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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.

Attacks on the Premier.

EVERYBODY will sympathise with Sir Joseph Ward in regard to the attacks recently made upon him! The Premier referred to what he described as a bitter, cowardly, secret, malicious attack made on him through his business in 1896, and averred that the Opposition provided money and paid a man who did the work for them for the purpose of trying to ruin a political opponent. As regard his own private business matters, Sir Joseph was able to show that it had paid 20/ in the £, and that one asset deemed valueless had fetched £9000, and another £45,000. He was in a position to prove that none of the leading business men in different parts of the world had withdrawn business from him, and that was one of the strongest answers that could be given to his slanderers and maligners. As regards a well-known pamphlet to which the Premier made allusion, Mr. Massey denied having made any use of it whatever, and offered to resign and retire from political life altogether if anyone could prove that he had anything to do with its production, or that he knew of its preparation prior to its being put on the streets of the cities. Other members of the Opposition denied being connected with it, Mr. Fisher saying that he regarded the innuendo that the Opposition were associated with the pamphlet as a "cool, frigid, and calculated lie."

What We Owe to Sir Joseph Ward.

There can be no doubt that no one, calling himself a man, would attack the private life of a politician for party ends, and we can well believe that no member of the Opposition would associate himself with anything that savoured of hitting below the belt. Sir Joseph Ward is evidently feeling the effect of the strain of political life. He is said to be ageing rapidly. No longer is he the equable, jovial Sir Joseph of old. He is not a man who can bear age well, still less can he bear it when the cares and worries of office are crowding thick upon him. It has been noticed that his eyes are often very tired, that in his ruddiness there is often a bluish tinge. The Premier has done a great deal for New Zealand. In postal affairs he has been facile princeps, and without any undue boasting we may fairly claim that our Postal service is the best in any colony. Our credit is high, our laws are just and humane,

and we owe not a little of this to our present Premier. Politics at best are a thankless game, and politicians seldom earn much reward. We might at least spare them abuse.

What Is Your Age?

One of the most difficult clauses in the Licensing Amendment Act is that which enacts that it is illegal to serve with liquor for consumption on the premises persons who are apparently under the age of 21 years. The difficulty lies in the word "apparently." Any person could name a score of youths of whom it would be difficult to say whether they were 20 or 21. Nor is it sufficient to ask the youth whether he is twenty-one. The law says that he must not be apparently below twenty-one. How about dwarfs? They often wear knickerbockers, and are apparently below twenty-one years. Yet there is every reason to believe that they have passed the allotted span. Also, who is to be the judge. A referendum might be taken by the votes of all the members present in the bar. The referendum has been described as the most democratic method of settling any disputed question. The safest way would be for each thirty youth of twenty-one years to carry his birth certificate with him, or failing that, his certificate of baptism. Nothing is more difficult than proving your age. This has been found a crux in connection with old age pensions. Even with all the registers at their disposal, the Government often finds it hard to get the correct proof of age. How much harder is it, then, to judge of age by appearance? Who is to say whether a youth is getting on for twenty-one or just twenty-one? It is another pitfall for the licensee.

A Happy Marriage.

We hear so much of unhappy marriages that it is particularly gratifying to read of a marriage that has in it all the prospects of happiness. A beautiful Austrian lady, named Eugenia Adams, inherited a very large fortune on condition that she married. The Austrian was staying in Washington at the time, and didn't know anybody who would make a suitable bridegroom. She didn't want to lose the fortune, and she didn't want to marry any of the men she knew. Accordingly she hit upon the ingenious idea of advertising and offering a large sum of money to any man who would marry her, and leave her immediately the wedding ceremony was over. Forty needy Americans responded to the invitation, and from amongst them she selected a man named Harvey Brown, a stalwart from Vermont, who possessed excellent testimonials as to character. The pair got married before a magistrate after both had signed an agreement that after the ceremony neither would "attempt to see, visit, molest, or annoy" the other, and that neither would "solicit any aid by money or other assistance from the other, or would attempt to assert marital right in any way." After the ceremony they separated with a hearty handshake, and Brown, who had never seen the bride until an hour before, apparently felt some regret, which the bride seemed also to share.

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A Quaint Custom.

There is one quaint custom in the Lords and the Commons which is to be discontinued about which small regret will be felt by either side. It has been the rule for over a century that the leaders of both Houses of Parliament, or in the case of the Commons, the Home Secretary, should write with their own hand a daily précis of the day's proceedings for the use of the Sovereign. In these days of accurate press reporting there is no longer any need of these daily letters. When the custom was started—at the command of George III., who asked George Grenville to furnish him with daily reports of the debates relating to the conflict between the Parliament and John Wilkes—the reporting of the proceedings was an offence at law, and the King had no other means of obtaining prompt and reliable information. Pitt, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Gladstone all wrote these personal dispatches, most of which are still preserved in the Royal Library at Buckingham Palace. Victoria is said to have found Disraeli's the most amusing; and no doubt they were. Another thing that amused Her Majesty was the mistake of Lord Randolph Churchill, who inadvertently enclosed a quantity of tobacco in the dispatch-box in which he forwarded his letter.

The Value of Flowers.

The carnation and sweet pea carnival in Auckland brings to mind the part played by flowers in our daily life. Men have written in praise of gardens from the earliest days. In the Book of Genesis we find that God Almighty esteemed the life of a man in a garden the happiest he could give him, or else he would not have placed Adam in the garden of Eden. The word Paradise itself means a garden, and is a Persian word showing the delight the old Persian kings took in gardening. It was an Assyrian king that planned the famous hanging gardens of Babylon, making gardens not only within the palaces, but upon terraces raised with earth, over the arched roofs, and even upon the top of the highest tower; planted them with all sorts of fruit trees, as well as other plants and flowers, the most pleasant of that country; and thereby made at least the most airy gardens, as well as the most costly that have ever been heard of in the world. The gardens of the Hesperides and that of Alcinous are mostly the creation of fancy. Hamerton, in speaking about landscape painting, advises all landscape painters to

study botany, urging that botany gives the greatest possible distinctness to the memory of all kinds of vegetation. The Horticultural Society's carnival encourages rivalry and a spirit of emulation in the oldest and the most beautiful of all the arts—the art of gardening.

The Wildebeesten.

South Africa has designed a brand-new coat-of-arms, and the "Wildebeesten," who appear in the coat-of-arms are a new species in heraldry—a science which is so strong in zoology that it recognises many animals not known to South Kensington. The improbable springbok (another of the authorised South African emblems) figures already as supporter in the arms of Viscount Milner, as well as in the crest of the House of Randles. Among other South African animals, the rhinoceros (Viscount Colville of Culross), the hippopotamus (Speke), the zebra (Kemsley), the giraffe, technically known as the camelopard (Crisp), are all represented in crests or coats of arms. So is the ostrich, which almost invariably appears in heraldry with a horseshoe, or a key, or a piece of old iron in its beak: this by way of concession to the popular belief in its dietetic preferences.

Bridge and Theatres.

John Drew considers bridge is demoralising Society and injuring the theatres. He declares that in England there are people who would rather play bridge than eat, and he says that he had a personal experience of this last year. He was invited to dinner at a house in England, and he noticed that the people hurried through dinner with almost indecent haste, and that the men remained only a few minutes in the dining-room after the ladies had left. Then out came the cards, and everybody was expected to play bridge. His views on the mission of the stage are interesting. He says that the stage is not the place for sermons. It is not the province of the drama to preach. A play to be a good play must have a moral of course. If it didn't, it would not amount to anything, but the moral must be subordinate to its inherent interest as a play. Preachy plays never succeed. People don't go to the theatre to be preached at; they go to be amused. A drama should be a mirror of life as it is, faithfully reflecting its virtues and its vices. And often the simple portrayal of the vices of society

Signor Jose Canalejas.

THE LEADER OF SPAIN'S WAR ON THE POPE

without any attempt to draw a moral therefrom will do more good than railing at them or preaching against them. He thinks the cleverest plays come from France, and he bestowed especial praise on a recent one-act farce built around the difficulty of administering a dose of medicine to a spoiled child, and he paid a high compliment to the mastery with which so many of the French writers weave a plot and build up a situation. If an English writer had written the play, and named the spoiled child George, the Censor would have discovered some hidden political allusion and banned the play accordingly.

Servants and Pianos.

Speaking in Dublin at a meeting of the Irish Women's Suffrage Association, Miss Bellingham Todd, in the course of an address on "The Duties of Mistresses and Servants," contended that domestic service more nearly approached a mild form of slavery than any other occupation. The conditions under which a servant lived did not compare favourably with the environment of the shopgirl or clerk. One was called "a menial," and the other "a young lady." One never knew when her work was done, while the other had stated hours. Mistresses, said Miss Todd, ignored the revolution which had taken place, and treated servants as still being of an ignorant lower class, when they should be put on the same footing as business girls. Miss Todd was of opinion that servants should be given the use of a piano. The difficulty in regard to this last suggestion is how far those for whom it is intended would be able to use it. Probably most of them would prefer some other form of amusement that would be less distracting to the other members of the household.

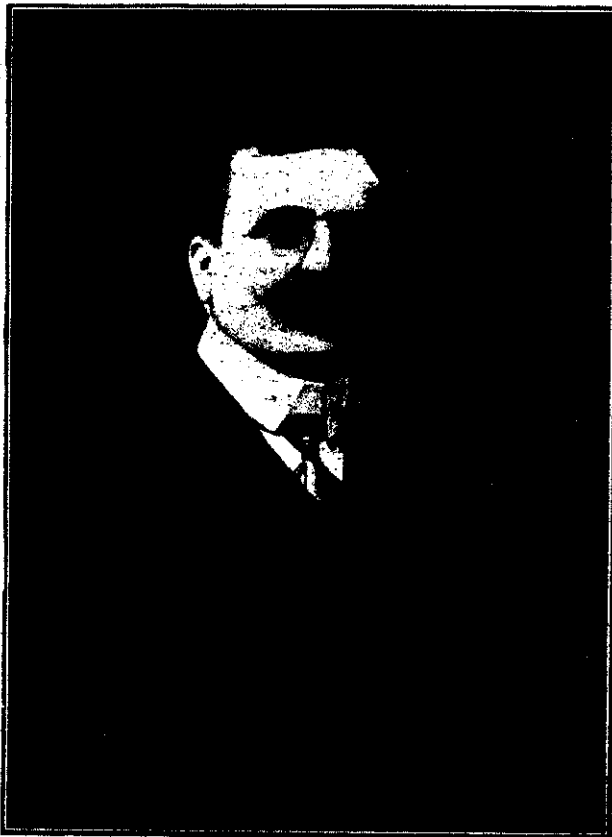
A New Profession.

A new profession has been found in America—that of a farm doctor. Mr. C. H. Yates, a graduate of Yale, has gone in for a close study of farms and their ailments. "Soils and vegetation have ailments calling for a doctor's care just like people," said Mr. Yates, "and I go about my work very much as an ordinary physician does. In the case of new land which has never been farmed I first look over the land and find out what kind of farming the owners want to do. I doctor the land so that it will grow one particular product to the best advantage. Farms have to be visited every week at first during observation. I stock the farms with cattle as the owner desires, or such as will thrive best in that particular locality. Many who are investing in farm lands have a mistaken idea that all soil will grow the same products and that cattle will thrive equally well everywhere. As an illustration let me mention two farms I am now doctoring. One of forty acres is owned by a man who is interested in hunters. He needs a grazing ground, well covered with clover and timothy. He must have a spring or brook running through his pastures. He must have a certain amount of shade on his pastures. He must grow fodder, and he must have fences for the training of hunters. The other farm is to be devoted to dairy products. Here the land will be treated differently. The fodder grown will be of a different variety. The buildings will be arranged in a way far different to that for the horse farm. In dairy farming everything must be so ordered that the utmost cleanliness will prevail at all times. Farm hands and foremen have to be instructed in the care of the soil, cattle and vegetation just as hospital nurses have to undergo special instruction before they are qualified to assist in caring for patients in a hospital." All of which sounds very true, and it looks as if Mr. Yates had discovered a new and lucrative profession.

Bob: "What is the rule of three, Bertha?"
Bertha: "That two is company."

ORATORY is always a formidable weapon to that Senor Jose Canalejas y Mendes who, by plunging Catholic Spain into conflict with the sovereign pontiff in the Vatican, has concentrated upon himself the attention of the world. Senor Canalejas has made himself master of a sonorous and exquisite rhetorical art in which grace of gesture heightens grace of diction. Distinction is the very flower of his oratorical manner—not the theatrical distinction of some stagy hero of a play, but the natural and enforced majesty of the leader born. That is the way the Madrid "Heraldo" sums him up. Senor Canalejas is an aristocrat, we read, well born and well bred, a man widely travelled, and still more widely read; but above all else is he the orator, whose accents persuade, arouse and inspire. But for this gift he could not

The appurtenances of the twentieth century man surround Canalejas when he is active politically. His office boasts its typewriters and its telephones, its filing cabinets and its roll-top desks. These things never please the statesman of the old school. Maura and Moret are finished grandees of the Spanish type—affable and courteous, but very dignified and prone to hold aloof. Canalejas is quick and nervous, never standing on ceremony, shaking hands freely instead of embracing, knowing no antique code of honour, and never thinking of his rank as Prime Minister of the most Catholic of Kings. "He is up-to-date," as the London "Mail" says, "and he dreams of bringing Spain up-to-date." He uses a motor car, and makes speeches in the street—expedients quite too unconventional for political purposes to the way of thinking of those



SIGNOR JOSE CANALEJAS.

have stirred great audiences all over Spain, audiences often hostile or indifferent or at most but heated to a momentary partisanship. But Canalejas has travelled and talked in every part of Spain for years until by this time he knows his countrymen and can sway them as he will.

Were the famed Spanish anticlerical a Russian, points out the "Matin," he would be referred to as "an intellectual." He has essentially the modern mind. His tastes are for the sciences and the new knowledge, while his pursuits, although in the main political, have kept him in touch with every idea that is of to-day. His instincts are journalistic, and his methods sensational. He loves mobs and noise and avoids the traditional methods of the Spanish politician. In appearance, he reflects the modernism of his mind. One sees him, notes the French daily, in trim new sack suits and natty straw hats, swinging a slim cane and holding in his hand some fresh French novel. He knows everybody in Europe worth knowing, but his companions are the men who do things. He longs to see Spain as modern as himself, and herein, we read, is the secret of his career.

who prefer their Spain quaint and medieval.

Business is the great aim and end of things to Canalejas. He chafes and fumes to see Spain lingering in the thirteenth century. He dreams of schools of commerce in every convent. He longs to cut up the ancient cemeteries into building lots and to sell them to the poor on the instalment plan. Thus the London "Telegraph" interprets the Canalejas temperament. Nothing so aggravates the Senor as to be assured that Spain must wait to be modernised. "Wait, wait! To-morrow, to-morrow!" he cried in the Cortes. "That has been the curse of Spain."

The enemies of Canalejas love to affirm that he would have made a splendid actor. He has the presence—the Senor is tall, handsome, well-formed. He retains in middle life the perfect physical frame that enabled him to chastise a bull-fighter who refused to stop swearing in the presence of some ladies at Seville. The Senor is an athlete in a variety of ways, and he runs foot races to-day for the improvement of his health. He had the misfortune when young, according to a clerical paper, to fall in love with Voltaire, whose works

made him an atheist. This is denied in the "Heraldo," a liberal organ, which assures the world that the Prime Minister has profound respect for religion, although he inclines to rationalism, and was never very assiduous in his attendance at mass. Nevertheless, he believes in a Supreme Being, and remains a deist, "just as he was when a boy." He reads contemporary German literature with devotion, and one of his favourite authors is Tolstoy.

That marked partiality for the society of Senor Canalejas which King Alfonso has shown in recent years is attributed to the sense of humour they have in common. The Senor is one of the finest talkers in Spain, as has been noted already, but at a dinner table he is said to be ravishing in his wit and inimitable as a retailer of anecdotes in a dry, grave, sarcastic vein. King Alfonso is said to have assured King George that no one could listen to a story told by Canalejas without roaring.

The sweetness of disposition which contrasts so strikingly with the natural pride of Canalejas was never so characteristically displayed, observes the French daffy, as when the social boycott aimed at him recently collapsed. The women relatives of the grandees are almost without exception of clerical sympathies. No sooner had Canalejas accentuated his quarrel with the church than his invitations to great houses ceased. For a while year prior to the formation of the Canalejas ministry the present head of it received only stony stares from the feminine leaders of Spanish society. He was cut pointedly by an Infanta. The criticisms of his attitude went so far as to imply that he was not really a gentleman, that he was engaged in a vulgar and ignoble procedure, that he had become a traitor to the traditions of the best society. Canalejas seemed to be unaware of the boycott. He long went nowhere. Finally the King with the aid of the Queen took a hand in the social war. Word was passed about that their Majesties would cut all who cut the Prime Minister. The boycott collapsed. Canalejas cherished no rancour and greeted cordially those who had cut him so cruelly.

One tragedy has made sombre the whole course of the great anticlerical's life—the death of the woman he married in the days of his obscurity. On the eve of his greatest success, the Senora Canalejas passed away. It is still related in the Spanish press that the last act of the dying wife was to make her husband pledge himself to continue a Catholic.

In spirit, according to the assertions of the Prime Minister, he kept faith with his dead wife. He placed the crucifix in her coffin and he saw that she was interred in accordance with the laws of the religion she so loved. Nor has Canalejas severed his own connection with the faith of his fathers. Time and again in the Cortes and on the platform he has declared himself a true Catholic. It can be affirmed upon the authority of the Madrid "Epoca" that he receives sacraments with regularity. Nevertheless, Canalejas continues to wage relentless warfare upon Vatican policy. He asserts that it is furthest from his intention to separate Spaniards from the faith to which they have adhered down the centuries. Some clericals explain Canalejas as a hypocrite, but the weight of opinion is overwhelmingly in favour of the idea that he is honest and sincere.

Canalejas remains poverty-stricken after a long political career, a circumstance much to his credit. The "Matin" thinks, in a laud note for the sudden wealth of statesmen. The Prime Minister holds no shares in Riff mines or in African plantations. He lives simply on a small income derived from an inherited estate and partly from his practice as a pleader.

It is as the least Spanish of Spaniards that Canalejas impresses the student of his personality who writes in the Berlin "Kreuz-Zeitung." The Spaniard is indolent and Canalejas is a pattern of industry. The Spaniard is hargity and Canalejas is modest and even humble. The Spaniard believes nothing matters very much and Canalejas is zealous for everything. Finally the Spaniard is perpetually procrastinating, whereas Canalejas refuses to wait for even the most drastic reforms. The modernism of his mind reflects in his domestic circle, where electric lights supplant candles and gas and where native Spanish dishes give way to new modes of cookery. Senora Canalejas remained while she lived as modern in standpoint as her husband although she had not broken with the

Sayings of the Week.

The Osborne Judgment.

MOST women are better physically now than they were. More attention has been paid to their physical culture. They have come out into the world, and they are stronger mentally. Women who are trained physically and mentally to look at life soberly and at danger with equanimity now and again betray their sex by vocalisation of a high pitch and intensity. At the water chutes, for instance, and on gravity railways, they often scream from pleasurable excitement. Whether they would do it in the absence of the other sex is an interesting psychological question.—*Professor Osborne, Melbourne.*

The Fetish of the Professional.

The country was suffering from this fetish of the professional, and had already wasted hundreds of pounds in its blind respect for professional opinion. He was opposed to this idea, and whether the particular matter upon which he might express an opinion was opposed to the experts' opinion or not, he nevertheless, was going to stand by it.—*Mr. G. T. London, Wellington Charitable Aid Board.*

A White Elephant.

The English rule in India is surely one of the most extraordinary accidents that has ever happened in history. We are there like a man who has fallen off a ladder on to the neck of an elephant, and doesn't know what to do or how to get down. Until something happens he remains. Our functions in India are absurd. We English do not own that country, do not even rule it. We make nothing happen; at the most we prevent things happening.—*Mr. H. G. Wells.*

A Remarkable Coincidence.

It is a very remarkable coincidence that it is exactly 50 years since Sir Geo. Grey returned to the Cape after having been recalled for encouraging the Union of South Africa. He came back largely through the personal influence of Queen Victoria, but with his hands tied on the question of union. Partly as a solatium of his feelings the Queen's second son, Prince Alfred, made a Royal tour through the country. To-day a younger son of Queen Victoria is here inaugurating the Union with every circumstance of pomp and splendour. How much better it would have been for South Africa and the Empire if the seer-statesman had been allowed to carry out his policy 50 years ago.—*Hon. G. Forster.*

The Simple Life.

The young people of to-day should not be taught so much about the earning of money. They should rather be brought up to learn how to do away with some of the luxuries derived from the possession of money, something of the benefits of the simple life.—*Mr. G. Laurence, M.P.*

What is Wanted.

New Zealand had some of the best laws—some of the most democratic; but his advice was "Administer more—legislate less."—*Dr. Chapple, M.P.*

Nature Spoilt.

The situation of Wellington was, indeed, supreme from a natural point of view. More could not have been done than was done by Nature herself, but those who laid out the city had not responded in the same generous spirit. There had been an eager cutting-up of land, a feverish anxiety to divide and sub-divide and sell, and the larger view of utilising the unique natural features of the situation for the building of a magnificent city had been lost sight of.—*Mr. W. H. Morton, city engineer, Wellington.*

church and went piously to mass. Nor should it be supposed that the relations of the Prime Minister with the clergy are strained except in the political sense. He has many priests among his personal friends. One venerable prelate is persuaded that the Prime Minister is mad and therefore free from censure.

United We Stand.

I go amongst the workers a great deal, and I find a general opinion amongst them that it is absolutely necessary that they should sink their differences, work together, and do something for Labour at the next general election. There is a strong feeling in that respect amongst prominent Socialistic, trades, labour, and democratic bodies in all parts of New Zealand.—*Mr. H. Lacey.*

The True Road of Progress.

It is my desire and intention, as long as I have the honour to be Governor of New Zealand, to express recognition and appreciation of any effort to apply principles that science and modern experience have proved to be most effectual. These must in the long run be most profitable to the country concerned. This principle which I have enunciated applies with equal force to commerce and industry as it does to health problems. I am imbued with the idea that this is the true road for New Zealand if it is to progress and advance.—*Lord Islington.*

The Y.W.C.A.

Until she came to New Zealand she had not known very much about the Y.W.C.A., but now that she had learnt about its work it had her most intense sympathy. She had been to a small meeting some few weeks ago, and had heard Miss Anderson make a wonderful speech, and it seemed to her that if Miss Anderson gave up her whole life to furthering such a work one could not do better than support it.—*Lady Islington.*

Too Many Bosses.

It was like sarcasm to couple his name with a toast like "Civic Rulers," for he thought there was no man who had more bosses than he had. In regard to town-planning, he would like to see the man who could accomplish, under our present laws, anything like what was done on the Continent of Europe. Anyone who tried it would be hung, drawn, and quartered.—*Mr. Morton, City Engineer, Wellington.*

About a Dog.

The local bodies, well, my opinion is that there are too many of us. Many of us ought to be wiped out of existence. Fancy nine men sitting round a table and debating for half-an-hour as to whether a dog was a lap-dog or a poodle.—*The Mayor of Wanganui East.*

A Free Show.

Experience shows that evening sittings lead to the proceedings of the House being regarded as a free entertainment by the people of Wellington and visitors thereto, and there can be no doubt that this tends to prolong the session. Further, the late sittings at night are destructive of the health of hon. members, and it is most desirable that a thorough test should be made of morning sittings.—*Mr. G. Russell, M.P.*

A City of Cyclists.

Christchurch has probably more cyclists in proportion to its population than any other city in the world, and certainly it has more than any other city in this country. In Auckland you might turn your head in all directions and not see a cyclist. But here it has become part of a man's nature, just as much as walking is. Passing along one block in the city you may see anything from 50 to 100 bicycles.—*Mr. Justice Chapman.*

Racial Feeling.

A white man might think a coloured man less pleasant to look upon than himself, but the coloured man might be just as good within, and he might have just the same feeling towards the white man as the white man had towards him. This racial doubt and suspicion was a source of danger.—*Mr. Huang, Chinese Consul.*

An Irish Bull.

Those ripples on the political surface will never dull the trumpet sound of the national call to arms!—*Hon. D. Buddo.*

A Losing Game.

What does it cost to take a horse from the South to Auckland and pay travelling, training and jockeys' expenses? I venture to say that no horse can be kept in training under £300 a year. Where is the profit if you keep a racing stable of 25? I don't know a man in the colony who has made money out of it.—*Hon. Sir George McLean.*

Tricks of the Trade.

In 1907 I came to New Zealand from Bradford. The first experience I had was the classifying, pressing up and branding of 300 bales of wool for shipment to London. I was instructed to place good wools top and bottom of each bale, and faulty wool, of the same quality, but fully worth twopence per pound less in value, in the centre. I was then instructed to brand 200 bales "White Rock" and the rest with well-known brands, including "Brancepath."—*Mr. E. G. Sykes, Masterton.*

Puzzling a Lawyer.

It was impossible even for a man with legal training to understand these schedules. He himself did not understand the bill. Nobody understood it. Everyone had to vote blind, as it was so late in the session that everyone was too tired to work the puzzles out. The only safe thing to do when legislation was put in a schedule in this way was to vote against it.—*Mr. T. W. Whitford, M.P.*

A Weary Army.

Convictions for drunkenness in 1895 numbered 4568. The number had gone up with scarcely a break in any one year, until in 1907 convictions totalled 10,203. Of this number 5809 were convictions of first offenders. While present conditions continued the same weary army, increasing year by year, would pass through the police courts. And it was beyond the power of man to say from what homes in New Zealand men and women would come who figure in future statistics.—*Mr. T. E. Taylor, M.P.*



THE HUMANE POWERS.

The struggle of Finland against Russian encroachments is followed by the Great Powers with their usual well-known sympathy!

Profit Sharing.

The Labour question and the troubles of employers are just as acute at Home as in New Zealand, where I had thought them unique. It seems to me that the ultimate outcome must be some system of profit-sharing, whereby the more intelligent employees will be given some stake in their employers' business. This standard wage does not meet the case at all. It means merely that the good man carries the duffer and the loafer on his back, and the rate of work is impeded, which is fatal in an eight-hour day, if we are to compete with other nations.—*Mr. John Stone, Dunedin.*

The Cadets.

No one who had visited the schools of the Dominion, as he had, could be other than greatly impressed by the splendid material being prepared in the cadet corps for the future army. In a few years those boys, who were being drilled and trained in loyalty and patriotism by their masters, in the character of officers, would become the citizen soldiers of New Zealand's Territorial Army. They would come in groups year after year as recruits and co-operate in laying a sound foundation for the universal system.—*Lord Islington.*

The Value of Agricultural Instruction.

There were 75 per cent. more cottage gardens to-day than before the agricultural instruction was given. The young people took a keen interest in their work, and the knowledge they obtained could not fail to have a good effect upon the future of agriculture.—*Mr. W. H. Jackson, Headmaster Masterton District High School.*

Business Care brings Nervous Wear

The petty cares of business life wear away nervous strength, and this applies as much to the clerk at the desk as to the manager in his luxurious office. A thousand little details of duty requiring attention exhaust the nervous energy and cause one to fret over trifling things that would not receive a second thought under conditions of perfect health. Nervous, fretful persons of either sex are usually poorly nourished, and in all such cases the surest and quickest permanent relief is to be had by the use of

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract

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

News of the Dominion.

OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

WELLINGTON, December 2.

The End of the Session.

AS I write, Parliament is in its last hours, winding up its tangled skein of work in a frantic hurry in order to catch the week-end trains and steamers. The last week of the session has certainly not lacked excitement. There was the finale of the Hine charges inquiry, which ended in a virtual "Not guilty, but don't do it again," for most of the accused persons, and a verdict of "guilty" for Mr. Henare Kaitiaki, who was censured by the House for his improper practices in taking payment from constituents for presenting petitions to Parliament for them. When the massive—but "slim"—Henare was escorted back into the House by the Sergeant-at-Arms to hear his sentence, and the speaker solemnly informed him of the resolution of censure, he very courteously and ceremoniously returned thanks, which somehow seemed to rob the censure of a good deal of its sting. Henare is nothing if not polite.

Sir Joseph in Self-defence.

But the most sensational incident of the week was Sir Joseph's impassioned, mainly speech in his own defence. This was a sort of side-line to the Hine inquiry discussion. Mr. Tommy Taylor set the ball rolling by alluding to the scurrilous pamphlet concerning Sir Joseph Ward, which has been circulated lately throughout New Zealand. "It is the most disgraceful pamphlet that has ever been connected with the politics of this country," said Mr. Taylor, who proceeded to roundly slate all connected with its publication. It was the greatest scandal that had ever emanated from the press, he said. Whether the Opposition members of Parliament approved the circulation of this pamphlet or not—and he hoped they didn't—the fact remained that the thing was being received with glee and approval by thousands of men who supported them.

Mr. Massey made a strenuous denial of the imputation that the Opposition was responsible for "that wretched pamphlet." One of the owners of the socialistic paper, "The Leader," in Auckland published it.

Then came Sir Joseph's indignant speech, in which he defended himself most effectively against the abuse and libels of his enemies. The scene of enthusiasm which followed was probably unprecedented in the New Zealand Parliament. The whole of the Government members rose and loudly cheered the Prime Minister after hand-clapping him heartily.

Later Mr. Allen, Mr. Herdman, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Herries spoke, all voicing the disgust of the Opposition at the miserable and scandalous pamphlet. Its publication, Mr. Herries said, was a "low-down" thing, to which no member of the Opposition would lend himself.

This evening there was an unusual compliment paid to Sir Joseph Ward, as the outcome of the excursion on the now notorious pamphlet. The Legislative Council made a special adjournment, and invited the Prime Minister into the Chamber to receive an assurance of the Council's sympathy with him. There were some warm-hearted and very sympathetic speeches, including one from the venerable Sir Charles C. Bowen, the Speaker of the Council. The Council, Sir Joseph was assured, heartily sympathized with him, as the result of the underhand attacks made on him; they met not as a party, not as politicians, but as men, to assure him of their heartfelt esteem and sympathy, and to congratulate him on the warmth and extent of the feeling for him right through New Zealand.

"Flapdoodle" in Parliament.

I don't think anyone will venture to deny that "flapdoodle" is talked in Parliament. Quite a lot of it, in fact. Some severe critics may go further, and say that most of the Parliamentary talk is "flapdoodle." And this evening in the House the Chairman of Committees ruled that it was allowable for an honorable member to describe another honorable member's utterances as "flapdoodle." It was Mr. William Jennings, M.P., who obtained the ruling. Mr.

Jennings was pleading for more consideration for the hard-working back-blocks settler in the way of roads and bridges, whereupon the Hon. Roderick McKenzie, Minister of Public Works—who has developed this session quite a Sir Harry Atkinson-like tendency for using Parliamentary job-mailed boots—rose and said in hard Caledonian accents that in view of the large sums spent in the Taumarunui electorate Mr. Jennings' remarks could only be regarded as flapdoodle.

Mr. Jennings was up quick and lively. He asked "the Minister for Courtesy and Public Works" to explain what he meant. Then he asked the Chairman of Committee, Mr. Colvin, to rule whether "flapdoodle" was a Parliamentary expression or not.

Mr. Colvin was much worried over it. He confessed that he couldn't explain what "flapdoodle" meant, but as it had been permitted before in the House it must be Parliamentary.

Mr. Jennings threatened to divide the House on a motion to take the Speaker's ruling on the question, but at last he gave in, saying he forgave the Minister because he (the Hon. Roderick Mac) was in a temper. And thus is history made.

The "Washing-up" Bill.

Every session there is a "Washing-up" Bill but this year's beats the record in point of size and range. Its title in full: "An Act to Provide for the Sale, Reservation and other Disposition of certain reserves, Crown Lands, other Lands and Endowments and to Confer Certain Powers on Certain Local Bodies." It has 98 clauses, which, with the various schedules, makes up a booklet of sixty pages. It includes an amazing variety of subjects, and it is a marvel how some of the matters with which it deals come to be included under the title. Anything that can't be disposed of in any other way goes into this legislative wash-tub, and comes out clean and fresh for the Statute Book in Parliament's twenty-fourth book.

The Soaping of Wairoa Geyser.

I hear that the Minister in charge of the Tourists' Resorts is to be approached on behalf of Wairoa geyser, Whakarewarewa, with a view to stopping the soaping of the geyser for all kinds and variety of tourists. The limit was reached the other day, when the Government soaped the big blow-hole for the entertainment of the Presbyterian ministers visiting Rotorua. This sort of thing is going beyond a joke. Wairoa is called upon to perform at frequent intervals at the sweet will of the Tourist Department. This is the way it is done. If you are some one of importance, say a clergyman from Dunedin or a suburban borough councillor from Melbourne, or a long-haired lecturer from 'Murka, you go to the Tourist Department's engineer at Rotorua, and inform him that you would like to see Wairoa play. If the engineer—who is a good man and knows his business—tries to put you off, bounce him a bit, and threaten to wire to the Premier. Eventually you get him to wire to the Hon. Tom McKenzie saying you would like the geyser soaped. The Hon. Tom replies affably, saying certainly the geyser will be soaped for you; no trouble at all, really a pleasure. So then you go out in state to Whakarewarewa, make a triumphal procession up through the squalid Maori village to the slumbering geyser, and with your own fair hands check in the saponaceous stimulant. (Good phrase—that, "saponaceous stimulant"; I learned it from the Government caretaker at Whaka!). Then you wait twenty minutes or so, or perhaps an hour, and up she goes! Hooy! If "she" spouts fifty feet high, you are told it is a hundred and fifty, and you feel as proud of your performance in "sending her up"—bead phrase again—as a young husband does when his squalling first-born is brought to him by the nurse. And next day you read a full account of your feat in the Rotorua papers, stating that Wairoa "responded beautifully to the saponaceous stimulant, and rewarded the onlookers with a magnificent shot of fully two hundred feet." And Press Association wires appear in all the papers of the Dominion the day after that, again chronicling the feat, and mentioning that Wairoa spouted to an estimated height of three hundred and fifteen feet. And when you go back to your

turnips or your grocer's shop, or your desk or your pulpit, you will say to your friends: "Look here, I myself with my own hands sent Wairoa up four hundred and twenty feet. The Government guide told me so; I saw him measuring it with an azimuth compass and an aneroid, so it must be right." My word, it's great! You try and get permission to soap it, too, when you go up. You've only got to wire to Tom Mackenzie.

And that's the way the soaping game goes on. Sometimes old Wairoa "turns rusty" on her tormentors, and spouts never a spout. The saponaceous stimulant only makes her gurgle angrily and spit spitefully and fitfully. Then the Government Custodian of Geysers puts the lid down again, and locks it—Wairoa is actually kept under lock and key—and spins you some fairy tale, to wit, that "the meteorological conditions are unfavourable to a hydro-thermal display, owing to the abnormality of the atmospheric pressure coinciding with a semi-quietest phase in the subterranean passages." Which, of course, explains everything.

The fact is that Wairoa is overworked, and there is a danger of it striking work altogether if these foolish soapings go on. The Tourist Department should leave Wairoa alone for a year or two, and give it a chance to regain its natural working powers.

New Zealand Military Commandant

BRISBANE, November 27.

By the Canadian steamer Makura, which arrived at Pinkenba on Saturday, Major-General Godley is proceeding to Sydney on his way to New Zealand to take up the position of commandant of the military forces there.

In the course of an interview with "The Daily Telegraph" representative at Victoria Barracks on Saturday evening, the Major-General, who is a man of fine military bearing, an officer of the Irish Guards, and was in command of the mounted infantry and attached to the general staff at Aldershot, stated that he decided to break his journey to Australia and visit the United States and Canada with the view of adding to his knowledge of military matters. He visited the Canadian military colleges at Kingston and the West Point College in the United States. At these places he met various prominent military officers and others interested in defence, and he was much impressed with the manner in which those institutions were maintained.

Speaking of his future movements, he said he was to meet Major-General Kirkpatrick, who would take him over the site of the proposed military training college, and he hoped also to meet the officers who are undergoing instruction in camp prior to the compulsory training system being introduced. Major-General Godley expressed the hope that he would also be able to meet General Hoad and other prominent military men in the south, as under a system of reciprocity he wished to meet as many officers as possible and learn their views on defence matters. Major-General Godley has never visited Australia before, but he is very keen in his desire to glean anything that would further his knowledge of these parts.

Colonel Lyster, the Queensland commandant, drove Major-General Godley around the city during the afternoon, and the latter resumed his voyage to Sydney in the Makura early this morning.

Dunedin Hospital.

The chairman of the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board has received from the Department at Wellington the report of Miss MacLean, assistant-inspector, on her recent investigation of the conditions existing at the Dunedin Hospital, and also the recommendations of the Department thereon. In a letter forwarded with the report Dr. Valentine says:—"It must be admitted that there is room for improvement with regard to nurses' dietary, and the arrangements therefor. As regards the other charges, though here and there some alterations in the existing arrangements are undoubtedly necessary, the charges were in the main grossly exaggerated."

Miss MacLean's report states, with reference to the allegation as to the number of nurses off duty through illness, that six out of 66 were off. She thinks the nurses receive every kindness and consideration, and that the amount of sickness is exceedingly small. She con-

siders the statement that insufficient time is allowed for meals has no foundation in fact. She admits there has been ground for complaint with regard to the cooking of food and the serving. The statement that nurses had been refused leave to visit dying relatives is, she says, entirely false.

Miss MacLean made several recommendations.

Amy Bock.

Amy Bock, it will be remembered, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and declared an habitual criminal. Her conduct has been exemplary, and her sentence, taking in the remissions, has now expired, and she will shortly be sent to the New Plymouth prison, where most of the habitual criminals are confined.

Mr. Bowling's Salary.

The Aberdare Miners' Lodge has adopted a resolution, protesting against the extension of Mr. Peter Bowling's furlough on full pay, and recommending that his salary be deducted while he is absent in New Zealand (says a Sydney cablegram).

WHAT TO DO FOR INDIGESTION.

Modern Methods for Treating a Common Complaint.

Whatever the causes may be, and there appear to be a number, Indigestion and Stomach Troubles are on the increase. In treating this troublesome and often painful complaint, the sufferer ought to recognize that there is a cause for it, and try to eliminate the cause. This is the way to obtain a permanent cure. Now the following are facts. A weak stomach cannot digest food properly—hence dyspepsia after meals. Laxatives only help to move the meal along, and predigestion invalid foods do not give the stomach its own work to do. Therefore, whatever is the cause of a weak stomach, Indigestion and Stomach Trouble will prevail until the stomach is made stronger—strong enough to digest ordinary food without pain or inconvenience. Acting on this principle a great many sufferers have been cured of severe Indigestion by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They supply the stomach with the strength it needs by enriching and purifying the blood. Pure blood gives tone to the nerves, muscles, and glands of the stomach, and makes it capable of properly performing the work of digestion. The following case shows how good they are in stomach trouble.

"About four years since I suffered much from flatulence, belchings of wind and pain in the stomach, also heartburn and pain about the heart," said Mr. W. Rutherford, Wye-st., Kaitangata. "I felt a heaviness at the pit of the stomach. My tongue was coated with a whitish substance, and I had a bad taste in my mouth when I woke in the morning. I had a smothering feeling about the heart and great palpitation, also giddiness in the head. My sleep used to be much disturbed. I used to be very dependent and unable to attend to my work, which I had to leave for three months. When I had to give up my work I consulted a local doctor, who prescribed for me. His medicine did me no good and he changed it. I then consulted another doctor, but I derived no benefit from his treatment either. I had been under the doctor's treatment for about 2 or 3 months without deriving any benefit. The doctor ordered me away for a change. I felt a slight improvement while I was away, but as soon as I returned home again I became as bad as ever. Through reading a pamphlet of cures of complaints similar to mine I decided on giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I purchased a box from Mr. Hitchen, storekeeper, and in about ten days I found they were doing me good, and I continued their use till I had used three boxes, when I was cured. Since my cure I have passed a medical examination for admission into a friendly society."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by chemists and storekeepers, or sent by mail, post paid on receipt of price 3/- per box. 6 boxes 16/-, by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia, Ltd., Wellington.

Member and Solicitor

A lively incident which almost culminated in a bout of fistuffs took place in the lobbies of the House of Representatives at the supper adjournment on Thursday. Events leading to the incident are worth chronicling. They were connected with the passage of the Mining Act Amendment Bill. A Wellington solicitor who is closely associated with the directorate of one of the Hauraki mines, was seated on the floor of the House during the time that the measure in question was under consideration. His behaviour was such that a Government member on one of the back benches rose in his place, and protested that a stranger was participating in the proceedings. "When you sit here," he said, "and find representatives of the employers discussing a bill that is before the House with persons who are responsible for the drafting of the bill—I say it is futile for the people of this country to send representatives to Parliament, and all that is required to be done is to send representatives of various factories and let them put legislation on the Statute Book."

Later on another member who represents a mining constituency in the Auckland district emphatically protested against the same tactics by the same man. When the House rose at 9.30 p.m. for supper after passing the bill the Auckland member and the Wellington solicitor met in the lobby. The solicitor openly accused the member in the hearing of others with prevaricating. "What?" asked the legislator.

"You have been telling lies again," asserted the solicitor.

The goldfields representative made no attempt to mince matters. Gripping the person who had insulted him firmly by the throat he demanded an immediate apology. No reply was vouchsafed. The Legislator tightened his hold, and being a man of stalwart build he had no trouble in handling his opponent. "Apologise, or take the consequences," was the ultimatum.

For a moment the person threatened with chastisement wriggled, then realising that discretion would in this case be the better part of valour he mumbled the apology and escaped with collar torn and demeanour ruffled through the lobby.

Ignoble Strife.

In the Legislative Council last week, the Attorney-General (Dr. Findlay) moved that the report of the Select Committee on Mr. Hine's charges against the Hon. T. K. Macdonald be agreed to. Dr. Findlay regretted that while much time, energy, and money were wasted in ignoble strife, the real duties of Parliament were ignored or poorly regarded. He proceeded to vindicate the Hon. T. K. Macdonald in regard to his connection with the land transactions which formed the basis of the charges against him. He contended that it was plainly Mr. Hine's purpose to leave a nasty taste in the mouth of the public over the whole affair. Mr. Macdonald was only an incident in this political inquisition. What significance had a Wellington agent's commission in Mr. Hine's eyes, unless he could make it a means of discrediting and dishonouring a great name in the cause of Liberalism. But Mr. Hine stood convicted of hypocrisy not only by his conduct but by his words. He began the inquiry by disavowing imputations against the late Mr. Seddon, and through his lawyers proceeded to cast as much suspicion on his memory as he indirectly could. Mr. Hine had throughout the support and approval of the Opposition party, and that party along with himself had committed themselves to methods of political warfare which surely must make every fair-minded man sorry, if not indignant. Concluding, he said it was a question whether members of Parliament should be forbidden to act as commission agents in these circumstances. Probably they should. Lately in the Municipal Corporations, Harbour Boards, and Hospitals and Charitable Aid Boards Acts there had been made very stringent provisions against the chance, however remote, of a man's private profit and his public duty coming into contest, and he was disposed to think that consistency, if nothing else, demanded similar stringent provisions with regard to the Legislature.

The Hon. J. Riggs asked what steps the Attorney-General proposed to take in regard to the breach of privilege which

the Council had decided had been committed.

The Attorney-General said that later on he would bring down some definite proposals as to suggested legislation, and also on the question of privilege. It would be better, however, to defer action for a little.

The report was adopted.

The Imperial Conference.

The Prime Minister outlined to members of the House of Representatives a series of resolutions which he proposes to submit to the Imperial Conference. They include proposals for the appointment of a "Council of Empire," to consist of representatives from all the self-governing colonies and dependencies, and to take cognizance of "all questions affecting the interests of the overseas dominions," an appeal for universal penny postage, improved cable facilities, reduction of rates, the extension of "wireless," and the advocacy of an "All Red" mail service, the exemption of colonial bonds from Stamp Duty, the remission of Income Tax now paid at Home by persons already paying Colonial Income Tax, a uniform code of laws in regard to deserted and destitute persons throughout the Empire, greater uniformity in regard to copyright and patent right, naturalisation and immigration, currency, and coinage, in every quarter of the Imperial dominions.

Thrown From a Trap

On Thursday a young man named J. A. Knowles, employed in Dalgety's stock department, Timaru, was thrown out of a trap near Saltwater Creek and killed.

Water Power.

Speaking in the House of Representatives last week, Sir Jos. Ward said he resented the suggestion that the Government's water power scheme was a leap in the dark. It was admittedly an undertaking to be approached with caution; likewise, no big project could be taken without a certain element of risk. If the Government had waited for figures to prove that there was no risk this country would not possess the railways, tramways, telegraphs, and various State Departments which gave cheap and effective services to the public. At the present time in this country great water power was going to waste, and the Government had no right to fall in its duty because of a possible risk. The development of the scheme would be carried out with the greatest prudence. There was no country in the world possessing such great possibilities for the harnessing of water power. He ventured the opinion that the development of one of these schemes, preferably Lake Coleridge, for the supply of electricity in Canterbury would be attended with such success that there would be a demand from all parts of the Dominion for further development.

Best Developed Man.

Arrangements are being made for the holding in Christchurch, next October, of a physical development competition for the selection of the best developed man in New Zealand. The various physical culture schools throughout the Dominion are being approached, and a large entry seems to be assured. The competition will be the first of its kind in New Zealand, though local competitions have been held in most of the centres.

Mr. P. A. Hornbrook is secretary of the committee which has the undertaking in hand.

Wanted a Capital.

Mr. Laurenson moved to reduce the vote for new buildings by £1 as an indication that the House was of opinion that before expending more money on public buildings in Wellington the Government should take steps to ascertain the cost of founding a new capital city. He was, he said, firmly convinced that the day was not far distant when the seat of Government would be removed from Wellington to a place where conditions were more favourable. The only thing to oppose the project was the vested interests of Wellington. All he asked was that full inquiry should be made.

It was nearly midnight when Mr. Laurenson spoke, and members were obviously opposed to spending valuable time in discussing the subject.

Mr. Peter Bowling.

Mr. Peter Bowling, who arrived from Sydney by the Warrimoo last week, was entertained by the Socialist party in Wellington, about a hundred being present.

Asked by a "Post" reporter as to the object of his visit to New Zealand, Mr. Bowling said:—"My mission is to assist in consolidating the industrial organisation of the workers of New Zealand. The experience of my past career confirms me in my conviction of the necessity of industrial organisation on the basis of a thorough knowledge of class interest. I am convinced, too, of the utility of forming a Labour party until you have the industrial organisation, and I recognise the absurdity of arbitration. I hope to see established in New Zealand an organisation which will lead all industrial organisations in the Southern seas. This is quite possible, and, indeed, easier of accomplishment here than perhaps it might be in the Commonwealth of Australia. The reason is that in this country the Labour politician so-called has not got so big a hold of the industrial position as he has in Australia."

A Peculiar Contest

A novel wager has recently been made in a Wellington club, the parties to the affair being two well-known racing men, and the sum at stake is £2,000 (remarks the "Dominion"). The conditions of the bet are that a Wellington owner selects a pedestrian to beat a horse on the road to Auckland and back to Wellington again in February next. The horse may be ridden by the lightest weight available, and may go at any pace, while the man will not be restricted to walking. It is understood that the horse selected will probably be a "musterer," while the man selected to defend the other side of the bet may be a well-known champion—at least the backer hopes to secure the services of

Sir Joseph Ward briefly pointed out the difficulties of even the consideration of such a proposal as that suggested.

Mr. Glover urged the claims of Auckland as the capital, but the House exhibited a considerable degree of impatience in spite of its natural tendency to hilarity on such an occasion as this, and it was evident that the amendment was not accepted seriously.

"Vote," sang out several members, and the House voted: For Mr. Laurenson, 23; against Mr. Laurenson, 39.

Auckland Customs Duties.

The Customs duties collected at the port of Auckland for the month of November last amounted to £28,987 compared with £14,566 for the corresponding month of last year, an increase of £14,421. The surtax amounted to £1279, and the beer duty to £2610, as against £2427. The exports maintained a satisfactory position, and in some of the more important lines there were large increases. Gold increased to the extent of £13,787, butter by £6364, timber by £4881, wool by £5439, while kauri gum retained the prominent position it occupied in the corresponding period last year, and skins, tallow, and cheese showed little movement. There was a considerable falling off in frozen beef, hides and silver. The comparative figures for the two months under review are as follows:—

	Nov. 1910	Nov. 1909.
	£	£
Butter	94,928	88,564
Cheese	2,291	2,226
Frozen beef	428	4,025
Phorium	5,915	6,053
Kauri gum	30,948	30,960
Hides	965	2,592
Skins	2,239	2,031
Tallow	4,920	5,724
Timber	21,125	16,244
Wool	18,441	13,002
Gold	100,281	86,044
Silver	6,709	15,239

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such a man. Both rider and pedestrian will be allowed the services of a man on a motor-cycle to convey information as to the position of their opponents. Experience of previous similar contests is said to favour the pedestrian, as it has been found that horses "crack up" on the roads under the conditions.

Mr. Taylor Raises a Storm.

An angry scene occurred in the House last week when Mr. T. E. Taylor took up the cudgels in defence of the Premier against recent attacks through the medium of some scurrilous literature.

Mr. Taylor said there was a spirit of malignity and hostility to the Liberal party in this country's Conservative journals, which rendered it impossible to go to their columns for an impartial view on any political question. Lately there had been in circulation the most discreditable piece of literature that had ever been circulated in connection with New Zealand's politics. The pamphlet in question was designed to injure politically a man with whom he (Mr. Taylor) was in frequent disagreement (the Prime Minister). The pamphlet was the greatest scandal that had ever occurred. Whether Opposition members approved of it he did not know. (Opposition dissent.) It was quite certain, however, that the pamphlet was being received with gleeful approval by thousands of people who supported Opposition in this country. It had been approved by men who hoped that it was going to have a destructive effect against the man at whom it was aimed. The kind of publication to which he had referred was being received with approval by certain newspapers in New Zealand, which placed no restriction upon political hostility.

Several Opposition members demanded, "Name! Name one!"

Mr. Taylor replied that he would. He had scarcely ever picked up a copy of the Opposition paper in Wellington that did not contain most undiluted poison with regard to political views.

Mr. Anderson, in a loud interjection, declared this to be a lie—a statement which he was compelled to withdraw.

The Speaker had repeatedly to call members to order for interjecting, and he at last threatened to name the next offender.

Mr. Massey said the speech of the member for Christchurch North had been a weak and hopeless apology for the Government. The tactics of the member in question were well-known. They talked of "attacking a dead man." It was not so long ago since Mr. Taylor had made an attack upon a man whose boots he was not fit to clean. Mr. Taylor's political history proved that he was a curse to any party to which he belonged. It was because of his attack on the late Mr. Seddon, and a mistaken idea that the Opposition sympathised with him, that the Opposition party had been squashed at elections five years ago. Mr. Taylor's attack upon Mr. Seddon was disgraceful. The attempt to make believe that the Opposition was in any way associated with the wretched pamphlet issued concerning the Prime Minister was despicable. Any man asserting that the Opposition had anything to do with it was guilty of deliberate falsehood.

Mr. McKenzie: Who paid for publication of the pamphlet?

Mr. Massey: It was published by a man named Black who runs a Socialist paper in Auckland.

Mr. McLaren: And who is behind him?

Mr. Massey: You probably know as much about that as I do.

Returning to his attack on Mr. Taylor, Mr. Massey asked were that gentleman's hands clean? He (Mr. Massey) was behind the scenes when a famous case in Christchurch arose. If it ever fell to his (Mr. Massey's) lot to be in a position to tell all he knew about Mr. Taylor in connection with that case, then God help him!

Mr. Taylor: I challenge you to say now anything you know about me.

A member: What about immunities now?

Mr. Massey: If I ever get permission to unscurl my lips I will go to Christchurch and say what I have to say from the platform. If that day comes it will be the end of your political life.

Mr. Taylor: If you could have done anything it would have been done long ago.

Terra Nova Sails.

The Terra Nova left Port Chalmers for the Antarctic punctually last Tuesday week. A half-holiday was observed at the port, where an abundance of flags was displayed, and all the shipping was dressed. A vast crowd assembled on the George-street pier, men manned the rigging, and much hearty cheering was exchanged. The Terra Nova was towed to sea by the Plucky, and the procession down to the Heads was led by the training-ship Amokura. Then followed the Terra Nova, with the tug Plucky alongside. The defence steamer Lady Roberts, with Lieutenant-Colonel Smyth (Officer-commanding the Otago district) and officers in uniform on board, and crowded excursion steamers followed. Long lines of motor craft and sailing yachts brought up the rear.

The pilot was dropped at the Heads, and Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Wilson, and Mrs. Wyatt, who travelled down from the port on the Terra Nova, were handed into the tug. Outside the Heads the Amokura and Lady Roberts fired a salute of six guns, ensigns were dipped, and the tug casting off, the Terra Nova steered southward for the Pole.

Captain Scott, interviewed before leaving, wished to thank the people for their great kindness to him and his party. He declined to say anything concerning the rival South Polar expedition from Norway. The expedition left full of confidence and in excellent spirits.

A Political Cartoon.

In consequence of a political cartoon published on Saturday last, Mr. Massey has issued a writ against the "New Zealand Times" claiming £2,000 damages for libel.

Auckland Harbour Defences.

All Lord Kitchener's proposals for the harbour defences of the Dominion are being carried out by the Government, and one of the most important of the Field-Marshal's suggestions was for the establishment of a fort at Burton's Point, Lake Takapuna. This will take the place of the present fort at Takapuna Head, or Stark's Point, as it was formerly called. Lord Kitchener condemned this spot as soon as he saw it, and indicated Burton's Point, which is further seaward, as the proper place to defend. The property has been valued on behalf of the owners, but nothing definite has yet been done in the matter of the negotiations. The intentions of the Government are indicated in the Supplementary Estimates, which were brought down last week. One of the items is £2,000 as the first instalment of a £10,000 vote for the acquisition of land at Burton's Point for defence purposes. The usual method in cases where the Government takes land for public purposes is for each side to appoint valuers, and if no agreement is come to, then the matter is referred to arbitration.

Increased Revenue.

In the House of Representatives on Friday, the Prime Minister read returns of revenue for the eight months ended November 30, showing the increases in the various Departments to be as follows:—

Customs	£247,773
Stamps	158,289
Post and Telegraph	10,869
Land and income tax	12,387
Beer duty	1,606
Railways	184,976
Marine	2,017
Territorial	31,403

The decreases were:—Registration and other fees £798, and miscellaneous £2658, making the actual increase for eight months £645,930.

Cheap Money.

Speaking in the House of Representatives on Friday, Sir Joseph Ward predicted that lower rates of interest would prevail in the near future than had been the case for the last seven or eight years. This, he said, would lead to increased industrial activity.

An old resident of the Pukekohe district, Mr. W. M. McGough, died on Saturday. Deceased arrived by the ship Ganges in 1843, and went in for farming at Pukekohe shortly afterwards. He is survived by his widow, one daughter, and four sons.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mr. J. Liddell Kelly, one time editor of the "New Zealand Times," and well-known in journalistic circles in the Dominion and Mrs. Kelly, were passengers by the Uimaroa, which arrived the other day at the Bluff. It is Mr. and Mrs. Kelly's present intention to take up their residence in Auckland.

The death is announced at Invercargill of Mr. J. A. Mitchell, auctioneer, aged 63. He was one of Southland's earliest settlers, and was prominently identified with agricultural and pastoral affairs, and for fifteen years was Mayor of East Invercargill. Deceased is survived by his widow and a grown-up family.—(Press Association.)

The following New Zealanders have been elected members of the Royal Colonial Institute:—Messrs. James H. McKay, F.R.I.B.A., Josiah Martin, F.G.S., Charles J. H. Nairn, Arthur L. Barker, W. R. Baker, William Crichton, F.R.I.B.A., and Lawrence Wilson. Miss Florence Jones, of New Zealand, has been elected as an Associate.

The transfer of Sergt. Crean from the Newton police station to the charge of the Thames district was the occasion of a presentation to him from his comrades of a smoker's companion on Tuesday night, while Sergt. Griffiths, who left on Thursday to take charge of the Dargaville district, was presented at the same time with a silver-mounted umbrella. Sergt. Sheahan making both presentations.

Monsieur R. Bœufve, who for the past six years has occupied the position of French Consul for New Zealand and the Islands, and who is at present on a visit to Paris, has been appointed French Consul at Liverpool, the most important consulate in the British Isles, is the text of a cablegram received last week by Madame Bœufve. M. Bœufve, Consul de France, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, started his career as secretary of the Frankfurt Consulate-General, whence he was transferred to the Consulate of the French Embassy at Berlin. He was next appointed as an attaché in the Foreign Office, Paris, being promoted later as Vice-Consul at Dublin and Trieste. After being subsequently attached again to the Foreign Office he was promoted as Consul of the French Legation in Lisbon, and while there the ill-starred Dom Carlos, father of King Manuel, conferred on him the distinction of Knight Commander of the Royal Order of Christ. From Lisbon M. Bœufve went to Berne on a "mission special" and when, after three or four years spent in Switzerland, he left that country, the Senate of Switzerland publicly passed him a vote of thanks for his services. While in New Zealand the Consul has received several marks of distinction from his Government, while the Alliance Française has conferred on him its gold medal in recognition of his work in promoting the objects of the Society. The appointment came as a great surprise to M. and Mme. Bœufve, his latest letters to Auckland containing news of the probable date of his departure for New Zealand. In view of developments, however, M. Bœufve will not return to Auckland, but Mme. Bœufve will remain here for several months to enable their son, who is studying for the law, to complete his examinations before leaving Auckland. Both the Consul and Mme. Bœufve express great regret at having to leave the Dominion, where they have spent many happy years.

Mr. T. V. Hill, chief officer of the Kurow, third son of the late Mr. T. Hill (Collector of Customs at Auckland), was married at Island Bay, Wellington, last week by the Rev. W. Shirer to Miss Elsie Walker, second daughter of the late Mr. Justice Walker, of Sydney.

News has been received that Mr. Norman Collie, of Wellington, who is studying music at the Royal College of Music, London, has attained the degree of Bachelor of Music.

Mrs. Montague, who acted as honorary official accompanist at the recent competitions festival, was, before her departure for Wellington last week, presented with a memento from the executive and officials of a pair of silver entrée dishes, the presentation being made by Mr. C. Hudson, chairman of the executive.

Referring to the Garrison officers' mess dinner in Wellington on Monday night to Major-General Godley, New Zealand's new Commandant, his Excellency the Governor said he was confident from that officer's army record and from what he knew privately that he was not only a competent officer, but a most agreeable person to work with. He

was sure the New Zealand officers, whom they became acquainted with the Commandant, would be anxious, ready and willing to assist him in every possible way.

On landing at Capetown just prior to the commencement of the festivities in connection with the inauguration of the Union of South Africa, the Hon. George Fowlds, New Zealand's representative, was presented with an address of welcome from the various trades union and labour organisations. The address welcomed the recipient "to the Mother City of the Union of South Africa" and proceeded: "This small greeting in no way conveys the admiration held by the toilers of South Africa for you. We trust that your stay in this country will be a pleasant one, and that good health may attend you, and that you may long be spared to assist the present policy of government adopted by New Zealand."

Mr. Snedden, manager in Auckland for Messrs. Ross and Glendinning, was a passenger for Tokomaru Bay by the Tarawera last week.

Captain P. McIntyre, of the steamer Stormbird, has been appointed pilot and Harbourmaster for the port of Wanganui out of 15 applicants.

The colonial auxiliary forces officers' decoration has been awarded to Honorary Lieutenant S. S. George, Dunedin Garrison Band, with twenty years' service.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Timpany and Mr. and Mrs. G. McAlpine, of Invercargill, who have been on a visit to the Hot Lakes district, left by the Tarawera on Saturday on their way home.

Mr. John Hodge, Labour M.P. for the Gorton Division of South-east Lancashire, and one of the oldest members of the Labour party in the House of Commons, arrived in Wellington on Wednesday, December 7, from Sydney.

The "Hastings Standard" of Wednesday says: "Mr. David Whyte telegraphed from Feilding last night, stating that a petition, largely signed by town and country residents in the Hawke's Bay province, has been presented to Mr. Robert McNab, asking him to be a candidate for the Hawke's Bay electorate at the next election. Mr. McNab replied that he will be glad to meet the Committee which has interested itself in the matter, and he will visit Hastings with that object at the end of next week."

A requisition is being circulated in Christchurch for presentation to Mr. J. D. Hall, asking him to allow himself to be nominated as a candidate for the Mayoralty at the coming election. The petition has been signed already by a large number of people representing different interests in the city, as well as by several members of the City Council. Mr. Hall, who is a son of the late Sir John Hall, has filled several public positions, and is at present chairman of the Fire Board. Probably the present Mayor (Mr. C. Alison) will also be a candidate.

The Rev. A. S. Gray, well-known as a prohibition leader, will leave Christchurch on December 15. He has held the pastorate of the Oxford Terrace Baptist Church for over eight years, and feels that the strain of the work necessitates a change, and the church has granted him furlough for nine months. Mr. and Mrs. Gray will visit Australia, and then proceed to India to inspect and report upon the mission work that is being done by the New Zealand Baptist Churches in Bruhmanbaria and Chandpur. They will then go to England and America, where they will represent the New Zealand churches at the pan-Baptist Congress to be held next year in Philadelphia.

Mr. John Barr, formerly of the literary staff of the "New Zealand Times," and now sub-editor of the "Bulletin," Sydney, has been elected president of the New South Wales Institute of Journalists.

Staff-Surgeon H. Woods, of H.M.S. Cambrian, who has been ill in Australia, arrived at Wellington from Sydney on Wednesday by the Warrimoo, to join his ship, which is now in the south. Staff-Surgeon Woods is a cousin of Mrs. J. J. Burke, of Lower Hutt.

A very old identity passed away last week at his residence, Panmure, in the person of Mr. George Melrose. Deceased, who was 92 years of age at the time of his death, arrived in the colony in the year 1839 by the ship William Watson, and in the early days was schoolmaster at Howick. He leaves several daughters, his wife having predeceased him.

Mr. John Buchanan, who was well known to a large number of the older engineers in New Zealand, died recently in Glasgow at the age of fifty. Mr.

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

LONDON, October 28.

Mr. D. C. H. Florance, M.A., M.Sc., who has been studying at Victoria University, Manchester, returns to New Zealand by the Orontes to relieve for one year Dr. Farr, Professor of Physics at Canterbury College.

Mr Charles Moore, of Wellington, since his arrival in England on May 30, has spent his holiday travelling over England and Scotland, and has covered most of the counties from Penzance to Oban. He saw the combined fleets off Penzance, and attended the aviation meeting in Lanark. He has visited a number of works and factories. "So far," says Mr. Moore, "I have not experienced that glassy eye and cold hand that some New Zealanders have discovered; quite the contrary. Those to whom I have letters of introduction have given me the glad hand, as the Yankees say."

Mrs. E. B. Ostler and Miss Ostler, of Wellington have just returned from a Continental tour. They went through Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland to see the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau, and visited Austria and Italy before returning to England. They intend returning in London till after Christmas.

Mr. Carl Kleite, the late Acting-Consul for Austria-Hungary in New Zealand, delivered two lectures on New Zealand at the Commercial Museum in Trieste on October 14th and 19th respectively, which were received with great interest. Typical photos of New Zealand industries and scenery, which were exhibited during the lectures, were much admired. The Commercial Museum in Trieste has

set itself the task of developing the trade relations between Trieste and all the foreign countries. It arranges periodically exhibitions of produce of foreign countries, and answers all inquiries relating to the export industries of Trieste, free of cost.

Mr. F. C. Grieg, of Otago University and University College, London, was admitted this week as a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. A. Wooliams, of Auckland, who arrived here via Suez early in May, left London to-day by the Orvietto on their return to New Zealand.

Miss Hilda G. Bennett, younger daughter of the late Ami Bennett, of Auckland, and of Mrs. Bennett, of Upper Norwood, S.E., was married on October 22nd to Mr. W. H. Alberry, elder son of Mr. C. H. Alberry, of Forest Hill, S.E. The wedding took place at Anerley, S.E. The Hon. W. P. Reeves, late High Commissioner for New Zealand, is to lecture on "New Zealand" at Birmingham University on December 8. The University has arranged for a series of Empire lectures by prominent Anglo-Colonial, for the benefit alike of the business community and of students.

Miss A. Anderson Hughes, of New Zealand, is giving lectures in England on the progress of the No-license movement in New Zealand. Speaking at Oldham a few days ago, Miss Hughes declared that if everyone who was a total abstainer in England were an enthusiast, it would only take five years to clear all the liquor bars in the country.

