusing to bloom after two years, and all deteriorating after the first year. There were other evil influences at work in my earlier at-



A. Newton, photo.

A CLUMP OF C. J. BACKHOUSE IN A BORDER AT NGAERE.

There are over fifty bulbs in this clump, and each bulb appears to bear good blossoms

so simple a task as many authorities would have us to believe; more particularly is this true of the average soil of Taranaki.

The staple here varies somewhat in texture, but not at all in chemical constituency, the greater part being a light volcanic loam, containing scant humus and quite devoid of phosphatic material. There are, of course, patches of highly fertile land, such as the rich black loam of the Waimate plains, which is a garden

tempt to cultivation in "ordinary garden soil," such as want of adequate shelter and insufficient sunlight, it is true; but, speaking generally, the bulk of our light loam will not give good results without amelioration.

Two methods of soil amelioration are generally adopted by local growers—one is the frankly brutal application of stock-yard manure, the other is double trenching of a special kind. Of Mr. Gibson's revolutionary methods I shall speak later

on. As for double trenching, it is a laborious process; it is, in fact, a building up of an entirely new sub-soil and upper layer. A description of a bed I had made in my garden in 1907 illustrates the principle. It was constructed by a "navy" as follows: All the soil was removed from a trench 2ft deep by 4ft wide; at the bottom was placed 6in of a waterproof clay (white papa), this to correct leaching; upon this sub-soil one foot of fresh sods well dusted with lime,

then 6in of garden soil, which had been heavily manured for a crop of cactus dahlias grown for showing. The top soil was further treated with basic slag and kainit, 2lb of the first and 1lb of the latter to each eight square yards. The bed was allowed to consolidate for three months before planting. This bed has given fairly good results with strong doers such as *Conspicuous*, *Seagull*, *Apricot*, *Weardale*, *King Alfred*, *Dante*, *Ornatas*, *Oriflamme*, and *Horner*, but was too moist for weaker things, such as *Matson Vincent*, *Albatross*, *Elaine*, *Princess Mary*, *Mrs. M. Crossfield*, and *Gold Eye*.

In my later beds I have used stable manure as the subsoil, and have built up with soil rich from the spoil of a leguminous crop and sieved compost, with the addition of blood and bone manure in the second spit.

Other beds of this type at Stratford, illustrated in the photograph, are those of Mr. Osmond. They consist of trenches fifteen inches deep (subsoil removed), at bottom three inches of cow manure, next three inches of sods, and on top nine inches of good soil, which had been well manured and dressed with superphosphate, and had yielded a heavy crop of peas and beans the previous season. The beds are raised above the level of the narrow path, and are bordered by nine-inch boards. The bulbs are planted in rows across the beds at, say, four to five inches deep and give excellent blooms; one *Glory of Leiden* grown here last year measured full five inches in diameter. Without some such system of soil construction, good results cannot be attained in our gardens, and the sieving of the bulk of the soil is almost essential to remove the pumice which most plants detest.

At Ngaere, a few hundred feet below Stratford, is a soil which Peter Barr himself declared to be ideal for the narcissus. It was during his first and last voyage round the world that the Daffodil King visited Mr. Charles Saunders in his beautiful and now famous garden, of which some illustrations appeared in the "Graphic" recently. Whether Peter Barr was right in his judgment it is not for the layman to say. Certainly the soil is a little better than hereabouts, and there is more depth to it, but the fine flowers I have often seen at Ngaere are, I think, due to per-



A. Newton, photo.

RAISED BEDS FOR DAFFODILS IN MR. OSMOND'S GARDEN, STRATFORD.



A. Newton, photo.

CLUMPS OF *TELAMONIUS PLENUS* GROWING BY THE WATER IN MR. CHAS. SAUNDERS' GARDEN AT NGAERE.

feet shelter, drainage, and aspect rather than to mere excellence of soil. Perhaps the very thorough craftsmanship and genial temperament of their grower, "Charlie" Saunders, has much to do with it. He is a fine gardener, but he has one fault—he prefers his flowering shrubs (of which he has a superb collection) to daffodils, because, as he said

prepared a bare 14 days prior to planting. The site is marked off 4 feet wide, the top spit turned out, and 6 inches of recent stockyard manure is incorporated with the second spit, and the top soil is turned back. The bulbs are planted at four inches, in clumps of four or six, never more; clumps, one foot apart, in 3 rows, running the whole length of the bed, at least a foot separating the rows. I think it was Mr Moreland Crossfield who said that a bulb suffers if it is one hour only out of the ground, and that lifting and transplanting should be one operation; this is faithfully carried out in Riverlea. As the whole of the orchard, where the daffodils are, is double trenched, and has been a kitchen garden for 17 years, the soil is in great heart, and the beds of exceptional richness. The health and vigour of the plants is phenomenal, even the cernuus daffodils seemed quite happy; of course, Mr Gibson has his troubles, like other men. He admits quite freely that *N. cyclamineus* does not seem quite at home in his beds, and that he has lost one bulb of *Cernuus Pulcher* from basal rot! As for the blooms, I have seen them before, and can vouch

weed your beds, the fork is more fatal to blooms than the *Merodon Equestris*. And an epilogue about the use of stockyard manure. The judicious use of animal manure is no new gospel in Daffodil growing. It has been recommended by several authorities, but more especially of late by Kirby and Walter Wright. What has scared the beginner has been the dictum: "Daffodils dislike ammonia." Most plants would dislike ammonia *per se*, as it is only valuable on account of the nitrogen which it contains, but nitrogen is certainly as necessary to the life of the *Amaryllid*s as it is to another bulbous thing. The ordinary stockyard manure of Taranaki, which consists of the solid dejecta of cows only, is not to be confounded with the stockyard manure of the agricultural experts, which has been so treated (under cover) as to retain its ammonia. On the contrary, I have, by chemical tests, repeatedly found samples of our local stuff to be ammonia free. Why then withhold from a hungry soil so valuable a source of humus which is a *sine qua non* in the higher culture of garden hybrids that have been bred in the lap of luxury?

In sending forth this special daffodil number, we have to express our indebtedness to those who have so kindly assisted in its preparation, and to thank our readers for the kind reception of our former specials, and trust that the present number may be deemed worthy of their commendation.

VERONICA.



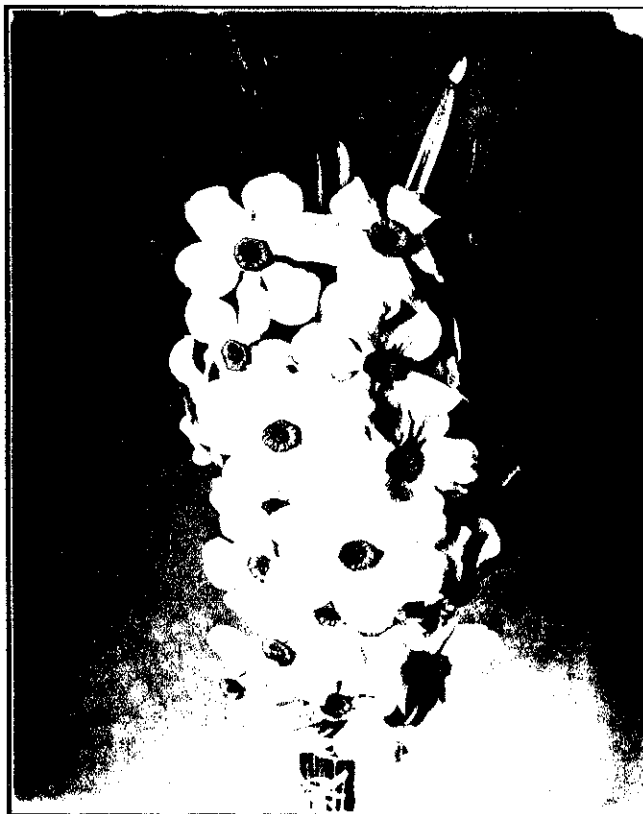
A FINE SEEDLING FROM HAWERA. This fine blossom was raised by Mr. C. Goodson, Hawera. The bloom in question was 4 inches in width, the length of the trumpet was 2 1/2 inches and the width 2 inches. The colours were those of the Emperor type.

to me, the things "seed so all over the borders!"

The photographic reproduction shows a fine clump of C. J. Backhouse (a rather shy gentleman hereabouts), undisturbed for four years and blooming freely on very long stems in the border; there must be over fifty bulbs in this planting, and everyone seems to bear a good bloom.

Mr. Goodson, of Hawera, whose well-furnished garden I visited lately, has a black loam unequalled for fertility. This soil of the Waitate Plains is a rose and wheat soil, and needs practically no amelioration for daffodils save drainage. Mr. Goodson turns over his heavy soil and lightens with a little spent horse dung in some time before planting. He plants his bulbs in clumps 1 ft apart in long rows, 2 ft apart. The favorite aspect is southerly, but there is full sunshine. I saw an interesting batch of Early Trumpet seedlings in this garden. Amongst others there was a *Maximus X Golden Spur Magni* of great size, height 24 in, fine bold deep golden crown, and good star-shaped perianth measuring over four inches. (Illustrated on photo, No. 2.) But better still there was a *Hy. Irving X Maximus* seedling, height 34 in, clear yellow-bordered perianth, and rather straight deep yellow crown. The bloom was young when I saw it, and would no doubt go to four inches when well expanded. This seedling is interesting inasmuch as *Hy. Irving*, an uncertain doer in England, is stated by Cartwright and Goodwin to give weakly offspring; the constitution of the Hawera plant seems excellent, and the bloom quite free from the coarseness usually associated with the spurious type. In the vinery were many hundreds of two and three-year-old bulbets, mostly from *Incomparabilis X red cups* such as *Abatross*, *Lacifer*, and *red coat*, and a healthy batch of fifteen little plants from a seedling of *Duke of Bedford X Victoria*, which may give a good account of themselves some day. Mr. Goodson is a versatile gardener, and grows the finest roses in Taranaki.

Of the tactics adopted in daffodil culture by Mr Robert Gibson, of Riverlea, it may be at once said: That they give one furiously to think! They may be summed up as the cultural methods most suited to the production of a prize cauliflower. The conception is original, and the results amazing. The beds are



A MARKET BUNCH OF THE POETS' NARCISSUS.

for their fine shape and size and marvellous colouring. There is a nice collection in this orchard garden, and most of the best things are represented. Not, of course, your *Phantasy's Carnaris* or *Bedouins*, they will come some day, but all the good things that go to fill a decent show stand, the majority of which are, at present, unobtainable in the Dominion at reasonable prices.

By collating the accumulated experiences of local growers, we arrive at the following formula, applicable to light volcanic soil: Beds to be four feet in width, and trenched very deeply, say 18 inches; if drainage is excessive, use the deep layer of stable manure; humus to be supplied by turf or clover cover-crop dry in; the main soil to be that in which a leguminous crop has flourished the previous season; phosphates, lime, and potash are necessary adjuncts; Basic slag and kaimit will fulfil these indications; pumice should be eliminated by sieving; lift and transplant the same day, do it early; bulbs to be in rows across the bed, 6 inches between bulbs, and 12 to 14 inches between rows; hand



A SEEDLING TRUMPET DAFFODIL. Raised by Professor Thomas.

Some of the Newer Daffodils.

A number of the newer daffodils, which are obtainable at moderate prices, are (approximately) noted in the following list:—

YELLOW TRUMPETS.

Admiral Makaroff, large bold flower of Emperor type, perianth primrose, trumpet straight, soft yellow, height 20 in; 5/.

Golden Bell, one of Rev. G. H. Engleheart's raising; large deep yellow, a graceful drooping flower and very effective; does well in the Dominion; first class certificate; 1/6.

King Alfred, raised by Kendall; a giant golden trumpet, and one of the finest; of moderate price; a great prize-winner; first-class certificate; 8/.

Mrs. H. J. Veitch, raised by Van Waveren; a giant Emperor, perianth pale yellow, large open trumpet of golden yellow; a flower of great substance and refinement; 5/.

Monarch, raised by Barr; perianth and trumpet of rich golden yellow of perfect form and good substance; sturdy grower; 4/.



LORD ROBERTS.

The Cult of the Daffodil.

Continued from page 33.

seedlings raised by the intelligent and painstaking efforts of Professor Thomas only require to be better known to be appreciated. In the South Island several growers are doing excellent work, but they also are very quiet about what they have done, and we should advise them to let us know what they are doing.

Daffodil growing is a fascinating study, and the fact that they are so easily grown, and require very little in the way of attention beyond keeping them free from weeds, should induce everyone with a garden to grow them. The naturalisation of daffodils in grass land has not received much attention in New Zealand. Many of the older varieties lend themselves to this method, and they are so inexpensive and require so little attention that they should be planted in thousands. Any old piece of grass land near a dwelling will suit them, and when in flower there is no more charming sight.

Rev. D. B. Williamson, clear rich yellow, with long handsome trumpet; a bold and noble bloom; 2/6.

BICOLOUR TRUMPET.

Duke of Bedford, very large broad perianth, pure white, bold trumpet of



BIG BEN.

soft yellow; a very striking flower; 6/.

Glory of Noordwijk, a glorified Empress; very vigorous grower; early; raised by Dr. Groot; 6/.

Mrs. Morland-Crosfield, a great improvement on Horsfieldii; pure white perianth, long clear yellow trumpet of great purity; 5/.

Weardale Perfectica, one of the finest bicolors, perianth white, trumpet primrose; a very large flower of great substance, and a splendid doer; raised by Backhouse; 7/6.

WHITE TRUMPET.

Florence, one of Mr. Engleheart's seedlings; long elegant trumpet of ivory



PROFESSOR THOMAS' SEEDLING, SPARKLING.

maize colouring; blooms early; a lovely flower; 9/.

Mrs. Bettridge, clear ivory white throughout, long straight trumpet; beautifully frilled; 10/6.

LEEDSII.

Ariadne, an exquisite flower, perianth

white, very large wide cup ivory white; prettily frilled; very lasting; 2/6.

Evangeline, described as a white Home-spun; a flower of remarkable substance and a vigorous tall grower; 10/.

Maggie May, a giant Leedsii; white perianth, very large pale citron cup, pass-

ing to white; beautifully frilled; a fine strong grower; height 22in; 7/6.

Salmonette, a very distinct new Leedsii, perianth clear white, cup fluted, shaded apricot; height 14in; 2/6.

Waterwitch, a pure white drooping



ALICE KNIGHT.

flower; very floriferous; splendid long stems; 1/.

White Lady, perianth round overlapping, cup white, tinged citron; a good flower; 1/.

BARRII.

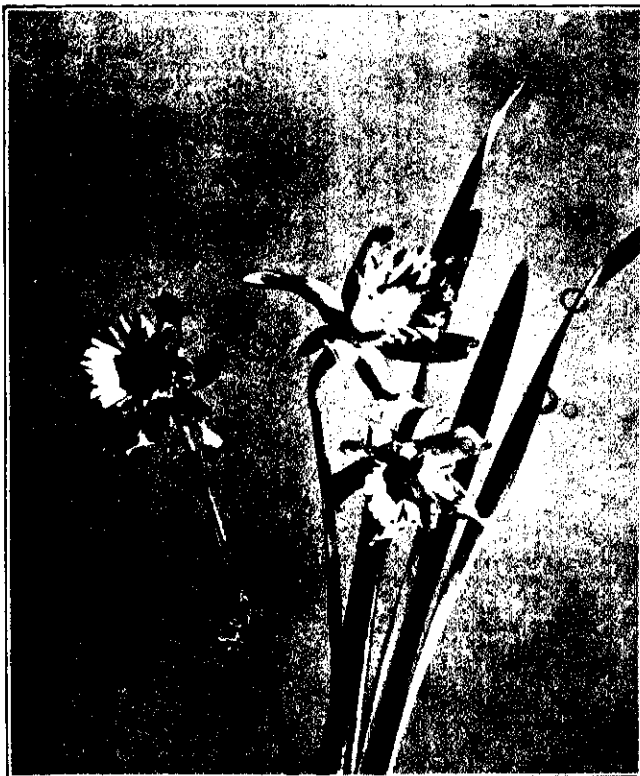
Albatross, large flat white perianth, citron yellow cup, orange red eye, frilled rim; 1/.

Seagull; this variety resembled Albatross, and was raised from the same seed pod; it has a large white spreading perianth, cup canary colour, edged with apricot; 1/.

INCOMPARABILIS.

Gloria Mundi, a grand flower, with smooth overlapping yellow segments and large spreading cup, heavily stained with dusky red; 2/.

Lady Margaret Boscawen, very large



PROFESSOR THOMAS' SEEDLING, ROSE LINING.



PROFESSOR THOMAS' SEEDLING, PIRONGIA.

flower of the Sir Watkin class, with broad flat segments of clear white, hold expanded yellow cup; 9/.

Lucifer, long white segments, narrow cup, glowing orange scarlet; lasts well in the sun; 1/.

Mariette, clear white perianth, overlapping and of great substance, two inches across, flat saucer eye of deep orange, edged brilliant scarlet; 6/.

How to Treat Imported Daffodil Bulbs.

(By IMPORTER.)

We always prefer, when purchasing new varieties of daffodils, to secure acclimatised bulbs. They naturally are higher in price, but they are more certain to bloom earlier than the imported, and there is no risk of losing an expensive variety. Where an up-to-date collection is required, however, we must import, and the first essential is to send for bulbs which have been grown by an expert in their culture. There are many good firms, but, as a rule, we always give preference to the actual raiser or distributor, as by so doing one is more likely to secure the variety wanted from the original stock, which we consider of first importance. Having decided on the grower from whom you are to order, the next

remain in a semi-dormant stage, and make good growth in June, but our experience of late arrivals is that some of the bulbs are worthless on arrival, and we strongly recommend early importing, as from our own experience we have rarely lost a single bulb, but later we have lost about 10 per cent.

The Daffodil.

EXHIBITING AND STAGING.

(By Mr. W. F. BUCKLAND, Cambridge.)

In writing a few lines about the loveliest of all spring flowers—the daffodil—I am not going into the question of selection, or cultivation, as so much depends on the soil, situation, climate, and surroundings, that I leave those matters in other hands than mine. Besides, everyone has got his own ideas on the subject, his own wrinkles, and his own conceit. I would like to say a few words on daffodil exhibitions. On entering the hall, one is at once struck with the deadly monotony of the stag-

smaller growers by sheer quantity. We would all know what we had to meet, and would all meet on level ground. There is a tradition in the schedule that all exhibits have to be staged by a certain hour. But just about this par-



PROFESSOR THOMAS' SEEDLING, ROSAMUND.

Lulworth, a very beautiful flower, segments pale sulphur passing to white, cup large bell-shaped, and of a vivid red colour; 1/.

BURBIDGEI.

Blood Orange, Engleheart's, broad lemon petals, with very bright orange scarlet eye; awarded silver medal, 1902; 2/6.

Bullfinch, lemon perianth, fading to white, cup heavily edged orange scarlet, raised by Rev. G. H. Engleheart; 2/6.

POETICUS.

Cassandra, very distinct, small eye, deeply rimmed, red, broad perianth of great substance; a strong, tall grower; 2/.

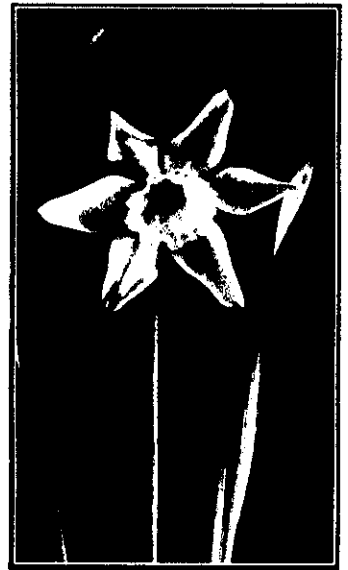
Dante, a cross between Poetics Ornatus and Poetics Paetarium, well formed, round perianth, eye citron, suffused with madder red; early; 2/6.



PROFESSOR THOMAS' SEEDLING, MANUKAT.

thing to do is to order early; by so doing you will get picked bulbs. Orders should be in the hands of the grower not later than September, earlier if possible. You will instruct the bulb-grower to dispatch your order whenever the bulbs are thoroughly ripened and dried. In the usual course the bulbs will reach you not later than December. A piece of land should be prepared a month ahead of their arrival by deep trenching, choosing a semi-shaded spot, not too dry. Plant the bulbs immediately on arrival three to four inches deep, according to the size of bulb. All that is necessary afterwards is an occasional watering to prevent the roots drying in our hot summer. Generally, they will show above ground in much less time than autumn-planted bulbs, and a few flowers may be produced, but these will not be of much account. So long as the leaves are growing and healthy the bulbs will be right, and they can be left in the ground through the following season, or they may be lifted, when thoroughly ripened, and again transplanted. The bulbs will probably be small, but will give a good account of themselves the following season. Imported bulbs arriving later in the season we have had them arrive in February—should be immediately planted. They will probably

ing. All the exhibits look as if they had been "chucked" in with a pitch fork, and adjusted with a spirit level. You look in vain for any artistic effect or trace of individualism; all the exhibits are intermingled, and you require a guide to point out where one begins or the other ends. You see a pretty little vase in one exhibit, completely overhung by a wretched bloom in the next lot, that was evidently born in sorrow and nurtured in convulsion. Good judging is almost impossible. To add to the general horror, every vase has a long, carelessly hung label attached to it with the name of the variety written thereon. The whole thing looks like a cross between a photograph of a brass band and the window of a cheap boot sale. I would urge on the powers that be the necessity of having a decent neutral space between each exhibit, and the wisdom of forbidding hanging labels. Some points ought to be given, too, for effective staging. I think the number of blooms to be shown in every case should be fixed in the schedule. There should be no more than three to five business. The number of blooms in each class should be absolutely fixed. The man of large quantities has quite enough advantage in selection without swamping



PROFESSOR THOMAS' SEEDLING, WHITE HERON.

peculiar time a lot of exhibitors always rush into the hall with their wares, dump them down anywhere, on someone else's exhibit as like as not, and after slipping the blooms into the vases and hanging the labels, leave as hurriedly as they came. These people are like the poor—they will be always with us. There is one thing I would like to impress on the committee, and that is to define the position that twin flowers have to take up; do they count as two blooms or one? This question will arise in a sudden manner some day.

I would like to impress on growers that the older varieties, if well grown and shown, can hold their own with the newer ones, if the latter are not in tip-top order; also that length of stem and equality in that length are not the



PROFESSOR THOMAS' SEEDLING, NOIRE.

ENGLEHEARTH, OR FLAT CROWNED

Cirelet: This is considered one of the grandest flowers in this section; broad, pure white, much overlapping rounded petals of perfect shape and great substance; large flat, yellowish eye, edged orange scarlet; a flower of exquisite modelling; 12/.



DUKE OF BEDFORD.

only points of a show bloom, and that it is the face of the bloom that is judged, and not the back.

The only way to attain success in flower-growing is to love your flowers, to pet and fondle them, to see that their every want is at once supplied, and that they are ever protected from their per-

sistent foe. If you do this, they will get to love you, and do their very best to hold up their heads in pride, and win prizes for you.

The above remarks about staging refer to the last two shows at which I was one of the judges. In conclusion, I would like to say that the days of technical objections and disqualifications are passing away, and that it would be a gracious act on the part of the Society to empower the judges to amend any amendable defect in any exhibit.



DAFFODIL, REMPERA.
One of Professor Thomas' Seedlings.

Daffodils in Wellington.

(By "A LOVER OF DAFFODILS.")

As the spring is with us again, and the flowers are beginning to brighten up the gardens after the damp, dreary winter, a few remarks about the foremost of them, namely, the daffodil, may not be amiss, and may possibly interest some of your readers. There are several things which should recommend this queen of the spring (as it may be justly termed) to the public. In the first place, it is one of the very first flowers to remind us of returning spring in Wellington and the South, and this alone should be sufficient to recommend it after the scarcity of



PROFESSOR THOMAS' SEEDLING, SOUTHERN QUEEN.
Slightly under actual size.

blooms which is felt during the winter. But this is not all, for owing to the large variety available, it is possible to keep a continuous succession of blooms for several months, say, from the beginning of July until the end of November. This much without any trouble whatever, just a matter of having the early, medium,

and late varieties by lifting a few of the early sorts, and planting them back earlier than usual, and holding a few of the late ones back, the blooming season can be extended two or three extra months.

In the second place, we will note the very large variety of form and colour

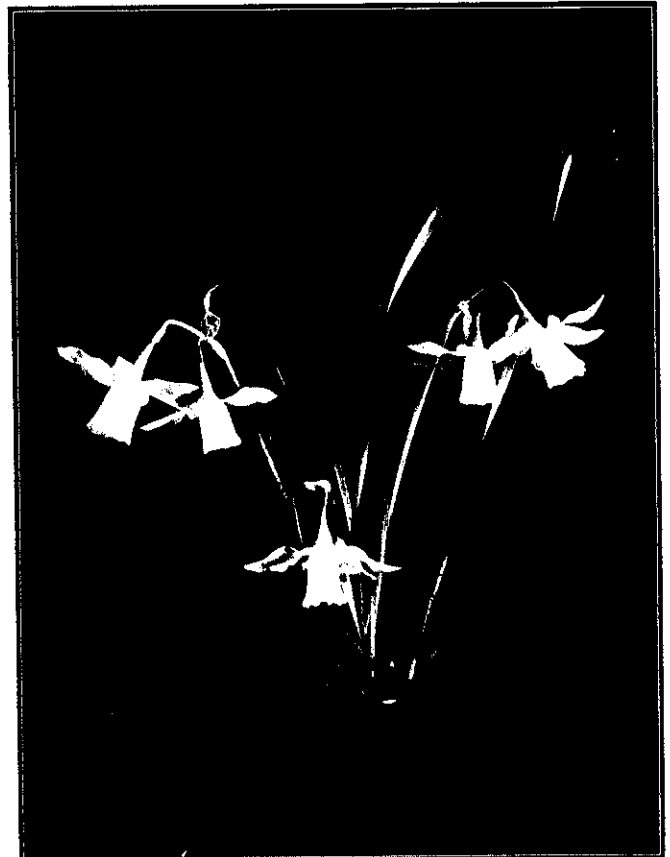
which we find among them. Some may differ from me when I say large variety of colour. It is true yellow and white are the two prevailing colours, but, then, look at the amount of shades, varying from the purest white to the palest cream, and from that to the deepest of yellow, which, blended with the very large variety of form which is to be found from the small but very highly scented *Gracilis*, of the purest yellow, with from three to five flowers, to *Her Majesty*, which is one of the best of the polyanthus. Then, from the small *Star narcissus*, such as *Ellen Barr* or *Baroness Heath*, up to the large trumpet varieties, such as *King Alfred* and *Lord Roberts*; but these two, with a few others, are rather too expensive for everyone; but there are many more good ones that would come within the reach of all. I will give a list later on of good, reliable, and cheaper sorts, but what I wish to do here is to draw attention to the enormous range of form and shade to select from, and I think all who have studied the daffodil will agree with me when I say that it is very hard to find any other single class or flower with such a large range of beautiful form and feature.

Another thing that should commend it to the public is the very hardy habit of the plant. It will thrive almost anywhere. I have seen it growing well on almost bare sand, also on very poor clay soil, such as you will find where birch and manuka have been growing. Anyone doubting this statement has only to pay a visit to a few of the gardens about Petone or to the public cemetery at the Taita in the Wellington district to convince themselves such is the case. Then, again, it is a flower that commends itself to those with the smallest of plots, for not being of a spreading or rambling nature, anyone with very small gardens, or, perhaps, only a narrow border, may still have a fairly large variety without undue crowding.

Now, we come to the subject of cultivation, which is not a very difficult one, for, as I have said, the daffodil will thrive almost anywhere. For those who have the choice, a fairly deep loam is what I find suits them very well. Ground that has been manured for a previous crop suits them, but if you have to manure them after they are planted, none but well decomposed manure should be used.



SEEDLING TRUMPET DAFFODILS
Raised by Professor Thomas.



ARIEL, A SEEDLING GROWN BY PROFESSOR THOMAS.

blooming for still another month. Trusting these few remarks may prove of interest to some of your readers.

Rearing Daffodils.

(By C. E. BUCKINGHAM, Lower Hut.)

SOIL AND SITUATION.

It is generally admitted that with the exception of a few kinds, the daffodil will thrive in any garden soil, but for choice I prefer a good turfy loam, containing plenty of fibre. The plot should be trenched, keeping the top spit at the surface. The best situation is a well-sheltered position, not too shady, with an eastern aspect for preference.

PLANTING.

If the reader has any idea of becoming an exhibitor, I would advise that a space be allotted in the kitchen garden - that is, if there is not any grass plot available to be turned over. The bulbs are better planted in beds about four feet wide, for this will allow the weeding to be done without trampling on the beds. The rows should be at least one foot apart, and the bulbs about three inches from one another in the rows (very strong growers a little more). The depth to plant is best taken from the bulb itself, about twice the depth of the bulb from base to neck being a good rule to go by. In very dry localities they may be planted a little deeper. February and March are the best months to plant in. They will, as a rule, throw the best blooms the second season after planting. I find the white Trumpets do better when planted closely, in a shady position; therefore, the more favoured parts should be reserved for them.

CULTIVATION.

After planting, very little attention is required, except weeding and keeping the surface well stirred; in fact, daffodils



DAFFODIL, MRS. THOMPSON.

for that containing much ammonia is very hurtful. The ground should be worked a good spade's depth at the least, and most of the bulbs should be planted quite five inches deep; a few of the small and more delicate sorts a little less, say, four inches. After a bed is planted the bulbs may remain there for three years, and then it is advisable to lift them, as they will soon begin to crowd one another. This should be done as soon as the foliage has withered down, and after storing for about three months, the best bulbs may be replanted. Anyone following this line of treatment will not go far wrong.

J. Berkley, Madam Plemp, Madame De Graaf, Emperor, Empress, Glory of Leiden, Sir Watkin, Stella Superba, and many others. Then follow a lot of the smaller varieties, say: Conspicuous, Albatross, Anabillis, Mrs. C. Bowley, Crown Prince, Beatrice, Sensation, Gloria Mundi, Flamingo, Queen

Sophia, and Frank Miles. These should keep the blooms going until the end of September. There will then be following on: Beroness Heath, Ellen Barr, Agnes Barr, Crown Princess, Model, John Bain, Almira, Dante, and Mayvet. These should keep the garden going until the end of October, and then Biflorus should be



DREAM OF BEAUTY.

A seedling raised by Professor Thomas.

I will now give the names of a few varieties that are well-known, are cheap, or reasonably so, and that will keep a fairly continuous run of blooms for four or five months, starting, we will say, at the beginning of July (sometimes earlier). Among the first to bloom are: Paper White, Staten General, White Pearl, Maximus, Triumph, and Princes. Then follow most of the other polyanthus varieties, with a lot of the trumpets, such as Victoria, Hoefieldii, Golden Spur, Albicans, J. B. M. Caum, Mrs. Thompson, with several of the double ones, such as Sulphurous, Baffey and Eggs, and Eggs and Bacon. These should carry on to the end of August, and then we should be getting a lot of fine blooms, such as: M.



NARCISSUS, DOUBLE PRIMROSE, PHOENIX.

W. J. Vasey, photo.

A beautiful Irish variety with large flowers of a soft lemon shade



THE NEW NARCISSUS, APRICOT QUEEN.

will do well for years without any care, but, being an enthusiast, I do not advocate such treatment." One thing I would impress upon readers is never to cut the foliage of their exhibition bulbs, as it is very detrimental.

MANURES.

Some growers recommend manures of various kinds, but I have always obtained the best blooms without the aid of manures, and if the soil is as recommended, I would advise no manure to be used. Should the ground be poor, and requiring enriching, it is best to give a good dressing of cow manure in early spring, and then plant the strongest feeding crop of vegetables that is convenient, which, when taken out, should leave the soil in first rate condition for planting. Avoid chemical or natural manures containing ammonia.

EXHIBITING.

To obtain good blooms for exhibition purposes requires a good deal of care and judgment, especially when the choice is limited. I think that the Trumpet varieties open larger on the plant than if cut in the bud state, and if a covering of glass or light canvas can be given them, so much the better and safer.

All white trumpet varieties are better shaded just before the buds break, until cut for exhibition. The red-cupped varieties are better cut in the bud state, and kept in a dark room of medium temperature, and the colour will be improved thereby.

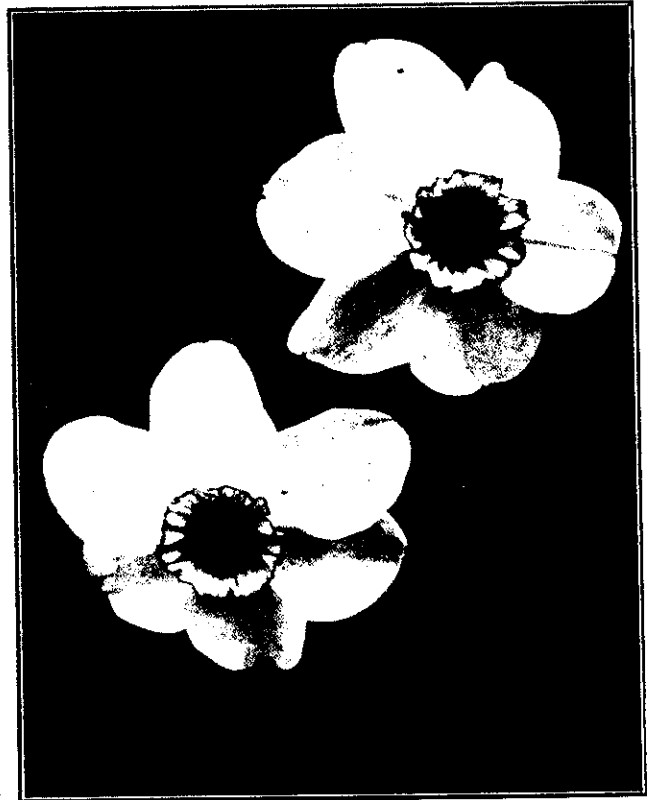
STAGING.

To stage narcissi properly requires a little patience. They should not be too compact nor too strongly in the vase, and should have their own foliage, which can be obtained from the very commonest of bulbs grown for the purpose. Good staging means a great deal, for the merits of a good bloom poorly staged may be overlooked by a judge. The name of each variety should be clearly written on clean labels.

FALLACIES.

Most beginners have the idea that they must have expensive bulbs to have any

chance on the exhibition table, which is quite wrong, as some of the cheapest varieties are still shown in all leading collections, both in the Old Country and



NARCISSUS, COLLEEN.
Flowers white, with yellowish-green cup.

out here, and I append here a dozen that are likely to be standard varieties for years to come, viz, Emperor, Empress, Victoria, Mrs. Camm, Madame de Graaff, Katherine Spurrell, Duchess of Westminster, Cassandra, Barrii, Conspicuus, Sir Watkin, Lucifer, and Gloria

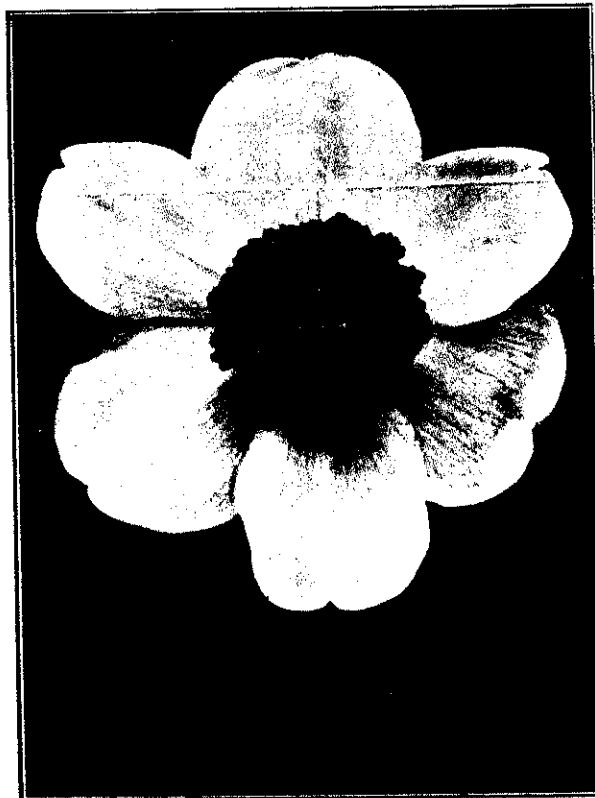
Mundi. One bulb of each of the above can be obtained for about 10/6.

ONE ASPECT OF THE DAFFODIL

The daffodils are making their usual beautiful show in Messrs. Barr and Sons' nursery at Long Ditton, and one never visits these acres without bringing back some fresh conception of the fairest flower of spring. Not only are there many novelties that will in the near future attain popularity, but there in almost bewildering varieties are those we have cherished for many years for their beauty both of leaf and of flower. We were delighted with the comparatively new race, the result of crossing Narcissus poeticus with the finest forms of Polyanthus or Bunch-flowered Narcissi, the former being the seed-bearing parent. This race is called

"NARCISSUS POETAZ."

