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The Week in Review.

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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 Symptom and the Disease.

DR. FINDLAY is a philosopher rather than a man of affairs, and he is apt to put before us philosophical views of his Utopia. It is therefore surprising to find him holding the view that to cure the symptom is to cure the disease. He affects to believe that racing causes the gambling spirit, whereas it is the gambling spirit that causes racing. As long as there are two sides to a penny, two straws of unequal length, two rascals courting down a window pane, men will gamble if the gambling spirit is there. To say that "the chief cause of gambling is racing" is more worthy of the retailer of platform platitudes than of a thinker. To say that the gambling spirit finds its readiest expression in racing, and that racing develops the inherent tendency to gamble are nearer the mark. If Dr. Findlay could succeed in his desire to abolish racing altogether, he would make it more difficult for people to gamble, and would remove much temptation. It is a curious fact that in a democracy legislation can never be carried to remedy what is really a universal evil. We are told, for instance, that all classes of the community gamble on the racecourse, and at the same time we are told that all classes of the community demand the abolition of racing. It is only when the majority are opposed to racing that racing will be abolished, and when the majority are opposed to it the evil ceases to be universal. Prohibition can only be carried in a temperate country. If the bulk of the people drank, it would never be carried. It is curious, but it is so.

The Eternal Feminine.

A correspondent writes as follows:—"Women are the greatest believers in prohibition of every kind. They would dearly love to prohibit tobacco, only they fear the effect on a man's temper. They have found by experience that it is safer to produce a milliner's bill when hubby is smoking a pipe than when he has forgotten to bring back any tobacco from the store. But if the kitchen range fails to draw because they have forgotten to pull the damper out, they want a law passed prohibiting makers from selling such stoves. They would like a law to prohibit Edwin from carrying a lute, to prohibit that odious Mrs. Jones from wearing such 'tawdry finery'; to prohibit the people next door from practicing on the piano when baby is asleep. They are quite sure that the great talking shop could make men saints if only enough laws were passed. And at election time they vote for the man who is best looking or who has told them of a

new cure for infantile colic; and they don't care a straw for his political views except that they know he is a prohibitionist, and that he was so nice to baby. And, after all, they show just as much sense as men, who, with all their fancied superiority, generally make a most unblooming mess of politics, and then throw the blame on women's franchise."

Some day somebody will investigate women's suffrage on a proper basis, and not discuss it in generalities that often spring from inherited prejudice. "Votes for Women" has not brought this country to social ruin and disaster as the male pessimists prophesied in the bad old days. The franchise instead has rendered some legislation of a very desirable nature possible. No proposal to revert to the ancient order of man made law would likely to be seriously considered, and if it was, there is a very considerable section of intelligent women in this country whose voice would be heard in no uncertain protest.

In Salomon's Conclave.

Why are all our educational authorities so frightfully solemn, and why do they take themselves so seriously? They meet in solemn conclave, and debate upon the child mind while totally ignoring the child nature. They simply deluge their conversation with weird and mystical terms, and you can't keep the word "academic" out of it with an axe. Many inspectors scare the wits out of the kiddies at examination time. They forget the timidity of childhood, its eagerness, its nervousness. Matthew Arnold was a model inspector as far as understanding children was concerned. He would pat them on the head, talk about their dolls, and ask them, at first, the easiest of questions. He would ask them to spell a word like "cat," and when they had answered correctly, he would say, "Very good; very good indeed. I couldn't have done it better myself." He always encouraged pupils and teachers alike. On one occasion a headmaster protested against his passing a girl pupil. The master pointed out that the girl had done badly in arithmetic, English, and geography. Matthew Arnold admitted that she was a little weak in those subjects. "Then why did you pass her?" said the master. "Because she was such a nice girl," repeated the inspector. Would that we had more educationalists like the great son of the famous Arnold of Rugby.

The Veto Conference.

The failure of the Veto Conference has put before the country the decisive issue as to whether or no the House of Lords shall be abolished. The abolition of an Upper House entirely means Government by a single chamber, and England will be in the proud position of following the example of Greece and Costa Rica in being governed by only one House. As things are at present the will of the people must ultimately prevail. The Lords would never dare to reject any bill that was submitted by two successive parliaments. They referred Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill to the people who had votes—about one fifth of the populace—and the electors were dead against it. Lord Salisbury was returned with the largest majority at his back that any Premier had enjoyed for two generations. Mr. Lloyd George's Budget was referred to the electors, and the electors accepted it by a majority, hampered by irrem-

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edible factions. The Lords up to the present have blocked no end of urgent reforms and generally acted against the interests of the people. A properly constituted second chamber exerts a wholesome restraint on hasty legislation, and the tyranny of chance majority. That the Lords needs reforming, everyone will admit. They themselves have admitted it by their characteristic political opportunism. To-day they are the representatives of the landed and wealthy classes in Britain, and whether they will be permitted to keep the burden of taxation on the shoulders of the people is now very doubtful. Their powers are certain of curtailment, but their abolition is not at all likely.

A Bold Writer.

So few people now-a-days say what they really think that it comes like the shock of a cold douche to find Dr. Kington Pyffe expressing his opinion so openly and unreservedly in the "New Zealand Times" on Dr. Findlay's Contagious Diseases Bill. He has said what many have thought, but only a bold man would have dared to write it and sign his name to it. We are accustomed to people making startling statements in unguarded moments. But when an outcry is raised, we find they have been misreported, and they explain that when they were said to have called a spade a spade they really only called it a shovel. That the doctor will be anathematised from one end of the Dominion to the other goes without saying. Resolutions of protest will be passed by every pious body and association in New Zealand. That our pet theory of making people good by Act of Parliament should be attacked is bad enough in all conscience; but to be told that by cleaning the outside of the cup and platter we only intensify the ravening and wickedness within is too awful altogether. Then he throws Horace at us, and in the original Latin too. It is a good thing he didn't give a translation, for that wise man of antiquity said in the passage referred to: "Naturam expellas furca tamen usque reuertet." It is fortunate he didn't quote the line that follows.

How to Write a Letter.

The doctor, had he been wise, would have written to please all parties, an art much practised now-a-days. He would have pointed out that there was much to be said in favour of Dr. Findlay's Bill, but that it was possible some doctors might object to compulsory notification. At the same time Parliament should do something to remedy an admitted evil, though we ought to remem-

ber that much lay with the individual. Dr. Findlay's speech had much to recommend it and contained many statements calculated to make people think, while at the same time the objections raised to the bill should not be entirely ignored. He could have gone on to say that his experience as a doctor led him to believe that many people resorted to quacks, and it was just possible the bill would cause more people to do so, though he would not like to say positively that this would be the case. Then of course, would follow a reference to "God's own Country," a word or two of praise for our laws, manners, customs, climate, and institutions; an Imperialistic touch by a reference to our continents and our Dreadnought; and a final hope that he would be forgiven for speaking his mind so freely, but that as a doctor he felt bound to speak plainly on a matter of such vital importance. Then, if anyone had objected to any part of his letter, he could have explained away the objectionable passage.

The Kaiser's Speeches.

The Kaiser seems determined to maintain the divine right of kings, and to contend that loyalty to the throne is loyalty to the altar. Herr Babel says that the Hohenzollerns never alter, and the Emperor's grandfather, in his Koenigsberg speech, said that the crown was conferred upon him by the grace of God alone and not by any Parliament or National Assembly. In 1900 the Kaiser declared that every Hohenzollern ruler knew from the first that he was but the representative here below of a Higher Power. It was this belief that had enabled them to carry through what they had once set themselves to do. But he believes that divine right must be supported by force. In 1897 he said that he would never rest till he had raised the navy to the same height as the army, and nine months later he made his celebrated declaration that if anyone essayed to take from us our just rights or to injure us in any way, we should up and at him with our mailed fist. The Kaiser is a man of many sides and a man of marked ability. He makes startling utterances, it is true, and is a model of indiscretions. All the same, he manages to get his own way, and even if his doctrine of divine right has been ridiculed, his doctrine of the mailed fist has always been respected.

Setting an Example.

It is very gratifying to find in the reports of religious assemblies and synods that so much is done to promote the work of the churches by our lead-

big men of business. One might suppose that, after a week of business cares and worries, they would not care to break into their Sunday leisure by attendance at church and taking work in our Sunday-schools. Yet we find the men who are most busy in the great markets of the world during the week are also the best church-workers. As one speaker said at a recent clerical conference: "It is particularly good of the business man to attend as he does the service of God when we know his time is already so fully occupied with other matters." We find our leading grocers and drapers in the very front rank of church-workers, sacrificing their leisure and setting an example to their work-people. The pity is that the workers do not always follow the good example set them by their masters. Surely if the employer can devote so large a part of his hard-earned leisure to the service of the Church, the worker might also find time for a like service.

"What's Wrong with the World?"

Mr. Chesterton's new book, "What's Wrong With the World?" is valuable for two reasons—he doesn't tell us either what is wrong or what is the remedy. Had he done so, all interest in the book would have vanished. But the book teems with bright sayings. He loves to take familiar sayings and prove that they are not true. He says in answer to the saying, "You can't put the clock back," that the simple and obvious reply is, "You can." If anyone were to say, "As you have made your bed, so you must lie on it," he would reply, "If I have made my bed uncomfortable, please God I will make it again." Here is a typical epigram: "The Christian ideal has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult, and left untried." Speaking of things ancient, he says, "I would rather have the most archaic map of the road to Brighton than a general recommendation to turn to the left." But perhaps the best saying in the whole book is this: "There is not really any courage at all in attacking hoary or antiquated things, any more than in offering to fight one's grandmother. The really courageous man is he who defies tyrannies young as the morning, and superstitions fresh as the first flowers." Anyone who ponders over this will see its truth and also see how rare a virtue is courage. The real pith of the book is the contention that we offer no real remedy for social ills. We only offer to exchange toothache for rheumatism. "Dr. Saleeby," he says, "would honestly like to have eugenics, but I would rather have rheumatics."

An Impious Critic.

The London "Observer" has a most sacrilegious article on that god of the gallery—Mr. Hall Caine. It says, in speaking of "The Bishop's Son," that even when Mr. Hall Caine is not delivering a great message, he is nevertheless determined that we shall spend a depressing evening. It points out that when a dashing young Manxman kills his cousin in a fair fight, is excommunicated and returns in the guise of a priest to save his country from the sweating sickness, there ought to be an entertaining evening; but it is apparently the Manx custom to take these things in deadly earnest, and even when a little humour is attempted it is of the kind that the strictest Sabbatarian could not object to on Sunday. There is just a suspicion of rationalism in one part, but there is quite enough, says the writer of the article, that is purely irrational to maintain its author's reputation. He has seldom done anything of quite so comforting a foolishness as to make his heroine Mona tell her brother Ewen that she has given herself to her cousin Dan and that he is the same to her as her husband, while really, in her innocence, meaning nothing like what she has said. In the printed copy of the play it is explained that Ewen sees evil in her words; we do not blame him. He is clearly not accustomed to Manx subtleties, and his death in Act I was very necessary, or he would have upset the scheme of things.

A Doggy Dog.

But the critic has one word of praise, and that is for the dog that always accompanies the hero. He says: "We say nothing of the trial on Tynwald Hill; assistance in writing this scene was given by the Attorney-General of the Isle of Man, so our mouths are closed. Otherwise we should have suspected that it

was a joke. Nor do we quite understand why Dan, being cured, did not retire to a country where the Bishop's curse did not run; but it is futile to inquire into these things, for it all came right in the end, thanks to the considerate behaviour of the islanders, who died in great numbers to save Dan's soul. The important thing is that Mr. Bransby Williams took it all with splendid seriousness, and played Dan exactly as he should be played; and when the burden of his soliloquies became too heavy there was always his dog Tim at hand to help him through. We liked Tim very much; he was a really doggy dog, while none of the other players were human men. But Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Ernest Leicester and Miss Elaine Inescort and Mr. Shield Barry all worked well and did the best that it was granted to them to do." Dear old Tim. He must have been a relief from the "storm-stressed souls" and other paraphernalia of the dramatist. Judging from the description in the "Observer," the play is sure to be popular, and ought to have a great run in New Zealand where Hall Caine and Marie Corelli share the honours of prophet and prophetic of the higher life.

Tolstoi.

Tolstoi has always been a mystery. We know very little about Tolstoi really. English translations are for the most part indifferent and few. Of course, Britain has never even put on the commercial stage that stupendous drama of his—"The Power of Darkness"—but then she has never staged Gorki either. The fact is important, because it emphasises the enormous gulf that divides the English from the Russian; gulf of art, of fact, of liberty of thought and expression, and so of artistic creation, of economic and social conditions. The smug Englishman, who has just gone round his home course in 88, is not likely to understand how it was that Tolstoi came to his "revelation" of poverty; how the sight of a doss-house revolutionised this great man's whole course of life. He seemed to the Anglo-Saxon so inconsistent, so unexpected. He was in turn the champion and the denouncer of marriage. He was dead against "Woman's Right"; he opposed the revolution. He repudiated the doctrine of the Trinity and all Sacraments, rites and usages. He was essentially an idealist. He lived utterly detached from the materialism of the world, and offered the spectacle of a man leading the simplest of lives, and devoting himself heart and soul to the cause of his country and of humanity.

Expensive Arithmetic.

A school teacher in Sheffield (according to the "Newcastle Chronicle" (a sober journal not given to joking), received the following from a complaining parent a few days ago:—

"Sir,—Will you please for the future give my boy some easier somes to do at nights. This is what he brought home to or three nights back: 'If for gallons of bere will fill thirty-to pint bottles, how many pint and half-pint bottles will nine gallons fill? Well, we tried, and could make nothing of it at all; and my boy cried, and sed he didn't dare go back in the morning without doin' it.'

"So I had to go and buy a nine-gallon cask of bere, which I could ill afford to do, and then we went and borrowed a lot of wine and brandy bottles, beside a few we had by us. Well, we emptied the cask into the bottles and then counted them, and there were 19, and my boy put the number down for an answer.

"I don't know wether it is rite or not, as we spilt some while doin' it.

"P.S.—Please let the next some be in water, as I am not able to buy more bere."

It is at all events a "ben trovato," even if not a true story; but, knowing Sheffield's taste in refreshment (as some "Star" readers may also do), what joy in that family after helping with the lessons!

Sculptor: "Why do you object to this bust of your husband, madam?"

Widow: "It doesn't seem natural."
"You have admitted that it looks like him."

"Yes, the features are all right; but there's no use talking, that statue will never remind me of my dear dead and gone husband in the world. It's too quiet. My husband had St. Vitus' dance."

Count Tolstoi.

The Interpreter of Russian Life and the Russians.

A St. Petersburg collegium, dated November 20th, stated that Count Leo Tolstoi died on that morning at the Astapov railway station, where he had been lying since he was stricken down by illness, which was due to exposure. The Countess and her son and daughter were present.

IT was an apt illustration of the contrast of the great Russian novelist that he rejoiced over that which his friends and admirers lamented and mourned over that which gave them delight (wrote a personal friend in a tribute to Tolstoi recently). The Russian hierarchy solemnly condemned the celebration of his eightieth birthday, and

great light that had been shining in the darkness all our lives had at last gone out.

Tolstoi is the best—nay, to most Westerns, the only—interpreter of Russia and the Russians. He is the latest articulate expression of a race to us singularly inarticulate. In nothing is he more Russian than in his paradoxes. For Russia is a colossal paradox; not



COUNT TOLSTOI.

the Russian bureaucracy seconded the censures of the Church by the authority of the secular arm.

This tribute to his influence naturally pleased Count Tolstoi, who, having failed to induce the Government to fit round his aged neck a well-soaped rope, was grateful for smaller mercies as these ecclesiastical and official censures against which everybody was protesting.

The indignation of his friends at his condemnation was nothing to their joy and relief that he had recovered from what threatened to be a fatal illness. Count Tolstoi is probably the only man living to-day who regrets that recovery. For he has long been impatient to die. Twenty years ago, when I was staying at Yasnaia Poliana, he said to me: "It is with difficulty that I can tear my thoughts away from the next world. I regret every moment in which I do not feel that I am dying. If men could fully realise the truth and nature of the next world, there would be no keeping them in this. I long to depart—I should be patient, and wait. Yet the thought of death is growing so unacceptably pleasant that I need to struggle against the fascination of its approach." That was in 1888. For him, no doubt, as for Prince Andrei in "War and Peace," death would be an awakening. "I died—I woke up. Yes, that was death." "He felt as if it were a deliverance from the bonds which before had fastened him down." For as it would be as if a

is Tolstoi less colossal and incomprehensible. A compost of contraries, a bundle of contradictions, uncompromising in his logic, and appalling in his inconsistencies, he is a true type of the nation which has long recognised him as her greatest son.

Like his peasant hero, Paton Karatazel, who for ever remained in Pierre's mind as a most powerful and precious recollection, the very embodiment of all that was good and worthy and truly Russian, he has often said things that were diametrically opposed to what he said before, but yet each statement would be correct. When he talked, it would appear, he had no idea where, having once begun, it would bring him out." But wherever it brought him out, everything has always appeared to him "so clear, so clear," that it almost must have been so, and he marvelled that everyone could not see it in the same light.

It is a rebuke to those who superciliously ask whether any good can come out of Nazareth that the most eloquent and passionate preacher of the Gospel of Pity, the most extreme exponent of the doctrines of Humanitarianism, should have been an officer in the Russian Army, who took part in his youth in the defence of Sebastopol. Like the Prophet of Nazareth, he found more sympathy and support from the people than from the Chief Priests, although in his case, let it be remembered to the credit of

the rulers of Russia, they have refused to allow Tolstoy to be molested, even although in his last diatribe he adjured them to hang him, and provided them with ample evidence to justify his prosecution.

The Orthodox Church excommunicated him, as in truth it was bound to do, for Tolstoy had excommunicated it long before, holding up its sacraments, its dogmas, and its most sacred mysteries to ridicule and contempt. But although he has been a ribald scoffer who denied the Resurrection and rejected the miracles, and impugned the sinlessness of Jesus, Tolstoy is, of all men of our day and generation, the most passionate and uncompromising preacher of what he calls "Christ's Christianity." In the midst of a materialistic age, he proclaimed, in opposition alike to Socialists who assailed and Conservatives who defended the existing distribution of wealth as if it were all-important, that "it is only the spreading and confirmation of religious truth which improves the position of men." He won world-wide fame as a writer of novels, and then poured contempt on all his best work. He has ever railed against the absurdity of the idea that Governments could do any good, and yet he has ever and anon addressed the Government in terms of oburgation or of entreaty, in order to induce them to do the "very little things" required to give peace to the people. The "very little" things were "the abolition of property, State, Church, and Government—for these are doomed, and all other barbarisms which humanity has left behind."

Tolstoy has been called the Russian Rousseau, not altogether without cause. But he is a Rousseau crossed with a Buddhist christened in the Russian Church, and educated in the modern scientific world. He combines the functions of being the last survivor of the famous novelists of the nineteenth century and the spiritual representative of the Hebrew prophets. He is a great artist. His "War and Peace," that stupendous cinematographic panorama of Russian life during the Napoleonic invasion, reminds one of the Galleries of the Hermitage, in which one finds every phase of human and animal life depicted by consummate artists with such splendour and almost barbaric profusion that one feels bewildered by the vastness of the display.

As a man, Tolstoy is lovable; in his family he is full of talk and good humour. His daughters idolise him. His wife watches over him like a guardian angel. But for her constant interposing with authority, her affectionate common sense between the count and his theories, he would have died twenty years since. She has saved his property, checked his wild attempts to put his theories into practice, and so preserved him alive till his eightieth birthday.

Tolstoy speaks English fluently and reads English and American books voraciously. He is always ill at ease owing to the contrast between the life he has persuaded himself he ought to lead and the life which, by compulsion of his wife, he has been induced to lead. His latest revolt found expression in his last manifesto, in which he implored the Government to deliver him from his false position by prison or hangman.

But all these things will soon be forgotten. What will not be forgotten are his pictures of Russian life, and his interpretation of the soul of the Russian people, their simplicity, and their nobility of soul—for in many things they are a little children, of whom it was said by Him of old time, "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Tolstoy himself does not wish to be remembered for any of these things. His last message to the world, as to the supreme importance of religious truth, represents what he desires us to remember. "The essence of religious truth consists in this: That man is a spiritual being, similar to his source, God; that the creation of man is the fulfilment of the will of his source, God; that the will of God is the welfare of men; that the welfare of men is attained by love; that love is manifested by one's doing unto others what one wishes others to do unto him. In this is all the religious teaching which the world needs."

Mr. Redmond was the conqueror who squeezed terms from the conquered. If party Government had brought us to that, then the party system had broken down, and we were no longer self-governing, but governed by log rolling factions, who cared nothing about the Empire or the country.—*Mr. BeJour.*

Sayings of the Week.

An Antidote to Muddle.

HE was pleased with the healthy-looking children he had seen everywhere. If Australia reared children of that class it did not matter if it did muddle its politics.—*Mr. Craig, of the Scottish Agricultural Commission.*

The Friend of the People.

The Prime Minister is abused in the Press and on the platform, called the enemy of the worker and the friend of the private capitalist, and the friend of the commercial class as against the mass of the people. Sir Joseph was, and during the 18 years he had been in Parliament had always been, the friend of the worker.—*Mr. Ell, M.P.*

Lords, as would speedily be gathered by a study of the measures rejected in Victoria since 1860.—*Hon. W. P. Reeves.*

Parliamentary P.N.'s.

He dreaded the future of some of the superannuation schemes. He had a growing feeling that in the future they might have to inflict on a number of Civil servants a great disappointment if they were not very careful with the schemes. It was absurd to go on conferring promissory notes by way of statute, and he was anxious that the country should never be laid open to a charge that they had repudiated any liability.—*Mr. T. E. Taylor, M.P.*

The Old Story.

After seeing some of the primary schools and grammar schools, he was

How it Happened.

The intent of the law was expressed in words so plain that any man could see what was meant, and it was merely playing with words to use it as the clubs had done. The clubs said it forced them to license bookmakers, but he held that in 80 per cent of the cases they could have refused licenses had they wished to do so. At the very first the clubs' attitude was one of deliberate obstruction. The next scene in this miserable business was that any blackguard who liked to offer a club £20, even if he had only come out of gaol the night before, could get a license with ease.—*Hon. Mr. Findlay.*

A Lesson from America.

In the leading universities of the States each professor is given absolute freedom to direct his classes in his own way. The American universities insist much more strongly on the actual training that is given to the students than on high examination results.—*Professor Wellisch, Yale University.*

Slow and Steady.

We have far too many of these great forward movements, which often end in rack and ruin. The Church would show more wisdom by going on quietly, steadily, and sensibly.—*Rev. J. Patterson, Wellington.*

The Old Complaint.

It is a disgrace to Presbyterianism that the minimum ministerial stipend is so low.—*Rev. R. Wood.*

Rough Football.

As an old football player in the olden days—until he was 30 years of age—it seemed to him entirely inept to merely punish a footballer guilty of an assault by disqualifying him for several games or for a season. What ought to be done was that the referee should, when a man was guilty of an improper practice on the field, declare his side to have lost the game.—*Sir Robert Stout.*

A Big Difference.

On a P. and O. boat, eight fremen, could man the stakehold, and these men received an average wage of 24/ per month. On one of the intercolonial boats the wages paid to the men in the stakehold aggregated £60 per month. For a long time members of the Federated Seamen's Union had been concerned very deeply by the encroachment of cheap Asiatic labour in these waters, and unless some immediate action was taken he feared to think what the consequences would be.—*Mr. C. H. Poole, M.P.*

The Queen of Streets.

After comparing our city values with those of large and flourishing centres elsewhere—which I made a point of doing—I have come to the conclusion that Queen-street is already one of the most valuable spots in the world, and both the capital value and rentals are right up to the level of the picked business sites of other flourishing towns of considerably more population than Auckland—I may even say on a level with such London centres as Bond-street, Regent-street, Cheapside, and the best portions of Oxford-street.—*Mr. R. H. Abbott, Auckland.*

A Secret Society.

It was said that Freemasonry in Australasia was not antagonistic to the Roman Catholic Church, but was friendly to the convents and willing to help the Church. He said, however, that it should not be a secret society. People should not bind themselves by a secret oath, and therefore a sincere Catholic could never be a Freemason, or bind himself to obey its orders and heads without knowing what they were.—*Archbishop Kelly.*



SPAIN AND THE CHURCH.

Even the most patient ass becomes restive in time.

The Best Education.

Let me say that the educational value of a trip round the world is very great, and it would be a distinct gain to our country if our leading citizens and men occupying public positions took the trip oftener.—*Mr. R. H. Abbott, Auckland.*

Church and State.

He had noticed that certain religious people, notably some of the clergy, were coming into the field of politics and seeking to influence the State to put a stop to things they regarded as sinful; but even if they succeeded in their efforts they would bring about a reaction which would be the very worst possible thing for the churches which they represented.—*Hon. J. Rigg.*

God's Own Country.

Thirty-six years ago, after having been offered several professorships, I accepted one in New Zealand, for which I have been everlastingly grateful. The climate is superb, and the view of everything is from a distance, and, therefore, you can take a calm look at scientific subjects, both physical and social.—*Professor Bickerton.*

Beating the Lords.

It was commonly supposed that the British House of Lords was the most conservative, aristocratic, and high-handed of the Second Chambers of the British Empire. Nothing of the kind was the case. Some Upper Houses in the colonies had been more high-handed in many of their acts than the English House of

satisfied that our schools were than hold their own in competition with the best work in Australia.—*Mr. C. J. Parr, Auckland.*

Seven-year Houses.

Conditions governing the erection of residential buildings had now reached such a point that respectable builders should intervene in the public interest. He would guarantee that buildings were now being erected in the suburbs of Wellington which would fall to pieces within seven years. The public were protected by local authorities in such matters as drainage and lighting. Why should not an equal protection be afforded in respect of the buildings in which they had to live?—*Mr. W. H. Bennett, of the Builders' Association.*

THE WORKER MUST BE WELL.

In these days of sharp competition everyone who works should be keyed up to the highest pitch of efficiency. The rewards of business life go to the clearest thinkers, to the men and women who know and do things better than other people.

But who can do his best work when the health is impaired, when the appetite fails to demand the food necessary to sustain the body, when strength is lacking and ambition gone? Surely the part of wisdom is to begin at once to build up the body to its normal condition, and this may be done more certainly by the use of

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract

than any other medicine. It checks hacking coughs, sharpens the appetite, aids digestion, enriches the blood, restores flesh to the emaciated, and renews health and vigour. It is so agreeable to taste that its regular use is a pleasure. Get it at your chemist's, and be sure you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

News of the Dominion.

OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

WELLINGTON, November 19.

Hearing the End.

THE end of the session is in sight. The Premier yesterday afternoon made the customary annual announcement regarding the "slaughter of the innocents." The list of abandoned bills is a pretty long one. All private members' bills, and eight Government measures, were dropped; it may be for years and it may be for ever. Thirty-five Government bills were retained; a number of these were passed during the evening's sitting. The most important measure which has to stand over till next year is the Land Laws Amendment Bill. This is such a highly debatable topic that it would have been useless to have retained it, unless the House intends to sit until after Christmas. Another bill which has to stand over is the Public Service Classification and Superannuation; it is deferred till next session, in order that an actuarial report can be obtained, and the proper alterations in the superannuation funds carefully considered.

The Licensing Bill and the Gaming Bill, the two most momentous measures dealt with this session, were before the Upper House at the time of writing. They will both shortly become law. Then it will remain to be seen how far they will go to make New Zealand a teetotal and non-gambling community. The Upper House has been considerably exercised over the Gaming Bill, and some of the more Conservative M.L.C.'s have given indication of their dislike of its very sweeping character. Some have incidentally championed the cause of racehorse owners. Hon. J. D. Ormond and Sir George McLean, both well-known owners, declared that there's nothing in the game of horse-racing, at any rate not any profit for the men who own the horses. They challenge their fellow-members to point to any big racehorse owner who paid his way with the stakes. "We do it for the love of sport and the pleasure we get out of it," they said. That's all right, but it prompts a non-racehorse owner to ask a pertinent question: "If you owners only race for the fun of the thing, why do you want big money prizes? Why not do away with money stakes altogether, and race as pure amateurs?" But that's where the rub comes in.

The Hine Charges.

The now famous Hine charges are still under investigation by a special Committee of the House of Representatives. There are a lot of curious points in the evidence so far published, but as the inquiry is sub-judice, comment would be a breach of privilege—and the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Hannan, has a keen nose for breaches of privilege. Wherefore, I will refrain from saying some things I was tempted to say. There is no harm in saying, however, that there are some honourable touches in the evidence, as, for example, Mr. Herries' statement that a Maori from the Waikato tried to bribe him in a quiet way by stuffing a roll of notes into his (Mr. Herries') pocket up in the Parliament Buildings. Members laughed, for the idea of brown brudder bribing Mr. Herries was distinctly funny. The inquiry is now nearing its end, and the Committee's report may be expected to come before Parliament sometime next week.

Our Champion Sculler.

Looking fine and big and very well, with a big grey felt hat crowning his smiling yet determined looking face, Dick Arnet, champion sculler of the world, walked down the Ruapehu's gangway yesterday afternoon with his brother Jack. Arnet came back from Capetown by the Ruapehu, after what he describes as a "grand time" in Rhodesia. After he won his great match on the Zambesi, he went up country with his brother and Messrs. George Sutherland and Harry Floyd, under the guidance of the noted South African hunter, Mr. A. Dreyer. They had a five weeks' hunting four, and shot all sorts of game, from hons down. As to his treatment in South Africa, nothing, he said, could have exceeded the hospitality of the officials and residents of Rhodesia.

Concerning his intentions for the future, Arnet says that he hears that Durman, the Canadian, is anxious for a match; so if a match is arranged with Barry on the Thames, he will "take both on" during the English summer; this will give him a chance of seeing the King's Coronation next year. Barry said he would like another race, if possible, and Arnet is willing to give him one, providing the terms are complied with—£500 for expenses and £500 stake, and half the gate-money—the same as in the previous match on the Zambesi.

After landing from the Ruapehu, Arnet went up to Parliament House, at the invitation of his member, Mr. R. H. Rhodes, and there was a little gathering in Bellamy's, at which Sir Joseph Ward and Mr. Massey and others made "welcome-home" and congratulatory speeches. Then last night the big sculler boarded the Maori for Lyttelton, to see his relatives, who live at Tai Tapu, near Christchurch. He will be back this way shortly, for he is going to Rotorua for a soak in hot water to cure a slight attack of rheumatism which he contracted on the voyage from the Cape.

David and Other Saints.

The question of public holidays is worrying the Government some. The Hon. David Buddo, who is in charge of the Public Holidays Bill, was lately deputationised by some patriotic Welshmen, who wanted to know "why the dille St. David has been left out," and not added to the other Saints whom New Zealand honours by giving bank clerks a day off—to wit, St. George, St. Andrew, or St. Patrick. Isn't St. David as good as any of them?

This prompted some M.P. to ask why New Zealand should not also have its patron saint in the list, but so far no name has been suggested. If I may venture a guess, I should say that St. Hippo would about fill the bill for this country.

The New Zealand Employers' Federation does not approve of these Saints' days, however, and its secretary has written to Mr. Buddo to tell him so. The secretary points out, under instructions from the Federation's Parliamentary committee, that the observance by the banks of Saints' days, which are not observed by other portions of the community as a holiday, is unnecessary, and is frequently the cause of considerable inconvenience to business people. The committee therefore hopes that Mr. Buddo and Parliament will strike out the days devoted to Sts. George, Patrick and Andrew from the list of authorised bank holidays. And so say all of us—except the bank clerks.

Archbishop Redwood.

The head of the New Zealand Roman Catholic Clergy, Archbishop Redwood, is just back from the big Eucharistic Conference in Montreal. He looks well and hearty, and as genial as ever—he by no means looks his seventy-two years. He told the large audience that gathered in the Town Hall last evening to hear him lecture, that some of the clergy to the Congress assured him that he didn't look more than fifty. (They had kissed the Blarney Stone to some purpose). "That's the New Zealand climate," his Grace told the reverend ones in reply; "if you live in New Zealand you'd look the same at my age."

The "Bif" Pictures.

After all the noise and fury over those Juluson-Jeffries fight cinematograph pictures, and all the parsonical talk of the "demoralising exhibition," with blood and hair flying all over the shop, and the deputations to ministers to stop the show coming here, and all that sort of thing, the actual pictures fall harmlessly flat. They have just arrived here, and are now showing in the Opera House. Some of us went to see them last night, expecting no end of thrill and gore, but when it was all over we had to confess that we had had more excitement watching a "willing go" at amateur boxing matches. The pictures were disappointingly tame; the big plungers seemed to spend most of their time clinching and side-stepping about the arena in each other's arms. The hits seemed to be mere taps. No doubt this is the result of the cinematograph machines "taking" the fight at too fast a rate; you could hardly see the blows. One of the most interesting features of the picture-show

was the huge crowd; another was the great orderliness of the crowd, as far as it was visualised. The fight was a great display of nerve, no doubt. But I fancy a lot of those who went to see the pictures must have felt inclined to echo the comment of one hard-failed youth, who came out of the stalls: "Blime, blokes, if that's a prize-fight give me a dog-fight," and as for the alleged demoralising effects of the fight-pictures, I don't believe the show would shock or bring the blush of shame to the fair cheeks of the good ladies of the W.C.T.U.

Queen-street "Narrow."

When an application came before the Auckland City Council last week from the architect of Messrs. Smeeton and Co.'s new premises, in Lower Queen-street, for permission to erect "balconettes" on the building, a report was read from the city engineer objecting to the granting of this right, as the buildings on that part of Queen-street would already be outside the street alignment.

Mr. C. J. Farr, who has been away from Auckland, expressed some surprise at this statement, and asked for information.

The Mayor (Mr. L. J. Bagnall) said that the Government surveyor (Mr. Langmuir), who made the standard survey, had reported that all the buildings in the lower end of Queen-street, from the Waiemata Hotel corner to above Swanson-street, were encroaching on the street. At the Waiemata corner the encroachment was some ten feet, and ran out to nothing about the Bank of New Zealand.

Mr. Farr asked what was going to be done in the matter?

The Mayor said that was their difficulty. They had sent the matter on to the city solicitor, and were hoping he would give them a lead in the matter. The Works Committee was considering the question, which was a most difficult one, but at present he could not say what was the best course to pursue.

Instantaneous Death.

A young man named George Bolton, 19 years of age, whose parents resided at Waitekauri, was killed at Waikino on Friday. Bolton was engaged carting metal for Gordon Bros., from a quarry. When going down hill he accidentally slipped off the front of the cart, falling face downwards, one wheel of the cart going over his neck. Dr. Craig, who was called, said death was instantaneous.

A Bid for Fame.

The member for Auckland Central, Mr. A. E. Glover, is nothing if not original. He is always startling the House with something new and unexpected, and this evening he fairly took the House of Representatives by storm with his latest proposal. The House had been discussing matters associated with nomenclature. Several members objected that on various railway stations the name of the town or hamlet was not conspicuous enough. As a matter of fact to the ordinary train traveller, alleged one member, nearly every small station in New Zealand bore the name of a certain brand of schnapps. This led to a further discussion upon the question of the naming of towns. At this stage Mr. Glover rose up from a seat he had taken on the front Ministerial benches, and informed the House that he had a boon to ask. Taking the House into his confidence he informed members that near by Auckland city there was a picturesque town which bore an ill-fitting name. He referred to Otahuhu.

Mr. Wilford: "How do you pronounce it?"

Mr. Glover: "Pronunciation is difficult, it is called O-ta-hu-hu," and the member for Auckland Central mouthed the word syllable by syllable distastefully, "and so before I die," continued Mr. Glover, "I hope to see the town that is now called Otahuhu emblazoned with the name of Glover. It is the desire of my heart to see that name famous, and so I ask members, in the kindness of their hearts, to agree to change the difficult Otahuhu to the more easily pronounced Glover."

The Hon. T. Mackenzie was about to speak, interrupted the Speaker, as though he had not heard Mr. Glover's little outburst, and the Minister called upon thereupon proceeded to talk of other matters.

The Wellington "Evening Post" tonight devoted an interesting little leaderette to the representative for Auckland Central. Under the heading "A Glover for an Otahuhu," it says Mr. A. E. Glover has one outstanding

merit, he has raised larger crops of laughter than any other member who has seen this, which Americans call "smile-sown." Mr. Glover does not add pages to the Statute Book, but he flourishes various comic cuts of his own invention. He is the humorist who floridly pleaded for a change of the capital back to Auckland. He is the one who used pretty rhetoric on behalf of the mottled kauri bedstead on which a royal duke once reposed. He is the genial preacher who declared that unless bookmakers were allowed to practice on the racecourse the butchers, bakers and landlords would suffer. In return for the fun which Mr. Glover furnishes on drab days for a weary and dreary assembly he desires to have his name immortalised. He wishes to have his name substituted for Otahuhu. If Mr. Nab was substituted for Maori music in the south, why not a Glover for an Otahuhu in the north? New Zealand may smile at general Mr. Glover's very serious request, but it is said by those who know that no man is more firmly seated in the House. It is stated that no political cordite, dynamite, gelignite, or blasting powder could shift him from Auckland Central. He is not a walking cyclopaedia of national politics, but he is credited with marvellous canvassing abilities.

Angry Chinese.

An exciting incident occurred on board the steamer Strathclyde at Lyttelton the other night owing to the Chinese crew resenting the visit of Customs Officers to their quarters. When the officers went into the crew's quarters, one Chinaman was in bunk, and had an opium smoking pipe and a tray on which was a small quantity of the drug beside him. The pipe and tray were seized by one of the Customs officers, who took them to the chief officer's room, where they were locked up.

Meantime, the Chinese had got worked up into a very excited condition, and matters looked very ugly for one of the Customs officers, who was surrounded by a jabbering and gesticulating mob. He deemed it wise to beat a hasty retreat, and one of the Chinese who attempted to bar him received a blow from the officer's fist which sent him staggering. The officer then rushed out of the fore-castle and gained the bridge-deck, pursued by the whole crew of Chinese, who seized humps of coal and started to pelt both the Customs men. One was struck on the back by a large piece of coal, and the other fell into a net under the gangway. Both officers eventually regained the wharf.

A Big Work in Progress.

Although it is only a very few months since the Waihi Goldmining Company commenced the construction of the big hydro-electric works at Horokopua, still great progress has been made, especially with the excavation work necessary for the enormous intake canal. In this work a channel at least 30ft. deep, nearly a hundred feet wide, and about ten chains long has been made, but the canal has yet to be deepened another 20ft. at one end, and a cut five chains long and fifty feet deep made at its head. About ninety men are now employed on the work, and numbers more are wanted.

The intake canal completely cuts off the Waotu-roads, so the Company have deviated the road, and have built a new bridge 85ft. long over the Pokawhenna stream. The building of the approaches to the bridge and the formation works on the deviation of the road have just been completed, and the road opened for traffic.

The construction of the works also necessitates the building of another bridge over the Waikato River in place of the one that now spans the narrow channel in which the river runs at the lower end of the rapids. The settlers who use the present bridge are taking advantage of the situation, and are moving to get the Government to subsidise the re-erection of the bridge at a more convenient site three miles lower down. The Waihi Company is willing to subsidise the cost of the bridge, for it will save them building at the rapids, and the settlers have already arranged for a loan to meet the demand for their share of the cost. When the bridge is erected on the new site, it will shorten the journey of several of the settlers to Tirau or Cambridge by several miles, and prove a great boon to stock drovers.

After the excavation work in connection with the canal has been completed,

great concrete walls have to be built, and to do this 2,000 tons of cement will have to be carted from Tirau to the ponds before next winter sets in.

Thermal Springs.

The Thermal Springs Bill provides for restrictions on the alienation of native land having thermal or mineral water thereon. It stipulates that where any native land in the North Island has situated thereon or contiguous thereto, any thermal or mineral spring, river, stream, lake, pool, geyser, or other thermal or mineral water, no alienation of that land shall, without the precedent consent of the Governor-in-Council, be confirmed by a Maori Land Board. Such consent may be granted or refused by the Governor-in-Council as he thinks fit. It also provides that the town of Rotorua and adjacent lands shall be Crown lands. This land is described in a schedule (being native land of which most of the undivided interests have been already acquired by way of purchase by the Crown). It is declared to be Crown land instead of native land, and is vested absolutely in His Majesty the King accordingly, subject, however, to all valid leases affecting the same at the commencement of this Act. With respect to the extent of the undivided interests in the said land, which have not been already acquired by the Crown, His Majesty shall hold the paid land in trust for the owners of those interests respectively, and all revenues derived by the Crown from leases of the said land shall, until and unless those interests are purchased or otherwise acquired by the Crown, be apportioned to those interests respectively.

The Five Million Loan.

Sir Joseph Ward brought on an interesting little debate in the House of Representatives last week. He explained at the outset that the recent £5,000,000 loan was made up thus: Advances to settlers, £1,500,000; advances to workers, £500,000; naval defence loan (Dreadnought loan), £1,250,000; and to public works and loans, £1,750,000. When he made his announcement on Friday he had not all the information by him, hence his present correction.

The Prime Minister mentioned that he had cabled to the High Commissioner, complaining of a premature leakage of information about the loan negotiations. (The reply was that the leakage was quite unavoidable in underwriting. Sir Joseph added that he had not desired to make any statement about the loan till Tuesday, when the arrangements would have been completed. The loan had been successfully negotiated at £98 10/ for five millions, the largest sum ever raised by New Zealand at one time. He had fixed the amount himself.

Sir Joseph Ward, in answer to Mr. Massey, said that the rate paid for underwriting the loan was one per cent, the ordinary rate.

The Gambling Evil.

The debate on the second reading of the Gaming Bill was resumed in the Legislative Council last week.

Sir George McLean said he thought the totalisator permits should be left as a present. The reduction of the clubs would probably mean that 100 clubs would go out of existence. He condemned the clause inserted in the Lower House, instructing the commissioners to give preference to clubs holding one day's racing over a year in the holding one of the issue of totalisator permits. He ventured to say that in no country in the world was racing so clean as in New Zealand.

The Hon. C. M. Luke, the Hon. O. Samuel, and the Hon. W. C. F. Carnarvon also spoke on the bill.

The Attorney-General, in reply, said it would be something marvellous of course to attempt to deny that the two outstanding evils threatening the demoralisation of New Zealand to-day were drink and gambling, and that the chief cause of gambling was horseracing. "If I said any more," said Dr. Enderby, "I would go a long way in the direction of abolishing it altogether." It was his belief that the time would come when the people at large would make a decision as to what they had done. The bill was the first step towards that goal. One day the evil would surely be eradicated, root and branch. He had only one term to apply to the clubs which he brought forward by the apostolical for racing clubs. The section of the law dealing with racing clubs had been administered by the clubs most abominably, and he thought they had been in hypocrisy. The intent of the law was expressed in words so plain that any man could see what was meant, and it was merely playing with words to use it as the clubs had done. The words he said it was better to have honest book-makers, but he held that in 90 per cent of the cases they could have refused business had they wished to do so. At the very end, the clubs' attitude was one of deliberate deception. The next scene in this miserable business was that any blackguard who liked to offer a club £20, even if he had only come out of goal the night before, could get a licence with ease. Was that the way to deal with the thing? No; it was a deli-

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mr Charles Petterson, of Dunedin, was last week appointed manager of the Waimate gas works, in place of Mr. G. Marriott, who goes to Eltham. There were 16 applicants.

At a meeting of the Dunedin City Council last week the Town Clerk (Mr. Richards) sent in his resignation, to take effect from March 1, 1911. The resignation was accepted with regret.—(Press Association.)

Mr. Myers, the well-known Wellington lawyer, intends going for a trip to England in January, and has booked passages for himself and his wife and their family by the Ionic. He will probably be away for some ten or eleven months.

A Press Association telegram records the death at Wellington of Mr. G. Gray, aged 64, brother of the late Mr. W. Gray, for many years secretary at the Post Office. Deceased was until recently controller of the Money Order and Post Office Savings Bank.

On Tuesday night Pride Waahi Lodge of Druids tendered a farewell social to P.D.G. Bro. Malcolmson, who is leaving Waahi to go farming at Papakura. Bro. Cooper, on behalf of the lodge, presented Mr. Malcolmson with two beautiful chairs, and the secretary read an address.

Sir Maurice O'Rourke, M.L.C., has been notified of his election as a vice-president of the Historical Society of Dublin, which has been in existence since 1745. The president is Lord Ashbourne, and the vice-presidents include many distinguished personages of Ireland. Sir Maurice O'Rourke is the only colonial vice-president.

Mr. J. Hammond, who, according to a cable message received from London last week, is to proceed to Australia with two British biplanes, is a son of the late

berate attempt from start to finish to thwart the intent of the section, and if the clubs had managed to bring discredit upon the Government, they brought discredit upon themselves. Before the clubs now asked for further consideration for their so-called sport they should have seen to it that they carried out the law dealing with it. As for the proposed commission, the Government was not going to give it or any body the right to increase an evil which they were seeking to reduce. He did not think amendments made by the House in the bill were in all respects wise, and he intended to ask the Council to change some of the provisions inserted there.

The second reading was agreed to.

Public Works Statement.

The Public Works Statement presented to Parliament on Tuesday provides appropriations totalling £3,000,000, which is a considerable increase on £2 millions actually expended last year. This year's vote for road amounts to £712,000, of which £234,520 is for back blacks roads, £100,000 for loans to local bodies account, £13,935 national endowment account, and £30,000 for road maintenance. Railways in the Northern Peninsula are to receive over £200,000 in all, of which £100,000 goes to the North Auckland main line, and £65,000 to the extension of the Kawakawa line. The expenditure of this large sum will certainly do a great deal toward promoting settlement and opening up valuable land in this district. Other northern appropriations are: Kaihu railway £1500, Kaikoho £40,000, Huntly-Awaroa £20,000, East Coast £110,000, Stratford-Ongarue £100,000, Mt. Egmont £15,000. The vote for water power and irrigation totals £300,000. A start is to be made with the Lake Coleridge scheme, which may cost anything from £290,000 to £700,000, and it is proposed to spend this year £150,000 on this work. A further sum of £40,000 is set apart for the Kaituna or Huka Falls scheme, and a similar sum for the Hutt River scheme.

Presbyterian Assembly.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of New Zealand continued in session at Auckland till Thursday afternoon. A number of matters affecting the general well-being and future extension of the church received consideration, but most attention in this connection centred on the question of deciding in favour of a books of praise, opinion being divided between the "New Church Praise" and the "Hymnary." A majority approved the former, but it was decided to obtain the opinions of Presbyteries and Sessions before taking decisive action. The only public question discussed was that of Bible reading in schools, and the controversy resolved itself into a contest between the Nelson and the New South Wales system. A committee was set up to make inquiry and report to next Assembly, which is to be held at Dunedin.

Mr. Joseph Hammond, formerly owner of the Bulla raecocourse. Mr. Hammond has resided for some years in Seaford, England. He is a skilled aviator, the first colonial to hold a certificate as Pilote Aviateur of Aero Club of France. On his second flight he covered twenty-five miles across country at a height of 2000 feet in his Sanchez-Beza bi-plane. He has flown at Rheims, Bethany, Vitry, and in other parts of France.

Major Jackson Keddel, ex-Stipendiary Magistrate, of Oamaru, died suddenly last week, aged 70. Deceased settled in Otago in 1862, and in the early days of settlement was Coroner on the Goldfields. During the Maori War he served in the military forces under General Sir Duncan Cameron in the Waikato campaign, obtaining the rank of major. He was subsequently appointed Stipendiary Magistrate and Warden at the Thames Goldfields, and afterwards served in a similar capacity at Coromandel, Greymouth, Central Otago, and Oamaru. Deceased was a Past-Master in the Masonic Order.—(Press Association.)

The death is announced, in his 71st year, of Mr. John Edwin Davies, who was for thirty-three years headmaster of St. Stephen's Native School, Parnell, from which position he retired early in 1904. Shortly after his arrival in the colony in 1871, Mr. Davies took over the headmastership of St. Stephen's, his motive being mainly a missionary one, and the strong sense of duty which he showed throughout his career earned him widespread respect. From the scholastic and character-building point of view, the success of his efforts is shown in such pupils as Dr. Pomare (native health officer), the Rev. F. Bennett, and other prominent members of the race. Mr. Davies was a native of Wells, Somerset, England, where his youthful activities took the form of educational and missionary work in connection with the Church of England. He had been in failing health for some time, and his death was not unexpected. His eldest son is Mr. W. C. Davies, agricultural instructor to the Wellington Education Board, and an old Auckland boy, at present resident in Greytown (Wairarapa). Other members of the deceased's family are the Rev. Herbert Davies, of the Chinese Village Mission at Canton; Mr. Frank Davies, a member of the staff of the Auckland Customs; and also Miss Davies, the only daughter. Mrs. Davies predeceased him by some five years.

The funeral of Mr. John Edwin Davies, late headmaster of St. Stephen's Native School, Parnell, took place at Purewa cemetery last Wednesday, when the Rev. Canon MacMurray, vicar of St. Mary's, officiated. In accordance with an oft-expressed wish of the deceased, the service was of a private nature. The mourners included the present principal of the school, Mr. A. Wilson, four representatives of the St. Stephen's Old Boys' Association, who acted as pall-bearers, and 30 pupils of the school, who feelingly rendered a Maori hymn at the graveside. The floral tributes included wreaths from the staff, pupils, and old boys of St. Stephen's. The hymn "Now the Labourer's Task is O'er" concluded a simple, but deeply impressive tribute to one who untiring labours on their behalf will long be remembered by the native race.

Constable Scott, of Napier, has been appointed police officer in charge of the Chatham Islands.

Lieutenant Clutterbuck, of H.M.S. Encounter, arrived in Auckland on Friday on furlough, and is staying at "Cargen."

Mr. R. E. Priestley, one of the geologists of Captain Scott's Antarctic staff, was a passenger to Wellington by the Moeraki from Sydney on Wednesday.

Mr. James Henry Hayr, of Auckland, on Friday celebrated the 67th anniversary of his arrival at Auckland from the Old Country. Mr. and Mrs. Hayr, who both enjoy excellent health, have nine children, one of their sons being Mr. Harry H. Hayr, the well-known and popular secretary of the Avondale Jockey Club.

Archbishop Redwood, who represented New Zealand at the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal, returned by the Moeraki from Sydney on Wednesday. His Grace, who was the sole representative of Australia and New Zealand at the Congress, visited the chief cities of Canada and the United States after the conference was over. At Ottawa he was the guest of the Prime Minister (Sir Wilfrid Laurier). He returned via Queensland, spending ten days with his brother, Mr. Vernon Redwood, who is Mayor of Toowoomba.

The Hon. Seymour Thorne George, M.L.C., who has been at Home for about

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LONDON, October 14.

On the 10th October, at Westminster Chapel, by the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D., Mr. Charles J. Nairn, eldest son of the late C. J. Nairn, of Puererere, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, was married to Miss Lillian Helen (Pam), youngest daughter of the late Dr. Vincent Ambler, London, and Mrs. Ambler, of Eastbourne.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzherbert, of Featherstone, have let their house in the Garden City at Hampstead, and intend to leave on Monday for a holiday trip to Switzerland, taking their baby with them.

Miss Lenore Pulsford, of Wellington, was one of the singers at the weekly "At Home" of the Austral Club, held on October 11.

Mr. T. A. Munro, of Mangaweka, arrived in England last week, after spending a month in the south of France and a couple of weeks in Paris. He left again on Wednesday for a tour round Scotland.

The Swift cycles, on which Mr. Bert Drew, of Wellington, and Mr. G. E. Woolley, of Whangarei, recently toured through England, covering about 1500 miles, are now being exhibited in Holborn by the makers at their London office. It is the makers' intention to send the machines out to New Zealand to be placed on exhibition there by their agents in the Dominion.

Messrs. Drew and Woolley leave next week by the Persic on their return to New Zealand, after about two years' absence.

Mrs and Miss M. Bridge, of Christchurch, who arrived in this country four months ago, have since been travelling in Surrey, Monmouthshire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and Lincolnshire, and are now in London "doing" city churches and picture galleries.

Next week the New Zealanders go to Brighton, to stay with Dr. Griffen, brother of Mrs. Bridge, an old Christ's College boy, who has been philanthropic surgeon to the county hospital there for many years past, and to the hospital at Worthing.

Mrs. Bridge and her daughter expect to be in this side of the world for another year yet.

Though it rained nearly all the time they were travelling in Worcester—where their family have many associations—and while they were making all the noted Warwickshire excursions, Mrs. Bridge is of opinion that "it says much for the beauty of English scenery that in spite of that drawback, it charmed and attracted everywhere, even as regards summer rain enhances it somewhat, to my thinking, by the consequent soft, misty atmosphere and exquisite greenness. Much as our New Zealand scenery surpasses this in grandeur and variety, the clearness and brilliancy of New Zealand's air and sunshine makes in summer for hardness and glare."

Another visit was paid in Lincolnshire among the woods, with interesting excursions to Somersby Rectory and Church, the scenes of Tennyson's boyhood; also to Lincoln Cathedral. They also saw Peterborough Cathedral on the way back, but admired Lincoln more than either of the others.

Mr. Jas. W. Watts, manager of the Ouehanga branch of the Auckland Savings Bank, and his brother, Mr. Arthur Watts, are on a visit to London. They arrived by the Persic on September 27th, after an enjoyable fair-weather voyage, and have since been sightseeing in the metropolis. Next week they will take a trip to Scotland, and they hope to visit Paris before leaving next month for Sydney, where they propose to spend two months before returning to New Zealand. Mr. J. W. Watts is on holiday leave of nine months' duration.

Mr. Francis Hutchens, the young New Zealand pianist, gained a "commendation" in the competition at the Royal Aca-

a year, is expected to return to Auckland on the 18th of next January. As a good deal of comment was made regarding the fact that Mr. George, who is one of the directors of the Waikato Company, transferred all his holding of Waikato shares to the London register when he went Home, prior to the fall in that stock, it may interest shareholders to learn that exactly the same number of shares have now been transferred back again now that he is returning to New Zealand.

demey of Music for the Liszt Scholarship for pianoforte or composition.

Mr. Acton-Adams has returned from Redwood to 74, Park Mansions, Knightsbridge, for a month. He leaves on November 3, via Canada and Fiji, for New Zealand, to visit his sons and his estates. He will remain there for a couple of months, and then return via Australia and Suez or the Siberian Railway to London, arriving about mid-May, 1911.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Holmes, of Auckland, who have been spending the past summer on a holiday trip to the Old Country, intended returning home by the Morea, via Suez, leaving London on October 21. They have done a good deal of motoring in England and Scotland during their visit, and have thoroughly enjoyed the holiday. The weather has been splendid, and they are charmed with the beauty of Old England.

Mr. S. N. Ziman, one of the New Zealand Rhodes scholars, who passed 71st in the Indian Civil service examination this year, has been assigned to the Bombay division of the I.C.S. Mr. Ziman was educated at the Auckland Grammar School, the N.Z. University, and Balliol College, Oxford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Liddell Kelly, of Wellington, left London to-day by the Otway, en route for New Zealand, via Suez. They will leave the steamer at Melbourne and proceed to New Zealand via Hobart, a route which will enable them to see various places which neither of them have visited.

Visitors to the High Commissioner's office.—Mr. Fredk. Marten, Messrs. J. and A. Clark-on (Christchurch), T. A. Munro (Wanganui), Mr. Stephen Highman (Christchurch), Mr. Wm. Stouton (Blenheim).

The Hon. T. Mackenzie, of New Zealand, is among the Colonial Cabinet Ministers to whom invitations have been sent through the Colonial Office by the Royal Agricultural Society, to attend the Society's annual show next year at Norwich. Colonel Heard and Captain J. T. Burnett Stuart left London to-day by the Otway, bound for New Zealand, to take up staff appointments in the Defence Force of the Dominion. Mr. C. Wray Palliser, representing the High Commissioner, saw them off at St. Pancras. Capt. D. C. Spencer-Smith, staff officer to the new Commandant of the New Zealand forces, will join the Otway at Marseilles.

Lady Stout, who is one of the speakers at the Suffrage meeting at the Queen's Hall on Monday, is still busy making speeches in various parts of the country in support of votes for women. To-day she addresses two meetings of the Lancashire Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

New Zealand Liner.

THE NEW ROTORUA.

LONDON, October 14.

The new 11,500-ton steamer Rotorua, which the New Zealand Shipping Company claim will be the finest liner on the New Zealand route, is to be on view at London Docks on October 22, and the company have invited a number of well-known New Zealanders to luncheon on board in honour of the occasion. The Rotorua is the largest steamer ever built in Dumbarton, where so many boats for the New Zealand trade have been launched. She is also remarkable by reason of her machinery, which, like the Otaki's, is a combination of turbine and reciprocating engines. She is the second combination steamer built in Dumbarton, and the same company own both.

Mr. Peter Denny, who presided at the luncheon which followed the Rotorua's trials, said the trials were considered quite satisfactory, but those on board had also seen how smoothly the ship ran; both things confirming their belief in the good qualities of the combined turbine engine, one of the latest examples of Mr. Parsons' great genius. Other things Mr. Parsons was now investigating, and he (the chairman) was convinced that further success would wait upon him. This was the tenth vessel the New Zealand Shipping Company has received from them. His firm has yet another vessel on their stocks for the company, and he trusted the connection would be maintained. To build vessels for this line was no mean achievement. It was a long voyage, and reliability must be the watchword of every appliance on board, mechanical and otherwise. A large number of passengers were carried, and no one, he thought, would go through the ship without being

New Zealand and Bristol.

IMPROVING THE SERVICE.

LONDON, October 14.

Approach the arrival of the Federal-Houlder-Shire liner "Nairnshire" at Avonmouth with a cargo of produce from New Zealand, the "Western Daily Press" reviews the present position of this direct service between the west coast of England and the Dominion.

This trade has now been established for several years, and these boats, besides taking out large quantities of general cargo, largely consisting of galvanised iron from the well-known local firm of Messrs. John Lysaght, Ltd., bring back perishable goods of all kinds, such as frozen meat, butter, cheese, rabbits, etc. It is unfortunately true that these steamers bring very little butter to this port, although a large quantity is consumed in this district, but it all comes via London, and thence to Bristol by rail.

As a set off against the decrease of the butter shipments can be put an increase in the trade of frozen meat and cheese. During the last season over 33,000 crates of cheese were landed at the Avonmouth Docks direct from New Zealand, and distributed to all parts of the west of England, South Wales, and the Midlands, and it is confidently anticipated that this cargo will show an increase from year to year.

When the service was first started there were frequent complaints that the steamers went into River Plate ports to pick up frozen meat, which delayed their arrival on this side, and which the owners maintained was necessary owing to the small quantity of cargo that offered to Bristol. On making inquiries we learn that recently the service has been improved, and that during this year no boat has been allowed to call at any port for cargo after leaving New Zealand, although this has meant that several boats have sailed from New Zealand having a lot of vacant space in the holds, which means a heavy loss to the shipowners. The average passage this year is 51 days, and this is likely to be improved, as some of the older boats have been taken off this route.

It is understood that the F.H.S. lines will not allow any more steamers to call at South America to load, so that Bristol merchants will be able to rely on a more regular service that has been the case in past years. In this connection it is interesting to note that the previous boat, the steamship "Sissex," 3,686 tons gross register, owned by the Federal Steam Navigation Company, Ltd., did the voyage from Lyttelton to Avonmouth in 47 days, which shows what can be expected with direct boats. It is also stated that boats with a large capacity for carrying cheese, butter, and meat are being put into this service during the coming year, so it is hoped that Bristol merchants will secure as much cargo as possible for shipment direct to Avonmouth, so that a still better service of steamers may be obtained. It is only by supporting the shipowners in this way that merchants can make sure of getting better facilities, and it has been recently stated that larger and quicker boats will be put into the trade as soon as the quantity of cargo offering warrants that step being taken.

otherwise than satisfied that in design for passenger accommodation she was a success. The New Zealand Shipping Company had backed up their faith in the combination engine by ordering this second steamer, and the comparisons with the vessels fitted with ordinary machinery would be made with skill, care, and great attention to every detail of the vessel's performance which characterised the New Zealand Shipping Company.

Mr. King, on behalf of the New Zealand Shipping Company, said all were well satisfied with the Rotorua. He thought she would be the best of her sort upon the New Zealand route, even including the Atlantic liners which went down there. This was entirely due to the assistance they had had from the builders and their own technical staff.

Whether considered from pastoral, agricultural, mining, or manufacturing view-points, Australia stood at the head of all new countries. With regard to the White Australia policy, they were protecting Australia for the Empire.—Sir George Reid.

Boy Marksmen's Farewell.

N.Z. CADETS ENTERTAINED.

LONDON, October 14.

Cadet-Sergeant Jack Morgan and Cadet-Sergeant Harold Clarkson, both from Onehunga, left London to-day by the Orient liner Otway on their return journey to New Zealand. By the time they reach their home they will have covered 32,571 miles in the course of their travels.

Both had been sent to England to compete at Bisley against the pick of the English cadets. Morgan holds the champion belt for cadet marksmanship in New Zealand, while his comrade, Clarkson, is the North Island gold medalist. At Bisley Morgan came second in the competition for the Gwendoline Guinness Trophy, finishing only two points behind the winner. He and Clarkson were then sent over to Canada with the British Imperial cadet contingent, and Morgan won several minor prizes there for individual shooting. At a luncheon given in London yesterday to welcome the cadets back from Canada and to bid farewell to the two New Zealanders, Cadet-Sergeant Morgan was presented with a rifle, the gift of Alderman Sir Charles Cheers Wakefield, one of the moving spirits in the sending of the cadet team to Canada.

Not the least interesting experience for these two young New Zealanders was the visit yesterday to the Merchant Tailors' Hall, in Threadneedle-street, where Alderman Sir Charles C. Wakefield entertained the British and New Zealand cadet teams to luncheon. After lunch, Sir Charles Wakefield welcomed the British cadets back from Canada, where they had won their match with the Canadian cadets, and he then addressed some words of welcome and farewell to the two young New Zealanders.

"You sail for New Zealand to-morrow morning," he said. "Will you take back with you a message of friendly greeting to your parents, comrades and officers in the Dominion. And yourselves, here and now, at Lord Roberts' express desire, I bid you on his behalf, personally, 'good-bye, and a safe return!'"

Lord Meath, of "Empire Day" fame, also addressed a few words to the departing New Zealand cadets. "I have been in your country," he said. "Only last year I was in Australia. I have seen something of their cadet movement and their scouts, and it rejoiced my heart to see that in the overseas dominions you know how to lead the way and show what patriotism is. I do not believe it will be very long before we follow your example; at least I hope it will not be long. I wish you God-speed on your journey home."

Amidst loud applause, Sir Charles Wakefield then presented Cadet-Sergeant Morgan with a rifle. "You have come 13,000 miles to win it," he remarked, as he handed it over.

Dr. R. J. E. Hanson, who had charge of the New Zealand cadets during their stay in England, said they had carried out the tradition set by Colour-Sergeant W. R. Friar, who had come to England in 1888 from the same township, curiously enough, as these two, namely, Onehunga, near Auckland. It was said that the national products of New Zealand were mutton and wool, but henceforth

boy-marksmen would have to be given pride of place. Cadet-Sergeants Morgan and Clarkson had left behind them in New Zealand more than 12,000 highly-trained cadet marksmen. There was no fake or nonsense about their training; it meant expense and hard work. If they were going to have in England a cadet system that was worth while, they, too, would have to face the cost. To teach the boys to shoot and drill properly and to help them towards their annual training under canvas, the nation had got to provide something like £2,750,000 a year. In that way they could secure full ranks for the Territorials; without it they would have to face a system much more drastic, probably on the German model.

Among those present at the luncheon were the Agents-General of British Columbia, and official representatives of Australia and United South Africa, but the New Zealand Government was not represented at all.

The crown I wear can only give me an assurance of success if based on the worth and personality of Christ, and is a symbol thereof.—The Kaiser.

NORTHERN STEAM SHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

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

- For Russell. CLANSMAN ... Every Monday, at 7 p.m. For Russell, Whangarei, and Mangonui. CLANSMAN. Every Wednesday, at 5.30 p.m. No Cargo for Russell. For Awanui, Waiharara, Hauhora, Whangarei, and Mangonui. APANCI ... Every Monday, at 2 p.m. No Cargo Whangarei and Mangonui. For Whangaruru, Helena Bay, Tautuhaka, and Whananaki. PAEROA ... Monday, 21st June, 1 p.m.

- For Great Barrier. WAOTAHU. Every Wednesday, midnight. For Waiheke and Coromandel. LEAVE AUCKLAND. DAPHNE. Every Mon. & Fri. Forenoon. LEAVE COROMANDEL, VIA WAIHEKE. DAPHNE. Every Tues. and Sat., Early. FROM ONEHUNGA. For Hokitanga.

- CLAYMORE ... Every Thursday. For Raglan and Keriwhia. CLAYMORE ... Every Monday.

WHANGAREI SERVICE. Steamers leave Whangarei as under:— S.S. NGAPUHI.

Table with columns: Train Whangarei to Wharua, Goods to Pua, Mangapai, Parua Bay. Lists departure times for various routes.

CANADIAN-AUSTRALIAN ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS. UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG. Via FIJI, HONOLULU, and VICTORIA (B.C.) to VANCOUVER. IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE CANADIAN-PACIFIC RAILWAY. CHEAPEST AND MOST INTERESTING ROUTE. GRANDEST SCENERY IN THE WORLD. TO ROCKY MOUNTAINS, GREAT LAKES, NIAGARA FALLS, ST. LAWRENCE, and HUDSON RIVERS, etc. CANADA, UNITED STATES, EUROPE. UNION STEAM SHIP CO. OF NEW ZEALAND, Ltd

Sports and Pastimes.

WITH SAIL AND MOTOR

NOTES FROM THE WATERFRONT.

(By RINGTAIL.)

A MEETING of the Committee of the Auckland Anniversary Regatta Association was held in the office of the Secretary (Mr. C. C. Daere) on Wednesday last, and every member was present. This regatta promises to be the best held for many years, and the Committee are quite enthusiastic about their work. No difficulty will be experienced about a flagship this year, as there are several large liners due in port about the date fixed (owing to the 29th January falling on Sunday, the regatta will be held on Monday). The entries for all classes are expected to constitute a record, and it is hoped that it will be so, as the committee give a very great deal of time to the getting together of funds, and as Aucklanders are justly proud of their beautiful harbour it is to be hoped that they will give the committee the assistance that is expected. It would be a thousand pities for the time honoured function to be allowed to drop. It is quite possible that we may be favoured with a visit from the Australian Squadron in January, and this would lend additional attraction to the function. It is to be hoped that we get a finer day than we had last year, which, of course, makes all the difference in the number of spectators, but that not being in our hands we must hope for the best. There can be no finer sight for people who live inland, as well as those along the waterfront, than the harbour covered with white sails gliding along with a fresh breeze over the sparkling water. There is not a dull moment in a whole day spent aboard the flagship on Regatta Day.

Building is still very brisk. Mr. C. Bailey has a large launch for the Clevedon Steam Ship Co. planked up and caulked, and she should be ready for the water about the middle of December.

The keel of the twin-screw launch for the Tongan Government will be laid down this week, and the work pushed forward as fast as possible. She will be fitted with two 14 h.p. Anderson engines.

Messrs. Bailey and Lowe's yard has a very busy appearance. A number of small boats are on the stocks in every stage of construction. The fine launch for Mr. Twigg has now been planked up, and has a very powerful appearance, no pains having been spared to bring her as near perfection as possible.

Messrs. Collins and Bell have their shed full of small work, besides a 20ft. launch for Mr. D. Bell.

A fine twin-screw steamer for the New Zealand Shipping Co., Ltd., was launched from Mr. C. Bailey's yards on Saturday morning. She is to be used at Napier for lightering purposes. The launch took place a little before nine o'clock. As the vessel started to glide down the ways Miss Laurel Bailey, the builder's daughter, broke a bottle of champagne over her bows, and christened her Kotunui, amidst the cheers of the spectators. The anxious moments, as she increased speed down the ways, were groundless, as she took the water without the slightest hitch, shooting well out till brought up by the cables. She was brought alongside the breastwork, where the work of installing boilers and engines and stepping masts will be carried out. The following are the dimensions of the Kotunui: Length between perpendiculars 107 feet, water-line 97 feet, beam 24 feet, 8 feet depth of hold, draught 8 feet loaded. The engines are being installed by Fraser and Sons, engineers, of Auckland.

Mr. G. Nicol also launched from his yard a few minutes later a handsome scow for Messrs. Wilson, Ltd., for the cement trade between Mahurangi and Auckland. As soon as the ties were cut a bottle of champagne was broken over her bows, christening her Portland, and amidst the cheering of all present, she took the water without a hitch. The masts will be stepped this week, and she should be ready to take up her run-

ning by the end of the month. The following are the dimensions of the Portland: Length 75 feet, beam 21 feet, depth 5 feet. She will be ketch rigged by Messrs. Jagger and Harvey. Messrs. J. Burns and Co. are making the sails. She is very strongly built throughout. Her topsides are painted white, and she is sheathed with totara below the water-line.

NORTH SHORE YACHT CLUB.

FIRST CRUISING RACE TO AWAROA BAY.

The North Shore Yacht Club held its first cruising and harbour races on Saturday. There were five cruising races, which were to Awaroa Bay, a good fleet entering for each race. The wind was well easterly, with a strong flood tide.

Class I.—In this class all crossed the line bar the Mammoth. The line crossed the line first, followed by Kitiwake and Marangi, and the rest well up. The times and positions are as follows: Marangi, finishing time 7h 29m 45s, corrected time 7h 25m 45s; position 1; Watiki, 7h 45m, 2h 25m, 2; Waitsesse, 7h 48m 50s, 7h 48m 50s, 3; Thistle, 7h 52m, 7h 30m, 4; Mahaki, 7h 52m 10s, 7h 44m 10s, 3; Kitiwake, 8h 27m, 8h 20m, 5; Speedwell, 8h 50m, 8h 50m, 7. Bronzewing did not finish.

Class II.—All started. Romp crossed first, followed by Pandora and Perl. Times: Romp, 7h 41m 35s, 7h 41m 35s, 1; Perl, 7h 49m 13s, 7h 49m 13s, 2; Pandora, 8h 23m, 8h 12m, 3; Lida, 9h 14m, 9h 7m, 4. Alexa, Maybelle and Tangaroa did not finish.

Class III.—This class got fairly away together, the Ronaki getting over the line first, closely followed by Calypso and the rest. The Emerald did not start, also Foam, Waitangi and Lina. Times: Calypso, 7h 29m 50s, 7h 29m 50s, 2; Waitere, 7h 30m, 7h 27m, 1; Ronaki, 7h 43m 15s, 7h 43m 15s, 4; Mistral, 7h 45m 30s, 7h 45m 30s, 3; Zee, 7h 52m 25s, 7h 44m 25s, 5; Mystery, 7h 57m 35s, 7h 49m 35s, 6. Gannet did not finish.

Class IV.—Eileen crossed first, followed closely by Hilda, Acacia and Dolphin. The rest was about 5min late. Times: Venus, 8h 1m 40s, 8h 1m 40s, 1; Mowai, 8h 37m 36s, 8h 37m 36s, 3; Kowhai, 8h 40m 45s, 8h 30m 45s, 2; Eileen, 9h 21m, 9h 11m, 4; Acacia, 9h 27m, 9h 25m, 5; Hilda, Waitangi, Mel and Dolphin did not finish.

Class V.—Only three started in this race, the Niobe getting away well before the other two, Kouini and Eua. The Eua was the only one to finish; time 11h 40m, corrected time 11h 38m.

Open Boats.—All started bar Wodonga. Rosina crossed first, Olive being next, and Mistral next, followed closely by the rest. Times: Mistral, 3h 3m 36s, 3h 3m 36s, 1; Flattie, 5h 9m 27s, 5h 4m 27s, 2; Sauti, 5h 13m 18s, 5h 7m 18s, 3; Olive, 5h 15m 18s, 5h 10m 29s, 4; Rauwahi, 5h 20m 11s, 5h 12m 14s, 5.

Mr G. White was starter, and Mr W. T. Shaw timekeeper and judge, assisted by Mr H. Seager.

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 Decks and Easelmates for all classes of work. Motor Launches and Repair Work a Specialty.

47 Customs Street, Auckland.



AUCKLAND METROPOLITAN SPRING SHOW, 1910.

ALEXANDRA PARK.
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25 AND 26.