Mrs. Knight, wife of Dr. A. O. Knight, of Auckland, left London this week by the Rotorna on her return to New Zealand, after three years' residence in the Old Country. She is accompanied by her family, with the exception of Miss Dorothy and Mr. A. Knight, who are remaining in London to continue their musical and medical studies respectively.

Mr. R. Grainger, who has been absent from Auckland for the past two years, spent chiefly in Australia, is in London just now on a pleasure trip. He came via South Africa, and has visited Paris and South Wales since his arrival, and he intends spending a month in touring Scotland and Ireland, leaving again about January for Australia. He will spend three or four weeks on a sheep station in New South Wales, and then return to Auckland.

The statement, just issued by the Rhodes Trustees records that in the Final Honour Schools a first-class was gained by S. N. Ziman of New Zealand (Balliol), in Mathematics, and a second-class by C. M. Gilray, of New Zealand (University) in Literae Humaniores. Mr. Ziman passed the Indian Civil Service examination in August, and Mr. Gilray again represented Oxford in Rugby football.

Mr. and Mrs. James Slaton, of Auckland, who have been spending five months in the Old Country on a pleasure trip, intend returning to New Zealand by the Turakina, leaving on November 24. It is 43 years since Mr. Slaton was last in England. His wife and he have travelled through a good deal of England and Ireland, and had intended going to the United States, but left it too late. They hope to make a special trip to America later on. Mr. and Mrs. Slaton celebrated their golden wedding day in London this week.

The Rev. A. B. G. Lillingston, vicar of Holy Trinity, Hull, who is one of the Anglican Missioners now touring New Zealand, writes Home to the "Eastern Morning News" from Auckland concerning the Mission: "The spiritual results cannot be measured, but they exceed the most sanguine expectations, hundreds sending in requests for prayer, hundreds more coming forward to renew their baptismal vows, and very great numbers seeking interviews with their respective Missioners in order to ask counsel for various difficulties. The most experienced among the band of Missioners have felt that such a response has not been known before, and that it is overwhelming evidence that the bishops, in arranging for the Mission, had rightly gauged the spiritual needs of New Zealand."

Mr. Russell Bartley, a young Auckland, has done well since he came to England to gain experience in his profession. He joined the Coventry Corporation Electricity Department in April, 1909, as charge engineer, and remained in that capacity till May, 1910, when he was promoted to electrical draughtsman with a substantial increase in salary. Fortunately, it was just at the time of his promotion that negotiations were in force for considerably extending the plant, and Mr. Bartley was

at once deputed to prepare a scheme and all plans for the work, which is now in full swing, costing approximately £54,000. Prior to Mr. Bartley's joining the Coventry Corporation Electrical Works, he was assistant-engineer on the North Metropolitan Electrical Power Supply and Distribution Co., London, for twelve months, and before that was with Messrs. Crampton and Co. in their works at Chelmsford, for twelve months. So his all-round experience has been of the right kind to prepare him for filling with efficiency still higher appointments.

Major and Mrs. J. Hughes and their child are returning to New Zealand by the Rotorna, which sails from Plymouth to-morrow.

Recent callers at the High Commissioner's office:—Chas. Moore (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Slaton (Auckland), Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Raymond (Invercargill), Mrs. E. Georgetti (Wanganui), Mr. and Mrs. A. F. A. Wooliams (Auckland), C. Cecil Sterndale (Timaru), A. R. Littleburg (Wellington), G. Bricknell (Christchurch), Mrs. Tribe, Misses Doris and Phyllis Tribe, Mr. Leslie Tribe (Wellington).

Mr. I. W. Raymond, of Invercargill, has been invited to stand for the Carlisle seat in the Unionist interest at the next general election, and has consented. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond came to England over two years ago with the object of giving several members of their family the advantages of English and Continental education. Their daughters have been at Cheltenham College and at Madame Suir's, at Neuilly, Paris. Their second son is at Harrow, and their youngest at King's College, Wimbledon. As one who took a considerable interest in educational matters in the Dominion, Mr. Raymond is in a position to draw a comparison between the two systems. "Beyond question," he said to me this week, "the Colonial curriculum, in the hands of the energetic and generally enthusiastic teacher, secures for the scholars an all-round education, which fits them for the battle of life much better than does the English one. The English one has, however, distinct advantages, and some that I am satisfied could be transplanted into our Colonial system with advantage." During their stay here Mr. and Mrs. Raymond have been practically over the United Kingdom and portions of the Continent. When travel began to pall, they took up house. They are now at Wimbledon, and have many friends there, so find the life generally congenial. Mr. Raymond has taken up interests in British East Africa, and finds these and others ample, he says, "to prevent rust making its appearance." He took an interest in the last general election in the United Kingdom, and spoke in various centres of England,

Scotland, and Wales. "The experiences I met with," Mr. Raymond told me, "were some of the most interesting during any period of my public life. Some months ago I was offered a seat not far from London in the Conservative and Unionist interests, but, recognising it as a seat that any candidate on our side can annex next election, I preferred to take on one that had to be fought for. Carlisle was unanimously offered to me by the local party, and I have accepted the nomination, so this will help to keep me in form, and from ennui."

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, Whangara, and Mangonui. CLANSMAN. Every Wednesday, at 5.30 p.m. No Cargo for Russell. For Awani, Waiharara, Heuhora, Whangara, and Mangonui. APANGI ... Every Monday, at 2 p.m. No Cargo Whangara and Mangonui. For Whangara, Helena Bay, Tautakaka, and Whanauaki. PAEROA. ... Monday, 21st June, 1 p.m.

For Great Barrier. WAOTAHU. Every Wednesday, midnight

For Waikato and Coromandel. LEAVY AUCKLAND. DAPHNE. Every Mon. & Fri. Forenoon. LEAVE COROMANDEL VIA WAIHEKE. DAPHNE. Every Tues. and Sat., Early.

FROM ONEHUNGA. For Hokiang. CLAYMORE. ... Every Thursday

For Raglan and Kewhia. CLAYMORE. ... Every Monday

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

Table with columns: Goods received, Pas. Mangapai, Leaves, Train Whangarei, S.S. Coromandel, 2nd-8.45 a.m., 1 p.m., 11 a.m., 1 p.m., 4th-8.45 a.m., 1 p.m., No str., 1 p.m., 11th-8.45 a.m., 11 a.m., No str., 11 a.m., 14th-8.45 a.m., 1 p.m., 11 a.m., No str., 16th-8.45 a.m., 1 p.m., 11 a.m., 1 p.m., 18th-11.45 a.m., 2 p.m., No str., 2 p.m., 21st-8.45 a.m., 11 a.m., No str., 11 a.m., 23rd-8.45 a.m., 1 p.m., 11 a.m., No str., 25th-8.45 a.m., 1 p.m., 11 a.m., No str., 30th-11.45 a.m., 2 p.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m.

*Goods outward by steamers leaving on following dates, viz:— 7th, 9th, 11th, 21st and 25th, must leave up-country stations by afternoon train previous day.

NORTHERN S.S. CO., LTD. Agents.

Buchanan sat for his first-class certificate in New Zealand, and was in the service of the Union Steam Ship Company for about ten years. He left New Zealand to join his brothers in partnership as a director of the Buchanan Line of steamships, which was established by his father in 1852.

Mr. Samuel Carroll, secretary of the Wellington Chamber of Commerce since 1875, died on Sunday, aged 83.—(Press Association.)

Mr. W. Jones, general secretary of the New Zealand Federated Tramways Association, also secretary of the Wellington Tramways Union, has resigned these positions, as the maritime unions of which he is secretary demand all his time and attention.—(Press Association.)

The funeral of the late Mr. G. S. O'Halloran, captain of the Patea Light Horse in the Taranaki War, took place at the Waikaraka Cemetery on Saturday afternoon, and was very largely attended, among the mourners being a number of members of the King's Veteran Guard. The Rev. Canon MacMurray was the officiating minister.

Mr. J. Endeane, sen., accompanied by his son, Mr. A. S. Endeane, returned by the Maleno last week from a nine months' visit to the Old Country. Another son, Dr. F. C. Endeane, recently of Guy's Hospital, London, also arrived, having come on a visit to his native town. Mrs. F. Gaulin and Miss Endeane, who went across to Australia to meet their father and brothers on their return, returned with the party.

Obituary—The Late Monsieur Auguste Lelievre.

M. Auguste A. Lelievre, late acting-French Consul, who died after a short illness at his residence, Devonport, on Tuesday, the 22nd ult., was a very highly-respected citizen. Apart from his genial nature and well-known hospitality, he was a gentleman of high intellectual attainments, being an accomplished linguist, a chess player of the highest class, and an able official representative of the French Consular Office. His loss will be deeply regretted, not only in official and commercial circles, in which his abilities and tact were pre-eminent, but also by a large circle of personal friends by whom he was mostly highly respected and esteemed. Although it is not generally characteristic of Frenchmen to manifest much interest in the sports usually entered into by those of our own nationality, the late Monsieur Lelievre identified himself with bowling and tennis, and other outdoor sports, and worthily upheld his prestige as a good sport among his fellow-clubmen. Those who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship will remember him not only for the qualities abovementioned, but as the embodiment of all that we Britishers regard as the true type of a perfect gentleman.

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 GRANDDEST SCENERY IN THE WORLD. TO ROCKY MOUNTAINS, GREAT LAKES, NIAGARA FALLS, ST. LAWRENCE, and HUDSON RIVERS, etc. CANADA, UNITED STATES AND EUROPE. UNION STEAM SHIP CO. OF NEW ZEALAND, Ltd

The Latest Fashion, The Smartest Style, The Most Moderate Prices. are all assured when dealing with so responsible a London Tailor as JOHN J. M. BULT, 140, Fenchurch Street, LONDON, England. The same attention is paid to orders by post, as those given personally in London; and by this means Mr. Bult's business from abroad increases annually.

Sports and Pastimes.

WITH SAIL AND MOTOR

NOTES FROM THE WATERFRONT.

(By RINGTAIL.)

THE Auckland Yachting Association held a meeting on Tuesday, November 29th, at the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron Rooms. The matter of the pillaging of the yachts was gone into deeply, and it was agreed to offer a large reward for information that would lead to the conviction of any person or persons thieving from yachts, etc. Last year hardly a yacht escaped without losing something or other. This sort of thing is a disgrace to the port, and it is high time something was done to stop it. For years yachtsmen have had to put up with this wholesale thieving and river piracy, and have had very little redress, even when the culprits have been caught. But it is to be hoped that the first culprit caught this year will be properly dealt with.

The Association also decided to adopt the rule of the International Yacht Racing Association, and to have copies printed for distribution, so that all yachtsmen may become acquainted with the same.

This will be a very wise move, and if every skipper will attend to the rules when racing a great deal of trouble and ill-feeling may be saved. It might also save a great deal of trouble if the rule of the road was more strictly observed, especially by some of the motor-boat skippers, as the harbour at times is rather crowded, and a serious accident might be caused by the boats not keeping to the rule of the road. Of course, some of the motor-boat men are old yachtsmen, and some are not.

A meeting of the Committee of the Auckland Regatta was held last Wednesday, when details were gone into in a thorough and energetic manner. There is no doubt that the Committee intend to leave no stone unturned to make this year's function something to be remembered. The collection promises to be a record one, and, given good weather, we think the Aucklanders and their visitors will have something to see on the 29th January next.

ROYAL N. Z. YACHT SQUADRON.

The Royal N.Z. Yacht Squadron held their first yacht and motor boat races on Saturday afternoon. The wind at the time of starting was well easterly, a good sailing breeze, but died away as the afternoon wore on. The course was from Queen-street wharf, round the North Head, keeping in the fairway, then round Rangitoto and Motutara, finishing at Manukau. The following were the entries for the yacht race:—Ariki scratch, Rawene 5 1/2m, Hix 6 1/2m, Ida 10m, Marangi 11m, Kotiri 15 1/2m, Aorere 16m, Victory 19m, Windward 25 1/2m. Ariki and Rawene crossed the starting line together, followed by Hix one minute later, Windward 2m, Marangi 4m, Kotiri 6m, Ida 4 1/2m, Aorere 11m. Victory did not start.

All yachts worked the North Shore to escape the strong head tide that was sweeping up the harbour. At the North Head Ariki has established a very fair lead, and Rawene was sailing extremely well, standing well up to her canvas. After passing the Rangitoto Beacon, Ariki stood well out to sea, while Rawene worked closer along the shore, which gave her all the advantage, as a Billygod Point she had gained considerably on Ariki, which could not make up time sufficiently to win. On corrected times Rawene is first, Ariki second, and Aorere third.

The entries in the power boat race were: Tahatui, Matareka, Elsie, Winsome. Matareka crossed the line one minute after the starting gun had fired, Tahatui 1m 5s after, Elsie 1m 16s, and Winsome 1m 18s. All Elsie and Winsome crossed the starting line together, followed by Hix one minute later, Windward 2m, Marangi 4m, Kotiri 6m, Ida 4 1/2m, Aorere 11m. Victory did not start.

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VICTORIA CRUISING CLUB.

The Victoria Cruising Club held their first series of harbour races last Saturday afternoon. Though a good breeze was blowing down the harbour, it did not have the same strength where the club was starting the races, though quite enough for some of the smaller boats. The following are the entries, with their handicaps: Mahaki scratch, Miro scratch, Wairiki scratch, Valdora 7m, Kona 11m, Rose 12m, Niobe 14m, Konial 16m. The finishing times were: Miro, 5h 2m 11s; Wairiki, 5h 2m 4s; Valdora, 5h 2m 5s; Kona, 5h 2m 29s; Rose, 5h 2m 33s; Konial, 5h 2m 41s; Mahaki did not finish. Corrected times

place Miro first, Valdora second, Wairiki third.

Second Class.—Sadie scratch, Calypso scratch, Emerald 2m, Gladly 6m, Cyrona 6m, Maru 8m, Lira 11m, Gannet 11m. The finishing times were: Sadie, 5h 4m 38s; Cyrona, 5h 11m 10s; Calypso, 5h 11m 38s; Maru, 5h 13m; Emerald, 5h 15m 23s; Gladly, 5h 21m 2s; Lira, 5h 25m 57s. Gannet did not finish. Corrected times place Maru first, Cyrona second, Sadie third.

Third Class.—Venus scratch, Mowal scratch, Acaea scratch, Hety 2m, Hilda 4m, Fawonga 4m, Wionie 5m. All the boats kept close together, the Venus finishing first, Mowal second, and Acaea third. Corrected times place Venus first, Fawonga second, Mowal third.

Fourth Class.—Decima scratch, Seahorse 1m, Eileen 1 1/2m, Rio 5m. Finishing times were: Decima, 4h 4m 58s; Rio, 4h 53m 57s; Seahorse, 4h 50m 12s; Eileen, 4h 59m 54s. The corrected times were: Rio first, Decima second, Eileen third. The Rio won by one second.

Fifth Class.—Sceptre scratch, Mistra scratch, Eclipse 5m, Laska 8m, Wandonga 8m. The finishing times were: Mistra, 5h 4m 25s; Sceptre, 5h 4m 28s; Eclipse, 5h 42m 30s. Laska did not finish. The corrected times place Mistra first, Sceptre second, Eclipse third.

CHESS.

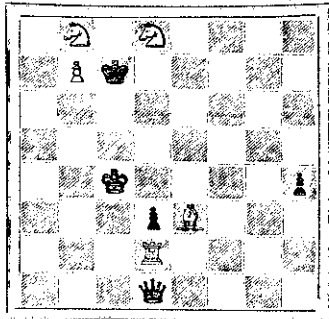
All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail," Box 764, Auckland.

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

Position No. 70.

(By B. S. Wash.)

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two.
Notation:—1Kt1K4, 1Pk5, 8, 8, 2K4p, 3p43, 3R4, 3Q4.

Australian Chess.

- A game played in Queensland:—
King's Knight's Gambit.
- | | |
|-------------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| J. P. Lansing. | R. A. Hunt. |
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 |
| 2. P-KB4 | PxP |
| 3. Kt-KB3 | P-KKt4 |
| 4. B-B4 | P-Q3 |
| 5. Castles | P-Kt5 |
| 6. P-KR3 | P-KR4 |
| 7. PxP | PxP |
| 8. Kt-K | P-Kt6 |
| 9. R-B3 | Kt-Q2 |
| 10. P-Q4 | KKt-B3 |
| 11. Kt-B3 | Kt-Kt5 |
| 12. BxP (a)B4 (a) | Kt-B7 (b) |
| 13. BxP (Kt6) | Kt4Q |
| 14. BxPch | K-K3 |
| 15. Kt-Q3 mate. | |
- (a) The Trap (b) He walks in.

Notes.

Chinese Chess.—The natives are very fond of the game, and one rarely finds a village which does not contain some who both understand and love it. But

BILLIARDS.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

Nearly all the glory of billiards lies in the championship, by virtue of possessing which title the billiard expert becomes the recognised master of his profession. In the long history of billiards since it developed into an accepted sport of the people, the recurring fights for the premier position have never failed to draw their full need of patronage and attention (says an expert in the "London Daily Telegraph"). There were matches of this description some time before the first British billiard champion, in one Carr, a West of England marker, who first displayed an intimate knowledge, with ability to put this into execution, with the various effects that different impacts of the cue-tip could impart to the cue-ball.

Then came the era of the champions of unquestioned merit. The first accepted member of the line was one Jonathan Kentfield, a Sussex man, whose sphere of action was confined to Brighton. Kentfield was a champion in his own right, a devout student of his art, and by all the proofs he has handed down to the present generation of players, he was all that he claimed to be. The billiard chronicler of those days, a fine amateur authority, Mr. Ernest Mardon, writes in unmeasured eulogy of his champion's ability. He gives him a record of 176, almost exclusively pieced together by spot-stroke hazards, a form of play which was even then, in the "hungry forties" the dominating factor in breakmaking and the cult of the ardent billiard student. Mr. Mardon further says: "Were I to relate all the extraordinary performances of Mr. Kentfield, the reader would imagine I was bordering on romance. On one occasion, when playing the winning game" (pot-shots or winning hazards only counting to the striker, and other strokes, cannons, or in-offs being deducted from his total) "of 21 points up, he gave his opponent 18 points start, and won sixteen successive games."

"In playing the winning and losing game of 24 points up, he won ten games, his adversary never scoring."

"At another time he was playing the non-cushion game, 16 up. On starting off, he twisted his ball into a top corner pocket off the red, and won in that man-

ner six games, his adversary not having a stroke.

"Desirous of ascertaining how many games of 24 up could be played within the hour, he commenced the task with a player of considerable eminence; and they completed thirty games within the specified time."

"Forty-seven games of 100 up were also played in eight hours and a-half."

"In a match that did not exceed 200 games he beat his opponent eighty-five 'love' games."

ADVENT OF JOHN ROBERTS, SEN.

But what would this enthusiastic historian of billiards have said had he been given a foreglimp of a billiard development long before the Victorian epoch had closed, that bred breaks in their thousands, with scores of players making their 200 and 300 breaks spot-barred? Yet such was the case. Kentfield's supremacy lasted from 1825 to 1847. Some time ere it had run its course there were rumours, gradually receiving proper corroboration, of a new star rising in the North country. This was the coming force in billiards, bearing a name which still rings throughout the billiard world—John Roberts, the elder, a truly gifted man, who owed his rise to natural genius, as opposed to Kentfield's very precise harourising of sound theory with the best available practice, his own. Before dismissing Kentfield and his times, it must not be overlooked that he showed how closely he had looked into the needs of the game by recommending the introduction of rubber cushions and slate beds. Until he thus declared for progress in keeping with the refinements of the play, the cushions were formed of flax (a kind of felt), and the balls rumbled over wooden boards. Neither of these most urgent first essentials was adapted to high-class play, which asks for life and extreme sensitiveness in every detail. Modern billiardists owe much to the clear perception and inventive nature of Kentfield, who may be esteemed as the pioneer of billiards in its present highly-ordered state.

The persistence of John Roberts, the elder, eventually placed him upon the championship pedestal, vice Kentfield, who resigned in the year 1847, after having turned a deaf ear to the many challenges levelled at him by his successor. Highly as the Sussex man had been considered, Roberts attained to an even greater notoriety; and the belief in his invincibility became a settled conviction. From 1847 until 1870, the Lancashire man stood forth as the leading figure in the world of English billiards. His rooms at Savile House (which stood on the site of the present Empire Theatre in Leicester Square) was the chief resort in town. Savile House fostered and trained to his calling, as it turned out, an even greater billiard luminary than its redoubtable master. Roberts' eldest son, John Roberts, junior, the present remarkable cueist, who in his 64th year recently made a break of 651 during the course of a match with Fred Lindrum (another youthful Australian phenomenon), served his apprenticeship to the billiard table at Savile House.

John Roberts relinquished his twenty-three years' grip upon the championship when he met William Cook (the father of the present expert bearing this name) in what was really the first match for the title. Cook, who was barely one and twenty years of age, had for some twelve months been regarded as the coming force in company with John Roberts, jun. He had scored two breaks, 351 and 359, either of which had wiped out Roberts' record of 346, achieved in the early sixties. This latter performance was extolled to the skies, and its chief asset, 104 spot hazards, mentioned in the Press as bordering upon the miraculous. The game was certainly making rapid strides in scoring development. Curiously enough, Cook relied almost entirely upon the spot stroke to win the title from the veteran holder. That the latter appreciated this fact was to be found in the stipulation made for a "championship table" set with very tight 3in. pockets, with the spot marked 12in. from the face of the top cushion instead of the then regulation distance of 13in. and the present day 12 1/2in. The match—one of 1200 points up for £500 a-side and the championship—was played at the old St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on February 11, 1870. Both players were frequently at a loss with the tight pockets. But, staying the longer, Cook gained a victory by 117 points after Roberts had led at 1041 to 1037. Just two months later John Roberts, jun., avenged his father's defeat by securing

one never hears of a Chinese chess club. Professional players abound, and are often to be seen in the streets with the boards set up for a middle or end game, and offering the passer-by the option of playing either side, the loser to pay a forfeit. For John Chinaman is so made that he would not really enjoy the game unless it brought with it the chance of making a few sash.

Capablanca is touring the United States and Canada, giving exhibitions at most of the principal chess centres.

An international tournament will probably be held in England in 1912.

Entries for the Timaru Congress close December 10th with the secretary of the Association (Mr. A. G. Fell).

The chess editor of the "Yorkshire Weekly Post" writes:—Great are the uses of advertisement. I notice that the Bolton and District Chess Club has decided to advertise in the local papers in order to draw the attention of chess players to the existence of the club. This is not a bad idea. A generation ago a chess club was regarded as a sort of secret society, in which bald-headed men practised certain mysterious rites, and to which new members, though tolerated, were not particularly desired. Nowadays the chess club watchword has been changed from "vegetate" to "hustle."

Auckland Chess Club.

A handicap tourney confined to the junior section of the club is in progress. The competitors are to play two games with each other, and may play as many as five games, the player with the best average at the end of January next to be declared the winner. At present Mr. A. J. Horsley is leading with 6 1/2 wins out of 9.

In the ladder match for Rung No. 1, Mr. Grierson won the second game.

Solution to Position No. 69.

1. Q-R3

the championship from Cook in a game of 1000 points up, which he won by 478 points.

A DAZZLING PLAYER.

For fifteen years, until 1885, it was a moot point as to whether Cook or Roberts, jun., was the leader of the billiard profession. First impressions favoured Cook, who, after recovering the title from his most dangerous rival, made much improvement, as testified by a break of 936 from his daintily-plied cue. He resisted all the efforts of young Roberts, then a slap-dash player lacking the finer touches which were subsequently to become his speciality, and others of his contemporaries for several years. His delicate methods served as a guiding example to Roberts, and, incorporating them into his own more robust methods, he became the undisputed champion and the most determined match player the billiard-room had hitherto known. For a full fifteen years—exactly the same period he had passed through in establishing his championship claim—from 1885 to 1900, he bewitched the amateur enthusiasts with his dazzling displays, his tenure of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, standing as a triumphant vindication of his outstanding talents. Roberts set his face against the spot stroke, urging that its monotony robbed the game of spectacular charm. At the time the spot-stroke phenomenon W. J. Peall, was at his zenith, and scoring breaks by the thousand points, with a 3304 effort as the high-water mark of all his big doings. In the eighties and nineties, the days of the Roberts ascendancy, there were two styles of game in force, namely, the "spot-barred" and the "all in." The leading light adopted the "spot-barred" code, which included the "odious push stroke," a foul backing-up of the cue-ball infringing the first principle of the play. Under these spot-barred rules Roberts scored a break of 1392 points. But with the putting forward of a revised code in 1898 that practically put the game in the shape it owns to-day, the spot and push strokes being eliminated, the dimensions of the breaks dropped in corresponding ratio, 500 points, as now, requiring the best attentions of the crack cue-men of the day.

Towards the latter end of his reign Roberts was made the subject of challenges from the then rising player, Chas. Dawson, a young Yorkshireman, who, after graduating as a spot-stroke expert, had contrived to adapt his game to the spot-barred requirements, minus the push shot. Dawson created no small sensation when offering to play Roberts on level terms for a substantial money stake and the whole of the receipts. After much pressure the champion agreed to meet him, but with the express stipulation that the championship was not called into question. Roberts won the match by somewhere about 2000 points. It proved to be his last big encounter for seven or eight years, as deciding upon a world's tour with the advent of the new century, the popular billiard idol left the field to Dawson and the younger professionals, of whom Stevenson was far and away the most promising. The Billiard Association praiseworthy inaugurated a championship to take the place of the old championship cup held by Roberts. It carried an endowment of £100 a year to the holder. For a full five years there was an intense rivalry existing between Dawson and Stevenson; the former had the best of matters for the greater part of this period. But he was standing stationary, whereas Stevenson, nearly ten years the younger, was palpably improving; and in the course of a series of matches Dawson was passed in the race for supremacy. The game which effectually

set at rest the vexed question was one fraught with the most important issues. It took place in the early part of 1905. John Roberts had returned to England; and, in reply to challenges from either side, the veteran left his two most dangerous rivals to decide between themselves, on the billiard table, which of them had the right to meet him. Stevenson won the game in brilliant fashion, scoring a record break of 892 points, and qualifying to meet Roberts in a memorable match at the Caxton Hall, Westminster.

Since that event Stevenson, if losing by slightly more points than Roberts had conceded him, has been looked upon as the outstanding exponent of English billiards, both at home and abroad. He has done much to justify the exalted opinion held of his abilities, notably in the 1908-9 season, following upon his return from a tour through Australia, New Zealand, and India, during which he touched the Straits Settlements, China, and Japan. So far ahead was he of all his rivals, and with Dawson temporarily in retirement, that Stevenson, at the close of the red-lettered campaign of his career, offered to concede any of them one-third of the game start. That cartel was given forth less than eighteen months ago; and in that comparatively short space of time, as showing the extraordinary march of progress in first-class billiards, a player has been found, in Melbourne Inman, for long a minor light, who has climbed up the ladder of fame, step by step, from the very lowest rung. When it became known at the back end of last year that Inman and Reece were the only challengers to Stevenson's right to hold further the title of champion, a distinct impression of the futility of such opponents attempting to dispossess him of his honours was felt.

As events proved, however, Stevenson never found touch with his best form, and Inman, after disposing of Reece in the first round, completed the best season's work that he had ever known by putting up a great fight against the champion. For nine of the twelve days allotted to the 18,000 up there was little to choose between the holder and his challenger, after the former had early on looked like drawing right ahead. Inman, as in his wont, hung doggedly on, and when the death of Stevenson's wife occurred, and caused a sudden stoppage to a most interesting situation, the champion was less than 200 points ahead with only three further days' play to be undergone. By mutual consent the match was declared null and void, Inman displaying good sportsmanship in foregoing his undoubted right to have claimed the championship. During the summer respite the Billiards Control Club Council decided that the replay should take place at the Hoborn Town Hall. Stevenson and Inman meeting over the regulation championship course of 18,000 points up.

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WITH ROD AND LINE

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

THE EVENING RISE.

SPRING is merging into summer, the weather is becoming warmer, trout are fast putting on condition, and the time is at hand when the hour immediately preceding the darkness is, from the angler's point of view, the most valuable of the whole twenty-four.

Let us try and picture a typical evening of this sort. The sun is just setting behind the hills as we reach the water-side; all day he has blazed out of a cloudless firmament, and as not a breath of air has had force enough even to set the green leaves a-quiver since the early rays of dawn came shooting athwart the heavens, the noontime has indeed been hot. There is a respite now from the burning rays, and the anticipation of sport on this lovely evening makes the angler feel at peace with all the world, as he puts the split cane rod together and makes all preparations. He assures himself that he has three or four casts, each with a fly attached, at hand, in readiness to take their place on the line should any casualty occur; for the tying of eyed flies on the gut in the uncertain light of the gloaming is no easy task even for those whose eyesight is of the best.

So far the bosom of the river flows placidly on, unmarked by the concentric circles which so infallibly betoken a feeding fish, but it is full early yet, and the rise of fly which must naturally precede the rise of trout has barely commenced. A few red spinners are floating down, their delicate wings standing erect, while each insect balances itself on the skin of the water and sails down the lovely smooth reach and skillfully navigates itself over the ripples caused by a gravelly spit which rises somewhat near the surface.

Faster and faster, more and more numerous, come the dainty ephemeridae, gliding down the stream heedless of the dangers from fish and bird that surround them on all sides. It will not be long before the trout find out what a banquet is being provided for them. Then! An undoubted rise; there he is again! A good trout, too, and fairly on the feed, for as we watch he sucks down three or four flies one after the other, making the least possible disturbance on the water as he gently puts his nose up, takes in the floating fly, and, as he turns, just breaks the surface with his back.

The angler is all in readiness, standing on the shingle a little below the rise he deftly drops his fly, just at the place where the last rise was seen. The trout, however, ignores the artificial fly, which, fished wet, must to the piscine eyes represent a drowned insect. Half-a-dozen more casts are equally futile. This trout is evidently having none of the scrap of feather and dubbing, however craftily woven together, for he continues to feed on the natural insects, and remains entirely disdainful of the angler's line. By this time other trout have discovered the feast that has been so bountifully provided, and fish after fish begins to feed, so that soon the erstwhile placid surface is a-boil with rises. Rise after rise the angler covers quite fruitlessly; the trout, although feeding on the natural insect, will not look at its drowned presentment. It is evident an entire change of tactics is necessary here, if defeat during this mad, merry hour of feeding time is to be averted, and averted it must be at all hazards, for it is evident that the big fellows have flung caution to the winds, and are tumbling over each other to feast on the floating ephemeridae. Entire defeat at such a moment would be heart-breaking, the wet fly is unpopular, with a dry fly have a better effect! A new cast is quickly knotted on in substitution for the wet one, and at the end of it is a double winged and doubt's backed coachman, whose bronzo peacock body and white wings may, if floated over a feeding trout, tempt him

to his doom. A rising fish of goodly proportions is marked down within easy reach, a couple of false casts to try the range are swished in the air, and then the coachman is allowed to fall gently on the water. All is well, the fly settles down with the least possible disturbance about a foot above the spot where the last rise was marked, and, resting on its voluminous hackle, sails down the stream with its wings cocked as bravely as any of its living competitors. Suddenly it disappears amid a tell-tale ring, the angler gives a turn of the wrist which fixes the steel, then is one astonished pause on the part of the big trout, and next instant he is forging through the water with the speed of a steamboat, while the reel screams again, as the handle flies round, and the line glides off the spindle at lightning speed. The tackle is strong, however, and, as the angler knows that with the darkness will come the end of the rise, and consequently the finish of his sport, he does not dally long with the fish, and, although it eventually turns the scale at three pounds, he brings all the power of the split cane to bear, and, putting on severe pressure, gives him short shrift; even in less time than could be believed the gaff has done its work, and the fish is safely creeled. Three more trout, all about the same size, does the dry fly account for, and then, almost as quickly as it commenced, the rise dies away, and not a crinkle can be seen on the darkened face of the water. It is time to pack up and go, the brief hour of fast and furious sport is at an end, and, with four trout in his basket of a combined weight of over thirteen pounds, the angler is fain to turn homewards. As he wends his way under the twinkling stars he again pictures in his mind's eye all the fascinating details of the capture of each victim; the time of the rise has been brief, but many pleasurable emotions have been packed into a short space of time.

Laud Office, New Plymouth, 2nd December, 1910.
NOTICE is hereby given that 11 sections in Ariri, Mahoe, Kapara, Heao and Upper Waitomo Survey Districts will be open for application under optional conditions at this office on or after 19th December, 1910.
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F. SIMPSON,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.
H. W. BANNISTER,
For Commissioner of Crown Lands,
2nd December, 1910.

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LAWN TENNIS.

(By ROMULUS.)

WELLINGTON.

Results of Saturday's Senior Matches.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

MEN'S COMPETITION.

WELLINGTON, Saturday.

Wellington I. defeated Brougham Hill by 5 rubbers to nil (and 1 unfinished), 11 sets to 1, 70 games to 41. Weakened by the absence of H. V. Howe, Brougham Hill was poor opposition for the runners up in the Senior championship and failed to win a rubber. Indeed Laishley and Hunter in their double against Brown and Salmon were the only players to take a set for the losing side. Jeffreys' win was the best in the match. Brown v. Laishley, 6-2, 6-3; Salmon v. Hunter, 6-2, 6-4; Jeffrey v. J. A. B. Howe, 6-3, 6-4; Eller v. Staples, 6-1, 6-3; Brown and Salmon v. Laishley and Hunter, 4-6, 6-2 (unfinished); Eller and Jeffrey v. Howe and Staples, 6-5, 6-3.

Thorndon defeated Wellington II. by default. The Wellingtonians of late have had difficulty in getting a team together since Eller and Jeffrey went up into the first team.

Victoria College defeated Hutt by 4 rubbers to 2 (8 sets to 4), 60 games to 45. Cornell was an absentee from the Hutt team and that fact made all the difference between his side winning the match and losing as was the case, the singles consequently being weakened throughout. Beere (College) and Hawkins (Hutt) had the best wins, the former defeating Ward in straight sets closely contested, but Hawkins had very little difficulty with P. P. Wilson (6-4, 6-0). Cleghorn too had a good win and outpointed Callender. Wilson v. Hawkins, 4-6, 6-6; Beere v. Ward, 6-3, 6-4; Cleghorn v. Callender, 6-4, 6-2; Smith v. Hursthouse, 6-0, 6-0; Wilson and Beere v. Hawkins and Ward, 5-6, 3-6; Cleghorn and Smith v. Callender and Hursthouse, 6-3, 6-3.

Ladies' Junior Championship.

Brougham Hill I. defeated Petone, the only unbeaten team in the first round, by 3 rubbers to 3, 35 games to 31. The singles resulted as in the previous meeting between these two teams, each winning two rubbers, Misses Rothschild and Hayes (this pair also scoring in their double, thus accounting for Brougham Hill's three rubbers) for the winners and Misses O. Caverhill and Udy for Petone. This time, however, Brougham Hill more than held their own in the doubles, scoring 13 games to 10. Miss Rothschild v. Miss Bennett, 7-2; Miss Hayes v. Miss Caverhill, 7-5; Mrs. Burton v. Miss O. Caverhill, 6-7; Mrs. Sampson v. Miss Udy, 2-7; Misses Rothschild and Hayes v. Misses Bennett and Caverhill, 7-3; Mesdames Burton and Sampson v. Misses O. Caverhill and Udy, 6-7.

Comments on Senior Matches, 26th NOVEMBER.

FINAL.—LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

Thorndon defeated Wellington I. by 5 rubbers to 1 (11 sets to 5), 86 games to 60. The Wellington team in this match was only a shadow of that which represented the club a couple of seasons ago when Misses Travers, A. Ward (Mrs. Fernie), Williams and N. Ward (Mrs. Hickson) were available. A meeting between the above-mentioned four would have been something to enthuse over, but even as it was the contest under review provided some good and exciting tennis—altogether a fitting finale to a competition which proved more interesting than the ladies originally anticipated. Miss Cook in defeating her old club mate, Miss Batham, was the only Wellingtonian to win a rubber, but Miss Travers, Mrs. Goldie and Miss Almore all put up good fights in their singles, and in each case the Wellington representative found herself in a sound position after winning the first set, but Misses Nunneley, Simpson and Mrs. Holmes ultimately won handsomely by securing the last two sets with the loss of not more than half-a-dozen games in any instance. Thorndon maintained

the advantage in the doubles, and won both rubbers in straight sets, although Mrs. Goldie and Miss Almore ran Miss Simpson and Miss Holmes to eleven games in the first set of the second double.

In winning this match Thorndon becomes the first winner of Ladies' Senior Competition, and that the club, and its representatives (Mrs. Holmes, Misses Nunneley, Batham, Simpson, Butterworth and Turton) have fully earned the honour is proved by the team's record in the competition, the following figures leaving very little doubt as to Thorndon being the champion team:—Matches, 4-0; Rubbers, 22-2; Sets, 43-8; Games, 304-141.

MEN'S COMPETITION.

Wellington I. defeated Victoria College by 5 rubbers to 1 (10 sets to 3), 71 games to 37. With the exception of the third and fourth singles and second double, Wellington had it all their own way against College. Smith as on every other occasion this season won his single, this time at the expense of that likely young customer, Eller, who failed to take a set from the consistent Collegian. (Smith 6-5; 6-3). Bauchop a Canterbury College student made a promising start against Jeffrey, and with a set to the good seemed likely to score in his initial match in Wellington, but Jeffrey asserted himself in the last two sets in which he lost only three games. Eller and Jeffrey, of course were too strong for Cleghorn and Smith who, however, did all that was expected of them in securing seven games. Cleghorn was in good form as is evidenced by his performance against Salmon in the second single, the latter having to play his best to save defeat in the first set.

Brougham Hill defeated Muritai by 4 rubbers to 2 (9 sets to 4), 64 games to 42. The suburbanites would have found themselves in a sorry plight had not Lewis won both rubbers in which he took part, the defeat eventually panning out at 4-2 (rubbers), exactly the same result as on the three preceding Saturdays. Lewis has not been playing so well as last season, a fact evidenced by his showing against Smith in the College match, and the difficulty he experienced in defeating Lawrence in the present one. After leading 4-love in the last set he just managed to win, 6-5 (his opponent started that eleventh game by serving two double faults!), though it is pretty certain a mistake by the umpire deprived him of match at 6-4. He and Nagle had a good win against Laishley and Lawrence in their double (6-1; 6-2), but the latter was very rocky in this rubber. Howe Bros. had three very easy victories at the expense of Jones and Wright, the latter in particular being badly beaten by J. A. B. Howe who was little, if any superior to the colt last season. Jones was outclassed by H. V. Howe, though both he and Wright did a little better in their double without scoring in the way of games. Laishley gave a splendid exhibition against Nagle in his single, and his driving both forward and backward was a real treat to witness, something worthy of the Laishley of old.

Thorndon defeated Hutt by 5 rubbers to one (11 sets to 2), 75 games to 29. The two colts, Callender and Kirk, saved Hutt from disgrace, as Hawkins had a very parlous time; he and Cornell scoring only seven games altogether in six sets, as against the 36 resulting from the three rubbers won by Penock and Smythe. Callender defeated O. Prouse after a closely-contested three-setter (2-6, 6-4, 6-5), and, partnered by Kirk, had the misfortune to be beaten by 6-3 twice in the last double with Prouse and Putnam.

Kirk, who has been the only player to win matches for Hutt in the B grade, filled the vacancy caused by Ward's absence, and quite justified his inclusion. Putnam beat him in two sets straight, but the younger player made a good fight of it, winning eight games altogether (3-6, 5-6). It was rather hard luck to have lost three of the four sets constituting his part in the match by the narrow margin of a single game (6-5).

General.

Petone, by its one-set victory against Brougham Hill on the 26th November, has practically won the men's B grade competition. The win was well-deserved and the team (Messrs. Parkinson, A. G. Duncan, Austin and Andrews) is to be congratulated on emulating the performance of the ladies in winning the B grade championship in their competition.

The Newtown and Brougham Hill clubs have been busily engaged running off their club tournaments, and very good progress has been made with the various events.

A "bull" made by a well-known delegate at the annual general meeting of the W.P.L.T.A. — "One hardly knows the season has begun until it has started."

Entries for the Wellington Provincial championships, to be played at Masterton, close on 20th January. The meeting is to be run in conjunction with the Masterton Club's Handicap Tournament in the Vairarapa capital on January 21, 23 and 24.

A great performance was put up by Miss Nancy Curtis in the Girls' Singles (Senior grade) of the Public Schools Championship played on Saturday morning. This young player belongs to the Petone Club, and next season will probably be top of the ladder. Her record in the above event was first round v. Miss Haiselden, 30-7; second round v. Miss Naughton, 30-13; semi-final v. Miss MacCurdy, 30-13; final v. Miss Kibblewhite, 30-14. Total played, four matches, winning all, and scoring 120 points to 47.

Canterbury v. Otago.

The annual interprovincial match between Canterbury and Otago eventuated on the United Club's courts, Hagley Park, on Saturday, 26th November, and resulted in the easiest of victories for the home team by four rubbers to one. H. W. Bundle being the only player to defeat a Canterbury representative in any event.

Men's Singles.—G. Ollivier v. R. S. Brown, 6-0, 6-1, 6-1; W. Goss v. C. J. Braithwaite, 6-1, 6-3, 6-3; L. S. Jennings v. S. N. Brown, 6-1, 6-4, 6-2; W. H. Kiver v. J. S. Sinclair, 6-4, 6-1, 6-2; R. D. Harman v. H. W. Bundle, 3-6, 5-6, 6-0; A. Borrowers v. W. Bray, 6-0; 6-1, 6-1; W. Pearce v. J. F. Ewen, 6-2, 6-0, 5-6; P. A. Laurie v. R. Bauchop, 6-1, 6-1, 6-1.

Ladies' Singles.—Miss Goodman v. Miss Marks, 0-6, 6-1, 6-4; Mrs. Berry v. Miss Bauchop, 6-2, 6-3; Mrs. Ballantyne v. Miss Davies, 6-2, 6-3; Miss Miles v. Miss Laing, 6-1, 6-4.

Men's Doubles.—Ollivier and Goss v. R. S. and S. N. Brown, 6-1, 6-0, 3-6; Jennings and Kiver v. Sinclair and Ewen, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4; Harman and Borrowers v. Braithwaite and Bray, 6-3, 6-4, 6-2; Pearce and Lawrie v. Bundle and Bauchop, 6-1, 6-3, 6-1.

Ladies' Doubles.—Miss Goodman and Mrs. Berry v. Misses Marks and Bauchop, 6-2, 6-3; Mrs. Ballantyne and Miss Miles v. Misses Davies and Laing, 6-1, 6-0.

Combined Doubles.—Ollivier and Miss Miles v. Sinclair and Miss Bauchop, 6-1, 6-0, 6-1; Goss and Miss Goodman v. R. S. Brown and Miss Marks, 4-5, 6-2, 6-4; Jennings and Mrs. Ballantyne v. Bundle and Miss Laing, 4-6, 6-2, 6-0; Kiver and Mrs. Berry v. S. N. Brown and Miss Davies, 6-4, 6-1, 6-0.

The Canterbury team was probably the strongest combination available in the province, but some of the leading Otago players were unable to make the journey and the visitors were consequently at a great disadvantage, although they had no possible chance of winning the match.

AUCKLAND.

Again the inter-club competitions have been postponed on account of the inclement weather. This means that the first round cannot be completed before the end of the year, and as the various clubs have not so far started their own handicap events, it looks as though the condition of affairs will be somewhat the same as in former years, namely, a large number of matches unfinished or left till too late in the season. It is to be hoped that the various match committees will keep the matches well up to date, and so save the delay in completion of the numerous events.

On Wednesday last—St. Andrew's Day—the local courts were well patronised, and some fair form was shown. At West End, Upton was playing in good form,

his perfect back-hand drive being quite a feature of his play. The Ponsbury courts are in splendid order—better than they have been for some seasons past.

At Mt. Albert the courts, which are beautifully situated in Mrs. Garlick's grounds, were fully occupied, and the Club hope to do even better than last year in the competitions. Misses Taylor and Parry are very promising players. The latter has a free style, and is very active. Her ground shots are clean and hard, but would be improved by getting more length on them.

The gentlemen sacrifice too much to get a brilliant shot, and should sacrifice more consistently and obtain accuracy first. With most beginners, as also with some older players, the tendency is to be brilliant at the expense of being accurate. Many older players will remember Jack Hooper in this respect. Why, many local players could beat him set after set at practice—but only at practice. It was then that he acquired the ability to play his shots, and the result of the game counted for nothing. This is as it should be.

The secretary of the local Association is busy with the arrangements for the handicap tournament to be held here on 24th, 26th and 27th December next. The programme and entry forms are now available, and will be forwarded to any address upon application to L. G. Murray, Box 733, G.P.O., Auckland. The entries close on Saturday, the 17th inst.

Most of the entries for club tournaments have now been received, and handicappers are at work making the adjustments. Most of the players have to be taken at their last year's form, owing to lack of practice, and the fact that the last three Saturdays have been unfavourable for play.

The president of the Auckland Association has devoted a great deal of time and attention to the question of representation in the New Zealand Association. He has personally communicated with the presidents and vice-presidents throughout the Dominion, and has gone thoroughly into the matter. To give some idea of the work involved, the correspondence runs into between 20 and 30 letters a week. At a meeting of the Association held at the office of the secretary last evening, letters were received from the Associations communicated with in this connection.

NAPIER.

The various tennis clubs who have entered the competition for the Neal and Close Cups, commenced the first matches of the series on Saturday.

FIRST GRADE.

Hastings versus Hawke's Bay: In this match the Hastings team won by 13 points to three. The games were played on the new courts at Hastings, which are in excellent order. The following are the scores, Hastings players being mentioned first.—

Ladies' Singles: Miss R. Wellwood (7) v. Miss Rutherford (4); Miss E. Baird (7) v. Miss Hill (4); Miss E. Wellwood (7) v. Mrs. Cato (4); Mrs. Murray (7) v. Miss Dean (2).

Men's Singles: Tipping (9) v. MacFarlane (3); Ebbett (9) v. Lyttelton (3); Webber (9) v. Callender (3); Symonds (9) v. Bell (8).

Ladies' Doubles: Misses Baird and R. Wellwood (7) v. Misses Rutherford and Hill (3); Miss E. Wellwood and Mrs. Murray (6) v. Miss Dean and Mrs. Cato (0). Hawke's Bay gains one point.

Men's Doubles: Tipping and Ebbett (9) v. MacFarlane and Lyttelton (3); Webber and Symonds (8) v. Callender and Bell (3).

Combined Doubles: Miss R. Wellwood and Tipping (1) v. Miss Rutherford and MacFarlane (7); Miss E. Baird and Ebbett (7) v. Miss Hill and Lyttelton (5); Miss E. Wellwood and Webber (7) v. Mrs. Cato and Callender (1); Mrs. Murray and Symonds (6) v. Miss Dean and Bell (7).

SECOND GRADE.

In the second grade match Napier v. Hastings, played at the Napier Courts, Hastings won by 12 points to 4. The following are the scores, Napier players being mentioned first.—

Ladies' Singles: Miss Bishop (0) v. Miss Wellwood (7); Miss Coates (0) v. Miss Hart (7); Miss Whiteley (3) v. Miss Gray (7); Miss Lawry (7) v. Miss Baird (2).

Graphic—Add Napier Tennis—Two Men's Singles:—Clemence (3) v. E. Wellwood (9); Gordon (3) v. Rainbow (9); Bishop (4) v. O. Wellwood (9); Austin won by default.

Combined Doubles.—Miss Bishop and Bishop (0) v. Miss Gray and O. Well-

wood (7); Miss Whiteley and Cleman-
tee (2) v. Rainbow and Hart (7); Miss
Lawry and Austin won by default.

THIRD GRADE.

The following are the results of the
matches played on Saturday at the
Hawke's Bay courts between the above
teams, Hawke's Bay names being men-
tioned first:—

Ladies' Singles.—Miss Dewes (7) v.
Miss R. Dent (love); Miss D. Lever (7)
v. Miss B. Harrop (4); Miss Edgar (7)
v. Miss Wilson (1); Miss Antill (7) v.
Miss Weber (3).

Men's Singles.—Grut (9) v. McCarthy
(7); Raven (9) v. Phillips (3); Hawke
(9) v. Hallet (7); Thompson (9) v.
Yarnley (3).

Ladies' Doubles.—Misses Dewes and D.
Lever (7) v. Misses R. Dent and B.
Harrop (2); Miss Antill and Mrs. Edgar
(7) v. Misses M. Wilson and F. Weber
(1).

Men's Doubles.—Grut and Raven (9)
v. McCarthy and Phillips (7); Hawke
and Thompson (9) v. Hallet and Yarn-
ley (2).

Combined Doubles.—Miss Dewes and
Grut (7) v. Miss R. Dent and McCarthy
(1); Miss Lever and Raven (5) v. Miss
D. Harrop and Phillips (7); Mrs. Edgar
and Hawke (7) v. Miss M. Wilson and
Hallet (1); Miss Weber and Yarnley (7)
v. Misses M. Wilson and F. Weber (4).

Hastings beat Cornwall Park at Hast-
ings by 13 points to 3.

ROTORUA.

The first round of the Handicap Com-
bined Doubles Tournament organised
by the local club was commenced last
week, and the following matches were
played:—

Miss Garrett and C. Hawkins, receive
10, beat Miss Clarke and Hay, receive
20, 70—61.

Miss Carmichael and Hulton, receive
15, beat Miss Murray and Harper, re-
ceive 20, 70—57.

Miss Wood and Thacker, receive 10,
beat Miss Malfroy and Potter, receive
30, 70—49.

Miss E. Empson and C. Algie, receive
6, beat Miss Smith and Wheeler, receive
35, 70—39.

S. J. Bayfield and Miss Corlett, re-
ceive 15, beat G. G. Empson and Nurse
Anderson, received 10, by 71 points to
69.

Miss S. Empson and C. Algie, receive
6, beat Mrs. Flower and W. Melville,
owe 10, by 70 points to 59.

GISBORNE.

The first round of the Men's Doubles,
played on Saturday at the Whataupo
courts, resulted in the following wins:—
W. G. Evans and R. Wilcock, owe 25,
beat C. G. Fenwick and G. Foley, receive
10; L. T. Symes and R. V. Gully, re-
ceive 40, beat J. C. Kissling and R. Bar-
ker, receive 20.

HAMILTON.

On Saturday week a team of tennis
players visited Hamilton from Te Kuiti,
playing a match on the local courts. The
weather was decidedly broken and
stormy, so that the various games were
played at a great disadvantage.

Hamilton won the only ladies' double
set, and lost both sets of ladies' singles.
In the men's singles Hamilton won five
out of eight, one out of two combined
sets, and all four games in the men's
doubles, the total score being—Hamilton,
133; Te Kuiti, 99.

Following are the results in detail,
Hamilton players being mentioned first
in each case:—

Ladies' Singles: Miss Wilkinson (8) v.
Miss Jordan (9); Mrs. Kerr, (1) v. Mrs.
Matthews (9).

Ladies' Doubles: Mrs. Kerr and Miss
Wilkinson (9) v. Mrs. Matthews and Miss
Jordan (4).

Combined Doubles: Fabling and Miss
Wilkinson (9) v. Bartleman and Miss
Jordan (5); Jordan and Mrs. Kerr (5)
v. C. Matthews and Mrs. Matthews (9).

Men's Doubles: Fabling and Jordan
(9) v. Wallace and Bartleman (5);
Shand and James (9) v. C. Matthews and
Howards (5); Horne and Ward (9) v.
H. Matthews and Wright (6); Mirams
and Bernard (9) v. Julian and Julian
(7).

Men's Singles: Fabling (9) v. Wallace
(7); Jordan (6) v. Bartleman (9); Shand
(7) v. C. Matthews (10); James (7) v.
Howarth (9); Horne (9) v. H. Matthew
(2); Ward (9) v. Wright (1); Mirams
(9) v. Julian, sen. (1); Barnard (9) v.
Julian, jun. (2).

The Back-hand Drive.

A LOST ART IN LAWN TENNIS.

(By P. A. VAILLE.)

I read with close attention and much
pleasure, writes Mr. Vaile in the "Pall
Mall," the very interesting article en-
titled "The New Era in Lawn Tennis,"
which appeared in a recent issue.

I am not guilty of idle flattery when
I say that lawn tennis could do with
many such articles; for there can be no
doubt that lawn tennis properly played is
a great game, and it is just as certain
that it does not occupy quite the position
that it ought to in the public regard.

Still, as you point out, its popularity
is increasing at an amazing rate. To-
day it is the most cosmopolitan game.
It is practically played everywhere and
under exactly the same rules. Men re-
alise now that it requires an athlete
to win the highest honours; while for re-
creation at home there is no more charm-
ing pastime. Articles such as yours do
much to raise the dignity and increase
the "tone" of the game—and lawn tennis,
not from any fault of its own, can do
with this.

There can be no doubt that "The New
Era in Lawn Tennis" has dawned, and
the most remarkable thing about this
new era is that it simply means a return
to the good methods of the English school

STRATFORD.

The first match of the season was
played on Thursday against the Eltham
Club, resulting in a win for Stratford by
151 games to 105. The results were as
follows:—

Men's Singles (Stratford players men-
tioned first).—Don Cameron 9, v. T. B.
Crump 7; F. N. Fussell 5, v. H. H. Pitcher
9; E. H. Young 9, v. Jenkins 3; R. B.
Andersen 9, v. Garuham 7; J. R. L.
Stanford 9, v. G. Taylor 4; V. Crawshaw
9, v. Ramsay 1; W. D. Anderson 5, v.
Gould 9; J. H. Thompson 9, v. Caverhill 2.

Men's Doubles (Stratford players first
mentioned).—Fussell and Cameron 6, v.
Crump and H. H. Pitcher 9; Young and
Anderson 9, v. Jenkins and Graham 5;
Stanford and Crawshaw 9, v. Taylor and
Ramsay 3; W. D. Anderson and Thomp-
son 9, v. Gould and Caverhill 3.

Ladies' Singles.—Miss Black 7, v. Miss
Wilson 3; Miss Fussell 7, v. Miss Camp-
bell 6; Mrs. Robinson 7, v. Miss Blenner-
hasset 2; Miss Glynes 7, v. Mrs. Eggers
5; Mrs. Budge 7, v. Miss Taylor 1; Mrs.
Paget 4, v. Mrs. Bennett 7.

Ladies' Doubles.—Miss Fussell and Mrs.
E. C. Robinson 6, v. Miss Campbell and
Miss Blennerhasset 7; Miss Black and
Miss Glynes 7, v. Miss Wilson and Mrs.
Eggers 5; Mrs. Paget and Mrs. Budge 2,
v. Mrs. Bennett and Miss Taylor 7.

On the local court Mrs. Raikes beat
Miss Black in a ladder match, 9 games to
8. The match was very close, the
score being at one time 8 all deuce.

Mrs. E. C. Robinson has challenged Miss
Fussell. At present the top six (ladder)
are:—Miss Fussell, Mrs. E. C. Robinson,
Mrs. Raikes, Miss Black, Miss Glynes,
Mrs. Budge.

DANNEVERKE.

A number of Dannevirke players jour-
neyed to Masterton last Wednesday, and
the following was the result of the
games:—

Singles.—Cox beat Aitken, Vartan lost
to Gawaith, Gieson lost to James, Mair
lost to Sclanders, Rowe beat Blundell,
Ransom beat Bunting, Pidduck beat
Caselberg, Barker lost to Waddington,
Fraser beat Pavitt, Green beat Sutton,
Baker lost to Moodie, Robertshawe lost
to Gordon, Russell lost to Gordon, Irvine
lost to Boddington.

Doubles.—Cox and Vartan lost to
Aitken and Sclanders, Gieson and Rowe
beat Gawaith and James, Mair and Ran-
som beat Blundell and Bunting, Barker
and Pidduck beat Caselberg and Wad-
dington, Fraser and Green beat Pavitt
and Sutton, Baker and Robertshawe lost
to Moodie and Gordon, Russell and Ir-
vine lost to H. M. Gordon and Boddington.

The following players will represent
Dannevirke in a match against Pahiatua:
—C. C. Cox, R. B. Vartan, A.
Soundy, W. J. Rowe, E. A. Ransom,
E. Norrie, Miss Hartgill, Miss M. Ryan,
Miss Irvine, Mrs. B. Knight, Mrs. Ny-
mand.

In the club tournaments first round,
ladies' singles, Miss Robertshawe (rec.
20) beat Miss Hartgill (owe 15) by
75—73.

that obtained before the Dohertys in-
duced English players to try to copy the
personal methods used by them suc-
cessfully. The only difference that I can
think of is the American service. That
is a development of recent years, and
does not affect the body of the game,
which is to-day substantially the same,
in so far as the production of strokes
is concerned, as it was fifteen or twenty
years ago.

In saying this I am not, of course, re-
ferring to what I call the Doherty
"hiatus" in the game. It is well known
that I regard the production of both
the fore-hand and back-hand strokes in
England as extremely defective. Quite
recently Mr. A. E. Crawley, the versatile
lawn-tennis player and author of the
didactic part of "The Complete Lawn-
Tennis Player," publicly admitted his
conversion to my ideas, although he
was one of the first to attempt to ridicu-
le what he called my "theories." Mr
Crawley is a scholar and a thinker, and
I have no doubt that his change of ideas
will benefit the game.

Mr. Crawley is himself, in my opinion,
the finest exponent of the back-hand
drive amongst English players, and his
stroke is obtained by methods so oppo-
sed to his somewhat faulty production on
the fore-hand that I wonder his conver-
sion was so long delayed.

The ordinary English back-hand is a
very feeble stroke. At its worst it
merely waves the ball back across the
net; at its best it forces it over with a
lot of undercut, but the player has
practically no command of direction, for
it is an arm-stroke. In the real back-
hand drive the command from beginning
to end of the stroke is in the wrist. That
is the essential difference.

I do not think that anyone will deny
that R. F. Doherty's back-hand was as
good as that of any English player in
first-class company. A glance at the in-
stantaneous photographs of him in
"Great Lawn-Tennis Players" shows
that his stroke is got by loin rotation
and a semi-circular sweep of his racket
across the ball. This is so marked that
his finish in every case is across his
right foot. Now the essence of good
footwork in a back-hand drive of the
old school—and the modern school has
not improved on it—is that the player's
weight shall be thrown down his foot,
as if he were starting for a sprint—
which, in truth, he generally is.

The defect referred to is bad enough,
but the greatest defect of all is that the
racket-handle and the forearm are not
in the same straight line at the moment
of impact. The English angle is in many
cases quite ridiculous, and reduces the
players to one-sided men.

In the back-hand drive, as played by
the "giants of old," the men who made
lawn-tennis the great game it is, the
hold of the racket changes as it swings
backward well above the left shoulder,
so that the stroke is played with the side
of the racket opposite to that used in
the fore-hand stroke.

For a drive parallel with the side-line
the player should almost face the side-
line, his left foot pointing to it at almost
a right angle and his right foot pointing
to the net almost parallel with the side-
line. This leaves him a clear swing to
his racket, so that when he finishes his
stroke his weight goes right down his
foot.

Nearly all English players are bad with
their feet in the back-hand. Roper-Bar-
rett rarely plays a back-hand stroke with
his right side to the net. A. W. Gore,
if I remember, sins in this respect fre-
quently, and so does A. E. Beamish, al-
though the latter is improving a lot by
reducing the "English angle."

The only way to get good direction
at golf or lawn-tennis is to punch the
ball as much as possible down the line
one means it to take—in other words, to
follow-through well. The real back-hand
drive has a very fine follow. One goes
straight out after the ball. There is no
pulling across it; and the stroke quite
naturally puts a good deal of "drop" on
the return, which enables the player to
control the length nicely. Ritchie plays
the stroke naturally, but his feet are
often crossed—a fatal fault—and he has
no follow-through.

The secret of following-through on the
back-hand drive is simple, but neverthe-
less puzzles many. At the moment of
impact the elbow is pointing towards the
net, and the little finger is nearest the
net. This, of course, leaves the thumb
underneath the racket. The continuation
of this stroke, as in Miss Sutton's finish,
produces a most cramped position, for
the arm inevitably "locks on the shoul-
der."

The proper finish, one of the most
graceful and effective in the game, is pro-

duced simply by allowing the forearm
to turn so that the wrist comes up and
at the finish of the stroke has turned
the racket until the thumb lies above
the handle; but sufficient wrist command
must always be kept to make the racket
lead point in the line the ball is meant
to take when the stroke is finished.

J. C. Parker is a fine player who very
nearly has the right stroke. His game
reminds me of what lawn-tennis was.
Anthony Wilding, for a player of his
class, has a poor back-hand. It is typi-
cal, neither English nor New Zealand.
To get the best results the stroke must
be made with the straight line from el-
bow to ball, and the command must be
in the wrist as much as it is when one
is striking a blow with a cane.

The extraordinary pace that one gets
from this drive is obtained from the
natural timing of the body on to the ball
and down the line of drive, but particu-
larly from the fact that the force of
the impact falls across the wrist joint
in such a way that the wrist cannot yield.
The additional firmness gives great pace
off the racket. The same remark applies
to overhead smushing with the natural
grip.

Quite the best grip for this most natu-
ral stroke is that advocated in all the
old books. In those days the leather was
always held in the hand. It leaves one
a delightfully free wrist, and ere long
many will be using it again.

For years past, for reasons which
seemed adequate to me, I have, of my
knowledge alone, assisted to form
thought in this and other matters, and
have often smiled to see the result of
my hard practice, and the obser-
vation of the world's best, dubbed
"theory" by those who know it not.
Now, however, that is over. The import-
ance of the game is recognised. Its
science and claims to consideration are
well established, but—our players do not
know the strokes of the game.

I did not see a back-hand drive at
Wimbledon that I coveted, nor an
American reverse, nor a chop,
nor a service generally. I have an idea
that I can assist better players at least
to find a better back-hand stroke than
the present effeminate production. I am
already doing it by teaching clubs in my
spare moments—for love, of course; but I
must not lose my amateur status! I
shall be glad to assist any club I can
get to, and the only condition I shall
make will be that clubs receiving benefit
shall state so, and anyone finding me out
in spreading false doctrine—shall do like-
wise; for lawn tennis is of more import-
ance to England and her youth than is
realised, and—"The New Era in Lawn-
Tennis" has dawned.

Tennis is a game of foreign origin.
It was invented in the Middle Ages, and
first played in the fosses of the great
fortified chateaux in France and Italy.
It came to England about 1350, and cov-
ered courts were already in vogue at
that date.

Lawn tennis, its direct descendant, is,
however, purely English. Its inventor
was Major Wingfield, who called it by
the rather absurd name of "sphairistiké."
It was first seen on English lawns in
1874, and in less than ten years had
become the most popular garden game
in Britain.

Oddly enough, the introduction of this
new game met with violent opposition.
Cricket authorities avowed that tennis
would be the ruin of "manly" sport, and
strenuously objected to the marking out
of lawns at public schools.

Little William, aged five, said naughty
words.

One day he asked to be allowed to go
play with Benjamin, aged five, and Mar-
garet, three. "You can go," said Wil-
liam's mother, "if you promise not to
say any bad words." William promised.

Upon his return his mother asked him
if he had kept his word. "Yes," he said,
"except once when I forgot."

"Why, how was that, William?"
"Well," he said, "we wuz talking about
what we'd like to be when we grew up,
and Margaret she said (Margaret ad-
mired extravagantly the horse-wagon as it
frequently dashed past from the horse-
house at the end of the street) she'd like
to be a fireman. And I said: 'Oh h—!'
I'd sh'd think you'd like to be a lady!"

(Gladys: Why are you going to all that
bother to open that letter, Maud?)

Maud: Oh, I had a querrrel with
George, and intend to send his letter back
unopened; but I just thought I would see
what he said before I returned it.



By WHALEBONE.

FIXTURES.

