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The Week in Review.

The Cost of Law.

IN the case of Mr. Stagpoole, who appealed against the decision of the Wanganui Education Board in dismissing him from his position as teacher under the Board, the costs amounted to £500. But, large as this may appear, it is nothing compared to the costs incurred in actions of a far more trivial nature. Perhaps the most extraordinary case of a big legal battle over a small amount was one which happened more than sixty years ago. In those days an import duty was levied on all goods taken into Scotland, and the plaintiff, a Border farmer, was taxed a penny for the straw litter which covered the bottom of his cart as he drove across the border into Scotland. He at once brought an action against the Customs authorities, declaring that they had no right to tax material which was evidently not for sale. The case went to Edinburgh, and was argued for two whole days. In the end the farmer got his penny, and nearly £200 costs.

A Half-penny Fare.

The smallest amount ever sued for in a court of law was the sum of one half-penny. Only the other day a Scottish artisan sued a big tramway company for the return of a half-penny fare. It appears that some rowdy youths were in the same car in which he was a passenger, and that the company ran the car off the usual route in order to lodge a complaint with the police. The plaintiff found that he had to walk home, and so demanded the return of his fare. This was refused, whereupon he sued, and not only recovered the half-penny, but also seven shillings and a penny expenses. About two years ago a lady, travelling a short distance with a third-class ticket, found that there was no room in the third-class, and in consequence a porter put her in a second-class compartment. The ticket-collector made her pay the extra fare—about three shillings. She sued the company, and, after a long battle, recovered her money, while the company had to pay costs that came to over a thousand times as much as the amount sued for.

The Minimum Wage.

In speaking of the minimum wage, it is well that we should endeavour to realise the position of the workers in Great Britain in regard to the matter of earnings. Those in receipt of under fifteen shillings exceed in number the whole of the wage earners of the Dominion. Those in receipt of under a pound a week equal the whole population of the Dominion. Those in receipt of under twenty-five shillings a week equal half the population of Australia, while those in receipt of under thirty shillings equal the whole population of the Commonwealth. Of all the wage earners in the United Kingdom over fifty-three per cent. are in receipt of under thirty shillings a week. Only six per cent. of the whole of the wage earners in Great Britain are in receipt of the minimum wage as established in this country. Twelve per cent. live on the very verge of starvation.

Scanty Living.

It has been calculated that £2s 6d is the absolute minimum on which a family of five (two adults and three children), paying five shillings for rent, can be maintained in a state of physical efficiency,

and yet this is an unattainable ideal to the vast majority of those unskilled workers who have three children dependent upon them. Mr. Rowntree has calculated that with a wage of twenty-five shillings it would be possible for a family of five to live, but only by having a dietary worse than that adopted in the workhouse or the prison. It would exclude tea, butter, and butcher's-meat. It would only allow of bacon three times a week, bread and margarine, and porridge and skim milk. It would allow only £1 per head per annum for the clothing of each person, and would leave a fifth of a penny per week per head for pocket-money. There is not a penny for amusements, tobacco, sickness, or provision for the future. Yet there is a body of wage earners equal in number to every man, woman, and child in New Zealand in receipt of a wage that falls short of this sum by several shillings. A plasterer in the Dominion will often earn more in a single day than a labourer in Great Britain will earn in a week. If we multiplied the total number of hands employed in all the factories of the Dominion by four we would be short by some thousands of the number of wage earners in the United Kingdom who are receiving under fifteen shillings a week, or ten shillings a week less than the minimum necessary to maintain physical efficiency.

Not Poverty, But Starvation.

When we consider these facts it is hardly to be wondered at that the workers maintain that they are fighting for a wage to keep them from starvation. "We are not out against poverty, but against starvation," said one of the Scotch unions last year, and this is true of many of the workers on strike in England to-day. Mr. Rowntree's estimate allows fourpence-halfpenny a day for food, and five-shillings a quarter for clothes. Yet even this has to be cut down in many cases. Strikes such as those that have taken place in Great Britain bring untold suffering in their train, but they seem inevitable in the present state of affairs. In the words of the Archbishop of Brisbane, "We must school ourselves to expect more industrial unrest in the immediate future. And if it is to mean more sorrow and suffering, we must console ourselves with the thought that these things are just the birth throes of a happier time."

The Value of Evidence.

We commented in a recent issue on the curious manner in which witnesses were apt to disagree on plain matters of fact. A very remarkable instance of this was manifested at an inquest held at a London Hospital on the body of a man who had been fatally injured in a street accident. One witness said a carman nudged the kerb too closely and caused the tailboard of his van to strike the deceased and knock him in front of a tramcar. Another witness said the tramcar hit the deceased first, and further said the deceased slipped and one of the wheels of the van went over him. The driver denied this, and also that the van struck the kerb. One of the witnesses said the deceased was crossing from north to south; another said he was doing the reverse. In the face of this conflict of evidence, the jury were unable to rightly apportion the blame, and wisely returned a verdict of accidental death. In the case of another death, the doctors were so divided in their diagnosis

that they opened the man up to find what he really had died of. Some said it was jaundice, others thought it was some form of affection of the brain. They found when they had cut him up that it was neither. It was "acute yellow atrophy of the liver." The doctors explained that as there were only 500 cases of this disease on record it was very difficult to diagnose it.

A Noble Profession.

At the ceremony of opening the new building as an extension of the nurses' home at the Auckland District Hospital, Lady Islington, in the course of her speech declaring the building open, dwelt on the noble work done by the nursing profession. She said that she felt the need of superhuman eloquence to express even dimly the great admiration she felt for the nurses in hospitals. To voluntarily face the sad and distressing in life, and to try and mitigate it was surely the most Christian and angelic instinct of human kind. In the case of many diseases a good nurse is of just as great importance as a good doctor. Nursing is one of the hardest professions a woman can undertake, and it is often made harder by the unreasonableness of both the patients themselves and the patients' relatives. There are few indeed who are not under a debt of gratitude to those who follow this noble and arduous profession.

Nursing in the Backblocks.

There was one matter touched upon by Lady Islington, which seems to need the serious consideration of the authorities, and that is the devising of a scheme for nursing the sick in the back-blocks. One of the greatest hindrances to closer settlement of our lands is the difficulty experienced in obtaining good nursing and medical attendance in our more remote country places. Men hesitate to take their wives where they cannot get skilled assistance in case of any emergency. Many valuable lives are lost every year through the want of good nurses in our backblocks. This seems essentially a case where the Government might, with advantage, offer a subsidy towards the maintenance of medical and nursing assistance in sparsely populated settlements. We have already done much in the direction of providing educational facilities. We might surely do something in the equally important direction of providing facilities for the proper care and treatment of those who are sick or ailing in our backblocks.

The Doctors and National Insurance.

While on the subject of nursing and medical attendance, a word seems due about the announcement made by Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, the Under-Secretary to the Home Office, that it may be found necessary to work the national insurance system in England as in Ireland without the proposed scheme for medical benefits. This proposed alteration is due to the uncompromising attitude taken up by the British Medical Association and the large majority of medical men. They saw in the bill as it stood a threatened serious pecuniary and social loss to their profession, and so they stood out for six alterations in the measure, which the Government cannot at present see its way to grant. The provisions for medical attendance were one of the most important parts of the bill, and at the same time one of the most hotly contested. This was especially so in the case of domestic servants.

The Workers' Objections.

It is the custom in England for the employer to provide at her own expense for the medical attendance for her servants in case of illness. Under the bill the mistress would have to turn her servants out to be nursed and tended as best she could. In a majority of cases this would mean that the servant would have to go to one or other of the different institutions which care for the sick. To this the servants themselves offered strong objections. Another objection brought by many workers was that they would have no choice in the matter of selecting their medical attendant. The double opposition of the workers and the medical men has made it necessary for the Government to consider seriously the question of dropping altogether the matter of free medical attendance. It is much to be hoped that they may yet find some compromise which will be acceptable to all parties, for there can be no doubt as to the urgent need that exists in many quarters for some such provision as that outlined in the bill as it originally stood.

The Australian Provincial Press Association.

The visit of the members of the Australian Provincial Press Association ought to be beneficial in many ways to the Dominion. In the first place, it will enable the members to gain a better

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idea of our resources than they could do by merely reading the scanty items of New Zealand news that are cabled across the water from time to time. It also gives them an opportunity of discussing with our newspaper proprietors and editors plans for the better management of our cable service. It seems somewhat of an anomaly that we should be debarred from making use of any cables other than those forwarded by the Press Association. We may also expect as a result of the visit that New Zealand will receive a good advertisement in the various papers under the control of the Australian Provincial Press. A personal visit to our shores is the best way of realising the many advantages we have in the matter of climate, sport, and scenery.

Public Opinion.

For ourselves, it is always pleasant and instructive to meet journalists from other parts. They open up new topics for discussion, and by their vivid descriptions of scenes and incidents make things more real. One of the topics touched upon by the visiting pressmen was as to whether the Press led or followed public opinion. Before one can offer any opinion on the matter it seems necessary to define clearly what exactly we mean by public opinion. It changes so constantly and so quickly that it is never easy to gauge in what direction it is really tending. No one can deny that it is influenced to a very large extent by the Press, but it is to be feared that many people only read papers that reflect their own opinions, and so they are influenced only in the direction that they have already taken on their own initiative. There are, however, many questions on which the whole Press is practically united, and no one can deny that it exercises an almost unrivalled influence in the matter of promoting a sane and healthy public opinion in all matters affecting both public and private morality.

The New Leader.

At the adjourned caucus meeting held in Wellington, Mr. T. Mackenzie, the member for Egmont, was elected the new Leader of the party in succession to Sir Joseph Ward. The new Leader is not so well known as some other members of the present Government, as he has always represented country constituencies, and has devoted himself to agricultural matters. Physically he is a man of more than average height, broad shoulders, and sturdy. He has deep set eyes under heavy brows, a forehead of ample breadth, dark hair, thick and crisp, with a beard trimmed to a point. Altogether he is one of the most imposing figures on the Treasury benches. He is a keen debater, and in this respect has often proved himself a tower of strength to the Government. But it is as an administrator that he has proved himself most capable.

A Canny Scot.

As the head of the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce and Tourists he has long been recognised as one of the most capable administrators we possess. These have been the least discussed of all departments. His reform of the Agricultural Department, at the time of the general reorganisation of the civil service, was so complete that it is now recognised as one of the best administered of all the State services. He has a remarkable ability to master details, and few criticisms have ever been levelled at the departments over which he has presided. When he has introduced a Bill it has generally gone through with little or no trouble. Owing to his complete mastery of everything connected with his departments, his estimates have been passed more smoothly than any others. He is personally popular, and has much of the proverbial shrewdness of the Scot. He was born in Edinburgh in 1854, and first entered Parliament as member for Clutha in 1887. He has followed commerce, surveying, and bush farming as occupations, and is a Governor of the Royal Colonial Institute, and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

Motors and Elections.

At the luncheon tendered to him by his supporters, Sir Joseph Ward spoke on the subject of motor cars at election time. He thought that the abuse of the motor car system at elections was a matter that ought to be reckoned

with. He suggested that the use of vehicles on polling day should be prohibited, but that in country electorates the State should employ motor cars for carrying the returning officer and scrutineers to go round among people and ensure the recording of votes. He thought that if, in addition to this, they prohibited canvassing, they would have a system as nearly perfect as possible. He was of opinion that this was necessary in order to ensure the return of the best men to Parliament. At present the party with the most motor cars at its disposal has a very decided advantage over the less affluent party.

The Limitation of Armaments.

Mr. Churchill's speech in introducing the Naval Estimates has been made the subject of some severe criticism on the part of the Anglophobe German Press, although the more reasonable section of the Press in both countries has hailed the speech as being in the main of a pacific nature. In effect, the speech means that if Germany will call a halt in her shipbuilding programme England will do the same, but if Germany persists in her present rate of building, then England is prepared to meet her by maintaining a sixty per cent superiority in battleships and Dreadnought cruisers. There is nothing militant in the speech of the First Lord of the Admiralty, only a firm determination to maintain unimpaired England's superiority on the sea. Our very life as a nation depends on our navy, just as Germany depends on her army, and probably the firm attitude taken by Mr. Churchill will have the effect of making Germany pause in her mad race for naval superiority. Many German papers express the hope that it will be possible for both countries to come to some understanding on the important question of the limitation of armaments.

Prize Husbands.

We have read in fiction of the model husband just as we have read of the model wife, but now we are to have a prize husband in the flesh. A London paper of an enterprising nature is offering a husband as a prize in a competition. All that is necessary to secure this prize is to obtain as many coupons of the paper as you can. In addition to the husband the paper offers to supply a complete set of furniture as a wedding present. The husband in question has already been selected, and has agreed to marry the winner of the aforesaid competition. Every unmarried woman is eligible to enter the competition irrespective of age or look. Besides the prize husband there are to be second and third prize husbands, as well as a consolation husband. The old saying that marriage is a lottery would seem to be coming true in sober earnest.

A Cat Without a Voice.

The guinea pig which was dug out alive after being buried for three weeks in the ruins of the Equitable fire in New York has found a rival in a cat which in a marvellous manner survived a fire in Clacton restaurant. According to a newspaper account it appears that whilst the fire was in progress it was remembered that a cat belonging to the place was still on the premises. Efforts were made to rescue it, but it evaded its would-be helpers and ran into the basement, which for about an hour and a half presented the scene of a well of seething fire. Hopes of pussy being found alive were given up, but to the surprise of the searchers, pussy was found two days afterwards, very much alive and sitting on its favourite shelf in the basement. It was called, and it tried to swim through the water which filled the place and was then rescued. Not a hair was singed, but its voice was gone, this being probably due to fright or smoke. It greedily drank some milk and seemed little the worse for its experience.

GOOD ON SUGGESTIONS.

"I suppose your wandering boy will come home and pay the mortgage off the farm, as they do in stories." "No," retorted Farmer Corntassel; "that ain't his custom. When he gets through making suggestions, it generally means another mortgage."

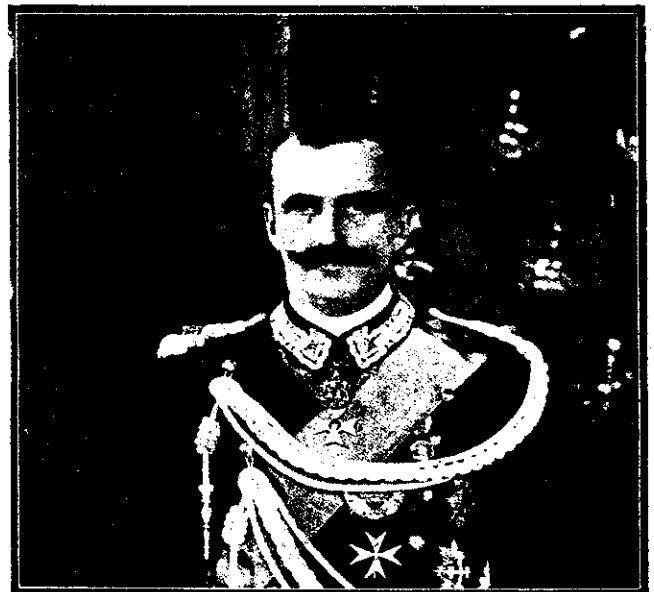
An Intimate Glimpse of the Court Life of Italy.

The heroic act of Queen Helena in throwing herself between the King of Italy and the assassin's bullets the other day when an unsuccessful attempt was made on the Royal life, is just one more instance of the nobility of a very fine character, and her devotion to her husband. They are both singularly popular among their people, a fact which was evidenced by the remarkable public demonstration of satisfaction at their escape from assassination.

KING VICTOR fell in love with his wife when he first saw her at a play in a theatre in Venice. On that occasion Princess Helen of Montenegro and her sisters were seated in a box almost facing that into which the Crown Prince of Italy strolled by accident. He was but passing through the romantic city on his way to Germany, where rumours of a possible alliance precluded him; but he got the coup de foudre so violently that he cancelled the arrangements for his further journey, and next morning went straight back to Rome. In one wakeful night he had discovered that an alliance with the ancient House of Montenegro would be mere

breach of etiquette in which he was so carefully trained by his royal mother. Namely, after kissing the hand of the Empress Alexandra, who received him, surrounded by the ladies of the Court, he turned without waiting for the usual order of presentation, and made a profound bow to the Montenevin Princess, who stood a little in the background. This made the object of his arrival plain enough, and the Empress smiled indulgently on the young pair. Their courtship was brief, and Beauty was soon installed in the castle of the Prince charming.

It is in the lovely palace of Racconigi,



HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF ITALY.

desirable for Italy than one with any mediatised German family. There could be no doubt that it would also be more popular with Italians.

Prince Victor hastened to expound his new political views to his parents, pointing out that two of Prince Nicola's daughters were Grand-Duchesses of Russia, and that a connection with the family of the Tsar could have the best results for independent Italy.

Queen Margaret did not quite follow this reasoning at first, but King Humbert was much impressed by his son's clever exposition of international policy, and his new-found interest in weighty matters of State. He agreed to lay the question before his Ministers, and a Cabinet Council was summoned to consider and pronounce upon it. The Prince's views found favour; and, owing to his insistence, it was decided at once to approach the Tsar.

Pending the reply from Russia, rumours of a contemplated marriage between the most beautiful of Prince Nicola's beautiful daughters and a young Austrian Archduke came to disturb Prince Victor. He wrote by special courier to the Sovereign of Montenegro, proposing to pay him a visit, and was assured of a hearty welcome. On reaching Cetinje, however, he found the bird had flown. Prince Nicola, in constant deference and fealty to his great northern brother, had sent Princess Helen to Russia, whither he advised Prince Victor to follow her; and it was at the Great Winter Palace that the first meeting between the young couple took place. It was on this occa-

one of the most enchanting sites possessed by the river Po, with snow-capped Monte Viso on one side and a stretch of undulating hills on the other, that the royal family of Italy pass the summer months. Miles of even wall encircle the sumptuous park, which holds secluded in its centre a spacious, stately residence. Here Queen Helena is happiest, in the company of her children and a few chosen friends. She is by inclination and training averse to the ceremonious observances and Court display which her predecessor considered indispensable adjuncts to royal dignity. In spite of, or perhaps because of, her great personal beauty, Queen Helena is somewhat indifferent to modes and styles, and she aroused a perfect storm of censure some years ago for appearing at a race meeting in the same costume she had worn the previous year. Simple fashions suit her, and she looks well in almost every colour; but her preference is for green, certain shades of which harmonise marvellously with the dark wells of her eyes and the sombre masses of her luxuriant hair.

Queen Helena is a lover of the arts, two of which she cultivates most enthusiastically. Besides her taste for poetry and painting, she is also interested in architecture, and the graceful pillars of the "Belvedere" that overlooks Cetinje are of her designing. During her school-days in Petersburg her talent for painting was rapidly developed, and she still executes landscapes in pastel. The fam-

Continued on page 12.

Sayings of the Week.

Damping Their Ardour.

DOWNWARDS the modern church-goers were inclined to get up early on Sundays, and if they saw clouds in the sky would go back to bed again, thanking God it was going to be too wet to go to church.—*Rev. Dr. Gibb, Wellington.*

A Sheet Anchor.

They needed church work more now than ever, for they were inclined to be flabby, and wanted moral grit. It was well to have the Church as a great sheet anchor in times of trouble and danger.—*Mr. C. J. Parr, Mayor of Auckland.*

Our Territorials.

You have a feeling of pride and pleasure that, individually and collectively, you are by your personal work as territorials, rendering true and valued service to your country and Empire by preparing yourselves on practical and efficient lines to protect your people and the interests of your country.—*Lord Islington.*

The Bonds of Custom.

Praying and preaching have their place, but we must bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart of society. We must seek to destroy all those conditions that bring wounds and bruises and putrefying sores in the body politic, and declare that not for the sake of wealth, property, or monopoly shall we forbear. Too long have we been bound by the bonds of customs, bigotry, and prejudice, but to-day women everywhere are throwing off these ligatures which have cramped and bound them, for they have heard a voice saying, "Loose the bonds of iniquity and let the oppressed go free."—*Mrs. Cole, of the W.C.T.U.*

Benevolent Instruction.

The nurses are, to all intents and purposes, students for a professional career, and the training of these, first undertaken voluntarily by the honorary staff, ought not now to be accepted gratuitously. The benevolent system of giving instruction must allow a certain amount of latitude on account of private professional duties, which must of necessity occasionally obtrude themselves. This would be obviated entirely by adequate payments, which would demand the efficiency and regularity of a university course.—*Mr. P. M. Mackay, chairman Auckland Hospital Board.*

A Sober Country.

Compared with the United Kingdom, New Zealand is a sober country, consuming only half the quantity of liquor per head.—*Mr. H. B. Irving.*

A Profitable Holiday.

Contingent on the absence of dangers elsewhere, supposing both Britain and Germany took a year's holiday. Three German ships would not be built. Germany would save nearly £7,000,000, and would automatically wipe out five potential British super-dreadnoughts.—*Mr. Winston Churchill.*

Ministerial Angels.

I feel I want superhuman eloquence to express even dimly the great admiration I have for hospital nurses, for to voluntarily face the sad and distressing in life and to try and mitigate it is surely the most Christian and angelic instinct of human kind.—*Lady Islington.*

Good Settlers.

Good settlers should be encouraged in every way. Give them the land for nothing, if you will, and help them financially because we want to see men settled and prosperous, and keeping their heads well above water.—*Mr. C. C. Kettle, S.M.*

Our Pundits.

At present there are no learned men in New Zealand except those who are teachers in the four rival colleges.—*Professor Sale.*

Lunatic Nationalisation.

As regards the national ownership of the mines, one might as well talk of nationalisation of the moon.—*Hon. W. F. Reeves.*

A Good Blind.

Colonisation was having a great influence on politics and the social advancement of the world. Fortunately for South Australia they had not had people of other nationalities thrust upon them in large masses. Practically only two nationalities had settled in South Australia, British and Germans, and a splendid blend they made. Out in the agricultural districts one could see the result of the blend, for British and Germans had intermarried extensively.—*Mr. Rounsell, Adelaide.*

A Harder Task.

Many said that they would lay down their lives for Ireland, but give him the man who would lay down his glass for Ireland. Anyone who would do this for the sake of Irish prosperity would be a credit, and better than those who went about saying they would sacrifice their lives.—*Archbishop Kelly.*

Bush Fire Laws.

I tried to get the laws dealing with bush fires amended some 20 years ago, but nothing has been done, with the result that actions are continually coming before the Court.—*Sir Robert Stout.*

To Lead or to Reflect?

It was sometimes said that one of the missions of the Press was to lead public opinion, but public opinion had not yet become so degenerate in this country as to leave all their thinking to the Press. The Press was really more to reflect public opinion and he believed that the Press of New Zealand and Australia did capably and properly express the public sentiments of the day.—*Mr. C. J. Parr, Mayor of Auckland.*

The Root of all Evil.

The opium traffic was morally indefensible, but there was something to be fought that was deeper than the opium traffic or the drink traffic. Love of money was the root of all evil, and love of money accounted for the existence of harmful traffic.—*Miss B. Webster, of the China Inland Mission.*

The Corner-stone of Finance.

Money spent upon education, upon housing, upon uplifting the lot of the people, is a better and more assured investment than any which could be produced; and I, in conclusion, would like to say this one word. The corner-stone—the corner-stone of sound finance—is peace on earth and goodwill amongst men.—*Mr. Lloyd George.*

Wasting Time.

I have been watching the clock, and for half an hour the Council has been indulging in a discussion that has nothing whatever to do with the clause under consideration. The Council has been talking about matters already decided on, and I have been wondering whether or not we were going to talk here all night and still leave the question actually before us untouched.—*Mr. Lester, Lyttelton Borough Council.*

The Y.M.C.A.

In the home life there came a time when the younger members of the family brood were naturally disposed to "live off" and leave the old firesides, and make new ones for themselves. It was in this transition stage that the influence for good of the Young Men's Christian Association showed itself beneficial, for it largely bridged the gap between the old life and the new; it filled the place of an elder brother to the boys, and necessarily tended towards the ennobling of the race generally.—*Mr. W. T. Mills.*



AFTER THE AGREEMENT.

Germany: "Friends?"
John Bull: "Friends!"

Lost Trade.

But for labour troubles in Australia, nearly the whole of the coal supplies for the Philippines would be controlled from New South Wales. Important Inroads have been made by Japan, and even America and India, supplies from those countries being more certain. It will take a long period of settled conditions in New South Wales, before confidence is restored.—*Mr. Nutton, commercial agent for New South Wales in the East.*

The Land of Tea.

I was in China for ten years and during the whole period only saw one man the worse for drink. On my first day in Sydney I saw a man taking up the whole of the footpath, and I had an exactly similar experience in Wellington.—*Mr. T. W. Webster, China Inland Mission.*

Hasty Marriages.

Too many hasty marriages are made these days; far too many. The old adage, marry in haste, and repent at leisure, seems to have been forgotten.—*Mr. C. C. Kettle, S.M.*

Self Reliance.

There was too great a tendency in this land for men to lean not upon themselves, but upon others. When he was a young man, if they wanted a football or a cricket club, they earned the money themselves to get it started; but nowadays the young men went round with a subscription list to get the money they had not the grit to earn.—*Rev. Dr. Gibb, Wellington.*

The King's Highway.

Nowadays locomotion is much more rapid than in former years; it is, therefore, very essential that every reasonable and practical precaution should be taken to guard against accidents on the King's highways. It is, in my opinion, very necessary that the owners and drivers of all vehicles should be required to carry sufficient lights at night, not only to warn others that a vehicle is approaching, but also to enable the drivers of overtaking vehicles to see the position of any ahead of them.—*Mr. C. C. Kettle, S.M.*

Thought Reading.

It was all very well talking about reflecting public opinion, but it was not always such an easy matter to find out public opinion as perhaps the public thought it was.—*Mr. T. W. Leys.*

Crusaders' Church.

Important archaeological discoveries are being made in Nazareth, where the foundations of an ancient church of the Crusaders has been brought to light. During the excavations there were found in this place many wonderful mosaics, coins of the early Roman period, admirable Ionian and Corinthian capitals, very old well-preserved stone doors, a variety of house utensils, exquisite objects of ornament, and quite a large number of jewels, all of the eleventh century. These objects are now preserved in a specially constructed museum. It is intended to restore the church to its original state. The work is very difficult, as above the foundations there stands at present a Franciscan convent. Another important discovery is what is asserted to be the carpenter's workshop of Joseph, the father of Jesus. In 1858 the Franciscan monks established a small chapel here. Now the excavations have brought to light the foundations of a church with three apses from the time of the first Crusaders. Thorough research and investigation seem to establish the fact that this is the place where the workshop of Joseph stood. The Franciscans have bought up all the adjoining buildings and intend erecting here a magnificent temple.

Further excavations on this site bring continually to light large numbers of exceedingly interesting and valuable relics.

FOR ALL EYE TROUBLES.

W. PARKER,
F.S.M.C.,
LONDON, **OPTICIAN**

Rooms over Todd's homoeopathic pharmacy, 162 Queen Street (4 doors above Wynton Street); also at Gallagher's Pharmacy, top of Symonds-st. (late Green's). We hold the highest diplomas in Visual Optics and Sight Testing. Consultation and Testing Free. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

Vigorous Old Age

Even ruddy-checked youth is not more beautiful than the mature vigour of healthy old age. This, however, is not seen so often as it should be, partly because many persons mistakenly suppose that weakness and ill-health are inseparable from ripe maturity of years.

Yet, in the majority of cases, enfeebled old persons require nothing but the simple, natural treatment afforded by

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Extract

which acts by increasing the appetite, aiding digestion, and putting more iron into the blood. It has neither the taste nor smell of cod liver oil, but is as pleasant to the taste as a superior table wine. It is as valuable to old persons as to young ones, and many of its most remarkable effects have been achieved with the aged. Get it at your chemist's, and be sure you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

News of the Dominion

Sunday Trams.

THE Auckland City Council has decided to obtain the opinion of the City Solicitor on the application of the Tramway Company for permission to run a continuous Sunday tram service.

A Great Need.

"There is a great need for the keenest interest in Auckland's new building scheme," says the annual report of the Auckland Y.M.C.A. "The best kind of charity is that which teaches a man to help himself, and this is what we find constantly practised in the Y.M.C.A. Is there any institution which better deserves a rich endowment than the Y.M.C.A.? By giving £100 per year the directors of the Y.M.C.A., with the association equipment, can employ a boys' work director to work every day in the week for the training and uplifting of our young citizens. It is the opinion of the directors that the greatest need of New Zealand associations is national supervision. A national secretary could consolidate the whole work of the Dominion, and help some associations with their present problems. In view of this fact the directors will heartily support a proposal now on foot to engage such a man."

Endorsed.

The Otago branch of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants has endorsed the action of the conference in approving Professor Mills' unity scheme. The opinion is held by the branch that under the scheme the danger of being involved in a strike is not real.

Testimonials.

The value of "testimonials" given as regards accused persons during the course of their trial was the subject of some remarks by His Honor the Chief Justice (Sir Robert Stout) at G.borne. He pointed out that it had been stated that the accused, who was then being tried, was honest and industrious. "But," Sir Robert said, "all accused persons are held to be honest until they are once convicted. If a jury is going to acquit a man the first time he is charged because of his good character, then they might, perhaps, find him not guilty if he were charged with a second offence on the same grounds, and so on." His Honor added that the law would not allow the Crown to call a single tittle of evidence regarding an accused person's character during the hearing of a case, and if a jury were to be asked to acquit a man because of his character they might just as well close down the administration of justice.

Research Scholarships.

Some time ago the Government offered scholarships to be utilised by students going in for original research. The scheme is now to be governed by a research scholarship board for each university, consisting of the professors of natural and applied science. The regulations provide that as soon as any person is entitled to a research scholarship, the Minister for Education shall nominate an expert in the particular branch of research concerned to be a member of the board for the purpose of assisting in its supervision of the work of the scholar. The scholarships, of which there are to be one each annually for the four universities, are to be tenable for four years, and to be of the value of £100 per annum, together with college laboratory fees, cost of special apparatus, and of special books required for the purpose of research, and actual travelling fares or cost of transit while the holder is engaged on the work of research.

Rumour Discounted.

A rumour to the effect that there will be a shortage of local supplies of butter for the winter months with consequent high prices and panic, is discounted in authoritative quarters. It is pointed out that an auspicious season has been enjoyed, and while the dairying period is tapering off the mid-summer has induced a good finish. Shipments abroad will soon cease, and an ample supply for local requirements was believed to be in store. It is not anticipated that the South Island will be reduced to the necessity of again this year making a call on Auckland supplies.

Press Association Conference.

The delegates to the annual conference of the Australasian Provincial Press Association, which met in Auckland at the beginning of last week, left for Rotorua on Thursday by the morning express. After spending a few days in and about Rotorua, they went on to the Waitomo Caves and the Wainganni River. Then most of them proceeded to the South Island.

Methodist Union.

The secretary of the Union Committee of the Primitive Methodist Church reports that the voting received from the whole of the stations in the Dominion in connection with the vote of members of that Church on the basis of union taken by instruction of the last conference resulted in 1477 votes being recorded for and 200 votes against. Both Churches having approved of the basis of union, the committee of the Primitive Methodist Church will meet in Wellington on April 3rd to take the necessary steps for securing the consent of the British conference to the union, which it is expected will be consummated next year.

Released.

Two lads, undergoing imprisonment at the Lyttelton Gaol for refusing to take the oath of allegiance, were liberated before the completion of their sentence. Two others, who had served their terms, were released at the same time.

Deadly.

The problem of dealing with the rabbit pest, which has presented serious difficulties hitherto, both in New Zealand and Australia, appears to have been solved by a resident of Auckland, Mr. H. Currie, who has carried out some experiments with such success that he has patented his process, and we understand it has met with approval by the Agricultural Department. The destructive "Influence" is poison of almost any kind, the secret being in its "application." Poison is applied to some particular food which attracts rabbits in hordes where they are at all plentiful, and they devour it ravenously, with the inevitable result. In one experiment, where rabbits were not very plentiful, he killed 120 at the first trial, 120 at the first trial.

Many Disciples.

Wairarapa possesses a native "tohunga," or priestess of witchcraft, who claims the power to cast out devils, heal the sick, and perform sundry other miracles. She has already established a reputation, and has a number of disciples. Hymns are sung whilst the tohunga performs her ceremonies. The chief medicinal agent employed is brandy, which is prescribed both externally and internally, and as the treatment is not exactly distasteful, the number of patients is daily increasing. The ceremonies frequently extend throughout the night, and a choir has been formed to assist with vocal and instrumental selections.

A Deficiency.

A statement of the working expenses of the Wellington tramways for eleven months shows:—Revenue, £127,140 1/9; power supply, £9,016 7/11; working expenses, £90,923 17/2; power supply, £3,934 4/1. Estimated capital charges on tramways, £34,724 10/3; on power supply, £4,367 10/9; net surplus, £2,406 1/5. This shows a deficiency of £2,575 19/3 as compared with returns for a similar period of last year.

A Country "Picnic."

The farmers living in the vicinity of Beaconsfield Village, near Timaru, have been accustomed for some years to hold mixed sports meetings in a paddock on Boxing Day, the sports including some gallops and trots for local horses. The prizes are provided by sweepstakes. The races were not advertised, but it had become an understood thing that there would be horse races, and recently two of the managers of the last sports were prosecuted under the Act of 1909 for holding an illegal race meeting. For the defence it was contended that this was a sports meeting, not a race meeting, and that there was nothing more in the races than if the men agreed to try their horses in reaching some point across a paddock. A conviction was recorded, without a penalty.

Betting and Football.

The bookmaker peril at Rugby football matches, mentioned at the Wellington Rugby Union lately, also exists at Christchurch. Mr. F. D. Kesteven, a vice-president of the Canterbury Union, says the rule in the question of betting at football matches is a dead letter. Bookmakers frequented the grounds, and betted quietly without hindrance. He did not think the evil had gained much headway in Christchurch, and thought the Union would take early measures to suppress it.

Wandering the Streets.

At a meeting of the Dunedin Education Board a motion was passed affirming the desirability of the Board being assured that all children of school age were receiving efficient instruction, and a committee was appointed to report as to the best means of attaining that end. In the course of discussion it was asserted that a number of children of school age were wandering about the streets. The question was raised as to what was to be done in regard to private schools, and it was stated that the Board would have to investigate this matter in order to ascertain if efficient instruction was given.

Auckland Exhibition.

The Exhibition Committee has appointed Mr. Geo. Elliot (president of the Chamber of Commerce) to the position of president in place of Mr. B. Kent, who resigned when it was decided to hold the Exhibition on a site at the Domain. Mr. W. R. Holmes is retaining the position of secretary. The date of opening has been fixed for December 1, 1913, and the Exhibition will extend over three months, or longer if found advisable. The Government is to be asked to donate a cash grant of £2000 towards the cost of the venture, and it is expected that citizens will guarantee an aggregate of £5000.

New Cable Route.

Survey work is now in progress for carrying the new Pacific cable across the Auckland isthmus. The cable is to be a direct one from Sydney to Auckland, and will come ashore on the West Coast at Muriwai. The route now being surveyed will bring the cable overland to Riverhead, and thence to the Ponsonby reef. At this point the route will again be underground from the bay at the end of Curran-street, via Jervisy-road, to the Three Lamps, where connection will be made with the existing underground conduits. As the route from Muriwai to Riverhead must be trenched so as to put the cable underground, it will readily be understood that there is a big amount of work involved, including many miles of trenching.

Auckland Y.M.C.A.

At the 56th annual meeting of the Auckland Y.M.C.A. reports received indicated that the movement was forging ahead, and all departments were on a satisfactory basis. The election of officers for the year resulted:—President, Mr. A. C. Caughey; vice-presidents, the Hon. G. Fowlds, the Rev. W. E. Gillam, Dr. Knight, Mr. Wesley Spragg, and Mr. J. W. Stewart; directors, Messrs. W. E. Bush, B. Buttle, G. M. Fowlds, E. E. Grimwade, H. G. Fountain, Floyd Harrop, T. F. Hill, T. Miller, H. E. Peacey, R. L. Stewart, James F. Barry, J. H. Barker, and A. Mill. Mr R. B. Gelston was re-elected as hon. treasurer, Mr. S. Barry as secretary, and Messrs. G. A. Buttle and T. E. Montgomery as auditors.

Control of Agriculture.

Sir George Clifford, president of the Canterbury A. and P. Association, has put forward a suggestion that instead of the Agricultural Department being left in the hands of the Minister of the day, the best men available should be selected as a board of control to regulate it. The highest results as a business undertaking would then be produced. Sir George said his idea, which would perhaps be regarded as Utopian, was that this Government Department, ably officered as it was now, should be under the management of non-political commissioners, who could devote trained intelligence to the work, whose whole abilities should be at the service of the agricultural community, and who should be responsible for the wise expenditure of the sum which Parliament might entrust to them for their almost paramount purpose. Above all, these men should be independent of the political wrangles which were part of the constitutional system of the day.

Seddon Memorial.

When Mrs. Seddon was in England, she saw the model of a life-size statue of the late Premier being prepared by the well-known sculptor Sir Thomas Brock, for the New Zealand memorial to be erected in Wellington. The model was not far advanced enough to judge of the ultimate appearance. The Seddens, Lancashire, the house in which the late Mr. Seddon was born is quite a centre of interest, and a marble tablet appears over the door setting forth the fact that it is the birthplace of the New Zealand statesman.

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED!

Treatment through the Blood meets with Success.

An account of how a Cure was Found after Suffering Many Years.

Medical science reveals the fact that in cases of Rheumatism there is a marked thinning of the sufferer's blood. It has also been found that treatment which renews the blood and tones the system enables it to throw off Rheumatism. These are two absolute facts which stand out in the search for the real cause of Rheumatism. The great medical specialists are by no means agreed as to the exact cause of Rheumatism, as many as seven different causes are suggested by different writers. It is an absolute fact that Rheumatism has been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Cures are known of and talked of in neighbourhoods where cripples have been restored to active health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood-making tonic medicine, and the new blood they make enables the system to throw off the complaint. The case of Mrs. M. A. Hatley, 18, McAndrew-road, South Dunedin, shows how they cure:—

"I had an attack of Rheumatic Fever years ago, and it left Rheumatism in my system," said Mrs. Hatley. "Every winter an attack would come on and last for weeks at a stretch, and I was often laid up for several days and suffered excruciating pain. Years went on this way till at last one dreadful attack came on, and I went to Auckland to my married daughter's home, thinking the change might benefit me a little. I passed through the boat journey fairly well, but a fortnight after my arrival quite a sudden turn seized me. One evening when I got up to go to bed I could scarcely move. In the morning every joint was hugely swollen. My wrists and elbows and the backs of my hands were hardly recognisable. My knees were double their proper size. The doctor was called in; at once he applied hot flannels and fomentations, just to give a little ease, for the pain was enough to make anyone scream. I could not help doing it. For five weeks I was laid up in bed in torture, dreading the lightest touch. They could barely lift me to change the blankets. I would say 'let me lie.' I was in such agony. Every joint was stiffened. I could just feed myself, and that was all. I could barely close my fingers. I could not lift my hands as high as my shoulders to do my hair. I tried plenty of liniments, but I might as well have used water, so in despair I gave them up. When I got back to Dunedin the attack came on again, and I did not know which way to look for relief. I could not get a boot big enough—the toes and instep and ankles were swollen out of all shape. I would have my wrists and knees wrapped up in flannel bandages. If I did get out of bed I was so weak and so bent, too, I could just shuffle along an inch or so at a time. I don't think any woman has suffered worse, and I would have been thankful to die. At last I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and gave them a trial. Towards the end of the second box I felt a little ease. I took 14 boxes altogether, and gradually the cure came, and I have never felt so well in my life as I do now. I can hustle about and do the housework easily, and I have not an ache or pain."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, and if in doubt send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australia, Ltd., Wellington; 4/ one box, six boxes 16/6.

Takapuna Ferry and Tram.

The suggested acquisition of the plant owned by the Takapuna Tram and Ferry Company by the ratepayers of the Takapuna Riding of the Waitemata County Council was discussed at the Council meeting last week, and Mr. H. H. Adams was granted permission to take a poll. The legal aspect of the purchase will also be investigated. The proposal is to borrow £78,000, and ratepayers within the boundary of the Devonport Borough and the Oneroa Creek will vote. At a recent trial ballot taken the scheme was approved.

Question of Cost.

In connection with the apparent failure to establish workers' homes at Terrace End, Palmerston North, the Advances to Workers' Department has issued a statement as follows:—"Regarding the cost of these dwellings, the Department states that in the particular instance quoted, the information given to the applicants was that the approximate cost of erecting a house in wood in Palmerston, exclusive of section, drainage, fencing, artificial lighting, and administration, would be £286, the amount mentioned to him. The architect's subsequent estimate of the total cost of the dwelling, when decided upon with the applicant, was £386, as quoted, plus drainage £10, fencing £26, lighting £7, extras required by estimate £4; total, £433. The lowest tender received was £334, but this tender was subsequently withdrawn, on account of the illness of the builder, and the next lowest tender was for £374. To this amount required to be added as above indicated, £75 for the section, and 2½ per cent administration on £374 9/7; total, £458 7/. The Department obviously cannot guarantee that the lowest tender available will not exceed the architect's estimate."

"William," said Mrs. Peckem, sternly, "did you ever stop to think that someone might steal me when you were away?"

"Well," responded the poor husband with a far-away look, "I was a little alarmed when a horse-thief was prowling through these parts last week."

Mrs. Peckem stiffened up haughtily. "A horse-thief, eh?"

"Yes, I heard that he carried off two or three bags from this district."

And then Peckem made a bee-line for the club.

NORTHERN STEAM SHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

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

- For Russell.**
CLANSMAN ... Every Monday, at 6 p.m.
- For Russell, Whangarei, and Mangonui.**
CLANSMAN—Every Wednesday, at 5.30 p.m. No Cargo for Russell.
- For Awarua, Waiharara, Houhora, Whangaroa, and Mangonui.**
APANUI ... Every Monday, at 2 p.m. No Cargo Whangaroa and Mangonui.
- For Whangarara, Helena Bay, Takatuka, and Whanauaki.**
FAEROA ... Monthly

For Great Barrier.
WAIOATAHI ... Every Wednesday, midnight

For Waiheke and Coromandel.
LEAVE AUCKLAND.

DAPHNE—Every Mon. and Fri. Forenoon

LEAVE COROMANDEL VIA WAIHIKE.

DAPHNE—Every Tues. and Sat. Early.

FROM ONEHUNGA.

For Hokitanga.
LEAVE AUCKLAND.

CLAYMORE ... Every Thursday

For Raglan and Kawhia.

