

THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

AND NEW ZEALAND MAIL

VOL. XLV.—NO. 19

NOVEMBER 9, 1910

Subscription—25/ per annum; if paid in advance, 27/ Single copy—3/6pence.

The Week in Review.

CONTENTS

NOTICE.

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

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

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

The Bullfinch Find.

THE Bullfinch find has thrown the community of West Australia into a delirium of speculation. The sleepy, slow old town of Southern Cross has been galvanised into life, the hotels are crowded, motor cars rush through the streets, the telegraph officials are overwhelmed by the rush of urgent work, and the mining office is packed with men applying for leases, or transacting other mining business. There seems no doubt that the Bullfinch is marvellously rich. Already a crushing of 324 tons has resulted in a yield of 2304oz., worth £9789, and it is stated that an offer of £300,000 for the mine has been refused. But however rich the mine may be, there is certain to be heavy loss and much disappointment in store for a large proportion of those who are taking part in the present rush. Prices in a boom camp are always above any sort of industrial warrant. Thousands of pounds are often poured into claims which have never had any careful examination by competent men. Fortunes are frequently made by local promoters and operators out of claims which cannot show ten feet of actual work. There is a danger also in the best and most stable of mines. In the majority of cases, a mine ought to pay annually perhaps twenty per cent of the investment to be profitable. That is to say, the actual value of any mine is rarely over five times actual dividends, paid after expenses of operation. How many mines are capitalised on any such real basis as that?

Gambling in Stocks.

For answer we have only to remember how stocks that are the best dividend-payers often sell at ten or twelve times the face value of the annual dividends. If the mine hits a brief stroke of luck the stocks will climb yet higher. In most other investments we do not look to the interest to pay us back our principal; in a mine we must look to dividends to pay us back our principal and interest also. When the mine is done our principal is gone. Investors do not always stop to reflect on this point. In all booms, whether mining, land, or rubber, the main idea is to get rich as quickly as possible while the boom lasts. It has been estimated that in the first four months of the present year £14,000,000 were invested in different rubber companies, and the people of England are already pledged to supply some

£14,000,000 to this strange market. Very few people who buy expect to pay for the shares; they simply buy to sell again. For it is a gamble in which you may go far without much cash. You buy your stock and pledge yourself to pay for it at a settlement day, weeks, or months ahead, with no present liability at all. Then you go home and hope that the price will go up. An English writer has vividly described the scene: "Every day, long hours after and before the regular market is at work, a money-mad crowd of all sorts and conditions of men besieges the offices of Mincing-lane and the other little streets where men deal in paper tokens of value. Gamblers from the race-tracks jostle clergymen from the provinces; silk-hatted peers touch elbows with little clerks from the mercantile rows; priest and courtesan stand side by side to sign contracts for shares of stock in unknown companies. There is no class in England that has not been infected—the clergy, as usual, leading the race."

Business Speculation.

The gambling mania has always carried disaster in its train. The South Sea Bubble brought ruin to thousands, the mining and industrial gamble of 1825 ended in a panic in which more than seventy London banks went down, while the railway madness of twenty years later was more disastrous in the results than anything that had preceded it. A writer of the period has thus portrayed the results of this gamble in railway stock:—"It is the conviction of those who are best informed that no other panic was ever so fatal to the middle class. It reached every hearth; it saddened every heart in the metropolis. There was scarcely an important town in England but what beheld some wretched suicide. Daughters delicately nurtured went out to seek their bread; sons were recalled from academies; households were separated; homes were deserted by the emissaries of the law. There was a disruption of every social tie. The debtors' goals were filled with promoters; Whitecross-street was filled with speculators; and the Queen's Bench was full to overflowing. Men who had lived comfortably and independently found themselves suddenly responsible for sums they had no means of paying. In some cases they yielded their all and began the world anew; in others they left the country, laughed at their creditors, and defied pursuit."

The Gaming Bill.

In New Zealand gambling is said to be the national vice, and certainly the amount of money spent on horse racing would seem to bear this out. We give this week a full-page map of New Zealand, showing all the registered racing and trotting clubs in existence. From this it will be seen that there is hardly a township of any size but has its meeting for trotting or racing. The totalisator investments for 1909-1910 amounted to no less a sum than £1,540,000. The number of racing days for the same period was 323, and the number of

Week in Review	1
The Paradox of the Vatican	2
Sayings of the Week	3
News of the Dominion	4
Personal Paragraphs	6
Sports and Pastimes	8
Tennis Notes	10
Golf Notes	11
Tart Gossip	12
Music and Drama	14
ILLUSTRATIONS—	
Gambling in New Zealand	17
A Modern Fire Fighter	18
The Place of Bridges	19
"Peiorus Jack"	20
Leaders of Commerce	21
Ambulance Day in Wellington	22
Hawke's Bay Synod	23
Water for Auckland	24
Winning Heads at Ellerslie	26

Bravery Recognised	29
Wellington College Sports	30
A Tragedy of the Coal Mines	31
Auckland Tramway Employees' Club	32
The 20th Century is Canada's	33
Life in the Garden (illustrated)	35
The Brennan Memorial	42
Topics of the Day	44
The Bookshelf	47
For the Love of a Maori Maid	47
The Callers (sh. story)	50
The Power of Imagination (sh. story)	51
Children's Page	55
Our Babies	60
Orange Blossoms	61
Society Gossip	62
The World of Fashion	63
Verse, Old and New	68
Anecdotes and Sketches	71
Our Funny Page	72

totalisator permits 107. From this it will be seen, as the Prime Minister pointed out, that if Sundays are left out, there is more than one racing meeting for every day in the year in New Zealand. The Gaming Bill sought to remedy some of the great evils of our present system by abolishing credit betting, by abolishing the bookmaker, and by curtailing the issue of totalisator licenses. Then it seemed that the matter was in danger of being shelved, and many thought that some loophole would be found for the bookmaker, who was the worst feature of our system, and who had been unreservedly condemned by racing men, judges, business men, and police.

Suggested Reforms.

The country was none too pleased at the delay which took place over the matter of the Gaming Bill, nor was the composition of the Special Committee of the House, to whom the Government referred the Bill, considered entirely satisfactory. There were said to be on it many men who had no real knowledge of the ethics of racing, whilst Mr. Carroll, who has a complete grip of the issues, was omitted. In one point our racing laws urgently needed amendment. We wanted the number of racing days reduced, not merely the number of totalisator permits. Everybody recognised that the number of racing days could easily be curtailed by one-third, and it was felt that this would cause less irritation in sporting circles than the whittling down of permits. The people have declared that there is far too much racing in New Zealand; that sport in general, and racing in particular, eats too much into the daily life of the people, and that immediate remedial action is called for. The Dunedin "Evening Star" proposed that so far as the racing clubs are concerned, no club which could not afford to give £300 per diem by way of stakes should be allowed to enrich itself through the medium of the totalisator, also that no club should race more than nine days in one year, and that the number of sprint races should be considerably curtailed. These races are provided mainly in the interests of the machine, and if our bloodstock is to be improved, races that encourage quality and endurance must be the mainstays of future programmes.

The Committee's Report.

Above all, is it necessary that the bookmaker qua bookmaker must be passed out absolutely and entirely. No possible loophole must be left by which he can carry on his business either in the byways of our cities or on courses where there is no machine. The Select Committee reported that it should be made the duty of every racing club (not only the clubs authorised to use the totalisator) to use all lawful means to prevent bookmakers from plying their calling on the course. This is necessary in view of the fact that immense sums are wagered with bookmakers at small meetings which have no totalisator permits. It is said that £25,000 were wagered last year with bookmakers at some half-dozen of these smaller meetings. The penalty for making or offering to make any bet or wager on any racecourse is to be a fine of not less than £20 and not more than £100 for a first offence, and imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months for any subsequent offence. All the clauses to restrict the issue of totalisator permits were struck out, and the number of days on which the totalisator may be used was limited to 250 days a year. The Committee has thus followed the popular desire to reduce the number of racing days rather than the number of permits. The suggestion of the Dunedin "Star" has been followed in regard to restricting the number of racing days for any one club, by a clause enacting that no race meeting shall extend over a longer period than eight days. It will be pretty generally conceded that the Special Committee has met the wishes of the people, and those who objected to the personnel of the Committee will admit that it has acted wisely by declining to restrict the issue of licenses, a course that was bound to cause friction; and that it has done its best to abolish the bookmaker and curtail the operations of the machine. Extremists will not be entirely pleased, but the moderate man will feel that the worst features of racecourse gambling have been eliminated.

The Dullness of Life.

One reason for the prevalence of gambling may probably be found in the dullness of life in many parts of New Zealand. In some bush camps the men have nothing to do when the day's work is finished except play cards or read the weekly paper. They get tired of the eternal cribbage and euchre, and when they have read the weekly paper

through from cover to cover, they read any odd scraps of newspaper they can come across or even the labels on jam and meat tins. We want good libraries for our country places, with a good supply of novels and magazines. At present we strive, and rightly strive, to suppress evil by legislative enactments. But that is not everything. We must supply something to take the place of unhealthy forms of recreation. Reading is one of the best forms of recreation after a hard day of bodily toil. Books are cheap, and a library can be formed at small cost. That men will read if they get the chance is proved by the following letter sent by a lady correspondent of the Lyttelton "Times":—"I have never seen any body of New Zealand working men reading so much and so solidly as the West Coast coal miners. Their keen interest in science, nationalism and economics is appalling on all sides, but even in literature they are soakers, inclined to read a good deal more than they can digest, and apt in debate to fire off speeches that are applauded as thick as the star-spangled banner with such phrases as "craft unionism," "class consciousness," "the aims of the bourgeoisie," and "the rights of the patriot." Never mind, they are a nice body of men."

The Shearers Hut.

It is not, of course, always possible to get the quiet necessary for enjoying a book. Judging from some descriptions of shearers' huts these places must be anything but quiet. One who has had some experience of them has sent the following graphic account of what he endured to the "Bulletin":—"To a quiet man, or one who is fond of reading, the shearers' hut is a den of horror. There are men whose tongues are never still, and, as might be expected, these are the ones who seldom say anything worth hearing. There is the rattling of dice and the shuffling and chatter of card-players; the repetition of "fifteen-two, fifteen-four"; and the "suchre-players' everlasting "Pass!" "I'm away!" "She's down!" "By me!" and so forth. The man who bangs his fist on the table with every winning card he plays is particularly obnoxious. Occasionally he gets his deserts in the form of a flying boot. There are draught-players, domino enthusiasts, noughts-and-crosses cranks and fox-and-geese lunatics; there are loud discussions, arguments—mostly about dogs and horses, yarning, singing and whistling, all to the accompaniment of half-a-dozen, mouth-organs, tin whistles and Jews' harps and a cracked concertina. It's hard to follow the adventures of Reginald de Clancy through the jungles of the Punjab under such disturbing conditions; it is harder still to compose a soulful epistle to your best girl, pining for her shepherd boy down south. When the lights go out you learn the sleeping characters of your shed mates. There are several asthmatical nuisances who cough intermittently; about a dozen go pig-hunting, and are pursuing the spotted one nearly all night; others fidget and kick and roll have nightmares and other nocturnal visitations, and yell blue murder in their sleep; a few are troubled with insomnia, and get up at frequent intervals to fill and light their pipes. And there are the down-goers, who come stumbling in about midnight, with noise enough to awaken the cemetery. When that row has subsided, the 30 or 40 dogs tied up outside begin to corroboree in dismal and melancholy tones. Somebody yells at them to lie down, and one or two arise to throw firewood and jam-tins at them. The nights are pretty near all alike, so you don't wonder at the number of tents and bush gunyahs that are scattered about the neighbourhood.

An English Kayvett.

Lieutenant A. Sutor, of the Royal Artillery, has been removed from the Army for criticising certain irregularities and speaking disparagingly of people in high places. At the court-martial he made a speech containing

some very telling criticisms on Army methods in general. He went into the Artillery (he told the Court) because he was told it was the most dangerous branch, and that he was terrified at the idea of getting a big shell in his stomach. But he found he had next to nothing to do in the Army. On his first day his captain, a charming fellow, gravely took him to see his gold lace wrapped up in tissue paper. After that the lieutenant was set to work. His work occupied him for about thirty minutes each day, and even that small amount was absolutely futile and inane. It consisted in signing papers which he did not understand and which nobody else understood. He enjoyed it very much, but his enjoyment, keen and intense as it was, did not blind him to the absurdity of it. By half-past ten in the morning his work for the day was over. Secretaries of War, added the irreverent officer, had not yet begun to deliver speeches on the magnificent reforms which they had introduced into the Army, otherwise he might have spent his afternoons reading them. So it went on for ten years. The life was "mighty comfortable, infinitely pleasant," and he knew the big forces arrayed against him if he rebelled against the system. After two years' service at home he was sent abroad, and spent eight years in service out of England. Things were better abroad, except when inspector-generals came to inspect them or other inspectors came to reduce the defences.

An Enterprising Governor.

Lieutenant Sutor spoke at great length, and held the attention of the court throughout. In the course of his speech, he told a good story of a Governor of Malta who made a little money by selling the vegetables out of his back garden. "I would really have admired the Governor for that," he said, "if he had only had the courage to go round with the cart himself." The lieutenant went on to say that on returning from abroad, he found the Army system at home worse than ever, and decided to speak his mind and take the consequences. He wrote a pamphlet called "The Army System; or, Why muddle through thirty millions a year, during peace?" Mr. Haldane, he said, was "as much at sea with his land forces as Mr. McKenna is on land with his nucleus fleet." He audaciously described Mr. Haldane as "the most marvellous War Minister who has ever been inflicted on a long-suffering country." He was sorry, he said, to see British officers humiliated by being told that they had the sympathy of the British War Minister. Unfortunately, his candid criticism of War Office methods was not appreciated by the authorities, and he has been informed that the King has no further need of his services.

Blessed Be Bumble.

The English papers have been commenting on an amazing instance of the essential brutality of the Poor Law system as exemplified by the action of the Camberwell Guardians in the case of a man named Afford. It would appear that all his life the man has had a struggle to live. According to all accounts, even in the brightest of his days, he has never earned more than 18/- a week; and in the darkest, as so often happens in these days of keen competition among the unskilled, he earned nothing. A few weeks ago he lost his job. He and his wife and five children then came to the verge of starvation. A fried fish dealer, touched to the heart, gave Afford a parcel to take home. Afford himself ate little of it: his wife and children, who consumed almost all, were next day attacked by ptomaine poisoning. The wife died. The children were just saved from death. Afford himself was confined to bed. By the time the wife had been buried and the children saved, Afford was without a home and without a stick of furniture. This was the great moment for the Guardians of Camberwell. They sent him a demand for £4 15/-, cost of treating his children in the infirmary, and gave him notice to take his baby out of the workhouse. How they hope to get the £4 15/-, we cannot conceive. Perhaps they will issue a warrant, and send him to prison for failure to pay.

The Paradox of the Vatican.

THE PERSONALITY OF POPE PIUS X.

IN the contrast between the perfect peacefulness of all the moods of the Pope and the state of war, fierce and unceasing, which has made his pontificate so exciting, the newspapers of Europe just now behold the paradox of the Vatican. Pius X. remains to-day, concedes the "Independent Belge" of Brussels, precisely what he was when he ascended his throne, a timid, gentle, unsuspecting, urbane and pacific parish priest involved in war with all the great Latin nations of the world. The patriarch of Venice mounted the chair of Saint Peter with the intention, writes the Rome correspondent of the London "Post," of "renewing all things in Christ." A conservative by temperament, he is a reformer in the sense that he wishes to remove the abuses which have grown up

an achievement worthy of great ecclesiastical statesmen.

On its religious side, however, to follow still the British authority, the pontificate of Pius X. has not been an unqualified success. If the present Pope is the most conscientious and earnest of men, he is certainly lacking in that breadth of view which characterised Leo XIII. or an Innocent III. There can be no greater contrast than that between the way in which the far-seeing Innocent treated St. Francis and that in which his latest successor has treated the Modernists and the Christian Democrats. Of the Roman Church during the last five years, the famous remark of Lord Macaulay would be no longer true, that "she thoroughly understands, what no other Church has ever" understood, how to deal with enthusiasts." On the contrary, the system of Pius X.



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

In the course of centuries, and to revive what he considers to be the better practice of former generations. Simplicity has been his maxim—simplicity in the ceremonial of the Vatican, simplicity in the music of the Church services, simplicity in the administrative and judicial system of the great institution over which he, the most deeply religious and least worldly of men, has been chosen to preside. Tenacious of his purpose, he has carried out, despite considerable opposition, a large part of this ecclesiastical programme. He has given us the beautiful spectacle of a Pope preaching the practical and simple sermons of a parish priest in one courtyard of the Vatican; he has shown his predilection for a healthy and muscular Christianity by presiding over a series of gymnastic exercises in another. He has appointed a commission to restore the Gregorian chant; he has entrusted a distinguished English scholar with the revision of the Vulgate. And, finally, he has carried out that reform of the congregations and the ecclesiastical tribunals which had long been considered necessary, but which no previous Pope had attempted. This alone is

and Cardinal Merry del Val is to try to drive the scholars and the enthusiasts, the men who wish to reconcile learning with religion and to win over the masses to the Church, out of the fold altogether. It is quite conceivable that in the struggle with the Modernists the Vatican will emerge victorious. But it is also permissible to think that Leo XIII. would have avoided the struggle altogether.

If the policy of the Pope be thus in contrast with that of his predecessor, his mode of life continues to present an antithesis no less marked. It is well known, says the Rome correspondent of the London "Standard," that the present Pope dislikes the pomp and ceremonial that has usually been attached to every action of the Pontiff, and loves to live a perfectly simple life, disregarding all formalities that are not absolutely necessary to his position. A book called "Pius X. and the Papal Court," is by an anonymous writer, who seems to be well informed as to the habits and predilections of Pius X. The author tells us that at about five o'clock in the morning the Pope's bedroom attendant enters his

Sayings of the Week.

Church Socials.

HE disliked "socials" so-called, because they were not really "socials," and until church people could meet together in a social way as brothers and sisters, and without class distinction, they had better abandon church "socials."—*Rev. T. G. Kay, Wadestown.*

Co-operative Agriculture.

With the co-operative system products could be handled with greater facilities and under more economic conditions than could be expected from the individual small holder and the small settler. Mutual co-operation had been adopted widely in some foreign countries and on a slower scale in England, and it had been proved that such a system was the very foundation and groundwork of modern agriculture.—*Lord Islington.*

Six to Four.

If there is not an increase in personal abstinence, legislative enactments become a very grave danger. For six temperance people to say to four others, 'You must not drink' is a very great danger.—*Rev. W. Cuthill-Jones.*

Out for the Night.

I am out for the night, and members might as well know it. I will remain perfectly good-tempered until broad daylight to-morrow if necessary. I am going to put the remainder of the estimates through, and I hope we will stay here all night for the benefit of full galleries.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

Scots All.

I had the satisfaction of bringing the flourmills' trust before a committee of this House, but eleven out of thirteen were Scotsmen, and they had the instinct of Highland thieves in them. They were good fellows every one of them, but they love a smart deal, with the result that though I proved it up to the hilt that the Flourmills' Association was a trust, they all admired a quiet business transaction so much that we did not get the legislation we wanted that session.—*Mr. T. E. Taylor, M.P.*

Carriers and Waiters.

The people in the cities were merely carriers and waiters on the one great industry on the land, and by themselves counted for little, for the brains of the farmer produced the wealth.—*Mr. J. C. Cooper, Pahiatua.*

About the Feet.

I might tell you that at one time we had a very loyal Prime Minister, and a very loyal Attorney-General. These two gentlemen came in, and I served them myself. They wanted colonial goods, and I certainly showed them good stuff as well as imported stuff. The Prime Minister took three pairs of the imported and the Attorney-General two. So there is your loyalty!—*Mr. R. Hannah, boot-maker, Wellington.*

Magistrate and Politics.

Magistrates had industrial and other disputes brought before them outside their usual judicial work, and a constant endeavour was made from influential sources to bring them under the whip. It was the duty of the citizens in this young Dominion, while there was yet time, to move in the matter of making magistrates as independent as Supreme Court judges.—*Mr. H. W. Northcroft, B.M.*

The Use of Weeds.

Wherever a man had too much land and could not look after it, the noxious weeds came up and punished him. They were essential to proper cultivation, and if it were not for these weeds there would be a great amount of neglected land in New Zealand. It was the man who had too much land and who did not employ enough labour who complained.—*Mr. A. W. Hogg, M.P.*

A Bad Practice.

This practice of taking over children in consideration of a premium paid is absolutely the worst form of baby-farming that we have to contend with.—*Sub-inspector Hendrey, Auckland.*

Sunday Observance.

Sunday observance in New Zealand was much like that on the Continent of Europe, in that a large number of persons did not regard the interests of others in the pleasures which they indulged in on that day.—*Mr. H. Buttie, Auckland.*

Between Meals.

Thrift was seemingly a fast diminishing quantity, the more so at the present time when the country was fairly prosperous; and so long as men earned enough to live on and have a little for recreation, they had a distinct aversion to doing any more or any harder work which might enable them to put something by. It might almost be said that they objected to working between meals, not in the literal, but in the figurative sense, that when a meal was provided for, enough had been done.—*Mr. D. Goldie, Auckland.*

Using Her Brains.

Germany was using her brains. As an educated nation she was second to none. Education was made to fit in with social life and industry. The educational system played up to the industrial system. Britain had no right to keep Germany back from her ambition, but it behoved her to beware. Britain had the same ability as Germany, the same courage and a history a long way ahead of Germany's; and Britain must maintain for all time the supremacy she had gained.—*Mr. K. Lee, Wellington.*

The Employers' Burden.

He hoped that the Government would be led to see—as Mr. Seddon saw years ago—that the burden already placed on the shoulders of the employers was as much as they could bear. It behoved employers to sink their minor differences, get together and act as they had been taught to do by unions of labour—to be loyal to the federation and the executive. If they did that the federation was strong enough to-day to command the respect of the powers that be.—*Mr. J. A. Frostick.*

The Yellow Peril.

New Zealand must give whatever she could afford towards the maintenance of the navy in order that her trade routes might be properly protected. If the British fleet were annihilated the trade routes would be open to all other countries. The alliance with Japan was only tentative, and held good as long as it suited Japan. China was growing as a Power and becoming educated, and by and by the two Eastern nations would annex the Philippines, which America held on sufferance. New Zealand must realise her responsibilities. Every young man should be taught to reverence the Flag and the necessity for a strong navy.—*Mr. T. M. Wilford, M.P.*

False Security.

There is a type of man who considers that there is no occasion to have any system of defence because we are never going to be attacked. All that one can say to such a person is that there is much stronger ground for expecting an attack than there is for suggesting that we are not likely to have one.—*Mr. Hosking, K.C., Dunedin.*

The Stone of Wisdom.

There was a time when people in Australia fancied that they had found the stone of wisdom. The "uncrowned king" of New Zealand, Mr. R. J. Seddon, expressed himself to me (and he only uttered the thoughts of all Australian politicians) that the laws of New Zealand had regulated for all time the laws of supply and demand. The belief of this more lucky than great Parliamentarian has been rudely shaken since. Politicians tried to improve the laws, and to mend them where necessary; they have knocked down, and they have rebuilt, and after 18 years of regulation, tinkering, nobody can prophesy how long the structure will remain standing.—*Dr. Max Herz.*

Overworked Pupil Teachers.

An outrageous amount of work was put on the pupil teachers' shoulders, such an amount as reached the proportions of "sweating."—*Rev. P. B. Fraser, Otago Board of Education.*

Worth Double.

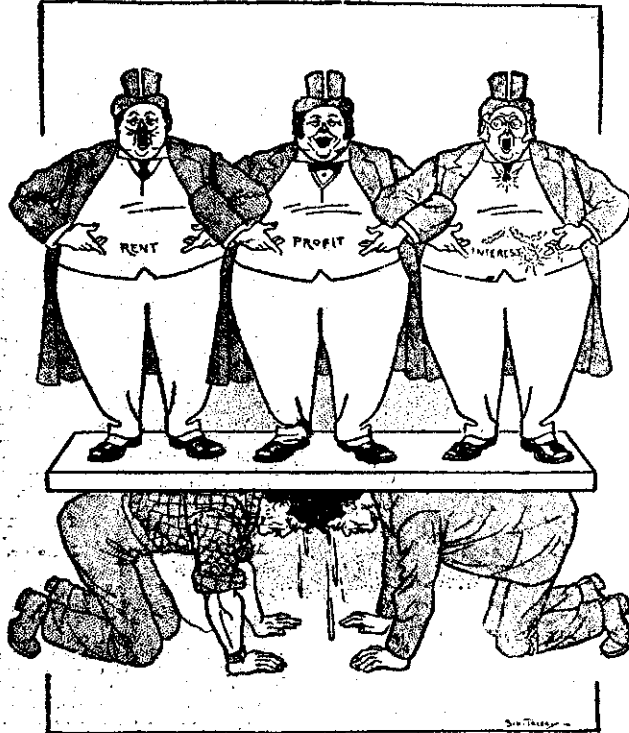
Ave for acre New Zealand can produce more than double of any agricultural commodity than Australia. Competition with Australia! The thing is ridiculous. There is no need to be afraid of Australia. New Zealand, with its fine climate and soil and her sturdy farmers, should be afraid of no part of the world.—*Mr. A. W. Hogg, M.P.*

A Paradise of Labour.

You are making a start in this new country. You are starting with new ideals, grand ideals, which you are pushing very far, but depend upon it, unless you in New Zealand learn the great lesson of self-sacrifice you will perish. You have here a paradise of labour. Labour is the top dog, as you say. But if Labour is thinking only of itself, if it is legislating only for itself, forgetful of what it owes to others, although the country may be a paradise of labour for a time, it will perish in the end. It will certainly perish if Labour becomes so selfish as to think of itself alone.—*Canon Stuart.*

Practical Loyalty.

New Zealand was one of the States of the Empire which had throughout its history been most prominent and conspicuous in its endeavours on behalf of the Empire—no other part of the Empire had shown such practical loyalty and tangible evidence of its desire to promote the Empire as had been done by New Zealand upon all occasions.—*Lord Islington.*



The Gentlemen on Top (con spirito):
We're here because,
We're here because,
We're here because—
The Gentlemen Underneath (solito voce):
We're here!

A Lugubrious Member.

For lugubriousness you cannot beat Mr. Herdman. He is one of the most pessimistic of members, and in saying that the country is going to the dogs he is one of the most deliberately misrepresenting members I have ever known.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

The Ideal Stage.

We have a right to look to the theatre for plays that shall give us the idea that the normal life is one where human love is pure, fidelity is common, honour not a mere matter of opinion, and where, when high ideals are prescribed to men and women, they are not ashamed to acknowledge and follow them.—*Rev. W. Jellie, Wellington.*

Always Funny.

Almost every night the question is raised in the London newspaper office: "What speeches are there to-night?" The answer might be: "Winston Churchill at the Carpenters' Hall, Lloyd George at the Welsh Eisteddfod, and Sir George Reid at Sheffield." The news editor had come almost by custom to say: "Give Lloyd George and Churchill a few lines, but put Reid in full. He is always funny."—*Mr. Robert Donald, editor of the "London Chronicle."*

The War of the Future.

What they wanted as much as anything to-day was confidence in one another so that they might develop themselves and the country to the greatest extent for the benefit of the people as a whole. The war of the future would be an industrial war common to all the peoples of Great Britain, Europe, America and Canada. The man who could solve the problem was deserving of nothing short of a kingdom.—*Hon. C. M. Luke.*

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 to-day 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.

OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

November 5.

The Final Rush.

THE end of the session now seems within cooey, in spite of the Government's alarming programme of bills to be gone on with. The debate on the second reading of the new Licensing Bill was unexpectedly tame, for the only speakers were the Premier and Mr Massey. The real tussle, however, will come in committee next week. The most interesting point stressed by the Premier in his speech was the effect which national prohibition would have on the revenue of the country. The Customs revenue from the duties on liquor and the beer excise duties amount to something over three-quarters of a million sterling per annum. Adding to this the railway revenue from the carriage of liquor, the total revenue derived from the liquor trade is about £800,000 per annum. How is this going to be made up if prohibition is carried? That is the problem? When the Licensing Bill is out of the road, and settled one way or the other, the next big measure, the Land Bill, will be taken. There are a host of smaller bills which the Government talk of putting through, but if the session ends in a fortnight or less, as Sir Joseph Ward seems to expect, a lot of them will have to go overboard, following those which have already been jettisoned for the session. The Public Works Statement will be laid before the House early next week, and the volume of resultant talk will not be smaller than usual, so that some late sittings may be expected.

Noxious Weeds.

Canterbury doesn't grow noxious weeds. So said Mr Witty, M.P. for Riccarton, in the House the other night. Mr Massey couldn't let this pass. "The honourable gentleman is a proof to the contrary," he said. It was a joke. Mr Tommy Parata, M.P. for the Southern Maori District, was responsible for something humorous about weeds a little later on. Through his interpreter—he doesn't need one, but he prefers to talk Maori, and be interpreted, because it seems to amuse members—he remarked that there were "two kinds of weeds—firstly rabbits, secondly, other weeds." The rabbits, he thought, should be poisoned twice a year. Mr Wilford queried, "The same rabbits?" But Tommy only blinked peacefully, and would not enlighten the House any more.

The Newcomers.

Between four and five hundred passengers landed from the direct liner Arawa, from London, at the Wellington wharf this week. Out of these there were 346 third-class passengers—the real immigrant. Amongst these were men and women from all parts of the United Kingdom and of all trades. There were some obviously unsuitable colonists amongst them, but the majority, from all accounts, seem a very good lot, hard-working people, who give promise of getting on well. There are a good many practical farmers, with some considerable capital, and these won't go astray in coming to New Zealand. Of the workmen, there are carpenters, coalminers, bricklayers, and other skilled men. And there are a number of farm-labourers and domestic servants, and none of them need be many hours out of a dilett.

The Bookies' Generosity.

A donation of forty guineas, it is announced, has been handed to the treasurer of Mother Mary Joseph Albert's Golden Jubilee Fund by the Wellington bookmakers. Yes, the bookmakers, the abused, vilified, chivalred bookmakers, whose doom is just about to be sealed by Parliament. The donation, it is stated, was a "spontaneous" one. What could have touched the bookies' hearts to the tune of forty good sovs? Have Ikey Mo and his mates all been to see "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"? Did the Mysterious Stranger touch their hearts, or were they moved to tears and charity by that beautiful and affected character, Joey Wright, the bookie who lost his voice? It seems so. Another example of the Divine Influence of Harry Plimmer and the rest of the "Stage."

Trouble Amongst the Bands.

Three brass bands which help to supply Sunday music to the people, deputised the Finance Committee of the Wellington City Council this week about another band's shortcomings. The other band is the Central Mission Band, and it won't do its share on Sunday, on account of its members' religious scruples. The bands are subsidised by the Council to give free public performances, and the City Council, in scheduling the performances for this summer, exempted the Mission Band from Sunday concerts, but has allocated ten Sunday performances to the Tramways Band. This is regarded as unfair—hence the deputisation. One or other of the bands has to play at Lyall Bay each Sunday, but the Central Mission isn't going to break its Sabbath in that way. The Rev. Mr. Blamires, representing the Mission, told the Finance Committee that it would be impossible to secure its services for Lyall Bay on Sundays; it was against the principles of the members. It didn't mind playing in the Hospital Grounds, because there it was practically a religious service. The Tramways Band, and other bands, including the Pipe Band, urged the Committee to make the Mission people do their little bit at Lyall Bay. And the Committee said it would think it over.

That Swimming Costume.

The swimmers who frequent Lyall Bay and other seaside resorts had an easy victory over the City Council in the matter of the regulation costume for bathing. The Council was waited upon by a large deputation this week, and asked to rescind its previous resolution making the using of the Canadian costume compulsory. Mr. G. S. Hill spoke on behalf of the Wellington Centre of the New Zealand Swimming Association, saying that the Canadian costume was objected to on account of its weight. It was suitable, perhaps, for women and stout men, but it was ridiculous for swimming purposes. The old neck-to-knee costume was quite sufficient. The Council discussed the matter long and gravely, and some members pleaded hard for Propriety; one pictured in solemn tones the horrible possibilities of butterfly costumes on the beach. He said nothing about mosquito net bathing suits; he hadn't thought of that shocking possibility. Mayor Wilford supported the neck-to-knee costume, and it was decided by ten votes to five to rescind the resolution passed on October 6 enforcing the Canadian costume. The Mayor said he proposed to get the Council's caretaker at Lyall Bay invested with the powers of a special constable, and that any offenders against decency would be prosecuted. So all ends well. The merry bather has taken another fall out of Mother Grundy, and is happy.

Dr. Henry's Mission.

The astute and vituperative Dr. Henry, the Yankee professional evangelist, who recently made himself so popular at Waikiki by talking some plain language, has evidently got the Press Association man of Wanganui "by the wool." An extraordinary puff puff, couched in the usual cant phraseology of evangelists, appeared in the local papers this week, sent from Wanganui by the Press Association, in eulogy of the Henry-Potts' mission. These are some extracts:—"Great throngs have attended, and the meetings have been characterised by marked enthusiasm and profound earnestness. The mission has made a distinct impression on the religious life of the community. Dr. Henry himself is delighted with the campaign. In an interview he said he regarded the mission as one of the very best he had held in the Dominion, and he had visited no community which had been more deeply stirred or richly blessed."

Sweet are the uses of advertisement. Dr. Henry is a wise old bird, evidently, with as keen an eye to publicity as any theatrical advance agent. But it doesn't say much for the common sense of the Press Association that it could be made the medium of publishing such a palpable advertisement throughout the Dominion. To talk about Wanganui being "richly blessed" as the result of Dr. Henry's blood-and-fire oratory is more nauseating than amusing. I wonder what the Waikiki heathens thought when they read that P.A. telegram.

Wellington's Pet S.M.

Dr. McArthur, our trusty and well-beloved magistrate, of the happy face and the fair round figure, is back from London, with Mrs McArthur, after a pleasant and health-giving holiday. The Doctor looks very well and "fit," and he will get a warm welcome back when he makes his re-appearance on the bench next week. Like the sailor who loved his officer because he could "damn his eyes"—the sailor's eyes—"in such a gentlemanly way," the petty criminal likes the Doctor because when the Bench deals him out his 5/- or seven days, or one month's hard, or so, he does it in such a genial, pleasant, joking fashion that no one could possibly take offence, least of all the prisoner in the dock.

Obituary.

Amongst the Old New Zealanders whom Death reaped this week in Wellington was Mrs. Lelia Burton Nicholas, widow of the late Mr. E. O. Nicholas, South Sea Island trader, aged sixty-five. Mrs. Nicholas, who was an old resident of Auckland, was a lady with some interesting points in her career. She was born at Kororareka, Bay of Islands, in 1845, just a fortnight before Hone Heke's warriors cut down the historic flagstaff and sacked and burned the little town. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, had to come to Auckland with the other refugees after Kororareka was abandoned to the Maoris. In 1861 she married Mr. E. O. Nicholas, son of an Indian Mutiny veteran, Captain Nicholas, of South Wales. For many years she lived on Niue, or Savage Island, in the South Pacific, where her husband started as a trader in the seventies, and she had some perilous experiences voyaging to and from Auckland in various small trading craft and schooners of the old-time Island service. Mr. Louis Becke, in one of his adventure books ("Wild Life in Southern Seas"), in describing his first landing on Niue Island amidst a scene of great excitement amongst the natives, tells how he and his little daughter were met and welcomed by "Nikolasi" and his wife—"Nikolasi fine," as the natives called her—"a pretty, pale-faced English lady." Mr. Nicholas died some years ago. Two daughters live in Wellington—Mrs. F. J. Kirby and Mrs. A. Murrell. The eldest daughter (Mrs. J. Cowan) died here last year. Of the sons, there are two in the South Sea Islands.

Auckland Rhodes Scholar.

The Professorial Board of the Auckland University College last week selected Mr Alfred George Marshall, M.A., as the Auckland candidate for the 1911 Rhodes Scholarship. Mr. Marshall is the son of the Rev. Marshall, and was born at the Northern Wairoa, 22 years ago. His career through primary school, Grammar School, and University has been a brilliant one. He carried off a number of scholarships, graduated B.A. in 1908, and a year later took his M.A., with first-class honours in mathematics and mathematical physics. After being demonstrator in chemistry and physics at the Auckland College for six months, he was last June appointed assistant to the Professor of Mathematics at Canterbury College, and at present holds this post. In athletics the Auckland candidate has been prominent since his school days, having represented the college at several championship meetings. As a debater, Mr. Marshall has frequently won coveted honours for his college. The choice of the Professorial Board is not only a very sound one in every way, but it will give the keenest satisfaction to Mr. Marshall's many friends and fellow students, among whom he was extremely popular.

At a meeting of the Professorial Board of the University Council last week, Mr. Montague Ongle, of Waikiki High School, was nominated as Rhodes Scholar for Otago.

Annulment of Divorce.

Judgment was given by Mr. Justice Cooper last week, on the motion of the Solicitor-General, to discharge a decree nisi granted on the 10th March, 1910, at Gisborne, in the divorce case of Jobson v. Jobson, and to dismiss the petition to have the decree made absolute. It appears that since the granting of the decree nisi the parties, William Jobson (petitioner) and Edith Lilian Jobson (respondent) have lived together as man and wife at Wanganui and Wellington. The grounds of the Solicitor-General's motion were that the petitioner had condoned respondent's adultery, and that

the Court had not had material facts before it at the time.

The Court reminded the decree nisi, and, as a matter of course, dismissed the petition for a decree absolute, which was desired by both parties.

Mr. Justice Cooper said it was the first case in New Zealand in which the Attorney-General or Solicitor-General had intervened in a divorce suit.

Workers' Homes at Huntly.

Last week Mr. Greenslade asked the Government what steps, if any, have been taken to acquire an area of land on the western side of the Waikato river at Huntly for the purpose of enabling the miners at Huntly to obtain sections upon which to erect their own homes?

The Hon. J. A. Millar answered that some inquiries have already been instituted into this matter, and he was at present awaiting a report as to the suitability and also as to the value of the land, with a view to acquiring the whole or portion of same for workers' dwellings.

Public Libraries.

In view of the fact that the number of public libraries has increased from 312 to 437, the Prime Minister last week promised Mr H. J. Greenslade careful consideration would be given to his proposal to raise the annual vote £3,000 to £4,000.

ECZEMA--THE SKIN SCOURGE.

This Man Tortured Night and Day—Cured by Rich New Blood.

Eczeema is one of the most torturing of Skin Disorders. The burning, itching, prickling sensation is often maddening. Sometimes persons apparently healthy in every other way are attacked. Often it is a symptom in stomach trouble, rheumatism, gout, or a generally low state of health. Lotions and ointments are only of value to allay the itching sensation. They do not cure. All the highest medical authorities agree that a tonic is necessary to drive the complaint from the system.

Amongst tonics, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand alone. They actually make the new good blood that drives the impurities from the system and leaves the skin soft and smooth as a child's.

"For months I suffered with Eczeema," said Mr Malachi O'Mara, 409, Lonsdale street, Melbourne, Victoria. "It first appeared on my arms, and then spread all down the front of my body, on to my thighs, and as far as the calves of my legs, in the form of a dry scale which would rub off in a dry powder. If I rubbed the skin hard it would go quite raw and inflamed. I could not go to business for some weeks. Countless tiny red pimples with matter would push through the skin and a rash would come out in large patches. I might say my body was covered with small sores, and as fast as some would go others would come. I got very thin. I could not eat or sleep for the terrible itching. I was told if I took mineral water baths I would get better, so I went to Daylesford and took them some weeks. They didn't do me any good, so I bought some ointment and took sulphur, thinking that might cure me, but it did not. It would only stop the itching for a little while. I grew quite ill with worry and weakness. I thought I was permanently affected, when one day I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure Eczeema, so I sent at once and got some, and took between nine and ten boxes altogether, and here is the result: I am completely cured, and my skin is as clear as ever it was. If it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I don't think that I would ever have got better. I am sure no one ever suffered more than I did, and in curing me, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved their worth— I shall always advertise them."

Don't let any dealer talk you into taking something which he says is "just as good." If you are pestered to take a substitute, send 3/ for one box, or 10/6 for six boxes, to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia, Ltd., Wellington.

Gold and Silver Exports.

The export of gold from the Dominion for ten months ending October 31 last was 404,694ozs, valued at £1,801,113—a decrease compared with the return for the same period last year of 17,730ozs, valued at £78,101. During the month of October 31,870ozs of gold, valued at £126,236, were exported, being a decrease of 18,081ozs, valued at £72,130. The total quantity of silver exported in the first ten months of the present year was 1,448,222ozs, valued at £145,150, which was a decrease of 56,178ozs, of the value of £4840. The export silver in October was 124,786ozs, valued at £12,524, being a decrease of 28,381ozs, valued at £2,757, as compared with the corresponding month of last year.

"Dry Waihi."

Judging by the general opinion among miners, there is a very strong and growing feeling in Waihi that "license" will be won back at next year's local option poll. As far as can be gathered, this is the outcome of the harassing conditions which exist under no-license in regard to procuring liquor, also as the result of the large number of prosecutions in this connection, which will probably top the list for the whole of the Dominion. Many are of opinion that it would be far better to have straight-out national prohibition than to continue under the provisions of no-license legislation as it now stands.

Care of the Insane.

A rather interesting reply was given by the Hon. D. Buddo to Mr. Bolland last week, respecting the questions of discipline and conduct in mental asylums.

The member for Eden asked the acting-Minister in Charge of Mental Hospitals whether he would set appeal boards in connection with these institutions, so that attendants might be able to bring their grievances—such as long hours and other matters—before the said boards.

The Minister replied that any attendant considering himself aggrieved could, under existing circumstances, without prejudice to himself, have the matter complained of inquired into. The Hon. Mr. Fowlds, for whom at present he was acting, and with whose opinion on this matter expressed last year he agreed, pointed out that the position of mental hospital employees was different to that of employees in other departments, who had to deal with persons possessed of their reason, free agents able to defend themselves and make trustworthy complaint. The subversion of discipline which would follow the replacement by an appeal board of an attendant who had been dismissed or retired on the evidence of patients, would lead to a terrorising of the patients, and make such as were able to give evidence silent in the future. As a natural consequence, dismissals would follow only where an attendant was caught by two sane witnesses striking a patient or otherwise misconducting himself. The case of a good attendant would not be dealt with by such a board. The superintendents who were responsible for the care and treatment of patients knew the value of good attendants and the desirability of retaining their services, but the board would in practice have to review the case of the inefficient and the indifferent attendants, persons on whom the responsible officer would feel he could not rely for proper supervision for humane care and for intelligent co-operation in the treatment of the patients.

The Forgotten Dead.

"Will the Prime Minister place on the Estimates a sum of £500 as a grant to the Victoria League of Auckland for the purpose of renovating and putting and maintaining in proper order the graves of those who were killed in the Maori war?" asked Mr. A. M. Myers in the House of Representatives last week. The member for Auckland East further pointed out that in Symonds-street Cemetery there was a plot in which some 80 or 90 men who had fallen in the Maori war were buried, and there was not a peg or landmark to indicate the graves.

Sir Joseph Ward replied that for all practical purposes the cemetery in question has long been closed to burials save

in exceptional cases, and being well planted and attractively laid out, it is largely frequented by the citizens of Auckland and visitors. The City Council has taken part of the area for bridge purposes, or otherwise for the benefit of the city, and it is felt that the care of the cemetery is peculiarly a case where the public spirit of the Auckland City Council and the Auckland citizens should be demonstrated by their keeping the graves of war veterans and other persons who deserved well of the community in a fitting state of repair, without having recourse to the Government for assistance.

Mr. W. Jennings said that though a hundred men had fallen at Pakiaukeruru there was nothing to mark their graves. At Te Awamutu and other places neglect had been shown in the care of the last resting places of soldiers.

Mr. Vernon Reed said there were localities in the Bay of Islands district which required attention.

Mr. Massey urged that with surpluses the country could surely spare a few hundred pounds to mark the graves of the men who had fought for their land. He hoped to see a sum placed on the Supplementary Estimates before the session closed.

Town Planning.

Some controversy has taken place through the correspondence columns of the "Evening Post" regarding Mr. A. M. Myers' town-planning scheme. In reply, the member for Auckland East has written on the subject as follows:

"My experience when it was my privilege to act in the capacity of Mayor of Auckland directed my attention to the importance of this question, and this was confirmed by my observations during my recent travels in Britain and on the continent of Europe, particularly in Germany, where I had an opportunity of seeing what has been accomplished by systematic action by the municipal authorities in Berlin, Frankfurt and elsewhere. In view of the rapid expansion of our cities, and the great future that we may reasonably anticipate for them, it is urgently necessary that steps should be taken to avoid the evils that have arisen in the past owing to cities growing up without any definite plan or policy. Every year's delay in dealing with this problem means an increase in the expense, and if left too long the cost will be enormous. I trust that the Government will see its way to take the matter up next session, but, in any case, I would venture to suggest that there is a great deal of useful preliminary work that might well be undertaken by the municipal authorities without waiting for the Government. In an interview on my return from England, I suggested that a small committee might be set up in Auckland to draw up a scheme for the planning of what must come, a greater Auckland, and the formation and maintenance of roads which carry the principal traffic to and from the city within a radius of say ten miles, and I should like to see such a committee of experts set up in every town in New Zealand to draw up plans for its future development, making adequate provision for roads, parks, artisans' dwellings, schools, churches and other public requirements. A combined request from such committees for legislation to enable the municipal authorities to put their plans into execution could hardly be ignored by the Government, and the information they had collected would be of great service in drawing up the necessary bill.—I am etc., (signed) A. M. MYERS."

Bad Liquor.

The member for Auckland West (Mr C. H. Poole) last week asked the Minister of Public Health whether, in view of the number of sailors, firemen, and others overcome by the use of bad liquor in the various ports of the Dominion, he will take steps to have a proper examination of the liquor supplied, so as to prevent a good deal of sickness and save trouble to the people who are responsible for order and efficiency.

The Hon. Mr Buddo replied that samples of spirits are taken by officers of the Department under the Sale of Food and Drugs Act, 1908, and submitted to the Government analyst for examination. If any case of adulteration of liquor is reported to the Department and considered suitable for a prosecution, proceedings will be taken.

Mr Poole: It frequently happened ves-

sels loaded down to the Plimsoll line and ready to sail to catch an early market, were delayed while members of their crews could be hunted up. The custom of British crews to come back the worse for liquor was encouraging steamship companies to employ coloured and foreign crews. He had never heard of a prosecution under the Sale of Food and Drugs Act for selling impure liquor, and he thought there was necessity for more stringent examination of liquor.

Liquor in the Cook Islands.

Mr. Wright asked the Minister of Cook and other Islands by what authority alcoholic liquor was sold to Europeans by the Collector of Customs at Rarotonga for other than the reasons given in section 277 of the Licensing Act, which provides that liquor shall only be sold and supplied in the Cook Islands for use in the arts of manufactures or for medicinal, religious, or scientific purposes, but not for any other use or purpose. The Hon. Mr Carroll replied that he was not aware that the Collector of Customs at Rarotonga sold liquor to Europeans, but he had called for a full report upon the whole subject.

State Advances.

In moving the second reading of the Local Bodies Loan Act Amendment Bill, Sir Joseph Ward explained that the object of the bill was to remove certain cases of hardship suffered by some local bodies as the result of the passing of the State Guaranteed Advances Act. Provision was made in the bill to make it retrospective, and the procedure covering meetings of ratepayers regarding loan proposals was simplified. The term for loans was to be extended from 36½ years to 50 years if desired.

Mr. Massey suggested that in some cases the ratepayers should be able to express their desire for a loan by petition.

Sir Joseph Ward said that already £1,239,601 had been authorised as loans to local bodies at 3½ per cent. That was in eight months. The local bodies were now out of the reach of the usurer who might want to bleed them and take advantage of their necessities. Under the old Loans to Local Bodies Act, the highest amount ever lent in any one year was £180,000. The total amount already advanced under the Advances to Settlers Act, the Advances to Workers Act and the State Guaranteed Advances Act was £12,037,751. Of the settlers put through its second reading.

Anti-trust Legislation.

"The essential justification for anti-trust legislation is that the monopoly and the trust can levy taxation without representation, since they can put up prices without consulting the consumers," said the Hon. Dr. Findlay, when the Commercial Trusts Bill was before the Legislative Council last week. The Attorney-General added that one of the great benefits which would be derived under the operation of the bill was that it would provide the machinery for deciding in an effective way whether or not an injurious combine existed.

"Take out the schedule," urged the Hon. G. Jones.

Dr. Findlay said the measure was admittedly of a tentative nature, but, as time passed, and proof was found that a monopoly existed in shipping or any other business, it would be easy to add to the schedule. The Government did not pretend that the bill would have a very large sphere of activity, but he believed it would be some deterrent to the growth of the evil at which it was aimed.

The second reading of the bill was carried on the voices.

Allegations of Cruelty.

At the Supreme Court, Wellington, the Chief Justice referred to the allegations of cruelty made by Olaf Aamensen, a Norwegian sailor on the German barque Martha Hockeben in New Zealand waters. Olaf stated that he was hung up by the heels and ill-treated in various ways, and preferred gaol to going back. On a charge of escaping from custody while detained on a charge of desertion, he was imprisoned for five weeks until the ship left. Inquiry had been made through the German Consul and the police, and the evidence emphatically contradicted the assertions, and adds that Aamensen was under the influence of liquor. Sir Robert Stout

said he was glad to have these statements. His experience was that Germans were not cruel, and had there been any trouble he knew the German authorities would have remedied it.

Brass Band Association.

Mr. E. Short, King's trumpeter, who was judge at the Ballarat band contest, has consented to act as judge at the North Island Brass Band Association's contest next February. At a meeting of the association's committee to-night, Mr Short was elected by ballot from seven candidates to the position of judge. All contest selections and test selections arrived by the English mail last week, and will be ready for distribution at an early date. The recent suspension of the Wellington Garrison Band has been withdrawn, and the band is now eligible to compete at the contest.

Playing "Pool" for Stakes.

Mr. Cutten, S.M., delivered his reserved judgment on Monday in the last case, being one of several against keepers of billiard saloons, alleging in effect that their rooms are conducted as common gaming houses. The fact upon which the prosecution depended was that defendant allowed "pool" to be played for small stakes daily, it being contended that the playing of any game for any stake was gaming, and that playing such a game habitually constituted the saloon a common gaming house. Mr. Cutten, S.M., said he thought the weight of authority favoured this contention. Having a license to keep a billiard saloon did not, in the magistrate's opinion, help defendant. There was room to infer that the legislature had in view wagering upon games of chance only, and not on playing games of skill for a stake, even when the stakes were contributed by the parties themselves; but such play was gaming within the ordinary meaning of the words of the Act, and evidence that the place was habitually used for such play was evidence of gaming. Seeing the defendant was convicted of keeping a common gaming house, he would be fined £6 and costs. Notice of appeal was given. The other cases were held over, pending the result of the appeal.

A Serious Fire.

It was reported from Christchurch last week that a serious fire started in lupins near the terminus of the North New Brighton tramline. Fanned by a north-west gale, the flames swept through the plantations towards the borough of New Brighton, destroying two cottages on the way. At one time there was an advancing wall of fire between three and four chains wide, and its wild, swift onward rush reminded one forcibly of the sweep of the prairie fires of America, but by 4 p.m. it was got under control, and was eventually extinguished without having caused any very considerable damage. Several residences were destroyed, but they were mostly small houses.

Trades and Labour.

The Otago Trades Council, as executive for the Trades Councils of the Dominion, is circulating all unions with a view to making a presentation to Mr. E. Tregear on his retirement from the position of Secretary of the Labour Department in January. The same body has circulated trades unions, advocating Mr. McCullough's re-election as workers' representative on the Arbitration Court.



AUCKLAND METROPOLITAN SPRING SHOW, 1910.

ALEXANDRA PARK.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25 AND 26.

ENTRIES CLOSE FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

Office: HALL OF COMMERCE, HIGH-STREET.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mr. John Daniell O'Connor, of Te Awamutu, died last week, aged 63.

Mr. R. Williams, magistrate at Savail, Fiji, arrived by the Tofua last week on a two months' holiday visit to the Dominion.

Mrs. Ayson, wife of Mr. L. F. Ayson, Chief Inspector of Fisheries, died in Wellington on Monday evening, aged Wellington last week, aged fifty-two years.

Mr. G. Moss, late of the Kittawa, has joined the Mararoa as third officer, vice Mr. H. Claydon, who has gone to Dunedin for orders.

Mr. Ambrose Millar, Consul for the Netherlands, returned by the Tofua yesterday afternoon from a visit to last week from a visit to Tonga and Samoa.

Mrs. Charles J. Holworthy, formerly wife of the late Sir Patrick Buckley, and only daughter of the late Sir William Fitzherbert, died at Wellington on Tuesday week.

Mr. A. J. Cox, commercial representative of the Tasmanian Government, arrived in Wellington last week by the Arawa from Hobart. He left by the Corinthic last week for South America, in connection with the Tasmanian export apple trade.

Mr. G. H. F. Rolleston, British Trade Commissioner, will visit Great Britain on duty in January next. He will be absent from the Dominion about five months. During Mr. Rolleston's absence the routine of his office will be carried on as usual, Mr. O. S. Watkins, of Wellington, acting in an advisory capacity.

It is understood that Mr. Priestley's appointment as one of the geologists of the Antarctic expedition is due to the recommendation of Professor David, of Sydney (says a Christchurch Press Association telegram). He takes the place of Allan Thompson. When Mr. Thompson asked to be released, Captain Scott communicated by cable with Prof. David, and also consulted Sir Joseph Ward, who offered no objection to an Australian taking the place of the New Zealander. Mr. Priestley has been working with Professor David since the return of Shackleton's expedition, preparing geological results for publication.

Last Thursday was the 94th anniversary of the birthday of Auckland's "Grand Old Man," Sir John Logan Campbell, and although the weight of twelve more months have added their quota to Sir John's gravity of years, and have bowed a little further his once erect form, he still remains comparatively hale and cheerful. Scarcely a day that he cannot be found sitting in the little Shortland-street office, receiving callers, having the news of the day read to him, and putting his signature to such business transactions as require his seal. On Thursday the Father of Auckland was the recipient of shoals of telegraphic and other messages of congratulation and good wishes, reminding the old man who sits with his memories in the dingy little office of associations fast dimming into the remoteness of history, that the busy and assertive young present has ever grateful homage for one to whom so much is owing by the people of the city he helped to found.

The funeral of the late Mr. J. H. Fox, locomotive engineer, New Zealand Government Railways Department, Auckland district, took place last week, the service at the grave-side being performed by the Rev. Canon McMurray. In the cortege, from the residence of his parents, St. Stephen's-avenue, Parnell, to Purewa Cemetery, were over one hundred representatives from all departments of the railway service, including Mr. G. E. Richardson, locomotive engineer and representing Mr. A. L. Beattie, chief mechanical engineer, N.Z.R.; Messrs D. T. McIntosh and W. Bowles, maintenance and traffic branches, respectively. Among the numerous wreaths were some from Wellington and the South Island, and from the Locomotive Engineer's office, offices and work-shops, Newmarket, the loco. running and car and wagon staff, from the branches of the Auckland district, including Thames, Paeroa, Rotorua, and Frankton branches. The late Mr. Fox was a native of Auckland, being 45 years of age at the time of his death, and served first in the Addington work-shops, subsequently being district manager at Pictou, engineer-in-charge of the Westinghouse brake gear of the Dominion, and for the past two years locomotive engineer at Auckland. Deceased was a general favourite in the service, and the news of his death came as a great shock to his many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Headley, of Remuera, with their two daughters and Mr. Lionel Headley, left on Monday by the Wimmera for Sydney.

Mr. H. P. Barry, manager of the Waikoi Co.'s plant and mines, who has been on a visit to the Old Country, returned by the R.M.S. Arawa, which arrived at Wellington last week.

Mr. W. J. Kirk, chief of the Postage Stamp Printing Department at the Government Printing Works, has retired on superannuation after forty years' service. On Monday he was met by a number of his fellow employees, who made him a presentation as a token of their esteem.

Another pioneer of the Auckland province has passed away in the person of Mrs. Jane Sutcliffe, who has died at the age of 90 years, of which interval nearly 60 years were lived in and around Auckland, where she arrived with her husband by the Clifton on New Year's Day, 1845. For many years she and her husband lived first at Whitford Park, Turanga, and then at East Tamaki, and before being widowed, about 29 years ago, Mrs. Sutcliffe went to the Thames. Of late years she had resided with her daughter, Mrs. Ahier, of Carlton Gore-road, and enjoyed good health to within a few months ago. Seven of her nine children survive her, while she also leaves 41 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren.

The death of Mrs. Robert Hazard, sister of Mr. H. D. Morpeth, Town Clerk of Waikoi, occurred last week, at her residence, Hazard-street, after a lingering illness. The deceased lady was a pioneer of the province of Auckland, having with her husband arrived fifty-one years ago in the ship Prince Edward, from Prince Edward Island, Canada, the vessel being principally owned by her father and husband, and she experienced many of the vicissitudes incidental to early colonisation. She is survived by her husband, four sons, and two daughters. The sons are Messrs. H. D. M. Hazard (chief draughtsman of Survey Office, Christchurch), Norman Hazard (Government surveyor, Malay States), Fen Hazard (surveyor, Waikoi), and Reginald Hazard (engaged in mining in Chili). The daughters are Mrs. Patten and Miss Hazard, and there are also numerous grandchildren. Deceased was greatly esteemed for her many virtues and kindly disposition (wires our Waikoi correspondent).

Mr. Alfred Millar, who served his time with Messrs. Massey Bros., of Auckland, has just been granted his second-class engineer's certificate by the London Board of Trade.

Among the passengers who left Wellington for London last week by the Corinthic were the Rev. W. S. Lucas, Dr. S. A. Lucas, Mrs. Lucas and family, of Nelson; Mrs. M. and Miss M. Waldegrave, of Wellington; and Mr. J. H. Glyn, of Auckland.

At a concert given by pupils of Hamilton East School last week, Mr. Stevens (headmaster) was presented with an address signed by the chairman, committee, teachers and representatives of the children, and a gold watch, in recognition of his 28 years' administration of the school.

Mr. Alfred Hill, who has been acting as deputy-conductor of the Grand Opera Company, which is to disband shortly, has decided to take up his residence in Sydney, and follow the practice of his profession. The Dulwich Hill Operatic and Musical Society has arranged to produce Mr. Hill's opera "The Moorish Maid" in December, and the rehearsals are to be under his personal supervision.

Pastor R. H. Farland, of the Baptist Church, Cambridge, was tendered a valedictory social the other evening. He shortly leaves for Lincoln, to which place he has received a unanimous call. The following resolution was unanimously agreed to: "That this meeting places on record the high appreciation of Pastor Farland's services during his short stay here, and wishes him God-speed and success in his new sphere of labour."

On November 2nd a very pleasant family gathering took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Sansom, Waterview, Avondale, it being the occasion of the celebration of their golden wedding. The worthy couple can justly claim to be numbered among the pioneers of Auckland. Mr. Sansom left England with his parents when quite a child, and sailed for Sydney on the ship Queen Victoria, arriving there after a six months' passage, in 1840. After a short stay there, they came on to Auckland in 1841. After leaving school he was apprenticed to the printing trade with Mr. J. Williams, of

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

LONDON, September 30.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ballantyne, of Christchurch, and their daughters, are in London just now. Mr. Ballantyne is combining business with pleasure, and the sight-seeing of the party has included Edinburgh and the Trossachs, Mrs. Ballantyne and family motoring from there down the coast to London, and afterwards visiting the Midlands and Southern counties. They have also visited Holland, Germany, and the Brussels Exhibition, returning to London via Paris. They are leaving shortly for New York, and will spend a month in America, sailing for New Zealand from Vancouver by the Makura.

Mr. H. G. Cayley Robinson, late of Invercargill, is over here from Dutch Guiana on a business mission. He went out to Dutch Guiana for the second time nearly two years ago, to manage a gold development company for a British syndicate. Latterly, however, he has been exploiting some gold concessions of his own about 100 miles from Paramaribo, in Dutch Guiana, and a week or two ago he arrived in England with the object of trying to secure the mining plant and concessions held by a Dutch company, and now lying idle, on behalf of himself and two friends. Mr. Robinson is also representing some Trinidad friends who own an oil-bearing land in Trinidad, and who wish to sell them to an English oil group. He expects to proceed to the Hague in the middle of October, and return to London in November via Amsterdam, Brussels and Paris. He will leave England for Trinidad in the first week of December, proceeding to Dutch Guiana via British Guiana early in January.

Mr. Alexander Crow, of Wellington, who has been on a holiday trip to the Old Country, intends returning home by the Mongolia, leaving London on October 7th. After his arrival here on April 1st Mr. Crow spent five weeks in London, and then visited France, Ireland and Scotland, making many pilgrimages to scenes of historical interest in those countries.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kaye, of Christchurch, intend leaving England on October 5th, via New York and Canada, on their return journey to New Zealand, where they expect to arrive early in December. Mrs. Kaye, since her arrival in the Old Country last April, via Suez, has attended the World's Y.M.C.A. Conference in Berlin and the World's Missionary Conference in Edinburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Haynes, of Dunedin, their daughter (Mrs. Mill) and her son, are visiting London at present. They came to England by the Morea, via Suez, arriving in June, and spent some time in Scotland. Mr. Haynes remaining in London on business. Mrs. Mill had a delightful motoring tour through the Southern and Midland Counties with her sister (Mrs. J. Ballantyne, of Christchurch) and party. They leave shortly for New York, and will spend a month crossing America, via Canada, taking steamer at Vancouver for New Zealand.

Miss Florence M. L. Jones is returning to Wellington, via Suez, by the Otway. She has been in England and Wales for the last two years. During part of the time Miss Jones has been studying music under Dr. Rowland M. Winn, of Birmingham, and has been successful in gaining the L.R.A.M. degree at the recent Metropolitan examination.

Mr. H. A. Neilsen, of Auckland, has recently returned to London from a trip to Denmark, where he has been visiting the scenes of his youth after an absence of 26 years. In his younger days Mr.

Neilsen was a steward in the Danish Navy, and saw active service nearly 60 years ago in the sea fight against a fleet of German and Austrian warships off Heliogoland. The Danish fleet was successful in that fight, but the death-roll was heavy; and Mr. Neilsen saw many of his comrades laid to rest in the graveyard at Christiansund. Before he left for New Zealand he received at the hands of Prince Valdemar of Denmark a photograph of the cemetery where his comrades killed in the battle were buried. On his return to Copenhagen recently Mr. Neilsen paid a call on Prince Valdemar, and, although at first the Prince could not recall him, mention of the photograph was sufficient to bring back all the circumstances to his memory, and he welcomed the New Zealander very heartily, and had a long chat with him at the Palace over old times.

Among the many New Zealanders who have expressed pleasure in the New Zealand exhibit at the White City is Mr. Justice Denniston, who on Tuesday evening last inspected it. Mr. Justice Denniston said that he considered the exhibit did great credit to New Zealand and the exhibitors.

Mr. S. Hetherington and Mrs. Hetherington, of the Thames, has just returned to London from a trip through Ireland and Scotland. They intend to spend some time in London, where Mr. Hetherington is attending to business matters, and they purpose wintering further South, possibly in the South of France, though this is not yet decided.

Mr. Charles A. Parnell, M.B., elder son of Mr. Charles W. Parnell, Barrister-at-Law, New Zealand, was married on September 19 at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, to Miss Nora Kathleen Bee, daughter of Mr. James Bee, of Normanhurst, Lee, Kent.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Maxwell, of Northcote, Auckland, are on a visit to London. They left New Zealand early in June, coming via Vancouver, through Canada, and on to New York. Mrs. Maxwell found the heat too great in New York, and came on to Liverpool a month ago, but her husband had business to look after, so he stayed behind, afterwards rejoining Mrs. Maxwell in London. They are at present spending their time between London and Buckinghamshire, where they have relations. They will probably join a steamer at Genoa early in November, and get back to New Zealand about Christmas.

Recent callers at the High Commissioner's Office: Miss F. M. Jones (Wellington), F. S. Dubarnes (Gisborne), Mr. Robert Grainger (Auckland), Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Gregory (Apti), Miss M. B. Richmond (Wanganui), Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell (Auckland), Miss Evelyn Isitt (Wellington), Claude B. Welby (Wellington), J. H. Aitken (Wanganui), H. G. Cayley Robinson (late Invercargill), Mr. John Withen (Timaru), Mr. Edwin A. Tanner (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. D. Haynes (Dunedin), Mrs. Mills and son (Dunedin), Mr. and Mrs. J. Ballantyne and the Misses Ballantyne (Christchurch), Mrs. Pudney and Mr. F. Addison Pudney (Christchurch), Mr. Geo. Shalfoon (Auckland).

Mr. George Shalfoon, of Auckland, had recently been revisiting his birth-place at Mt. Lebanon, in Palestine, after an absence of twelve years, and is now in London. He spent a month in Palestine and a week in Paris, arriving in London on September 17. He leaves again on October 6 for Canada, and is due in New Zealand, via Vancouver and Fiji, on December 5.

Let me say that in no part of the Empire is so keen an interest felt in the work of the expedition as in New Zealand. That is proved by the generosity of the Government in giving the magnificent sum of £1000—an amount which I feel sure I am safe in saying will be doubled by private donations.—*Captain Scott.*

M. R. G. M. NEWTON
(For some years with Mr. Williams, Coleman)
Has commenced Practice as a
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR
At No. 102 (First Floor), VICTORIA
ARCADE,
QUEEN-ST., AUCKLAND.

THE Manager of the Auckland Industrial School, Mr. Albert, will be glad of applications from persons in country or suburban districts who are willing to take charge of young children. Remuneration is given, and children on leaving the institution are provided with a good outfit.

Festival of Empire.

NEXT YEAR'S OVERSEAS VISITORS.

LONDON, September 30.

A great influx of visitors from the dominions overseas is expected in London next year on account of the Coronation, and the Council of the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace is taking full advantage of the situation. Elaborate arrangements will be made for the hospitable reception and entertainment of Colonial visitors to the Festival, and a committee presided over by the Duke of Norfolk is now drawing up a comprehensive programme.

The ambition of the Committee is to organise a congress of the business men of the Empire, and in connection with it a series of official and semi-official functions has been decided upon. There will be banquets and receptions, and opportunities for the discussion and elucidation of Imperial and commercial problems. It is also the intention of the Committee to extend its hospitality to provincial centres. A scheme is under consideration for great "county days" at which provincial men of mark will be specially invited to meet celebrities from overseas. The Council hopes to add to the popularity of these "county days" by inducing the railway companies to provide special facilities in the shape of cheap fares.

The Music Committee, of which the Earl of Shaftesbury is chairman, has also an ambitious programme in hand. Already arrangements have been concluded for eight Empire concerts—representing England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa. At these concerts only artists representing the individual countries will appear, and the British public will thus be introduced to entirely new talent.

Under the presidency of Princess Louise, the postponed "Pageant of London" will be produced by Mr. Frank Lascelles on the pageant grounds, for which 15,000 citizens of London and delegates from all the colonies have been enlisted to take part. There will be an Imperial Exhibition, in which the Governments of the overseas dominions will co-operate, and arrangements have also been made for holding an Imperial sports meeting. The proceeds of the undertaking will be devoted to the King Edward VII. Hospital Fund. Whether New Zealand will send a Government exhibit to the Crystal Palace Exhibition is, I am informed, not yet decided, and the High Commissioner has not yet been advised by his Government with regard to their plans.

One of the features of the Exhibition will be an "All Red" tour of mono-rail observation cars, each seating 60 people, and running at two-minute intervals over 24 miles of railway. The passengers will be carried round a miniature representation of the British Empire, visiting in turn Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India. Another part of the Exhibition will depict a model city as it may be 200 years hence, with moving footways, wireless telephones, aerial services, and so forth. It will be an interesting scientific forecast of what may be expected in the twenty-second century.

It is announced to-day that the King has seen and approved the plans and details of the Festival of Empire, and has accorded his patronage to the entire undertaking. Among the vice presidents are the Prime Minister, the Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs and the Colonies, the present and future Viceroy of India, and the Governors-General of all the overseas dominions.

New Zealand is a country that has a great deal of goodness and religion in it. You have treated the native race with more humanity than England has shown in other quarters, and many of your laws, not all, have been framed in harmony with the precepts of the gentle and humane Jesus.—Canon Innes.