- Dec. 7 and 8—Woodville J.C. Summer
- Dec. 8—Wairarapa R.C. Annual
- Dec. 10 and 11—Christchurch R.C. Summer
- Dec. 10—Rakata R.C. Annual
- Dec. 10—Alexandra J.C. Annual
- Dec. 20, 21 and 22—Manawatu R.C. Summer
- Dec. 20 and 21—Thames J.C. R.C. Summer
- Dec. 20—Porangabau R.C. Annual
- Dec. 20 and 21—Dunedin J.C. Summer
- Dec. 20, 21, and Jan. 2 and 3—Auckland R.C. Summer
- Dec. 20 and 21—Taranaki J.C. Christmas
- Dec. 20 and 21—Keefoon J.C. Midsummer
- Dec. 27, 31, Jan. 7—A.T.C. Summer
- Dec. 29—Ashhurst-Pohangina R.C. Annual
- Dec. 31 and Jan. 2—Greymouth J.C. Midsummer
- Jan. 2 and 3—Rangitikei R.C. Summer
- Jan. 2 and 3—Hawke's Bay J.C. Summer
- Jan. 2 and 3—Stratford R.C. Summer
- Jan. 2—Wynandam R.C. Annual
- Jan. 2 and 3—Wairarapa R.C. Summer
- Jan. 2 and 3—Vincent J.C. Annual
- Jan. 3 and 4—Southland R.C. Summer
- Jan. 21 and 22—Foxton R.C. Annual
- Feb. 2—Karioti J.C. Annual
- Feb. 2 and 3—Gisborne R.C. Summer

J. Buchannan will have the mount on Palsano in the Auckland Cup.

The explosion mare Miss Explosive is now an inmate of E. Pope's stable.

H. Barr's two ponies, Blue Vale and Norway, are both suffering from severe colds.

The Hawke's Bay horse Kopu is now a better favourite for the Auckland Cup than Advocate.

The Hastings trainer P. Quinlivan, Jr., has written for five boxes for the A.R.C. Summer Meeting.

The Auckland Cup candidate Kopu is reported to be progressing satisfactorily in his work at Hastings.

The double, Bridge and Perle d'Or has met with solid support for the Auckland Cup and Railway Handicap.

While running at his owner's place at Mangere, the South gelding Nacoma got into the wire and was badly cut about.

Mr. J. Muir intends shortly to put the two-year-old full-brother to Waiwaha in work, and he will go into W. Gall's charge.

Mr. Morse's adjustments for the minor events on the opening day of the A.R.C. Summer Meeting are due on Friday, Dec. 9.

Mr. W. J. Ralph's mare, Guidaife, has foaled a filly to Sault. This must be one of the last of Sault's stock.

There were only two double winners at the Takapuna Meeting, Turbine and Red Lupin, the former accounting for a treble.

Three hurdle horses, in Palsano, Prophet, and Dunborne, are among the acceptors for the Auckland Cup.

The defection of Birkdale from the Auckland Cup was unexpected, and cost early backers some good gold.

The local horseman J. Buchannan left for the South on Sunday night to fulfil riding engagements at the Woodville Meeting.

The Railway Handicap candidate, Gipsy Belle, was sent out favourite for the Fielding Stakes, but the best she could do was to run second.

The defeat of Fenian and Miss Winnie at Takapuna on Wednesday cost backers a lot of money. The double was backed down to a ridiculously short price.

Boxes have been secured at Green-lane on behalf of R. J. Mason, but so far, the probable strength of his team has not been ascertained.

There is a probability of K. Henton journeying South with Lady Frances for the Christmas meetings, instead of remaining in Auckland.

The ex-Auckland colt Doughboy won the Trial and Novice Handicaps at the recent Ascot (Vic.) meeting, starting favourite in each event.

The brood mare Formulist, by St. Leger—Fornie, owned by Mr. G. Hunter, of Hawke's Bay, died recently, after foaling a filly to Mystification.

F. McGrath, the well-known Sydney trainer, intends paying a visit to Auckland at Christmas time, and leaves Sydney by the Maheno on December 13.

B. Deeley was not seen in the saddle at the Takapuna Meeting. He journeyed South for the Fielding J.C. Spring Meeting, where he had a number of mounts, but failed to land a winner.

According to the reports, Polymorphous was the unlucky horse in the Fielding Stakes, and after getting away badly put in a phenomenal run, and was only beaten a neck for second honours.

Nominations for all events to be decided at the Auckland Trotting Club's Summer Meeting close with the secretary (Mr. C. F. Mark) on Friday next, the 9th inst., at 9 p.m.

The Victory of Rangihaueta in the Kawau Hurdles on Wednesday is the first recorded by the name of Rangihau since he won the Hurdle Handicap at the South Auckland R.C. Meeting last February.

The breakdown of Royal News in the Trial Handicap at Takapuna on Saturday, was hard luck for his owner, Mr. W. Davies, who held a high opinion of the son of Walrick.

The Hawke's Bay sportsman, Mr. T. H. Lowry, recently lost his brood mare Bijou, dam of Finery, Cullinan, and Kohakoo, which died after bringing to light a colt to Royal Fusilier.

Provided everything goes on satisfactorily in the meantime, there is every probability the Henson gelding will continue being taken across to Australia after the A.R.C. Summer Meeting.

Bad luck still sticks to Sea Elf, and but for a very rough passage throughout the Forbury Handicap on Saturday, the probabilities are that Lochuie would have had to travel faster to score his victory.

Mr. H. Brinkman, the well-known trotting handicapper, gives the opinion that the Forbury Trotting Club's track is about three seconds in the mile faster than the metropolitan course at Christchurch.

It is stated that a would-be purchaser priced Turbine recently, but the price offered, \$6000, did not lead to business. In view of his performances since he would have been a cheap horse at that figure.

A few dividends like Lady Menschikoff paid off the second day of the Fielding Meeting would do more to stop betting than all the Gaming Acts possible. The layers now talk of barring certain horses.

Although the principal events have not filled as well as expected, the entries for the minor events at the A.R.C. Summer Meeting are of a very satisfactory character, and the fields promise to be exceptionally large.

No horse has yet won the New Zealand Cup and Auckland Cup in the same year, and Lochie is the only horse that has won both events in the New Zealand Cup in 1887, and the Auckland Cup in 1888. Bridge has been given the opportunity to win the double this year.

Of the sixteen acceptors for the Railway Handicap, four stables have each two representatives: R. Hannon, Salute and Miss Winnie; A. Robertson, Kakama and Tamahupo; W. Ring, Wauchona and Johnnie; and E. Cutts, Teaterbook and Countermine.

The Menschikoff gelding, Turbine, is putting up a good record this season, and out of ten starts he has been successful on six occasions. Turbine has incurred a 5lb penalty for the Railway Handicap, which brings his weight up to 8.7.

Black Northern ran third in the Kawau Hurdles on Wednesday, and gave his new owners the first contribution towards the amount they expended on his purchase money, the sum of 5 sovs attaching to third place.

The Cardigan gelding, Don Quex, is improving with every race over fences, and the probabilities are that he would have troubled Rangihau in the Kawau Hurdles on Wednesday but for a faulty jump, which brought him to grief half a mile from home.

The Salvdan mare, Lady Patricia, made her reappearance on Wednesday in a race at Ascot (Vic.) since she was last seen in the Kawau Hurdles. Lady Patricia was a bit burly in condition, and had no hand in the finish of the race.

The local horseman, A. Whitaker, put up a good performance at the Takapuna Meeting, steering six winners out of eleven

mounts. A sovereign invested on each of Whitaker's mounts would have returned a substantial profit.

At a sale of racehorses one of the lots was knocked down to Mr. Blaak. "Who is Blaak?" asked a well-known racing man to the trainer who had been bidding. "It began racing," was the reply, "with a horse called No Trouble. Now he's got about forty horses, and lots of trouble."

The biggest dividend at the Takapuna Meeting was returned by Arawa when he won the Auckland Handicap. But if every one had backed him who informed the writer they intended to, the probabilities are he would have returned less than even money.

In connection with the rumours about the accident to Kapana, I have the best of authority for stating that the horse worked on the Avondale course on the preceding prior to the opening day of the Takapuna J.C. Spring Meeting.

All going well in the meantime, the Salvdan gelding Solus will be taken to the Taranaki meetings at Christmas time, instead of racing at Ellerslie. B. Oliver will have charge of Solus, and will ride him in his engagements.

The one-time champion pony, Mighty Atom, was produced at Takapuna on Saturday, making his first appearance since last May. Mighty Atom showed all his old pace, but was a bit burly in condition to see the race out.

Since going to Mr. H. R. McKennie's ownership, the Salvdan gelding Solus Northern has failed to justify the good opinion formed of him through his earlier performances. A fall and an unpaired bracket is his record since changing hands.

G. Jones, the trainer of Palsano, has been in the saddle since the A.R.C. Spring Meeting, and the Auckland Cup candidate, in consequence, has been having an easy time. Jones is now back, and the son of Strowan is doing useful work again.

No less than twelve sires got their names on the winning list at the Takapuna Meeting. Menschikoff and Lupin having three winners, and Bluejacket, Hierarch, Cyrenian, Cardigan, Sault, Kegal, Rangipahi, Leolanitis, Freedom, and Birkenhead one each.

According to a Napier writer, the Auckland Cup candidate Merriwa, after working at Napier Park last week was very lame, and judging by appearances, it will be some time before he is able to perform. He will be fit to put into active commission again.

Delegate is taking a long time to show anything like proficiency in his jumping, and this was the cause of his defeat in the Maiden Hurdles at Takapuna on Saturday. He showed a lot of pace between the fences, but lost his advantage in negotiating the obstacles.

The first of Val Rosa's stock has made an appearance at Ellerslie, in the shape of a three-year-old filly, which has gone into P. Conway's charge. The same trainer has also a two-year-old colt by Rumbler from Miss Nina, and the filly Sea Slave added to his team.

The training establishment at Green-lane, owned by the late Hon. H. Mosman, and now occupied by R. Hall, was sold by auction on Monday, being purchased by the local sportsman, Mr. P. S. Brown. The present occupant has secured a further lease of the property.

The defection of Lady Frances from the Cheltenham Handicap at Takapuna, was due to the fact that W. Price, who had been engaged to ride her, was unable, at the last minute, to make the trip to Auckland, and it was too late then to secure another suitable rider.

Two fine colts, in Sylvylette and Worcester, were sent out at Takapuna on Saturday, and both should see a much better day. Sylvylette showed a good dash of pace, and finished second, but Worcester whipped round when the barrier lifted, and took no part in the race.

The stewards of the Otahuhu Trotting Club met on Tuesday afternoon, when statements were taken from the club's official timekeepers in connection with the Lady Wilhelmina-Marae appeal case, and the whole of the evidence, with the stewards' recommendation, has been forwarded to the Association. The appeal is to be considered on Wednesday next, Dec. 9, and in the meantime the stakes and totalisator money is hung up.

After several disappointments, Tranquill gave her owner a well-deserved win on Saturday, the daughter of Hierarch winning the Cambria Handicap, and sending her owner to the bank. The lady gave the impression that she will stay on in her races, and on one would begrudge her owner the sweets of victory were she to win an important race during the season. Tranquill makes the second winner since the Cambria Park sire Hierarch in his first season, and his stock are decidedly promising.

The Birkenhead colt Silverlytte succeeded in getting his name on the winning list on Wednesday winning the Spring Handicap. Silverlytte ran about a lot at the finish of his race, and there was nothing particular about his victory to entice over, but time will greatly benefit the son of Birkenhead, and, if he does not nip the family house in the years to come.

trainer at the recent Takapuna meeting, turning out the winners. C. Coleman and Mantle were each responsible for two, and P. Jones, W. G. Irwin, W. Sharpe, T. O'Connor, T. Wilds, F. Leach, and E. Barlow one each. Amongst the jockeys A. Whittaker had a fine morning's racing, but then six winners. R. W. Brown, W. G. Jones, and J. R. Brown, were the only jockeys to get a double, and J. Buchanan, F. Speakman, H. Gray, R. Thompson, A. Jullian, and C. Brown one each.

The recent spring gathering of the Takapuna Jockey Club was a successful one, yet experienced by the club from a financial point of view. The totalisator receipts showed the substantial increase of £2000 to the stable bookmakers' fees were £25 in advance of last year. The racing was good on the opening day, but on the second, all the events, with one exception, were won easily, and in this connection, in six of the events the winner was first out, and never headed, while in the other two they got in front after going one or two furlongs.

The victory of Provocation in the Fielding Stakes would be some recompense to Mr. Hill for the bad luck which has followed him of late. He has a strong case to be expressed as to whether Provocation was forward enough to do himself justice, but, according to the running of the race, and the fact that he was very easily, and the time recorded, 1.1 2.5, is the second fastest for the race, the record being held by Gold Crest, 1.0 3.2, in 1908.

The Hierarch filly Tranquill put up a good performance in the Raking Handicap on Wednesday, and, had the race been a furlong further, would probably have won. Tranquill had 8.11 in the saddle, and in this connection, there crops up a question of handicapping which makes one arrive at the conclusion that the easiest way to win a race is not to start on the first day. In the case under notice Malwa was handicapped at Malwa does not start at 8.5 and Tranquill 8.1. The second day Tranquill is raised to 8.11 but Malwa still remains at 8.5, so that he gets an advantage of 10lbs for not starting.

The mishap at Takapuna on Saturday, which resulted in the death of the horse Hier, although an unfortunate one, looked the first to be more serious, for R. E. Brown, the horse's rider, looked as if he had escaped injured, and it was a relief to find out that he had escaped with a shaking. In connection with the mishap, one is forced to ask on the question of the absolute necessity to have mounted police on the track during the running of a race? They render able assistance in clearing the course, but once that duty is performed, they should remain to the aid of safety. One is well aware that this is the duty of the mounted police, but I recollect Strathavon once being badly interfered with by a mounted constable at the finish of a race at Ellerslie, which on several occasions, at Epsom, there has been interference from collisions. The police, however, as a rule, are high-spirited (on the occasion of the present accident the constable was riding the horse Milderose) so that it is only natural that they get excited and interfere with others galloping. This being so, it now behooves the authorities to do all in their power to minimise the risk of any further accidents.

The acceptances for the Auckland Cup and Railway Handicap are distinctly disappointing, and a long way below expectations. In the former event, only thirteen have made the payment out of fifty-eight originally handicapped, and in the latter sixteen out of sixty-one is a very low average. In the Cup, Master Sault was not taken seriously, and his defection leaves the field in a bad way. Bridge still holds out at his ground, and is doing good work at Hastings, and as he is chosen as Mr. Watt's representative, he must be treated with respect. Notwithstanding that the selection committee has selected the weight allotted the son of Sault, he is still in and has lots of supporters. Kopu is the actual favourite, and his presence and that of two or three other favourites, ended a number of horses out of Waimanga is the select of Geo. Absalom's stable, while Sir Prize has been supported. Palsano is a nice, the chances of which a number of three or four are being backed, and the son of Strowan is undergoing a thorough preparation. John is another given a good chance, but the hopes of Aucklanders are centred in Advocate, who is the most discussed horse in the race.

In the Railway Handicap Salute leads the list, and meets Turbine, which number of people are backing, and in the event he is beaten on 13lbs better terms than what he beat her in the Parnell Handicap in the spring, which makes her read attractively. Turbine is to be considered, Birkdale has been a good horse for the first time since her reference to the Cup, and he is the sole representative of the powerful Karama stables. A number of fast horses are engaged, and the event is open.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday. Just at present sporting news locally is devoid of any item of outstanding interest. A great many horses are kept in training at Riccarton, and small holiday meetings will provide them with plenty of racing, but Riccarton will be the only place to be represented in the big North Island fixtures. Our little excitement this week has been the Hororata Club's annual meeting. Some extra tone was given to the meeting by the inclusion of the Bert and the Biscuits Cup of the Canterbury Oaks winner, Mastine, which had to shoulder a big burden, and she could only get third to two apparently moderate animals, Anny Sally and Puka. The former, owned by Royal Artillery—Gipsy Girl, showed winning form at Timaru, and will probably do well up

be a mile in decent company. Marlene would have been suited better, perhaps, by a longer journey. Another successful mare at Hororata was the six-year-old Bushland, which won a double at Timaru. This Finland mare got a first and second, so that her record for the last four starts is an excellent one. Last spring she opened out well by winning four small races in succession on Southern courses.

Grand Slam, the brother to Bridge, is showing better than he has done for a long time. He was the Hawk's Bay Guineas, and he caught the judge's eye again at Hororata. He has had a more chequered career than most horses now in training. His three-year-old form was highly promising, as he won the Hawk's Bay Guineas and a couple of good handicaps; at four years he was exceedingly unlucky, running second to good horses in big races, but never winning; though in the next season he was so well thought of that he had to put up £3 in Downfall Cup, in which he was again started fourteen times without winning, and his only victory in ten attempts last season was in a small race at Dunedin. This season he promises to do better, though he has not done so far in first-class company.



A.R.C. ACCEPTANCES.

The following acceptances and general entries were posted on Friday in connection with the Auckland Racing Club's Summer meeting, which is to be held at Ellerslie on December 26 and 27 and January 2 and 3.



ACCEPTANCES.

THE AUCKLAND CUP OF 2000SOVS; second horse to receive 400sovs and third horse 200sovs out of the stake. Winner of any flat race or flat races after the declaration of weights of the value of 100 sovs to carry 3lb, 200sovs 5lb, 300sovs 7lb, and 400sovs 10lb penalty. Two miles.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Odds. Entries include Dabolo 8/13, Eddition 8/2, Kopu 7/10, Wainanga 7/9, Sir Prize 7/3, etc.

THE RAILWAY HANDICAP OF 6500SOVS; second horse to receive 1000sovs and third horse 500sovs out of the stake. Winner of any flat race or flat races after the declaration of weights of the value of 100 sovs to carry 3lb, 200sovs 5lb, 300sovs 7lb, and 500sovs 10lb penalty. Six furlongs.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Odds. Entries include Salute 9/1, Theodore 8/6, Birkdale (inc. 7lb pen.) 9/0, etc.

THE GRAFTON HURDLE RACE OF 200 SOVS; second horse to receive 35sovs and third horse 15sovs out of the stake. Winner of any hurdle race after declaration of weights to carry 7lb penalty. Over eight furlongs. Hurdles. Two miles.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Odds. Entries include Tauria 11/7, Continuance 11/2, Lady Patricia 10/4, etc.

FIRST FORFEITS.

After payment of first forfeit the following remain in the following races:-

THIRTY-SEVENTH GREAT NORTHERN DERBY.

- One mile and a-half. Mr. D. Buick's br f Fawne, by Papakura-Fawn. Mr. F. W. Arnold's br f Antoinette, by South...

GREAT NORTHERN FOAL STAKES.

- Six furlongs. Mr. G. D. Greenwood's br f Peirene, by Achilles-Buewater. Mr. G. D. Greenwood's Orton, by Obligado-Kitiro.

- Sir George Clifford's ch f Keaterhook, 3yrs, by Diana-Buewater. Sir George Clifford's br f Countermine, 3yrs, by Quarryman-Sagefard. Mr. R. H. Duder's m f La Reine, 3yrs, by South-Queen Ann.

TAKAPUNA SPRING MEETING.

CONCLUDING DAY.

The concluding day's racing in connection with the Takapuna J.C. Spring Meeting took place on Wednesday. The weather was fine and the attendance large. The racing was as interesting as on the opening day, and there was only one decent finish during the afternoon.

There were several falls, but fortunately without serious results. In the Maiden Hurdles, Don Quex and Swagsman fell, Deerey, the rider of the former, having his foot bruised.

The stewards met before the Vanxhall Handicap to consider a complaint lodged by the owner of Vivace against the Jockey C. Brown for breaking a riding engagement on the morning of the race.

KAWAU HANDICAP HURDLES, of 100 SOVS.

Distance 1 mile and three-quarters. S. Thompson's ch b gelding, aged, by Rangipiki-Tawhara, 9.5 (Julian), 10.1 (Thompson) 2. H. R. Mackenzie's blk g Black Northern, 9.13, 10.1 (Thompson) 3.

STANLEY HANDICAP, four furlongs.

W. Davies' b g Turbine, aged, Memschikoff-Signet, 10.1 (Whittaker) 1. E. W. Alison's b m Elegance, 4yrs, 10.1 (W. Brown) 2. A. Sadler's b m Peggy Pryde, 5yrs, 7.6 (Morris) 3.

SPRING HANDICAP, of 1500sovs.

J. McNeil's ch g Tatoo, 5yrs, by Leomatic-Signet, 7.4 (W. Brown) 1.

W. Galle's g Coromandel, 5yrs, 7.1 (O'Brien) 2. W. J. Brown's br g Regain, 5yrs (C. Brown) 3. Also ran: Uranium, 8.13; Manapouri, 7.7; Zinnia, 7.3; Shifalia, the barrier lifted to an even start, from which the colours of Tatoo were first prominent, and he showed the way past the stand, followed by Uranium, second, and Zinnia, third. Dazzle's handicap and Regain in that order. Tatoo had three lengths' advantage of Uranium as they went along the back, and then came Coromandel and Dazzle, striking zigzag freely. Tatoo increased his advantage as they crossed the top stretch and did not let the rest of the field near him, winning easily by three lengths from Coromandel, which was a length in front of Regain, Uranium, and Dazzle, fourth, and then came Manapouri, with Zinnia a bad last. Time, 1.43 1/5. Uranium was favourite.

VANXHALL HANDICAP of 1000sovs. Seven furlongs.

C. W. Coleman's b g Arawa, aged, by Freedom-Iota, 7.12 (Whittaker) 1. A. Sadler's b g Scotch, 4yrs, 7.8 (C. Brown) 2. G. Bettley's ch m Miss Livonia, 6yrs, 7.9 (Boach) 3. Also started: Waiotahi, 9.11; Hamadryd, 7.9; Miss Folly, 7.8; Vivace, 7.8; Bonnie Fishwife, 7.8; La Reine, 7.8; Tipua, 7.8. Presently 7.8. Lady Betty, 7.8.

RAKING HANDICAP of 1000sovs. For two-year-olds. Four furlongs.

W. S. Swinburn's b g Turbine, aged, by Birkenhead-Dazzle, 7.10 (C. Brown) 1. W. Lang's b f Tranquil, 8.11 (Buchanan) 2. G. M. Currie's br f Condamine, 6.13 (Conquest) 3. Also started: Harrigan, 7.1; Mercl, 6.13; Kaween, 6.12.

CAULPEY HANDICAP of 1000sovs. Five furlongs and a-half.

W. Davies' b g Turbine, aged, by Memschikoff-Signet, 10.5 (including 7lb penalty) 1. R. Hannan's ch m Miss Winnie, aged, 8.10 (P. Brady) 2. J. Twonhill's b g Impulsive, 4yrs, 8.11 3. Also started: Sir Arctos, 8.9; Dogger Bank, 7.9; Lady Dot, 7.6; Aristos, 6.7; Fronting, 6.7. Prohibited, 6.7.

PONY HANDICAP of 750sovs. Five furlongs and a-half.

S. Pitt's br g Red Lupin, 4yrs, by Lupia-Lupin, 10.1 (Whittaker) 1. A. Sadler's b m Peggy Pryde, 5yrs, 8.11 (C. Brown) 2. M. Jones' b m Miss Stella, 6yrs, 7.13 (E. W. Brown) 3. Also started: King's 9.6; Mighty Atom, 8.8; Lord Memschikoff, 7.5; Malika, 7.4; Caedmon, 7.0.

WELTER HANDICAP of 1000sovs. One mile.

J. Smith's ch g Golden Loop, 4yrs, by Lupin-Docility, 7.11 (A. Whittaker) 1. D. Morgan's ch m Master Theory, 3yrs, 7.2 (A. H. Tappin's b m Zinnia, 5yrs, 8.3 (C. Brown) 2. Also started: Regain, 7.1; Wainanga, 7.0; Elegance, 7.6; Flying Sauc, 7.5; Monoplane, 7.0.

Master Theory, Golden Loop put in a gap between himself and the rest of the field as they went along the back, which he increased as they crossed the top stretch, where Master Theory ran up second. The field was left by a few feet by the leader in the run home, but could not get up. Golden Loop winning anyhow by four lengths. Zinnia was a length further back, and a bad last. Time, 1.44 2/5. Golden Loop was favourite.

FEILDING RACES.

FIRST DAY.

FEILDING, Wednesday.

There was bright sunshine for the first day of the Feilding races, and a good attendance. Thirteen bookmakers operated outside and nine inside the enclosure. The racing was good and the track fast. The totalisator investments were £1115, as against £520 on the first day of last year.

Details are as follow:- St. Andrew's Handicap, one mile and a-half-Birkdale, 7.13, 1.1; Sandstrum, 8.10, 2. John, 8.0, 3. Also started: Rosevelt, Clowrie, 7.0; R. J. Kane, 7.0; Str. Monro, and Mallet. Birkdale won by a clear length. Sandstrum beat John on the post for second place. Time, 2.39 2/5.

Spring Hurdles, about two miles-The Native, 9.5, 1; Hydrant, 9.10, 2; Himitani, 8.0, 3. Also started: Maggie Fair, Tyrannus, Showman, Waiakara, and Rosegrove. Won easily by three lengths. Hydrant beating Himitani by the same distance. Showman fell. Time, 4.39 2/5.

Walter Handicap, one mile and a-half-Canadian, 9.0, 1; Waterworks, 11.2, 2; Claremont, 9.5, 3. Also started: Merry Lawn, Howler, and Moorhall. Canadian lasted long enough to win by a short neck. Time, 1.15 2/5.

FIFTH FEILDING STAKES of 5000sovs. Weight-for-age, with penalties and allowances. Five furlongs.

Mr. J. B. Reid's c Provoacation, by Birkenhead-Stephild, 9.0 (R. Hatch) 1. Mr. J. Monk's b f Gipsy Belle, by Stephiani-Belle Clair, 8.13, 2. Mr. Higgin's br f Polymorphous, by Multiflorum-Ramour, 9.3 3. Forbury, by Birkenhead-Gladisla, 8.7 0. Madam Madcap, by Clarendon-Madame, 8.0 0. Exvel, by Advance-Endeavour, 7.11 0.

From a fairly good start, Forbury, Gipsy Belle, and Polymorphous took the lead. Entering the stretch the positions were reversed. Forbury, Gipsy Belle, and Provoacation, at the distance Forbury faded away, the winner being a length to the good. Gipsy Belle and Polymorphous could not get up to Provoacation, who won by a length. Time, 1.12 2/5.

Kiwitua Welter, one mile-First Mate, 8.0, 1; Goodwin Park, 8.13, 2; Letheum, 8.0, 3. Also started: Sharpshoot, Koran, Marton, Tina, Miss Advance, Shannon Lass, and Waipuna. Won by two lengths. Time, 1.44.

Trotting Hack Flying Handicap, six furlongs-Merry Frank, 9.0, 1; Vibration, 8.6, 2; Bunkum, 8.0, 3. Also started: Lady Doris, Derwish, Franzer, Singer, Ngairuani, Gladisla, St. Luenden, Te Tikura, and Avarua. Won by a neck. Gladisla put in a run at the distance, but could not last. Time, 1.15 2/5.

FEILDING, Thursday.

The weather was fine for the second day of the Feilding races, and few bookmakers were operating inside and outside the enclosure. The totalisator investments amounted to £2020, making a total of £17,130, or 24 less than last year. The results are as follow:-

York Stakes, of 1500sovs, 5 furlongs-Full Race, 9.13, 1; Epitais, 9.9, 2; Tanekaha, 7.2, 3. All started. Full Race was first away, and led to the post. Epitais challenged, but could not catch up. Time, 1.14 3/5.

Nikan Hawk of 1000sovs, six furlongs-Vibration, 8.13, 1; Merry Frank, 8.10, 2; Vibration, 7.8, 3. Scratched: Gladisla. Won easily by three lengths. Time, 1.15 2/5.

Manchester Handicap, one mile and a-quarter-Mendip, 8.1 (H. Gray), 1; John, 8.3, 2; Te Diane, 7.3, 3. Also started: Wainanga, 7.3; Rosevelt, Gladisla, Countermine, Strathmore, Utlando, Sir Solo, Koran, Countermine, and Mendip led past the stand. At the distance John came up with a rush to beat Mendip, who got home by a length. Time, 2.10 2/5.

Cheltenham Hurdle Race, one mile and three-quarters-Howler, 8.13, 1; Rosegrove, 8.0, 2. Also started: Maggie Paul, Waterworks, Waiakara. Won by a length. Time, 3.16.

Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH

BOOKINGS.

(Dates Subject to Alteration.)

AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S.
December 5 to 17—Meynell and Gunn
(George Willoughby).
December 19 to 24—MacMahon Bros.
December 26 (three weeks' season)—Pim-
mer-Denniston Company.

THE OPERA HOUSE.
In Season—Fuller's Pictures.

TIVOLI
Vaudeville (permanent).

WELLINGTON—OPERA HOUSE.
Dec. 23 to Jan. 14.—"The Dollar Princess."
Jan. 18 to Feb. 2.—J. C. Williamson.
Feb. 3 to Feb. 9.—George Willoughby.
May 17 to June 7.—J. C. Williamson.
August 17 to August 27.—J. C. Williamson.
THEATRE ROYAL.
Vaudeville (permanent).

The Green-eyed Monster.

A GOOD deal of comment has been caused at Home by the failure of "The Morning Post"—one of the oldest Conservative Unionist journals in London—to publish any critiques of Mr. Thomas Beecham's present season of grand opera at Covent Garden. The explanation is suggested by the fact that the proprietors of this very respectable and exclusive journal, which is the unofficial mouthpiece of the Court, are susceptible to the influence of the aristocratic magnates who represent the syndicate which controls and manipulates Covent Garden Opera House as a going concern. This syndicate, which is composed of a number of well-known peers and dukes, has for years had a monopoly of Grand Opera in London. Until the American firms got to work and raised the salaries of leading singers, Covent Garden Syndicate enjoyed very comfortable and eminently respectable profits that not infrequently ranged between 25 and 30 per cent per annum. Having, of course, the direct sanction and patronage of the Sovereign of the realm, its social prestige was unquestionable, whilst the fees, at the rate of £300 per season for a box on the Grand Tier, found ready purchasers. Since, however, Thomas Beecham came along with £10,000 a year of pill money, placed at his disposal by his father, and has started to give the more modern works, popularise British composers and singers, and cut down the prices of admission to bring the performances within the reach of the public, Covent Garden Syndicate is not at all pleased. The prospects of its next season, so far as the musical public is concerned, are becoming every week more jeopardised by Mr. Beecham's enthusiasm and progressive innovations. There is not a daily newspaper in London that would dare to be so rude to as much as hint at the suggestion that Covent Garden Syndicate and the "Morning Post" (much as Tweedledum and Tweedledee) are sublimely of the identical opinion that Mr. Beecham must not be encouraged. The nearest suggestion of collusion in the matter comes from the "Musical Standard," from which a par is taken as follows:—"When is our excellent contemporary, the 'Morning Post,' going to resume publishing critiques of the Beecham operatic activities at Covent Garden? We have paid many a penny with the hope of seeing a report in that august journal, and hundreds of its numerous readers must have done the same thing. In a 'news' paper we do not expect to see important 'news' ignored, even if we may suppose that the readers of the 'Morning Post' are not wedded to one newspaper per day. If we have ever had in London a more important operatic season than the present Beecham opera season, let it be named! The prices of tickets are far lower than during the Syndicate's season. One shilling and sixpence for a gallery seat for sumptuously-performed opera seems the last word in reasonableness." It would be rude in respectable England to tell the truth. It is only untutored colonials that have the effrontery to make inconvenient disclosures on the subject.

The Dance in "Our Miss Gibbs."

There are two Australian dancers in "Our Miss Gibbs" (at the present moment drawing crowded houses in Sydney), who go a long way towards demonstrating that there is good theatrical material in this country, remarks the Sydney "Sun."

The artists are Fred Leslie and Ivy Schilling, and a better dancing partnership than they prove to be has yet to be imported. Furthermore, the dance has originated here. It came from Fred Leslie, and goes to show that he is clever at both extremities. This is the day of the man who can invent something, and it is not the first time that Leslie has shown his talent this way. His dance in "The Orchid" gave players an indication of his ability to fit gymnastics to music, while his "Devil Dance" in "The Gingalee" was another instance of what he could do. In "The Red Mill" it will be remembered that Leslie was put on his mettle by having John Ford, "the champion buck and wing dancer of America," up against him. How he came through the ordeal without lowering Australian colours was probably not made quite as much of as was deserving. If an Australian athlete went up against an American champion in some branch of sport and gave such a showing as Leslie did on that occasion he would have been acclaimed something of a credit to his country. America has developed dancing to about as high a pitch of perfection as pugilism. There were columns on Jack Johnson's footwork, and just casual references to Leslie's. And yet Johnson would have been one of the first to acknowledge the music of Leslie's steps on the sand.

Miss Schilling, a Melbourne girl, has been a member of the dancing corps of the Royal Comic Opera Company for some time. She was leader of the pony ballet in "Jack and Jill," which, by the same token, was arranged by Leslie, and was Addie Hine's understudy for the big solo dance when the moon rose over the Bad Baron's cornfield. This she performed on tour, and to say that she did it so well that Addie Hine was not missed is something of a compliment. Miss Schilling has since then been waiting her opportunity. She got it with Fred Leslie, and that she was equal to the change is testified to nightly at Her Majesty's by the dance getting the biggest round of applause of the evening. Miss Schilling is physically bigger than the general run of dancers, but she has natural grace and lightness that mark her for the work. What is more difficult to find she also has, and that is a gift for mime. Her expression through the Rogue's dance tells its story. The scheme of the dance depends in this coming chiefly from her. Mr. Leslie has to bring his wiles to bear, while she has first to repel and then catch the spirit of mischief which he brings to the measure. This has next to grow into a reckless abandonment, such as dancing only can suggest. This takes them both off the floor, so that they almost seem to fly, and they only come to earth for Leslie to perch crosswise on her back—a feat requiring the nicest judgement on the part of each and not a small amount of muscular strength in Miss Schilling's arms, which, neatly hooked behind, provide the support. If this were not done so that the weight was distributed entirely on her wrists and back, it would be ugly in that it would show the muscular strain about the neck and shoulders. The whole idea of the dance is that it must appear effortless, and this is carried out with the airiest success. It meant long rehearsals, and it requires daily practice. Terpsichore is most exciting. No prizes are won without hard work. Mr. Leslie and Miss Schilling are now busy on another dance, which their admirers will see in due course.

Back in London.

Oscar Asche and Lily Burton have opened in London at the New Theatre with the dramatised version of Mr. Stanley Weyman's novel, "Count Hannibal." The piece is "a romantic play," otherwise described by critics as "an impossible melodrama." The play is no worse and no better than the others of its class. (says the "Daily News" critic). There

is plenty of incident and much brouhaha of warfare. All the incidents are delightfully impossible. Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Burton received an enthusiastic welcome after their long absence, and it is quite possible "Count Hannibal" will be as successful in London as it was in the provinces and Australia.

The Essential.

According to a London paper, no drama can hope to win success unless it contains a bedroom scene. Mr. George Marlow's agent sends me notices of the firm's latest attraction, "The Bad Girl of the Family," which will be produced during the forthcoming New Zealand tour, and I notice that the piece contains this necessary attraction. Whether this accounts for the fact that "The Bad Girl" has passed her 400th performance at the Aldwych Theatre in London (again I quote the enthusiastic agent), would be hard to say at present, but a Brisbane notice of the play promises three and a-half hours of "thrill and sensational episode." It is to be Mr. Marlow's opening attraction throughout the New Zealand tour.

Pimmer-Denniston Company.

Apropos of the above, I have a letter to hand from Mr. Denniston, in which he states the Christmas season in Auckland will open with "The Message from Mars," which will be followed by "Mrs. Tanqueray," and a revival of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which, by the way, has been a huge success down South. So pleased are the Pimmer-Denniston Co. with their reception in New Zealand, that they have booked a return tour, as far as Wellington, anyhow. They open in the Empire City on February 11.

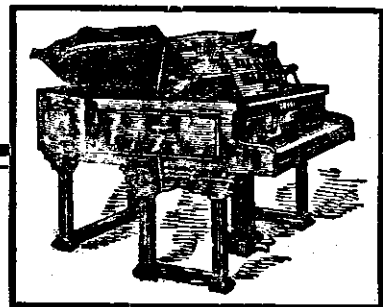
Stage and Strikes.

Rejane, whom, perhaps, we may one day see here—one never knows—has proved herself not merely a great artist—it hardly needed demonstration—but a woman of resource and moral courage. At the "premiere" of the revived "M'Amour"—an amusing comedy, even if a little too French for English palates—the great comedienne was suddenly faced with a strike of stage carpenters, the

latest Paris way of claiming a rise in salary. Was she dismayed? Not one whit. Calling her friends to her aid, she was able to continue the performance. A leading dramatist was seen struggling with a large sofa; a delicate poet grappled a Louis Quinze clock, a leading critic swarmed ladders with a surprising agility. The public entered into the fun of the thing, and volunteers in evening dress appeared on the stage, and disputed the honour of aiding wit and beauty in distress. Rejane, in the prettiest speech, said she sympathised with people who earned their living—she was willing to take a little less that they might have a little more—but she did not approve of the latest methods. Meanwhile, the machinists who had lowered the iron curtain in the hope of preventing the performance, learned how easily unskilled labour can be dispensed with.

A Parisian Farce.

The play itself seems worth a note. There never was a more traditional French farce. It would be all the blindest immorality if one had not learnt with the Parisian public to divorce oneself entirely from the moral point of view when one goes to a Palais Royal farce. The characters are, of course, the ancient trio, the husband, the wife, and the "happiest of the three," who is happy in being called by the lady by the endearing name of "M'Amour." The whole problem of the play is whether, for a respectable married woman, it is better to have a lover who gets on with her husband or one who does not. The former course at first appears preferable to the lady, and in spite of his forebodings, she introduces "Ducky," as we may translate him, to her husband. The result is disastrous. Ducky gets on so well with the husband that the latter, who collects pots and warming pans, never will let Ducky out of his sight, and insists on his helping him day and night to ticket his collection. The respectable married woman, in desperation, throws Ducky over, and chooses another Ducky, having previously taken the precaution to sow seeds of deadly enmity between Ducky No. 2 and her husband, who will go on being the bosom



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friend of the No. 1. Madame Rejane dances through this frantic farce, we are told, with prodigious ease and skill. We were not exactly overjoyed by the farce (says the "Telegraph" man), but it was a delight to watch the actress. There never was such lightness of touch, so sure a step skimming over the thinnest of ice, such bounding vitality, giving life to a puppet. By her side M. Dubose and M. Signoret drew pleasant caricatures of Ducky and the husband.

Attractions for Next Year.

Mr. Bert Royal has booked the following tours for the season 1910-11 for the J. C. Williamson firm:—

- NEW COMIC OPERA CO.**
 Wellington.—Dec. 23-Jan. 14.
 Masterton.—Jan. 16.
 Hannevirke.—Jan. 17.
 Hastings.—Jan. 18.
 Napier.—Jan. 19-20.
 Gisborne.—Jan. 21-24.
 Auckland.—Jan. 26-Feb. 18.
 New Plymouth.—Feb. 20.
 Wanganui.—Feb. 21-22.
 Palmerston North.—Feb. 23-24.
 Dunedin.—Feb. 28-March 10.
 Oamaru.—March 11-13.
 Christchurch.—March 14-20.
KATHERINE GREY-WILLIAM DESMOND COMPANY.
 Christchurch.—Dec. 25-Jan. 7.
 Dunedin.—Jan. 9-14.
 Oamaru.—Jan. 16.
 Wellington.—Jan. 18-Feb. 2.
 Wanganui.—Feb. 3-4.
 Stratford.—Feb. 5.
 Hawera.—Feb. 7.
 New Plymouth.—Feb. 8.
 Palmerston North.—Feb. 9-10.
 Hastings.—Feb. 11.
 Napier.—Feb. 13-14.
 Gisborne.—Feb. 15-18.
 Auckland.—Feb. 20-March 11.

"THE WHIP" COMPANY.

- Wellington.—April 15-May 6.
 Masterton.—May 8.
 Hastings.—May 9.
 Napier.—May 10-11.
 Gisborne.—May 13-16.
 Auckland.—May 18-June 10.
 New Plymouth.—June 12.
 Wanganui.—June 13-14.
 Palmerston North.—June 15-16.
 Christchurch.—June 19-30.
 Timaru.—July 1.
 Oamaru.—July 3-4.
 Dunedin.—July 5-20.
 Invercargill.—July 21-22.

ROYAL COMIC OPERA CO.

- Auckland.—April 17-May 6.
 New Plymouth.—May 8.
 Wanganui.—May 9-10.
 Palmerston North.—May 11-12.
 Hastings.—May 13.
 Napier.—May 15-16.
 Masterton.—May 17.
 Wellington.—May 18-June 7.
 Dunedin.—June 10-24.
 Invercargill.—June 26-27.
 Oamaru.—June 28-29.
 Timaru.—June 30.
 Christchurch.—July 1-9.

"JACK THE BEANSTALK" PANTO.

- Auckland.—July 24-August 3.
 New Plymouth.—August 7.
 Wanganui.—August 8-9.
 Palmerston North.—August 10-11.
 Hastings.—August 12.
 Napier.—August 14-15.
 Masterton.—August 16.
 Wellington.—August 17-26.
 Christchurch.—August 28-Sept. 6.
 Oamaru.—Sept. 7.
 Dunedin.—Sept. 8-14.
 Invercargill.—Sept. 15-18.

The attraction for the following tour has not yet been announced:—

- Auckland.—Sept. 4-23.
 New Plymouth.—Sept. 25.
 Wanganui.—Sept. 26-27.
 Palmerston North.—Sept. 28-29.
 Hastings.—Sept. 30.
 Napier.—October 2-5.
 Masterton.—October 4.
 Wellington.—October 5-25.
 Christchurch.—Oct. 27-Nov. 13.
 Oamaru.—Nov. 14-15.
 Dunedin.—Nov. 16-20.
 Invercargill.—Nov. 30-Dec. 2.

George Willoughby Company in Auckland.

Mr. Preedy is an obscure unimpeachable and somewhat mediocre person, and the Countess of Rushmere is first a woman and then an aristocrat who is keenly alive to the fact she is living in the twentieth century. Mr. Preedy is worried by his intense respectability, and very much the prototype Shaw has hit off in his epigram—"An Englishman imagines he is moral when he is only uncomfortable." The Countess takes a

malicious and, not altogether, unfeminine delight in discovering this fundamental fact for Preedy's being. They are together the axis on which R. C. Carton's clever comedy turns as it was revealed by Mr. George Willoughby's company at His Majesty's, Auckland, on Monday night.

The Countess, escaping from a dissolute husband, has been foolish enough to run away with so unlikely a suitor as the aggressive John Bounsall. She is brought by him to the flat of his timid and bullied junior partner, Preedy; and as Bounsall is suddenly called away by



the illness of a relative from which he has expectations, he leaves Lady Rushmere in his partner's hands. Preedy is thus compelled to go out on a wet night to find room for himself in a hotel, and submit to all the malevolent interpretations of his assertive man-servant and cook, in the discharge of his duty towards the imperious Bounsall.

The complications crowd thickly upon him next morning, in the second act, the most laughable of the three. The father of the girl he is engaged to marry happens to call early and is perplexed at the noise in Preedy's room, the explanation of his nervous host that it is caused by the canary, merely serving, of course, to increase his bewilderment. The lady's maid, who has been hurriedly engaged to attend the Countess promptly demands a substantial increase of wages when she learns that the lady is neither Preedy's wife nor a relative of his; the domineering man-servant gives a month's notice, and the cook leaves at once. The infuriated dentist whom Miss Sidgrave has thrown over for the sake of Preedy comes to demand an explanation, and screams with delight when he discovers the state of affairs at the flat. Finally Lady Rushmere's relatives appear on the scene, and Preedy rapidly changing from the evening dress of the night before in the pantry, stalks forth to meet his aristocratic visitors in garments that make him look a caricature. Preedy is bullied and brow-beaten at every turn, but in the last act, which is skillfully constructed, the tide turns in his favour, and the little man, regarded at first as "a bouncer" appears in the light of a hero.

The Cast.

The fact that Mr. James decided in the last half hour before the steamer

sailed not to accompany Mr. George Willoughby to New Zealand, is not a matter for little lamentation. It is difficult to understand why the management did not take the public into their confidence over the matter, particularly as Mr. James had been announced to appear. His absence was evidently not apparent, and no particular loss so far as this country is concerned. Mr. Willoughby is to be complimented on securing an effective substitute at such short notice, not to say reprehensible, notice. The audience was frankly delighted with Mr. Harold Parkes' easy and natural presentation of "Mr. Preedy." It was a first performance under handicap for a young comedian, but his success with the piece was beyond question. Miss Beatrice Day, whose talents the public have recognised in parts very dissimilar to that of the Countess of Rushmere, acted with restraint and feeling. It was a better performance perhaps than some might have expected, and the quality of it all through afforded much pleasure. The part of the righteous Bounsall—an incisive piece of dramatic portraiture—was filled by the ample proportions and well-known qualities of Mr. Willoughby himself, and all through it was marked by good straightforward acting. Mr. Harry Overton was particularly successful in his handling of "Lord Kinslow"—a character to which he imparted some fine touches that did much to raise his rendering to a conspicuous place in the cast. Another excellent piece of work was Mr. Arthur Cornell masquerading as a very laughable and absurd dentist in "Reginald Saunders." Mr. Preedy's valet, Bilson, added diversion to the cast, which, with few exceptions, made as much of the piece as could be expected.

The comedy is preceded by a quasi-humorous curtain-raiser, brimming with characteristic touches of W. W. Jacobs, and entitled "The Grey Parrot." It was well acted, the most prominent of the cast being Mr. H. Hälley as "Sam Rogers."

Stray Notes.

The Sydney "Bulletin," in its issue of 24th ult., takes some extracts from an interview published recently in Perth with Hugh J. Ward. The West Australian journal pirated word for word the whole of the interview from these columns which was published at the time of Hugh J.'s visit to Auckland nearly three months ago. Whilst a compliment may have been intended to "The Weekly Graphic," it would have been more to the point if expressed by the usual acknowledgment.

Appropos of Sunday music: The New Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Laudon Ronald, has been engaged for the entire season of the Sunday concerts at the Albert Hall, London, and the concerts are now in progress. The vocalists who are appearing are Mesdames Aino Akte, Julia Culp, Donalda, Ada Forest, Gerhardt, Kirkby Lunn, Blanche Marchesi, Jeanne Noria, Lenora Sparkes, Alice Verlet, and Beatrice Wilson, and Messrs Herber, Brown, Edmund Burke, Charles W. Clark, Morgan Kingston, Joseph O'Mara, and Sammaro. The instrumentalists will be Miss Irene Scharrer, and Messrs Backhouse, Casals, Mischa Elman, Percy Grainger, Mark Hambourg, J. Hollman, Kreisler, Moise-witsch, Max Mosel, A. Randecker, Sametini, Sauer, Sapellikoff, and Zimbalist. This altogether apart from the concerts promoted by the National Sunday League and the Sunday Concert Society.

The rights of the provincial production of "Elektra" have been secured by Mr. Ernest Denhof, the pioneer of the "Ring" performances in Edinburgh last year. The Scottish city will also be honoured by the first appearance, outside of London, of Strauss' famous heroine. Moreover, this will be the first performance of the work in English. It will be produced at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, on February 18th next, and a

tour is contemplated, to include visits to Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, Glasgow, Belfast, and Dublin.

Mischa Elman, the boy violinist, told on his last visit to New York a story of his early childhood. "When I was very small indeed," he said, "I played at a reception at a Russian prince's, and, for an urbius of seven, I flatter myself I rattled off Beethoven's 'Kreutzer Sonata' finely. This sonata, you know, has in it several long and impressive rests. Well, in one of these rests a motherly old lady leaned forward, patted by shoulder, and said: 'Play something you know, dear.'—Washington Star."

The French Government has bestowed the cross of a chevalier of the Legion of Honour on Ferruccio Busoni.

At the birthday celebration of the Emperor Francis Joseph at the Imperial Court Opera in Vienna recently, a wonderful child composer came into prominence. His name is Eric Wolfgang Korngold, and he appears to have had an experience which is probably unique—namely, for a boy of thirteen to appear before the curtain of a grand opera house to acknowledge the loud applause with which a composition of his had been received. This was entitled "The Snow Man: a Pantomime." It appears that the boy two years ago wrote the music for the piano, rather as an exercise than anything else. Now it has been orchestrated by the boy's teacher, Herr Zemlinsky, conductor at the Vienna Volk-soper, and in that form played by the first orchestra in the world and loudly applauded by a critical Viennese audience! Without doubt in its original form it is an astonishing work for a child of eleven, showing that he was even two years ago able to think in music. Rhythmically and melodically the work is full of interest. A trio, written scarcely two years later than the pantomime, shows that a most remarkable development has taken place in the meanwhile: it is about to appear as his Opus 1 in the "Universal Edition."

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 (I mean die happy—sorry!)

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Our Illustrations.

AUCKLAND SWEET PEA AND CARNATION CARNIVAL.

Great Display of Sweet Peas Wellington Carnationist Defeats Auckland Growers.

(Specially Reported for the "Graphic.")

THE eagerly-anticipated exhibition of Sweet Peas and Carnations eventuated within the Metropolitan Grounds on December 1st, and was continued for the two following days. The exhibits were housed in three capacious marquees, a departure from the old plan, which almost everyone we met agreed was a very decided improvement, and it is to be hoped the enterprising society will reap a sufficient reward to justify them in still greater efforts in the promotion of special exhibitions. There can be no doubt that the advent of competitors from Wellington in the Carnation classes put the Auckland growers on their mettle, and aroused considerable interest in the competition; and though the Wellington growers won—and won handsomely—the Auckland men have no reason whatever to be ashamed of their blooms. There can be little doubt that the keenness of our growers to learn wrinkles, and the willingness of the Wellingtonians to supply information, will materially assist in helping Auckland growers to give a good account of themselves another season.

Turning to Sweet Peas, the sight which meets the eye of the visitor on entering the huge tent where they are arranged, is extremely pleasing, and the colour combinations of the long rows blend and harmonise exceedingly well, and it is safe to say that no such display has ever been seen before in the Dominion. The quality of all the blooms was on the whole good. Many showed the effects of winds and rains, and want of shading and effectiveness of many of the flowers. There were some poor stocks of good varieties, noticeably John Ingham and Etta Dyke, which in some cases had almost lost their distinctive characteristics as waved or Spencer varieties. The competition in all the various classes was good, and in one or two instances very keen. The verdict of the judges, however, in all cases, as far as we could learn, was approved, and we do not remember a show where so little grumbling in this respect was to be heard. The show was fairly well patronised by the public on Thursday, but unfortunately rain fell heavily during Friday, and completely spoiled the attendance for that day.

We should like to refer in detail to the various competitions, but pressure on our space forbids, and we shall have to be content with a few references to the chief events.

CARNATIONS.

The handsome silver challenge bowl presented by Mr. A. Myers, M.P. for 20 varieties was won by Mr. E. H. Hayden with a fine lot, Lady Gore Brown, Countess, Smiler, Illustrious, Unique, Charmer, Dark Giant, Grandee, being some of the best blooms. Mr. Hayden has to win the bowl three times before it becomes his property. Mr. Edwin White took second place with small blooms; rather poor quality.

For 12 varieties, shown with collars, Mr. H. A. Fox, of Wellington, gained first place with an even stand of fine clean blooms, his varieties being Clara Solomon, Trojan (a splendid white), Sir Nigel (the champion bloom in the show), Amy Roberts, Printemps Day, Trilby, John Burns, Doreen, Cleopatra, Lady Ward (a Wellington seedling) Victoria Langham, and Mrs. F. Gale. Mr. J. Patterson was a good second, showing some very fine blooms, but the stand was lacking in evenness; some blooms of American sort were large and good; other flowers had good substance and quality, but the stand as a whole was not uniform. His best flowers were W. H. Par-

ton (a very fine English sort), Doreen, Princess May, Apollo, John Miller and W. H. Wallace.

For 6 picotees, one or more varieties, Mr. H. A. Fox scored easily with a grand lot of Sir Nigel in good condition. Mr. Fox also scored in 6 carnations (both sections) and 3 white grounds, showing in the latter Edelweiss, Anona and Mrs. H. Baillie (a Wellington seedling of great merit). Mr. Jeffrey was second, showing Campania, Mrs. F. Gale and Edelweiss. Mr. W. Leese took the prize for fancies, showing six fine blooms of John Miller Yellow.

Mr. G. F. Day was the chief prize-winner in the amateur section, gaining Mr. Brett's trophy for 12 varieties with a splendid stand, clean and nicely set up in their own foliage. His varieties were Doreen, Cloudy, President, Utopia, Dark Giant, Blushing Bride, Thalia, Waikato, Hair Strake, Mysterious, Sybil, and Charming. We observed in the stand of Mr. W. G. Richardson a bloom of a new seedling named Lord Islington, rather a coarse flower with a badly burst calyx—a bloom not worthy to bear the name. In Mr. Totman's stand we noticed a bloom named Lady Islington, a yellow ground, splashed carmine, a very good flower and promising variety.

The judges in this section were Messrs. H. Brett and F. Bennett, and their awards gave general satisfaction.

SWEET PEAS.

For 24 varieties, distinct, Mrs. Brown Clayton gained the silver medal in this class against all-comers, her varieties being Tom Bolton, Lady G. Hamilton, Helen Lewis, Paradise Ivory, Jeannie Gordon, Clara Curtis (a grand bunch nicely waved), Apple Blossom Spencer, Elsie Herbert, Mrs. Townsend, Marjory Willis, Mrs. C. Foster, Queen Victoria Spencer, (a very good bunch well grown) King Edward Spencer, Mrs. Collier, Mrs. Henry Bell, Black Knight Spencer, Mrs. A. Ireland, Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes, The Marquis, Dorothy Eckford, Maggie Stark (in good form and colour), Etta Dyke, Geo. Herbert, Aurora Spencer.

The Sydenham silver vase, weighing 20 ounces, for 18 varieties, went to Mr. G. W. Plummer whose best sorts were, Nancy Perkins, Maori Belle, Marie Corelli, Clara Curtis, Mrs. C. W. Breadmore, Breadmore's Lavender, Sun-proof Crimson, Queen of Norway, Mrs. H. Sykes, and Etta Dyke.

Mr. H. Goldie took second place, gaining a piece of silver plate in the same class. There were some good bunches here, but one or two weak ones relegated the exhibit to second place. His best bunches were Edna Unwin, Picotee Masterpiece, Clara Curtis and Mrs. Chas. Foster. For 12 varieties Mr. H. Goldie was placed first with a very good lot, Mrs. Brown-Clayton 2nd.

In the amateur section Dr. Hugh Douglas of Hamilton, annexed the principal prize, winning the challenge bowl offered by Messrs. Yates and Co. for 18 varieties, and first for 12 varieties; both stands had some very fine bunches. Miss Violet Palmer secured the first place for decorated table, Miss D. Bacon for bowl of sweet peas, Miss Palmer for epergne of peas, and Miss Anderson for epergne of carnations, Miss Bacon for basket sweet peas.

NON-COMPETITIVE EXHIBITS.

The exhibits set up by nurserymen and amateurs on this occasion were on a very large scale and materially added to the interest. Not only were these exhibits extensive, but they were arranged with artistic taste and effect, and without exception were of most excellent quality. Foremost in such displays must

be mentioned the novel arrangement introduced by Mr. Brett to display his magnificent carnation blooms; the arrangement consisted of an arch with bamboo flower holders in the centre. The blooms were shown on very long stalks and artistically interspersed with lycopodium. The flowers represented the cream of the up-to-date sorts, some of which were of enormous size, and attracted much attention and favourable comment. Mrs. J. D. Davis arranged the flowers in this stand and they were set up with taste and lightness of touch, which lent a charm to the whole novel design. Another exhibit of Mr. Brett's was of great interest to growers and intending growers of sweet peas, and consisted of a large number of vases of "two much alike varieties" for comparison. The judges, Messrs. Fox, Trevethick and Allan unanimously awarded a gold medal to this fine exhibit, and a similar honour was bestowed on the carnation stand.

Mrs. A. M. Myers set up a tastefully arranged group of pot plants, consisting of palms, adiantums, etc. A large number of beautiful roses also came from this lady's garden.

Messrs. Arthur Yates and Co. had a most comprehensive display of sweet peas, consisting of over 150 bunches, all grown on their own farm. Some fine blooms of Lilium Brownii and a fine array of young and healthy Adiantums, palms, etc., were set up here and there among the peas, and the whole exhibit was most attractive.

Mr. G. J. Mackay showed some exquisite examples of the florists' art, collections of carnations, gladioli, and pot plants in the greatest variety. The whole exhibit was staged as only a professional can.

Messrs. D. Hay and Son had a large table of pot plants, roses in great variety, carnations, and cut blooms of many kinds.

Messrs. Bennett and Green, Ltd., C. S. McDonald and Son, W. E. Lippiatt, Mr. A. Nicoll, and Mrs. Wilson all set up fine exhibits of great interest, which came in for considerable attention from visitors.

SWEET PEAS AND CARNATIONS.

"THE QUEEN'S FLOAT."

In spite of the unfortunate weather the committee's exhibition was a decided success, and the committee have every reason to feel satisfied at the result of their first carnival. Until the glorious displays in sweet peas and carnations, the public of Auckland had little idea of the great advance these lovely flowers had made in the district. Their cultivation is easy, simple, and above all most fascinating. The work is not too hard for ladies, nor is it too simple for men. It meets all tastes, and the results to be obtained are probably more noticeable than in any other departments of horticulture. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and no doubt many people will after last week's great show take up the hobby of either sweet peas or carnations—perhaps both. It is the intention of the society to make next year's carnival an even bigger affair than this one, and it is to be hoped that growers will assist them in making this event something to be looked forward to with anticipation not only by the gardening enthusiasts, but the great body of the public, many of whom have neither the time nor the opportunities to indulge their love of the beautiful in a little patch of their own. With such a magnificent climate as Auckland possesses, this carnival should rival the famous "Batailles de Fleurs" of some of the cities of Southern Europe. The floral fete at Ellerslie was rather too big an undertaking, but the combined exhibition and decorative display which the Auckland Society has initiated seems to be just the sort of gathering that is wanted. The society is very anxious to foster a love of flowers, and intending growers will find the officials only too pleased to give any information as to what to grow, and how to grow it. An ounce of experience is certainly worth much theory, but there are a number of points at the outset on which the beginner can be set right by the old hand, and saved much disappointment and many failures. Mr. G. W. Plummer, the hon. acting secretary, Rutland-street, will be pleased to hear from anyone desiring information about flowers or the society. The rain interfered with the show on Friday, but, fortunately, the society was favoured with fine weather on Saturday for the competitions in decorated vehicles, etc.

There was a large attendance of the public during the afternoon, and the dis-

play more than compensated for Friday's disappointment. The chief item on the programme arranged was the procession of the decorated vehicles, etc. Each class was well contested, and the competitors and their exhibits looked very pretty as they marched round the grounds. The Queen's Float, a new idea to Auckland, was well worth the time and trouble the Ladies' Committee took over it. The design of the carriage was uncommon, and the decorations of white cream and crimson sweet peas gave the exhibit a distinctive appearance. The Queen (Miss Isabel Reeve) looked very pretty riding in state, and she was attended by a number of dainty little pages and maids of honour, all dressed in white with touches of red, which harmonised well with the scheme of the carriage. The lorry on which the float was driven was drawn by four greys, with white trappings edged with red, and two little outriders rode in front on cream ponies lent by Messrs. W. H. Wales and J. C. Spedding, with similar trappings to the greys. The ponies were led by a page (Leslie Brett) in a cream velvet costume faced with cerise satin. The design was splendidly carried out, and the little Queen and her court took their parts admirably. The judges awarded the exhibit a double first—an honour in which the public quite agreed. The maids of honour were Molly Sweet and Rona Rainger, and the pages were A. Rainger, A. Goldie, S. Colgrove, C. Patterson, S. Bond, J. Montague, C. Murray, and Fred Gordon.

Those who were responsible for the work of decorating this novel turn-out were Messdames R. Bedford, P. Oliphant, P. Lindsay, Milnes, Colgrove, G. Hudson, Andrews, Archdale Taylor, Benjamin, Ashton, Gore Gillon, Peacock, Misses E. Kent, Henderson, Snelling, Towle, Kirker, Binney, Oliphant, Lindsay and others. A sweet stall, looked after by Messdames Atwood, Grimwade, Monckton, Mactier, Misses Mather, Jones and Mactier attracted many sixpences. During the exhibition a prettily decorated lorry was used for advertising purposes. Those who supervised the ornamenting of this novel feature were Messdames Green, Hayden, and Dorling, assisted by several others.

Excellent as the exhibits were they would have been even better had the weather not been so boisterous. The rain of the two previous days prevented some twenty more exhibitors sending in their entries, which is greatly to be regretted.

After the procession a large ring was formed, and Mrs. Hays' young ladies went through marching drill to music, which was much appreciated. The Tui Troop of Boy Scouts (Herne Bay) and the Northcote Troop gave exhibitions of drill, etc., and the little fellows (who were under Inspector Horace Stebbing and Scoutmasters A. Stebbing and Sharp) were loudly applauded. The A.M.R. Band, under Bandmaster Whalley Stewart, gave a popular programme during the afternoon.

The lighting arrangements for the carnival, which were excellent, were carried out by the Lux Light Company with their incandescent kerosene gas lamps.

The exhibition was again well attended in the evening, and the total takings came to about £200 for the three days. Following are the awards in the decorated classes:—

DECORATIONS.

Decorated Table.—Miss D. Bacon 1. Mrs Mowbray, Junr. 2; Miss V. Palmer 3.
Basket of Sweet Peas.—Miss N. Tizard 1. Miss Anderson 2. Miss V. Palmer 3.
Decorated Two-wheeled Vehicle.—A. G. Lee 1.
Decorated Pony Carriage.—Miss K. Buxton 1. Miss and Master Landon 2.
Decorated Bicycle.—Miss Mollie Baker 1.
Decorated Furnish for Ladies.—Miss Berezford 1. Mrs. Edmunds 2. Miss Luz Thompson 3.
Decorated Doll's Pram.—Miss Doris Lippincott 1. Miss Marjorie Hood 2. Miss E. Ballantyne 3. Miss Mrs. Briffault D.C.
Children's Tricycles.—Molly Doube 1. Douglas Hutchinson 2. Robin Hood 3.
Children's Cds.—Mrs. J. A. O'Connell 1. Mrs. Wm. Rich 2.
Novelty Class.—Tui Troop of Boy Scouts, Herne Bay (A. G. Stebbing, scoutmaster), decorated tent.

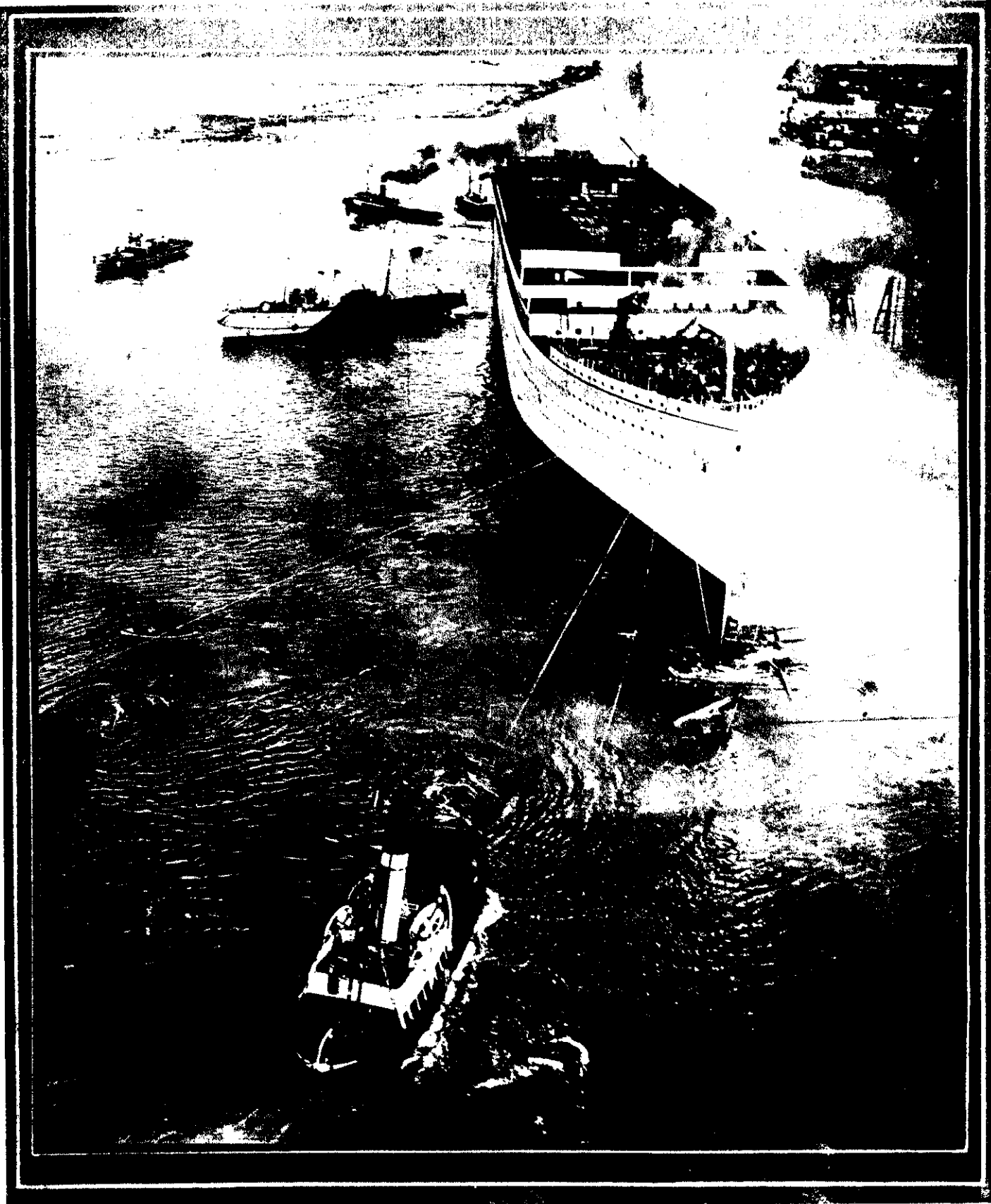
AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THANKS.