The following is Messrs. Barr's description: "The plants are tall and vigorous growers, bearing heads of large, well-formed flowers, deliciously fragrant; they are much finer than the common Polyanthus Narcissi, and have the advantage of being quite hardy. In pots or the flower border they are very decorative, while the flowers are highly prized for cutting." It is to this group we would draw particular attention, and none is better adapted for grouping in beds, one kind in each, than the "Poetaz." All the hybrids are flowering magnificently at Long Ditton, the most important being those named. Taking them in alphabetical order, Aspsia heads the list, this bearing four or five large flowers on a stem that is held well above the leaves, producing the effect of a solid mass. There is strong evidence of the Polyanthus Narcissus in this race, and without its somewhat heavy bunchiness; the height is 21 inches and the colour white, against a rich golden yellow cup. Elvira is queen of the "Poetaz." It is one of the most recent introductions, and was given an award of merit by the Royal Horticultural Society in 1904. The beds of it in Messrs. Barr's nursery are worth a journey to see, supporting several large, massive flowers, pure white except the cup,



NARCISSUS, CIRCLET ENGLEHEART

which is bright yellow edged with orange. Ideal is making a great show, and one can never mistake this form with its showy, white, rich orange-centred flowers. In fact there is a change from white to soft primrose, and the golden cup is fluted. *Jaune & Merveille* is expensive as yet, but when it comes within the means of those with a moderate purse, we shall see much of the flowers with their primrose perianth and yellow orange-lined cup. *Klondyke* (yellow and gold) and *Triumph* (snow white, with yellow centre) complete the selection. One may plant the whole collection without introducing monotonous effect into the garden, and if *Daffodil-lovers* are without one or more of the "Poetaz," our advice is, purchase some in autumn and plant in groups, one kind in each.

as is often done. Having attended to this important matter, return the two spits of soil removed, level up and set the plants. Most amateur growers buy the plants from the seed-men, and no doubt this is the easiest and least expensive plan; but the buyer should be careful to see that the plants he is buying are sufficiently hardened off to be safe to plant

allowed to grow naturally. The finest fruit is secured by the single stem system, but excellent fruit is also got by the double, trellis and fence systems. Grown naturally, the fruit is not so uniform in size, nor so clean, but very good crops are grown in this way. The question is frequently put: What is the best tomato to grow? And this is a question easier asked than to answer. First of all, there is the matter of quantity. Most everyone loves a big crop; but then big crops are not always the best quality. Then some kinds do better on certain soils than others, and some do not like a ribbed tomato. In determining the variety or varieties to plant, we invariably give preference to Dominion-grown seed. Experiments have demonstrated that for open-air culture imported seed is a long way behind that grown in the Dominion. When a ribbed tomato is not objected to, and a big crop desired, with early ripening, the large red type is the best. Imported seed of this type is not satisfactory, but there are two local improved varieties of this type which give great satisfaction; these are, *Yates' Market Favourite*, and *Palmer's Selected*. The former seems to have been selected for early maturity and good cropping qualities, and less prominent ribbing; the latter is a deeper red, but does not appear to have been selected for shape so much as size. Both are great croppers, and very largely grown. *Holme's Supreme* is a variety now popular in the Auckland province; it is not of large size, but is a good cropper. *Yates' Selected Trophy* is a good late round sort which does well on heavy soils. *Carters' Sunrise*, one of the newer varieties will, I think, become popular before long. It is a fine cropper, good quality and size. Improved *Peach*, and some of the yellow varieties are well worth growing, and a few of the small fruited kinds should not be overlooked. *King Humbert* is a great cropper. Small fruited sorts are appreciated for dessert.

VERONICA.

HYBRIDISING NARCISSI.

Continued from page 26.

As pollen plants the poeticus section is the most valuable, and should be extensively used. Generally speaking, the pollen of *Incomparabilis*, *Barrii*, *Leedsii*, and *Burbridgei* sections is not so fertile as the trumpet and poeticus varieties. Again, amongst trumpet varieties the bicolors do not give so fertile pollen as the yellow and white trumpets, one outstanding exception being bicolor *Judge Bird*, the pollen of which seems to have a wonderful effect wherever applied, and practically every flower touched with its pollen produced seed in abundance. The up-to-date hybridist, however, recognises that to get the best results, it is necessary to have good material to work with, and therefore frequently pays over £20 for a bulb of a good hybridising variety. The actual operation of cross-hybridising is very simple, so I will merely touch on it. The first thing to be done is to remove the anthers, which should be done with small scissors or tweezers immediately the flower opens and before the anthers burst. Then in two or three days, according to weather conditions, the stigma should be ready to receive the pollen, which should be applied during the early part of a sunny day with a small camel-hair brush, the flower carefully labelled as crossed.

When it is seen that the cross has taken, the seed pod should be staked and tied, the seed carefully watched and gathered as it ripens, then sown broadcast in boxes as early as possible after it has all been collected. The boxes should be set in a cold frame and left there for two years. At the end of that time the bulbets may be lifted and planted in beds in the open, where a small percentage will flower at the end of the fourth year from sowing.—*J. Sangster, Lissadell, Sligo.*

—*Irish Homestead.*



out. Numbers of the plants we have seen exposed for sale in boxes are forced plants, and altogether too soft and tender for planting outside. Such plants, if they survive, experience such a check when planted out, that they never make the same steady growth as properly hardened plants do. Some amateurs blame the salesmen for offering such delicate plants, but the salesmen say they must cater for the buyer, and though they know the plants are not fit to put out, say that if they don't keep such the buyers will go where they can get them, and we believe this is so. At the same time we think that, if salesmen would only be content to keep thoroughly hardened-off plants, they might lose in the beginning but ultimately the public would know where such were to be got, and in the long run the salesman would benefit. Don't try to get long spindly plants; these are forced. Seek out medium sized, stocky, thrifty plants, which show indications of having been grown in cool houses, and hardened off in the open for two or three weeks. We never advocate planting too early. If tomatoes are set out in cold land before the weather is warm, they turn a dark colour, and make no progress. October, in our opinion, is the most suitable month to plant out. In sheltered positions the end of September may be suitable, but there is seldom little gained by planting very early. When setting, the plants should be firmed, and given a light watering. In transplanting fill as much soil with the roots as possible; the more soil you can fill with the plant roots the less check will they receive to their starting afresh. When the plants have made a fair growth, say about 2 feet, they may be given a stimulant of about 2 ounces of nitrate of soda to the square yard. This can be given just before, or during rain. The training of tomatoes is one on which opinions differ; they may be trained single stem or double stem, and staked, or a trellis or wire fence may be used, or they may be

TWO GOOD NARCISSI.

Narcissus Tamerlane belongs to the *Incomparabilis* group, and is a large and particularly hand-some variety. The perianth-segments are of a uniform yellow colour, the cup assuming a distinct tone of orange. The variety will appeal to the exhibitor by reason of its shapeliness and the breadth of its well-imbricated segments. *Tamerlane*, which is said to possess a splendid constitution, was raised by Mr. J. C. Williams.

The variety *Tita* is best described as a much-glorified *N. Barrii* conspicuous, the colouring of the cup being of a more intense hue, and of a more extensive character than in the older variety. *N. Tita* was raised by Mr. P. D. Williams, by whom it is regarded as a variety of much excellence.



THE NEW NARCISSUS PRINCESS JULIANA. (Black reduced.)

Daffodil, Princess Juliana.

This is a new daffodil which bloomed for the first time last spring in the gardens of Messrs. de Graaff Brothers at Leyden. I chanced to be there with Mr. E. A. Bowles on the day before the Princess was born, and saw it among the collection of cut blooms that the firm always has in one of its sheds during daffodil and tulip time. Its size, symmetry and balance were so striking that my friend made a lifesize sketch of it before we left. The illustration is a reduced reproduction of this sketch, and gives a very good general impression of what the flower is like. It is the result of a cross between the celebrated *King Alfred* and the not so well known *Sir Francis Drake*, a very similar variety, but with paler yellow coloring and with the *Maximus* characteristics less marked. *Princess Juliana* is a deep yellow self with a large, handsome, boldly and evenly recurving trumpet of the very size the flower seems to require. It has a

Seedling Narcissus

We have pleasure in announcing that PROFESSOR THOMAS has placed his best

Seedling Narcissus Bulbs

in our hands for sale. These are of EXCEPTIONAL MERIT, and all growers should write for particulars.

ARTHUR YATES AND CO., SEED MERCHANTS, AUCKLAND.

- 1—FLOWER SEEDS (mixture, 100 sorts).
- 2—VEGETABLE SEEDS (6 packets, assorted).
- 3—TREE AND SHRUB SEEDS (mixture, 50 sorts).

Any one of the above and our 1910 Catalogue posted free for six penny stamps.

EDWARD M. DARKEN, Seed Merchants, Lambton Quay, Wellington, N.Z.

- TUBEROUS-ROOTED BEGONIAS, 3 for 1/-, 12 for 3/6, 100 for 20/-
 - CHRYSANTHEMUMS, 4/6 a dozen.
 - Large-flowered DECORATIVE DAHLIAS, 1/- each tuber.
- All above posted any address. Send for Catalogue.

W. F. BUCKLAND, Box 11, Cambridge.

G. J. MACKAY, Seedman and Florist Has REMOVED to New Premises 106 QUEEN STREET Opposite Bank of New Zealand. Everything up-to-date. Call and see the display.

The Cultivation of Tomatoes.

One of our most highly-prized garden crops is the tomato. Seedsmen generally catalogue the seed of this plant as a vegetable; fruiterers say it is a fruit; the hotel waiter sometimes is of opinion that it is neither, he regards it as an extra. We are not inclined to quarrel with any of these opinions, but for practical purposes we shall call it a fruit. The tomato is not a difficult plant to grow, it will succeed fairly well in most soils, but we have invariably secured the best returns from a medium heavy land, which has been well worked before planting takes place. The piece of land selected for the crop should be deeply dug, and left in the rough six weeks before the planting. The rough digging having thus laid exposed to the elements, will be in good condition for breaking down, which should be done with a digging fork, levelled, and well pulverised. Mark off the ground where you intend to put the plants, 2ft. to 3ft. for upright or staked plants; and 5ft. to 6ft. for trellises. Take out two good spits with a spade, and apply fertilisers, which may consist of a forkful of well-rotted manure, and two handfuls of commercial fertiliser. This may be composed of equal parts of bonedust and superphosphate, and a small quantity, not exceeding two ounces, of sulphate of potash. These ingredients should be thoroughly incorporated in the soil and spread out so that the roots can benefit as they spread out. Tomato roots spread out a long way, and it is a mistake to place all the fertilizer in a six inch space,

England and Germany: Will They Fight?

By William Bayard Hale.

THEY are talking, in Europe, of a war—a war in which two of the most powerful nations would face each other, with the largest armies and the biggest navies ever envisaged in battle; with weapons more destructive than any ever used before. It would be a war stupifying in the suffering that it would entail, prodigious in its effect upon the lives of two peoples, colossal in the scale to which it would almost inevitably develop, stupendous in the possibilities of universal conflict which it would open. It does not require imagination to see the spread of this war till it should rage over all Europe, call Japan again to arms, make China a battlefield, and weaken or break the hold of home governments on widely scattered colonies; it rather requires ingenuity to find grounds for hoping that it would not extend its effects to both hemispheres and to all continents.

What two nations want to fight? asks the writer, an American journalist. No two. What two nations have a known quarrel? No two. Who, then, are expected to provide this war? England and Germany.

Wherever Englishmen or Germans meet, be they diplomats or publicists or business men, on the street, at home, in the clubs, one invariable subject comes up and is discussed with grave voices. Discussion is little help to enlightenment, for nobody knows—not even the chiefs of State—why Germany and England should fight, yet somehow the groups always separate with the deepened conviction that they will.

The war talk is not new. It has been going on for three years. It refuses to die out; it deepens in seriousness and volume. There was a moment, early last spring, when it manifested itself.

The public commotion has ceased, but in its place is a settled fear, answering to the "ominous hush" of Europe, which Lord Rosebery thinks is more sinister and significant than the bluster which preceded it.

As for Germany, there has never been a panic there; only a slow gathering of

ily proceeds, there is no cloud in the sky. Relations could be no more strictly "correct" than they are.

It is possible to go further: Those responsible for the conduct of the Government of England, and equally those responsible for the conduct of that of Germany, not only do not desire war, but,

on every score of common sense. Both Powers are keenly alive to the dangers of a conflict. It could only be a fight to a finish. It would almost certainly involve other Powers: Japan is in full alliance with England; Russia and France are its sworn friends. The vitality of the Drei-Bund was proven last spring; Italy may be lukewarm, but Austria is heart and hand with Germany. The opening of hostilities would fling the territory of a continent into the arena. In particular it would release the springs of the most vital ambitions of Continental politics: Austria's yearning to drive Russia out of the Balkans, and France's lust for revenge and the recovery of its lost provinces. From a struggle which would dwarf the Napoleonic cataclysm of a century ago, who can say what would

seem to be decisive. What can be said to qualify their force, or to outweigh them? In the face of such reasons for peace, what earthly ground is there for believing that Germany and England are about to fight?

The answer is this: The most serious possible ground for fearing that Germany and England are about to fight is—the belief of the people of Germany and England that they are about to do so.

I do not mean primarily that the prevalence of that belief indicates the existence of causes, unknown to the world, rendering conflict inevitable. I mean primarily that talk of war, however causeless, tends to beget war. Familiarise a nation with the daily thought of fighting—and it will be a miracle if they fail to fight. Let them occupy themselves



SOME OF THE MEN WHO MAY INVADE ENGLAND.

for the strongest of reasons, do to-day desire to avoid war.

England is engrossed with an internal situation critical and interesting; the Government has embarked on a programme of social reorganisation. This programme, although not yet fully entered upon, has necessitated a budget so heavy that it is attacked as a revolution.

emerge? What cell in the mind of Kaiser or King could dream of inviting such chances? The remembrance that France lies eager to spring across the frontier the moment an army corps leaves German soil, must dissipate any conquering dream of the strategists of Potsdam. The recollection that India will flame into revolt the day that British

daily for two or three years with discussing, even with utterly denying, the possibility of a thing—and that thing becomes more than possible. Dismiss causes of war, deny that they exist—and you provoke them.

Englishmen and Germans are telling themselves that a conflict is impossible, that it would be causeless and purposeless. They are trying to believe this, but in the very act of denying the possibility, they have convinced themselves of its inevitability. They exchange friendly visits—and hasten war preparations.

At the Aldershot practice manoeuvres the "combatants" referred to each other as "the Germans."

"Isn't that an ill-considered custom?" an officer was asked. "Isn't it calculated to encourage hatred and stir up bad blood?"

"I don't know as to that," he replied, "but it certainly is calculated to get the keenest sort of work out of the men. They are lazy beggars unless we set 'em on the Germans"; then you should see them!"

Many Englishmen believe that the country is full of German spies, and that there is a formidable organisation of Germans, mostly waiters, who possess arms and who secretly drill. That a certain moment of the day on every German ship is devoted to the drinking of the toast "To the day!"—meaning the day of battle with the British—is another belief widespread in England.

To-day there is no thought more familiar to English men, women, and children, no idea more constantly present in their minds, than the danger of German invasion. No issue of any news-



BRITISH INFANTRY MARCHING AGAINST "THE GERMANS" IN THE ARMY MANOEUVRES.

The total of immediately available British soldiers is 265,000.

War is expensive; its minor wars have cost England dear; victory over the Boers was at a price truly staggering. The bill for a contest with Germany would be appalling; though England is still the richest nation in the world, six months of such a conflict would halve the great fortunes of its rich and double the sufferings of its starving poor.

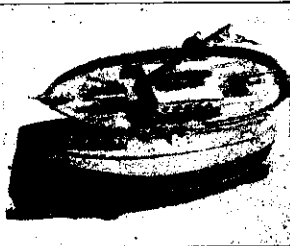
The German Government likewise has devoted most of its energy during the last three years to an anxious search for means to procure more revenue to meet its peace expenses. And that task has been so difficult that the paramount issue of internal politics it split the bloc which ruled Germany for a decade, and brought about the resignation of a great Chancellor. Germany, furthermore, is passing through a period of commercial and industrial development which war could not but disturb and paralyse. The Germans are finding a profitable and a growing market in England and the British colonies; while, on the other hand, they furnish England with one of the latter's best markets. Peace is desirable

brigades start home to defend the Island, must chill and destroy any English dream of victorious war.

Considerations so strong as these might



GERMAN INFANTRY ENGAGED IN MANOEUVRES. The total of immediately available German soldiers is 1,285,000.



A GERMAN COLLECTION-BOX.

Exhibited in London by a member of Parliament, who said that the sign over it was: "Give the Government your Coins to Thrash the English."

belief that war is inevitable. A visitor to Berlin, Cologne, or Frankfurt to-day would find that belief widely and seriously held, and he would find, moreover, that commercial arrangements and business plans were being conditioned upon the continuance of peace. In other parts of Europe vents wait upon the issue; the diplomacy of France, of Austria, of Russia, marks time.

Is the general fear of Europe justified? Is there, indeed, imminent prospect of a conflict? Let us inspect the situation: Neither the German Government nor the British seeks war nor desires it.

No dispute, issue, nor controversy exists between them, nor does the prospect of any exist.

No honest ground for hostilities could be found by either if it desired to-day to assault the other—a pretext would have to be invented. There exists no secret doer that troubles the chancelleries; there impends no delicate negotiation to justify concern. So, as the course of international relations ordin-

paper ever appears that does not contain in some form or other a column or a paragraph dictated by that thought; no debate in Parliament ever closes without a reference to it; no public meeting ever disperses before it has been remembered, I do not say that all Englishmen admittedly entertain the thought as a fear, though it is undoubtedly true that a majority of their leading statesmen and editors do in their hearts believe, and will with their mouth confess, their fearful expectation

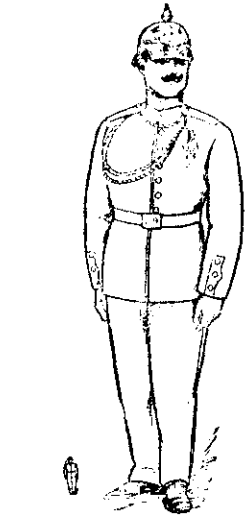
of soldiers, England is able to oppose 265,000 men—140,000 of whom are abroad. Britain has nothing to correspond to the Continental "reserve." The lately-organized "territorials" are as yet about as terrible a force as the "boy scouts" and "girl scouts" who take Saturday half-holidays on Hampstead Heath. To talk of resisting invasion is ridiculous. England can never allow a hostile force to land on its soil.

To add to anxiety, there are to-day the monster airships.

Consider the position: England lies at the mercy of a German army, should one ever reach its shores. It has relied for generations on its navy—its boast and pride; a navy so great that it was deemed that no combination of two Powers could send fleets to face it. Suddenly it sees springing into existence, in the shipyards of the nation whose intentions it particularly fears, the elements of a German fleet which threatens to be, in a year or two, alone, a match for its own. Simultaneously it observes Italy and Austria, nations heretofore altogether without naval ambitions, preparing to build powerful fleets. It is precisely as if Germany had said to its allies: "We are strong enough in land forces; I have army enough for all our purposes. What we need is battleships. Build you battleships, also. Don't bother about your armies. I will see to all that." Looking about at its own allies and friends, England finds them losing ground on the water (to employ an Irishism), as fast as its possible foes are gaining it.

Is this a position in which a proud people can quietly acquiesce? The British character has betrayed some new qualities lately—the quality of nervousness, for instance—but I mistake if it will see the national glory depart without an effort to retain it.

These are the things that underlie England's belief in the inevitability of war, the true, half-unconscious motives of its hatred and its fear. England does not in its heart of hearts believe its own talk of Germany's warlike intentions. But it shivers with a waking consciousness of its own.



REGULARS IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE FOR EUROPEAN OPERATIONS.

More than half the British Army is in India and the colonies, and must be kept there for their defence.

British	125,000
German	1,000,000

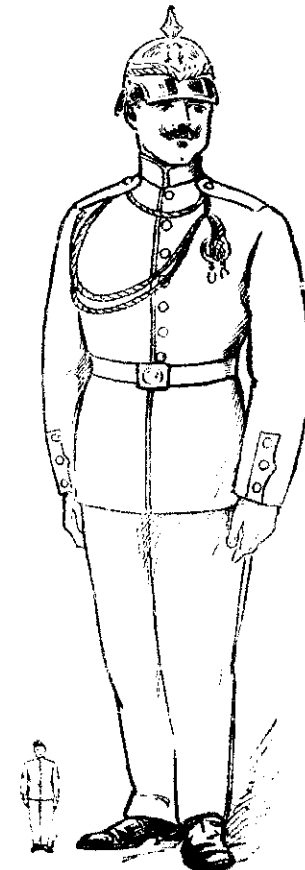
that England will soon be face to face with the gravest peril that has threatened it since the Spanish Armada sailed from Comuna. At this point I only say that the minds of all Englishmen are full of the thought, "Some decide it, but it is there; it lives with them, from week to week, by day and by night."

It would be merely blindness not to see that, given this state of mind, at any moment there may be spoken some ambiguous word which, harmless in a normal time, could, to a national sensitiveness so abnormal, have but one meaning—an infinitely one. Or an incident; there may be at any moment a Dogger Bank, a Fachinfa, a Casablanca episode; an Ems or a Kruger dispatch; a Maine incident. No one who knows the nervous temper of Britain to-day can hope that an explosion could be avoided.

Or, if the accident fails to come, if tension is unbroken, must it not in time become itself intolerable, intolerable to England, and, in all reason, intolerable to the world? The burden imposed by the effort to keep their place in indisputable command of the sea is heavier than the sons of Drake and Nelson can bear. They have already been forced practically to abandon the two Power standard, says an American writer; they have rendered their own great fleets of old-fashioned vessels useless, for they have taught the other nations how to build warships that can blow them out of the water. England finds it necessary now to build a new navy, every vessel of which costs £2,000,000. To man and keep them in command-son, and to back them with cruisers of new invulnerable type, with destroyers and submarines—who can estimate the money required for a navy such as this? And this is not adequate. England has, it is true, two years' start, but the Teutonic Power is swiftly catching up.

What we have here is already a kind of a civil war, a French bellum. Every one of these mad monsters, though it has been fired a shot in anger, has already damaged the nation in suspicion of which it is built; it has shed the blood of that nation's taxpayers, and shed it copiously.

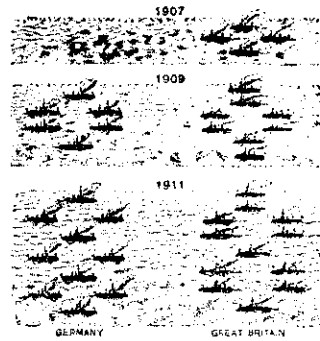
To a mind convinced that Germany's naval activity is aimed at England, the island kingdom's position must seem critical indeed; it is swiftly becoming desperate. England has, of course, no defence except its navy. Against the Kaiser's army of 600,000 active garrisoned troops, and his reserve of 1,300,000 train-



ALL AVAILABLE REGULARS, RESERVES, AND MILITIA OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

(Territorials, "Landwehr," "Landsturm," "Reserve," etc.), Imperial and Colonial.

British	565,000
German	4,300,000



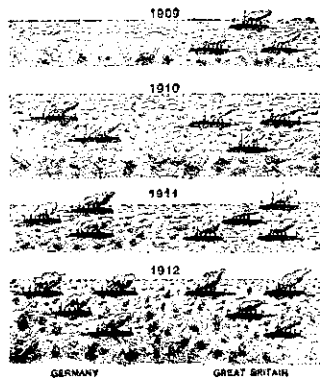
This sketch represents the respective numbers of German and British Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts afloat and expected to be afloat, at the close of the years named. This is based on official statements. Last year Germany surprised the world by launching a ship, the existence of which was not known.

Such is the essential, historic ground upon which the mighty gladiators will sooner or later close in inevitable combat. The immediate dangers of the situation are primarily from the English side, and may be scientifically stated as consisting in:

The liability of an explosion released by some accident acting on a national mind which has excited itself to a pathological point; or

The more rational realisation by a deteriorating people of the necessity of an early and a swift effort to regain a prestige which is slipping from them.

A secondary danger threatens from the German side, and lies in the possibility that a nation with originality pacific intentions may be goaded to attack, by the conviction that it is itself about to be attacked.



This sketch represents the German and British Cruiser-Battleships of the Invincible type, completed and expected to be completed by the end of the years named. This is Brassey's calculation.

For an immense advantage will lie with the Power which launches the first blow. It is knowledge of this fact that multiplies many times the likelihood of hostilities: mutual suspicion which cannot afford to await verification will urge to prior action; England and Germany will each be impelled to strike, even without cause, by the conviction that the other is preparing to strike. It is conceivable that an unadvertised descent by the North Sea Fleet, now under the command of Sir William May, might, between a sun's rising and setting, strike Germany's arm powerless for offense; equally conceivable that a foggy night's work by transports or a swift journey by a Zeppelin might lay London at the mercy of its foe. It is almost quite certain that the first half of the conflict, the half which all the rest of it would be only a struggle to atone for, would be a bolt out of the darkness on a surprised enemy—a mere moment of agony while the world's heart stopped beating. Then might follow—but who dare prophesy the course of an epic conflict?

"Who's the hero of this drama?" said the stage manager at a first rehearsal. "I am," shouted a man from an obscure corner of the theatre. "I'm the fellow who is putting up the money for the production."

SPENT A FORTUNE ON SKIN TROUBLE

But Lost All Hope of Cure—Grew Worse and Worse in Spite of Many Doctors and Three Years of Hospital Treatment—Inflammation Made Her Almost Crazy with Pain.

CURED BY TWO SETS OF CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I began to have an itching over my whole body about seven years ago and this settled in my limb, from the knee to the toes. I went to see a great many physicians, a matter which cost me a fortune, and after I noticed that I did not get any relief that way, I went for three years to the hospital. But they were unable to help me there. I used all the medicines that I could see but became worse and worse. I had an inflammation which made me almost crazy with pain. When I showed my foot to my friends they would get really frightened. I did not know what to do. I was so sick and had become so nervous that I positively lost all hope.

"I had seen the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies a great many times but could not make up my mind to buy them, for I had already used so many medicines. Finally I did decide to use the Cuticura Remedies and I tell you that I was never so pleased as when I noticed that, after having used two sets of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, the entire inflammation had gone. I was completely cured. I should be only too glad if people with a similar disease would come to me and find out the truth. I would only recommend them to use Cuticura. Mrs. Bertha Sachs, 1621 Second Ave., New York, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1909."

"Mrs. Bertha Sachs is my sister-in-law and I know well how she suffered and was cured by the Cuticura Remedies after many other treatments failed. Morris Sachs, 321 E. 80th St., New York N. Y., Secretary of Deutsch-Ostrower Unt.-Verein, Kemper Hebrew Benevolent Society, etc."

Reference: R. Towns & Co., Sydney. Cuticura is the most economical treatment known for affections of the skin and scalp. A tablet of Cuticura Soap and a box of Ointment is often sufficient to cure. Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, R. F. Fock, Calcutta; America, Leonora, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. 25¢ per Cuticura Booklet, post-free, tells all about the best Care of Skin, Scalp and Hair.



This is AULSEBROOK'S SUNSHINE BISCUIT

In the above illustration we show you what Sunshine Biscuits look like, but not what they taste like and that's their charm. Sunshine Biscuits have a dainty, distinctive flavor of their own that's new to-day. They're delicious and economical.

Ask your grocer for Aulsebrook's Sunshine Biscuits.

"LINSEED COMPOUND." The "Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Of 40 years' proven efficacy.

"LINSEED COMPOUND" for Coughs and Colds; loosens phlegm, allays irritation.

"LINSEED COMPOUND" for Coughs and Colds; of proven efficacy for chest complaints.

"LINSEED COMPOUND" for Coughs and Colds; relieves Asthma and difficult breathing.

"LINSEED COMPOUND" of 40 years' proven efficacy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, etc.

"COAGULINE," "KLINX," "TENAISTINE," Cements for breakages, manufacturing purposes, etc.

"LINSEED COMPOUND." Trade mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed for Coughs and Colds.

(All Rights Reserved.)

Tales of Rotorua and Legends of the Lakes.

(Specially written for the "Graphic" by J. Cowan.)

In this series of historical and descriptive sketches dealing with the Rotorua district, an entirely new, hitherto unrecorded group of Maori folktales and traditions is brought to light. Many a familiar spot in the Thermal Springs country abounds with Maori song and story, handed down by word of mouth, but very few of these are known to the white visitor. The notes of the Ngati Whakaue, Tuhoarangi, and Ngati-Pikiao tribes of the Arawa Country, will, it is hoped, give our readers additional interest in the lakeland scenes with which they deal.

No. XI.

THE BAYS OF ROTOITI.

RICHLY blue, with softly wooded shores that wind in and out in all sorts of little headlands and snug little white-beached bays, Rotoiti is by a long way the most beautiful of the many lakes in the Rotorua country. Nor is it so small a sheet of water as the name, "Little-Lake," in full "The Little-Lake-Discovered-by-thenga"—would suggest. It is nine miles long, and from one to three or four miles wide, and it can work itself into quite a stormy sea when the squally "marangai" sweeps down upon it. But for the most part it lies smooth and glassy, and untroubled, a delightful picture of repose, stretching away there between its out-putting little mountain-capes. Its dovetailing headlands shut out a view of the whole lake from most parts, and this was why, I suppose, that thenga—who named it after himself, though he was by no means the first to discover it—called it the Little Lake.

By far the finest scenery on Rotoiti's shores is to be found on its northern side. Scenery, too, heightened in interest by the local folk-tale. But this treasury of song and story is not known to the pakeha tourist who cruises round these lovely shores by oil-launch, and only a few of the old-time place-names have been placed on the maps. Some of us have collected a little of the ancient legendary lore, but most of it has gone to the Ranga with the tattooed tohungas of Ngati-Pikiao.

Yet, let us take boat along these northern shores and see what we can of the olden haunts of the nearly-vanished race, who once had their stockaded villages on every headland and in every bay.

Pulling out from the beautiful willow-shaded Tuheke arm, at the western end of Rotoiti—not far from the Mokeke Falls electrical power-station, R10 and I hoist sail and square away eastward as soon as we clear the Atua-rere-tahi hill, and with a light westerly breeze filling our spritsail we cruise leisurely along close in shore, inspecting every bay. We have made an early start, and we reckon to make the little village of the "Sounding-Footsteps," at the eastern end of the lake, well before fall of night.

Away to our right, on the southern side of the lake, the white cliff-face of famous old Motu-tawa is shining like chalk in the sun. It is the lakeward face of an island-like headland, a hill-fort of other days. Over that precipice many a Maori has gone to death; it was a "suicide-cliff," like that classic cape from which "burning Sappho" leaped in the brave Greek days. And there is a song, the chiefness Tikawa's pathetic lament, chanted on the hill-top, before she threw herself on to the rocks far below—but the story and the song must wait, for the northern shores claim present attention.

Soon, reaching a richly-foliaged east-tide, we skirt Kopakorahi Point, and the entrance to a splendidly-sheltered bay is revealed, a narrow rock-walled harbour gate, with a calm little haven rounding out within like a horse-shoe. A great white rock, as smooth as if worked by human agency, rises from the water on the face of the eastern point (right-hand side). It is Hinckura's Rock. A smaller rock, half-submerged, on the opposite headland is called Te-kuri-to-roki (Te Roi's Dog). Topping the shrub-cled cliff are clumps of cabbage-trees (whaukae or ti), that usually mark the site of an ancient village or pa; this pa is Pukurahi, a one-time celebrated hold of the Ngati-Te-Takinga tribe. Entering the bay, which is called Waititi, a little grassy slope is seen on the right; landing, a track is found, the olden rocky

path to the trenched and parapeted village.

Curious Store-houses.

Here there are some remarkable ancient artificial caves, cut out of the rocky overhanging hill-side, just beneath the pa. These are rua-kumara, or caves for the storage of the sweet potato. In the old days, when Maori hapus inhabited this lake-fort, these ruas were excellent store-houses for the kumara; they were dry and well protected from wind and weather. They formerly had wooden doors made of adzed planks, closing their narrow window-like entrances, but now only the grooves in the rock remain to show where these doors were fitted. There are eleven of these stone-carved ruas under the cliff of Pukurahi. Climbing to the hill-top, where the tu's song is heard in the trees, the advantages of Pukurahi as a fortified hold become clear. The hill-fort on its rocky point commanded a view of all canoes passing up or down the lake, and it was practically unassailable on three of its sides; and on its northern side was the beautiful little bay of refuge for its canoe-fleet, and gentle hill-slopes for the food cultivations. The bay, again, contained its fortresses, for on a long peninsula which is practically an island—and divides the bay into two equal parts—there are two little steep-sided hills, each of which bears the marks of trench and parapet. This island-peninsula is called Te Weta; it was one of the strongholds of the Tuhoarangi tribe two hundred years ago, and later on of their conquerors, the Ngati-Pikiao tribe, of which Ngati-te-Takinga was a hapu, or sub-tribe.

Sailing on eastwards from Pukurahi, where the pohutukawa wreathes their huge old twisted roots about the rocky cliffs, and extend their long arms over the water, we pass a little island sitting in the lake a short distance from the mainland, and so thickly covered with pohutukawa, whau, and tawhero trees, and with tall flax and the familiar t-palm, that it is one mass of foliage to the water. This is Motu-mauri; though so tiny, it was a pa in the olden time, and was defended with a stockade. There is a cave on the shore of the islet, where, says tradition, a number of the inhabitants once hid themselves, and so escaped slaughter when the place was assaulted and captured by an enemy's canoe-fleet. This cave faces the north-west; it is called Marunguani, after a remote ancestor of the Arawa tribe.

A "Deserted Village."

The next indentation in the beautiful coastline is the pretty bay of Otaramarae, another calm and sheltered retreat, once the haven for populous Maori hapus, whose remnants live in a few old wharves by the waterside. The bay opens out as our boat rounds the high wooded point of Kahuwera; on the summit of this green and rugged hill are the remains of a fort of comparatively recent times, held by Pokiha Tarani, Waata Tarani, Te Rangipiti, Matene te Huaki, and Te Rangihoro, and their men of Ngati-Pikiao during the Hauhau wars of 1864-70, when the Arawas were nearly all in the field on the side of the Government. A tiny islet, detached from the mainland, rises from the smooth waters below the olden hill-fort. Close by there once stood, say the Maoris, a great pohutukawa tree, which leaned out over the bay so invitingly that it was adzed and carved into a "moari," or diving-tree, with flax ropes attached to its head; these ropes were used as swings by the young people when they came down to the lakeside for the diving and swimming games that were the favourite sports of these water-loving children of Geyserland. The

broken-down hamlets on the inner sweep of Otaramarae are a melancholy picture of decay and of the decline of a once vigorous warrior-race. One or two old women came out to cry a "Haere-mai" to us, and squat on the beach until our boat was out of sight again; an old and battered canoe, half full of water, lies partly drawn up on the beach beneath a weeping willow tree. One picturesque little spot is the tiny Kainga of Pakearua ("Fern-rod Hill"), a little eastward along the beach from the cluster of wharves known as Otaramarae; a few raupo huts of the ancient pattern gleam red and brown from the fruit groves and the willows. Rounding out of the bay, we sail past the sparkling white sandy beach of Te Moura, then a bold rock cliff lifting steeply from the blue-black waters, ferns and shrubs climbing to its grey old face, and knotty-rooted pohutukawa trees waving their twisted arms on the edge of the bluff above.

A Storied Tree.

Very soon Ohonkaka Bay is reached. This is one of the most beautiful bays of all Rotoiti. Just before its narrow entrance is opened up, one will notice—if he has a well-informed Maori companion to point it out to him—a venerable pohutukawa, conspicuous because of its size, overhanging the cliff-top. This tree is celebrated in Rotoiti legend. It is called "Tapiuae," and is one of those lakeside trees, known as "tohu-hau," or "wind-omens." The old Maoris say it was a "singing-tree," and that the sound made by its branches in the wind enabled the people living in the neighbouring pa to forecast the weather. If its branches sang a gentle "Mu-uu, mu-uu," like the murmuring of a ngaro, or fly, everything was calm, and the lake would be smooth for canoeing and fishing. If it began to make a whistling sound, even though the wind were not high, it was a sign of an approaching marangai, a strong wind from the north-east, generally with rain; and if its cry rose to a shrill scream, its branches creaking and rubbing against each other, then presently a heavy gale of wind would burst on the lake, and canoes had best keep to the beach. And a bit of lake warch-history, too, hangs to the limbs of that galibattered old tree.

A hundred and fifty years ago some of the Tuhoarangi tribe (whose descendants now live at Whakarewarewa), occupied Ohonkaka; they trenched and parapeted pa Kakami crowned the cliffs here, where the ancient tree "Tapiuae" stands. With them, married to one of their chiefs, lived a young woman from the Ngati-Pikiao tribe, who owned the eastern end of the lake; she was a sister of the chief Te Rangiwahia. Some insult offered to this woman in the pa came to the ears of Te Rangiwahia, who, being very touchy on points of family and tribal honour, as all Maoris are, determined on revenge. Knowing the strength of the Kakami fort, he resolved on strategic methods instead of a direct and open assault. Being a "whakama," that is, related to both sides, he was at liberty to visit the pa, although his tribe were frequently at war with Tuhoarangi. First raising a war party of Ngati-Pikiao and Waikaha men, and giving them certain instructions, he set off with a few men in his own canoe, and reaching the pa, went to his sister's whare, until the time came to act. That night the warcanoes of Ngati-Pikiao and Waikaha paddled by the lake from Tapuae-haruru, at the eastern end, and a number of the warriors quietly landed and hid themselves amongst the shrubs and rocks at the foot of the Kakami cliff. The canoe fleet anchored off the front of the pa, and in the early morning the warriors roused the Tuhoarangi with their loud dancing and singing of songs and their shouts of challenge and defiance. A number of the pa garrison rushed down to their warcanoes, which were kept in the little bay of Ohonkaka, and paddling out into the open lake, they attacked the invaders with spear and war-axe, and there was a lively little naval battle.

Meanwhile, under cover of the darkness, Te Rangiwahia had securely fastened a strong knotted flax rope to the tree "Tapiuae" on the edge of the cliff, and dropped the end to the water-edge below, where his men lay in ambush. When the canoe combat was at its height, in the dim and early morning, Te Rangiwahia took post by the tree, and cried in a loud voice his "Whakaraarapa"—a term usually applied to a sentinel's watch-song—so that his men, who were intently listening below, might

know it was time to leap to action. This was the cry of "The-Sky-Cleft Open."

Tika tonu nei,
Tika tonu nei,
Kia ahau e noho nei,
Tika tonu nei!
I a ha ha!
"Come straight this way,
Straight towards me,
To the spot where I now stand,
Straight this way! Ha, ha!"

At the word, his followers one by one swarmed up the rope to the cliff-top and found their leader there, and then they saw that their comrades and the warcanoes were gaining the water-fight, and were pursuing the Tuhoarangi men into the bay. With club and battle-axe and sharp manuka spear, "The Sky-Cleft Open" led his men against the warriors who had remained in the pa. The Tuhoarangi, intent on repelling the canoe men on the beach below, were thrown into confusion by this unexpected attack delivered in their very midst. Assaulted furiously on two sides they were soon completely defeated; many were killed, and many a body was cut up for Gokannibal feast; and Te Rangiwahia carried his sister away with him to her old home up the lake. The insult had been paid for in blood, and the "war" was complete.

Ohonkaka Bay has a narrow entrance between fine wooded cliffs; on the point on the left hand as the bay is entered, where the trees dip their misty branches so low that they touch the water, one stands Te Ari Kainga, a village of the ancient Lake-people. Very deep and almost black in colour is the water under these bush-clad cliffs, reddened in mid-summer with the blazing blossoms of the pohutukawa, and variegated in golden patches with the bright foliage of the kolekole. The whau and aharaui are two other ornamental components of the foliage scheme; and a pakeha in "TALES OF ROTOITI"—two ... trader blossoms in the winds, for there are groves of cherry trees on the bushy hill-slope, covered with fruit at Christmas time.