The average Englishman hopelessly misunderstood Australian finance. He was unable to comprehend the national debt. He did not realise that the various Governments were landlords expending money in developing the country. If they sold the railways alone they could wipe out the debts to-morrow.—Sir George Reid.

Berlin Riots.

100 POLICEMEN INJURED.

LONDON, October 2.

During this week Berlin has been the scene of strike riots of an unusually violent character. The trouble centres around the depots of Messrs. Kupfer and Company, the largest coal firm in Berlin, in the Moabit district in the north-west quarter of the city.

The strike of Messrs. Kupfer's employees has been going on for a considerable time, and there have been frequent scuffles between strikers and strike-breakers, in consequence of which for several days the company's wagons have been escorted by police. On Saturday there was a serious conflict between riotous strikers, aided by the mob, and the police guarding the wagons. This seems to have been a preliminary trial of strength for a pitched battle.

On Monday the ferocity of the crowd was remarkable, and isolated policemen were very roughly handled. Two policemen standing at a street corner were attacked. One emptied his revolver into his assailants, and then made his escape through an adjoining saloon, the keeper of which was ill-treated and his place wrecked by the rioters in revenge. The other policeman was knocked senseless, and picked up covered with blood by the owner of a neighbouring house, who dragged him into safety just as the hooligans were returning to finish him. The house was besieged for half-an-hour before the police arrived and drove off the mob.

Women among the crowd were conspicuous for their daring and ferocity. The police complain that the strikers charged with an advance guard of women, and even children, in front, so that the police were unable to use their weapons. Water, sand, and all sorts of missiles were poured from windows upon the heads of the police, whose difficulties were intensified through the strikers being able when hard pressed to escape into houses and drinking saloons, whence they got clear away, or where they renewed the combat from the windows.

Preferring to operate in the darkness, the rioters smashed the street lamps.

For an unexplained reason, the rioters appear to be animated by peculiar animosity against the local Lutheran Church of the Reformation. The pastor was seen in a passing tramcar on his way to his parsonage. "Drag him out," "Out with the parson," was the yell which went up, and hooligans stopped the car and boarded it. The clergyman tried to escape in the crowd, but he was quickly recognised and followed. He reached the parsonage door, which, fortunately, was open, just in time to escape violence. The attack on the church followed.

A favourite missile of the strikers is supplied by the so-called mosaic paving, consisting of small stone centres, which are easily torn up.

The Chief of Police has issued an order that in case of further attacks the police are to make full use of their revolvers and sabres, and if the police are attacked from windows they are to use their firearms without hesitation. The police commander on the spot has also issued a warning that in case of a recurrence of rioting it will be impossible to spare women and children who come between the combatants and the police. The district is now held by three hundred police, mounted and on foot. The streets where the worst rioting occurred are closed by strong cordons, and all access to Messrs. Kupfer's yards is barred. The conflict between police and rioters continued at intervals on Tuesday. At seven o'clock on that evening there was a fresh collision with a body of 3000 rioters, who were dispersed by a sabre charge in which 15 mounted men took part. Later in the evening another encounter with a mob of about 500 persons took place.

As the rioters began to throw bottles, coal, bricks and broken glass at the policemen out of the windows of the houses, the latter retaliated by firing with their Browning pistols at the windows.

One of the rioters, at about one o'clock on Tuesday morning, after the police had withdrawn, collected a heap of wood, over which he poured a quantity of paraffin, and then set light to the pile. Fire engines were summoned, and the firemen succeeded in extinguishing the blaze, although they had to be protected by police. While doing their work they were the objects of a continual shower of missiles from the windows of some of the houses.

The "Lokal Anzeiger" states that one hundred policemen were wounded in the rioting, but it is impossible yet to esti-

At the French 'Manoeuvres.

Being colonials ourselves, we are naturally interested to hear by means of Robert Blatchford—incomparably the finest newspaper descriptive writer of the day—that at the French military manoeuvres, the Colonial Brigade of Infantry was the one thing that "struck him," so to phrase it, "between the eyes":—"The colonials are men of good physique and of good stature. They appear to be first-class fighting material. Strong, swarthy men they were, who had evidently come far, for they were hot and very dusty, though they marched stoutly with a resolute swing. And as they marched, and when the bugles were not blowing, they sang. This was not like the marching song we heard in the square. It was scornful, with a sting of mockery in it. It may have been a harmless song in itself, but as it was rendered and as it was accentuated by those warlike French colonials, it seemed as full of diabolic and bitter humour as Berlioz's Mephistophelean serenade. Undoubtedly the men of the Colonial Brigade are the fiercest soldiers I have seen. The effect of their eyes as they turned them upon us in marching was remarkable. Most of the eyes were dark, though a

good many were grey and some blue; but they all had the same look of unaltered ferocity, and the swarthy faces were lit with an expression of satirical defiance. It must have been men like these who stormed the Bastille and poured like a resistless sea across the French frontier to rout the enemies of France. No wonder the enemy ran like hens. If the men look as warlike and dangerous on the march, what must they look in the red hour of battle? As the colonial regiments strode past they had all the appearance of men marching to battle. If they ever do march to battle somebody will get hurt. Later in the day we met a mule battery of the Red artillery, and I had a good laugh. The mules were the largest mules I have ever seen. They were as big as horses. They were also by a very long way the most mulish animals I have seen. They were simply sizzling with sin. I do not believe there was an animal in the battery which would not have kicked the tricolour or the commander-in-chief and gloried in the deed. But they fetched their guns along. With their hands full of business I thought I detected a similar expression on the faces of the colonial officers."

Does not this visualise things for us 13,000 miles off?

NORTHERN STEAM SHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

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

Table listing shipping schedules for Northern Steam Ship Company, Limited, including destinations like Russell, Whangarei, and Auckland, with dates and times.

mate the number among the mob, which is undoubtedly very large. Revolvers were more freely used by both police and rioters, many of the latter firing down on the police from windows.

A statement inspired by the police makes it clear that the authorities are convinced that the roughs and rowdies who form the rank and file of the rioters are organised and directed by persons well versed in the tactics of street revolutions. The sudden appearance and disappearance of the mobs, combined with rushes in response to a signal, generally in the form of a yell, and the deliberate attempts to entice the police into streets where pitfalls were prepared for them, point unmistakably to this conclusion. Thus in the Rostockerstrasse lights were first extinguished and the roadway sown with broken flower-pots and earthenware, so that mounted police could not enter the street. Then the attention of the police was attracted by yelling or by lighting a bonfire, and men were told off with house keys in their hands, to lock the doors after the rioters had escaped into the houses.

The strike originated in Messrs. Kupfer's yard, the men demanding an increase of six pfennigs an hour for coal heavers, and three marks a week for drivers. The firm of Kupfer, which is controlled by Herr Stennes, one of the greatest coal magnates, refused on the ground that existing contracts did not allow an increase of expenditure. Troubles began when strike-breakers from Alsace drove out of the yard, under protection of the police. Crowds of the strikers, who number 255, with their sympathisers, gathered on the pavements and jeered, whereupon one of the strike-breakers, who was driving, drew a revolver and fired twice amongst the crowd. His arrest was demanded of a police lieutenant, who in reply ordered the mounted police to charge, and bloodshed ensued.

Advertisement for Canadian-Australian Royal Mail Steamships, featuring routes to Vancouver, Canada, and the United States, with details on fares and services.

Sports and Pastimes.

WITH SAIL AND MOTOR

NOTES FROM THE WATERFRONT.

(By RINGTAIL.)

YACHTING in the Waitemata will soon be in full swing. Already a number of yachts and launches are away over the week-end.

The interest taken in racing in this harbour is not what it ought to be, but taking into consideration the number of beautiful bays and inlets there are for yachts to cruise to, it is not to be wondered at. And then, again, there are so few boats of a class. Also, many yachtsmen do not take kindly to the handicap races, where perhaps a start of an hour or more has to be given. But it is to be hoped that we shall soon be building to the metre class, which will bring a fresh interest into racing.

Amongst motor yachtsmen there is a better racing spirit. It is easier to class the motor boats, as a certain horse-power is generally fitted to a certain length, making the handicapping an easier matter.

The first races of the season are:—Cruising race, Ponsonby Club, November 12; cruising race, Victoria Cruising Club, November 12.

So far the following are the fixtures of the local clubs for the season:—

ROYAL N.Z. YACHT SQUADRON.

December 3, First cruising race and power boat cruising race.
January 21, Ocean race and power launch cruising race.
February 4, General handicap for Mr. E. C. Horton's prize.
March 4, Second cruising race.
March 12, Class racing, metre rule, (Classes A and B).
March 26, Class racing, metre rule, Classes A and B.

NORTH SHORE YACHT CLUB

November 5, Opening day.
November 19, Cruising race to Awaroa Bay, five classes and 16 feet and under harbour race.
December 10, First series class race (ten classes).
January 14, Jackson Cup, round Canoe Rock; Classes 6, 7 and 9 to Takapuna.
January 21, Club picnic.
February 4, Race round Waiheke, and 16 feet and under harbour race.
February 11, Kawau race, and 16 feet and under harbour race.
February 18, Championships.
March 4, Second series class races (ten classes).
March 11, General handicap and motor launch race.
March 25, Cruising race to Drunken Bay (five classes).

PONSONBY CRUISING CLUB.

November 5, Opening day.
November 12, First cruising race.
December 10, Second cruising race.
January 7, Harbour race.
January 14, Picnic.
February 4, Ocean race.
March 11, Third cruising race.
March 25, General handicap.
April 15, Harbour race.

VICTORIA CRUISING CLUB.

November 5, Opening day.
November 12, First cruising race.
December 3, First series of harbour races.
January 14, Ladies' race.
February 11, Second cruising race.
February 18, Championship for 16 feet open boats, and 20ft., 22ft., 24ft. and 26ft. tuck stern boats, mulllet type.
March 18, Second series of harbour races.
April 8, Third cruising race.
April 15, General handicap.

DEVONPORT YACHT CLUB.

December 3, First cruising race for sail and power boats.
January 14, Harbour race for sailing boats of all classes.
February 4, Second cruising race for sailing boats and harbour race for power boats.
February 25, Harbour race for mulllet boats only.

March 11, Macky Cup.
March 25, Third cruising race.

N.Z. POWER BOAT ASSOCIATION.

November 12, Opening picnic.
November 26, First harbour race.
December 10, Picnic.
December 17, Cruising race.
January 14, Picnic.
January 28, Harbour race.
February 11, Second cruising race.
February 25, Harbour race.
March 11, Picnic.
March 25, Third cruising race.
April 1, Picnic.
April 15, Harbour race.

RICHMOND CRUISING CLUB.

November 5, General opening day.
November 26, First cruising race.
December 17, First series harbour races.
January 21, Cruising race.
February 25, Second series class races.
April 1, General handicap.

CRICKET.

The South Africans.

THEIR PROSPECTS IN AUSTRALIA.

THE GOOGLE BOWLING.

"Phoenix," of the "Rand Daily Mail," writing of the South Africans, who began their first match to-day, to the "Melbourne Age," says:—"On this subject I should like my news and views to be taken as coming from one who has had considerable experience, both as player and critic, in Australia and South Africa. It appears to me that there are probably two questions now being asked by the cricket public of Australia—(1) What style of cricket do these South Africans play? (2) What chances of success have they for their tour? And I shall endeavour to give readers such information as may help them to draw conclusions as to the issues of the contests, and, I hope, interest them in the visitors, whose training on matting pitches has developed methods which are novel to Australians. "Let me start off by saying that the question of the South African exploitation of the googlie on the Australian turf has me beaten, and I can only conjecture on the following grounds: You all know that Bosanquet was the 'father' of the googlie. What he did to help P. F. Warner to carry back the 'ashes' is likewise ancient history with you; but we here cannot judge how far the

most dangerous exhibition of the ball in Australia.

Those who know the accuracy of the Australian turf, as compared with the 'bite' and 'lift' of the ball on the matting over earth wickets, believe that the googlie must be easier to meet over there; then the ordinary big break ball must be pitched closer to the line of wickets, and then the 'wrong 'un' will thereby lose something of its sting. So the probable effect of the googlie on those wickets is an interesting and important problem in the minds of South African cricket experts. I have consistently told our 'star performers' that they will achieve successes with the ball beyond their fondest dreams, but that they must be prepared for fairly regular leather-hunting expeditions, which would mean disaster on the lighter scoring grounds of the sub-continent. I told them that on the nearest approach to perfection in wickets I had grave doubts as to the efficacy of the googlie, except as a change, and that their team should include all the variety consistent with the gathering of the best all-round side. Fortunately for them, this condition becomes easier by far than it would in either England or Australia, for neither of the latter great centres has yet put into the field a representative team in which there was such an abnormal proportion of bowlers. And the team that visits you cannot fail to be almost as fortunate in this respect. But there is one unfortunate lack, not likely to be made good; there is not a really fast bowler in South



Bowler: Where's yer wicket?
Batsman: 'Ere—Billy's the wicket!—"London Opinion."

Mr E. C. Blomfield's Ariki was launched on Wednesday evening, and towed over to her new moorings on the western side of Ponsonby Wharf.

Mr Buchanan's Rainbow was launched at Devonport last week. The painting of the rail has altered her appearance considerably, making her look not unlike the Southern crack, Iorangi, which was built for Mr Turnbull by Logan Bros. two or three years later than the Rainbow.

The well-known yacht Thetis has a very smart appearance this season. The top sides are painted royal blue, with an aluminium water-line. She has also had sundry alterations in her sail-plan, which her owner thinks will prove of great benefit.

Mr J. P. Howden's (commander of N.Z. Power Boat Association) launch Roma was launched last week, and made her first trip of the season to Cowes.

Mr T. E. Le Huquet's new yacht Marangi was launched on Saturday, October 29th. She was rigged during the week, and made her trial trip on November 5th, when a strong sou'-westerly breeze was blowing.

Mr Macky's fine cruiser Lex is again afloat, looking very spick and span. Mr Macky intends entering for the cruising races this season.

Mr A. Gifford's Rawene was launched on Thursday evening's tide, being rigged

novelty of the ball was instrumental in his phenomenal successes. And another thing that exercises the South African mind is that we find no records in the Australian newspapers of prominent disciples of the brilliant, if ephemeral, trundler, R. O. Schwarz, of the coming South African team, was Bosanquet's pupil, and it is admitted by English experts that he improved on the work of his master. He in turn taught the South Africans, and he will be associated in Australia with Faulkner and Vogler, of great renown recently as exponents of this form of attack. Of these, Faulkner, on last season's form, was the undoubted best, for Vogler depended much more on his great 'all-round' abilities as a bowler, and upon his infinite variety. His 'ringing in' of an unexpected googlie may prove the

Africa at present. In fact, since the retirement of Coetzee from prominent cricket there is not one who can claim anything better than fast medium. That, however, would undoubtedly be the weak point in the South African attack. It would be easily accepted that the googlie 'ordinary' ball (breaking from the right-hander's leg) comes easier to the left-hander, and our googlie exponents quite appreciate the fact that they will most probably meet Clem Hill, Ransford, and Bardsley. Our greatest bowler, Vogler (one of the best—if not the best—in the world just now), has a tre-

Geo. A. Tyler.

E. Harvey.

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Ship, Yacht and Boat Builders.



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

47 Customs Street, Auckland.

memorably high opinion of Bardsley and the latter's wonderful placing on the list.

"The South African cricketers will be found as manly and unassuming a lot of good men as Australia has deservedly boasted of since Jack Conway's lot first astonished England, but they and the supporters of the game in this country are obscured by an ignorance of Australia, and the conditions of cricket there, which are ludicrous to those who have come from 'down under.' And we got remarks from people who purport to know, and see comments in the newspapers from others which have had the effect of putting the South African association in an invidious position. Just fancy the imbecile remark of Major Trevor—that the Australian population was so small that a guarantee should be demanded by a team visiting there—and this kind of piffle being cabled out to our daily papers. This is only a sample of the rubbish that has caused the hesitancy of the South African Cricket Association in this guarantee matter, and would never occur now that South Africans and Australians are going to meet in a way which will prove the criminal absurdity of the prophecies of many who would be far better in a home.

"Now that Monte Noble has withdrawn from the world's cricket, we in South Africa think Aubrey Faulkner the world's best all-round man—on all wickets and in all conditions. What you Australians will find in him is that he is a man of enduring physique, indomitable courage, kindly and sociable demeanour, and the temperament of our forefathers, which does not allow them to know when they are beaten 'untill the numbers are up.' Our men will have about a fortnight's experience on the beautiful Adelaide turf before they meet South Australia in the first match, and you will find Faulkner not only 'at home' there, but exerting an influence on his side which will be far-reaching. I hold no brief for Faulkner, and he will need none with Australians. I have abused the semi-crouching attitude he has found so effective here, and told him he will launch out into nobler methods in Australia. See if he does not! He is now the best exemplar of the googlie bowling theory in the world, untiring, entirely monochalant, even punishment as long as he has the hope of eventual success in view, and he is a fine field anyway. His undoubted place in the field is at short slip, and he comes a good second to the brilliant Vogler in that position—and that takes a great lot of beating.

"In my opinion the inevitable second best man of the South African side is Ernie Vogler. If he does the best that his superb bowling and fielding abilities warrant one in expecting, you will see something to warrant the admiration of even those who hark back lovingly to the exploits of 'Spoff,' Harry Boyle, George Giffen, George Palmer, 'Ted' Evans, 'Charlie' Turner, and 'Jackie' Ferris. I have told him that he is likely to be worse extended this trip than ever he was in his life, but he is no slirker, and has a splendid physique. You will all like Ernie.

"Sibby Snook is the man I should place next in the category of fine South Africans. If he ventures to wear the old slouch hat which he has affected hitherto here, the Australian public will say that he is a buck blocker from somewhere out Cloncurry way, and the Queenslanders will love him. He is a truly fine and reliable bat, with that imperturbable temperament which is so valuable in critical situations, a fine field anywhere, and a bowler who, I think, will make a big name for himself on this tour.

"A. D. Nourse (the 'good old Dave' of the South African public) is another man hard to beat all round. He is a left hand batsman of the utmost courage, and with a ready grasp of bowling conditions; a bowler of quality, and possessed of a good head piece, and a field who has hands like what we used to denominate 'carpet bags' in my time, and with fatal resiliency also. Dave will be a very popular man with the Australian public.

"R. O. Schwarz will certainly be included as a 'googlie' bowler, and may or may not (as aforesaid) be a success in that capacity. But he is a proved fine batsman, never nervous, always making the best of his opportunities, and a useful field. He should come out with a good measure of credit.

"Writing of 'Billy' Zuleb at the beginning of last season, I ventured to call him 'the coming bat of South Africa.' I did not then know that he would have

the near chance of exploiting the Australian wickets, but his performances against the recent M.C.C. team very nearly justified my prediction. You will find him a very hard batsman to dismiss, with increasing resource and punishing powers, on your wickets; a great outfield and a change bowler whose average will be far from the worst of his side. It is likely he will be one of the opening bats for the South African side, and will prove very worthy of the honour.

"Jimmy Sinclair (the popular idol with the bat on the Rand) opened last season with a brilliancy reminiscent of the best days of your Bonnor and Lyons, but was not himself (as a cricketer) against the last M.C.C. team here. He is now again capable to the full extent of his fine physical powers, and may be expected to do his fine reputation full justice. He has always stood in the front rank of South African cricketers as a field and bowler (usually taking mid-off), but he could not be left out of any South African team as a bowler, and his peculiarity of spin, combined with judgment, I look to see enhance his reputation on the Australian turf.

"Tom Campbell is the undoubted best wicketkeeper in South Africa, bar Percy Sherwell (who was debarred from representative honours by business requirements last season). He is very sound and untiring, and, besides justifying his place in the capacity against the M.C.C. team here, he proved his worth as a reliable batsman so well that no South African team would be complete without him.

"Sid Pegler is a great 'bolt,' one of the rare breed, who play better for their country than they do in club matches. He was regarded as, and played as, such a bowler against the M.C.C. team last season, and, beside doing himself justice in that department, he batted splendidly. I look to see him put up a big batting record on Australian wickets.

"Micky Commaille, the Capetown representative in the preliminary fifteen, and the only player chosen so far living outside the Transvaal, is a sturdy and athletic fellow, a cool and determined bat, defensive to a degree when necessary, but with any number of bright points when things are going well with his side. He will be the star outfielder of his side, no matter who else goes.

THE DRUG FIEND.

[A 'Frisco sporting writer insists that Mr. Jeffries was drugged when he went to the canvas in his late lamented battle.]

When jolly Julius Caesar, with his well-developed beaver,

Which he called his Roman sneezer in the days that are no more,

Got an awful stab from Brutus through his cuticle and cutis,

He was sore.

But though Brutus said "Sit Semper,"

Julius Caesar kept his temper.

And before he kicked the bucket all his loyal friends he hugged,

"Friends," said he, "I'm not complaining,

But my good luck star is waning—

I was drugged!"

When Napoleon hit three hundred, when his cannon roared and thundered,

Any time his henchmen blundered he was swift and sure to strike;

Never from a fracas shrinking, he was always thinking, thinking,

Sleep or hike.

When his Waterloo was over, and the English were in clover,

And he longed to be a rover,

Parisian shoulders shrugged,

"I will bet you a simoleon," quoth the hard-luck Kid Napoleon,

"I lack Kid Napoleon,"

"I was drugged!"

When Kid Co hit Battling Abel with a leaf from father's table,

And the daylight turned to sable for the younger son of Eve,

Abel, knowing he had plenty, lay and took the count of twenty

On his sleeve.

Down the lane came Father Adam, thinking that his Abel had 'em,

Then he telephoned the madam while the strikers were hezzed,

"Tell me, tell me, little baby, tell me how it happened, Abie,

"Were you drugged?"

When I wrote those little verses, funny as a string of beavers,

Funny as a line of nurses, I was thinking to myself

That the editor would love them and would never, never know them

On the shelf,

I supposed that he knew merit and could find it like a ferret,

Now I think I'd grin and bear it if that editor were Juxted,

For he said, in acute chubly, while I stood there sort of silly,

"When you wrote this poem, Billy,

"You were drugged!"

CHESS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail," Box 704, Auckland.

The Auckland Chess Club meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, at No. 24, His Majesty's Arcade, Queen-street (2nd floor).

- (c) No doubt to be preferred to R-K. (d) If B-Kt3 instead, White could play 17, K-Kt3, threatening P-B4, and to win the exchange by Kt-B6. (e) Well counted. If now Kt-B6, Black wins by B-B4ch. (f) A suicidal move. (g) Very pretty. If Black takes the Rook with King, Rook, or Bishop, 29, QxBP follows, leads to a forced mate in two or three moves.

Answers to Correspondents.

Notes.

F.H.—Correct solution to 64 received. W.J.H.—Your solution quite correct. A.J.H.—The number of possible combinations in the game of chess is enormous, and for the benefit of yourself and other readers, some idea will be given in this column next week.

Mr F. C. Ewen won from Mr Wilson, the deciding game for first prize in the Auckland Working men's Club chess handicap.

Mr J. C. Grierson retains his position on the ladder of the Auckland Chess Club having defeated Mr Ewen recently in a match.

A writer in a recent issue of the "American Chess Bulletin," discoursing on "A modern view of Chess," condemns the appetite for "brilliances," such as the game yielded in the days before Steinitz, characterising it as a cry for the fleshpots of Egypt, proceeding from an undeveloped interest in the game, when the taste is naturally satisfied with gross and coarse effects. The British Chess "Magazine" points out that if by "brilliance" is here meant a flashy unsound, style of play, founded on inexperience, no doubt this characterisation is valid. But in that case the author is misapplying the word, and gaining a meretricious effect by doing so, for the word brilliancy gives an air of novelty to what is then no more than a self-evident proposition. His remarks would thus be open to the very condemnation he himself utters. If, on the other hand, his disparagement is levelled at what is commonly meant by a brilliancy, viz., a game that from a dull grey opening, perhaps, goes down to its setting in an increasing blaze of colour—well, we can only say there is no accounting for tastes. We can appreciate the dainty and delicate manoeuvres constituting position play in an otherwise eventless game. But to us, a genuine brilliancy, like a peacock, has all the charm of its soberer fellow, with a superadded glory of its own. It is an expression of virility breaking in an outburst of splendour through the commonplace forces that would restrain it. Normally our chess games are prosaic, but there are times when in conception and execution they rise above this level, and make a direct appeal to our poetic sense. Imagination in chess should be encouraged, not disparaged.

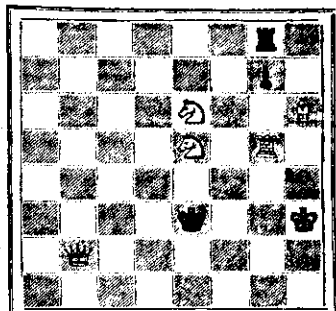
Marshall, on his return to the United States from the Masters' Tourney at Hamburg, writes with pardonable pride: "They say that my game against Tarrasch is the most remarkable game I have ever played, and that I have smashed all analysis of the book, which gave 11...Castles, QR for Black as a win." "The American Chess Bulletin" says: "It is just as Marshall says, and in this connection it is interesting to note that he was giving special attention for the Scotch Gambit shortly before taking his departure for the other side. He had several sessions with metropolitan experts, among whom Captain B. T. Walling, U.S.N., was of material assistance to the master player. So enthusiastic was Captain Walling over the investigations that, being uncertain about the position of a bishop in one of the diagrams, he sent an inquiry by wireless to Marshall on board the steamship Graf Waldersee."

Solution to Position 65

- (a) Transforming the opening into a Max Lange attack. (b) The consultation games between Blackburne and Gunsberg were on much the same lines.

- 1. B-Kt8ch K-Q3 2. Q-Ktch K-B4 3. Q-Kt6 mate

Position No. 66. (By S. LLOYD.)



Black. White to play and mate in two moves. Notation.—6r1, 6pl, 4KtR, 4KtR1, 8, 4k2K, 1Q6, 8.

Marshall v. Tarrasch.

The game referred to below as the most remarkable ever played by Mr F. J. Marshall.—

"SCOTCH GAME."

- White. Black. Mr F. J. Marshall. Dr. Tarrasch. 1. P-K4 P-K4 2. P-Q4 PxP 3. K-Kt-B3 QKt-B3 4. B-B4 B-B4 5. Castles Kt-B3 6. P-K5(a) P-Q4 7. PxKt PxR 8. R-Kch B-K3 9. Kt-Kt5 Q-Q4 10. QKt-B3 Q-B4 11. QKt-K4 Castles QR 12. KtKB PxKt 13. P-KKt4 Q-K4(b) 14. PxP KR-Kt(c) 15. B-R6 P-Q6 16. P-QB3 B-Q3(d) 17. P-B4 Q-Q4(e) 18. Q-B3 B-K2 19. P-Kt5 Q-KB4 20. Kt-Kt3 Q-B2 21. Q-Kt4 QR-K 22. R-K4 P-Kt4(f) 23. P-QR4 P-R3 24. PxP PxP 25. K-Kt2 Kt-Q 26. Q-B3 P-B3 27. R-Q4 Q-Kt3 28. BxKt Resigns(g)

The Men on the Spot

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LAWN TENNIS.

By ROMULUS.

WELLINGTON.

Results of Last Saturday's Senior Matches.

MEN'S COMPETITION.

WELLINGTON, Saturday.

Thorndon defeated Victoria College by 5 rubbers to 1 (10 sets to 3), 71 games to 52. At one stage things did not look too rosy for Thorndon, weakened by the absence of Peacock and Young. Both of the last two singles appeared to be good things for the College, but, though Smith won against Putnam, Cleghorn failed eventually to Carter, whose experience pulled him through. Swanson v. F. P. Wilson, 6-3, 6-2; Smythe v. Beere, 6-0, 6-5; Carter v. Cleghorn, 2-6, 6-5, 6-3; Putnam v. Smith, 6-6, 3-6. Swanson and Smythe v. Wilson and Beere, 6-5, 6-3; Carter and Putnam v. Cleghorn and Smith, 6-3, 6-5.

Lower Hutt defeated Muritai by four rubbers to two (8 sets to 5), 57 games to 52. The meeting of last year's cup reps. provided an even contest, which Muritai would have won had Wright played up to form. He was really unlucky in losing to the much-vaunted Cornell, as, after starting three games down in the final set he led 5-4 with his own service to follow, but could not win then with the odds all in his favour. Jones won his single, but had nothing to beat. Callender played a fine game in his double. Nagle and Lewis are combining well, and defeated the crack double, Cornell and Ward. Hawkins v. Nagle, 6-1, 6-3; Cornell v. Wright, 6-3, 1-6, 6-5; Ward v. Lewis, 6-4, 6-4; Callender v. Jones, 4-6, 1-6; Cornell and Ward v. Nagle and Lewis, 2-6, 3-4 (Hutt retired); Hawkins and Callender v. Wright and Jones, 6-3, 6-1.

Wellington I. defeated Wellington II. by five rubbers to nil, and one unfinished (11 sets to 1), 74 games to 42. Eller, for the second team, played a remarkably fine game, and it was only lack of experience which prevented him from winning the first set from H. W. Brown, when leading, 5-2. His service and driving were the features of an attractive display, and he deserves great credit for his showing. Partnered by Jeffrey, the same player also did well in the first double won by Brown and Salmond. Hill and Grant, the respective bottom men, are too weak for first-grade tennis, but McCaul, late of Wanganui, will do well later. Brown v. Eller, 6-5, 6-1; Salmond v. Jeffrey, 6-2, 6-2; Wilson v. McCaul, 6-2, 6-4; Hill v. Grant, 3-6, 6-4, 6-3; Brown and Salmond v. Eller and Jeffrey, 6-3, 6-5; Wilson and Hill v. McCaul and Grant, 6-4, 6-2 (unfinished).

LADIES' COMPETITION.

Wellington 1st defeated Victoria College by five rubbers to one (11 sets to 2), 69 games to 37. Wellington only lost one rubber. Misses Travers and Cook retiring after the first game was played in the final set of their double. Their opponents, Misses Scott and McIntosh, did well to take a set, but even with the first game in could hardly have won the rubber. Miss Travers v. Miss Scott, 6-1, 6-1; Miss Cook v. Miss McIntosh, 6-4, 6-3; Mrs. Goldie v. Miss Tennant, 6-2, 6-5; Miss Atmore v. Miss Kerslake, 6-2, 6-4; Misses Travers and Cook v. Misses Scott and McIntosh, 3-6, 6-2, 6-1; Mrs. Goldie and Miss Atmore v. Miss Tennant and Kerslake, 6-3, 6-4 (Wellington retired).

Thorndon defeated Brougham Hill by six rubbers to nil (12 sets to 1), 77 games to 31. Mrs. W. E. Howe and Miss Archer made a creditable showing in their singles and double with Mrs. Holmes and Miss Batham, but the remainder of the Brougham Hill team scored only five games altogether in three rubbers (six sets); Miss Batham v. Miss Archer, 5-6, 6-1, 6-3, Mrs. Holmes v. Mrs. Howe, 6-5, 6-3, Miss Butterworth v. Miss Davis, 6-1, 6-1, Miss Turton v. Mrs. Sampson, 6-0, 6-0, Miss Batham and Mrs. Holmes v. Miss Archer and Mrs. Howe, 6-5, 6-3, Misses Butterworth and Turton v. Miss Davis and Mrs. Sampson, 6-1, 6-2.

Comments on Senior Matches (October 29).

With the exception of Thorndon and Wellington I. (at their full strength) the remaining five teams in the Men's "A" Grade are fairly evenly matched, and the various rounds should provide some interesting finishes. Hutt, with a slightly weaker team (on paper) than on the previous Saturday, almost defeated Brougham Hill's strongest four, each side winning three rubbers, though the city team scored seven sets to six.

Cornell again demonstrated his right to compete in senior tennis by beating H. V. Howe in a very even three set match (6-4, 4-6, 6-5), but the closeness of the victory does not detract from its merit, as Howe is one of the most awkward customers to meet in Wellington.

The most remarkable rubber of the match was the first double in which Laisley and Hunter, players of reputation, were handsomely beaten by Cornell and Ward, the Hutt colts displaying combination of a high order, winning as they liked at 6-2, 6-3.

Callender replaced Green in the Hutt team, but although he has earned a trial, is not quite experienced enough yet to win matches. Howe (J. A. B.) defeated him in two straight sets, a similar fate befalling Ward at the hands of Hunter, the respective scores reading:—Hunter v. Ward, 6-4, 6-3; Howe v. Callender, 6-5, 6-4.

The remaining single, that between the two top men, Laisley and Hawkins, was won by the Hutt player, 6-4, 6-5. He is reported to be shamed by the fine exhibitions recently given by Cornell and Ward, and has expressed his intention of remodelling his style—it certainly isn't a pretty one.

Wellington II., weakened by the absence of Paterson, suffered a severe defeat by Victoria College, chiefly owing to the inability of Eller, Jeffrey and McLean to win their singles. Indeed, in none of the three rubbers did the contests exceed the two straight sets, Wilson (E. P.), Beere and Cleghorn all having the better of their respective matches, though Beere's tennis was a good deal below the form expected of a player with his experience as a senior player.

Wellington's only win was the result of the improved showing of Eller and Jeffrey in their double against Wilson and Beere, the Collegians failing to maintain the superiority indicated by the result of their singles, the colts winning, 6-3, 6-5.

Strangely enough, the Thorndon-Muritai match produced an almost similar result to the fixture referred to in the preceding paragraph. The suburbanites who were taking part for their first time in big tennis, failed very badly in the four singles. Nagle, Lewis and Jones displaying ability little, if anything, superior to "B" form. The doubles were more evenly contested. Nagle and Lewis, of course, had no possible chance of getting home against Swanson and Peacock, though they ran the first set to 5 all (6-5, 6-3). Last year's cup men, Wright and Jones, continued in a winning mood as a double combination, and somewhat atoned for their poor exhibition earlier in the day by defeating Carter and Putnam, 6-4, 6-2. The latter did not appear to be much concerned about the late of the rubber.

LADIES' COMPETITION.

Wellington II. were too weak at the bottom of their team to do much against Brougham Hill; but Misses Atmore and Webb in their three rubbers scored the same number of sets as the opposition. Miss Webb was successful in the straight sets against Mrs. Howe (6-3, 6-1), but although Miss Atmore took part in two three-set matches, she was the loser in both. Miss Morgan won her single, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4, whilst the Brougham Hill double (Misses Morgan and Archer) finished very strongly, 5-0, 6-1, 6-1.

Without Miss Tennant's win against Miss Turton (6-5, 6-4), Victoria College would have made a remarkably poor showing against Thorndon. The V.C. player won 12 of the whole 30 games

scored by her side, leaving only 18 games for the other five rubbers to produce. Misses Nunneley, Batham and Mrs. Holmes all had easy victories for Thorndon in the singles.

Personal.

The Wellington Association is fortunate in having secured the services of Mr E. Salmond on its management committee for the season. He is an enthusiast in all matters relating to the sport, and his experience on the New Zealand Association should be a valuable asset to the local body. Salmond is identical with the player of that name who, together with C. G. White, was many times doubles champion of Otago. He is very popular in tennis circles in the city, and plays for the Wellington Club in its inter-club engagements.

Four well-known players of the younger brigade, Sheppard (Wellington), Clarke (Wellington), Howden (Hutt), and Powell (Newtown) are, for various reasons, unable to appear in the current season's competitions. Sheppard and Clarke are both away from Wellington, the former in Christchurch and the latter in Waihi. Howden is just convalescent after a long and serious illness, while Powell leaves shortly to take up farming pursuits in the Waikanae district. Of the four, the first-named is the only one likely to play much tennis this year, and is bound to make a name for himself in the Canterbury lawn tennis world.

G. S. Prouse has arrived in England, where he will spend about six months there and on the Continent. He put in a month in the Argentine en route, and had some tennis at Buenos Ayres. He also took part in a tournament shortly after his arrival in the Old Country, and as he intends to play whenever opportunity occurs, should be a greatly improved player when he next appears in Wellington.

G. Smythe (Thorndon) made his first appearance in the matches on Saturday last, as he has been absent from the city for a week on an excursion up the Wanganui River. Like the majority of players he has not yet struck form, but he generally manages to get good practice, and if he feels satisfied later on will make one of the Wellington contingent attending the N.Z. Championships at Blenheim.

H. Ponanga, who toured Australia with the Maori Rugby footballers, is blossoming out as a tennis player. He is a member of the Hutt "C" grade team, and for two consecutive Saturdays has been the only man on his side to win a rubber, scoring in his single on both occasions.

E. R. Kirk (Hutt), son of R. C. Kirk, at one time a very able exponent of the game, has shown great improvement since the season started, and it behoves the Hutt selectors to consider whether it would not be advisable to give him first shingle in the "B" grade team in preference to A. B. Brown, who sadly lacks condition.

Club Items.

The Palmerston Lawn Tennis Club intends to hold its annual tournament during the New Year holidays. The initial meeting held last year was a great success, and with such a capable secretary as Mr J. T. Pickett to organise the tournament it will undoubtedly pan out quite as satisfactory again.

The Pahiataua Club has elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. Tossall; vice-president, Messrs. Burgess, S. Bolton, D. Crewe and J. Osborne, Lilly; hon. secretary, Mr. J. Swainson; hon. treasurer, Mr. Eccleton; hon. auditor, Mr. J. V. Howard; management committee, Messrs. Chambers, W. E. Collins, Eccleton, Ulrich and Reeves.

The Master Club opened its season about a fortnight ago, when there was a large attendance of members and friends. The courts were in excellent order and prospects for the year are of the brightest.

General.

The executive of the Wellington Provincial Lawn Tennis Association is constituted as follows for the 1910-11 season:—R. St. J. Beere, chairman (Victoria College); E. Salmond (Wellington); F. P. Wilson (Victoria College); G. A. Lawrence (Brougham Hill); A. G. Duncan (Petone); A. G. Henderson (Karori); J. McDowell (Victoria College); D. M. Kean (hon. secretary); J. W. Barclay (hon. treasurer).

Newtown was the only senior club to offer any opposition to the new system of inter-club competitions, and as a result the club for the first time in many years is not represented in the weekly contests. Two of its members, Nagle and Lewis, joined the Muritai Club, which was thus enabled to compete in first-grade tennis for the first season in its existence, and at the same time retain the services of Wright, who had intended joining Newtown to get into the senior team.

The retiring committee of the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association (Professor T. A. Hunter, Messrs. F. R. Laisley (chairman), J. C. Peacock, A. Young, E. Salmond, R. N. K. Swanson, and G. A. Hurley) had such a buffetting from some of the Provincial Associations during its term of office that none of the members were very keen about nomination for re-election, and at present the government of the sport in New Zealand is in the hands of a provisional committee (Messrs. Beere, Fisher, Gore, Dart, J. S. Wilson, Gray, and Hurley) until gentlemen enthusiastic enough are found to accept office permanently. In view of the consternation in Christchurch over Davis Cup affairs, it is about time headquarters were shifted south, in order to give the Canterbury people an opportunity to do something for tennis, instead of eternally agitating.

AUCKLAND.

AUCKLAND V. DEVONPORT.

The challenge match between Auckland and Devonport, to decide which should remain in the first grade, was decided on Saturday, and resulted in a win on games for Auckland by 96 to 85, though the same number of sets was scored by each team. On the Auckland lawns 'vantage sets were played, and short sets at Devonport, but the result is not affected if the score is reckoned on short sets only. As a result of the match Auckland plays in first grade this season, and Devonport in second. Following are the details:—

Men's, "A."—Rainger and Robson (D.) beat Milnes and Johns (A.), 6-1, 11-9, 8-6.

Ladies' "A."—Mrs. Allen and Miss F. Woodroffe (A.) beat Mrs. Cooper and Miss Harvey (D.), 6-4, 6-1, 3-6.

Combined "A."—Snelling and Miss Mace (A.) beat Macky and Miss Philcox (D.), 6-2, 6-1, 6-2.

Men's "B."—Webster and McKay (A.) beat Rev. Sutton and Whittaker (D.), 6-3, 6-2, 6-5.

Ladies' "B."—Mrs. McAra and Miss Stewart (D.) beat Mrs. Colson and Miss Calvert (A.), 3-6, 6-5, 6-5.

Combined "B."—Buddle and Miss Whittaker (D.) beat A. J. Black and Miss H. Woodroffe (A.) 6-4, 6-4, 7-5.

BIRKENHEAD AND NORTHCOLE.

The opening of the Birkenhead and Northcole Club's season took place on Saturday afternoon, the ceremony being performed by Mr A. E. H. Harrison, in the absence of the president (Dr. Player).

St. Helier's Bay Club.

The second annual meeting of the St. Helier's Bay Tennis Club was held at the Tamaki West Road Board Offices on 2nd November last. Owing to the unavoidable absence of the president, Mr. Brown was voted to the chair. The office was severely taxed to accommodate the large and enthusiastic numbers of residents who attended the meeting. The following officers were elected:—President, Mr. J. Massey; secretary, Mr. Smith; treasurer, Mr. J. A. McColl; committee—Rev. Wilson, Misses Jacobsen, Wylie and Wright and Messrs. H. Wright, Smith, J. McColl, J. Brown; auditor, re-elected.

ROTORUA.

A meeting of the Rotorua Tennis Club for the election of officers for the coming season was held last Thursday evening, and was rather sparsely attended. The fact that there are only three lawns available for tennis players in the Sanatorium gardens was commented upon. It is a thing that should be remedied, as there is dissatisfaction expressed every season by both visitors and local players. Accommodation for only twelve players is absurd in a place like Rotorua. Of course there are the winter courts of asphalt, but the heat upon these is simply unbeatable in the summer months, and they are little used.

The opening day for tennis has been arranged for Wednesday, the 9th inst.

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, hand-pics 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.

Wellington.

THE WELLINGTON CUP.

(By Telegraph—Own Correspondent.)

WELLINGTON, Saturday.

The first annual competition for the Challenger Cup for mixed foursomes, which was presented to the Wellington Club by the captain and officers of H.M.A. Challenger, was won to-day by E. J. Reid and Miss E. Simpson, all square. The best cards handed in were:—E. J. Reid and Miss E. Simpson, 1 up; A. S. Biss and Miss R. Simpson, all square; A. J. Abbott and Miss Fulton, all square; F. G. Dalziel and Miss L. Brandon, 1 down; G. Thorne George and Miss M. Tweed, 1 down; W. E. Fussell and Miss Cooper, 2 down; F. A. Kebbell and Mrs Tweed, 3 down; Mr and Mrs W. B. Lees, 3 down; J. B. Macewan and Mrs Collins, 4 down; J. A. C. Campbell and Miss G. Ewen, 5 down; J. C. Crawford and Miss Bell, 5 down.

Cambridge.

THE CALDWELL TROPHIES.

The final in the ladies' section was played off on Wednesday afternoon, and resulted in a win for Mrs Nicoll against Miss London by 4 up and 3 to play.

In the semi-finals of the men's section a very exciting game was played between Dr. Howden and J. G. Hindmarsh, resulting in a win for the former by 1 up at the 19th hole. Hindmarsh was dorny four, and experienced bad luck in missing a couple of easy putts to win the match.

In the other semi-final, between J. Banks and A. H. Nicoll, the latter proved victorious.

The final between Dr. Howden and A. H. Nicoll will be played next Wednesday. Both are off the same mark in the handicap, and the game should be an exceedingly interesting one.

Pictou.

Mr. W. H. Vickers, manager of the Pictou Branch Bank of New Zealand, has won the championship this year. This is the second time that Mr. Vickers has carried off the championship honours, during his short residence here.

LADIES' GOLF.

Napier.

A handicap stroke match was played on Thursday afternoon for the President's medal. The following were the best cards given in:—Mrs. H. Smith, gross, 103; handicap, 21; net, 82; Mrs. Bernat, 105—19—86; Miss Balfour, 108—17—91; Miss Hamlin, 104—12—92; Miss Newbold, 116—23—93; Mrs. Kennedy, 113—19—94.

Dannevirke.

The Dannevirke Golf Club terminated the season on October 21st. The championship was won this year by Miss Belle Pellet, with Miss Myra Tansley as runner-up.

Knight Cup: Mrs. C. Baddeley.
President's Bracelet: Miss M. Tansley.
L.G.U. Silver Medal: Miss Hartgill—92, 80, 97, 89—304.

Bulton Competition: Mrs. Robertson (1), Miss Tansley (3), Miss Hall (1).
Best gross score: Miss Tansley, 91.
The following players lowered their L.G.U. handicaps this season: Misses Tansley, Pettit, and Benzie, Mesdames Nymand, Baddeley, Robertson.

The Lady Professional.

No doubt all male professionals will have noticed that an advertisement re-

sently appeared stating that the advertiser, a lady professional, was in want of a situation. I see no reason whatever why a lady professional should not prove a valuable servant to any ladies' club (says a writer in "Golfing"); in fact, I know of several whose knowledge of golf is as great as most professionals. It cannot be expected that a lady will ever win the Open Championship, but women are now in all professions, and there is no knowing what is possible to them. Assuming that lady professionals become popular, they would—being golf professionals—be perfectly eligible for election to the Pros. Association, and, once members, they would be able to attend any meeting of the Association, in which case we can anticipate something such as the following:—

The general meeting of the Professional Golfers' Association was held on Monday at the Suffrage Hall, Sandwich—J. H. Taylor in the chair. The meeting was a crowded one, there being no less than 154 members present, 60 of whom were ladies. The minutes of the last meeting were read, the chairman remarking that a perusal of this year's balance-sheet would show that a considerable amount had been spent in special grants, which the secretary would explain should any member have the audacity to ask for an explanation. Mr. Percy Hills wished for enlightenment on an item of £10 placed under the heading of "Special Tournament Expenses." The secretary, who was obviously ill at ease, announced that £8 of this was for the purchase of a gold bangle for the leading lady player in the recent Association Tournament. As regards the remaining £2; he trusted Mr. Hills would not insist on details, which, however, he would be pleased to furnish him with privately. A letter was read from Mr. Lloyd George, calling attention to the treatment he had received at the hands of the lady professional of the Club. She had supplied him with a "Travis" caddie, whose name he discovered was "Redmond." He was so very inane-strutable (Welsh) that he lost badly to his opponent, a member of the Opposition. On his remonstrating with the professional, he was informed that she had received orders to "do it on him" from Miss Pankhurst. He would ask the P.G.A. to reprimand the offending member. It was decided that this should be done. The secretary then announced that since the last meeting they had lost 18 members through marriage. Miss — begged leave to ask the chairman what he thought of the conduct of Mr. W. Leaver, who was her partner in the recent tournament. He had made use of language at No. 6 which was positively wicked. Mr. Leaver was asked to explain, and he said that the meeting should understand that he took four putts on No. 6 green. The opinion of the meeting was that Mr. Leaver was perfectly justified, and the chairman further assured the lady that there were moments in every golfer's life when nothing but strong remarks would ease the mind. He had no hesitation in saying that Mr. Leaver had experienced one of those moments. (Cheers.) The proposal that Miss — be elected to the Executive Committee gave rise to much comment, and a vote was taken, with the result that there were 77 for and against. On being appealed to for his casting vote, the chairman remarked that the result of the vote placed him in an unenviable position. If he voted against the candidate, the effect of his action would probably cause annoyance in his home circle, and if he refrained from voting it would have a similar result. Again, if he voted for the lady, it would be possible that his motive would be misconstrued by the aforesaid home circle. The members would quite realise that he was between the gentleman with the horns and the

deep sea; therefore, taking all possibilities into consideration, he would spin the coin, head for, tail against. This was done, and the lady was defeated. A request that the coin be examined was refused, and the meeting proceeded.

Of course, the foregoing might be a failure as a prophecy, but it is within the range of possibilities. I said in the beginning that a lady professional would doubtless be a good acquisition to a ladies' club, but I cannot imagine a woman taking over a position in a men's club. Suppose, for instance, she had charge of the course. Troubles would crowd upon her, especially at this season of the year. An irate player who has lost several balls in the course of his round naturally puts this loss down to the professional, whom he assures, in language more forcible than polite, that the condition of the course is disgraceful, and that he pays his five guineas a year to a golf club, and not to a "back to the land" association. And the pro. has to take the blame that should rightly be ascribed to the wet spring that laid the foundation of a record hay crop. Now, if the irate member's club possessed a lady professional, on whom could he pour forth the vials of his wrath? Again, his caddie is, we will assume, the usual idiot. The only satisfaction that the victim has is to "go for" the person who gave him the freak. This is usually an occasion for a display of eloquence, to which the pro. listens with admiration not unmingled with sympathy.

I ask, "How can a man enter into a conversation over the burning question of worms with a lady professional?" My argument is this: A pro., being the recognised recipient of lurid eloquence, must obviously be a male, and a person steeped in golfing crime—one whose chance of future happiness is in the betting at 1,000 to 3—for, given a lady professional, the suggestion book is the only resource left to the man with a grievance, and we are all aware that the book of suggestions is not a popular medium for complaint, for a man naturally prefers to argue with one of his own species, whom he is positive he can convince of the soundness of his argument, which, being done, raises him in his own estimation. As far as playing the game is concerned, I know of several ladies whose husbands and brothers are professionals, who could hold their own with the majority of golfers. I hope the lady who is in want of a situation will be successful—we could do with a little more refinement in our ranks, and her presence would always act as a deterrent to many things.

Absorbent Golf.

"I have heard many a golfer of great experience say that it is just about as bad to mix your games as it is to mix your drinks," says Mr. Henry Leach in the "London Evening News." "Now this becomes a very important consideration to those who take their golf at all seriously at a time when the majority of outdoor pastimes, being suspended during the cold and wet months of winter, are in full swing again, and are daily inviting those who have acquaintance with them to go out and play. Happily—in a sense—the enthusiastic golfer does not care much about other games as a rule. He may have been a most versatile sportsman before he fell in love with golf, but from that moment he is most frequently a golfer only. This is so generally the case that the exceptions seem sometimes to be rather proud of themselves for their broad-mindedness and toleration of other pursuits, and when they talk of other games their achievements were generally accomplished far away in the past, before golf really became a considerable part of their lives. One good golfer has the courage to make the plain confession that when he took up this absorbing game he there and then gave up every other. It is not merely enough that the years of an ordinary lifetime are quite insufficient for the acquirement of a complete knowledge of and proficiency in golf, but that this golf is a very jealous thing, and refuses to come out right when the man is concerning himself with other things. She must have him altogether. I cannot recall any instance of a man becoming anything like a champion at golf while still keeping up his highest and most successful form at other games, whereas the champions of these other games are quite frequently men of great distinction in other walks of sport—except golf."

Le Jeu de Viellards.

Mr. A. C. M. Crooms tells a good story of the way in which a French Customs House officer, who knew not golf, examined his bag of clubs. "My modest pack," says Mr. Crooms, "excited the suspicions of the douanier, who inquired whether all of those were for the use of monsieur and his friends. The idea of anyone else handling my driving iron, which they all want, or my cleft, which none of them will look at, quite robbed me of the power to answer the man in his own language. Fortunately a bystander explained, and the official said: 'Ah! Le golf j'en ai entendu parler. Mais, c'est le jeu des vieillards, n'est ce pas?' It is impossible, he adds, to convey in cote print an impression of the contempt in his tone, but it is interesting to find that the only thing about the game which had reached an obscure frontier village of France was an old and often disapproved libel.

Miscellaneous.

It's easy enough to be pleasant
When you reach the green with a
pitch;
But the man worth while is the man
who can smile
After topping his ball in the ditch.

In a prominent position in the smoke-room of the Olton Golf Club, Birmingham, there hangs a most delightful motto, quoted from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

To brag little,
To show well,
To crown gently if in luck
To pay up,
To own up, and
To shut up if beaten.
Are the virtues of a sporting man.
It should hang in every club house.

"Well, George, what did you think of the sermon?"
"Oh, excellent! excellent! But I think I shall use my iron instead of my brassie at the third hole in future."

There is a tale being told just now in England of a certain nobleman who was playing very badly, and at last, after he had just sent what should have been a six-foot putt nearly as many yards, asked his caddie if he could give him no advice. "Ay," said the knight of the bag, reflectively, "if ye could only drive as far as ye can putt, and putt as far as ye can drive, ye'd dae no sae bad."

Extract from the letter of a keen bridge player, dated from a Club-house:—
"Owing to the unfortunate clemency of the weather, we were obliged to play a few holes on Saturday."

All golfers know what a stymie is, but the word is a great stumbling-block to outsiders. There is a story of a man who was asked if he played golf, and who replied, "No, I don't play. A year or two ago I was given three clubs a putter, a driver, and a stymie. I broke the putter and the driver, so I gave up golf, but I think I have the stymie still."

Miss O. Denton, at Harrogate, holed out from the tee at the seventh hole of that course. The length of the hole is 140 yards, so that for a lady the feat requires a fairly powerful, as well as a very accurate shot.

"How were you playing this morning?"
"Well, I thought I was in fairly good form, but my opponent said we were playing 'rotten golf,' and as I only beat him by 5 and 4, I suppose he was right."

A correspondent asks if the "Corsets" bunker at Sandwich is so-called because the ball stays there. Of corset is.

How many strokes in a round can a first-class player of the male persuasion afford to give a first-class lady player? Mr. H. H. Hilton says nine strokes per round; James Braid estimates it at six or seven. Mr. Hilton, however, intends to put the matter to a practical test, and he and Miss O. Leitch, who holds the ladies record for long driving, have arranged to play a match shortly, the lady to receive a half in order to decide the question. No one will quarrel with the claim of either of these players to be a fair representative "player of the championship rank." But the odds are rather against Mr. Hilton, for it is not so long ago since Miss Leitch, receiving a half, defeated Tom Ball by 1 up. The contest is to be of 72 holes, the first 36 at Walton Heath on Tuesday, Oct. 11, and the second 36 at Sunningdale two days later. The match will be held under the auspices of "The Ladies Field."

Overheard at a London School of Golf. Fashionable lady: "What? Grip the stick with both hands? And how pray am I to hold up my skirt!"



By WHALEBONE.

FIXTURES.

Nov. 5, 7, 9, and 12 - Canterbury J.C. Metropolitan.
Nov. 5, 9, and 12 - Auckland B.C. Spring Nov. 5, 9 - Waverley-Waiotara B.C. Annual
Nov. 19, 23-Otahuhu T.C. Spring.
Nov. 26, 30 - Takapuna J.C. Spring.
Dec. 27, 31, Jan. 7-A.T.C. Summer.
Dec. 28, 29, and Jan. 2 and 3 - Auckland R.C. Summer
Dec. 31 and Jan. 2 - Greymouth J.C. Midsummer

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Doughboy. - No; Bridge never raced in Auckland.
Mr J. Muir's brood mare Waiatarua has foated a colt to Hierarch.
Mr T. Cunningham's brood mare Miss Shitley has foated a colt to Spalpeen.
H. French arrived at Ellerslie today from Papakura with his team for the A.R.C. Spring Meeting.
Mr Theo Bowling's mare Caracole has foated a filly to Gindstone, and is to be mated with the same horse again this season.
The southern horseman, E. Thompson, arrived in Auckland on Sunday, to fulfil riding engagements at the A.R.C. Spring Meeting.
The Southern horsemen, J. Morris and W. Price, have arrived in Auckland to fulfil riding engagements at the A.R.C. Spring Meeting.
The ex-Auckland, Rappraha, was seen out on both days of the Masterton meeting, but had to be content with second place in the big event on each day.

Light Blue, the half-brother to Antarctic, is now being trained at Ellerslie by his owner, Mr T. Bowling. Light Blue is a much better looking horse than Antarctic, but it is doubtful if he will ever be as good.

The nominations received for the Takapuna Jockey Club's Spring Meeting, which takes place on the 26th and 30th inst., are highly satisfactory, and are a good foundation for a successful gathering. The weights for the first day's racing are due on Monday, the 14th inst.

After a lot of disappointments, the San Fran gelding Raugikapua managed to get his name on the winning list, accounting for the Welter Hack Handicap at the recent Masterton meeting. Raugikapua is boomed for a time as a likely N.Z. Cup winner, but was wisely allowed to drop out of that event.

Son of March, which won the Hotham Handicap a mile and a quarter, is evidently partial to that distance, as he holds the Australasian record of 2min 55sec for the journey. This performance was established at Handwick last year, in the Final Handicap, run at the Australasian Jockey Club's Spring Meeting.

I don't expect that much sorrow will be caused by the announcement that probably the last has been seen of Nora Souk on the track, for the mad-headed daughter of Soult has been mated with Moonform. The Otahuhu Trotting Club, I am informed, intended refusing her nomination, but it is stated that her owner did not put one in.

A Press Association wire from Wellington states that Mr. G. D. Greenwood, of Canterbury, the owner of Danube, the winner of the Champion Plate at Trentham last month, has been elected a life member of the Wellington Racing Club. He has presented the club with a cup valued at £100, to be given to the winner of the Champion Plate next year.

It has been reported that horses wearing dangerous plates are working at Riccarton, and the committee of the Canterbury Jockey Club has, therefore, drawn the attention of trainers and owners to the drastic rule which was passed at last Conference. The penalty, if the horse starts in a race with such plates, is disqualification, while the owner and trainer, and any person assisting in shoeing the horse, are to be fined not less than £25.

Nominations for the Feilding Jockey Club's Spring Meeting are good. Following are those for the St. Andrew's Handicap, one mile and a half: Sir Fitz, Glynburn, Birkdale, Teotane, Strathmoira, Mendip, Sir Antina, Kopu, Cleomora, Mallet, John, The Lark, Roosevelt, V, Sandstrasse, Koran, Waitapu and Uhlano.

Carbine's stock have not been prominent in England this season, but at the Doncaster meeting a daughter of his named Zohara won the Prince of Wales' Nursery Handicap defeating 23 others over a mile, in 1:39 3/4; and a Carbine yearling filly made 100lbs at the sales. The "Special Commissioner" of the London Sportsman said the filly is the best-looking youngster ever bred by Cabine in England.

At Buenos Ayres racing takes place on the Palermo, Belgrano, and Lomas courses, five days out of the seven in every week, all the year round. Apparently the anti-gambling crusaders are unknown in the Argentine. During 1909, in Buenos Ayres, 757 races were run, 7206 horses took part therein, and the prize money exceeded £210,000, and the public attendance was 905,125. The amount spent in betting tickets (3/8 each) exceeded £5,000,000.

One of the finest-looking two-year-olds seen in Auckland for some time is Silver-lyte, by Birkenhead from Baxzie, one of F. Loomb's team, which arrived from the States on Sunday. Silver-lyte, which is engaged in the Welcome Stakes, was given a run in the Maiden Scurry at the recent Gisborne meeting, but finished out of a place. The son of Birkenhead got the praise that he will not be seen at his best until later in the season.

One of Auckland's leading pencilers will have cause to remember Comedy King's Melbourne Cup, for the experienced "crusel" luck in connection with the event. A particular friend of Mr. S. Green's, he was advised to back Comedy King for the Cup, which he did, securing a thousand about him. Shortly after he received further advice to get out of his money, which he also did, and then acting on information backed Mervinus and Trafalgar for the double Caulfield and Melbourne Cups, and the result is now a matter of history.

A tremendous lot of money has been spent by Argentine breeders in importing some of the very best English thoroughbred stock. Apparently this is bearing good

fruit, for it is evident there are some particularly smart gallopers in the big South American Republic. (Compare the following with the best performances in the Dominion: Six furlongs in 1:33, one mile in 1:37, one mile and a quarter in 2:33-3; one mile and three furlongs in 2:16 3/4. We have nothing equal to doing anything so well as that, but, of course, their tracks are magnificent.)

The Cambria Park sire Hierarch was not long in claiming a winner, and the second of his stock to race. Trize, succeeded in the "Welter Hack Handicap" at the recent Gisborne meeting. Trize, which is by Hierarch from Lute, evidently put up an attractive performance, for according to a Gisborne exchange, Santalago had Josie drew a way in the straight, and the latter looked all over a winner until he crossed the post, when Trize came with a magnificent run, and snatched a brilliant victory by a nose. Santalago was a neck away third. Trize's dash was meteoric, and quite electrified the crowd.

Writing from London to a friend in Perth, Mr. A. McIntosh, the West Australian veterinary surgeon, says: "I shall soon be back in 'God's Own Land', where a horse allowed to blow the free air. I was down at Doncaster yesterday to see the St. Leger run. Left London at 8.40 a.m., arrived 12 p.m., distance 150 miles. The return fare was 25/; grandstand 30/; dinner 5/; and racebook 6/. The St. Leger course, or rather Doncaster, is a fine place, and very pretty. I guess there was a crowd of over 230,000 people, and the only seats or conveniences are for the lords and their ladies. The public get no seats, but must stand anywhere they can. I saw four men arrested for welshing before the start of the St. Leger. The St. Leger was a grand race. Swynford, the winner, is a fine horse, and Woodcock, his runner-up, is a first-class man. He rode a grand race. He made a pocket for Lemberg, who, according to all good judges, ought to have won."

The victory of Comedy King in the Melbourne Cup was a cause for surprise in Australia, for it was generally considered that were the English-bred horse to be in his best form, it would take something out of the ordinary to defeat him. Comedy King was bred in England, and is by Persimmon from Tragedy Queen. He was purchased in England when a foal, along with his dam, by Mr. Sol Green, the well known Australian penciler, and according to our time is stated as a four-year-old, although he will not be that age until next autumn. His first came into prominence in Australia when he won the Prince of Wales Handicap with 6/7 in the saddle. At the recent A.J.C. Spring Meeting he won the Spring Stakes, with 8/7, beating Prince Foote, 9/5, and Fendall, 5/6, and did not run again at the meeting, would probably have gone out one of the hottest favourites on record for the race. However, he was given a run in the final, finishing outside a place, and it was subsequently discovered that he was suffering from a bad cold, and he had to be eased in this work. Comedy King also finished well at right yesterday, and it is safe to say that his win has greatly increased his owner's banking account, for he is one of the biggest bets in the business. The hours of the races are with Trafalgar, and it was a fine performance to get within a neck of the winner, to which he was conceding 19lb. Another disappointing feature of the race was that Trafalgar only came on the scene in the concluding stages, and just failed to get up. Undoubtedly the unucky horse of the season is Apple Pie, and it must be a bit galling to the owner to run third in the Epsom Handicap, second in the Caulfield Cup, and third in the Melbourne Cup.

A.R.C. SPRING MEETING.

KING SOULT WINS THE GUINEAS.

The opening day's racing in connection with the A.R.C. Spring Meeting took place at Ellerslie on Saturday, the 6th inst., and the weather was fine, but the attendance did not strike one as being as large as usual, nor was the average of outside visitors up to former years. The course and surroundings were splendid, and the beautiful lawns and flower beds being the subject of much favourable comment. The racing was interesting throughout, and the club's handicapper (Mr. Geo. Morse) had the satisfaction of getting a dead heart, and seeing several warm favourites defeated, notably Kuru in the President's Handicap, Continuance in the Maiden Hurdles, and Maxwell in the Holson Handicap. Mr. R. B. Lusk officiated as Judge, Mr. J. K. Douglas, of Messrs. Kohn and Co., as timekeeper, and Mr. C. O'Connor as starter.

At headquarters one looks for things to be as near perfection as possible, and there was no disappointment on Saturday, everything being as it should be. Credit on the secretary (Mr. J. F. Hartland) and his assistants. During the afternoon the Auckland City Band, under Bandmaster John West, rendered a choice musical programme. Messrs. J. Gallagher supplied a first-class lunch.

THE STEWARDS.

The stewards met after the running of the Maiden Hurdle Race to consider a report by the Auckland City Council. It was the running of Continuance in that event. It is understood Mr. Cutts voiced his opinion in no uncertain manner, but the connections of the horse were able to satisfy the stewards that anything was as should be, and the explanation accepted as entirely satisfactory. During the afternoon there were two falls in flat races, Parable in the City Handicap and Mayrock in the Holson Handicap coming down in the former, and in the latter the crowd being as the field left the straight, and Sea Elf was nearly over the rails, while about a furlong further on Parable fell. After the City Handicap the stewards inquired into

the mishap which brought Parable down, and, after hearing evidence, during which it was stated that Parable had bumped Sea Elf, which was the rider of Parable) said "I am glad to hear that Parable was to the mare by another horse, they came to the decision that Parable's falling, which occurred about a furlong further on than the mishap with Sea Elf, was accidental, but deemed it necessary to administer a caution to Brown."

THE TOTALISATORS.

Although the attendance did not look up to the mark, still those present must have been well supplied for the day, for "all evil," for during the afternoon the staff of Messrs. H. H. Hay and Co. handled the sum of £12,643, an increase of £229 10s for the corresponding day last year. In addition 23 bookmakers were licensed at a fee of £20 10s.

THE RACING.

Racing commenced with the President's Handicap, for which the good field of sixteen came out. Regal was the best medium of a plunge, while First Wairiki also found plenty of supporters. The latter was quick to begin, and never gave the reins of the field a look-in, scoring his maiden victory for the second time. King Soul was one of the outsiders of the field, Regal was never prominent.

Of the ten carded for the Great Northern Guineas, Poitevine was the only withdrawal, a good-looking field of nine going to the post. King Soul was made a very hot favourite, carrying just about half the investments on the machine, while Kapanga and Goldfinger were the only others to meet with anything like serious support. The favourite appeared to be a bit fretful in the paddock, but looked well, and in the light of his Avondale running, it certainly looked as if he would back him. They were not kept waiting long at the post, and, when they settled down, Antoinette was out filling the role of pace-maker, and a very merry pace she set. After the first four furlongs there were only three with anything of a chance - Antoinette, King Soul, and Soins, the others, even at this early stage, being well back. King Soul was going nicely in front when they turned for home, and with Brady riding King Soul with his hands and heels, it looked as if his task was not so easy as anticipated. As the distance lengthened, King Soul's supporters, and for a few strides the mare appeared to hold him, but it was only momentary, for when asked to go on King Soul responded generously, and eventually won with a good bit in hand. King Soul's margin was back to his task well, was third, and Cheddar fourth, the big disappointments being Goldfinger and Kapanga, which were the last to hold. King Soul's margin was Antoinette was solid the following time, kindly supplied by Mr Douglas, shot - One furlong, 3:15-5; two furlongs, 2:45-5; three furlongs, 2:15-5; four furlongs, 1:45-5; five furlongs, 1:21-5; six furlongs, 1:01-5; seven furlongs, 0:41-5; eight furlongs, 0:21-5; nine furlongs, 0:01-5; ten furlongs, 0:01-5.

Table with columns for race name, horse name, and time. Races include Hilda, Missy, Lebold, Brigand, Tit, St. Laura, Prince of Wales, Fabulist, St. Paul, St. Crispin, Explosion, La Biche, Nedgeddon, Nonette, Wairiki, Hops, Bona, Annette, Cambrian, Dunbarve, and Maori King.

The Welcome Stakes, the "babies" race, saw King Wincoboo, the very strong odds-on favourite in a field of nine, Ireland being the only other to meet with any support worth mentioning. The start was not a good one, Ireland, being quickest out, and leading the pace across the top, but to have a good winning chance, but when Miss Winsome put in her claim the race was all over, the unbeaten daughter of Soult winning as she liked from Ireland, with Tranquil third.

Thirteen made their toilets for the Maiden Hurdle Race, and of these Continuance was backed as if it was all over, the only other to get even moderate support being Black Northern. The latter was early in the lead, and won comfortably from Delegate, while the best of the favourites could do no better than place.

The Shorta Handicap brought out a field of a dozen splitters, with St. Bill first choice, while Miss Winnie, Blue Gurnet, Kakauna, and Turbine were also backed. Kakauna, Turbine, and Coronation were the Miss Winnie had made the running to within a short distance of the post, St. Bill just got up to win by a neck. The start was very dropped out of the City Handicap, which attracted a field of eleven. North-East being made a strong favourite, with Waimangu also well backed, and then, in order of favouritism, came Advocate, Sea Elf, Lochbule, Parable, Coronation, Persimmon, Admiral Soult, Palsano, and Waitapu. The field gave a lot of trouble at the post, and when they were let go Waimangu lost a lot of ground, Turbine was quickly into her stride, and, with Admiral Soult, Lochbule, and North-East as her nearest attendants, made the pace solid. Turning for home the evergreen one was still forcing the pace, and it was not until about a furlong out that the various stages were reached. Two furlongs, 1:14; three furlongs, 1:4; four furlongs, 2:04; five furlongs, 2:24; six furlongs, 2:44; seven furlongs, 3:04; eight furlongs, 3:24; nine furlongs, 3:44; ten furlongs, 4:04.

Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)

AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S
November 17 to 19—Mr. Potter.
November 21 to 26—Auckland Competitions Society.
November 28 to December 3—MacMahon Bros.
December 5 to 17—Meynell and Gunn (George Willoughby).
December 19 to 24—MacMahon Bros.
December 29 (three weeks' season)—Allan Hamilton.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

In Season—Fuller's Pictures.

