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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.

Auckland's "Jungle."

AUCKLAND has unearthed "The Jungle," and the author of it is not Mr. Upton Sinclair, but the chief sanitary inspector (Mr. C. Haynes), whose report to the City Council on the state of the food supplies in the Northern City has been the talk of the week. Mr. Haynes mentions, amongst many things, having found a pork butcher's shop with the floor, walls and benches covered with grease and filth nearly half an inch thick. Machines and tools were apparently never cleaned; bread was soaked in a dirty sink; dressed poultry was kept over a filthy drain; putrid meat was placed near the sausage machine, and probably used in same; corned beef was kept in an open barrel near a fowl pen in a filthy condition. An hotel was found with a kitchen receiving light and ventilation from street gratings, through which dust and filth spread over the food. In a restaurant the floors were so filthy that they had to be scraped, and fish, offal, and garbage were found on a table within a few inches of food ready for the dining-room. The premises were overrun with rats, evidences of which were found in the food. In a dining-room seven dead rats were seen on the floor, and one in an open box of currants. All food was open and accessible to vermin. The kitchen and pantry and sanitary appliances were in filthy condition, being coated with grease and dirt. In a bakehouse the oven top was used to deposit rubbish, and contained large quantities of old boots, rags, bags, tins, bottles, decayed potatoes, egg shells and dust. Cupboards, where meat was cooled after cooking, were alive with vermin and rats. A defective drain leaked through into the bakehouse. A full account of these horrors will be in "News of the Dominion."

Public Apathy and Legislative Defects.

The foregoing are but a few of the extracts contained in Inspector Haynes' report—quite the most startling document that has ever appeared in print concerning local administration. The causes of the evils complained of are twofold. One is the dirty habits of the people concerned, and the other is the failure of the existing machinery to provide the corrective. Why the people are dirty and irresponsible is due to a variety of things. Public apathy—a chronic complaint of climatic origin probably—understaffing of employees in the premises referred to, lack of proper

conveniences to cope with and do away with the dirt and refuse, and, finally, insufficient inspection. The failure of existing legislative machinery is due largely to overlapping of Departments. We have the Police, the Health Department, the Labour Department, and, lastly, the Sanitary Inspector all concerned. It is a case of too many cooks. The administration of local affairs by Government Departments is an obsolete form of government. The function of administration is the cardinal duty of a local authority itself. The people who govern best are those who govern themselves, and its is time now in New Zealand that the sanctions and powers of our municipalities were extended in conformity with those of British cities. A Government department's activities should in most matters concerning the welfare of any single community be confined to supervision only. It is because we have this constant overlapping of Government Departments and over-riding of the municipal authority itself, that to an important degree the whole efficiency of civic government by democratic representation is becoming endangered.

The Need for Greater Auckland.

There is also a still more important reason why Auckland continues to stagnate year by year in civic activities, and that is the confusion which exists in having something like twelve local bodies to administer her affairs. Confusion and misunderstanding are inevitable under such a condition, which is obsolete by many years now in contrast to what is going on in the modern cities of the world. The Auckland City Council, under the progressive regime inaugurated by the present Mayor (Mr. C. J. Parr), will no doubt make a vigorous effort to have the disgraceful state of things revealed by Inspector Haynes' report remedied. At best it can only be patchwork whilst the overlapping of departments continues, and local government itself will always tend to lag along in unprogressive ruts so long as Greater Auckland remains a dream of far-seeing and experienced men, who well know it is the fundamental step upon which the whole future civic supremacy and achievement depends.

Chinese Seamen.

Mr. Houston, writing from the House of Commons to the London "Observer," defends the British seaman against the attacks made upon him by a Glasgow firm of shipowners. He says: "It is a rule rigorously enforced by me that no foreigner shall be shipped on board any of the vessels of my fleet sailing from home ports, and the same rule is enforced as far as it is practicable in all foreign ports. I greatly regret that more British shipowners have not adopted the same practice as myself in employing British seamen. The British seaman is not an angel or a 'plaster saint,' but with all his faults, and he naturally has some (insobriety being the worst), I much prefer my own countrymen to foreigners, and more especially Asiatics. It is unfortunate that some shipowners, by reason of the Chinaman being cheaper, prefer to employ Chinese sailors and firemen. I admit the temptation to do so is great to those whose first consideration is cheapness, for the Chinaman, shipped in China, can be engaged for about one-third the wages paid

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to the British seaman, and can be fed for about half the cost of the British seaman. True, the Chinaman—and small blame to him—takes the earliest opportunity of deserting from this ship in a British port, with the result that he finds his way into this country, evading the provisions of the Aliens Act, such as it is, and immediately becomes a serious competitor with British seamen in this country, readily accepting employment as a sailor or fireman on board British vessels at about £1 per month less wages than the Britisher will accept (but double the wage he originally shipped at in China), thereby displacing British labour. I readily admit the Chinaman is sober, frugal and hard working, and therefore a dangerous competitor with the Britisher, but it ought to be borne in mind that, in addition to the serious evil of increasing, by his cheaper competition, unemployment amongst British subjects, his presence on board British ships is an element of grave danger to this country, should it unfortunately be engaged in war with some other great naval Power; and this would be brought home in a striking manner to the Government should the Admiralty have to draw upon the Mercantile Marine for men to fully man and replace the wastage on board His Majesty's ships of war. It must also be admitted that, although the Chinaman possesses the virtues of sobriety and industry, he also practices the vices of the East; and his presence in ever-growing numbers in Liverpool and other large seaports is, to my mind, a serious evil and a source of danger to the community." This fully justifies the action of Sir Joseph Ward in seeking to protect British seamen against alien competition. Sobriety is the virtue of the East; but it is at best a negative virtue, and the Oriental more than discounts it by a liberal indulgence in vices far worse than an occasional spree.

The Missionary Navy.

The First Lord of the Admiralty, accompanied by Mrs. McKenna, unveiled in Ruskin Park, Cambridge, recently, a tablet which has been placed by the London Missionary Society on the wall of the shelter in memory of Captain James Wilson. More than a century ago Captain Wilson commanded the sailing ship *Duff*, on which the first party of missionaries sent to the South Seas sailed. Part of the shelter is constructed of the remaining portions of the house in which he lived between 1798 and 1814. In performing the ceremony, Mr. McKenna said that Captain Wilson had been rightly called the founder of the missionary navy, and his story pointedly illustrated the ennobling and purifying

influence of the Christian religion upon a great character. His career he described as that of a great naval hero, and remarked that those illustrious naval captains whose names lived in one's memory and were frequently on the tongue, deserved only too well the praise which they reaped in their lifetime, and which their descendants gladly rendered. No less worthy of praise were men like Captain Wilson, who worked for other ideals and other motives, but who had shown the same characteristics, the same zeal, courage, devotion, ability, and self-sacrifice as even the greatest of the traditional naval heroes. There were higher ideals than the ideals of politics, ideals higher even than the national ideals—those for which Captain Wilson devoted himself, ideals for which the London Missionary Society was working at the present moment, the ideals of bringing home to those who otherwise would not know them the blessings which alone could come with a knowledge and belief of the religion of Christ.

Public Libraries.

Public Libraries have ceased to be regarded as luxuries. They have become one of the necessities of life. Mr. Leys, in the course of an exceedingly interesting lecture on the subject, drew attention to the rapid growth of these institutions during the last half century. He dwelt especially on the advance made in library work in the United States, where books are supplied to schools, and each school becomes a branch library without any extra cost for building or management. Mr. Leys quoted figures to show that libraries to be really useful should be absolutely free. In Auckland, with a charge of 10/- a year, there are only 900 borrowers; in Toronto, where there is no charge, there are 2000 borrowers. In proportion to population, there should be 20,000 borrowers in Auckland under the free system. To a scholar or a student the reference library is the most useful; indeed access to a good library is indispensable to any one who really desires to study a subject. No one can buy every book of reference needed for the mastery of any given branch of knowledge. As regard lending libraries, these must of necessity be largely confined to fiction. Nor is there any reason to regret this. Fiction is the most popular means of interesting man through the imagination. Those who condemn novel reading as waste of time have failed to appreciate the art of the novelist. The work of the imaginative writer is necessary to the growth of the finer qualities of the human mind. By it we learn sympathy and insight, and we gain a truer and better apprecia-

tion of our fellow men. No one who knows anything of English literature would underestimate the value of the novel.

What to Read.

With many people the difficulty lies in knowing what to read. The huge mass of books in a library is simply bewildering. For this reason it would be well if some system could be devised whereby popular lectures could be given on periods or aspects of English literature. Some people select a book at random, others are attracted by the title which often proves misleading. The mariner on opening Ruskin's "Time and Tide" would be almost as much disappointed as was the bookmaker who brought a life of Petrarch, and found it "was all about a bloomin' poet." An enthusiast can kindly enthusiasm, and much could be done to elevate the taste of the reading public by lecturers who were masters of their subject. In large cities there should be no great difficulty in providing such lectures, and where this system has been tried it has always been found that interest has been aroused in authors hitherto unread. Most of us have to rely on reviews, which are frequently so divergent that they only confuse. But one great rule will be laid down. Read what really interests you, find out your taste, and try and master all that appeals to this taste. So many people read a book because they feel they ought to read it, and they look on literature as dreary drudgery. Others read in a haphazard manner and never really find their proper mental food. No one can draw up lists of books for reading; all that can be done is to help people to discover the books that meet their needs.

Children's Libraries.

A taste for literature must be cultivated while young. For this reason it is important to have children's libraries, with a skilled attendant in charge. In childhood the mind is plastic and the imagination vivid. A taste for what is good, if formed in youth, lasts throughout life. There are at present many excellent children's books. The best classics, ancient and modern, have been retold to adapt them to youthful intelligences. From the story of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses down to Tennyson's Idylls of the King, every masterpiece of literature has been brought within the reach of children. Yet in forming libraries, the claims of the young are seldom considered. If they are, the mental fare provided is only too often of the namby-pamby order. People do not realise how capable the child mind is of appreciating what is good, nor how retentive is the memory in early years. We cram the mind with useless facts, and we never give a thought to cultivating the imagination, or fostering a love for the good, the beautiful and the true.

The Plastic Mind.

How impressionable children are for good and evil is shown by the results of some of the pictures exhibited at cinematograph shows. The case of the young girl who, following the example set her by an evening's pleasure at a cinematograph theatre, gagged and bound herself after committing a mock burglary, is still fresh in the public memory. We neglect to provide good libraries for the young, and as a result they go to picture shows, where popular, rather than elevating fare is often provided. The proprietors of these shows fancy that good films don't suit the public taste. A beautiful film of Tennyson's "Maud" found only one purchaser, although the dresses, scenery, and acting were alike perfect, and the whole tone of the film was high, and at the same time intensely dramatic. The men who buy the films have got the idea that the public wants excitement, sensation, knives, pistols, melodrama, or vulgar comedy. You cannot censor these films. Many are intended to teach a good moral. But we can raise public taste by educating the young to a taste for higher things.

No License at Masterton.

A speaker at the monster meeting held at Masterton to celebrate the second anniversary of the carrying of no-license, claimed that of 99 tradespeople, who had been approached for an opinion concerning the effects of no-license, only eight

had declared against it. Six medical men gave written testimony that they had not observed drinking in homes to any extent, and figures were adduced to show that bankruptcy under no-license had been less than formerly, while crime had almost entirely disappeared. These statements go to show that Masterton has found no-license a success from the point of view of material prosperity, and it will be interesting to know how far the experience of Masterton is borne out by that of other places where no-license exists. It seems that as far as decrease of crime is concerned Masterton is by no means alone. It seems to be admitted that in this respect, no-license has done much to justify the claims advanced on its behalf.

Nurses for the Backblocks.

The Hospitals Conference devoted some time to the discussion of the hardships endured by women in the backblocks. Mr. Stewart read a paper on the need that existed for trained nurses. There was, he said, urgent need for the provision of better facilities for nursing in maternity cases, especially in the back country districts. He did not think the disaster of the declining birth-rate would be averted by making grants of money, but much good could be done by ensuring that skilled attention at times of confinement could be more readily secured. The time had come when hospital authorities should see that their districts were supplied with sufficient trained women. This could best be done by providing facilities for training and by offering more inducements to trained women to settle in country districts. The difficulty was particularly acute in the Bay of Islands district, where the old registered midwives were dropping out and their places were remaining unfilled. He knew of many cases where settlers' wives had had to be attended by untrained Maori women, simply because no skilled aid was available. He moved—The question is closely allied with that of land settlement. Many men hesitate to take up land in the backblocks, because of the hardships endured by women, and thus the country places do not advance. The matter deserves the best attention of the Government, and every aid should be given to those who have undertaken the work of subduing the waste places of our land.

Tercentenary of the Baronetage.

Apropos of the baronetage conferred on Sir Joseph Ward, it is interesting to note that this year marks the tercentenary of the Order. On May 22nd, 1611, the first twenty patents were issued by James I. In the new Order James created an hereditary cast, sort of apprentice peers, midway between the House of Lords and the House of Commons. To add in time greater dignity to the new Order, King James ordained that the number of baronets should never exceed 200. When any of these became extinct, none was to be created in its place, so that the number diminishing, greater honour would accrue to those remaining. For his part, James stood by his original plan; but his successor was not so scrupulous, and exceeded that number, which was never afterwards adhered to. Although the baronets had their place assigned to them in the King's army, "near and about the Royal Standard for its defence," when it came to a question of their precedence, the other Orders cast jealous eyes upon them. Some of the Greater Barons viewed the new class with apprehension. The officers of the Navy presented a remonstrance against the privileges conferred, and their precedence was disputed by the younger sons of viscounts and barons. The latter point was referred to the King, who, in 1612, issued a decree placing the baronets after the younger sons. Of course, had James decided otherwise, it would have been a partial admission of the baronets into the ranks of the nobility—an untenable position, however, disappointing to the former. But as a compromise the King also bound himself, his heirs and successors, not at any time to give precedence to any persons beneath the degree of Lords of Parliament higher before or equal to the place of baronets.

She walks in beauty like a queen,
Her equal man hath never seen;
She takes for coughs and colds I ween—
A good safe cure.
You see her bright, and gay, and well,
She knows the stuff which chemists sell.
Take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, I can
tell—
Of health she's sure.

Mr. Arthur Bonar Law, P.C.

The British Leader of the Fight to Rescue Canada from Reciprocity.

IT was characteristic of that pillar of conservatism in the House of Commons, Arthur Bonar Law, to set about the undoing of American reciprocity with Canada the moment the news of President Taft's now famous pact had reached London. If, as so many of his admirers insist, Mr. Law is a coming Prime Minister of England, the cornerstone of his policy, as we read in the London "Standard," will be the destruction of reciprocity between the Dominion and the States through the purely commercial process of a preferential rate. Canada is to be given the American one, and the bribe will be, in the opinion of those who uphold the economic theories of Bonar Law, quite too tempting. Nor does Bonar Law talk merely of tariff in his campaign. He is the spokesman and leader of those Bri-

Canada would yet be induced by representations from Washington to let down her tariff barriers. He does not proclaim his ideas eloquently or with brilliance, for Nature denied him the shining gifts which render Lloyd-George so emotionally effective when he refers to the blessings of free trade. To the London "News," indeed, Bonar Law is the gradgrind of English politics, a dealer in hard facts. He is a man who, we read in the London "Mail," springs no swift verbal surprises, who has little or no appeal in the tones of his voice. He is that incarnation of British heroism the average man, not witty not clever, not magnetic, but so much to the fore that he may succeed Arthur James Balfour as the leader of his party.

The very absence of those brilliant qualities which have raised contemporary British statesmen to international re-



MR. A. BONAR LAW, P.C., M.P.

tons who see in Canada's pact with the States the entering wedge that may split the Empire upon which the sun never sets. As he is the most conspicuous figure next to Arthur James Balfour in the whole opposition, as he commands the ear of his countrymen in all that relates to tariffs, and as he represents to his native land the sum of all the forces opposed to free trade with the foreigner, the Canadian reciprocity pact arranged by President Taft conferred among its other blessings a special importance upon Arthur Bonar Law. There is not the slightest fear that Canada will linger long beneath her new American spell if we may accept the judgment of British Conservative dailies. Mr. Bonar Law will open her eyes.

The greatness of Bonar Law at Home has still to be realised in the United States. A leader of the Unionists in the Commons, he clamours in and out of the House that Britain is for the Britons. He has expended much energy in the past seven years in vociferations that

now has made the solid and serious Mr. Bonar Law illustrious, according to the character sketch in the "London Mail" by its Parliamentary correspondent, Mr. Frank Dilnot. An entire absence of ornament in speech, we read, but the conspicuous presence of common sense, "a terse and forceful exposition of practical matters," are Mr. Law's distinguishing characteristics in debate. He never tries to convey the impression that he is brilliant. But it was not until he found himself out of office, in company with his leader, Arthur James Balfour, that the strong qualities of Bonar Law became evident to Britons. "From the time he took his place on the front Opposition bench with Mr. Balfour he has been steadily building a name for himself as a big fighter, a stalwart, with a business equipment such as few statesmen have, who is prepared to battle always, under any circumstances, with

Continued on page 3.

Sayings of the Week.

The Hat-Peg Member.

IT would be far better for the boards to have the assistance of co-operative members for work on their committees than the perfunctory services of what may be called the "hat-peg" member of a board—the member who rushes into every meeting late, apologises, hangs up his hat, wants to know the business before the board, criticises the report of some painstaking member or committee, makes some sensational statement, and when order has been restored, leaves the meeting, to return a month later to repeat the same performance.—*Dr. Valentine.*

Maori Lands.

He did not wish to see the native land all sold. The Maori was entitled to have land to live on as much as the Europeans.

Early New Zealand Books.

Early books relating to New Zealand, although not very rare, have become dear, because a considerable number of private collectors have come upon the market. There is very little of beauty about old New Zealand books, if we except Angus' fine lithographs reproducing much of old Maori art, with certain portraits in which we fail to recognise the characteristic Maori type revealed in the more exact portraiture of later times.—*Mr. T. W. Leys.*

Land Taxation.

While money lent upon the security of land was subjected to a special taxation, money borrowed for investment in any industrial enterprise was exempted from any such liability, and the man who borrowed the money upon the security of his land had indirectly to pay the mortgage tax. What he proposed was that the moneys placed in the Post Office Savings

The Church and Reform.

Reforms were impossible without the leadership of men who had nothing to gain thereby. This self-sacrifice proved the all-importance of interpreting politics by the light of religion. If the Christian Church were destroyed there would be nothing to protect the people from the forces of despotism, cruelty, and self-seeking.—*Mr. Lloyd George.*

Good Advice.

The future for you all is very bright if you work well and continue to save after your apprenticeship is up; and when you have each saved a few hundred pounds I would strongly advise you to take up bush land, provided there is convenience of access to it by road and rail; and, being young, you will have plenty of time to clear it and become as well off as your employers, some of whom had a far worse start than you had.—*Mr. Selgwick.*

Happy Auspices.

He was going out with the advantage of having met in London many with whom he would resume acquaintance in Australia, and was also going at a time of great Australian prosperity.—*Lord Denman.*

A Good Advertisement.

I am playing into your hands. You want immigrants. I am providing a means of advertising the overseas Dominions which is absolutely beyond the powers of any of their Governments, and it costs them nothing.—*Dr. Harries, of the Sheffield Choir.*

The Primrose Path.

There is no doubt that the path of the wastrel is made far too easy, and we should not allow maudish sentimentality to prevent us from doing our duty by these outcasts and pariahs. We have no hesitation in confining in hospital persons suffering from infectious diseases, and why should we be reluctant to mete out similar treatment to the vicious, intemperate, and to the deserting father, and, if necessary, make them work for the support of their families. Until co-operation is brought about between public and private charitable organisations very little can be done.—*Dr. Valentine.*

The Word of an Englishman.

The history of British civil administration justified them in assuming that "the word of an Englishman" had come to be regarded as synonymous with honour, integrity, and justice.—*Mr. Taylor, Mayor of Christchurch.*

University Reform.

Whatever may be your individual opinions upon university reform, you will probably all agree with me in this—that it is not the degree or title conferred by the university that matters, but the character and quality of the teaching given in the colleges.—*Mr. G. Hugben.*

A True Artist.

The carpenter that merely goes through his allotted task to earn his 10/ or 11/ a day, and has no higher aim, can never be a satisfactory workman, but the carpenter, or any other workman, whether he works with his hands or not, who puts into his work the best he is capable of, is no longer a drudge, but a true artist.—*Mr. G. Hugben.*

The Labour Party.

The entrance of the Labour Party into the political life of Great Britain has been, already, a determining factor in winning for the people in the next decade more in the way of progressive legislation than had been won in other countries in a century.—*Professor Mills.*

Colonial Reciprocity.

To me it seems absurd to talk about a reciprocal tariff with the United States before there is reciprocity between one British Colony and another.—*Captain Logan, Vancouver.*

Fancy Work and Degrees.

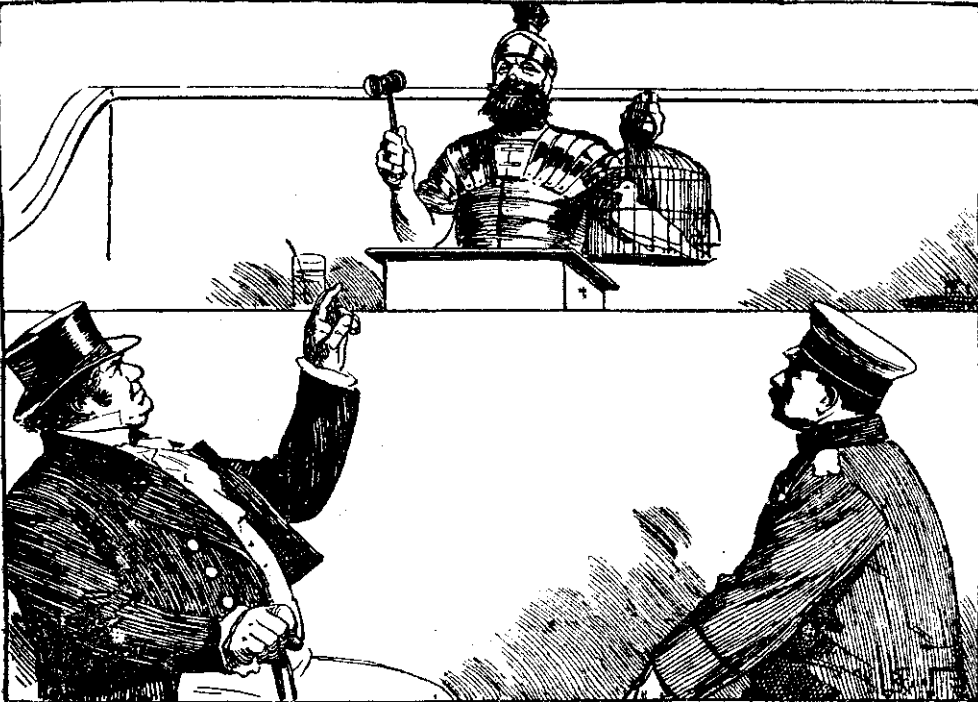
Once upon a time a little fancy work, a little French, and a little learning was all that was required of the mothers of the nation, and he was not sure that the old order was better than the present day system of University degrees and diplomas.—*Mr. C. J. Parr.*

Social Questions and the Church.

Ministers of the Gospel as educated and trained men should give some lead on the important social questions of the day, and one great problem was to see that the producer got what he produced.—*Hon. G. Paolids.*

The Eden of the Pacific.

They had all looked forward to setting foot on what he had always regarded as the garden of Eden of the overseas Dominions—New Zealand. He was quite sure the little discomforts of the run from Sydney were more than amply compensated for already by the heartiness of the kindly welcome.—*Dr. Charles Harries.*



THE BURDEN OF NAVAL BUDGETS.

John Bull (bidding): "£44,361,400."

Auctioneer Mars: "Does anyone offer more for the Dove of Peace? Going! Going! . . ."

If ever the Maoris were absorbed it should be by "intermarriage" with Europeans; but to sell their lands and leave them penniless would be robbery.—*Mr. G. Whilly, M.P.*

A Terrible Age.

The present age was a terrible one, and the cry for haste and speed reached as far as the educational system. He believed in a good solid education, producing a womanhood able to face the ordeals of life.—*Hon. J. A. Toke.*

Ridiculously Young.

After men had done territorial and reserve service, the Department wanted them to join rifle clubs until they were 55 years of age. At first 45 was proposed, but men at that age were so ridiculously young in this country that the limit was extended.—*General Godley.*

A Musical City.

For 30 years a Choral Society had been in existence here, and had done a great work in cultivating musical taste, while strong liederstafel and orchestral societies had also both assisted. The late competitions brought out a large amount of material, showing how widespread in Auckland was the love and appreciation of music.—*Dr. McDouck.*

Bank should be made available to the people. He was confident that the majority of the depositors would be better satisfied if their savings were lent to hard-working settlers upon the security of their farm-holdings, instead of to the Government.—*Mr. Massy, M.P.*

A Step Backward.

The Declaration was a step backward. It was ambiguous regarding the vital questions of food and contraband, and studiously ambiguous regarding the conversion of merchantmen into cruisers.—*Mr. Halfour.*

Nurses for the Backblocks.

A very pressing necessity of this country is nurses for the backblocks. It was imperative to have a system of supplying nurses from the hospitals who could give attention to people in the remote districts.—*Lady Islington.*

Training Citizens.

Education had very much changed in late years, and they now thought less of mere drill in the three "R's," and the old dominion's idea of pumping information into a child out of books was at a discount. The real aim was to turn out good and useful citizens, and they wanted to train the natural powers of the children in a natural way.—*Hon. G. Fowlds.*

Three Fundamental Ideas.

There were three fundamental ideas at the root of the Catholic training of young women for the responsibilities of life in the world. The first was that the private and public welfare of the individual depended on the formation and training of the mind; the second was that domestic life should be constituted on sacred foundation and ruled by holy laws; the third was that the more deeply virtue penetrates the home, the happier will be the domestic and public life of the nation.—*Bishop Cleary.*

HEALTH FOR THE CHILDREN

Every parent notes with anxious eye the first symptoms of the children's failing health: the pale cheek, listless manner, and capricious appetite speak more plainly than any words, for the well child is a veritable storage battery of animal spirits.

Renewing the appetite is the first step back to health, and

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract

given faithfully for a short time will do it. The children need not even know it is a medicine, for the taste is very pleasant, and does not suggest cod liver oil in the least. But the effect is certain.

For persons of every age Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract is an unfailing tonic, appetizer, and strength renewer. Get it at your chemist's, and be sure you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

News of the Dominion.

OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

Wellington, July 1.

The Victoria College Students.

HERE have been just two glad breaks in this week of drab, wet, cold days—the "Capping Day" diversions of the Victoria University College students, and the long looked for visit of the Sheffield Choir. I have not yet heard the Choir—it's much too cold to-night to leave one's fireside for a hundred choirs, but it is the theme of praise in the superlative degree from all those who braved last night's miserable weather to hear it. The only complaint is on the score of the cost. But the students' street festivities this week were a free show, and gave the lunch-time crowds a lot of fun. The students made a really clever display; their procession was a marvellous mixture of pantomime and vaudeville entertainment, and a long way more interesting than the Civic procession on Coronation Day. Perhaps the two best items in its affair were the lorries bearing the Socialist party and the Liquor party. On the Socialist wagon the crowd recognised some of its favourite Queen-statue "red-flag" orators, who held forth volubly on the right of labour to strike early and often, and to get well paid for doing so. On the liquor wagon there was the "Last of the Barmalides," a buxom, hobble-skirted peroxidised damsel, who cuddled Sir J. G. Findlay most brazenly, the while she served him with free beers; upon the scene of depravity certain well-known temperance advocates turned protesting coat-tails, but presently repented so far as to sing a paean of praise to strong drink. Auckland was not forgotten in the procession. There was some tom-fool business about rats and murgues, which did not hold very much humour, but the knighting of Captain Knycvett by a very well-got-up Lord Islington, on top of a cart, was an incident with a laugh in it. The youth who stood for Mr. Knycvett, wore a fearsome scowl, which did not depart even when His Excellency whacked him severely over the head with a waddy, and called upon him to, "Rise, Sir, Captain Knycvett!"

The "capping" ceremony in the Town Hall in the afternoon was a quiet affair, as Cappings go. The students are evidently learning to behave themselves at the indoor gathering, and to work off their ideas of humour in the street, fun-making. In the evening, though there was a good deal of mirth at the "Carnival Extravaganza," as the students titled it, given in the concert chamber of the Town Hall. This jeu d'esprit, written by some of the students had for its theme the following: "Reform all round," from College to gaol.

One of the phases of the "Reform" business was a prison scene wherein one Dr. Finlee inspected a most luxurious gaol, with the prisoners lounging around in arm chairs and on couches, and smoking big cigars and quaffing what purported to be champagne. The Dr. expounded his prison reform scheme in a plaintive recitative, followed by a duet with a Typical Criminal.

Sang the doctor:
 "For those who wish to come to gaol and taste its varied pleasures,
 I've introduced a score of most humanitarian measures:
 And lest you cannot find the way or know not where the gate is,
 I've studied up some entry tips and give them to you gratis."

And then follows a few points on how to enter the Perfect Prison, which was to be made so exclusive and select, that only the very best-connected and most influential criminals could hope to pass within its portals. There were the inevitable digs at the Coronation honours, and the recipients thereof, and Sir Joseph Ward, Bart., had a song all to himself. The college songs and the capping choruses were well sung; perhaps the best chorus was the last of all; to the tune of the Old Brigade, its theme was, "Wisdom is more than gold!"

For this is the burden of the world,
 Which it speaketh day by day,
 Though many a worldly lip be curled
 With a sneer that it does not pay;
 In our ears is the voice of a Mammon
 above,
 In our hearts is a tale that's old,
 The tale of our garnered heritage—
 The Wisdom that's more than gold!

Plant A Tree.

There are signs that the tree-planting chances of Arbor Day will not be entirely neglected in Wellington this year. The city schools, at any rate, are moving in the direction of beautifying their grounds. I don't think I have ever seen more dreary and utterly repellent playgrounds than those of the Wellington schools—nearly bare asphalt yards, with never a tree or a flower to redeem their gaol-like aspect. Any youngster who plays truant from such schools has a very good cause in these alleged playgrounds; the very sight of them, and of the still uglier school buildings, is enough to strike terror to the soul of the average child. Now, however, the school authorities are waking up, and they are discovering that school grounds need not be so much like prison exercise yards, and that a few trees and flowers about might even be a good thing for the children. The soil is unpromising, but something can be made to grow if the work is gone about in the right way. So several city schools have applied to the City Council for trees to plant. The City Reserves Committee, it is stated, is short of trees at present, and the Acting-Mayor suggests that the State nurseries might be able to supply the schools. One hopes that between the Council and the State the schools won't lose their trees; it is good to find some one recognising that green foliage is more lovely than bare asphalt.

A Warning to Shirkers.

The first youth prosecuted under the new Defence Act for failure to register his name as a Territorial under the universal training system, was before Dr. McArthur, S.M., at the Police Court yesterday. His name was Arthur Davis, and he pleaded guilty. He said that he had passed his eighteenth year, and that the reason he had not registered was because of his trade; he was a cabinet-maker. He thought the training would interfere with his trade. The S.M. pointed out that that was not the slightest excuse. He adjourned the case until next Tuesday, warning the defendant that if he did not register before that time a penalty would be inflicted. He gave him that much grace because he (the youth) would no doubt find a fine a hardship, but it must be distinctly understood that heavy penalties would be inflicted in the future. The youth got off lightly; but others who have been dodging their responsibilities had best take warning. Possibly the next delinquent will give Peace Society religious scruples as his excuse for evading his duty to the nation.

Colonel Newall, C.B.

Colonel Stewart Newall, C.B., who has just been awarded by the Government the auxiliary forces officers' long service decoration, is a Wellington resident, and one of our best-known military veterans. He is a brother-in-law of Colonel Roberts, late S.M., of Tauranga. Stewart Newall joined the New Zealand forces back in 1863, as a very young man, served in the Waikato war, and then in the Taranaki campaign; later on he was in Whitmore's column of armed constabulary and Morris which fought its way through the Crewea Country in 1869. For some years after that he served in the armed constabulary; was stationed chiefly in the Waikato, and received a handsome present from the Government in recognition of his services in preparing an excellent strategic map of the Waikato district. Colonel Newall has South African experience too. He commanded the New Zealand contingent in the Boer war and got his C.B. in acknowledgment.

Lifts for the High Levels.

The residents of the Terrace it is officially The Terrace now, not Wellington Terrace, and adjacent high-lying parts

of the city are getting very tired of tramping up the various Jacob's Ladders that lead to their lofty homes, and are worrying the City Council for elevators. Twelve hundred of them have petitioned the Council to build a subway from Houkott-street under the Church-street steps, and erect elevators for the conveyance of passengers. It is stated that a tunnel, 220 feet long and a shaft, 120 feet deep, will be necessary, and it is suggested that there should be two lifts, each capable of carrying ten twelve-stone persons. The capital cost is put down at £4250, and the annual charges at £874. The fares suggested are a penny for each ascent and a half-penny for each descent; this would cover interest and sinking fund and the expenditure necessary. It is stated that 475 Victoria College students would be benefited by the lift. No one has suggested so far that it might do the students more good to climb the steps daily, by way of gentle exercise. But the podgy business man and civil servant have resolved to have those lifts, and won't be happy till they get them. Certainly they would be a boon to all of us, especially those who miss the last Keltburne cable car at night. The Council has referred the matter to its engineer for a report.

New Zealand Trout Fishing.

An officer of the British army, who has enjoyed much good trout fishing in New Zealand, is quite at a loss to understand why the Government does not increase the license fees for trout fishing in New Zealand. "I can quite understand," he said, "their not wishing to increase fees for New Zealanders, many of whom can only snatch a few hours at week-ends to fish, but with visitors to New Zealand it is a very different thing. Why, at Home we would have to pay anything from £500 to £2000 per season for a stretch of good trout water, not a quarter so good, however, as you have at Taupo. You New Zealanders have a splendid asset in your trout, but you make it too cheap. Put a proper value on the fishing license, and you will have more people coming from abroad to fish in your waters. When they hear in England that fishing licenses may be obtained for £1, they in imagination see one of their own little rivers with people sitting a yard apart along the banks. Charge £20, and they will consider that they might have a chance. Here a man catches with one rod 63 tons of fish. Why that must be a world's record, yet I do not hear of the Government seizing on the fact as a really great advertisement for New Zealand. It would be a better advertisement than all the titles that are being distributed."

The Chief Justice in Rarotonga.

The Chief Justice of New Zealand, Sir Robert Stout, and Mr. Waldgrave, Under Secretary for Justice, who were sent down to Rarotonga to investigate complaints against the administration of the Islands, returned to Auckland last week by the s.s. Talune. The complaints broke down completely on investigation, and the view of unprejudiced outsiders is that a tremendous mountain has been made by a Wellington newspaper out of a micros-

copic moshill. Of course the report of the Commissioners remains secret until presented to the Government. They visited the Islanders at a number of places and discussed their requests, which were not by any means in the nature of complaints. In fact, at a meeting of natives and visitors, which was something official in character, held in Makea Ariki's palace, speeches were made by natives, in which they stated that they understood that Sir Robert Stout had been sent to the Island for the purpose of ascertaining whether they had any complaints to make. The natives wished it to be understood that they were thoroughly satisfied with the work and administration of Captain Smith, the Resident Commissioner, and they had no complaints whatever to make. They added that if they had any complaints to make in the future they would not hesitate to give expression to them. The only important request they made was for the appointment of a Native Land Court judge. Art Aucklander, not connected with official party, declared that there were only three persons on the Islands who were dissatisfied with Captain Smith, and one of these was a policeman whom the Commissioner had discharged. The Commissioner has done excellent work, notably in providing an excellent water supply for some of the

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For Great Barrier.
 WAJOTAHU—Every Wednesday, midnight
For Waitake and Coromandel.
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 CLAYMORE—Every Monday.
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 S.S. Coromandel Leaves Bay.
 Date, Goods re- Passen- Mangapai Parou
 ceived till, gear train.
 1st—8.45 a.m. 11.25 a.m. No. str. 11 a.m.
 4th—8.45 a.m. 11.25 a.m. 10 a.m. No str.
 8th—8.45 a.m. 11.25 a.m. Noon. 2 p.m.
 8th—8.45 a.m. 11.25 a.m. No. str. 9 a.m.
 11th—8.45 a.m. 11.25 a.m. 9 a.m. No str.
 13th—8.45 a.m. 11.25 a.m. 8 a.m. 11 a.m.
 15th—8.45 a.m. 11.25 a.m. No str. 11 a.m.
 18th—8.45 a.m. 11.25 a.m. No str. 11 a.m.
 20th—8.45 a.m. 11.25 a.m. 10 a.m. 1 p.m.
 22nd—8.45 a.m. 11.25 a.m. No str. 11 a.m.
 25th—8.45 a.m. 11.25 a.m. 9 a.m. No str.
 27th—8.45 a.m. 11.25 a.m. 9 a.m. 11 a.m.
 29th—8.45 a.m. 11.25 a.m. No str. 11 a.m.
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HOW THE PEOPLE ARE FED

A "Jungle" Story from Auckland.—Far-Reaching Reforms Needed.—Danger to Public Health.

villages, and in the direction of establishing a school in the Islands.

The Chief Justice won golden opinions from the natives by reason of his affability and charm of manner.

Our Rarotonga correspondent writes of the investigation as follows:—

The alleged dissatisfaction of the natives with the local administration appears to have no foundation; in fact, the natives have advised Sir Robert Stout and Mr. Waldgrave that they are perfectly satisfied with the administration of the Resident Commissioner (Captain J. F. Smith), and have expressed the hope that Captain Smith will remain there. They are of the opinion that it would be beneficial if an officer were sent down to act as Judge of the High Court, and so relieve the Resident Commissioner of judicial work. It has long been recognised that the dual position of Resident Commissioner and Judge is beset with many difficulties.

The Chief Justice, Mr. Waldgrave, and Te Heuheu Tukino, accompanied by the Resident Commissioner, the Chief Medical Officer (Dr. Percival), and Government interpreter (Mr. S. Savage), visited the natives at their villages during the past week. The main questions discussed included the establishment of Government schools in each of the three districts; an alteration of the present steamship service, the opening of post offices in each of the settlements, and a proposed tramway round the Island.

With regard to certain differences between a section of the white community and the Government, the natives say it is entirely the affair of the Europeans. Whilst some of the natives are in favour of total prohibition there, the majority, it is said, have no fault to find with the present liquor laws.

On Wednesday, the 21st June, the visitors were entertained at a native feast by Karika-riki, Rangitakea (the Makea-riki elect), and Pa-riki (representing the Yakaiani). All the mataiapo and rangatiras were present. Numerous gifts of mats, hats, etc., were presented to the visitors. His Honor, the Chief Justice, took the opportunity of informing the natives that he had been well pleased at the hospitable manner in which he and his party had been treated during their stay in the Island. He was glad to hear that they had no complaint against Captain Smith, and he would always look back with pleasure to his visit to Rarotonga.

Mr. Waldgrave has expressed his appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Mr. Savage, who has for many years been interpreter to the Administration.

On Coronation Day his Honor held a levee, which was attended by all the Europeans, and a number of the leading Maoris.

Racing Commission.

A deputation of the Taratahi-Carterton R.C. waited on the Hon. Mr. Bullock last week to protest against the reduction of its permit in the Racing Commission's report from two days to one. The Minister replied that he had to carry out the recommendations in so far as they conformed with the Act, and could not give the deputation much comfort so far as permits for this coming year were concerned. As to whether the recommendations of the Commission were in accordance with law, he would be able to say on the advice of law authorities in two or three days.

Accident to the Main Trunk Express.

A serious accident befell the Main Trunk express, which left Auckland at 9.15 on Thursday for Wellington. When the train reached Wairangi the engine and mail van, presumably owing to some irregularity in connection with the points, ran on to a loop line. Then apparently the points closed, with the result that the carriages ran on to the main line, derailment naturally following. The mail van, which was next the engine, followed, and then apparently the oscillation caused the points to close, with the result that the next car proceeded along the main line. The driver, with commendable promptitude, applied the Westinghouse brake, but three cars had been derailed before the train was brought to a standstill. Several windows were broken by the concussion, and a lady passenger was injured, being cut about the arm with some broken glass. The derailed carriages were deeply embedded in the earth, and a gang of men was employed all night in clearing the line.

The Mayor of Auckland (Mr. C. J. Parr) has had prepared by the Chief Sanitary Inspector (Mr. Charles T. Haynes) a report dealing with the public food supply of Auckland City. The report is as follows:—

In accordance with your verbal instructions and those of the Council, I beg to report on the "Public Food Supplies." There is urgent need for a far-reaching reform in the methods whereby the public are fed. It is obvious that a pure food supply is of vital importance to the health of the people, but a very cursory investigation of conditions under which food-stuffs are manufactured, prepared, stored, exhibited for sale, and conveyed reveals a very unsatisfactory state of affairs, in some cases disgusting, and fraught with danger to the persons employed as well as to consumers. This applies to many businesses, hotels, boarding-houses, restaurants, tea-rooms, confectioners, butchers, grocers, bakers, fishmongers, and others, the largest and most pretentious places included. Clean and suitable premises and conditions being the exception rather than the rule, some offenders claiming that it is impossible to carry on their particular business in a satisfactory manner from a sanitary point of view, although they recognise the advisability of clean conditions where exposed to public view. The control of food from a public health standpoint is yearly becoming more difficult, owing to the number of hands through which it is passed, and the sources of supply being more remote. Much of it comes from places where there is little or no sanitary control, or is handled by unclean or unscrupulous persons. Fortunately good and thorough cooking covers many risks, but there is no reason why conditions should exist such as follows:—

(1) Unsuitable premises without light and ventilation; in basements, either liable to be flooded with sewage occasionally, or provided with street gratings, admitting dust and filth; located near stables or privies; building in bad state of repair, or damp. (2) Dirty premises; general dirtiness of walls, staircases, benches and cupboards and shelves; infested with vermin. (3) Dirty utensils and appliances such as carts, baskets, boilers, ovens, preserving tubs and vats, brine pumps, sausage and other machines, baking dishes, kitchen utensils, cups and glasses. (4) Food handled by unclean persons or kept in places, where it is liable to contamination by offensive matters or animals. Exposed in shops and on counters, to dust, filth, germ-laden flies and rats.

APATHY OF THE PUBLIC.

As these matters are more fully detailed in an appendix, nothing further is required to show the urgent necessity that exists for improvement on present conditions, which have arisen owing to the apathy of the public, carelessness, and indifference of those handling food, and insufficient supervision by sanitary authorities. For a number of years past sanitary control has been gradually taken away from municipal bodies and administered by Government Departments, until it is now difficult to know who is actually responsible. In the question under consideration four authorities at least are concerned, viz., Labour Department, Police, Department of Public Health, and the City Council, the officers of each authority working under different regulations, with no uniformity of action or requirements, thus confusing the public and often nullifying each other's attempts at improvements.

Under the Factories Act (Sections 41 and 45) the sanitation of factories and bakehouses is expressly provided for, and by Section 48 these provisions are extended to "every factory wherein is carried on the manufacture, preparation or treatment of any article of food for sale for human consumption."

The Factory Inspector has very wide

powers to enforce cleanliness and sanitary requirements in practically all places where food is prepared for sale.

In the Licensing Act, Section 161, the sanitation of hotels is placed under the control of the police, yet in many cases it has been necessary to take steps to remedy very insanitary conditions, and there still remains much to be done.

The Sale of Food and Drugs Act (administered by the Department of Public Health) provides that the Governor may make regulations "securing the cleanliness and freedom from contamination of any food or drug in the course of its manufacture, preparation, storage, packing, carriage, delivery, or exposure for sale, and securing the cleanliness of places, receptacles, appliances, and vehicles used," but with the exception of controlling the sale of milk nothing has been done. I understand that regulations dealing with food supply are under consideration by the District Health Officer. In this connection I may point out that I hold an appointment as Inspector under the "Sale of Food and Drugs Act," but was instructed by Council to restrict my attention to milk supply only.

INSUFFICIENT POWER.

The only power that the Council's Inspector has in dealing with the conditions under review is to prosecute under section 284 of the Municipal Corporations Act, when "any land, building, erection, which is in such a state as to be or become a nuisance or injurious to health." This is insufficient to deal with the matter effectually, as the premises have to be in an insanitary condition before action can be taken, and proceedings may not always be successful.

From the foregoing it is clear that several authorities are responsible; there is little or no co-operation between them, the public are unnecessarily harassed by the overlapping and divided control, and the result is unsatisfactory.

A WAY OUT.

As the Auckland City Council is the most interested of the authorities, and now has a staff sufficient to supervise the food supply, I would respectfully recommend:—(1) That by-laws or regulations be framed enforcing suitable and clean premises and appliances, providing for the protection of food from dust and vermin, and requiring all garbage to be kept in closed receptacles, also rat-proofing of buildings where necessary. (2) That the Licensing Board be invited to obtain a sanitary report on the condition of all hotels, or that the police be accompanied by a sanitary inspector to assist them when making their regular inspections. (3) That the District Health Officer and Factory Inspector be asked to discuss the advisability of uniform administration in sanitary matters, or that the Council's officials deal with the whole question. (4) That the limitation placed on my work under the Sale of Food and Drugs Act be removed, so that I can act without first obtaining the District Health Officer's services, and will be able to enforce any regulations made under the Sale of Food and Drugs Act.

SHOCKING DETAILS.

Mr. Haynes, in an appendix, gives details of conditions found on premises where food is prepared for human consumption as follows:—

City Park Butcher.—Floor, walls, benches, etc., covered with grease, filth in some cases nearly half an inch thick; machines and tools apparently never cleaned; bread for small goods soaked in dirty sink; dressed poultry kept over filthy drain; putrid meat near sausage machine, and probably used in same; corned beef in open barrel near fowl pen in filthy condition.

Hot 1, Queen-street.—Kitchen receiving light and ventilation from street gratings down which passers-by spit, and

through which dust and filth is spread over the floor. The place was dirty, cupboards infested with vermin, and having no appearance of having been cleaned for a long time. Food was in open, the place was infested with traces of which could be seen on every surface; stinking meat and fish on tables were standing side by side with that recently cooked. This kitchen had been flooded several times with sewage.

Restaurant, off Queen-street.—Walls of kitchen covered with dust—floor filthy—had to be scraped to clean it; in centre pile of bones smothering most of benches; around walls decayed vegetables. Benches and tables had to be removed to clear dirt away. Fish off and garbage on table within a few inches of food ready to be sent into dining room; near range heap of ashes and scraps of food; promises overrun with rats, evidences of which were found in the food by an anonymous complainant.

Fruit Shop, Queen-street.—Bunches of bananas stored in and also suspended up around the pig-swall tins, the place having little light, ventilated into adjoining shop, and insufficient for amount of business carried on. Defective sink leaking on floor where fruit was stored. Bananas ripened in room roughly partitioned off from a bedroom occupied by Chinese. Rotten and decayed fruit has been allowed to remain on this floor. Drainage under ground floor defective, and floors wet and covered underneath with fungoid growth.

Hotel, off Queen-street.—Kitchen in basement dirty, light and ventilation through street gratings; open garbage tins near food; lift for raising meals to diningroom used for removing garbage, which was apparently upset on some occasions, as the lift was dirty, and underneath were found decomposing bones, animal and vegetable matter. Partitioned off from the kitchen by a wooden screen is an insanitary animal for public use. This building was infested with rats.

DEAD RATS AMONGST FOOD.

Diningroom, Queen-street.—Basement used for storing vegetables, meat, groceries, live poultry, coal, and lumber. When inspected on Sunday evening two men were found opening oysters in this basement, the place smelling most offensive owing to decayed vegetables and rubbish stored therein; seven dead rats were seen on the floor and one in open box of currants. The place had been swarming with rats, but these were dying in all directions, and no trouble taken to remove them. All food was open and accessible to vermin. The kitchen and pantry and sanitary appliances were in a filthy condition, being coated with grease and dirt.

Bakehouse in Queen-street.—The oven top was used to deposit rubbish, and contained large quantities of old boots, rags, bags, tins, bottles, decayed potatoes, egg shells, and dust. Cupboards where meat was cooked after cooking lined with cobwebs, dust, and dirt, alive with vermin, and plenty of evidence of rats. On the floor above there existed a defective w.c., which leaked through into bakehouse. Floors rotten and broken, and rat infested.

WORSE THAN CHICAGO.

The report of Mr. Haynes, the City Council's chief sanitary inspector, on the question of food supplies and conditions discovered to be existing at certain shops in the city, came before the City Council, on Thursday, and was the subject of considerable discussion.

The Mayor (Mr. C. J. Parr), after reading the report to the Council, said that he had taken upon himself to make this report public, while suppressing rumours. Such a condition of things was hardly believable, and must be dealt with. Mr. Haynes pointed out that there were no less than four authorities having power in the matter, although so confused had the position become, that it did not seem clear which of the four was really the responsible one. There could be no question about it, however, such a state of affairs could not be allowed to continue any longer than possible. It was of primary importance that purely cooked food should be obtained by citizens from the shops in which cooked food was vended. It was evident that the law of the country was so indefinite and unsatisfactory on the question of dealing with food supplies, that there were no less than four overlapping authorities, but which had power to deal with the subject it was difficult to say. Something must be done to remedy the conditions referred to pending more definite legislation, and it seemed to him that it was for the Council to take action if what was stated in the report were true.

and he was satisfied that it was true. It was a shocking thing to think that this sort of thing could happen, while their inspector was powerless to put out his finger to stop it. They must see that the food places of the city were above suspicion on this subject of cleanliness and he moved, therefore, that the report be referred to the Works Committee.

Mr. G. Read expressed the opinion that if people were keeping places in such a state of filth their names should be published. "Why, it is a damnable state of affairs; it is worse than Chicago!" exclaimed the Councillor heatedly, and suggested that a separate committee should be set up to investigate the whole matter.

Mr. Shaw said he thought the Council had cleaned up the city, but evidently such was not the case. Those places were veritable plague spots, and if drastic means could be obtained to deal with the matter, let it be dealt with, no matter what the cost. He agreed with Mr. Read that a special sanitary committee should be set up to deal with the matter.

Mr. J. Court thought that a large share of responsibility for the state of affairs shown rested with the Council itself, because he understood that within the last two years the staff of inspectors had been reduced. He thought the Council should deal with this question of food supply, as it did some time ago with the milk.

Mr. Knight was of opinion that there had been some neglect on the part of city officials to enable matters to come to the state disclosed in the report. He did not agree with suppressing the names of the owners of the premises reported on, because it reflected on those who had clean houses.

The Mayor pointed out that, unless there was a positive "nuisance," apart from mere neglect, the Inspector could not deal with the matter. Consequently, he had no legal authority to deal with the greater part of the cases mentioned. What was before the Council was to get legal authority to act in such cases of carelessness, which could be remedied in twenty-four hours.

Eventually the report was referred to the Works Committee, they to confer with the Health Officer, the Inspector of Factories, and the Inspector of Police, as to the best means of remedying the present conditions.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Inquiries made on Friday by a "Star" reporter on the subject of Inspector Haynes' report go to show that there has not been quite the apathy on the part of the authorities that first reading of the report would impel in the mind of the reader. There is a difficulty which faced the inquiring person in the fact that the persons from whom first-hand information is available are in Government employ, and are consequently not at liberty to meet charges or statements that do not come through official channels. This difficulty rather hampers the full and free ventilation of the subject, but from outside sources the reporter was able to glean some facts and opinions which are of interest. In the first place it appears that much work has been done by the authorities which has not been made public, but has been taken as routine business. For instance, the Pressman has gathered that less than five years ago the Health Department authority, in company with the Inspector of Factories, made an exhaustive inspection of the business places of the city carried on as butcheries, bakeries and dining-rooms, and reported thereon. As a result, proprietors were called on to make quite a number of renovations and redistribution of sanitary conveniences, kitchens, etc., while in several cases places of business were shut up altogether. Even in some of the pretentious shops objectionable features were discovered, and it was seen that these were rectified. So far as can be ascertained, considerably more than 100 eating houses, tea-rooms and butchers' shops were visited and reported upon, and in almost every instance alterations were demanded, some of these amounting to radical structural changes. Following this, there has been periodic inspection, and equally periodic demands for improvements. This is stated in support of the view that the health inspectors and the factory inspector have not been allowing their wide powers to rust. In some outside quarters, in fact, the opinion is held that these powers have been used to the point of officiousness. So far as the police are concerned, Inspector Cullen pointed out that the reports to the Licensing Bench have always covered the sanitary conditions of licensed

houses. What the public was not aware of, he said, was that where conditions existed that did not constitute a positive nuisance, but which were objectionable the Health Department was notified and took the matter in hand. The police and the Public Health Department, acting in co-operation, thus did a great deal that was not heard of by the public.

SOME MUNICIPAL BLAME.

It was not contended that the conditions specified in particular places by Mr. Haynes were wrong or exaggerated, but it was implied that these conditions were being gradually and unostentatiously remedied by the authorities as at present constituted, and that the cleaning up would be more expeditiously done with more vigilance and co-operation on the part of the municipal authorities. It was also remarked that after the raid of five years ago a tendency to reversion was fostered by the City Council permitting businesses in food for human consumption to be opened in unsuitable and insanitary buildings. Thus it was argued that the municipal authorities had to bear a share of the burden of blame for the conditions now made public.

As to the suggested change of consolidating the administrative powers in the hands of the municipal authority, opinion is divided. In one place it was pointed out that it would be unwise to allow the full power to be in the hands of local men, who would, directly or indirectly be interested persons. It was argued that the powers should remain local and interested pressure. Then again it was pointed out that cities like Auckland had a constellation of minor boroughs, and if the wide powers suggested were given to one inspector they must, of necessity, be extended to the inspectors of the lesser adjacent bodies. Until these boroughs were amalgamated, and the sanitary department was consolidated, with authority over the whole area, it would not be an improvement to extend the municipal sanitary powers. The general opinion of "the other side" appears to be that Mr. Haynes' suggestions were written without a full knowledge of what work was being done by the other sanitary authorities, and also that there has not been the regular vigilance and co-operation on the part of the municipal sanitary authorities that was desirable.

ANOTHER VIEW.

On the other hand, the feeling of Auckland tradesmen appears to be in favour of the course suggested by Mr. Haynes. The president of the Master Butchers' Association stated that, in his opinion, although the Health Department was doing good work, there was need for reform. His Association desired to see everything clean and up-to-date, and the goods put out in first-class condition for the consumers. He considered that an improvement would be effected were the sanitation of public places under one authority instead of the control being divided, and he also thought that the municipal authority was best situated to wield that control.

The Artful "Dropper."

Housewives in Christchurch have frequent experiences of the backdoor vendor of cheap goods, and many women have purchased spurious articles from glib merchants who, by artful talk, have accomplished a sale of worthless articles. With a limited field to work upon, and the necessity of securing trade in the midst of keen competition, the confidence merchant of this type—a "dropper" he is termed by the criminal class—has to resort to many artifices, and to appeal with novel ideas to induce people to part with their money.

One salesman who has succeeded in victimising many housewives recently has dealt in a brand of "confidence tea" that has given to its purchasers little more than food for reflection. His methods are simple and alluring. He appears at the door with a packet of tea less than a pound, and on the appearance of the housewife he presses this upon her, following it with a teapot which he presents to her. He then speaks of handsome crockets to be given away with the tea packets, but he does not show the articles. His victim is then informed that the tea and teapot are presentations, but that if a coupon is found in the packet a fee of 2/6 must be paid. He reassures his victim by stating that only one packet in every 20 contains a coupon, and then he asks her to investigate the packet and learn her fate. The search is made, and the coupon is discovered. In most cases the "lamb" pays the half-crown, and the "dropper" goes on his way rejoicing, and

PERSONAL NOTES.

Rev. B. J. Westlake, Presbyterian minister at Methven, has resigned his charge owing to ill-health.

Dr. Foster left Te Waikato Sanatorium on Saturday week. He goes to the Old Country, and will act as medical officer on the Drayton Grange, on the home-ward trip.

The many friends of Mr. H. Desborough, of Thomas Cook and Sons' local office, will be sorry to hear that he is at present in the Te Huiia private hospital, having undergone a somewhat serious and painful operation, which will keep him an invalid for some weeks.

The Palmerston correspondent of the "New Zealand Times" reports that Mr. J. Hammond, the New Zealand-born airman, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, is making very satisfactory progress towards recovery, but it will be some time before he is able to be about again.

The death is announced of ex-Inspector Buckley, of the New Zealand police force. Deceased, after serving in the Canterbury provincial police, reached the rank of Inspector at Invercargill. He retired about twenty years ago, and had since followed farming pursuits at Hook, South Canterbury, where his death occurred.

Mr. H. W. L. Digby, chief reporter of the "Christchurch Press," is on a visit to Auckland.

Mr. A. G. Millington, gaoler at Wellington, died last week from an internal complaint. (Press Association.)

Aucklanders who will leave for the Old Country from Wellington by the Atlantic on the 13th prox. include Mr. and Mrs. Andrew M. Campbell, of Hamilton, and Mr. Alex. Milne, of Whangarei.

Mr. John Sandon, a very old resident of Glen Oroma, near Palmerston North, died last week. The deceased's father was one of the founders of the township of Sandon.

Mr. Alfred Boothman, one of the oldest Australian actors still in harness, arrived from Sydney by the Warrimoo at Wellington on Wednesday.

Mrs. Wemyss, wife of Captain Wemyss, of H.M.S. Cambrian, arrived in Auckland on Friday, and is staying at "Cargen." Captain Wemyss is expected to arrive in a day or two.

The death is announced at Gisborne of Mrs. Andrew, aged 87 years, relict of the late Mr. John Andrew. The late Mrs. Andrew and her husband came out to New Zealand in the ship Egmout, about 35 years ago. They landed at Auckland and from there went to the Big Barrier for the copper mine work. Later they went to Drury, but had to leave there with their children on the outbreak of the Waikato war. Then they proceeded to Coromandel, and when the Thames gold rush broke out in the early days they removed from there to the Thames, residing there for some time, and then went on to Gisborne, where both Mr.

it is only on rare occasions that he meets with defeat. Large numbers of people have been visited by the merchant, and after his departure the tea has always been found to be worthless, and the teapot to be of very little more worth.

Ritualism.

Eight hundred and sixty members of the Church of England in Canterbury have memorialised Bishop Julius against ritualistic practices alleged to be indulged in at St. Michael's, including the wearing of Mass vestments, the use of wafers, elevation and adoration of the elements, and prostrations. They state that 34 years ago a clergyman in this diocese was tried by the bishops for similar practices and relieved of his cure. Bishop Julius replied: "It will be my earnest endeavour to secure such general obedience to the law of the Church and the formularies of the Book of Common Prayer as may be possible under the altered time and circumstances. The rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer allow wide divergence in ritual, and I am not aware of any ritualistic practice in St. Michael's Church contrary to reasonable and lawful interpretation of the same."

He adds, while in no way prepared to demand undue deference on the part of the clergy to local custom, he deprecates instruction in ritual to which the people are not accustomed. Bishop Julius declines to discuss the subject of ritual at present, but will do so when the Diocesan Synod meets in September.

and Mrs. Andrew spent their remaining years.

Mr. John Lamb, a well-known contractor of Sydney, and formerly of Wellington, New Zealand, died, at the age of 57, at a private hospital in Darlinghurst, on June 21. Mr. Lamb had been ailing for some little time, but his end came unexpectedly. He was one of two brothers who arrived in New Zealand as boys from Hawick, Scotland. Mr. Lamb was one of the leading contractors, and constructed some of the most important buildings in the Dominion, and was a much-respected citizen. He was also a prominent bowler, and in his younger days was a keen athlete. Mr. Lamb's only brother died suddenly in Christchurch seven weeks since.

Three awards for bravery were presented by the Mayor (Mr. C. J. Parr), on behalf of the Royal Humane Society, at the Municipal Chambers last week, before the business of the City Council. Master Eric P. Greenough, a lad of twelve years, received a bronze medal and a framed certificate for courage in having rescued a man from drowning at Sentinal-road Bay, Ponsonby. Mr. Leslie A. Henderson received the Society's certificate for his action in saving a child from under a horse at Newtown, Wellington. A bronze medal has also been awarded to Mr. William R. Crandall for his bravery in attempting to save the life of a man who was drowned off the Queen-street wharf. The medal will be forwarded to Mr. Crandall, who is in the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Little, of Auckland, were passengers by the Maheno, for Sydney, on Monday.

Mr. Frank Waldgrave, Under-Secretary for Justice and Commissioner of Police, returned by the Talune last week from Rarotonga.

Dr. Sorley, of Feilding, left on a visit to San Francisco by the Maitai last week.

Mr. R. McVeagh returned by the Talune last week from Rarotonga, where he was engaged for the defence in the Wigmore trial.

Mr. Geo. D. Ross, chief passenger clerk in the Union Company's Dunedin office, was a passenger by the Maitai for San Francisco last week, on a visit to the United States.

The Governor has appointed Mr. C. E. Adams, of the Department of Lands, to be Astronomical Observer at Wellington, vice Mr. T. King resigned.

Mr. S. G. Millington, gaoler at H.M. Prison, Wellington, who died on Thursday, was a native of Devonshire, and joined the Justice Department in 1879 as assistant warden at Lyttelton. He became principal warden at Mount Cook in 1882, and chief warden at Terrace Gaol in 1903. Three years later he was transferred to New Plymouth as gaoler, and in 1908 was made manager of the prison reformatory in that district. Mr. Millington was appointed gaoler at Wellington in 1909. He leaves a widow and seven children.

Captain Oliver, who brought the barque Solgran from Newcastle to Wellington, returned to Australia by the Maheno.

Mr. W. F. Massey, M.P., and Leader of the Opposition, left for the South by the mail train last week on a fortnight's political tour.

Mr. H. T. White, of the telegraph dispatch branch, who is leaving the department to go into business, was presented by the staff with a silver-mounted umbrella and Gladstone bag last week.

Mr. R. J. Roberts, a well-known architect, of Auckland, died suddenly at his residence, Lake-road, on Saturday, at the ripe age of 78 years. Deceased, who was a native of Wales, is survived by his wife.

Captain J. Maxwell, formerly master of the s.s. Pakeha, arrived by the Mokoia from the South on Sunday to take up his new appointment as assistant marine superintendent at Auckland for the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company.

Mr. Joseph J. Walls, B.Sc., has been appointed science master to the Wellington Technical School. Mr. Walls was a pupil teacher of natural philosophy at the Allen Glen's School, Glasgow. He has had practical experience in engineering. At present he is teaching science subjects at the Auckland Technical School.

On Wednesday afternoon last the citizens of Oamaru did honour to Mr. J. M. Brown, who, after nearly 30 years of active life as a member of the Borough Council, the Harbour Board, and Mayor of Oamaru, is withdrawing from the public eye. The Mayor (Dr. M. Allan) presented to Mr. Brown a purse of sovereigns on behalf of the people of the town.

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

LONDON, May 26.