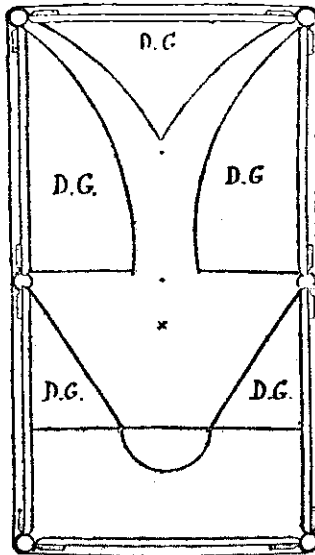
Office: HALL OF COMMERCE, HIGH-STREET.

BILLIARDS.

Red Losing Hazards.

With that chief exponent of the losing-hazard game, the eighteen-year-old Australian youth, George Gray, about to engage in a series of matches throughout Great Britain, it is only reasonable to expect some uncommon performances in this direction, and a consequent desire on the part of our amateur players to follow his lead, remarks an expert in the "London Daily Telegraph." There are few billiardists, surely, who have failed to hear of the really remarkable scoring from the coloured ball young Gray has achieved in Australia during the past two years. Breaks of 400 and 500 points almost entirely compiled by his particular agency were events of minor importance to him. His fairly frequent 600's, and an occasional 700, were the stepping-stones in the formation of a new page in billiard history. This received its finishing touches when the mammoth break of 836 points, all but five points of which were scored by hazards from the red ball, came to pass last year. There were sceptics at Home here (including the writer) who mistrusted the message that the cables brought. It seemed too big a score, too heavy a strain on one of Gray's immature age. There were rumours, also, of an enlarged bank area, a circumstance wholly without foundation, but one which, had it been as alleged, must have materially lessened the magnitude of a very painstaking and, evidently, most accurately delivered chain of strokes.

In Justice to Gray, it should be stated that he received no such ulterior assistance in the making of a world's record break. To dispel any lingering doubts which may still remain in the atmosphere of the far-reaching billiard world, (Gray has come to the hub of it to prove his worth among the cream of the talent. This bold and confident step will, as I have pointed out, send the pendulum of billiard-playing fancies away from the top-of-the-table extreme, where it has mostly stood these past ten years, to the opposite side, and where it was placed in the days of the so-called spot-barred game which prevailed when the prolific spot-stroke held sway.



Showing the true field of positions for the red ball in a sustained run of losing hazards. The enclosed sections marked D.G. indicate the dead ground where the red ball should not stop. The point marked with X below the centre spot is the ideal position, affording the player, as it does, an optional losing hazard in either middle pocket from the D.

A red-ball break, by which term a snore or less prolonged succession of losing hazards from the red ball is meant, is at once a pleasing spectacle to those within easy sight of the table, and a trying achievement, as soon as it goes beyond moderate lengths, to the player. Having to play from about the same position out of bank, stroke after stroke, and utilise the same set of muscles in what may fairly be described as a very similar set of shots, the losing hazard operator will find himself more

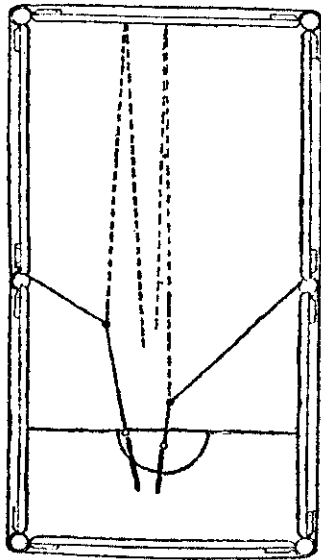
tired after a lengthy attack upon the coloured ball than if he had scored double the amount of points by the more customary open, all-round play. The very effort of walking from point to point around the table between the strokes gives the necessary relief to the continual tax made upon the legs and back. Variety is ever charming, and in its own particular way, most restful. Anything to relieve the stress of monotony is the keynote in most things, and much so in billiards as in other matters of our daily lives. Without a doubt a special kind of training, and not less so the dogged phlegmatic temperament, is a rare factor in connection with long sequences of losing hazard strokes. Nine times out of ten it is fatigue that causes the failure. The eye or body is tired, the hand, as the controlling power for the shot, does not follow its given direction, and the object-ball is taken too fully or too thinly, and the score, if made, leaves the object-ball in unfavourable scoring ground, or, as is most likely, the opposing player is called to the table.

There are parts of the table to be avoided, "dead ground," as it were, which put the red ball out of reasonable scoring latitudes, as apart from its being left inside the bank line. These are approximately set forth by curving lines drawn against the top and side cushions on Diagram 1. Briefly, the player's aim is to bring the coloured ball shot after shot to the centre of the table, and, preferably, to a point some 18in. directly below the middle spot. This position admits of an optional losing hazard at either of the centre pockets. But like all the very best things possible, it is seldom realised. You may start off upon a losing hazard expedition with the red ball so placed, and never again get it there, or even directly in the middle line of the table, despite the fact that all things are possible in the unending variety of this, the most complex of all games. This is my own experience, and one duly confirmed by a close vigil kept for many years now upon the play of the leading practitioners. The red ball in almost every stroke is sent up to the top cushion, to come straight back at single strength, or at double strength through bank; but in the case of a long and short "jenny," and the very occasional slow, thin hazard, it comes squarely off the side-cushion or runs diagonally on the cloth. These references are confined to the middle pocket, which are decidedly more simple than those aimed at the top pockets, which are not so certain to be made nor replace the red ball well for the succeeding shot.

Without a doubt, the ideal of the pronounced losing hazard player, such as Gray now is and our own Melbourne Innan formerly was, is as lengthy a sequence of middle-pocket hazards as can be played, with the top-pocket "long losers" merely fitted in to regain contact with the middles. That is the theory of the red ball "break," and, like all theory, it needs the best of practice to keep at all in touch with it. The general amateur idea of playing up to one pocket is totally sound. When the red ball lies at the sides of the table, whether it be by the top or middle pockets, the player should frame his stroke so as to send it into the centre of the table. The idea is to keep it out towards the middle, when it lies there by full shots for the middle pockets, and half-ball drives for the top-pockets, that send it around the upper half of the table. And of all the strokes possible, the run-through at the middles is easily the safest and best when a connection is opened with the centre-pockets. This shot will, unless I am greatly mistaken, be more in favour with amateurs in a few months' time than is now the case. The lessons in losing hazards which the youthful Australian will furnish this billiard season will set a premium upon the run-through at the middle pockets.

Upon the second diagram, the two strokes given indicate the nature of the run-through shots mentioned. To those who never play the follow-through, unless actually compelled to do so, their apparently daring character will no doubt compel a close scrutiny. They only serve to show how vastly a different game is played by the professional experts and the skilled amateurs than that known to and rendered by the average every-day player, who dwells in little else than quarter to half an striking for almost every cannon or losing hazard. The "hundred-break" mere control and steer the object-ball, in addition to making the actual scoring stroke, which is only considered to be

one-half (a slightly larger half, maybe) of the event; the ordinary "hundred-upper" barely realises more than the necessity of the score. In this last sentence there is the reason of the wide gulf fixed between the good and the moderate billiardist. It can be seen and traced during the course of a professional three or four hundred "break," wherein the maker has probably fewer difficult shots to treat with than the modest twenty or thirty effort of the every-day amateur. That common remark, "Why, there wasn't any shot that I couldn't have made myself!" Very true, too; but where would the balls usually have been "left" had the amateur tended to them, instead of the professional?



Two types of run-through losing hazards played with check "side," driving the red ball straight, or nearly so, up to the top cushion and back for the next stroke. The continuous line—shows the run of the cue balls to the object balls and pockets, and the dotted lines.....indicate the course of the object balls.

The middle-pocket run-through losing hazards are invariably played with the reverse or check "side." It serves to carry the cue-ball through the object-ball at a much flatter angle than plain-ball, to say nothing of running "side," will do. The cue-ball also loses speed by reason of the thick three-quarters to seven-eighths ball contact and the grinding action of the check "side" upon the cloth; and, as most players will recognise, the slower the entry of a ball to the jaws of a pocket, the greater the probability of its dropping into the netting. By setting the aim for the near "shoulder" of the pocket, the pulling out effects of the "side" guide it to where the aperture is widest, or, at any rate, easiest of access, namely, inside the further "shoulder." The ball can do little more than drop as it strikes these at its slowing-down pace. From the further point of view of position this run-through check "side" losing hazard at the middle pockets is the game to play at every central placing of the red ball between the ideal spot (18in., roughly, below the middle spot), right down almost to the face of the bank-line. The precision with which the red ball is driven almost straight up to the top cushion and back, time after time, for another middle pocket-hazard can barely be realised.

This is the stroke which will be found to be the mainstay of young George Gray's truly remarkable losing hazard performances, which enable him to rank as the maker of the world's record break of 836 points. All but five points of this were made by red-ball losing hazards, and the very great majority of the check "side" run-throughs in the middle pockets.

Husband (arriving with his wife at the station just as the train steams out): "There! if you hadn't taken such a fearful time dressing we shouldn't have lost that train."

Wife: "And if you hadn't hurried me so all the way here we shouldn't have such a long time to wait for the next one."

CHESS.

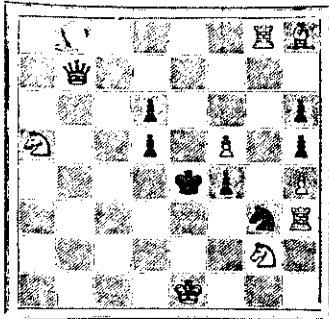
All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail," Box 764, Auckland.

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

Position No. 68.

By F. Schrufer.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two.
Notation.—6RB, 1QG, 3p3p, Kt2p1p1p, 4k1p1, 6k1r, 6Kt1, 4K3.

An Evans.

Played at Rio Janeiro—

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| White. | Black. |
| Dr. Caldas. | A. Silvestre. |
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 |
| 3. B-B4 | B-B4 |
| 4. P-QKt4 | BxK1P |
| 5. P-B3 | B-R4 |
| 6. P-Q4 | PxP |
| 7. Castles | P-Q3 |
| 8. Q-Kt3 | Q-B3 |
| 9. P-K5 | PxKP |
| 10. R-K | B-Q2 |
| 11. Qh-Kt5 | Q-B4 |
| 12. KtxKP | KtxKt |
| 13. P-B4 | P-KB3 |
| 14. QxP | R-Q |
| 15. PxKt | PxB |
| 16. R-B | QxP |
| 17. Kt-Q2 | Kt-K2 |
| 18. QR-K | Q-QB4 |
| 19. B-B7ch | K-B |
| 20. B-Kt6ch | B-B4 |
| 21. BxB | KtxB |
| 22. Kt-K4 | Q-K13 |
| 23. BxKtch | K-Kt |
| 24. Kt-Q6 | PxPch |
| 25. K-R | P-KR3 |
| 26. Q-Q5ch | K-R2 |
| 27. Q-K4 | K-Kt |
| 28. Q-KGch | K-R2 |
| 29. R-B6 | KR-B |
| 30. Q-R5ch | K-Kt |
| 31. KxRch | RxR |
| 32. QxRch | KxQ |
| 33. R-KS mate | |

Hamburg Masters' Tourney.

Marshall's play was fully in keeping with his reputation as a very brilliant, but variable, star. If throughout the tournament he could only have maintained the level of the form displayed in his games against Tarrasch, Spielmann, and Salve, there is probably no one—not even Schlechter—who could have withstood his audacious genius. But his average play was not of this high order, with the result that he had to be content with fifth place. Tarrasch's final position of tenth on the list has given rise to a good deal of surprise and comment. By some it is taken as an indication that his style is out of date, and "he has been left behind by the advancing science of the game." The proof of this, by the adducement of concrete illustrations of the modern and the Tarrasch style, would make interesting reading, if it were true, which we doubt. His intellectual legs are certainly long enough to keep pace with the slow advance of the "science" of the game. Any falling-off that may be noted in his play should probably be put to the account of the arch-enemy, with whom none may presume to keep step when the forties are scaled. Though still in the heyday of his manhood, Dr. Tarrasch is 48. Yates' play throughout the tournament was much better than his score indicates, and fully justified

British Games.

SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR ORIGIN.

It will probably come as a surprise to many to learn that polo holds the distinction of being our oldest game. If tradition can be trusted, it originated in the East in the seventh century B.C. Seeing what a magnificent game is polo, it is curious that it was never played by Englishmen until the year 1863, when the first match was seen at Calcutta. It was in 1871 that polo first made its appearance in England, and no game has more rapidly become popular. Water-polo seems to have been known and exercised at Venice in the thirteenth century. And the arsenal subsequently kept two large rafts or pontoons for this purpose, to be delivered to the urban authorities from time to time.

CRICKET.

This sport, now so common and popular, has only of recent years attracted archaeological notice, and been found in some form or other to go back to the fourteenth, if not the thirteenth, century. By some it is supposed to be an evolution from club-ball, as it is cognate with rounders and hockey. The village of Hambledon is usually called the birthplace of cricket, but the Hambledon Club was not started till about 1750, while we have scores of a match played between Kent and All England in 1746.

In a history of Norwich there is mention of cricket played in that town in the reign of Charles II., but if the word cricket is, as some suppose, derived from the Saxon "craeg," then the game is older than is generally believed. Surrey was the first county to organise a country cricket club. This was in 1845. The Sussex Club was started in 1857, and the Kent in 1859.

his entry, at which there was some evil. In the "Berliner Lokalanzeiger," for instance, Dr. Tarrasch described, in an unfortunate moment, the representative of England as "a certain Mr. Yates, unknown in the widest chess circles, who may be an excellent player, but as yet possesses no qualification whatever that justifies his entry into a master tournament." For this utterance, Herr Marco takes Dr. Tarrasch severely to task in the July-August issue of the "Wiener Schachzeitung," pointing out that the Committee, whose interest it is to make the meeting as brilliant and interesting as possible, are the best judges of the qualifications possessed by any player whose entry they accept, and citing several instances of the inclusion of players, with little more than local reputation, in first-class international tournaments. Among other precedents, that of Charousek is recalled, who, at a time when his name was hardly known, was admitted to the Nuremberg tournament of 1896 by no other than Dr. Tarrasch himself. But the unkindest cut of all was administered in a particular galling manner by the very man whose ability he had ventured publicly to doubt. The score of Yates' fine victory over Tarrasch has already appeared in this column. While, from the standpoint of the promoters of a tourney, its success is to be measured by the closeness of the contest and the number of visitors it attracts, from that of the chess world generally, the quality of the games played, and the extent to which the literature of chess is enriched by brilliant examples of masterly play are the sole standards by which its success can be judged.

Solution to Position No. 67.

1. K-Kt

FOOTBALL.

Football, as played under Rugby and Association rules, is of comparatively modern origin, but a rough-and-tumble football was probably introduced into Britain by the Romans. In 1314 a proclamation was issued by Edward II. forbidding the populace "to hustle over large balls" in the streets of London; and in 1349 a statute of Edward III. ordered the Sheriffs to suppress "football"—the first record in which we can find the present title of the game used. In 1409 a proclamation of Henry IV. forbade anyone to levy money on pretence of it being for the games of football or cock-fighting; and up to the time of Charles II. the game was considered unlawful.

It is an indisputable fact that the game of football under the name of Calcio (kick) was played in Italy centuries ago. An old manuscript which bears the date 1483 describes almost identically the present-day game. It afterwards changed and developed, so that the players increased from 11 to 27. In Britain not a hundred years ago the game was really a trial of strength in a match in which town played against town, village against village, or parish against parish. In many counties these contests were annual affairs, in which all the able-bodied inhabitants of the rival places took part.

The great day for such games was Shrove Tuesday—when the people had a holiday—and at the appointed hour the combatants usually assembled at a point midway between two towns, parishes, or villages. The leaders of the various sections were often the parsons of the place, and, as their presence was considered a guarantee of fair play on both sides, that strong arm of the law, in the person of the referee, was conspicuous only by its absence, which, doubtless, was greatly to the advantage of that long-suffering gentleman.

After the "kick-off," the players endeavoured en masse to carry or kick the ball—said to have been a bullock's bladder, containing peas and beans—towards their opponents' goal, which was oftentimes the village churchyard, or some other landmark equally well known. The field of play could be measured by miles only, but the natural obstructions—hedges, brooks, ditches, etc.—which consequently presented themselves were considered insignificant by these rough-and-ready players.

YACHT RACING.

Yacht racing has been a favourite amusement with Britons for nearly two and a-half centuries. In 1660 the Duke presented a "yacht" to Charles II., and two years later the Merry Monarch sailed a race for £100 against his brother, the Duke of York. The first sailing club organised in the British Isles was the Cork Harbour Water Club, now the Royal Cork Yacht Club, which dates from 1730, but that great institution, the Royal Yacht Squadron, is of much later date, having been founded in 1812. It was originally known as the Yacht Club. The first English regatta was held on the Thames on Friday, June 23, 1775. The place was the Thames, between London bridge and Millbank, and the idea was Lady Mary Wortley's. She had witnessed a "regatta" at Venice.

All fashionable London embarked at Westminster, and a notable feature of the procession was the splendid barges of the Great City Companies. The Lord Mayor led the procession, and the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland took part.

"What do you think of our new neighbour?" "Oh, he's all right; he'll be a perfect success here. Why, he spent the evening with me last night, and hadn't heard a single one of my stories."

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LAWN TENNIS.

(By ROMULUS.)

WELLINGTON.

Results of Saturday's Senior Matches.

MEN'S COMPETITION.

Owing to the death of the father of H. V. and J. A. B. Howe, the Brougham Hill Club was unable to meet its senior engagement with Thorndon. The match will therefore be played at the end of the round.

Wellington I. defeated Muritai by 4 rubbers to 2 (8 sets to 57), 58 games to 31. Hayle, for the losers, showed improved form, and took a set from solid player Salmund. Dr. Isaacs, as substitute for Brown, played a great game in the second doubles with Salmund though outclassed by Lewis in his single. Eller and Jeffrey (Wellington) as a double combination, and Jones (Muritai), in his single continued in winning vein. Salmund v. Nagle, 6-3, 2-6, 6-0; Eller v. Wright, 6-3, 6-2; Jeffrey v. Jones, 5-6, 3-6; Dr. Isaacs v. Lewis, 1-6, 0-6; Eller and Jeffreys v. Nagle and Lewis, 6-5, 6-4; Salmund and Dr. Isaacs v. Wright and Jones, 8-1, 6-3.

Hutt defeated Wellington II. by 4 rubbers to 2 (9 sets to 51)—67 games to 50. With Hawken absent from Hutt and Eller and Jeffrey in Wellington's first team, little interest was manifested in this fixture, but otherwise a very even contest would have resulted. The Hornell-Eller single and Cornell-Ward v. Eller-Jeffrey double was something to enthuse over. Cornell v. McCaul, 6-3, 6-3; Ward v. Salek, 6-4, 6-2; Callender v. Hill, 6-3, 6-3; Hursthouse v. Grant, 4-6, 2-6; Cornell and Ward v. McCaul and Salek, 6-3, 2-6, 6-2; Callender and Hursthouse v. Hill and Grant, 6-3, 2-6, 3-6.

LADIES' COMPETITION.

Wellington I. defeated Brougham Hill by 5 rubbers to 1 (11 sets to 4), 79 games to 58. The match was more evenly contested than the result indicates, three rubbers running to the full number of sets, but Brougham Hill only won one of them, Miss Davis defeating Miss Hannah, who had not played previously this season. Miss Travers v. Miss Morgan, 6-2, 6-2; Miss Cook v. Miss Archer, 6-2, 6-4; Miss Atmore v. Mrs. W. E. Howe, 3-6, 6-5, 6-1; Miss Hannah v. Miss Davis, 6-5, 2-6, 3-6; Misses Travers and Cook v. Misses Morgan and Archer, 6-3, 6-5; Misses Atmore and Hannah v. Mrs. Howe and Miss Davis, 6-1, 5-6, 6-4.

Thorndon defeated Wellington II. by 6 rubbers to nil (12 sets to nil), 72 games to 20. Despite the absence of Misses Nunnely and Batham, the losers failed to make an interesting contest in even one of the half-dozen rubbers. Miss Butterworth v. Miss Webb, 6-2, 6-1; Mrs. Holmes v. Miss Francis, 6-2, 6-2; Miss Simpson v. Miss Kirker, 6-0, 6-1; Miss Torton v. Miss Duncan, 6-1, 6-1; Miss Butterworth and Mrs. Holmes v. Misses Webb and Francis, 6-3, 6-2; Misses Simpson and Torton v. Misses Kirker and Duncan, 6-4, 6-1.

The final of the ladies' senior championship will eventuate at Halswell-street on Saturday, when the two leading and undefeated teams (Thorndon and Wellington I.) meet to decide supremacy.

Comments on Senior Matches (November 12).

Thorndon defeated Wellington I. by four rubbers to two (nine sets to five), 70 games to 52. Didsbury was the only Thorndonite to lose his single, and he got only one game in each set against Salmund. Of the other three rubbers, Peacock and Snythe defeated Brown and J. S. Wilson respectively in straight sets, but those old rivals Swanson and Fisher (the latter playing for Wellington for the first time this season) had a lively three-set encounter, though Swanson always held the upper hand and scored 17 games to 11.

Each side secured a double, Fisher and Brown having the satisfaction of turning the tables on Swanson and Peacock (3-6, 6-5, 6-4), who at one stage led 6-3, 5-4, and 40-love, so that the Wellingtonians made a fine recovery. Brown was in great form all

afternoon, and was particularly aggressive, and in his single he had hard luck in not getting the first set against Peacock.

Snythe has soon struck form, and appears to be playing just as solidly as ever. Wilson never had a chance with him, and the double was almost as disastrous from the Wellington man's point of view, Snythe and Didsbury winning from Wilson and Salmund 6-2, 6-2.

As only one round is being played in the A Grade, Thorndon has practically won the championship, as no difficulty should be experienced in winning the remaining matches. The same Club will also probably annex the ladies' championship, as Saturday's match at Halswell-street against Wellington will constitute the final, and on paper Thorndon are too good.

Victoria College defeated Muritai by four rubbers to two (nine sets to four), 66 games to 48.

It is hard to understand on what grounds Muritai claimed to have a winning chance in this match when an analysis is made of the singles, excepting the Jones-Cleghorn rubber:—

F. P. Wilson v. Nagle, 6-3, 6-1; Beere v. Wright, 6-4, 6-1; Smith v. Lewis, 6-3, 6-0; games, 30-12.

To have won the match against those figures, Jones would have had to beat Cleghorn in straight sets, in addition to the suburbanites winning both doubles in similar manner. These were the three rubbers the side expected to win, but Nagle and Lewis again failed, and this time when they held a strong winning position, it was a very satisfactory performance for Wilson and Beere to win 6-5, 6-3 when their opponents led in the separate sets 4-1 and 3-0. Even had they (Muritai) been successful, the team was still beaten by one set, and well down on games, as Cleghorn and Jones played an even three-setter, at two stages of which Cleghorn held the upper hand all the way through the first set, and again when he got a lead of 3-2 in the last set after the score had been called 2-1 and 40-love against him.

Wilson and Smith were in good form for College, and the latter looks like going through the competition without losing his single on one occasion.

Wright (Muritai) was disappointing in his match, and Beere had his measure all the way. The colt, though, gave a much better exhibition, and it was principally to him that Muritai owes its success in the second double against Cleghorn and Smith (6-3, 6-3). Cleghorn has been seen to better advantage, as his tennis, in the double particularly, was wretched.

Brougham Hill defeated Wellington II. by four rubbers to two (nine sets to four), 65 games to 50.

After the singles had been decided, the match promised to produce a hollow victory for Brougham Hill, as they had won the whole four rubbers in straight sets. However, the doubles told a different tale, and the Wellingtonians scored two fine wins in this department, the scores reading: Eller and Jeffrey v. H. V. Howe and Hunter, 6-3, 6-3; Salek and Grant v. Sampson and Dart, 3-6, 6-5, 6-0.

Salek (Wellington) had not appeared in a match since the season of 1907, and he turned out to fill the vacancy caused by McLean's absence. He got four games in the first set of his single with Sampson, but was outclassed in the second. In the double he was a very solid proposition (and always has been), but on paper Sampson and Dart looked good enough to win, as Grant is weak comparatively. The Brougham Hill pair won the first set comfortably, and jogged along quietly in the second. That was their mistake, as when Salek and Grant put in their challenge, Sampson and Dart couldn't get going again, and after losing the middle set failed to score a single game in the deciding one of the rubber.

Eller and Jeffrey also won handsomely, and are improving as a combination each Saturday. After Cornell's defeat of H. V. Howe, the latter does not look to be so invincible to the younger gen-

eration, but Eller found him none the less effective, and although he got a good start, Howe afterwards had him on the "wully" throughout their angle. Hunter beat Jeffrey by 12 games to seven, and even had the latter secured the second set when they were "five all," the Brougham Hill man could hardly have lost, as Jeffrey had been making the pace.

J. S. Wilson, who resigned his position as assistant accountant of the Bank of New Zealand, to go into the wool brokering business at Blenheim, leaves for his new home this week. He was enthusiastically farewelled by his fellow-officers, and as a mark of appreciation and in recognition of 23 years' honourable service, was made the recipient of valuable presents for Mrs. Wilson and himself. He will be greatly missed at Palmer-street (Wellington Club), as well as by the members of other clubs, and a large circle of friends.

The Brougham Hill Club has four youngsters playing in the lower grade competitions who promise to become real top-notchers in the years to come. They are Rawnsley, Butcher, Quinell, and Reeves, and the quartet possess a repertoire of strokes seldom seen in more experienced players. Quinell has an exceptionally fine service, and Eric Reeves, the baby of the bunch, probably claims a greater variety of strokes than any of the others. He plays a beautiful game, and has the makings of a champion if he even half fulfils his early promise. A word of advice from a player like Swanson might prove beneficial to these boys, and I mention it because he always takes an interest in young players, and none ask his help in vain.

W. Crewes (Trinity) made a successful first appearance in B grade matches on 12th November. He played first man against Petone, and besides defeating Parkinson in a three-set rubber, also took part in the only other rubber won by his side. E. R. Kirk (Hutt) had a similar experience, and appears to be the only man in his team to win matches, as he comes to light consistently every Saturday. In the B grade match against Brougham Hill II. he defeated Hurley (6-2, 6-3), and then, assisted by Brown, accounted for Kean and Barton in the first double.

Local and General.

Leading teams in the respective grades and competitions to date are as follows: Men's Competition.—A Grade, Thorndon; B Grade, Brougham Hill I. and Petone; C Grade, Brougham Hill I.; D Grade, Johnsonville.

Ladies' Competition.—A Grade, Thorndon; B Grade, Petone; C Grade, Khandallah.

The Palmerston North Club opened its courts officially on 12th November, the president, Mr. W. L. Fitzherbert, performing the ceremony.

The Wellington Association intends to hold the annual handicap tournament at Christmas (December 26th and 27th) instead of New Year, as has been the case in recent years.

Otago will be represented in the inter-provincial fixture against Canterbury at Christchurch on Saturday by: Men—Brown, Braithwaite, Sinclair, Bundle, Bray, Ewan, and Harraway. Ladies—Misses Campbell, Marks, Hancock, and Stevenson.

By a remarkable coincidence all of the five matches played in the men's A and B grades on November 12th were won by exactly the same margin, 4 rubbers to 2, whilst the sets and games were also anything but dissimilar. Details of these contests are appended:—

A Grade.—Thorndon v. Wellington I., 4 rubbers to 2 (9 sets to 5), 70 games to 52. Victoria College v. Muritai, 4 rubbers to 2 (9 sets to 4), 60 games to 48. Brougham Hill v. Wellington II., 4 rubbers to 2 (9 sets to 4), 65 games to 50.

B Grade.—Petone v. Trinity, 4 rubbers to 2 (9 sets to 5), 70 games to 62. Brougham Hill II. v. Hutt, 4 rubbers to 2 (8 sets to 6), 72 games to 54.

The first-named team was the winner in every case.

The Brougham Hill Club had a day-out on Saturday week, as the whole of its eight teams competing in the inter-club competitions were successful in winning their respective matches. This was a particularly fine record, and will probably stand good for many a day.

The provincial championships have been delegated to the Masterton Club. They will be run in conjunction with the handicap tournament in the Wairarapa capital on January 21st, 23rd and 24th. The senior championship has almost reached completion, as this season, owing to only one round being played, no more

than six Saturdays are necessary to finish, and four of them have now gone. As a matter of fact, Thorndon has practically won both the men's and ladies' competitions, so that the carrying out of the full programme is hardly likely to affect the result.

Canterbury's team to meet Otago at Hagley Park (Christchurch) on Saturday will be chosen from the following players:—Olliver, Goss, Jennings, Harman, Kiver, Pearce, Bonington, and Borrowes. The veteran, R. D. Harman, is reported to be playing as well as ever, whilst Jennings is also in great form. Olliver has been disappointing and very erratic. Another "youngster," in Goss, is the most consistent man in the province, and there is no doubt that he and Harman are marvels.

Our Jury System.

"Give me a common jury, a pretty widow as plaintiff, and a railway company as defendant, and I will tell you what the verdict will be without any regard to the evidence!" This dictum of a very eminent English K.C. (now a judge) was quoted the other day at Bristol, when in October, the Land Society met at that ancient city, and a Mr. Tudor Rees read a paper on our jury system. He advocated the raising of the rating qualifications of common jurors. The decisions of common juries often caused dissatisfaction to the parties and denied them justice. Touched by the remunerated emotion of an experienced counsel, won by the counterfeited contrition of a prisoner, or prejudiced by his facial faults, a dozen common jurors—with no special jurymen to restrain or reason with them—gave teardrop verdicts or unearned damages, or reached a conclusion by the rough-and-ready argument, "Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty? Of course, he is guilty. If not guilty, what is he doing in the dock?" Indeed, one learned judge had put it on record as his opinion that "if you have a good case, you are safe with a judge; if you have a bad one, you always have a chance with a common jury." How, then, was the cure to be effected? By so altering the law that it shall be the duty of the summoning officers to call common and special jurors in like numbers, and constitute a jury from among them in fixed and defined proportions. With their larger and wider experience of men and things, with their better education facilities, special jurors were less likely than common jurymen to be the victims of prejudice and passion, and their tempering guiding influence would be found in the verdict of the twelve.



District Lands Office,
Auckland, 11th November, 1910

TOWN OF PAPA KURA.

It is hereby notified that 27 lots in the Town of Papanura will be submitted for sale by public auction at the Lands Office, Auckland, on **FRIDAY, 16th December, 1910, at 10 a.m.** Papanura is situated 20 miles south of Auckland, on Auckland-Wellington Main Trunk Railway line. Poster plans can be seen at all Post Offices, and copies obtained on application to

ERIC C. GOLDSMITH,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.

AUCKLAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW,
NOVEMBER, 25th and 26th, 1910.

HOLIDAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued from all stations in the Auckland District to Auckland, on **NOVEMBER 23rd, 24th, and 25th**, and by trains arriving Auckland not later than 1.10 p.m. on November 23rd, and will return up to and including December 2nd.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.
The usual 6.45 a.m. train, Mercer to Auckland, will start from Drury at 7.57 a.m.

A train will leave Mercer for Auckland at 7.0 a.m.

A train will leave Hamilton for Auckland at 7.5 a.m.

A train will leave Auckland for Frankton at 5.30 p.m.

The usual 4.15 p.m. Auckland to Frankton train will NOT run, and in lieu thereof a special train for Cambridge, and intermediate stations, will leave Auckland at 6.0 p.m.

The usual 3.45 p.m. Henderson train will not leave Auckland till 4.22 p.m.

The usual 4.42 p.m. Kaipara train will not leave Auckland till 5.0 p.m. Newmarket 5.30 p.m. This train will run through to Hana, and will not stop at stations Mt. Eden to Waikomete (inclusive).
The usual 5.41 p.m. train Auckland to Mercer will NOT run.

BY ORDER.

WITH ROD AND LINE

Specially Written for the "Weekly Graphic."
By MAJOR ROYD WILSON.

ABOUT SOME FLIES.

FLIES, that is to say the artificial presentation of certain species of the "Ephemeridae" and "phyzyganidae," fed on by trout, are a source of perennial interest to the angler.

It is a well-known fact that trout are capricious to a degree regarding the fly they prefer, and the theory that the supply creates the demand would appear to carry with it a certain amount of reason. All those who have passed their first novitiate in the peculiarly fascinating art of fly-fishing for trout can hardly have failed to notice that, when there is only an occasional fly sailing down the stream, it is suffered to pass by in security, and no tell-tale ring on the surface denotes the feeding trout; but let the

thus giving point to the argument that the supply creates the demand.

It is at the time of the rise, when the natural flies are sailing down the river, "not in single spies, but in battalions," and the trout are eagerly availing themselves of the feast that is spread before them, that the angler must make the very best use of his opportunities; and to do this it is essential that he have on his cast a more or less realistic copy of the natural insect that for the moment is engaging the attention of the feeding trout. Be it March Brown, Blue Dun or Red Spinner, the fact remains that only the fly which is floating in abundance on the stream will find favour with the piscine palate. At such times as these the selection of the proper fly is a comparatively simple matter; let the angler catch one of the natural insects, and choose the nearest representative that the fly-book contains, and he will not go far wrong, nor will he make much

equally ineffective succession, until at last, almost in desperation, a tiny Black Wing, with hare-leg body, a favourite Tweed fly, was mounted. This solved the problem; trout after trout fell a victim to the seductions of the plain little fly, and a friend, who had had equal difficulty in hitting off the right prescription, also put up a similar fly, and was at once rewarded. Although subsequently tried many times on the same water, this was the only occasion in the writer's experience, that this particular fly was so markedly successful.

The red-tipped Governor is probably the most useful all-round fly in New Zealand waters, but high in the list of useful flies are such as Irish March Brown, Sedge, Peveril of the Peak, Black Gnat, and Tisdall's R.A.B. For the evening rise the Coachman is a standard pattern, although it would be well if the angler were to provide himself with an assortment of flies, tied with varying bodies added to the white wings of the Coachman.

Dr. Kindlay admits that the Garming Bill has no quarrel with the touring "bookie." The man who collects from office boys and servant girls, and who terrifies his clients into embezzlement, and theft by haunting the office doorstep, is let sublimely alone. It is a scandal that he should be let alone. The crimes he has caused are legion. The subtle temptation put in the path of the young, and the terrorism exercised when fancies turn out as they generally do, ought to be summarily ended.—*Rev. J. North, Wellington.*

Dr. Gibb has said that he has sung and whistled the tunes of the hymns in the Hymnary, and he did not like them. I am not surprised at that.—*Rev. A. Millar, at the Presbyterian Assembly.*



"GOT A WORM ON YOU, LADY?"

flies hatch out in numbers, and speedily a change comes over the scene. The advanced guard is probably allowed to pass by unobserved, for they are as yet undetected by their natural enemies, but first one trout and then another commences to feed, and soon the whole river, which a short half-hour ago seemed tenanted, is now covered with the unmistakable dimples caused by rising fish. The supply has created the demand. This is seen in the Old Country during the day more often than in New Zealand, for in England hatches of flies are liable to occur at any time during favourable weather, while here, so far as the writer's experience has enabled him to judge, the usual time for the best rise or hatch of fly is in the gloaming, the hour that precedes the darkness. On a warm evening ephemeridae will then be observed, some flitting about in close proximity to the water, and others being carried down by the current on its surface; it is then that the quiet plop of the rising fish will be heard, and soon the whole of the shallows and quieter waters of the pools will be indistinct with rising fish sucking down the insects thus bountifully provided for their delectation. Should, however, the evening prove to be cold or raw, or otherwise unpropitious for the hatching of the water flies, the chances are that there will be little or no evening rise,

mistake if, for evening fishing, the wings of the artificial fly are several shades lighter in colour than the natural, but he must be sure that both in size and appearance his artificial resembles the fly on the water; for otherwise he may flog the stream and cover rise after rise quite fruitlessly, unless this important item has received due attention.

It is when there is no rise of fly, but when there is presumably a proportion of feeding fish in the shallows and ripples on the lookout for what the stream may bring down to them, that the choice of fly becomes more difficult. The only course open to the angler is to put on the fly or flies which previous experience has taught him have been acceptable under similar circumstances, and if these are not looked upon with favour, to endeavour, by a process of elimination, to arrive at what is pleasing to the fishy tastes. A marked instance of this fell to the writer's lot last season. A start was made with the red-tipped Governor for tail fly, and an Irish March Brown as dropper, but both flies failed to elicit a bid, although both weather and water conditions appeared favourable. After vainly whipping some promising reaches, a change was made to a Red Spinner, and a Sedge, both of which were received with the same indifference. Peveril of the Peak and other patterns followed in

LIVER AND KIDNEY DISORDER.

HEALTH WAS COMPLETELY
BROKEN DOWN.

A MINER CURED BY BILE BEANS.

Mr. Wm. Paull, a miner, writing from Gossum-st., Broken Hill, says:—"Some months ago I began to suffer from liver and kidney trouble. The pain caused by my kidneys being out of order was awful. During the time I suffered I tried many remedies, but did not obtain any relief whatever. My health was broken down, and at last I decided to undergo a course of Bile Beans. Before the first box was finished there was a great improvement in my condition. I continued taking Bile Beans, and soon all pains were ended and I was completely cured, my liver and kidneys being restored to their natural activity. Since Bile Beans cured me I have had no return of my complaint. I am never without Bile Beans now, and I find that to occasionally take a Bile Bean keeps me in perfect order."

When at all run down a short course of Bile Beans will soon restore good health and strength. Bile Beans remove all impurities from the body and tone up the liver and digestive organs, and make life worth living. A dose or two of Bile Beans in time may save pounds in doctors' bills and prevent a long and serious illness. Bile Beans banish headache, liver trouble, biliousness, constipation, bad breath, nervousness, that tired feeling, debility, heat, faintness, and female ailments. Sold by all chemists and stores.

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By WHALEBONE.

FIXTURES.

Nov. 26, 30 - Takapuna J.C. Spring. Dec. 27, 31, Jan. 7 - A.T.C. Summer. Dec. 23, 29, and Jan. 2 - Auckland R.C. Summer. Dec. 31 and Jan. 2 - Greymouth J.C. Mid-winter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Subscriber, Te Hana. - The only deduction is ten per cent, which covers Government tax. R.A.C. - Yes, Miss Winnie ran a mile at Avondale in the autumn of 1909 in 1.40. SPORT - Black Northern has started on seven occasions, twice last year, but he run unplaced, and five times this season, winning four of his engagements and falling in the other. Contributor. - The horse's coat should be removed by clipping, and the skin well washed with water and soft soap, and after being carefully dried, may be dressed with a liniment made of oil of tar four ounces, common oil one pint, and powdered sulphur four ounces. Mix and apply to every part of the skin with a soft brush. The dressing may be applied on the following day, and allowed to remain on three or four days, when it may be thoroughly washed off. Any slight irritation can be allayed by bathing with a lotion comprised of sulphuric acid two drachms, and water one pint. Some of the patent sheep dips are very effective, but the animal's head must be tied up to prevent it biting itself. Besides local treatment, it is usually necessary to act on the constitution, with food and tonics, and if the horse is a valuable one, your best plan would be to consult a veterinary surgeon.

The value of the Melbourne Cup to Mr. S. Green, owner of Comedy King, was £958.

The Takapuna Jockey Club have decided to charge bookmakers a fee of £25 for the right to bet at their coming Spring Meeting.

The hearing of the appeal lodged in the Lady Wilhelmina-Mararoa case will probably be heard on the first Wednesday in December.

Percy Moore, a well-known Australian horseman, is expected to arrive in Auckland shortly, and will be associated with D. Moraghan's stable.

A sovereign invested on every horse raced by South, which started at the recent A.R.C. Spring Meeting would have returned a profit of £28 13/4.

G. Jones, the Gisborne trainer, is staying in Auckland with his team, Palmer, C. Finnimore, and they, until after the A.R.C. Summer Meeting.

Had Waiwhaitase run second instead of third in the Trial Handicap at Epsom on Wednesday he would have returned a record dividend in these days of one-two dividends.

McLachlan's percentage for winning the Melbourne Cup on Comedy King was £262, but it is stated that Mr. Green made out a cheque for £1000 in favour of the crack horseman.

At the Walkanea Stud recently the excellent pony Sonoma, by Seaton Delaval - Marara, foaled twice to Heoniana. One of these, a colt, is alive, and doing well. Sonoma is to be mated this season with Achilles.

A Press Association wire from Napier states that the well-known steppelochest Bullworth, when chloroformed for string, fell and broke his stifle, and had to be destroyed.

The most consistent performer at the recent A.R.C. Spring Meeting was probably Antuletine, and with a first and two seconds to her credit, her form was exceptionally good.

The performance of Prophet in the Penrose Hurdles on Saturday was one of the best registered at Ellerslie for some time, and stands the post of St. Paul as a brilliant performer over the small fences.

The pony Malka, which won the Tramway Handicap at Epsom last Wednesday, through the whole of last season without earning a winning bracket at a totalisator meeting.

After falling in the Otalo Plate at the recent Canterbury J.C. Meeting, Cullinan is reported to have given a great display of jumping, clearing a number of big fences before he was finally caught.

Lady Lucy, the N.Z. Cup winner, of 1909, is not to be brought back to the Dominion at present. Private information states that in the Melbourne Cup Lady Lucy was nearly choked with the dust, and was coughing for some time after the race.

The stewards of the Jockey Club dismissed the complaint against F. Wootton that he intentionally prevented his mount winning the Manukau Nursery Plate at Lincoln, though they considered his riding required explanation.

The accident to Danube on Saturday is to be deeply regretted, and if as serious as is reported, it may prevent his starting in the Great Northern Derby, in which his meeting with King Soul was being looked forward to with considerable interest.

It was expected that King Soul would have put in an appearance in the Wynyard Handicap on Saturday, but he was withdrawn. With a lot of valuable engagements ahead, Mr. Ross is pursuing a wise course in not overtaxing the colt.

The Ellerslie trainer, A. Robertson, had the distinction of training the winners of the three two-year-old races run at the A.R.C. Spring Meeting, Miss Winsome winning on the first and second days, and Malwa on the last day.

It is not often that father and son are found contesting the same event, but such was the case on Saturday, at Ellerslie, when Powerful and his son Hinnakaha both went to the post for the Hunters' Steeplechase.

The popular Walkato sportsman, Mr. D. McKinnon, appears to have the makings of a decent colt in Hemisphere, which is returned as by Seaton Delaval from Hemisphere put a lot of dash into his work, and it should not be long before he loses his maiden status.

Mr. A. G. Mabeo, who has just returned from a visit to Christchurch, speaks highly of the manner in which trotting is conducted in Canterbury. In Mr. Mabeo's opinion it is only a question of a few years when trotting will be just as important as racing, and will be a strong rival to the racing clubs for public favour. The Auckland driver Mandereine in his engagement on the last day, and said that the Auckland horse would not go near his field, which fact he accounted for by his being in the New Zealand Trotting Cup, who were trying to get him out of their way after he lost his driver in that event.

The unlucky horse of the A.R.C. Spring Meeting was undoubtedly Sea Elf. In the City Handicap, on the opening day, she was nearly put over the rails, spoiling any chance she may have had, while in the Wynyard Handicap, on the concluding day, just as she was making her run, her rider, Mr. Ryan, was struck on the eye by a cloud of some other substance, with such force as to completely blind him, and he had to gradually put her up. Under the best of circumstances, it is a marvel there was not a more serious accident, for Ryan had not the slightest idea of what was going on, and had Sea Elf not run on straight, it is hard to say what would have happened.

The most successful trainer at the recent A.R.C. Spring Meeting was A. Robertson, who turned out four winners: R. Hamoa is next on the list, with three straight-out wins and a dead heat; Geo. Atkinson and Mrs. Lindsay each secured a double; and J. McHugh, J. Williamson, A. Hall, J. Rae, G. Jones, C. Norgrove, T. A. Williams, J. Chanaf, Jr., F. Macmaemina, and Messrs T. Bowling and Hudson had one each, and D. Samuetyne a dead heat. Dead heat winners of the four-winner races: C. Brown had three and a dead heat; A. Waitaker and J. Conquest three each; P. Bady two and a dead heat; W. Price two, and A. Cowan, A. Julian, W. Scott, W. McCreivail, S. Lindsay, and Mr. Dingle, one each.

A meeting of the Auckland Metropolitan Committee was held last Tuesday, the Hon. E. Mitchell presiding. The following licenses were granted: - Jockeys: G. F. Milne, A. E. Peare, H. J. Harris, and W. F. B. Egan, brown, £10; C. R. Carter. The following programmes were passed: - Metropolitan Amateur Sports Club, December 24; Alexandra races, December 26; Ngunguru Racing Club, December 26; Waiwaka Racing Club, December 28; Hombora Racing Club, December 31; Whatatutu Racing Club, January 2; Hukerenui Racing Club, January 3; Kawakawa Racing Club, January 3; Rotorua Jockey Club, February 25 and 26; Auckland Trotting Club, three pony races, December 27 and 31 and January 7. The A.R.C. committee met subsequently, when transfers were approved as follows: - Manawatu Stud Company to F. B. Egan, brown, £20; by Sir Laddie, Cecil G. Cremer to E. W. Allison and J. J. Craig, Allegation.

Mr. N. Finlayson, on behalf of the Otamatea Racing Club, recently interviewed the Auckland Racing Club regarding the removal of disqualification from certain horses. The Auckland Racing Club, Mr. Finlayson's representations so favourably that he has been able to inform the secretary of the Otamatea Club that the disqualification would be lifted from Miss Ilipton, Fritie, and Irene. Collection of bookmakers' fees on the day of the races has caused trouble in so many clubs that the Otamatea Racing Club has wisely decided that this year's application should be right to be accompanied by the fee, must be made some weeks before the meeting. This will give the club an opportunity of injecting into the character of those desiring to join their ranks.

Mr. J. Ellis, the owner of My Lawyer, is most emphatic in his assertion that his horse was drugged the night previous to the Stewards' Handicap. He informed a "Southern Times" reporter that he will never take a favourite away from home again unless he can get a reliable man to go with him and mount guard overnight. He stated that the only truth in the assertion, says a Wellington writer, is, of course, impossible to say, although I should greatly doubt it. The Blackstone horse was fifth favourite, and it seemed to the writer that it was being badly pocketed in the early stages of a fast-paced race that was the cause of the horse's indifferent showing. With a more experienced horseman in the saddle he might have done better. If the horse was given such a bad way, as is suggested, he would not have been started.

The separating of the harness and saddle races at the trotting meetings is already having a beneficial effect on the sport, and the racing is considerably more interesting than under the old system. There is no doubt that trotting is gradually becoming more popular in Auckland, and the hopes of all lovers of the sport are that it will eventually reach the high standard it has attained in Canterbury. The authorities are gradually removing the bits that have hitherto been used, and there is one matter that ought to be put down with a very firm hand, and that is the hanging about outside the gate waiting to get a word with the jockeys and drivers. A man standing that notices posted up at various points on the course, warning parties against this practice, but the question is not dealt with as strongly as it should be. The infliction of a few disqualifications or heavy fines would speedily have effect, and in the interests of the sport it is hoped a special effort will be made to cope with the evil.

Mr. Morse's adjustments for the principal events at the Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting made their appearance on Friday, 19th inst. In the Auckland Cup Mr. Morse has evidently endeavoured to make at Hatter's racing. The adjustments are hard to follow. Master Soul heads the list with 8.1, which is a bit lighter than was generally expected. However, it is very little probability of his seeing the post, so that his chance need not be discussed. Diabolo, 8.13, and Bridge, 8.11, have nothing to complain of. Master King, 8.4, has been very recently treated. Mr. Morse has evidently treated the son of Merrivale as a non-stayer, which he may have cause to regret; and the same remark apply to Salute, 7.13. At first sight, Salute, with 7.12, looks to be slightly underrated, but compared to some of the local horses, he has been weighted up to his best performance. Kopu, 7.10, takes the eye as having a first-class chance, and will probably be very little probability of his being successful. Waimangu, 7.9, meets Sedition on 7th worse terms for his victory in the King Edward Memorial, which should bring the pair together. Roosevelt, 7.7, has been running badly of late, but he has a good form, his chance need not be seriously discussed, but fit and well would be hard to beat. The three-year-olds, King Soul and Fritie, with 8.12, on the running in the C.F. Derby and Canterbury Cup, is evidently a stayer, and it would be hard to pick a light-weight to beat him. In the lower division there are several that might improve, but at present they do not strike one favourably.

In the Railway Handicap all the best sprinters are engaged, and a run through the list gives the impression that there is a big percentage have been given a good chance, and the event should attract a good acceptance.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

A Southern writer refers thus to one of the three Auckland representatives at Riccarton last week: "Gaming was a horse created by his favourable impression. He is a compact and well-turned sort, that exhibits plenty of dash, and is sure to win again."

Local scribbles consider the Freedom - Modesty colt likely to make a good stayer, and it would seem that if he goes on satisfactorily, he is by no means badly treated by the Auckland cup. It is reported that Mr. Greenwood's brilliant mare Armet will not be seen at the summer meeting at Auckland, as one of her legs has filled, and she has had to be thrown out of work as she was not given a run at the Riccarton meeting, though several of the events might have been expected to suit her. It was conjectured that all was not well with her. Mr. Greenwood exceedingly unfortunate in losing the services of so speedily a performer just now. He hopes, however, to have better luck with Tangle. The lady sustaining the Derby winner at Riccarton turn out to be not so serious as was at first supposed, and his trainer is hopeful of getting him to the post for the Northern Derby. A number of Riccarton trainers are keeping their charges busy, in view of the Tas-

aru meeting next week. Unfortunately the rainfall which gladdened the farmers early in the week was much heavier in the country than in the city, and the Riccarton track was much more waterlogged than it being still very hard, and trainers are having an anxious time. The Finland gelding Outlander has changed hands, Mr. J. A. Brown having disposed of the disappointing son of Finland and Macapapa to the Messrs Furse for 170g. Outlander's best effort so far has been the winning of the Auckland Hurdles, in which he beat some good horses, among them the last New Zealand Cup winner.

OTAHUHU SPRING MEETING.

The opening day's racing in connection with the Otahuhu Trotting Club's Spring Meeting took place at Epsom on Wednesday, when there was a good attendance. The weather was fine, and the track in good order. The racing was decidedly interesting, and the handicapper (Mr. F. W. Edwards) had the satisfaction of seeing a dead heat result, and also a lone official, Mr. J. Meers, F. Macmaemina and H. R. McKenzie as timekeepers, and Mr. C. O'Connor as starter, the latter gentleman being in good form. The general management of the gathering by the various officials, under the secretary (Mr. F. D. Young), left no room for complaint, the events being got off well to time. During the afternoon the Garrison Band played a number of selections, while Mr. J. Sinclair provided an exceptionally good luncheon.

The stewards met on two occasions during the racing. After the decision of the Trotting Handicap, they inquired into the running of Mararoa, as compared with his effort in the opening event, and after hearing statements, decided by a vote of five to four, not to upset the judge's verdict. An appeal was lodged, and as the race was to be run on Wednesday, it was held over, and it will suffice to say that the difference in the times of the horse were very marked. R. Hill, the rider of Maplewood, was before the authorities after the Stewards' Handicap, as for an alleged remark to the judge after that race, but was able to satisfy the stewards that the remark was not in the nature of an insult to the judge, and apologising, was continued. With a good evidence speculation was brisk, and notwithstanding the fact that a big sum of money was locked up pending the appeal in the Trotting Handicap, the staff of Messrs W. Bloomfield and Co. headed the list, and the totalisator is a licensee of £31 on last year. In addition, 14 bookmakers were licensed at a fee of £7 10/ per man.

Details are as follows:-

TRIAL HANDICAP (saddle) of 2500s. One mile. F. Martin's gr m Miss Bell Boy, by Bell Boy, 5yrs 2s, Marara, aged, 1. W. B. Craig's b m Lady Wilhelmina, 2 (Contest). J. Ware's br f m Waiwhaitase, aged, 2s (G.Paul). Also ran: Koppie 2s, Merry Kate 1s, Ring King Nelson 1s, Ell 1s, Black Gin 2s, Young Wellington 2s, Special Diamond 2s, Hula Belle 4s.

When the stand was reached Miss Bell Boy was in the lead, followed by Waiwhaitase and Marara. Miss Bell Boy drew out along the back, and turning for home had a commanding lead of Marara, which had run up into second position. In the run to the post Marara threw out a strong challenge, but could not reach the leader, which was pulling up by three lengths. Waiwhaitase was six lengths further back, third; Black Gin and the others followed at long intervals. Time, 2.55. Miss Bell Boy was favourite.

TROTTING HANDICAP (Saddle) of 5500s. A mile and a-half.

W. B. Craig's b g Marara, aged, by Bellman - Tangle, 2s. H. R. McKenzie's b m Lady Wilhelmina, 2s. D. Brophy's b g Yankee Doodle, 5s (Orange). Also ran: Kiritiroa, Kiritiroa scratch, Little Paul 10s, Diamond Bell 10s. Marara led past the stand the first time, followed by Lady Wilhelmina, after which came Yankee Doodle, Diamond Bell, and Little Paul. Marara was in a good advantage as they raced along the back, and was never headed; winning at the finish by six lengths from Lady Wilhelmina, which was two lengths in front of Yankee Doodle. Yankee was fourth, and Kiritiroa last. Time, 3.38 2/5. Lady Wilhelmina was favourite.

After the race the stewards held an inquiry into the running of Marara, as compared with the result of the race, and after lengthy hearing, decided by five votes to four not to disturb the judge's verdict. An appeal has been lodged.

TRAMWAY HANDICAP of 4000s. Six furlongs. T. P. Sinn's Malka, 5yrs, by Uthian - St. Alda, 7.2 (Morris). S. Saulsbury's b m Mistine, aged, 9.0 (Lindsay). P. Freeman's b m M. M. M., 7.5 (Contest). Also started: Fraucian 8.0, Norway 8.0, Blackbird 7.5.

Mistine got the best of an otherwise even start, and led out of the straight. Going along the back Stenouella joined her, and the pair made the running to the distance, where Malka came through, and finishing strongly. The latter won by a length. Norway was fourth. Time, 1.25 1/2. Norway was favourite.

SHURBAN HANDICAP (Harness) of 65 000s, second 1000s, third 500s. Two miles.

R. Millen's b m Lady Love, aged, by R. Lyndbrook - Kola, 5s (Millen). T. Ward's b m Lady Paul, 5yrs, by T. Ward - Uthian, 10s (Lindsay). C. Richards' Rd Lady Albert, 13s (Richardson). Dead heat.

Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)

AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S
November 21 to 26—Auckland Competitions Society.

November 28 to December 3—Johnson-Jeffries Picture.

December 5 to 17—Meynell and Gunn (George Willoughby).
December 19 to 24—MacMahon Bros.
December 26 (three weeks' season)—Allan Hamilton.

THE OPERA HOUSE,
in Season—Fuller's Picture.

TIVOLI.

Vaudeville (permanent).

WELLINGTON—OPERA HOUSE.

Dec. 23 to Jan. 14—Royal Comic.
Jan. 16 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).

"**Mary Magdalene**"—Maeterlinck's Latest Play.

A LONDON friend sends me an advance notice of Maurice Maeterlinck's latest play, which has just been translated from the French by the faithful Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, who is responsible for several other versions of the Belgian's works. The title on the cover is "Mary Magdalene: A Play in Three Acts." In the preface to his new play, says the notice, M. Maeterlinck explains, with "a very pretty manner of politeness," how he asked leave of Herr Paul Heyse, the author of "Maria von Magdala," to develop two situations touched in his play; how the great German was much annoyed at the suggestion; and how M. Maeterlinck, recalling the text of his chief authority and a situation in his own "Joyzelle," took French leave.

What Is Love?

It is difficult to understand Herr Heyse's apprehension. Had we written a play, we would gladly offer M. Maeterlinck the whole plot, just in order to see how it would become transmuted in his mind and spirit. As years go on and the main line of his development proceeds, he learns more and more about love, and becomes more and more careful, it would seem, to try to see the externals of life as they actually are or were. That the two movements are not in contrary directions—in other words, that self-sacrificing love is a daily fact and not a romantic dream—this play helps to prove. In the first two acts M. Maeterlinck tries hard to bring the Jerusalem of the year of the Crucifixion before our eyes. Here are Roman philosophers and warriors, villas and gardens, leisure and learning, and sharply set against them an unsavoury rabble of oriental beggars, cripples, maniacs, and criminals. Here is the gorgeous courtesan, with all her brutality, passion, and caprice, and here are the rabble, with their Jewish morality and their hatred of their conquerors and their conquerors' strange women, inflamed by the religious excitement of a new "revival," if we may so call it. From the philosopher's garden the courtesan hears the voice of a Preacher—that Nazarene whom the philosopher finds "rather curious"—and is so fascinated that she must needs go down among the rabble, which only the Preacher prevents from mobbing her. In Act II, even the Romans are bestirred, and the philosopher (some kind of Neo-Cyrenaic) finds the Nazarene something more than rather curious. A dead man has been raised to life. And later that Lazarus, still half a corpse, comes into the philosopher's garden to summon Mary Magdalene with a call even stronger than that of her new and passionate love for the Roman military tribune Verus.

The Clinging Conflict.

In Act III, comes the clinging of the conflict. The play is built to a great extent on the ordinary line, which M. Maeterlinck has not favoured too much in the past. The first two acts have shown the growth of two influences on Mary Magdalene—that of the human lover and that of the Divine. The third act brings them to direct battle. In "Joyzelle" (an earlier play by the dramatist), the heroine may save the life of

Lanceor by giving herself to Merlin. In "Mary Magdalene," Mary may save the life of the Nazarene by giving herself to Verus, in whose hands that life lies. The resemblance is only external. Joyzelle did not love Merlin; Mary has a high passion for Verus. Joyzelle gave a verbal consent, and trusted to a dagger to save her. Mary cannot give even a verbal consent. For the great difference lies in this: that here it is not a question of a single act of unchastity, or even the chastity of one woman. In Mary's words:—

"Were I to yield but for a moment under the weight of love, all that he has said, all that he has done, all that he has given would sink back into the darkness, the earth would be more deserted than if he had not been born, and heaven would be closed to mankind for ever! . . . I should be destroying him altogether, destroying more than himself, to gain for him days that would destroy everything."

Magic Beauty.

The play is characteristically Maeterlinckian when the climax comes. The fiercer her struggle with opposing forces, the more Mary Magdalene withdraws into a remote and quiet world, where existence is absolute and changeless.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED

The Second Mrs Tanqueray.

She speaks as if from far away; and when, as the Nazarene is led past the window, his followers rage at the woman who, they think, has betrayed him, she stands motionless and speechless in an ecstasy. M. Maeterlinck's drama is gaining blood and fire without losing its distinctive stillness. Of the translation it is not possible to judge minutely yet, because the French is not yet published. It has not any of the Maeterlinck magic beauty. But one can trust Mr. de Mattos to give the sense of the original accurately.

Cavaleri Separates from Her Husband.

It was not long ago announced that Robert Chanler, an American millionaire, had made over the whole of his fortune to Lina Cavaleri, the well-known singer in grand opera. The latest is that Chanler is now a pensioner on £5 a month, whilst he and the grand opera lady have parted forever.

The story of the separation is a circumstantial account of how the singer led the young American on to the point of proposing marriage by playing Prince Dolgorouki against him as a rival, and how she finally, four days before the wedding, sent for Chanler, and made with him one of the straightest prenuptial arrangements ever heard of.

In the first place, she told him the story of her life. In detail she related to him all the experiences of her childhood; how, as her girlish prettiness developed into womanly beauty, she became the pet of certain men of the great world of Paris, the leader of the demi monde, disinting the title only with Cleo de Merode.

Chanler Not Disturbed.

Then she told of her life in the Paris half world, of the gay bachelors, the dashing married men and aristocrats who had wooed her and dined her, and had loaded her with jewels, fine gowns, costly hats, expensive lingerie, and the thousand and one things so dear to the heart of a professional beauty—a woman who must get rich before she gets old. Chanler heard all this, but he was so filled with a desire to possess Cavaleri that it did not disturb him.

Then she told him how the father of her 16-year-old son was known to only a few persons, and not to the son himself. She made as one of the conditions of her marrying Chanler that he should sign a statement acknowledging this boy as his, notwithstanding the fact that when this son was born Chanler was not even aware that such a person as Lina Cavaleri lived.

Chanler, crazed with love for the operatic siren, was willing to do even this. But friends in Rome whom Mme. Cavaleri consulted advised against this, pointing out that it might possibly affect the boy's right to inherit the enormous fortune his mother had accumulated in various ways.

Then on the very day of the wedding, while Chanler was being caressed and petted by the beautiful prima donna, the English solicitor and the French notary reappeared, bringing with them formidable legal documents. At the same time Cavaleri's brother, Orestes, walked into the room.

gorouki there he gave up in disgust, and after a long conference with his brother, William Astor Chanler, started for America.

Signing the Document.

According to Chanler's own version of the affair, he, Cavaleri, and their respective lawyers were seated around a large table. Two copies of the document—one in French and the other in English—were spread before them. Each clause had been discussed, corrected, and re-written until it finally was in the shape in which it was made public after being filed in the office of the Registrar.

But still Chanler was not satisfied. The fact that under the terms of the contract he disinherited his two young children by his first wife—Dorothy, six, and Julia, two—seemed to weigh heavily upon him. He argued for delay. Cavaleri was impatient. The lawyers were becoming angry.

"I had hesitated hardly an instant," said Chanler, in relating the story to a friend, "when my bride-to-be arose from her seat.

"My God! I'd Have Signed Away My Soul!"

"She reached over and lifted from the table the copy of the agreement in French. With the other she took the English copy. Then suddenly she threw both arms about my neck and pressed her lips to my face.

"Great heavens! It is wonderful! My breath almost left my body. When I felt those velvety arms wound in a tight embrace about my neck, when I felt the pressure of her warm lips upon my cheek and heard her scarcely breathe, 'Oh, Robert, I love you!' my God, I'd have signed away my soul."

The Contract.

One of the most remarkable clauses of the contract was the one in which Chanler delegated to the solicitor the power of attorney to act during his life in his behalf. It was this clause that disinherited his two children by his first wife.

The property given away consists of three farms and twenty-eight pieces of New York City property.

He also turned over to Cavaleri the income of £1000 a year from his personal holdings, consisting of stocks, bonds, etc. This is payable to her in four instalments, every three months.

Chanler may possibly have a few shirts and a suit of clothes left to his own use. About all he didn't give up to Cavaleri in the agreement was his wearing apparel.

Chanler's relatives are now preparing to fight the legality of the contract in the courts.

The Beecham Opera Season.

The season of grand opera announced by Mr. Thomas Beecham was commenced recently in London at Covent Garden, and is to be of longer duration and promises to prove also more eventful than that of any operatic enterprise Londoners have hitherto had at this period of the year. For three consecutive months there are to be nightly representations of some of the most popular masterpieces for the lyric stage, and in the course of the season it is in contemplation to produce some eight or nine operas that have not yet been heard here, the works being drawn from different schools, and including such productions as Richard Strauss' "Guntram" and "Salome," Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," Paul Dukas' "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," which was successfully brought out at the Paris Opera Comique about three years ago; Leroux's "Le Chemineau," which is based on the story of "Ragged Robin;" and two works by native composers, namely, "Dylan," an opera on a Welsh subject by Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, and "Koanga," a new composition by Mr. Frederic Delius, whose "A Village Romeo and Juliet" constituted one of the novelties of Mr. Beecham's season last winter. The production of Hector Berlioz's "Les Troyens" is also spoken of, and its first introduction would certainly add distinction to the season. The work is in two parts, "The Fall of Troy," which is in three acts, and "The Trojans at Carthage," which is in five acts, and it of course occupies two evenings in performance. The book of it was laid out and written by the composer himself, and it is based almost entirely on the second and fourth books of the "Aeneid." The work was produced in its entirety at Carlsruhe by Herr Felix Mottl in 1893, and commanded much attention. Richard Strauss' "Elektra" was one

Signs Fortune Away.

Taking the documents from the solicitor and the notary, Cavaleri ran up to Chanler, threw her arms around his neck, kissed him, and told him he must sign the papers before she could marry him. Chanler signed the documents, and transferred everything he possessed, even his interest in the alimony fund to the prima donna.

But two or three days after the wedding Chanler began to see things in a different light. He had been spending his time on enormous mural paintings. He did not sell many of these paintings, and Cavaleri thought this was energy wasted. One morning after Chanler had finished his coffee and roll the fair Lina, who now controlled the purse strings, announced that thereafter Chanler would be allowed 100 francs. She agreed to board and lodge him, but out of this £5 he was to pay his valet and buy his clothes. "Get to work and earn your living, anyway," she told him.

Paints Pictures in Park.

Chanler got to work. At her behest he would go into the parks and paint two by four pictures that Cavaleri thought would have some market value. Until a few days ago he painted these pictures and sold them when he could.

Prince Dolgorouki had reappeared on the scene in the role of an ardent lover, and Chanler was relegated to the background while the prince showered attentions on the singer.

She went to Cabourg, near Trouville. Her son, her brother Orestes, Prince Dolgorouki, and several maids accompanied her. Chanler followed a few days later, and when he found Prince Dol-

of the first opera to be given—a very popular revival in the Metropolis it proved, too.

The Grass for Speed.

The London Hippodrome has lately been drawing thousands to see Constantino Bernardi, described as "a wonderful Protean artist," perform many changes in quick time. One of the journalists present on his first appearance timed him with a stop-watch, and wrote as follows:—

At nine we are in a music-hall manager's office; Bernardi, with a long nose and a German accent, tears his scanty locks; his artists are all on strike.

At 9.1 arrives a proban artist, clamouring for payment, followed at 9.1 7.30 by a porter, on whose heels at 9.1 3.20 treads a distracted stage-manger, pursued at 9.1 1.3 by the middle-aged mother of a slighted star. At 9.1 1.11 Herr Meyer, a German singer, bellows for the cashier; at 9.1 2.3 Mlle. Janette, a French dancer, shrieks her woes to the empty stage; at 9.1 5.4 Signorina Diamantine demands the blood of authorities unscathed. And at 9.2 a harassed policeman rushes in to say that he can no longer restrain the mob waiting for admission to the theatre.

The situation is saved by Bernardi, who offers to take the whole show on his own shoulders.

The recent changes to the stage of the music-hall. The orchestra play a march written by Bernardi. He appears as a musical clown; he follows it up with three very artistically-lighted serpentine dances. As Professor Confusion, he conducts the orchestra; in five minutes he is Wagner, Rossini, Gounod, Liszt, Meyerbeer, Verdi, and Sousa. For ten seconds he makes the audience roar with a hypnotic turn. Then as an illusionist he shows an absolutely empty trunk, closes it, fires a revolver, and there is a man inside. He suspends the man in mid-air without support, covers him with a cloth, whisks it off—and there is nothing. And the man comes running from the back of the stalls. He repeats the same trick, with himself. A powdered footman walks on the stage, whisks off the cloth, whisks off his own powdered wig, and behold, the footman is Bernardi.

At 9.30 Bernardi bowed his acknowledgments in a white suit; at 9.30 1.30 in green; 9.30 1.12 in yellow; at 9.30 1.6 in purple; at 9.30 2.12 in black. And if there had not been a very long and excellent programme to finish he seemed quite willing to keep it up as long as the audience liked.

Long-drawn-out Cold Shudder.

Thus a critic juggles with the language on beholding Mme. Sarah Bernhardt do the "Torture scene" from Sardou's "La Tosca".

There can be nothing more realistically horrible within the memory of the present generation than Mme. Bernhardt's portrayal of the anguished woman who is torn between love and duty while she hears the shrieks of her lover who is being tortured.

She shrieks, she implores, with tigerish fury she flings herself upon the closed doors, wildly, helplessly beating upon them with clenched hands; her sobbing chokes the words that she would speak, her eerie little cries and moans are like some wild beast in pain; she tears her handkerchief to shreds with her teeth.

She makes you forget that you are in a theatre. You know for a certainty that on the other side of the door a man is being most horribly tortured.

Women would turn aside now and then, covering their ears with their hands; men tried to take a sudden interest in their boots. But all in vain. Mme. Bernhardt held the audience in a vice. Like it or not, you had to go through with it. And there would be no doubt that the Coliseum audience did like it. They were thrilled as they had never been thrilled before. It was one long drawn-out cold shudder. And at the end one lost all count of the times the curtain rose and fell.

Censor and Tyrant.

The Censor of Plays has been distinguishing himself again in his capacity of the tyrant of the drama. Without a word of explanation he has refused to license Mr. Laurence Housman's new play, "Fains and Penalties," which was to have been produced by Miss Gertrude Kingston. Without giving any reason whatever for his decision, he punished Mr. Housman by practically destroying the commercial value of six months' industry. The Censor of Plays is respon-

sible only to the Lord Chamberlain, and as that official has endorsed the decision, and as the Lord Chamberlain is responsible to no public authority, the unfortunate dramatist has no appeal.

Court Flunkeyism.

It looks very like a precious piece of Court flunkeyism in this case. The play is of a historical character and deals with George IV.'s divorce from his wife, Queen Caroline. The Censor and the Lord Chamberlain seem to have imagined—though why they should do so nobody else can understand—that this would be distasteful to the Court. Perhaps the Lord Chamberlain believes that George IV. was a great and good man, and a model of domesticity, and that a dramatist has no right to suggest anything to the contrary. Or perhaps he believes that all Brougham's speeches in the trial scene of the play are Mr. Housman's own, instead of extracts taken literally from the records of the House of Lords. His action, at any rate, is a death-blow to historical drama in this country. What would the Lord Chamberlain have done with Shakespeare's historical plays if the licensing of them had been in his hands to-day? Would he not have banned them on the ground that the portrayal of Henry VIII., Richard III., and other Kings was disrespectful to the Throne?

The Banned Play.

Mr. Housman states that his play contains no reference to the alleged bigamous nature of George IV.'s marriage to Caroline, beyond a single sentence of a dozen words. It contains no love-making between Queen Caroline and her reputed lover, Bergami. It contains no unpleasant details of a Divorce Court character. It contains no intended application to circumstances or events in the present day, beyond an exposition of the unequal treatment which, under the law of this country, is still meted out to women, both in the Divorce Courts and in Parliament. It contains no attack on religion, on morals, or on the institution of monarchy. It contains no detailed reference to the character and conduct of George IV. except in one passage of the first act, and throughout the trial scene in the House of Lords, where the words are taken literally, and without addition, from the published records of the time.

It is improbable that the Censorship will be abolished for some time to come. That is too much to hope for. As Bernard Shaw puts it: "Every Englishman believes that every other Englishman is a naughty little boy who should have a governess to whip him and a nursery maid to keep him out of danger." In other words, the average Englishman seems to think that a Censor of Plays is required to keep his fellow countrymen from indulging in an orgy of stage obscenity. But if the Censor cannot be abolished, it is intolerable that there should be no appeal from his arbitrary decisions. This at least should be the first step towards liberty for the serious dramatist, and it is interesting to note that almost all the leading dramatic authors of the day have signed a joint letter this week, urging the necessity for a right to appeal against such decisions as that of which Mr. Housman is the victim.

A Formidable Letter of Protest.

The letter of protest published at Home reads:—

Sir,—Without touching upon the question of the total abolition of the censorship, about which some difference of opinion may exist, we would strongly urge that the rejection of Mr. Laurence Housman's play, without reason assigned, shows clearly the imperative advisability that the judgment of the Lord Chamberlain, in his capacity as Censor of Plays, should be made subject to appeal.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Rudolph Bowler | Sydney Grundy |
| J. Comyns Carr | Henry Hamilton |
| R. C. Carton | Anthony Hope |
| Hubert Henry Davies | Jerome K. Jerome |
| C. Haddon Chambers | W. S. Maugham |
| A. Conan Doyle | Louis N. Parker |
| H. V. Esmond | Cecil Raleigh |
| James B. Fagan | Alfred Sutro |
| W. S. Gilbert | I. Zangwill |

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones dissents from this point of view in one particular. He writes: "While cordially joining in the protest of my brother dramatists against the action of the Lord Chamberlain with regard to Mr. Laurence Housman's play, I am obliged to dissent from that part of it which indicates the establishment of some committee of appeal or arbitration as the solution of this question."

Haddon Chambers' View.

Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, the well-known playwright, in the course of an interview, said:—

"I have always believed in an arbitration court since the idea was first suggested, and I am sure we would have it to-day if, instead of demanding the abolition of the Censor, as the dramatists did at the great inquiry, they had asked for the referendum.

"I am not one of those who think that the grievance in any case has been a very great one, and I do not believe that the fear of the Censor has ever prevented an appreciable number of dramatists from writing a play they wanted to write. It is fear of the public that keeps the output a small one, not fear of the Censor.

"I do not think I have any special talent for the constitution of courts on any particular issue; but if the Censor refused to license a play of mine, and it was referred, let us say, to a court composed of men who are in the spirit of the times, in touch with the theatre and with public life, men who have been successful in affairs, and who are generally men of the world, with perhaps among them a legal element, I feel sure that I should make no quarrel with the decision given."