TIVOLI.

Vaudeville (permanent).

WELLINGTON—OPERA HOUSE.

Nov. 7 to Nov. 14.—William Anderson.
Nov. 17 to Nov. 24.—Johnson-Jeffries Pictures.
Nov. 25 to Dec. 23.—Vacant.
Dec. 23 to Jan. 14.—Royal Comice.
Jan. 18 to Feb. 2.—J. C. Williamson.
Feb. 3 to Feb. 9.—George Willoughby.
May 17 to June 7.—J. C. Williamson.
August 17 to August 27.—J. C. Williamson.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Vaudeville (permanent).

Ward Joins Williamson.

THE cable announcement this week that Hugh Ward is to retire in June next and take a hand in J. C. Williamson Ltd., will be news for the theatrical world of Australasia. The announcement may be interpreted to mean that J. C. W. himself will for the future remain at "home" to act as principal for the firm in the selection of plays for Australasia. The portly figure and genial smile of the Australian manager is likely also to be absent from Australia for reasons other than business. He has a partiality for the baths at Marienbad, where many an overried constitution has gained increased years of usefulness by being handy to "the waters." The firm which only last year added "Ltd." to the name of its principal will be all the stronger for the inclusion of Hugh J. Ward in its ranks. There is no other actor-manager in Australasia better suited by ability or experience to undertake the difficult and delicate task of producing and directing dramatic productions of Australasia. He has plenty of youth, energy, and progressive initiative. Mr. Ward was not talking altogether "in the clouds" when he said to me, in an interview that appeared in these pages on August 3rd last, "I look to the future for the realisation of better things. It is never wise to prophesy, but it seems to me the day is not so far distant as one might suppose when there will be room for the intellectual drama to take its place in our artistic life."

Mr. Ward is a believer in what has been claimed in these columns often enough, namely, that there is a definite class of people on this side of the world who are sincerely desirous of getting into touch with modern plays. The activities of Shakespeare (or "Shakspere," as our more eclectic friends spell it) societies and the range of their readings are a manifestation of that desire. Let me recall the Actor-Manager's own words last August:—"There would be ample material to draw on if the public responded. As it is, the demand which exists, I believe, can be met from the box office point of view by giving occasional performances. I mean special matinees—say once a week, on the lines adopted by the Court Theatre in London in the days of the Vedrenne-Barker combinations."

It is one of Mr. Ward's ambitions to see the intellectual classes of the public catered for as well as those who support melodrama and farcical comedies. With the resources of a powerful organisation it will be possible for him to materialise those ambitions. I understand from a private source in Sydney that the site has been procured and a special theatre is to be built by J. C. Williamson, Ltd., in one of the Australian cities which will conform to the needs of the modern play. Following the lead given in London and other centres, the theatre will be small enough to permit audiences to follow the expression of the actors. No long runs will be risked. Short seasons and frequent changes of programme are more likely to be the order of the day, so that intellectual plays will have some chance of succeeding without exhaust-

ing the resources of the audiences who are eager to see them.

The advent of Mr. Ward into the Williamson camp may therefore be looked to as an event of unusual importance to the drama of Australasia. He is an actor of exceptional experience. His boyhood was spent in a stock theatre at Pittsburgh. He has played in England and America. His pantomime work in London was quite a feature at the time he rose to prominence in the metropolis. His ventures have carried him into the Far East, whilst in his own words he knows Australasia "through and through." Altogether, apart from his capacity as manager, Mr. Ward is thoroughly in sympathy with the modern dramatists of to-day who are endeavouring to get the public to realise that shoddy sensationalism, crude emotions and "legs and tomfoolery" are the least of desirable things in the drama.

Auckland's Big Week.

The Auckland Competitions Society have issued their time-table for the big week that is to fill the Northern City with song, recitation, speech and music on the week commencing with 21st. With considerably over 1300 entries to handle, and competitors innumerable looming large in the landscape, Auckland is going to have a busy time crowding all the events into the time that Scripture tells us the earth was made in. His Majesty's Theatre will be going night and day, whilst both the Y.M.C.A. Hall and the Choral Hall will take up their share of the events. The competitions are due to start on Monday, 9.30 a.m., at the Theatre with the pianoforte solo ("Moonlight Sonata") and "Humorous Recital" at the Y.M.C.A. Hall at the same hour. The official opening, however, will take place at 3 p.m. in the Theatre, when a large gathering is sure to take place to inaugurate Auckland's well-directed effort towards scaling the heights of musical and literary culture.

"A Woman's Way."

"A Woman's Way," staged by Arthur Chudleigh, is the title of a somewhat pretty comedy produced at the Comedy Theatre in London last month, with Miss Alexandra Carlisle, a clever and beautiful actress in the forefront of the lighter stage at Home, in the leading part. The play (writes a critic) introduces a series of delightful duels of social fencing—a wife for all her wit is worth on behalf of her husband and for the sake of his wavering love. "A Woman's Way" is the way that Mr. Barrie discovered in "What Every Woman Knows"; if your husband is like to fall in love with another woman, invite her to your house, give him opportunities to see how much nicer, and sweeter, and more womanly you are. Do all this with a proper sense of humour, and there will be no more need of divorce courts.

This is what Effie Waldron did when Alan, her husband, a great motorist, and a flying man, was smashed up in a motor-car while driving the "beautiful Mrs. Verney." While the newspapers are talking of an "Impending Divorce Case" (the play, by the way, comes from America), and the parents and brothers and cousins are wanting Effie to pack up and leave her husband, she declines to follow "the hypocrisy of the conventions," and does just the opposite.

Invitation to Dinner.

She invites Mrs. Verney to dinner, to meet the whole family, none of whom knows that Mrs. Verney is the heroine of the motor accident. And it appears that while the foolish husband thought he was the only man who ever called Mrs. Verney "Puss," she has heard that pet name from nearly every male member of the family. They are all respectably married now, but they all had a flirtatious past with Mrs. Verney!

The comedy develops into a drawing-room farce. The situations are none the less laughable if they are obvious, for the acting is delightful, and every sentence of the dialogue is well turned and witty. "I believe it's because we've got too much money," says Alan Waldron gloomily, when he is asked why

relations between his wife and himself are a little strained.

"This is one of the moments of life when I want you to forget you're a woman and try to be sane," says an impassioned lover. "You're looking very well, General," Nora's mother remarks jolly to Alan's father, who is touchy on the point of his age. "Old age shows up less in the male than in the female," the General retorts with a gobble.

It all works on brightly and gaily enough to the happy goal appointed for the "woman's way," which leads to Effie's triumph, to Mrs. Verney's discomfiture, and to the disappointment of all who had been setting their mouths for a tit-bit of family scandal.

"An Arrant Humbug." An Unprincipled Liar."

The aviator-actor, Robert Loraine, has come to light in London with a new piece, "The Man from the Sea," written by W. J. Locke. Mr. Loraine is a young actor of the type that is best described as dashing. His style is an agreeable blend of Sir Charles Wyndham's suavity and William Terriss' breeziness. The leading character is described by the "Times" as "an arrant humbug . . . an unprincipled liar." No seaman who ever lived could have talked as Jan Redlander talks. He "spouts poetry" by the yard, and most of his lines are Alexandrines which scan beautifully. Men from the sea do not usually apostrophise the "surf breaking on the coral reef and the lap of the waves in the blue lagoons." They are not customarily capable of delivering themselves, in the rush of conversation of such a mouthful as "the constabulary—an artificial adjunct to artificial civilisation." They do not hold shells to ladies' ears and inform them, ecstatically, that if they listen intently they will hear the whirring of the seabirds' wings and receive the eternal, mysterious message of the sea.

Conversational Seaman.

The conversation of a man from the sea is altogether more abrupt, and infinitely more convincing. Therefore, Jan Redlander, despite his overpowering breeziness, is no true example of the

type of men who go down to the sea in ships. He is an exotic—a figment of the dramatist's imagination.

That Mr. Loraine should be able to make such a character in the least bit convincing speaks volumes for his histrionic ability and for the vigour of his personality.

"The story of 'The Man from the Sea' is said to be as artificial as the title-part.

Jan Redlander is a modern Ulysses; a restless rover, who has braved the world from China to Ecuador, from Arizona to Cape Horn. After twelve years of adventure he returns to his dear, kind, restful folk in that backwater of the world, the English cathedral town of Durdleham.

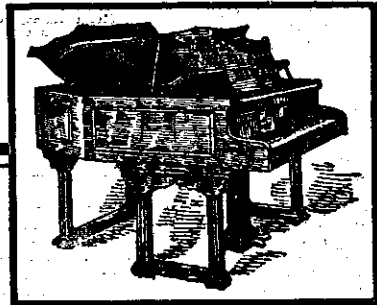
The soul of joyous Jan revolts, of course, against the woeful ways of Durdleham, and in his wrath he coins a phrase, "to durdle," which will become as popular as the historic "to sweedle" in a recent comedy by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

He catches, for example, a Durdlehamite in the act of reading a book, entitled "Edifying Opinions on Death by Several Eminent Divines." That, indeed, "is the drivelling essence of durdling." Oh! the cackling tea-parties, the decorous dinners of Durdleham! Give Jan Redlander "the throb of doing, and not durdling!"

"Crystallised Conscience."

But the one particular nut in the way of durdling that Jan is determined to crack is "that hardest thing in the world, a crystallised conscience." The owner of the conscience is his former flame, Marion Lee, whom he is bent on marrying—and does marry in the end.

Marion Lee's bosom friend, Daphne Averill, is living with a Durdleham doctor while her husband—a thief, drunkard, gambler—is serving four years' penal servitude in an Australian gaol. Slightly Marion Lee's first impulse on learning her friend's secret is to tell the Dean—whereupon the erring Daphne would quickly be durdled out of Durdleham. Redlander, aware how little the Averills were to blame for the irregularity of their union, set himself to defeat



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How criminals of conscience. All other means having failed, he invents a desperate scheme. What? On reflection in cold blood, it seems almost incredible. He calls on Marion to say good-bye. I have, says he, a wife living—mad, but living. We cannot be legally married, and, knowing your views, I see it is useless to ask you to come with me to my coral island unmarried. And with this outrageous falsehood he so plays on the passions of the desolate widow that she flings herself into his arms. Marriage or none, the once conscientious woman cannot be without him. Now she is in the same case as Mrs. Averil. She understands the strength of love, and her mouth is sealed.

The Latest Shriek.

London has received yet another melodrama from the pen of that indefatigable person who writes under the name of Walter Melville. The outstanding feature of the thriller is, first, the title—"The Sins of London"—and, secondly, the abnormal number of villains. The proportion to the remainder of the cast works out at 45 per cent. Naturally, the audiences, which flock to such performances, were prepared cheerfully to witness any amount of crime, and the business included a number of forgeries and an attempted murder in a cellar, an explosion in an ocean-going steamer and a mutiny. Out of the danger of the seas escaped the senior villain, Julian Crawford, financier, to claim the property of his lovely ward, Millie Anderson, reckoned as drowned in the foundered steamer. London, with its sins, was good enough for this Napoleon of crime until Millie and her brave sweetheart Jack, after a long exile on a tropical island, came home to settle accounts.

The majority of authors of that period of the story would have finished the tale, but Mr. Melville only then began a new series of thrills. The financier had a whole bagful of crimes unexhausted. He spirited away the hero to a noisome cellar, and having drugged Millie sent her away to a church to be married to his son.

But an awful retribution was close at hand, for Jack escaped in the nick of time from the cellar, and just when the clergyman was about to marry "the drug-stricken bride" the brave fellow leaped into the church to take his place beside the girl he loved. How the music crashed out the glad welcome, how the house cheered, how the actors bowed, and bowed again, is now history.

Opinions differ about one of the scenes in the melodrama, as witness these two parts:—

... the long scene on the deserted island, where the sun drops like a meteor to its bed.—"Westminster Gazette."

The lovers whispered soft nothings by the shore, whilst a harvest moon that seemed uncertain in its movements raced hurriedly down to meet the horizon as the curtain descended.—"Observer."

Whatever happened, it must be of some consolation to the people who hate to be disillusioned that the moon or the sun, whichever it was, did not twinkle.

New Plays for this Side of the World.

Mr. Geo. Willoughby has purchased the Australian and New Zealand rights of Willard Holcomb's dramatic stage version of Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson's novel "St. Elmo." This book is well-known, and the play secured by Mr. Willoughby is the only version authorised by Mrs. Wilson and her publishers. It is said to preserve as far as possible within dramatic limits of time and space the main incidents and atmosphere of the original romance. The scenes are laid in South America before the Civil war. The new piece by B. C. Carton, "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," which has succeeded "The Night of the Party" at the Criterion Theatre in Sydney, is said to be full of clever humour, so that playgoers are not invited to laugh at mere nonsense or buffoonery. "A Fool There Was" is the title of a drama founded upon Kipling's poem "The Vampire," which is just now being played in America, and is shortly due in London. This piece will be seen in Australia early next year. Mr. George Willoughby having purchased the rights. It will be in the repertoire of the company which he is about to form to produce "The Woman in the Case."

The "Chocolate Soldier" Secured for Australia.

"The Chocolate Soldier"—the musical parody of Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man"—which was produced in London with big success, is to come to Australia. Messrs. Clarke and Meynell have secured

the rights. Ernest Shavians—and there are some, it appears!—were completely bewildered by the new piece at the Lyric. According to the English notices, the same "Arms and the Man" story has been employed, but with a seasoning of lyrics obviously from some other hand than that of "G.B.S." and with some of the familiar gags of musical comedy. Meanwhile, the amused are asking, What is "G.B.S.'s" attitude? The programme, says the "Daily Chronicle," offers apologies to Mr. Shaw for an unauthorised parody on one of his comedies. But the thing isn't a parody, and it could not be unauthorised, since it contains whole speeches only slightly varied from the Shaw original. The story goes, however, that Mr. Shaw was, in fact, approached. The German libretto, it is said, was written, and Mr. Oscar Strauss added his captivating music. Both together were then sent to Mr. Shaw, with a cheque for several thousand pounds, in anticipation of his sanction. He returned the cheque and refused his sanction. Despair on the part of adaptors and composers? Then followed an appeal to Mr. Shaw's good nature. This was successful. Permission gratis, but nothing more at any price! So "The Chocolate Soldier" is produced in Germany, with success; in America with success; in England, with success! This is just the story that is

of 64 voices, although there was in one or two items not the class and crispness one would like to have heard. Raff's "A Call to the Empire"—a stirring composition for baritone and male chorus, and presented to the Society by Madame Melba—received a moderately good rendering, considering the difficulties it presents. The solo part was in the hands of Mr. W. Ryan. A spirited number was Dudley Buck's "The Signal Resounds from Afar." Carl Fischer's "Calm at Sea" was not free from blemish, otherwise it might have provided some truly poetic moments, and "Pilgrim's Evening Star" (Kucken) was the concluding number to a concert of average merit, in which none of the vocalists gave any very distinctive performance. Both Madam Chambers and Mr. J. W. Ryan, as well as Mr. W. Aspinall, were recalled, and all contributed more or less to the success of the concert.

£300 Per Night

Madame Melba told an interviewer recently that the work of getting the artists together for the Australian opera season next year is nearly completed. All the artists whom Madame Melba hoped to secure for the Commonwealth have been obtained with the exception of Mlle. Destin. Although this great



THE CANARY'S PREDECESSOR.

"Pretty Dick! Sweet! Sweet!"

going round. The great thing in the piece is Oscar Strauss' music, which is described as "absolutely charming." It is full of life and wit and melody, and delicate little touches of orchestration, is the verdict of the "Chronicle." Mr. Clyde Meynell, writing to his firm regarding the production, states that on the opening night at the Lyric Theatre the audience went wild with enthusiasm, and that Oscar Strauss, the composer of the opera, who travelled from Vienna to be present, was accorded a memorable ovation when the curtain fell.

Surely things in Australasia have come to a pretty pass when none of the leading theatrical organisations will stage any of Shaw's plays, whilst they don't mind one bit snapping up a parody of his works?

Miss Marie Hall's Tour.

Miss Marie Hall, the famous violinist, has commenced at Durham her long tour, which is to extend over ten months, and in the course of which she will play at 200 concerts. She was to give four concerts at Durban before proceeding to Johannesburg, and probably Pretoria. Her last appearances in South Africa will be at Capetown, where she gives eight concerts. She next visits India, where she is to play in Bombay, Calcutta, and several other cities. From India she proceeds to China and Japan, and then she is to fulfil engagements in New Zealand and Australia. For the tour she has been guaranteed the sum of £10,000, and in addition she is to have a share in the profits of each concert which shows a surplus of more than £50.

Auckland Liedertafel.

The Auckland Liedertafel concluded its season at the Choral Hall last week with a fine programme under the direction of Doctor Thomas. The choral selections on the whole were well rendered by a choir

singer was offered £300 per night her engagements would not allow her to accept a contract which would necessitate so long an absence from Europe.

Farce and Farcical Productions.

"The Man from Cooks; or, The Girl of Ostend," is virtually the last half of the title, or the piece in which Charles Hawtrey made such a hit with in days bygone. It is a farcical jumble in three acts with the usual stereotyped characters dressed up to represent human beings. Fred Graham and Gerald Kay Souper are really the piece. The former has to fill the part of a man who, for the greater part of the first act, staggers over the stage in a state of intoxication. This may be funny—Fred Graham is certainly a splendid mimic—but it is hardly the thing to expect intelligent folk to do otherwise than yawn at. The remaining two acts see him a husband victimised by a decoy on the sands at Ostend, and led into making violent love to a strange lady, whilst the biographer quietly records the whole scene. The same thing happens to his friend Baron de Longchamps (Mr. Kay Souper), and his father-in-law (Mr. Alfred Harford). When the films are shown in London, the "erring" husbands and their wives are plunged into consternation. On this motive the whole action turns. The situation becomes very laughable as the piece proceeds, and the success of it in the eyes of the audience largely springs from the talents of the two leading comedians already named. But, however clever and brilliant these individual parts may be, (for Fred Graham is an irresistible comedian of infinite resource) pieces of this class with their strained situations, their worn-out humour, and their unhuman types, are no longer appealing to the great bulk of the people. The plain fact is, we—that is, most of us—want something which does not fail so conspicuously in its appeal to human credulity.

Stray Notes.

The fact that sporting melodramas occupy the boards of two Melbourne theatres at the present time, and are drawing crowded houses, gives rise to some reflections, says "The Southern Sphere." It is true that there are a great many devotees of the turf in this community, and that there are many artistically unsophisticated souls to whom the transport drama supplies full satisfaction, but it would not, despite the evidence of the well-filled auditoriums of the theatres, be a legitimate conclusion to draw that sporting melodrama is the kind of theatrical pabulum with which the Australian public will remain content. In neither instance is the plot of the play up even to the ordinary standard of Drury Lane. In both the sporting chances, which prove such a delusion in real life, prove the financial salvation of the hero—a winning ticket in one and a wager with a bookmaker in the other—not a very high ethical ideal to present to an intelligent community.

Hall Caine's play "The Eternal Question" has been a failure in London. It was withdrawn three weeks after staging, and was to be replaced by another hatched-up production from the same author, entitled "The Bishop's Son." "The Dollar Princess" has run for a year in London, and is still going strong. "The Whip" at Drury Lane has also completed its anniversary, whilst "Our Miss Gibbs" continues to draw crowded houses in the Metropolis.

Clarke and Meynell's pantomime this coming Christmas will be "Dick Whittington and his Cat."

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Strauss in His Summer Home.

A VISIT TO THE SYMPHONIC POET.

IN the "Berliner Lokal Anzeiger," Alfred Holzbock speaks of his visit to Richard Strauss in the latter's country home in Garmisch, Bavaria, as follows:—

One must follow a badly kept country road to reach the summer seat of Richard Strauss. Summer seat is hardly the proper term, though. The villa, which was built by Emanuel Seidel, of Munich, is situated at the base of the Klammer Mountains, away from the road, in a valley whose loveliness is not marred by the giant mountains, the Wendelstein and die Zugspitze, whose peaks, forever covered with snow, look down upon this quiet home of the composer. But "Richard the Fortunate," as he is frequently termed, does not care to have this bucolic retro looked upon as a country seat. I met him in his large garden, his right hand equipped with a pencil and his left holding a black note book.

"I'm just composing a little," said Strauss, who speaks the Bavarian dialect so gemuthlich when he feels happy and contented. And here in Garmisch the man who in Berlin, London, and Paris is the centre of jubilant ovations, feels most gemuthlich and contented.

"Here I am happiest, here, thanks to my dear wife, who is also a real intellectual comrade for me, and to my lovely boy, I experience that sweet peace which I long for and need. Here it is easiest for me to compose; here I take the greatest pleasure in my work, even during the winter. However, I compose almost everywhere; in my beautiful, cosy home and in the noisy international hotel, in my garden and on the railroad train; my sketch book is ever my companion which, while walking, riding, during my meals and while drinking, I always have with me. As soon as I think of a motive adapted for the theme with which I am occupied, it is immediately recorded in my inseparable companion, the sketch book. One of the most important melodies for my new opera came to me while was playing "Schafkopf" (a German card game) for which I have associated myself with the notabilities of Garmisch. The ideas which I jot down are really only 'pre-sketches,' which are then elaborated. But before I improvise even the smallest 'pre-sketch' for an opera, I occupy myself with and study the words of the book for at least six months.

"I let the plot fairly boil within me. The final details of the situations and the characters must be thoroughly elaborated within me, and then only do I allow the musical thoughts to take possession of me. The 'pre-sketches' become sketches. I then copy the sketches, then the material is elaborated. The piano score, which I alter and edit at least four times, is then written. This represents the work; that which follows, the entire score, the large orchestra tone colouring, I consider a recreation. The score I write at one stretch, without much effort, in my study, in which I work for twelve hours without interruption. Thus I am enabled to give the uniform character to a composition, and that, to my mind, is the principal thing. Heroin most of our composers err. If they were to take some piece of a Wagner drama or a Mozart finale they would be compelled to recognise with admiration the absolute uniformity between all the parts. It is like the summary or the extract from one piece. But many of our composers wish only to make a show with sporadic thoughts of melody, more or less prominent, and, above all, immediately conspicuous. Such a creation resembles a suit of clothing made of various

patches, some of which may be very pretty and of a bright colour, but which for all that is nothing more than patch-work."

At present the latest operatic work of the master, "Der Rosenkavalier," takes up his entire creative art. The most possible and impossible reports of this work of Strauss have been circulated. The composition is not called a musical drama, nor an opera, nor a comic opera, but is given the peculiar name of "Der Rosenkavalier, comedy for music."

"One might think," says Strauss, "that this term is meant to signify an entirely new musical stage genius. Such is not the case. I have merely endeavoured to adapt the music to the light and graceful character of the Hoffmanns-thal fiction."

The plot is laid during the time of the Empress Maria Theresa, in Vienna. The first scene begins with entertaining, cheerful audacity in the bed-chamber of the wife of the field-marshal, the Princess Werdenberg, beside whose couch Octavian, a young nobleman of pleasure, 17 years of age, of distinguished family, vows his tender love. This Octavian is a fascinating but well-behaved boy, a kind of Cherubino, whose rival on the field of love is the Baron Ochs v. Levereenan, a brutal parvenu in spite of his being an old aristocrat. These two are the principal figures in the comedy. During the early forenoon the Baron forces himself unexpectedly into the presence of his cousin, the Princess. In order not to expose the lady of his love, Octavian disguises himself as chambermaid, to whom the Baron at once makes love. Ochs v. Levereenan informs his cousin that he has condescended to become engaged to Sophie von Farnal, the daughter of a man rich, but only newly knighted. He requests the Princess to procure him a Rosenkavalier, i.e., an aristocratic suitor for himself, who, according to the custom, presents a rose to the intended bride in the name of the bridegroom. Octavian becomes the Rosenkavalier. The fiancée of the Baron, whose obtrusiveness is obnoxious to her, falls in love with the young suitor acting as proxy, who finally, in noble resentment, wounds the bridegroom, who continually molests the young girl. A ruse frees the young lady from her intended bridegroom. The Baron-bridegroom receives a loving epistle from the chambermaid—that is to say, the Rosenkavalier, Octavian. Octavian—chambermaid—and the bridegroom meet in a chamber reparee. The latter is fooled and unmasked. Baron Ochs departs with empty hands, and his one-time fiancée is led to the altar by the Rosenkavalier.

Referring to his composition, Richard Strauss said: "This fiction of Hoffmanns-thal retains the tone of the rococo in a delightful style, and it has been my object to transfer this tone to the style of music. Involuntarily, the spirit of Mozart arose before my mental vision, but I have, notwithstanding, remained true to myself. The orchestra is not as strong as in 'Salome' or 'Elektra,' but it is by no means treated according to the modern tendency, the object of which is to produce Mozart with a small orchestra. 'Der Rosenkavalier' is composed for full orchestra. Mozart's intentions, by the way, never had a weak orchestra in view. When an English patron of music once had one of his symphonies played with 100 violins, Mozart was filled with enthusiasm. I have not ignored the light and saucy cheerfulness of the fiction, though it never oversteps the bounds of all that is graceful and charm-

Dramatic Criticism in Australia.

SOME CANDID VIEWS.

(By J.B.R. in "The Booklover.")

We have lately heard much of artists in dramatic and musical spheres who have openly resented the criticism they have received from the Press. Most people, no doubt, smiled and murmured something to the effect that this public resentment is done for advertisement. It is a moot point whether the advertisement is altogether good. It seems unwise to take up arms against a newspaper-man. He always has the whip-hand, and is bound to have the last word. Actors, as a rule, have the good sense to shrug their shoulders at unjust criticism, and, although it hurts at times, they know that one man's opinion cannot influence the entire general public. Yet if the complaints that have been and are being raised against unfairness on the part of dramatic critics in Australia, could all be voiced at the same time—there would sound one mighty shout capable of reaching to the furthest side of this planet!

I use the expression "dramatic critics in Australia." It is an exaggeration—there are none. There is not one representative of the Press, whose criticisms have appeared in the past few years, of whom one can truthfully say: "Here is a man who knows his business!" The average critic here knows as much about acting and the construction of plays as a heathen Chinese. I can and will quote instances showing how utterly incompetent are some of the so-called "dramatic critics" on the Australian newspapers.

I was talking with one of these gentlemen a day or two after the production of a Shakespearean play by a well-known actor. The pressman was telling me what he had thought of the performance. He totally disagreed with the principal actor's reading of the leading character. His interpretation, my informant said, merely served to take every tradition connected with the play and bear it to pieces. He gave me examples of what he made me understand were outrageous faults in the acting of the part, and ended up by remarking: "Of course I didn't say that in my notice!" Now, what can be the value of a critique which is admittedly not an expression of the writer's ideas?

There is one paper in Australia, one that is read all over the continent, in which it appears that the sole desire of the dramatic critic thereof is to catch hold, as it were, of some physical defect in the player, something at any rate quite outside the sphere of his work, and hold it up to ridicule. How much better it would be if this paper omitted its alleged "Dramatic Column," or else confined itself to a criticism of the acting of plays instead of impertinent and vulgar personalities.

I remember another production of a Shakespearean play. Actors were in great demand, because, strange as it may seem they were then hard to get. Two of the principal comedy roles had to be

ing. The second act ends with a typical Viennese waltz, and the duet between the chambermaid—Octavian—and the Baron Ochs in the chamber reparee consists entirely of waltz motives. The "Rosenkavalier" is sung by a mezzo-soprano, and the Baron is a typical bass and buffo part. Besides six other larger solo parts, this 'comedy for music' contains 14 smaller solo parts. I have already finished two acts of this work, and the score of the final act has only to be elaborated. I hope surely that "Der Rosenkavalier" will be produced during the first half of the coming season, of course in the Dresden Hoftheater, under the conduction of my friend, Generalmusikdirektor Schuch."—"Musical America."

filled by quite third-rate men. Neither of them could speak the King's English, neither of them even pretended to worry over the lack of a "g" or an "h" in the words they spoke. Together they effectually ruined the production, besides hindering the work of the other members of the company. The alleged dramatic critics, however, with very few exceptions, hailed them as the finest exponents of their respective parts! Imagine a fellow-actor receiving a splendid criticism in the same notice of the play! How utterly valueless it becomes in face of the glowing remarks about the two comedy men! Incidentally, I might say that these two men seemed to have had an interesting career—one was a tobacconist, and the other a haberdasher.

I suppose it would not do for a critic to make an observation which is qualified in any way. One thing so apparent in their work here is the boldness with which they make the most outrageous mis-statements. Nor have they the slightest consideration for the difficulties under which an actor or actress has, at times, to play.

I have known an actress make her first appearance under a great strain, acting to a large audience when suffering from a bad attack of laryngitis. That she was playing under the most painful circumstances was patent to the least observant; yet one critic said of her that her voice was pleasing "although of a sore-throat order." Surely a kinder thing would have been to make some small reference to the affection that handicapped the lady, instead of putting it in the way mentioned.

The theatres in Australia, as a general rule, are much too large to act in comfortably; but no critic seems to recognise the strain upon the players, especially visiting artists, who are used to playing in more up-to-date and civilised playhouses. I have heard actors and actresses accused of their failure to "grip" an audience when the huge size of the theatre makes it almost an impossibility. The majority of critics in Australia give one the impression that they have been thinking of something else during the performance of the play they criticise. Their critiques are unfinished, uneven, irrelevant, and, in most cases, unfair. They are constantly "giving themselves away" by making statements which show that either they have not followed the play with any degree of attention, or that they have not sufficient intelligence to grasp what is being shown them. I fancy that dramatic criticism is a branch of journalism which receives very little consideration in the colonies, at any rate the poor stuff which is published under that head gives one the idea.

It is difficult to know just how far the opinions of the Press influence the man in the street; but, if the art of acting is to rise to any standard at all in Australia, it is about time the country produced a man capable of writing a criticism of what he sees which is honest, unprejudiced and intelligent. It really seems as though the glamour of notoriety attracts the average dramatic critic, making him write a great deal of barren verbiage, which he may think original, but which is, in reality, grotesque and inappropriate.

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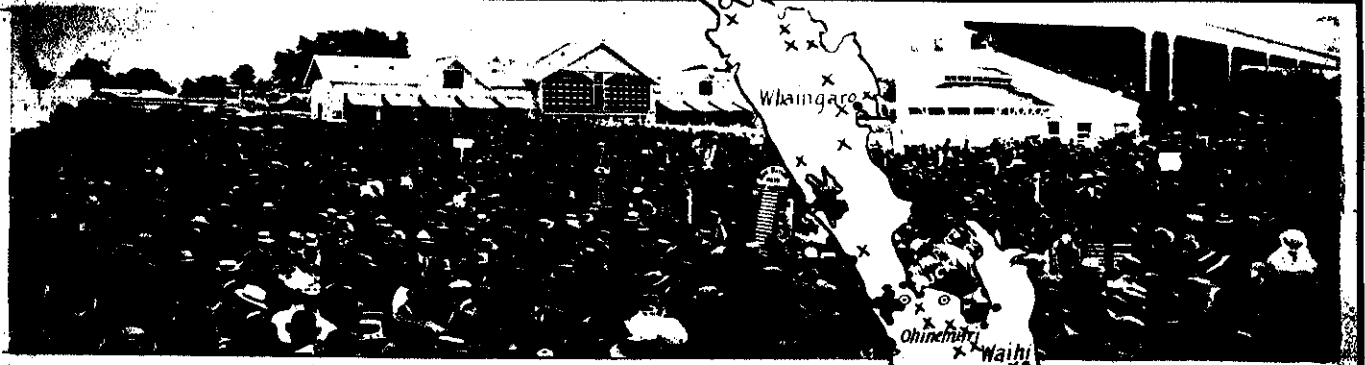
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GAMBLING IN GOD'S OWN COUNTRY



1909-10. RACING DAYS IN N.Z.

323

Totalisator Investments, £1,540,190.

(Not including bookmakers fees which for six principal centres alone totalled

£25,000)

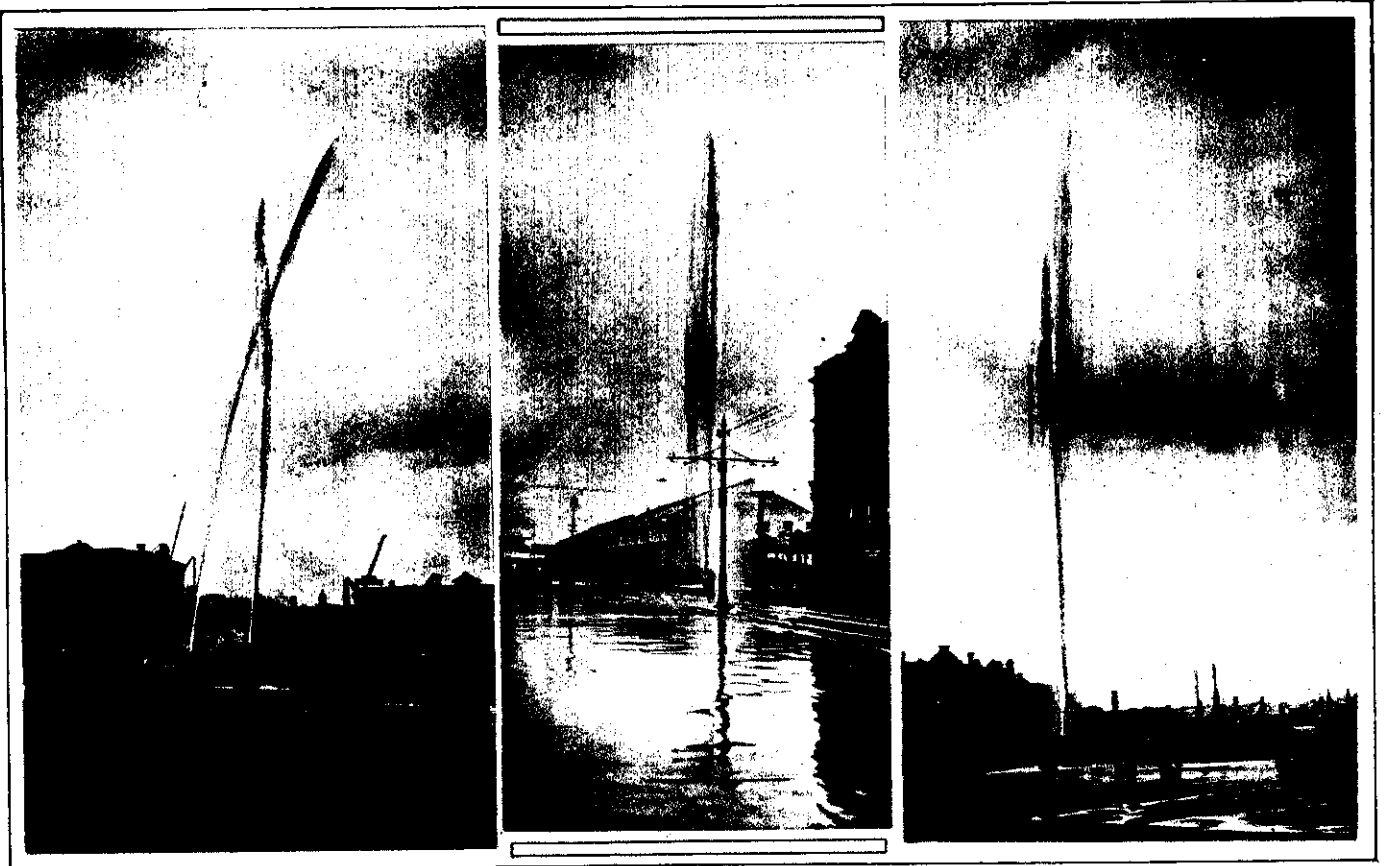
- Clubs which use the totalisator.
- x Clubs registered but not using the totalisator.
- o Registered Trotting Clubs.



See "Week in Review."

WILL THE AMENDED GAMING BILL CHECK THE EVIL ?

Until the facts and figures of racehorse gambling in New Zealand are collected and presented as above, it is almost impossible to realise the extent to which the evil prevails. These facts and figures deal with registered meetings. The Amended Gaming Bill proposes to allow the totalisator to be used approximately five days in every week of the year. All the proposals contained in the original bill to restrict the issue of totalisator licences are struck out, and it is made the duty of every racing club to use all lawful means to prevent bookmakers from paying their colts on the course itself. It is proposed further to allow the newspapers in future to publish starting prices and dividends. The question for Parliament and public now is whether the proposals are radical enough to check the gambling which has risen in the last few years to such astonishing figures, and to the severe detriment of this country.

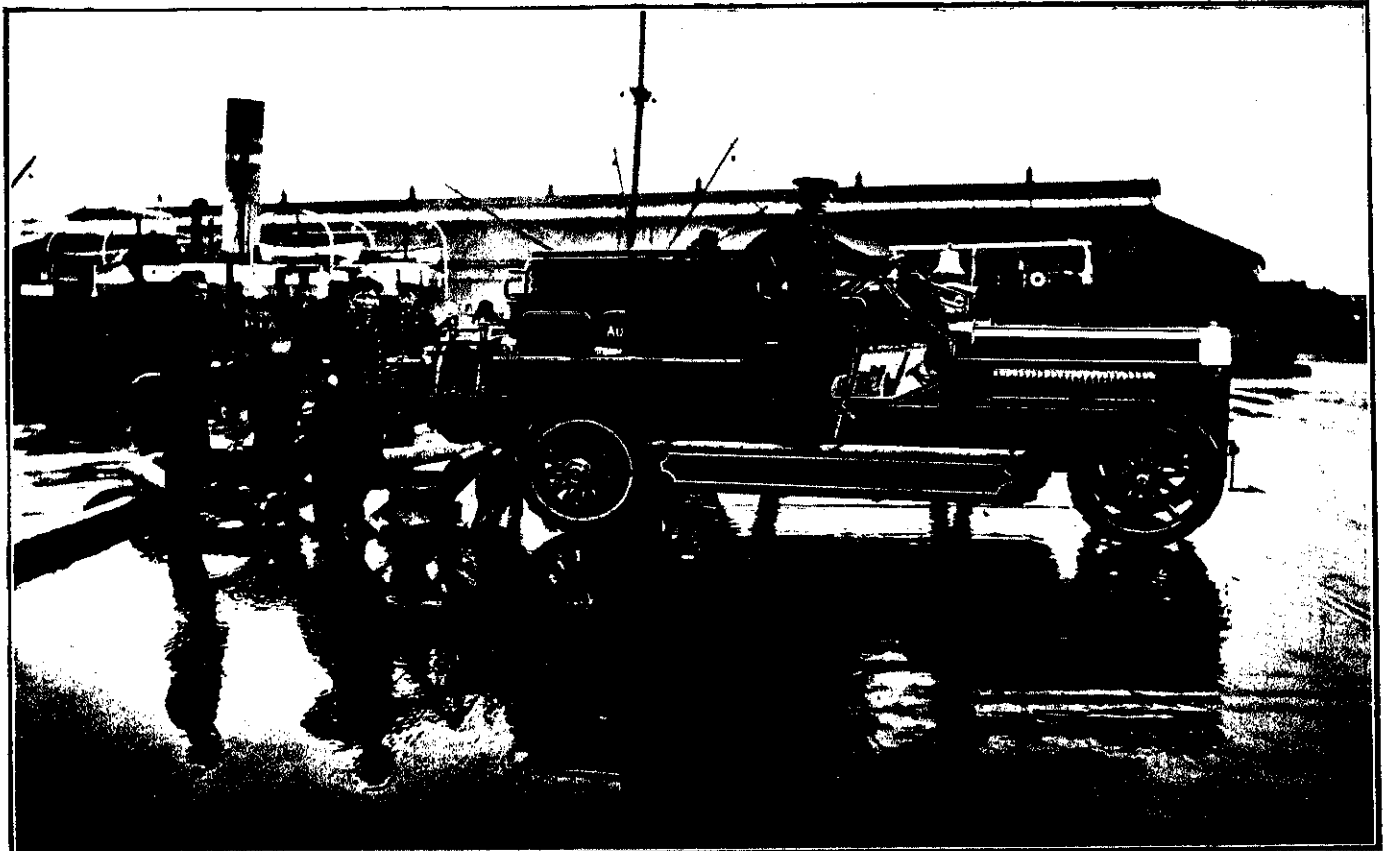


PUMPING FROM THE HARBOUR.
1 1/2-inch jets at 1300 lbs pressure.

PUMPING FROM THE CITY MAINS.
A 1 1/2-inch jet at a pressure of 1730 lbs.

PUMPING FROM THE HARBOUR.
A 2-inch jet at 1100 lbs pressure.

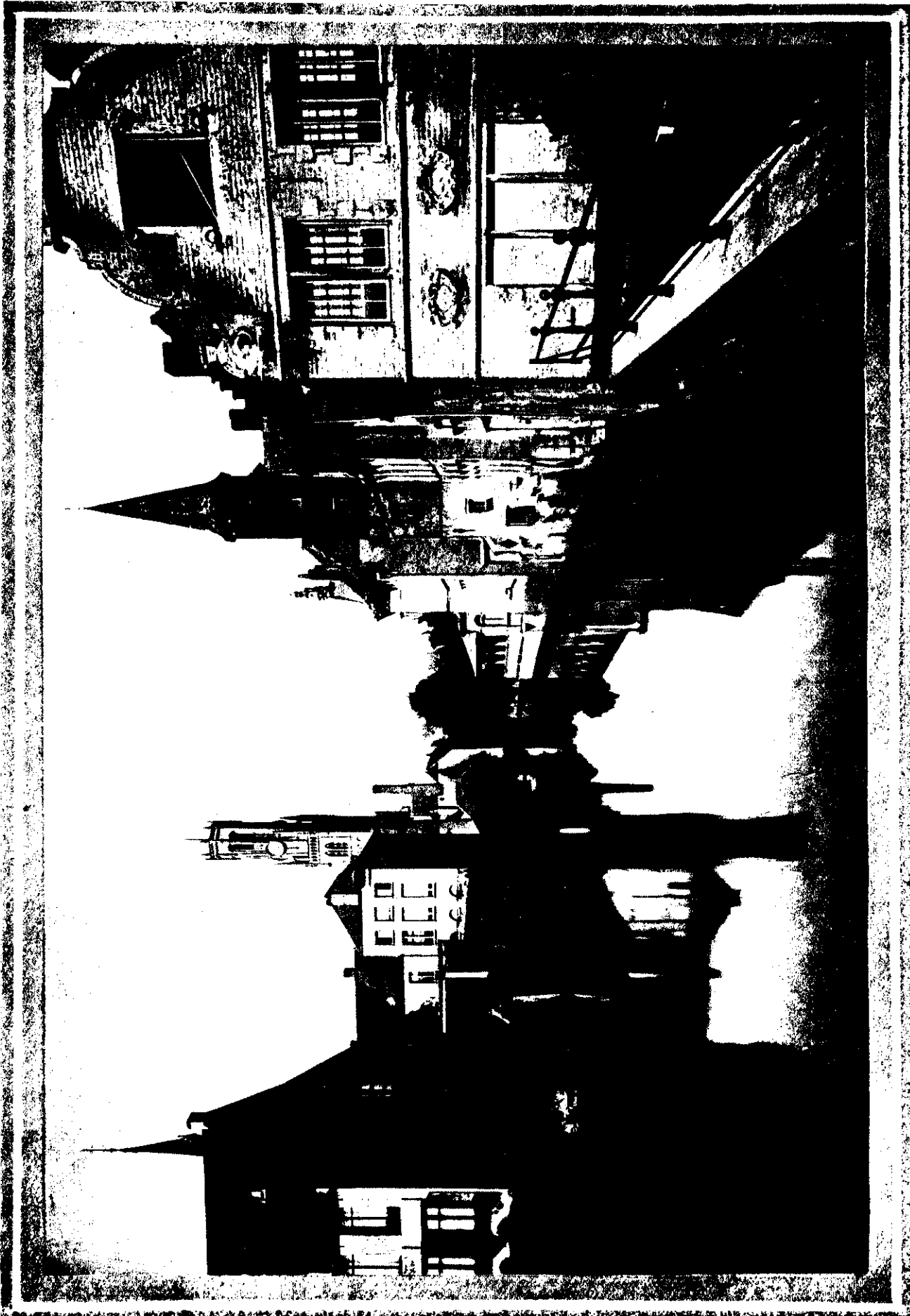
TESTING THE NEW ENGINE—A JET OF WATER TWO HUNDRED FEET HIGH.



Oliver and Walker, photo.

A MODERN FIRE-FIGHTER, WHICH THROWS 800 GALLONS A MINUTE TO A HEIGHT OF 200 FEET.

The Auckland Fire Board's new turbine motor fire engine was given its trials most satisfactorily last week, and is now the most valuable fire-fighting asset the city possesses. According to the results attained at the trials, it is estimated that if the three deliveryes were at work simultaneously, they would deliver every minute 800 or 900 gallons to a height of about 200 feet. Chauffeur O. B. Elliott is in charge of the motor. The trials were conducted in the presence of Supt. Woolley and Mr. D. Goldie, Chairman of the Auckland Fire Board.

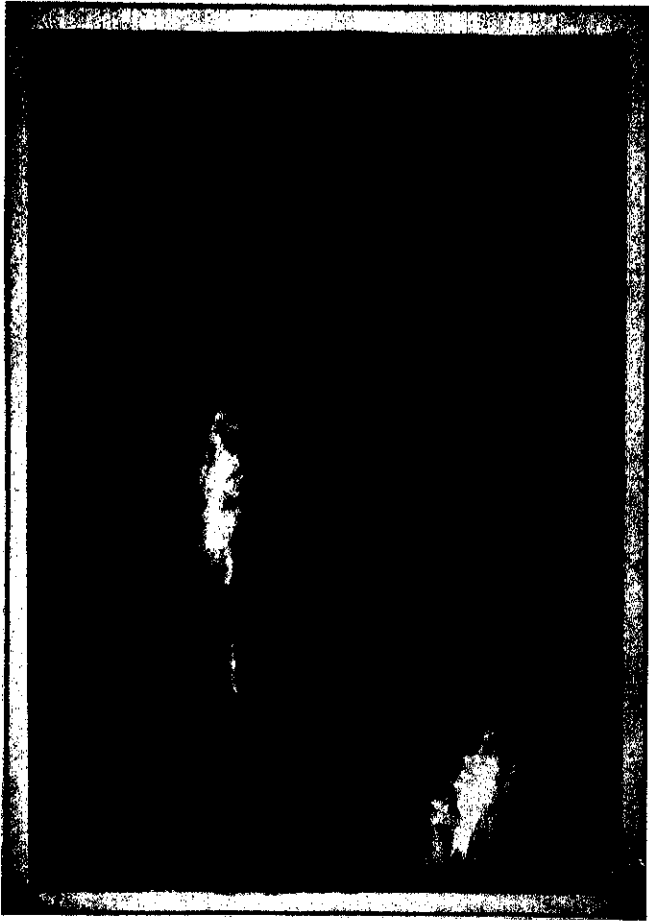


"THE PLACE OF BRIDGES"—A CHARACTERISTIC VIEW OF BRUGES, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF MEDIAEVAL CITIES.

The most famous and most picturesque of mediaeval cities in Northern Europe is Bruges, the walled city and capital of West Flanders, Belgium. It seems almost impossible to imagine that little over 400 years ago this beautiful old capital was the foremost commercial city in the world. It is a perfect storehouse of all the industrial crafts, and the arts, and the empires, of the Middle Ages. Towering to a height of 248 ft above the city is the famous Belfry of Bruges, with a peal of 47 bells—the finest in the world. The collection of early Flemish paintings in the various public buildings is regarded as unequalled by any other city in Europe. Within the city are 52 bridges, spanning the canals that wind among the buildings, and impart an air of exceptional picturesqueness to the fine old town. Bruges has a wonderful history. Of its associations volumes have been written, but the spell of its beauty and the infinite variety of its attractions can only be realized by the happy tourists who sojourn there a few weeks, dreaming of time and ages out of which has grown the century of to-day.

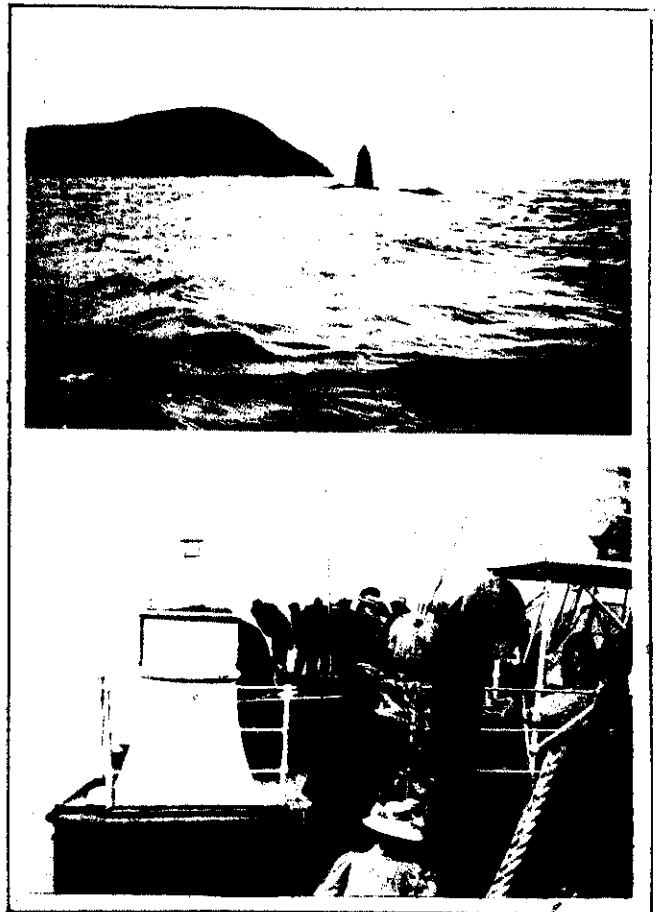
THE MOST FAMOUS FISH IN THE WORLD.

Certainly no other individual fish in the world has risen to the eminence of receiving special protection under Act of Parliament, which distinguishes "Pelorus Jack" from the common herd of his kind. Regularly he meets the steamers plying between Wellington and Picton, and, as if fully conscious of his superiority, displays himself to the interested gaze of hundreds of passengers.



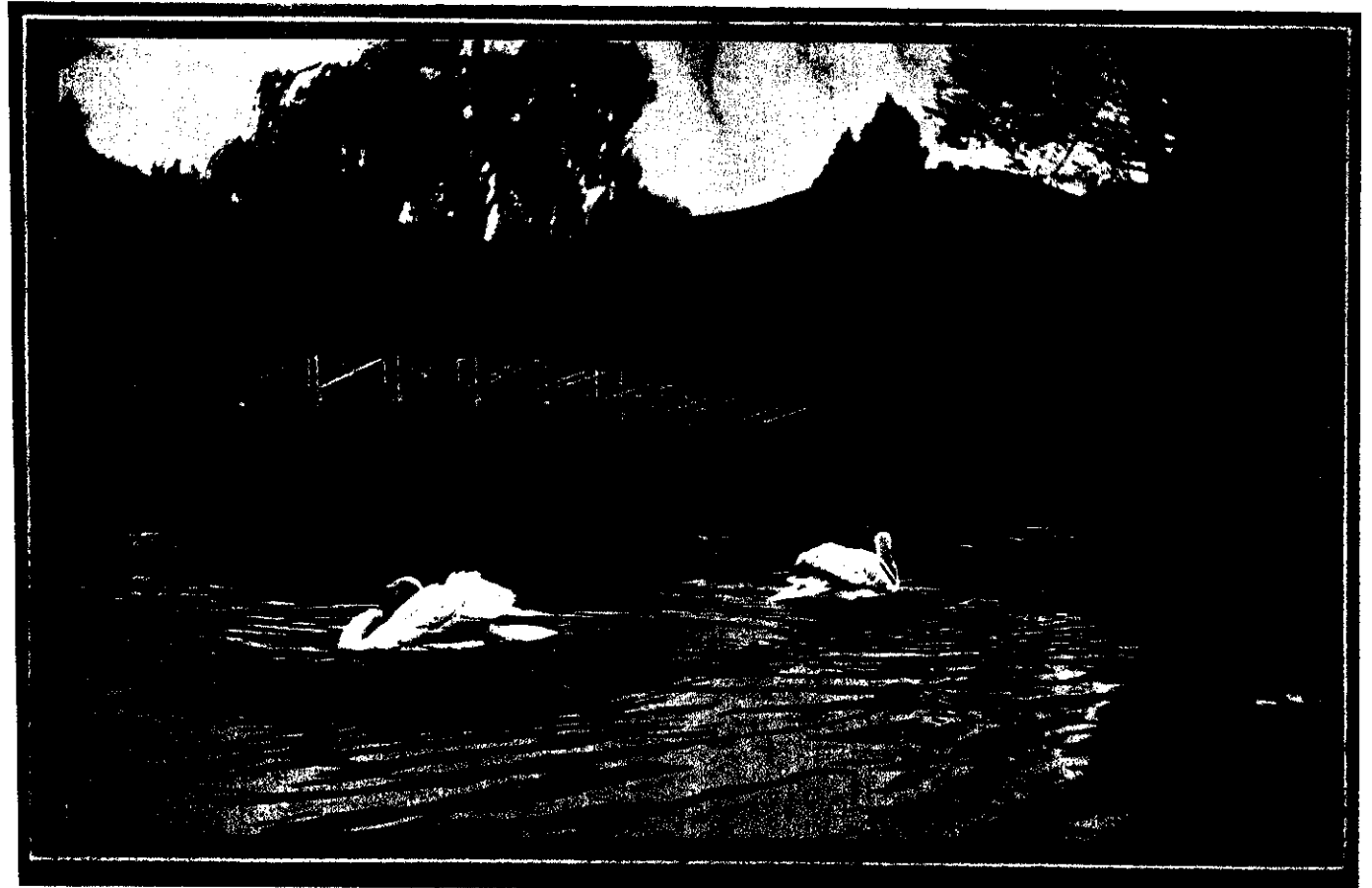
Field, photo.

"PELORUS JACK."



WATCHING "PELORUS JACK."

The upper photo shows the beacon off Jackson's Head, and in the lower the passengers on the Mapourika are watching "Pelorus Jack."



F. N. Jones, photo.

IN THE QUEEN'S GARDENS, NELSON.

The photograph shows a charming corner of the Queen's Gardens, Nelson, with the two swans, Jimmy and Jinny, swimming in the lake.

Leaders of Commerce in the Dominion.



MR. J. D. GIBBIE.

Bartlett, photo.

Mr James Dickson Greig, manager of the Bank of Australasia, Auckland, commenced his business career in the National Bank of Scotland, Perthshire. From there, he was promoted to the London Office of the same bank. In 1873 he came out to Melbourne, where he joined the staff of the Bank of Australasia. He filled several important positions in Melbourne, before coming to Wanganui, where he remained until 1905, when he received his present appointment. The Bank of Australasia was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1825, and has branches in all the States of the Commonwealth and in New Zealand.



Watkinson, photo.

MR. E. A. CAMPBELL.

Mr Ewen Alexander Campbell, Chairman and Managing Director of the Wanganui Freezing Company, was born on May 27, 1843, in Wanganui. His father was Captain M. Campbell, of the 2nd Regiment. Mr Campbell was educated at the Wanganui Freezing Company, and held several positions in the firm. He was engaged in dealing with 200 sheep per day, but has since been extended until it now has a capacity of 3000 per day. Attached to the freezing works is an up-to-date fellmongery, manure factory, and tanning plant.



MUNICIPAL GASWORKS FOR WAIPAWA.



W. Golden, photo.

AN ENTERPRISING HAWKE'S BAY TOWNSHIP.

It is but two and a-half years since Waipawa was formed into a borough, but in that time the Mayor and Councillors have provided an efficient water supply to each house, a municipal theatre, and, lastly, municipal gasworks. The last-named institution was opened by the Mayor (Mr. W. J. Limbrick) on Oct. 26th.



Tidwell, photo.

AMBULANCE SATURDAY IN THE CAPITAL.

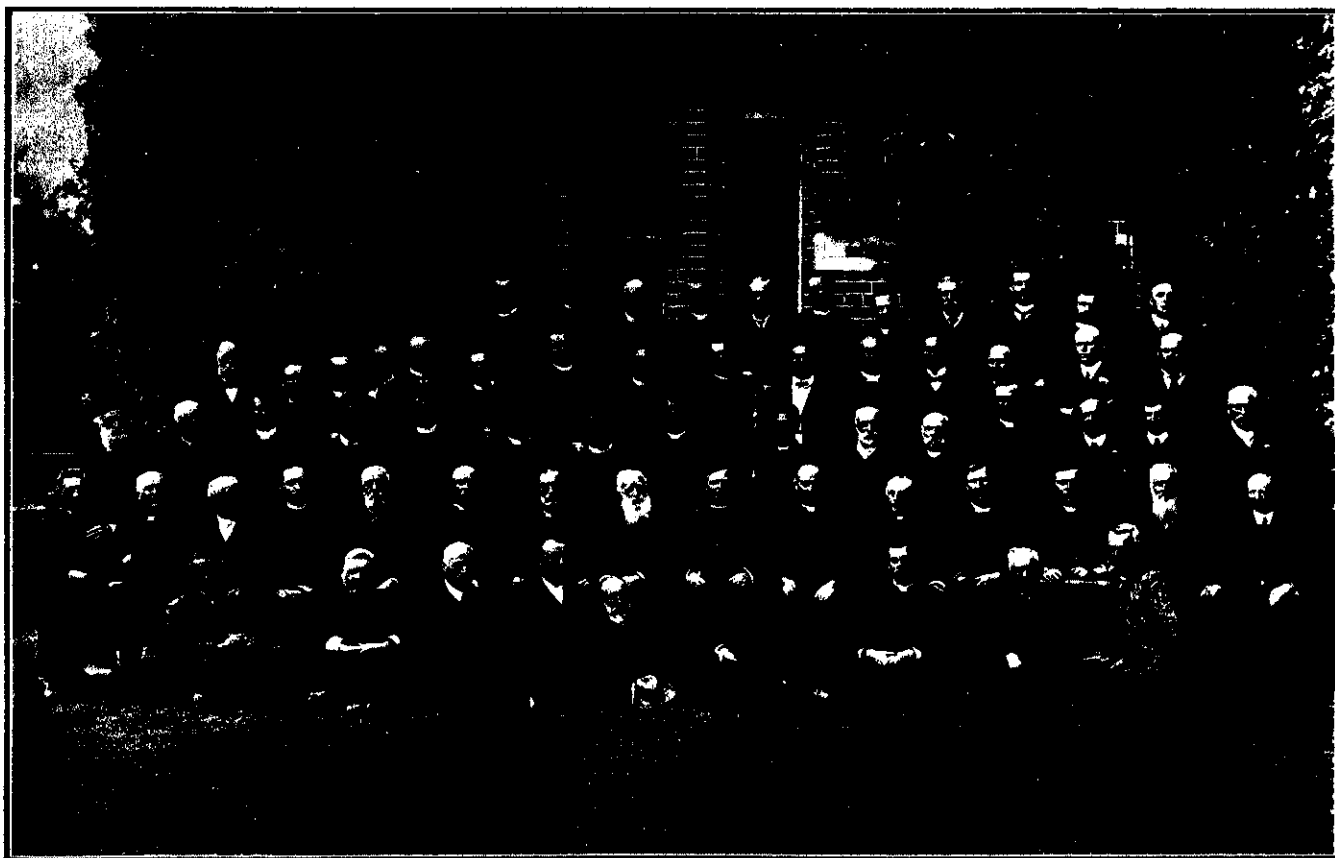
The Ambulance Saturday collections in Wellington this year realised £125 15/1, and, though far short of last year's total (£300), the result is regarded as fairly satisfactory. The people of Wellington have responded liberally to more than one big scheme for the benefit of charity this year, and it could not reasonably be expected that last year's figures could be attained.



Tibbutt, photo.

A GARDEN FETE AT THE WELLINGTON GIRLS' COLLEGE.

The grounds of the Wellington Girls' College, in D'Almeida-street, presented a gay and animated scene on Saturday, October 29, when a garden fete, organised by the Old Girls' Association, took place. Lady Ward performed the opening ceremony. Our illustrations show a number of snapshots taken in the grounds during the festivities.



C. Sorrell, photo.

THE ANNUAL DIOCESAN SYNOD OF THE HAWKE'S BAY CLERGY AT NAPIER.

Back row (from left to right): Revs. M. Cockerill, G. W. Davidson, E. Ward, G. D. Wilson, and F. W. Chatterton, Mr R. Thorpe, Revs. H. Collier and A. F. Gardner, Messrs P. Thout and J. P. Williamson, Rev. G. E. Keat, Captain G. J. W. Lake. Second row: Mr J. H. Shooth, Revs. H. J. Ramsley and H. P. Cox, Messrs W. Robinson and P. J. Hammond, Revs. W. J. Fraser, A. F. Williams, H. P. Huata, and F. A. Bennett, Dr. Wi Rapa, Rev. A. P. Clarke, Mr W. Bell, Rev. J. W. Chapman, Dr. E. A. W. Henley, Mr C. H. Edwards. Third row: Mr J. Carbett (organ), Revs. J. H. Rodgers, W. H. Dandew, Mr W. Te Anau, Revs. H. Munro, H. Weptha, P. Tired, P. Kohere, W. P. Ranghina, Mr E. V. Warrington, Revs. W. Goodyear, E. Robertshaw, Messrs E. W. Andrews, H. T. Handley, and Col. G. J. Whiter. Fourth row: Revs. J. Hobbs, F. E. J. Simcox, Mr T. Tanner, Rev. L. H. Thomas, Mr J. B. Pledger (lay secretary), Rev. Caimon P. L. Fuks and J. C. Brookes, III, Rev. Bishop Williams, Dr. Rev. Bishop of Waiapu, Von, Archdeacons H. W. Williams, D. Ruddock, C. A. Tishell, Rev. W. H. Roberts (clerical secretary), Messrs G. Ekin and G. C. Fletcher. Front row: Mr F. M. Gregorie, Rev. F. W. Wilney, Messrs J. Thornton, H. Burnett, J. A. McLenn, Rev. R. G. W. Coates, Messrs C. A. de Latour and A. H. Wallis.

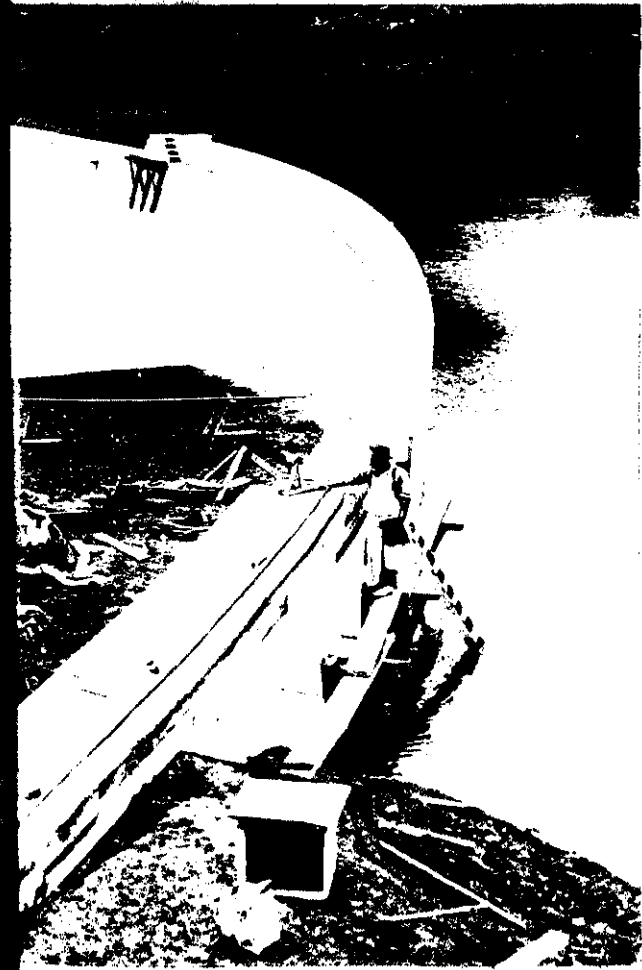
TO COMBAT DISEASE, D



THE INDISPUTABLE NEED OF METROPOLITAN AREAS FOR PURE WATER—250,000

The extensive new water-works at Wiltneret are now practically completed. The work has been in progress for about four years, and is being carried out at a contract price of \$1,000,000. The dam is 650ft in length, 30ft wide at the bottom, tapering 3ft 6in at the top, and is curved up-stream, in order to ensure greater strength against the enormous pressure exerted by the water. The gate shown at the foot of the wall, which at this point is 72ft in height. (2) A view of the log dam.

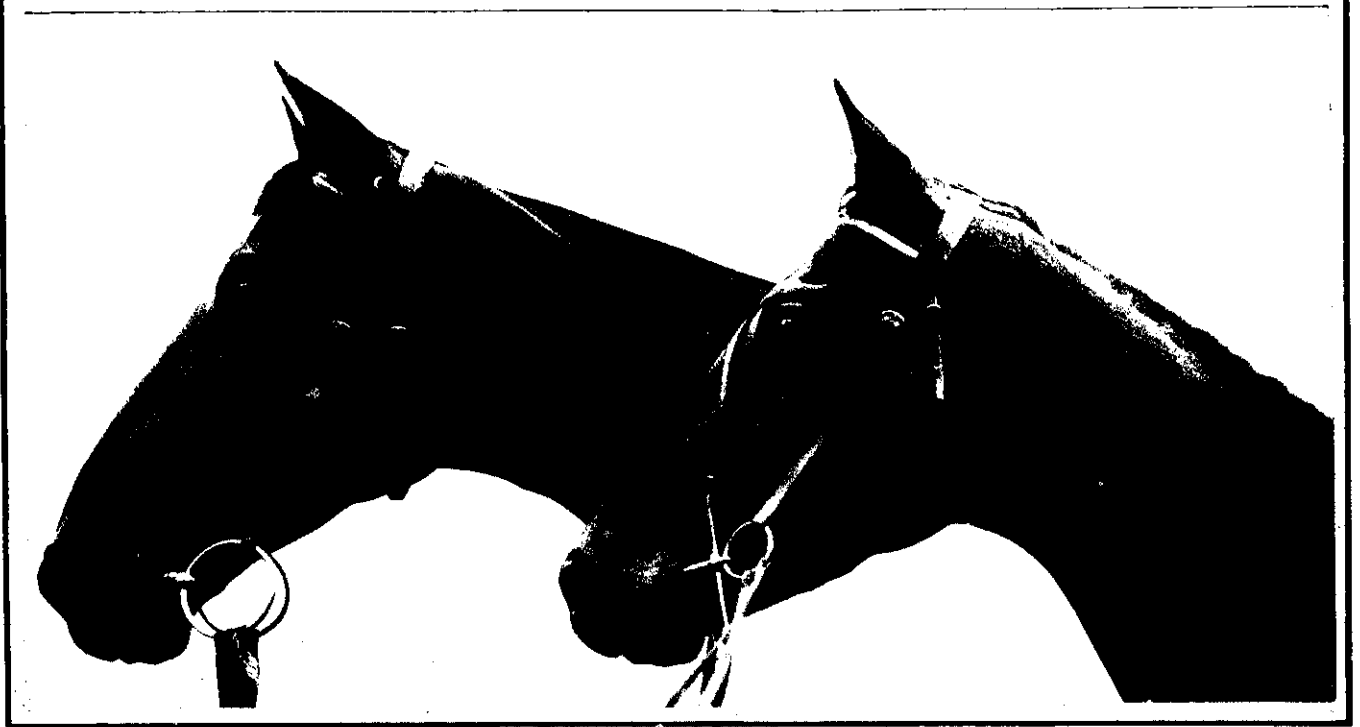
DIRT, FAMINE AND FIRE.



1000 GALLONS CONSERVED FOR AUCKLAND ON THE HILLS AT WAITAKEREI.

When the dam is full, an area of 65 acres will be submerged, conserving some 250,000,000 gallons of water. The great concrete wall of the impounding dam, shown in the pictures, is 100 feet high. (1) A panoramic view, showing the wall of the dam on the left, and the extent of the lake formed by the erection of the dam. (2) Scour outlets for emptying the reservoir, the curve up-stream. The gap in the center is for the spillway, in case of flood. (3) Finishing touches.

WINNING HEADS AT ELLERSLIE.