Mrs. W. Buss, of Christchurch, and her two daughters were among the passengers from Sydney by the P. and O. Moldavia. They landed at Marseilles, and came to London by way of Paris, reaching the metropolis early in May. Mrs. Buss proposes to remain in Europe for some eighteen months. It is her first visit to Old England since, as a child, she accompanied her parents to New Zealand on the good ship Charlotte Jane in 1850, just 60 years ago. Then Christchurch was represented by a single house—that of Mr. J. Deanes.

Mr. F. Bull, of Napier, who, on his retirement from the New Zealand Government in the summer of 1908 came home with his wife intending to settle here, has decided to return to the Dominion this autumn, as the "glorious climate" does not agree with Mrs. Bull's health. Mr. Bull has just published through Messrs Cassell and Co., a collection of patriotic and pathetic poems, entitled "Dominion Ditties." Mr. Bull, by the way, is taking part in the New Zealand portion of the Pageant of Empire at the Crystal Palace.

Mr. A. E. Slatow, of Wellington, who arrived in England on a business mission just after Easter, has been visiting some of the great industrial centres in the North of England. He is now in London, and remains there till the Coronation period is overpast. He then proposes visiting Germany and France, ere setting his face towards the Dominion, which he hopes to reach during September.

Mr. Horace S. Cottrell, of Napier, who left the Dominion early in March last for Sydney, spent a delightful week in that city ere joining the Afric for the voyage home. His mission is a combination of business and pleasure. London and vicinity will claim his attention until the Coronation is done with, and then he will visit Paris, and make a round of some of the chief commercial centres in the United Kingdom. Later he proposes to tour through Holland, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, and will pick up an outward-bound steamer at Naples for the voyage back to New Zealand.

Miss E. Goldsbury, of Wanganui, who arrived in England early in April by the Athenic expects to remain in England for a couple of years. After seeing something of rural life in the Old Country, Miss Goldsbury will take up her residence in London in order to gain further experience in the drug trade before returning to the Dominion.

Mrs. E. H. Palmer, of Wellington, who came to the Old Country a couple of years ago, and will probably decide to settle permanently in England, has just returned to London after a lengthy and most interesting spell on the Continent. Most of her time was spent in Rome, but she visited many places of interest in Sicily, including Messina. Of that hapless town Mrs. Palmer said it was most interesting, but very depressing. So far nothing has been done to efface the effects of the earthquake. Everything is just as it was after that awful catastrophe. For five hours Mrs. Palmer walked about among the ruins, and, so far as she could see, not a load of debris had been removed or any attempt of any kind made to render the place habitable. During her spell on the Continent Mrs. Palmer also visited Bruges and Brussels, and some of the German cities and places of scenic interest.

Mrs. Stratford Hemiker, of Grey-mouth, and her niece, Miss Brett, arrived in England by the Orient liner "Orway" a few days ago. They are travelling purely for pleasure, and after the June festivities in London are over will spend a month motoring round the United Kingdom. They then intend to tour awhile in Norway, Denmark and Holland.

Mr. I. M. Ratham, of Wellington, is on a visit to England for the purpose of visiting his relatives and friends after a very long absence. He arrived by the s.s. Surrey on the 19th inst., and purposes returning to New Zealand in the early autumn.

Mr. C. Prebble, of Napier, who came home in mid-May by the "Ruhine," made the trip in search of pleasure only. He intends visiting most of our big seaside resorts, to tour in the North of England, and on the Continent, and will return to the Antipodes by the Orient liner "Grosser," which leaves London early in September. Mr. Prebble is accompanied by his mother and sister.

Mr. J. E. Smith, of Napier, arrived in London recently, and is now taking life very quietly with friends at Lambyth,

on the borders of Staffordshire and Warwickshire. Beyond having made up his mind to be in London for the Coronation week, Mr. Smith's plans for the future are at present quite undefined.

Mr. Herbert J. Babbage, the well-known New Zealand artist, arrived home by the "Ruhine" a few days ago. In the neighbourhood of the Horn, the "Ruhine" passed no less than 110 icebergs, but happily did not make too close an acquaintance with any of them. Mr. Babbage stays in London for the Coronation and will then go sketching and painting for a couple of months in the Netherlands. On his return to England he proposes to rent a studio near London for the winter months.

Mr. Geo. H. Whitcombe, the well-known New Zealand publisher, who arrived here with his family by the "Grosser Kurfürst," tells me that he intends to start a general publishing business in London. He is now on the look out for suitable offices, but he proposes to take a holiday before settling down to business. He visited his old school at Shoreham, in Sussex, last week, and placed his boy there. It was an interesting experience to revisit the scenes of his own boyhood after an absence of 35 years. Mr. Whitcombe has some interesting things to say about the reading tastes of various New Zealand centres. Dunedin, he said, went in for more solid literature than any of the other cities. Christchurch was more of a novel-reading public, and Wellington's taste in books was lighter still. I gathered also that the cheap reprints of good literature which are such a feature of present-day publishing, had a ready sale in New Zealand, as elsewhere.

Sergeant Haddrell (New Plymouth) and his wife and daughter arrived in London by the Ruhine, after a pleasant trip, in spite of ploughing through 1200 miles of icebergs! Sergeant Haddrell, who has been out in the Dominion for the last forty-five years, intends, after the Coronation is over, to pay a visit to Devonshire. There he will meet his son Charles, who has been in America for some years. The travellers expect to return to New Zealand next September.

Mr. H. Caplen, of Hawera, with Mrs. Caplen and two daughters, arrived in London by the Ruhine last week on a purely pleasure trip. It is, of course, their intention to see the Coronation, and explore London, but beyond that they have made no plans for the enjoyment of their holiday at home.

Mr. Andrew Rutherford, of Mendip Hills, who, with his family has been in England for some fifteen months, is leaving for New Zealand soon after the Coronation. It is his intention to make the return journey by way of the States and Canada.

Mr. A. H. McEwen, of Palmerston North, arrived in London a few days ago with his daughter, Miss McEwen, of the State School Department. Mr. McEwen, who is combining a modicum of business Motherland, proposes, after the Coronation, to tour in Scotland, whence his father went to New Zealand in the early forties of last century, the ancestral home being in "Bonnie Dundee." He expects to be absent from the Dominion for about six months all told, and will probably reach Palmerston North again some time in September.

Mr. W. C. Beaumont, of Christchurch, who arrived in England early in May, spent a week in the West Country ere coming to London. Whilst in Bristol he indulged in a little river work, and stroked a Redcliff R.C. racing four. As Mr. Beaumont's trip to the Old Country was taken primarily with a view to gaining experience in the soft goods trade, he has accepted a position in one of the leading wholesale West End houses. Before taking up that position, however, he will make holiday in London over the Coronation period, and will visit Glasgow, Manchester and other business centres in the North on business. During his residence in London he intends to participate in amateur raving on the Thames.

Mrs. Seddon and her two daughters, Misses Mary and Rubi Seddon, were among the guests at the Foreign Office reception on Monday evening, and Mrs. Seddon and her elder daughter attended the State Ball at Buckingham Palace on Friday evening last. On Monday they were also in the House of Lords to listen to the debate on the Constitutional question, and heard Lord Lansdowne speak in support of his bill for re-modelling the Upper House. On Tuesday they visited the Temple Flower Show and last evening Mrs. Seddon and both her daughters attended the Majesty's Court at Buckingham Palace. On Monday they will attend the garden party given by the Prince and Princess

Christian at Schomberg House, Pall Mall, and on Wednesday will be present at the "At Home" of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. Mrs. Seddon has taken a flat for the season in Artillery Mansions, Victoria street.

Mr. J. B. Morton, of Messrs. Morton and Co., of Onelunga, who recently arrived in England, has had "a real good time" since he left Auckland last October. At Kobe he was the guest of the Mayor, and at Yokohama the Chamber of Commerce took him under its wings. At Kobe he delivered an address on New Zealand to the teachers of the Kitano school, and was presented with a cup and a saucer made at the school by the little Jap scholars. From Japan Mr. Morton went to Vladivostok, and thence to Shaanghai, where he was very hospitably treated by the members of the Shanghai Club, the Hunt Club, the Racing Club, and the Master Mariners' Association. In New York he spent some time studying the liquor question, and inquiring into the methods of trusts and combines. From New York Mr. Morton came to Liverpool by the Mauretania, and, cruising over to Belfast, spent a few days with his uncle, Mr. James Balfour. He received the "Welcome to Belfast," and had the impress of the official seal impressed in his autograph book by the Lord Mayor, Mr. McMordie. From Belfast he repaired to Ballymore to visit his father's brother, Mr. John Morton, and thence on to Dublin, where he was entertained by Sir Lambert O'Grady, and Mr. E. Bates, Solicitor-General for Ireland. Scotland next claimed Mr. Morton's attention, visits being paid to Edinburgh and Glasgow. He next travelled through the Midlands, where business occupied a fair share of his time, and arrived in London in time to attend the Premier's reception to the delegates to the Imperial Conference. After the Coronation Mr. Morton proposes to make a brief Continental tour, and will leave Europe early in July for America, en route for the Dominion. He will probably travel by way of Salt Lake.

Judge Palmer, of the Native Lands Court, has arrived in London, and is staying at the Strand Palace Hotel. Mrs. Palmer and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kidd, of Auckland, are at present in Paris en route for London.

Lady Stout is to be one of the hostesses at the annual dinner of the United Empire Circle of the Lyceum Club, which is to be held on Monday next. A very brilliant and representative gathering of guests from all parts of the Empire is expected.

Dr. Thomas C. Savage, of Auckland, who, with Mrs. Savage and children to bear him company, arrived in London by the Corinthian early in May, proposes to remain in London for the next three months, seeing what is new at the chief hospitals, attending the debates on Mr. Lloyd George's new State insurance scheme in the House of Commons, and special meetings of the British Medical Association, which are to be held to discuss the probable effects of that far-reaching scheme. Dr. Savage will also attend the general meeting at Birmingham at the end of July. August he proposes to spend in a motor tour through England, and he will sail for New Zealand early in September.

The Misses Edith and Cora Feldwick, daughters of the late Colonel, the Hon. Henry Feldwick, M.L.C., who was for a period of thirty years a member of the Legislature of New Zealand, were among the debutantes presented to Their Majesties at the court, held at Buckingham Palace, last evening, May 25. Mrs. Henry Feldwick (inverecgith) accompanied by her daughter Mabel, are at present on a cruise in the P. and O. s.s. Mantua to Spain, Portugal, Morocco, Madeira, Tenerife, the Canary Islands, and the Azores. They return to London in time for the Coronation.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Jarrett, of Auckland, after 32 years' absence in New Zealand, have returned to the land of their birth. They travelled by the "All Red" route, visiting Suva, Honolulu, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Niagara, New York, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec, and stopping at each place in Canada four or five days. They crossed the Atlantic in the Empress of Ireland, arriving in Liverpool on the 12th May, and London on the 17th. Their visit is purely one of pleasure, and they expect to remain in Great Britain about five months, and will then go to France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany for four months before returning once more to the Sunny South.

Miss M. Lovett, of Auckland, who came home by the Ruhine in mid-May, has been spending the interval in doing the sights of London. After the Coro-

nation she proposes spending some time visiting relatives in Kent and Cambridgeshire, and will then cross the Atlantic to visit friends in Toronto.

Mr. W. Watson (Auckland), with Mrs. Watson, Miss Watson, and Miss Bell Watson, arrived in London last week by the Ruhine. Although as a director of the Bank of New Zealand, Mr. Watson will find part of his time at home taken up with the affairs of the Bank, his visit to England is primarily one of pleasure. It is just 32 years since Mr. Watson left the Old Country. It is his intention to stay in London until the beginning of July, when his son (Mr. J. A. Watson), who is pursuing his medical studies at Guy's Hospital, will join the party on a trip to Scotland. Mr. Watson and his family will thereafter spend a few weeks in England ere going on to the Continent, where en route to Naples they will visit Paris, the chief centres of interest in Belgium, make a trip up the Rhine, see something of Switzerland, and Italy. On the way out to Australia Mr. Watson may break the journey at Ceylon to spend a fortnight amongst scenes familiar to him by reason of several years' residence on the island. He hopes, however, to reach New Zealand before the year is out.

Miss A. M. Williams, librarian of the Leys Institute in Auckland, who is on nine months' leave of absence, arrived in London this week, accompanied by Miss Mabel Leys, Miss Marie Williams, and Miss M. B. Bell, all of Auckland. They travelled by the Grosser Kurfürst, and spent a week or two on the Continent, including a week in Berlin, before coming on to London. They are on a holiday trip, and hope to get a good deal of sightseeing done during their stay in the Old Country. They will be in London, of course, for the Coronation.

Mr. A. J. Heighway, of the Otago "Daily Times," and Mr. Wilkinson, of the Dunedin Licensing Committee, who have just arrived here on a holiday trip to the Old Country, leave to-morrow for Birmingham, where they propose to begin a cycling tour which will take them to Land's End and back to London via the South Coast. They return here in time to see the Coronation festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Povey, of Auckland, arrived in London by the Ruhine, and intend staying in England three months. After seeing the Coronation, they hope to visit Glasgow Exhibition and the English Lakes.

Miss Ruby Mitford, of Auckland, who has been making holiday in the Old Country for the past two years, is now in London, and will remain in the metropolis till the Coronation festivities are at an end. A spell in Devonshire and a visit to friends at Bray in Ireland, will occupy her time till the end of August, after which a round of visits in the North of England will be undertaken. Miss Mitford proposes to spend the winter in Cornwall and will probably not set her face towards New Zealand again till the end of 1912.

Mr. J. S. Fox, of Okato, who with his wife and their three children left Auckland by the Moldavia in mid-March, is now on a visit to his native place, Arbroath, Scotland, having gone thither direct on leaving another month or so in Scotland. Mr. Fox will devote a few weeks to a business tour of the chief trade centres of the Old Country. He returns to Scotland for the balance of his holiday, which will end with the departure of the Macedonia for New Zealand on August 25th.

Miss Cora Chilcott, of Auckland, arrived in London last Saturday, having made the journey to England by the Karaman. Miss Chilcott has come home primarily to complete her musical studies, and has entered as a student at the Royal Academy of Music.

Major C. Dean-Pitt and Mrs. Dean-Pitt, of Auckland, arrived in London recently and have so far made no definite plans for their stay. They probably return to New Zealand in September or October.

The Misses Hopper, of Auckland, who arrived home early this month, expect to remain in these latitudes until the end of January, 1912. Their trip is purely one of pleasure. They will remain in London until the first week in July, and will then travel in Shropshire and spend a few weeks with friends in Scarborough and Liverpool. Beyond that their plans for future enjoyment are quite indefinite.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Smith, of Auckland, disembarked from the Macedonia at Plymouth, and stayed there for a fortnight with friends before coming on to London.

Mr. Arthur Bonar Law, P.C.

The Man and the Child.

(By THE MAN.)

the male wits on the other side." He can state a case as convincingly as can Prime Minister Asquith himself.

In no sense is Bonar Law a phrase-maker, like Lloyd George, his great antagonist in the House of Commons. Mr. Law meets the coiners of epigram with factual facts, forcefully arranged, asserts our London authority. "Verbal subtleties are not for him, and it is a testimony to his worth that he has succeeded by his simple directness." His political aptitude as well as his business training led him early to see that tariff reform was to be one of the great political motives of the age, and he soon acquired a place of prestige among the champions of that preferential tariff idea with which the name of Joseph Chamberlain is so conspicuously associated. Time and again did Bonar Law assure the House of Commons that the United States and Canada would enter into just such a reciprocity agreement as has been already effected—and a bad day would that be for the British Empire. Bonar Law seems to the "London Mail" to be endowed with just such a mind for the Cassandra-like functions of dire prophecy. He has the facts of commerce at his finger's end. From boyhood he has been in the habit of coming to close quarters with facts.

In Bonar Law the House of Commons has no fervid prophet running to words. Here is rather the man who, having convinced himself that a certain course is necessary, will work without any personal ostentation, but with a certain grim ruthlessness until his object is attained. "That is how Mr. Bonar Law reveals himself. He stands at the table of the House of Commons, a tall, spare figure, with a suggestion of Scottish gauntness about him. He is generally in a long frock coat or cutaway. He stands very erect, one hand by his side, the finger of the other hand resting lightly on the box in front of him. He has no gestures, and he consults no notes." Thus seeming to an onlooker he pours out a steady stream of facts and arguments, effective against his cleverest opponents yet to be understood, seemingly, by the merest novice in politics. That would appear to be one of Bonar Law's secrets of effect—his lucidity, his complete grasp of his topic and the directness with which he seizes and controverts an argument, be it the most incisive, advanced by the other side.

The speeches for which Bonar Law is so celebrated in and out of the Commons are described by our contemporary as "amazingly factual." His efforts are the more impressive because he never makes use of a note. Once in a long while, we read, he will thrust his right hand into the left breast pocket of his coat and draw out a small sheet of paper containing some reference or some quotation. But he restores it to his bosom or lays it on the table in front of him

After the Coronation, they join a party of friends, and put in a few weeks in Cornwall, later visiting Liverpool, Scotland, and Ireland, then returning to London before making a tour of the Continent, and probably picking up their return boat at Marseilles early in December.

Mrs. Isabel Dufaur, of Auckland, returned to London recently, after a few delightful weeks in Germany. Since then social engagements have kept her time fully occupied. She is now at Oxford for "Bright" week, but returns to London a few days hence, and will remain in the metropolis until the King's crowning is a thing of the past. In July Mrs. Dufaur makes a tour of indefinite length in Scotland.

Callers at the High Commissioner's office include the following Aucklanders: Mrs. Paul and Master B. Hansen, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Savage, A. J. Parlier, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dyer, H. and G. Gidness, E. A. Barrett, Mrs. C. P. Pagan, Nelson Gray, Mr. L. Sisson, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Javrett, Mrs. E. A. Hodgson, Mr. G. B. Morton (Gushungu), Mr. W. Conway Simd, Mr. and Mrs. William Elliot, Mr. and Mrs. W. Leyland, Mr. Percy Johnson, Miss May Lovatt, Mr. Albert Leslie, Misses C. I. and C. Harold Crump, Mr. and Mrs. W. Deane, Mr. George E. Roberts, Mrs. T. Allen, Mr. T. Chamberlain-Chamberlain, Mrs. and Miss McLoughlin, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Atkinson.

She was young, fresh, girlish, with longings and hopes beyond her years. He was old in the ways of the world—disillusioned, cynical. She gazed out on the sea, and said how infinite it seemed, and how cramped was her life by comparison. "Oh," she cried, "how I wish I could cross the oceans, how I long to see other lands, to mix with other people! You think me silly because I don't know things. If I could only be clever and know things! I can't tell you what I feel. But, oh, you know!" And the wise man did know, but he only sighed. For she was a creature of moods and impulses—one whose outlook was the outlook of the bright-eyed child who knew nothing as yet of life's realities. And he had crossed many oceans, he had learnt many languages, he had seen life at its best, life in all its glitter, and life at its worst. He knew the longings of the human soul, the longing to love, and to be loved. He knew, also, human frailty and sin, and how the sweetness of youth is lost in the dusty highways of the world.

He read in that pure, eager face the womanly desire to be worthy of one who might some day seek her as his own. She fancied knowledge was the key to power. She did not know that grace and goodness were higher far than any learning, and she possessed that fineness of mind and soul that makes men believe in the divine. Yes; he had known it once in the long, long ago before his own life had been seared and hardened by the world. And because he knew men and knew life, he answered: "My dear child, a woman is always better educated and has travelled further than any man. A woman lives in thought and instinct, and travels in the fairy realms of her own imagining. A true man loves a true woman all the more for all her tender insufficiencies." "Oh, but," she said, "I feel so ignorant. If I was only clever, I wouldn't mind."

The wise man pondered over his own life. He saw himself as the brilliant schoolboy, carrying off prize after prize; as the university scholar; as the famous orator; as the distinguished man of letters. He recalled the applause of multitudes after some great speech, the congratulations of critics on his books, the words of praise from college profes-

sors on his degree. And what had it all meant? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Once he had loved, once he had believed. But now he was hard and cynical. Why had this child already made his heart feel softer, and broken through his reserve? And, again, the voice beside him spoke: "Don't you think people ought to be forgiving? I always think you ought to make it up with people you have quarrelled with. Some people don't, but I think they ought." She had taken off her hat, and was unconsciously picking at a bit of thread. A ray of sunlight glinted on her wavy hair, and lit up her fair, eager face. "Don't you think so?" she said as she saw him remain silent. But he did not answer. He was thinking of the words: "A little child shall lead them." Had this child been sent to lead him? It might be God's way still. He felt ashamed of his past life with its bitter unbelief. The shadows were vanishing in the light. The sun came out from behind a cloud, its light fell full on a face exquisitely pure and delicately framed. The man's fastidious taste took in every feature—the thin, delicate, lines that told of gentle birth; the eager look, the sensitive, sympathetic mind that lay beneath. "If I was only clever, I wouldn't mind." She had been clever enough to lift at least one soul from this dull earth to you bright heaven above.

with a quickness suggesting his eagerness not to spoil an argument by depriving it of the extempore quality. "He is not a great orator in the sense that he can move by any appeal to the emotions, but for that very reason he is the more trenchant debater." Mr. Bonar Law thus seems to the friendly "London Post" one of the great assets of the Opposition. His grasp of practical facts, his lucid exposition of them and a certain firmness are his outstanding characteristics. "He first lifted himself in the world as an ironmaster, and even now, as he stands beside the table of the House of Commons, there is iron in the hard directness of the man, and in that air of quiet resolution which marks him from head to foot."

The monotonous and dry details of his biography go well with the character that seems to have resulted from them. Arthur Bonar Law was born nearly fifty-three years ago, and he is the son of a Presbyterian minister. He went to the High School at Glasgow, and while a mere youth was put to business. He forged ahead at a rate that made him as powerful in the steel trade of Britain as any president of the Carnegie Board in the United States. Not until he was forty-two and famed as chairman of the Glasgow Iron Trade Association did Bonar Law find a seat in the House of Commons. Once there, he made up for lost time, filling a responsible secretaryship in the Board of Trade during Mr. Balfour's stormy period of power. Mr. Law proved himself a peculiar master of the dry, cold and irresistible facts which, stated without passion, demolish the most brilliant propositions. He could not be brilliant, as the "London Times" says, but he could be crushing. His assertions relate invariably to trade returns, to tariffs, to reciprocity, to preference. It is difficult to realise that one mind can bring an artillery of statistics to bear upon so numerous an array of them. He is said never to err,

ers on his degree. And what had it all meant? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Once he had loved, once he had believed. But now he was hard and cynical. Why had this child already made his heart feel softer, and broken through his reserve? And, again, the voice beside him spoke: "Don't you think people ought to be forgiving? I always think you ought to make it up with people you have quarrelled with. Some people don't, but I think they ought." She had taken off her hat, and was unconsciously picking at a bit of thread. A ray of sunlight glinted on her wavy hair, and lit up her fair, eager face. "Don't you think so?" she said as she saw him remain silent. But he did not answer. He was thinking of the words: "A little child shall lead them." Had this child been sent to lead him? It might be God's way still. He felt ashamed of his past life with its bitter unbelief. The shadows were vanishing in the light. The sun came out from behind a cloud, its light fell full on a face exquisitely pure and delicately framed. The man's fastidious taste took in every feature—the thin, delicate, lines that told of gentle birth; the eager look, the sensitive, sympathetic mind that lay beneath. "If I was only clever, I wouldn't mind." She had been clever enough to lift at least one soul from this dull earth to you bright heaven above.

The idea of binding the Empire together in harmony and song appealed to him more favourably than binding the component parts with tariffs and bonds of that character.—Hon. G. Fowlds.

Whatever followed, Catholics would go on following along the hard and thorny path of sacrifice, training their young ones in the way of God, on a firm and everlasting rock, and what to-day they sowed in sorrow and sacrifice they would reap to-morrow in happiness and joy.—Bishop Cleary.

Some words, it has been remarked, lose caste and become degraded in use, but others rise in rank and become embodied. "Democracy" is one of these last; it originally meant "Government by the mob," i.e. I take it, by the unintelligent—it has now risen to mean "Government of the people, by the people, for the people"; and the more freely you spread your higher education, the more intelligent will be your people and the higher and higher will become the significance of the word "Democracy."—Mr. G. Hoggan.

The most valuable asset of any community was its labour. It might be computed that if 650 labourers died of consumption the State incurred a loss of £200,000. This disease, which created so much havoc, was preventable. Wherever it existed it was due, broadly speaking, to infection from milk and from consumptive human beings. Among the predisposing causes of consumption were inherited weakness, overwork, indulgence in alcohol, and insatiability of food.—Dr. Blackmore, South Canterbury.

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District Lands Office, Auckland, 31st May, 1911. NOTICE is hereby given that the land known as Rungatanga Plantation, situated near Kamo, has been subdivided into the allotments enumerated in the schedule hereto and will be offered for sale by Public Auction for cash, at this Office, at 11 a.m., on FRIDAY, the 28th day of JULY, 1911.

SCHEDULE. Whangarei County, Purua Survey District. Rural Land. Area. Upset Price. Section Block. a. r. p. £

These sections are situated from 1 to 1 mile from Rungatanga Railway Station, and about 1 mile from Kamo. They are well watered and contain plantations of various kinds of ornamental trees, besides other improvements.

Full particulars may be ascertained and plans obtained at this office. ERIC C. GOLD SMITH, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

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"THAT GOLDEN DAY" NEW SONG. Words by "Hoslyn," Music by Walter Impett. EADY AND CO.

Sports and Pastimes.

LAWN TENNIS.

Davis Cup Matches.

TO BE PLAYED IN CHRISTCHURCH.

A SPECIAL meeting of the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association was held last week to decide the location of the Davis Cup contest for 1911. Mr C. J. W. Griffiths, president of the association, occupied the chair. The meeting first decided, by 31 votes to 18, after a brief discussion, that the New Zealand championships be held at the same time and place as the Davis cup contest.

Mr. W. Goss (Canterbury) moved that the Australasian Association be recommended to fix Christchurch as the place at which the Davis cup matches for 1911 should be played.

Mr. W. J. Organ (Wellington) moved an amendment in favour of Wellington.

There was no discussion on either motion or amendment, delegates apparently being satisfied that all possible arguments had already been advanced. The amendment was rejected, and the motion carried by 34 votes to 15.

The following committee was appointed to make arrangements for the contest—Messrs. E. J. Ross (convener), R. D. Harman, A. F. Wright, C. T. Aseham, E. J. Taylor, W. Goss, P. H. Cox, C. J. W. Griffiths, and (as ex-officio members) the presidents of the New Zealand Association and the Wellington, Canterbury, Auckland, and Otago Associations.

Mr. Organ congratulated Canterbury on the result of the voting, and said that the Wellington Association would do its best to make the tournament successful.

FOOTBALL.

Sport in Wairarapa.

Gladstone defeated Red Star in the senior competition last Saturday by 5 points to 3. It was the biggest surprise of the season, as Red Star was leading in the competition, and had just previously easily defeated their most formidable opponents, Carterton. Carterton seniors beat Masterton by 13 points to 3, at Carterton, last Saturday. Owing to Gladstone defeating Red Star the senior competition is "anybody's." Carterton, Red Star and Gladstone all being in the running.

Time was when passing rushes amongst the backs of Wairarapa were straight down the field. Now in most instances the reverse is the case, and the wing three-quarter rarely ever gets a decent run on. Of course, we see nice passing rushes occasionally; that is, the ball going through a number of hands, but how much ground is gained? Sometimes a few yards, and sometimes nothing at all. In many instances players lose ground through foolishly running back in the hope of getting round opponents. Was there ever a greater piece of folly? Wairarapa has not had a decent back since Joe O'Leary went to Auckland the year ago. Wairarapa was rich in backs years ago, men of undoubted ability like Archie D'Arcy (N.Z. rep.), Harry Whitley (in his day the best all-round back in New Zealand, playing in any position from half to full back), George Hanseca (the best half back Wairarapa has ever produced), Willie (who played many times for Wellington), "Barney" Ronaldson (who played for Wellington against Auckland in 1880, and has represented the Empire City on various occasions), Edgar Wright (a New Zealand rep. and not one of England's leading Northern Union players), Joe Perry, "Clipper" Fairbrother, "Tike" Hudson, "Ted" McKenzie (a North Island rep.), Percy Rogers (a North Island rep.), Joe O'Leary (the best centre back Wairarapa has ever had), and hosts of others one could name. In the finer department of the game, we are going backwards, but it is pleasing to note that there is some slight improvement in the forward play this season. Wairarapa should be capable of turning out a good forward team this year.

The Wairarapa Rugby Union has a credit balance of some £30 now, and is in a position to make a tempting offer to Thames or Auckland for that matter—to visit this district and play.

The Rugby rough still continues his career unchecked. On Saturday last players in several games were knocked out, one in the Red Star-Gladstone match being rendered unconscious for fifteen minutes as the result of a savage kick by an opponent. It is estimated that the defeat of Red Star by Gladstone last Saturday resulted in about £300 changing hands, including on football matches held in Wairarapa, large sums of money changing ownership each Saturday. The betting has been heavier this season owing to the evenness of the teams in the senior competition.

BILLIARDS.

CHIVVYING THE WHITE.

A BILLIARD FORECAST.

The remarkable play of George Gray, the Australian boy champion, has induced the London "Punch" to give the following humorous forecast:—

From the "Sportsman" of January 1, 1911.—The outstanding event of the past year in the world of billiards, has undoubtedly been the new regulation about the losing hazard off the red. Mr. George Gray's (unfinished) break of 10,179 at Leicester in June, on which occasion he occupied the table for three consecutive weeks, and his opponent felt justified in spending the week-ends in the country, has at last opened the eyes of the authorities. It is not generally known that in the course of this match the right-hand centre pocket had to be three times renewed by a local upholsterer. The stroke was repeated with such perfect precision that after the first ten days no objection whatever was raised to spectators placing their hats on the left-hand side of the table, and on one evening towards the close the umpire went so far as to take his tea off it. While heartily sympathising with Mr. Gray, we feel sure that he will recognise that in the best interests of the game the new regulation could be no longer delayed, and his favourite stroke was bound to go the way of the spot-stroke and the anchor-stroke. Now that only ten such consecutive losing hazards off the red are permissible, we look for a revival in the interest taken in the game.

From the "Sportsman" of January 1, 1911.—It has been a year of great unrest in the billiard world. There is no doubt that the advent of the Chilian champion, Signor Pianola, has shown up weak spots in the game as it is at present played. His wonderful new stroke, by which he makes the red ball run along the top of the cushion, off the spot, into one corner pocket, while his own ball screws back into the other, has led to some astounding scores. As he always makes six in this manner at a single stroke his figures mount rapidly, and he appears to be able to repeat the performance indefinitely, so that his (unfinished) break of 23,675 at Wolverhampton in September was compiled in the remarkably short period of seventeen days. The authorities are, however, looking into the matter, and drastic action is expected. It is abundantly clear that the game has become too easy.

From the "Sportsman" of January 1, 1911.—The redoubtable Scot, Alexander McKetrick, who has caused such a profound sensation by his (unfinished) break of 78,952 at Exeter, which began in October, and was suspended in the beginning of last week, when the umpire declared the spot ball no longer playable, in formed our representative in the course of a chat last evening that he had spent no fewer than eight years in perfecting his new policy of chivvying the white. He pointed out that the red ball was now so hampered and protected by limitations that he had found it best to tuck it out of the way under the bottom cushion while he goes in off the white into each of the six pockets in turn. It is understood that the special regulations for the coming season are now under discussion.

From the "Sportsman" of 1911.—The match between Mr. Percy Plump and Herr Hans Kartoffen for the world's championship, which begins at Wides on February 3, will be played under the new regulations. That is to say, with the circular table, the oblique pockets, and the diminished red. It is, by the way, whispered in certain circles that Mr. Plump has been elaborating a new stroke off the bunker guarding the centre pocket which may cause trouble. Herr Kartoffen has lodged a protest against the extension of the bank, pointing out—not without reason—that being a man of small stature it makes it almost impossible for him to play from behind the popping-crate without the use of the long rest. There is something, we think, to be said on both sides of this question.

Much interest is manifested in the

CHESS.

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail," Box 283, Auckland.

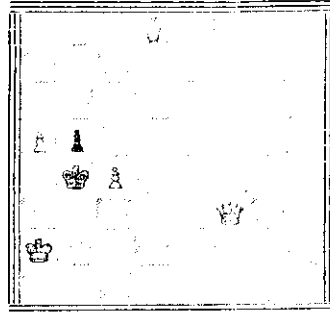
The Auckland Chess Club meets on Monday Thursday, and Saturday evenings, at No. 24, His Majesty's Arcade, Queen-street (2nd floor).

Notes.

A team chosen from players residing in the Wairarapa district has just paid a flying visit to Wellington, the trip being by way of a return call. It will be remembered that last spring, a representative team from Wellington journeyed to Masterton and played a couple of matches against the Wairarapa players. The visitors' sojourn in Wellington on this occasion extended over 43 days, during which time they played matches against the Workingmen's Wellington, Kibirnie, and South Wellington Chess Clubs. The scores were 34 to 54; 44 to 74; 44 to 64; and 3 to 8, respectively. In other words the wanderers scored 154 out of 43 games played, which is equal to 36 per cent. Considering the disadvantages under which a visiting team labours, this must be considered a fairly good performance. Following is a table showing how the individual players were placed by their captains, and how each one acquitted himself, the figures denoting the numbers of the boards at which the several members of the team played in each match. A win is denoted by the figure with asterisk, and a drawn game is indicated by the numeral being enclosed within brackets.

Position No. 99 (By A. Ursic.)

Black—two pieces.



White—five pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Forsyth notation: 3B4, 8, 8, P16, 1kP5, 6Q2, K7, 8.
(Two weeks allowed for solution.)

Traps.

The following well-known trap is mentioned by the "Australasian" as having claimed Philidor as a victim in his early days. The same trap was presented by Dr Lasker in his first lecture before a London audience, and afterwards embodied in his "Common Sense in Chess."

- 1. P-K4 2-K4
- 2. Kt-KB3 P-Q3
- 3. B-B4 P-KK3

The "Australasian" remarks: "This last move is typical of a young player afraid of some premature attack: Kt-QB3, developing a piece, should be played." Lasker says practically the same thing.

- 4. Kt-B3 B-K5
- 5. KtP BxQ
- 6. BxPch K-K2
- 7. Kt-Q5, mate.

The "Australasian" adds: "Black had nothing better than 5. P-Kt4, when White would have played 6. QxB, winning a pawn."

Here is another little game, which was recently played in the Auckland Chess Club, and which once more forcibly illustrates the folly of being too anxious to grab pawns. When one gains a pawn by the acceptance of a gambit, it is more often than not wasted energy to endeavour to retain "material" so gained. It is frequently wiser to abandon the pawn or piece which effected the capture, bearing in mind that the player who offered the gambit did so to gain "time."

CLOTH GAMBIT.

- White. Black.
- Rev. A. Miller. Mr. Freeman.
- 1. P-Q4 P-Q4
- 2. P-K4 P-P
- 3. Kt-QB3 Kt-KB3
- 4. B-KK5 B-B4
- 5. Q-K2 QxP

This last move is disastrous, as will be seen. Black might safely play 5. P-QB3, or P-K3.

probable effect of the two new regulations—that which lays down that every stroke shall include a cannon off the red, and that which compels the player to use both ends of the cue alternately. It is hoped that they will not so far reduce the scoring as to cause any further marked curtailment in the leisure of the performer who is not in play. The old custom of paying a visit to the Continent has already fallen into desuetude, but short trips to British beauty spots should still be possible.

The table will be tilted, as is customary, at an angle of 13 degrees.

Wairarapa	W. Otago		W. Wellington		W. W. W.	W. W. W.
	No.	No.	No.	No.		
F. Kummer	1	1	(2)	4*	1 1/2	
Mansell	—	2 1/2	1	—	1	
P. Kummer	2	3*	3	3	1	
J. Dagg	4*	4	5	8*	2	
W. Moore	(5)	5	6*	7	1 1/2	
W. N. Kummer	6	6*	4	5	1	
D. Guild	7*	7	7	1	2	
W. Kummer	3	(8)	8*	2	1 1/2	
Vennell	8	9	9*	10	1	
J. Kummer	9*	10	10	6	1	
J. T. Thompson	—	11	11*	9*	2	
Taylor	—	12	—	11	0	

This shows that, with one exception, every one of the visitors took a snip home with him. This should afford them individually some consolation for the fact that their side did not win; it also shows that the visitors were not altogether outclassed.

We expressed the opinion last year that these exchanges of visits are productive of much good. They enhance the brotherly feeling that undoubtedly exists between chess players all the world over, they make and cement friendships, and they give a tremendous fillip to chess in the country districts.

We now venture to throw out a suggestion to the Auckland players and the various country clubs.

Let Auckland city send a team to, say, Hamilton or Invercargill, or any other convenient meeting place, to meet a combined team representing the Auckland district. The latter would be composed of representatives from, say, Hamilton, Cambridge, Taunanga, Waikato, Paeroa, etc. They need not all be members of existing clubs. Doubtless many strong players lie hidden in the bush, and would emerge if a challenge were raised abroad. Then the country players could organise a return trip, and play the Auckland, Auckland Workingmen's, Leys Institute, Stanley Bay, and Otahuhu Clubs. No doubt other matches could be arranged on such an occasion. We don't think the expense need stand in the way, at any rate so far as a visit to Auckland is concerned. The visit of the Sheffield Choir has shown what can be done in the way of reducing the cost of a visit.

We believe that such a visit would provide more interest, excitement, and all round enjoyment than even a chess congress, and at less cost.

The reason the Sheffield Choir is here is because it is the best that England can give; and because it is the best, it is most good for us in the overseas Dominion, in my opinion. We are enlightened people, capable of absorbing the best in art that can be provided for us. After ten years' preparation, it is a proud moment for me to be able to say I can command the best all over the world.—*Dr. Chas. Harris.*

GOLF

This paper has been appointed the official organ of the Ladies' Golf Union, New Zealand branch.

Secretaries of ladies' golf clubs are invited to forward official notices, hand-caps and alterations, results of competitions, and other matters of interest, to reach the publishing office not later than the Saturday prior to date of publication.

AUCKLAND.

In the final of the captain's tourney A grade, between Burns and Howden, the former player won the first six holes. The next three were halved, leaving Burns six up at the turn. He won the 10th and halved the 11th. Howden then won the 12th and 13th. The 14th was halved, leaving Burns dormy four. Howden was most unfortunate to drive an exceptionally long ball into the ditch at the 15th, and Burns won the hole and the match, 5 up.

Bruce and Kinder had a most exciting match in the B grade final. Not more than two holes ever separated the players, but Bruce was always up. They were all square at the 6th, 8th, and 9th, and again at the 16th, Bruce winning the next two holes, secured a victory, 2 up.

The second round for the E. Bloomfield Bowl was played, 56 competing. E. A. Dargaville won, with a net score of 81. The following are the best cards handed in:—E. A. Dargaville, 87—6—81; A. Farmer, 102—20—82; E. Poole, 102—20—82; J. B. Lusk, 91—8—82; H. Tonks, 93—10—83; W. McIntosh, 95—12—83; M. Thorne-George, 103—20—84; W. B. Colbeck, 80—3—83; T. D. Ball, 97—13—84; S. Hanna, 96—14—84; C. Nettleton, 92—8—84; J. Sharland, 99—15—84; J. B. Macfarlane, 99—15—84; G. Pierce, 104—18—86; G. A. Miller, 96—12—85.

Concurrently with the above match, D. Hay and J. J. King-well played off their tie of the first round, D. Hay winning with a net score of 94.

WELLINGTON.

Hutt Club.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

WELLINGTON, Saturday.

The Hutt Golf Club played a mixed foursomes' competition this afternoon, in glorious weather. Owing to the recent heavy rain, the course was somewhat muddy, and Brown and Mrs. Bridge's score was really good. The results are as follows:—A. E. Brown and Mrs. Bridge, 1 down; W. T. Wynnard and Mrs. Coverdale, 2 down; J. H. Wagg and Mrs. Gordon, 3 down; S. Turner and Miss Rathbone, 3 down; J. L. Clinie and Miss Phillips, 6 down; J. P. Murphy, and Miss Stuart Forbes, 5 down; W. Callender and Miss Wilson, 5 down.

CAMBRIDGE.

The ladder system started on Coronation Day, when Mrs. N. Banks defeated Miss Beale, and R. J. Roberts and R. Muir finished "all square." Mr. A. H. Nicoll defeated M. Wells.

On Saturday Mrs. Nicoll defeated Miss Brooks, and Miss Richardson defeated Miss Cox, and Miss Swayne defeated Miss Keys.

ROTORUA.

The ladies' and gentlemen's monthly medal competitions took place last week. The links are in very fair order, but the greens are not quite what they might be. The ladies' scores are as follows:—

Mrs. Worthington, gross 64, handicap, 20, net, 44; Mrs. Grove 59—4—54; Mrs. Kusabs 65—13—52; Mrs. Dyson, 70—17—53; Mrs. Crouther, 79—20—59; Mrs. Bonnett, 84—20—64; Miss Marsh, 95—20—75.

In the gentlemen's division, Mr. MacFarlane signalled his return to form by winning the trophy. The following were the scores:—

MacFarlane, gross 97, handicap 10, net 86; Sheriff, 94—8—88; C. Kusabs, 98—4—94; Robinson, 108—8—97; G. Brown, 132—10—116; Redward, 130, 10, 114.

The adjustment of the ladies' handicaps is as follows:—

Mrs. Groves, 4; Mrs. Sheriff, 10; Mrs. Kusabs, 13; Mrs. Worthington, 14; Mrs. Dyson, 17; All others, 20.

POVERTY BAY.

The progress of the A and B tournaments has increased interest in the play on the local links during the past fortnight. The conditions were favourable last week, when the second round in each tournament was played.

"A" Tournament.

Three games were got off in the A. division. G. M. Dodgson was in capital form, and, playing from scratch, easily accounted for W. G. Evans (11) by the large margin of 7 up and 6 to play. Evans played his usual steady game, but had no chance against the brilliant play of his more experienced opponent, who was at the top of his form, and brought in the excellent card of 81 for the full journey.

E. Adair (11) defeated W. Gilson (8), by 2 up. This was an even fight, the pair being all square at the 10th, but Adair, by steady and accurate play, took the last two holes.

W. F. J. Anderson (12) accounted for W. Hamilton Irvine (8) by 4 up and 3 to play. Anderson was in good form, and his approaching and putting were responsible for his comfortable victory.

E. H. Mann and R. U. Burke won their games by default.

J. H. Bull (2), and S. M. Palmer (2), had a great fight in the second round of the A. tournament on Coronation Day. Both men were in good form, and could not get away from each other at any time during the journey over the eighteen holes. It was not until they had arrived at the 21st hole that finality was arrived at, Bull here taking the game by 1 up.

"B" Tournament.

The second round of the B. tournament also caused keen interest.

H. Bennett (2), defeated W. B. Willock (ser.) by 3 up and 2 to play.

G. Grant (1), and F. W. Nolan (ser.) had a hard battle, honours eventually resting with the former by 1 up.

P. G. Andrews (4) accounted for L. T. Burnard (14) by 6 up and 5 to play.

C. Morgan and R. Schurning won their matches by default.

A game in the third round of this tournament was also played, H. Bennett defeating P. H. Hamilton by 2 up and 1 to play.

Hastings v. Waipukurau.

A match between Hastings and Waipukurau took place on the local links on Coronation Day, and the following is the result:—Hastings, 8; Waipukurau, 7. The details are as under:—

Men.—Peacock lost to Banks; Ropata beat Kiely; Richardson beat Fenwick; Ellingham beat Bowie; Harper lost to Mason; Edwards beat White; Hooper beat Baker; Sainsbury lost to Fenwick.

Ladies.—Miss E. Gilbertson lost to Mrs. Murray; Mrs. Harper beat Miss Baird; Miss Hooper lost to Mrs. Pinckney; Miss Gilbertson lost to Mrs. Woodward; Miss Smith lost to Mrs. Borrie; Mrs. Reid beat Miss Lanzaue; Miss Bryant lost to Mrs. Banks.

BLENHEIM.

A large number of enthusiasts attended the Riverland Golf Links last week, when the mixed foursomes were played. The following were the results: Mrs. MacLaine and F. Horton, gross 47, handicap 8—net 39; Mrs. Hulme and F. Reid, 48, 0—40; Mrs. B. Clouston and J.

Riddell, 51, 10—41; Mrs. B. Clouston and B. S. Clouston, 56, 12—44; Miss MacLauchlan and A. J. Wicks, 54, 0—48; Mrs. Sharp and H. Sharp, 58, 10—48; Miss C. Clouston and A. E. Mortimer, 56, 8—48; Miss Ross and F. W. Hart, 57, 7—50; Miss Griffiths and C. P. Hulme, 63, 13—50; Miss N. Mowatt and I. Grace, 62, 11—51.

DANNEVIRKE.

The result of the June competitions played on the Tahoraita links are as follows:—

Knight Cup (second round).—Miss Pettit, 104, 19—85.

L.G.U. Silver Medal.—Miss Pettit, 104, 19—85.

L.G.U. Bronze Medal.—Miss B. Robertson, 128, 40—88.

President's Bracelet.—Miss E. Robertson, 115, 35—80.

Captain's Medal.—Miss Hartgill, 107, 10—97.

Stroke Handicap.—Miss B. Robertson, 136, 40—96.

Bogey Handicap.—Mrs. Prichard, 1 up.

Junior Stroke Handicap.—Miss Wiltshire, 77, 7—70.

The match arranged for Coronation Day between Manawatu and Dannevirke had to be abandoned on account of bad weather.

LADIES' GOLF.

AUCKLAND.

The first round of the Electric match for Mrs. Carr's trophy was played last Monday, when nearly 60 players took part. Some of the best cards handed in were those of Miss Ethelna Pierce, Gwen and Rachel Gorrie, N. Upton, and W. Cotter, all of whom had a fair sprinkling of 4's and 3's.

The second round of this match will be played on Monday, 10th.

The July handicap medal match was played on Monday, July 3, in glorious weather, and resulted as follows:—Mrs. W. Colbeck, 124—40—84 (winner); Miss May Cameron, 123—38—85; Miss Winnie Cotter, 104—19—85; Miss Thorp, 123—34—89.

Waitemata v. Maungakiekie.

The lady members of the above clubs played a match, which resulted in a win for Waitemata. The following is a list of the matches played: Miss Souter (M.) beat Miss Hudson (W.), 4 and 3; Miss Macklow (M.) beat Miss Craigmill (W.) 1 up; Miss F. Duder (W.) beat Mrs. Ferguson, 2 and 1; Miss Bray (W.) beat Miss Gordon (M.), 4 and 2; Miss Newell (W.) beat Miss Barstow (M.), 1 up; Miss Kirker and Miss G. Graham, all square; Mrs. Martin (W.) beat Mrs. Hardy, 3 up.

CHRISTCHURCH.

A golf match was played on Monday afternoon at the Shirley Links between teams which were picked by the captain (Mrs. Boyle) and the secretary (Miss Nora Campbell). The competition resulted in a rather easy win for the secretary's team.

MANAWATU.

On Tuesday the seniors played a stroke competition for a trophy presented by Mrs. F. Seifert. Following were the results:—Miss Sylvia Abraham, 100, 23—83; Mrs. L. Seifert, 107, 22—85; Mrs. Adams, 121, 33—88; Miss Moore, 108, 19—89; Miss Wray, 93, scratch—93.

Napier v. Manawatu.

The above match was played at Palmerston North between teams of six a-side on Friday morning, and resulted in a win for the home team by 4 games to 2. The results were as follows, Manawatu players being mentioned first:—Miss Sybil Abraham 0 v. Miss Hindmarsh 1; Mrs. L. A. Abraham 0 v. Miss M. Hindmarsh 1; Mrs. Mellish 1 v. Miss M. Cross 0; Miss Moore 1 v. Miss Macfarlane 0; Miss Sylvia Abraham 1 v. Miss Clarke 0; Miss E. McLennan 1 v. Mrs. Kelly 0.

INTERPRETATION OF RULES.

(By "DORMY.")

There seems still to be considerable laxity in adopting the new Rules of Golf as amended and adopted by St. Andrew's two years ago.

The point as to whether a club may be grounded on permanent grass in a "hazard" is one that has been troubling both English and colonial clubs.

The definition of a hazard in the old code (now superseded) used to read:—"A 'hazard' is any bunker, water (except casual water), sand, path, road, railway, whin, bush, rushes, rabbit scrape, fence, or ditch. Sand blown on to the grass, or sprinkled on the course for its preservation, bare patches, sheep tracks, snow, and ice, are not hazards. Permanent grass within a hazard is not part of the hazard."

In the new code (now in force) the definition is altered to read thus:—"A hazard is any bunker, water (except casual water), sand, path, road, ditch, bush, or rushes. Sand blown on to the grass, or sprinkled on the course for its preservation, bare patches, sheep tracks, snow, and ice are not hazards."

The words and clauses given in heavy type above in the old definition are not omitted in the later one merely by accident or because they were superfluous. Committees are directed to provide local rules to deal with railways, rabbit scrapes, and fences, but no further reference is made to permanent grass in hazards. The inference from this is that permanent grass is part of the hazard, and must be so treated in accordance with rule 25 (new code).

As a further support of this view, the following query and answer from the column "Points and Problems" in *Golfing* (19th January, 1911) may be quoted:—Query: "Is one allowed to ground one's club on grass in a hazard, or does permanent grass in a hazard now form part of the hazard?"

Answer: "Permanent grass in a hazard is part of the hazard."

The answer seems to have been taken as correct, as no exception to it has appeared up to date 18th May.

Again in *Golfing*, 11th May, 1911, several decisions by the Rules of Golf Committee were given. The Sundridge Park Golf Club submitted to the committee this point:—"H. Hummocks, groups of hummocks and grass bunkers have been artificially formed on this course. May the club be grounded on these hummocks and in the grass bunkers?"

Answer:—"A 'bunker' is a depression in the ground where the natural soil is exposed and sometimes top-dressed with softer soil or sand. It is the duty of the authorities in charge of the golf course to define its hazards by local rule. In the absence of a local rule defining these hummocks and grassy depressions as hazards, the club may be grounded."

This answer surely makes it plain that if these places had been declared "hazards" by the club authorities, clubs could not be grounded even though the whole hazard were composed of permanent grass.

The Encyclopaedia Bradfordica.

Clubhouse.—A Tabernacle wherein Terminological Inexactitudes are allowed full scope. A "Bridge" resort, occasionally used for the purposes of Golf.

Dormy.—(From the Latin Dormio, to sleep). A term signifying the impossibility of your opponent or opponents drawing the stakes. A pleasant position—for the person Dormy; though in the true sense of the word "to sleep" would be fatal. It is often the prologue to what is known as the "Bye," and "Bye-Bye," which again is a term signifying in juvenile language "To sleep."

Handicapper.—An unfortunate person whose duty it is to handicap. One who tries to act impartially, but never succeeds. A person upon whose head we vent our wrath. One who vouches for our respectability when we play on other courses.

Amateur.—A person who would scorn to accept a monetary consideration for services rendered, such as (1) Golf journalism, testimonials given for wearing apparel, golf balls or clubs, artificial manures, laying out of courses, and suggestions relating to the same. (2) A person who never under any consideration, pays less than 30/ for one dozen golf balls, and who would be grossly insulted if they were offered for less. (3) One who refuses a cheque in lieu of a

prize, such as a monthly medal, or similar competition. (4) A director, manager, or owner of a sports depot. (5) A person who is a shareholder in a company formed for the purpose of making a course and running it for profit. (6) The paid secretary of a club, who often stands in need of sympathy as well as his salary. (7) The person who always pays his own expenses when attending a tournament. (8) A newspaper proprietor who gives, gratis, valuable space in his paper to the report of golf matches, etc. (9) The tradesman who supplies, without profit, any goods to a golf club. (10) A person who writes and gives away gratis a book on the game. (11) Any person who makes nothing out of the game such as stewards, waiters, etc.

Putter.—A type of club used in playing the game, the design of which has given rise to much trouble, chiefly of an international character, though in one instance, an English design has been declared illegal, probably for the purpose of showing that the authorities are strictly impartial. A club, whose peculiarities are many. Though its work is of a gentle nature, it has been the cause of much abuse. Strong men, by its idiosyncrasies, are reduced to the level of infants. Dignitaries of the church have imperilled their calling, and persons of mild disposition have been turned into vicious characters. The peculiarity of its character chiefly rests on its inability to guide a round object into a hole from distances ranging from 1 foot to 10 yards.

Duffer (Scottish), Silly Ass (English).—A person who Duffs, that is misses a stroke that he meant to hit. Ergo, we are all Duffers. In a general sense, one who never does anything but Duff, but should be eventually get a good stroke he is not altogether a Duffer. A person who—in our opinion—defeats us, though there is no term for what we were ourselves on these occasions. One, who in the playing of a stroke, removes turf unintentionally, hence the expression To Duff. It does not follow that the winner of a tournament is not a Duffer, but merely that he is less of a Duffer than the other duffers he has defeated.

Handicap.—As applied to Golf, that which is given to a player to counter-balance his feeble efforts. Something that we value as life itself, inasmuch that, by its assistance, we are enabled to annex money, which is a necessity to life, therefore equivalent to life. A cause of much strife in a club, for whilst a few may be found who require a little, the vast majority are eager for more. That which keeps four players exchanging compliments on the first tee, whilst others are waiting their turn. A player is handicapped if he is plus, though in this case the respect shown to him goes far to reconcile him to his unfortunate skill. A scratch man cannot be said to be handicapped, for his handicap is nil, which is nothing, therefore no handicap.

Stymie.—A bone of contention. An art in which our opponents excel. That which prevents us from taking that to which we have a lawful claim. An ancient form of golf that for some unknown reason is still employed. A scapegoat to bear the blame of defeat, as, for instance the common expression, "I should have won but for 18 stymies."

Plus Man.—He whose skill is such that his score is increased, instead of reduced. The last Court of Appeal in golf clubs. One who is familiar with the rules and everything appertaining to the game. A person to whom all others give way if overtaken. A green expert. One who holds all offices in a club.

Beginner.—One who is on the threshold of trouble. A debutante whom nobody takes any notice of—except to censure. A friend of the professional. A person seen, but seldom heard. One not conversant with the rules or etiquette of the game. A person who invariably starts in the middle of a crowd. A destroyer of clubs and mutilator of rubber. A person whose welcome by the treasurer is of recent date.

Professional.—A person always on the qui vive for what he can make by his skill in playing the game. Those whose skill will never make anything are also guilty. Those who play matches for a monetary consideration. The person whose expenses are invariably paid to tournaments. A person who is purely a clubmaker, is neither one thing nor the other, and his status cannot be defined. An optimist, who anticipates victory, and can always explain the reason it was withheld. When a person is not a professional it does not follow he is an amateur.

Opponent.—The person who condescend to play with. The imagined "soft thing" that often proves otherwise. "One who opposes our interpretation of the rules, ergo, A person of little intelligence."

Partner.—The sharer of our joys and sorrows. "One who assists in disposing of the pretensions of opponents. A person who is solely the cause of our defeat. A synonym of confederate, or one who assists in the spoliation of our adversaries."

Bogey.—A term used in golf to describe a mythical opponent. One whose play is perfect, and at times marvellous, such as when playing against a hurricane. There are players considered better than Bogey, but cannot compare for consistency and accuracy. Bogey is of English birth and has never been popular in Scotland, owing no doubt to the difficulty experienced in defeating him. Bogey has no official sanction, being non-existent in the minds of those who frame the rules. An opponent who never speaks, praises, nor deprecates our play.

Golf.—A game. A wrecker of homes. A thing that entices a person from business. Something that lifts us to the heavens only to hurl us to the depths. The enemy of the medical profession. A teacher of language. A legitimate excuse for all things. A panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Caddie.—A privileged person. An outlet for vituperation. An idiot.

—Harry Fulford in "Golfing."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Golfing Census.—There is a total of something like 1,700 clubs in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

The number of players in different clubs, of course, varies in an extraordinary degree. The membership of the Royal and Ancient Club is over 900. Mid-Surrey's membership is 850. These figures are of course exceptional, and are counter-balanced by small memberships at the other end of this scale. All things considered, and allowing each player to be counted only once, no matter to how many clubs he may belong, it seems to me that an average of 250 golfers per club is well under the mark, and that there are no less than 430,000 regular players playing the game within the borders of the four seas. These figures take no account of ladies' golf, for which the careful organisation of the I.G.U. provides quite definite statistics. The number of clubs is 356, and the membership about 42,000. Roughly speaking, there are about as many more clubs not yet affiliated to the Union, and allowing for the fairly large number of courses in which there is no separate club for the fair sex, we may safely put down the number of lady players at not less than 90,000. And what about the overseas population? The membership of the Cairo Club, for instance, is probably as large as that of any club in the world for it numbers 1,000. The Calcutta Club has 650 members, the Shaughai Club 600, of whom 80 are ladies. Capetown has 470, Brussels and Ostend between them number 850, Madrid 360, and Melbourne 400. In view of these examples, this would give us a total of 320,000 foreign and colonial players, and bring the golfing population of the world out at 840,000, exclusive of the vast battalions of the un-enrolled, who like the game sufficiently to play occasionally, but do not think it worth while to join a club, or who only take out visitors' tickets at some summer golf resort.

The Overworked Secretary.—There is a pathetic little notice in a certain clubhouse in the South of France. It reads: (1) The Secretary does not undertake to settle private fracas, arising out of matches. (2) The Secretary does not give small change. (3) The Secretary does not give lessons in golf, nor sell golf balls, or golf clubs. (4) The Secretary does not undertake to arrange matches—not even mixed four-somes. (5) The Secretary does not arrange hours for practice or playing with the professional. There is a world of incomprehending patience in those five brief notices. Poor Secretary!

The Ladies' International.—After a long absence the "Miller" Shield returns to England. The matches were full of interest, and the return of Miss Dorothy Campbell to take part once more for Scotland, and of Mrs. Ross (Miss May Hezlet) in the Irish team, naturally much increased their interest. The Irish champion, Miss Harrison, and Miss

Grant Suttie, the Open Champion, had a great tussle, ding-dong all the way. Miss Grant Suttie winning on the 10th green. Behind them came Mrs. Ross and Miss Campbell. Neither player was at her best, for their best takes a lot of beating. Mrs. Ross being obviously out of practice and not physically able to endure the strain of two international and strenuous matches in one day. Miss Campbell was out in 41 and stood 3 up; then Mrs. Ross won the 10th, the 11th was halved. She took the 12th and 13th, and the match was square at the 18th. Miss Campbell missed her drive at the 19th, which hole Mrs. Ross won in a perfect 4. Miss Campbell again was defeated by Miss C. Leitch, 4 up and 2, who played for England. Miss Grant Suttie beat Miss Bertha Thompson, 4 and 3, the former playing for Scotland. England once more holds the much-coveted shield and Scotland takes second place.

In the afternoon a match took place between a team of British players who had not played in the Internationals and a team representing the Colonies and U.S.A.—Miss Martin (U.S.A.) (5 and 4) 1. v. Miss Mather 0; Miss Harvey (Canada) 0. v. Miss Collett (6 and 4) 1; v. Miss Nesbit (Canada) 0. v. Miss R. Grant Suttie (6 and 4) 1; Miss Elkins (U.S.A.) 0. v. Miss Graham (2 up) 1; Miss Collins (New Zealand) 0. v. Miss Pigg (4 and 2) 1; Miss Pooley (British Columbia) 1. v. Miss Marsden 0; Mrs. Carrington Smith (U.S.A.) 0. v. Miss Cumnick (6 and 5) 1; Miss Fownes (U.S.A.) 0. v. Miss Brown (3 and 2) 1; Mrs. Gilman Brown (U.S.A.) 0. v. Miss Temple at 10, 1.

In Four Acts.—Act I.—"A" having just arrived at a strange golf course, proceeds to enlighten the natives upon the wonderful distance he gets from the tee. Result is that a large crowd gather to see him drive off. Act II.—Takes out his driver, swings viciously at the ball, which in turn spins off some forty yards down the course into the edge of the rough. Act III.—"Say, Caddie, how far is that hole, anyway?" Caddie: "Two hundred and twenty yards." Act IV.—(Glaring at caddie, and reaching for bag: "Well, why in the devil didn't you say so at first? Gimme an iron.")

An Extraordinary Carry.—I was watching the champion play (says Mr. Darwin) on the Delamere Forest course, Cheshire. He was not playing particularly well—for him—but he made one

shot which no one who saw it will ever forget. There was a strong adverse wind, and there was a cross bunker guarding the green at an incredible distance away from him—so far off that most ordinary people would have thought they had done well if they had reached the bunker with the last expiring trickle of the ball's run. The ground was new and rather rough, and Braid's ball lay on a fairly steeply hanging slope. Under these conditions he called for his driver—a nominally straight-faced device, mark you, not a brassie—and gave the ball the most astonishing thump. It never flew more than a few yards from the ground; it cleared the bunker and finished on the green. Braid's only comment on it was that the ball lay well for the shot. So it did, I suppose, in that if he had teed his ball he could hardly have hit it so far against the wind. But the lie was one from which the most ambitious would have taken a spoon, and even so they would have been as proud as peacocks if they had not topped the ball. More ordinary people would have been satisfied to something in the scuffling line with a driving iron. As to a driver, it was merely absurd.

A GENUINE HAIR GROWER.

We have received the following recipe from a correspondent who has found it to be of great value. Our correspondent says that this mixture is a hair tonic which, if rubbed briskly into the scalp night and morning with the finger tips, will not fail to promote the growth of hair, to remedy baldness, to restore gray hair to its natural colour, and to destroy dandruff.

Take 1 dram of Menthol Crystals and put them into a bottle containing 3oz. of Bay Rum and see that they are entirely dissolved, then add 1oz. of Lavone de Compose, and if desired one teaspoonful of To-Kalon perfume. Shake well and let it stand for half-an-hour when it will be ready for use.

Other readers will doubtless be glad to try this remedy which our correspondent has sent. We understand that the ingredients may be obtained from any chemist.

Caution.—As this is doubtless a remarkable hair grower, it should be applied only where hair is desired.—(Ad.)

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TERMS CASH.



By WHALEBONE.

PICTURES.

July 6 and 7—Gisborne R.C. Winter. July 13, 19, 22—Wellington R.C. Winter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"WAGGER" (Otago).—It is not known definitely how Dan Kelly met his end, but he is supposed to have been shot at the famous fight at Glenrowan. His brother Ned was hanged.

"WAGGER" (Victoria Street).—The Dan is twelve years old.

Master Thorpy was schooled again at Ellerslie on Wednesday, his display being much better than previously.

The Auckland horseman, A. Judan, was riding at the Napier Park meeting, but failed to meet with any success.

All going well in the meantime. It is stated that E. Pope will leave for Wellington with Miss Explosion on the 10th inst.

J. Williamson left for Gisborne on Saturday with Okahau, First Barrel and Scotch, all of which are engaged at the Gisborne meeting.

H. Gray is now one ahead of A. Whitaker in the contest for the Jockey championship. The fulfil promises to be very exciting one.