CLAYMORE ... Every Monday

WHANGAREI BRANCH.

TIME-TABLE S.S. NGAPUHI SEPT., 1911

Date.	Goods received (all per train).	Passen-leave.	Maungapai.	Parua.
2nd—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.	Bay.
5th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	7 a.m.	No str.	
7th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	7 a.m.	9 a.m.	
9th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	9 a.m.	
12th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	9 a.m.	No str.	
14th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	9 a.m.	11 a.m.	
16th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.	
19th—8.45 a.m.	1.15 p.m.	No str.	No str.	
21st—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	7 a.m.	9 a.m.	
23rd—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	9 a.m.	
26th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	9 a.m.	No str.	
28th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	9 a.m.	11 a.m.	
30th—8.45 a.m.	11.25 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.	

Goods outward must leave up-country stations by afternoon train previous day.
NORTHERN S.S. CO., LTD.
Agoon.

Personal Notes

Mr W. L. Rees, the well-known ex-Parliamentarian, who has been rather seriously indisposed, is now somewhat better.

Mr. T. E. Y. Seddon, M. P., who went across to Sydney to meet his mother and sister on their return from England, returned to Wellington on Wednesday by the Maunganui.

Captain and Mrs. Kennedy, who recently returned from England, are at the Star Hotel, and intend leaving for Rotorua on a fishing tour.

Mr. W. H. Herries, M. P., and Mrs. Herries left Wellington last week by the Ionic for London. Mrs. Herries, whose health lately has not been of the best, will remain in England for some time, but Mr. Herries will return by the Ion c, leaving Plymouth on May 25th and arriving in New Zealand again about July 9th.

The funeral of the late Rev. W. Thompson took place at Waipu last week, the body having been brought from Auckland by the Ngapuhi. A Masonic service was held in the hall, followed by a funeral service, conducted by the Rev. William Walker, of St. James' Church, Auckland.

Mr. H. W. Dent, who has for some years past occupied an important position on the staff of Messrs. Sharnland and Co., Limited, of Auckland, has been appointed to the position of secretary to the New Zealand Dairy Association, rendered vacant by the promotion of Mr. E. Pacey to general manager.

At the meeting of the City Council last week, the Mayor (Mr. C. J. Parr) said he regretted to have to state that since the last meeting Mrs. Wylie, the wife of Mr. Wylie, the electrical engineer, had passed away. His Worship stated that Mrs. Wylie was known to most of the Councilors, and on his motion a vote of sincere sympathy was accorded Mr. Wylie in his bereavement.

Messrs. H. C. Tewsley, A. A. Corrigan, and W. G. Dutkie, all of whom will be absent from the Dominion for the greater part of the year, will not seek reelection to the Council of the Wellington Chamber of Commerce. Messrs. Dutkie and Corrigan are to represent the Chamber at the eighth Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire to be held in London in June.

Mr. Scott Bennett, the Socialist organizer, who has been in Auckland for some few weeks back, has been officially engaged by the Auckland branch of the Socialist party for a six months' term of organising work.

Mr. John Hartwell, the well-known organist and teacher, of Auckland, Mr. Hartwell has been associated with music for 50 years—being organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral for a number of years, and also a prominent teacher. A number of musicians assembled at the station to farewell Mr. Hartwell, who is leaving to reside in Hokitanga.

Mr. W. G. Somerville, of Dunedin, a vice-president of the Australasian Provincial Press Association, was last week the recipient of a silver-mounted salad bowl from members of the association.

Mr S. W. Brooks, who made the presentation, referred to Mr Somerville's excellent work as an officer of the association, and as the organiser of the New Zealand tour on which the delegates are now engaged.

Mr. W. F. Massey, M.P., Leader of the Opposition, left for the Taranaki district on Tuesday to attend several political meetings.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Porter, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Donald, of Auckland, left by the Maheno on Monday to catch the Orient steamer at Sydney on a trip to England.

The Princess Salote, daughter of the King of Tonga, returned to Auckland by the Atua to continue her studies. Prior to leaving, a largely attended gathering was held in the Victoria Memorial Hall, Nukualofa, in honour of the princess.

Mr. James L. Kirker, son of the late general manager of the South British Insurance Company, left Auckland on Monday last to take up a position in the company's office at Brisbane. Mr. Kirker was for several years in the Calcutta branch, and has an extensive knowledge of the underwriting business in all its departments. He has for the last year or two been employed in secretarial work at the head office. He is personally very popular with his fellow officers, and has received many hearty congratulations and tokens of goodwill upon his promotion.

The chairman of the Wellington City Libraries Committee (Councillor Hindmarsh, M.P.), Councillors Atkinson, Trevor, and Professor Von Zedlitz have been appointed to represent the Wellington Council at the conference of the Libraries Association of New Zealand to be held in Wellington during Easter. A civic reception is to be tendered to the visiting delegates. The use of the Council chamber has been granted to the association for their conference. The chief librarian has been authorised to make the necessary arrangements for the entertainment of the delegates whilst in Wellington.

Frederick de C. Malet, formerly chairman of the Bank of New Zealand, died at Christchurch last week. He came to New Zealand in 1860, and was in the Government service till about 1876, having served chiefly in Westland and Canterbury. He was registrar of the New Zealand University from 1872 to 1874, secretary of the Canterbury College from 1873 to 1876, and ten years later became chairman of the College Board, holding office till 1894. He was Government nominee on the Board of Directors of the Bank of New Zealand, and chairman from 1902 to 1908. He was interested in several large undertakings in Canterbury, being particularly prominent in the frozen meat industry. He was also for some years managing director of the "Lyttelton Times."

The death is announced of Mrs. Join Parker, who passed away at Matawhero (East Coast) at the age of 83. She was the first white woman to drive a horse and cart into Gisborne, no mean achievement in those far back days, when roads and bridges there were none.

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

Our London correspondent writes, under date: February 16:—

Mr. S. Rosse Trevor, of Auckland, who has just arrived in this country, has come for the purpose of placing on the London market a patent process of his own invention for the conversion of old rubber into new.

The following New Zealanders have called at the High Commissioner's offices this week:—Miss Gilliat (Christchurch), Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn (Auckland), Mr. Henry T. Cooper (Wellington), Mr. A. J. Newbould (Napier), Mr. James S. Wellward (Hawke's Bay), Miss Kate Lawson (Wellington), Mr. Justice Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, Misses Gertrude and Ena Cooper (Wellington), Mr. S. Rosse Trevor and Miss Gertrude Trevor (Auckland).

Lady Stout, of New Zealand, was one of the guests at a dinner given on Monday night by members of the Lyceum Club to the Women's Sick and Wounded Convoy Corps, and in her reply to the toast of the "Lyceum Club," gave an interesting resume of the work being done for the Empire by the women of New Zealand.

A wedding in which the bridegroom was the son of a New Zealander took place on St. Valentine's Day at the Westminster Meeting of the Society of Friends, when Stanley Beale, of 4, Highbury Hill, London, second son of the late William J. Beale, of Auckland, was married to Mabel Gertrude, youngest daughter of the late William Richardson, of Lincoln.

Major and Mrs. Moorhouse, of Wellington, and their family, and Mrs. Rhodes, who have been in England for about a year, are returning to New Zealand by the Rennera.

Mr. Frank Blackburn, of Auckland, arrived in England this week by the Corinthic, after an absence of over twenty years. His main object for making the trip is to visit his parents and relations in Southport. So far his plans are hardy mapped out, but he intends to see as much as possible of England and Scotland before returning to New Zealand, via Suez, at the end of the year.

An engagement of interest to New Zealanders is announced this week, and is that of the Lady Sydney Montague Ogilvie-Grant, second daughter of the tenth Earl, and sister of the present Earl of Seafield, to the Rev. William Elce, Rector of Sympton, Buckinghamshire.

The plans of Mr. John Baillie, of the Baillie Galleries, and late of Wellington, have been slightly upset through an attack of influenza, and he has had to delay his departure for New Zealand from the 15th to the 22nd, when he joins the Osterley at Toulon.

The pictures to be on exhibition in New Zealand have been shipped to the Dominion in three consignments by the Athenic, the Kia Ora, and the Rennera.

Mr. Herbert Bailey, late of New Zealand, who came to England last spring, has decided to reside in London permanently and practise dentistry, and has taken rooms in 4, Vernon-place, Bloomsbury Square.

Mr. Henry Cooper, head teacher of the Paekuriki School, Wellington, has come to England on urgent private business, having obtained six months' leave of absence for this purpose.

One of the objects of Mr. Cooper's visit is to select a suitable English school for his daughters, who, with their mother, will visit England next year and take pianoforte and singing lessons, probably at the Royal Academy.

In about a month's time Mr. Cooper has arranged a three weeks' tour through Normandy to visit old acquaintances; he then returns to stay with friends in Hants, Dorset, and Wilts, and at Winchester Training College—his Alma Mater.

Another piece of business Mr. Cooper has on hand is the purchase of an organ for the Anglican Church at Paekuriki.

He proposes returning to New Zealand by way of Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Rochester, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, having, at the last three places, several nephews and nieces whom he has never seen.

Dr. W. A. Chapple, late of Wellington, and now M.P. for Stirling in the English House of Commons, has consented to act as one of the adjudicators of five short essays invited by the "Daily Chronicle"

CANADIAN-AUSTRALIAN ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG.

Via FIJI, HONOLULU, and VICTORIA (B.C.) to VANCOUVER

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CHEAPEST AND MOST INTERESTING ROUTE

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Choice of all ATLANTIC Mail Lines from Montreal, Halifax, Boston, New York, &c., &c.

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EUROPE.

How Amundsen Found The Pole.

ICE-BOUND REGIONS CONQUERED—GLACIERS AND MOUNTAINS SCALED, REACHING AN ALTITUDE OF 10,750 FEET—STRIKING PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE "GRAPHIC."

CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN, the Norwegian explorer of stout frame and iron courage, reached the South Pole on December 14th last, and remained there three days with five members of his expedition. He reached Hobart from his successful southern exploit on the afternoon of March 7th last, and preserved a reticence about his experiences that excited the keenest interest and curiosity until he supplied the account of his movements to a London paper. The story of the trip is appended, but more realistic and striking are a series of special photographs secured by the "Graphic" and reproduced in this week's issue, showing the ice-bound regions traversed in the race for the pole, while, in addition, are some interesting views of the explorer, his party, ship, and dogs, taken after their return to Hobart. In his account Captain Amundsen states that between February 10 and 11, 1911, he established depots at the 80th, 81st, and 82nd degrees of latitude. The surface of the ice-barrier, over which the explorers sledged, was smooth and fine, and adapted to dog-driving. There were no sastrugi (wind-furrows), but only local crevasses, only two of which were dangerous. The weather was excellent, the breezes light and calm. After fixing the depots preparatory to the main advance, the depot-laying party returned to the base.

On their return they found that the Fram (the ship that carried Nansen on his "farthest north" expedition) had departed before the arrival of winter. She had established the "farthest south" sailing record, having reached 78.41 south latitude. The members of the expedition had stored 600,000 kilos (about 60 tons) of seal meat, and had built winter quarters in which a Lux lamp furnished the light, and in which a temperature of 68 deg. Fahrenheit was maintained.

Astonishing Observations.

They spent four weeks in winter quarters, during which time they changed their outfit. It had been found, on the depot-laying ship, to be too clumsy. They obtained some astonishing meteorological observations while they were in winter quarters. Little snow fell and the temperature ranged from 50 to 60 degrees Celsius. Many excellent auroras were seen. Only two storms occurred, and they were moderate in nature. The water remained open throughout the winter.

An Early Failure.

On September 8 an attempt was made to commence the journey south, but it was found that too early a start had been made. The temperature fell to between minus 50 and 60 degrees Celsius,

describing the benefits which will accrue to various sections of the community under the Insurance Act.

A prize of £10 is being offered for each essay.

New Zealand papers are asked to record the fact that there passed away on the 8th inst., at Felixstowe, Suffolk, Kate Foster Wilson, widow of the late Henry Walter Wilson, Barrister-at-Law, of the Inner Temple, and daughter of the late Captain Fildare, R.N., in her 80th year.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wilson and the former's step-daughter, Miss Peach, of Petone, have had their holiday plans completely upset by the long illness of Mrs. Wilson.

After visiting the principal watering places of England, they went on to the Midlands and Scotland. In Manchester, months ago, Mrs. Wilson fell ill and was ordered to Bournemouth, where she has remained until now, when the party has had to come to London to get ready to return to New Zealand by the Osterley on Friday. The invalid is by no means well yet, but it is hoped that the voyage will effect her complete recovery.

and the dogs suffered, several of them dying. The party, therefore, returned to the base.

In the middle of October—spring having now begun—in earnest Amundsen made another start. His party numbered five, with four sledges and 52 dogs, and took provisions to last four months. While this party went south, a subsidiary party of three went eastward to explore King Edward VII. Land.

Amundsen and his southern party erected cairns at intervals to serve as guides for them on their return journey. On November 5 they reached the 82nd degree of latitude (which is roughly about 240 miles south of the edge of the ice-barrier). Here the dogs got their last full meal, and the party rested for three days.

Depots on the Way.

Starting again on November 8, everything went "like a dance," and they reached the 83rd degree on November 9. They were covering 50 kilometres (about 31 miles) daily. Having passed (at the 82nd degree) the last of their previously-laid depots, from this point onward they established depots at every degree.

On November 17 they arrived at the 85th degree, having marched due south. They had now reached the place where the land and the ice-barrier were connected. A few big crevasses indicated the limits of the barrier. Here they established their last depot, containing provisions for 50 days.

Then they commenced the ascent of the rising land beyond the barrier. The mountains presented most imposing summits, ranging from 1500ft. to 2000ft. high. The ground, however, rose in easy slopes, and the Greenland sledge dogs negotiated the uplands without difficulty. A few steep glaciers, where the going was hard, were encountered, and they were forced to make detours to avoid big crevasses.

Climbing the Mountains.

The first day was clouded, and after having ascended to 2000ft. they camped. On the second day of the ascent they reached 4500ft. On the third day they descended, traversing a glacier which divided the coast mountains (in which they had been travelling) from the mountains further south.

Then their longest ascent was commenced. They travelled up a glacier which was much broken, and which was narrowed between two mountains 15,709 ft. high. On the fourth day after leaving the ice-barrier they reached a vast plateau and camped at an altitude of 10,600ft.

Here they were compelled to kill 24 of their dogs, retaining 18 for the dash south. Bad weather on the plateau delayed their further progress southward for four days. On November 25 they again started, and encountered a furious blizzard with dense snow drifts. Their faces were badly frozen.

They were now gradually descending. They passed the 86th degree, and momentarily saw a mighty mountain through the snow drift. On Nov. 26 the weather moderated and the sun shone.

Three Days on a Glacier.

The glacier which they had descended they named the Devil's Glacier, and they established a depot at the foot of it. It took three days to negotiate, and during the descent a fine panorama was witnessed, with many towering peaks beautifully illuminated with the bright sun.

On December 3 they quitted the Devil's Glacier. From thence onward the ice plateau resembled a frozen sea, sounding hollow to the tread. One man and two dogs fell through the surface into holes. On December 6 they reached their greatest altitude, 10,750 ft., in latitude 87.40 degrees.

Shackleton's Record Passed.

Sir Ernest Shackleton's Farthest South, 88.23 degrees, was passed on December 8. From 88.25 the plateau gradually sloped downwards. After five days' easy travelling the goal was sighted on the afternoon of December 14. It was a beautiful day, with a light south-east breeze. The temperature was minus 23 (Celsius) and the ground was perfect.

At three p.m. the explorers, who were all well, gathered round a silken flag on the vast plain, which was alike in all directions, mile after mile. During the night they circled their camp in a radius of 18 kilometres (11 or 12 miles). For three days they remained at the spot and took a series of careful observations, fixing the position of the South Pole as closely as was humanly possible, with a sextant and an artificial horizon.

The Pole Discovered.

At the precise spot which he located as being the South Pole, Amundsen erected a little plinth (a basic block) surmounted by the flag of Norway and the pennant of the famous Fram. He named the place Poleheim. The plain he called King Haakon VII. Plateau, after the King of Norway.

The distance from the South Pole to Amundsen's winter camp is 1,400 kilometres (about 870 miles). Taking the whole distance, the party averaged a speed of 25 kilometres daily (15 to 16 miles) going to the pole, and 26 kilometres daily in returning.

The Return.

The return was accomplished under favourable conditions, and the explorers reached their base on January 25, 1912. Out of the four sledges and 62 dogs they brought back two sledges and 11 dogs.

The entire length of the newly-discovered mountains is 850 kilometres (about 527 miles). Amundsen named them the Queen-Maud Ranges, after the Queen of Norway.

He claims to have established that South Victoria Land and probably King Edward VII. Land are connected with mighty mountains south-west, stretching in all probability across the Antarctic Continent. He also determined the extent and character of the ice-barrier.

The subsidiary expedition sent eastward in King Edward VII. Land confirmed the records of Captain Scott, who discovered that territory during the Discovery expedition.

Captain Scott's Movements.

Captain Amundsen said his base was 400 miles from Captain Scott's. He did not know when Captain Scott made his dash for the Pole.

Captain Amundsen camped nearer the Pole than Scott. The latter preferred dry land for travel, while Amundsen elected to make his way over the barrier.

He sincerely hoped Captain Scott reached the Pole. He might have done so before him, since it was his second attempt.

Dog's Wonderful Pace.

The story is not one of any very great dramatic incident, the journey over the ice and snowfields being singularly free from exciting or perilous adventures. The weather, with natural exceptions, was ideal for such a journey, and the travelling was apparently much better than has ever been the lot of Pole-seekers in the past.

A feature of the trip was the wonderful pace maintained over the great double journey of 1,700 miles, the dogs keeping up a pace of about 16 miles going and returning.

The base was left a first time on September 8, but a return had to be made owing to the cold, and it was five weeks later when the real start was made. On December 8 Shackleton's record was passed, and six days later the party of five camped at the Pole. The return journey was made in five weeks, and on January 25 the adventurers were back at their base.

"Professor," said Miss Skylight. "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of journalism." — "What are your own inclinations?" "Oh, my soul yearns for the... Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give the world a lifework that shall be marvellous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty!" "Woman you're born to be a milliner."

ANGLO-COLONIAL NOTES.

LONDON, February 16.

COLONIAL SHIPPING LEGISLATION.

Among the items figuring on the agenda of the 35th annual general meeting of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, which is to take place next Friday in London, is a resolution put forward by the General Shipyowners' Society on the subject of colonial shipping legislation, which reads thus:—

"That this Chamber desires to call attention to the continued introduction into, and passage through, colonial legislation of bills affecting merchant shipping, involving in some cases breaches of the agreement reached at the Imperial Merchant Shipping Conferences in 1907, and to the serious consequences to the shipping industry of the United Kingdom which have resulted, and may be apprehended, from such legislation.

"That this Chamber further desires to point out the enormous disparity in tonnage and value of shipping owned in this country and in the colonies, and the serious effect upon the shipping owned in this country, which may be anticipated, not only directly but also indirectly, by way of retaliation on the part of foreign countries against such legislation.

"That this Chamber, while recognising the efforts which His Majesty's Government have already made by friendly representations to induce the self-governing dominions to frame their legislation in a manner which will do as little harm as possible to Imperial merchant shipping, desires to urge the Government to use their utmost endeavours to prevent further prejudicial legislation on the part of colonial governments."

NEW ZEALAND'S NEW POSTAGE STAMPS.

Mr. H. Linley Richardson, R.B.A., has designed the new stamps for New Zealand, now being engraved by Messrs. Perkins, Bacon and Co. of London. The plates will be of the surface-printing kind, but produced in steel by the "mill and die" process used by this firm chiefly for plates engraved in recess. The process, although not hitherto very extensively used for surface-printed postage stamps, has been used for certain of the stamps during the late reign; but its most historic application to stamp-production was in the well-known "essays" submitted by Messrs. Bacon to the British Government at the time of the change from the old recess-plate system to the typographical method for our English stamps. Previous to that time this firm had printed all the English 2d, 1d, and 2d stamps, from the first "Penny Black" of 1840.

The British Solomon Islands and the Gilbert and Ellice Islands are also to have new stamps, which will bear the portrait of King George.

MARRIAGE AND NATIONALITY.

The news that the draft of the new Imperial Naturalisation Bill has been sent to the Governments of the Dominions overseas for their consideration, gives food for thought to Englishwomen in every part of the world, but specially commands the attention of the enfranchised women of Australia and New Zealand. Few subjects bristle with more difficulties than the question of naturalisation. It occupied a prominent place in the discussions of the Imperial Conference. The framers of the new measure seem to have done their best to meet the extraordinary variety of cases which come in question in an Empire such as ours where many races beside the dominant one have to be taken into account. The main provisions are that naturalisation of aliens as British subjects shall be conditional on five years' continuous residence within British territory, good character and an adequate knowledge of the English language (or of any other language recognised in any Dominion as on an equality with English). In addition, the applicant for naturalisation must also take the oath of allegiance. It is provided that the law shall become operative in each of the self-governing dominions only after the local legislatures have adopted it.

It will be noticed in the foregoing that there is no discrimination between man and woman. As far as Australia and New Zealand are concerned, the matter is perfectly clear. In those countries since the franchise was granted to both sexes equally, the word "man," in all

Legislation is held to include woman. But the case is different in those parts of the British dominions where full citizen-rights are not as yet granted to women. In those parts, including the British Isles, an Englishwoman who carries an alien loses by that act her nationality, and with it all protection as a British subject. She is counted from that moment a subject of the land to which her husband belongs. And from this position there is no return. Even if her husband dies, or if she divorces him, or he divorces her, she remains an alien, and cannot regain her status as an Englishwoman except by the process of a second marriage with a British subject.

A case such as this reveals clearly what is the position before the law of a married woman in countries where these antiquated laws prevail. She is the mere chattel of her husband, and as far as nationality goes she has none of her own. An instance from New Zealand will be fresh in the minds of many. An Englishwoman, married in London to an American, had settled with her husband in Auckland. Believing herself still a British subject she sought to take up her voter's right. Her husband, on his side, wished to retain his own nationality. The local judge declared that the wife had lost her nationality by marriage, and consequently her name could not stand on the voters' roll.

Marriages between Australian and New Zealand girls and foreigners are pretty common. How many of these brides realise that if they leave their native land for residence elsewhere, even under the British flag, that flag is no longer their own? They have no choice in the matter. They are Austrians, Russians, Italians—that you will, but not legally Englishwomen.

Now, the ordinary mind will naturally expect that, in the march of progress, the new Imperial law will redress this wrong. Incredible as it may seem, the removal of the grievance is a matter of doubt. Englishwomen are left where they were. Nay, more, there are some legal authorities who hold that because the Australian and New Zealand Naturalisation Acts do not definitely state that the word "man" includes "woman," the old Imperial Act of 1870 overrides them. So, not only may the present evil be perpetuated, but Australian and New Zealand women may, in their own countries, lose the rights which they now believe themselves to possess.

In June, 1911, when the Imperial Conference was sitting in London, a number of Australian and New Zealand women, then in England, brought the question before the notice of every member of the Conference. They also went in deputation to the Australian Premier, who promised that no new Imperial Naturalisation Act would be accepted by his Government which did not secure to Australian women the rights they already possessed. Sir J. G. Ward gave a similar assurance.

The hon. sec. of the Australian and New Zealand Women Voters' Committee (London) has just written to both Premiers, reminding them of these assurances, and expressing the hope that the matter will be kept in view by their respective Governments when the draft of the new bill comes up for discussion.

Radium.

Austria shows her foresight and recruits enormously her exchequer resources, by adding to her radium estates. She already owns most of the pitch-blende mines in Joachimsthal, and has now bought another for nearly a million sterling. This brings her production of radium to five grammes a year, or a piece of about the size of a liver pill. Yet for this the clinics and research wards of the world's hospitals will contend like Jews for diamonds at Amsterdam. And heroes in the cause of science will eat their limbs away in the struggle to find the soul of these atoms of mystery.

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J. W. MANSON, Proprietor. HIGH-ST.

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District Lands Office,
Auckland, 14th March, 1912.
IT IS HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT A SALE OF LEASES IN THE TOWNS AND SUBURBS OF ROTORUA will take place at the Assembly Hall, Rotorua, on TUESDAY, 16th April, 1912, at 10 a.m.

SCHEDULE.
TOWN OF ROTORUA.—73 Town Lots, generally 1 rood each, upset annual rental from £5 to £8 10/; also 3 Suburban Lots, from 10 acres to 16 acres; annual rental from £3 10/ to £5 per lot.
Term of lease, 21 years, with perpetual right of renewal for the same term, at revaluation, in accordance with the provisions of "The Public Bodies Leases Act, 1908."
Also,
TOWN OF ROTORUA.—10 Town Lots, generally 1 rood each. Annual rent from £7 to £10.
Terms of lease, 21 years, with right of renewal for a further period of 21 years, subject to revaluation in accordance with the provisions of "The Public Bodies Leases Act, 1908." Valuation for substantial improvements of a permanent character secured to the lessee in terms of "The Public Reserves and Domains Amendment Act, 1911."
Sale plans will shortly be on exhibition at all Post Offices and Railway Stations, and copies can be had on application to
H. M. SKELT,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

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HANDSOME RESIDENCE of 21 rooms, including bathroom and kitchen, large entrance hall, with staircase and side halls; lofty ceilings; h. and c. water service throughout; city gas to be installed; extensive flower and kitchen gardens; tennis lawn and orchard all in first-class order; concreted yard; brick dairy and attachments; wash-house, copper and tub; stable, motor garage, coachhouse, cowbail and large loft. The tenant can have either 10 or 34 acres of land, situated only five miles by road from city. Bus passes door, handy to railway station. Suitable for doctor's residence or convalescent home; furniture may be leased if required. Early application recommended. A well-accredited person will receive owner's best consideration.

F. BLUCK,
ESTATE AGENT, AVONDALE.

SOUTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Notice is hereby given that the Transfer Books of the above Company will be CLOSED from the 20th March to the 11th April, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
R. HISLOP,
General Manager.
Auckland, 12th March, 1912.

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NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

HOLIDAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued from any station to any station on the North Island Main Line and Branches until 10th April (inclusive), available for return up to and including 7th May, 1912.

From 2nd to 13th April (both dates inclusive) Excursion Tickets issued at any station in the Auckland District North of Tamaramau will NOT be available by the ordinary and extra Auckland-Rotorua Express Trains unless such tickets are for Tamaramau or South thereof.

From 2nd to 13th April (both days inclusive) Excursion Tickets, available between Auckland, Frankton Junction, and intermediate stations, will NOT be accepted on the 10.0 a.m. Auckland-Rotorua Express Train. Passengers for these stations will require to travel by the 10.55 a.m. Express.
From 3rd to 12th April (both days inclusive) Extra Express Train will leave Auckland for Wellington on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, and Wellington for Auckland at 12.35 p.m. on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

From 3rd to 13th April (inclusive), Express Trains will leave Auckland daily (Sundays excepted) for Rotorua at 10.0 a.m., for Tamaramau and Cambridge at 10.33 a.m., for Thames and Waikato at 10.55 a.m. Express Trains for Auckland will leave Rotorua at 9.30 a.m., Tamaramau 8.30 a.m., Thames 10.15 a.m., Waikato 10.20 a.m., and Cambridge at 12.5 p.m. The 10.0 a.m. and 10.35 a.m. Express Trains from Auckland will NOT stop at stations between Auckland and Frankton except to pick up passengers for Rotorua, Tamaramau, and Cambridge lines respectively.

On Thursday, 4th April, a Special Express Train will leave Auckland for Rotorua at 10.40 p.m. This train will stop at Okoroire and Putaruru Stations only. On same date a Special Train will leave Auckland for Hamilton at 11.0 p.m., connecting at Frankton with Special Express Train leaving Frankton for Rotorua at 5.0 a.m. on Good Friday morning.

On Monday, 8th April, a Special Express Train will leave Rotorua for Auckland at 9.30 p.m.

On Thursday, 4th April, a Special Express Train will leave Tamaramau for Auckland at 10.20 p.m. A train leaving Rotorua for Frankton at 9.0 p.m. on Thursday, 4th April, will connect at Frankton with this train.

On Monday, 8th April, a Special Express Train will leave Auckland for Tamaramau at 10.35 p.m., connecting at Frankton with 5.0 a.m. Express Train, Frankton to Rotorua, on Tuesday morning. BY ORDER.
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AUCKLAND RACING CLUB.

AUTUMN MEETING.

TO BE HELD ON
ELLEBSLIE RACECOURSE,
SATURDAY AND MONDAY,
April 6 and 8.

FIRST RACE ABOUT 12 NOON EACH DAY.

ADMISSION.—
Racecourse: One Shilling.
Grandstand Enclosure: Gentlemen, Ten Shillings; Ladies, Five Shillings.

CHILDREN under 12 will NOT be admitted to Grandstand Enclosure.

No person who has at any time since the passing of "The Gaming and Lotteries Act Amendment Act, 1907," followed the occupation of a Bookmaker or Bookmaker's Clerk, nor disqualified or undesirable person, will be admitted to the Grandstand Enclosure during the Autumn Race Meeting; and if any such person is found on such course he will be removed therefrom and prosecuted for trespass.
J. F. HARTLAND,
Secretary.



District Lands Office,
Auckland, 14th March, 1912.
IT IS HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT A SALE OF TOWN AND SUBURBAN AREAS IN TAUPŌ, as below, will take place at the Courthouse, Taupo, on THURSDAY, 18th April, 1912, at 10 a.m.

SCHEDULE.
TOWN OF TAUPŌ.—106 Town Lots, in area from 1 rood 24 perches to 23 perches; upset prices from £10 to £10 per lot. Also, Nine Suburban Lots, from 4 acres to 3 acres; upset from £50 to £10 per lot.

LOCALITY.
Taupo is situated on the banks of the Waikato River, and can be reached by motor, by Lake Taupo, or by rail and coach, or 103 miles by coach from Napier. Trout fishing, sulphur springs, geysers, natural hot baths, Falls, and Artistic Handicrafts are amongst the attractions for the tourist.
Sale plans will shortly be on exhibition at all Post Offices and Railway Stations, and copies can be had on application to
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The Cricket Field.

SATURDAY IN THE CITY.

The Ponsoby Surprise Packet.

THE final draw of the senior championship opened on Saturday with North Shore standing up two points and Grafton and Parnell a point away. Considering that Ponsoby had been a consistent loser throughout the season and is now without the assistance of the professional Thompson, close followers of the game predicted an easy win, possibly a three-point win, for North Shore, which would make them champions for the season. Any surprise that might be looked for from the inconstant 'Varsity eleven, which, for no adequate reason, was disputing Ponsoby's right to take its gruel with the wooden spoon. But Ponsoby showed a sudden disposition to upset the table arrangements altogether by deserting the spoon and making a grab that looks like upsetting the pot. Against Parnell the previous week North Shore had shown that it carried a knock-out in its bowling, so N. C. Snedden and Robinson went in for careful cover-up tactics to Bush, Howden and Townshend, keeping the point well behind the shoulder, only batting back when the leading was loose and promptly clinching when trouble threatened. There was no knock-out either way. It was a case of field craft mostly, and it was not till Howden rapped in an unexpected left (in Prime) that Robinson took the count, after 133 runs had been rung on for one wicket. "Smother or smite" had been his policy, and many of his smites failed to connect, but those that got there counted up 64. Snedden was workmanlike, if slow, and though he was at times fluky on the leg-side, he generally speaking, scored well both sides of the wicket, and thoroughly earned every run of his 101. Kavanagh sometimes hit and sometimes missed, but he had hit 21 before one of the misses counted against him. When Ponsoby left the field it was draw-time, and they left also 221 runs for North Shore to bite on next week. It will be observed that the 170 of Snedden, Robinson, and Kavanagh, with 17 added for extras, does not leave the other eight men much to boast of in the run-making line. Prime, whose left-hand slows broke up the big partnership, got one wicket for 12 runs, while Bush got five for 85, and Howden four for 56.

Grafton Make a Bid.

University appears to be down and out to Grafton, chiefly the result of young batsmen meeting Mason, whose slow and leg theory placing require patience and watchfulness more than brilliance. It was these qualities that gave Ellis 31 and Caradus 35 (not out), the latter being one of the most solid defensive and careful youngsters in senior cricket. Wallace 17, Graham 11 and Jacobson 11 make the greater part of what remains to total University's failure of 139, the cause thereof being Mason six wickets for 30 runs, Pratt three for 40 and Jones one for 18. Neall helped the batting side along with none for 27. When Grafton was called on to talk runs, Fryer (the ex-Canterbury and New Zealand football representative) hit up 60, and will endeavour next week to make it a century. Horspool had to be satisfied with 20, and the innings stands at two wickets for 100. Wherefore Grafton has some justification for hopes of a three-point win.

Eden in Trouble.

Kerr, seven wickets for 37, explains why Eden did not make more than 121 against Parnell. What the left-hander missed was cleaned up by Olliff, who got three for 61. L. Taylor (44), Brooke-Smith (32), R. v. Hay (24) and Cummings (10) were the only Eden batsmen to make any headway at all, and Taylor was the only man who played like a cricketer. Hay's forte in this line is smiting, and his very helpful contribution was of the short and merry life order. For Parnell scores were donated by Wright 35, Ellis 41 (not out) and Olliff 13 (not out), and the innings stands at four wickets for 100, included in the fallen being Somerville (5) and Anthony (5). So Eden still has a chance. So has Parnell.

Centuries.

Saturday saw three centuries added to the season's list. N. C. Snedden (for

Ponsoby) took two hours of very careful play to capture the hundred from the North Shore bowling before making a mis-hit which retired him. He was then marked 99 in the score books, but the umpires agreed that what had been signalled as a hit in consequence of a snick for two had been erroneously marked "yes," and Snedden got his century. It was not absolutely chanceless, but it was a very sound innings, characterised by sure on and off driving.

In second grade, C. Moller carried his bat right through Waitemata's innings against Ponsoby seconds for 106 not out, his game being distinguished by some very powerful on drives.

Larner, of King's College, knocked up 132 against Pah College.

The Championship.

Next Saturday will probably show where the 1911-12 championship has to go. Grafton (1 point) look like getting a 3-point win over 'Varsity, which would make them 4 points. North Shore are two points, and at most can only hope for a 2-point win against Ponsoby; and to get that they have 221 to make. Should they do it, and Grafton fulfil promises, then a play-off will be necessary. A loss by North Shore will place Grafton the winner. As a remote possibility Eden may work a sensation and a 3-point win also, which would put them in the running. Consequently Saturday is full of interest and possibilities.

The Hawke Cup Holders.

The first step in the matter of procuring the services of a coach for Southland cricketers next season was taken at a recent meeting of the Cricket Association. A letter was read from the Schools' Association on the matter, offering to guarantee the sum of £25 annually. Finally, after some discussion, it was resolved to write to the Sydney and Melbourne Cricket Clubs, asking those bodies to recommend suitable men, from whom the association can make a selection. Southland has already made two experiments in the way of importing Australian coaches, and these have not been successful, partly because the association had no central ground on which the coaches could operate, and partly because of financial difficulties. Now, however, the association has the lease of a private central ground, which promises to be an excellent playing area, and possession of the Hawke Cup has helped cricket in the Southern province over some of its money stress.

Out of Form.

"Would you say Australian batting has deteriorated?" was a question put to Douglas (the English captain) on the eve of the English team's sailing for home. "No, I would not; you have great bats here, but they are out of form. Your stars have not struck form, and I tell you, if a batsman who has been in the habit of making big scores, suddenly finds that he is out of form, it is very discouraging. Our bowling was good, and no mistake, and it was of that sort calculated to find the weak spots of batsmen who were out of form. All our members are very well pleased with themselves and each other. We look forward with pleasure to our return to England. We are not egotists, nor are we over-proud. We are just pleased."

Waikato Championship.

In the final match for the Waikato cricket championship, at Hamilton on Saturday, Hamilton United B defeated Frankton A by 81 to 46, thus securing the championship for 1912.

Tall Scoring.

Playing for Albion against Opoho in Dunedin on Saturday, on the north ground, McFarlane hit up 211 in an hour and three-quarters, his score including eight sixes.

Continuing his innings at Carisbrook for the A team against the B team, Niedeberg raised his not out score of 142 to 192.

Australia in England.

The Australian eleven, under S. G. Gregory, has departed for England. M. A. Noble captained the last Australian eleven in England. That was in 1899, of 30 matches played no less than 22 were drawn; 13 were won and four were lost. The team won the rubber of tests. J. Darling captained the teams which visited England in 1899, 1902, and 1903.

The 1905 team won 16 matches, lost three while 19 were drawn. The 1902 combination won 23 matches, lost two, and drew 14. The 1899 team won 16 matches, lost three, and drew 10. G. H. S. Trott captained the 1890 eleven. They won 19 matches, lost six and drew eight. Blackham led the 1893 team. They won 18 matches, lost 10 and drew eight. W. L. Murdoch captained the teams which toured England in 1890, 1884, 1892, and 1890. The 1882 team was the most successful. Twenty-three matches were won and only four lost, while eleven were drawn. The 1880 team was close up with 21 wins, four losses, and 12 draws. In 1884 the team did not do so well, for while it secured 18 wins, seven matches were lost and seven drawn. Murdoch's 1890 team, however, was beaten oftener than any Australian eleven in England. Of 38 games played, 16 were lost, while only 13 were won, nine being drawn. P. S. McDonnell, who headed the 1888 team, was also beaten oftener than he won. His team won ten times, while it suffered defeat on 14 occasions, seven games being indecisive. In 1886 H. J. H. Scott headed the Australians. As in Noble's year, 22 games were drawn, while the margin of wins over losses was only one, nine matches going the Australians' way and eight to their opponents. The other eleven to tour England was the first, and was led by D. W. Gregory, a relative of Syd. Gregory. This team won 18 matches, seven being lost and 12 drawn.

SATURDAY IN THE SOUTH.

Wellington.

The final series of matches for the senior cricket championship was commenced. The play generally was dull. Chief interest was centred in the East A-Central game, in which Blamires made 88, after a display of sound cricket. In the East B-North game, Wilson, the ex-Otago representative, made his first appearance, and added 45 to North's score. Central made 236 (Blamires 88, Naughton 39, Jackson 36, and East A scored 24 for no wickets). Bowling for East A, McGirr took seven wickets for 56 runs, Gibbs one for 40, and Grimmett, one for 65. North made 254 (Finlayson 54, Crombie 32, Wilson 45). Bowling for East B, Hales took two wickets for 66, Nash two for 63, McCardle three for 28, Hutchings one for 18. Playing against Victoria College, South made 160 (Burton 72, Grace 27). College replied with 46 for five wickets (Fanning 13). Bowling for College, Dickson took seven wickets for 70, and for South Fenton took three for 13, and Keys one for 3.

Christchurch.

Perfect weather prevailed for the continuation of the final round of senior cricket matches, whilst the wickets and outfield were in perfect order. Both the matches at Hagley Park were very close. Riccarton just got home against East Christchurch for a two-point win, whilst St. Aldans, who appeared to be in a losing position towards the end, came with a rush and just got home. Lindwood made an unexpectedly good stand against Sydenham, and the latter's chance of getting the three-point win which will be required to gain them the championship appears somewhat remote. Scores:—St. Albans, 310, v. West Christchurch, 297 (Donnelly 68, H. B. Lusk 57, D. Reese 77); East Christchurch 282, v. Riccarton, 299 (E. H. Harper 57, W. Guiney 72); Sydenham, 307, v. Lindwood, 278 for eight wickets (E. Perrin 71, E. Taylor 60).

Dunedin.

In the Dunedin v. Grange match, the former made 62 in the first innings, and 51 in the second innings, while Grange rattled up 156 for four wickets (Malcolm 68), and declared the innings closed, securing a four-point win. Albion met Opoho, and scored 285 in their first innings (McFarlane 211). Opoho responded with 96, and their opponents thereby secured a two-point win. The Carisbrook A v. Carisbrook B match is unfinished. The A team made 309 (Niedeberg 192), and the B team 133 for five wickets (Jones 38). The Grange (Sub) wins the championship for the season.

BARRACKING IN AUSTRALIA.

"NOT AS BAD AS PAINTED."

GOOD-HUMOURED CROWDS.

E. W. Ballantine writes in "Pall Mall Gazette":—
So far during the tour of the M.C.C. in Australia the "barracking" prodigious

of the Australian crowds have been referred to in the cables which have appeared in the English newspapers, and there has been a tendency towards hysterical outbursts against the alleged shocking behaviour of the colonial spectators. Reference has been made to the slow cricket played by J. W. H. T. Douglas at Adelaide and other places, and "absurdly tedious batting" has been referred to when English batsmen have been at fault.

"Give a dog a bad name and it sticks to him" is worn threadbare. An Australian crowd got its bad name during that memorable test match at Sydney, about seven years ago. Undoubtedly the conduct of sections of the spectators on that occasion was nothing short of disgraceful. There was not the slightest excuse for the action of those who threw bottles, banana skins, and other rubbish over the picket fence which skirts the Sydney Cricket Ground, but those who shouted and so gave vent to their feeling for the irritating and needless delay, through a shower of rain, may have been justified. The rain was certainly not sufficient to cause an hour's suspension of play.

In all parts of the world, I suppose, spectators lose their heads. Some do at concerts, and at theatres, and even at football matches. Then why should the cricket spectator be thought to possess no feelings?

AN AUSTRALIAN EXPERIENCE.

Unfortunately, I can only speak with the experience of one cricket tour in Australia, but it was as recently as a year ago, and at all the grounds in the country where the South Africans were engaged I made it my business to sit among the crowd for a time during the progress of the various matches. I found every crowd thoroughly good-humoured. The people who pay their sixpence in England—it is a shilling in Australia—are the people who make cricket "go" after all.

Some of the Australian spectators are quite forcible in their remarks, sometimes quite witty, sometimes bordering on the side of coarseness. All remarks are intended to be funny, but some players, who heed this barracking, take the remarks as personal insults.

During the whole of the South African tour I never heard or saw anything that I may not have seen at Lord's or the Oval, or on the Wanderers' Ground, Johannesburg. "Get a bag" is the equivalent of "You butter-fingers." And so on. I used to think, with a good many more who had never had the experience of being in an Australian cricket crowd, that the spectators in Australia were a most unruly lot. But those ideas are now all dispelled, and I like the crowds that I have seen.

I am sure that the action of a section of the crowd at Lord's towards the end of the 1909 season, when, during an Australian match, the tea interval was going to be taken with nine wickets down, was nothing more than good-natured barracking. When we find, as we have at Lord's, spectators going on to the pitch and making holes in it with umbrellas and the heels of their boots, such behaviour is more reprehensible than all the barracking in the world.