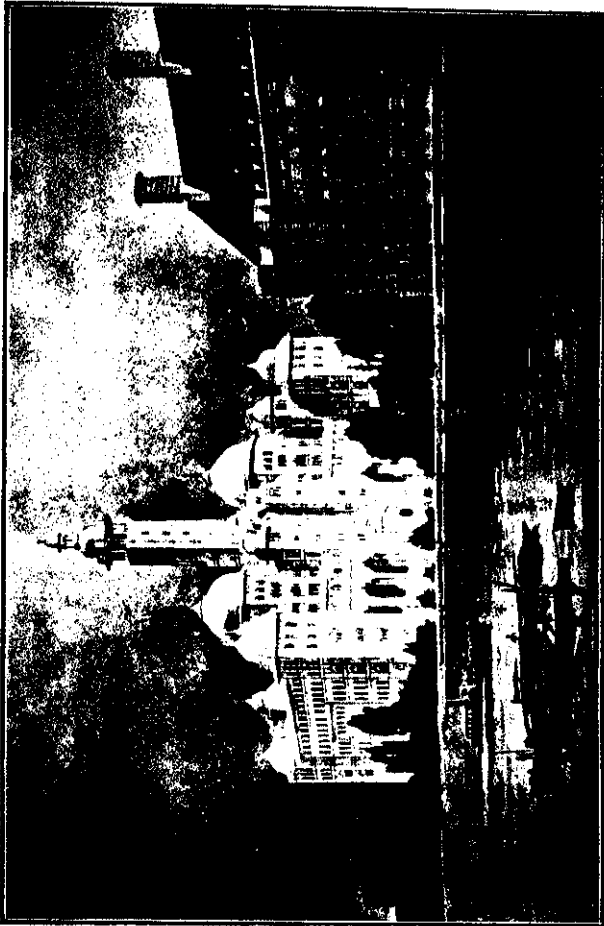


A FIVE-FURLONG SPRINTER AND A MILE GALLOPER.

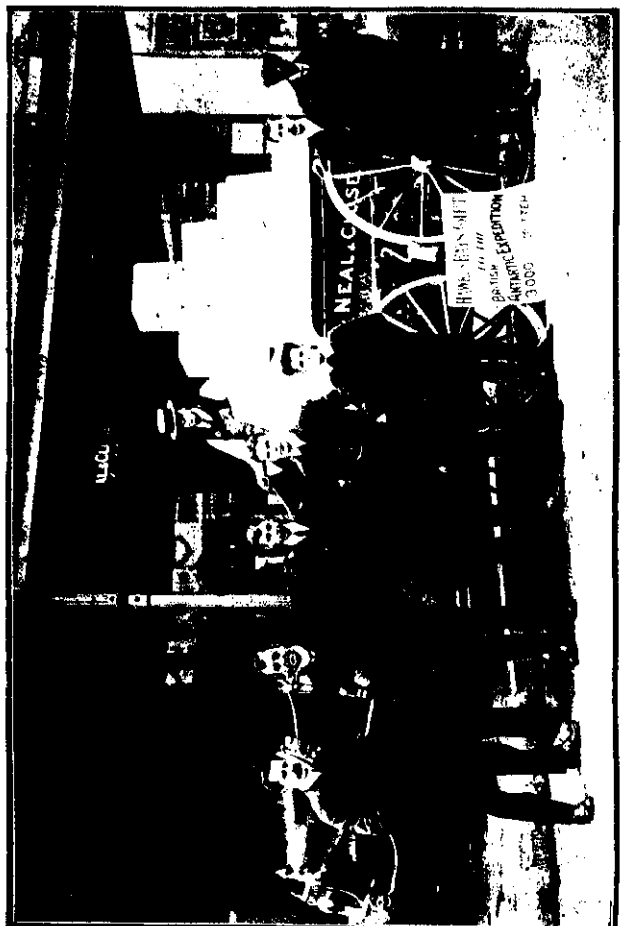
The Spring racing carnival was opened at Ellerslie on November 5th. The attendance was large, probably the largest yet seen at Ellerslie in the Spring. On the left is a picture of the head of Mr. A. Hall's St. Bill, winner of the Sharp's Handicap; and on the right is Mr. F. E. Ross' King Sault, winner of the Great Northern Guineas.



WATCHING THE HUNTERS AT THE MANAWATU A. AND P. SHOW.



THE GREAT INDIAN MUSEUM FOR LONDON.
 It is proposed to build an immense Indian museum in London on a site almost opposite the Houses of Parliament. The building, according to the design illustration above, would cost between £700,000 and £800,000. It would face south, as all Indian buildings should do, and would be a masterpiece of architecture. From the Embankment, the home of treasures from the great Indian Empire would offer a sight at once noble and hospitable.



THREE THOUSAND POUNDS OF BITTER FOR THE ANTARCTIC EXPLORERS.
 Gifts of stores and provisions of various kinds for the British Antarctic Expedition have been forthcoming from the different centres of New Zealand, and our illustration shows part of the Hawke's Bay gift, 3,000 lbs. of butter.



NATURAL SPLENDOR IN MARLBOROUGH.

Marlborough is still an unspoiled province, with lush abounding amongst its big hills and valleys, although the process of development is now going on rapidly. The land is now being taken up for agriculture, a picturesque township on the Pukekohe River, and the beautiful scenery of the State into the Marlborough. (1) A pretty stretch of road through the bush.

C. Knight, photo.



MR. A. LARSEN.



E. Denton, photo.

INTERESTED IN "BUSTER."



MR. H. MARTIS.



MR. C. CATHRO.



MR. E. JONES.

Tesla, photo.

BRAVERY RECOGNISED—RECIPIENTS OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY'S CERTIFICATES.

The four portraits show Messrs. C. Cathro, A. Larsen, H. Martis, and E. Jones, who recently received Royal Humane Society Certificates for saving the lives of three men who were in danger of drowning on the bar of the Wangauli River.



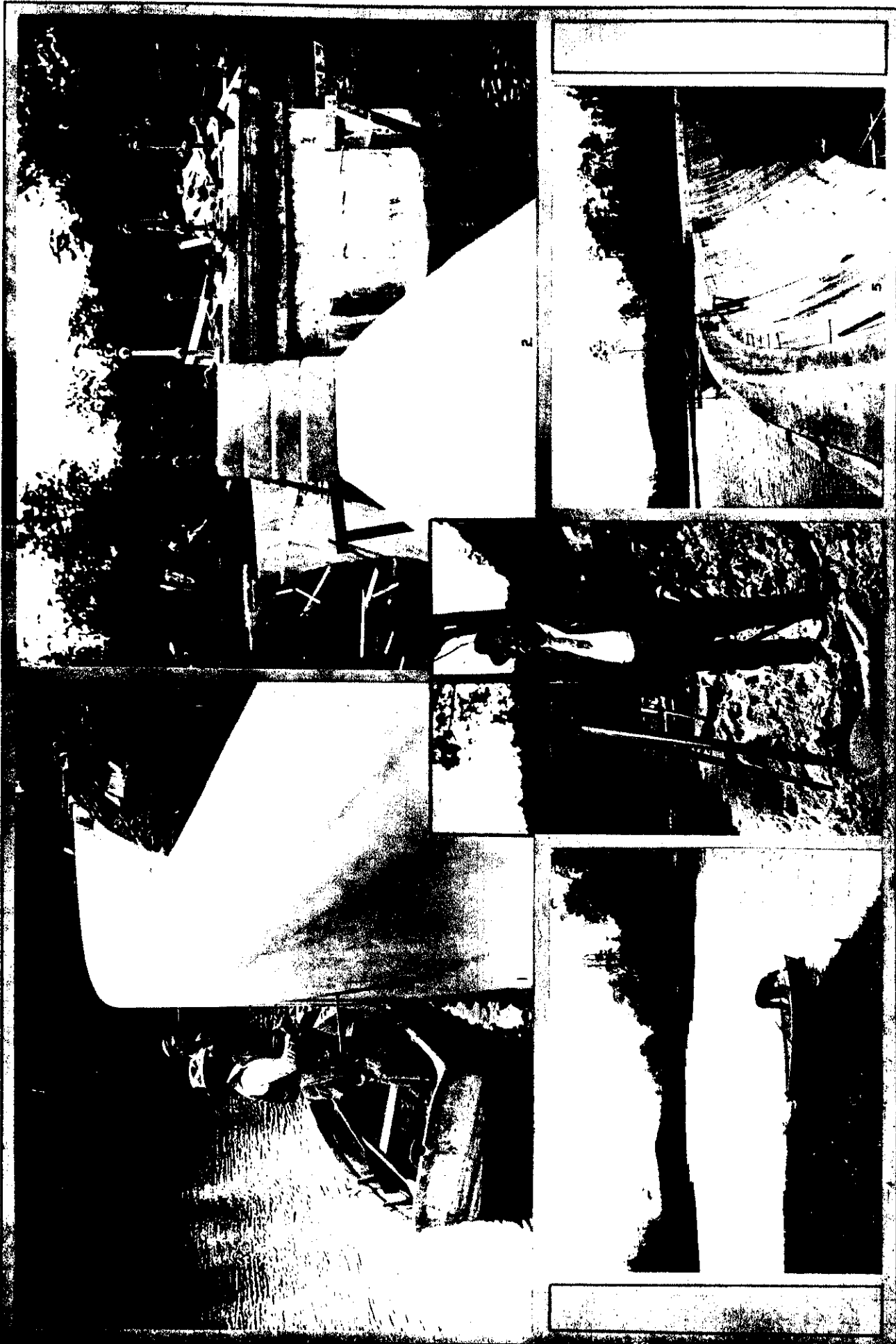
Topical, photo. BUTTING HIS HEAD AGAINST A BRICK WALL.

The rapidly increasing number of aviation accidents has produced various forms of protective gear, designed to take off the shock of a severe fall. The photo shows the latest gear, known as the Marie Aero Jacket—a combination of coat and helmet—which was recommended by the International Conference of the Aerial League at Bologna in September last.



Topical, photo. A DOG WHICH SAVED A FAMILY.

Fire broke out in the Castle Inn, King's Lynn (England), recently, and the family, who were sleeping on the first floor, were awakened by the pet dog shown in the picture. The dog, sleeping in the room where the fire broke out, managed to open a spring door, and running upstairs to its master's room, jumped on the bed and aroused Mr. Kent, the proprietor, and his wife. They managed before escaping to get the children from an adjoining room, and throw them from a window into the arms of policemen below. The dog escaped by jumping, and was caught by a policeman.



250,000,000 GALLONS OF WATER CONSERVED FOR AUCKLAND AT WAITAKEREI.

Mr. Pasteers finishing the surface of the impervious concrete impounding dam. (2) The valve well, from which the water will be taken off into the main. (3) Within 3 ft. 6 in. of the normal level of the impounding reservoir, taken from the opposite end of the dam. (4) Mr. A. Watkins, clerk of works. (5) Another view of the big dam.



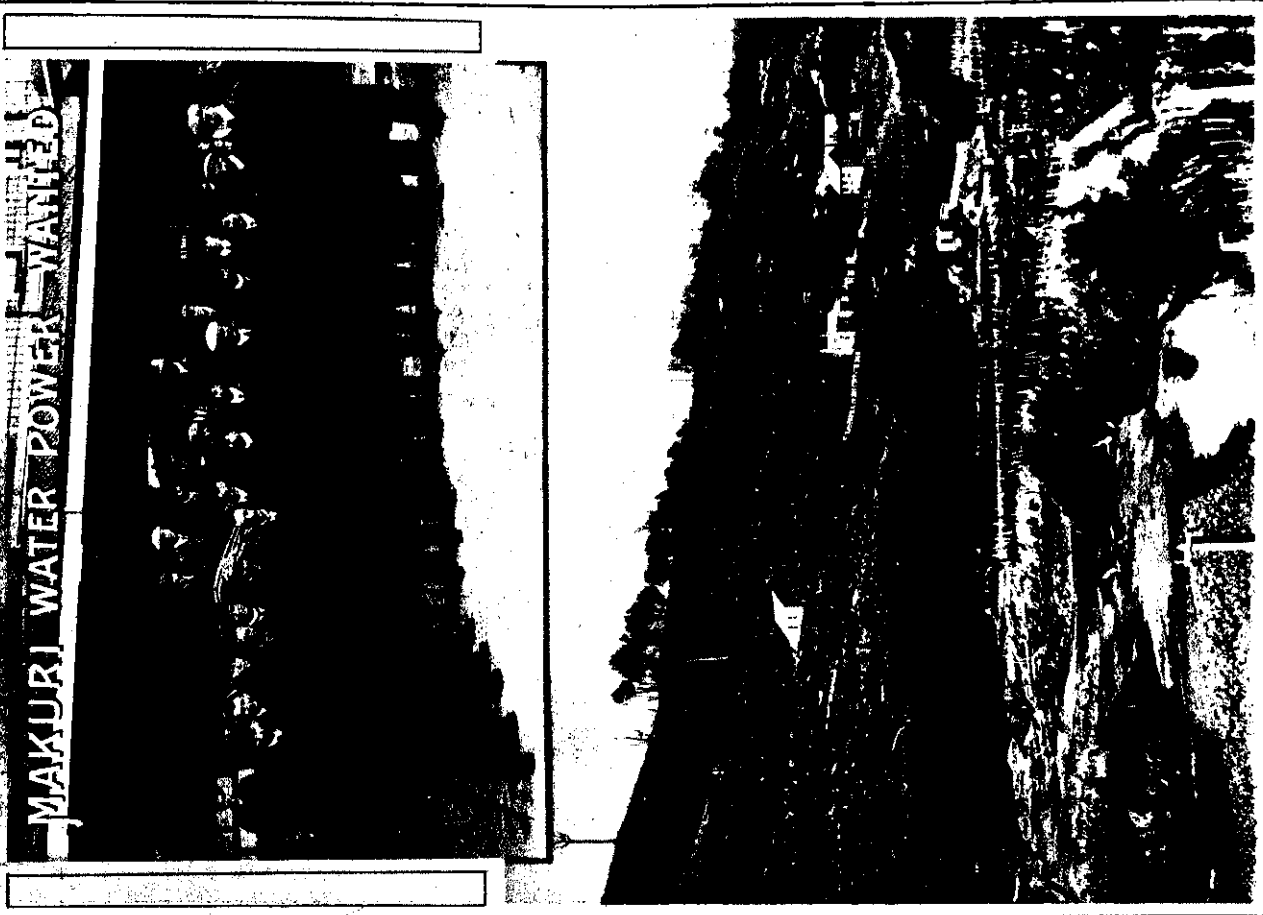
VISITORS WHO ATTENDED THE WELLINGTON COLLEGE SPORTS.



COMPETITORS WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE SPORTS.

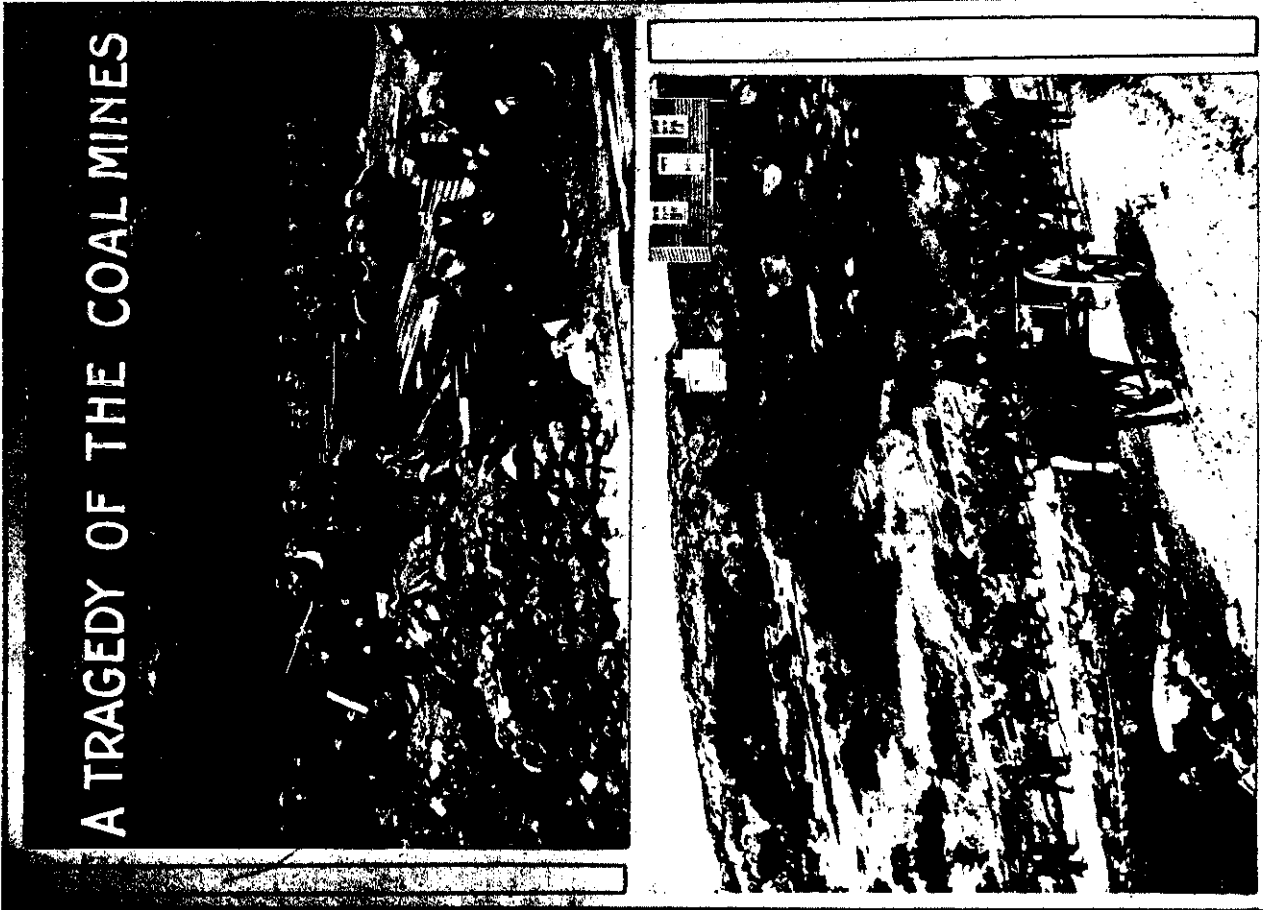
WELLINGTON COLLEGE BOYS HOLD THEIR ANNUAL SPORTS.

The annual athletic meeting of the boys attending the Wellington College took place on November 4. There was a large attendance, and the various contests were splendidly fought out. Of chief interest was the jumping of R. Harris, who broke the school record in the high jump for students under 16 years. He cleared 5ft 4in, the previous record being 4ft 10in. In the 220yds championship, J. R. Ballie got home in 29.25s, equalling the school record put up by F. W. B. Goodale in 1905. M. R. Stewart succeeded in equalling the record (16.15s) in the 120yds hurdle championship, while Harris was again conspicuous by running the half-mile handicap in 2min 18s, equalling the record.



LOCAL BODIES ADVOCATE AN EARLY START.

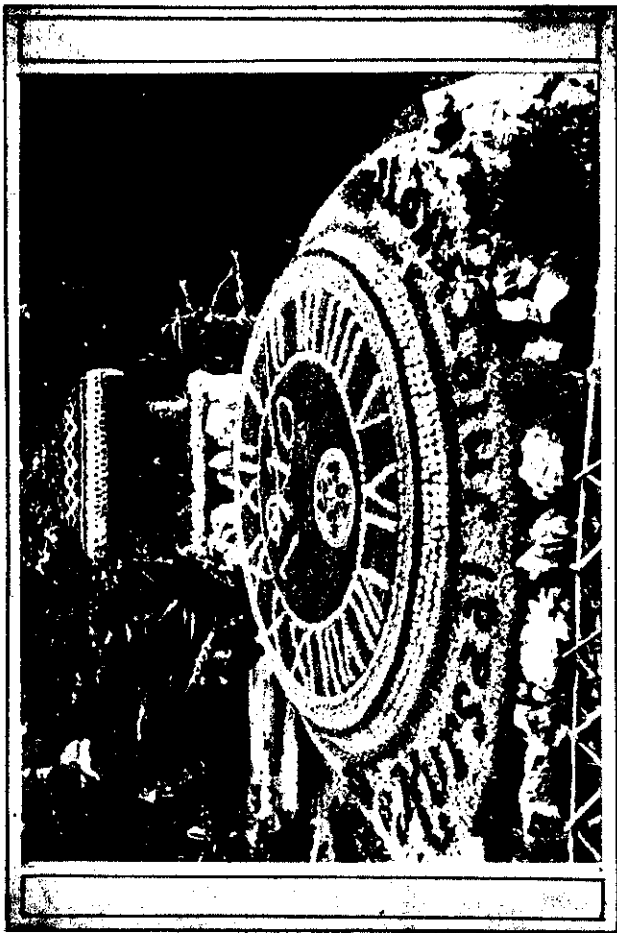
A conference of representatives of adjacent local bodies was called recently by Mr. D. Crowe (Mayor of Pahiatua), for the purpose of considering the Government's proposal to establish an electric power station at Makuru, as part of the big hydro-electric scheme, now engaging the attention of Parliament. The delegates visited the Makuru Gorge, and afterwards in conference decided by a unanimous vote that the Makuru scheme should be one of the first to be carried out by the Government. The upper photo, shows the delegates who attended the conference, and the lower picture is a view of Makuru, the quiet village that hopes to be an important town if the scheme goes through.



TWO MINERS KILLED AT DENNISTON.

A big fall of earth and debris in the Westport Coal Company's Denniston mine, occurred on October 26, resulting in the deaths of two miners, Messrs. Malt and Jim Hays. The bodies of the two men were recovered by further falls of stone. Both bodies were subsequently recovered. The upper photo, shows the men outside the mine waiting to hear if there was any hope, while the second picture shows the funeral procession.

E. T. Robson, photo.



A REMARKABLE FLORAL CLOCK.

This year interesting type of the unusual clock is in the grounds of Inverlaken. Thousands of plants have been used to make up the dial, which is several feet in diameter, as well as to mark the numbers of the hours, minutes and seconds. This strange clock is in full working order, and registers correct time.

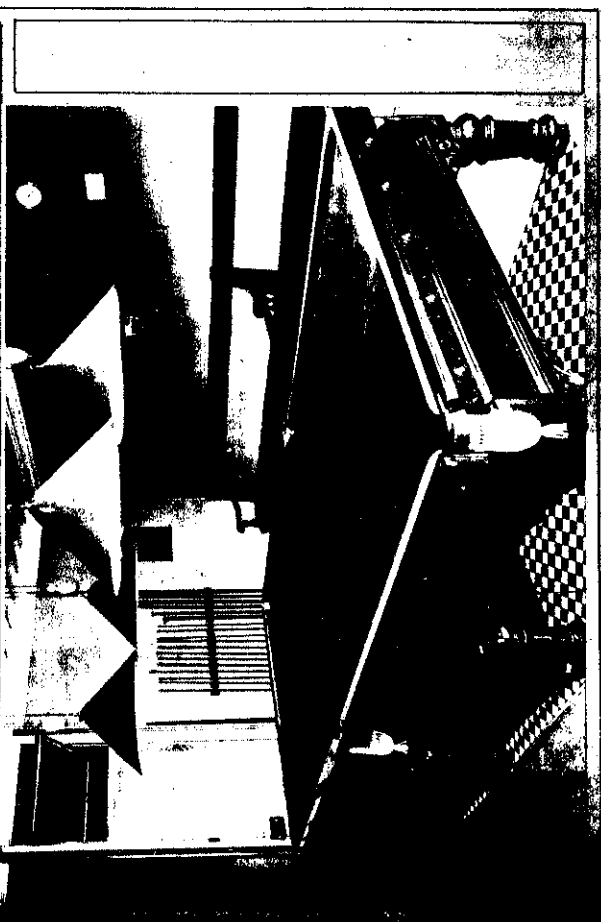
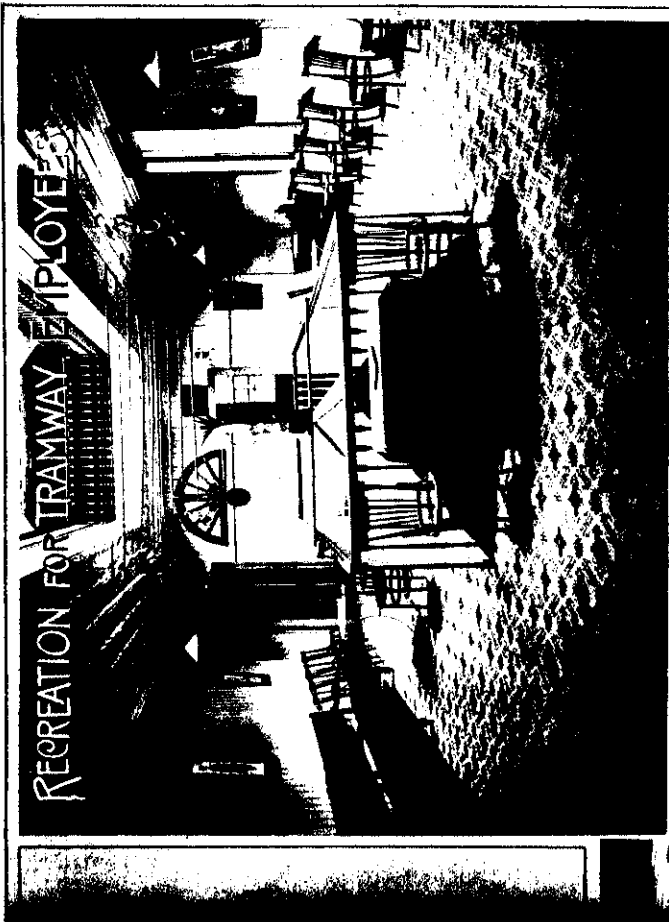
Torfaen, photo.



A FREAK TREE NEAR WAIKAWA.

This peculiar tree is growing near Waikawa, Hawke's Bay. The tree, originally green upright near the base, but fell, and one of the main branches has continued to grow into a quite considerable tree at right angles to the original trunk.

Collier, photo.



A COMFORTABLE CLUB FOR THREEPENCE PER WEEK.

The employees of the Auckland Electric Tramways Coy. have established a comfortable and convenient club in the city, at which they meet during their "off-shift" hours. The club, which has over 300 members, is open to all employees. Club members, long, all the employees, to the number of about 200, will become voluntary members. They pay an entrance fee of 2/6, and weekly contributions of 2d, out of which all expenses are paid. The institution includes a billiard room, reading and writing room, a room for games, and a large committee room. In the summer, fishing excursions are promoted, to say nothing of the annual picnic, always held on Good Friday; the tramway men's "off-day." During the winter months, social evenings are held at the Club. At the Epsom depot, the Company has provided a miniature rifle range for the use of the men. Mr. Walklate, the manager of the Company, is the president of the Club, and takes a great interest in its advancement and welfare.

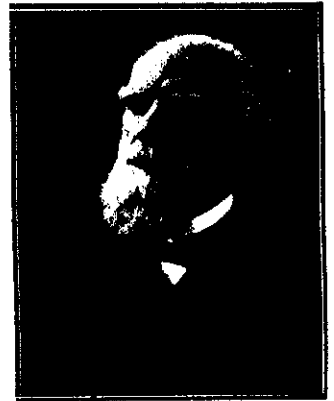


HARVEST TIME IN A SASKATCHEWAN WHEAT FIELD NEAR INDIAN HEAD.

—aliens to each other in religion, language, and customs. A thousand miles of iron-capped, rock-bound, winter-bound wastes lay between Ontario and the little settlement of Red River in Manitoba—not an interest in common between the little province of the west and her sisters to the east. Then came prairie land for a thousand miles, and impassable or rather unpassable mountains for 600 miles before reaching the Pacific province of British Columbia, more completely cut off from the other parts of Canada than Mexico or Panama. In fact, it would have been easier for British Columbia to communicate with Mexico or Panama than with the rest of Canada.

To bind into a cohesive nation these isolated patches of settlement—oases of life in a desert of wilds—seemed a herculean task.

A nation can prosper only as it trades what it draws from the soil. Naturally, these isolated provinces looked just across an invisible boundary to the



LORD STRATHCONA,

"Canny and conservative as his Scotch ancestry."

"The Twentieth Century is Canada's"

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF A PEOPLE JUST DISCOVERING THEIR OWN COUNTRY.

By AGNES C LAUT.

THE twentieth century belongs to Canada." Sir Wilfrid Laurier's prediction seems destined for bigger fulfilment than he himself fully realises. To no one has the marvellous growth of the Dominion come as a greater surprise than to Canadians themselves. Ten years ago such a prophecy as the Premier's would have been regarded as "bounce"—the

own equal in size to the whole of Europe, and with wealth to be developed exceeding the combined national incomes of every country in Europe—Canadian public men realise that they have enough to do without going to Westminster on parochial politics and deceased wife's sister bills.

When Sir William Van Horne used to predict that there would be a population of 100,000,000 in the Canadian North-west, he was openly twitted by the Press. The laugh is now on Sir William's side. And long ago, when the shareholders of the Hudson Bay Fur Company were anxious to sell their enormous holdings of land at a dollar an acre, at fifty cents an acre, at a cent an acre, at any slaughter price they could realise; and when Lord Strathcona (then Donald Smith), their Land Com-

missioner, kept sending back word: "Wait! Wait! Don't sell yet! Hold on! Wait a bit! That country has a future"—it was commonly thought among shareholders that Strathcona must have a long lease of eternity. But he has lived to see land sales that have sent the Company's stock up 1,000 per cent.

As the different Canadian provinces came into the confederation, they were like beads on a string a thousand miles apart. First were the maritime provinces, with western bounds touching the eastern boundary of Quebec, but in reality with the settlements of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island separated from the settlements of Quebec by a thousand miles of untracked forest. Only the Ottawa River separated Quebec from Ontario; but one province was French, the other English-

United States for trade. It was argued as absurd and against the manifest design of nature that the far-distant provinces should trade with one another, much less with England, when the United States was within a day's journey of each province. But the United States erected a tariff wall that Canada could not climb. The struggling Dominion was thrown solely on its own resources. The high tariff that built up American industries was what gave the first impetus to Canada's nationality. It compelled just what confederation lacked—cohesiveness. I will not say that without that high tariff Canadian confederation would have gone to pieces



SIR WILFRID LAURIER,
Premier of Canada since 1896.

after-dinner effusion of a speechifier fond of hearing his own rolling periods. While Canadian politicians were still contending for the honour of playing second-fiddle to Imperial plans, they suddenly awoke to find themselves a nation. They realised all at once that history—and big history, too—was in the making. Instead of the Dominion being dependent on the British Empire, the Empire's most far-seeing statesmen were looking to Canada for the sinews of imperial strength. A few years ago public men in the Dominion seriously talked of Canadian representatives having seats in the British Parliament. To-day they would not take a seat at Westminster as a present. With an empire of their



A RANCHER'S HOME ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIE.



A BUFFALO CEMETERY.

Supposed to be the remains of Chief Pound-maker's last big corral, where an immense herd of buffalo must have been slaughtered by the Indians.

like a rope of sand, but it is safe to say that without it Canadian resources would have gone to build up American cities, American ports, and American railways. Instead of having three trans-continental railways running east and west, the Dominion would have had hundreds of lines running south, feeding the products of Canada's forests and farms and mines into American cities. The American tariff was a good thing for Canada.

Thrown on its own resources, the Dominion set itself to the great task of linking the provinces together, building railways from Atlantic to Pacific and canals from tide-water to the Great Lakes. In actual cash from the Dominion treasury, this cost Canada \$80,000,000; to be exact, \$60,000,000 for the railways and \$22,000,000 for the canals, not counting land grants and private subscription for stock, which would bring up the total expenditure to \$200,000,000. This was a tidy sum for a country with no more population than Greater New York. To put it mildly—it was a staggering burden, as big a burden as Japan and Russia assumed for their war; and their population is respectively 42,000,000 and 120,000,000. Plucky little Canada! I don't wonder that the bond-holders of some of those railways made it hot for the railway men financing them, and that Canadian credit in its early years stood on very shaky legs.

In the case of the Government railway, the Intercolonial from the Maritime Provinces, and the Canadian Pacific from ocean to ocean, the railways preceded population—in fact, preceded the possibility of earning running expenses. Indeed, if Canadian railway magnates would speak, some comical stories could be told—and I hope some day they will be told—of the desperate straits to finance these lines. Two railway magnates, whose success now runs to the hundreds of millions in coin, could tell of times when less than twenty-four hours lay between them and ruin. If the Parliamentary vote had not gone right, or the funds had not been found, construction gangs would have left work, construction magnates would have gone to South America, and construction rails—as one comic paper put it at the time—“would have rusted on the prairie, iron tonic for the cows.”

Those were Canada's pioneer days, when the risks were so big and the task so hard that men forget that there could be such a thing as future prosperity. It was a financial fight for national existence—a time when many were disposed to throw up the sponge and shout annexation. That day is past. That was Canada's seed-time; this is its harvest. And the difficulties of financing its railways were repeated in every walk of life—farming, mining, lumbering, manufacturing. Here was the stuff! Could a market be found or be created for it?

It used to be a stock apology for hard times in Canada that a country with a big neighbour next door was bound to be dwarfed industrially. It never seemed to dawn on the apologists

—and I am sorry to say that half the papers that are now shouting in Canada were “clammy howlers” in the hard days—that the swift progress of the United States meant exhaustion of natural resources, and the moment that point was reached, the tide of development would turn to Canada.

When one surveys Canada, the facts are so big as to be bewildering.

In the first place, the area of the Dominion is within a few thousand miles of the area of all Europe.

Suppose a population in Eastern Canada equal to France—which is absurd, for Quebec alone would support France's population—and a population in Manitoba equal to the British Isles, and in Saskatchewan equal to France, and in Alberta equal to Germany, and in British Columbia equal to Germany! This is ignoring the Yukon, Mackenzie River, Keewatin, and Labrador, taking only the parts of Canada proved habitable, whose lands are surveyed and whose climate has been tested. You have a possible population of 200,000,000. The figures are staggering.

Lord Strathcona, canny and conservative as his Scotch ancestry—whose eighty-six years have witnessed the growth of the United States population to 85,000,000, and whose colossal fortune is directly the result of his faith in Canada's progress—forecasts the Dominion's population within the next century at 80,000,000. He bases his estimate on what has taken place in the States.

Just when the free lands of the United States are exhausted and the Federal Government is putting up bars to keep out the penniless immigrant, Canada is in a position to open her doors wide. Of 171,000,000 acres of free prairie land in the West, surveyed and climatically fit for wheat, only 5,000,000 are now occupied. One-sixth only of Manitoba is occupied, and less than a tenth of the other Western provinces. Of the Great Clay Belt in Northern Ontario and the Great Forest Belt in Northern Quebec, not one per cent is yet taken up. At 80,000,000, Strathcona places the population of Canada within a century!

But, it may be said, these facts are potential. What is being actually done?

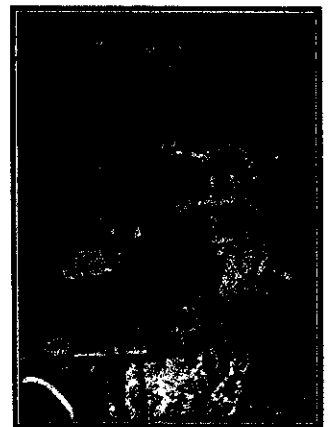
First, as to immigration. More than 200,000 people a year are entering Canada; 189,000 may be classed as immigrants, 20,000 comprises the floating population of well-to-do visitors—in a word, the Pullman car passengers whom the immigration inspectors do not enumerate. Of the immigrants, 57,000 are from the Western States, not including those Americans who are gradually getting possession of the best mines and vast timber regions, bringing their crews with them. But yesterday Ministers of the Interior apologised to Winnipeg audiences for the lack of immigration by saying that they “could not take immigrants by the scruff of the neck and force them into the country.” No such apologies are heard to-day. Under the present Minister

of the Interior, immigration has increased at the rate of 50,000 a year.

Next as to wheat. Only one-sixth of Manitoba's wheat lands are cultivated. That one-sixth yielded 87,000,000 bushels of wheat in one year—one-tenth of the entire wheat production of the United States. When all Manitoba's wheat lands are occupied, it will be producing half as much wheat as the whole United States; and Manitoba is the smallest of the wheat producing provinces—is, in fact, only one-third the size of Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The mind fails to grasp the wealth which this means to farmer, and railway shareholder, and miller. Indirectly, the result is seen in the stocks of the railways and the milling companies and the land companies, which have doubled in the case of the railways, trebled in the case of the milling companies, and gone up 100 per cent in case of the land companies.

If you get the figures on the wheat fields of Canada, or the wheat fields of the United States, you will find that a single year's yield of wheat at the lowest current price in the history of wheat brings more cash in by millions of pounds than the richest yield of the richest goldfields in the world.



A HIGH-GRADE COBALT-SILVER VEIN.

The geologist's hammer shows the width of the vein. In less than two years of development, Cobalt has a record of 20 shipping mines and a total output of nearly £1,000,000 in silver ore.

Canada's mines are on the same bewilderingly big scale as her wheat lands. It is an odd coincidence that the Dominion mines have yielded just about what would repay its first cash outlay in railways and canals, namely,



IN THE WINTER-BOUND WASTES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

£80,000,000—£20,000,000 in gold from the Yukon within the last ten years; £50,000,000 in gold (placer and lode), silver, lead, copper, and coal from British Columbia; another £10,000,000 in gold and coal from the eastern provinces. Only one-tenth of Canada's mineral regions have yet been explored. All Labrador, all Keewatin, all Mackenzie River, the most of the Peace River and Athabasca, nine-tenths of British Columbia and the Yukon are still a terra incognita for the prospector. What these unknown mineralised regions may yield may only be inferred from discoveries daily being made. Two cases will illustrate—the uncovering of nickel and cobalt beds in Northern Ontario.

For years anybody who has travelled over the iron wastes between the Ottawa River and the Great Lakes, must have felt convinced that mines would some day be discovered under those leagues upon leagues of weathered, mineral-stained rocks east and west of Port Arthur. When the railway was cut through the rocks at Sudbury, ore beds were discovered. They were thought to be copper, and actually bonded over to American capitalists as such. What was the amazement of the different mining companies when returns came back from the first shipments to learn that the mines were not copper, but nickel—the largest ore-beds of that rare metal in the world. How the mines of these disappointed capitalists were first exploited and finally opened is a romance by itself. Only one other country has such a supply of the metal most needed in war for vessels and gun works—France, in the mines at New Caledonia. There was the usual long period of experiment and discouragement and outlay, and, if governmental returns be correct, only £1,800,000 worth of the nickel has been mined to the present time; but when the great gun works of Europe heard of the find, and that the deposit had been proved, they offered to buy over the entire output of the mines to all time. To the American public, interest in the discovery centres round the fact that America now has an inexhaustible supply of the metal alloy for armaments that is almost ball-proof. The discovery has revolutionised armour-plating for the American navy.

The discovery of cobalt came in almost the same way. The Temiscamingus railway construction gangs at the headquarters of the Ottawa turned up ore. It was thought to be low-grade silver or copper. A specimen was sent to Toronto, 300 miles away, for analysis. Meanwhile, a long-headed young fellow,

Kootenay, then in the Yukon. In both Kootenay and the Yukon Americans were on the spot first. They had proved the mines to be producers, and had skimmed the cream of the profits before conservative Canadians would invest. The consequences were that when the Canadian capitalist did invest, he found

loss, with the result that almost every servant girl in Ontario contributed hard-earned wages to these sharks. So when the official report stated that the specimen of ore was cobalt-silver that would run from £140 to £160 a ton, Eastern Canada turned a deaf ear. What with Kootenay and Yukon, it



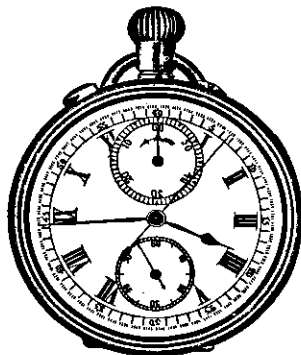
WINTER IN THE SELKIRKS.

who had been earning a pittance at school-teaching and surveying in the region, took himself off for a hurried course in mineralogy. The official report on the specimen was so fabulous that the people of Ontario would not believe it. Ontario had been terribly bitten in the two mining booms, first in

many of the Kootenay and Yukon mines worked out. Instead of cream, he found skim-milk, and he at once proceeded to recoup himself by putting on a brave face. He boomed his worked-out mine, floated the venture with an absurdly big capital, and sold enough cheap shares to pay himself for his own

had had enough of mines for some time. History repeated itself. Americans rushed in during the fall of 1905 at the rate of 1,000 a day. When actual ore shipments were made to New York and New Jersey and actual cash sent back in cheques of £60,000 and £80,000 for a load—the ore running £140 and £160 a

A NEW WATCH.

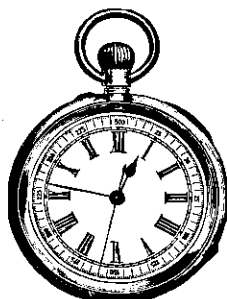


THE Independent Centre Seconds Watch (Flyback) with continuous starting and stopping action from side push piece, and flyback return to zero from winder.

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 net 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 is quite INDEPENDENT of the watch, which goes on when the C.S. is stopped.

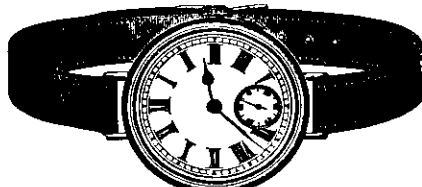
SILVER, £10.

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THE NURSE'S WATCH.

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Ditto, finest quality, £5
OXYDISED, £2 17/6, £4 4/

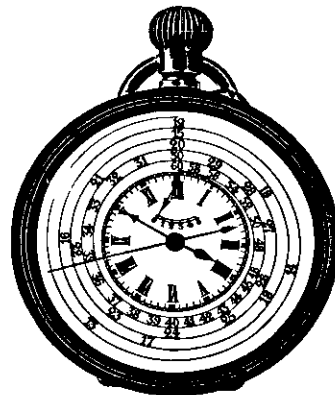


WRISTLET WATCH.

FINEST QUALITY.

GOLD, £13. SILVER, £8

MILOMETER CHRONOGRAPH.



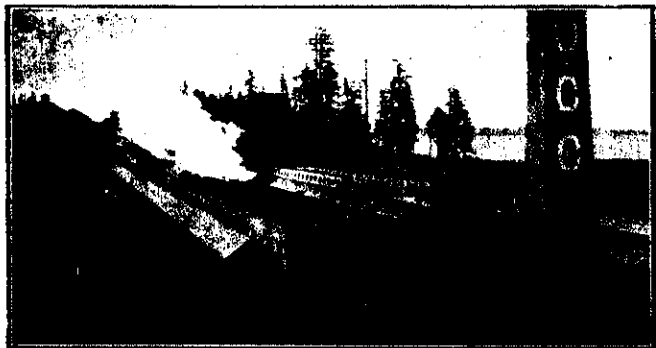
INDISPENSABLE TO MOTORISTS AND CYCLISTS, Etc.

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



COKE OVENS OF THE UNION COLLIERIES CO., VANCOUVER ISLAND.

Experts have reported that if coal were taken from the Crow's Nest Pass region alone at the rate of from 4,000,000 to 10,000,000 tons a year that field would not be exhausted in less than 5,000 years. Nature seems to have made a provision that is almost providential—that in those regions barren of fuel in forests, the earth should contain almost inexhaustible resources of coal.

ton as the official report had stated—Canada woke up and went mildly wild. The mining camp became the town of Cobalt, with a mushroom population; and if history is still further to repeat itself, the next thing in order is a series of wild-cat promoter schemes at inflated paper capital to filch the servant girls' wages. And sure enough, such advertisements are now going the rounds of the American Press! Meanwhile, the young man who took the hurried course in mineralogy and had staked out a claim before the rest of Canada had wakened up is estimated to be a millionaire. At least, a New York company offered him £3,000,000 for his claim. The sale of his interests to the Guggenheims was reported in October.

The discovery of the vast nickel beds and of the cobalt-silver resulted from railways penetrating unexplored regions. As I said before, nine-tenths of Canada's mineral regions are unexplored. Again and again when I was going over the daily journals at the Hudson Bay for hunters, who tracked all parts of the wilds for furs, I found reports of "minerals here." But the company did not want minerals. They wanted furs. The report of minerals was ignored. If the old journals' prediction of copper in Labrador and silver on the Coppermine and galena and gold from MacKenzie to the Rockies be likewise verified, Canada's lethargy regarding its mines

A Sweeping Satisfaction

BISSELL'S NEW "Cyco" BALL BEARING Carpet Sweeper

represents the latest and highest development of the carpet sweeper art: runs so easily a mere touch propels it; adjusts itself automatically to all grades of carpets or rugs. Removing dust and grit with ease and thoroughness unknown to any other make of sweeper.

No other cleaning device either takes the place of or can supplant the

End view of sweeper showing application of Ball Bearings to driving wheels, which are forced tightly against the brush pulley as slight pressure is put on the handle, insuring a positive rotation of the brush.



Bissell

is ours is the ever-ready, handy machine that is needed daily in every home and that is within the purchasing power of the masses of the people. The drudgery of sweeping is unknown to the woman using a latest improved Bissell.

Just consider that a Bissell Sweeper will last longer than fifty corn brooms or rugs.

For sale by all the best trade.

Prices, "CYCO" Bearing 14/- to 25/-

"Cyco" BALL BEARING 15/- to 29/-

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.

25 Warren St., New York, U. S. A.

IF YOU HAVE BEEN DRINKING SOME TASTELESS SUBSTITUTE FOR BEER—

AND FEEL OUT OF SORTS,
MIND SLUGGISH,
NERVES ON EDGE,
SPIRITS LOW,
STOP IT—AND DRINK

DOG'S HEAD BASS

ORDER IT IN NIP BOTTLES.

EVERY GENUINE

NIP OF BASS

BEARS THIS LABEL



LADIES' WHITE AND TAN BOOTS AND SHOES

Over 2000 pairs of WHITE BOOTS AND SHOES NOW OPENED.

LADIES' WHITE WALKING SHOES, 0/6 and 4/8 pair

LADIES' WHITE TENNIS SHOES, 2/6, 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 hedrock prices.

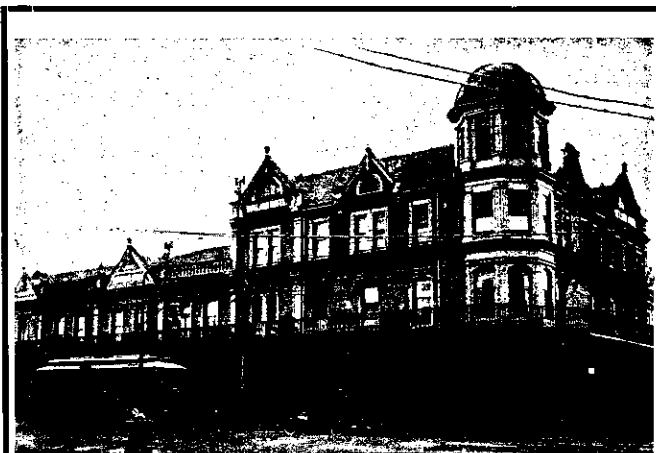
LADIES' TAN SHOES, 7/11 to 15/6

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THE RUTLAND

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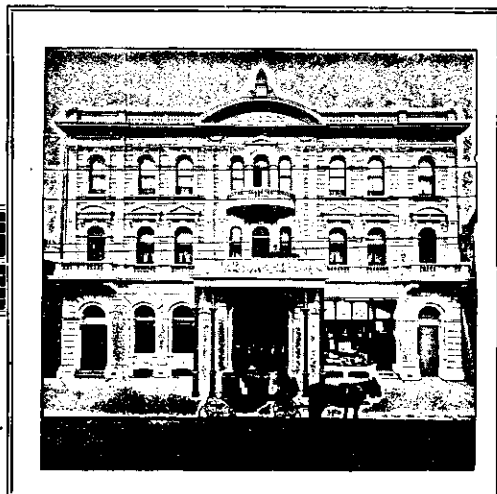
Private Suites of Apartments, Tourists, Travellers, and Families can rely on Accommodation surpassed by none in New Zealand.

Eight Large and Commodious Sample Rooms.

T. LAWLESS, Proprietor.

EMPIRE HOTEL,

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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.

will receive some rude jolts in the near future.

But it is from its coal-beds that Canada will draw greater wealth than from the precious metals. The coal mines of Vancouver Island, and Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, need not be described here. They have already produced coal of as much value as the gold placers of the Yukon—close on £20,000,000. But these are not the big coal mines of Canada. The big coal area is just east of the Rockies, above the boundary extending north with intermittent barren areas 500 miles, as far as Peace River.

Only one part of this enormous field

has been sufficiently exploited to give any definite data as to its capacity. That is the field at the Crow's Nest Pass, just forty miles north of the boundary. These mines have been opened only a short time. The yield of a million tons a year is purely an experiment. Nevertheless the results uncovered can hardly be grasped. I give the estimate of two different experts. Both were Government geologists. Neither owned one cent's worth of stock in any mine. Both gave their estimate before the mines were taken over by a stock company. One

Continued on page 60.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BANFF, FROM MOUNT SULPHUR.

An important town of about 600 population in the province of Alberta, about 560 miles east from Vancouver. It is the headquarters of the Canadian National Park, and the whole town is the property of the Dominion Government and is under the control of the Park Superintendent. The Park has an area of 5732 square miles, and is situated on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. It contains the last large Canadian herd of buffalo.



ONE OF CIVILISATION'S OUTPOSTS.

A trader's post at Resolution, Great Slave Lake. These stations are headquarters for the steady barter maintained between the trappers and the company. In return for furs the hunters receive "credit," redeemable at the stores for provisions, merchandise, ammunition, and all other necessities of primitive life. Thousands of square miles are served by one of the "factories."



THE CREIGHTON NICKEL-COPPER MINE NEAR COPPER CLIFF, ONTARIO.

The mine is worked as an open quarry. Ore carrying 5 per cent. nickel and 21-2 per cent. copper was being taken out at the rate of 1000 tons per day.

Stewart Dawson & Co.

— N.Z. LIMITED, —

QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

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

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

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

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

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

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

J1047—Greenstone and Gold Brooch, **12/6**

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

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

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

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

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

J2022—Silver and Blue Enamel Toilet Pot, **7/6**

Enamel Pin Charm **3/6**

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

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.

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.

Napier Amateur Horticultural Society.—Summer Show, November 23. Chrysanthemum Show, April, 1911. Hon. Secretary, J. G. H. Murdoch, P.O. Box 35, Napier.

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

Huntly Horticultural Show. November 23 and 24.

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.

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

Kaponga Horticultural Society.—Annual Show, Athenaeum Hall, February 16, 1911. L. H. Baigent, Hon. Secretary.

Timaru Floral and Horticultural Society.—Autumn Show, Olympia Hall, Timaru, February 16 and 17, 1911.—Hon. Secretary, James K. McDonald, Beverley Road.

Eketahuna.—March 3, 1911.

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

Vegetable.—Beans (Dwarf, French, and Runners), Beet, Broccoli, Carrot, Cucumber, Melons, Peas, Pumpkins. Parsnip, Saladings, Sugar Corn, Turnips.

Flower.—Balsam, Celosia, Cosmos, Cockscomb, Phlox, Portulacca, Zinnias.

Plant Out Tomatoes, Cape Gooseberries, Capsicum, Celery, Kumeras, Melons, Chrysanthemums, Dahlias, Phlox, Salvia, etc.

GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

Push on with planting out as speedily as possible. Tomatoes, kumeras, melons, etc., should be got in their growing quarters. Continue sowings of peas, kidney beans, and runners every ten days for succession. Plant out celery, and sow radish, mustard and cress, etc., for salads every week, in order to keep up an abundant supply. Potatoes planted this month are most useful for seed. Carrots and turnips sow for succession, thin those advancing; earth up potatoes and spray. Mulch strawberries to keep the fruit clean. Thrashed straw, free from weeds,

is a good mulch or grass from the lawn may be employed.

Keep lawns clean and tidy by frequent mowings and rolling. Clip grass edgings. Weed paths and get all beds and borders in good order.

Fruit trees require constant attention this month to cope with the Codlin moth pest; spraying with Swift's Arsenate of Lead should commence as the blossom falls, and be continued every two weeks.

There is an immense amount of work in the flower garden to get through. Dahlias must be planted out as soon as sufficiently hardened. Fuchsias and bouvardias plant out and give a mulch of old manure. Chrysanthemums which have been struck during winter, can be planted out this month, select a well-manured part of the garden for them and water freely. Carnations require thinning, disbudding and tying up. Topdress with old manure to encourage a healthy growth of "grass" for layering.

Amaranthus, celosias, petunias, phlox drummondii, etc., plant out, and also salvias. These are all splendid subjects in the garden, and should be plentifully

AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

SWEET PEA AND CARNATION CARNIVAL.

It has been decided by the executive of this Society to make the show to be held on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of December next a big event. The committee have taken up the matter unanimously, and are working with enthusiasm to make the carnival a huge success. The event will take place within the Metropolitan Grounds, and the various exhibits will be displayed in tents. An influential committee of ladies will assist the executive in arranging details of the numerous attractions for the public. Mr Brett, who recently visited the great Shrewsbury Show in England, is entering heartily into the project, and placing valuable information before the committee. Any suggestions our readers may have to offer will be carefully considered; these should be sent without delay to the secretary, Mr W. Wallace Bruce.

machine, and development of many other heretofore 'impossible' things, to witness this latest triumph in the realm of growing things—The Blue Rose. The easiest way to describe it is to say it is a Blue Crimson Rambler—that is, imagine a climbing rose with all the strength and vigour of the Crimson Rambler, covering immense spaces with its wondrous heavy canes and large, splendid foliage, and bearing immense trusses of roses, all the way from twenty to one hundred in number, but, instead of the gorgeous crimson flowers we all know so well, picture it in your mind with similar clusters of exquisitely beautiful violet-blue roses. The rose world is wild about the blue roses, and we expect even our enormous stock of the plants to be speedily exhausted. This wonderful production of the heretofore elusive colour in the rose world is a seedling from the Crimson Rambler discovered by a poor German florist. What a beautiful effect can be produced by having a red, white, and blue Rambler all trailing on the same porch, fence, or



CHOICE DOUBLE ZINNIA.

planted where a fine display is wanted. Tie up sweet peas to their supports, as they advance, and when the buds show freely give some liquid manure once or twice a week.

Double Zinnias.

These are exceedingly showy annuals well worthy of a place in the garden. They are of easy culture, and there is a wide range of colours. They stand the dry weather and continue in flower for a long time. Zinnias are very useful for cutting. Plants can be bought from Nurserymen at a trifling cost. There are several varieties including Zebra striped, but we consider the Double Grandiflora varieties give the best results. The flowers do not all come true; there are always some singles and semi-doubles, but many growers prefer to have a few of these.

We congratulate the committee on their plucky venture, and sincerely trust their efforts will be rewarded, as they certainly deserve to be, by witnessing the biggest and best exhibition ever seen in Australasia. Here is something new, and on a scale never before attempted here, and the general public in town and country should note the dates and turn out in thousands; we feel sure they will.

THE BLUE ROSE AGAIN.

When our American friends make a real effort at description they generally produce wonderful results. With the rambling Rose Veilchenblau as subject, the following description was given in a circular sent out by an enterprising American florist:—"It is here at last, and it has remained for this first decade of the twentieth century, which has seen the discovery of the North Pole, the practical application of the flying

trellis, forming the national colours, or even on the lawn, or in the rose garden. It is a mistaken idea that ramblers have to have a support; they can be grown very successfully in bush form."—"Gardener's Magazine."

CARNATIONS FOR EXHIBITION.

Where carnations are required for the show bench, it will be necessary to thin-out the flower stalks, and also to disbud the stalks, leaving only the strongest or centre bud. The stalks should be supported with stakes and carefully tied with raffia. Should the carnation grub exist in any bed, the plants can be sprayed with Swift's arsenate of lead, using one ounce to, say, 16 gallons of water. Carnations will be greatly benefited by mulching with old manure; fowl droppings lightly sprinkled between the rows can be used with advantage.

The Paeony-flowered Dahlia.

Dear Veronica.—Referring to the remarks of "an Auckland amateur" on the paeony dahlia, published in last week's "Graphic," I am aware that many growers of dahlias have in the past taken but little interest in this new type, but I believe from what I witnessed last year at the Shrewsbury Show that the paeony dahlia will become very popular. I imported a few varieties last year, and was successful in growing blooms equal to any exhibited in England. The plants were greatly admired by all who visited my garden last autumn. Many of the varieties, including the Geisha and Queen Wilhelmina (varieties no doubt new to "An Auckland Amateur"), have much stronger flower stalks than the cactus dahlia, and the plants make a gorgeous show in the border. Like other varieties of dahlias, they are not at present of much value as cut flowers, but I venture to predict that within a few years they will become very popular for planting in a large bed or border. Many of the varieties catalogued are not worth growing, as is the case with some of the cactus, the stems being too short to carry the blooms above the growth, but

has a high opinion of the future of the paeony dahlia, and will be sending out some of the best varieties this season. The paeony dahlia, in my opinion, has come to stay.—Yours faithfully,

H. BRETT.

NATIONAL DAHLIA SOCIETY.

September 7, 8.—Since the amalgamation of this society with the London Dahlia Union two exhibitions have been held annually. The first one, which is usually the more important event, for the present season, took place, as in former years, at the Crystal Palace on these dates. The weather was fine, and the attendance on the opening day was greater than usual.

NURSERYMENS' CLASSES.

The show varieties still take precedence in this section, and the largest class in this section was arranged for 48 blooms, distinct. There were three entries, the first prize being won by Mr. John Walker, Thame, whose best blooms

Keynes, Williams and Co., Salisbury, first and second prizes being awarded in this order. Mr. Seale's best examples were Daniel Cornish, Duchess of York, Gracchus, Chieftain, Eclipse, and R. T. Rawlings; whilst a selection of Messrs. Keynes, Williams and Co.'s varieties included Mr. Glasscock, R. T. Rawlings, Wm. Rawlings, John Walker, Keynes A1, Miss Ormonde, and Mrs. Langtry.

Fancy Dahlias.—There were two classes exclusively for fancy dahlias, and one for show and fancy dahlias intermixed. The largest class for fancies was arranged for 13 blooms distinct, and it attracted three exhibitors. Mr. John Walker secured the first prize with a good display. Outstanding varieties in his exhibit were T. W. Girdlestone, Rev. J. B. Camm Wm. Shaldou, Mrs. Saunders, M. Campbell, Comedian, and John Cocker. Second, Mr. W. Tresseder.

For 12 distinct blooms Messrs. Keynes, Williams and Co. led with a very creditable stand, having such sorts as Rev. J. B. Camm, Dandy, Mrs. Saunders, Henry Clark, Tom Perryman, Gold Crest, and Matthew Campbell. Mr. Seale followed closely, having specially good flowers of Claret Cup, Nansen, and Mrs. Saunders.

den-yellow passing to bronze at the tips), Tokyo (salmon and yellow), Arrow (bronze), Irresistible (a very heavy bloom, with incurved florets suffused with rose on a yellow ground), Snowflake (white), Viscount (brick red), Albatross (white), and Crystal (soft rose tipped with white). The other blooms included one of H. H. Thomas, which was awarded the Silver Medal offered for the best cactus-flowered dahlia in the nurserymen's classes.

There was a keen competition for 48 blooms distinct shown on boards, and Messrs. Stredwick and Sons won the premier prize with a grand stand of blooms, the 2nd prize exhibit, shown by Messrs. James Bayrell and Co., was also remarkable for its high quality.

There were two exhibits in a class for 12 varieties of garden Cactus Dahlias, 6 blooms of each variety arranged in a vase with hardy foliage in grasses, Messrs. J. Cheal and Sons and Mr. M. B. Seale were the only exhibitors; the 1st and 2nd prizes being awarded in the order of their names. Messrs. Cheal showed such sorts as Snowdon, Hon. Mrs. Grauville, Ivy Shoebridge, and Mrs. C. Foster, arranged with Eulalia zebrina, Berberis, Maples, and Asparagus.



WHITE PAEONY DAHLIA, QUEEN WILHELMINA.

there are now several paeony dahlias, including the Geisha, Queen Wilhelmina, Attraction, and others, which have stiff stems, and the blooms stand out clear from the foliage. Messrs. Baker (of Wolverhampton), Debbie and Co., H. Cannell and Co., and other nurserymen have taken up the paeony dahlia, and these firms exhibited some of the best and latest varieties at the Royal Horticultural Show held in London last August. The large display staged by Messrs. Baker attracted a great deal of attention. In their collection they exhibited new varieties which I have not seen, including Mrs. A. McKeller, Col. J. St. G. Wolseley, Lady Saville, and the Warrior. A report of the society's meeting published in "The Gardener," states that Messrs. T. Ware and Co. staged Mrs. George Gordon, a new variety (white) of much merit. Mr. Caleb Smith, nurseryman, Adelaide, South Australia,

were Chieftain (purplish-lilac), Blush Gem, T. W. Girdlestone (a grand variety of richest purple colour), Purple Prince, Daniel Cornish (reddish), Wm. Rawlings (crimson and purple), Mrs. Slack, Tom Jones, Mr. Glasscock, Southern Queen, John Hickling (a grand yellow variety), A. Rawlings (very choice), Standard, John Walker (one of the best of white show dahlias), Mariner, Diadem, and Mrs. Langtry (generally good in this show). Second, Mr. S. Mortimer, Rowledge, Farnham, Surrey, with large, but hardly so refined, blooms as in the first prize exhibit. Some of the best were Blush Gem, Glowworm (orange red), Pleasance, Chieftain, Tom Jones (creamy with a suffusion of pink), David Johnson, and Florence Tranter (a variety with pale-coloured florets edged with purple).

In the smaller class for 24 blooms distinct, there were two exhibitors, Mr. M. V. Seale, Sevenoaks, and Messrs.

The better of two exhibits of show and fancy dahlias intermixed was exhibited by Messrs. J. Cheal and Sons, Crawley.

Cactus Dahlias.—The most important class for cactus varieties is that in which a Silver Challenge Cup is offered for the first prize. Messrs. James Stredwick and Sons, Silverhill, St. Leonards, again proved invincible, making the eighth consecutive win. It is usual for this firm to show in this class their principal novelties for the year, and on this occasion they exhibited 11 new varieties in the display. The finest of these is named after Dr. Roy Appleton, the florets being pink with a yellow base and very pointed, giving a star-like appearance to the flower, the other new ones were H. L. Brousson (with thread-like florets, coloured dark rose passing to white in the centre), Mrs. Douglas Flemming, Golden Eagle (gol-

Pompon Dahlias.—These were shown remarkably well, Mr. Charles Turner winning in the largest class, which was for 24 varieties in bunches of 10 blooms each. He showed Annie Donaster, Darkest of All, Portia, Queen of Whites, Guinevere, Wilfred, Mary, Phyllis, Sylvia, Zerlina, Beal, Cyril, Little Mary, Ganymede, Bacchus, and others.

Single Dahlias were rather less refined than usual. There were three exhibitors in the class for 24 varieties, Messrs. J. Cheal and Sons being the most successful with good blooms of Miss Roberts, Elaine (white), Columbine, Victoria, Leslie Seale, Alice Castle, Kitty, and Miss Morland.

Paeony-flowered Dahlias, shown in vases, appeared ungloriously, Geisha (reddish on orange), Bella Donna (blush) and Bayard (red and yellow). Shown in Mr. C. Turner's 1st prize group, appeared to us most.

AMATEUR CLASSES.

There was rather more competition amongst amateur exhibitors, there being in our class no fewer than 10 groups. For 24 blooms of show and fancy Dahlias, distinct. Mr H. Cooper, the Hamlet Chippendale, was placed 1st for shapely, well-coloured blooms of R. J. Rawlings, Rev. Canon. H. Rawlings, Mr J. Downey, Mabel, Chieftain, Mr Peter MacFensey, H. Keith, J. Walker, Mrs Saunders, Mrs Langtry, Norma, and others.

Mr Cooper was also 1st for 12 Show Dahlias, distinct, having six competitors, his closest rival being Mr A. Robbins.

The Silver Challenge Cup, offered by the Crystal Palace Co. for six vases of garden Cactus Dahlias intermingled with suitable foliage, was won by the Rev. Arthur Bridge, Worth Rectory, Sussex, and he also carried off the Silver Challenge Cup offered for the best exhibit of nine varieties of Cactus Dahlias shown in bunches of three blooms. The flowers of Mr W. Marshall, H. H. Thomas, C. E. Wilkins, Snowdon, Prima Donna, and Indomitable were all excellent.

Mr F. H. Currey was 1st in the class for six varieties having good blooms of Wm. Marshall, Rev. T. W. Jamieson, Brigadier, C. E. Wilkins, and Evening Star.

Mr H. Peerman, Glenecross, Nantwich, excelled for 24 blooms shown on board; Mr Chas. Luckin for 12 blooms; and Mr A. P. Ironside, for six blooms.

Mr M. V. Seale showed the best six blooms of a variety of show or fancy Dahlia in Arthur Rawlings, and Mr G. Mortimer the best six blooms of a Cactus variety in C. E. Wilkins. There was very keen competition in both cases.

AWARDS.

First-class Certificates.

Minerva (garden Cactus).—A stiff-stemmed variety, the blooms being wine-crimson with yellow centre. Shown by Mr C. Turner.

Dr. Roy Appleton (Cactus).—A blush-coloured bloom with a yellow centre, very large.

New York (Cactus).—A rosy-buff coloured flower with incurving revolute florets.

Onward (Cactus).—A pink variety with twisted florets.

Sweet Briar (garden Cactus).—A variety with stout, erect stems, bearing pink flowers with white centres. These four were exhibited by Messrs. J. Stredwick and Son.

Cardinal (single).—A fiery red variety with yellow disc.

small and plain. The fringed varieties are grand subjects in any garden, but the great difficulty is to secure plants with true fringed blooms. No matter what strain of seed may be used, the percentage of good fringed flowers is small. We have found that the best way of securing these good flowers is to grow plenty of plants, single them out in boxes, and allow them to show their first blooms before planting out; by this means we are able to select the best and grow them in a bed by themselves. The result well repays the trouble.

SWEET PEA BLOOMS FOR EXHIBITION.

When flowers are required for competition, and the plants are likely to flower too early for the date of the show, pick off all the buds likely to be too forward until within ten days of the show date, then allow them all to grow. When the buds are showing freely, liquid manure may be given once or twice a week. Varieties which scald in the hot sun should be shaded with tiffany or other light material. Should dry weather set in, water the plants thoroughly; rain water is best, but if this is not available, stand the water in the sun for a day before using. Keep the surface soil loose and free from weeds.

In cutting the flowers, use a pair of scissors, and always cut when the flowers are dry. When selecting your stalks for staging, pick out those carrying most flowers, free from stain or blemish of any kind. Avoid "floppy" blooms, and select those of good form and substance, and, lastly, label your flowers carefully and neatly.

THE PERPETUAL-FLOWERING CARNATION.

At a meeting of the Scottish Horticultural Society in Edinburgh in September, Mr J. S. Brunton, chairman of the Perpetual Flowering Carnation Society, read a paper on "The Perpetual Flowering Carnation: its Past, Present, and Future." He first glanced at the historical aspect of the subject, beginning with the 16th century, when the wild *Dianthus Caryophyllus* first found a place in gardens. By the end of the same century, the plant had developed into a "border" Carnation, of which the present-day border Carnations are the direct des-

cendants. The tree or winter-flowering type, which they called Remontants, was introduced by the French, and was generally ascribed to Dubnais, who was prominently identified with their cultivation about 1844; but recent investigations have shown that Remontant Carnations were grown in the South of France nearly a century earlier under the name of Mayonnaise Carnations. These Remontants were introduced into America by Class Mare, of New York, after 1852, and other French growers in America having taken up their improvements, varieties were raised which surpassed all previous ones. The French Remont-

ants were entirely superseded, and, on the introduction of Peter Fisher's "Mrs T. W. Lawson," it was sold for the record price of 300,000 dollars.

Dealing with the present, Mr Brunton took the period from 1900 to 1910, and he asked what were the French, who in the early stages of the plant's develop-

ment had scored all along the line, doing for the Carnation? In brilliancy of colouring their flowers surpassed all others, but they had one unparadiseable defect—they were "bursters." He, however, was inclined to think that possibly we were sacrificing too much to obtain perfection of calyx, and though he was not prepared to advocate any falling away from the standard set up by British and American growers, he thought we should get some French blood into our present stocks. Dealing with the uses of the perpetual-flowering Carnation as a cut flower, a pot plant, and a bedding plant, he said that as a bedder it had found a place in a number of gardens. The growing of the plant for market purposes was one of the most important branches of commercial horticulture, and there were large areas of glass devoted to this industry in the neighbourhood of London and at Iver, Suffron Walden, Cheltenham, Dunstable, Balcombe, and other towns. In Guernsey hundreds of thousands of plants were grown for the export of flowers for the British market. On the continent of Europe, as well as in South Africa and Australia, the cultivation of Carnations was rapidly increasing, and the American trade in them was enormous.