The gelding Dombis has been purchased and the mare Lyonia leased by a patron at W. Sharpe's stable, and they are now under that trainer.

Mr John Rowe has been appointed to represent the Auckland Trotting Club at the N.Z. Trotting Conference to be held in Wellington this month.

The much-bounced Cullinan still continues a failure. It would be interesting to know the amount the son of Royal Fusilier has cost punters during the past season.

When he returns from Gisborne with Miss Ada, W. Sharpe will leave for Wellington with Don Quix and Keaulani, both of which are engaged at the southern fixture.

F. Ross has decided not to make the trip to Gisborne, the form shown by his horses Dumbon and Mooshen in their work of late not being sufficiently encouraging to take them away from home.

The showing of Te Aral at the recent Napier Park Meeting shows that the son of Monaco is fast retaining the form which earned him the title of the champion steeplechaser of the Dominion.

The Birkenhead gelding Wirral is slated to be likely to turn out useful over big country. He is reported to have given a fine display of jumping in the event he won at the Napier Park Meeting.

During the week F. Steuding had Mr. Bennett's two colts on the tanks at Ellerslie. The youngsters are fast getting into shape, and promise to develop into the champions of the thoroughbred.

A meeting of the N.Z. Sporting League is called for in Wellington this month about the time the N.Z. Racing Conference meets. Present indications point to a large number of Aucklanders being present.

F. Tonge paid a visit to the Waikato during the week and bought back a six-year-old colt by Stephen from a rising and a rising four-year-old pony by Blunlight from a South mare. The pair are now being handled.

W. Sharpe left for Gisborne on Saturday with Miss Ada, which claims engagements at the Gisborne meeting next week. It was intended to take Krouth to Gisborne also, but eventually it was decided not to ship the son of Stepmat.

The weights for the C.I.C. Grand National events are due on the 7th inst. After his experience last year, when some trouble was experienced through entrance winding at Gisborne, Mr. Henry will probably not issue the adjustments before time.

The contractor for the formation of the Auckland Trotting Club's track is making good progress with the work, and it should be ready well within the contract time. When completed, the track will be one of the fastest, if not the fastest, in the colony.

The Gold Reef gelding Eborado was very lame after competing in the Napier Park

Steeplechase, and was with difficulty got back to his stable. It transpired afterwards that his fetlock was put out, and it is said to be doubtful if he will ever race again.

The old cross-country horse Irish is to be pensioned off for life, and J. Williamson has made arrangements for him to be turned out at Mr George Currie's station, Wangamui. It is pleasing to see owners adopting this course with their faithful old servants.

After his return from Gisborne J. Williamson will take in hand a couple of sons of Salvidan, one from Blensh and the other from a Son-Westler mare. The pair have been turned out for some three years, and promise to give some fun when they are handled.

Mr Thos. Bowling, owner of Antarctic, is at present away at a seaside resort on a health-seeking mission. Antarctic is getting through steady work at Ellerslie, but a lot will probably depend upon his owner being able to accompany him whether he will be taken South or not.

The Auckland mare Fuss had had luck at the recent Napier Park Meeting, running second in the two events she contested. Fuss was sent out favourite on both occasions, and is stated to have met with a lot of interference on the first day, but was easily beaten on the second day.

If Wauchope is taken to Wellington, he will have a big following in the Stewards' Handicap, in which he is nicely treated with 10.8. Mr. King was in town yesterday, and informed me that all going well in the meantime Wauchope would be taken South to fulfill his engagements.

Had Mr Pollock, the Wellington Club handicapper, witnessed the running at the A.R.C. Winter Meeting, he would probably have deemed it advisable to put more than 9.11 on John, while Whakawera might have also been asked to carry a few pounds more.

A meeting of the Auckland Racing Committee was held on Thursday, when the protest lodged by the owner of Ary against Pielades was considered. After some discussion it was decided to consider the matter at the ordinary meeting next month, and to ask the interested parties to be present.

If Mr Pollock's adjustment for the Wellington Handicap is any guide, Max or Paul must have improved out of all knowledge since leaving Auckland. The son of St. Paul is weighted at 10.11, the only other horses above him in the handicap being the cracks, Paisano, Continance, and Wimmera.

The difference in handicappers. When Epsom Lass and Fuss were last handicapped in Auckland the former was asked by Mr Morse to carry 10.1 and the latter 9.12. Since then Fuss has run a couple of seconds in moderate company, and Mr Pollock in handicapping the pair asks Fuss to carry 10.1 and drops Epsom Lass to 9.0, the minimum.

The Auckland-owned horse Honza made some amends for his previous failures by accounting for the Park Steeplechase on the second day of the Napier Park meeting. On the opening day the son of Regal was only beaten a head, but on the concluding day he made no race of it, winning anyhow. Honza was a warm favourite in both his races, being an odds-on chance on the first day.

In Auckland Projeffite was looked upon as a good thing for the Stewards' Stakes on the opening day of the Napier Park meeting, and some disappointment was felt when it was found that he had finished out of a place. According to a Southern report, there was lots of straggling in the event, Gray, on Projeffite, being forced on the rail, and having his best cut through, while Oliver, on Arion, had his trousers torn. Some comment was occasioned through the stewards taking no action in the matter.

If North East can jump, and it has to be presumed he can, Mr. Pollock has given him a great chance in the Wellington Winter Handicap. Good performers on the flat are exceptionally well treated in hurdle races by handicappers nowadays.

A great number of estimates as to the amount of money won by the late King Edward have been published from time to time, but none have been correct. However, in a book recently published about the sporting side of the life of the great pacemaker, the following figures are given as accurate:—Won in stakes, £146,334 10s; fees earned by handicappers, £268,195 5s; sales

of horses, £73,911; total, £498,749 15s. The late King began racing in 1890, and died early in 1910.

A meeting was held last Friday at Tattersall's Club, when it was decided to form the Auckland Gun Club. Mr. W. H. Hazard was in the chair. Officers were elected as follows:—President, Mr. H. H. Huyr; vice-presidents, Messrs. T. B. Frost, W. Buckland, and A. Secomb; committee, Messrs. W. H. Hazard, J. Munn, J. O'Dowd, M. Wilson, B. Potter, L. Wilson, and C. Coleman; secretary, Mr. W. Curtis; treasurer, Mr. J. Williamson; auditor, Mr. J. McCallach. The meetings will be held at Ellerslie. It was decided to affiliate with the New Zealand Gun Association and about under their rules.

In commenting on Wild West's win at Ellerslie, a Sydney exchange says:—There was a deal of fussing before a postive favourite could be found for the Rosehill Queen Mary Stakes. For a time Gigan dra held the fort, with the New Zealand horse Wild West and Mundeio hard upon him. Present at this time was hovering at a long price, with Precious and Master Maid in the same vicinity. At the death, however, things changed completely, as Precious became a solid favorite, Wild West, Precious, Mundeio, and Master Maid going back to fairly long prices. After the speedy Precious had forced the pace to the home turn Wild West joined him, and the pair resulted in touch to the distance, where the New Zealander came on, followed by Gigan dra, and after a desperate finish Wild West won by a head. Mundeio ran a good horse, but was disappointed in not getting through at the distance, otherwise he might have troubled

the leaders. Wild West was ridden by the New Zealand jockey B. Dreeley. He is only a small one, but has the reputation of being a good one. A rumour went the rounds to the effect that he was let in a long way too light, but the race proved that such was not the case, as he only won by the narrowest margin.

The following nominations were lodged at Christchurch for the Rosehill Gintacs (880yds), 1912:—Messrs. W. G. and G. L. Stuart's b c Bon Rev, by Boniform—Clans; b c Bon Rev, by Boniform—Dremer; b c Bon Rev, by Boniform—Curew Bell; b c Ch'n Ch'n, by Boniform—Drought; and b c by Achilles—Blue Water; Mr. G. D. Greenwood's b c Canute, by Churlmagne II.—Lady Helen; b c Tevoldale, by Achilles—Strathpey; b f Lady Georgia, by Oblitudo—Kitiona.

The "Otago Daily Times," in referring to the Racing Commissioners' report, says:— "We should have thought that even if the Takapuna Jockey Club, which serves the population that is also catered for by the A.R.C., were not abolished, the number of days' racing allotted to it might at least have been reduced to a smaller figure than that fixed by the Commission." To this a Wellington writer replies:—"The writer of that paragraph should compare the total number of returns at the last meeting of the Takapuna Jockey Club and the Dunedin Jockey Club (a fair indication as to the interest and attendance) and then ponder the fact that the Takapuna Jockey Club's dates were reduced from seven to four, while the D.J.C.'s dates were left intact. It is the latter fact which constitutes the great blot on the much-discussed report."

Rheumatic Torture.

The important point in the case of Rheumatism described below is that the sufferer was cured. The Rheumatism was cleared right out of this woman's system, and it didn't return the next time the weather was cold and damp. That is what will interest other people who have Rheumatism, to cure. Mrs. E. J. Smythe, who lives at the corner of Argyle and Frederick Streets, Singleton, N.S.W., was tortured night and day

with the hot burning pains of Rheumatism. Nothing seemed to give her permanent relief, until at last she tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These cured her. The principle of the treatment of Rheumatism with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is their action on the blood and system, enabling it to drive out the Rheumatic poison. You'll wait a long time for rubbing to do this.

"I noticed the Rheumatism first of all coming on gradually in my thighs and knees, and my hands soon became affected and my joints stiffened," said Mrs. Smythe:—

"I felt a numbness in my finger joints and occasional twinges in the shoulders and elbows. I could not kneel without pain, and in church I would have to lift myself up slowly. I would be a couple of months or so like this, and then I would get a spell perhaps, but I never got wholly free. I would feel as if my very bones were burning hot and such dreadful pains would dart through the parts. I was afraid to put my hands in cold water. Some nights I would be so restless for hours, I would not know which way to lie. I would have to walk very slowly. I found the winter months very trying. At times I could hardly hold a needle in my fingers they would be so stiff; but I still kept about, though everything was a trial to do. As to digestion I got so bad with it, I would feel as if I simply could not eat, the food fairly choked me, lying on my chest for hours; it would not go up or down, and the ache between my shoulder blades was dreadful. I was very sallow and thin and had no brightness or energy. I dare not touch anything rich such as pastry. My head would ache splittingly for hours so that I could hardly hold it up. My heart would palpitate furiously and a hot fluid would rush up my throat every now and then. I felt so wretched it was no exaggeration to say I would have been glad to die. Every day was full of racking pain, my finger joints became twisted, and both my complaints seemed to settle more firmly as time went on. I could not find anything to do me good although I tried everything I heard, till at last I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I owe my health to them. Before I had started the second box I felt ever so much better. I kept on steadily taking three pills every day. Slowly the Rheumatism passed out of my system, the joints gradually became supple again, and the pain less and less. I found my food beginning to digest and to nourish me so that I lost my sallow look, and put on flesh. The pain in my chest and the tightness wore off, and by the time the fifth box was empty I was able to leave off the remedy. I can eat anything I like now and get about quite freely. I feel altogether a different being."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood and tone the nerves. As well as Rheumatism, they have cured Anemia, indigestion, Sciatica; 3s. a box, 16s. 6d. for six boxes from all medicine dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia Ltd., Wellington.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Music and Drama.

By **BAYREUTH.**

BOOKINGS.

(Dates subject to alteration.)

AUCKLAND—HIS MAJESTY'S.

July 17 to 22—Auckland Amateurs ("Pirates of Penzance").
July 24 to August 5—"Jack and the Beanstalk."
August 14 to September 2—"The Arcadians."

WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE.

July 6-20—Clarke and Meynell, "The Arcadians."
July 29, August 4—"The Scarlet Troupers."
August 7-16—J. and N. Tait.
August 17-26—J. C. Williamson, "Pantomime, "Jack and the Beanstalk."
August 28, September 4—Florence Itaine Comedy Company.
September 11-20—Clarke and Meynell.
October 5-25—J. C. Williamson.
November 3-16—Clarke and Meynell.
December 2-16—Maxwell Dramatic Co.
December 23, January 16—J. C. Williamson.

Sheffield Voices and Choral Music in New Zealand.

DR. HARRISS has already let it be understood that he hopes next year to see a still larger body of British musicians make a world-wide tour. The proposal has a tremendous lot to recommend it, in the eyes of all enthusiasts who are anxious to see music advance in this Dominion along the lines that have already been developed in Britain. Without entering into the controversial question as to what prices should be paid to hear such a fine body of voices which Dr. Harriess has brought to this country, the visit of the Sheffield Choir will do a lot to raise existing conceptions of what is good choral singing and what is bad. The eyes and ears of the New Zealand public have been opened. The quality of local efforts takes its true perspective alongside the choir's finished interpretation of a modern oratorio like "The Dream of Gerontius"—even though the opportunity of hearing Elgar's beautiful work was confined to the one performance in each of the centres. It is impossible in one hearing for an audience to grasp the extraordinary wealth of composition which the music reveals at a second or a third hearing. The next time, therefore, that a big choir of representative voices comes to this side of the world, it is to be hoped that it will be found possible to make a more extended stay, to give more concerts, and to reduce the charge for admission.

Example and Defects.

The Sheffield voices we heard can but illustrate what organisation and training can do with a choir. So long as our choral societies are content to rub along in dreary mid-Victorian ruts, reviving old-fashioned and frequently wearisome oratorios, so will concerted singing stagnate. It is surprising to find that in one of our cities at least a choral society's choice of music is determined by a committee, and not by the conductor. The thing is an anachronism. How can music progress if the choice in such matters is left, not with the one man who, it is to be assumed, knows best, but with a number of incompetent local individuals instead of whom music is a pastime and not a profession? I should like to see the committee that would endeavour to decide the choice of a selection where conductors like Dr. Richter or Sir Henry J. Wood are concerned. The allegation of such powers by a committee of amateur musicians is a reflection upon any conductor. It is common sense to conclude that our conductors in New Zealand are capable of choosing a programme which will stimulate musical development and interest the public as well. If they are not, then it is time we had capable men to fill their position.

So far as the Imperial aspect of the visit of Sheffield voices to New Zealand is concerned, well—I think it is not a happy thing to mix up politics with art. British Imperialism is distinctly a movement of party politics aiming to be a national realisation. Music on the other hand, is wholly international. There are no barriers of language or "Dreadnoughts" where art is concerned.

In so far that such a combination of singers has startled the musical populace of the Dominion into the realisation of their own shortcomings, the choir has done good. It has also done splendid service in giving us an opportunity of hearing something like representative choral works of the day. But as for Imperialism, well, the thing in practice is a little bit too sordid to associate with good music.

Shaw On Himself.

Bernard Shaw cannot keep out of print. If he were not so witty and so daring in his literary effusions to the Press he would be an insufferable bore—like Hall Caine, for instance. Shaw; however, is always good reading. He has lately reviewed the review published by "The Morning Post," in London, of Professor Henderson's recent biography of the dramatist, which we noticed in these columns recently. The book has been reviewed, writes G.B.S., on the assumption that I read the proof-sheets and am therefore responsible for everything it contains. This is not the case; though I must add that the fault is mine and not Professor Henderson's. He strove to make me read my own life in manuscript, and strove in vain: I had had enough of it while living it. Although I think that as a whole, the book is a most remarkable achievement, and is perhaps as near the facts as it is the nature of such a work to be, yet there are a few slips in it which have made my hair stand on end. One of them is entitled "a certain character in 'The Doctor's Dilemma'" with Aubrey Beardsley. It is not clear that Professor Henderson, when he wrote, was thinking of the shady side of the character in question; but every reader will suppose that he was. I must therefore declare that I never thought of Aubrey Beardsley in connection with the character of Dubedat, and that I have not the smallest reason for supposing that Dubedat resembles Beardsley in anything except his extraordinary artistic gift and his early death from consumption. Professor Henderson has also ventured on a guess that if I were still a professional critic of music my attitude towards the works of Sir Edward Elgar would be the same as that in which I received certain attempts to resuscitate Eighteenth-Century oratorio by musicians who loved Handel not wisely but too well. On the contrary, I consider that the history of original English music, broken off by the death of Purcell, begins again with Sir Edward Elgar.

There is also a saying attributed to me by Professor Henderson and quoted by Mr Whittleby: "If Henley had been a good fellow I should doubtless have influenced him." Of this sentence I can make neither head nor tail. I repudiate the implication in the first part of it most energetically. And as to the second part, I have no reason to suppose that Henley was not influenced by me.

In reading Professor Henderson's pages it must always be borne in mind that by profession he is a mathematician. Now the higher mathematics are based on the discovery, made simultaneously by Newton and Leibnitz, that by proceeding on inconceivable assumptions, provisional approximations, and impossible hypotheses, you can arrive at trustworthy working results.

Professor Henderson has used this method freely, and the general effect has, on the whole, justified him, but I most earnestly protest against being held responsible for his data. The book makes some statements which are obviously impossible. It contains several interesting and instructive dissertations which are in flat contradiction to one another. It is already attracting a stream of American pilgrims to a house in Osnaburgh-street in which I never lived, and which, as I guess, was photographed by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn in preference to the right house (for I really did live in Osnaburgh-street once) because it reminded him of the subject of one of Whistler's Chelsea lithographs. It contains a portrait of me said to be taken in Dublin in a year, when, as the biography itself shows I was in London when the photograph was actually taken. These things do not matter. The American can worship as devoutly at the ginger beer shop as if Osnaburgh-street were really my first home in London in-

stead of my third, and as if the authentic temple were not in another part of the street. I should not have said a word that could detract from the credit of my friend Henderson's masterpiece were it not that there are people still living who will be glad to know that the few personal references I have mentioned do not pass through my hands, and do not represent any sentiments entertained by me now or at any former time.

Wagner's Autobiography.

Although Wagner was ever known to be a fantastic and a dreamer, his autobiography, which has just made its appearance in London, throws new light on his character, and also of his strong inclination to the mystic, and almost at times to the demonic. We see it in the fascination "Der Freischütz" exercised over him in early childhood, and later came the overwhelming effect of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. He tells of an experience at Spiez in September, 1853.

Sick and exhausted, he tried in vain to sleep on his hard couch, but finally sank into a kind of trance:

"Suddenly I seemed to be sinking in swift-running water. The rushing of the water took on the musical sound of an E flat major chord, which was tossed hither and thither by the waves, and continually breaking up into melodious variations of ever-increasing movement, yet never losing the perfect harmony of the chord, which, by its persistency, appeared to wish to impart some infinite signification to the element in which I was sinking. With the sensation of waves roaring high above my head, I awoke in a fright from the trance. Then I immediately recognised that the orchestral prelude to 'Des Rheingold,' which had long been in me, but which I had never been able to properly find, had arisen."

Of the "Sturm und Drang" period, Wagner relates that he had in April, 1857, found rest for the first time after bitter circumstances.

Gazing from his window into the spring sunshine, he remembered it was Good Friday. The connection of this fact with the recollection of Wolfram's "Parsifal" took possession with such force that he

immediately constructed and sketched the entire drama.

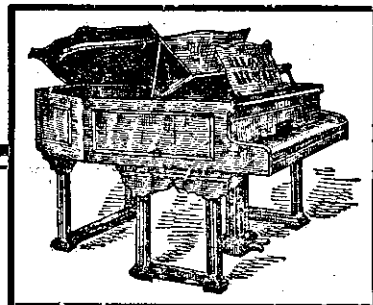
A description of the misery of his union with Minna Plauer and his years of poverty in Paris read the reader's heart. Once he walked from his poor dwelling at Meudon to Paris, to beg or borrow 5f, but was forced to return the long and weary way without it. When, however, a butcher or a baker could be prevailed upon to give them credit, everything was rosy for the moment.

Wagner gives ample evidence of his well-known god-intuited humour in his description of the people who played a part in his life. There is the fat Kapellmeister Polenz, who conducted Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the cheerfulness of a Haydn scherzo, and a Leipzig fellow-student who was physically so terribly strong that nobody ventured to tell him how stupid he was; and there is a corpulent bass singer of the Magdalen Opera, who made love to his manager's wife in order to get his salary paid punctually. Among the friends who understood and assisted the struggling young musician most was the famous singer, Franz Schroder-Devrient, whose dramatic greatness inspired his idea of Senta in "The Flying Dutchman," and to whom Wagner repeatedly and warmly acknowledges his deep debt of gratitude.

Early Experiences.

Relating in his memoirs his early experiences, the Master Mind of Grand Opera says that when at the age of 9 he was introduced to Weber, the latter asked his mother whether the boy was likely to become a musician. His mother replied that, although Richard was perfectly mad about the opera "Der Freischütz," she had never yet noticed anything in him that pointed to musical talent. He was the only one of his family not allowed to learn to play the piano, his mother fearing that if he did so it might awaken his slumbering affection for the theatre. Thus, when his love for music overpowered him, he began to learn secretly, and also devoted himself to the study of harmony, whereby he totally neglected all his school studies.

When he became a student at Leipzig



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University he plunged into a fighting corps, wore the colours proudly, and narrowly escaped some serious duels. The manner in which Wagner describes what was a tragic episode of his student days, the unsparring way in which he confesses his faults, throws new light upon his character. In simple but exceedingly moving words he tells of the gambling passion that held him like a demon; his long run of ill-luck maddened him; he lost interest in all else but play. Indifferent to the opinion of his former companions, he vanished from their midst, passing night after night with only the lowest of students in the small gambling houses of Leipzig. With dull apathy he bore the contempt of his sister Rosalie, who, like his mother, rarely caught a glimpse of him.

Finally, having lost everything, he used some money he held in trust for his mother, and that, too, was swallowed up with the exception of one thaler. Sick in mind and body—he had eaten nothing for hours—he sat through that terrible night distracted. He knew that the thaler represented his whole life and existence, for, that lost, he could never return home, and he saw himself wandering aimlessly in the grey of the morning through the fields and woods—a prodigal son. Suddenly, while on the verge of despair, he won and won again. Mechanically he staked again, and still he won, until there was sufficient to repay all his debt. The warmth that filled his soul and body was, he says, of a sacred nature; he felt that he was not abandoned by God and His angels; he felt a holy presence whispering warning and consolation. He was cured. He went home and slept soundly for hours, and awoke new born.

Deterred by no sense of shame, he told his mother of his experience in that momentous night, and returned her money, under acknowledgment of his sin. She folded her hands and thanked God for the grace He had shown her son, and expressed her firm conviction that he was saved, and that temptation would never again assail him. This was actually the case, and Wagner then threw himself with renewed ardour into his musical studies, entering upon a new and serious phase.

The publication of the autobiography is the greatest event of the year in musical literature, and likely to exert considerable influence on the varied opinions that exist as to his marvellous qualities of philosopher, poet, mechanic, librettist, and musician.

Santley's Farewell.

Before some tens of thousands of listeners, Sir Charles Santley, his score trembling vibrantly in his hands, sang at the Crystal Palace for the last time in London recently. Despite the gaiety of the scene there was no little melancholy in this farewell of the greatest singer England has ever produced.

Sir Charles looked touchingly bent and frail, according to all accounts, but his voice rang out across the vast spaces—the Crystal Palace is a Sahara among concert halls—with surprising resonance. He sang Gounod's "There is a green hill far away" and "Honour and Arms" of Handel with such polished style as to prove that it would still be a true pleasure, quite apart from the sentiment of the thing, to hear his relic of a glorious voice—Sir Charles is aged seventy-seven—in a less inordinately huge hall. Patti, Albani, and Santley have been making farewell appearances for years, so that there may be "absolutely the last appearance" to come yet. The British public is used to this sort of thing, pays up hand-somely, and continues to marvel at the vitality and power of its favourites, who have grown old and grey in the service of song.

Moody-Manners Farewell.

Yet another farewell is that of Mr. Charles Manners and Madam Fanny Moody, known to the musical world as the leaders of the Moody-Manners Opera Company, who have both retired from the stage for good. Reviewing his 32 years of opera singing to an interviewer, Mr. Manners, said recently:—"Financially I have been successful. From the artistic point of view I am the most disappointed and disillusioned of men. After all the labour and enthusiasm I have expended over my day-dream—the establishment of a National Opera House in London on a permanent basis—it seems not a bit nearer realisation. Not that I am going to give up! The money that has been lost over opera in London, the schemes that have failed—nothing of that discourages me.

I know my scheme is workable, and I am not going to leave off talking about it. If it were adopted, a National Opera House could be brought into existence and could be made to pay without a halfpenny of State aid.

200 Tons of Scenery.

"I am not disbanding my opera company. It is touring now in the north of England, and is making money as usual. There, is the organisation, with 200 tons of scenery, 80 tons of costumes, and band parts of 25 operas; the National Opera can have all that for nothing the moment it comes into existence.

"There are hundreds of fresh and beautiful voices waiting in Britain for a chance of recognition. There is more talent there than anywhere else in the world! It is all wasted! There are three touring operatic companies in England to-day. In Italy there are more than three hundred."

"Have you any sentimental regrets at leaving the theatre?" he was asked.

"Regrets? I am thankful to say goodbye to it," Mr. Manners exclaimed warmly. "I am a disappointed man!"

The Dramatic Critic.

So many complaints come from the public both at home and in our own land that dramatic criticism is a force, that the matter seems to deserve some attention. A writer in "M.A.P." says that of late years criticism has been worth little or nothing. He says that the advertisement column, and the bond of good fellowship control Press notices. He then goes on to say: "In London, most theatrical notices can be written before the production, leaving only the plot of the play and its reception to be added on afterwards. In most cases critics can afford to be honest about the play itself; but when it comes to the players, they cannot and do not really speak their minds. Nearly every popular actor is his own manager, which means that he is the man who pays for the daily, weekly, and monthly advertisements.

A rush of flattering Press notices tempts the manager to give the play a good boom in the display columns of newspapers.

Yet even with the play itself the public has long since ignored dramatic criticism. On the night of its production Rudolf Besler's delectable comedy, "Don," was condemned; but it became a success. The same is true of "Raffles" and "Arsène Lupin." On the other hand, several plays are received fulsomely, and do not run three weeks.

One reason why critics do not deal plainly with managers is the bond of personal friendship. Actors are now recognised in Society, and paragraphed by the Press. They meet big critics wherever they go. The manager is a useful friend for the critic to know, and vice versa. The critics enjoy supper-parties, dinners, and free seats. There is also the softening influence of exhilarating champagne.

Critics do, indeed, give fair notices to the players of smaller parts, and often they pick out a clever performance by an unknown actor. All that part of their business is fair and square, because it is not affected by personal friendship or other considerations.

The difficulty with the actor-manager is that he must be mentioned in the Press notice. Not only is mere silence impossible, but the mention of him must in practice be praise.

I remember a case, now many years ago, where a London manager produced a play which became a huge success; but on the first night it was regarded as somewhat ragged. The critic of a certain newspaper happened to be also the composer of the score, and his junior attended the premiere. What the junior wrote caused trouble, and a fortnight later a second notice, of a very different character, appeared in the Press. It was written and signed by the composer, who happened also to be the critic. In the provinces, Press notices are considered to be the only way of bringing good fortune, but they are so uniformly laudatory that nobody really pays any attention to them.

It would be much better for the profession if there were more freedom.

Cannot something be done to restore the absolute independence of the dramatic critic?

Post Pars.

The remedy for this is to make Press notices absolutely independent of any

By Royal Command.

MAGNIFICENT SCENE AT DRURY LANE.

LONDON'S GREATEST ACTORS PARTICIPATE.

LONDON, May 19.

DRURY LANE THEATRE has been the scene of many memorable theatrical performances by Royal command, but the "Command" performance of Lord Lytton's old-fashioned comedy "Money" last Wednesday evening produced a spectacle of overwhelming magnificence and charm, and unparalleled display of great personages, of theatrical talent, of decorative skill and taste; of costly jewels, delightful dresses and feminine loveliness—a theatre pageant unique in its brilliance and beauty.

The "command" performance was for "one night only," but for that night the whole theatre had been converted

climbing as it were to the ceiling, from which masses of pendant foliage drooped between the writhed electric lamps. The deep rich colours of the tulips and carnations were well set off by the white and gold of seats and galleries rising from a sea of lavender carpeting. Flowerlike too were the occupants of the stalls and balconies and boxes. Tier above tier, row by row, were gathered as it seemed all the most beautiful women in London, in royal blue and heliotrope, and purple and pink and shimmering silver, with the light flashing from tiaras of diamonds, from emeralds, rubies, and sapphires. As for the men in conspicuous evening dress, they hardly seemed to count, save as a black and white foil to make the tints of the ladies and the



THAT POINT OF VIEW.

"Now, boys—not a word about my matrimonial affairs—that doesn't concern the public in the least."

into a fairyland of the most beautiful flowers. There were flowers in banks and masses on the staircases and in the vestibules, bouquets of flowers on the backs of the seats in the stalls and on the ledges of the boxes, flowers festooned high up on columns and pilasters, and

hues of blossoms and draperies more vivid by contrast.

It was a night of wonder and beauty, at which Royalty, London society, the stage, and the scenic arts were all displayed in their most brilliant aspects.

"It was well worth waiting for," said an elderly lady, who had formed one of the quene which commenced to form outside the theatre at 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and had spent over 16 hours waiting to obtain admission to the gallery. There alone could payment at the door secure seats, and 5/ was the toll demanded and eagerly paid for them by people who had waited for 12 to 30 hours.

They had their reward in witnessing the finest social theatrical spectacle of, at any rate, modern times. "Old Drury" was a glittering mass of people, the whole house blazing with diamonds and splendid with gorgeous costumes.

At 8.30 p.m. every seat was occupied save those in the Royal box, which for the occasion was a generous contribution of the Grand Tier. The dress circle of the ordinary theatre. It is said that the 18 chairs in the Royal box were genuine Louis-Seize worth £6000.

It was just a minute to nine when a great crash from the band heralded the coming of the Royal party. At once the audience rose to its feet to welcome the Royal guests.

The King and Kaiser took their places in the centre of the row, with the Queen on the Kaiser's right and the Empress on the King's left; and on either side of these central figures were the Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria Louise, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Maud, the Duke of Argyll, the

consideration of advertising or personal friendship. At first it might mean a small monetary loss, but in the end it would mean a financial gain. People read papers which tell the truth. The public expects, and has a right to expect, that criticism of plays shall be sincere. When readers are misled they take no notice of what a paper says, and consequently the circulation declines. Advertising is not a philanthropic proposition. An advertiser only advertises because it pays him to do so, and in the long run he advertises in the paper most widely read. No paper can really command advertisements unless its reading matter is reliable, and in theatrical matters the public looks for absolutely unbiased opinions. Nor should any artist resent fair criticism if it comes from one who knows. To know a fault is half-way to cure it, and indiscriminate praise is no praise. It is easy to understand the difficult position in which the critic is placed. To praise is easy, and gains both friends and appreciation. But a paper owes a duty to the public as well as to itself, and common sense seems to tell us that "puff para" cannot in the long run serve any useful purpose, because they are appraised at their real value by all parties and so defeat the end they are supposed to serve.

Duke of Connaught, the Princess Royal, Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and the Duke of Fife. Behind were the Duchess of Connaught and her daughter, Princess Patricia, and the Duchess of Albany. Both the sovereigns were in evening dress, the King with the ribbon of the Red Eagle and the Emperor with that of the Garter. The Queen wore a dress of blue, with sapphires and diamonds glittered in her hair; the Empress was in black tulle and white lace, on which a great brilliant gleamed like a star, amid smaller stones and emeralds, and all the other Royal ladies were royally dressed and regally jewelled.

The orchestra played the National Anthem, and the green curtain drew up to surprise and enrapture the audience and the royal party with the new act drop. The Kaiser on his white steed saluting the King on a gallant bay; Germania, a noble shield-maiden, gazing earnestly on Britannia, with helmet and trident; fair damsels scattering roses before the Emperor, while the Angel of Peace hovers overhead proffering laurel wreaths to the two potentates. The Kaiser seemed particularly pleased, not was his pleasure lessened as the orchestra turned from "God Save the King" to the animated strains of his own "Song of Aegir."

"As a rule the play is not 'the thing' at these 'command' performances, but on Wednesday night the play certainly attracted a great deal more attention than Lytton's old-fashioned comedy, with its artificial sentiment and stilted rhetoric, would usually command. But then it was 'cast' as no other play ever had been; for the very superiors, the actors who had only half a dozen 'lines' or none at all, were gentlemen who were usually seen only in the most leading of leading parts. You cast your eye on a butler casually crossing the stage, and found that it was no other than Mr. Lewis Waller. The crowd of guests in the great club scene, most of them without speaking parts, included Mr. Winley, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Esmond, Mr. Norman McKinnel, Mr. Sam Sothorn, and a score more of the best-known actors on our stage. Mr. Alexander was Lord Lytton's hero, Sir Herbert Tree played Mr. Graves, Mr. Cyril Maud the egotistical coxcomb, Sir Frederick Blount; Sir Charles Wyndham, Capt. Dudley Smooth, Miss Irene Vanbrugh played Clara Douglas; and then there were Sir John Hare, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. Bourchier, Mr. Laurence Irving, Mr. Edward Terr, Miss Alexandra Carlisle, Miss Winifred Emery, and others, who all looked as if they might have stepped out of an early edition of "Pickwick" or "Vanity Fair."

In a leisurely fashion the five acts were played through, and it was well after midnight before Clara was at length gathered into her lover's arms. The curtain came down only in order to "discover" the whole company grouped picturesquely on the stage, the gentlemen bowing in deep obeisance and the ladies curtseying to Royal guests. A long salvo of applause greeted them, the

NEW ZEALAND COMPETITIONS SOCIETY.

FIRST FESTIVAL AT WELLINGTON NEXT OCTOBER.

The syllabus of the New Zealand Competitions Society's first annual Festival is to hand. The date of the Festival is from 25th October to 4th November next, and it will be held at the Wellington Town Hall. Profiting by the example and methods of the Auckland Society, the Wellington Executive have speedily readied one thing—that is, if you want your competitions to be a success, you must have enterprise—daring enterprise at that, and be not above taking a hint from somebody else. A prize list of £500 cash, and a substantial list of trophies is evidence of the Empire City's determination to make their first Festival worthy of their name and aspirations. The principal judges are to be as follows:—Instrumental section, Mr. Harold Gregson; Elocution, vocal and dramatic, Mr. C. N. Bayertz; Literature, Mr. Chas. Wilson, and Verse, Mr. R. A. Singer.

The classes are very numerous, following along the accepted lines, which are certain to encourage a large number of entries. In the instrumental section, there are all told 22, covering piano solo (over 18), Chopin's Impromptu in A Flat; solo pianist recital, Beethoven's "Rondo a Capriccio" (in G), and Chopin's "Berceuse"; violin, flute, 'cello and cornet solos are included in the list. Another 20 classes covers the vocal section. The last piece for the soprano solo is the "Jewel Song" from Faust, the mezzo soprano solo "Too Late" (Tschaiikowsky) and contralto, "Have I Lost Thee?" from Gluck's opera "Orpheus."

A cash prize of £25, together with challenge shield is offered for the winner of the grand church choir contest, in which there will be three tests.

The elocution section is made up of Shakesperian recitals, and a dialogue, together with a large number of recitations for different ages, character sketches, humorous readings, and a musical monologue.

There will also be comprehensive classes for literature, original verse, oratory and debating, dramatic (including a comedietta or open scene), physical drill and acrobats (boys and girls).

Elsewhere in this issue is given a photograph of the Executive. All communications regarding the syllabus or other matters, should be addressed to Mr. James Dykes, the Secretary, at 149-151, Featherston-street, Wellington.

Kaiser himself leading with a resounding "Hurrah!" Then came one more splendidly spectacular episode as the vast and brilliant audience rose and sang the National Anthem, and then cheer after cheer was given for the King and the Kaiser, while their Majesties bowed in gracious acknowledgment of the compliment, which brought the memorable festival to a fitting close.

MR. HAMILTON HODGES' RECITAL IN AUCKLAND.

After an absence of nearly two years, Mr. Hamilton Hodges proclaimed his return to the city of his former triumphs by giving a recital at the Choral Hall on Monday night. Auckland must have been suffering a recovery in finance from the visit of the Sheffield Choir, for the audience, whilst highly appreciative, were not struggling for admittance as they might have been. It was a recital of manifold excellence. It is only a singer of Mr. Hodges' calibre who can hold an audience for an hour and a-half with a programme of sixteen songs (not including encores), especially when some of them are representative modern works. The complement necessary to the artistic success of a singer with such a programme is, of course, the accompanist. Mr. Cyril Towsey has many gifts in this respect that mark in him the artist. Many students would do well to follow his example, for there is nothing so wretched, and I might add more frequent, than to hear good songs well sung spoilt by indifferent accompanists. With Mr. Towsey to rely on, Mr. Hodges had nothing to fear, and his freedom of voice and elasticity of rendering revealed it.

The impress of the old-world art is on the singer's voice. He returns to New Zealand with a broader field of light and shade, with more subtlety of expression than when we heard him last. The improvement was noted in the breadth of expression he imparted to such songs as Arthur Foot's "Requiem"—a magnificent poem in song—to Macdowell's "The Swan bent low to the Lily," Godard's "Le Voyageur," and also "Bedouin Love Song"—not the hoary unspeakable setting most of us know to our cost, but the modern American version by Chadwick. The latter is a magnificent work, and Mr. Hodges, with his wonderful range and power of expression, did it full poetic justice. The singer is perhaps at his best, and certainly stands alone in his singing "mezzo voce." "L'Oiseau s'envole" was a notable item revealing infinite tenderness and delicacy. In the two classics Beethoven's "Adelaide" and Schubert's "The Wanderer" exactitude of phrasing, clearness of enunciation, and breadth of interpretation were all conspicuous. Mr. Hodges gave the audience a vivid reminder of his earlier achievements in New Zealand by his singing of Wallace's "Firecookers' Songs." The whole cycle, which is remarkable for its vigour and intensity of description, received a very enthusiastic reception from the audience. All told, it was a recital of a quality seldom heard in New Zealand, and proclaimed Mr. Hodges one of the few voices we have which can be relied upon to adequately interpret and reveal the finer compositions of to-day—and yesterday.

Stray Notes.

Providing that suitable dates can be secured, Mr William Anderson will arrange a tour of New Zealand for his juvenile pantomime company with "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe."

The English humorist, Mr. Joseph Black-check, who, with Miss Mildred Wrighton, is touring Australia under the direction of William Anderson, tells some good tramp stories. One is about a lady who, coming to the door in answer to the knock of a burly tramp, said: "Why are you, a great, hulking man, begging?" "Ah, Madam, it is the only profession in which a gentleman can address a beautiful lady without the formality of an introduction."

The tired sub-editor was nodding the other night over a theatrical notice (says the "Bulletin") and this was the sentence that woke him up—"She is no worse than she was 50 years ago." The sub-editor, who had a heart, reached for his blue pencil.

A German publishing firm advertises a musical book by Herman Stephanis, called "Das Erhabene insonderheit in der Tonkunst und das Problem der Form im Musikalisch-Schönen und Erhabenen." The second chapter is said to be just as interesting.

AUCKLAND COMPETITIONS SOCIETY.

12 DAYS' FESTIVAL: NOVEMBER 27 TO DECEMBER 9.

SEASON TICKETS: A very limited number of these Concession Tickets will be issued at the following rates:—ONE TRANSFERABLE TICKET, WITH RIGHT TO RESERVE, £1 1/-; TWO TRANSFERABLE TICKETS, WITH RIGHT TO RESERVE, £2 2/-. Each Ticket admits one person to all sessions for the 12 DAYS.

The Plan of Reserved Seats may be reviewed by Season Ticket Holders prior to Plan being opened to General Public.

Booking Fee: One Shilling per night. The issue of these Tickets will STOP on September 1st.

SCOTT COLVILLE, Managing Secretary, 30 and 31, Empire Buildings, Swanson-st.

PRINCE'S RINK.

Direction, Hayward's Enterprises, Ltd.

NEW MAPLEWOOD FLOOR!!

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ROYAL ROLLER RINK

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SESSIONS: 10 to 12, 2.30 to 5, 5 to 7, 7.30 to 10. POSTER AND FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL TUESDAY, JULY 18.

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STEWART'S PICTURES AND ORCHESTRA.

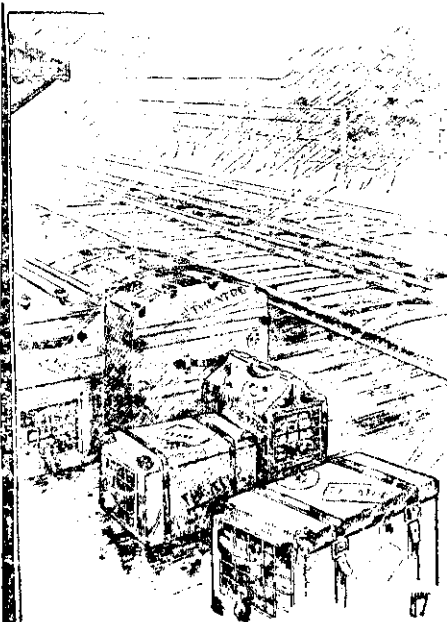
EVERY EVENING. Prices: 1/6, 1/-, 6d.

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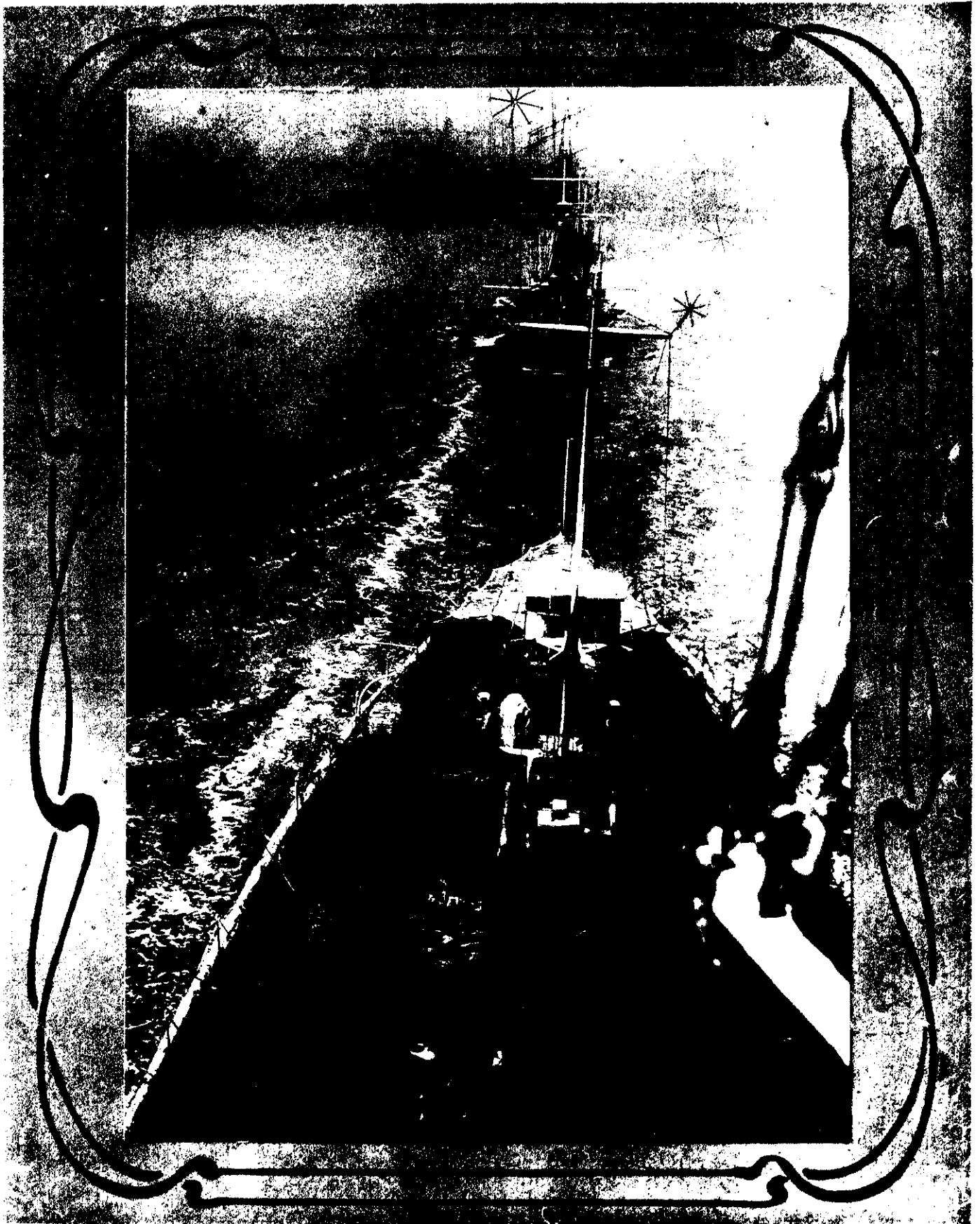


IT LOOKS FUNNY ON THE STAGE, BUT



NOT SO FUNNY ON THE ROAD

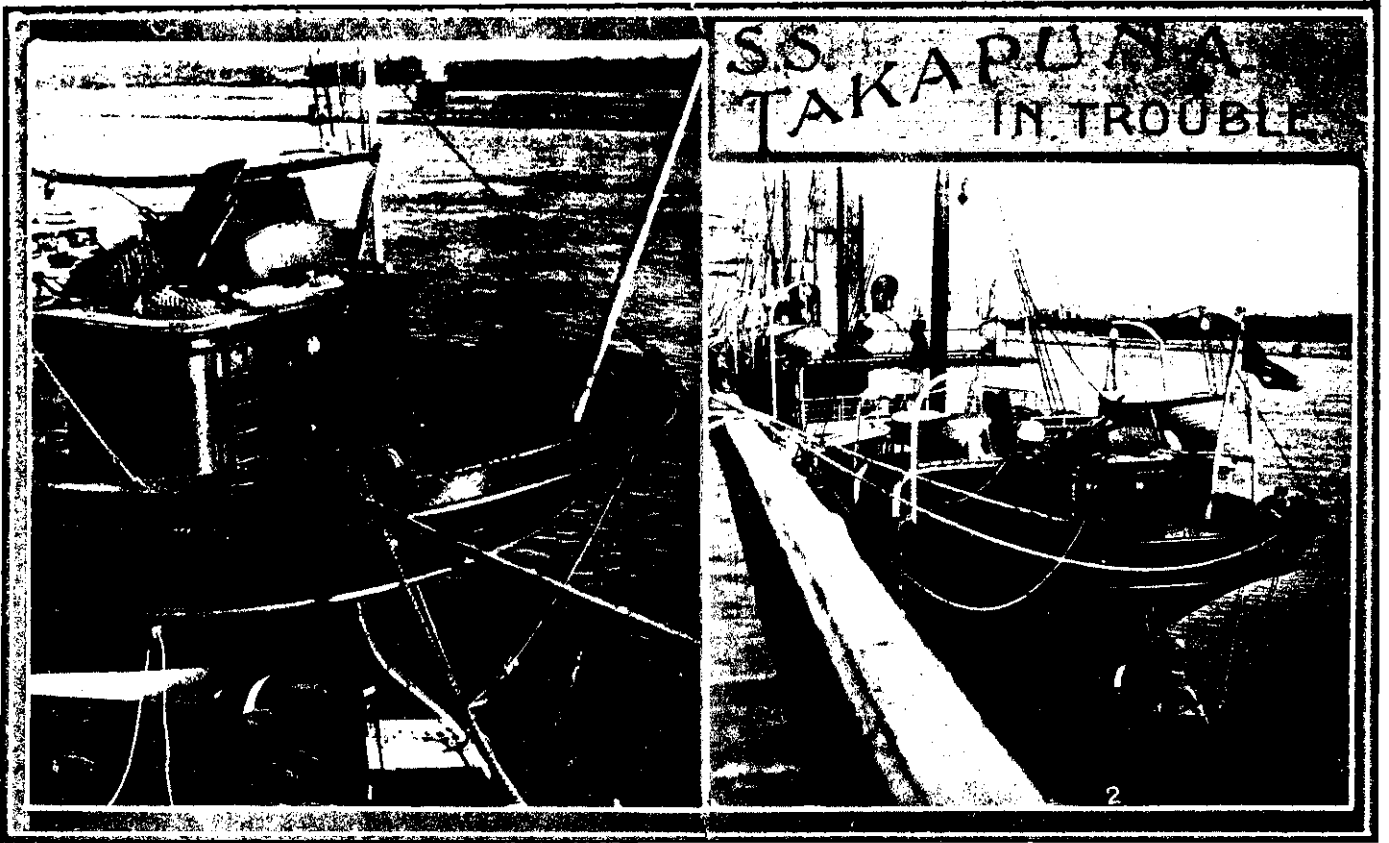
The Weekly Graphic and N.Z. Mail.



Cribb, photo.

WITH THE FLEET AT SEA—ARCTIC WEATHER IN SCOTTISH WATERS.

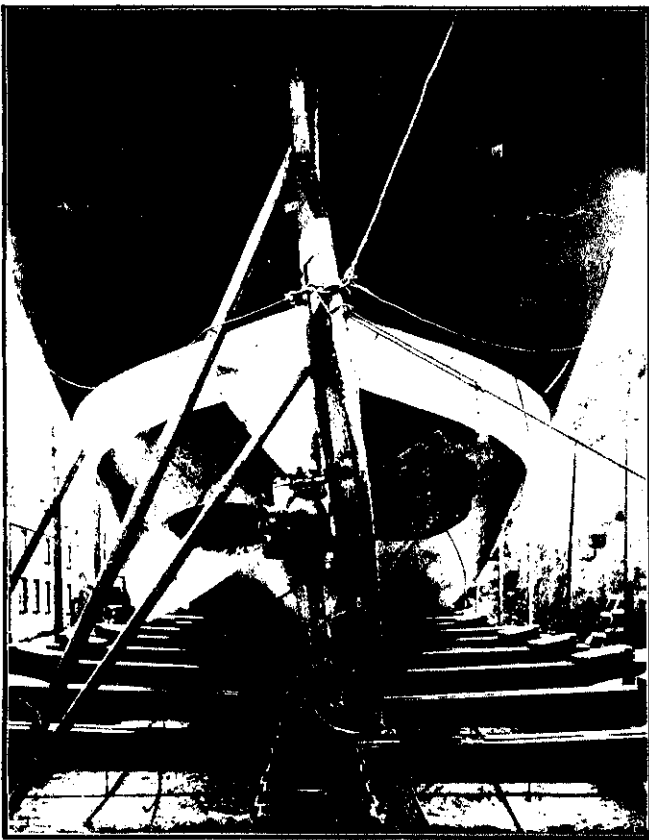
Battleships of the Home Fleet during the manoeuvres off the coast of Scotland, steaming through a snowstorm.



THE TAKAPUNA ALONGSIDE THE WHARF AT GREYMOUTH AFTER THE ACCIDENT, SHOWING THE BROKEN RUDDER.

Hickey, photo.

Last week the Union Co.'s damaged steamer Takapuna was taken up on the Wellington patent slip for the purpose of having the damaged portion of her hull sighted. It will be remembered that the vessel sustained injury whilst entering the Butler River. The full extent of the damage could not be ascertained until last week, when it was found that her stern post was bent, but can be straightened, and the rudder-stock broken. The rudder itself was bent at the top where it enters the aperture, and the after-frame was bent two feet out of line. Two plates will have to be removed from the hull and renewed, and the propeller required to be fitted with three new blades.



THE INJURED STERN POST OF THE TAKAPUNA AND THE AFTER FRAME BENT TWO FEET OUT OF LINE.

Barton, photo.



IN HONOUR OF THE MEMORY OF KING EDWARD
The wreath placed on the tomb of the late King Edward by Sir Joseph Ward on April 6th, the anniversary of His Majesty's death.

July 1911
19



Topical, photo.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND PREMIERS IN LONDON.

Mr. Andrew Fisher (Premier of the Australian Commonwealth), Mrs. Fisher, Lady Ward, and Sir Joseph Ward, Bart., leaving the Hotel Cecil, in London, to attend the King's Lunch at Buckingham Palace.



Zak, photo.

THE EXECUTIVE OF THE NEW ZEALAND COMPETITIONS SOCIETY.

See "Music and Drama."

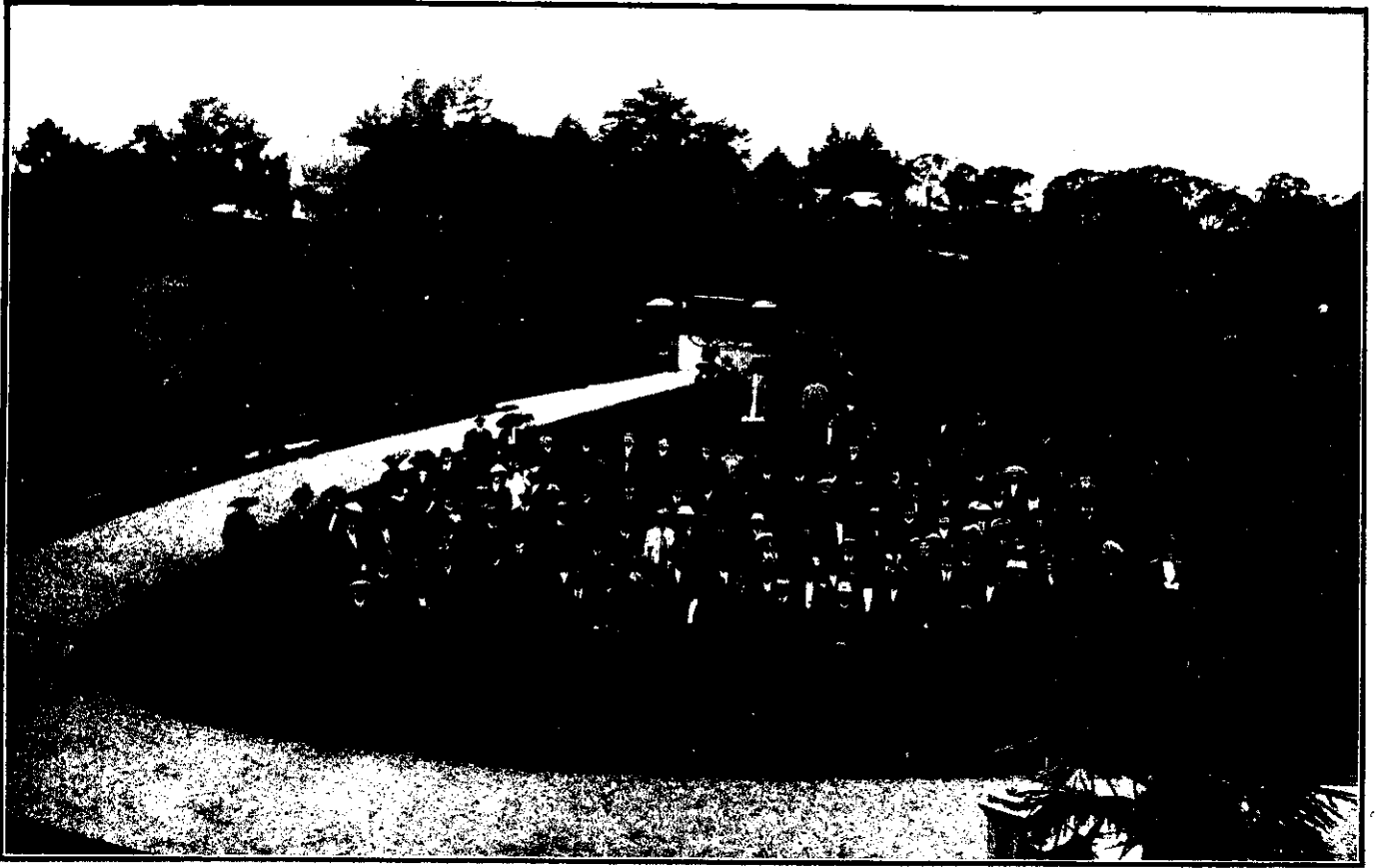
Back row: J. D. Shevright, W. E. Fuller, W. H. Atank, Geo. Whiting, T. Bush. Middle row: W. A. Flavell, Geo. Shirliff (vice-president), Dr. Arnold Izard (vice-president), Rev. Father Hicks, James Dykes (secretary). Front row: R. A. Koonan (treasurer), H. N. Holmes. Absent: T. M. Wilford, Esq., M.P. (Mayor of Wellington) (president), H. C. Towsley, and D. M. Findlay (vice-presidents), Rev. E. O. Blumies, J. M. Clark, H. Plummer, E. Blundell, D. A. Craig, A. A. Corrigan, J. M. Geddis, A. W. Newton, A. H. Casey.



Hanna, photo.

NEW PLYMOUTH CHILDREN MAKE A NIGHT OF IT.

The New Plymouth Fire Brigade Ball, held recently, was a great success, the principal feature being the display of fancy dresses by the children. The following were the prominent members of the evening: (1) "Punch," Master Jack Clarke (speech); (2) "An Overlooked Gem," Miss Doughty; (3) "Grace Darling," Miss Prior (speech); (4) "Pride of the Blue," Miss Whitehouse (best fancy dress); (5) "East End Butlers," Miss Grace and Elsie Staples (speech); (6) "Washing Girl," Miss Drinkwater (most original costume, girls); (7) "Mandarin," Master Eric Kendall (boys' best fancy dress); (8) "The Hobbie Skirt," Miss Angus (speech); (9) "Mughlan," Master Percy Parker (most original dress, boys); (10) "Match Girl," Miss Nichol (speech); (11) "Fireman," Master Hardwick (speech); (12) "King and Queen," Master Richards and Miss Lumbert; (13) "Carrier Pigeon," Miss Doughty (speech).



MEMBERS OF THE SHEFFIELD CHOIR AT TAKAPUNA.

Dr. Charles Harriss, Dr. Henry Coward, and members of the Sheffield Choir, at Mr. Henry Brett's residence, Takapuna, on the occasion of their recent visit to Auckland.



Schmidt, photo.

TOURING THE DOMINION WITH THE SHEFFIELD CHOIR—A REPRESENTATIVE BODY OF NEW ZEALAND MUSICIANS.



A NEW HARBOUR STEAMER FOR AUCKLAND—THE DEVONPORT FERRY CO.'S NEW VESSEL IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



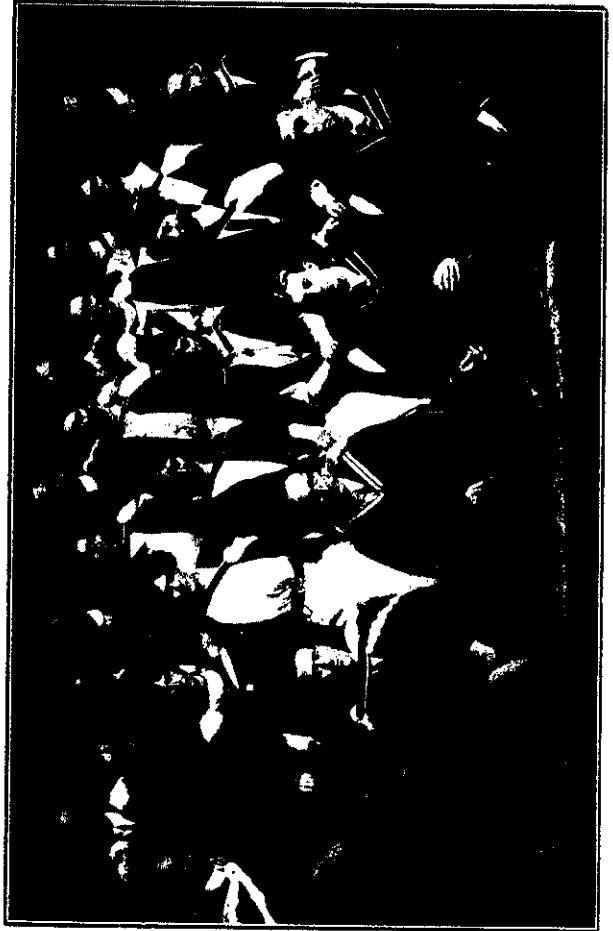
Toshi, photo. A WANGANTI FAMILY WHO SPENT A TRAGIC HOLIDAY IN CHINA.

The photo shows a well-known Chinese family, Nam Foo, the owners of the largest vegetable garden in Wanganui, who left some months ago to spend a short holiday in their native land. Their home was about 14 miles from Taiton, and soon after their arrival they were informed that their two boys had been shot in the leg, and were being held in the house of a ransacker, the two boys being retained as captives, while Mrs. Foo was fatally wounded, dying in a few hours.



SIR ROBERT STOUT'S MISSION TO BARONGUA

The photo shows a number of those present at the big "koro" held soon after the arrival of Sir Robert Stout and Mr. Widdicomb, of the Society for Justice. Sir Robert Stout was appointed to make inquiries into the administration of Government at Barongua, and to preside at a murder trial, in which a white resident named Wainona was accused of killing a native. Wainona was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The photo shows Mr. Widdicomb reading a message from Sir James Carnot, the Acting Premier.



GRADUATES OF VICTORIA COLLEGE, WELLINGTON, WHO RECEIVED THEIR DIPLOMAS LAST WEEK.

Back row, left to right: P. W. Bardsley, T. Ring, Miss E. W. Cooke, D. R. Fitzgerald, Miss E. Casey, E. G. Rutherford, Miss E. Graham, A. E. Cuddeback, Miss Teveschen, Miss O'Halloran, Miss G. Ryan, G. W. Mather, Second row, left to right: A. D. Brodie, Miss E. Elliott, Miss G. Isaac, Mrs. G. Beale, Miss G. M. Butler, Miss H. Jenkins, G. Sack, Front row: G. H. Skoody, F. A. Bartlett, photo.

LEARNING TO WORK



Photos, by kind courtesy of Epsom Kindergarten.