The Boomster Again—Another Hall Caine Mixture.

Hall Caine, after the disastrous failure of "The Eternal Question," in London, has ventured a further production with "The Bishop's Son"—founded on the author's novel, "The Deemster," with one scene taken from "Ben-my-Chree" as well. Mr. Hall Caine is anxious for it to be understood that the new production is a new play, a statement that on the face of it is a trifle disingenuous. "The Bishop's Son" is said to hover midway between old-fashioned melodrama and the flabby, bread-and-butter drawing room brand. The story is of brothers and cousins. We have the hard, respectable Deemster contrasted with his saintly, kindly brother, the Bishop. The Deemster's son is a righteous young clergyman; the Bishop's son Dan a wild fellow. Dan is in love with the Deemster's daughter Mona, and

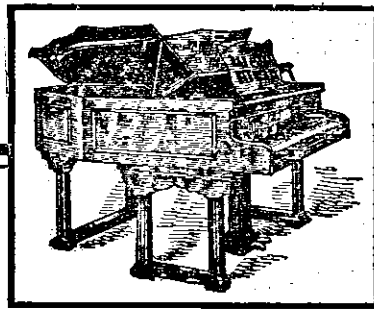
the Deemster suspects his intentions of being strictly dishonourable. These suspicions he communicates to his son, and when the clergyman finds that Mona has been receiving Dan against orders, when she boldly professes her love, he jumps to the worst conclusion. He hurries off to seek "the traitor, the profligate, the monster," and his sister, who might surely have perceived a misapprehension, does not go after him. He finds Dan, accuses him, and brings on a fight, in which he gets killed.

Then Dan firmly turns over a new leaf. He had begun before. His father, the Bishop, wants to get him out of the country—the transformation of the saintly old man into a nervous schemer is one of the best scenes in the play—but Dan will stay and stand his trial, and we hear a good deal about atonement. The trial is held picturesquely after the ancient fashion of the Isle of Man. The Deemster calls upon the Bishop, as spiritual baron, to sit in judgment on his son, and the Bishop pleads piteously for mercy. Some comic relief is supplied by witnesses who will not bear witness, but humour is not the strong point of "The Bishop's Son." Dan gives himself up, and the Deemster is about to pronounce sentence of death, when the Bishop—this was good law, it seems—claimed jurisdiction, and delivered a sort of temporal and spiritual excommunication, or judgment of outlawry. Whether this also is good law in the Isle of Man we do not know, or whether any sentence pronounced by anyone so nearly related to the prisoner could stand. However, Dan accepted it, and it is not for anyone else to quarrel.

Plague and Miracle.

We next hear to the tolling of bells and the chant of funeral hymns that a plague has come upon the island. The Bishop, with sound theology, repudiates the suggestion that it is sent as a punishment for outlawing Dan, but the people are not convinced. The Bishop has sent for a Catholic priest from Ireland who has "miraculous powers," and has no other remedy but prayer.

The priest arrives in Dan's lonely cabin, a shipwrecked man, near death. As he dies he gives Dan the secret of his "miraculous powers"—the preaching of



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calmness, coupled with the use of a mysterious powder. Dan protests that he is a sinful man, who may not go among his people. The priest promptly absolves him, and sets him about his business of healing. So, with the priest's cloak and crucifix, and the wonderful powder, Dan goes forth to "succour and save his people—his task and his atonement."

The powder is miraculous. It cures everybody; it even cures the Deemster, who is reduced to beg life from Dan. There was one dose left, and as Dan thought he had the disease himself, his nobility in giving his one chance to the Deemster set the seal on his atonement. Apparently, however, he was mistaken about his own case, for in the last scene, which took us back to the Tynwald hill, he promised to live because Mona loved him, and there, to the acclamations of the crowd, the Bishop revoked his extraordinary excommunication, and all was well.

The play, according to all accounts, requires copious use for the handkerchiefs of the audience, and, on the whole, it seems to be a characteristic blubby and mawkish production designed to make dollars out of human foolishness.

Moral or Immoral.

Writing in "The Review of Reviews," W. T. Stead has something to say apropos of the definite Eternal Question, which is well worth repeating. "Of the sermons," he writes, "in this new morality play the worst is the last, in which the Magdalen is made to philosophise upon the wisdom and justice of the eternal law by which the woman who falls is damned for all eternity, whereas for the man who made her stumble there is always a place of repentance. But for such arrangement, she asks, what inducement would there be for good women to preserve their virtue? Was there ever a more detestable sentiment put in the mouth of a woman? If Mr Hall Caine goes on like this, we shall have to call his "Eternal" not the morality, but the immorality play of our time."

It seems to me there is no question about it. Hall Caine, in the words of George Meredith, "fiddles harmonies on the strings of sensualism." He is the one dramatist of the day above all others who exploits sex-questions for no apparent lofty purpose. But because he does it under a guise of pulling sentimentality his plays are passed by the British censor, whilst a virile and anti-septic production like "Mrs Warren's Profession" is turned down with hushed voices and unctuous respectability. It is only too true that genius has to suffer the indignities which stupidity thrusts upon it.

Auckland Orchestral Society.

The fourth concert of the Auckland Orchestral Society's present season, under Herr Wielaert, was not productive of any important novelties, but the reputation of Carl Goldmark's gorgeous overture to "Sakuntala" and the Sibelius tone poem, "Finlandia," were very much to be welcomed. The former is a complex work, rich in chromatic effects, which have become such a distinguishing feature of modern orchestral music. The score offers considerable technical difficulties and probably for that reason there was no marked improvement on the rendering given at the previous concert, although there was a little more coherence, and most of the performers seemed to respond more readily to the conductor. The tone poem from the back of the hall on the second night did not sound as well as the previous production of this sublime work, which cannot fail but to attract for the vigour and richness of the scoring. The brass completely overshadowed the rest of the band, and once or twice blared rather inconsiderately. The nocturne from the incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" proved a popular revival, and although the fundamental weaknesses of the orchestra in the crudities of the second violins and the viola, the roughness of legato from the basses were conspicuous, the number was very well received. The overture to "King Manfred," by Reincke, the successor of Mendelssohn in Leipzig, was also given as an opening number, but owing to the restlessness of the audience, sundry whisperings at the back, and the crackling of programmes, it was impossible to form any estimate of what seemed to be a fine performance of this beautiful work. Mr. O. E. Farrow was the vocalist of the evening, singing Gounod's "She Alone Charmeth My Sadness" and "The Two Grenadiers" (Schumann). Both items were encored. Mr. Leslie Moses also gave a Cor Anglais solo, "Lebe Wohl" (Moen), which was warmly applauded.

A Progressive Proposal.

A movement is on foot in Devonport, the picturesque borough that smiles at Auckland from across the water, to found a musical society. The initial proposal for bringing the possibilities of such a society under the notice of the public is to take the form of a light opera, rehearsals for which are now so advanced as to permit of the performance taking place on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd December at Post Hall. The opera is "Chilperic," a humorous work written by Herve a little over forty years ago, which has had a great vogue in its day. There are some people in Auckland today who will recall the performance of the opera given by the Choral Society in 1872. The story is laid in the long ago, when France was three kingdoms, and Chilperic was the autocrat of autocrats, whose domestic affairs were conducted much on the same lines as those of Henry VIII's. It is on various happenings, in which Fredegonda, a pretty and ambitious maid, takes a prominent part, that the fabric of the opera is reared, and very laughable it is said to be. The cast for the Devonport production is as follows:—Chilperic, Mr Colin Cardno; Siegbert, Mr Leo Whittaker; Dr. Senna, Mr A. Hobbs; Fatout, Mr Binnington; Divitiaicus, Mr H. P. Oaken; Laundry, Mr A. Cardno; Don Nervoso, Mr B. Buddle; Alfred, Mr H. Gray; Fredegonda, Miss Knight; Brunehaut, Miss G. Evans; Galswinda, Miss E. Carter. In addition, there will be a number of pages, peasants, Druids, cour-

teers, and dancers. The period permits of very picturesque costumes being employed, and it is certain that the forthcoming production will be anticipated with a good deal of interest. The proceeds of the performance are to be devoted towards the formation of the proposed musical society. There are, all told, 52 performers, who will be under the direction of Mrs Sutherland (conductor) and Mr E. J. Haynes (stage manager). Mr Carl Prime will take the lead in the orchestra.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

Nobody could have foretold with certainty that the Auckland Competitions in the first year of existence would leap into instant success. The chances were all against it. Auckland is notoriously a hard place to stir up in some matters that touch the individual pocket. The people have a reputation for seeking the pleasures of the seaside and the picture shows, but that reputation only concerns a section of the populace in so far that it implies indifference to artistic and civic welfare. There is no doubt that there is a considerable number of people in Auckland who are genuinely interested in the endeavours of the community to promote intellectual culture and emotional refinement. The support of its musical societies, the maintenance of painting, and the activities of dramatic clubs all point to it. In recent years the capital city, too, has been making noticeable strides in a similar direction—more particularly in music. After some passive years of indifference,

Clarke (elocution, etc.)—gave a popular decision. The full report of the proceedings must now wait till next week.

Stray Notes.

Dr. Charles Harris has suggested in England that at all concerts at which his Imperial Choir sings they should open with "God Save the King," immediately at the finish of which the choir should give three rousing cheers. This, of course, is all very fine and Imperial, but hardly likely to improve the tone of the voices for the next number. One of the Home journals suggests that the three cheers should come in as a finale to the concert—but perhaps Dr.



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

The girl he left behind him.

Wellington seems to have suddenly awakened to the fact that the cultivation of the arts is just as important a factor in the promotion of social well-being as drains and wood-paving are. It is unfortunate, therefore, that the capital, which ought to be in the van in the manifestation of progressive thought, should have had to abandon the projected competitions. That it was a mistake, the example and success of Auckland makes abundantly clear. The Northern City was more fortunate in getting "the right man in the right place." The success of all enterprises depends on the ability to organise, to face what appear to be insuperable difficulties, to stimulate the people, no matter what they imagine in the first place, into the belief that the enterprise simply cannot fail. To do it takes a human dynamo capable of generating any amount of determination, enthusiasm, and executive ability. And Auckland was fortunate in securing the man with these qualities in Mr. Scott Colville, the managing secretary, whose capacity was not overpraised when spoken of in such appreciative terms at the official opening of the competitions at His Majesty's, Auckland, on Monday, by the chairman of the executive; Mr. Chas. Hudson. It is impossible at this stage to offer any comment on the performances, which so far have characterised the proceedings. The first day was a singularly happy augury for the rest of the big and busy week, now in the height of its activities. The public turned out in astonishing numbers to witness and hear the various competitors both day and night. The Monday evening's programme proved to be most interesting, and often aroused the house to enthusiasm, particularly when the judges—Mr. W. Paget Gale (music), and Mr. J. M.

Purple Patch of Genuine Humour.

"Mr. Preedy and the Countess" is to be staged at His Majesty's, Auckland, on Monday, December 5th, for the first time in New Zealand. The leading roles are to be taken by Mr. David Jones, as Preedy; Mr. Charles Willoughby, as Bounsaill; and Miss Beatrice Day, as the Countess of Rushmere. Mr. J. Youlin Birch, advance agent for the company, advises that Miss Mab Paul was prevented from coming to New Zealand, and had resigned on account of illness. The "Sydney Morning Herald" described the play as "a purple patch of genuine humour," when it was produced recently in the harbour city. There seems to be no doubt that Carton's latest is a very fine piece of work, and it will be interesting to see what the Willoughby Company will make of it on these shores.

The Eight Pictures—Johnson v. Jeffries.

The much-heralded reproduction by biograph of the fight between Johnson and Jeffries, which the Ma Mahon Bros. introduced to Australasian audiences for the first time at the Wellington Opera House last week are due for showing at His Majesty's, Auckland, on Monday night next. It is said that the film are excellent as regards clearness, and are

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Harris thinks the choir would have no voice left by then, or at least no voices fit to give an Imperial cheer. In any case, there are limits to this sort of sawdry jingoism, as Dr. Harris may find out if he makes the same proposition on this side of the world. True loyalty requires no hysteria.

The part of the hero of the J. C. Williamson pantomime this year—"Jack and the Beanstalk"—will be taken by Miss Sybil Arundale, who is now on her way out to Australia, together with other new-comers, for the big Christmas attraction. Miss Arundale began her theatrical career at the age of seven, and from then on till she was about 13 played children's roles. Then she took up pantomime work and appeared as principal boy regularly, either in London or in the provincial towns. She created the leading role in "Lady Molly," and has also appeared in other musical comedies, including "The Cingalee," at Daly's, and "The Merry Peasant" at the Strand. Shortly after her departure from London to fulfil her Australian engagements, she appeared in a comedietta called "A Ward in Chancery."

The results of the National Band Contest at the Crystal Palace on October 1 afforded, says the London "Post," the most striking testimony to the widespread nature of the movement. Some remarkably well balanced skilful, and refined playing was heard in the championship section, for which there were seventeen entries. The Challenge Trophy, valued at a thousand guineas, and the "Daily Telegraph" Challenge Cup went to Foden's Motor Wagon Works (Cheeshire), conductor, Mr. W. Halliwell. The test piece was an ingeniously-arranged selection from the works of Schubert. The Irwell Springs, conductor, Mr. A. Owen, was second.

Caruso says: "No singer can be called a great artist unless his diction is good. Some persons claim that a pronunciation too distinct or too much insisted upon spoils the real voice quality, but this should not be the case if the words are correctly and naturally brought out. I would aver that a fine enunciation, far from interfering with it, aids the voice production, makes it softer and more concentrated; but diction should act rather as a frame for the voice, and never replace it."

The Carl Rosa Opera Company, to whom belongs the credit of the first production in England of Carl Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth," and more recently of the same composer's best known opera "The Queen of Sheba," has now acquired the sole rights in Friedrich Smetana's "Zwei Witwen" (The Two Widows), which has never yet been given at Home, and will soon produce an English version of that work. Up to the present time the only opera of Smetana to obtain a hearing in England has been his "Die Verkaufte Braut" (The Bartered Bride). "The Two Widows" is a later opera than the one just referred to, and was originally heard in 1874. It has a good plot, and the libretto is said to be genuinely humorous and the music of a very engaging character.

Willie Percy, the irrepressible Marcellin of "A Knight for a Day," now being played at the Melbourne Princess Theatre, is an omnivorous stamp collector. As a rule Mr. Percy is early on the mat at the theatre and carefully scans the letter rack for anything of rarity in the way of stamps. Recently, when in the West, he became acquainted with another enthusiast, who willingly showed his collection. The popular comedian having seen, gazed over and envied, returned the album, whereupon the owner, to the surprise of his companion, proceeded to count them carefully. "What are you doing?" said Mr. Percy. "Counting them. I always count them after I show the book," was the reply. Philately is evidently a pastime that will not have a chance when the millennium arrives.

Forecast of a Remarkable Composition.

ELGAR'S VIOLIN CONCERTO.

By "MUSICAL" in the "London Daily Telegraph."

A SHORT two years ago the British musical world was stirred into a condition of ferment by the news that Sir Edward Elgar, acting on Hans Richter's advice or suggestion, had composed a symphony. We all know now what that implied—Elgar, "composer to his majesty the people," had applied the ability which the gods had given him to the creation of a work in the largest and most important form of purely orchestral music. We all know now the result, how Elgar's first symphony created furore in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester in December two years ago, how three days later its effect was no less great when Richter introduced it to as many enthusiasts as Queen's Hall could hold, and how for a twelvemonth the English master's latest work went the round of the chief concert-rooms of England and of Europe in general, and was even taken on tour, as it were, by one of the most brilliant native conductors England has ever produced. For some time the admirers of "The Dream of Gerontius" had looked forward to the fulfilment of their desire that Elgar would devote his gifts to another purely orchestral work. Neither "The Apostles" nor "The Kingdom" had caused a wavering in their faith, but all wanted a successor to the "Enigma Variations." Rumour was busy that a new orchestral work was on the stocks, and in the making. And for once rumour was right, as all knew it was who were a little behind the scenes. The symphony came, and its success was greater than that achieved, I imagine, by any work in the same form in any country. Has any British symphony previously been publicly performed a hundred times in a twelvemonth?

The triumph of the Symphony led, many of us to hope for a successor, and though this is not the moment to speak of Elgar's second Symphony—I may, perhaps, be permitted to state that it is to be produced, let us say, within the memory of living man—it is the place to say something of Elgar's new "Violin Concerto." Elgar occupies a position in the wider musical world now that of necessity lends an importance to his compositions as they issue from his pen. It is therefore a matter of first-rate interest that his "Violin Concerto," now printed by Messrs. Novello, is to be played by Fritz Kreisler at the first two—mark the two—concerts of our non-nongerman Philharmonic Society, the composer himself conducting at least on the occasion of the production.

An Interesting Rehearsal.

In course of my recent travels to the provincial music festivals, I was privileged to hear a particularly thorough rehearsal of the concerto, with pianoforte accompaniment only. This, however, occurred after a prolonged and most enthusiastic description of the work, its main points, its many beauties, and the rest, had been given to me by the eminent violinist who is to introduce the concerto to the world. Frankly, I have never seen a keener enthusiasm in one musician for the music of another than Kreisler showed for Elgar's concerto;

but this by the way. The concerto is in what are described usually as the orthodox three movements, two in more or less quick tempo, the middle movement being an Andante of surpassing loveliness. The key is, I suppose, B minor, but, to the best of my recollection, the opening Allegro is in D, the Andante in B flat, and the finale in B minor—more or less. The orchestra is small—small, that is, for these exuberant days—such extraneous instruments as the double-bassoon and the tuba being marked ad lib. The strings are as usual; of the wood wind there are two of each instrument of the quartet, four horns, two trumpets, and three trombones, with drums.

Writing from recollection, I can recall the splendid vigour and nobility of the first movement—to my mind, and after a first hearing only, a very remarkable and truly great piece of music—the charm and grace of the Andante, which has a peculiarly fascinating and simple introduction; and, again, the manly vigour and the rich solidity of the Finale. In this last movement, by the bye, is a cadenza which has characteristics entirely its own. Two-thirds or so of it are accompanied, if my memory has not deceived me, by muted strings, which are, as it were, thrummed, horns, and a drum-roll. At the moment of hearing this I recollect imagining that, as on a very hot summer day one may see the heat rising over a meadow, the very air glowing, so in the mind's eye one can see a similar atmospheric glow in the accompaniment to this cadenza. There was nothing definite in the accompaniment, merely a shimmer, as it were, of light.

To attempt to criticise a work of such importance from the hearing vouchsafed me would be an impertinence. But, frankly, I believe that Elgar has succeeded in a very high degree in revivifying the once moribund concerto form, and I believe that that will be the universal verdict when it is performed. The music is thoroughly characteristic of the composer of the first symphony; it is permeated with his individuality, and, indeed, it reflects now and then, if only idiomatically, the spirit of the symphony. Melodically it has many a moment of sheer loveliness—my mind goes back to an exquisite little episode in the first movement, and I have been haunted for a month by the song-like theme of the Andante. Of the scoring I am not competent to speak, since I have neither seen nor heard the score otherwise than in its pianoforte guise. But since Elgar is a past-master in the art of orchestration there need be no doubt in the matter. The day of its production is likely to prove to be a date of rare historic importance in modern British music, for we shall obtain then the reply to the question so often asked—Is this the long-awaited master-work, the fourth violin Concerto in the literature of music?

Opera-goers: "I suppose the prima donna is very happy after getting all those bouquets."

Usher: "Oh, no. She only got five."
"Gracious! Isn't that enough?"
"No; she paid for six, I believe."

MORE BLOOD FOR PALE WEAK PEOPLE.

It Means Strength and Good Health.

Weak, Languid, Wellington Girl Cured.

People who haven't sufficient good, red blood are said to be anaemic. Vigorous health and strength are impossible if the blood supply be deficient or impure. The whole health of the body depends on the blood. That is why there are so many distressing symptoms in anaemia—lack of strength, paleness and listlessness, indigestion, heart palpitation, backache and headache are only a few.

The only cure of anaemia is an increased blood supply. When the blood is built up all these symptoms disappear.

To increase the blood supply, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People can be recommended with confidence. Their one great mission is to make new blood. It is an absolute scientific fact that they combine with food and air to increase the blood supply. Further, they have cured hundreds of people of Anaemia. While so promptly effective these pills contain no harmful stimulants or opiates. They are perfectly safe and create no drug habit. They are carefully compounded in the most scientific manner with the finest ingredients for the blood known to medical science. Over twenty years' record in New Zealand shows how good they are.

"Up to the age of sixteen years I was always a strong healthy girl," said Mrs. Ada Norman, 9, Alfred-st., Adelaide-rd., Wellington. "I went to my trade as cardboard box maker at the age of fourteen, but had to leave it when I reached the age of sixteen. My face became pale or sickly white, my gums and lips were also very pale. I lost my appetite. I could not keep anything on my stomach, and I did not care for any kind of food. My tongue was coated with a dirty yellow substance. I suffered much from palpitation of the heart, and a pain under my heart. My hands and feet used to be very cold owing to feebleness of circulation of the little blood I had in my body. I had a peculiar noise in my ears. Like the buzzing of a saw at times, at other times like the beating of drums in the distance. I was very nervous. I became very thin and used to have fainting fits. My mother and friends thought that I was going into consumption, so I consulted a doctor. He said I was anaemic, and ordered me to the Wellington Hospital, but I would not go. Several told me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A friend of mine offered to buy some of them for me if I would take them. I commenced them, and took them according to directions, and in about a fortnight's time I found they were doing me good. I continued their use until I had taken about twelve boxes. I was then able to return to my trade again. I got my appetite back, and was able to eat twice the quantity of food that I could at any previous time. I lost all signs of illness, and became more active than ever I had been. I have enjoyed the best of health since Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are 3/ a box, 6 boxes 16/6, of all dealers, or from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia, Ltd., Wellington.

The blessedness of poverty is a mere mockery of words spoken from the lips of those who roll in wealth.—"T.P.'s Weekly."

The OCEAN Accident & Guarantee Corporation LIMITED.

Gross Assets (1908), £2,453,030. Reserves, £1,750,113. Income, £1,455,513.
Invested Funds, £2,003,798.

Business Transacted—

Accident. Guarantee. Fire.

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



Stephen Crabb, photo.

WONDERS OF WIRELESS—TELEGRAPHING TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

The latest and most uncanny invention in the art of naval warfare is the adaptation of radiography to submarines. Recently a series of experiments were carried out in England during which the cruiser Bonaventure established wireless connection with the boats running submerged. The new DI (shown in the above photo) proved her ability to give back answers from below the surface. It seems hardly open to doubt that this invention must largely increase the tactical value of submarines. Hitherto the impossibility of directing the operations of these craft whilst running submerged has greatly handicapped them as weapons of attack against a moving fleet.



COUNTESS TOLSTOY.

Widow of the famous Russian writer. She and other members of the family disagreed with Count Tolstoy's resolution to decline the Nobel prize of £5000, and a publishing firm's offer of £100,000, for the copyright of his works.



MOHO-PERERI—A NATIVE NEW ZEALANDER.

The Striped Rail, known as the Patatai, Mohotatai, or Moho-pereri by the natives. It is not an uncommon bird around Auckland, but very shy, and is probably rather scarcer than it used to be.



THE LATE MR J. E. DAVIES.

Mr John Edwin Davies, whose death occurred in Auckland last week, was for thirty-three years headmaster of the St. Stephen's Native School, Parnell. (See Personal.)



A FAMOUS AUTHOR DEAD.

Count Leo Tolstoy, the eminent Russian writer, who died at a wayside railway station, after leaving his family to spend the remainder of his life in poverty and isolation. Crowds of peasants outside the house in which the dying man was lying, prayed for his recovery. For Special Article, see page 2.



W. Golder, photo.

A FIGUREHEAD WITH A HISTORY.

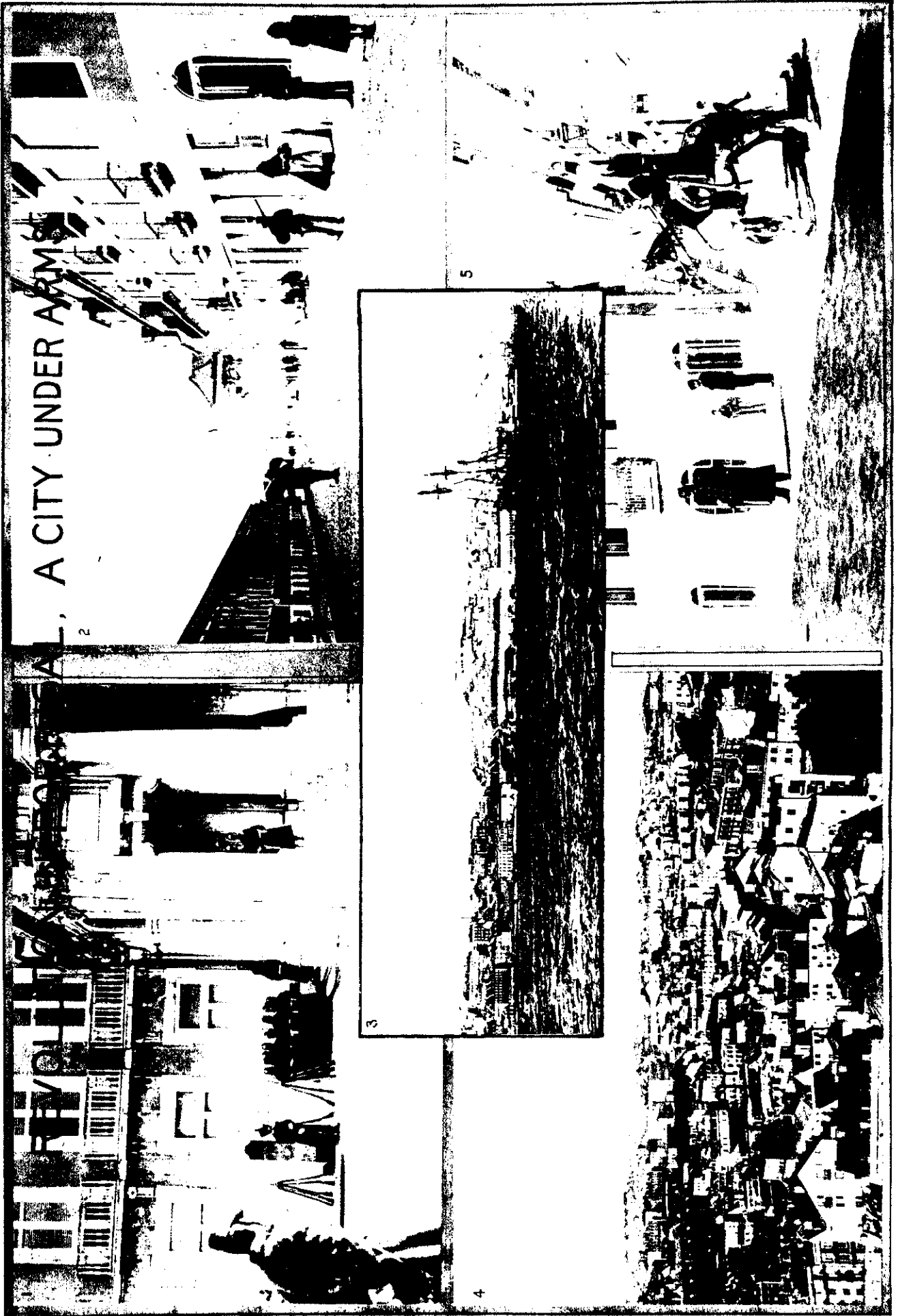
The figurehead shown in the photo belonged to the ship Northumberland, wrecked on the Petane Beach (Napier), on May 13th, 1887. It was formerly owned by Mr. S. Charlton, of Hastings, but recently changed hands at a sale. After the officers and crew of the Northumberland were saved the vessel broke up, and the figurehead was the only thing saved. Five of the rescuers lost their lives.



E. Denton, photo.

OPENING THE TENNIS SEASON IN PALMERSTON NORTH.

Seated in the centre of the group are Mr Pickett (hon. secretary on the left) and Mr W. L. Fitzherbert (president, on the right).



THE SUDDEN AND DRAMATIC OVERTHROW OF THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

In view of the deposition and flight of King Manuel and members of the Royal Family, and the sudden conversion of Portugal from a monarchy to a republic, the pictures given here gain exceptional interest. (1) Soldiers on duty outside the Royal Palace at Lisbon. (2) Troops patrolling the streets of the capital. (3) A view of Lisbon from the Tagus, showing the warships opposite the Royal Palace, ready to enforce with their guns the demands of the revolutionaries. (4) A general view of Lisbon. (5) Civil guards on duty in the streets.

Graphic photo.

"THE RAG TOWN" - THE HERALD OF CIVILISATION.

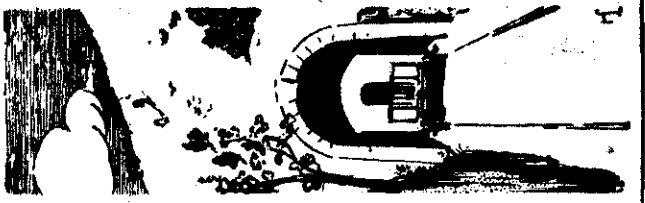


E. Denton, photo.

WHERE THE STRATFORD-ONGARUE RAILWAY IS PUSHING ITS WAY THROUGH THE WILDS.

The upper photo. is that of Mangaree Road, Whangamomona, showing the encampment of the men who are pushing the line through. They call the settlement "The RagTown."

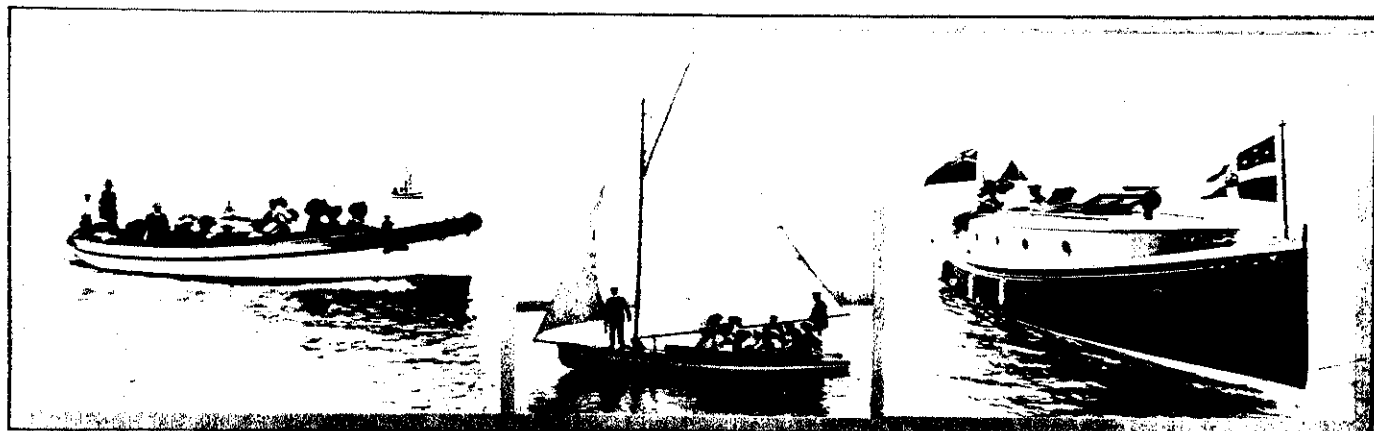
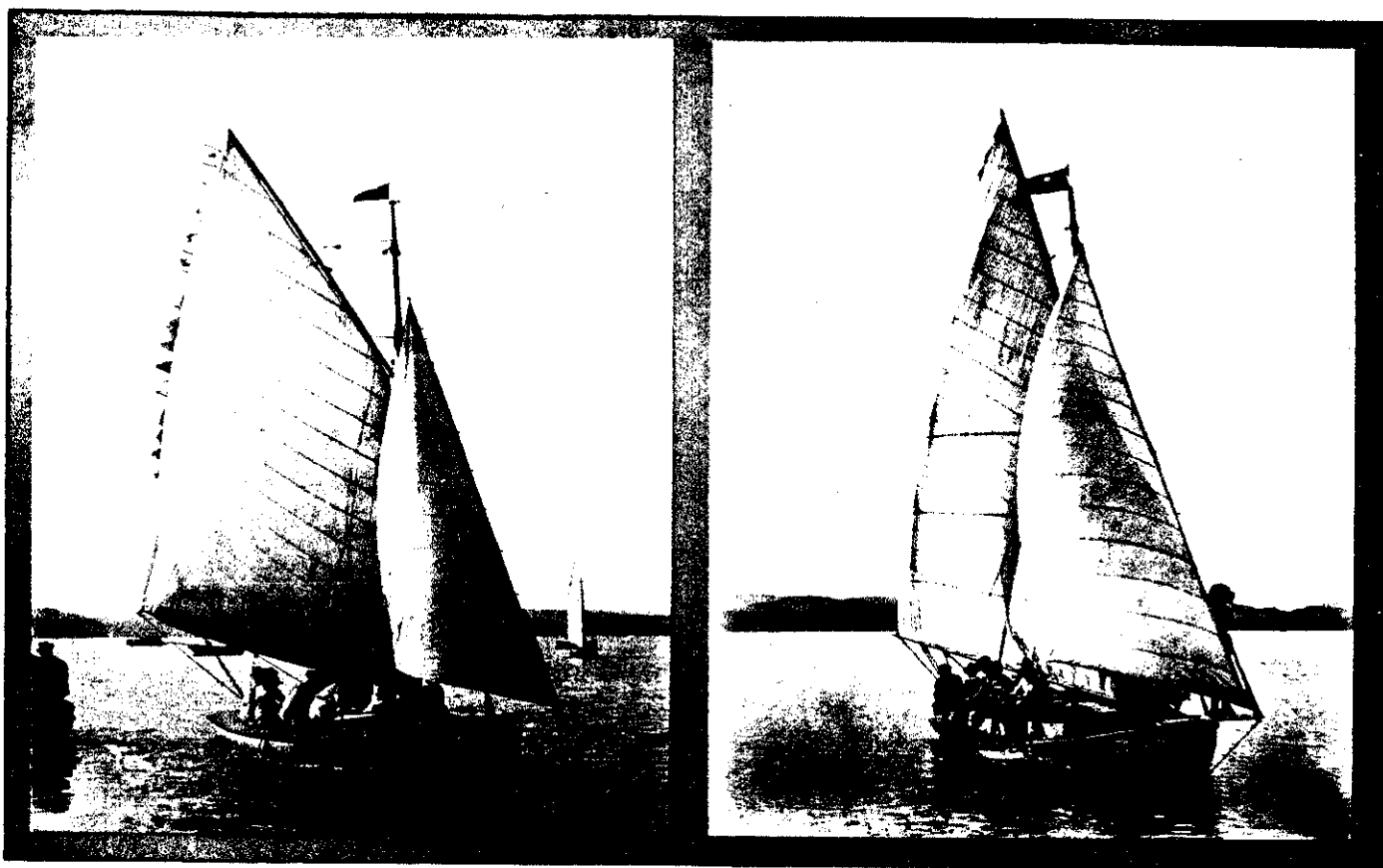
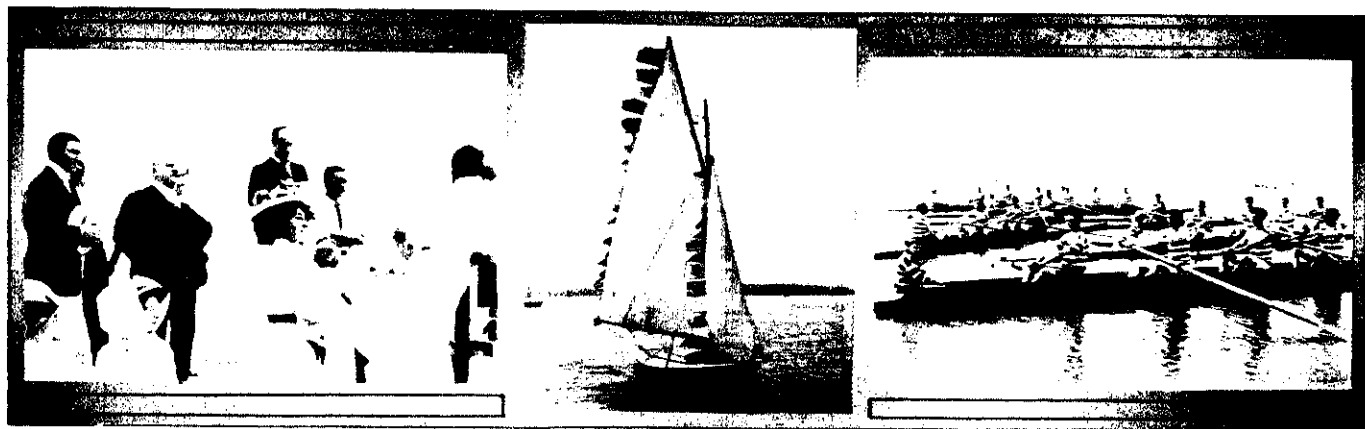
HORSE WILL PANT



ON THE ROUTE OF THE STRATFORD-ONGARUE RAILWAY.

E. Denton, photo.

1) A back-blocks residence on the route of the line. (2) One of the many new sawmills that are springing up in the district. (3) The entrance to the Whanga tunnel on the Stratford-Ongarue Railway. (4) After a heavy day. The wheels of the trap bear eloquent testimony to the difficulties of transit over primitive roads.



Small photo.

NAPIER'S MOSQUITO FLEET—OPENING THE SEASON.

The Napier Sailing Club opened the season on November 12. A large number of sailing vessels, motor launches, and rowing boats took part in the display. The photo in the top left hand corner shows vice-commander Riddell, declaring the season open.



Oliver and Walker, photo.

A DROP OF NEARLY 100 FEET INTO THE MANAWATU GORGE.

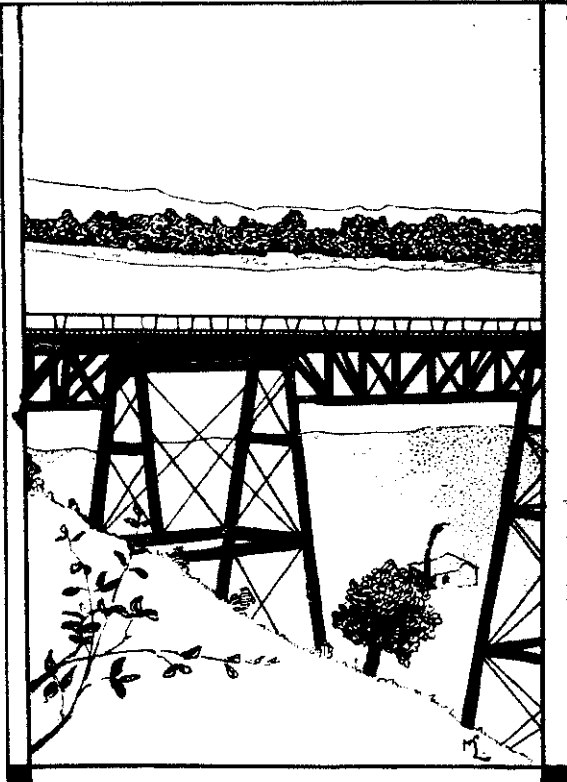
A startling accident occurred in the Manawatu Gorge last week when a motor car, driven by a man named Taylor, went right over the bluff, owing to a defect in the steering gear, and landed in the river, a drop of nearly 100 ft. The accident was noticed from the Napier express, and assistance was sent from Ashurst to take the wounded driver to the hospital. The car was moored to the river bank, and, later on, hoisted on to the road, this latter operation being shown in the photo.



GUESTS OF THE WAR OFFICE—COLONIAL OFFICERS AT THE MANOEUVRES.

A number of colonial officers were the guests of the War Office at the recent British Army manoeuvres. In the photo, some of them are shown in consultation with Captain Dixon, who had just accomplished a successful aeroplane flight on Salisbury Plain. Reading from the left: Colonel Lessard (Adjutant-General, Canadian), Captain Richards (Natal Militia), Captain Humphrey (Cape Light Horse), Major Buckley (Australian), Captain White (War Office), Captain Dixon (slightly afterwards badly hurt in a collision in mid-air), Captain R. S. Matthews (New Zealand), Captain Symmes (Witwatersrand Rifles), Major J. G. Hughes (New Zealand).

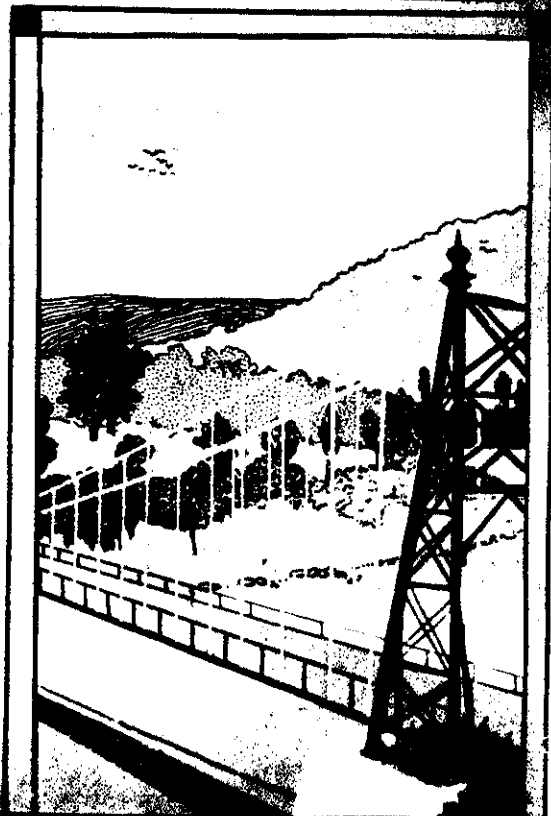
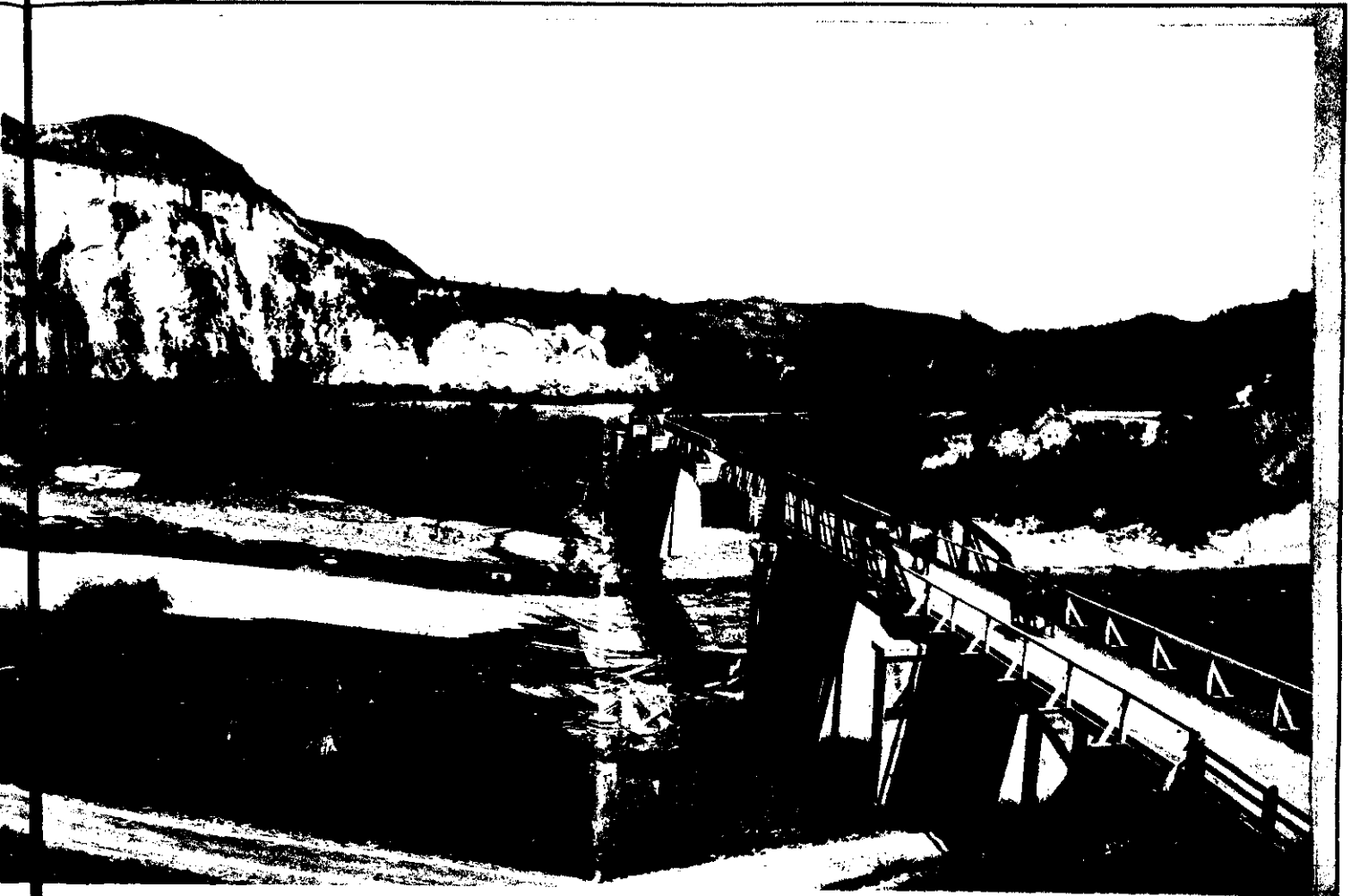
THE WHITE WALLS



Oliver and Walker, photo.

PANORAMIC PICTURES OF THE LOFTY PAPA FACES THAT TOWER ABOVE THE RANGITIMU

OF THE RANGITIKEI



RIVER BETWEEN UTIKU AND MANGAWEKA, CLOSE TO THE MAIN TRUNK RAILWAY.



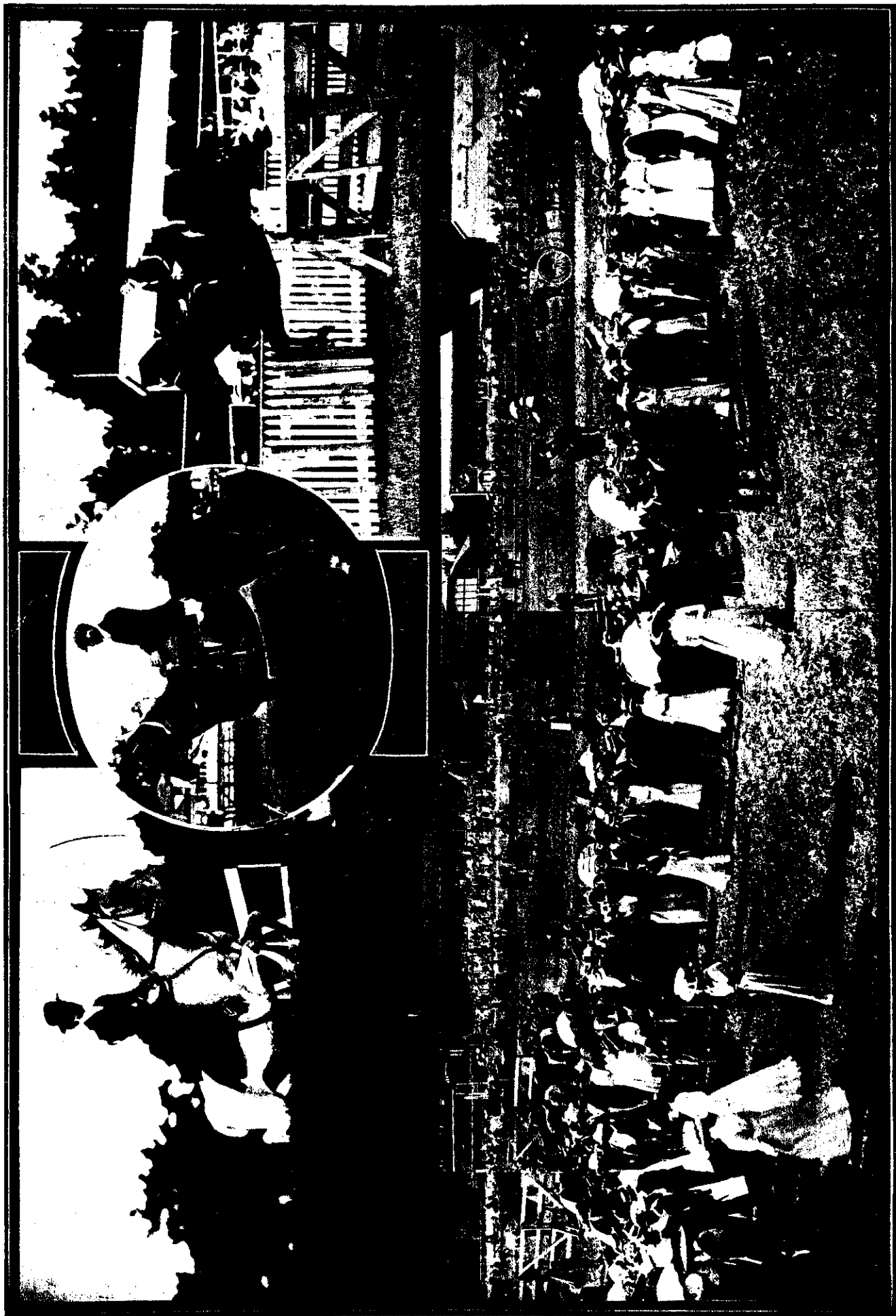
NEW PLAY FOR NEW ZEALAND—"MR. PREEDY AND THE COUNTESS."

Mr George Willoughby's English Farceal Comedy Company in "Mr Preedy and the Countess," to be produced at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on Monday, December 5th, and which will subsequently tour the Dominion.



Tibbitt, photo.

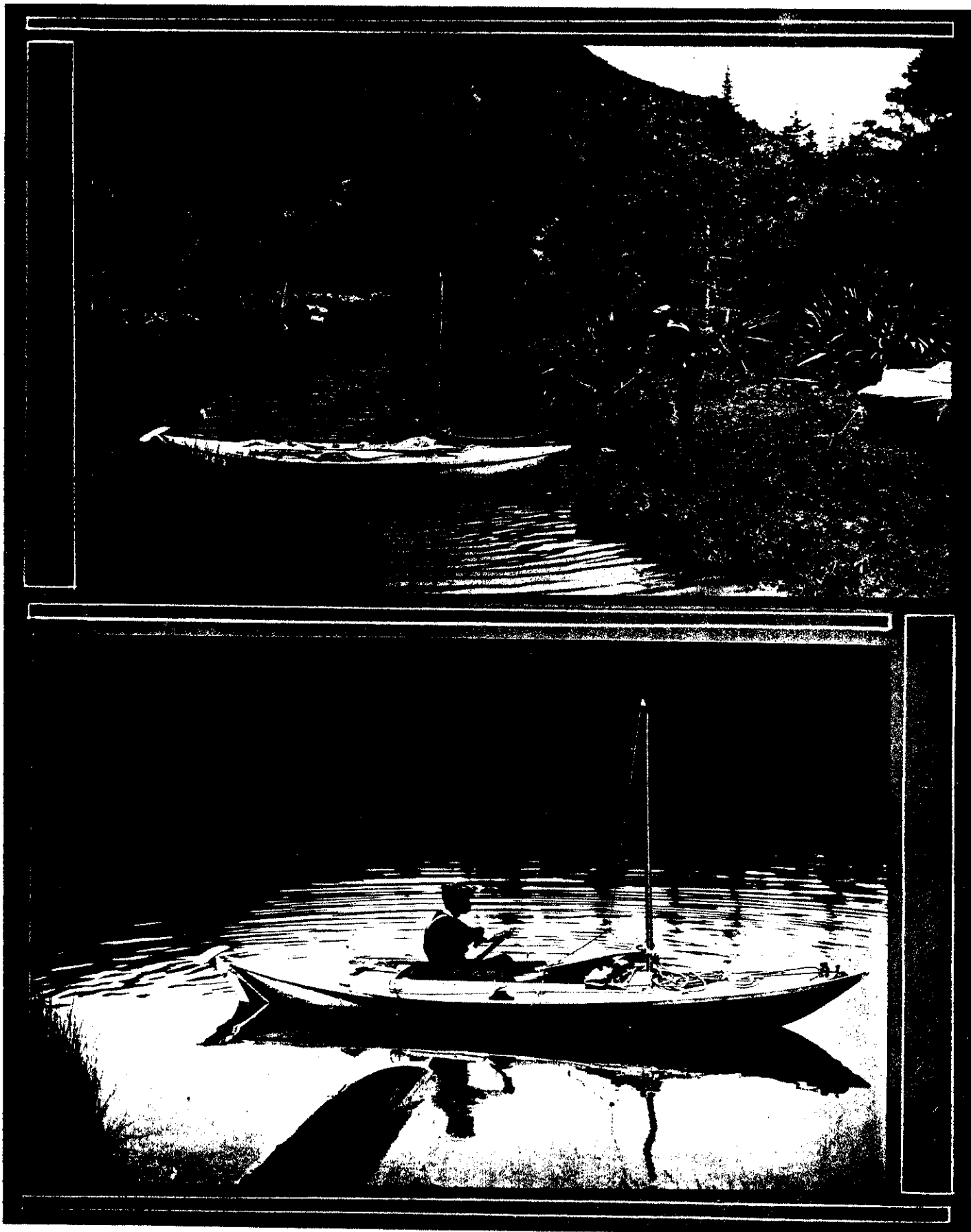
FACES AT THE WELLINGTON GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS AND GARDEN FETE.



Teché, photo.

THE BIG AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL CARNIVAL AT WANGANUI.

The Wanganui Agricultural and Pastoral Association's Show, which took place last week, was an unqualified success. There was a very large attendance, and the standard of the exhibits and competitions was generally excellent. (1) J. R. McDonald's Bee Tray, first in the Ladies' Leaping Competition. (2 and 3) Mr. A. Patterson's Hare, first in the Gentlemen's Steeplechase and second in the Ladies' Leaping Competition. (4) A panoramic view of the show grounds.



F. G. Radcliffe, photo.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE—AUCKLAND TO WHANGAREI IN A "ROB ROY."

Mr Charles Barwell, of Onehunga, arrived at Whangarei from Auckland on November 10th in his 13ft "Rob Roy" canoe. The adventurous voyager declared that he had enjoyed the trip immensely, although it had meant a lot of hard paddling. The canoe is 13ft overall, and on board are carried a tent, provisions, change of clothing and apparatus for wheeling the craft overland. Mr Barwell left the Town wharf, Whangarei, on the Sunday following his arrival on the return journey to Auckland.



Stephen Cribb, photo.

THE FIRST BORN OF THE AUSTRALIAN NAVY—DEPARTURE FOR THE NEW WORLD.

The first ships of the Australian Navy, the destroyers Parramatta and Yarra, are shown berthed at Portsmouth Dockyard, where they took in stores preparatory to their voyage to Australia. The ships are manned by Australians, and it will be noted that the crew is quartered aft, instead of forward, as in the British ships. Both vessels are equipped with the latest "wireless" apparatus. As will have been noticed in the cables, both destroyers have safely reached Australia, under convoy of the cruiser Gibraltar.



Gordon-Jones, photo.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

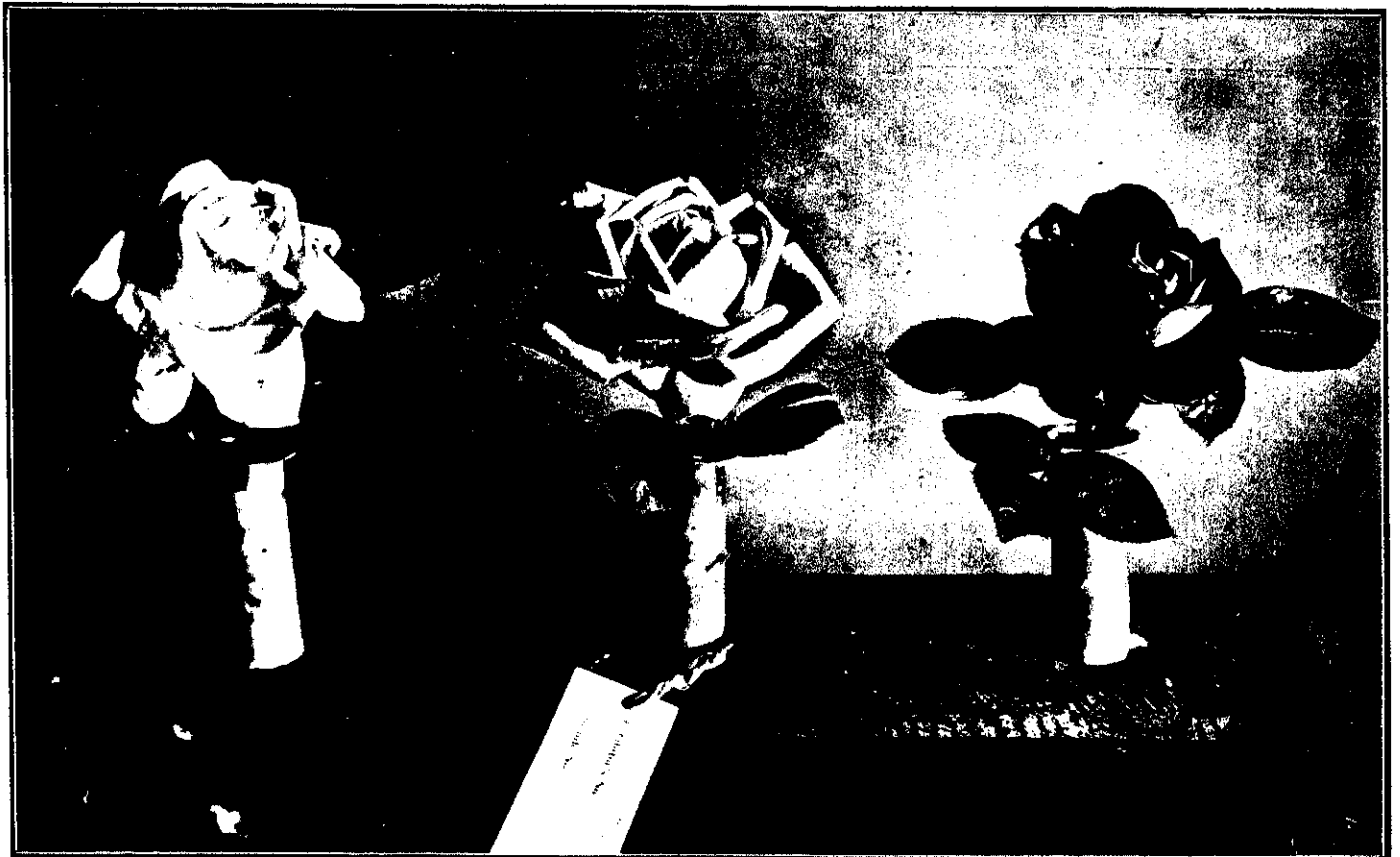
A heavy surf in the Far North, near the Mongonui Bluff.



W. E. LIPPIATT, WINNER OF THE AMATEUR ROSE CHAMPIONSHIP.
Exhibited by Mr. F. H. Brown.



THE CHAMPION ROSE, MRS JOHN LAING,
Exhibited by Mr. W. E. Lippiatt.



THREE ROSES EXHIBITED BY PERCY CASTLETON IN THE CHILDREN'S SECTION—WINNERS OF FIRST PRIZE.

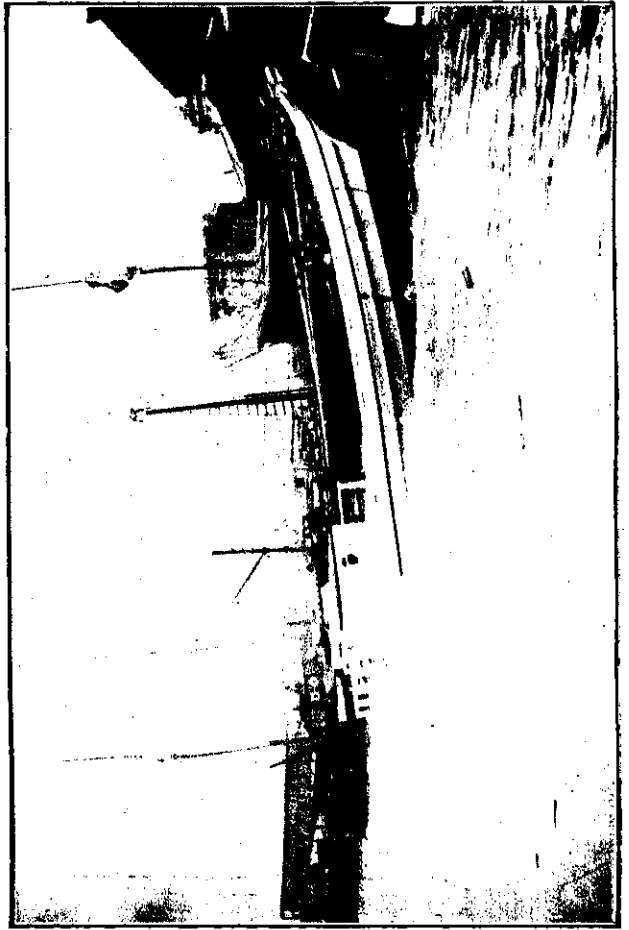
FLOWERS IN SEASON—PRIZE ROSES AT THE AUCKLAND SUMMER SHOW.

The Auckland Horticultural Society's Summer Flower Show was held in the Choral Hall last week. The fine display of blooms, particularly the roses and sweet peas, was much admired by the large crowds which visited the exhibition. Competition was particularly keen in the children's sections, and the exhibits generally reflected great credit on the young horticulturalists.

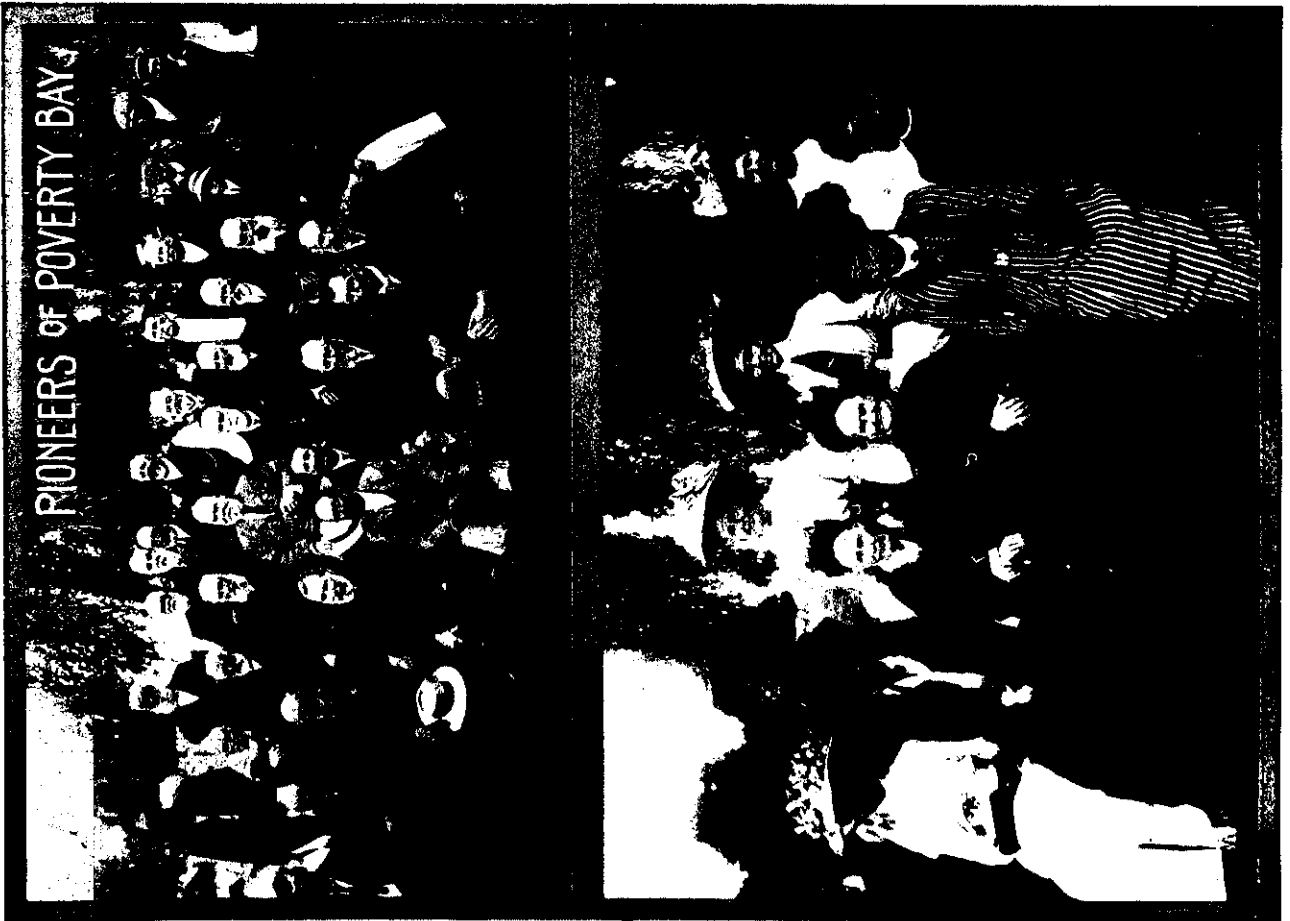
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A PIONEER OF AVIATION IN NEW ZEALAND.
Mr W. F. A. Potter, of Kelson, Otago, in his New Zealand-built aeroplane, which was exhibited at the recent Christchurch Show.



A TYPE OF SHIP FOR WHICH AUCKLAND IS FAMOUS.
On Saturday morning a fine snow was laid down from Mr. G. Niccol's yards, in Auckland. The new vessel has been built for Messrs Wilson, Ltd., and will be engaged in the coal trade between the company's works on the Matarangi river and Auckland.



PIONEERS OF POVERTY BAY

OLD IDENTITIES AND THEIR DESCENDANTS AT THE PIONEERS' PICNIC,
HELD IN GISHORNE ON NOVEMBER 10th.

Here, photo.

LEADERS OF COMMERCE IN THE DOMINION.



MR. P. VIRTUE.

Burkett, photo.

Mr. Peter Virtue, manager and secretary of the Northern Roller Milling Company, Ltd., was born at Maryborough, Victoria. He commenced his business career at Hokitika, in the firm of James Chesney and Co., afterwards going to Timaru. Later on Mr. Peter Virtue joined the staff of the Bank of New Zealand, being employed in various important and responsible charges. For sixteen years he was manager of the bank standing concerns, leaving in 1908 to take up his present position. The present company was formed in New Zealand in 1907, and since that date has been steadily increasing its business. Mr. Virtue is a well-known miller in Auckland, and have share built a large first-class mill, situated at the Quay-street mill.



MR. H. GIBBONS.

Watkinson, photo.

Mr. Herford Gibbons is a well-known business man of Wanganui. He was born at Launceston, Tasmania, in 1838, and came to Dunedin in 1862. He has taken an active interest in public affairs, and was secretary and organizer of the Coronation Festival, and the visit of the Imperial Troops to Wanganui. Previous to residing in Wanganui, Mr. Gibbons held various public positions in Paton. He is Managing Director of the Wanganui Brewery Co., Ltd., Chairman of Directors of the A. and L. Scoffer Flaxmilling Co., Makorua, and of J. B. Clarkson and Co., and a director in the firm of Scott, Niven and Co., both firms of Palmerston North. Mr. Gibbons has large interests in timber and land, and is a shareholder in a number of local companies.

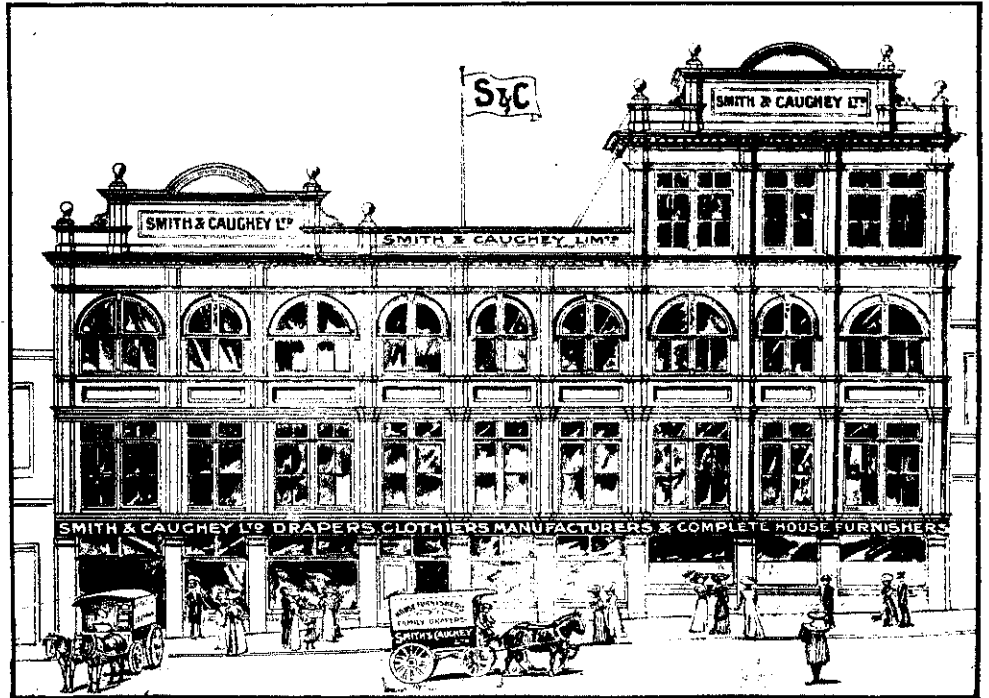
The Progress of Auckland—The Growth of Thirty Years

Important Extensions and Improvements at Smith and Caughey's, Ltd.

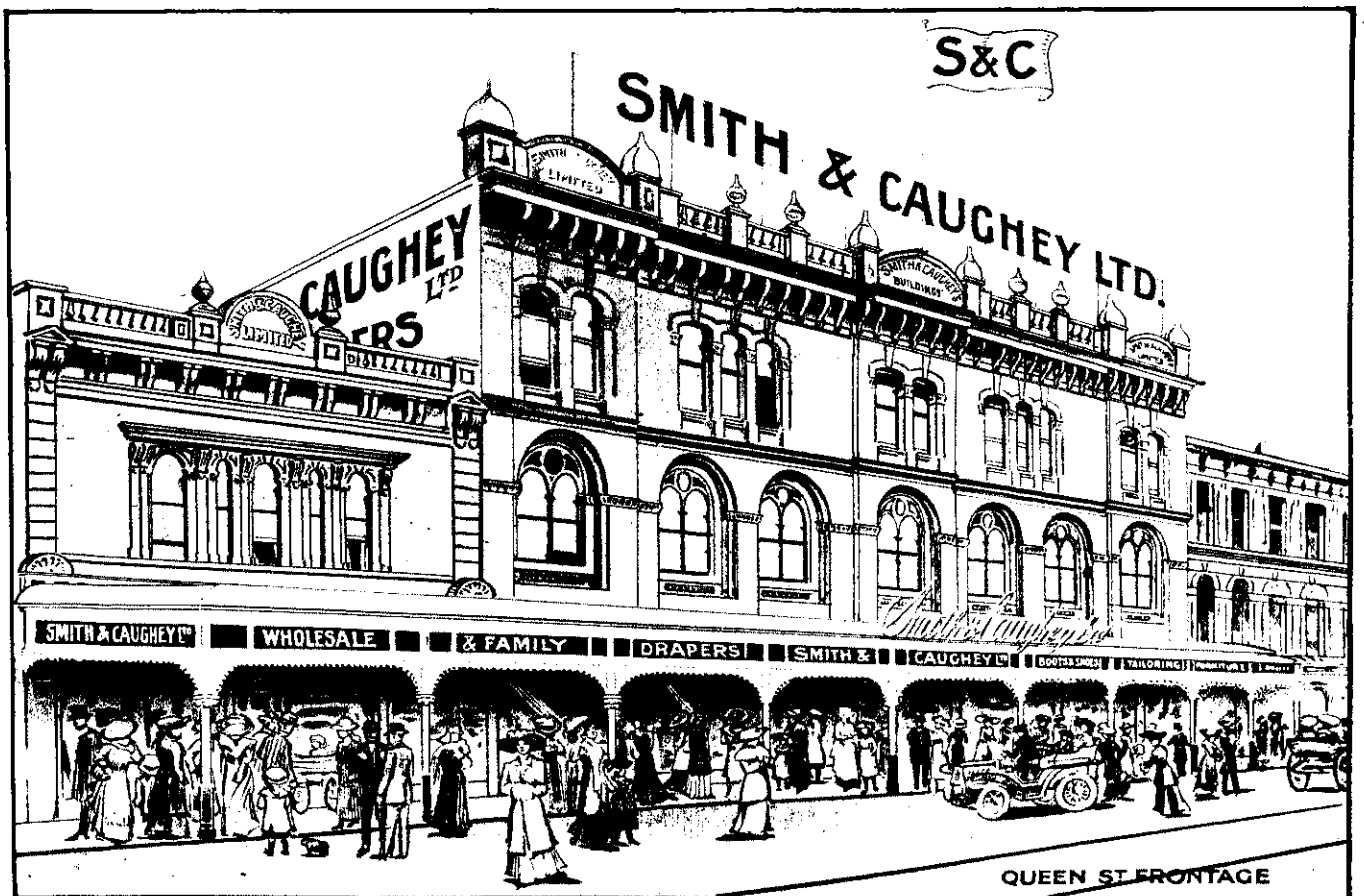
Those who take the trouble to think, who can put two and two together, there is no more certain and no more striking indication of the progress of a city than is afforded by its leading retail establishments, and the elegance, splendour, and luxury of its shops. For, as the wealth of a city grows, so does the spending power of the people, and as this increases, we immediately find the retail merchants alert and watchful, ever spending more money to attract its return, ever showing greater and greater enterprise, bringing within ken of their clients the finest and newest goods, the world's various wares can produce, ever having to increase their opportunities for the artful, convenient, and artistic display of the same, and ever increasingly solicitous as to the comfort and luxury which shall surround those who visit their establishments. It was this thought which gripped the imagination of the writer, one day this week, as he took a walk round the enlarged premises of Smith and Caughey, where

The Improvements and Additions were rapidly approaching completion in view of the spring show which is to take place in a few days, and which, from what was already apparent, will be on a scale and of a class hitherto unattempted in the Dominion, and probably unexcelled south of the line.