It being impossible to thank each personally, the Executive of the Auckland Horticultural Society desires to publicly thank all those who so kindly assisted in making the Sweet Pea and Carnation Carnival such a great success.

W. WALLACE BRUCE,
Secretary.
G. W. PLUMMER,
Assistant Hon. Secretary.

The Weekly Graphic and N.Z. Mail.



LAUNCHING THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SHIP.

Topical, photo.

Last month the biggest ship in the world was launched from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's yards at Belfast. This was the White Star liner "Olympic," which, with her sister ship the "Titanic" (now being built by the same firm), will each have 45,000 tons displacement, and be 800 feet in length. The greatest secrecy has been observed regarding the construction and general plan of these new ocean giants. A special dock has been built at Southampton, where these huge liners will berth. There are already rumours of a German rival now being laid down, which, in her turn, will beat all previous records. When the time comes, however, British ship-builders will know how to hold their own. It seems, however, most likely that nature will end this struggle, for the shallowness of the water on the American and German coasts must set a limit to the size of vessels which can approach their ports.



For full account see "Orange Blossoms."

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING IN AUCKLAND.

A. N. Breckon, photo.

A fashionable wedding took place at St. Mark's Church, Remuera, on December 3, when Miss L. Browning, daughter of Mrs. R. Browning, of Arney-road, Remuera, Auckland, was married to Mr. William Watson, son of Mr. William Watson, of Wellington. The wedding was conspicuous for its large attendance, and excited a large amount of interest in the social world. After the ceremony, a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother. (1 and 2) Snapshots at the reception. (3) The bridal group. (4) The bride leaving St. Mark's Church, Remuera, where the ceremony took place. (5) Some of the guests at the reception.



A. N. Breckon, photo.

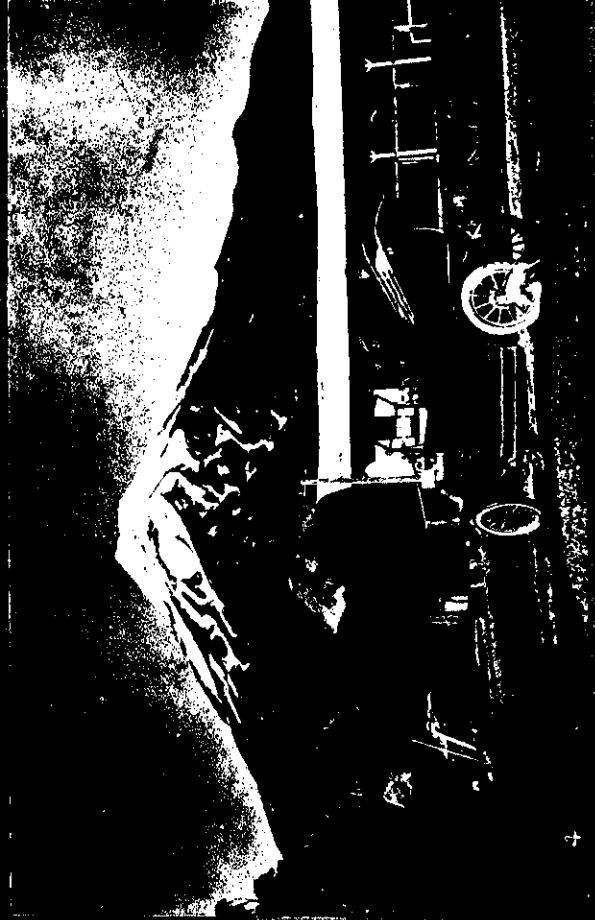
A FASHIONABLE WEDDING IN AUCKLAND.

Snapshots of guests who attended the Watson-Browning wedding at Remuera on Saturday last.

ON MOUNT EGMONT — FIRST



ASCENT OF THE SEASON.



L. H. Norton, photo.

WHERE TO GO FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

To Messrs. L. H. Norton, of Auckland, and T. F. Suddimore, of Sydney, belongs the credit of being the first to climb Mount Egmont this season. They set out from the Mountain-house at 8.30 a.m., and after a hard climb, comprising 53 hours, reached the summit. The last 1500 feet was over ice, axes having to be used by the climbers. After a brief stay at the top, the return journey was commenced, the house being reached at 3 o'clock. It took 2 1/2 days to descend the mountain at these junctures. (3) Climbing on the snow slope, about 1500 feet from the summit. (4) The Mountain-house, 1000 feet below the summit. (5) Above the clouds, climbing with an ice-axe.



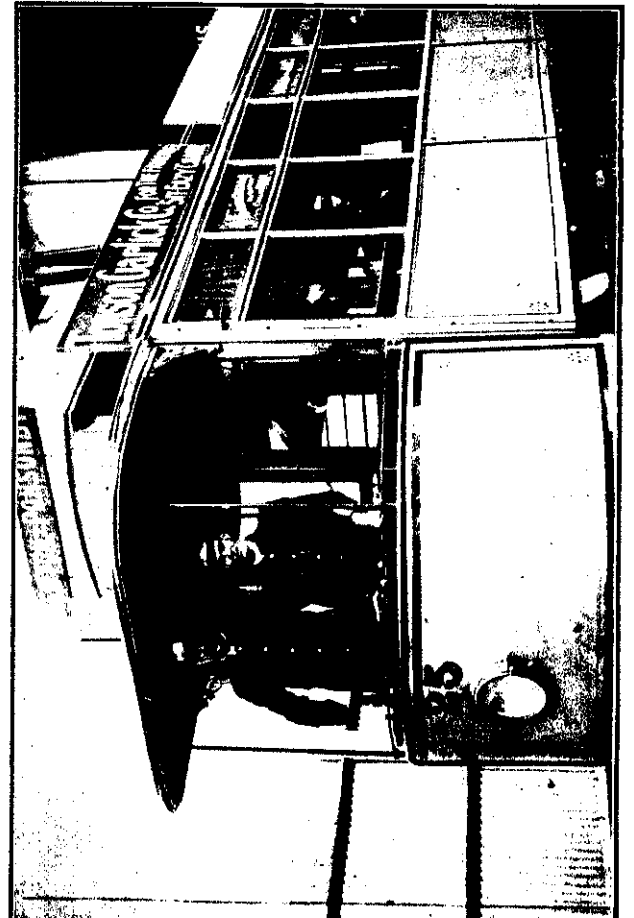
Burlington Studios, photo. "IT IS YOUR OWN, ISN'T IT?" produced by the George Willsby Company at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on Monday, December 21st, and the four following nights.



THE EFFECT OF EXCAVATION ON AN ADJOINING BUILDING. The extraordinary work for a building in Wyndham street, Auckland, received an unexpected check last week. Workmen had been engaged in excavating for the foundations, and during the lunch hour the wall of the adjoining building, shown in the foreground, fell into the excavation. The workmen were hurriedly and the wall was afterwards shored up and the interior of the building made safe. It is evident that the wall will have to be pulled down, as it is beyond repair.



Miles, photo. AN UNREHEARSED DRAIN-DIGGING TABLEAU AT WAIGORE. Whilst a gang of workmen were at work for the Public Works Department at Waigore digging a drain, they suddenly came across a party of quacks. One of the gang was engaged, and had to be hauled out with a rope as shown above.



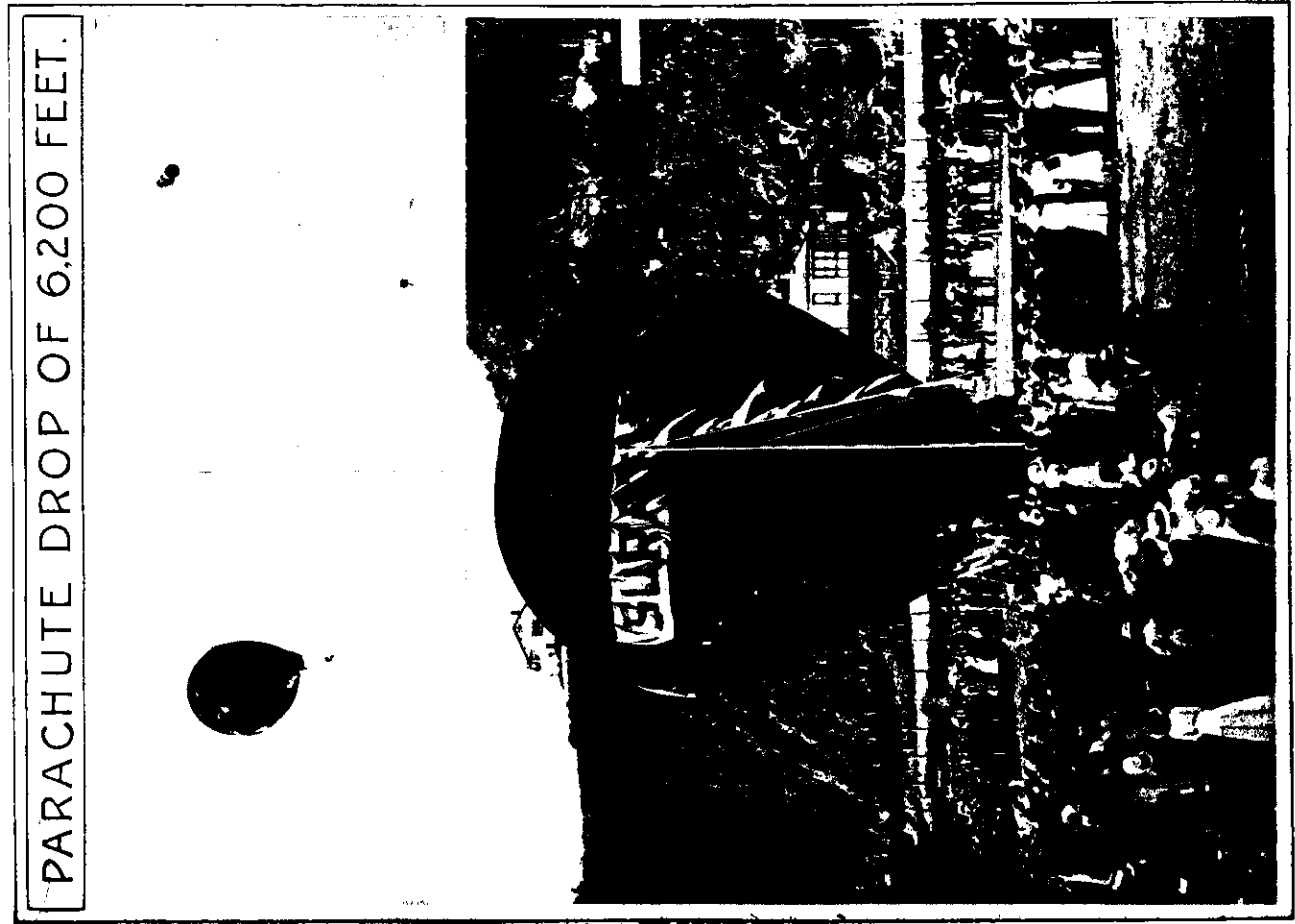
Butt, photo. A MOTORMAN KILLED CRUSHED BETWEEN TWO CARS. The motorman in charge of the car in the picture is Thomas Thompson, who was killed in Hobson street, Auckland, on the morning of November 29th, when a motor car was crushed between two cars. The motorman was crushed between the buffers of the two cars, death being instantaneous.



TO RACE AGAINST WEBB AT WANGANDI.
 Harry Peetre, who rows Webb for £200 a side on the world's championship course on the Waikaiti River, on Boxing Day.
 Newham, photo.



THE AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION SCULLER WITH HIS BACKER AND TRAINER.
 The members of the group are as follows:—Rowing from the left: Stirling, Moses, L. Siefert, G. Siefert (backer of Philip-
 vision North), Stirling, Mr. Lyons (Australasian), Mrs. W. Fogwell (trainer and parent).
 Wickham, photo.

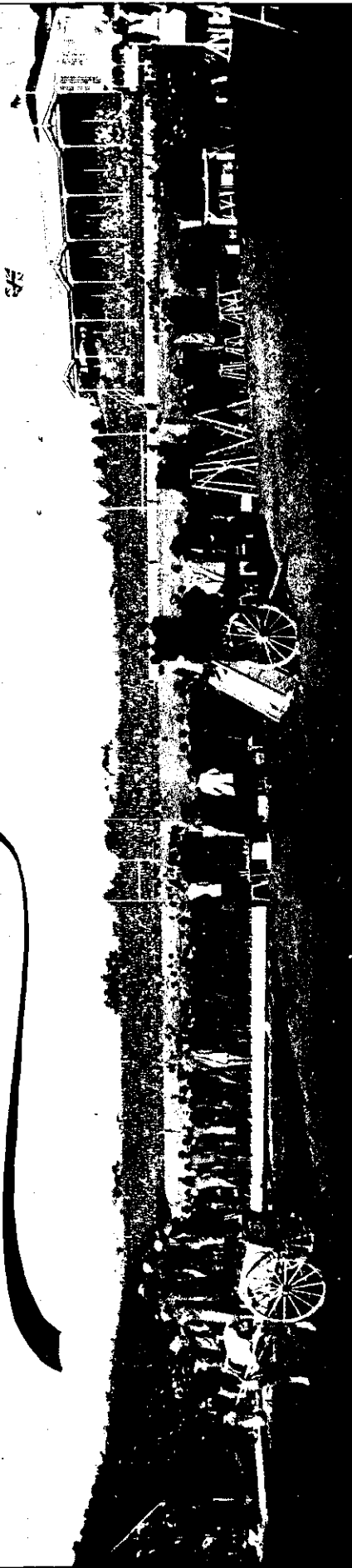


DARING AERIAL FEAT AT DAYS' BAY.

Tilbott, photo.

Some four thousand people were attracted to Day's Bay, Wellington, last week, to witness a balloon ascent and parachute descent by the company of aeronauts who have been touring the Dominion for some time. The big hot air balloon rose to a height of 6,000 feet (according to the aeronaut's statement), Mr. Stophpe making a safe descent by means of three parachutes. (1) The balloon ascending. (2) Mr. Stophpe commencing his descent. (3) The crowd watching preparations for the ascent.

Alexandra Park to be cut up by LAND SPECULATORS.



AUCKLAND'S MOST FAMOUS SPORTS GROUND TO GO.

The historic "Potter's Paddock" or Alexandra Park as it has been known for some years; the scene of so many famous rugby contests in the past, was purchased by an Auckland syndicate a few months ago, and is now to be roiled and cut up into little building sites. The park consists of nearly 22 acres, and in addition to its use as a football ground, it has been the scene of the big A. and P. Shows, while horse races have been held there for many years—the first about half-a-century ago. The survey of the property has already been completed, and the work of roiling will probably be commenced next year.

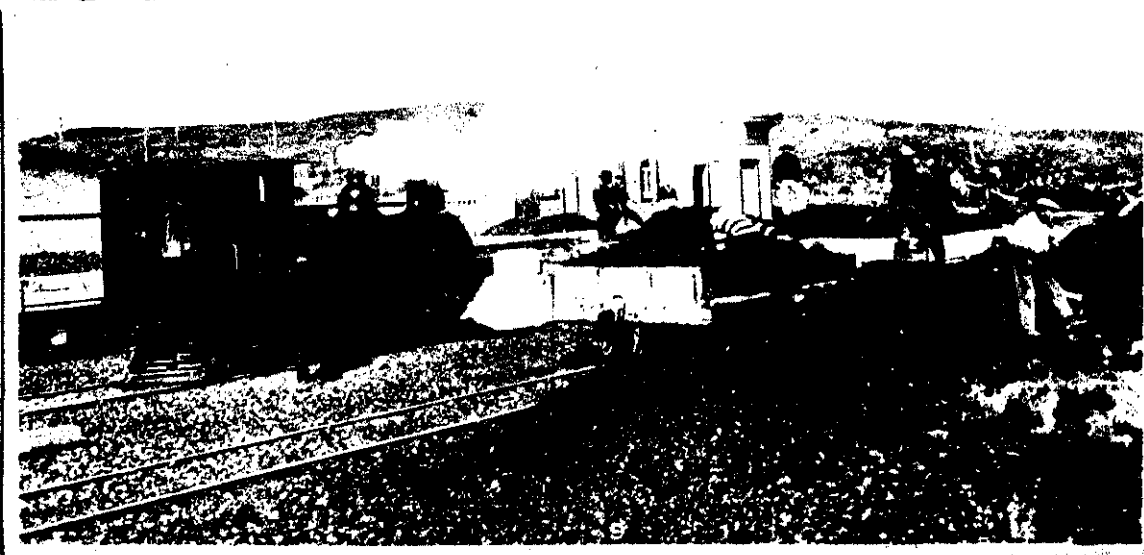
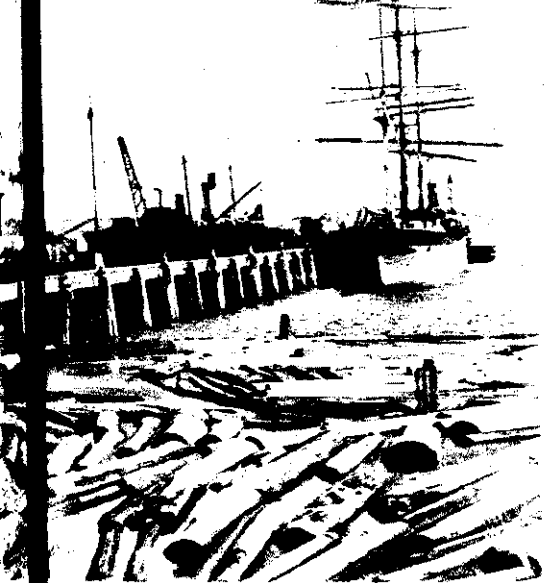


HOW GISBORNE IS SPENDING £175,000 FOR CIVIC IMPROVEMENTS.

The Gentle Annie Quarry, established by the Gisborne Borough Council at Paritahi, was formally opened last week. This quarry and tramway forms part of a big scheme for improving the town, including sewerage works, the installation of an electric light plant, and the establishment of tramways, for which a loan of £175,000 has been authorised by the ratepayers. The Gentle Annie quarry was selected after considerable comparison; in fact, quarrying plant has been installed, and this, worked in conjunction with the steam tramway, should afford an abundant supply of material for the streets and roads of the borough.

A.W.L. photo.

NORTH RAIL IS FORGED.



SECTION OF THE NORTHERN TRUNK LINE.

See Special Article, Page 45.

not to say slow, that it is hard for the Northern folk to realize now that they have a decent length of line which does not lead from somewhere to nowhere in particular. To allow vessels to pass up to the town wharf it is constructed as a drawbridge. (2) Mixing concrete for culverts on the Kalkohe extension on which the Public Engineering capability will be beyond question. (3) The Railway Wharf at Grahamtown, or according to its new name, Onehāli. By means of the extension of the line to this place where all the ballast comes from, about five miles from Kawakawa. (5) The head of the fertile Raima Raima Valley, two miles from Towai, the point to which the Rail Department. (8 and 9) Ballasting the line near Raima Raima.

Negative No. C 5681

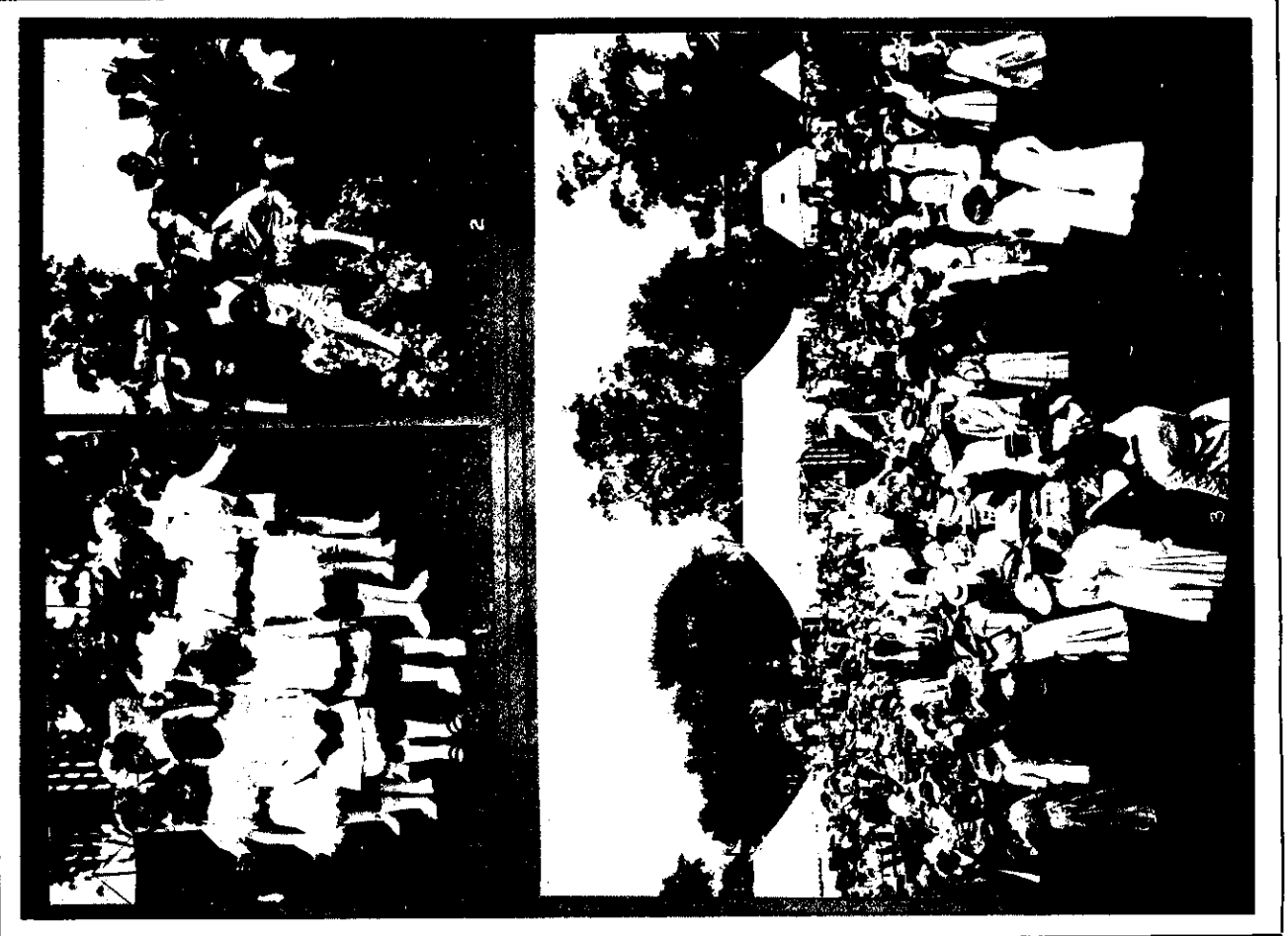


THE HEY-DAY OF THE SWEET PEA.

The central picture shows His Worship the Mayor of Auckland (Mr L. J. Bagnall) opening the carnival. The surrounding pictures show some of the extensive marquees in which the magnificent floral exhibits were shown. The Horticultural Society was most unfortunate in having such indifferent weather after their ambitious effort of a three-day show and carnival. For special account see "Our Illustrations."



The upper part of the picture shows the effectively arranged mass of exhibitions exhibited by Mr. H. Reedy. The clever scheme of decoration and arrangement was the work of Mrs. J. D. Jacobs. Inset at the bottom is "Early Wairarapa," a fine carnation raised in Wellington and exhibited in Mr. H. A. Fox's winning collection.



14. "The Queen," with judges and maids of honor. 15. The first, second and third prize-winners in the class for decorated bicycles. Molly Doude, A. Hirthsberg, and Alice Hood. 16. A corner of the grounds on the final day of the carnival.

MAGNIFICENT EXHIBITS AT AUCKLAND'S FLORAL CARNIVAL.



(1) "Trojan," a specimen from the first prize collection exhibited by Mr. H. A. Fox (Wellington). (2) "Mrs. H. Baillie," exhibited by Mr. G. Jeffrey (Wellington) in the class for white ground picotees. (3) Six blooms of picotee, "Sir Nigel," exhibited by Mr. H. A. Fox.



A SPLENDID COLLECTION OF PALMS, FERNS AND CARNATIONS IN POTS, EXHIBITED BY MRS. A. M. MYERS.

See "Our Illustrations" for special account.

AUCKLAND'S BIG FLORAL CARNIVAL—THE HEYDAY OF THE SWEET PEA.



AUCKLAND'S BIG FLORAL CARNIVAL—THE HEYDAY OF THE SWEET PEA.

The Auckland Sweet Pea and Carnation Carnival this year was on a very elaborate scale. It was held on the Metropolitan grounds, and extended over three days. Unfortunately the weather was not good, and this disappointed the attendances very considerably. The display of blooms was magnificent, sweet peas and carnations, of course, predominating. (1) Mr. H. A. Fox's Wellington, first prize collection of carnations (cutter class). (2) Messrs. Yates and Co.'s exhibit. (3) Mr. Gilbert J. Mackay's exhibit. (4) Peas and palms shown by T. S. McInnill and Son (Hawson).

See "Our Illustrations" for special account.



For special account see "Our Illustrations."

AUCKLAND'S BIG FLORAL CARNIVAL.

(1) The Queen's float, with outriders and escort. (2) Mrs. Heap's pupils, who took part in an effective sweet pea march and old English Morris dance. (3) "The Queen" (Miss Isabel Reeve). (4) Two of the decorated traps. (5) A group of prize-winners in the classes for decorated prams and go-karts.



FLOWERS AND CHILDREN IN PAGEANT—AUCKLAND'S BIG FLORAL CARNIVAL.

For special account see "Our Illustrations."
 The sweet pea and carnation equivalent held by the Auckland Horticultural Society was brought to a conclusion on Saturday in the Metropolitan grounds. The procession of decorated vehicles, headed by the "Queen's Float," adorned with white and crimson sweet peas and crimson ranunculus, was the chief attraction. The attendance on Saturday was over 2,000. (1) Miss Edna Boland, third in the class for decorated doll's pram. (2) Miss Inez Lipscombe, awarded first prize for the most decorated doll's pram. (3) Miss M. Hood, second prize for best decorated pram. (4) Decorated pram for ladies; Miss Beesford first. (5) The Queen's Float. (6) Queen Miss Isabel Rovere is seated under a floral canopy, and attended by maids of honour and pages, all dressed in white with tulle-trimmed bodices. (7) Miss Mollie Baker, winner of the first prize for the best decorated baby-carriage.

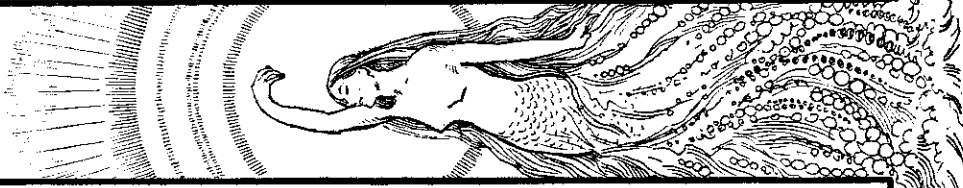
LEADERS OF COMMERCE IN THE DOMINION



MR. THOMAS HODGSON.



MR. JOHN BEFF.



Morton, photo.

Mr. Thomas Hodgson, manager and secretary of the Northern Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Company, Ltd., arrived in New Zealand from England in 1879. He has been a member of both the Newton and the Mount Eden School Committees and was twice a member of the Chamber of Commerce Council, but resigned recently owing to pressure of business responsibilities. At present he is president of the New Zealand Federation of Manufacturers' Association of Employers, a member of the Council of the Auckland Employers' Association, and a member of the committee of the Auckland Industrial Association. Mr. Hodgson has held the position of secretary of the Northern Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Company, Ltd., since its incorporation in January, 1882, and has been manager since 1897.

Whitely, photo.

Mr. John Beff, managing director of the firm of J. Beff and Co., Ltd., the Manawatu Carriage Factory, was born in Wanganui in 1862. He commenced his business career in 1882, and in 1883 the concern was formed into a limited company. The factory now covers about an acre of ground in the heart of Palmerston North, and employs about thirty hands. In 1904 Mr. Beff's factory was completely destroyed by fire, but was quickly reorganised and is working under the next day in temporary premises.



THE ADVENTURES OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND—PICTURESQUE RENDERING OF A FAMOUS FAIRY TALE BY AUCKLAND JUVENILES.

The next performance of "Alice in Wonderland" will be given in St. Paul's Schoolroom, Symonds street, on December 15th. Scenes for the five acts has been specially painted by Miss M. Audey. Although the previous performances were highly successful, the producers intend to still further improve and strengthen the production, introducing among other features the comical "Lobster Quadrille," danced by eight little children appropriately attired in the full glory of the scarlet livery which usually adorns the lobster on his appearance to public. (1) The Caterpillar. (2) "We are three mischievous fellows,"—The Mad Hatter, the Dormouse and the March Hare. (3) And I am the head of this noble clan. Known as "rabbitus nunc." (4) The pointer pigeon (5) "We called him Tortoise, because he straggled us. Really you are very dull." (6) The harkkhal.



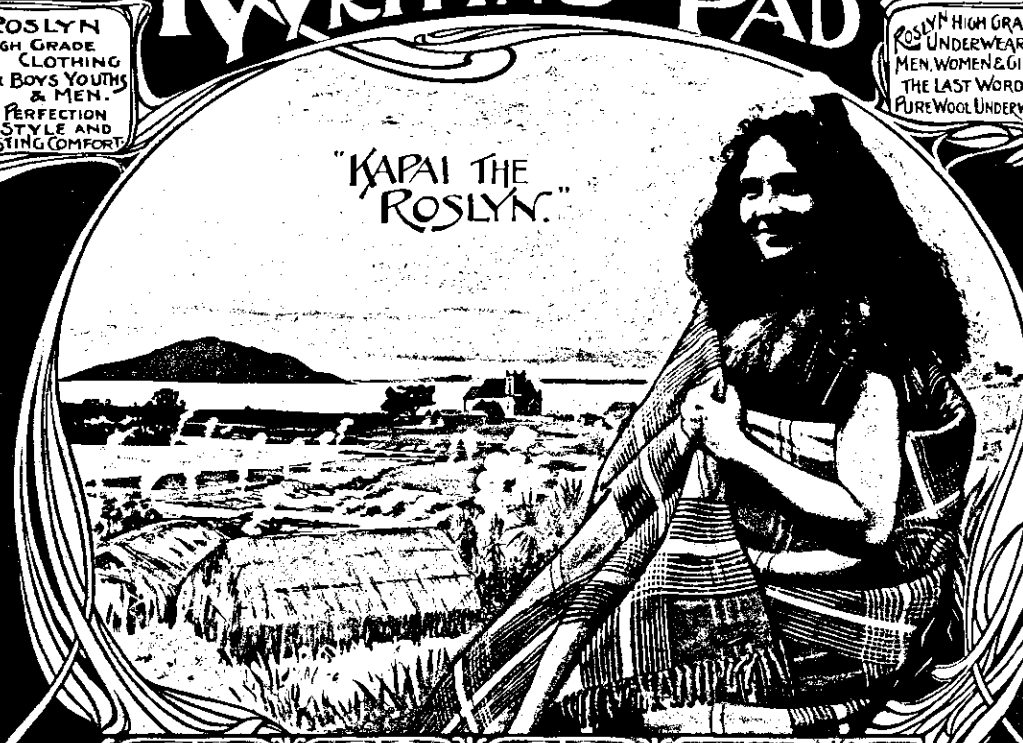
THE ADVENTURES OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

With the object of augmenting the Chaplaincy Fund to Public Institutions and aiding the finances of the Girls' Friendly Society, several performances of "Alice in Wonderland" have been given in Auckland recently. The company is formed by choir boys of St. Stephen's, and the merit of their work was recognised by the good audiences which attended the various performances. The next production of "Alice's Adventures" will be given in St. Paul's Schoolroom, Synmounds-street, on December 15. The above illustrations give some idea of the care and attention to detail which has been given to the production by the promoters. (1) A monkey. (2) The owl. (3) The Hatter. (4) Alice plays Croquet at the Queen's Party. (5) Alice. (6) "Herald read the Accusation." (7) The Duchess.

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ROSLYN HIGH GRADE UNDERWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN & GIRLS. THE LAST WORD IN PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR.

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ROSLYN PURE WOOL UNSHRINKABLE FLANNEL & FLAIDING IS OF THE SAME HIGH STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE AS THE FAMOUS ROSLYN DELTA UNDERWEAR FINISH.

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Ellebeck, photo.
MISS RITA G. SMITH.
First Piano Solo (under 10).

MISS LILY ALDRIDGE.
Winner Recitation: "Planting Trees."

A PAIR OF FAIR PERFORMERS.
MISS VERA HARDY (on right of picture).
First Recitation (Standard IV. and under.

PRETTY JUVENILE PERFORMERS AT THE RECENT AUCKLAND COMPETITIONS



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



F 6907—9ct. Gold Links, 15/6 per pair



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



F 6338—9ct. Gold Shoe Pin Charm, 5/-



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



J 2885—9ct. Gold Brooch, 15/6



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

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J1047—Greenstone and Gold Brooch, 12/6



H 7974—9ct. Gold Links, 20/- per pair



G 5951—Silver Charm 1/6



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



Enamel Pin Charm 3/6



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



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



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

The "Sights" of London.

Some of us out here were born in the Old Country, and know and remember it well; others amongst us have had their trip or trips Home, and have memories stored with gay and pleasant reminiscences. More still hope to go someday, or dream of the delights of such a visit, and to each and all of us the sights of London glitter attractively. We think of the theatres, the restaurants, the shops, the luxury, and we forget the other "sights." It would be well if we remembered them sometimes. It would increase our gratitude for certain advantages we enjoy; it would lessen our desire or home-sickness for the sparkle and splendour of "town," as most of us still think of London. Such has often lately been the thought of the expatriated and oft-times London hungry compiler of these columns when, in the task of going through the weekly files of English newspapers which arrive every Monday, he comes across dozens upon dozens of such items as this:—

**FAMILY OF ELEVEN.
TWELVE SHILLINGS A WEEK FOR RENT AND FOOD.**

Rachel Algar, twenty, a laundress-packer and sorter, was charged at West Ham with stealing linen from her employer's premises.

The police, it appeared, visited the girl's home at 49, Grange-road, Plaistow, and found twenty pawntickets. When charged at the police station, she said: "I have been driven to it. I am getting only 8/- a week, and I have to give all that to my mother. There are nine others beside me."

Algar: The pawntickets belong to my mother.

The Clerk: How many are there at home beside you?

Algar: Ten, sir. My youngest sister earns 4/- a week.

Anybody else earning money?—No, sir.

Is your stepfather in work?—No, sir; he has done only about five weeks' work this year, and we have to pay 6/8 a week rent.



The Very Queen of Xmas Gifts

What article can you buy at the same cost that will contribute as much genuine, lasting pleasure and comfort to the recipient as a

Bissell "CYCO" BALL BEARING Carpet Sweeper?

It reduces the labor about 95%, making it a constant reminder of the giver for ten years or more, and will gratify mother, wife, sister or friend during all this time as no other article at a similar cost possibly can.

Prices, "CYCO" Bearing 14/- to 25/-
"Cyco" BALL BEARING 15/- to 29/-

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
23 Warren Street,
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(Largest and Only
Exclusive Carpet
Sweeper Makers
in the
World.)



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is the History of the Writing Machine
NEW MODELS, 10 and 11—NOW READY

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With Column Selector With Built-in Tabulator

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Offices at Wellington, Invercargill, Dunedin,
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LADIES' WHITE AND TAN BOOTS AND SHOES

Over 2000 pairs of WHITE BOOTS AND SHOES NOW OPENED.

LADIES' WHITE WALKING SHOES, 5/6 and 6/6 pair
LADIES' WHITE TENNIS SHOES, 2/6, 2/11, 4/6 and 4/11 pair
LADIES' WHITE BOOTS, 3/11 pair

See our WHITE OXFORD WALKING SHOE, at 6/6

LADIES' TAN SHOES, a beautiful assortment just opened at our famous bedrock prices.

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

LADIES' TAN BOOTS, 10/6 to 20/-

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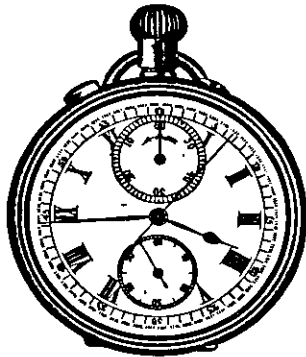
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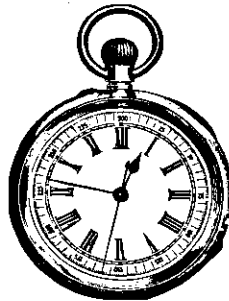


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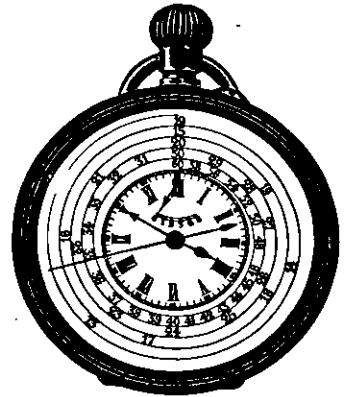
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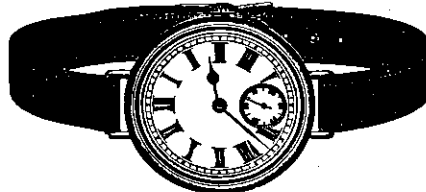


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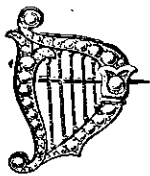
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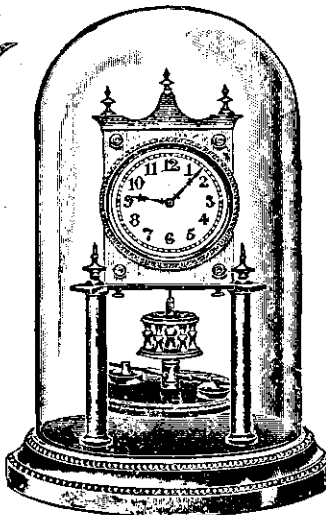
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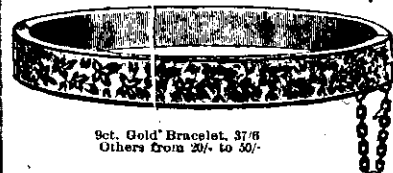
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LIFE IN THE GARDEN

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.

Stratford Horticultural Society.—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.

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.



LOOKING DOWN ONE OF THE MANY AVENUES OF SWEET PEAS IN MR. HENRY BRETT'S GARDEN AT LAKE TAKAPUNA.



Valle, photo. AMONG THE SWEET PEAS.—THE PHOTO SHOWS THE GREAT HEIGHT TO WHICH THE PLANTS WILL GROW WHEN PROPERLY TRAINED.

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, Zinnias, Cockscomb, Phlox, Portulacca, Zinnias.

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

GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

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

Mulch strawberries to keep the fruit clean. Thrashed straw, free from weeds, is a good mulch or grass from the lawn may be employed.

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

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

There is an immense amount of work in the flower garden to get through. Dahlias must be planted out as soon as sufficiently hardened. Fuchsias and bouvardias plant out and give a mulch of old manure. Chrysanthemums which have been struck during winter, can be planted out this month, select a well-manured part of the garden for them and water freely. Carnations require thinning, disbudding and tying up. Top-dress with old manure to encourage a healthy growth of "grass" for layering. Amaranthus, celosias, petonias, phlox drummondii, etc., plant out, and also salvias. These are all splendid subjects in the garden, and should be plentifully planted where a fine display is wanted. Tie up sweet peas to their supports, as they advance, and when the buds show freely give some liquid manure once or twice a week.

Hamilton Horticultural Show.

The summer show this week was a great success. The attendance was very good, the entries were larger than ever before, and the blossoms were in most cases particularly good. Quite a feature of the show, was the sweet pea exhibit. A stand fixed down the whole length of the hall, was taken up entirely by the exhibits of this lovely flower, of all conceivable colours and tints. The prize for the 24 varieties (not more than six of each) was carried off by a youthful Hamilton grower, J. Currie, against many competitors, including Mr. Goldie (Auckland). This prize also includes Dr. Douglas' trophy. The champion rose of the show proved to be one exhibited by Mrs. Douglas, a lovely white bloom of Frau Karl Drusehki. The table decorations were much more numerous, than for the past few shows, and also of much



Cartwright photo.
THE CHAMPION ROSE AT THE HAMILTON HORTICULTURAL SHOW.
A fine specimen of Frau Karl Drusehki, exhibited by Mrs. Douglas.



A LADIES' HAT MADE AND TRIMMED ENTIRELY WITH GREEN FLAX.
This clever piece of work was exhibited by Miss Rothwell, and awarded first prize at the Hamilton Horticultural Show.

higher artistic merit. Indeed we heard them very favourably compared to the city show tables, and greatly in the favour of the country. The first prize table, won by Miss Reid, was a graceful arrangement in mauve ixias, linarias, scabious and other mauve blossoms, combined with maidenhair and ornamental grass, with a table centre of mauve ninon. In the class for novices, many good tables were shown, notably the first of sweet peas, by Mrs. W. Hunter, and the second of heliotrope blossoms,

by Gladys Tompkins. The class for decorated hat, was well filled, the first prize one, being that made by Miss Rothwell. This was made entirely of green flax, cleverly plaited, and trimmed with loops of flax for ribbon, and bunches of Japanese maple. The children's classes were fairly well entered for, the bouquets being of such uniform value, that the judge donated five or six boxes of chocolates to that number of juvenile exhibitors who came so near the prizes. We would like to see bou-



Valle, photo.
HORTICULTURAL ENTHUSIASTS AT LAKE TAKAPUNA—VISITORS INSPECTING THE CARNATION BEDS IN MR. HENRY BRETT'S GARDEN.

The Reckless Waste of Life in America.

328 People Killed by Railways Every Month—The Cruelties of the Courts.

By JOHN M. GITTERMAN.

"The one thing which disgraces our civilisation to-day is the delays of civil and criminal justice, and these delays always work in favour of the man with the longest purse."—President Taft, in an address before the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, March 18, 1910.

IT is difficult to realise that in the fiscal year 1908 the railroads of the United States killed, in addition to passengers, 3470 of their own employees. When three or four hundred persons perish in some steamboat disaster or theatre fire, the world stands aghast at the calamity. Yet the United States railways brought about an average of 328 deaths each month since 1903. Many a tidy little city has fewer adult male inhabitants than the 4534 employees whom the railroads killed in 1907.

Injuries are twenty times more numerous than deaths. Whereas once in two hours, month in and month out, a conductor, brakeman, switchman, or railway labourer perishes by accident, one is maimed every six minutes.

No wonder that most of the United States life-insurance companies refuse to insure a railroad man on any terms, while in any sort of company a switchman can be insured only at a rating twenty years in advance of his actual age.

Worst of all, matters are not improving. As appears from the statistics, the proportion of employees killed outright remains nearly constant, at about a-quarter of one per cent each year. Not so the proportion of injured. The absolute number of accidents should have just about doubled with the expansion of the industry. As a matter of fact, it has quadrupled. Where, twenty years ago, the employee had an even chance of remaining uninjured for more than fifteen years, his expectation has sunk nearly to eight. Where the injured per hundred miles of single track per year were 13.4, they are now 36.2. The killed were 1.4; they are now 1.5.

It is not, however, my object to enlarge upon these gruesome facts, but to consider, rather, what befalls the wives and children of these four thousand dead bread-winners, and the families of the injured who are too seriously crippled to earn their former wage. That the killed, the maimed, and their families, taken together, would make up each year the population of a fair-sized city, indicates the magnitude of the problem. A few individual cases will illustrate its gravity.

Let me begin with a simple human document, the letter of a railway employee's widow. Her husband, a conductor on a well-known Western railroad, was sent out on the road, to haul a train with a light yard engine that

was quite inadequate to the work. The engine, in consequence, jumped the track and turned over. The engineer had a leg broken; the fireman was scalded; one of the crew was killed outright; and the conductor, pinned down in the snow under the engine, was scalded and inhaled hot steam.

A—, Okla., Jan. 9, 1910.

Mrs. A.A.R.—

My Dear Friend,—I received your dear letter several days ago and it certainly did help me. I know the kind words and sympathy was from a true friend. We are getting along as well, even better than I thought we could without my dear husband. Everyone has been so kind. The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen here and at W— were so kind to us. God knows I can never thank 'em in words for their kindness. No one knows how hard it is to give up our life's companion when they love one another as Charlie and I did; and as you said, we were so happy and contented with each other. I am so glad and thankful that I can say our last days together were happy ones. I know it makes it so much harder to part. God alone only knows how hard it was to part, and to know he had to die as he did away from home.

And we could not be together our last hours. He told me the evening before . . . that they would have to take the switch engine to C— to have it washed out, so he . . . just left word for me at the depot that he had gone to C— and would be back some time the next day. . . . Well, I waited all day but he did not come; so I could not be contented some way, and Edna went to a neighbour's and phoned to see what time he would be home, and they said about half-past nine, so I waited and waited but he didn't come, so I thought I would go to bed, and fixed my bed, but I could not. So I just stood by my west kitchen window, and watched the crews come in and come up for lunch, and then I heard some one knock on a neighbour's door. Then I see someone coming across the street. I waited until they knocked, and I went to the door, and there stood Mrs. P—. I said what is the matter. She said did you know there had been a wreck. I said is Charlie hurt; she said yes, and . . . is killed. . . . I said you tell them to have the train ready I'll be there to go in fifteen minutes; so I went to the depot and asked if

the train was ready and the operator said that there was no train until about 7 a.m. He said I will see if they will send a train and the answer came back no. All the men had worked their sixteen hours and needed their rest, so I come back and went to the agents' room and called him and told him. He went and wanted a train and it was refused; . . . so the agent came back and told me that 7 a.m. was the first train, and

me; he said no don't tell her until we get most home. He said she will worry herself sick. He thought that he could come home, but the Dr. said not to move him as he would not live, so they sent for me anyhow. They took him on an engine from the wreck to the station, and he walked from the engine to the section house. His first words were about me, and the last before he became unconscious.

About half of an hour before he died he called for me and I could not answer, and just as he died he spoke my name. Oh! if I could answer his last call. But I could not. I try not murmur nor complain, but Oh! how hard it seems sometimes as though I surely will go wild! But my trust is in God. He never has forsaken me yet, and he has promised in His Holy word to be a Father to the widows and orphans, and he will be. He is faithful who promised. . . . I want to keep the children in school. Edna is in the 8th grade, and I want her to make her grade, and the other three are doing nicely. I have had double doors put between the dining room and front room, and have two beds in there. I think I can make my rent and fuel out of my rooms. And I am working at the O— eating house for six dollars per week, and that had ought to feed the four children as I get my board too. We are all pretty well rigged out for clothes. The men are so good about



INSIDE OF A SLEEPING-CAR AFTER A WRECK ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

that Charlie was resting and was perfectly conscious. Then I thought, well maybe there is some hopes for him, but when the caller came for me he told me he was dead.

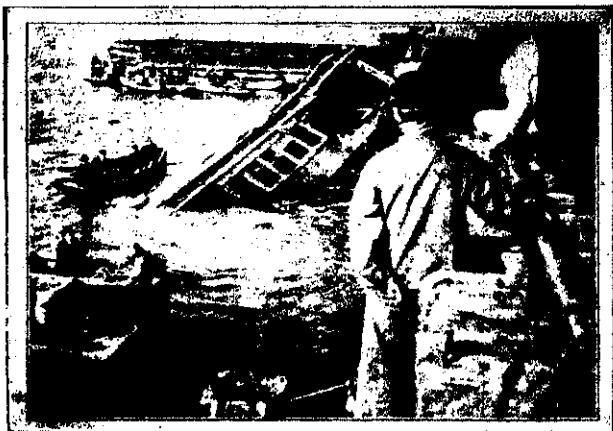
This is what was hard to think. I could not go to him when they sent for me. And when the crew call for 7 a.m. the order was to take out a full train and do local work. With me, my husband dead and the fireman's wife her husband badly hurt. When the crew read the orders, Oh, but they were mad and Mr. I— wired back give us the engine and way car to take these men's wives, and the crew will go free of charge. Then the order came to go late and as quick as possible, which they did. I went on to C— as they took Charlie's body there. There was one of the B. of R. T. went from C—, and when we meet the passenger there was two more of the B. of R. T. One went back as far as F—, the other went to W—, and when we arrived at W—, there at the depot was a brakeman that used to room here and Mr. K— Mr. D. B. P—, and it seems there was six of them, every one of them just like a brother, so kind and thoughtful. I sent word to his sister, but her husband was very poorly and she could not come, and there was none of my folks that could come, so I and the children was alone as far as any relatives was concerned, but there was so many kind friends I laid him away the very best I could. His face was burned on his forehead and a spot about like a dollar on his cheek; and a place on his nose, but his lips were parched. The wreck was about 5.55 and he lay in the snow till about 8 or 9 before they got any one there to take them on to B— W—. One of the men asked if they should send for

coming over here to sleep. There are six a sleep here now, and then there was one slept here to-day. I have always found it to be true God will help those who try to help themselves.

Children all send kind regards, and many best wishes are yours. As ever your faithful friend,

Mrs. E— R—
A—, Okla.

When this case was last heard from, the railway still owed its conductor's estate his wages for two months before death, and the family was destitute. By and by the widow will find counsel who are willing to gamble on the chance of a successful outcome, and will sue the company. Then the case will probably follow the course of the following similar one. On the morning of December 17, 1897, Thomas Kane, a fireman employed by the Erie Railroad, was standing on the front end of his locomotive, industriously engaged in cleaning his engine number. In order to perform this operation it was essential that Kane should stand with his face toward the boiler—a position that necessarily prevented him from seeing what was taking place behind his back in the railroad yard. It was not surprising therefore, that Kane did not perceive the approach of another train, which, through some one's blundering, had been given the track upon which his own locomotive was standing. Everything was soon over for poor Kane. His widow and children were left destitute, and his widow presently appeared in the United States Circuit Court in the District of Ohio, as a plaintiff for damages against the Erie Railroad. Jurors are proverbially tender-hearted towards widows in cases of this kind, and in the trial court



WRECK ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AT ATLANTIC CITY, OCTOBER 1906, IN WHICH 70 LIVES WERE LOST.



THE NEW YORK CENTRAL WRECK AT CROTON, DECEMBER 31, 1906.
In which Spencer Trask was killed. A freight train running at thirty miles an hour struck the express, crushing the end car and wrecking the car ahead.

Mrs. Kane received a verdict for £800. The Erie Railroad did not accept this conclusion as final, and promptly took the case to the Circuit Court of Appeals. On August 13, 1902—five years after fireman Kane's death—this tribunal set aside the £800 verdict and ordered a new trial. And so Mrs. Kane began all over again. Her second trial dragged along 2 more years, Mrs Kane's patience finally being rewarded, in April, 1904, by a decision against her. The fireman's widow, her spirit not yet entirely destroyed, now exercised her option and appealed to the higher Federal Court. This time justice moved with comparative rapidity, for eight months later, in December, 1904, the Circuit Court of Appeals handed down another decision, this time in Mrs. Kane's favour. It awarded her no damage, of course; it merely decided that the verdict of the lower court was not in accordance with the law and the facts, and therefore set it aside. Its practical effect, as far as Mrs. Kane was concerned, was to leave her precisely where she had started, seven years before. That is, she had the right to begin all over again; and this she bravely did.

On her third appearance in the trial court, however, Mrs. Kane received summary treatment. Judge Cochran refused to let the case go to the jury, directing a verdict in favour of the Erie railroad. Apparently nothing could discourage the indomitable Mrs. Kane, for she promptly appealed the case. In the upper court once more she was victorious. Justice Richards set aside the verdict and ordered a new trial. And now, for the fourth time, Mrs. Kane started the litigation in the trial court. This time she won. But the Erie railroad evidently had as great perseverance as the fireman's widow, for instead of paying the damages it promptly appealed. The decision rendered by the higher court on June 26, 1907, shows that the case was getting on the nerves even of the learned justices. "This case has now been here four times," the opinion read. "There must be an end of litigation." It decided in favour of Mrs. Kane. The ever-patient Erie Railroad, however, was still unsatisfied, and hailed Mrs. Kane before the Supreme Court of the United States. It was not until this body refused to interfere with the verdict that the corporation accepted the inevitable and paid the claim sometime after November 11, 1907.

Nine years, ten months, and twenty-seven days, the widow of fireman Kane was kept waiting for justice. The case had been tried four times in the lower court, and five times it had been heard on appeal. One may guess how much was left from the final damages after the payment of printing bills and lawyers' fees.

Or take the case of Catherine Schlemmer against the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railway Company. The Federal Safety Appliance Act finally went into effect in August, 1900. The law had been passed seven years and seven months before, but it had granted an interval to the railroads in order that they might equip their cars with couplers coupling automatically by impact. The Buffalo, Rochester, and Pittsburgh, however, had not yet found it convenient to comply.

Schlemmer was ordered to make a coupling between a caboose and a shovel-car, which had, instead of the automatic coupler required by law, an iron draw-bar some seventy or eighty pounds in weight; fastened underneath by a pin

and projecting a foot beyond the car. Moreover, the end of the shovel-car was higher than the end of the caboose, so that the two passed each other instead of coming into contact. Schlemmer, therefore, found it necessary to go between the cars to make his coupling. He held a lantern in one hand, for it was dusk, and lifted the heavy draw-bar with the other, at the same time crouching down



WRECK AT CHATTANOOGA CREEK, IN 1907, ON THE NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA AND ST. LOUIS RAILWAY.

Caused by an explosion of dynamite. Six men were killed and the engineer was badly injured.

below the level of the bottom of the shovel-car. Strange as it may seem under these simple conditions, in endeavouring to guide the 80-pound bar into its slot with one hand while he manipulated the lantern with the other, Schlemmer rose just a little too high, and the cars sheared off the top of his head.

The case lingered in the Pennsylvania courts, and finally reached the Supreme Court of the United States in the spring of 1907—only to be sent back to the State courts for more trials. Ten years have now elapsed since the accident. Perhaps, in the course of time, inasmuch as the railroad was clearly wrong in violation of the Federal law, Catherine Schlemmer and her children may recover damages. They have as yet not received a penny.

Nor is the state of affairs in any wise different when the employee, instead of being killed, is merely crippled for life. Henry Brinkmeier, for example, had been a brakeman and conductor for seventeen years, had no other business or occupation, and had been earning from £12 to £17 a month. On November 12, 1900, three months after the Safety Appliance Act had gone into effect, the Missouri Pacific Railway Company was using, in its salt traffic, cars the couplers of which would not couple, and Brinkmeier, in consequence, had his right leg smashed.

The usual results followed. The case has come before the Supreme Court of Kansas four times; it comes up every two years, and its latest appearance was early in November, 1909. The decisions of the lower courts have varied from the award to the injured brakeman of £1200 damages to the opinion that, since the car must have been in the proper condition when new, and nobody had reported it out of order, and the brakeman had not resigned his position on dis-

covering that something was wrong, therefore it was all the brakeman's fault, and the railroad is entitled to recover from him £23 costs. There is this to be said for the impartiality of the courts: if Brinkmeier, after nine years of costly litigation, has not recovered a penny of his £1300 for his leg, neither has the railroad received any part of its £23 costs.

One could go on citing such cases indefinitely.

No one who has not had a similar experience can picture the misery of each separate case—the sudden stopping of the family income, the prolonged anxiety of recurring trials, the ever-increasing fees. The children, taken from school, are demoralised by the prospect of funerals that never come, and deprived of early advantages that the long-delayed reparation brings too late. Nevertheless, in the end, the loss of a productive worker, the loss to his children of an early education, and the cost of obtaining justice are losses that must be borne by society as a whole. Surely a civilized society ought to be able to devise some means of reducing this loss.

If we wish to learn precisely why Mrs. Kane and thousands of other long suffering widows have been unable to recover damages, or have recovered them only in inadequate amounts and after years of nerve-racking litigation, we must go back seventy-four years to a notable spectacle presented in England, in 1836, at the Lincolnshire Summer Assizes.

Before this solemn tribunal appeared one Priestley, who for many years had diligently pursued in that neighbourhood the humble calling of butcher. Priestley

butcher shop to a stipulated destination. The remarkable circumstance involved in this hundred proceeding—the one fact that lifts it out of the commonplace, gives it immortality, and makes it a vital part of American judicial procedure—is this: that Priestley himself did not actively have charge of this butcher van; he merely seated himself contentedly and peacefully upon it; he was, in the eyes of the chance observer, simply a passenger. Another essential person was involved, whose name has not been handed down; another employee of Fowler, who loaded the van, drove the horses—in fact, actively assumed responsibility for the whole proceeding. In the eyes of the law, this person was likewise Fowler's "servant," and to Priestley his relation was the extremely important one of "fellow servant."

These two servants started out flourishingly enough, but soon an unfortunate accident took place. The van unexpectedly and treacherously gave way; there was a spill; wagon, men, merchandise, all found themselves in a general mix-up. Apparently the driver of the van escaped uninjured, but poor Priestley soon found himself in bed with a fractured hip. Somehow or other he got the idea into his head that his "master," butcher Fowler, was responsible for his fractured thigh, and proceeded to sue.

"Servant" Priestley argued that "master" Fowler was the owner of the van, and that it was his legal obligation to maintain it in good repair. He also claimed that his "fellow servant," the nameless driver of the vehicle, had no right to overload it, and thus further endanger his life and limb; and that Fowler, as the "master" of this negligent "fellow servant," was, under the good old common law doctrine that a principal can be held responsible for the acts of an agent, directly answerable for his injuries. The Lincolnshire Assizes, like many of our lower courts, supported this argument, and awarded Priestley damages of one hundred pounds. And now, "master" Fowler, like his corporation successors to-day, appealed the case, ultimately taking it to the Court of Exchequer. Here their bewigged lord-ships solemnly took away from Priestley his hundred pounds. He had asserted that his standing in the case was virtually that of an injured coach passenger, whose payment of a certain sum for being carried necessarily implied a contract that he should be carried safely. No, no, not at all, said the law lords. The coach passenger has no means of knowing that the coach is not safely built, and that it is not competently handled. But "servant" Priestley had clearly had every opportunity to learn whether the butcher van was in good condition. The fact that, in spite of his opportunity of learning the untrustworthiness of the vehicle, he still consented to ride upon it, constituted contributory negligence on his part, and precluded any recovery of damages.

And now the court announced that great principle which will be found underlying all our enlightened decisions in accident cases. The "servant" is not bound to risk his safety in the hands of his "master," and, said their lordships, "may, if he thinks fit, decline any service in which he reasonably apprehends injury to himself; and in most of



WRECK OF THE WHITE MOUNTAIN EXPRESS ON THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD RAILROAD AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, IN 1908.

Spreading rails were the cause of this accident. One woman was killed and 25 persons injured.

the cases in which danger may be incurred, if not in all, he is just as likely to be acquainted with the probability and the extent of it as the master." The same theoretical assumption of risk would follow him into any employment he might seek to enter. That is, Priestley had the right of all free-born Englishmen of throwing up his job—and starving. If he chose to keep at work and have his thigh broken, that was his own lookout, just as, in the last analysis, not the Buffalo, Pittsburg, and Rochester Railroad, but Schlemmer himself was to blame for having the top of his head sheared off.

In England itself, where this fellow-servant idea originated, it has since been repudiated. The ghosts of Priestley and Fowler no longer haunt the high places of English justice. To-day Priestley would not have to go to law at all to obtain adequate compensation; he could get it under the Workmen's Compensation Act of 1906. Only in the United States do the judicial proceedings that followed Priestley's epochal fall from the butcher van still decide railroad damage suits. Of all countries civilised enough to have well-developed railroads, Turkey and the United States alone have no compensation Acts, and the American courts alone glorify their adherence to the fellow-servant idea. It was this principle that kept poor Mrs. Kane in court for more than nine years; it is now depriving America's widows and orphans of millions of dollars every year.

Consider the working of this legal fiction in a case that is far too frequent in actual life. The engineer is handling his train precisely as he should, and following out to the letter every direction of his superiors; but, through the carelessness or stupidity of a telegraph operator miles down the track, his train is suddenly flung against a string of coal-cars on the main line. The engineer sticks to his post and is killed. Every passenger on that train who can show any sort of hurt, from nervous shock to internal (and invisible) injuries, can recover substantial damages. With most of these persons the railroad will settle out of court. The engineer's widow or orphans cannot get a cent, nor can any other employee of the railroad, nor any employee of any other common carrier on duty on that train. The court says that these suffer through the act of a fellow-servant. Unlike the passengers, they are supposed to know all about the incompetent telegraph operator, and to have had him especially in mind when they made their con-

form it takes pains not to damage it. The railroads do not, in general, have to pay for killed employees; therefore, they kill one in every two hours. The law throws the whole burden of industrial accident on the toilers; the protection

mained in body, chance objects of pity or charity to the beholder. Until lately, in short, society treated the soldier as it still treats the brakeman: it used him for its own profit, and then tossed him into the scrap-heap of the industrially un-



WRECK ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL OF THE CHICAGO, CLEVELAND AND NEW YORK SPECIAL IN 1907.

that this affords the employer simply encourages his negligence, and increases the number of mishaps. The railroads are not philanthropic institutions. Where the law exempts them from responsibility, they will hardly assume responsibility for themselves.

Yet, when a soldier is hit, we do not make him or his widow sue ten years in the courts for his pension. No act of a "fellow servant" absolves the State from its duty; nor any implied "assumption of risk." We do not require him to prove that he acted with entire prudence during the battle. In fact, we rather commend a certain amount of "contributory negligence" in the soldier, and not that care which an "ordinarily prudent person" would exercise in shirking or avoiding risks inherent in the calling. The State assumes that if it goes to war somebody is bound to be hurt; and the

fit. This was again merely the discrimination of one class against another, precisely as the original discrimination, in the Priestley case, was that of master against servant.

There are always certain tasks that somebody must perform, tasks that are inherently dangerous, tasks in which, in spite of all safeguards, there will always be a constant daily risk. In every year to come, as in every year that has passed, a certain number, predictable in advance, of firemen, policemen, soldiers, and railway employees, will be killed, and a certain other number disabled. Firemen, policemen, and soldiers have their pensions. The men who run the greatest hazard of all, the one group that the wildest Utopian dreamer has never thought to do without—these have only the right to go to law. There they must prove that they themselves have been without fault, and that no act of any fellow servant contributed to their mishap. In addition, they must find the wherewithal to support their families while they maintain their suits before the courts year after year. "Narrow is the way, and few there be that find it."

THE NEED OF COMPENSATION ACTS.

Thus, effective Employers' Liability laws, making compensation by law fixed and certain, must inevitably lead to Workmen's Compensation acts, by the aid of which payment for accidents will be made without recourse to courts or lawyers. These put all servants of society on the same basis as firemen, policemen, and soldiers. Any faithful employee injured in the discharge of his duty is ipso facto, and without necessary recourse to a court of law, entitled to prompt and definite compensation, proportionate to his loss of earning power. This method includes the other two: Accident Prevention acts, model in form and self-enforcing, because the employer must protect his men—or pay for them; Compensation acts, under clear and definite rules, and therefore easy of enforcement. The employer pays; the injured receives. No third party comes in for any share. This, therefore, is in the long run the cheapest method; since, in the words of W. E. McEwen, Commissioner of Labour of Minnesota, "while labour suffers the pain, society in the end must pay the bill."

A BUSY WORLD.

"Do you know anything about Mars?" asked the professor.

"Yes," replied the confident speaker. "It is inhabited by a numerous race of highly industrious people."

"Indeed! And may I ask why you believe all this?"