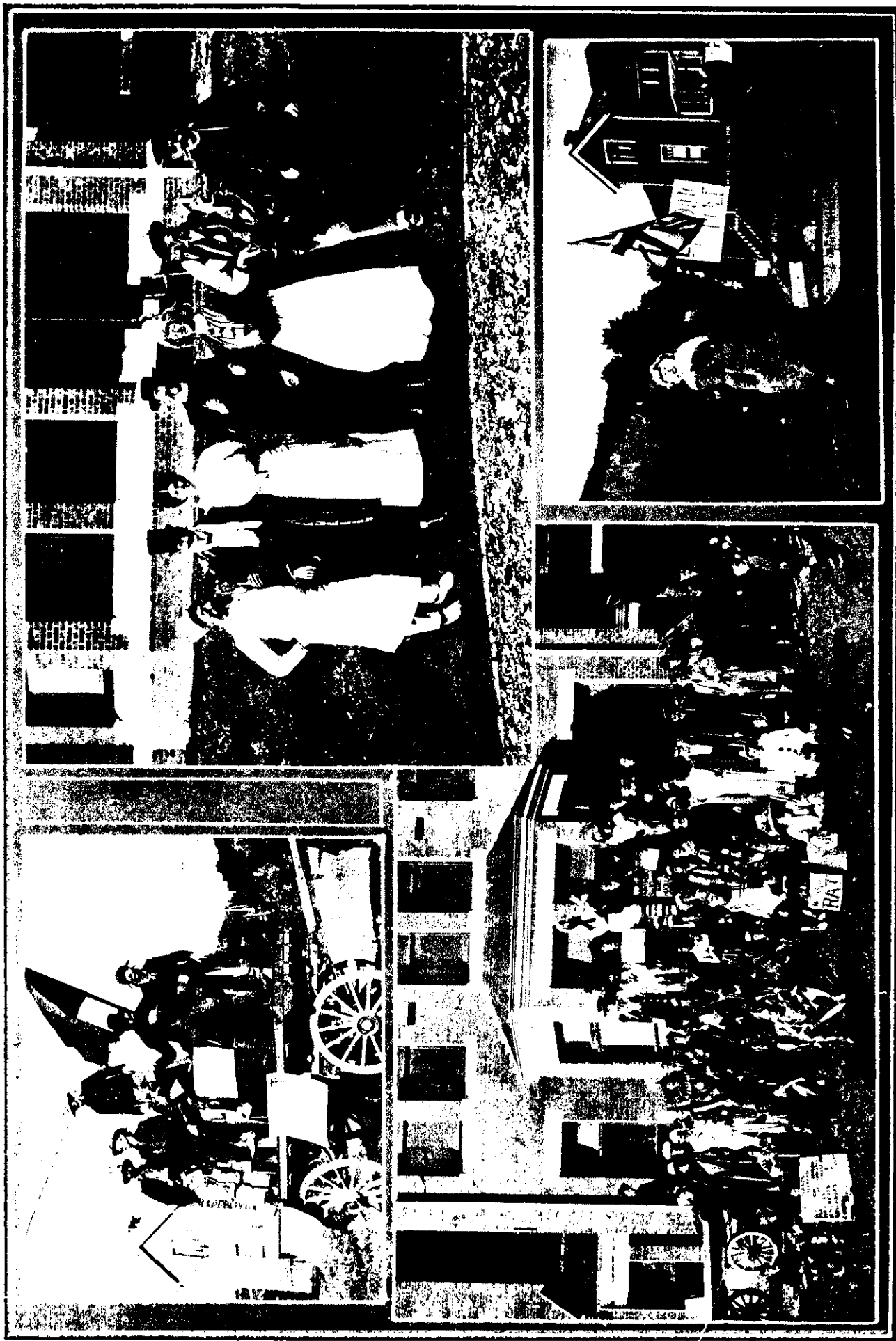
THE POPULARITY OF THE KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL WITH NEW ZEALAND'S CHILDREN—H

(1) Learning to make presents; (2) The use of tools readily develops the utilitarian qualities in the mind of the child; (3) the first elements of architecture taught by "playing tricks"; (4) the

WORK BY PLAYING.

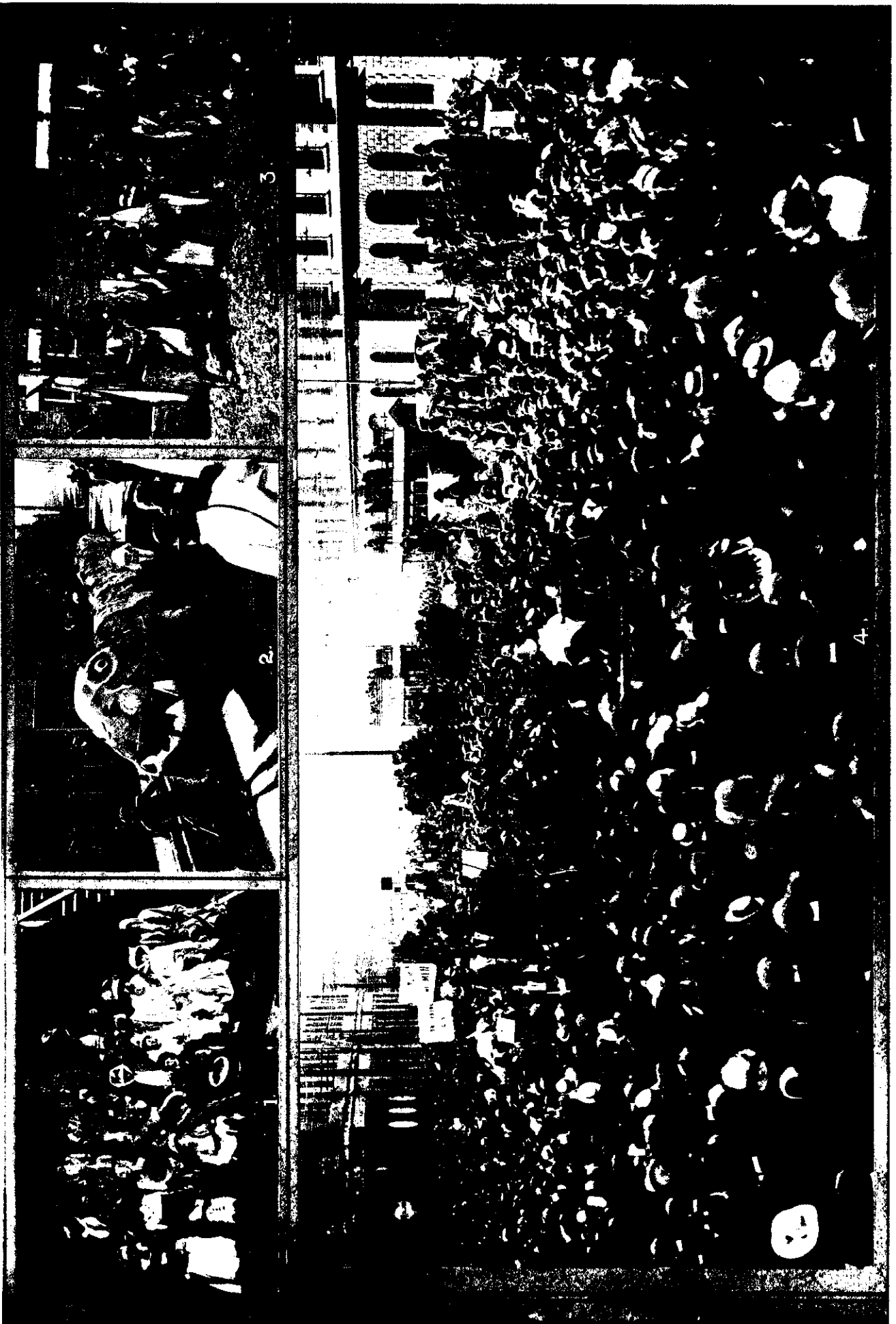


HOW OUR FUTURE CITIZENS MAKE THEIR FIRST START ON THE LONG ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE. (3) end of the term, saying good-bye to "teacher"; (6) group of study young Mao-hlanders; (6) game time; (7) getting on to the land; (8) learning to observe nature by painting; (9) grace before meals.



SOME OF THE VICTORIA COLLEGE STUDENTS WHO "PLAYED THE FOOL" FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THE PEOPLE OF WELLINGTON ON CAPPING DAY.

Barton, photo.



STUDENTS' FROLIC IN WELLINGTON—CAPPING DAY IN THE CAPITAL.

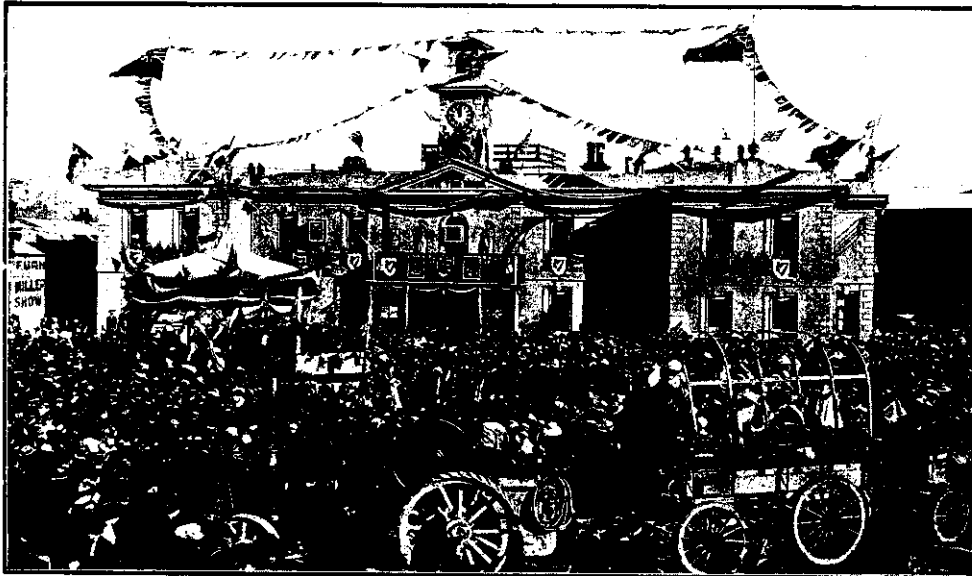
Barton, photo.
 Capping Day in Wellington gave a lot of amusement to the big crowds which watched the procession on its way through the streets to the Post Office, where a "ordination ceremony" was performed, and Coronation honours were bestowed with the usual accompaniment of student humour. In the afternoon the Concert Hall was crowded with people, when the capping ceremony took place. (1) The band. (2) The dragon. (3) The Maori haka. (4) A panoramic view of the crowd in front of the General Post Office watching the procession.



H. Tomlinson, photo.

HOW CORONATION DAY WAS OBSERVED IN TAUMARUNUI.

The Chairman of the Taumarunui School Committee (Mr A. Riches) presented about 200 medals to the children on Coronation Day. The gathering was addressed by the Mayor (Mr G. H. Thompson), and the scholars and cadets, under Captain Davidson, saluted the flag.



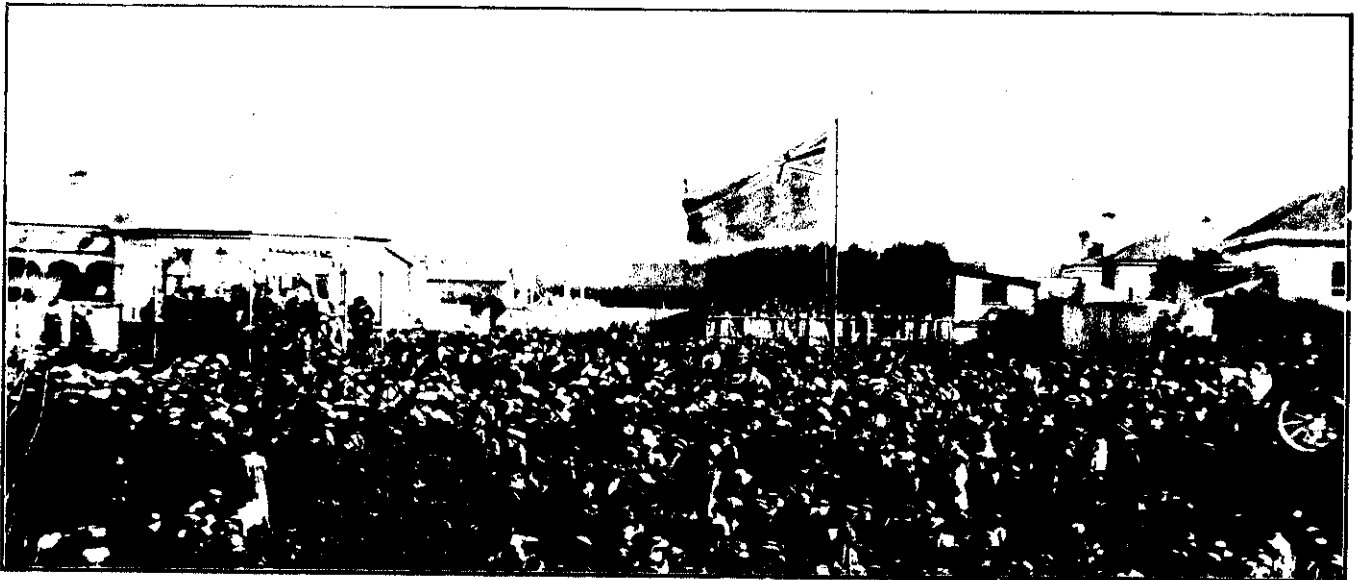
Cameron, photo.

THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE POST-OFFICE, BLENHEIM, ON CORONATION DAY.



TRAMPING ROUND THE WORLD.

Joseph Frank Mikulec, a native of Cronita, Austria, who reached Auckland last week from Wanganui, in the course of a tramp round the world. He left his home in February, 1904, and has a record of 47,000 miles since then. It is stated that when he set out No. 6 shoes fitted him, but now he needs No. 9.



Hlog, photo.

CORONATION DAY IN GREYMOUTH.

Sir A. A. Guinness, K.B., addressing the crowd at the Children's Park, Greymouth. The Coronation Band Botinda was opened on the same day by the Mayor, Mr A. Russell.



Topical, photo.

UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL TO THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN.

King George, on May 16th, in the presence of the German Emperor and Empress, Queen Mary and many members of the Royal family, unveiled the great memorial to Queen Victoria before Buckingham Palace. The occasion was marked by solemn religious ceremonies, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and an imposing military display. At the close of the ceremony the Kaiser placed a wreath of laurel on the base of the statue of the late Queen. The photo shows the Royal party standing at the salute after the unveiling.



E. Denton, photo.

A NEW CHURCH IN PALMERSTON NORTH—THE GOVERNOR LAYS THE COMMEMORATION STONE.

There was a very large attendance at the ceremony of laying the commemorative stone of the new St. Paul's Methodist Church in Broad street, which was performed by His Excellency, Lord Islington, on June 29. The Rev. G. W. J. Spence presided, and there were also on the platform besides His Excellency, Hon. T. Mackenzie (Minister for Agriculture), Mr D. Bulck, M.P., and the Mayor (Mr J. A. Nash), besides members of the Borough Council and ministers of different denominations from all over the Wellington district.



Hutton, photo.

READY FOR THE CORONATION BALL—A BRILLIANT GATHERING AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON

The ball given at Government House, Wellington, on June 27 by their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Islington, in honour of the Coronation, was a very brilliant and enjoyable function. So much trouble and consideration in regard to the arrangements of the evening had been spent over it, that it could hardly have been other than the complete success it was. A large number of guests were present, probably close upon 800, and the ballroom, with the varied colours of the frocks and the glitter of gold and blue and scarlet uniforms, presented a scene of vivid colouring. Our illustrations show the interior of the ballroom and part of one of the supper-rooms.

See Society Gossip.



BRINGING TIMBER DOWN FOR THE MILLS—THE PUNAKITERE RAPIDS,
NORTH AUCKLAND, IN FULL FLOOD.



Muir and Mackinnon, photo.

NEW ZEALAND HOSPITAL AUTHORITIES IN CONFERENCE IN WELLINGTON.

A group of delegates from Hospital Boards in all parts of the Dominion who attended the recent Conference in Wellington. His Excellency the Governor (Lord Islington), who delivered an interesting address at the opening of the Conference, is seated in the middle of the front row.



POSTAL DELIVERY.

The imposing front elevation of Wellington's new General Post Office is to be ornamented with several fine pieces of statuary, including a group by the famous English sculptor Mr Alfred Drury, A.R.A. Mr Drury's design represents two female figures sitting with backs to a pillar supporting a globe. Girdling the globe is a bronze model of a locomotive, and the other a beautiful model of a sailing ship, full rigged. The group is to be completed and delivered in Wellington for £1200. Flanking this central group will be two emblematical figures (the designs appearing in the above illustration), which are to be provided by Messrs W. Parkinson and Co., of Auckland. One figure represents telegraphy, and shows a staid man in loose robes, holding a quill in one hand and tapping the sounding key of a Morse instrument with the other. The opposite figure is emblematical of postal delivery. A splendidly modelled female figure holds high in her right hand an envelope, and a globe upon which is the name of the great postal reformer, Rowland Hill.

TO ADORN WELLINGTON'S NEW GENERAL POST OFFICE.



TELEGRAPHY.

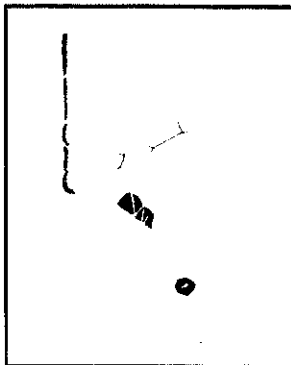
A "Follow-My-Leader" Picture.

HERE is an amusing Japanese game which might be spoken of as a sort of pictorial pool—and "snooker" pool at that. Each artist "plays on" to his predecessor, and does his best to snooker his successor. "One artist," says Mr. Arthur Morrison, "will fling a few strokes on the paper and stop, leaving it for the next to interpret these first touches as best he may, and add to them. Then follows the turn of the third artist, and the fourth, if so many be present." It struck the editor of an English magazine that the idea might be tried among English artists. The results of the experiment are interesting and amusing.

It was decided to appeal to nine well-known black-and-white artists for their co-operation—Messrs. Granville Fell, Dudley Hardy, Rene Bull, John Hassall, H. M. Brock, E. J. Sullivan, Joseph Simpson, Alec Ball, and H. R. Millar. Each was to add his instalment to that of his predecessor, sending to the editor at the same time a drawing showing the completed design he had in mind and of which his instalment made a part. These finished drawings, of course, were seen by the editor alone, and the next artist, after each addition had been made, started with no information beyond the fragments contributed by his

predecessors. The "pool-picture" was photographed at each stage of its progress, and here is the result.

after each instalment. Already, as we see, Mr. Granville Fell has begun with the paper placed laterally, and Mr. Dudley Hardy has turned it end up. Mysterious as Mr. Dudley Hardy's blots and dashes seem, they are clearly enough explained by his finished sketch, which is a Japanese scene. The line of the horse's chest and neck is turned into a flowering branch on which lanterns hang, and beneath which stands a lady with a fan. The thick black lines, which might seem to have been the stable-yard paving for Rosinante to walk on, have become the side of a thatched cottage or pavilion looking out toward the distant mountain. Already we are whisked from Spain to the opposite side of the world, and from Cervantes' comic epic to a poetic view of old Japan in blossom-time. But this again was not what Mr. Rene Bull saw in Mr. Hardy's blots and lines. Something weird and strange was what they obviously suggested, and Mr. Rene Bull trumped the trick with something weirder and stranger. Out from the jaw of Mr. Fell's horse he drew a firm, thick double curve, reaching to the edge of the picture. From the last of Mr. Dudley Hardy's row of strokes he drew another double curve, thinner and less pronounced in bend, with a hook at its end; and at the opposite side he



The design, as left by Mr. Dudley Hardy. R.L.

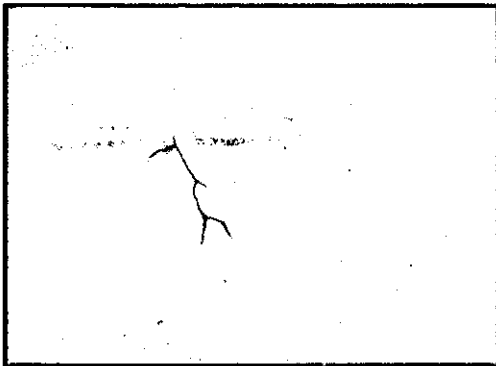


Mr. Dudley Hardy's completed picture.

perhaps the most striking and successful of the lot. Mr. Bull's weird curves and wash are left exactly as they stood, and a few almost shapeless touches of ink are added here and there, as the illustration shows. The puzzle for the newcomer is as great as ever—greater, in fact. But see and admire Mr. Hassall's complete design. Could anything be more wholly unlike what has gone before, and yet more completely adapted to the clues left by Mr. Bull? Once again the picture is turned about and placed as Mr. Fell placed it in the beginning. But here is no horse, no Japanese garden, no lady, no lanterns, no quaint citizen of the City of the Odd. Noth-

marked the outline of the Utopian lady's back is now the midrib of a leaf destined for immediate nibbling; and altogether there never was such another transformation in the whole history of black and white art—except, perhaps, the next one.

For here Mr. H. M. Brock has clearly imagined as complete a change as Mr. Hassall's, but in an almost opposite direction. And yet the additions to the fragments already existing are by no means large. The chief, and one of the cleverest in the whole series, is the adaptation of Mr. Fell's rudimentary horse, which has already been used as a branch, a dress-fold, and a rabbit's ear, to the outline of a dog. This is clear, and almost complete. So much so, indeed, that, as will be seen, it practically decides the fate of the picture in all its succeeding instalments. Beyond this dog-outline Mr. Brock's additions to the growing skeleton are wholly confined to a line or two which convert one of Mr. Hassall's carrots into a pretty obvious sleeve and cuff and a touch or two above it, the intention of which is almost, if not quite, as clear. The dog is excellent, but we must turn to Mr. Brock's completed picture to precision of his adaptation. There sits a lady in an arm-chair, with the dog reclining partly on her lap and partly on appreciate to the full the ingenuity and a cushion. She wears a great hat with feathers, and Mr. Dudley Hardy's lantern-decoration, which was Mr. Rene Bull's ear-ornament and Mr. Hassall's rabbit eye, is now—what? Nothing but a mask, seen from the side, which the lady is removing from her face. A gentleman with the carrot arm and an eyeglass leans on the back of the chair, and the lantern-decoration which has also been a shoulder-strap and a rabbit's ear, has now, amplified, become a bodice-decoration. But more especially to be noted is the ingenuity with which the accidental breaks in two of Mr. Hassall's touches have been utilised to admit the dog's tail, while one of the touches has itself been repeated several times to represent a fan in the lady's hand. Also particularly notice the artfulness with



The design started by Mr. H. Granville Fell, and sent on to Mr. Dudley Hardy. The lines form the fore part of a horse, as shown opposite.



The complete picture which Mr. Granville Fell had in mind.

predecessors. The "pool-picture" was photographed at each stage of its progress, and here is the result.

Mr. Granville Fell began. He placed on the blank sheet the simple branching lines reproduced in the first illustration. A twig, perhaps, one might say. In that view the next artist might go on to draw a tree, or a water-diviner with his forked hazel-stick. Obviously it might be a river on a map, and the map might hang on a wall, thus beginning a school scene. Further, in the hands of an ingenious artist it might grow into the branching horns of a deer, or it might be a fissure in a rock or a hillside, beginning a landscape. One might make a hundred such guesses and never divine what Mr. Fell had in mind—which was no other than the scene reproduced in the second illustration. The branching lines belong to the throat and chest of a horse, with the beginning of the jaw-bone and a little of each fore-leg. And the horse is our old friend Rosinante, with Don Quixote astride.

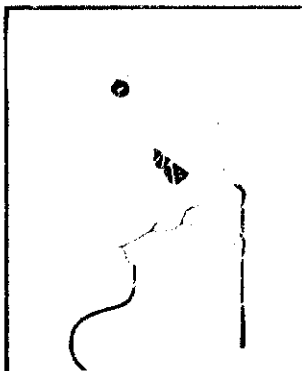
At any rate, the idea of the horse never occurred to Mr. Dudley Hardy, or if it did he preferred an idea of his own. He left the branching lines standing by themselves, and contented himself with dotting in the mysterious detached marks seen in the third illustration. Of course, as the illustrations appear here the drawing is placed in the way intended by the artist last working on it; but it must be remembered that as it came to each artist it had no right or wrong way up, and might be taken any way. So that the drawing must be turned about in all directions if one is to understand the problem presented

threw in a grey wash irregular and puzzling in outline. The rest he left for the bedabement of Mr. John Hassall.

It was indeed a difficult problem, for Mr. Rene Bull had been aiming at a fantasy wholly of the imagination, as a glance at his finished drawing will show. Mr. Dudley Hardy took us at a stroke from a Spanish tale to a Japanese garden, and now Mr. Bull, finding the whole width of the world already covered by Mr. Hardy's leap, struck away out of the world altogether, "east of the sun, west of the moon," to the planet of the fantastic. To be sure, he borrows a hint from Japan in the queerly-designed signature on the label in the corner; but then every idealist who imagines something wholly unreal is driven to use earthly elements, and a touch or two of suggestion from Japan is always useful to strike the outlandish note. Here we have a scented female figure in a costume perhaps faintly suggested by a combination of Chinese and Japanese elements with a touch of the Indian in the ornaments, and of the Egyptian in the vase in the foreground. Mr. Dudley Hardy's lantern-designs have become an ear-ornament and part of a shoulder-strap, and Mr. Granville Fell's Rosinante is swallowed up in the folds of the Martian (or Utopian) cloak.

Truly Mr. John Hassall was set a terrible task if he were to scent out this exotic design; but his native ingenuity gave him a design of his own, so entirely fresh and unexpected, yet so exactly adapted to the puzzling elements put before him, as to make his performance

ing but a peaceful group of lop-eared rabbits eating carrots, with the title of the picture beneath! Mr. Rene Bull's grey wash is adapted exactly to the contours of three of the rabbits; Mr. Fell's horse-outline serves for a rabbit's ear, eye, and paw, and a part of another rabbit's eye; but it was obviously one of Mr. Dudley Hardy's lantern-decorations that inspired Mr. Hassall's idea, with the outline of Mr. Rene Bull's grey wash placed so suggestively above it. That lantern-decoration became without addition or alteration the eye of the bunny to the right. The double curve that



The design as it left Mr. Rene Bull.



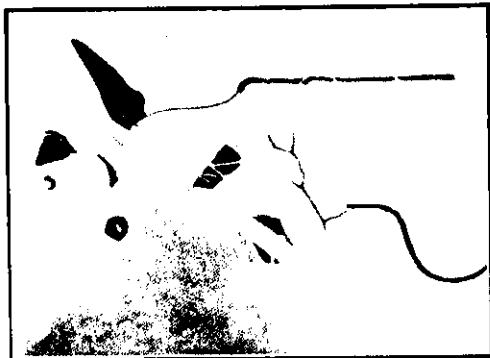
Mr. Rene Bull's completed picture.

which the row of straight and curved thick lines, first used by Mr. Dudley Hardy for the side of his cottage wall,

their own way, are quite as ingenious as Mr. Hassall's. But the lap-dog has done the trick, and

sketch, showing Mr. Sullivan's complete idea we see that the chair is now of wicker, that a curtain hangs behind the

Mr. Brock's idea of a mask occurs to him in a totally different way, and he paints it across the lady's face. Plainly he contemplates a scene at a masked ball. He places a touch to give the contour of the lady's neck, and another to hint his opinion that the gentleman should grow a heavy moustache. Two strokes more of the brush, one just below the gentleman's cuff and another diagonally across where one now inevitably places the chair, and Mr. Simpson passes on the task. But he shows us his full intent in the complete sketch that follows. The arm-chair is abolished, the lady is in the character of a Watteau shepherdess, her costume covered with a black domino, which she has flung back from her shoulders. Mr. Dudley Hardy's long-suffering cottage-wall is now the shepherdess' crook, which the gentleman has taken up and is now using to rest his hand upon. Lastly, Mr. Rene Bull's grey wash is now the sky, from which a new moon shines.



The design reaches Mr. John Hassall, R.L., to whom it suggests an altogether different idea.



Mr. Hassall's remarkable idea of the completed picture.

has been worked into one of the stripes of the chair-upholstery. Every break between these lines is left, and is logically accounted for in Mr. Brock's design, first by the curve of the "roll" on the arm of the chair, next by the intrusion of the end of the cushion, and last by the seam across the side upholstery. Once more we have the drawing turned up on end, and Mr. Brock's adaptations, in

very radical alterations of design are no longer possible. Mr. K. J. Sullivan receives the incomplete picture and adds his contribution. He fills in the big hat that Mr. Brock has left to the imagination, but his hat and the one in Mr. Brock's mind are of different patterns. All the rest he leaves, except that he throws in unmistakable indications of evening dress for the gentleman. In the

lady's head, and that her dress has a cross-over bodice, while her neck is

Mr. Alex Ball receives the picture with the lines so far laid down for him that he cannot be expected to effect any revolutionary change. He brings up the



Mr. E. J. Sullivan, A.R.W.S., carries on the idea.



Mr. E. J. Sullivan's completed picture.



Mr. H. W. Brock, R.L., cleverly works in a dog.



The complete picture imagined by Mr. H. M. Brock.

adorned with collar and necklace and her arms are at her sides.

So the game reaches Mr. Joseph Simpson, who, though he finds no scope for wide changes, still manages some very good notions of his own. Oddly enough,

lady's hand and what has been a bodice ornament is a cuff. In the hand he places a paper—a ball-programme, evidently; and to correspond he seizes on the lines which Mr. Simpson meant to make part of the shepherdess' crook



The Odol Smile.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you" is a proverb which we owe to a poet. It receives its most vivid exemplification in the case of the beautiful actresses of to-day who are exceedingly fond of having their photographs taken in that way which has the advantage of showing off their teeth.

Miss Zena Dare, one of the most popular of the leading ladies on the musical comedy stage, is represented in our illustration as an exemplification of the famous line. Her smile is frequently called "one of Odol smiles,"

for all the women who use the preparation, which is admittedly "the best for the teeth," can afford to show them, since teeth cleaned with Odol are bound to be shining, white, and free from decay, because it destroys the germs which produce this last disastrous result.

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and makes that part of the outline of the gentleman's programme. He carries out the face also, and the gentleman's hand, as well as his programme, is finished, with his collar, tie, and stud. More, the lady has no black domino, but one of white, with a flounced edging. Finally, Mr. Ball will not cover the chair as Mr. Simpson desired, but carries its outlines farther.

Now comes Mr. H. R. Millar. What can he do? Precious little, indeed, and it is scarcely fair to expect much. He gives the lady's domino its patterned design, and straightway the drawing goes to its completion at the hands of Mr. Granville Fell, who started it, thus completing the circle and bringing this round game of the co-operative picture to its end. The detached mask which was Mr. Dudley Hardy's lantern-ornament and Mr. Hassall's rabbit-eye becomes the head of a

bonnet-pin fastening the large hat. The pattern on the domino is spread to the white space beyond the dog's tail, which thus becomes part of the garment; and the chair which has gone through so many vicissitudes has settled down to a peaceful existence as a chair of bamboo.

The Black Peril.

POSITION OF WHITE WOMEN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A SERIOUS NATIONAL PROBLEM.

The serious situation in British South Africa created by a recrudescence of what is known as the "black peril" is the subject of a thoughtful article in the current issue of "The Englishwoman," by Francis Bancroft. The writer pursues her investigation of the

trouble back to its inception, and the story she has to tell indicates that in some respects the present generation owe their problems to the misdeeds of those who went before them. We quote the following extract:—

In the earliest days of the Dutch and British occupation of the Cape Colony the position of the white woman colonist was particularly secure so far as attack

world by his magnanimity in invariably sparing the wives, sisters, and daughters of his powerful enemy, the strictest measures being enforced among these savage warriors for the safeguarding inviolate of the honour and lives of all white women prisoners. Such conduct in red-blanketed barbarians points to a damning fact, which we are bound search-



Mr. J. Simpson, R.B.A., adds a few finishing details.



Mr. J. Simpson's complete picture.



The picture now having reached a stage where no great alteration is possible, Mr. Alice Ball chiefly works out the hands and faces.



Mr. H. R. Millar adds a pattern to the lady's cloak.

by natives was concerned. The colonists sized up the Kaffir as idle, sunk in sloth, irretrievably lazy and dirty, and a lover of brandy when he could get it; but he had proved himself to be faithful to a trust reposed in him, honourable to his own limited ideas of honour, and harmless where white women and white women-children were concerned. Even during the many native wars and rebellions following upon the settlement of the whites in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony the black man created for himself a sense of amazement and admiration throughout the civilised

world to consider. It is worth the most attentive and serious consideration on the part of South African legislators. The Kaffir is essentially imitative and revengeful. It had not escaped his notice in those early times that the white settler had left his womenfolk unmolested. The sturdy class of settlers—the sturdy, undaunted British settlers of 1820—had come into the new country with their wives and children. Hence the womenfolk of their black neighbours suffered in no whit from their immediate presence.

But in later years a change gradually

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The finished picture, completed by Mr. Granville Fell, who started it.

came over the scene. With the opening up of the northern territories, with the influx of the cosmopolitan and greedy hordes of treasure-seekers who flooded the country, a system of legalised bargaining between white and black was introduced, which bargaining, freely entered into on both sides, has led in its natural consequences to the parlous conditions of to-day.

The results of to-day are two-fold: first, the existence in South Africa of a race of half-breeds—pitifully placed, vicious, cunning, idle, thoroughly worthless, inheriting the instincts of the whites and the savagery of the blacks—

overflowing the country, their miasmic presence felt in every community; and second, the Black Peril of which every white woman in South Africa goes in fear. To-day white humanity throughout the sub-continent is crying aloud for summary vengeance, for the extreme sentence of the law to be passed upon all black violators of their women, for legislation to punish even an attempt on a white woman by death. Women in their thousands have sent a deputation to the Governor-General of the Union urging upon him to instruct the judges of the land to pass the death sentence upon any native convicted of the crime

of attempted injury of this nature upon one of their race and sex.

Should we inquire into the reason for this instantaneous and alarming outburst of a crime that apparently lay dormant, we cannot but accept the unanimous view of the South African who knows. Public indignation abroad is not against Lord Gladstone for his error in judgment in reproving the Untutuli native on the pretext, futile and unconvincing, that the unfortunate victim of this brutal attack escaped the greater injury. There remains not the slightest doubt in the minds of those who know the disposition of the Kaffir that this extraordinary act on the part of the Governor-General is the direct cause of the alarming recrudescence of the crime.

But while we may deplore the act and its hideous consequences, we must not, in justice to Lord Gladstone, blind ourselves to the very important fact that, though he may have been the recreator, he has not been the creator of the Black Peril in the land.

The creators of the appalling deeds of horror of to-day are those conditions of the past to which we have already referred: the invasion of the northern territories on the opening-up of the mineral districts by treasure-seekers from the four corners of the globe; the faulty and criminal legislature that provided neither restrictive nor prohibitive measures against the prostitution en masse of the black women, nor any measures safeguarding from the Black Peril the white women of the future, and for safeguarding also from contamination the future of the races, as purely white and purely coloured.

The authoress then goes on to discuss the effects of the present condition of affairs on South African progress. She finds the country in need of women immigrants—domestic servants, governesses, and so on—but the women brought up in the midst of the peril hesitate to bring young English girls out to face it. Those who are accustomed to the situation are able in some measure to defy it; but the raw recruit from England, blind to the danger, would be exposed to double danger. Until this question is boldly faced, therefore, there must remain a serious bar to South Africa's progress.

The effect of the enfranchisement and general "emancipation" of women on this question is discussed by Mrs. Bancroft. The Kaffir, she says, is essentially a creature of logic. He "sees the white woman standing below her master," and respects her as he does all the white man's "possessions"—up to a certain point. But he will occasionally take chances. The writer continues:—

He sees, too, that he—the black man—has a vote, because he is a man. Woman, therefore, is but an inferior, a possession. Her deprivation of the coveted power to vote amounts to a public proclamation of the fact that her status is on a par with the status of the ordinary black man, and below the par of the status of the black man voter. On this sole point of inferiority the franchise of the white woman of South Africa cannot come too soon. Never, in the opinion of those who can read the workings of the mind of the Kaffir, of those of us who have given years of patient re-

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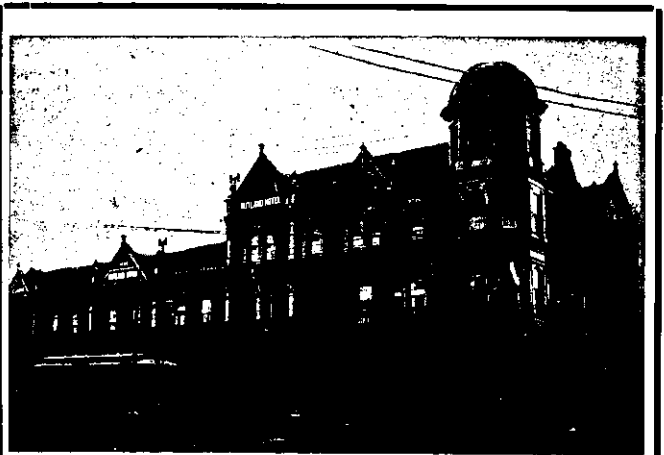
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search into his complex and subtle temperament, will South Africa be a safe home for the white woman until her sex is enfranchised.

Women and men alike are combined in demanding those legislative measures, those restraining, prohibitive enactments which alone can root out this cancer from the heart of the vast sub-continent. It is, indeed, not a question as to whether we shall for this crime hang the black man, or brand, or flog, or lynch him; nor as to whether white women shall carry and use revolvers. Amid the many suggestions offered to-day by the Press, both at home and abroad, we find not one pointing to the one true and effective remedy. Hang the guilty Kaffir we must, and do, but let us not neglect the guilty white man. Let the legislature of South Africa provide as far as possible for his suppression; let it aim at a future White South Africa and a future Black South Africa, not at a future piebald South Africa! Let legislators and people reflect that a piebald South Africa would be a South Africa lost to England, gained to Africa.

Barbarous Mexico.

If Mexico is half as bad as she is painted by Mr. J. K. Turner in his book "Barbarous Mexico. An Indictment of a Cruel and Corrupt System," she is covered with the leprosy of a slavery worse than that of San Thome or Peru, and should be regarded as unclean by all the free peoples of the world. Under the guise of contract labour and convict servitude, a bondage which is maintained by the whip of the overseer and the rills of the sentinel holds thousands of unhappy wretches under its heel, and the fear of its coming hangs like a spectre over the poor and the unemployed.

Mr. Turner has travelled widely through Mexico, and under the disguise of a possible purchaser of land he was able to see much that is denied to the ordinary investigator. In Yucatan, which he visited first, the great herp estates are in the hands of wealthy planters, and the men, women, and children who cultivate the soil are nothing short of purchased slaves.

The old system by which a man could sell his own person to pay off his debts, with all its attendant evils, still exists in Mexico, and the functions of money-lender and slave broker are often carried out by the same individual. The terms arranged are such as make it impossible for the majority of the bondmen to work out their liberty, and the conditions under which they labour are so hard and cruel that as a rule they find freedom only in death.

Bad as this system of debt slavery or "peonage" is, the treatment of the Yaqui Indians and of the convict labourers of Valle Nacional is infinitely worse. The Yaquis, after a stubborn resistance, have been conquered by the Mexican Government, and are now deported and sold for slaves in Yucatan. Husbands, wives, and children are torn from each other's arms, the women in the land of exile are compelled to mate with Chinamen, and at the smallest sign of insubordination the lash of the overseer is wielded with relentless vigour. Here is a picture which Mr. Turner gives us of the tragedy of such an existence—

"His name was Angelo Echavarría, he was 20 years old and a native of Tampico. Six months previously he had been offered wages on a farm at two pesos a day, and had accepted, but only to be sold as a slave to the proprietor of a certain plantation. At the end of three months he began to break down under the inhuman treatment he received, and at four months a foreman broke a sword over his back. When he regained consciousness after the beating he had coughed up a part of a lung. After that he was beaten more frequently because he was unable to work as well, and several times he fell in a faint in the field. At last he was set free, but when he asked for the wages that he thought were his, he was told that he was in debt to the ranch! He came to the town and complained to the Presidente, but was given no satisfaction. Now, too weak to start to walk home, he was coughing his life away and begging for subsistence. In all my life I have never seen a living creature so emaciated as Angelo Echavarría, yet only three days previously he had been working all day in the hot sun!"

Valle Nacional, which Mr. Turner not inappropriately calls "The Valley of Death," is the district to which all convicts are sent, and here they are hired out by the State to private owners, who

treat them as so many head of cattle. Guarded by armed sentries during the day, the convict slaves are herded at dusk, men, women, and children together, into great dormitories, from behind whose bolted doors cries and groans arise in vain to heaven.

To supply the demand for labour in Valle Nacional two systems are resorted to. The *Jepes Politicos*, or mayors of Mexican towns, get 45 to 50 dollars for every convict slave they can despatch, and vast sums are amassed by these officials, whose interest it becomes to forward as many prisoners as possible. But this is only a part of the nefarious traffic. The *enganchadores*, or labour agents, by various deceptions induce many of the poor and unemployed to sign away their liberty, and start for this land of death from which no man returns. Where this does not succeed actual kidnapping is employed. For purposes of mutual gain the "*Jepes Politicos*" and labour agents play into one another's hands, and the protection of the State is lent to strengthen the bonds imposed by the kidnapper and the usurer.

The *Jepes Politicos* of some of the largest cities in southern Mexico, so I was told by 'labour agents,' as well as by others whose veracity in the matter I have no reason to question, pay each an annual rental of 10,000 dollars for their posts. The office would be worth no such amount were it not for the spoils of the slave trade and other little grafts which are indulged in by the holder. Lesser *Jepes* pay their Governors lesser amounts. They send their victims over the road in gangs of from ten to a hundred, or even more. They

get a special Government rate from the railroads, send along Government salaried rurales to guard them; hence the selling price of 45 to 50 dollars per slave is nearly all clear profit.

But only 10 per cent of the slaves are sent directly to Valle Nacional by the *Jepes Politicos*. There is no basis in law whatsoever for the proceeding, and the *Jepes Politicos* prefer to work in conjunction with labour agents. There is also no basis in law for the methods employed by the labour agents, but the partnership is profitable. The officials are enabled to hide behind the labour agents, and the labour agents are enabled to work under the protection of the officials, and absolutely without fear of criminal prosecution.

From attacking the abuses rampant in Mexican life the author proceeds to attack the system. He lays the blame of it at the door of President Diaz and his immediate entourage. Diaz's rule in Mexico has been an absolute despotism, under which the democratic institutions established by Juarez were robbed of all their force, and during his regime slavery and contract labour were revived on a more merciless basis than they had rested upon, even under the Spanish dons.

Mr. Turner's revelations, for all their horror, bear the stamp of truth. No one but an eye-witness could describe with such a realistic pen the floggings which he witnessed, the parched lips and emaciated features of boy and girl workers under the burning sun, and the groans and sobs that echo through the charnel houses where the slaves are lodged at night. The whole system bears the foul taint of an oppression that feeds and

battens on the graft and corruption with which Mexico is infected; and now that its rottenness has been laid bare to the bone, a challenge to deliver the captives is laid at the door of all Christian nations.

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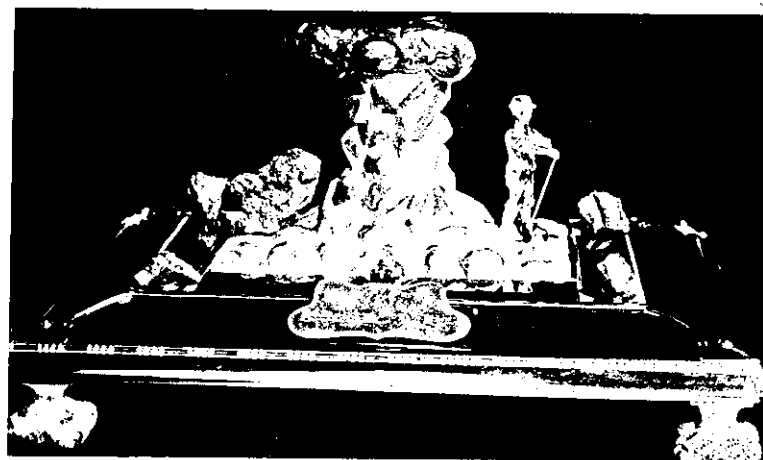
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Official Organ of the New Zealand Sweet Pea Society and Auckland Horticultural Society.
By Veronica.

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

TO HORTICULTURAL SECRETARIES.

IMPORTANT.

Once more we would urge upon secretaries of all Horticultural Societies the importance of sending us the dates of their shows. Neglect to do so only means loss to their Society in the end.

All schedules forwarded to the Garden Editor of "The Weekly Graphic" will be acknowledged, and a sketch of same published in these columns.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Herbaceous plants should be lifted, and when desirable subdivided before re-planting. It is often a good plan to lift these and heel them in, whilst the border is being dug over and manured. When this work is completed, the herbaceous plants can be re-arranged for next season's flowering.

Many herbaceous plants never get a chance through neglect. Cannas, Delphiniums, Gaillardias and such like are often left in the same place year after year, and the best results cannot be expected. Take up the clumps and re-plant the young growth back after thoroughly preparing the soil by digging and manuring.

Some plants are very hardy and robust growing, others are somewhat delicate and require a slight protection during winter. Plants from all parts of the globe are grown in the Dominion and expected to thrive side by side, without regard to their requirements. Some do well in a warm sheltered position, whilst others require a cool, moist situation.

There are several, of course, which thrive almost anywhere.

The choice varieties of carnations in New Zealand are not by any means numerous. We always advise those desirous of obtaining particular choice varieties to book orders early. Many orders for next season's layers are already booked.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Brett, of Takapuna, has consented to place some of his choice seedlings on the market next season; also layers from the best varieties recently imported from England. The plants will be ready for delivery during next March and April.

Glaadioli, begonia, and other bulbs stored away, should be examined, and any showing signs of decay removed. This work can be undertaken on wet days. All winter supplies of roots, such as onions, potatoes, etc., should be occasionally turned over.

Early potatoes which have been sprouted, can be planted, choosing a dry situation with a sunny aspect. Care should be taken not to break the buds. Potatoes do best on a rich friable soil.

At this season pergolas may be erected. There is no structure so suitable for displaying and training the many beautiful varieties of climbing plants as a pergola. Provided a suitable position can be found, the work of erecting can be undertaken by any handy man. Any rough durable timber may be utilised for this work.

No garden can be considered complete without a collection of herbs, but frequently these are overlooked. Some out-of-the-way corner of the garden is sometimes chosen as a suitable location for growing them, and these useful plants are not hard to grow in almost any place.

Beds for ten week stocks should be got ready for early planting. Where a fine display of these fragrant flowers are appreciated, they should be transplanted to their flowering quarters as

early as possible. The land should be well worked and given a good dressing of manure to secure the best results. Plant fairly close together, say four to six inches, and when flower spikes begin to show the single ones can be pulled out, having ample room for the double flowering plants.

Choice varieties of mignonette may be sown in boxes and treated in a similar manner to stocks. A common idea prevails that mignonette won't transplant. This we have proved to be wrong. The seedlings can be singled out, and transplanted with a ball and make handsome specimens when given plenty of room. Many annuals never get a chance through overcrowding.

THE QUEEN'S CORONATION BOUQUET.

Mr. H. W. Wegelin, writing to "The Gardener," states that the vexed question as to what carnations will comprise the Queen's bouquet, has been determined and all the misstatements about American varieties having been selected are incorrect. The variety selected by Queen Mary was "The Lady Hermoine," a thoroughly typical English carnation of the very highest quality, raised by the late Martin R. Smith. It is of a beautiful pink colour, delightfully scented, and in every respect what a carnation ought to be. This information is official.

Perpetual Carnations.

At the recent exhibition of the Perpetual Flowering Carnation Society, held in London, one vase of blooms stood out conspicuously by reason of the fine size and rich colour of its thirty beautiful specimens of the variety named Mrs. C. W. Ward, a deep carise-pink flower of



A BOX OF ROSE-PINK ENCHANTRESS CARNATIONS

Packed for market by Mr. W. E. Wallace, Eaton Bray, Dunstable. First prize at Perpetual Carnation Show.

great beauty and usefulness. This was shown by Mr. Bertie E. Bell, Castel Nursery, Guernsey, and gained for him the first prize in its class, and also the silver-gilt medal for the best vase in the open section.

A particularly attractive exhibit at the Regent's Park show was the group of blooms arranged by Messrs Young and Co., Cheltenham; not only were the flowers good in size, colour, and length of stem, but they were well set up, and Mr. Taddevin, the manager of the company, had skilfully arranged a greenish background behind his flowers, and in front of the glass side of the corridor. This background was just dense enough to break up the bright light, and so enable visitors to see the flowers in comfort, which would not have been the case had the background been absent. Messrs Young and Co. secured a gold medal for their first prize exhibit.

The use of carnations in floral designs has been exemplified over and over again. We give an illustration. This is a high basket of blooms as exhibited by Mrs. K. Hammond, at Regent's Park, which was awarded a first prize. Only two varieties were used, *Lo. White Perfection* and *Marmion*. The latter, grouped towards the base at one side, was very effective, and if a few flowers of this variety had been placed towards the top,



FIRST PRIZE AND MEDAL VASE OF MRS. C. W. WARD CARNATIONS

Exhibited by Mr. Bertie E. Bell, Guernsey, at the Perpetual Carnation Show on May 2.

near the ribbon, the design would have been more effective, and no less artistic.

As a commercial item the perpetual carnation is no small one in the flower trade of the great English markets, and while it is essential that good varieties should be selected and fine blooms produced for market purposes, it is also essential that when these are grown they should be well packed, otherwise the returns will suffer. One class at the recent show was for sixty blooms of each of two varieties, thirty-six to be shown in a vase and two dozen packed in a box, as for market, in each instance. There were several competitors, and Mr. W. C. Wallace, of Dunstable, won the first prize. One of his boxes, packed with beautiful blooms of Rose-pink Enchantress, is shown in the accompanying illustration.

A beautiful new variety that promises to occupy a very high position in the ping group is R. F. Felton, raised and exhibited by Mr. H. Burnett, Guernsey. The blooms are of fine size and form, and the colour is a delightful shade of pink, midway between light salmon-pink and rose-pink.

Among the Daffodils.

"The Gardener," referring to the Truro Daffodil show recently, held in Cornwall, says:—"Of chief interest were the exhibits of newer varieties and unnamed seedlings. Practically Messrs J. C. and P. D. Williams monopolised these. The former seemed the stronger in trumpets, and the latter in incomparabilis and parvis, though each showed some very fine examples of all sections.

MODERN TRUMPET DAFFODILS.

Of the established new varieties King Alfred was, of course, the most prominent in the trumpets; some splendid flowers of it were shown; two other modern ones thought well of being Mervyn and Outpost. King's Norton, too, was shown very finely indeed. Except for some new seedlings the bicolor trumpets were very poorly represented, the old Victoria easily being the finest; and practically no white trumpets except Alice Knights.

EUCIARIS FLOWERED NARCISSUS.

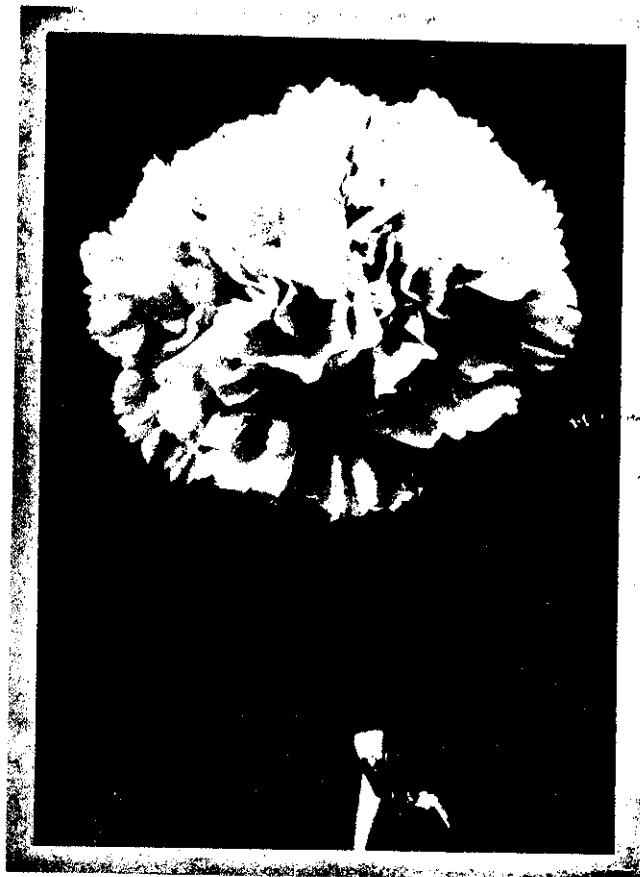
The feature of the Leedsis was undoubtedly White Queen, shown on several stands, and always in exceedingly good form. Lord Kitchener was shown more than once, and is also very fine, quite equal to Empire, which I also saw, but this was probably not a first rate specimen. Lemon Star, Longfellow and Sailor are all good, the latter two not better than Evangeline or Pilgrim, but Lemon Star is certainly distinct and good. Among incomparabilis, Bernardino and Macebearer struck me as good, and Homespun, of course, was conspicuous in its excellence. But the one that I picked out of all was Gaddy; it is a very fine flower, very white perianth, and deep scarlet shallow cup. Furnace is good, the colour of the cup clean, strong and uniform, and Bedouin is a fine flower, both in colour and size. In my opinion, however, Robespierre (I think a seedling of Mr. P. D. Williams) is an improvement on Bedouin; it is like it in every way, but distinctly larger and I think a better formed cup, also quite as fine, if not a finer coloured flower.

A NEW POET'S NARCISSUS.

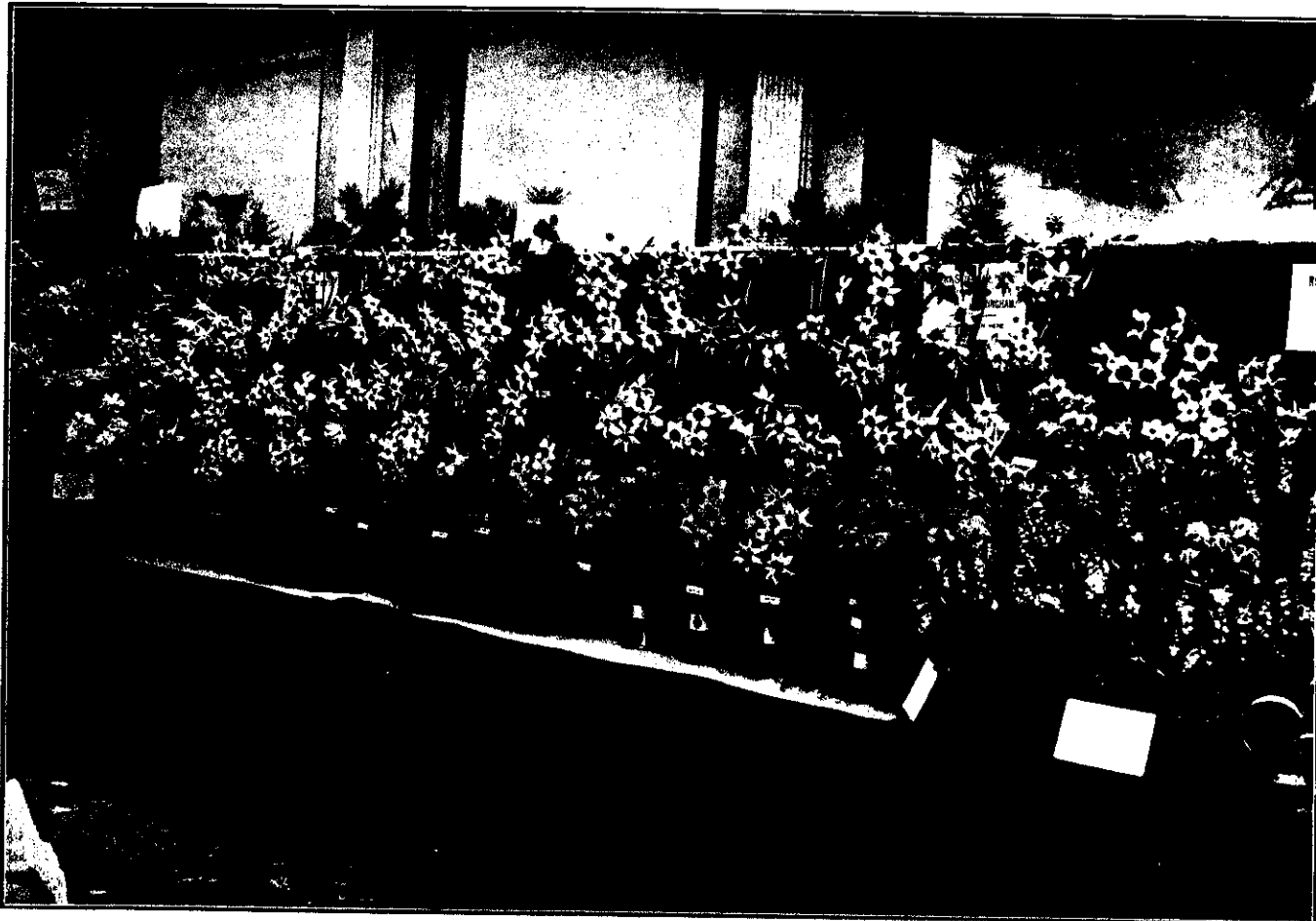
Of others I call to mind King Cup, a beautiful flower, and Wonderland, which has a very fine perianth. Incognita was shown, but was eclipsed by a seedling of Mr. J. C. Williams under a number; this was just Incognita perfected in size, form and colour, a really magnificent flower. There was also a poet's shown numbered 999 that should make a sensation—like Tomyson, but larger. Some extraordinary seedlings were in evidence, with the crowns nearly as large as the perianths; Sunflower was one of these. Perhaps the finest of the new seedlings in the show was one of Mr. J. C. Williams' labelled L.A., a most beautiful incomparabilis somewhat of Homespun type, but quite distinct, colour quite uniform soft butter yellow, deeper, clearer and brighter than in Homespun.

AN ORANGE YELLOW DAFFODIL.

Then there were Medusa, an Englehearti of Furnace type, but much more striking in colour and much better form; Michael (in Messrs. Barr's stand), a very



CARNATION, R. F. FELTON.
A beautiful and large-flowered pink perpetual variety, raised and exhibited by Mr. H. Burnett, Guernsey.



FIRST PRIZE COLLECTION OF TWENTY FOUR DAFFODILS.
Exhibited at the Midland Daffodil Show, Birmingham, by Mr. F. S. Stanforth, Freston Priory, Boston, Lincs.

fine self yellow trumpet of very good form, and what appeared to me a double cross after the style of Buttercup, colour extraordinarily deep, almost orange yellow, the nearest by a long way to an orange trumpet yet. To sum up, my pick of the above flowers are Robespierre, Gaddy, Medusa, the Incognita like flower, I.A., Michael, and the last described Buttercup-like hybrid.

ORNATUS.

THE DAFFODIL AS A GARDEN FLOWER.

It is quite in keeping with the trend of public opinion that an effort should be made to popularise the daffodil as a garden flower, and it is appropriate that the king of raisers, the Rev. G. H. Engleheart, should be the first to draw attention to this phase of the daffodil. In his opening remarks about the progress of the daffodil, after the dinner given by Mr. Robert Sydenham in connection with the Midland Daffodil Show, Mr. Engleheart made out a good case for the retention of those new varieties which, though not up to exhibition standard, are nevertheless excellent for garden purposes. Mr. Engleheart made it quite clear that he did not in the least depreciate the refinement and form that were essential in the exhibition flower, but he thought there was some danger of good garden varieties being lost.

There have been indications for some time past that raisers are devoting their energies to the production of first-class exhibition flowers, many of which it is well known are practically worthless for the garden, and the sooner raisers realise the fact that the general public are the final adjudicators as to what they require, the better will it be for the progress of the daffodil and all concerned. In these days of fancy prices and high ideals the ordinary mortal may well be excused for standing aloof from all daffodils. It ought not to be difficult for such a society as that at Birmingham to publish a list of those varieties which, though not good enough for exhibition, are nevertheless free-flowering, of good constitution and possess good colours, and are therefore ideal for planting in the outdoor garden.

We think that raisers would also do well to carefully consider the advisability of naming new varieties similar in most respects to those already in existence. Already there are a number of varieties, particularly in the Poeticus

section, in which an ordinary grower of flowers can detect no appreciable difference, and it seems probable that in a few years' time the large daffodil societies will have to follow the lead of the National Sweet Pea Society and publish a list of too-much-alike varieties.—"The Garden."

White Roman Hyacinths.

Roman Hyacinths are grown by thousands in England where they are largely used for forcing. Neither the roots nor the blooms are so large or fleshy as Dutch hyacinths. Their chief merit is their early flowering qualities. These hyacinths are good subjects for pot work and they also succeed grown in the open border, and, as they flower early, are much esteemed for cut flowers. When planted early in the Dominion, in the open they can be had in flower during June and July. Roman hyacinths are less costly than Dutch. There are two or three varieties, but the white is by far the best, and the one generally planted.

THE CARNATION AND PICOTEE.

Very few amateurs really understand fully the different sections into which the carnation is divided or the cultural requirements of each. Except for garden purposes or for exhibition, the Picotee is merely a colour form of the carnation, and the treatment it requires is the same. What is termed the show carnation, that is, the bizarres and flakes, likewise the picotee, also included in the term "show," are grown by thousands of fanciers in Great Britain and the Colonies. They have been classed under the term "Florists' Flowers" for more than 100 years.

A rather lengthened experience among cultivators of these flowers (that is, all classes of carnations) has led me to the knowledge of two distinct types or classes of cultivators—first, the stern old florists who can see no beauty in a carnation or picotee outside his well-known knowledge of the properties of a show or exhibition carnation or picotee; and, secondly, the grower of what are termed border carnations.

As I am supposed to be an expert in carnations, I am frequently asked to define the various sections, or the question is put: "What is the difference between a carnation and a picotee?" It would be well if I not only explain the differ-

ence between a carnation and a picotee, but also, in a few words, define the carnation itself.

The bizarre is one of the oldest types of carnation, and is divided into three sections, principally for exhibition purposes. The scarlet bizarres have a white ground, flaked and striped with scarlet and maroon. Crimson bizarres are crimson and purple on white. Pink bizarres are pink and purple on white. The faults of all of them are stains or spots and bars on the white ground; very few varieties have the white quite pure. The flakes are also divided into three sections—purple, scarlet and rose. These colours are in flakes on a white ground. Perfect form of the flowers and petals is essential. The picotees are now in two sections, white and yellow grounds, each being divided into sub-sections of colour margins, broad and narrow. A perfect Picotee should have a margin of colour, but no spots or bars on the white or yellow ground. The colours we already have are red, purple and rose, light and heavy margins. Thus the same colours exist in a picotee as in a carnation; it is the arrangement of the colours which is the distinguishing mark.

—JAS DOUGLAS in "The Garden."



A BOWL OF NARCISSUS, SHOWING 16 FLOWERS GROWN IN MOSS FIBRE FROM FOUR BULBS.

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ROMAN HYACINTHS.

PLANTS SUITABLE FOR HEDGES

Many amateurs with exposed gardens, sometimes are at a loss to know what hedge plant will be most suitable for their sections. As the season for planting out hedges has arrived, we propose giving a list of some sorts suitable. *Elaeagnus Japonica* is not so popular as it used to be. Experience has proved that it requires a lot of labour in order to keep it within bounds. In some parts of the Auckland province it has shown signs of disease, and when the leaves turn yellow the affected plant soon dies out. We do not recommend this plant.

Olearia Fostera makes an excellent hedge, is very easily kept and stands well in exposed places. The native *Pitosporum* are good subjects for hedges. The best known variety is, perhaps, *P. Crassifolium*; this makes a grand hedge for small orchards or gardens. It should be well pruned in its earlier stages in order to get it to stool out well at the bottom. It stands clipping, and is ornamental and affords real

protection to orchard and garden. P. Buchanna is a smaller leaved variety, and makes a close hedge, but does not withstand heavy gales so well as Crassifolium. P. Eugenioides is a beautiful slender leaved sort, suitable for small gardens. P. Nigra is subject to pests and not suitable.