What an enormous increase of national wealth, what a splendid testimony of the prosperity and spending power of our people is shown in this business; grown in less than three decades from a modest mercery shop to a vast general emporium—a huge block of buildings stretching back from street to street, with three acres of floorspace for business pur-



UP-TO-DATE IMPROVEMENTS AT MESSRS SMITH AND CAUGHEY'S, LTD.
The Elliott-street extension and frontage, which has just been added to their premises, at a cost of £15,000.



SMITH AND CAUGHEY'S QUEEN-STREET FRONTAGE.



A Portion of the Great Showroom on the first floor.



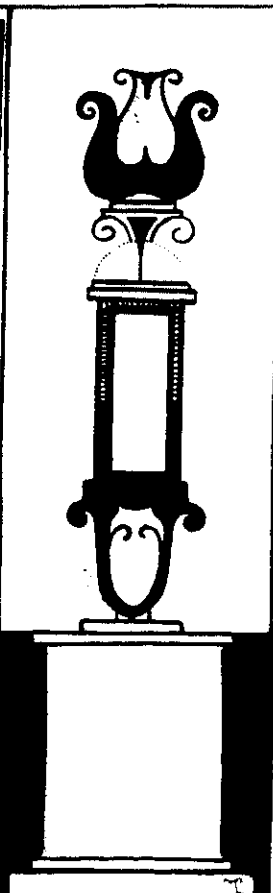
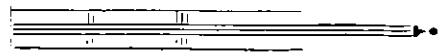
In the realm of Beauty - An aisle of the Dress Department.

THE
TEMPLE
OF
FASHION

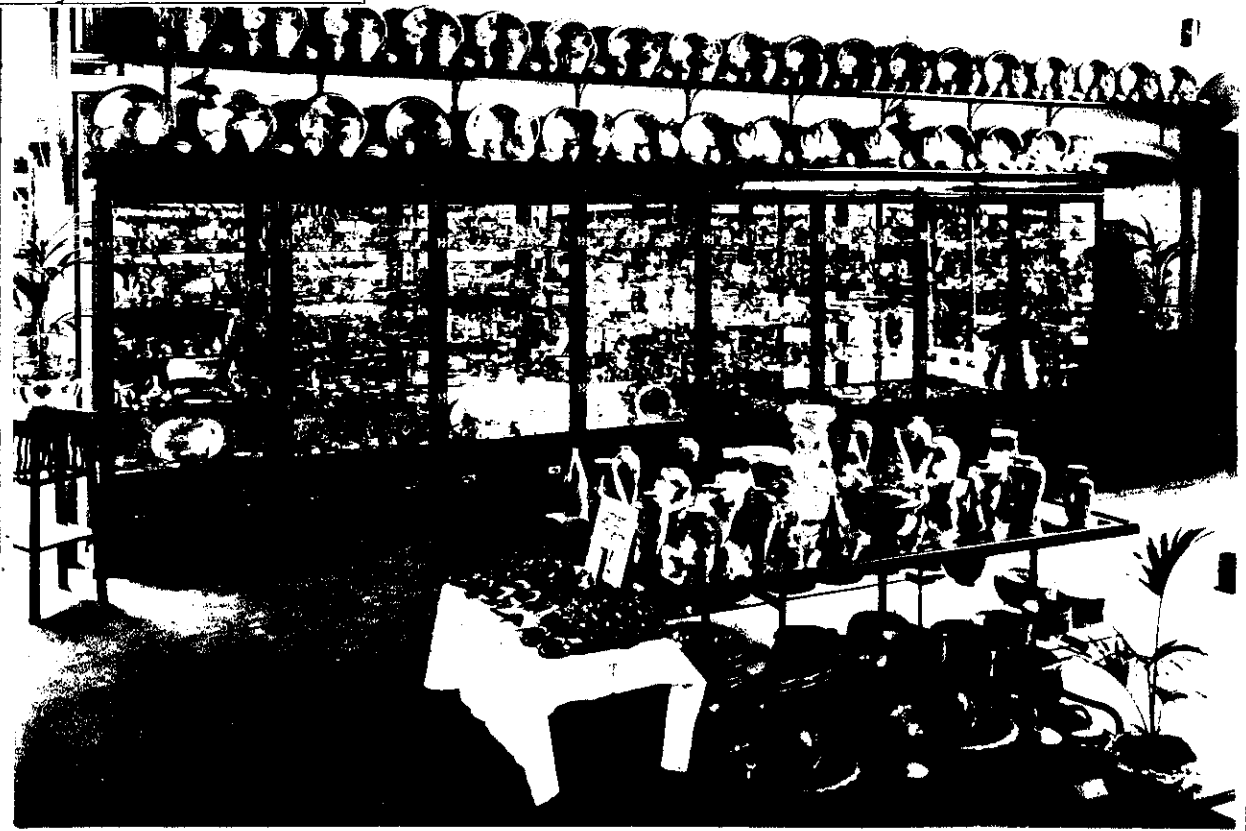
Messrs. Smith & Caughey's Up-to-date Prom

A glimpse of a few of the numerous departments of SMITH AND CAUGHEY'S great establishment. With the recent addition three acres of floor space are available and used in connection with other improvements is an up-to-date system for fire prevention, which has been installed throughout at a cost of £3000. This installation is far and away the largest in the city or Dominion. It automatically drenches the spot affected, and at the same time...

PARIS IN AUCKLAND.



The first floor-The largest in New Zealand.



THE
TEMPLE
OF
CIVILIZATION

Fine Art China for the Home Beautiful.

Premises, Queen and Elliott Streets, Auckland.

the company's business. Special attention has been given to light and ventilation, which are all that could be desired, while its various appointments are in all respects up-to-date. Among the four miles of piping, which traverse every ceiling, intersecting every eight feet and ten feet, and carrying 1000 sprinklers, which, in case of an outbreak of fire, immediately and automatically, by an electric appliance, warns the fire brigade.

poses (exclusive entirely of its large factories outside), and employing on those three acres in the main building, close upon 400 employees. Really, we do not half appreciate the magnitude of such a business or of such operations. Realise for a moment, just as an example of the scale on which such things are done at Smith and Caughey's, that in the new showroom on the first floor 850 yards of carpet have been laid, so that customers may walk softly, and have their eye pleased with the best super Wilton procurable. What an expensive affair! Yes, but how well worth it! For it shows up with most admirable effect the numerous costly clothed and glass-cases and other richly-finished fittings and magnificent mirrors. They are a feature which go to make this perhaps the most splendid, as it is certainly the largest show room in the Dominion, and probably in Australasia. The fitting rooms on this floor will be found marvels of convenience and luxury.

Equally indicative of the growth of population and prosperity, and the desire and means of obtaining the beautiful is the fact that there it has been found necessary to enormously extend the furniture showrooms, those new provided being of enormous size, and quite remarkable for the abundance of light and ventilation.

Spaciousness and Light

are evidently the motto of the firm in the display of every class of merchandise to which they have turned their attention, and one cannot but remark on the admirable knowledge of "effect" evinced in the arrangement of every department.

The beauty in design and excellence of finish in the locally manufactured furniture is worthy of much attention. It is indeed an object lesson, and shows that New Zealand produces skilled workmen and artistic craftsmen, the product of whose hands can challenge comparison with the products of the Old World with

out any fear of shame. By way of giving an idea of the extent of the extensions, one may just mention that 350 new electric lights have been added, the whole building needing 600 and some sixty 400 candle-power Humphrey gas lamps to produce the brilliant illumination, which has ever been one of its characteristics.

Amongst the new departures which will attract much admiration and attention will unquestionably be that devoted to high-class china, glass-ware, and household ironmongery—the lofty mirrored walls, the crystal-reflecting tables, the shining glass and ebony cases, all bearing their precious loads of dainty and beautiful

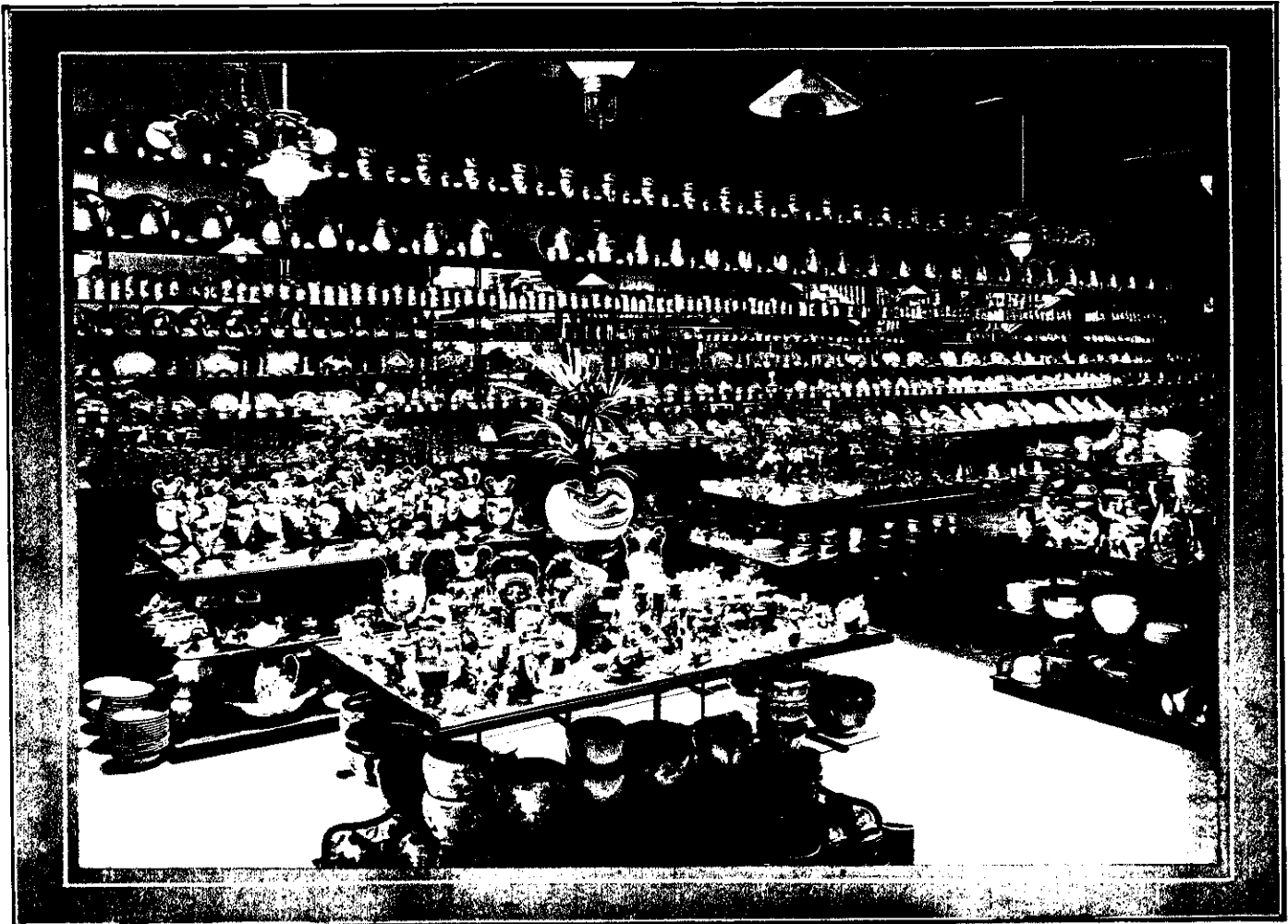
ware—cannot but fail to rivet universal attention and cause much favourable comment.

Conveniences for Shoppers.

The instalment of a second new electric lift in the Queen-street premises will doubtless be appreciated, for shopping is



A SECTION OF SMITH AND CAUGHEY'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.
Artistic draping and furnishings of exclusive design for modern households.



THE MODERN ART OF THE POTTER

A wonderful collection of beautiful art china and glass ware, a new department which Messrs Smith and Caughey have recently added to their business.

Making Steel and Killing Men.

By WILLIAM HARD.

certainly tiring, and tramping up and down stairs particularly wearying; but it is not only in this case that Smith and Caughey have marched with and in advance of the times (so far as Auckland is concerned) in considering the comfort of customers. On each floor are provided luxurious retiring rooms for tired shoppers. The rooms are fitted with comfortable chairs, softly carpeted, and supplied with magazines and writing material, while the adjoining lavatory accommodation is of the most modern character, white tiled walls and Roman-tiled floors being a noteworthy feature.

Mail Order Department.

Increased accommodation for this has become necessary, and this may be well understood when one realises that the special staff employed in this important branch deal with some thousand separate orders a week, sending goods east, west, south and north—the South Island contributing its quota of customers no less than the British dependencies in the Pacific. A stroll round this mammoth establishment is indeed a liberal object lesson, and is not only indicative, as we have said, of the wealth of our people and the progress of the Dominion, but is an eloquent testimony to the value of upright trading and the splendid rewards which attend the same. From small beginnings, Smith and Caughey have, by probity, enterprise, and sound business methods built up the splendid business, which anyone can and should take an opportunity of admiring next week. This already splendid achievement, we have, most of us, seen growing under our own eyes—who shall say what the end shall be—what splendid successes and surprises may not yet be in store?

The important enlargements here referred to were carried out by Mr. J. J. Holland, builder, under the direction and from plans prepared by Mr. E. Mahony, the company's architect, and reflect credit on all concerned.

"I reckon that's what I like about women—you can't tell what they mean—it keeps you guessing, kind of makes you feel lively in your mind."—"Happy Island," by Jeanette Lee.

THE South Chicago plant of the United States Steel Corporation stretches along the shore of Lake Michigan for a distance of about two miles northward from the broad mouth of the Calumet River.

This plant, as you see it from the deck of a yacht out in the lake, is just an opaque mass of smoke, thirty million dollars' worth of smoke. You may describe, it is true, certain dim outlines of multitudinous buildings, like the faint surmises of a dream. You may be diverted by the long rows of slender smoke-stacks, rearing their heads through the smoke and standing shoulder to shoulder

at rigid attention as if they were about to salute. You may be thrilled by the three thin, wavering tongues of flame that spurt up from the throats of the Bessemer converters and fight their way through the thick layers of their imprisonment, like fleeting spirits, to the clear air above. But these things are mere modifications of the central theme, which is smoke, a mountain of smoke, or, rather, a cave of smoke. For the mountain is hollow, and in its interior ten thousand men are at work.

Here, in the smoke on the north bank of the Calumet, forty-six men performed their final earthly act in 1906. Here, at the edge of the plant, just inside the

high white board fence stands the company's private hospital, with fifty beds, a chief surgeon, two assistant surgeons, an intern, and three nurses. Here, in the inquests held in the undertakers' shops in the neighbourhood of the plant, the United States Steel Corporation, in the person of the Illinois Steel Company, was censured six times by coroner's juries. Here, at the time when ten men were injured in the pig-casting department, the Building Department of the City of Chicago was forced to intervene and to admonish the company that "a little diligent thought and precaution on your part would minimize the occurrence of such accidents." Here the number of the dead, who are reported to the coroner, furnishes the only clue to the number of the merely burned, crushed, maimed, and disabled, who are reported to nobody.

But let us make an estimate (and it will have to be a rough one, for there are no local statistics) of the number of men burned and crushed and maimed and disabled in the plant of the Illinois Steel Company during 1906, as compared with the number of men actually killed.

The best statistics on such subjects are those of the German Government, which, as it has established a system of compulsory insurance, is in a position to know exactly what is happening in the manufacturing establishments within its jurisdiction.

From these statistics (covering a period of twelve years) it appears that for every man killed in Germany there were eight who suffered a permanent disability of either a partial or a total character. It further appears that for every man killed, four were disabled temporarily, which, in the German statistics, means for at least thirteen weeks.

If the law of averages is the same in Chicago as it is in Berlin (and there is no reason to suppose that it isn't), the record of casualties at the South Chicago plant of the United States Steel Corporation would read as follows:—

Dead	46
Disabled temporarily (for at least 13 weeks)	184
Disabled permanently	368
Total	598




"HOT TAMALES."

Massive Steel Ingots being transferred inside the yard by a dinky engine on a narrow gauge track.


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

QUEEN and DURHAM STREETS, AUCKLAND.


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



II 7034—Set. Gold and Ruby Brooch.
15/6



G 612—Greenstone and Gold Brooch.
22/6




J 1304—Set. Gold, Pearl, and Peridot Bracelet in Morocco Case, 75/-




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




J 1866—Silver Enamel Watch Bow, 8/6
Smaller size, 5/-




G 2541—Set. Gold, Pearl and Ruby Bracelet, in Morocco Case, 70/-




F 2883—Silver-plated Entree Dish. Makes two dishes, 45/-



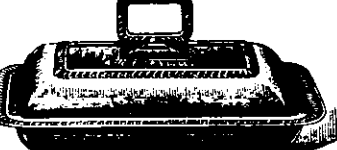
J 1831—Silver-plated Fern Pot, 5/6




G 2569—19ct. Pearl Set Spray Brooch, in a Morocco Case, 2/4



J 1632—Silver-plated Fern Pot, 7/6



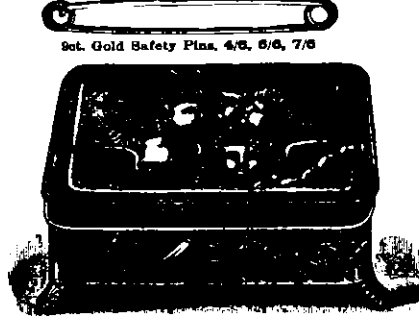
F 7812—Silver-plated Entree Dish. Makes two dishes, 45/-



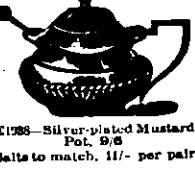
J 314—Silver-plated Kettle and Stand, 52/6




F 6883—Silver-plated Salt Collars, 9/- per pair, spoons included.




G 304—Solid Silver Jewel Box, 5in. x 4in., 25



E 1288—Silver-plated Mustard Pot, 9/6
Salts to match, 11/- per pair



G 5118—Silver-plated Thistle Candlesticks, 18/6 per pair



J 522—Silver-plated Kettle and Stand, 42/-

The record of the long battle in the cave of smoke on the north bank of the Calumet River for the year 1906 would therefore present 598 killed and wounded men to the consideration of a public

that resulted in the physical injury, the physical agony, of human beings.

When the American Institute of Social Service tells us that 536,165 Americans are killed or maimed every year in Ameri-



THE POURING-FLOOR OR PIT IN THE NORTH OPEN HEARTH MILL.

The furnaces are on the right. The pouring-stand is on the left. It was on this floor that Ora Allen lost his life. The travelling crane, operated by his brother, may be seen overhead.

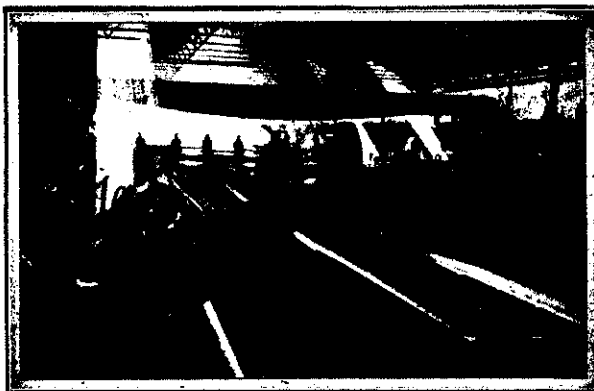
which would be appalled by the news of the loss of an equal number of men in a battle.

And it should be remembered that the estimate here given does not include any of those men who suffered injuries which disabled them for a period of less than the thirteen weeks above mentioned. If such cases were included, the total number of casualties would be enormously increased. Minor accidents are far more numerous than those of a serious nature. The total number of all accidents, major, and minor, at the plant of the Illinois Steel Company would certainly be more than twice as large as the number of major accidents which we have already computed.

If, therefore, 598 men were involved in major accidents, entailing, at the least, a disability of thirteen weeks each, there must have been at least 1,200 men who were involved in accidents of all kinds. Doctors who have been employed in the hospitals of the Illinois Steel Company place the number even higher. They have said that there are at least 2,000 accidents every year. But many of these accidents extend only to the painful scorching of a leg. If the figure be kept at 1,200, it will be a conservative estimate, including only those injuries that may be legitimately regarded as being of material consequence.

Here, then, is the record of one American industrial establishment for one year! It is not an establishment that enjoys any pre-eminence in heartlessness. If it were, there would be no use in writing an article about it. The exceptional proves nothing. But the plant in South Chicago is just an American plant, conducted according to American ideals. Its officials are men whom one is glad to meet and proud to know. And yet in the course of one year in their plant they had at least 1,200 accidents

can industry, our minds are merely stunned. But the specific case of Ora Allen, on the twelfth day of December, 1906, has a poignant thrust that goes through



A RAIL-MILL IN OPERATION.

The white streaks which show so vividly in the foreground are hot rails.

the stunned mind to the previously untouched recesses of the heart.

Ora Allen is Inquest 39,193 in the Coroner's office in the Criminal Court Building downtown. On the twelfth of December he was a ladleman in the North Open Hearth Mill of the Illinois Steel Company; on the fifteenth he was a corpse in the Company's private hospital; on the seventeenth his remains were viewed by six good and lawful men.



GENERAL VIEW OF BLAST-FURNACES

The furnaces show faintly on the left. In the rounded structures is heated the air afterwards driven through the furnaces.

The first witness, Newton Allen, told the gist of the story.

On the twelfth of December Newton Allen was operating overhead crane No. 3 in the North Open Hearth Mill of the Illinois Steel Company. Seated aloft in the cage of his crane, he dropped his chains and hooks to the men beneath, and carried pots and ladles up and down the length of the pouring-floor.

the steel stood up by itself on the cars in the shape of ingots. These ingots, these obelisks of steel, cooled to solidity on their outsides but still soft and liquid within, were hauled away by locomotives to other parts of the plant.

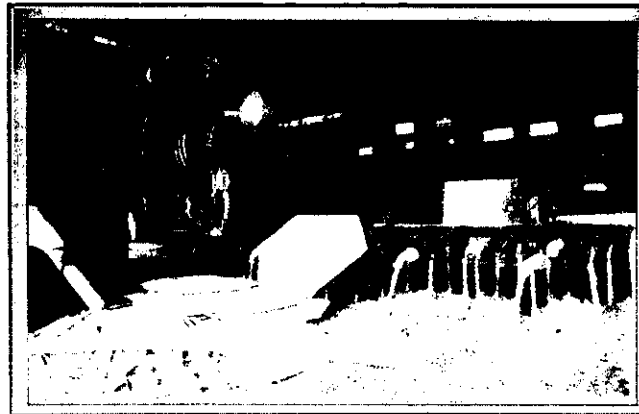
It was a scene in which a human being looks smaller than perhaps anywhere else in the world. You must understand that fact in order to comprehend the psychological aspects of accidents in steel-mills.

On the twelfth of last December, Newton Allen, up in the cage of his 100-ton electric crane, was requested by a ladleman from below to pick up a pot and carry it to another part of the floor. This pot was filled with the hot slag that is the refuse left over when the pure steel has been run off.

Newton Allen let down the hooks of his crane. The ladleman attached those hooks to the pot. Newton Allen started down the floor. Just as he started, one of the hooks slipped. There was no shock or jar. Newton Allen was warned of danger only by the fumes that rose toward him. He at once reversed his lever, and, when his crane had carried him to a place of safety, descended and hurried back to the scene of the accident. He saw a man lying on his face. He heard him screaming. He saw that he was being roasted by the slag that had poured out of the pot. He ran up to him, and turned him over.

"At that time," said Newton Allen, in his testimony before the jury, "I did not know it was my brother. It was not till I turned him over that I recognised him. Then I saw it was my brother Ora, I asked him if he was burned bad. He said: 'No, not to be afraid—he was not burned as bad as I thought.'"

That floor was 1,100 feet long, and it looked longer because of the dim murkiness of the air. It was edged, all along one side, by a row of open-hearth furnaces, fourteen of them, and in each



THE INTERIOR OF A PLATE-MILL.

The picture was taken by the company's photographer just after one of the plates had fallen on a man's foot.



CASTING-FLOOR OF A BLAST-FURNACE.

The tapping-hole is under the big pipe in the centre. The very white place on the floor is molten iron flowing from the tapping-hole across the casting-floor to the ladles.

one there were sixty-four tons of white, boiling iron, boiling into steel. From these furnaces the white-hot metal, now steel, was withdrawn and poured into big ten-ton moulds, standing on flat-cars. When the moulds were removed,

Three days later Ora Allen died in the hospital of the Illinois Steel Company. He had told his brother he wasn't "burned bad," but Ira Millmore, the doctor who attended him, testified that his death was due to a "third-degree

burn of the face, neck, arms, forearms, hands, back, right leg, right thigh, and left foot." A third degree burn is the last degree there is. There is no fourth degree.

But why did the hook on that slag-pot slip

Because it was attached merely to the rim of the pot, and not to the lugs. That pot had no lugs. It ought to have had them. Lugs are pieces of metal that project from the rim of the pot, like ears. They are put there for the express purpose of providing a proper and secure hold for the hooks. But they had been broken off in some previous accident and they had not been replaced. On the twelfth of December the ladleman had been obliged to use the mere rim, or flange, of the pot, and with that precarious attachment the pot had been hoisted and carried.

"Is it dangerous to carry a pot by its flange?" asked the deputy coroner.

"It is," said Newton Allen, "but it is the duty of the ladleman to put the hooks on the pot. I work on signal from him."

Mike Skiba, the ladleman, being summoned, testified that he had attached the hooks to the pot by the flange, but that he had no orders against attaching them in that way.

John Paster, the boss ladleman, Mike Skiba's superior, said, on oath: "I have no orders not to raise the slag-pots when the lugs are broken off."

George L. Danforth, the superintendent of the North Open Hearth Mill, an expensive man, who might himself have been killed on the occasion in question, because his duties oblige him to frequent all parts of the mill, testified that "pots had been raised in the manner described for three or four years and that this was the first time that one of them had fallen."

What did the jury think? It thought as follows:—

"We, the jury, believe that slag-pots should not be handled without their lugs, and we recommend that the lugs be replaced before the pots are used in the future."

As I read the testimony and afterwards looked at that gigantic, that deafening and hypnotising North Open



COLLEGE FOOTBALL—THE AUCKLAND GRAMMAR SCHOOL FIRST FIFTEEN FOR 1910.

This team during the 1910 season played six matches and won them all, scoring 188 points against 12 registered against them. FIRST ROW: R. E. Cooper, E. H. Senior, W. E. Geddes, R. F. Dufaur, F. E. Sutherland (vice-capt.), W. Patera. SECOND ROW: Mr. H. J. D. Mahon, A. D. Dawson, D. B. Lane, C. F. Forsyth (captain), P. R. Sellars, A. J. Dow. THIRD ROW: F. A. Airey, F. E. Macrae, P. R. Olsen, F. C. Blunde. Schmidt, photo.

Hearth Mill, my mind was carried back to the American locomotive engineer who astonished Mr. Kipling when he was on his first visit to this country. The train was just starting across a trestle that looked as if it were ready to crumble away, on the slightest provocation, into the mountain torrent beneath. Mr. Kipling remonstrated, and the engineer, in reply, gave utterance to the whole

philosophy of American business life. He said:

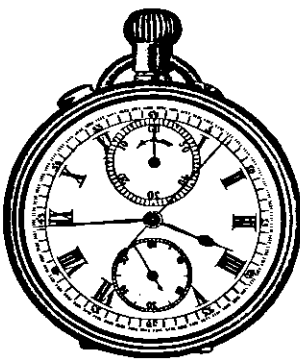
"We guess that when a trestle's built it ought to last forever. And sometimes we guess ourselves into the depot. And sometimes we guess ourselves into hell."

The company will tell you, very straightforwardly and very honestly, that it is impossible to prevent the men from being reckless, that it is beyond

human power to prevent the men from hooking up slag-pots by their flanges. The men get in a hurry and they become careless.

There is a good deal of truth in this observation, as I shall show later. The men do get careless and, under the outdated but unrepented laws, the carelessness of a ladleman, resulting in the death of a fellow ladleman, will relieve the

A NEW WATCH.

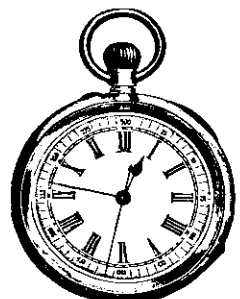


THE Independent Centre Seconds Watch (Flyback) with continuous starting and stopping action from side push piece, and flyback return to zero from winder.

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

SILVER, £10.

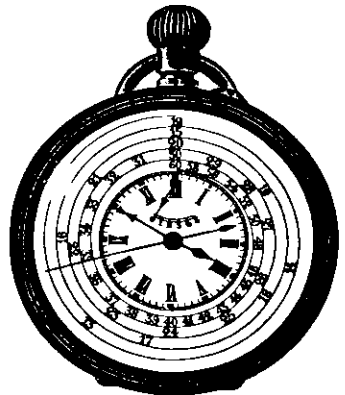
ESTABLISHED OVER 30 YEARS



THE NURSE'S WATCH.

SILVER, £2 15/, £3
Ditto, best quality, £5
OXIDISED, £2 17/6, £4 4/

MILOMETER CHRONOGRAPH.

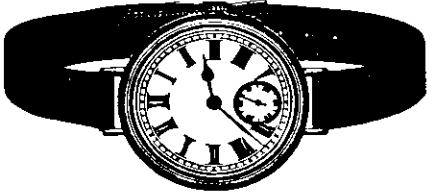


INDISPENSABLE TO MOTORISTS AND CYCLISTS. Etc.

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.



WRISTLET WATCH.

FINEST QUALITY.

GOLD, £13. SILVER, £8

W. LITTLEJOHN & SON, Lambton Quay, Wellington

company from all money liability for that ladleman's death. It is impossible that men in steel-mills should not grow careless. It is part of the inevitable psychological consequence of working next to a three-mouthed monster with sixty-four tons of boiling metal in its insides. But suppose, just suppose, that instead of being relieved from all money liability by the carelessness of a ladleman toward a fellow ladleman, suppose, just suppose that the company had to pay a flat fine of £1000 every time a ladleman was killed. Do you think that any slag-pot would ever be raised by its flange?

That is the real question. And the answer is, No.

The forty-six men who were killed in 1906 in the South Chicago plant of the United States Steel Corporation went to their deaths by a large number of different and divergent routes. Twelve of them were killed in the neighbourhood of blast-furnaces. One of them was hurled out of life by a stick of dynamite. Three of them were electrocuted. Three of them were killed by falls from high places. Four of them were struck on their heads by falling objects. Four of

them were burned to death by hot metal in the Bessemer Converter Department, where, as in the Open Hearth Department, iron is transformed into steel. Three of them were crushed to death. One of them was suffocated by the gas from a gas-producer. One of them was thrown from an ore-bridge by a high wind. One of them was hit by a red-hot rail. One of them, Ora Allen, was scorched to death by slag. And ten of them were killed by railroad cars or by railroad locomotives.

This last fact seems most extraordinary, most inexplicable, until an inspection of the plant is made. There are about one hundred and thirty miles of track in that plant, broad-gauge track, narrow-gauge track, stretching across open spaces, wiggling between dead walls, swerving around corners, darting through buildings, running in twenties, running in couples, climbing up to the mouths of the Bessemer converters, and descending to the level of the lake shore.

Continued on page 45.

"YES, I DO MY OWN Housework"

And the BISSSELL Sweeper has relieved me of one of my hardest tasks. Sweeping with a corn broom is the supreme drudgery of the home, while with a

Bissell

"CYCO" BALL BEARING sweeper it is simply a pleasure. Sold 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.

(Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)




The Development of the Remington

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NEW MODELS, 10 and 11—NOW READY

MODEL 10 With Column Selector MODEL 11 With Built-in Tabulator

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(Incorporated)
NEW YORK AND EVERYWHERE

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER AGENCY
(Fraser Ramsay, N.Z., Ltd.)
Swanson-st., Auckland (left hand side from Queen-st). Phone 114.
Offices at Wellington, Invercargill, Dunedin, Napier, and all principal towns.

LADIES' WHITE AND TAN BOOTS AND SHOES

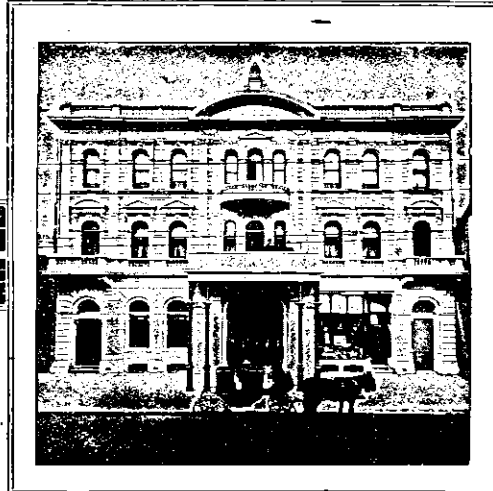
Over 2000 pairs of WHITE BOOTS AND SHOES NOW OPENED.

LADIES' WHITE WALKING SHOES, 6/6 and 8/6 pair
LADIES' WHITE TENNIS SHOES, 2/6, 3/1, 4/6 and 4/11 pair
LADIES' WHITE BOOTS, 3/11 pair
See our WHITE OXFORD WALKING SHOE, at 5/6
LADIES' TAN SHOES, a beautiful assortment just opened at our famous bedrock prices.
LADIES' TAN SHOES, 7/11 to 15/6
LADIES' TAN BOOTS, 10/6 to 20/.

MILLER'S BOOT PALACE

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Cable, "Empire" Wellington.

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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.

ORDER IT IN NIP BOTTLES.

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DOG'S HEAD BASS



AND LOOK FOR THIS LABEL TO SEE THEY GET IT?



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WANGANUI, N.Z.

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.

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.
- Featherstone.**—November 24.
 - Hamilton Horticultural Society.**—Summer Show, November 24, 1910.
 - Auckland Sweet Pea and Carnation Carnival.**—Metropolitan Grounds, December 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. W. W. Bruce, Secretary; G. W. Plummer, Convener.
 - Stratford Horticultural Society.**—Rose Show, December 1st. Autumn Show, February 23rd and 24th, 1911. W. Stanley Cato, Hon. Secretary.
 - National Sweet Pea Society of New Zealand.** Palmerston North, December 7 and 8. E. A. Osmond, Secretary, Stratford.
 - New Plymouth Horticultural Society.**—Spring Show, Theatre Royal, December 8.—A. L. Humphries, Secretary.
 - Wellington Rose and Carnation Club.**—The Summer Show will be held in the Town Hall, Wellington, on Wednesday, December 14.
 - 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.
 - Masterton Horticultural Society.**—Autumn Show, February —, 1911. Secretary, H. M. Boddington, P.O. Box 23, Masterton.
 - Eketahuna.**—March 3, 1911.
 - Napier Amateur Horticultural Society.**—Chrysanthemum Show, April, 1911.—Hon. Secretary, J. G. H. Murdoch, P.O. Box 35, Napier.
 - Canterbury Horticultural Society.**—Chrysanthemum Show, May —, 1911. Secretary, Miss E. Sneyd Smith, Manchester Street, Christchurch.

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, Cockscorb, Phlox, Portulacaea, Zinnias.
- Plant Out Tomatoes.** Cape Gooseberries, Capsicums, Celery, Kumeras, Melons, Chrysanthemums, Dahlias, Phlox, Salvias, etc.

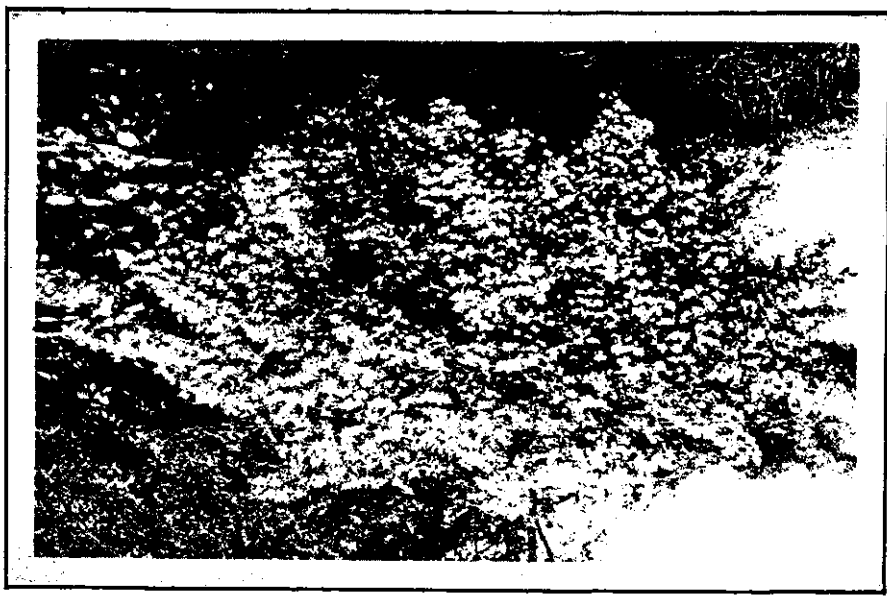
GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

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

of the shrub, and he took it in hand and crossed it with the common Mock Orange (*Philadelphus coronarius*). The progeny turned out quite a success, as is instanced by that plant of sterling merit *Philadelphus Lemoinei*, or, better still, the remarkably fine form known as *Lemoinei erectus*, which is easily one of the most ornamental flowering shrubs we possess, as so well shown in the accompanying illustration of a specimen at Kew. Since the advent of these hybrids many others of the same description have appeared, which combine to make up an exceedingly useful group of shrubs. *P. microphyllus*, if planted in a group, should be so arranged that when fully grown no two plants will touch, for a very much better effect is produced when each plant can be seen separately than when several are grown together to form one dense mass. This advice applies with equal force to *P. Lemoinei erectus*.—"Gardeners' Magazine."

will be the Queen's float (described in these columns). A sweet pea march will be performed by young ladies, under the direction of Mrs. Heap. There will be Maypole dances and other items of interest. A refreshment marquee will also be erected, and everything possible arranged for the comfort and enjoyment of the crowds who will attend. Mr. H. Brett, who is regarded as the most enthusiastic sweet pea and carnation grower in this province, is working out a scheme which will probably be one of the principal "draws" during the carnival. These extra attractions together with what is expected to be one of the greatest exhibitions of sweet peas and carnations ever brought together in these parts, should attract the people of Auckland and surrounding districts in thousands. Some well-known carnation growers in Wellington are expected to bring of their best to



PHILADELPHUS LEMOINEI ERECTUS.
One of the finest of the hybrid mock oranges obtained from the intercrossing of *P. microphylla* and *P. coronaria*. The flowers are white.

AUCKLAND SWEET PEA AND CARNATION CARNIVAL.
METROPOLITAN GROUNDS 1st, 2nd, and 3rd DECEMBER.

Good progress is being made by the committee entrusted with the arrangements for this great floral festival. A committee of about 100 ladies has been organised, and they are working most enthusiastically to make the event a memorable one. A programme for the third day (Saturday) has been arranged and published, and this allows ample scope for Auckland's numerous artistic decorators to display their ability. The tents, in which the magnificent array of sweet peas and carnations are to be housed, will occupy four times as much floor space as the Corral Hall provides. These and the whole of the grounds will be brilliantly illuminated at night by the famous Lux lights, and one of the best military bands will render choice selections. One of the big attractions

try conclusions with our Auckland growers at this big show.

NEMESIA TRIUMPH STRAIN.

This popular spring annual is one of the best bedding plants for the adornment of our gardens in spring and early summer. It is deservedly popular on account of its free flowering qualities, the length of time it remains in full bloom, and the rich and varied colours of the flowers. The *Nemesia Strumosa* Sutton, originally sent out by Messrs. Sutton, although a fine strain, is somewhat staggering in habit. The *New Triumph* strain is more compact in habit, and while the individual flowers are not quite so large, they are richer and more decided in colours, and a bed of them in full bloom is a fine sight. We have seen a fine lot of the *Triumph* in splendid form, growing on Messrs. Yates' farm, and all who appreciate a good lot of compact-growing *nemesias* should try this new selection.

Philadelphus Microphyllus.

This pretty little mock orange is well worth planting, for its distinct appearance always attracts attention, whilst its decorative qualities are of no mean account. It is an American species, which, when mature, attains a height of three feet or so. No other *Philadelphus* is anything like it in appearance, for its branches are fine and twiggy and become interlaced with each other to form a regular thicket. The leaves are very tiny, and grey in colour, whilst the flowers are smaller than those of other kinds, but powerfully fragrant. Upwards of twenty years ago M. Lemoine, of Nancy, was struck with the possibilities

National Vegetable Society of England.

The first annual exhibition of this newly-established society was held at Westminster on September 28. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity with produce from all parts of the country. The quality was very good, but a number of the exhibitors omitted naming the varieties shown, which, to some extent, lessened the interest. The Society evidently scored a decided success, and future displays will be looked forward to. We reproduce several excellent photographs showing the manner in which vegetables were staged at this exhibition, and hope these may be of service to our competitors in the Dominion. We are indebted to the "Gardeners' Chronicle" for the illustrations. Figure 1 shows a collection of twelve distinct kinds, which gained the Duke of Portland's prize and was secured by the Duke's own gardener. Every dish was perfect. Pink celery, autumn Giant cauliflower, Prize-taker leeks, Tender and True parsnip, Ailsa Craig onion, Sutton's black-red beet, Duke of Albany peas, Intermediate carrot, scarlet runners, Brussels sprouts, Perfection tomato and Superlative potato.

Figure 2 shows Messrs. Sutton and Sons' exhibit. The main features were quality and variety and attractive arrangement, the entire collection comprising 113 dishes. The exhibit was awarded a gold medal.

Figure 3 shows the first prize collection of 12 distinct kinds in Messrs. R. Sydenham's, Ltd., class, the prize being won by Mr. Silas Cole, gardener to Earl Spencer. This handsome group comprised Clayworth Prize celery, Autumn Giant Cauliflower, Lyon leek, Intermediate carrot, Up-to-date potato, Ailsa Craig onion, Pragnell's Exhibition beet, Hollow Crown parsnip, etc.

A gold medal was awarded Messrs. Dobbie and Co., for a collection of potatoes of superb quality, including Duke of York, Table-talk, Factor, Chapman, Britannia, Herd Laddie, Crimson Beauty, King Edward, Waverley, etc.,

LECTURES ON PANSIES AND VIOLAS.

MR. CUTHBERTSON'S PAPER.

It is now more than 30 years since I joined the firm of Dobbie and Co. Mr. James Dobbie was then in full vigour, and was noted, among other things, for pansies. I remember several times trying to induce him to grow violas, but he would have none of them. They are only "bad pansies," was his oft-repeated remark: "leave them to Grieve and Baxter." In that you see the old florists' condition of mind. To them, form or outline and clear, distinct markings were everything.

From 1860 to 1880 the old English or show pansy was gradually being perfected, and the fine varieties then in existence have not since been surpassed.

But, even 30 years ago, the show pansy was being hard pressed by the fancy or Belgian pansy, which is so well known to-day. I do not know whether it is because I have a hankering after old things or not, but I think the fancy pansies of the 'eighties were as fine and distinct in their markings as any we have to-day. We have certainly increased the size, and I am sure we grow them better, but the quality is not better, or I am much mistaken.

Pansies can be grown in two ways—from cuttings or from seed. Let me speak first about growing named sorts. Speaking generally, they will not give satisfaction in dry, sunny situation. The wild types love the shelter of a hedge bank, and he who imitates Nature's conditions will succeed best. The morning or late afternoon sun will do good; the full glare of the sun from 11 to 3 o'clock will make named pansies unhappy. Select, then, a position in the garden where the plants will enjoy themselves, and you will be amply repaid. Prepare the ground in autumn by deep cultivation, enriching liberally with half-decomposed cow dung, if it can be had. Fork over the surface. Plant the plants from the cold frames with as much soil adhering to the roots as possible, and, with careful tending to watering and other details, splendid flowers will be had during most of the summer. To obtain fine, strong plants for spring planting, cuttings should be inserted in cold frames in a shady position, and named varieties should certainly be allowed to winter in frames.

THE RAISING OF PANSIES FROM SEED.

This is, perhaps, the best way for those who wish for a good display, as seedlings are always hardier than plants from cuttings, and they can be planted out with safety in most places in autumn, thus ensuring a longer period of blooming.

Results will depend much on the quality of seed sown, and everyone should make sure of obtaining a high-grade article.

Two years ago I saw several large beds of pansies in the garden of Mr. Walsh, the schoolmaster, of Birch, in Essex. I never saw stronger, healthier pansy plants in my life. They were seedlings, which Mr. Walsh told me he sowed in boxes placed under a north wall the year previous, transplanted into a bed facing west early in August, and finally planted where they were to flower at the end of September. Before planting out, several had thrown flowers, but these were picked off, and I think this is one of the secrets of getting seedling plants like pansies, pentstemons, antirrhinums, etc., to winter outside—to rigidly prevent them blooming. They then make every effort themselves to survive to carry out their life's work. Mr. Walsh had no loss at all during the winter. At Easter they were in

winters without the slightest protection of any kind, and have grown into splendid clumps 12 to 18 inches in diameter. I consider the survival satisfactory if 75 per cent or over have lived. The following varieties have stood that test:—

Whites.—Peace, Seagull, Penrithland, Christiansa, White Beauty (very late).

Cream.—Sylvia.

Yellows.—Klondyke, Grievii, Mrs E. A. Cade.

Shades of Blue.—Royal Scott, Blue Duchess Lilacina, Florizel, Wm. Neil.

Purple.—Jubilee, Edina (very late).

Fancy.—Blue Cloud, Mrs. Chichester.

Fifty to 75 per cent of some remarkably fine sorts have survived, and these include favourites such as Snowflake, Redbraes Yellow, Walter Welsh, Wm. Lockwood, Iliffe, Primrose Dame, Arch. Grant, Mauve Queen, Maggie Mott, Blue Rock, Lady Marjorie, Bridal Morn, Councilor Waters.—"Gardeners' Chronicle."

THE VERBENA.

The absence of these charming, old-fashioned flowers from the flower garden is much to be regretted, for there

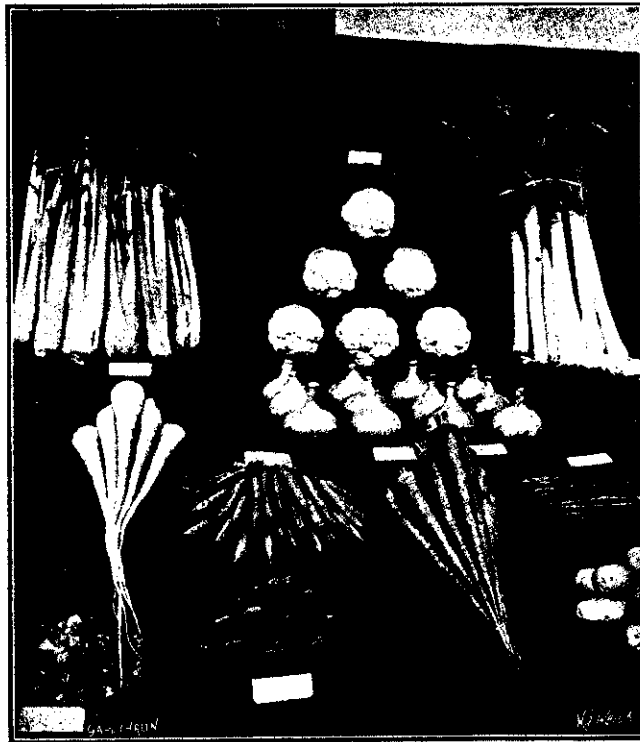


FIG. 1.—COLLECTION OF VEGETABLES

Awarded the First Prize offered by the Duke of Portland at the National Vegetable Society's Show.

full bloom, and such blooms—hundreds and hundreds—well over three inches in diameter, capital flowers most of them.

VIOLAS.

One of the gardening sensations of last century was the spring bedding at Cliveden carried out by Mr. John Fleming. Violas were largely used. They were, of course, much nearer to the wild types in habit of growth and form of flower than our modern violas. These latter are the creations of a host of raisers, nearly all of whom I have known personally during the last 30 years. I do not to-day propose to speak of exhibition violas. If I were addressing an audience in the industrial centres of the North or in Scotland, they would not thank me unless I told them which violas produced the biggest blooms and made up into the best exhibition sprays. But I wish to speak of the hardiest, the earliest to bloom, and the most floriferous.

Three years ago I started to carry out an experiment in Essex to discover which varieties possessed these merits. I collected from the leading growers all the varieties they recommended for autumn planting, and in October I planted them in an open field in Essex. It must serve to-day to tell you which have survived satisfactorily over the three intervening

is hardly another flower in the list of bedding plants that accommodates itself to so many styles of planting. They have been vastly improved during the past few years, and there is nothing that presents a lovelier display of colour if planted in beds and kept closely pegged, or it will form interesting clumps in herbaceous borders if allowed to ramble at will. The verberna can also be associated in its different shades of colour with many other summer plants, and when running amongst these and intermingling with other flowers and foliage it is invariably beautiful. Another point about verbenas which makes them of so much value is the long period over which they bloom. A good, rich, sandy soil is admirably adapted for these plants, and it is simply courting disappointment to plant them out in poor beds or borders, for the plants will only bloom for a very short time and the flowers will be small.

The verberna may be raised annually from seed sown early in the spring, thus getting over the difficulty, where only a small space is at command, of having to keep rooted cuttings during the winter. The seeds should be sown thinly in clean square pans or boxes filled to within half-inch with good loam, leaf

mould, and sand in equal parts; make level and firm before sowing, then cover lightly with fine soil. Place the seed pans in a warm frame or house, cover them with glass or brown paper; do not water more than is requisite until the seedlings are up. In due course the seedlings require pricking off into boxes after the style of rooted cuttings.

If the weather is at all dry at planting time a good watering now and again will be highly beneficial and tend greatly to the rapid growth of the plants.

One of the finest of the named varieties is Miss Wilmott, with flowers of rich pink, and well deserves its place in every garden. F. A. Bevan is lighter in tint, and is a strong grower. Crimson King is of a fine bright crimson colour; Princess of Wales is a good purple, of a dwarf and creeping habit; Queen of Whites is a fine pure white; Adonis is another good white, with a fine big truss of bloom; Allemania is another good pink, free flowering variety; Nancy is a scarlet with a white eye; Regent is a rosy pink with a white eye; Lovely Blue is a scented, light blue variety; Foxhunter is a good, free flowering scarlet; and King of Scarlets is another good glowing scarlet; while the old purple Venosa is invaluable, blooming as it does quite late in the season.

MILDEW.

Mildew is perhaps the most difficult of the enemies of the rose to overcome. The fungus first appears as a white mould on the foliage of the trees, and unless it be promptly checked it will spread until the whole collection has become affected.

The best way to check the disease in its early stages is to dust sulphur powder lightly over the affected leaves. The sulphur should be put in a fine muslin bag and be shaken over the leaves on the first calm evening after the disease is detected, this operation to be repeated at intervals until the mildew has been eradicated.

In cases where the disease has not become rampant spraying may be recommended as a preventive. The preparation recommended in the Rose Society's booklet is a solution of potassium sulphide, popularly known as "liver of sulphur." One ounce should be dissolved in five gallons of rain water, and if a tablespoonful of liquid glue is added the fungicide will adhere much longer to the foliage.

SHOW PROBLEMS.

I will undertake to say that every reader of these lines has at some time or other formed one of the crowd in the tent on flower show morning, and observed the hurrying and scurrying which often takes place in order to get the stuff staged in readiness for the judges. At such a moment, one can think out a few of the problems which present themselves under canvas, some of which may readily be solved while others are more difficult, but in their way they involve show officials, exhibitors, judges, and even the visiting public.

Problem One: How does the secretary manage to keep his temper on show morning? Some, I know, hopelessly lose it for the time being, and they are deserving of some sympathy, but others (and a good many of them) keep calm, contented, and good-humoured through it all. Well, it is all a question of human nature; first, on the part of the man himself, and, secondly, on the part of the individuals he has to deal with, but all men are not cut out to be show secretaries.

Problem Two: How to enforce punctuality at local shows. Dear reader, have you never been asked as a judge to be at a show, say, at ten o'clock, and, when you have arrived, you have been informed that the exhibits were not quite ready? You have waited about for an hour or more before the tents were cleared, and then you have had to rush through your work at a pace which was unfair to the exhibitors. This is the kind of thing that ruffles judges. But how different things are at the show where everything is ready at the time appointed, and one has ample time to carefully examine everything that is presented for inspection. Here again it is a question of method, or lack of it. A good secretary,

who is backed up by a working committee, is always punctual, and never seen rushing about on show day, because he makes his arrangements beforehand; but my sympathy is extended to the secretary who finds himself deserted by his committee at the time when he most wants them, i.e., on flower show day. And struggling along alone as best he can, it is no wonder the man gets behindhand, and earns for himself the unenviable reputation for being unpunctual.

Here we have a problem which an exhibitor is trying to solve. He is standing before a collection of vegetables, with a thumbled schedule in one hand and a half-inch stump of lead pencil in the other. A second prize card rests on the collection in front of him (his own, by the way), and on the next there is the first prize card. No, he is not a cantankerous, dissatisfied exhibitor, but just an ordinary human being, trying to find out where he is beaten, with the object of doing better next year, but the competition is so close that he cannot see where the other man gained the advantage. Who can help this man to solve his problem? The judges might have done it easily enough if, when they pointed up the collections, they had put a card on each exhibit showing the marks they had given to the individual vegetables. In regard to this matter, I would add that cards for the purpose should be provided at all shows, and these should be filled up by the judges and placed on the collections. If this were done the problem which puzzled our friend would no longer exist.

A few days ago four judges and a flower show secretary were partaking of a well-earned lunch after a hard morning's work, when an excited individual entered the tent, apologised for intruding, and stated that he wished to lodge a protest against another exhibitor. It happened in this way. The schedule asked for a collection of annuals, twelve varieties, and in selecting his flowers the injured one had been careful to keep to one colour in cornflowers, coreopsis, etc., while the man objected to had mixed the colours, and the contention was that he had more than the specified number of varieties. I am aware that the schedule meant species, instead of varieties, and should have said so, but the problem is, supposing you show a bunch, say, of salpiglossis, or cornflowers, containing half-a-dozen different coloured flowers, is each one to be taken as a separate variety? If so, the judges in question were wrong in upholding their decision, and not allowing the protest.

There is still some confusion amongst exhibitors at shows in respect of the words "kind" and "variety," and at a certain show, not long ago, a man exhibited black and red currants in a collection as distinct kinds. Another competitor pounced on it, promptly decided, to his own satisfaction, that the black and red currants were distinct varieties, but not distinct kinds, and, on these grounds, he lodged his protest. The problem was discussed in quite a hearty manner, but I am not quite sure whether the protestor was convinced when it was pointed out to him that the red currant (*Ribes rubrum*) and the black currant (*Ribes nigrum*) represented different species, and, consequently, were distinct kinds, with just as much difference as there is, say, between the black currant and the gooseberry (which is *Ribes grossularia*). Varied opinions were expressed by the supporters on both sides, but one man, I noticed, was quite happy about it, namely, the individual who showed the red and black currants, and still retained the prize card.

Sometimes judges are faced with little problems that are out of the ordinary way of things, and in which prompt action is essential. As a case in point, two judges were making their awards at a show where there is a spirit of very keen rivalry amongst the exhibitors, and, as is usual, the tent was cleared, and they had it all to themselves. The classes for potatoes and onions were duly disposed of, and the judges were going on to the collections, when one of them noticed the toes of half a dozen pairs of boots showing under the canvas wall of the tent. The individuals who stood in the boots were, of course, listening to the remarks of the judges, oblivious of the fact that their understanding were betraying their presence. One of the judges grasped the situation, motioned

to his colleagues, pointed a finger at the row of shoe toes, and observed in a loud voice: "I think before we go any further, we'll judge those boots under the table." The problem of eavesdropping was solved, and the way those boots vanished was positively amusing.

There is a problem, not a pleasant one, by the way, which local flower show committees have to deal with, and it is that of the dishonest exhibitor. It is hard to believe that men are unscrupulous enough for the sake of winning a few shillings in prizes to exhibit produce as their own which they have not grown, but, unfortunately, there are, and this kind of thing has wrecked more than one show. Not infrequently other exhibitors know about the dishonesty, or have suspicions, but cases are not easily proved, and men who show straight themselves hesitate about making themselves conspicuous by raising protests. Instead of doing this, they talk amongst their neighbours, cease exhibiting, and the show gets in bad odour. There is only one way of dealing with the problem of the dishonest exhibitor, and that is for the committee to take the responsibility of investigating the first suspicious case, and, if necessary, making an example of the offender. In fact, there is no other proper course, for if dishonest exhibiting is winked at, this is really admitting that it is tolerated.—H., "Gardeners' Magazine."

stamens, and are called "cleistogamous," meaning "concealed unions." The lecturer showed how in most flowers the organs were plainly exposed to action of air or insects, etc. Others, like the sweet pea, are tightly closed up in the sheath of the keel of the flower, and causing the flower to be self fertile.

Very many flowers, such, for instance, as the gladiolus, petunia, and carnation, ripen the pollen bearing anthers before the pistil becomes receptive with the object of preventing self fertilisation, and consequent degeneration. He remarked how the gladiolus grown in the hills has one almost unerring ministering agent for the cross fertilisation of its stamens, viz., the long billed honey eater. The pollen is usually good for only one day or part of a day, but this bird in its assiduous search for honey flies rapidly over a bed carrying the fresh pollen from one flower, and fertilising the waiting stamens of another. These stamens, which at first are well back against the upper petals gradually curl forward till they are often nearly touching the lower petals. They persist day after day, waiting for some good providence in the shape of a bird, bee, insect or the wind to help perform their one and sole function in life, the reproduction of the species. On the Adelaide plains and in many other places where these flowers do not set seed well, it is possibly largely owing to the absence of the "honey bird."

A FRIEND OF THE CARNATION AND OTHER PLANTS.

Where is the observant carnation grower that has not noticed when Aphides are in evidence, a small, brownish egg-shaped object attached to the foliage, in size about as large as the head of a pin, and which cannot be dislodged with the syringe, or even removed with the brush, when cleaning the leaves of Aphides? How many know that the little egg-looking thing is but the remains of a dead Aphid, which has provided food and home for a foe in the camp? An interesting study, which can be observed, not with the naked eye, but with an ordinary magnifying glass. The foe is a minute ichneumon fly, hardly discernible unless specially looked for, but which must be recorded as a friend of the gardener, not that in its natural numbers it can keep the rapidly multiplying aphides in check, but that it reduces their numbers is certain even if only to a small extent. Perhaps then, it will be considered wise to allow the little brown eggs to remain on the leaf. How does the little fly attack the aphid? They introduce their eggs into the bodies of their victims by piercing them with their ovipositor, and it will be seen, therefore, that minute size is no pro-



FIG. 2.—MESSRS SUTTON AND SON'S EXHIBIT, AT THE NATIONAL VEGETABLE SOCIETY'S SHOW.

THE HYBRIDISING OF FLOWERS.

The Mount Lofty Horticultural and Floricultural Society held its usual monthly meeting in the Stirling West Town Hall. An unusually large attendance, mainly of professional gardeners, assembled to hear an address by Mr. F. Caley Smith, of Aldgate, upon "The Hybridising of Flowers." A more correct title would have been "Some facts about the sexual functions of plants."

Mr. Smith brought sample blooms of some 30 or 40 different species and families of plants to illustrate some of the different methods evolved by Nature to most successfully secure fertilisation, also a splendid collection of about 50 varieties of superbissima petunias. "The schizanthus," he remarked, as he exhibited the blossom and its parts, "well shows the catapult action adopted to throw up the pollen so that it might fall upon the pistil or on an insect intruder."

The native Stylidium was an even more notable instance. The Lucerne blossom illustrated the spring action used by many flowers. The horse chestnut the Rhododendron and the Salvia exhibit the lever action. The scarlet runner bean has a combination of both lever and screw.

The small and apparently useless blossoms of the violet usually were concealed under the foliage, and provide the abundant seed to be found in a violet bed. Though having no petals or "corolla," they carry tiny pistils, and

An interesting item of the address was the supposed origin of the many lovely and gorgeous colourings and markings of the superbissima petunia, viz., from the hybridisation of the salpiglossis upon the petunia. Mr. Smith showed sprays carrying flowers and seed pods of both plants and invited attention to the very similar characteristics of both.

Although the speaker had not noticed intermediate forms in beds of his hand crossed superbissima, he had petunias from a German strain, viz., "German Empress," which were very close indeed in size and form of flower, foliage and stems, so much so as to give very good reason to believe the supposition to be correct. Mr. Smith pointed this out as a simple and easy experiment of unusual interest to the gardeners present, and advised its being attempted.

The question of where the pollen from double flowered stocks came from for the pollination of single stocks opened an interesting subject, one grower having seen single stocks alone grown under glass and the resultant seed produced 80 per cent of doubles. The lecturer pointed out that this opened out another most interesting question, viz., is the quality of doubleness as inherent in a strain as that of colour appears to be? In the petunia, at any rate, it is not, nor in the carnation.

At the close of a talk, which was intently listened to for an hour, the speaker urged the necessity of both reading and observation to enable the grower to be intelligent students of plant life as well as practical growers of plants. "The life of a gardener, intelligently lived, should be the most fascinating of all existence."—*Australian Journal of Horticulture.*

tection. When the larve emerges from the egg it feeds on the body of the aphid, and eventually, as a perfect ichneumon, makes its escape through a puncture made in the but remaining skin of the erstwhile aphid. If a few leaves on which the brown eggs are attached are put in a small glass covered "tie" box, the fly will soon come out of the dead body, and can be studied. No gardener should be without a magnifying glass.—A.S.E.P. 7/6/10.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

SWEET PEA AND CARNATION CARNIVAL.

METROPOLITAN GROUNDS, 1st, 2nd, 3rd DEC.

SOME SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

- In connection with the above Carnival will be
- THE MAYPOLE DANCE.
- THE MISSES HEAR'S YOUNG LADIES WILL PERFORM.
- MILITARY BAND IN ATTENDANCE, AND NUMEROUS OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3.

A GREAT PROCESSION OF

VEHICLES THE QUEEN'S FLOAT

And Other Novelties.
The Grounds will be Brilliantly Illuminated by the Lux Lighting Company, and the Largest Exhibition of Sweet Peas and Carnations ever attempted in the Dominion.
W. WALLACE BRUCE, Secretary.
G. W. PLUMMER, Hon. Assistant Secretary.

NATIONAL SWEET PEA SHOW.

The following notes on the forthcoming National Sweet Pea Show, to be held on December 7 and 8 at Palmerston North, have been forwarded to us for publication, and will be of interest to intending exhibitors:—

Ample staging room will be provided at the Agricultural Hall so as to do away with crowding.

To class 28 for table decorations (no table centres and clear glass vases only), is allotted the New Zealand championship trophy (value 5gs), presented by the ladies of Palmerston North. The regulations governing this class are similar to those adopted by the English society, which provides vases for the purpose, the idea, of course, being to put all entrants upon an equality as regards casual material. Most societies nowadays follow this plan, but there are still many lady decorators who prefer to use their own vases and table centres, and unquestionably the beauty of the receptacles much enhances the general effect. I remember seeing at a country show in England a table arranged with William Allen Richardson roses, tawny russet autumn foliage and trailing honeysuckle, set up in greenish-bronze rustic vase, the holders so har-

ray, to wit, the well-known florist of Wellington.

By all accounts all the sweet pea amateurs of New Zealand are breathlessly awaiting the 7th and 8th of December, and most, if not all, will be represented in exhibits or in person. Intending members would do well to communicate at once with the secretary, and forward their annual subscription, as full membership will be requisite at the first annual meeting to enjoy voting power.

A Wellington enthusiast, writing on the 16th inst., says: "No sweet peas are out yet; the season for same has been a late one with us."

REMEDY FOR APHIS ON ROSES.

Here is the remedy suggested by Mr. Theobald in his valuable article:—

"Aphis may easily be kept in check on roses by spraying, but this must be done with care. The writer has seen roses as badly damaged by the washes used as by the green fly.

"The reason is the rose will not stand any strong corrosive spray. A particular rose may do so at one time, but at another it will have its foliage ruined. Moveover, a strong corrosive wash is

CANTERBURY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

We are advised by Miss E. Sneyd-Smith, secretary of the Canterbury Horticultural Society, that the committee have been reluctantly compelled to abandon the Rose Show for this year, owing to the effects of the sharp frost in October, and the subsequent dry weather and hot winds. However, the committee are considering the advisability of holding a combined show of roses, sweet peas, and carnations in January, particulars of which will be published later.

SOME GOOD COTONEASTERS.

The evergreen varieties of these pretty spreading shrubs are excellent subjects for growing amongst rockwork, or for covering low walls they are also splendid; in fact, they are one of the most useful class of hardy shrubs that can be utilised for the purpose. For planting on shady banks underneath trees or any similar situation where something is wanted to cover the ground quickly, some of the varieties, notably *C. microphylla*, are also very useful. They are in most

is altogether finer in texture and much less vigorous in growth than the first-named.

C. CONGESTA.

This is in every way a charming variety, and a most excellent subject for the rockery.

A few of these planted at intervals irregularly throughout the rock garden provide a most effective appearance; more especially in the winter do they seem more showy and conspicuous with the thick mass of bright green foliage showing out so prominently on what is then rather bare surroundings.

It is also of a fine, dwarf, spreading habit, the trailing growths clinging closely to the stones or taking root in the soil, as they creep over the ground. It is of a fairly vigorous habit of growth, and should not be planted too closely to other subjects, though the occasional use of the knife will prevent its encroaching too far from its allotted space. The berries are of a scarlet colour, though they are not produced very freely with us; but this is well compensated for by the decorative value of the small, roundish green leaves.

C. HORIZONTALIS

Is very desirable for covering low walls, and also, if allowed plenty of space, on rockwork it is very effective.



FIG. 3.—THE FIRST PRIZE EXHIBIT IN MESSRS R. SYDENHAM'S CLASS FOR COLLECTIONS, AT THE NATIONAL VEGETABLE SOCIETY'S SHOW.

monising with the colour scheme as to make the tout ensemble magical.

In class 29 (any vases, any table centres), those who prefer to introduce interesting ornaments to complete the symphony of their table decorations, will have latitude to illustrate their views in this most difficult art of flower arrangement. A bowl, a vase, and an epergne of sweet peas have each a place in this group, with a prize of half a guinea to each. A bowl of dark blue flowers is always charming. Captain of the Blues, Mid Blue, or Lord Nelson will look well in great masses, and the effect is enhanced by the addition of such a pale blue as Flora Norton Spencer affords. Vases and epergnes are more kitch-cattle things, demanding great skill in their composition, and above all graceful and appropriate grasses and foliage to sustain the airy character of lightness, the "Sweet peas on tiptoe" "winging for a flight" sort of effect—a difficult impression to create, but those who do succeed are true artists in their line. Exhibitors in these fascinating classes will have the satisfaction of knowing that their efforts will be approved or reproached by one of the best judges in New Zealand—Miss Mur-

not necessary to kill aphides. All that we have to do is to block up the breathing pores, and so asphyxiate them. This may be done with simple soft soap and water. For the spraying of roses you must get the best soap, and not use more than one pound to twenty-five gallons of water. To this may be added two and a half pounds of quassia chips. The effect of the latter is undoubtedly most beneficial, for it acts as a stimulant and cleanse to the leaves, and by many growers is said to have a direct effect on the aphides. The soft soap, of course, has some corrosive power, for it contains caustic soda (about 4 per cent.).

"This soft soap and quassia wash is made as follows: Dissolve the soap in boiling soft water; boil the quassia chips, and let them simmer for about twelve hours, adding water enough to keep them covered. Every now and then strain off the liquid extract and pour into the dissolved soft soap, and well stir, and lastly, add the full quantity of water of dilution.

"This is all that is required to kill aphid. . . . To clear the roses we must spray twice in succession on two consecutive days.

"Nicotine is an excellent insecticide, and may be safely used with soft soap."

cases very ornamental both in the foliage and habit of growth, and in autumn are further enhanced in beauty by the small, bright red or scarlet berries which are then produced more or less freely on some of the varieties.

C. MICROPHYLLA.

This is one of the most commonly grown of the Cotoneasters, and that which is generally used for old walls, etc., in the roughest portion of the garden. For such a purpose it is very well adapted, and also, as above noted, it succeeds well on a shady bank. It has long trailing or spreading growths which take root in the soil, as they move over the ground, and consequently soon form into a dense, thick mass. The leaves are very narrow, and only about 1/4 in long, and of a very dark shade of green.

The berries are of a bright red colour, and are produced more freely in some seasons than others, and when grown in the shade very rarely are they seen at all.

C. THYMIFOLIA.

The Thyme-leaved Cotoneaster, as *C. thymifolia* is oftentimes called, is a very good form for growing on rockwork.

It is very similar to *C. microphylla* in habit and style of growth, also in the dark shade of the evergreen leaves, but it

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It is very ornamental in appearance and habit, the branching horizontal growths being somewhat fanlike in shape, or might even be likened unto the fronds of some species of fern. The pale pinkish-coloured berries, which are, as a rule, freely produced in this variety, lend a pleasant effect in autumn, also the beautiful bronzed and reddish tints which the leaves take on at that time when they begin to decay.

For the sake of the autumn tints alone this variety is well worthy of being grown, for, excepting in the most exposed and cold districts, the process of decay in the foliage is very slow, and the tints remain in great beauty far into the winter. Being of a rather vigorous habit of growth, plenty of room must be allowed for the extension of the branches, for if too much pruning or cutting back is resorted to its effective habit is somewhat spoiled, for a time at least.

CULTURE AND PROPAGATION.

Little need be said on this point, as Colonelasters are very easily grown subjects, and once they are properly established they will thrive well enough without the slightest further attention. Ordinary garden soil, such as one would accord to the general run of hardy plants, suits their requirements very well.

If it is desired to increase the stock, this may be readily done by means of layering a few of the branches. With those varieties, as previously noted, where the trailing growths root in the soil unaided, all that is required is to lift some of the best-rooted pieces, and re-plant at once where they are wanted, or rooting may be encouraged by pegging down a few branches into the ground and covering over with some fresh soil.

BRIER BUSH.

Making Steel and Killing Men.

Continued from page 40.

And there are cars, cars carrying coke, cars carrying limestone, cars carrying ladles of liquid iron, cars carrying pots of hot slag, cars carrying ingots of red steel.

As things stand to-day, the men have come to expect the danger signs to be supplemented by face puffing and changing of the locomotive and by the cries of the engineer.

This point of view was admirably illustrated by a man who was injured not long ago, but who fortunately recovered. He described his accident succinctly as follows:—

"No choo choo! No ling ling! No God damn you out of the way! Just ran over!"