Thenga and His "Kuri."

Now we are on historic ground again, for yonder little beach, on the eastern side of Ohonkaka, is the spot where Thenga, the Arawa explorer, first saw the waters of this lake, five centuries ago. Just round the point to the east is Te Ruaki-te-kari-a-thenga, a bay name which holds a story in itself. It was so named because here Thenga's dog, which had run along in advance of the bush explorer, and had while swimming in the waters of this bay eaten some of the inanga, or whitebait, with which its waters swarmed, returned to its master, and disgorged some of the whitebait before him; it was this that gave Thenga the first intimation that some fish-abounding sheet of water was close by.

Coasting along eastward from Te Ruaki, the cliff and woodland scenery becomes finer still. The rocky heights rising from the deep blue-black waters are almost everywhere concealed from view by a profusion of foliage of every tint of green, with here and there the white and crimson splashes of wild flowers. The pohutukawa assume the most varied and picture-sque shapes, and stretch their twisted limbs far out over the water. Caves run in between the rocky points, and huge old mossy rocks, often tree-crowned, stand islanded, with mysterious little channels, inviting exploration, running between them and the cliff, arched over by the ancient trees.

A small tree which grows plentifully higher up these beautifully wooded shores is the tachiri (Pithecolobium temifolium). It was valued by the Maoris because of the fragrant resin which it yielded, a gum called by them himu, or oil. The tree was lanced at certain seasons, and the gum which flowed out of the cuts was collected and used in making tattooing dye, and also as one of the ingredients of the much-prized perfume sometimes worn in a little neck satchel by the girls.

The Woods of Pararaki.

A long forested point, Whangaikona, stretches out into the lake. Rounding this, we are in Pararaki Bay, where the shores are one magnificent green wall of forest and fern. The dark blue water is a perfect mirror on a calm day, and the fern-trees that softly brush their fan-fronds to and fro, and all the forest foliage of the heights find perfect reflex in the deep calm lake. The manaki

Continued on page 64.

Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

MUST THE TERRITORIALS GO?

LONDON, August 12.

THREE years ago our War Minister, Mr. Haldane, in his efforts to remodel the military services of the Old Country, swept away the old Volunteers. These were partially trained troops, numbering over 300,000 men, a very fair proportion of whom were, as the Boer War proved, at least quite equal in all the qualities that go to make a good soldier to the average regular, in spite of the fact that their training was by no means what it might have been.

They all did at least ten drills a year, and attended an annual inspection, whilst a fair proportion went to camp for a week's annual training. By no stretch of imagination, however, could the Volunteer force, as a whole, be looked upon as entirely satisfying the needs of Home defence in times of emergency. It might have been made so had the authorities

the Volunteers. By no means all of the men can or will attend camp, and very few of them can or will stay in camp for more than a week. So, as regards drill and camp, their training does no more for them than did the training of the men they have superseded. As for the "complete organisation" of the new force, that seems to be more or less of a myth, if one may judge of the difficulties experienced in mobilising the various divisions for the last annual training. And the loud complaints of the men who have taken part therein regarding the communitarian and other departments are not likely to render the Territorials an attractive service to eligible youngsters.

Labour has been imposed on men fresh from office work which even the highly trained regular troops have found severe; the blindest of bully-beef and fustiest of tinned stuff served out as rations, and men have been needlessly subjected to serious privations and unnecessarily exposed to dangers and dis-

ably be no exaggeration to say that at noon at least that proportion (seventy-five per cent) of the men who were fighting were fast asleep. They lay not as men lie who take sleep as a luxury, but as men sleep on when it is forced as a necessity, in angular, dislocated attitudes, which normally would make sleep impossible, looking—many of them—more like dead men than resting ones. Five minutes in the firing line under the friendly gun was enough for them. Their heads dropped on to their rides and their senses into oblivion, the booming of the guns over their heads within a few yards of them failing even to stir their slumbers. Their supports dozed in torpid lines along the hedges; the reserves dreamed in blissful heaps beneath the trees.

This description refers to the Second London Division. It suggests very plainly that the physique of the men has not been equal to the strain of campaign practice.

One difficulty in regard to the manoeuvres has been the large number of withdrawals from camp after the first week. In some cases the employers were unable or unwilling to grant more than a week's leave of absence; in others, the men were unable to stand the strain of two weeks' continuous training. Out of 12,031 men in camp at Bor-

no place even in a territorial army. That he should be found in a Yorkshire brigade is certainly astonishing. The ring-leaders have been dismissed, but the moral of the incident remains.

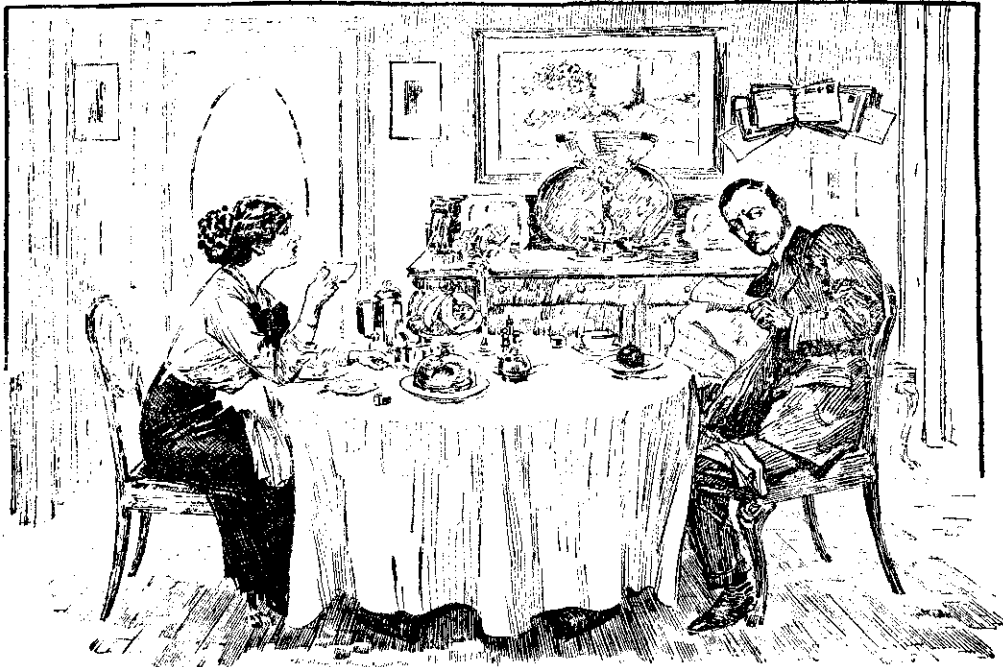
WIRELESS BUGLE CALLS.

Times by wireless—that is the latest development of the marvels of electricity. Baron von Lepel has invented, and has successfully demonstrated in England, a new system of sending musical notes by wireless which seems destined to play a great part in the future of telegraphy.

Two remarkable features of Lepel's system of wireless are that very much less power is wanted to send a message over a long distance than with most other systems, and that the intense electric spark, so important, but so noisy, a feature of many other systems, is entirely absent. But the genius of the Baron is most in evidence in the receiving apparatus he has invented, by which very feeble and indistinct signals are almost miraculously transformed into louder ones. Baron von Lepel uses a clear musical note instead of the toneless buzz of the ordinary receiver, and this note can be changed at an instant's notice by merely depressing a key of what looks to the uninitiated something like a doll's pianoforte.

The operator receiving a wireless message hears a succession of musical notes, and by means of simple adjustment he can tune up his receiver so that they can be heard clear and sharp, while ordinary wireless signals, which in the ordinary way would greatly confuse the operator, can be cut out in a few moments so successfully that they cannot be heard at all. In a demonstration given this week, by pressing the correct notes of the tuning keyboard already referred to, the tune "God Save the King" was transmitted from Slough to Brussels with the utmost ease. "Ben entendu: vive l'entente cordiale!" came the reply a minute later. The tune was heard and recognised with the utmost ease.

Now, it is only a simple step from transmitting tunes by wireless to sending bugle calls, which may mean anything, prearranged by code. Suppose the tuning keyboard had 16 or 20 notes, think what an extraordinary number of bugle calls, "times" or musical messages could be sent from one ship to another. The musical code would be a distinct novelty in wireless telegraphy, yet no one can deny it is merely a subtle bugler. The "times" could be heard, also, no matter how much confusion was attempted by the operator of ordinary wireless systems.



THE FIRST OF THE MONTH.

Talk About the Sword of Damocles!

given the Volunteers the encouragement and financial assistance they deserved, for the men were for the most part keen and most anxious to make themselves something more than mere "soldiers for parade purposes." But the War Office authorities never at any time seemed to take the Volunteers really seriously, and it became quite clear some ten or twelve years ago that a plot was afoot in high military quarters to bring about the "scrapping" of the force.

Three years ago Mr. Haldane accomplished that task. He abolished the Volunteers, and in their place, with many fine words and comforting assurances, gave us the Territorial Army. This was to be at least equal to the "scrapped" force numerically, much more efficient, completely organised, and fit to defend the country against serious attack by the trained troops of any Continental Power.

To-day it looks unannounced as though Mr. Haldane's experiment was doomed to prove a ghastly failure. The Territorial Army is short of the necessary numbers, and it seems hopeless to expect any increase in those numbers, for the force is rapidly losing whatever popularity it may have enjoyed. As for its efficiency, it appears to be no greater than that of the old Volunteers. The men of the Territorial force do just the same number of drills a year before they go to camp, and they are the same old drills as those imposed upon

comforts detrimental to their health, and calculated to promote disgust with the Territorial service, not only among the men themselves, but among their employers.

The result is that to-day we have a force depleted in numbers by comparison with the old Volunteers, and not one whit more efficient, though it is a much more expensive force. At the present time, indeed, it looks as though the Territorial Army is destined to follow the Volunteers to the scrapheap, and that some form of conscription for Home defence must ensue if we are to get a real Home defence army capable of taking the field against a trained enemy.

TROOPS ASLEEP UNDER FIRE.

What do you think of a battle in which seventy-five per cent of the combatants fell fast asleep while under fire? This was one of the incidents in the annual territorial manoeuvres which have just come to an end. Soldiers have been known to fall asleep during an action in real warfare, but seventy-five is a percentage beyond the experience of even the most harassed army. Yet Mr. Provost Battersby, a veteran war correspondent and a trained soldier, declares this is what happened during a mimic battle in which the London Territorials were engaged a few days ago. Says Mr. Battersby: "It would prob-

ably be no exaggeration to say that a percentage of 35. Still, the work on the whole appears to have given satisfaction. A war correspondent with the First London Division, who speaks with full experience of modern warfare in three continents, is of opinion that "the stiffening element" is growing, that the proportion of men who go away after one week's training because of physical inability to stand the strain is diminishing, and that the "fed-ups and cold-footers" are a disappearing quantity. Reports from other parts of the country are not less favourable upon these points, for there seems to be no lack of keenness or enthusiasm on the part of the young men.

There was one serious case of mutiny during the territorial manoeuvres. It occurred in the West Riding Brigade in camp at Ramsey, Isle of Man. There had been a trying march to North Barrow—the second highest mountain in the island—and the weather was detestable. The men had been out four or five hours and were wet through. When the brigade was on the mountain the ring-leaders in the mutiny cried out, "Come on, lads, let us go back," and their lead was followed by nearly three-score men, who have been described as "bols who probably did not know anything of military discipline." The man who knows nothing of the first and essential qualification of the soldier can have

The "British Medical Journal" says—
"Benger's Food has, by its excellence, established a reputation of its own."

BENGER'S

Benger's Food is soothing and satisfying. It contains all the elements of a natural food in a condition suitable for immediate absorption.

When milk alone is heavy and unsatisfying, Benger's Food, made with milk, is appetising and nutritive.

Benger's Food should be used

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED,

for healthy development in infancy, for rebuilding strength in weakened systems, and for the preservation of old age in usefulness and vigour.

Readers can obtain a 48-page booklet, "Benger's Food and How to Use it," which contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants," and practical information on the care of invalids, etc., on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere. 1120

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

Books Awaiting Review.

THREE capital novels, which we have just received from Methuen and Co., are "Lauristons," by that delightful writer John Oxenham; "The Affair of the Envelope," a clever novel, which treats of Turkish politics, and is uncommonly interesting reading; "The Hour and the Woman," a title strongly indicative of its contents, by Constance Nicklin; and a sporting novel, by F. Agar, entitled "Eros! Eros Wins!" which we have received from the Railway Bookstall Co. of New South Wales.

A Notable Biography.

Richard Lucas has been entrusted with the writing of Lord Glenesk's biography, which should prove exceedingly piquant reading, since as proprietor of Society's pet social organ he was in touch with all the leaders of English society. For nearly half a century Lord Glenesk, better known as Algernon Borthwick, was the chief chronicler of the "Morning Post." Lord Glenesk belonged to the days when newspapers and journals mostly reflected the private views of their proprietors. The "Morning Post," as everybody knows, was highly Conservative, both in its political and social capacity, and Lord Glenesk rendered much good service to the Conservative cause by his kindly notice of the young intellects of that party. Mr. Lucas confesses to having had special help from Lady Dorothy Nevill, Mr. G. W. Smalley (the well-known correspondent at Washington), Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, M.P. (once proprietor of "Vanity Fair" in its brightest days), and Colonel Ivor Maxse (the eldest son of the late Admiral Maxse), who stood for the figure of George Meredith's hero in "Beauchamp's Career."

Some More Specimens of Hindoo-English.

Mr. Shelland Bradley's book, "The Adventures of an A.D.C." (John Lane, 6/), is worth reading, if only for the amusement to be derived in reading English as she is spoken by the native Hindoo. Here are a few answers sent to Lady Sturt in reply to an invitation to a garden party given by that lady. One answer ran:—

"Dear Sir,—I regret to inform you that my late father is now resident at Heaven, and therefore he must beg to excuse from your Honour's Garden Party. Craving your Honour's pardon for such an unwarrantable liberty. Your Honour's faithful servant, Haridas Sirkar."

Another answer gives some idea of the mind of a Hindoo when he wishes to make an excuse for not attending:—

"Dear Lord,—Profuse sweat broke out upon me on seeing the date of your god-like party. Alas for my ill-fate! I shall be one hundred miles away as the cock crows on the date fixed attending sick father who cannot die. May the Almighty and your Honour forgive us both. Your humble servant, Behari Chandra Sen."

Two others are given in the form of telegrams. One runs:—"Regretting cannot come party; suffering great pain in interior." This is exactly the sort of excuse a Hindoo would make. Another sounds almost as if it were exaggerated. It reads: "Cholera victimated uncle's sister. Caught other sister. Self, mother, uncle, syntomatized. Please excuse."

A New South African Novel.

Messrs. Methuen, in England, and Messrs. Duntledge, Page and Co., in America, are publishing this autumn a new novel of South African life, by Mr. Percival Gibbon, which is to be called "Flower of the Peach," the title being taken from Browning's lines in "Fra Lippo Lippi."

"Flower of the Peach," Death gave us all and his own life for each." Mr. Gibbon has also completed a new series of short stories, which are to appear serially in the "Pall Mall" and "McClure's" Magazines. By the time these notes are in print this novel should be well on its way to this Dominion, that is, if the Dominion's booksellers have been enterprising enough to order a work by an author with whom its readers have so slight an acquaintance. Percival

Gibbon is one of the few modern, English writers of fiction whose work ranks as literature. Mr. Gibbon is a pastmaster in the art of acquiring and imparting correct local colour and atmosphere. Virile, too, in characterisation, earnest, and original in style, and his scenes, wherever set, are drawn so vividly and with such fidelity, and are peopled with personalities so vital, as to make his readers imagine they are spectators in a real scene, watching live actors playing the game of life. Few novelists know Africa as Mr. Gibbon knows it, and we strongly counsel our readers to place their orders early for "Flower of the Peach," and see their orders are filled.

An Opium Novel.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have published "The Noise of Life," a new novel by Mr. Christopher Stone, whose last story, "They Also Serve," added considerably to the reputation he won with

and permitted Mr. Edward Legge to compile, with data borrowed from the works of other writers, together with some new material he himself has acquired, a volume which sketches her career from 1870 to 1910. Chiefly valuable in this work are some facsimile letters and some interesting portraits of the Imperial family. Interesting, too, is the fresh light that is thrown on the tragedy of the second Empire. Harper's are the book's publishers, and the price of it is only six shillings, a price that should make it sell freely.

Useless Tomes.

In London they are going in for having special issues of daily papers to deal with the whole history of one of the big pieces of the earth? "The Times" has begun with an cautious tone in which it publishes the story of a country like South America. Who writes them? Who reads them? It is surely impossible for such compilations to be made use of simply as books of reference. They certainly cannot be read straight through at a sitting, and, if put away to keep, will probably not be consulted twice during the ten years' during which the surface of affairs changes to something quite different.

improper means. Furnishes another striking illustration of the reforms to be brought about when woman gets the suffrage. Under the man system, whisky, jobs, and money are most frequently employed. When woman rules it will be quips and cranks, and wanton wiles, nods and becks, and wretched smiles.

Demonstration.—A bargain counter rush on the House of Commons by a body of suffragettes, wicking hatpins, pulling wigs, scratching and screaming "Votes for Women." Demonstrations may be varied by throwing acid or exploding a bombshell.

Man.—An insignificant, unreasonable, perverse anomaly, who accidentally got the start in the game of suffrage, but who is losing fast. Useful only for purposes of provision, protection, and propagation.

Trousers.—The one suffrage test in Great Britain.

Polls.—A bazaar where ballots may be obtained. No mail or telephone orders filled.

Suffragette.—A Bankhurstian; a twentieth century blue-stocking; a woman who knows her own mind and knows that she knows it.

—From "London Opinion."

COURTSHIP.



Past

Present

Future

"The Scar." The hero of "The Noise of Life" is an author of the Coleridge-De Quincey type, a slave to opium who, having travelled some way in pursuit of fame, reappears in the family circle.

The Women Napoleon Loved.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins has written, and Mr. Eyedogh Nash has published, a volume of memoirs on the women that Napoleon loved. According to Mr. Hopkins these women were distinctly numerous. "Every numerous indeed, when Napoleon's other activities are taken into account." A huge section is devoted to Josephine, whose story Mr. Hopkins treats with insight and sympathy. Marie Louise is dismissed rather summarily. Vivid portraits are furnished of Mademoiselle George and the Countess Walewska and sundry other ladies are held up to notoriety. Bright, gossipy, and readable is the verdict of a bookman critic, which will ensure its popularity. Napoleon, it would seem to us, is as famous, or infamous, dead as he is living. 15s is the price of these "memoirs."

The Empress Eugenie.

It seems curious that so soon upon the heels of the publishing of the Princess Caroline Murat's "Memoirs," that the ex-Empress Eugenie should have broken through the long silence preserved by her since the fall of the Empire

A New Australian Monthly.

Those of our readers who remember that splendidly informative and descriptive book, entitled "Uncle Sam," will be interested in the appended paragraph, which we have taken from the "Melbourne Book Lover." The "Southern Sphere," has hitherto only been issued as a Christmas periodical, of high merit. But some months ago Mr. J. Gratton Grey, the author of "Uncle Sam," and the editor of the "Southern Sphere," wrote us, telling us that a new venture was proposed by the proprietor of the "Southern Sphere." This venture, it would seem, was to turn this yearly into a monthly. We wish the "Southern Sphere" every success.

The Suffragettes' Handy Manual.

Amazon.—The earliest example of the suffragette. Given to extreme deodorate effects in dress, and to the use of the six foot spear instead of the halpin; but reduced man to his proper and natural state of abjectness.

Ballot.—A long, emblem stamped sheet of paper, much desired by suffragettes for the purpose of... for the purpose of... let's see. Well, for a good purpose, all right, anyhow.

Brittery.—The act of securing votes by

REVIEWS.

The Austral Shakespeare.

At last he has come. Long and inevitably have we awaited him, our own Austral Shakespeare, our own English peer of Britain's best. Many a time and oft have we turned the first cover of a new book with trepidation, with wonder, with hope and slumped the last cover with rage, with disappointment, with disgust. But at last he has come. Adest. He is here. He lives, he breathes, he raves, he foams, he thunders, he roars, he lets himself go, he casts himself loose, he explodes. His name is Arthur Bateman. He comes from Ballarat. His book, "The Dramatic and Poetical Works of Arthur Bateman," was published by W. Nicholson of London, last March. O noble Nicholson! O marvellous March! And he is the Austral Shakespeare; he has all the birthmarks, bears all the brands, carries all the stigmata.

Nine dimities, Domino! Four hundred and fifty solid pages of poetry at the first blast, out upon ye, little trudging postmasters! Little tube of Me's and O's! Call upon the caves to hide ye, the mountains to cover ye, for the sun! the sun! of Austral poetry has arisen in his strength, and his burning rays shall light the pyres of rivals.

What shall we say of him? how describe him? Language fails; metaphors miss; hyperboles fall short. The Austral Shakespeare is magnificent, marvellous, splendid, glorious. He is solemn, stately,umptuous, spectacular. He cuts a dash, a splash, and a caper. He kills the calf and roasts the ox; he rolls logs and picks up pins. Imagination pants after him; reason is dethroned by him. How then view him in his majesty? Only through the dark glass of quotation. Every page of the "works" is a pearl-oyster. Let us gather pearls on the Shakespeare-shore.

"Reuben and Violet, an Australian love-story," 98 pp.—about ye costive sonometer, that stabs ye! 98 pp. of passionate emotion, of sylvan description, of heroic character, of a clergyman, church-lads, a constable, Reuben and Violet. What was Reuben? A middy. Who was Violet? (soft music) An Austral maid. What did Reuben do? Alas! he made a board-ship bet with Cyrus, the expected guest of Violet's squatter-father, that he would take without detection the place of Cyrus. No wonder Cyrus died—a drowned—full fathoms five our Cyrus lies. But Reuben, after his career of crime, is dead too—drowned—of his bones are coral made. And Violet? Dead. And her squatter-father? Dead. And her squatter-mother? Dead. All dead. Only the clergyman survives—and the constable and the church-lads—a mere chorus. This is the Hamlet louch. Hear our Austral Shakespeare roar!

As soon as Reuben's vessel approaches Australia he falls a victim to the horrible virus of gambling.

And they had wager'd Reuben on the brine, Not least considering the ill-design, That he could not beguile in Cyrus' name. A worthy squatter of a shrewd-born fame, Which done to satisfaction he was told, His rich reward would be a purse of gold.

"A purse of gold?" Poor fool. Poor fool. But Reuben proceeds along the "lunkempt roads" to the squatter's "rich estate"; he opens the gate; he meets his fate.

Now had he reached the door to which this led, The lights within told they were not in bed.

He peep'd within, and by a painted screen There sat the sweetest maiden he had seen. He knock'd when she rose from her cabinet, The door open'd and there stood Violet.

Enter the squatter:

The hale old squatter, full of interest, With shrew'd hand gave welcome to the guest. He was the very typical good fellow, That any one might well be proud to know, Could sing a song, drink down the headed ste, Laugh when he may, and tell a good tale.

Enter the squatter's wife:

She said she'd like to see the world some day, But who would mind her pet dog when away?

Who would look after her choice dappies then? Her thrush, canary, and the little wren? These were gigantic matters to explain, But quite insoluble to entertain.

Enter the squatter's hard-fisted, hospitable neighbours:

Fase Rubb had shaken hands with sons of poets, With merchants in full many hemispheres, But never had he felt such vice-like clasps, As each in turn laid on his welcome grasps, Saluting the new-comer with good cheer, Wishing him one, long, happy, glad career.

When Violet smiled upon him next day, Reuben was torn a-sunder by Love and Remorse, pully-heady.

He would some kindly murderer had bin To ambush to have him on his way slain; Such slaughter would have had upon the dead, His everlasting thanks, if death could plead; Or had he in his little brass coin died, He would not now be wretched, love-tongued.

The luckless miscreant determines to flee; but Violet protests. He hasn't half seen the country yet. Why be a Foster Fraser?

"Do not be like globe-trotting travellers, Who in a way resemble the grasshoppers, Escaping like the locust on a top-down, And with their glasses spy it up and down, To vanish on the morrow from the scene, To boast of the great country they have seen.

Reuben is tempted; besides, the squatter likes him, and shows him round; also by this time Violet and Reuben have discovered their mutual passion; but Violet says she's too young to marry, and tells Reuben how he can fill up the time till she's out of her teens.

"The sport at night to shoot the ruf-fall'd possum, That live on birds high on the towering gums. This we shall do; our dogs will find them out, And when they bark, you'll see them crawl about. On the baked branches, as the moon goes round, Which with a gun you can bring to the ground;

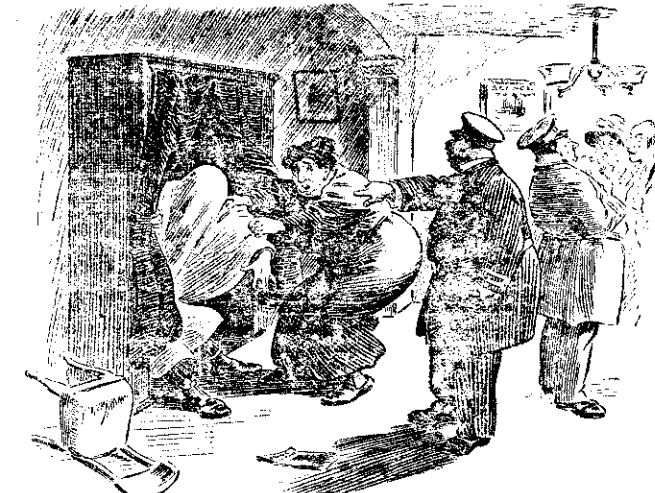
But Scandal, vile Scandal, was busy with Reuben and Violet, and as soon as the clergyman heard it—

Now came the local clergyman in speed, Waving his hands as on he spur'd his steed. Lest very angry did his face appear, While whispering something in the squatter's ear; He'd heard the daughter was wed yesterday, And why was it he had not perform'd that duty?

"My dear parishioners will wonder why— Why I the happy couple did not tie, And I shall be the ridicule of them, And ne an honest man they will condemn, Thinking I was unworthy your regard, Incredulous that I should be thus betray'd; On Sunday I'll preach on this subject till My blessed congregation feels a thrill; I'll bring the holy tears into their eyes, So they will not and not poor me despise. In prayer, in hymn, in sermon I'll urge you, So couple and mix up till they cry shame."

The squatter denied the rumour, and tried to forget it.

He calls them for his pipe, the farmer's paper, A jug of cider and a lighted taper, And tells within a chair that might hold two, Putting in meditation, while the brew He happily quaffs, and reads the latest news, Disputing often with the Journal's views.



GIVING UP THE GHOST.

Meanwhile Reuben and Violet are enjoying themselves.

Then next he kissed her on that rose-strown face, When honey was there in that sweet embrace! Then did he lay his cheeks upon her cheeks, Wishing to graze on those soft lawns for weeks. In whose fair beauty garden he would stray, Kissing the rose and lily which there lay.

The squatter is chasing a bull, when back comes the messenger of ill-tidings.

But see! the person on his steed comes nigh, Brushing the branches as he gallops by, Over the logs, over the three-wood'd fence, His hat blows off, but he will no suspect! His reverent coat tails fly about the air, Bringing swift tidings to the squatter there. "The snake is nestling on your flower-bed, Your only flower-bed, all mine and red, Your violet bed of treasur'd everything, Wherein's encompassed all the jewels of spring. I say it's being trampled on, dead! And its emerald coat has you beguiled."

And the clergyman points out that Reuben is a drowned, and that Violet is an impostor. Then the squatter rages.

Oh! what a fury was the squatter in! What ivory fell on his ruby skin! Was swift assassination imminent? Why did he grind his teeth so violent? Why was the stock-wild brandish'd in the air? Why did he swear like any wagoner?

Then Reuben confesses his villainy, and Violet forgives him.

Didst say, love, Reuben? Oh, what a rich name! To be up'd'd with an impostor's shame! Oh, 'Rube' and 'en'—oh, what rare syllables. To jingle in my ears more sweet that ho! I'd rather Reuben any time than Cyrus—Did say, love, he was dead? Quite gone from us? "I had never seen his face, 'tis true, But if he did but half resemble you, Then old 'Rube' will the fishes 'manour'd be! They fleetly glide by him beneath the sea! Oh, I am sure he will enthrall the sand, And all the rocks from their base disband. "I never did like Cyrus all the same, It is the quietest and the vilest name. That ever crept out of the lexicon; But Reuben has been fished from Helicon, Where all the happy singing muses live, Away from man in aerial perspective."

So Violet runs to meet the squatter, in order to shield her Reuben. The squatter is hard to convince that the impostor can be a worthy man.

"I clearly have his worth and estimate, By which I value him as an estate: Rank grass, rank weeds, and sandy, thriftless soil, Which would the fairest clover patch despoil, O'ertram with collin moth, the tick, and thistle. The rabbit, fox, the wolf, and prickly bristle.

At this Violet faints, and the squatter's men seize Reuben and deport him to a village settlement, where his shocking reputation follows him.

They lifted him into a vehicle, And hurried fast to make each minute tell, Then gallop'd him past hills and happy plains, Expecting fortune to reward their pains. By night they'd reach'd a village settlement,

She looks where, once that home that guard the land, But there a solitary chimney stands: The fate of her dear father dawns more clear, For there his hat, quite out of shape, lies seen; His coat lies sing'd beside the grinding stone, His dear old white horse a char'd heap of bone.

Soon all is over.

They found her beside the water's edge, Her ribbons on a gold-vein'd sunken ledge, And where she lay the violets all grew beneath the water, out of passing view, And botanists did wonder at such things, Discussing long these marvellous happenings.

We can Shakespeareise no more to-day. We cannot linger over the splendid dramas and touching lyrics. But this we can say: that if there is one Australian poet who is destined to immortality it is Arthur Bateman, and if there is one book of Australian poetry worth buying for its rich boon of pleasure and enlightenment that book is Arthur Bateman's "Dramatic Works." If the author had possessed only 10 per cent of critical intelligence we could have said a great deal more; his remainder of 90 per cent, properly handled, would equip half-a-dozen ordinary poets for the ascent of Parnassus.

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

Prosperity is the best protector of principle.—Mark Twain.

The realisation of death is a great incentive to life.—D. McLynnont.

Hypocrisy is the language that truth pays to falsehood.—Bernard Shaw.

To rise betimes, and to marry young, are what no man repents of doing.—Luther.

Energy of will—self-originating force—is the soul of every great character.—Smiles.

Blessed are they who link justice and brotherhood to their patriotism.—Bernard Shaw.

The essence of life is strife; the ideal of life is absence of strife.—A. C. Holzapfel.

It is quite useless expecting to find perfection when we do so little to promote it ourselves.—W. Stewart Royston.

Russia fears that freedom in Finland might be catching.—"Chicago News."

Nine women out of ten would trim their hats with the tail feathers of their guardian angels if they could only get at them.—"Sydney Bulletin."

Man needs protection against woman, for she trades on her weakness. A hysterically or wickedly inclined woman can make lots of trouble for a man.—"World."

All bridegrooms are not possessed of illimitable wealth, and the idea of having to bestow expensive gifts of jewellery on half-a-dozen fastidious maidens is almost enough to deter the poor man from marrying the maiden of his choice.—"Gentleman."

Our manner of celebrating weddings should be revised. At present we have not made up our minds whether a wedding is solemn or jovial, a feast or a lamentation, and we never do well those things which we do not understand.—"Daily Sketch."

The Dachshund is a funny sight. As on his way he calmly jogs, Though short his legs, his pants are quite as long as those of other dogs. As long as those of other dogs. —"Judge," New York.

A reward has been offered by a lady at Peas-lake, Surrey, for information as to the person who whitewashed her donkey, and then painted blue stripes on it. There would seem to be no pleasing some people. Personally, we should be proud to own what is probably the only donkey in the country which has a neat well-fitting bathing costume.—"Punch."

Talk vaguely but openly of sex problems in drawing-rooms, paint a little—boldly—write a little—boldly—and you will be hailed on all hands as possessed of an artistic temperament.—"Vanity Fair."

The mother-in-law is very human, and although she fully recognises the trials and troubles of life, yet she is not above feminine weakness. A little confidence and a little loving kindness would do much to ameliorate the small annoying frictions that her so-called "odiousness" causes.—"Madame."

NO MORE GREY HAIRS.
VIOLETTA WALNUT EXTRACT
YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE RENEWED.

GREY and FADED HAIR resumes its natural colour. Immediate effect. Pleasant and harmless. A SIMPLE, HARMLESS, VEGETABLE STAIN FOR GREY HAIR. Preferred to any other. Guaranteed to be entirely free from lead or any poisons, and producing a natural colour.

Sold everywhere. Price 8/6.

Wholesale Agents:
L. D. NATHAN and Co., Ltd.

ELEY ALL BRITISH MADE.
 The reliability, accuracy and general excellence of Eley Ammunition are recognised by sportsmen in all countries under the sun.

A few varieties are shown—
 Eley 'Universal'
 Eley 'Smokeless'
 Eley '22 Horn'
 Eley 'Fourteen'

Obtainable of Gunmakers and Dealers.
 Eley Bros. Ltd., London.

The Wise Mother Uses Bonnington's Irish Moss.

For children's Coughs and Colds there is no remedy so safe and sure, for it is absolutely free from harmful narcotics. Moreover, for nearly half a century

Bonnington's CARRAGEEN Irish Moss

has been the standard family medicine for all throat and chest ailments. Mrs. Elizabeth French, of Christchurch, writes—

"I am pleased to testify to the efficacy of Bonnington's Irish Moss. I have used it for myself and family for many years for Coughs and Colds. We have all derived much benefit from taking Bonnington's Irish Moss.—Elizabeth French."

Some unscrupulous dealers may try to sell you a substitute or imitation which gives you greater profit. Absolutely refuse any remedy but Bonnington's Irish Moss.

DR. SHELDON'S
NEW DISCOVERY

For Coughs and Colds

SORE LUNGS

When your lungs are sore and inflamed from coughing is the time when the germs of pneumonia, pleurisy, and consumption find lodgment and multiply.

DR. SHELDON'S NEW DISCOVERY for COUGHS and COLDS stops the cough, heals and strengthens the lungs. It is a safe and never-failing remedy. Small dose. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 3/ Hospital size, 5/.

The Ladies' College, Remuera
 FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House.

This first-class Private school provides Modern High-class Education and Moral Training on Christian but Unsectarian principles. Home life is combined with the Culture and Disciplinary influences of School under Maternal Supervision and with Selected Companionship. Full staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses, English and Foreign. Prospectus on application of Messrs. Upton and Co., or Principal. **MRS. S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., S.K.**

METAPHYSICAL HEALING.

DISEASE and its Cause being Mental, material "remedies" only relieve temporarily. Consult Mr. Henry, Psycho-Physician, No. 10, CORNER OF SYMONDS ST. AND WELLESLEY ST. Telephone 2718.

Constipation and Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion,

The immense number of orders for Frootoids, sent by post direct to the Proprietor, is convincing proof that the public appreciate their splendid curing power over the above-named complaints.

Frootoids are elegant in appearance and pleasant to take; they are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient; they remove from the blood, tissues and internal organs waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them.

The beneficial effects of Frootoids are evident by the disappearance of headache, a bright, cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish, depressed feelings, by the liver acting properly and by the food being properly digested.

Frootoids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all.

Frootoids act splendidly on the liver; a dose taken at bed-time, once a week, is highly beneficial.

A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will on each occasion when suffering take a dose of Frootoids instead of an ordinary aperient. The patient thus gradually becomes independent of Aperient Medicines.

Price, 1/6. Chemists, Medicine Vendors, or the Proprietor, W. G. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

BOVRIL

makes delicious bouillon, rich, tasty gravies; adds flavour and strength to stews, hashes, entrees, etc.

BOVRIL IS THE TRUE ECONOMIST IN THE KITCHEN.

The name **Symington's Coffee Essence** must appear on each bottle you buy, if you want the strongest, most delicious and most economical coffee essence obtainable.

Say Symington's to your grocer.

The Symington & Co., Edinburgh & London.

BOOKS AT BARGAIN PRICES.

Over 7000 of the Best Works in General Literature and Fiction, at 25% to 80% below Published Cost. Catalogues Free on mentioning "N.Z. Mail."

W. H. SMITH & SON'S LIBRARY,
 186, Strand, London, England.

JOHN ROUTLY, ARCHITECT,
 28 EMPIRE BUILDINGS, SWANSON-ST., AUCKLAND.

Mr. ROUTLY is a Practical Builder and a Graduate in Architecture. Designs and Supervision for anything, from a Cottage to a Mansion. High Building Construction after the American Steel Frame System. Reinforced Concrete Work.

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

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

THE GRAPHIC FREE STEREOSCOPES

Stereoscopes for use with the pictures sent out at regular intervals with the Graphic are supplied **GRATIS**

To Annual **Prepaid Subscribers**

and should be applied for on Subscribing or Renewing Subscriptions. Application should be forwarded to the Manager.

Progress in Science.

A Dinosaur Skeleton with Skin 3,000,000 Years Old.

DEARLY complete skeletons of duck-billed dinosaurs have been found, some with fragments of the epidermis also preserved. Not long ago two were mounted in the American Museum of New York city.

A third specimen, increased in nearly complete epidermis, has just been added to the collection, thus completing our knowledge of these interesting creatures, so that few, if any, of the extremely ancient prehistoric animals are at present as well known as the members of the family Trachodontidae.

These creatures in slightly modified forms are found in the rocks of several geological formations, covering a long period of the earth's history, but all became extinct at the close of the Laramie Cretaceous period, conservatively estimated to be three millions of years ago. They were not exclusively American, for a few representatives have been found in rocks of the Wealden age in England and Hungary. But they reached their maximum development in America, where they were widely distributed over the eastern and western United States and south-western Canada.

Plant remains, leaves, fruits and wood are sometimes found with the fossilised bones, and, by comparing them with modern plants, we are able to determine with considerable accuracy the climatic conditions of the past geologic age. Fern leaves, fig fruits, and banana leaves have been found with Trachodonts in Montana, which show that the climate of the United States, as far north as Canada, was warm temperate to sub-tropical at the close of the Cretaceous period.

The Trachodonts were aquatic dinosaurs, and spent most of their lives in fresh water lagoons, which were then abundant over the low interior lands. Their remains have also been found in sea deposits that were formed near the

shores. It is not a difficult matter to picture one of these sylvan marshes of the Cretaceous period with stately palms bordering the lakes; the rapacious Tyrannosaurus, king of the flesh-eating dinosaurs, lurking among the trees to capture a meal; the Trachodonts disporting themselves out in deep water, their only safety from foes.