Tecoma is one of the best hedge plants for warm localities. It will not succeed where frosts are severe. Cupressus Lawsoniana is a grand plant for hedges, but like many good things it is rather slow in growth. It requires very little clipping and is suitable for moderate sized gardens, or large ones. It does best when given plenty of room—about 8 or even 9 feet is not too much between the plants, and once it gets established it grows into a dense pyramidal shaped plant, and gives a perfect shelter. So far no disease has attacked this plant in the Dominion.

Escallonias are highly ornamental subjects for small hedges. E. Macrantha, with its shining leaves and red flowers, is perhaps best known. It soon grows into a nice stocky hedge if kept trimmed. E. Eriocoides is a smaller leaved variety, which grows about nine feet high, and has small Erica-like racemes of pale pink, a very showy hedge. E. Pendula, a weeping variety, is not suitable for general work, but is a fast grower.

Barberry is a boy proof hedge of rather slow growth, and is not evergreen. The berries are highly ornamental. Some people fight shy of this plant, owing to its bad reputation as a "host" for rust. There are some who prefer mixed hedges, and all sorts of mixed fences are sometimes put in. Barberry and Eleagnus, Eleagnus and Crimson Rambler roses, China roses and Enonymus, Pittisporum and Enonymus, Privet and Eleagnus. These, of course, are a matter of taste, but for our own part we prefer a hedge all of the one variety of plant.

Laurels make good hedges, but in some situations they do not succeed well. Privet makes a very good hedge, but is objected to by some on account of the "sickly" perfume of its flowers. Box thorn is a boy proof fence, but the plant only succeeds on rich, well-manured land. It requires a lot of trimming, and will not succeed on stiff clay or poor land. Bamboos are very ornamental for screens or for small hedges. Some of the varieties are very objectionable on account of sending out suckers. The variety Bambusa nana, however, is free from this fault.

PREVENTION AND CURE OF MILDEW.

I think it will be generally admitted that mildew is one of the greatest troubles a gardener has to contend with, more particularly the amateur who grows a few roses, and to show how this scourge may be kept at bay is the purpose of this letter.

All that is necessary is a syringe fitted with a fine rose, or spray, for preference, and a tablet of carbolic soap. Take ½ lb. of soap, and dissolve with a gallon of boiling water; it saves stirring to do this an hour or two before the liquid is wanted; then add four gallons of hot water, and if convenient a wineglassful of petroleum, and you have one of the finest insecticides going. This is a certain cure for mildew, but it is not only a cure, but it is a preventive.

Do not wait for the mildew to develop, but spray the roses whilst the buds are dormant, and cover every branch and stem with the liquid. They should be sprayed again later on, even if mildew does not appear; and readers will be surprised at the freedom of the rose trees, not only from mildew, but from insect pests as well. The liquid is most effective when used hot, but do not use it boiling or stronger than indicated. When the roses are in bud or leaf, it is advisable to syringe well with water an hour afterwards. The insecticide will have done its work by that time, and the water will cleanse the foliage.

The writer, an amateur, who has over 100 rose trees in pots, and flowers some of them every month in the year, keeps his plants entirely free from mildew by adopting the above method. It is, too, a simple operation, not unpleasant for a lady or child, and the ingredients are available in most households. In conclusion, may I recommend readers to spray all their rose trees, whether they are varieties particularly subject to mildew or otherwise, and above all, to bear in mind that prevention is better than the finest cure.

—W. Y. Sainsbury, Thorne, Leeds.

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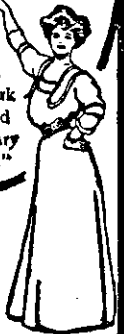
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Strange Story of Old New Zealand— A Pakeha-Maori's Adventures Amongst the Cannibals.

(Specially written for the "Weekly Graphic" by James Cowan.)

A FEW days ago I unearthed in the Carter collection in the Dominion Museum, through the courtesy of Mr. A. Hamilton, director, a rare little pamphlet containing an account of probably the most interesting pakeha-Maori that ever lived in New Zealand—not even excepting the famous, or notorious, John Rutherford. It is a 26-page booklet, bound up for some inscrutable reason with a number of articles on scientific subjects by Sir Walter Buller. This is how the title page of the pamphlet reads:—

"A brief narrative of a New Zealand chief, being the remarkable history of Barnet Burns, an English sailor, with a faithful account of the way in which he became a chief of one of the tribes of New Zealand, together with a few remarks on the manners and customs of the people, and other interesting matter. Written by himself. Belfast: Printed by R. and D. Read, Crown entry, 1844."

A quaint title, brimful of suggestions, and certainly enticing to a student of early New Zealand history. I imagined I had read pretty well everything in print bearing on the lives of the early pakeha-Maori, but here was one quite new to me, as I fancy it will be to most of my readers. The story is a strange one, but it is undoubtedly quite authentic—far more so, at any rate, than the adventures of Rutherford—and it is backed up by a couple of very curious woodcut illustrations. One picture, the front-piece, is a portrait of Barnet Burns, showing him to have been wonderfully closely tattooed, from the top of his forehead to his chin, as thickly and elaborately tattooed, in fact, as ever any Maori chief ever was. His head would have been a prize for any museum. His curly hair is worn very long, falling down to his shoulders. The other principal picture is a full page block at the end of the book, showing "B. Burns, a New Zealand chief," dressed in what appears to be either a kiwi-feather or dog-skin-covered cloak, with a short flax mat round his waist, Maori ornaments hanging from his neck, and the topknot of his long hair dressed up in chief-like fashion and adorned with three feathers, while the rest of it flows down over his shoulders. In his left is thrust a stone mace; in his hand he holds a long tongue-pointed and be-feathered taiaha. Not only is his face tattooed, but there are spiral tattoo-patterns on the calves of his legs. Round his ankles he wears some peculiar ornaments like a row of white stones, after an ancient Polynesian fashion. All the accessories of "A New Zealand chief" of the cannibal era are there; on the ground at his feet is a human thigh bone, on the other side lies a decapitated tattooed Maori head. There is a Maori whero, too; and in the background is a wrecked and battered ship with the waves breaking over her.

In the preface or "address" written by some long-sighted sympathiser with the pakeha-Maori, there occurs this explanation of the publication:—

"The severe hardships and great cruelties which the subject of this short history underwent during his ten years' detention in New Zealand, (Burns' own statement gives a shorter term), the change of habits, harassing away of life and other circumstances, which it has been his misfortune to be subject to, has so broken up his constitution as to render him no longer an able seaman or capable of earning his livelihood by

his labour. He, therefore, by the advice of several persons who have interested themselves in his behalf, has published this, his history, hoping that the British public will hold out the hand of humanity to one of her sons of the ocean, and assist in alleviating the cares and troubles which he must endure for the remainder of his existence."

The tattooed author also explains why he ventured into print. "Since I find it impossible," he writes, "to walk the streets without exciting the curiosity of all who see me, from my remarkable appearance, and not always having an opportunity of satisfying them, I have been advised by my friends to present the public with a short account of my adventures since I first left England until my return from New Zealand,

on the New Zealand coast for nearly eight months, during which time Burns picked up the Maori language, and was able to speak it fluently. Peculiarly, though, the word "Maori" never occurs anywhere in his narrative; he invariably speaks of the people as "New Zealanders," or "Natives." He took a great fancy to New Zealand and determined to return from Sydney and settle here.

Eventually, in February, 1829, Burns was appointed a trading master for a Sydney merchant, L. Baron Montifore, and under agreement with that gentleman proceeded to Mahia Peninsula, on the East Coast of the North Island, to trade for flax and other New Zealand commodities. ("Dried" are not mentioned in the agreement, a copy of which Burns prints, but no doubt they came in handy all the same in those days). Burns' wages were fixed at £4 per month, together with a commission of five per cent. on all flax, to be valued at £12 per ton. Burns sailed from Sydney for Mahia in the schooner Darling, which caller at "Corrier" (Kawhia is meant; Burns' spelling of Maori names is erratic) and "Mocaw" (Mokau) to land a trading master at each place, then at "Paranackia" and at Entry Island (Mana), arriving at last at the Mahia after a voyage of four months. At the Mahia settlement the schooner landed Burns, with his trade goods, and sailed for the bay of Islands.

Trading at the Mahia.

It was a trying time for the young trader, those first few nights on shore. There was not another white man within

land, I felt frightened at my situation; I knew I was not sure of my life as a hour.

"In the course of a few days my trading chief returned with a large quantity of flax. I traded with him by giving him powder, muskets, shot, blankets, tobacco, etc. I stopped here for nearly eleven months before I received any news from my employer, when at last a vessel arrived from Sydney, sent down to receive the stock that I might have on hand. At the time the ship arrived, it was a poor time for the trade in the place, so they had orders to take away the trade."

Burns' troubles were now beginning. He gave up all the flax and the balance of the trade to the agent on the ship. The natives grew troublesome when they found the trade was to be removed. Burns was under the protection of a chief named "Awhaawhe"; he had married the chief's daughter, who at the time the ship arrived was about to have a child. He decided to stay at the Mahia, and take trade in lieu of the money due to him. "The vessel soon after sailed, and I was left behind. Words cannot express in what state my feelings were; suffice it to say it would have been better if I had been dead. The ship, which contained all my friends and countrymen, leaving me at one side and on the other my wife, who would not quit her native country; and as she was on the point of lying-in I could not bring myself to leave the country with the ship."

So the down-hearted young trader watched the sails of the ship that of his last link with civilisation fade out of sight. He was now, it seemed, a pakeha Maori for good. Henceforth his lot was cast in the smoky huts of the cannibals.

In a few days trouble came. He was warned that spies had come from a tribe who lived some distance away—Burns calls them the "Wattihabities," which apparently means the people from the Whaiti-Apiti, in the Wairoa district—with the object of ascertaining whether it would be possible to plunder his establishment. He told his chief, who "began to cry," lamenting that his tribesmen were so far distant that it would be no use Burns trying to defend his property. He counselled flight to Poverty Bay, where he and his white man would be amongst friends.

In a Canoe to Poverty Bay.

So preparations were immediately made for the removal to Turanganui, or Poverty Bay. A large canoe was got ready, and Burns loaded her with what trade goods he had, and put to sea, with his wife and father-in-law and six slaves. The Mahia women, whose husbands were absent, stood on the beach making dolorous farewell; they wept and cut their faces and bodies with sharp stones "until the blood came streaming from them, it grieved them so much that we should leave them for want of protection."

Burns and his crew had a perilous voyage. A strong southerly wind sprang up, and the sea began to run so heavy that they were forced to run for shelter for the night. The next day they "steered" for a place called "Wyslue" (Waikih), which they could not leave because of the heavy seas running in. They, therefore, tramped to Poverty Bay on foot, the local Maoris, who were friendly and who looked round them in hundreds, carrying Burns' property.

At Poverty Bay Burns was safe—for a while. He made his home about twelve miles inland, where he could enjoy the protection of the strong and populous fortified villages. "This part of New Zealand," he wrote, "I think is the finest and most beautiful of all the island—at least what I saw of it. Here I found plenty of game, such as ducks, pigeons, and other kinds of birds; plenty of pork, potatoes, melons, and Indian corn, and every kind of vegetable in abundance."

Burns on the Warpath.

Before many weeks had passed war broke out between Burns' tribe and another, mustering nearly six hundred fighting men, whose headquarters were about twenty miles away. "It was now for the first time I went to battle, it being my chief's particular wish for me to accompany him. I needed but very little pressing to take this step, as I thought it was better to go than stop behind by myself. I gave them all the muskets I had, also all the powder and shot. So we set out from here for a place called Marliathe; I dare say nearly seven hundred of us. We had to strike right through the country about twenty miles to where we heard the enemy were. On the day we arrived we perceived a great deal of smoke arise in different places, from which we thought the enemy were



BARNET BURNS, THE TATTOOED PAKEHA-MAORI TRADER.

which I hope will prove acceptable to all who may feel anxious to hear something about New Zealand, as well as to those who may wish to have an account of the circumstances which led to my adoption as a Chief by the natives of that remarkable island."

"I left England," Baited Burns' narrative opens, "in the year 1827, in the brig Wilna, with Captain Tate, bound for Rio de Janeiro, touching at the Western Islands." At Rio, he explains, all hands were paid off, and he reached Sydney, N.S.W., in the barque Nimrod. At Sydney he spent two years in the service of the Bank of Australia. He then joined the brig Elizabeth, Captain Browne, bound on a trading voyage to New Zealand for flax. The brig was

a hundred miles of him. He was alone amongst thousands of cannibal savages. It was a period when ferocious inter-tribal wars, made more sanguinary still by the introduction of firearms, were waged almost continually. The Maoris welcomed the white man only for the goods he brought, and he was liable at any time to be robbed and killed and eaten. Burns loaded his trade in canoes, and placed it in a Maori whare. "Directly I landed," he says, "the chief whom I had particularly selected to trade with left me; so I had the whole charge on my hands. I was obliged to carry my musket and constantly sleep with it by my side; in fact, I had to keep watch all the time. Then, for the first time since I took my fancy to visit New Zea-

got far off. We had a dog along with us, a common thing amongst New Zealanders, who generally take these animals with them when they are going to war. We intended to lay in ambush the night we perceived the smoke; but the dog having made its way right to where the enemy lay, the enemy finding it to be a strange dog, seized and made it fast round the leg with a piece of cord, by which means, with the help of a person who was piloted by the dog, they discovered where the whole of us lay, and took the opportunity of making their escape, for when we came on the following morning to where we thought they were we found them gone. We pursued them, but could only take four persons, who were some of the slaves that were employed carrying their provisions. They were shot and devoured; on which the tribe performed a war-dance and then proceeded towards home again."

Captured by the Enemy.

Returning to his home Burns resumed his trading and "procured a great quantity of flax and pigs." He expected a ship shortly, and being anxious to purchase more flax he imprudently went inland about twenty-eight miles, to a place called "Mutu" (probably the Motu district). He bought a large quantity of dressed flax there, but while so engaged his people were attacked by their enemies the "Knightarany" (Ngaiterangi) tribe, who squared accounts with them very thoroughly. "There were not many of us to be sure," goes Burns' narrative, "but we gave battle to a man, were beaten, and every soul killed, and not only killed but eaten, except myself, whom they spared, making a prisoner of me, thinking thereby to procure a ransom from my Chief for me. They took me along with them in the bush; they had no houses belonging to them, being a regular wandering tribe."

Burns was now in a desperate pickle. The ferocious cannibals threatened him continuously, and some of them told him they would eat his heart first opportunely. Fortunately the prisoner "got particularly acquainted" with the head chief's daughter, who befriended him and certainly saved his life. He decided to make an effort to escape, but it was impossible.

How Burns Was Tattooed.

It was now that the captured trader was made "pretty" for life per medium of the tattooing artist's bone chisel and blue pigments. Burns tells of it in these words:—

"When I found there was no chance of making my escape I tried to make them all think I was getting very partial to them, and by this means I found I was both loved and respected by them. On one of these occasions the chief took an opportunity of telling me that it was the wish of the chiefs under him, not his own, that I should allow myself to be tattooed after the manner of his subjects. I asked him what was the reason for wishing it, and he told me it was merely to make sure I should stop along with them, bring them trade, fight for them, and in every way make myself their friend. I told this old man, who had a great regard for me that I did not fancy the tribe; I could not stop along with them; that I was losing a great deal of time by stopping along with them, and that I never gave them reason to serve me so. I was losing all my trade; I was losing my time; in fact, I told him that I should kill myself if I could not get away." A short time later Burns had an encounter with a party of these Maoris in the bush and would probably have been killed had he not promised to fight for them, and be tattooed the same as they were. At this "there was nothing but exclamations of joy." They lifted him on their backs and carried him to the old chief's village. "For the purpose of getting extra liberty, I told them to commence tattooing me as soon as possible. They immediately began the operation; the priest cutting in the flesh with bone instruments, which were horribly painful."

Then Burns, when he was only about a quarter tattooed, ran away from this too friendly tribe. He managed to make his escape one rainy night, and in three days he reached Poverty Bay after a terribly rough bush flight; he was barefooted. When at last he reached his friends he was received with the greatest joy; "there was scarcely anything to be heard, but the firing of musketry." A war party of sixty men went out to hunt for his late captors, but the wandering tribes had prudently taken up their guns and vanished. All the "tata" Burns' champions got consisted of four spears.

The War Trail Again.

Later Burns went up the Turanga River (he spells it "Toorongu"), about three miles from his home to buy flax. The tribe with whom he was trading were suddenly attacked by the "Walkathowas" (the Whakatohea tribe), a tribe consisting of four hundred men, women, and children. Burns left and canoed down the river with his flax. Then the tribe he had left, the "Bihiraakos" (Pirirakau, the bush-dwellers) prepared for a campaign against the "Walkathowas." Burns' tribe was called upon to help, and all the warriors set out on the war-path. Burns accompanied them, having the command of one hundred and fifty men himself. The war party was six hundred strong. "We marched to the Walkathowas' Pa, which was very strong; we surrounded it three weeks, during which time several persons were shot and devoured."

One of the victims of Burns' cannibal

eating. I assure you no sweet is the flesh of a New Zealander—an enemy—esteemed by these people that part of this woman's body was sent upwards of three hundred miles off to other friends, merely that they might have a taste."

Such were the pleasant manners and customs of Poverty Bay in "good old days."

Storming the Pa—Sixty Prisoners Eaten.

At last Burns' tribe got tired of the siege, and ended it by storming the palisaded pa in force, cutting their way in with their tomahawks. "We effected an entrance, and made every soul it possessed a prisoner—about four hundred in number. When we brought the prisoners out they were all regularly shared between each tribe; and I myself, was an eye-witness to about sixty being killed and eaten."

Touching that terrible cannibal ban-

ishment, and it was decided that he should shift his camp to "Onawa," a village about thirty miles further along the coast, and a likely place for a good flax trade. Thither the trader sailed in a canoe with his wife and child and brother-in-law and slaves. When he arrived he found another white man there trading for Captain Kent. The two pakahas shared the trade of the district; one living on each side of the river, which was a beautiful one. Burns evidently means the Uawa, at Tolago Bay.

For three years Burns remained in this place, constantly trading, and sending away in that time 107 tons of flax to Sydney. He found it pleasanter here than in Poverty Bay. "This was the place," he says, "where I enjoyed happiness; this was the place where I was tattooed—at least where the remaining part of my face was marked, and not only my face but my body. I do not mean that I have been tattooed altogether against my will, as I submitted to have the latter part done. In fact, I thought within myself, as one part of my face was disfigured, I might as well have it done completely, particularly as it would be of service to me—and so it was. In the first place I could travel to any part of the country, amongst my friends, if I thought proper. I was made and considered chief of a tribe of upwards of six hundred persons, consisting of men, women and children. I could purchase flax when others could not. In fact I was as well liked amongst the rest of the chiefs as if I had been their brother."

Burns Rescues Three White Sailors.

While trading in this bay, Burns received word that three white sailors who had run away from a whaler, had been captured by a chief at the East Cape called "Cofahrow," whom the pakaha Maori describes as a great tyrant. They were to be killed, report said. Burns determined to rescue them. He and "sixty of the ablest men, most of whom were under-chiefs," got a large war-canoe ready and set out for the East Cape, "a distance of about thirty leagues." Three days' sail took them there; then they marched inland to the pa where the sailors were confined. By dint of diplomatic tact, and not a little pluck, Burns delivered his countrymen, who had been kept in a hut for six days. They had been told daily that they were to be killed. After considerable trouble the trader took the sailors back to Nawia with him, and they afterwards returned to Sydney in the "Byron" schooner.

Farewell to New Zealand.

Burns now, it seems—reading between the lines of his narrative—grew homesick. About six months after his rescue expedition to the East Cape, a large vessel called the "Bardaster," of Liverpool, commanded by Captain T. J. Chalmers, arrived in the Bay. Burns resolved to leave by her and have a settlement in Sydney with his employer. The ship went on to Poverty Bay, and Burns joined her there, his wife and children and relations travelling to the Bay with him. "I had now," he writes, "to take leave of my wife and children, her friends, and all my other acquaintances. I cannot describe how the Natives felt; but, however, I will say for myself that no man ever left a place more regretted than I did when leaving New Zealand."

The ship called at Queen Charlotte Sound on her way back to Sydney, to buy whalebone from the white whalers at Te Awaiti and elsewhere. Here Burns detected and frustrated a plan on the part of the Maoris—not less than fifty canoes came off to the ship—to seize and plunder the vessel. Then up anchor for Sydney.

"This ended my adventures in New Zealand," concludes Barnet Burns. "The gentlemanly kind way in which the Captain of the Bardaster used me, to whom I shall always return my most sincere thanks, induced me to stop in his ship and return with him to England, after an absence of eight years, glad enough to see my countrymen, to whom I have been no less an object of curiosity than of commiseration."

So ends the remarkable story of Burns the tattooed trader. One only wishes he could have written more in detail of his daily life in Maori land. It would have been a perfect picture of wild and savage life. But, as it is, it is a valuable record, a story that I can only compare with the narrative of Kimble Bent, who began his strange life with the Taranki Hauhaua thirty years after Burns had bidden farewell to the tangling tribespeople of Poverty Bay.



BARNET BURNS, THE TATTOOED TRADER IN MAORI COSTUME.

comrades was the wife of one of the enemy's chiefs; she was captured while attempting to escape from the pa. The chiefs bespoke their joints while the poor woman was still alive. "One said he would have a leg, another an arm, and another her heart, etc., etc., until she was shared amongst them. Then she was ordered to prepare some potatoes for cooking with herself, and to gather green leaves for the oven; the savage made a large earth stove, laid the leaves on the hot stones, tied both legs together herself, and then asked one of the party to tie her hands. "When this was done she took a friendly leave of two or three persons that she knew, and then threw herself down on the leaves. When she was over the fire she begged some of the party to knock her brains out, but this they would not; they kept her on the fire a few minutes, then laid potatoes over her, and covered her with earth—aye, before life was half gone—until she was cooked; for

quiet the pakaha Maori explains that if a chief was killed his head was generally cut off, and saved, to be sold in the way of trade to the shipping, or in some other way. "The bodies were cut up in quarters; something like the way you see a pig cut up by a butcher; not a single particle of the bodies go to waste. . . . They have also a method of preparing human flesh for the purpose of travelling, which is done by making a fire underneath a grating of vines; they then lay the flesh over the smoke of the vines until it becomes quite dry; such is the way they get meat ready for travelling, etc."

Trading Life at Onawa.

Back from the war trail, Burns hung his musket and tomahawk up in his whare, and resumed the less exciting life of the trader. Now, a trading vessel came into the bay from Sydney, the Prince of Denmark. Burns agreed to trade for the captain for £3 per

Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

LONDON, May 19.

THE first of the great ceremonies of the Coronation season was enacted this week, with all the pomp and splendour of pageantry that London loves so well and achieves so admirably. This was the unveiling of the Queen Victoria Memorial, in the presence of King George, his cousin (the German Emperor), and a brilliant assemblage representing all sides of the nation's public life. Immense crowds, numbering upwards of 100,000, gathered in the Green Park and St. James' Park, and at every point from which a view of the Memorial could be obtained. Most of them had to be content with a distant view, for only the privileged ticket holders could pass within the police lines, and come within close view of the ceremony. But the slopes of the Green Park formed a natural theatre for many thousands. They formed up, tier above tier, from the bottom of the slope to the top, and the broad roadway that leads from Piccadilly down to the Memorial was terraced in this fashion along its entire length. The roof of Buckingham Palace itself was crowded with sight-seers.

Full of brilliant colour was the scene

pointed to administer. The Memorial will stand for ages to come as a conspicuous mark of the bond of brotherhood binding the Empire together." King George in his reply also emphasised the Imperial character of the great memorial. "This monument," he said, "represents the tributes of races and regions more various in character and circumstances than have ever been combined before upon a common purpose."

Followed a brief dedication service, which ended with the well-known hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past." The vast multitude joined in the singing of it, and the effect was thrilling and majestic. Then came the dramatic moment of the ceremony. The King touched a button, the curtain which veiled the Memorial parted and fluttered to the ground, and the noble statue of Victoria, seated on her throne, sceptre in hand, was revealed, amid the cheers of the multitude. At that instant, too, the Royal salute crashed from the guns in St. James' Park, sending a great flock of birds scurrying across the skies. As the reverberations of the cannon died away, the King called to Mr. Brock, the creator of the monument, and bade him kneel, and the sculptor rose Sir Thomas Brock.

Then came the march-past of the troops, a pageant of flying standards and nodding plumes, with the light of a sum-

Falls, a gold-dredging scene, Mount Egmont, with Maori buildings gabled and carved, and the four chief cities of the Dominion—Wellington, Auckland, Christchurch, and Dunedin. Sydney Harbour is reproduced in the Commonwealth building; so are a Melbourne park, a Tasmanian gold mine, and pastoral scenes. And so on right round the Empire.

An interesting section of the Exhibition is that devoted to the Press of the British Empire. Many important journals in London, the provinces, and the Dominions overseas are represented here. The New Zealand section includes the "Auckland Star," "New Zealand Weekly Graphic," "New Zealand Farmer," "New Zealand Times," "Lyttelton Times," "Christchurch Star," and "Canterbury Times." Many curiosities of journalism have been collected. Mr. Punch's famous round table, for instance, the first rotary printing press ever made, a volume of the "Furling Post," and the earliest old wooden handpresses in existence. A romantic feature of the first rotary press is that it was never patented, the inventor (Mr. Nelson) refusing to have it protected, with the result that it was copied in every country in Europe. What an enormous fortune was thus lost can easily be imagined. Sir E. Shackleton has contributed copies of his Antarctic newspaper, printed during his "Farthest South" expedition, and General Baden-Powell has sent a complete file of the "Mafeking Gazette," which was issued, "shells permitting," during the famous siege of Mafeking. Original sketches by war correspondents, cartoons by Sir F. Carruthers Gould, Sir John Tenniel and other eminent artists, and manu-

LAFAYETTE'S LAST ILLUSION.

A startling discovery was made at the eleventh hour regarding the identity of the charred corpse found on the stage after the Empire Theatre fire at Edinburgh, and which was "positively identified" as that of Lafayette, the illusionist, by half a dozen people, who had known him intimately, and had assisted in his stage productions.

The body was duly cremated in accordance with Lafayette's wish, and the ashes placed in an urn, which on the morrow was to be placed between the paws of the embalmed remains of the artist's favourite dog Beauty in the magnificent mausoleum erected by Lafayette in Maryhill Cemetery.

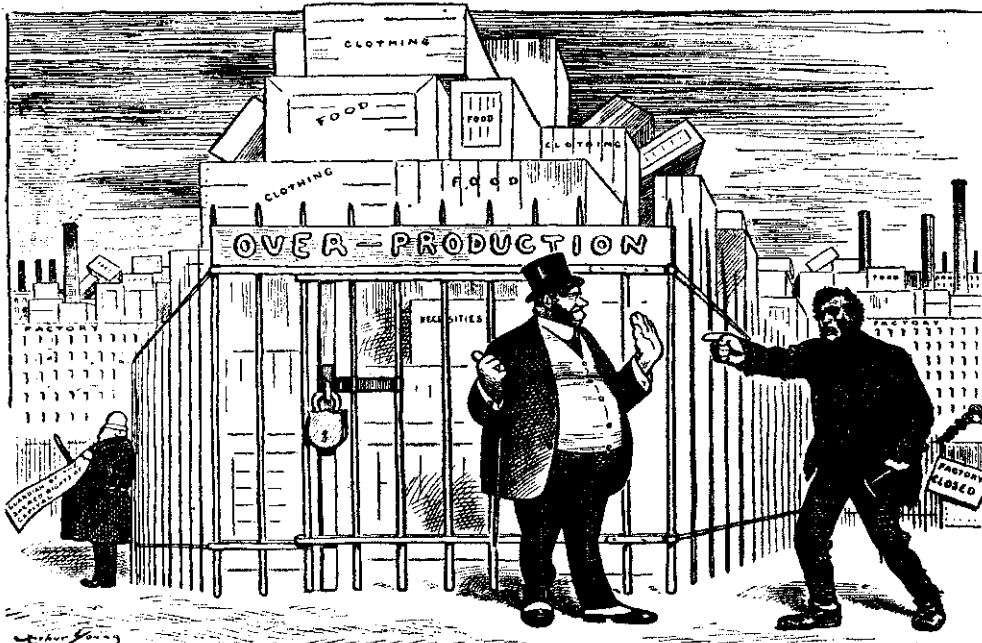
At the last moment almost Mr. Lafayette's solicitor, who had some doubts as to the correctness of the identification, because certain valuable rings always worn by Lafayette were not on the fingers of the corpse when found, insisted that a further search of the ruins of the stage should be made. He pointed out that since the fire nothing had been seen or heard of Richards, the man who acted as Lafayette's double. He had undoubtedly been on the stage when the fire broke out, and as no corpse had been discovered which in the least resembled Richards, there must, the solicitor urged, be another body concealed somewhere in the building.

So a further search was instituted, and at length another corpse, practically unscathed by fire, was found at the bottom of the pit into which the counterweight of the iron fire-proof curtain sinks when the curtain is raised. There was no manner of doubt whose corpse it was. It was Lafayette's. His features were practically untouched by fire, and on his fingers were the two valuable diamond rings his solicitor had expected to find. There were other details in the dress he wore, and physical peculiarities observable, which left no possible doubt as to the identity of the body.

Lafayette's death must have been a lingering and terrible one. Baffled in his attempts to escape through the stage door, he himself had insisted on being locked lest some Paul Pry should use them for the purpose of getting a peep at his secrets, he had slipped down into the pit, doubtless in the hope of discovering a subterranean exit. There was none, and there he had lain with the fierce flames roaring over his place of refuge, and rendering the pit an oven, in which he was slowly stifled and baked to death.

Horrible as was Lafayette's fate, and pathetic the mistake made, it seems in the fitness of things that the man who mystified so many in life by his "doubles" should provide a final illusion in death.

Smith had an uncle—very ill—
Expressed a wish to make his will:
"Leave everything to you, my boy,"
Smith struggled to conceal his joy!
Just to reduce his temperature,
They gave him Wood's Great Peppermint
Cure.
Poor Smith! His dreams of wealth were
vain.
His uncle's up and out again!



Unemployed Labourer: Say! I've got to have work! My family is starving.
Capitalist on Strike: Ah, but I've got over-production. The joke is on you; why don't you laugh?

in front of the memorial. The sunshine flashed on the gilded figure of Victory that surmounts the monument, and brought out in vivid tones the masses of scarlet and blue, violet, white and black in the brilliant array of soldiers and guests. Even the gloomy background of Buckingham Palace served to throw into stronger relief the myriad colours of the uniform and summer dresses. Conspicuous at the base of the Memorial were the Gentlemen-at-Arms in their scarlet uniforms and white-plumed helmets, the King's Indian orderlies in their picturesque attire, and the beautiful blue uniform of the detachment of the German regiment of dragoons, of which Queen Victoria used to be Honorary Colonel. But brilliant as the details of the picture were, it was the general effect, rich in colour, beauty and significance, that held the eye and made the scene so memorable.

The ceremony was brief, but very dignified and impressive. When the procession from the Palace, headed by the King and the Kaiser in the uniforms of British Field Marshals, had reached the die, Lord Fisher presented an address to His Majesty. "Every corner of your Majesty's British Overseas Dominions and Colonies" ran the address, "have contributed to the Fund we were ap-

mer sun glittering on polished weapons and accoutrements. When this was over the bands struck up "God Save the King," and the Royal procession reformed and filed round the monument back to the Palace. So ended a great and memorable pageant.

WHITE CITY RE-OPENS.

Mr. Imre Kiralfy, the organising genius who brought the "White City" into being at Shepherd's Bush, has been stirred to greater activities than ever by the competition of the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace. Yesterday saw the opening at the White City of the Coronation Exhibition.

It aims at illustrating the resources of the British Empire, the commercial and industrial greatness, the world-wide influence of the British race. In cunning panorama and deft pictorial illusion are reproduced far-distant scenes in the dominions overseas and the Eastern Empire. Here is the famous Taj Mahal, seen by moonlight from the river. Here in Hong Kong, rising from the harbour to the Peak. A real Niagara pours over the precipice in the Canadian building. New Zealand also has a real cataract to show—the Waioa-

scripts of famous authors, such as Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, and Marie Corelli, figure in this unique collection of newspaper exhibits. On a table by the New Zealand newspapers is a phonograph which will recite speeches specially contributed by the Prime Minister (Sir Joseph Ward), on "The Press of New Zealand," "The Value of Cable Communications," and "The Scenic Glories of the Dominion."

Three thousand paintings and three hundred works of sculpture adorn the galleries and sculpture hall of the Fine Art section. No fewer than 92 Royal and other societies are presented here. The section devoted to Science includes a seismograph for recording earthquakes and volcano eruptions in any part of the world, and a wireless telegraphy apparatus.

The Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace will attract its tens and hundreds of thousands, but so will the Coronation Exhibition of the White City. The former has the prestige of Government patronage, but the latter enjoys the greater accessibility for the multitude. In any case, London is so crowded with visitors this summer that there should be ample room for both of these great exhibitions within its spacious domain.

THE NEW COOKERY.

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The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

BOOKSHELF FEUILLETON.

"The Old Wives' Tale."

IN the preface to the "Author's Edition" (U.S.A.), of "The Old Wives' Tale," Mr Arnold Bennett tells how he came to conceive and execute what the most reliable judges declare to be the best work he has as yet accomplished. Mr Bennett says: In the autumn of 1903, I used to dine in the Rue de Clichy, Paris. Here were, among others, two waitresses that attracted my attention. One was a beautiful, pale young girl, to whom I never spoke for she was employed far away from the table I affected. The other, a stout middle-aged managing Breton woman, had sole command over my table and me, and gradually she began to assume such a maternal tone towards me, that I saw I should be compelled to leave that restaurant. If I was absent for a couple of nights running, she would reproach me sharply: "What! You are unfaithful to me!" Once when I complained about some French beans, she roundly informed me that French beans were a subject about which I knew nothing. I then decided to be eternally unfaithful to her, and I abandoned the restaurant. A few nights before I left, an old woman came into the restaurant to dine. She was fat, shapeless, ugly and grotesque. She had a ridiculous voice and ridiculous gestures. It was easy to see that she lived alone, and that in the long lapse of years she had developed the kind of peculiarity which induces guffaws among the thoughtless. She was burdened with a lot of small parcels which she kept dropping. She chose one seat; and then another. In a few moments she had the whole restaurant laughing at her. But though Mr Bennett was indifferent to the middle-aged Breton's laughter, he confesses that he was pained to see a coarse grimace of giggling on the face of the beautiful young waitress to whom he had never spoken.

"Came the Vision."

The aforesaid incident set Mr Bennett thinking. This woman was once young, slim, perhaps beautiful, certainly free from these absurd mannerisms. Very probably she is unconscious of her singularities. Her case is a tragedy. And in every such case there is material enough for a heart rending novel, for there is extreme pathos in the mere fact that every stout ageing woman was once a young girl, with the unique charm of youth in her form and movements and in her mind. And the fact that the change from the young girl to the stout ageing woman is made up of infinitesimal changes, each unperceived by her, only intensifies the changes: It was at this stage of his reflections that Mr Bennett conceived the idea of writing the book which ultimately became "The Old Wives' Tale."

Too Obviously Unsympathetic.

But the stout, ageing woman, aforementioned, was, felt Mr Bennett, too old and too obviously unsympathetic to act as a model; for a heroine must not be unsympathetic. And so he knew that he must choose the sort of woman that would pass unnoticed in a crowd. For a time the idea was shelved but never out of reach. "For several reasons it made a special appeal to me." I had always greatly admired Mrs W. K. Clifford's "Aunt Anne," but I wanted to see in my own story, many things omitted in that story. Further Mr Bennett had always revolted against the absurd youthfulness, the unfading youthfulness, of the average heroine. As a protest against this vogue, this author had already planned a novel ("Leonora") of which the heroine was forty, and had daughters old enough to be in love. "The reviewers, by the way, were staggered by my hardihood in offering a woman of forty as a subject of serious interest to the public. But I meant to go much further than forty."

Guy de Maupassant's "Une Vie," as an Example and a Challenge.

In the "nineties," continues Mr Bennett, we used to regard "Une Vie," with mute awe, as being the summit of achievement in fiction. And I remember being very cross with Mr Bernard

Shaw because, having read "Une Vie," at the suggestion, I think, of Mr William Archer, he failed to see in it anything very remarkable. In 1908, I again read "Une Vie," and in spite of a natural anxiety to differ from Mr Shaw, I was gravely disappointed with it. It is a fine novel, but decidedly inferior to "Pierre and Jean," or even "Fort comme la mort." Then Mr Bennett determined to go one better than Guy de Maupassant and finally decided that the English story should trace the development of two girls into old women. There is more interesting matter in this preface, relative to the characters, environment, locality and incidents of plot, and a mention is also made of the frigid reception at first accorded to "The Old Wives' Tale" by the English public. In the March "Bookman," Mr F. G. Bettany, in a character sketch of Mr Bennett, comments rather severely on that author's lack of a proper meed of respect and indulgence for old age, as evidenced in "The Old Wives' Tale" and we fear he was right. It is forced upon the reader, too, in "Clayhanger," which, we think, a marvel of realistic detail, clever, subtle characterisation, and an admirably comprehensive history, social, industrial, political, and economical, of at least one of the five towns and its people. But unsympathetic, withal. The ideal writer is not, we think, he who with most unerring finger points out with wealth of detail and enumeration the exact location of the plague spots of sordid, erring, or suffering humanity, but he who holds up, as did Moses, a symbol for the afflicted to look up to and become healed. We detest this vivisection of stout, ageing old women. Nor do we think that old age comes on unconsciously, either mentally or physically, and the odd, and ugly, and grotesque in the aged is brought about largely, we are sure, by an undignified acceptance, or as a defiance to that toxin of decay which at once sounds the knell of a departing humanity yet rings in a new spiritual birth.

A Book of the Day—Francisco Ferrer.

Mr William Archer's new book, "The Life, Trial, and Death of Francisco Ferrer" (Chapman and Hall, 10/6), while it does not add substantially to the information already given in Mr Joseph McCabe's admirably condensed pamphlet, entitled, we think, "The Martyrdom of Ferrer," and issued at sixpence by the "Rationalistic Press," will have greater weight with the world at large, since Mr Archer's name stands deserved-

ly high in literary and journalistic circles, and with the public generally, while Mr McCabe, though he, too, is duty bound to the highest respect, is denied, either the same wide and respectful hearing and is denied also his just volume of appreciation, because he is an apostle of the unorthodox. Mr Archer's motive for writing this book is a noble one, as Mr Joseph McCabe's was, viz., the vindication of Ferrer's memory. The facts of the Life, Trial, and Death of Ferrer were detailed at length in "Graphic Bookshelf" columns some time ago, and nothing remains but to express our conviction, that when Time shall have destroyed the personal and clerical animosities that have smirched or obscured the fair fame and value of his work as patriot, teacher, and reformer, Francisco Ferrer's name will be inscribed high on the roll of heroic fame. For he died a martyr to the cause of freedom. And we warmly echo the concluding sentences of Mr H. Sacher's fine review of Mr Archer's book, which appeared in the "Daily News" of April 28, and who says:—"We are grateful to Mr Archer for this record of one of the fine, pitiful, and heroic tragedies which purge common men of meaner passions, and make an epoch in the progress of the human spirit." We commend Mr Archer's book to the notice of our readers.

Interesting to West Country Folk.

Devonshire people in particular should find some interesting material in "The Family and Heirs of Sir Francis Drake," which Lady Elliott Drake is publishing through Messrs. Smith, Elder. The book will contain some hitherto unpublished documents relating to the circumnavigator, and will describe the fortunes of several Devon families. Contemporary letters dealing with the public and political affairs of the period will form a large portion of the work, which is based on the fruits of painstaking research.

Of Interest to Educationalists.

Mr. Holmes, who is being pounded on every side for the iniquity of his "Circular," is going to commit the further indiscretion of bringing out a book, which will be published by Messrs. Constable. The title will be "What Is and What Might Be" in the field of education, and by all accounts we are promised a very interesting work.

Women As Constables.

One by one the leaders of the "Women's Movement" are disposing of the reasons why women are not entitled to the vote. First it was refused them because "they could not be soldiers." Joan of Arc and other warrior women were then mentioned, and then came the assertion that women "could never be policemen." This argument, however, is now disposed of, for in "Votes for Women," for April 28, which reached us recently, attention is called to the fact that in Hamwell, Kansas, Mrs. Rose Osborn has been chosen out of a host of

applicants to fill the position of Chief of Police, and in Berlin we hear that thirty women are to be appointed. Their duty will be to inspect houses whose children are farmed. The women must be "physically strong, quiet, self-controlled, tactful, and dignified, and have some knowledge of medicine and nursing. They will have large powers of inspection, and will be entitled to break into dwellings where they think children are being ill-treated. If the experiment succeeds the number of policewomen is to be increased to one hundred." This is a step in the right direction, the work projected being purely woman's work. The "Critics," comments a writer in "Votes for Women," "will have to hunt for new legions."

The Maxims of Methuselah.

Here are a few maxims of Methuselah, brought up to date by Gelett Burgess, author of "Are you a Bromide," "The Burgess Nonsense Book," etc. Mr. Burgess has studied the fair sex to some purpose, as will be seen in the following extracts, which absolutely exclude wisdom, of a sort:—

"To be two years a widow exceedeth a colloquation; and a woman without brothers hath a hard time."

"Count no woman wise, until thou hast received a letter from her hand; but love none thou has not seen face to face, for she who is not foolish on paper is worth knowing."

"Wonder not at woman's inconsistency, for she hath been created of warring essences."

"A black corset is an abomination, and she who leaveth her hair in the comb shall be cast out into utter darkness."

"Even as one who putteth the muck-brush into the ink bottle, so is he who saith to a woman: Beloved, how young thou lookest to-day; how well thou appearest!"

"The damsel yearneth for chivalry, but the matron desireth impertinence."

"Praise not a woman for what she hath, but for what she hath not, and thy reward shall be exceeding great."

"A witty woman for her beauty, and a damsel for her intellect; a wise woman for her jests, and a frivolous maid for her literary criticism; a pianist for her cookery, and a housewife for her mathematics, so shall thou praise them."

An Influx Into Australia.

Mr Champion, of the Melbourne "Book-Lover," has always shown a bias in favour of Mr Foster Fraser, whose book on Australia gave so much offence to the numerous swarthy heads of that mongrelly populated country. In the current issue of that vitriolous, literary Journal, Mr Champion says:—By-the-way, has anyone noticed the great influx of population to this country? It followed the publication of Mr Foster Fraser's book, which was so much laughed at and misrepresented by ignorant people in the press. I fancy that thousands of people who were thinking of emigrating into Canada,



Stout Party: "Poor devil! You come round to my place to-morrow and I'll give you some of my old clothes!" —London Opinion.

were glad to halt by the glowing pictures which that author gave. He was, no doubt, in error on a minor point or two, but he deserved nothing but thanks from these people, many of whom have scored very decidedly by the rising tide of immigration."

Charles Brookfield's Recollections.

"On the two or three occasions that I have had to witness cricket matches from the alleged security of a pavilion, I have always felt as nervous as the historical sufferer from gout who used to sit in his wheel-chair on the cliffs at Ramsgate and wave his stick and shriek with apprehension if he saw a vessel go past his foot so near as the horizon."

"I have never seen any theatrical company cross the border into Scotland without one of the comedians performing an imitation Scotch reel on the railway platform, generally with a railway-rug twisted round him, and exclaiming: 'Hoo's a' wi' ye?' to the nearest station official."

"I remember one day, at a rehearsal of the 'Merchant of Venice,' the Bassanio advanced at the end of his Casket scene with outstretched arms, prepared, according to the stage directions, to embrace the Lady of Belmont. Poor Miss Terry started back with a look of terror; then recovering herself said with great presence of mind: 'No, Mr Sykes, we don't do that business; you—er—you merely kiss my hand. It's more Venetian.' 'Oh, come, Miss Terry,' expostulated Mr Sykes, with an engaging leer; 'you're cuttin' all the 'fat' out of my part.'"—"Random Reminiscences." By Charles H. E. Brookfield. Popular edition. Nelson. 1/ net.

REVIEWS.

TWO CAPITAL NOVELS.

"The Broad Highway": By Jeffery Farnol. (London: Samson, Low and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

Pure enjoyment of this book has almost suspended criticism, and we have only to complain that though Mr Farnol has set his scenes in the 19th century, in the days of the Prince Regent, its thought and vernacular is that of advanced modernity. But this matters little, nay, is even advantageous, since

the modern reader finds it somewhat boring to hark back to a vernacular, a procedure and an environment with which he is not familiar. As we pointed out in our last issue, Mr Farnol is strongly reminiscent of several authors who have left their mark on English literature. With "Liber" of the "New Zealand Times," we detect in the book more than a slight resemblance to Borrow, Reade, Hardy, and Blackmore, and we also see in his hero a philosophy as fascinating, serene, high, and as mundanely indifferent as that which Locke visualises in his "beloved vagabond." But it is only a resemblance, as the style must be that which has been formed at the feet of Dame Nature and at the shrine of humanitarianism, as were the styles of Borrow, Charles Reade, and the great novelists aforementioned. These were the writers, who insisted upon the inherent good in man being superior to the inherited evil. We have not space to outline the story which is supremely fascinating. Nor would we if we had space, for "The Broad Highway" is not a work that can be adequately outlined, since the value and charm of the book lies in its superb characterisation, happy alike in its delineation of virile youth and venerable old age, its healthy sentiment, the tender purity of its attitude towards the fair sex; its crisp, cheery sententiousness, its gracious tolerant outlook upon humanity and things in general, and also, and mainly, for its power to invoke the best, and abash the worst in man. In short, Mr Farnol is a romancerist to conjure with, and though this is, we are told, his first published novel, it is not to be his last, as he has another upon the way which is to be entitled "The Money-Moon." "The Broad Highway" is, we feel confident, but the forerunner of better things to come.

"A Little More Than Kin": By Patricia Wentworth. (London: Andrew Melrose. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

In this novel Patricia Wentworth, who will be remembered as the writer of that fine, strenuous book "A Marriage Under the Terror," has demonstrated that she is not a one-book-writer. The period is that of the French Revolution, and the book's scenes are set respectively in England and France, and the story details how one "Maurice Waveney," an

English baronet, set out to France, in obedience to his dying father's request, though repugnant to his own feelings, he conceiving himself in love and pledged to his cousin Madeline Majoribanks, his father's ward, and an inmate of Waveney, to marry his half French cousin Claude Waveney. Claude's father was an exile from England, though by birth he was the legal heir of Waveney. And Sir Anthony, Maurice's father, had conceived the notion that by the marriage of Maurice and Claude, an old wrong would be partially righted, for he had loved his exiled cousin. From the time of the arrival of young Sir Maurice Waveney into France to wed his cousin Claude, there stretches a long tale of misadventures, killings, exciting, hair-breadth escapes, and deadly dangers, which would furnish enough material for several novels, not the least dangerous if the most revolting of which is the escape of the hero and heroine from Paris during the most sanguined epoch of the Revolution, in a cart packed with dead bodies. But the author has so contrived that the story has an air of fine reality about it, and if it is less strenuous than "A Marriage Under the Terror," there is ample compensation in its romantic love story, which is the most complex we have read for a long time, and in its finale is, surely, one of the most true and tender of that troublesome time.

Flamsted Quarries: By Mary E. Waller. (London: Andrew Melrose. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

If the "Woodcarver of Lympus" was good, what can be said of "Flamsted Quarries" to be adequate. The "Woodcarver of Lympus" by the way, has, since its issue four years ago, gone into its twenty-second edition. "Flamsted Quarries," like that book, is no story of high life, yet many of its characters are born ladies and gentlemen, who if they needed outward refinement had to create it out of very crude material for Flamsted is "way-back," and its inhabitants are few of them blest with worldly goods. It would be easy to single out more than one hero and heroine, for so many of Miss Waller's characters are cast in heroic mould. But, for the majority of readers, the interest of the book will revolve round Aileen Armagh and Champney Googe. Aileen Armagh came to Flamsted from a New York Catholic Orphanage to act as useful, humble companion to Mrs Louis Champney, the most wealthy lady in Flamsted. Champney Googe, who has a somewhat unworthy desire to become a millionaire, is the only son of his mother, and nephew to Mrs Champney, who is childless. Champney is somewhat older than Aileen. Never-the-less he falls in love with her but never speaks the word that would make her happy; that is, he makes love to Aileen, but does not ask her to marry him, intending to make a rich marriage. Then a company is formed in Flamsted for the purpose of working its extensive quarries, and Champney, with a view to one day taking sole management of these quarries, accepts the proposal of Mr Van Ostend, a distant relation and a millionaire, largely interested in the quarries, to learn the business of financing. He goes to branch houses in London, Paris and Berlin to learn various business methods, and engages in speculation on his own account, and more than doubles his capital, which is money that represents the whole of his mother's capital. He again speculates, this time with all his own available capital and a large sum that has been entrusted to him for remittance to Flamsted Quarries, to pay the men's wages. He then absconds but, after great hardship and suffering, is tracked down and being brought to trial, receives seven years' imprisonment. The rest of the story is devoted to the repentance and rehabilitation of Champney Googe. Here we leave the reader to discover for himself whether Aileen Armagh is made happy or no. This is the most barest outline of a story which is as good, nay better, than any that has ever come out of America; and that is saying a great deal. It is a novel that deals with the fundamentals of life, and comparing it with the typical American novel, light, frothy elegant, it is indeed hempen-home spun with a downright power of handling that which is eternal in human nature—love, mercy, cruelty, hate, and fight—especially fight for betterment. In short it is a human document and should be accorded the highest rank in the literature of fiction.

BRIEF AND BRIGHT.

Crime is much more interesting than respectability.—"Petit Ridge."
The black sheep of the family is sometimes a blonde.—May Hublin.
No man ever acquires polish from being rubbed the wrong way.—H. Muhlin.
The one particular brand of love that isn't blind is self-love.—"Philadelphian Ledger."
Talking about crops, the wild oats crop is always a failure.—"Boston Transcript."
Ignorance is the parent to theoretic folly and of imprudent action.—"National Review."
Home is the human nest, and the woman who fails as a home-maker fails as a woman.—"Englishwoman."
If we were unable to believe anything save what was true, it would be much to our advantage; but we should miss much harmless enjoyment.—"Munsey's Magazine."

Fate plays one some scurvy tricks now and then. A man in Cleveland, Ohio, stepped on an ice-covered pavement the other day, and fell. After the fall he found himself dumb. Just when he had the greatest need of speech. He can speak again all right now, but what is the good of that?—"Globe."

Lord Haubury says that "No judge could be just if he was continually thinking what would be said of him next day in the newspapers." But no judge who is just needs to think what will be said of him next day in the newspapers.—"Star."

We notice that the Land of the Wooden Nutmeg is still carrying on business at the old stand. "The root was one of the most considerable items in the enormous cost of the Capitol," says a New York dispatch. "It was supposed originally to be solid oak, but was discovered subsequently to be merely imitation oak in papier mache."—"Globe."

"Passers-by," declares a contemporary, "are using the voting lists outside Wood Green places of worship as pipe lighters, and the Local Government Board, are being asked to abolish the 'useless practice' of displaying the sheets." Useless practice, indeed! Are the authorities, then, prepared to supply matches instead?—"Westminster Gazette."

The Artist should dress in Canvas.
The Gardener, in Lawn.
The Dairyman, in Cheesecloth.
The Editor, in Print.
The Banker, in Checks.
The Hairdresser, in Haircloth.
The Scotchman, in Plaids.
The Prisoner, in Stripes.
The Government Official, in Red Tape.
The Architect, in Blueprint.
The Minister, in Broadcloth.
The Jeweller, in Cotton.
The Undertaker, in Crape.
The Barber, in Mohair (does he not mow hair?)—"Ladies Home Journal."



WHAT FLEET STREET WANTS.

The Newsboy: "Yus, lady, the only thing wot'll do us much good now is a good 'orrible murder reglar once a week!"—"London Opinion."

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Progress in Science.

Weapons in Walking Sticks.

THOSE who look with contempt upon a cane as a useless ornament and a harmless weapon evolved from the old-time bludgeon, evidently do not know much about the condition of affairs in France, where the inoffensive-looking walking stick may conceal the most dangerous weapon. In France, the carrying of arms is prohibited. On the other hand, the respectable citizen is frequently obliged to protect himself against the "Apaches." For this reason, considerable ingenuity has been exercised in concealing within the otherwise innocent-looking walking stick a most efficient means of defence. To such an extent has this art been carried, that one need no longer look with contempt upon the well-dressed dandy twirling a light cane, for at a moment's notice he may wrench off the handle of his walking stick and blaze away at you with a six-barreled revolver. Should this fail to down the enemy, he may use the dagger projecting from the barrel of the revolver for short-range fighting. One of the accompanying illustrations

meal, and suffered no ill-effects. The menu included: Martini cocktail, oysters cocktail, chablis moutonne, clear green turtle soup, synthetic biscuits, butterine, creme glacee, coffee substitute, synthetic creme de menthe, and various chemically-prepared wines.

On a side table were test tubes, bunsen burners, retorts, bottles of various re-agents, and so forth. The cocktail with which the meal commenced was made in a few minutes. Into its composition entered spirits of wine, ice, "absinthine" while a yellow aniline dye gave the necessary colouring. The oysters that followed were natural, but the sauce was a compound of citric acid, artificial vinegar, and red aniline. The Chablis had never been near a vineyard; tartar, acetic acid, glucose, alcohol, distilled water, and naptitol went to the making of it. The biscuits were built up from saccharine, bicarbonate of soda, water, and cream of tartar, heated in a retort, with the addition of caseine and glycerol-phosphate of soda, a mixture that the chemist said was "milk." Thus were the biscuits made. Perhaps the

surface thoroughly and allow to dry. Mix up a solution of 1 part water-glass (sodium silicate) 40 deg. Baume, with 4 to 6 parts water, total 5 to 7 parts, according to the density of the concrete surface treated. The denser the surface the weaker should be the solution. Apply the water-glass solution with a brush. After four hours and within twenty-four hours, wash off the surface with clear water. Again allow the surface to dry. When dry apply another coat of the water-glass solution. After four hours and within twenty-four hours, again wash off the surface with clear water and allow to dry. Repeat this process for three or four coats, which should be sufficient to close up all the pores.

The water-glass (sodium silicate) which has penetrated the pores has come in contact with the alkalies in the cement and concrete and formed into an insoluble hard material, causing the surface to become very hard to a depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, according to the density of the concrete. The excess sodium silicate which has remained on the surface, not having come in contact with the alkalies, is soluble, therefore, easily washed off with water. The reason for washing off the surface between each coat, and allowing the surface to dry, is to obtain a more thorough penetration of the sodium silicate.

It is obvious that concrete surfaces so treated, if hard, impervious, and insoluble, have been made impervious, tasteless, odourless, and sanitary.—Albert Moyer, in an American paper.

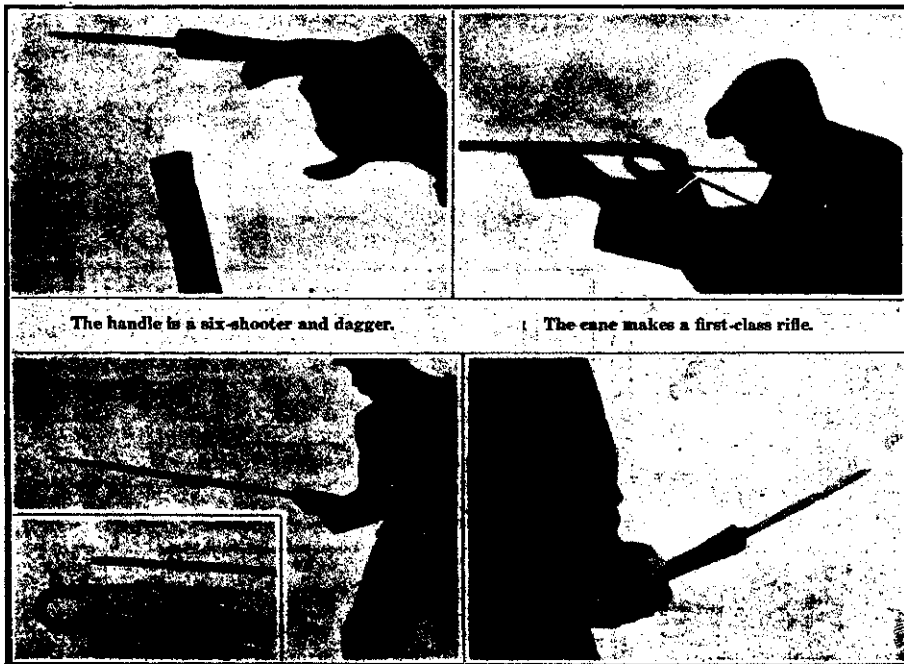
New Use for Electro-magnet.

Some time ago a successful experiment was made of a novel method of raising kegs of nails from a sunken vessel in the Mississippi River by the use of electro-magnets. This method suggested to the U.S.A. Navy Department that torpedoes which have gone to the bottom because of some defect can be raised in a similar manner. Hereafter, in practice firing, when a torpedo is lost, the approximate point at which it sank will be marked with a buoy, so that the region may be explored with an electro-magnet, and the torpedo be thus recovered. The lifting power of the magnets will not have to be very great, owing to the buoyancy of the torpedo in the water.



Baseball Mathematics.

Baseballs have been caught when dropped from the top of the Washington Monument, by at least two well-known league players, says an American journal. The distance dropped is 542ft, and by the time the ball reached the catcher's hands its velocity was calculated to have been about 180ft per second, or over 120 miles an hour. Suppose that the pitcher was to throw a 9oz ball to the top of the Washington Monument. How much energy would he require for that purpose? The "American Machinist" answers that question in a recent issue. According to that journal, if the pitcher could throw such a ball with such strength that it would reach the top of the monument, assuming that his hand is propelling the ball through a distance of 5ft before letting go, he would have to exert a constant pressure of about 60lb upon the ball until it left his hand. If the catcher in receiving the dropped ball, allowed his hand to move down a distance of 2ft, the average stopping force which he exerted must have been nearly 150 pounds. The probabilities are that his hands stung somewhat after the performance.



The handle is a six-shooter and dagger.

The cane makes a first-class rifle.

The cane may contain a sword or a blackjack.

A twist of the stick projects a bayonet from the handle.

WEAPONS CONCEALED IN FRENCH WALKING-STICKS.

shows a rifle that has been concealed in a walking stick. The rifle is provided with a shoulder rest, which may quickly be unfolded and applied. Another illustration shows a sword that has been drawn out of a cane, while still another illustrates a cane so constructed that a simple movement of the stick will bring out a bayonet from the upper end. There is one form of weapon that might be of service to the gentleman, but we are inclined to think that it would be of more value to a footpad. The stick contains an ugly black-jack consisting of a rubber whip loaded with a heavy metal end.



Chemical Dinner.

The "Figaro" gives details of an extraordinary meal recently given in America—of course—by Dr. Stillman, head of the laboratory at the Stevens Institute of Technology, New York. Before the eyes of his guests the doctor made by chemical processes all the dishes save the oysters, the meat, and the salad. What is more, they heartily enjoyed the

"plat de resistance" was the creme glacee. Cottonseed-oil mixed with water was whirled round in a machine at 3,000 revolutions a minute. The cream thus obtained was cooled by one of the methods known to chemists, and the addition of nitro-benzol gave it the desired flavouring. The meal terminated with a chemical liqueur, creme de menthe, which was, perhaps, quite as good as some of the liqueurs sold as natural.



Glass for Concrete Vats.

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Conductivity of Copper and Aluminium.

It is interesting to study the rivalry between copper and aluminium as conductors of electric current. The conductivity of aluminium is but three-fifths of that of copper. On the other hand, it is so much lighter that, pound for pound, aluminium is a better conductor than copper. The cost of aluminium is slightly greater than that of copper, but not sufficiently greater to prevent its being used; but when we come to insulated wire, copper has an advantage over aluminium, because in wires of the same conductivity the cross section of the copper would be less than the cross section of the aluminium conductor, and hence would require less insulation, due to its smaller diameter. This, however, holds only below certain sizes, for the conductivity depends upon the cross-sectional area, and the latter varies as the square of the diameter, so that in the end aluminium wins the race for the large insulated conductors.

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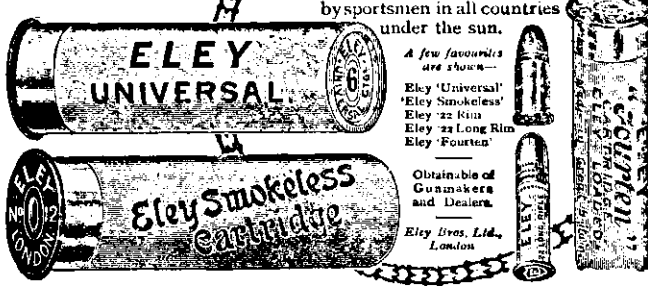
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A Tale of the Arctic.

By E. ELLIOT STOCK.

THE Selwyn expedition had been successfully accomplished. Commander Selwyn had said so himself—upon his own deck—at a meeting of the two captains that morning in an almost ice-locked bay on the southern coast of one of the Parry Islands; and when Commander Selwyn, R.N., was pleased to be satisfied all hands felt the millennium might be expected at very short notice.

Two years previously the converted whaler *Helvetia*, now cheerfully biting the loose pack-ice about her cutwater, and proudly carrying "Farthest North" in bold lettering upon her counter, had started out to nose the possibilities of the North-West Passage, and incidentally correct the faulty position of the magnetic pole. She now lay end-on to her relief ship, the old barque-rigged, auxiliary-screwed *Plethora*, her brass-work winking patronizingly in the Arctic sun in bold contrast to the *Plethora's* businesslike dinginess.

Captain Jock Bell, of the *Plethora*, saw no particular sense in scientific exploration of any sort, and said so, with embellishments, when he found the old packet bought beneath him by a learned society as an Arctic relief ship; but the offer of three hundred pounds to carry stores and a lame doctor into Baffin's Bay and the sounds to the north of it till he spoke the Farthest North seemed a gift worthy of the acceptor.

The outcome of the offer had spell complete success. The society knew their man. Two months to reach the Western Greenland coast from Cape Farewell to Umanvik; a fortnight westward through Lancaster Sound in the teeth of a biting nor-wester; yet another month to beat the intricate channels of the Parry Islands—and there, fished away in a tiny bay upon which the ice had just begun to loosen its grip, lay the *Plethora's* quarry. Captain Bell, stamping the ice-glazed after-deck with young Dr. Muttelbery, imagined he could hear in the loosening ice the crackle of the good English notes he had so skillfully earned.

Muttelbery had tumbled aboard the old ship at the last minute, packed off by the society with a costly assortment of cameras, and instructions to record the Arctic in all its moods.

This he had done thoroughly during the three months of backeting inside the Circle; and now the fruits of his hard labour, got at the expense of the better part of two fingers and a touch of snow-blindness, lay safely stored in a small bunk off the engine-room. The *Plethora's* chief engineer—a deaf and rather morose Scot—had seen his snug little quarters turned into a dark-room and himself relegated to the draughty mercies of the chart-house whilst still in the Hull river. The relations between the medical and engineering departments were, in consequence, rather more than strained.