FRINGED PETUNIA.

Should they stand the test of further trials, with respect to immunity from this disease, the hybrids will undoubtedly prove of the highest commercial value, either for their own merits or for their use in crossing with cultivated varieties. —"Gardener's Chronicle."

DWARF AND RUNNER BEANS.

HOW TO GROW THEM IN SMALL GARDENS.

Both dwarf and runner beans are very remunerative, and especially suitable for small and town gardens. Both kinds are very tender, and soon killed by frosts, also prevented from making good progress by very cold winds early in the season but the runner bean is somewhat hardier than the dwarf one. Too many plants should not be grown in a small space or few bean pods will be produced.

THE SOIL

must be deeply dug and well manured, in fact, trenched about two feet deep, so that the roots of the plants can freely permeate it. If the soil be loosened and manured on the surface only, the roots of the plants will not support the crop through a short spell of very hot, dry weather. As the work of digging or



SINGLE PETUNIA, CHOICE FRINGED.

Mrs Joynson Hicks (single).—A bronze-yellow flower with a crimson disc.

Glow (pompon).—An elegant flower of a rosy-buff shade flushed with mauve. These three were shown by Messrs. J. Cical and Sons.

Hybrid Fringed Petunia.

The petunia is one of our best and most showy bedding plants, they stand the hot, dry season exceedingly well, and continue flowering right on till June. The ordinary petunia grandiflora makes a brilliant display, but the flowers are

pendants. The tree or winter-flowering type, which they called Remontants, was introduced by the French, and was generally ascribed to Dubnais, who was prominently identified with their cultivation about 1844; but recent investigations have shown that Remontant Carnations were grown in the South of France nearly a century earlier under the name of Mayonnaise Carnations. These Remontants were introduced into America by Class Mare, of New York, after 1852, and other French growers in America having taken up their improvements, varieties were raised which surpassed all previous ones. The French Remont-

HYBRID POTATOES.

The Rev. J. Aekman Paton gives in the current number of the "Journal" of the Royal Horticultural Society an account of his recent experiments in crossing species of Solanum. As the author points out, the ordinary commercial varieties of the potato are by no means convenient subjects for the experimental investigation of unit, hereditary characters, for they themselves are hybrids and require to be self-fertilised, and their descendants classified before they could be made to serve this purpose. Of the species-crosses made by the Rev. J. Paton, that between the white-flowering Solanum Commersonii and S. tuberosum (wild Mexican form) yielded 12 berries, containing in all 33 seeds. From this seed nine plants were raised. These F1 plants have yielded numerous seed-ber-

Sweet Pea and Carnation Carnival

December 1st, 2nd, and 3rd 1910.

A SPECIAL Feature in connection with the Auckland Horticultural Show, to be held in the Metropolitan Grounds on the above date, will be

A Grand Procession

of vehicles, decorated mainly with Sweet Peas.

The grounds will be brilliantly illuminated at night.

Military Band, Maypole Dance,

and other attractions.

The Greatest Exhibition of Sweet Peas and Carnations ever seen in the Dominion.

W. W. BRUCE, Secretary.

The Brennan Mono-Rail Car.

By PERCEVAL GIBBON.

NOTE.—The South Australian Commissioner of Railways has given orders for the construction of a truck to be run on one rail, to experiment with the mono-railway. The experiment is to be made with a view to solving the problem of how to get produce to stations in the Pinnaroo district. The commissioner explained that there were four courses open—construction of a broad gauge, narrow gauge feeder lines, the laying down of a mono rail, or the making of roads—and this truck would indicate the value of the mono-rail system. If the experiment was successful the Government intended to build a number of the trucks, and hoped thus to convey produce over the sand hills cheaply.

IT was November 10, 1909—a day that will surely have its place in history beside that other day, eighty-five years ago, when George Stephenson drove the first railway locomotive between Stockton and Darlington. In the great square of the Brennan torpedo factory at Gillingham, where the fighting tops of battle-ships in the adjacent dockyard poise above the stone coping of the wall, there was a track laid down in a circle of a quarter of a mile. Switches linked it up with other lengths of track, a straight stretch down to a muddy cape of the Medway estuary, and a string of curves and loops coiling among the stone and iron factory sheds. The strange thing about it was that it was single—just one line of rail on sleepers tamped into the unstable "made" ground of the place.

And there was Brennan, his face red with the chill wind sweeping in from the Nore, his voice plaintive and Irish, discoursing at slow length, of revolutions per minute, of "precession," and the like. The journalists from London, who had come down at his invitation, fidgeted and shivered in the bitter morning air; the affair did not look in the least like an epoch in the history of transportation and civilization; till—

"Now, gentlemen," said Brennan, and led the way across the circle of track.

And then, from its home behind the low, powder-magazine-like sheds, there rode forth a strange car, the like of which was never seen before. It was painted the businesslike slaty-blue gray of the War Department. It was merely a flat platform, ten feet wide by forty long, with a steel cab mounted on its forward end, through the windows of which one could see a young engineer in tweeds standing against a blur of moving machine-parts.

It ran on the single rail; its four wheels revolved in a line, one behind another; and it travelled with the level, flexible equilibrium of a ship moving across a dock. It swung over the sharp curves without faltering, crossed the switch, and floated—floated is the only word for the serene and equable quality of its movement—round and round the quarter-mile circle. A workman boarded it as it passed him, and sat on the edge with his legs swinging, and its level was unaltered. It was wonderful beyond words to see. It seemed to abolish the very principle of gravitation; it contra-

dicted calmly one's most familiar instincts.

Every one knows the sense one gains at times while watching an ingenious machine at its work—a sense of being in the presence of a living and conscious thing, with more than the industry, the pertinacity, the dexterity, of a man. There was a moment, while watching Brennan's car, when one had to summon an effort of reason to do away with this sense of life; it answered each movement of the men on board and each inequality in the makeshift track with an adjustment of balance irresistibly suggestive of consciousness. It was an illustration of that troublous theorem which advances that consciousness is no more than the co-relation of the parts of the brain, and that a machine adapted to its work is as conscious in its own sphere as a mind is in its sphere.

The car backed round the track, crossed to the straight line, and halted to take us aboard. There were about forty of us, yet it took up our unequally distributed weight without disturbance. The young engineer threw over his lever, and we ran down the line. The movement was as "sweet" and equable as the movement of a powerful automobile running slowly on a smooth road; there was an utter absence of those jars and small lateral shocks that are inseparable from a car running on a double track. We passed beyond the sheds and slid along a narrow spit of land thrusting out into the mud-flanked estuary. Men on lighters and a working-party of blue-jackets turned to stare at the incredible machine with its load. Then back again, three times round the circle, and in and out among the curves, always with that unchanging stateliness of gait. As we spun round the circle, she leaned inward like a cyclist against the centrifugal pull. She needs no banking of the track to keep her on the rail. A line of rails to travel on, and ground that will carry her weight—she asks no more. With these and a clear road ahead, she is to abolish distance and revise the world's schedules of time.

"A hundred and twenty miles an hour," I hear Brennan saying, in that sad voice of his; "or maybe two hundred. That's a detail."

In the back of the cab were broad unglazed windows, through which one could watch the tangle of machinery. Dynamos are bolted to the floor, purring

under their shields like comfortable cats; abaft of them a twenty-horse-power Wolsley petrol-engine supplies motive power for every thing. And above the dynamos, cased in studded leather, swinging a little in their ordered precession, are the two gyroscopes, the soul of the machine. To them she owes her equilibrium.

Of all machines in the world, the gyroscope is the simplest, for, in its essential form, it is no more than a wheel revolving. But a wheel revolving is the vehicle of many physical principles, and the sum of them is that which is known as gyroscopic action. It is seen in the ordinary spinning top, which stands erect in its capacity of a gyroscope revolving horizontally.

making experimental machines and scrapping them, of filing useless patents, of doubt and persistence. But the answer was found—in the spinning top.

A spinning top set down so that it stands at an angle to the floor will right itself; it will rise till it stands upright on the point of equal friction.

Brennan's resource, therefore, was to treat his gyroscope as a top. He enclosed it in a case, through which its axes projected, and at each side of the car he built stout brackets reaching forth a few inches below each end of the axle.

The result is not difficult to deduce. When the car came to a curve, the cen-



RAILROAD CROSSING OVER NEW YORK—THE "BOSTON-WASHINGTON LIMITED"

The apparatus that holds Brennan's car upright, and promises to revolutionize transportation, is a top adapted to a new purpose. It is a gyroscope revolving in a perpendicular plane, a steel wheel weighing three quarters of a ton and spinning at the rate of three thousand revolutions to the minute.

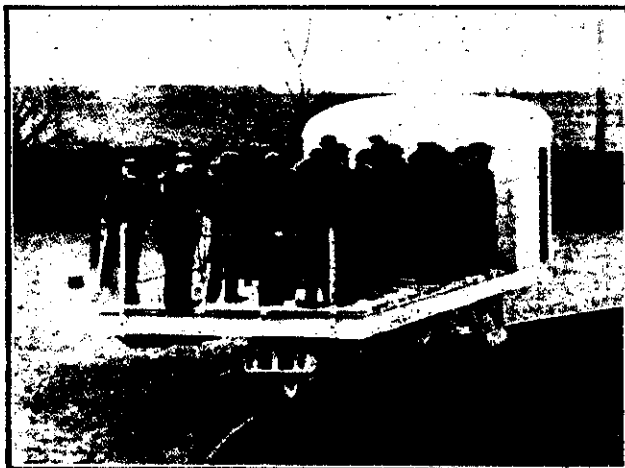
Now, the effect of gyroscope action is to resist any impulse that tends to move the revolving wheel out of the plane in which it revolves. This resistance can be felt in a top; it can be felt much more strongly in the beautiful little gyroscopes of brass and steel that are sold for the scientific demonstration of the laws governing revolving bodies. Such a one, only a few inches in size, will develop a surprising resistance. This resistance increases with the weight of the wheel and the speed at which it moves, till, with Brennan's gyroscopes of three-quarters of a ton each whirling in a vacuum at three thousand revolutions per minute, it would need a weight that would crush the car into the ground to throw them from their upright plane.

When Brennan made his early models, he found that, while the little cars would remain upright and run along a straight rail, they left the track at the first curve. The gyroscope governed their direction as well as their equilibrium. It was the first check in the evolution of the perfect machine. It was over ten years before he found the answer to the problem—ten years of

trifugal action tended to throw it outward; the side of the car that was on the inside of the curve swung up and the bracket touched the axle of the gyroscope. Forthwith, in the manner of its father, the top, the gyroscope tried to stand upright on the bracket; all the weight of it and all its wonderful force were pressed on that side of the car, holding it down against the tendency to rise and capsize. The thing was done; the spinning top had come to the rescue of its posterity. It only remained to fit a double gyroscope, with the wheels revolving in opposite directions, and, save for engineering details, the mono-rail car was evolved.

Through the window in the back of the cab I was able to watch them at their work—not the actual gyroscopes, but their cases, quivering with the unimaginable velocity of the great wheels within, turning and tilting accurately to each shifting weight as the men on board moved here and there. Above them were the glass oil-cups, with the opal-green engine-oil flushing through them to feed the bearings. Lubrication is a vital part of the machine. Let that fail, and the axles, grinding and red-hot, would cut through the white metal of the bearings as a knife goes through butter. It is a thing that has been foreseen by the inventor: to the lubricating apparatus is affixed a danger signal that would instantly warn the engineer.

"But," says Brennan, "if one broke down, the other gyroscope would hold



THE FIRST MONO-RAIL CAR ON ITS TRIAL TRIP.

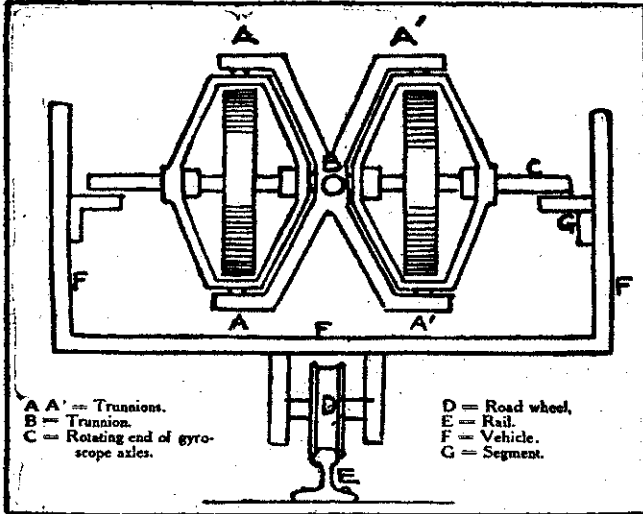
Showing the car taking a curve while unevenly loaded with passengers. The equilibrium was perfectly maintained by means of two gyroscopes, each three-fourths of a ton each, and making three thousand revolutions a minute.

her up—till ye could run her to a siding, anyway."
 "But supposing the electric apparatus failed?" suggests a reporter—with vision of headlines, perhaps. "Supposing the motor driving the gyroscopes broke down; what then?"
 "They'd run for a couple of days, with the momentum they've got," answers the inventor. "And for two or three hours, that 'ud keep her upright by itself."
 On the short track at Gillingham there are no gradients to show what the car

time, it is not amiss that a great inventor should stand aloof from commerce. But, for all the cheerful matter-of-factness of the man, he, too, has seen visions. There are times when he talks of the future as he hopes it will be, as he means it to be, when "transportation is civilisation. Men are to travel then on a single rail, in great cars like halls, two hundred feet long, thirty to forty feet wide, whirling across continents at two hundred miles an hour—from New York to San Francisco between dawn and dawn.

from its remoteness to a place accessible from anywhere. Street-car lines will no longer be a perplexity to paving authorities and anathema to other traffic; a single rail will be flush with the

to inspire Brennan. He was a boy when he first saw the endless plains of Australia, and out of that experience grew his first speculations about the future of railway travel. Such lands make



THE TWO BALANCE-WHEELS OF THE GYRO-CAR.

The axle-end (C) corresponds to the point of the top. If, in turning a curve, the car-body (F) should commence to lean to the left, the projecting segment (G) would rise and touch the axle (C) of the right-hand balance-wheel. The balance-wheel would thereupon tend to rise at right angles with G, just as a top tends to rise at right angles with the surface on which it spins. This action would counteract the leaning tendency of the car-body and restore the equilibrium of the car.

can do in the way of climbing, but here again the inventor is positive. She will run up a slope as steep as one in six, he says. There is no reason to doubt him; the five-foot model that he used to exhibit could climb steeper inclines, run along a rope stretched six feet above the ground, or remain at rest upon it while the rope was swung to and fro. It would do all these things while carrying a man; and, for my part, I am willing to take Brennan's word.

Louis Brennan himself was by no means the least interesting feature of the demonstration. He has none of the look of the visionary, this man who has gone to war with time and space; neither had George Stephenson. He is short, and thick-set, with a full face, a heavy moustache hiding his mouth, and heavy eyebrows. He is troubled a little with asthma, which makes him somewhat staccato and breathless in speech, and perhaps also accentuates the peculiar plaintive quality of his Irish voice. There is nothing in his appearance to indicate whether he is thirty-five or fifty-five. As a matter of fact, he is two years over the latter age, but a man ripe in life, with that persistence and belief in his work which is to engineers what passion is to a poet.

The technicalities of steel and iron come easily off his tongue; they are his native speech, in which he expresses himself most intimately. All his life he has been concerned with machines. He is the inventor of the Brennan steerable torpedo, whose adoption by the Admiralty made him rich and rendered possible the long years of study and experiment that went to the making of the mono-rail car. He has a touch of the rich man's complacency; it does not go ill with his kindly good humour and his single-hearted pride in his life work.

It is characteristic, I think, of his honesty of purpose and of the genius that is his driving force that hitherto he has concerned himself with scientific invention somewhat to the exclusion of the commercial aspects of his contrivance. He has had help in money and men from the British Government, which likewise placed the torpedo factory at his disposal; and the governments of India and—of all places—Kashmir have granted him subsidies. Railroad men from all parts of the world have seen his model; but he has not been ardent in the hunt for customers. Perhaps that will not be necessary; the mono-rail car should be its own salesman; but, in the mean-

Travel will no longer be uncomfortable. These cars, equipped like a hotel, will sweep along with the motion of an ice-yacht. They will not jolt over uneven places, or strain to mount the track at curves; in each one, the wondrous gyroscopes will govern an unchanging equilibrium. Trustful Kashmir will advance



MR. BRENNAN STANDING IN FRONT OF HIS FIRST LARGE MONO-RAIL CAR.

Successful trial of which may mark an epoch in railway transportation.

ground, out of the way of hoofs and tires. Automobiles will run on two wheels like a bicycle. It is to be a mono-rail world, soothed and assured by the drone of gyroscopes. By that time the patient ingenuity of inventors and engineers will have found the means to run the gyroscopes at a greater speed than is now possible, thus rendering it feasible to use a smaller wheel. It is a dream based on good solid reasoning, backed by a great inventor's careful calculations.

Practical railroad men have given to the mono-rail car a sufficiently warm welcome. They have been impressed chiefly by its suitability to the conditions of transportation in the great new countries, as, for instance, on that line of railway that is creeping north from the Zambesi to open up the copper deposits of northwestern Rhodesia, and on through Central Africa to its terminus at Cairo. Just such land as this helped

positive and clear demands, if ever they are to be exploited for their full value to humanity. They need railways quickly, laid and cheaply constructed; lines not too exacting in point of curves and gradients; and, finally, fast travel.



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Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

"THE BRITISH ARMY ON TOUR—A MILITARY CIRCUS."

LONDON, September 22.

A SCHEME to familiarise the people both of this country and of the overseas Dominions with the daily life and actual conditions of service of all ranks in the British Army, to stimulate recruiting, and to give much needed help to several of the military charities, is now being elaborated by a board composed almost entirely of Army officers.

The details of the scheme have not been finally settled, but, broadly put, the idea underlying it is to take the British Army in miniature, on tour, first throughout the provinces, and then in Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and India. The organisation, the military details of which are being carried out by Colonel A. G. Burns, of the Indian Army, is to consist of 50 officers, 100 non-commissioned officers, and 1000 men, all of whom must have served with the colours. It is intended that every branch of the Army shall be represented—Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, Engineers, Army Service Corps, and the Royal Army Medical Corps—with the appropriate equipment, and that there should also be a naval detachment composed of men

The scheme has been submitted to the War Office with a view to enlisting the approval and support of the Department, and the matter is now under the consideration of the Secretary of State for the Army Council.

An adverse criticism of the scheme appears in this week's "Truth," which protests against the War Office sanctioning "the organisation of what is nothing more or less than a huge military circus by some amateur syndicate."

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TEACHERS.

England's social system is chiefly remarkable for its shocking want of system. The English are wont to declare that they "muddle through" sooner or later, and rather pride themselves on their indifference to logic and system. But the muddling through is not only a slow and wasteful process, but a very painful one for the victims. Consider, for example, the plight of England's unemployed school teachers, a mass meeting of whom is about to be held in London. Many distressing stories of their struggles to get work are being received by the recently-formed Unemployed Teachers Committee.

It seems that seven years ago there

6. Addressing envelopes at 3s per thousand.

7. Clerk to a bookseller at 15s a week.

8. Two men working as farm labourers.

9. Addressing circulars at 15s a week.

10. Bookroom clerk in the Civil Service at £56, of which 5s per week is deducted until the Government grant to the training college is repaid.

11. In desperate straits a girl has engaged herself as a governess in a small private school at £15 a year and five sh.

12. Two men are farm labourers.

13. A girl, whose widowed mother struggled eleven years to give her daughter a college course, is a lady clerk at 10s a week.

For a teacher's position at Willesden, there were 600 applicants, and in one London division there were 200 teachers waiting for one post. In some 300 or 400 cases under the committee's notice the applicants could not get places because they were Nonconformists. Meanwhile there are 63,000 unqualified teachers at work in the schools, and thousands of teachers are in charge of classes far too big for any one man or woman to deal with efficiently. The whole situation speaks eloquently of the lack of system.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WILL.

The opinion of a Spanish lady who recently died in London, concerning her relatives, has just been made public by reason of the proving of her will. It is expressed therein with considerable venom.

Protection of Animals, on the condition that they took care of her dogs and cats, and half that amount to the Little Sisters of the Poor, providing that any of them prayed as long as her body remained above ground, and followed her to the grave.

This is not the first time by any means that a will registered at Somerset House has disclosed a testator's opinion of his or her "nearest and dearest."

Some little while ago a testator living near Birmingham left his property to his daughter on condition that she paid to a person named the sum of 3½ for the purchase of a hempen cord or halter for the use of his dear wife, "which I trust she may make use of without delay."

Two years ago a railway official stated in his will that—

"My estate would have been considerably larger if it had not been for my unfortunate marriage with the princess of human — and the cleverest known legal daylight robber. My associations with this perambulating human vineyard crust I consider to have cost me considerably over £400."

HEART ALMOST STOPPED BEATING.

AWFUL SUFFERING CAUSED BY BILIOUSNESS AND INDIGESTION.

BILE BEANS THE MARRIED WOMAN'S FRIEND.

Mrs. J. Day, of 122, Lord-st., Burnley, Melbourne, says:—"Severe attacks of biliousness and indigestion made me very miserable. These bouts brought on an accumulation of wind, which would press up against my heart and almost stop its beating. The pain was so intense I could scarcely breathe. Between the shoulders I would also have terrible pain, like the thrust of a knife. At times the biliousness would be so distressing that I would be prostrated for days, my system being racked by vomiting and straining, giving me a very bad time indeed. Of all the many remedies I took in my endeavour to get relief, none were successful until I commenced taking Bile Beans. This splendid medicine soon made a grand change for the better. After a course of Bile Beans the indigestion and biliousness were ended, and those painful attacks are things of the past. Bile Beans cured me completely. Now when ever I feel at all out-of-sorts a dose of two of my favourite remedy, Bile Beans, soon put me right."

Bile Beans are unrivalled as a family medicine. They are mild in action and suitable for young and old of both sexes. Bile Beans are specially valuable for liver trouble, constipation, biliousness, indigestion, headache, bad breath, piles, that tired feeling, lassitude, debility, nervousness, sickness, loss of energy, anaemia, bad blood and all female ailments. Sold by all chemists and stores.



"CAR AHEAD!"

who have served in the Navy, with guns. A "permanent camp" is to be established at Watford, and here the men are to be trained for the display which will be given in every town or centre visited. This display will follow the lines of the Naval and Military Tournament held in London, and it will conclude with "The Charge of the Light Brigade" as a spectacle.

The tour is to begin at Birmingham on Easter Monday, April 17, 1911, and it is contemplated that it will extend over three years. That, at all events, is the period for which the men have to "enlist." The rate of pay has been fixed at £2 per week, with free kit, rations, and sleeping accommodation. It is estimated by the promoters, who are mostly military men, that the weekly expenses of the undertaking will amount to £2500, but they "confidently" expect that £200,000 will be easily raised as the result of three years' work at Home and in the colonies" for the purposes of the military charities. The profits of the tour, we are informed, are to be handed over to the trustees, and they alone will be charged with the duty of allocating the money. But apparently charity is not to have a look in until an unnamed group of investors, who are putting £50,000 into the scheme and drawing 10 per cent interest, have recouped themselves.

was a dearth of teachers. Then the London County Council attracted so many young men and women into the profession that the market was glutted. From one extreme the profession was brought to the other, with the result that now, for lack of system in regulating the supply, there are about 1000 teachers unemployed in London and between 4,000 and 5,000 in the provinces. All of these have been trained at a cost to the taxpayers of £300 each, not to speak of the sacrifice made by the parents during their children's seven years' studentship. Six thousand fully qualified teachers are coming into the profession every year for whom, according to their committee, no work can be found. The following cases show the straits to which certificated teachers are driven to obtain a bare living:—

1. After applying unsuccessfully 351 times for appointment as teacher, has taken a situation as governess at £20 a year.
2. Is working as printer's reader; made 150 applications for work.
3. After 210 applications, is working as a teacher on "supply," that is, teachers' odd days at so much per day.
4. B. Sc. had to accept an uncertificated teacher's post at £75.
5. Clerk in a clothing factory, 9s a week, hours 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

"As to my sisters, niece, nephew, brother-in-law, and cousin, nothing—nothing shall come to them from me, but a bag of sand to rub themselves with. None deserve even a good-bye. I do not recognise a single one of them. It is useless even to communicate my death to them; they have too much abused and lied against me."

As regards her husband, who survives her, the lady's opinion may be gathered from the restrictions she placed on the use of the thousand pounds she bequeathed him.

"He cannot touch this £1000, or do anything whatsoever. He must live on the interest which he will have from this sum, and if he remarries, from that day the income and the capital shall no longer be his."

"He may dispose of them only if he becomes a monk in an order, otherwise it is only income, and I repeat it—If my husband remarries, from that day neither capital nor interest shall be for him any more, and on the day, say, of his death, if he remains a widower, this £1000, with the rest of what remains of my estate, shall be to found a house of refuge for couples without children who cannot find means of housing, and who are in the most complete need of shelter."

Having vented her spleen on her relations, the testator became quite charitable. She left £400 to the Society for the

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The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

A Graceful Appreciation of "The Happy Isles."

WRITING to an Auckland friend recently, Mr. D. M. Ross, author of the "Afterglow," speaks in well-merited and highly-eulogistic terms of Miss Maude Peacock's book of verse, "The Happy Isles." Mr. Ross' letter is too long to be given here in full, but he confesses to doing with Miss Peacock's verse as if he had never before accomplished with a book of verse, viz., to being so intensely arrested by it as to begin and finish it at one sitting. Not content with this, he again read it, confirming his first judgment that it "is the most perfect book as a whole that has been issued from the Australian press for many a day. There is nothing had or immature—nothing proxy in it. On the contrary, the poems are distinguished by literary polish and chastity." The modest reference to "earlier efforts" might well have been omitted. "The poems," continues Mr. Ross, "are remarkable for their evenness, on a high plane of excellence. Were I but to name all that are meritorious I would but rewrite the index to the volume. Deserving of special mention, says Mr. Ross, is "The Suicide," a poem of wonderful power, and the subject one that only genius could handle effectively; while "The Cult of the Critic" is worthy of Browning in such a mood. There is a gem from "Pagan" that is full of forcefulness and simplicity. Burns himself could not have said it better. In "The Pole" there are two lines I must quote specially—

"The pulsing fires that went and came,
The arc of soft auroral flame."

Do not these lines "curve in beauty"? Their music is touched with magic. There is a mighty passage in "Aeolian," and "The Maestro to his Cello" is enchanting. In speaking as well as in writing, it is genius that knows how and when to stop. "Gipsy Croon" is declared by Mr. Ross to be the best croon song written since "Wynkin, Blynkin, and Nod." This by no means exhausts Mr. Ross' eulogy of Miss Peacock's fine poetry, but space forbids further mention, and we shall content ourselves by quoting the closing paragraph of Mr. Ross' letter, which says: "You may think I praise too much and criticise too little, but there is so little that offends the eye or ear. 'The Happy Isles' is a fine contribution to our literature. The book is genius made manifest." We have great pleasure in giving Mr. Ross' appreciation prominence, and, like him, wish Miss Peacock's fresh laurels.

Mr. H. G. Wells and His Critics

The controversy that has raged so fiercely in England as to Mr. H. G. Wells being the real author of "George Meek, Bath Chair-Man" has, it seems, crossed the Atlantic, and the super-subtle literary editor of the "Boston Transcript," Mr. Edgett, simply denies Mr. Meek's existence. "The internal evidence," says this writer, "points to Mr. Wells as author. The story purports to be a frank narrative of the struggles of a social derelict against adverse circumstances and an adverse society, and the difficulty in accepting it as his own work is that it does not bear the intellectual marks of such a man. It reads exactly as if it were Mr. Wells' own idea of what George Meek would say. In other words, it appears to be either his own composition or else his re-writing of an impossible manuscript, put into his hands for revision." A writer in the London "Clarion" claims to know George Meek. Unless Mr. Wells is himself the author of the "Clarion" article, we must admit Mr. Meek's existence, in spite of internal evidence to the contrary. Meanwhile, says the "Nation," Mr. Wells deserves the gratitude of all lovers of life and literature.

"Life" for November.

There is no mistaking "Life's" enthusiastic interest in that most modern of sciences, viz., aviation. In the "Explana-

tion Department" of its current issue is a splendid diagram showing "High flying and the vel plane, and how an aeroplane climbs up and swoops down." In addition to this, several pages are devoted to the mechanical, the tragic, the sensational, and the fictional side of this heavy toll-taking science. It is, however, satisfactory to note that aviation as a holiday attraction is on the decrease. "An article that tells of the passing of the man with the hoe" is Mr. E. A. Rumley's "Scientific Farming." A capably illustrated paper is that by Mr. George A. Walker, N.Z., who details "The Sport of Netting Whales." Dr. Fitchett's article on "The French Part in Australian Exploration," in which he queries as to whether Napoleon had any designs upon Australia, is of exceeding interest, embracing as it does a review of Mr. Scott's book, "Terre Napoleon" (Methuen). Other articles of merit are: "The British Lion," by Mr. Charles Nuttall, which is the first of a series of travel sketches, written and illustrated for "Life" and which in this instance has depicted "London," as seen through the eyes of an Australian artist. "Billy

value of the estate is sworn at £174,153, so far as at present can be ascertained.

A Sequel to Robert Elsmere.

Mrs Humphry Ward's new story, which is practically a sequel to "Robert Elsmere," is to be published as a serial in "Cornhill." Like that famous work, it will present religious problems from a modern standpoint. The book's protagonist, Stephen Pole, tries to keep "mystical Christianity" while abandoning its historical character. The book breaks off on the eve of an Anglican Council, in which the right of both "Traditionalists" and "Modernists" to exist will be recognised—depending on the choice of "Congregationalist." As it is now some time since Mrs Humphry Ward has written anything that has in any way approached the excellence of her early style, the advent of Stephen Pole will be earnestly looked forward to by that author's earlier admirers, of which we confess ourselves one.

A New Social and Industrial Novel.

Those readers who remember Mary E. Waller's super-excellent novel, "The Wood-carver of Lympus," will be delighted to hear that she is shortly going to issue a new story, entitled "Flintstead Quarries," which deals with modern social and industrial conditions in America.

A Lively Discussion.

A lively discussion is proceeding on both sides of the Atlantic, for which Mr William Archer is mainly responsible. The majority of American writers of late have worked the corruption and fraud

know," which contains information specially selected for Boy Scouts, and explains numerous signs which would prove useful to them on land and sea; "Woodcraft for Scouts and Others," by Owen Jones and Marcus Woodward; and "Out-tern to the Rescue," by E. Le Bretton Martin, a sequel to "The Boys of the Outer Patrol."

French Classics.

With the starting of a new series of reprints of the French Classics at 1fr 25 centimes, Messrs Nelson and Sons are making a most interesting experiment. For these are not translations, but the originals, bound in fine artistic covers of cream and heliotrope, and are intended to circulate in France as well as in England. This is the entente cordiale of publishing, indeed. The new venture deserves every success, and its start is made most propitious with Daudet's "Lettres de mon Moulin," that loveliest of all country books, where the very rabbits, whose white "scouts" are immortalised, become pleasant friends from the first page. Balzac is introduced to the reader of this series by his most fantastic story, "La Peau de Chagrin," and the third volume of the series is a book of memories, not of the gossip kind dealing with the salons, but of the grimly realistic order which tells day by day of the retreat from Moscow, for it is General de Segur's "La Campagne de Russie." All these little books are capably illustrated, the last one from pictures by Verestchagin.



Boatman: There ain't no need for you gents to worry; you're all right.
Clergyman: Oh, are you sure, captain?
Boatman: Yes—but I've led a h—l of a life.

Carr's Reincarnation," and under this magazine's stationary headings, appears diverse matter that is informative, bright, entertaining, humorous, and generally interesting.

A New Methuen Publication.

A new novel, by Mr A. A. Milne, is a notable autumn publication of Methuen's. The name of Milne may not have come into the ken of the general reader, but the initials A.A.M. surely have, for it is thus that he has for some years past signed his weekly fantasy in "Punch," to whose round table he is the latest recruit. All "Punch" readers know the "Rabbits"—that delightful assemblage of young women and young men bound together by a love of cricket, amateur theatricals, and fooling. Mr Milne's book contains the whole history to date of the "Rabbits," and many of his best sketches as well.

A Brief Will.

The will of the late Sir George Newnes, of "Tit-Bits" fame, is a model of brevity. It runs as follows:—"Will of Sir George Newnes, Bart, dated 10th December, 1896. I hereby bequeath all I possess to my son Frank, out of which he is to pay his mother £2000 a year for life.—(Signed) George Newnes." The

business to such an extent as to have become epidemic. This "fearless exposure of corruption and fraud" is greatly admired by Mr Archer, who declares that American magazines are ahead of English, and proceeds to show three reasons why: First, because the latter are handicapped by the law of libel; second, because the English market is too restricted; and the advertising revenue too small to stand the huge prices paid by American editors. Though Mr Archer's comments on these points are of great interest, those of the "Chicago Dial," referring to Mr Archer's statement are still more interesting to Englishmen, at least. Mr Archer's statements, says the "Dial," are overdrawn. If America could support a group of monthlies like the "Contemporary," "The Nineteenth Century" and a couple of weeklies like the "Spectator," the "Nation," and the "Saturday Review," she ought to be willing, continues the "Dial," to exchange for them gladly the whole galaxy of our smuck-raking magazines. Which is rather a facer for Mr Archer, who is a writer and critic of note.

Interesting to Scouts.

Three more books have been added to the "Scouts' Library" (Pearson, 1/ net.) They include "Things All Scouts Should

An Interesting Biography.

Sir Lewis Michell has just completed his "Life of Cecil Rhodes," which will be published in two volumes by Mr Arnold in the early autumn. Sir Lewis Michell, who has been engaged upon the work for five years, is an executor of Mr Rhodes' will, and a trustee of the Rhodes estate. This is the first complete and well-informed "life" that has appeared, and it is expected to take rank as the authoritative biography of one of the greatest of modern Englishmen.

REVIEWS.

The Lost Halo: By Perry White. London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 2/6, 3/6.

Mr. White has always some new idea or human problem to present, and he always presents it wholesomely, often whimsically, and with an ever-present tolerant sympathy with the shortcomings of humanity, which disarms even those of his readers who confess his views somewhat startling. In "The Lost Halo" we are shown some of the more

immediate fruits of a popular higher education, implanted in virgin ground. Mr. and Mrs. Allington, small, but highly respectable tradespeople of 24, Blair-street, Notting Hill, have a son and daughter, whom it has been the sole ambition of their lives to highly educate, without in the least reflecting how their own lack of education and their sordid environment may strike the recipients of an exotic education and a superficial culture. At the time the story opens this son and daughter have finished their school and college education, and when we inform readers that the girl is handsome, of charming manners, socially ambitious, pagan and selfish, and that after a brief, a very brief, holiday at home, she sails as governess into a wealthy titled family under false colours, and afterwards contracts a secret marriage with the son of one of her patrons, and that the son, Frank Allington, develops during the process of his education a morbidly ascetic, yet highly artistic, temperament, coupled with a slender will, we shall have no occasion to assure readers of the exciting nature of the book. How Alfred Allington lost and recovered his "halo" and honoured place and affluence for his sister, constitutes the finest bit of writing Mr. White has ever penned. And that is saying a great deal. We have received our copy of "The Lost Halo," which we can confidently recommend to all our readers, from Messrs. Methuen and Co.

The Peer and the Woman: By G. Phillips Oppenheim. (London: Ward, Lock and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. Price, 3/6.)

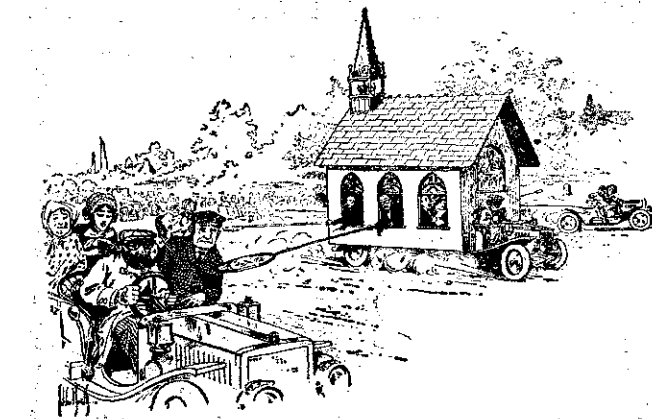
Dangerously near as Mr. Oppenheim has often been to treading the line of demarcation that separates the thrilling from the shocking, he has without doubt overstepped the line in "The Peer and the Woman," which is a ghastly story of a double murder, a wretched suicide, and mysteries galore, all of which are described with such an evident appreciation of the situations as to be painfully realistic. But whatever Mr. Oppenheim writes, he will find a large audience who like strong meats, and revel in sensationalism. For what else his critics may say of him, they cannot, in all conscience, accuse him of lack of ingenuity and variety of plot, luridness of style and atmosphere; and though he may sometimes nauseate, he is never a bore. Our copy has been received through the courtesy of Messrs. Wildman and Arey.

Matthew Fowlds, Centenarian and Covenanter. Edited by Rev. J. Kirkwood, Fairlie. Standard Printing Works, Kilmarnock.

To attempt an exhaustive review of a compilation which is the work of several individuals, and which not only embraces the biography and pedigree of the right worthy centenarian, whose memory it has been compiled to perpetuate, but also the history of Fenwick, and those Covenanters who have made its history since the "Secession," is a task which we take leave to state at the outset of this review, to be impossible in the unavoidably limited space at our disposal. But we cordially hail this work, both as heroically stimulating history, and as an intensely interesting human document. Matthew Fowlds, centenarian and Covenanter, was born on May 22, 1806, and died from the result of an accident on January 31, 1907. Fenwick, sacred in the annals of covenanting history, was his birth-place; his pedigree, a notably worthy one, is too long for us to trace here; his spiritual lineage includes some of the highest names in covenanting history. With regard, however, to the family tree, it will be interesting to New Zealanders to learn that he was closely related to that Dr. Robertson, whose memory will long remain green in the hearts of those Canadians among whom he so lately laboured, and whose biography, written by Ralph Connor, was reviewed some time ago in the columns of the "Weekly Graphic." Of Fenwick's participation in covenanting history, Dr. William Anderson, preaching in its kirk in 1853, on the "Cloud of Witnesses of Scottish Martyrology," said: "Fenwick! I have spoken of the cloud of witnesses which overshadows Scotland; you dwell under its very focus. They speak of classic ground; yours is sacred—not a stream but gave a rearing place, not a thrush bush but gave a footing through the moss to the martyrs of the Cove-

nant." "Its fame is unique, far flung, and undying in covenanting history." Its flag bears the legend: "Pinnigh for God: Country and Covenanted Work of Reformations, its galaxy of illustrious martyrs and covenanters are not outshone by any parish in Scotland." Of its physical features we are told that its situation, configuration, and other contributing elements make it the most salubrious, as well as the brightest parish in Scotland. The streams from which its water supply is derived take their rise in the parish, and are kept absolutely free from contamination. All of which must have contributed largely to the longevity of its inhabitants, as recorded by statistics in this work. There is also no doubt whatever that the intensely spiritual atmosphere which enveloped the inhabitants of Fenwick helped to make Matthew Fowlds the sterling character he was. There are many in these days of slack faith and slacker heroic virtue who lightly rate, ignore, or have lost sight of the sublime sacrifices and bitter sorrows of those days of religious persecution, sacrifices which have secured for British posterity at least, a perpetual freedom of religious and the free thought that has inevitably followed in its wake. To these we offer Robert Burns' lines:

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears.
But it sealed freedom's sacred cause;
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers."



SUGGESTION TO THE CHURCHES WHO WOULD LIKE TO MINISTER TO THEIR WAYWARD FLOCKS ON A PLEASANT SUNDAY MORN.

Burns' only known reference to Fenwick immortalised it, when, in 1870, on an unappreciated presentee, being appointed to the living of Fenwick, by the Earl of Glasgow, its community seceded to a man; thus striking at once a blow against patronage and for liberty of religious thought. Burns' lines show the result of that spirited action:—

"Lang patronage wi' rod o' airn,
Hlas shod'd the kirk's undoin'.
As lately Fenwick sair-fostairn
Has proven to its ruin."

But the ruin, as this book shows, was only temporal. The history of Fenwick, spiritual and temporal, since the first decade of the nineteenth century, is the history of Matthew Fowlds since he largely helped to make it assisted by those associates who confess themselves privileged to have laboured or been associated with him in either spiritual, parochial, industrial, political, social or domestic life. Many personages celebrated in British history, in religion, art, letters, etc., make their entrances on either exits in these pages, as ships pass on the high seas. A charter drawn up by the "Fenwick Weavers' Society," of which Matthew Fowlds was later a member, reminds us in some respects of later day trades unionism. This ancient charter was framed then as labour laws are framed now, for the purpose of guarding industrial rights. But there are clauses in it which, if included in the present labour laws, are mostly inoperative. The clause which we append makes most delectable reading. Here it is:—Clause 1.—"That we shall be honest and faithful to one another and to our employers, and make good and sufficient work, and exact neither higher nor lower prices than are accustomed in the towns and parishes in the neighbourhood. Rules and regulations which we agree and oblige us shall be observed to one another in time coming." Though this Society was dis-

solved in Matthew Fowlds' time, he adhered to its charter both in spirit and letter to the end of his life. The Hon. George Fowlds' "reminiscences" and various appenda which record the centenary celebrations and other matters, bring the book to a close. We must not, however, omit to mention the excellent portraits, illustrations, facsimiles of ancient documents, letters, maps, etc., which serve admirably to embellish and point the book's text. Two of the illustrations are reproductions from the "Weekly Graphic" and "New Zealand Mail" of April 14, 1909. More precious, indeed, than rubies must be this "Memoir" to the Hon. Geo. Fowlds, from whom we have received it. And we heartily subscribe to the sentiment of its presentation leaf which declares that "To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Lady Molly of Scotland Yard: By the Baroness Orczy. (London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne: Cassell and Co. Auckland: Gordon and Gotch, 3/6.)

That the author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "I Will Repay" could, if she chose, write really good, detective stories, goes without saying, and we recommend these clever stories with a great deal of pleasure as illustrating how two and two can be pieced together as well, or

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

"The man who combats himself will be happier than he who contends with others."—Confucius."

My kind of loyalty is loyalty to my country; not to its institutions or its office-holders.—Mark Twain.

Pretty speeches make very sickly conversation.—G. Bernard Shaw.

True marriage is presupposed, not created, by ceremony and legal forms.—"Hall Caine."

People never discover what a corrupt thing Society is until they can't get into it.—Jean Milne.

From oblivion we come, to oblivion we go; we know not whence or whither.—D. McClymont.

Some people never recognise a man is a "bad egg" until he's "broke."—Hugh Leslie Dobree.

In the conception of an idea no bounds are set; yet in its execution the limits are most grievous. The large conception dwindles to nothing in its execution.—Edmund J. Sullivan.

A man knows when he is not in love, and he knows when he is in love; but no man knows the precise moment which bridges these two blessed states of mind.—"Morning Leader."

Children have wept more tears since the beginning of time over the backwardness of their mothers than have the "mummies" over the forwardness of their children.—"Madame."

The ironic man is not a comfortable companion, and, therefore, it is well that irony should be barred in private intercourse, and used only in public speeches or in public writings.—"Star."

Woman always decline to believe—until they discover it from personal experience—that man can be too busy to flirt, or that any woman, except themselves, are too proper and particular to do so.—"Daily Dispatch."

We have no wish to indulge in anything of the nature of boastfulness, but really we do not feel that we have any reason to put on sack-cloth and ashes. For a nation without ideas we have done tolerably well.—"Daily Graphic."

The Chinaman may possibly live without his pigtail, but we cannot imagine him a sentient, intelligent being if he proceeds to adopt the silk hat and put his womankind into the blinkers and fetters worn so cheerfully by ours.—"Evening Standard."

When women come to value their beauty at its true worth, perhaps we shall have ballrooms open to the free air; for dancing, most healthy of exercises, should be a promoter, not a destroyer of beauty. But it will always have ill effects sooner or later so long as it is carried on in hot crowded rooms.—"Daily Mail."

NEARLY BURNED TO DEATH.

A HOUSEWIFE'S TERRIBLE INJURIES.

SPLENDID HEALING BY ZAM-BUK.

Mrs. C. Bradley, of Private-road, off Madras-street, Christchurch, N.Z., says:—"While cooking I severely scalded my feet with boiling fat. My right foot was injured so badly that for two months I was unable to put it to the ground or get my boot on. Three large holes formed in the bottom of my foot, and blood-poison set in. The pain was awful, and the itching and smarting very irritating."

"A friend recommended me to use Zam-Buk and gave me a small pot. This splendid balm brought so much relief that I decided to continue. I obtained a supply and persevered with it. All bad matter was drawn out of my foot, and the holes began to heal up. The inflammation and smarting were subdued and the itching ceased. In a short time the wounds were completely healed, and I was able to get about again."

"On another occasion, while attending to my household duties, I had a fainting fit, and fell in the fire. It was a wonder I was not burned to death. As it was my hair was all burnt off and the skin of my head severely burnt. I freely applied Zam-Buk with excellent results, and before long my scalp was perfectly well again. I strongly recommend Zam-Buk as an ideal remedy for burns."

Zam-Buk, the ever-ready, painless, healing balm, is sold by all chemists and stores.

Diana of Dreams: By G. B. Burgin. (London: Hutchinson's Colonial Library. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

This is a sequel to "The Slaves of Allah," and shows the heroine of that story rewarding the hero of that and this story. The book's scenes are laid, respectively, in rural England, Asia Minor and Constantinople, during the reign of the lately-deposed Sultan, and the uprising of the Young Turkish party. As is usual, with these Eastern stories of Mr. Burgin's, exciting adventure succeeds dangerous adventure, political intrigue succeeds private intrigue, and there are tragedies enough and to spare. What the reader will think of the English heroine marrying the Christianised Turk we cannot say. But it is quite certain, and Mr. Burgin knows his East, that he is not a subscriber to the Kipling belief that "never the twain shall meet." Mr. Burgin is a trifle profligate, maybe, and his English scenes have an air of unreality. But once on Eastern ground, and his atmosphere is everything that can be desired.

NEW ZEALAND STORIES.

For the Love of a Maori Maid.

(By GAELIC.)

[The Editor desires to announce that New Zealand Stories by New Zealand writers, will be published on this page regularly. The page will be open to any contributor, and all accepted stories will be paid for at current rates. terse, bright sketches of Dominion life and people, woven in short story form, are required, and should be headed "New Zealand Stories."]

YOU who read must set your thoughts to follow where my thoughts lead. I would have you leave the street and the town, and come with me far back; come far into the lands that know not the pakeha voice—that know not the sounds of the white man's world. The lands that bear the forest's pride, where the fern is untrampled, where the tui sings his loudest and is not afraid—there must he wander. Nay, more! a greater and stronger fancy must lead you, for I would have your mind to close its understanding to the things of to-day—to the present that lives—and open its ways to the doings of the past. The present is real, and, save in mighty moments, fails to arouse the man from beneath the skin that a newer world hath wrapped around him, and hath tied so fast that when aroused he blushes to find the spirit outpouring from the smothered and girded founts of his inmost mind.

We in the present are too languid to love as we loved before, too polite to hate as of old. Our love must first be found by writings of law; our hate is unwieldy, and barren of the sport it should yield if only they who quarrel would stand out, naked of knife and spear, and let the better brain and muscle laugh when the weaker fall. Can hate of the present be hate of the heart when it spits out death through a tube of iron to the foe it has never met, nor even seen, as the wide valleys part the ways?

My mind is of the past, and my whitened bones soon will show that my beating heart has ceased to yield life to my body of the present. I have seen that the present can never meet the past, for it does not understand, and will not reconcile. The old are old in mind, as in body, for their thoughts are not with the world of youth. Can the spirit of the ancient kauris deign to follow the doings of the chirping sparrows? We die, but the words of our mouths live on. Give me, then, your thoughts, that my tale shall be told when this, my tongue, lies mouldering into the dust whence it came.

Tell me, which of all people can boast of having known greater changes in life and in the manners of life, from grand-sire to child, than the civilised Maori. Others may have tasted as many of the pleasures and pains of the passing of nakedness, but none, I say, has suffered the disappointments or enjoyed the advantages to points of keenness greater than my dark-skinned race. When the Great White Queen gave us our charter, we pictured a very heaven of bliss for the Maori. All things would work to one ending to form a happy blend; all wrongs would be righted, and all darkness would be turned to light! Thus we thought, and so would you also have thought had your ignorance of life and of the ways of righteous men been as ours. But, thanks to that great Charter, we now can talk in the pakeha tongue as well as our white brethren, and, perhaps, better than many of them! The pakeha guns protect us from the invader across the sea, and the pakeha law courts protect us from the land-shark ashore. We sit beside the silk-wrapped lady in the worship-house, and we brush against the scented dandy in the swift-moving, horseless cars; and none dare banish us or openly insult our name. Yes, we are grateful, very, but many thoughts of sadness come to the mind of the Maori, whose dreams take him back to the past. He thinks of the fallen greatness of his people, of the majesty and power of the mighty

Ariki, and of the mystery of the solemn tohunga's power. He can now recall the dead ages only in lettered books, wherein cold, unfeeling authors describe all wondrous deeds as "acts of barbarism," and wherein good and bad are too readily grouped into the signs and ways of savagery. Bad, the Maori may have been, but his soul was open to other spirits besides those of evil. Hate was strong, but love was stronger. You laugh, and beneath your laugh your eyes

loves to hover in the gutters, smoking paper-wrapped tobacco and doing cowardly and unclean things. The home of the Maori has left the hills and high places. His bones are grown lazy, for he loves to dwell where his fuel and water are earned with but little labour. He builds his kaings on the low places, heedless that there the consumptive sickness lurks. The Maori is dying; he is to blame, for he sleeps on, and his sleep will end in death!



IN THE NICK OF TIME.

may veil a sneer. My story may help to show you the power of love's sway among the hearts of my people. It will show you that faith in love led even our great chiefs to open their hearts to its spirit-power. Their love-filled minds would lead them to do the bidding of their visions; and you will learn how the dreams of Ruatui moulded his path of life and of death, for his visions were not to be denied. Nor do I know of any of love's mind-beckonings which led any man out to the maid who had left her image on his soul, engraved by the magic power of her love-lit eyes in living flesh and blood. I lament the loss of poetry, and of the thoughts that soften hate. Our dreams now turn to the getting of money, and the Maori is fond of eating out his brains with the strong drink, the fiery liquid of the Evil One, which the pakeha is ever ready to sell to him. His talk is too much like that of the thing called harrikin, that

But the pakeha is impatient to hear my story.

It was told to me by my father, and is therefore true. My father was a great priest, and knew men's minds. He it was who heard the last words of Ruatui, and saw him leap out to the gods. My heart stores the words of Ruatui, as told to me; and thus he spoke to my father the priest:—

"My heart is heavy and my soul is sick, oh Tanemai! The goodness in my heart commands me, and says 'Speak and die, oh Ruatui, the brave!' The badness laughs, and says 'Be silent; bury thy sorrow, thy doings, and live thy life, oh Ruatui!' My spirit is torn. Will your holy mind help me and command, oh Tanemai?"

"Speak, my son!"
"And die?" Then let it be so, Tanemai, I love a maid, Moecana must be my bride in death. She is of the Ngapu; I of the Wairomo, as all our race knows full

well. When the Wairomo fought the Ngapu, I, their chief, led them; but we were beaten back, though many of our warriors stayed to feed the Ngapu fires of death. The pobutukawas have bloomed many times since then, but well I remember the way I fought for and won a prisoner—even Moecana—surely the chosen of the goddess of beauty, for she was no other maid, and I protected her and chose her to mate. After many moons had shed their light and passed, the love that Moecana bore to me was strong as the love I bore her, and she was soon to be the Wairomo's chief honoured wife and queen. But my people were wrathful, and, while yet too fearful to kill her, they drove her back through the blackness of night, back to the Ngapu, her tribe, where she could see me no more. My anger was great, and straightway I took revenge, and gave many of my people to the gulls on the shore. But revenge satisfies the evil in our minds and does not reach the heart. My sun had gone down, for Moecana was gone, and I knew that she, too, would mourn her fate high up in death. Now, the maiden, my Moecana, who in her great beauty was called the Sunshine of the Ngapu, appeared many times to me in wondrous dreams, so that I clutched forth as I slept, but the beautiful vision ever melted away and slowly beckoned me to follow.

"I did not tell of my dreams to the Wairomo, for it was right that they should not wish a Ngapu to be the mother of my children. No, the Maori of old hated too well! Many murmurs of anger, too, had been heard by my spies concerning the taking of my revenge; and so I kept my thought and told not of the waiting yet fleeting visions.

"But love is strong, and I loved the smiling face, the shining hair of Moecana; and oh, Tanemai! when I could no longer keep my sorrow, nor bear the tearing at my heart, I crept away at set of sun and followed where the love-shadow led. Whilst my people slept the happy vision led me over the hills, through many waters, and across the plains, far into our enemy's land, and there, while the moon was yet high and shining through the dew-glittering branches of the tall kauris, I lost my wondrous guide, but saw, running fast to meet me, my heart's longing—even Moecana herself—in full glory of life and beauty. I stood, and the heat of my quick journeying turned to cold. I had seen no green tuatara; nothing had crossed my path to give this fear-god power over me; but for a moment the brave Ruatui left his own body so that it became but a cold home for fear to dwell in. The change I had seen from lovely airy spirit to still lovelier mortal being was too great for my understanding, and my brain could not help me. But Moecana spoke, and her voice was sweeter than music of the morning tui!

"Come, oh Ruatui! Your spirit whispered through the night, and I knew that your love led you thither. Come to my people; they must surely welcome you. You are strong, you are good, and we shall wed. Ruatui, our tribes shall be at peace. Come!"

"The sound of the human voice gave me back my strength, and the thoughts of Moecana's words lent me courage to that I could answer, 'Your will is my will, Moecana. Life and death shall see us as one, and neither shall part us!'"

"There spoke the true spirit of Ruatui! Come, my mortal god, and we will go to the Ngapu to learn of our life to be."

"Moecana, your love is still mine? You speak of OUR life!"

"Even so, my warrior! and Moecana's soft laugh started a sleeping Whauroro to his morning song. 'My art is weaker, but my wits are nimbler than thine."

"A maid may sing of the love she bears, and sigh!

A man may fight with all his care,

Or die!

Her heart is dead, but life is left

To weep!

His soul is peace, his body left,

To sleep!

But Moecana's heart is burst

With blood,

To quench her brave Ruatui's thirst,

In flood

Of love, that shall not die with life

Or death!

So live and laugh, or go in strife,

Our breath."

"Moecana's voice of song filled my soul and seemed to live in the trees, so that I could not speak until we were far out on the white cliffs that border the sea. We walked slowly on, hand in hand, and

spoke of the visions that had come to both of us, and we made many bright plans that would loop the bonds of friendship around our quarrelsome tribes, that for ever cast aside the bitter feelings that made the Wairoa sharpen their weapons, and point them towards the home of the Ngapu. But I care not, O Tanemai, to speak much of these sayings. The words of the heart are not for other ears.

II.

"When the sun rose up from over the sea, and cast the light of day over the doings of men, my love and I came to the great Ngapu pa, which even now showed many signs of the great Wairoa attack. As though we had come in the manner of invited guests, two men met us at the gates of the pa. My guide's face showed great fear, but her words were spoken with firmness, as became a chief's daughter. 'Be brave, my Ruatui,' she said. 'Tehero the tohunga and Nuiawa my father come forth to greet us.'

"But neither of the men looked at me. They appeared not even to notice my presence, but went straight up towards Moeana.

"Daughter," began Nuiawa, "this must not be. You shall mate with none but a Ngapu. Haki shall be thy husband—Haki the fearless, Haki the noble, the master of many lands, the chosen—"

"Nay, my father," broke in Moeana. "Haki is not noble. Haki is cruel and faithless. I cannot—"

"Silence!" cried Tehero the tohunga, while his evil mind showed itself by the passion which worked in his face. "You will be forgiven, but only in part. You must meet your punishment, though it will be a light one, for you have delivered into our hands the chief of our enemies. Your Ruatui's last moments shall cause mirth for the women and children. But as I have said, your punishment shall be a light one, oh daughter of Nuiawa! You shall scrape clean the bones of this Ruatui, and shall take them in their shame to the tribe that owns them, even to the Wairoa! At the next rise of the sun we shall see how the chief of the Wairoa can die! Go and forget your shame!"

"My weeping love was led away. Many men then came to me, and though I fought as the Wairoa knows how to fight, they quickly overcame my strength bound my arms, and threw me into a stout ware, setting an armed warrior to watch over me. How I spent that long day only Ruatui shall ever know. My limbs suffered much pain from my bonds, but this I could bear; my pain of the mind I could not bear, and I groaned aloud at the thoughts of my Moeana and the misery she had brought upon herself by her great love for me. In stillness the night came down, and I set my thoughts upon my people and upon the unknown world of spirits I was soon to enter.

"Another keeper was placed over me, and soon a soft feeling of rest crept over me, for surely my mind was about to give up its struggle and enter into a state of blankness, which would in mercy cover up the doings of my captors. But just as the world and the things of this world were about to pass from me, I heard a soft voice tenderly calling, 'Ruatui! Ruatui!' It was Moeana. I cried aloud in my joy, but her hand stole over my mouth, and her lips whispered, 'My Ruatui, your keeper sleeps, and I am come to set you free.' She cut my bonds with a sharpened stone she had remembered to bring, but as the last strand yielded to her efforts the moon chose to burst from behind the clouds, and, as if its influence had wakened him, my door-watcher arose and came towards us. But my arm was free, and in the same instant one woman of the Ngapu became a widow. Moeana shuddered, and drew me behind the shadow of the ware, but no sound disturbed the stillness of the night.

"Ruatui! my love tremblingly whispered, 'my hands are also red with Ngapu blood.'

"How, Moeana?"

"Tehero the tohunga is a false priest. I had to protect myself from his evil when he came to my prison; and, oh, Ruatui, his own mere came to my hand, and he now sleeps with it deep in his brains."

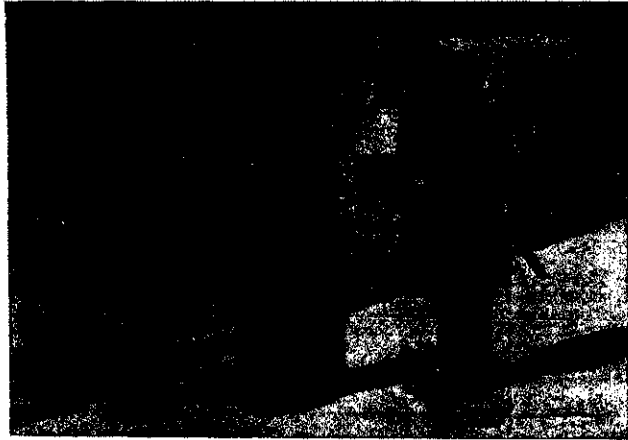
"I laughed softly and praised the deed, but Moeana answered not. She was peering forth and listening, for the threatening sound of murmuring voices bore ill-news for us; and loud shouts and cries soon told their tale, for the deeds of blood were discovered, and now

the moon shone bright and clear as those at the gate of the pa came towards us. Then my strength came to life, and my blood flowed fast. I lifted my love in my arms, and by quick scrambling round a ware, escaped the men. I ran past the gate and out into the fern as man never ran before. But the fern was thick and high, for I knew not the track, and Moeana had lost her brain power. The weight soon weakened me, so that my body wished to fall. My wrath became great when I turned and beheld Nuiawa and another, whom I at once knew to be Haki, following close upon us. I heard them laugh, for they knew, but till then I did not that a river ran at my feet. Without a pause I plunged in, and the current of the stream quickly bore us down. Then a thought of escape came to me, and I seized a drooping mangrove root and held with a desperate grip. The coldness of the water caused Moeana to awake, but it made our bodies so that they shook as with disease. But we soon rejoiced, for the men passed us, running down the bank. We heard the curses of Nuiawa and the wailing of Haki. When their footsteps broke the fern far away, we scrambled out, and went towards the high land near the sea. We found a sheltered place, and there we stayed until we should be rested; and Moeana softly sang a war song to lend us courage. We believed that those who chased us were searching in the river, but it was not so. Moeana's voice was suddenly hushed, for Nuiawa had found us. He had crept up, and now, his

could not paddle quickly with the heavy limb they had used, and I made much noise, so that my enemies soon discovered me. They entered the water, and I saw that they swam faster than I could paddle, but I dared not again trust to the mercy of the water, for my affrighted brain heard the dread Taniwha beneath. I cried aloud to the spirit of Moeana, and before the echo of my voice had died away the noise of the demon fish had ceased. The good in death had defeated the evil in life. And now the sweet vision appeared to me unbidden, and I swam out towards her. She led me on, through the water and out over the fern, until I came to a narrow point of high land, where the sea broke on both sides. I rested and prayed that our spirits should become as one. The lovely dream-spirit came smiling, and pointed to where the narrow land joined the broad. I looked, and saw that Haki came alone, and I knew that his companion slept beneath the waters of cold Tangiora.

III.

"Again I heard the war song—the same song that had kissed the lips of living Moeana when we had rested during our fight. I looked to earth and sky, and strode forth to do battle. We were strong men both, and our hands were our only weapons. Neither of us spoke, but the young manuka was trampled far around, for we fought a fearful fight. My angel-spirit's voice sounded in my ears and gave to my fingers the strength of two men, so that Haki's throat was



Old Lady (who has lost her bearings): But, dear me! I'm certain that the last time I was here I went that way to Hartem.
Diplomatic Policeman: It's right in the opposite direction, now, mum. Ye'd be surprised at the changes that's been made.

spear quivered in his daughter's heart. In the dark his accursed weapon had found the wrong victim! I was cold and still with horror, and recovered only when I saw Haki, burning with wrath, striking his bare head into Nuiawa's skull.

"Then a think came up, and I fled. Oft' have I felt ashamed, oh Tanemai! but the truth must be told. I fled because I thought of dead Moeana, and the thought stilled my heart, so that the blood which it pumped was cold. The two men followed me, and the night turned to day, and the day wore on and turned to night; but still they followed me. Many times as I ran my thoughts turned my will to stand and do battle, but my soul was torn and mad within me, and my body took its own unbidden course.

"Now, I knew of the lake called Tangiora, and I ran towards it. Before the moon arose I was beside its waters, and without waiting cast my tired body into the cold depths and swam out to the island known to my tribe as Aotura. I could but drag my weary feet into the low, leafy growth of friendly Aotura, when I fell to the ground and slept; but my rest was broken by the cries of the birds, for they were uneasy at my coming. But soon a worse noise disturbed me; the moon shone upon Haki and the other man of Ngapu, who had heard the cries of the birds and had crossed the waters on a flax-bound raft of dry kauri. They landed and searched, but my luck was good, for I had seen them first. I softly crept down to the water's edge, and stole their raft. I

clasped and held tight until the breath of life left his body, and I was alone. I dragged the dead thing away and covered it with leaves, for fear that Moeana's spirit might not return while it lay in the pure moonlight.

"I stood free as the sun, and thought to go back to my people. But the love of Moeana held me, and again I sought the bright vision. It came to my call of despair, but beckoned me to leap over the cliff, down on to the rocks beneath. I stayed, and saw the pale light play on the glorious image of Moeana. A soft sounding whisper chanted a wondrous song, but yet I stayed. Then clear and strong came the words of Moeana:

"Come, Ruatui, come!
Your spirit is mine.
It shall cling to my shining hair.
Your flesh is of earth;
Let it wither to dust.
Our spirits are one, as scent and the flower.
Come, Ruatui, come!"

"Tanemai, oh tohunga, I stayed! And, Tanemai, my heart is not white; for I turned, and with lips that were ready to speak lies I went towards my tribe. Tanemai, they had gone, and only the children and the feeble one had stayed. They were gone again to fight with the Ngapu, and all for the love of their chief Ruatui, who had wandered hence. My heart and my limbs were heavy, but I turned again to fight and to die with my people. But the gods were angry with me, and caused my body to sink beneath its troubles and weariness, and I lay amid the trees for many days and nights, so that I was very close

to death; but the sweet spirit of Moeana came not to my calling.

"At last the fever went forth, for I am freely of the berries and leaves that heal and that give us strength and good blood. I slowly went forth, hoping that the tribes yet fought. But next morn brought me to the taurakarika called Kaotae, one of my people. Kaotae had not long to live, for his blood flowed from many wounds. His weak voice could only just tell me his story, and he was glad that death was near, for after fierce and desperate fighting only he had escaped to tell the news.

"And now the Wairoa children and feeble ones yet await in vain for the return of their warriors, oh Tanemai, for Kaotae died at sun, and I have come to you. The Wairoa men were brave, but foolish, for the Ngapu were many—as many to my braves as five meres are to one—and the Ngapu fought for their homes, while the Wairoa fought as they thought for their imprisoned chief, even Ruatui who speaks. Tanemai, I have killed my tribe, for the children will wander. I have lost Moeana and her lovely, lonely shadow of spirit-world hope. My brain is like the fire that cannot be quenched, and my heart is like the ice that cannot melt. Tanemai! Tohungal! Speak to me thy words of wisdom!"

My father led the trembling Ruatui to the edge of the cliff, even to the base of this poukukawa, and said, "Oh, chief of the Wairoa, you are called by the gods, your love is keen and your Moeana calls you. It is well. Spring far out, Ruatui, and forget all cares of earth in the everlasting peace of the spirit world. Go, and stay not!"

Ruatui looked to the woods, but they were silent to him. He gazed below and upwards, and suddenly lifting up his voice cried, "My spirit shall go to Reinga, where the seaweed shall open wide to clear my way to the life beyond, and to Moeana. Wairoa, my people; Ngapu, my enemies; Tanemai, the tohunga, farewell! Moeana, I come to you!"

Tanemai, my father, stood still until the Wairoa chief had leapt. The body lay on the pointed rocks below, and the troubles of Ruatui were over.

Tanemai rested, and his mind became filled with many thoughts of the ways of men; but he grieved not at the fate of the Wairoa, for it had been ordered by the gods, and the plans of the gods work ever to doings of wisdom. The men of the Wairoa had been kissed by the god of the death-cloud, and the tribe must die. The spirits of many fathers and young men of the Ngapu had gone forth also, for the Wairoa fought not with hands of snow. Many women were weeping, and many children would grow weary of waiting for those that had gone. The blood of chiefs and of tohungas fed the thirsty grounds; the kangas knew much misery, and the friends of Moeana mourned their Beauty-queen.

Thus much may come from the doings of one man, but the heart feelings guide all things.

Tanemai, my father, commanded me never to weary of telling the story of Ruatui and his love. "My son," he said, "all these harvests of death but followed the course of Ruatui and his love of a Maori maid; yet tell the story to your children; it will fill their thoughts with a true mind-picture of your dead tribes. If will teach them that love will follow the brave, and that the brave may love and yet run, and still become yet braver—aye, even to death. So, let your hate be keen. Be brave. But let your love be strongest of all, for a weak love dwells not in the heart of the good!"

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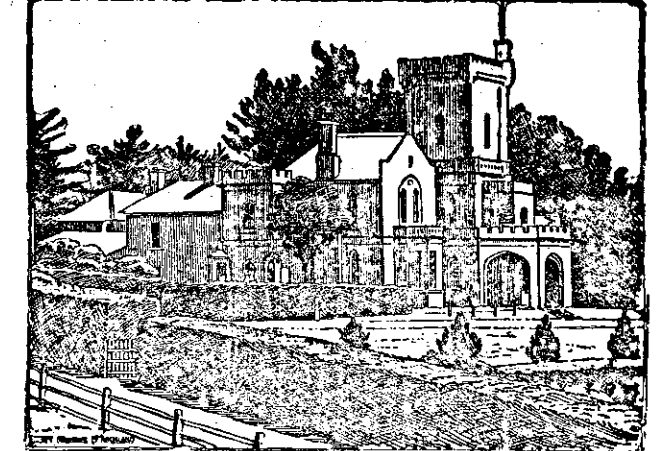
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THE CALLERS.

The Difficulties of Love-Making in a Flat.

By MARY HEATON VORSE.

Author of "Jimsie's Afternoon Off."