The numerous remains of these huge creatures that have been recovered attest their great numbers during life. A comparative study of their anatomy leaves little doubt that they were oviparous; that is, reproduced from eggs, which may well have been hatched in the warm sands bordering the shores.

They combine some anatomical characters of both lizards and crocodiles, but have no near living relatives and left no descendants. They were kangaroo shaped, with long hind legs and reduced fore legs and a long deep powerful swimming tail. The peculiar expanded beak, resembling a duck's bill, was covered by a horny mass, denticulate in form, which was undoubtedly used in gathering its vegetable food, the nature of which is still conjectural. The teeth, situated farther back in the jaws, are the most highly specialised of any known. There were about 1000 altogether, massed in a solid pavement, that is, about 500 in each jaw, distributed in 45 to 60 vertical rows, according to age and species.

A Cinder-laden Blast.

The powerful abrading effect of the cinder-laden blast from locomotive smokestacks has been shown at a bridge at Boston, which was built with the lowest members only 15 feet above the tracks, and therefore within a foot or so of the mouth of the smokestacks. Although the steel beams of the floor

were completely inclosed by thick lead plate, and the webs and flanges were also protected by hollow tile, within ten years' time the blast has eaten through the lower faces of the tiles, and bodily cut out pieces of the lead, whole sections of both the tile and the lead falling to the ground. The destructive effect was much less notable in bridges having three feet additional clearance.

Aerial Navies.

The total number of military airships completed in Europe and America at the end of July was 27, and nearly as many more were being built. Germany possesses 13 completed airships, France 7, Italy 2, and Belgium, England, Austria, Russia and the United States 1 military airship each. The smallest is the German "Clouth," of 1700 cubic metres gas capacity and 22 mile speed. They vary in length from 100 to 450 feet. The largest machines are the Zeppelins 1, 11, and 111, which are from 12,000 to 15,000 cubic metres capacity.

The Best Men from the Country.

It has long been well-known that the rural population is superior to the population of the cities, and the population of the agricultural eastern provinces of Germany is superior to that of the manufacturing western provinces in regard to fitness for military service. The forty-one large cities, which contain one-fifth of the entire population of Germany, furnish only 17 per cent of its soldiers. Berlin makes the poorest showing of all, furnishing only 39 per cent of the contingent which it should furnish in accordance with its population. Hamburg furnishes 42 per cent of its proper share, Bremen 65 per cent, Alsace-Lorraine 78 per cent. The deficiencies are made up by the eastern provinces. East Prussia furnishes 140 per cent of its proper share, West Prussia and Posen 129 per cent, Pomerania 123 per cent, Saxony 134 per cent. The average height of the recruits from the north of Germany exceeds that of the recruits from the south. The average height for the whole Empire is 66 inches, the average for Mecklenburg, Schleswig-Holstein, and Oldenburg is 66½ inches, and the average for Saxony and Silesia is only 65½ inches.

At Great Depths.

The deepest coal seams mined in America lie above a depth of 2,200 feet; some of the coal mines in England are developing seams at a depth of 3,600 feet, while coal mining is carried on at a depth of about 4,000 feet in Belgium.

The First Aeroplane.

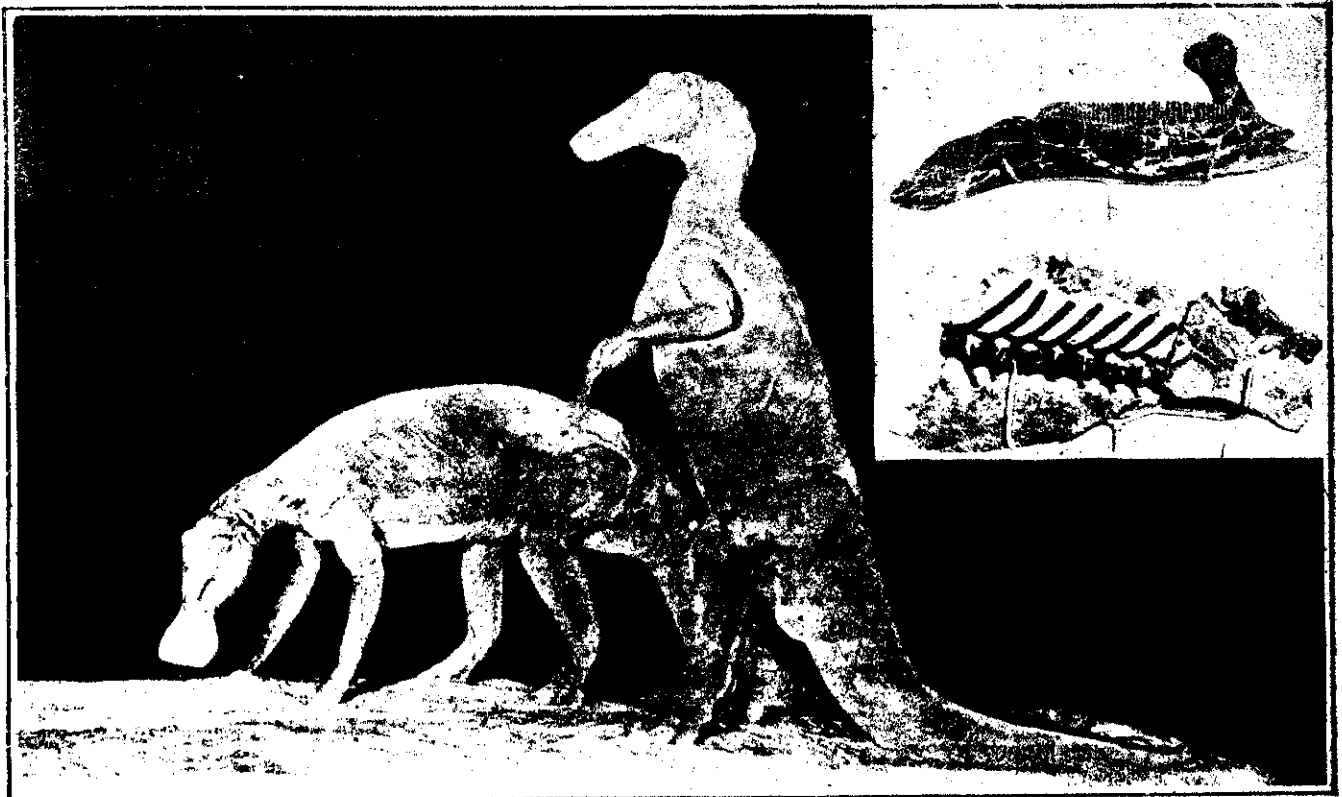
According to A. A. C. Swinton, the first flight of a model aeroplane propelled by steam is to be credited to the Hon. Charles A. Parsons of turbine fame, who in 1893 built an aeroplane with two 11-foot wings and a tail, and drove it with a steam engine whose cylinder was 1½ inches diameter by 2 inches stroke, steam being supplied by a boiler 2½ inches diameter by 14 inches long, in which steam was generated at 50 pounds pressure by a spirit lamp. The whole apparatus, including aeroplane, engine, and fuel, weighed 4½ pounds, and it flew for distances of 100 yards at a height of 20 feet, coming down only when the steam pressure fell.

Nothing Wasted.

An electric lighting plant in Nebraska is manufacturing ice as a by-product. The exhaust steam of the plant, which would otherwise go to waste, is utilised in the ammonia absorption process of ice manufacture, and also for distilling water from which the ice is made. This venture, we are informed, has proved a very profitable one for the lighting company, and might be copied to advantage by other plants similarly situated.

A Useful Invention.

The Great Western Railway in England is installing a compact railway ticket printing machine. When a ticket for a certain station is required, the clerk touches an indicator which carries the name of the station, slips a blank into a slot, turns a handle, and the completed ticket drops out. At the same time a record of the sale is printed on a continuous strip of paper, together with the fare and all information required for bookkeeping. When the clerk goes off duty, he simply has to total up the continuous strip of paper and count his cash.

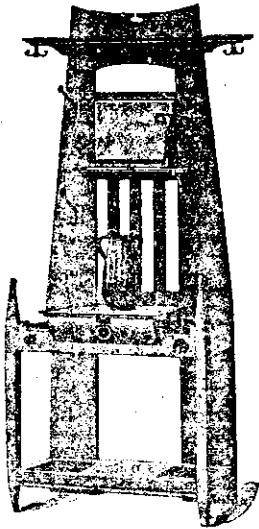


Trachodon Group Restored.

Trachodon lower jaw with pavement-like mass of teeth. Trachodon tail partly covered with fossil skin.

A DINOSAUR SKELETON WITH SKIN 3,000,000 YEARS OLD.

Art in the Home.



ART in the Home can only be obtained by the most careful consideration of the relation which each article bears to the other. Consequently, those who contemplate house furnishing will be well advised to place the entire matter in the hands of an experienced firm.

Such a course not only ensures an artistic homogeneity throughout the Home, but saves time, trouble, and the chance of including what is inappropriate. We shall be pleased to demonstrate to you how you can, with a given expenditure, obtain the best results. Illustrated Furniture Catalogue free on application.



SMITH & CAUGHEY, Ltd.

Wholesale and Family Drapers, Cabinetmakers, Complete House Furnishers, and Removal Contractors, AUCKLAND.

New Zealand Insurance Company, Ltd.

FIRE, MARINE, ACCIDENT and LIVE STOCK.

Established 1859.

CAPITAL—£1,500,000

NET REVENUE FOR 1909—£636,930

PAID-UP CAPITAL AND RESERVE—£745,000

LOSSES PAID BY COMPANY TO DATE

£7,532,435

HEAD OFFICE - AUCKLAND.

MR. MATTHEW A. CLARK (Chairman)
L. J. BAGNALL,
THOMAS BUDDLE,
R. C. CARR,

DIRECTORS

C. RHODES,

HON. S. THORNE GEORGE. (Deputy Chairman)
H. BORTON,
C. V. HOUGHTON,
ARTHUR M. MYERS.

Represented throughout the World, and well supported on account of its Financial Strength and Liberal Settlements.

CHAS. F. MINNITT, Inspector.

JAMES BUTTLE, General Manager.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and rapid relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying Irritation in the Throat and giving Strength to the Voice, and it neither allows a Cough nor Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption is not known where "Coughs" have, on their first appearance, been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose or two is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6 Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

The Party Line.

A Tale of Telephonic Eavesdropping. By Bruno Lessing.

ALL the world loves a lover. Curiosity, thy name is woman. Eavesdroppers never hear good of themselves.

There you have all the philosophical reflections that fit this tale, and without more ado I shall proceed to tell you what happened in Brownsville. The Shiffrins were at supper when the telephone bell rang, and Mrs Shiffrin, with greater alacrity than you would ever have thought she could display—for Mrs Shiffrin was fat—hastened to take down the receiver. "That wasn't for us," her husband said. "It rang four times, and our call is two rings."

But Mrs Shiffrin put her finger to her lips and said "Sh!" and with a smile of sceptical content proceeded to listen. At exactly the same time the Rosensteins were at supper about three blocks down the same street, and they, too, heard the telephone bell ring. Mrs Rosenstein upset a chair in her eagerness to answer, while her husband, in mild surprise, said:

"That wasn't for us. It rang four times, and our call is three."

Mrs Rosenstein did not even deign to reply. She was listening at the telephone, and what she and Mrs Shiffrin heard was this:

"Is that you, Sadie?"

"Hello, David!"

"Do you love me as much as ever?"

"I won't you terrible to talk like that over the telephone?"

"But do you?"

"Yes!"

"Then give me one kiss."

"Over the phone?"

"Sure! Here's a whole lot for you. T! T! T! T! T! T! Now go ahead."

"Long pause, then, 'T ———'"

"You're the sweetest girl in the world."

"Say, Dave."

"Yes, sweetheart!"

"I asked papa if he knew you—just in a casual sort of way, don't you know. I didn't let on about anything—I just wanted to know how he feels about you. What did you ever do to him?"

"Nothing. Why?"

"Oh, Dave, he'll never give his consent!"

"What did he say about me?"

"He didn't say anything; it was only the way he looked at me. Are you sure you never did anything—oh, good-by, Dave! I hear him coming down-stairs. Call me up to-morrow, will you?"

"Yes, darling; at the same time. I love——" But just then Sadie hung up the receiver, and the connection was broken.

Mrs Rosenstein and Mrs Shiffrin, three blocks apart, each sighed blissfully, hung up the telephone receiver, and again sat down to supper.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr Shiffrin.

"Oh, it is so interesting," his wife replied. "Every night, just about this time, Dave Rosnofsky calls up Sadie Malbin on the telephone, and they have such a spunky conversation. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

Mr Shiffrin frowned. "Is it nice to listen to other people's conversation?" he asked. "How would you like anyone to listen to what you are saying?"

"Oh, I don't care who listens to what I say," said Mrs Shiffrin with a disdainful toss of her head. "But Sadie's father would be awfully mad if he knew what was going on. I wonder whether they'll get married."

The same conversation took place at the same time in the household of the Rosensteins. Both husbands, being learned in the Talmud, expressed their disapprobation and paid no further attention to the matter, for all Talmudists know that he who undertakes to regulate the follies and weaknesses of a woman embarks upon a perilous sea. And neither Rosenstein nor Shiffrin was a good sailor.

The following night the telephone bell again rang four times, and both Mrs Shiffrin and Mrs Rosenstein hurried to the receiver.

"Is that you, dear?"

"Hello, Dave. Oh, I'm in terrible trouble!"

"What's the matter, darling? Tell me, quickly!"

"Papa wants me to marry that horrid Lowenthal just because he has lots of money, and—and—haa-hoo—I'm terribly unhappy!"

"Don't cry, dearest. Don't you worry about it at all. I'll break that Lowenthal's face. Can you come out to-night?"

"I'm afraid, David. Papa is so terribly suspicious."

"Just say you're going out to the square to listen to the music and I'll meet you there by accident."

"All right, dear. I'll do my best. If I don't come you'll know it's because I couldn't get out."

"Do you love me a lot, Sadie?"

"M-m-m—you bet! Good-by."

"Moo," said Mrs Shiffrin to her husband. "Let's go out to the square to-night and listen to the music."

"I'll change his face and his feet and his head and his lungs and his liver first!"

"Aren't you terrible, Dave?"

"Now, I'll tell you what to do, girlie. Sunday night, at ten o'clock, I'll be waiting for you outside the house in a carriage. You take just what you need and no more and come out. I'll arrange

to defend the integrity of his friend, said:

"Mr. Malbin, it is not a lie. Of course, it is none of our business, but everybody knows the young people are in love with each other. Didn't he give her a diamond ring?"

"Didn't they meet in the square the other night?" asked Shiffrin.

"I'm it all arranged that they're going to elope on Sunday night?" said Rosenstein.

Mr. Malbin looked from one to the other, speechless with rage. Then, without a word, he rose and strode from the room.

"I'm sorry I said a word," said Shiffrin meekly.

"So am I," said Rosenstein. "What did you do it for?"

"It just slipped out," explained Shiffrin. "I really wasn't thinking when I spoke."

A light suddenly dawned upon Rosenstein. "Say," he said, "your telephone is on the same party line as mine. Does your wife listen, too?" Shiffrin nodded.

"Well," said Rosenstein, "it's a silly business. But I guess we'd better not tell them what happened to-night." And Shiffrin agreed.

On Sunday night Mrs. Shiffrin, out for a late stroll, happened to meet Mrs. Rosenstein directly in front of Mr. Malbin's house. They paused to chat with each other. They discussed the weather, the new style in hats, the best place for marketing, and the best treatment for influenza; but though, ever and anon, they cast a glance at the windows of Mr. Malbin's house, neither of them said a single word about what was uppermost in her mind. Presently a carriage drove up, and David Rosnofsky

all the rest. Now, there's no use talking about it. I'll be there, and if you don't come out, I'll know you don't love me. Good-by."

Mrs. Rosenstein gasped. Mrs. Shiffrin gasped. And each hastened to her husband and proclaimed the startling news:

"They're going to elope next Sunday night at ten o'clock!"

"It's not nice to listen," was Mr. Shiffrin's only comment. "I wish you would mind your own business," said Mr. Rosenstein to his spouse. And you would have been willing to swear that both of them immediately forgot the matter.

A few evenings later, however, Shiffrin and Rosenstein happened to meet in Schonstein's cafe, and played a game of chess. During the game they chatted about everything that entered their heads, but not a word was said about the telephonic love affair, and probably not a word would have been said had not Mr. Malbin, the father of Sadie, entered the cafe, and sat down at their table to watch the game. Shiffrin was losing, and all his mental faculties were concentrated upon the disposition of his men. But while he was thinking hard about chess his tongue ran on noisily, answering Mr. Malbin's questions, hardly aware of what he was saying until—

of a sudden—Mr. Malbin's fist came down upon the table with a crash, and "It's a lie!" he cried. Shiffrin started, looked up, forgot all about playing chess, and after quite a perceptible interval of time realised that he had said:

"I understand your girl Sadie is sweet on Dave Rosnofsky."

He now stared at Mr. Malbin's glaring countenance, collected his scattered wits, and was about to reply, when Rosenstein, feeling himself called upon

"I thought they had quarrelled and were never going to speak to each other again," remarked her husband.

"Oh, that was all patched up. Dave admitted he was in the wrong."

And Mrs Rosenstein, interrupting her husband in a game of checkers with her rabbi, said,

"He took her to the theatre last night."

"But I thought," said Mr Rosenstein absent-mindedly, "that he said he said to work and couldn't take her."

Which merely goes to show that a husband, without the slightest interest in the gossipy prattle of his wife, somehow or other absorbs everything she says.

One night when the telephone bell rang four times Mrs Shiffrin and Mrs Rosenstein overheard the following:

"There's no other way out of it, Sadie dear."

"But why can't you wait, Dave?"

"Wait! I've waited too long altogether. It's next Sunday night or never."

"You're so cruel."

"I'm not a bit cruel, Sadie. Didn't you say that if your father insisted on your marrying that scoundrel you would give up everything and marry me?"

"But maybe papa will change his mind, dear!"

"He'll change his face and his feet and his head and his lungs and his liver first!"

"Aren't you terrible, Dave?"

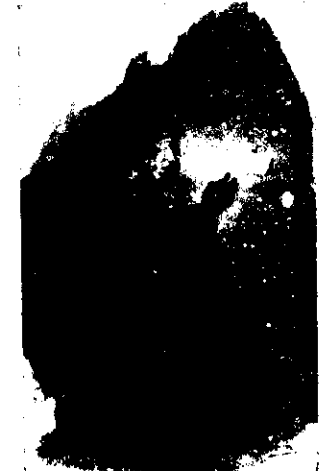
"Now, I'll tell you what to do, girlie. Sunday night, at ten o'clock, I'll be waiting for you outside the house in a carriage. You take just what you need and no more and come out. I'll arrange



"You didn't tell me where you went last night," remarked Mrs. Shiffrin with great self-control.



Mr. Malbin's fist came down upon the table with a crash, and "It's a lie!" he cried.



A note was pinned on the door.

alighted and stood on the sidewalk, looking up at one of the windows. Mrs. Shiffrin and Mrs. Rosenstein watched him, as if spellbound. Their conversation ceased. David began to whistle

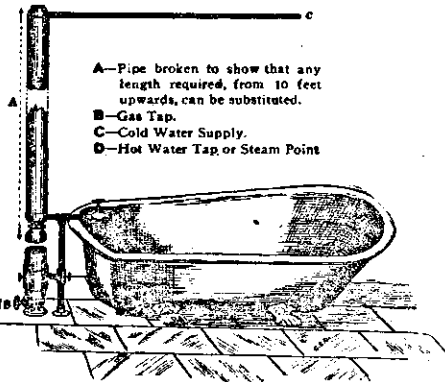
Hoyle's Prints Wash !!



These Prints have over a century's reputation for quality. When you insist upon getting HOYLES you insist upon having good value. See that this trade mark is on the outside of the piece.

MCLEOD'S PATENT CALIFONT WATER HEATER or STEAM GENERATOR

Patentee and Sole Proprietor of the McLeod Process for the Ventilation of Mines. Full particulars of which may be had upon application.



- A—Pipe broken to show that any length required, from 10 feet upwards, can be substituted.
- B—Gas Tap.
- C—Cold Water Supply.
- D—Hot Water Tap or Steam Point

How to Get Hot Water in 3 minutes

TURN on gas tap marked B on the sketch, apply lighted match at opening just below arrow head pointing downwards, and at the expiration of 3 minutes the water will be heated.

PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY

Guarantee given with each machine

Come and see this wonderful invention; it speaks for itself.

WORKS:

Patterson St., Freeman's Bay, Auckland, N.Z.
NEAR THE DESTRUCTOR.

Supreme Camera Excellence

No Camera embraces so many useful movements, combined with the highest quality of workmanship, as the

PREMO

Made to take plates or daylight loading film-packs, and can be used either as a hand or a stand camera—really four cameras in one. The arrangements for loading and focussing are perfect. It is particularly suitable for all-round work. There is 25 years of experience behind a Premo—it is not an experiment.

PRICES FROM 15/- to £20.

Stocked by
N.Z. PHOTO GOODS LTD.,
QUEEN STREET.



softly. The window that he was watching was suddenly opened, and a drenching shower of water descended upon him, followed swiftly by a wooden pail that fell squarely upon his head. Then Mr. Malbin, grinning triumphantly, leaned out of the window.

"You little boaster!" he cried. "If I ever catch you around here again, I will have you arrested!"

Mrs. Rosenstein and Mrs. Shifrin had screamed when the pail fell upon David. Now they separated without saying a single word to each other, and hurried home. When David reached home to nurse his bruised crown, he found a note from Sadie that had been delivered a few minutes after he left his room.

"Do not come to-night," it ran. "Papa knows everything. Mr. Rosenstein and Mr. Shifrin told him, and he is waiting with a pail of water to throw it on you when you come.—Sadie."

David went to Schonslein's cafe, where he found Shifrin and Rosenstein playing chess.

"Tell me all about it," he said, in a calm, low voice. "The two men looked at him, and there was that in his countenance that sent a chill down their spines. Instinctively each clutched him by an arm.

"Believe me, I am innocent!" said Shifrin.

"I did not do it on purpose!" cried Rosenstein. "Listen, and I will tell you everything."

David listened. When he learned that all his talks with Sadie had been overheard by the two women he flushed furiously. Then he said:

"You are a pair of old women. I will decide what I am going to do. I know I should give you both a good heating. Maybe I will do it. But promise me one thing, and I will forgive you."

"On my sacred word of honour!" exclaimed Shifrin. And, "On the Torah?" cried Rosenstein.

"Promise me that to-morrow night at ten o'clock you will both be in the square near the music-stand, waiting for me, and that you will not tell a living soul—not even your wives—where you are going."

They promised. Without the faintest idea of what they were to encounter, they promised faithfully to keep the trust, and to maintain absolute secrecy. The following night, at the usual time, the bell rang four times, and Mrs. Shifrin and Mrs. Rosenstein promptly took their places at the telephone.

"My heart is breaking, David!" they heard.

"Do not worry, sweetheart. All will come out right in the end. I missed your note by a few minutes, but you have nothing to blame yourself for. Can you come out to-night?"

"Oh, dear no. Papa is home, and won't let me leave the house."

"Don't worry, dear. I'll call you up again in about an hour. By the way, I saw an awfully funny thing last night. Remember those two blonde actresses in the Yiddish theatre who are boarding with the Cohens? They were out last night with Mr. Shifrin and Mr. Rosenstein, sitting in the square under the electric light. What do you think of the old rascals?"

"Oh, David! Aren't they terrible! Why, they're both married."

"Yes, but when you think of their wives, you really can't blame them so much. I heard them ask the girls to meet them again to-night at the same place at ten o'clock."

I would like to make clear to you exactly how Mrs. Rosenstein and Mrs. Shifrin felt, but I cannot do it. There is a limit to every man's descriptive powers, and I have reached mine. Besides, I doubt if the language contains the assortment of words that would be required. At any rate, their first impulse was to fly at their husbands and denounce them, and, being women, their second thought was to resort to a round about course.

"You didn't tell me where you went last night," remarked Mrs. Shifrin with great self-control.

"Where I always go—to the cafe," answered her husband, without even looking up from his newspaper.

"I suppose you're going there to-night?"

"Yes—er, that is, no." Mr. Shifrin looked up at his wife. "I have an engagement to-night," he said, "and I promised to tell nobody about it. So don't ask any questions."

Mrs. Shifrin went into another room and began to cry softly. After all these years—she had been such a dutiful wife

Wasting can be cured by SCOTT'S Emulsion

Scott's Emulsion permanently cures wasting in all its forms. This statement is made because hundreds of people have written to say that they or theirs were cured of wasting by Scott's Emulsion. For example, Mrs. W. Morrison wrote, 3rd March, 1909, from 10, Griffiths Street, Manly, Sydney, N.S.W.:

"At two months, my daughter could not retain nourishment and wasted away almost to skin and bone; we thought she would die. After the first few doses of Scott's Emulsion she was decidedly better. Soon she took food and rapidly gained weight and strength. Now her flesh is firm and solid, and she is a bright, healthy child. She likes Scott's and has always taken it without difficulty. This trademark was on the emulsion I bought."



If you wish to stop wasting, and decide to buy Scott's Emulsion, decide also to GET SCOTT'S EMULSION.

You may be asked to buy another emulsion and told it is "just as good as Scott's." Substitute emulsions can only be sold on the reputation of Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion cures the disease—no matter the age of the patient, and will be approved by your Doctor for Wasting if you ask him.

Of all Chemists and Dealers in Medicines

Mellor's

GENUINE WORCESTER

Sauce

ADDS PERFECT SATISFACTION TO THE ZEST OF HONEST APPETITE!

Many imitate it, but none approach its inimitable ... worth, ...

The Standard Remedy which has outlived the Centuries
SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT
In use since 1891.



Cures Australian Blight, Falling Eyelashes, Weak Sight

Ask your chemist for its history. The bank is free or write S. Green, 210 Lambeth Road, London, England. This famous cure is sold by Sharland & Co. Ltd. and by Kempthorne Prosser & Co. Ltd., Auckland, Wellington and Dunedin, also by the U.S. Ltd., Harrow & Co., Christchurch, and most drug stores.

If you want the very best

FLANNELETTE

the Old Country Produces

buy **HORROCKSES'**

GRAND PRIZE
FRANCO-BRITISH
EXHIBITION
1909

SEE HORROCKSES' NAME ON
SELVEDGES and decline all substitutes
Sold by all First-Class Drapers and Storekeepers

G. & G. Co.

Coughs and Lung Troubles

Dear Sirs,—During the past winter I suffered much with weak lungs and a most irritating cough. I was induced to try Angier's Emulsion, and after taking two bottles the cough disappeared, the lungs became invigorated and my general condition vastly improved. Two other members of my family were benefited by taking the Emulsion, and we now intend to always keep a bottle in the house. We strongly recommend it to all our friends.

(Signed) M. DEW,
Editor and Proprietor, Hawthorn and Camberwell Citizen.

ANGIER'S EMULSION

(PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.)

PLEASANT TO TAKE. AIDS DIGESTION.

Angier's Emulsion is invaluable for coughs, bronchitis, asthma, consumption, and all throat and lung affections; also for digestive disorders and wasting diseases. It soothes and heals the lungs and air passages, promotes normal, healthy action of the digestive organs, and builds up health and strength. No other emulsion has the same soothing, cough allaying, lung-healing power nor the same tonic effect upon appetite and digestion. Angier's Emulsion is pleasant to take and agrees perfectly with delicate stomachs.

Free Sample Coupon

Name _____
Address _____

Fill in Coupon and send with 4d. postage to the

ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 7 Barrack Street, Sydney.



Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

"After having recovered from rheumatic fever I was so weak that I thought I would never get strong again.



A friend insisted that I should try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After I had taken about half a bottle my appetite got better and I began to be quite light-hearted. I was quite well and strong before I had finished the sixth bottle, but to make sure I took in all eight bottles."

R. T. MOORE, Adelaide.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

makes the blood rich in red corpuscles, thereby imparting to it new life-giving power. Begin taking it at once. Day after day you will slowly but steadily feel yourself growing stronger and stronger.

As now made, Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains no alcohol. There are many imitation Sarsaparillas that will disappoint you. Get "AYER'S."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

The Latest Fashion, The Smartest Style, The Most Moderate Prices.

are all assured when dealing with so responsible a London Tailor as

PRICES are as follows:

Frock Coat and Vest from	83/-
Dress Suit (Silk-lined)	84/-
Lounge Suit	55/-
Necktie and Knickers	63/-
Cash Tailor and Dress Coat Specialist.	

The same attention is paid to orders by post, as those given personally in London, and by this means Mr. Bult's business from abroad increases annually.

Large choice of Cheviots, Serges, Flannels and Tweeds can be had. State, when writing, which preferred: self-measurement forms and booklet sent free on application. Mr. Bult makes a speciality of Rifling. Dress-hes from 35/- and other clothes most suitable for Colonial Wear.

JOHN J. M. BULT,
140, Fenchurch Street, LONDON, England.

C. BRANDAUER & Co's, Ltd.
Circular Pointed Pens.

Seven Prize Medals.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Attention is also drawn to their patent Anti-Blotting Series.

Ask your Storekeeper for an assorted Sample Box.

Works: Birmingham, England.

—to deceive her so, etc., etc. And in the meantime Mrs. Rosenstein, who had had her soft little cry first, decided to ask no questions but to learn for herself.

At ten o'clock Rosenstein and Shifrin were seated upon a bench close by the music-stand, looking at each other.

"What did he want us to come here for?" asked Rosenstein.

"Maybe we are going to be arrested or killed," suggested Shifrin. They waited, and then—out of the darkness emerged two female figures.

"Oh, you old grey-haired wretches!" cried one.

"You spend your nights at the cafe. Bah!" exclaimed the other.

"Waiting for two bleached-blonde actresses! At your age!" (You see how difficult it is for a woman to be blonde without also becoming bleached.)

And the next moment both women were in hysterics, while their husbands, in hopeless amazement, looked from one to the other, waiting for a coherent explanation. Then came a messenger-boy.

"Isa here two mans vot iss Rosenstein unt Shifrin? I haf a letter."

"My dear friends," the letter ran, "I want to make an apology. I thought I saw you both with two ladies the other night, but I find I was mistaken. It was not you. It was two younger men, better looking, with a great deal more brains than you will ever have. Anyway, I didn't tell it to anybody except Miss Mallin, and I told her to-day I was mistaken. So nobody will ever know. I only apologise because I am so noble and good that I would not even have a wrong thought about a man. Nobody else will ever know of it except some sneaking person who might by accident have been listening over the telephone. But nobody that I can think of would be so low down mean. Respectfully your friend, DAVID ROSNOFSKY."

Mrs. Rosenstein and Mrs. Shifrin were weeping bitterly upon their husbands' shoulders. Their spirits were crushed; there was nothing to say, nothing to think, nothing to do but weep. Their husbands attempted, mechanically, to soothe them, but I doubt if they went about it with any great enthusiasm, for Rosenstein says that every time he looked at Shifrin he found Shifrin winking at him. Then Mr. Mallin arrived, frowning and impatient.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded. "What do you want?"

They all looked at him.

"I don't want anything," said Shifrin, and Rosenstein echoed it.

"Didn't you just telephone me to meet you here right away because it was a case of life and death?"

Shifrin and Rosenstein looked at each other blankly. "We didn't telephone anybody about anything. We don't use the telephone."

And then a light dawned upon Mallin, and without another word he turned upon his heels and ran, at full speed, all the way to his home. A note was pinned on the door. It ran:

Dear Father-in-Law.—I am sorry I had to do it, but in this world all is for the best. You hang around the house so much that I had to get you out by a trick. Well, Sadie and I will be married by this time and on our way to Niagara Falls. Better forgive us and telegraph us whatever you think you can spare. Your loving son-in-law, DAVID.

P.S.—Sadie sends a kiss. Me too.

An Interesting Failure.

The end of an interesting experiment may be read in the announcement that the American Government is prepared to place the Republic of Liberia "on a stable basis by taking entire charge of the finances, military organisation, agriculture, and boundary questions of the country." Founded in order to let the negro race produce the complete flower and fruit of its virtues under conditions of self-government, Liberia has, says the "Fall Mall Gazette," taken admitted rank as a failure. It has made little progress within its own borders, and has inflicted a barbarous tyranny upon its neighbours, which the friends of African peace and civilisation can no longer tolerate. The guardianship of the United States is the best solution of the difficulty, since it avoids territorial jealousies, and the Liberian populace was originally derived from that country. And it will be all to the benefit of political science and opinion in America that the Executive should carry a further direct and responsible share of "the white man's burden."

Cerebos Salt

is economical because it is so good and goes so far.

Three or four tins are sufficient for all the meals of an average family for a whole year.

Agents—L. D. Nathan and Co., Ltd., Auckland.

RUPTURE CURED.

STUART'S PLASTER-PADS are different from the painful tapes, and being self-adhesive they hold the rupture in place without strapping, buckles, or springs—cannot slip to disturb rest or prostration of the patient. They are painless and a wonderful medicine which is very gradually but surely, thereby curing the most obstinate cases. Thousands have succeeded fully cured themselves without hindrance from work and in the privacy of the home. Soft on neck—easy to apply—increases size. Write today, and "Full Treatment TRIAL OF TREATMENT" will be sent FREE. Address: 32, C. R. ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, LONDON, W. C. 2.

PLASTER-PAD CO. W. G. 60-67, SOUTH BROADWAY, LONDON, E. C. 4.

Housekeeping Troubles are smoothed away



by using

BIRD'S Home Specialities

BIRD'S Custard Powder.
BIRD'S Jelly Crystals.

DISSOLVE INSTANTLY UNEQUALLED BRILLIANCY & DELICATE FLAVOUR

BIRD'S Concentrated Egg Powder
BIRD'S Pudding Powder

Storekeepers can obtain supplies of the above locally from their merchants, they may order through Home Houses only, from

ALFRED BIRD & Sons, Ltd., Birmingham, Eng.

Copyright.

Turquoise and Pearl.

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM, Author of "Spanish Gold," etc

I SHALL count on you," said Mrs. Danton, "you must dine with us every night while she is here. That will be three nights beginning with to-morrow. You will take her in to dinner of course."

"I can't possibly—" I began. "You must," said Mrs. Danton, smiling in the delightful way in which Mrs. Danton does smile. "You really must. You know what our party is. We fish, every one of us men and women. We think and talk of nothing else, whereas you are a clever man, the only clever man in the neighbourhood."

I should not venture to call myself a clever man, though I won a Hebrew prize when I was in college, a second prize; and since then have done a little work at old Gaelic. Indeed I published a paper some time ago in "The Philologist" on the connection between Gaelic and Sanskrit. I could not flatter myself that Mrs. Danton knew anything about either Gaelic or Sanskrit, and I was quite unreasonably pleased to hear her call me clever. Nobody else in the world recognises my ability, except my sister Margaret who lives with me; and she admires me, so to speak, from a distance in an uneducated and uninspiring way. Mrs. Danton has always been nice to me since I first knew her, and whether she knew anything about Sanskrit or not I appreciated her way of calling me clever. I would do a good deal to please Mrs. Danton.

"Besides," she went on, "Lady Egerton said in her letter that Miss Bently particularly wanted to meet you. It was Lady Egerton who insisted on my having her here. I couldn't well refuse, you know, because she's Tom's aunt."

I knew beforehand that it was Lady Egerton and not Miss Bently who was the aunt, and so I was not confused by Mrs. Danton's use of the pronouns.

"Tom is furious, of course," she said. "He can't bear literary women; but I couldn't help myself."

Tom is Mrs. Danton's husband. He fishes when they come over here in the summer. What he does at the other seasons of the year when he is elsewhere, I do not know. Very likely he shoots and hunts. I could quite easily believe that he would have little or nothing in common with a literary lady. I did not expect to have much in common with her myself. I doubted very much whether my Hebrew and Gaelic would help me.

"Her name," said Mrs. Danton, "is Rose, Rose Bently. I looked her out in Mudie's list, and I find that she's written a novel called 'Turquoise and Pearl.' You've read it perhaps?"

She looked at me in a curious way as she spoke. If I had not known Mrs. Danton as a woman of the world whose self-possession it was impossible to shake, I should have thought she felt a little shy in making the suggestion that I had read "Turquoise and Pearl."

"No," I said, "I've never even heard of it."

"I haven't read it, of course," she said. "But there's been a lot of talk about it. The men had it in the smoking-room at Dooside when we were there for the cock shooting. I believe it's—well it's not exactly the sort of book a woman would care to read."

"I'm sorry," I said firmly, "but I cannot possibly dine with you to-morrow night."

I am the curate of the parish. I felt that I could not passively face Miss Rose Bently. I am not, I trust, prejudiced or narrow minded; but, as a clergyman, I do not feel that I am the proper man to cope with an emancipated lady novelist. I failed altogether to guess why Miss Bently should want to meet me.

"It will be alright," said Mrs. Danton. "She would talk that way. Lady Egerton would not have sent her here if she was in the least—in fact, now I have found out what she wrote, I'm rather surprised that Lady Egerton did send her here. As a rule Lady Egerton is quite the opposite, quite; almost too much so. She disapproves dreadfully of poor Tom. You needn't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid," I said untruthfully. Mrs. Danton was smiling and seemed inclined to laugh outright. "The fact is that Margaret, my sister Margaret, promised that we'd go to tea at the Rectory to-morrow night."

"Put them off," said Mrs. Danton, "and bring Margaret with you. She'll be one woman too many, but I'll fit her in."

Margaret would, I knew, detest being "fitted in." She has a high sense of personal dignity. She also dislikes Mrs. Danton because she imagines that Mrs. Danton patronises her. This is a mistake, and I used to tell her so at first. I do not press my contradiction now, because she has a theory, which she puts into plain words, that Mrs. Danton makes a fool of me and winds me round her finger.

"I'm sure," I said, "that Margaret won't break her engagement."

"I shall be sorry if she doesn't," said Mrs. Danton. "She would have helped me with Miss Bently after dinner. But I shall count on you. After all it's simply your duty to come. Isn't it? As a clergyman, I mean."

I did not quite see my duty as a clergyman came into the matter, but I had no doubt about my inclination. I felt shy of Miss Bently, but I reflected that I should have somebody else on the

Margaret sniffed again. "If you've only got Mrs. Danton's word for it—"

"Of course," I explained, "Mrs. Danton doesn't say it on her own authority. She is simply repeating the opinion current—in London and other places."

"Very well," said Margaret. "If she really is a clever woman I don't want to deprive you of the chance of talking to her. But I won't go."