"Picture-makin' 'P the engine-room! 'Twill be a lady's bowdler next, I'm thinkin'," old Andy had exclaimed, at-must tearfully.

"It's the society, it's no' me, Andy," the skipper had replied with a grin; "and man, ye'll be forgettin' the grand air and the cold water ye'll be havin' the use of before our charter runs out."

Old Andy's resentment had since become silently vindictive, and only a quiet firmness on Muttelbery's part allowed him to carry out his delicate work without serious complications.

But all was now bustle and excitement, to the obliteration of personal matters. The Farthest North had commenced to shake off the winter's lethargy, replenish stores from her relief ship, and get into sea-going trim again. The month occupied with this work was a valuable one to Muttelbery, nor was he slow to take advantage of it. Whilst the weather held he would tramp, buffed to the eyes—sometimes with a couple of the *Plethora's* men, sometimes alone—far out into the barren silences of ice-hummock and snow-plain, to return hours later, frozen but contented, with a few more picture records to add to his store. At times he would wander for hours. All thoughts of work thrown aside, over those vast barren stretches

merging imperceptibly into the grey-white sky-line ahead, eye and mind weary, but drawn by a fascination he could not understand. At others the craving and monotony would be broken by a chance shot at a bear, or, more rarely still, by the appearance of a small stray Eskimo tribe, shifting to their spring quarters, the furnished sledge-dogs hauling twice their own weight, and snapping as they hauled.

The Farthest North, with that man-of-war promptitude which means a maximum of work with a minimum of bustle, soon resumed her sea-going rig, and one bright morning in early summer both ships broke ground and butted their

heavy tonic among the ships' officers, accentuated, rather than lessened, by a

Night had settled down upon the bay, icy-cold but very still and, like all Arctic summer nights, almost as light as day. A short mile away on the port bow the Farthest North steamed steadily southward, the wash from her screw showing ivory-white against the grey blackness of the sea. Jock Bell, who had just come up on deck to relieve the mate and finish a pipe in the lee of the wheel-house, felt that he had never experienced a calmer night than this inside the Circle, where deathlike calms follow violent storms in monotonous succession.

The thump, thump of the engines and the creak of the rudder-chains, as the *Plethora* crept along her erratic path, seemed almost a sacrilege in this soundless void, and the skipper stumped away to the wheel to shake off the impression. He had scarcely reached the foot of the ladder leading to the little bridge, however, when he became conscious of a motionless, fur-clad figure standing by

Macbrain studied the scene long and silently, then crossed over to the skipper.

"What's ailing the lad, think ye?" he asked, in an awed whisper.

Bell whipped round with a startled exclamation.

"It's you, Andy," he answered, in as loud a tone as he dared, and put a strong hand on the older man's shoulder and his mouth to his ear. "The North holds him, I'm thinkin'. It's uncanny. Lord, but it's uncanny!"

"Aye, 'tis uncanny indeed, Jock. An' mark my words, he's held by more than the ice, or me name's no' Macbrain."

"Speak yer meaning, mon! Ye ken something!"

"Na, na," Andy replied, cautiously. "I ken now for certain, but A've ma suspicions, and—"

He did not complete the sentence, however, and the reason was obvious. Muttelbery now crouched forward over the rail, with both arms outstretched before him, speaking rapidly and pleadingly, in an unknown tongue, as though to some hidden presence. But his pleading was short, and, before the two watchers had fully grasped the change, he had turned swiftly and passed them, still with unseeing eyes, to be lost a moment later in the darkness of the companion-way.

For fully a minute both men stood staring at the hatch beneath which the doctor had disappeared; and when Captain Bell spoke at last, it was in a husky, awed voice that showed his superstitious sailor-nature had been awakened to the full.

"The laddie's fou' wi' the call o' the ice, Andy! Heven send it does na draw him overboard. What'll it be he was havin' speech wi'?"

"His uncanny conscience, I'm thinkin'," the old engineer replied, quietly. "I ken another seemilar case, but 'twas i' the South Atlantic, and three days oot frae Rio. One o' the stokers went so. He'd killed his man, and he killed himself by way of the bulwarks the vera next day."

A dozen hours later the incident had entirely passed from Captain Bell's mind. The old *Plethora* had run out of coal and taken to canvas. This in itself was no serious matter, but she had also run into a thick fog-bank close in under Cape Farewell, and her skipper could snatch but a few minutes from the bridge for food and sleep. The coast, a dangerous one, was additionally dangerous under these conditions, for, although early summer, there were more large bergs about than altogether pleased him.

The Farthest North had long ago out-paced her sister, and probably lay a couple of hundred miles to the eastward, rapidly drawing away from the *Plethora*, who blundered along the same sea-path close-reefed and lonely.

Since the strange incident of the night before Muttelbery had kept to his berth, leaving his meals untouched; and old Andy, a mere passenger now that his beloved engine-room was closed by Bell's order to all but the young doctor, had ample time for thought upon the doctor's strange actions. Vast frozen solitudes, Andy was convinced, would not have this weird effect upon a strongly-balanced and well-fed man in a few months. The doctor was a powerful personality, mentally and physically, and the old engineer's resentment against this man was well-seasoned with respect. Andy's plan was to keep a close and secret watch upon the doctor's future movements, and this he had laid himself out to do with all the shrewdness of his Celtic nature, convinced that time would furnish him with a tangible clue to theories which, though wild in the extreme, were the outcome of suspicions aroused by one small but significant incident among the Parry Islands which he alone knew of.

For two anxious days the *Plethora* sailed, with the watch doubled, through a dense fog-bank, and when a strong sou'-wester blew it landward, she was discovered still hugging the Cape, and far too closely to be pleasant. Captain Bell could make nothing of it, and he carried a worn-out body and an uneasy mind back to the bridge that night. By all the laws of navigation his ship should have sunk land by a good hundred sea-miles, and yet here lay the Cape's jagged mass close under her port beam. His mate, a silent, but efficient Timesider, was equally nonplussed, and shyed it.

"What's took the old packet, sir?" he asked, in a awed tone. "She's not made a knot for night twenty-four hours, and 'tis my opinion she's drifting inshore."



"Muttelbery crouched forward over the rail, with both arms outstretched before him."

way through the pack-ice out into the open, under easy steam, for the long voyage south and west.

Probably no one of the two ships' companies felt a greater relief than the young doctor when the last plumes of that dead-white land had faded into the grey horizon. Its awful loneliness had during the last days lain like an icy grip upon his very soul, holding, yet repelling. Despite a well-balanced mind and iron constitution, an eerie, restless temptation had more than once all but forced him to leave the ship and tramp ever northward till body and mind gave out and he sank at last to perish alone among this Northern ice he had begun to love, yet which he hated with a feeling not far removed from fear.

The *Plethora's* prosaic skipper had small time in which to study the idiosyncrasies of his fellows, even supposing he had the inclination; but even he began to notice Muttelbery's growing aloofness, and at times a certain drawn look of dread expectancy that surprised him considerably. It was not, however, till both ships had been more than a week at sea, feeling their way among the bergs and drift-ice of Baffin's Bay, that the doctor's actions became an un-

derstandable thing. The figure was Muttelbery's, but something queer in its tense attitude brought Bell to a dead stop. The young doctor seemed to be standing in a kind of trance, with his back turned to the skipper, and quite oblivious of the bitter cold or his surroundings. His head was thrown back, and his unseeing eyes were glued to the North, from which the ship was slowly carrying him.

Jock Bell's hard calling had more than once shown him how easily a strong head may be rendered useless by long contact with privation and the ice, but here was a different case entirely, a case that he felt his experience could not help him with, and so he stood, with his hands on the ladder-ropes, watching the rigid figure, fascinated but uneasy. The two men were still in the same attitude when the glow from Andy Macbrain's pipe-bowl appeared above the engine-room hatch and its owner quietly took in the weird picture.

The young doctor had not moved a muscle. His attitude still denoted an utter oblivion of all things earthly, whilst his gaze lay along the ship's wake, as though held by some sight or force he seemed powerless to resist.

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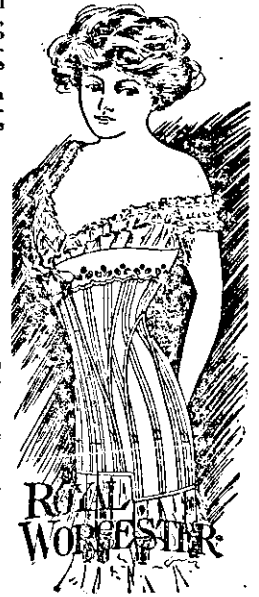
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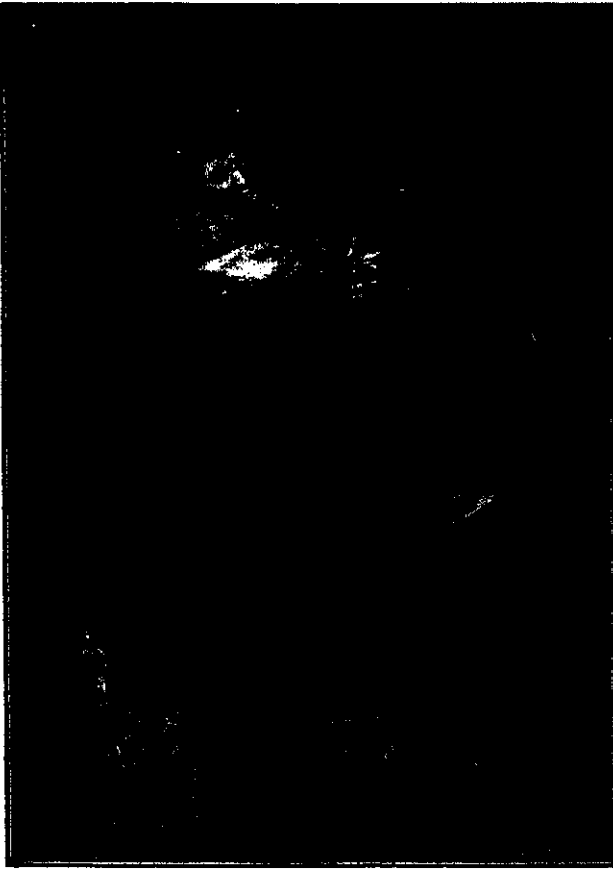
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"The maniac sprang, and the old man went down heavily"

This was the skipper's opinion also, and the direct cause of his uneasiness; but he tried rather lamely to hide it from the mate.

"Losh, mon," he answered, irritably, "but yer bit opinions in yer pipe; they're none use there." Further speech was caught in his teeth as the scared face of Andy Macbrain appeared on a level with the bridge planks, and the old engineer stood holding shakily to the handrail.

"Save us, Andy! Hae ye seen a spook?" the skipper exclaimed.

"A've no seen one, but as sure as death A've heard one," the old man whispered, fearfully.

Despite his hearers' uneasiness neither could resist a broad smile.

"Why Andy, mon, ye couldna hear a fog-horn at three yards," Bell replied with a laugh.

"A dumo ken how A heard it, but A'm no mistaken. 'Twas an awful cry frae the engine-room, mon. 'Twas like a soul in torment."

Captain Bell's impatient laugh was cut short by the stamp of his sea-boot.

"What's come to us?" he exclaimed, irritably. "'A soul—torment!' Ye're as fey as the doctor! Got ye down and awa and let me hear no more sic tosh. I've more on my mind than spooks the night," and he turned curtly to the binacle.

Andy Macbrain dropped to the deck again, door but still fearful, and sought the shelter of the deck-house to chew the end of his startled thoughts and suspicions. The old man had just had a bad scare. He knew well enough that he was deaf, very deaf. It was his bugbear. Had he not to keep his eyes glued to the indicator when standing his lonely watch? How, then, did this strange, distant cry reach his brain and for a moment numb his faculties? Old Andy was no coward as men go, but the sea breeds the supernatural to confound many theories, and Andy Macbrain was as wide a receptacle as any of his calling.

Two hours later the skipper tumbled off the bridge, utterly fagged out. The fogbank had closed down upon the ship again icy and dense, obliterating every object at half a cable's length. The words and strange happenings of the last few days had got badly on his nerves, rendering him silent and irritable.

His mood, therefore, scarcely prepared him for subsequent events.

With the exception of the men on duty on the bridge the decks were deserted, and only the light in the chart-house showed where old Andy had retired to ruminate. This light brought a feeling of compunction to the skipper's naturally kind heart. He had certainly been abrupt, almost brutal, with the old man, and he paused in the alley-way, dog-tired as he was. A little light chaff at old Andy's expense might put matters right between them. He had, however, scarcely placed a fur-gloved hand upon the handle when he started backward with the breath caught in his throat. From out of the fog-laden void there seemed to come a weird, despairing cry that set his every nerve tingling—a cry resembling that of a seabird, but far more insistent and human. For a minute the skipper stood rigid, scarcely breathing, in dread expectancy of its repetition. But, though he waited with every nerve at full tension, no sound rose again above the croaking covering one of the air-shafts to the disused engine-room lay only a yard away. Could it have been by this means that this eerie wail had reached the deck? But Jock Bell was by no means sure that his ear had been the receptacle; that strange cry now seemed to him to have been more felt than heard.

How long he stood a prey to a strange apprehension, utterly foreign to his nature, he could not himself have told, but his listening attitude was cut short by a sudden sharp hail from the bridge, and as he moved into view the mate's startled "Will you come up here, sir?" brought him in half-a-dozen strides to the man's side. All round the ship the fogbank lay as thick as ever, but to landward a deep rift had appeared in the veil, through which the white line of surf could be plainly seen breaking against the black loom of rock in its rear.

"She's drifted a full mile inshore during the last few hours, sir, without making a foot of easting!"

A glance showed Bell, that, but for this providential glimpse, the old ship would in a few hours, despite all his efforts, have piled herself up under the Cape, and the watch jumped to work

under a volley of orders from the bridge. With the Plethora standing out to the southward on the wind, Jock Bell felt easier in his mind, but such a puzzling procession of events left an eerie atmosphere about the ship that he could not account for, and determined to wipe away before turning in.

Old Andy still sat ruminating over a pipe, and lifted a sullen, scared face when the skipper entered the chart-house. But Bell's first words brought him to his feet, all resentment gone, and eager to share his fears with another.

"I'm takin' back me words, Andy," the skipper began, soberly; "I've heard it too. Get yon lamp and come along; I'll be searching the engine-room."

The old engineer was into his thick pilot jacket in less than five seconds, and, snatching the swinging lamp from its bracket above the table, he followed the skipper out on to the fog-laden deck.

At the engine hatch both of them paused to listen, but the black void below gave up no sound. Men, as they were, used to sudden dangers and quick decisions, this eerie happening lay quite outside any experience in their past, and as such seemed over-dangerous to meddle with.

The dull rays of the lamp, lowered at arm's length, showed Andy that everything was in order, and that, apparently, no presence, human or otherwise, had visited his domain. Breathing more freely, and secretly ashamed of the extent to which they had shown their feelings, both men proceeded to make a tour of inspection.

The skipper, followed closely by old Andy, had almost completed the circuit of the engines, and had reached the doors of two or three store cupboards, on the starboard side, when he became uneasily conscious of a huddled heap in the alley-way.

"Sakes, mon!" the skipper exclaimed, in a startled whisper. "What'll this be? Show the light!" Before Andy could bring the lamp to play upon it, however, the heap resolved itself into a human shape that sprang erect and backed, with arms outstretched, against one of the doors. For a moment both men were too startled to move, and then Andy, with a smothered exclamation, swung the light aloft.

The skipper's duties during the last twenty-four hours had given him little time for thought upon other matters aboard his ship, and Dr. Muttlobery's strange case had for the moment quite passed from his mind. It was to be brought back to him now in startling fashion.

The apparition was the doctor, certainly, but all resemblance to the spick-and-span, self-possessed young scientist had departed, leaving behind a crouching, disbevelled, haggard creature, in whose wild eyes shone a mad, hunted terror that held its audience of two fascinated and tongue-tied.

When the skipper found his voice again it was uncertain with the shock of the sight before him.

"Why—what's come to ye, doctor?" he exclaimed, huskily.

But any answer that might have been vouchsafed was drowned by a cry from old Andy, who sprang in front of his skipper, and pointed excitedly at the door against which the madman crouched.

"The dark-room! He'll be hiding something. 'Tis the verra place to search, I'm thinkin'!" the old man exclaimed, vindictively. All his pent-up resentment surged up, obliterating his fears.

But old Andy had scarcely taken a step forward, with the evident intention of carrying out his idea, when, with a howl like a famished wolf, the maniac—for it was now no other—sprang, and the old man went down heavily and lay stunned beneath a twelve-stone body propelled by frenzied strength. The onslaught was so sudden that the skipper had no time to shout a warning, or do more than avoid the lamp which flew past his head and crashed against the bulk-head opposite, leaving the engine-room in total darkness.

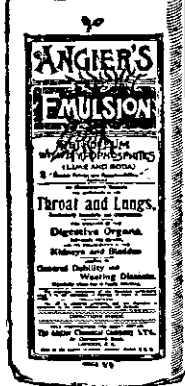
Jock Bell's subsequent account of that night's events was disjointed. He could remember groping blindly to his engineer's assistance, being thrown violently against the rail circling the engines, dashing up the steel ladder in pursuit of the madman, and arriving at the hatch-coping barely in time to see his quarry vault the rail and disappear without a cry into the fog.

No boat was called away. Such an act would be useless in so thick a fog.



"The two men gazed down, horror-struck, face-nerved."

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ther, nor could the hardiest of humans have kept afloat for many minutes in that icy sea.

The startling events of the last twenty-four hours, culminating in the young doctor's suicide, called for some explanation. A gloomy foreboding had settled down upon the old ship, transmitting itself unconsciously from officers to crew; and this was not lightened when another rift in the fog-bank showed the black bulk of the Cape still lying a bare mile away under her stern.

Up to this point, Jock Bell had succeeded, though indifferently, in keeping the supernatural out of his calculations, but this last discovery came as a final blow to his professional pride, and brought with it also an almost certain and uneasy knowledge that he had come indirectly into conflict with some unseen force that he had never met with before in all his experience—a force which the young doctor had evidently meddled with, accidentally or intentionally, to his own undoing.

The ship's perilous position and eccentric behaviour kept its skipper at his post for some hours after the madman's wild leap, and it was not till Bell judged that he had made a good offing again and could leave the bridge in charge of the mate that he descended once more, in company with old Andy, now shaken and huggable, into the black depths of the engine-room. The doctor's dark-room both men found strongly barred. The ordinary lock had been supplemented by a patent padlock with stout staples, and this fact alone gave them a grim determination to solve the mystery behind that firmly-closed door.

Andy's scientific handling of an eighteen-inch spanner, coupled with the skipper's heavy shoulder, soon disposed of both obstacles, and the little cabin lay open before them.

At first nothing unusual about the fittings and contents in this confined space struck either man. Temporary shelves ran round the walls, holding the doctor's store of exposed plates and other paraphernalia. The lamp and developing dishes, with their covering of dust, had not been used for weeks. Beneath the solitary bunk a few packing-cases, some open, some closed, and all full of Arctic specimens, lay piled up; whilst in the bunk itself reposed a still larger and longer case, evidently made from material found aboard the ship. The skipper's eye wandered round the cabin again, and he was just preparing to leave it with a feeling of relief, in which a mild disappointment had a place, when old Andy, who had been examining the larger case, started back with a stifled cry, and stood pointing with shaking finger.

"Presairve us, Bell! It's human hair!"

The skipper turned quickly and looked in the direction in which the old man pointed. For a moment he could distinguish nothing to account for Andy's horror, or his startled cry; then slowly the horror of the thing laid hold upon him.

The case had been hurriedly knocked together of light wood, and through a small space left by the uneven fitting of the lid protruded an inch or two of coarse black hair.

For some time both men stood spell-bound at the discovery; then the skipper, with a smothered oath, produced his jack-knife. The lid of the case had been but lightly nailed, and the smallest exertion sufficed to force it easily. As the lid fell away Andy swung the lamp aloft, and the two men gazed down, horror-struck and fascinated, into the oval, waxen face of a young Eskimo girl.

Old Andy was the first to recover his speech, and his early Free Kirk training solemnly voiced his thoughts.

"They that draw the sword shall perish by the sword," he said, and he pulled his cap from his grizzled head as he said it.

"Loch, Bell, but he desairved it!" he continued, fearfully. "I had me suspicions. He brought the case aboard himself three nights before we weighed. I could tell 'twas vera hofty. I was in the alley-way. He'll have been wi' the tribes, ye ken, and saw the body buried. 'Tis no hard job to break it out of the ice. But what did he want wi' it, that's the bicker?"

"'Twas for the big price offered?" London, I'm thinkin'," the skipper replied, grimly. "I've heard tell the medics would gi' their bit hands for a guid Eskimo specimen. But the North can guard her ain—that I've kenned well these many years—and the poor doctor laddie kens it too, now. Bear a hand, now; it must gang overboard or worse will come o' it. The North to the North is the answer to this riddle."

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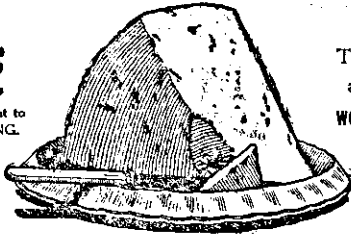


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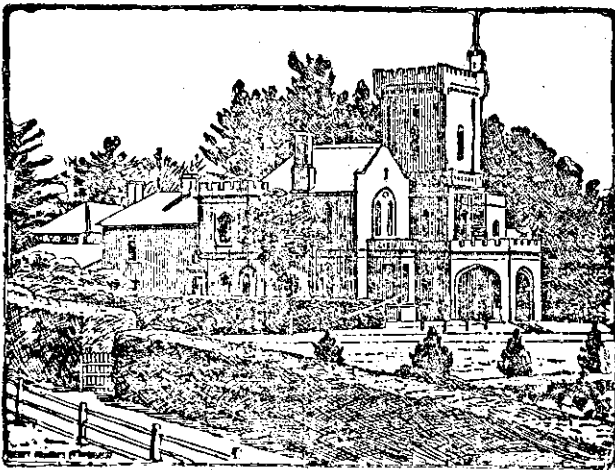


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The intense cold had preserved the body despite its long sojourn between decks; and the small form, with its ivory face set in a halo of raven-black hair, seemed to be sleeping peacefully, as though the slightest touch would awaken it. The two men found it a weird, trying task to place the lid again over this poor sleeper, so rudely severed from her rest in the eternal ice.

The case and its contents made a light burden for two, and they hoisted it quietly and reverently by the steel ladder to the deck. With the exception of the man at the wheel, the bitter weather had driven the watch into shelter, so that no other ear caught the smothered splash which told two silent witnesses that the North had received her own again.

Four hours later the old engineer broke in excitedly upon his sleeping skipper.

"Bell, won, the days of miracles are no' past. Come awa up; there are things to see!"

The skipper huddled into his clothes and followed old Andy on deck; and in the lee of the chart-house the two men stood gazing long and silently into the North. The fog had quite disappeared and there, lit by the first rays of the Arctic sun, and at the edge of the grey waters thirty miles astern, lay a black speck.

The Plethora had rounded Cape Farewell.

"Mystic Treatment."

Some curious confessions were made in the committee of the Reichstag on a bill to suppress medical quackery. A Conservative member declared that he knew from the experience of 30 years that both men and animals could be cured by conjuration. Little as he believed in Divine answer to prayer, there were methods of healing which fell into the category of Hamlet's "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in thy philosophy." He knew of innumerable instances of animals being cured in this way. A mysterious connection must exist between the utterer of the conjuration and the conjured. A member of the Imperial party had also seen hemorrhages stopped by conjuration. It was stated by an Anti-Semite that his own daughter had been cured by a quack after the efforts of regular practitioners had proved unavailing, while a Centre delegate appealed to the testimony of a Vienna doctor as proof that some people were endowed with healing magnetism. The most sceptical participants in the discussion were the representatives of the Government and the Socialists, who for once in a way found themselves more or less in agreement. In the end magnetism was allowed to go free, and "mystic treatment" of other kinds only forbidden if practised for pay, and "when their efficacy depends on a claim to the possession of miraculous powers."

Cast-off Theology.

A highly-educated Chinaman now resident in London has issued an appeal to the "Bibliolatrous missionaries" to withdraw from China, and to leave her people to themselves. Otherwise, he says, the day may come when there will be a terrible reaction resulting in the expulsion from China of all Western religions.

Mr. Lin Shao-Yang, the Chinaman in question, couches his appeal in the form of a bland inquiry. He wants to know many things, but so far there is no eager competition to reply to him. He asks if white men who are not earnest Christians have been found to lead worse lives than those who are. He asks if the missionaries really believe that the people of China—that is to say half the population of the world—have been doomed to eternal damnation. If they do not believe this, then why do they preach it? If they do believe it, then why do they believe it? He asks the missionaries to explain in terms of ordinary intelligence why they think their religion to be better than Buddhism or Confucianism which do not condemn half the human race, or, indeed any one, to eternal damnation. Finally, he asks why missionaries preach quite a different kind of Christianity to Chinamen than to white men, and why antiquated and repulsive dogmas are taught abroad and not at home. China, he says, does not want a "cast-off theology," nor does it want the "absurd, contemptible, and demoralizing melody that forms the stock in trade of missionaries."

A nasty Cough was cured by SCOTT'S Emulsion

and the weak chest was radically strengthened. The mother of the boy, Mrs. K. O'Grady, 2 White Horse Street, Sydney, N. S. W., writes (20th June, '10) that her son William, 16 months old:

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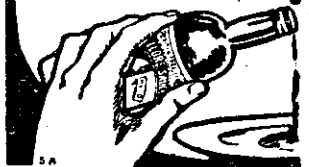


Those who try Scott's Emulsion for coughs and similar troubles, never go back to those "so-called remedies" mentioned by Mrs. O'Grady. Scott's Emulsion has a world-wide reputation for curing coughs and colds, and Scott's is the only emulsion which has. With Scott's you buy CERTAINTY, and Scott's is the only emulsion you do buy it with. Therefore, do not ask for "emulsion"—ask for SCOTT'S Emulsion.

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NEW ZEALAND STORIES.

[The Editor desires to state 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."]

MEMORY FLOWERS.

By E. A.

DONNY WILSON and Violet Crichton were perched on the back seat of her father's sulky, and their tongues were going—or rather her's was mostly—nineteen to the dozen as the saying is. Vi and her father had been down to the city for a month, and as it was the first time Vi had been off her father's farm far up country, she was bubbling over with descriptions of things she had seen and places she had visited.

"And Aunt Letty was just like what we thought, Donny. You know—stiff and prim and starchy. She tried to persuade Dad to take me to the theatre in the afternoon, 'cos she said night was too late for little girls. And I told her I wasn't a little girl—I will be twelve next birthday. That's not a little girl, is it, Donny? No, course not. But she just sniffed. You've no idea how nasty she was when she sniffed like that. But I persuaded Dad and told him it was the biggest, biggest thing I'd been wanting, so he took me. Oh, Donny, it was . . . it was . . . I just can't tell you how lovely it was. I didn't have time to write, Donny. I meant to every day, but there was such a lot to do. I don't think I'm much good at writing letters. But I loved yours. But what is the secret? I've wondered and wondered, and I've just been wild to ask you. You'll tell me now, won't you?"

"Look out, or you'll be off," said Don as the wheels plunged over a stone and into a rut. "Here hold on to me. I'll hang to the back."

He slipped an arm through hers and gripped it tight. He felt a satisfying sense of protecting her, and a vague wish floated in his mind that the horse would bolt or bushrangers would hail them up or something happen just so that he could show Vi how he would save her. It was a boyish idea, of course, but then he was only a boy after all. But he was sixteen—four or five years older than Vi—and all his life had acted as a sort of watch-dog and guardian to her. Her mother died when she was a baby, and Dad and Don were the two first words she learned to lip. His name was John really, but he was always Don to her, though he would never allow anyone but her to use the name.

"But what's the secret?" persisted Vi. "You mustn't ask yet," he said. "It'd spoil it. Wait till we get down to the Den alone, so's I can tell you comfy."

The Den was their own particular territory and playground. It was a shallow little cave scooped out of the six foot high bank of the stream that formed the boundary between the two farms. The stream ran through a clump of bush, and the Den was shadowed by thick bushes and tall gums. A big flax bush grew on the little strip of grassy sward before the cave and screened it from entrance. With the secrecy which children love they had made a ladder from the rough trimmed trunk of a young fir, and when they climbed up it from the Den they carefully threw it down behind the bush. They got down by the simple process of sliding, without any regard for their clothes. The Den had always been the background against which they had built their play and it had figured as every description of residence, from a baron's castle to a smuggler's cave, or a Red Indian wigwam to a bushranger's camp.

"Let's run down there the minute we get in," said Vi.

"That's right," agreed Don. Sure enough when they pulled up at the door of the Crichton's house, she would hardly wait to receive the welcome of the servants and the governess. She hastily hugged and kissed her old nurse, her governess and her dog with equal warmth, and then turned to her

father. "Daddy, do you mind if we run off. Donny's got a surprise to show me."

"All right," laughed her father. "Bo off with you."

In a few minutes they were at the Den and had scrambled down. Vi stood looking with staring eyes at the cave.

"That's the surprise, Vi. What do you think of it?" said Don.

"Oh, Don, it's just lovely!" gasped "I borrowed a pick and spade," said Don, "and I just dug it out and put the sand in a sack and hauled it up top and threw it away. But come on in. It's big inside." He stooped and crawled into the hole at the back of the shallow cave and Vi hastily followed. An entrance had been tunneled for a few feet, and then the end enlarged to a little chamber, high enough to sit upright in.

"It's beautiful, Donny," said Vi. "But I do wish I could have helped." "But it isn't finished, Vi," said Don, quickly. "It was pretty hard work by myself, though the sand is fairly easy to scoop out. But now you're here to help we'll make it ever so much bigger and higher, and we'll make a fireplace and a chimney through the roof. But I wanted to do enough to make a surprise for you. But there's more of the surprise, Vi. Look in there." He pointed to a little hole scooped out of the side of the cave and deepened below the level of the floor. In the dim light it had escaped Vi's notice, but now she poked her head and shoulders in. "It's water," cried Vi. "A little well of our own. Donny, how clever you are. And what a lovely scent. What is it?" as she sniffed long and deep. Donny cracked a match and held it over the little pool. "Violets—my own special flower"—and Vi flung herself down and least her face down to the blossoms, drawing deep breaths of the scent. "I got them from Rogers," said Don. "You know he's always trying to grow them, but he says it's difficult, because of the sun. He gave me some right kind of earth too, and said if they were kept in a cool damp place they ought to grow all right. It was that that made me start to

dig out a shelter for them and made me think of making the cave."

For weeks after the two dug and delved and filled their clothes and hair with sand, to the mystification of Vi's nurse, who looked after her clothes and vowed the girl must be living in a rabbit burrow. When their labours were finished they had a fair-sized room, with the roof high enough to almost stand up under; a fireplace scooped out and fitted with stones, and a hole dug through the roof above it to act as a chimney. For a year they revelled in the delights of their secret hiding place, and in their season the violets thrived amazingly. It was a regular ritual for the two whenever they arrived at The Den to lay down and poke their heads into the "violet-house" and inhale long breaths of the cool faint scent.

But a day came which brought an end to their play. Don's father and mother had decided to go home to the Old Country. A relative had died, and it was necessary for Mr. Wilson to go to settle up the affairs, and they both thought it would be a good thing to take Don and show him something of the Home Country and to travel over the Continent.

The night before the departure the two children were sitting in the Den. The sun had set and already swift shadows were dropping over the little stream, the trees and the bushes. The two sat in silence watching the glow fade from the sky, and Vi slipped her hand into Don's. Don clenched it tight. "We must go Vi," he said, slowly. "I promised your father to bring you back by dark."

"Yes, Donny," whispered Vi, with a half sob in her voice, and pressing close to his side. "But I don't want to go." "I don't, either, dear," said Don. "But I'll come back for you Vi, just as soon's I can. Three years, father says. Vi, I'll be 20 then and you'll be 15. We won't have to wait long then. Vi, and you'll never have to leave each other again." "Three years," wailed Vi. "Oh, Donny, dear, I'm so miserable." Donny slipped his arms about her shoulders and she

buried her face in his breast, sobbing bitterly. Don looked down on the bent head with misery in his eyes. "Don't, dear, don't cry," he said. "It makes it harder'n ever. I'll write to you often, and you'll write to me." "Write," sobbed Vi. "But letters are such useless things. I'll be so lonely without you, Donny. Oh, must you go?" "You know, dear," said Don, "how I begged to be allowed to stay here." Vi choked back her sobs. "Yes, Donny," she said, meekly. "I know. I'm better now, Donny." She stood up, and Don also rose slowly.

In silence they rinsed out the tea-cups and the battered old billy in the stream, and hung them on their little pegs in the cave. "Will you pull a violet and give it me, Vi," said Don. It had been a compact that the violets in the "violet-house" were not to be pulled, but now Vi pulled two or three and put them in his button-hole. They climbed the tree-trunk ladder and threw it down in its accustomed place, and then walked slowly along the little path to the usual parting place at the edge of the bush. They halted and Don put his hands on the child's shoulders. "Look, Vi dear," he said, "we're both young—you especially. But I know I can never change, and I love you now and always will. Three years is a long time and you'll be growing up while I'm away. I feel afraid Vi, and I don't know what of. But you'll always remember Vi, I'm coming back to you just the first minute I can, and you'll remember how I'm loving you and waiting for the day I'll see you." "I'll remember Donny," she whispered. "Don't come over to see us tomorrow Vi," said Don, "I should blub and make you look silly, and I'd rather say good-bye here alone."

For the next two years Donny wrote long letters regularly. He had been put to one of the public schools, and was going to college for a year or two after. Vi wrote scrappy letters at odd intervals. She admitted she was a bad correspondent, but Donny treasured the brief notes and kept them locked in a big dispatch box he had bought for the purpose. Then a sudden series of misfortunes struck swiftly. Donny was away for a vacation on a Continental tour, so was some weeks late in receiving a tear-stained note from Vi. Her father had been ill, but she had no idea it was serious, and then suddenly he had died. He received a second letter at the same time as this, saying that Aunt Letty had come and was going to take her away and look after her. A week later Donny's father handed him a letter from Aunt Letty. It was brief and to the point. She thought Vi was too young to be carrying on such a correspondence as she and Donny were doing. She thought it unfair that Vi should be in any way bound by a promise made as a mere child, and she wished Mr. Wilson to



THE PIECE WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING.

ask Don as a gentleman to stop writing, and leave the matter till Vi was of an age to choose with some knowledge. She was taking Vi away to Australia, and in two or three years' time would send her address to Don and allow him to write or call on them. Don was furious, but Mr Wilson pointed out that Aunt Letty was within her rights in her wishes, and perhaps after all it was unfair to a girl to hold her bound to a promise made as a child. Don wrote a long letter to Aunt Letty and another to Vi. Aunt Letty's was unanswered, Vi's was placed in an envelope and returned unopened. He wrote again and again, begging to be allowed to write Vi twice a year—once a year—through Aunt Letty—anything.

For months a dead silence met all his letters. Then at last one of them came back to him. It bore postmarks and red-irections, and was finally stamped by the Dead Letter Office with a blank "Gone, no address."

Then began a long and heart-breaking, unsuccessful search. Don sent a long cable to the overseer in charge of his father's place asking him to make inquiries. Within a few days a terse reply came back. Mr. Crichton had died bankrupt—all his money and more than the value of his farm having been lost in speculation. A big pastoral company was running the place, and from the time that Aunt Letty had taken Vi away no trace could be found of her.

Don devoted time and money—for he was wealthy, or his father was—to the search. He advertised, he used inquiry agents and private detectives, he came out to New Zealand and over to Aus-

tralia, and back to London. But it was all in vain, and not a trace could be found of Vi.

Seven years after Don was back in Australia, and was walking along a street by the park in Sydney when a big bunch of violets on a flower-seller's basket caught his eye. He crossed the road to buy them, but to his surprise the woman refused to sell. "I'm savin' them for a young lady as is particularly fond of 'em," she explained. "They're the first of the season, an' I know how pleased she'll be to get 'em." Don held out half a crown. "She couldn't want them more than I do," he said. "I'm going back home to New Zealand to-morrow, and may not have a chance to get more." The woman shook her head. "I couldn't, sir," she said. "The young lady has been good to me. She's a nurse, an' when my boy was in the 'ospital last year she looked after 'im like one o' her own. All last season she bought a bunch o' violets every day—calls 'em her Memory Flowers, an' 'air loves 'em. She'll be along presently—there, she is comin' now." Don waited in some curiosity to see this Memory Flower girl. He saw a slight figure in a nurse's uniform, and as the girl came closer, and he saw her face, his heart leaped. When she came up he raised his hat and spoke to her. "I have been trying to tempt your woman to be false to you," he said. "I wanted those violets so much, but she would keep them for you." The girl took the bunch from the woman with a glad little cry. "Ah," she said, "if you knew how much they meant to me you would not have tried to deprive me of them." "They are a memory of the happiest days of my life,"

he said gravely. The girl looked closely at him with a puzzled little frown. "So they are to me," she said slowly. "How curious." She undid the string round the bunch, and took out some of the flowers. "Will you take some, please?" she said. "It would hurt me to think anyone else wanted them as I do, and couldn't have them." Don took them. "May I walk across the park with you?" he said. "I would like to tell you my memories, and perhaps we might exchange." They turned into the park together, and walked in silence for a few moments. "Mine is rather a long story," said Don. "Will you tell first?" "There is not much to tell," said the girl; "only that they remind me of the days when I was a child, and of a boy who was my playmate. We were boy and girl sweethearts for years till he went away with his people. My father died, and an aunt took me away, and brought me up. I have not seen him since." "But I— I wrote, surely," said Don eagerly. "Why didn't you write?" "Aunt and I were poor," said the girl. "She stopped our writing, and said we were poor now, and that Donny"—Don's pulse stirred strangely at the sound of the name on those lips—"Donny might think he was bound by a promise made as a child. Then he stopped writing, and I thought Aunt might be right, and he had only cared as a boy cares. Aunt gave him the address that would find us at the end of three years if he wanted to come. She died before then, but though I waited there, he never came; so of course he had forgotten. I took up nursing then, and—that is all, I think." Don drew a

long breath. "Will you sit here a moment?" he said, pointing to a seat. "Did you ever think how it might have been if your aunt had never sent that address? Did you ever think that that boy might be searching the wide world for you and breaking his heart because he could not find you?" There was something in his face that made the girl turn quickly and look at him. "What do you—who are you?" she whispered, with wide eyes and slowly paling face.

Don was taking a pocket book out and opening it with fingers that shook. "Your little case is still there," he said. "And the stream rippling over the stones. The old billy and battered old spoons and cup still hang in their places on the wall. Nothing is changed—and, least of all, Donny's love."

From the pocket book he took three dried-up, withered flowers. "Donny," she said, with a catch in her voice, "Oh, Donny."

What About That Dandruff?



There is just this much about it: Dandruff is a germ disease, is most untidy, annoying, and leads to baldness. When chronic, it is very stubborn, but surely yields to thorough and energetic treatment. All germs must be destroyed, the scalp must be restored to health. Here is the remedy: Ayer's Hair Vigor. Ask your doctor about using it.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
DOES NOT COLOR THE HAIR

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.



ENHANCED VALUES.

"Denny, what would yez do if somebody wuz t' holler up t' ye that ye'd come into a million?"

"I'd lay down on me face, shut me eyes, an' pull blue moydah fer somebody to come an' help me down outa' this."

Whooping Cough
SPASMODIC CROUP ASTHMA COLICUS
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A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever, Measles and Whooping Cough, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

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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 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," in 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.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Pictou.
DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I have often read the letters written to you by other "Graphic" cousins, and I have decided to write and ask if I may join. I am 15 years of age, and in the sixth standard at school. I live at the south end of the town of Pictou. I ride to school on my bike, a little over a mile. Our football team is practising now, as we will have to defend the champion cup this year. The weather is very cold now. I will close now, hoping you will have me as a "Graphic" cousin.—Love, from FRANK.

[Dear Cousin Frank.—We are so pleased to have a big boy cousin, and I do hope you will show a good example to the other boys who forget to write. You must tell me how the football team gets on. Don't you play? With love.—Cousin Kate.]

✠ ✠ ✠ Masterton.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I should like to become one of your cousins. I am eleven years old, and in the fifth standard. I go to the District High School. It is the largest school in the Waikaranga. We are going to break up for a fortnight's holiday. One week is for the Coronation, and one for our winter holidays. I have two sisters whose names are Elsie and Emmie. I have a pretty garden and it looks very nice when the flowers are out. We are going to have our term examination this week. With love.—Cousin DOROTHY.

[Dear Cousin Dorothy.—I am pleased to welcome a cousin who can write such a nice letter, and so well written and neat. I hope the weather will be good at Coronation time, and that you will have lots of fun during your holidays. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

✠ ✠ ✠

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? I am eight years old, and in the second standard. My mother and father and my little sister have gone to Sydney to live, and we are going later on. My brother has gone to St. John's College, and my big sister goes to school, and is in the sixth standard. Please send me a blue badge.—Love from BERYL.

[Dear Cousin Beryl.—I shall be glad to receive you as a cousin, but you have forgotten to send your full name and address. Do this and I will send you a badge. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

✠ ✠ ✠ Devonport.

Dear Cousin Kate.—Thank you for the pretty badge. We go back to school on Tuesday. We have a dog named Bully. It is a Chow, and it has three puppies. They are a fortnight old today, and they all have black tongues like Bully. I am going to write next time about my other pets.—With love from LETTICE.

[Dear Cousin Lettice.—Thank you for the nice little letter. Do all Chow dogs have black tongues? I think they are such dear little things. The puppies must be dear. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

✠ ✠ ✠ Midhurat.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have been a long time writing, for I have put it off again and again. I am sorry to tell you that my grandfather died on the 7th of May. He was 80 years old, and had been 40 years in New Zealand. I like the cousins' letters, also Uncle Mau pages. I will always keep my badge as a book-marker, and will keep the pretty picture cards and "Graphics." We will be able to spend many a pleasant time in winter looking at them.—I remain, your little cousin FLORENCE.

[Dear Cousin Florence.—I am glad to hear from you again. What a fine old age your grandfather lived to be.—Cousin Kate.]

✠ ✠ ✠ Masterton.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have read the letters on the children's page in the "Graphic,"

and would like to become a cousin, if you would accept me. I am fifteen years of age, and I have been attending a High School for a year and four months, but I am leaving at the end of the two years. I am going to join the hockey team this year, I think. I played for a year, but then I left off, but I mean to take it up again. Do you like tennis, Cousin Kate? I tried several times, but I found the counting a bit hard. They are going to hold a Hospital Ball here on July 6th. They have decided to have a big ball on the first night, and a children's fancy dress on the second. Now dear cousin, I will have to close as it is getting late. With love and best wishes.—From Cousin EILEEN.

[Dear Cousin Eileen.—I am pleased to welcome you as a senior cousin, and shall expect interesting letters from you. Hockey is a grand game for school girls. You must tell me about the children's dance. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

✠ ✠ ✠ Masterton.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I should be pleased to become one of your cousins if you will

accept me. I am twelve years of age, and I go to the District High School. It is the largest school in the Waikaranga. I have been attending this school for nearly four years, and am now in the fifth standard. About a month ago mother went into the hospital, and she is to be there for two more months. We break up for a fortnight's holiday on the 10th of June. The mid-winter and the Coronation holidays are put together. We are having the first term examination this week, and I hope very much to pass. Well, I will close now, with love to the cousins and yourself.—From Cousin LILLIAN.

[Dear Cousin Lillian.—I will very willingly give you a welcome to our circle. Surely you have not got very well at school to be in the fifth at twelve years old. How very sad for you to have your mother ill. You must miss her in the home so much. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

✠ ✠ ✠

Koro Koro, South, Petone.

My Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? I should very much like to. I am ten years old and am in the fourth standard at school. I have three pet puppies. One of them is just like a little opossum, so I call it 'Possum'. Do you learn music? I do. In September I am going up for the preparatory examination. I have one sister who is going up for the teachers' examination in music, she teaches me. Is Auckland a pretty place? My father has a sheep farm, and I do like the little lambs. Please send me a blue badge. I will write a long letter next time. With love.—DONALD.

[Dear Cousin Donald.—I am so pleased to have boy cousins, only I must say they are rather lazy, and soon get tired of writing. I used to learn music once, but I am sorry to say that I was lazy, and I can't play very well now. Auckland is a lovely place, I think. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

✠ ✠ ✠ Gisborne.

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins? I am ten years old, and am in the fourth standard at school. Cousin Nellie and Elsie live a little way from me. Cousin Nellie slept at our place on Easter

FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CHEST COMPLAINTS

TAKE

BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS

For close upon fifty years BONNINGTON'S CARRAGEEN IRISH MOSS has been the standard family

remedy for Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, and all chest and lung troubles.

Bonnington's Irish Moss has stood the tests of time and generations, and is still the favoured medicine for all chest, throat and lung complaints.

There is no safer, no surer Cough Cure than BONNINGTON'S. It can be given to very young children without fear of harmful results, because Bonnington's Irish Moss contains neither opiates nor narcotics.

Do not accept imitations or sub-

stitutes. Next time you go to the

chemist or store—Get BONNINGTON'S.



Sunday, and on Easter Monday it was very wet and she wrote letters to you. When we had finished we put them up on the mantelpiece to be posted, and somebody must have put them in the fire. I know cousin Nellie and Elsie have written to you and said that I would write. I have a bicycle, which my father gave me for a birthday present three months ago, and Cousin Nellie or Elsie often come for rides with me. I often think what a lot of answers you have to write. We had a week's holiday two weeks ago, and we have another one to-morrow, as yesterday was King George's birthday, and we are going to have the holiday to-morrow. I hope all the cousins are well and happy.—Your loving cousin, MURIEL.

Dear Cousin Muriel.—Of course you can be a cousin, and we are very pleased to have you. The moral of the fate of the letters, "Don't put them on the mantelshelf, put them in the post-box." What a lovely present. I hope you keep your bicycle clean and bright. Yes, indeed, I have lots of letters. With love.—Cousin Kate.]

Patience and Science.

One of the most wonderful things about the scientific man is his patience. How

careful he is, how precise, how patiently he waits. The inventor of this turbine gave an instance of this the other day. He was telling how turbines are being geared for destroyers, and of the experiments necessary. A cargo boat, the Ve-pasian, of 4350 tons displacement, was purchased in 1908; her engines were replaced by geared turbines, the propeller, shafting, and boilers remaining the same. The economy thus realised over the original machinery was 15 per cent, which was increased to 22 per cent by subsequent minor altera-

tions. There were two turbines, one high and the other low pressure, each driving a pinion at 1400 revolutions geared into a main wheel on the screw shaft making 70 revolutions a minute. This vessel had been carrying coal from the Tyne to Rotterdam for about a year, and had covered about 20,000 miles. In that time a pinion, which had been removed from the vessel and was exhibited on the table, showed a wear on the teeth of under two-thousandths of an inch, so that its life would be equal to or greater than that of the vessel.

UNCLE MUN

Panel 1: Uncle Mun is in a boat with a woman. He says, "HAVEN'T HAD A BITE IN DAY, DOT."

Panel 2: Uncle Mun looks up at a flock of ducks. He says, "OH, OH, WYOW, THIS IS SLEEPY SPOT, DOT. LET US GO HOME."

Panel 3: Uncle Mun looks at the ducks. He says, "OH, NO, SEE THE DUCKS - I WONDER WHAT THEY WANT"

Panel 4: Uncle Mun holds a bucket. He says, "I'LL BET THEY WANT THIS BAIT, WE WILL FEED THEM, DOT."

Panel 5: Uncle Mun is on the shore with a net. He says, "OH UNCLE MUN THE DUCKS HAVE FALLEN OUT OF THE BOAT!"

Panel 6: Uncle Mun is on the shore. He says, "OPEN OO MOUFIE."

Panel 7: Uncle Mun is in the boat. He says, "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, OUR DUCKS HAVE FLOATED AWAY!"

Panel 8: Uncle Mun is in the boat. He says, "GRACIOUS GOODNESS!"

Panel 9: Uncle Mun is in the boat. He says, "COME DOT WE WILL TIE THIS FISH LINE INTO LOOPS."

Panel 10: Uncle Mun is in the boat. He says, "THEY ARE SHOWING THEIR APPRECIATION."

Panel 11: Uncle Mun is on the shore. He says, "NOW DUCKIE, DUCKIE DADDLES, SWIM FOR THE SHORE."

Panel 12: Uncle Mun is in the boat. He says, "NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUR UNCLE MUN?"

In the Grip of the Blanket-Fish.

By Harry H. Dunn, of Mexico City.

VERY FEW MEN HAVE ANY REASON TO FEEL GRATEFUL TOWARDS MAN-EATING SHARKS. DIVER ROACH, OF SAN FRANCISCO, HOWEVER, OWES HIS LIFE TO THOSE TIGERS OF THE DEEP, WHO ALL UNKNOWNLY RESCUED HIM FROM A FEARFUL FATE.

To be buried a hundred and eighty feet beneath the surface of the sea, under very nearly three tons of leather-skinned, gristle-fleshed, boneless fish, is an experience that falls but seldom to the experience of even those most adventurous of men, deep-sea divers.

This is what happened to Jack Roach, of San Francisco, California, in the harbour of Manzanillo, on the West Coast of Mexico, not long ago. To have lived through such an ordeal is enough to unnerve most men, but not so with Roach. He has gone on with his life-work, thankful that he escaped when escape seemed impossible, but still clinging to his trade of diving. Diver Roach told his story as follows, and I have set it down as nearly as possible in his own language:

I was given the contract for blasting the vast coral beds out of the Bay of Manzanillo, one of the southern ports on the West Coast of Mexico. The Government of Mexico is making extensive harbour improvements there, and, while the water is naturally deep, the steady work of the coral animals often raises unexpected reefs and dangerous points in the bay.

To get rid of these permanently, I exploded charges in all the beds, broke them up into small fragments, and dredged them out of the harbour. In doing this it was often necessary for me to put on the diving-suit and go down to place the dynamite myself. I may say that I have had thirty years' experience in diving and in carrying out contracts for the removal of obstacles on the bed of the sea.

In that time I have fought sharks and swordfish, and have even had to cut my way through the deadly arms of an octopus or devil-fish, but never in all my experience have I been so near death as I was beneath that smothering blanket of flesh which came on me unexpectedly out of the clear sea.

The manta, or blanket-fish—the creature which I had the battle with—is common to the warm parts of the Pacific. Around the Mexican penal colony on the Tres Marias Islands, not very far from Manzanillo, it is one of the most efficient guards for the prisoners incarcerated there. Not a man has ever been known to escape from this dreaded prison by swimming. No sooner does a human body strike the water than a school of these monsters appears, flying like giant bats through the sea. They throw themselves on the hapless swimmer, crushing him to the bed of the sea, and there suck the flesh from his bones with their powerful mouths.

The manta grows to mammoth dimensions, though the one which attacked me was comparatively small, not weighing over two or three tons and not being more than fifteen feet across. The fish is nearly square in outline, the wings forming great right angles which stretch out from the body, giving it a rectangular appearance. The fish swim by flapping these wings, and are sometimes called "sea-bats" on this account.

Mantas swim with incredible rapidity for what is apparently so ungainly a fish, and once they sight anything in the water, unless it be the speediest fish or shark, they overhaul it and simply engulf it, wrapping the entire blanket-like body around the unfortunate victim. Even with a sharp knife it is almost impossible to reach a vital point in the manta's body. For this reason they are the most dreaded by divers of all the dwellers in the sea; and the diver's life is not without its perils, take my word for that.

Though I had often noticed the presence of these monsters in the water near me while working on the Mexican coast, I have been very careful not to disturb them. In fact, I have frequently temporarily abandoned placing a blast in one particular spot owing to "flocks"

of these great sea-bats happening to be in the immediate vicinity.

On the eventful day, however, I had placed my blast, exploded it from the lighter, blowing several tons of solid coral into fragments, and had gone down again about a hundred and eighty feet

With this in my hand, a formidable weapon in any ordinary combat, I felt much as a miner must feel, buried in a sudden cave-in of some shaft, with only a pocket-knife to dig his way out. My only hope was to huck away at one spot in the manta, and thereby cause it such



"The manta suddenly slipped off me."

to the bed of the sea to get an idea of just what havoc the dynamite had wrought. It was near the close of my contract, and I was anxious to catch the next boat of one of the American lines up the coast to San Francisco.

I got to the bottom in safety, and was taking note of the conditions there, when I saw a school of man-eating sharks, which infest these waters, rapidly approaching. I stepped behind a huge fragment of coral, let my air-hose play loose, and waited for them to pass. There was no chance for me to be drawn through the thirty fathoms of water to safety without the sharks seeing me, and I hoped they would pass without noting my presence. They did just as I hoped, and I stepped out from my hiding-place, pulled on the lift-rope—and was drawn directly against the belly of a manta! Instantly I had presence of mind enough to realise that the air-pipe, and probably the lift-rope, would be broken if my companions attempted to raise me, burdened with the fish, so I signalled to be dropped again.

This the men promptly did, but I was by no means out of my trouble. Its great glassy eyes glancing with ferocity, its mouth opening and shutting savagely, the blanket-fish followed me down. I tried to step from under it, but the manta had a spread of body that must have overhung me for six or seven feet on all sides. I was completely engulfed, and as I reached for the ten-inch sheath knife I always carry I felt that my time had come.

Fortunately the air-pipe was hanging loose, and the pump on the lighter running like a clock. I knew that the back of the monster would never penetrate my diving suit, but I know also that the men, in the course of time, would attempt to pull me up if they got no signal, and then I should be smothered to death just as certainly as though buried alive in the earth of some lonely graveyard.

The bottom of the sea about me was as black as night. Slowly the great mass of the fish's body settled down upon me, and I was pinioned fast to the bottom of the bay. I was powerless now to give a signal to my assistants either to haul me up or to pay out the line, and I did some of the most rapid thinking of all my life as I lay there buried under the slimy mass.

With a great effort I turned half-way over on my left side, so that my right arm was free, and slowly drew my knife,

if that were possible, that it would move away.

With this end in view I commenced to hack at the very centre of the mass above me. Through the windows of my helmet I could see the great body quiver at every thrust, but at the same time, even through my diving suit, I could feel the great mouth moving over my body, seeking some aperture by which it could suck the flesh from my bones.

And then, just as my blows were becoming weaker and weaker, the manta suddenly slipped off me and glided away, almost on the bottom of the sea. I thought my knife had done the work, when, glancing upward, I saw the white bellies of at least half-a-dozen huge sharks, evidently in full pursuit of the sea-bat. They, and not the knife, were my saviour. Scenting or seeing the blood of the blanket-fish in the water, they had swooped down upon the monster, eager for a feast. They promptly attacked the manta in force, diving it out into the open sea, and there, as I saw later when raised to the lighter by my assistants, they killed it by repeated snaps at its great body, as wolves kill deer by snapping at their flanks. When the manta left me I pulled the signal rope and was hauled to the surface, which I had never expected to reach again. Far out in the channel I could see the battle, but I did not feel like going closer to it, nor was it for several days that I could do my diving outfit and drop down into the green waters of Manzanillo Bay without completely losing my nerve.



"I tried to step from under it."

She didn't belong to the "Smart Set,"
But she tumbled right into debt,
And smoked, while others were sleeping,
Cigarettes, I'm sorry to say.
She tried some Woods' Great Peppermint
Cure,
Her asthma to forget,
And now she's a brand "New Woman,"
And an ardent Suffragette!

METAPHYSICAL HEALING.
DISEASE and its Cause being Mental, material "Pneumatics" only relieve temporarily. Consult Dr. Henry, Psycho-Physician, No Drugs, CORNER OF SYMONDS ST. AND WELLESLEY ST. Telephone 318.

Letters From Exile.

By RANDOLPH BEDFORD.

No. IV.

HERE are so many varieties of the Filipino that no one form of treatment can hope to apply. South, many of them are like New Guinea men; the Tinguines more like the people of the Carolines; then the Moros, the northern Filipinos, Macabebes, Metozas, Igorotes. Bonlocks—a score of kinds—pure bloods and no bloods and half-bloods. Men who have lived among the civilised sort for long describe them as gamblers and profligates, liars not to be disconcerted by discovery; polite among themselves, but rude to the white man since the Spaniard lowered the flag. But the Filipino is very respectful to his father and the lash, and jealous of his wife, careless of the virtue of his daughter, caring nothing for his wife's doings before marriage. He excites a deliberate murder by saying that his head was hot; one, Joaquin Gil, who murdered the Governor of Iloilo in 1907, has been, by virtue of the American law, which gives a murderer as many lives as a cat, appealing against his execution sentence for 24 years. He is still in goal in Manila, and still appealing, and his latest excuse is that when he deliberately killed his victim he was "hot in the head." That wouldn't avail him under American law if he stole anything; whether hot head or cold feet, he would get a ferocious sentence all the same. As a soldier he was brave when well led, but

A CALLOUS BEAST IN VICTORY.

In 1896 the Filipino rebel troops captured three priests, they cut one up piece-meal, they burned another in kerosene, and yet another they bathed in oil and fired on a bamboo spit run through him longitudinally. They tied Spanish soldiers to trees and stabbed them to death; they cut off the lips of prisoners; hamstringing them and followed the peace declaration with a long continued brigandage. Spain treated them badly, but did not call for energy, and the American wants to get things done, so the Filipino likes the Spaniards better.

A Filipino independent daily journal, "The Vanguardia," joyfully reports all anti-American manifestations, and

ALWAYS CALLS ROOSEVELT "THE DICTATOR."

in scare-head type, which may be right, and is not wrong if it is true. "The Vanguardia" also reports that there has been great popular disapproval through the United States at the election of Governor Hughes for New York, and this sounds false. It is a low-down business—this sneering at the nation that is regenerating the Philippines, and the ingratitude is explained by the fact that a Filipino edits "The Vanguardia." These people think they are fit to govern themselves because they once were in fact, and still are at heart, the slaves of Spain, and "La Democracia"—the organ of the party of national progress, believes the same, and is consistently anti-American, too. The Filipinos, by the way, have a new election trick. When opposing a candidate, they say that he is disqualified by leprosy. That is what they did the other day with Antonio Diaz, candidate for Governorship of Iloilo Norte, and he had to submit to medical examination to disprove it.

In Spanish times Bilibid Prison was a wall surrounding wall thatched hovels, filled with unemployed and occupationless prisoners, rotten with disease. The death rate then was 348 per 1,000. The Americans have made it

THE MODEL PRISON OF THE WORLD.

and the death rate is now 20 per 1,000. But for the contemptible habit of giving convicted murderers 23 years to appeal and cry that they didn't mean it, America's penal codes for the white man are ferocious enough to command the natives' respect—if the native could respect anything which he did not also fear. In Bilibid Prison are 117 defaulting officers of Philippine American treasuries—all white men—serving sentences up to 25 years. Allowing for the commendable desire to punish the most

trivial public fraud, the sentences are such as to support the belief that it is better to be a dollar than a man.

But Bilibid Prison itself is a triumph—the triumph of a good heart and a big brain. It is probably the largest prison in the world, and has an average of 5,000 prisoners. It is reformatory; all are employed and learn trades, and are treated more as workmen at liberty than as prisoners. There is no corporal punishment; there is the dormitory system, but open, as allowed by climate, and to make supervision easy. Cleanliness and regular hours are the main things. Breakfast, 5.50 a.m.; work, 6.30; recall, 11.30; dinner, 11.50; siesta, from 12.15 to 1.45 p.m.; work, 2; recall, 4.30; parade, 4.45; supper, 5; bath, 5.30; night school, 6.30 to 7.30; recreation, 7.30 to 8.45; lights out, 9. That is their day work, and education in machine shops, exercise, bath, school, and play. Prisoners are divided into squads of 24, with

A 100 PER CENT GOOD CONDUCT PRISONER

in supervision and responsible charge, and from this comes efficiency. The issue of food for the whole prison takes seven minutes. When the conduct classification was first made, 80 per cent of the prisoners were in the third class. To-day many men are 100 per cent, and over 90 per cent of prisoners are in the first class. The greatness of the system is that in two years or less the man who was a criminal has found the work habit. He has been taught to be a blacksmith, a machine ironworker, a carriage and wagon builder, a silversmith, a maker of wicker furniture, or has learned tailoring, carpentering, and all the trades from making soap and shoes to learning baking and cooking. The prison has an 80-acre farm, and teaches agriculture, and when a prisoner's time expires, instead of the police trying to gaoil him again, as is usual in respectable countries, the prison authorities help the time-expired man to

get a situation outside. And the training is known for what it is, so that it is not hard for the discharged man to get work. It's a pity that America has no gaoil like this. It is good enough to be copied by every white man's country on earth—and it is the only one of the kind in the world.

Five thousand prisoners, with a dozen grilles between them and liberty, guards with loaded rifles on the wall! It is

HARDER SOMETIMES TO GET INTO A GAOL THAN TO GO OUT OF IT,

but here, 4.45 p.m. (parade time) is visiting hour, and any decent white man goes in. They show you in a warehouse behind a wall with the broken glass of the Middle Ages set therein, a great display of wickerwork and wood furniture, and hammocks—the work of the prisoners—and sold at prices over those charged outside, but at prices readily saleable, because the manufacture is unique. When a prisoner built this lounge with the cane pockets for the iced whisky of the buyer, I wonder if he thought of the contrast? By the inner gate of the gaoil was a fine bit of colour. A yellow-faced prisoner in a black umbrella-hat, his suit banded in slate and grey, carried a red and green blanket up a stair of honey-coloured pine. In the garden some good conduct prisoners passed among the flowers and looked up at the jalousied balcony in a shy, downhill sort of way. For there walked the gaoler's daughter opposite the great gates that are closed, and met by a lever on the wall. When the Americans took over Manila, there were prisoners in Bilibid without record, and the Americans let them go. Then the rebuilding began—a wall was built to bisect the prison into Bilibid and Presidio—the place for the reformed prisoner, and that for the reformable and the bad. There they worked, all of them.

THEY MUST EARN THEIR LIVING,

even though they are not paid but in food and lodgings and a remission of five days in the month for the highest standard of good conduct.

I walked on a balcony on the top of the bisecting wall towards the centre of the prison, where a platform on a tower commanded all the radiating yards. And as I walked along the wall, but unable to see the yards yet, a fine brass band smote those reverberating dormitories with one of the gayest marches ever penned by a free man. This was exciting and mysterious. I

ran to the central tower, and looked down upon a great sight.