"Because otherwise it would be impossible for them to build canals as fast as some of our astronomers discover them."

DREADED AN OPERATION.

TORTURED BY PAINFUL SORE FOR FIVE YEARS.

A SURE AND SPEEDY CURE BY ZAM-BUK.

Miss A. Howell, of 90, Duke-street, Burnley, Melbourne, Vic., says:—"When I was ten years of age a lump formed behind my ear, causing a fearful amount of pain. This was put down as a cold in the ear, and was treated accordingly, but it did not get better. As I grew older I became deaf in one ear, and the lump felt like an abscess. My people wished me to be operated on at the hospital, but to this I would not consent. The lump became larger and more painful, so much so that I could not sleep at night, and I cried continually throughout the day. My health was affected generally, and this state of things lasted till I was fifteen. I could not bear the thought of going to a doctor, for I dreaded that he would cut me. We used everything we could get, including liniments, oils, ointments, and syringing was also tried, but all these did not give me the least relief.

"My people then made me commence using Zam-Buk, and the encouragement I got after the first application made me determine to persevere with this balm. By rubbing Zam-Buk in, I felt I was getting great ease, and shortly after the first application the lump came to a head and finally broke, discharging all the inflammation. I kept on applying Zam-Buk, and the wound began to heal up nicely. My hearing came back, the pains all disappeared, and my general health was improved, and I could sleep soundly at nights. Finally Zam-Buk completely cured me, and I have been well ever since."

A pot of Zam-Buk should be kept handy in every home; it is a sure and painless healer for all skin disease and injuries. All stores and chemists.



WRECK ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AT HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, IN 1905.

Twenty-six persons were killed and 11 injured. Several prominent Pittsburg people lost their lives in this wreck, among them the son-in-law of the late Robert Fitzgibbon, General Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Superintendent of the Pittsburg Division.

tracts with their employer. They assumed the risk; if they suffer it is their own fault. The fact that they are working for a railroad at all implies, in the eyes of some courts, a waiver of all rights to life and to limb when injured.

The result of this attitude of the law is obvious. The railroad has to pay for an injured passenger; therefore it takes pains not to injure him. The railroad has to stand the loss of a damaged locomotive; there-

State, as a matter of course, shoulders the inevitable burden of these injuries. Railroadings is virtually a state of war.

It has not always been so, for the idea of pensioning soldiers after a war is comparatively recent. General officers have received pensions for many years, but only in modern times has the common soldier been provided for. Until lately, States allowed the men to whom they owed their continued existence to hang about village inns, broken in health and

MONKEY BRAND

Wont wash clothes

but will clean metal and Woodwork well



METAPHYSICAL HEALING.

DISEASE and its Cause being Mental, material "remedies" only relieve temporarily. Consult Mr. Henry, Psycho-Physician, No. 100, CORNER OF STONESTREET AND WELLESLEY-ST. Telephone 271A.

LINKED AT LAST.

Whangarei and Bay of Islands—Rail from Tide to Tide—Opening Up the North.

NORTH of Auckland the railways are like angels' visits. And if it had not been for coal the gaps would have been wider still. The finding of coal at Kawakawa, some miles inland from Russell, and at Hikurangi, near Whangarei, resulted in a short section being built at each place to get this desirable commodity to the tide. Over the eight miles from Kawakawa to Opau, on an arm of the Bay of Islands, thousands of tons were carried, and in those palmy days many of the Union Company's boats used to coal at this splendid port. Then the coal petered out, and the section for a long while enjoyed the unenviable notoriety of being one of the only two in the North Island that did not pay their way. For years the rich mines of the Hikurangi district have been putting dividends into the pockets of the shareholders, and the carriage of coal over the twelve-mile section of Opau, at the mouth of the Whangarei river, has been doing much more than its share towards helping the railways to pay the three per cent upon which the Minister insists. Gradually the line crawled up to Hukerenui, and the prospect of gum lands stretching away north proved an effective check to the already flagging enthusiasm of the Government in the matter of railway construction in these parts. The hiatus between the railroads north and south has yawned for many a weary year. The completion of the Main Trunk, however, released some energy and money, and between the two lines has now been linked up, and the new year will see a through service from salt water at Whangarei to salt water at the Bay of Islands.

The work has been so gradual, not to say leisurely, that it is hard for the northern folk to realise that they have a decent length of line leading from somewhere to anywhere in particular, and the event is one of the most important and progress marking milestones that have been set up since settlement began. Opau, the southern end, always had the disadvantage that in the river just below there is a draft of vessels calling there for a cargo, and after much debate and no little opposition, the line was carried across the river and round River Point to Grahamtown, where there is deep water, and the good people who live in the biggest township north of Auckland now survey the work with an air of satisfaction, and have very little to ask for at the hands of the Government. Already they see in their mind's eye an endless argosy threading its way up the magnificent waterway which stretches inland from the picturesque and castellated heads, and sailing away with cargoes of the coal which has won a name for itself wherever steam is used in the Dominion. From water to water is a distance of fifty-six miles, and the present indications are that this will be covered in about three hours and a half. Not a phenomenal speed, perhaps, but those who have spent a lifetime ploughing their way through northern roads hail the service as the beginning of a new era, with feelings that could not be understood by people living in more favoured districts.

As in so many other parts of the Dominion the line passes through much land that even its friends term "poor," but this is an epithet which is very risky to use in the little-tryed north. Above Hikurangi the country is not prepossessing till one comes to the valley of Ramarama some eight miles away, and here the fine passes through a fine stretch of country capable of carrying two sheep to the acre, about nine miles of limestone country here being good enough for anything. Between this again and Kawakawa is another tract of land for which there will not for a good many years be any rush of applicants, but the Public Works Department is now concentrating its sources on the extension to Kaikohe, and when this centre is tapped the future of the line may be left to itself—Kaikohe being the key to a district that would bear comparison with any

other part of the Dominion. With the exception of ballasting and clearing up work (which, though exacting and necessary, does not make much show as far as the public is concerned) the Kawakawa-Grahamtown line is complete, and when the Railway Department takes it over, it will have a line thoroughly well built, and a monument to the skill of Mr. McEneaney, Resident Engineer, and the other officials and men of the Public Works Department. There was great excitement the other day when the first through train from Whangarei—a special full of Freemasons going up to attend an installation ceremony—steamed into Kawakawa. As one of the papers put it "Kawakawa turned out en masse," and the reception given the engine and three nondescript P.W.D. vehicles belied the reputation that the boreal dwellers have gained in some quarters for being of a phlegmatic temperament. One of the most difficult things which the line builders had to contend with was the numerous slips, and some idea of the work can be gathered from the fact that for several months an engine was engaged exclusively in running trucks clearing these obstructions. Just outside Towai there is a typical bit. To bind together the silthery country, willows have been planted in groves till the place looks like a young orchard. In almost every cutting the soil is full of springs, and as soon as it is opened out the percolation of the water sets in motion a few hundred tons of earth, which wanders about at its own sweet will till it finds the angle of rest, which unfortunately does not always coincide with the contour of the line.

Opau, the Bay of Islands terminus, is some four or five miles from Russell, and the section from here to Kawakawa, seven miles inland, which is now the "clearing house" for the rich volcanic isthmus between the Bay and the waters of the Hokianga, possesses some of the quaintest rolling stock that ever left the construction yards. Compared with the sort of thing we are used to further south, the carriages and vans look about as big as candle boxes on wheels. If they adhered to the familiar rule about "luggage that will not conveniently go under the seats or in the racks," one would not be allowed to carry anything more bulky than a box of chocolate creams, and on busy days, when the guard comes along for tickets, he has to climb through over the knees of the passengers. The engine bears a date of nearly forty years ago; but so well do they do this sort of thing in the Old Country, that it is running almost as well to-day as it did when first imported. Down on the Whangarei section they had running not very long ago one of the first vans that came to New Zealand—a queer combination affair, half carriage and half guard's van, the whole thing about as big as a bathroom in a "worker's dwelling."

Kawakawa will be affected considerably by the advent of the through line. At present it is the starting point for a lot of trade that goes out to Ohaeawai, Okaihau, Waimate, Kaikohe, and on to the Hokianga, and those who should know say that it must become more important every day. Its situation is certainly most advantageous, as it is the natural collecting centre for the north end of the line. There is only one thing the Kawakawaites do not forgive, and visitors would be wise to note accordingly, and that is any wild and illogical criticism of the future prospects of their township. The other day a very young man set out from Whangarei in search of news, and travelled by the ballast train. The ballast train knows neither stations nor time-tables, and as you travel at your own risk, you are liable to get astray if your experience has been confined to ordinary railways. After riding on rattly and springless trucks, and being liberally peppered by a belching engine burning a particularly sulphurous and villainous coal, this young man was dumped down some miles from anywhere in the middle of nowhere, and when he wandered in to Kawakawa "by cleft and nullah, and the muddy flood," as Matthew Arnold might say, he was probably not in the best of humours, and he had the temerity to speak and write of Kaw-

kawa as "a dying town." Here was a chance for the doughy pen that for so many years has coughed weekly as the guiding beacon round which rally the progressive spirits of the North! The fierce light that beats upon the "thrown" scorched that youth like radium rays, and the public pound and a ducking in the river were the mildest deterrents which were promised this enterprising young person should he ever cross the Kawakawa threshold again.

Outside Kawakawa the line runs for several miles along Scoria Flat, a bit of rocky volcanic country which exactly resembles that between Penrose and St. Ann's Bridge, near Otahuhu. The line to Whangarei sweeps away south, and a short branch runs out to the ballast pit, round which there has sprung up a canvas town of considerable dimensions, and the ring of the "co-op." pick and shovel is heard in the land.

The junction of the Kaikohe line with the main line takes place at Otiria, on this Scoria Flat, about four or five miles out from Kawakawa, and a large number of men are now at work on the first section authorised—three miles. Mr. Wilson, assistant engineer, who is supervising the work, is stationed at Ramarama, and Mr. McGill is in charge at the ballast pit. The department is exceedingly fortunate in having such unlimited quantities of good scoria to draw upon, and the whole of the ballast for the line from Towai to Kaikohe will be drawn from this source.

There is a small Maori settlement at the pit called Kopuru, but the aboriginal is strongly imitative, and he explains to the inquiring pakeha that "Parras Pit" is now his name. The line passes right through his plantations, and he and his relations seem to find much pleasure in sitting out in the ardent northern sunshine watching the perspiring "co-ops." digging holes and making little heaps without any apparent intention till they are all linked up, and the steel rails pass through Kopuru in graceful curves. There were two options of getting from the flat land on the Kawakawa side into the valley which leads to Kaikohe—the line could pierce the low saddle by a short tunnel, or it could climb round the bluff, about half-a-mile to the north, at the foot of which runs the Ngapipito Stream. The latter route includes some steep cuttings and two bridges, but it has been chosen as the preferable way out of the difficulty.

A number of shallow caves in the sides of this bluff were used by the Maoris as burying places—"wahi tapu"—and when the desecrating railway came along it was necessary to collect the bleached bones and remove them to some other spot. One of the natives in the vicinity who has no fear of the once rigorously kept laws of "tapu" was induced to undertake this work, and several days' scraping resulted in quite a large pile of his ancestors' remains, which were removed to a quiet spot, where they will not be disturbed by the screech of the engine or the rumble of wheels. Should, however, the departed ones have need of the whole of their anatomy in the happy hunting grounds some of them will be seriously incommoded, as the dusky sexton has overlooked several important ossifications which are now lying on the floors of the caves, and occasionally get turned over by a questing stick wielded by some workman with a taste for antiquarian research, and greenstone. From the second of the two bridges near this spot the traveller will be able to see a pretty little waterfall topped with some very graceful young totaras. The total length of the line from Opau to Kaikohe will be about 28 miles, and the westernmost work on which men are engaged at present is the diversion of the Ngapipito at a spot some 12 miles from Kaikohe.

At Otiria, which will be the name of the junction of the Kaikohe line, with the Whangarei-Kawakawa line, a few miles out from the last mentioned township, on Scoria Flat, the passer-by can see the first indication of the new order—the almost finished sale yards of Messrs. Wilson and Wilson, the enterprising firm of Whangarei auctioneers, who have fixed on this central spot as a basis for their operations. The yards will be opened next week, and the confidence of the firm in the district is shown by the completeness of the arrangements provided. The railway makes a remarkable difference in the handling of stock, and the Northerners are just beginning to appreciate it in this direction. For instance Messrs. Wilson had a line of some seven hundred head for Te Awamutu, and further down the Main Trunk. The cattle were driven across to Wellford, on the Kaipara line, and in twenty-four hours they were at their

destinations. With the Otiria yards it will be possible to sell cattle on Saturday, and have them in the Auckland market in four days, instead of two weeks as it practically means at present.

After leaving Otiria there is not another station till one comes to Ramarama, and this fact brings home to one a peculiarity in the railway policy of the country. Between the stations mentioned the line runs through Maori land for nearly the whole distance. Every-time anybody in authority goes along he is accosted by a smiling native who suggests "Kajui te kate!" or if he has ideas beyond his tint he remarks tentatively "I tink werry goot to shiding to my place." Gates and sidings are now the only topics a Maori landlord will deign to discuss.

It does not seem common sense to put a railway through great stretches of native land, bump up its price, and then some time afterwards enter into negotiations for the purchase of the land for settlement. This seems like reversing the natural order of things.

The section of the line which is not yet opened for traffic is that between Kawakawa and Towai—about twenty-five miles—and it is expected that the Railway Department will take it over from the Public Works Department at the end of the year. All that remains to be done is the last of the ballasting, and the cleaning up, on which gangs of men are now busily employed.

From Hukerenui, a few miles from Towai, and formerly the terminus for a long while, the line runs through familiar country—Whakapapa, where the kauri timber comes from; Hikurangi, famous for its coal measures; Kamo, with its soda water springs; and the intervening lands, which are all gradually coming into cultivation. Hikurangi, in addition to coal, is the centre of a good dairying district, and supports an up-to-date factory, turning out first-class butter. Whangarei, in addition to its many other products, has a Dominion reputation for its fruit. What with timber, gum, flax, coal, and limestone (from Hikurangi and Limestone Island, the scene of operations of the New Zealand Portland Cement Co.), the monthly pay-sheets mean an enviable amount of money flowing into Whangarei, and a visit to this well-laid-out town, which is growing at such an astounding rate, would speedily remove many cherished delusions of that class of person who is so fond of talking about "the poor North." The present terminus of the railway line is Opau, at the mouth of the Whangarei River, or, as it is more commonly known, the Railway wharf. "Opau" is confusingly like "Opua," the name of the Bay of Islands terminus, and it has been decided to change it to Kioreroa, an old place name which means "long rat." The extension of the line to deep water crosses the river just above the Railway wharf on a long bridge with a swing-span (which looks like a miniature Tower bridge), so as not to impede the considerable traffic to the town wharf, right in Whangarei township. Skirting River Point, the line ends in a very solidly-built wharf at deep water, and the name fixed on for the terminus is Oneahia. This extension will be ready for opening by the New Year, and the convenience for the overseas trade, especially in coal, which has reached a large annual tonnage, will be very good. At low water springs, there are about four fathoms of water, so shipping can come and go at any state of the tide.

Another sign of Whangarei's progress is the large freezing works just nearing completion at the Whangarei Heads, near Aubrey's Bay, opposite Marsden Point. This new industry is the venture of Mr. A. Bevins, of Auckland, formerly manager of the Auckland Freezing Company, and it should prove a great boon to the Northern stock raisers. Stock can be raised to the tira hamtown wharf, and then pointed down to the works, where there is splendid deep water.

The opening up of this through line from the Bay of Islands to Whangarei will be a tremendous factor in the development of the North, and no town will feel it more than Whangarei, which is destined in near future to be the largest town after the four big centres.

THE RENO VERSION.

"Love me little, love me long."
This was once a favourite song.
But this version now we see:
"Love me briefly or you'll be
Very wearisome to me."

Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

OUR ARMY'S GERMAN CRITIC.

LONDON, October 21.

COLONEL GADKE, the distinguished military critic has gone to his own country with a very poor opinion of the British Army, which he has been studying at the recent military manoeuvres in England. Here is his verdict:—

"In its present composition and training it is not equal to a conflict with a Continental army, and is, on the whole, apart from the smallness of its numbers, unfitted to play any part worth mentioning in modern war. As a land Power, Great Britain has fallen out of the ranks of first-class military Powers. In spite of this, her soldiers, and the raw material which she can command in the form of officers, are exceptionally good, and second to none in the world."

The German expert corroborates what was said recently by Lieut. Sutor, the English officer who was court-martialled for writing a pamphlet in which he ridiculed the training methods of the British Army. "The service of the button, the pedantry of pipe-clay," says Colonel Gadke, "plays an exaggerated role." He criticises the purely mechanical drill, the training for sentry duty, the church parade, the exaggerated value set on the men's uniforms, all of which, he says, interfere in a most detrimental manner with the proper training of the troops for service in the field. He thinks the British soldier is pampered, and pampering "does not make for efficiency in war."

Still more damaging is his criticism of the British generals. From the highest downwards, says Colonel Gadke, they did not know at the army manoeuvres how to begin to utilise their troops in masses, or how to combine and unite them in order of battle. In watching their manoeuvres, he was reminded of the Russian Army in its disastrous battles in Manchuria. Even the highest leaders seemed to lose their heads. But most astonishing of all, in Colonel Gadke's eyes, was not the awkwardness of the troops, or the weakness of their leaders, but the sorry figure which, according to this critic, was cut by the empires. Their decisions "were, as a general rule, as irreconcilable with what would have happened in a real combat, and so utterly in contradiction to the possibilities of warfare, that one can only ascribe utterly unsound tactical theories to the generals of the British Army. Here, also, the resemblance to the Russian campaign against Japan was unmistakable."

In short, Col. Gadke concludes that the British Army is not only too weak numerically to throw any decisive weight on the scales in a Continental war, but is also deficient in the war training of its soldiers and in the understanding of its leaders for the task which a great modern war would impose on them.

COUNTING THE COST.

Brief as was the duration of the French railway strike France has suffered enormous losses through it. For a bare week's confusion and riot the country has to foot a very big bill indeed. Accurate figures are, of course, impossible, but it is computed by the officials of the Ministry of Finance that the cost of the strike cannot be placed at less than ten or twelve millions sterling.

The value of goods "hung up" during the strike, between France and England alone, was nearly a couple of million pounds. A fair proportion of these goods were food-stuffs and other perishable articles, the value of which is irretrievably lost. A similar state of affairs, of course, existed in the interchange of goods between France and her Continental neighbours, Belgium, Holland, Germany and other countries.

The French railway lines themselves lost a million and a quarter in passenger fares and on goods freightage, and will be put to great expense to repair the damage done by the strikers, who themselves have lost quite £300,000 in wages.

The effect of the interruption of the international trains hit manufacturing and retail business men very severely. Paris houses where stocks were low were unable to fulfil orders. All industries

have lost tremendously. So in a smaller way the losses have filtered down until the smallest dealer has suffered.

As an instance of how a strike can effect every class of community, the women of the flower kiosks on the boulevards, whose takings averages £1 a day, have, for want of good flowers, sold only 5/ or 6/ worth.

The strikers, with their senseless attacks on property, have run up a bill amounting to hundreds of thousands, while the loss to the small farmers and small shopkeepers all over France is vast. It is possible to obtain some idea of how they have suffered from the market reports in the "Bulletin des Halles" which are published daily. The food-stuffs received in the Paris markets alone were reduced by half during the days of the strike.

Even the fishing villages remote from Paris felt the effects of the strike severely, their aggregate losses being estimated at over half a million pounds.

SALVATION ARMY DISCONTENT.

The recent resignation of several old and well-known staff officers of the Salvation Army has been the subject of a good deal of public comment, and has

stories now current against the Army, he will find many systematic contributors to the funds of the organisation diverting their money into other channels.

The reported withdrawal of an officer of Commissioner Coomb's long experience and ability has naturally made people interested in the Army anxious to know the reason why, after thirty-four years' service, he should desire to sever his connection with the organisation. General Booth has more than once signalled out this officer for his genius in conducting large and difficult undertakings. No name is better known throughout the ranks of the Army in all parts of the world, and many people feel that the heads of an organisation that lets a man of his calibre leave its ranks and does not acquaint its followers with the cause, are not acting fairly towards the members of the Army, nor to their good friends outside.

The Headquarters' policy of secrecy is undoubtedly opposed to the best interests of the Army, and is responsible for much of the discontent that without doubt exists at present among the rank and file.

His Wife's Income.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S DILEMMA AMUSING SITUATION.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw is in a delightfully characteristic dilemma. The special commissioners who have control



A JAPANESE VIEW OF RUSSIA'S NEW POLICY.

In place of threats and intimidation, which had formerly been her pet policy, Russia has, since the late war, adopted that of dealing with others with sweet words and soft manner. That is why she is now so popular both in the Far East and Turkey. Why, even now a friendly compact has been arrived at between Japan and Russia to defeat American ambitions in China.

caused not a little anxiety among the rank and file of Salvationists, and among the friends of the Army. We want to know the true reason why old and esteemed officers like Commissioner Coombs, Commissioner Sowton, Colonels Moss, Howell, and Southall, Brigadier Morris, Majors Morris and Patterson, and Staff-Captain Williams have left or are leaving the Army, but "Headquarters" prefers to keep silence on the subject. This adherence to the old custom of remaining dumb when maligned by enemies or deserted by friends does the Army no good, and is no longer acceptable to many officers and members, nor to the outside friends of the organisation. It gives colour to the adverse reports concerning the Army now in circulation, and points to the caustic criticisms of the Army's methods indulged in by "John Bull." That journal has attacked the Army week after week, making allegations of a very serious nature, but apparently neither General Booth nor Mr. Bramwell Booth deem it worth their while either to refute the charges made, or to take any action against the persons responsible for their publication.

This silence on matters affecting the credit of the Army is not commendable. It is not a private concern, and it is dependent to a very large extent upon the goodwill and pecuniary assistance of the general public for the maintenance of its many charities. Unless the "Gen-ral" speedily takes the world into his confidence upon the matter of the recent resignations, and takes steps to put an end to the circulation of the many adverse

of the Income-supertax have demanded from him a return of his wife's income. He declares he does not know it, and has no means of finding out, but the commissioners are adamant.

So Mr. Shaw writes a column and a half letter to the "Times" explaining the situation in his own peculiar, whimsical way.

When he first received the demand he pointed out to the commissioners that in compliance with their demand he had asked his wife the amount of her income, and she had refused to disclose it.

"As far as I know," he continues, "I have not legal means of compelling her to make any such disclosure; and if I had, it does not follow that I am bound to incur law costs to obtain information which is required not by myself, but by the State."

The commissioners replied politely but firmly that it was not their business to advise "as to the means to be adopted in a particular case to enable the taxpayer to acquire the information necessary to put him in a position to make the return required by the Acts."

Mr. Shaw thereupon had an interview with the commissioners, but while he was able to convince them that his difficulty was in no sense a personal one, the problem remained unsolved. He points to the feeling among women suffragists against the compulsory disclosure of a wife's income to a husband, and adds:—

"Even in the supertaxed class there exists the equivalent of the working man who earns 34s. or 36s. a week, but tells

his wife that he gets only 25s. Therefore, many of these ladies are of opinion that women should refuse, on principle, to disclose their incomes to their husbands.

HUSBAND'S PREDICAMENT.

"Now comes the question of what is to happen to husbands in my predicament. Let us suppose that the interpretation of law can be strained to the point of inducing the courts to enjoin me to make the required disclosure.

"I go to my wife and tell her that I shall be put in prison if she does not tell me her income. She replies that many women have gone to prison for the cause, and that it is time that the men should take their turn. And I to languish in gaol, to the delight of the whole suffragist movement, because I cannot perform impossibilities?"

"Take the obvious alternative. Suppose the courts enjoin my wife to disclose her exact income to me. She refuses. She is sent to prison. She promptly resorts to the hunger strike. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill have then either to forcibly feed her, and be banished to South Africa as their unfortunate colleague the Viscount Gladstone was banished by Lady Constance Lytton, or else surrender at discretion.

"I suggest that Mr. Lloyd George had better cut the Gordian knot by hurrying through a short Act making married couples independent of one another in their liability to supertaxation."

Mr. Shaw also objects to the imposition of supertaxation on gross income. "As long as the taxation is on the gross," he writes, "it will mean that the propertied classes in this country will be taxed, not only on their own incomes, but on the entire revenue derived by the State from taxing them; that is to say, on a considerable part of the State's income."

"I do wish that when the people of this country make up their minds to Socialist measures they would elect Socialist Governments to carry them out."

The supertax takes effect when an individual's income exceeds £5,000 a year. It is then levied at the rate of 6d. in the pound for every £1 of the amount by which the total income exceeds £3,000.

"HAD TO GASP FOR BREATH."

KNIFE-LIKE STABS CAUSED BY INDIGESTION.

A WOMAN'S AWFUL ILLNESS ENDED BY BILE BEANS.

Mrs. Louisa Jane Noy, of East-street, Brompton, Adelaide, S.A., says: "Acute indigestion caused me terrible suffering. Especially when breathing the pains were most dreadful. I would simply have to gasp for a long breath would be impossible. Sharp pains would shoot through my chest and go through to my back. It seemed as if someone had planted a knife in my back. In the region of the heart fullness and accumulation of wind was very distressing. When these attacks came on I was not fit for anything, and would have to lay up while they lasted. Vomiting fits, violent headaches, and attacks of biliousness also added to my misery. As the result of much retching I became very sore."

"I tried many remedies that were supposed to cure these complaints, but they were like water on a duck's back, and had not the slightest beneficial effect. It seemed impossible for me to get any relief. Bile Beans were recommended to me, so I procured a supply. I had only been taking Bile Beans a short time when the shooting pains ceased, and the fits of vomiting ended. As I persevered with Bile Beans the headaches became less and less severe, and biliousness was a thing of the past. After a complete course, all my troubles were ended, and my cure complete."

"I am now always in good health, and take an occasional dose of Bile Beans to maintain it."

Bile Beans are a safe and a sure specific for constipation, indigestion, headache, bad breath, liver trouble, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, nervousness, that tired feeling, heat, lassitude, debility, anaemia, and female ailments. Sold by all chemists and stores.

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

A Unique Journal.

SOMEWHERE we have read of a certain statesman peer who might have been an eminent writer if he had not been an eminent statesman, expressing himself to the effect that "London Opinion" was unique, in the sense that it afforded the greatest maximum of variety of interest, information, and entertainment at the lowest minimum of cost, and that existence without this journal would be shorn of a great measure of one of its liveliest interests. This opinion we cordially endorse, and also venture the belief that for smart, clever, political, and topical sketch and caricature, "London Opinion" has no peer. In its current issue, Mr. James Douglas, a persona grata in Fleet-street, has an amusingly satirical article on "The Modern Girl," and the size of her head gear and the bag she struggles under nowadays, and further details, with evident relish, how a man one day lunched by mistake with a Miranda, instead of an Amanda, owing to the size of her hat making it impossible to see her face. From "London Opinion's" "Maxims and Moralings," we select the following: "Make money and the whole nation will conspire to call you a gentleman."—(G.B.S.) "Treat a man with as much deference as you would a picture; look at him in his best light."—Emerson. "When the right kind of person has too small a place he does his work so well as to make the place bigger."—L. B. Briggs. Mr. T. McDonald Rendle is, in turn, pathetically, and whimsically wise in "The Peep Show" columns of this journal, which on this occasion "wrestles" with the unequal conditions of life, the poor, some probable effects of the Coronation festivities on sea-side resorts, the snake in drama, and the hobble skirt. In "People of the Week," King George, the ever-green "Bobs," Captain Adrian Jones (the sculptor who is admittedly the finest living sculptor of horses), and Mr. Lush, K.C. (who has lately been elevated to the Bench), figure most prominently. "Round the Town" paragraphs are smart, brief, satirical, humorous,

informative, and interesting in turn. In "Plays and Players," much news is imparted concerning the theatrical world. Sporting news, stocks and shares, bric-a-brac values, etc., find a place in this magazine, which is easily the brightest and most wholesome of penny journals, and which, printed on better paper, would frankly be worth sixpence.

"Little Folks."

In Mr. Roosevelt's splendid record of African travel, he mentions that a strong tie between himself and one of his fellow hunters in East Africa lay in the fact that both of them had been readers of "Little" or "Young Folks" (we forget which). Nor is this to be wondered at, if the American journal for "little folks" is as interesting as our English. Having received the October issue from Messrs. Cassell and Co., its publishers, we sat down and read it from cover to cover, and recommend it as most excellent reading for little folks, and extremely suitable in its annual form as a Christmas gift. There are simple, short and serial stories, easy and amusing poems, numerous black and white pictures, and a beautiful coloured frontispiece. Puzzles, too, and how to solve them, little folks correspondence columns, and the monthly report of the Little Folks' Nature Club. In fact there is such a plethora of good things as to make it difficult to select those most suitable for mention.

The December "Life."

Wondering at the manifold attractions of "Life" for December, we suddenly remembered that it was the holiday number, which accounted for its exceptional interest. Aviation occupies a considerable share of its space both in text and illustration. Extremely exciting fiction is "The Flight of the Ricochet," by Frederick Palmer, which we see is now announced in book form. "The Mystery of Australian Rivers," and how Start solved it, is the seventh of a series of papers on the triumphs and tragedies of Australian exploration. How Mayor Gaynor is revolutionising New York is the subject of a stimulating article by James Creelman. The most important topical events are discussed in "The

Month," and Sir Joseph Ward's intention of abolishing the bookmaker finds considerable mention. Mr. D. K. Dow contributes an expert paper on Australia's "Golden Fleece," showing the output of fleeces of eleven countries. Australia heads the list with a balance of 30,000 odd over the Argentine, which ranks second on the list. "What the World is Thinking" embraces a number of topics, political, economic, and social. Some exceedingly clever, humorous sketches, reprinted from the "Cosmopolitan" Magazine, will provoke both healthy laughter and admiration for Mr. E. W. Kemble's art. In fine, our space is too limited to detail the aggregate attractions of Dr. Fitchett's popular monthly.

REVIEWS.

Babes in the Wood: By B. M. Croker. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arcey, 2/6 and 3/6).

"Babes in the Wood" is the fæcious term, given to the Anglo-Indian community that inhabit a real or fictitious outlying district in one of the central provinces of India, and named Chandi. Mrs. Croker is always at her best in Anglo-Indian stories, but she has utterly failed to show the horrors and hardships, suffered by English officials in this instance, as indicated by her, at the outset of this story. Phillip Trafford, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and with no special need to live the strenuous life, elects to go out to India on I.L.M.S., in the department of Woods, Forests and Freedom. Halting at a friendly bungalow about twenty miles from Parhari, his station, he is invited by its hospitable inmates to stay with them for a while, that he may acquaint himself with his altered conditions, and provide himself with the furnishings he lacks. But with the ardour of youth he insists on starting straight away, and finds on arriving at Parhari, nothing prepared for his arrival by his subordinates. But in spite of a horrible night spent in the room in which his predecessor had taken his own life, he is next day cheered by the visit of a colleague who assists him to evolve some measure of comfort out of decay and disorder. Inflexible in the performance of his duties, he is at first disliked, finding thieving, corruption, trickery, sloth and general good for nothingness rife among his subordinates. But, carrying matters with a high hand,

he dismisses the most incorrigible, and effects the reforms of his department to the enriching of the Government revenue. Of course he has a love affair, which we are glad to say ends happily, at least we are led to infer that it does. There is an element of eeriness in this story, an eeriness peculiar to India, and we confess to looking over our shoulders more than once expecting to see something ghostly. Mrs. Croker's descriptions of Anglo-Indian life and procedure, are always eminently readable, as she knows exactly where to lay her finger on the interesting points of social and administrative life. In common with most Anglo-Indian, she distrusts the Eurasian, so do we. Our copy has been received by the courtesy of Messrs. Methuen and Co.

The Glad Heart, by E. Maria Albanesi. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arcey, 2/6 and 3/6).

"The Glad Heart" is essentially a novel of one characterisation. Had Miriam, Lady Norechester, become a reformed character we should have thrown down the book in disgust as untrue to life. But the Glad Heart is anything but pleasant reading. We like Dick Framley and we like Elton Milner, but with Betsey Prig, we do not believe that there is any such person as Paul Mariller. Why he was brought into the story we cannot imagine, since he is an absolute nonentity. Mrs. Mariller as a widow would have been much more interesting, and infinitely more convincing. Nevertheless the book will find admirers, though we much prefer Madame Albanesi in the style of "The Invincible Amelia." The "Mary" of the frontispiece is charmingly natural, both in pose and style. We are indebted to Methuen and Co. for our copy of "The Glad Heart."

Alice Paige: By Robert W. Chambers. (New York and London: D. Appleton and Co. Melbourne: George Robertson and Co. Auckland: Gordon and Gotch and Wildman and Arcey, 3/6.)

This is surely the finest book Mr Chambers has ever written. We thought we had exhausted our interest in tales of the civil war in America, and lo, Mr Chambers comes along, and, waving an enchanter's wand over this seemingly threadbare subject, it blossoms out into new meaning and interest. Phillip Ormond Berkeley, the book's hero, is sud-



THE DOWNWARD PROGRESS OF THE NATIONS TO THE ABYSS OF DEBT.

This picture illustrates by the symbol of enlarging coins the outrageous increase in the annual expenditure on government, and chiefly on war preparations, of the chief nations of the world during the last twenty years. The coins at either end of the pole which each figure is carrying represent respectively the Annual Expenditure of twenty years ago and the Budget of twenty years hence, supposing that it continues to increase at the same rate as it has up to the present, in each country. The figures on the coins stand for millions of pounds. Thus, the French Budget of twenty years ago amounted, roughly, to £95,000,000. To-day it amounts to nearly £159,000,000. At the same rate, in twenty years, it will total over £222,000,000.

denly confronted with the double knowledge of his mother's shame (he had loved his mother to distraction) and his own probable illegitimacy, and, without pausing to reflect, plunges into the paths of destruction trodden by the gambler, the drunkard, and the sensualist. But the faithfulness of a body servant, who persists in serving him after he is financially ruined, and the love of "Ailsa Paige," the book's heroine, keep alive in him that tiny divine spark, which is slowly fanned into flame on his taking the field in the war between the North and South. Of all wars, civil war is the most awful. How awful, and how the civil war in America not only estranged States, but wife and husband, parent and child, relations and friends, girl and lover, will be felt in this deeply moving chronicle. Harrowing and deeply pathetic, too, are the scenes that visualise for the reader, the horrors, the sufferings, and the privations of war. Mr Chambers' art, like good wine, does but mellow with age. "Ailsa Paige" is a novel no one can afford to miss. It is a novel to weep over, to be uplifted by, to read again and again, to recommend to our intimates, to set up on our bookshelves as a worthy companion to "The Fighting Chance." We are indebted to Messrs George Robertson for a copy of this splendidly realistic story.

African Game Trails: By Theodore Roosevelt. (London: John Murray, Albemarle-street, W., and all Dominion booksellers. Price, 18/ net.)

"African Game Trails" is, without doubt, not only a valuable contribution to wild nature and wild sports literature, but interesting as revealing certain traits and characteristics of its author, hitherto unsuspected. The scope and trend of the work cannot be more pitifully indicated than will be found in its felicitously-wordsed preface, where the author says:—"I speak of Africa and golden joys; the joy of wandering through lonely lands; the joy of hunting the mighty and terrible lords of the wilderness, the cunning, the wary, and the grim. In these greatest of the world's great hunting grounds there are mountain-peaks, whose snows are dazzling under the equatorial sun; swamps where the slime oozes and bubbles and festers in the steaming heat; lakes like seas; skies that burn above deserts where the iron desolation is shrouded from view by the wavering mockery of the mirage; vast grassy plains where palms and thorn-trees fringe the dwindling streams; mighty rivers rushing out of the heart of the Continent through the sadness of endless marshes; forests of gorgeous beauty, where death broods in the dark and silent depths. There are regions as healthy as the Northland; and other regions, radiant with bright-hued flowers, birds and butterflies, odorous with sweet and heavy scents, but treacherous in their beauty, and sinister to human life. On the land and in the water there are dread brutes that feed on the flesh of man; and among the lower things that crawl, and fly, and sting, and bite, he finds swarming foes far more evil and deadly than any beast or reptile; foes that kill his crops and his cattle, foes before which he himself perishes in his hundreds and thousands. The dark-skinned races that live in the land vary widely. Some are warlike, cattle-owning nomads; some till the soil and live in thatched huts shaped like beehives; some are fisherfolk; some are ape-like, naked savages, who dwell in the woods and prey on creatures not much wilder or lower than themselves. The land teems with beasts of the chase, infinite in number and incredible in variety. It holds the fiercest beasts of ravin, and the fleetest and most timid of those things that live in undying fear of talon and fang. It holds the largest and the smallest of hoofed animals. It holds the mightiest creatures that tread the earth or swim in its rivers; it also holds distant kinsfolk of these same creatures, no bigger than woodchucks, which dwell in crannies of the rocks, and in the treetops. There are antelope smaller than hares, and antelope bigger than oxen." Creatures who are the embodiments of grace; others who are ungainly to the point of nightmare. The plains are alive with droves of strange and beautiful animals, whose like is not known elsewhere; and with others, even stranger, that show both in form and temper something of the fantastic and the grotesque." It is a never-ending pleasure, continues this author, to watch these herds in their myriads;

feeding, fighting, resting, and making love. "The hunter who wanders through these lands sees sights which ever remain fixed in his memory. He sees the monstrous river-horse snorting and plunging beside the boat; the giraffe looking over the tree-tops at the nearing horsemen; the ostrich fleeing at a speed that none may rival; the snarling leopard and coiled python; with their lethal beauty; the zebras, basking in the moonlight as the laden caravan passes on its night march, through a thirsty land. To his mind comes memories of a lion's charge; of the grey bulk of the elephant close at hand in the sombre woodland; of the buffalo, sullen and lowering; of the rhinoceros, truculent and stupid, standing in the bright sunlight on the empty plain. These things can be told. But there are no words that can tell the hidden spirit of the wilderness, that can reveal its mystery, its melancholy, and its charm. There is delight in the hardy life of the open, in long rides, rifle in hand; in the thrill of the fight with dangerous game. Apart from this, yet mingled with it, is the strong attraction of the silent places, of the large tropic moons, and the splendour of the new stars; where the wanderer sees the

which points to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is a true leader of men and that he and his colleagues were true sportsmen. The other members of the expedition besides Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit, were Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel Edgar Mearns, U.S.A., retired; Mr. Edmond Heller, of California; and Mr. J. Alken Loring, of Owego, New York; Mr. R. J. Cunningham and Leslie Tarlton, an Australian, all of whom had won distinction as naturalists or mighty hunters. Mr. Roosevelt was specially fortunate in that his trip was chiefly arranged by Mr. Frederick Courtenay Selous, the greatest of the world's big game hunters, and Mr. Edward North Buxton, also a mighty hunter. Leaving Mombasa by that Uganda railway described with such precise and humorous detail by Mr. Winston Churchill in "My African Journey," the expedition made its first serious halt in East Africa at the Kapiti Plains, where the safari or caravan that was to accompany the expedition waited in readiness. Mr. Roosevelt took with him three rifles, an army Springfield 30 calibre, stocked and sighted to suit himself; a Winchester 405, and a double-barrelled 500-450 Holland. The latter rifle, which Mr. Roosevelt seems

ways renders it likely that he will merely maul, and not kill, a man. To attempt to give any adequate account of the immense variety of game met with, the route travelled and the splendid descriptions given would exceed our space, and we can only recommend every sportsman, naturalist, imperialist and lover of travel to buy the book and revel in it, as we have done. Enough it is to say that Mr. Roosevelt himself bagged in true sportsman fashion no fewer than 200 head of game for scientific purposes, besides constantly helping to keep the expedition and safari pot full. Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, who proved himself to be a true chip of the old block, managed to bag a total of 216, besides helping to plish the pot with game, and bagging in addition other birds for specimens. Contrary to Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Roosevelt does not think Uganda a white-man's country. While admitting the beauty and the wonderful productiveness of the soil, and the superiority of the Uganda native, he considers that a British Protectorate is sufficient. This opinion, while creditable to Mr. Roosevelt on more than climatic grounds, is bound to find numerous dissentients among the British people. The admirable and profuse illustrations of the book are from photographs taken by Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, and other members of the expedition, and from drawings by Phillip R. Goodwin. A capital map, showing the route taken by the expedition, is also furnished, together with six appendices, and an index, alphabetically arranged. In these appendices subjects mentioned by the way in the text, are dealt with at length. An interesting account of the now famous pigskin library, with interesting comments on literature in general, is given in appendix six, and we shall take occasion in a future issue, to refer to it. No library can be considered complete, which does not include this admirable work, which we have read with keen pleasure and immense profit, and for which we thank Mr. John Murray, from whom we have received our handsome copy.

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

The loud voice is one of the most irritating forms of over-emphasis. No one likes the bellowing noman.—New York American.

Tombs of women warriors, with war chariots and all complete, have been discovered in Italy. There is nothing new under the sun—not even a suffragist.—"Sketch."

A woman resents a sister's reticence or freedom from afflictions. She does not feel safe if she has poured forth her own woes and indiscretions and received no confidence in return.—"World."

There is a weak sympathy easily aroused for individuals which contradicts intelligent sympathy with millions of useful citizens. The unfit ought to have their chance, but they ought not to injure the fit.—"Cutler's Weekly."

The sporting girl should be encouraged, not repressed, and thus allowed an opportunity to soften the awkward angles. Whatever may be her faults or shortcomings, she has at least the advantage of naturalness.—"Lady's Pictorial."

The aim of every budding man is to be a cynic. Precious little ability is required to be cynical. It is a parrot trick soon caught. To sneer at everything is much easier than to do something. Probably that is why the attitude is so popular.—"Evening Standard."

In a poem or a picture the young mother is altogether adorable. In a suburban villa, however, she is more likely than not quite another sort of person. The chances are that you find the human mother in a dressing-gown and a temper, her hair in curl-pans, and her last baby in the coal scuttle.—"Madame."

Maxims are the essence of concentrated thoughts.—D. McClymont.

True irreverence is disrespect for another man's god.—Mark Twain.

Life is not so short, but there is always time enough for courtesy.—Emerson.

He that doth a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.—Jeremy Taylor.

Woman was too perfect, so God made the coquette.—Walter Pultizer.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one of fear and sorrow, real poverty.—Hume.



"What d'yer fink of the new togs, 'Emery'?"
"Absolutely puffick. They couldn't fit yer better if you was born in 'em!"
—London Opinion."

awful glory of sunrise and sunset in the wide waste spaces of the earth, unworn of man, and changed only by the slow changes of the ages from time everlasting." We offer no further apology for presenting the book's foreword almost in its entirety, other than lies in the fact that in the foreword is condensed nearly all the philosophy and sentiment of the book. For "African Game Trails" is above everything a record of big-game hunting, conducted on purely scientific lines, and with a scientific rather than a pleasurable object, though it served both ends. The inclusion of the Cairene and the Guildhall speeches is a deeply interesting addition for which readers have to thank Mr. John Murray, the publisher of the English edition of this admirable work. The gist of the Cairene speech lies in the depreciation of a too liberal secular education for the native, unbacked by equal moral or religious principles, while the famous Guildhall speech earnestly warns England against weakness of rule in Egypt. In a region remarkable for the difficulties, dangers, disagreeableness and hardship of its travels, aggravated often by its adverse climatic conditions, its reflects the highest credit upon the author and the several members of the expedition that there is scarcely any mention of these. Nor do we read, as is common in records of like travel, of the continual defection of the Safari. All of

to have infinitely preferred, was a gift to him from some English friends, in recognition of his services on behalf of the preservation of species by means of national parks and forest reserves, and by other means, and it is pleasing to note that in the list of donors is included the names of the foremost scientists, literatures and sportsmen of England. From the ornithology of the Kapiti Plains the writer next plunges into an enthusiastic description of the zebra in his native habitat. In this connection we take leave to refer to Mr. Roosevelt's views on "protective colouration." With the views of Mr. Thayer in particular on this important subject Mr. Roosevelt entirely disagrees, and certainly makes out a good case against accepted authorities. The present accepted belief in "protective colouration" would seem to have been founded on primary and repeated error. Striking colouration or marking of coat or plumage, declares Mr. Roosevelt is an added danger rather than a protection to its wearer. Other fallacies relative to wild animals are also exposed, after being submitted to the test of close observation. As to the relative danger attending big game hunting, Mr. Roosevelt's own opinion is that lion hunting comes first, then buffalo, elephant, rhinoceros, and leopard. The leopard is, in pluck and ferocity, more than the equal of the other four, but his small size al-

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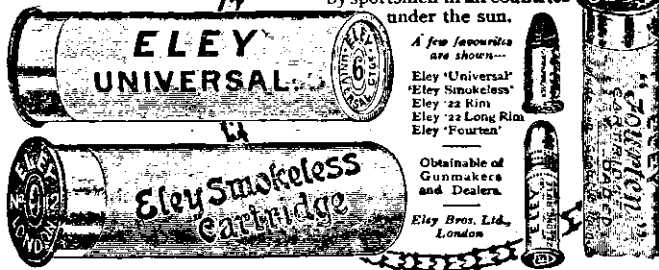
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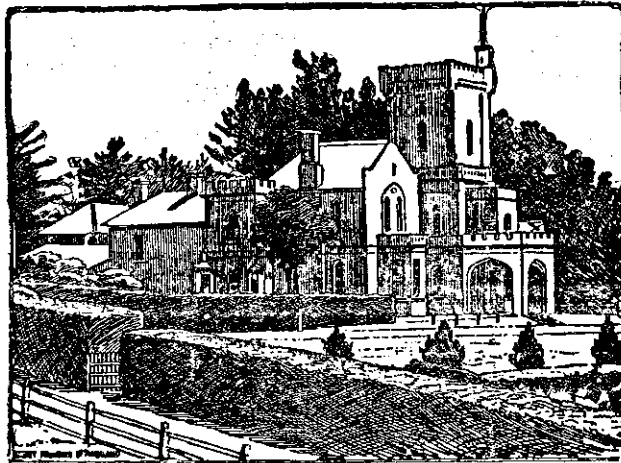
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Frootoids are elegant in appearance and pleasant to take; they are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient; they remove organs waste poisonous matter and internal organs waste and choking the channels that lead to and from them.

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NEW ZEALAND STORIES.

TIDES.

Second Prize Story at the Auckland Competitions.

Written by MISS L. M. EASTGATE, Carlton Gore-road, Auckland.

[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."]

DICK REYNOLDS putting through the hours of a stifling tropical night on his verandah, with the aid of a hammock and unlimited tobacco, raised his head to hear more clearly a sound that crept into the stillness that, blended with the heat, seemed to brood heavily over plantation and river alike. Very far off, it rose and fell more like a throb in the air than a definite sound, and only a practised ear could know it for the rhythmic beat of oars. The tide was running out swiftly, and in Dick's opinion a man who would make his boat's crew row up stream against it in the dead hours of the night must either be a fool or in desperate need of something further up the river.

"He'll have had enough of it by the time he makes this reach, and will want to bunk here," soliloquised Dick, dropping back into the hammock and lighting a fresh cigarette. Half an hour later the dogged beat of the oars drew into the landing, and Dick went down to meet a man who was stumbling wearily up to the house. At sight of the owner he stopped short.

"Sorry to disturb you," he began hurriedly.

"Don't mention it," returned Dick, equably. "I was trying to keep cool on the verandah. You, I imagine, are doing the reverse. Anything wrong?"

"I must get up to my plantation within a minute's loss of time," said the other feverishly.

Dick shrugged his shoulders. "You won't do it against the tide with a crew of tired Fijians," he returned curtly.

"That is the reason I stopped here," said the other man. "The men say they are played out. You must let me have a fresh crew—you must. There is trouble with the mountaineers, and only that fool Smith with Dorith." He caught his breath, and put both hands over his eyes, as though to shut out something.

Reynolds saw that the man had reached his limit, and spoke sharply to get something to act on before his informant collapsed.

"Tell me what you mean and where you want to get to. What is the trouble with the mountaineers?"

The man looked at him vaguely. "Native trouble—the mountaineers working on my place will take advantage of it—you know what they are—they would club you as soon as look at you—and that poor girl is alone up there—" he caught Reynolds fiercely by the arm. "What are you keeping me here for? I must go up for Dorith—I must—" Dick caught him as he swayed, and half carried him to the verandah where he bestowed him on the floor, while he considered the situation.

"What on earth's the matter with the man?" he wondered. "He's badly scared, but that oughtn't to do for him like this, even if he has been travelling night and day. He's no present use—that's certain." He frowned thoughtfully as he studied the apparently unconscious man by the light of a lamp which he had fetched from within. The newcomer was slight and young, and Reynolds noted with pity the absolute exhaustion in every line of face and figure. He put down the lamp and called to the native crew, who had made the boat fast and had then thrown themselves on the ground near by. Reynolds questioned them closely, and made out that their master had gone down to the little capital town of Fiji a week or so before, and while there had been taken ill. For some reason, of which they were ignorant, he had left his sick bed and started for home in frantic haste, urging his crew to desperate speed—even grudging them a moment's respite for food, with the present result. The men declared themselves incapable of further effort, and their master was evidently too ill to have any voice in the matter. Reynolds put

him in his own bed, and made him as comfortable as it was possible for a very sick man to be. From what the natives said he made out his unexpected guest to be one Chambers, a newcomer, who had lately bought a plantation some distance further up the river. Reynolds, who was not gregarious by nature, seldom troubled to make acquaintance with his few-and-far-between neighbours, and hence knew nothing of this man and his affairs. "Dorith," he imagined, must be Chambers' wife, young though he looked. He had evidently heard something in the capital to arouse fears for her safety. Reynolds thought it very probable that the new chum's fears were unfounded, but he was not the man to take any risks when a woman's need was in question. It was an astounding thing to him that Chambers should have left his wife on a lonely plantation under any circumstances, and methodically he made his arrangements, and, with the turn of the tide, swung out from the landing in his own boat, manned by a picked crew.

There was a touch of freshness in the air now, and the broad river showed whitish-grey in the half light of early morning. Reynolds, who, though he thought he was probably on a wild goose chase, always welcomed a boat journey as a break in the routine of plantation life, gave himself up to the pleasure of a possible adventure. For a while he sat and steered in peaceful enjoyment, watching the half-tones strengthen into broad lights, and the reeds on the river bank sway and dip with the freshening breeze into the now silvery water. After a while he became restless without understanding why. His thoughts steadily set towards the up-river business, and the conviction came to him that the need was pressing. He was puzzled and half angry at the persistence of the thought, for he was not easily influenced, but presently he was giving the rowers an order, and the steady

swing of the oars increased to a rapid one. The tide was coming in strongly, and, at the present speed of the boat, the banks appeared to be sliding by with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Reynolds never glanced at them, but, rudder in hand, sat leaning forward, his whole being concentrated on the desire of seeing the end of a long reach of the river in which they were. Just beyond, round the turn, was Chambers' plantation. What he should meet there Reynolds did not know, but that something awaited him he did know in a curious clear fashion that he did not attempt to analyse. He was a strong character, and so obeyed a strong force when it was set loose without beating against the current.

There was no landing formed at Chambers' plantation, but Reynolds steered his boat in to where the bank had been cleared of reeds. "Telling his men to stay where they were, he turned to find his way to the house. Reaching the top of the bank, he stood, momentarily arrested, while a low whistle escaped his lips. In front of the house—a small wooden one with a thatched roof—swarmed a mob of Fijians, and Fijians ripe for mischief, as Reynolds could plainly see. He went coolly on, until he reached them, and, with a curt "Sa yadra" (good day), proceeded to walk through them. They were so taken by surprise that he was almost at the verandah steps before they made a move, and then a man stepped in front of him. Reynolds turned on him so swiftly that he instinctively shrank back, and the white man quietly mounted the verandah, and joined a girl who was standing there beside a grey-haired nervous-looking man, who was speaking excitedly to the Fijians. In his hand he held a revolver, with which he was threatening to shoot the first man who came any nearer. Reynolds could see that he made little impression on the natives. The speaker was obviously lacking in force of character, for which words are merely a medium, and, however furious his speech might be, it fell thin and powerless. Reynolds turned to the girl, whose face was colourless, but whose grey eyes met his steadily.

"Can you give me an idea what the trouble is?" he asked.

"I am not very clear myself," she returned. "I have not been here long enough to learn the language. They quarrelled with Mr Smith about their wages, I think, and they want to help themselves from the trade goods."

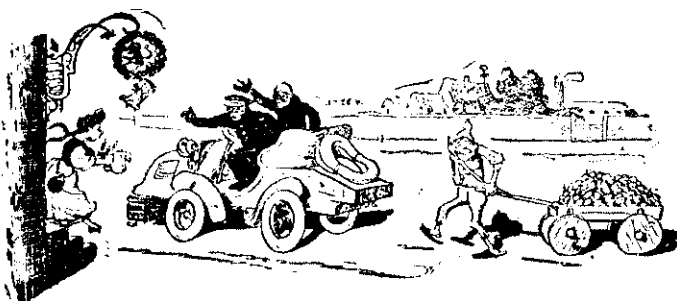
"Where are they?" asked Reynolds. "In a small room in the house here. Oh, they mustn't get them—Jack couldn't afford it. I told Mr Smith on no account to give way."

Reynolds looked at her in involuntary admiration. She showed such unconscious courage, and for the sake of the man who had left her, practically alone, to face such risks as the present one. He felt savage as he looked from her brave face to the insolent dark ones crowding round the ramshackle little house that was her home. His lips tightened, as he thought of their getting

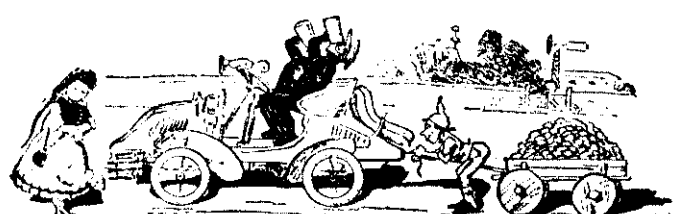
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HITCH BEHIND!

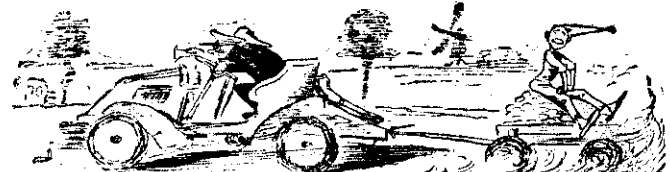
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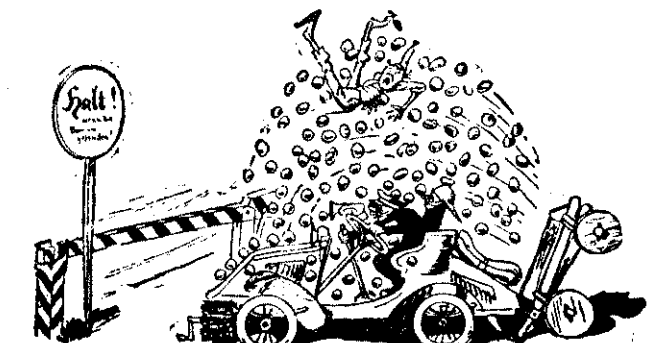
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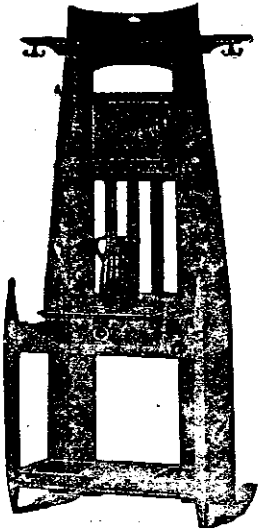


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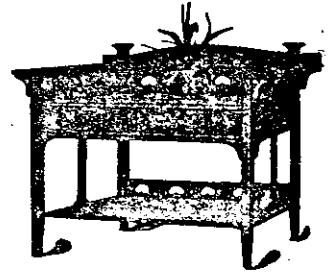
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AS IT WAS WRITTEN.

(A Portent.)

By GEO. J. HARKER.

IT was in the latter half of 191—, the Dove of Peace at last essayed to flutter its tremulous wings over blood-soaked Europe. A semblance of order was gradually emerging from chaotic confusion. War, hideous and relentless, had ceased, leaving its aftermath of rioting and anarchy in the wake of a frenzied war, of which there was no subsequent or apparent victor. Europe had consumed herself, peace dawned as a prelude to impotency. The ghastly revolution in the United States was rocking that vaulted republic to its foundations. Smoke still lay like a pall over its ravished cities. Autocratic despotism, would seemingly again be replaced by a more tyrannical military despotism, defeating the ends of the socialistic masses who had risen in arms to secure what the sanctity of the ballot seemingly could not procure owing to Government corruptness. A menacing cloud hung over India, which threatened to burst, and deluge that country in blood. Foreign emissaries had, during the progress of the war in Europe, vigorously organised the masses from within. Britain engaged in a life or death struggle with her neighbours, was unable to adopt measures drastic enough to keep the situation in hand, and now, too far shattered to attempt them. The Far East of all the known world had with mysterious diplomacy refrained from participating in the European embroglio, preferring a strict neutrality and had remained throughout a veritable hive of industry. Rumours had reached the capitals of Europe from time to time of unceasing activity in those quarters—of new and secretly designed battleships and submarines completed, of a vast increase of disciplined Chinese regiments, of a new and most powerful explosive said to be the invention of a celebrated Chinese professor, of the storage of grain in the granaries—but events nearer home had needed all their vigilance. The Orient was out-gitting the Occident. Through India, through Turkey, throughout the entire East the giant had bestirred himself. Bland, yet subtle, complaisant yet crafty, dreamers, yet practical where Nippon leads.

Parliament had been prorogued in Tokio. An extra meeting of the Cabinet was in session, with Generals of the Army, and Admirals of the Fleet

in attendance. Numerous reports and documents lay on the table. Correspondence relating minutely to the exact condition of the European Powers and alas, their too apparent weakness. To the Civil War, that must eventually bankrupt the United States and shatter that Republic. To the revolutionary party in India, that had taken for its slogan "Home Rule for India." Two of the highest officials of the reorganised constitutional Government of the Chinese Empire were nonchalantly smoking in the ante room, waiting for an audience. Momentous issues were at stake within that empire; an ultimatum had been drafted, presently to be submitted by the aforesaid officials on behalf of the Chinese Government to the Japanese Cabinet for their approval, and if acceptable, to be conveyed instantly to the various European nations owning or leasing Chinese territory, demanding immediate evacuation, abrogating all rights and treaties. The Turkish Ambassador had just presented a note from his Government acquiescing cordially with the foreign policy of both Powers recently outlined to them, and in answer stated their willingness, if necessary, to throw half a million troops over the Russian Frontier, should that Power make any aggressive movement. Discussion followed discussion, plans submitted and approved were subsequently pigeon-holed. The hour of midnight had just tolled when Count Yamo—the Bismarck of Japan—rose to his feet and addressed the audience. Cool and most collected of all present, with facts and figures seemingly at his finger tips, he proceeded with true Eastern insight to pulse the exact position of the world powers—of the East and of the West. Suppressed excitement pervaded the very room as the Premier dramatically dilated on a topic that was to overshadow all previous discussions and carried such dire significance to Southern neighbours. The subject under discussion was an ultimatum to the Governments of Australasia demanding the immediate annulment of the Asiatic Exclusion Act, and the right of free entry to their countrymen. In conclusion, the Premier, usually impassive, indulged in a short but impassioned peroration of his country's destiny. A significant allusion to the national emblem—the rising sun—evoked a ripple of applause. Dwelling for a moment on Japan's preparedness, he reviewed the

past and present policy of his Government prior to the war with Russia, to the present day. The apex of our national aspirations could be none other than territorial expansion, as an absolute and logical concomitant for our national welfare and ideals. Our long premeditated designs and aspirations have matured beyond our most sanguine expectations, expedited by foreign upheavals well-known to you all. On summing up he skillfully fashioned such a picture of Eastern triumph which in the newspapers of that eventful morning would fascinate and enthuse the public mind to a popular pitch when the distribution took place. "Japan," he argued, "must seize this crucial moment to strike and for ever banish western interference in this Hemisphere by establishing Eastern supremacy for all time in a country acceptable in every degree to our adaptability and population. Secrecy which had hitherto been the keynote of our diplomacy need no longer be observed. The powers of Christendom no longer confront us as a possible obstacle. Outwitted the Occident must bow to the inevitable."

Excitement was at fever heat throughout Australia! Absolute panic dominated all classes, for now after the nervous tension caused by the European conflagration a new thunderbolt had dropped suddenly in her midst. Without warning or intimation of any sort, a foreign fleet had appeared simultaneously off Port Phillip and also Port Jackson. Foreign ships had also been reported from other centres, flying the dreaded emblem of the Asiatic powers. A forty-knot destroyer entered Sydney Harbour unannounced and dropped anchor off Circular Quay. A seue approaching pandemonium prevailed when the news leaked out that the mission of the foreign warships was in some way connected with the Asiatic Exclusion laws. While business was almost entirely suspended, the citizens thronged in the vicinity of the large newspaper offices, eagerly discussing the sinister reports so alarmingly circulated. At exactly 10 a.m., the unusual quietness that prevailed in George-street that eventful morning, was broken by the shrill voices of the newsboys shouting the headlines of the first extra issued bearing authentic news. "Mysterious foreign fleet anchored off Port Jackson." "Telegraphic reports announce other vessels flying flags of China and Japan elsewhere." "An ultimatum to Australasian Government, the objective of fleet's visit." At 10.30 a.m. a second extra was issued stating that it had been ascertained that the ultimatum presented demanded the immediate repeal of all Asiatic restrictions, with the alternative of accepting hostilities within forty-eight hours. A third extra announced "Cable communication with New Zealand severed, and telegraphic communication with Queensland also interrupted." A fourth capped all previous extras, by stating "Complete isolation of Australia." "European service entirely cut off," evidently the precon-

certed action on the part of the nations now endeavouring to humiliate Australia. Later reports asserted the ominous fact that several airships were seen hovering in the vicinity of the larger battleships, apparently attached to the fleet. At four p.m., the Government, through the Cabinet, issued the following bulletin:—"To the people of Australia. An ultimatum jointly issued by China and Japan was presented to your Government to-day, conveyed hither by warships of those respective countries, without previous intimation as might be expected from supposedly friendly powers, who have and are, taking coercive measures to enforce their demands. The ultimatum not only calls for the immediate annulment of our exclusion laws, but emphatically demands certain privileges and sacrifices on the part of Australia, which, if conceded, practically transforms this Continent into an Asiatic possession." This was followed by the exact wording of the ultimatum in full, and concluded with the Government's eloquent answer, and instructions to her citizens, etc., etc.

With commerce paralysed, her industries stricken, disorganised finances sustained in her heroic attempt to assist the Mother Country, in the desperate struggle to retain supremacy, Australia was in a sorry plight. With no efficient defences, no artillery of long range calibre—no military reserve, and no defence squadron, long since called home to the theatre of war—a scanty population scattered over an immense area—despite all these short-comings she magnificently repudiates the ultimatum.

Of the tragic finale little can now be written. Resistance, worthy of the noblest traits that tradition could show in the Anglo-Saxon character, was futile before an overwhelming, well organised host of invaders. Alone and unaided, defenceless Australia finally succumbed after all the important centres and strategic points were seized. New Zealand suffering from similar disadvantages to her neighbour, met a like fate, in which her seaport towns were first subjected to a terrific and devastating bombardment, finally captured and garrisoned. Joint Chinese and Japanese proclamations were issued guaranteeing civil and public rights under certain limitations to all citizens swearing allegiance to their conquerors and passing the sovereignty of Australia from Anglo-Saxon to Oriental control and dominion.

Empires conceived by might of sword had thriven
Needs by the law of things by sword again
be reed;
Birth and decay evolve from out the womb
of time
The universal law of change, eternal and
sublime.

An Unfortunate Exile

If Dom Manuel, late of Portugal, finds permanent sanctuary in England he will at least have had some curious predecessors. King Theodore of Corsica went there over a century ago, and was not long resident before he was imprisoned for debt. He had scarcely regained his liberty through the Act of Insolvency when he died, and it seemed as though the Royal remains would have to be interred like those of an ordinary pauper until a Soho tradesman volunteered to bear the expense, not so much out of compassion as from a desire to boast that he had buried a king! There is a memorial tablet for this unfortunate exile on the outside wall of St. Anne's Church, Soho. It was erected by that whimsical genius, Horace Walpole, who himself composed the epitaph, which is as follows:—
The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings;
But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead,
Fate, none'd its lesson on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread.

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TACTLESS.