THE MANCHESTER CROWD.

Many of us will remember the Manchester test match of 1899, when the emotions of that huge crowd at Old Trafford induced one to study them closely as the game fluctuated, first for England, and then for Australia. If I remember aright, "We won't go home till morning" and "Home, Sweet Home" were sung by a certain section of the crowd, and the "Dead March" was whistled while the two Franks—Lavan and Iredale—were together after the Australians had followed on in a minority of about 170. They took their time to make a few runs, but they were making sure of saving the game, which actually happened.

It is the same here, there, and everywhere. All crowds have their faults, but spitefulness is not one of the Australian spectators' shortcomings. I enjoyed the Australian crowds immensely, and, basing my opinion on what I actually studied, I found the onlookers as a general rule interesting, as interesting as the general crowds one finds in England.

Hobbs to (prospective chauffeur)—Under no circumstances must you run over twenty miles an hour. The Chauffeur—You don't want an auto; you want a man to take you out in a baby carriage.

Lawn Tennis.

THE GAME IN WELLINGTON.

(By ROMULUS.)

Coming Tournaments.

NORTH ISLAND INTERPROVINCIAL TOURNAMENT.—Auckland, April 4 and 5.
NEW ZEALAND UNIVERSITY CHAMPIONSHIPS.—Dunedin, April 6 and 8.
HAWKE'S BAY CHAMPIONSHIPS AND HANDICAP.—Napier, April 5, 6, and 8.
WANGANUI CHAMPIONSHIPS AND HANDICAPS.—Cook's Gardens, Wanganui, April 5, 6, and 8.
CANTERBURY CHAMPIONSHIPS AND HANDICAPS.—Christchurch, April 5, 6, and 8.
OTAGO CHAMPIONSHIPS AND HANDICAPS.—Dunedin, April 6, 8, and 9.

Marlborough Provincial Championships.

The annual tournament of the Marlborough Lawn Tennis Association was held in Blenheim on March 15, 16, and 18, when there was a record entry for the various events. Fine form was shown by several of the local players, while another gratifying feature was the success of the younger generation. Since the revival of interest in the game consequent upon the holding of the New Zealand championships in Blenheim, fifteen months ago, some of these young players have been giving signs of great promise, and consequently the prospects for the future are excellent. Great praise is due to Mr. S. W. Parker (hon. secretary) and Mr. J. Brock (assistant secretary) for their capable management of the tournament. The two singles championships were won by F. M. B. Fisher (Wellington) and Mrs. Lord (Christchurch). Final results were:—

- Men's Singles.—Fisher v. Dr. Bennett, 7-5, 8-6.
- Men's Doubles.—Fisher and Bennett v. Sharp and Brock, 6-3, 6-1.
- Ladies' Singles.—Mrs. Lord v. Miss Jenkins, 6-2, 6-0.
- Ladies' Doubles.—Misses Ross and Jenkins v. Mrs. Lord and Miss Anderson, 6-2, 6-2.
- Combined Doubles.—Fisher and Miss Anderson v. Sharp and Miss Jenkins, 6-1, 6-4.

General Notes.

Two notable performances in the Men's Pennant Competition (Wellington) this season were recorded by Mitchell and Worboys (Kilbirnie). Of the 24 rubbers in which they took part, this pair won 20 of them, losing one double together, while Mitchell lost only one single and Worboys two. The past season was the third in succession that Mitchell negotiated the matches with but one defeat in the singles.

G. W. Callender, of the Hutt Club, left Wellington by the Wairarapa last Friday for Sydney, en route to England and the Continent for the purpose of pursuing his studies in architecture.

P. A. Delamere, one of the most popular all-round athletes in Wellington and a member of the Victoria College team which won the Shield competition recently has resigned from the public service in order to follow his profession, the law. He has joined a Port Chalmers firm and leaves within the next fortnight to take up his duties. From the professional social, and athletic points of view this young man's removal is a distinct loss to Wellington and he has the best wishes of a host of friends for success in his future career.

The Newtown Championship Singles (men's) has concluded, the following being the results of the out-standing matches:—Semi-final: E. Y. Redward v. E. J. Simpson, 6-1, 6-2. Final: F. H. Morris v. E. Y. Redward, 6-1, 7-5.

R. N. K. Swanton (now 40) defeated E. Laisley (now 15) in the semi-final of the men's handicap singles at Thorndon, the score being 6-3, 2-0, 6-4 (Laisley winning one more game, 15-14). The final between Swanton and J. B. Parker (rec. 15-3-0) has been played, but the result was not ascertainable when the mail left Wellington.

E. Y. Mills (Thorndon), a talented Wellingtonian, left Wellington for Sydney on Friday last to settle in the New South Wales capital. He was a well-known figure in amateur theatricals in Wellington and was a coming young man in the architectural profession.

The final for the men's championship doubles at Brougham Hill was a great match, J. A. B. Howe and H. V. Howe defeating F. Laisley and J. Hunter 6-4, 7-3. Albert Howe's lobbing was unsurpassable. Laisley in despair had to leave that part of the defence entirely to Hunter.

E. Edwards and Miss Hayes put up two fine performances in the combined championship doubles first round, v. C. A. Lawrence and Miss Morgan, 7-5, 6-4; second round v. J. A. B. Howe and Miss Davis, 7-6, 8-6, 6-2.

In the final of the ladies championship doubles Mrs. W. F. Howe and Miss Morgan meet Misses Mack and E. Howe. The former pair defeated Misses Archer and Davis 9-7 after a splendid contest.

THE GAME IN AUCKLAND.

(By FOOTFAULT.)

Fixtures.

INTERPROVINCIAL TOURNEY.—At Auckland, April 6, 8, and 9.
WANGANUI ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP AND HANDICAP TOURNAMENT.—April 5, 6, and 8.
CHAMPIONSHIP AND HANDICAP TOURNAMENT. at Rotorua, April 5, 6, 8 and 9.

Intending competitors at the Rotorua tournament should note that entries close with the hon. secretary, Mr. Algie, on Thursday, March 28.

After a long spell of unseasonable weather tennis enthusiasts were at last rewarded by a beautiful day on Saturday. On all the lawns the club matches were pushed on, and in many instances finals were played.

Messrs. Fee and Longuet, who on Monday week journeyed to Hamilton to meet the proposed Waikato Association, reported the result of the conference to the Auckland Association meeting last week. After a long discussion Messrs. Longuet, Fee, and Martin were appointed a committee to draw up a set of new rules to govern sub-associations. It appears as though there were every prospect of the Waikato people giving up the idea of forming an independent association and joining the local association as a sub-association.

The challenge match between Auckland, winners of the second grade competition, and West End, the lowest team in the first grade, took place on the West End lawns on Saturday. The West Enders proved equal to holding their position in the first grade, but in almost every match the games were well fought out.

Dr. Keith and Quinell proved too solid for Snelling and Goldsmith in both singles and doubles. That consistent pair Milnes and Webster, were again to the fore, winning all three matches in which they competed. The only other win the Aucklanders had was secured by Johns and Andrew, who defeated Smith and Fee after an interesting match.

The West End ladies were successful in all their matches, Misses Gray and Moore showing especially good form.

Owing to both clubs being anxious to push on their own matches, the challenge contest between Onehunga I. and Eden and Epsom III, did not take place on Saturday at the time of writing, no definite date has been fixed.

The Auckland team for the North Island Inter-provincial tourney, put in some solid practice on St. Patrick's Day.

In view of the overcrowding on all the town lawns, would it not be a good idea for the association to look round and see if there is a chance of obtaining a piece of ground where they could lay down courts of their own? A great deal of grumbling, not only by the non-competitors, but by the competitors themselves, has been heard during the past season. The former complain of the lawns being occupied so much that they are deprived of their Saturday afternoon's tennis. The competitors themselves, in many instances, only play on Saturdays, and every other match day they have to travel. At the very best they get two short matches, and if lucky get a set or two in after these are completed. Now, if the Association had, say, 8 or 10 lawns over which they had control on Saturday afternoons, these Inter-club matches could be made longer, and thus do far more to improve the standard of our players, than the short 9 up matches at present in vogue. I think

this matter should receive attention at once, as very soon there will not be any opportunities of getting land within a reasonable distance of town.

JACKIE CLARKE'S REMARKABLE CAREER.

GREAT CONTINENTAL TOUR.

WEST END V. AUCKLAND.
 (West End mentioned first.)
MEN'S SINGLES.
 Dr. Keith, 9, v. Snelling, 6; Quinell, 9, v. Goldsmith, 3; Upton, 8, beat Webster, 9; Oliphant, 4, v. Milnes, 9.

MEN'S DOUBLES.
 Keith and Quinell, 9, v. Goldsmith and Snelling, 7; Upton and Oliphant, 6, v. Milnes and Webster, 9; Smith and Fee, 6, v. Andrew and Johns, 9.

LADIES' SINGLES.
 Miss Gray, 7, v. Miss Cooke, 5; Miss Moore, 7, v. Miss Woodroffe, 4.

LADIES' DOUBLES.
 Misses Gray and Moore, 7, v. Misses Woodroffe and Cooke, 5; Miss Patterson and Mrs. Earle, 7, v. Miss Calvert and Miss Martin, 6.

COMBINED DOUBLES.
 Mrs. Earle and Smith, 7, v. Mrs. Martin and Andrew, 9; Miss Patterson and Fee, 7, v. Miss Calvert and Johns, 4.
 West End won by 9 matches to 4-95 games to 78.

Owing to both clubs being anxious to push on their own tournament matches, the challenge contest between Onehunga I. and Eden and Epsom III did not take place on Saturday last. No definite date has so far been arranged.

SECONDARY SCHOOLS MATCHES.
 The secondary schools championships, under the supervision of Messrs. F. J. Olsson and A. L. Sheppard, were continued this morning. Results were as follows:—

GIRLS' DOUBLES.
 Final.—Misses Moses and Latimer (Grammar School) beat Misses McFarlane and Graham (Miss Bew's College), 6-1, 6-4.

GIRLS' SINGLES.
 Semi-final.—Miss Wright (Miss Bew's College) beat Miss Latimer (Grammar School), 6-3, 6-2.
 Misses Wright and McFarlane will play off the final at the Eden and Epsom ground next Tuesday.
 The final of the Boys' Doubles, between Touks and Duthie (King's College) and Olsson and Blundell (Grammar School) will be played on Monday afternoon on the Remuera green.

THIS CROWDED AGE.

This, says a United States paper, has been found on the wall of a deserted shanty in the heart of Dakota:—"Fore miles from a habber; sixteen miles from a post office; twenty-five miles from a railroad; a hundred and atey frum timber; half a mile frum watter. Heaven bless our home. We're going East to get a fresh start."



A Housemaid

or housewife in the Old Country who takes a pride in household cleanliness always uses HUDSON'S SOAP. In the households of the New Country this efficient cleanser will also be found invaluable. It gives a ready lather and a pleasing result. Use it for Tables, Floors, Paintwork, Glassware, Enamel, and for Washing up after every meal.

Hudson's Soap

In Packets.

"All was smooth sailing for the time being, and I was matched to race Dupre, who at that time was the world's champion, for a distance of 2000 metres (approximately one-third of a mile), best two out of three heats. This style of racing required wonderful head work. The riders continued juking each other to put their opponents in an awkward position. Anyhow, Dupre won, but I profited by experience, and commenced to learn the requirements of this particular style of speeding.

"I was again matched with Dupre to race on the following Sunday, and this time the tables were turned. To the utter amazement of the bicycle experts of Paris, I won, and won decisively. My match-racing career now began in earnest. I defeated the Continental champions one after another with clock-like regularity. After Dupre came Van Denborn, who was the champion of Belgium, and no small fry in that part of the world. I beat him in two straight heats. The next sufferer was Ellgard, who has held several world's championships, and who won the world's championship again this year. Then followed Mayer, champion of Germany, and Rit. and Pontius. The match with the latter afforded great excitement. Pontius came specially over from Germany to race, as it was up to somebody to redeem the reputation of the Continental riders. He was, as you might say, the last straw. Pontius was not bashful, and he openly declared, to use an American expression, that he would make me look like 30 cents. The night of this match-race there was an immense crowd of people present, and the first heat was won by Pontius. The Frenchmen, wild with excitement, saw victory of the championship still being retained on their side of the water. Pontius received a wonderful ovation on his appearance on the track for a second heat. I don't think they have yet recovered from the blow, and they cannot quite understand how I won the second and third heats.

"I had now defeated every champion in Europe, and it goes without saying that this was a performance unrivalled in the history of cycling.

After conquering all in France, Belgium, and Italy, Clarke went to Germany. The German riders claimed that on their own ground they would reverse things. To the utter amazement of Clarke on his arrival at Berlin there were some 6000 to 7000 people on the station. Clarke was asking M-Fairlane, his manager, where the Emperor was. He was very much surprised on being told that the crowd was there to see him, as his reputation had preceded him from Paris. The Berlin racing was a repetition of the Paris successes, only, as a matter of fact, he was even more successful in Germany. Besides winning other match races he defeated all the local champions, and won the Grand Prize of Berlin. For this performance he was complimented by the Crown Prince of Germany, and presented with a pair of diamond cuff links by the Princess. This prize he still possesses. Clarke while in Germany competed in five match races and many other events, and was never once defeated, another performance which will stand as a record for some considerable time.

As the time was drawing near for the American racing season Clarke had to turn down numerous offers of visiting Russia, Austria, and Italy, and set sail with manager M-Fairlane for America after one of the most successful and sensational racing seasons ever enjoyed by a foreign champion. Australia will be pleased to know that he left a name exceeded by none for fairness, and was tremendously popular with all the crowds before whom he performed. In appearance money and prize money Clarke won over £2000 for his four months' campaign on the Continent.

MEMORIES OF FAMOUS JOCKEYS.

ARCHER'S "DEMON RUSH"

"Bend Or's Derby was my greatest race," remarked Fred Archer a few months before a revolver shot put a tragic end to his brilliant career in the pigskin.

Indeed, no one who saw that historic race can ever forget the thrill of it. At the bell, Robert the Devil held such a commanding lead that it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could rob him of it. "Bend Or's beaten!" The cry rose from ten thousand throats. Then the miracle happened. Rositer, now sure of victory, turned in the saddle to glance back at his beaten rival. That glance was his undoing. Archer saw his chance, came up with that "demon rush" of his, and amid a delirium of frantic cheers, snatched the verdict by a short neck. Life holds but few such moments as this!

George Fordham, one of the greatest jockeys of all time, confessed that he had three golden days in his calendar. One when, on the outsider Sabinus, he won the Cambridgeshire by a head, and put £2,000 in his pocket; the second, when he won what everybody considered a hopeless race for the Two Thousand on Petronel; and, greatest day of the trio, when he captured the "Blue Riband" on Sir Bevis at 20 to 1, after waiting nearly 30 years for this crowning gooderun.

BOY DERBY WINNER.

Harry Custance, the third of this famous trio, always declared that the race that gave him the greatest pleasure was his first Derby, won when he was still in his teens. It was the purest accident that he rode at all. Mr. Morry, owner of Thormanby, the favorite, had sent all the way to Poland for John Sharp to ride his horse. Sharp travelled 2,000 miles to Epsom post-haste, only to be told by Mr. Morry that he had changed his mind. The lad Custance, who knew the horse so well, was to wear his colours; and when Thormanby entered past the post an easy winner, and his jockey pocketed a £1,000 fee, Custance was in no mood to envy any King.

Tom Cannon, one of the finest horsemen who ever drew breath, had many such days in his calendar, for he swept the turf-board of all its prizes; but the victories that pleased him most were those of Enthusiast, in the Two Thousand; Thurio, in the Grand Prix (which, by the way, he won five times); and Economy, in the Manchester Cup—all won under sensational conditions by superb jockeyship.

"Morry" Cannon, clever son of a clever father, has confessed that the

BILLIARDS.

THE MASSE-STROKE.

(By AN EXPERT.)

The countless variations of the usual in billiard strokes only serve to place the attractiveness of the unusual in a brighter setting. One may admire the high velocity of the forcing shots, the tender touches applied to the close cannon and top-of-the-table movements, or the generalities of medium-pace effects in the customary run of the breaks. These things form the tools of the billiard workman who has no pretence to handle the many ornamentalities which his trade yet owns. Fifteen years ago the masse shot was comparatively unknown in England. The use—or misuse—of the "push" at covered positions of the cue-ball kept it apart from the six-pocket table, and familiar only to the American and Continental strict cannon form of game. But when the "push" stroke was declared null and void (the greatest service which the Billiard Association has rendered to billiards), the turn of the masse shot came. Its manifest good qualities gradually overcame the conservative tendencies which still lingered in favour of the "odious push"—to the betterment of English billiards and the greater efficiency of its chief exponents.

PHYSICAL ADVANTAGES OF THE MASSE.

In the cult of the masse the personal factor counts for much. The taller run of players derive an advantage in the execution of this class of stroke by reason of the height to which they can conveniently raise the cue while keeping the cue-ball right under their eyes. The medium-height—5ft. 6in. to 5ft. 8in.—group of professional experts comprises the most effective scoring forces now known to the game. Most can claim considerable ability—with Stevenson and Reece demanding special attention—in transmitting the whirly-curly masse effect to their cue balls. But the extra inches owned by George Gray, the young Australian, enable him to give a display of masse strokes that have proved especially gratifying to the spectators attending the matches he takes part in. A concluding exhibition of fancy-stroke play holds all the most satisfying morsels among the masse touches. Good as young Gray has proved himself to be, and smart as the majority of his contemporaries are in the same direction, none have yet shown quite the same command over a massed ball as the ex-amateur cham-

best of all the horses he has ridden to victory was Flying Fox; and his proudest moment was when the Duke of Westminster's famous racer won the Derby of 1899 for him, after he had the mortification of being "placed," and only just missing the Blue Riband on eight occasions.

WON BY A NECK.

John Watt's most glorious hour was when Persimmon, in gallant response to his urging, crept up inch by inch to St. Frusquin, and after one of the closest struggles ever witnessed, just got his head in front and won the Derby of 1896 by a neck, amid such a storm of cheering as Epsom had never heard.

"The scene which followed," says Thormanby, "defies description. The vast crowd seemed suddenly to have gone mad. Hats were thrown into the air, handkerchiefs, sticks, and umbrellas were frantically waved, and three hundred thousand throats shook the air with the vibration of their stentorian cheers."

Charles Wood's most thrilling moment was in the Derby of 1884, when he ran that memorable and exciting dead-heat on St. Gation with Harvester; and O. Macdon's, when on Jeddah, the despised outsider, who started at odds of 100 to 1 against, he showed a clean pair of heels to seventeen rivals, and won the most sensational Derby on record—that of 1899.

But every jockey of any note has had those "crowded moments of glorious life." Tom Loxton, when he steered Donovan and Dinglass to victory at Epsom; his brother, Sam, when he won Lord Rosebery's second Derby in 1895 on Sir Visto; and J. Reiff and W. Butlock, when they secured their first victories on rank outsiders, which started at odds of 100 to 8 and 1, respectively. After all, his first Derby must always be the crown of an English jockey's life; and whatever he may say, he can know no prouder day than that which chronicles it.

pion, M. A. Lovejoy, getter known, perhaps as the discoverer of the craze cannot a few seasons back.

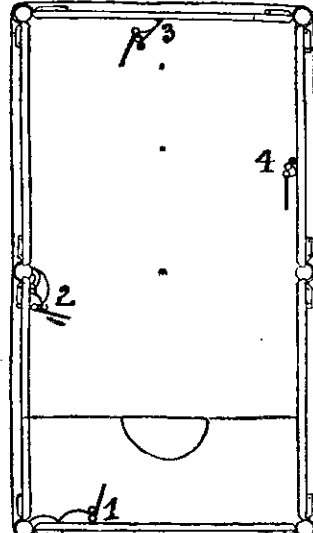
A "SCREW" SHOT IN DISGUISE.

Standing a full 6ft. in height, Lovejoy, has, by reason both of a lengthy reach and an overlooking standpoint to his ball, cultivated the masse to excellent purpose. He has availed himself of his natural gifts to show more of the pos-

than the fingers, and with greater dexterity.

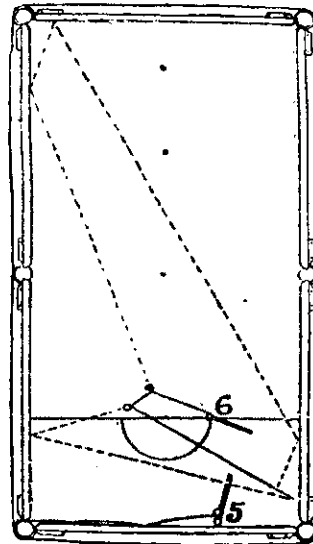
SIX ENTERTAINING STROKES.

Taking the strokes shown on the diagrams in their numbered order, No. 1 presents a losing hazard into a corner pocket, entered after the cue-ball has once struck the cushion en route. Stroke 2 is of a threefold character. Lovejoy's control over his ball is such as to enable him to send it into the middle pocket direct or by one or two cushion contacts. Stroke 3 shows a masse back from the cushion, giving the cue-ball the line to cannon upon the object-balls. Stroke 4 again indicates a cushion-cannon, whereat the player's ball is given a new line of approach by a neat masse effort. Stroke 5 describes a losing hazard, played some three-fourths the length of the bank-end cushion, in which the cue-ball twice strikes to line of the cushion before arriving at the pocket opening. Stroke 6 is not of the masse order. It is fantasy pure and simple, holding, however, a certain measure of instructiveness. The run of the cue-ball can be traced by the continuous line extending to the two object-balls, and back to the side-cushion. This is brought about by the use of strong "screw" and a thinish contact on the first object-ball, which leaves the "screw" or "back-spin" unimpaired, and free to exert its full force when the second object-ball is met. The result is a spectacular displacement of all three balls, leading to their gathering together near the right bank-pocket.



Some extraordinary masse shots which the ex-amateur champion, W. A. Lovejoy, specialises in.

sibilities attaching to this by no means perfected stroke than any other English billiard player has so far contrived to do. The manner in which he has contrived to make the cushion-rail an accessory to the accomplishment of some most exceptional losing hazards is represented upon the two diagrams shown herewith. But the rigid lines describing these pay scant justice to the circumlocutory action of the cue-ball in delivering the ideas of its striker. The combination of "back-spin" and "side" brought into play by striking the ball with a descending cue-point and at a tangent induces a swerving effect of the now well-known nature. A great amateur authority (Mr. R. H. Rimington-Wilson) once described the masse as a member of the "screw" stroke family. This description lacked nothing in correctness nor imagination. It is a "screw" in very close disguise, to be best compared with the swerving-ball demonstrations the hand-stroke performers give. The squeezing of the ball between the cue-tip and the bed of the table is equivalent to the pressure it receives from the thumb and second finger of the hand-stroke player. And a pre-



Two further Lovejoy examples of stroke possibilities.

cisely similar development occurs in either case. But the cue can do more

Australia's Mammals.

The mammals of Australia are very unlike those of any other part of the world, consisting chiefly as they do of marsupials, which, with the exception of the Dipelphidae (Opossums) and the Caenolestidae (small rat-like creatures of South America), exist only in the Australasian region. The only mammals not marsupials, found in Australia, are the dingo, a few bats and rodents, and aquatic creatures such as the seals and whales. The term marsupial has been applied to animals possessing pouches, although in some instances this is not too well-developed. The young of all the marsupials are born in a very rudimentary condition, absolutely helpless in fact. They have to be transferred to the pouch by the female, attached to the nipple in the pouch, and the milk pumped into them by the contraction of the muscles overlaying the mammary gland.

The best known of the marsupials are of course the kangaroos, characterised by the great development of the hind limbs as compared with the fore. The true kangaroos vary in size from quite tiny creatures up to the great grey kangaroo, which may measure over five ft. from the nose to the root of the tail, while the latter appendage itself measures almost as much. The tail is used to balance the creature when sitting in an upright position, and as an aid to slow progression. When feeding and moving slowly both the fore legs and the tail are brought into use, serving to support the body while the hind legs are brought forward, but when moving fast the fore legs are not used at all, and the tail does little but touch the ground between the huge jumps. Kangaroos feed entirely upon grass, herbs, and other vegetable matter. In their native state they congregate in droves, and like sheep appear to choose a leader which they follow.

A Joke on the Jokers.

One finds a queer admixture of pathos and humour in obscure corners of the Yankee Press at times. Such is the story of six Ohio navvies who thought to play a brutal old joke on the pet dog of one of their number. With almost inconceivable callousness they tied a stick of dynamite to the creature's tail and ran away, expecting to see the dog scamper away and get blown to pieces. But they miscalculated the nature of the poor brute, probably judging it by their own standard. The affectionate cur ran after its brutal master. They dashed into a shed and slammed the door to, but it crawled in after them under the door. As they tried to scramble out, the dynamite exploded. Shed and dog were blown to smithereens, and all the jokers were seriously injured. There should be a statue erected to the memory of that dog.

The Chess Board.

All communications to be addressed to "Chess," 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).

The Y.M.C.A. Chess Club meets on Friday evenings.

The Hamilton Chess Club meets in the Public Library, Hamilton, every Friday evening at 7.30.

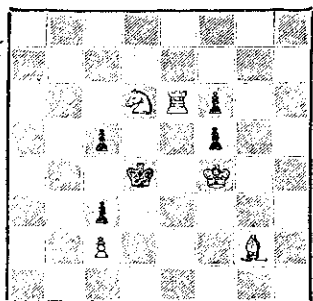
Hon. Secretaries of Chess Clubs are invited to furnish items of Club news. Unpublished games, containing special features, notes of critical positions occurring in actual play, and original problems (with diagram and analysis) are always acceptable.

To Correspondents.

D.P. (Kilbirnie).—Solutions of 139 and 140 are correct.

Problem No. 141.

By Koltz and Kockelkorn. (Selected.) Black—5 Pieces.



White—Five Pieces.

White—5 Pieces.

8: 8: 3SR2: 2p2p: 3k1K2: 2p5: 2P3B1: 8. White to play and mate in three moves.

Petroff's Defence.

From a match in Glasgow.

Score and Notes from the "Daily News."

White.	Black.
P. Wenman.	J. R. Draper.
1 P—K4	P—K4
2 Kt—KB3	Kt—KB3
3 KtP	P—Q3
4 Kt—KB3	KtP
5 P—Q4	P—Q4
6 B—Q3	B—Q3
7 Castles	Castles
8 P—B4	B—Kt5(a)
9 Kt—B3	P—KB4(b)
10 KtP	P—QB3
11 Kt—B3	Q—K1
12 P—KR3	Q—R4(c)
13 PxB	PxP
14 Kt—K5(d)	KtKt
15 PxB	BxB
16 PxB	Kt—Q2

[4k1: 1p1s2pp: 2p5: 4P2q: 2P3B1: 2PB4: P4P1: R1BQ1R1K1]

17 P—B4(e)	Q—R5
18 B—K4	P—Kt6
19 R—K1	KtP
20 B—B3	KtBeh(f)
21 QxKt	Q—R7ch
22 K—B1	Q—R8ch
23 K—K2	QR—K1ch
24 B—K3	Q—R3
25 R—KB1	Q—K3
26 QxKtP	QxPch
27 K—B2	R—B3
28 B—Q4	R—K7h
29 K—K1	R—Kt3
30 Q—B3(g)	R(K7)xBch
31 QxR	RxBch
32 KxR	Q—K7ch
33 R—B2	Q—K8ch
34 K—R2	Q—B4
35 R—K1	Q—R4ch
36 K—K1	R—B2
37 R—K1	P—KK1
38 R—K5	Q—Q8h
39 K—R2	Q—K1B
40 R—K2	Q—Q8
41 R(B2)—K2	Resigns(h)

(a) One of Marshall's ideas. If White plays PxB, Black proceeds P—KB4, with a promising attack. (b) Very bold. (c) More enterprise. (d) If 14 KtKt, PxBt; 15 Kt—Kt3, BxBt; 16 PxB, P—K7ch wins.

(e) White, though a piece up, and with some few moves to arrange his defence, is in difficulties. 17 BxPch will do, because of KxB; 18 QxKt, QR—Q1; 19 QxKtP, P—Kt6; 20 PxB, RxBch; 21 KxR, R—Q8ch, and should win. Perhaps the best is 17 B—B4 (giving up the useless bishop to draw away the rook), RxB; 18 BxPch, KxB; 19 QxKt, etc.

(f) A mistake. QR—Q1 wins; for if 21Q—B2, Q—R7ch; 22 K—B1, KtxB, etc.

(g) White gets more than sufficient for his Queen.

(h) White threatens mate in three by R—K7ch, etc. If P—Kt4; 42 P—B5, K—B3; 43 R—Q8ch, etc.

Queen's Gambit Declined.

A brilliant little game played at Munich, Score and notes from the same source.

White.	Black.
Dr. Hartlaub.	Dr. Denary.
1 P—Q4	P—Q4
2 P—QB4	P—K3
3 Kt—KB3	P—QB4
4 P—K3	Kt—QB3
5 Kt—B3	Kt—B3
6 P—QR3	B—Q3
7 PxBP	BxP
8 P—QKt4	B—Q3
9 B—Kt2	Castles(a)
10 Q—B2	PxBP(b)
11 Kt—KK5	P—KKt3(c)
12 Castles QR	Q—K2
13 RxB	P—KR3(d)
14 P—KR4	PxKt
15 PxB	Kt—KR4
16 RxBt(e)	PxR
17 Kt—Q5	PxKt
18 R—Kt6ch	PxK
19 QxPch	Resigns.

(a) Castling might have been deferred. P—QR3, and if 10. B—Q3, PxB; 11. BxP, P—QKt4; 12. B—Q3, B—Kt3, is suggested.

(b) A weak move giving White just the attacking chance he desired.

(c) White threatens Kt—Q5, and if PxBt, BxBt. If 11. P—KR3, 12.—PKR4, etc.

(d) QxR is probably best, as after 14. Kt—K4, KtKt; 15. KtKt, Q—Q1 White can make little of the check and discovered check with the Knight. A beautiful variation commencing 16. B—B8 is quoted in Tidskrift fur Schaek, but its soundness is questionable.

(e) The double sacrifice of Rooks is particularly charming. Of course if now QxR, 17. Kt—Q5 wins.

The Yorkshire Observer says that there is very little likelihood that the proposed match between Lasker and Capablanca for the championship of the world will come about just yet. The conditions laid down by Lasker were, as was fully expected, taken exception to in several particulars by Capablanca, who objects principally to the altogether unprecedented time limit, of twelve moves per hour; to the sole property in the game being invested in Lasker; to the requirement that he alone shall be subject to the forfeiture of a heavy deposit should the match not be played out, and to the condition that, under certain circumstances Lasker, though losing the match, shall still retain the championship. All these objections must, we think, strike the impartial onlooker as reasonable, but Dr. Lasker's reply is uncompromising, and to put it mildly, not very tactful. "What I have said I have said" is the substance of his rejoinder, and he intimates pretty plainly that he considers it presumption on the part of Capablanca, "a young man, with a short career, whose record is one match won, and one first prize," to seek to negotiate on equal terms with one who has held the championship of the world for twenty years.

In the Abazia Gambit Tourney it was found necessary to limit the competitors to ten. The management has been entrusted to Herr Marco and a novel arrangement has been introduced by which all the players directly represent chess clubs or associations by whom their expenses are defrayed. The entries are as follows:—Dr. Perlia, Vienna C.C.; H. Duras, Bohemian C.C.; E. Szekely, Hungarian C.A.; R. Spielman, Munich C.C.; E. Cohn, Berlin C.C.; V. Freymann, St. Petersburg C.C.; Flamberg, Warsaw C.C.; Nicholm, Scandinavian C.C.; and Leonhardt, Hamburg C.A.

The Students' Corner.

(For inexperienced players.)

POSITION No. 14.

White (3 pieces)—K at K4, P at KB4, P at KKt5. Black (2 pieces)—K at K3, P at K Kt 3.

Forayth Notation:—8; 8; 4k1p1; 6P1; 4K2P; 8; 8; 8.

White to move, Black to draw. Black to move, White to win.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 12.

1. K—Kt5
2. P queens ch (a)
3. K—B0, and wins.

A waiting move here would have been useless as the King could not next advance to B6 without stalemating Black.—From Blake's "Chess Endings for Beginners."

Solution of Problem No. 139.

(Norlia).

1. K—R7.

"Holes in the Air."

The numerous fatal accidents which have occurred in aeroplane work, and which have involved the most skillful navigators of the air (says a writer in the "Scientific American") lead one to look for some cause which is not allowed for or fully appreciated. We hear of "holes in the air" and such expressions, which are very indefinite and more or less illogical. In thinking over this matter, the writer concludes that the fatal conditions are substantially two, and they are conditions which may overtake the most skilled and leave him entirely unprepared and entirely helpless. One of these is the "following gust," and the other is the "slackening head wind." Let an aviator be flying in comparatively still air, in which his speed of progress with respect to the air around him is, say, thirty miles an hour; now let the air back of him, as a "following gust," suddenly increase to a speed equalling his own, and let this increase take place in a period of time which is too short for his machine to accelerate, or let the increase be of such a character that, in spite of what little acceleration he gains, the "following gust" overtakes him and leaves him in still air relatively to the machine—that is, the machine and the air in which he is immersed are moving forward at the same rate. At this moment all control apparatus fail—vertical rudders, horizontal rudders, ailerons, everything, even the main planes, fail to have an effect—and the aeroplane is just like a kite in the air with the string cut, liable to plunge in any direction to earth, without the possibility of help or assistance from any of the devices provided. Fortunate the aviator is if, before the aeroplane is much disturbed, the conditions change so that he has a speed relative to the air. This may save him; but if the conditions occur to a degree or for a time which prevent his righting himself, a confused action of the machine and a fall is inevitable. The other dangerous condition is that of a head wind which is holding the aviator back, and which head wind suddenly has a flaw, or ceases; instead of being an acceleration of wind back of him, it is a retardation of the wind velocity ahead of him. This, again, will leave him with insufficient forward motion of his machine and in a condition of instability, as in the other case, which is only to be recovered by his acceleration or by the retardation of the wind within a short period. Should the condition of his lack of relative motion with respect to the air around him, which is in both cases the secret of the trouble, exist for a time, he is helpless.

German Business Methods.

In an interesting article on the "German at Home" in the "World's Work," Mr. J. H. Collins remarks that the German business man works abominably long hours. He and his clerks are on hand at eight in the morning after a cup of coffee at home.

At 9.30 everybody stops fifteen minutes to eat a bit of bread and butter, brought in the pocket. At noon, two hours are allowed to go back home for

a hearty dinner. In the afternoon an other stop for tea or coffee, after which everybody works through till eight in the evening; so that the German business people are catching trains for home and supper about the time English people are going to the theatre.

"Even in retail shops and factories, the pause, or 'powza,' as it is pronounced in German, is rigidly observed. Workmen stop in the morning and afternoon for bread and beer, served from their canteens, and every retail shop, large or small, has a place where clerks can warm and eat food. At noon, many of the employes find time for a nap at home, and the 'boss' almost invariably takes a snooze of an hour or so on the sofa, which is a fixture in every private office. This habit is so ingrained that in many cases, especially outside of Berlin, business men will halt a transaction at the sacred dinner-hour, to resume after they have eaten and slept."

"The German has a vast assortment of quaint beliefs about his stomach. Food must be put into it cautiously six or more times a day, and his strict ideas as to what may be done to the stomach and what may not lead him to condemn our three simple meals. His stomach guides him in selecting a wife, and its general state after marriage is the latter's rating of efficiency. Stomach governs German business ways, too; for, just as he and his staff are getting on with the day's work under a good head of steam, the whole machine is stopped for a 'powza' and laboriously steamed up again after each snack, with the outcome that no more real work is done, usually, than in our shorter day."

"Five years after a German clerk is hired he will appear before his employer, click his heels together, bow deeply, and call attention to the fact that he has been there five years. Does he expect an increase of salary? Not at all! This is merely the German respect for length of service. By doing so, he politely intimates that he thinks he must be of some use around the place or he wouldn't be there. At the end of ten years, fifteen years, and twenty years, the same reminder is given; until, when the twenty-fifth anniversary comes round, the boss is looked to for a handsome jubilee dinner."

THE PLAYS THE THING.

A letter of introduction was handed by an actor to a manager which described the presenter as an actor of much merit, and concluded: "He plays Macbeth, Richeieu, Hamlet, Shylock, and billiards. He plays billiards best."

THE LIMIT.

"Was it a very bad play, then?" he asked. "Bad?" she replied. "Why, my dear boy, even the lights went out at the end of the second act."

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An Intimate Glimpse of the Court Life of Italy.

Continued from page 2.

ous Naples artist, Kasevero, was her master in technical drawing, and he encouraged her to undertake portraiture also. The sketches of her children are particularly good and delight the King, for whom they are often a Christmas or birthday present. Several attempts have been made to induce the Queen to lend her work to public exhibitions, but she has hitherto refused to entertain the idea.

She is less exclusive with regard to her verses. Most of these appear from time to time in Russian literary magazines. Horror of the spectre of war, with which she was too familiar in childhood, has inspired her finest allegorical poems. This daughter of a race of heroes has shown, nevertheless, on manifold occasions that she possesses her father's fearlessness and self-reliance. Her devoted help to the sufferers of the earthquake disaster in Messina is still fresh in everybody's mind, but many traits of courage and presence of mind remain to be told by her intimates.

The Queen is an excellent shot, having often accompanied her father and brothers to the chase in Montenegro. She delights in going on hunting expo-

lentless towards the slightest infraction of obedience that the Prince constantly trembled in his presence.

"The cobler who neglects to learn his trade is a donkey," said the General, "and a Prince is no better."

Prince Victor's teachers were warned not to lift a book or pencil that had fallen on the floor during the lesson, nor to serve their pupil in any way, but rather to let themselves be served by him. According to Dr. Luigi Moranda, his Professor of Literature, they stood as much in awe of Ossia as the Prince himself. Many were of opinion that the Draconian system to which he was subjected was out of place when dealing with such a highly-strung temperament.

"I did not grudge the bodily hardships," said the Prince once, "such as being roused to ride on a chill, misty morning when I already suffered from a heavy cold; but the public blame and the long hours of enforced inaction inflicted as penance for some slight negligence in the fulfilment of my tasks—these weighed heavily on my heart."

Prince Victor was extremely sensitive. When his Latin exercises were torn up, and he was ordered to re-write them, he first put the shreds carefully away, lest his disgrace should become known to the servants. He was also ambitious and resented his mother's successful rivalry in the studies they undertook together. Queen Margaret began to learn Latin at the same time as her son, and

"Ifs" That Changed History.

By Albert Payson Trehune.

The greatest events of history have often hung upon some small happening that at the time seemed to be of no importance.

A word unspoken, a simple message misquoted, a chance that led a man to follow one road instead of another—on these petty things the fate of the whole world has hung.

If some minor—often absurd—thing had or had not happened at a critical time the history of the nations and the map of the earth would have been altered.

IF COLUMBUS HAD NOT TURNED ASIDE FOR A NIGHT'S LODGING.

Late one autumn afternoon in 1491, two footsore, tired travellers plodded along the high road leading from Seville to Spain's Portuguese frontier. One of the two was a mere lad. The other was a grizzled, ill-clad man of 55. The grizzled man was Christopher Columbus, a Genoese mariner. His few friends charitably called him a failure. The rest of the world laughed at him as a harmless lunatic.

Columbus had knocked about Europe sailing many seas, picking up a living sometimes as a soldier of fortune, sometimes as a mechanic. In nothing had he scored a real success. Wool comber, book peddler, merchant, captain, pirate, fighter, his voyages had carried him far afield and taught him many strange and seemingly useless things.

"Wherever ships have sailed," he once wrote, "there have I journeyed."

In the course of his wanderings in Scandinavian waters he heard from Norse sailors the old tale of Leif Ericson's voyage to a wonderful westward land. The story excited the interest and envy of the man who hitherto had liked to boast that he had journeyed to every spot on earth "wherever ship has sailed." Columbus had read the books he sold, especially those dealing with science. And at length he had worked out the strange theory that made his fellows brand him insane.

A DREAMER'S STRANGE PLAN.

His idea in brief, was this: That the world was not a vast flat plain with somewhere a "jumping off place," as most folk of his day thought. He believed that the earth was round and that by sailing west, one might reach the east and at last come back to the point whence he had started. His main idea was right; but he distorted it weirdly. For instance, he thought the world far smaller than it really is, and he was certain that the westward land found by Leif Ericson must be India.

India was in those times supposed to be a treasure country. It could be reached from Europe only by a fearfully long tedious, dangerous voyage. If, by sailing west instead of east, he could come upon a shorter route to the far side of India, Columbus believed he would be opening to Europe a vista of boundless wealth. Lucky the country that could claim possession of India's treasures by dint of such a discovery.

Full of his new and distorted theory, Columbus laid the scheme before one European monarch after another, begging for a fleet to carry out the experiment. Everywhere his entreaty was refused. To each he offered the gift of a world. Each threw away the golden prospect. The King of Portugal, to whom he applied, laughed at him. But

when Columbus' back was turned, the king secretly sent out a ship along the route the discoverer had described. The vessel was driven back by a storm, and Portugal lost for ever her chance for world's greatness.

To the Spanish court Columbus went. The King and Queen Ferdinand and Isabella, put him off with evasive answers, not really believing in his plan, yet reluctant to have it taken up by some other nation than Spain. At last, after years of poverty and waiting, Columbus was turned away. The wise men of the Spanish court had gravely decided that the world could not possibly be round; as in that case all the people on the bottom of it would fall off into space. As the world was not round no one could reach India by sailing west. So with the contempt that greets a dreamer Columbus was dismissed.

With his son, Diego, the luckless man started for the frontier. Penniless, hopeless, worn out by failure, he longed to put Spain behind him. It was his poverty and his fatigue that led Columbus, at sunset, to turn aside from the highroad toward the hillside monastery of La Rabida, instead of keeping on to the nearest town.

THE LONG ARM OF CHANCE.

The monks he knew would grant him a night's lodging. His weariness urged him to break his journey there. It was a matter of the merest chance—a tiny chance that was the turning point of his life.

If Columbus had gone on America might, for centuries longer, have awaited its discovery. The name "Christopher Columbus" would have been forgotten. Another nation in another age would have claimed the New World and would have moulded America's history along other lines. On that one "if" hangs the whole story of modern progress.

Columbus entered the monastery of La Rabida. The prior, Juan Perly de Marchena, welcomed him and listened with keen interest to a recital of his marvellous scheme. The prior was a trusted friend of Queen Isabella. Becoming convinced that Columbus' theory was correct, he interested the queen in the project. Isabella backed the desperate enterprise—and America was reached.