I HAVE told you before how Uncle Solon's flat is arranged, so if you can remember about it you can skip the first part of this. I have to repeat it because the arrangement of my uncle's flat has everything to do with this story. That is the trouble with the city—every little thing matters. Now you can't imagine the arrangement of a house in the country having an effect on your whole life, can you? So naturally I wasn't prepared to have Uncle Solon's flat "get up and sweat me one," as Bob would say. I wouldn't have dreamed of using an expression like that when I first came here. But now my whole life has been modified, as one's life must be if one loses a very dear friend, and I feel perfectly sure that David would still be my friend to-day if I had lived in a house.

You see, the rooms in my uncle's flat are threaded onto a long hall like beads on a piece of black string. In front there is a front parlour and back parlour, and off the front parlour is an alcove. Now Aunt Matilda and Uncle Solon (he's in the insurance business) sleep in the back parlour, which is divided from the front parlour only by rather rickety folding doors, over the top of which is a would-be ornamental wooden grating, and there isn't a sound in the next room one can't hear; of course Uncle Solon and Aunt Matilda can hear every word being said in the parlour.

When I first came, Pauline explained everything to me about that parlour.

"You'll just have to get used to it, Daisy," she told me, "for you never can tell when a word happens to penetrate to them and when it won't. I shall never forget the time when Charlie Shafter tried to get fresh, and Father bawled out, 'Young man!' and I am perfectly sure that he had been asleep only a minute before. It made me feel small, I can tell you, and I told Father next day just what I thought about it. When the day comes that I can't sit on a fresh young man without a parent bawling out 'Young man,' I shall give up having callers altogether," was what I said to Father. "If I've got any sense you'd better trust me, and if I haven't the sooner you lock me up in a nunnery the better!"

I must say I don't blame Pauline for the way she felt, and I blamed her still less after a time when I had been through the pain of receiving callers in that awful back parlour. When Pauline was explaining to me about the disadvantages of the parlour she had other things in her mind, as I soon found out by her asking me:

"Daisy, which nights would you rather have for your callers?"

"Why," said I, "I haven't anyone I especially want to have call on me here in New York, and I haven't the least idea—"

"I've better decide right in the beginning. I don't mind how much you come in when the boys are there; I'd rather have you come, but you'll see, you'll be sure to have people that you'd rather see alone just as I have. There's Will Mason—when he comes to see me it's usually Thursday, only not all the time; because it looks so soft and silly to have a man come exactly the same evening every week, and Will is much too much a real man of the world to do a Holoken trick like that, still he manages to let me know about when to expect him; but I'd hate awfully, wouldn't you, to have a man come regularly every Thursday evening? It would make me feel as if he were cornbeef and cabbage in a boarding house—and so provincial!"

Pauline is very particular about a lot of things, and Bob says is always throwing a "bunch of side," and about other things she isn't particular at all.

Of course when Pauline first spoke to me about the matter of callers I did not understand the seriousness of the situation and when it came to giving me delicate hints to keep out of the room when Will Mason came to call I wished like everything I had been Gladys. If I had

been, I would have told her in plain terms that I didn't want to meet her tiresome old admirers. It's when Pauline talks like this that I understand why Gladys, who is only twelve, is so cynical. It didn't make me feel any more comfortable to have Gladys in the room, for when Pauline was through Gladys said in biting tones:

"Be sure, Daisy, and leave Pauline's little strawberry lamb alone, or you'll get hurt, my dear. Pauline gets him in a corner and growls over him like a dog over a bone."

"That'll do, miss!" cried Pauline. "You know," said Gladys to me as we went into my room, "you are a real comfort to me, Daisy. I always was afraid I'd have to grow up to be like Pauline, and you can imagine how that made me feel."

When I didn't find anything to reply to this surprising remark Gladys sailed on in that wise, serene way of hers:

"You know, I thought all girls got to that boy age sooner or later, and I tell you, Daisy, when I thought of myself running after anything in pants it made me have a sinking feeling right here," said Gladys, putting her hand on what

traction of the city life had taken the edge off our finer feelings. He felt, as I did, that one has to have space about one to allow the soul to grow! It was so long since I had had a chance to talk to anyone about the things that I think most deeply about—I had almost forgotten them. Of course I feel very deeply about my painting—I told David so, and it made me think hard when he asked me if I didn't think I was paying too great a price for it.

"But," I objected, "we have to pay a price for everything we get."

"Oh, Daisy," he said at that, "be careful what price you pay. There are some things much more beautiful than paintings, and excuse me for saying something which may seem to doubt your talent, which I know is great. You may pay a big price and not get what you expect in return. Oh, be sure it is worth it before you pay." I hadn't heard a single word like this, not even in the art school, since I left home, and while I heard a noise, something like what I suppose Gladys would call a "snort," coming from Aunt Matilda's room, I didn't pay any attention to it, for I wasn't on the lookout for sounds as I grew to be later. After David left I sat a while in the gathering gloom—even the city cannot quite spoil the twilight hour, and it had done me good to talk with David. But my thoughts, that were soaring upwards, were brought to the earth with a thump, for a head reared itself up from behind the divan in the corner of the alcove off the front parlour where Bob sleeps, and Gladys's voice came out to me.

"I've just got to get up from here, Daisy, I meant to stay here until you went away, for I know how embarrassed I should feel if all my deepest thoughts had been overheard! It was all right so long as my left leg was asleep, but

portieres. Then I heard a little squeal and the voice of my little cousin Molly, and then Bob's voice:

"Well, keep out of my room if you don't want to get stepped on. Oh, I wish my room had a door; I tell you I'd keep it locked! First I have to wait for Daisy's Soul kiss to go home before I can change my trousers and then I step on a kid."

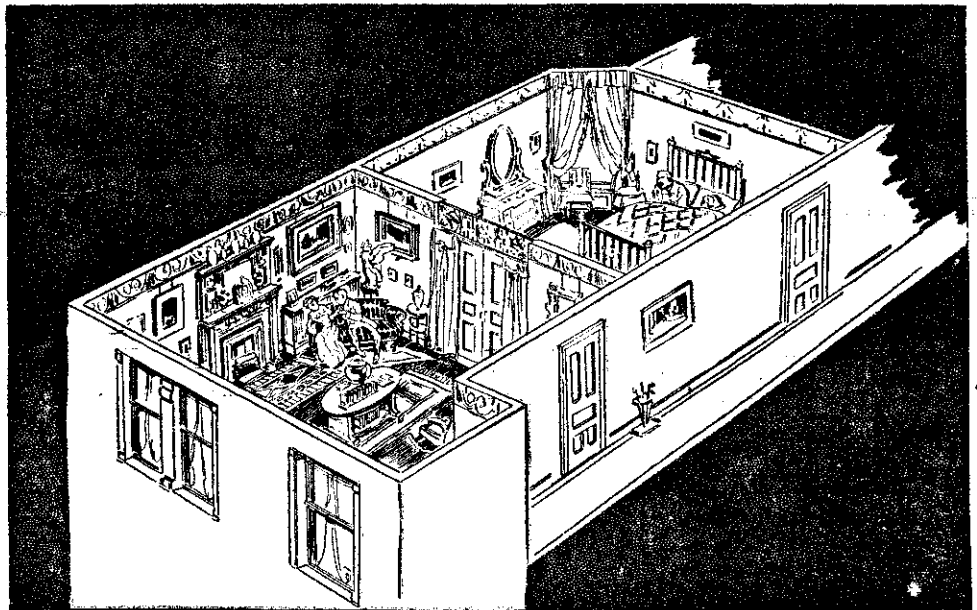
"She'll spoil her eyes sewing in that light, but I couldn't tell her so because of your high-brow. She wasn't listening to anything," said Gladys consolingly, "and I didn't listen to any more than I could help. He's quite nice looking for a high-brow, isn't he, Daisy? But you'd better not let Pauline lay her eyes on him, I can tell you those!"

I couldn't help but think how precocious flat life makes a child. If Gladys were in a house in the country she would not notice her sister's doings, but as it is she is as wise as any little owl at twelve. She looks at me the way she does at Pauline sometimes.

"I thought you were different from Pauline," she said. "I don't mean, Daisy dear, that you are horrid like she is, but about men, and only you do it in a different way!"

I told her that I thought she was very vulgar, and I wanted very much to ask her "do what?" but I didn't, for I was very much afraid of what she would answer. Afterwards I felt sorry that I had been so pusillanimous. When we went to dinner Pauline asked me what I was looking so blue about.

"She isn't blue," answered Bob, "she's cross just like you are when you have anyone come within twenty miles of you when you're got a Candy Kid calling. I don't see why having callers makes a girl's temper so fierce. Daisy almost snapped my head off because I happened



Uncle Solon's flat.

I suppose she thought was her heart but was really her diaphragm. "But since I've seen you I've taken hope again. I don't mean I'm a man-hater, but where I don't respect I cannot love, and how anyone can respect a long-legged, wide-mouthed, long-eared, dropped-egg-on-toast-eyed, purple-socked clothes-pin is what I can't understand, and that's what boys seem to me! Now you don't seem to have gotten to the boy age at all."

Someway this appreciation from Gladys didn't make me feel as happy as it was intended to. While I hope I am not vain, still I'm very fastidious about whom I know, and I don't pretend I've ever been a wall-flower, so Gladys's words made me feel lonely all at once for some of my friends at home. So that was why I suppose I was so glad to see David Sterrit when I met him on the street shortly after. As it was late in the afternoon he walked home with me and everything was very nice. Aunt Matilda spoke a few words to him and went away, and as everyone hadn't come home I had a comfortable cosy visit with him. David had not been long in New York, and we compared notes. Both of us had found that the noise and dis-

now as my other leg and left hand have gone to sleep something's got to happen, and you may feel lucky it didn't happen while he was here. My! but he handed you out a bunch of talk! He is a straight high-brow, isn't he?"

I was going to say something dignified, when Bob peered anxiously in.

"Oh, he's gone, has he? So now I can get some of my clothes out of my bureau. Say, Daisy, he is pretty long on the soul talk, isn't he? I thought you'd be getting the soul kiss next, so I lit out. I thought he was some of Pauline's hay."

I'm sorry to say I flared out just as Pauline does.

"I think you perfectly mean to listen!"

"Listen nothing!" said Bob. "Do you suppose I'd listen to rubbish like that even if I were paid to do it? I tell you I wanted to change my pants, and I just peeped through the key-hole in Mother's room. I heard him say 'soul' three times and I said, that's all."

"Bob, which had you rather have, the kind Pauline has or the kind Daisy has?" asked Gladys, perfectly serious. But Bob muttered something like "dead ones" and went into his alcove and drew the

to let my eye light on that Soul Kiss of hers."

"Oh, I didn't know you had a caller," said Pauline.

"I don't think it is very nice to refer to your cousin's callers as Soul Kisses," Aunt Matilda broke in.

"He'll be all right when he gets city broke," Bob told me consolingly.

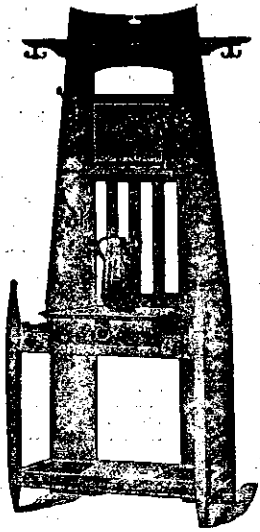
"Is he nice looking?" asked Pauline.

"Say, Daisy, you ought to tell him to get his collars in New York instead of Hoboken!" This from Bob.

"Children," Aunt Matilda broke in, "I think you are very rude, and you mortify me. Can't Daisy have a caller without your acting this way?"

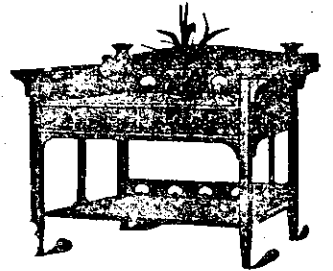
I've told you all they said, so you can imagine the bad taste it left in my mouth. I felt as if my nice little call with my old friend had been dragged in the mud. The lack of privacy was simply indecent. Of course, in the country everyone notices who goes in and out of the house, but your conversation isn't overheard by everybody to the youngest babe, and the family do not nickname your caller the "Soul Kiss," for this nickname of Bob's stuck. The next time

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David called in the evening, little Molly ran to me calling:

"It's your Aunt Kias, Daisy!" She was so innocent about it that I couldn't scold her, and I was too proud to tell my other cousins how repulsive such a name was to me when applied to David.

However, I was very glad to see him again, in spite of all the talk that had gone on, which had left me the feeling of having my spirit stripped naked, because it's awful not to have any privacy for your thoughts. I soon forgot all about the unpleasant things that had happened and felt freer with David than I ever had before. But as he said, "Finding one of one's own intellectual kindred in a city like New York gives one a rare sense of fellowship." So with Pauline and Uncle Solon and Aunt Matilda in the end of the flat I had a feeling of tranquillity that I never expected to have after David's first call. The place was quiet, and altogether there was an aspect about it that made David say, "How restful it is to be with you, Daisy!" I gave myself up to the charm of being with someone I understood and that understood me. I remember we were talking about how long we had known each other and how this meeting had caused our friendship to flower, when the door bell rang. The little burr of the electric bell sounding far off, made my heart feel queer. David, not knowing the sounds of the flat as I did, went right on talking, but I could hardly answer him. I heard someone asking in New York tones if Miss Shoemaker was in. Then it flashed over me that it was Thursday night and it was Will Mason come to call on Pauline!

surprise I saw David staring at Pauline as if he thought she was extremely good looking. I am the least jealous person in the world, but I felt surprised that anyone of Pauline's type should appeal to him. I would be the first one to deny that Pauline isn't a very pretty girl—but under the bloom of her youth she is just as hard as an iron sauceman. There isn't a gleam of sympathy about her. I don't mean this in criticism any more than if I said her eyes were large and blue, which they are. Pauline had no intention of keeping the conversation general. Very soon she and Mr. Mason were chaffing each other along, each one handing out more slang, every minute, just as if we weren't in the room at all. The talking with David was for me like walking in a ploughed field. We have always talked of Real Things, and simply hadn't any small talk whatever to fall back on; so for the first time in my life I respected small talk and realized its value.

I would have given ten years of my life to have been able to chat along as Pauline did. To tell the truth, we both got more self-conscious every moment until our conversation sounded more like conversation in a German grammar than anything else. Beside that, the light fell upon Pauline and made her look to her best advantage, and David's glance kept falling on her in an absent-minded way.

Just as things began to get a little better I heard Aunt Matilda and Uncle Solon going to bed. For some reason I felt awfully embarrassed. Pauline didn't

much—for a man you've met for the first time.

"Why, yes," I replied coldly. "Don't you?"

"No," he answered, "I don't. He's too smooth and too glib. He's not the kind of fellow I'd want hanging around my sister. You can't tell what that sort of man is like under his veneer of good fellowship."

Now there's nothing I hate more than injustice and suspicion unless it's jealousy, and I saw right away that David's dislike of Mr. Mason was founded on this unworthy emotion. I had no idea before that he had such things in his disposition.

"I notice," I said, "that it didn't prevent your accepting his hospitality."

"No," he answered gloomily, "I didn't know how to get out of it."

"You can be sure," said I, pretty exasperated by this time, "he would have known how to get out of accepting yours."

"Oh, he, he'd know how to get out of anything."

I said something sharp in answer but David only replied with a queer note of pathos.

"I don't know how to do things like that, and neither do you, Daisy." I felt softened toward him, when he spoiled it all by saying: "I'm sorry a nice girl like your cousin does."

Well, I suppose we got very near a quarrel, for David didn't make me feel any pleasanter by saying that Pauline was "so natural and so full of the joy of life." I wanted to answer, "So is a cat," but refrained for fear of being misunder-

brow like you, but I can settle this faculty a lot better than if I were. I'll fix 'em so you won't see one of 'em."

"Well," asked Bob, "what you goin' to do about me, Daisy? You needn't say to me, 'It's the real fun for yours,' because two of the fellers are coming down tomorrow night. They're coming from awfully far."

"Your Uncle Solon and I," Aunt Matilda suggested, "can just sit in our own room, and you needn't be afraid, my dear, that we will make a sound. I have had to do it for Pauline more than once."

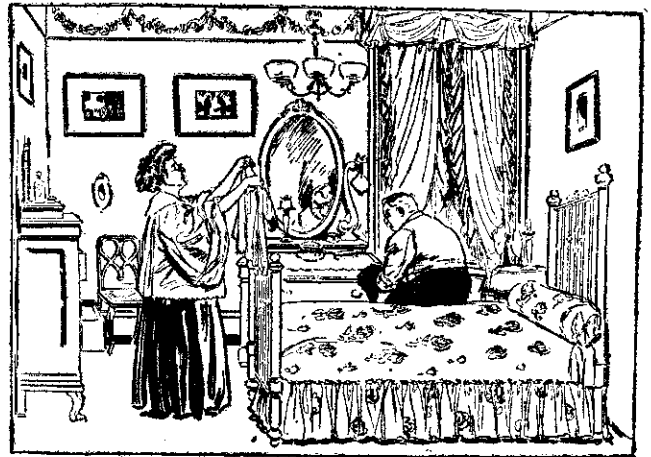
I said nothing, but I saw that Pauline would have to sit in there, too, with Bob and his friends in the dining-room, and the children in the bedroom.

Still, by that time I had gotten so I wanted to see David awfully, and I was glad enough to have him come even under those unfavourable circumstances. I think David had wanted to see me, too, for there was a different expression in his face from any I had ever seen, and as soon as he came in he said in a voice that seemed to me loud,

"Oh, Daisy, I can't tell you how I have been looking forward to to-night! Seeing you has brought me back to myself! I did not know how far away I had been drifting from what's real."

Somehow I wished he had not said it just that way. I knew Pauline couldn't help hearing everything, so I answered in a very low tone. He did not take the hint and it seemed to me that he fairly yelled,

"It's strange how the isolation of a great city throws people together."



"Just then there came a pause in the conversation, and I heard Aunt Matilda's voice saying with awful distinctness, 'I don't believe your last year's flannels are warm enough, father! Seems to me they washed awful thin last year!'"

I could hear him taking his things off in the hall, and the maid telling him to go in and be seated. I am sorry to say that both David and I were provincial enough to let a silence fall on us and it made me feel angry at David. It's a man's place to help one out in an uncomfortable situation. I was so cross at David that I couldn't gather my wits about me to break the awful silence—you know that silence creeps about you sometimes when you feel as if you had been doing something wrong. After a long time something made me glance at Will, Mr. Mason I suppose I ought to call him. As I peeped up he was looking at me and there passed between us one of those looks that sometimes you can't help giving to strangers, a quick glance of comprehension which made me feel more uncomfortable and more angry at David, and also made me wonder if I ought to bow to Mr. Mason and speak, even though he hadn't been introduced, and altogether I felt like a little country jay; and in the bottom of my heart I had a funny little triumphant feeling.

I knew just as well as anything that Will Mason would like me whether I was a country jay or not, and perhaps all the better because I was. There! I can't tell how long we three sat there without speaking, and while we sat there it flashed through my mind that I ought to have known Will Mason was coming, because Pauline was all dressed up. I kept getting angrier at David and angry at myself, because I couldn't help looking sideways at Will Mason sitting perfectly self-possessioned in his chair waiting, I knew, for me to look at him. After an age Pauline appeared, and in a moment more we were all introduced; then to my

appear to notice and chatted on as if we weren't sitting talking like two stone bottles on one hand, and her mother going to bed on the other. Just then there came a pause in the conversation, and I heard Aunt Matilda's voice saying with awful distinctness:

"I don't believe your last year's flannels are warm enough, Father! Seems to me they washed awful thin last year."

If I'd had anything to say this would have taken it from my mouth, but Pauline was quite equal to the occasion. She rose to her feet and said,

"Let's all go out and make a rarebit," but Mr. Mason proposed we all go out with him and get a lobster, and, as if he hadn't heard Aunt Matilda going to bed, asked if Mrs. Shoemaker wouldn't go with us. He came over and began talking to us so we wouldn't hear Pauline talking in the other room. For the first time in my life I realized what the meaning of *savoir faire* was.

Of course, Aunt Matilda couldn't go, so Bob was fished out of the cellar, where he was talking with the janitor, to go as chaperon in her place. By some chance I found myself walking with Mr. Mason, while Bob and David and Pauline walked on ahead a few steps. I found Mr. Mason surprisingly easy to talk to. I wanted awfully to tell him that he seemed to me like a nice, frank boy with a lot of tact, but of course I couldn't. We had a very good time, except that David's conversation died as soon as we were all together.

On the way home David walked with me, and he surprised and pained me by saying right away,

"You seem to like Mr. Mason very

stood. So by the time we said good-night I felt perfectly wretched. David and Mr. Mason walked off together, and as we climbed the stairs (the elevator had just stopped), Bob said,

"Look out for storms, Daisy, you've made a bit with Pauline's best young man," which vulgar word sent me to bed still more unhappy. Why couldn't I have a pleasant time with Mr. Mason without Bob's saying such things, and why need Pauline mind? I went to bed feeling that I had offended everybody, and that David would never come to see me again, and that I didn't much care if he didn't, which made things awfully desolate.

You see how soon that miserable flat had made trouble between old and dear friends. That Pauline put it gently to me that she would see I had an evening all to myself if I would see she had an evening clear, only made me furious.

"Well, you'll never have any fun if you're as stuffy as that," Pauline told me.

"I don't want any," said I, but I did want fun and companionship—and everything just like any girl, and wished awfully that I didn't have something in me that wouldn't let me accept Pauline's suggestion, but I just couldn't, it seemed so awfully cold-blooded to arrange like that to be alone with David.

So I have to confess that I was glad enough when Pauline took matters in her own hands. She happened to be at home one afternoon when David came to call on me, and told him that she thought I would be there the next evening.

"And I can tell you one thing, Daisy dear," said she, "I may not be a high-

"Yes, isn't it?" said I, rather nervously. "What's that book you have in your hand?"

"It's a play of Yeats that I brought to read. It's got some beautiful passages—"

"What's the matter, Daisy," he broke off. "You don't seem yourself. Are you nervous?"

An awful desire to laugh came over me. Not myself! I would like to know what girl would feel herself when her Uncle Solon and Aunt Matilda were separated from her by only the thinnest kind of folding doors and a grating over them, and besides that, her cousin Pauline. I grew hot all over, for I could just see Pauline's puffs shaking at the things David was saying. I cannot explain it, but I felt as if I was Pauline myself, and the things David said sounded silly to me, and yet they were just the sort of things I always liked to talk about.

"I'm all right," I answered, "I'm just a little tired. It would rest me to hear you read." For anything, I felt, would be better than having them listen to David's tender speeches.

"Have I done anything you don't like, Daisy," he asked, "You seem so different somehow."

"Oh no, of course you haven't, David," I answered rather shortly. "Do read, please."

"Poor little girl," said David, "this big city has gotten on your nerves."

He began to read and soon looked up to me for appreciation, but I had not heard what he said; I was listening to some stealthy noises in the other room, followed by two little thuds. I knew what it was; it was Uncle Solon removing his shoes with great care, and I don't

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care how much you care for poetry, you can't listen to it when your Uncle Solon is talking of his shoes a few feet away. I made up my mind I would pay more attention, when the most awful racket broke out down at the other end of the hall. It was Bob and his friends singing "It Looks to Me Like a Big Time Tonight."

David struggled on for awhile, but pretty soon he laid down the book and said gently, "What if I should wait until they're through, Daisy?"

I saw one of those awful silences creeping over us, so I said desperately, "Tell me about your work, David. You have never told me what you are doing."

"Oh, I'm just in business," said he, "my real work, as you know, is writing, but in the meantime I must live."

I hoped Uncle Solon wasn't listening, for it flashed across me what he had been saying that day about "those young nincompoops too good for their job" like he had in his office.

"Are you happy here, Daisy," David asked me. "There is something quaint and 1830 about your aunt. She makes me think of a great, high black walnut chest of drawers with a marble top, you know, and pointed crystal bottles on each side."

I sat there abashed, and wished I had had the presence of mind to knock over something, for I knew Aunt Matilda would not a bit like to hear herself compared to a black walnut chest of drawers; nobody would.

"They've stopped singing now. Let's read some more," I suggested. But just

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"My! But he handed you out a bunch of talk! He is a straight high-brow, isn't he?"

as we were in one of the most poetic passages, they burst out again with "Home Was Never Like This, Yoopti-ah-di."

"That is a song that I have always particularly detested. It put me entirely out of the humour of Yeats," said David, "let's just talk."

I made up my mind that I mustn't be silly, so I did my best to try and forget that those three people were sitting there just behind the doors, and hoped to goodness that they could not hear David talking to me intimately about his ambitions for the future, and the sympathy he had always felt for me; and yet all the time I listened, as it were, with Pauline's ears, and oh, how I wished that David could talk small talk like Will Mason, who, perhaps under the surface, had high aims and ambitions just as much as David, although of a different sort, and certainly it was a little more comfortable to have him talking to one.

The boys went home early, and as soon as they had gone, I heard a door open and shut, and I knew that Pauline, faithful to her promise, had gone to settle Bob, and I heard her door open and shut and knew she had gone to bed.

And now curious little sounds came to me from the next room, and the low hissing voice of Aunt Matilda, saying "Shh—!" and I knew it was she and Uncle Solon going to bed quietly, and I knew that Pauline must have sat on the poor things for making so much noise the other night and talking about their winter flannels.

I thought things would be better now, but somehow I could not get into key with David, and when he said,

"It seems to me, Daisy, that our souls have lost sleep," I wanted to say rudely, "Oh, cut it out!" And yet I liked David. I liked him most awfully. Looking back at it now, it seems to me as if

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I was struggling to get to him all the evening, struggling to put out my hand to keep him, and yet I couldn't. Even later on I might have, except for what happened.

Finally he rose to his feet and stood in front of me.

"Daisy," he said, earnestly, "tell me what's the matter. Let's be frank. What's come between us?"

And just then from Uncle Solon's room, there came a noise that I do not know how to spell,—a long, low rumble that ended with a snort.

"What's that?" said David. It came again and again, and I answered.

"As you might know perfectly well, David Sterrit, that is Uncle Solon snoring." The snorts and groans grew louder. David made another attempt.

"Tell me, Daisy, what's the matter?" He looked at me with soft, kind eyes and I do not know what mightn't have happened if Uncle Solon hadn't kept on snoring. I suppose my nerves were on edge. I did not want to have sentimental things said to me when a noise like a battlefield was going on in the next room, for Uncle Solon snored as though he were the charge of the troops and the shrieks of the dying and the rumble of musketry all in one. So just as Uncle gave an awful groan, my self-control broke down.

"I'll tell you what's the matter, David," said I. "It's that Uncle Solon and Aunt Matilda and Pauline have been sitting behind that door listening to every word you've said all the evening. When you first came in I knew they heard every thing you said about wanting to see me. That's why I asked you to read. I didn't care a bit about hearing you read. When you were talking first I was listening to Uncle Solon taking off his shoes.

"They heard everything you said about your being too good for your job and about Aunt Matilda's looking like a piece of black walnut furniture, and about Pauline's wearing puffs that she pins on. She doesn't; it's all her own hair, every bit of it!

"And then I heard them all going to bed just like mice, and Pauline going out to keep them quiet, and I cannot bear it,—there! Now listen!"

I did not have to tell him to listen, for a perfectly deaf person could have heard Uncle Solon.

I hadn't been looking at David while I was talking; now I raised my eyes to his and saw he had a look of perfectly frozen horror on his face. All he could say was:

"Oh! How awful, Daisy, how awful!" And then, "Good-bye."

He did not need to tell me it was "Good-bye" for good; I knew it perfectly well. Of course after what I had told him he couldn't come back.

And so you see how it came about that Uncle Solon's flat has affected my whole life, for I felt more congenial to David than I ever have to anybody else, and I know he liked me.

I sat after he left staring ahead of me just as people do in books when they are deeply moved, and I don't know how long I might have sat there if Bob hadn't come in.

"Well," he yawned, "your 'Soul Kiss' is a sticker, isn't he, Daisy? Gee! I thought he'd never go. It's pretty fierce when a fellow can't go to bed until all the girls' beaux have cleared out."

"Yes," I said, "it is fierce." And that is just the word for it. I don't care if it's slang or not.

A LUCKY TAR.

Mrs. Hodges bent a stern gaze upon her housemaid.

"A common sailor, Mary!" she ejaculated. "I am surprised and pained. I detest both the Navy and the Army. I would, however, have overlooked your weakness had your follower been a Guardsman—but a common sailor, Mary!"

Mary flushed angrily. "Wot's good enough for the nation, mum, is good enough for Mary Ann Salter!" she retorted.

"What on earth do you mean?" said the startled mistress.

"Wot I says, mum! The British Empire 'as just agreed with one voice to be ruled by one of them common (?) sailors, and Mary Ann Salter is willin' to be ruled by another as soon as he sees the word."

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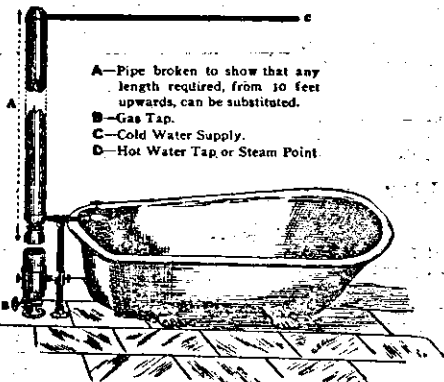
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The Power of Imagination

By C. J. WINTER.

IF anyone, in the course of conversation with Greville Basset, happened to mention anything about the power of imagination, he was generally favoured by that gentleman with a peculiar cold and searching stare, intended to find out if the observation was made in pure innocence, or if the person making it had heard things connected with his past, and was pulling his leg.

The fact of the matter was that the subject was somewhat painful to Greville Basset, Esq., M.P. and to speak truth he had every reason to feel sensitive about it, although not one soul in the world had the least compassion for him respecting the matter excepting myself, the reason being that no one—save me—knew the whole facts of the case.

I am now about to impart them for the first time, and so the reader will be in the peculiar position of knowing the whole matter while all the principals concerned in its transactions, only know in part.

On the sixth of November 1901, while dining at Lady Maurice Ransome's, someone dropped a chance remark about the effect on the mind of certain illusions, giving as instances various phenomena vouched for by people of the very highest standing.

It frequently happens that a remark of this kind starts a conversation that takes a long time to beat dry, and in the present case some dozens of curious happenings were hauled into the light with the result that long after the ladies had left for the opera, and the room was draped in a fleecy curtain of tobacco smoke, the subject rolled merrily on.

Factions were formed: there were those who held that all the so-called authenticated mysteries had no real substance, but were simply an effect on the mind which could be accounted for by hard facts, while others stoutly averred that miraculous occurrences did actually take place under certain conditions.

One sceptic was boldly to the fore in all these latter cases: this was Basset. Shrewd and level-headed, possessing a very matter-of-fact mind, he constantly reiterated the same retort—"pure imagination, my dear fellow, you thought you saw it, it didn't really exist, you know," and so forth.

"I remember," said Colonel Thurston, "on two separate occasions and in different parts of India—once in Mysore and once in Bombay—I saw the famous mango trick, and nothing to my dying day will persuade me that the little plant did not actually grow up in front of my very eyes: moreover I'll find you half a dozen honourable English gentlemen who will bear me out."

"Simply an effect of the imagination, Colonel," replied Basset. "I will not believe of course that you really believe it yourself, but the whole affair is too marvellous to have actually taken place: your imagination was worked upon that is the only explanation, and your eye deceived you. I can recall an instance which happened to my own wife," continued he. "It was after that unfortunate affair of my son, when he suddenly left—you will excuse me going over it—but by wife woke me up one night and told me she had just seen Robert standing by the bed, and had had a long conversation with him, in which he had asked her to plead with me for pardon and the rest of it, and to let him know if he might return home again. Of course it was pure imagination, she had dreamed it, but nothing will shake her opinion that either he, or his spirit in tangible form, came into our room that night."

"Now you know, either a thing happens—in which case something always occurs to prove its reality—or it is nothing more than a vision of the mind—a delusion with nothing to confirm it and absolutely no existence except in the abnormally sensitive or perhaps hypnotised mind of the one who sees it: I have a book or two on the subject, and as I have an appointment with Dr. Stegeman in half an hour and shall be near home, I will call in and bring them round to prove my point."

After a little more talk on the subject Greville Basset rose and left saying he would be back inside the hour.

It was not often he referred to the unfortunate incident in his life as he had done to-night: the subject was of course most painful to him. It will be remembered that his son Robert who was known privately to be leading a very fast life, had suddenly disappeared leaving a note to his father in which he said he could not face him on account of the debts he had contracted and various other entanglements. This was some five years ago and the blow had almost broken the heart of the boy's mother. Everything had been done to try to find him but without avail, and although Basset had lately moved into another house, and done all in his power to try to take his wife's mind off the sad subject, yet, mother-like, she continued to grieve, her health had broken down, and she was not the same woman as of old. It was to the doctor who attended her that Basset now went and after the consultation he drove home to get the books he had promised to take back to convince his friends.

At the time the above conversation was in full swing, the garden of the newly-acquired house belonging to Greville Basset, lay in profound quiet. The well-trimmed and bushy laurel hedge gave no unusual sound when shaken by the keen east wind which had sprung up and brought with it a touch of frost which hardened the paths and dried the stones as white as linen. Everything looked exactly as usual, when suddenly a husky voice—modulated to a heavy whisper—broke the stillness. "Gent," said the voice, "I reckon

now's the time, and with your permission we'll get to business."

Another voice answered and a covert conversation was kept up for two or three minutes, at the end of which the bushes were stealthily parted and there issued therefrom two figures; one tall and stalwart, the other thin almost to emaciation. Both wore long overcoats, and if all the five millions of people in London had seen them, not one perhaps would have guessed that these same overcoats were literally lined with steel in the shape of highly-tempered and cunningly constructed burglars tools; yet such was the fact.

These two men represented the summit of the old and dishonourable profession of burglary.

The younger and bigger man, by his upright and gentlemanly appearance, might easily have been taken for a titled gentleman. The other however was a very different person: He could never have passed for anything but a member of the "lower five" for notwithstanding his fine clothes, there was something about him suggestive of the slums. His keen ferret face and small bead-like eyes coupled with a certain startled and nervous demeanour, although stamping him with extraordinary acuteness, gave him an undoubted air of the low-down corksney.

Incongruous as was their appearance, they were evidently in perfect consonance with regard to their nefarious undertakings. Many were the jobs they had brought to a successful conclusion.

Of course they were well known to the police, not by their appearance but by their work. Their bold and daring schemes, and their consummate skill in carrying them out, had convinced Scotland Yard that two of the most expert ruses of modern times were on the war-path.

For a moment they remained taking stock of the windows in the house, listening intently the while, then noiselessly they entered the back door and disappeared within.

No sound fell from their feet as they boldly traversed the passage and mount-

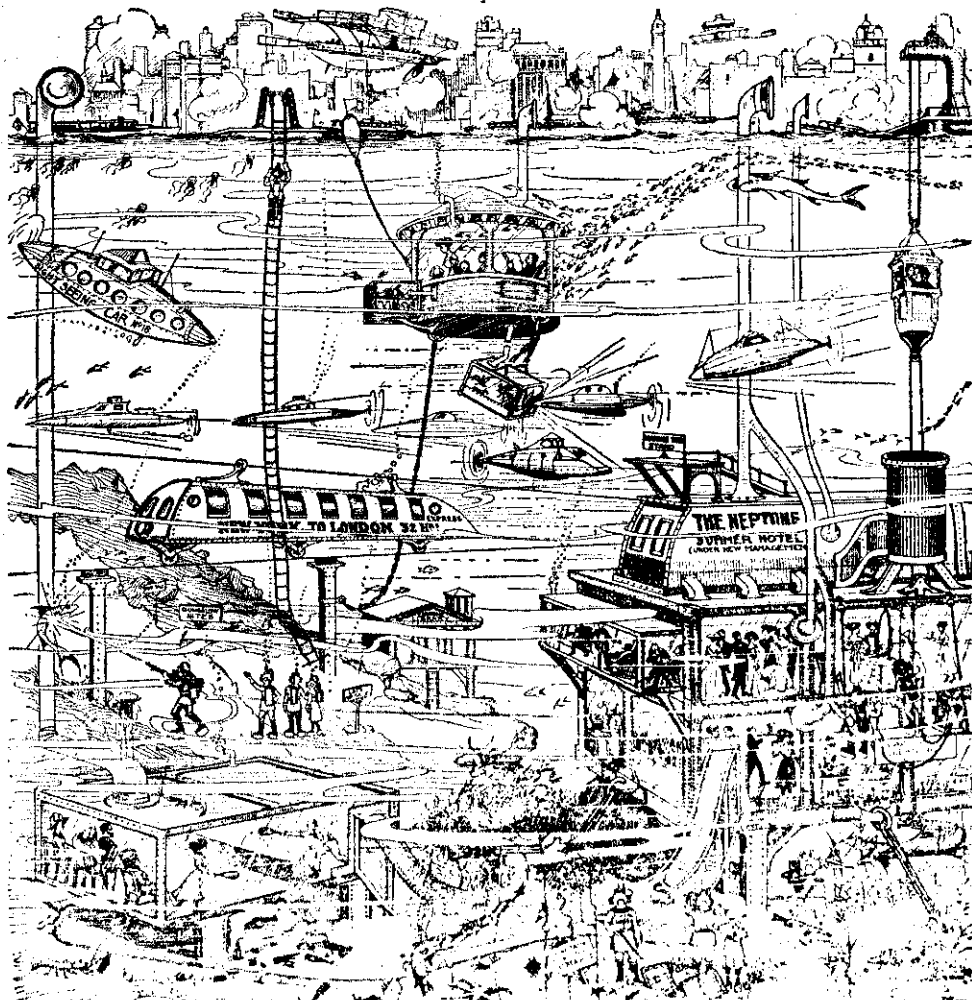
ed a flight of two of stairs. They tried one or two doors all of which were open, and finally selected one which was evidently a study. Quick as lightning, but without sound, each fell to his appointed task. The thin, keen-faced man—at a nod and muttered "there's your department" from the other—dropped on his knees in front of the safe and began dexterously plying the thin bright skeleton keys, while the taller man went over to the desk, pulling the drawers noiselessly out, turning them upside down on the floor and securing everything of value that came to light. Small choice ornaments and costly relics speedily found their way into his keeping, and while the other was patiently working away at the safe, he opened another door and found himself in an elegantly furnished bedroom. He soon returned with a precious store of jewels and valuable ornaments which quickly found their way into the canvas bag which had received the things already collected.

Meanwhile the door of the safe swung silently back and the eager but cautious fingers of the thin man removed the cashbox which at once followed the other spoils. A keen glance revealed a bundle or two of papers and these were also secured.

Another room was visited, more drawers emptied and more valuables added to the already costly store.

So quickly and systematically had they worked that in twenty minutes they had gone through all three rooms and amassed enough to satisfy even their rapacious instincts. It had been a phenomenally easy job from the first. All drawers had been found open, nothing had to be broken, they had struck lucky from every point of view, and a moment afterwards saw them stealthily disappearing, carrying with them perhaps a thousand pound's worth of valuables, and leaving behind them a scene of indescribable confusion.

Soon after the disappearance of the two men, Greville Basset arrived home. He went straight to the library, secured a couple of books and was just going to leave when he remembered that there



DOWN THE BAY—A VISION OF THE NEW YORK OF THE FUTURE.

was another one in the stuff that might be useful. He opened the door, snapped on the light and stood transfixed with amazement at the havoc he saw in front of him.

The first thing that claimed his attention was the safe with the wide-open door. He went across to it, putting his feet at every step amongst the litter from the drawers, which lay in heaps all over the room. One glance revealed that his cash-box as well as his most important papers were gone. He entered the other rooms and was confronted with the same terrible confusion and muddle: his wife's jewel-case had disappeared as well as many valuable heirlooms, this he could see at a glance—doubtless a careful scrutiny would reveal a total loss of thousands of pounds.

He strode towards the bell for the purpose of calling the butler up, but on second thoughts he decided to wait and consider which was the best course to follow. At all costs his wife must not know without due preparation; the shock—considering her present state of health—would have most disastrous effects. No, he would wait a little before making the affair known, an hour or two would make little difference and in the meantime his wife would be home from the opera with the other ladies, and he could tell her quietly, thus saving a nervous shock.

Closing the doors again he descended the stairs, and before going out, told the butler that in case Mrs Basset happened to come home before he returned, she was to be kept in either the drawing-room or the dining-room until he arrived and he would explain. Also no one was to go upstairs.

He jumped into his carriage and drove back to Lady Ransome's to await his wife's homecoming and incidentally to tell his friends what had happened.

The two cracksmen—weighted with their haul—had but a very short distance to go. Some hundred yards away from the mansion which had received their attentions, were a number of fairly large houses whose backs almost adjoined the end of Greville Basset's garden; and to the back-door of one of these the two men directed their steps after climbing a couple of low walls.

A few minutes afterwards they were seated in a well lighted and comfortable room, and immediately began to examine their plunder.

It was undoubtedly a big night for them, as the long array of valuables, which the tall man was placing on the table, testified; to say nothing of what the cash box would reveal when the cunning fingers of the other had solved the trick of the lock.

Carefully and patiently he worked away, now throwing aside the wire key he was using and selecting another. Meantime the face of the man designated by his companion as "Gent" was screwed into a perplexed frown as he handled the various costly trinkets and ornaments. The expression was one in which the keen glance of the connoisseur was blended with a certain troubled look of recognition as if the things he held were partially familiar to him; and once, when he held up a curious gold-mounted agate scent-bottle, he seemed powerless to remove his eyes from it, but gazed with an earnest, far-away expression for so long a time, that the other man looked up from his task curiously.

"Why, Gent, what's the matter, what's come over you? Something wrong?" said he.

"I'll swear I've seen this somewhere," replied the other slowly. "I believe the matter"—he pulled up suddenly realising that he was about to go farther in the matter of confidence than he intended.

A look of keen interest sparkled in the keen, ferret eyes of the other, as if he expected the "Gent" to draw aside at last the veil that hung over his past.

Croppy Owen—king of skeleton-keys and expert safe-breaker was fully aware that his companion came of a good family and had had a university education; indeed it was the origin of the prefix "Gent," which Croppy had himself bestowed upon him when they first met. The name had stuck to him and "Gent Smith" he had remained ever since.

Among other qualities, Croppy possessed great inquisitiveness and would have given a lot to have known the true story of his companion. Of course he had his theory—that he was a waster or ner-do-well from some important family, who was banished from home—either to a title perhaps. However no questions were ever asked or even hinted at,

the great qualities which bound Croppy to him with the admiration and affection of a dog to his master, were the bold scheming and wonderful knowledge he showed. Another factor was the extraordinary unbroken luck which seemed to follow him about.

A somewhat awkward silence fell between them for a moment, and then Croppy bent his head over his task again.

A minute later a sharp click announced the fact that the lock had given way to the masterly attentions of the expert.

Yes, there was money there—a goodly sprinkling of sovereigns in one compartment, and a bunchy sheaf of crisp notes in another.

The Gent's eyes immediately sought the box as the lid was lifted, but it was not at the hard money that he looked. A bundle of papers claimed his attention and these he took up with hands that trembled slightly—a most unusual thing with him. He twisted off the elastic band which held them, and the trembling became more pronounced as he drew a long fat envelope from them and read, in writing he knew very well—"The last will and testament of Greville Basset."

With a sharp intake of the breath, he sank into his chair, but a moment afterwards recovering his balance, he inserted a pencil under the flap of the envelope and carefully working it round contrived to unfasten it without tearing, while all the time the beadlike eyes of his companion followed his movements with feverish excitement.

For a couple of minutes a dead silence reigned in the room, and then with a quick movement Gent Smith folded up the paper and proceeded to place it carefully back into its envelope.

"Croppy," said he earnestly, when he had effected his purpose, "we have done a few jobs together, you and I, haven't we?—jobs which have not only brought us a decent sum at our bank, but have made us known as the kings of our profession."

"Very right, Gent," replied Croppy, "perfectly correct, and we'll do many more of the same kind you may bet your last penny on that."

"We may do," said Gent Smith slowly, "it's possible, but—"

"May do and 'possible,'" said Croppy looking up with startled eyes,—"may do? why you don't surely mean that you think of chucking the business, now of all times when we know the ropes so well?"

"We'll leave that phase of the subject for the present if you don't mind," replied the other, "the fact is that something has happened—something very important and I want you to do me a favour—a very great favour Croppy; mind I'll see that you are no loser by the deal. You may have noticed that I was rather worried all the time I was looking at the things; you see I felt sure I had seen some of them before, they brought back memories: now after a look into that paper I find that these people are very great friends of mine, they are—well I'll show the faith and trust I put in you and tell you what I have hitherto kept a profound secret from everyone—the fact is, Croppy, I have to-night robbed my own father and mother. They must have moved into this house recently, although it is strange I have not heard anything about it for I try to keep myself acquainted as far as possible with their doings. So you see, Croppy, that this mustn't go on, I'm not wonderfully particular as you know but I draw the line at this, and so," continued he lowering his voice and speaking deliberately, "I want you to do a hard thing—nothing short of packing up these things and taking them back, or the shock will about kill my old mother."

"Whew," whistled Croppy Owen, "that is about the tallest order I've ever heard of. Put 'em back? why it's unnatural; who ever heard of—well, gunvor, that wins it."

"I told you I'd see you were no loser, didn't I? Understand that I read enough in that paper to show me that the old—my father had relented and forgiven me. He has made me his heir again so that I get his fortune when he dies, and it also shows me that I have only to go back to him to be received and reinstated into my former position, when I will make this right with you. Come now, quick, let us get to work, I know you're not going to fail me."

Croppy Owen hesitated as if uncertain what to do, but his look of perplexity gradually gave way and he sighed gloomily.

"Well, Gent, you were right when you said it was a 'ard thing," murmured he. "It is 'ard—ereol 'ard. Why, there's a

thousand pounds worth of stuff, we get it away, clean an' clever, an' now, when we 'ave our 'ands round it we've got to put it back. Well if you say so, I'll do it, you're Gent by name an' I know you'll act a gent when the time comes, so here goes."

"Croppy, you're a pal," said the other putting his hand on his shoulder, "and you'll never regret it."

Quickly they set to work; the things were soon packed into the bag again and the second journey commenced.

On reaching the garden they found everything as quiet as when they had left half an hour before.

Again the thick stair carpet held the secret of their footsteps and a moment afterwards they fell to their extraordinary task. It was as Croppy said "unnatural" but nevertheless they performed it with as much dexterity as they had displayed on the previous occasion. The cash-box slid into its place in the safe, and in a very short time the lock yielded to the pressure of the keys of the expert, and the door was locked. Meanwhile, Gent Smith had been replacing the various ornaments with unerring accuracy. Each drawer received its scattered contents and took its proper place in the bureau. Chairs were replaced in position, folds smoothed out of the carpet and with a smile of satisfaction he glanced round the room. "One," said he.

The other two rooms were visited and after ten minutes silent but speedy work, no trace of the recent disorder appeared to their critical eyes.

"It's the rummiest job I've ever undertaken in my life," said Croppy, "and I'll see that it doesn't occur again, but I must admit that we've done it all right."

They did not hang about long as you may guess; at any moment they might be surprised, in fact just as they reached the passage at the bottom of the stairs, they heard a ring at the bell which was immediately followed by a stir in the neighbourhood of the kitchen. They were outside in a flash and gained the laurel bushes unobserved. "Just in time, thank God," said Gent Smith, which I think you will admit was rather a pious and significant remark to fall from the lips of the prince of burglars.

When Greville Basset got back to Lady Maurice Ransome's, he found the men in the billiard room and in a few moments had related what had occurred.

"Have you informed the police?" asked Colonel Thurston.

"No," said Basset, "you see I did not want to cause any alarm if it could be avoided, and although the matter must of course come out, I thought perhaps we could soften it down before my wife got to know."

"But how about the servants?" said Sir Maurice, "they know I suppose?"

"Not a word. When I found what had occurred I just came out, closed the doors, and left word with Yorke the butler, that nobody was to go upstairs until I came home."

"Well, what do you say if we come along home with you," said Barclay, "we can pick up a policeman as we go, and can then do a great deal towards getting the place straight before your wife comes home. Then you can tell her at your leisure."

This suggestion found favour at once and in a few minutes the party of four set out.

They arrived without encountering a policeman however, and before going to fetch one, decided to have a look at the rooms.

It was their ring which had been heard by Gent Smith and Croppy Owen as they closed the back door after their second visit.

"I'm afraid it's an awful muddle," said Basset as he lead the way upstairs, "and you had better wait until I switch on the light or you'll bark your shins over a heap of rubbish on the floor."

They reached the landing and Basset opened the door of the study.

"I think you'll admit," said he, "that it's properly cleaned out," and then—snapping on the light—"what do you think of that?"

He stood aside with almost a flourish and looked into their faces. A moment after his gaze followed theirs, and he stood as if suddenly frozen stiff. His face was a study; his jaw fell and his mouth opened as wide as his eyes. He had clearly forgotten his friends who stood around him with curious faces. "Whatever is the meaning?"—he began and then stopped as if powerless to form another word.

The others remained looking at him as a statue, their gazes fixed on his expression of wonderment.

"This is the most inexplicable occurrence I have ever heard of," said Basset deliberately at last. "Why not an hour ago the room was a dust heap, and the floors almost knee-deep with papers and things. And the safe—here he strode across and tugged violently at the handle—"well this beats all," said he.

"Try the other rooms," said Colonel Thurston.

They opened them: everything was in order, the jewel-case stood in its appointed place in the bedroom and not a hair-pin littered the floor.

Greville Basset grew more and more mystified as each familiar object met his gaze. His brows drew down over his eyes in a heavy frown and when he got back to the study he stood for a couple of minutes in front of the safe completely lost in thought, his worried expression giving an inkling of the state of his mind.

The others, after looking at him began to exchange glances with each other, their lips twitched and something next door to a wink agitated the eye of Colonel Thurston.

Young Barclay was the first to speak and the next moment he wished he hadn't done so.

"You couldn't possibly have imagined it," said he.

"Imagined it be—be-hanged," said Basset violently. "I tell you I came into this room less than an hour ago and it was ransacked: the safe was open, my cash-box gone, not a chair in its place and I buried my feet in the things from my drawers and the cloth from that table lay there." He stamped his foot fiercely on the floor at the indicated spot. "And as for the other rooms, they were like a rag shop, everything turned upside down and my wife's jewels gone. De you think I'm mad, man," he finished with almost a wail.

"My dear fellow, we all have our delusions at times," said Barclay, "it stands to reason—"

"I tell you I saw it and went through all the rooms: now is it likely I should make it up!"

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To Our Young Readers.

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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.

Pictou.
COUSIN KATE.—I want to be one of your cousins, and will you send me a blue badge? I am in the third standard, and am 12 years old. We had an exam. last week. It was a trial exam. to see how we get on. I will tell you all about Pictou when I write again, and please excuse my bad writing. With love to you and the other cousins.—I remain, VICTOR.

[Dear Cousin Victor.—I am very pleased to have a new cousin, and I hope you will be a good correspondent. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Nelson.
Dear Cousin Kate.—I have just turned eleven years of age. We have got a nice picture show here, and the scenes are very brilliant, and the orchestra is exceedingly pleasant to listen to. A great many people come to Nelson in the summer; the climate is so beautifully clear and fine. We have such lovely fruits and flowers growing now, and we send away cases of them to all parts of the Dominion. Nelson Harbour is improving every day, and there is going to be a good trade with other cities in the colonies. Good-bye. With love.—HENRY.

[Dear Cousin Henry.—I am so pleased to hear from you again. I wish I could come to Nelson for a time during the fruit season. We are having strawberries in Auckland, but they are not very nice yet. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Wellington.
My Dear Cousin Kate.—Thank you very much for your nice badge. I like the blue very much. I am very sorry I have not written before, but I have been so busy. This morning I went to church with Jean, who is also one of your cousins. I think I hope it is nice and true at Auckland. Dear Cousin Kate, I must really say good-bye. With much love from Cousin CLARE.

[Dear Cousin Clare.—I am glad you liked the badge. What have you been doing to be so busy. We have had a gale blowing for three days, but I expect you in Wellington.

you would only call it a breeze, and now some rain has come. Write again soon. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Eltham.
Dear Cousin Kate.—I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic," and I thank you very much for the badge. I used to have two guinea pigs. They were black and brown, and their names were Jimmie and Fanny. They were such dear little things. One morning when I went to feed them I couldn't find Jimmie anywhere. I was very sorry that he was lost, because he was such a pretty little thing. About two months after that we lost Fanny, and we have never seen them since. I have been up the mountain once, and I climbed nearly to Pantom's Peak. My eldest brother has been up the mountain four or five times, and has climbed to the top every time. All our spring flowers are dying now. There were some swimming baths made at the school last year. They are going to be opened soon, and then we will be able to swim in them. I cannot swim yet, but I soon will be able to, because every child in the school has to learn. One day a man gave me such a nice long ride in a motor car, and I thought it was lovely. I will close now, with a riddle for the cousins: "What is the difference between an engine driver and a schoolmaster?" With love to all the other cousins and yourself.—From GRACE.

[Dear Cousin Grace.—What a nice letter you sent. It was indeed sad losing your dear little guinea pigs like that. I have been to the top of Mt. Earnont, and thought it glorious; some day I hope to do it again. I expect you will have great fun in the swimming bath. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Tokororo.
Dear Cousin Kate.—It is very nasty weather over here. We have got three pet lambs. Please, will you send me a blue badge. I don't think I have much to tell you. Now I must close. I remain, your loving friend, MARJORIE.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie.—Yes, you can be a cousin. We are pleased to have you. I am sorry you have had to go so long. I hope you are well. I will send you the badge as soon as I can. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Carlisle.
Dear Cousin Kate.—I take pleasure in answering your letter in the "Graphic." I feel rather ashamed of myself for not writing sooner. I have been away for a trip to Blenheim, staying at my gran's for a little while, and I only came home the other day. I enjoyed my holiday, for we went out shooting rabbits and catching whitebait. It is raining here to-day, but we have had very good weather this last month or two. Did any of the other cousins tell you anything about the accident with the engine? It went full steam over the end of the wharf at Blackball mill, into the sea, and broke up, but they have got it up again on to the wharf, and will soon have it going again. I have got a little calf; will you please give me a name for it? My sister is ill in bed, and I hope she will soon get better. I have no more news this time, so good-bye, with love to you and your cousins.—I remain, your cousin, ALBERT.

[Dear Cousin Albert.—You have, indeed been a long time answering my letter. I am glad you enjoyed your holiday. Catching whitebait is great sport. Did you see the accident? It must have been very exciting. How would "Rowdy" do for the calf.—With love, Cousin Kate.]

Dargaville.
Dear Cousin Kate.—I hope you will excuse me for not writing for such a long time. I took sick, and my uncle took me for a holiday to Auckland. I went somewhere every day. One day we went for a ride in a motor car, and it was lovely. I also went to the pantomime. It has been raining up here the last two days, and to-day the wind is blowing hard. Can you guess this riddle: "Who always sits with his hat on before the queen?" Our holidays are just over, and the school children are hurrying past on their way to school. I am not going to-day, as I have a cold. I must close now, with love to yourself and all the other cousins. With love.—Cousin JACK.

[Dear Cousin Jack.—I am sorry to hear you have been ill. You must have had a gay time flying round Auckland. You will be able to tell the other cousins in Dargaville how beautiful the pantomime was, and all the other pretty things you saw. You write a very nice, neat letter. It is quite a treat. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Wellington.
My Dear Cousin Kate.—It was a surprise to see my two letters in "The Graphic." You asked me about the Zoo. Well, I went there last Sunday, and we saw the sealion fed, the other one died a month ago. Then we saw the lion and the monkeys. When we gave them walnuts the little monkeys did not know how to crack them, so they rolled them about like balls. We took bread for the ducks and swans. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must say good-bye, with much love to you and the cousins. With love.—From Cousin JOAN.

[Dear Cousin Joan.—Thank you for the nice bright little letter you sent. What fun you must have had at the Zoo. When I was a little girl I was lucky enough to live near London, and we very often went to the Zoo there, which is so wonderful, and I used to spend hours watching the monkeys. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Owhata.
Dear Cousin Kate.—You will think I have forgotten you, but such is not the case. I seem to have been too busy to write. I left school last March, and have been to Auckland for three months since then. I enjoyed myself immensely, and feel ready for another holiday. I have a wee baby brother called William Roy, who was born on June 17th. He is such a dear little fellow. My father is in Auckland at present, but I think he will be home soon. With best love to you and all the cousins.—From Cousin MARGARET.

[Dear Cousin Margaret.—I really thought I had forgotten all about us, but I am glad to know such was not the case. What are you doing with your spare time now you have left school? Take my advice, and don't drop all your studies. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Pictou.
Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins? I am nine years of age, and am in standard III. My favourite game is football. At school we have had our exam, but we do not know whether we have passed till Christmas. Please, will you send me a blue badge? I have no more to say, so will say good-bye.—With love, from ELLA.

[Dear Cousin Ella.—I am very pleased for you to join our circle. It is nice to think that summer and Christmas are so near, don't you think so? I will send you a badge as soon as I can. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Karl Katf.
Dear Cousin Kate.—I want to be one of your cousins. So I thought I could send you a post card. I live about 18 miles from Waikā (the great goldmining town). With best love.—From MARGARET.

[Dear Cousin Margaret.—I am glad you want to be a cousin, and we are pleased to have you. I have passed through Karl Katf, and thought it a pretty little spot. Thank you for the pretty post card. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Carlisle.
Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins. I am 11½ years old, and am in the third standard. I have no brothers or sisters. Please send me a blue badge. I have been in Carlisle three months now. I didn't like it at first, because the fogs didn't rise till late in the day. I like looking at the cousins' letters and Buster Brown. I will finish with a riddle. "Why is the cow's milk like the letter f?" With love, Cousin IRIS.

[Dear Cousin Iris.—You have not put your full name and address, so I don't know where to send your badge. In this, and you will have one at once. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Woodville.
Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins? I am eleven years of age, and am in Standard III. Will you please send me a red badge? We are getting a croquet lawn made, and my father works very hard at it. My favourite game is football, and I often used to play at school. My sister went to play hockey for the rose bowl, and was beaten. I have no more news to tell you, and up with a riddle. "Can a leopard change its spots?" I will now say good-bye.—From your loving cousin, LAURIE.

Woodville.
Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins? I am nine years old, and in Standard II. My favourite game is cricket. We have got a cat. Will you please give me a name for it? Buster Brown is very funny. I like reading the cousins' letters, and I hope you will write mine. Please send me a blue badge; so good-bye, cousin.—From LEONIE.

[Dear Cousins Laurie and Leonie.—I am delighted to have two nice boy cousins, and I hope you will write pretty often. Laurie will have to take to cricket now that football is out. How would Binkie do for a name? With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Kiwitea.
Dear Cousin Kate.—May I be one of the "Graphic" cousins? I am 12 years old, and am in the Sixth Standard at school. Cousin Myra, of Kiwitea, and I are schoolmates, and we live quite close to each other. I have three pets—a black cat, Charlie; a dog, Ted; and a calf, Diana. Diana is such a dear little thing, and has such funny ways. I often laugh at her. I will tell you more about her in another letter. My father had two dogs, Tip and Jack, but Jack got distemper so badly he had to be killed. I was sorry for the poor old fellow, but Jack and I were always enemies. When I was quite little he bit my face, and another time he bit my arm, and even when I was big he often used to show his teeth and growl at me. I never felt quite safe when he was about. But Tip is a nice dog.

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He is black, with some white on his neck and a white tip on his tail. He will not bite, but he is very noisy. I am very fond of flowers, and on Saturdays I like to garden. We have a large flower garden, and there are a good few flowers out at present. I think I like the spring bulbs better than any other flowers. We have been having nice sunny weather lately. Spring always freshens you up after the dreary winter, doesn't it? I must now close, with best love.—From NELLIE.

P.S.—I hope that next time I write I may sign myself "Cousin" Nellie.

[Dear Cousin Nellie.—I shall be delighted to have you for a cousin, and I read your very well-written letter with great pleasure; but as you have not sent your full name I cannot send you a badge. Please do this right away. I cannot understand Jack; he must have had a nasty temper. I love dogs. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

hoped to be able to see you, but there were so many other places to go to that there was not time. We stayed a fortnight, and enjoyed ourselves very much. We went to the winter show, and I liked the flowers best.—My brother liked the machinery, and my sister liked the fowls and ducks. We went to the museum and all over a jolly factory, and out to Lake Takapuna. I was very glad to be home again. Our little black kittens were very glad to see us. We have got a hen sitting on twelve eggs. The willows all look very pretty, and the apple trees are beginning to look

lovely. I am very glad the summer is coming. We have a cousin who has come to stay with us for six months. It is nearly bedtime, so I will stop now, with love to you and all the cousins.—I remain, Cousin NANCY.

Paparoa.
Dear Cousin Kate.—We have all been in Auckland since I wrote to you, and we

IT'S NOT WEATHER WE'RE HAVING

Panel 1: A man and a woman are talking. The man says, "I DON'T GET IT." The woman replies, "THERE'S A POST OFFICE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO? IF SHE WERE HOT."

Panel 2: The man says, "HUM?" The woman replies, "IT'S HOT— ISN'T IT?"

Panel 3: The man says, "I SAY IT'S HOT." The woman replies, "IT'S HOT."

Panel 4: The man says, "HUM?" The woman replies, "THERE'S A FINE AUNT IN VIRGINIA."

Panel 5: A man is shouting into a megaphone. The sign above him says "RAILROAD STATION" and "ALL ABOARD FOR PORT WASHINGTON— TRAMWAY TRACK ONE IN ABOARD." The man says, "I WANT THE FINE AUNT."

Panel 6: A man is shouting into a megaphone. The sign above him says "ALL ABOARD." The man says, "AUNT SOPHRONIA THIS IS MY FRIEND MR. SPEAKHOOD."

Panel 7: A man is shouting into a megaphone. The sign above him says "TWO."

Panel 8: A man is shouting into a megaphone. The sign above him says "THREE" and "HE SAYS IT'S HOT."

Panel 9: A man is shouting into a megaphone. The sign above him says "I GOT IT" and "RESOLVED THAT WE DON'T KNOW HOW THANKFUL WE SHOULD BE THAT WE ARE NOT DEAF. IT IS A TERRIBLE THING TO BE DEPRIVED OF HEARING WHEN THE WORLD IS SO FULL OF BEAUTIFUL SOUNDS. THE SWEET VOICES OF CHILDREN, THE SONGS OF BIRDS, THE MELODIOUS STRAINS OF SWEET MUSIC. BUT IT MUST BE AWFUL TO HAVE GOOD EARS AND NOT BE ABLE TO HEAR, JUST BECAUSE OUR MINDS ARE SO FULL OF CARE AND WORRY AND IMAGINARY TROUBLES. THAT SOUNDS GO UNHEARD. IT IS THE SOUL THAT HEARS AND SEES. THE SAME EARS AND EYES THAT COULD HEAR & SEE ARE USELESS WHEN THE SOUL HAS FLED. THE SOUL SEES THINGS BY MEANS OF EYES AND BY MEANS OF FAITH. DON'T BE ONE OF THOSE ABOUT WHOM IT WAS SAID 'HAVING EYES YE SEE NOT.' LOOK & LISTEN AND THINK 'THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN YOU — IN YOUR MIND'."

The Paradox of the Vatican.

Continued from page 2.

room, but, unless his Holiness is ill, he finds him already up, and reading his breviary, as was his custom through his long parochial life. At six o'clock Pius X. says Mass in a simple little oratory, served by two Monsignori. After having prayed for a while in the little chapel, the Pope has his early breakfast, which consists of a cup of coffee and rolls and butter, and directly afterwards, if the weather is fine, he walks in the great gardens of the Vatican for an hour or so.

The Vatican gardens cover many acres of ground, and contain, besides flower gardens, orchards, and vineyards, several small villas or summer houses, and a long and winding carriage drive, constructed by Leo XIII. The late Pope was in the habit of being carried down for his daily drive in great pomp, preceded by his Swiss soldiers, and followed by Papal chamberlains and Noble Guards. Leo XIII. sat alone in the seat of honour in his carriage, with a chamberlain opposite to him; two servants stood behind, and four Noble Guards on horseback followed their officer riding beside the window of the carriage. Pius X., says the author we follow, takes long walks in the gardens, often alone, seeking the quietest and most unfrequented paths, and sometimes stops to talk familiarly with the gardeners and any workmen whom he happens to meet.

At nine o'clock the Pope is in his study, where he receives his Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, then the heads of the great Congregations through which the Church is ruled, and then other visitors. The audiences of Pius X. are of the simplest character, and surrounded with the least possible etiquette. In old days the splendid reception rooms were full of chamberlains, guards, and attendants, but now only a few servants and a Monsignora or two are to be seen. The present Pope receives people of every class, even the most humble, and sometimes poor peasants from his native village of Riese are to be seen there, in garments anything but suited to a court ceremony.

Punctually at one o'clock Pius X. dines. Since the seventeenth century it has been a rule for the Pontiff to eat alone, but Pius X., says the London "Standard," sometimes invites his private secretary or other members of his household to join him, and on being respectfully remonstrated with for this breach of etiquette, cheerfully replied that as Urban VIII. had the right to make this rule, he, Pius X., had an equal right to abolish it. Pius X. eats simply and most frugally, and the Pontiff's meals differ little from those that were served to the parish priest of Sulzano. When Pius X. was first elected he was astounded at the number of servants in the Papal kitchen, and exclaimed, "Surely it is not necessary to have seven cooks in order to make me a little soup!"

After supper the Pope goes to bed, and is generally in bed by half-past ten. In all the arrangements of his life Pius X. uses the same humble simplicity. The author of the book already mentioned says that under the Pope's predecessors there were Monsignori who were paid so much a month, and had rooms in the Vatican, whose sole duty was to hold the Pope's hat when he went out in the Vatican gardens, or who carried the stick or umbrella of the Pontiff, and there were others whose functions were hardly more important. All these sinecures have been inexorably abolished by Pius X., notwithstanding the lamentations and protests which his action caused. He has discouraged elaborate services and decorations in the churches, and ordered a return to the old Gregorian music. In everything Pius X. has shown the transparent sincerity and simplicity of his character, and a simple piety that never hesitates for a moment to do what seems to him right, whether the action be polite or reverse.

Everyone has heard that when the Patriarch of Venice went to Rome for the conclave he had so little remembrance of the result that he bought a return ticket. He long kept it, says Rene Lara, author of a recent study of Pius X. in "McKure's." Many an entreaty to part with the little piece of cardboard had no effect upon the spiritual head of the church until at last the King of Greece begged so hard that he secured the prize,

The Twentieth Century is Canada's.

Continued from page 37.

declares that there is enough coal in the Crow's Nest Pass region alone to yield 4,000,000 tons a year for 5000 years. The other declares that there is enough coal to yield 10,000,000 tons a year for 7000 years. Value that coal at two shillings a ton—which is absurd. Add that value to the national wealth of Canada in miners' wages, shareholders' returns, rail and ship freight; and one does not need to state the figures. And this is but one of its Western coal fields. There are still unexplored seams along the Saskatchewan, on the Peace River, and down the Mackenzie. Nature seems to have made a provision that is almost providential—that in those regions barren of fuel in forest, the earth should contain almost exhaustless resources of coal. New fields are now being exploited in the interior of Northern British Columbia. Canada's hard times are past. As Laurier says—the twentieth century belongs to Canada, industrially, at least.

The story of Canada's timber wealth is the same. Two thousand miles long is its belt of uncut timber-to-day, comprising 1,500,000,000 acres divided into three great belts, which cannot be described here. To put it briefly—according to Dominion authorities—Canada's timber area is four times greater than the timber area of the United States, three times greater than the timber area of Russia, twice as great as the timber area of all Europe. And this source of national wealth is practically untapped. In the west, not more than \$400,000 worth of lumber is exported a year. In the east—though no figures are obtainable—at a guess, as much again; in all, a yearly revenue from its forests about equal to the gold from the Yukon. But this seven or eight million is a mere bagatelle to the revenue that will accrue from Canadian forests when the enormous limits recently bought by American capitalists in British Columbia are worked.

In thus enumerating the causes of Canada's present wonderful prosperity, I have not mentioned its manufactures, which have increased in number from thirty at the time of confederation to 75,000 to-day; or its railways, which have grown from two short lines of 2000 miles to three trans-continental lines with numerous branches totalling 23,000 miles. Nor have I mentioned its fisheries and dairying and fruit growing. These industries are not peculiar to Canada. They are sources of wealth common to other nations, that grow as the farms and the mines and the forests develop; but in the wheat lands and mines and forests, Canada has a wealth peculiar to herself.