Thus it happened, very much I imagine to Mrs. Danton's relief, that I went up to dinner without Margaret. I arrived early and sat for some minutes alone in the drawing-room. Then Mrs. Danton rustled in with a charming apology for not being downstairs to receive me.

"I wrote for the book," she said, "directly I was sure she was coming. I wish I had had it yesterday, so that you could have read it before you met her; but it didn't come till this afternoon. Here it is."

She fished a book in a red cover out of a drawer in her writing table.

"I kept it hidden," she said, "so that Tom shouldn't get hold of it. If he did, he'd make jokes. You know Tom's sort of joke."

I did, and urged her to conceal the book again.

"I can't read it now," I said. "There wouldn't be time. I'm not sure that I care to read it at all."

"Oh, it will be all right for you," said Mrs. Danton. "Nobody could object to your reading it—as a clergyman, I mean."

Mrs. Danton has a peculiar view, all her own, of the clerical office. I am never quite sure what she will expect me to do or say "as a clergyman."

"Keep off the subject as well as you can for to-night," said Mrs. Danton, "and read it to-morrow. Then you'll be able to talk to her about it."



Vicar's Gardener: The Vicar sends 'is an' 'ell he very pleased if you'll come. Invalid: Thank the Vicar very much,

compliments, and 'opes you're better, mum. We got a fine show o' roses now, up to see 'em. George, but I'm feared the excitement would be too much for me!

other side of me at dinner, and tea at the Rectory is really a very dull entertainment. I promised to do my best with Miss Bently.

Margaret, as I expected, flatly refused to dine with the Dantons. She said that if she was wanted she ought to have been asked properly. She even objected to my going. I pointed out to her that I was asked to meet a lady of great literary eminence, and that the invitation, coming as it did at the special request of the lady herself was most flattering. Margaret sniffed. I went on to explain that my opportunities for intellectual intercourse with clever people were very few and that it would be a great pleasure to me to meet Miss Rose Bently. I brought out the name rather anxiously, sincerely hoping that Margaret had never heard of "Turquoise and Pearl." She never had. Indeed when I put the matter that way, she took rather a nice view of it. Margaret is really fond of me, and has a high opinion of my scholarship. She thinks, that here in Connemara, I am a kind of unrecognised genius pining in a wilderness.

"Of course," she said, "if Miss Bently is really a clever woman—"

"She is," I said. "Amazingly clever. Mrs. Danton says so."

a wife and daughter who fished; a fishing stock broker with a wife who was an enthusiast about salmon; an elderly Miss Danton, Tom's sister; a London barrister, the butt of the party, because he never caught anything, and a nondescript boy who was, I understood, reading for Sandhurst. No one showed the least wish to interrupt my conversation with Miss Bently.

We trooped in to dinner, and I found myself between Miss Danton and Miss Bently. This sealed my fate. Miss Danton does not like me. She does not, I believe, like anyone whom her sister-in-law does like. I knew she would not talk to me under any circumstances. I pulled myself together, and devoted my attention to Miss Bently.

"Is this," I asked, "your first visit to Ireland?"

"Yes. I spent two weeks last summer in the Hebrides, North West; and this spring I was in Brittany. I was determined to visit Ireland next."

"And what do you think of us?" I asked.

She looked at me with a mild surprise in her eyes. I felt that the question was banal, and hastened to redeem myself.

"I met a lady once," I said, "who was paying her first visit to Ireland. She told me that the thing which surprised her most was that Irishmen never fall in love."

This was not strictly true. I did not meet that lady myself. It was Tom Danton who met her, and told me afterwards what she said. But I thought the remark was a good one to make to Miss Bently. The authoress of "Turquoise and Pearl," supposing it to be the kind of book Mrs. Danton said it was, ought to be interested in this peculiarity of Irishmen. I fully expected Miss Bently

to say something brilliant in reply. I was disappointed. All she said was, "Indeed."

I tried again.

"I suppose," I said, "that it isn't simply for pleasure that you have come here. You are probably hard at work."

"Indeed I am," she said. "I spent the last fortnight in the Aran Islands."

"Ah," I said, "local colour. Isn't that the phrase? You couldn't have gone to a better place for it."

Then to my surprise she began to talk about the Irish language. It is still spoken in great purity by the Aran Islanders. I was still more surprised when I found that she appeared to know something about the subject. She quoted, to my absolute astonishment, the opinions of Professor Windischheim, of Heidelberg, on some points of Gaelic philology. In the course of our conversation I gathered that she herself was half German and that the professor was her uncle. I am ashamed to say that I forgot all about her literary work, and allowed myself to be seduced into giving her a sort of lecture on ancient Gaelic, and its connection with the early Arvan languages. Before the ladies left us I had promised to take her next day to

see some stones with Ogam inscriptions in a remote corner of the parish.

Afterwards while Tom Danton, the Colonel, the stockbroker, the barrister and the boy, were telling each other fishing stories of extraordinary imaginative power, I reflected on Miss Bently. My sister Margaret, who of course understands such matters much better than I do, has often told me that any intelligent woman can make a fool of any man.

"All she has to do," so Margaret says, "is to pretend to be interested in his particular hobby until she starts him talking about it. Then she need only guide and he will think her charming."

Margaret is very wise. I heard to the conclusion that Miss Bently had played this trick on me. I rather resented it, but was forced to admit that she had done it uncommonly well. I should not have believed beforehand that any one could have successfully pretended to possess a knowledge of ancient Irish.

As I was saying goodnight, Mrs. Danton slipped "Turquoise and Pearl" into my hand. I took the book up to bed with me, and although I had to go downstairs between one and two for a fresh candle, I finished it before I went to sleep. It was worse, considerably worse, than any novel I had ever read. I have in my time studied the classic poets. I have also read the early fathers of the Church. "Turquoise and Pearl," without being so plain spoken as either the poets or the theologians, was a great deal more disgusting.

At breakfast next morning I invited Margaret to join the expedition to the Ogam stones. I really wanted her. I felt that I required a chaperon. I was embarrassed at the prospect of a walk alone with the authoress of "Turquoise and Pearl." Margaret refused the invitation.

"I should only be in the way," she said. "If you and Miss Bently are going to talk about Sanskrit, I should be bored."

"We probably won't talk about Sanskrit to-day," I said. "She only did so last night to please me. You've often told me that that is what clever women do with men like me."

"What will you talk about then?" "I don't know; perhaps about novels, Miss Bently, it appears, is rather a famous novelists."

"Oh, I never heard of her. What has she written?"

"She didn't tell me the names of her books," I said, "and I didn't like to ask her."

"Well, I don't know her books," said Margaret, "so there, no use my coming with you."

I took Miss Bently to see the Ogam stones. We started at eleven and did not get back till nearly two. We talked the whole time about the Gaelic language, ancient and modern. She was evidently bent on making a fool of me. She did it most successfully. I found it very difficult to believe that she was not interested in what I said. She certainly displayed extraordinary intelligence. She said—at the moment I actually believed her—that she had read my paper in "The Philologist." She said and this may have been true—so that her uncle, the famous Professor Windlessheim of Heidelberg, had spoken very highly of my work. I completely forgot my embarrassment and never gave a single thought to "Turquoise and Pearl."

I was obliged to confess to Margaret at afternoon tea that the conversation during our walk had never once turned on novels or novel writing.

"She must be a really clever woman," said Margaret thoughtfully. Long intimacy with Margaret had given me the power of guessing pretty accurately at what she really means when she speaks. I knew that on this occasion she was not thinking of Miss Bently as a savante, and that the cleverness which she recognised had nothing to do with Gaelic or Sanskrit.

"I wonder," Margaret went on, "why she does it."

"I was perfectly frank in my reply. I haven't the least idea," I said. "But she'll certainly not do it again. I shall talk about novels at dinner to-night, even if I have to refer to."

I paused.

"Refer to what?"

"Turquoise and Pearl" was in my mind but I said:

"The Times Book Club."

"I don't see any difficulty about that," said Margaret. "Everybody is talking about it."

They were, at that time.

I tried to keep my resolve. Miss Bently—I took her in to dinner again,

of course—made resolute efforts to return to the Ogam stones. I mentioned the name of every novel I could recollect, and commented freely on several that I had not read. Miss Bently replied in monosyllables and displayed absolutely no interest in the books.

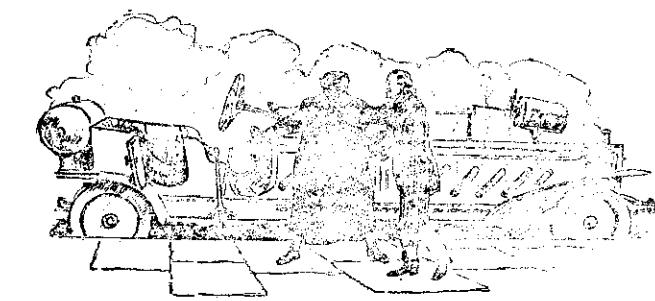
"Miss Bently," I said at last, "we talked all yesterday evening and most of this morning about my work. Don't you think it's time that we talked about yours?"

She blushed. With the recollection of "Turquoise and Pearl" fresh in my mind I didn't wonder that she blushed. Even Mrs. Danton would blush, I suppose, if suspected of having read the book. It was plainly much worse to have written it. I am bound to say she looked exceedingly charming, very innocent and shy, when I spoke directly about her work. She looked, indeed, very much as I recollect that Margaret looked once when I found a poem that she had written. She was a schoolgirl at that time. I do not think that she writes poems now.

"Oh, my work is nothing," said Miss Bently.

"On the contrary," I said, "its fame has penetrated even to the West of Ireland. You must not think us utter barbarians."

"I'm in great hopes," she said, blushing again more charmingly than ever, "that my paper for next month's meeting of the British Association—"



THE PRAY-AS-YOU-ENTER CAR.

"Your what?" I asked. "My paper. Didn't you know? But of course you didn't. How could you? I am reading a paper in the philological section on Gaelic and Icelandic roots. My uncle is going over it for me and correcting it. That is the reason I wanted so much to meet you."

"But how can you possibly—?"

"I'm sure it will be no good really," she said, "but if you'll allow me I should like to send you a copy of it afterwards."

"Miss Bently," I said, "did you write—? I mean to say have you ever read—? What I want to say is, are you familiar with many modern novels?"

"I read Miss Young's," she said, "when I was at school; but I've been so busy ever since I went up to Girton, that I really haven't had time for novels."

After dinner I got Mrs. Danton into a corner by herself.

"That book," I said, "Turquoise and Pearl," is the most disgusting thing I ever read."

"You seem to be getting on very well with Miss Bently all the same," said Mrs. Danton.

I saw that she was laughing at me, and I very nearly hated her; although she is, in spite of everything Margaret can say, a very charming woman.

"She didn't write it," I said, "and it's an abominable insult."

"I know she didn't," said Mrs. Danton. "Don't be angry with me. I only found out my mistake to-night. I'd have told you before dinner if I'd got a chance. I was talking to Tom about it. He knew all along that Miss Bently was an assumed name. I don't mean assumed by our Miss Bently, I mean the other woman, the real one, you know. I don't wonder she didn't use her own name. She's a married woman, and her husband is trying to get a separation from her on account of the book. Tom says he doesn't wonder."

"I don't wonder either," I said. "I shan't return the book. I shall burn it."

"You're quite right," said Mrs. Danton, "as a clergyman, I mean, of course."

Miss Bently and I went again the next day to see the Ogam stones. We talked about ancient Gaelic and some other

things. We did not get back until three o'clock. Margaret was out; but I met her later on at afternoon tea.

"Margaret," I said, "I have something very serious to say to you."

"I suppose," she said, "that you're engaged to be married to Miss Bently?"

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"It's a comfort to think," she said, "that being a novelist, she'll be able to earn something. You haven't much to marry on."

"She's not a novelist," I said. "She's a remarkable Gaelic scholar."

"Does she keep that up still?" said Margaret.

"There's no keeping up about it," I said. "She's reading a paper next month before the British Association on Gaelic and Icelandic roots."

"But she is a novelist," said Margaret. "You told me so, yesterday."

"I was mistaken. She never wrote a novel in her life, and I hope she never will."

"I am sorry to hear it. There's no money to be got out of Icelandic roots."

Margaret prides herself on her strong common sense. I am inclined to regard her as occasionally sordid.

Just before I went up to dress for dinner a boy came to the door with a note. It was from Mrs. Danton.

"A congratulation, of course," said Margaret. "May I see it?"

She leaned over my shoulder while I opened and read it.

"What does she mean," said Margaret, "by that postscript about the engagement ring being Turquoise and pearls? Pearls are supposed to be unlucky."

"It's some silly joke," I said. "You never can tell what Mrs. Danton means when she tries to make jokes."

The Blessings of Divorce.

Mr. Plowden, the popular, and even to us out here, celebrated president of the Marylebone police-court, gave his views on "the blessings of divorce" to the Royal Commission, just before the mail left, and showed (says the "Pall Mall Gazette") no falling-away from his usual lightness and originality in their illustration. He will regard us as hopelessly old-fashioned when we describe them as a little too Pagan even for these comparatively emancipated days. He thinks people would realise the true meaning of marriage more clearly if the ceremony were rendered compulsorily a civil one before a registrar. He espiders that when the Press is accused of reporting nauseous details it can retort very effectively by pointing to the indelicacy of the Church marriage service. And it is his view that the easier divorce is made the greater will be the weight and stability of the so-called "Holy Estate." Mr. Plowden is, of course, entitled to his opinions, and it is well that the Commission should have heard them so frankly expressed. We are, however, rather doubtful if much good would accrue to England by a legal conformation of the morals of its men and women with those of a monkey-house. The great mass of our countrymen and countrywomen attach high sanctity to the religious service, and do not regard marriage merely as a civil contract. There are health and dignity to the national life in that conception, and in its effect upon the family and the home; and to suggest its debasement to a mere contract of association is a construction that even a man of the world should not put upon it.

Woman would be more charming if one could fall into her arms without falling into her hands.—"Cynic."

SICK HEADACHE

MOST people are content with the belief that a headache is only a headache, and a thing to be borne with as much forbearance as the severity of the case may call for. Sick Headache is one of the most prominent symptoms of bilious attacks, some of the signs of its approach being a heavy aching pain in the front of the head, dizziness and specks before the eyes. The only reliable remedy is **Bile Beans for Biliousness**, which permanently remove the cause.

Of all Medicine Vendors at 1/4 per box, or 2/6 special large family size.

BILE BEANS

GILBY'S
CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

"Hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water."

ARE you going to rest content in the ranks of the underpaid "Hewers of wood and drawers of water," instead of striking out for something higher?

Economise the precious hours of leisure by learning something that will help you up the ladder of success.

ENGLISH
ARITHMETIC
BOOK-KEEPING

are some of the more popular subjects we teach by correspondence.

Write for our free illustrated Prospectus, and let us show you what we have done for others and what we can do for you.

GILBY'S
Correspondence College,
Next G. P. O., Cathedral Square,
CHRISTCHURCH.

IDEAL FOOD
for children from birth is **Horlick's Malted Milk**

It contains all the necessary constituents in their proper proportions. It contains no starch, and is therefore suitable for infants from birth. It forms food, nerve and muscle. It is all food and no waste. It is pure and free from bacteria. It is easily and thoroughly assimilated. Beware of Infant Foods containing Starch. No Cooking. No added Milk. Of all Chemists, Wholesale & Retail Stores. Samples: 82 PITT ST., SYDNEY, N.S.W. Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Eng.

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.

PEARS has been making beautiful complexions for nearly 120 years.

PEARS

MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION

International Exhibition, CHRISTCHURCH,

1906-1907.

THE FOLLOWING HIGH-CLASS MILLED, DESICCATED AND DELICATELY PERFUMED

LONDON MADE TOILET SOAPS

WERE EXHIBITED BY THE MANUFACTURERS—

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE Co., Limited
(LONDON and LIVERPOOL)

"REGINA"

"REGINA CREAM"	"REGINA VIOLET"
"COURT"	"BUTTERMILK"
"PALMITINE BATH"	"GLYCERIN CREAM"

These Soaps may be obtained through any CHEMIST or STORE-KEEPER Wholesale in

AUCKLAND, CHRISTCHURCH, DUNEDIN, INVERCARGILL, &c.	NAPIER, NELSON, NEW PLYMOUTH, WELLINGTON, &c.
---	--

THE COMPANY ALSO SHOWED SPECIMENS OF THEIR LEADING BRANDS OF

CANDLES NIGHT LIGHTS GLYCERIN

And of their Celebrated—

"GAS ENGINE OILS"
MOTOR OILS AND LUBRICANTS

81 HONOURS and AWARDS.

2 Grand Prizes Franco-British Exhibition, 1908.

NATURAL
ENO'S
HEALTH-GIVING
FRUIT
REFRESHING
SALT
INVIGORATING

HILL & PLUMMER, Ltd.,

Wholesale and Retail Merchants,
QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.

Importers of
OILS, PAINTS, WHITE and RED LEADS, PICTURE MOULDINGS, PAINTERS' BRUSHWARE, VARNISHES, etc.
PLATE, SHEET, SILVERED and ORNAMENTAL GLASS.
We stock every requisite for PAINTING, PAPERHANGING and GLAZING.
We are manufacturers of BEVELLED PLATE GLASSES and MIRROR GLASS.
We have the most COMPREHENSIVE STOCK OF ARTISTIC

Wall Papers and Friezes

in the Dominion. New shipments arriving every month. Call and see them. Our showroom is always at your disposal. Send for patterns, and state what rooms you require for, and price you wish to give.

Agents for:

Sherwin Williams' Coach and House Paint.

We warrant this paint to last as long again as paint prepared from White Lead, although it only costs the same. Colour card on application.

HILL & PLUMMER, LTD.,

Telegrams: "HILLMER," Auckland.



To Our Young Readers.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of Cousins, by writing to

COUSIN KATE,
"The Weekly Graphic,"

Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever it interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," on the Children's Pages.

All Cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our Cousins some who have passed out of their teens.

A Badge will be sent to each new Cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

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.

Waltapu.
DEAR COUSIN KATE, — May I become one of your cousins? I am ten years old, and in Standard III. My favourite games are football, hockey and tennis. We have one cow, which is in milk. Our exam is in two months. Bye, and I hope I will pass. I live about one mile from Waltapu wharf. I have two brothers younger than myself. We have a cat, which we call Dick, but I have no pet. Please, Cousin Kate, will you send me a blue badge? Can you guess this riddle: "What do you keep after giving it away?" I have no more to say, so will say goodbye. — With love from CHARLIE.
[Dear Cousin Charlie, — Thank you for the nice letter. We are pleased to have a new cousin. Do you milk the cow? I wish you would tell me where Waltapu is, and what sort of a place it is. I can't guess your riddle, but I expect some of the other cousins can. With love, Cousin Kate.]

Wellington.
Dear Cousin Kate, May I become one of your cousins? I am ten years old, and I love reading the "Graphic" and I like music, and I like to read the "Graphic" and I like to always be a big boy. Please, will you send me a blue badge. With love, From JOAN.

[Dear Cousin Joan, We are glad to welcome you among us. And I hope you will write again soon. You are a very nice girl. Tell me something about it when next you write. With love, Cousin Kate.]

Dunedin.
Dear Cousin Kate, May I become one of your cousins? I am eleven years old, and in the third standard. I will be very glad to see my letter in the "Graphic." My father likes the "Graphic" and I like to read it all the letters and also the Blue Book. The weather has been very bad here lately. I have had a bad cold, and have been away from school two days. We have had our examination, but we don't know whether we have passed till Christmas. I have two miles to walk to school every morning. There are about thirty-four children going to our school. I don't like to see a blue badge. I must close now, so good bye. From MARTHA.

[Dear Cousin Martha, — Yes, you may become a cousin. I am very glad you want to join us, and I hope you will write often. All the cousins seem to find Buster a very amusing little chap. What a long time to wait to know the result of an examination. You ought to be in good form with a four-mile walk each day. With love, — Cousin Kate.]

Havelock Subn.
Dear Cousin Kate, — I was very pleased to see my letter in print in the "Graphic," so I thought I would write again. You asked me in your last letter to describe Havelock Subn. to you. Well, first of all, it is a small place, situated in the Kaituna Valley. The chief industries are sawmilling and chesnut-making. There is a school built about the centre of Havelock Subn., and about twenty children attend it. In some parts of the bush it is very pretty, and there is many a little waterfall trickling over the rocks, which are covered with ferns and moss. There are no shops in Havelock Subn., so store carts run out from Havelock and Renwicktown. There is not much news to tell you now, so I will close for this time, and perhaps I will be able to get a little more news for next time. — With love, — From Cousin HELENA.

[Dear Cousin Helena, — Thank you for the very interesting letter you sent. Havelock must be quite a little place. What do your people do? MILKING or chesnut-making? I expect you have some pretty ferns in those shady nooks. With love, — Cousin Kate.]

Maogatainaka.
Dear Cousin Kate, — We have had very wet weather down here lately. This morning it was snowing, and is still very cold. I like very much looking at the pictures of Buster Brown. We have a little calf, whose name is Dolly; also two little lambs. I think we will soon have another cousin, as I told her about you, and she said she might write. Is this the answer to Cousin Willie's riddle? Question: Why does a hen pick a pot? Answer: Because it can't lick it. Can you guess this riddle: "Why are tears like potatoes?" We are going to break up for our school holidays next Friday. My granny has a cat, and it is fifteen years old. We cannot account for the fire at all. Do you do any fancywork, Cousin Kate? My sister goes to the Ilk School with another cousin. I will close now, with love to you and all the other cousins. — MYRTLE.

[Dear Cousin Myrtle, — All the cousins seem to love Buster Brown; just because he is so naughty. I am afraid, however, people never seem to be so very fond of very good boys, who never do anything naughty. I expect it is because they are not a bit funny. What a dear old cat that must be. With love, — Cousin Kate.]

Kahud.
Dear Cousin Kate, — Just a few lines to let you see that I received your letter. I was very glad to see it, and I hope my uncle and auntie and three of my cousins with me, and I have great fun. My sister Ella is very bad. She is laid up in bed, but she will write as soon as she is better, which I hope will be soon. We have had very good weather down here. We are having

our examination on Wednesday week, and I hope I will pass. Please excuse my bad writing, Cousin Kate. I have not much news to tell you, so I must say good-bye, with love to all the other cousins and yourself. — From Cousin MAHATA.
[Dear Cousin Mahata, — You are a good little correspondent; one of the best we have. I hope your sister will soon be well. Give her my love. With love, — Cousin Kate.]

Rai Valley.
Dear Cousin Kate, — I received the red badge to-day, and am very pleased to become one of your cousins. We have at present very few pets, only a goat and some guinea pigs. But, by-and-by, I expect we will have a lamb for a pet. There are not many lambs about here yet. My brother and sisters were very pleased with my badge, and my youngest brother, who is only six, and cannot read or write, wanted to write to you at once. I will now close. — With love from your little cousin, NELLIE.

[Dear Cousin Nellie, — I am glad you liked your badge. Tell your wee brother he must hurry up and grow big; then he can have one. The worst part of having a lamb for a pet is that they will grow up and become sheep; then they are not a bit alive. With love, — Cousin Kate.]

Carlisle.
Dear Cousin Kate, — I saw my letter in the "Graphic," and was pleased to see it. I received my badge, and like it very much. I am sorry I did not write before, but we have been practising football. We are playing for a cup against the other schoolboys, and are trying hard to win it. We had our examination the other day, but we do not know whether we have passed or not. I went to a circus on Friday, and thought it was all right. We are living down in our new house now, and are going to milk cows and send the milk to the factory. I must now conclude, with best love to yourself and all the other cousins. With love, — Cousin WALLIE.

[Dear Cousin Wallie, — I hope when next you write you will tell me that you won that football match. I am very keen on a circus. I think they are great fun. I have not been to one for years. Write again soon. With love, — Cousin Kate.]

Little Black Pigmies.
IN THE NEW GUINEA MOUNTAINS.
BRITISH EXPEDITION'S DISCOVERY.

Little black pigmies, four feet high, timid and harmless, live high up on the foothills of the great snow mountains in Dutch New Guinea. The British Museum's expedition came across them some time ago, and Mr. G. Shortridge, the member of it who is now invalided back, staying in Sydney, has

described what is really known of the pigmies so far.

"We have not much information about them," he said. "We have only seen them three times. And we had seen none of their women at all, when I left. Of course, I don't know what may have been discovered since. But they are coal-black, with very broad noses, and frizzy hair in tufts, and they are about 4ft. 3in. high. They seem timid and harmless, and the plains natives seem to bully them. When they catch a pigmy, they take away everything he has.

Mr. Shortridge has not himself seen any of the pigmies, though he has been in one of their villages. But he described how some of the expedition came across them, when they were exploring a river near the Mimika (the river up which the party travelled). This was at the foot of the Snow Mountains, about 2,000 feet up, among the foothills. "Suddenly," says Mr. Shortridge, "some of the plains natives, who had followed them along, gave chase to something. Our people thought it was pigs, or cattle, and took no notice. But after a while they brought back to camp two pigmies. The plains natives had taken away their spears and everything. The pigmies were pretty frightened. They didn't know what was going to happen to them. We made the plains natives give them back their things, and we gave them a few beads. That delighted them. They made necklaces, and hung them round their necks.

"The second two were captured in exactly the same way. By this time they seemed to know they wouldn't be hurt, and one pigmy stayed round the camp for a day or two. They persuaded him, after a while, to show the way to his village, higher up. When they got to it there were only eight or nine men there; the women and children had evidently all been packed off into the bush. And they had taken everything with them. They only found a few fishing spears and arrows, and things like that. The pigmies made signs to them to go away. They were terrified, and very relieved when our men left. That was pretty soon, because the camp was a good way off. They were surprised and interested at everything they saw, especially the striking of matches.

"Afterwards two of us, who were out exploring in the opposite direction, came across another village. We got right among the pigmies, though we didn't see any. The first sign we saw was the smoke of their fires from a clearing we were making for, a couple of miles off, up the mountain. Then, when we woke up in the morning, we found tracks of natives in the sand within 100 yards of us. We knew they were the pigmies. Not from the size of the tracks, because any foot makes a big mark in the sand, but because we knew none of the plains natives were about, except some we had with us, and we had great difficulty in making them come as far as the clearing. They were not in the least afraid of the pigmies. They were simply too lazy, I think, to climb the mountain. Or, perhaps, they knew we could find nothing. When we got to the clearing the fires were scattered, and the huts deserted. They were simply lean-tos, made of fern-pans. But when we got back to camp the fires were burning again, and next morning there were the tracks again, within 50

Healthy Children

Can only be reared by giving suitable nourishment. If unable to feed your child, the proper substitute is a food that corresponds in all respects with human milk. The "Allenburys" Milk Foods are so prepared as to remove the difference between cow's milk and human milk, and are most easy of digestion. They 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 natural food without fear of causing digestive disturbance.

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.

A PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING AND MANAGEMENT, FREE.

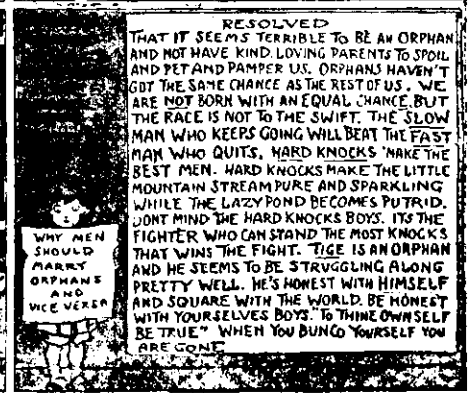
ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., LONDON, & Bridge Street, SYDNEY.

yards of us. They were like animals—curious, but very frightened, and quite harmless. The plains natives didn't trouble to take spears or anything when they went up to the pigmy village with us. Of course, they might have thought we could protect them."
The pigmies wear, besides earrings, only one garment, which is not large.

The earrings are complicated, made of the tips of gourds, with black seeds hanging from them. Mr. Shortridge described their spears, sometimes double-pointed, with heads of carved ironwood, or club-ended, showing spikes made of the roots of trees. But they all seemed to be fishing spears, not for attack. The pigmy work is very fine; that, Mr. Short-

ridge thinks, is why the plainmen steal what they can from them. "We got everything we could that they had made," said Mr. Shortridge. "Spears and little bags of bright-coloured grass, made for carrying tobacco. Yes, all the natives smoke, pigmies and others. They hunt and fish, of course, and in the clearing where the deserted huts were, there

were taro and sweet potatoes growing, so they must cultivate."
The English papers contain accounts of poisoned arrows and spear traps set by the pigmies, and of a mysterious beast, like the "Devil Pig" mentioned in "The Daily Telegraph" some time ago by Professor David. But Mr. Shortridge knows nothing of these things.



ALONE IN THE AIR.

A Fine Flight by Airship.

THE longest flight that has ever been made in Great Britain ended recently in London.

Mr. E. Willows, a young aeronaut, who was travelling alone, left Cardiff in a dirigible at eight p.m. on Saturday, and landed at Motttingham (Kent) at ten minutes past six a.m. on Sunday. He came to earth within a few miles of his goal—the Crystal Palace.

Mr. Willows is only 24. He had a strange experience during his 150 miles journey in the darkness, and he had the misfortune to throw his supply of biscuits overboard during the early stages of the trip, so that hunger was added to his troubles.

His dirigible ascended at sunset in a westerly wind, and he set a course due east. He rose to a great height, and sailed straight across the Bristol Channel—a feat which no dirigible had accomplished previously—and steered towards Bristol at a speed of about 15 miles an hour, the gentle breeze giving him considerable assistance.

At Clevedon his father and a couple of mechanics were awaiting his arrival in a powerful motor-car, which was brilliantly illuminated. This was to be his guiding beacon all the way to London.

For a number of miles the car paced the balloon, and Mr. Willows found his task a comparatively simple one for a time. As he drew near Bristol, however, he lost sight of his guiding light.

For some time the young aviator manoeuvred about the outskirts of Bristol, but he had to make the best of his position, for the car had vanished. He threw out more ballast, and turned to the east again. It was in doing this that he lost his biscuits, accidentally dropping them out with the ballast. To make matters worse, his flask got broken, so that he could not get a drink even.

The night was fairly dark, and Mr. Willows found himself baffled now and again by a succession of cornfields and meadows, but having studied the geography of his run very closely, he was able to locate his position pretty clearly when he sighted the larger towns. About midnight he was perched in his little seat at an altitude of over 1000ft. above Hungerford.

At one stage the wind bothered him, but this did not last long, and, as everything was secure, and the twin propellers were humming perfectly, the aviator forged ahead until he struck a smoother patch of air. That ended his troubles, for the day dawned with a steady westerly breeze and a clear sky.

He had covered about half his journey, when he saw a number of men working at Neabury. He shouted down to them, but they stared open-mouthed at the vision that had come out of the night, and he passed on to Reading, where he had arranged for a supply of gas and petrol to be in readiness for him. Again he tried to attract the attention of earth-dwellers, but they neither heard nor saw him, and as the engines were still in perfect order and everything seemed in trim for the completion of the voyage, he held straight on his course, attaining at this stage the highest point of all—2600 feet—and still running smoothly at an average pace of 15 miles an hour.

Dozens of people waved to him as he sailed up the Thames Valley, but he was too high up to make himself heard, and the first person he got into conversation with after leaving Cardiff was a solitary railway worker at Esher.

"Which is the way to the Crystal Palace?" roared the aviator.

"Follow them railway lines," answered the railwayman with the nonchalance of a policeman on point duty, as if indicating that the vagaries of airmen formed a part of his responsibility.

Today, (Thursday), and first, but by no means sleep after his night in cloud-land. Mr. Willows followed the famous railwayman's advice until he sighted the Crystal Palace on the horizon. He was within five miles of Sydenham when his petrol had given out.

He took him within a hiecent's throw of the coveted grounds. He threw out his grappling irons when the anchor caught in a tree, and he was preparing to settle down on Mother Earth when something gave way and he drifted help-

lessly on, the dome of the Palace growing smaller in the distance.

He floated over Lower Sydenham, Catford, Hither-green, and crossed the main line of the S.E. railway to Motttingham, where a gardener leaped at a rope hanging from the dirigible, and formed an agitated human anchor until the balloon rested on the ground in an open space on the Winn estate.

Delighted with his successful trip, Mr. Willows said his airship had behaved admirably until the petrol ran out.

"I found it delightful," he said, "excepting when the wind pitched me about rather roughly. It is a most peculiar sensation to sit still in cloudland in pitch darkness, and hear the echo of one's own voice."

Mr. Willows' flight beats that of the army dirigible by about 70 miles. He intended to alight in the Palace grounds, where he is to give a series of exhibitions in aviation.

His original intention was to start from Cardiff on Thursday, but someone attempted—with partial success—to disable his dirigible. A large stone was thrown at the envelope, and caused a serious rent and several smaller punctures. The repairing of this damage delayed the start two days.

The airship is exactly the same size as Baby, the army airship. The envelope is made of linen, and holds about 20,000 feet of gas.

It is an all-English airship, the motor being an eight-cylinder J.A.P., capable of developing 30 h.p. It has no listing planes, but has a plane on each side of the rudder.

Some Orchard Lands of To-morrow.

Continued from page 34.

In the Nelson province it has been proved that there are large areas which are especially suited to the well-being of the apple. Thousands of acres of smiling orchards cover the landscape in the Waimea, Motueka and Riswaka districts, and as yet the industry is only in its infancy. Fresh orchards are being planted yearly, and many aspiring orchardists are on the look-out for suitable land on which to commence operations. Land in the vicinity of established and proved orchards has risen steadily in value until it is prohibitive to the man of moderate capital, and it has become necessary to seek land further afield. Nearly all the river beds and terraces adjoining the Motueka river for at least thirty miles of its course are suitable for the production of fruit, and the same may be said of its numerous tributaries; and it is beyond Spooner's range, in the vicinity of Kohatu and Tapawera, that there lies large stretches of country which only want the hand of the fruitgrower to turn them into apple orchards second to none in the Dominion. Land can here to-day be bought for a tenth of the sum that is asked and freely paid for orchard properties in the vicinity of Stoke and Richmond, and it is equally adapted for the growing of fruit. Moreover, it is almost equally well situated for getting the produce to market, for the railway line from Nelson has now reached a long way up the Tadmor Valley, and there are railway stations at both Kohatu and Tapawera. A tributary of the Motueka is the Motupiko, and in the valley of the latter there are lands which have in front of them great possibilities for apple-growing for the export trade. The Motupiko is a moderate-sized stream, rising in the neighbourhood of Lake Rototiti, in the Spencer range, it flows in a northerly direction, and forms a tributary of the Motueka, joining the latter river on its left bank a little below the Kohatu station, on the Nelson-Tadmor line, where a road bridge carries the coach road to Reefton, across the combined rivers. One of the great attributes of this valley is the almost complete shelter from boisterous winds which it enjoys. The land on the river-flats, if not equal to some of the richer lands to be found in the Dominion, is

Tales of Rotorua and Legends of the Lakes.

Continued from page 40.

fern-tree here grows in whole groves, leaning out from the precipitous shores, half in sunshine, half in deep shadow. Tiny runnels of water moisten the cliffs, and where the rocky walls are not hidden in foliage, they are furrowed and jewelled with soft rich-hued mosses and little clinging ferns.

In this deep bay, close under the cliffs, there is said to be a "ripo," or whirlpool, indicating the place where the waters of this part of the lake find a subterranean exit, flowing out northwards beneath the range, and bursting up to the light again as the headwaters of the Pongakawa River, which flows into the Bay of Plenty. This "ripo" is said to be only noticeable when the lake is low. Confirmation of the Maori theory as to the subterranean outflow is found in the fact that the Pongakawa has its source only about a mile away from Pararaki, just across the range; it springs suddenly from the rocks at a place called Pari-Whaiti ("Narrow Cliffs"). There is believed to be a similar hidden outflow from Lake Rotoehu.

Now we are close under the lofty-forested cliffs of Matawhaura, Ngati-Pikiao's sacred burial-mountain, towering eight hundred feet above the lake. We down sail and steer along the dark base of this mighty wooded wall, so close as almost to touch the rocks with an oar, and presently we round up into the fine sweeping bay at the lake end, and beach our boat on the white sands of Tapuae-haruru, the place of "The Sounding Footsteps."

eminently suited for the culture of all fruits, and is similar to a great extent to that of the Waimea. It is a riversilt of varying depth deposited over a pebbly subsoil, and in many places, especially on the terraces, a clay intervenes between the silt and the pebbles. The stony nature of the subsoil ensures ample natural drainage, while the silt is generally deep enough to retain sufficient moisture to resist lengthened periods of dry weather. To-day there are thousands of acres in this valley depasturing sheep, and growing cereals, roots and potatoes, which, in a few years, will be turned into apple-bearing orchards realising four times the profit which is now derived from them. Already a few of the more progressive of the settlers are turning their attention to fruitgrowing, and here and there are to be found a few acres under apples. This year some thousands of young trees are being planted, but this is only the commencement. When it is found that these apple lands are reaping large profits, others will do likewise; a wave of immigration will flow into this district, and soon it will be studded with orchards, as even to-day the country around Stoke and Richmond is studded.

The climate leaves little to be desired; as already mentioned, wind is conspicuous by its absence, and for the rest the climate is that of Nelson, only about five degrees colder. In winter there are sharp frosts at nights, and in the early mornings, alternating with cloudless, sunny days, broken at intervals by rain; and it is argued that apples grown in this colder climate will prove to be better keepers, and, therefore, more suitable for the export trade than those produced in a warmer climate.

The view looking up the river is superb. Bordered on either side by hills of about 300ft. above the stream, the valley, which averages about two miles in width, winds in a southerly direction until the horizon is closed by the (in winter) snow-clad ranges of Mt. Spencer and Mt. Robert. Here and there portions of native bush have escaped the axe and fire of the pioneer settler, and in most of the cleared paddocks are to be found noble trees of black and red birch, which rear their stately heads high above the ground, and form a grateful shade from the heated rays of the noontday sun. The district has also its attraction for the sportsman. Red deer roam the hills, there is abundance of excellent quail shooting, and the rivers are full of trout.

It is in this favoured district that in a few years' time apple-growing for the export trade to Europe will find one of its most trusted strongholds.

THIS TRYING SEASON.

CONSIDER YOUR COMPLEXION!

All over New Zealand, at all seasons of the year, there are spells of weather that are trying for a delicate skin. This is especially so at late autumn and through all the months of the winter. The fact that our winter is generally not severe makes women نادى careless about their complexions. There could not be a greater mistake. The sudden changes that are so common during these winter months, the frequent harsh winds and humidity, try the skin severely, and if you do not take scrupulous care of your skin, your complexion must suffer.