The (newly engaged): "You're very silent, dearest. What are you thinking about?"
Her fiancé (dreamily): "I was thinking—what an awfully ripping—little stunner—I shall have for a sister-in-law!"
—"London Opinion."



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The Perfect Emulsion.

A sample bottle sent free on receipt of 4d. postage. Mention this paper.

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 7 Barrack Street, Sydney.

Tides.

Continued from page 50.

into the house, and, turning, he saw that Smith was rapidly making matters worse. The natives were openly jeering at him, and pressing closer in.

Reynolds laid his hand on the over-zealous arm. "You had better let me tackle this job," he said grimly. "They are getting right out of hand."

Smith glanced at him impatiently. "You don't know what you are talking about. They have been working under me—a stranger would have no influence whatever with them."

"No?" returned Reynolds, quietly. "Well, I am not going to have those natives rush this house if I can help it, so you will kindly stop talking. Do you understand?" he repeated, sharply. "Stop talking—!" He put out his hand quickly towards Smith, for he saw that the man, then completely off his balance, was going to precipitate matters—but he was too late. Smith ran forward, hurling out a string of threats and insults at the angry Fijians, and, raising his revolver, appeared to take deliberate aim. There was a spring—a scuffle—followed by a report, and when two Fijians sprang away, Smith lay still on the ground. Reynolds turned sharply to the girl, and the stony horror of her face struck him like a blow.

"Go inside the house," he said, in quick command. She shook her head and took a quick breath. "I am going to stay here."

There was not a second to lose, and Reynolds knew it.

"Do as I tell you," he flashed out at her. She looked at him, and then turned and went into the house. Reynolds gave a quick backward look as she disappeared, and the next instant made a spring, and, with a rapid movement of his clenched right hand, sent a big Fijian sprawling. The white man faced the natives with blazing eyes—"That's the first," he said, grimly. "For the next who tries to step on this verandah—" he quietly took his revolver out of his pocket. They had laughed at the other man's threats—they were instantly arrested by those of this one. Drawing back, they commenced a low toned conversation among themselves. Reynolds, revolver in hand, went down and bent over Smith. As he expected, he was quite dead. In the scuffle his own revolver had gone off and killed him instantaneously. Reynolds turned a very stern face on the watching Fijians and went back to the verandah.

"What have you to say about this man's death?" he asked gravely. Some of them shrugged their shoulders indifferently, and one, turning to the other, said insolently, "This man is not master here." "What are we waiting for?" come and take the stuff! "We can make his gun shoot him as the other man's did." Reynolds set his teeth. The thought that he stood single-handed between the girl inside and that mob of insolent savages stung him like a whip lash. Backing to the doorway he stood there, and though he could not look round he said quietly, in English, "Come and stand near me, and be ready to do what I tell you." There was no reply, but before he had time to wonder why, the natives swarmed the verandah and he just had time to draw his revolver as they gained the steps. He shot the first man dead and the others fell back, for the white man was standing in the doorway where they could not spring at him in a body, and the sight of their dead companion was disconcerting. The next instant the sharp tattoo of a lali rang out. "What the deuce is that?" muttered Reynolds. Again and again it beat the air—a persistent note of alarm. The leader among the natives spoke to a man who turned and disappeared round the back of the house. Reynolds heard a breathless voice behind him. "Can you keep them back a few minutes? I have just remembered the Polynesian labour. They are cutting cane a few fields back."

Reynolds started, though he did not turn. "Did you go out of the house to beat that lali?" "Yes," she answered, quietly.

"Good heavens! I thought you were safe behind me."

There was a laugh that was half a sob, and he went on quickly. "What island are your Polynesians from?" "Tanna." He drew a long breath. "I expect you saved the situation, they are furious fighters, and there is no love lost between them and the Fijians. Here they come." He gave a low laugh of delight, for the Tanna men came round the house like a hurricane, their wicked-

Teething TROUBLES can be CURED by SCOTT'S Emulsion

which is not a medicine that merely gives temporary relief, Scott's Emulsion permanently cures all forms of teething trouble. Hundreds of parents have written to say their children were cured of teething trouble by Scott's Emulsion. For example, Mrs. W. Des Jardines wrote, 2nd June, 1909, from 4, Grove Street, Balmain, Sydney, N.S.W.:

"My two children were very peevish and restless while teething, and I had almost to force Eva to eat. After a few doses of Scott's she began to eat heartily, and now both children are putting on flesh—Thomas, nine months, weighs 21 lb., and Eva, 2½ years, 2½ stone—and looking the picture of health. They are cutting their teeth without any trouble, and are as good tempered as they were cross before. This trade-mark was on the emulsion I bought."



If you wish to cure teething trouble, and decide to buy Scott's Emulsion, decide also to GET SCOTT'S EMULSION. You may be asked to buy another emulsion and told it is "just as good as Scott's." Substitute emulsions can only be sold on the reputation of Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion cures the trouble—no matter the age of the patient—and will be approved by your Doctor for Teething Troubles if you ask him. Of all Chemists and Dealers in Medicines.

Of all Chemists and Dealers in Medicines.

One simple dish is a feast when seasoned with **MELLOR'S GENUINE WORCESTER SAUCE!**

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May grow bigger and lead to more serious trouble if it is neglected. A few doses of Bonnington's Carrageen Irish Moss will quickly cure you. Refuse substitutes and imitations. Get the tried and proven remedy
BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS

An "A1" Thirst Quencher.
'MONTERRAT' LIME JUICE.
Delicious also at lunch or dinner, and a healthy drink at all times.
Made in two kinds—Unsweetened, i.e., Plain Lime Juice. Sweetened, i.e., Lime Juice Cordial. Sold everywhere.

A HUGE SUCCESS!

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served either Hot or Cold with Stewed Prunes, Canned or Bottled Fruits forms a delicious dish.

Ask also for Bird's Blanc-Mange, Bird's Jelly Crystals, Bird's Egg Substitute (Powder), Bird's Padding Powder: they are all as good as Bird's Custard. **FREE SAMPLES**, on receipt of address, sent by **ELLIS & MANTON, Stout St., Wellington.**

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Every reader is invited to test the world-famed English Face Cream, which has restored clearness and beauty to so many thousands of complexions. If you value good looks send to-day for a sample of Icilma Fluor Cream and try for yourself its wonderful beautifying powers.

Icilma Toilet Preparations are entirely different from all others, for they contain Icilma Natural Water, the great natural tonic with the real action on the skin. Nothing artificial can even imitate it.

That is why we so confidently ask you to try Icilma Fluor Cream, the exquisite snowy "face cream without grease." A little rubbed on the skin every day will have a marvellous effect; not only will it remove redness, roughness, chaps, and unpleasant conditions, but it will prevent them. This famous cream never grows hair, nor does it require powder, as it leaves no trace on the skin except increased Beauty.



ICILMA FLUOR CREAM

PRICE, 2/- PER POT

The native girl at the well is to remind you that Icilma Natural Water is a pure natural water from the spring in Algeria—its value is proved—its presence in Icilma Preparations guaranteed.

OBTAINABLE FROM: A. ECCLES, Queen Street; H. O. WILES, Queen Street; R. S. FARNHAM, North Shore, and all leading Chemists throughout the Dominion

SAMPLE OFFER:

On receipt of 2d. (stamps) a sample of Icilma Fluor Cream and valuable information will be sent to all who apply at once to

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looking cane knives in their hands. Fijians are brave, but it takes more than raw courage to steady a mob against a furious and unexpected onslaught. They wavered for one minute, and then broke and fled incontinently, as they saw that their assailants outnumbered them. They made for the river, and the Tanna men were on the point of pursuing them with yells of delight when Reynolds, with a sharp word of command, called them back.

Soon the water was dotted with the heads of the fleeing mountaineers, and Reynolds had hard work restraining his men from breaking away and following the enemy into the water. They were sorely disappointed at missing the expected fight, and volunteered to watch the house throughout the night in case the Fijians returned. Reynolds agreed, although he did not anticipate a return of the enemy.

The sun was setting when Reynolds quietly entered the living room of the house. Dorith knew what he had had to do with the help of the Tanna men that afternoon, and had waited, with shaken nerves but steadfastly quiet, until he returned. She looked up at the strong, tanned face as he came to where she was sitting, and had to remind herself that it had been an unknown face to her before to-day.

Sitting down on the edge of the table near her he told her of all the arrangements he had made, and finally that she could safely leave the house in the care of the Tanna men. He proposed to take her down the river that night, and then, pausing, his lips set in a hard line: "Your husband," he began with an effort. She stared at him with a face of blank astonishment. "My—what did you say?" He began slowly to repeat his words, and then lifted his bent head and met her eyes. He caught his breath. "What do you mean?" he demanded, almost roughly. "You are Dorith Chambers, wife of the man who came to me last night." She looked at him with a grave, flushed face. "I am Dorith Chambers, sister to the man who went to you last night," she answered, and then looked away, startled at the change that swept over his face.

He got off the table, and, going to the door, stood looking at the broad stretch of river in which was now reflected the vivid, changing colours of the tropical sunset, and on which he had been brought by the last tide to do Dorith Chambers' service, and at the ebb of which he and she would leave the plantation and make their way together to his home. She was going there to nurse her brother, nevertheless the thought thrilled him as an omen.

Through the stillness which broods over a primitive land—a stillness unlike any other—came the sound of ears clinking in the rowlocks. Reynolds looked down and saw his men preparing the boats for the journey home. Home—he had never before realised the significance of the simple word as he turned his eyes on the girl who was now standing at his side. She met his gaze and was held by it, while one could have counted ten, then, with heightened colour, she looked away, but not before she had read the truth in his eyes. "What seemed hard to understand was that, not only did she not resent it from a man whom she had only met that very day, but the look which he had given her seemed to thrill her through and through."

She had to confess to herself that this man, with his masterful eyes, which, however, softened wonderfully when they rested upon her, had the power of moving her strangely, and as he moved a step nearer to her she looked up with a look, half frightened, half pleading, not knowing quite what he would do. He gazed at her for a moment, and then: "The boat is ready," he said, quietly, "and the tide is with us. Will you come?" Without a word she moved to his side, and together they passed down to the waiting boat.

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Cerebos Salt

makes all food more nourishing.

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Of what use is WEALTH without HEALTH to enjoy it?

There are many well-known men to-day with

UNTOLD GOLD

whose health will not permit them to enjoy a good dinner, and why? Only because in their early career they neglected to keep their blood free from impurities.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS cleanse and purify the BLOOD, promote Digestion, and quickly remedy that "tired feeling" due to a sluggish liver.

For Bronchial Troubles, Sores, Ulcers, Scalds, Burns, &c., keep HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT by you; it is invaluable, gives speedy relief, and promotes a healthy skin. No home or factory should be without it.

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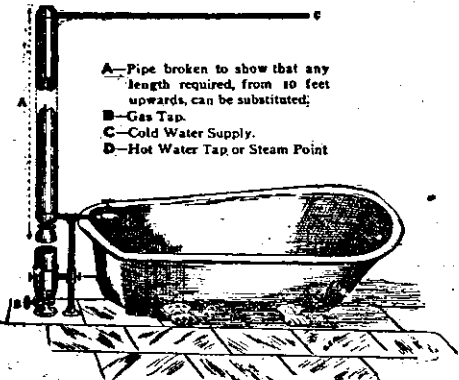
On receipt of this coupon with your name and address, and 6d. stamps to defray postage, we will forward a sample package of EUCRASYS, together with our book on DRUNKENNESS.

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TURN on gas tap marked B on the sketch, apply lighted match at opening just below arrow head pointing downwards, and at the expiration of 3 minutes the water will be heated.

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For GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

Professor Immermann, Basle, Professor of Internal Medicine at the University—

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AVERAGE DOSE.—A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water.

CAUTION.

Note the name "Hunyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, ANDREAS SAKLENER, and the Medallion, on the Red Centre Part of the Label.

Guest: "So you are hard at work studying French? What is the object of that?"

Waiter: "I've been offered a steady job at big pay, over in Paris, if I learn French before going there."

Guest: "H'm! There are plenty of French waiters in Paris."

Waiter: "Y-e-s, but you see they can't understand French as New Zealanders speak it."

Tommy (after a long, lingering survey of his uncle, who has lost an arm and a leg while fighting for his country): "Is that why you are on half-pay, uncle?"

Copyright

The Daedal Woman.

By CHARLES HENRY.

Author of "Lazar Stairs," "Bob's Apology," etc.

MY hand shakes anew as I take up my pen to give account of the violent ending of my life's one passion and of the violent revelation of the superhuman powers of a being apparently of like flesh and blood to myself. I feel again the double shock and I who before the events I set down here would have boasted that nothing on earth or below it could have twitched my nerves, tremble in every limb.

In my fifteenth year, having killed my father's favourite mastiff and out-dared his anger I set off whistling and penniless to explore the wide world. Since that day my life has been often held at a farthing's ransom; I have known all the extremes of fortune and have been untroubled.

Now, these fingers that should hold the pen, slip and jerk like a plucked spider's leg. My will that was iron is powder like shattered glass.

My eyes see one vision only, a woman's face of peerless beauty through which as through a semi-transparent mask loom the smooth features of a Chinaman, a magician learned in the craft of demons; and at sight of the woman's face my blood is fire and at sight of the man's, ice.

I came posthaste to London from Borneo. A white spot of leprosy on my right breast goaded me to impatience. I ascribed it to living for six months in the reeking forests of that Gehenna on a staple diet of putrid fish. It was my desire to consult a Chinese doctor, one Tien-Ming, who practised in London and whose fame had reached my ears in his own country. I found him in Harley Street housed among his professional brethren in style like their own.

I despatched an urgent summons by the English maid who admitted me into an ordinary consulting room, but I was kept waiting an hour. By the time a tall, stout man in immaculate frock coat appeared I was ready to damn him to his fat, yellow face for his tardiness. He bowed with a bland smile and suave greeting. Without returning the courtesy I tore open my vest and asked curiously.

"What do you make of this?"

He touched the spot with a fat cold finger and said quietly,

"Leprosy."

"No doubt of it. Can you do anything?"

The dull light of the November afternoon was rapidly fading. Going to a window he drew down a blind. He switched on a mellowed electric light. I stood motionless, my hands holding my clothes apart. He put on thick round glasses that made his little slanting eyes swell and glow and looked me in the face.

"You are a strong man."

"Yes," I said sharply, "make your proposal."

"Well," he said, "you are versed in Eastern crafts. Will you yield yourself to me?"

"I want to get rid of this and do not fear any man or thing."

He smiled and bowed again.

"Look into my eyes."

I had not long to look into those big, luminous globes, as they seemed, before I was completely hypnotised.

He was tapping my chest.

My senses became clear and I looked down. The spot had disappeared. I was just a little startled and felt a second's awe of the smirking yellow man before me.

"You Yorkshiremen are good subjects," he began in congratulation.

I cut him short.

"What do I owe you?"

"One hundred guineas."

I paid him.

As he took the notes he looked me over meditatively, he had an air of weighing me up that irritated me. In our short conversation he had showed an acquaintance with my life and person that taught me he possessed those subtle gifts of divination one meets in the mysterious East.

"Pardon me," he said courteously, "but you are tired with your journey and have not engaged rooms yet. Will you do me the honour to dine with me and maybe tell me how you found affairs in my native land?"

I had half a mind to refuse but any promise of unusual experiences attracted me. This man amazingly endowed, had some use for me I gauged, and I had half a mind to see what it was.

"I am obliged to you," I said more politely. "I shall be glad but—"

"That is well," he interrupted reading my thoughts plainly. "I can lend you Chinese dress—to which you are accustomed—then you will be at home with my daughter and myself."

As an old thin, wrinkled servitor hobbled silently in his felt slippers before me, brought me to an apartment and assisted me to attire myself in Chinese garb I could not refrain from speculating as to his host's daughter. Probably, I reflected, she was a mass of fat, small-footed, sad and still, her eyes mere slits in an expanse of yellow flesh.

I was soon led to a gorgeous saloon where my host sat alone waiting me.

We talked awhile, plunging into the depths of Chinese philosophy. Suddenly he turned to the table and said,

"My daughter is ready."

I turned in some surprise, having neither heard nor seen anyone enter. When I saw the lady seated at the table I confess I lost my self-command for a moment.

"Your daughter, good Lord, sir," I ejaculated half-aloud.

"My very own," he answered, having caught my words. "Let me introduce you."

He caressed her polished arm with his flabby hands as he led her forward.

A vision of beauty and pride swept towards me, and her fingers, cold and white, touched mine as snowflakes.

How to depict her as I saw her, gleaming, splendid, triumphant, bathed in the rich, subdued lights of the room I do not know. But imagine, if your powers be equal to the task, a tall, stately woman clad in what seemed cloth of gold, embellished with the silken designs that Chinese art delights in, with a black, lacy embroidery cut squarely across her white bosom, leaving the broad shoulders and swelling bust to dazzle by the comparison. Concave a head and features nobly proportioned; brow expansive; eyes like full orbis of dim fire half-discovering, half-veiling the secrets of life; curved lips as ruby-red as the wine she sipped. Over her dark hair trailed the sprays of a white and purple orchid.

It was unthinkable that she was a Chinese woman. I scanned the doctor's face, suspiciously, and marked the sardonic humour faintly shadowed thereon.

I had not long been seated beside this radiant creature before I began to suffer unendurable pangs. It was as though the nerves of all my teeth were barred as I ate. The pain was so great it brought drops of sweat through my pores until my underclothing was saturated. I

was almost overcome and then realised, in a flash, that the doctor for some purpose of his own was putting me to the test. I am an obstinate man, and I resolved to stand my ground. I kept my seat. I ate all he put before me.

In the conversation, in which I maintained my part, Keaton, that was her name, interposed only occasionally. But her remarks revealed a mind as extraordinary as her beauty.

I believe I fell in love with her there and then. My heart, sick with pain though it was, beat tumultuously in my breast and, with all the boldness of my disposition and despite the presence of her superhuman father, I plied her with looks and tokens of passion.

At the conclusion of the meal Keaton rose, touched with her fingers of snow my own hot ones, and passed out of the room.

I rose also and prepared to take my leave. The doctor himself attended me and opened the big street door revealing the London street with its straight outlines, its glimmering gas rays, its mirk and damp. Its cold air seemed to fan to flame in my breast the hatred of West for East. A sudden desire to return his trick of cruelty possessed me. I, who know how to reduce a man's hand to pulp, put all my muscle into my hand-grip for a full half minute. The fellow was not human, though, for his placid smile never changed.

"You must come again," he murmured laconically.

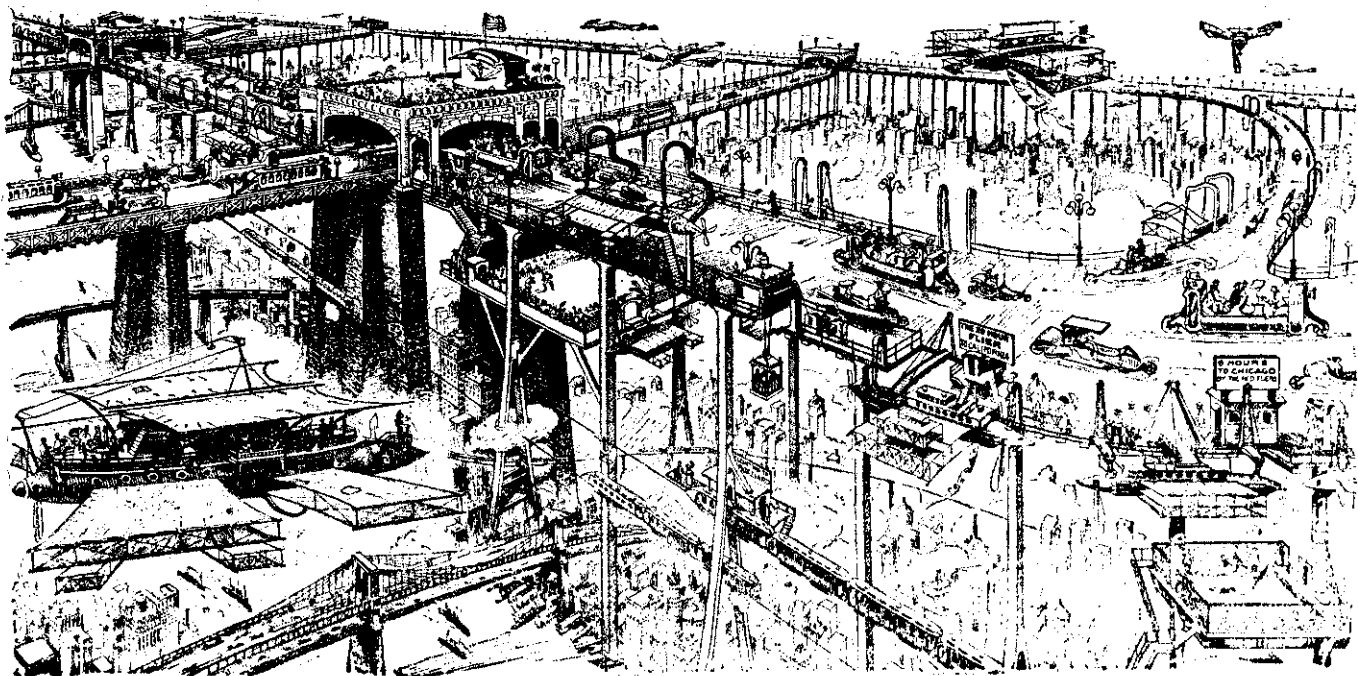
"Thanks, I will," I replied.

In the light of the nearest street lamp I stopped to wipe the blood from my hand. On a thought I looked back at the house and, at a dark window, saw the moonlike face of the doctor blandly smiling at me. My teeth tingled again. What was the meaning of it all? But, as I would sleep in the hard bed of my Bloomsbury rooms the doctor's was not the face that haunted me.

Determined to accept it, I expected and waited the further invitation of Dr. Tien-Ming. I was now quite ready to run the tremendous risks instinct warned me of. I was not invited out of love, nor granted the dazzling vision of his daughter for a trifling reason. Something was wanted, my wealth, my soul, maybe.

A week went by, borne only by exercise of Spartan patience because of the vision of luminous eyes and scarlet lips that hovered before my mental sight.

On the eighth day the call came. I do not mean I received any written or spoken message, I simply became conscious that the doctor desired my visit. I called and spent the evening with Keaton and her father, this time without experiencing any pain or discomfort. I



WHAT'S TO HINDER?

New York's Favourite Summer Resort.

I was invited in the same peculiar manner twice or thrice more and then I found that, leaving Keaton with all the desperate madness of my nature, I must speedily learn my fate or cease to bear any resemblance to a rational creature.

Occasion served me well. On the visit following, as we sat at dinner, Keaton by my side, the old scurvier slambled to the doctor's side and whispered in his ear. The doctor rose and left us alone saying, "Fardon me, an urgent case."

I at once made up my mind to seize the moment. I sprang to my feet and stood over her. I laid my hand on her beautiful wrist.

"Keaton," I exclaimed recklessly, "I have met you but seldom. I scarcely know you. I cannot fathom you, so strange you are, a beautiful, mysterious human flower. But listen, I love you as few men can love. Tell me, will you accept and return my love?"

She sat still a moment, not shyly, not confusedly, rather in an absolute calm but looking up at me with eyes whose depths I could by no means plumb. Words came at last, words like a child softly and sweetly reading a lesson.

"Yours is a man's love, worth having. I gladly give mine in exchange."

A glow and a passionate response grew bright in her eyes and curved her lips into sweetness.

I know not how long a time elapsed ere I heard a chuckle behind me, and the doctor's voice surprised my ears.

"You want a father's blessing, my daughter—and my son-to-be."

There was a chuckle in his voice and a faint smile on his lips that made my pulse surge with anger. I could not but feel that somehow, in some form, the conjuring humbug had been privy to the whole of our proceedings. I made haste to leave before I lost control of my rising temper. He was so confoundedly omnipresent, in one's very soul so to speak.

No thought of him, however, intruded to mar the first lover's paring between Keaton and myself in the doctor's English entrance hall.

How soon she fell into the way of lovers, a way that had a refreshing domesticity to a life long wayfarer. She helped me on with my coat. She laid her hands on my cheeks and drew down my head. She opened the door and I went down the steps. My feet on the mire of the pavement, the cold air on my heated face, I, an English gentleman, turned and waved a hand to her who stood in the doorway, a figure of surpassing beauty and staidness garbed, alienly, in floating warmth and colour.

"Good-night, sweetheart," I called softly.

"Good-night, sweetheart," she echoed in music like silver bells.

The door closed and I sped through the long, dark streets feeling the touch of her hands on my face, seeing the sparkle of her eyes and hearing the silken rustle of her dress.

Seeing that I was now Keaton's accepted lover I felt myself at liberty to see her whenever I chose. So, after an interminable night, I set out the very next morning to call on her. I found myself, immediately, groping my way through one of the worst of London fogs. Being a comparative stranger I made but tardy progress. I was therefore on tenterhooks of impatience which somewhat passed subtly into the deepest anxiety. I felt there was something sadly wrong with things with Keaton, it must be. I could not but realise there were the most weird spiritual connections between the doctor, his daughter and myself. After all I was so hopelessly in the dark concerning them.

So I sought my way from lamp to lamp in the streets in a most unusual feet and fume. And as I progressed an idea in my mind crystallised into a plan. I would enter the doctor's house by stealth if opportunity served, the fog would help me, and discover if I could some of those secrets that haunted his eyes when he looked at me.

As luck would have it, I found one of the front windows open. I looked round, saw no one near, and at once pushed up the bottom frame and clambered through. I crept stealthily through many rooms and passages, some English in style, some Chinese, before I saw or heard anyone. Then, suddenly, lifting a curtain, I came upon a scene the blurred whole of which, for the fog penetrated everywhere, almost made me cry out. It was a room like an operating theatre, the doctor stood there in it bending over a centre table on which was strapped a form like a recumbent marble statue, a form of swelling curves and matchless beauty. But I knew at once the statue was white

flask. It was Keaton, a rug half covered her.

As soon as ever sense surged back to me I perceived the meaning of it all. This doctor, this inhuman man, was conducting an experiment on his own daughter. But that daughter was my promised wife. I strode forward in a blinding fury. The doctor faced round and when he saw me glared like a tiger at bay. On the instant I had to meet the full power of titanic will. Flames seemed to beat on my brain from his twisting fingers, moonlike face and eyes like volcano's cores. I shut my eyes and fought to retain my own will. Though it was like breaking a bar of iron I swung out my right arm and felt my fist smash into the pulpy face. Then I heard the dull fall of his heavy body.

Released from his spell I opened my eyes and casting first a glance at the crumpled form on the floor with its half-hidden blood-splashed face. I turned to the table and tore away the straps. I snatched up a huge bear-skin and wrapped Keaton in it hurriedly, anxious to escape with my precious burden. With an unaccustomed quake in my heart I sidled stealthily away from the fallen monster and sunk back through passages and rooms until I discovered the welcome street door. In the friendly fog I breathed freely again, and with a growing gladness I carried Keaton all the way to my rooms, folding the rug closely about her. I had my latch-key and reaching my room unobserved, I laid my burden on a couch and stirred the fire until it roared cheerfully.

No thought of future peril troubled me. I sat beside my love awaiting her return to consciousness. She was marvellously still, I could detect no sign of life but I was quite sure it was merely insensibility, not death.

But suddenly, my joy was snuffed out like a candle. I knew my enemy had recovered and his will had sought out, and grappled with mine.

His call grew increasingly insistent. Voices seemed to bell in my ears. A compulsion increasing, untiring was exerted upon mind and body that it was a sore struggle to resist. As I clutched the marble wrists of my love to hold myself to her I felt the tingling grip of invisible hands on mine to draw me back through the streets.

The darkness came, the ashes of my fire grew cold but still I battled through the long hours of agony. I swayed moaning on the hearthrug, the grip on my wrists as vehement as mine on hers. Blood dropped from my cracked lips, my lids strained back from eyeballs hot and dry as stones in the sun. I was on the border of insanity. Still I resisted.

I had no count of the hours that elapsed. But slowly, dimly, the conviction came to my mind that I should have to give ray unless I met and fought my enemy face to face in the Englishman's open way while I yet had possession of my faculties.

I decided to go to him, not in submission, but in defiance. It was black night with a dim glow of stars when I set out. Before leaving her, I caught in my arms my hardly-wrested prize, my Keaton. I crushed her to my heart a long minute, the scalding tears raining from my eyes upon her flower-like face, hot enough of themselves to sting its delicacy into life. Then, I slipped furtively out of the house in a desperate anguish, my errand nothing less than the death of the Chinaman. I had had no meat or drink for I know not how long, but I had no thought of it, I was throbbing with feverish energy.

The dark streets were greasy with mud and sleet as I ran through them. Unseeing, unheeding I made straight for a burning centre of thought and feeling to a flame like a moth in its last flight.

I was not surprised when I ran into my foe in the middle of a long street. He also lusted for a death tussle. A hand's reach apart we came to a standstill. I saw his flame-like eyes, I felt his hot breath, but here in the cold London street, I kept the mastery.

"My daughter," he hissed, all his masks gone.

"Is no longer yours, but mine."

"Fool."

"Devil."

"Fool," he reiterated and a certain significance in his tone troubled my assurance. "You gross animal, you have undone us all. You might have had the substance and you have stolen this shadow. I had intended—"

He laughed like the baffled hyena he was. He put out a fat hand, pleadingly and wailed:

"Listen, you shall have her. Keaton,

read, alive. Bring her back to me and I promise you even yet your desire."

I thought he was still playing on my ignorance, and my fears.

"Never! I will not parley with you. You shall go to answer for your devilry."

I leapt at him, but I was contending with something electric, occult, a whirlwind; breaking into it I heard the loud toot of a motor-car. I glanced and saw its glaring lights fly at us, saw it swerve to shoot narrowly by and then, instinctively with a mad effort I flung the Chinaman in a lump between the blinding lights. The thud of the impact was like a not of music in my ear. With inexpressible relief I stood panting, unnoting the stopped car and its running occupants.

I was recalled to myself by a touch on my arm and a voice. I saw a constable and, on the instant, I thought of Keaton in her pallid trance now, no doubt, released from the spell of the doctor, opening eyes. O heaven! to seek me. I turned, knocked away the knot of people about me and ran fast and strong along the clear way to my rooms leaving all pursuers behind.

I bounded up the stairs. I dashed open the door and flung myself on my knees before the couch. There was no light in the room. But I put my arm over her and laid my cheeks on hers.

I sprang back. My heart stopped. I screamed aloud.

I fumbled for matches. I struck a light. I held the match over her face. My straining eyes saw—a horror worse than death—she was crumbling away—how can I tell it?

In a flash I understood everything. I backed out of the room, with reason tottering, my senses and my thoughts a hellish riot within me.

I plunged down the stairs to the street laughing eldritchly. The constable took me, whitefaced and gibbering to the cell in which I have attempted to write it all down.

ITCHING ECZEMA WAS INTOLERABLE

Eruption Spread Over Face and Body—Shamefully Disfigured—Had to Tie Hands and Feet and Bandage Face to Stop Agonized Scratching—Even Specialists

THOUGHT IT INCURABLE BUT CUTICURA CURED HER

"Some three years ago I suffered from a slight rash which grew gradually to such a pitch that it developed into weeping eczema. So bad was I, the disease spreading over my face and whole body, that I would only go out wearing a veil so extremely thick that my features were unrecognizable and I myself could hardly see. In addition to this, every night, on account of the terrible itching and sores, my hands had to be bound up and then tightly tied behind my back, and as even then so intolerable was the agony that I would scratch where possible with my feet and rub my face against the bed clothes; my parents had eventually to firmly tie my feet together and bind a silk handkerchief all over my face.

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Reference: R. Towns & Co., Sydney.

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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.]

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Ocean Bay.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I hope you got Waiwika letters she sent you. Do you know what my name is? It is Meme, and have three sisters and one brother. All my sisters are older than I am, but my brother is younger. Maunua, my brother, my sisters, and myself went up to the bush to-day, and we had a lovely time. It is a lovely day, and so warm. We will be going up to Rivetain next month. I remain, yours truly, MEME (RHEM). I am seven years old, and I was born in New Britain.

[Dear Cousin Meme.—Thank you for the nice little letter you sent. Do you want to join the cousins? If so, send me your full address, and I will send you a badge. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Ocean Bay.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I received the badge you sent me, and was very pleased to get it. My little sister is writing to you, too. I have a pet cat, and her name is Torie. My father has three dogs, and their names are Pip, Ching, and Fly. My father has a school, and has twenty boys in it. My mother and we children go up to the bush nearly every Sunday. I am using my badge for a book-marker. Now I must close.—With love from Cousin WAIWIK.

[Dear Cousin Waiwika.—I am glad you like the badge. Do you go to your father's school. If so, you must have grand fun with all those boys. Have you started to bathe in the sea yet? I am just longing for a dip. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Devonport.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am willing to ask if you will accept me as one of your cousins? I am 12 years old, and am in the Fourth Standard. I have five sisters, but no brothers. I have a pet horse, and his name is Purchase. We have two hens with chickens. One has nine chicks and the other 12. What is your favourite game, Cousin Kate? Mine is golf. Will you please send me a blue badge. I must now close, with love to all the cousins and yourself.—From JIM.

[Dear Cousin Jim.—I am delighted to have a cousin who plays golf. You are the only cousin who does, and as I am very keen on it we ought to be great friends. I don't like golf when it is hot, so I play tennis in summer. Have you started sea-bathing yet? I intend to come over soon. I don't want to bathe. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Hatuna, Hawke's Bay.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Will you have me for one of your little cousins. I am eight years old. I go to Hatuna School. I have a pet lamb named Tim and a little calf, which we call Smudge. My dog's name is Waddy. My brother Dick's dogs' names are Bruce and Don. We get the "Weekly Graphic," and I like to see about Buster Brown, but he is a very naughty boy. It is very dry here at present. We would like to get some rain. Please send me a badge. I must now close, with love.—From your little Cousin KITT.

[Dear Cousin Kitty.—I am delighted to have a new little cousin. I quite agree with you that Buster is a very naughty little boy. I wish you could have some of my milk, and get some of my little white again soon. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Kainui.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I received your letter a few days ago, and am very sorry I have not written before, but I have not had time. I have a little calf. Will you give me a name for it? My sister Renie has gone back to Kalkoura to milk the cows for my grandmothers. My aunt and uncle are at Kalkoura now. We have our pony with us, and we drive him to school. He goes well in harness, and can trot fast. Now, Cousin Kate, the coach is coming, and I suppose I must stop, with best love.—From Cousin MARATA.

[Dear Cousin Marata.—You are a good little letter-writer, and I am always pleased to hear from you. I am sure you will must be very busy. How would Dodger do for the calf? You are a lucky girl to have a nice pony to take you to school. Who drives, do you? With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Feilding.

Dear Cousin Kate.—You may think me very unkind for not writing before. I received the badge safely, and was very pleased with it. I am going to send you to the Palmerston North Show. I enjoyed myself very much. I am going to send you a postcard of Feilding. With love.—From Cousin AGNES.

[Dear Cousin Agnes.—You have indeed been a long time answering my letter; don't be so long again. Your letter is so well written, and so beautifully neat. We have had some fine pictures in our papers of the Palmerston Show. I can well imagine you enjoyed it. Our show is next week. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Auckland.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I thank you very much for the badge you sent me. I received it on Friday morning. I have been thinking of the same all the time. I am going to go to Greenlane to get a pet kitten; will you give me a name for it? I am going for a picnic this week to the seaside. This riddle is for all the cousins and you. "Why does a bricklayer resemble a bird?" With love to all cousins and yourself.—Cousin ENA.

[Dear Cousin Ena.—You answer very promptly. Now that you have told the cousins some of the things you can do in Auckland that they can't do in the country. That would interest them. How would Midget do for the kitten? With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Eketahuna.

Dear Cousin Kate.—As I have not finished reading the cousins' letters I thought I would write again. Many thanks for the badge. Father gets "The Graphic" weekly, and as you as baby sees it, she wants to see Buster, her Brown, and we have not missed one Sunday from Sunday School, and I have been going for about three years. Val and I have been getting our gay ready thing. Every day, and we are going to blow the gay up in the evening with fireworks. I will close now by giving you and the cousins a riddle: "What is that which smells much when you go into a chemist's shop?" With love to you and all the cousins.—From Cousin ALLAN.

[Dear Cousin Allan.—I am glad you write again, and of the baby Buster. Sister must be a dear little thing. I expect you have great fun with her. The answer to your riddle is "The nose." With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Auckland.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would very much like to become one of your cousins? I am twelve years old, and am in the fourth standard. I go to the Convent School. We have a pet parrot. Will you send me a red badge, please? I like, out of all my lessons, reading, writing, spelling, and drawing. I have one sister, but no brothers. I shall ask my father to get "The Graphic" every week.—I remain, your loving Cousin ENA.

[Dear Cousin Ena.—I am delighted to have you for a cousin, and I hope you will write nice letters about the things that happen here which will interest the cousins who live in the country. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Grey Lynn.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I saw my letter in "The Graphic" this week, so I thought I would write again. I went to see the procession to-day, but I did not like it as well as the one last year. I suppose the wet weather accounted for it. The afternoon I went to see the play called "Lovers' Lane," and liked it very much. I think Miss L. Parkes, as "Shippidy Johnston," and Mr H. Plummer, as "Ray, T. Singleton," acted their parts splendidly. With love.—Cousin VERA.

[Dear Cousin Vera.—I did not see the procession, for the weather was miserable, and so I stayed at home and wrote to the cousins. "Lovers' Lane" was very pretty. Lisette Parkes is very charming, and a clever girl. You must be sure and come to the sweet pea carnival on the 3rd December. It will be lovely I think. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Thames.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I hope you will excuse me for not writing before, as I haven't had much time to spare. We are having some wet weather here the last two or three days. I am excited about the show with my father. I went to Te Aroha on Arbor Day, and it was raining in the morning and fine in the afternoon. Please send the names of the Pahiatua cousins and Ashhurst and Masterton. I will close now, with love to all the cousins.—From LEONARD.

[Dear Cousin Leonard.—Don't you think Te Aroha is a rather pretty place? The baths there are beautiful. I am sending you the names you ask for. Write again soon. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Morrinsville.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am sorry I did not write before, but I have been too lazy. We are milking 20 cows now, and have 2 calves. We only feed four with the buckets, all the rest drink out of the trough. Cousin Albert's leg is all right now, and he runs about all over the place. My father goes to school. Colin goes to Hamilton, and I go to Morrinsville. Grandma might come up and stay with us for a while. The flowers are all in bloom now, and have a pretty, and the fruit trees are getting fruit on now. I will close now, with love to all the cousins, not forgetting yourself.—Cousin ETHEL.

[Dear Cousin Ethel.—You must indeed be busy. How many cows do you milk, and I suppose you feed the calves? I am glad Albert's leg is better. What a long way for Colin to have to go to school, but I suppose it is the High School he goes to. The roses in Auckland are just wonderful this year. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Havelock.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would very much like to become one of your cousins. It is just the time I have written to you, but I hope it will not be the last. I would like a blue badge, as it is the colour of our boat. Yesterday morning, before breakfast, I painted the name on our boat. Its name is "The Victory." We have two cats, one is called Maori, and the other Longfellow. Nearly every Saturday we go out boating, and have some lovely times. I make bird traps, and go up the hills, and catch sparrows, yellow hamsters, and goldfinches. Havelock is a nice little town, situated in the Pelorus Valley. Not far from Havelock is a very large sawmill, one of the largest in the South Island. I think you will like to hear more this time, but perhaps I can tell you more next time.—From your loving cousin, STUART.

[Dear Cousin Stuart.—I hope very much that it won't be the last time you write, for your letter is so bright and interesting. How jolly to have a boat of your own. I don't know of any better fun than boating. What a funny name for a cat Longfellow. Is there good fishing down your way? With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Waiwika. Dear Cousin Kate.—As I did not see my letter in the "Graphic" I thought I would write again. The weather has been very wet here lately, but it is getting better now, and the annual examination is to be done on the 15th. I would like to be a member of the club, but I don't think I will, because I have only been in the Sixth Standard since August. My two friends, Elsie and Annie, were coming on Saturday, but it rained. We were going for a bicycle ride. The wild clematis is out in flower in the garden now, and it is lovely. We have school garden at our school, and they look very nice just now. Mr. Hodgson is giving a prize of 5/- to the girl who has the best flower garden, and to the boy who has the best vegetable garden. I will now close by giving you and the cousins a riddle: "Why do little birds in their nest agree?"

[As there is no name to this letter I have no idea from whom it comes. I expect your letter will have been in the "Graphic" ere this. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Palmerston N.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not written to you for such a long time. I am learning music, and so is Dakyns. I have five little chicks and a hen, and would you please tell me a name for the hen. On Saturday I went to the pictures, and I liked them very much. I cut my toe with a piece of glass, and Dakyns ran the fork into her foot, and so we both have sore feet. Why we cut our feet so often is because we have no shoes on. My mother has been very ill, and so she is going away for two weeks' holiday.—Your loving cousin, FREDA.

[Dear Cousin Freda.—I am so glad to hear from you. I always enjoy your letters, for you are one of our best correspondents. It is supposed to be very healthy. I know, to go bare footed. It is rather odd that you both should have mishaps the same time. If your cat is blue, call it Togo. I hope your mother will be all right this time. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Palmerston N.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not written to you for a long time. I am learning music now, and I like it very much, and Freda is learning too. I have two little kittens, but I did have five, and we only kept two. I call one of them Smut, because it is black, and the other is called Spot, because it has a spot on its back. We have twelve little chickens, and they are also mine. Last Saturday I went to some pictures with my brother, and I like them very much. I ran a garden fork into my foot, and it was very painful for two or three days, and Freda cut her toe with a bit of glass. My garden is very pretty just now. It has so many flowers out.—Your loving cousin, DAKYNS.

[Dear Cousin Dakyns.—I am quite sure you must be very busy little girl. How long do you have to practise. I suppose you get up early and do it. But I am glad you do not forget to write to me. I have never received the pictures you promised to send. Did they turn out badly? With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Blenheim.

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins? I have just turned ten, and am in the second standard. I have two cats, and both of them are black and white. All our Sunday-school children are going for a picnic on the first of November, which we hope to have a good time in the country, romping on the hills. The weather has been very fine here for some time past. The mounted rifles went into camp on Saturday last, and held their sports to-day.—With love from ALICK.

[Dear Cousin Allick.—I am delighted to have you for a cousin, and if you send me your full name and address, I will send you a badge. I hope you enjoyed your picnic. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Just a few lines to ask you if you will accept me as one of your many cousins? I am ten years old, and in the third standard. The Inspector's examination is on the 23rd of November. Will you please send me a pale blue badge? As this is my first letter to you, I think I will stop.—I remain, yours truly, ROSA.

[Dear Cousin Rosa.—I am very pleased to welcome you among us, and though our Circle is large, there is still lots of room. Your letter is true when you say, "Age, and nice and neat." With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Pukekohe.

Dear Cousin Kate.—As I have been reading the "Graphic" for some weeks, I would very much like to become one of your cousins. I am ten years old, and in a few weeks I hope to be in the Third Standard. Will you please send me a blue badge? I am going to learn music soon.—Cousin IVY.

[Dear Cousin Ivy.—I am very pleased to have you for a cousin. Your letter is well written and neat. You will not have much fun in what you are doing, as you must find time to write to us.—With love, Cousin Kate.]

Manakau.

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins. I am twelve years old and in Standard III. I have a cat called Puddles and a little grey kitten. Will you please give me a name for it? We have been having a lot of fun with it. I like it very much. I read the "Graphic" every week, and I like to read the cousins' letters. I have a brother and a sister older than myself. I may be going to Auckland

in a fortnight, to stay at Devonport for a few weeks, but I am not sure yet. Will you please send me a blue badge? I must close now, with best love to yourself and all the other cousins. — From MARIE.

[Dear Cousin Marie, — I am pleased to have a new cousin. How would "Bubbles" do for the grey pussy. I am sure you will enjoy yourself if you come and stay in Devonport. You will have such fine bathing and playing on the beach, and nice drips over to Auckland on the ferry boats. With love. — Cousin Kate.]

Antseed Valley.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I hope you have not forgotten me. I think this will be the last letter I will write, because we are going away from here. It is wet today, so I thought I would like to write to you. I have not written for a long time. Our deer has lost his horns, and he looks so funny without them. I passed at the examination,

and am in the third standard. My brothers have a large number of birds' eggs and beads. We have got a new teacher. The willow trees are quite green now. I like reading best of all school work. I will close now, with love to all the cousins, not forgetting yourself.—From your loving cousin BIRDIE.

[Dear Cousin Birdie.—No, indeed, I have not forgotten you. I cannot see, because you are leaving Antseed Valley, why you should stop writing. Please don't. I do think it is such a funny thing why deer should lose their horns. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

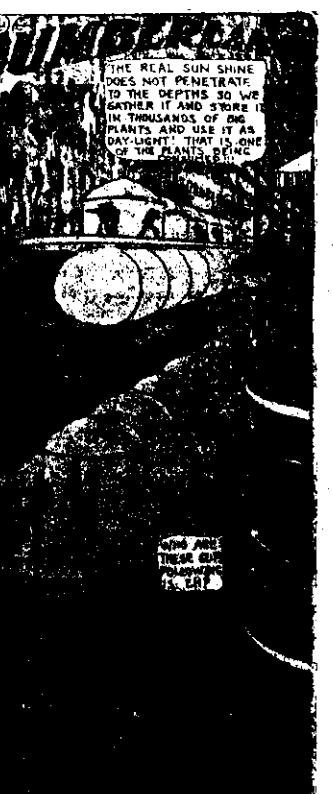
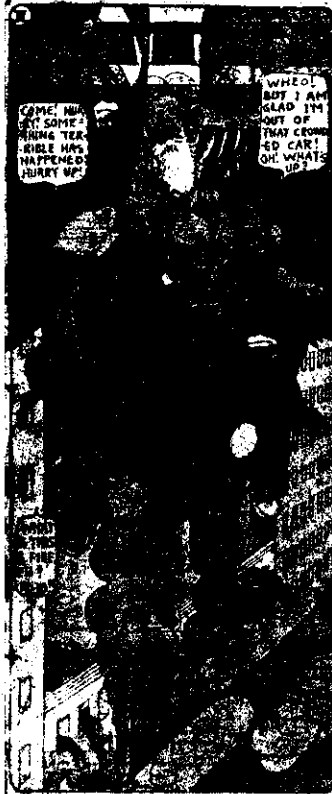
Napier.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I suppose you will nearly have forgotten me by this time, but I hope not quite. It is nearly a year since I wrote to you last, but we left off getting "The Graphic" for a time, and then I couldn't write, because it wouldn't have been any good if I had not been able to

see your answers, which are much the nicest part. We are going to take "The Graphic" again, so I will be able to write to you now. We have been living up at a place called Makotuku all this year. It is one of those little places on the railway line, and was very quiet, but we have come back to Napier again. We are going to live out at a place called Petane. It is just seven miles out of Napier, but of course we will often be able to come in. Did you go to see that play, "Lovers' Lane"? It is coming to Napier in December, and we are going to it. How have you been all this long time, Cousin Kate? There don't seem to be many of the old cousins left now, they all seem to be new ones. On Guy Fawkes's night the people here were not allowed to set off any fireworks, because the place is so dry for want of rain, but the weather is beautiful, only very hot. They have got swimming baths here in Napier now. They were opened last summer. It is such a nice building, and they have ten rooms there too. I haven't been to the baths yet, but

am going this summer. Just fancy, Christmas is nearly here again. Hasn't the year gone quickly, but won't it be nice to have Christmas again? Are you going away anywhere for the holidays? I am going to the opening of the tennis courts on Saturday. Well now, dear Cousin Kate, I think I will stop, with much love to you and all the cousins.—From MARIORIE.

[Dear Cousin Mariorrie.—You can't think how pleased I was to get your letter, and such a nice long, interesting one. I am so glad you are going to start and write again. Napier must be a charming spot. Though Auckland is such a lovely place, there is one thing we have not got, and that is a nice bath. We got lovely bathing from the beach at Cheltenham, Takapuna, and other parts. No, I am not going away for Christmas. My holiday will come later. "Lovers' Lane" I saw, and it was sweet. You will love Lizzie Parkes as "Simplicity." With love.—Cousin Kate.]



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OUR BABIES.

(By HYGELA.)

Published under the auspices of the Society for the Health of Women and Children.

"It is wiser to put up a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom."

Effect of Food on Teeth.

To show how the effect of ordinary food on the teeth is mainly a question of the structure and texture of the material, and only secondarily a question of its chemical composition (or so-called "nutritive value"), one has only to mince meat or express the juice from sugar-cane and give the child the concentrated sugar itself to practically destroy the "exercising" virtue proper to either foodstuff in its more natural state. The following extract from the Society's book, "Feeding and Care of the Baby," throws more light on this matter:—

Far-reaching Effects of Masticatory Exercise.

Perfect, capacious jaws and sound, beautiful teeth cannot be built without fulfilling all the simple and universal requisites for health throughout babyhood and childhood—especially ample daily exercise of the mouth organs.

The mouth is indeed a great primal "DRIVING-STATION," whence the Nerve-fibres carry impulses to the Nerve-centres, which quicken the life and activity of every tissue of the body. When the jaws are doing natural, honest, hard work, the whole of the rest of the organism is impelled to activity—the heart pumps quicker and more forcibly, the pressure of blood in the arteries rises and its stream flows more rapidly, even in the very finger-tips; at the same time, the digestive juices are poured out freely, not only into the mouth, but also into the stomach and bowels, as the result of messages transmitted from the mouth when busily engaged in mastication.

Apart altogether from the consideration of the building of the teeth and jaws, active "mouth-exercise" is thus necessary for the nutrition, growth, and health of every organ of the body. "Feeding exercise" is the most primitive, fundamental, and essential of all forms of exercise. A horse fed mainly on hard

dry food (and reasonably treated in other respects) becomes the ideal of strength and "fitness." Feed the same horse with soft mashes, made from similar food materials, and he will become soft and "out of condition," simply because his whole organism will then lack the primary stimulation of daily, normal, active exercise which formerly he had to devote to crunching the oats, etc.—activities which are not called forth when dealing with food provided ready ground and softened—food on which the work has been already done by millstones and mashing outside the animal body. The same applies to ourselves—particularly to the young, who are always nearest to Nature. We need the exercise of active mastication, and the only effective means of ensuring this is to start training at the dawn of life. Never let a healthy infant take a meal on which he is not compelled to do active work in the form of sucking or chewing. We must begin with the baby and foster his natural tendency to masticate, instead of doing everything in our power to make the function die out by disuse.

The mother should banish from her mind the idea of "pap-feeding" or "mince-feeding" being the natural course to pursue with a child who has teeth. Even milk should be used sparingly after eighteen months—a pint a day being certainly ample, perhaps more than is desirable. Diluted with water, milk should then be used as a drink at the close of meals, not as a fluid in which to soak and so spoil food which would otherwise need chewing and insalivating. No doubt the children of the poor are often unduly stinted with regard to milk, but children in general tend to be given too much milk and cream—too much ready-made fluid food which merely drains into the stomach—to the exclusion of cruder materials on which work would have to be done, suited to the natural tendencies and activities of infancy.

Parents who once grasp the fact, that the more exercise a child can be given

for mouth, jaws, and teeth the more he will tend to thrive, will not be at a loss to find means by which the carrying out of what is needed can be ensured. Further, they will not let the tyranny of hide-bound custom or conventional propriety stand in the way of the health and development of their offspring. Thus, the small allowance of meat that a child may have is best given in the form of a bone, from which he can gnaw and tear off with his teeth what is eatable. The more extensive the bone surface to which the meat is attached the better, but even a small mutton chop, eaten in this way—especially if it happens to be somewhat lean and "wholesomely tough"—will afford a considerable amount of very healthy, stimulating, and enjoyable recreation. Fortunately, the hands and lips are not un-washable!

Some of the modern dry cereal foods, made especially with a view to ensure thorough chewing and insalivation, are excellent as an occasional change from bread-crusts, toast, oat-cake, or hard biscuit; the only objection to these patent prepared cereals is that though not more nutritious than ordinary whole-meal, they are decidedly expensive.

The above list of foodstuffs, capable of affording proper exercise for jaws, teeth, and digestive glands, can be added to indefinitely, especially in the direction of raw, ripe fruits, nuts, almonds, etc. Owing to the prevalence of hydatids, one cannot feel safe as to the use of raw salads in New Zealand, except where the circumstances preclude the idea that they may be infested with hydatid eggs, which are so common in the excreta of our dogs and other animals.

Nuts and Oatcake.

Nuts and almonds are more highly nutritious, weight for weight, than wheat or oats; but it is not from this point of view that they are to be recommended for children. So far as direct building properties are concerned, all nuts form extremely expensive foods in this country. When deprived of their shells their average cost is about a shilling a pound, or ten times the price of flour or oatmeal. However, children are extremely fond of nuts, and can readily be taught to expend an amount of energy in grinding them into a paste quite beyond the work they would ordinarily devote to masticating dry toast, hard biscuit, or even oat cake. The last-named forms an excellent substitute for nuts, and we should use it far more than we do in the feeding of our children. It is very difficult to convince parents that more satisfactory growth will take place if a large proportion of the oatmeal used as food is given in the form of plain oat

cake, than if the meal is used solely in the form of porridge, which slips down unchewed.

Recipe for Oatcake.

Oatmeal, 1lb (say two breakfastcupfuls).

Flour, 1lb (say one breakfastcupful).
Water, half a pint (say one breakfastcupful).

Butter, lard or dripping, a level dessertspoonful.

Salt, one level teaspoonful.

Baking soda, half a level teaspoonful.
Melt the butter in the boiling water, and thoroughly mix the ingredients. Roll out to about an eighth of an inch thick. Bake in a slow oven until dry and crisp, or use a girdle. The more fat we use in making oat cake the less easily is it digested. Indeed, some of the old folks in Scotland say that there should be no fat; but it will be found that children take this food with much more relish if it is made palatable and crisp by the use of a little fat and soda.

It should always be borne in mind that food tends to be more beneficial if thoroughly enjoyed than if eaten with indifference.

Children should not be pampered, but there is no greater mistake than that of arbitrarily forcing distasteful food on them. If a child is healthy and takes sufficient outdoor exercise, it can generally be trained, with reasonable tact, to take and to enjoy almost any good, wholesome, plain food, provided the meal is commenced with such food and not with more attractive articles of diet.

Hygienic Habits.

It would be a great boon to the race if every mother could be brought to realise the paramount necessity of gradually and systematically training every child to thoroughly exercise its jaws and teeth as soon as they are capable of work. Much can be done during the first year of existence, and more during the second. There is, indeed, no period of life when a human being, in proportion to his size, could be more fit and capable, as regards mastication than towards the end of the second year. At that time he should be equipped with a practically brand-new set of perfect teeth, capable of comminuting and grinding any ordinary food, and intended by Nature to give him much pleasure and profit in the process. Yet nothing is more common than to hear a mother say, fatuously: "Oh, you can never rely on a child chewing his food until he is six or seven years of age!"

In reality, by the time the sixth or seventh year is reached, the golden op-

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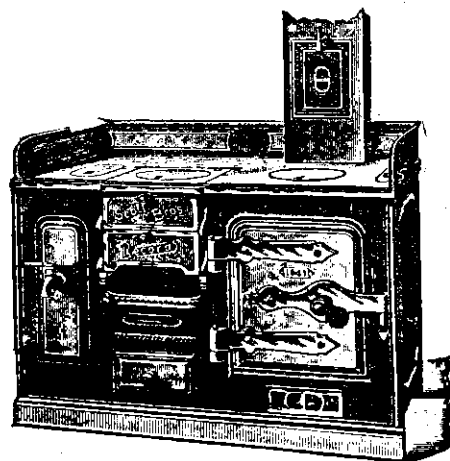
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NOTES FOR WOMEN.

LONDON, October 21.

Famous American Women.

Following shortly upon the lamented death of Miss Florence Nightingale comes news of the death, last Monday, of a famous friend of "the angel of the lamp," Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, widow of the brilliant philanthropist, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe.

Mrs. Ward, whose name has been joined with Harriet Beecher Stowe's as "an oracle of humanitarian America," was not only a Unitarian preacher, lecturer, writer, a prominent leader in the women's suffrage, prison reform, and peace movements, but the composer also of the battle hymn of the Republic, written early in the Civil War, while she was visiting the camps around Washington. It was set to the music of "John Brown's Body," and immediately became popular with the soldiers. The first verse runs:—

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Other of her works are "Passion Flowers," "A Trip to Cuba," "Sex and Education," "Is Society Polite?" and "Sketches of Representative Women of New England, 1903."

Before the Civil War Mrs. Howe and her husband conducted the anti-slavery organ, the "Boston Commonwealth," and after that question was settled she became active in the causes of female suffrage, prison reform, etc. Despite her advanced years (she was ninety recently) the famous writer was in full possession of her faculties and mental keenness, and still showed great interest in all the great public questions of the day.

Among her very large circle of friends Mrs. Howe has numbered such famous people as Sydney Smith, Florence Nightingale, Longfellow, Thomas Carlyle, Samuel Rogers, Dickens, Lord Houghton, Landseer, Wordsworth, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Gregory XVI., and Miss Edgeworth.

It was in the early '50's that Mrs. Howe's first volume of poems, "Passion Flowers," treating of the struggle of the Hungarian and Italian patriots, appeared. This was followed by another, "Words for the Hour." A play, "The World's Own," described as "full of literary merits and of dramatic defects," was produced at Wallack's Theatre by the elder Sothorn and Mathilda Heron. Another was written for Edwin Booth, but never produced.

Women's Hostels.

The Duchess of Marlborough presided at a conference held on Monday at the British Institute, at which the subject—undoubtedly an urgent one in this great city where it should long ago have been attended to—of hostels for women was discussed.

There is already established in Manchester a municipal home for women, which is very successful. The Duchess has urged that hostels be run on similar lines in London.

A speaker in proposing a motion in favour of approaching the L.C.C. in order to get them to more in the matter, spoke of the dangers which a young girl encountered when looking for a night's lodging in London, and said it was a disgrace to society that such things should be possible. Now that public attention had been focussed upon the evil, a definite effort should be made to cope with it immediately. This lady also quoted a number of reasons for showing how necessary it was that municipal rather than private enterprise should undertake the establishment and control of lodging-houses for women.

In order to call attention to the urgency of this question a National Conference is to be called in the spring,

opportunity for building strong, capacious jaws, and sound, long-lasting, shapely teeth has passed, if the mother has not been in the habit of giving plenty of hard food and paying due attention to training her offspring to eat slowly and chew thoroughly. If she has not done this, she has let slip the period specially intended by Nature for the efficient building of organs which should last strong and good for the rest of life, but which so seldom do so nowadays.

under the auspices of the National Association for women's lodging homes.

Women Jurors.

A somewhat unusual incident took place at a county court in Northamptonshire this week. A woman who was defending an action against a dressmaker wanted to have the dress tried on in court to show that it was a misfit. The judge thereupon asked all the women in court to decide the point, and they retired with the defendant to another room. There they saw the garment tried on, and by a majority reported that the dress was too long, but that it could be remedied. His Honor said the plaintiff must put matters right before she got a verdict.

New Zealand Anti-Suffragists.

A large number of New Zealand ladies, resident more or less permanently in this country, who have practical experience of the working of the female franchise in their own Dominion, are being circularised by the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League. Representations have been made to the league that many of these ladies desire, without undue publicity, to dissociate themselves from those of their fellow-countrywomen who advocate the passing of similar legislation in England, on the ground of the benefits that it has conferred on women in New Zealand. After consultation with several ladies in London the league has issued a form of letter for signature, denying that female franchise in New Zealand has been for the benefit of women.

A Wonderful Lily.

The Victoria Regia, the great Amazon lily that has been for many years the pride of the Botanic Gardens, that lives in a glass palace in a perpetual tepid bath, has a bloom that is a foot across. The great spiked leaves are in some cases, even in London, eight feet wide. The Victoria Regia has only once been known to disclose more than one bloom at a time, and when the remarkable flower opens it generally only lasts for a couple of days.

Woman Manager's Enterprise.

A correspondent in this week's number of the "Era," in replying to Mr. Redford's contention that no theatre in England booked all its seats, points out that Miss Horniman—on whom it may be remembered, the degree of M.A. was recently conferred by the Manchester University—has, since the reconstruction of the Gaiety Theatre in Manchester, allowed all the seats in the place to be numbered and reserved.

Foreign Waiters.

As every travelled New Zealander will agree, one pin-prick which irritates one during a stay in London is the omnipresent foreign waiter. Now, there is hope of a change. One of the most hopeful suggestions yet put forward for dealing with such "blind-alley" employments in England as that of the boy messenger is the proposal made by the manager of the Inns of Court Hotel, London, that these boys should be trained to become waiters. There is an enormous demand in London and other English cities for good waiters, but for some reason it is impossible to obtain a sufficient supply except by importing foreigners. Much of the feeling—or alleged feeling—against foreign waiters is doubtless altogether absurd, but there is no reason why the country should remain dependent upon foreign enterprise for filling a useful and honourable profession. A good English waiter need not fear comparison with the waiters of any other country, and is generally able to add a delightful note of friendliness to the discharge of his duties. But, unlike poets, waiters are not born, they are made; and the essence of the new scheme put forward by Mr. Aobott is to train raw youths to become efficient waiters. Post Office messenger boys, it is suggested, will make excellent material for the kind of work they have already done in carrying messages and running errands leads more naturally to the work expected of a waiter than to that of an artisan. It is proposed that the boys should first have a training in the rudiments of the waiter's art in England, and should then be sent abroad to learn one or more foreign languages. On their return they will be fit to take highly-paid posts, and it is interesting to note that a good waiter can earn considerably more than the average bank clerk.

"First Rhodes Sister."

£300 A YEAR IN ENGLAND FOR TWO YEARS.

AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

(From Our Lady Correspondent.)

LONDON, October 23.

When Cecil Rhodes introduced his great educational scheme by endowing scholarships that enable Britons of the overseas dominions to come to England and enter Oxford, he made no provision for women scholars. This undoubted gap has not been filled so far by any English educationalists, but Americans have taken the matter up, and there is already an American woman "Rhodes" scholar in London.

She is Miss Juliet S. Points, and the first winner of the scholarship endowed by the General Federation of Women's Clubs in America.

The idea of an international and inter-colonial scholarship scheme for women, laid down on somewhat similar lines to the Rhodes Scholarship for men, has struck more than one woman, but to Mrs. Thayer, an American lady, must the credit of the present scheme be given, since it was she who formulated it, and she who mothered it with wonderful pluck and perseverance through the many trying years that it took to work up the necessary enthusiasm to set it in working order.

The Scholarship, which is endowed with £200 a year, is to consist of two years' study at Oxford, Cambridge, or London University, by distinguished women graduates, and it is hoped that there will eventually be a "reciprocating side" consisting of two years' post graduate study in the States or Canada by Englishwomen.

I was this week fortunate in obtaining an interview with Madame Thayer, who is a delightful New Englander, and a well-known educationalist, and asked her then whether there had ever been any suggestion that New Zealand and Australian women graduates should participate in this scheme.

"I saw Mr. Hogben, of New Zealand, when he was in London," Mrs. Thayer replied, "and got his promise to lay the scheme before his Committee. He wrote that he had done so, but that the Committee did not see the necessity for such scholarships, as in New Zealand men and women shared alike, and all scholarships were open to men and women, which showed an absolute ignorance of the raison d'être of Mr. Rhodes' scholarships, and consequently of these."

"I am not pleading from an academic point of view, but from a much wider, broader, deeper conception of this work. This is an age of development, and in this work I maintain that women are a far greater factor than men. I plead that, as the training of the children is in their hands as mothers and teachers, that they should themselves be trained and allowed to take their part in the development of their country."

"Isolated scholarships have no value in this work. You want the workers banded together, working with the same object, animated by the same ideals."

"How is the money for the scholarship provided?" I asked, "and of what nature are the clubs involved?"

"Miss Points' scholarship was raised by the General Federation of Women's Clubs in America, and every State contributed to it. The Federation is composed of all the clubs in America, of any importance, federated to work together, 800,000 in all.

"It is an enormous and a powerful body, and if it could be animated by one ideal it could sweep anything to success, but most women require educating in 'seeing big.' They are too provincial, and waste too much time and energy on trivial details and things of no essential importance, and so the greater does not always include the lesser."

"What it is hoped ultimately will be done, is to endow one scholarship in

each State, but a beginning had to be made, and so Miss Points has come as an 'avant courier,' but before her two years has passed others ought to be over here."

"The overseas dominions ought to make a beginning, and so the generous rivalry should go on until real progress has been made."

"Will you, when the scheme is complete, appoint a student every year from each State?"