The only death-dealing force that exceeded the railroad in the Illinois Steel Company plant was the blast-furnace.

There are eleven blast-furnaces in the plant. Each of them is a fire-brick and cast-iron giant a hundred and fifty feet high and containing from six hundred to a thousand tons of tumultuous material. When you feed it at its top with coke, limestone, and iron ore, you cannot tell exactly what is happening inside it, until, from the tapping-hole at its base, you withdraw the pure iron and the refuse that is called slag. Its digestive tract is too long and too well concealed. A blast-furnace is like a human being. When it is in trouble you have to make a diagnostic guess from the outside.

On the ninth of last October, at about ten o'clock in the evening, Walter Stelmazyk, a sample-boy, went to one of the blast-furnaces to get a sample of iron to take to the laboratory. He stood at one of the entrances to the platform. The bright, liquid iron was running out of its tapping-hole and flowing in a sparkling, snarling stream along its sandy bed to the big twenty-ton ladle that stood behind the platform on a flat-car. Walter Stelmazyk stood still for a moment and gazed at this scene. It was well for him that he hesitated. Suddenly there came a flash, a roar, and a drizzle of molten metal. Milak Lazich, Andrew Vrkic, Anton Pietzszak, and Louis Fierlant lay charred and dead on the casting-floor.

What was the cause of the accident? The expert witnesses, employed around the blast-furnace, all agreed that the hot metal had come in contact with water. And how did it come in contact with water? Here, again, the expert witnesses were in agreement.

About two months before the accident, the keeper of the furnace had called the attention of the foreman to a little trickling of water around the tapping-hole. An examination was made, and it was found that some of the fire-brick at one side of the tapping-hole had fallen out. The foreman reported this fact to his immediate superior. But the fire-brick was not replaced. Patches of fire-clay were substituted for it. These patches were renewed from time to time. They wore out very rapidly.

On the night of the ninth of October, according to all the experts at the trial, the fierce molten iron ate its way through the fire-clay and came in contact with a water-coil. The union of the hot iron with the water resulted in the explosion and in the sacrifice of four human lives.

It is true that no similar accident had ever before happened. The company did not mean to kill those men. I am making no such foolish charge. But, as in the case of Ora Allen, I ask the question whether or not the company would exercise a stricter surveillance over the recklessness of its foremen and workmen if it had a stronger pecuniary incentive. In other words, if the company were offered a prize of a million dollars for getting through a year without one single fatal accident, would it then allow patches of fire-clay to be used as a substitute for fire brick around the tapping-hole of any furnace in its plant? Would it not find a way to prevent such makeshift methods effectually and finally?

I was standing one day on the platform of a blast-furnace. All at once, unexpectedly, I heard the four whistles that indicate danger. There was a "clang" in the furnace. The whirling eddying mass of ore, coke, and limestone in the high interior of that furnace had got caught somewhere, somehow, and was refusing to come down. When it did come down, there would be a crash, and, perhaps, an explosion.

I ran and got behind a brick pillar. On coming into the plant that morning I had signed a piece of paper, just the same kind of piece of paper that every visitor signs, saying that I would not hold the Illinois Steel Company responsible for anything that might happen to me. I reflected that nobody would profit by my demise. But observe what the other men around that blast-furnace did!

I could see them as I peered out from behind my brick pillar. Those of them who were already in front of the furnace looked up at it with an expression of profound curiosity on their faces. Two other men who had been standing at the back of the furnace ran all the way around it and came out in front! There they stood, hurling their mute interrogatories at the crafty, reticent volcano that might nevertheless the next moment hurl forth an indignant answer at their heads!

In a steel-works there is still another element besides recklessness to be considered. It is this:

Most steel-men have come up from the ranks. They have themselves risked their lives. They have become hardened to scenes that chill the blood of the fresh observer.

Most steel-men in the United States to-day (and I am talking of steel-men, not financiers) have themselves leaped those flaming streams of angry metal, have themselves dodged the red-hot, writhing steel snakes that hiss through the big cast-iron rolls of the rail-mill on their way to the straghtening beds, have themselves fallen dizzy to the ground with the gaseous breath of the blast-furnace stoves in their lungs.

Steel is War. When it is finished it brings forth, for the victors, Skibo Castles and Peace Conferences. But while it is in process it is War.

What happens to Steve Bragosimshanski's widow? What happens to his orphans, twelve years, ten years, eight years, six years, four years, two years, six months old? They do not evaporate. They do not comfortably disappear.

In eight cases out of ten, as I am prepared to prove by competent authority, the death of a Steve Bragosimshanski throws no legal money-liability on the company. What do the widow and the orphans do?

Ask the South Chicago Charitable Association. Ask the South Chicago Women's Benevolent Association. Ask the Catholic Aid Association. Ask the authorities at Gleewood, at Freshville, at the St. Charles Homes for Boys. Ask the superintendent at the Hudsonston Home for Boys at Ewing. Ask the probation officers of the Juvenile Court. Ask the County Agent who distributes coals in winter-time. Ask the police officers of the Fifteenth Precinct station just off Commercial-avenue. Ask the officials of the County Poorhouse at Dunning. Ask the women who keep the houses of ill-fame which line the street that runs along beside the high white fence of the company's plant south of Eighty-ninth-street.

For these things society pays. For poverty, demoralisation, vice, and crime, the price is laid down by society either through the generosity of private individuals or through the expensive and cumbersome action of public officials.

Nothing is gained without its price. If it is cheap to kill Steve Bragosimshanski, it is expensive to support his wife and family. And since society, in the long run, supports that wife and that family, it is inevitable that society shall

seek to understand and to prevent the industrial accidents which encumber it with such burdens.

There are two remedies, therefore, that will certainly be applied to situations of the kind that we have been studying.

The first is complete publicity, including a report to the public authorities on every accident, fatal or non-fatal. And the second is the granting of power to the public authorities to supervise all machinery in all industrial establishments and to suggest and enforce such changes, within specified limits, as shall seem necessary.

When there is complete publicity with regard to all accidents, the manufacturing corporations will be more popular than they are to-day. One of the strongest fostering causes of class antagonism will have been eliminated.

I can give an apposite illustration of what I mean.

It is commonly believed in Chicago (and I have heard it given as a plain fact by scores of citizens) that the Illinois Steel Company conceals a large number of the deaths that happen in its plant, and that it buries its victims secretly in mounds of slag. It is also reported that in the Illinois Steel Company hospital the patients are barbarously treated, and that while still in the delirium of pain they are forced to sign legal documents releasing the company from all legal money liability for the accidents in which they were injured.

These stories are currently reported and implicitly credited. And they are absolutely untrue. The company does not, and cannot if it could, conceal any death in its plant. Its hospital is excellently appointed and superbly managed.

My last recollection of South Chicago will be the undertakers. They made a kind of rail last year on the Illinois Steel Company plant in order to get the trade that comes with the inquests that are held on the corpses from the Illinois Steel Company hospital.

Every corpse goes to the nearest undertaker unless the relatives intervene. It is extremely desirable to have a location near the company's big gate. Hence the raid.

First, Mr. Finerty, from 345 Ninety-second-street, moved down to 168. That move gave him precedence. But it did not last long. Mrs. Murphy abandoned her original location, moved along the street, and settled down between Mr. Finerty and the mills. So far, so good. Mrs. Murphy was ahead of the game. But then came Mr. Adams, all the way from the outside of South Chicago, and swooped down on the corner of Mackinaw and Eighty-ninth. He is the final winner. He is closer to the plant to-day than either Mr. Finerty or Mrs. Murphy.

This comic interlude in the grim tragedy of South Chicago remains, firmly fixed in the memory of the spectator, like the antics of the grave-digger in "Hamlet." More essential incidents, more important facts, may fade away and disappear. But when you leave the cave of smoke on the north bank of the Calumet River; when you gaze at all that abomination of desolation in the foreign quarter of South Chicago, where no steel manifests, even though blessing a multitude of distant prairie towns with libraries, has ever left a single discernible trace of benevolence for the people who actually make the steel that pays for the libraries; when you send your mind back over the wonderful, gigantic machinery, the superhuman processes, hidden in the cave of smoke behind you; why, even then, even while all these things are pressing upon your attention, they suddenly slip away from you, and as you take your seat in the train the last image that is presented to you is the rage of those undertakers on toward the great gate of the plant. You see them coming closer and closer. You see them settling down and waiting. And then you see the dead bodies coming out from the plant and being carried into the kick rooms and being lawfully viewed and having true presentment made as to how and in what manner and by whom or what they came to be what they are now.

Is the public concerned? If it says it is, then it is.

"A girl of 17 is always a matter of irritation to women who have turned 25." "An admirer is never entirely valuable if he would, by preference, have been some else's admirer."—"White Wishom," by Bertie de S. Westworth-James, Everett, 2/.

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THE KING AND QUEEN ON HORSEBACK.

In her girlhood the Queen was a great huntress and one of the finest shots in Europe. She never shoots now, except at city pigeons, for she has an unconquerable aversion to killing anything. The King still shoots, but the diversion he likes most is collecting race colts.

The King and Queen of Italy.

By XAVIER PAOLI

I HAVE always harboured a vagrant spirit under my official frock-coat, and find my pleasure and rest in travelling. Therefore I took advantage of the few weeks' leave of absence allowed me, after the departure of the Russian sovereigns from France, to pay a visit to Italy.

A few days after my arrival at Milan, while strolling, one afternoon, on the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, that favourite Milanese and cosmopolitan resort, I passed a glove shop, and remembered that I had left my gloves in the railway carriage, I thought I might as well buy a new pair, and entered the shop.

A customer had gone in before me, a lady, young, tall, and slender, quietly but elegantly dressed in a plain dark travelling-frock. Through the long blue motor-veil that closely shrouded her face I could dimly see her large dark eyes and masses of black hair. The face appeared to be refined and pretty. She was leaning over the counter and trying on gloves which a young shop assistant handed to her.

"They are too large," she said shyly. "That is because the signora has so small a hand," replied the young assistant gallantly.

She smiled and did not answer. An elderly lady who was with her gave the youth an indignant and scandalised glance. After patiently allowing the measure to be taken of her hand, open and closed, it was indeed a very small one—she found two pairs of gloves that suited, paid for them, and turned to go.

Just then the owner of the shop returned. He looked at the lady, gave a bewildered start, bowed very low, and, as soon as she was gone, shouted to his assistant:

"Have you the least idea whom you have been serving?"

"A very pretty woman—I know that!"

"Idiot! It was the Queen!"

The Queen! It was my turn to feel bewildered. The Queen alone, unprotected, in that arcade full of people! I was on the point of following her, from professional habit, forgetting that I was not at Milan as an official, but as a private tourist. But it was too late; she had already disappeared in the crowd.

The next evening, I was dining at a friend's house, where the guests belonged, for the most part, to the official and political world. When I related my adventure and expressed my astonishment at having met the sovereign shop-

ping in town, accompanied only by a stern lady-in-waiting—

"Did that really surprise you?" I was asked. "It does not surprise us at all. One of our naughty princesses of the House of Savoy said sarcastically that we had gone back to the times when kings mated with shepherdesses. This was merely a disrespectful sally. The truth is that both our King and Queen have very simple tastes, and they like to live as ordinary people in so far as their obligations permit them. Let me give you an instance.

"Whenever they come to Milan—and they never stay for more than two or three days, they go to the royal palace; but, instead of living in the State apartments and bringing a large number of servants, they occupy only a few rooms, have their meals sent in from the Ristorante Cova, and order all the dishes brought up at the same time and placed on a sideboard. Then they dismiss the servants, shut the doors, and wait upon themselves."

The King's economy in his personal expenditure is notorious throughout the kingdom. The giving of alms is one pleasure in which he never stints himself, and it is actually a fact that he moderates his personal expenses in order to give largely to charities. Even his table is affected by his economics, and certain of the Italian noblemen do not scruple to say that they hold against Victor Emmanuel III. the poor quality of his wine cellar. He does not hesitate to serve the ordinary Italian vintages at his dinners, declaring that they are good enough for him and good enough for his guests. I am a Corsican, and we of the sunny countries love pomp and ceremony; therefore I understand the touch of bitterness and regret in the manner in which my friends spoke of their Sovereign's simple habits.

Remarks that came to my ears later led me to conclude that the aristocracy, if not the people, disapproved of these democratic tendencies, which were so in contrast with the ways of the old court, of which Queen Margherita had been the soul.

Queen Helena, on the other hand, is a simple woman, and comes of a simple people. She is a Montenegrin, and grew up in that rugged and austere country. The simplicity of the Montenegrins is proverbial, as well as their good looks (the Montenegrins are generally admitted to be the handsomest race of men in Europe). At the age of twelve the Princess Helena was sent by her

father, Prince Nicholas, to St. Petersburg to pursue her studies. There, in a convent for girls of gentle birth, she was instructed in the melancholy beauties of Slavic literature. When she returned to her own country the Princess Helena enjoyed the independent out-of-door life of Montenegrin women, wholly undisturbed by the demands of etiquette. She divided her time between water-colour drawing, in which she excelled, and hunting, in which she showed herself utterly fearless.

The Queen is one of the finest shots in Europe, not only in comparison with her own sex, but as against all comers. In her girlhood she was a great huntress, but she no longer hunts; she now has an unconquerable aversion to killing anything, and though she still shoots, it is only at clay pigeons or some such mark. It evidences the sympathetic breadth of her nature that this personal distaste for slaughter does not make her intolerant of other people's triumphant "bags." Hunting is one of the King's favourite diversions, and the Queen is proud of his successes.

The Queen saw Italy for the first time in 1855, when her father took her to Venice on the occasion of an exhibition, and it will readily be conceived that she was flurried and a little dazzled by the gaiety of the scene, and by the admiration and attention of the Prince of Naples, whom she met for the first time. When, in the following year, she bid farewell to the crazy mountains and to the proud highlanders, the companions of her childhood, and saw the gay and enthusiastic nation of Italy hastening to welcome her, the twenty-year-old bride, it will be understood that she at first experienced a sense of confusion and shyness.

The shyness, I am told, has never completely worn off. On the other hand, in the absence of more brilliant outward qualities, Queen Helena has displayed admirable domestic virtues; she has been a queen in all that the word implies, in her devotion and goodness to the poor and lowly; and, better than that, she has realised her engrossing duties as wife and mother in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired.

Were this not so, the King, who is quick to take offence, and who is even jealous in his fondness, would have suffered cruelly. A man of domestic habits, who has always avoided society, he wanted a home that in its inner sanctities was as little of a court as possible. He had been brought up in all the stately formalities of the House of Savoy, and it is said that he wearied of them.

When, for love, and against the obvious counsels of worldly wisdom, he insisted on marrying a Montenegrin princess, he made a queen of an essentially home-making woman who has nursed her own children, and who has been known to keep royal functions waiting because the baby must have her attention at the given moment.

The King possesses none of the physical qualities that attract the crowd. He is unimaginative, but remarkably well-informed, highly intelligent, and deeply interested in social problems and the

exact sciences, and none was readier than he to enjoy the charm of a peaceful home which he had not known during his youth. Touching though the attachment between Queen Margherita and her son was, they nevertheless remained separated by the differences in their character, temperament, and ideas. Whereas Queen Margherita kept all her enthusiasm for art and literature, the Prince of Naples displayed a complete indifference to such matters. When he was only ten years of age, he remarked to his piano teacher, Signora Corasoli, who vainly struggled to instil the first principles of music into his mind: "Don't you think that twenty trumpets are more effective than that piano of yours?"

From his earliest youth he showed a marked predilection for military science. He had the soul of a soldier, and submitted without a murmur to the strict discipline imposed upon him by his tutor, Colonel Osio. He is still fond of relating, as one of the pleasantest memories of his life, his impressions when King Humbert first intrusted to him the command of a company of foot, at the annual review of the Roman garrison.

"The excitement interfered so greatly with my power of sight," he says, "that the only people I recognised in the cheering crowd were my dentist and my professor of mathematics."

I have tried to give a picture of the two sovereigns, from the impressions that I picked up in the course of my trip to Italy. Their visit to Paris was destined to confirm its accuracy and to complete its details.

I little thought, on that afternoon when I caught a glimpse of Queen Helena in a Milan glove shop, that two years later, I should have the honour of attending both Her Majesty and the King during their journey to France. It was their first state visit to Paris, and our government attached considerable importance to this event, which accentuated the friendly relations between the two nations. Prince von Bulow, at that time Chancellor of the German Empire, spoke of the situation, none too good humouredly, as Italy's "little waltz" with France.

The letter of appointment, which I received in the beginning of October, 1903, directed me to go at once to await our guests at the Italian frontier and bring them safely to Paris. It was a cold, wet night when the royal train steamed out of the Mont-Cenis tunnel and pulled up at the platform of the frontier station of Modane, where I had been pacing up and down for over an hour. My curiosity was stimulated by the recollection of the episode in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele at Milan. Amused by the chance that was about to bring me face to face with "the lady of the gloves," I longed to know whether my first impressions were correct, and whether the features, which I had conjectured rather than perceived behind the blue veil, were really those of the Queen.

The blinds of the eight royal railway carriages were lowered; not a sign be-



PRINCESS YOLANDA.

The eldest child of the Royal Family, whose resemblance to the Queen is said to be remarkable. From a snapshot taken by her mother.

trayed the presence of living beings in the silent train.

After a long moment a carriage door opened, and a giant in a long pale-gray cavalry coat and a blue forage-cap braided with scarlet piping and adorned with a gold tassel, stepped out softly, and making straight for me, said:

"Hush! They are asleep."
It was two o'clock in the morning. The first official reception had been arranged to take place at Dijon, where we were due to arrive at nine o'clock. I took my seat in the train, and we started. Not everybody was asleep. In the last carriage, which was reserved for the servants, a number of maids, wrapped in those beautiful red shawls that one sees on the quays at Naples, were chattering in Italian with the greatest animation. The musical and expressive language called up in my old Corsican heart memories of my childhood.

It was broad daylight, and we were nearing Dijon, when Count Guicciarini, the King's Master of the Horse, came to take me to the sovereigns to be presented.

Grave black eyes, proud and gentle; a forehead framed in a wealth of dark hair; beautiful and delicate features; a smile that brought little dimples on either side of the mouth; a tall slight figure—I at once recognised the lady of Milan in the charming sovereign, stately and shy, who came toward me. It was the same little white hand that had tried on the gloves that she extended to me. Should I recall the incident of the gloves? I had it on my lips to do so—I was afraid of appearing ridiculous. Of course, she did not remember. I said nothing.

"Delighted, M. Paoli, delighted to know you!" exclaimed the King, fixing me with his piercing eyes and shaking my hand vigorously.

"Sir—"
"But, stay. Paoli is an Italian name!"
"Very nearly, sir. I am a Corsican."
"A fellow countryman of Napoleon's, then? I congratulate you!"

Our conversation, that morning, was limited to these few words. From Dijon onward the journey assumed an official character, and I lost sight of the King and Queen in the crowd of glittering uniforms. However, a few minutes before our arrival at Paris I saw them both standing by a window—the Queen in an exquisite costume of pale-gray velvet and silk, the King in the uniform of an Italian general, with the broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour across his chest. While watching the landscape they seemed to be talking affectionately.

Meanwhile, a sedate footman entered, and placed upon a table, behind the sovereigns, an extraordinary object that attracted my attention. It looked like an enormous bird buried in its feathers. I went closer, and then saw that it was a helmet, covered with feathers of fabu-

to a little girl who had thrust herself close to the carriage. The King, on another occasion, walked straight to the colours of the battalion of Zouaves who were presenting arms in the courtyard of the foreign office, and raised to his lips the folds of the standard, on which were inscribed two names dear to Italian hearts and French memories alike: Magenta and Solferino.

The Foreign Office was turned into a "royal palace" for the occasion of this visit. The Government had the apartments on the first floor, which the King and Queen of Italy were to occupy, decorated in the most sumptuous style, and Mme. Deleasse, the wife of the Foreign Minister, did her best to relieve the somewhat cold and solemn appearance of the rooms. With this object she procured photographs of the little Princesses Yolanda and Mafalda, and placed them in handsome frames on the Queen's dressing table. The Queen was greatly touched by the delicate attention. On entering the room she uttered an exclamation that betrayed all a mother's fondness:

"Oh, the children! How delightful!"
"The children?" how often those words returned to her lips during her stay in Paris! She spoke of them incessantly to everybody—to Mme. Lombot, to Mme. Deleasse, to the Italian ambassador, even to the two French waiting-maids attached to her service.

"Yolanda, the elder, with her black hair and black eyes, is like me," she would explain. "Mafalda, on the other hand, is the image of her father. They have both such good little hearts!"

Her maternal anxiety was also manifested by the impatience with which she used to wait for news of the princesses. Every evening, when she returned to the Foreign Office after a day of drives and visits in different parts of Paris, her first words were:

"My telegram!"
And, a little nervously, she would open the telegram that was despatched to her daily from San Rossore, where "the children" were, and greedily read the bulletin of reassuring news that it contained.

The authorities, conforming to royal usage, had considered it the proper thing to prepare two distinct suites of rooms, one for the King and one for the Queen, separated by an enormous drawing-room. Great was our surprise when, on the following morning, the rumour ran through the Foreign Office that the King's bedroom had remained untenanted. Had he found it uncomfortable? Did he not like the room? Everyone began to be anxious, and it was felt that the mystery must be cleared up. I therefore went to one of the officers of the royal suite, took him aside, and, while talking of "other things," tried to question him as to the King's impressions.

"Is His Majesty pleased with his apartments?"

The officer looked at me, and smiled. "But the King never leaves the Queen!" he exclaimed. "With us, married couples seldom have separate rooms, unless they are on bad terms. And that is not the case here!"

They were never parted, in fact, except at early breakfast. The King was accustomed to take *café au lait*, the Queen chocolate. The first was served in the small sitting-room, where the King, already dressed in his general's uniform, went through his letters; the second in

paid our guests during their brief stay in Paris, one surprise prepared for them was, if I am not mistaken, more acceptable to them, especially to the Queen, than any other. This consisted in the recital before their Majesties, by our great actress, Mme. Bartet, of the *Comédie Française*, of an unpublished poem from the pen of the Queen herself. Helma, of Montenegro, in her leisure hours, in fact, had been a poet. When she was engaged to be married, she wrote a poem in Russian, which she sent to a



A RECENT SNAPSHOT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY, TAKEN WHILE THEY WERE DINING.

It is said of this Royal couple that they represent the perfect type of a middle-class household that found its way by accident into a King's palace. They often dismiss the servants and wait upon themselves at meal-times.

the boudoir, where the Queen, in a pink surah dressing-gown trimmed with lace, devoted two hours every morning to her correspondence, or to the very feminine pleasure of trying on frocks and hats.

The King, as I have said, takes a keen interest in military matters. He displayed it on the occasion of the review of the Paris garrison. Even as he had appeared bored at the concert at the Elysee Palace on the previous evening, so now he seemed to enjoy the impressive spectacle that we were able to offer him on the drill-ground at Vincennes.

He wished to ride along the front of the troops on horseback, and for this purpose had brought with him from Italy his own saddle, a very handsome, richly caparisoned military saddle. The Governor of Paris lent him a mount, and the King proved himself a first-rate horseman; for the animal, unversed at having to carry a harness heavier than that to which it was accustomed, displayed ill temper, regardless of the august rank of its rider. It was the worst day's work that horse ever did in its life, and it was forced to recognise that it had found a master.

After making a thorough inspection of the troops, the King expressed a desire to examine the outfit of one of the soldiers, and a private was ordered to fall out of the ranks. Victor Emmanuel took the soldier's knapsack, handled it, looked through it, and made a move as if to buckle it on the man's shoulders himself, whereat the worthy little pion-pion, quite scared and red with dismay, cried: "Oh, non, merci, mon—mon—"

But the poor fellow, who had never even spoken to a general, had no notion how to address a King!

Thereupon the King, greatly amused, made a charming reply:

"Call me what your forebears, the French soldiers in 1859, called my grandfather on the night of the battle of Palestro; call me non caporal!"

Victor Emmanuel is too practical and matter-of-fact to be what is known as a man of sentiment. Nevertheless, I saw him betray real emotion when he was taken to visit the tomb of Napoleon I. The tomb was surrounded by six old pensioners carrying lighted torches. There were few people there. The fitful flames of the torches cast their fantastic gleams upon the imperial sarcophagus, and the invisible presence of a Great Conqueror hovered over us. It seemed as if he would suddenly rise bodily out of that coffin of marble, dressed in his grey overcoat and his immemorial hat.

During a long silence, the King stood and dreamed, with bowed head. When we left the chapel, he was still dreaming.

Among the many attentions that we

St. Petersburg magazine under the pseudonym of "Blue Butterfly," and the magazine printed it without knowing who the author was. It was written in rhetorical prose; and I was so fortunate as to procure a copy of the translation.

"VISION:"

"The mother said to her daughter: 'Wouldst thou know how the world is made? Open thine eyes.'"

"And the little maid opened her eyes. She saw lordly and towering mountains, she saw valleys full of delight, she saw the sun which shines upon and gilds all things, she saw twinkling stars and the deep billows of the sea, she saw torrents with foaming waters and flowers with varied perfumes, she saw light-winged birds and the golden sheaves of the harvest. Then she closed her eyes.

"And then she saw, she saw the fairest thing upon this earth: the image of the beloved who filled her heart, the image of the beloved who shone within her soul, the image of the beloved who gave his love in return for the love that was hers."

This charming fragment had been recovered by a collector of royal poetry some time before the visit of the Italian sovereigns. M. Andre Riviere, one of our finest poets, transposed it into French verse, and M. Loubet caused it to be recited to our hosts in the course of a reception given in their honour at the Elysee Palace.

At the risk of disappointing the reader, I am bound to confess that no tragic or even unpleasant incident occurred to spoil the pleasure of the sovereigns or their peace of mind. It appeared that the anarchist gentry were allowing themselves a little holiday.

In the absence of the traditional plot, we had, it is true, the inevitable shower of anonymous letters, and even some that were signed. The Queen, alas! had done much to encourage epistolary mendicants by announcing her wish that replies should be sent to all letters asking for assistance, and that in every possible case satisfaction should be given to the writers. The result was that poverty-stricken Italians, with whom Paris teems, gave themselves free scope; and the usual fraternity of French begging letter writers—those who had so ardently striven to excite the compassion of the Shah of Persia—also tried what they could do.

But what reply was it possible to send to such letters (I have kept a few specimens) as the following?

To Her Majesty the Queen of Italy,

Madam—We are a young married couple, honest but poor. We were unable to have a honeymoon, for lack of

Continued on page 52.



THE CROWN PRINCE AND HIS THREE SISTERS.

The Queen, who is a devoted mother, has a telegram reporting the children's health sent to her every day when she is travelling.

lous dimensions. I was not the only one to be astonished at the imposing proportions of this head-dress. Whenever the King donned it while in Paris, it met with a huge success; it towered above the crowds, the livery servants' cockades, the soldiers' bayonets; it became the target of every kodak.

From the first day, they showed themselves full of pretty thoughts and generous impulses. At one time, the Queen took a rose from the bouquet of roses de France that she was carrying, and gave it

"Delighted."
"Was there anything wrong with the heating arrangements? Or perhaps the King does not care for the bed provided for His Majesty's use?"

"On the contrary, I believe His Majesty thought everything perfect."

Alas! I felt that my hints were misunderstood. I must needs speak more directly. Without further circumlocution I said:

"The fact is, it appears that the King did not deign to occupy his apartments."

Progress in Science.

The Advance of Aeronautics.

A Huge Propeller-Testing Plant.

WITH a view to placing themselves in a thoroughly sound position for coping with future airship orders, Messrs. Vickers Sons and Maxim, the famous naval constructors of Barrow-in-Furness, have just installed near their works a huge whirling table. This firm has the construction of a rigid dirigible for the British Navy at present in hand. Beyond the fact that this huge vessel will be somewhat after the Zeppelin type little is known about it. It is certainly going to be a big one, and it is thought that 400 horse-power at least will be used for driving it. Propellers on a vessel of this size and power run to very big dimensions. And inasmuch as designers work very much in the dark when planning big aerial propellers, Messrs. Vickers Sons and Maxim, with characteristic thoroughness, have decided to collect reliable data bearing upon propeller design.

It is obvious that the only correct method for testing propellers is to measure their thrust while they are moving forward in the air. To enable this to

Around the World in 37 Days.

The improvements which have been made in the Siberian railroad have made it possible to accelerate the train service, and reduce the time between Moscow and Vladivostok by twenty-four hours. It is now possible to leave London on Monday and reach Yokohama, Japan, on the second Monday following. By taking the fast Canadian-Pacific steamship, which leaves Yokohama on Tuesdays, the tourist, if he so wished, could reach Vancouver in 26 days after leaving London; and in 37 days after setting out on his world-encircling trip he would be again in London. This, be it noted, is less than one-half the time taken by Jules Verne's traveller in his trip around the world.

Colours of Foods.

Of the strong addiction many consumers have for the use of food-stuffs that are secretly and highly coloured for the market, the "London Lancet" says:—

"For some not quite clear reason there

egg which, on opening, displayed a gorgeous red colouring scattered chiefly through the white. On analysis the colouring proved to be an anilin dye. The dye had deposited a nice brown on the shell, but an excess had permeated its pores, and, meeting with the slightly acid contents, was changed to a port-wine colour inside. Until the egg was opened, therefore, it appeared perfectly attractive, but on opening it the zest to eat it quickly disappeared."

What They Eat and Drink in France.

The adulteration of food in France is said to result in a profit of £20,000,000 per year. Bread, which may be called the national food of France, has long been adulterated largely with talc, a substance which is not only indigestible, but is exceedingly irritating to the gastrointestinal mucous membrane because of the sharp crystal fragments which it contains. Flour is often mixed with alum or with potassium carbonate to increase the amount of water absorbed, with zinc sulphate to keep the bread fresh, with copper sulphate and ammonium carbonate, to diminish the quantity of yeast required and to improve the appearance of bread made with spoiled flour. Denatured alcohol, costing one-eighth the price of pure alcohol, is used for the manufacture of the liqueurs and aperitifs, which are so largely consumed in France. Alcohol, denatured by the addition of methyl alcohol, is mixed with an equal volume of water and exposed for a few days to the sun, air and rain, which have the effect of precipitating the methyl alcohol so completely that its flavour remains barely perceptible. The mixture is then brought to the desired

The Meaning of "Gold-Filled."

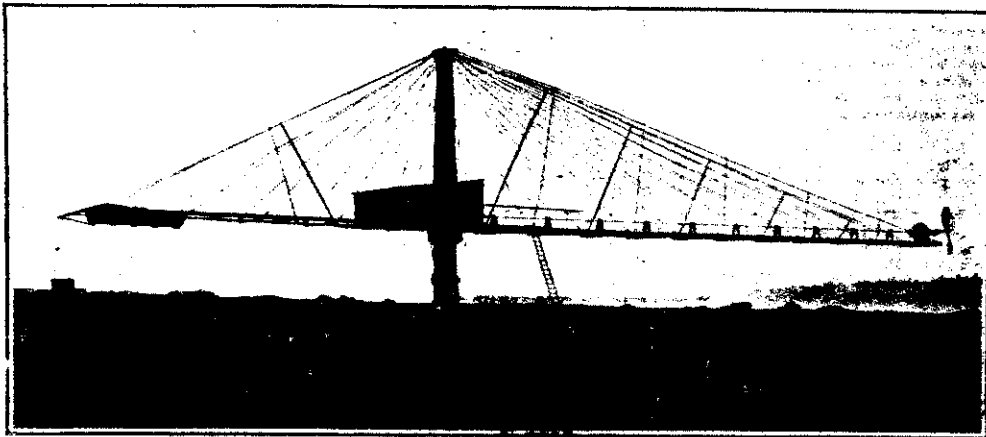
What does "gold filled" mean? Probably most people who buy gold-filled watches fancy that they are mysteriously impregnated with gold. As a matter of fact the term is misleading. Gold filling consists in taking two sheets of gold, between which is placed a section of solder-cast base metal. This metal is sandwiched and heated and pressed, so that the three parts are welded together, with the gold outside.

Milk Powder.

The American process of reducing milk to a powder has now been introduced into Norway. One of the new companies formed has contracted to deliver 300 tons of dry milk each year for three years to an English firm. The dry milk is used largely for invalids and convalescents, on ships on long voyages, because of its keeping qualities under all climatic conditions and its convenience of transportation.

Ancient Cheese.

Newspapers report that in the Alpine regions of the Swiss cantons of Vaud and Valais cheesemakers will keep their products for years. They assert that cheese improves with age. At Les Ormonts, in the canton of Vaud, it is customary to make special cheeses for certain family feasts. They are tagged with explanatory labels and eaten several years later, at other feasts, or even at funerals. Often such cheeses are bequeathed from one generation to another as family souvenirs. Recently, at Les Ormonts, in a concealed shelter, there was discovered a cheese dating from 1785. It was as hard as a rock, and had to be cut with a saw. It is reported to have tasted good.



THE VICKERS-MAXIM WHIRLING TABLE FOR CONDUCTING PROPELLER TESTS.

be done, the Vickers firm has built a steel tower from which is suspended a big cantilever. The arm on which the propeller is mounted is 110 feet in length, and is balanced by an arm 50 ft. long, carrying a water ballast tank at its outer end.

For the motive power there is an engine of 100 horse-power situated in a cabin built round the tower on the revolving arms. The propeller is mounted on a sliding shaft which works against a spring thrust abutment. To reproduce actual working conditions more thoroughly a car is rigged up, and resistance planes can be put upon the arm to vary the speed at which the arm rotates. The motion of the arm is due entirely to the propeller thrust, and this thrust can be measured accurately to within one per cent.

Dangerous Earthquakes.

It has been pointed out that Japan is an ideal country for hydro-electric development because of its many rapidly flowing rivers. However, there are difficulties in the way of such development, not the least of which is the danger of earthquakes. Recently, it was proposed to build a large dam to furnish power for a generating plant of huge proportions, but fearing lest there might be a break in the dam caused by one of the earthquakes so frequently experienced in that region, it was decided to abandon the project.

are many people who look upon the brown egg as necessarily a new-laid one, and hence a fair demand for brown eggs has arisen, which is easily met, not by the honest brown egg, but by the white egg, which has been steeped in a dye which renders it visually indistinguishable from the real article. Again, when milk happens to be of a buff tinge, it is commonly held to be richer than white milk. Of course, nothing can be easier than to satisfy this preference for a milk of a creamy shade. White-looking butter is disliked, as looking too much like dripping. The remedy is simple; it is artificially coloured. Vegetables must be bright green to make them look fresh, the consumers of them being quite willing to ignore the fact that copper does not make them fresh or wholesome. On the other hand, curiously enough, bread must be white.

"It is, of course, perfectly natural to take colour as a criterion of the dietetic value or flavour of food, and the attractive or unattractive appearance of food may make all the difference as to whether that food is, or is not, assimilated properly. The deceit which is practiced by artificially colouring food may thus serve a useful purpose, so long as the colouring matter is harmless, but as a rule the proceeding is an immoral one. It does not follow that because food is unattractive its value as a food is nil, while every form of sophistication is open to commercial abuse. A correspondent recently submitted to us a brown-shelled

alcoholic strength by the addition of strong spirits, flavoured to suit the taste of the consumer and sharpened by the addition of a pint of nitric acid to each barrel.

Electric Light and the Eyes.

Considerable attention has been directed of late to the injurious effect of certain rays of electric lamps upon the eye. A very interesting communication upon this subject was recently presented by Dr. Stockhausen before the Illuminating Engineering Society of London, and he pointed out that an excess of radiant energy, no matter what its wave length, is injurious. Hitherto it has been supposed that the red and infra-red rays, on account of their heat value, are very injurious to the retina, but Dr. Stockhausen does not believe that under ordinary conditions the effect of these rays is very disastrous. Certainly, in sunlight, these rays may be found in large quantity. The best rays for the human eye are the yellow-green rays. The rays from blue to deep violet do not appear to produce serious effects, and even the rays in the ultra-violet section of the spectrum do not do very much damage. The really injurious rays appear to be those which belong in the extreme ultra violet section. These rays, are not found in ordinary sunlight, but appear in the light produced by quartz-included mercury vapour lamps. An ordinary glass is opaque to these rays, it is a simple matter to avoid them.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR FOR THE SKIN

Produces soft, fair, delicate skin, heals all cutaneous eruptions, and insures a lovely delicate complexion to all who use it. 2/3, 4/6, of Stores and Chemists.

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS and the AGED.

BENGER'S FOOD

assists nature.

It is used mixed with fresh new milk and forms a delicate and nutritive cream which is enjoyed and assimilated when other foods disagree. It is entirely free from rough and indigestible particles which produce irritation in delicate stomachs.

"The Lancet" describes it as "Mr. Bengers' admirable preparation." Mothers and interested persons are requested to write for Booklet "Bengers' Food and How to Use it." This contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants," and practical information on the care of Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged. Free on application to Bengers' Food Ltd., Great Works, Manchester, Eng. Bengers' Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

The "Bookman" Gaskell Contemporary Articles.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we give our readers a resume of the "Bookman" articles by Mr. Thomas Secombe and Mr. Conrad S. Sarjession, since we not only know almost the whole of the scenes amid which Mrs. Gaskell lived and moved during her early and married life; which scenes were later introduced into some of her books, but "Mary Barton: A Tale of Manchester Life," was the first novel we ever read; and so deep was the impression made by it upon our mind, that although it is nearly 40 years since we read it, we have never forgotten the drift of its tragic story. Little seems to be known of Mrs. Gaskell's family history. She was born on September 20, in 1810. Her father, William Stevenson, is immortalised as the emigrant parson in "North and South," and as Minister Holman in "Cousin Phillis." Her mother dying soon after her birth, she was taken away to the care of her aunt, Mrs. Lamb, who lived at Knutsford with her only child, who was a cripple. The aunt was poor, and had to practise some of the elegant economies described in "Cranford." Her uncle, Dr. Peter Horland, lived also in Knutsford, and he, too, has had his existence prolonged by figuring as Mr. Harrison in "Cranford," and as Mr. Gibson in "Wives and Daughters." At 15 she was sent to school at Stratford-on-Avon. At 19 her father died, and she left her step-mother, without reluctance (I remember the second Mrs. Gibson!) to reside with relatives in the North of England. Three years later, 1832, the beautiful Miss Stevenson married the Rev. Wil-

feeling of gratitude towards the writer along with a strong sentimental regret—regret that a life so happy, so sympathetic, so well balanced, and, in short, so beautiful, could not have been prolonged; that her vivid mind and pen should not have irradiated our particular generation. Could you imagine England personified as a sentient and intelligent being, on the death of Elizabeth Gaskell as on the death of Charles Lamb or Walter Scott, you would expect her to draw a long sigh as one feeling sensibly poorer for a loss that could never be repaired."

Had Mrs. Gaskell Creative Genius?

Called upon to determine whether Mrs. Gaskell had creative genius as had her contemporaries, Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, Mr. Secombe decides that she had not. "How different," he says, "was the case of Mrs. Gaskell, as compared to these contemporaries of hers. She lacked both the qualities and the experiences of her prodigious rivals. She had not in the same Brodingtonian measure, the artistic temperament. Her lump of egotism was but meagrely developed. She was not even in the ordinary sense self-centred. She saw things in the light of common day. Of the limelight of personality she was most sparing. She never put her high lights on with a knife. Her very colours were only subsidiary elements in her craft; for, like Chardin, she painted with feeling. That was her strong point. Her own experiences were mainly reductive—neither original nor extraordinary."

Literary Output.

"Mary Barton" (written in 1847), was followed by "Cranford," "North and South," a novel of purpose; "The Life of Charlotte Brontë" which brought her

is really a good specimen of the sensational style of romance. In two minutes you are into the thick of a blood-curdling mystery. I read the first 150 pages in a series of breathless jerks, and got no farther—but I will some day.

The mummy appears to have existed some thousands of years, but still to retain the uncommon habit of unlocking its case and walking about a flat in London, one of its cheerful habits being to knockle the throat of an old uncle and tear it. I don't say it is a good novel, but I cannot but admit that I was compelled to keep my eyes glued upon it until a meal unfortunately intervened—when the spell was broken. "Mary Gaunt" will find this kind of novel pays very well indeed, and I should say that if the end of the book is half as good as the beginning, she is bound to make her success as a writer at last.

New Publications.

We have received from Mr. John Murray Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's book, "African Game Trails," with which is included a full report of speeches delivered before the University of Cairo, on March 28, 1910, and at the Guildhall, in London, May 31, 1910. It is believed, says Mr. John Murray, that no complete report of the former speech has hitherto appeared in England. The Guildhall speech is based on the report in the "Times," for permission to use Mr. Murray is indebted to the proprietors of that paper. From the Messrs. Methuen we have also received Mr. Francis Bickley's "King Favourites." Reviews of both these extraordinarily interesting works will be given in our next issue.

For the Motorist.

"Honk! Honk!" is a book that will amuse equally the motorist and the anti-motorist. Published at one shilling, by Dalroos, Ltd., of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London, this little volume should while away many an unoccupied hour during the holidays.

everywhere, until, cleaned out of his last penny after paying for supper, he has to borrow 3d to tip the waiter. When saying good night, and thanking his friend for a good time, David reminds him that he owes him 3d! Mr. Allerton writes with power, humour, and a delightful restraint at the most fitting places, and I shall look out for the next book he writes."

An English Market for Colonial Literature.

In a former issue we pointed out that new fiction, etc., was being eagerly called for by an English firm of publishers, and it is interesting in this connection to read the following excerpt which we have taken from the Melbourne "Book Lover":—"I am in receipt of a report from 'The Authors' Club,' 2, Whitehall Court, London, S.W., and the hon. secretary, Mr. Algernon Rose, is good enough to ask me how he can get 'oversea' members, whose first year's donation (£2 2s) will free them up to December 31, 1911. It is undoubtedly the best institution of its kind to be joined by anyone who is thinking of going Home. The president is Thomas Hardy, and amongst the greatest names on its Council are Colonel Sir Edward T. Thackeray, K.C.I.C., V.C.; Lord Tennyson; the Poet Laureate; and a whole band of the most celebrated authors of the day."

"I have some forms of application which I shall be glad to have filled up by any of the readers of this paper. Only I must point out that there is one feature which may puzzle some of them, that is that each candidate has to state 'Connection with Literature (insert titles of books).' However, no doubt the committee of the club takes into account the troubles which afflict the young author at this world's fair end. Would anybody care to join?"

"Gradually an entrance is being forced into English periodicals by some of the Australians who send their stories and articles to be printed. Thus we hear that Mrs. M. Forrest has just had nine stories accepted by the "Pall Mall Magazine," and is asked by that publication to contribute something for its Christmas number. Acceptance by such a popular magazine means a good deal for the author's chances with the general run of London monthly publications."

Unhappy Courtiers.

"You have to be a courtier in Persia, but courtiership has its disadvantages. The Shah's courtiers may be called upon to do such menial offices for him as massage, kneading his limbs, and even making sherbet for him to drink. They may also be invited to marry a cast-off favourite, and they cannot refuse."—"Persia and its People," by Ella C. Sykes. Methuen 10/6 net.

REVIEWS.

Persia and Its People: By Ella C. Sykes, (London: Methuen and Co., 36, Essex-street, W.C. 10/6 net.)

This book is opportune, coming as it does at a time when the eyes of Europe are turned towards Persia, owing to that country's determination to maintain the independence it has held for nearly twenty-five centuries. The scope of the work is a wide one, and while not pretending to be erudite or exhaustive, is something more than the merely popularly entertaining history its author indicates it to be, as not only is it a record of personal experience and study, acquired during a three years' residence and travel in Persia, but its author has been able to supplement it by expert information obtained through Major Sykes, C.M.G., who is himself not only an author of no mean repute, but a recognised authority on Persian affairs, having held for many years various military appointments in the East, and more particularly in Persia, where he held, and still holds, we believe, the position of Consul-General at Meshed, N.E. Persia. In addition to this, Miss Sykes has availed herself freely of the help of Sir Mortimer Durand, H.B.M.'s Minister at Teheran, and by a study of Professor E. G. Brown's, Lord Curzon's, and other eminent authorities' works on Persia and its people.

Beginning with general facts about the nomenclature, area, boundaries, climate, topography, population, products, etc., the author passes on to a bird's-eye view of the history of Persia from its earliest history down to our own times. Chapter three describes the Shah, his capital, and Government. Persia, once one of the most glorious, is now one of the most decadent of nations. And its decadence, contrary



Shrimpling: Yes, cigarettes are all very well as a substitute for smoking, but don't you find them apt to degenerate into a mere vice!—"London Opinion."

liam Gaskell, Minister of the dignified Cross-street Unitarian Chapel in Manchester. It is sufficient to say that her married life was perfectly happy.

Mrs. Gaskell's Literary Life.

The cause that led to Mrs. Gaskell taking up the profession of novelist reads pathetically. Her son had died, and her husband strongly recommended her to try to "turn her thoughts" by writing a book. "Mary Barton" was, indeed, says Mr. Secombe, though Mrs. Gaskell must have been unconscious of it, a herald of collectivism. "Mary Barton," though it irritated the rich mill owners, had a tremendous success, and won for its writer the warm appreciation of such writers as Carlyle, Thackeray, and Dickens.

Mrs. Gaskell as a Classic.

Speaking of Mrs. Gaskell's claim to immortality, Mr. Secombe says:—"Her novels are perennially fresh. They do not fatigue, or wear, or narcotise. We return to them with an undying and constant delight. Her books engender a

crop of worries; "Sylvia's Lovers," a naval story; "Cousin Phillis," an idyllic story, written at Pontresina and Dieppe, during a holiday taken in 1864 and 1865, and "Wives and Daughters," a posthumous novel, considered by Mr. Secombe to be the pleasantest novel he has ever read. "I would willingly stake my credit as a literary meteorologist on the prediction that the mercury of her fame will have risen considerably by 2010." Both articles are as admirably illustrated as they are written, which is saying a great deal.

"The Mummy Moves."

Here is what the versatile Mr. Champion of the Melbourne "Book-Lover" says about Mary Gaunt's new novel.

"Mary Gaunt" (Mrs. Lindsay Miller) gained the ear of the public some months ago by her "The Unaccounted Cost." That it was a good story will hardly be doubted by anyone who read the long lists of press notices appended to her next volume. This is called "The Mummy Moves" (Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d.), and it

"Such and Such Things."

"A book which I consider worthy of special notice is the book bearing the title of our headline. It has been written by Mr. Frank Allerton (Methuen's Colonial Library, 3/6). The main character is a Scotsman—Davidson—and brought up in Glasgow, where his father has an old-fashioned draper's shop. The boy becomes restless under the severe limitations of his surroundings, and ultimately gets to London, and into a manufacturer's office, which is being run in a happy-go-lucky style during the principal absence on a health trip. The Scot is grim and plodding, and becomes noticed by his employer. He is determined to get on by any means, and get on he does. Mr. Allerton's power of depicting character and making his men and women live is very marked. I found the book full of quaint, amusing passages, and was kept in a constant state of chuckling. The totally unexpected climax gives one the sense of having to gasp, and ask someone to open a window. In one place an office friend takes David to see the sights of London, and pays for him

To that of most decadent nations, is directly attributable to religious influence. Justice in that country is summary, and is administered by the Governors or Satraps, their representatives, and the priesthood. Anyone acquainted with the process known as "farming out" in the East, will understand which way justice tends. Hard swearing is the order of the day, attestation being unknown, and he who has the longest purse wins out. In Persia man reigns supreme from the cradle to the grave, and the failure of a wife to give her husband a son, constitutes the clearest title to divorce. "He that has no son has no light in his eyes" is a universal saying in Persia. Chapter five is devoted to a splendidly detailed description of "Meshed the Holy," famous not only for being the most typical city of Persia, but also for its shrine, and as being a centre of pilgrimage. In Teheran and Meshed Major Sykes reintroduced the game of polo, which was played in Meshed from prehistoric times, probably being in vogue 700 years B.C. The Persian poet Nizami testifies to polo being played under the Sassanian dynasty. A popular account is given of Persia's religious (past and present) in chapter nine, which proves that dissent prevailed there, and was treated, as in the West, with social and civil ostracism. Travel in Persia, in spite of its dangers, difficulties, privations, and disagreeableness, is a thing to be remembered, and repeated, says Miss Sykes, who quotes Kipling's lines in this connection, speaking of the compelling force of the wander lust, and the inexplicable fascination of Eastern travel. Kipling writes:—
 "He must go, go, away from here!
 On the other side the world he's overdue.
 Send your road is clear before you
 When the old singing-frel comes o'er you,
 And the red gods call for you."

The chapter on the Persian women is the most interesting, as well as the most pathetic of the book. The opinion the Persian man has of the Persian woman is summed up in the well-known Persian saying, which declares that "Woman is a calamity, but no house ought to be without this evil"; and also in the poet Saadi's pronouncement that "To consult woman brings ruin to man." If ever popular education were needed it is in the Persian "Anderooms." In a country largely barren through lack of rainfall, a lack criminally or carelessly contributed by excessive deforestation, it is small wonder that the Persians are flower as well as sun worshippers. Miss Sykes is most felicitous in her description of these Persian aunts. Chapters twelve and thirteen are descriptive of the Persian Gulf and the Karun River, and the flora and fauna of Persia. The chapter devoted to Marco Polo's journeys through Persia makes delectable reading, the author feeling that, during her stay in Persia, that the great Venetian was in a way interwoven with her life, since wherever she travelled, be it by Kum, Kashan, or Yazd or Kerman; on the troublous torrid waters of the Persian Gulf; or in Makran Marco Polo had preceded her. The antiquities, sports, amusements, etc., are next touched upon. Interesting, indeed, to the litterateur will be the chapters devoted to the four Persian poets who enjoy a European reputation: Ferdawsi, Omar Khayyam, Saadi, and Hafiz. It is sadly interesting in this connection, to learn that all these poets were unorthodox, and that with one exception each went to his grave unwarded and unappreciated. A very comprehensive idea of the arts and crafts of Persia deals principally with its lustre and ceramic art, and its beautiful and incomparable craft of carpet weaving. Emphasis

is laid on the fact that the Persians have been for over 2,000 years one of the most artistic nations in the world, during which they influenced Greek, Roman, and Byzantine art, besides being the originators of that termed Saracenic. Persian superstitions and the art of medicine as practised in that benighted country bring to a close, one of the most interesting records of history and personal travel that we have come across for a very long time. It is pleasing, also, to learn the high estimation in which England is held by Persia, and we share with Miss Sykes the earnest hope that "the benefits of education and progress that follow in the wake of the British everywhere, will, in the near future, be shared by Persia, and place her on a respectable footing with the great nations." So many of her sons have been famous, that to-day it ought not to be impossible to find among their descendants one will exhibit the statesmanship and patriotism of Arleshir, an Ismail, or a Shah Abbas, and lead his country to prosperity. That this work has been a labour of love is clearly evident, and that Miss Sykes has been inspired to write it by the Mesopotamian cry uttered unconsciously, maybe, by those Persians who have tasted of the sweets of Western civil and religious progress, is at once our conviction, and our hope for Persia. We cordially recommend this work, which we have received through the courtesy of Messrs. Methuen and Co., to the notice of our readers. Nor must we omit a mention of the numerous illustrations, the admirable map, and the well arranged index, all of which materially add to the interest, utility, and value of the book.

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

Good people are good without money, and it they are better still. — "Daily Mirror."
 Any fashion, however hideous, will command admiration after a lapse of time. — "Graphic."
 Man needs protection against woman, for she trades on her weakness. A hysterically or wickedly inclined woman can make lots of trouble for a man. — "World."
 There are people who never enjoy a holiday, and are never likely to enjoy one, and the worst of all is the family—of diverse types and tastes—which insists on going away en masse. — "Madame."
 The novelist who confidently describes psychological processes of which he knows nothing is not creating an artistic illusion, but telling lies; and for those who find him out his book has no more interest than a detected lie. — "Times."
 What is the most valuable asset a boy can possess to enable him to make the best of life? A strong will, undoubtedly. Lacking this, the most brilliant intellect, the most spiritual nature, fails to achieve the highest of which it is capable. — "Gentlewoman."
 What is art? That is one of the everlasting unsettled questions. Adam and Eve had their first tiff about that in the Garden of Eden, and when the last trump shall sound it will, I have no doubt, interrupt a good many discussions on the same interesting topic. — "Sunday Chronicle."
 Those who trust us educate us. — George Eliot.
 Woman proposes, Cupid forecloses, Man just dozes! — Walter Pulitzer.
 The happiness of man lies in pursuing, not in possession. — Longfellow.
 It requires very little ability to find fault. That is why there are so many critics. — O. W. Holmes.
 In each life good begets more good; evil, fresh evil. — Edwin Arnold.
 A prudent man is like a pin—his head prevents him from going too far. — Douglas Jerrold.
 It is a great error to take oneself for more than one is or for less than one is worth. — Goethe.
 The man who loses with a smile is more lovable than the man who wins with a chuckle. — Vincent Laurens.
 Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one from which we must erase. — Colton.
 Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things. — Southey.
 A man with a new idea is a crank—until the idea succeeds. — Mark Twain.
 It is enough to make a woman turn pale when she is betrayed—into telling her age. — Walter Pulitzer.
 While man's dull spirit toils in smoke and fire,
 Woman's swift instinct threads the electric wire. — O. W. Holmes.
 Consummate happiness does not exist in this world—except in the paradise of fools. — D. McClymont.
 Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold;
 Who opens it, hath it twice told. — George Herbert.
 Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine. Merriment is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence. — Byron.



Why, auntie, have the magazines upset you? Well, I've got through the advertisements, and I feel exactly as if I had been to a party where all the men came in their underclothes and the ladies wore only corsets.

A GOOD HAIR TONIC.

An excellent hair tonic that is unequalled for keeping the scalp in a healthy condition, destroying dandruff and making the hair grow, is made by dissolving 4 dram Menthol Crystals in 3oz Bay Rum and then adding 1oz Lavona de Composee (Smith's). Let it stand for half-an-hour, and it is then ready for use. Rubbed well into the scalp with the finger-tips once or twice a day, this tonic will be found to give surprising benefit, scalp itching and irritation disappearing almost immediately on applying. A very pleasant scent is imparted by adding 1 tea-spoonful of French Fon Fleur Perfume. This prescription contains no dye, and can be prepared by any chemist, or you may procure the ingredients and mix them yourself at home.

Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

THE BIBLE IN 530 TONGUES.

LONDON, October 8.

NEXT year the British and Foreign Bible Society will commemorate the tercentenary of the publication in 1611 of the Authorised Version of the English Bible, and arrangements are already being made for the occasion. The publication figures of this most famous of all books are nothing less than amazing. The Scriptures have been published, up-to-date, in no fewer than 530 different languages and dialects, and the Society has circulated over 222,000,000 copies. Last year established a record by the publication of 6,620,000 volumes.

The Bible is now being published by the society in the native tongues of seven-tenths of the human race. Every day it sends out 19,000 volumes in 424 different and distinct languages. One of its newest deceptions is to issue the Scriptures in English and foreign languages in parallel columns. These volumes are intended for emigrants to Canada. It may surprise the majority of Antipodeans to learn that the new-

through illness, and the hearing went on without him. Then one day the judge himself was indisposed, and everybody had to take a holiday.

The principal plaintiff, Mr. Isidore Wyler, was in the witness-box for eleven days, and in the result the plaintiffs were awarded damages to the amount of £65,472.

The case was then taken to the Court of Appeal, where the finding of the jury was reversed. Here the proceedings lasted eighteen days. The three judges who heard the appeal each occupied over an hour in delivering his judgment. At the close it was intimated that the case would be carried to the House of Lords.

That "appeal to Caesar" will probably occupy about three weeks, and by the time their Lordships have delivered their judgment, this modern case of "Jarndyce v. Jarndyce" will have cost nearly £70,000.

"THE SILENCE OF LONDON."

With the roar of the traffic of Fleet-street resounding in one's ears, it is rather amusing to read a leading article

Victoria-street—even Cannon-street was still in the making—no Holborn viaduct, no underground or tube railway to relieve the congestion of the upper streets, no wood pavement, no asphalt, and very little macadam; there were no electric trams, no motor vehicles, no rubber tyres, no cycles, none of those noise-saving appliances which the present generation all too ungratefully enjoys. The streets which carried any continuous traffic at all were paved almost universally with granite pitching—the noisiest of all roadbeds—and they were traversed exclusively by wheels with iron tyres and horses with iron shoes.

Rubber tyres, motor traction and asphalt-paving have removed the more strident noises of the London street traffic. Glasgow, with its stone-paved streets, always seems to me a far noisier city than the metropolis, though it cannot compare with the latter in the volume of its street traffic. But even so, after making all allowance for the noise-saving devices of the present day, the roar of the traffic still resounds through London's central streets in full and unceasing volume. Sometimes when you are walking down the Strand or Fleet-street the motor "buses" charging past raise such a din that conversation with a friend at your elbow is impossible unless you shout. And if you sit back in your office chair and listen to the traffic streaming by outside, the sound of it rises and falls like the breakers on a

CRUEL CASE OF WEEPING ECZEMA

Suffered So Terribly She Could Neither Work nor Sleep—Her Poor Hands were Perfectly Raw—Baby had Skin Trouble, Too.

MOTHER AND CHILD CURED BY CUTICURA

"I was for eight months the victim of terrible suffering from eczema. My hands were like raw beef and I was told that my complaint was weeping eczema. I had it more or less all over my body as well as on my face and it gave me so much suffering that I could neither work nor sleep. The chemist gave me a prepared powder and told me to bathe my hands in water and dust them with the powder. But this did me no good. It seemed rather to chafe my hands more, so I went to see a doctor. He gave me some medicine and told me that I might not be rid of the disease for two years. I became fairly dejected. The disease gradually grew worse and eventually I was unable to attend to any of my domestic duties.

"After a lapse of several months I happened to go to the house of a neighbour's sister, whose little boy had had ringworm and was cured. I was told, by Cuticura. I was recommended to try it myself and when I got home I persuaded my husband to send for a set of the Cuticura Remedies. Their use had immediate effect, my skin peeled, and new flesh formed within a week. It is glorious to be once more able to get about and attend to my domestic duties. I am quite cured and it is Cuticura alone that has cured me. I also found Cuticura a positive remedy for another form of skin trouble, known commonly as 'heat bumps,' from which my infant child was then suffering. I applied the Cuticura Ointment and in the course of a few days the 'bumps' entirely disappeared. Mrs. A. Holton, The Grove, nr. Wantage, Berks., England, Aug. 30, 1900."

Reference: R. Towns & Co., Sydney. Cuticura is the most economical treatment known for affections of the skin and scalp. A tablet of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient to cure. Sold throughout the world. Depot: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq., near St. Dun St. Chaussee d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 501o Prince, Boston. For Post-free, 3/6 per box. Cuticura Book on the Care and Treatment of the Skin.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS
Easily and effectually removed without surgery by the use of
SAUNDERS' ORIENTAL DEPILATORY
Can be obtained from all Chemists in New Zealand.
Each packet bears the name and address—
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FITS CURED
From the first dose of OZIERINE this cure is almost every case. It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy has failed. English Price 4/6 and 11/6.
Thousands of Testimonials. Of all Chemists, Storekeepers and Wholesale Agents. R. T. Saunders & Co., Ltd., Auckland & Wellington, N.Z. Prepared by J. W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 25, HIGH STREET, BELFAST, IRELAND.



THOSE NARROW SKIRTS—THE HOBBLE TRAINING SCHOOL.

comers to Canada speak no fewer than eighty languages. From the new publication these people not only gain a knowledge of Holy Writ, but also some acquaintance with English, while, incidentally, the result must tend towards the unification of the Empire.

The difficulties surmounted by the translators of the Authorised Version into so many strange and uncouth languages have been enormous. Take the case of the tongue spoken by the natives of Lengua, in Paraguay. The missionary who had to learn that language in order to translate St. Mark's Gospel for the natives must have had a life's work before which the bravest man might quail. "Eighteen, for example, is "Sollog-cuek - wakthla - mok - eminik - an-thuathalama," and the simple word "butter" becomes "Waiikyanamaukingminik-ikpithmuk, which means literally, "the grease of the juice of the udder of the cow." Obviously the learning of German is child's play compared with acquiring an acquaintance with Lengua.

But in spite of all its labour and all its triumphs the Society calculates that there are 450,000,000 people to whom the Bible remains to this day a sealed book, because it has not yet been published in the language they understand. So there is still plenty of scope for further enterprise and endeavour!

"JARNDYCE V. JARNDYCE."

In the spring of 1908 a case came before Mr. Justice Phillimore and a jury in the Divisional Court. It was an action arising out of some concessions in Portuguese East Africa about which two rival groups of financiers were disputing, and was listed as "Wyler and others versus Lewis and others."

Prior to the appearance of the case in the Divisional Court there had been considerable litigation between the parties in connection with the concessions, and in that Court the case lasted no fewer than thirty-three days. After fourteen days a juror dropped out

in Wednesday's "Times" on "The Silence of London."

Not long ago, says the "Times," a British emigrant to Australia, who had returned home after many years' sojourn at the Antipodes, was asked what struck him most among the contrasts to be observed between now and then. He replied, "The silence of London." The "Times" explains that the returned emigrant was speaking in a comparative sense, and that what he meant was London streets were much quieter than they used to be fifty years ago. It may be so, but I rather suspect our Australian friend of having indulged in a little gentle irony at London's expense when he spoke about its "silence" as remarkable.

No doubt the London of fifty years ago was noisier; one can readily believe that. Fifty or sixty years ago there was no Thames Embankment, no Queen

stormy coast. The silence of London—if by London is meant the central districts of the metropolis is a meaningless phrase. London is only silent when London sleeps, and that is never.

DR. G. MARCHESINI

SURGEON.

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"BALBIRNIE,"

CORNER OF PRINCES AND ALFRED STREETS,

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The Allenburys' Foods.

The "Allenburys" Milk Foods are the nearest approach to maternal milk that science has yet achieved. They provide, when used as directed, a complete diet for infants; promote vigorous health and growth; make firm flesh and strong bones; and are so graduated as to give the maximum quantity of nourishment the child is capable of digesting, according to age. Diarrhoea, digestive and stomach troubles are avoided when these foods are given, as by the method of manufacture, they are absolutely devoid of noxious germs, and therefore safer than, and superior to, cow's milk, especially in hot weather.

The Milk Foods are made instantly by the simple addition of hot water only, and are alike suitable for the delicate infant and the child in robust health.

PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING SENT FREE.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., LONDON, and Bridge Street, SYDNEY.

NEW ZEALAND STORIES.

VISION.

By G. O. BRAGH

[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."]

THE supper party stowed away in a far corner of the room was more diversified and cosmopolitan than at first sight appeared; more diversified, and cosmopolitan, indeed, than the usual run of after-theatre gatherings in the big Willis-street hotel. Three men sat at the table: Wilson, the English tourist; Brady, the New Zealand journalist; and the Indian. All three were young, all three seemed to attract a second glance from whoever looked their way.

A fortnight previously the Englishman and the Indian had met unexpectedly at Rotorua; their chance Oxford acquaintance of seven years back had been deemed good and sufficient reason for their completing the New Zealand tour in company. Brady, the third and youngest of the trio, had never travelled beyond the Dominion. His horizon so far had been bounded on the north by Auckland, on the south by Timaru, on the east by a certain newspaper editor, on the west by pay-day.

How came he of the company? Hard to explain, perhaps. Brady had a way of waking up suddenly and finding himself in strange places and stranger company. The day he first walked into the reporters' room, delightfully fresh and green, his face lit with youthful confidence, his mind aglow with ideas of his own and ideals of "the profession," men had liked him. The freshness was gone, the greenness was gone—so were most of the ideas and (strange!) all the ideals—but men still liked him. The disillusionment that comes early to most men in life, and especially early to all men in journalism, had not soured him overmuch; the tinging-down of his too-youthful exuberance had left him still his humanness and his unconscious attractiveness. "Likeable fellow, Brady," most men said. He was.

This much of Brady because it explains in part why Wilson asked him to make a third at the theatre on the strength of an afternoon's bar-room acquaintance; also because later on this story has some little to do with Brady.

Good food, good wine, good tobacco are marvellous things for putting some men at their ease; be it noted therefore in due praise of the food, the wine, the tobacco, that the three were now gliding placidly along on a flow of easy inconsequential talk concerning innumerable of God's creatures and things, the talk that comes only when men are thoroughly at ease with themselves and their surroundings.

The conversation had wandered past the pleasant by-ways of art and letters, through the misty dismal alleys of Socialism and the political situation. At length it turned to the absorbing mystery of the east.

The Indian, reluctant at first to speak of his own country, yielded gradually to the soft persuasiveness of Brady. The latter, eager with the curiosity of inexperience, listened in rapt attention to the low drawing tones speaking with hideous familiarity of the devilish arts of fakir, priest, and devotee. Wilson, injured by constant travel to the wonderful and blasé with experience, evinced less interest in the conversation; perhaps, also, with a recollection of certain queer rumours concerning the Indian at Oxford, he deliberately withheld himself from being drawn into the subject with too great an interest. Be this last as it may, the fact remains that for the rest of the evening the Englishman sat back in his chair calmly and vacantly smoking, the while Brady's grey dreaming eyes were on the Indian's face with a gaze unnatural in its steadfastness and intensity.

The hour for departure came. Down the hotel stairs Wilson strolled unconcernedly in front; Brady gripped the Indian's arm and withheld his progress for a few paces.

"Do you really mean to say that you Indians have the power of laying open a man's future?"

The Indian replied softly, almost laughingly: "Well, yes—under certain conditions."

"And have you yourself this power?" Brady's tones were forced and tense. "Perhaps—but don't be a fool, young'un!" The Indian was a decent Indian, and he also was beginning to like Brady.

But Brady, dreamer and visionary, as his Celtic forbears had been dreamers and visionaries for generations gone, was revolving in his mind a new and romantic project. With all his unassuming modesty, he was not unconscious of his own ability, and not all his ambition had gone with those vanished ideals of journalism.

And now to see for one fleeting moment the future of his dream!

Two nights later the Indian was in his hotel bedroom; the door was locked.

The King and Queen of Italy.

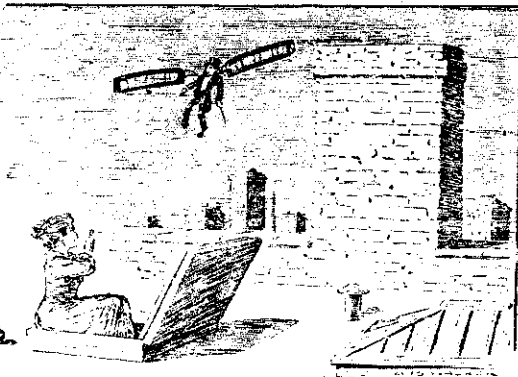
Continued from page 47.

money. It would be our dream to go to Italy, which is said to be the land of lovers. We thought that Your Majesty, loving your husband as you do, and therefore knowing what love means, might consent to help us to make this little journey. We should want five hundred francs; we entreat Your Majesty to lend it to us. When my husband has a better situation—he is at present an assistant in a curiosity shop—he will not fail to repay Your Majesty the money.

Pray accept the thanks, Madam, of Your Majesty's respectful and grateful servant,

MARIE G.

To His Majesty the King of Italy.
Sir—I am a young painter, full of ambition, and said to be not devoid of talent. I am very anxious to see Rome and to study its artistic masterpieces. Not possessing the necessary means, I am writing to ask if you would not give me an employment of any kind, even in the service of the royal motor-cars



AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.

Lying in the bed was Brady—at least, what seemed the body of Brady; he gave no sign of life. The Indian paced the floor uneasily, his eyes wandering fitfully to the recumbent figure on the bed. Unpleasant thoughts occupied his mind: "I was a fool to let him persuade me, but somehow he did. Still, he may come out of it all right."

Some time passed in this fashion; then Brady stirred and tossed uneasily. Three minutes more and he sat bolt upright, gazing round him vaguely, unknowingly. Gradually his eyes regained their normal intelligence, and took in something of their surroundings. As he rose and staggered to the table, some vague memory seemed to come back upon him with increasing force. He remained thus staring blankly ahead till at length full realisation broke upon him. "Great God! Am I to become that—thing?"

A good many people who knew Brady and his brilliant prospects, wondered what was at the bottom of it all; and at certain hotel bars in the city some newspaper men talked solemnly. On the whole, however, the affair caused somewhat less than the usual nine days' wonder.

In New Zealand, after all, inexplicable suicides are common enough.

(for I know how to drive a motor), so that I may be enabled, in my spare time, to visit the monuments and picture-galleries and to perfect myself in my art.

LOUIS S.

Pray accept, etc.,

Here is a letter of another description:

To Her Majesty Queen Helena.

Madam,—You are the mother of two pretty babies. For this reason, I have the honour of sending you here-with two boxes of lacteal farinaceous food, of my own invention, for infants of tender years. It is a wonderful strengthening and tonic diet, and I feel that I am doing Your Majesty a service in sending you these samples. You are sure to order more.

In the hope of receiving these orders, I am,

Your Majesty's respectful servant,

Dr. F. J.

These few specimens will suffice to give an idea of the harmless and sometimes comical epistles that found their way every morning into the royal letter-bag. But I must not omit to mention, among the humorous incidents, that marked the sovereign's journey, an amusing mistake that occurred on the day of their arrival in Paris.

It was about half-past six in the evening. Our Royal guests had at that moment left the Foreign Office to pay

their first official visit to the President of the Republic, when a cab stopped outside the strictly guarded gate. An old gentleman, very tall, with a long white beard, and very simply dressed, alighted, and was about to walk in with a confident step.

Three policemen rushed to prevent him.

"Stop!" they cried. "No one is allowed in here."

"Oh!" said the stranger. "But I want to see the King of Italy."

"And who may you be?"

"The King of the Belgians."

They refused to believe him. When he persisted, however, they went in search of an official, who came, and at once proffered the most abject apologies. Picture the faces of the policemen!

The King and Queen of Italy stayed only three days in Paris.

"We shall come back again," the Queen promised, as, radiant at the reception which she had been given, she stepped into the train.

They have not returned. True, they passed through France the following year, on their way to England. I made the journey with them. But, as on their first arrival at Modane, the blinds of their carriage were lowered. They remained down throughout the journey. Were the royal pair asleep? I never learned.

What About That Dandruff?



There is just this much about it: Dandruff is a germ disease, is most untidy, annoying, and leads to baldness. When chronic, it is very stubborn, but surely yields to thorough and energetic treatment. All germs must be destroyed, the scalp must be restored to health. Here is the remedy: Ayer's Hair Vigor. Ask your doctor about using it.

Ayer's Hair Vigor DOES NOT COLOR THE HAIR

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

DR. SHELDON'S
for
Coughs and Colds
NEW DISCOVERY

SORE LUNGS

When your lungs are sore and inflamed from coughing is the time when the germs of pneumonia, pleurisy, and consumption find lodgment and multiply.

DR. SHELDON'S NEW DISCOVERY for COUGHS and COLDS stops the cough, heals and strengthens the lungs. It is a safe and never-failing remedy. Small dose. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 3/ Hospital size, 5/.



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for children from birth is
Horlick's Malted Milk

It contains all the necessary constituents in their proper proportions. It contains no Starch, and is therefore suitable for infants from birth. It forms bone, nerve and muscle. It is all food and no waste. It is pure and free from bacteria. It is easily and thoroughly assimilated.

Beware of Infant Foods containing Starch. No Cooking. No added Milk. Of all Chemists, Wholesale & Retail Stores. Samples: 82 PITT ST., SYDNEY, N.S.W. Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Eng.

ELEY ALL BRITISH MADE.

The reliability, accuracy and general excellence of Eley Ammunition are recognised by sportsmen in all countries under the sun.

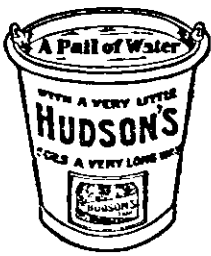
A few favourites are shown—

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Eley 'Smokeless'
Eley '22 Rim'
Eley '22 Long Rim'
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Obtainable of Gunmakers and Dealers.

Eley Bros. Ltd., London





At Home in the Old Country

where everything in and about a house is kept so sweet and clean and pure, and clothes are washed to spotless whiteness, they are still using

Hudson's Soap

for getting these delightful results; and just the same results are possible in the new Colonial homes by the same means. Saves rubbing and scrubbing and abolishes hard work in the house entirely.

IN PACKETS.

NO MORE WHITE HAIR.



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YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE RENEWED. Grey and Faded Hair resumes its Natural Colour. Immediate effect, pleasant and harmless.

A VEGETABLE STAIN. PREFERRED TO ANY OTHER.