To the day of his death, by the way, Columbus had no knowledge that he had discovered the Western Hemisphere. He died believing he had merely opened a new route to India.

"Si non vero," etc.

English judges seem to have suddenly arrived at the conclusion that humour is a necessary feature of modern judicial administration. I was told a very good story the other day concerning a pompous gentleman who had been robbed in one of our courts of law (relates a writer in an English weekly). "Yes, sir, robbed!" And he cried out it was disgraceful that one couldn't remain in an English court of justice for half an hour without being robbed under the very eyes of the law. At length the attention of the judge was directed to the raging gentleman. "What is it that is disturbing you?" he asked. "It's an outrage, sir!" fumed the other. "My overcoat has been stolen since I entered this court." "Oh, tut-tut! That's a mere trifle," said the judge, with a pleasant smile. "Why, whole suits are lost here every day!" The pompous one was almost immediately afterwards arrested for using profane language in public.

Almost Good Enough to Be True.

An officer of one of the North German Lloyd liners trading to New York tells a sensational story of what was going to happen to that well-known shipping concern had it allowed itself to become absorbed by the English steamship companies controlled by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. A proposal for an amalgamation of this kind was made, and the Kaiser, hearing of it, became very angry, and admonished the company's managing director. The latter promptly assured the Emperor that the company had not the least intention of parting with its fleet. "That is good!" said the Kaiser, adding, "Before I allowed a German steamship company to be bought by an English or any other foreign concern I would order the navy to sink every ship the company owned."



A BRAVE CONSORT.

The Queen of Italy, who threw herself in front of the King to save him from the assassin's bullet.

ditions with her husband, and supports the fatigues and privations of a day in the woods better than many male members of the suite. She has also more resourcefulness, as was proved in a memorable trip through the forest of Parziano, when the party got wet some miles from the nearest place of shelter.

At the Queen's initiative they set about kindling a fire of bracken, and soon had a comforting blaze, around which they all gathered. But one of the company approached too near, and his clothes became suddenly a mass of flames. Queen Helena was the first to rush to his aid, and extinguished the fire by enveloping the incautious victim in the folds of her wrap. In doing so she got some severe burns on her hands, but nobody are the Queen's sterling qualities more appreciated than by her husband. Her fresh, undaunted spirit, and her sound judgment reinvigorated him after those moments of lassitude inevitable from the dreary round of presiding over business of State.

King Victor suffers from the restricted role assigned to him in the guidance of Italian politics. He is well versed and deeply interested in all questions of the day without power to voice his opinions or try to influence the trend of legislation. King Victor was carefully taught and trained. He often expressed his obligations to the stern mentor of his youthful days, but nevertheless he does not follow the same severe discipline in dealing with his own son. General Ossia, his first tutor, was so re-

made rapid progress; but, as he took care to point out, she was not obliged to work at mathematics, and this explained why she made more headway. Only when she acknowledged that it was unfair to judge them from the same standpoint was the boy satisfied.

King Victor is not poor, as kings go, but his expenses surpass in proportion to his income those of any other Sovereign. When the small Italian States were incorporated with Modern Italy, the Government took over the various royal residences and made a present of them to the ruler of United Italy. They are a weighty burden on his purse, while being practically useless. He cannot possibly inhabit them all—they are ever twenty in number—and he is obliged to maintain them in proper condition. Moreover, the present King has not yet paid off the debts of his grandfather, Victor Emmanuel I. His private fortune amounts to no more than £300,000, and his Civil List is £600,000. Both he and the Queen are frugal and anxious to keep their expenditure within lawful bounds. Their economy, however, never takes a selfish form, as can be seen by the following:—

King Victor declines to dismiss a single one of the two hundred men employed, more by tradition than necessity, on his Alpine preserves, whereas he forbore to compete with Mr. Pierpont Morgan for the Strözel collection of gold coins he had long coveted. The Sovereign of Italy, who is so keen a numismat, could not afford £200 to

gratify his hobby! Luckily, a Sicilian gentleman, Baron Pennisi, outbid the American financier and kept the treasure at home. The King intends to leave his "corpus nummorum italicorum" to the Italian nation. The extent of this famous collection may be judged by the fact that it contains specimens of no fewer than 250 mints, all of which worked until the eighth century. Among the most treasured are 3500 coins of the House of Savoy. Queen Helena has furnished a good number of old Slav coins to her husband's collection and has worked with him on the catalogues, for the greater exactitude of which the assistance of all private and public collectors is invited.

Music and Drama.

By BAYBUTH.

BOOKINGS.

(Dates subject to alteration.)

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Now Playing—Marlow Dramatic Company.
June 24 to July 6—Pantomime.
July 22 to August 3—"The Blue Bird."
September 20 to October 12—Oscar Asche,
Lily Brayton.

WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE.

April 27 to May 18—Marlow Dramatic Co.
May 25 to 28—"Everywoman" Co.
July 17 to 20—J. C. Williamson, Ltd., Pan-
tomime Co.
August 14 to 27—"The Blue Bird" Co.
September 23 to October 2—Flimmer Don-
niston Company
October 19 to November 2—Oscar Asche-
Lily Brayton Co.
November 5—"Ben Hur" Co.

Puccini's Italian-American Opera.

UCH curiosity was felt in America from the very first to know how America and the Americans would figure in grand opera, and in California, whose early history furnished the theme, the interest reached the acute stage. Bret Harie immortalised their beginnings in fiction, and now the opera composer of the day has given to those picturesque times a musical setting. So they were keen to know what "The Girl of the Golden West" was like, translated into grand opera.

According to Josephine Hart Phelps, the operatic "Girl of the Golden West" is very Italian, very traditional, very conventional from operatic standards. She is a pretty, plump, black-haired, black-eyed piece of operatic femininity, who falls in love at first sight and who conducts a Bible class in a saloon. The miners who frequent Minnie's saloon are early Californian miners in dress only, plus a few antics. Their manners and sentiments are those of the average operatic chorus.

The dialogue in the first act at those times when the play is more closely adhered to has its incongruous aspects. Listen to the "barkeep," for instance, singing in melodious accents, "There's a stranger outside, who must be from San Francisco. He asks for whisky and water." A subdued, respectful giggle greeted every recurrence of the phrase "He is from Sac-r-r-ramento"—and it was odd and amusing to hear this brief bit of recitative:

Sheriff: Minnie, I'm just crazy about you.

Minnie: You don't say so.

But, to divest ourselves of any preconceived standards of what the Californian atmosphere should be, and just judge "The Girl of the Golden West," as a music-drama, it is unquestionably a success, continues Miss Phelps. Curiously enough, one has to pass two verdicts upon it, for the vocal and orchestral scores are of very different merits. Puccini shows the same tendency in all his operas to furnish a rich, warmly-coloured highly suggestive, and exceedingly dramatic orchestral background, which invariably eclipses the vocal score. It is thus with "The Girl of the Golden West." The orchestral score is beautiful and satisfying; yet since opera was more particularly invented for the exploitation of the singing voice, there is something wrong, incongruous, and incomplete in an operatic composition of which the instrumental music casts into the shade the best efforts of the singers.

There is a great deal of rather monotonous recitative in "The Girl of the Golden West," and the arias collectively lack not only melody but beauty. Some of them are actually displeasing.

It will be interesting to learn from the future just how much permanence of public favour "The Girl of the Golden West" will enjoy. Puccini is a good self-advertiser, and something of a sensationalist. One need not detract from his talent in saying that. He has caught the American public with this opera, and his other works are swinging along high in favour. Success, universal success, stifles criticism, but the musical authorities, while they appreciate his abilities, and recognise that he has pronounced individuality, do not feel that his genius is of the towering order. Nor is there anything in "The Girl of the Golden West" to make us think so. Its great merit is as a musical composition lies almost entirely in the orchestral score.

The Puccini Craze.

"Puccini, the master of musical melodrama, is to be the lion and leader of the London musical season, which is now opening," writes Richard Capell in a London paper. The summer programme at Covent Garden amounts to an apotheosis of Puccini. The nights when he himself is not played one may nearly always hear someone as nearly approaching him as may be. Mozart and Gluck, Wagner and Richard Strauss—all are wraiths, the romantics and classics alike, vanishing before the effulgence of this rising sun.

"London's guests, flocking this year from the four quarters of the globe, may well marvel in mute wonder at the great Opera—where hardly an English singer is to be heard, and not a word of English sung—dedicated to the aggrandisement of so wholly alien an art. Here is young Italy's triumph! The age-long ferment of Italian art is still working. Puccini stands with Paolo Tosti—a star by a star—as its representative. And they have crowned the centuries' and their fatherland's record with that which not Dante or Vinci or Leopardi knew—success, chinking, glittering success.

"Were it not for the New York Opera House Covent Garden could well claim to be the central shrine of Puccini worship; but to New York—metropolis of that terrifying nation for whom nothing not successful really counts—the pride of place.

An Italian Tradition.

"In explaining the vogue of this meretricious music one must recognise that a special tradition lingers, unshaken by the Wagnerian assaults of twenty years, among the operatic public. It is an Italian tradition, dating from the time when practically all opera was Italian. The typical Covent Garden audience hangs breathless, so pained with ecstasy over the fantastic agility of a prima donna with high notes like a steam whistle, the crocodile sobs in the tenor's voice, and Neapolitan orgies of vibrato and postamento. This is the typical Covent Garden public, and in so far as the audience departs from this standard it is misrepresentative—if there is any audience at all. Thus it is hardly curious that this audience should have little in common with the London concert public. The enthusiast who, putting up with acute physical discomfort, stands for hours on the floor of Queen's Hall on a hot August night listening to Wagnerian excerpts can hardly ever be lured to Covent Garden. He has learned to breathe the Alpine air of the 'Herold Symphony,' to savour Schubert's 'Hymnetian honey,' to rejoice in the varied gorgeousness of Tchaikovsky and Richard Strauss. Who can expect him to have anything but contempt for 'La Sonnambula'.

"The ancient attitude towards operatic singers was to regard them in a class with circus acrobats, and an interesting survival of this is the inclusion of 'Lucia di Lammermoor' in this year's programme at Covent Garden—the last retreat for the shrill ghost of this dead music. But the very fertility of Donizetti and his like renders them practically innocuous. Compared with Puccini, they are like an ancient, thin-toned hurdy-gurdy by the side of an up-to-date barrel-organ in all its frenzied ferocity. Puccini never moves outside the old Italian shallowness of thought, but he strikes a personal tone—a tone at once trivial, sensual, and cloying, remote from all the fine things of life, emotionally degraded. Puccini never wrote a bar to disturb the digestion of the fashionable, never uttered a musical thought beyond the intelligence of his duller hearer. Hence his eminent fitness for an opera which is practically a simple post-prandial social function.

Puccini, the Slick.

"Puccini's gift is a supreme slickness. He knows just what he wants and how to get it. He is not much interested in the orchestra. His treatment of it has advanced little beyond the 'big guitar' stage with which Wagner taunted the Italians of seventy years ago. His main care is to give everyone chances for the production of a smooth vocal tone. He takes a keen pleasure in exciting melodramatic situations, and can undeniably carry through a brutal scene such as

that in 'La Tosca' with a certain vigour and crude effect. But it is scarcely more music than Sardou's play in literature. Music is denaturalised and degraded in touching such unbecoming horror. Puccini's virtue is that he has no pretensions. He writes musical melodramas and they are extremely successful. If opera in London were a permanent institution, as at Paris, Vienna, or Berlin, one could not object to the performance of his works. At a permanent opera-house the widest eclecticism must, of course, be practised. No one asks for a surfeit of the sublime. One's complaint is that the Covent Garden Syndicate, who receive a great revenue from people who subscribe through custom and fashion, regardless of what music is played, should swamp a brief season of three months with the works of a composer who incontestably stands outside the ranks of even the twenty foremost musicians of the day. And by Puccini's side, Massenet—whose music has almost all the vices of the young Italians and not (for the most part) their vitality. Beyond Puccini's 'Girl of the Golden West' the only novelty of the season is Massenet's 'Thais'.

"And this exasperating programme (inadequately leavened by the way, with 'Fellas,' 'Louise,' 'Otello,' and the Petersburg dancers) is planned at a moment when there was never less reason to despair for opera in London. Mr. Beecham, by his admirable enterprise last year, stirred the curiosity of those who are not attracted by the ordinary summer season at Covent Garden, with its fatal heritage of vicious tradition. His effort was not sufficiently prolonged to win the success it merited, but he sowed good seed which cannot be wasted. Who shall reap the harvest?"

Ethel Irving.

An Australian writer was thus impressed by the charming Impression of "Lady Frederick":—"Ethel Irving has taught our theatres and our audiences many things—from her artist way of walking straight into her character in diadems of welcoming applause meant for herself, to her repose, her naturalness, her interpretation of character, her warm sense of emotion, her sense of tragedy,

her grasp of the eternal womanly. She has taught us much, moreover, by charm of manner and by grace of an all-enveloping sincerity. But most of all, perhaps, she has taught us that the stage may interpret life, vividly, truly, overwhelmingly. For all these things we should be and we are grateful to Ethel Irving, not only because she is a great artist, but also because, being that, she is a wonderful exponent of our dumb selves."

The Stage Irishman.

The Irish-American must be getting touchy. He objects to a piece, "Playboy of the Western World." Eleven Irish actors and actresses appeared in Court at Philadelphia just before the last mail left to answer a charge of producing a play which was sacrilegious, obscene, and lascivious.

Priests of the Roman Catholic Church appeared to press the charge, testifying that the "Playboy of the Western World" held Irish chastity in ridicule; but the Director of Public Safety, who went to the play with his wife, declared that it was most interesting. The players displayed much merriment during the hearing.

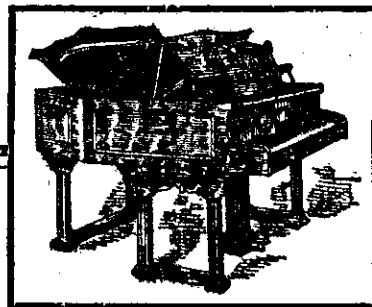
Judge Carr declared himself unable to decide the question off-hand, and announced that he would take the charge under advisement. Meanwhile the players were released under bail of £100 each.

New Sature Comedy on Old Theme.

Mr. Alfred Sutro's new comedy "The Fire Screen," produced last month at the Garrick Theatre, London, is a light, airy, and intermittently entertaining re-shuffling of very old theatrical cards.

There is first the unworshipful husband, Oliver Hadden, who has spent twelve years discovering a serum that will cure meningitis, serious, tireless, knowing no evil, with a profound ignorance of life never attained outside a stage play. There is his wife, Martha, practical, loving, devoted to her husband and her babies.

To them comes the "adventurer," Angela Verrinder is brilliant and amusing, but utterly worthless, the "Worry



The 'GRANDETTE' Piano

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

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

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

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

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

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Woman in Mayfair. Of course she sets her cap at Oliver, though he would bore her to death in a fortnight, just to spite the blameless Martha, and, of course, Oliver thinks she is unhappy, and misunderstood, and is really hurt when Martha objects to his spending a week with the enchantress at La Valliere. Oh, the innocence of scientists—on the stage!

To save Oliver from the fire, Martha brings in the fire screen, Horace Traverser, a rich idler, who spends his time in loving and being loved. He is under an obligation to her, and she persuades him to bring his fascination to bear on Angela, to lure her from the pursuit of Oliver, and to be the human red hering across the trail.

So they all go to the country, Oliver and Martha to cure a sick child, Angela after Oliver, and Horace after Angela.

Unfortunately Angela is insatiable. She likes Horace, but she wants Oliver, too, and when Martha puts down her foot she is exceedingly abusive, and poor, deluded Oliver, whose heart, by the way, is all the time in the right place, believes more than ever that she is an ill-used innocent.

Then Martha decides that Oliver must catch Angela red-handed or he will never be convinced. Angela has promised the amorous Horace to visit him at his London flat, and Martha induces him, after some hesitation, to let her know the time. She and her husband arrive, and Oliver at once, with the smallest evidence, believes the worst. Husband and wife depart sentimentally happy. Angela still laughs (nothing can ever stay the laughter of a "stage" adventuress) and expresses her opinion of Horace with admirable restraint and temper. And "The Fire Screen" is over.

Marie Hall's Double.

Miss Marie Hall, whose romantic rise to fame as a violinist is well known, has found her double in America. This is how she made the discovery: "They say everyone has a double. I have, and she also plays the violin. She is an American, and we met once under very unusual circumstances. My first appearance had been well advertised in a particular town, and my photograph had appeared in the papers. The hall was packed and when the advertised time of the commencement came without any signs of me my manager began to grow uneasy, fearing that something serious had detained me. Sending a messenger off post-haste to see what had become of me, he was on the point of going on to the platform to try and calm the people down, when the local manager of the hall came to him and assured him that I was sitting in the front row of the stalls. Not knowing what to think, my manager went to see for himself, and could hardly believe his own eyes, for the girl referred to was so like me in every feature that he had to look several times before he was satisfied that it was not indeed myself. And, moreover, she was evidently a violinist. She occupied the end seat of the front row and beside her was a violin in its case. She was, in fact, a teacher of the instrument at a school in the town and had come to my recital on her way home, as it was a half holiday. Fearing that it might still be some time before I arrived, my manager went quietly into the body of the hall, and approaching the girl, whispered that 'Miss Hall would like to speak to her.' He could not say more there, but this proved enough to 'draw' her, and when she was behind he explained the situation, which was becoming each moment more desperate, and begged her to go on in my place and play something, anything, to satisfy the audience, which by this time was getting exceedingly angry at the delay. She did it. She played the very piece that I was to have played! When I arrived, in the middle of the applause, I could not think what was happening, and when I met my 'double' as she came off, blushing but proud, I began to think I must be dreaming. When I went on myself next time the audience seemed a little surprised at the rapidity with which I had changed my costume, but they never knew of the deception that had been practised upon them, and never will, for I am glad to say that my manager was able to obtain for my obliging double a good position in a much larger town very many miles away, where she has remained ever since, pledged to secrecy, but very proud of her only experience as an impersonator."

Filling a Theatre.

The palm for advertising has generally been conceded to America, but a Berlin theatre manager can claim that he is facile princeps. Recently the following advertisement appeared in the newspapers in the German capital just at a time when a new piece was to be produced:—

"Young Lady, Orphan, with £10,000 at her disposal and proprietress of one of the most important retail businesses in Prussia, wishes to meet a young man capable of managing her business, with a view to matrimony. No special business training necessary, nor need he be possessed of means. Write M.W.B., guardian. No agents."

On the morning of the representation each of those who replied to the advertisement received a beautifully lithographed note in these terms:—

Sir,—It is a most important matter to know whether my niece will please you. This evening she will be with me at — Theatre in box No. —

M.W.B.

The theatre was crowded with young men, and during the play the lognettes were all turned on box No. —, but it was empty.

"Gee Gee."

Mr. George Grossmith, actor and entertainer, who died in London a few days ago, aged 65 years, when 19 years of age left school to assist his father, who was a police court reporter on the staff of "The Times." Developing ability as an entertainer, he forsook journalism for the stage, and was soon a public favourite. He played leading parts during the height of the Savoy Theatre comic opera successes, and in 1880 began a 17 years' tour with single-handed humorous and musical recitals. During this time he wrote "A Society Clown," "Piano and I," "The Diary of a Nobody" (in conjunction with his brother, Mr. Weedon Grossmith), "Haste to the Wedding" (the libretto of which was composed by Sir W. S. Gilbert), and more than 600 humorous and satirical songs and sketches. He retired from the stage and platform in 1908. His son, who is a popular comic-opera artist in London to-day, is part author of "The Girls of Gotteburg," "The Spring Chicken," and "Havana."

The Superstitious Limit.

Miss Hilda Spong says:—"My own pet mascot is an apron I bought from a Maori girl when touring as little more than a child with my father's company in New Zealand. I have never been without it, and have worn it in many parts. I wore it as Lady Huntingdon in "Lady Huntingdon's Experiment." I doubt if there is an actor or actress who doesn't possess a mascot, or who would appear without it, particularly on a first night. This is probably due to the gamble we all have for success. Sarah Bernhardt has a little jewelled skull. It was formerly the property of Rachel. Without this mascot she would refuse to go on the stage. I can see the superior smile of many at hearing this, but if the possession of some grotesque figure, a bit of ribbon, or a glove that once belonged to somebody else, a coin, a charm can be made to help us reach our respective goals in life, why should they not be cherished?"

A Distiller's Hobby.

The Stradivarius collector will have a chance to enrich his stock, for, by the death of Mr. Robert Crawford, of Edinburgh, the well-known whisky distiller, a genuine "Strad" which he possessed will probably come into the market. Mr. Crawford bought the instrument for £2000, and it will probably fetch anything now from three to four thousand. "Bob" Crawford was always a musical enthusiast and had a dip in many a theatrical and musical lucky bag. He made a fortune in whisky and financed many a theatrical venture—his last coup being a deal in "The Arcadians." He later settled in London, but on his previous visits he delighted to take a few friends to lunch and dinner and had a peculiarity that during the meal he passed you from a huge pocket a cigarette every other minute. Cigars would vary this monotony, and on conclusion he would ask for your address, with the result that in the course of a few days you received a dozen of very old whisky, a dozen of very nice ginger wine—and, if a married man, a quart of pure lavender water. This was his stock present to a select circle of acquaintances within a week of their lunching with him, writes J. M. Glover.

The Censor's Duty.

It is curious how superstitions linger and refuse to be abolished, observes the San Francisco "Argonaut." The English censor of plays has just resigned, and of course there is a clamour for the appointment of a woman in his place. A woman, we are told, is a much better judge of stage improprieties than a man, and with a woman in the seat of the mighty there would be no fear of the presentation of any play to which women would object. Probably not. That is just where the trouble comes in. That is why a woman should not be a dramatic censor. The object of a dramatic censor is, presumably, to keep the stage pure and not to fill it with plays acceptable to women. That is just the kind of play that we do not want. When the English censor bans a play upon the ground of indecency he is consulting the preferences of men, not of women. It is the man who objects to purity, not his maiden aunt. The problem play that pretends to map and chart the vice of a big city is sustained by women, not by men. The English-speaking stage is low enough in all conscience and it can never be redeemed by a censorship of any kind. But if we want to see it imitate the Gadarene swine and run down a steep place into the sea, by all means appoint a woman censor. But it will not be done in England. They will draw the line somewhere.

"Among the Gods."

It was a sweet, sad play, and there was hardly a dry handkerchief in the house. But one man in the gallery, "among the gods," irritated his companions excessively by refusing to take the performance in the proper spirit. Instead of weeping he laughed. While others were mopping their eyes and endeavouring to stifle their sobs his own eyes brimmed with merriment, and he burst into inappropriate guffaws. At last the lady by his side turned upon him indignantly.

"I don't know what brought you here," she sobbed, with streaming eyes, and pressing her hand against her aching heart; "but if you don't like the play you might let other people enjoy it."

"Everywoman."

On Easter Monday at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, we are to have a quite uncommon play, "Everywoman," which has been talked about a lot in

Australia, where it had a very successful run. The leading actress is Miss Hilda Spong, said to be remarkably fine in the role of "Everywoman." Describing the piece, Walter Browne, the author, says:—"While every character in 'Everywoman' is symbolic of various abstract virtues, vices, and conditions, I have endeavoured to make them also concrete types of actual men and women of the present day. It was my object to present an allegory, in the shape of a stage play, sufficiently dramatic and soul-stirring in its story and action to form an attractive entertainment, quite apart from its psychological significance. 'Everywoman' is intended to afford pleasure and entertainment to all classes of intelligent playgoers, hence the music, the songs, the choruses, the dances, the spectacular and scenic effects, and the realism of everyday life. It is not a sermon in disguise. To every woman who nowadays listens to flattery, goes in quest of love, and openly lays siege to the hearts of men, this play may provide a kindly warning. To every man it may suggest an admonition, the text of which is contained in the epilogue to the play:

"Be merciful, be just, be fair,
To Everywoman, everywhere,
Her faults are many. Nobody's the blame."

"In 'Everywoman' there is enough comedy to give you rest; enough by-play to thrown open the window and let in the fresh air; enough witchery of girls so the curtains are parted and the sun streams in from the east carrying the perfume of life's morning," writes Elbert Hubbard. "Everywoman" is a play that makes us think, makes us feel, sounds our heartstrings, and then makes us laugh, sending us away happy. And we feel all the better for it. The whole thing now looms large in my memory, and I feel that the witnessing of this play was an event, an epoch, a great white milestone in my life's little journey."

The Marlow Season.

There is nothing like a good rousing melodrama to draw the crowd, as the Marlow management has found out, and last week's season in Auckland, with that very vivid story "A Girl's Temptation," was an excellent one from the standpoint of the box office. The harrowing hardships which the good and innocent girl has to bear at the hands of everybody in



Mary Ann: "Ull! You're a different gent to 'im wet come last week."

Touton Bandeman: "Ja, die time I buy faster and sulsh strot."—"Punch"

the play were revelled in by full houses nightly. This evening the company will stage an exciting piece called "The Luck of Roaring Camp," full of the glitter and glamour of the mining days when there was much sin, but also much virtue. The dramatist has boiled down the thrill of the wild life in a most realistic manner, which cannot fail to win the heartiest approval from the devotee of the melodrama.

Liedertafel Concert.

The Auckland Town Hall was packed on Monday night when the Liedertafel gave an open concert. Now that the society can secure the municipal hall they can extend their subscribers' list considerably (previously they were limited by the smallness of the Choral Hall) and there will no doubt be a large demand for tickets. It is certainly the best-trained body of singers we have in Auckland, and Monday night's audience deserved the greatest pleasure from the pro-

priquet "L'Apprenti Sorcier" of Duke's, an example of modern French music, the appeal of which has the saving grace of being on the surface as well as below it.

Mr. Julius Knight has been engaged as leading man for the Repertory Theatre, Manchester, England.

Ovid Musin, the violinist who many years ago visited New Zealand, has been made an officer of the Order of Leopold, a Belgian distinction. He was made a chevalier of the order ten years ago, and his promotion came to him as something of a surprise, as he had left Belgium for some years now, and governments, like kings, and for that matter democracies, have a way of forgetting.

Miss Elsie Hall, the Australian musician, has returned to Melbourne after ten years' absence. She won the Mendelssohn State prize at Berlin, and was pianoforte teacher to Princess Mary at Buckingham Palace.

The Auckland Amateur Opera Club

23, 34in. high, born in Germany, Morello, aged 29, 36in. high, born in Northern Italy; Alfonso, aged 26, 36in. high; born in Austria; Miss Isabel, aged 21, 33in. high, born in Austria; Hayati Hassid, aged 57, 36in. high, born in Turkey; Pompeo, aged 29, 35in. high, born in Austria; Miss Anita, aged 27, 30in. high, born in Austria; Miss Paola, aged 25, 31in. high, born in Austria; Armstrong, aged 54, 36in. high, born in Australia.

The Oscar Asche season opens in Melbourne on April 6th with "Kismet," the very Eastern play which had a good run in England.

Williamson's are bringing the Quinlan Opera Company to Australia. There are said to be over 200 people in the combination. They arrive in the first week of June.

Miss Rosina Buckman is to sing the solos in Bach's Passion music, under engagement to the Sydney Philharmonic Society. She will subsequently go to Mel-

bourne of human interest of a flood. This week's programme will include "Our Soldiers in the Making," a particularly good local film of the camp at Papatoetoe last week.

Some time ago natives were refused access to the dress circle at a Napier theatre. The matter was referred to the municipal authorities, who obtained a legal opinion as to whether a license could be cancelled if certain persons were refused admission to any part of the building. The opinion is to the effect that there were certain conditions affecting the license, but those conditions do not in any way purport to control the authority of the theatre-owner in regard to regulating the class of persons he shall admit to the various parts of the theatre. Moreover, if the Council should decline to issue a license, the theatre-owner has his remedy in the Supreme Court. Whatever remedy the excluded persons may have in any other direction, it is not within the power of the Council to interfere on their behalf.



MISS HILDA SPANG, THE HANDSOME ACTRESS, WHO TAKES THE LEADING PART IN "EVERYWOMAN" AT HIS MAJESTY'S, AUCKLAND, ON EASTER MONDAY.

gramme. The part singing was a revelation to those who have not been privileged to hear the society before. Particularly good were Adam's "Comrades in Arms," Storch's "Battle Prayer," and Gibson's "Summer Lullaby." The Lyric Four were encored several times after each item, and others assisting in the programme were Mr. J. H. Ripley and Mr. T. B. Rowe. Dr. W. E. Thomas, conductor of the Liedertafel, who is to be complimented on the excellent performance of the society under his baton, also played two selections on the organ.

Stray Notes.

The programme of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra for the coming season is an attractive one. It includes several works new to Sydney. For example, Beethoven's "Harold in Italy," Dvorak's "Fourth Symphony," Tchaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini, Fantasia, and the

have booked dates April 29 to May 4 for a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "Pinafore." The cast, I understand, will be a strong one, and will include Messrs. Laurie Abrahams, Abel Rowe, A. Warbrick, J. W. Atkinson, F. Marshall, F. Adeane, Mrs. Abel Rowe, and Miss Ruby Burke.

The following is the population of Tiny Town, at present in Australia, and shortly to be in Auckland:—Miss Hansi Andre, aged 34, 38in. high, born in Hungary; Miss Honka Blachek, aged 24. Mr. John Farrell, who was advance agent for the H. B. Irving Company throughout the recent record tour in New Zealand, was presented by Mr. Irving with a solid silver cigarette case, suitably inscribed, as a token of esteem, and of his appreciation of Mr. Farrell's good work "on the road," before the company left Wellington for Sydney.

34in. high, born in Austria; Arthur, aged

bourne to rehearse for the production of Marshall Hall's opera "Stella," in which she takes the title role. At the conclusion of this engagement she returns to Auckland to sing Sullivan's Golden Legend at the Auckland Musical Union's performance. Possibly afterwards she will go on to Wellington and Christchurch to sing in "Cavalleria Rusticana" for the musical societies of those towns. When these engagements are over she will give a few concerts in New Zealand, and a farewell one in New Plymouth during May, prior to leaving for Europe. Miss Clarice Buckman accompanies her sister as far as Melbourne, where she is going to study at Marshall Hall's Conservatoire.

Another attractive programme at the Lyric Picture Theatre in Symonds-street was "responsible for full houses every evening last week. The best picture was "The Freshet," portraying the incidents

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Our Illustrations.

IN TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK.

AN INTERESTING HOLIDAY.

A PARTY of mountain climbers from Palmerston North, consisting of Messrs P. Black, W. Park, J. J. Whitehead, H. Hepworth, O. Whittaker, A. Roe, Tiley and A. Billens, had a most enjoyable holiday in the Tongariro National Park. Of the four days spent in the Park, only one was sufficiently fine to do any successful climbing.

The party made their headquarters at the mountain hut on the slopes of Ruapehu, 25 miles from Wairoa, starting out from there each morning for the day's climb. The hut is situated at an altitude of 2600 feet, close to a clump of the beautiful mountain beech forest, and from there splendid views of the mountains may be obtained. All round for many miles stretch the famous flower gardens of Ruapehu, which contain the quaint little sub-Alpine shrubs—the mountain heath, veronica, bluebells and daisies, and many of the dwarf species of New Zealand timber trees, all flowering freely. The plains are literally alive with rabbits, and numbers of rabbit-poisoners are camped in various parts. Wild horses, too, are common, and mobs of them may be seen browsing in the creek beds, and round the banks of the Wangaehu river. Many fantastic stories are told by the rabbiters about the wonderful white thoroughbred stallions, which lead the horses over the deserts, and the battles between the rival squire leaders which are said to be quite a common occurrence. The rabbiters, themselves, are mostly Cockney immigrants, and they all carry defensive weapons—automatic revolvers, huge Colts, and ugly sheath knives, having been fitted up with wondrous stories of the giant tanihwas and wild Maoris in the barren country. Their skipper, "Texas Bill," is alleged to be a marvelous revolver shot, who, when in a playful mood, will shoot the buttons off their coats or the heels off their boots with his Browning automatic. The same gentleman has also caught numbers of wild horses, and rescued many benighted mountain climbers, and at present is engaged in a search for the white wild dog of the plains, which is said to have killed hundreds of sheep and for which £75 reward is offered.

The conditions for mountaineering this season have been extremely bad, and the heavy falls of snow which have occurred during the last month deterred numbers of people from attempting the climbs at all.

On the Saturday, although heavy rain was falling, the ascent of Ruapehu was attempted by the Palmerston North party, but the mountaineers were obliged to turn back when some way up the mountain, owing to the tracks being covered by the mist. The following day six of the members attempted the ascent of Ngauruhoe, but again under adverse weather conditions. When near the foot of the mountain a heavy snowstorm set in, which increased in violence as the altitude became higher. On the open ridges the wind blew to a gale, blowing with it ice and snow, which made the going difficult and dangerous, and gave the climbers the appearance of spectres in the mist. When within but a stone's throw of the top the six were absolutely compelled to turn back, as the mist and snow became so thick that the return would have been more risky than the ascent. As it was the climbers were covered in snow and icicles from head to foot, and their experience was one which they consider unique in the history of New Zealand mountain climbing, and one which they do not care to repeat. During the rifts in the stormy splendid views of the surrounding country were obtained from the 7000 feet peak on Ngauruhoe. The isolated rocks right down to the foot of the volcano, the lower plateaux, and the twenty miles of firs stretching to the Kaimanawa were covered with a mantle of white, and presented a magnificent sight. The descent was accomplished safely, and the party reached the hut shortly before

dark. During the snowstorm near the summit of Ngauruhoe the cold on the open ridges was so intense that the mountaineers, and hair of the climbers became frozen, and the mountain plants which grow even at 7000 feet were matted with ice, and took on the appearance of real ice flowers.

The following Monday six of the party set out for Ruapehu, and were favoured with beautiful weather almost to the summit, when a heavy cloud passed over. Three of the members (Messrs. Black, Roe, and Whittaker), however, decided to push on, and they reached the summit after a stiff climb through loose snow. Part of the way steps had to be cut through the solid ice, and much time was thus lost. Splendid glistening was obtained during the descent over the great glaciers, and the party consider this sport one of the most pleasant and exciting experiences of the whole trip. The ascent and descent of Ruapehu occupied ten hours, the distance from the hut and back being over 24 miles. Twelve hours is the time usually taken for this trip.

Mr. Black obtained a splendid collection of sub-Alpine shrubs and mountain beeches, which he will use for beautifying various parts of the Esplanade and the rockeries in the Square, Palmerston. The inadequate accommodation and smoky atmosphere of the mountain hut are the cause of much discomfort, and the party intend making representations through the various Chambers of Commerce for additions to the present structure or a separate building for ladies. It is also probable that an Alpine Club will be formed in Palmerston North as a result of the tour, as all the members of the party who did the trip were delighted with their experiences, and intend repeating them at the first favourable opportunity.

A Businesslike King.

There is one proved quality in the King's character (says a writer in the "Fortnightly") which those of his subjects who have to take life seriously will specially know how to appreciate—his capacity for sticking steadily to business. Neither the stir and stress of great festivities, nor the tangle and turmoil of multifarious distractions, have availed to deflect the King's mind in the least degree from his everyday duties, or have induced him to drop the thread of ordinary State business. What this means can perhaps be fully understood only by those who know something of the burden and weight of public affairs. But it appeals forcibly to all thoughtful people as setting an example which, greatly needed at all times, was never more salutary than in these days, when various influences are threatening to undermine that habit of fixed, patient, concentrated attention to business which is an essential condition alike of individual success and of national prosperity. It is a matter of common observation that an increasing number of our business men are far more addicted than their forefathers to take their work as a disagreeable necessity, as something to be got through with a minimum of attention and interest. The Royal example exhibits to the nation the exact antithesis to this false ideal. It serves to correct what is artificial and unreal. It is based on a conviction that work is worth doing for its own sake. It discourages the notion of a man's holding himself aloof from his business as from a thing which is a tiresome, if unfortunately necessary, adjunct to his life. The King takes his recreation like the rest of us, but he takes it as recreation—as a means of storing up strength for future work. He does not confuse himself by pretending that recreation is business.

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For full particulars as to the "Regal" motor cars, write to W. B. Scott and Co., Gloucester-street, Christchurch.

Automatic cooking is possible with the possession of the Rapid Fireless Cooker, which steams, stews, boils, roasts and fries. J. Burns and Co., Ltd., Customs-street, are sole New Zealand agents.

Music in the home is always possible when the prospective purchaser of a piano or organ visits the premises of F. Moore and Co., Union Buildings, Customs-street. The highest grade instruments are for sale on the easiest of terms.

Hazard, Queen-street, caters for anglers with fishing tackle "that's fit for fishing."

For all eye troubles, Mr. W. Parker, Optician, F.S.M.C., can be consulted at rooms over Pond's, 165, Queen-street, and at Gallagher's Pharmacy, Upper Symonds-street.

Barton, McGill and Co. manufacture billiard and billiard dining tables, and supply all billiard requisites from their address, 424, Queen-street.

White Japanese silks and fancy goods of a novel and dainty nature are the stock in trade of C. F. Warren, Importer, 7, Strand Arcade. Samples are sent post free.

Wood-carving, poker work, and marquetry staining is taught by Miss Ayling 13, Victoria Arcade, who has poker-worked leather goods for sale.

The "Home Beautiful" may be an accomplished fact when pot plants are purchased from G. J. Mackay, Seed and Plant Merchant, 106, Queen-street, Auckland.

The New Zealand Insurance Co., Ltd., underwrite fire, marine, accident, and live stock insurance, have a capital of £1,500,000, and have paid losses of £7,823,750.

Melba, Tetrizzini, Scotti, Lauder, and all the world's foremost vocalists may be heard through the medium of gramophone records at A. Eady and Co.'s Queen-street, Auckland.

The new golf ball, "Why not?" Price, 32/ per dozen; can be obtained from Sharland and Co., Lorne-street.

Making Bread from Sawdust.

Sawdust may not appeal to the palate as a digestible or appetising substitute for flour in the making of bread, but all the same there is a large bakery in Berlin turning out 20,000 loaves of sawdust bread daily.

The sawdust is first subjected to a process of fermentation and various chemical manipulations. Finally it is mixed with one-third part of rye flour, formed into loaves, and baked in ovens like any other bread.

Although this new "pain de bois," as the French call it, is meant for consumption by horses only, claim is made by the manufacturers that in case of famine it would furnish a nutritious and highly satisfactory food for human beings.

Sawdust bread may not taste so bad as it sounds. In various parts of the world bread is obtained from trees. For example in the Molucca Islands the starchy pith of the sago palm furnishes a white floury meal, which is made into flat, oblong loaves and baked in curious little ovens divided into small oblong cells just big enough to receive the loaves.

In Lapland the inner bark of pine trees, well ground and mixed with oat flour, is made into cakes which are cooked in a pan over the fire. In Kamchatka pine bark and birch bark are used for bread without the addition of any other substance, being reduced to powder by pounding, made into loaves, and baked.

Along the Columbia River bread is made from a kind of moss that grows on a species of fir trees. After being dried it is sprinkled with water, allowed to ferment, rolled into balls as big as a man's head, and baked in pits, with the help of hot stones. Travellers who have tasted it say that it is by no means unpalatable.

The Californian Indians collect the pollen of cattails in large quantities by

beating it off the plants and catching it in blankets. They make bread of it. But as a delicacy they prefer bread of grasshopper flour.

Ancient Sword.

Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent's sword, which is said to be missing from its place in Constantinople because of the machinations of the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, is one of those historic weapons which the world would not willingly let disappear. Perhaps the most impressive of such relics now to be seen in any semi-private collection in London is the sword of the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden and "Europe's Protestant Hero" of three centuries since. This is borne by the Grand Sword Bearer of the year before the Grand Master of English Freemasons or his deputy at every assembly of the United Grand Lodges; and it was presented for that purpose by Thomas Duke of Norfolk, who was Grand Master from 1729 to 1731. Its "pedigree" may be regarded as unimpeachable, it having passed after Gustavus Adolphus's death in 1632 to Bernard Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and thence to the Howard family.

Conversing With Animals.

A certain Charles Kellogg, of California, has appeared at Cambridge with the object of convincing the Harvard faculty of his ability to talk with animals. His life has been spent among the Sierra Nevada, and his studies include the vocal sounds made by bears, squirrels, lizards, rattlesnakes, and crickets. Indeed, he claims proficiency in fifteen animal languages. He has a peculiar palate, with no tonsils, and entirely lacks the cord connecting the teeth with the lips. To these peculiarities he partly ascribes the ease with which he imitates the sounds of insects and animals. Some of his observations and ideas are at least interesting, if not convincing.

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Bankers: Canadian Bank of Commerce.
Correspondence Solicited.
References, Bank of New Zealand, Auckland.

Western Canada Agency, Building.