"No," Mrs. Thayer explained "a scholar would not be sent from a State until the term of her predecessor had expired."

The Rhodes Trust has set the stamp of its machinery on the scheme by allowing candidates to take the same examination as set for Rhodes scholars, and the object of the scholarship is to give to American women the same opportunity of studying English life as the Rhodes' offers to men.

A sub-committee has been formed in London, under the auspices of the League of Empire, to watch the development of the scheme on this side of the Atlantic. Sir Wm. Hall-Jones, High Commissioner for New Zealand, is a vice-president of the League, and the sub-committee has for its president Sir John Cockburn, while Mr P. A. Vaile (N.Z.), of the "Travelling Scholars' Scheme," is also on the sub-committee. New Zealand is still further associated with the new departure in that Miss Points, having chosen to study economics, will be under the guidance of Mr Pember Reeves, ex-Agent-General for New Zealand, and now Director of the London School of Economics.

"I have chosen London University," Miss Points said this week, at a social gathering held in her honour at the Lyceum Club, "because the London School of Economics stands before the whole world as the foremost institution for the teaching of political science, history, economics, and sociology, and because there I shall be studying under a set of men so distinguished that their names are known all over the universe. Economics I have selected because it seems to me that, in taking such a subject, I shall come in contact with the English personality and the English point of view, and so," she smiled, "shall be armed for spreading knowledge and good influence when I go back to America."

Sir John Cockburn, a vice-president of the London School of Economics, in welcoming Miss Points, expressed the hope that so promising a movement would spread, and that the "First Rhodes Sister," as one of the Rhodes men had called Miss Points, would have a very happy time at the school.

"Women in educational work," he said, "are a far greater asset than men, since women it is who mould their sons' lives in the most impressionable years."

"Education is necessary for men, but it is doubly necessary for women, who possess the faculty of passing on their knowledge in a much greater degree than do men, quite apart from the fact that the mother sees so much more of her child than does the father."

"Education for men is a trivial, accidental circumstance, as it were," Sir John declared, ending up, amid laughter, with the reflection,

"It is a great pleasure to be able to mention a woman's movement without any feeling of alarm, since we all know that the very word 'woman' will make a Cabinet Minister scowl round a corner, and make everyone instantly search its eyeballs, etc.—cherchez la femme!"

AS SPOKEN.

In the dining-room of an hotel at Nice, on a huge placard posted over the mantelpiece, you can read the following:—

"Our English visitors are kindly requested to address the waiters and servants in English, as their French is not generally understood."

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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.

WATSON—BROWNING.

ONE of the smartest and quite the prettiest wedding for many years past was that of Miss Lulu Browning, younger daughter of Mrs. Robert Browning, Arney Road, Remuera, and Mr. W. Watson, eldest son of Mr. W. Watson, Bank of New Zealand (late general manager and now director). The choral ceremony was celebrated by Rev. W. Beatty at St. Mark's Church, Remuera, on Saturday, 3rd December. The church made a beautiful picture, with the soft tones of the brown wood, decorated with pure white Christmas lilies tied with white satin streamers and ferns. Almost all of the seats were reserved for the large number of invited guests. Silver printed copies of the hymns were placed for each guest. The churchyard and roadway were thronged with interested spectators and carriages and motors; in fact, the trams were held up for some time, so great was the crush. At last the bride arrived, looking lovely, on the arm of her uncle, Mr. H. Gorrie. She entered the church, followed by two sweet children, dressed in dainty cherry-ripe frocks and caps, and then came the five bridesmaids, who were a perfect harmony in pink. The bride's robe was very charming, made with Grecian simplicity, and long graceful lines. The robe was of white satin charmeuse entirely covered with silk nimon. The front of the skirt was arranged with a front panel, bordered on either side with a tuck of satin, beyond which was a line of crystal bead embroidery in a square design. Around the bottom of the train was a wide founce of rose-point, which tapered away, meeting the satin bands at the side. The bodice had a Magyar effect of nimon, with folded bands of charmeuse crossing in front, and fastening at the back, and a narrow, low-neck yoke of Brussels lace. A most fascinating cap of the same lace was worn, wreathed with orange blossoms, from which the veil hung. Dainty silk mittens and a bouquet of white roses completed a charming toilette.

The bride was attended by seven bridesmaids, Miss Maud Browning (sister of the bride) being the maid of honour; Miss Watson (sister of the bridegroom), Miss Rachel Gorrie (cousin of the bride), Miss Una Buddle, Miss A. Carr, and two dainty little tots, Judy McCaw (cousin of the bride), and Margot Bloomfield. The five maids made a charming picture in the palest pink charmeuse satin, veiled with a paler shade of pink nimon to the knees, with a broad piping, finished with plain band of charmeuse, soft lace yokes, and the sleeves finished in the same way. Very smart hats of putty coloured chip, with bands of pink velvet, which were taken under the brim, and beautiful snowy white plumes placed high at one side, lovely bouquets of shaded pink roses, pink satin shoes, and silk stockings, which perfectly matched the frocks, completed the charming colour scheme. The children were dressed in the daintiest of white frocks, with lovely pink sashes, and cute little caps, with pink ribbons round them, and posies of pink sweet peas. Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield was the matron of honour, and wore a frock of a lovely shade of pink that was almost vieux rose, with a toque of tulle in the same tone, and carried a beautiful bouquet of shaded pink flowers, which was the gift of the bride. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. D. Kettle as best man. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a lovely pendant of three large pearls, surrounded by diamonds; the bride also wore a lovely diamond ring (a gift from her mother). The bridesmaids received most charming necklets of fine platinum chains, studded with pink quartz.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother. The weather, which had been wretched all the morning, had changed into a perfect afternoon, and the flowers in the garden looked lovely

after the rain. I have never seen so many people together in Auckland look so nice. Nearly every frock was at least pretty, and most of them were beautiful. Mrs. Browning received her guests just within the doorway, and she looked especially nice in a vieux rose silk veiled with black nimon, a large shade mauve hat, and carried a bouquet of shaded vieux rose flowers. We then passed on to the drawing-room, where the bride and bridegroom, looking radiant, surrounded by their attendants, received the congratulations of their friends, who then passed on to the verandahs and lawns. The wedding group was then taken for the "Graphic" amidst a lot of fun and laughter. Then we wended our way to a large marquee erected at the end of the lawn, where the wedding repast was laid. There was one long table, on which stood a wedding cake of noble proportions, and small tables were scattered about. The decorations were shaded pink peas in silver vases. There were no speeches. Cheers were given for the bridal pair and for Mrs. Browning. The Bavarian Band played delightful selections during the afternoon. The cutting of the wedding cake was quite an undertaking, but the bride entered into the fun of it with great zest, assisted by the bridegroom. The lovely display of wedding presents was much admired. The bridesmaids carried round baskets of pink paper rose leaves to the guests, who all armed themselves with handfls, and when the bridal pair at last arrived they were literally covered with them. It made such a lovely picture, and away they drove in a grey car to the strains of the "Wedding March" played by the band and the good wishes of everyone. The bride went away in a smart cream linen Russian suit and a lovely pink tagel straw hat with an upstanding bow of soft pink charmeuse.

Mrs. Watson (mother of the bridegroom) wore a lovely shaded amethyst toilette, with toque to match, and a pretty bouquet; Miss B. Watson, white embroidered muslin, cream hat with shaded pink roses; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield wore a smart frock of Royal blue nimon, with silver stripe over pale blue charmeuse, a most becoming hat of pale blue, with mole coloured feather tips and silver gauze, long mole suede gloves and shoes; Mrs. George Bloomfield wore a lovely little frock of white nimon over palest pink charmeuse, a large mole hat with pink feathers, and mole coloured shoes; Mrs. Archie Clark wore a charming frock of gold gauze veiled with black nimon, and a hat to match; Mrs. W. Colbeck wore a lovely platinum coloured frock of crystalline, and a much admired black hat with vieux rose mount; Mrs. Harry Bloomfield wore a sweet little blue nimon over white, and lovely embroidery veiled with nimon, and a most becoming hat to match; Mrs. Duthie wore a dainty amethyst tucked chiffon over pale mauve floral chiffon, and a smart hat massed with violets; Mrs. Rathbone wore black charmeuse, and a large black hat; Mrs. Lucas Bloomfield; Mrs. E. Horton, a natter blue frock, and large black hat; Mrs. Howard Richmond wore a dainty white nimon frock, with a little fine lace, and a pretty pink rose wreathed hat; Mrs. McCosh Clark wore a handsome black toilette; Mrs. T. Cotter looked well in a lovely black lace over white silk, a black toque, and white ostrich feather bon; Miss Millie Cotter, in a dainty white chiffon, with natter blue feathered hat, with bow to match; Mrs. P. Dignan, in a pretty shot green, and purple frock with toque to match; Mrs. Rankin Reed, pale grey chiffon taffeta, with pretty touches of tangerine yellow, with hat to match; Mrs. Miles (Wellington), handsome violet and gold toilette; Miss Miles, hieut coloured voile, with amethyst lace scarf and large black hat; Mrs. Carr, a lovely black frock, and toque with bouquet of sweet peas; Mrs. Arthur Myers, a floral chiffon frock and a large black and white hat; Miss Levi (London), lovely cream lace frock and pretty hat; Mrs. Lea, Myers wore a lovely grey toilette, the frock was of soft clinging material, with lace and embroidery the exact shade, a large grey hat, with upstanding feathers; Mrs. C. Buddle wore

a pretty frock of palest blue with shoes to match, and a white hat draped with lace, and a bouquet of pink sweet pea; Mrs. E. Firth wore rather a bright shade of blue Oriental satin, with a fringed-edged tunic, and a large black hat; Mrs. McLoughlin, reseda green chiffon taffeta, and a becoming black hat; Mrs. H. Tonks wore a fullard skirt, with tones of pink and a tunic draping of blue charmeuse, with a pretty hat; Mrs. Foster wore amethyst-crystalline over charmeuse, with handsome gold embroidery and a black hat; Mrs. E. Anderson wore a very smart blue frock, a large black hat, and a bouquet of palest mauve sweet pea; Miss Ivy Buddle wore cream net and lace, and a smart vivid green hat; Miss Isobel Clark looked lovely in an exquisite white embroidered French lawn, worn over palest pink nimon, and some fine crochet lace on it, a pretty hat lined with black net and lovely pink roses on it; Miss Hilda Bloomfield was looking her best in a lovely lace-inserted muslin Princess frock, with a bunch of pink roses on the corsage, a most becoming mushroom hat of pink floral silk wreathed with pink roses; Miss Ida Thompson was another charming looking girl in reseda green net over pale blue chiffon, and a large black hat; Miss Jessie Reid wore a pretty frock of blue and a very smart grey chip hat covered with grey nimon, and a large grey charmeuse bow; Miss Cooper, vieux rose fullard, with white spot, a leghorn hat with shaded stocks, and a bouquet of stocks tied with pink satin. There were several beautiful pale grey frocks, notably those worn by Mrs. Elliott, Miss Alice Walker, Mrs. Porter. The Misses Towle were dainty, one in pink and white; Miss Nora Gorrie wore a beautiful maize charmeuse with handsome lace, a maize tagel straw hat with bright feather to match; Miss Gwen Gorrie, a pretty white lace and embroidery frock and a smart black hat lined with pale blue; Miss Ruth Buckland looked dainty in a pretty white frock and becoming hat; Miss Hazel Buckland, white embroidered muslin, shaded amethyst hat; Mrs. W. Coleman wore a handsome cream toilette with touches of black; Miss Ruby Coleman looked very pretty in a lace-inserted muslin over pale pink, and a pretty rose-wreathed hat with pink satin ribbon; Miss Dolly Scherff looked pretty in white; Miss Mary Foster wore such a dainty frock of pale pink nimon over white, and a large black hat. Other guests were: Lady Lockhart, Mrs. Aldridge, Mrs. Towle, Mrs. Pierce and Miss E. Pierce, Mrs. Payton and Miss Payton, Mrs. Copeland-Savage, Mrs. and Miss Dargaville, Mr. and Mrs. David Nathan, Misses Gorrie (2), Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Nathan, Mrs. Grierson, Mr. and Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Ching, Mr. and Mrs. Aickin Carrick, Mr. and Mrs. H. Campbell, Mrs. and Miss Barstow, Mrs. and Miss M. Buller, Professor Brown, Misses Brown (2), Mr. and Mrs. Ransen, Miss De Camp, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kissing, Mr. and Mrs. Gutheridge, Mrs. Markham, Mr. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Ware, Mr. and Mrs. Mahoney, Miss Peacock. It was quite a treat to see such a number of men "frock-coated" and "high-batted," among whom were Mr. W. Watson (Wellington), Dr. McDowell, Dr. Milson, Messrs. Bloomfield (3), Colbeck, Ware, Anderson, H. Richmond, A. Reid, L. Myers Arthur Myers, Judge Kettle, Messrs. Rathbone E. Russell, H. Cotter.

HUNT—NUTSEY.

The marriage took place at St. John the Baptist's Church, Northcote, on Wednesday afternoon, of Mr. R. Gordon Hunt, eldest son of Mr. H. H. Hunt, of Northcote, and a partner in the firm of Messrs. T. H. Hall and Co., and Miss Alice Nutsey, youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. Nutsey, of Northcote. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the service was choral, Mrs. F. A. Smith presiding at the organ. The Rev. F. A. Smith officiated. The bride was given away by Mr. Geo. Fraser, the bridesmaid being Miss Nutsey, the bride's sister, and the groomsmen Mr. B. Hunt.

VENNING—TAYLOR.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at St. John's Church, Parnell, on Thursday, November 24th, when Miss Constance (Cossie) Taylor, only daughter of Mr. T. M. Taylor, late Receiver of Land Revenue, Auckland, was married to Mr. Frank T. Venning, seventh son of Mr. John Venning of Timaru. The bride, who was given away by her

father, looked charming in a gown of crepe nimon over white satin, handsomely trimmed with point lace. She wore a lovely bridal veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful bouquet. Miss Daphna Cobourne was bridesmaid, and wore a pretty, white dress with lace trimmings and pink daisies. She wore a gold chain and pendant, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr. Clarence Cobourne was best man. The nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. Father Venning, S.M., and the Rev. Father Patterson presided at the organ. On leaving the church, the happy couple were deluged with a shower of rose-leaves. The wedding breakfast took place at the residence of the bride's parents, "Muriwai," Stratford-street, Parnell.

The bride's travelling-dress was a very stylish vieux rose costume with hat to match. They left for Te Aroha, where the honeymoon is to be spent, and then they proceed to Wellington, where their future home is to be.

GRAHAM—MILLS.

At the Methodist Church, Dannevirke, on November 30, Mr. John Graham (youngest son of Mr. Henry Graham, of Dannevirke), was married to Miss L. Mills (third daughter of Mrs. Mills, of Dannevirke). The bridesmaids were Misses Gifford (of Napier), Miss Topsy Mills and little Misses Dummage and Alan. Mr. R. Dummage, cousin of the bridegroom, acted as best man. Mr. R. Mills, the bride's brother, was groomsmen. The Rev. W. J. Griffin officiated.

Problems of To-day.

"Millions of people are running wildly, to catch a ball, lifting weights in full-est perspiration, trotting with gasping breath, and doing a hundred other useless stunts simply because a meaningless fashion has cruelly thrown them into such a habit," complains Count Mustenberg in his book "Problems of To-day." To wander through the country on a fine day is, he continues, a beautiful inspiration, and healthful for everyone; to need the walk with mechanical regularity is the product of a bad training, and to become the slave of Swedish gymnastic apparatus is no better than slavery to cigars. Of course, for certain purposes it is desirable to develop the muscular forces of the body; then the physical exercise becomes labour. That is an entirely different thing. For certain other, especially educational, purposes, it is most desirable to have sport and competitive athletics; then the physical effort becomes pleasure and play. But as mere exercise and restoration, it is needless in moderation and harmful in strong doses, and the necessity only results from the long training in it. For a long time the pedagogues even believed that muscular effort was the best recreation after the intellectual work of the school child. Nowadays we know that the opposite is true. Physical exercise demands the energies of the same brain which learns the school lesson, and the fatigued brain becomes still more strained if its energies are tapped for new activity. There is only one source of restitution of used-up brain energy, and that is rest, sleep, fresh air, and good nourishment. There is the exaggeration of the enthusiast in this, but is there not also more than a little common sense truth?



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MARRIAGE.

VENNING—TAYLOR.—On 24th November, 1910, by the Rev. Father C. J. Venning, S.M., in St. John's Church, Parnell, Francis Thomas, seventh son of Mr. and Mrs. John Venning of Timaru, to Helen Constance (Cossie), only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Taylor, of Parnell, and granddaughter of the late Mr. John Taylor, Railway Department, Auckland.

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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.

December 5.

THE past week has been very gay in the social world. There has been a round of afternoon and evening parties, mostly given for Miss Lulu Browning. Garden parties were given by Mesdames Archie Clark, Firth, W. R. Bloomfield, and Burns, and an evening party by Mrs Ernest Bloomfield. The week's gaiety ended with the brilliant wedding function, which took place on Saturday, 3rd. Then there was the three days' Flower Show, with the Sweet Pea and Carnation Carnival on the Saturday, and the Auckland Bowling Club's "At Home." Now, I suppose there will be a slight lull between now and Christmas Day, and then the races and other junketings. Then the lucky ones will bid them away for the country and the rest cure.

Flower Festival.

I think it is no idle boast to say that the past Flower Show was quite the best ever held in Auckland, and that is saying a good deal, because there is one thing we can do well, and that is grow flowers, and in great profusion. It was a very beautiful sight to stand at one end of the large marquee in which the sweet peas were exhibited, and feast one's eyes on the wealth of blooms and the wonderful colouring. Mr H. Brett had a magnificent display, so well arranged in groups of the same shades, all named, so that anyone could with ease pick out the ones they wanted, and so avoid having several of nearly the same shade. Then the carnations—how lovely they were. The most striking exhibit in this tent was a most artistically arranged stand of blooms grown and exhibited by Mr H. Brett, and arranged by Mrs Davis. A large wire archway over the stand, from which hung vases, was massed with wonderful blooms, lightly grouped with greenery. One especially beautiful carnation is a pure white, like a rose, which is a seedling raised by Mr Brett, and named Takapuna. The carnations sent up from Wellington were very beautiful, and gained most of the prizes. Mr H. Brett, who shows so lavishly for exhibition only, was awarded by the unanimous decisions of the judges two special gold medals for sweet peas and carnations. A lovely stand of Delphiniums exhibited and arranged by Mrs Brown-Clayton was much admired. The exhibition of the various florists and seedsmen was a notable feature of the show, and came in for very general admiration. The Metropolitan Grounds were brilliantly lit by the Lux Light, and a very good band played afternoon and evening on each of the three days.

To the general public Saturday was the most important, and such a wretched morning it was. Very heavy rain fell most of Friday, and the burning question was how to get the flowers picked ready for an early start on Saturday. However, this was managed somehow, and in spite of tedious waits at last everything was ready. Of course, the chief attraction of the flower carnival was the Queen's Float, which was a graceful structure designed by Mrs. Milnes. The float was mounted on a lorry and drawn by four greys, with all their trappings covered with flowers. Two heralds rode in front on cream ponies—Masters Allan Rainger and C. McDowell. The queen (Miss Isabel Reeve) looked lovely in a white fairy's dress, with garlands of red sweet peas, red shoes and stockings, and a glittering crown on her lovely fair curly hair. Her maids of honour were two pretty little tots, Rhona Rainger and Phyllis Sweet. The pages were Leslie Brett, Fred Gordon, Selwyn Colegrove, C. Patterson, Charlie McDowell, A. Goldie, and Jack Montague. The scheme of colouring used for the float was red and white sweet peas. The

maids of honour and pages were dressed in the same colours, and the whole thing was a beautiful sight, and the ladies who did it so beautifully must be very much congratulated upon their work. Those responsible were Mesdames Bedford and Olliphant, assisted by Mesdames Archdale-Taylor, Lindsay, Benjamin, Ashton, Milnes, Andrews, Grant, Gore-Gillon, Misses Mary Olliphant, Peacock (2), Snelling, Benny, A. Henderson, D. Towle. Needless to say, the queen's float was awarded a double first. Other large exhibits were a two-wheeled vehicle, which was very handsomely done with yellow flowers. There were two pony carriages, Miss K. Buxton gaining first place, with pink and mauve sweet pea, and Miss and Master London, who sat enthroned in the sweetest little rubber-tyred carriage, decked with pink and white sweet pea, drawn by a tiny pony, were second. There were thirteen decorated parasols. The first prize winner was carried by Miss Myrtle Reeve, and was decorated by Miss Beresford most artistically. The second prize was awarded to a pink and white child's parasol, carried by Miss Jackie Long (a dainty thing of three years or so), decorated by Mrs. Edmunds. These two children made a pretty picture, and were much admired. The doll's prams were very pretty. Doris Liscomb was first, Maureen Hood second, E. Ballantyne third, and Muriel Briffault h.c. The two little grasshoppers on tricycles were much admired—Mollie Douie and Douglas Hutchlinson. Robin Hood, 3. Children's go-carts, Rita Cornaga 1, and Mrs W. Rich 2.

After the floral procession the Boy Scouts provided some very entertaining items, and Miss Heaps' pupils danced the Morris Dance beautifully. There was a great rush upon the refreshments. The crowd was so large it was almost impossible to get near the tea tent. The sweets stall did a big trade, and the girls looked cool and dainty in white frocks and pink hats. This stall was in charge of Mrs. Attwood and other Takapuna ladies, Misses Cooper, Jones, Shurland and Nactier (2). In the decorated tables class there were two competitions. The first was won by Miss Palmer with a pretty mauve and pink table; Miss Bacon, second, cream carnations; Mrs. Mowbray, jun., third, pink sweet peas and red carnations. In the second competition for Saturday Miss Bacon was first, Mrs. Mowbray second, and Miss Palmer third.

A Delightful Dance.

Miss Maud Browning gave a delightful little dance on Saturday night as a wind-up to what must have been to her a most exciting day. One simply must do something to finish up a wedding, and though everyone must have been very tired they all had a lovely time, and December 3rd will often be looked back to with pleasurable recollections.

Bowling at Home.

I was very sorry not to be able to accept the kind invitation for the Auckland Bowling Club's "At Home," but one cannot be in three places at once. I managed two, but that's my limit; but I hear that, though there were so many good things on, the "At Home" was well attended, and Mr. and Mrs. Thorntons entertained their guests charmingly.

Music in Devonport.

The movement to form a musical society, in Devonport has been materialised by the financial success of a picturesque rendering of "Chilperic," a musical extravaganza in three acts—at Post Hall on Thursday, Friday and Saturday last. The setting of the piece is in the days of the Druids and the Gauls, and the incidents, with, of course, no pretence to historical accuracy, depict with all the license of extravaganza the irresponsible gaieties and peccadilloes of the late

lamented King of the Gauls, Chilperic, who departed from this life many centuries ago, in the bad old days—584 A.D., to be exact. The music is bright, melodious and sketchy, and with all regard and sympathetic appreciation of the material she had at her disposal, Mrs Sutherland, the conductor, managed it very well. The characterisation was given entirely by amateurs, that of Miss Knight, as Fredegonda, being conspicuous for its merit throughout. The full cast was as follows:—Chilperic (king of the Gauls), Mr. Colin Cardno; Fredegonda (an ambitious rustic, who aspires to Chilperic, but finally contents herself with Landry), Miss Knight; Siegfert (Chilperic's hen-pecked brother), Mr. L. Whittaker; Brunehart (the hen that pecked him), Miss Gwyneth Evans; Galswinda (Chilperic's fiancée and Fredegonda's rival), Miss Ethel Carter; Don Nervoso (a proud but needy noble in Galawinda's suite), Mr. Basil Buddle; Dr. Senna (court physician and keeper of the royal digestion); Mr. A. Hobbs; Fatout (chamberlain to Chilperic, and grand referee in etiquette, subsequently enamoured of Fredegonda), Mr. Binnington; Landry (a young peasant, Fredegonda's former lover), Mr. A. Cardno; Divitiacus (arch Druid; a sporting prophet), Mr. H. P. Oakden; Alfred (the pet page), Mr. H. Grey. The Misses Anson (4) and Clark (2) also added to the pleasure of the evening by some pretty dancing. The stage manager was Mr. E. J. Haynes. Despite the bad weather last week, the performances drew good houses, and since by the second night it is understood that expenses were cleared, the Saturday night's house assured success to the project, after a lot of hard work on the part of those concerned.

Tennis Party.

Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield gave a tennis party on Wednesday for Miss Lulu Browning, which was most enjoyable. The day was beautiful, with a nice cool breeze, and the grounds at "The Pines" were looking charming. The tennis lawn was in good condition, and some well-contested games were enjoyed. Tea in the open-air always seems more enjoyable than anywhere else—I am quite sure one eats more—and we all enjoyed the delicious cakes and strawberries and cream. Mrs. Bloomfield wore white linen skirt and white silk blouse, and large coarse black straw hat with black lace bows; Miss Hilda Bloomfield, dainty white embroidered muslin, cream straw hat wreathed with roses; Miss Lulu Browning looked smart in a vieux rose linen coat and skirt, and a large black hat; Mrs. Carr, black; Mrs. C. Buddle, sage blue linen, and a black hat; Mrs. H. Richmond, white linen, white hat with black velvet bows; Mrs. Edmunds, white amethyst hat; Miss Hilda Williams, cream skirt and blouse, a smart cream hat lined with black; Miss N. Dargaville wore a smart little sage blue foulard with tiny white spot, with some very pretty lace and embroidery trimming, a coarse green straw hat wreathed with tiny flowers, and a black and white charmuse satin scarf; Miss Ida Thompson, a smart buff linen coat and skirt, and a becoming black hat; Miss Watson (Wellington), white hail-spot muslin, black hat with white ruche with tiny forget-me-nots and a red rose; Miss Maud Browning looked dainty in white linen skirt and muslin blouse, and a pretty hat; Miss A. Carr, pretty white frock, and black hat; Miss Una Buddle, white and flower-wreathed hat; Miss Rachel Gorrie, white, and a pretty black hat; Miss Mavis Reed looked dainty in white, and a pretty hat; Miss Isabel Clark, white linen skirt, and dainty muslin blouse, and a becoming white hat wreathed with cherries; Misses W. R. Bloomfield, H. Richmond, Carrick, S. George, Vickerman, E. Horton, Towle, Allen, Dargaville.

The Free Kindergarten.

On Wednesday afternoon, a Xmas tree for the Free Kindergarten Fund, was held in Mrs. Aubin's grounds, Manakaurau, Parnell. Mrs. Atkin is very keenly interested in the free kindergarten, and this is the second time she has lent her house and grounds for these functions. There was a dainty sweet stall in charge of the Misses Olliphant, Mary Toole and

Lindsay (2). The Xmas tree and toy stall was presided over by Mesdames Stevenson, Colegrove, and Miss White. A 3d. "Dip" in charge of Miss B. Keating did a roaring trade. The afternoon tea was in charge of Mesdames P. Laurence and Drummond Ferguson, assisted by Misses M. Frater, McCormick (2), Hickson. It goes without saying there were heaps of children. A garden and children is a natural combination. It was very sweet to watch the kiddies' antics when the Bavarian Band was playing. One diminutive little chap with pants about four inches long gravely held them out, and danced with quaint grace. Presently a bell tinkled, and away fluked the children who were to take part in the kindergarden games, and out they all marched, and formed into a double ring, and gravely played the sweetest games, and sang and acted songs. Miss Brook-Smith and her staff of teachers entered into the "play" with charming grace. A good sum was taken during the afternoon, and it seemed a pity there were not more things to buy, because there was such a number of people there who looked like good buyers. Among the large number of people present I noticed Mrs. Dunnet, Mrs. Dargaville, Mrs. Leo Myers, Mesdames David, and Charlie Nathan, Mrs. Kent, Mrs. R. B. Lusk, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Hudson-Williamson, Mrs. A. Herold, Mrs. Nettleton, Miss Gill, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Shipperd, Mrs. Keeshig, Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Lindsay, and crowds of others.

A Delightful Picnic.

Mr. Milnes, principal of the Training College and Mrs. Milnes gave a delightful picnic for the departing students and their friends. A start was made from St. Paul's about nine in the morning for the Onehunga wharf. From there the party, which numbered about sixty were conveyed in two launches down the Manakau to a charming beach where a camp was made. Many of the party walked to the lighthouse, and all sorts of games, and fun made the time pass all too quickly. As the weather was just about perfect the outing was a great success.

The journey home enlivened with part songs and choruses was all too short, and everyone reached home tired, but happy.

Garden Party.

Mrs. E. Firth had a beautiful cool, sunny day for her garden party, given as a farewell to Miss Lulu Browning. The garden at "Arahatia" looked delightfully cool, with its sloping green banks and pretty lawn. The Bavarian Band played pretty music throughout the afternoon. The house was decorated with lovely roses. The hall, drawing, and dining rooms open from one to the other, and here tea was served, and most delicious ices and strawberries and cream. Mrs. Firth received her guests out in the garden, and was wearing a charming frock of palest grey nixon with lovely trimming of lace in the same shade, and a large black hat; Mrs. McLoughlin wore a pretty grey frock and black hat; Miss Banks (Cambridge) vieux rose linen coat and skirt, and a burnt straw hat; Lady Lockhart looked especially nice in a black nixon over white silk, which had bands of floral ribbon on it, and a pretty black and white hat; Mrs. George Bloomfield wore a pretty frock with lace tulle, and touches of palest blue, and a becoming hat; Mrs. McLoughlin wore a handsome black charmuse and lace, and a black hat; Mrs. Buckland, black; Mrs. Foster wore an amethyst crystalline over charmuse of the same shade, and trimmed with bands of beautiful gold embroidery, and a pretty black hat; Mrs. C. Buddle, a smart well cut mole frock with trimmings of lovely, silk fringe, a black hat, and vivid green net veil; Mrs. Rankin Reed wore a very becoming frock of violet charmuse with velvet of a dark tone and a toque with white feathers; Mrs. Buckleton, white lace with narrow green stripe and a pretty hat; Mrs. J. B. Macfarlane, Mrs. Richmond, Miss Richmond, vieux rose; Mrs. E. Horton wore a graceful frock of palest grey cashmere solome, and a pretty black hat; Miss Lulu Browning wore a smart vieux rose linen coat and skirt, with

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white lawn gaufered frills and a lovely big black hat; Miss Maud Browning wore a pretty white frock, a burnt straw hat with cherries; Miss Ida Thompson was a charming figure in soft reseda green net, which veiled an underdress of heliotropes tucked ninon, with a cinnamon band round the foot of the skirt of the green, a pretty black hat completed a pretty toilette; Mrs. Nolan wore a smart saxe-blue little frock, and a smart hat; Miss D. Nolan, white inserted muslin and a flower-wreathed hat; Mrs. Robinson (Nelson), white embroidered frock, black charmeuse scarf, and a smart black hat; Mrs. Burns, a pretty white frock, and a tuscany hat with flowers; Mrs. Langguth, biscuit coloured shantung linen, a tuscany hat with red poppies; Miss Alice Walker wore a lovely white muslin inserted with lace, which was beautifully cut, and a hat with cornflower blue; Miss Firth, white muslin and embroidery, and a black hat; Mrs. Copeland Savages looked pretty in grey charmeuse with a touch of cerise, and a black hat; Mrs. H. Tonks, dark blue, and a smart black hat with cream net bows, edged with narrow black velvet; Miss Nellie Waller wore a lovely lace inserted French muslin, and a pretty hat; Miss Ruth Buckland, white embroidered frock, and a black hat with high bunch of red flowers; Miss Hazel Buckland, a pretty white frock, and large amethyst straw hat; Mrs. P. Dignan looked well in a smart shot green and vieux rose frock, with toque to match; Mrs. Aldridge, a handsome black and white toilette; Miss Isabel Clark looked very sweet in a pretty pink frock of some soft material, a smart black hat lined with pink was most becoming; Mrs. E. Russell, grey cloth, and a smart red hat; Miss Jessie Reid wore a pretty little reseda chiffon taffeta, with yoke and sleeves of ninon and a cream straw hat with black feathers; Miss Sybil Payton looked nice in a pretty grey frock and a black hat; Miss Gwen Gorrie, white embroidered muslin, and an amethyst straw hat; Miss Mary Foster looked daintily in white muslin, a black hat and a pretty white and gold scarf; Mrs. Towle, Miss Lorna Towle, Mrs. Read, Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Lawford, Miss Winnie Cotter, Mrs. Markham, Mrs. Talbot Tubbs, Miss Mavis Clark, Mrs. W. McLoughlin, and Mrs. Edmunds.

Students' Recital.

Mr. Barry Conroy's students' recital, was most enjoyable. Every item was good, and most of them very good. The "Spirit Song," by Miss Ida Perry, and "A Dream of Home" (L'Ardit), sung by Miss Mudge were delightful, both these ladies possessing voices of great promise, and a very clear enunciation. Indeed this might be said of nearly every pupil. Mrs. Giesin's singing of two bracketed songs by Loehr, "For the Green," and "A Chain of Roses" was most enjoyable. And Sergeants' "Break, Break, Break," by Mr. Littler was very good. Miss Hazel Craig played the "Duo Andante and Variations" (Schumann) with Mr. H. Barry Conroy with great expression. Miss Edna Smetton and Miss Muriel Frost also played well. Mr. Barry Conroy must be congratulated upon the well-rendered programme given by his pupils, the large audience present being most appreciative.

"Spots Are In!"

"Spots are in." I read a quaint description of the prevailing fashion, which was somewhat as follows. "To be unspotted before the world in Paris, signifies dowdiness. The spots start around the neck and shoulders—this is not needless reminder—no bigger than dots. They enlarge to the size of peas. Down on the skirt they are as tennis balls, then cricket balls, and, finally at the hem, footballs. But as the skirts are so narrow the football can't be kicked.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. O'Rourke have been on a short visit to Nelson, where Mr. O'Rourke was judging horses at the Agricultural Show.

Mrs. Robinson (Nelson) is on a visit to Auckland, and is the guest of Mrs. E. Anderson (Remuera).

Mr. and Mrs. F. Waller have returned after a delightful trip to England.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson and the Misses Watson (Wellington) are staying at Glenalvon.

Mr. and Mrs. Thorne-George are leaving Auckland. Their future home will be Gisborne.

Sir Robert Lockhart returned by the Maheno on Sunday evening after an extended visit to Europe.

Dr. Florence Keller, who has been on a five months' visit to the United States, returned from Sydney in the Maheno.

Major G. Hughes, D.S.O., who has been training with the Imperial Army for the past twelve months, returns to the Dominion by the Rotomua, accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Mrs. and Miss Miles, who have been staying at the Grand Hotel, have returned to Wellington. Their visit to Auckland was specially made to be present at the wedding of Miss Lulu Browning to Mr. W. Watson, which took place last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Young are again in residence at Glenalvon, having returned from Australia by the last Sydney steamer.

PHYLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

December 3.

Vice-Royal Luncheon Party.

Their Excellencies gave a luncheon party on Tuesday, when the guests almost without exception were Parliamentary people. The Legislative Council was represented by the Hon. Captain Baillie and Mrs. Baillie, Hon. W. Baldey and Mrs. Baldey, Hon. C. Mills and Mrs. Mills; and the Lower House by Mr. and Mrs. Herdman, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Luke, Mr. Vernon Reed, Mr. James Allen, and Mr. Craigie. Mr. Firth (headmaster of Wellington College) and Mrs. Firth were also among the guests.

His Excellency as a Sportsman.

Lord Islington includes lawn tennis among his favourite pastimes, and the other day he was playing on the Thorndon Club's courts, and holding his own with some of their crack players.

Cricket, of course, takes first place in importance during the summer. Invitations to a vice-regal cricket match were received with much interest by those who were asked to be players or spectators. It was a glorious day—real cricket weather—and the grounds at the College were in perfect condition, so the picture was a charming one, with the groups of white-flannelled players on the sward, and the spectators scattered about on the terraces above. In the interval, afternoon tea was an occasion for pleasurable chaff and criticism around the marquee, which was erected at the north end of the ground.

His Excellency's team was a strong one, and included many well-known cricketers. Lord Islington himself is a very keen player, and showed his prowess a few days previously by putting up a big score against H.M.S. Encounter, but disaster overtook him on Monday, and he was caught. Of the vice-regal staff, Captain Hamilton is clearly the star performer, and he was well backed up by Captain Maitland; while Captain Shannon carried out his bat after making 14. Other members of the team were: Dr. Collins (whose boy is distinguishing himself so highly at Home on the cricket field), Mr. Arthur Duncan, Mr. M. Luckie, and Mr. C. Richardson. Another most useful player was Mr. Wilfred Findlay (Dr. Findlay's eldest son), of whom a good career is predicted. There was, of course, a summer of excitement all day at the college, and when His Excellency arrived on the ground he was greeted with hearty cheers by the boys, who were having an unexpected half-holiday. Lady Islington and her small girl and Miss Stapleton Cotton were naturally keenly interested in the game, and watched every over. Her Excellency was wearing black ninon de soie, with a long black lace coat, and a picture hat with a floating veil of Chantilly lace; the little Miss Dickson-Poynder had a white serge coat and skirt, and a white hat garlanded with daisies; Miss Stapleton Cotton was in black and white, with a black hat. Among the spectators were: Mrs. Firth, in a pale mauve Shantung gown, a picture hat, and a ninon scarf; Mrs. Findlay, ivory poplin, tailor-made, with vest of lace and net, tegral hat with mauve flowers; Mrs. Brandon, ribbed Tussore, tailor-made, braided in the same shade; Miss Brandon, pink ninon, and black hat with flowers; Mrs. Ward, pale blue Shantung, black picture hat; Mrs. Young, black and white chiffon voile, and black picture hat; Mrs. Collins, mauve Shantung, the coat elaborately braided, black picture hat; Miss Collins, a lingerie robe of lawn and lace, and a hat with flowers; Mrs. Dymock, Shan-

tung, tailor-made, amethyst hat; Mrs. A. Duncan, white embroidered linen, tailor-made, and black hat with roses.

St. Peter's Bazaar.

At St. Peter's Japanese Bazaar on Thursday the opening ceremony was performed by Her Excellency Lady Islington, who was received with a speech of welcome and presented with a bouquet of sweet peas in mauve and pink tones. A tour of all the stalls and purchases made at each followed the speechmaking. Lady Islington wore a white silk Princess dress veiled in black ninon de soie, with entredoux of delicate lace, black picture hat draped with lace; Miss Stapleton-Cotton, ivory tweed tailor-made and black hat with white roses.

At Home.

Mrs. Shirtecliffe's "At Home" on Thursday was quite a large affair. Roses and sweet peas were used for decoration with charming effect, and the warm weather made the ices and strawberries and cream greatly appreciated. String music added to the enjoyment, and the guests were further entertained by two capital recitations by Mrs. Sutcliffe. The hostess wore blue crepe de chine with a veiling of blue chiffon over the net yoke, which had embroideries in shades of rose colour; her mother (Mrs. Massey, Timaru) was in black crepe de chine and lace; Lady Ward was present, wearing black ninon with a black lace coat and a black picture hat; Mrs. Wilford, pale blue Shantung and black hat lined with palest blue; Mrs. Newman, black crepe de chine, the net yoke having dull gold embroideries, black plumed hat; Mrs. Fitchett, pale mole-coloured colienne, with embroideries in the same shade; Lady Steward, black crepe de chine and lace; Mrs. Tweed, pale blue and white striped colienne, and pale blue hat; Mrs. Firth, amethyst voile, with soutache in the same shade, amethyst hat; Mrs. Von Haast, black and white striped silk, burnt straw hat, with roses; Mrs. H. Bundell, brown Shantung and brown hat; Mrs. Corliss, natural Shantung, with black facings, black picture hat; Miss T. Cameron (Wairarapa), saxe blue Shantung and black hat with cascade of roses; Miss Coates, amethyst resida, the sleeveless coat smartly braided, black hat with plumes; Mrs. Towsley; Mrs. Luke, blue colienne, with lace yoke and black hat; Mrs. Chatfield, Shantung tailor-made, braided in the same shade, black hat; Mrs. Quick, black chiffon taffetas and mauve toque; Miss Holmes, a white lingerie dress and hat with flowers; Miss Fancourt, blue colienne, and lace yoke and black hat; Mrs. Brown, black and white voile and black hat; Mrs. Buddie, grey crepe de chine and black and white toque; Mrs. Hwang, grey brocade and long satin coat; Mrs. Dyer, natural tussore faced with black, black hat; Mrs. Wylie, purple Shantung and black hat; Mrs. Freeth, white broderie anglaise, hat with flowers; Mrs. Morton-Clark, black, black chiffon taffetas, yoke of lace and embroidered net; Mrs. McDougall, black charmeuse, with long black lace coat; Mrs. Wylie, pale blue and white muslin and pale blue hat.

Trained Nurses' Association.

The annual gathering of the Trained Nurses' Association was held as an "At Home" on Wednesday evening, in the Town Hall. It was a very pleasant affair, and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Music and recitation and games all added to the success of the evening. Mrs. Dunlop (secretary of the Association) wore pale blue crepe de chine and lace; Miss Kohn, grey ninon de soie, en Princesse; Mrs. Whyte, ivory chiffon taffetas, with bands of embroidery; Mrs. McDonald, a Princess robe of black charmeuse and jet; Mrs. T. Cameron (Wairarapa), palest blue ninon over ivory glaze; Miss McLenn, pale pink ninon, the corsage softly draped with lace; Mrs. Henderson, white voile de soie, with entredoux of lace; Miss Bicknell, pale mauve charmeuse, with sleeves of ficelle net; Miss Newall, white crepe de chine and lace; Miss Kane, black ninon de soie, en tunique.

Red and white—the nurses' colours—made gay and cheery decorations, carried out by means of scarlet geraniums and arum lilies, and the upper table was adorned on the same lines. Up to this year the annual reunion has taken the form of a dinner party, but the new arrangement seems to be highly approved of, as it gives better opportunities for friendly talk and chat.

Afternoon Tea.

Lady Steward entertained a number of friends at tea on Wednesday. The tables

at Kirkcaldie's were prettily done with graceful sprays of larkspur, and besides other good things there were strawberries and cream. The hostess wore black crepe de chine and lace, and a black hat; Mrs. Findlay, cream Shantung tailor-made, and black hat; Mrs. Tweed, smart tailor-made and hat with cerise bows; Mrs. T. Muckenzie, mole coat and skirt, braided in the same shade, black and gold toque; Mrs. Larnach, beige coat and skirt and toque with vieux rose fantasia.

Mrs. Luke's Tea.

There were many guests at Mrs. Luke's tea on Friday. Roses, peonies and ixias were charmingly combined for decorative purposes, and the big garden itself was delightful to stroll about in. Mrs. Luke wore Wedgwood blue Shantung with a net guimpe and sleeves; Miss Luke had a white lingerie robe with a soupçon of pink; Mrs. Post wore pale pink with a tunic of net and a hat with roses; Mrs. Hogg (Taihape), pastel blue merveilleux with entredoux of lace and a hat with flowers; Mrs. Sidney, mole grey crepe de chine with black soutache and a black hat; Mrs. Hogg, pale brown tussore, brown tassel hat; Miss Dunn, vieux rose Shantung and hat of the same shade; Mrs. Shirtecliffe, amethyst resida and purple hat; Mrs. Massey (Timaru), black tailor-made and black and white hat.

OPHELIA.

CAMBRIDGE.

December 3.

Floral Fete.

The event of the week was the stock fair and floral fete, which was held on the grounds of the Waikato Central Agricultural Association, and proved a brilliant success. The day was perfect, and the attendance was large, the sum of £76 being taken at the gates. The stock fair was very good. Competition was keen, one pet lamb being bought for 10/, and given back sixteen times, realising £7 18/. Mr. Innis Taylor purchased a fat bullock at £9 5/, and passed it back to be resold, when it brought the same amount, and many others did the same thing. An excellent luncheon was provided by the Ladies' Committee, which brought £30, and a lollie stall and plant £20. It is hoped that when all the money promised comes in, and the profit from the entertainment kindly given by the Hamilton Amateur Comedy Company, that the amount realised will be close upon £400. The entries for the floral fete were not so large as was hoped, and lots of those who entered did not exhibit. For the best decorated gig or buggy, Miss Richardson got a special, and Mrs. Nixon and Miss Roberts first. These were both very lovely, and met with much admiration from the spectators. The decorated pram and go-cart exhibit was also good. Mrs. A. Cameron taking first prize, Mrs. B. Cooper second, and Mrs. Tudhope third. The Public School had an effectively decorated maypole, Mr. Fogarty's lorry being lent for the purpose, the children being dressed in yellow and the lorry nicely decorated. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Buckland were the judges. It was very difficult to see the dresses there was such a crowd, but a few of those I noticed were: Mrs. C. C. Buckland, biscuit-coloured linen coat and skirt, Paisley toque, with agrette; Mrs. Wells, black cashmere de soie, yoke of tucked crepe de chine, black bonnet; Miss H. Wells, black muslin yoke outlined with plaited silk, large black crinoline straw trimmed with plaited tulle and black velvet; Miss Beale, white embroidered muslin and white crinolines straw hat with floral scarf; Mrs. Richardson, mauve linen coat and skirt and black and white hat; Mrs. E. E. Roberts, white frock and white embroidered coat, black hat with black plumes; Mrs. R. J. Roberts, brown linen coat and skirt and brown and Paisley toque; Mrs. Nicoll, white embroidered muslin, white muslin hat over blue, trimmed with blue satin ribbon and bunch of pink polyanthus; Mrs. W. F. Buckland, black silk, black and white dust coat and black hat with wreath of blue and pink flowers; Mrs. Cooper, grey summer tweed coat and skirt, and blue straw hat trimmed with black silk; Mrs. Farnall, black silk, with yoke and sleeves of all-over crane lace, with bands of the silk, saxe blue straw hat with wreath of roses; Miss Gwynne, grey and mauve muslin, mauve crinoline straw toque, with mauve roses and osprey; Mrs. W. Scott, white linen and white hat trimmed with moss-green velvet; and Marguerite daisy; Miss Willis, white linen coat and skirt

and large white hat with wreath of pink roses and their foliage; Miss C. Willis, white silk, with yoke and sleeves of cream allover lace and pink hat with pink roses; Mrs. Chitty, green costume, light dust coat and black hat with plumes; Mrs. Cameron, navy blue chiffon taffeta and black hat.

An Enjoyable Entertainment.

In the evening the Cambridge Amateur Comedy Society very kindly gave a performance in aid of the Central Show Fund, which was excellent, and kept the audience laughing from start to finish. The hall was comfortably filled, the audience being most enthusiastic in their applause. The piece staged was "Facing the Music." The Cambridge Orchestral Society, under the baton of Mrs. Isherwood, enlivened the intervals with several pleasing selections. Amongst the audience were: Mrs. Taylor, black silk and lace gown; Mrs. Whewell, green silk with black and silver scarf; Mrs. Trevor Gould, white embroidered muslin; Miss Taylor, very dainty shell pink evening dress; Miss Molly Taylor, white silk; Miss B. Taylor, white muslin; Miss Whewell, pale blue silk; Mrs. Willis, black cashmere de soie with yoke of tucked crepe de chine; Miss H. Wells, black silk; Miss Beale, white muslin; Mrs. Richardson, black silk gown; Miss Richardson, white net and lace blouse and white skirt; Mrs. E. E. Roberts, white embroidered muslin; Miss Gwynneth, grey and mauve muslin, trimmed with cream lace; Miss Chitty, white muslin; Mrs. Isherwood, white muslin; Mrs. Pilcher, black net and lace gown; Mrs. Havelock-Green, white muslin; Mrs. M. McDermott, black chiffon taffeta with yoke of cream lace and beaten silver scarf; Miss Hill, white muslin, trimmed with black velvet; Mrs. J. Fisher, black silk and cream silk Maltese lace scarf; Mrs. A. Gibbons, white silk; Miss Hally, white muslin; Miss G. Roberts, white muslin; Miss Wingate (Otauhu), white silk voile, trimmed with white silk applique, tucked net yoke and sleeves; Mrs. Brooks, black silk gown; Miss Brooks, white silk frock; Miss Chitty (Hamilton), white cloth frock; Mrs. W. Taylor, white Princess robe and beaten silver scarf.

Personal.

Mrs. Whewell and her daughter (Mrs. Trevor Gould, from Melbourne) were staying with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of "Bardowie"; the latter returned to Auckland with them.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryce have returned home to Cambridge from their honeymoon.
Mrs. Yonge and her two daughters from Onehunga have taken "The Bungalow" from Miss Gwynneth. Miss Gwynneth is at present staying with Mrs. Wells at "Oakleigh."

ELSIE.

HAMILTON.

December 1.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jolly are staying in Takapuna for a week or two.
The Misses Bayly have been spending a week in Auckland for the Show.
Mrs. John Bryce, of Ruahine, has been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. G. P. Jackson, at "Beerescourt," and has now gone on to Rotorua.
Mrs. Ewen has gone to Auckland to live, and intends to stay at "Ellesmere" for some months.
Mrs. Fergusson is in Auckland for a month.
Mr. Stevens has been granted another fortnight's leave of absence, owing to continued ill-health. Mrs. Stevens returned from Devonport a few days ago.
Mrs. Crammond is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Herdman.
Mrs. H. T. Gillies gave a small afternoon in honour of Mrs. Crammond on Wednesday last.

ZILLAIL.

ROTORUA.

December 3.

Personal.

Mr Allan F. Cameron, Mayor of Mudgee, N.S.W., is visiting Rotorua.
Mrs Canning, of Napier, and her two sons are here.
Mr and Mrs W. Grace returned to Palmerston North this week.
Mr and Mrs Roes George, of Auckland, are here.
Dr. Reed and Mr Reed, of Blenheim, are visiting the thermal district.
Amongst visitors to Rotorua at present are: Dr. and Mrs Spiller-Brandon

(Sydney), Dr. John Hall (Brisbane), Mr T. W. Brodbeck (Wellington), Mr H. Hirst Waller and Mr H. J. Waller (Halifax, Yorkshire), Colonel Bell (Hamilton), Mr and Mrs Henderson (Thames), Mr and Mrs Bradley (Wellington), Mr Jourdain (Wellington), Mr and Mrs John Burns, Mr and Mrs Reece-Jones, Miss A. Berry (Auckland), Mrs and Miss Berry (West Australia), Mr and Mrs Pearson, and Mr and Mrs Talbot (Wellington).

Mr C. H. C. Worthington has gone to Auckland for medical advice, as he has been in very bad health for some time.
Mr F. J. Biggan, manager of the Bank of New Zealand at Ashburton, is staying at Waiwera House.

Two of Rotorua's oldest identities, Mr and Mrs T. J. Robinson, celebrated their golden wedding on Tuesday last. They were married at St. Mark's Church, Remuera, on November 29th, 1860, by the Rev. Dr. Purchas. Unfortunately, they are both now in very indifferent health, but were still able to receive a number of visitors on their golden wedding day. Mr Robinson was for many years a pillar of the Anglican Church in Rotorua, and he and his wife are great favourites.

Dr. and Mrs Robinson, of Johnsonville, Wellington, are visiting Rotorua.
Amongst visitors from England in Rotorua just now are: Mrs F. Osborne Ellis, Mr Ellis, junr., and Miss Ellis, of Birmingham; Miss Baugham, of London; Miss White, London.

Miss Grant and Miss Earl, of Auckland, are staying at Grande Vue.
Mrs H. P. Barry and Miss Lofthouse, from Waihi, are visiting Rotorua.
Captain and Mrs Kennedy, of Waiheke Island, are here at present.

RATA.

GISBORNE.

December 2.

The Rowing Season.

The official opening of the rowing season in Gisborne took place yesterday (Thursday), the day being exceptionally fine. The river was crowded with craft of every description, from motor launches down to paddle boxes made to accommodate only a very small boy. The river bank, lawns and terraces, which are exceedingly green and pretty just now, were crowded with spectators, as was also the bridge, a good vantage place for those interested in the many races. Mr. Pettie (the Acting-Mayor) in a short speech declared the season open, Mr. Miller directing the procession on the river.

Personal.

The Misses Barker (2), who have been staying in Okoira, returned on Wednesday. Miss Fergusson also returned. Misses E. and B. Barker went North on Wednesday morning.
Mr. P. Sparkes returned to Gisborne from Auckland on Wednesday.
Capt. Reany (Napier) is visiting Gisborne. Capt. Lidstone, of the Nerehana, at present in the bay, is also visiting Gisborne.
Miss Nolan, who has been visiting friends in Christchurch for some months, returned on Saturday, Mr., Mrs., and Miss H. Nolan going North the same day.
Mr. and Mrs. Branson (Waimata) are spending a few days in town.
Mr. Roy Campbell Thomson, who has just arrived from England, is on a visit to his parents (Mr. and Mrs. Campbell-Thomson).
Miss Monekton left for Hawke's Bay on Wednesday.

ELSA.

NAPIER.

December 2.

Garden Party at Bishopscourt.

The annual garden party in connection with the Mothers' Union and G.F.S. Societies was held at Bishopscourt on Wednesday afternoon. It was a great success, the weather being perfect. A very large number of people gathered in the garden, many having come considerable distances. Amongst those present were: Mrs Averill, biscuit coloured voile, brown hat; Mrs Mayne, heliotrope linen; Mrs Levien, Shantung Russian costume, Liberty hat; Mrs Snodgrass, white; Mrs Frank Nelson, Saxe blue, silver trimming; Mrs Henley, white linen; Mrs Westall, black and white voile, black hat; Mrs King, blue muslin; Mrs J. McLean, blue linen coat and skirt; Mrs Tuke, black; Miss Tuke, white muslin, floral hat; Mrs Riddel, black and white muslin; Mrs Lowry, black silk; Mrs Chris Maclean, brown crepe de chine; Miss Edith Maclean, blue muslin, black

hat with white roses; Miss Jardine, white muslin; Mrs Pullen, white linen and lace coat and skirt; Miss White, black and white check coat and skirt; Mrs Brocklehurst (Hastings), black and white muslin; Mrs de Lisle, Shantung coat and skirt, black revers; Mrs Bernard Chambers, pink linen coat and skirt; Mrs Baker, silver grey, hat to match; Mrs Margoliouth, black; Miss Vera Margoliouth, white muslin; Miss Greig, white linen, and Irish crochet coat; Miss Gillum, cream voile; Mrs Harry Fannin, Shantung coat and skirt, white hat and red roses; Miss Sutton, rose pink linen; Mrs Hansard, navy blue.

Exhibition of Work.

A most interesting exhibition of work by the students of the Technical School was opened on Wednesday afternoon. The cooking class was particularly good, the decorated cakes being quite works of art. Some very good samples of needlework were on view, also woodwork and drawings from still life. The exhibition was well attended by parents and friends of the students.

Tennis.

St. Andrew's Day being a bank holiday, many tennis enthusiasts spent the day at the Hawke's Bay tennis courts. An al fresco lunch was much enjoyed, and play continued till dark.

Personal.

Miss Hewson (Hastings) has been visiting Mrs. John Humphries (Napier).
Miss Warren, who has been on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Warren (Ta Aute), returns to England by the Rusepuh this month.
Miss Retemeyer is visiting Mrs. Bruce (Fendalton, Christchurch).
Mr. Charles Nairn and his bride will

arrive from England early in the New Year.

Miss Brenner has returned to her home in Wellington.

Mrs. J. C. George is staying at Mrs. Woods (Lancing, whilst Mrs. and Miss Woods are in Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. Balfour Kinross (Kumeroa) are spending a few days in Napier.
Mr. and Mrs. P. S. McLean are on a motoring tour in the South Island.

Mrs. Cornford is on a visit to Auckland.

Miss Amy Seale has left on a visit to Sydney.

Miss Warren (Pahiatua) is staying with Miss Hunter.

Mrs. George Nelson is visiting Marton.

MARJORIE.

DANNEVIRKE.

December 3.

Fire Brigade Bazaar.

The Dannevirke Fire Brigade, which is a well-deserving institution, and essential in rendering assistance in the case of fire, has found it necessary to make an appeal for funds to assist the Fire Board to purchase new uniforms. With this as an objective, a committee of energetic ladies set to work to organise a big bazaar in the Drill Hall, and Wednesday evening saw the culmination of their efforts. Messrs. Punch and McMillan also interested themselves in the project, and the result was that there was a brave display on all the stalls on the opening night. Mr. J. W. Johnston (chairman of the Board) opened the bazaar. The following were the stallholders:—Gentleman's stall: Mesdames Rickford, Mair and McTherson, Misses Oliver, Haines, Howe, Hopper and Read; plain and fancy stall: Mesdames McCallan, Dawson, Carlson,



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Soundy Prior, Patterson and Stubbs; doll stall: Mesdames Punch, Smith, and Farr, Misses Smith (2), and Fairhurst; sweet stall: Mesdames Andrews, Haddley and McMillan; Friendly Societies' stall: Messrs. Menefey, Coleman and Reid, Miss McIntyre; flower stall: Mesdames Johnston and Bott; bran tub: Misses (Hudwick (2); tea rooms: Mesdames Goodman, Jonathan Brighouse, Misses Hibbard, Bossiter, Williams, Diamond (3), McInloch. Side shows and a swingboat were amongst the other attractions, and helped to swell the funds. The bazaar continues for four nights, and liberal support is being accorded it.

Personal.

Mrs. Fullerton, of Te Kuiti, who was the guest of Mrs. Petit, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Bromley Hill is on a holiday visit to Wellington.

Miss Morgan has returned from her holiday.

Dr. and Mrs. Coates are staying at Andrews' Hotel.

LORIS.

FEILDING.

December 3.

Flower Show.

The Horticultural Society held one of their most successful flower shows on Friday last in the Parish Hall. The display of sweet peas and roses was beautiful. The stage was utilised for afternoon tea. Amongst those I noticed in the hall were:—Mrs. Long, Mrs. Jacob (Kiwieta), Mr. and Mrs. Meryick, Mr. and Mrs. Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. R. MeBeth (Kimbolton), Dr. and Mrs. Greig (Palmerston), Mrs. Miles, Mrs. R. Gorton, Mrs. L. Gorton, Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Mr. A. Fitzherbert, Dr. and Miss Livesay, Mr. and Mrs. Corfe, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Johnston.

Waxwork Entertainment.

A very successful waxwork entertainment was held in the Parish Hall on Tuesday last. Some of the most noticeable figures were:—Sweet Girl Graduate (Miss Walpole); Dutch Doll (Miss Buckeridge); Dutch Doll (Miss Walker); Sweet Nell of Old Drury (Miss Long); Mary Queen of Scots (Mrs. Auldrey); Queen Elizabeth (Miss Peat); Tweedledee (Mr. Long); Tweedledum (Mr. Stewart); Lord High Executioner (Mr. Brennan); Monk (Mr. Aiken); Pat (Mr. Auldrey). A few among the audience I noticed were:—Mrs. Long, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Peat, Mrs. Innes-Jones, Mrs. Duff, Mrs. Redwood, Dr. and Miss Livesay, Miss Ray, Mr. Gorton, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, and many others.

Personal.

Mrs. Chaytor (Picton) is the guest of Mrs. L. Gorton.

Mrs. Mostyn Jones is staying in Feilding.

Mrs. A. MeBeth and her daughter are visitors to Feilding.

TUL

HASTINGS.

December 2.

Street Frocks.

I noticed some very smart and becoming frocks lately. Mrs. Kiely is looking particularly nice in a smart grey linen, indigo blue clip hat with silk poppies in aluminium tones; Mrs. Lauauze, stylish coat and skirt of blue serge, braided and buttoned with black, smart black grenadine straw hat wreathed with black and white Christmas roses; Mrs. Campbell, champagne coat and skirt, with black facings, becoming black hat; Mrs. W. H. Smith, dark grey linen coat and skirt, large black hat; Mrs. McLeod looks very stylish in a smart black and white costume, large French non-broom hat garlanded with white roses; Mrs. Nelson's grey tweed frock and petrol hat looks well; Mrs. Beyer's smart short dark grey linen and large rose straw hat is very up-to-date and nice; Mrs. Gascoyne looks very smart in a coat and skirt of striped green and grey tweed, stylish toque of green straw, with black silk.

At Home.

The members of the Hastings Club invited the ladies to an "At Home" in the new club-rooms on Wednesday afternoon. About 100 ladies were present. During the afternoon songs and recitations were given and delicious refreshments were dispensed.

Afternoon Party.

Miss Symes entertained a large number of lady friends at her residence on Thursday. Great amusement was caused hunting around the beautiful old gardens for a treasure which the hostess had hidden. Mrs. A. Reid was the lucky finder. Then a number of packages of various culinary powders were arranged on a table, each guest being allowed to thoroughly examine the contents (tasting being prohibited), and whoever guessed the greatest number correctly received charming prizes. A most delicious afternoon tea was dispensed, and the afternoon went very merrily. Some of those present were: Mesdames Beamish, Reid, Lears, Gregory, Tosswill, Murray, Banks, Brodie, Miller, Wellwood, McKibbin, De Lisie, Wallace, Misses Baird, Newbigen, Wellwood, Peddie.

Mrs. Douglas Murray gave afternoon tea at tennis last Saturday.

Mrs. Averill gave a garden party at Bishopscourt, Napier, on Wednesday, to members of the Mothers' Union. A good many members of the Hastings Union accepted the invitation, and had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

Personal.

Mr. E. H. Williams has returned from Wellington.

Mrs. H. Russell has gone for a short holiday to Wanganui.

Mr. J. Faalkner has returned from Gisborne.

Friends will be sorry to learn that Mr. J. H. Lowry, who is visiting Christchurch, is seriously indisposed.

Great sympathy was felt for Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy when it became known that their son had passed away in New York, where he had gone to receive the best medical treatment for a very serious complaint. Just 25 years of age, and a most promising young man, he will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

Miss A. Seale left for Sydney by the express on Thursday.

Mrs. Humphries (Napier) is paying a short visit to her mother (Mrs. Lanauze).

Miss Hewson has returned from Napier.

Quite a gloom was cast over Hastings when it became known that Mr. Jos. Williams (Havelock) had passed away, at the comparatively early age of 56 years. Mr. Williams was greatly esteemed, and much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Williams and daughters in their sad bereavement.

SHEILA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

December 2.

A Social.

Last Tuesday evening, in St. Mary's Hall, the Associates of the G.P.S. gave a most enjoyable "At Home," which took the form of music and guessing competitions, the latter being very amusing. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Claude Weston, pale blue and pink floral voile, cream tuckered silk yoke, with draped skirt; Mrs. Cook, black and white embroidered muslin; Miss Godfrey, biscuit coloured voile, cream tuckered silk yoke, finished with blue and pink floral gimp; Miss Bedford, white muslin; Miss D. Bedford, cream silk; Miss Taylor, white muslin, tucked and embroidered; Miss Arden, pale pink muslin; Miss Dowling, pale eiel blue muslin, cream lace yoke slashed with black velvet; Miss Harrison, white muslin, bodice profusely tucked; Miss F. Wood, white embroidered muslin; Miss M. Thompson, pale heliotrope muslin, white embroidery yoke; Mrs. H. Fookes, Tussock silk, finished with cream lace and natter blue buttons; Mrs. H. Davy, cream silk; Miss Davy (Auckland), white muslin; Mrs. J. Harvey, cream silk, Saxe blue ceinture; Miss Carte, white muslin; Miss Crawford, white muslin; Mrs. Freeth, black silk, with lace blouse; Miss W. Baker, black and white muslin; Miss W. Webster, cream voile, with silk blouse; Mrs. Kyngdon, black silk relieved with cream lace; Mrs. Paton, white muslin; Mrs. Glasgow, brown taffetas, with cream lace yoke; Miss Mathews, white muslin; Mrs. Skinner, slate grey taffetas, finished with black lace; Miss Skinner, white muslin; Miss Wilson, grey muslin, tucked cream silk yoke; Mrs. W. Newman, black silk, cream lace yoke; Miss Percy Smith, cream silk; Mrs. Baker, black silk; Miss L. Brown, white muslin; Miss M. Glasgow, white muslin; Miss G. Bewley, white muslin; Miss H. Evans, cream silk; Miss F. Evans, white embroidered muslin; Miss M. Evans, cream embroidered silk.

Euchre Party.

A most enjoyable time was spent at Mrs. H. Davy's, when the hostess entertained a number of young people at euchre last Wednesday evening. The prizes were won by Miss W. Webster (first), Miss N. Hanna (booby), Miss Mells winning the drawing competition. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Davy, cream silk; Miss Davy, white muslin, heliotrope ceinture; Miss Carte, cream silk; Miss Thompson, cream silk; Miss M. Thompson, heliotrope muslin; Miss S. Webster, pale blue voile; Miss W. Webster, cream voile tucked and inserted; Misses Roy (2), white muslin; Miss Crawford, cornflower blue voile, trimmed with cream lace and black velvet ribbon; Misses Hanna (2), white muslin; Miss Mills, white muslin; Miss P. Crawford, cream silk; Misses Bedford (2), white muslin; Miss Weir, white muslin.