We stood in the hub of the wheel; all the spokes of it were yards. Immediately below us 40 men in the black and slate bands of the convict played the march that had hurried me; in the spokes were squads of prisoners aggregating 4,000 men stock still to listen to their concert. The march ended with unexpected suddenness; 4,000 hands lifted 4,000 black mushroom hats, and the big band played the "Star Spangled Banner," the music catching them and making them think like one separated as they are by stone and steel. Then they become soldiers; the band played music for their physical exercises, thronging positions to the stroke of a bell in the tower; 8,000 hands to 8,000 feet as one; another bell stroke, and 4,000 hats on the ground and 4,000 men lifting themselves arm high from the ground on fingers and toes; another stroke and 8,000 hands rose from 8,000 knees to meet at finger tip above. And after all the exercises a ration parade with enamelled plates and pannikins and food served in seven minutes, and then the band plays them back to the dormitories, and leaves them cheerful to their meal. It is discipline and rivalry and the chance of approbation all in one. Man must show off, and this helps him to it in a good way.

If but for the Bilibid the American has justified himself; but driving back to the Bridge of Spain, I saw before the escutcheon above the door of the old house of a Don this:—"Horses and Buggies for Hire."

The white man reads the American's sign, but the native looks at the Escutcheon.

When Farmer Fairweight came to London on a flying visit he discovered many things—that buses could go without horses, that you could walk for a whole hour without striking a field or an acquaintance, and, finally, that you couldn't hit a policeman simply because he compels you to move out of other people's way. As he was being taken to the station he inquired what the policeman intended doing with him. "You'll find out soon enough," said the policeman grimly. "Seven days, probably." "Seven days! Ah, that's where I have ye, old blue-bottle!" chuckled the farmer triumphantly, producing the return half of his tickets. "I've to go back on Monday!"

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A Foreign Office Reception.

TO MEET IMPERIAL CONFERENCE GUESTS.

"A GOODLIE COMPANIE"

(From Our Lady Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 26.

A reception at the Foreign Office always presents a brilliant spectacle, and is a function that few invited guests purposely miss, and on Monday of this week, when between two and three thousand guests assembled to meet the overseas Prime Ministers and Imperial Conference guests, the resources of the Foreign Office reception rooms were taxed to the utmost.

Lines of police, who strictly scrutinised the carriage passes supplied, guarded the historic Downing-street and the main door through which the quadrangle is entered. Here, under large awnings, temporary cloak rooms, peopled by many maids and men, had been erected.

Through a passage-way of plants and flowers, and past busts and statues of great statesmen who have passed away, the guests filed to the foot of a broad marble stairway carpeted in red baize, and lavishly decorated with delicate roses, carnations, geraniums, hydrangeas, pinks, azaleas, and great palms and ferns.

At the fork of the staircase which branches to right and left, and standing in front of a remarkable wall of flowers, Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, wife of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, received the guests, Mrs. Asquith, having recently sustained a bereavement in the death of her sister (Lady Ribblesdale), being being unable to be present.

By Mrs. Harcourt stood Mr. Asquith, shaking hands with everyone—no light task to get through smilingly, though both did their part with much grace and kindly welcome.

The scene from the gallery above the staircase was like a brilliant stage play, so superbly was it all "mounted."

Two huge electroliters, with clusters of lamps, hung from a richly gilt and painted ceiling, and shone on a dense moving mass of beautifully-gowned women shimmering with diamonds, and men sporting decorations and orders many and various, on people young and old, dignified and excited; on colonial bishops, easily recognised in their picturesque purple evening dress; Indian rajahs ablaze with jewels, and clad in rich brocade, their dusky ladies in delicate-tinted Eastern fisheries; Japanese ladies with masses of silky black hair and beautiful gowns; noted politicians, admirals, soldiers, bishops and archbishops, governors, Prime ministers, agents-general, high commissioners, the heads of Government departments, Crown agents, judges, members of the Privy Council, the Lord Mayor and sheriffs of London, and hundreds of others whose name is legion. "It was a goodlie companie."

It was immensely interesting to watch the progress of the various well-known guests through the rooms. Mr. Winston Churchill, despite his bald top and long curly hair, gave one the impression of a rather naughty boy out for an evening's fun, as he grabbed his friends by the coat sleeve, and told them stories that caused a good many guffaws among the men, and amused smites among the women. Mr. Andrew Fisher, the Australian Prime Minister, looked shy and pleased at the heartiness of the welcome given him on his entrance. The Bishop of London, with his ascetic face and charming smile; Dr. Lang, the Archbishop of York, a stern faced interesting-looking man with bonny grey hair; the Bishop of Pretoria, a monster figure in purple with admirable calves, clothed in black silk; the Duchess of Devonshire, Queen Mary's Mistress of the Robes, a slight, dark, and in no way patrician-looking patrician, though with a sweet smile, the Duke of Devonshire, a jolly farmer-like man, made an interesting group as they stood talking together, with Mr. "Tulu" Harcourt, a long, thin, edition of his father, Mr. Louis Baltha, a fine-looking swarthy individual, and Lord Aberdeen, the Viceroy of Ireland, a little man a-platter with orders among them, and Sir Henry Dalglish, one of the Radical rebels, and a well-known and influential newspaper proprietor, a great handsome Scotch giant with a black moustache, standing, near by, surrounded by friends.

At Buckingham Palace.

NEW ZEALANDERS PRESENTED.

(From Our Lady Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 26.

On Wednesday and Thursday nights this week their Majesties held the third and last Courts of the season in London, although there is still one to be held in Dublin and another in Edinburgh.

The scene was on both nights exceedingly brilliant, and several well-known New Zealanders were among those presented to the King and Queen.

On Wednesday Queen Mary was in a gown of apricot coloured satin, with white satin train embroidered with gold; ornaments—diamond collar with rows of diamonds, and the lesser stars of Africa worn as pendants; orders; The Garter, Victoria and Albert, and the Crown of India.

Last night Her Majesty's gown was of cloth of silver, with pearl embroidered overdress, train of cloth of silver and lace, diamond tiara. Ornaments—Diamonds; orders—The Garter, Victoria and Albert, and the Crown of India.

His Majesty the King on Wednesday wore the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, and last night that of Colonel-in-Chief of the King's Royal Rifle Corps.

On Wednesday the young Countess of Hardwicke (nee Miss Nellie Russell, of Auckland) was presented on her marriage, and wore her beautiful wedding gown of ivory satin draped with lace, with a train of satin to match, trimmed with silver, draped chiffon, and beautiful old Brussels lace.

Mrs David Crewe, of Wellington, was also presented on Wednesday, and wore a white satin gown with an overdress of chiffon heavily embroidered in pearls and diamante, the bodice entirely covered with the same rich trimming; the train was of white satin, with a conventional design of New Zealand fern made in satin and silver, and finished with a wide silver bow; the gown was completed with a heavy girdle and tassels of silver.

Lady Ward and Miss Ward were presented at last night's Court, Lady Ward's gown being of white silk brocade with silver over shell pink; the bodice, Empire style, and the sleeves had silver silk net over silver lace vandyked with pearls and diamante, with a folded belt of silver tissue; one side of the skirt was opened to show a petticoat of silver tissue over pale pink, and a train of silver and white brocade to match. Suspended from the shoulders was a beautiful Court train of powder blue

New Zealanders Present.

Bishop Nevill, the Primate of New Zealand, clad in purple, looked a stately figure as, with his young wife in cream satin beside him, he made his way through the crush. He is a marvellous person, apparently not an hour older than when the writer saw him last in Dunedin years ago. A large band was stationed just below the staircase where the presentations were made, and another in the Long Gallery which was converted into a supper room where delectable dainties, many and various, were to be had, and champagnes and flocks fit for the gods, if those individuals cared for aught but nectar.

Mrs. Harcourt was in a wonderful gown of pale pink chiffon, with an overdress of coral and opalescent beads. Round her neck sparkled diamonds in many strings, and with one chain of diamonds hanging to her waist, and a fine diamond tiara surmounting her dark hair.

Lady Denman (wife of the new Governor-General of Australia), who is very tall and slight with beautiful soft golden hair, was in black and gold with a beautiful coronet and many diamonds.

Sir Joseph and Lady Ward were among the honoured guests, and with them they had Miss Ward and Dr. and Mrs. Findlay, the Attorney-General and his wife.

Miss Hall-Jones was there looking very pretty in royal blue nixon, Miss Hattie Hall-Jones in heavily embroidered cream silk net, and Miss Fanny Hall Jones in pale blue chiffon.

Miss M. Seddon was in black and velvet with pearls, Mrs. Wray Palliser in a beautiful gown of black and gold over blue, Miss Palliser in eau de nil with an overdress of white chiffon spotted with black; her sister in apricot; Lady Russell in black lace trimmed with white Honiton lace.

Orange Blossoms.

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

All copy intended for publication in these columns must reach the office, not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

WARD—CUBIS.

VERY pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Paul's Wesleyan Church last Wednesday afternoon, the contracting parties being Mr. A. Ward, third son of the late Mr. J. G. Ward, of "Tor View," Pukeroro, to Miss K. Cubis, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cubis, of Hautapu. The Rev. W. Tinsley was the officiating minister. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a lovely gown of creme nixon draped over orange blossoms, and carried a lovely shower bouquet. She was attended by her two sisters, Misses Amy and Edith Cubis, who were attired in creme serge frocks and black velvet hats, and carried bouquets. Mr. P. Holmes acted as best man, and Mr. L. Cubis as groomsmen. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome gold bangle, and to each of the bridesmaids gold pendants set with pearls and sapphires. The wedding breakfast was held in the Hautapu school, when a number of guests were present, and the usual toasts were honoured. In the evening a most enjoyable dance was held in the same place. Mr. and Mrs. Ward left for Hamilton en route for Rotorua, where the honeymoon will be spent, the bride's travelling dress being a stylish navy costume with lat to watch.—(Cambridge correspondent.)

BAKER—WIGGINS

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wiggins, of Wellington-terrace, was the scene of an interesting ceremony on Tuesday afternoon, when Miss Dorrie Wiggins and Mr. Norman Banks, of Sydney, formerly of Auckland, were married. The Rev. Jas. Gates Chapman, who performed the ceremony, is the brother-in-law of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked really charming in a beautiful robe of white duchesse satin, with tunic of nixon edged with fringe and rose lace. With this she wore the usual bridal veil thrown back, and carried a sheaf of magnificent lilies. She was attended by two bridesmaids, her sister, Miss Ira G. Wiggins, and Miss Grace Glover. Miss Wiggins was attired in primrose charmeuse, with tunic of grey nixon caught up with a bunch of violets, while Miss Glover's dress was of old rose with a tunic of similar material and colour to that of her co-attendant. Both bridesmaids wore Juliet caps and very handsome necklets of tourmalines, the latter being the gifts of the bridegroom. The office of groomsmen was filled by Mr. W. Wiggins, junr.

On the conclusion of the ceremony, which was attended by a number of old and intimate friends of the family, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins entertained the guests at an afternoon function, at which the

chiffon velvet lined with shirred chiffon to match, and attached with a large paste buckle. She wore diamond and pearl ornaments, and carried a bouquet of Malmaison carnations, smilax and asparagus fern.

Miss Ward's Court gown was of white satin, with a tunic of net striped with silver beads and diamante. The cross-over high bodice had a silver fringe on one side, the other being of mousseline de soie, Magyar style, edged with a single row of diamond trimming. On the left side of the décolletage was a tiny ring of pink satin rosettes. The skirt had a vandyke of pale pink chiffon at one side of the hem, trimmed with tiny pink silver roses. The train was of white satin, with shirred white chiffon underneath, and a large bunch of pink roses at one corner. A bouquet of pale pink roses was carried.

Mrs Findlay's presentation gown was in the very palest shade of blue and pink, the dress itself being of pink charmeuse entirely veiled with ivory marquise. A straight panel down the skirt and a slightly shirred band at the foot of a wide row of handsome pearl and silver embroidery was of ivory silk Malines lace.

The bodice had silk embroidered flowers of pale pink and blue, with blue stone centres under lace covered with marquiseette edged with silver, and a plaited girdle of silver beads. The court train was of pale French blue brocade silk, the brocade patterns outlined with diamante; a bouquet of malmaison carnations was carried, and Mrs. Findlay wore a small diamond star, tiara, pendant, and several diamond ornaments.

Mrs Jas. Hislop was presented, and wore emerald green satin with handsome embroidery of green and gold, veiled with green marquiseette, and slashed up either side, the left side being prettily draped and fastened with a novel ornament of green and gold, and edged with gold fringe. The corsage to correspond was also veiled with marquiseette and trimmed with the same embroidery. The train of black chiffon velvet, lined with coarse gold net and edged with gold beaded cord was divided to the waist, and held in place on the left shoulder with heavy gold cord and tassels, and on the right with a large black flower; ornaments of green tourmalines and pearls; bouquet of white lilies of the valley.

Mrs. R. J. Seddon was in a beautiful purple velvet gown, handsomely embroidered and trimmed real lace, with a full Court train of hydrangea imprimé robe de Lyon, lined with purple satin.

Miss Seddon wore a gown of a la Reçamier, in white satin, trimmed with silver embroideries and chiffon, and a train of rose pink satin, lined with chiffon.

Miss Rubi Seddon, a gown of soft hydrangea colourings in nixon over satin, trimmed with fringes of violets; train of same coloured nixon, lined spangled tulle.

Miss Mary Skerrett, of Wellington, was presented by Mrs. James Conchie (her sister), and was in a dress of white satin charmeuse, with overdress of pearl embroidery; train of cloth of gold.

Mrs. James Conchie, dress of pale buttercup satin, with overdress of glimmering beads, caught with rings of heliotrope roses. The train, a masterpiece of Myrtle Mayers, of Paris, was of dull gold panne velvet worked with Louis VI. design in diamonds, the whole train being heavily rucked with feathers of the same colour.

Miss Edith and Miss Cora Feldwick, daughters of the late Col. the Hon. Henry Feldwick, M.L.C., of Invercargill, were also presented.

Miss Edith Feldwick's dress was of white satin charmeuse with an over-tunic of white chiffon, slit at each side and attached with satin bows, from which hung crystal drops. The bottom of the tunic was bordered with a crystal fringe. The bodice, crossover, in Empire style, showed a vest of crystallised chiffon. The train was of white satin, lined with chiffon and swathed with crystallised chiffon—attached to the shoulder with silver cord and tassels. Bouquet of white lily of the valley, roses and carnations. Pearl ornaments.

Miss Cora Feldwick's dress was also of white satin charmeuse, made in Quaker style, with high waisted tunic of white chiffon, the apron being pleated into a satin band finished with high fringe. A white satin train was lined with chiffon. In between the rounded corners were true lover's knots of silver cord. The train was edged all round with silver cord, and caught at the shoulder with cord and silver tassels. Bouquet of white lilies, roses and iris, relieved with pale blue iris. Pearl ornaments.

LADIES DURAND'S PINK, ordinary 2/6; strong 3/-. Post FREE. Safe, prompt, reliable. Further information sent on receipt of 1d. stamp.—C. R. Woollons, Bridge Pharmacy, 28 Karangahape Road, Auckland.

ENGAGEMENTS.

No notice of Engagements or Marriages can be inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person with Full Name and Address.

The engagement is announced of Miss Clarice (Classic) Macklow, youngest daughter of Mr. William C. Macklow, of Fairfax-rd., Epsom, to Mr. Guy S. Everleigh, of Alfred-street, Auckland, late of Wellington.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ina Prins, daughter of the late Dr. Prins (Christchurch), to Mr. P. Murray-Aynsley (Methven).

The engagement is announced of Miss J. L. Gorton, eldest daughter of Mr. C. H. Gorton (Christchurch), to Mr. J. L. Merten (Waipukurau).

The engagement is announced of Miss May Miller, daughter of the late Rev. H. Millar (Napier), to Mr. Lionel Comerford (Christchurch).

The engagement is announced of Miss M. H. Powell, daughter of G. F. Powell, Esq., Pontara Station, Tokomaru Bay, and Mr. Frank Warbrick, late of Devonport, Auckland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mabel Thomas, only daughter of Mr. Joseph Thomas, of "Thornton," Auckland, to Mr. Taucered Cooper, third son of the late Mr. G. F. Cooper, Karori, Wellington.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hazel Lindsay, eldest daughter of Dr. P. A. Lindsay, O'Rourke-street, Auckland, and Mr. A. M. Adams, of "Langley Dale" Station, Marlborough.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maud Miller, daughter of Mrs. M. R. Miller (Napier), to Mr. Frank Webb, of Invercargill.

usual toasts were duly honoured. The presents, which were much admired by the friends of the contracting parties, were both numerous and valuable. During the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Baker left Wellington on their bridal tour, which will be completed in England and on the Continent. The bride's going-away dress was a navy costume, handsomely braided, and a picture hat of tassel straw with natural plumes. With this costume she wore a beautiful set of emines, one of the presents given her by the bridegroom. The newly-wedded pair will make their permanent home in Sydney on their return about the end of the year.

HUGHES—BAIRSTOW.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised in St. Mark's Church, Carterton, on Thursday, the 8th June, by the Rev. R. Young, when Miss Janey Bairstow, youngest daughter of the late Isaac Bairstow and Mrs. Bairstow, of Clarendon, was married to Mr. Percy H. Hughes, of Auckland. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. J. B. Bairstow, was robed in a beautiful frock of cream silk chiffon tulle, the yoke and sleeves being of embossed silk net, and the bodice made with a high swathed belt, trimmed with embossed silk insertion. The Court train was handsomely trimmed with hand-made silk roses to match the front panel of the dress. The bridal attire was completed by a veil, fastened with pearls instead of the usual orange blossoms. She carried a pretty bouquet of white carnations, azaleas, and maidenhair fern, and was attended by Miss Mabel Callan, of Wellington, as bridesmaid, who was attired in a becoming frock of cream satin cologne, yoke and sleeves of finely-tucked net, the bodice being trimmed with embossed silk insertion. Her hat was a black velvet "Gainsborough," with Oriental trimming and cream tulle. Her bouquet was of violets with autumn leaves, and she wore the bridegroom's gift, a beautiful Citrington and a pearl pendant. Mr. J. W. Baird, of Wellington, was best man.

After the ceremony the wedding party drove to the residence of the bride's mother, where the wedding breakfast was held. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes left by motor car en route for Auckland. The bride's travelling dress was a stylish tailor-made costume of amethyst material, with love-grey hat trimmed Oriental and with white roses. The costume was completed with a handsome seal stole and muff. Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Hughes will take up their residence in Remuera, Auckland.

Society Gossip.

Special to the "Graphic."

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor desires to draw the attention of occasional contributors of any items to the Society Gossip columns that name and address must be given with copy, otherwise any such communication cannot be recognised.

All copy intended for publication in these columns must reach the office not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

AUCKLAND.

July 2.

The Sheffield Choir.

THE most important event of the past week, of course, has been the visit of the Sheffield Choir. For many months we have looked forward to their coming, and I think it is safe to say that it will be many months before we forget them. I heard "The Dream of Gerontius," and a great treat it was. It was perfectly fascinating to watch Dr. Coward conducting, and to see the wonderful response the large choir made to his every movement. And then the audience, which filled the huge, ugly shed, it quite thrilled one to be in the midst of so much life. Chatting to several of the choir girls, I was lamenting the fact that they had to sing in such a place as a tin shed. "Oh," said one of them, "That's nothing. We have sang in drill sheds, chapels, tents, horse bazaars, and in the open air in a gale of wind, so 'nothing' would surprise us now." The Yorkshire drawl has spread itself all over Auckland during the past few days, and has made me feel quite home-sick. I heard rather a funny story from one of the girls. Dr. Harriss has a "valet," who has been christened "Emily" by the choir. One of his duties is to mind the door when the choir go in. On Monday night, when a party of girls arrived, but could not get near the staircase for the crowd, Emily hailed them, and when they managed to reach him he was beaming, and said, "Ain't this a greet place. 'Four blokes' 'as offered to 'push in my dial' 'eos I wouldn't let them up." "Emily" is a most pronounced Cockney, and is the joke of the choir. All sorts of outtings were arranged by the various hosts for the pleasure of their guests for the limited time the choir had at their disposal, and most of the "sights" near Auckland were visited.

The Choir were the guests of Mr and Mrs Henry Brett on Tuesday afternoon, and spent a delightful time wandering about the beautiful garden and admiring the lovely view. Afternoon tea was served on the lawn, and after singing some part-songs, the Choir, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves, departed. About twenty members of the Victoria League were present, and helped to entertain the guests. The League is to be congratulated upon the splendid arrangements made by them for billeting out the members of the Choir, and the ready response made by citizens, 181 being arranged for. Miss Mowbray, who is hon. secretary to the Victoria League, has had a most strenuous time for the past fortnight, and on Sunday, when the arrival of the Choir was so much delayed, spent the day at the telephone answering anxious inquiries; but having the glorious gift of a cheerful disposition, she has come through the ordeal in triumph.

Who says that the days of chivalry are over? Not so. One day as I was walking down Queen-street during the past week, judge of my surprise to see one of the "fruit hawkers" on one knee tying the shoe-lace of a charming-looking girl, much to the delight of his brother hawkers, who would evidently give him a roasting later on.

Afternoon Tea.

Mrs. C. V. Houghton, of Gladstone-road, Parnell, gave a large tea on Friday afternoon, which was most enjoyable. The drawing-room and large square hall open into each other, and form a charming room. Mrs. Houghton stood just within the hall, and received her guests, who then passed on into the other rooms and on to the verandah. Tea was laid in the dining-room. The tea table looked lovely, with dainty trails of autumn foliage, with touches of yellow and red. A novel effect was produced by the vases being higher at one end. The whole effect was most artistic. A delicious tea was handed round by a bevy of girl

friends, among whom were the Misses Kissling, Devore, Florence Walker, Kenderdine and Kathleen Holmes. Our hostesses wore a lovely amethyst charmuse frock with a tunic of netted silk fringe to just below the hips, the loose ends then hanging to the edge of the skirt, and a guimpe of gold net embroidery; Lady Lockhart wore a smart frock of tan cloth with artistic embroideries and a pretty toque to match; Mrs. Lucas Bloomfield wore a tailored suit of dark grey, beautifully braided, and a lovely hat of Royal blue chip swathed with cerise tulle and massed with shaded cerise flowers; Mrs. Mitchell (England) wore a pretty shade of turquoise blue cloth, a lovely hat of smooth silk beaver in the same tone, lined with black, and some lovely feathers on it; Mrs. H. O. Nolan wore a velvet frock in a deep shade of turquoise blue with a guimpe of gold net and lovely embroidery; a large black hat and lovely furs completed a charming toilette; Miss Dorothy Nolan looked nice in a pretty shade of amethyst and lovely white furs; Mrs. G. Roberts wore black cloth coat and skirt with facings of black braid on white cloth, and a black hat; Mrs. Grant wore a pretty blue velvet frock and a large hat of blue lined with black; Mrs. Sweet wore a black velvet coat and skirt with black silk braid, a brown fur toque muff and stole; Mrs. Leo Myers wore black with a superb long musquash coat trimmed with fur, large black picture hat; Mrs. Drummond Ferguson wore grey velvet coat and skirt, and a pretty grey hat with shaded blue feathers; Mrs. E. D. O'Rourke wore cream cloth coat and skirt, and a pretty amethyst flame velvet toque; Mrs. Seymour Thorne-George wore a black cloth coat and skirt, and a lovely black and gold toque; Mrs. Fred Waller looked charming in blue cloth suit, with black braidings, and a black velvet toque swathed with white lace, and a pink rose at one side; Mrs. John Reid, dark grey cloth coat and skirt, and a black toque; Miss Jessie Reid, dark blue suit, and a smart black seal toque with wide band of coloured embroidery, seal stole; Mrs. Herbert Kissling, dark brown cloth coat and skirt, with brown silk braidings, and a pretty black toque with band of sable fur, sable muff and stole; Mrs. Rankin Reed wore a smart grey cloth suit, and a black and white toque; Mrs. Holmes wore a grey velvet coat and skirt, and a smart black and white hat; Miss Kathleen Holmes wore a pretty white cloth coat and skirt, and a large black hat; Mrs. Aubin wore a blue and gold striped union over silk, with large hat to match; Mrs. Louison looked well in a smart white cloth frock, with edgings of black velvet, a huge black heaver hat, and black furs; Mrs. P. Lawrence, dark blue coat and skirt, and a large black charmuse hat with ospreys; Mrs. Colegrove wore black velvet, and a black toque with a touch of jet; Mrs. Derry, black charmuse coat and skirt, made with sailor collar, and many rows of machine stitching, a dull black straw toque with large flat bow at the back of cerise straw; Mrs. John Smith wore black velvet, and a black hat with feathers; Miss Ashton wore a pretty shade of grey, and a black hat and black stole; Mrs. Archdale Taylor wore dark blue, and a smart hat; Mrs. Sharpe looked nice in dark blue, and a black velvet hat; Mrs. Fraser wore a smart black toilette; Miss Edith Isaacs, a smart black velvet suit, and a large hat of cerise satin lined with black and trimmed with black feathers; Mrs. Sydney Nathan wore a black velvet coat and skirt, with wide bands of silk braiding, and a lovely big black hat; Mrs. Grierson, Miss Grierson, Mrs. Myers, Mrs. and Miss Eason, Mrs. C. Brown, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. and Misses Devore (2), Mrs. Uphill, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Edmunds, Mrs. Benjamin, Mrs. and Misses Lindsay (2), Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. G. Kent, Mrs. Chatfield, Miss Prickett, Mrs. Sholto Douglas and Miss Douglas, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. de Clive

The New Order.

A new order of things has been introduced into the Northern Club. On the first and third Tuesday of each month members may bring their women folk to dine with them. Needless to say, the innovation is welcomed by the said women folk, who are looking forward to the first of these parties, which takes place on Tuesday, the 4th July.

Training College Exhibition.

The Auckland Training College during the past week has been converted into an exhibition, and a very interesting one, too. Each student prepared an exhibit to illustrate a lesson, and the result was in most cases very clever. There were some really clever models shown, from a beautifully furnished doll's house to the Battle of Waterloo. A perfect suit of armour was made out of bits of tin, and even the humble "patty-pans" were made use of in a perfectly adjusted pair of scales. Mr. Cottrill, the Science Master, had some clever models in full working order. This room was most interesting. Another room was filled with very clever drawings done by school children in Leeds, kiddies of eleven or so, and mostly Jewish children. Much of the work was wonderfully good. Each evening lectures were given. The most interesting ones were those of Mr. T. W. Leys, Mr. Mulgan, and Mr. Milnes. The latter gave a most amusing paper on "Schoolroom Humour."

Impromptu Dance.

Quite one of the pleasantest little dances of the season was that given on Friday, June 30, by a number of young folk in the Devonport Parish Hall. The night was fine for this time of the year, and the invigorating atmosphere had a great deal to do with the spirit that was infused into the dancing. The committee were: Messrs G. Anseme, E. Napier, J. Graham, and F. R. Foster. The chaperons were: Mesdames Napier, Joe Anseme, Sinclair, and Foster.

Personal.

Mrs. Carr and Miss Carr, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cotter, Misses Cotter and Mr. Harold Cotter are some of the lucky folk who will be in Delhi to witness the Durbar.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. O'Rourke and their family intend leaving Auckland in a few months' time for an indefinite sojourn in the Old Country. Their absence will leave a big blank in social and sporting circles.

Mrs. T. Cotter and Miss Milly Cotter, who have been on a visit to Sydney, returned in the Maheno on Monday.

Mrs. Garlick and her son left Auckland in the Maheno for Sydney to join the Orsova, which leaves for England on July 8.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WELLINGTON.

July 1.

Coronation Ball.

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Tellington and the Vice-regal staff must be heartily complimented on the success of the Coronation Ball, which was a most brilliant function, and admirably managed in every way. The ground floor of Government House was thrown open to receive the guests, who numbered between seven and eight hundred, and many additional private rooms were pressed into the service. The supper arrangements were most complete and satisfactory, small tables being set in two of the smaller rooms adjacent to the dining-room, as well as in a screened off space in one of the wide corridors. A great improvement was the additional portico at the guests' entrance, and it is earnestly to be hoped that it will become a permanency, as it so greatly expedites arriving and departing. The floral decorations were most artistically carried out, the main scheme being of rose-coloured camellias and bronze larch. In the supper rooms these were enhanced by the rose-coloured shaded lights on the splendid silver candelabra, and in one room there was a harmonious and

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fragrant arrangement of yellow narcissi and delicate trails of bronze miniature ivy. The drawing-room was a most inviting spot, with cheerful fires blazing away, shedding a ruddy glow over the crimson carpets and ivory-tinted walls. Great admiration was expressed for the poinsettias, which were of splendid size, and were arranged in most effective banks and clumps wherever the eye turned. Old Government House conservatory was always famous for its poinsettias, which were introduced many years ago by Lady Bowen, who accompanied her husband from Queensland when he became Governor of New Zealand. Another striking plant used for decorating the drawing-room had long graceful branches with glossy dark green leaves and close set flowers of waxy red.

The ballroom itself, in its severe simplicity of white walls and crimson curtains, made a most admirable background to the gorgeous uniforms and beautiful dresses. Palms and ferns and arums were grouped near the crimson dais with the State chairs, where Lady Islington sat and received the guests, who were brought up to her. Their Excellencies entered the ballroom soon after 8.30, and the State Lancers were immediately formed as follows:—His Excellency the Governor and Mrs. Roderick McKenzie, H.E. Lady Islington and Sir Joshua Williams, Captain Wemyss, R.N. (H.M.S. Cambrian) and Mrs. Godley, Major-General Godley and Lady Williams, Colonel Hoard and Mrs. Wemyss, Mr. Vavasour and Mrs. Barton, Mr. Barton and Mrs. Vavasour, Dr. Collins and Mrs. Wilford. By 10 p.m. dancing had become general, and though the floor was a little stiff to begin with it improved with every hour, and it was with the greatest reluctance that the dancers stopped when God Save the King was played at the end. It was rather interesting to note the general effect when dancing was in full swing. The note of colour was mostly given by the military, who are so numerous in these days. The scarlet and gold of their uniforms was most conspicuous amongst the white and faint colours of the dresses. Apropos of these, there is no doubt that the present fashions are not so effective as those seen, say, at the last Government House ball some few years ago. One noticed that some of the most beautiful dresses of exquisite, subtle hues, and delicate, mysterious draperies were totally ineffective and uninteresting seen from across a room, although a nearer view revealed their charms. The signal for supper was given at 10.30, His Excellency the Governor leading the way to the dining-room, while Lady Islington and her escort entered another supper-room. There was no waiting until the Vice-regal party had emerged again, as immediately the sides-de-camp began ushering people in, and a few moments all the chairs were occupied, and supper became general. There was no crowding and no waiting, and it was generally agreed that things had never been managed so well at any previous Vice-regal function during Wellington's long experience.

Their Excellencies' house party included Miss Stapleton Cotton, Mrs. Fergusson (England), Mrs. Vavasour, and Miss Vavasour (Marlborough), Mr. and Mrs. W. Barton (Wairarapa), and Mrs. Guise. The Vice-regal staff was composed of Mr. Arthur Guise (private secretary), Captain Shannon, and Captain MacDougall, A.D.C.'s.

The Dresses.

Lady Islington had on a beautiful dress of Egyptian blue souple satin, swathed in ninon of the same hue, which was bordered with deep gold fringe and encrusted with raised embroideries in dull silver and gold gleaming through the ninon; the corsage was swathed in translucent blue over gold, and the sleeves were of Brussels lace; in her dark hair she wore a low, wide tiara of diamond trefoils, each centred with an emerald, diamond earrings, diamond comb, and a long diamond chain completed her toilette. Her small girl was dancing away gaily in the early part of the evening in a pretty little frock of white ninon, with a vandyked tunic and loops of dull satin ribbon, and a bow of the same in her dark hair; Miss Stapleton Cotton, vivid green charmeuse, with draperies of dull gold net, a fillet of green leaves in her beautiful fair hair; Mrs. Guise, ivory satin, with lace and brocade; Mrs. Barton (Wairarapa), ivory charmeuse Josephine dress, with flounces of Venetian rose point lace; Mrs. Vavasour (Hlonnheim), cerise charmeuse veiled in smoke grey chiffon, a cerise bandeau, and grey plume in her hair; Miss Vavasour, ciel blue crepe de chine, with a tunic of veiled gold net; Mrs. Fergusson (England), ivory satin, with crystal trimming and flounces of lace. No less than six debutantes came out at the Coronation Ball, which will always be a landmark in their lives: Miss Otterson looked charming in a gown of white charmeuse and ninon, finished with delicate embroidery in crystal; Miss Alison Burnett, white Tosca net over white satin, with entredoux of lace; Miss A. Fell, white souple satin, with silver and crystal embroideries; Miss Dora Shircliffe, white charmeuse, with a ninon tunic bordered with pearl, and crystal galon; Miss Geddes, white satin veiled in ninon, finished with lace; Miss Johnston, white satin, draped with ninon and delicately embroidered.

Among so great a crowd it was difficult to distinguish people, but I noticed: Lady Williams (who was receiving a great many congratulations at the honour conferred on her husband), wearing pearl grey charmeuse, the ninon tunic having entredoux of lace and delicate embroideries in silver; Mrs. Godley, in oyster grey satin with diamond ornaments, the swathed corsage having soft toned embroideries of palest rose and subdued blue; Mrs. Wilford, emerald green charmeuse with a tunic of shot green Tosca net, with heavy embroideries in dull gold; Mrs. R. Mackenzie, ivory satin with gold fringe; Mrs. Buddo, mauve satin, veiled in ninon, with Oriental embroideries; Mrs. Wemyss (England), white and silver striped ninon over white satin; Madame Bushamete (Uruguay), black charmeuse with an overdress of black jetted net; Mrs. Fitchett, black tulle over a dress of rose and gold brocade tissue; Mrs. Elgar, pearl grey souple satin veiled in elusive shades of mauve and blue ninon, with dull bead embroideries in the same hues, and a flat satin sash of faintest green; Mrs. Burnett Stuart, pale grey satin and Irish lace with crystal embroideries; Mrs. A. Abbott, white satin with lace and touches of gold; Mrs. Atkinson, black satin and purple scarf; Miss Mary Atkinson, white satin and silver fringe; Miss Bothamley, white crepe de chine and lace; Mrs. Bothamley, black satin and jet; Miss random, opal brocade with sleeves of lace; Miss F. Brandon,

Thames grey satin with a tunic of geranium ninon and embroideries of the same tone; Miss M. Brandon, white crepe de chine and ninon with a Japanese wash of poppy red tulle; Mrs. Burnett, black lace over white taffetas and jet; Miss Burnett, maize charmeuse with dull gold and bronze embroideries; Mrs. Burnes, black satin and jet; Miss Burnes, pastel charmeuse, veiled in shaded ninon; Mrs. Leo Butler (England), pale blue brocade with a draped tunic of smoke grey ninon, diamond ornaments; Miss Butts, pale blue satin with a tunic of Tosca net in the same shade; Mrs. Chatfield, black satin, veiled in black net, with Royal blue paillettes; Mrs. Chaytor, pale blue brocade with silver and crystal embroideries; Mrs. W. Clifford, black brocade and jet; Miss Clifford, lotus blue satin with a ninon tunic; Miss Clifford, white charmeuse with silver embroideries on the ninon overdress; Mrs. Corliss, peacock blue satin veiled in black and silver ninon; Miss Coleridge, pale blue satin, with a draped tunic of Tosca net; Miss I. Coleridge, grey-blue charmeuse, with dull gold embroideries; Mrs. Corrigan, ivory satin, veiled in ninon; Mrs. Crawford (England), white satin, veiled in black beaded net; Miss Coates, black charmeuse, with dull gold embroideries; Mrs. Cooper, pale blue brocade, with sleeves of lace; Mrs. Jan Duncan, golden brown charmeuse, over an underdress of grey-blue, bronze and gold embroideries; Miss E. Duncan, ivory satin, with panels of lace and crystal; Mrs. K. Duncan, petal pink chiffon satin and ninon; Mrs. Dyer, white satin, with touches of gold; Mrs. Dykes, black jetted net; Mrs. Dymock, ivory brocade, veiled in lace; Mrs. Edwin, black lace and jet, and gold roses; Miss Edwin, ivory satin, with a tunic of flowered gauze; Miss Ewen, apricot charmeuse, with pipings of satin in the same shade; Mrs. Fell, black satin and jet; Miss Fell, ivory crepe de chine and violets; Mrs. Field, black ninon, and Chantilly lace over ivory silk; Mrs. David Findlay, smoke-grey chiffon velours; Miss Fitzgerald, green tunic over pale green brocade; Mrs. Fisher, white satin, Irish lace, and crystal garniture; Mrs. Firth, black charmeuse, with lucker and sleeves of lace; Mrs. Locke, black satin and jet; Miss Locke, white charmeuse, with lace entredoux; Miss Sutton, natter blue ninon over, old rose satin; Mrs. Gilmer, rose-pink ninon, with bands of dull gold galon; Mrs. Gillon, white satin, with a zouave and tunic of black satin, with a fringe; Mrs. K. Gilmer, black satin and jet; Miss Gore, black sequin net; Dr. Elizabeth Gunn, apricot charmeuse and ninon; Miss Harding, black charmeuse, with a ninon tunic edged with silver fringe; Mrs. Hamilton, lavender satin and lace; Miss Hamilton, old gold crepe de chine, with Liberty embroideries in a darker shade; Mrs. Hume, ivory satin, with pink embroideries, veiled in overdress of tambour lace; Mrs. Holmes, vieux pink paillette, embroidered and piped in a darker shade; Dr. Edith Huntley, black Spanish lace over ivory silk; Miss Harcourt, ivory satin and lace; Mrs. Johnson, ivory tulle and lace; Mrs. Joseph, eau de nil satin, with a tunic of black and white lace; Miss Joseph, natter blue charmeuse, the tunic edged with a deep flounce of Brussels lace, which also swathed the corsage; Miss Kane, black and white lace over ivory charmeuse; Miss Kensington, pale blue crepe de chine, with crystal embroideries; Miss Knox, ivory satin and ninon; Mrs. Larnach, black crepe de chine and

jet; Mrs. Leckie, ivory satin with an overdress of handsome lace; Miss Litchfield, lotus blue satin and ninon; Mrs. Loughnan, black Spanish lace and net over a satin dessous; Mrs. Louison, mauve charmeuse, veiled in palest pink and smoke grey ninon, with embroideries of the same shades; Mrs. Mackenzie, pale blue satin, veiled in ninon, with a raised scroll design in mauve; Mrs. Martin, black satin and jet; Miss Martin, ciel blue crepe de chine with touches of pink; Miss Marchant, mauve ninon de soie with dull gold embroideries and fringe; Mrs. Maenrthy, geranium ninon de soie, the tunic revealing gold embroideries; Mrs. Mason, pale blue brocade and lace; Miss Miles, ivory satin, veiled in ninon, with crystal embroideries; Miss W. Miles, pastel pink ninon de soie; Miss Mills, white tulle and lace; Dr. Platts-Mills, shaded blue ninon over a dessous of lace, embroidered in gold; Miss Morison, white crepe de chine and crystal galon; Mrs. Nathan, black lace and ninon over chine silk; Mrs. Nathan, white satin, veiled in ninon; Mrs. Palmer, ivory satin with a zouave of gold net; Mrs. Parker, ivory satin and lace; Mrs. Pearce, rose pink ninon de soie with entredoux of lace and embroidery; Miss Pearce, pale blue satin, the black ninon tunic hemmed in fashions, with black satin rouleaux; Miss —, Pearce, ivory ninon de soie; Miss Rawson, white charmeuse and ninon; Miss Reid, pastel crepe de chine, finished with lace; Mrs. Richmond, black crepe de chine and jet; Miss Mary Richmond, amethyst brocade and Honiton lace; Mrs. Ross, moon blue satin and black ninon with Oriental embroideries; Miss Souton, ivory satin, with lace and pearls; Miss Seed, palest pink charmeuse and lace; Mrs. Shand, pale blue satin and Paisley ninon; Miss Simpson, natter blue satin, the black ninon tunic effectively finished with rose-pink and blue embroideries; Mrs. Van Staveren, old gold crepe de chine, with copper and gold appliques; Miss Van Staveren, a Princess gown of charmeuse, veiled in ninon; Miss Stafford, pale blue crepe de chine; Mrs. Stowe, black satin and needle-point lace; Mrs. Tewsley, grey satin, with an overdress of aluminium paillette net with cloux of turquoise blue velvet; Miss Tewsley, ivory satin, veiled in flowered ninon; Mrs. Tripe, pale grey crepe de chine and lace; Mrs. Tripp, ciel blue mousseline de soie with crystal embroideries and buckles; Miss Tweed, palest blue satin, veiled in ninon; Miss Webster, ivory crepe de chine and lace; Mrs. Webster, charmeuse satin and sequins; Miss Wilson, ivory satin, with touches of deep green velvet; Mrs. Herdman, ivory satin, veiled in pale blue mousseline de soie; Mrs. Shircliffe, black lace and net over ivory satin; Mrs. Litchfield, black chiffon velours and jet; Mrs. Samuel, pale blue satin with embroideries in gold; Mrs. Algar Williams, amber satin, veiled in gold net; Miss J. Brandon, sapphire blue satin, veiled in ninon; Mrs. Christie, smoke grey crepe de chine, with a silk spot and gold embroideries; Mrs. Jones, changeant charmeuse, with a ninon overdress.

OPELLEA.

HAMILTON.

June 30

Hockey Dance.

The Hamilton Ladies' Hockey Club held the first dance of this season on Friday last, in the Oddfellows' Hall. The evening had been arranged for somewhat hurriedly, that all might have an

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opportunity of bidding "au revoir" to the captain, Miss Brenda Hunter, who was leaving for a trip to Sydney. All arrangements were made by the hockey girls with every success, and a very pleasant time was spent by all. The duties of M.C. were ably carried out by Messrs Shand and H. Edgecumbe. Mrs Hewitt wore a cream dress trimmed with lace; Miss Newell, rose-pink satin; Mrs Jackson, black silk; Mrs Holland, black, with grey cloak; Mrs Hunter, black, pale grey cap; Mrs Brenda Hunter (captain), pale blue charmuse, with iridescent trimming; Miss Hunter, black silk; Miss Elsie Holden (secretary), blue muslin, trimmed with a darker shade; Gladys Tompkins, pale blue silk stripe; Miss Ransford, pale blue silk, trimmed with white insertion; Miss D. Primrose, white silk; Miss Aitken, white silk; Miss Elsie McNeil, pretty mauve union, with pearl trimming; Miss McAllum, black silk; Miss Pickering, cream; Miss L. Pickering, heliotrope; Miss Holloway, pale blue, with black velvet; Miss Edgecumbe, cream; Miss P. Edgecumbe, blue silk; Miss Ballard, pale blue silk; Madge and Dolly Ballard, white muslin; Miss Oliver, white silk; Miss Muriel Chitty, white silk; Edith Chitty, pale blue; Helen Chitty, white silk; Miss Wilkinson, white silk; Miss Campbell, pale heliotrope, with black overdress; Gladys Lorie, green union; Miss Thompson, cream silk; Miss Bryce, white silk veiled in dewdrop chiffon; Annie Jackson, white silk, with bead trimming; Hazel Jackson, white muslin; Linda Cussen, pale blue silk; Geraldine Cussen, deep blue.

ZILLAL

CAMBRIDGE.

July 1.

Horses and Hounds.

One of the best meets of the Waikato Hounds was held at Bruntwood on Wednesday. Mr. Jack Martyn had fixed up some very stiff jumps. The hounds threw off quite close to the homestead, and from start to finish the run was most exciting. A sumptuous afternoon tea was provided by Mrs Martyn to which all were made most welcome. Mr. Wynn Brown returned thanks on behalf of the club. Those following were: The Master (Mr. Wynn Brown) on Tophorn, The Whip on Blazes, Mrs H. Crowther on Taranaki, Miss Pickering on Lullaby, Miss Allwill on a bay, Miss L. Pickering on Jacko, Messrs. J. Martyn on Pierce, H. Crowther on a chestnut, H. Dingle on Galbarne, C. Meredith on Nestator, Dr. Roberts on Jaker, W. Hunter on Connes, C. Edwards on a bay, F. Vosper on Doctor, T. Clare on Hero, D. Wilson on Wirikana, T. Clark on Hero, C. Potts, H. V. Cox, K. Browne, C. Wheelwell, H. Whicwell, M. Douglas, J. Cox, W. Gordon, V. Holbecke, and many others. Others riding were Misses Richardson, Officer and F. Cox. Driving were: Mrs C. Peake, and Miss Cox, Mrs and Miss Ballard, and Mrs Waring, Miss Pickering, Mr. Gibson, Mrs Dingle and Mrs A. Main, Mrs Greenstone and party motoring, Mrs. Roberts Mrs Neill and Miss Atfield motoring.

Personal.

Mr and Mrs. McBride, of Christchurch, are staying at the Central Hotel, Cambridge, where they probably will be until their son is married in August. Colonel Newell and his daughter are the guests of Mr. W. L. C. Williams, of Cambridge.

ELSTE.

ROTORUA.

June 30.

Personal.

Messrs. Stephenson (2), of Auckland, are staying at the Grand Hotel, also Mr. Abbott, of Leeds, England; and Mr. Turner, of Sydney. Mr. Von Haas, of Christchurch, is staying at Bathgate House; also Mr. Bond, of England; Mr. and Miss Neil, of Dunedin; Mr. and Miss Mandeno, of Te Awamutu. Mr. Empson has returned to Rotorua, after some weeks' holiday spent in other parts of the Dominion. Mrs. A. L. Wilson, of Wellington, is staying at Arwa House. Mr. J. Marshall, of Auckland, and Captain Bay, of Galatea, are guests at Waivera House. Miss Taiton, of Sydney, is staying at the Geyser Hotel.

Mr. and Miss McDonald, of Auckland, who have been for a tour of the cold lakes are at present at Waivera House. Mr. Braithwaite, of the local Post and Telegraph Office, has gone on holiday leave to Wellington and Auckland. Mrs. Russell, a visitor from Scotland, is a guest at the Grand Vue; also Miss McGuire, of Fiji; Mr. Jacks, of Christchurch, is staying at the Grand Hotel. Mr. Juvell (journalist), of Palmerston North, is a guest at Bathgate House. Captain Turner, of Tauranga, paid a hurried visit to Rotorua to see his daughter, who, I regret to say, has been very ill. Mrs. Foulter and Mrs. Jacobs, of Auckland; also Mrs. West and Miss Moor, from America, are guests at Bathgate House. Mrs. Hadfield, of Wellington, arrived by Wednesday's express, and is staying at Bathgate House. Mrs. Herries M.P., who has been staying here for some months, has gone to Tauranga on a visit. Mr. Close, of Auckland, is at present staying at Bathgate House.

RATA.

GISBORNE.

June 26.

Afternoon Tea.

Mrs Blair gave a delightful little afternoon tea on Tuesday last, at her residence "Kaiti," in honour of Miss MacLean, whose wedding takes place next Wednesday. Mrs Blair received her guests in a tea gown of soft pink satin, trimmed with ruches of lace and chiffon; Miss Evans wore navy blue costume, grey and Coronation blue hat; Miss MacLean, the guest of the afternoon, wore saxe blue, large blue velvet hat with trimmings of shaded roses; Miss Symes, green and brown striped tailor-made, beaver fur toque, trimmed with brown velvet; Miss Bennett, navy blue costume, hat en suite; Miss Luck, Napier, brown tweed costume, tweed toque; Miss L. White, soft pink coat and skirt, braided in black, pink hat; Miss Coop (Canterbury), grey tailor-made, brown hat; Miss Williams, green costume, hat with crimson roses; Miss H. Williams, brown tweed, hat en suite; Miss Lewis, blue coat and skirt, black hat, with crimson velvet trimmings; Miss B. Murray, tweed costume, brown hat; Miss Pyke, blue cloth costume, hat to match; Miss Foster, navy blue cloth gown, blue and white check toque; Miss Hine, brown tweed costume; Miss Falconer, brown dress, hat trimmed brown velvet; Miss Black, green tweed, tweed hat to match; Miss Bradley, brown velvet gown, brown hat; Miss Fussil (Sydney), scarlet serge gown, blue velvet hat; Miss Akroyd, brown tweed, toque to match, etc.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs C. Thomas gave an afternoon for Miss MacLean, at her residence on the river's edge, Kaiti. The rooms were very tastefully decorated with white and yellow jonquils, and the afternoon proved most enjoyable. A guessing competition occupied the attention of the guests. Mrs R. U. Burke winning first prize; Mrs R. Scott, second. Mrs C. Thomas received her guests in a gown of mauve crystalline, trimmed with lace and Oriental embroidery; Mrs R. Wilcock, who assisted her sister, wearing a gown of French grey, grey hat with touches of pink; Mrs J. Murphy, navy blue, large black velvet hat; Mrs F. Barker, pink coat and skirt, large black hat; Mrs H. Scott, grey costume, black and white hat; Mrs R. Crawford, natter blue costume, blue hat to match; Mrs Burke, green coat and skirt, green hat; Mrs W. Sherratt, heliotrope knitted long coat over skirt same shade, mauve hat; Mrs Wilcock, brown costume; Miss MacLean, Coronation blue costume, large picture hat; Miss Tucker, black and white check costume, revers of tan cloth, brown hat; Miss Willis, green tweed gown. Amongst others present were: Misses Nolan, Pyke, Foster, Black, Bradley, Symes, Bennett, Lusk, Williams (2), Evans, de Laufour, etc.

A very nice tea was given by Mrs Nolan, at "Otipi" for the two brides elect. Miss Delatour and Miss MacLenn. The hostess, Mrs Nolan, received her guests in a robe of grey silk, trimmed with lace; Miss Nolan wore a white serge costume, and her sister, Miss H. Nolan wore a costume of cream cloth. Among those present I noticed: Mrs V. Barker, mauve cloth costume, braided with black, black beaver hat; Mrs F. B. Barker, wedgwood blue cloth

tailor-made, with black velvet hat; Mrs J. R. Murphy, navy blue serge coat and skirt, Coronation blue hat; Mrs R. U. Burke, green tweed coat and skirt, blue hat, trimmed with green; Mrs Trail, old rose coat and skirt, black hat with shaded roses; Mrs Thomas, tweed costume, black hat; Mrs R. Wilcock, French grey coat and skirt, hat en suite; Miss Willis, dark tweed coat and skirt; Miss Luck (Napier) brown coat and skirt, with tweed hat to match; Miss Sherratt, olive green costume, and tweed hat; Miss Bennett, tweed costume, hat to match; Miss Watkins, wedgwood blue coat and skirt, en suite; Miss W. Williams, navy blue coat and skirt, hat trimmed with shaded roses; Miss Delatour, navy blue costume, black fur hat; Miss Maclean, blue tweed, with revers of wedgwood blue cloth, large hat with shaded roses; Miss M. Rees, navy blue coat and skirt; Miss Symes, dark green costume, brown fur toque; Miss P. Davies, green tweed costume, black hat trimmed emerald; Miss Bright, blue cloth costume, hat to match; Misses P. and M. Delatour, black costumes, hats to match; Miss Black, tweed coat and skirt; Miss Gray, navy blue costume; Miss Pyke, Coronation blue costume, with tweed hat.

A competition of making verses about the two brides elect, caused much amusement, and was won by Miss F. Davies, and Miss Gray.

Personal.

Mr and Mrs A. F. Kennedy returned from Sydney on Wednesday. Mr Kennedy's health is far from satisfactory, and he is unfortunately again in hospital in Gisborne.

Mr and Mrs Falla (Dunedin), passed through Gisborne on their return trip from Sydney.

Mr Mitford (Wharekopae), is visiting Wanganni.

Mr Fenwick (Waitati), is at present in Gisborne for his brother's wedding this week.

Mr Kettle (Napier), is at present in Gisborne.

Mrs Stevenson (Auckland) is staying with her daughter, Mrs J. Parker, Whataupoko.

Mr and Mrs Smallbones have arrived in Gisborne and taken up their residence in Whataupoko, Mr Smallbones being the recently appointed manager of the National Bank, which has just opened in Gisborne.

Miss Fussil (Sydney), who has been visiting the Misses Black (Kaiti) left Gisborne on Wednesday.

Mrs Morice, "Omeroa," left for Wellington last Wednesday.

ELSA.

NAPIER.

June 30.

Coronation Tea.

This has been quite a week of "teas." Mrs Maud's Coronation Tea was the first, and took place in the Arcadian

Tea Rooms last Monday. Between 30 and 40 people were present, and after a dainty tea had been enjoyed we had to use our brains and answer all sorts of questions, the answers being contained in the word coronation. The first prize was won by Miss Ray Moeller, and the consolation by Miss Bowen. Mrs Maud received her guests in a smart red coat and skirt, braided in black, black hat with feathers; the Misses Maud, grey coats and skirts, black hats; Mrs Lever, navy blue coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Lever, grey cloth costume, white fur; Miss D. Lever, green coat and skirt, black and pink hat; Miss Ziele, grey coat and skirt, sable furs; Mrs Kettle, tweed coat and skirt, white hat with black and pink flowers; Miss Kettle, coronation blue coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs Tomlinson, black and white check coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs A. Humphries, white cloth, black hat with feathers; Miss Humphries, rose cloth costume; Mrs Lusk, mole velvet, large velvet hat to match, trimmed with blue ostrich feathers; Mrs Bowen, navy blue coat and skirt, black and gold toque; Mrs Rutherford, black cloth costume, black hat with feathers; Miss Rutherford, blue coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Bowen, white Russian costume, green hat; Mrs Levien, green coat and skirt, black hat with feather trimming; Miss Clappett, blue coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Pollen, white cloth costume, black hat; Miss Pollen, blue cloth, black hat; Mrs Moeller, grey coat and skirt, heliotrope hat; Miss Moeller, green coat and skirt, black beaver hat; Mrs Nantes, brown costume, large velvet hat to match; Miss Whay (Christchurch), natter blue coat and skirt, mole hat trimmed with blue; Miss Anderson (Christchurch), dark blue coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Bernau, green coat and skirt, pink hat; Miss Hindmarsh, blue coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Stopford, green coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Tonkin, black, black hat; Miss Tonkin, white cloth coat and skirt, black hat wreathed in pink roses.

Farewell Tea.


On Friday morning the Misses Lever, who leave to-morrow for Wellington, invited a number of girl friends to meet them at morning tea at the Trocadero. A very jolly time was spent. Amongst the guests were: Mrs Levien, Miss Harvey, Miss Hadley, Miss Bernau, Misses Snodgrass (2), Miss Hamlin, Miss Maud, Misses Rutherford (2), Miss Pollen, and Miss Sandtman.

Children's Party.

Mrs. Moeller gave a lovely children's party at the Masonic Hotel last Saturday afternoon. All kinds of games were played, and the youthful guests in their dainty "party frocks" looked so sweet and had a delightful time.

Afternoon Tea.

Mrs. and the Misses Miller gave an afternoon tea at the Kia Ora Rooms on Friday afternoon in honour of Mrs. Duncan Miller, of Invercargill. Amongst the guests were: Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs.



Symington's Coffee Essence

Your grocer knows that there is nothing to equal Symington's. He uses it in his own household, and has proved that it is the only coffee essence that really retains all the flavour, strength and aroma of the best coffee. Made in an instant—always ready—its great sale is perhaps the best proof of its excellence.

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DO NOT TOLERATE A SUBSTITUTE.
Every Yard you buy should be stamped L.O.U.'S

Dewes, Mrs. Bradney, Miss McCarthy, Miss Hunter, Miss Hill, Miss E. Davis, Miss Dinwiddie, and Miss Neville.

Personal.

Miss Madge Sisdey (Christchurch) is Miss Madge Sudey (Christchurch) is Miss Maud Miller has returned from a visit to Invercargill.

Mr. and Mrs. Galway arrived in Napier from Masterton.

Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone were in Napier for the Park Races.

Miss Largo has gone to Wellington.

Mr. and Miss O'Leary (New Plymouth) have been visiting Hawke's Bay.

Miss Griffin has returned to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Cross (Hastings) leave next week on a short visit to England.

Mrs. Henry Nairn has returned to Cambridge.

Miss Why and Miss Anderson (Christchurch) are visiting Mrs. Mayne at the Vicarage.

Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Elder are on a visit to Hawke's Bay.

MARJORIE.

WAIPIKURAU.

June 24

Coronation Day.

Coronation Day was celebrated here with real patriotic fervour, and I am sure will remain long in the memories of the children. Headed by the band, they marched to the Town Hall, where speeches were made by various members of the Town Board. Saluting the flag, presentation of Coronation medals, and singing of the National Anthem being finished, the children adjourned to Russell Park, where they yheld a picnic and sports.

Golf.

The Waipukurau Golf Club had a number of the Hastings Golf Club members down for a match, and although it blew a real gale on the links, played their matches out. Lunch was provided by Mrs Reid, the captain's wife, assisted by the Misses Gilbertson. In the afternoon tea was also served by the ladies.

Social and Dance.

In the evening the bowlers gave their social and dance, which was a distinct success, everyone having a very enjoyable time. The supper-room and table had been patriotically decorated with red, white and blue. The floor and music left nothing to be desired. The dresses were very pretty. Amongst those present were: Mrs Coldwell, in pink satin; Miss Nelson, handsome cream charmuse; Miss Merrylees, cream underskirt, with net overskirt; Miss Bailey, white silk; Mrs Harper, black silk and cream lace; Mrs McCormack, electric blue; Mrs U'win, pale blue; Mrs Scruby, black silk; Mrs Barnes, white silk blouse; Mrs Anand, white silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs McArthur, blue silk; Mrs Murphy, black silk; Mrs Seymour, white, with overskirt of spotted net; Mrs Winlove, pink silk; Mrs Butler, black silk.

The next night the children were the guests of the bowlers at a dance, and a very jolly time they had.

Personal.

Mrs Houston and Miss Hooper have returned from Wellington and Christchurch.

The Vicar and Mrs Martin have left for a month's holiday, which is to be spent in the Auckland district.

ETHNA.

DANNEVIRKE.

June 30.

Delightful Dance.

Mr and Mrs W. F. Knight, "Tahoraite," gave a most enjoyable dance at the Drill Hall on Friday evening, in honour of the coming of age of their son, Mr. Eric Knight. The hall was turned into a very fairyland, the walls and ceiling being draped most artistically with bands of pink, crimson and white muslin, while big branches of artificial peach and cherry blossom adorned the walls, stage and cosy corners. Delightful music was supplied by the Marton Orchestra, and the beautifully decorated supper tables were under the capable manage-

ment of Miss Wilson of Palmerston North. Over 200 guests were present, and needless to say everything went merrily from start to finish. Mrs. Knight received her guests in a handsome black toilette, black and silver scarf. A few of those present were: Mrs. H. Cowper, pink satin; Mrs. D. Williams (Te Aute), black gown; Mrs. F. Cowper, grey; Miss Young, handsome black frock; Mrs. Hartgill, grey silk; Mrs. Greenwood, black, veiled sequin net; Mrs. A. E. Cowper (Wanganui), pretty blue satin, lace over dress; Mrs. Hindmarsh, black; Mrs. Prichard, white satin, beautiful lace tunic, blue sattu cloak; Mrs. Giesen, white; Mrs. H. Hunter, pink charmuse; Mrs. Balfour Kinnear (Woodville), emerald green sattu charmuse, gold Oriental trimming; Mrs. Pickering (Woodville) grey sattu Princess robe; Mrs. Bolton (Woodville), black gown; Mrs. R. N. Blakiston, pink sattu, white lace tunic; Mrs. Fitzherbert, white, veiled in dewdrop nimon; Mrs. Reid Mackay, grey crepe de chine, green velvet bands, green osprey in hair; Mrs. T. Hunter, pink; Mrs. Mair, blue-black net tunic; Mrs. Soundy, black velvet; Mrs. Bamford, black silk; Mrs. Tansley, black silk gown, handsome velvet cloak; Mrs. G. Wright, black sattu, beautiful silver sequin trimming; Miss Hartgill, pink sattu charmuse; Miss Humphries (Napier), white silk; Miss D. Knight, pretty white silk; Miss Cowper, handsome frock, mauve silk; Miss N. Cowper, white silk; Miss Barber, grey nimon; Miss Humphries, pink sattu charmuse; Miss V. Humphries, short sattu frock, nimon tunic, pearl embroidery; Miss Macfarlane (Clive Grange), grey sattu, draped with scarves of cherry nimon; Miss Lethbridge (Fielding), blue; Miss Steedman, pale green charmuse; Miss Soundy, dewdrop nimon over saxe blue silk; Miss Pettit, pale blue sattu charmuse, handsomely trimmed; Miss E. Robertson, black silk, vieux rose velvet bands; Miss Brown, vieux rose silk; Miss Tansley, white silk, veiled sequin net; Miss N. Tansley, white silk, tunic bordered with gold sattu; Miss Maysmor (Wellington), mauve nimon; Miss Baker, saxe blue silk, silver and blue trimming; Miss Mackersey, white; Miss Mason (Hastings), pink and gold sequin net; Miss L. Mason, pretty blue

frock; Miss Russell, blue silk; Miss Keeling, pink sattu charmuse; Miss Newcombe-Hall, white, crystal trimming; Miss Hiddell, blue. A few of the gentlemen present were: Messrs. E. Knight, F. Knight, Giesen, Rowe, H. Cowper, Prichard, F. Green, N. Green, Norrie, R. N. Blakiston, Hartgill, C. D. Blakiston, Harper, Botrell, Evans, Whitcomb, H. Hunter, Cox, Mair, Hindmarsh, Greenwood, Donnelly, Tennant, Burnett, Lawford.

The Rink.

Rinking still continues to be a most popular pastime. Each evening sees many enthusiasts "taking the flour." The management has arranged a carnival for next week, which ought to be a great success judging from the amount of practise indulged in by would-be competitors.

Bridge Tournament.

The third afternoon of the series was held on Tuesday at the tea-rooms, Mrs. C. Baddeley being hostess on this occasion. A very pleasant afternoon was spent, the scores of most players being particularly good.

Personal.

Mrs. Freeman Potts has returned from an enjoyable trip to Taupo and Rotorna.

Miss Webster, who has been the guest of Mrs. W. F. Knight, has left for her home in Australia.

Mr. T. O. Kerr, who is making a splendid recovery from his recent severe accident, has gone to Wellington.

SARA.

HASTINGS.

June 29.

We have had a great deal of rain lately, spoiling outdoor sport considerably. Yesterday, and to-day Napier Park races were held, but as the weather was so stormy and cold many Hastings folk who usually go, did not venture this meeting.

The following ladies have entertained in various small ways lately:—Mrs W. Stead, Mrs. Williams (Havelock), Mrs. Barcroft, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Macdonnel, Mrs De Lide, Mrs Miller, Mrs Hill, Mrs Pharazan.

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is the perfection of corset attainment, and affords woman a comfortable, healthy means of moulding the figure to please the demands of Dame Fashion.

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one finds an embracing easy fit, giving graceful lines to the figure, and a support that is healthful and comfortable.



Built of Fabrics that wear—tastefully trimmed—and fitting all over with precise effect.

ASK YOUR DRAPER.



The Hastings branch of the Plunket Society, which is doing good work in Hastings, held a meeting in St. Matthew's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The attendance was not as large as usual. The following ladies were elected for office: Mesdames Williams, Holdsworth, Shrimpton, Lowry, Russel, Lewis, Miller, McLeod, Nelson, Garnett, Crosse, Keith, Newbigen, Hughes, Davidson, Powdrell, and Miss E. Williams.