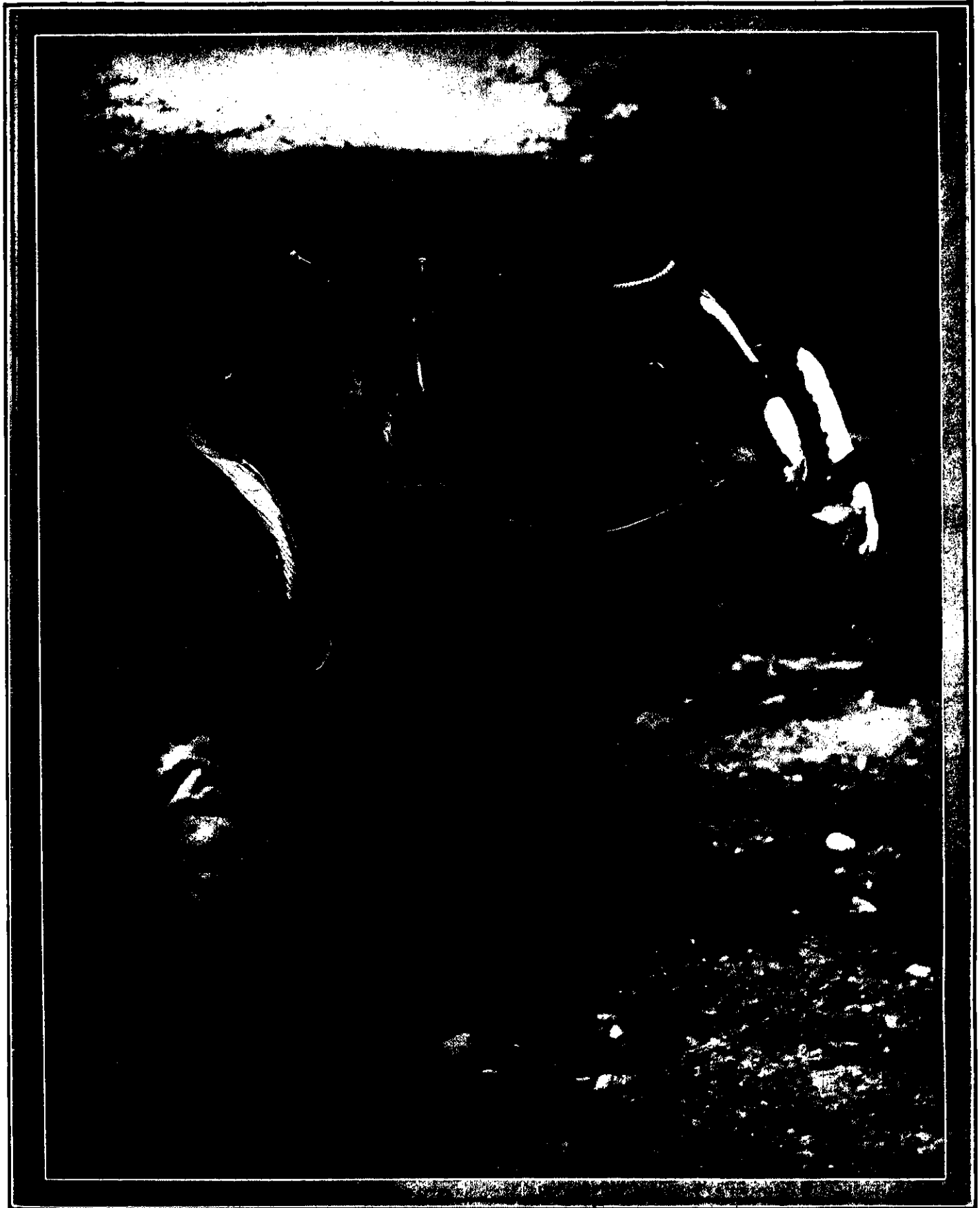
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W. Reib, photographer.

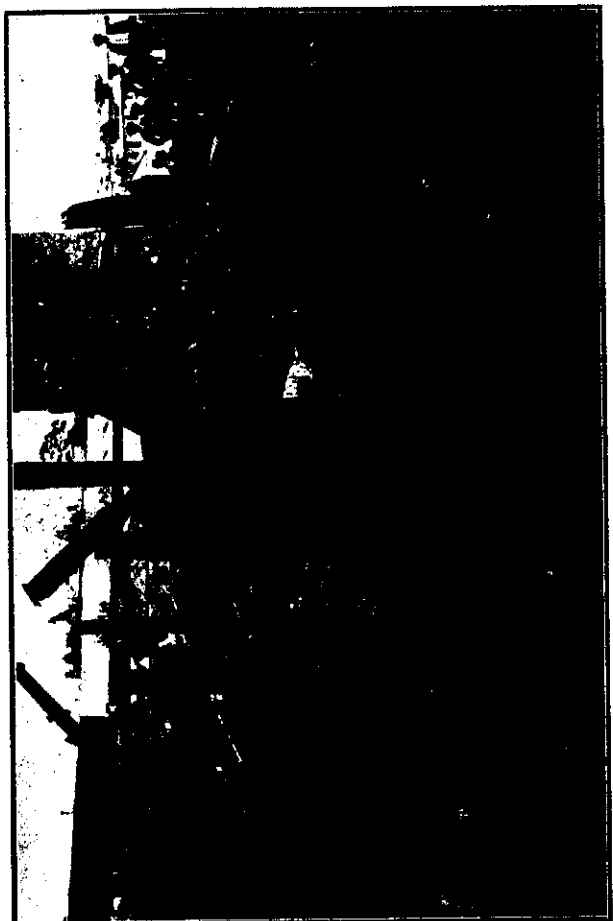
TILLERS OF THE SOIL.



A. E. Watkinson, photographer.

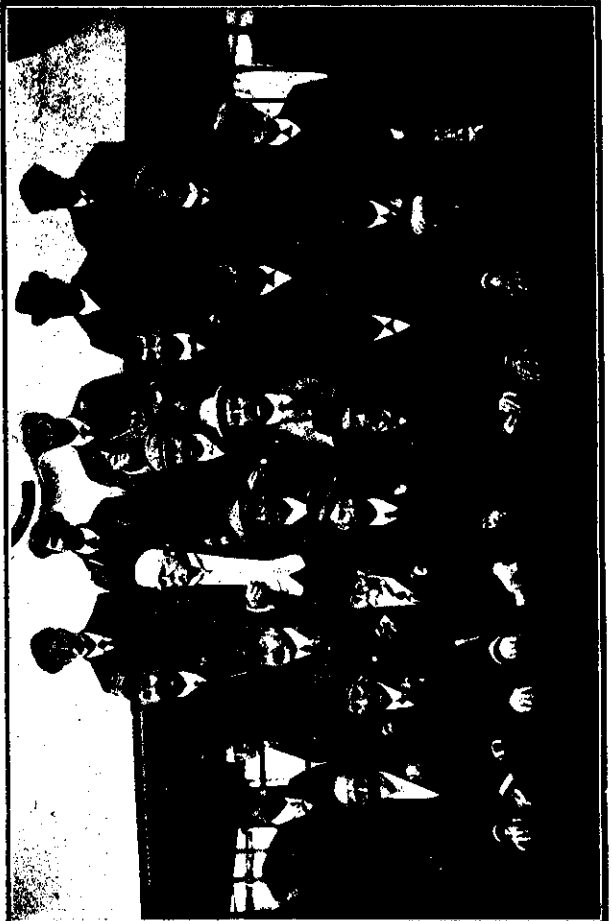
WANGANUI GARDEN FETE ATTRACTS LARGE CROWDS AND PROVES A GREAT SUCCESS.

The fete, postponed once on account of the bad weather, took place last Thursday on the racecourse, and was in every way worthy of the vast amount of time and trouble that had been taken. (1) Three attendants from the Borough Ten Kiosk. (2) Smokers' Sympathetic Orchestra which performed more or less popular airs during the afternoon. (3) Some of the little ones who competed in the class for decorated teams. (4) The Highland pipers who headed the procession. (5) St. John's School entry (Poppy) which won the double harness competition.



AUCKLAND TIMBER MILL BURNT—LOSS £6,500.

A fire which broke out on Saturday evening totally destroyed Parker-Lamb's mill in Customs-street, and the adjoining office of Trubart, photographer. P. Bryant were also gutted.



VISITING PRESSMEN ENTERTAINED.

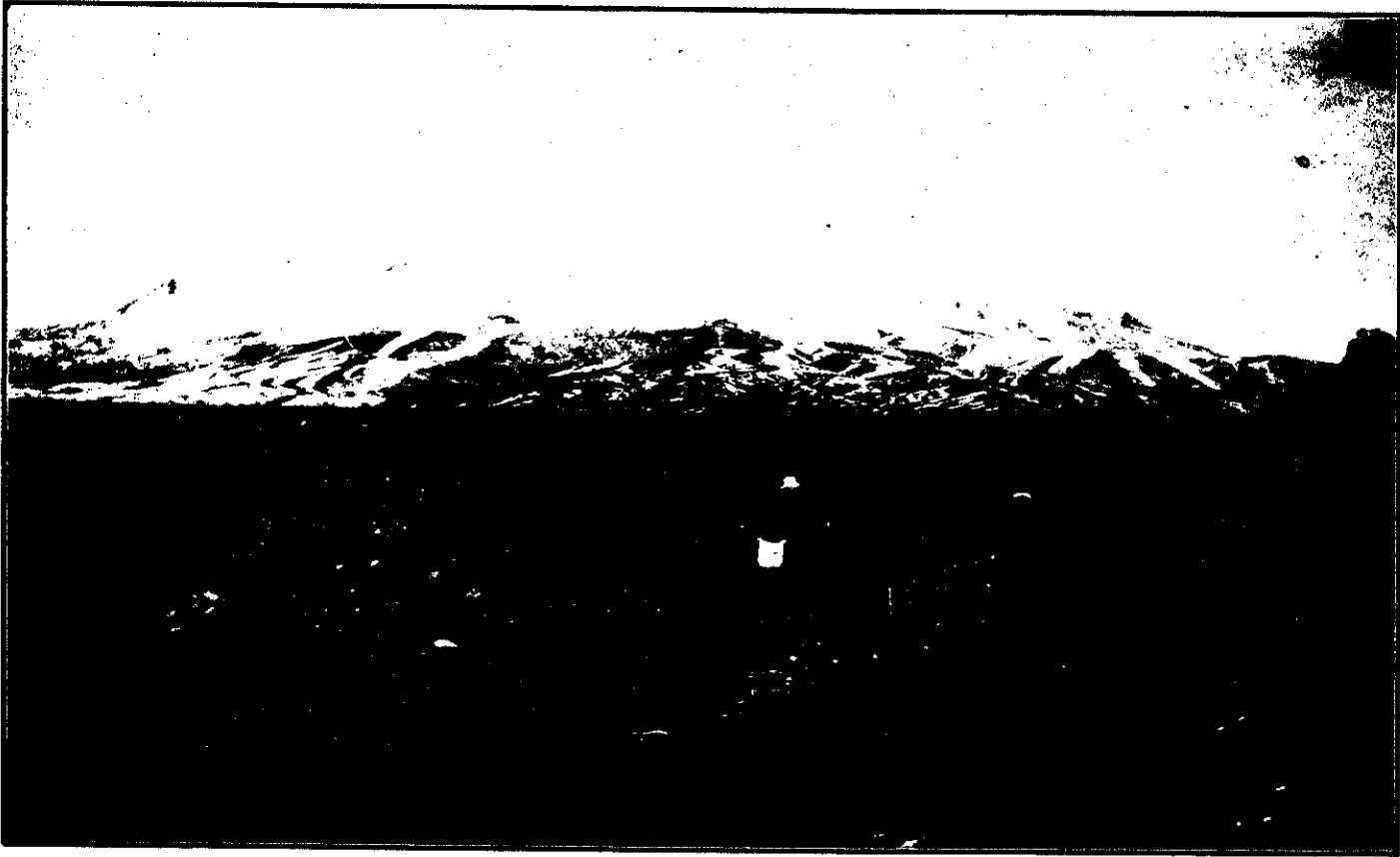
Group of Australian journalists in whose honour the proprietors of the "Herald" and "Star" gave a picnic to Waikato last week.



GARDEN PARTY GIVEN AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, AUCKLAND.

The pretty grounds at the Auckland Government House are ideal for such a reception as that given by His Excellency the Governor and Lady Islington last week. Nos. 1, 2, 3 are snapshots among the visitors, No. 4 Lady Islington is on the left in white. Islington receiving the guests, and in No. 5 Lady Islington is on the left in white.

Oliver and Walker, photographers.



ON THE LOWER SLOPES OF RUAPEHU, THE MAJESTIC SENTINEL OF THE NORTH ISLAND, RISING 9,000 FEET HIGH.

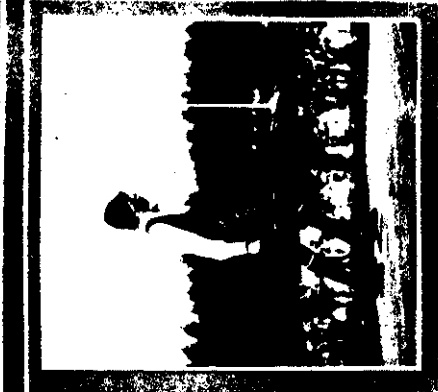


A. Hibbins, photographer.

ON THE EASTERN SUMMIT OF RUAPEHU AFTER A SNOW STORM, THE SCORIA RIDGES BEING COVERED WITH ICICLES. See "Our Illustrations."

UP RUAPEHU IN A SNOWSTORM—A BITTER SUMMER IN THE DOMINION'S NATIONAL PARK.

This summer was exceptionally severe on the high plateau in the middle of the Island, and people making the ascent report gales and frequent snow falls. The snow has been unusually low right through the season.



WELLINGTON IRISHMEN HONOUR THEIR PATRON SAINT—THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY GATHERING IN NEWTOWN PARK.

C. D. Barton, photographer.

There was a great crowd at the Park to witness the sports, all the most prominent Roman Catholic clergy in the Diocese being present, including Archbishop Redwood, Archbishop Devoy, Dean Regault, Father O'Slien, Dr. Kennedy, and many others. The large photograph is a panorama taken in the Park while the sports were in progress. Nos. 2 and 3 are snapshots among the spectators; No. 4, Archbishop Redwood; Lady Ward, Sir James Carroll, Miss Ward, Sir Joseph Ward, and Father Hickson. No. 5 is a competitor in the Irish jig.

With Amundsen at the Pole.

THE STORY OF HIS FAMOUS DASH.

FLAG OF NORWAY PLANTED AT POLEHEIM.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIAL TO THE "GRAPHIC."



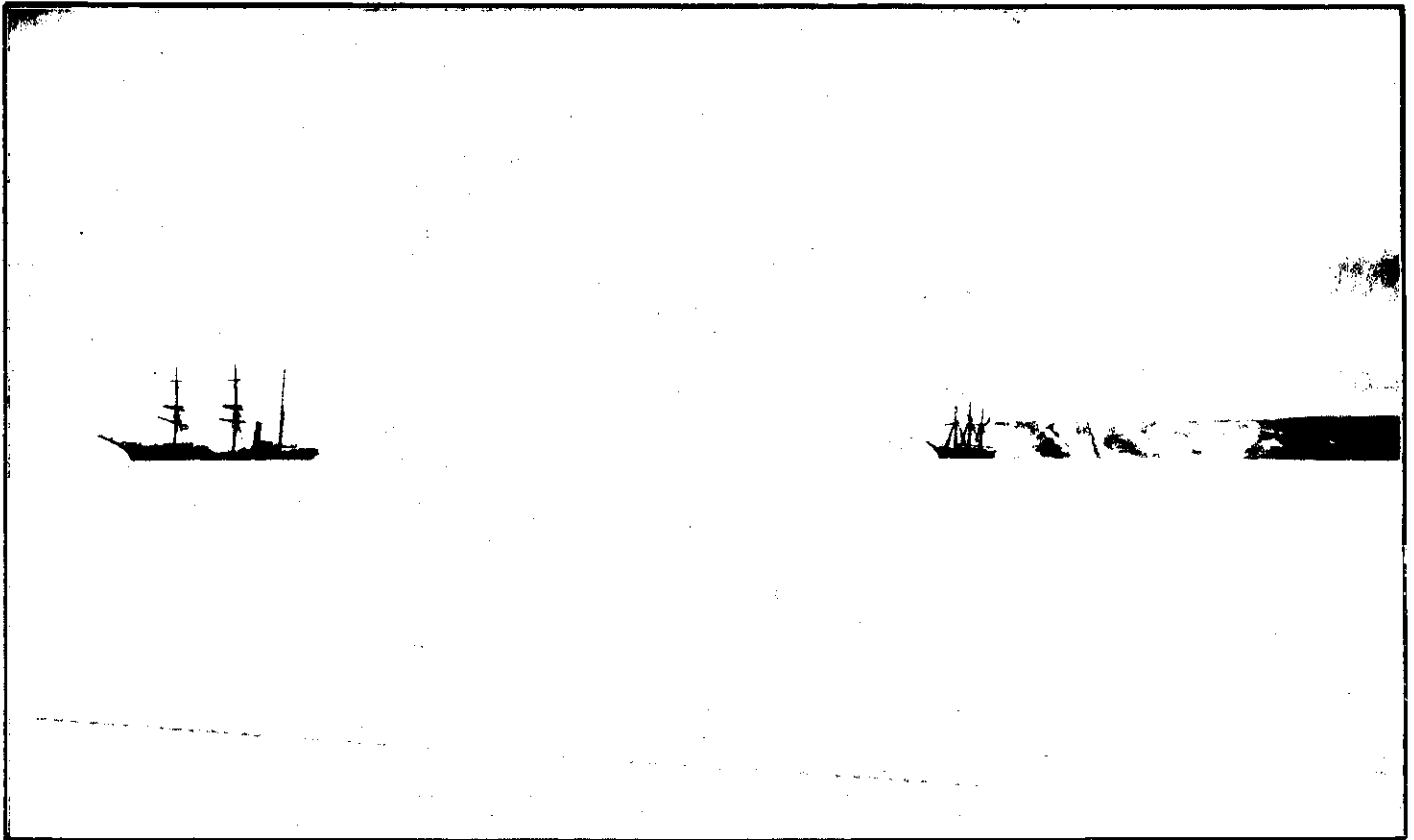
WHERE THE EXPEDITION SPENT THE WINTER ON THE ICE BARRIER.

Amundsen and his men were here for four weeks, during which time they changed their travelling outfit for a lighter one, the original plant being found to be too heavy in some preliminary work they did in laying depots. The black dots are the kennels of the dogs, 116 in number, which were tethered in the form of a square, and sticking up in the snow may be seen the skins which were used with good effect.



AMUNDSEN VISITS THE TERRA NOVA, SCOTT'S SHIP, AT THE BAY OF WHALES.

While the Terra Nova was in the Bay, the Norwegian leader sleighed over from his winter quarters, and paid a visit to the English party. Amundsen's dog-drawn sleigh is in the foreground waiting to take him back to the camp.



THE MEETING OF NORWEGIANS AND ENGLISH IN THE WHITE AND SILENT SOUTH.

Anchored close to the Barrier in the Bay of Whales lies the Fram, and further out is the Scott ship Terra Nova which was on a surveying cruise.

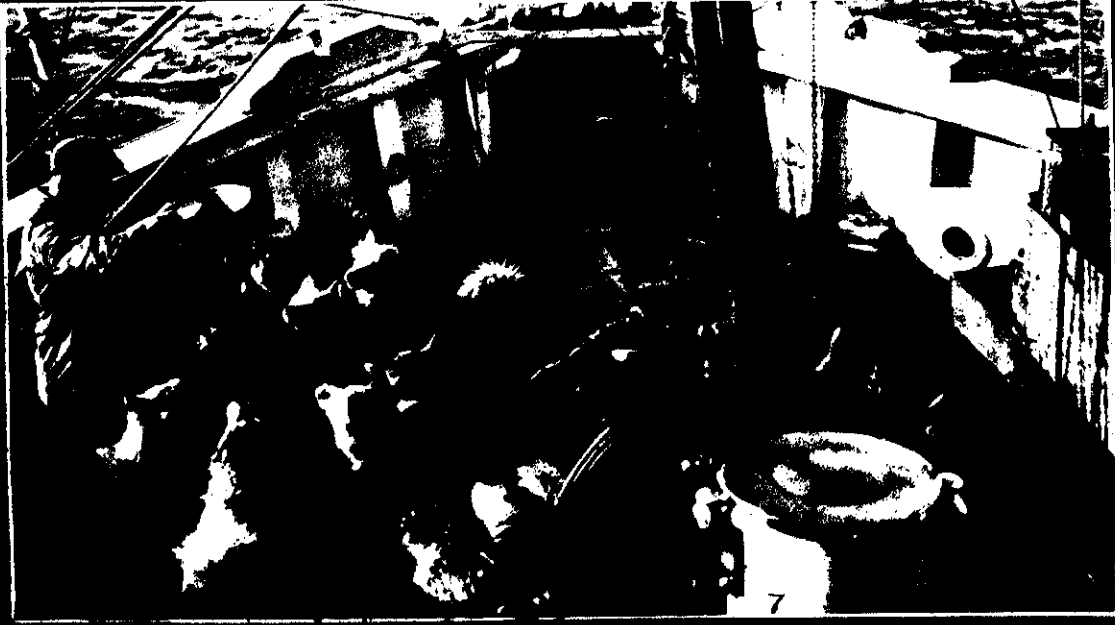


ANOTHER VIEW OF THE NORWEGIAN'S WINTER QUARTERS.

The explorers spent a very comfortable time on the Barrier, not only on account of the mild weather, only two storms being experienced. They recorded some astonishing meteorological observations, and witnessed a number of glorious auroras.

WITH AMUNDSEN, THE POLEFINDER, ON HIS JOURNEY TO THE FROZEN SOUTH.

THE MEN WHO



Photographs by J. W. Beattie, Hobart.

CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN AND HIS HARDY NORTHMEN RETURN TO CIVILISATION

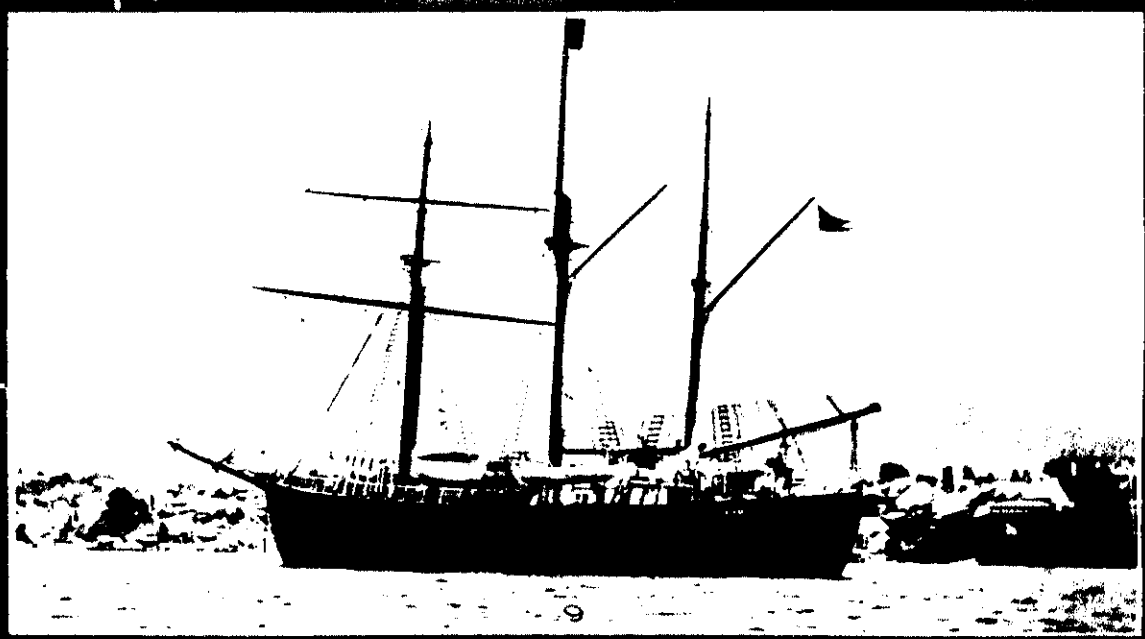
These pictures, the first published of the return to Hobart, Tasmania, of the *Fram* and her victorious commander and crew, show what a true stamp of sailor Captain Amundsen selected for his great dash for

the South Pole. It will be seen that the leader of the expedition has shaved off the beard which was a marked feature of his appearance before he started on his long journey to the frozen south. (1) The only

five men we know of who have ever seen the Pole (left to right, Hassel, Whiting, Captain Amundsen, Rjahlund, and Hansen). (2) A typical Eskimo dog, without the aid of which it is doubtful whether the party

would have ever accomplished their task. (3) The ship's cabin. An important source of ship supplies. When the *Fram* went into winter quarters the expedition secured sixty

UND THE POLE.



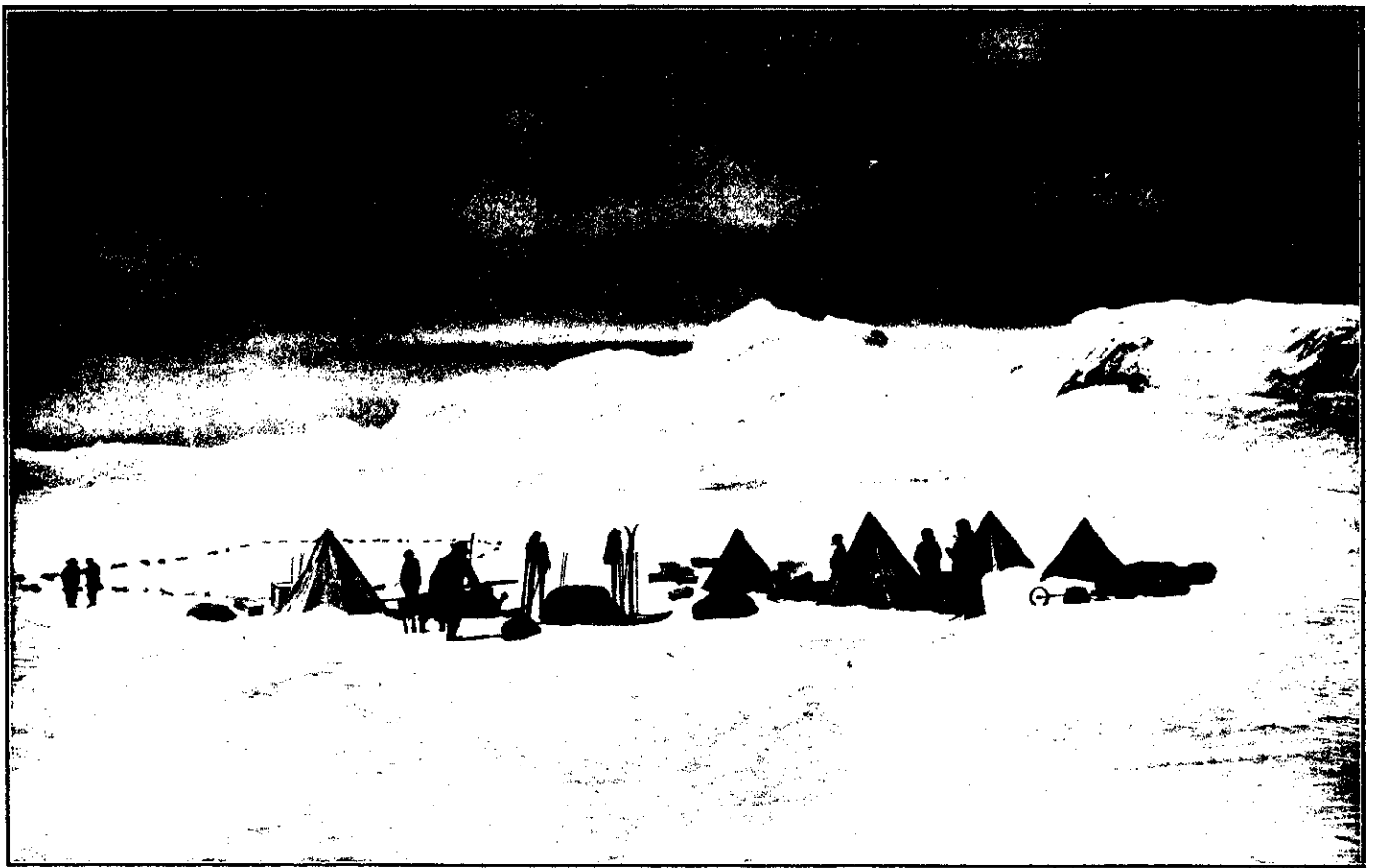
ISHING THE DREAM OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS EXPLORERS AND SCIENTISTS.

which is said to be quite a delinquency - are beyond latitude 80. These holes will break through several inches to the open air again after a fishing

extension. 6) Osear Wisting and his favourite dog "Osbert" (Cobach, the oldest and biggest of the pack. Both the dog and his master were at the Pole. 6) Another dozen of the far south - the Emperor penguin,

7) Feeding some of the Fram's dogs. The party which discovered the pole started off with 52 of these wily animals, and came back with 11, most of the others being used for food. 8) A typical bit of the Bay

of Whales, where the Fram was found by the Scott party. 9) The sturdy old Fram at Hobart. If the reader will look closely at the photograph No. 7, he will notice the solidity of the fittings of Amundsen's ship.



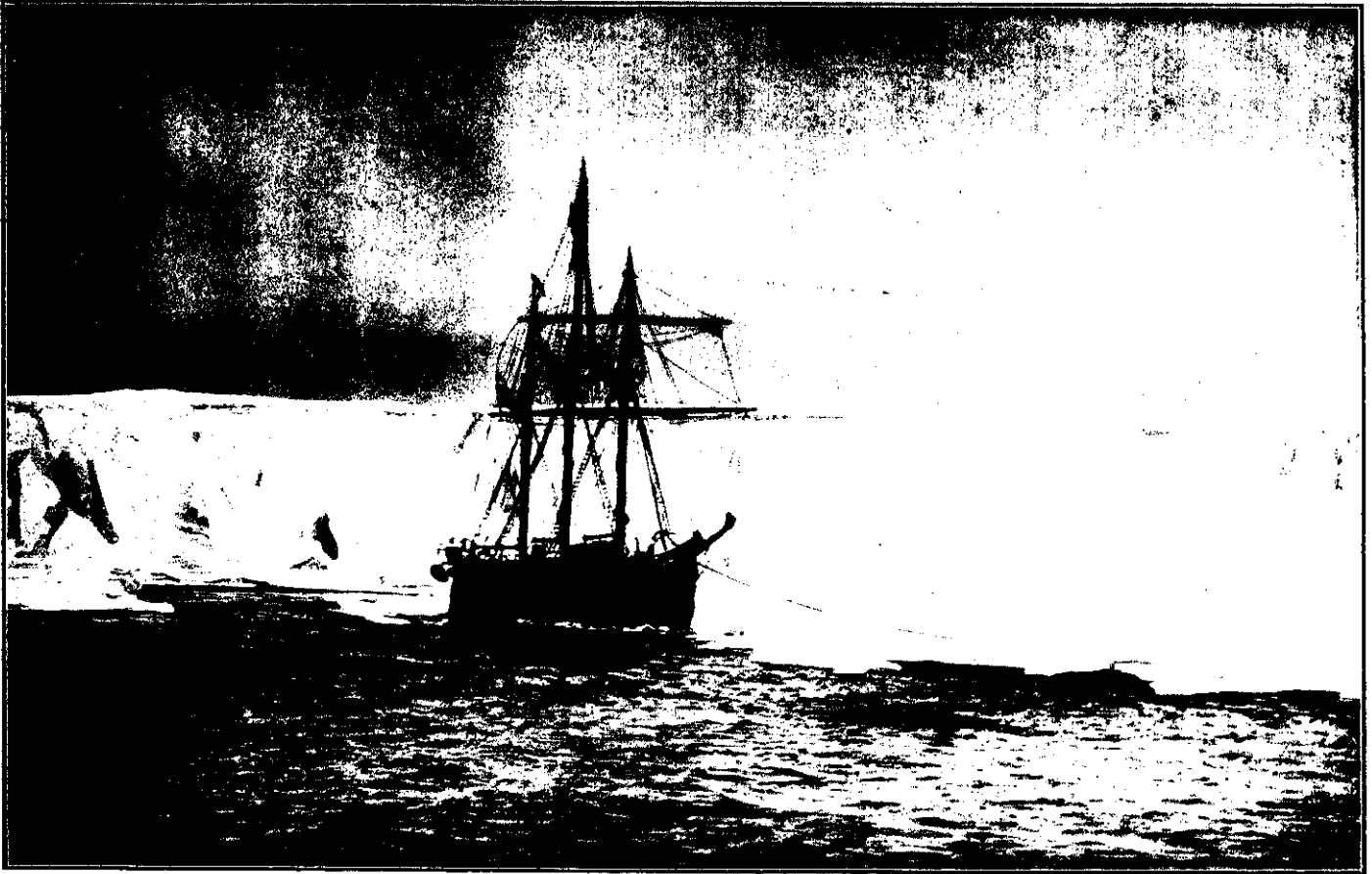
DEPOT-LAYING ON THE TRACK OF THE POLE-FINDERS.

The judicious laying of suitable depots on the route to the Pole was an important part of the winter work of the expedition, so that everything would be in readiness for the earliest start when the spring returned.



MEETING OF THE RIVAL PARTIES AT THE BAY OF WHALES.

Others of the Fram and Terra Nova outside Amundsen's hut. The leader is standing fifth from the left, and may be distinguished by the white collar of his jersey.
WITH AMUNDSEN, THE POLEFINDER, ON HIS JOURNEY TO THE FROZEN SOUTH.



THE FAMOUS FRAM IN THE BAY OF WHALES, AMUNDSEN'S WINTER QUARTERS.

While the Terra Nova was surveying along the Barrier it was here she met Amundsen's ship, much to the surprise of the Scott party. The season was so mild that the water remained open right through the winter.



POLEHEIM, THE NEWEST SPOT ON THE GLOBE.

Captain Amundsen reports that he discovered the pole on a vast plateau, which he named after King Haakon, of Norway. He placed a flag of Norway at the spot, and named the place Poleheim "The town of the Pole." The incident being illustrated in the above sketch.

WITH AMUNDSEN, THE POLEFINDER, ON HIS JOURNEY TO THE FROZEN SOUTH.



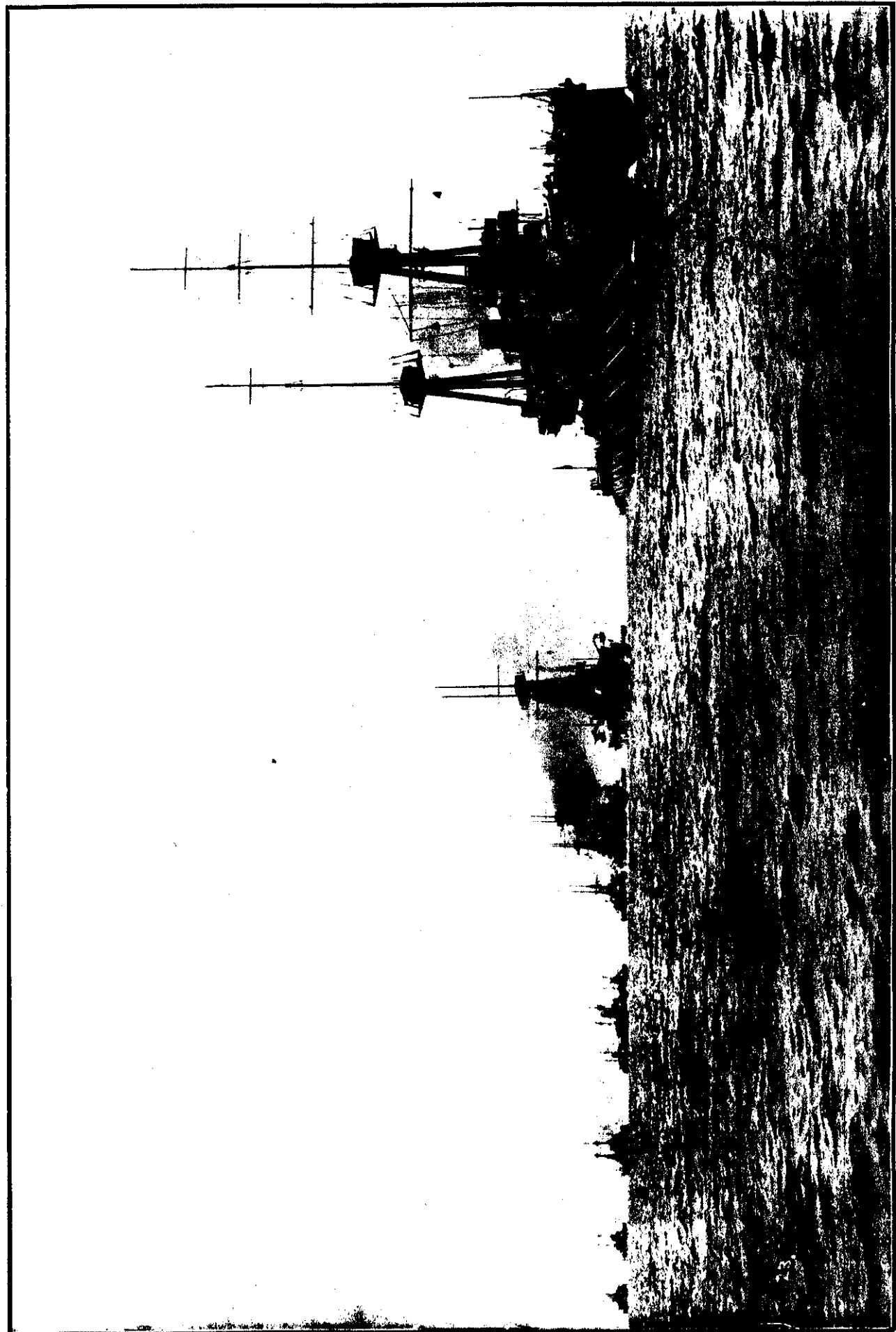
THOUGHTFUL TRAVELLERS—WARD AT THE WHANGAREI HOSPITAL FURNISHED OUT OF FUNDS DONATED BY AUCKLAND COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

F. de Tourret, photographer.



Photograph by S. G. Frith.

LADY ISLINGTON ARRIVING AT THE AUCKLAND HOSPITAL TO OPEN THE NEW EXTENSION OF THE NURSES' HOME.



TO MAINTAIN THE FREEDOM OF THE EMPIRE—A BATTLESHIP AND CRUISER SQUADRON, WITH THE FLAGSHIP NEPTUNE AT THE HEAD.

Introducing the Navy Estimates the other day, in the House of Commons, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Winston Churchill made a characteristic speech, in which he gave expression to the general wish that some arrangement could be made to between Great Britain and Germany with a view of stopping the mad race for Dreadnoughts. "A naval defeat," he said, "would mean more to us than to Germany or France, because the people of Britain are fed from the sea, hence the necessity of British naval supremacy, which is not a matter of trade and commerce, but of our very freedom. We must so combat our affairs that no single navy shall have a reasonable prospect of success against us." This imposing photograph was taken in the Solent when the fleet assembled to welcome the King on his return from India.



MR. W. D. S. McDONALD, M.P., FOR THE BAY OF PLENTY.

Whose name was freely mentioned in connection with the leadership of the Liberal Party.



MR. G. LAURSEN, MEMBER FOR LYTTELTON.

Who contested the Liberal Leadership with Mr Mackenzie.



THE HON. J. A. MILLAR.

Whose nomination for the leadership was (it is understood) withdrawn on account of Labour opposition.



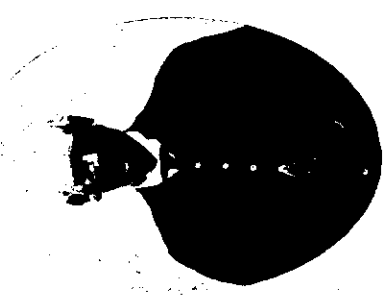
MR. R. MCCALLUM, M.P. FOR WAIRARA.

The motion regarding carrying overflows at Mr. McCallum's election a few days ago last week, the petitioners being ordered to pay costs.



REV. W. CHARLES SADLER OF MELBOURNE.

Selected as the New Bishop of the Diocese of Nelson, New Zealand.



INSPECTOR CULLEN.

The capable officer in charge of the police in Auckland, who has been appointed Commissioner for the Dominion in succession to Mr. Willgrave.

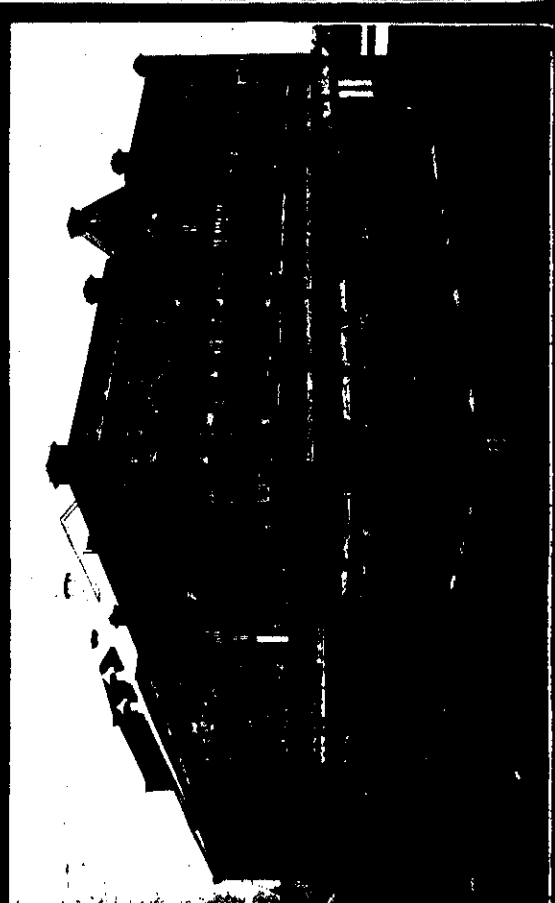
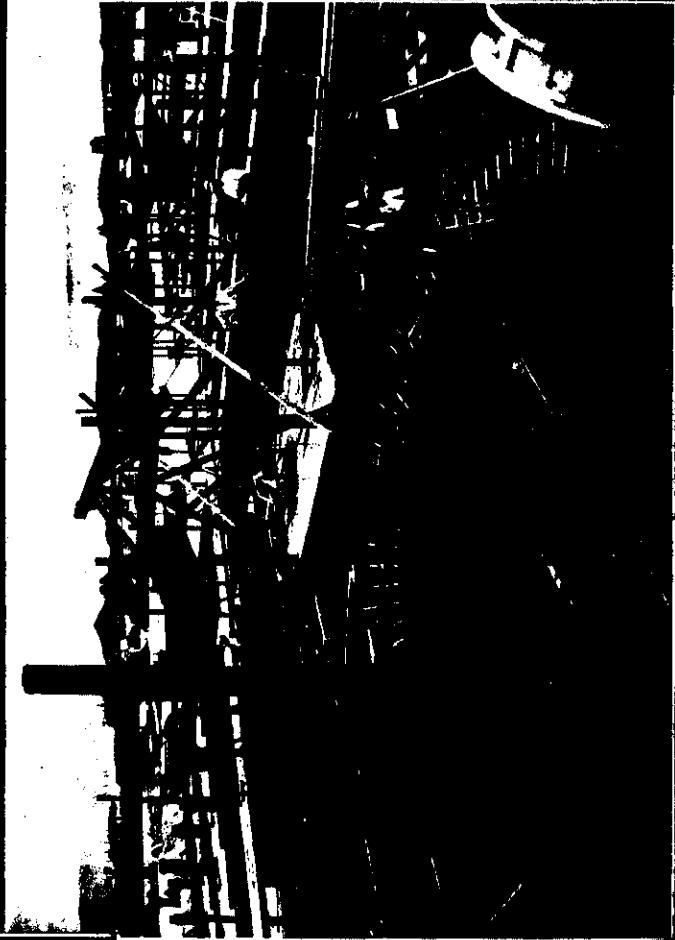


A TALENTED COMBINATION THE THIRD A.M.R. BAND, AUCKLAND, UNDER CONDUCTOR WHALLEY STEWART.