Agricultural Show.

The Taranaki Agricultural Society held their annual show last Wednesday and Thursday, and the second day, commonly known as "The People's Day," turned out simply beautiful; the atmosphere cooled and softened with a light southerly breeze. But although most of the ladies wore the latest creation in frocks, I am unable to give a detailed account of them, owing to the dense crowd. Amongst those on the lawn I noticed: Mrs. Claude Weston, a lovely costume of pale petunia cloth, coat and skirt, tulle hat swathed with roses; Miss M. Clarke, white embroidered muslin, dark green hat wreathed with shaded violet roses; Mrs. Mackay, grey coat and skirt and bonnet en suite; Miss Mackay, slate grey costume, clip straw toque to correspond; Miss O. Mackay, white embroidered muslin, violet hat; Miss Leatham, white muslin, hat swathed with pale blue Liberty scarf; Miss Maginuity (Nelson), white linen coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Blundell, white muslin, hat finished with pale pink roses and black velvet bows; Mrs. Percy Webster, white embroidered muslin, pretty hat wreathed with pale pink roses; Miss Cunningham, pale heliotrope costume, black hat; Mrs. J. Paul, pastel blue eolienne, cream silk vest slashed with black velvet, straw toque relieved with pink roses; Mrs. Clem Webster, white muslin, black velvet ribbon, ecru coloured crinoline and white hat; Mrs. Clenow looked well in a cornflower blue costume, black hat with feathers; Miss Weir, white muslin, black and white hat with pale pink roses; Miss A. Crawford, cornflower blue linen coat and skirt, pretty black hat lined with pale blue silk, and trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. Phil Wright (Dunedin) looked charming in a putty coloured cloth costume, reseda hat trimmed with velvet bows and shaded violet roses; Mrs. H. Stocker, white muslin, black and white hat; Miss Bedford, white embroidered muslin, burnt straw hat with pink roses; Miss P. Bedford, white Persian lawn, white hat wreathed with pale pink roses; Miss Buckman, white muslin, ecru coloured hat with pink roses; Miss I. Buckman, cream muslin, hat lined with pale trimming, and finished with red and pink roses; Miss P. Whitton, sage green linen, putty coloured hat with shaded chrysanthemums; Miss Sturtivan, white muslin, Tuscan hat; Miss Jackson, eiel blue linen costume, navy blue hat with pale pink roses; Miss Turnbull, pale blue and white Tuscan hat with loops of black velvet ribbon and pale pink roses; Mrs. Smith, very smart light green costume, black feathered hat; her friend wore a stylish putty coloured costume, hat lined with pink, and relieved with pink roses; Mrs. Glasgow, white muslin, black hat; Miss M. Glasgow, pale pink muslin; Miss B. Evans, white muslin, black hat lined with pale blue; Miss M. Evans, white silk, black and pale blue hat; Mrs. Frank Orbell looked hand-some in a white linen costume, braided with silk, black feathered hat; her friend wore a smart black chiffon taffeta, hat en suite; Miss D. Roy, rose pink linen costume, black hat; Miss G. Roy, cornflower blue linen hat, relieved with tiny pink roses; Mrs. Mathews, dove grey costume, black toque; Mrs. J. Avery, black, bonnet relieved with cream roses; Miss Avery, pretty white embroidered muslin, black feathered hat; Miss Healy, white muslin, pretty white hat, lined with pale blue, and trimmed with pink roses and black velvet bows; Miss Blyth, tussock silk, hat with large black bows; Miss Emory, white muslin, hat with large saxe blue silk bows; Miss E. Bayley, water cream

linen costume with a Maglar effect, dark green chip straw hat, relieved with black; Mrs. Penn, biscuit-coloured silk, putty coloured hat, with pale pink roses; Mrs. Alexander, biscuit-coloured coat and skirt, faced with black, ecru coloured hat finished with black bows; Mrs. Birdling (Waitara) heliotrope striped linen costume, burnt straw hat wreathed with black cherries and ribbon bows; Miss Birdling, white muslin, white ship straw hat lined and trimmed with saxe blue silk; Mrs. Gunson, brown striped costume, white hat; Miss Hall, white muslin, hat trimmed with pink roses; Miss Rennell, white muslin, white tulle hat finished with pale pink hydrangea; Miss G. Morey, cream muslin, white linen hat; Miss Standish, cinnamon brown linen coat and skirt, ecru-coloured hat with cream and brown chiffon chou trimming; Mrs. Staples, white muslin, black hat with pink and red roses; Mrs. Carthew, stylish cinnamon brown charmeuse, cream lace vest, burnt straw hat with pale pink roses and black velvet bows; Mrs. Hutchens, blue and pink floral muslin, black hat; Mrs. Schnackenberg, cream costume, dainty pale blue coat, pale blue chiffon hat relieved with pink roses and forget-me-nots; Mrs. Marks, smart cornflower blue linen coat and skirt, ecru coloured hat with pale blue Paisley silk crown; Miss Ray, white linen black hat; Mrs. Ellis, dove grey costume, burnt straw hat with pale pink roses; Miss Stanford, peacock blue costume, black hat; Mrs. Banks (Cambridge) look'd well in a tussock coat and skirt, smart hat with pink and primelle coloured roses; Miss C. Macklow (Auckland), pretty dove grey costume, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. S. Rennell, white embroidered muslin, burnt straw hat, with pink roses and black velvet ribbon; Mrs. R. Cook, watercress-coloured linen, faced with black, black hat with white feathers; Miss Taylor, champagne-coloured voile, hat wreathed with pale pink roses; Miss Campbell, periwinkle blue linen, hat finished with black silk bows; Miss Roberts looked well in a crush strawberry costume, cream silk yoke, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. S. Bennett, rich Liberty silk, with gold gimp trimmings, pretty crush strawberry hat finished with roses.

A Woman Talked.

She talked about the marvellous way in which she was able to keep her hands clean and white and fine—of how quickly she got rid of annoying blemishes—of the saving of temper, time and money. She was a joyous, happy woman, ready to turn her hands to any work, secure in the knowledge that she could always keep them right by using "SYDAL"—Wilton's Hand Emollient. Price 1/6. Chemists and Storekeepers.

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 "Bland's Vegetable Hair Dye," which acts in a perfectly natural way, giving delightful and satisfactory results. Free from all metallic lustre. 3/8 bottle, post free.—Miss Clough, Ladies' Depot, 44, George-st., Dunedin.

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Personal.

Miss Davy, who has been the guest of Mrs. H. Davy (New Plymouth), has returned to Auckland.
 Miss Webster (New Plymouth), is on a short visit to her sister, Mrs. R. Lusk, of Parnell.
 Miss C. Macklow (Auckland) is visiting her relatives in New Plymouth.
 NANCY LEE.

STRATFORD.

December 2.

Children's Party.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. C. Raikes, Pembroke-road, gave a very jolly children's party, and though the weather was unsettled, the little people had a really glorious time, and were most loth to return to their respective homes.

Flower Show.

The Stratford Horticultural Society held their annual rose show yesterday afternoon, the success of which was marred by the fact that many other attractions were on the same day, viz, New Plymouth A. and P. Show, opening of the local baths, tennis in Eltham. The chief trophy of the show, the Horton challenge rose bowl, for the best six roses named, was secured by Mrs. J. A. Marchant (of Cardiff), Dr. Carbery second, and Don Cameron h.c. Champion blooms were: White, Mrs. Marchant's "Frau Karl Drusciki"; red, "Fisher Holmes"; pink, Dr. Carbery's "Mrs. J. Lang"; yellow, Don Cameron's "Harry Kirk."

The previous winners of the rose bowl were Mr. C. Goodson in 1908, and Dr. Carbery in 1909. The attendance both afternoon and evening was not as good as other years. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Monroe, wearing a striped blue linen, black toque; Miss Joyce Monroe, green chiffon, white hat; Mrs. S. Porritt, white embroidered linen, pretty grey dust coat, large black hat lined with pale blue; Mrs. Wake, mauve linen, with large hat trimmed with mauve scarf; Miss N. Wake, pink crepon, large white hat; Mrs. Young, vieux rose coat and skirt, large hat to match, with roses; Mrs. Menzies, blue coat and skirt, hat en suite; Mrs. Dillon-Carbery, black silk coat and skirt, large black hat with feathers; Mrs. Uniake, rose-coloured Liberty cloth coat and skirt, large hat with roses; Mrs. T. C. Fookes, heliotrope costume, hat en suite, large white feather boa; Mrs. Stubbs, white linen, blue chip hat, black scarf; the Misses Butler, Miss Jones, Mrs. Ward; Mrs. W. Robinson, blue linen, large black hat; Mrs. E. Robinson; Mrs. D. Hunter, dark green linen coat and skirt, revers of black, burnt straw hat, trimmed with black; Mrs. Smith, green striped linen, green hat; Mrs. Crawshaw, blue and white striped cotton, black toque; Mrs. Arden, Mrs. Petrie, Mrs. Ralph, Mrs. Curtis, etc.

During the Week.
 Mrs. Anderson gave tea at the tennis courts on Saturday.
 Mrs. Monroe was "At Home" on Friday.
 On Thursday Mrs. Stubbs received a few friends.
The New Baths.
 The official opening of the swimming baths took place on Thursday, in the presence of a large number of spectators. The weather was splendid. The sports consisted of juvenile and senior events. The Kivell Brothers gave some very good exhibitions of swimming and diving, etc. Some of the events were most amusing, and caused great laughter.

Cricket.

The cricket match between the Eltham and Stratford Clubs, played at Eltham on Thursday, resulted in a win for the home eleven by 65 runs.

Personal.

Dr. Harrison, sen., and Miss Harrison (England) have left to visit Auckland and Rotorua.
 Dr. G. Harrison and Mrs. Harrison are at present spending a few days at Marton.
 Mr. and Mrs. L. Paget are on a visit in Stratford to Dr. Paget.
 Mrs. Stubbs has returned from Wanganui, after a most enjoyable holiday.
 Mrs. D. Hunter (Wanganui) has gone for a short visit to Wanganui.
 Miss Wake has left for Wanganui.
 Mr. Osmond is at present in Palmerston North.
 Mr. T. M. Marlow has left for Hawera to relieve Mr. Mason (Clerk of the Court), who is away on a holiday.

DENISE.

WANGANUI.

December 2.

Flower Show.

The Wanganui Horticultural Society held a very successful two days' show in the Drill Hall last week. Many of the exhibits were excellent, although the show was considered by many to be late in the season. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Krull in a handsome black silk gown with lace, black bonnet with chiffon and gold ornaments; Mrs. Moore, fawn tweed coat and skirt, claret coloured straw hat with chiffon and wings in the same tones; Mrs. Earle, rose-coloured linen coat and skirt, white muslin and lace vest, black straw hat, with wreath of tiny rose, pink moss roses; Mrs. A. Cameron, navy blue coat and skirt, cream vest, black hat with plumes; Miss G. Krull, turquoise blue flouncing coat and skirt, white straw hat with blue flowers; Miss Thompson (Australia), buff coloured shantung costume, straw hat with Paisley scarf on it; Mrs. Hesse, white embroidered muslin frock, pretty straw hat with wreath of shaded pink roses in it; Miss Cutfield, smart rose pink shantung coat and skirt, large straw hat with flowers in the same tone; Mrs. Glenn wore a white coat and skirt, white hat; Miss S. Dymock, white muslin frock with insertion and lace, straw hat with daisies; Miss Mason, electric blue linen coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with black velvet ribbons; Miss J. Mason, electric blue linen coat and skirt, large black straw hat with black velvet; Mrs. Cave, black costume, black and white bonnet; Miss Cave, pale blue and white striped frock with lace, blue and white straw hat with pale blue flowers in it. There were also present Mr. and Mrs. H. Sarjeant, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Babbage, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Treadwell, Mrs. Christie, Mrs. and Miss Wilford, Mrs. James Watt, and many others.

Tennis.

The weather was showery for the tennis on Saturday at the Campbell-street courts. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. and Miss Christie and Mrs. McNaughton Christie. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. and Miss Darley, Miss Morton Jones, Mrs. Good, Miss Rees-Mogg (England), Miss Mason, Miss O'Brien, Miss Cave, Miss Hawken, Miss R. Hawken, Miss N. Wilson (Bulls), Miss Moore, and others.

Sale of Work.

The Gonville Ladies' Guild held a very successful sale of work last Thursday afternoon in Mr. Bignall's grounds. The proceeds were in aid of a Church of England at Gonville, and a very satisfactory sum was raised. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. Jacob, Mrs. and Miss Wilford, Mrs. and Miss Dymock, Mrs. and Miss Mason, Miss Inlay, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Good, Mrs. Fletcher Harrison, Miss Harrison, Mrs. O. Lewis, Mrs. Clay, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. and Miss Harper, Mrs. Duigan, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. H. Taylor, and many others.

Personal.

Miss Rees-Mogg, of England, who has been staying in Wanganui, left this week for the South Island. She returns to England in February.

Mrs. Wanklyn, of Christchurch, has been staying in Wanganui with her sister, Mrs. D'Arcy.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mason, the Misses Mason, and Mr. J. Mason, of Wanganui, leave early next year for a visit to England and the Continent.

Mrs. Wilde, of Rangitikei, has been staying in Wanganui recently.

Mr. Fairfax-Cholmeley, of New Plymouth, has been staying in Wanganui.
 Miss Meta Lethbridge, of Tarakina, has been the guest of Mrs. Good in Wanganui.

Mr. A. Atkins, of Wellington, has been staying in Wanganui recently.

Mr. H. Hobbage, of Wanganui, is at present staying in Auckland.

HUIA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

December 2nd.

Bridge Party.

Mrs. G. W. Harden gave a small bridge party at her residence, Victoria-street, on Thursday of last week. Gaily-coloured sweet peas decorated the drawing-room, also the supper table in the dining-room. Mrs. Harden received her guests wearing a black crepe de chine toilette, the corsage finished with large cluster of pale pink roses; Mrs. Ma-

Knight, pale blue charmeuse frock and cream chiffon silver spangled scarf on shoulders; Mrs. Coombs, black silk muslin, elaborately embroidered in white over black silk; Miss Randolph, lavender crepe de chine with white net tunic, finished with silver bead fringe; Miss F. Randolph, pale blue silk with silver trimming, pink roses worn at waist; Miss Mabel Smith, pale primrose silk, veiled in net of same shade, deep crimson rose in corsage; Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, white satin and lace, pearl trimming on bodice; Miss Dora Reid, old rose charmeuse, with touches of gold on bodice. Messrs. Harden, McKnight, C. E. Waldegrave, Blackmore, McDonald, Westaby, Reid, and R. Gibbons were those playing.

Tennis.

Interest in tennis is increasing as the lawns improve. The seven courts are all in playing order now, and the combined tournaments for trophies presented by Mr. W. L. Fitzherbert, the president, will be started very soon now. During last week I have noticed on the courts practising: Mrs. A. D. Thompson, Miss Watson, Mrs. A. McDonald, Miss Wallace (Marton), Miss Porter, Miss M. Smith, Miss Helen Porter, Mrs. Pickett, Mrs. Adams, Messrs. Collins, Spencer, Hay, Wray, Levett, Porter, Drew, Smith, Hunt, Gibbons, and others.

National Sweet Pea Show.

The first show in connection with the National Sweet Pea Society of New Zealand is to be held in the Agricultural Hall on Wednesday and Thursday of next week. One hundred and fifty guineas' worth of silver vases, trophies, and cash prizes, besides gold and silver medals are to be awarded as prizes. An energetic committee are sparing no efforts to make the Show a success. Everything depends on the weather now, and it will be very hard if the almost continuous sunshine of months past breaks before the Show.

Personal.

Mr. W. L. Fitzherbert has gone on a trip to Sydney.

Mr. C. E. Waldegrave entertained a few friends at croquet on Wednesday.

Miss Smallbone, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. J. L. Barnicoat, for some months, returned to her home in Wellington this week.

Miss Wallace (Marton) is the guest of Mrs. A. McDonnell.

Mr. and Mrs. Louison, Mr. and Mrs.

Davis, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bell, Mrs. Trips, the Misses Abraham, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Pickett, Mr. and Mrs. Adams were a few who went from here to the Feilding races on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Miss Porter has been away staying with her sister, Mrs. Dermer, of Feilding.

Mrs. McLennan has returned from Waituna, where she has been visiting her son, Mr. Ray McLennan, and Mrs. McLennan.

VIOLET.

WAIKANGI, NELSON.

December 3.

The Croixelles is getting very gay, and the summer visitors are making their appearance, as this small part of the world is becoming quite a summer resort for the hard-worked city man and woman.

A Dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Raynor, of Onatea, gave a most delightful dance to celebrate the 21st birthday of their eldest son, Laurie, on the 18th inst. The woolshed made a splendid ballroom, and was tastefully decorated with nikau palms and ferns. Marquees were erected outside for cards and, last, but not least, supper. Mrs. Raynor received her guests in a handsome black silk, and Miss Ida Raynor looked very pretty in a blue taffeta; Mrs. Cyril Pike wore white net over silk; Mrs. Blair (Gisborne), black striped nun; Mrs. W. Stuart, heliotrope blouse, black skirt; Miss Stuart, dainty white muslin; Mrs. Kellor, white and pink; Miss Johnson, white mousseline de soie; Miss Nalder (Nelson), blue silk; Mrs. Turi, pale blue muslin; Mrs. Elkington, pink creponine with red bows; Mrs. Puklowsky, white; Miss Anderson, green silk; Mrs. Harvey, cream; Miss Williams, white. Mr. A. Rutland made an able M.C. The gentlemen were in the majority, as usual in this district. These included: Messrs. W. Stuart, C. Pike, Blair (Gisborne), Bruswitz, Johnson, Hippolite (2), Kellor, Puklowsky, Kotua, Waaka, Davis, Love, Pahl, W. Reed, and others. Dancing was kept up till the early hours, and after a short rest we all spent the day picnicking.

Personal.
 Miss Nalder has been staying with Mrs. Wm. Stuart.
 Mr. and Mrs. Elkington have returned from their trip to Nelson.



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 THE SAMPLES LEFT AT YOUR DOOR PROVE IT.

PICTON.

December 1.

Gorse-grubbing Party.

As the Council are forcing the rate-payers to clean the streets from gorse and broom, on penalty of appearing at Court, Mrs. and the Misses Allen invited some lady friends to assist them in grubbing. A prize for the most expert at the art was offered, and was eagerly contested. Mrs. Beswick and Mrs. Madson were counted equal. Much interest was taken in the contest by onlookers who stopped in the street to watch the proceedings. When time was called the party adjourned to the house to rest their muscles, drink tea, and exercise their brains with a cat competition. Those present besides the house party were Mesdames Seymour, Beswick, Tripe, Madson, Haslett, Riddell, Eason, Misses Beswick, Millington and Philpotts.

Military Camp.

The Waitohi Rifles broke camp on Monday morning after a fortnight's useful training under Sergeant-Major Colclough, and Lieuts. Lloyd and McIntosh. The rain militated somewhat against the useful social gatherings, but as the Blenheim Rifles visited them one day, and a church parade was held on Sunday, and their camp was located in a most charming spot, they were not given to complaining. The Picton Brass Band supplied the music for church parade.

Native Flowers.

Native flowers are beautiful this year. The flax and the honeysuckle tree are resplendent, and Mabel Island in the harbour is white with lilies.

Bowling.

On Wednesday some matches were arranged with Blenheim players, and as it was a glorious day, there were a number of ladies looking on, who provided and dispensed afternoon tea. Among those present were: Mesdames Chambers, Pugh, Oxley, Blizard, Perano, Lucena, Nicol, Riddell, Griffiths (Blenheim), Allen, Madson, Clouston (Blenheim), Beswick, Johnson (Blenheim), Syms, etc., etc. Misses Chambers, McMahon (2), Greenhill, and Beswick. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent by the bowlers and their friends.

A Concert.

Last evening the Picton Brass Band gave its annual concert. The attendance, though not large was very enthusiastic, and the items were heartily encored, especially the band's rendering of "Dame Durden," and "The Turkish Patrol." Mrs. Nicol, and Messrs. Riddell, Gray, and Mack Love were the vocalists. Miss Chambers playing the accompaniments.

Personal.

Mrs. Hester, and her two children have gone to Christchurch for a holiday. Archbishop Redwood, has been visiting the district, and held a confirmation service on Sunday in St. Joseph's (R.C.) Church. Mrs. W. Masfield, of Manaroa, Pelorus Sound, who has been to England to take part in the Bixley rifle meeting, returned home this week after a delightful, and interesting trip.

BELLE.

BLENHIM.

December 2.

Tennis.

On Saturday afternoon there was a large attendance on the Marlborough Lawn Tennis Grounds. A dainty tea was provided, and dispensed by Mrs. B. Clouston. She was attired in a white embroidered linen costume, black hat wreathed with scarlet poppies, and Miss K. Barnett, who wore a pale blue silk, muslin frock, burnt straw hat with roses. Some of those I noticed were: Mrs. R. McCallum, white embroidered robe, burnt straw hat with flowers; Mrs. R. Adams, blue linen costume, burnt straw hat, with black velvet; Mrs. C. W. Clouston, brown tweed costume, black hat with feathers; Mrs. Bennett, white muslin dress, blue hat with pink roses; Mrs. Blarsh, white linen, black hat; Mrs. Strachan, blue linen costume, white hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Northeroff, green costume, green hat; Mrs. Florence,

green Shanghai costume, burnt straw hat with flowers; Mrs. Compton (Wellington), white costume, white hat; Mrs. Broughton, white dress, black hat; Mrs. P. Hulme, white frock; Mrs. Wolfertan, white muslin, burnt straw hat with flowers; Misses M. Bell, ermine costume, green hat with shaded roses; E. Florence, white muslin, black hat, with pink roses; G. Cooper (Wellington), white muslin, large hat with roses and black velvet; A. Neville, white muslin dress, large black hat with roses; O. Marsh, white muslin, burnt straw hat, with purple; B. Griffiths, white muslin, pretty hat swathed with pink; C. Clouston, white muslin, floral hat; F. Chaytor, white muslin, white hat with roses; Amuri Neville, pink flowered muslin frock, hat lined with pink and wreathed with shaded flowers; D. Horton, white frock, green hat with autumn leaves; A. Neville, pink frock, burnt straw hat, with black velvet; G. Anderson, white muslin, brown hat.

Anglican Mission.

The opening of the mission by the Rev. Canon A. A. Smart, M.A., took place on Saturday evening last in the presence of a good congregation. The Rev. J. R. Burgin was the assistant missionary.

Personal.

Mr. J. Reid, accompanied by Dr. D. Reid, left for a trip to Rotorua and Auckland during the week.

Mrs. Walker is visiting Wellington. Miss Marsh has returned from a most enjoyable holiday spent in Auckland.

Mrs. G. Wastney Nelson is visiting Miss Bell, "Riverlands."

Mrs. Bremner (Dunedin), who has been visiting Mrs. Marsh, has returned.

Bliss Brittain has gone for a holiday to Invercargill.

Miss Ursula Grace has returned from visiting friends in Christchurch.

Mrs. R. Adams has returned to town after spending a short holiday at "Langley Dale."

Mrs. Compton (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. R. McCallum, at "Argyle."

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Stevenson, who have been spending a few days at the Criterion Hotel, have returned to "Upcot."

Miss Gertrude Cooper, who has been the guest of Mrs. S. Neville, "Thurston," for some weeks, has returned to Wellington, accompanied by Miss Amuri Neville.

Miss Urquhart has gone to Wellington for a short holiday.

It is with the deepest regret that I have to record the death of Miss Nora Rogers, which occurred at "Eltham Lodge," last evening, after a long and painful illness.

JEAN.

CHRISTCHURCH.

December 2.

Cherry Party.

A cherry party was given on Friday afternoon by Mrs. Michael Campbell in her garden at Avonide to a number of her friends. Putting competitions and croquet were the amusements provided. The winners of these were Misses Harley, Maling, and Hamner, the prizes being baskets of cherries. Amongst those present were: Mrs. A. Campbell, Mrs. Brittan, Mrs. G. Vernon, Miss Kitson, Misses Moore (2), Wood, Strachey, Anderson (2), Westmacott, Park, Gosset, Trolove, Pigott, Lucas (2), Symes, Cracroft, Wilson, Condell, Murray-Aynley, Hamner (2), Reeves, and Wilkin.

At Home.

An "At Home" was given on Saturday at "Te Whare" by Miss Cox to her pupils and their friends. The first part of the programme consisted of the performance by the pupils of skipping, marching, fan drill, ball drill, and fancy dances. The juniors were very successful in a horn pipe, a dolly dance, and a minuet. Then there were Highland dancing to the bagpipes, a graceful Gavotte, an old Morris dance, and a folly dance. Supper and dancing were then thoroughly enjoyed by all the guests, amongst whom were: Mrs. Cox, Mesdames Anderson, Vernon, Tothill, Potts, Prins, Lane, Heywood, Merton, Blunt, Taib, England, Tobin, Walker, Hamner, A. Reeves, Ross, Dalgety, Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Beadel, Dr. and Mrs. Irving, the Rev. C. Moreland, Mrs. Moreland, Dr. and Mrs. Finch, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Dr. and Mrs. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. H. Knight, Mr. and Mrs.

Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Sandstein, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Misses Corfe, Maling, Merton, Sanders, Ross, Cocks, Molineaux, Holmes, Wyan-Williams, Jacobs, Heywood, Hoare, Old, Irving, and Campbell.

Bridge.

A small bridge party was given by Mrs. George Gould (Fendalton) on Saturday evening. Those present were: Mrs. Boyle, Miss Boyle, the Misses Murray-Aynley, Miss N. Reeves, Miss Cowlishaw, Mrs. Reid, and Mrs. G. Turnbull.

A Dance.

A dance was given by Miss M. Morton at "Lewcombe" (Riccarton). Dancing took place in the dining-room, the supper being served in a marquee on the lawn. Amongst others present were: Misses Bowden, Knight (2), Josephs (2), Davenport, Robinson, Bulnois, Murray, Park, Cooke, Lucas, G. Anderson, Newton, Prins, and Harris, Messrs. Archer, Anderson, Bowden, Bulnois, Boyes, Cooke, Cotton, Deana, Hinson, Forbes, Newton, Robinson, Morton, and Lucas.

At the Theatre.

The Plimmer-Denniston Company closed a most successful season on Tuesday evening with the pretty little play, "Lover's Lane." The audience were most enthusiastic, and at the close the leading ladies were presented with bouquets, one receiving a large teddy bear clasping a bouquet in his arms. Amongst the many present I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. G. Harris, Mrs. Deans, Mrs. and Miss Symes, Dr. N. Guthrie, Miss Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. A. McKellar, Dr. and Mrs. Patterson, Miss Patterson, Mrs. R. McDougall, Mr. M. Derenish Meares, Miss Meares, Miss B. Meares, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Miss Bruce, Mrs. and Miss Thomas, Mrs. and the Misses Anderson, Miss Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Stringer, Mrs. Cook.

For the South Pole.

The departure of the Antarctic expedition on Saturday afternoon aroused great enthusiasm amongst the people of Christchurch, Lyttelton, and Sumner, who flocked to Lyttelton and the adjacent hills to see the send-off of the Terra Nova. It was quite a gala day in Lyttelton, with flags flying and bands playing. The managing director of the New Zealand Shipping Co. gave a farewell luncheon to Captain Scott and party. At 3 p.m. the time fixed for departure, guns were fired and rockets sent off as the Terra Nova, escorted by three excursion boats, slowly began to move, amidst resounding cheers. Cheers again greeted the expeditioners as they passed H.M.S. Cambrian, and at the Heads, when the heavily-laden excursion steamers left them and returned to port. Several picnic parties were on the hills, the weather being perfect for out-of-door amusement.

Personal.

Amongst the recent departures from Christchurch are: Mr. and Mrs. J. Studholme, who have gone South; Miss Paterson, who has been visiting her Christchurch friends, has returned to Dunedin.

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Waymouth are visiting the Hamner Springs.

The Misses Burton are staying at Hawera.

Mrs. Henry Acland has gone to Mt. Peel.

Miss Miles (Melbourne), who has been the guest of Mrs. Stevenson (Merivale), has gone to Dunedin.

Miss Anson has returned to Wellington.

Miss Westmacott, who has been the guest of Miss Gosset (Merivale Vicarage) has returned to Woodbury.

Mrs. and Miss Molineaux have returned to Christchurch from Wellington.

Mrs. Wardrop (Australia) is the guest of Mrs. Palmer, "Woodford," Papanui-road.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid (Oamarn) are staying with Mrs. C. Reid at Merivale.

Miss Julius has returned to Christchurch from Timaru, where she has been visiting for some time.

Mrs. and Miss Hosking have returned to Dunedin after spending a few days in Christchurch.

Mrs. Deans and Mrs. Symes have returned to Christchurch from Akaroa.

Mrs. Wanklyn has returned to Christchurch from a visit to Auckland.

The Bishop of Melanesia and Mrs. Wilson are staying at Bishopscourt, Christchurch, with Mrs. Julius.

The Hon. Chas. and Mrs. Louison (Christchurch) have returned from their trip to England.

Miss Bowden (Christchurch) is staying with Mrs. Sinclair-Thompson at Winchester.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Teachmaker (Blenheim), who have been staying with Mrs. Elworthy at Merivale, have now gone to Timaru for a visit.

Miss Cholmondeley (Christchurch) is visiting friends in Timaru.

Mrs. and Miss Duncan (Christchurch) have returned from Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Macdonald and family have returned to Christchurch from a lengthened stay in England.

Miss Rattray (Dunedin) is the guest of Miss Cowlishaw at Bligh's road, Papanui.

Mrs. Henry Wood (Christchurch) is paying a short visit to Dunedin.

DOLLY YALE.

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Rose Boxes of
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How you tickle the
taste and win your
way, and make new
friends and hold the
old ones. People are
scarce who don't
like

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are blended just
right in
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CHRISTCHURCH, TIMARU & LONDON

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

QUITE the smartest and the most successful of the white frocks for afternoon wear are the simplest. The great fashion authorities are everywhere emphasising the charm of the graceful outline and attaching the greatest possible importance to bring this result about without any extraneous help from furbelows.

The dominant white frock is made over a one-piece lining that is cut on the simplest of lines, and has no bones in it. The skirts are of three styles—the flounced, the puffed, and the straight and scant model finished with a four-inch hem. At first glance the voluminous skirts appear to be of endless width and fulness, but although a great deal of material goes into their make-up, they are invariably mounted over the closest fitting and narrowest of foundations, so narrow oftentimes that it scarcely seems as if it were quite safe to attempt a step that is longer than an inch or two.

Sleeves are again short, and it is the exception when afternoon gowns have anything to cover the arm below the elbow. This is a welcome change for dress gowns, since no matter how fashionable, the long thin sleeve with a short glove is never pretty, and every woman's arm appears to advantage in the wrinkles of a long glove.

The neck is cut as low as one wishes, but rarely high. The slightly round,

peasant neck is the one that prevails, but it is exceedingly difficult to make it becoming, and each woman will have to work out the problem to her own satisfaction. These collarless frocks unquestionably have an old time look, but they are not merely collarless, mind you, but are fast becoming half decollete in either the square or V shape. Daytime frocks are now worn amazingly low. If you are shocked at the particularly low necked dresses you encounter in the streets and shops these days, you have but to reflect that your grandmother did the same thing once upon a time, as any old daguerreotype will show.

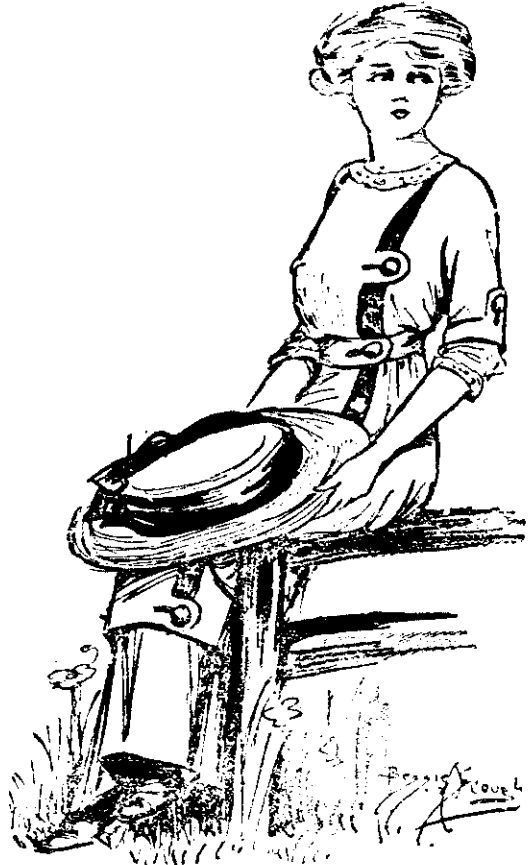
Some necks, it must be admitted, are hopeless both as to texture of skin and lines, and there is only one word of advice to give the owners of such necks—don't be persuaded to wear a low collar or a girlish neck frill. People are willing to make some allowance for those who find the style comfortable, and wear it for that reason; but an impossible neck should be kept hidden.

A substitute for the collarless corsage has been found. It is a transparent guimpe, made of tulle, net, or lace, fitted to the figure and to the throat. It is lined with a pale tint of pink chiffon, and to it the "little girl" frill can be added, so that an effect of lightness and a sense of ease can be gained without any loss of smartness and dignity. The blouses are all made with the idea of suggesting

fulness without floppiness, and avoiding all attempts at elaboration or complexity.

The girl has nothing to complain of in the present trend of fashion—indeed, it looks as if the great dress providers had taken her under their wings in a most

exclusive manner. All the gowns and hats of summer are aggressively young. Unless the woman of mature age keeps her head screwed on tight she will find herself before long betrayed into the folly of buying baby hats and simple pinafore



A PRETTY COUNTRY OR SEASIDE FROCK of mauve linen with touches of black.



This figure is composed of white embroidered batiste and cashmere de soie; the whole of this is veiled in black tulle, with scarf and sash of black satin; hat of white silk, with velvet edge of black, and further trimmed with tiny blue roses. Very effective is this vogue of veiling white with black.

Hoyle's Prints Wash !!



These Prints have over a century's reputation for quality. When you insist upon getting HOYLES you insist upon having good value. See that this trade mark is on the outside of the piece.

For the sake of good looks and equipose 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



no curves at all, but everything straight and angular.

One of the small irritations that has been removed from summer clothes as the result of the demand for the straight lines is starch. For generations we thought it was quite the proper thing to fill up the meshes of all summer gowns with starch; to have our skirts as stiff as boards and as rattly as stage thunder. But this summer starch has been entirely eliminated, or where it is necessary, as in some materials, the merest suggestion is applied. Any degree of starch has long ago been left out of our underwear. The laundress who thinks that petticoats should stand alone is tabooed.

The defect in this virtue is that on some people the clothes are too soft. They lose character. The majority of women avoid this and merely use the fashion to get the best results.

New Sailor Shapes.

The sailor hats of the summer season are going to be gigantic. Some will have the brim slightly curved upwards at the edge, others have a downward droop. For trimming there will be bands of velvet, with bows to match at the back, drawn through buckles, swathings of soft satin ribbon, with loops for a finish, and a lattice work scarf of chenille, which is most effective.

Girls who adhere to the severity of the regulation sailor hat will order the unadorned band of silk or velvet fixed in a flat bow at one side; but they, too, will have to accede to fashion's demands and order large shapes if they wish to be obedient to her behests.

But that small and closely fitting military has its advantages, and can produce an exceedingly piquant effect, let a pictorial representation on this page prove. There is shown a quaint turban made of green supple straw, with a band of cerise velvet for a brim drawn through a platinum buckle, and a mass of rose-tinted feathers branching out from the right side.

Lace-lined Blouses.

Blouses of all descriptions are made over foundations of lace. This is a whim of the dressmaker which has caught on with lightning speed, the pretty shot marisettes and voiles, many of which are showered with white spots after the manner of the ubiquitous foulard, are placed over a doullure of cream or white blonde lace, which is as often as not picked out in tiny steel or gold beads, and which can be clearly seen underneath.

Mrs. Grabb: Dear me! There comes my husband. There won't be a whole piece of furniture left in the house by midnight.

Mrs. Gadd: Horrors! Does he drink, and is that a case of liquor he is carrying?

Mrs. Grabb: No, he doesn't drink. That's a new box of tools.



Wearing the monster hat and the skirt that narrows at the ankles gives the modern woman a curious wedge-shaped appearance.

gowns, and end with making a fright of herself.

Everywhere there is an exemplification of the simple—one might almost say angular—line of the moment. As the dressmakers express it, there are no curves. Width of shoulder, size of waist, hip measurement, and edge of skirt—all seem the same. That is the absolutely correct line in fashion of the moment—

"One Good Thing in My Life."

HERO OF SKIN-GRAFTING OPERATION.

EXPERIENCES UNDER THE KNIFE.

It is pleasant to call attention to a very human document in the "Daily Mail," and more especially to its very modest strain. It gives, in that most difficult medium, the first person singular, the experiences of a young Englishman who has just emerged from an Indiana hospital after allowing a large portion of the skin of his limbs to be pared away and grafted on the body of a colleague, the victim of an explosion. As he says himself, the injured man was the father of seven little children, his life was at stake, and the sympathy of the other men who knew him better, simply ended at the lips.

[Copy of Letter.]

P.S.—Don't get Marion Hospital, frightened at the change of address, Marion, Indiana, U.S.A., as it is only temporary. July 31, 1910.

Dear Mother,—Don't get nervous because of the address. Do you remember me telling you that the first day I arrived at the Western Motor Company a fellow got terribly burned by a gasoline explosion? Well, when it happened all the fellows were awfully sorry for him, because he was such a good fellow and would do anything for anybody. After being in the hospital six weeks the doctor said he could not make any more progress until he could get someone to volunteer to have some skin taken off and grafted on to the injured man.

They had taken all the skin off the man himself that they dare, as he was so weak, but there still remained one shoulder and the whole of one arm to be covered. You would hardly believe that not a soul would have it done; all their sympathy ended in talking. He is a married man with seven little children.

Well, Cramp and I said we didn't mind having a bit of skin taken off, so we went up to the doctor's and told him so. He said one patient was all he required, so we tossed up, and I lost. When I said I would have it done I didn't know what I was letting myself in for. I thought they would just take the skin off and bandage me up and let me go out, but no.

4½ Hours' Operation.

Anyway, after I had once promised I didn't like to draw out again, or they would have thought I was in a funk, so I stuck to it, and here I am. I came into the hospital on Saturday afternoon and had a bath, and then a nurse dressed both my thighs and bandaged them up. This morning (Sunday) they came into my room (I have a room to myself when there are no nurses in it), and said they were waiting for me in the operating-room. So in I went.

They put me on one operating table and the other chap (Mr Good, the injured man) on another by the side of me, and then the fun started. I was on that operating table for four-and-a-half hours, with a doctor cutting strips of skin off me with a razor.

The way they graft skin is like this. Mr Good's arm and shoulder were just as red and raw as a piece of beef, and you would never have thought it possible that the arm would ever be any good any more. Well, one doctor cut strips off my thigh with a razor and passed it on to the other, and he stuck it on Good's arm while it was still warm. They don't cover the arm, but just place it on in strips a certain distance from each other, and the pieces spread and grow together.

They took the skin off my legs in the same way. They cut it off with a razor, and then put some stuff on to stop the bleeding. I can tell you I was jolly glad when it was over, for four and a-half hours lying down with a doctor cutting little bits off the top goes a long way.

One doctor said, "What sized piece do you want this time?" and the other replied, "Oh, a bit about six inches long." Then he cuts off the desired amount just like two ounces of beef and a half-penny batch. But, all joking on one side, it hurt most horribly, but I would not let them think I was fussed, and never murmured or flinched.

Pet of the Hospital.

When at last it was all over the two doctors (awfully nice chaps) came over

and shook hands with me and said I was the pluckiest fellow they had ever met, and kept up my reputation of being an Englishman. One studied at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and at Vienna and Berlin.

Then when I got back to my room I think every nurse in the hospital came and shook hands with me and congratulated me on my pluck. I felt quite a bit of a hero. The only part I couldn't stick was when Good's wife came in to thank me and started to cry, and then I nearly did the same thing. I am comfortably in bed now, and quite the pet of the hospital.

Mr. Stevenson, the managing director of the Western Motor Company, told the doctor to tell me he would be up to see me to-night, but could not get up before. Don't write back here, as I shall only be here about a week, and shall be out by when you get this letter.

Well I've done one good thing in my life, if I never do another, for Good has seven children, as I said before, the oldest of whom is twelve, and I don't suppose he earns any more than I do. I am writing this in bed and feel tired, so must close.

BERT.

What crowns the story is the double fact that the operation ended successfully and that the people around—especially the hospital staff and the young man's colleagues—have been very cordial in their recognition of his quiet and unostentatious heroism, says the "Pall Mall Gazette." His record ought to be entered up, we think over his bed in that Indiana hospital, as an example and incentive for other men in future. For as industry goes ahead, with all its complex risks of machinery and chemicals, it looks as if there will be more and more demand for self-sacrifice like this.

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Verse Old and New.

A Futile Farewell.

MY petticoat, my petticoat
That lieth demurely there,
With all thy frilled exuberance
Cascading o'er a chair.

Fret not to drape thy mistress' form
At this year's ball or rout,
For fashion's fiat has gone forth
And petticoats are "out."

When I assume the mermaid garb,
That modish law decrees,
(That snugly hugs the human hip
And clings below the knees).

Thou find'st thyself, my petticoat,
In much the same sad case
As manuscript sent back by mail—
"Refused for lack of space."

Thou near and dear from early years,
I cannot bear to see
My wardrobe or my walk in life
Closed in, despoiled of thee.

Thou art a primal female fact.
The symbol of the sex;
The dateless, voteless government
To which men bow their necks.

They tempted me, my petticoat,
For fashion's power is strong,
But I'd catch cold, I know I would,
And too much cling is wrong.

Who said that I had given thee up?
Who said thou wert displaced?
Nay, with remorseful tenderness
I bind thee round my waist!

—Katherine Perry.

The Orgy on Parnassus.

LINES WRITTEN IN MY COPY OF
TENNYSON.

You phrase-tormenting fantastic chorus,
With strangest words at your beck
and call;

Who tumble your thoughts in a heap
before us—
Here was a bard shall outlast you all.

You prance on language, you force, you
strain it,
You rack and you rive it, you twist it
and maul.
Form, you abhor it, and taste, you dis-
dain it,—
And here was a bard shall outlast you
all.

Prosody gasps in your tortured numbers,
Your metres that writhe, your
rhythms that sprawl;
And you make him turn in his marble
slumbers,
The golden-tongued, who outsings you
all.

Think you 'tis thus, in uncouth contor-
tion,
That Song Lives throned above thrones
that fall?

Her handmaids are order and just pro-
portion,
And measures and grace, that survive
you all.

Are these and their kin proscribed and
banished.

Serenely the exiles await recall,
To-morrow return, and find you vanished,
You and your antics and airs and
all.

You may flout convention and scout tra-
dition,
With courage as great as your art is
small,

Where the kings of mind, with august
submission,
Have bowed to the laws that outlast
us all;—

But brief is the life of your mannered
pages;
Your jargon, your attitudes, soon they
fall;

Your posture before the scornful ages,
And here was a voice shall outlive you
all.

For in vain is the praise of discord
sounded,
Under the Muse's mountain wall.
With ritual old she is there surrounded;
Her great decorum rebukes you all.

Her hill is not taken by storm or
leaguer;
The cliffs are sheer as the peaks are
tall.
She foils in the clefts a pursuit too
eager,
And breathlessly followed eludes you
all.

She is won as a bride, with reverent
wooing;
Not hailed by the hair, a captor's
thrall:
Such barbarous love is its own undoing;
And here was a bard shall outlast you
all.

—William Watson.

Falls of the Willamette.

Here wheels the thunder-breathing steed,
As if in dread to stay and heed
A grander pageant than his own;
Wild waters whirl in cresting spray.

Fair as the fragrant wreaths of May,
And loud with laughter, song and
mood.

Yonder embattled firs around
Chant high above, in martial sound,
The peans of the marching years;
And here a dark, historic cliff,
Writ o'er with many a hieroglyph,
Echoes and answers, leans and hears.

And lo! Within the surge and roar,
Scarfed with a rainbow evermore,
The pallid priestess of the flood,
Swinging her senser to and fro,
As swift suns wheel and soft moons glow
Aloof, through lapsing time has stood.
The tented and the tawny bands
Whose camp-smoke curled along these
sands

And climbed and crowned the rocky
shore,
To murmurless deep seas and pale
Have passed, with grey and slanting sail,
Forgetful of the spear and oar.

So now, beside this stormy gate,
Pilgrims of brighter visage wait,
To rest in turn beneath the sod:—

Yea shall this melody be rolled
For aye these voices manifold
The echo of a changeless God!
—Samuel L. Simpson.

Cursed.

I once was in love with a peach of a
girl—

Kind that the story-books tell you
about—
My heart was a furnace, my head was a
whirl,

Oh, I was a lover beyond any doubt!
I pleaded my cause, and she listened
awhile,
Then laughed at my passion and jeered
every vow,

I swore I would die in a tragical style,
And I didn't, and so—I'm over it now.

And once I saved up like a thrifty old
soul,

Preparing myself for the rainiest day,
Until I had gathered together a roll
That I couldn't carry—I needed a
dray.

Yes, I was full wealthy, I dreamed it
would last—
A hope which my destiny wouldn't
allow;

I look with a sigh at the wreck of my
past,
For once I was flush—but I'm over it
now!

Time heals all our wounds, as it dims
all our joys,
I've loved and I've worked in the
sweat of my brow;

I used to go out for a time with the
boys—
Oh, I was a sport—but I'm over it
now!

I sit in the evening of life and look
back

On the furrows of life I was anxious
to plough,
And only one thing I can feel that I
lack—

Ah, once I was young—but I'm over
it now!
That's all in my life I would care to
call back—

The youth that is fled—but I'm over
it now!

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

Heavy Damages.

MURPHY met with an accident
and the result was two broken
legs and a fractured skull.
When he got out of the
hospital the first person he met was his
friend Gallagher.

"Well," exclaimed Gallagher, "I sup-
pose you are going to sue the railroad
for damages now, Mike."

"Damages nothing," snorted Murphy,
"damages I've been thinking I have in
plenty. I am going to sue them for
repairs."

Them That Was Nigh.

I have seen and heard a good many
funny things in the way of plays and
play actors in my time; but the fun-
niest thing I ever saw or heard was in
Milwaukee. Every week they gave a
new drama of the Wild and Woolly
West. The play I saw was a blood cur-
dler of that character, and at the time I
dropped in, the stage was pitch dark,
and two men were fighting a duel. I
could hear the knives clash together,
and the men stumbling around on the
stage; but could only faintly distin-
guish the forms of the actors. After a
while there was a thump on the floor,
and the villain (I knew it was the vil-
lain by his accent) hissed, "Ah, ah! Ru-
dolph Tetherington. I have you now,
and no one nigh to see me do the deed!"
Then the drummer hit the bass drum
a blow, and the cadaver man turned on
the light, and away up on a rocky pass
a woman (the heroine) was seen stand-
ing.

"Forward!" she cried, "Me and God is
here!"

Too Far.

This is the way they "try out" the
voices of girls who are applicants for
positions in the chorus of a certain New
York opera company.

The girls are summoned to the the-
atre in the morning, and the professor
sits at the piano. They sing something
in turn, bringing their own music. After
they have been tested as to vocal abili-
ties, they are sent across the stage to
a man at a table, who takes their
names, and tells them they will be sent
for if wanted. The man at the table
is not a musician, and he must know
the professor's judgment on the voice.

So a code has been arranged. After
a girl has finished, the professor at the
piano and the man at the table engage
in conversation, using names of cities
as the code words. If the man at the
table asks the professor: "Where are
you going to be next summer, Charley?"
and the professor answers: "In New
York," that means the girl has a
fine voice, and can sing.
If he replies "Brooklyn," that

means she has a fair voice; if "Jersey
City," that her voice is barely passable.
The farther from New York the answers
go, the worse it is for the girl.

One day a tall, thin blonde came into
the theatre while girls were being en-
gaged for a new piece. She sang off the
key, yowled and screeched, and made a
fearful mess of it. As she walked over
to the table the man there asked:

"Where do you expect to be next sum-
mer, Charley?"

Everybody who knew the code expect-
ed to hear the professor say "Chicago"
or "St. Louis," but he turned around
and shouted fiercely:

"In the Philippines!"

Some Things We Knew.

As long as art endures—and we have
Longfellow's word for it that it has
lasting qualities—the critic will scoff and
the artist writhes under his sneers, and
bitterly resent them.

"But," cried Brown, whose marines did
not always excite favourable comment,
"you critics pronounce your judgments
with finality, and yet I know and you
know that you never held a brush in
your hand, and that you couldn't paint a
decent picture to save your life!"

"True, my dear fellow," replied his tor-
mentor, tranquilly. "Nor did I ever lay
an egg, but I do hope I know a bad one
when I taste it."



THE UNDERTOR.

Nothing Doing.

The four-year-old had initiated his
younger brother into the mysteries of
a robber's cave by piling bric-a-brac,
chairs and books on the centre of the
floor, and roofing the whole with the
contents of the linen closet. The noise-
lessness with which the operation was
carried out was masterly, and the
mother, on the lower floor, at once sus-
pected a relationship between the un-
usual silence and possible mischief.

"Leo," she called out to the elder
child, "what in the world are you up
to?"

"Nothing, mother; but I'll clear it all
up."

One Was Enough.

An old farmer on his first visit to a
large city thought he would go to the
theatre and see the play called "Forty
Thieves." When he got to the theatre,
he asked the man at the box-office if
they were playing the "Forty Thieves"
there, and on being informed that they
were, and without asking the price of
the seats, told the box-office man that
he wanted a tip-top seat, and laid a
sovereign down. The box-office man
laid the ticket down and 12/6 in change.
The farmer (accustomed to shilling
shows) picked up the change and walked
off without his ticket, whereupon the
box-office man shouted: "See here, sir!
You've forgotten your ticket." The far-
mer shouted back:

"Keep it, god darn yer! I don't want
to see the other thirty-nine. One third
like you is enough!"

Distinctions.

A placard posted in a conspicuous place
in the department store requested the
patrons please to report "any inattention
or impoliteness on the part of the em-
ployees to the management." And an
angry lady was availing herself of the
privilege.

"Was it the gentleman with the brown
beard who waited on you?" asked the
floor manager, with servility.

"No," she said, sarcastically, "it was
the nobleman with the bald head."



THE POSSIBILITIES.

"A lady fell into a river. A boy on the bank dived in and succeeded in rescuing her. The lady's husband was effusive in his thanks, and presented the boy with five shillings! The bystanders showed their astonishment at his ingratitude."
 "Oh, don't blame the gentleman," said the boy. "Maybe, if I hadn't saved her he'd have made it a fiver!"

TOO ABSURD.

Lily (looking at paper): What absurd things these fashion papers are!
 Elsie: Why, dear?
 Lily: There's a picture of two splendidly dressed women walking in opposite directions, and neither is looking 'round at the other to see what she's got on!

WORTH SEEING?

NEEDLESS APPREHENSIONS.

Mrs. Ponderosa: I would like to see a nightgown that would fit me.
 Salesman: So would I.

"Will you love me when I'm old?"
 "Why, precious darling, we'll be divorced long before that."



Robert L. Dickson '10

Mother, why are you running away from those other horses?
 My child, I simply cannot stand hearing those old gossips traduce your father. They say he is a horse with a very fast record.



Come on to bed, Ethel. Do you want to keep the Lord up all night listenin' to you?

CONSERVATION.

ARTISTIC.

"I see you have only one chair in the kitchen, Mary. I must get another one for you."
 "You needn't mind, ma'am. I have none but gentlemen callers."

Mr. Blinks (in art museum): "I didn't know you were such an admirer of curios, Mrs. Blunderby."
 Mrs. Blunderby: "Oh, yes, indeed; I just delight in iniquities."

MADE A BEGINNING.

NOT WORTH WHILE.

Reverend De Goode: "My young friend, do you ever go to church?"
 Young Man: "Um—er—not exactly, sir; but I've flirted with the soprano."

Tommy's Mother—Why aren't you a good boy like Willie Jones? Tommy—Huh! It's easy enough for him to be good; he's sick most of the time.



I say, Walrus, why don't you have those unsightly tusks of yours removed?



VAIN PRECAUTIONS.

Lady.—Would yer mind just putting a bit o' paper round it, my dear. I don't want all the neighbourhood to know it if I do 'ave my little drop!—"London Opinion."

LINK BY LINK THE

FAR NORTH RAIL IS FORGED.

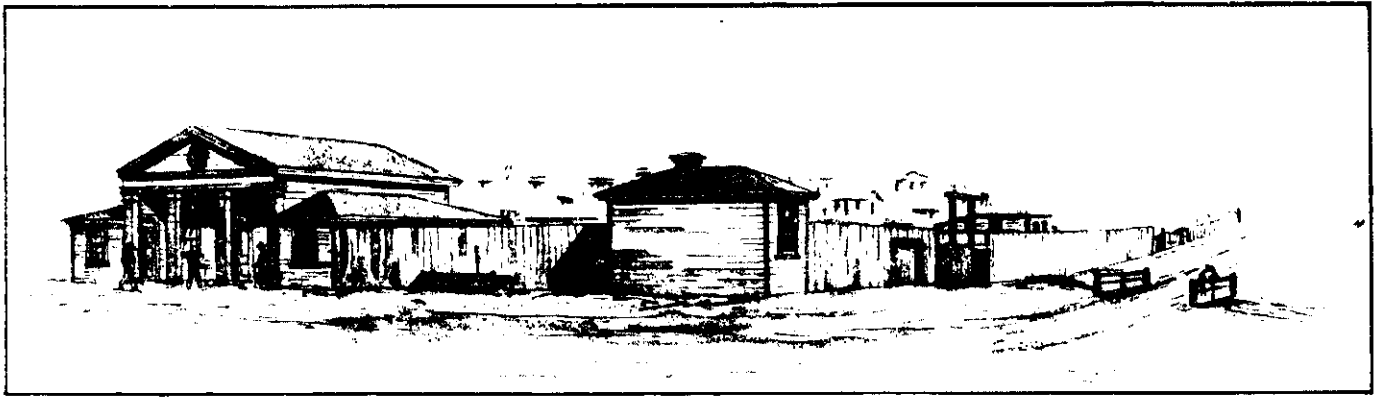


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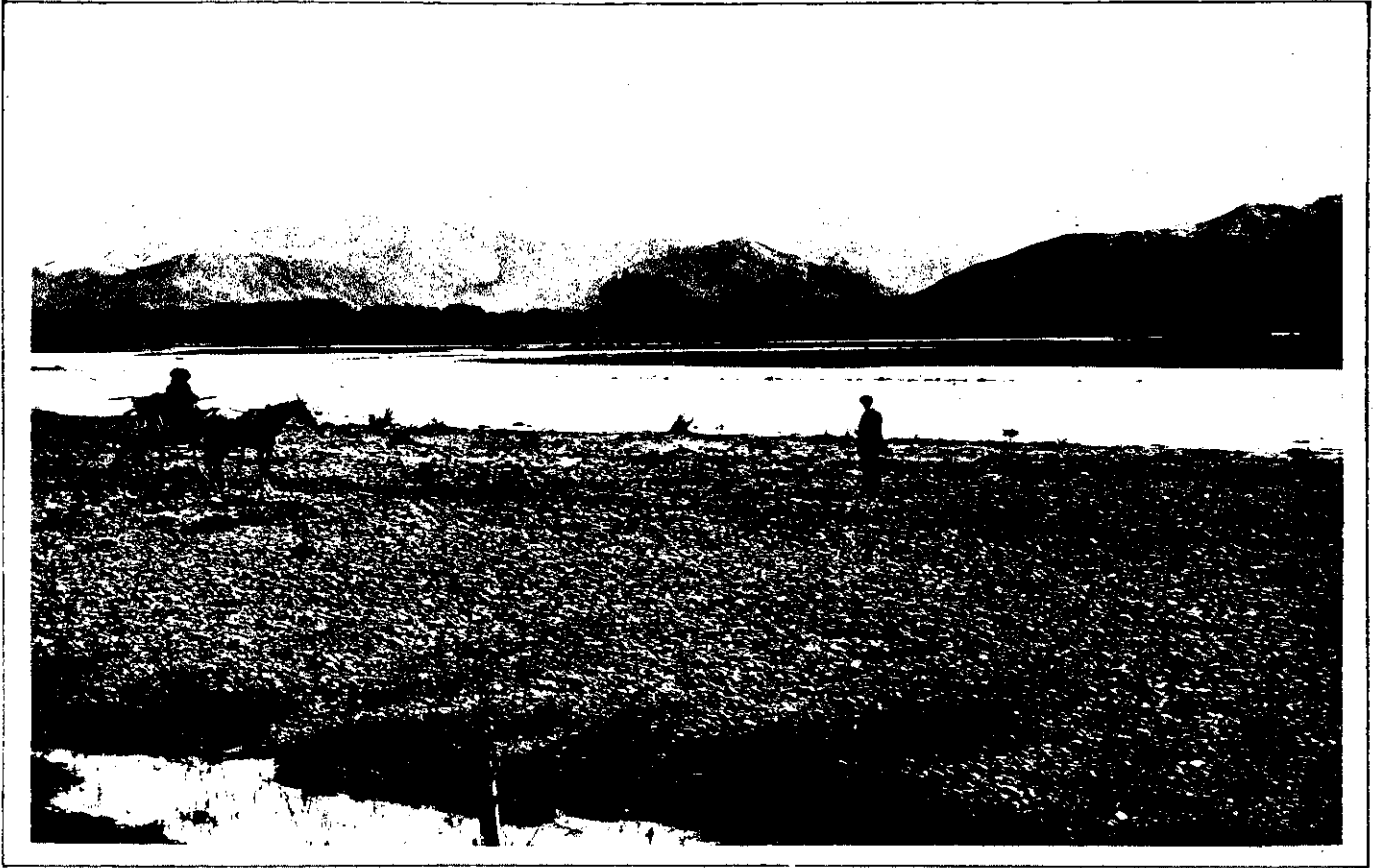
A MUCH NEEDED RAILWAY—BUILDING THE NORTHERN TRUNK LINE.

(1) Camp of the co-operative workmen now engaged on the extension of the line to Kaikohe, twenty-one miles from Kawakawa. (2) Looking from Ballast Pit 100 towards Kawakawa. (3) The Ballast Pit, six miles from Kawakawa. (4) Landing south ballast from the stonebreaker at the pit.



STOCKS, GAOL AND GALLOWES—A VIVID RELIC OF OLD AUCKLAND.

The above reproduction is of especial interest at the present time owing to the case concerning this block, which has recently been decided by the Court. It is the block of city property at the foot of Victoria-street West, running to Darby-street, and estimated by value at £250,000. It is an endowment for educational purposes in the Auckland district, and was for many years the security for a loan for the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board, recently paid off. The bridge on the right was thrown across the Ligar Canal at the foot of Victoria-street. Facing this are the old gallows, for in those early days executions were public. The gaol is also seen on the corner. Another relic of old Auckland is shown fronting Queen-street, viz. the stocks, in which inebriates were wont to repose under the astonished gaze of Maoris. Along the Queen-street frontage was the court-house and guard-room, while near by was the gaud. In those days the remains of people who had been hanged were buried within the precincts of the gaol, and when foundations for the old City Hall were dug some skeletons were exhumed. Prior to the erection of that building the site was occupied by a lot of "Johnny All Sorts" shops, with right of way between, on the lines of a public market. This gave way to the City Hall, which, in turn, was replaced by the present block. Drawn specially for the "Weekly Graphic" by Mr. Edward Bartley, Auckland.



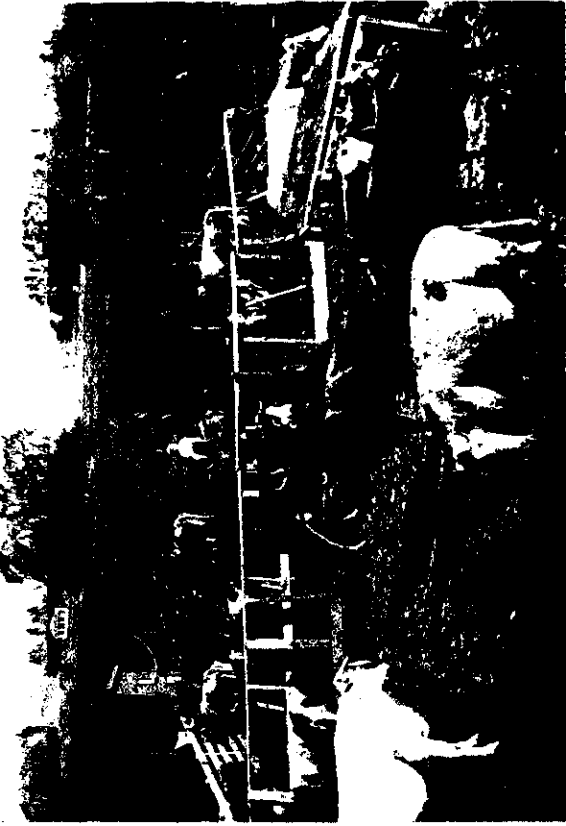
McAusker, photo.

THE OPAWA RIVER—A WELL-KNOWN FISHING GROUND IN MARLBOROUGH.



CUTTING OUT KAURI NEAR KAIHU, IN NORTH AUCKLAND.

THE TOIL THAT IS NEVER DONE.

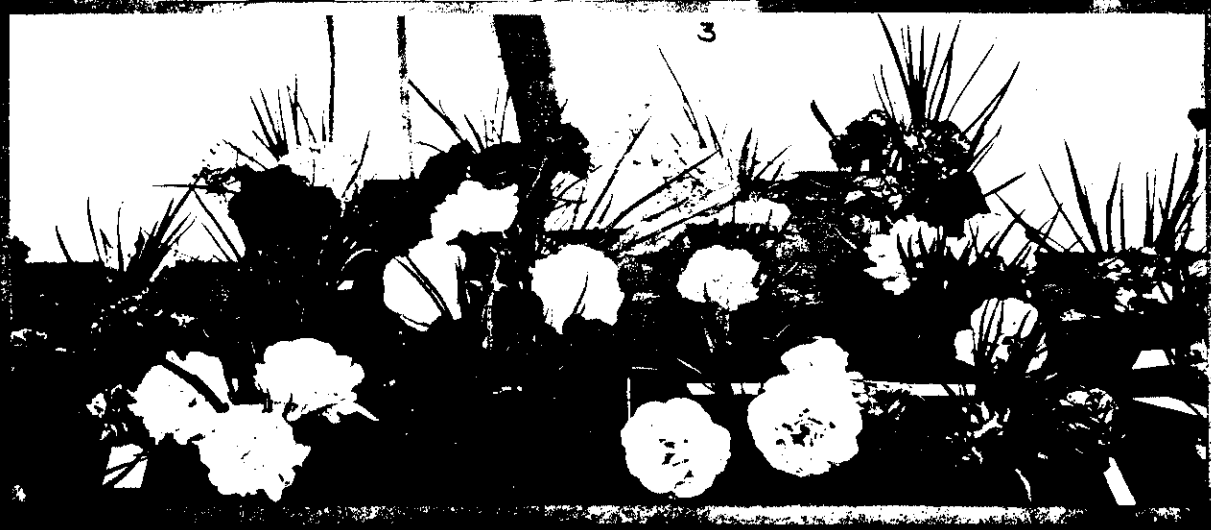


W. Gamber, photo. **HARD WORK AND QUICK RETURNS.**
PICTURES OF THE DAIRYING INDUSTRY FROM HAWKE'S BAY.

BIG TROUT FROM MARLBOROUGH.



McLusker, photo. **FISH THAT WILL RAISE THE ANGLER'S ENVY.**
The top picture shows a 28lb trout caught in the Omaka River, Blenheim, by Mr. C. Ball. The second picture is a catch made in the Ohawa River by Mr. W. C. Ferris.



PROMINENT EXHIBITS AT AUCKLAND'S BIG FLORAL CARNIVAL.

(1) Dr. H. Douglas' exhibit of sweet peas, awarded first prize in the class for 18 varieties. (2) Part of Mr. G. W. Plummer's exhibit, which won the Sydenham silver vase. (3) Mr. C. F. Day's carnations, awarded first prize in the class for twelve varieties.