There are various ways of caring for the skin. It is not sufficient to care for your general health, because many robust and hearty people have very bad complexions. All exposed skin-surfaces need external care. That is where you need to be careful. Many advertised skin lotions and creams are positively injurious, and in the end destroy what they are said to preserve. On the other hand, there are many good specifics. It is to your interest to get the best of these.

The specialties that Mrs. Arthur Standard guarantees with her own de guerre of John Strange Winter are the best she has been able to discover or obtain in researches that she carried on for years in many parts of the world. She states her honest conviction that Lakshmi is absolutely the safest and most beneficial skin-treatment ever sold. It strengthens and stimulates the skin to resist every change of temperature and the severest weather conditions. It keeps the pores healthy and active and feeds and ventilates the whole skin-fabric to the lowest layer. It acts like a charm, often in the most apparently hopeless cases. The woman who once gives it a fair trial is completely satisfied. Its purity and wholesomeness is proved by the fact that it is excellent for the nursery. You are recommended, alike in the children's case and your own, to use Lakshmi in conjunction with Lakshmi Cream. This is a superb skin cream. It keeps the skin supple and radiant. It has a delicious fragrance, and nothing could be pleasanter in use. Both these specifics, if used regularly according to directions, go a long way. To the woman who cares for her appearance, they are no more luxuries than soap is a luxury. They are necessities of the modern toilet.

Lakshmi, the one Perfect Skin Lotion. In bottles, of any high-class dealer in toilet requisites, 2/6; or post free from the John Strange Winter Company, Wellington, 3/6. Lakshmi Cream, a consolidated form of Lakshmi, contains no animal fat, or anything that could possibly induce growth of hair. In pots, 3/6; post free, 3/9.

THE JOHN STRANGE WINTER COMPANY, N.Z., 22, NATHAN'S BUILDING, WELLINGTON.

DRUNKARDS Cured Secretly,

EASILY, QUICKLY, PERMANENTLY, whether they wish it or not, by the modern miracle-working medicine

EUCRASY

acknowledged as the ONLY MEDICINE capable of accomplishing a COMPLETE and LASTING CURE. Endorsed by Medical Men, the Press, and Public.

COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

No trouble, no inconvenience, no risk, may be given undetectable in any food or beverage.

A WIFE'S JOY.

Mrs. S. writes:—My husband has not tasted liquor since I gave him your remedy, and I cannot express to you how happy and thankful I am. I shall always recommend Eucrasy.

FREE TRIAL.

A free trial package of this wonderful Eucrasy will be sent you on receipt of the coupon below.

CUT THIS OUT.

On receipt of this coupon with your name and address, and 6d. stamps to defray postage, we will forward a sample package of EUCRASY, together with our book on DRUNKENNESS.

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

Address—The EUCRASY CO., 62 Hunter Street Sydney

Lina Cavalieri.

Continued from page 2.

It takes much strength of character and no small amount of self-reliance to give up a successful career to embark on an untried one. In those days of study, and since, Mme. Cavalieri has learned the prima donna parts in "Traviata," "Faust," "Romeo et Juliette," "Carmen," "Meistersinger," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "La Boheme," "Tosca," the "Manon Lescaut" of Puccini, and the "Manon" of Massenet; "Thais," "Fedora," and "Les Contes d'Hoffman," in which last she has sung both Olympia and Antonia.

She made her New York debut in the title-role of Giordano's "Fedora" on December 5, 1906.

The dramatic side of her art Mme. Cavalieri has never studied, in the traditional sense of the word. Her somewhat daring theory is that one should act naturally, and that study of the accepted sort only results in acting unnaturally. Her plan is to read the books of the opera, and whatever literature may exist on the subject; after that she thinks over what she has read, and goes on for rehearsal. She forms her conceptions not so much by reason as by instinct—the instinct of a woman's sympathy and psychological power. She finds in her own nature the best key to the problems of an operatic heroine's personality; and when a sensitive woman can discover within herself an element that yields response to the nature she is portraying, who may say that her way of portraying it is not the right one?

Such a method might well be disastrous to one not naturally endowed with Mme. Cavalieri's remarkable gift as a temperamental actress. The extent of that gift was most strikingly shown, perhaps, when she appeared as Tosca at the Metropolitan, a little more than a year ago. It was said that she had never sung the role before, but the revelation she gave of its dramatic possibilities was positively thrilling to those who witnessed her performance.

Mme. Cavalieri has lived, she has struggled, she has suffered; and these, after all, make up the basic fund to draw upon in comprehending any character. Situations may change, but the human heart is unalterable. As any musician knows, some keys are for tenderness, some for strength, and others for passionate emotion. In its expression, one character differs from another in the degree of its intensity, like so many different keys in music, varying in strength, but each with the same number of tones to play upon.

The charm of Mme. Cavalieri's manner is as difficult to define as is feminine wisdom to analyse. Some phases of it recall Mme. Patti—for instance, the swift little movement that brings her to an attitude of smiling attention, so complete that for an instant you feel that you are the only thing she is interested in—a fact for which you return thanks. Again, she has a way of letting you read her thoughts in her eyes, just so far and no farther, for the next moment the pupil has darkened, shutting you out from your answer inscrutably, disconcertingly. There is about her, too, an unconventional, untrammelled alertness that recalls the quick and graceful motion of a bird on a bough. She has the pose and air of a woman who, mentally and bodily, for all her slight, aristocratic physique, knows the practical side of things, and realises the meaning of personal independence.

Italy, France, Russia, and the United States are the countries in which Mme. Cavalieri has appeared in opera. She has refused offers from South America in order to return, after the close of the New York series, to St. Petersburg, where she has sung for five seasons. Later she is to add two other European capitals to her list, making her entree in London at Covent Garden, and in Vienna at the Imperial Opera.

Perhaps because of the aspect of contrast, which Heine symbolised in the longing of the Southern palm for the Northern pine, Mme. Cavalieri loves Russia ardently; the cold, the glitter of snow-covered earth, the rush behind swift horses through biting frost, respond to her spirit of restless energy. But there is nothing heroic about her; she is genuinely a woman, genuinely womanly in her appeal. She loves pretty frocks, she likes riding, and she is passionately fond of dancing, that other profession which once divided her choice.

A Political Caricaturist and his Work.

F.C.G. AND HIS METHODS.

"The object of a political caricature," remarked Sir F. Carruthers Gould, "is to let one's opponents see the other point of view. Now if the pictorial argument is presented in an offensive way, it loses its force, for those against whose policy it is directed miss the point in their feeling of resentment. It would never do in England to deal with well-known personalities in the same way in which they are treated by caricaturists in America and on the Continent. I do not say this in criticism of the cartoonists of other countries. I merely wish to emphasise the fact that a political caricature must be suited to the temper of the people to whom it is addressed, and must also be a reflection of the condition of current politics as they are in the country of their origin."

That quality is very valuable in a political cartoon."

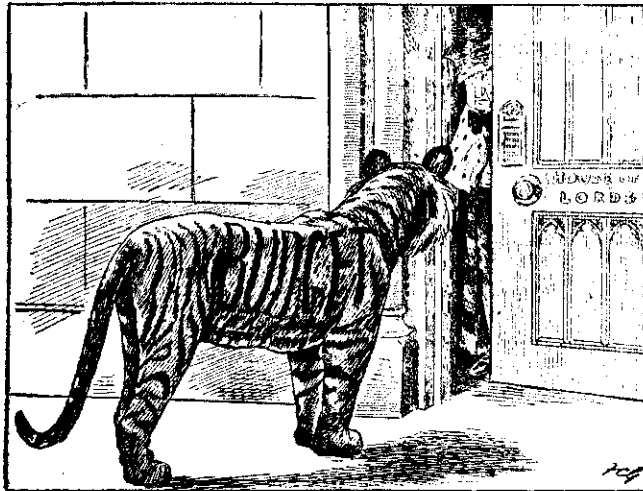
In answer to a question as to his methods of work, Sir Francis said that he never used models. There was no time for them. He had to make about 300 drawings in a year. "I work mostly from memory," he explained. "I am inclined to think that in drawing a face from the general recollection one has of it the essentials come out unconsciously, and the details sink away out of sight. One gets a more speaking likeness. Of course, I have only a very limited number of people whom I can use. Those whose appearance is well known to the public, who are in the limelight of current events, who are looked for day by day, whose utterances on topical political questions are considered important—these are the people who must appear in the cartoons of a daily paper. Now, obviously, one must vary the treatment. It would never do to show time after time various groupings of even well-known people simply standing talking to

Sir Francis permitted the interviewer to inspect the cartoon representing Lord Lansdowne discovering his genuine antiques in Lord Halsbury and Lord Wenyness was found.

"Here is an instance where advantage has been taken of a case in the law courts to point a political moral. As you know, Lord Lansdowne gave evidence in court. The case was exciting a great deal of public interest. It was topical. So I used it in the way you see."

"Exactly how one achieves one's end," explained F.C.G., "does not matter. It is the broad impression, the result, which tells. One has to be careful, in selecting the subject, not to present a point of view to which there is an obvious return. It must be final and conclusive. The reader of the paper in which the caricature appears must not be in doubt for an instant. He must not wonder who the people are and what it is all about. He must recognise the characters and the situation at a glance."

(Extract from "The Dominion," 14th September, 1910.)



PEER: "IS THAT YOU COME BACK? D—D DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU!"

By Sir F. Carruthers Gould (reproduced by permission of the "Westminster Gazette").

"You see," he went on, "a cartoon in a newspaper saves people the trouble of reading. It should, therefore, plainly give the gist of the political situation of the moment. It should be staged in such a way so that the point is seen instantly. Now, this is not a matter of draughtsmanship. Indeed, I would almost say that a very fine piece of technical work might militate against the success of the cartoon. It distracts ones interest and interferes with that appearance of spontaneity which the caricature should have. Have you never observed how in children's drawings, innocent though they are of any technical knowledge or power to depict form accurately, there is yet sometimes a force and directness which is seldom seen in the work of the practiced draughtsman?

one another. The picture as a whole should strike the reader at first as conveying a definite argument. I have used, as you know, animals very frequently."

As an illustration of this, Sir Francis referred to the drawing of the tiger approaching the door of the House of Lords. The intention, without any words whatever, is plain and forcible. Obviously the animal is a very dangerous customer indeed. He cannot be kicked out with impunity. He must be reckoned with very seriously.

"And to one's perception of the situation of the moment," said Sir Francis, "I think it becomes sharper and keener with practice. Being constantly in touch with the production of a daily paper is a great stimulus."

In turning over many drawings which



LORD LANSDOWNE EXAMINING GENUINE ANTIQUES.

By Sir F. Carruthers Gould (reproduced by permission of the "Westminster Gazette").

At the present time, owing to the rise in the price of tea on the Eastern markets, it is more than ever necessary to insist upon having good pure tea. For 31 years Nelson, Moate, and Co., Ltd., have supplied the consumer with the very best quality procurable at the different prices, and as a proof of the satisfaction their teas have always given, one has only to look at their output, which is manufactured by the hundreds of competing firms throughout N.Z., who are striving for public favour. Nelson, Moate, and Co., Ltd., claim to be far and away the largest tea merchants in the Dominion, and point to the size and dimensions of their warehouses in Ceylon and in New Zealand in support of their contention. The Wellington packing-houses provides room for handling 4,000,000 lb of tea per annum, and is fitted with the most modern appliances and electric machinery. Nelson, Moate, and Co., Ltd., are tea specialists, and advise the public that they can ever depend upon getting the very best value obtainable.

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 CONVINC YOU.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Easily and effectually removed without hurting the skin with SAUNDERS' ORIENTAL DEPILATORY. Can be obtained from all Chemists in New Zealand.

Each packet bears the name and address—**J. Toulson Saunders, Ltd., 28, St. John St., London, Eng.**

Cabinet Minister's Memories.

HON. GEORGE FOWLDS TELLS OF HIS CHILDHOOD.

FATHER A CENTENARIAN.

LONDON, August 12.

Memories of his childhood in Scotland are contributed by the Hon. George Fowlds, Minister of Education in New Zealand, to the biography of his father, Matthew Fowlds, which has just been published in Kilmarnock. Matthew Fowlds lived from 1806 to 1907, and spent his 101 years at Grey-st. mekn. se. Fenwick, near Kilmarnock, following till almost the end of his long life his trade of a weaver.

He was a father who believed, like Solomon, that to spare the rod was to spoil the child, and we get a graphic picture of the youthful George, about to be chastised for smashing his "hurly cart," bolting up the road with his father in pursuit.

"I was overhauled at the road end above the house," says Mr. Fowlds; "and I have no doubt that the proffered lesson was administered with added earnestness on account of the preliminary preparation."

On another occasion young George suffered, as he always thought, unjustly. He was going to Kilmarnock market with his father and brother, and had been promised a pair of new boots at Kilmarnock. His father, who was walking on ahead, shouted back some direction and then turned off towards a farm. He meant George to go straight to Kilmarnock, but the youngster misunderstood, and thought he had been ordered to wait at the cross-roads until his father returned from the farm.

"Through that endless day," says Mr. Fowlds, "forlorn, hungry, and almost overwhelmed with disappointment, yet fulfilling, as I thought, a sacred duty, I waited on from ten o'clock in the morning until about six o'clock at night. Then at last my father arrived on Darwhilling gig from Kilmarnock, and feeling no doubt that I must be cold, he 'warmed' me severely, and sent me home on the gig without my new boots."

Undoubtedly the future Minister of Education was "spanked" unjustly by his angry dad on that occasion.

Mr. Fowlds describes the "awful shock" with which he first heard his father spoken of with disrespect. Two of his boy companions were forbidden by their mother to carry out some project which Mr. Matthew Fowlds had criticised adversely. "Imagine my horror," says Mr. George Fowlds, "when I heard one of the boys, referring to my father, say, 'The old d—, what has he got to do with it?' The enjoyment of my holiday was gone. I longed to get away from that atmosphere of treason, back to the abode of loyalty."

Mr. Matthew Fowlds was fifty-four when his son George was born. "Consequently," says the latter, "all my ideas of fatherhood have been associated with old age and white hairs, and when I became a father at twenty-five, for a long time I felt that there was something incongruous in my being in a position of such responsibility."

The centenarian weaver used to get very tired of being asked if he remembered the Battle of Waterloo. It was apparently the stock question of visitors who came to see him in his old age, and it made him somewhat impatient. His reply invariably was, "Oh, yes, I remember the Battle of Waterloo; and I remember a good many things since then." But if a visitor carried him back in memory to his lights on the Parochial Board, nearly eighty years ago, then his eyes would sparkle with the light of long ago!

Politics were taken very seriously at Groussknowe, and Mr. Geo. Fowlds says he can recall the excitement arising from elections in his childhood. "Though I was very young at the time," he says, "I can remember reading the speeches made by Lord Rosebery when he first entered the House of Lords, and I can remember hopping, even in those far-off days, that I, too, might some day be a member of Parliament. What belongings will enter the head of a poor weaver's boy?"

Old Matthew Fowlds never departed from the strict theological doctrines in which he was brought up, but he showed a wide and generous tolerance towards those whose beliefs did not follow the same rigid lines. Among the latter was his son.

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

"When he was quite an old man," says Mr. Geo. Fowlds, "I remember that,

on one of my visits, the conversation led me into a position where I had either to dissemble or to admit the long distance I had travelled from the Confession of Faith. I disliked hurting my father's feelings, and had therefore hoped that I would be able to avoid a statement of my theological position; but when the necessity arose I made the statement fully and frankly. Father listened to me with perfect composure. He then told me that he could not see standing ground for himself in my position, but that he quite realised that possibly other people might, and, out of the great wealth of his charity he added that so long as a man's honest belief ministered to his spiritual life, he had no inclination to find fault—conduct being greater than belief."

Supplies of this memorial volume have just been dispatched to New Zealand by the Tongarua. Although it is of special and peculiar interest to Kilmarnock folk, it will also appeal to many in New Zealand who have close links with North Ayrshire. The title of the book is "Matthew Fowlds, Centenarian Weaver, and other Fenwick Worthies," and the editor is the Rev. J. K. Fairlie. The volume has had a very cordial reception in the Scottish Press.

Amputation by Electricity.

A French surgeon, Professor D'Arsonval, suggests a method of amputation which is quite novel, and not only painless during the operation, but without the slightest trouble afterwards. Neither knife, saw, nor any other cutting instrument is to be used. The limb is simply to fall off as by magic, with the wound completely healed and cicatrised. The amputation suggested, the "Telegraph" says, is by means of electric currents of high frequency. Professor D'Arsonval explains that he has been able to send currents of high frequency through animals, and to raise the temperature of their bodies to a very high degree, without any apparent effect on their sensibility or the contractibility of their muscles. The animals seemed to feel nothing whatever. In some cases, he says, the calorific effect was such that certain members were literally cooked, and strange to say, the animal did not betray the least feeling of pain. When the members fell away after some days, as it were, by their own action, the stumps were perfectly cicatrised.

LEG COVERED WITH FESTERING SORES.

ZAM-BUK CURES AFTER HOSPITAL TREATMENT FAILED.

Mrs. Maria Sandstrom, 4 Sherbrook-street, Darlinghurst, Sydney, says:—"My husband, when suffering from varicose veins, accidentally knocked his leg, which soon after broke out in different places. These wounds developed into spreading, festering sores, to the number of 21. From the knee down to the ankle was covered with this horrible diseased condition, and the leg swelled up to the size of a bucket. The pain was unbearable, and the inflammation increased, so that he was unable to go to work. The injury became so bad that he was completely incapacitated, and had to take to his bed. He underwent treatment at the hospital, where they prescribed a lotion; but it was as if he had used water, for this lotion had not the least beneficial effect on his leg.

"Some friends then recommended Zam-Buk, so a supply was procured. The first thing noticed after using Zam-Buk was that all inflammation was drawn out, and the pains were less severe. The Zam-Buk treatment was persevered with. Gradually the swelling decreased, the sores disappeared, and new flesh began to grow over the once-diseased area. Now there is no sign of the injury, and his leg is completely healed."

Zam-Buk is sold by all chemists and stores at 1/6 and 3/6 per pot. Always keep it handy.

HEADACHE and MIGRIM. Two causes of modern civilised life, are in ninety nine cases out of a hundred closely connected with functional disturbances of the bowels. The simplest and best of all remedies for the latter trouble is a whole-glassful of "HYPOPHOSPHITES" natural mineral water, the first thing in the morning every second or third day.

Orange Blossoms.

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

All copy intended for publication in these columns must reach the office, not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

YOUNG—GILPIN.

A PRETTY wedding took place at St. George's Church on September 14th, the contracting parties being Miss Isabel Gilpin, eldest daughter of the late Mr. James Gilpin, Thames, and Mr. Charles Young, Auckland. The bride, who was given away by her brother (Mr. J. Gilpin) looked charming in a cream silk voile dress prettily trimmed with silk insertion. She wore a veil and orange blossoms and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. She was attended by her two sisters, Misses Letty and Eliza Gilpin as bridesmaids, who wore pretty cream silk dresses and cream silk lace hats trimmed with pale blue and heliotrope. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Harold Young as best man, and Mr. William Gilpin acted as groomsmen. The bride's travelling attire was a navy blue serge costume and heliotrope toque.

WEDDING AND SILVER WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Robson, of Scott-street, South Invercargill, celebrated their silver wedding at their private residence recently. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Robson, who were surrounded by numerous relatives, amongst whom were Mr. R. W. Robson's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Robson, of Wyndham, were recipients of many hearty congratulations and silver presents. During the same afternoon Lily, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Robson, of Scott-street, Seaward Bush, was married to Mr. Chas. R. Cook, Makarewa, by Mr. McLean, in St. Andrew's Church, Appleby.

MURRAY—BUCKLEY.

A very pretty, but quiet, wedding was solemnised at St. Francis' Church, Thames, recently, the contracting parties being Miss Sarah Buckley, fourth daughter of the late Mr. T. Buckley, of Thames, to Mr. Ernest Murray, of Auckland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Tigar. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. T. Buckley, was handsomely attired in a gown of cream ivory silk, with lace, insertion and ornamental trimmings, and wore the customary veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of maiden-hair fern and white flowers. The bride was attended by two bridesmaids—Miss May Melgren (niece of the bride) and Miss Louie Sawyer, who wore pretty cream serge braided costumes and black picture hats. Mr. Alfred Melgren, nephew of the bride, acted as best man. The bride's travelling-dress was a green tailor-made costume and a white straw hat, trimmed with ribbon and flowers to match.

FORREST—ROSS.

A very quiet, but dainty wedding was solemnised at the Cathedral, Napier, on 24th August, 1910, when Miss Norma Ross, only daughter of the late Mr. C. F. Ross and Mrs. Ross, Dunedin (formerly of Makareta, Hawke's Bay) was married to Mr. Robert Forrest, only son of Mr. R. Forrest, senr., of "Riverside," Rai Valley, Marlborough. The Rev. Canon Mayne officiated, and Mr. Spackman presided at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her cousin, Mr. J. Black, was attired in a very pretty gown of white Duchesse satin, with court train, the bodice being prettily trimmed with silk lace and tucked chiffon. She wore the usual wreath of orange blossoms and embroidered veil, and carried a lovely shower bouquet of hot-house flowers. She was attended by Miss Nellie Black, as bridesmaid, who wore a dainty frock of white embroidered muslin, with tucks and insertion, and a pretty embroidered muslin river hat, and carried a very pretty bouquet of hot-house flowers, with heliotrope silk streamers. She wore a gold bandoo bangle, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr. Edward Allen acted as best man. After the wedding breakfast at

Mrs. Black's, Mr and Mrs R. Forrest left by train, en route for Tamaru, and thence to Dunedin. The bride travelled in a smart tailor-made costume and hat to match, and wore a handsome set of sable fitch furs, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride's gift was a set of gold sleeve links.

BERTRAM—WILSON.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Barnabas' Church, Mt. Eden, on Wednesday morning, 21st inst., when Mr. H. Bertram, a well-known resident of Taihape, was married to Miss V. Wilson, of the same town. The Rev. Mr. McFarlane was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. R. H. Wilson, of Petone, wore a handsome dress of white paillette, neatly trimmed with silk lace and insertion, and besides the customary veil and orange blossom, carried a beautiful bouquet. She was attended by Miss M. Carmody as bridesmaid, who was attired in a dainty dress of heliotrope voile, trimmed with glace silk, and wore a black picture hat. Mr. J. A. Bush acted as best man.

A reception was subsequently held at the residence of the bride's mother at Mt. Eden, and the happy couple left on a honeymoon trip to the Bay of Islands, before taking up their future residence at Taihape. The bride's travelling costume was of reseda green cloth, with a hat to match.

OPIE—ANSTISS.

St. Luke's Anglican Church, Glentunnel, Canterbury, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Mr. Charles A. Court Opie, second son of the Rev. F. T. Opie, late of Oxford, was married to Miss Mabel Rubie Anstiss, second daughter of Mr. J. O. Anstiss, Glentunnel. The popularity of the bride was evinced by the crowded congregation, and also by the sweetly pretty manner in which the little church was decorated with ferns and evergreens, relieved by arum lilies. The Rev. A. H. Norris, of Pigeon Bay, was the officiating minister. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a cream silk gown, made slightly Empire, and was attended by her sisters, Misses Edith and Winifred Anstiss, who wore pale green silk voile frocks, with picture hats to match, little Miss Pearl Higgs being flower girl.

CAPP—HEDLEY.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised at All Saints' Church, Ponsonby, Auckland, when Archdeacon Calder married Leslie Roy, eldest son of Mr. W. J. Capp, Kairanga, to Jessie, second daughter of Mr. H. W. Hedley, Whangarei. The bride, who was prettily attired in cream lustre trimmed with lace yoke and sleeves, and silver beads and pearls, wore the usual wreath and veil, and was given away by her brother. The bridesmaids, who were the Misses A. Hedley (sister of the bride) and M. Capp (sister of the bridegroom), wore dainty dresses of cream taffeta with silk braiding and pearls. They also wore large black Paris hats. The bride and maids carried beautiful shower bouquets, the gift of the bride's cousin (Miss D. Hedley). The bridegroom was supported by his brother, Mr. M. Capp, as best man, and Mr. W. Hedley as groomsmen. The bride's travelling dress was a brown cloth, with large wine-coloured hat to match.

NICHOLSON—HILL.

A quiet but interesting wedding was solemnised by the Rev. James Jones at St. John's Church, Fishling, on Wednesday, the 14th, when Mr. William Nicholson, eldest son of Mr. J. Nicholson, Pohorua, and Emily, the second daughter of Mr. William Hill, Bunnythorpe, were married. The bride, who was led to the altar by her father, was attired in a pearl grey taffeta Empire dress, trimmed with tuckered net and glace silk. She also wore the orthodox veil and orange blossoms, and carried a handsome shower bouquet, made and presented by Mrs. A. Peterson, of Sandon. The bride was attended by

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 Dora Kelling (Nelson) to Mr. Fair, of Westport.

The engagement is announced of Miss M. Williams, daughter of Mrs. J. Williams (Geraldine) to Mr. J. Tripp (Orari George).

"Lover's Lane."

"Lover's Lane" received a very hearty welcome at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, on September 10, and proved quite a pretty play of a quiet type. The new young managers—Mr Harry Plimmer and Mr Reynolds Donni-ton—were given a big reception each, when they appeared in their respective parts; and Mrs Robert Brough also came in for a large share of applause. The play is excellently staged, the two last acts being particularly pretty, as the orchard is shown, first, in the autumn, with the accompanying dull notes of colour; and, later, in the spring, with the apple blossom and other flowers in full bloom. Mrs Robert Brough has not very much scope for dressing, but wears in the first act a natter blue cloth gown, embroidered in soulache braid, and a blue straw hat with flowers to match. The second dress, of petunia colour crepe-de-chine, has a square yoke on the bodice of petunia colour; hat outlined in silk braid. Mrs Brough looked quite charming in another gown of cinnamon brown cloth, quite simply made, and finished by a dainty white muslin turned-down collar and muslin cuffs. Miss Sydney Valentino wore several suitable dresses as Miss Mattie, all of them being in somewhat severe style, as in keeping with the character, and completed by muslin caps and gowns. Miss Beatrice Usher's prettiest costume was one of dove-grey velvet, which was worn with a large straw hat, veiled in fine black lace, and finished by a large pink rose.

Unseemly, Unnatural and Unpleasant.

Kington is in Herefordshire, and in Kington is a Primitive Methodist chapel, used on a recent Sunday for the grotesque proceedings of four persons who, we presume, have official connection with the place. Having issued an announcement that they would conduct a debate on the question, "Does tobacco become an idol to many, and does it defile the temple of the Holy Ghost, so that the Spirit of God is grieved and will not dwell in us?" and that during the proceedings "a quantity of tobacco, pipes, cigarettes, cigars, pouches, etc., would be publicly burned as a protest against this growing evil," they managed to get an audience in the pews. The debate raised, there was a heated discussion with considerable opposition, but the resolution affirming that smoking was unseemly, uncleanly, unnatural, unnecessary, unhealthy, and unpleasant was declared carried. The stock of a redeemed tobaccoist was put into the chapel stove and lighted. One Kington youth, sharper than the rest of the audience, thought it was a pity to consign so many cigars to blazes, so he thrust his hand into the stove, rescued 18 from the flames, and vanished in the twinkling of an eye. We do not excuse his deprecatation, of course, but probably he and his friends were sufficiently punished when they commenced to light up the infragant weeds. The cigars may have been un-saleable at seven a shilling.

The suggestion that the new Indian coins should show the King crowned recalls that this was done in India during the reign of King Edward. This was the useful nickel anna. Also the 1901 Victorian rupee showed Queen Victoria crowned, and the present suggestion was borne in mind in designing the rupees for the native States, like those of Alwar, Bikani, etc., which bear the Maharaja's device upon one side, and the crowned head of Queen Victoria upon the other. All the other Indian rupees, from the time of King William, show the head of the Sovereign unadorned.

Society Gossip.

Special to the "Graphic."

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor desires to draw the attention of occasional contributors of any items to the Society Gossip columns that name and address must be given with copy, otherwise any such communication cannot be recognised.

All copy intended for publication in these columns must reach the office not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

AUCKLAND.

September 26.

Across Africa.

MISS MARY HALL'S lecture on Monday night was a great success in every way. There was a good house, and an unusual number of men were present. I think Miss Hall, in her modesty, made too little of what I am sure must have been great hardships. To listen to her one might have thought the whole thing a very simple matter, whereas one knew that there must have been heaps of unpleasant incidents and trials on such a huge journey. I am sure it must have been a great comfort when Miss Hall acquired the dog Mafeking, an English terrier. He looked so aggressively English and nice among those ugly, grinning blacks. The pictures shown were splendid, and gave a good idea of the country being passed through. Four girls acted as ushers (and we all thought it was such a good idea). They were the Misses Brown (2), Ruby Coleman and Cooper. Most of the "points" were taken up by the audience, and there were frequent bursts of applause. Among the audience I noticed: Dr. and Mrs. Hope Lewis, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Cousins, Miss Pierce, Mr. Guy Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Milnes, Mr. Sydney Nathan and Miss Nathan, Miss R. Greig, Misses Beresford (2), Mr. and Mrs. John Reid, Mrs. W. Coleman, Mrs. Lindsay and the Misses Lindsay, Professor Brown, Misses Brown (2), Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Campbell, Miss Mowbray, Mr. and Mrs. Carr-Rollett, Mrs. Colegrove, Mr. and Mrs. Peacock, Mr. and Mrs. Downie, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Gillies, and many others.

Victoria League.

The first annual meeting of the Victoria League was held in St. Andrew's Hall on Wednesday, 21st. The hall had been tastefully decorated, and the chairs placed about in groups, so that people could move about and chat with their friends. The president (Dr. Hope Lewis) opened the proceedings by calling upon Mrs. Carr-Rollett, hon. secretary to the league, to read the report. Mrs. Rollett has a very pretty speaking voice, and though a most capable and clever woman, has none of that "managing" manner which so often riles people up the wrong way. Miss Mowbray (treasurer) is so very enthusiastic that she infects other people, and has, with Mrs. Rollett, done a huge amount of work. So you can imagine when Dr. Hope Lewis announced that both these ladies had handed in their resignations what a feeling of consternation passed through us. Feeling that the league must grow, the council have wisely decided to appoint a paid assistant secretary, and on this condition I am glad to say that both Miss Mowbray and Mrs. Carr-Rollett, have consented to act for another year. After the serious part of the business was over an adjournment to the supper room was made. The table was charmingly decorated with red, white, and blue flowers, which came from Mr. H. Brett's garden. The table was laden with good things,

all provided by the Hospitality Committee. During the evening a very good musical programme was given, and a few speeches were made. The president's speech was a very happy one. Mr. Guy Pierce's three items were all splendid, and much enjoyed. Miss Ring sang, also Mr. Wilson, and Miss Holland was the accompanist. Mrs. Hope Lewis was wearing a black and white frock, and a pretty grey pastel cloth coat and a pretty shok green and blue ninon scarf; Mrs. E. Horton looked charming in a smart royal blue ninon over silk; Mrs. Drummond Ferguson was a dainty figure in pale blue, with one of the new Paisley chiffon scarves; Mrs. Aikin Carrick, black; Lady Lockhart wore a smart frock of ivory charmuse with lace embroidered in black; Mrs. Napier looked well in a beautiful black frock; Mrs. Gillies (Wellington) was a striking figure in black, and wearing the order of St. John of Jerusalem; Mrs. Hugh Campbell, black and white; Mrs. Cooper was smartly frocked in black and white, and wore some lovely diamonds; Miss Campbell, black silk and lace; Mrs. C. V. Houghton wore a cream charmuse skirt, and with this was worn one of the new veiled blouses of cornflower blue ninon over some lovely gold embroidery; Mrs. John Reid, black charmuse, with a touch of blue; Mrs. Milnes, a dainty cream frock; Mrs. S. Douglas; Miss Douglas; Mrs. Dunlop; Miss Dunlop; Mrs. and Miss Lusher; Miss Holland, pale blue; Mrs. and Miss Chesman, the latter in a pretty white frock; Miss Morrison, black silk; Miss Mowbray, black, relieved with white; Mrs. W. Mowbray; Miss Mowbray; Miss Mary Hall wore black charmuse and lace; Mrs. Carr-Rollett, silk and lace; Mrs. Ware, black and white toilette; Mrs. Lockie was wearing cream; Mrs. Erson, black charmuse and a lovely beaten silver scarf; Mrs. Hudson Wilkenson looked well in a black frock and a pretty black and gold scarf; Mrs. Stratton Izard was a graceful figure in a dull shade of amethyst charmuse, and a lovely grey charmuse burnous cloak; Miss Alice Walker was wearing a frock of an uncommon shade of pink charmuse; Miss R. Greig, a dainty white frock and a pink ninon scarf; Mrs. Seager, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Hunter.

Girls' Friendly Society.

The Girls' Friendly Society held a sale of work in St. Matthew's Parish Hall on Thursday and Friday of last week, which was a huge success. The hall was decorated, the stage being a bower of flowers, and with the well-arranged stalls on either side, the room looked very pretty. Mrs. T. C. Williams (who wore a handsome black and white toilette) opened the sale, and told us in a few words how long and keenly she had been interested in the grand work of the G.F.S., and wishing the sale every success, declared it open. A dear little girl, whose name was Whilna Plummer, came up on the stage and presented Mrs. Williams with a pretty bouquet of red anemones. From this on till four a brisk sale took place of the goods, and afternoon tea was rushed. Mrs. Nelligan

four bridesmaids—Miss Nicholson (sister of the bridegroom), Misses Alice and Blanche Hill, and Jean Harris, a niece of the bride, daintily dressed in cream de-laine, trimmed with insertion and lace to match. Misses Nicholson and Alice Hill carried bouquets of spring flowers, and Misses Blanche Hill and Jean Harris carried shepherd's crooks garlanded with meadow grass and daisies. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. Pepper as best man. The bride's travelling dress was a dark mauve cloth costume with hat to match.

ETZ—STEWART.

At the Presbyterian Church on September 21st, Mr Eric E. Etz, of Dannevirke, was married to Miss Mabel Stewart, daughter of Mr and Mrs J. Stewart, of Dannevirke, formerly of Oringi. The Rev. A. Grant officiated. Mr. H. Stewart was best man, and Mr. C. Etz, brother of the bridegroom, was groomsmen. The bride wore a handsome bridal gown of ivory charmuse trimmed with silk lace and relieved with narrow silver braiding, the long train being plentifully sprinkled with true lovers' knots. She carried a shower bouquet. The bridesmaids were Miss Bessie Stewart, who wore a black robe mounted on place silk, and a large black picture hat; and the Misses Dorie and Mue Harrison, both frocked alike in white silk muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and wearing Juliet caps. They carried long silver crooks finished with white ribbon and lilies of the valley.

After the ceremony a large number of guests were entertained at the Oddfellows' Hall. Mrs Stewart, mother of the bride, wore a black silk voile gown relieved with a vest of cream lace, and trimmed with black jet. She also wore a black toque finished with a large plume. The bride's travelling frock was a smartly tailored green tweed coat and skirt, and a pale blue crinoline straw hat trimmed with green foliage was worn with it.

Mr and Mrs Etz left by motor car to catch the express at Woodville, en route for Christchurch, where the honeymoon will be spent.

BURGESS—FRASER.

An exceedingly pretty wedding was solemnised by the Rev. T. A. Norrie in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Coromandel, on 14th September, when Miss Helmar Fraser, younger daughter of Mr and Mrs J. C. Fraser, of Coromandel, was married to Mr Percy Burgess, eldest son of Mr and Mrs F. J. Burgess, of Auckland. The church was artistically decorated for the occasion by the girl friends of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very winsome in a handsome lace robe over ivory satin, and wore the orthodox wreath and veil, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. The bridesmaids, Misses Effie and Nellie Burgess, sisters of the bridegroom, were attired in very pretty gowns of pastel blue and pink crepe de chine, with wreaths and veils. Both bridesmaids carried pretty shower bouquets and wore gold bangles, the gifts of the bridegroom. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a solid silver card case, and the bride's present to the bridegroom was also a silver card case. Mr Lou Shera, of Auckland, acted as best man and Mr Colin Fraser, junr., as groomsmen.

After the ceremony the bridal party were entertained at breakfast at the residence of the bride's parents, and Mr and Mrs Percy Burgess left by steamer for Auckland, en route for Wellington and Australia, where the honeymoon is to be spent. The bride's travelling costume was a grey cloth tailor-made, with white feather bon and crimson crinoline straw hat.

Mrs Fraser (mother of the bride) wore a black silk gown and black and white toque; Mrs Burgess (mother of the bridegroom) pastel blue cloth costume, and black hat; Mrs Arch. Steadman (sister of the bride), very pretty embroidered blue silk, and black picture hat. Amongst the guests I noticed: Mrs Captain Swindley, in a handsome black satin gown, and heliotrope toque; Mrs Tait, natter blue crepe de chine, and hat to match; Mrs Geo. Steadman, white silk and black picture hat; Miss King, salmon pink silk, and black picture hat; Miss Macdonald, navy blue costume, and black hat.

In the evening the friends of the young couple were entertained by Mr and Mrs Fraser at a progressive euchre party at their residence, when Miss Wills (Wellington) and Mr Martin (Auckland) won the ladies' and gentlemen's prizes respectively.

GILBERT J. MACKAY,
FLOREST, 155 QUEEN ST.
AUCKLAND.

The best for
WEDDING BOUQUETS,
CUT FLOWERS
FUNERAL EMBLEMS &
FLORAL REQUISITES



arrived punctually, and was escorted to the platform by Mrs. Calder and the Vicar of St. Matthew's. Mrs. Neligan, amidst applause, came forward to the edge of the platform, and started her speech, which proved to be extremely interesting. Mrs. Neligan is a grand example of a womanly woman, clever and capable, but so gentle and sweet. The G.E.S. seems to hold a large part of Mrs. Neligan's heart and interest, and her departure from Auckland will leave a gap difficult to fill in the council of the society. It made me sad indeed to think we were so soon to lose this charming woman. Among the stall-holders I noticed were: Mrs. Parkes, Mrs. and Miss Nelson, assisted by Mrs. Monaghan and Miss Winnie Kent; All Saints'; Mrs. Calder and Mrs. Atkinson; St. Paul's; Mrs. and Miss Barry, Mrs. and Miss Nairn and Miss Cooper; Sister Hannah presided at another stall, with several helpers; Epton, Mrs. Bramwell and Mrs. Stride; St. Matthew's, Mrs. Gillam, Miss Larkins, and Miss Hancock; St. Sepulchre's, Miss Pickering, Miss Pierce, and the girls of the D.S.A.; Refreshments: This stall was in charge of Miss Fillett, Mrs. Hudson, Mrs. Mason, and Miss Glennie. Among the large number present, I noticed: Mrs. T. C. Williams and Miss Williams, Mrs. Hope Lewis, Mrs. E. Russell, Mrs. Coppeland Savage, Mrs. H. Brett, Mrs. C. Buddie, Mrs. Kinder, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Bloomfield, Mrs. Bedford, Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. King, Mrs. Eason, Mrs. Hudson Williamson, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Davis, Miss Pirault, Miss Beresford, Miss Buddie, Miss Cooper, Miss Durcan, Miss C. Willis. Mrs. Neligan was wearing a pale blue silk with overdress of black tulle, a black toque with touches of blue, and a blue scarf. At the conclusion of Mrs. Neligan's address, she was presented by Miss Sybil Schulz with a pretty bouquet of violets and anemones of the same shade.