THE NEW LIBERAL LEADER—THE HON. T. MACKENZIE, CHOSEN BY THE PARTY TO SUCCEED SIR JOSEPH WARD.

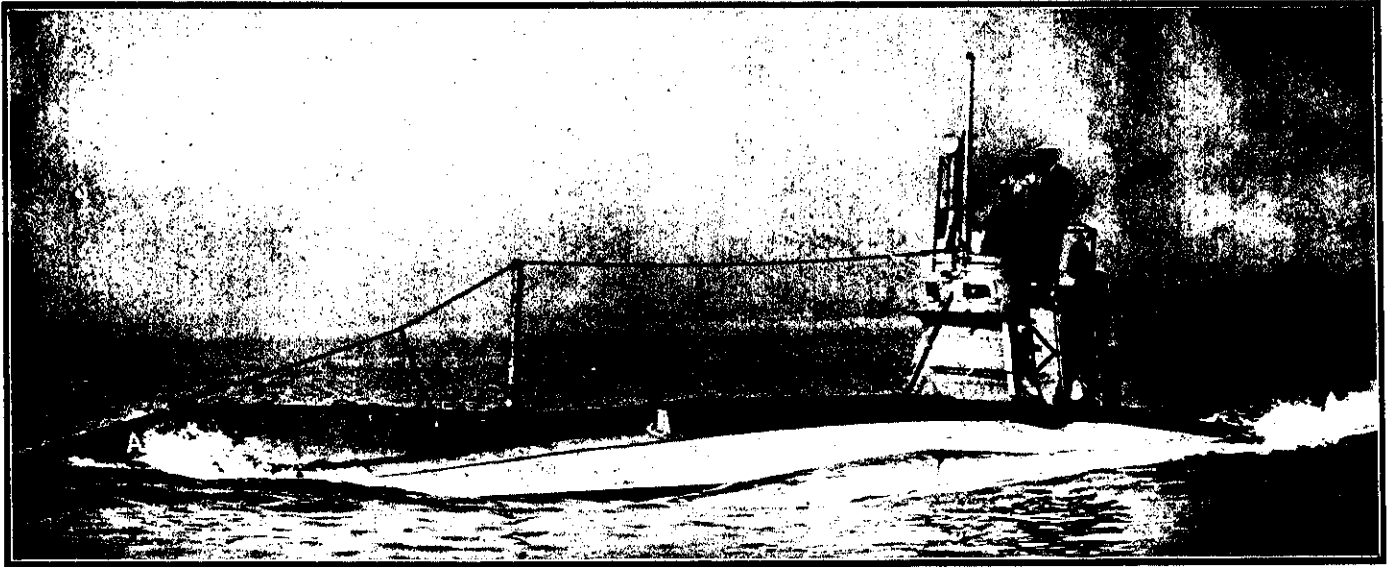
According to the report of last week's caucus of the Liberals in Wellington Mr. Mackenzie received 22 votes and Mr. G. Laursen, the other member nominated, received 9 votes.



DANNEVIRKES COMMODIOUS NEW TOWN HALL, COSTING OVER £11,000, OPENED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

Marshall, photographer.

The Municipal Theatre and Council Offices block, erected by the progressive Borough of Dannevirke, in the Hawke's Bay province, opened by His Excellency the Governor, Lord Eslington, yesterday, is a monumental evidence of the enterprise of the authorities. Our photographs, taken during the erection of the building, show what a substantial structure it is. (1) Some of the scenery painted by Miss Cannon, of Masterton. (2) Walls that would stand a pretty good stretch. (3) How the Press Circle was built.



SUBMARINE A3 SUNK IN THE SOLENT AND ALL HANDS DROWNED.

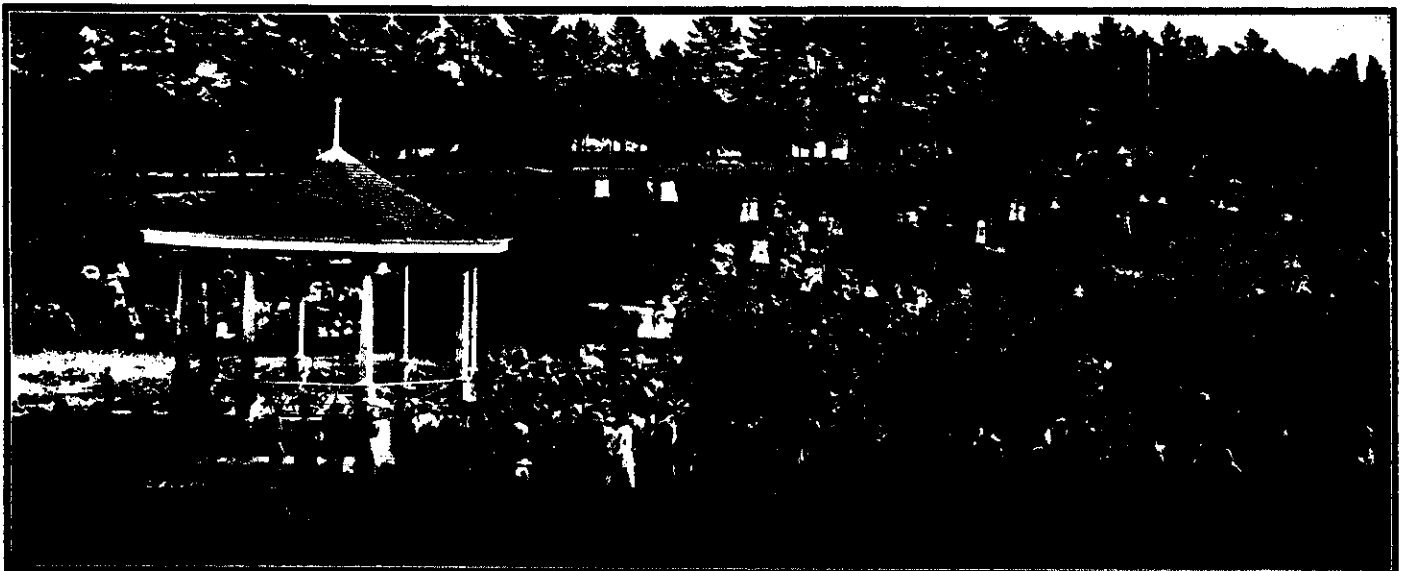
Stephen Celib, photographer.

While manoeuvring off the Isle of Wight the propeller of the Submarine A3 was jammed by a stray block of wood, and, not being able to go astern, she collided with the "parent" ship of the flotilla, the Hazard, and sank, the crew of fourteen being drowned. On the steering tower is Lieutenant Craven, the commander, who, luckily for him, happened to be away on leave at the time of the disaster. Alongside him is his coxswain, P.O. Wilder, who was among those drowned.



HOCKEY GROUND THAT NEVER NEEDS ROLLING—VARSITY MEN AND FRIENDS PLAYING ON THE ICE AT OXFORD.

Topical Photograph Agency.



TIMARU, THE SOUTHERN HOLIDAY RESORT—OPENING OF THE NEW BAND ROTUNDA IN THE PARK BY THE MAYORESS, MRS. CRAIGIE.

W. Ferrier, photographer.



HONOLULU, THE CHIEF TOWN OF THE HAWAII ISLANDS, DESTINED TO PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN WORLD POLITICS, SO THE CRITICS SAY.

HONOLULU.

THE GIBRALTAR OF THE PACIFIC.

Its Significance for New Zealand and Australia.

By H. N. HOLMES.

TO most people the mention of the name Honolulu brings only thoughts of an enchantingly lovely group of islands set in the tropic regions of the Pacific. These islands, which are constantly bathed in bright warm sunshine, tempered by breezes, produce all manner of fruit and flowers, with prodigal extravagance. The great natural wonders from the surge of the burning sea in Kilawais active crater to the larking sands and stately pali of Oahu are quite arresting in their uniqueness and magnitude. The gorgeous colouring of mountain and sky, water and land, the picturesque dresses of many alien and native races, the delightful modern homes set in gardens of surpassing beauty, the great hotels costing over one million dollars, and complete with every comfort of modern civilisation, the shops which would credit a New York street, all combine in justifying the claim of Hawaii to its proud boast, "The Garden of the Pacific."

Its scenery is not, however, its only claim to notice. Its trade and commerce during the past two decades have developed with phenomenal rapidity. The exports for 1911 reached a total of £10,000,000 sterling, of which approximately £9,000,000 came from the sugar plantations.

The chief interest of Honolulu to the Australian or New Zealander does not centre in these natural features, entrancing as they undoubtedly are. Honolulu and the island of Oahu on which it is built, has become the strategic point of the United States power in the Pacific Ocean. Here is being focused the

weight of Uncle Sam's naval and military strength.

A few miles south of the city there is a fine land locked bay, guarded by a coral reef, called Pearl Harbour, on which the Government has commenced to spend millions in the construction of what it boasts will be the best equipped naval base in the world.

Dredging operations for the erection of a monster dry dock, naval yards, and piers have already started. On this mountain-circled sheet of water a whole fleet could safely ride at anchor, and as a coaling station it will be of untold value. It is not only to be a naval rendezvous, but is a large military post, with thousands of soldiers and forts made well high impregnable by the latest science of military engineering. Six miles to the north, and immediately on the further side of the famous Waikiki beach, there looms up the gigantic jagged outline of Diamond Head, whose precipitous sides rise close upon 1000ft from the water's edge. This vast extinct crater seems naturally to be the self-constituted guardian of the bay. Military skill and genius has taken advantage of the natural fortification, and made it a fortress which bristles with great guns complete with every device for accurate shooting and long-distance destruction. Looked at with field glasses from the bay there is very little to be seen but the frowning rocks of the mountain, but imbedded in its high sides and crater and behind the hill are weapons of such range that the entire harbour could be swept for twenty miles, even to the far distant point on the southern extremity of the island. Perhaps in the future when the Pacific echoes to the

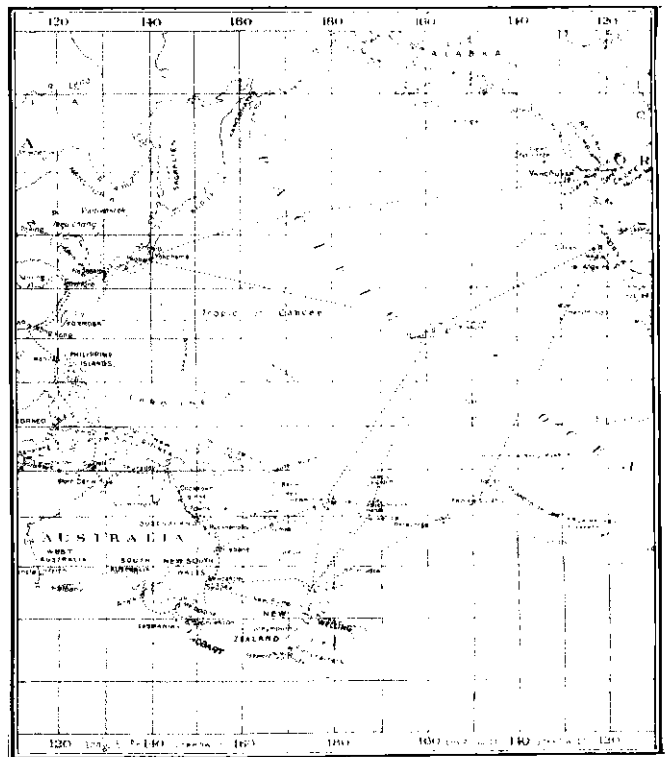


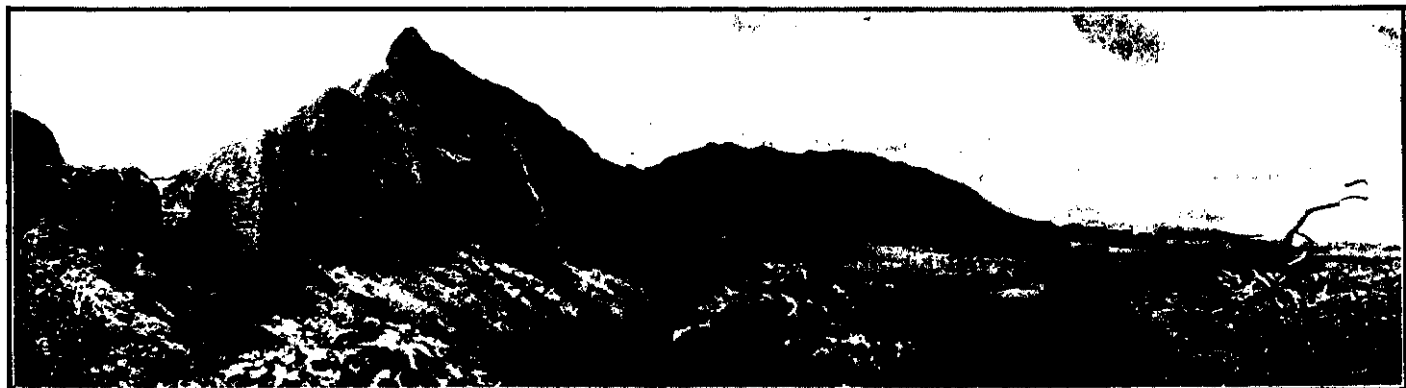
CHART OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN, SHOWING THE IMPORTANT STRATEGIC POSITION OF HONOLULU.

roar and thunder of battle, Diamond Head will make history as the Gibraltar and Malta of the Western Seas.

The undertakings at present in hand will take 12 years (it is estimated) to complete, and when finished, Honolulu will be a naval and military base of world-wide renown, and immense power.

In order to appreciate fully its strategic value on the Pacific highways, one must recognise its pivotal position, and

its relationship to various countries. In view of the opening of the Panama Canal, Honolulu is distant from Auckland 3850 miles, Wellington 4163, Panama 4665, San Francisco 2100, Valparaiso 5915, Vancouver 2372, Yokohama 3445, Hong Kong 4961, and Sydney 4424. It occupies the central and crossing place in the Pacific. The construction of the Panama Canal will reduce the sea journey to New York by no



A WILD AND RUGGED COAST LINE IN THE LOVELY HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

less than one-half, from 13,200 around the Straits of Magellan to 6,700 via the Isthmus.

Honolulu cannot but play a vitally important part in any war in which the United States takes part, and should the struggle be with an Eastern Power, then Honolulu will be the key position, and its capture would almost entirely determine the result.

The fortification of Honolulu is not without significance to Australia and New Zealand. The Commonwealth and Dominion have recently adopted compulsory military training for their youth in order that their own homes can be defended from a possible enemy. Australia is building a navy with the same end in view. Both countries have decided to preserve their territories to the white race. The arming of the southern lands and the fortress and naval base at Diamond Head and Pearl Harbour have become realities, because a fear exists that there may be danger coming from the East where the Oriental nations are now rising with startling suddenness to the rank of first-class powers.

The interests of Australia, New Zealand, and the United States in the Pacific are identical. The defeat of the United States would have a paralyzing effect upon Australia and New Zealand, and the capture of the Commonwealth by China would create a complex problem for America.

President Taft, in his history-making memoranda to Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, on the subject of an unlimited arbitration treaty between the two nations, urged the sanity and wisdom of settling disputes by arbitration.

Individual honour is now satisfied without resorting to swords and revolvers, and why not national honour in the same way.

It is ardently hoped that before many years have passed away, the war zeal will be laid aside, and the battle flag furled, and an era of peace and international trust ushered in, which will be permanent and lasting.

For the present, the equipment of Honolulu, as the strategic point of naval and military power, for the most powerful white race bordering the Pacific is a fact of profound importance to Australia and New Zealand.

[NOTE.—Since the above article was written it was reported in the United States Congress at Washington that there were 35,000 retired Japanese soldiers in Hawaii ready at any moment to assist in winning that territory for their country should the opportunity arise. The United States War Department have decided to increase their garrison at Honolulu by the immediate despatch of five regiments of infantry, each of twelve companies, one regiment of cavalry, one regiment of field artillery, eight companies of coast artillery, one company engineers, and one of signal corps.]

Preserving Hailstones.

The peculiar formation of hailstones and the probable conditions of their production have long been matters of much interest to scientists. A thorough study of them, it is believed, might throw much light on various meteorological phenomena, especially in regard to air-currents, changes of temperature and of pressure, etc., in the upper strata of the atmosphere. A comparison of them with the "ice flowers" and snow crystals or stars which Tyndall and other prominent scientists have found so fruitful a field of investigation might yield important results. Heretofore, however, the comparative rarity of their occurrence and the great rapidity with which they melt, has offered obstacles to this. But Prof. Boris Weinberg, of Tomsk, Siberia, has just perfected an apparatus as we learn from Les Annales, which is expected to obviate these difficulties. He will gather the hailstones as opportunity offers and preserve them by plunging them in a liquid of about the same density contained in a double-walled receptacle like a superior ice cream freezer, but "packed" with a mixture of ice and sulphate of copper. As needed for study the stones can be removed, sliced in extremely thin sections and photographed by a polarizing microscope or auto-chromatic plates, as is done with anatomical preparations.

The Modernisation of Palestine.

Rapid Development of the Holy Land — Transportation Concessions and Water Supply—Tramways and Telephones—Mecca to be joined up with Damascus—To Mecca by Rail from Paris

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.

VERY rapidly, and with so little advertising that the rest of the world scarcely realises it, the modernisation of Palestine has been going on ever since the triumph of the Young Turkish Party over Abdul Hamid. In political, educational, and particularly in economic reforms, there has been a great deal of progress. Important railway and transportation concessions have been

miles of desert between Medina and Mecca.

Starting from Damascus this line runs almost due south through wild and sterile country for more than 820 miles to Medina, the burial-place of Mohammed. It is principally used for carrying Mohammedan pilgrims. At many of its more important stations one can now send telegrams in any European language to all parts of the world. Until



ONE OF THE OLD WELLS AT BEER-SHEBA.

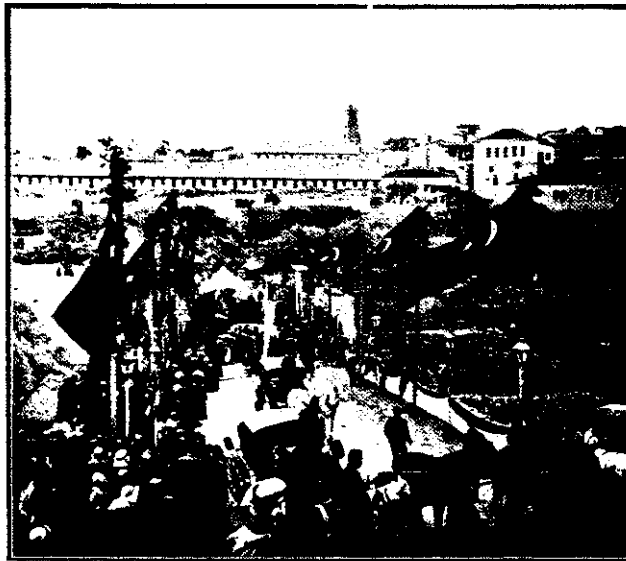
Note the grooves in the stone worn by bucket ropes.

the French, and which will finally revert to Turkey. This line is fifty-five miles in length, and the journey is a particularly interesting one, as one passes through the scenes of many Old Testament events, such as the birthplace of Samson, Mizpeh (where the Children of Israel, from Dan to Beersheba, were called together several times, and where Saul was anointed king), the spot where the Ark rested, and many other sacred places.

Then followed one from Beyrouth, on the coast, to Damascus, also the work of the French. Crossing as it does the Lebanon regions, the line passes through some really beautiful scenery. The distance by rail between Beyrouth and Damascus is ninety-one miles, and the railway is a narrow gauge, and for climbing the mountainous portions (about twenty miles) a cog-wheel-and-rack system is employed.

Of more recent date is the Turkish line from Haifa, also on the coast, round the southern end of the Sea of Galilee to Damascus. This line owes its inception to the Mecca project. When the latter work was put in hand all materials for its construction had to be carried from Beyrouth to Damascus by the French railway. The rates charged the Turkish Government by this line were so high, however, that it was decided to build this side line, giving them a direct communication with a seaport. The gauge is 4 1/2 ft., and it was erected by English engineers.

As the track runs across the Province of Galilee and touches many places mentioned in the New Testament, it is naturally much patronised by tourists, and from its inception has been a financial success. Skirting along the foot of Mount Carmel the track runs to Afuleh, close to Nazareth. It was originally intended to continue the rails round the western shores of the lake. If this had been done Tiberias, Magdala, and Capernaum would have been connected with the Mediterranean by rail. The engineers, however, finally decided to run the iron road round the southern end of the lake. The track passes through Semakh, at the southern extremity of



THE OPENING OF THE WATERWORKS AT JERUSALEM.

The Sir Mose, Monrethore Almshouses at the back. The Pool of Gihon is below the causeway.

granted, while Jerusalem, Jericho, and Palestine's newest city, Beersheba, have been given a much-needed water supply.

Damascus, too, has recently had her water-supply greatly improved, and is the first city in Bible lands to have an electric tramway, and in this particular Beyrouth is following suit. It is hoped, too, that Jerusalem will in the near future boast of a tramway service.

Indeed in every department of commercial enterprise and activity modern methods are being rapidly brought into vogue. The question of drainage of the principal streets of Jerusalem has recently received attention, and, like Constantinople, the Holy City has got rid of her dogs, and her pavements and streets are cleaned by the new sanitary department of the Government.

Then the Turkish authorities recently granted a concession to several English and American companies for the construction and exclusive operation of telephones both in the Turkish capital and also in Jerusalem. Indeed, as Constantinople becomes more modernised and adopts Western methods so does Jerusalem.

Perhaps it is in transportation facilities and in water-supply that the development is most marked. One has only to add that last year plans were submitted to the Turkish Parliament for the construction of no fewer than 1,500 miles of railway, with mineral and oil rights in the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan, to show the rapid development now going on in this part of the world. The lines of the Hedjaz railway are to be carried with all speed across the 295

written recently they had to be handed in either in Turkish or Arabic. Tourists visiting Palestine now make use of this line for reaching the rock-hewn city of Petra, on the edge of the great Arabian desert. It means a saving of at least eight days in the journey.

This is, of course, by no means the only railway in Palestine. The first to be opened was that which connects the seaport of Jaffa with Jerusalem, built by



ELISHA'S FOUNTAIN AND THE PLAIN OF JERICO.

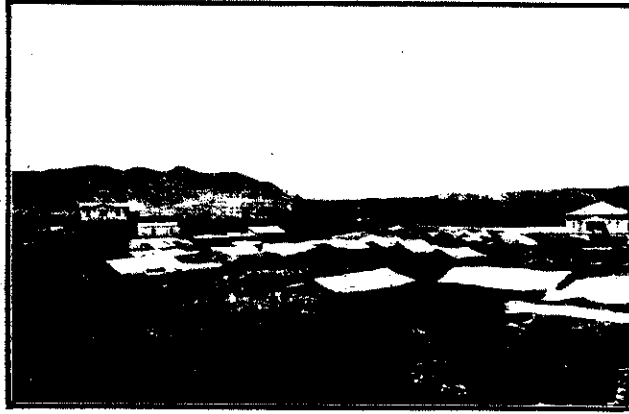
This is the fountain healed by the prophet. Now its waters are piped into modern Jericho.

the Sea of Galilee, from which boats carry passengers across to Tiberias.

From Semakh the line proceeds up the wild gorge of the Yarmuck, and thence to Daraa, where it joins the main line from Damascus that runs down southwards to Medina. Daraa now boasts of a large repair shop for repairing disabled locomotives. The station here also possesses a modern restaurant and hotel, as well as a post office and telegraph office.

THE BAGHDAD LINE.

Of the lines yet to be built in Asiatic Turkey one will extend from Samsoon, on the Black Sea, in a south-easterly direction to a point near the Persian border. This district is expected to become a great oil-producing country, and only capital is needed to develop it. Another will start from some port on the Mediterranean, not yet determined, and stretch in a north-easterly direction to



THE VILLAGE OF MODERN JERICHO.

The Government Building or Serai to the right, the principal hotel to the left. Tradition locates the temptation of Christ on the mountain at the left.

Lake Van, crossing the other line. Then, of course, there is the famous Baghdad enterprise, the concession to construct which was given to the German Emperor some eleven years ago by the deposed Sultan.

Here it may be added that this particular railway does not concern Palestine, but it is the link by which the Holy Land will be finally connected by rail with Europe.

Few realise what this will mean in the way of connecting the Asiatic dominions of the Sultan with Europe by direct railway communication, and also, for that matter, with the kingdom of the Shah. Another 180 miles and the Baghdad line will reach Killis, already joined up with the Hedjaz enterprise. If the Bosphorus has by that time been spanned by a bridge, which has already been suggested by the authorities in

Constantinople, the Turkish capital will be in railway communication with Damascus, Medina, and Mecca, and also with the rest of Europe.

It is also proposed to run a branch line from Jerusalem to Zizah, thus joining the Holy City with the Hedjaz route. It would be possible then to travel from Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or any of the other centres of Europe direct to Jerusalem and other cities of the Holy Land by rail.

WATER SUPPLY.

Coming now to the question of water supply, a very important consideration in all Eastern cities, we find much being done in this direction by the authorities. Recently an English company introduced into Beyrout the water of the Dog River, which is some miles to the south of the town, which now enjoys an abundant

supply of pure water. Damascus has also recently had her water supply greatly improved, and in the Holy City itself new waterworks were recently opened with much pomp.

In ancient times Jerusalem possessed a generous supply of pure spring water, with which the "Great Sea" and other of the vast reservoirs beneath the temple area were filled, and which made it possible for the city to withstand prolonged sieges. This water was brought from the south. About three miles to the south of Bethlehem, which is six miles to the south of Jerusalem, lie the three great reservoirs attributed by many to Solomon, and which are now called Solomon's Pools.

The water was brought from these pools to the city by two aqueducts, but

Continued on page 61.



ONE OF THE FOUNTAINS OF SOLOMON.
There are three near Artas.



A STREET VIEW IN BEERSHEBA.
The large house in the distance is the Government Serai.



H 4140.—Best Silver-plated Plain Design Afternoon Tea Set, 3 pieces, £24/4/-



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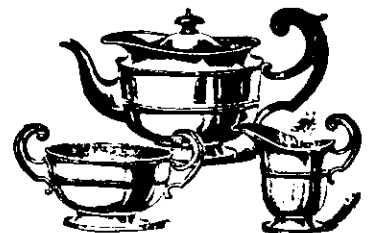
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China's Grapple With the Opium Evil

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS.

OUR sedan-chairs were a mile behind us, and we were not sure of the road. "How far is it to Paoki?" the consul asked a peasant. No answer. "How far is it to Paoki?" The man turned his head a little. The third asking brought a glimmer of speculation into his vacant eyes. On the fourth asking he caught the idea "Paoki." The fifth punctured his mental fog with "How far?" And slowly and thickly, as from a sleep-walker, came the reply, "Forty li."

"What does it mean?" I demanded, after a dozen such experiences in a single morning. "Is it sheer natural stupidity?" "No," replied the consul, ruminating. "Probably opium. You've heard the saying. Out of ten Shensi people, eleven smokers!"

This was my first good look at China's Skeleton in the Closet.

Opium smoking was first heard of in China in the fourteenth century. Four years ago the Chinese were using seventy times as much opium as they were using in 1890. Annually, twenty-two thousand tons of the drug were absorbed, most of it converted into thick smoke and inhaled by a legion of smokers estimated to number at least twenty-five millions. In the poppy provinces opium was so plentiful and cheap that a shocking proportion of the adult population became addicted to the habit. In Szechuan, in the cities half of the men and a fifth of the women came to smoke opium; in the country the proportions were fifteen per cent. and five per cent., respectively. In Kansuh three men out of four were said to be smokers. In western Shensi we came upon districts where we were assured that nine-tenths of the women above forty smoked. In Yuanan the principal inquiry in matrimonial negotiations was, "How many opium-pipes in the family?" this being a certain test of its financial standing. Whole populations had given themselves up to the seductive pipe and were sinking into a state of indescribable lethargy, misery and degradation.

The pipe has a peculiar seduction for the Chinese because their lives are so bare of interest. They indulge in none of that innocent association of men and women which contributes such a charm to the life of the West. The Chinese take to their twin vices—opium-smoking and gambling—as a relief from the dreary flatness that results from casting aside most of the things which make

life interesting, in their mad endeavour to maintain the largest possible number of human beings on the minimum area.

A month's travel by sedan-chair last summer gave me some light on why the coolie hankers for his pipe. Our chair and baggage coolies took with them no wrap nor change of clothing, and eight successive days of rain brought them to a state of utter misery. After twelve hours of splashing and slipping up and down the mountain roads in a cold drizzle, under a weight of from seventy to ninety pounds, the coolie would come at evening, utterly exhausted, to a cheerless, comfortless Chinese inn. No fire, no clothing save his two soaked cotton garments, no bed save a brick kang with a ragged mat on it, no blankets. For supper nothing but rice and bean curd or macaroni. What wonder that, after eating, the poor fellow curled up on the mat with the tiny lamp beside him, rolled the black head, and sucked the thick smoke till he passed beyond the reach of cold and weariness!

One may wonder why the cancer was allowed to eat so deeply into the social body. To be sure, the hands of the Government were tied by the treaty privileges of the trade in foreign opium. Still, what Western society would tolerate the ravages of alcohol as China has supinely tolerated the ravages of opium? Even if the Government could do nothing, other agencies would have sprung into activity. The pulpit, the platform, the school, the chair, the press, and the temperance societies and movements would have set bounds to the cancer. But China society lacks most of the organs of self-protection. In the religions of China there is no place for preaching or church discipline. Until recently the schools were expected to teach nothing but the classic learning. Newspapers did not circulate. Private associations, even innocent societies for moral purposes, were under the ban of government. Above all, women, the natural foes of destructive vice, were dumb. One of the greatest forces behind the temperance movement in the West has been the influence of women, rallying, organising, and agitating in defence of the home. In China not one woman in a thousand can read. Women have no part in discussion no place in public life, and hence no means of voicing the woe that comes to them from the prevalence of the opium habit.

What finally moved the Imperial Gov-

ernment, at a great sacrifice of public revenue, to enter on its gigantic struggle was not so much pity for the wreck and misery caused by the seductive narcotic, as a realising sense of the weakness of the Chinese nation in the presence of the Western Powers. The reign of apathy and self-hatred among the Chinese, their lack of public spirit and effective co-operation at critical moments were inviting treatment ever more aggressive and ruthless. It became clear even to the haughty and hidebound Manchus that unless the people speedily renounced the vice that was undermining their virility, and recovered their normal resisting power, there was no hope for China among the nations.

The famous Anti-Opium Edict issued by the Empress Dowager, September

plots of sordid beans or wheat or cabbages, the poppy field stands out like a flame. At full bloom its splendour benefits a crop that is to lure and ruin men rather than nourish them. The dominant note is snow-white, but bells of all gorgeous hues are to be seen—purple and ruby, crimson, scarlet, and pink, besides white blossoms tipped or streaked with these—a riot of colour. For rich, prodigal beauty, no field crop under the sun can match it. The flowering poppy is vivid, dramatic, and passionate, like some superb adventuress alluring troops of lovers and, vampire-like, sucking out their souls with her kisses.

When the Empress Dowager took opium by the throat, half the acreage of certain interior provinces was given over to the poppy during its season. So



MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND PIPES, BOWLS, PLATES, LAMPS, AND OPIUM BOXES HAVE BEEN BURNED BY CHINESE ANTI-OPIUM SOCIETIES.

20, 1906, which commanded that the growth, sale, and consumption of opium should cease in the Empire within ten years, was the opening gun in what is undoubtedly the most extensive warfare on a vicious private habit that the world has ever known. Hundreds of thousands of officials, gentry, students, merchants, and den-keepers have been drawn into it. Blood has been shed and property has been destroyed on a great scale. The stake is the lives of some millions of opium-users, to say nothing of the oncoming generation. The guardian of victory is the assured independence of the Yellow Race and its eventual participation on equal terms with the White Race in the control of the destinies of the planet.

Once see the poppy in her pride, and you realize that there is nothing drab or homespun about opium raising. Among

much had the plant cut into the production of food that the cost of the necessities of life was crowding the local labouring people to the verge of starvation. There was more money in opium than in anything else, and so leases, and rentals, and mortgages became adjusted to the lucrative opium crop. To many a farmer the relinquishment of the poppy would spell blue ruin. The stopping of opium-growing looked about as simple and feasible a proposition as the stopping of corn-growing in the West or of cotton-planting in the South, by Act of Congress.

The ins and outs of the fight on the poppy are full of the "Arabian Nights" flavour. When the magistrate proclaims the Anti-Opium Edict and announces that he intends to see it obeyed, the cultivators in a body call upon him, grovel on their faces, remind him that he is the "father and mother" of them all, and beseech him to save them from ruin by letting them grow their poppy just this season. Of course there is a fat bribe lurking in the background for the official who is open to that sort of persuasion; and unless the official is a reformer at heart or else afraid of losing his place, he is not wholly obdurate. The salary of the mandarin is nominal, and he has somehow to squeeze a living income out of his district.

But if opportunity avails not, the farmers resort to ruse. They raise the poppy in small patches in out-of-the-way places off the main road—behind walls or trees or up a little side valley—or they cut off the leaves and flowers so the crop cannot be recognised at a distance. They rely on steering off or bribing shut the eyes of the "runners" sent out from the magistrate's headquarters to look for infractions of the Edict. If, nevertheless, the mandarin hears of illicit poppy-growing and comes in his big green sedan-chair, borne on the shoulders of four bearers, with a force of men to pull up the outlawed plants, the tactics suddenly change. He may be met by the men of several confederated villages armed with sickles, pitchforks, and hillhooks, and intent on mischief. At Wukung last spring the mob put to flight the satellites of the magistrate and even laid rude hands on the official himself. He took refuge in a temple and let it be known that the farmers might grow poppy, for all he cared!

At Kin Kiungai, in Kansuh, the pre-



BURNING OPIUM PIPES AND OTHER PARAPHERNALIA CONFISCATED BY THE FOCHOW ANTI-OPIUM SOCIETY. OVER TEN OF THESE SOLEMN PUBLIC BURNINGS HAVE TAKEN PLACE.

fect who had come to destroy the growing opium was set upon in the official inn and beaten nearly to death. In a few weeks, however, several of the leaders, of the riot were beheaded after a public trial, and the overawed farmers hastened to dig up their poppy fields. At Wenchow in Chekiang, when the magistrate appeared with a company of soldiers and proceeded to destroy the evil crop, about two thousand farmers attacked his force, and a number of rioters and soldiers were injured. Three hundred troops and a gunboat were presently dispatched to the scene and the lawbreakers were quelled.

As earnest of its resolve to shake off its lethargy and make itself fit to speak with the enemy in the gate, the Imperial Government proceeded to purge its ranks of opium smokers. It was felt that the mandarins must set an example to the common people. In the words of the Edict, "If the officials are fond of the vice, how can they guide the honest folk under them?" So, while officials over 60 years of age were tolerated in case they found themselves unable to throw off the smoking habit, all others were given a stated term within which to break off. If at the end of the term they were not cured, they were obliged to resign. Certain results of these regulations were startling. Not only were hundreds dismissed, but several high officials—among

has teeth in it, for both officers and common soldiers have been beheaded for obdurate indulgence in the pipe.

The story of the fight in the dens is full

the sub-prefect heads rails on places where opium smoking is going on, private residences as well as shops. The smokers caught are beaten and their ap-



A CHINESE REPRESENTATION OF THE OPIUM SMOKER'S BONDAGE—CAUGHT IN AN ENLARGED LAMP AND PIPE-BOWL OF A SMOKER'S OUTFIT.

of incidents and alarms. In Anhwei one official went out at night dressed as a coolie and found eight dens filled with

paratus is destroyed. In a city in Hunan ten dens were secretly re-opened. The magistrate had the places raided at night, the shops were confiscated and sold, and the proprietors were imprisoned, beaten, and cangued. The proceeds from the sale of the property went to schools and police.

A year ago the founder of the Anti-Opium League reported: "In one city the doors of seven thousand dens have been shut. In other cities from two to three thousand have been closed, while in still other cities a thousand such places have been done away with. In a hundred thousand market towns throughout the land, the dens and dives have been closed. Altogether, between one and two million places for the smoking of opium have been removed."

The experience of the Chinese with opium smashes the comfortable doctrine that organised society need not concern itself with private bad habits. The hand of government was withheld for a long time in China, and if any salutary principle of self-limitation lurked in the opium vice it ought to have declared itself long ago. If it were in the nature of opium-smoking to confine its ravages to fools and weaklings; if out of each generation it killed off the two or three percent, of least foresight or feeblest self-control, it might be looked upon as the winner of chaff; and society might safely concede a man the right to go to the devil in his own way and at his own pace. But the vice was not so discriminating. Like a gangrene it ate deeper and deeper into the social body, spreading from weak tissue to sound, till the very future of the Chinese race was at stake.



"TAKEN IN THE NET BY THE FOREIGNER."

Cartoon from a pamphlet circulated by the Foochow Anti-opium Society. Intended to illustrate the hindrance that England offers to the anti-opium campaign in China.

them two governors and two vice-presidents of imperial boards—died in their persevering efforts to conquer the habit. These distressing cases caused the regulations to be relaxed so as to allow smokers past fifty to continue in office.

Nothing turns a man into a liar like the black smoke, and it soon appeared that many an official who could not or would not abandon the pipe was concealing his indulgence in order to keep his office and its emoluments. Suspicious and denunciations became the order of the day. It was found necessary to clear the situation by establishing testing bureaus at Peking and certain provincial capitals. The suspect was obliged to submit himself to a rigid test. After being searched for concealed opium he was locked up for three days in a comfortable apartment and supplied with good food but no opium. If he held out, he was given a clean bill of health, for no opium-smoker can endure three days' separation from his pipe. The strongest resolution breaks down under the intolerable craving that recurs each day at the hour sacred to the pipe. Regardless of ruin to his career, the secret smoker, be he even viceroy or minister, will on bended knees, with tears streaming down his cheeks, beg the attendant to relieve his agonies by supplying him with materials for a smoke. Certain highnesses, princes of the blood even, were by this means literally "smoked out," and summarily cashiered. And in the army, prohibition

people. He had them all babooned on the spot, giving the proprietor three hundred blows and the smokers two hundred. The next day not a shop was open. In Amoy

Now, liquor is to us what opium is to the yellow man. If our public opinion and laws had been so long inert with respect to alcohol as China has been with respect to opium, we might have suffered quite as severely as have the Chinese. The lesson from the Orient is that when society realises a destructive private habit is eating into its vitals, the question to consider is not whether to attack that habit, but how.

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100 Victoria St., AUCKLAND.

LIFE IN THE GARDEN

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

All communications for "Veronica" should be addressed to "Graphic" Office, Auckland. Secretaries of Horticultural Societies are invited to send 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.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

HYDRANGEAS should never be pruned until the stems are quite ripe. The wood is a nice nut-brown when in the right condition. Do the cutting in mid-winter when the plants are resting, and you won't go far wrong. In the meantime see that the soil about the roots is kept moist. Any plant that does as good a work as the ever-popular hydrangea should be well cared for all the way through. The more you do for the hydrangeas now the better they will flower next season.

Small columbine plants that are struggling through their first summer should be given a lot of favour from this out, so as to get them into their full strength for the good work they will do early next spring.

The big perennial lupin should be extensively grown in cold country gardens, where the long spikes of flower do so handsomely. Polyphyllus and Snow Queen are the two kinds to use.

Try another batch of nignonette seed broadcasted on the best bit of garden-land you can find. Although poor soil is said to improve the perfume it does not produce the growth that is necessary to make good sized stems. Get as much stalk as possible. The perfume will follow. Try Giant and Machet. They are both superb sorts. Grown where the compost is three-parts old manure and one part light loam, the nignonette will be a great success.

There are no signs yet that the sweet pea has attained to the full height of its popularity either here or elsewhere. Both in England and the States, the com-

ing season promises to be one of unusual interest.

The cultivator who seems to learn from the accumulated experiences of others, and affirms that "gardening comes natural to everyone and does not need to be fadded over," is apt to be overtaken by all sorts of misfortunes, most of which are clearly traceable to ignorance. In this case, a series of failures must ensue, and knowledge is most laboriously gained. Want of it leads one to plant in the sunniest spot the very plants which require shade, and to plant under trees those which need the invigorating influence of sun-shine from morning until night, and if the foregoing causes were in any degree wanting, an army of accidental causes are at hand in the form of vermin, whose name is legion. Added to these is a chapter of accidents to be set down both as sins of omission and commission, such as omitting to water plants or to replot them when they need it, or watering too much, and at the wrong season.

Mr. Robert Sydenham.

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL SWEET PEA SOCIETY.

Mr. Robert Sydenham occupies a prominent, and we had almost written unique, position in the world of horticulture. Few men are more widely known, and his genial personality has secured him large numbers of friends. By way of recreation he took up gardening very many years ago and found it a pleasant change from the conduct of a wholesale jeweller's business. But his keen busi-



MR ROBERT SYDENHAM, NEW PRESIDENT OF THE N.S.P.S.

ness instincts led him to look further than the recreative side of gardening, and before long he commenced to sell bulbs, and very soon developed a large business in them.

From bulbs to seeds was an easy step. The business has grown to be a very large one, and the premises at Tenby-street, Birmingham, are taxed to their utmost at this season of the year, when orders for seeds come pouring in. Though one of the keenest of business men, Mr. Robert Sydenham is also one of the most generous, while his jollity is infectious. He has travelled considerably in North America, Europe, the Mediterranean region, and in South Africa, and is contemplating a visit to California. An early riser and a hard worker himself, Mr. Sydenham sets the pace in any society with which he is connected, never shirking the duties that fall to his share. He has been from the time it was established the life and soul of the Midland Daffodil Society, which has done so much to promote the cultivation and improvement of the narcissi, spending time and money freely to maintain its high position. He is a member of the Royal Horticultural Society's Narcissus and Tulip Committee, and his knowledge of varieties is a wide one. Mr. Sydenham is a great believer in "taking notes," and he is mostly found with a notebook in his hand.

For many years Mr. Sydenham grew carnations and pinks for exhibition purposes with wonderful success, and was difficult to beat at the Midland shows, a fact of interest as showing that he has the florist's instincts as well as a strong love for these two classes of flowers. Latterly he has, as a cultiva-

tor, taken special interest in the cultivation of bulbous plants in fibre, in undrained pots; indeed, he may be regarded as the pioneer of this useful form of cultivation. As so well known to all who are in any way concerned with sweet peas, these charming flowers occupy a large part of his attention, and in his private garden he grows them freely and well, while he travels far and wide to see new varieties and inspect seed stocks. It is of interest to recall the fact that Mr. Sydenham was a member of the committee that carried through the celebration of the bi-centenary of the introduction of the Sweet Pea, at the Crystal Palace in 1900, which had such an enormous influence on the extension of the cultivation of sweet peas and on the development of new forms. Since the formation of the National Sweet Pea Society he has always been a prominent and official member, and so, in recognition of services rendered, the members of this society unanimously elected him, at the recent annual meeting, president for 1912, a position of which Mr. Sydenham is justly proud, and one which he will fill admirably.—"Gardeners' Magazine."