Guaranteed to be entirely free from lead or any poisons, and producing a Natural Colour.

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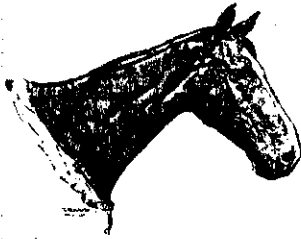
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ISABELLA.

By DAVID GRAY.

Author of "Gallops."



"HAT'S all," said Mr. Parsons Scott. He waved his hand at the groom, directing him to take the horse which was loose in the paddock back to the stable.

"They are a good lot," observed Mr. Carteret. He had been putting in the morning inspecting Mr. Scott's hunters.

Parsons Scott had an office in town, at which an office-boy might sometimes be found. Scott's personal attention was devoted to the purchase, education, and sale of hunters. As a prudent grandparent had provided him with an income, he was able to live in the country with comfort and to maintain the town office and his horse business as well.

"I'm glad you like them," replied Scott, referring to Mr. Carteret's commendation of his horses. Carteret's opinion was able in this field.

"Yes," repeated Carteret; "they are a good lot. They are better than Harrington's and better than Brown's. But I really don't think there is anything that will do for me. As I told you, I want something like old Elevator—something that jumps exceptionally big and sure."

"The only other thing which I have is a mare that came yesterday from Canada," observed Scott. "I haven't had her out yet. I got her in a trade, and probably something is the matter with her; but they say she can jump. Bring out Isabella!" he called to the groom—"the new chestnut mare."

"Did you give her that name?" inquired Mr. Carteret.

"No," said Scott; "I shouldn't name a horse Isabella."

"I don't know," observed Mr. Carteret. "I thought you might be growing sentimental. It's a pretty name for a gentle mare."

"Stuff!" said Scott.

"Quite an animal," observed Mr. Carteret, as the mare trotted into the paddock. "Sporty-looking, isn't she? White blaze and stockings, and a piece out of her ear. She is uncommonly well made," he went on; "but her head is coarse, and she carries it too knowingly for a picture horse."

"Yes," said Scott. "I am sorry about the nick in her ear. It takes a hundred off her value. But she is a mare with a lot of character—the kind that can look out for herself and you, too."

Carteret nodded. "Turn her at the jump," he said to the groom. In the paddock there was a made jump, with wings, over which horses could be chased without a rider on their backs. The bars were about five feet high when Carteret spoke.

"That's too high to start with," said Scott. "She is just off the ear."

The groom, who had started to drive the horse, stopped.

"Let it down to four feet," Scott continued.

"Yes, sir," he said.

Before he reached the jump Scott called him back. Isabella was trotting leisurely into the wings of her own accord.

"Look!" said Scott.

The mare reached the jump, popped over it, gave a whisk of her closely docked tail, and began placidly to graze.

"That's a very remarkable horse," observed Carteret.

"She likes it," said Scott. "Put the bars up to six feet," he called.

The groom adjusted the bars and herded Isabella around in front of the wings again. She looked languidly at the jump, and started for it at a slow canter. She cleared it as easily as before, and went to cropping tufts of grass again.

Parsons Scott swelled visibly with pride. "She just plays over six feet," he said. "It's chocolate-drops for her, Carthy," he continued. "This is a horse."

"I think it is," said Mr. Carteret, rather humbly for him. "Let's try seven feet."

"Please, sir," said the groom, "we can't put the bars up no higher."

"Well, never mind," said Carteret. "Scotty," he continued, "I think this one will do. I might as well tell

you the truth. I'm looking for something for a— He hesitated. "I'm looking for a lady's hunter, and I want a natural big jumper, something that can't make a mistake. If this mare is only sound—"

"She is sound," Scott broke in. "I might as well tell you the truth, too. She is a perfect lady's hunter. I got her somewhat reasonably because she kicked a man's buggy to pieces. He was an idiot who left her tied in a village street in fly-time. A traction-engine came past, and the buggy melted away. I shouldn't exactly guarantee her to drive, but you can see yourself she's gentle as a kitten. She's a perfect pet for a girl."

"I didn't say it was for a girl," observed Mr. Carteret.

Scott looked at him, but made no reply. He picked up a green apple that lay by the paddock fence and held it out to the mare. Isabella came forward



"Shall I take her over again?"

promptly and took it. "Look!" he said. "She'll eat out of your hand."

"That is very affecting," said Mr. Carteret.

"She will probably come round to driving in time," observed Scott. "Suppose we see her under saddle."

"I should like to see her under saddle," said Mr. Carteret.

Scott spoke to the groom, and he led Isabella into the stable. While they waited, the two sat on the top board of the paddock fence and discussed the question of price.

"I think that mare," observed Scott, "is easily worth a thousand dollars. She'd bring that on her jumping alone, and—"

"But I tell you that's too much," said Mr. Carteret; "My commission doesn't authorise me to spend so much; and yet, I want the horse."

"I was about to say," continued Scott, "when you interrupted me, that on account of the buggy affair I would sell her for exactly— He stopped. There

was a clatter in the stable, and some-saulting through the air out of the doorway shot Scott's groom, followed by Isabella, who trotted to a spot where the grass was tender and began to graze.

Scott jumped down from the fence. "What have you got under that mare's saddle?" he bawled at the groom.

"Nothing, sir," said the man, who was picking himself up.

"From the way he came off," observed Mr. Carteret, "there might be a spring-board, or almost anything of that kind."

Scott paid no attention to the joke. He went over to Isabella, who fed on, undisturbed at his approach. Taking the saddle off, he looked for nail-points and objects of a sharp or lumpy nature. There was nothing there. Saddle and leather pad were in perfect repair.

"You must have done something to her," said Scott. "I'll ride her myself."

The groom acquiesced obediently. Scott mounted, and Isabella stood meekly till he was on and had both feet home in the stirrups. "Now," he said, "I shall move her around the paddock, slowly at first."

He spoke to Isabella, telling her to "Get on;" and then, placidly and more in sorrow than in anger, the mare gave three bucks. The first was a large one, but Scott hung on. With the second, which was larger, he was on her withers. On the third buck she shook out all reefs and sent him crashing through the top board of the paddock fence. He landed outside, surprised but uninjured.

"I have been to all the Wild West Shows," observed Mr. Carteret from the

She made no attempt to fight the bearing-rein and buck. She lifted her fore legs and reared rather slowly until she was perpendicular.

"Look out! She's going over!" said Mr. Carteret.

As he spoke she dropped over on her back.

Scott had anticipated her actions. He slid off before she came down, and rolled himself out of her way. He arose hastily, and, with such dignity as a man can command who has been rolling in the soil of his paddock, said to the groom, "You may take the mare to the stable."

Then he climbed the top of the paddock fence and sat down beside Carteret. "Carthy," he said after a long silence, "I had always believed that a horse that was checked up couldn't rear."

Carteret tapped the fence boards thoughtfully with his ratan stick. "Old man," he said, "as we go on in life we lose many of our young beliefs."

There was a long silence. Scott made no answer. "I think," he observed presently, "that a trap just now turned into the driveway."

They could see the house from where they sat, and they watched and waited. In a few moments they saw Williams, the in-door man, come out and hurry down the walk towards the stables.

"You might brush yourself," suggested Mr. Carteret. "A man who sells horses ought not to be found at his own stables with so much mud on the back of his coat."

"Brush me," said Scott. "Who is it?" he called to the man as he approached.

"Mr. Henderson Lampie, sir," said the man.

Scott jumped down from the fence and twisted his moustache for a moment. "I don't think I can stand him to-day," he said, as if speaking to himself.

Mr. Carteret also came down from the fence. "Old man," he said, "I ought to be going."

Scott looked at him in surprise. "But you said you'd stop for lunch," he said plaintively, "and it is almost ready."

"I know," said Mr. Carteret; "but I forgot about an appointment. I must hurry."

"Carthy," said Scott, "if you leave me alone with Henderson Lampie, it never can be the same between us."

"Well," said Carteret, "if you put it that way, I shall have to stay; but I may not be very civil."

"You can be what you please," said Scott. "Tell Mr. Lampie," he said to the man, "that we are at the stables. Put another place at lunch, and make my excuses for not going up to the house to meet him. Carthy," added Scott, after the man had gone, "what an odious little beast that fellow is!"

"The most odious," said Mr. Carteret. "Carthy," said Scott, "don't you think it strange that a girl like Elizabeth Hemingway should stand having him about? Those Dago diplomats are bad enough, but Lampie is worse."

"That thought has occurred to me," said Mr. Carteret.

"Carthy," said Scott, "I feel that we ought to do something to save Elizabeth Hemingway. One of us ought to marry her."

Carteret laughed softly. "That thought, too, has occurred to me," he said; "but not the part of it which introduces you."

"Well, ride up, then," said Scott. "Go out in front. I'll give you the panel first."

"It is foolish," said Carteret, slowly, "to ride for a fall when you know the landing is hard."

"Falls be hanged!" said Scott. "If white men like you are going to funk, probably some Dago or Chinese will marry her, or Lampie."

"Very probably," said Mr. Carteret. "It is apt to be that way."

"Well something ought to be done," said Scott.

"That's true," said Carteret.

"We might begin by murdering Lampie," suggested Scott.

"Why not put him on Isabella?" said Mr. Carteret. "It's more lawful."

"That might be better," said Scott. "He's coming."

Carteret glanced at the approaching figure, and then looked gravely at a mud-puddle about fifty feet beyond the paddock fence. "It's your think," he said, "that she could buck him over the fence into that?"

"I think she could," said Scott; "but probably she wouldn't; she's too contrary."

"Probably not," said Mr. Carteret, with a sigh.

"Hallo, you chaps!" called out Mr. Lampie, when he came within hearing distance. "I say, Scotty, have you a good one for me? I'm in a hurry, and

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can't look the string over, but I want the best you've got—something that can take care of himself."

Scott came down from the fence and greeted Mr. Lamppie. "We have just been looking at the biggest jumper I have. She is likewise, in my opinion, the most capable of looking out for herself."

"Is that so, Carthy?" said Mr. Lamppie.

"It is," said Mr. Carteret. "I trot her out," said Lamppie. "That's what I'm looking for."

Scott called to the stable: "Bring out Isabella again."

"Under saddle, sir?" asked the man.

"I'd rather see her stripped first," said Lamppie. "You see, I can tell at a glance whether there is any use seeing her jump."

The groom came out with Isabella.

"Not a bad-looking mare," said Lamppie. He turned to Carteret. "What do you think, Carthy?"

"I don't think," said Mr. Carteret, severely; "I know."

"Quite right," said Lamppie, affably; "you are quite right." Lamppie was uncomfortable when he talked horse before Mr. Carteret, who was eminent in these matters, and he tried to put himself more at ease by being patronising. "As I said, you are quite right," he went on; "she is douced good-looking. Now the question is, can she jump as I like to have them?"

"You are the only who can decide that," said Scott. The bars were standing at six feet. "Send her over," he said to the groom.

"But, I say," interrupted Lamppie, "you're not going to start her in at six feet?"

"Why not?" said Scott, with surprise in his tone. "She plays over six feet."

The words were scarcely spoken before Isabella cantered into the wings and popped over the jump with several inches to spare.

"That is astounding," said Lamppie, "truly astounding!"

"I'm sorry," said Scott, "that we can't put the bars any higher; but if you want to ride her over the paddock fence, you may. It's not more than seven feet six."

Lamppie looked around, and his eye fell on the broken board in the paddock fence. "You haven't been sending her over that?" he said in amazement.

"That is one of Scott's reckless acts," said Carteret. "He was riding the mare in the paddock, and the first thing I knew, by Jove! he'd taken the fence. It's not surprising that he broke the top board, because he held on to her head shockingly. You know, Scott has had hands."

Lamppie looked at the jump in wonder. "Did the mare go down?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. Carteret; "she never staggered."

"That is the boldest jump," said Lamppie, "that I ever heard about."

"Lamppie, you are right," said Mr. Carteret. "You'd better get up on her back," he continued, "and try her over something yourself. You needn't select such a tall obstacle; but she won't go down with you."

"I'm afraid I haven't time," replied Lamppie, doubtfully. He looked at his watch. "No, I haven't," he added. "I ought to be going now." When Lamppie knew that Mr. Carteret was watching him take a jump, the space between himself and the saddle, which, in fact, was not inconsiderable, seemed at least four feet. He would come down somewhere in front of the saddle, and to make matters worse, would hoist himself into his seat by the reins. "No," he repeated. "I haven't time; but," he continued, turning to Scott, "I'm going to take that mare on your say-so and at your own price."

"But," said Scott, "I haven't said any say-so, and I don't intend to. You make a mistake to buy a horse without riding her. You see, to be honest, I don't think she'd suit you." There was a moral struggle going on within Scott, and the right triumphed. "She bucks," he said.

Mr. Carteret looked away in disgust. "Fudge!" said Lamppie. "I don't mind a little playful bucking. It's rather pleasant to go prancing about a bit."

"It is, isn't it?" said Carteret. "It's the luxury of riding." He looked at the broken board in the fence and smiled sweetly at Lamppie.

"She bucks a good deal," said Scott.

Lamppie looked shrewdly at Scott and then at Carteret. "I see his game," he said to himself; "he wants Carthy to buy the mare." Then he said aloud: "That's all right, I'll take her."

"Mind, I've warned you," said Scott. "You had better try her first."

"No time," said Lamppie. "I'll send after her to-morrow."

"I think," began Mr. Carteret, slowly, from on top of the fence—"I think, Lamppie," he went on, "that you are funkng. She's a bad horse. You'd better try her before you buy."

Lamppie naturally was now sure that Carteret wanted her. He looked knowingly at him and laughed. "Sorry I took her away from you, Carthy," he cried. "By-by, boys!" He waved his hand and was off.

"Well," said Mr. Carteret, after he was out of ear-shot, "we didn't have any fun, but Isabella will have some. Why did you try to spoil the sale of your high performer?"

Scott looked dismally at Carteret. "It is all right," he said, "to kill a man fairly, but to sell him dynamite sticks for cream candy is mean."

"You are childish," said Mr. Carteret, "and will never succeed in the horse business. As it is, do you suppose any one will believe that we have not unloaded Isabella on Lamppie? If you must pay the piper, why not dance?"

"I'm afraid there's something in what you say," said Scott, sadly. "But we might have a small drink in celebration because he didn't stop to lunch."

"That's a reasonable excuse," said Mr. Carteret, and they went to the house.

The next day Scott had Isabella led by a groom eleven miles to Lamppie's establishment and delivered in good order. The day following he received Lamppie's cheque. In the same mail came a letter from a ranch which he supported in Montana. His agent, it appeared, had contracted bad habits, and the property was vanishing. This letter made it necessary for Scott to set out for Montana at once. Accordingly, on the third day after the delivery of Isabella, he started on his journey.

As he was boarding the train the telegraph-operator rushed out with a message. "This has just come," he said.

Scott tore open the telegram. It said:

I. has begun with L. Collar-bone and shoulder-blade this morning. C.C.

"Whew!" said Scott, softly. He got on the car, and ran into Eliot Peabody.

"Has someone left you a fortune?" said Peabody, pleasantly.

"No," said Scott. "Why?"

"You look so happy," answered Peabody.

"It is very bad news," said Scott, "very regrettable." Then he sat down and read the telegram again.

Scott got back a month later, and went to work at his hunters. The first person outside his own establishment whom he saw was Mr. Carteret. Scott was schooling over some low fences, which were happily screened from the house of the man who owned them by a thick wood, when he saw Carteret hacking along the road. He went out to the road and joined him.

"What a good-looking horse," said Mr. Carteret, "but he's got a spavin coming, I'm afraid."

"Nonsense!" said Scott. But he dismounted and anxiously examined the suspected leg. "Well," he said, "if it's a spavin it's a spavin, and it can't be helped."

"When did you get back?" asked Carteret.

"Yesterday," Scott replied.

Carteret looked at him gravely. "Have you heard about the mare?" he said.

"What mare?" said Scott. He was still studying the prospects of spavin.

"The chestnut one, Isabella," said Carteret.

"I got your telegram," said Scott. "It was too bad about Lamppie's collar-bone."

"That was the beginning," observed Carteret.

"Did he ride her again?" asked Scott. "I never thought Lamppie was that kind of fool."

"No," Carteret answered. "She has been working with others. They've had some drag-hounds at Newport."

"Did they furnish sport?" interrupted Scott.

"I don't know," said Carteret; "I was afraid to go there. But I think Isabella furnished some sport. You see," Mr. Carteret continued, "I was going to Newport just after you left for the West, and then I changed my mind. I got a line from Elizabeth Hemmaway asking me there to stop with them."

"You did!" exclaimed Scott. "Why didn't you go? How is that girl going to be saved if you refuse to do your duty?"

"Haven't you had a letter from her?" asked Carteret.

"No," said Scott, wonderingly. "Why?"

"Haven't you heard?" said Carteret.

"Haven't you heard?" demanded Scott.

"Why, it seems," said Mr. Car-

teret, slowly, "that I was not the only person commissioned to look for a lady's hunter. Lamppie was buying a horse for Miss Hemmaway when you sold him Isabella."

Scott's jaw dropped. "I didn't sell him the horse as much as you did," he said.

"That is, of course, untrue," replied Mr. Carteret; "but I am afraid that Lamppie takes your view of it."

"Was her letter severe?" asked Scott. Carteret shook his head. "That is what scared me," he said. "It was sweet and gentle. I suspect that she wants me to ride that horse."

Scott laughed. "So you didn't go?" he asked.

"I went to Lenox instead," said Carteret. "I was there three days. The second day a man came up from Newport who is attached to the French embassy. He had his arm in a sling and his knee in a rubber bandage. He had been hunting Isabella. I left and went up to Bar Harbour. When the boat got there, they carried somebody ashore who hadn't been visible on the trip. It was what's-his-name—you know him—one of the secretaries of the British embassy. He is a good man on a horse. He had been breaking Isabella for Miss Hemmaway. He told me all about it. Isabella caught him with a back roll and loosened his ribs. This chap said that two horse-tamers belonging to some of the Latin legations were also laid up as the result of breaking Isabella to oblige Miss Hemmaway. I left Bar Harbour in a day or two and went up to town. In the club I met Crewe and the British first secretary. They were talking about a young Spanish man who had been witching Miss Hemmaway with his horsemanship. He had concussion of the brain, and they doubted whether he'd pull through."

Carteret paused.

"Is that all?" said Scott.

"I think it is enough," said Mr. Carteret. "It has strained diplomatic relations with the powers, and though it has thinned out many undesirable admirers, it has ruined our prospects."

"I am afraid that it has not helped you," said Scott. "I am sure that Lamppie remembered that I warned him not to buy the mare."

Carteret looked at Scott with contempt.

"I'm coming to lunch," he said, and rode off.

When Carteret arrived, Scott was reading a letter. He looked up as Carteret came in.

"It is all right," he said. "We are forgiven."

"To what do you refer?" asked Mr. Carteret.

Scott handed him the note. "It is a very sweet and noble letter," said he. "She appreciates our innocence in the matter."

"From Elizabeth?" asked Carteret, as he took it.

Scott nodded.

"She says she wants to keep the mare, much as one might preserve an historic battle-ground or the sword that slew a king."

Carteret read the letter. "She asks you down to Long Island for Sunday," he said. "Are you going?"

"I am," said Scott.

"She has asked me also," said Carteret. "I found a note from her when I got home."

"You are going, aren't you?" said Scott.

"I am in doubt," said Carteret, slowly. "I am suspicious. I have known Elizabeth Hemmaway for a good many years. She is forgiving and noble, but I think she would like to see us riding Isabella."

"Rubbish!" said Scott. "She can't make us get up on a horse we don't want to ride, and she can't trick us into it, because we know the mare. She might have her painted, but she can't put back the piece out of her ear."

"No," said Carteret, nervously; "I suppose not. But Elizabeth is a woman of some intellect. I wouldn't mind the spill, but she would have a crowd around, and I don't fancy being made a Roman holiday for Lamppie and a lot of Dogos."

"You'll go," said Scott.

"I suppose I shall have to," said Mr. Carteret. "Are we going to have any lunch?"

Carteret and Scott arrived at Miss Hemmaway's on Saturday afternoon. Miss Hemmaway lived with an aunt, or rather she had aunt live with her. Her character and fortune fitted her to lead a somewhat original life and to assume much of the independence of action of a man. She had her own hunters, driving-horses, dogs, zoological garden pets, to say nothing of a large and ever-diversified corps of personal attaches. All these

she regulated according to her own views.

Carteret and Scott had an extremely happy time. They were the only guests, and the subject of Isabella was not introduced. Once Mr. Lamppie's unfortunate accident slipped into the conversation, but Miss Hemmaway laughed, and looking meaningfully at her friends, said: "I am willing to let bygones be bygones. Are you?"

Carteret and Scott laughed delightedly, and said that they were more than willing. What pleased them especially was the double meaning of the remark, which they took to imply that Lamppie was a bygone thing in Miss Hemmaway's estimation.

Both walked with her, singly and together, on Sunday morning; but in the afternoon their joy clouded. Almost a dozen people came to luncheon, and as many more appeared soon after. As a natural consequence a kind of horse show ensued on the side lawn were the jumps were. Among those who came was Lamppie. His collar-bone had knit and his shoulder was out of bandages, but he wore a silk handkerchief about his neck as a sling in which he rested his arm. He answered all inquiries as to his condition cheerfully and in detail, but he seemed to receive neither the sympathy nor the notice of Miss Hemmaway.

Scott observed this promptly.

"She is done with Lamppie," he whispered to Carteret.

"It looks that way," Mr. Carteret answered. He never was very positive in any of his statements about Miss Hemmaway's probable acts.

After the company had seen Miss Hemmaway's fourteen hunters, and a new four had been hooked up and sent around the drive, and the ponies had been led out, and the St. Bernard puppies and two racoons and the Japanese monkey, Mr. Lamppie cheerfully inquired if there were not something more.

"There is one more horse," replied Miss Hemmaway. "It's a chestnut mare. But I've had her only a week, and I don't know whether she will jump or not. However, we can see."

Miss Hemmaway spoke to her head man, and in a few moments a stable-boy came across the turf, leading a good-looking, powerfully-made chestnut mare. As soon as it came near, Scott nudged Carteret with his elbow, and at the same moment Carteret nudged Scott with his.

"Look," whispered Scott; "they have tried to paint out the blaze on her face and her two white stockings in front."

"Yes," said Mr. Carteret—his eyes were very quick—"and they have tried to sew up the notch in her ear."

The point of one ear was drawn together in an unnatural fashion, and close inspection showed that a piece was gone from the tip and the edges were sewn together. At short range the chestnut dye on the mare's face and legs was apparent to eyes accustomed to horses.

"She's very good-looking," observed Crewe to Miss Hemmaway.

"I like her," replied Miss Hemmaway. "She devilish good-looking," put in Lamppie.

"The question is," said Miss Hemmaway, "will she jump? I don't want her to try anything high, but I should like to see her ridden over the bars at about three feet. Danny Foster," she continued, "is the only boy at the stable I let ride her, and he is away this afternoon, so that somebody with good hands will have to ride her for me."

There was a heavy silence.

Miss Hemmaway looked at Crewe. "Won't you?" she said.

"Why," said Crewe, "I should be glad to, but I'm ashamed to ride before Carthy and Scott, who are distinctly the only men present with truly good hands. Besides, they are stopping in the house, and riding your horses is by right their—" he hesitated, and then said—"privilege."

"I don't care," said Miss Hemmaway; "only somebody get up and ride."

No one made a move.

"Come on, Carthy," she said, sharply, "ride the mare and stop this nonsense. You are coy as a girl asked to sing."

Carteret pulled his straw hat over his eyes and tapped his leg thoughtfully with his ratan stick. "Elizabeth," he said, "you are a fine woman, but you have missed it this time. In the first place your Titian red is very badly put on, and your surgery on the ear is abominable; a seamstress could do better."

"What do you mean?" demanded Miss Hemmaway.

"Don't try to force a poor joke," said Mr. Carteret, severely.

Miss Hemmaway turned to Scott.

"Will you do me a small favour?" she said.

"Anything in the world," Scott an-

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swered, "except ride that mare." He laughed knowingly. A whisper ran through the group of onlookers, and then a laugh. Miss Hemingway turned her back upon both Scott and Carteret. Mr Lampie was standing before her.

"Mr Lampie," she said, "if you are not afraid, will you kindly show my mare over that jump?"

Lampie bowed.

"I have only one good arm," he said. "And you know I am not considered much of a horseman by Garty and Scott, but I shall be truly happy to try."

He started for the horse, and at the same moment Scott and Carteret started too.

"Elizabeth," said Mr Carteret, quietly, "you mustn't let him ride that brute. His shoulder has only just healed."

"Please mind your own affairs," said Miss Hemingway, severely.

Scott had rushed forward in the attempt to seize Lampie before he was in the saddle; but, regardless of what was supposed to be his injured arm, he scrambled up, and kicking his heels into the mare, galloped off.

"Mr Scott," called Miss Hemingway, severely, "will you kindly not interfere with Mr Lampie?"

Scott turned and meekly rejoined Mr Carteret.

"Look!" exclaimed Miss Hemingway. "I don't care to look," said Mr Carteret. His back was turned to the horse. "I don't want to see a murder."

But Scott looked. He saw the chestnut mare carry Lampie into the wires of the jump at an even canter, clear the bars in an easy manner, and come jogging back to the spectators.

There was a burst of applause.

"Has she killed him?" asked Mr Carteret.

"Garty," said Scott, "it is all over with us."

Mr Carteret turned around. Lampie was bowing to Miss Hemingway.

"Shall I take her over again?" he asked. "She goes like a sweet dream."

"If you will, please," replied Miss Hemingway.

Mr Carteret watched the mare and Lampie repeat their performance. He lighted a cigarette and inhaled a long puff of smoke. "Lampie wins by a block," he said softly.

"How do you suppose they did it?" said Scott.

Carteret's reply was interrupted by Lampie. "I say, Garty," he called out, "don't you chaps want a turn on this mare? She's a lovely ride; nothing to be afraid of."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Mr Carteret. "I'll not ride."

"Well," said Miss Hemingway, sweetly, "if there are no more animals and things to be seen, we might go in and have tea."

The party went into the house, but Carteret and Scott disappeared. They went out a back door and proceeded to the stables.

It happened that Fredericks, Miss Hemingway's head man, had formerly been employed by Mr Carteret. Carteret had given him up much as an orchid-fancier might send a lady his choicest air-plant. When the two men entered the stable, Fredericks greeted them obsequiously. There was a queer look in his eyes, but he was very grave because Carteret was grave.

"Fredericks," said Mr Carteret, "we want to see that mare."

"Very good, sir," said Fredericks, and he took them down the stable to a box stall. He opened the doors and showed them the mare. A stable-boy was scrubbing her legs with some chemical preparation, and they were becoming white.

"This part of the job," said Carteret, pointing with his stick to the mare's legs, "you did very badly. I should like to know, however, how you got Isabella to go so kindly in so short a time. I consider that a very remarkable achievement, Fredericks."

"Thank you, sir," said Fredericks. He bowed very low, and his cap concealed his face, but it could not conceal the quivering of his large frame. "I beg pardon, sir," he gasped, and fell out of the stall, apparently in a convulsion.

"I am afraid," said Scott, "that if we were Fredericks we should feel as he does. I want to know, though, what he used."

Fredericks returned shortly, much mortified and with many apologies for his breach of manners.

"I'm going to tell you, sir," he said, "if I lose my place. Come this way, sir."

He led them to another box-stall, which was at the end of the passage, opened the door, and stood aside for them to pass through. They entered

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the box, looked at the horse before them, and then at each other.

"Well," said Mr Carteret, "it is easy when you know how."

"They were in the presence of Isabella. In shape, size, and colour the other mare was her counterpart; but that this only was Isabella they knew now by her eye, by her expression, and by her simplicity of character. She was trying to get her nose into Scott's pocket, and failing in that, she nipped his hand with her lips.

"She's too fat," said Scott. There was nothing else which occurred to him to say.

"So she is, sir," said Fredericks. "No exercise," said Carteret; "the diplomats' gave out."

"I was three weeks finding that other mare," said Fredericks. "She's pretty near a match, sir."

"Did you cut the tip of her ear and then sew it up?" demanded Carteret.

"Not I, sir," said Fredericks. "No, sir. That was Miss Heminway's friend Dr. Anderson, the surgeon, sir. He did it with instruments and cocaine and surgeon's needles, sir, and Mr Lampie helped him and held the cocaine bottle."

"They all knew about it," said Mr Carteret. "Thank you, Fredericks," he added; "we sha'n't tell on you."

They walked in silence back to the house. At the door Carteret spoke.

"I told you," he said, "that Elizabeth Heminway was a remarkable woman."

"You did," said Scott.

"I knew we ought not to have come."

"You said that too," said Scott.

"And you made me come," said Carteret.

"I did," Scott replied.

"Well," demanded Carteret, "what are you going to do about it?"

"What is there to do about it?" said Scott.

There was a long silence. Carteret fapped his leg thoughtfully with his ratan stick.

"What is there to do about it?" Scott said again.

Carteret made no answer, but opened the door and went in, and Scott followed.

The Literature of the Kitchen.

"Novellettes," would probably be the reply of nine mistresses in ten if suddenly asked what their housemaids read.

Possibly that reply is based on ignorance of the literature of the kitchen. At least it is not borne out by one investigator who has taken the trouble to find out what servants really do read. In the October "Book Monthly" Mr. Clarence Rook tells us what books have found most favour in the kitchen of his flat. The vacancies on his bookshelves have in turn told him what literature most appealed to the maid in his employ.

"That maid," he explains, "could read anything she liked from a flat plastered with novels and littered with papers. But the first book she collared was Tolstoy's 'War and Peace,' and volume after volume was returned honestly to the shelf. Then 'George Eliot' disappeared, to appear again. Some time afterwards Guy de Maupassant's 'Une Vie' was missing—it was the translation called 'A Woman's Life,' and it is now on my shelves again. The watching maid, I must confess, collars and reads all the books that are written by people who come into the house—she never misses a Hind or a Hueffer or a Ridge or a Jerome. That is the personal clutch.

"But the books that linger longest away from the shelves show the taste of the serving-maid. And as this is just a personal note I may mention that the latest reading of the maid from the country has been of two small volumes of a translation of Dante."

Mistresses, no doubt, will want to know if this habit of reading the best available interferes with the domestic competence of the serving-maid. Quite the contrary, says our informant. One of the books quickly spotted by the literary housemaid was M. Escoffier's 'Guide to Modern Cookery!'

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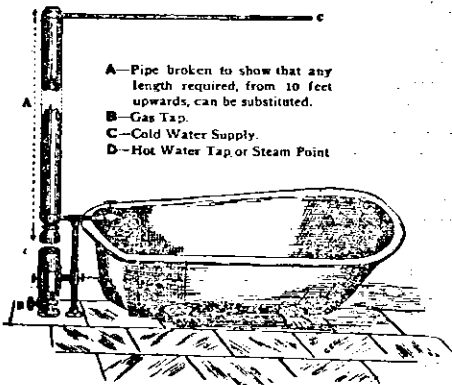
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Copyright Story.

The Shah's Adventure.

By L. RUTHERFOORD SKEY.

(Author of "Passing Down the Avenue," etc.)

THIRTEEN days had fallen upon old Balleen Castle. The young ladies, last representatives of the ancient house of McLoughlin, had been sinking deeper and deeper into the pit prepared for them. The first shovelful of rich virgin soil, out of which the pit was hollowed, had been heaved aside, lightheartedly, by Major McLoughlin the day he approached his new tenant, and neighbour, Mr. Joseph Frost, for a temporary loan of one hundred pounds. The loan was to be repaid in three months. The Major's promise was made in all good faith but it suited Mr. Frost's book better to encourage the gallant officer to stave off the evil day of repayment. The great Leveller, meantime, stepped in unawares and laid the Major low on the cold bosom of Mother Earth; by which time Mr. Joseph Frost, gombeen man in disguise, had managed to mount up a insignificant debt to one hundred pounds multiplied by ten. Nor was this all; the gombeen man, afflicted by a plethora of wealth and flesh, was

For six months Mr. Frost paid the mourning daughters every conceivable attention, offering assistance and advice on every possible occasion, till one day Elice McLoughlin saw a look in the man's eyes that filled her young mind and soul with repugnance and loathing. 'Could that over-fed, ignorant money-god imagine that she could ever, ever love him? Yet that was exactly what his eyes plainly said, and what obviously his lips only awaited occasion to repeat.

Elice cut the interview short, and withdrew to her room—"to cry her purty eyes out," as Biddy Murphy afterwards described it—and then sought her sister.

"We must leave the old place, Kathleen," she said quietly. "We must sell Balleen." She would rather beg her daily bread than marry that creature Frost, whose fat, flabby hands made her delicate flesh creep with repulsion.

Kathleen's tears were mingled with her sister's when Biddy, one-time nurse and now maid of all work, entered the room.

"Why then, Miss Elice and Miss Kath-

he lamented, "why a daciat man like mesel' should be punished this way! The devil wants latin' and so does the devil's fry."

"Gusty," said a sweet, commanding voice at the stable door, "bring out the Shah. I want to look at him."

Gusty pulled his forelock, hastened to the Shah's loose-box, and led the blue-blooded hunter forth. The beautiful horse stepped gracefully over the paved floor, out into the square grass-grown courtyard. His coat shone like spun silk in the warm sunshine; his long, magnificent tail swayed to the movements of his slender, wonderful legs.

Elice had owned the Shah since he was a leggy young colt and she would never consent to the curtailment of his splendid tail; and her love for him grew daily, as he grew in strength and beauty, in depth and intensity.

She laid her hand on the arching, glossy neck and let her cheek rest a moment against the silky curves of his shoulder.

Had it come to this?

"Take him back, Gusty," she said, turning away. "You must take him to the fair to-morrow—to be sold."

And she walked across the courtyard with her head held resolutely up. But her eyes were filled with unshed tears. The sins of the fathers were to be visited upon the children!

"Poor Father," she said, stemming back the tide behind her eyelashes, "you little dreamt it would come to this!"

Back to his loose-box Gusty led the Shah. As he turned to fasten the door he spat again on the paved floor, and

About eleven o'clock Gusty arrived on the fair green with the Shah. An air of extreme pride and importance sat on Gusty's stolid face as he led his charge through the gate. The Shah tossed his head and pulled with gentle persistence on the bit.

In a few minutes a small crowd of horse-dealers and horsey farmers gathered round Gusty. But their eyes were glued on the horse he led.

"Trot him out," said a dealer encouragingly.

Gusty smoked his short "Jay" with calm indifference, and marched on as though the fair green had been established solely for the benefit of the Shah. Unconsciously haste did not become a seller, though no one liked it better in a buyer than did Gusty Kane.

"Get up, man, and try him at the jumps!" said another.

"What's your price, Gusty?" asked a farmer to whom horse and man were of daily familiarity.

"Five hundred pounds!"

The crowd roared.

"Will ye take five pounds—in gold?" asked one.

"Ah, man, sure he's wall-eyed and rising fifteen if he's a day!" volunteered another.

Gusty eyed the speaker stonily.

"An' he the same token, you're blind of half an eye, broken winded, and risin' fifty, me boy-oh," replied Gusty leisurely. "Stand back there, ye spalpeens." This latter was addressed to a knot of urchins who were sprawling in his path across the green. The lads scattered at the sound of Gusty's switch singing over their ears.

In the centre of the market-place Gusty took his stand and handled his horse dexterously, but with a fine air of modesty.

A group of dealers followed in the wake, and in the rear of the dealers some gentlemen drew up. Gusty watched them out the corners of his eyes. Presently he made a sign to a man on his right.

"Jer," he muttered as he examined the Shah's hoofs, "d'ye know anny of them chaps?"

"I do," Jer answered under his breath.

"Thirsty weather, Jer."

"A glass or two would do no harm," said Jer, spying the neck of a bottle in Gusty's coat-tail.

"A well greased tongue is better than a stiff wan anny day o' the week, glory be to God," remarked Gusty standing with his back to Jer while Jer extracted the bottle neatly. "I'm tryin' to sell the baste to ould Frost gombeen man, rاجر, robler of the widow and the fatherless. If you know anyone with a spare bag o' gold in the bank, tip him the wink, Jer, like a daciat boy."

"Faith, Gusty, I left none of me seven senses in the bed this morning." Jer strolled off and entered into casual talk with the men he knew. The neck of the bottle made intimate friendships ere the liquid it contained had time to mellow with old age.

Drawing the back of his hand across his mouth, a dealer stepped forward to feel the Shah's legs.

"Light!" he said, shaking his head.

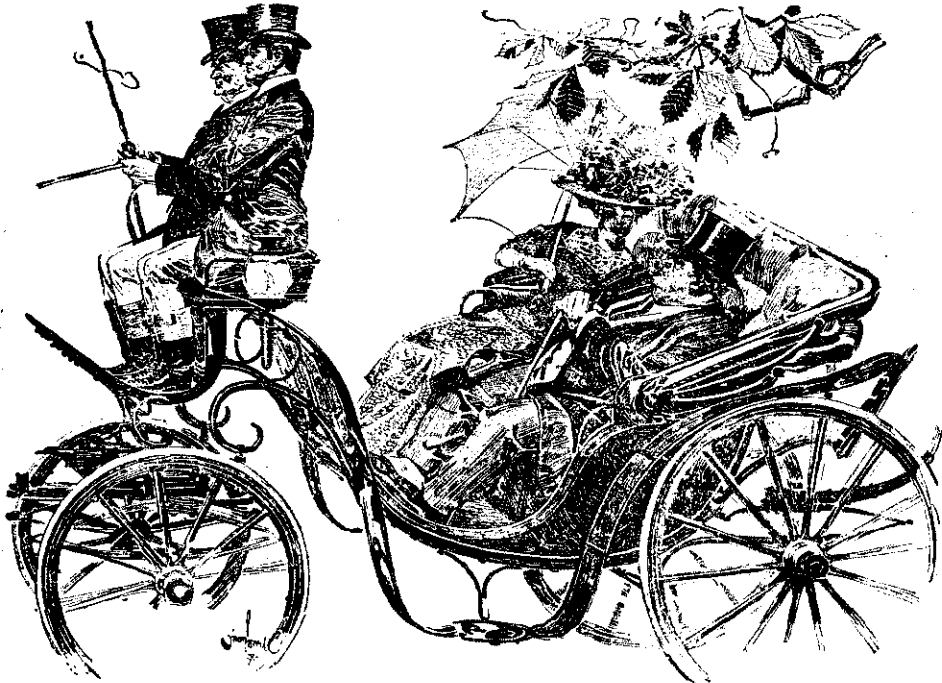
"Is it light?" queried Gusty, confidentially. "Be me soul, he's that light on the legs you'd think he was a swallow on the wing. Divil a word of a lie in it," he added clearing his mouth to "lay the dust."

The dealer examined the horse's mouth.

"Rising six," said Gusty, without turning a hair.

"Sixteen," amended the dealer.

"Fix the course of nature and no harm at all," said Gusty smartly. "He's as steady as a judge—and grand blood in him, rاجرerous stock, sir. At the Mullmahinnessey Point to Point races he bet sixteen competitors—an' he'd done the same aisy on three legs if only he'd been axed. Peter's Wink's Mother's grand-son. If he was a christian he wouldn't call the Queen his aunt. Quiet as a lamb, no thricks, never said 'boo' to a goose nor 'no' to a fence in all his born days; fresh as a daisy winkin' the top of the morning to the sun—ay, after three days had hawking! Look at the eye of him, feel them legs. The 'cute-ness of the baste bates all over I saw—faith, it lugs Banagher and Banagher lugs the divil! Well if you'll believe me, sir—and it's a fact now I'm telling ye—I saw him one day with my own two eyes, but luck to them! Look round at the horses at the meet at the cross roads beyond, just above Mat Moriarty's on the other side of the Knock, where



My dear, you are not looking well. No—I think I am suffering from fatty degeneration of the husband.

afflicted likewise by the pangs of hopeless, or at least unrequited love. If he sighed, he sighed in private and in vain till the happy day dawned when, confident of success, he was determined that the debt should be redeemed.

For Major McLoughlin lay silent beneath the turf he loved.

From a singular, frankly engaging child, Elice McLoughlin had developed into a lovely dark-eyed girl of twenty-one, with cheeks that rivalled the peaches on the south wall of the old-world garden of Balleen Castle, famous though these were for their richness and bloom.

It was just a week previous to the Major's sudden decease that Joseph Frost belought himself of his outstanding loan and requested an early settlement—or, in lieu thereof, the hand of the beautiful Elice.

Unfortunately, the Major's banking account was over-drawn, and he knew not where to turn to lay his hands upon a thousand pounds. Death relieved him of his anxieties, and he passed away under a stroke, leaving his two girls his embarrassments and liabilities for legacy.

leen, what sorrow's on you at all?" she cried.

"Oh, Biddy, dear," her young mistress replied with a choked sob, "we must sell dear, dear old Balleen!" In a few words she explained the pitiful situation and Biddy went away muttering fiercely about the nasty ways of gombeen men when their name was Frost.

Biddy trudged out to the stables to consult the tower of Balleen's strength, Gusty Kane, coachman, gardener, handyman and general factotum, and Biddy Murphy's forlorn matrimonial hope.

"Gusty, 'tisn't much use or ornament you'll be if you don't contrive some 'cute way to bate that ould villain," she concluded, turning her broad back on the admiring Gusty.

"Faix, I'll do me best to dhrive a rusty nail into his coffin afore he's ready to be helped into it," said Gusty, punctuating his reply by deliberate and positive expectation.

But when Biddy was out of sight Gusty scratched his head in great tribulation.

"The dear knows, the dear knows,"

scratched his head anew for inspiration. Presently a smile added to the width of his broad face.

Into the stable Biddy stole like a thief in the night.

"What's that Miss Elice was sayin', Gusty avick?" she whispered.

"Arrah, what would she be sayin', woman dear, but that I'm to sell me heart's blood on the fair to-morrow? What else? An' haven't I reared him as if he was a Christian all out an' the child of me bosom? Be off with yours—f wale your shoes are good, Biddy Murphy."

The rest of that day Gusty spent grooming the Shah's "own brother" in the stall by the stable window—curry-combing, branding, blacking boots—hissing melodiously as he applied the "olow grease." By the time he had finished and stood surveying the scene of his labours, the horse, Gusty averred, was "the dead mott" of the famous Shah. "An' faix, his own brother might he desaved he him if they stood side by side with no more nor the width of the yard betune them!"

there's the ugliest fence to be found between here and the Devil's Soup-pot, and if the rogue didn't spot the Master's own old black stager as never owned a match at a fence 'ceptin' it might be himself, and be the powers—

Gusty's hand flew to his wideawake. "Good morning, Mister Frost: fine morning, sir. Grand weather, thanks be to God: grand weather for the turnpits if I would only come a fine soft shower . . . Yes, sir, 'tis the mistress's little haste, sure enough, I've here—tidy little haste. I was just telling this man—

"Beg pardon, sir? . . . What am I doin'?" Faix, prosecutin' a triflin' bit o' business—waitin' for e'er a gentleman that knows the value of a blood horse—

"What are you asking?" "Asking all I can get. Why, now, whisper, sir, and I'll tell your honour a secret; me instructions are to sell the horse to the best man on the market this day. I'm not to let him go for the most that can be rized on him. That's the ticket, gentlemen all. And may the best man take the haste home."

"I'll give you fifty sovereigns," said a voice.

"Here, sonny," said Gusty, loudly, "come here and take this thoroughbred over them jumps beyond. Will you be able to hold him now? Whoa . . . Aisy." Gusty swung a small boy on to the Shah's bare back, put the reins in his hands and turned the horse's head in the direction indicated. The lad, who had been hungering for the chance, tucked his bare heels into the sleek sides and gathered up the reins like a master of horse.

The Shah stepped out daintily with a well-bred spring in his slender legs. Then one by one he skimmed over each obstacle in his way without effort or question. His action was irreproachable, his jumping clean and stylish. The group of men around Gusty grew in numbers. Small, scattered knots of talking, idle men, concentrated about the middle of the green, attracted like so many needles to the magnet's point. The Shah held court like a queen, but exacted homage as a king. His like was seldom seen on a hunting field and never on a horse fair. As the bare-footed, bare-headed jockey pulled him in he was greeted by a round of spontaneous applause, and still the crowd increased apace.

Gusty pushed back the hat off his forehead. "Well, gentlemen?" He cleared his throat interrogatively. At his side stood Mr. Joseph Frost, a large, heavy man with a well-stocked waistcoat.

"Hem?" Mr. Frost cleared his throat. "Dirt-cheap sir," said Gusty, sinking his voice, "at anything ye'd name . . . What? One—one—one-fifty for you, sir? Thank you, sir. Cheap be my song."

Gusty looked all round him lugubriously.

"Faix, the times do be bad entirely. Long ago, Mr. Frost, sir, that baste standing there before ye'd he sweep' off to foreign parts by one o' them head fellows from England afore ye'd well know where your eyes were."

"Mothors, mothors, 'tis them that's destroyed the horse trade all out," mourned Jer, and comforted himself at a long pull at the bottle neck.

"I had luck to them for mothors! But I won't be to-morrow, no, nor the day after, they'll make them sweet-dirty lads lepp over hedges and ditches win the foxhounds is out for an airing. Bad cess to the one of them but'll have to stretch his leg across a horse if he's to follow the sport at all."

"Hem," proclaimed Mr. Frost, loudly. "He seems a likely young horse."

"Divid a likeher ever I see, yer honour."

"I'll give you two-twenty-five," said Mr. Frost, bustling with pomp and circumstance. In Mr. Frost's estimation Mr. Frost was a man of consequence.

"Sir," said Gusty, despairingly, "I do declare to you when Miss McLoughlin told me to sell the noble baste I'd ner a word in life to say for myself, for she does on the same horse. And—whisper, sir! there's not the likes of him in the county nor in Ireland for nateness in a wedding present!"

"What's the biddin'?" asked a voice which strangely resembled Jer's proceeding from the neighbourhood of his boots.

"Three hundred and fifty guineas is the best I heard, and, sure, that's no price at all for such a fine baste," answered Gusty promptly. "Boy, take the horse across them little lepps beyond. Any more offers, gentlemen?"

Silence reigned when the Shah negotiated the hurdle, bank and stone-wall and back again, stone-wall, bank and hurdle, in superb style. The feather-weight Micky sat perched upon his back like a bird on a swaying branch.

"Faith, 'tis child's play to him," remarked the industrious Gusty. "Tedi-ous work, selling a horse. Look here, sir," his voice sank into a melodious whisper as he turned to Frost, "I'll make a clane and honest deal with you. Add fifty guineas a piece for them three lepps he took—there's no telling what the baste'll be worth in another five year. Say the word, sir, and he's yours at five hundred—guineas! He pushed his soft hat further back.

"Will ye take four hundred—even money?" said a voice.

"Faix, Captain Nolan, I wouldn't say no, harrin' I got me orders to do the best I could, whatever it might be. And, by reason of that, maybe there's a gentleman here—"

As a red rag to an infuriated bull so was the very name of the detested Captain Nolan to Mr. Joseph Frost. In Captain Nolan he saw a rival, a dangerous man in his path to the altar. The mere mention of that name now drove the unsuspecting Frost straight into the net.

He would have eaten his head off rather than be outdone by a half-py, aristocratic snob.

"I accept your offer—I'll give five hundred guineas!" he cried, growing purple lest the other should outbid him yet.

"Done!" cried Gusty and spat on his hand. "Shake hands, sir! I'm proud to

THAT HEAD-BAND.



It used to be for mother when she worked.

deal with a rare gentleman. . . The little horse is sold, genius, and we may as well be moving on."

As they stood on the steps of the bank, where the crisp notes had been exchanged and deposited by the careful Gusty, a boy was seen leading a horse to and fro. At a first glance he might have been taken for the Shah. Mr. Frost, unstrally affable in his purse-full conceit, saw and remarked upon him.

"Nice little horse."

"The Shah's own brother, sir; grand weight-carrier."

"Hm . . . Selling him to-day?"

"Well now, sir—not rightly, so to speak. Balleen's a small place, sir, and blood stock has, in a manner of spakin', to take it time about. Here, Mike, bring over that horse. Maybe you'll be wanting a weight-carrier one day, sir, and if so be—He's a branty and no mistake—Peter's Wife's Mother's grandson—to oblige your honour I'd be tempted to give him away at three-fifty."

Gusty waxed eloquent, so eloquent that ten minutes later they disappeared into the Bank again and notes to the tune of three hundred pounds were lodged in Miss McLoughlin's name.

Then Gusty stood at the counter, scratching his head sheepishly.

"Well, I must be going," he said in a hoarse undertone. "To get that big horse of Captain Nolan's which he's going, as you might say, hat and all, to make a little keepsake of to the young mistress. When I told him I'd sold the Shah to your honour he gave a screech out of him all as though I'd sold the Bank of Ireland over his head! Well, nothing would do him at all but I must take his own hunter—the one that took the big lepp over the ten-foot wall be Sullivan's hay-barn—to Herself—and sure I needn't say why, either. And, mind you—the grand gentleman that he is, to be sure!—he made me take me oath on the Book I'd let ner a word out of me what

stable the horse came from, for fear, ye understand, for fear the young lady'd send him home, post-haste, and he couldn't, he said, in reason bear to see Herself breaking her heart for the horse she rared. Captain Nolan's a fine gentleman, sor, saving your honour's presence. And there's no telling—what'll happen one of these days. Well, sure, God prosper him anyway. The last time he was at the Castle divil resave the be if he didn't put a bit of gold into me hand all for just holding his horse for the matter of an hour or so. 'Twas no trouble at all to me."

Frost's waistcoat swelled, and his fat cheeks grew red and angry. Slipping a gold coin into Gusty's palm, "My good fellow," he said, pompously, "I never intended to deprive Miss McLoughlin of her favourite. I desire you to take the horse back to her, and—"

"Sir," said Gusty turning up his eyes solemnly, "you may trust me. Not to me dying day will I whisper your name to Miss Ellice—I'll keep your honour's secret if I lose me tongue by it! Faix, Captain Nolan may keep his old nag himself—your honour's got the rare generous spirit and no mistake! Good-day, sir, and may heaven be your bed!"

Gusty whipped out of the bank as nimbly as a goat detected in mischief. But he wandered round and round the town, asking as he went if anyone had sight or tidings of Cap'tain Nolan. His search and inquiries were fruitless.

"Bedad," muttered Gusty, "divil a bit of him ever set foot on the fair-green this day! That's all the account I can get of him! What'll I do at all?"

He was hedged by difficulties, and through Captain Nolan only could he hope for relief from them. For if ever a man steeped in love could extricate his adored one from such embarrassments as held Ellice McLoughlin in their cruel grip, complicated by the embarrassments that held Gusty in a vice in his laudable endeavour to relieve her, surely it could only be Captain Nolan?

Slowly and sadly, muddled by the drink in which he tried to drown his perplexities, he began his homeward journey with the Shah when he could find neither Captain nor excuse for putting off the evil hour of reckoning. What story to carry to Miss Ellice he did not know, except that wild horses would not drag the name of Frost from his lips. As he said—"Be this and be that I might as well go down myself as to tell her where the money came from. Oh, Cap'tain, dear, if only ye knew the trouble that's in me shoes this day,

life for selling her horse without consulting me, man! Get home, get along as fast as your legs will carry you and say what you please." Captain Nolan wheeled his horse about and rode off rapidly.

"God bless your honour—long life to you, sir! (And may the sun never stop shining on Herself—" but he was out of earshot.

Watching two red-crested newts in mimic battle in the little lake at the lower end of the Castle lawn, Captain Nolan discovered Ellice McLoughlin. Her dark, beautiful eyes were swollen with recent grief, for the wrench of parting from her favourite was a sore one, and what was it but the beginning of the end? While yet her father lived she thought, she fancied she had seen a lover's eyes seeking her own, but what had bereft her of a father's care had robbed her of—

A large, tender hand touched her hair. Talk of an angel and you hear the rustle of its wings!

"Acushla machree," he said softly "won't you give me your sorrows and take you my heart? I've waited—wanted to speak—to call you by the sweetest name on God's earth, acushla machree."

Gusty saw them together by the lake and stole by unseen. No one heard the tale he told that night, but it brought a glad shiny mist to Ellice McLoughlin's eyes, and, for the rest, Gusty sank himself to sleep, to snore still more serenely till break of day.

DYE CAUSED POISONED FOOT.

INTENSE PAIN MADE HIM CONTINUALLY CRY.

MOTHER'S GRATITUDE TO ZAM-BUK.

Mrs. R. Creese, of 10, North-st., Adelaide, S.A., says:—"My little son got some dye into a small wound in his right heel which became greatly inflamed. The foot at last was so bad that he was compelled to lay up. The pain from the inflammation was so bad he was continually crying. We tried several remedies, but nothing did him any good, and his foot was gradually getting worse instead of better.

"We heard of Zam-Buk and procured a supply. This excellent balm seemed to give him ease straight away, for the pain ceased under its soothing influence. We continued with Zam-Buk, and in a few days the inflammation subsided and the angry conditions gradually disappeared and the foot assumed its normal proportions. He was soon able to get about once again. Zam-Buk completely cured him in a wonderful manner. I cannot tell you how thankful I felt for the blessing of such a remedy as Zam-Buk, which possesses such wonderful healing properties. There is no mark whatever to show where the injury was.

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Now it's for daughter when she plays.

'tisn't deluding me this way you'd be!" On the road before him Captain Nolan was drawing rein.

"Talk of the divil—" muttered Gusty fervently, pulling the hat off his tousled head; and he launched head foremost into a lamentable recital of his woes.

Captain Nolan, a bronzed giant who had, as required, faced the splutter of the enemy's guns, himself still and silent as a hungry spider by a new spun web, hid the smile he could not restrain, beneath his moustache.

"Oh, Captain, if your honour'd only ambushade the fortress—meaning Herself without disrespect—wouldn't the Old Boy's luck attend you?"

"Maybe it would, Gusty." Stooping quickly, he laid a caressing hand upon the Shah's curving neck. "God forgive me! but I was on my way to thrash you within an inch of your

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To Our Young Readers.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of Cousins, by writing to

COUSIN KATE,

"The Weekly Graphic,"

Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever it interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," on the Children's Pages.

All Cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our Cousins some who have passed out of their teens.

A Badge will be sent to each new Cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

NOTICE.

[Miss Amy Holland, Secretary of the Auckland Branch of the Victoria League, City-road, Auckland, will be very glad to have the names and addresses of any "Graphic" Cousins who would like to correspond with children in England.]

A Story of Witch Grundlegroom

[By Hilda A. Norton, age 14, winner of the Wellington Chamber of Commerce prize for composition.]

CHAPTER I.

IN a small village a long, long way from here, there once lived a family whose name was Kutch. There were two boys and one girl in this family, and Karl was the eldest; after Karl came Gretchen, and the youngest of all was Hans. Their mother and father, who were known to the neighbours as Father and Mother Kutch, were the dearest old people in the world.

At the time when Karl was twelve years old there lived, not very far from the village, in a great gloomy castle, a terrible old witch who was the terror of the people around.

Often and often little children had gone out for walks and never returned, and when this happened the parents knew that the old witch must have met their children and carried them off to her castle.

Karl, Hans, and Gretchen were often warned by their mother never to go very far from home when out by themselves, but one day Gretchen, who was a wilful little girl, asked her mother if she and Hans might go out for a walk.

"Yes, Gretchen, you may go, but take great care to stay near home," their mother replied.

"Very well, mother," said Gretchen, and off she ran with Hans.

Now, near their home was a beautiful forest, on the far side of which was the witch's castle. The village children often played there, but they never went far into it, for fear the witch should steal them.

This morning Hans and Gretchen were

playing hide and seek, when, all at once, Gretchen spied a rabbit running under the trees. It was really the old witch, who had turned herself into a rabbit, thinking that if she could make the children chase her she would lure them far from home, and afterwards carry them into her castle.

Gretchen was hiding behind a tree when she saw the rabbit, but, quite unsuspectingly, she began to chase it, calling out at the same time to Hans to follow her.

"Is it not a lovely little thing?" she said, as Hans overtook her.

"That it is," he answered, and on they ran. It was not until Gretchen felt she could not run another step that she stopped, and then it was that the old witch appeared before them in all her ugliness. How the children screamed! But it was no use now, for they were far from home.

Then the witch turned Gretchen into a cauliflower and Hans into a cabbage, and, taking them both under her arm, she marched off to her castle.

When she arrived there she went to a door which was heavily barred and bolted. Into the room she went and placed Hans and Gretchen beside a number of similar cabbages and cauliflowers.

After doing this, she danced round them, singing a weird chant; then she went out of the room and bolted the door.

Meanwhile it was growing dark, and Mother and Father Kutch and Karl were growing anxious about Hans and Gretchen, and, as the evening wore on they knew only too well that the Witch had captured the children.

They were all crying over their loss, when Karl started up, crying: "Mother, let me go and see if I can rescue them." But Karl's mother replied:—

"No, my son, I could not let you go, too." And Karl could not persuade her to let him go.

Overcome by his grief, Karl ran out into the garden, and, seating himself on the stump of a tree, sobbed bitterly.

All at once he heard a soft voice saying:—

"Why do you cry so, little boy?" and Karl, looking up beheld a beautiful fairy.

"Oh," cried Karl, "I have lost my brother and sister. The wicked Witch has taken them away, and I don't think I shall see them again."

"Ah," said the fairy, "that is Witch Grundlegroom, is it not?"

"Yes," sobbed Karl.

"Boy, listen to me," said the fairy. "If you had to go through a great many dangers, would you still wish to rescue your brother and sister?"

"Yes, of course," said Karl decidedly, looking wonderingly up at the fairy.

"Well," said she, "listen to me. If you wish to get your brother and sister you will have to get a flask of fairy water, and to do this you have to kill Dragon Ninetails, climb the Glass Mountain, and reach the Fairy Well."

"Oh! I will do it all," said Karl.

"You are a brave boy," remarked the fairy. "See this apple?" she continued, holding out a beautiful red apple. "When you meet the dragon, do not be afraid, but throw this at him, and whatever you do be sure to hit him on the head, and you will instantly kill him. Then go on till you come to the Glass Mountain, and, although it is considered quite inaccessible, if you put on these shoes and carry this staff you will be able to reach the top."

"Before you come to the well you will have to climb many difficult hills; but the shoes and staff will always help you."

"You will have to go through a gate to get to the well, and to make it open knock three times on it with your staff. You must be out of the gate by twelve o'clock, for at that time it shuts, and if you are locked in you will never be able to get out again. No, remember what

I have said, and when you have found the water I will come to you again. So good-bye, and good luck to you, Karl dear."

With that the fairy disappeared, leaving Karl staring in surprise at an apple, a pair of shoes, a staff, and a little bag. In this bag was a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk. It was fairy food, as Karl found out later, for it lasted him his whole journey.

Then, jumping to his feet, he ran into the house and related to his mother all about the fairy.

"Now, you will let me go, won't you, mother?" he said eagerly, when he had finished.

Karl's mother and father were very glad that the fairy had helped them, and gave their consent, although a little unwillingly, to Karl.

How glad Karl was! He had decided to start the next morning, and, before going to bed that night, he examined his little food bag and found in it, besides the bread and milk, a chart showing him in which direction he had to go.

Next morning he awoke at sunrise, and, after having a hasty breakfast, he put on his magic shoes, placed the apple in his little bag, hung it over his shoulder, and after bidding his mother and father good-bye, set off, staff in hand, to begin his search for the fairy well.

(To be continued.)

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate.—We can tell that summer is coming, for the flowers are so beautiful, and everything is so bright. We have a lot of Lilies of the Valley out; they are one of my favourite flowers. Do you like them? We have twenty-eight chickens out, and another hen sitting. My grey cat, Tooties, has a dear little black kitten; it is such a darling, with a little white spot under its neck. It hasn't its eyes open yet, as it is only three days old. I have two pet lambs, which I call Nancy and Dot. Nancy is very quiet, and will follow me anywhere, but Dot was a good ago when I got her, and is not so tame. A short time ago our school teacher met with an accident while out riding, and as she is unable to teach for some time we have a new teacher. One of our cows has such a dear little red calf, and it is so quiet. I have only time to write a short letter this time, as it is late. With much love, I remain, your affectionate cousin, MYRA.

[Dear Cousin Myra.—Many thanks for your charming letter, which is also so well written. Yes, I love Lilies of the Valley, but they are one of the few flowers that do not do well in Auckland. We are going to have a Sweet Pea and Carnation Carnival. Don't you think that will be lovely? Write again soon. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Ashhurst.—I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic." We have got some roses out now. Mother is home now. I can crochete very well now, and I made baby a little bonnet. Your answers to my riddle is right. I do the housework now. My mother is very good at crocheting, and she can do a little mouse, a cat, and many other things. I will be glad if you can guess this riddle: A man rode up a hill and yet he walked. It is the answer to Cousin Daisy's riddle. "Wat" was the captain's name? Ashhurst is rather a pretty place, though very small. I will close now for want of news. — Your loving cousin, LENA.

[Dear Cousin Lena.—I suppose you have often been through the Gorge? I thought it very beautiful, especially coming from Whangamomona. You both must be very clever with the crochete needle. Yes, I think your answer to Cousin Daisy's riddle is right. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Please may I become one of your "Graphic" cousins? I am ten years old, and am in the Standard II. Our examination is in a fortnight. Please will you send me a cream badge? With love to the cousins and yourself. — I remain, your loving cousin, HELEN.

Dear Cousin Kate, Please may I become

one of your "Graphic" cousins? I am eight years old, and am in the First Standard. I am trying very hard to work at school, for our examination is coming in a week. Please will you send me a green badge? "What is the resemblance between an oak tree and tight boots?" With love.—From RONALD.

[Dear Cousins Delcia and Ronald.—We are very pleased for you to join our circle. Your examination will be over by this, and I hope you did well. You must write and tell me how you got on. Your badges will come some day soon. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am once more writing to your large and increasing circle. There is a pretty bush not very far from our place, where my auntie used to get pretty ferns, and I and two of my cousins get birds' eggs and heads. We get old a dozen for them. We live close to the Monterey hills. They are very low, and a lot of people are buying them for fruit-growing, or grand old-fashioned garden ornaments, and two of my uncles have got four acres of apples and pears. On the other side is a high range called the Tasman Range, and some of the names are Mount Arthur, Mount Campbell, and Sugar Loaf. I am ten years old now. We had a holiday on Monday week, and our teacher said it was Dominion Day. Cousin Winnie, was the answer to your riddle? "Evenus" it can't be. "It?" I will close by giving the cousins a riddle: "Why is a blind man like sympathy?" From Cousin LILLY.

[Dear Cousin Lilly.—I am very pleased to hear from you again. But I don't like the idea of a little girl like you getting blind heads. Surely you can guess this riddle. It seems so cruel. I expect you have great fun during the fruit picking. Do you help? With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I write to you, asking you for a red badge. My Cousin Lena has written to you, there are two boys and two girls in our family. I am ten years old. I am in standard VI. at school. I like rounders at school. Do you like flowers? I do. We may put in a garden soon. I like Buster. Surely you can guess this riddle. I suppose, I went through a gap and picked up a thing, and in three weeks it was walking about? I am, your new cousin, ESTHER.

[Dear Cousin Esther.—I am sending you a red badge, and I am pleased to have a new cousin, and hope you will write me nice letters. Yes, I like flowers, but I am not keen on gardening. Are you? No, I can't guess your riddle.—With love, Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Thank you very much for the badge. I would have written before, but I have been ill. There are a lot of nests in the other day, and a thrush's nest, with two little thrushes in it. They are very young, and they have great big heads and beaks, and look very lovely. I have some photographs of them. I hope they have come out rather well. What I would like to do would be to go to the centre of Africa and hunt wild animals, but instead of shooting them, photograph them in their native haunts. My brother dug a deep hole, and put boards over it, and made it into a cave, but before he finished it he went to school. Some time after he had gone I found four frogs in it, and they have been there for ever so long, but they are all gone now. My writing is very bad, and I hope you will excuse it, as I have a very bad nib.—Yours sincerely, JEAN.

[Dear Cousin Jean.—It would be almost more dangerous to snap a lion than to shoot him. If I were doing it, I should like to have a good shot. I hope you will let the birds go when they can fly. Write again. I enjoyed your letter. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of the "Graphic" cousins? I am 12 years old, and am in Standard IV. We have had very wet weather down here, but of course the summer is coming out, so it may improve. Have you ever been to Tauranga? It is a very pretty place. Sometimes I go out to a farm. The people there have eight pet lambs, and I feed them every time I go out. Do you like lambs? I think they are sweet little things. Please will you send me a red badge? Did you see the procession on Labour Day? I like reading about Buster Brown. With love.—From JENNIE.

[Dear Cousin Jennie.—I am pleased to have you join our circle; your letter was so nice and neat. Tauranga, I think, is a charming place. I spent a week there three years ago. I did not see the procession, because it was such a nasty wet morning. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am writing you a few lines to thank you for the pretty red badge. I am not using it for fear of losing it. We have had lovely weather here until to-night, and it is raining. The farmers will be pleased to see the rain. I was pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic." It is a long while before we see our paper in print. I have some nice cousins of the "Graphic" who live in Masterton. As there is no more news to tell this time, I will close with love to all the cousins, including yourself. What is that which goes up a stick, and is raining, and the farmers will be pleased to see the rain. I remain, your loving cousin, ALICE.

[Dear Cousin Alice.—I am glad you like

the badge. If you use it for a book-marker you will keep it safe. I know you have got a long while before seeing your letters in print, but that is because we have such numbers of them, and only one page to keep them in. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

South Wellington.

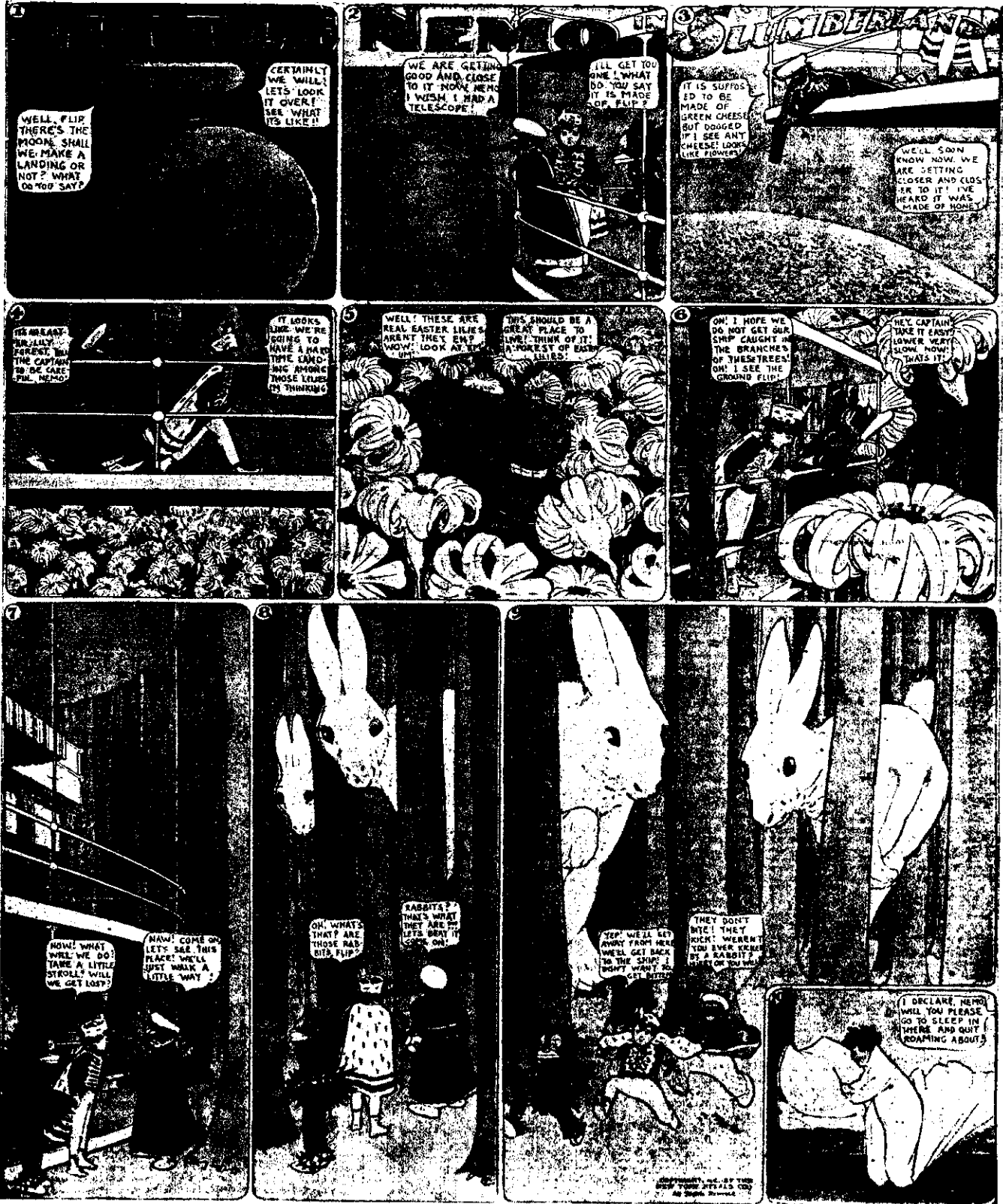
Dear Cousin Kate.—I am sorry that I have not written for so long, but I have been laid up with an attack of bronchitis. We have had horrible weather here lately, with rain and wind, but to day it has been

perfect. I am glad to say, Cousin Kate, that I am going up for the scholarship exams, and I am only hoping that I succeed in them. We are having a little extra work at present for the exams. Last Tuesday we had our annual gymnasium display, which was very nice, and it was there that I played my first piece of music in public. I was very nervous at the time, but it came off splendidly. I have not much news to tell you, Cousin Kate, but I will write as much as I can. This afternoon I have been helping a boy to get a lot of scrub for his bon fire, on which he is going to burn his fluz. Fawkes on the 5th of November. In Coronandel-street there has just

been completed a nurses' home and an infectious diseases hospital, which are both beautiful buildings. I will close now, Cousin Kate, and I will write shortly.—With love, from Cousin NORMAN.

[Dear Cousin Norman.—I was so very pleased to hear from you again, but so sorry to know you had been ill. Wellington is always a horrid place in spring. I do hope you get your scholarship; somehow I think you will. There were heaps of fireworks here on 5th November, but only bon fires at Devonport. People are not allowed to have them within the city. With love, Cousin Kate.]

Mahara.
Dear Cousin Kate.—As Cousin Chasie is a great friend of mine, and has promised to let me see the "Graphic" every week, I thought I would write too. If you will let me be a cousin. As I am 17, I will be a senior cousin. Chasie has a blue badge, but I would like a red one. I was looking over the letters in the week's "Graphic" and did not see any from Northland. They seem to be nearly all from the North Island. It is six months now since I left school, where I was boarding for two years. We had over 40 boarders and eight resident teachers. I play tennis, and am very fond of cycling.



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but lately the weather has been too uncertain for either. I must conclude now, with love.—From Cousin ALICIA.

[Dear Cousin Alicia.—We are pleased to have a big girl cousin, and I hope you will be a good correspondent. We have quite a number of southern cousins, but they are mostly from the North Island. I have not started tennis yet, but hope to this week; it is a grand game. Most of the clubs have opened here. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Riwaka.

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins? I am eight years of age, and am in the third class. I wish you could come and have some of our peaches, apricots, apples, and plums. They are lovely fruits. I did not go to school today, as it was so wet, and I thought I would like to write to you. We hope to get a croquet set soon. I would like a badge very much, if you could give me one. My letter is very short, but I will write a longer one next time. With love to all the cousins.—From Cousin MARJORIE.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie.—Yes, we are glad to have you for a new little cousin. I wish I could pop in and see you when all that lovely fruit is ripe. I think I could have a very nice time if I came visiting Nelson district; I have a lot of cousins there. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Hawterville.

Dear Cousin Kate.—We get the "Graphic" and I always like to read the cousins' letters, and I would like to write to you. When you write, please send me a blue badge. My favourite game is cricket. We have a horse and pig, and the horse's name is Daily. We have also five ducks and a drake. I have two rabbits, which my mother gave to me for my birthday. My best study is geography and reading, which I get the highest marks for. As I have no more to tell you, I will close now. With love for all the cousins, not forgetting yourself.—From Cousin HANOLD.

[Dear Cousin Harold.—I am very pleased you want to be a cousin, but you have not sent your full name and address. Do this, and I will send you a blue badge, with pleasure. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Thank you for the beautiful badge you sent me. My little brother will be six months old on Guy Fawkes Day. Love.—From BERRY.