The greatest problem confronting Canada in the immediate future is the shortest route to Europe by Churchill, Hudson Bay. For twenty years this has been mooted, but now 100 miles of the railway to the Bay are actually laid. Five years, at the least, will see trains running from the grain-growing areas of the west to Hudson Bay. What does this mean? It means that Churchill is nearer the shippers of the Western States as a route to Europe than New York is by 1500 miles. But the success of the route hinges on the navigability of the Straits—a distance of 450 miles. That is a point too controversial to be settled here.

If the development of resources in the twentieth century brings the same national expansion as the development of the same resources has brought about in the United States in the nineteenth century, Canada's future is that of a New Nation. And if it flies the British flag while American capital develops its resources, there may yet be that commercial compact of an Anglo-Saxon brotherhood of which idealists have dreamed.

DR. G. MARCHESINI

SURGEON.

Has commenced the practice of his profession in Auckland, and can be consulted at his private residence,

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OUR BABIES.

(By **HYGIEA**.)

Published under the auspices of the Society for the Health of Women and Children.

"It is wiser to put up a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom."

HYGIENE OF MOUTH AND TEETH.

IN LAST year a very important address, bearing on dental hygiene, was delivered by Dr. Sim Wallace at the annual meeting of the British Dental Association, held at Birmingham, and Dr. Wallace's views received the hearty support of leading representatives at the Congress. The paper is one of such general interest and importance that I should have liked to reproduce it practically unbridged; but lack of space prevents this, and I therefore give the following condensation.

In order to make the matter clearer and simpler for the general reader a few liberties have been taken with the text—especially in the direction of substituting simple popular words for scientific terms:—

Address by Dr. Sim Wallace.

"Most of us must often have wondered why it is that so many professional people seem to take little interest in the hygiene of the mouth, for the mouth is admittedly the great entrance portal of disease. The natural self-cleansing processes of the mouth are, as a rule, unknown, and instead of aiding these self-cleansing processes procedures are advocated which would really appear to have been deliberately invented to ruin the perfection of the mouth and its functions at the earliest possible age. We, of course, as dentists see what actually takes place, and are painfully aware of the havoc wrought in children's mouths and teeth at and before the age of six."

NOTE BY "HYGIEA."

The following is adapted from a recent address by Dr. Pickering, Professor of Dentistry, Otago University:—Decay of teeth is largely due to errors of diet commencing in the mother before the birth of her offspring, and extending over the first 12 years of her child's life. It is just during this period that a medical man's advice is most often sought as to the suitability or otherwise of articles of diet, and he then has opportunities of pointing out authoritatively the injurious effects of common dietetic errors. This gives the doctor a great power to lessen the prevalence of dental disease. Knowing what is beneficial and what is deleterious to teeth, and putting this knowledge into practice, he will be fulfilling the general principles of correct dietetics—for it might be stated in general terms that "what is best for the teeth is best for the rest of the alimentary system." Further, I need scarcely point out that what is best for the alimentary system—that is, for the proper nutrition and growth of the body—is best for the whole human organism, both body and mind. See "Feeding and Care of the Baby," pages 133 to 139.

Dr. Wallace's Address.

(Continued).

It has been shown that in some towns in England, where accurate statistics have been taken, that each child has on the average about nine carious teeth at the age of six years. (Note.—Professor Pickering says that on the average he finds the teeth of children in the Dominion even worse than those at Home, due, he thinks, mainly to the excessive consumption of sweets.) It is not possible to say that the bad state of children's teeth results from failing to carry out the advice as to feeding, which has generally been given up to the present time, for it is common knowledge that children brought up most carefully according to what has been regarded as the orthodox regime, have their teeth as carious as those children who have but little care bestowed upon them.

The cardinal error of the past half-century has been the advocacy of milk, "mash," and soft food generally, instead

of insisting that a due proportion of hard, dry, or tough foods should be given from infancy onwards. Naturally, the cottage child who happens to be fortunate enough to be given bones and crusts forms better jaws and teeth than the pampered child of wealthier parents brought up on specially-prepared soft foods.

The more care parents bestow on their children the better, provided the care is sensible and in the right direction, but nothing is more injurious than the common perverse form of care directed towards shielding them from necessary work and exercise, not only for teeth and jaws, but for all the muscles of the body; not only for the muscles, indeed, but for every organ and tissue of the body. The child who is given insufficient work for the structures of the mouth is too often the child who is pampered and coddled all round, guarded from cool air and cold water, muffled from head to foot, kept in doors during rainy weather, and allowed to dawdle about instead of being encouraged to walk and play vigorously.

Bad Teeth Due to Bad Feeding Habits.

"It is not enough to recognise that the system currently advocated will bring about the destruction of the teeth, and then to blame fate or the depravity of the human constitution. Nor is it sufficient to advocate that children should be taken to the dentist every six months. This practise is obviously necessary, and will always remain a wise precaution, however much things are improved; but it should be distinctly realised that teeth do not decay except when a faulty dietetic regime has brought the mouth into an unhealthy state. The unhygienic regimen should be rectified immediately, for an unhealthy state of the mouth not only spoils the teeth, but tends to ruin the child's general health as well.

Last Food at Meals.

"There has been of late an enormous amount of investigation as to the so-called nutritive values of foods. This, of course, is important, but there is another equally important question—namely, Is the food, broadly speaking, hygienic? Is it such as to conduce to health? The nutritive value of a pound of putrid meat may be about as much as the nutritive value of a pound of fresh meat; but from a hygienic point of view it may have a totally different value. So too the value of food which lodges and ferments in the mouth is quite different from that of food which is digested in the stomach. In general, the chemical composition, or so-called 'nutritive value' of ordinary food has less influence on the state of the teeth than has the structure or consistency of food. Will it give enough exercise to jaws and glands? Will it leave the mouth 'clean' or 'dirty'? It is with regard to the value of certain articles of diet from the latter point of view that I intend to speak.

"Now, it is obvious that the hygienic state of the mouth, in so far as it depends upon foods, depends more especially on what is taken towards the end of the meal, for it is the food that remains or lodges in the mouth after the meal is over, which ferments and causes the disastrous results to the teeth. It is the disastrous results, therefore, not a matter of indifference, whether a meal be finished with food which leaves the mouth clean or leaves it dirty. And, overlooked though it may have been, some foods do leave the mouth clean and some leave the mouth dirty—or, rather, do not leave it at all until they have undergone fermentation or putrefaction in the mouth. This is a simple, obvious, and important point."

For the finish of a meal nothing is better than a piece of raw, ripe apple; while nothing is worse than sweets, chocolates, or biscuits. (See "Feeding and Care of the Baby," page 130 "Apple Rule.")

We shall conclude Dr. Sim Wallace's article next week.

English Girls Who Marry Foreigners.

**HOW THEY ARE CHEATED.
THE SOCIAL WRECKAGE OF
DIVORCE.**

The eminent lawyers who were assembled in London at the International Conference in August found the subjects of marriage and divorce so fascinating that their discussion strayed from strict law and precedent, and entered the bounds of psychological examination. Mr R. B. D. Adams, K.C., read a paper contrasting divorce in Canada and in the United States. In Canada, he said, the ancient view of marriage as a lifelong union of a man and a woman still held the field, whereas in the United States marriage was coming to be regarded as a contract of a much less permanent character, which might be terminated without much difficulty by either party. So far from the cause of greater frequency of divorce lying in greater liberality as to the grounds, he said the fact was that British Columbia, where divorces were most frequent, was the very part of the country in which the grounds of divorce were most restricted. As the American statistics showed, there was something in the air of the West which stimulated married persons to seek for freedom.

Over A Million Marriages Dissolved.

Such cases as one in which it was admitted that a man might have one lawful wife in Connecticut and another in New York had no parallel in Canada. During the forty years in which Canada had slowly been compiling a beggarly total of 430 divorces, the States of the neighbouring republic had dissolved 1,274,841 marriages. The popularity of divorce in the United States was increasing at a very rapid rate—about three times as fast as the increase in the population. Professor Lichtenberger, of the University of Pennsylvania, for example, looked upon increased divorce, as well as increasing

Insanity, Suicide and Crime

as part of the social wreckage which strewed the path of advance. It was significant to notice that in Canada more than a half of the divorces were at the instance of the husband. There was probably no other country where an active and intelligent woman could so easily support herself. To a considerable extent this may account for the readiness of American women to seek for divorce. But many other causes were at work. "Probably the greatest of all is the impatience of all restraint which is characteristic of the present generation," he said. "The conviction that we ought to have anything we want seems to be becoming the main article in the working creed of a large part of the population. A young woman brought up to think that nothing ought to stand in the way of the gratification of her caprices is pretty sure to find it irksome to have to consult the wishes and convenience of a husband. Mr J. K. Levy complained that women were shut out from the discussion of these matters. Did they think the result was a very happy one? Sir John Gray Hill said it was certain we could never arrive at an absolute dissolving of the difficulties and the establishment of one universal and international law on the subject of divorce. There were other

Great Religious Difficulties.

There was a part of Christendom which held divorce to be unlawful in any circumstance, and there was the Mohammedans, who held it to be lawful without any cause whatever. In a paper emphasising the hardships inflicted upon parties to "international" marriage by the difference in the laws of various countries, Dr. Gaston Deleval (legal adviser to the British Legation) instanced the case of an English girl marrying, in London, a young Belgian without the formal consent of the latter's parents. After a few weeks the husband wished to repudiate the girl, and confessed the whole story to his father. The latter, believing, perhaps rightly, that the young English girl knew perfectly well that the boy's parents would have refused their consent, and that he was under age, wanted the marriage to be declared void. If he brought the case before the English court he could not succeed, such marriage being valid according to English law. If he brought it before the Belgian court or any other Continental court, the marriage was sure to be declared void. But, then,

A Weighty Question.

A Paris fashion paper has instituted a correspondence on the subject of love. A woman who signed her letter "Love or Death," explained that she loves the wrong man, and she hates the man who loves her, and whom her parent want her to marry. Shall she marry the man she hates, or die a maid? The immense majority of the ladies who reply say in substance, "Marry the man you hate. Love is not of the slightest importance for getting married." "Rainbow" advises, "You have no sympathy for the young man, but if you marry him he will certainly cease to be indifferent." Another adviser writes:—"You have no idea what a bore an affectionate husband becomes. Marriage and love don't agree for any length of time. Mutual esteem is the real foundation of marriage." "Marry by all means," says a lady who signs herself "Shy Daisy"; "don't let the chance go by. Don't sniff at it. In a few years your romantic notions will pass away, and you will acknowledge that romantic passion is all nonsense, and that the only real happiness is to have a comfortable home. I know from experience." Only two correspondents advise "Love or Death" to "die a maid rather than marry a man she doesn't care for."

The Passion for Game Preserving.

None too soon protests are being raised against the way in which the army manoeuvres are being hampered, year after year in England, by the refusal of land owners to allow the troops to pass through their game preserves. That a farmer should be anxious about his fences, and about any crops still unharvested, is quite intelligible, says the "Daily Graphic," though the military authorities do their best to make good any damage done. But pheasant-shooting is not a serious industry; it is a pastime, and the people who indulge in it usually have a good many other opportunities of amusing themselves. They might surely risk for one autumn the success of their shooting in order to add to the success of the army manoeuvres. The preservation of the country is somewhat more important than the preservation of game. Unfortunately, of recent years the passion for game-preserving has grown—especially among the newer type of landowner—till it has become almost a mania. Men who have made money in business and bought "a little place in the country" at once set up as sportsmen, and in order to have a large stock of tame birds to shoot for a week or two in the autumn shut up for the whole year woodlands previously open to the public. One wrong is no excuse for another, but in practice when landowners abuse their privileges they run the risk of losing their rights. Very short work would, one imagines, be made of this class of landowner in New Zealand.

What Would Become of the Girl?

By her marriage she had become a Belgian, but the marriage being void in Belgium and everywhere else, except in England, she retained her British nationality. If she wished to remarry, the English courts, holding her marriage as being valid, would treat her as a bigamist. If she sued her husband for divorce she was probably certain to be unsuccessful, because: (a) In Belgium and other Continental countries, the marriage having been declared void there could be no question of divorce; (b) in England, the husband being a Belgian domiciled in Belgium, the English courts had no jurisdiction. The consequence was that the poor English girl, thanks to the British laws, had all the burdens of marriage and none of its compensations. He suggested as a remedy that either the English jurist should change his views on this point of international law and agree with all Continental laws, or, this sacrifice being too great, then, at least, English authorities should never allow a marriage to take place in England between an English girl and a foreigner unless the latter had satisfied the British authorities that all conditions necessary had been complied with so as to render the proposed marriage valid in his own country.

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.

BECKETT—BAGNALL.

A VERY pretty wedding was solemnised in the Victoria Hall, Turua, on Tuesday, 18th October, when Miss Ella, eldest daughter of Mr. R. W. Bagnall, of "Linton," Turua, was married to Mr. Cecil Beckett, of Te Anau, East Coast. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. W. R. Woodley, uncle of the bride. The bride was attended by her sisters, Misses Shirley and Edith Bagnall, Mr. E. V. Quick acting as best man, and Mr. S. W. Bagnall, brother of the bride, as groomsmen. The bride wore a very dainty gown of cream tulle, with the customary veil and orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful bouquet of waternia and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids wore very pretty white muslin gowns, and carried bouquets of blue Argentine pea and asparagus fern. The hall was filled with guests and others interested in the happy event.

MUNRO—STIRLING.

The Napier Cathedral was well filled on Wednesday afternoon on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Sarah Mary Katherine Stirling and the Rev. Hine Piri-Munro, both of whom are well known in connection with Maori work in this district. The service was a full choral one, and the Rev. F. W. Chatterton, of Te Rau College, Gisborne, presided at the organ. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Waiapu, assisted by Bishop Williams and the Rev. F. A. Bennett. The bride, who was given away by Mohi Te Atahikoia, chief of the Pahipaki natives, wore a gown of white silk voile, with veil and orange blossom, and carried a lovely bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The two bridesmaids, Misses Eva Wi Repa

and Mere Hall, were daintily attired, the former in a lilac gown with white hat trimmed with sprays of lilac and black velvet, the latter in white muslin and white hat trimmed with pink roses and black velvet. Mr. Whet Werobis, of Te Aute College, was best man. As the bride left the church, she wore a lovely Maori mat across her shoulders. After the ceremony a reception was given to the newly-married pair by Bishop and Mrs. Averil at Bhopour, at which a number of natives from the various settlements in Haake's Bay were present.

KNIGHT—HINDMARSH.

A wedding of great interest was solemnised at All Saints' Church Taradale, on November 2, when Mr. Abner Bower Knight, eldest son of Mr. W. F. Knight, of Tahorite, was married to Miss Barbara Adelaide Hindmarsh, third daughter of Mr. John Hindmarsh, of Ngawiro, "Green Meadows." The Rev. Edward Robertshaw, uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. A. J. Clarke, performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely gown of soft white satin and pearl trimming, with veil and orange blossom, and carried a beautiful shawl bouquet. She was attended by her sisters, Misses Meg and Cicely Hindmarsh and Miss Mary Tweed, of Wellington as bridesmaids, attired in white silk with chiffon overskirts, black hats lined with pink and turned up with pink roses, and carried bouquets of pink carnations and sweet peas. Mr. Dudley Tce, of Wellington, was best man, while Messrs. Wilfred Knight and St. John Hindmarsh, acted as groomsmen. The wedding guests were afterwards entertained at the residence of the bride's parents.

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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 of Miss Marguerite Josephine (Daisy) Dawkins, of Picton, to Mr. Seymour Fell, also of Picton, is announced.

The engagement is announced of Miss Leslie Mills, only daughter of Mr. John Mills, of Auckland, to Mr. H. Carleton Williams, of Poverty Bay, youngest son of Mr. Henry Williams, of Dunedin.

The engagement is announced of Miss Reynolds, eldest unmarried daughter of Mr. R. J. Reynolds, "Sandown," Gisborne, to Mr. John Jamieson, Hastings, Hawke's Bay.

The engagement is announced of Miss B. Horner, youngest daughter of Mr. E. C. Horner, Patea, to Mr. N. D. F. Symes, eldest son of Mr. L. T. Symes, of Gisborne.

Routing the Microbe.

Four hundred million microbes are being carefully nursed and guarded in the laboratory at St. Bartholomew's Hospital until they can be used as a cure for one of the patients.

The patient is suffering from a chronic empyema, an inflammation of the coverings of the lung, which has resulted in the formation of abscesses somewhere between the lungs and the encircling ribs. The disease first appeared seven years ago and was apparently cured by an operation. Since then, however, three fresh outbreaks have occurred in the same region, showing that the causative germs have never been thoroughly driven out of the system.

The microbes under cultivation are the direct descendants of germs collected from the lung secretions. The part they will play in effecting a permanent cure of the patient was explained by one of the bacteriologists at the laboratory to a London pressman recently.

"We found that three micro-organisms scientifically known as (1) streptococci, (2) staphylococci, and (3) pneumococci were present in about equal quantities in the discharge from the lungs. These germs were therefore cultivated, and when we have grown the three kinds to practically the same microbe-strength the microbes will be killed by heating the solutions, and a dose of dead microbes, ten millions of each variety, will be injected into the tissues under the skin of the patient's arm. These dead microbes in the patient's body will lead to the formation of substances which will attack and kill the three varieties of live microbes causing the trouble in the lung."

At intervals larger doses will be given until finally one hundred million germs can be injected at one time. This maximum dose, it is expected, will complete the rout of the destructive microbes in the patient's lungs and render the cure permanent.

The reader who has persevered so far is, doubtless, left as the compiler of these columns—much interested, but a little dazed, and profoundly grateful that he or she is not the unfortunate patient. A few microbes one can stand, but one hundred million seems like overcrowding, doesn't it!

The Population of the World.

Actors who played with Booth and Barrett, ..	11,466,180
People who knew you when you were poor, ..	78,546,987
Oldest Inhabitants, ..	56,187,345
Assorted Liars, ..	356,456,100
People with a grievance, ..	108,507,876
People who remember you when you were "so high," ..	76,345,567
"Old Subscribers," ..	64,466,732
Dampfools (all varieties), ..	703,453,457
	1,467,378,062

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WEDDING BOUQUETS,
CUT FLOWERS,
FUNERAL EMBLEMS &
FLORAL REQUISITES



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.

November 7.

A Garden Party.

MRS GEORGE BLOOMFIELD must indeed be a favourite of the gods, for Tuesday, the day she chose for her garden party was simply perfect, while the day before was pouring wet, as was also the following day, so we were able to wear our best bibs and tuckers, and very pretty some of the said bibs and tuckers were. The hall and drawing-room were charmingly arranged with pink roses. Such beauties they were. In the dining-room tea was laid on a table massed with most gorgeous deep red roses, with the most delicious scent. On the verandah opening from the dining-room delicious ices and strawberries and cream were served. The Bavarian Band played pretty music out on the lawn, where the guests promenaded and inspected the roses and lovely beds of stocks. Indeed, the whole garden was bright with masses of flowers. "Rah-whiti" has never looked better, and has such a charming outlook.

Mrs. George Bloomfield looked very graceful in a dainty frock of white with a tunic of lace, and pretty touches of palest blue, a large black hat with white plumes; Mrs. Bloomfield wore a handsome toilette of dark amethyst satin veiled with black net and lace, and a pretty bonnet of mole with pink flowers; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield wore a black ninon with black satin stripe, relieved with a touch of cream on the bodice and pale blue, with this was worn a smart black turban toque; Miss Hilda Bloomfield looked a dainty girl in her lovely lace inserted white muslin, a pretty hat covered with white chine with pink roses, and wreathed with shaded pink roses; Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield wore a lovely frock of ninon in the Paisley design in every shade of a wallflower. A smart tagel straw hat with upturned brim with bunches of wallflowers was most becoming; a posy of wallflowers was worn at the waist. Mrs. Harry Bloomfield wore a well-cut cream coat and skirt, and a pretty hat; Lady Lockhart wore a toilet of black ninon over a white silk foundation, with large pink roses on it, and a black and white hat; Mrs. Hancock looked well in a handsome black satin and lace, with black bonnet; Mrs. Hope Lewis wore a charming frock of palest grey with lovely embroidery in the same tone with this was worn a most becoming toque of royal blue velvet; Mrs. Buckland, black; Miss Hazel Buckland, a very becoming coat and skirt of old rose linen, mole straw hat swathed with old rose; Mrs. John Reid wore a handsome black frock and a lovely scarf of palest grey crepe de chine, edged with marabout, and a smart toque; Miss Jessie Reid looked smart in a pretty redseda green taffeta frock with cream ninon half sleeves and yolk, a cream hat massed with black feathers; Mrs. Browning wore black, and a smart black hat; Miss Lulu Browning looked very nice in a vieux rose linen, the coat caught in at the back with embroidery in the same tone, white lawn frills softened the front of the coat, a large black hat was worn; Mrs. Nolan was a smart figure in a pale shade of natter blue Shantung, and a very modish black hat; Miss Nolan wore a pretty blue frock and a sweet little hat wreathed with tiny roses and wreaths of thorns; Mrs. T. Cotter, a lovely fine black lace robe over a dark shade of amethyst charmeuse, and a handsome black toque; Mrs. Proud wore a pretty amethyst charmeuse with black and white toque; Mrs. Colbeck wore a smart little black frock show, which are generally held in

ninon over charmeuse, and a black and white hat; Mrs. E. Anderson looked well in a frock of a very uncommon shade of green-blue, which had some lovely gold embroidery, which was veiled with ninon, hat to match; Mrs. Greig wore black and white, with a shaded mole and amethyst toque; Miss Rosey Greig looked sweet in her pretty blue hobble frock, large blue hat to match; Mrs. Towle looked well in black; Miss Dorothy Towle wore a dainty frock of grey and white stripe in some soft material, and a pretty black hat with pink roses; Miss Lorna looked nice in an old rose linen coat and skirt and hat to match; Mrs. Gillies, fawn tailor-made, with smart blue hat; Miss Rooke, black and white toilette; Mrs. Payton; Miss Sybil Paton wore a very becoming frock of a soft shade of grey and a black hat; Mrs. Rankin Reed wore a pretty frock of dark amethyst charmeuse, with velvet of a darker shade, and a very becoming toque of the same with touches of white; Miss Mavis Reed, cream braided linen frock, vieux rose hat; Miss Moss, blue cloth coat and skirt and a black hat; Mrs. Edmunds, amethyst cashmere, braided with a darker tone, hat to match, wreathed with shaded violets; Mrs. C. J. Parr looked nice in a coat and skirt of the palest pink Shantung, black hat with red roses; Mrs. Markham, cream cloth coat and skirt and a smart hat with wreath of blue and red forget-me-nots and roses; Miss Eva Firth looked handsome in a pretty frock of pink Shantung, cream hat with black; Miss Walker, deep cream Shantung coat and skirt with braid of the same shade, hat trimmed with Royal blue; Miss Hilda Williams had on an exquisite frock of mole colour in some lovely soft stuff with touches of dull silver net and embroidery, and a lovely black hat massed with white plumes; Miss Russell, cream coat and skirt and vieux-rose hat; Mrs. Leo. Myers, a smart blue turn-out; Mrs. David Nathan, rich red cloth coat and skirt, black hat and black and white scarf; Mrs. E. Horton was in white; Mrs. Harry Clark, white frock and a pretty big black hat; Miss Ida Thompson looked charming in her dainty white frock, and a large black hat; Miss Nellie also wore white of some pretty soft texture; Mrs. Buckleton, black silk with touches of white, and black hat; Mrs. Ware looked handsome in black, and hat wreathed with pretty flowers; Miss Ware, cream cloth coat and skirt; Miss M. Dargaville, a smart blue coat and skirt with a high belt of black, black hat with white plumes; Mrs. Savage, white and black charmeuse, black and white hat with roses; Miss Cooper, cream Shantung and shaded old-rose hat; Miss Nora Gorrie wore an up-to-date hobble frock of blue Shantung and a pretty black hat; Mrs. Colegrove; Miss Binney; Mrs. Grierson; Mrs. C. Buddle; Mrs. Derry; Mrs. Talbot Tubbs; Miss I. Buddle; Miss Gillies; Miss I. Clark, who wore a pretty soft green frock, a black hat with pink roses and black net; Mrs. Napier looked well in grey linen and a black toque; Mrs. Buchanan wore a mole cloth and a black hat; Miss Buchanan, a pretty floral muslin and black hat.

A Sweet Pea and Carnation Carnival.

Don't you think that sounds beautiful? Well, the Horticultural Society are holding their sweet pea and carnation show on the 1st and 2nd of December, and at the suggestion of Mr. H. Brett, on Saturday, the 3rd, there is to be a carnival. The flower exhibits are to be in tents, where flowers always look so well, as the light is so good. It will be just like an English

some beautiful grounds, and are really just like a huge garden party, where one can move about and see the flowers and the people. So just imagine a lovely day—of course—the Government House grounds thronged with gaily-dressed people, and a flower-decked procession of motors, gigs, go-carts, Sedan chairs, Maori canoes (a suggestion for the St. Stephen's boys), bicycles, charming girls with decorated sunshades, posters, ponies, and anything the ingenuity of women can devise. Mr. Brett is so keen to promote a love of flower culture in the youth of Auckland that, in his usual public-spirited way, he has come forward, not merely with suggestions, but has offered to guarantee the Society against loss. From all accounts, there has never been such prospects for a fine display of what Mr. Brett told us at a meeting held to promote the carnival, is fast becoming the national flower of England—the sweet pea.

Bridge Party.

A most enjoyable bridge party was given by Mrs. J. Hartland at her residence, Remuera-road. There were five tables, the first prize, a pretty silver vase, being won by Mrs. G. Hill, and the second by Mrs. McLean. Afternoon tea was laid in the diningroom, the table being prettily decorated with mauve flowers. Mrs. Hartland was ably assisted by her daughter, and received her guests in a handsome black silk, with cream lace; Miss Hartland wore a pretty white silk frock; Mrs. Foster, black costume; Mrs. Wallnut, handsome mauve silk; Mrs. Nicol, pretty grey coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs. Kingswell, black costume; Mrs. Thorne, mole coat and skirt; Mrs. Laurence, black coat and skirt, picture hat; Miss Herold, pretty fawn costume, lace sleeves, hat to match; Mrs. McLean, blue costume, braided in black; Mrs. Prater, navy blue; Miss M. Herold, smart coat and skirt, violet hat; Mrs. T. Mahoney, cream coat and skirt, violet hat; Mrs. Thorne, jun., navy blue; Mrs. Bodle, wine-coloured costume, black picture hat; Mrs. H. Wilson, cream costume, black hat; Mrs. Hill, old rose frock, hat to match, with roses; Miss Stackpool, stylish old rose and black costume, hat to match; Mrs. G. Hesketh, prune silk, with white lace.

Children's Home Bazaar.

The Children's Home Bazaar, which was held in All Saints' Schoolroom on Wednesday and Thursday, was opened by Mrs. Calder, who made a very bright little speech, and from all accounts most people must have taken her advice (to come with heavy purses and leave only their tram fare home in it), for the takings were very satisfactory. The stall-holders were as follows: Children's Home stall—Mrs. Somers; toy stall—Miss Hindle; sweets (a very pretty stall, with lovely pink poppies; Mrs. Butler; produce stall, Miss Hill; tea room, Mrs. Parkes and Miss Neilson; crockery stall and sale of Bishop and Mrs. Neligan's photographs, All Saints' Girls' Guild; fishpond, Miss Merritt; fancy stall, Mrs. Philips and Mrs. Thompson, assisted by the Misses Ramson, Nixon (2), Massey (2), and Morris (2). Each evening an excellent musical programme was arranged by Dr. Keith. Sister Cecil was present, also Mrs. Cole and Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Dargaville and Mrs. Dargaville, Miss M. Dargaville, Miss Ware, Mrs. Neilson, Mrs. Calder, and Mrs. Cashe.

The Junior Club.

The Junior Club are "At Home" on the 16th, and the function is being looked forward to with pleasure. Those who were asked to a similar party about a year ago have a keen recollection of the jolly afternoon they spent. Men always do parties so well.

Webbe School of Music.

The Webbe School of Music gave a series of open evenings for visitors last week. The night I went St. Andrew's was simply packed. There was a perfect regiment of white-clad girls, who performed more or less complicated items, but I could not help wondering who had chosen them (the items, I mean), because they seemed so singularly uninteresting. Mr. Webbe very wisely does not allow encores at these functions, as the programme of about twenty items takes some time to get through. A tiny tot of about nine, Miss Elsie Robins, delighted the audience with her playing. A violin solo by Miss Peggy Bain was quite a treat, and she was cleverly accompanied by Miss Webbe. Mr. Farrow sang in his usual enjoyable way.

Racing at Ellerslie.

The opening day of the Spring Meeting at Ellerslie was somewhat gloomy, and as the day wore on heavy clouds gathered, and we all thought of how to get home dry. However, the rain held off. The lawns were looking very well, but there was not enough sunshine to bring out the colours in the flower beds. The frocking was somewhat disappointing, being mainly reminiscent of the past. There were several weird hobble skirts, but these had at least one beauty—they made people smile, and it was rather exciting to watch the wearers climb the slope. I have come to this conclusion, that the flat, big hats, with coats of half-way length, and short skirts, is a very unbecoming style. I overheard a girl in the train as we were returning home say, "Oh, well, if a hat is fashionable, I make it suit me." I looked up, but hurriedly looked away—the result was too awful. Of course, there were big hats, lots of them, and it was too funny when a group of four essayed to sit on a seat which usually holds six. They had to give it up, and sit down in batches. Mrs Ernest Bloomfield looked well in a frock of pale mauve, and a smart black hat; Mrs W. Colbeck looked smart in her black charmeuse veiled with ninon, and touches of white and dull gold, and a pretty black hat massed with flowers; Mrs Carrick, an amethyst coat and skirt, and a hat in the same tones; Mrs Berwick (Wellington) wore a blue linen, braided in white, and a black hat with pink roses; Mrs Hall (Christchurch) wore a smart grey cloth coat and skirt, and a grey coarse straw hat with feathers and tulle of a lovely shade of blue; Mrs E. Anderson's frock was much admired, a cashmere of a dull reseda blue (for was it green); the top part had lovely gold embroidery veiled with ninon, a smart black hat with a bunch of green grasses; Mrs Frank Ross wore a smart grey cloth coat and skirt, and a becoming hat of grey shaded to opal pinks; Mrs Fred. Ross looked smart in her short suit of biscuit coloured Shantung, faced with blue and white, and a black hat of the inverted flower-pot shape; Mrs Angus Gordon wore a black and white cloth coat and skirt, and a black toque; Mrs Collins (New Plymouth) wore a blue and white silk frock, and a cream straw lined and trimmed with black; Mrs R. Lusk wore a pretty cream coat and skirt, and a black hat and white ostrich feather boa; Miss L. Webster (New Plymouth) was wearing cream; Mrs George Bailey wore a pretty slot cashmere de soie with cord braidings and a mole hat with opalescent tulle; Mrs H. Bailey wore grey cloth and a hat of grey, with trimmings of amethyst; Mrs. Fraiter wore amethyst cloth, with hat to match; Mrs. Markham, natural-coloured Shantung Russian suit, with cream leather belt, tagel straw hat wreathed with blue and red forget-me-nots and red roses; Mrs. G. Roberts was wearing a black and white toilette; Mrs. Leo Myers, wore a smart short suit of matter blue Shantung and a black turban toque; Lady Lockhart wore a black and white checked, with touch of black and cornflower blue, a folded ninon turban toque of cornflower blue; Miss Alice Walker, biscuit-coloured Shantung; braided with flat silk braid in the same shade, and a tagel straw, with blue velvet and a string of coloured beads; Mrs. Alison wore a biscuit coat and skirt of Ottonian silk and a pretty toque; Mrs. P. Lawrence wore a smart blue cloth coat and skirt faced and braided with black and a pretty tagel straw lined with black, and a bunch of Malmaison carnations; Mrs. Drummond Ferguson, a blue and white foulard, and a big blue hat massed with shaded roses; Mrs. Gore-Gillon, grey and black suit and hat to match; Miss Scherff looked pretty in blue coat and skirt, black hat lined with blue and trimmed with sweet peas; the Misses Hill (2); Miss Winnie Alexander looked dainty in a cream tussore coat and skirt, a touch of pink at the neck and a large black hat; Miss Connie Draper looked nice in an amethyst coat and skirt, with hat to match; Miss Lulu Browning wore a smart vieux rose linen with white ruffles, and a large black hat; Miss Ida Thompson looked pretty in a smart blue coat and skirt and a blue hat; Miss Rosie Greig looked charming in a sweet little blue frock, with large hat to match; Miss — Duder wore a very pretty frock of pale blue, with touches of black and a black hat; Miss Alison, blue Shantung coat and skirt and pretty hat; Miss Devore, a rose-coloured linen and black hat with roses; Miss Corrie wore a blue Shantung, and a pretty black hat; Miss Rachel also wore blue,

with a becoming black hat; Miss Isabel Clark wore a long cream coat and skirt, with large black hat and black box; Mrs. George Bloomfield, Mrs. E. Horton, Mrs. H. Clark, Mrs. H. Tonks, Mrs. Holgate, Mrs. Sharp, Mrs. E. Firb, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. W. Coleman.

At Home at Lavington.

Mrs. A. E. Devore, "Lavington," St. Stephen's-avenue, gave a most enjoyable "At Home" last week as a farewell to the many girl friends of her daughter Lillian, who is to be married on November 15 to Mr. George, of Taranaki. The afternoon was devoted to a guessing competition. Miss Essie Holland sang very sweetly, and the Misses Wallnutt and Devore contributed pianoforte solos. The drawing-room, dining-room, and halls were occupied with beves of pretty girls in their dainty summer costumes. The bride-elect looked a perfect picture in white silk with polonaise embellished with lace; Mrs. Devore was attired in a black silk toilette; Mrs. A. C. H. Collins (Taranaki) looked smart in a pink and white French muslin with touches of black velvet; Misses Katie and Blanche Devore were pretty in pink and green respectively; Mrs. McDowell, cream Shantung costume, and electric blue hat veiled with black lace and flowers; Mrs. Crawshaw (Sydney), amethyst-coloured toilette; Miss Vera Crawshaw, dainty white muslin frock; Mrs. (Dr.) Ferguson, smart grey check gown, large hat en suite; Miss Peacock, cream Shantung coat and skirt, large violet hat; Miss Margaret Peacock, white muslin gown, large hat wreathed with pink roses; Miss Winifred Leys, graceful white Swiss muslin frock and electric-blue hat; Miss Kate Nelson, rose linen coat and skirt, black hat with band of jet; Miss Nestle Thomas, white gown and smart black hat with pink primroses; Miss Valle, white muslin gown, brown hat; Misses Douglas were in dainty white linen costumes and pretty bright hats; Mrs. Quentin McConnell was much admired in white Swiss muslin gown and large blue and white hat; Miss Daisy Slaton, cream frock and large green floral hat; Miss Florence Walker, white and pink French muslin, large pink hat banded with roses; Miss Janeus, white muslin frock, black hat wreathed with white roses; Miss Kent, white embroidered muslin gown, black hat with pink silk and roses; Miss Hay, white linen, blue and pink hat; Miss Ivy Alison, dainty white muslin frock and black picture hat with white plume and lined with blue; Miss Essie Holland, cream cloth coat and skirt, large cream upturned hat with heliotrope wheat and flowers; Miss Oliphant, electric blue foulard frock, black picture hat with pink flowers; Miss Margaret Oliphant, brown satin foulard gown and large pale blue hat; Miss Nellie Stevenson, old rose costume, large hat with roses; Mrs. Sydney Plummer was in pearl grey silk voile, black hat wreathed with tiny pink roses; Miss V. Tibbs, white linen costume; Miss Gordon, cream embroidered linen, floral hat; Miss Flo Foote, pale cream net and lace frock, black velvet picture hat with pink roses and osprey; Miss Lily Moir, white linen frock, white hat with wreath of bramble roses; Miss Ralph, shell pink linen, large brown hat; Mrs. Perry Earle, grass green linen costume, large green hat wreathed with lilac flowers; Miss Connie Bach, white embroidered silk, and becoming picture hat; Misses Dora and Olive Phillips wore pretty white frocks and bright picture hats; Miss Kennedy, cream serge coat and skirt, large floral hat; Miss English, bottle green cloth toilette, floral picture hat; Miss Milla George, tussore silk frock, large hat with pink roses.

China and Glass Tea.

Mrs Thorne gave a China and Glass Tea for Miss Ethel Hay, who is to be married this month. It was a miserable day, and though it did not keep many away, people could not wear their pretty clothes. The afternoon was spent in a guessing competition, which was won by Miss Rita Cleveland, Miss Mona Hay being second, and Mrs John Mowbray third. The tea table was beautifully decorated with white sweet peas in silver vases; in fact, the floral decorations throughout the house were quite a feature of the party. Miss Hay was the recipient of many useful and dainty gifts. Mrs Thorne wore a silver grey Oriental satin, with Irish crochet insertion; Miss Thorne looked particularly nice in a dainty white muslin, trimmed with Swiss embroidery, tunic edged with insertion; Mrs Worsnopp (New York), amethyst

ninon over silk; Miss Hay, grey striped crystalline piped with black, putty coloured toque trimmed with red berries; Mrs I. Neill, cream serge costume, faced with cream satin, black and white hat with black ostrich feathers; Miss Mabel Hay, amethyst corduroy costume, smart hat; Mrs Walters (Papakura), navy coat and skirt, black hat, ostrich feathers; Mrs R. R. Hunt, Mrs Drummond Ferguson, Mrs (Dr.) Kenny (Te Aroha), Mrs Carlton Hay, Mrs Lawrence, Mrs R. Isaacs, Mrs Jourdain (South Africa), Mrs Nicolson, Mrs Gore-Gillon, Mrs Lind-say Horrocks, Mrs Jim Frazer, Miss Howard, Miss P. Hay, Miss Von der Hyde, Miss Marshall, Miss V. Williamson, Miss Sellars, Mrs H. Goldie, Mrs Houchin, Miss G. Erson, Miss Mona Hay, Miss MacCormick, Miss Atkinson.

Morepork Club.

The Morepork Club gave a very enjoyable progressive euchre to Miss (Gledstanes) on the eve of her approaching marriage to Mr. J. M. Eccles, at Mrs. Grey's residence, "Cross Lea," Symonds-street, Onehunga. The lady's first prize was won by Miss (Gledstanes); and second, Miss Bertha Okley. Gentlemen's: First, Mr. Clarke; second, Mr. Farquhar. Among the guests were: Mesdames F. Yonge, Clark, Ford, MacKinney, Misses Grey, Gould, Suttie, Farquhar, Brookfield, Okley, (Gledstanes) (3), Martin, Scott, Bassett, Sinton, Woolley, Broady, Rose, Browne, Messrs. Bassett, Suttie, Newton, Yonge, Laird, Kenny, Hickson, Okley, Dr. Scott, Browning, Ford, Clark, MacKinney.

Ponsonby Shakespeare Club.

The Ponsonby Shakespeare and Rhetoric Club gave a second reading of "Paolo and Francesca," this time for the benefit of the Free Kindergarten. What a very vivid imagination one has to have at a reading, especially when it is of sad things. One could hardly imagine anything more sad than Francesca, who was charmingly portrayed by Madame Wiel-aert. Mrs Forsyth, as Lucrezia, was really very good, and simply carried us away, and she hardly looked at the book, which made it so much more real. The whole reading went through with perfect smoothness, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, among whom were: Dr. and Mrs. Drummond Ferguson, Mr and Mrs Milnes, Mr and Mrs A. Ferguson, Mr and Mrs P. Lawrence, Mrs Louis Myers, Mrs W. Coleman, Mrs Lee Myers, Mrs King, Miss Gibson, Mrs and Miss Una Biddle, Miss Mabel Leys, Miss Rosie Greig, and Miss Dorothy Nathan, Miss Beresford, Mrs Edmunds.

Bridge.

Mrs Hope Lewis gave a jolly party on Friday night. The drawing-room was sweet with roses, and there were four tables. A dainty supper was served in the dining-room; the table being decorated with shaded red poppies and red candle shades. Mrs Lewis wore a lovely frock of Royal blue chiffon velvet, the bodice had a pretty arrangement of net and soft white lace; Lady Lockhart, Mrs E. Bloomfield, Mrs C. Biddle, Mrs Duthie, Mrs Colbeck, Mrs Buckland, Miss Mand Buckland, Mrs Aubin, Mrs and Miss Dargaville, Mrs Edmunds, Mrs A. Ferguson, Mrs H. Tonks, Miss Walker, Miss de Camp.

Personal.

Mrs Elliott and Mrs Bulewitz (Wellington) and Mrs Hall (Christchurch) are staying at Glenalvon. Miss Nelson, who for the past year has been visiting her brother, Mr Noel Nelson, in Japan, returned home on Sunday. Miss L. Webster (New Plymouth) is visiting her sister, Mrs R. B. Lusk, Parnell. Mr and Mrs George Bloomfield have rented their home to Mr. Geo. Bailey, who, for the past year, has been living in Mr H. Nolan's house. Mr and Mrs G. Bloomfield and their family sail for England in March. Mr, Mrs and Miss Dorothy Nolan have returned home, having spent a delightful year travelling. Mrs Kenny (Te Aroha) is on a visit to Auckland.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

November 5. Every year about this time there is an exodus to Christchurch for the gaieties of Cup week, so, naturally, there has been little going on here, the most common form of festivity being church bazaars. Of these, there has been quite an epidemic, and Mrs. Wallis

has had a busy time performing the opening ceremonies. One night at St. Paul's there was a clever little amateur theatrical performance got up by Dr. Izard, which attracted a good audience, and at other times there was music going on, while on the opening day a piquant recitation by Miss Picot—one of Longfellow's poems adapted to bazaar uses—was most laughably appropriate. Mrs. Wallis wore an amethyst cloth dress with a net yoke and sleeves, and a black picture hat; little Mollie Coleridge, the vicar's granddaughter, presented her with a bouquet of yellow roses; Mrs. Sproit wore a black taitormade and black and white hat; Mrs. Coleridge, in grey cloth Russian costume, burnt straw hat with mauve roses; her small girl looked charming in white embroidered muslin with a pale pink sash, pink bows on her Dutch bonnet of lace. Well over £150 was made at this bazaar, and that sum is supplemented by subscriptions and donations.

Farewell At Home.

A very delightful function was the farewell "At Home" given by the lady members of the Kelburne Bowling Club to one of their comrades, Mrs. Dinnie, who is leaving Wellington for Auckland. Mrs. Dinnie has been a member of the Club from its beginning, and is one of its most enthusiastic players, so it was only natural that a bowling party should be held in her honour. Twice the affair had to be postponed, but on Thursday the weather was glorious, and the scene at the green was a delightful one, as the brilliant sunshine led to many pretty white frocks and flowery hats appearing. The borders were gay with hyacinths and polyanthus. From the green, one could look over the expanse of Kelburne Park, and see in the distance the blue harbour with its surrounding hills. Afternoon tea and complimentary speeches occupied an interval in the play, which was keen and interesting. Mrs. Dinnie's team carrying off the honours. Mrs. Williamson wore pale tan Shantung smartly soufached, black hat with tips; Mrs. Dinnie, apricot tussore with a guimpe of lace and net, black hat with laburnum; Mrs. McVilly, Princess robe, of white embroidered muslin; Mrs. Hislop, white embroidered linen and black picture hat; Mrs. Gibson-Smith, black voile de soie, lace yoke, and black hat; Mrs. O'Shea, reseda colienne, and hat of the same shade; Mrs. J.J. Clark, grey crepe de chine, hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Reid, navy coat and skirt, and hat with lilac.

Old Girls' Association.

Of fetes there seems to be no end, as every week brings a fresh one. Last Saturday the College Old Girls' Association raised a handsome sum of money for obtaining an Honours Board by this means. The College grounds were used, and very gay they looked with strings of flags flying from the trees and the tower; and hundreds of girls, all excitement, pleasure and interest. Numbers of them were dressed in bright-coloured kimonos, with chrysanthemums in their hair, and they went through dances and various figures on the lawn with great success to the inspiring strains of a band. A squad of girls did some gymnastic exercises with great precision and skill, and very neat and trim they looked in their blue and white suits. All sorts of attractions went on at the stalls, which all did good trade, especially in sweets, flowers and postcards. Indoors there was a concert, all the performers being pupils, bygone or present, of the school. Tea was obtainable in the Central Hall, where an army of white-robed girls briskly attended to one's wants. Much of the credit for the fete's success was due to the hon. secretary, Miss Annie Holm, who is enthusiastic in supporting the cause of the school. Lady Ward, who performed the opening ceremony, was presented with a bouquet in the college colours, carried out by means of orange and yellow roses tied with narrow black streamers. There was great regret that owing to influenza, the headmistress (Miss McLean) was unable to be present. Lady Ward wore a graceful gown of voile, with a lace yoke and sleeves and a picture hat; Miss Holm, an embroidered voile robe and a hat with flowers; Miss Mandel, white muslin with insertions of lace; Miss Nelson, white lingerie dress and white hat; Miss Van Staveren, a Princess robe of voile with a lace yoke and floral hat; Mrs. Wilson, amethyst shantung dress,

hat of the same shade; Miss Morrah, blue tailormade and black hat; Miss Hannay, pale blue linen, and black hat; Miss Wilson, pale blue frieze tailormade, and blue hat.

A Dance.

There was a pleasant little sequel to the "Gaymakers'" successful public appearance on Tuesday night, when a dance was given in their honour by Mrs Simpson. Of course, all the guests knew each other well, and had been further united by the ordeal of criticism and comment which followed on their performances, but as public opinion was universally favourable, it only gave them pleasant reminiscences to talk over.

The dance was a very jolly one, and the intervals between the dances gave time to stroll about the delightfully picturesque garden, with its native bush and rambling walks.

Mother Mary Aubert.

All Wellington is interested in the golden jubilee of Mother Mary Joseph Aubert, and one of the schemes to do her honour is a fete at Newtown Park. Everyone is working with great diligence for its success, and among the many novelties is to be a Beauty Show, for which Dr. Izard is busy making arrangements, assisted by Mr Plimmer. Lady Ward is head of the committee which is managing the Baby Show, and she is being helped by a number of experienced mothers, who are well qualified to look after things. There is sure to be a run on the sweets and flower stalls, especially as the ladies of the Plimmer-Dennis Company have offered to help there, as well as at the tea kiosks.

Pioneer Club.

The Pioneer Club is always a popular place for entertaining, and on Friday there was a pleasant little tea there, the hostess being Mrs W. J. Anderson. The guests of honour were her two sisters, Mrs Wright (Napier) and Miss Cudden (Sydney). The hostess wore black Tosca net over white silk, with a guimpe of lace, black and white picture hat; Mrs Wright was in black and white ninon de soie, with entreeux of lace and pipings of velvet; Miss Cudden, lilac Shantung, and a black and white hat; Miss Gibbes was present wearing a Shantung tailormade, and a black hat; Miss Holmes, mole cloth coat and skirt, and a black hat; Mrs Mitford, blue Shantung, and floral hat; Mrs Bridge, a grey tailormade, and black hat.

A Concert

A really good concert was given on Thursday night by Mr. Herbert Bloy and Mr. Horace Hunt, two of Wellington's leading musicians. They were assisted by Miss Gertrude Hunt, who has a pleasant high clear soprano. The programme was an excellent one, and the performers were frequently recalled by an enthusiastic audience. Miss Hunt wore palest pink ninon de soie hemmed with satin. Included in the audience was Lady Ward, wearing black charmeuse and a black satin burnous; Miss Eileen Ward was in pink and white chene silk and a pale blue Liberty satin wrap.

Personal.

Every day one hears of other lucky people who are off to England for the Coronation. The Ruahine seems to be a very popular ship, and among those who have booked passages by her are Mr. and Mrs. Watson and the Misses Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp and their daughters, Mrs. and the Misses Johnson.

The Ruahine is due to arrive in London in May, so her passengers will be in time to witness the Coronation festivities. By last Friday's Sydney steamer Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pharyzyn started on their journey to England. As their house at "Longwood," Featherston, has been taken by his Excellency the Governor for two years, they will probably be absent most of that time.

The usual influx of people returning from England has begun as it always does in the closing months of the year. The Arawa brought a number of Wellington people, among whom was Mrs. Ferguson, who was so well known to us all as Miss Githa Williams. She has brought her three little girls for a fairly long stay, but Captain Ferguson's visit will be a shorter one, as when his leave is up he must rejoin his ship. Both Captain and Mrs. Ferguson were out here about three years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Duncan returned on Wednesday after a delightful trip home. Mr. and Mrs. John Duncan, with whom they were travelling, stayed a

weeks longer in Sydney, and are due here early next week, as they are coming overland from Auckland.

Then Mr. and Mrs. W. F. G. Lovin, who have been to England for a flying trip, are also coming over by the same steamer, but, of course, they will leave the train at Marton, which is their station. They will probably be in Wellington a week or two later on.

OPHELIA.

CAMBRIDGE.

November 5.

Tennis.

The official opening of the Cambridge Tennis Club's season was held on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. L. Isherwood (president) declared the courts open for play, and referred feelingly to the loss the club had sustained in the deaths of Messrs Thomas Wells and O. P. Stone. Mrs. Isherwood hit the first ball over the net, and then a series of progressive games were played, the winners being Miss Cox and Roy Roberts, who defeated Miss Clark and George Simpson in the final. The winners were presented with the president's trophies—a silver thimble for the lady's prize and a sovereign wallet for the men's prize.

Bowling.

The Cambridge Bowling Club also opened their greens for the season. The bowlers rolled up in force, and there was a large attendance of the general public. Also a number of members of the Hamilton, Whitiara, and Te Awamutu Clubs were present and took part in the games. Mr. G. E. Clark, the president in his opening speech, referred to the great loss the club had sustained in the death of Mr. Thos. Wells. It has been decided to hang in the pavilion an enlarged photograph of the deceased gentleman. At the conclusion of the president's speech, he called upon Mrs. Clark to throw down the first jack, and the green was declared open. During the afternoon refreshments were served to players and visitors by a committee of ladies. Amongst those present at tennis and bowls I noticed: Mrs. (Dr.) Edmunds, wearing white embroidered muslin and black picture hat; Mrs. Isherwood, white embroidered muslin, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Middleton, fawn and brown striped summer flannel coat and skirt and hat to match; Miss Middleton, black costume and black hat; Miss Campbell (Christchurch), Rose du Barri costume and large black hat; Mrs. Caldwell, navy blue tailormade and leghorn hat trimmed with cerise velvet and wreath of roses; Mrs. Kent (Auckland), fawn and brown coat and skirt and large brown hat trimmed with grass and pink flowers; Mrs. Frazer (Auckland), black costume, black and white feather boa, and black bonnet; Mrs. Brookes, black costume, and black bonnet with mauve plumes; Mrs. Hammond, fawn and brown costume, and hat to match; Mrs. Couper, grey coat and skirt, and blue straw hat trimmed with black silk; Mrs. Crowther, grey linen coat and skirt, and Rose du Barri straw hat with wreath of roses; Miss Gavey, blue and white cambric, and white hat; Miss Beale, white linen frock, and white hat; Miss Richardson, white linen coat and skirt, and black and white hat; Mrs. Clarke, black costume, and black and white bonnet; Miss Clark, pink cambric, and white hat; Mrs. Farnall, black velvet coat and skirt, and natter blue hat with black velvet band; Miss Cox, white frock, blue tie, white hat with blue Paisley scarf; Mrs. C. Hunter, grey coat and skirt, and natter blue hat trimmed with black velvet; Mrs. Wallace Hunter, white frock, and white hat; Mrs. McDermott, white embroidered muslin, and large white rose hat; Mrs. Bunyard, vieux rose linen coat and skirt, with black facings, and white hat trimmed with pink flowers; Mrs. Murray, pale grey voile, and black and white hat; Mrs. C. Peake, brown costume, cream dust coat, and white hat; Mrs. A. Gibbons, green striped linen coat and skirt, and pale blue hat; Miss Hill, white muslin, and becoming blue toque; Miss Nixon, white frock and blue hat; Mrs. H. Nixon, pale green cambric and white hat; Miss Reece, green frock and amethyst hat; Miss H. Wells, black frock, large black hat trimmed with black silk; Miss Middleton, fawn and blue print, and white hat; Mrs. C. Roberts, blue linen, and black hat.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Macky have returned to Auckland from Cambridge, where they have been the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Roberts.

The Misses Willis have returned to Cambridge from Waihi, where they have been spending a fortnight.

Mr. W. Wright is at present in Cambridge, having come up for the opening of the bowling season, and is staying with his daughter, Mrs. A. H. Nicoll.

ELSIE.

HAMILTON.

November 4.

Fete.

The Hamilton Polo Club held their "At Home" on Saturday last on the ground kindly lent them by the Government, at the Ruakura State Farm. A short address was given by the president, Mr. John Knight, who congratulated the Club upon its continued prosperity, and the enthusiasm displayed by its members. A very large number of visitors were present from Te Awamutu, Cambridge and Ohaupo, as well as from Hamilton, teams of players also being included, so a succession of friendly matches was kept up during the afternoon. Afternoon tea was provided by the members' wives, which was greatly appreciated. Rather an amusing incident occurred while we were enjoying our tea, in or near a large marquee erected for the purpose, when an unusually severe gust of the unpleasant south-easterly wind brought the whole tent down upon visitors, eatables, and everything. A little broken crockery, a few bruised arms, and some crushed millinery was the only damage. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. Knight, who wore stylish white linen costumes inserted with wide lace, becoming pale blue and black hat, black and white scarf; Mrs. McNicol, black; Mrs. Hume, Petunia frock; Mrs. Bennet, white, brown toque; Mrs. Coventry, pale blue striped coat and skirt, hat with feathers; Mrs. Valder, grey costume, purple toque; Mrs. H. Valder, grey, hat with Paisley scarf; Mrs. Noble, pretty black and white toilette, black picture hat; Mrs. Tompkins, green costume, black hat; Mrs. Even Wilson, brown check silk, pretty blue and brown hat; Mrs. McLeod, self-coloured Shantung toilette with Paisley trimming, black hat; Miss McLeod, wine-coloured frock, hat to match; Mrs. Ewen, Petunia costume with black braids, black hat; Mrs. Ferguson, Shantung frock; Mrs. Brewis, dark costume, fawn and black hat; Miss Bayly, cream; Miss —, Bayly, cream; Mrs. Chitty, dark tailor-made, floral hat; Miss Chitty, amethyst costume, pretty amethyst hat; Miss K. Chitty, stylish vieux rose costume with black facings, brown and pink hat; Mrs. Lorie, grey; Miss Lorie, amethyst gown, hat to match; Miss I. Lorie, Royal blue Shantung; Mrs. Swarbrick, black; Mrs. Ward, shell pink toilette, with black velvet; Mrs. Barugh, dark tailor-made; Miss Lovell, pale green voile, black silk, scarf and hat; Miss O'Neill, pretty grey muslin hat with daisies; Mrs. Lawson, black; Miss Lawson, white, grey tulle hat; Miss V. Hunter, white; Miss Brinda Hunter, white; Miss Knight, riding costume; Mrs. Going, dark costume, black hat with small roses; Mrs. Parkinson, black; Mrs. Heywood, brown toilette, pretty hat with Marguerites; Mrs. Gillies, dark blue costume; Miss Cussen, white, floral hat; Miss Roche, white silk.

Children's Concert.

A children's concert was held in the Town Hall on Thursday last, when many costume marches, drills, swing song, Japanese fan song, by numbers of little girls, and bayonet drill and costume eon song by the boys were given. Every item was well rendered, with great precision and spirit, and reflected great credit on Miss Roche, who trained the performers. Songs by Mrs. Bellini and Mr. Swarbrick and a humorous recitation by Mr. Gaze were much appreciated.

Personal.

A presentation of a gold watch and address was made to Mr. Stevens by the pupils, teachers, and old scholars of the Hamilton East School during the concert on Thursday last, as a slight token of their esteem for him and appreciation of his twenty-eight years' service in the same school.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Knight and the Misses Knight have returned from their trip to Australia.

Mrs. Herdman, who sustained a severe fall at the skating rink last week, is recovering satisfactorily.

ZILLAH.

ROTORUA.

November 5.

November 1 saw the opening of the sailing season, and quite a number of anglers—local and otherwise—went out, and returned with good hauls.

The Seddon memorial clock, which is to be erected in Rotorua, is expected to arrive from Home in a few weeks' time. The cost of the clock will be between two and three hundred pounds, £300 odd has been collected by the townspeople, and this, with the Government subsidy, will go to erect a suitable tower for the clock.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Dufaur, of Auckland, have been visiting Wairakei and Rotorua.

Miss Kissling and Miss Kenderdine, of Auckland, are staying at Waiwera House.

Captain O'Sullivan and Mrs. O'Sullivan, of Auckland, are here.

Mr. Rouston, of Wellington, is visiting Rotorua.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyde-Brown, of Christchurch, are here on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Skurrel, of Hastings, are staying at Brent's.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler, of Wellington, are staying at Grande Vue.

Miss Isaac, of Auckland, is staying out at Whakarewarewa.

Mrs. L. Nathan, of Auckland, is visiting Rotorua.

Mr. E. Gerard, of Auckland, is at present in Rotorua.

Judge Jackson-Palmer is here on business.

Miss Turner, who has been living in Tauranga for some time, has now taken up her residence in Rotorua again. Her father, Captain A. C. Turner, will arrive to join her later.

Miss Fisie Flower has returned to Christchurch after a visit to her brother at the B.N.Z., Rotorua.

RATA.

GISBORNE.

November 1.

At the Show.

Fine weather favoured the inhabitants of Gisborne for the annual show last Tuesday and Wednesday, though a westerly wind blowing on Wednesday—People's Day—made things somewhat unpleasant, on account of the dust. A great number of ladies turned out on Tuesday, but the majority on Wednesday, a very large concourse of people attending that day. Amongst those present were—Mesdames Reynolds, R. Sherratt, W. Sherratt, Maude, Preston, Reeve, T. Sherratt, Shield (Hastings), Watson, Morice, Burke, C. Sainsbury, O. Sainsbury, Barker, F. B. Barker, R. Barker, Parker, Rees, Bright, Murray, Morrison, C. Thomas, Willock, Stephenson, Williams, Busby, etc.

Some very fine exhibitions of riding were given by the ladies, Miss K. Sherratt, a prize winner, being particularly good at jumping.

The Races.

Thursday and Friday last were given up to the spring meeting of the Poverty Bay Turf Club; literally given up, for everyone appeared to be present. The weather conditions were ideal, and consequently some very pretty frocks were worn. Among the most noticeable were—Mrs J. Murphy, striking gown of old rose Roman satin, large black and white hat; Mrs Williams, pale green silk; Mrs Mann, sage green Shantung, hat with black ostrich plumes; Mrs Pattalo, pale grey silk; Mrs F. B. Barker, charming costume of pale grey and black, large white ostrich feather stole; Mrs Gully, pretty gown of quaker grey, touches of pink; Mrs Jex-Blake, flowered white and blue muslin, large black hat; Mrs Stephenson, white silk, black hat, trimmed with vieux rose; Mrs Nolan, pale grey silk, flowered toque; Mrs Reeve, smart green tweed tailor-made, toque to match; Mrs O. Sainsbury, striking black and white costume, a Turk's head toque, completing this costume; Mrs Sherratt, grey silk; Mrs McLean, grey, blue bengaline silk, toque to match; Mrs Carmichael, black silk, large black hat; Mrs Carlyon, dainty flowered chiffon of pink and white, over white glace, black and white hat; Mrs Burke, white silk, black hat; Mrs R. Barker, white embroidered linen, pale blue hat; Mrs O. Thomas, petunia coloured silk hat en suite; Mrs Dodds, slate grey silk hat with roses; Mrs R. Scott, black silk

embroidered in gold, black and white hat; Mrs Parker, black and white costume; Mrs O. Chisbury, vieux rose Shantung gown; Mrs Clayton, cream mousseline de sole, large green hat. Others present:—Mesdames Bright, Ross, Martin, Misses Cherratt, Reynolds, Symes, MacLean, Bennett, Willis, Powell, Chrisp, Barker, Ferguson, Fyke, etc.

Whataupou Tennis Club.
A most successful opening of the above courts took place last Saturday, a large number of players and visitors being present. The courts are in capital condition, and looked particularly fresh and pretty, the many pretty frocks all adding to the gaiety of the scene. Five tennis courts and two croquet lawns were in full request all the afternoon. Miss Nolan directed the serving of the tea, which was given by all the lady members.

Personal.
Mr Chrisp and the Misses Chrisp returned to Gisborne on Wednesday last. Colonel Porter returned, from south on Wednesday.
Mr and Mrs Shield (Hastings), who have been staying with Mr and Mrs Wallis, returned home on Sunday, Mr Wallis accompanying them.

NAPIER.

Garden Party at Bishopcourt.
The Bishop of Waiapu and Mrs. Averil invited nearly five hundred guests to a garden party on Saturday afternoon to meet the visiting Synodsmen. The garden was looking lovely with masses of roses everywhere. At every turn there was a lovely view of sea and hills, and to watch the bathers on the beach below whilst listening to the strains of the City Band, proved most entertaining to the guests. The Bishop and Mrs. Averil received their friends on the verandah. Mrs. Averil wore a graceful black silk gown, and carried a lovely bouquet of pink pelargoniums and fern. Amongst the many guests were: Mrs. F. U. Williams, black silk grenadine over white silk; Mrs. Mayne, blue coat and skirt, blue and brown hat; Mrs. Chris MacLean, dark blue voile; Mrs. Henley, green and white silk foulard, black silk directoire sash and black hat; Miss Edith Williams, black and white striped veil; Mrs. Harding (Mount Vernon), violet gown, hat to match; Miss Lydia Williams (Te Autu) brown silk, brown hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Collier, white serge coat and skirt; Miss Keih, black and white silk, black hat; Mrs. George Kelly, white muslin, mulberry coloured hat; Mrs. Reg Humphries, white muslin, blue velvet stole, edged with fur; Mrs. T. Riddell, blue linen coat and skirt; Mrs. A. O. Russell, blue crepe with oriental trimming; Mrs. Leggat (Nelson), black silk; Miss Leggat, green voile, draped skirt; Miss Lusk, grey coat and skirt; Miss Lusk, blue linen coat and skirt, black and white hat; Mrs. Bowen, blue shantung; Mrs. Levien, black and white coat and skirt, black hat with pink roses and lilies of the valley; Mrs. O. Ellison, pink silk; Mrs. Lowry, black silk, black net scarf; Miss Lowry, blue cloth coat and skirt, white ostrich feather boa; Mrs. Saunders, grey coat and skirt; Mrs. Edgar, grey chiffon; Mrs. J. H. Williams, pastel grey coat and skirt, heliotrope hat; Miss Nora Williams, brown coat and skirt; Mrs. McCarthy, amethyst linen coat and skirt; Miss McCarthy, saxe blue; Mrs. Margoliouth, black silk; Mrs. Lever, heliotrope charmeuse, hat to match; Miss Lever, white muslin; Miss D. Lever, white muslin, blue and pink hat; Mrs. Warren, pale grey embroidered voile; grey and pink hat; Mrs. Hansard, blue voile; Miss Hansard, white muslin; Mrs. Rutherford, black silk, and Maltese lace scarf; Miss Rutherford, amethyst coat and skirt, white hat, trimmed with white roses and black velvet; Miss T. Rutherford, white embroidered linen; Mrs. A. J. Williams, pink linen coat and skirt; Miss Warren, pink crepe; the Misses Ellison, white cloth, white lace scarves; Mrs. Morgan, blue coat and skirt; Miss White, green silk; Mrs. Bradley, pink linen coat and skirt; Mrs. Tonkin, saxe blue linen; Miss Tonkin, white muslin; Miss Dean, white silk voile, mauve hat; Miss Jagger, heliotrope muslin; Mrs. Ruddock, grey; Miss Ruddock, white embroidered muslin, white hat with pink roses; Mrs. Zille, cream net embroidered with green silk; Mrs. Herbert Coleman, green coat and skirt; Miss

Headley, pink; Mrs. King, heliotrope; Miss Tube, blue; Miss Lorna MacLean, black silk; Mrs. R. D. D. MacLean, pink; Miss MacLean, blue cloth trimmed with brown; Mrs. Cargill, green silk.

Tennis and Croquet Party.
Mrs R. D. D. MacLean entertained the members of the Synod and their friends at a tennis and croquet party on Thursday afternoon. The garden is beautifully sheltered, and tea was much enjoyed under the trees. Amongst those present were: Mr and Mrs Hobbs, Mr and Mrs Robertshaw, Mr and Mrs Collier, Archdeacon Ruddock, Mrs Ruddock, Canon Mayne, Mr and Miss Thornton, Bishop Williams, Archdeacon Tisdall, Mrs Troutbeck, Mrs F. T. McLean, Mrs Headley, Miss Headley, Mrs Rutherford, Miss Hobbs, Miss Lorna MacLean, Miss Ruddock, Mr F. N. Williams, Mr Feilder.

Putting Competition.
Mrs James McLean invited a number of friends to compete in a putting championship on her lawn at "Ardgowan" on Friday afternoon. After a qualifying round, players drew for partners. There were many exciting games, the final, between Miss Newbold and Miss Dinwiddie, being very close. Miss Newbold finally won, 1 up at the last hole. Miss Lorna MacLean presented Miss Newbold with the "Ardgowan" putting championship, a miniature silver bowl. Miss Dinwiddie, runner-up, received a blue enamel hatpin. Miss Mabel Miller, in a neat little speech, asked Miss Newbold, captain of the Napier Ladies' Golf Club, to accept a silver manicure set from the members and friends of her club in recognition of all her work during the past season. Amongst those present were: Mrs Edgar, Mrs Smart, Mrs Troutbeck, Mrs Zeile, Mrs Duncan, Mrs Arthur Kennedy, the Misses Newbold, Miss Hamlin, Miss Davis, the Misses Miller, Miss Rutherford, Miss Hetley, Miss Tuke, Miss Locking.

Personal.
Col. and Mrs Winter (Gisborne) are on a visit to Napier.
Mrs Knight (Dannevirke) has been in town for a few days, to be present at her son's wedding.
Mrs Douglas Williams (Otane) has been staying at the Masonic Hotel.
Mrs Wood and Miss Wood leave this week on a trip to Sydney.
Mr and Mrs Harry Lowry are on a visit to Australia.
Mrs and Miss Hartgill (Dannevirke) are spending a few days in Napier.
Mrs Smart, who has been visiting Mrs Edgar, has returned to her home.
Mr Bolton and the Misses Bolton (Pahiatua) have been visiting Napier.

HASTINGS.

Street Frocks.
Mrs. Halse looks stylish in rose serge coat and skirt, rose hat en suite; Mrs. Landels looks nice in cream voile, white silk hat veiled in black lace, garland of roses; Miss Williams (Havelock) looks well in rose serge coat and skirt, winged hat of same colouring; Mrs. A. Lean looks stylish in cream serge coat and skirt, large black plumed hat; Mrs. Barcroft is wearing smart navy charmeuse gown, figured with white, stylish black plumed hat; Mrs. Macasey is wearing a smart white embroidered frock, brown straw wreathed with roses; Mrs. Miller is wearing a dainty cream silk voile with lace trimmings, green straw hat, with wreath of roses; Miss Peddie, white embroidered gown, white hat with swathes of pale blue silk; Mrs. J. Beamish, in blue linen, banded with brown, brown hat swathed with Paisley, looks well; Mrs. J. Faulkner, military blue costume, hat of petrol colours; Mrs. McKibbin looks stylish in smart black silk taffeta frock, stylish black French straw hat, with roses in tones of blue, pink and cream; Mrs. McLeod looks smart in black coat and skirt of cloth, banded with silk, large black plumed hat.