Sweet Peas in 1912.

New sweet peas are as numerous as new roses and new cypripediums. Probably they are not so numerous as is the last-named family of orchids, but they are so abundant that hardly any enthusiast has seen all of them in any one year, and fewer have had opportuni-



SWEET PEA, R. F. FELTON.

Like with blue-grey whisp. flowers much larger than shown in photograph. Introduced by Mr R. Bolton.

ties of comparing the newer varieties one with the other. Doubtless some varieties that are at present by way of being "dark horses" may eventually become winners, and also it seems quite likely that some new sweet peas of which a good deal has been said and written, will soon fall in estimation. Therefore, one must needs write with care of new varieties lest overpraise or overblame be given.

Mr. Robert Bolton occupies a foremost position with new varieties, especially with those belonging to the fancy section. He gave us a hint at further delightful colour combinations when he sent out Charles Foster, and probably his newest varieties will supersede that variety. It is doubtful whether any new sweet pea was more talked about at the N.S.P.S. show in July last than Afterglow, a beautiful and indescribable variety with blue, purple and mauve colouring. Prince George is another fancy sort which Mr. Bolton thinks will quickly take the lead in this division; it is a combination of rose, violet, and bronze. R. F. Felton, lilac, with blue-grey wings, is another fine variety from Carnforth.

Messrs. Dobbie and Co. have some capital varieties to offer, and their May Campbell, cream, with rosy flaming and veining, is right at the top of the "marbled" section. Mauve Queen will not please everyone, but it is a first-class flower, and its shade of colour is very pleasing. Lady Knox, of Ivory shade, gives a fine spike of flowers, while Melba, a light salmon-pink, is a beauty

Mr. W. J. Unwin, Histon, offers four novelties, and of these Winifred Unwin, a charming light blue shade, should find favour; Leslie Lumber gives a medium shade of blue; Cyril Unwin is a fine grower, and has maroon, violet-shaded flowers; while Walter P. Wright is light lavender-blue, a pretty shade of colour, and the variety has strong growth.

Miss Hemus, Upton-on-Severn, offers dwarf forms of Marjory Hemus, Maroon Paradise, and Purple Paradise; these are said to grow about sixteen inches high, forming little bushes; these I have not seen, but their descriptions suggest beauty and novelty. Of Lucy Hemus, Paradise Regained, and Evelyn Hemus, double forms are now offered and should prove interesting and useful. Paradise Moonstone, pink, with blue tinting; Holdfast Picotee, pink, with red edge; Marjory Hemus, white, with soft violet edge; Paradise Celestial, pale blue; and Paradise Opal Pierce, white with opal veining, are all new and striking novelties, and in some cases there is more than one shade of the variety offered, thus Marjory Hemus is offered in three heights—dwarf, intermediate, and tall—and in three shades of colour—pale, medium, and deep.

Messrs. W. Atlee Burpee and Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A., are offering the splendid Vermilion Brilliant in conjunction with Messrs Alex. Dickson and Sons, Newtownards; it is a vermilion, and it is brilliant. These two firms are also sending out Irish Belle, a lovely lilac flower, shaded with pink. The Burpee Company has several "duplex" or double varieties, that is, those with two



CHRYSANTHEMUM, MRS L. THORN.



CHRYSANTHEMUM, J. G. DAY.

Review of British-raised Perpetual Carnation Novelties for 1911.

One of the most difficult tasks I know is for one raiser to criticise the work of others, and do it perfectly fairly and still retain their friendship, because all of us think our own crop the blackest, just the same as the mother fails to see the shortcomings of her fondled first-born.

The two most-talked-of British novelties last season were R. F. Felton and Lady Alington. Both received an Award of Merit from the R.H.S. and F.C.C. from the Perpetual Carnation Society, and many thousands of young plants of each variety were sold. Which is the better of the two it is unnecessary to say; both can be excellent without belittling the other's greatness.

R. F. Felton is the result of a cross between Enchantress and Mrs. H. Burnett. One would almost guess the parentage from the habit of growth, for it might be termed an improved Mrs. H. Burnett. The flowers are of a delightful shade of salmon-rose and of good size; also, while it makes an exceptionally fine bushy plant, the growth is slow in running off to flower. R. F. Felton has a rival in the new American variety Gloriosa, the two being similar in colour. However, perhaps, the British variety will suit the private grower best, though the American novelty may become the most popular with the market grower.

Lady Alington was obtained by crossing Britannia on to White Perfection. The cross was made five times, and 243 seedlings were raised, but out of this lot there was but one Lady Alington. The growth is much freer and quicker than in Britannia, making a larger plant, and it also grows much quicker in mid-winter. The flowers are a deep shade of salmon, almost a Leander pink, quite a distinct and beautiful break, strongly perfumed, and very large in size. In fact, owing to this and the excessive vigour, the flowers split just a little in cold weather. This, however, can be coped with by growing the plants in a smaller-sized pot and not feeding until spring. A small failing in Lady Alington is that the flowers take rather long to open owing to their size, and so do not last as long as some varieties when cut, but no perpetual carnation is per-

fect, and this is undoubtedly a great variety.

Mrs. C. F. Raphael belongs to the new perpetual-flowering Malmation class. It is massive in size and build, and quite excellent in form for a Malmation. The colour of the flower is cherry red, and the growth is quite the quickest in this class. This variety is undoubtedly a decided acquisition.

Rex, being a pale rose-pink, met with keen competition. In some respects it has proved rather disappointing, not flowering quite as freely as was expected. Yet many varieties have less to commend them than Rex, and still remain in cultivation.

Colossus is certainly a good variety which has never had the recognition it deserves. The flowers are crisp in colour and large in size, with an ideal stem and calyx. It also has a robust growth, not quite free enough for the market grower, but certainly of a quality sufficiently high to command a position in all private collections.

Rigida, salmon-pink, was somewhat of a dark horse, but has proved quite a good variety, making a large plant. The flowers are of a good size. The same raiser, however, is sending out Lady Northcliff this season which should be superior.

Fire-dew and Harlequin, both yellow fancy varieties, rival each other for premier place. The general voting is that the former is more beautiful in individual flowers and the latter has a quicker habit of growth.

La Mode, heliotrope, shaded deep pink in the centre, is a delightful break which has a greater fascination for many members of the fair sex. However, this season we have that sterling novelty Gai-sha, which has caused such a sensation at the shows, challenging all its rivals successfully.

Edith Waters, deep bright corise, is probably a hybrid border carnation, and not quite free enough flowering in mid-winter to claim a high position as a "perpetual."

Marchioness of Linlithgow has some merit. Being a seedling from White Perfection it has purity of colour and freedom of growth, but in comparison with White Wonder it can scarcely hope to survive.

Duchess of Devonshire is undoubtedly a good crimson, rich in colour, refined in form, and robust in growth. As a

that can scarcely fail to secure popularity. Red Star, raised by Mr. Malcolm and distributed by Messrs. Dobbie and Co., is fine in the rich, deep scarlet section.

Mr. Robert Sydenham, Lim., presents several new sweet peas, chiefly raised by Mr. R. Holmes, of Norwich. Thomas Stevenson has been with us one season now, and is a fine orange-scarlet; Barbara is a fine deep salmon; Millie Marlin Spencer is a big waved magenta; Scarlet Empress is a waved counterpart of Queen Alexandra; Edith Taylor, deep rich rose; and Lady Evelyn Eyre, pink, flushed with soft salmon, are other sorts offered from Toully-street, Birmingham, and all have been seen in fine form.

standards, and in Margaret Madison it would seem to have secured a good bright blue Spencer form.

Mr. Henry Eckford, Wem, has a short list of new sweet peas, and the varieties offered are Miss Guest, a bright reddish-rose self of great beauty; Apricot, a charming combination of soft apricot and pink; Terra Cotta, difficult to describe, but combining corise and rose shades in pleasing fashion; and an improved waved form of the brilliant St. George.

Mr. C. W. Breadmore is distributing Iris, a lovely salmon sweet pea, promised some time past; Jack Tar, deep blue, with bronze-tinted standard, is a good thing; and so is Alpha, a fine pink, shown well at the Temple Show of 1911.

variety for cultivating in pots it has undoubtedly a future.

There may be other good varieties, but these are all of importance, that were shown before the Perpetual-Flowering Carnation Society, and that can hope to survive, and those that fail are of little importance, they do not rouse the sympathy or court the interests of anyone, and most of us, if we had a retentive mind, could recall a few failures, both of our own and other peoples.—Montagu C. Allwood.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF SWEET PEAS.

The publication of the sixth edition of Sydenham's "All About Sweet Peas" removes one of the greatest difficulties from the path of the perplexed Sweet Pea grower. In it the policy has been adopted of grouping together all those varieties which, in the opinion of the author, are too much alike. With such a list before one, selections of varieties can be made with confidence, knowing that there is no longer the possibility of growing the same sort under two or more different names. It is surely a good omen that this has been published in the same year in which its author becomes president of the National Sweet Pea Society. Many of us will hope that the extended opportunities the society's trials offer will lead him to continue this work and help still further to stem the endless flood of quasi-novelties.

Even to those who grow on a large scale, Sydenham's list may prove something of a revelation. To mention a few colours only: Elta Dyke heads a group of no fewer than twenty-two waxy white varieties; Mrs. Chas. Foster, of twenty-six waxy lavender; Black Knight Spencer of twenty-one waxy maroon; while Clara Curtis already has sixteen waxy cream counterparts. It is hard to believe that even the raisers found differences enough in the "novelties" they marketed to war-

rant quite so many in each of these sections. Yet the process of distributing these too-much-alike "novelties" will go gaily on this season.

The National Sweet Pea Society's trials contained some 250 of them, and with the best will in the world the judges could only find seven worthy of any award. Small as the proportion

"breaks," for there can be little doubt that the professional and amateur hybridisers have crossed all known colour shades together repeatedly. The fact was impressed on me some three seasons ago, when no fewer than 180 crosses showing distinct colour combinations failed to produce a solitary shade that could fairly be called new.

magnificent branching habit, every shoot truly terminating in a bloom. The stock is very limited, as I don't think another grower in Australia has it; and



IN THE GARDEN OF AN ENTHUSIASTIC DUNEDIN AMATEUR.

Sweet peas, 12 to 14 feet high, growing at "Clutra," the residence of Mr G. Moodie, Anderson's Bay, Dunedin.

seems, many are, nevertheless, of the opinion that more than one of these favoured sorts is but an old friend under a new name. Such a state of affairs would make one pessimistic as to the possibilities of further improvement, had not one seen here and there a few outstanding varieties. We must, however, look forward to a slower rate of progress in the immediate future, for the waxy standard has now been obtained in conjunction with every colour known in Sweet Peas before its advent. Further, we can hardly expect much in the way of distinct colour

A Stupendous Rose.

There was no flourish of trumpets, no bifalutin description, no false premises, and but a brief statement of fact heralded the appearance of the most stupendous Rose we have seen for a decade.

In the 1910 catalogue of Messrs. Prior and Son, Colchester, there appeared stuck away in the most modest corner of the list the bare announcement, "Yellow Frau Karl Druschki"—identical in every respect with F.K.D., except colour, which is primrose yellow."

At the Autumn Show last year, I drew Mr. George Knight's attention to the rose, and both he and I decided to import it this season. Mine arrived dead, but Mr. Knight has succeeded in propagating some 250 plants and a glorious sight they are in his nursery. Both Mr. Knight and myself were somewhat anxious about the rose, and we had practically come to the conclusion, as there was no word of it in any of the English papers, that it was, in all probability, a repetition of the Yellow Kaiserin incident in which Perle Von Godesberg was so prominent. However, I am glad to say that our fears were unfounded, and that the new rose is identical in every respect with F.K.D. except colour, which is primrose yellow, and in body is slightly fuller.

A visit to the nursery at Homebush disclosed the most magnificent sight I have ever seen in a rose garden, for the blooms to be seen were simply glorious in every respect. The colour was that of a good Hugo Boller, and the shape of the flower was if anything a slight improvement on Druschki, the centre being slightly fuller and higher, whilst the floriferousness of the rose is exemplified when I say that three plants, and maiden plants at that, carried no less than forty-three buds.

The rose was raised by Rodit, a hitherto unknown man, but how it was got is not stated. Hazarding a guess, I should say that it was from Frau Karl Druschki, crossed by a good bodied yellow Tea, probably Madame Hoste, as the tea scent is present in the novelty. I make no secret of the fact that I believe this new rose to be the most magnificent novelty which has appeared in Australia since its glorious parent first startled us with its glorious sheen. We have sadly wanted a yellow rose of good colour, size, and form, and I have no hesitation in saying that in the yellow Druschki, we have a rose that is altogether suitable for our climate and soil, for it is in every way except one an exact counterpart of the famous white rose. The difference indeed is in favour of a new rose which has apparently a



A YELLOW FRAU KARL DRUSCHKI.

Mr. Knight is to be heartily congratulated upon his importation.—Arthur Moore, "St. Clair," Hunter's Hill, New South Wales.

LILIUM AURATUM AND ITS VARIETIES.

During the winter season bulbs of the Golden-rayed Lily of Japan are imported in immense numbers, and are frequently offered in tens of thousands at the auction sales of bulbs held in London. This alone furnishes a guarantee of its present-day popularity, for it is, as a matter of fact, universally grown, despite its, at times, erratic behaviour. The Queen of Lilies is a popular name applied to this Japanese representative of a noble family, and I do not think anyone will dispute the correctness of this title, says a writer in "Gardening."

It is now nearly 50 years since *Lilium auratum* unfolded its earliest blossoms in this country. As a matter of fact, it was first shown by Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons at a meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, on July 12, 1862, the bulbs having been collected by the late Mr. John Gould Veitch when travelling in what was then the comparatively unknown country of Japan. It was some years after this before it became generally cultivated in this country, as all the early importations were from bulbs collected in a state of Nature. After a time, however, it became evident to the Japanese that its culture would prove to be a remunerative one, and now it, and, in fact, many other lilies, are grown, and sent to this country in immense numbers. What is more, they are now sold so cheaply that their beauty can be enjoyed by prince and peasant alike.

A notable feature of *Lilium auratum* is the great amount of individual variation which is to be found when it is grown in quantity. I do not refer to the generally recognised and well-marked varieties, but what may be regarded as members of the rank and file. Some are comparatively dwarf, the sturdy stem being clothed with numerous thick-set pointed leaves. As a rule, the flowers of these are of good shape, with the spotting and golden rays clearly defined. The direct opposite to this is a form much taller in growth, with fewer and broader leaves, and flowers borne on long, rather weak stalks, so that they partially droop, and are consequently much less imposing than the others. In some of these the segments are too narrow to form an ideal bloom. Beside these two extreme forms there are many intermediate ones, so that even out of a large hatch it is often difficult to pick two alike, as the points of difference are to be found in height, foliage, size, and shape of the flowers, and markings. The bulbs also vary greatly, but I have never succeeded with *Lilium auratum*, as I have done with *Lilium speciosum*, in selecting the forms with a certain amount of accuracy from bulbs alone.

The fully-recognised varieties that can be purchased true to name are *L. a. platyphyllum*, a noble grower with a massive flower. It differs from the ordinary *L. auratum* in the scale of the bulb being much broader and thicker, while the stem is stouter, and the leaves wider. The flower, too, is more saucer-shaped. In colouring the variety platy-



SPECIMEN PLANT OF PERPETUAL MALMAISON.

Carnation, rose, grown by Mr H. W. Wezelle, Boxhill-on-Sea.

Phytum varicosum somewhat, the blooms being, as a rule, not much spotted, and with a clearly defined golden stripe down the centre of each petal. Occasionally a flower may be met with that is almost entirely white, and sometimes more spotted than usual. This variety was first sent home from a small island on the south-east of Japan by Mr. Charles Maries, when travelling in those regions. It is now, however, cultivated in quantity in Japan, and large numbers are every winter exported from that country. Beside the varietal name of *platyphyllum* it is also known by that of *macranthum*. *L. a. rubro-vittatum* sometimes called *Crimson*, is a particularly striking form. The bulbs that reach this country are, as a rule, smaller than those of the average *L. auratum*, but they usually flower well. In this variety a rich glowing crimson-coloured band extends down the centre of each segment. When the flowers are first expanded this band is exceedingly bright and attractive, but before long it changes to a chocolate tint, and is then not nearly so effective as at first. This change is hastened if the weather happens to be hot. Sometimes the margins of the segments have a crimson suffusion. A direct contrast in colour to this is another small-bulbed variety, namely, *L. a. virgiale*, or *L. a. Wittek*. In this the petals are thick, wax-like, and of a pure unspotted white, with a golden stripe down the centre of each. The flowers of this remain fresh and bright longer than those of *rubro-vittatum*. In *L. a. pictum* we have a variety more densely spotted than the typical *L. auratum*, with a slight suspicion of the crimson band of *rubro-vittatum*. It (*pictum*) is now not often imported, and it varies somewhat in marking, being, apparently, a selection from seedlings of *L. auratum* itself.

Volumes have been written regarding the cultural requirements of *L. auratum*, but from whatever standpoint it is viewed it must be set down as a decidedly erratic lily, for, while in some cases, it will thrive without any special attention, in others, whatever care is taken, it is not a success. We have been told by travellers in its native country that *Lilium auratum* thrives on the outskirts of woods, where the amount of shade is just sufficient to break the hottest of the sun's rays, especially on the lower part of the stem and surrounding ground. This has proved to be the most satisfactory mode of treatment under cultivation in England, where the practice frequently prevails of planting this lily in beds of rhododendrons, or associated with other shrubs, that serve to shade the base of the stems. The peaty soil in which rhododendrons thrive is a good substitute for the vegetable humus in which it grows in its native country. In any case, effective drainage is very necessary.

Not only is *Lilium auratum* looked upon as a plant for the open ground, but it is also extensively grown in pots, and employed for various decorative purposes. For grouping its grand flowers and noble proportions stand it in good stead, the one drawback being that, in confined places at least, its perfume is too powerful.

TREATMENT OF PLANTS ON ARRIVAL BY PARCELS POST.

As soon as the parcel of plants is received it should be carefully opened, and the whole placed on a bench in a cool place. Each package should be taken in turn and have the paper covering removed, then the plant, as it is, with the moss attached, should be dipped into tepid water as high as the leaves, and any loose moss after this may be removed, but care must be taken that the roots are not in any way interfered with. It is a good plan after the dipping for a minute or two to pot up the plants, moss and all, or at any rate this would be a better plan than that the roots should be interfered with in any way.

The soil should have been prepared beforehand, and consists of two-thirds good sound loam (yellow loam is good if procurable) of a fibrous nature, one-third coarse sand, and a dash of old sifted manure. This will make a good compost into which to pot the plants, 3 or 3½ inch pots being used, and the operation being firmly done, the soil well pressed down, and a couple of sharp knocks on the potting bench to settle the soil.

When all are potted up, give one good watering over head and all, and stand the plants in the shade, away from any hot sun, or put them in a cold frame on a bed of sifted ashes, well beaten down, and keep the frame closed for a few days, giving air gradually, as the flagging of the grass, which is certain to

accrue after so long a journey, begins to ameliorate. As the plants begin to recover it will be seen by the look of the leaves when root action commences, they can be given more air or stood out of doors entirely, and then potted into larger pots or planted out in whichever way the recipient thinks best.—H. W. Weguelin.

INCOMPARABILIS DAFFODILS.

MEDIO CORONATI—THE CHALICE CUPPED OR STAR DAFFODILS.

There are quite a large number of varieties in this section, and we have no intention of setting out in detail their qualities, our present object being to note a few good sorts well worth attention which the amateur can purchase at a reasonable price. Blackwell is one of the earliest to flower, the perianth being primrose, with a yellow cup, which is stained with bright orange scarlet, and can be had for 2s each. C. J. Backhouse is not so early, but is a showy bloom, and has a long cup of rich orange red; cost 9d each. Cynosure is a great favourite, the perianth opening primrose, changing to white with age, and can be bought for 1s per dozen. Flamingo is a fine bold flower, with a spreading perianth, and one of the most effective, about 2s each this season. Glori mundi is, perhaps, one of the most satisfactory of the scarlet cupped varieties to grow, and when well done it is a brilliant flower, and one every exhibitor should possess, and is procurable at 1s 3d a bulb. Leonie is a very vigorous free-flowering sort, which does well around Auckland, primrose yellow, and can be had about 6s per dozen bulbs.

Lucifer has a large starry cream-coloured perianth, and rich orange red cup, and considered by some growers one of the best; we have found it an excellent sort, specially in dry seasons; the price is 1s 6d each. Lulworth has a beautiful flower perianth, being pure white, with red cup, and is now obtainable for 9d each. Sir Watkin and Mrs. C. J. Backhouse are so well known they are apt to be overlooked, but they should be planted in large numbers for cutting. Either can be secured about 1s 6d or 2s a dozen. Will Scarlet is rather late in flowering,

but is said to have the deepest coloured cup of any sort, and still costs 3s a bulb. *Stella Superba* is a very useful sort, and a variety which can be depended on to give plenty of bloom, and will succeed in most soils; cost about 3s dozen.

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Which?

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

MR. TRISCOFF will remember that on the night of May 21st, fifteen months ago, his business premises were set on fire by some person unknown. If Mr. Triscott will see the writer of this letter at noon to-morrow, there may still be time to save someone of whom Mr. Triscott is fond.

Although he had found this letter on his office table that morning, at a few minutes before ten, Hugh Triscott, to whom the hand-writing was only too familiar, who saw in the missive the last feeble shot from the exhausted locker of a rogue, had deliberately, contemptuously placed it aside. He had opened other envelopes, called in his confidential clerk, dictated certain letters, written others, had, as was his habit, broken the lack of his day's correspondence in one swift ninety minutes work. But though he could scorn the anonymous menace his brain buzzed with other distracting thoughts. No work was able to expect them; they were always with him subconsciously, even while he forced himself to write.

Then he rose, walked to the door; for coolness opened it and pushed it wide. Five, ten, fifteen minutes he stayed there. And there came to him, as he tarried, many and varied noises, voices of men, voices of women, asking, informing, apologising, purchasing, ribbon-hunting, linen-seeking, uttering innumerable commonplace. Amid this rout and uproar one thing alone articulate—as it were, a high treble note, struck at irregular intervals in a low-set composition—coming to Hugh Triscott as he stood there—that preposterous monosyllable, "Sign!"

To this man—who was a draper and looked like a law-officer of the Crown, informed with such humanity as the lawyer seldom knows—this short, silent call stood for all that he most hated, for everything which he had forced himself, to achieve.

His father—the cadet of a Cornish family, fallen for generations upon evil days—had tramped his way to Murecester fifty years before, had got work at a shop, had made himself indispensable, had finally owned where, first of all, he had served. In the old cathedral city there was room for new enterprise. John Triscott supplied the need. The business grew and prospered; the ancient High Street saw the rise of premises vast and palatial in comparison with those of other firms. This Cornishman had all the qualities which command success. But he had, too, the faults of them: terrible obstinacy, monstrous egoism, an overwhelming, yet perhaps excusable, pride in what he, single-handed, had done. He refused to turn the business into a company; he would be, he said, "John Triscott," not John Triscott and Co." In which attitude Death discovered him—just after he had made his will. Death, and that will, brought Hugh back from Oxford, where the boy was in his third year. This scholar of Balliol, this barrister in embryo, was chained henceforth to commerce, bound over irrevocably "to sell the ribbons," to manage and control the destinies of a Drapery House which must not become a company till the passing of twenty years.

What Hugh had suffered no one had even guessed at; all, indeed, envied him his heritage and power. "Lucky Leggar, Triscott, to have all that money and to be his own master so young!" "Bit low down, running an emporium!" "Rubbish, man! I wish I'd the chance at the price." Such the talk of the townsfolk and of his contemporaries at school. In Hugh, silence and loyal, devoted work. And because things done difficultly, inharmoniously, with outpourings of blood and tears, are worth to the doer and to the community many times more than things done easily and without effort, this man, who had gone through the furnace of self-denial, was, for his activities, just so much better a man as Triscott's, the Drapery House, was better organized, more efficient, more valuable to Murecester than in its founder's day.

Hugh Triscott was a force to his fellow-citizens, an influence upon his underlings, a high, clean, good example to the town. Yet, for all this, he was a fish out of water—a square peg hacked to fill a rounded hole. He liked people. They respected him—but understood him not at all. His long self-sacrifice had given him a certain, a pronounced aloofness, which isolated him mentally, which compelled him, always, to walk lonely and remote.

And the one chance of real, as he felt it, perfect happiness—the thing that he wanted more than anything in the world had been snatched from him by his younger brother's hands.

In the big, red-brick, Georgian house, which his father had bought, whose gardens sloped to the sleepy Severn's bank, his mother's sister kept house for him, and his brother—now a captain in the

customed vanquishing of self. "She's too young for me—years too young. It's the old, old story. I like people so awfully, so tremendously more than they like me. I must see that she's made happy. Frank's five hundred is insufficient. I must add to it when they marry—and the sooner they marry the happier for us all. Frank must come down in August. I know he likes her. I must throw them together. If necessary, I must open Frank's eyes."

And now August had come and Frank was at Meadowlands, and—and—well, it was now a question of days.

It was of this that Hugh Triscott was thinking as he leaned there in the doorway, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, the thought chasing, like tumbling waves, across his brain. It was Joan who obsessed him, who made work so difficult, who so drove him to wonder and to dream. Her happiness—which was everything to him—would she find it after all? Was Frank, dashing and debonair, quite—though she loved him—the man? A woman like Joan, with her tastes, her highly critical intellect, her wide outlook and interests—was she not asking disaster in giving herself to this handsome, stupid (he was stupid) soldier who, save for a love of horses, had no tastes which she might share? Love plays strange tricks and films her

surely, for a gunner, that yearly five hundred was enough. They evasions, small irritations, scarce-noticed shirkings of the truth reaped to Hugh Triscott's memory, set fear's finger, cold and sinister, at his heart. He had hungered to work for Joan's happiness. Had his action been—was it still—a huge, a monstrous mistake? He loved his brother deeply; but beside Joan his brother did not count. For Hugh loved Joan as he could never love anyone—and with him Joan came first. In the maze of self-questioning, in his loneliness, his remoteness from his fellows, this man's silent cry was pitiful, almost despairing, now.

"My God! is Frank the man for her? Have I done the wrong thing? Have I worked for her unhappiness? Oh, it's so hard, so terribly hard, to know!"

He turned, walked to his table, stood there, fidgeting at a paper-weight, lifted it, took the paper which it had covered and, still standing, for sheer distraction, read:—

"Mr. Triscott will remember that on the night of May 21st, fifteen months ago, his business premises were set on fire by some person unknown. If Mr. Triscott will see the writer of this letter at noon to-morrow, there may still be time to save someone of whom Mr. Triscott is fond."

"Faugh!" The paper, crushed and crinkling, was gripped and twisted in Hugh Triscott's hand. "Faugh! A rogue's spent missile; the final feeble effort of a baffled liar and thief!" And the hand lifted, to gather impetus for its own down-coming, to get force to dash floorwards this scrap of dirtiness as it deserved. Then stopped. Swift instinct stayed it; instinct, and a strong man's gift for plucking good from bad. This scrap of paper—lying, worthless, though it were—might cloak some truth, reveal some happening; might prove the clue to his questionings, the solution of his difficulty, the key which must jail Joan's happiness or unlock for her the very palace of joy. In the letter itself there was nothing; from the writer of it much value might come. "Don't see him," said Inclination; "his sheerest waste of time." "Grant him an interview," said Duty. "Don't shirk—don't avoid the trouble. It's the thing that's nearest; do it; it always pays." Hugh Triscott, trained to duty, heard Duty's voice, and obeyed. For he who, loathing them, had forced himself to detail and system, knew, more than any man, the value of the slender things.

"Baynes, I must see Baynes. He is lying—I know it—the insurance company knows it; but through him, not from him, I shall somehow get what I want. He knows something and is building on it—he writes of 'someone of whom I am fond.' That means Frank—or Joan, even. This lie harms or helps them; it is my business to find out which. I'll see Baynes; I'll cross-question him. I'll add his knowledge to mine. Then, if I must go to Frank—about his difficulties—I go forewarned, fore-armed."

He sat down at his table, pressed the bell-button once, smoothed out the crushed letter, folded it, restored it to its place. There was a knock at the door, then an entrance which waited no answering call. It was Harrison, the assistant manager, once John Triscott's, now his son's, right hand.

"You wanted me, Mr. Hugh?"

The spare, florid, well-preserved man of sixty took a chair to the right of the table, sat there, looking at his employer with a fondness which had become a habit, with an affection which daily intercourse increased. They had, these two men, that lasting mutual regard which is known only to those who have worked together for years, who have pulled in the same team, have breast together the high and difficult hills. Hardly less to Harrison than to Hugh himself did the firm owe its salvation. Without Harrison's loyal, heart-whole help the Londoners would have beaten it in the great struggle for existence, would have exterminated "John Triscott," as, elsewhere, they had crushed and ruined so many of his kind.

"There are one or two small things that want seeing to." Hugh Triscott tore a page from a memorandum pad and handed it across. "You'll find a note of them here, Harrison. I'm lurking at the Shire Hall again. That boy-scout meeting, you know?"

"Very good, Mr. Hugh." The young-old employee hesitated, half got up, then dropped back into his chair. "Er—Mr. Hugh, there's a small matter I wanted to speak to you about. Would it be convenient now?"



"The paper, crushed and crinkling, was gripped and twisted in Hugh Triscott's hand."

gunners—sometimes stayed. There was one other person, at once, to Hugh Triscott, everything and nothing at all. She, Joan Vincent, was his ward—the sister of a fellow-Cathedral collegian who had died penniless, fifteen years back. And the child, then twelve, now a woman of twenty-seven, had steadily, imperceptibly twined herself round her self-constituted guardian's heart. Only a long, fierce, almost-lost but gloriously victorious battle with a firm of London drapers bent upon establishing branches in the big provincial towns, intent upon crushing out smaller proprietary firms, had prevented Hugh from asking her to become his wife. She had refused—he knew it—half the eligible men who visited the house; his, surely, was the right to woo her, at last. But on the verge of financial disaster—the fight, with changing fortunes, had lasted nearly two years he had waited till the future was more sure. Then, one day, he had seen that she shunned him; had sought for cause and reason of it; had found it all too soon. She was in love with his brother Frank.

There had been another sort of battle; one fierce wrestle, then the as-

clearest-seeing eyes. But oftentimes the film passes, and love lasts, and suffering comes to stay. Hugh Triscott, wanting only to do what was right, groped in a forest of bewilderment, striving, as yet unsuccessfully, to see where right might lie. He had done well to withdraw himself from the contest, not to force himself upon a woman who had a deep sense of what she owed to him, yet who loved another man. But had he done well to bring Frank to Meadowlands? Was Frank—it had to be faced valiantly—was Frank quite steady, quite straight, quite sound?

And this doubt of his brother, odious but invincible, gathered strength and grew.

There had been youthful wildness, many debts, much contrition, then a steady down. Early errandries were nothing; they are the lot of all high-spirited youth. But had the steadying been permanent, or was Frank living fast? Things little and slender—things heard, seen, hinted, half confessed—all returned upon the man in the doorway, linking themselves together, forming into one long and damning chain. Yes; Frank was in financial trouble; and

"Quite." The "small matter"—Hugh knew it—would be but the preface to gossip—that one sign in Harrison of advancing years. But he nodded acquiescence, smiled in tender indulgence of his loyal helper's fault. "Quite—if you get through it quickly. What's the trouble now?"

"It's about Satterthwaites."
"Satterthwaites?"
"Yes, Mr Hugh. They want a good talking to—a good fright. That last lot of blouses was rank bad. They've gone too close to the wind far too often. A straight hint to young Satterthwaites 'ud do no harm."

"I agree with you. He shall have it. I'm going up to town next week."
"But that's about floating us, Mr Hugh. You'll be too busy—"
"I'll find time to look in at Wood Street, all the same. We can't afford to sell poor stuff. Now that we've got Pullar, Radice, and Tyler out of Murrester we must back our luck!"

The other smiled triumphantly, vain-gloriously, as is the privilege of a trusted employe who has helped a firm across the shoals. He was drifting into that daily, tolerated, ten minutes' irrelevant talk which had become part and parcel of his existence, as necessary to him as meat and drink. "Yes; our luck's splendid—splendid—and, I say, Mr Hugh, when the prospectus is issued we shall be subscribed for ten times over in Murrester alone. It all comes—our luck, I mean—from the day of that lucky fire."

"The fire?"
Hugh Triscott, almost started—failed, for once, to be outwardly calm. It was of the fire that he had himself been thinking, and his helper's words chimed with his inmost thoughts. "The fire, Harrison? What on earth do you mean?" But even as he spoke he regretted the question—saw that he had given garrulity rein.

"What I've always said, Mr Hugh. It was a small matter, I know; just your room burnt out—and more noise than harm. But it made Murrester rally round you; it made people—well, 'patriotic' if you understand. They realised the fight you were having, they came to the rescue, they wanted to see the Londoners beat. 'Till then they'd only been looking on. They tell me—even six months after the victory Harrison's voice thrilled at the splendid thought—they tell me that at the end Pullar, Radice didn't serve fifty customers a day. It was just your popularity, Mr Hugh."

"Oh, nonsense, Harrison; that's all tommy-rot! We sold better stuff for the money; that's the explanation."

A knock at the door stopped him dead. Harrison started and turned round. The knock was repeated. Timid the first time, its successor was loud and bold. It was as if the person outside vacillated between fear and courage—of a kind.

Hugh Triscott swung round in his chair.

"Come in!" he called. "Come in!"
And a man entered, walking boldly, with jaunty legs. Yet his hands, strangely contrasting, plucked nervously at his cap. At the sight of him Hugh moved no muscle. Harrison rose to his feet and gasped.

The man was small of stature, thin-

bodied, lean of frame. Everything was mean about him, most noticeably his legs. He had a long, loose-fleshed face, a wicked, much-lined mouth, devilish green eyes with countless crows' feet rimming them, and there was a round, deep cleft in his chin. He wore knickerbockers and a Norfolk coat, each immensely shabby, and as if, having come to the end of his wardrobe, these garments of recreation alone remained. He was Harrison's nephew—whom Harrison had urged upon his employer against his employer's judgment—the very able, of necessity much-trusted confidential clerk, afterwards thief of petty cash, forger on a small scale, stealer of postal orders sent by customers who dealt with Triscott's by post. He had robbed the firm during the firm's hard fight with the Londoners; his defalcations had been detected when the fight was done and won. And the master who had spared him from prison it was now his purpose to blackmail.

"What does this mean? What are you doing here? I'll send for a policeman. I'll—"
And Harrison, who held this Baynes in horror, who knew him not only as dishonest, but as ingrate of the worst sort, jumped forward to expel him from the room. But Hugh Triscott stayed his hand.

"Stop, Harrison. I wish to see him. It's— He wrote asking for an appointment at noon."

"An appointment!" Harrison, at the audacity, gasped again. "But, sir, you're too kind-hearted. He isn't worth it. Kindness is wasted on such a man!"

"Harrison, this is my affair. I wish to speak to Baynes a moment. Kindly leave us alone."

The old employe hesitated, looked at his master, weighed, and knew the tone. It was no use arguing with Hugh Triscott when he spoke like that. He shrugged his shoulders, gave one imploring look, and, getting no response, went out. As the door closed upon him Hugh Triscott pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, Baynes."

The little man obeyed, seated himself with assumed alacrity, crossed his jaunty legs, twisted his peaked cloth cap between belying hands. Hugh Triscott regarded him quietly, with calm and disconcerting eyes. Then he lifted the paper-weight, took up the anonymous letter, extended it between finger and thumb.

"You sent this to me, Baynes. You have come to my office without permission, and I have not sent you away. Now be good enough to tell me what all this means." And again his eyes held those green eyes, which made the loose-fleshed face like the face of a "Mr Envy and Hatred" in some old Morality play.

The little man blustered into courage, spoke quickly, shot the accusation out.

"It's the fire—the fire fifteen months ago. I—I've come about that!"

"I know you have." Hugh's voice was quiet, encouraging. "Your letter here admits it. I wish to hear your statement. What does the last sentence mean?"

"The last sentence?"

"Yes, the last sentence. I'll read it to you, that you shouldn't say I didn't give you fair play. If Mr Triscott will see the writer of this letter at noon to-

morrow, there may still be time to save someone of whom Mr Triscott is fond." Now, Baynes, your explanation. Who is it that there may still be time to save?"

The little man put his cap on the table, clasped a knee, shifted his hands again, then pulled out of a trousers-pocket something which a hand concealed.

"It's the Captain," he said, jerkily.

"The Captain. He set fire to the place."

some shavings burning, and on the table was a silver match-box, and—and I've got it here!"

"Yes."
"It's got the Captain's monogram on it, and inside of it there are those big Savory's matches that the Captain likes to use."

"Yes; quite so. And after that?"
"I ran out—out of the place."
"You didn't give the alarm! Why?"
"I thought the same as the Captain



"He led him, protesting, to the door."

I heard him say something. I suspected he'd do it. I hid behind a bale and watched."

Hugh Triscott made no answer, just looked at him, knew that he lied, and himself sat quiet and unmoved. Yet his senses were keen and tight-strung. He was fighting for the happiness of the woman and the brother whom he loved. He was concentrating fiercely, with all the force of his being, upon one thing alone. That thing the disentangling of truth from falsehood, the winnowing of those few grains of fact which must be there, for the finding, amid this multitudinous chaff of lies. The barrister that he was born to be revived in him; each question he asked was put with cross-examining intent.

"You hid behind a bale and watched. What made you do that?" There was no anger in the question. The quiet voice still encouraged—almost, indeed, soothed.

"I knew the Captain was in difficulties. He'd told me as much when I was up at Meadowfields at work—that week you were at home with the chill. He asked me about hunters, and what sort of a place Murrester was for selling them in; and then we talked about 'Pullar, Radice', and the struggle you were having, and how it meant ruin to you—and him—if they won. Then he tried to pump me about the insurance, and how much it was. And I saw he was hard-up—and I began to see his game."

"Yes; go on, Baynes, please."
"So—well, you know all about the books, and how I stayed late trying to get to cover up what afterwards got found out. Well, one night he came."

"My brother?"

"Yes; the Captain. He had a little brown bag with him, a sort of suitcase. He went into your room—he'd got your keys. Then he came out again and left the building by your private door, and I smelt smoke. I rushed in and found

—that thirty thousand from the Insurance Company and a fresh start for Triscott's was better than losing the lot."

"I see." Hugh Triscott leaned forward, left elbow on the desk, chin on the palm of his left hand, the top joint of the fingers pressing at his lower lip. He was calm outwardly, calm as ever, but in his head a voice shouted, clamorous its joy. "I've got it; I've got it! Frank's a good chap—but a duffer if he's sound enough—but foolish! Everything has come out clear and plain and smooth!" And his heart was high with hope and the blood in his veins ran proudly, for he knew that he had discovered truth's pearl in this ocean of inquiry, and that with a clean conscience and a free, unshackled hand he could minister to the happiness of those whom he held most dear. His own happiness? He never thought of it. He had long since lost the habit—he had seldom, these twenty years, had time.

And presently he resumed the attack. "You say that my brother spoke to you about selling his hunters. Why should he speak to you about such a thing as that?"

"Because I was in with racing people, I suppose."

"Oh, yes; quite so." And Hugh was silent again. Here was the clue to the mystery—this, the long-sought-for key. Frank had sold the hunters. But he had sold them in London, not in Murrester, where no market existed, where no one with any sense or who knew anything would ever dream of offering them for sale. How had Baynes heard of it, unless he had actually suggested—pressed the sales, unless, in a word, he were blackmailing Frank. He was he was blackmailing him—and Frank, though it seemed unbelievable, had been fool enough to pay! And now Frank!—poor Frank! had exhausted his immediate resources. Baynes cl-



"What does this mean? What are you doing here?"

moured for money, could not get it, and, seeking another victim, had come to him, Hugh. The whole devilish scheme seemed to him to be clear—to be at his finger-ends—to be torn asunder and disclosed. He was wrong. He had divined only a part of it. Even his keenness failed completely to fathom an attempt so daring as this.

He spoke again—calm still; so great his self-control—took up, repeated Baynes' last untruth.

"Because you were in with racing people? Oh, yes, I remember very well. That was your excuse when we discovered your thefts. You'd got mixed up with bookmakers; you'd had bad luck. Well, Baynes, another question. Why are you here?"

Baynes-picked his cap from the table, twisted it, hesitated, then shot out the truth.

"Because I want money. I want—"
"Why?"—Hugh Triscott bent upon him his keenest, shrewdest glance—"why didn't you come earlier—six months ago, say? Why leave this visit so long after you were dismissed?"

"There was no need to make it. I was bookmaking—doing well. But last week was a bad one. I want money."

"And you couldn't get it quickly enough from my brother, so you came to blackmail me. Well, you've come to the wrong man."

Baynes stayed speechless, looked at him, realised him unshakable, not to be frightened—saw, suddenly, that his dastard effort had failed. The green eyes flashed, lit up the whole mean face, so that it glittered with hatred, malice, and revenge.

"Do you mean that?" he blustered. "Yes, by heaven, you do. Then the Captain shall go to prison. I'll publish the truth to the world."

The other stood over him, hands in pockets, smiling, contemptuous, grim. Hugh's mask had lifted a little. The scoundrel could see and vince at the clean man's contempt for a cur.

"Baynes," said Hugh Triscott, quietly, "I know that the fire occurred through the combustion of a tin of carbide in my room. The insurance company knows it, and is satisfied, and has paid. I didn't see you because I was frightened of you. I saw you because I wanted to find out something which I wanted to know. I've found it out—you've happened to give yours—away. But don't let that deter you in the least. Someone once tried to blackmail the Duke of Wellington. The Duke of Wellington told them to 'publish and be damned.' Now, good day to you. Go and do as you please."

Then, in the happiness of his heart—after twenty years of self-discipline—he allowed himself a holiday, for once. He did not, as he wanted to, take Baynes by the collar, kick him down the staircase, and out into the street through the shop. But he extracted a hand from a pocket, took an ear of the blackmailer, lifted him to his feet, led him, protesting to the door. He opened it, relinquished his grip, and gently pushed the scoundrel from the room.