[Dear Cousin Percy.—What a funny little fellow you sent me. I am glad you liked the badge. Now don't forget to write to me again, but get some paper with lines on it, and then you will write straight. What a jolly day for a birthday; did he have lots of fireworks. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Mataura.

Dear Cousin Kate.—Do you think you could find room for me amongst your cousins? I would like to be a cousin very much. I have a garden with lots of violets and dandelions. Mataura is situated on the Mataura river, a few miles south of Gore. We have a paper mill, a freezing works, a flour mill, and a fish factory. The streets are lighted by electricity. Although I live so far south, I was born in Auckland, and have been living here for eight years. Will you please send me a pale blue badge? I must close now.—With love from Cousin CIBBIE.

[Dear Cousin Cissie.—I am sure we can find a place for a cousin from the south, especially as you were born here. Thank you for the very interesting letter you sent. I have never read in your part of the world, though I have been to Dunedin, which I liked very much, but I was only passing through. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Motumohoa.

Dear Cousin Kate.—Albert is home again, and walks about all over the place. It has been raining hard here for the last three days. My pet cow Dot has got a rook cair. The willows and silver poplars look very pretty now. There are a few silver poplars here, but there are not many willows. We have 20 cows milking, and have nine more to come in yet. Is the answer to Cousin Delia's riddle? As I stood on the harbour I saw a ship sailing, and what was the name of the captain? "What? I will now close with a riddle: "Why is the heart of a tree like the tail of a dog?"—With love, Cousin LENA.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am sorry I did not write before, but I had no time in the hospital. I was seven weeks in the hospital and six in bed. I received my badge all right, and I thank you very much for it. I have no more to say. I will close now, with love, Cousin ALBERT.

Motumohoa.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not written for a long time, but I had no time. I received my badge, and I think it is very much. We have 20 cows in milk. I am going to Hamilton West school now. There are seventy children in Standard II; forty of them are girls and thirty boys. My birthday is on the 24th October. I am expecting my grandmother to stay for a long time. My favourite games are football and cricket. I will close with love, from Cousin (N)LIN.

[Dear Cousin Lena, Albert and Cissie.—I did not know that Cousin Albert had been so ill. How glad you must all be to have him home again. I am pleased you liked your badge. "What" is the right answer to the riddle. With love, Cousin Kate.]

[Dear Cousin Marjorie.—Will you please send your full address? Tokoroa will not find you, I am afraid. In this, and your badge will be sent.—With love, Cousin Kate.]

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.

KNIGHT—HINDMARSH.

A WEDDING of particular interest to a large number of residents of Napier and of Hawke's Bay generally was celebrated at Taradale, when Mr. A. B. Knight, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Knight, of Taboraiti, was married to Miss Barbara Hindmarsh, the third daughter of Mr. J. Hindmarsh, of Greenmeadows, Napier. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. Robertshaw, B.A., vicar of St. John's, Dannevirke, and uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. A. P. Clarke, vicar of All Saints', Taradale. A number of the bridegroom's relatives and friends in the Dannevirke district were present, and the friends of the bride attended in strong force, the church being crowded. The bridesmaids were the Misses Meg and Cicely Hindmarsh (sisters of the bride) and Miss Tweed, of Wellington. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. Tripe (Wellington) as best man, and by his brother (Mr. Eric Knight) and Mr. St. John Hindmarsh as groomsmen. The bride, who looked charming, was attired in a handsome dress of ivory charmeuse, trimmed with silk and pearl lace, with the customary veil of orange blossoms, and carrying a shower bouquet. The bridesmaids wore dresses of white tulle de soie, with black picture hats, trimmed with pink roses, and each carried a beautiful pink shower bouquet. Afterwards a reception was held at "Ngawiro," the residence of the bride's parents, where a large number of guests were entertained to afternoon tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Knight are spending their honeymoon in the South Island. The bride's going-away dress was of pastel pink cloth, with a straw hat of a deeper shade, trimmed with chrysanthemums. Among the dresses were the following:—Mrs. Hindmarsh (mother of the bride), mauve and green shot silk, with a mauve toque and bouquet of mauve sweet peas; Mrs. W. F. Knight (mother of the bridegroom), black and white striped ninon, black toque and pink roses; Miss Hindmarsh, white muslin and picture hat; Mrs. H. Cowper (sister of the bridegroom), old rose silk, black and pink hat, pink peony; Mrs. Douglas Williams (sister of the bridegroom), electric blue coat and skirt, with burnt straw hat, trimmed with blue and black roses; Mrs. Robertshaw, Royal blue silk grenadine and toque to match; Mrs. Gilbertson (Waipukurau), black and white costume, hat to match; Miss Robertshaw, purple linen coat and skirt, mauve and red roses in hat; Mrs. S. Bolton (Woodville), blue Shantung, toque to match; Mrs. Beetham (Masterton, cousin of the bride), white costume; Miss Young, shot green and green Shantung, large picture hat, pink roses; Miss Dorothy Knight, cream serge costume, white hat.

Mr. and Mrs. Knight received many congratulations on their marriage, and the presents were very numerous and exceptionally valuable in character.

BALLARD—DAVIES.

A pretty wedding was celebrated in the Methodist Church, Onehunga, on October 28, when Miss Mena Davies, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Davies, of Meadow Bank, Onehunga, was married to Mr. James Ballard, of Drury, the Rev. Dewsbury being the officiating minister. The bridal party entered the church to the strains of "The Wedding March," which was played by Miss Somerville. The bride was charmingly robed in white taffeta silk, daintily trimmed with silk lace insertion. The orthodox veil and orange blossoms, with a handsome shower bouquet, completed the bridal costume. The bridesmaids were Miss Davies (sister of the bride), who was becomingly dressed in pale blue voile, with a pretty hat to match, and who carried a bouquet of roses; Miss Edna

Davies (also sister of the bride) and Miss Ruth Ashby (niece of the bridegroom) were prettily attired in cream silk dresses, and wore hats wreathed with roses. They carried dainty baskets of Argentine sweet pea and asparagus fern. Mr. Bert Moss acted as best man, with Mr. P. Snell and Mr. H. Davies as groomsmen. A large number of guests attended the wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's parents. The bridegroom's gifts to the bridesmaids were a gold bracelet and greenstone and gold brooches. The bride's travelling costume was navy blue tansore silk, with becoming hat to match.

GEORGE—DEVORE.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Alberta Devore, third daughter of Mr. A. K. Devore, one of Auckland's best known solicitors, with Mr. Reginald Harold George, of New Plymouth, was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral, Parnell, Auckland, on Tuesday, 15th inst., in the presence of a brilliant assemblage of guests. Large numbers of spectators also assembled in the church. Archdeacon Calder officiated, assisted by Canon MacMurray. The chancel of the church was chastely decorated for the occasion, a handsome wedding bell of white flowers and greenery being suspended from the arch. Dr. Thomas presided at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very handsome in a lovely white satin robe, with rose point lace overdress, looped up at intervals with tiny wreaths of lilies of the valley. She wore a wreath of myrtle, lilies of the valley and orange blossoms under a beautiful embroidered veil, and carried a pretty shower bouquet. There were four bridesmaids in attendance, the Misses Katie and Blanche Devore, Winnie George and Nellie Douglas. They were charmingly frocked in white crepe de chine, with short trains and gathered at the back near the trains, with silk lace on the bodices. Their large white hats had straight brims with dome crowns, and were covered with gathered fancy net, and finished with large net water lilies and scarlet velvet bands, and posies of scarlet pimpernels. They wore scarlet shoes and stockings, and carried scarlet carnation bouquets. Mr. Nicholson, of New Plymouth, officiated as best man. After the nuptial ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Devore held a reception at "Levington," St. Stephen's Avenue, Parnell. The customary toasts were heartily responded to. The popularity of the wedded pair was attested to in numerous and valuable presents, which were on view. The bride's going-away frock was a rose pink ninon, with black picture hat. Mrs. Devore (mother of the bride), was exquisitely gowned in a bright copper coloured satin charmeuse, subdued under black ninon, and Chantilly lace and aluminium net, and a black and mole bonnet with shaded roses; Mrs. A. C. H. Collins (sister of the bride), gown of opal-tinted poplin, with cream lace bolero and slashed with black chiffon, and a blue and pink shot hat with sheaf of blue wheat ears, was very effective; Miss Isabel Devore was very pretty in ciel blue crepe de chine

and blue hat; Miss George, dainty white lace frock, and white hat with cream roses; Mrs. W. C. W. McDowell wore a pretty vieux rose ninon gown with cream lace, and white hat with rose pink; Mrs. Caller was in a peacock blue silk poplin, and blue bonnet; Mrs. A. M. Myers, smart Quaker grey moire crepe coat and skirt, and large grey plumed hat; Miss Levi was stylishly frocked in white cloth and black en suite; Mrs. Read (Taumarunui), white embroidered gown, and black hat; Mrs. Parritt, mauve costume, and hat en suite; Mrs. Rankin Reed, very stylish pearl grey ninon, with touches of bright maize; and white hat with plumes and large maize flat rosette in front; Mrs. Mac Murray, black silk toilette; Mrs. Lawrence, pretty ciel crepe de soie frock, and large black hat; Mrs. Rainger, smart French grey ninon and souteache on narrow skirt, black and white toque wreathed with peach blossoms; Mrs. Cotter, handsome black Chantilly lace frock over white silk, black jetted Shah toque with brush aigrette; Mrs. Paul Hansen, white linen and broderie Anglaise gown, and pale blue crinoline toque with pink roses; Mrs. Scherff, black silk toilette; Mrs. Purby, dove grey silk with touches of black lace and black toque; Mrs. Walker, black and white check silk gown, and black and white hat; Mrs. Segar, silver grey silk and floral toque of pink roses; Mrs. J. A. Tole, black bean de soie gown with white guimpe and black plumed hat; Mrs. Bedford, stylish pearl grey ninon gown, and large black hat; Miss Kimling, smart white embroidered linen frock, and black hat with groups of blush pink roses; Mrs. Assin, swallow blue and brown striped silk gown, and hat en suite; Mrs. Steele, black silk toilette, and black hat with roses; Miss Winifred Leys, pretty ciel blue frock, and blue hat with velvet ribbon and pink roses; Miss Violet Tibbo, blue and white pin-appointed muslin, and pale blue hat; Mrs. Zimma, Havana brown silk gown, and shaded mauve toque; Miss Dunnet, stylish grey and white striped crepe chali, and white and black hat; Mrs. W. B. Thomas, mole grey costume, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Weetman, black ninon over white glaze silk, black velvet hat wreathed with scarlet geraniums; Mrs. Benjamin, mauve toilette, with toque en suite; Miss Tye, black silk toilette; Mrs. Moir, brown silk; Mrs. Colegrove, mole grey costume with souteache, and black crinoline hat; Miss Landsford, cream ninon frock, and hat wreathed with groups of polyanthus; Mrs. Kirker, cream shantung coat and skirt, and black toque; Miss Kirker, white Indian muslin frock over pink; Mrs. Bach, black brocade gown; Mrs. Ernest Williams, petunia satin soule gown, and hat en suite; Mrs. Alison, cream ninon with old gold bands, and black and gold Napoleon hat; Mrs. T. Peacock, mauve crepe chali, and black bonnet; Miss Peacock, roseda green silk, green hat swathed with amethyst silk; Mrs. Hay, cyclamen coloured silk, hat en suite; Miss Foote, pretty malmation pink crepe de soie, and black hat; Mrs. O'Hanrahan, black silk with white lace guimpe, gold tissue toque; Mrs. Keesing, black toilette, and smart black Napoleon hat with posies of vari-coloured flowers; Mrs. Gray, black and white costume; Mrs. Fotheringham, dainty azure blue ninon, and large blue hat; Mrs. Cooper, hands some black Chantilly lace gown over white silk, black toque with pink roses; Mrs. Hay, rose pink ninon, and black picture hat; Mrs. Cruickshank, white satin charmeuse, and large black and white hat; Mrs. W. S. Douglas, black and white costume; Miss Douglas, white embroidered muslin, white hat with sheaf of maize-coloured wheat ears; Mrs. Ralph, French grey costume, and white toque; Mrs. Munro Wilson, stylish green mesaline silk with Paisley design, and hat en suite; Mrs. Coates, French grey costume; Mrs. J. E. W. Somerville, bisquit-tinted costume, and black hat; Mrs. F. W. King, heliotrope silk, and large

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ROBERTSON—GEAR.

There were many guests from town at Porirua on Wednesday for the marriage of Miss Gladys Gear and Dr. Robertson (Johnsonville). The bride looked very handsome in her gown of ivory satin softly draped, and finished with beautiful lace. In her hair was a coronet of orange blossom, to which was attached the long filmy veil, and her bouquet was composed of white roses and carnations. There were two bridesmaids, Misses V. Gear and M. Knox, who wore charming dresses of palest blue St. Etienne with guimpes and sleeves of embroidered net. Pale blue chiffon lined their black picture hats, which were garlanded with mauve and blue roses, and their bouquets were composed of roses. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a diamond ring, while to her maids he gave gold bangles. Mr. Arthur Bendall was best man and Mr. A. Henderson groomsmen.

After the wedding reception, at which there were over 150 guests, Dr. and Mrs. Robertson left by motor on their wedding journey. The bride looked exceedingly well in a navy blue poplin tailor-made and a black hat with blue poppies. Mrs. Gear wore a Princess gown of amethyst crepe de chine, with embroideries in dull shades of purple and mauve, dull purple hat wreathed with pansies. Mrs. Robertson (the bridegroom's mother) wore black crepe de chine with entre fleux of lace, black and white toque; Miss Robertson, a lingerie robe of fine lawn, elaborately tucked and inserted with lace, teal hat with flowers.

BRYCE—GOW.

On Thursday morning the Presbyterian Church, Cambridge, was filled to overflowing upon the occasion of the marriage of Miss Agnes I. Gow, eldest daughter of the Rev. W. J. Gow to Mr. James A. Bryce, youngest son of the Hon. John Bryce, of Wanganui. The church was most artistically decorated with white field daisies by the girl friends of the bride, and a floral wedding bell was suspended over the heads of the wedding party. The bride looked sweet in an exquisite gown of ivory satin, with tucked nixon yoke and sleeves. She wore a wreath and veil and carried a lovely shower bouquet. The bride was given away by her father. The Rev. F. Robinson, of Hawick, performed the ceremony. The chief bridesmaid was Miss Jessie Gow, sister of the bride, who wore a becoming frock of white embroidered muslin, and white hat with wreath of white roses and foliage and carried a shower bouquet of pink and white sweet peas and roses. The other bridesmaids were the Misses Margaret and Dorothy Hopkirk, who wore dainty white embroidered frocks and white hats trimmed with white chiffon. They carried shower bouquets of pink and white sweet peas and roses. The bridegroom was supported by his nephew, Mr. Hector McKenzie, of Marton. The bride's travelling dress was a brown summer tweed with brown hat, with Wedgwood blue trimmings; Mrs. Gow, stepmother of the bride, wore a smart creme cloth coat and skirt and mauve toque; Mrs. McKenzie, of Marton, sister of the bridegroom, a becoming gown of amethyst silk, with creme lace vest and undersleeves and black picture hat; Mrs. Jackson, of Hamilton, sister of the bridegroom, brown costume and brown hat with pink roses.

ELSON—FISHER.

On Tuesday afternoon, November 15, in spite of the broken weather, the Church of the Nativity was well filled, when the Ven. Archdeacon Grace officiated at the marriage of Mr. G. E. Elson, of Wellington, to Miss Ella Gladys, eldest daughter of Mr. A. J. Fisher, of Blenheim. The church was very prettily decorated for the occasion, and Miss Girdwood presided at the organ. Mr. W. T. Churchward carried out the duties of best man and was assisted by Messrs G. Fisher, J. Wilson, and B. Willis (Wellington) as groomsmen. The bridesmaids—four in number—were Misses D. Fisher (sister of the bride), M. Wilson (Wellington), sister of the bridegroom; B. Griffiths, and G. Gunn (Seddon). The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a handsome Princess robe of white chiffon taffeta, relieved with silk lace and pearl trimmings. She wore the usual veil and real orange blossoms, and carried a lovely bouquet composed of white flowers and maidenhair fern. The bridesmaids looked pretty in white muslin frocks trimmed with insertions, and large white chiffon hats crowned with small pink moss roses with soft green foliage, tied with strings of eau de nil ribbon. Each carried a prettily-arranged bouquet of pale pink flowers, with streamers of eau de nil ribbon.

Mrs. Fisher (the bride's mother) wore a handsome dress of amethyst celonno trimmed with silk of the same shade, and vest of creme lace, which was set off with a black crinoline straw hat with ostrich feathers. Mrs. Elson (the bridegroom's mother) looked well in a biscuit-coloured flaked silk Shantung, braided to match, with touches of black satin; she wore a black velvet hat with creme ostrich feathers, and carried a bouquet of cerise flowers; Miss Moore (aunt of the bride) was gowned in a silver grey Russian costume, hat trimmed with hydrangeas and black velvet. After the wedding ceremony, a number of the immediate friends and relatives of the happy couple assembled at the Grosvenor Hall—which was arranged to represent a large drawing room—where a reception was held. The bride's travelling dress was a creme serge Russian costume, set off with a large burnt straw hat crowned with small pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. Elson left during the afternoon en route for the North Island, where the honeymoon will be spent.

TUCKER—BOYCE.

Last Wednesday afternoon an interesting and pretty wedding was solemnised in St. Andrew's Church, Cambridge, the officiating clergyman being the Venerable Archdeacon Willis. The contracting parties were Miss Alice M. Boyce, second daughter of Mr. Charles Boyce, of Cambridge, and Mr. P. L. Tucker, youngest son of Mrs. Tucker, of Whangarei. The church was beautifully decorated with white daisies and pale pink roses, and a floral wedding bell, the work of the girl friends of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely gown of crystalline, made with panner skirt over a foundation of white paillette silk, soft hem finished with embroidered French plait and tiny silver horseshoes. The bodice was draped over a yoke of silver tissue, trimmed with French plait embroidered in silver and finished with high Paris collar and ruffle. She wore a handsome wreath and veil, and carried a lovely shower bouquet of white roses and maidenhair fern. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a gold bangle, and to the bridesmaid a massive silver brush and comb. Miss Letitia Boyce, as bridesmaid, wore a smart frock of creme silk voile over a narrow satin stripe made over silk. The bodice was draped over a yoke of tucked tulle, trimmed with silk applique and chiffon taffeta, and a saxe blue crinoline straw picture hat, trimmed with wistaria and tulle completed her costume. Mrs. Boyce (mother of the bride) wore a handsome gown of black chiffon taffeta, trimmed with a creme yoke of guipure lace, and silk applique with a touch of black velvet, and she wore a smart black toque with black aigrette; Mrs. Tucker (mother of the bridegroom), a becoming gown of black striped voile, trimmed with silk applique, and just a touch of white about it, prune hat of silk crinoline straw.

After the ceremony about fifty guests were entertained at a wedding breakfast in the Alexandra Hall, and in the evening a dance was given by the parents of the bride.

ADAMS—RAW.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, October 14.

A very pretty wedding of interest to New Zealanders took place this week at Holy Trinity Church, Kensington, when Capt. Noel Percy Adams (commanding University Squadron King Edward's Horse), son of Mr. Percy Bolland Adams, of Nelson, was married to Miss Ellen Kate Nesta Raw, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Raw, of 28, Albert Court, Knightsbridge, one time of South Africa, and niece of the late Right Hon. Henry Escombe, who was Premier of Natal.

The church was beautifully decorated. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Henry Tower, Chaplain of the Guards, Windsor, and cousin of the bride, assisted by the Rev. H. B. Coward, the Rector of Holy Trinity. The bride, who is a beautiful girl, was given away by her father, and was gowned in soft ivory satin, veiled with chiffon, having a tunic of Chantilly lace, made longer at the back, in Empire style. The skirt had a deep hem of soft satin charmeuse, with a small square fish-tail train. The lace tunic was caught to the hem in the centre front with a loop of soft ribbon, passed through two eyelet holes in the lace, and carried round the skirt under the tunic with a pretty effect, and fastened with a flat shoe bow at the back. The Magyar bodice of chiffon veiled an under-bodice of the ivory Chantilly, and the lace was applied on the chiffon from the waist for a few inches towards the bust. The neck was cut square and hand-embroidered in floss silk, and the waist finished with a very narrow band of satin. The court train was made entirely of chiffon, veiled in Chantilly lace, and was draped to the left shoulder, falling to the right side towards the back in an indescribably graceful manner. The lace was caught up in places by sprays of orange blossoms. One long, fine spray garlanded the entire side of the train, ending in a cluster of the flowers, from which sprays of different lengths went upwards. Underneath the chiffon, which was fastened very lightly, was a double band of satin, caught at intervals by clusters of tiny satin roses. The bride wore a plain tulle veil over a spray of orange blossoms, finished with a small cluster of the flowers at one side. Her bouquet was the gift of the bridegroom, as were her pearl and diamond earrings. She also wore a very handsome diamond pendant, the gift of the bridegroom's father.

The bridesmaids were Miss Joan Raw (sister of the bride), the Misses Ruth, Barbara, and Mabel Escombe, and Miss Pamela Gladstone, while Miss Marjorie Campbell and Master Frank Escombe acted as train-bearers. The chief bridesmaid was gowned in ivory satin veiled with chiffon, under which the satin was applied in a bold design in old lace tint upwards from the waistline. She wore a large white beaver hat with a bunch of soft rose ribbon drawn through the hair to one side. The little maids were frocked alike in soft ivory satin, made over Japanese silk, with four touches of Valenciennes lace and deep collars of Valenciennes insertion edged with finely tucked chiffon. They wore soft white satin sashes and Dutch caps of lace, with widely pointed revers and small satin rose wreaths. All carried Empire baskets of cerise carnations, which, with gold bracelets, were the gifts of the bridegroom.

Mr. Leonard J. Wheeler acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Rupert Raw, Mr. Rowland Raw, Mr. Basil Chichester, and Mr. Jenkinson.

After the ceremony there was a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel. The fine rooms were decorated entirely in white, a profusion of exquisite exotics being used.

Later on Captain and Mrs. Noel Adams left for their honeymoon, the bride going away in a gown of apricot chiffon cloth with an under-bodice of soft satin charmeuse worked in satin cording and braiding, and an underdress done in the same way. The cloth tunic was split up the centre front to show the embroidered under-skirt, vest and sleeves were of chiffon, with the upper sleeves of cloth. Her hat was of black lace, with a huge weeping willow pink feather.

Among the guests were Mr. Acton Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Lady Berkeley, Major-General Sir Charles and Lady Parsons, Lieut.-Col. Sandeman, Sir Ernest and Lady Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Upton, Sir Walter and Lady Pearce, Mrs. Tower, Lady Sibyl Findlay, and Dr. Findlay, etc.

Why She Won't Wear It.

She will not wear a bubble skirt; she says the style is much too pert, and that no woman of good taste would so debarment her waist; besides, she says she thinks the style will last for but a little while, because to anyone it seems the fad is going to extremes. Whenever her hobbled sisters pass she only sighs and says: "Alas! How can a lady of good sense sacrifice herself in that pretence. Just see her trip and wobble by! Would I appear in that? Not if I could al her own good sense here stare at her as she goes there and there! Oh, if she knew just what they said I know she'd blush a rosey red. Besides, the style is awkward, too. I don't care if they claim 'tis new.' And so she carefully explains her preference for full, her train, and for a petticoat that's white, and will not be with glasses eyed when she is sitting down the street. Besides, you see she has

LARGE FEET!

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The Manager of the Auckland Industrial School, Mr. Albert Hill, is 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.

GREY HAIR IS OFTEN PREMATURE IN ITS APPEARANCE—the result of neglect or bad health. It may be stained to the natural colour by means of "Hind's Vegetable Hair Dye," which acts in a perfectly natural way, giving delightful and satisfactory results. Free from all metallic matter. 3/6 bottle, post free. Miss Chubb, Ladies' Depot, 44, George St., Dunedin.

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 19.

At the Junior Club.

A VERY smart party was given by the Junior Club on Wednesday, 16th. Club functions are always jolly, for there is no denying the fact that a party where there is a good sprinkling of mere man always goes well. When we emerged from the lift, we were charmingly received by Mrs. W. Colbeck, wife of the president, and Mr. W. Carrick. We then passed on to the billiard-room, which looked very gay and festive. The noble proportions of the billiard tables gave ample scope for a most effective tea table decoration of sweet peas in every shade of pink, in dainty silver vases, and lovely fronds of maiden-hair fern, and trails of pink satin ribbon. Mrs. Aunsane's clever fingers were responsible for the floral decorations. Opening off the billiard-room there are cosy rooms for cards, reading and suchlike. One room was a most severe and business-like appearance walled with lockers, containing goodness knows what—extra boots and collars, I fancy. Our hosts were most attentive, and saw that we all partook of the good things provided, and we nobly responded.

Burke's Band played charmingly, and was quite a feature of the afternoon's enjoyment. Among the members of the Junior Club, who were present, were Mr. W. Colbeck, Mr. P. Lawrence, Mr. A. Reid, Mr. Sbariano, Mr. Roy Towie, Mr. Vickerman, Mr. A. Denniston, Mr. Cooper, Dr. Drummond Ferguson, Mr. B. Myers, Mr. Hector Pierce, Mr. H. Cotter, Mr. Holderness, Mr. Griffiths, Mr. G. Kent, Dr. Murray, Mr. Tom Lewis, Mr. St. J. Clark, Mr. Wyatt, Mr. G. George, Mr. E. Dargaville, Mr. B. Frater, Mr. de Pass. There were some very pretty frocks worn, notably a lovely steel-grey of some silky texture, beautifully piped with the same material, and dainty touches of dull silver-powdered nixon and white; a large black hat, wreathed with small coloured flowers. This pretty toilette was worn by Mrs. W. Colbeck; Lady Louhart wore a white painted chiffon over silk, and a black hat; Mrs. Ferguson (England), a coat and skirt of cream foulard with golden brown spots and pipings, a brown tagel straw hat with black feather; Mrs. C. V. Houghton wore a handsome toilette of dark amethyst charmuse, veiled with

gold fishes, net and bands of lovely embroidery, a large white hat veiled with black net; Mrs. Drummond Ferguson wore the daintiest little frock of palest grey figured nixon over white, which had bands of lovely silver and gold embroidery, a white hat massed with grey ribbon bows; Mrs. Hilda Williams wore a charming mole coloured toilette, beautifully cut, and a smart black hat with white upstanding feathers; Mrs. Hector Pierce was a very smart figure in a trailing frock of palest grey crepe de chine over white, and a modish black hat, with huge brown bows; Mrs. P. Lawrence wore a pale blue crepe frock, with touches of black, and a smart black hat; Mrs. Jim Carpenter looked charming in a lovely black and white dress, and a cream hat with bands of lovely real lace; Mrs. Harry Clark wore a smart little coat and skirt in a steel-grey coloured linen braided in a darker tone, and a pretty black hat with bunches of pink and blue feathers and black osprey; Mrs. Atkin Carrick wore a braided frock of grey cloth, and a pale mauve hat; Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield wore a frock of a pretty shade of pale mauve, and a cream hat with roses; Mrs. George Bloomfield wore a graceful mole crystalline frock, and a large black hat; Mrs. W. Coleman wore a lovely black toilette; Mrs. Duthie wore white linen, and a pretty hat, massed with red poppies; Mrs. Leatham, black nixon over white silk, and a pretty hat; Mrs. Fraser, white embroidered lawn, cream hat with roses, and a pretty white scarf; Mrs. C. Biddle, natter blue shantung and a cream hat with roses; Mrs. Mowbray, junr., looked pretty in cream shantung, and a flower-wreathed hat; Mrs. Copeland Savage looked sweet in grey charmuse, and a pretty hat; Miss Ida Thompson looked nice in brown linen, and a large black hat; Miss Ethel Martin wore a white linen coat and skirt with coarse lace insertion with a touch of blue, and a becoming hat with shaded pink and blue roses; Miss Jessie Reid wore a hail spot muslin inserted with lace, cream hat with black feathers and a pretty amethyst scarf; Miss Mab. Rice looked nice in a pretty natter blue frock, and a black hat; Miss Cameron wore a pretty fluffly white frock and hat; Miss Jessie Frater was pretty in palest pink linen, and a black hat; Miss Gillies, smart white cloth braided coat, and pretty hat with shaded flowers; the Misses Muir Douglas looked sweet in little white linen coats and skirts, and black hats; Miss Dorothy Nathan wore a lovely little white frock, and a white rose-wreathed hat; Miss Dorothy Ware wore electric blue coarse linen coat and skirt, and a black hat; Miss M. Dargaville, white frock, large picture hat of black, with white plumes and brown feather boa; Miss Winnie Cotter, a dainty white muslin embroidered with pale blue, and a pretty hat and blue feather boa; Mrs. E. Russell looked nice in a well-cut grey cloth frock, and a smart red hat; Miss A. Parr wore a black and white checked coat and skirt, and a pretty black hat; Miss Rosie Greig looked dainty in blue; Miss Mary Towle wore a pretty white frock, and a flower-decked hat; Miss Maud Browning in electric blue linen coat and skirt; and Miss Lulu in violet, rose, and pretty black hats; Miss Ruth Buckland looked smart in cream, and a hat with black glaze bows; Miss Bay Tole was an up-to-date figure in palest pink and white; her sister wore vieux rose linen; Miss Mary Foster looked pretty in a nut-berry coloured frock and black hat; Miss Rosalind (Palmerston North), dainty white frock, and hat. Others present were Mesdames Reid, Towle, Martin, Foster, Edmunds, Tole, Dargaville (2), Shppard, Rankin Reed, Miss Anvis Reid in white and vieux rose hat; Mrs. Arthur

Myers, Miss Levi, Mrs. Louis Myers, Mrs. Leo Myers, Misses Myra Reed, D. Nolan, L. Towle, P. Gorrie, Cooper, D. Denniston, N. Waller, N. Coutts; Miss Flossie Puler, who looked nice in a pretty blue frock with touches of black, and a black hat with pink roses; Miss Ethna Pierce; Miss Gwen Beale looked charming in white linen, and a pale blue hat wreathed with pink roses; Misses Biss who both looked smart; Miss Ruth Horrocks, and crowds of others.

Garden Party.

Mrs. Towle gave a most delightful garden party at her pretty home "Medanga" Epsom. The day was a charming one, which added to the beauty of the garden, and the roses which are in full bloom, were very much admired. The Bavarian band played pretty selections, and the party was much enjoyed by those present. Mrs. Towle wore a soft black dress, and a black hat; the Misses Towle wore white muslin, and picture hats. Among the guests, were Mrs. and Miss Buckland, Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield, Mrs. Barstow, Mrs. Benjamin, Mrs. Chatfield, Mrs. Archie Clark, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. Hugh Campbell, Mrs. J. Campbell, Mrs. Carrick, Mrs. Dargaville and Miss Dargaville, Mrs. Duthie, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Dudley, Mrs. E. Horton and Mrs. H. Horton, Mrs. George Bloomfield, Mrs. E. Morton, Mrs. C. Nathan, Mrs. J. Rankin Reed, Mrs. J. Reed and Miss Jessie Reed, Mrs. Percy Williams, Mrs. Arthur Myers, Mrs. T. C. Williams, Mrs. and Miss Ware, Mesdames Lintott, H. Clark, Dunnett, G. Elliott, Mrs. and Miss Greig, Mrs. and Miss Cole, Mesdames Hesketh, Hull, Macfarlane, Savage, Reeve, Tole, Purchase, Tubbs, Noakes, H. Thompson, Payton, the Misses Clark, Carr, Browning, Firth, Gorrie, King, Richmond, Walker, Thompson, Reid, Nathan, Walker, Pierce, Reed, Miss Nathan, and many others.

A Round of Parties.

Between now and the 3rd December, when Miss Lulu Browning is to be married, there are quite a round of parties at which she is the guest of honour. Mrs. Popeland Savage's progressive games' party for Miss Browning was a very jolly one. At one table you had to pick marbles out of a bowl with pencils, and put them into a bottle; at another thread needles; another thread beads, and all sorts of nonsensical things, which created a lot of merriment. Bridge was also indulged in. The prize for the progressive games was won by Mrs. E. Horton and Mr. Murray George. Mrs. Savage wore a pretty pale blue frock; her sister Miss Cooper, pink charmuse with tunic of mauve nixon; Mrs. Browning, black with cream lace; Miss Lulu Browning and her sister wore dainty white frocks; Mrs. E. Russell, black; Mrs. E. Horton, Royal blue charmuse veiled with nixon in the same shade; Mrs. Duthie, a natter blue Liberty frock; Miss A. Carr, a lovely little white frock, hand embroidered; Miss Jessie Reid wore a pretty white net over chiffon; Miss Lorna Towle, pale pink; Miss Maud Buckland looked nice in pale mauve; Miss Ruth wore maize charmuse with cream lace tunic; Miss E. Dyer wore pale grey; Miss L. Clark, cream net with touches of blue, veiled with the net; Miss Winnie Cotter, white; Miss Una Biddle, a dainty pink frock; Miss Pearl Gorrie, pale blue charmuse; Miss Gwen Gorrie, cream lace.

Fearful and Wonderful.

I have had some most amusing letters from friends in Melbourne describing the Cup Week, and the fearful and wonderful frocks worn. Oaks and Steeplechase Days were great trials for those who had special frocks. Many defied the elements, and wore their flimsiest finery, and provided great fun for the onlookers, watching their wild and futile efforts to gather their frocks up, and yet be decent. There is little doubt that the frock of the day is not built for holding up, unless much is revealed—and stockings prove a most important part, and legs that one does not suspect in ordinary discreet weather. The Countess Dudley wore her favourite white—but such a white! It was a smart little linen frock, pleated, with a cheeky little belt of black patent leather and white kid. The dress was short, and she was perfectly shod. A white hat and a snowy feather boa gave a soft finish to the turn-out. One lady who always dresses to set Flemington air tried a cherry ribbon in a huge bow round a grey frock waist, with the wings of the bow pinned to the shoulders, and a peach-pink hat pulled on to

her head. Another lady wore a Paisley shawl, a real grandmotherly beauty, and crimson cornelians in her ears. Short foulard frocks were much favoured. The most "hobbled" of the "hobble" frock was there in thousands, and it was with great joy we saw one of the most pronounced of these come a most awful cropper, simply falling flat on her face, her luck being in she fell on the lawn, so no damage was done—except to her feelings, you might say? No; anyone who would dress like that has no feelings.

St. Aidan's Bazaar.

The St. Aidan's Parish Hall wore a very festive appearance on Thursday. In front of the entrance a large marquee was erected, which looked very cool and pretty. In this was the flower stall and produce, so artistically arranged that even the groups of cabbages looked well. Mrs. Whitney did a brisk trade in seedlings, all of her own raising. She was assisted by Mrs. Duvall and the Misses Chapman, Ross, and Cheeseman. When one entered the hall the scene was very pretty. All the stalls were framed with a white lattice, and each stall was represented by a different flower trailing over it. The effect was light and dainty. The stage—which is a fine roomy one—was arranged as a tea-room, where one could also get delicious strawberries and cream and ice cream. The tea was in charge of Mesdames Buchanan, Mark, Cuthbertson. Strawberries: Mesdames E. Horton, E. Bloomfield, and E. O'Rorke, and a bevy of pretty girls, among whom were the Misses Isabel Clark, M. Towle, Cooper, Ida and Nellie Thompson. Ice cream: Mrs. Pronde, Misses Nancy Hanna, Newton, and Cullington. The following ladies were at different stalls: Mesdames Keeble, Hall, Madill, Hunt, Pond, Abbott, Walker, Bass, Winstone, Culling, Turnbull, Dalton, Desborough, Misses Macdonald, Crowther, Coombes, Herrold, Scott, Gregory, Brown, Warnock, Smallfield, McCullagh, Browne, Clarke. There was a boys' stall in charge of Masters Harry Turnbull, Roy, McCullagh, Victor Clark.

"Ring Contest" Afternoon.

The Misses Ruby and May Rhodes gave a very pleasant "Ring Contest" afternoon to about 60 of their girl friends at "Ronaki," Remuera, on Friday. The drawing-room was decorated with a profusion of delicate-tinted sweet peas and branches of cream roses, and the study had gorgeous red roses. The competition brought out the keenness of thought of the young people, which resulted in Miss McLennan being the winner of the first prize and Miss A. Mariner the second prize. Mrs. Rhodes wore a mauve grey gown with Oriental embroidery; Miss Rhodes, a pretty swallow blue frock with tablier ends caught at the hem with tassels; Miss May Rhodes, cream cashmere and lace.

Flower Show.

The flower show held on Friday and Saturday was a huge success. As Mr. Bagnall remarked, during his opening speech, the children's exhibits were quite a feature of the show. There was a grand display of flowers of almost every sort. A table of carnations, exhibited by Mr. H. Brett was simply glorious. Dr. Douglas Hamilton gained several prizes for his lovely roses. The table decorations were very pretty, the second prize table being charming. In the children's classes all the tables were pretty. Whoever judged the decorated baskets (children's) must indeed have had a task. There were dozens of them, and most of them pretty. There was the keenest interest taken by the children, who simply swarmed everywhere. I think the committee made a serious mistake in not having tea. The hall was quite full of flowers, but it would have been quite a simple matter to have had a tent. I am sure a golden harvest would have been made. Among the people I noticed were—Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall, Dr. and Mrs. Douglas (Hamilton), Mrs. Aldridge, Mrs. Dignam, Mr. King, Mrs. Goldie, Mr. and Mrs. Seegner, Mr. and Mrs. Towle, Mrs. H. Weston (New Plymouth), Mrs. and Miss K. Nelson, Mrs. Olyphant, Mrs. Edmiston, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. and Miss Friend, Miss Hilda Williams, Miss Ida Thompson, Mr. R. B. Lusk, Mrs. Webster (New Plymouth), Miss Scherff, Miss Webster, Miss Binney, Mrs. Talbot Tubbs, Miss Beresford.

The Seaman's Mission.

On Tuesday evening at St. Paul's Parish Hall a concert was given in aid of the Seaman's Mission. The first item was a pretty one act comedy, written

ENGAGEMENTS.

No notice of Engagements or Marriages can be inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person with Full Name and Address.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace S. Smith, youngest daughter of H. T. Smith, Esq., of Pansolby, to Captain J. Sinclair Stuart, of the Joseph Craig.



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FUNERAL EMBLEMS &
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By Mr. Charles Thorp, the author taking one of the four parts. Miss Manning had a part which suited her, and acted very brightly. Mrs. Reeve as the pretty coquette was well cast, and Mr. W. Wells took the other part. The comedy which was called "Christmas Chimes," was very well received. "The final rehearsal" was amusing. Miss Ivy Manning being especially good, and the maid-servant too, Miss Hazel Nairn. Musical items were given by Mrs. Cowan and the Misses M. Waddell and Essie Holland. Mr. A. P. Cowie, the Seaman's Missioner, gave us an amusing sketch of the history of the mission. Mr. Cowie has a great sense of humour, a rarer gift than is commonly supposed. Mr. Cowie called upon one of his seaman friends from the s.s. Arrow for a song, which was promptly responded to, and the rest of the sailors present joined in the chorus. This item was quite the gem of the evening. Mrs. M. Williams very prettily sang "The Gleamer's Slumber." Madam Laura Daw sang twice. Other contributions were: Mr. Pierce, Van Bracket, who recited well, and Mr. Herapath.

Students' Recital.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boul's Students' Recital, held in St. Andrew's Hall, on Saturday night, was a most interesting function. The hall was filled, and the keenest interest was taken by everyone. The two items given by the Melbourne College singing class, were very good. "The Minstrel Boy," sung by Master Rupert Grantly was very sweet, and much enjoyed. All the children played with a remarkable clearness of touch, and with a lot of feeling. During the evening Mrs. Boul was presented by a tiny lot with a lovely basket of roses.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross have returned to their home, "Brunwood." Mr. Ross, I am glad to say, is much better. Miss Milly Cotter, who for some time has been seriously ill, is almost well again, and is at present at Lake Takapuna. Mrs. Foster and her family have returned from Okoroire. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ross are at present visiting Okoroire. Miss Phyllis Boul leaves on December 21 for England, where she will remain for some time. Mrs. Roberts (Cambridge) is the guest of Mrs. Arthur Herrold, Remuera, and from there goes to pay Mrs. J. Mackay (Devonport) a visit. Dr. and Mrs. Douglas (Hamilton) paid a flying visit to Auckland, being exhibitors and prize-winners at the Rose Show. Miss Devore, of Parnell, Auckland, left for Gisborne, on a short visit. Mrs. A. C. H. Collins, who has been on a lengthened visit to Auckland, left on Sunday for her home in New Plymouth.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

November 18.

Rose Show.

The Rose Show was held with great success on Wednesday, the weather clearing up wonderfully after the days of heavy rain. In spite of the storm, the flowers were unusually fine, although the exhibits were rather fewer than usual. There was much interest over the locally grown roses entered for the silver tea set trophy, which was again won—this time permanently—by Mrs. H. M. Gore. The prize for decorated tables went to Mrs. Elmo and Miss Eileen Ward, who had both gone in for roses. Mrs. J. E. Wilson (Bulls), who is always a successful exhibitor, this year regained possession of Lady Ward's silver rose bowl, which last season she temporarily lost to Mr. Trevelthick. Mrs. W. E. Hughes, Mrs. C. P. Skerrett, Mrs. A. M. Smith, Mrs. Pyke, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Kirkealdie, and Mrs. Nathan were all exhibitors, and quite a feature of the show was Miss Duncan's display, which had a place of honour in the centre of the hall. Afternoon tea was a welcome diversion after the tiring process of examining the many stands amid the crowd of spectators. A number of girls were helping at the tea stall, which was trilled off with white woodwork and greenery, the girls all looking very nice in white linen or muslin frocks. The show was opened by Lady Ward, who was wearing a graceful gown of ivory colienne, with a guimpe of delicate lace; her hat was black, with many plumes, and her or-

trich feather boa of the same sable hue. Little Peggy Tringham, daughter of the President, presented her with a bouquet of shaded yellow and orange roses. Mrs. Tringham wore ivory Shantung, with self-coloured embroideries, and a white hat garlanded with roses; Mrs. Newman, navy blue coat and skirt, braided with black, black and white hat; Miss Wilson (Bulls), a lingerie robe of deep ivory mull inserted with lace; a posy of velvety red carnations were tucked into her belt of the same shade, and her hat was black, with plumes. Mrs. Gore, ivory cloth, the revers embroidered in black soutache, black hat with green foliage; Mrs. Wallis, brown Shantung coat and skirt, brown and black hat; Mrs. Cyril Ward (Invercargill), ivory cloth tailor-made, hat wreathed with roses; Miss Eileen Ward, white muslin lingerie robe, with horizontal bands of insertion, black hat with roses; Mrs. Herdman, a tussore tailor-made, and green toque; Mrs. Fitchett, mole colienne Princess dress, and black picture hat; Miss Skerrett, fuschia brown Shantung and brown turban toque with a rim of black velvet; Miss Harding, natural tussore tailor-made, and hat with roses; Mrs. Mason, white and black striped silk coat and skirt and toque with roses; Mrs. Algar Williams, a tailor-made in a dull shade of peacock blue, with Paisley revers, black hat with black lace bows; Mrs. Larnack, tussore coat and skirt and vieux rose toque and scarf; Mrs. Grace, dark grey tailor-made and black toque; Mrs. Ian Duncan, navy cloth, smartly braided in black, black hat with flowers; Mrs. Marchbanks, white serge Russian costume, with black soutache, black hat; Mrs. Butts, black crepe de chine and black hat; Miss Butts, white lingerie robe and teal hat, with roses; Mrs. Tweed, black and white check tweed and black hat with cerise loops; Mrs. C. Crawford, gobelin blue cloth Princess dress, net guimpe, black picture hat and long scarf of pink Paisley; Dr. Agnes Bennett, mole tweed tailor-made and black hat; Mrs. F. Nathan, tussore tailor-made, black hat with large panache of white ospreys; Mrs. H. Crawford, amethyst cloth and black picture hat; Miss Joseph, corded Shantung and hat with roses; Miss Baugh, mole Shantung with yoke of black Valenciennes, black mushroom hat; Miss Duncan, taupe Shantung, hat of the same shade, with bows of deep rose colour; Mrs. Holmes (Masterton), dark blue Shantung and black hat; Mrs. Jones, black and white shepherd's plaid tailor-made, with black revers, smart black hat; Mrs. Russell, brown Shantung and black hat; Mrs. Pearce, blue cloth tailor-made and teal hat with black wings; Mrs. Dean, pale mole Princess robe and black hat with miniature flowers; Miss Harcourt, sapphire blue frieze and blue hat with wild flowers and grasses; Miss Nancarrow (Christchurch), dark blue tailor-made and blue toque; Mrs. Corrigan, grey crepe de chine and black picture hat.

Girls' Realm Fete.

It was a pity there were not more people at the Girls' Realm Fete, as the whole thing was cleverly managed and well got up. All the merely ornamental members of the guild have evaporated, leaving only the residue of sincere and earnest workers, who have done a great deal of good in a most unassuming way. To carry on the work they need funds, especially now the Christmas season is coming on, when there are so many extra demands on the charitable. The grounds of Awarua House made a delightful background to the various stalls, which were decorated with a marvellously life-like imitation of wisteria. All the girls wore the Guild colours, mostly by way of mauve rosesets on their white dresses. Lady Ward was present, wearing a Shantung tailor-made dress and a black hat; Miss Coates, dark blue cloth, braided with black; Mrs. Newman, blue tailor-made with black revers, blue and black hat.

Croquet.

Although croquet is rather a lost pastime in Wellington itself, owing to the want of lawns, there are still plenty of lovers of the game, and quite a number of them are keen enough to undertake a sea journey to get some play.

On Saturday the Ferryside Croquet Club opened the season with an invitation "At Home," which was a success from all points. There are no less than four lawns available, so play was in full swing directly the President (Mrs. G. F. Campbell) played the first ball. Mrs. Campbell wore a tussore braided tailor-made and a brown hat with roses; Mrs. Fitchett, mauve Shantung, and violet

hat; Mrs. Firth, pale blue and white foulard with a deep bouffe, white hat with roses; Mrs. F. Didsbury, tussore coat and skirt and black hat with daisies; Mrs. Collins, mole cloth, braided in the same shade, mole hat; Miss Skerrett, dark blue serge and black and white hat; Mrs. Harcourt, cloth tailor-made, and hat with roses; Mrs. Fulton, navy coat and skirt and black hat; Mrs. Moss, dark blue frieze and hat with roses; Mrs. Bulky, black and white striped tweed tailor-made and black hat.

The Arts Club.

The Arts Club had a very pleasant evening on Saturday, when each member was invited to bring some article for the furnishing of the Club's seaside cottage at Paremata. There was much fun as the parcels were unwrapped, and after they had all been discussed there was dancing until after supper. Mrs. McVilly wore pale pink crepe de chine and lace; Miss Montague, white soie de chine; Mrs. Atkins, black crepe de chine with pale blue choux; Mrs. Monro, black chiffon taffetas and jet; Mrs. Hislop, petal pink colienne; Miss Van Staveren, vieux rose chiffon velours; Mrs. Raymond, pale blue charmeuse; Mrs. Wardell, ciel blue taffetas; Miss Wallace, pale pink messaline; Miss Lockie, a lingerie robe of muslin and lace.

Afternoon Tea.

Mrs. Jacob Joseph's tea, which she gave at her residence, Holson street, on Tuesday, made a delightful break in a deplorably wet afternoon. Once inside, the elements were completely forgotten, and the atmosphere became one of roses. Quantities of gorgeously-tinted ones were arranged in large rose bowls, and scented the air with their delicious fragrance. As someone said, it was really anticipating the rose show, which was held on the following day. Many of the roses came from Mrs. Fred Nathan's lovely garden at Palmerston North, and others from Wrightman's nurseries at Awaburi. The folding doors in the drawing-room were thrown open, and at the far end was arranged a buffet, where Miss Gladys Nathan superintended the dispensing of ice creams, iced coffee, and strawberries and cream. Mrs. Joseph and the Misses Nathan were in charge of the dining-room, where the most novelties in the way of delicious cakes and French sweets—the latter made by Miss Rose Joseph—met with much appreciation. A string band in the inner hall played all sorts of catchy and popular music, and there were many pilgrimages to the conservatory to see some new and rare carnations brought out from England by Mrs. Joseph.

Mrs. Joseph received in a dress of coffee brown foulard, with an ivory neck design; the tunic and short sleeves were bordered with bronze embroideries, and the Magyar corsage was of brown resille net. She was assisted in entertaining by Miss Rose Joseph, who wore a Princess gown of pearl grey and white foulard, with heavy embroideries in dull silver thread, and sleeves of tucked net. Mrs. Fred Nathan (Palmerston) was in a Princess robe of rose du Barry charmeuse, with a brassiere of silken embroideries in the same shade; Mrs. Joseph had on pale amethyst cloth, with dull gold embroideries on the yoke, and a gold buckle in her black picture hat; her two little girls, who were helping with the tea, wore pretty white muslin frocks, the elder having a black velvet band in her beautiful auburn hair. A much admired little person was Mrs. Fred Nathan's baby daughter, who looked bewitching in white embroidered muslin, with ribbons in the palest shade of rose to match her pretty name. Mrs. Walter Nathan and her daughter were the guests of honour, as they are soon departing for England, where they intend to make a lengthy stay, so as to include the coronation. Mrs. Nathan wore mole grey charmeuse en Princesse, with a guimpe of Irish lace, black picture hat; Miss Nathan, silver grey crepe de chine, the corsage having delicate embroideries, tan Leghorn hat lined with royal blue; Miss G. Nathan, a black voile Princess skirt, and a blouse of Irish lace, black hat with flowers; Miss Z. Nathan, smoke grey crepe Shantung braided in the same shade round a net yoke, black hat with roses; Miss S. Nathan, blue Shantung, black hat with royal blue bows; Mrs. Ian Duncan, green tailor-made, hat wreathed with lilacs; Mrs. H. Crawford, amethyst cloth with white tucked chiffon vest, hat with white feathers; Mrs. Harries, heliotrope gown, white ostrich feather boa, black hat with white feath-

ers; Mrs. Holmes (Masterton), pale blue nixon, white lace blouse, black hat lined and trimmed with blue; Mrs. Collins, grey cloth, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Head, black nixon, black duille toque with white osprey; Mrs. G. Rutherford, blue coat and skirt, black hat, ostrich feather boa; Mrs. C. Izard, cream coat and skirt with touches of black velvet, small black hat; Miss Holmes, brown Shantung, brown toque; Mrs. Miles, petunia-coloured cloth; Mrs. Webster, cream serge, large black hat with blue ostrich feathers; Mrs. Lucy Brandon, grey cloth tailor-made, black hat and black satin scarf lined with coral pink; Miss Pearce, electric-blue frieze, braided in the same shade, black hat lined with pale blue; Miss Brandon, roseda colienne and hat with roses and foliage; Mrs. Leekie, azure blue Shantung embroidered in black soutache, black hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Myers, cream cloth tailor-made, Tuscan hat with primulas; Miss Beauchamp, mauve colienne and mauve hat with veiled pink roses; Miss Harcourt, navy serge and black hat; Miss Gore, grey coat and skirt and black and white hat.

Lady Ward's Garden Party.

Lady Ward gave a charming garden party at Awarua House on Friday afternoon. The invitations were by tele; home, to meet Mrs. Cyril Wood, who, with her small son, are the guests of Lady Ward. The tennis court, where tea, strawberries and cream, and less were laid, looked very green and pretty, and was sheltered from the wind by the trees and shrubs which surrounded it on all sides. Miss Macdonald's orchestra played delightfully during the afternoon. Lady Ward wore a graceful gown of black nixon over white chiffon taffetas with transparent yoke, large black hat with plumes; Mrs. Cyril Ward, blue nixon over white silk, black hat lined with blue; Mrs. Findlay, amethyst cloth with chiffon scarf, mauve hat with roses; Mrs. Corliss, black nixon over white silk, black toque; Mrs. Mackenzie, mole coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Fitchett, biscuit cloth with braided coat, hat with mauve flowers; Mrs. C. Izard, petunia cloth, braided in black, toque to match; Madame Beuville (Auckland), black satin charmeuse with black satin scarf, black picture hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. (Fading) blue satin skirt, pale blue tunic; Mrs. Boyd-Garlick, black frock, long cloak with cupes of natural Shantung, black hat; Mrs. Webster, blue coat and skirt, braided in black, black hat with long blue feathers; Mrs. Longman, heliotrope cloth, toque to match; Mrs. Prouse, brown striped tweed tailor-made, brown toque; Mrs. Head, white pique coat and skirt, hat with roses; Mrs. Chutfield, black and white checked tweed with black revers, black hat; Mrs. B. Wilson, heliotrope gown with lace yoke, heliotrope hat; Mrs. Chaytor, black tailor-made, with noire revers, large black hat; Miss Skerrett, brown Shantung, brown toque; Mrs. Fisher, pale grey tailor-made, grey hat with pink roses; Mrs. F. Leekie, white embroidered muslin, hat with roses; Mrs. M. Bell, petunia coloured cloth, black hat; Miss Beauchamp, green and white satin foulard; Miss Helen Mackenzie, ciel blue satin charmeuse, black hat with tips; Mrs. Luke, pale grey coat and skirt, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. MacArthur, handsome black costume, black hat with feathers; Mrs. C. Pearce, navy blue tailor-made, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. Hall, cream cloth coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Fitchfield, grey tweed gown, grey hat with wings; Mrs. J. Tripe, black nixon, with transparent lace yoke, black hat; Mrs. Towsley, Saxe blue cashmere de soie, with blue chiffon tunic edged with Paris lace, blue hat with feathers; Mrs. Quirk, grey tweed, with embroideries on bodice, grey and white toque; Mrs. Salmon, violet cloth, with cream scarf, violet hat; Mrs. Cooper, navy blue voile, white lace vest, black toque; Mrs. Harding, blue cloth coat and skirt, black hat; Lady Steward, black poplin, black hat with tips.

OPHELIA.

CAMBRIDGE.

November 18.

Rose Show.

The Rose Show and Sale of Work in connection with St. Andrew's Church was opened yesterday under most favourable circumstances. The Mayor (Mr. G. Dickenson) performed the opening ceremony. The Venerable Archdeacon Walsh, who is in charge of the manage-

ment, made feeling reference to the late Mr. T. Wells, under whose management it has always been hitherto. The display of sweet peas was exquisite—quite a feature of the show. Mr. Lippitt, of Otahuhu, sent a lovely lot. The table decorations always attract a lot of attention. They were prettier than usual this time, Mrs. H. Nixon winning 1st prize, and her sister (Miss Yeale) 2nd, and Miss E. Bell 3rd. In the young girls' section Miss Kathleen Hally came 1st, and her sister (Miss Alice Hally) 2nd. For the most effective arrangement of a bowl of flowers, Miss Richardson was 1st, Mrs. H. Nixon 2nd, and Mrs. W. Hunter 3rd. For 24 varieties of sweet peas, Mrs. (Dr.) Roberts took 1st prize and Mrs. Wells 2nd. For 18 varieties roses, Mr. McDermott 1st and Mrs. (Dr.) Roberts 2nd. The stall-holders were: Produce and plant stall, the Misses Wells, assisted by Mrs. Nicoll and Misses Cox, Beate and Hally; Fancy work, Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Richardson; Toy stall, Mrs. Nairn. Plain work, Mrs. Hammond and Mrs. Hunter. Kitchen stall, the Misses Willis (2) and Middleton. Sweet stall, Misses Hill, Williams, Brown, and Mrs. A. Gibbons. Refreshments, Mesdames McCullagh and McDermott, assisted by a bevy of girls.

Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. Brewis (Hamilton), a vieux rose gown trimmed with creme lace and white hat trimmed with black; Miss Hunter (Hamilton), white embroidered muslin and large white hat with wreath of flowers; Mrs. Martyn, white summer tweed, with black stripe coat and skirt, and white hat with Paisley scarf; Mrs. Buckland, black silk bengaline, with white lace yoke and undersleeves, and black toque, with wreath of flowers; Mrs. C. C. Buckland, tussore silk coat and skirt and Paisley silk toque with osprey; Mrs. Banks, rich black silk and mantle and black and white bonnet; Mrs. N. Banks, white embroidered muslin frock and large mole straw hat, with band of mole velvet; Mrs. B. Couper, grey summer tweed coat and skirt and large blue straw hat trimmed with black silk; Mrs. R. Reynolds, green coat and skirt and green toque with pink flowers; Mrs. Huddleston, black silk and large black hat trimmed with black tulle; Mrs. Murray-French, grey voile trimmed with pale blue and black and white hat with wreath of violets; Mrs. Price, white silk gown, black ostrich boa and black hat; Mrs. Willis, black coat and skirt and black bonnet; Miss C. Willis, navy blue chiffon taffeta, with creme net yoke, pink scarf and pink and black hat; Miss Gwynne, grey and mauve cotton voile and mauve toque; Mrs. H. Nixon, vieux rose costume and white hat trimmed with vieux rose; Miss Yeale, vieux rose coat and skirt and black hat; Mrs. Scott, white linen costume and white hat trimmed with daisies; Mrs. Farnall, black silk with creme lace yoke and large black hat with wreath of flowers; Mrs. Crowther, white muslin frock and hat, with rose du Barri roses; Miss Dudley, black costume and black hat; Miss Russell, black costume and black nurse's bonnet; Mrs. Braithwaite, black costume and black and white bonnet.

Personal.
Mrs. Farnall has returned from her trip to Auckland.
Mr. D. R. Caldwell has returned to Cambridge after an absence of a month, during which time he has been as far south as Christchurch.
ELSIE.

HAMILTON.

November 17.

Presentation.
The committee of the Hamilton Horticultural Society met at Mrs. Harry Valder's house on Tuesday last to make a small presentation to the retiring hon. sec. (Mrs. J. A. Going), who, in conjunction with Mrs. Valder, has done such excellent work for the society. Dr. Douglas, in a short speech, eulogised Mrs. Going's thorough and careful management of the society's affairs, and asked her acceptance of a pair of woodland vases as a slight token of the committee's appreciation of her untiring zeal. Mrs. Going gratefully acknowledged their kind thoughts and gift.

Summer Show.
A very good exhibition is expected at the Summer Show of the Hamilton Horticultural Society, a feature of which will be the sweet pea exhibits. Mr. H. Brett, Takapuna, has promised to bring

down some of his lovely blooms, and will also assist in the judging. Mr. Marriner has also promised to judge many of the classes.

Croquet.

The lawns of the Hamilton Croquet Club are looking very green and pretty, set off by the new pavilion. A tournament is to start next week for first and second year players, between which there have been several interesting matches played lately. Mrs. Brewis kindly gave the afternoon tea on Saturday last. Amongst those present on the lawns the last few days were: Mrs. Brewis, Mrs. Going, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Hyde, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Douglas, Miss Newell, Miss Wallnut (Auckland), Miss Carrie Wallnut, Mrs. McLeod, Miss McLeod.

ZILLAH.

ROTORUA.

November 18.

Tennis.
Saturday, the 12th, was an ideal day for the opening of the tennis season. Mr Birks (president of the club) and Mrs Birks were "At Home" to the club members and visitors at the pretty kiosk in the Sanatorium Gardens. A delicious afternoon tea was provided. The three grass lawns in the gardens were more pronouncedly inadequate than usual on this particular opening day, quite a number of new members having been enrolled. Amongst Mrs Birks' guests in the kiosk were: Dr. and Mrs. Crooke, Mrs. and Miss Empson, Mrs. Flower, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Barley, Mrs. Glanville-Hicks, Mrs. Redward, Misses Hawkesworth, Malfroy, Landon, Auld, Corlett, Clarke, Murray, Hardie, Wylie, Messrs Algie, Hampson, G. Empson, Bayfield, Melville, Luck, Hawkins, Miller, Williamson, Dra. Bertram and Hay.
A meeting of the Tennis Club was held on Wednesday evening, when it was decided to hold a series of matches in the club. Efforts are being made to acquire more courts in the gardens.

Personal.
Mr and Mrs Adamson, of Wellington, are visiting the thermal district, and at present staying at Waitera House.
Mr and Mrs E. Colson, of Auckland, are here.
Lieut. Col. Wolfe is in Rotorua.
Mr and Mrs Grace, of Palmerston North, are staying at Brent's.
Miss Barker (Christchurch) is visiting here, and staying at Grand Vue.
Amongst visitors here just now from England are: Mr and Mrs Cranwick, Mr C. Cranwick, Miss Stubbings, Mr Treanor, Mrs and Miss Browning, Mr Sinclair, Mr Hilton Smith.
Mr Spenser Waits, of Sydney, is staying at the Grand.
Mr and Mrs Butcher, of Strathmore, and Mr and Mrs A. Butcher, of Kaiapoi, are here.
Miss Headland, of Oamaru, is visiting Rotorua.
Mrs Hickson, of Ellerslie, is the guest of Mrs A. Braithwaite at present.
Miss Pownall, matron of the Sanatorium, and Miss C. Smith have returned after a month's holiday in Wellington.

RATA.

RAETIHI.

November 16.

Tennis.
The Raetihi Tennis Club had a most successful formal opening last Thursday. A perfect day ensured a large attendance. Afternoon tea was provided by the Ladies' Committee, Mrs. Stevenson kindly acting as hostess. The opening Ladies' Double was played by Mrs. Twistin and Miss Owen against the Misses S. Day and Walker, and the Misses Doubles by Messrs. Butts and Wilson against Messrs. Tustin and Richards. Among the visitors present were:—Mesdames Prouse (Wanganui), P. Smith, Owen, Day, Harris, Scarrow, Henderson, Bird, Winks, Parkes, and others.

Miscellaneous.
Mount Ruapehu is a splendid sight just now. The fine, clear days are giving us a most beautiful view, especially at sunset, when a veil of brightly-shining pink covers the white snow, and even while you look the pink changes to palest lavender or softest blue.
Raetihi is making slow, but sure, progress. There are several buildings in course of erection. The new Bank of New Zealand is nearly finished, and promises to be an ornament to the town. A number of new mills are in active preparation to open in a few days.

Much regret is expressed at the removal of Mr. W. Girdlestone to another district. He will be greatly missed by a large circle of private friends, and also by the general public, of whom he is a great favourite.

RUAPEHU.

GISBORNE.

November 15.

Flower Show.
The Horticultural Exhibition and Rose Show, given by the ladies of Holy Trinity Guild on Thursday night, was universally declared to be the best of its kind ever held in Gisborne. The Garrison Hall, with its beautiful flowers, was a perfect fairyland, the whole of the arrangements generally reflecting great credit on the members of the Ladies' Guild.

Wonderland.
On Saturday last "The Amusement Company," a company lately formed in Gisborne, opened a small "Wonderland" on our beautiful beach. Merry-go-rounds, ocean waves, and donkey rides were the chief attraction, a dainty little tea kiosk being erected for the adult portion of the community.

Tennis Party.
A small garden and tennis party was given on Saturday last by Mrs. E. P. Davies at her residence, Kaiti. Among those present were: Misses Davies, Black, Williams, Nolan, Gray, Messrs. Curbin, O'Brien, Nolan, Dodgshun, Willock, etc., etc.

Personal.
Archdeacon and Mrs. Williams returned from Napier last week.
Hon. Capt. Tucker left for Wellington on Sunday last.

Rev. G. D. Davidson, with his wife and family, spent a day in Gisborne last week, on his way to Telego, where he has been appointed Vicar.

Mr. H. Livingstone Tapley (Dunedin) was in Gisborne last week for a few days.
Miss Bailey is at present the guest of Mrs. H. de Lautour, Whataupoko.
ELSA.

HASTINGS.

November 18.

Tennis.
The Hastings Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club opened their new grounds last Saturday. About 200 people were present. A string band played selections during the afternoon, and the ladies provided delicious cakes and afternoon tea. Among those present I noticed: Mesdames Beamish, Lanauze, Johnston, Campbell, Seal, Newbigen, Evans, Murray, Symes, Cameron, Kiely, Scott, Fenwick, De Lisle, Byers, Macasev, Vannin, Wellwood (3), Lawlor, Banks, Halse, Hurley, Martin, Smith, Lean, Brodie, Beilby, Gregory, Misses Hewson, Smith, Baird, Wellwood, Newbigen, Evans, Hurley, Braithwaite, Symes, Messrs. Faulkner, Fanning, Ebbett, Banks, Hurley, Evans, Hallett, Wellwood, Masen, Maitland, Murray, Baird.

Croquet Party.
Mrs. Lanauze gave a small croquet party on Tuesday afternoon. Amongst those present were: Mesdames Gao-coigne, Seal, Baird, De Lisle, Newbigen, Scannel, Lean, Beamish, Misses Miller, Seal, Newbigen, Baird, Symes.

Personal.
Rev. and Mrs. Brocklehurst and child arrived in Hastings on Wednesday by express, and are staying at the Carlton Club till the Vicarage is renovated.
Mrs. Hassel has returned from Palmerston North.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lowry have returned from Christchurch.
Miss Seale is visiting her mother, Mrs. Lanauze.

Great sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hunter in the loss of their young son, aged nine years, by blood-poisoning.
Invitations have been issued for an "At Home" at the Hastings Club on the 23rd.
Mesdames Tosswill, Scannel, and Miss Nairn were exhibitors at the Havelock Flower Show on Wednesday.
Mrs. Lewis has gone North for a holiday.
Misses Hewson are the guests of Mrs. G. Beamish "Whanawhana."
SITILLA.

NAPIER.

November 18.

Tennis.
The Hawke's Bay Tennis Club opened their courts for the season at Napier South on Saturday afternoon. The day was perfect, and a large number of visitors were present. Most of the games played were combined, the six courts being kept going hard all the afternoon. Considering the very dry weather, the courts looked beautifully green. A lavish afternoon tea was provided by the club, and dispensed by the lady members. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Henley, heliotrope, linen hat to match; Mrs. Bowen, green spotted folland; Mrs. Polten, white cloth, burnt straw hat; Mrs. Zeile, mauve cotton; Miss Sutton, rose linen, hat to match; Miss C. Sutton, blue linen coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Edgar, white muslin; Mrs. Dewa, grey coat and skirt; Mrs. Bradley, pink linen coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Lever, white muslin, Liberty hat; Miss D. Lever, white muslin, brown floral hat; Miss Ewen, grey coat and skirt, grey and mauve hat; Miss Dean, green and white striped coat and skirt; Miss M. Dean, white linen; Mrs. Cato, white muslin, blue and white hat; Miss Pasley, blue muslin; Miss Clarke, mauve crepe; Mrs. McLernan, black and white; Miss Dinwiddie, white linen, floral hat; Mrs. Russell, pink cotton, black hat; Miss Phyllis Lusk, blue linen, black hat; Miss Lusk (Auckland), white muslin, black and yellow hat; Miss Smallbone, Misses Hill, Mrs. Bear, Miss North, Miss Fountain, Miss Judd, Miss Neville, Messrs. Bradley, McFarlane, Grut, Raven, Coates, Dr. Zeile, Sinclair, Hawke, McLernan, Wood, Lyttelton, Snodgrass, Sunderland, Bowen, Drabant.

Girls' High School Bazaar.
The teachers and pupils of the Napier Girls' High School held a bazaar to-day, to raise funds for improvements in the playground. Dr. Moore (chairman of the Board of Governors) opened the bazaar, and immediately afterwards a brisk sale commenced. The schoolrooms were beautifully decorated, and the different stalls well laden with pretty and useful wares. The produce stall was most plentifully supplied with gifts from scholars, past and present. The tea room was managed by the Old Girls' Association, and delicious teas were served. Judging by the crowds present a very substantial sum should accrue to the school funds.

The Boating Season.
The Napier Sailing Club's season was officially opened at the club's grounds at West Shore on Saturday afternoon. The weather was all that could be desired, and there was a large number of people present. In the absence of the Commodore (Mr. Vigor Brown), the Vice-Commodore (Mr. R. J. S. Riddell) declared the season open. Soon the bay was a gay scene, with crowds of brightly-dressed folk floating about in all kinds of small craft. A few of those present were: Mrs. Vigor Brown, the Misses Brown, Mrs. and Miss Sandtman, Mrs. Riddell, Miss Snodgrass, Miss McCarthy, the Misses Price, Rouleston, Cramer, Foley, Smith, and Bissell.

Red Cross Concert.
A most successful concert was held in St. Paul's Schoolroom on Monday evening, organised by the ladies' section of St. John Ambulance Society, in aid of the brigade funds. There was a large audience, who thoroughly appreciated the varied programme. Amongst the performers were Mesdames Brook and Jewett, the Misses Bear and Coates, Messrs. Louis Hay, C. Prime, S. Prime, Remington, and C. Lyttelton.

Personal.
Mrs. Poynter and her children, from Gisborne, are staying at the Masonic Hotel.
Mrs. J. C. George is visiting Wanganui.
Mrs. McAllan and children, from Dannevirke, are staying in Napier.
Miss Lusk (Auckland) is visiting Mrs. Pollen.
Mr. and Mrs. Kells (Gisborne) are on a visit to Napier.

DANNEVIRKE.

November 16.

A Successful Bazaar.
The ladies of the Presbyterian Church held a most successful bazaar on the 9th, 10th, and 11th inst. The stalls were loaded with articles, useful and

ornamental, all of which found a ready sale. Energetic girls found many ways of tempting the nimble sixpence out of the pockets of the unwary, and throughout the bazaar the sound of nail-driving was to be heard accompanied by hints from onlookers, who knew all about it till they came to try for themselves. The hat-trimming competition was the cause of much laughter, and was won by Mr. G. W. Wright, Mr. R. Fraser coming second. Over a hundred pounds was netted as a result of the bazaar, and this is very gratifying to the workers.

School Concert.

A delightful entertainment was given in the Parish Hall on the 7th inst. by the pupils of Miss Brown's Terrace School. Items were rendered by the pupils, and "Rumpelstiltskin" was chosen as the fairy tale to be acted. The children did well throughout, and their efforts were much appreciated.

Personal.

Mrs. G. F. R. Watson, who was a passenger by the ill-fated Pericles, leaves next week for England.

Mrs. Mackay, of Palmerston, is staying at the Manse.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bower-Knight returned from their honeymoon on the 12th inst., and will live at "Taboraiti."

Mr. and Mrs. Morris returned to Danversville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Knight and Miss Young left for Taupo on the 12th inst.

Mrs. W. G. Somerville has returned from a holiday visit to Wellington.

November 5.

Personal.

Most of our people are away for the show, and the town is particularly quiet. Next week, however, the bazaars are to begin, and the various stall-holders are eyeing the ever-growing piles of work with satisfaction.

The most important event in this week's news is the Hindmarsh-Knight wedding, a report of which is given elsewhere.

Tennis has started in real earnest, and players are getting back into form very rapidly, which augurs well for the success of the club at the end of the season.

The various croquet lawns, which have been tended with a zealous hand during the winter months, are now called into requisition, and well-kept lawns are made more beautiful by reason of the energies of a number of the fair sex, who are assiduously practising the sedate game of croquet. There is something so inviting about a croquet lawn that few are able to resist the fascination of trying their hand at the game, no matter how inexperienced they may be, and generally their success is not long in coming.

LORIS.

FEILDING.

November 19.

Tennis.

The Feilding tennis courts are to be opened on Saturday next. A good deal of work has been done in the way of preparing the courts, which are in splendid condition.

Cricket.

The cricket season opened last Saturday afternoon. Tea was given by Mrs. Montgomery, who wore a pretty white muslin frock, burnt straw hat trimmed with black silk and pink roses; Mrs. Willis, blue coat and skirt, hat swathed with green; Mrs. Banks, white linen coat and skirt, linen hat with scarf; Mrs. Walker, black and white check costume, burnt straw hat trimmed with black; Mrs. Finch, cream frock, white feather boa, hat trimmed with pink; Mrs. Prior, white linen frock, white hat trimmed with black silk; Mrs. Holt, blue linen frock, burnt straw hat swathed with silk; Mrs. S. Johnston, green muslin frock, hat trimmed with black silk; Miss Kirton, white muslin frock, burnt straw hat trimmed with blue; Miss Innes-Jones, white frock, blue dust-coat, black and white hat. Others present were:—Miss O'Halloran, Mrs. Perry, Miss Walpole, Miss Ray, Miss Livesey, Miss B. Innes-Jones, Miss Spain, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Leithbridge, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Bailey, Misses Haybittle (2).

Afternoon Tea.