It was decided to hold a huge floral fête at the end of the year to help the Plunket Society.

Personal.

Mr. Alex Lean (son of late Colonel Lean), who was much beloved by all who knew him, passed away peacefully last Saturday morning after a long illness.

Mrs. J. H. Williams and the Misses Williams (Havelock North), are leaving early in July for England, where Miss C. Williams is to be married.

The many friends of Mrs. Tipping, sen., will be sorry to hear that she is still very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Durrant, of Taihape, have come to reside in Hastings for a few months.

Miss Russel, daughter of Sir Wm. and Lady Russel, was presented to their Majesties King George and Queen Mary on May 10th.

Mrs. G. Russel's health is still very indifferent.

Mrs. G. Stead, sen., Christchurch, is the guest of Mr and Mrs W. Stead, "Twyford."

Mr. Solomon, K.C. (Dunedin) visited Hastings this week, and was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Macdonell.

Mr. Avison and his little daughter have gone to Wellington.

Mrs. Ferguson is spending a few days at Longlands.

Mrs. Fitzherbert has been having a quiet holiday at Havelock North.

Mr. E. Hudson has gone to join the Sheffield Choir during their New Zealand tour.

The Misses Humphries have been staying with Mrs. H. E. Beamish, King Street. SHEILA.

FEILDING.

June 30.

"The Scarlet Troubadours."

The Scarlet Troubadours paid a farewell visit to Feilding on Wednesday last, when a most appreciative and enthusiastic audience greeted them. Among those present I noticed:—Dr. and Mrs. McCallum, Mr. and Mrs. Pickering, Mrs. Willis, Miss Dews (Auckland), Mrs. Cottrill, Mrs. Chennels (Masterton), Rev. and Mrs. Innes Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Leithbridge, Miss Bruce, Mr. W. Shannon, Miss Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. Horrocks, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Dr. Livesey, Miss Kirtou (2), Miss Layhille (2), Miss Innes Jones (2), Mr. Meyrick.

Personal.

Mrs. Chennels (Masterton) is the guest of Mrs. Cottrill.

Miss Waterhouse is the guest of Mrs. J. Hill. TUI.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

June 30.

Bridge.

Last Saturday evening Mrs. M. Fraser entertained a few friends at bridge, and the prizes were won by Mrs Fitzherbert (first) and Mrs W. Newman (second). Mrs Fraser was robed in a black and pink hand-painted silk net over a soft satin foundation; Miss Bayly, black and white striped silk muslin over white taffetas, corsage finished with lace; Mrs Paul, black silk, finished with sequined passementerie trimming; Mrs H. Russell, black silk, sequined berthe; Miss Brown, black meryvillous; Mrs H. Bailly, cream silk voile, finished with lace folds; Mrs Mills, black satin; Mrs Fitzherbert, black taffetas; Miss Testar, black lace robe, lace berthe; Mrs Heard, perrinkle, blue Princess costume, finished with bands of floral guimpes; Mrs Newman, black silk; Mrs P. Webster, black taffetas, corsage prettily finished with cream insertion.

"The Royal Hawaiian."

A novel entertainment was given to us by "The Royal Hawaiian" in the Theatre Royal last Wednesday. Amongst the audience I noticed: Dr. and Mrs. Leatham, Misses Plimer (2), Miss I. Skinner, Miss Bedford, Mr and Mrs C. Thomson, Miss Davidson, Mrs Paul, Miss Cunningham, Mr and Mrs Heard,

Mrs Bannister, Miss Fenton, Mr and Mrs Dempsey, Dr. and Mrs Fookes, Miss Reid.

Bridge Party.

At the Hygienic Tea Rooms, Mrs Mathews entertained a number of friends at bridge last Thursday evening, and the prizes were won by Mrs H. Bailly (first) and Mrs W. Bayly (second). The hostess received her guests in a perrinkle blue silk, corsage softly finished with lace; Mrs Shields, black silk, cream yoke, scarlet opera coat; Miss Wood, pale green silk inset with cream lace; Mrs Walter Bayly, rose-pink flowered muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace insertion; Miss Hamilton, black silk skirt, cream lace blouse; Miss Mathews, pale heliotrope crystalline, inset with lace on bodice; Mrs Fitzherbert, black chiffon taffetas; Mrs Wilson, black lace robe, cream lace berthe; Mrs McKellar, black silk, relieved with white; Mrs H. Bailly, black silk granadine; Mrs T. Lepper, black silk; Mrs Butler, black sequined net; Miss Tidy, black silk; Mrs Paul, black silk, cream lace shoulder scarf; Mrs Lyons, cream silk voile; Mrs Percy Webster, cornflower blue, trimmed with bands of gold embroidered insertion; Mrs Adenbrooke, black silk, with sequined berthe; Miss Bayly, black and white striped silk, cream lace vest; Miss A. Hempton, perrinkle blue costume, relieved with cream lace; Miss Curtis, lettuce green silk; Mrs Jim Wilson, black tullefas; Mrs Hutehen, black silk; Miss Belle Smith, claret coloured silk, cream lace vest; Mrs Jack Wilson, black silk, cream opera coat; Mrs Courtney, black chiffon taffetas, real lace berthe; Mrs F. Webster, black silk; Mrs I. L. Stocker, pigeon grey crystalline, cream lace shoulder scarf; Mrs Pope, black; Miss Pope, pale green silk; Mrs Collins, pale heliotrope silk Princess robe; Mrs Brewster, black silk crepe; Mrs Wills, pale heliotrope silk, softly finished with cream lace; Mrs Home, lettuce green silk, relieved with a darker shade of velvet; Mrs G. Pott, black silk; Miss Wade, floral silk muslin, lace folds finishing corsage. NANCY LEE.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

June 30.

A Small Dance.

Mrs. H. R. Waldegrave was the hostess at a small dance given at her residence, Park-road, last Friday night. The drawing-room was used for dancing, and the study for bridge, where a few enthusiasts enjoyed several rubbers. Supper was served in the dining-room, scarlet salvia and white daisies being used in the decoration of the supper table. Mrs. Waldegrave wore a black lace bridge coat over a black silk toilette; Mrs. Trixie Waldegrave, black crepe de chine, with a wide black satin hem; Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave, a black chiffon toilette, embroidered in black silk, the net vest was finished with a band of pale blue silk embroidery; Mrs. Warburton, a soft black charmeuse frock, the bodice trimmed with some beautiful gold beaded lace, and pearl ornament in her hair; Miss Warburton, cream and pale pink floral chiffon, over pink satin; Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, cream satin and lace; Miss Randolph, black crepe de chine, with jetted net tunic, pink rose in hair; Miss Barnicoat, pale blue crystalline, with touches of silver, pale blue silk rosette in hair; Miss Alison Barnicoat, pink silk, with fishu edged, with pink frills, band of silver finished with pink rosette encircling her hair; Miss Winnie Watson, vine coloured silk, with cream lace berthe, ribbon in hair; Miss Porter, pale pink silk, with narrow silver embroidery trimming corsage, Miss Helen Porter, white muslin and lace, cluster of pink roses on corsage; Miss Tripe, white muslin frock, vivid pink geraniums in hair and at waist; Miss Mawhinney, white muslin and lace; Miss Humphreys, white net lace over white silk. Miss McGowan, black velvet with white lace berthe; Miss Fan Brandon, white satin, with silver trimming; the Misses Sybil, Doris and Marjory Waldegrave, white embroidered muslin frocks, their hair tied with pale blue silk ribbon. Messrs. Waldegrave (2), Blackmore, McDonald, Scott, Lyons, Keeble, Clere, Elliot, Pavitt, Gibbons, Warburton, Captain White, Dr. Bett, and a few others were there.

Bridge Party.

Mrs. A. Hobbes, Park-road, entertained a few friends at bridge on Monday night. Miss McGowan, Miss Ida Hum-

phries, Miss T. Waldegrave, Miss Warburton, Messrs. Holmes, Hirsthouse, Lyons, and Keeble were those playing.

Mrs. E. J. Armstrong, Broad-street, had a small bridge party on Wednesday night. The players were: Mr and Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave, Mrs. H. R. Waldegrave, Mr. and Mrs. McKnight, Mr. and Mrs. Morrah, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Reed, Mrs. Tripe, Mrs. and Miss Coombs, Mrs. Manson (Melbourne), Messrs. Armstrong, Watson, and Macdonald.

Mrs. Warburton, Main-street, also had a small bridge party on Wednesday. The Misses Warburton, Humphreys, Sellars, Stafford (Wellington), T. Waldegrave, D. Waldegrave, E. McLennan, Messrs. Waldegrave (2), Lyons, Blackmore, McDonald, Scott, Keeble, and Dr. Bett were the guests.

Progressive Euchre.

On Thursday night Mrs. Moodie gave a most successful progressive euchre party at the Manawatu Tea Rooms. The rooms are most suitably adapted for such little functions, and looked cosy and bright. Mrs. Moodie was wearing a pretty cream crepe de chine toilette, the bodice embroidered in gold, she also wore a gold spangled cream chiffon scarf; Miss Moodie (Dunedin), white Tosca net, with a large gold spot over white chiffon taffeta, gold gauze band and rosettes in her hair; Mrs. G. Bagnall, grey velvet with emerald green embroidery trimming corsage; Mrs. A. Ward, cream silk and lace; Mrs. A. Guy, lobelia blue ninon over Paisley silk; Mrs. McKnight, pale blue satin, with gold-spotted tunic, band of black jet in hair; Mrs. Morrah, pale blue chiffon taffeta and lace; Mrs. Fannin, white charmeuse with white ninon tunic caught up with pearl ornaments, pearl embroidery trimming corsage; Mrs. Spencer, black crepe de chine with cream lace berthe; Mrs. Dunckley, white muslin embroidered in pale blue; Mrs. Bendall, old rose voile and cream lace; Miss Mabel Smith, pale primrose ninon over silk, silver insertion on bodice; Miss Randolph, black crepe de chine, with black jetted tunic, pink rose in hair and at waist; Miss Collins, white silk with cluster of scarlet geranium in hair and finishing corsage; Miss Armstrong, pale pink muslin over silk, pink silk band in hair; Mrs. Wallace, white net lace robe over green silk; Messrs. Moodie, McKnight, Morrah, Bendall, Guy, Blackmore, McDonald, Ward, Bagnall, Collins, Scott, Reid, Elliot, Fannin.

Personal.

Miss Warburton went to Wellington yesterday. She is to be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of her cousin, Miss Vera Filton, who is to be married about the middle of July.

Miss Flora Park paid a short visit to Napier last week.

Miss McGowan, who has been the guest of Mrs. Holmes for some time, returned to Wellington at the beginning of the week.

Miss Vera Humphreys (Napier), who has been staying with Mrs. E. E. Watson for a month, returned home on Monday. She was accompanied by Miss Winnie Watson. VIOLET.

STRATFORD.

June 30.

Owing to an outbreak of typhoid fever amongst children in different families, there has been a lull in social life.

"The Scarlet Troubadours."

The Scarlet Troubadours paid their third visit to Stratford last Friday, when a large and enthusiastic audience greeted them at the Town Hall. The personnel was the same (with few exceptions) as on their previous visits. Amongst the audience I noticed: Mr and Mrs Boag, Mrs Carey (Blenheim), Mr and Mrs Glasgow, Mr and Mrs Porritt, Dr. and Mrs Menzies, Mr and Mrs Stubbs, Mr and Mrs Raikes, Mr and Mrs Malone, Mr and Mrs Cardale, and many others.

Handkerchief Tea.

Mrs Crawshaw gave a handkerchief tea on Monday afternoon for Miss Gladys James, who is to be married next month. Those entertained were: Misses James (3), Misses Wake (2), Miss Anderson, Miss Mackay, Miss Elsie Curtis, Miss Crawshaw. Various games and competitions were played, Miss

Wake and Miss Mackay being the prize-winners.

Euchre Party.

Mrs Oswald Curtis gave an enjoyable euchre party for young people on Thursday evening.

HAIR PRESERVED AND BEAUTIFIED BY USING Rowland's MACASSAR OIL.

It prevents baldness, eradicates scurf, is the best dressing for ladies' hair and for children it is invaluable. Also in a Golden Colour for fair hair. Sizes 2s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. Sold by Stores, Chemists, & A. Rowland & Sons, Hatton Garden, London.

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SYDAL

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helps to restore the bloom to the skin that lacks life and colour.

It imparts a refreshing and healthful glow to the cheeks, nourishes and beautifies the skin while cleansing it.

Give SYDAL a trial, it is pleasing to use, 1/6 per Jar at your Chemists or Store.

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A splendid value Overcoat in Tweeds at 2 guineas, cut in fine style and giving universal satisfaction.

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CHRISTCHURCH.

DONT BUY STALE, SOFT, FLY-SPOTTED and SHOP-SOILED BISCUITS—BUT BEAUTIFULLY FRESH

Hygienic Biscuits PACKED IN THE Atlas Biscuit Factory

HANDED TO YOU IN SEPARATE PACKETS.
SWEET, FRESH, CRISP, and ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM ALL CONTAMINATION.

Personal.

Mrs G. W. France, who has been visiting Mrs Wake, returned to Wanganui on Tuesday.

Mr and Mrs A. Cameron, of Masterton, have been the guests of Mrs Glasgow.

Miss Capel (New Plymouth) has been spending a few days with Mrs Hugh Good.

DENISE.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

Hawera, June 30.

A Dance.

Mrs. Moore's dance on Thursday night was pronounced a huge success. The night was cold, and everyone was keen to dance and have a good time. "Adbury" is a charming house for entertaining, and dancing took place in the large drawing-room and dining-room. A marquee was erected for cosy corners and sitting-out places—the ground being carpeted, and lit with Chinese lanterns. The spacious verandah was enclosed, and supper was served there, the table being prettily decorated with autumn foliage and red berries. This dance was given as a farewell for Miss Brett, who is leaving Hawera for Auckland where her parents reside. Mrs. Moore, who, with Miss Brett, received the guests, was wearing a handsome white silk frock, with a narrow black stripe, and trimmed with black velvet; Miss Brett, pretty white muslin, trimmed with embroidery insertion and white cord; Miss Moore, pink silk, trimmed with pink chiffon and cord; Miss M. Moore, blue charmeuse with silver sequin trimmings; Miss E. Moore, simple cream frock, relieved with pale blue; Mrs. B. Lysaght, rose pink frock; Mrs. Nicholas, handsome black brocade; Mrs. Glenn, wine coloured velvet Maltese lace berthe; Mrs. Wilson (Eltham), black silk; Mrs. Barton, praline coloured silk, covered with net, and bands of velvet; Mrs. Nolan, pretty black silk, overdress of beaded net, and jet trimmings; Mrs. Hobbs (Eltham), black velvet, relieved with cream lace; Mrs. Harrison (Eltham), cream satin; Mrs. C. Tonks, pale blue charmeuse; Mrs. Kimbell, white chiffon taffeta Empire dress; Mrs. Hawken, pale blue fisher net over blue; Mrs. Wylds, frock of pink silk; Mrs. R. McLean, very pretty white nunon over charmeuse, with silver trimmings; Mrs. Nalder, pale blue taffeta; Mrs. Bright, cream; Mrs. Fyoster, cream charmeuse corsage, trimmed with silk lace; Mrs. McDiarmid, rose pink satin; Mrs. Bayley, grey and black brocade; Mrs. Webster, black satin; Mrs. Duckworth, pale blue frock, with touches of black; Mrs. Bell, pink

silk; Mrs. F. Parkinson, cream fisher net over silk, pretty jewelled trimmings on corsage; Miss Lysaght, white floral silk, handsome black lace on corsage; Miss Koch, black silk frock; Miss Glynes (New Plymouth), grey nunon, corsage relieved with cream lace; Miss Wilson (Eltham), rose pink; Miss — Wilson, champagne silk, relieved with red; Miss Glenn, floral chiffon over pink, touches of black; Miss Q. Glenn, very handsome frock of crimson nunon over pale pink charmeuse, with steel trimmings; Miss Johnson, white satin, with nunon tunic; Miss Williams, heliotrope satin, chiffon tunic, edged with silver; Miss Nolan, black frock; Miss B. Nolan, pretty frock of silver blue charmeuse, veiled in nunon, and embroidered in pearls; Miss Reilly, dainty crepe de chine; Miss C. Reilly, turquoise blue satin charmeuse, finished with black; Miss McRae, white; Miss S. Williamson, cream silk with tunic of gold tissue; Miss Whitcombe, pink silk, relieved with silver and pink cord; Miss Stringer, deep yellow lace, with sequin trimmings; Miss W. Stringer, saxe blue charmeuse; Miss Gibson (Patea), cream net with gold embroidery; Miss Douglas, pink taffeta; Miss White, white silk crepe, with cream lace; Miss Young, pale blue, trimmed with silk lace; Miss Stare, pretty white frock of nunon, tunic finished with crystal beaded trimming; Miss Hamilton, saxe blue taffeta, relieved with black.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Willis have gone for a trip to Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Page have gone to Wellington for a few days.

Miss Gordon (Masterton) is visiting her sister (Mrs. W. Bright).

Miss Glynes (New Plymouth), is the guest of Mrs. Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lysaght are spending a short holiday in the Auckland district.

Miss Douglas has returned from a visit to Hawke's Bay.

Mrs. Buckley and her small son have returned from a trip to Rotorua.

JOAN.

WANGANUI.

June 30.

Bridge Party.

On Friday Mrs E. Cooper gave an enjoyable little bridge party in honour of Miss Humphreys, of Taumarunui, who is her guest. The prizes were won by Mrs Ashcroft and Mr Russell Stevenson. Amongst those present were: Mrs Montgomery Moore, Mrs D. Christie, Miss Meta Lethbridge, Miss Linda Browne, Miss D. Brettargh, Miss Brewer, and Messrs Cooper, Camberlain, Brettargh, Brewer, Turnbull and Reid.

Juvenile Party.

Last week Mrs Wall gave a small folks party for her daughter, Miss Patty Wall. Among those present were:—Mrs Cowper and Misses E. and N. Cowper, Mrs Izard and Master N. Izard, Mrs Ritchie and her two daughters, Mrs Paterson and Miss E. Paterson, Mrs Hutton and Miss and Master Hutton, Mrs G. Saunders and Miss J. Saunders.

The Hunt.

On Saturday last ideal hunting weather prevailed for the meet at the home-stead of Mr Sam Woon, at Wangapehu. A fair number of huntsmen followed, and after some capital sport had been indulged in the hounds were whipped off, when the party made for the home-stead, where Mr Woon had provided a sumptuous repast. Amongst those following I noticed:—Mrs Campbell, Miss Cutfield, Miss Green and Messrs S. Woon, D. Campion, H. Cameron, R. Wootton, A. Higgin, J. Moore, N. Straehan, P. Fletcher, A. Gordon, and those driving were: Mr and Mrs A. Higgin, Mr and Mrs Campion, Mrs McLean, Mr E. Fletcher, and Mr F. Webster.

On the Links.

On Wednesday last there was a good number of members of the Wanganui Ladies' Golf Club playing on the links. Afternoon tea was given by Mrs Harry Bayley and Mrs C. E. Mackay. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs H. Hole, Mrs Oswald Lewis, Mrs Good, Mrs Imlay Saunders, Mrs Izard, Mrs Howarth, Mrs Wootton, Mrs Darley, Mrs Sargant, and Misses Hole, Gresson, Cowper (2), Lambert, Darley, Parsons, Montgomery-Moore, and others.

Personal.

Mrs Nancy Wilson (Bulls), who has been staying with Mrs H. Good, Wanganui, has returned to her home.

Mr and Mrs D. Ritchie, of Wanganui, are spending a few weeks at Rotorua.

Mrs France, of Nelson, is on a visit to her relatives at Wanganui.

Mrs and Mrs Hawken, of Wanganui, are at present staying at Rotorua.

Mr and Mrs. G. V. Lethbridge, of Huntville, are on a visit to Wanganui.

Mr R. Robertson, of Wellington, has been on a short visit to Wanganui.

Mr. Louis Cohen, of Wanganui, has gone to Wellington to be present at the performance of the Sheffield Choir.

Mr. H. von Haast, of Christchurch, has been spending a few days at Wanganui.

The many friends of Mr. W. Kerr, S.M., of Wanganui, will regret to hear that he met with a severe trap accident

last week, resulting in a compound fracture of his arm.

Mr. J. F. Cutfield, of Wanganui, who has been on a holiday visit to Auckland, returned home last week.

Mr. Fancourt Harrison, son of Mr. Fletcher Harrison, of Wanganui, left this week for London. Mr. Harrison, who was educated at the Wanganui Collegiate School, intends to enter Cambridge University, where he will study for the Ministry.

H.C.A.

BLenheim.

June 29.

On the Links.

The weather being fine on Saturday, quite a number journeyed down to the Riverland Golf Links, when mixed foursomes were played, the winners being Mrs G. MacLaine, and J. Horton. Afternoon tea was provided by the ladies. Some of those present were: Mrs MacLaine, Mrs Mills, Mrs Hylton, Mrs Hulme, Mrs B. Clouston, Mrs Cory, Misses H. McCallum, Ross, Clouston (2), Moyal, Griffiths, Fulton, McLaughlan, Messrs Riddell (Pieton), Wicks, Bart. Hulme, Horton (2), Reid, Grace, B. Clouston, Hudson, Churchward, Dr Bennett and Dr Anderson.

An Enjoyable Dance.

A most enjoyable dance was held in St. Patrick's Hall on Tuesday evening, by the old pupils of the Marlborough High School. The hall was tastefully decorated with green foliage, shrubs, and streamers of flags from wall to wall. The floor was in excellent order, and good music was supplied by Perry's Orchestra. A splendid supper was laid out in the ante-room, the tables being artistically decorated with green foliage and yellow paper. Dancing was kept going merrily until early in the morning. Some of those present were: Mrs Northcroft, black silk; Mrs Goulding, white silk; Mrs E. Rose, black velvet; Mrs Duncan, black taffeta; Mrs Walker, pale green nunon with embossed trimmings; Mrs Stapp, black silk; Mrs Griegg (Havelock) black taffeta; Mrs Bennett, white satin, with emerald green; Mrs L. Ball, black velvet; Mrs Penney, black silk; Misses Barnett, white chiffon taffeta, tunic of white spotted net; Ross, nuttier blue chiffon taffeta, with tunic of chiffon; W. Farmer, white satin; A. Neville, ivory charmeuse; H. Williams, white nunon; C. Clouston, white chiffon taffeta; A. Clouston, white embroidered dress; Griegg (debut), white nunon; D. Horton, white nunon; N. Grace, white silk; N. Moyal, white nunon with Oriental trimmings; M. McNab,

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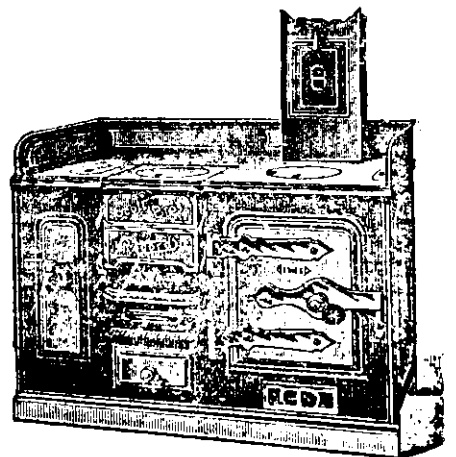
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white net, with sequin trimmings; N. Brittain, white muslin; Ball (2), chiffon taffeta; L. Wolfersten, white silk; Thomas, white silk; M. Northcroft, white muslin; S. Reid, pale green union; Gunn (Seddon), white muslin; Messrs O'Meara, Hill, Hart, Brittain, Wilken, Armstrong, O'Moody, Barnett, L. Grace, Wesman, Mitchell, Golding, Macey, Rabbits, Dr Anderson, Dr Innes and Dr Bennett.

Afternoon Tea.

Mrs S. Florence entertained a few friends at her residence in Beaver-road, on Thursday afternoon, in honour of her guest, Mrs Edgar (Auckland). Music and singing were the amusements of the afternoon. Some of those present were:—Mrs R. McCallum, Mrs Strachan, Mrs A. Rogers, Mrs Cheek, Mrs Neville, Mrs Northcroft, Mrs Townshend, Mrs Revell, Misses A. Neville and T. Townshend.

A Social.

The annual presentation of prizes of the Blenheim Rifle Club was celebrated by a social on Wednesday evening in St. Patrick's Hall, when there was a good attendance. Dancing was enjoyed for several hours to excellent music. During an interval, Captain Rogers presented the prizes won during the year. A dainty supper was arranged in the supper room, the table being artistically decorated with white chrysanthemums and green foliage. Some of those present were:—Mrs Harding, black taffeta; Mrs J. MacLaine, pale blue satin; Mrs E. Rose, black velvet; Misses N. Grace, white silk with autumn leaves; M. McNab, pale grey shot silk; D. Horton, white ninon; E. Hall, white taffeta; Ross, mauve satin; Fulton, pale blue taffeta; I. Ewart, white muslin; L. Ewart, pink silk muslin; M. Ball, white taffeta; Messrs Reid, J. MacLaine, Harding, Payne, Grace, Rogers.

Personal.

Mr and Mrs J. Conolly are visiting Wellington.

Mrs Edgar (Auckland), who has been staying with Mr and Mrs S. Florence, has returned North.

Miss Florence left on Tuesday for Feilding.

Mrs Monro, "Bank House," has returned after spending a short holiday with Mrs Monro (Hawkeshaw-street).

Mr and Mrs Goulter, and Misses Goulter (2), have returned from Darned.

Mrs A. Rogers and Miss Rogers have gone to Wellington.

Miss Gunn (Seddon), has been spending a few days with Miss Urquhart.

Mr L. Clouston has returned from Wellington.

Mr Claude Mills has been spending a few days in Wellington.

Mrs R. McCallum has gone to Wellington to hear the Sheffield Choir.

Mrs J. MacLaine has gone to Wellington for a few days.

Miss Urquhart left on Tuesday for Wellington.

JEAN.

PICTON.

June 29.

Coronation Day beamed out fine and sunny, and the prognostications of storm and rain were all out. The only decorations attempted were those by Mr Watson, who made a fine show, at the Terminus Hotel, and a flag or two flying from the railway station, the post office, and a few other places. There was a procession in the morning to Church parade, and after that to the Court House grounds, where a combined service was held, a few speeches made, and the children presented with a Coronation medal, and a shilling, in lieu of a luncheon.

Eschere Party.

The Horticultural Society held another euclye tournament on Tuesday evening. Seven tables were occupied, and the prizes fell to: 1st ladies, Mrs R. Diken; 2nd, Mrs G. Hiley; 1st men's, Mr R. L. Smith; 2nd, Mr. Murray.

Personal.

Mr John Duncan, M.P., and Mrs Duncan were in Blenheim on Coronation Day. Mrs and the Misses Allen (2), spent a very enjoyable time in Blenheim on Coronation Day with several old friends.

Mr Douglas Dobson, Town Clerk and Engineer of Westport, was in Picton last Saturday.

Mr Elliot Rutherford has returned to Picton from Wellington, whence he went to attend the capping ceremony of Victoria College.

Mr W. F. Shaw, of the local branch of the Bank of New Zealand, is away on holiday leave. Mr Whyte, of Wellington, is relieving Mr Shaw.

Miss Chambers has gone to Wellington for a few weeks' holiday.

Mr James France, Postmaster at Fairlie, is in Picton, visiting his mother.

Miss L. Fuller has gone to Wellington.

BELLE.

NELSON.

June 29.

Coronation Ball.

A large Coronation ball was given at Warwick House, on June 23rd, by a number of Nelson hostesses, and the function was a great success. Everything possible for the enjoyment of the guests had been considered. Dancing took place in the large ball-room, and another smaller room, which were prettily decorated with ivy trails and roses. The musicians were placed in the lower hall, and supper was served in three rooms upstairs at small tables, which were charmingly decorated with scarlet salvia and autumn leaves. Mrs Barr wore a pretty frock of aluminium grey satin, with tunic of palest grey chiffon; Mrs Burns wore a smart black and gold net over white satin; Mrs Booth, black velvet with real lace; Mrs Clark, black silk, relieved with white lace; Mrs Cooze, white chiffon frock, hemmed with gold galon; Mrs H. C. Cook, tomato red satin, with overdress of red chiffon; Mrs D. Edwards, pretty frock of pink shot satin, with panels of black and gold embroidery; Mrs R. Fell was becomingly gowned in heliotrope charmeuse with tunic of mauve chiffon; Mrs S. Gibbs, white silk, with overdress of white net; Mrs Harris, black velvet and chiffon; Mrs Hoby, pretty white satin, with short tunic of white silk net; Mrs Houker, handsome gown of amethyst taffetas; Mrs Lyell, becoming gown of rich blue brocade, with a berthe of real lace; Mrs Macquarie, rich black silk; Mrs Maginnity, black satin, with chiffon; Mrs E. Moore, royal blue satin frock; Mrs F. Richmond, handsome gown of rich black silk.

Some of those present were:—Mrs Thomson (Cable Bay), black lace frock; Mrs Wright (Cable Bay), white chiffon over satin; Mrs Horn, white crepe de chene princess gown; Mrs C. Broad, pretty blue satin frock, with net tunic; Mrs W. Stoney Johnston, white satin gown; Mrs Hamilton Smith, French grey silk; Mrs Sclanders, black chiffon and lace; Mrs Allen, natter blue velvet, with handsome lace; Mrs Aultly Oldham, sky blue taffetas; Mrs Archie Hamilton, cream ninon over palest pink silk; Mrs (Dr) Adams (Takaka), handsome frock of blue satin with tunic of silver chiffon; Mrs C. Ring, black silk; Mrs C. Green, pink satin frock; Mrs Frank Edwards (Stoke), white satin and lace; Mrs Hair, black velvet and lace; Mrs Childs, white satin; Miss Richmond, pretty gown of white taffeta, with gold fringe; Miss Muriel Blundell (New Plymouth), smart cream guipure lace frock; Miss Ethel Ledger, black lace, bordered with gold trimming; Miss Joy Ledger, becoming frock of pale green charmeuse, with tunic of shot gold union; Miss I. Maginnity, white satin, with short tunic of white chiffon; Miss Houker, cream charmeuse, with net overdress; Miss Ivy Cooze, white chiffon over silk, the tunic banded with lovely embroidery. Miss Gertrude Clark, soft white satin; Miss Frances Clark, pale blue ninon frock; Miss Elsie Booth, mauve charmeuse, with tunic of mauve silk net; Miss Dora Booth wore a pretty frock of an uncommon shade of old gold ninon; Miss Roberts, black net; Miss Tomlinson, old rose and silver; Miss Stevens, smart frock of cerise chiffon over satin, with crystal fringe; Miss Hackett, handsome black and silver embroidered net over gold charmeuse; Miss Sclanders, pale pink ninon over white silk; Miss M. Hodgson, palest pink chiffon; Miss R. Blythenden, pale rose taffetas; Miss D. Webb, pretty frock of mauve taffeta, with black and gold trimming; Miss D. Hair, white crepe de chene; Miss Gladys Harby, shell pink ninon over satin; Miss Ward, smart blue chiffon frock; Miss Gladys Adams, pretty white silk; Miss Leggatt, becoming gown of white chiffon over white silk; Miss E. Gilkinson, white taffetas with silver fringe; Miss B. Sharp, pretty frock of pink ninon, with pearl embroidery.

Some of the men present were:—Messrs Booth (2), Clark (2), R. Full, H. Cook, Houker (3), Cooze (2), Dodson, D. Edwards, G. Hoby, Maginnity,

Duncan, Moore (2), Hamilton (4), Thomson, Wright, Broad, F. Edwards, B. Edwards, Robison, Squires, Richmond (2), Burnes, Hair, Rout, P. Adams, Captain Hamilton and Drs Barr and Johnston.

Personal.

Miss Eileen Adams has returned from her visit to Blenheim.

The Misses Gibbs have gone to Wellington to hear the Sheffield Choir.

Mrs R. S. Foster has returned from her visit to Dunedin.

The Rev. Edmund Mules has returned to Christchurch.

Miss Shirley Blackett is visiting friends in the North Island.

Mrs Noel Adams is away in Wellington.

Miss Muriel Blundell (New Plymouth) is the guest of Mrs Mules, Bishopdale.

The Misses Ward have gone for a short visit to Wellington.

DOLCE.

CHRISTCHURCH.

June 30.

Mayoral Receptions.

The Mayor of Christchurch and Mrs T. E. Taylor held two receptions on Friday at the Municipal Council Chambers. In the afternoon guests were received from 3 to 5 p.m., and in the evening from 7 to 9 p.m. The rooms were artistically arranged and decorated with beautiful palms and foliage pot plants. A string band was in attendance, and songs were sung by Mrs Firth, Miss Thorpe, and Mr Farquhar Young. Afternoon tea and light refreshments were handed round. The guests were received in the library, Mrs Taylor wearing a costume of brown cloth braided in the same shade, and relieved with cream lace and touches of gold, a brown straw hat with brown ostrich feathers. Amongst others present were: The Bishop of Christchurch and Mrs Julius, Mrs Denniston, Miss Denniston, Mrs Abraham (Levin), Mr and Mrs J. D. Hall, Mrs Merton, Dr and Mrs Irvine, Mr and Miss Hargreaves, Dr and Mrs Mickle, Dr and Mrs Diamond, Mr and Mrs Bewick, Mrs George Rhodes, Mrs Deans, Dr and Mrs Evans, Mrs and Miss Nancarrow, Mrs Symes, Mr and Mrs Wilding, Dr and Mrs Westera, Mr and Mrs Wigram, Mrs Cox, Miss Cox, Mrs Mackenzie, Mr and Mrs Cowlishaw, Mrs and Miss Collins, Mrs Bishop, Mr and Mrs Wood, Mr and Mrs Knight, Mr and Mrs Boyle, Mr and Mrs Gould.

Farewell Tea.

A farewell afternoon tea was given by Mrs Henry Acland (Park-terrace) on Friday, in honour of Mrs Russell Beals, who is leaving on a trip to America and England. The hostess wore a gown of champagne coloured crepe de chine; Mrs Beals a tailor-made costume of navy blue cloth, with a grey hat. The guests included: Mrs and Miss Denniston, Mrs Abraham, Mrs Gower-Burns, Mrs F. Burns (Orari), Mrs and Miss Boyle, Mrs Orbell (Geraldine), Mrs Rice, Mrs and Miss Nancarrow, Mrs Wilding, Mrs Westera, Mrs Lester, Mrs George Gould, Mrs W. Fox, Mrs Thomson, Miss N. Reeves, Mrs and Miss Campbell, Miss Julius, Mrs Bunt, Mrs Stevenson, Miss Maling, Mrs Lionel Knight, Mrs Hugh Acland, Mrs Henry Cotterill, Mrs Westera, and Mrs Thomas.

Orphans' Society.

A concert was given on Wednesday evening by the Christchurch Orphans' Society in the Choral Hall, which was well attended. The vocalists were: Mrs Gower-Burns, Miss Hocking, Mr H. S. Witham, and Mr J. Hanna. The instrumental items included a setting of Kipling's "Recessional" and a semi-chorus, "Lingering Love" (Jessie Mackay), both composed by the conductor of the society, Mr J. T. Macleod-Smith.

Concert and Dance.

The Red and Black Society of Footballers gave an enjoyable concert and dance in the Morivale Schoolroom on Wednesday night. An amusing programme was given, all the performers being men. It included a company of Pierrots and slight-of-hand tricks. Light refreshments were handed round before the dancing took place. Amongst those present were: Mr and Mrs Dennis Hoare, Mr and Mrs J. S. Middleton, Miss Middleton, Misses Toswill, Murray, E. Croxton, Guthrie, N. Bennett, Munro, Strachey, Reid, Duncan, Jisllop, and Russell (2).

Bridge Parties.

A bridge party was given by Mrs. George Gould, "Avonbank," Fendalton, on Saturday night.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. M. Campbell (Avonside) gave a small bridge party. The guests included Mrs. C. F. Thomas, Mrs. Nancarrow, Mrs. Harold Abraham (Levin), Miss Symes, Miss C. Wilson, and Miss Denniston.

A progressive bridge party was given by Mrs. H. H. Loughnan (Avonside) on Thursday afternoon. The pool was won by Mrs. G. Ronalds. The players included Mesdames Campbell, Reeves, Thomas, Condell, Ford, Cripps, Day, Blackburn, Wroughton, Donald, Nancarrow, Baker, Butterworth, Misses Helmore, Hannah, Wynks, Menlove, Denniston, and Campbell.

Personal.

Departures from Christchurch during the week include: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cowlishaw; Mr. and the Misses Wells (Amberley) for Sydney, Mrs. Huton, for Queensland, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Beals, for America and England; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wood, for Sydney.

Mrs. Sercombe (Woodbury) is staying in Christchurch.

Mrs. G. L. Rutherford (Macdonald Downs), Mrs. C. Millar (Timaru), Mrs. P. H. Johnston (Mount Torlesse), Mrs. H. Orbell (Timaru), Mrs. Ramsay (Dunedin), are all visiting friends in Christchurch.

Miss Peache has returned to Christchurch from the North Island.

Miss H. Campbell (Christchurch) is paying a round of visits in Hawke's Bay.

Miss Devenish Meares has returned to Christchurch from a visit to England.

Miss Barns (Christchurch) is staying with friends in Napier.

DOLLY VALE.

SEDDON.

June 28.

Coronation Day.

Although heavy rain fell on Wednesday, and the outlook did not augur too well for fine weather, we were favoured with a beautiful day for the Coronation festivities, and the programme arranged was carried out under favourable circumstances. Special trains from here carried the school children and their elders into Blenheim, where every arrangement was made for the catering for the country children. All the young folks were supplied with a free lunch, and also given a treat in the shape of a picture entertainment, while in the procession they rode in decorated wagons.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Chinnell have returned from their wedding tour.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Vavasour (Ugurooke) have gone to Wellington to attend the Coronation dance.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Goulter are at Blairlie, where they will reside in future.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Redwood and Miss Redwood, Blenheim, are on a visit to Ugurooke.

GENEVIEVE.

CARE OF THE SKIN.

There is a saying that a woman is as old as she looks. Which means that she is as old as her skin looks. Keep your skin young, and the years need have no terrors for you. It is all a matter of taking thought and a little trouble. But the trouble entailed by the Valaze treatment is so pleasant that it becomes a sort of new joy.

Valaze Skin Food—the superb, the unique, the inimitable—has revolutionised beauty-culture, and put the treatment of the skin on a thoroughly sound basis. Valaze perfects the good skin, purifies the bad skin, and beautifies all skin. Valaze is a Skin Food and Beautifier par excellence. (4/ and 7/.)

Valaze Soap, perfect for toilet use, is a natural skin cleanser and stimulator. It is beyond comparison the finest skin-soap on the market. In cakes 2/3.

Novena (eriate, a perfect skin cleanser, soothes and preserves for a dry, sensitive skin. For skins too sensitive for soap and water, Novena (eriate forms an excellent treatment. 2/ and 3/6.

"Beauty in the Making." Miss Rubinstein's book, will be sent post free with order.

All Valaze preparations obtainable from leading chemists, or direct, post free, from Maisea Valaze, Brandon Street, Wellington.

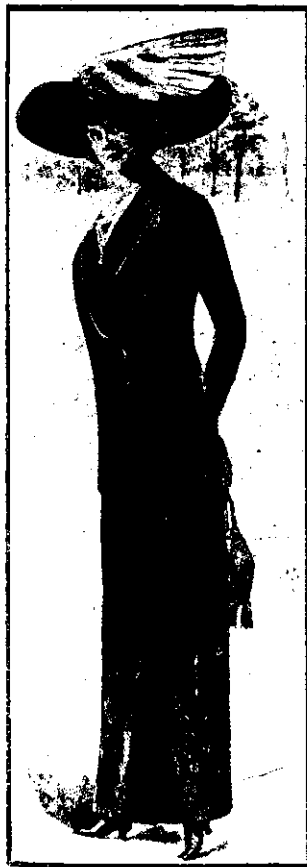
The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

WOMEN are welcoming the return of the bolero, changed in many ways during its long seclusion but as fascinating as ever. One dainty little garment of this type is cut just above the waist-line and in the front has long sash-ends which are crossed, carried round the waist, and tied at the back. Though the couturiers have tried to bring into prominence toilettes that define the natural waist, they are by no means prepared to abandon the Directoire and Empire designs. Many of the newest designs are a charming compromise between the fashions of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and it must be admitted that the result is delightfully picturesque.

A desire for eccentricity here and there outweighs all other considerations, and the result is some such toilette as one noticed the other day, almost a faithful replica of a dress of a hundred years ago. Ruby velvet forming a closely fitting robe was draped over a petticoat of heavy Venetian lace, with a repetition of the lace set across the corsage and weighted by large tassels at the corners.

An extraordinary manifestation of the train that falls to one side was made by the design, and as the lace skirt was short and the train draped one side of the frock only, it was noticeable that the ankles were braceleted with strands of pearls. Gold tissue stockings were worn matching the upper part of the corsage, but the shoes were black velvet ones with entredeux of lace upon them.



A STYLISH COAT AND SKIRT.

In English suiting, braided and piped with blue.



A BECOMING HAT AND COIFFURE.

Georgian Styles.

GOWNS AND CAPS COPIED FROM OLD COLOUR PRINTS.

Picture teagowns will represent one of the most fashionable items for evening wear during the remaining months of the winter.

These are the latest excuse evolved by women of to-day for introducing the wearing of a cap, and the piquant touch of "negligee" they give to a costume has caused them to be adopted for simple dinner wear at home.

A teagown of this description, to be correct in every respect, must be carried out in period style, and is usually copied bodily from some quaint old colour-print.

It lends itself, however, to all manner of little individual touches, of which the model dressmaker is not slow to take advantage. The old Georgian silks, powdered with bunches of moss rosebuds or picotees, are very charming for the purpose, and are made with a demure fichu of snowy chiffon or the finest lawn folded round the shoulders. Often a kind of overdress or coat of chiffon, draped in quasi-pannier form at the sides, is likewise introduced. The sleeves are short, and finished with ruffles of creamy lace, and in some cases with a touch of fur, while a little market posy of cottage flowers, or a single pink rose, is tucked into the folds of the fichu.

The cap which accompanies it is a fascinating item, and without it the gown loses half its charm and character.

It is usually carried out in mob-cap form, only softer and flatter than the original mob-cap, and is finished with a deep frill of lace of a mellow creamy tint, framing the face most becomingly, while there are tiny bunches of rosebuds in satin or in faded shades of tissue introduced at the sides.

Some of the teagowns are, besides, made with genuine "sacques" of taffetas, or in some cases of the richest brocade, while the caps to accompany these are very piquant, being tied under the chin with lace strings, a big bow resting on the front of the gown. With the more fanciful of the teagowns there are very quaint and delightful little satin caps, which closely resemble the polichinelle caps which appear on the French chocolate boxes.

Ways and Means.

There are numbers of methods of bringing an old evening gown up to date. A Princess foundation of white satin which has already had a long and useful career can be once again pressed into service by means of the addition of one

of the detachable tunics of the moment, which have only to be slipped on over the gown to provide a new and attractive toilette. Many of these, carried out in white ninon, net, or chiffon, are frosted over with tiny crystal beads, and finished at the rounded decolletage

A head dress of hand-painted satin in the form of one of the wide-shaped fillets of to-day can be added to this toilette with capital effect, the hair being gathered into a cluster of soft curls in the centre of the fillet, and parted in front.

either with a fold of silver tissue or a little fringe of crystal beads.

In lieu of white, too, there are coloured tunics, which make a charming addition to the white gowns. For a brunette, nothing is prettier than a cherry coloured ninon overdress, with a touch of dark fur introduced upon it. The simple little evening gowns of the moment in the semi-Empire style are besides so easy to make over old foundations, which need by no means follow the Empire lines as well, that many a mediocre home dressmaker will be tempted to try her 'prentice hand on renovations.

The plainest of little white frocks of this description can be greatly enhanced by one of the new flat sash ends of satin depending from one side of the high waist-belt, and hand-painted in a loose, light cluster of poppies or roses in soft delicate tints. The design is outlined all round with close-set, tiny crystal beads, while the ends are finished with a crystal fringe like a little sparkling border of icicles.

This is a pretty touch which can be easily achieved by the girl who is clever with her brush, while it immensely enhances the appearance of the gown. A shaped band of satin outlining the decolletage just below the tucker, and likewise hand-painted and sewn with crystals to correspond, represents another charming addition which is every whit as successful as the most elaborate embroidery.

The Modest 'Kerchief.

Every time it is felt that there is a necessity for emphasising the feminine attributes of attire the fichu or kerchief is brought forward, neatly folded and modestly displayed upon the shoulders.

FASHION NOTES.

LONDON, May 19.

The fact that an actual Royal command has been issued through the Lord Chamberlain regarding the clothes expected to be worn by any ladies who are likely to come in contact with Her Majesty the Queen will—or surely should—have a decided effect on summer fashions. And a revolutionary effect, too, for here are the instructions. Large hats and collarless gowns are not to be exploited by any lady entitled to use the Royal enclosure at Ascot, and only ladies wearing high-collared dresses and smallish hats will be permitted within those exclusive precincts.

It is also interesting to hear that any ladies attending on Her Majesty have received an intimation that they should wear dresses which touch the ground, long sleeves, and high necks. The maids of honour, too, are instructed that they should wear toques, and not large hats.

This is all practically fantamout to



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W. A. BUNKER

GENUINE
LADIES' TAILOR

THIRD FLOOR,
PREMIER BUILDINGS,
QUEEN AND DURHAM STREETS
PLEASE TAKE LIFT

saying that harem skirts, hobbles, even the slender petticoat-less tailored ones of the present day, colorless gowns, and large hats, however expensive and magnificent, will die a speedy death as far as fashion is concerned, since the woman who sallies abroad in any of these forbidden fineries labels herself as not in the court circles.

The year's mourning for King Edward came to an end on Saturday week, and Sunday's church parade in Hyde Park was a sort of solidified sigh of relief at being, in the lovely spring sunshine, allowed to cast aside black for the bright and dainty colours that will now take its place.

Blue, red, and bright green so far appear to be the favourites, though blue—a special Coronation tint, something between peacock and royal blue—is already dying of too great popularity.

LANCER RUFFLES.

No novelties among those of this season are more beautiful and more likely to be worn than the graceful shaded lancer ruffles that have succeeded feather boas. These are not generally more than about a yard long, but are of much longer and richer feathers—and those of the lancer plume description, such as we had last year on large hats—of yore, and are shaded in all

sorts of delicate tints, pink and pale blue, green and heliotrope shaded to purple, green and blue, etc., etc. They are generally finished by a long shaded silk tassel at the ends.

PARASOLS

As I mentioned last week, are appearing in all kinds of new varieties, and this week yet other novelties appear. One that might aptly be called "the vanity" is the newest, and, instead of the stereotyped handle, this has a mirror let into the flat top, while dangling in place of the ordinary bunch of tassels is a powder puff. Others, instead of "handles," have a pug's head, a Punch's head, a medici, etc., and still others have bracelets of white and coloured material, rather like soft straw.

FOR MOTORISTS.

The newest conceit for the motorist is a hat, muff, and bag all to match. The hat is a close fitting bonnet, trimmed with delicate little roses, and edged with narrow fringe, all made of suede. The muff is a huge flat affair, about 27in wide, and trimmed with flowers and fringe to match the bonnet, and the bag for the handkerchief, scent-bottle, etc., is of the Dorothy variety, with long suede cords to slip over the wrist.

makers are sure to welcome them. They are of many descriptions.

Large bows and long wide scarf ends of black tulle appear on some light coloured models, and the new velvet, with the taffetas back in colour, is effectively used for sash ends. A wide end with two loops lying flat, one over the other, but of different lengths, is now a popular method of using velvet ribbon or satin.

So far, fairly short ones are to be seen, and none of the long, uncomfortable ones that used to get in the way years ago.

THE NEW CHIFFON COATS

It would be sheer waste of money to invest unless one has unlimited means, for they are so flimsy and thin that they certainly wouldn't stand more than half a dozen wearings, though they're expensive garments to begin with, and are very up-to-date and popular. The French idea is to have something a little heavier in the way of a summer coat, though the Parisian cloak is a delightfully artistic thing.

All have good lines that define the figure underneath, though they are at the same time loose and flowing. The favourite materials in which they are designed are cachemire de soie, liberty satin, drap de soie, and—still more beautiful—cachemire de soie broche, or crepe de chine broche. Light damask silks of all kinds and colours are also to be seen, for evening wear especially.

A NEW METHOD

of arranging a fichu—that useful embellishment that can be fashioned of mousseline, or any soft, delicate material, at home, and that has the great virtue of altering the appearance of a gown that must appear often—is the following:—

After arranging it round the shoulders, drape it as plainly as possible through a highwaisted belt in front, and let it fall down almost to the knees in a kind of tunic or double panel.



THE DIRECTOIRE BOLERO.

Corded at the waist, with a little frill hanging below. It will be seen that the natural lines of the figure are preserved.

SASHES

are, once more, undoubtedly becoming popular, and, since they are not difficult to make, and have the virtue of materially changing the appearance of a gown not, perhaps, new, home dress-



AFTERNOON FROCK FOR A SCHOOL-GIRL.

Of navy blue voile, with red, and blue woollen embroidery.

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BACK TO NATURE!

Nature intended that all persons should have perfect teeth. Unfortunately, through neglect and other causes, very few of us can have the boon of perfect masticators. If you have to consult a dentist, why not do it now?

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Offers you the best advice, the most skilled and scientific treatment, all at a moderate cost. Our specially trained staff of attendants and specialists, are always ready to extend every courtesy, while the huge practice which we have built up is your guarantee of absolute dental satisfaction.—

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Verse Old and New.

A Word of Warning.

(Next season, says a fashion gossip, the stout woman will be popular.)

DO more the sylph-like figure shall command our admiration,
The light and airy maiden will be badly out of date,
The slender waist will undergo a rapid transformation,
For in order to be popular a woman must be "great."

The road to embonpoint may be an easy one to follow,
But what would be your horror, woman, lovely woman, when
The fashion changed and all the patent pills that you could swallow
Refused to bring your former slimmness back to you again?
—W.H.H.

The Lady of Beauty.

She comes like fullest moon on happy night,
Taper of waist, with shape of magic night,
She hath an eye whose glances quell mankind;
And Ruby on her cheek reflects his light;
Envoils her arms the blackness of her hair;
Beware of curls that bite with viper bite!
Her sides are silken soft, the while the heart
Mere rock behind that surface lurks from sight;
From the fringed curtains of her eyes she shoots
Shafts which at furthest range on mark alight;
Ah, how her beauty all excels! ah, how
That shape transcends the graceful waving bough!
—From Sir Richard Burton's Translation of the "Arabian Nights."

The Red Thread of Honour.

Eleven men of England
A breast-work charge in vain;
Eleven men of England
Lie stripp'd and gash'd, and slain.
Slain; but of foes that guarded
Their rock-built fortress well,
Some twenty had been master'd,
When the last soldier fell.

The robber-chief mused deeply,
Above those dying dead;
"Bring here," at length he shouted,
"Bring quick the battle thread.
Let Edlis blast forever
Their souls: if Allah will:
But WE must keep unbroken
The old rules of the Hill.

"Before the Ghiznee tiger
Leapt forth to burn and slay;
Before the holy Prophet
Taught our grim tribes to pray;
Before Secunder's lances
Pierced through each Indian glen;
The mountain laws of honour
Were framed for fearless men.

"Still, when a chief dies bravely,
We bind with green 'one' wrist—
Green for the brave, for heroes
ONE crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, oh gallant Hillmen,
For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting colour,
The green one, or the red?"

"Our brethren, laid in honour'd graves,
may wear
Their green reward," each noble savage said;
"To these, whom hawks and hungry
wolves shall tear,
Who dares deny the red?"

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
Fresh from the heart that haughty
verdict came;
Beneath a waning moon each spectral
height
Roll'd back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
Down on those daring dead;
From his good sword their heart's blood
Crept to that crimson thread.
Once more he cried, "The judgment,
Good friends, is wise and true,
But though the red be given,
Have we not more to do?"

"These were not stirr'd by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold:
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader's signal
Was as the voice of God:
Unmoved and uncomplaining,
The path it show'd they trod.

"As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unfurling march,
Where Allah's finger guides them,
Through yonder purple arch,
These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went, in the strength of duty,
Straight to their goal of death.

"If I were now to ask you,
To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
They called him Mehrab Khan.
He sleeps among his fathers,
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

"The songs they sing, of Roostum
Fill all the past with light;
If truth be in their music,
He was a noble knight.
But were those heroes living,
And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan or Roostum
Have climbed, like these, the Hill?"

And they replied, "Though Mehrab Khan
was brave,
As chief he chose himself what risks
to run;
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,
Which these have never done."

"Enough!" he shouted fiercely;
"Doom'd though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
Round BOTH wrists—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
May grudge such matchless men,
With none so deck'd in Heaven,
To the fiends' flaming den?"

Then all the gallant robbers
Shouted a stern "Amen!"
They raised a slaughter'd sergent,
They raised his mangled ten,
And when we found their bodies
Left bleaching in the wind,
Around "both" wrists in glory
That crimson thread was twined.
—F. H. Doyle.

La Grisette.

Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had passed,
I said, "We meet again!"
I dreamed not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came,
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had
laughed
Thy timid voice to speak,
Their gentler signs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek,
The trailing of thy long loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain,
All, all returned, more sweet, more fair;
Oh, had we met again!

I walked where saint and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that thou hadst wept to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watched where Genevieve was laid,
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low, soft voices prayed;
Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and waves were calm,
And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,
The rose of Notre Dame,
I wandered through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call.
When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And withered, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Pere-la-Chaise!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

Too Long, Anyhow.

AN Irishman came into a barber shop, and the unsteady gait with which he approached the chair showed that he had been imbibing of the produce of the still. He wanted his hair cut, and while the barber was getting him ready went off into a sleep. His head kept bobbing from one side to the other, and at length the barber in making a snip cut off the lower part of his ear. The barber jumped about and howled and a crowd of neighbours rushed in. Finally the demonstration became so great that it began to attract the attention of the man in the chair, and he opened one eye and said, "Wh-wh-what's the matter wid yez?" "Good Lord!" said the barber, "I've cut off the whole lower part of your ear." "Have ye? Ah, thin, go on wid yer business—it was too long, anyhow!"

Very Unfortunate.

A very absent-minded lawyer engaged a taxicab. On the way to the court he overlooked the judge, pludding along on foot through rain and mud, and he halted and invited his honour to ride with him. The judge accepted the invitation, the taxicab duly reached the court-house, and the absent-minded lawyer hopped out and ran upstairs to get ready the papers for a petition he was to present. But when the court opened and the petition was presented to the judge, who had been so courteous in the cab a few minutes before, now repulsed the lawyer coldly and contemptuously. As the poor fellow stood stupidly, acrier whispered to him: "Do you know what you did? You ran in and left his honour to pay for the taxicab."

A Defeat.

A certain sceptic was contending before a minister that the work of the Creator was manifestly imperfect. "Have you not yourself," he asked, "noted defects in the human organism, for instance, and thought of better contrivances?" To his delight there was a frank reply, "Why, yes, I really think I have." "In what respect?" "Why," drawled the parson, "you see, when I want to shut out anything disagreeable from my sight, I can draw down my eyelids, and it's all done; but, unfortunately, I haven't any flaps to my ears." Free conversation ceased at about that point.

Abbreviations.

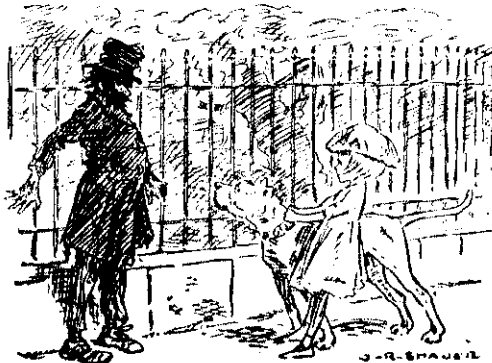
A colonel of a British regiment in South Africa who was repairing a railroad after one of General De Wet's many breakages discovered a fine empty house which he proceeded to occupy as headquarters. When the news of the colonel's comfortable quarters reached Bloemfontein he received a telegram which read: "G. T. M. wants house." The colonel was unable to make out what "G. T. M." meant and inquired of officers, who translated it "general traffic manager." "All right," said the colonel. "If he can use hieroglyphics, so can I." So he wired back: "G. T. M. can G. T. H." Two days later he received a despatch from Bloemfontein ordering him to attend a board of inquiry. On appearing in due course he was asked what he meant by sending such an insulting message to a superior officer. "Insulting?" repeated the colonel innocently. "It was nothing of the kind." "But what do you mean," demanded his superior "by telling me I can 'G. T. H.'?" "It was simply an abbreviation," replied the colonel; "G. T. M. (general traffic manager) can G. T. H. (get the house)."

Blasted Hopes.

The two brothers had been apart for years, but Jack contrived to return from the colonies in time for the family reunion. After the dinner, which was of such a kind as to make the wanderer realise that there is indeed "no place like home," Jack drew his brother aside, and over a big cigar produced a photograph and said somewhat sheepishly: "You see that group? You see that little girl in the front row? Well, it's on her account that I've come home. Man, she's perfect. Her face has been before me in all my wanderings, and I determined that I would make a fortune and then come home and lay it at her feet. Yes, I know it was an odd fancy to take, but there, I am like that. And now that I've made the money I've come to you to help me find her." "My dear fellow," said Fred, kindly, "don't take it to heart; but—" "She's married!" "It's not that; but that is a photo of young Tom Mason. He's a member of our amateur dramatic club; and when that was taken he was filling a gap by taking a girl's part."

A Good Idea.

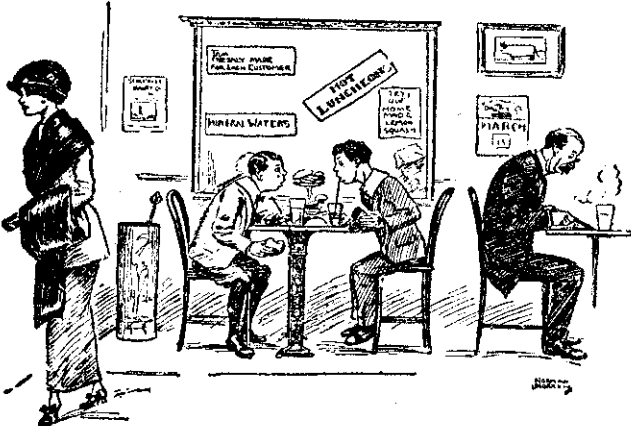
A New York girl visiting recently in Philadelphia was taken to the opera by a young man, and at the close of the performance was asked to partake of some slight refreshment in the way of supper. She accepted the invitation, and at the conclusion of the repast was somewhat astonished to see her escort reach for her pocket-book, which lay on the table at her side, and coolly pay the bill out of her money. This, it seems, is customary in Philadelphia when a young gentleman's means are somewhat limited. It relieves his lady friends of the embarrassment they might otherwise feel on partaking of any entertainment at his cost. It struck the New York girl, however, as being very ridiculous, and she began to laugh. "I fear you are laughing at my expense," said the young man; "let me explain." "Oh, no," she replied, "I am laughing at my expense."



"Don't be afraid, Mister. He's just had his dinner."



"I'll be glad when they make aeroplanes for cats."



THE BRAGGARTS.

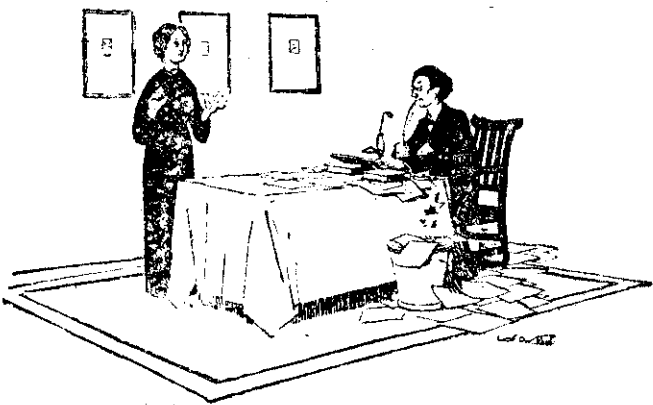
"You never had measles at your school?"
 "And you never had a fit in the street—I did!"

GOOD BUSINESS.

"Yes," boasted an overdressed individual, "I make my clothes last. This hat is an example of my thrift. Bought it three years ago, had it blocked twice, and exchanged it once for a new one at a cafe."
 He (tired of dodging): "Would you marry a one-eyed man?" She: "Good gracious, no!" He: "Then let me carry your umbrella."

A COMPLEX ACCOMPLISHMENT.

"I understand you speak French like a native."
 "No," replied the student; "I've got the grammar and the accent down pretty fine. But it's hard to learn the gestures."
 Young Bachelor: I often wonder if I am making enough to get married on.
 Old Benedict: Well, I don't know how much you're making; but you aint!



Poet: "My epic on the Coronation has been taken."
 Wife: "Oh, darling, I'm so glad! Who's taken it?"
 Poet: "Mary took it this morning to light the study fire with!"

THE OLD-TIME RELIGION.

Presbyterian Elder.—Nae, my mon, there'll be nae o' they new-fangled methods in heaven.
 Listener.—I don't know how you can be sure.
 Elder.—Sure? Why, mon, gin they tried it, the whole Presbyterian kirk wad rise up an' gang out in a body.

DANGEROUS.

"Wou'd you try a piece of my wife's angel cake?"
 "Will it make an angel of me?"
 "That will depend on the kind of a life you have led!"

FIRST CHOICE.

Mr. Jawback: "My dear, I was one of the first to leave."
 Mrs. Jawback: "Oh, you always say that."
 Mr. Jawback: "I can prove it this time. Look out in the hull, and see the beautiful umbrella I brought home."

AN OLD DELUSION.

Father of the Fair One: How can you possibly think of marrying my daughter? You say that by the strictest economy you can save only £2 a month! Poor but worthy Poet: Oh, yes, but if we both save it will be £4.

FAMILIAR.

But when, in token of his great love, he would have smothered her with kisses, she drew back.
 "Sir," quoth she, coldly, "no familiarities!"
 Yet, even in that trying moment his presence of mind did not desert him.
 "If they are, indeed, familiarities to you, certainly not!" he retorted, and bowed ironically, after which, assuming an easy air, he betook himself off.

WHEN HE DISCOVERS THE CAUSE.

A man never begins to blame a woman for his downfall until somebody has found him out.



"What, not at school to-day, Johnnie?"
 "No, got a job now on Mondays."
 "Oh, a good one!"
 "Yes, I goes to the pawnshop for a liddy!"

MODERN BUILDING.

Investor: Do you think that new house will hold together in a hard wind?
 Contractor: Yes, I think it will after it's painted.

TOO EFFEMINATE.

Host: Have a cigarette, old man?
 Guest: No, thanks—I've chucked smoking—too effeminate, don't you know.



Departing Guest: "You've got a pretty place here, Frank, but it looks a bit bare yet."
 Host: "Oh, it's because the trees are a bit young. I hope they'll be grown to a good size before you come agaiu!"