Impromptu Dance.

Mrs. Lindsay gave a very jolly little dance on Tuesday at her residence, "Camacho," Ballour-road, Parnell, in honour of her son Reggie, who is to be married shortly to Miss Hall, of the Bay of Islands. Mrs. Lindsay looked well in a black velvet skirt and white silk blouse; Mrs. Cummings was very pretty in pink; Miss Lindsay wore her becoming black dress and scarlet flowers; Miss G. Lindsay, white with blue ribbons; Mrs. Pycroft, pretty pale pink; Miss Young, blue; Miss Ruth Whyte looked nice in black; Miss M. Peacocke, old gold and shoes to match; Miss Hall looked charming in a beautiful crepe de chine gown; Miss Wilson was pretty in black, her sister wore white; Miss Sheppard wore her pretty white net; Miss Horrocks, pink; Miss Cook, pink; Miss Sheath, white. The gentlemen present were: Messrs. R. Lindsay, T. Lindsay, Gosset, Whyte, Laird, Taitton, Sheath, Wilson, C. Cook, H. Cook, Lasoner, Lewis, Peacocke, Pycroft, and Dr. Jaglis.

An Enjoyable Party.

The junior members of the Victoria League were given a party by the members of the Hospitality Committee on Saturday afternoon in St. Mary's Parish Hall. I was sorry not to be present, but I hear the party was a huge success. One of the most interesting items in the afternoon's programme was a short speech by Mrs. Gillies, a most interesting visitor to Auckland. This lady, who wore her nurse's garb of pale grey with scarlet tipped, and an imposing display of medals, succeeded in interesting her audience with a short sketch of her experiences whilst nursing during the Boer war, etc. Mrs. Gillies is matron-in-chief of the Princess Christian's Army Nursing Reserve. Miss Mary Hall also addressed the children. Mrs. Leo Myers read the prize essay, the prizes for which were presented during the afternoon by the President, Dr. Hope Lewis. "The Winding of New Zealand," by Harry Paton, of the Cambridge West School, aged 16, was of high merit. The essay on "Modern Methods of Defence" was won by Leonard Rayne, 13 years, Auckland Grammar School. "The Story of a Farm" was won by Charlie Haines, 13 years, also Girls' Grammar School. Three other prizes were allotted by Miss Lones, Mrs. Dunlop and Dawes to essays dealing with farm life in Auckland, the winners being Myrtle Wood (Auckland), James Clowthry (The Avonford), and Sarah McCarroll, aged 9 years (Marsden). The essays dealing with the fauna and flora of New Zealand showed less originality. The prize in this section was awarded by

Mr. Arthur Myers, M.P., to Hugh Wernham, aged 10 (Turua, Thames). Despite the fact that the balloon was in the vicinity of the hall, the children's attention did not flag at all. After full justice had been done to the tea and all sorts of refreshments, games and competitions were played. The children were divided into four classes, boy and girl under twelve and over twelve. Each child was given a piece of paper, and out of this they had to tear with the fingers a rooster. Most of the results were fearful and wonderful to behold, and created great fun.

Mrs. Seager arranged a "Dandy Dick" competition. Among the helpers and onlookers were: Mrs. Hope Lewis, Mrs. Leo Myers, Miss Mowbray, Mrs. Gillies, Miss Mary Hall, Mrs. Carr-Robert, Mrs. Seager, Miss Campbell, Miss Alice Walker, Misses R. Greig, D. Nathan, M. Egerton and Seager.

Personal.

Mrs. and the Misses Worsp have returned to the Grand Hotel after a visit to Mr. S. G. Worsp, "Kainui," Waikato.

Misses K. and M. Clark, who have been in Sydney on a holiday jaunt, returned home on Sunday, also Miss Pearl Gorrie. Miss McLean leaves on Monday week for Sydney on a visit with her brother. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross (Bruntswood) were in town for the Avondale races, and are the guests of Mrs. Ross' mother (Mrs. McCosh Clark).

Mr. R. Runciman and his sister (Mrs. Hayden) are visiting their mother (Mrs. Runciman), who has been so seriously ill, but is now at Lake House, Takapuna.

Miss Elsie Runciman and Mr. R. Runciman are at present on a visit to Australia.

Miss T. Runciman is visiting friends in Wellington.

Miss Annie Lee Rees was admitted to the Bar by Judge Chapman last week. Miss Rees is a daughter of Mr. W. L. Rees, Dunedin. Judge Chapman's father, who was then a Judge, admitted Miss Rees' father to the practice of the Court.

Mr. S. N. Zimm, the 1908 New Zealand Rhodes scholar, has passed the Indian Civil Service examination. This entitles him to a position in the Indian Service. It found medically fit successful candidates are allowed by Government about £200 for the following year so that they may remain in England to study the language used in the district in which they are to work. Mr. Zimm has been at Oxford for two years, and is 23 years old. This year he has taken his B.A. with first-class honours in mathematics.

Miss Jennie Moore, M.A., M.Sc., has been appointed science mistress at the Auckland Girls' Grammar School, and will arrive to take up her duties on the 25th inst.

Mr. Alfred Saunders, of Auckland, has gained the gold medal for pianoforte playing at the Royal Academy of Music, London. Mr. Saunders intends sitting for his I.R.A.M. diploma, and also for the organ diploma, and then visiting the Continent before leaving London for Auckland to take up music professionally.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

September 24.

An official announcement that on the expiration of the full Court mourning period on September 30th, there will be some entertaining at Government House, has caused a thrill of delightful anticipation. So far we have not heard any details, but enough has been said to show that October is to be an unusually gay month. Of course, the first function will be purely official, probably a dinner to the Prime Minister and the members of the Cabinet. A big reception later on is also on the programme, but we are not yet informed whether it will be an afternoon or evening affair.

Meantime rather a serious question crops up with regard to the means of getting to Government House. The old vice-regal quarters were in the residential part of the town and easily accessible from anywhere. New Government House is situated just outside the radius for which cab fares are scheduled, so there are sure to be difficulties. True, the entrance gates are just at the boundary line, but it is calculated that the drive is a quarter of a mile in length, and very exposed at that, so no one would feel inclined to walk up when dressed for a State occasion. His Excellency is interesting himself in the question, and an interview with the Mayor ended in

the latter making an arrangement that when necessary special trams should be run every few minutes to the most suitable stopping place. It would be a relief to many people if a definite cab and taxi fare could be settled.

The Calve Concerts.

Crammed houses have been the rule at all the Calve concerts, which have really created a furor here. On the last two nights the added attraction of scenery and costumes doubled the enjoyment of the audience, the "Carmen" scene being a most memorable one. At one concert in the Opera House, their Excellencies Lord and Lady Islington were present, the latter wearing black crepe de chine embroidered in jet; Lady Beatrice Kerr-Clark was in black charmeuse and paillettes. Also among the audiences have been Mrs. Elgar, in pale blue ninon, with a black velvet coat edged with ermine; Mrs. Joseph, black satin and jet; Miss Joseph, black pailletted net; Mrs. Nathan (Palmerston), rose du Barri charmeuse embroidered in the same shade; Mrs. Johnston, Princess gown of charmeuse, with scarf of lace; Mrs. Richmond, black crepe de chine and lace; Miss Seymour (Picton), black ninon de soie and pale blue burnous; Mrs. David Nathan, black satin veiled in beaded net; Miss Nathan, ivory satin and pearls, ivory burnous; Mrs. Prouse, ceru lace dress and Paisley coat; Miss Parsons, black jetted net; Mrs. Parsons, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Menzies (Southland), pale blue merveilleux with draped cincture of black satin, silver Egyptian scarf; Miss O'Connor, white crepe de chine and lace; Mrs. Miles, pastel charmeuse, mauve coat; Miss Butts, black satin with silver embroideries.

Among the Golfers.

Golf tournaments are still going on, although, of course, the great events are over. Nevertheless, plenty of interest and excitement go on at the smaller district championship meetings. Just lately Napier has been the attraction, and among players from Wellington have been Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Miss Bell, Mrs. and Miss Tweed, Dr. and Mrs. Webster, Mrs. and Miss Pearce, and a number of others.

Anglican Mission.

There has lately been rather a lull in social matters, which will probably become much more pronounced in a week or two. The Anglican Mission, from which such great benefits are hoped and expected, is drawing very near, and a vast amount of quiet preparation has been going on for some time. Bishop Julius is coming from Christchurch to assist, and on Sunday there is to be a grand meeting in the Town Hall to inaugurate the Mission. The special hymns have been practised after services, and careful and complete organisation is arranged, all the parishes uniting. The Rev. Canon Stuart is already here, making the final preparations, and is staying at Bishopscourt with the Bishop and Mrs. Wallis.

Children's Pageant.

It was such a pity Lady Islington could not be present at the final performance of the Children's Pageant, as it was really a charming sight. The little ones looked so pretty in their flower frocks and went through all the evolutions with much grace and dignity, even the intricate figure that revolved itself into a special welcome to Her Excellency. Part of the proceeds went to Mother Aubert's Home of Compassion. Much warmth of applause greeted the special compliment arranged in her honour, the children carrying out their parts wonderfully well.

The Boys' Institute.

The scheme of holding a bridge tournament in aid of the Boys' Institute was a capital one, and a handsome cheque was handed in to the funds by the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Morrison. Kirealdie's Tea Room was again the scene of play, the green walls making an admirable background to the many pretty evening dresses worn, a number of them being only partly visible under the picturesque form of wrap which is so popular just now. The girls of the tea room had volunteered their services, a graceful act, for which they received warm thanks from the committee. The scoring throughout was pretty high, the winning cards showing 1,800 points, and the runners-up 1,500, and would, of course, have been very much higher had doubling been allowed. Mrs. J. Joseph received a pair of silver vases, and her

partner, Mr. L. Nathan, a silver card case. The consolation prizes fell to Mrs. Etherington and Professor Rankine Brown. Mrs. Newman wore a Princess gown of blue charmeuse, the décolletage delicately embroidered in gold and crystals; Mrs. Morrison was in black crepe de chine, with a great deal of jet and burnous of electric blue charmeuse; Mrs. Tweed, white chiffon taffeta, with an overdress of black lace and jet, Liberty wrap of soft satin; Miss Joseph, a Princess dress of black crepe de chine, elaborately worked in jet, guimpe and elbow sleeves of Irish lace; Mrs. David Nathan, black lace dress, and long seal coat; Mrs. Johnston, black charmeuse, with panels of white elaborately embroidered in jet and chenille; Mrs. C. Johnston, black charmeuse, picturesque wrap of geranium red souple chine; Miss Miles, Princess dress of crepe de chine and lace, heliotrope burnous; Mrs. Pearce, black satin, and coat of Empire green; Mrs. Fitchett, pastel chiffon taffetas, and coat of chine silk; Mrs. Macarthy, rose coloured eolienne, with guimpe and sleeves of chiffon in the same shade embroidered with iridescent beads; Mrs. Nathan, black satin, and jet embroideries; Mrs. Monzies, black chiffon velvet, and fibu of lace; Miss Miles, pale pink eolienne and lace; Miss Pollen, aqua green ninon, and green burnous; Miss Nathan, black satin and lace.

Afternoon Entertainments.

Both Mrs. Grace and Mrs. Johnston were entertaining on Friday afternoon, and many of the same guests were at both parties. Mrs. Grace's was quite a large affair, but there was no crowding, although so many people were present. The hostess received her guests in the spacious hall, where bowls of dahlia and flowering plum had a charming background of old china against dark oak, palms being placed about in the recesses. In the red dining-room the table was done with bowls of crimson rhododendron set in silver bowls, and the drawing-room had many vases of daffodil and jonquils, white on the mantelpiece was a delightful scheme of bluish mauve perennial peas and white plum blossom. All the afternoon groups of admirers clustered round the cinerarias in the conservatory, which were wonderful in their depth and variety of colour and harmonising hues. Double azaleas of all shades of rose and white were placed about here and there, and in the morning-room the chocolate table had demurely sweet bowls of primroses on it. A delightful musical treat was afforded by the singing of Miss Phoebe Parsons, the music-room being thronged with listeners for every song.

Mrs. Grace wore black crepe de chine, the taffier elaborately embroidered in flat jet beads; the guimpe was of Irish guipure in an old ivory tint. Mrs. Jan Duncan was in ninon of twilight blue, with a deep hem of Paisley foulard, the yoke and sleeves of tucked net, dark blue hat massed with shaded white and blue lilac; Mrs. Arthur Duncan, lotus blue eolienne, with embroideries of shaded blue, and sleeves of Toscana net in the same shade, black hat wreathed with roses and lilac; Mrs. Wallis, mole grey charmeuse, with guimpe of net, black picture hat. Lady Ward was among the guests, wearing black ninon, the sleeveless coat strapped with black lace, black picture hat; Miss Eileen Ward, black foulard, with white ring spot deeply,

THE EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

FOR

THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC AND

NEW ZEALAND MAIL

THE AUCKLAND STAR

AND

THE NEW ZEALAND FARMER,

15

R. B. BRETTE,

134, FLEET-STREET (New Zealand Press

Agency), LONDON, E.C.

(Over "The Standard" Office.)

hemmed with black, black hat with close set wreath of white stock; Mrs Wallis, Miss Johnston, mole-coloured poplin with tucked panel, marabout stole and mole-coloured toque; Miss Duncan, a beautiful gown of sea blue crepe de chine, draped over an all-round gilet of ivory satin, which was finished with the narrowest piping of black and dull gold, toque in turban fashion of blue tulle with upstanding aigrette; Mrs. Erle Johnston, pale blue cloth, the draped tunic embroidered in soutache, large white hat, lined with pale blue, and trimmed with pink roses veiled in fine black lace; Miss Harcourt, mauve nylon over ivory silk, the corsage deeply ruffled with aluminium lace and finished with a folded belt of deep mauve satin, rustic straw hat lined with pink and garlanded with flowers; Mrs. V. Riddiford, ivory cloth dress and large black hat; Mrs. Tripp, electric blue tailor-made, and hat of the same shade; Mrs. Myers, white ribbed Shantung, made en tailleur, white hat with coloured wheat; Mrs. Anson, mauve cloth with lace guimpe, Tuscan hat with giant pansies; Mrs. C. Johnston, golden brown Ottoman silk, and black felted toque; Miss Harding, pale turquoise Shantung with folds of black on the embroidered vest, Leghorn hat, lined with black and wreathed with deep-lured roses; Mrs. Joseph, mole charmuse and nylon, and mole toque; Miss Joseph, gobelin blue crepe merv., Tuscan hat with pink pompons; Mrs. Biss, white tailor-made, braided in black, black hat; Miss Tweed, white coat and skirt, and black hat; Mrs. Nathan, sapphire blue charmuse; Miss Nathan, palest mauve Shantung and mauve hat.

Mrs. Johnston's "At Home" was one of a series she had been giving throughout the winter, and many of the guests came on from Mrs. Grace's. Mauve and blue sweet peas on the tea-table occasioned much admiration. They were sent from "Hilguden" where the garden is a celebrated one. Mrs. Johnston wore a Princess robe of black nylon de soie, encrusted with jet and appliques of lace, yoke of Limerick lace; Mrs. W. Turabull had an immensely smart dress of fine black cloth, the narrow skirt having a pointed tablier edged with braid, which was caught together with a strap at the back. The coat was braided in similar fashion, and under it was worn a transparent blouse of black nylon de soie, which veiled a slip of rose and white chine chiffon. Her large, black hat had a cluster of black ospreys. Miss Goring was in pale blue cloth made in the Magyar style, with small black buttons and a touch of black at the waist; Mrs. Elgar wore a black velvet coat and skirt, and a black picture hat with plumes of electric blue; Mrs. Fitchett, royal blue velvet striped with black, the coat handsomely finished with broad, black military braid, black velvet hat with black plumes; Mrs. Larnach, black nylon striped with dark blue over white silk, black plumed hat; Mrs. Miles, amethyst eolienne with embroidered motifs applied on a guimpe of lace, amethyst hat with tips of the same shade; Mrs. Mackenzie, black tailor-made, black and white bonnet; Miss Mackenzie, white embroidered silk with a pleated skirt, white hat with green bows; Mrs. Izard, amethyst eolienne embroidered in the same shade, amethyst hat with wings; Miss Elffe Williams, palest mauve cloth, the coat delicately touched in the same shade, mauve hat wreathed with wood violets; Miss Miles, pale blue cloth with a killed skirt and a long coat, black hat swathed with pale blue silk; Miss Fitzherbert, heliotrop cloth with an elaborately draped skirt, and a guimpe of lace, black hat; Miss C. Fitzherbert, ivory cloth tailor-made, ivory hat with wings; Miss Skerrett, copper brown tailor-made, and black turban toque with a crown of copper velvet; Mrs. Pearce, white coat and skirt, black hat with clover.

OPHELIA.

CAMBRIDGE.

September 24.

Bridge.
There is nothing much to write about this week, as Cambridge is very quiet just now. There have been a number of small bridge evenings in honour of Miss Herrold, of Remuera, who has been staying with Mrs. A. H. Nicoll.

Personal.
Miss Taylor, of "Bardowie," is expected home from Melbourne next week, where she has been visiting friends for the last seven months.

Miss B. Taylor and Miss G. Roberts have gone to Paeroia to stay with Mrs. Bush.
Mrs. J. B. Luck and her small son returned to Auckland on Tuesday, after spending five weeks with her parents (Archdeacon and Mrs. Willis).
Miss Herrold, of Remuera, returned home on Friday, accompanied by Mrs. Nairn, who is to be her guest for a time.
Mrs. and Miss Hilda Wells left by the main trunk line en route to Wanganui on Friday.
Mrs. Dougshun and her young daughter left by the Main Trunk on Monday night for Wanganui.

ELSIE.

HAMILTON.

September 21.

Farewell.
A most delightful afternoon was given by Mrs Noble on Thursday last, in honour of Miss Sandes, who is leaving very shortly for Australia to be married. A very pleasant time was spent in solving the puzzles of an "anatomy competition," while a dainty afternoon tea was provided and much appreciated. Mrs Noble received her guests in a handsome black and white silk gown. She was assisted by her sister, Miss Bayly, who wore a pale grey Oriental satin frock. Among the guests were:—Miss Sandes, in apple green crepon, pretty green hat; Mrs Bayly, black brocaded silk; Mrs Drury, brown costume; Miss Peacocke, pretty green gown, pink hat; Mrs Upton, cream costume; Mrs Palairat, black and white coat and skirt; Mrs Bennett, smart tailor-made dark green costume, green hat with brown roses; Mrs Brevis, pretty crushed-strawberry gown, white leather bon, black hat; Mrs Manning, cream coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Herdman, smart brown costume, pretty brown hat; Mrs English, crushed-strawberry coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Douglas, navy blue costume, hat to match; Mrs B. Hume, blue costume; Mrs MacDiarmid, navy blue costume; Mrs Whitehorn, pale green gown, black hat; Mrs H. Biggs, tweed coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs F. Jolly, blue coat and skirt, navy hat; Mrs T. Jolly, pale grey gown; Mrs Ward, pretty pale pink cloth gown, black and pink hat; Mrs Gwynne, tweed tailor-made coat and skirt, wine-coloured hat; Mrs Reece, brown; Mrs Meavs, navy costume, violet hat; Miss Hunter, green; Miss V. Hunter, pretty blue costume; Miss Wallnut, cream cloth coat and skirt, violet hat; Miss M. Cussen, navy costume, red hat; Miss Swarbrick, black and white coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Roache, cream; Miss Graham, navy blue tailor-made; Miss Holloway, white voile gown, white hat; Miss C. Holloway, cream; Miss Rothwell, brown costume; Miss Bayly, green cloth costume; Miss Stevens, cream; Miss Jolly, blue silk; Miss McPherson, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Miss McAllum, grey; Miss Bond, cream voile, brown hat.

Surprise Party.
A very jolly surprise party was given to Mrs and Misses Cussen, at their residence, "To Whire," on Thursday evening last, by a few friends. Progressive euchre was played at six tables, the ladies' first-prize being won by Miss C. Holloway, and the gentlemen's by Mr Chitty. After euchre, progressive games were played. Mrs Cussen wore black silk; Miss Cussen, cream; Miss M. Cussen, white silk frock; Miss L. Cussen, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Myra Cussen, blue; Miss Linda Cussen, cream blouse, dark skirt; Mrs Ward, pompadour silk evening frock; Miss H. Chitty, pearl grey Oriental satin; Miss M. Chitty, white muslin; Miss Wallnut, white silk blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Sandes, pale pink evening gown; Miss O'Neill, white embroidered muslin frock; Mrs C. Holloway, white silk; Miss Edgcombe, white; Miss McAllum, pink.

ZILLIAN.

ROTORUA.

Personal.
Messrs. H. Baker, of Hawke's Bay, and Mountford, of East Coast are staying at the "Mansions."
Mr. A. Harvey, of Auckland, is at Waitera House.
Mrs. Walter Cossor, of Auckland, is staying at Waitera House.
Mr. Freedman, of Belgium, is staying at Bathgate House, also Mrs. and Miss

Tennent, of Rangitikei, and Mr. Walter Smith, from England.
Mr. M. Hume, of Wellington, accompanied by his mother and two sisters, is staying at the Grand Hotel.
Mr. and Mrs. Ramsley, of Dunedin, are staying at Grand Vue.
Mr. Clement Dixon, of South Africa, is staying at the Grand Hotel.
Mr. and Mrs. Gilham, of Sydney, are staying at Lake House Hotel.

RATA.

TAUMARUNUI.

September 25.

Bazaar Afternoons.
A series of bazaar afternoons have been started in connection with the Church of England. Mrs. Cowper had one for grown-ups on Tuesday, when each guest was asked to bring an article for the fancy stall. During the afternoon a "Progressive Patience Competition" was held, which caused a great deal of amusement. The prizes were won by Miss Gill and the Revs. Hanby and Malden. Mrs. Cowper received in a pretty oyster-coloured gown, and looked charming. Among those present were: Mrs. A. Kenderline, in a brown tailor-made; Mrs. Laird looked well in green; Mrs. W. Winter, pretty sage blue coat and skirt; Mrs. Hume, stylish black coat and skirt; Mrs. Broad, navy; Mrs. Steadman, grey; Mrs. Gardner, green; Miss Gill looked well in black and white; Miss Grant looked very pretty in red coat and hat; Miss Laird, cornflower blue.

Baby Afternoon.
On Saturday Misses Cowper, Hume, and Kenderline were "At Home" to their baby friends, which resulted in a considerable addition to the articles already given for the "baby" stall. The "At Home" was held at Mrs. Cowper's residence. Those present were: Mrs. Cowper, Mrs. Kenderline, Mrs. Hume, Mrs. Greig, Mrs. Steadman, Mrs. O'Connor, Maher, and Moulden. The children were: Misses Nell Cowper, Kenderline (2), Nell Hume, Lella Maher, Steadman (2), Alison, Gardner, Ida Searle, Pearl Kieley, Jessie Ward, Greta Winnie and Violet Howard, Moulden, Dorothy Laird, and Masters Spencer, Cowper, Charlie and Tom Kenderline, Ivan Gardner, Ronald Thwaites, Jackie Steadman, Harry Hume, Carlyle, Breche, and Alfie Moulden. The children were the guests, and were waited on by the grown-ups. Afternoon milk and games were indulged in.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Maher gave a handkerchief afternoon, a number of dainty handkerchiefs being brought by the guests. During the afternoon a "Magazine Wedding" competition was held, the prizes being won by Miss Gill and Mrs. Reid. Mrs. Maher received in a handsome black nylon. Among those present were: Mrs. Kenderline, brown coat and skirt; Mrs. Sarah looked pretty in navy; Mrs. Laird, brown; Mrs. Hume, black; Mrs. Cowper, mole-coloured tailor-made; Mrs. Reid, green; Mrs. Thomson looked nice in navy; Mrs. Thwaites looked pretty in a brown check; Mrs. Thorne, stylish navy tailor-made; Mrs. Cate, grey; Mrs. Long, brown; Mrs. Gardner, cinnamon brown; Miss Thomson, navy; Miss Gill, pretty black and white; Miss Cayave, pale blue.

Last Wednesday Mrs. Gardner gave an afternoon for the bean tub; each guest was asked to bring some article costing threepence. The articles were displayed and prizes were given for the best expended threepence, the prize-winners being Mrs. Sarah and Mrs. Kenderline. During the afternoon a "Book Wedding" competition was held. Mrs. N. Winter and Mrs. J. Bacon were the successful winners. Mrs. Gardner received in a pretty pale green costume. Among those present were: Mrs. Broad, navy blue; Mrs. N. Winter looked pretty in blue coat and skirt; Mrs. Cowper, sage blue; Mrs. Laird looked nice in green; Mrs. Harrison, pretty violet; Mrs. Greig, black; Mrs. Bacon looked stylish in navy blue; Mrs. O'Connor, pretty black; Mrs. Irvine looked charming in a stylish green; Miss Laird, blue; Miss Harrison, navy; Mrs. E. Hanson, grey.

MAVIS.

GISBORNE.

September 21.

At the Theatre.
The High Ward Co. played to crowded houses last week, everyone thoroughly enjoying the season's plays. Amongst a

large audience, I noticed:—Mrs. Carlyon, wearing white satin outlined with black jet; Mrs. Nolan, grey silk and lace; Mrs. Barton, white silk; Mrs. Omerod, pale blue silk, grey silk opera coat; Mrs. Stephenson, buttercup satin; Mrs. Barnes-Graham, black chiffon gown over satin; Mrs. Branson, black satin and jet; Mrs. Murray, black velvet; Mrs. White, petunia satin and lace; Mrs. A. Rees, black silk; Mrs. Traill, pale blue satin, silver fringe trimming; Mrs. R. Barker, white silk; Mrs. Kennedy, black and white silk and lace; Mrs. Symes, black and white silk and lace; Mrs. Clayton, pink silk; Mrs. Smith, black silk; Mrs. Barton, black satin gown; Mrs. Wallis, black satin and lace; Mrs. C. Smith, soft white silk; Mrs. Black, black silk gown; Mrs. Carmichael, black chiffon gown; Mrs. Harney, pale grey silk; Mrs. F. Barker, soft white satin; Mrs. MacLean, strawberry coloured satin; Miss MacLean, Princess robe of lemon satin; Miss Agnew-Brown, pale blue silk voile; Miss Murray, pink flowered voile; Miss Nolan, white silk and insertion; Miss E. Barker, wedgwood blue silk; Miss F. Barker, silver blue silk gown; Miss Schumacher, pale blue satin trimmed with silver; Miss Symes, white embroidered silk; Miss Reynolds, vicux rose satin; Miss R. Reynolds, myrtle green velvet, lace bertha, etc.

A Kitchen Tea.
Mrs. F. Traill entertained a large number of the girl friends of Miss Agnew-Brown, whose marriage takes place on Wednesday, to a kitchen tea at the Alexandra Tea Rooms. Amongst those present were: Misses Davies, Nolan, Symes, Bull, Bonnett, MacLean, Watkins (2), Barker, Sherratt, Bradley, Williams, Coleman, Murray, Black (2), etc.

Personal.
The Misses Bush left on Saturday for Tokomaru Bay.
Mrs. Monckton went South on Sunday.
Mrs. Sain-bury left for Napier on Sunday.
Mr. A. E. Kennedy is at present in Napier.

ELSIE.



NAPIER.

September 23.

The Anglican Mission.

The missionaries who are working in this diocese were welcomed by the Bishop of Waiapu in St. John's Cathedral last Friday evening. A huge congregation filled the church, and the service was most impressive.

On the Links.

The Waiotiki Links looked very gay last Saturday, when the final for the Hawke's Bay Golf Championship was won by H. B. Lusk after a hard-fought game with Kapi Tareha. The day was perfect, the fresh young green of the willows, the red coats of the golfers, and the many pretty spring frocks worn by the ladies all combining to make the scene a charming one. The prizes were given away by Mrs. Geoffrey Pharazyn. Amongst those present were: Mrs. P. S. McLean, Mrs. Trautbeck, Miss Page, Mrs. Harry Smith, Mrs. E. Gordon, Mrs. C. Gordon, Mrs. Wendy, Miss Lever, Miss Duff, Mrs. Wood, Miss Butts (Wellington), Miss Symes (Christchurch), Mrs. Moeller, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Nora Williams, Miss Mills, Miss Leggett (Nelson), Mrs. Hector Smith, Mrs. Lovien, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Henley, Mrs. Geo. Kelly, Mrs. Suedgrass, Miss Hindmarsh, Miss Dews.

The Napier Ladies' Golf Tournament commenced on Wednesday. So far the weather has been most unpleasant, with high westerly winds and clouds of dust. However, the "golfer" is not easily daunted, and very few of the competitors have scratched; but we can hardly look for any record scores under the present conditions.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Potts (Palmerston) and their grandchildren are staying at the Masonic Hotel.

Mrs. J. C. George is on a visit to Napier. She is staying at the Masonic Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse are visiting Gisborne.

Mrs. Claude Cato is visiting Mrs. Dews (Sea View Terrace).

Miss Butts (Wellington) has been spending a few days with Mrs. Wood.

Miss Bickford and Miss Gaisford are staying at the Masonic Hotel.

Miss Duff (Havelock) is visiting Mrs. P. S. McLean.

Misses Bell, Abraham, Pearce, Woolcombe, Joyce, Hartgill, Adams, Mrs. Simcox, Misses Coleman, Humphries, Campbell and Symes are amongst the visitors in Hawke's Bay for the Golf Tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull (Otago) are staying at the Masonic Hotel.

Miss Turnbull is the guest of Mrs. Logan.

Miss Ewen (Wellington) is visiting Mrs. Sutton.

MARJORIE.

DANNEVIRKE.

September 23.

"Les Cloches de Corneville."

The Dannevirke Amateur Operatic Society gave two very successful performances of "Plouquette's" charming opera, "Les Cloches de Corneville," last week, and they intend producing it again on the 30th September. The cast was good, and the chorus work very creditable. Owing to the unfortunate indisposition of Miss B. Pettit, Mrs. Reid Mackay took the part of Germaine at short notice, and pleased the audience very much. Other characters were well sustained. The old-fashioned dressing was very pretty, and the scenery was remarkably well painted.

A Dance.

It is proposed to hold a "Bal Pontre" under the auspices of the Golf Club about the 14th inst. An energetic committee has the arrangements in hand, and the preliminary circulars are out.

Miscellaneous.

A meeting in connection with the bazaar in aid of the Fire Brigade Funds was held at Mrs. Bickford's house on Monday evening.

It is proposed to establish cooking classes for adults at the local Technical School. One of the local papers has suggested a testing circle be appointed so that the risk of first results will be narrowed to the circle. Surely a poor tribute to the New Zealand woman's culinary talents!

There is an Anglican Mission in pro-

gress here. Canon Ivens is the missioner, and held special services for women on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. There was a good attendance. LORIS.

FEILDING.

September 23.

Surprise Party.

On Tuesday evening a surprise party visited Mrs. W. Giesen, at Aorangi. Dancing was the order of the night. Among those present I noticed:—Mesdames Houli, Walker, and Miller, Misses Peat, Prior, Nicholson, Jones, Walker, Bruce, Innes-Jones, Wyatt, Long, Messrs. Barton (2), Bruce, Moore (2), Logie, Mackay, Calman, Gillett, Long, and others.

Personal.

Mrs. West (Wellington) is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Gillespie.

Miss Innes-Jones, who has been the guest of Mrs. J. Stevenson, Wangamui, has returned to Feilding.

Mr. Onslow Barton, of the Bank of New Zealand, has been moved to Taihape.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Fitzherbert and family, who have been spending a few months in Sydney, have returned to Feilding.

Mrs. Monckton ("The Camp") has left her house for a year, and gone to live in Otaki.

Mrs. Bruce (Pondalton), who has been the guest of Dr. and Miss Livesay, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Godfrey, "Wairima," Ekatahuna, has been spending a few days in Feilding. TUL.

HASTINGS.

September 23.

At Home.

Mrs. G. Miller gave a most pleasant "At Home" this afternoon. The day was delightfully fine, and about sixty ladies accepted the invitation of the popular and charming hostess. The large hall, drawing-room, and dining-room looked very inviting with bowls and vases of the lovely spring bulb flowers, in tones of yellow and white. Miss Newbigen sang and Miss Peddie gave several choice selections on her gramophone. Delicious cakes and tea were dispensed, and then a song competition was indulged in. Three competitors, Mrs. Beamish, Mrs. Reid, and Miss Evans, tied for the prize, Miss Evans being the lucky winner in the final draw. Mrs. J. Miller (hostess) looked very sweet and charming in black silk taffetas, transparent sleeves and yoke of lovely silk lace; Mrs. Peddie, black silk brocade; Miss Peddie looked nice in blue silk, lace yoke; Mrs. J. Beamish looked exceedingly nice in amethyst silk gown, ribbon velvet bands of darker tone, lovely lace yoke, large white straw hat wreathed with amethyst roses; Mrs. De Lisle, military blue coat and skirt, white hat swathed with pale blue silk; Mrs. Halse, black serge coat and skirt, braided pink Paisley hat; Mrs. Wallace, green cloth coat and skirt, black collar and cuffs, stylish hat of black; Mrs. Newbigen, black cloth costume braided, large aeroplane blue straw hat, pink roses; Mrs. Reid looked nice in green costume, headed with silk soubrette, hat in two tones of green; Miss Orury, dark violet tweed costume, violet toque; Mrs. Lean, blue coat and skirt, striped hat of cinnamon straw wreathed with dark fuschia; Mrs. Richmond, stylish dark rose cloth coat and skirt, collar and cuffs of black silk, cinnamon brown straw hat; Mrs. Biddle, military blue coat and skirt, brown hat, wreathed with cinnamon silk; Mrs. Lawlor, blue coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Douglas, bright rose cloth, much braided in black, smart rose straw hat, with black velvet and roses; Mrs. McKibbin, grey silk, trimmed Oriental insertion, stylish black hat with three shades of roses; Mrs. Cuthbert, dark grey costume, hat on suite; Mrs. Clarke, blue coat and skirt, hat on suite; Mrs. Mason, brown costume, stylish brown hat; Mrs. Banks, lavender silk, lace yoke, floral toque of amethyst; Mrs. Hurley, white silk yoke, amethyst stole, and floral amethyst toque; Mrs. Stromach, grey silk yoke, hat on suite; Mrs. McLeod, Wedgwood blue Shantung, stylish blue straw hat with cinnamon trimmings; Mrs. Bancroft, violet cloth, black hat wreathed with dark red roses; Miss Mason, biscuit cloth coat and skirt, braided, large black hat wreathed with roses; Miss —, Mason, brown striped

cloth, braided with black, brown Paisley hat; Miss Mackersey, cream cloth frock, braided, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Cameron, cream costume, rose straw hat with loops of rose ribbon; Miss Newbigen, blue costume, large white hat; Miss Evans, pancy cloth costume, hat on suite; Miss Symes, cream costume, amethyst hat draped with Paisley silk. Others present were: Mesdames Evans, Wellwood, Murray, Mackersey, Beyers, Millward, Robinson, Misses Wylie, Mackersey, Woodward.

Juvenile Afternoon Tea Party.

Mrs. Maurice Mason gave a large afternoon tea party to the little folk on Saturday last. The day was all blue and sunshine, and the handsome residence nestling among the green trees, with the little folk all in their party frocks decking the lawn like so many wild flowers, made an enchanting scene. Mrs. Maurice Mason looked very elegant in a soft tobacco brown with cream trimmings; Misses Mason, two sweetly pretty young ladies, were wearing white frocks. Tea was served from a buffet on the green. The great feature of the afternoon's amusement were sports of all kinds, the little ones returning home simply laden with the toys and good things the host and hostess had so lavishly bestowed upon them. Some of the little guests present were: Misses Nairn (2), Shields, Scott, Lewis, Brodie, Scannell, Nelson, Lean, Beamish, Mackersey, Evans, Chambers, Faulkner, Masters Clarke, Mason, Lewis, Scannell, Tosswill (2), Shields, Scott, Mackersey, Chambers, Faulkner.

Personal.

Miss E. Williams (Frimley) has returned from Wellington.

Miss Peddie and Miss Winnie Miller have returned from Feilding. SUELLA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

September 24.

A Dance.

Last Tuesday evening the Misses Humphries held their breaking-up dance in the Brougham-street Hall, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all those present. A most recherche supper was served in one of the off rooms, the tables being prettily decorated with daffodils and light greenery. Between the dances appreciative fees were served, which were doubtly enjoyed as the weather was rather warm. The music was rendered by Mrs. W. Wood.

Amongst those present were:—Miss Humphries, pale heliotrope crystalline, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Miss H. Humphries, black satin, gold sequined berthe; Miss Brewster, pale blue muslin, with hand-painted border; Miss R. Clarke, pale primrose silk, berthe of cream lace; Miss Hanna, turquoise silk; Miss — Hanna, white insertion muslin; Miss Avery, black taffetas, veiled in net; Miss V. Kirkby, pale green muslin relieved with scarlet roses on corsage; Mrs. Colson, lettuce green striped cologne, finished with cream lace; Miss N. Capel, pale blue paillette inset with cream lace and silver fringe on décolletage; Miss Webster, black net, cream lace berthe, relieved with pale pink roses; Miss S. Webster, cream silk; Mrs. Kyngdon, scarlet chiffon, tucked, finished with cream lace; Miss Cutfield, ivory tinted chiffon, trimmed with silk lace; Miss Emary, white silk; Miss E. Harte, cream cashmere, de soie, finished with berthe of cream lace; Miss E. Penn, pale blue crystalline; Miss K. Penn, pale blue silk; Miss Healey, cream silk; Miss E. Spencer, cream silk; Miss J. Hempton, white muslin; Miss D. Newton, white silk; Miss A. Roberts, wine-coloured silk, with cream lace berthe; Miss W. Roberts, white silk; Miss Roy, cream lace robe over a silk foundation; Miss O. Mackay, cream chiffon taffetas, with décolletage draped with net; Mrs. Kirkly, black merveillon, cream lace berthe; Miss M. Clarke, dainty cream embossed silk; Mrs. Leslie Nolan, pale heliotrope taffetas, finished with panels of cream lace; Miss Street, white silk; Miss E. Russell, cream chiffon taffetas, corsage finished with rich lace; Miss D. Bedford, cream; Miss W. Bennett, cream silk; Miss K. Bennett, white muslin; Miss W. Sole, white muslin; Miss Howell, green velvet, cream lace berthe; Mrs. Southall, soft black glace, chemisette of cream tucked net, relieved with violets; Miss K. Saxton, pale pink silk; Miss Dempsey, mauve-coloured silk, veiled in headed net.