Mrs. Clayton gave a small afternoon tea at her residence, Manchester-street on Tuesday last. Mrs. Clayton received

her guests in a white costume. Mrs. Barton, green linen coat and skirt, black hat trimmed with flowers and lined with white; Mrs. Aylmer, black and white costume, black hat trimmed with white lace; Mrs. Montgomery, blue striped costume, burnt straw hat; Mrs. Finch, brown costume, hat to match trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. Innes-Jones, green costume, violet hat; Mrs. Roberts, pretty blue coat and skirt, very much braided, hat trimmed with flowers; Mrs. Horrocks, champagne coat and skirt, burnt straw hat swathed with black; Mrs. Quilliam (New Plymouth), dark blue coat and skirt, pretty coloured hat trimmed with black; Mrs. Willis, light grey costume, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Atkinson, pretty frock of grey, blue hat with pink roses.

Personal.

Mrs. Quilliam (New Plymouth) is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Horrocks.

Miss Green (Auckland) is the guest of Mrs. Wooliams.

Mrs. Gillespie is visiting friends in Wellington.

L. L. T. U.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

November 18.

Afternoon Tea.

Last Wednesday Mrs. Hannah gave a most enjoyable musical and guessing competition. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Hannah, black skirt, white tucked silk blouse; Mrs. Heard, pretty pale heliotrope costume, hat wreathed with shaded violet roses; Mrs. W. Haworth, dark blue costume, cream silk vest, large black feathered hat; Mrs. G. Jones, Mrs. (Col.) Messenger, black silk; Mrs. Somerset-Smith, Miss Wood, white embroidered coat and skirt; Mrs. Johns, Mrs. Gapper; Miss Gapper, white muslin, black hat; Mrs. Hirst; Miss Roy, white; Mrs. G. Roy, cornflower blue coat and skirt, black hat, pink roses; Mrs. Nicholson, black silk; Mrs. Wiggs, pale blue costume, black hat.

Bridge Party.

Mrs. M. Fraser gave a most enjoyable bridge party last Thursday evening, and the prizes were won by Miss A. Hempton (first), Miss J. Mackay (second). Amongst those present there were: Mrs. Fraser, black silk relieved with cream lace; Mrs. Paul, black satin, handsome Oriental shawl; Mrs. Percy Webster, black taffetas skirt, pale blue silk blouse; Mrs. Griffiths (Wanganui), black; Miss A. Hempton, black silk skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Wood, pale heliotrope floral muslin; Miss Grant, black taffetas relieved with cream lace.

Musical Evening.

Mrs. Paul entertained a few friends last Monday evening as a farewell to Dr. Bennett, who left for Blenheim the following morning. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Percy Webster, Misses Mackay (2), Miss Cunningham, Miss M. Clarke, and Messrs. (Dr.) Bennett, Paul, Easther and H. Davies.

Mrs. Heard gave a musical "At Home" last Tuesday evening in honour of Mrs. and Miss Gapper. During the evening songs were sung by Misses Gapper, Standish, Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Johns, and Mr. Rudd.

Mrs. Heard received her guests in a pale blue and white striped voile, daintily finished with cream lace; Mrs. Gapper, Saxa blue eolienne, relieved with cream lace; Miss Gapper, cream silk; Mrs. McClelland, black silk, lovely real lace berthe; Mrs. Bewley, pale blue and white striped voile; Miss Gwen. Bewley, white muslin; Miss Leatham, pale blue striped silk voile, cream lace yoke slashed with black velvet; Miss Maginuity, cream voile skirt braided with silk, lace yoke finished with same; Misses Roy (2), white muslins; Miss Testa, black lace; Miss Peach, cream Indian worked silk; Miss Standish, rose pink voile, cream lace yoke; Miss Stephenson, rich black silk; Miss W. Newman, Saxa blue silk; Mrs. Hannah, cream silk; Mrs. Chaney, cream voile, fudled silk belt; Mrs. Burgess, cream silk, silver sequined trimming; Mrs. Johns, golden brown taffetas, cream lace yoke; Mrs. Southall, ruby velvet, cream net sleeves and chemise; Mrs. McEwan, black silk; Miss Hallett, black satin, steel passementerie trimming; Mrs. Jones, bottle green velvet, finished with beetle trimming; Mrs. Paul, cream silk; Mrs. Rudd, pale pink silk. Amongst the gentlemen were: Dr. Leatham, Messrs Heard, Southall, Rudd, Johns, Burgess, McEwan, Jones, Rider, Chaney.

Personal.

Mrs. Griffiths, who has been visiting New Plymouth, has returned to Wanganui.

Miss Madeline Evans, who has been spending her holidays with her parents in New Plymouth, returned to Wellington on Friday morning.

Mrs. W. Webster is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. Lusk, of Parnell, Auckland.

Mrs. P. Wright, Dunedin, is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Stocker, New Plymouth.

Mrs. Garnham and Miss Bailey (Sydney), who have been the guests of Mrs. MacDiarmid, New Plymouth, have returned to Eltham.

Hon. O. Samuel and Mrs. Samuel returned to New Plymouth last week from Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Renaud, who have been visiting Auckland, have returned to New Plymouth.

NANCY LEE.

STRATFORD.

November 18.

Tennis.

The weather has been glorious, and the tennis courts have been well patronised. Mrs. Crawshaw gave a delightful tea on Saturday afternoon. Amongst those present I noticed:—Mrs. Budge, Mrs. Wake, Mrs. Frances, Mrs. Rennell, Miss Wake, Miss Fussell, Mrs. Page, Miss Glynes, Mr. Wake, Mr. O. Vaughan, Mr. Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie, Mr. Thompson, the Misses James, etc.

Croquet.

A croquet match was played between Inglewood and Stratford on the Club lawns on Thursday. The following represented Stratford:—Mrs. Munro, Mrs. Dingle, Miss Dingle, Mrs. Wake, Miss Moore, Miss Munroe. The Inglewood team included: Mrs. Orbell, Mrs. Hamerton, Mrs. Haworth, Mrs. Yacomb, Mrs. Rogens, and Mrs. O'Carroll.

Bowling.

The first of a series of bowling matches was played on Thursday, the greens looking quite perfect. The match was Ancient v. Modern, resulting in a win for the Ancients, 107 to 99. The following entries have been received for the championship match:—J. Masters, Smart, Wake, Morrison, Sangster, J. M. Thomson, S. Porrett, G. N. Curtis, N. King, Currie, MacDonald, J. Spence, N. Black, Newton, C. Penn, G. and F. J. Jackson, A. Spence. The Hawera Bowling Club intend playing a game with Stratford on Wednesday afternoon, November 30.

Sale of Work.

The Pandita Ramabai Indian sale of work presided over by the ever-gracious Mrs. Fridam, drew great numbers yesterday and to-day. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. Glasgow, wearing a pretty striped heliotrope linen costume, hat en suite; Mrs. Budge, becoming salmon pink linen coat and skirt, large hat with wings; Mrs. Dillon Carbery, black Shantung coat and skirt, feather boa, large black hat; Mrs. Gall (Inglewood); Mrs. Uinaek, pretty rose-coloured costume, large chip hat with roses; Mrs. Heslop (Inglewood), striped blue costume, large black hat; Mrs. J. C. Pookes, becoming heliotrope cotton with toque to match; Mrs. S. Porrett, embroidered muslin, black hat; Mrs. Pagel, smart pink crepon costume, large hat to match; Mrs. Robinson, blue linen; Miss Glynes, brown striped linen, large dark blue hat; Mrs. W. H. Young, green coat and skirt, large black hat; Mrs. Richards, white embroidered linen, blue hat; Mrs. Crawshaw, white linen with dark blue toque; Mrs. Clark, blue linen coat and skirt; Mrs. Clark, green cloth coat and skirt; Miss Fussell, white linen, large hat; Miss Orbell, white muslin, white hat; Mrs. Mackay; the Misses Mackay; Miss Jones; and many others.

Personal.

Mrs. Hugh Good is in New Plymouth on a visit to Mrs. Capel.

Mrs. A. Renell is spending a short holiday in Hawera.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Raikes are at present in Auckland.

Mrs. France is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wake, in Stratford.

Mrs. Pagel returned from a visit to Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Bond have returned from Hawera.

DENISE.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

November 18.

Farewell Social.

The farewell social given for Archdeacon and Mrs. Harper took place in the Empire Hall last Thursday night, and was very largely attended. On arrival at the hall, Mrs. Harper was presented by Mrs. Human with a beautiful bouquet of roses. Mr. Alan Skerman, one of the churchwardens, made a very happy and appropriate speech, and, on behalf of the parishioners, presented Archdeacon Harper with a substantial cheque, to be expended in the purchase of something that would serve to remind him of the ten years he had lived and laboured in the parish. During the evening several vocal and instrumental items were rendered. Mrs. Harper wore a white silk frock with faint black check, and she carried a bouquet of cream, pink and crimson roses with rich crimson satin streamers; Miss Harper, a pale blue muslin frock with white lace yoke; Mrs. L. A. Abraham was in white, and wore a cream straw hat with clusters of pale blue, pink and mauve roses, and a bunch of green grasses; Miss Sybil Abraham, cream serge skirt, cream silk blouse, cream hat with pink floral wreath; Mrs. A. E. Russell, a becoming black toilette, white ostrich feather boa, a knot of lovely pink roses finishing corsage, a large black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Porritt, cornflower blue linen coat and skirt, cream hat with pink floral wreath; Mrs. W. Keeling, white embroidered muslin, with pale pink satin belt, large hat with clusters of violets; Miss Warburton, cream coat and skirt, black hat with black feathers; Miss Dora Reed, pale pink coat and skirt with black collar and cuffs, white ostrich feather boa, black hat with black feathers; Mr. and Mrs. Munro, Dr. and Mrs. Stowe, Mr. R. S. Abraham and the Misses Abraham, Mr. A. E. Russell, the Misses McLennan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Holmes, Mrs. R. Hewett, Miss Shuck, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Ethel Wilson, Miss Berwick, Mrs. R. R. Reed, Mrs. and Miss Lyons, Miss Bond, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Harden, the Misses Randolph, Mr. J. L. Barnicoat and Miss Marjory Barnicoat, Miss Smallbone (Wellington), Mr. C. E. Waldegrave and Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, Miss Trixie Waldegrave, Mrs. J. M. Johnston and Miss Nellie Johnston, Mrs. W. Bendall, Mrs. D. O. Shute, Mr. and Mrs. Gougham, Mrs. A. McDonald, Miss Dundas, Mrs. and Miss Watson, Miss Humphreys (Hawke's Bay), Miss F. Brandon, Mrs. Human, Mrs. Scott, the Misses Drew, Miss Archer, and a great many others were there.

Bridge Party.

On Friday evening the Misses Randolph, College-street, had a small bridge party. White roses in profusion were used in the decoration of the drawing room, and pink and crimson roses made a gay effect on the supper table in the dining-room. Miss Randolph wore a black crepe de chine frock with black jetted tunic, edged with black jet fringe, cluster of pale pink roses at waist; Miss Florence Randolph, a pale blue silk toilette, silver beaded embroidery and pink roses trimming bodice; Mrs. G. W. Hawten, black crepe de chine, the corsage finished with cream chiffon insertion and large cluster of pale pink roses; Mrs. McKnight, pale blue charmeuse with cream tucked net yoke edged with blue ball fringe, cream chiffon, silver spangled scarf on shoulders; Mrs. H. R. Waldegrave, black silk skirt and black lace bridge coat; Mrs. Coombes, black net elaborately embroidered in cream over black silk; Miss Trixie Waldegrave, soft cream satin with Maltese lace on corsage; Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, cream satin and lace; Miss Warburton, pale pink floral chiffon over pink silk, the tunic finished with pink silk bow; Miss Mabel Smith, pale primrose silk and net; Miss Lilla Bell, lavender crepe de chine, with floral chiffon and bands of gold on corsage. Messrs. McKnight, Adams, Elliot, Kettle, Collins, Copland, Westaby, Wray, Scott, C. E. Waldegrave, and London were present.

Tennis.

Saturday was the opening day of the Palmerston Tennis Club. A large number of members and visitors were present, who were entertained at afternoon tea by the president, Mr. W. L. Fitzherbert and Mrs. Fitzherbert. Amongst those on the lawns I noticed: Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, wearing a cornflower blue linen coat and skirt, cream hat with gay floral wreath; Mrs. F. S. McRae, white linen coat and skirt, hat

with white floral wreath; Mrs. Bendall, white linen frock, cream hat with scarlet flowers; Miss Smallbone (Wellington), mauve and white striped linen coat and skirt, mauve hat; Mrs. Thompson; Mrs. McKnight; Mrs. Pickett; Mrs. Putnam; Mrs. G. W. Harden; Mrs. Elliot; the Misses Collins, E. Wilson, Porter, Randolph, Barnicoat, M. Smith; Messrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, Harden, Wether, Barnicoat, Scott, Gibbons, Drew, Pickett, and many others.

Personal.

Mrs. C. C. Harper was presented last week with a memento from the members of All Saints' Ladies Guild.

Archdeacon and Mrs. Harper and family left on Tuesday for Wellington, where the Archdeacon will take up his new duties as vicar at St. Peter's.

Miss Trixie Waldegrave left on Tuesday for Paekakariki, where she will stay for some weeks.

Miss Armstrong has returned from Stratford.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Bagnall left on Tuesday on a trip to Fiji.

Mrs. C. Smith, Bank of New Zealand, has gone to Wellington for a short stay.

VIOLET.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

Hawera, November 18.

Tennis and Croquet.

Last Saturday was an ideal day for tennis and croquet. The old pavilion having been abolished, and the new one in course of erection, afternoon tea had to be partaken of out in the open. It was presided over by Mrs. and the Misses Nolan. Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. Nolan, brown coat and skirt, green chip straw hat with wreath of leaves and pink roses; Mrs. Nalder, grey costume, small black and white hat; Mrs. Hawken, grey striped coat and skirt, saxe blue hat; Mrs. Page, black and white striped linen costume, large pale blue hat, trimmed with black wings and blue roses; Mrs. Parkinson, heliotrope striped crepe; Tuscan straw hat with black velvet band; Mrs. Covern, purple frock, grey hat; Mrs. Fantham, white embroidery frock, vieux rose hat; Mrs. Bell, brown and white caubric, hat with Paisley scarf; Mrs. Holder, blue and white striped caubric, mole-coloured hat with pink roses; Mrs. Bennett, cream; hat with blue and brown scarf; Mrs. Wallace, white muslin, white linen hat; Mrs. Sutton, blue and white striped caubric, cream hat; Mrs. R. McEean, tussore silk, hat with brown band; Mrs. Glasson, white linen, green hat; Miss Morse, violet skirt, white blouse, hat trimmed with lilac; Miss Whitcombe, white, hat with sapphire blue band; Miss Turton, heliotrope crepe, trimmed with white insertion, black hat; Miss Nolan, brown linen costume, pale grey hat with wreath of small roses; Miss B. Nolan, blue and white striped caubric, blue linen hat; Misses Caplen (2), white muslins, hats with black bands; Miss Baird, cream, green hat; Miss Hill, pink; Miss Pratt, heliotrope linen, Tuscan straw hat with black velvet band; Misses Young (2), white lawns; Miss Raine, red linen.

Personal.

Miss Turton (Dunedin) is on a visit to her sister and brother.

Mrs. Barton has returned from a long holiday spent in Wellington and the South Island.

Mrs. O'Callaghan has returned from Wellington.

Mr. Anderson, who recently resigned from the Post Office staff, was presented with a double sovereign case from his fellow-workers. Mr. Anderson has left for Taunanga to commence business on his own account.

Mrs. Temple Atkinson (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. Barton.

Mrs. Kennell and Miss Armstrong, both of Palmerston North, are staying with Mrs. Wallace.

Miss Walker (Auckland) is the guest of Mrs. Page.

JOAN.

WANGANUI.

November 18.

An Enjoyable Garden Party.

Last Thursday a very enjoyable garden party was given as a welcome to the Wanganui Garrison Band on their return from Ballarat, where they were so successful at the recent contest. The weather was beautifully fine, and the success looked particularly pretty. The proceeds were in aid of the Museum fund. Mrs. Mackay wore a handsome white muslin gown with lace and insertion, white feather boa, very large hat

with pale pink underneath, wreath of pink roses and foliage; Mrs. Kilchen wore a smart cream coat and skirt with revers and collar of black silk, pink straw hat with heliotrope shaded lilac; Miss Willis, blue linen gown with cream lace vest, heliotrope straw hat with shaded roses in the same tones; Miss Todd, blue and white striped flannel coat and skirt, blouse composed of cream lace, very pretty hat of burnt straw with rose pink roses and autumn leaves forming a wreath over the crown; Mrs. Krull, black silk gown with cream lace and brown fur stole, smart bonnet of black straw with gold ornaments; Mrs. P. Krull, pale grey tweed coat and skirt, black straw hat with ostrich plumes; Miss Krull, white muslin frock with lace and insertion, white hat with pale blue flowers and chiffon; Miss Thompson (Australia), pale blue linen made with knitted skirt, blue hat with scarf; Mrs. Lennard wore a pale blue Shantung gown with brown feather boa and hat of the same shade with flowers; Mrs. J. T. Stewart, black silk gown with lace, green straw hat with pink; Mrs. Mason, green coat and skirt with braid in the same tones, cream crinoline straw hat with blue hydrangea flowers; Miss Mason, navy blue serge coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with large black glaze silk bow; Mrs. Babbage, brown linen, white fur boa and brown straw hat with pink roses and foliage; Mrs. D'Arcy, blue tucked linen gown with lace, burnt straw hat with black silk ribbons; Miss Brettargh, pretty heliotrope linen coat and skirt, white feather boa, large black hat with black satin, and wreath of tiny heliotrope flowers; Mrs. Paterson, rose pink and white floral muslin frock with lace and insertion, pretty pastel blue Liberty coat with Oriental trimming, large black crinoline straw hat with ostrich plumes; Miss Owen, navy blue coat and skirt, old rose velvet toque; Miss Alexander, mole coloured cloth coat and skirt, white feather boa, large hat of saxe blue watered silk with crown of the same; Mrs. J. C. Greenwood, heliotrope coat and skirt, heliotrope hat with flowers in the same tones; Miss Gillfillan, black gown with lace, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Earle, rose pink linen coat and skirt faced with black silk, cream lace vest, fine black straw hat with tiny moss roses in the same shade; Mrs. Gill-Carey, electric blue tweed coat and skirt, white muslin and lace vest, coarse black straw hat with black ribbons and coque feathers; Mrs. Sorley, white linen coat and skirt, white blouse, small black crinoline straw hat with ostrich tips.

Tennis.

There was a large number at the Campbell-street tennis courts on Saturday. Mrs. and Miss Moore provided afternoon tea. Mrs. Moore wore a fawn cloth coat and skirt, brown marabout feather stole, and petunia straw hat with chiffon and wings of the same shade; Miss Moore, white embroidered linen frock, cream straw hat with black velvet ribbons; Miss Brettargh, sky-blue linen coat and skirt, large black hat with black satin; Miss D. Brettargh, rose-pink linen coat and skirt, large black straw hat with black satin; Miss Krull wore a pretty pale turquoise-blue Shantung coat and skirt made with open front, buttoned at the waist, white muslin and lace blouse, small cream straw hat trimmed with pale blue; Miss Thompson (Australia), buff-coloured Shantung coat and skirt, hat trimmed with pale blue, and white silk figured scarf; Mrs. Sanderson (Fordell) wore a smart cream serge coat and skirt with collar and revers of cream silk, straw hat with scarf; Mrs. Crombie, navy blue serge coat and skirt banded with fine silk, military braid collar and revers, Oriental embroidery, large mole-coloured straw hat with wreath of pink roses and touch of black; Mrs. McNaughton Christie, white embroidered muslin frock, large straw hat with wreath of flowers; Mrs. Peck wore a pretty white muslin embroidery robe with hounced skirt, large hat with wreath of shaded pink roses and foliage; Mrs. W. Atkinson, dark grey striped gown with lace, black hat with feathers; Miss Maling, smart grey and white striped tweed coat and skirt, straw hat with shaded pink and cream roses and foliage; Miss Nixon, white muslin frock with lace and insertion, white hat; Mrs. Lomas, pale blue linen coat and skirt, braided, and handsome shoulder scarf of black and white satin; Mrs. Darby wore a heliotrope lustre and crepe de chine costume, with feather boa, black straw hat with chiffon and ostrich plumes; Miss Hawken, white

muslin frock, with insertion, very smart hat with crown and part of the brim composed of black lace having a border of black straw, with black satin ribbon forming ornaments at intervals and a spray of cream and yellow daisies; Miss R. Hawken wore a dainty white muslin gown, mole straw hat with crimson rose; Mrs. Wall, white muslin frock, small mushroom hat in cream straw; Mrs. Barnicoat, black moire coat and skirt, large toque of black crinoline straw, with black satin ribbons, long black satin shoulder scarf; Mrs. Hesse, cream muslin frock, black straw hat with black velvet ribbons; Mrs. Good, cornflower-blue striped lustre coat with corselet skirt of the same material, very large cream straw hat with border of black straw and black glaze silk ribbons; Miss Wilford wore a white muslin frock with lace and insertion, stylish green straw hat, lined with pale blue and wreath of forget-me-nots; Mrs. J. T. Stewart, black silk gown, green straw hat with pale pink in it; Mrs. H. Sarjeant, sky-blue linen coat and skirt, with black silk collar and revers, cream straw hat with roses; Mrs. W. Anderson, dark striped tweed coat and skirt, becoming burnt straw hat with brim turned up at the side and black glaze bows; Miss H. Anderson, pretty white muslin frock with Valenciennes insertion, cream straw hat with maize shaded silk scarf swathed round it.

Farewell Garden Party.

Mrs. Polson (St. John's Hill) gave a farewell garden party last Saturday, in honour of Miss Fraser, of the Girls' College, who leaves Wanganui early next year for a trip to England and the Continent. Mr. Wray made a most appropriate speech, and Miss Polson presented Miss Fraser with a beautiful bouquet of roses. Mrs. Polson wore a very handsome black silk gown with shoulder effect of black silk, and cream lace on the bodice, black bonnet with pale pink flowers; Miss Polson, pale green crepe gown with strapping of green silk, bands of cream lace forming a yoke, green straw hat with pink flowers; Miss Fraser wore a becoming pale grey striped silk with lace, black straw hat with chiffon and feathers; Mrs. H. Sarjeant, sky blue linen coat and skirt with revers of black silk, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Mason, blue linen coat and skirt, white vest, black hat with feathers and gold ornaments; Miss Mason wore a very becoming frock of pale blue Shantung, made in Empire style, with round yoke of tucked net and buttons of the silk bordering it, black hat with roses at the side; Mrs. Innes wore a pale green tweed coat and skirt, white vest, very large black hat with wreath of tiny blue flowers; Miss Wilford, white muslin frock with lace and insertion, pretty green straw hat lined with pale blue and wreath of forget-me-nots; Miss D. Christie, white muslin gown, made in Empire style, with pale blue ribbons threaded through the insertion at the waist, white Shantung hat with blue ribbons; Miss Krull, pale blue Shantung coat and skirt made with open front, buttoned at the waist, white muslin and lace blouse, small cream straw hat with pale blue flowers; Mrs. John Stevenson wore a very handsome gown of white silk with overskirt of black Russian net with large mesh, cream lace with gold thread embroidery, black straw hat with sequin jet and ostrich feathers; Miss Ida Stevenson wore a beautiful muslin frock with tucks and motifs of fine lace, pale blue chiffon shoulder scarf and large black hat with black silk roses at the side; Mrs. Babbage, brown linen, white leather boa, brown hat with pink flowers; Mrs. John Anderson, smart gown of green silk, with cream net on the bodice, large black hat with band of black sequin jet and ostrich plumes; Miss Inlay, black and white figured muslin gown with net and cream lace yoke, black toque with tips; Mrs. Saunders wore a pale grey linen coat and skirt, pretty black hat with chiffon and feathers; Mrs. Krull, handsome black silk gown with lace, black bonnet with chiffon and touch of gold in it.

Personal.

Mrs. H. F. Christie, of Wanganui, is at present staying in Wellington.

Lady Hector, of the Hutt, Wellington, has been staying in Wanganui recently.

Mrs. R. Aldsworth, of Rangitikei, has been staying in Wanganui.

Mrs. Chamberlain, of Wanganui, has been staying with friends in Rangitikei.

Mrs. Montgomerie, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Hawke's Bay.

Miss Hall, of England, is the guest of Mrs. H. Sarjeant, in Wanganui.

HUIA.

NELSON.

November 18.

Suter Art Society.

An enjoyable "At Home" was held in the Suter Art Gallery to display the drawings sent in by pupils of primary and secondary schools in the Nelson district. Prizes were also offered for drawings, for which any Maori schools receiving the Government subsidy would be eligible as candidates. The work done in the various competitions was judged by Mr. F. F. C. Huddleston. Special interest was taken in the Huria Matenga memorial prizes for Maori students, which were won by: Hopesia Kohia 1, Rangia Pakiha and Teoha Ruka (equal) 2; Ruruhina Kingi highly commended. The prize-drawing was a beautifully executed reproduction of the head of Te Raupahara's war canoe. The Maori



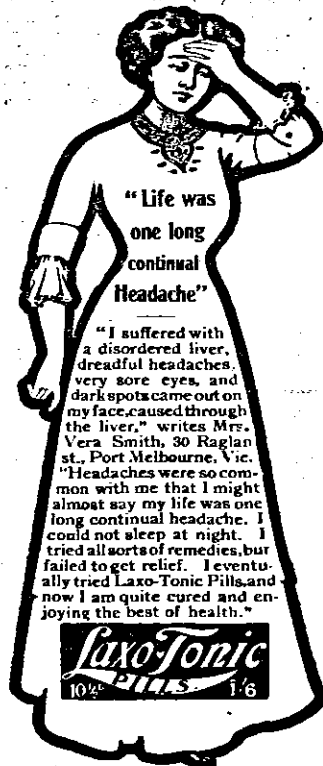
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one long
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prize-winners came from Clairville Secondary School, Wairarapa. The prize offered by Mr. C. V. Fell for a picture illustrating some virtues on the sand piper was won by "Sonia." Miss D. K. Richmond, of Wellington, was the judge.

Rose Show.

The annual Rose Show held by the Nelson Horticultural Society was this year a superb success. The champion rose, "Le Progrès," was exhibited by Mr. F. W. Hamilton. Mr. Bert Tasker won the silver rose bowl, and Mr. F. W. Hamilton the trophy for the best white roses. The prize for the best decorated table fell to Mrs. H. Wright, Mrs. T. Scott 2. Basket of roses, Mrs. Levy; bowl of roses, Mrs. G. Kerr. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Lyell, amethyst linen coat and skirt, hat en suite; Mrs. Richmond; Mrs. Schlender, pale grey voile, black hat, with wreath of pink roses; Mrs. D. Edwards, white embroidered muslin, mauve hat; Mrs. Frank Hamilton, vieux rose voile, large picture hat; Miss Gibbs, green cloth coat and skirt, floral hat; Mrs. C. Kerr, black costume, hat with roses; Mrs. G. Hoby, mauve linen, black hat; Mrs. C. Green, white muslin, hat wreathed with mauve roses; Miss Bunny, purple cloth, wide straw hat, with black roses; Mrs. and Miss Maginnity, Miss Bell, Mrs and Miss Blackett, Mrs. C. King, Mrs. Fell, Mrs. E. Jackson, Miss Gascogne, Mrs. and Miss Tomlinson were also present.

Croquet Party.

A delightful croquet party was the one given at the "Cliffs" by Mrs. Franct, Richmond. Some of the guests were: Miss F. Richmond, Miss Richmond, Miss Mules, Mrs. J. Sharp, Mrs. Dodson, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Ben Lewis, Miss Huddleston, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Robinson. The prize was won by Mrs. Allen.

Musical.

An enjoyable musical party was given by Miss Lucy Hunter-Brown at her residence, "Long Look-out." Some of those present were: Mrs. Robinson, Miss Sylvia Fell, Miss Gibbs, Misses Maginnity, Misses Blackett, Miss Tomlinson, and Miss Atkinson.

Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Macquarie entertained a number of their friends at bridge at the "Haeremat." The first prize was won by Mrs. C. H. Cooto and the second by Mrs. J. Sharp. Some of the guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Barr, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burnes, Mr. and Mrs. Cooto, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Booth, Mr and Mrs Adam Burnes (Oamaru), Mrs. Harris, and Dr. and Mrs. S. Gibbs.

Personal.

Colonel A. Robin has been making a short stay here. Mr. and Mrs. Adam Burnes (Oamaru) are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burnes. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Price have returned from their visit to Wellington. DOLA'E.

PICTON.

November 17.

Horticultural Show.

A fair number of people interested in flowers and flower lore went to Blenheim on Thursday to see the Spring Show, and some of them carried off a few of the honours. Mrs. Riddell won many prizes for her roses, and Miss Harwood won Mrs. Duncan's trophy and the prize for the champion bloom. The show was the best Blenheim has had for several years. Some of the Picton people present were: Mrs. T. J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. and Miss Allen, Mrs. Macalister, Dr. and Mrs. Redman, Mrs. Tarrant, and Misses Harwood and Dart.

Picnic.

The Ladies' Reading Society held their annual picnic on Friday, leaving Picton at 5 p.m. in a launch for one of the pretty bays up Long Beach way, and returning about 10 p.m. A most delightful time was spent. The surroundings were most beautiful. It was an Adamless Eden, and no one had time to miss him, anyhow. The hostesses were Dr. Paterson, Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. Vickers, Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. C. Philpotts, Misses Kenny, Millington, Chaytor, and Philpotts, and the guests were Mesdames Allen, Seymour, Tripe, Hislop (2), Wellington, Healey, Halsett, Riddell, and Misses Seymour, Allen, Western, Scott, Greenhill, and Dawkins. No mere man marred the occasion.

Spring Show.

The Picton Spring Show was held yesterday, and was the best show the society has held for several years. The rage for rose-growing has made a great improvement, and many people are now interesting themselves in floriculture for the love of the roses. Mrs. Riddell was the chief prizetaker, having over thirty to her credit. Misses Dart came next. There was a good deal of healthy competition from Blenheim, the principal exhibitors from there being Mr and Mrs J. Conolly, Mr. and Mrs. F. Redwood, Mr. and Mrs. Aberhart, Mr. and Mrs. Holdaway, Misses Fryer (2), Reid, Mr. P. Cooke, etc. The prizes for decorated tables were awarded to Miss Fryer first, and Miss Chaytor second. The roses were very beautiful, and much interest was taken in them, and also in the children's exhibits and domestic produce, which, as usual, was first class. Vegetables also were pleasant to look at at this season of the year, and the fruit—cherries and strawberries—were exquisite.

Personal.

Archdeacon Ensor (Christchurch) and his son are visiting friends in the district. Mrs. Middleton (Wellington) and Miss Grace (Blenheim) spent a few days at Mrs. Cawte's (Mahakipawa) this week. Mr. Dive, an erstwhile resident of Marlborough, is visiting friends in this district. Mr. Couch is spending a week here enjoying trips about the Sound. Mrs. T. Grace (Blenheim) is staying at Miss Blizzard's Sanatorium, near Long Beach, Queen Charlotte Sound. Miss Scott, matron of the Picton Hospital, who left here on holiday leave, was taken ill, and unable to proceed further than Wellington.

November 10.

The Ladies' Golf Championship was played off on Saturday last, and resulted in a win for Mrs. Riddell. A party of ladies made a picnic of the occasion, going out to the links in the morning, and returning by train in the evening, and enjoying their lunch and afternoon tea in the golfhouse. Those present were Mesdames Vickers, Madsen, Riddell and Lucena, Misses Cragg, Seymour, Harwood, and Storey (2).

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Personal.

Mrs. T. Cawie has returned to Mahakipawa from a visit to her people at Renwick.

BELLE.

BLENHEIM.

November 17.

Horticultural Society.

The Spring Show held by the Marlborough Horticultural Society, in the Town Hall on Thursday last, was a great success. One noticeable feature was the variety of exquisite roses exhibited, which were much admired by fanciers. There was rather a shortage of pot plants, and the floral designs were perhaps not so numerous as at previous shows, but those entered were very creditable to the exhibitors. There was a very fine display of lemons shown by Mr. Fred Redwood. The domestic products were more select than numerous, while the children's exhibits were deserving of all praise. Quite a number of Picton people attended the show during the afternoon. Guessing competitions and a nail driving competition caused considerable interest during the evening. A few of those I noticed present were: Mrs. Riddell (Picton), Mrs. Macalister (Picton), Mrs. Redman (Picton), Mrs. Clouston (2), Mrs. Orr, Mrs. Bell (2), Mrs. Neville, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Broughton, Mrs. Conolly, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Innis, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Chaytor, Mrs. Leslie (Gisborne), Mrs. Redwood, Mrs. Allan (Picton), Misses Allen, Ball, Chapman, Ewart, B. Griffiths, Clouston (3), Neville (2), Bull, Smith, Messrs. J. Conolly, Broughton, Smale, Anderson, R. Bell, H. Hodson, W. Clunehwarl, A. Davey, R. Bird, Macey, Small, Hart, etc.

A Dance.

On Tuesday evening Miss Doris and Mr. G. Fisher entertained a number of friends at a dance which they held in the Grosvenor Hall. The floor was in splendid order, and excellent music was supplied by Mr. Cheers, and a lovely supper was most artistically arranged on long

tables at one end of the hall. Mrs. Fisher received the guests in a mauve ecru lace gown relieved with ermine; Miss Doris Fisher looked pretty in a white silk frock. Others present were: Mrs. Elson (Wellington), black taffeta; Mrs. Florence, pale green taffeta; Mrs. E. Wiffen, ermine (Neta) robe; Mrs. W. Wiffen, ermine silk; Misses Florence, pale blue crepe de chene; O. Marsh, white net; C. Clouston, ermine taffeta; Elson (Wellington), pale pink silk; Z. Clouston, black velvet; Neville, pale blue taffeta frock; Amuri Neville white silk; Easther, black taffeta; Gunn (Seddon), white book muslin frock; Nosworthy (2), ermine dresses; McNab, white embroidered frock; Ewart (2), white muslin; Messrs. Fisher (2), R. Bird, Sanson, W. Churchward, Barnett, Wilson, O'Mera, P. Hill, Willis (Wellington), Perrett, etc.

Personal.

Mrs. B. Coleman, "Vernon," has returned from visiting Christchurch. Mrs. Webster (New Plymouth) is visiting Mrs. Bennet in Maxwell-road. Miss Connie Clouston is away on a short visit to Wellington. Mrs. Leslie (Gisborne) is visiting the Misses Ball, Grove-road. Mr. and Mrs. P. Stewart (Spring Creek) have returned from a short visit to the North Island. JEAN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

November 18.

Altogether Delightful.

A "Bal Poudre" was given last week in the Art Gallery by Mrs. A. Boyle (Riccarton) and Mrs. J. Studholme (Bealey-avenue). It was an altogether delightful dance, and the coup d'oeil of the artistically decorated room filled with the charmingly gowned and powdered dancers, was simply perfect. Garlands of pink roses were festooned from the ceiling, caught here and there with hanging baskets of lycopodium. The hand-painted programmes were wreathed with roses, and the tables in the supper-room were decorated with pink roses and pink sweet peas. The hostesses received their guests in the ballroom. Mrs. Boyle was handsomely gowned in a black satin robe, embroidered with jet and relieved with white chiffon, under a network of crystals; Mrs. Studholme also wore a black satin gown draped with beautiful Honiton lace, she carried a lovely bouquet of crimson roses; Mrs. Algar Williams (Wellington), a frock of rich ivory satin, made with panniers, and trimmed with lace; Miss Boyle, frock of white ninon, draped with garlands of sweet pink rosebuds; Mrs. J. D. Hall, pastel blue ninon over sunset pink satin, with pink embroideries; Mrs. E. Studholme, cream satin with silver sequined embroidery; Mrs. Banton (Wairarapa), gown of ivory satin and gipure lace; Mrs. Henry Aeland, amethyst crepe de chine embroidered with jewels; Miss Watson (Sydney), old rose pink crepe de soie, interwined with cream lace; Mrs. Norton Francis, white crepe de chine, with touches of silver; Miss Wood, frock of ivory net, threaded with pale blue satin; Miss Grigg (Longbeach), pale blue satin; Miss Hope (Tamaru), black satin relieved with white chiffon; Mrs. Melville Jameson (Tamaru), pale green brocade silk, relieved with black; the Misses Anderson, white ninon tunics over frocks of apricot silk; Miss Wilding, rose pink satin; Miss Humphreys, pale pink ninon, trimmed with cream lace and touches of pale blue; Miss Agnes Humphreys, black ninon and cream lace; Miss Marshall (Wangamui), rose pink satin and lace; Mrs. Burton, white satin dress; Miss Burton, frock of white brocade with silver and pearl embroideries; Miss H. Burton (debutante), frock of white satin, veiled with white chiffon; Mrs. George Gould, lemon yellow satin gown with sheath tunic of silver and pearl embroidered net; Mrs. A. Roberts (Westerfield), Princess gown of white satin, veiled with a tunic of black Spanish lace, the front panels being embroidered in pearls; Miss Thomas, frock of white embroidered net with pink roses; Miss Symes, black satin with net tunic, embroidered with jet; Miss Bowden, frock of white satin with ninon overskirt; Miss Barker (Geraldine), a frock of pink and white pompadour silk; Miss Rhodes (Tamaru), pale pink satin and lace; Miss N. Reeves, gown of silver grey satin and ninon; Mrs. Arthur Elworthy (Tamaru), silver grey ninon and pink roses; Mrs. Guyon Macdonald (Orari), blue satin and

cream lace; Mrs. Elgar (Wellington), mauve satin, embroidered in silver; Miss Elgar, pale blue ninon with aquinet net; Miss Anson, Princess frock of pale green satin, embroidered with Parma violets; Miss Hammer, maize-coloured satin, trimmed with gold; Miss M. Hammer, white satin and chiffon; Miss Seddon (Wellington), black satin with sequins; Miss Strachey, pale green crepe de chine; Miss Murray-Aynsley, white satin and lace; Miss Hope (Tamaru), black satin, relieved with white chiffon; the Misses Burns, frock of pale pink satin striped chiffon, hemmed with pink satin; Miss Williams, black crepe de chine; Miss Harcourt (Wellington), white satin and lace; Mrs. Savill (Waddington), apricot satin, veiled with lace; Mrs. P. Elworthy (Tamaru), frock of pale pink satin, with tunic of silver spangled tulle;

The Latest Fabric for Summer Frocks and Blouses.

"Spunella"

SPUNELLA is very elastic and graceful, and gives most charming outline to the figure. From the economic standpoint, too, this new material has much to recommend it, for it is unshrinkable and washes beautifully.

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25 Inches Wide. 4/6 per yard.

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"SYDAL" The RESTORER. The HANDS

Roughened or Reddened by work restored to their original beauty By the use of "SYDAL"

The FACE

Sunburned or Marred by Exposure restored to its original beauty By the use of "SYDAL"

A COOLING, HEALING EMOLLIENT. Sold by all Chemists.

Manufactured by WILTON & CO., Ltd., 61 Cuba Street, Wellington.

Miss Dennistoun (Peel Forest), pink and white floral taffetas; Miss Cracroft-Wilson, frock of pink satin and nixon; Miss Grierson (Auradant), pink nixon with touches of pale satin; Mrs. W. Johnston (Wellington), black satin and lace; Mrs. Bethell, gown of emerald green satin, with bands of jewelled embroidery; Mrs. T. H. Lance (Horsley Downs), frock of pastel blue satin, with pearl and iridescent sequin embroidery; Miss Wilson (Bulls), pink and white floral taffeta; Miss Beetham, frock of ivory satin and lace; Mrs. W. Montgomery, pale blue satin and lace; Mrs. C. Reid, black satin with jet embroidered net tunic; Miss Merton, frock of pale blue, with tunic of pink net and pink roses; Miss Thomson, pale blue nixon. Others present were: Captain Scott and members of the Antarctic expedition, Dean Harper, Rev. C. H. Moreland, Rev. H. D. Burton, Captain Shannon, Captain Hamilton, Messrs. Boyle, Studioloue, Moorhouse, Thomas, Dennistoun, Humphrys, Wood, Montgomery, Wilding, Anderson, Barker, Achard, Fell, Gould, Thomas, Lance, Harecourt, Bethell, Elworthy, Godby, Moor, Deans, Johnston, and Reid.

Afternoon Tea.

A farewell afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Mollineux on the eve of their departure for Wellington. Mrs. Mollineux was wearing a mole-coloured nixon over satin, with silver embroideries; Miss Mollineux, pale pink floral muslin, with the yoke and sleeves of lace; Miss M. Mollineux, pale blue floral muslin and lace. The guests included: Mesdames Wilding, Deans, Clark, J. D. Hall, H. H. Loughnan, Beals, L. Clark, Moreland, H. Wood, Rice, W. Fox, Merton, W. Wood, Andreae, Stringer, Burns, Wilkin, Hammer, Nicholls, Jennings, Talbot, E. Anderson, Acland, Murray, Day, P. Cox, Manning, Prins, and Symes. Misses Humphrys (2), Park, Harles, Merton, Reeve, Burns, Wilkin, Cotterill, Talbot, Fulton, and Prins.

Impromptu Dance.

On Monday evening a small but delightful impromptu dance was given by Mrs. C. E. Thomas at her residence, Andover Street, Merivale. Mrs. Thomas wore a gown of black taffetas and jet trimming; Miss Thomas, pale green satin with tunic bordered with silver fringe; Miss M. Thomas, frock of pale green silk with key pattern in silver; Miss B. Thomas, white silk frock; Mrs. H. Wood, cream lace gown, embroidered in gold; Mrs. R. Scott, gown of black satin with panels of black and white spotted muslin and touches of emerald green; Mrs. Savill, black taffetas and sequined net; Mrs. Thunder, pale blue chiffon over pink satin; Miss A. Humphreys, frock of grey satin with overdress of grey nixon, bordered with sequined embroidery; Miss Mills (Sydney), pale blue crepe de chine and silver fringe; Miss Cracroft-Wilson, black satin veiled in black lace; Miss Burns, charming frock of draped blue satin, relieved with cream net; Miss Anderson, apricot satin, veiled in cream nixon and bordered with sequined embroidery; Miss Symes, sage blue crystalline with insertion of blue embroidery; Miss Milne, pale green taffetas frock; Miss Thomson, white nixon, bordered with silk embroidery; Miss Wood, sage blue satin, veiled in black and gold embroidered chiffon and gold embroidery; Miss Patterson (Daudent), white chiffon and silver sequin trimming; Miss Bowden, pink crepe de chine, hemmed with pink satin; Miss Kitson, cream crepe de chine, trimmed with bands of silk embroidery and fringe; Miss M. Hamner, olive green velvet, relieved with cream lace; Miss Merton, black sequined net with shadow sash of green silk; Messrs. Anderson (2), Kitson, Godby, Wright, Wood, Montgomery, Humphreys, Turnbull, Bullock, Britten, Turner, Nancarrow, Campbell, Fryer, and Officers of Terra Nova.

Vice-regal Garden Party.

On Tuesday afternoon the Governor and Lady Islington entertained a large number of guests at "Elmwood." Their Excellencies received their guests on the lawn in front of the house, but, unfortunately, the much wished-for rain came down pretty heavily and steadily just then; consequently Lady Islington had to take shelter in a small marquee, and the guests grouped themselves under the trees, and later on adjourned to the very large marquee, where all obtained shelter, and were served with strawberries and cream, afternoon tea, and dainties of all kinds. All the arrangements were perfect, and those present thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Lady Islington's

gown was black nixon over silver tissue, black hat with wreath of black roses, graceful satin cloak, clasped with jet; Miss Stapleton-Cotton, a black frock with white muslin (Claudine collar and cuffs, white straw hat with wreath of marguerites).

Among the guests were: Lady Clifford, in a purple linen costume and black hat; Mrs. Arthur Rhodes, frock of pale grey nixon, grey hat with small flowers and grasses, champagne-coloured silk cloak; Mrs. Dean, black silk dress, black toque with feathers; Mrs. J. Anderson, coat and skirt of crushed strawberry cloth, black hat; Mrs. Wilding, black lace, inserted nixon over white silk, black and white hat; Mrs. G. Gould, Royal blue and black striped chiffon, laced with black, large black hat with blue ostrich feathers; Miss Bowden, coat and skirt of cream Shantung, Tuscan hat lined with pale blue; Miss Humphreys, frock of pink Shantung, Tuscan hat swathed with chine ribbon; Miss A. Humphreys, black velvet coat and skirt, large black hat with pale pink ostrich plumes; Mrs. Strachey, black nixon tunic over white silk, black hat; Mrs. Hugh Reeves, pale grey nixon, with satin hem, hat with grey tulle to match; Miss M. Williams (Woodbury), a frock of mauve muslin and lace, black hat with plumes; the Misses Anderson, frocks of grey cashmere, straw hats of the same shade trimmed with feathers; Miss Park, pale blue silk crepe, black velvet hat; Miss Guthrie, coat and skirt of green cloth, black lace hat lined with pale blue; Mrs. A. Cracroft Wilson, black and white striped cloth, coat and skirt, black hat with ospreys; Miss Wilson, turquoise nixon over satin, large hat of broderie Anglaise, lined with blue; Mrs. Wall, light prune-coloured Shantung embroidered with the same shade, large hat with shaded scarf; Mrs. Andrew Anderson, mauve Paisley chiffon over silk, black hat; Mrs. Symes, black and white spotted foulard, white hat veiled with black lace; Miss Symes, pale pink crepe de chine relieved with cream lace, Tuscan and black hat; Mrs. W. Stringer, black braided Shantung coat and skirt, large black hat with ostrich feathers; Miss N. Reeves, pale blue and white costume, hat to match; Mrs. Stevenson, Royal blue and black silk costume, black hat and feathers; Mrs. E. Turrell, cream silk striped voile, black hat; Mrs. Crodaite Bowen, a black costume, black bonnet relieved with white; Lady Bowen, black and white toilette; Miss Bowen, pale green and white muslin, straw hat with roses; Mrs. Carey-Hill, black nixon over pale blue silk, black hat with white ospreys; Mrs. De Vries, pale green and white chink costume, white hat with roses; Mrs. Parsons, frock of pale pink silk, veiled with black nixon, large black hat lined with pink; Miss Merton, pale blue frock, Tuscan hat with buttercups; Mrs. G. Rhodes, pale grey cashmere de soie, large black hat with plumes; Miss Way, black and white striped silk costume; Mrs. Haslem, tussore silk costume, Tuscan hat.

Hospital Fete.

The hospital fete in aid of the Destitute Patients' Fund, was held in the Christchurch Hospital ground. It was under Lady Islington's patronage. Her ladyship was shown through the various wards, and expressed great interest in all she saw. Owing to the absence of Mrs. Julius, Lady Islington was received on her arrival by Mrs. Elworthy and Miss Tripp and Miss Thurston (matron of the hospital). Competitions and games of all kinds were held, all with most satisfactory results, about £166 being taken. Amongst the many present were the Dean of Christchurch, Canon and Mrs. Carrington, Rev. C. Moreland, Mrs. Moreland, Mr. C. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. L. Clark, Mrs. Hamner, the Misses Hammer, Mrs. and Miss Merton, Mrs. and Miss Symes, Mrs. and Miss Meredith Kaye, Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, Mrs. Hail, Mrs. F. Cowlishaw, Mrs. and Miss Cox, Mrs. Currow, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. and Miss Guthrie, Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. G. Harris, Mrs. Deans, Miss Park, Mrs. and Miss Bean, Miss Williams, Miss Rhodes, Miss Boyle, Mrs. and Miss Bowden.

DOLLY VALE.

SEDDON.

November 10. The weather still continues very dry, being just the thing for the shearing, which is now in full swing in the district, though too dry for the crops. In the Kaikoura district the weather and the country is far drier than here, being

one of the driest springs known in that district.

The Public Works Department has now removed their office from Seddon to Ward. Work on the line south of Ward is being pushed on.

Cricket.

The cricket match between Ficton and Awatere, which was played on the Seddon cricket ground last Saturday ended in a draw.

At a meeting held at Flaxbourne, it was resolved to form a Flaxbourne Cricket Club. A committee was appointed to organise a concert and dance, to be held on the 18th November.

Personal.

Miss Vavasour has gone for a long holiday to her sister, Mrs. I. Johnston, Waverley.

GENEVIEVE.



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W.B. Corsets give perfect support and comfort to the wearer, and impart to the figure suppleness and grace.

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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.

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"Varnishine" The Brilliant Polish

8d per tin. (H. PASTE) FOR TAN BOOTS, SHOES, LINOLKUMS, etc. EASIEST, QUICKEST, BRIGHTEST.

Champion Custard Powder

6d per tin. DELICIOUS AS A SWEET SAUCE FOR STEWED FRUITS, BOILED PUDDINGS, FRUIT PIES, etc. THE SAMPLES LEFT AT YOUR DOOR PROVE IT.

The Champion Packing Co. GILMOUR & BARDSLEY, Proprietors and Manufacturers, Auckland.

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

BLACK satin is the material of the moment for dress, tailored suits, and separate wraps. It is really lovely made into a short tailored coat with a banded skirt and trimmed with nickel buttons, as is so often the case, set close together, actually overlapping. There never was a material so much used for every purpose. It is even used in combination with serge in the making of tailored suits.

Can you imagine anything newer than a plain gored serge skirt with a

gerie dresses which I must tell you about, as I am sure it will be used in many ways later on in the making of different kinds of clothes. In place of the usual trimming of hand embroidery, the design is worked out in simple lines of tiny dull white beads. It is an exceedingly clever idea and perfectly charming when applied to those materials like batiste, marquisette or chiffon. Fine Cluny and baby Irish lace are used in trimming lingerie dresses in preference to Valenciennes, which has fallen into disfavour for the present.

The vogue for scarfs has reached an

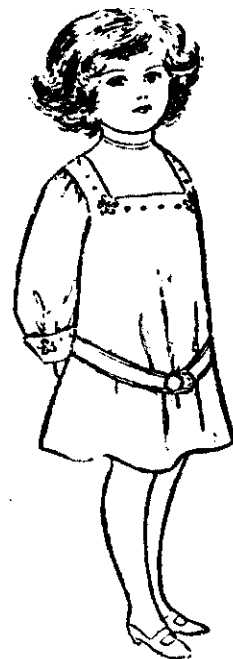
The vogue for cashmere and Paisley designs is over and one rarely sees these materials used in the new clothes and hats. There is a tendency to use velvet in many ways on the new gowns, and it seems probable that it will be much fancied next season, not only for whole costumes, but in trimming handsome silk and chiffon gowns.

Veiled Effects.

Nothing is smart these days if it is not veiled. The predominating notes of the new fashions are a lack of many seams, kimono sleeves and mist of chiffon over spots, stripes, floral patterns, and vivid colourings. One tone is put over another until wonderful prismatic hues are produced.

A Bride's Dress.

This is a bride's lovely Princess robe, with semi-court train, of rich silver chene moire. The short Empire bodice, entirely composed of Brussels lace, finished across the bust with embroidered roses in silk and seed pearls, and caught at the left side with a spray of orange blossom and white heather. The yoke and three-quarter sleeves are of fine silver net. Two broad side panels ornament the skirt, and continue down the borders of the train. These are beautifully worked in embossed silk and seed pearls in a bold design of full-blown roses and foliage. The white silk tulle veil is arranged over a chaplet of white flowers.



A USEFUL OVERALL FOR A CHILD.



WHITE LINGERIE FROCK,

with a folded belt of pansy purple, and scrolls of pure white soutache worked on white net.

straight panel front of black satin? It has a home-made sound, I know, but it was really lovely, for the skirt was trimmed with narrow bands of satin set on the sides, and the short coat was made with a deep sailor collar, with deep revers in front of satin, reaching almost to the lower edge of the coat, so that in front it was almost all of satin in one unbroken line.

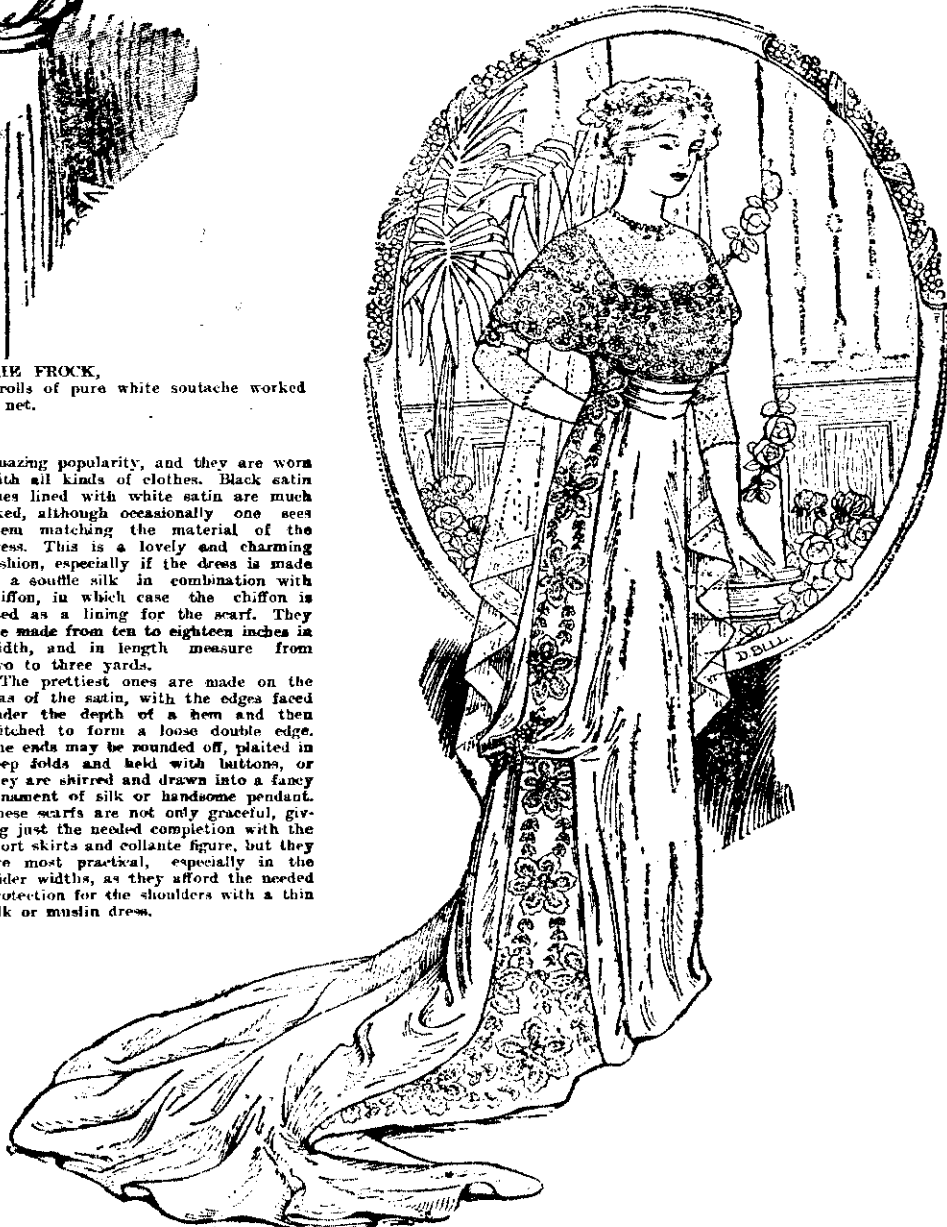
Speaking of collars reminds me of the many new ones which are being worn. The point of newness is shown in the full or draped collars and revers. The back of the collar is usually plain fitted, the front revers portion gathered into the straight edge of the collar and falling in graceful draped lines to the lower edge, where it gradually slopes off into nothing under the button fastening, or hangs unconfined at the lower edge. Other charming and new ideas are the ones made of sheer embroidery lingerie, batiste or linen. The embroidery work is very fine in design, and they are in the draped arrangement I have told you about. They are exceedingly soft and delicate on a dark suit, and give it a distinctive touch for afternoon wear.

The clothes worn in the afternoon are so elegant that one feels almost out of fashion in a plain tailored suit of cloth in uniform style, so the vogue of large satin revers as well as the new fine lingerie ones is a most satisfactory arrangement of making a plain garment wearable in the afternoon. Taking the new fashions in a general way, I should say the coats are shorter, skirts are shorter and narrow, sleeves are short and without shoulder seams, the waist line is slightly high and belted, and the material of the gown or a combination material is still the fashion of the moment.

There is an entirely new idea in lin-

gerie dresses which I must tell you about, as I am sure it will be used in many ways later on in the making of different kinds of clothes. In place of the usual trimming of hand embroidery, the design is worked out in simple lines of tiny dull white beads. It is an exceedingly clever idea and perfectly charming when applied to those materials like batiste, marquisette or chiffon. Fine Cluny and baby Irish lace are used in trimming lingerie dresses in preference to Valenciennes, which has fallen into disfavour for the present.

The prettiest ones are made on the bias of the satin, with the edges faced under the depth of a hem and then stitched to form a loose double edge. The ends may be rounded off, plaited in deep folds and held with buttons, or they are shirred and drawn into a fancy ornament of silk or handsome pendant. These scarfs are not only graceful, giving just the needed completion with the short skirts and collante figure, but they are most practical, especially in the wider widths, as they afford the needed protection for the shoulders with a thin silk or muslin dress.



▲ BRIDE'S DRESS.

Transparent Evening Wrap.

The transparent evening wrap is the thing at present. It is dainty and becoming, and adds greatly to the smart appearance of the wearer, without being

in the least warm or uncomfortable. There is usually enough trimming, however, about the shoulders to form a slight protection from evening breezes. A wrap recently seen was of chiffon, of a delicate rose colour, and bordered about with marabout. Between the

double line of marabout at the top an insertion of silver gauze was placed beneath the chiffon, giving an added touch of beauty. Tassels of silk add richness to the wrap.

An address on salad making, a science that according to foreigners is not understood in England, was given this week by a Mr. W. F. Giles, a Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society, in connection with the monthly show of the National Amateur Gardeners' Association.

The lecturer pointed out that the frugal Frenchmen and Italians use in their salads many ingredients which are cheap and tender, such as the tops of nettles, shoots of hops, vines, and asparagus, and even pods of young peas, and quoted as an axiom the saying of John Evelyn, that the elements of a salad should "fall into their places like notes of music, none being too prominent, but all in harmony."

The best of the foreign plants to be chosen for cultivation, Mr. Giles opined to be the endive, witloof, dandelion, mache or corn salad, Belle Isle or American land cress, the smoochio or Florence fennel, celeriac or turnip rooted celery, chives, prache, and the Chinese winter radish.

In 1911, if the rich and influential body called the "Swiss Society of Public Utility for Women," which has done much good in Switzerland during the last few years, prevails, all young women, wed or unwed, will be medically and physically examined, as are their brothers who enter the Swiss army, so that Swiss bachelors will soon be able to examine certificates regarding their brides' health.

The report issued by the society for 1910 in dealing with the suggested new measure urges every young woman to undergo the ordeal for the sake of herself, her husband, and Switzerland.



A COOL FROCK.



The thin, spirituelle face looks well almost hidden beneath a big hat, but it must be a flat one to secure the desired effect.

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 boil well. It has the flannelly handle of a good flannel. Sold by all the best drapers.

Hoyle's Prints Wash !!

These Prints have over a century's reputation for quality. When you insist upon getting HOYLES you insist upon having good value. See that this trade mark is (a) the outside of the piece.



If you want the very best

FLANNELETTE

the Old Country Produces

buy **HORROCKSES'**

GRAND PRIZE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION 1906

SEE HORROCKSES' NAME ON SELVEDGES and decline all substitutes Sold by all First-Class Drapers and Storekeepers.

For the sake of good looks and equispose 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

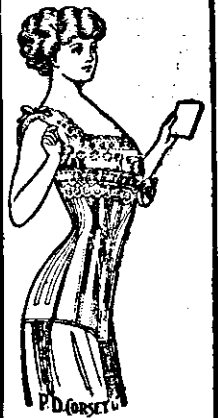
For about the whole of her comfort is wrapped up in the long, slim box that holds her corset

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.

Parting.

Q HILL of Autumn tell us, dearest,
That our summer dream is
past;
Days that to our hearts are
nearest
Were too sweet to longer last.
Ocean's grandeur, gloom, and beauty
Tender trysts by moonlit shore,
Banished by relentless duty,
Pass to-night, return no more.
Nainly yearning to enfold you
In my arms, can bring but pain.
Some nice lad will gladly hold you
While I make my peace with Janet
—Dewey Austin Cobb.

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The Sorrows of Crocans.

"A genius should not be wealthy,"
says Lord Rosebery, "or he is very likely
to see his genius stifled by the fact."
Had I been shorn of wealth, when born,
What heights I might have scaled!
What deeds have done, what honours
won,
Had poverty prevailed!
What laurels now would wreath my
brow,
What coronets my crest!
An M.V.O. for aught I know,
Might decorate my chest!
My fame might reach the highest pitch—
If only I were not so rich!
I should excel, I know it well,
In each domain of Art;
For I could fill, with grace and skill,
The great Caruso's part,
Perform like Tree (with one bent knee),
In true Shakesperian farce,
Or like Salome give a show
In garments thin and sparse.

Yes, I could sing like Little Tich—
If only I were not so rich!
With camel-brush my oils I'd slush
On canvas, inches thick;
The daisies I'd paint, with such restraint,
Would make poor Poynter sick.
The public, awed, would loudly laud
My quite colossal brains,
And when I died the Abbey wide
Would welcome my remains!
My bust would fill some noble niche—
If only I were not so rich!
On the battlefield I'd never yield,
But die in the last ditch!
In private life I'd spoil my wife,
And win the Duumovitch!
With magic pen my fellow-men,
Like Cain, I would bewitch!
I'd run Dorando to a stand,
And never feel a stitch!
My wagon to a star I'd hitch—
If only I were not so rich!

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A Man and His Shoes.

How much a man is like his shoe:
For instance, both have souls to lose;
Both had been tanned, both been made
tight,
By cobblers; both get left and right,
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet,
They both need healing: oft are sold,
And both in time will turn to mould.
With shoes the last is first; with men,
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out, they're mended new;
When men wear out, they're men dead
too.
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loth.
Both have their tiza, and both incline
When polished, to the world to shine;
And both peg out. How would you
choose—
To be a man, or be his shoes?

And Man is Flesh and Mind and Spirit.
I dread to look upon my many selves,
The different natures dwelling in my
soul:
The ugly reptile reeking in his hole,
The chained tiger chafing at control.
And oh, the madcap band of cruel elves
Mocking the lonely poet as he delves
Amongst life's volumes, seeking on the
shelves
Of memory his heart's tear-written
ecroll.
A golden glory trembles on the air,
The gleam of spirit-wings is over me,
And to my ear a wondrous melody
Whispers its benediction: May I dare
To love my Seraph Self until I share
His God-like power, his deep serenity.
—Ferdinand Earle.

A fine and unselfish optimism animates
the following sonnet, written likewise in
the new form:—
Eternal slumber of the dreamless dead,
Thou art that drowsy paradise of peace
We weary children enter when our lease
Of school-time ends, and games and
laughter cease,
And we lie snugly wrapped within thy
bed
Of clay: life's shattered toys all scat-
tered, fed
The morning's playmates—when pale
Love hath said
Her last Good-night, we feel the dark
increase!
Our spirit's only immortality
Lies in the blossoms of a vital deed
Whose waning flowers toss their winged
seed
Upon the winds of time. One act
might be
The wonder of a million Springs, and
see
Its fruitful harvests fill a world of
need.
—Ferdinand Earle.

Caledonian Cautious.
My Flora is a canny Scot—
Too canny, truth to tell—
For though I'd have her share my lot,
She'll not commit herself.
I said: "Will you my sweetheart be?"
She answered "Hoots! You men?"
I pressed her: "Do you care for me?"
She said: "I dinna ken."
"What! Don't you know your mind?"
I cried.
She said: "Its warm the day."
I asked her: "Will you be my bride?"
She said: "I couldna say."
"Come, lassie, shall it be this spring?"
She cried: "You're vera free."
"Then tell me, may I buy the ring?"
"Man! Please yourself," says she.
Before the chancel steps we stood,
St. Giles's Kirk, until
The person asked me if I would—
Of course I said "I will."
But when it came to Flo's reply
The nearest that she'd go
Was just to murmur cautiously:
"I wouldna say I'll no."
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The Bitterness of Love.
As I went through the rustling grasses
Over the long low dune,
I saw on the sands two lovers,
And I saw the waves and the moon,
And I heard the unaltering murmur
Of the sea, and a wind that stirred;
And I heard the lovers breathing
Many a soft, sweet word.
And because I too am a lover,
And my Love is far from me,
I hated the two on the sands there,
And the moon and the wind and the
sea.
—Shaemas O'Sheel.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

Arabella's Darling.

D OW, I wonder, thought Alphonso,
"what Arabella is doing at this
precise moment?"
(Arabella and Alphonso were
married last August, and Alphonso, being
a commercial traveller, was far from
home.)
"I wonder," he repeated, "what she is
doing?"
Then a brilliant idea struck him, and
he visited the nearest spiritualist medi-
um.
"What," said Alphonso, for the third
time, "is Arabella doing?"
"She is looking out of the window,"
replied the medium, "evidently expecting
somebody."
"That is strange!" said Alphonso.
"Whom can she expect?"
"Ah!" continued the medium, "someone
enters the house, and she caresses him
fondly."
"It can't be!" cried the excited hus-
band. "My wife is true to me."
"Now she lays his head on her lap and
looks tenderly into his eyes."
"Villain!" roared the jealous husband.
"Now she kisses him."
"It's false!" yelled Alphonso. "I'll
make you pay dearly for this!"
The medium saw that he had gone far
enough.
"Now," he said, "he wags his tail."

Suspicious.

For three Sundays in succession the
pastor of a fashionable church was glad-
ened by the appearance of a back-
sliding husband in his wife's pew. Then
suddenly this gratifying exhibition of an
awakened conscience ceased. One day
the pastor met the delinquent in a street
car.
"I have not seen you at church for
some time," said the preacher.
"No," was the candid reply, "I had
to give it up. My wife got too suspi-
cious."
"Suspicious?" exclaimed the parson.
"Yes," said the man; "she got it into
her head that I was up to some awful
deviltry outside that I was trying to

atone for by going to church. Nothing
I could say or do could convince her
otherwise, so in order to show her I was
living a square life I had to stay away
from church."

The Chromatic Hero.

At first glance the novel's title, "The
Rainbow," seemed to be lacking in sig-
nificance, but as it afterward developed
that the hero
Blushed crimson,
Was blue with the cold,
Had his lips grow grey,
Was seized by a black rage,
Fell into a brown study,
Grew green with envy,
Purple with indignation,
Livid with fear,
Yellow with chagrin, and
Scarlet with embarrassment, the title
proved to be entirely apt.

Versatility.

It was a story, understand, for men
with red blood in their veins, and the in-

evitable American in it was seemingly
cornered.
"You have bitten off more than you
can chew!" sneered the villain, with a
strong Parisian accent.
The American's presence of mind did
not desert him for a single solitary mo-
ment, however.
"Know that none of my race is unable
to swallow without chewing!" he retort-
ed, and, suiting the action to the word,
he snatched victory from the jaws of
defeat.

Takes It Seriously.

"I suppose you know Boren?" remark-
ed Wiseman.
"Only just well enough to say 'How
are you?'" replied Markley.
"Well, don't do it."
"Don't do what?"
"Don't say 'How are you?' for if you
do he'll hold you up for a quarter of an
hour and tell you.

Frightened Off.

He stood in a Blackpool street, a tin
box in his hand, inspecting the lodging
houses on the opposite side. "Mrs Gam-
mill, late Mrs Figgs, late Mrs Crocker,"
he read from the front of one house. He
picked up his box and walked rapidly
away. "No blooming female Henry the
Eighth for me," he said decisively.

Gave Himself Away.

On the first night of a new piece a
pretty young actress appeared on the
stage flaunting an exquisite costume.
"That must have cost three thousand
francs!" said, audibly, a lady who sat
with her husband in the front row.
"No, no—only twenty-five hundred,"
he said mechanically. Then he found
her eyes fixed on him, and was silent.

Too Dangerous.

Mr. Church: Whew! how it's raining.
Lend me your umbrella, dear. I've got
to run over to the vestry meeting.
Mrs. Church: But why not use that
umbrella you've been carrying all the
week?
Mr. Church: What! to the vestry
meeting? Why, that's where I got it.

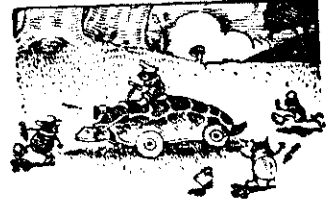
Nerve.

Chimmie: I told the boss I'd quit this
elevator-boy job unless he made it
easier.
Jimmie: What do you want him to
do?
Chimmie: Just put on an arrange-
ment so that the elevator will stay still
and the floors will run up and down in
front of it.



A STRANGE IDEA.

Banker (dumbfounded): What's that? Say that again!
Applicant: I said I would like to mortgage my automobile in order to buy
a house!



Well, I've heard of autos turning turtle, but that's the first turtle I ever saw turn automobile.

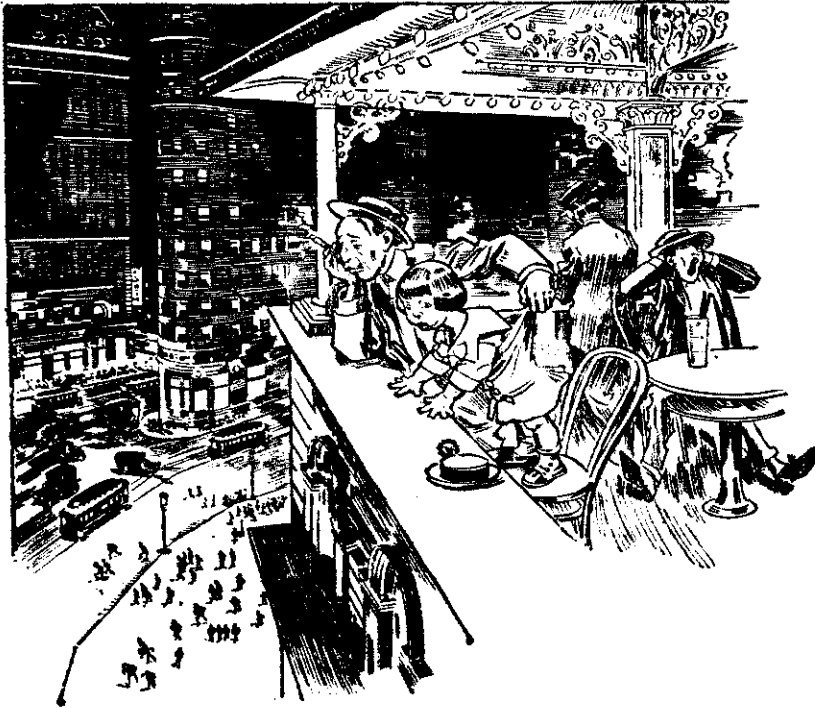
STRAINED RELATIONS AVOIDED.

Russian Officer (politely): "Pardon me, I know you are a stranger, but it will save me much trouble and questioning if you will kindly raise your hat as the others do. Here comes the Czar."

American (deftly): "I raise my hat to no potentate on earth. I am an American—a freeman, sir, horn with the shadow of—"

Russian Officer (struck with a bright idea): "The Czar is very rich."

American (humbly raising his hat): "Why didn't you say so before?"



AS THEY FELT.

Willie (on the roof-garden): How small the men look down there, Papa.
Willie's Papa: No wonder, Willie. They are all going home to their wives.



IN THE CYCLONE BELT.

Maloney: An' I prided meself I cud loight me poipe in any wind!

TO STAY WITH THE OLD MAN.

"Come indoors immediately!" called a nurse to a small boy whose father was going out. "You won't go to heaven if you're so naughty."

"I don't want to go to heaven," was the aggrieved reply; "I want to go with father!"

CHANGED HIS MIND.

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, judge. I thought I was, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer, an' he's convinced me that I ain't."

AN "ACCIDENTAL."

"I hear the tenor is laid up with a sprained ankle," said the baritone.
"Yes," giggled the soprano, "he slipped on an organ pedal."

DIPLOMATIC.

"No, I can never be your wife."
"What! Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?"
She succumbed.

MADE HIM SICK.

De Tracker: "The killing of that jockey in yesterday's race was a horrible affair, wasn't it?"

De Better: "Horrible, horrible! Just made me sick. I had all my money on that horse."

READY FOR THEM.

Judge: "Will you tell the jury all you know about the case?"

Miss Jabber: "Yes, if they can spare the time."

"The sea resort you were speaking of is a pretty gay place, isn't it?"
"I should say so! The only thing there that isn't dissipated is the fog."



A DISINTERESTED PARTY.

"Take anything you want! I don't mind me; I'm only a visitor like yourself."



"Are those foils over there? I didn't know you want it."
"Foils! My dear, those are my hat-pins!"