Personal.
Miss Turnbull has returned to Otago. Mr and Mrs W. G. Stead are visiting Christchurch.
Mrs. Wallace is visiting the South.
Mrs. Halse has returned from Marton.
Mrs. G. Haldane has gone to Rotorua.
Archdeacon Williams (Gisborne) is the guest of Mr. J. N. and Miss Williams, "Frimley."
Mrs. Fergusson has gone to Christchurch.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Bowling.
Nov. 5.
The bowling season, both at Fitzroy and New Plymouth, was opened last Thursday afternoon. On the New Plymouth green the season was formally declared open, after which Mrs. George Gray, the president's wife, threw the jack. In an adjacent marquee afternoon tea was served. Amongst those present were:— Mrs. Gray, dainty white embroidered muslin, black feathered hat lined with pale blue; Mrs. Rudd, pretty white linen coat and skirt faced with cornflower blue, heliotrope hat; Mrs. Morrison, white insertion muslin, very smart black and white hat; Mrs. A. D. Gray, brown colienne, cream lace yoke, brown and green toque; Mrs. Mark looked extremely well in a cream cloth coat and skirt, faced with pale blue, charming black feathered hat; Mrs. Ewing, cream colienne, biscuit coloured crinoline, straw hat swathed with brown tulle and shaded roses; Mrs. P. Orbell, smart white linen costume braided with black, black feathered hat; her friend wore a white linen costume, black hat wreathed with tiny pale pink and blue roses; Mrs. Sinclair, pretty black chiffon taffeta, cream chiffon yoke, embroidered in light white feather; Mrs. Day, vieux rose linen costume, black feathered toque; Mrs. Jackson, white linen with black and white facings, white hat finished with loops of pink and blue striped linen; Mrs. A. Smart, cream silk, pretty hat of cinnamon brown swathed with cream and brown tulle; Mrs. J. Avery, black and white costume; Miss Avery, navy blue costume, cream tucked silk yoke finished with pale blue floral guimpe, brown hat wreathed with crushed pink roses; Miss Falder, dark prunelle coloured costume, cream silk and lace yoke, violet hat to correspond trimmed with white roses; Mrs. Hooper, black and white costume, cream lace vest veiled in black lace, black and white hat; Mrs. Sullivan, grey costume, green hat finished with shaded lilacs; Mrs. Harle, grey, black hat; Mrs. Brooking, navy costume, green hat with pink roses; Miss Curtis, reseda green costume, black hat; Mrs. Paget, pale blue and white striped colienne, pretty cinnamon brown hat with Saxe blue Liberty scarf; Mrs. R. Cook, sage green linen coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Mills, cream silk, smart white hat lined with lettuce green; Miss Curtin, pale blue and white crepon, white hat; Mrs. A. Fookes, black and white striped costume, black hat; Mrs. S. Rennell, purple costume, white feather boa, black hat; Mrs. Foote, handsome black and white costume, black hat; Mrs. Kyngdon, navy blue silk, pretty Saxe blue hat; Miss Cuffield, white muslin, pretty black hat relieved with pink roses; Miss Matthews, white silk, pretty putty coloured hat wreathed with pink roses; Miss Kyngdon, Tussore silk, smart hat trimmed with brown shaded roses; Miss B. Smith, black and white muslin, black hat; Miss Goodacre, white costume, pale blue hat with blue and brown daisies; Mrs. Goodacre, black satin; Mrs. Mackleroy, blue taffeta, white hat; Mrs. Freith, puce coloured linen, brown hat with shaded pink roses; Mrs. Wood, black costume, black and white hat; Mrs. Luscombe, striped costume, hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. McEwen, white embroidered linen, black hat with ostrich plumes; Miss Dowling, vieux rose silk, black hat; Mrs. Lyson, tussore silk, vieux rose silk vest, black hat with large pink roses; Mrs. H. Fookes, black and white costume, pretty vieux rose hat; Miss I. Lewis, green striped costume, biscuit coloured crinoline straw hat, trimmed with shaded pink roses; Mrs. Willis looked charming in a shell pink colienne, with cream tucked silk yoke, dainty black feathered hat.

Afternoon Tea.
On the same afternoon Mrs Chaney gave a most enjoyable afternoon tea in honour of Mrs and Miss Gapper (Tenuke), who are the guests of Mrs Johns. During the afternoon songs were rendered by Miss Gapper, Miss E. Leatham, and Mrs Cruickshank. Mrs Chaney received her guests in a cream silk voile, inset with cream silk insertion; Mrs Dewley, cream coat and skirt, green hat with pink roses; Miss G. Dewley, lettuce green linen, burnt straw hat with lilac; Miss Leatham, navy blue costume, black hat with pink roses; Miss Maginnity (Nelson), green striped coat and skirt, hat en suite; Mrs Evans, blue striped coat and skirt, black feathered toque; Miss Evans looked charming in a

cornflower blue linen, putty coloured hat swathed with black silk; Miss B. Evans was robed in cream, pretty green hat with pink roses; Miss F. Evans, white embroidered muslin, dainty cornflower blue hat; Miss Bedford, cream costume, violet hat with black silk bows; Mrs J. Paul, very handsome violet costume, richly trimmed with black lace insertion, black chiffon toque freshened with purple irises; Mrs C. M. Webster, pretty biscuit coloured Shantung, braided with black velvet, white hat with large black silk bows; Mrs Willfred Perry, dainty cream crepe de chine, white hat lined with pale blue and trimmed with black feathers; Mrs Tapper, white embroidered muslin, black hat; Miss Gapper, white linen, black hat; Mrs Johns, green flowered muslin, hat finished with pink roses; Miss Roy, white muslin, pale blue hat with large black silk bows; Mrs Percy Webster, pale heliotrope colienne over a darker silk foundation, dainty black hat trimmed with feathers and lined with pale blue silk; Mrs Cruickshank, black and white striped linen coat and skirt, smart burnt straw hat trimmed with black velvet and Marguerite daisies; Mrs Cooke, pretty pale blue check tweed coat and skirt, pale blue hand-painted satin waistcoat, pale blue toque wreathed with hydrangeas; Mrs Dodgshun, green coat and skirt, cream hat; Mrs Simpson, green and violet striped tweed coat and skirt, violet toque finished with large gold bow; Mrs Walter Rayly, tussore costume, faced with black silk, green hat with pink roses; Mrs Ilaworth, pretty green flowered muslin, black hat with feather.

Amateur Theatricals.

Last Thursday evening in the Theatre Royal, the New Plymouth Amateur Operatic Society played "Dorothy" before a crowded audience. From the opening to the final chorus the audience was highly enthusiastic. Miss Olive Buckman, in the name part, was very good indeed. Her frock was charming. In the first scene she wore a dainty white Oriental satin braided with violet velvet, finished with dainty apron and fascinating floral bonnet. In the court scene she was robed in lovely coil blue satin, with panniers of maize-coloured satin, front panel embroidered with gold sequins. Miss Dulcie Fenton, as Lydia Hawthorne, acted with great charm and grace. In the first act she wore a pretty slate-grey frock, with picture hat massed with scarlet roses. In the court scene she was robed in a lovely apple-green satin, with front panel of rose-pink veiled in spangled net. Miss Clarke, as Phyllis, took the public by storm especially with her singing. Her frocks were much admired. She wore in the first scene a coil blue Oriental satin banded with ruby velvet, with dainty white muslin apron. Her bridal robe was a dainty embroidered net over a silk foundation, and she carried a lovely bouquet met by Mrs. Clem Webster. Miss Loris Fitzherbert, as Privett, and Mrs. Tom Southall, as Lady Betty, were well received, and the latter at Chanticleer Hall, was robed in pale grey silk, with pannies and front panel of rose pink, the latter being veiled in cream lace. Mr. J. R. Rowe, as Geoffrey Wildes, acted with naturalness and grace. Mr. Ernest Clarke played the role of Harry Sherwood, and his singing, especially in the fine lyric, "Queen of My Heart," was very good. Mr. T. McIsaacs, as Squire Bantam, greatly pleased the public. The part of Lurcher was taken by Mr. J. J. Easter, whose acting was wonderfully natural, and his play exquisitely funny. The ballets were splendidly arranged by Mrs. Kethi McAllum. To Mr. Cornwall, as musical conductor, every credit is due, the choruses being exceptionally good. Mr. Tom Southall's stage management was really splendid.

Personal.
Miss Maginnity, of Nelson, is the guest of Miss Leatham, New Plymouth.
Miss Davy (Auckland) is the guest of Mrs. Harry Davy (New Plymouth).
Mrs. Fred. Webster and Mrs. Harry Stocker, who have been on a visit to Rotorua, have returned to New Plymouth.
Dr. Bennet (Blenheim) and Mr. Ronald Paul (New Plymouth) are at present in Auckland.
Miss May Chris, who has been visiting her sister, Mr. H. Davy, New Plymouth, has returned to Wellington.
Mr. and Mrs. M. Fraser, who have been on a visit in the South Island and Australia, returned to New Plymouth last week.

NANCY IRE.

SHIELA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

November 4.

Handkerchief Tea.

Mrs. C. Louison, Duke-street, gave a handkerchief tea on Thursday for Miss Margaret Waldegrave, who left for England yesterday to be married. This drawing-room was tastefully decorated with pink roses, and the tea table in the dining-room looked brilliant with its decorations of scarlet ribbon and scarlet anemones. Mrs. Louison wore a beautiful pink toilette with tunic of ninon, black hat with large silver buckle and black ospreys; Miss Margaret Waldegrave, pale blue crepe de chine, with touches of black velvet, grey hat lined with pale blue and trimmed with ospreys; Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave, black silk voile and lace insertion, black plumed hat; Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, rose-pink frock, with cream net yoke, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Warburton, Miss Warburton, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Alan Strang, Miss Green, Miss Sybil Abraham, Miss Levett (Bulls), Mrs. Bendall (Wellington), Mrs. W. Bendall, Mrs. Randolph, Miss F. Randolph, Mrs. Harper, Mrs. J. Waldegrave, Miss Trixie Waldegrave, Mrs. Putnam, Mrs. McKnight, Mrs. Bagnall, Mrs. A. Ward, Mrs. J. P. Innes, Mrs. and Miss Armstrong, Mrs. and Miss Gemmel, Mrs. W. Keeling, Mrs. Peach, Miss D. Reed, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Morrish, Miss Porter, Miss E. Bell, Miss Coombs, and others.

Bridge.

Mrs. E. J. Armstrong, Broad-street, had a small bridge party on the same evening. Mr. and Mrs. Morrish, Mrs. and Miss Coombs, Mr. and Mrs. McKnight, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Tripe, Mr. and the Misses Reed, Messrs. Copland, Edgar, and Collins were those playing.

A Complimentary Party.

Miss Margaret Waldegrave was again the guest of honour at a party given by her aunt, Mrs. Eliot Warburton, on last Friday afternoon. A musical competition proved a novel and delightful form of entertainment. Marguerites and forget-me-nots were effectively and appropriately used in the decoration of the tea table. Mrs. Warburton wore a richly-embroidered champagne silk toilette; Miss Warburton, a white muslin frock; the little Misses Maud and Molly Warburton, white muslin frocks and pale blue bows in their hair; Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave, black canvas voile over silk, black hat with tips; Miss Margaret Waldegrave, white embroidered muslin, grey hat lined with pale blue and trimmed with grasses; Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, rose-pink silk, hat with wreath of pink daisies; Mrs. H. R. Waldegrave, black coat and skirt, large black hat; Miss Trixie Waldegrave, white linen frock, white hat with black lace; Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, Mrs. F. S. McRae, Mrs. Putnam, Miss Alice Riddiford, Miss Levett (Bulls), Miss Armstrong, Miss F. Randolph, Miss Barnicoat, Miss Alison Barnicoat, Miss McLennan, Miss Elsie McLennan, Miss Barber, Miss Porter, Miss Winnie Watson, Miss Monroe, Miss Green, Miss Sybil Abraham, Miss Marjory Abraham, Miss Sylvia Abraham, Miss Bell, Miss Gwen Bell, Miss Macintyre, Misses Lyons, Slack, Johnston, Pascal, F. Braudon, Gardiner, and several others.

The A. and P. Show

Wednesday was perfect for the first day of the Agricultural and Pastoral Association's Spring Show. As is usual on the first day, the attendance was not large, and only a sprinkling of ladies were present. A few I noticed were: Mrs. G. Potts, wearing a grey skirt, seal-skin coat, white feather bon, and large black hat; Mrs. D. Riddiford, a navy blue costume, black hat with black satin trimming; Mrs. O. Monrad, green coat and skirt, rose trimmed hat; Mrs. J. P. Innes, navy Russian coat and skirt, braided in black, hat with Saxe blue silk trimming; Mrs. A. Strang, pale grey coat and skirt, burnt straw hat lined with black and trimmed with clusters of pink roses; Miss D. Strang, grey check coat and skirt, blue straw hat with floral trimming; Miss Green, brown coat worn over black frock, black beaver hat; Miss Sybil Abraham, light grey coat and skirt, small blue straw hat with blue and green silk; Miss Monroe, grey and green check coat and skirt, hat with deep pink flowers; Miss Levett (Bulls), grey coat and skirt, hat with pink rose; Mrs. Vernon, green linen coat and skirt, hat with white Marguerites; Mrs. F. S. McRae, green coat and skirt, hat with white

flowers; Mrs. Randolph, black coat and skirt, black silk scarf, black hat with wings; Miss Randolph, navy coat and skirt, braided in black, navy hat with pink roses; Mrs. Warburton, brown check coat and skirt, brown coque feather bon, hat with black and yellow flowers; Miss Warburton, deep cream coat and skirt, pretty coloured hat with green and blue scarf; Mrs. J. M. Johnston, mauve coat and skirt, black hat with pink flowers; Mrs. McKnight, navy Russian coat and skirt, black silk scarf, blue hat with clusters of forget-me-nots and pink rose buds; Mrs. C. Powell (Wanganui), green coat and skirt, with mauve collar, mauve hat with wreath of small flowers; Mrs. D. Reed, cream serge coat and skirt, brown hat with pale blue tulle and white Marguerites; Miss Hayward, cream coat and skirt, rose coloured hat with small black flowers; Miss Dolly Hayward, brown coat and skirt, cerise hat; Mrs. Porter, mauve coat and skirt, black and white toque with ospreys; Miss Porter, cream serge coat and skirt, hat with mauve scarf; Mrs. Dermer (Feilding), green coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with black velvet trimming; Mrs. Jack Waldegrave, brown coat and skirt, hat with two shades of blue silk; Mrs. Bendall (Wellington), in black, with black net coat elaborately braided in black, black and white bonnet with ospreys; Mrs. W. Bendall, grey coat and skirt, cream straw hat with scarlet floral trimming; Mrs. Pickett, brown coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with crimson velvet and crimson flowers; Miss Alice Riddiford, cream serge coat and skirt, hat with black silk and pink roses.

The weather was again good for the second day of the show, and the attendance large. Mrs. R. S. Abraham was wearing a black coat and skirt braided in black, emerald green waistcoat, large burnt straw hat with oats and pink poppies; Miss Abraham, puce-coloured coat and skirt, hat with fawn trimming; Miss Sylvia Abraham, navy coat and skirt, white hat with blue scarf; Miss Sybil Abraham, black coat and skirt, emerald green collar, large cream hat with pink flowers, black fox furs; Mrs. Francis Hewitt, green coat and skirt, cream hat with black silk and pink roses; Miss Monroe, deep rose-linen Russian costume, cream straw hat with black silk and cluster of deep rose-pink flowers; Miss Levett (Bulls), pale blue frock, white feather bon, cream hat with pale pink roses; Mrs. D. Riddiford, deep mauve coat and skirt, black hat, with pink roses; Mrs. F. Riddiford, black coat and skirt, black furs, mauve hat; Miss Alice Riddiford, white embroidered linen coat and skirt, large emerald green beaver hat, with clusters of small flowers; Miss C. Riddiford, navy coat and skirt, hat with pink silk trimming; Mrs. G. Potts, grey skirt, seal-skin coat, white ostrich feather bon, large black hat; Mrs. Mestyn Jones, mauve linen coat and skirt, large green straw hat, with cream scarf; Mrs. A. Sherman (Otaki), lilac linen coat and skirt, black hat with black silk trimming; Miss Sherman, white embroidered muslin, cream straw hat with black velvet trimming; Mrs. A. Lyons, grey striped coat and skirt, cream straw hat with black silk and Marguerites; Miss Lyons, green coat and skirt, black hat with deep pink rose; Mrs. H. F. Gibbons, green linen coat and skirt, black hat with black feather; Miss Winnie Watson, navy coat and skirt, beaver hat with brown and pale blue flowers; Mrs. A. N. Gibbons, beaver striped tweed coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with black silk trimming; Mrs. A. Strang, navy coat and skirt, grey hat with bright navy blue silk flowers; Miss D. Strang, navy coat and skirt, saxe blue straw hat with floral trimming; Miss Green, grey check coat and skirt, black beaver hat; Mrs. Pratt, grey tweed coat and skirt, black hat with black wings; Mrs. H. Cooper, lavender cloth coat and skirt, large hat of same shade with mauve, pink and pale blue flowers, white fox furs and muff; Mrs. Homan, black coat and skirt, and hat with white wings; Mrs. McKnight, navy coat and skirt, grey hat with pale pink flowers, black silk scarf; Mrs. Loughnan, grey coat and skirt, black hat with puce-coloured roses; Mrs. G. Baldwin, black coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with black silk trimming; Mrs. Hankins, navy coat and skirt, black and white toque; Mrs. F. S. McRae, pale blue cloth coat and skirt, flower-trimmed hat; Mrs. J. M. Johnston, mauve coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. J. Pascal, navy coat and skirt, hat with mauve scarf; Miss Bond, navy coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with black silk trimming; Mrs. J. Bell, green coat and skirt, forget-me-not toque; Miss Bell, navy coat and skirt,

large black hat with wreath of forget-me-nots; Miss G. Bell, navy coat and skirt, saxe blue straw hat with black silk and white flowers; Miss Pease, navy coat and skirt, large cream hat with black trimming; Mrs. W. Luxford (Hamilton), navy linen coat and skirt, navy and green hat; Mrs. G. Luxford, white embroidered muslin, black hat with pale pink roses; Miss Hayward, pink striped coat and skirt, rose pink hat with black flowers; Miss D. Hayward, navy coat and skirt, grey hat with black velvet ribbon and pink roses; Miss B. Hayward, brown linen frock, burnt straw hat with brown silk bows; Mrs. Wilton, white linen Russian coat and skirt, large burnt straw hat lined with pale blue and trimmed with pale blue daisies; Miss Nixon (Wanganui), cornflower blue linen coat and skirt, hat with same shade of trimming; Mrs. Porritt, rose-coloured coat and skirt, small hat of same shade with pink flowers; Mrs. Broad, brown coat and skirt, cream straw hat with black velvet trimming; Mrs. G. Sim, green coat and skirt, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Knight, mauve coat and skirt, pale shade of hat with mauve flowers; Miss Knight, cornflower blue linen Russian coat and skirt, cream straw hat with blue silk trimming; Mrs. H. Waldegrave, black coat and skirt, large black hat; Miss T. Waldegrave, white linen frock, small hat with motor veil; Mrs. Bendall (Wellington), black coat and skirt, cream silk scarf, cream bonnet with cream tips; Mrs. W. Bendall, grey coat and skirt, cream straw hat with crimson flowers; Mrs. Eliot, navy coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Wyld, mauve linen coat and skirt, hat with black silk bows; Miss Gemmel, cream and mauve striped linen coat and skirt, hat with mauve velvet.

Personal.

Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave and Miss Margaret Waldegrave left yesterday in the Corinthic for England. Mr. C. E. Waldegrave, Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, and Mr. Norman Waldegrave went to Wellington to see them off.

Mrs. Randolph has gone to Christchurch for the races and show. She will be away some weeks.

Mrs. C. Powell (Wanganui) is the guest of Mrs. R. M. McKnight.

Mrs. Bendall (Wellington), who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bendall, returned home last Saturday.

Miss Armstrong has gone to Stratford to stay with Mrs. A. Renny.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Guy have gone to Christchurch for a week.

Mrs. R. S. Abraham gave a party on Saturday afternoon for the Misses Ida and Trixie Russell, who, with their parents, leave shortly for England, where they will reside for some years.

Miss Sybil Abraham gave a skating party on last Thursday night for the Misses Russell, Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Russell leave next week for England. They will be away some years. Miss Ida Hayward (Wellington), is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hayward (Rairanga).

VIOLET.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

Hawera, November 4.

This has been a particularly dull week, and we are all looking forward to the opening of the tennis and croquet lawns on November 9, weather permitting.

A Concert.

Miss Reilly and her pupils gave their annual concert in the Opera House last Friday evening. It was a pronounced success, just as the prior ones have always been, the choruses and part-songs being particularly good. Solos were sung by Miss A. Hiles, Miss A. and M. Gallagher, Mrs. V. Nolan, and Mr. Grace. Piano solos: Miss B. Horner, Miss C. Good—a little girl only nine years of age, who played "The Black Keys" (A. Bauer) without music, and was deservedly encored. Piano duets: Misses A. and P. Young, Miss M. and E. Kimbell, Misses A. Dolan and M. O'Sullivan; and several choruses, double quartets, and part songs.

Personal.

Mrs. O'Callaghan has gone to Wellington for a few weeks' holiday.

Miss Sale, who has been the guest of her sister (Mrs. Dr. Campbell), has returned to Auckland.

Miss B. Nolan is spending a short holiday at her brother's, near Stratford.

Mrs. Fago, who has been spending a

short holiday in Wellington, has returned.

Miss Reilly has gone to Wellington for a few days.

Miss Beetham, the district nurse who succeeded Nurse Hall, has arrived to take up her duties. Mrs. Dr. Campbell gave a small afternoon tea to introduce Nurse Beetham to the Committee of the District Nurse Fund.

JOAN.

STRATFORD.

November 4.

Tennis.

The Stratford Tennis Club was opened on Thursday under delightful weather conditions. The lawns are in very good condition, and have the appearance of having been well looked after. Mrs. F. W. Wake, assisted by Miss Wake, dispensed a most delightful afternoon tea, the table being most prettily decorated with geraniums. Mr. Wake (president), in a neat little speech, declared the courts open. Mrs. Wake wore a becoming purple costume, with hat en suite; Miss Wake had on a pretty embroidered white muslin, with large coarse straw hat; Mrs. Renny was attired in black Shantung handsomely trimmed with jet, black toque with shaded roses; Mrs. Budge, white tussore silk; Mrs. E. Robinson, heliotrope costume, large hat, swathed with heliotrope scarf; Mrs. Unlacke, embroidered pale cord frock.



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Large chip hat with roses; Mrs. A. Rennell, rose-coloured cotton frock; black hat; Miss F. Orbell, white vöffe, pale blue hat; Miss Glynes, in a white, dark blue hat with kerchief swaping; Miss Black; Miss Fussell, white linen costume; Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Mackay, the Misses Mackay, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Anderson, Mr. O. Vaughan, Mr. V. Crawshaw, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Stantford, Mr. Fussell, Mr. and Mrs. Wikkie; Mrs. Raikes, in a becoming striped brown and blue costume, pretty electric-blue hat; Misses Gladys and Nellie James, Mr. T. James, Mr. Mackay, and others.

During the Week.

Mrs. Stubbs was "At Home" on Thursday afternoon. The rinking carnival proved a great success, some of the costumes being most original; likewise the skating, which sometimes provoked great merriment. The Town Hall was packed, and the competition for the prize was very keen.

Personal.

Mr. Copping is at present in Wellington. Mr. Hemingway left on Monday for the Capital. Mrs. Orbell went by the mail train on Thursday on a round of visits to her married daughters. Mrs. Dillon-Carbery left on Tuesday for a short holiday in Wellington. Mr. F. P. Uniacke is at present on a holiday in Wellington. Mr. Jackson, of the firm of Young, Hobbs and Co., left on Tuesday morning by the mail train to attend the Palmerston Show. Miss Armstrong, of Palmerston, is at present on a visit to friends in Stratford. Mrs. Harry Bayley has just paid a flying visit to her mother, Mrs. Rennell, on her way to Auckland. Mrs. Wake has returned after a short stay in Wanganui. Dr. and Mrs. Harrison and Miss Harrison (England) have returned from a delightful motor trip round Mt. Egmont. Mr. Reed has left for a trip to Australia.

DENISE.

WANGANUI.

November 4.

The Manawatu Show.

A large number of Wanganui people journeyed down to Palmerston North to be present at the Agricultural Show, which was held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of this week. There is very little social news to chronicle. Golf is over, and the tennis and croquet lawns do not open until the end of this week, when we are all hoping to have a fine day so that we can don our summer frocks and hats.

Some Smart Toilettes.

Amongst the smart toilettes worn recently I noticed: Mrs. Paterson, in a stylish grey tweed coat and skirt, cream vest, with this she wore a becoming large grey straw hat with velvet of a darker shade; Mrs. John Stevenson, old rose shaded frieze coat and skirt profusely braided, with fine silk cord in darker tones, cream net and lace vest, large black picture hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Brettargh, smart dove-grey cloth coat and skirt, cream vest, coarse heliotrope straw toque with black silk and tips.

A Successful Concert.

Madame Emily Briggs and her pupils gave a very successful concert in St. Paul's Hall on Wednesday evening. Amongst the large audience I noticed Madam Briggs in a pale greenish blue charmeuse gown, with silver embroidery on her corsage; Mrs. A. Izard, pale blue charmeuse with net and lace on her corsage; Miss Moore, white muslin frock with insertion and lace; Miss D. Christie, white charmeuse gown with lace and silver on her decollete; Miss Bignall, white satin Empire robe with silver sequins on her corsage; Miss Sandilands wore a becoming black velvet gown with lace; Mrs. O. Lewis, cream lace and silk frock with cream opera coat; Mrs. Wilford, black silk gown with embroidery; Miss Wilford, pale heliotrope and cream, striped silk Empire gown with net and lace; Mrs. Barnicot, black nylon gown with lace; Mrs. F. Harrison; Miss Harrison; Mrs. James Watt, cream silk robe with crimson roses on her corsage; Miss Hawken wore a pale pink silk gown with net and chiffon shoulder scarf; Mrs. Polson, black silk with cream lace; Miss

Jardine; Miss Pohon, pale pink crepe de chine gown with fichu of cream net, floral pink ribbons in her coiffure; Mrs. Christie; Miss Ashcroft, black silk gown with silver sequin net on her corsage and shoulder scarf of white chiffon; Mrs. Sutherland, handsome black satin gown with jet on her corsage and touch of white; Miss Sutherland, white silk frock with lace on her corsage; her sister wore a rose-pink silk gown with cream medallions in vandyke on her corsage; Mrs. D'Arcy, Miss P. Jones, Miss Brettargh, and others.

Personal.

Mrs. France, of Nelson, is staying in Wanganui with her mother, Mrs. Hawken. Mrs. Allen, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Rangitikei. Miss Symes, of Auckland, who has been staying in Wanganui with Mrs. Medhurst, has returned to her home. Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie, of Wanganui, are staying with friends in Hawke's Bay. Miss Nixon, of Wanganui, is the guest of Mrs. G. Potts in Palmerston North. Mrs. H. Sarjeant, of Wanganui, is staying in Wellington with her sister, Mrs. Bond. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holmes, of Palmerston North, have been staying in Wanganui. Mrs. A. Nixon, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Wellington, where she was the guest of Mrs. Butts. Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, of Wanganui, are staying with friends in Hawke's Bay. Mrs. E. Cowper, of Wanganui, is staying in Dannevirke with Mrs. Knight. Miss Harding, of Wellington, is the guest of Mrs. Lethbridge, Turakina. Miss Lambert, of Wellington, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Mason in Wanganui, has returned to the Empire City. Miss Emma Cowper, of Wanganui, who has been in Australia for some years with her brother, Mr. R. Cowper, has returned to Kukuutu, Wanganui. Mr. John Watt, of Wanganui, has returned from his visit to his daughter, Mrs. H. Marsack, in Auckland.

HUIA.

BLENHEIM.

November 3.

Tennis.

A number of the members of the Marlborough Lawn Tennis Club were somewhat late in putting in an appearance at the courts on account of attending the opening of the Bowling Club. However shortly after 4 o'clock tennis was in full swing, and some very good games were indulged in, whilst some of the croquet enthusiasts continued play until the light began to fall. During the afternoon Mrs. Bennett and Miss Urquhart provided and dispensed a dainty afternoon tea in the pavilion. A few of those present were—Mrs. Bennet, Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Orr, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Wiffen, Misses Chaytor (2), Bell (2), Fulton, Z. Clouston, Neville (2), Ewart (2), Chapman, Urquhart, Mrs. Revell, Messrs. Fisher, Sanson, Brook, A. Davey, P. Hill, Woods, B. Moore, Revell, MacShane, Barden, Wiffen, etc.

Bowling.

The Blenheim Bowling Club opened their season on Saturday afternoon, and the weather being so pleasant and cool, there was a large attendance of the relatives and friends of the members. Mr. C. J. Griffiths, president of the Club, declared the green open for the season. The flower beds in their bright array, lent a cheering aspect to the green as also did the various pretty creepers and roses round the hedge bounding the green. Since last year quite a lot of improvements have taken place—the bowl-house has been enlarged, the paths asphalted, and the telephone installed, and there is every promise of some very pleasurable afternoons being spent there during the summer months. There were some pretty gowns worn by a number of the ladies present, and a few of those I noticed were—Mrs. Griffiths (2), Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Broughton, Mrs. Orr, Mrs. Clouston, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Florence, Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. Canavan, Mrs. Revell, Mrs. Redwood, Mrs. Wolfertan, Mrs. Sharp, Mrs. McLachlan, Misses Clouston, Griffiths, Neville, Macey, March (2), Bull, Florence, Mears, Griffiths, Canavan, Broughton, Clarke, Innis, Northcroft, Macey, Orr, Florence, Wood, Harper (Christchurch), Neville, J. Sharp, Healy, etc.

ANNIVERSARY DAY.

Yesterday, being the 1st November, and the Anniversary of Marlborough, was observed as a close holiday everywhere. Fortunately the weather was all that could be desired, and picnic parties were the order of the day, especially with the younger folk. Quite a number of drags wended their way out to Whites Bay, whilst others fond of horse-racing found their way out to Seddon, and many enjoyed a day's fishing in Pictou and round the sounds. Those who remained in Blenheim attended tennis, croquet and bowling.

Personal.

Mr. B. A. Moore, accountant of the local branch of the bank of New Zealand, has received notice of transfer to the Wanganui branch, and leaves Blenheim this afternoon. Mr. Moore has been stationed in Blenheim now for the past two years, during which time he has become immensely popular. On Monday afternoon the members of the Marlborough Tennis Club—of which Mr. Moore has made an excellent secretary for the past two years, met at the courts in Dillon-street, and presented him with a handsome silver inkstand suitably inscribed. Shortly afterwards on the same afternoon, he was met and presented with a handsome travelling rug from the members of the Commercial Institute of which Mr. Moore has taken an active part from its initiation. Dr. D. Reid, eldest son of Mr. J. Reed of Blenheim, who has been absent for the past five years in Edinburgh, returned home on Friday evening last. Invitations are issued for the marriage of Miss Ella Gladys Fisher, eldest daughter of Mr. A. Fisher of Blenheim, to Mr. Herbert Edward Elson of Wellington, taking place at the church of the Nativity on Tuesday, November 15th, and to the reception afterwards at the Grosvenor Hall. Mr. and Mrs. D. Strachan have returned to "Cowlsey" from visiting Pictou and the Pelorus Sounds. Miss D. Holmes (Wellington), who has been visiting Mrs. J. Mowat at "Springlands" returned to Wellington last week. Mrs. F. Bull has returned from a holiday spent in Wanganui. Mr. G. Harper (Riccarton) is on a visit to Blenheim. Miss Moore (Ashburton) is visiting Mrs. Fisher in Weld Street. Mrs. R. McCallum is visiting friends in Dunedin. Miss Hazel Marsh is visiting friends in Auckland. Mr. E. S. Spragg (Wellington), who has been on the staff of the local branch of Messrs. Dalgety and Coy. for a few months, left Blenheim last Monday.

JEAN.

PICTON.

November 3.

A New Idea.

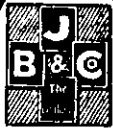
Mr. John Conolly's (Blenheim) idea of purchasing a bay in the sound, and building on the surrounding land, will no doubt be taken up by other residents who may wish to get to the seaside during the summer months. Mr. Conolly's convenient house, with a nine feet wide verandah, where hammocks may be slung, is nearly finished. The bay is one of the beautiful little inlets in the Bay of Many Coves, and the fortunate owner has also a small motor launch. Fish are plentiful, and a week-end spent with Mr and Mrs Conolly, in the midst of the most charming scenery imaginable, is something to which their friends look forward to with earnest anticipation.

Bowling.

The opening of the season here was a day of great rejoicing for the bowlers and their lady friends, and the occasion being Anniversary Day, made the event more popular. It was the biggest crowd the club has ever entertained. Amongst those I noticed were: Mrs. Chambers, in striped costume; Mrs. Philpotts, black; Mrs. Madsen, blue coat and skirt; Mrs. Vickers, white muslin; Mrs. Lucena, plum-coloured satin-spotted voile, hat to match; Mrs. Peek, white muslin, white hat; Mrs. Maitland, heliotrope silk; Mrs. Burgess, brown silk, hat to match; Mrs. Stuart, grey costume, black hat; Mrs. Hishop (Wellington), green-striped coat and skirt, green hat swathed with Paisley silk; Mrs. B. Hishop (Wellington), blue coat and skirt, brown hat to match; Mrs. C. Philpotts, striped green dress, hat to match; Mrs. Oxley, brown silk, white hat; Mrs. Storey, grey striped costume,

white sailor hat; Mesdames Riddell, Bewick, Pugh, Allen, Seymour, Petrie, Lane, Scott (2), Godfrey, Haslett, Kenny, D. Cragg, Smith (2), Healey, Harwood,

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Anniversary Day.

Anniversary Day was kept up in the usual way—excursions by land and sea. The trains carried more passengers than on any previous occasion, the bulk of them going to Dashwood Pass. Still a number came to Picton to picnic up Esson's Valley and by the sea, while others remained at Tui Marina. A regatta of "model" races was held at East Bay, where a gathering of Sounds people met to enjoy a talk together, and watch the pretty little vessels sailing across the bay.

Personal.

Mrs. T. Cawte, Mahakipawa, is visiting her people at Renwick for a few days.

Mrs. Strachan, who has been staying at Waitohi House for a week or two, has returned to Blenheim.

The Rev. T. J. Smith and Mrs. Smith have returned from Nelson, where the vicar was attending the Synod.

Mr. and Mrs. John Duncan, of "The Grove," have returned to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wicks returned from their honeymoon trip on Saturday. After spending a few days with their people in Picton, they proceeded to Blenheim, where their future home will be.

Nurse Scott, of Christchurch, arrived here on Saturday to relieve her sister, Miss Scott, matron of the hospital, who is about to enjoy her annual holiday.

Mrs. Barnett, Waikato, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Haughey, at Koromiko.

Invitations are out for Miss Eileen Storey's marriage to Mr. Paul Beck, on the 22nd of November.

BELLE.

NELSON.

Croquet.

Mrs. Harrison gave a very enjoyable croquet party to open her pretty lawn for the season. There were a number of guests present, including Mrs. Andrew (Stoke), Mrs. Izard, Mrs. V. A. Barr, Miss Richmond, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Dodson, Miss Gibbs, Miss Dyer (Rotorua), Mrs. Frank Hamilton, Miss N. Gilkison, Mrs. C. H. Coote, Miss Ledger, Mrs. Robison.

Beautiful weather favoured the Nelson Croquet Club when they opened their season last Saturday. The president of the club (Mrs. R. S. Booth) gave afternoon tea, assisted by Miss D. Booth and the Misses Clark (3). An interesting match was played, Mrs. Harrison being the winner. Some of those present were: Mrs. Renwick, Mrs. Horn, Mrs. Barr, Mrs. E. Izard (Stoke), Mrs. Andrew (Stoke), Mrs. J. Wood (Stoke), Mrs. Dodson, Mrs. C. H. Coote, Mrs. and Miss Bunny, Mrs. Frances Richmond, Miss F. Richmond, Miss Roberts, Mrs. Macquarie, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Allen, Miss Kirton, Miss Huddleston, Mrs. and Miss Booth, Mrs. Squires, Miss Buchanan, Miss Gibbs, Miss Kirton, Miss Richmond, Mrs. de Castro, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Senn, Mrs. H. M. Field, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Guy Ellis.

Garden Party.

The garden party and sale of work in connection with the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which had been postponed twice on account of the rain, took place in the beautiful grounds of "Fairfield," the weather being perfect. The Bishop of Nelson opened the proceedings, and there was a large attendance. The stall-holders were as follows:—Work stall, Mesdames Grove, Thorp, N. E. Jones and Mills; Jumble stall, Mesdames Judson, McLaren and Kerr; sweets and cake stall, Miss Gascoign and Mrs. Field; produce, Mesdames Black and Ferris; afternoon tea, Miss Atkinson and Mrs. Brown; bran tub, Misses Graham, Edwards, and Watson. Among those present were: Mrs. Arthur Atkinson, Misses Atkinson, Mrs. McLaren, Mrs. Lyell, Mrs. W. Squires, Misses Ledger, Miss Trollove, Miss Doer, Mrs. and Miss Cuthbertson, Mrs. C. H. Broad, Miss Kirton, Miss Nina Jones, Mrs. Horn, Mrs. and Miss Magnity, Misses Blackett, Miss Lightfoot.

Personal.

The Rev. Canon Lucas, who left for England this week, was presented by his parishioners of All Saints' with a dress-

ing case, deck chair, and other travelling requisites and a purse of sovereigns. His many friends hope to see Canon Lucas back again in six months quite restored to health.

Dr. Stanley Lucas, Mrs. Lucas, and their three children, accompany Canon Lucas to England.

Mrs. and Miss Glasgow have returned from their visit to Wellington.

Miss Dyer, who has been staying with Mrs. Andrew at Stoke, has returned to her home in Rotorua.

Miss S. Fell has returned from her visit to Christchurch.

Archdeacon Baker (Brightwater) has gone to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Innis Ledger are away in Wellington.

Mrs. Duckworth and Miss Eyes, of Blenheim, are staying in Nelson.

Mrs. A. Wilson, of Westport, is visiting friends here.

DOLCE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

November 4.

Vice-regal Dinner Party.

On Tuesday evening a small dinner party was given at "Elmwood," Papanui-road, by His Excellency the Governor and Lady Islington. Amongst the guests were: The Bishop of Christchurch and Mrs. Julius, Lady Bowen, Bishop Grimes, Mr. and Mrs. George Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Teesemaker, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. N. Grigg, Miss Stapleton-Cotton, Captain Hamilton, Captain Shannon, and Captain Maitland.

A Dance.

Mrs. Meredith-Kaye entertained a number of young people on Saturday night at her residence in Papanui-road at a euchre party, ending with a dance.

Afternoon Tea.

An afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Chilton at Hereford-street last week as a farewell to Mrs. Waymouth, who, with her family, are leaving Christchurch shortly for a visit to England.

Tennis Tea.

was given on Saturday afternoon at Bealey-avenue by Mrs. J. Studholme. The guests included Mrs. Moreland, Mrs. Maitland Rich, Mrs. L. C. Knight, Mrs. T. C. Moorhouse, Mrs. Todhunter, Mrs. C. Reid, Mrs. Maling, Mrs. H. P. Hill, Mrs. L. Lane, Mrs. and Miss Thomas, the Misses Moorhouse, Mrs. and Miss Bowden, Miss Cowlishaw, Miss Prins, Mrs. and Miss Wilkin, Mrs. A. Reeves, Miss Corfe, and the Misses Reeves.

At the Theatre Royal.

The Nellie Stewart Company's season opened on Friday night with "When Knighthood was in Flower." The theatre was decorated with flags in honour of the presence of the Governor, who arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rhodes and their party, which included Miss Humphries, Miss D. Anderson, Captain Hamilton, and Mr. Tahu Rhodes. Lovely bouquets had been prepared for the ladies of the party, which in each case exactly matched the dress. Others present were: Captain and Mrs. Harris (China), Dr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. George Harris, Mr. and Mrs. J. Studholme, Mrs. J. Deans, Miss Brandon (Wellington), Dr. and Mrs. Lester, Mrs. A. Reeves, Mrs. H. H. Longman, Mrs. and Miss Synes, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Thomas, Miss Chapman, Mrs. Stead, Mrs. Russell Grace (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Bethell, and Miss Boyle.

On the following night Captain and Mrs. Scott, Lieutenant and Mrs. Evans, and other members of the Antarctic expedition were the guests of honour at the theatre.

A small river picnic was given by Miss Merton (Park Terrace) on Monday afternoon. Amongst those present were the Misses Molineaux (2), Burns (2), Synes, Thomas, Bowden, and Moore.

His Excellency the Governor is giving an official luncheon at "Elmwood" this afternoon.

Garden Party.

A garden party will be held at "Te Koraha" by Mrs. Arthur Rhodes (president) of the Christchurch branch of the Victoria League. Invitations have been sent to all the members "To meet Lord and Lady Islington." It is anticipated that Captain Scott, Mrs. Scott, and several members of the Antarctic expedition will also be guests of the league.

Personal.

Miss Fell, who has been visiting her Christchurch friends, has returned to Nelson.

Captain and Mrs. Scott, of the Antarctic expedition, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kinsey, "Warrimo," Papanui-road, are now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rhodes, "Te Koraha," Merivale.

Mrs. Wilson, whose husband is a member of the Antarctic expedition, is the guest of Lady Bowen at "Middleton-Grange."

Lieutenant and Mrs. Evans are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Russell, Papanui-road.

Miss Paterson (Dunedin) is staying with friends in Christchurch.

Miss Brandon (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. J. Deans (Riccarton).

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hall (Christchurch), are visiting the North Island.

Visitors to Christchurch include Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Lowry (Hawke's Bay), Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Blundell (Wellington), Mrs. W. Johnston (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. Bethell (Pahau Pastures), Miss Betham (Branspeth), Mr. and Mrs. Holmes (Rakaia), the Misses Holmes.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

Cup Day.

Among those present at Riccarton on Saturday were:—Lady Islington, in white satin with bands of black velvet, over dress of white chiffon with panels of Irish lace, and white floral trimmed hat; Miss Stapleton-Cotton, white silk frock, black hat with ostrich feathers; Lady Clifford, violet linen costume, black hat and feathers; Mrs. Boyle, blue satin frock veiled with white chiffon, black hat; Mrs. Arthur Rhodes, mauve satin, and nixon hat to match; Mrs. Scott, pale mauve satin, veiled with nixon, black and gold embroidery, black hat; Mrs. Arthur Elworthy, old gold coloured frock, veiled with black nixon, black and gold embroidery, black hat; Mrs. Dalgety, electric blue gown, black hat; Mrs. George Rhodes, white satin, with black lace tunic, black hat; Miss Duthie (Auckland), white embroidered silk, black hat; Mrs. Peter Wood, blue and white check silk, black hat with royal blue; Mrs. Stead, black satin costume, black hat; Mrs. Wilfred Stead, grey nixon, floral hat; Mrs. Studholme, white satin, veiled with black chiffon, black hat; Mrs. Evans, cornflower blue nixon, black hat.

DOLLY VALE.

SEDDON.

November 4.

The Races.

The Awatere Racing Club held their annual meeting at Dashwood on Tuesday, 1st. The morning was very fine and clear, although there was rather too much wind for perfect comfort. The course was in very good order, and the attendance was large. Some very pretty dresses were worn by a number of the ladies present. A few of those I noticed were: Mrs. E. Weld, black tailor-made costume, white hat trimmed with black; Mrs. Stevenson, grey costume, champagne straw, large black velvet bow; Mrs. G. Waddy, blue costume, brown hat with scarf; Miss Morris, grey costume, hat to match; Miss Barker, brown costume, brown hat; Mrs. L. Griffiths, stylish brown costume, purple hat, gold lace band; Mrs. Stace, handsome green costume, large black hat; Mrs. H. Sharp, heliotrope striped voile, hat to match; Miss Foster, brown Russian costume, brown hat; Mrs. Richmond, pale grey costume, white hat; Mrs. Black, slate-grey costume, large hat; Mrs. Woods, smart brown costume, brown hat; Mrs. Corry, stylish navy blue tailor-made costume, large black hat; Mrs. H. Howard, mole-coloured costume, brown hat; Mrs. Hume, black voile relieved with white, large black hat; Mrs. G. Ward, brown tailor-made costume, champagne hat with scarf. Messrs. Weld, Woods, Stevenson, Stace, Waddy, Griffiths, Sharp, Richmond, Bick, Corry, etc.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Murray (Wharanui) have gone to Palmerston for the Show.

Mrs. Fisher (Wellington) is spending some weeks at Kaiti.

Mr. H. Vavasour has gone to Palmerston for the show.

Miss Morris, who has been on a short visit to Mrs. E. Weld (Flaxbourne) has returned to Blenheim.

GENEVIEVE.

DREADFUL CASES OF RINGWORM

Heads Covered with Thick Scurf—Cried with the Itching—Hospital's Treatment Gave Frightful Pain but Did No Good—3 Years of Torment.

OWE SCALP AND HAIR HEALTH TO CUTICURA

"Well over four years ago my two little girls were taken with a dreadful scalp trouble that the doctors called ringworm. They attended the Hospital as out-patients for a year. I had to apply their ointment, which was a brush, giving the children frightful pain. I also had to have their heads shaved every two weeks, but they got no better under the treatment. They used to cry with the tormenting itching, and their heads were covered with a thick scurf and dandruff.

"About a year ago I determined to try the Cuticura Remedies. I used plenty of Cuticura Soap and applied the Cuticura Ointment. I used only about three cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and they were cured. Their hair is growing long and nice again. They had become so ill after their three years of suffering that I had to send one away to a convalescent home as soon as she was cured, but now she is home, well and strong. My younger girl was away from school nine months with the disease. I am very grateful to Cuticura and for their children's sake I hope other mothers will try it. The Cuticura Soap I will always use for it makes the hair so lovely. Mrs. Nora Emmott, 38, Lena Gardens, Brook Green, W., London, Nov. 25, 1909."

Reference: R. Towns & Co., Sydney.

Cuticura is the most economical treatment for the skin, scalp, hair and hands, of infants, children and adults. A tablet of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient to effect a speedy and permanent cure.

Sold throughout the world. Deposits: London, 27, Chandos Street, E.C. 4; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; U.S.A., Fetter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. 32-Page Book, 32-page Cuticura Book, a complete Guide to the Care and Treatment of Skin and Scalp.

Do You Want Long, Heavy Hair?

Then treat your hair well. See that it is properly fed. Growth of every kind demands proper food. Curled hair splits at the ends, turns prematurely gray, keeps short and dry. Then feed your hair. Feed it with proper food, a regular hair-food. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. Thus help nature all you possibly can toward giving you rich, heavy, luxuriant hair. Ask your doctor about your hair and about Ayer's Hair Vigor. Follow his advice.

Ayer's Hair Vigor DOES NOT COLOR THE HAIR

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

Simplicity of the New Tunic Frocks.

FOR AND AGAINST THE WIDE HEM.

THE tunic frock is growing appreciably plainer. Never has it so simply been more marked than it is at present, and never has it required more careful making on the part of the amateur costuriers.

Every woman who has attempted to master the primer of home dressmaking has, in fact, learnt that whereas she may make a hiding-place for her faults of cut and finish behind a multiplicity of tucks and shirrings, flounces and furbelows, she stands or falls entirely by her own skill where the plain gown is concerned.

A BEAUTIFUL THEATRE FROCK.

The newest examples are stretched smoothly over the bust and shoulders without a hint of fulness, while the skirts of the tunic should be equally plain and smooth over the hips, and should come to a termination no lower than the knees.

SKIRTS AND SLEEVES.

The scheme of gathering the material of the skirt into an immensely wide hem, which is so generally adopted just now, is another expedient which requires very careful handling if the gown is to be made at home. As a rule, it is better for the success of the gown that the material should be put flat into the hem, as unless the work is carried out very carefully, it is apt to make the figure look considerably larger round the hips in contrast to the plainness and scantiness of its base. It has beside a frequent tendency to pull or drag to one side. A more successful effect, if the jupe is to be full and gauffed, is that of gathering it over instead of under the hem, with a little old-fashioned heading.

All the new frocks for day wear in Paris or London show the sleeve which falls below the elbow. The "couvre coude" length is, in fact, the feature of the moment, and even when not designed to reach to the wrist it is often finished by the little frill of gauffered lace or lawn.

RIB ON BELTS.

Belts are narrow rather than wide, but with the simple lawn or batiste frock worn by a girl there is no serious



A SMART COSTUME IN SHANTUNG.

rival to the wide ribbon wound twice round the waist, and tied in a bow with long ends at the side. Although the very simplest of expedients possible, it keeps the waist trim and taut, and can be damped and ironed ad infinitum, so as to give it the right freshness and crispness each time it is put on. With the white linen coat and skirt, the white net blouse, and large black hat, will be more than ever popular. The tiny black satin tie which fastens the plisse frill at the throat will supply a finishing touch to the scheme.

The flat has gone forth in Paris that the hats of the immediate future will be slightly smaller than was the case a short while ago, and some quite medium-sized models are, besides, on the

list of novelties. A charming type of headgear for river wear is that which is carried out in white or natural coloured straw, over which is smoothly stretched a covering of embroidered white lawn which terminates a little above the edge, showing an inch-wide band of black satin as a hem. The lawn is cut into large eyelet holes round the crown, and through this is threaded a wide ribbon, which is finished with a big, soft bow on one side.

THE UBQUITOUS MARGUERITE.

Some pretty hats of pale mist-grey basket straw are trimmed with white gauffered frills of wide Valenciennes lace, above which is a thick roll of grey satin; and an immense bunch of grey velvet marguerites with black centres occurs on one side. Marguerites have had, in fact, a popularity this season which is second to none, and have even ranked before the ubiquitous pansy as a mourning flower. For evening wear bunches of huge black velvet pansies have been used as corsage flowers, being tucked into the lace of the gown in front, while among the black hats there have been not a few models, the crowns of which have consisted solely of a mass of black marguerites crushed closely together.

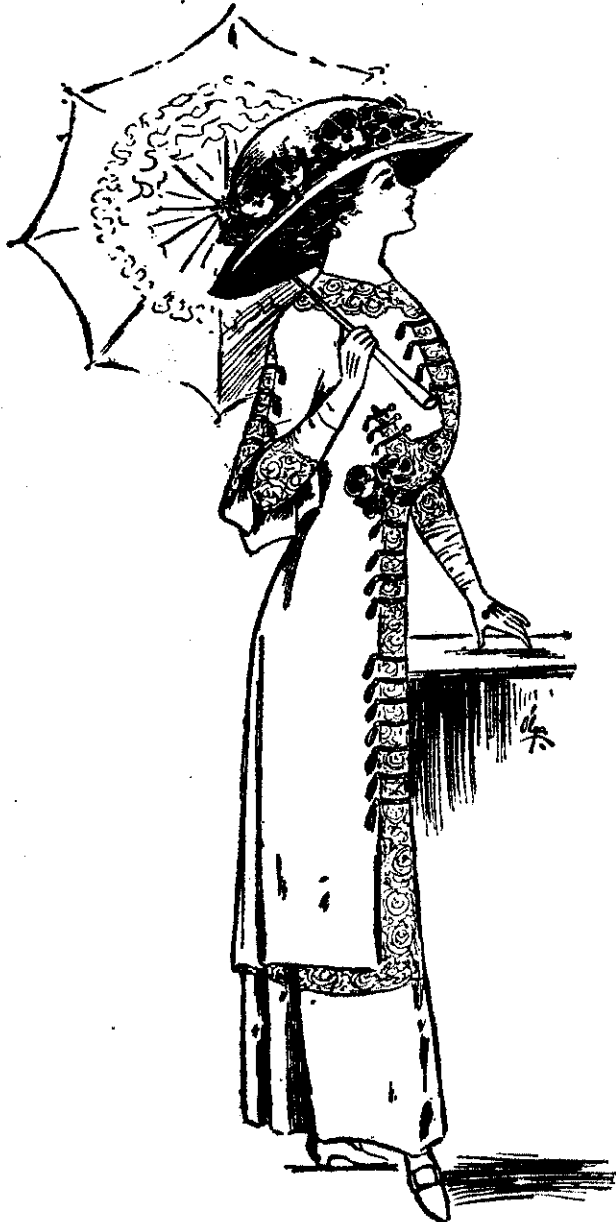
NEW VEILS.

Frenchwomen who fear freckles are wearing veils falling loosely round the face in a fine make of black lace. Numbers of light, clear-meshed fancy veils without spots are likewise used with the large hats, and these are best when pinned round the face securely. This is easy to achieve by drawing the veil in both folds under the chin, pinning the lower parts of the hair just above the "nape" with a hairpin or brooch, and raising the rest smoothly over the brim.

A Harmony in Mauve and Grey.

In the accompanying sketch a suggestion is given for a dainty toilette destined for a garden party, and carried out almost entirely in mauve and grey, with a few touches of dark purple here and there.

The frock itself is of Meehlin lace, made up over chiffon and satin, all three fabrics having been dyed to the same lovely shade of dove-grey. The skirt is made in the fashionable short length for walking, but it is wisely arranged with a certain amount of fulness, so that the wearer can move about in it with com-



A HARMONY IN MAUVE AND GREY.

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 supplies 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 Flour 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—

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-rose when placed among gloves or linen, thus forming excellent perfume sachets till needed. If you value your hair write to-day for because they wash out THE NATURAL OIL

Icilma Shampoo Sachets

Price 8d. per packet, in boxes of seven.

Obtainable from A. ECCLES, Queen St., H. D. WILES, Queen St., R. E. 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 Flour Cream, will be sent to all who apply at once to THE ICILMA CO., LTD., 8 Brandon Street, Wellington.

fort and grace, and can even go up and down stairs, and sit down when she is tired, luxuries of action which, strange as it may seem, are entirely out of the question for those who are just now martyring themselves by following the foolish dictates of their dressmakers. It seems wonderful that women should be found silly enough to appear out of doors in skirts of a tightness so painful and grotesque that with every movement one confidently expects the wearers to lose their balance and to topple over. But to return to our sketch, which proves conclusively how graceful a straight skirt of this kind can be, when it is cut of a reasonable width, and when, moreover, it is finished, as in the case of our illustration, with a very deep hem of soft satin. This satin, by the way, is chosen in a soft tone of mauve, with more lilac than pink in it, which harmonises perfectly with the

dove-grey shade of the lace under-robe. The long coat is of the mauve satin, designed in a shape which is simple, but very smart, and trimmed with many little strappings of dark purple satin, finished on one side with diamond buttons, and on the other with purple silk tassels to match. At the waist, but in front only, there is a folded belt of purple satin, into which one or two purple and pale mauve velvet-leaved pansies are tucked. The satin sleeves are made with a cape effect, and cut in one with the rest of the coat. They are also arranged with a panel of lace on the outer side, crossed by purple satin strappings, and decorated with silk tassels and diamond buttons, while the under-sleeves are of dove-grey lace and chiffon. The neck is cut low in the prevailing fashion, and finished with a collar of ivory-white Meudin lace.

With this gown a very becoming hat is illustrated, and one which shows the prevailing mode, but without exaggeration. It is made in pale mauve Tagel straw to match the colour of the satin coat, and lined underneath the brim with dark purple satin. The crown is wreathed with velvet pansies in purple and pale mauve, to match the flowers which are fastened into the waist-belt.

The same scheme of colouring is carried out very successfully, too, in the sunshade, which is of mauve glace silk, lined with soft ruches and ruffles of pale grey chiffon, and mounted on a grey enamelled stick. Long white gloves are worn, while the shoes are of grey suede, with flat bows of grey corded silk ribbon.



White straw, draped black Chantilly, white roses, with black centres and leaves.

Osman Flannelettes will not ignite

ANY MORE READILY THAN A GOOD CALICO—IT 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 boll well. It has the flannelly handle of a good flannel. Sold by all the best drapers.



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.

W.B. CORSETS

Worn by Fashionable Women everywhere



W.B. No. 749

W.B. Corsets give perfect support and comfort to the wearer, and impart to the figure suppleness and grace.

If your waist is short—your hips full—your bust large, or your figure in any wise irregular, you can perfect it with the correct model of

W.B.

Erect Form or Nuform



W.B. No. 916

W.B. Erect Form, No. 916, made of white and drab Coutil. Two pairs suspenders attached. Sizes 10 to 30.

W.B. Erect Form, No. 749, very low bust, with long hips and back, made of Coutil, in white and drab. Two pairs suspenders attached. Sizes 19 to 26.

W.B. Nuform, No. 761, low bust, with very long hips and back, white and drab Coutil. Two pairs suspenders attached. Sizes 21 to 36.

Prices 4/11 to 18/6

For your own Satisfaction ask for **W.B. Corsets**

Hoyle's Prints Wash !!



These Prints have over a century's reputation for quality. When you insist upon getting HOYLE'S you insist upon having good value. See that this trade mark is on the outside of the piece.

For the sake of good looks and equi-pose nearly every well dressed woman wears a corset. Whether she pays five shillings or twenty for it, she has the right to demand that whatever corset she buys should fit and be comfortable. For about the whole of her comfort is wrapped up in the long, slim box that holds her corset. A great many women have come to appreciate the appearance and good fitting qualities of the

P.D. ROYAL RUSTPROOF CORSET

Among the many different models there is one for every type of woman. How important it is to have the new corset ahead of the new gown, every woman knows. So now is the time to select a new Royal P.D. before ordering your next dress.

Leading drapers keep your size in Royal P.D.'s



Verse Old and New.

To Daphne's Feet.

FAIR Daphne's foot's a dainty thing,
Like those the poets used to sing.
So small, indeed, you'd hardly dream
It had sufficient breadth of beam
To bear the weight, however slight—
'Twas made to carry, day and night.

When out upon the ball-room floor
You see it tripping gaily o'er
The polished surface in the dance
You wonder greatly if perchance
The elfin fairies of the moon
Have not prepared her dancing shoon.
When o'er the cold, bleak pave it goes,
'Mid hushing throings and drifting snows,
You stand aghast that such a rare
And fragile thing should venture there,
And as it nears the crossing's edge
You tremble at such sacrifice.

But, Oh, that foot! What have I said—
That thoughts unspeakable and dread—
When to the opera I'm inclined,
And Daphne, sitting just behind,
Inserts her toe, 'neath where I sit
And, all unthinking, wiggles it!

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Summer Shadow.

Life is running fast away,
All the woods are yet to learn;
What did yonder squirrel say?
And I never shall return—

Not like bud or budding bird,
Come when April comes again
Scarcely have I learned a word
Of the language of the rain.

Swift the summer glides away,
Not one lesson learned aright;
Soon comes round the longest day—
'Ah! how soon the longest night!

—By Richard Le Gallienne.

An Old Song Resung.

When you think to yourself that you're
just all right,
And the bunch floos up when you heave
in sight;
When you stand the touch for a drink
and a smoke,
When they laugh like mad at your
punkest joke—
You're flush, old man, you're flush!
When you think and look and feel all
wrong,
And the bunch hikes out when you come
along;
When they nod and wink when you turn
your back,
And don't give a hang for the jokes you
crack—
You're broke, you dub, you're broke!

Love on High.

An aeroplane in sunny France
Was spreading through the air
And little thinking of romance,
Until he was aware
(Though soaring safely up above),
That he had fallen—deep in love.
For overhead, his vision met
A dove-like monoplane;
She moved in higher circles, yet
Did not evince disdain,
His motor throbbled with nervous
haste.
As after her he fleetly raced.
And when an hour had taken flight
In record-breaking time,
She wiggled with her wings of white,
Inviting him to climb.
His answer (an ascent) was rash!
He darted near, too near—a crash!
Fear not—the ending comes out right
(Or Wright, if you prefer);
Much mechanism, sound and light;
Was left of him and her;
Aerial waves again they plow,
Forever one—a biplane now!

The Same Old Summer-time.

The same old summer-time is here,
The same old scene is set—
Of dancing waters, shining sands,
Along the shore I walk with her—
The same old tale repeat.
And rocks where high tides fret,
The same old golden moon comes up
To make the scene complete,

The same old mountains stand to guard
The little lake so blue;
We paddle 'mid the lily pads
The same old bark canoe;
The same old pine trees whisper low
As dreamily we float,
And from the same old poets then
In thrilling tones I quote.

The same old band invites to dance,
And I at once make haste
To place this same old arm of mine
Around her slender waist.
The same "Blue Danube" sets the pace,
And in the giddy whirl
I thank my stars this same old time
Brings always a new girl!

—Ada Stewart Shelton.

A King of Tang.

The thought of this poem is perhaps
not novel, but that should not surprise
us in view of the fact that it was written
by a Chinese poet who lived between
648 and 678 of our present era. The
translator, L. Cranmer Byng—the name
also sounds Oriental—has rendered, not
betrayed, his original.

There looms a lordly pleasure-tower o'er
you dim shore,
Raised by some King of Tang.
Jade pendants at his girdle clashed, and
golden bells
Around his chariot rang.

'Strange guests through sounding halls
at dawn go trailing by—
Gray mist and mocking winds;
And sudden brooding twilight break in
rain on rain
To lash the ragged blinds.

The slow sun-dappled clouds lean down
o'er waters blue,

Clear mirrored one by one.
Then drift as all the world shall drift.
The very stars
Their timeless courses run.
How many autumn moons have steeped
those palace walls!
And paled the shattered beams!
What is their royal builder now! A
lord of dust?
An emperor of dreams!

—By Wang Po.

After a Thousand Years.

A thousand years ago
From all the nations rose one bitter cry—
"The world is old, so old, 'tis time to
die!"
Men with few words and slow
Saw the great comet blazing in the sky,
While priest and friar preached the
judgment night.

There was no self so low
But he had right and privilege to fly
'To Mother Church in penitential now;
There was no prince bore haughty crest
so high
But with his "naae culpa," he must lie
Prostrate beneath the altar-scourge's
blow

A thousand years ago.
Another thousand years
God given to the nations, almost sped:
And still we say the world is old and
dead;

Held by the olden fears.
Still whisperings of signs and omens
dread,

Famine and war, and blazing death o'er-
head,
Shall we do penance, fast and weep
wild tears,
Another thousand years?

No, as this thousand years
(Which in God's sight is but as yester-
day)

Is ebbing from time's silent shore away,
Thank God for hope and joy that lifts
and cheers,

For all the light that fills the world
to-day,
Look up, take courage, for the goal
appears,
After a thousand years.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

More Up to Date.

YOU may tell me the names of the
twelve Apostles, Sam!" said the
pretty Sunday-school teacher
one morning.

Sam's face fell, and he shifted his
weight from one foot to the other.
"Can't do it, ma'am," he said, sorrow-
fully, and then his eyes brightened, "but
I can tell off all the forwards in the
Rugby teams."

The Way of a Husband.

Doctor (politely, but looking at his
watch with impatience): Pardon me,
madam, but my time is not my own. You
have given me all your symptoms in
sufficient detail, and now perhaps you
will kindly—er—ah—

Husband (not so considerate): Mar-
ia, he doesn't want to hear your tongue
any more; he wants to look at it.

"Chuck Me In Again."

Iayor Lacey, of Pittsburg, was talk-
ing about an obstinate man.

"He is a 'sot' in his ways," said the
Mayor. "He is as bad as the old plant-
er of history.

"An old planter, in the palmy days be-
fore the war, was blown up in a steam-
boat accident on the Mississippi. They
fished him out unconscious. At the end
of an hour's manipulation he came to.
"Where am I?" he asked, lifting his
head feebly.

"Safe on shore," the doctor told him.
"Which side of the river?" he in-
quired.

"The Iowa side," the doctor replied.
The old planter took a look at
the turbid, yellow stream. Then he said:
"Just my luck to land in a prohibi-
tion State. Chuck me in again!"

Their Only Chance.

A party of Territorials were taken to
the shooting range for the first time.
The men fired at a target 500yds away,
and not one hit it. They were next tried
at a target 200yds away, and still every-
one missed. They were at last tried at
one just 100yds away, but no one hit
it.

"Attention!" thundered the drill ser-
geant. "Fix bayonets! Charge! It's
your only chance!"

One Better.

"When I was a young girl," titters the
first old lady, "one of my beaux hugged
me so hard he broke one of my ribs."

"Humph!" replies the second old lady,
adjusting her glasses and smoothing
back her hair in conscious pride, "when
I was a young girl one of my beaux hug-
ged me so hard he broke one of his
arms."

A Husband's Fourteen Errors in Life.

AS SEEN BY HIM.

- To tell how to run her club.
- To bank his money in her name.
- To expect her to like his female re-
latives.
- To forget to praise her.
- To expect her to be grown up.
- To expect to have the last word.
- To take her opinions too seriously.
- To forget that she will change her
mind.
- To let her open his letters.
- To borrow her umbrella.
- To get mad because his bed is not
tucked in at the foot.
- To tell her how his mother used to
cook.
- To hesitate to tell her where he is
going and where he has been.
- To work for her so hard that he has
no time to devote to her.

A Wife's Fourteen Errors in Life.

AS SEEN BY HER.

- To ask a man where he is going when
he goes out.
- To ask him where he has been when
he comes back.
- To tell him what she would do if she
were in his place.
- To tell him everything, and thus re-
veal her limitations.
- To ask him to put on her rubbers.

To allow his stock of handkerchiefs
and socks to get low.

- To buy bargain neckties.
- To tell him that he is good looking.
- To expect to have the last word.
- To let him know how old she is.
- To tell him what her mother says.
- To allow him to edit her letters.
- To economise at the expense of her
personal appearance.
- To expect him to like her best
friend's husband.

Particular.

"What was the matter with that
lady who just went out of the store?"
asked the grocer.

"She found fault with the potatoes,"
replied the clerk.

"What was the matter with them?"
"She didn't like the colour of their
eyes!"

The Waiter's Fluent Tongue.

The waiter who bawls out his orders
to the cook in the kitchen may soon be as
extinct as the dodo, but his cries should
live forever.

"Mutton both in a hurry," says a cus-
tomer. "Baa-baa in the rain! Make him
run," shouts the waiter.
"Beefsteak and onions," says a custom-
er. "John Bull! Make him a ginny!"
shouts the waiter.

"Where's my baked potato?" asks a
customer. "Mrs. Murphy in a seal-skin
jacket" is the waiter's version. "Two
fried eggs, lightly cooked," from another
customer. "Adam and Eve in the garden!
Leave their eyes open!" shouts the waiter.

"Chicken croquettes," says a customer.
"Fowl ball!" shouts the waiter.

"Hash," says a customer. "Gentle-
man wants to take a chance!" shouts
the waiter. "I'll have hash too," says
the next customer. "Another sport!"
shouts the waiter.

"Frankfurters and sauerkraut, good
and hot," says a customer. "Pidd, Shep,
and a bale of hay!" shouts the waiter;
"let 'em sizzel!"



Small Brother (under sofa); Great Scott! I see my finish if he sits down beside Sis.



FIT GUARANTEED.

A LIKELY DIAGNOSIS.

Doctor: "I believe you have some of poison in your system."
 Patient: "Shouldn't wonder. What was that last stuff you gave me?"

COURT HUMOUR.

Scene, Police Court. Mr. Smith found guilty of larceny.
 Magistrate: "What's your name?"
 Prisoner: "Smith, your Worship."
 Magistrate: "What trade are you?"
 Prisoner: "Locksmith, sir."
 Magistrate (to dock officer): "Then lock Smith up for fourteen days."



Grandmother Duck: Scandalous! In my day children of that age were at home in the nest.

THE OTHER EXTREME.

"Well," sighs the man with the wash tie, "now that the aeroplane is becoming popular the women won't spend so much money for automobile hats and veils."
 "No," growls the man with the ingrowing moustache, "but they'll blow in just as much on silk stockings and high-heeled shoes."



GALLANTRY.

Look here! Heads you give up your seat, tails I give mine!

EXPLAINED.

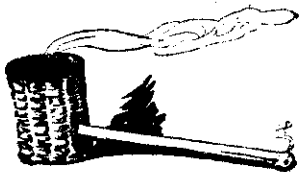
Brown: "What is the race problem, professor?"
 "Picking winners, Brown," responded the professor, absently.

NO REFLECTION.

"Every time the baby looks into my face he smiles," said Mr. Meekins.
 "Well," answered his wife, "it may not be exactly polite, but it shows he has a sense of humour."

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

"I love you!" he cried, passionately.
 "Do you love me alone?" she asked, after the manner of cautious maidens.
 "Geed! That's when I love you most," he replied, somewhat ambiguously.



AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

A PERENNIAL MYSTERY.

Average Man: "These papers just make me sick. Nothing in them but commonplace personal items about a lot of nobodies no one ever heard of."
 Friend: "I saw a little mention of you in the Friday 'Gammon.'"
 Average Man (half an hour later, to messenger boy): "Here, rush around to the 'Gammon' office, and get me forty copies of the Friday edition."



ONLY GENTLE DALLIANCE.

"Arry, that Sal Robins says you're in love wiv 'er—tain't true, is it?
 Garn, don't yer take no notice uv 'er. She exaggerates every bloomin' thing. I may 'ave give her a clip or two over the ear 'ole, but that's all there is in it!