Bridge Party.


Mrs. Rudd gave a most enjoyable bridge party last Wednesday evening. There were five tables, and the prizes were won by Mrs. Percy Webster and Mrs. Paul. Mrs. Rudd received her

guests in a rich black silk, inset with heavy cream insertion; Miss Short, pale pink muslin; Miss Turnbull, black silk, with sequined shoulder scarf; Miss Hempton, black silk; Miss A. Hempton, pale blue and white striped silk; Mrs. Paul, pale blue crystalline blouse, finished with cream lace, black satin skirt; Mrs. J. Clarke, cream, with white embroidered silk blouse; Mrs. Heard, cornflower blue Princess robe, trimmed with Oriental trimming; Mrs. Percy Webster, pale blue silk blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs. Whetter, white silk, with lace berthe; Mrs. W. Newman, cornflower blue silk; Mrs. McEwan, pale blue silk blouse, trimmed with black velvet strappings, black silk skirt; Miss Hallett, cream lace blouse, piped with pale green, black silk skirt; Miss Wood, black velvet, trimmed with cream insertion; Mrs. Cotton, black silk; Mrs. A. D. Gray, pretty apple green silk, trimmed with Oriental trimming; Miss Brown, black silk; Mrs. H. Baily, white silk blouse, real lace berthe, black silk skirt; Mrs. J. Harvey, white silk; Mrs. Hutchen, cream voile, finished with lace.

Presentation.

On the completion of Mr. H. Dempsey's (headmaster of the Central School) twenty-five years' service, the public gathered to do him honour last Thursday evening in the Theatre Royal. His Worship the Mayor (Mr. Tisick) presided, and with him assembled on the stage were members of the Central School Committee, representatives of the old pupils, citizens, etc. Speeches were made by the Mayor, the Hon. O. Samuel, M.L.C., Mr. A. L. Humphries (on behalf of the old boys), and Mr. F. P. Corhill (chairman of the Central School Committee). The latter, during his speech, presented Mr. Dempsey with an illuminated address on behalf of the old pupils and citizens of the town, after which the Mayor presented Mrs. Dempsey with a handsome silver tea and coffee service. Mr. Dempsey, on behalf of himself and wife, feelingly responded. During the evening musical items were rendered by Messrs. Renaud, Ambury, Clarke, Crawford, Hooper, F. Asher, and J. Easther (recitation), Misses Blake and Bentler.

Facing North



THAT MORE MAY SECURE SOME OF

The Fairest Fashions

FROM ALL POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

BALLANTYNES

ARE THE DISTRIBUTORS OF

Things Most Dressy AND Distinctive

on which they pay the postage to any address in New Zealand.

PATTERNS, PRICES and PARTICULARS OF SUPERIOR DRAPERY and DRESS on application.

J. Ballantyne & Co.

CHRISTCHURCH.

white muslin; E. Storey, pink silk; M. Storey, blue muslin; Erskine, green; Pickering (Havelock), white; Dalziel, blue and white; Fulton, white and blue; T. Fulton, white; Richardson, pink-flowered muslin; Edmunds, white. A few were in fancy dress: Miss Law, Negress; Miss North, Stans and Stripes; Miss Storey, Waitress; Misses Neal (2) (Rae Valley), Spanish Dancers; Miss Bright, Housemaid; Mr. Coleman, Johnson up-to-date.

Jubilee Singers.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers played to a very large and appreciative audience on Tuesday evening. Every item was enthusiastically received.

The fruit trees are one mass of blossom, and should fine weather continue there is every prospect of a grand crop this season.

A man at Mahakipawa picked up an opal the other day in a ploughed field. Now, instead of looking for gold, everybody looks on the ground for opals.

Personal.

Mrs. Colomb and Mrs. Clutterback, wives of the Captain and Lieutenant of H.M.S. Encounter, arrived from Wellington on Friday last. They have now gone overland to Nelson.

Mrs. Duckworth and her sister (Miss Eyes) were in Picton last week.

The Bishop of Nelson preached in Holy Trinity Church last Sunday, and confirmed twenty candidates at the evening service.

The Rev. James Patterson, of Wellington, was in Picton this week, and took the services at St. Paul's (Presbyterian) Church on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Biddell spent a few days in Seddon last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Brown (Wellington) are in Picton, visiting Mrs. and the Misses Fuller.

Miss Seymour has returned from a visit to Nelson and Wellington.

BELLE.

BLLENHEIM.

September 22.

An Enjoyable Dance.

Miss Irene Horton held a most enjoyable dance in the Orange Hall on Saturday evening. The weather was somewhat boisterous, but nevertheless there was a very good attendance, and dancing was continued until midnight. The floor was in its usual good order, and Miss Doris Fisher officiated at the piano. Miss Horton looked well in black chiffon taffeta; Miss D. Horton wore a white muslin gown. Others present were:—Mesdames MacLaine, white silk; Wilmot (Nelson), creme silk; Bennett, black chiffon taffeta; Walker, black taffeta; Hulme, white muslin; Ewart (Stratford), black velvet; Misses Ewart, creme frock; Brittain, white muslin; E. Clayton, pink charmeuse; O. Alastair, pale blue silk; Isabel Clayton, white satin gown; Cooke (Christchurch), saxe blue satin; Muir, black satin; Seddon, green muslin; B. Griffiths, heliotrope muslin gown; B. Mowat, white muslin; E. MacDonald, creme net Empire frock; M. McNab, oyster coloured satin robe; Barnett, pale blue silk; Kirkby (New Plymouth), white net frock; E. Fisher, white muslin; D. Fisher, white muslin; McGowan (Wellington), black velvet robe; C. Clouston, creme voile; Zoey Clouston, black velvet; Messrs. B. Moore, A. Davey, Sonson, Brittain, Anderson, Draper, R. Mowat, P. Hill, Fendall, Bennett, Fisher, Lindsay, G. Griffiths, Clouston, Barnett, Adams (Langley Dale), were also present.

Interesting Football Match.

The West Coast footballers, in quest of the Seddon shield, arrived in Blenheim on Friday, when they were immediately taken up to the Club Hotel, where they received a hearty welcome from the Marlborough Rugby Union. The team included a number of exceptionally strong men, and many of those interested became afraid Marlborough would lose the shield. The first spell was simply a close tussle and game, and the second was a brilliant forward game, with very little back play. The game resulted in a Marlborough win by 10 to 8. Needless to say, much excitement was created upon Marlborough retaining the shield. A very large attendance was present to witness the match. Some of those who noticed there were: Mesdames Bennett, Walker, Griffiths, Mills, Clouston, Adams, McArthur, MacLaine, Warden, Misses Melrose (Altmarlock), Draper, Rose (2),

Grace, Griffiths, Neville, G. Cooper (Wellington), Barnett, McGowan (Wellington), H. Williams (Newick), Urquhart, and innumerable others.

Personal.

Dr. Douglas Reid, eldest son of Mr J. Reid, manager of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile at Blenheim, is at present on his way out to New Zealand as surgeon on the steamer Rippingham Frigate. He is making the trip via Singapore, Batavia, and Torres Strait. He will disembark at Sydney, and is expected to arrive in Blenheim about the middle of next month.

Mr C. Webb-Bowen, has been spending a holiday down the Sounds. He has now returned again to "Langley Dale," feeling benefited by the change.

Mr and Mrs Vickers have returned to Picton from a most enjoyable holiday, spent in the North Island, and Mr B. A. Moore, who has been relieving Mr Vickers at the Bank of New Zealand, there, re-joined here early in the week.

Miss McGowan (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs Barnett, at Tona Marina.

Miss Marjorie Melrose (Altmarlock) has been spending a few days in town with Mrs Neville, at "Thurston."

Mr J. T. Mowat is visiting Christchurch.

Mrs T. Ewart (Stratford) is visiting Mrs J. Mowat, at Springlands.

JEAN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

September 23.

Dance at Avonside.

A delightful dance was given at Avonside by Mrs. Henry Wood. A large number of guests were present, both adults and juveniles. The hostess wore a handsome gown of cream lace, with gold embroideries; her little daughter, Miss Hope Wood, a dainty frock of pale pink satin and cream lace. Amongst the guests were: Miss B. Wood, in a white net frock with insertions of turquoise blue ribbon; Miss Gorrie (Auckland), a charming gown of grey satin, with overdress of grey chiffon, hemmed with satin; Miss D. Anderson, mauve silk veiled in grey crepe de chine, enfolded with bunches of violets; Miss Mareuil, soft white silk trimmed with blue; Miss Kitson, white crepe de chine and cream insertions; Miss Craeroff-Wilson, pale pink satin veiled with champagne muslin and pink ribbons; Mrs. C. F. Thomas, gown of pale grey silk with crystal embroideries and white lace; Miss Thomas, white muslin frock hemmed with white satin; Miss M. Thomas, frock of pale green silk with Greek key design worked in silver; Miss B. Thomas, frock of white muslin and embroidery, pink sash ribbon; Miss Wilding, pale blue satin with white net overdress; Miss Murray, white net relieved with red ribbons; Miss Rattray, frock of pale blue silk and cream lace insertions; Miss Wynn Barley, pale blue satin and chiffon; Miss F. Butterworth, floral muslin frock, pale blue and white; Miss Bowden, white silk and lace; Miss G. Merton, blue and white satin; Misses Tohill, Pinkney, Pratt (2), Knight, Beadel, Wigley, Campbell, and Harper, Masters Wood, Harris, Beadel, Pinkney, Tohill, and Harley, Messrs. B. B. Wood, Gould, Wright, Denniston, Rhodes, Barnett, Godby, Harper, Nancarrow, Britten, Wilding, Bowden, Fell, Thomas, Anderson, Butterworth, and Dr. C. Nedwill. Dancing took place in the drawing-room and hall, which were beautifully decorated with spring flowers and evergreens.

Daffodil Show.

The daffodil show was opened yesterday afternoon at the Alexandra Hall. Several of the exhibits were magnificent. Notably so were those sent by Mr. Heaton Rhodes, Mr. Bayliss, and Mr. A. G. Bull, to whom was awarded the amateur daffodil cup, which had been presented by Mr. Bayliss. Other flowers exhibited were anonymous by Mrs. Murray-Aynley, violets by Miss Beckett, hyacinths by Mrs. Bides, and primroses by Mr. W. Bayliss. The first prize for table decorations was won by Miss D. Cox and Miss Boyle second. Miss E. Hamber took first prize for vases of daffodils. During the evening a band was in attendance, and a large number of people were present. The season has been good for daffodils, consequently the show is a very fine one. Amongst the visitors were: Mesdames Arthur Rhodes, G. Rhodes, Thomas, Egan, Murray-Aynley, Beadel, Rutherford, Harper, Cox, Beckett, Wood, Misses Chisholmley, Cox, Hoppert, &

At the Theatre Royal.

The pantomime of "Aladdin" is being played to crowded houses at evening performances and matinees. A few of those present have been: Mrs and Miss Boyle, Mr and Mrs Rhodes, Miss Rhodes, Mr and Mrs G. Rhodes, Mrs J. D. Hall and children, Mrs H. Wood, Miss Wood, Mrs Stead, Miss Duff, Mr and Mrs Thomas and children, Mrs Wall and children, Mr and Miss Humphreys, Mrs Jennings and children, Mr and Mrs A. Harper and family, Dr. and Mrs Stevenson, Mrs Thompson and children, Professor and Mrs Blunt, Master Blunt, Miss Julius, Miss Molineaux, Mr and Mrs Alpers, the Misses Rose, Mrs Acland and children. Mrs and Miss Beckett, Mr and Mrs Leonard Clark, Mrs C. Clark.

Afternoon Tea.

Mrs J. D. Hall gave an afternoon tea on Wednesday at Miss Cox's rooms, "Te Whare," Hereford-street.

Miss Milne has sent out invitations for a dance, which will take place this evening (Friday) in Miss Cox's Assembly Rooms.

Personal.

Mrs Harrison (Nelson) is staying with friends in Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs C. Wynn-Williams (North Island) are the guests of Mrs. Wynn-Williams, Latimer-square, Christchurch.

Miss Grace Harcourt (Wellington) is in Christchurch.

Miss Holmes and Miss H. Holmes (Huntly) are the guests of their brother, Mr A. L. Holmes (Bangor), Tai Tapu.

Mr and Mrs Isaac Gibbs left Christchurch by the Turakina for Auckland.

Mr and Mrs Walter Stringer (Christchurch) have gone for a trip to Sydney.

Mr and Mrs W. G. Stead (Hawke's Bay) and Miss Duff have gone to Sydney.

Mrs Deans and Mrs Symes (Christchurch) left for Hamner on Monday, and intend staying a week.

Mrs Ian Deans (Homebush) is in Christchurch.

Mrs D. Westenan (Dunsandel) was in Christchurch last week.

DOLLY VALE.

The skipper had an awful cough. The night was fierce and dark; The rocks were close, the sea was rough; The skipper—"lost his bark." If we wish to "steer" clear from the rocks of this life, The life and the child's we endure, Let us "set a true course" by firmly re- To Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

KEEP BABY'S SKIN CLEAR



By the Constant Use of CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted, when necessary, by Cuticura Ointment. These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve, purify and beautify the skin, scalp, hair and hands of infants and children, prevent minor eruptions becoming chronic, and soothe and dispel torturing, disfiguring rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings. Peace falls on distracted households when Cuticura enters.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co. Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; S. Africa, Lennox, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 132 Columbus Ave., Boston. Cuticura Soap, post-free, 32 pages of valuable information on Care of the Skin, Scalp and Hair.

ICILMA SHAMPOO SACHETS

Wonderful Success of the New Shampoo Powders.

Thousands of Ladies Washing their Hair in the New Style, without rinsing.

The invention of Icilma Shampoo Sachets has been hailed with delight by ladies all over the country, while applications for sample sachets are pouring in from all parts of New Zealand. Thousands of ladies are now washing their hair in the new style, saving time and trouble as well as improving the hair by so doing.

The secret of the success of Icilma Shampoo Sachets is not far to seek—owing to the incorporation of the wonderful cleansing elements which have made Icilma Floor Cream so popular the world over, this new shampoo contains really extraordinary advantages. Ordinary shampoos make the hair harsh, "feathery," and difficult to do up—because they wash out THE NATURAL OIL as well as the dirt—that is why in the end they ruin the hair. Icilma Shampoo Sachets not only cleanse thoroughly, but they stimulate the flow of natural oil, thus giving brilliance and added beauty to the hair. No other shampoo in the world has the same effect.

In addition to this, NO RINSING IS NECESSARY, and the hair can be done up as usual the moment the shampoo is over. Icilma Shampoo Sachets are used with ordinary hot water. Full directions being given in every packet. They impart a sweet fragrance of violet-root when placed among gloves or linen, thus forming excellent perfume sachets till needed. If you value your hair write to-day for trial packet.

Icilma Shampoo Sachets

Price 3d. per packet, in boxes of seven.

Obtainable from A. ECCLES, Queen St., H. O. WILES, Queen St., R. R. PARNHAM, North Shore, and all leading Chemists.

TEST THIS WONDERFUL SHAMPOO NOW.

On receipt of 4d. (in stamps) a full-sized Shampoo Sachet, together with a sample of Icilma Floor Cream, will be sent to a who apply at once to THE ICILMA CO., LTD., 6 Brandon Street, Wellington.

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

Modes in Millinery.

THE turban, the busby and the toque may have foes, but those foes are assuredly of their own household. The turban has raised itself and spread itself, till it has developed into something of an extinguisher. Neatly all hats have this crown, which admit of their sitting closely on the head, and bandeaux are altogether banished. Hence, many compensations in the way of comfort in head-gear that is decidedly lacking in high artistic quality. As far as actual hats are concerned, things show much promise.

THE PICTURE HAT.

The picture hat is never out of season, and at times like the present, when millinery is inclined to show certain eccentricities, women fall back with much willingness on its classic and picturesque qualities. In light straw, cymoline and magyar, it is frequently turned up at both sides, trimmed with long loops of soft ribbon and long, flexible quills. More often it is turned up slightly at one side only, and trimmed with full tips. In black velvet, trimmed with ostrich plumes, it maintains its old characteristics, and, with the Directoire coat in black taffeta, with its black velvet revers and the narrow skirt, is a big factor in many very successful costumes.

An exceedingly pretty hat is in stone-coloured straw with a deep under-hem of black velvet, the crown massed with those charming little flowers nemesia in many bright, yet rather dark, colours, on their pretty, straight, stiff stalks, arranged so as to resemble a gigantic pompon, all setting outward from the centre.

Fashion Brevities.

White corded silk crowns on hats of black panne.

Artichoke purple is the name of a delicate tint that finds many admirers.

Many tunic overdresses, uneven at the lower edge, show wide border bands of velvet.

White silk braid is a trimming seen on tailor-made suits of black velvet.

Some plain coats are headed by a deep neckband of embroidery that spreads out a trifle towards the shoulders.

Pinafore effects come with many simple but very engaging dance dresses for girls in their teens.

Dresses for afternoon wear are laced with coloured ribbons and trimmed with chenille fringe to match.

FASHIONS IN VEILS.

Another eccentricity which Paris has discarded, and concerning which we will not be slow in following suit, is the veil with detached lace patterns.

Once again the mesh is becoming

clear. Eccentricity in veils is out of date. The blurred motifs are discarded, the heavy groundwork is being tabooed, and the result is a decided gain on all sides. The women whose looks have been temporarily spoilt by the veils of the past few weeks, supplemented with big lace motifs occurring in unexpected places, are legion, and even the sight of its disastrous effect upon one's neighbours does not seem to have had any restraint upon its popularity. Veils are still worn close to the face, and the fashion for matching the hatpin to the hat has resulted in some wonderful schemes in straw and beads which are a triumph of the colourist's art.

ter has seen much of this colour worn with large hats of black beaver or satin. With a little coat of thin purple-faced cloth for the uncertain days, and a big hat of fine black straw, encircled with a soft wide satin ribbon tied in a big bow in front, any mite from four to twelve is neatly equipped.

BLACK HATS WITH WHITE FIELD DAISIES.

In default of the purple coat, the ordinary little white serge frock which so many children are wearing just now can be supplemented with a hat of this description, or with a pretty black mushroom shape wreathed with nothing but white field daisies and tied under the chin—as so many children's hats are at the present moment—with a narrow black velvet ribbon passed over the crown and slipped under the wreath.

to which their restless young wearers are sure to subject them.

As regards the sketches of frocks and coat shown on this page, the little girl seated on the grassy bank and very much at her ease, wears one of the new frocks with short cut-away top. The underdress is of soft white calimere, with a black patent leather belt, and trimmed at the edge with a deep hem of shepherd's plaid. This is repeated in the case of the little bodice, which is finished with a gamferred fall of white lingerie round the throat.

Next to her is a child in the simplest of little coats made in sac form. This is carried out in white serge faced with black satin and fastened across with a large smoked pearl button, while the big hat of stretched black satin is wreathed with huge white margerites with black velvet centres. The last of the trio wears a little frock of striped black and white washing silk, hommed with a deep band of white silk.



FROCKS AND COATS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Frocks and Coats for Little Girls

At one time purple was hardly thought of in connection with children's frocks or coats, but it has been so fully recognised as one of the most becoming combinations a child can wear that the past win-

VALUE OF THE KNITTED COAT.

Later on the cool summer linens in mauve and white will probably be as much in request for children, and even now these little frocks, supplemented with the warm white knitted golf coat which is so fashionable for the nursery people this year, and which is one of the most practical schemes which Mme. Le Mode has elected to introduce, are to be seen in not a few instances.

The temperature is invariably so different at midday to what it is at night that these little coats are proving an inexpressible boon. They are not only what the dressmaker would call "excellent packers," and can be tucked away into any corner of box or bag for a day or week's holiday, but they are easily washed and will stand all the hard wear

The Necessity for Fashion.

DARE WE MAKE OUR OWN?

THE "OBVIOUS" TYPE.

LONDON, August 12.

Whether Garrick would have made an able critic of fashion in these days it is hard to say, but a piece of advice that he once gave is, at any rate, worth consideration:—

Be not misled by strange fantastic art. But in your dress let Nature take some part. We've certainly been under the rule of strange fancy often, but whether "art" has been considered, much less nature, is another question, and a collection of the atrocities we poor females are called on to don if we're to be in the front rank of fashion ought to make an interesting exhibit a hundred years ahead for the



HUGE BLACK MODEL TRIMMED WITH GREY GLACE.

Osman Flannelettes

will not ignite

ANY MORE READILY THAN A GOOD CALICO IS SAFE.

Osman Flannelette is the softest, warmest, and most healthful material for babies, children and mothers. It does not irritate the skin and is guaranteed to wash and boil well. It has the handy handle of a good flannel. Sold by all the best drapers.

ladies of that bright day, though I dare swear some wild and wicked spirit will still be governing women then and forcing them into garments too large by yards or too small by yards, or anything but comfortable and sensible.

Now, I have a large hat, and it is said to be very becoming—that is because it gives a shady effect to the face and lessens it age, I daresay! Is it comfortable? Certainly not, as its straw brim demands wire galore to keep it in its undoubtedly pretty shape, and is no light weight. Common-sense tells me to wear one three-quarters the size and without wire supports, but when I put such a model on now my face seems to alter and grow horribly wider—the shady aspect has been lopped off, and I stand as I am, only worse, because of the fashion.

It is undeniably possible for a woman to be perfectly happy in an uncomfortable hat and hideously uncomfortable in a comfortable one, and all because our minds are such that while we may be timorous of a novelty because we, in our own minds, consider it martistic, we lose sight of its peculiarities when it is stamped with the hall mark of fashion and we've become accustomed to it.

Should we be happy in a dress of lustrous brocade at 50/ a yard, made with puffs and gathers, with ribbons and ruffs. In this day, granted we are on the sunny side of fifty? Ah, no. Can we be happy in a gown at a tenth of that value in the height of present-day fashions? Ah, yes. We be a strange sex.

Queens of Dress.

There are few women who, queens in most things, give such grace and distinction to whatever they wear that one does not note the details of their toilette; a sign that they are, at least, all in harmony. Such a one do I know, and often let my memory dwell on her, though she is thousands of miles away.

She is merry, yet gentle, and, be it noted, exceedingly dainty and charming

Why? Because she is herself in whatever gown, and so much a fine character that her dress is but a further expression of her delightful mind.

I can imagine the same woman utterly spoiled by inharmonious dressing. Was she untidy now—horrible thought!—did she spoil her sweet, grey tones with white or brown or blue, did she plaster frills and fripperies over her old-world muslins, or did she dab odds-and-ends of embellishments on to her plain evening gowns, she would be not only commonplace, but worse—a discord.

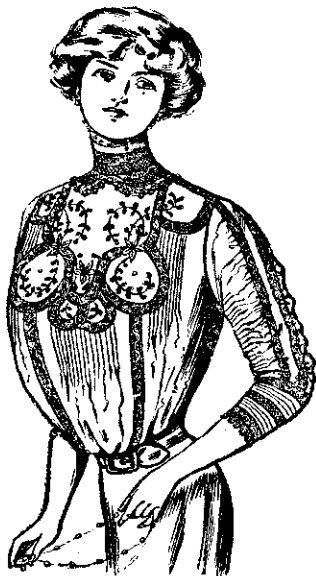
There is this to be said for a fashion—it gives a definite aim and object to

in dress is generally a safe guide, and a nice attention to such details as neck and cuffs goes a long way.

It isn't in the least necessary to have a large wardrobe, and it's perfectly possible to be known as a well-dressed woman on half-a-dozen gowns or less, provided always that those costumes are what they ought to be.

FITS CURED

From the first dose of STERNE'S Cough Cure, it has cured permanently the very worst cases of Coughs when every other remedy had failed. English Price 4/6 and 11/- Thousands of Testimonials. Of all Chemists, Grocers, &c. Wholesale Agents: SHARLAND & Co., Ltd., Auckland & Wellington, N.Z. Prepared by L. W. STERNE, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 26, HIGH STREET, BELFAST, IRELAND.



This Blouse is made with hand-embroidery and insertion of Valenciennes lace and real crochet.

a dress when in probably fifteen cases out of twenty, without its rules to go by, women would present a somewhat nondescript appearance, as do many who make a foolish boast of disregarding the imperious Dame's suggestions.

The "Obvious" Woman.

There's no necessity for any normal woman to make herself a slave to any reigning fashion—don't mistake me—and there exists the woman who, to a limited extent, can make her own fashion, such as the picturesque one I described, but there are very many of us, who have no outstanding graces and charms, who will do infinitely better to at least keep an eye on the outlines of "le dernier cri," than to wander on at our own sweet will, and spend money on garments in which we look out of date, though they be new and of the best material.

By far the commonest type of woman one meets in life—and by common I mean general—is the "obvious" dresser. I, alone, know hundreds of her, and I'm sure my readers do: the woman who, getting a dress of China-blue, of brick-colour, or black, allows her dress-maker to touch it up with white, and instantly turn it into an utterly, hopelessly, commonplace gown, though it be of the finest texture.

Then there is the square-yoke woman who lays out the front of her bodice in allotments, like a cottage garden—in hideous plan; and the one who has nearly every dress made in the same style, though no flight of imagination can convince one that it ever suited her; and the woman whose gowns have always a belt, a horrible boundary line that cuts her into two and leaves neither a satisfactory top nor skirt; the one who wears frocks when she should be trim, and the one who displays her feet when she could be grateful did she but cease to remind us of them; the one who spoils her dress-maker's handiwork by the villainous millinery that tops it; ah, their name is legion, these "obvious" dressers.

So much is a woman likely to become known by the habit of her dress that the art of dressing well should be an object of real study to her. Simplicity



SMART TUSSORE GOWN.

In natural colour, with pretty embroidered mauve galon, outlining lawn collar and cuffs, gown finished with patent leather belt in black or to match embroidery. The hat is made in Kalia canvas to match the tussore, and trimmed with mauve or black satin ribbon and shiny little mauve silk rose, on brim.

to look at. Age, about forty-four. She has dark brown hair, rippling with curls, and lovely brown eyes, and she has an air when wearing a flowered muslin frock with a soft fichu, a white frock embroidered in some pale shade, a dove grey with discreet suggestions of flame colour, a dark coat and skirt, a black satin with rich lace; as of some grande dame of old days in France.

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure

The Grandest Remedy in the World for

COUGHS & COLDS

ONE DOSE IS GENERALLY SUFFICIENT.

THOSE who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and rapid relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying Irritation in the Throat and giving Strength to the Voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption is not known where "Coughs" have, on their first appearance, been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose or two is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

SMALL SIZE:	LARGE SIZE:
2/6	4/6

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS and MEDICINE VENDORS, and

W. G. HEARNE & CO., Ltd., Geelong, Vic.

Forwarded to any Address when not obtainable locally.

IF you wear an old, soft, ill-fitting Corset when you go to your Modiste's or Tailor's you cannot reasonably expect to obtain the same results as your "well set up" sister. Procure and wear one of the new

P.D. RUSTPROOF CORSETS

before you go to be fitted. P.D.'s are designed to carefully fit the figure—not compress it—and to give with perfect comfort that artful, hipless, deep back effect so essential to the proper wearing of Madame La Mode's newest styles.

Ask to be shown a P.D. at your Draper's.



Verse Old and New.

The Pity of Death.

WAS the pity of Death that made him wait ere he whispered the summons low,
And he turned to the folk at the palace gate as they questioned him all arow.

"Are ye chiding me now that I call a king?" was the question he shot full straight.

"Are ye marking the deed as a grievous thing, as a blunder of sightless fate?"

"I am old as the world and the ways of men. I am old as the hours of Time.

I have palsied the fingers that held the pen that had written the sweetest rhyme.

I have ashened the rosebud lips that yearned for the nectar of life's full bliss.

I have given the lesson that all have learned—and yet do ye ask me this!

"Since the day that my hand had its first swift task at the bidding of angry Cain,

I have harkened the question that now ye ask, and that many shall ask again.

"Know ye Solomon rose at my whispered call and that Caesar went forth with me?"

And the prisoner comes from his chain and ball, and the babe from the mother's knee?"

"I have silenced the voice of the man of song; I have withered the artist's hand—

And ye whisper I do a grievous wrong, for ye never may understand.

"Tis the purpose that runs through the days and years in a changeless and vast design

That ye cannot discern for your frets and fears; so ye sigh that the fault is mine.

"Tho' I hearken a king, or a hireling slumb—are ye harvesting naught but dust?"

Is there nothing to you in the years to come but a withering wreath, and rust?"

"Now the life of a man is the goodly deeds he accomplishes day by day
And the service he gives to his brothers' needs—that I never may take away.

"Are ye chiding me now that I call a king? See, I leave ye the robe and crown—

And is it the work or the tinsel'd thing that shall give him his fair renown?"

'Twas the pity of Death that made him wait where the people stood arow.
Then he turned and he struck on the palace gate, and he whispered the summons low.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

An Epitaph.

A lovely young lady I mourn in my rhymes:
She was pleasant, good-natured and civil sometimes.

Her figure was good; she had very fine eyes,
And her talk was a mixture of foolish and wise.

Her admirers were many, and one of them said:
"She waltzed rather well! It's a pity she's dead."

—George John Cayley.

The Wife.

The little dreams of Maidenhood—
I put them all away
As tenderly as mothers would
The toys of yesterday,
When little children grow to men
Too overwise for play.

The little dreams I put aside—
I loved them, every one,
And yet, since moonblown buds must hide
Before the noonday sun,
I close them wistfully away,
And give the key to none.

O little dreams of Maidenhood—
Lie quietly, nor care
If some day in an idle mood
I, searching unaware
Through some closed corner of my heart,
Should laugh to find you there.

—Theodosia Garrison.

Stranded.

I'm straining at my moorings in the choking, shifting sands,
The sport of every roller's boisterous play,
Where the seaweeds draw me inland with their brown and clinging hands,
Toward the wet and shallow beaches,
Shining grey.

O, winds that never failed me, blow out and set me free;
The creeping flats steal nearer with the tide,

All wide and grey and desolate they stretch out to the sea
And mock me with the memories of my pride.

The pilgrim birds fly southward in the misty sunset pale,
O'er shallow pools of gold and purple hue,

Oh, to follow, follow, follow, through the wild autumnal gale,
To palm trees set against the burning blue!

Oh, give me back the sea wastes, the lonely lightning's gleam,
The wilderness below me and above;

The solitary visions and the battle and the dream,
The endless trails and changes of my love!

Give back the scenes of conflict, the courage and the fear,
The eagerness and weariness and ruth,
The eyes that through the battle saw the vision shining clear.

The taut and flashing canvas of my youth.

O take me, sea, into you, spent timbers rent and torn,
And life and dreams and torment all shall cease;

Come leaping in in fury from the bastions of the morn,
And fling me to the gulf of my release!

—Edith Pratt Dickens.

"Live Thon in Nature!"

Live thon in nature! Live
With the stars and the winds;
Take all the wild world can give,
All thy free spirit finds—

Finds while the seasons pour
Their braveries at thy feet;
When the ice-rimmed rivers roar,
Or summer waves their note repeat.

Let thy hushed heart take its fill
Of the manifold voice of the trees,
When leafless winter crowns the hill,
And shallow waters freeze.

Let budding Spring be thine,
And autumn brown and debonair,—
Days that darken and nights that shine—
Let all the round years be thy fare.

Let not one full hour pass
Fruitless for thee, in all its varied length;

Take sweetness from the grass,
Take from the storm its strength.

Take beauty from the dawn,
Patience from the sure seed's delay;
Take gentleness from the light with-drawn,
And every virtue from the wholesome day.

Inscribed to T.R.—March 23, 1909.
—Richard Watson Gilder.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

Always Cheerful.

SOME time ago there was a flood in British Columbia. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of his house as it floated along when a boat approached. "Hello, John!" "Hello, Dave!" "Are your fowls all washed away, John?" "Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man. "Apple trees gone?" "Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow." "I see the flood's away above your window." "That's all right, Dave. Them winders needed washin' anyhow."

Remembered His Manners.

"You boy over in the corner!" cried the man behind the desk.
The boy over in the corner shot up like a bolt.
"Answer this," continued the examiner: "Do we eat the flesh of the whale?"
"Y-y-yes, sir," faltered the scholar.
"And what," pursued the examiner, "do we do with the bones?"
"I-please, sir," responded the boy, "we I-leave them on the s-s-sides of our p-plates."

Fletcherising Under Difficulties.

"Bobby," said his mother, "sit up straight and don't tuck your napkin under your chin. I've told you hundreds of times—"
"There!" exploded Tommy: "you've made me lose the count! I don't know now whether it's two hundred and fifty-six or three hundred and fifty-six times I've chewed this clam!"

Difficult.

A small boy returned from the home of his grandparents and was told that while he was away the stork had brought him a baby brother.
"Go right in and see him," said his aunt.
"I'd rather see the stork!" replied the boy.

He was a "Crack" Singer.

At a Yorkshire inn there is a pianist who can yamp to any song that any singer wishes to sing. He cannot read a note of music. Yet in the local phrase, "he can play owt." Recently, however, he met with an unexpected check. A new volunteer hummed over the air, but the pianist failed to get the key.

"Let's try it again," he said, and they tried it again.

Still it was of no use. A third trial brought no better result.

Then the pianist turned on the singer in anger, and said—

"Sithn, aw've tried tha' on t' white 'uns, aw've tried tha' on t' black 'uns, an' aw've tried tha' on t' black and white 'uns mixed. It's no use; tha's singing between t' cracks."

"Yes."

"Yes" is a simple word, spelled with three letters.

It has caused more happiness and more unhappiness than any other word in the language.

It has lost more money for easy lenders than all the holes in all the pockets in the world.

It has started more dipsomaniacs on their career than all the strong liquor on earth.

It has caused more fights than all the "You're a liar!" that ever were spoken.

It has procured kisses and provoked blows.

It has defeated candidates and elected scoundrels.

It has been used in more lies than any other expression.

It is not meant half the time it is said. Will it continue to make such a record? Yes.

Not His Fault.

"I wish," said the impatient parent, "the young fellow who is calling on Christabel would go away, and let us get the house shut up. It's past midnight!"

At that moment there entered the small boy of the household. He had been, for the last hour or so, behind the draught screen in the drawing room, and vowed that he had enjoyed himself better than if he had been at a Punch and Judy show.

"It isn't his fault, pa," said the heir of the Smiths. "He can't go; Christabel's sitting on him!"

Mark Twain on Babies.

I like the idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself; one baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to; he is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities; do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent riot and there ain't any real difference between triplets and insurrection.



Cupid: This one I can recommend very highly; an aeroplane and two automobiles go with it.



ANYTHING BUT THAT.

Landlady of Country Cottage: "I'm sure I'll do all I can to make you feel at home." Mr. Henpeck (on holiday): "Well, I—I—don't exactly want that. I'd just like to be comfortable."

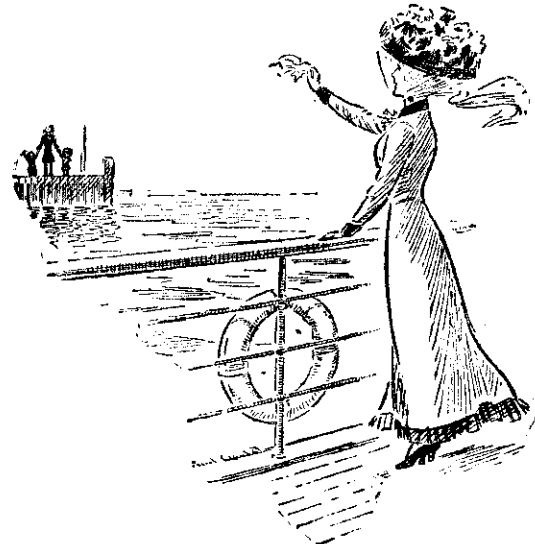
QUALIFIED.

Last winter a certain vicar was invited to a big dinner at the house of one of the leading men in the town. At dinner he was placed opposite a goose. The lady of the house was placed on the vicar's left. Seeing the goose, he remarked: "Shall I sit so close to the goose?" Finding his words a bit equivocal, he turned round to the lady and said, in a most inoffensive tone: "Excuse me, my lady; I meant the roast one."



THE TYRANNY OF THE SKIRT.

Pathetic representation of a modern knight errant in his effort not to exceed the "speed limit" imposed by the fashionable skirt of his escort.



MODERN VERSION.

The man she left behind her.

BRINGING THE OFFER UP TO DATE.

Knicker: I would go through fire and water for you.
Stella: Air, too?

CHANCE FOR CHOICE.

"Yes sir, I shot the leopard on the spot."
"Which one?"

EYES, MALE AND FEMALE.

Miss Noehick: "So you have been married a year. Has your husband found out about your dyed hair, false teeth or glass eye yet?"
Mrs. Westgate: "No, indeed; he's been too busy concealing the same defects in himself."

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Mrs. A: "I do love crayfish, but I never leave them at home, because it seems so inhuman to kill them by putting them into a kettle of boiling water."
Mrs. B: "Gracious! I never kill them that way. It would be too horrible. I always put them on in cold water, and let them come to a boil."

WHY SHE WEEPT.

Young Husband: "Helping himself a second time." Bertha, whose did you learn to scramble eggs like this?"
Young Wife: "Oh, George, that's a shrimp salad."

A HUSTLER.

Charitable Person: "I thought you were blind."
Beggars: "Well, Cap, times is so hard just now, and competition is so keen that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open nowadays if he wants to do anything at all."

CAUTION.

"All gambling must be stopped within the jurisdiction of this court," thundered the American judge. "But you a liver it can't be done," said the attorney. "Put up your money," said the judge, reaching for his pocket.



NAPLES.

The preconceived notion of the unsophisticated tourist.