"Publish and be damned," he whispered. And Hugh Triscott, smiling, shut the door again, went back to his chair, and sat down. Then he frowned for full five minutes. There was more than a something of bitterness in the victorious cup of joy. This scoundrel must go unprosecuted—or Frank must be exposed as a fool.

But he smiled again presently—for light had come to him, and he was happy in the happiness of those he loved. And in the knowledge that he had drawn truth from falsehood he was proud—as a man who achieves a fair purpose has every right to be. Yet presently the smile faded and the eyes which had seen so clearly grew dim. The long habit of self-discipline had not saved him from suffering; it could not console him, comfort him, now that he was going to be alone. Alone! How much alone he began to glimpse at, and, glimpsing, put the thought away. His face, washed, coated him—self-appropriately for the luncheon at the Guildhall. And Hugh Triscott, erect and gallant, went out of the Emporium wearing the haze-worn mask.

He spoke—he, the town's chief orator—and, though his face showed nothing, something of his emotion throbbled, this afternoon, in his voice. The council was feting the boy scouts of the county; a famous general was to hold them in review. The famous general was more than a mere soldier; he was a great man, a reader of the hearts of men. This tall, sleek, frock-coated civilian spoke to the scouts of duty and service, not merely glibly, fluently, with a skilled orator's utterance, but as if, having

practised them, he knew all which these manly virtues meant. All the great general, hours afterwards, taking tea on the terrace of a great noble's house, five miles from Murester, sat silent a space, then asked, without warning, this—

"Who was the tall man who spoke just at the end? The one who quoted Tompson about self-knowledge and self-control, and whose speech went down so wonderfully with the boys?"

"That!" The great noble was no wastrel lordling, but one who had long served the Empire in peace and war. "That was Triscott, the draper. A fine—a very fine chap."

"A draper! You don't mean it! He looked like a law officer of the Crown."
"Exactly. I always say so. It's a good family—and well, an exceptional case." And the great noble gave Hugh's history—the history of the brilliant scholar who had never taken his degree. And he ended like this—

"The twenty years as up now, and he's floating it as a company—within the next few weeks. He'll get leisure—much more leisure, then. Poor chap! I'm glad of it. He's had a terribly rough time. By the way, I—*we*, I mean—intend to run him as member for the city when Barraclough retires next year."

And the great general had nodded his agreement, and had spoken thus—

"He'll do you credit—he'll make a statesman; he's a proper pukka chap!"
Meanwhile the man they talked of was at work in his room at the shop.

It was six when he finished, and then he left the building which fronted Queen Elinor's Cross. He passed down the old and narrow High-street, went over the bridge southwards, walked along the bank of the river, came to and unlocked a nail-studded gate in an ancient red-brick wall. And, traversing his own parched August lawns and dry, dust-strewn shrubberies, he came to the conservatory which flanked the red-brick house. It gave upon a room which was used as a lounge. And as he entered, he heard muffled sounds beyond—knew them for the voices of two people that he loved.

He paused—not to eavesdrop, but to get steady—to brace himself for all that he had to do. His it was to act as fairy godfather, to be the harbinger of happiness, and, losing all that he most cared for, to pretend that his own happiness was complete. So, then, he dropped into a wicker chair at the far end of the conservatory—sat there, collecting thought, driving himself into strength for his task. And presently, to him resting there, came sounds no longer muffled, but words clear and articulate—voices eager, protesting, raised.

"Frank, you must tell him!"

"Joan, I daren't—I can't!"

"It isn't true, I tell you."

"Joan, it is; it is. Remember all we know."

"Frank, I won't hear it. You mean well, but you wrong him. You must go to him, tell him all."

"I can't; it's impossible!"

"Very well, then, Frank. I shall."

Hugh Triscott listened no longer. He leaped up, crossed the conservatory, came swiftly into the room. Joan gasped, but stepped forward. Frank stammered—and stepped back.

"Hugh—you heard me?"

"Hugh—you were there, outside?"

For a moment they stayed quite still, stood looking at each other, these three people; the men dark-haired, blue-eyed—the one clean-shaven, the other black-moustached, both tall, fine-figured, touched with race; the girl fair-haired, straight-featured, clean-complexioned, all that is most English in her sporting yet soberest attire. Then the elder brother came to the younger one; he took and shook him by the hand.

"Dear old man, it was awful for you. You ought to have come to me at once!"

"Come to you?" Frank Triscott blurted. "Come to you? Then you know!"

"Know—of course—I do. I know that Baynes blackmailed you—that he stole your match-box—that he threatened to expose you—and that, like a dear old man, you paid. You've been in awful trouble; you've sold your hunters—and Heaven knows what else. But I'm going to make it up to you, Frank. Yes, by Jove, I'll see to that!"

"What!"

Joan Vincent managed the monosyllable; Frank Triscott had no words. They stared wide-eyed, while Hugh smiled at them. Then Joan Vincent spoke, threw out a hand towards Frank.

"You say—that Baynes—threatened to expose—him?"

"Yes, Joan; of course he did. And poor old Frank, not knowing anything about business—and rascals—paid—and went on with it, once he'd begun. Old man, come, now, isn't that so?" And Hugh asked his brother the question with eyes as well as lips.

"No!"

The swift-flung word and the quick denial that his brother's face showed him sent Hugh staggering back.

"No? Then—then I'm wrong; it isn't so. I haven't got at the truth!"

"The Truth, Hugh!" It was Frank who answered, breathlessly. "Only a half—not that—a third."

"A half—a third of it! I can't grasp things. He didn't blackmail you, after all!"

"Yes, he did; and, curse him, he bled me. I gave him all the ready I could raise."

"Then what on earth—"

Joan Vincent came to the rescue, set a hand lightly on Hugh's arm. Frank was incapable of coherent speech.

"Hugh, it was not Frank, but you, that Baynes charged with arson. He came to Frank; he showed him your match-box; he said he saw you light the fire."

"And Frank—"

"Frank has been paying for you all this last twelve months. When Frank



"He took her in his arms."

had nothing he could lay hands on, and Baynes wanted money immediately, Baynes came to you."

"Yes, Joan. That part of it at least I guessed. But not that Baynes had accused me of it. Heavens! what a scoundrel he is!"

"And then"—Joan Vincent went on with it—"and then Baynes came to me."

"To you, Joan! You?" Then Hugh, who had discovered one-third of it, saw, in a flash, the whole. "Oh, I see—I see all. When Frank was dry and I refused him, Baynes came to you this afternoon."

"Yes, he accused you to me. And I told him"—Joan Vincent's eyes were bright—"I told him that he lied. Then I came to Frank. He told me what he'd been doing, and I said he'd made a fool of himself, and that I believed in you."

"Joan!" Hugh Triscott stepped forward, took and wrung her hand.

"Yes; and I was coming straight to you—as soon as you got home."

"Thank you, Joan." Hugh stooped, kissed, and still retained her hand. "Then"—he turned now to his brother—"then Baynes has tried the lot of us. Poor, poor old Frank! You're not a business man. What a stupid old sufferer you've been! It was awfully good of you—but"—Hugh's voice reproached gently—"how did you believe it of me, old chap?"

"Well"—Frank blushed, stammered, feeling the fool that he had been—"well, there was the match-box, Baynes' story, his cunning tale, your own words."

"My own words?"

"Yes, Hugh. I heard you say—the evening before the fire—that it looked

as if only a fire could save you. And you looked so worried after it, and wouldn't talk about it, and so kept out of Joan's way and said that I didn't want to add to your worries, but just put two and two together."

"And made them fifteen. Well"—Hugh laughed a little ruefully—"well, I'm no better. You proved your affection for me, and I—I doubted your worth. But I'll make reparation—reparation for you and Joan. I'll double that five hundred; and, I say, you—you must get married at once."

It was as if he had thrown at them a hand-grenade charged with speech-leaden fumes. There was a long, long silence; then from Frank a belated echo of the most astounding word.

"Married!" he said.

And Joan Vincent, echoing the echo, exclaimed after him: "Married—married—well!"

"Yes," Hugh smiled at them. "You love each other, of course?"

"Love him—Frank?"

"I love her—Joan?"

Joan Vincent turned suddenly window-downwards, walked across the room. Frank put a hand to his forehead, rubbed his bewildered eyes. Then, for all his stupidity, he saw what his cleverer brother was not clever enough to see. And, coming forward, he uttered the splendid truth.

"Hugh, she doesn't care twopence for me; she's in love—she's always been—in love with you. She thought you didn't care for her, and I thought—old man, forgive me—that you'd behaved anything but well. But I see you do care for her. One fool's enough in a family. Go—go and make everything straight."

At that he blundered into the conservatory, thence into the garden beyond. And Hugh was alone with Joan.

There was another long silence. For Hugh, dizzy with wonderment, needed space to breathe. Happiness half-stunned, half-paralyzed him; truth, in its sudden splendour, for a minute had made him dumb. Then power of movement returned to him; after it power of speech. He advanced towards her—she had still her back to him—he called her by her name.

"Joan," he said. "Joan!"

She turned and came forward—a pace or two, no more. He bridged the gulf between them in, as it seemed, a single step.

"Joan, is it true—what Frank has just now said? You do love me—you've loved me a long while?"

"For seven years, Hugh," she answered. "And perhaps longer still."

And as—cursing his long blindness, blessing his new-found sight—he took her in his arms and kissed her, things somehow seemed beautiful and completed; brought with them a sense of just-all-rightness, a feeling that the future lay before him, no longer hard and difficult, but fair and smooth and out-rolled. All his life he had given; now he was blessedly to receive. Yet, receiving, still to go on giving, to be, always, prodigal of that duty and that service which are the diamonds and the pearls of love.

How annoying!

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MOST POWERFUL EUROPEAN EXPRESS ENGINE.

Important French Locomotive Development.

THE Chemin de Fer du Nord has recently introduced into service huge "Baltic" type four-cylinder compound superheater locomotives for operating the Nord Express, connecting Paris with Brussels, Berlin, the Baltic seaboard, and St. Petersburg. This international express service ranks as the fastest train service in the world, and, with 400 tons coach load, the French engine attains 75 miles per hour, developing in the cylinders about 2000 horse-power.

Two engines of the "Baltic" wheel arrangement have been built by the Chemin de Fer du Nord for comparative working, the only difference being that the first engine, 3.1101, is fitted with ordinary locomotive fire-box and boiler, while the later engine, 3.1102, has a marine pattern water-tube firebox. This fire-

motives is the novel solution of the cylinder problem, which has for years past been an obstacle in the design of very powerful locomotives, the difficulty occurring when specially large engines are necessary, either for low-pressure saturated steam, superheated steam, or extra low-pressures in one-half of a compound engine. The high-pressure cylinders are mounted outside the frames and drive on the centre pair of the three sets of coupled wheels with cranks set at 90 degrees apart. The low-pressure cylinders are inside the frames and drive on the forward pair of coupled cylinders. The cranks in this case are also set at right angles to one another, and each high pressure is at 180 degrees from its corresponding low-pressure crank. One of the low-pressure cylinders is set in advance of the other, so as to get the centres of the piston rods close together. Although in-

leading bogie, 54 tons on the coupled wheels, and 24 tons on the trailing bogie. The tender is of the standard Nord 8-wheels type, and weighs 56½ tons, so that in working order these "Baltic" locomotives have a total weight on rails of 158½ tons.

The Paths of the Stars.

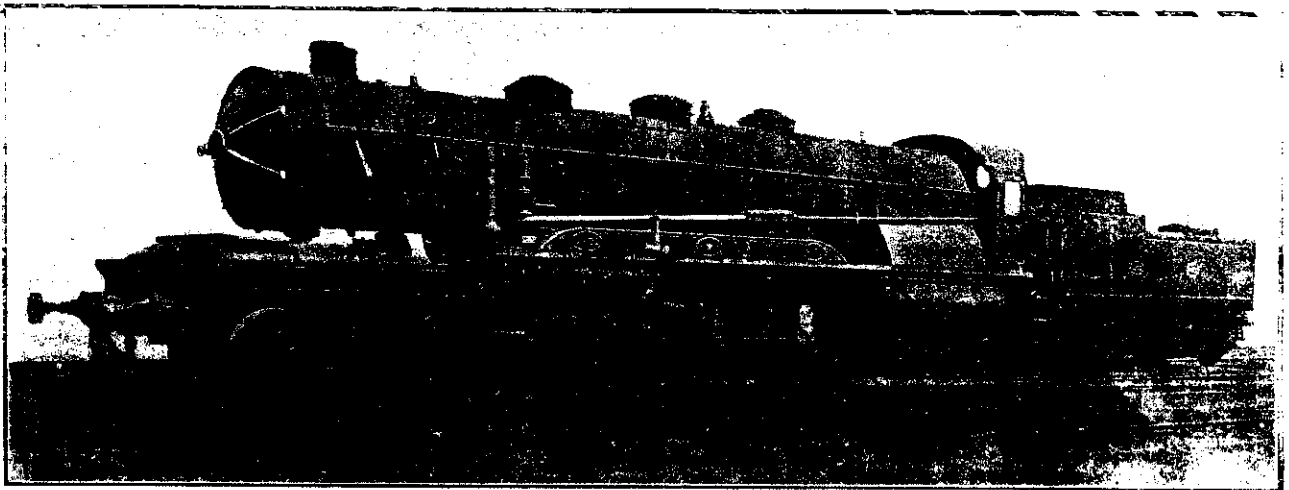
Mr. A. S. Eddington's summary of the present state of thought on the shape and movement of the starry universe is of absorbing interest. He attempts first of all to give an idea of the way the stars are sown in the immensity of space. Imagine, says he, a globe of space as large in girth as the earth's orbit round the sun; then think of a volume a million million times greater. Such a space would contain seventeen stars. Some of those stars are nearly fifty times as bright as the sun; some have not one-hundredth part of its brightness—though if we were to take a greater sample of space there would be a greater range, for some stars give 10,000 times the light of the sun. Five of the seventeen stars in the sample selected are brighter than the sun; eleven are fainter, so that the sun stands well above the average. Mr. Eddington then turns to the theories of the movements of the stars in space—to Kapteyn's theory that we have to do with two great streams of stars that have become intermixed; to Schwarzschild's theory that all are travelling about an ellipsoid with differing velocities; and to Dr. Halm's hypothesis that there may be three drifts of stars. These systems when analysed are not unlike; but on the whole the two-drift theory appears to answer best to the facts. Outside these drifts appear to lie certain

100,000 dollars. It used to be thought that the nest was formed of inspissated saliva secreted by the highly-developed glands of the bird. Now it is known that the nest is made of a species of alga, gathered by the bird. The season for harvesting the nests lasts from April until September. It takes three months to build the first nest, and just before the eggs are laid the nest is stolen by the collector. The bird immediately sets about the building of a second nest, taking thirty days for the work. This is also stolen before the eggs are laid. The third nest, however, is unmolested, and the birds are permitted to raise their young, after which the nest is taken and sold. The nests are built in most inaccessible spots, among the cliffs along the coast, and the natives must risk their lives to reach them. In preparing birds'-nest soup the nest is washed in cold water and then cooked for eight hours in a closed vessel, after which it is mixed with chicken broth, seasoned and boiled for a quarter of an hour. This dish is considered a great delicacy among the Chinese, and Occidentals who have tried the soup find it very palatable and much resembling chicken soup.

Eyes Change Colour.

The possibility of a man's eyes changing colour as the result of a mental shock or physical ill-treatment, was the subject of an interesting discussion recently by a number of surgeons in the eye ward of one of the great London hospitals.

One of the surgeons stated: "It is common knowledge that great physical hardships may suddenly turn the iris



BALTIC TYPE FOUR-CYLINDER COMPOUND SUPERHEATER LOCOMOTIVE FOR THE "NORD EXPRESS." Capable of doing 75 miles an hour.

box was designed by the Nord company's engineers, although actually constructed at the Creusot Works of the Schneider Company. Both engines are fitted with apparatus for highly superheated steam and the cylinders in each engine are identical. Instead of constructing the ordinary type boiler for saturated steam and placing a water-tube boiler for superheated steam over a simple engine, the same system of compounding is here employed in both engines.

The previous largest engines in Europe are the "Pacific" type, class 10, of the Belgian State railways, which have four cylinders, each 500 millimeters by 600 millimeters (19.63 x 25.98 inches). The new Nord engines have, however, two high-pressure cylinders, 440 millimeters (17.32 inches) by 640 millimeters (25.19 inches) and two low-pressure cylinders 620 millimeters (24.41 inches) by 730 millimeters (28.74 inches). Further, while the steam pressure in the Belgian engines is 200 pounds per square inch, the French engines carry a pressure of 227.5 pounds per square inch with direct admission from the boiler to all the cylinders whenever it is found desirable for starting.

These French engines, although very much more powerful in starting effort than the Belgian locomotives, are of the same weight, loaded and empty, as the latter, but the boilers of the Nord engines have 25 per cent. more heating surface.

The chief interest in these new loco-

tended for cylinders working at 80 pounds maximum pressure, this device is applicable to any system of engine with such modification as may be desirable. The driving wheels have a diameter of 6ft 8½ in and the bogie wheels a diameter of 3ft 4½ in. The firebox grate is 8.56 feet in length, and 5.3 feet in width, and the grate area is 46 square feet. The total heating surface amounts to 4,394.93 square feet, to which the water-tubes and firebox contribute 1,097.95 square feet, and the smoke tubes 2,629.6 square feet, while the superheater surface is 667.38 square feet. The boiler barrel has a diameter of 6ft 2½ in. The water capacity is 1886 gallons, and the steam capacity 690.8 gallons. The tractive force of these locomotives working compound, is 32,429 pounds, and simple 42,834 pounds.

An interesting innovation is the adoption of mechanical stokers. On the Northern Railway the express engines are served with "smalls" and "tout-venant" which, to avoid choking the fire and evolving heavy smoke, must be laid on thinly and with great frequency. Opening the fire-door frequently is injurious to the tube plate, and tends to lower the temperature of the steam in the superheating pipes. With mechanical stokers these and other objections disappear, the fuel in fine powdery form may be blown into the fire-box with suitable tuyeres.

In running order, the engine weighs 102 tons, of which 24 tons is on the

stars, like Orion, which are called helium stars, and which seem to have hardly any motion at all, to belong to no system. They are the young stars, and the view taken of them and of the system to which they belong has been modified by the discovery made by Mr. Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, and described by Mr. Eddington as one of the most startling results of modern astronomy, that the younger stars move more slowly than the later ones. Whence, then, are the movements and the speed of stars derived? To that there is no answer, except in so far as one is supplied by the highly speculative theory that the whole stellar system is a spiral nebula similar to the many thousands of these objects seen in the sky. If that were true it would open to our imagination a truly magnificent vista of system beyond system—of universe beyond universe—in which the great stellar system of hundreds of millions of stars that we know would be an insignificant unit.

Edible Birds' Nests.

The uninitiated are apt to think of birds'-nest soup as a most disgusting stew of twigs, feathers, and what not. As a matter of fact, the nest used by the Chinese is a very delicate, semi-transparent, gelatinous substance, built by the swallow-like birds known as the Malangan. The nests are found in the islands about Siam and the Malay Archipelago, and the harvest in the year 1909 was 18,000 pounds, valued at over

white. The loss of colour here follows on certain chemical changes, due to disturbances of nutrition, taking place in the tiny particles of colouring matter which gives the hair its colour.

"All infants at birth have blue eyes. In some babies immediately after birth pigment granules begin to develop in the iris. Thus they become brown or black eyed. In others, however, no such pigment formation takes place, and the eyes remain blue or grey throughout life.

"If this at present blue-eyed ex-con- vict is really the missing brown-eyed banker, a reasonable explanation of the discrepancy in the eye colourings would be that under the stress of physical and mental shock, the colouring matter which had in early life developed in each iris had atrophied or disappeared, leaving the eyes the original blue colouring present at birth."

Hypnotising Crabs.

Fishermen, it is said, have long been acquainted with a method of mesmerising lobsters by rubbing them gently along the shell of the back with the tips of the fingers of one hand, while they are held downwards with the back resting on some solid substance by the other. The lobster becomes torpid, and will remain in a state of trance or hypnosis for a variable length of time. Lobsters recover immediately if plunged into sea water, but, adds "The Bee," crabs take about ten minutes to recover.

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The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

FRULLETON.

New Publications Received.

We are indebted to the publishers for review copies as under. From Mr. John Murray comes a beautifully bound copy of "The New Life of George Borrow," by Herbert Jenkins. It is based upon new information not accessible elsewhere. Mr. Jenkins' work is sure of a cordial welcome from all Borrowians. 10s 6d is the price of this "New Life," of which we shall give an extended notice in a future issue. Messrs. George Robertson and Co. send three books: "Vagabond City," by Winifred Boggs (which has had a tremendous vogue at "Home"); "The Lady of the Spur," by David Potter; and "Laura," by Caroline Grosvenor. The two first have been issued, respectively, by George Putnam and Sons and Lippincott's. "The Lady of the Spur," which, by the way, is in its third edition, is an exciting story of primitive life in Southern America. From Macmillan and Co. comes a novel, entitled, "Hieronymus Rides," by Anna Coleman Ladd; which narrates interesting episodes in the life of a knight and jester at the court of Maximilian, King of the Romans. The period is that of the fifteenth century, a period seldom exploited by novelists.

Of Topical Interest.

The Poles, North and South, have been a leading topic of late, and it may interest readers to know that Arlen and Co., London, have issued at 12s 6d net Dr. Frederick A. Cook's "My Attainment at the Pole." According to the publishers, "Dr. Cook now, for the first time makes public the scientific data upon which he bases his Polar claim, and the reasons for his own actions, answers in detail all the charges made against him, and explains his long silence." "It is my opinion," said Professor Georges Le Coq, Director of the Royal Observatory, Belgium, and Secretary of the International Bureau of Polar Research, after reading the book, "that Dr. Cook reached the Pole." In any case, Dr. Cook's work should be of interest, though it is unfortunate that it should have been so long in appearing. A goodly portion of the book is devoted to the making of astounding charges against Admiral Peary, which is not good taste. For it is within the realm of possibility that both these men reached the goal of polar ambition. Nevertheless there is a preponderance of opinion in England that Cook did not, comments a writer in the London "Bookman," who further declares that if the book is fiction, it is very good fiction of its kind, but that, as it is as yet uncertain as to whether it is fiction or fact, he prefers to remain neutral. If Dr. Cook is to stand or fall by his book, it is to be hoped that the critics will not come to their work with this bias of "fiction" in their minds. The book contains 50 fine illustrations.

Another Birmingham Book.

Mr. George Birmingham, whose novel "Lalage's Lovers," we have noticed in our review columns this week, has just had a new work, "The Lighter Side of Irish Life," published by Mr. T. M. Foulis. As was to be expected from Mr. Birmingham, the book is a very racy and an amusing one, and besides being these two things it lets new light in upon the Irish character. Until lately, he shows that the Irishman has been looked upon by the Englishman as "constitutionally sentimental and irresponsible"—characteristics which are not the exclusive property of Irishmen. Mr. Birmingham thinks, and which are as foreign to the Irish character, generally, as to the English. The rich Irish-Americans are popularly supposed to be the financial supporters of Home Rule. Yet Mr. Birmingham is convinced that they are as little liked by the common people of Ireland as they are by the homier folk of other nations. To write a book about Ireland in which there was no mention of priests and priestcraft would be almost an impossibility. And Mr. Birmingham does not deal in impossibilities. A story placed an record by the "Irish Primrose," and reproduced in Mr.

Birmingham's book, is here appended. A small boy writing an essay on the subject of wild beasts declared that "there were no wild beasts in Ireland except in the theological gardens." Here is another delightful story worthy of Max O'Reill's Scotchman:—"There is a thoughtful boy in an Antrim village who listened one Sunday to a statement made by his Sunday-school teacher that God had created all things and all men. 'Did God,' he asked at last, 'make the Papists?' He had been taught to reverence the Almighty, and it seemed impossible that He could have been guilty of that. The teacher assured him that God had really made even them. The boy pondered the information for a minute, and then gave his opinion briefly but forcibly: 'He'll rue it yet!' he said."

Another good clerical story, which lovers of light reading will appreciate:—"A certain dignitary was much sought after as a preacher and held in some awe on account of his mordant wit. On one

suited the taste of the ecclesiastic off duty but led to a more cordial relation betwixt the dignitary and his host during the rest of the visit.

As we before indicated, Mr. Birmingham's book deals only with the lighter side of the Irish character. And as an example of how lightly the Irish peasant take their religion we offer the following:—"There were two old women in one parish who were greatly given to quarrelling, and when they fell out with each other they used terribly bad language. It happened that one of them went to confession one day. As she was leaving the church, having received absolution, she met her enemy, who was going in. On the very steps of the sacred edifice a quarrel began. The woman who was entering the church poured out the usual stream of sacrilegious and blasphemous abuse. The other listened to her in silence for some time, and then, no longer able to endure the triumph of her adversary, said bitterly: 'It's easy seeing, Biddy Malone, that you know I'm in a state of grace this minute and can't answer you. But, glory be to God, I won't be so for long.'"

It would appear that the administration of the Old Age Pension Act in Ireland is responsible for not a few scenes in which comedy is uppermost. Mr. Birmingham has many anecdotes on this

sonal charms, are matters to gaggle over and so much, figuratively speaking, is written off a girl's chance if she by any ill-luck has a personal defect. Here is an example:—"See her walk," he said. "See her walk before you say you'll love her. It was only last week that I was very nearly had me married to a girl. If it hadn't been that they differed after about the price of a cow, I'd have been married to her. They had her set on a chair facing me, as nice a looking girl as you'd wish to see. It wasn't till the week after, when the marriage was off, that I found that she'd only one leg on her."

In "the spirit of the veterinary surgeon," another Adonis refused to ratify an engagement until it was sworn that there was no truth in a rumour he had heard to the effect that "the prospective bride had a varicose vein."

The gift for apt repartee has never, we think, been denied the Irishman. Here is a case in point furnished by Mr. Birmingham:—"A glazier was at work on a broken window near at hand. An Irish scientist pointed this out. 'Go up to that man,' he said, 'make some criticism of the way he is doing his work, and see what answer you'll get.' The English scientist acted on the advice. 'My good man,' he said, 'if you don't use more



MARGINAL NOTES ON HISTORY.

Once more King Alfred tells his favourite story of the burnt cakes. (From "Punch.")

occasion he subent unexpectedly, rather to the embarrassment of his host. He was preaching a charity sermon in a church a long way from his home, and it was arranged that he should be entertained by the principal gentleman in the parish. This gentleman, though an excellent man, was unaccustomed to ecclesiastics, being himself an officer in the army. He made elaborate and conscientious preparations for his guest. He turned his smoking room into a 'study' for the time being and collected all the books bearing on religion which he could find in the house. There were not many. Round the smoking room table, when the eminent preacher arrived, were arranged 'Paley's Evidences,' 'Hervey's Meditations Among the Tombs,' a work called 'The Olive Leaf of Bethany,' and two volumes of sermons by forgotten Puritan divines. The great preacher, led to the 'study,' that he might rest awhile after his journey, took these books up one by one and looked at them. He laid each volume down with a sniff. His host became more and more uncomfortable. 'Are there,' said the clergyman at last, 'no other books of any kind in the house?' His host, conscious of many novels stored carefully out of sight, admitted that there were other books. 'Then,' said the clergyman, 'bring me another, and let it be frothy, if possible, the frothiest of the frothiest!' The 'frothiest' proved to be "The Visits of Elizabeth," a book which not only

subject, but none that suit the space at our disposal, so well as the two following:—"A middle-aged man, who had perhaps reached the age of fifty, was supposed to be in receipt of an old-age pension. Asked how he managed to secure it, he replied: "Sure, I knew the day that the pensions officer was coming round to look at me, and I had a real old Alibi down from the mountains ready waiting for him in my bed." The other story is as follows:—"There was an old man who, in sending in his claim for the pension, asserted that he was seventy years of age. After a prolonged search in the papers of the 1841 census it was found that he was 80. 'You must have known,' said the pension officer, 'that you were a good bit over seventy. Why didn't you say so? You'd have got the pension just the same.' 'Your honour,' said the old man, 'I'll not be telling you any lies about it. I had my mind made up to get married as soon as ever I got the pension; but there isn't a girl in the parish would look at me if it got out on me that I was eighty.'"

Out of sheer vanity some of the older Irishwomen risked the loss of their pensions by understating their age at the date of their marriage to men younger than themselves. Love matches in Ireland are rarer than in England, it seems. Marriages in Ireland, as in France, are arranged, or are a matter of hush-hushing. Personal possessions, as well as per-

putty, you'll not be able to put in that pane. 'If you don't get away out of that,' replied the man, 'I'll put a pain into you that won't need any putty at all!'

A Recent Travel Book.

Mr. Roosevelt writes enthusiastically of Mr. Charles Sheldon's "The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon." "Mr. Sheldon," he says, "has now for many years hunted in the wilderness, and most carefully studied in a state of nature at first hand the wild animals of this continent which are best worth studying. He is a hardy and adventurous hunter and a trained naturalist. What he has to say is of high value, and he has the power so to say it as to bring out this value to the full. This is only the first of the books which we have a right to expect from him. His experiences in Alaska, and indeed in the entire North-West, are such as no other man has had; and no other writer on the subject has ever possessed both his power of observation and his power of recording vividly and accurately what he has seen. The present volume is fascinating reading from every standpoint. It is all good, from the dedication to the illustrations, which are 74 in number, four in colour from paintings by Carl Rungius, and seventy illustrations from photographs." Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is the publisher of the volume, and 12/6 net is the price.

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"My three children had Whooping Cough and Influenza. They were terrible, and we could get no sleep at night," writes Mrs. F. Gilyard, Gilyard Street, Glenorchy, Tas. "A friend told us to try Dr. Sheldon's New Discovery, which we did. The first few doses did them good, and we got our sleep at night, and they soon lost their cough. It is a splendid remedy, and I will always keep it in the house."
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To Messrs. Woodward & Co.
Gentlemen,—This Pharmacy has been established for over 71 years, and during that period there has been an increasing demand for "Woodward's Gripe Water" by our many patients. They have invariably spoken highly of its great value in the various cramps and painful ailments of Infants and young Children, especially during the period of Teething and in Diarrhoea. As the formula is accurately known by us, we can speak of it with the greatest confidence. We absolutely affirm that the "Gripe Water" does not contain any Opium or Narcotic whatsoever, nor yet any drug of a harmful nature, and it can be used with every confidence.
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REVIEWS.

Lalage's Lovers: By George A. Birmingham. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3s 6d.)

Mr. Birmingham's book is simply delicious, and his heroine one of the most delightfully irresponsible creations of the latest fiction. Lalage, who is the only daughter and spoiled child of the pedantic Canon Beresford, who seemingly cannot open his mouth without exuding Greek, goes to school after successfully combating the efforts of half-a-dozen governesses to instil in her the elements of a modern education, and there imbibes, along with very up-to-date tuition, some very strange notions of women's mission in life. Going on to the University, she, and two other individuals, one of whom may be likened to a feminine edition of Sancho Panza and the other a masculine copy of Eliza Harris, since, though much of what may be termed the common sense in the series of adventures that comprise this amusing comedy is attributable to him, he is never once seen in person by the rest of the actors in it. Lalage Beresford, Don Quixote like, is firmly of the opinion that she has a mission to reform modern political, economic, and religious abuses. First she and her friends set to work on the Bishops, attacking in right Catholic fashion, Anglican, Roman, and Greek Church dignitaries alike. Actions for libel being threatened by some of the incensed high churchmen, Lalage, at the earnest entreaty of her relatives and friends, reluctantly ceases to tilt at these reverend gentlemen, and gets to work in the political arena. Holding the opinion that all politicians are liars, and especially the opposition, Lalage forms a society for the Suppression of Political Liars. An election, in which she is interested, is being keenly contested in Ballygore, and Lalage, hearing that the candidate in which she is interested is likely to lose his election, goes down and demonstrates that the other candidate is a liar of liars. And so encouraged is she by her audience that she warms to her work and finally reverts to her first presumption that all politicians are liars, which so mixes up the committees of the two desirable candidates that a rank outsider "trumps in." Whatever fresh mischief Mr. Birmingham's heroine might have done we cannot say, but, feeling no doubt, that she was getting out of hand, he marries her to a very good fellow, who has all along been financing her mad schemes, with a view, we suppose, of sooner or later showing her what woman's real mission is. For Lalage marries her love, and we leave her trying to inspire a very wealthy and indolent husband to write a book. And that he will with Lalage's heart set upon it we are certain. "Lalage's Lovers" is not the pure comedy it appears to be on the surface. But read it and see, for it is exceedingly good fun, every page of it, and conveys more than one moral.

"The Sins of the Children": By Horace Newte. (London: Mills and Boon. Auckland, Wildman and Arey, 3/6.)

By "The Sins of the Children," Mr. Newte has cleansed his reputation of the foul stain left by his "Sparrows." "The Sins of the Children" deals with middle class society, and portrays with

splendid fidelity to life, the social ambitions of that class, who in order to get into "Society" forget what is due to the power that has enabled them to place their feet on the first rung of the higher social ladder. Jeannie Pilcher, who is the heroine of the story, and a very admirable heroine she is taking her all round, is the daughter of Joe Pilner, the head of a department of the Great Western Railway, who has early been left a widower and whose whole soul is wrapped up in the one child of his marriage. And, because his ambition is totally wrapped up in Jeannie, he denies himself everything beyond mere living, that he may send her to a school for gentlefolks' children. That is a school that admits the daughters of people who, socially, are a rung or two higher than tradesmen in the social sphere. Now Jeannie, although she is good and true at heart, has social aspirations, both beyond the means and the station in which she lived and was born and bred. A chance meeting, however, threw her in the way of one, Edgar Baverstock, a brother of Mabel Baverstock, a school chum, and the son of a London stockbroker. The acquaintance ripens into love and marriage. But the marriage sorely vexes Baverstock pere on financial grounds, although he is a warm admirer of Jeannie, both for her great personal attractions and worthiness to fill an even higher social position than his son Edgar could then hope to give her. Now Edgar Baverstock had a mother, who, though only belonging to the upper middle-class, would have adorned any position in society, and from her Edgar inherited, in part, a disposition which, together with a very attractive personality, would make him the sort of man a woman would remain ever faithful to, though she were not a Jeannie Pilcher. Well! the two marry, and the rest of the story is taken up with the recital of the married life of the Edgar Baverstocks, in which Jeannie is shown to neglect her father, who is the real hero of the narrative, and with the retribution which finally awaited her, when as a widow her own sin of disloyalty rises up against her and punishes her by the very unfilial love shown her by her son, the one child of the marriage. But all's well that ends well, and as the sequel of the story will show, "Joey," Edgar and Jeannie's child is brought to a sense of his filial duty by one Titterton, a former admirer of Jeannie's. But here we must stop, and strongly recommend the purchase of "The Sins of the Children," which is one of the most realistic, the most ideal, and the finest commentaries on modern middle-class society that we have ever read, besides recording a vigorous protest against false socialism, disarmament, woman suffrage, etc.

Wholly Without Morals: By Sway Dinga. (London: Duckworth and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3s 6d.)

Sway Dinga's story possesses at least one questionable distinction in that it provides a fitting background and possesses the correct atmosphere for the creation of quite the most contemptible scoundrel we have ever seen portrayed in or out of fiction. And, in spite of its author's plea that it has been written in the public, one might say Imperial, interest, we cannot believe that such a state of things prevails in Rangoon or Burma as is testified to by this writer. That in the East a looser code of morals

prevails than in the West we know, and believe. But that lends like the Limkin of this book are allowed to thrive and mix among men of even second-rate reputation we cannot believe. That wherever the king of sports is indulged in there is more or less knavery and trickery we are aware. But the knavery and trickery detailed in this book transcend belief. There are, we firmly believe, men who are born un-moral. But there are things that no man, unless he were absolutely insane, could, or would, do. And especially one who had received an education in the humanities. Sway Dinga has dedicated his book to Mr. Barry Pain. This, we take it, is in recognition of "The Exiles of Faloo." In that book Mr. Pain desired to perform an Imperialistic service by pointing out an evil to which Englishmen are prone when dealing with coloured races. But Mr. Pain's villains were all derelicts of English society, and he handled his subject with discretion, delicacy, and honest purpose. Sway Dinga's story may depict faithfully racing, gambling, and borrowing methods in the districts in which he has laid his sordid scenes. But nine readers out of ten will not believe his story. And we are sorry for the tenth who does.

BITS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Where Cannibalism Survives.

"In some parts of Melanesia to be slain and eaten is still the highest penalty of the law—if a great man's pig is stolen, or, it may be, one of his wives. Extenuating circumstances being admitted, the culprit will sometimes be let off lightly by being merely burnt to cinders. . . . Really, the correct thing when a person dies is for the next-of-kin to request to be killed and buried with him. If the petition is granted, the mourner is wrapped up alive with the corpse and trodden to death."—"Islands of Enchantment: Many-sided Melanesia," by Florence Coumbe.

A Battlefield Poker Party.

"At Sailors' Creek several wagons were captured by the Unionists and were found to be loaded with the Confederate Treasury. Then followed a most extraordinary spectacle of jollity and good humour. A Monte Carlo was suddenly improvised in the midst of the bivouac of war. The Confederate notes and bonds were rapidly disbursed. If they were at a discount they were crisp and new and in enormous denominations. Spreading their blankets on the ground by the bivouac fires, the veterans proceeded with the comedy, and such preposterous gambling was probably never before witnessed. Ten thousand dollars was the usual 'ante'; a raise of fifty thousand to one hundred thousand was not unusual, and frequently from one million to two millions of dollars were in the 'pool.' They kept up the revelry during most of the night, though some were to make the soldier's sacrifice on the morrow, while others were to witness the scene of final triumph."—"Serving the Republic," by Nelson A. Miles, Lieutenant-General, U.S.A.

Points of View.

"The ornaments of Europe are for all nations madness and for each nation imperative."

"Ragging is either a great insult or an affectionate familiarity. There is nothing between the two. But you must know a man very well indeed before you put him into a horse-pond."

"Granted, by all means, that there should be nothing which a husband couldn't tell to his wife, or a wife to her husband, there ought still to be a great many things which neither should tell, and real confidence consists in not wanting to know."—"The Comments of Bagshot."

Arnold Bennett and the Umborn Babe

"My first venture was on a woman's paper. My apprenticeship to frocks was studded with embarrassing situations, of which I will mention only one. It turns upon some designs for a layette. A layette, perhaps I ought to explain, is an outfit for a new-born babe, and naturally is prepared in advance of the stranger's arrival. Underneath a page of layette illustrations I once put the legend, correct in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand—but this was the thousandth—'Cut-to-measure patterns supplied.' The solecism stands to

all eternity against me on the file of the paper."—"The Truth about an Author," by Arnold Bennett.

Exhaustive.

"No woman trusts any man about any woman."—"The Grain of Dust," by David Graham Phillips.

The Latest in Moral Codes.

"She strips her bed in the morning to air it. When people do that they never go wrong."—"The Third Miss Wenderby" by Mabel Barnes-Grandy.

The Great Flickergraph Industry.

"On the average about 150,000 feet of film are placed on the British market every week, and this quantity is steadily increasing. It is computed that there are some 50,000 picture theatres scattered throughout the world, and as the number thereof is increasing daily, the supply of films has by no means yet reached the limits of demand."—"Moving Pictures: How They are Made and Worked," by Frederick A. Talbot.

Feminine Joys.

"Grania accepted the metamorphosis from the life of a grub to that of a butterfly readily enough, and revelled in the joy of delicious silk stockings . . . the joy of pretty petticoats and companionable stays . . . of jewels on neck, wrist and finger."—"The Fair Irish Maid," by Justin Huntly McCarthy.

From "What Diantha Did."

"The stately mansion was covered with heavy flowering vines, also with heavy mortgages. Mrs. Roscoe Warden and her four daughters reposed peacefully under the vines while Roscoe Warden, Jun., struggled desperately under the mortgages." "Mr. Bell took his hat and went out—a conclusive form of punctuation much used by men in domestic discussions." "Do you love me?" they ask, and "I will make you happy" they say; and "you get married—and after that it is housework!"—"What Diantha Did," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The Search for the Human

"Clever people and dull people are common enough; very often both these descriptions will apply to the same person. But people who are simple, spontaneous, impulsive, affectionate—in a word human—are not so very easy to find."—"One of the Family," by Kellie Howard

SUFFERED WITH ECZEMA FOR YEARS

On Face, Hands and Body. Spent Night after Night Without Sleep. Felt Like Scratching Herself to Pieces. Tried Cuticura Ointment. Free from All Itching.

"For several years I have suffered with eczema on the face, hands and body, and when it got very bad I would spend nights after night without any sleep, and at times I would feel like scratching myself to pieces. I tried several so-called remedies without getting the slightest relief. One day I was telling a friend of mine the pain I was suffering and she told me to try the marvelous Cuticura Ointment. I did this and I am very pleased to state that to-day I am quite free from all such itching that is brought about by that dreaded eczema. "I will never be without a pot of Cuticura Ointment in the house. Any one suffering from eczema, burns, boils, or any other abrasions of the body could not possibly do better than keep a pot of Cuticura Ointment in the house." (Signed) Mrs. F. J. Hazelwood, Bimston, So. Australia, Dec. 9, 1910.

Baby's Face Like Raw Beef

"My baby boy had a large pimple come on his forehead. It burst and spread all over his face which soon looked like a piece of raw beef, all smothered with bad pimples. It was awful to look at. The poor little thing used to scratch it and cry terribly. I took him to a doctor but he said he was worse and I was quite fit to cry. I thought he would always be disfigured. Then I got two tins of Cuticura Ointment, together with Cuticura Soap, and in two months had quite cured him. Now of course I use Cuticura Soap for all my children." (Signed) Mrs. E. Perry, 98, Waterloo Rd., Aldershot, England, May 21, 1910. "I sold throughout the world."—R. Towns & Co., Dept. NK, Sydney. "I have for sample of Cuticura Ointment and look.



"So you've read my new novel. How did you like it?" "I laid it down with intense pleasure."

The Waikato War, 1863-4

By JOHN FEATON.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)

The following is the official account of the capture of Orakau:—

Camp Te Awamutu, April 3, 1864.

Sir,—I have the honour to state, for the information of the Lieutenant-General commanding the forces, that about mid-day on the 30th ult. it was reported to me by Lieutenant-Colonel Haultain, commanding the Kihikihī Redoubt, that natives were seen in force at the village of Orakau, about two and a-half to three miles distant from his post.

I immediately rode over and made a reconnaissance. Found that the natives were engaged building a pa, and as it was then too late in the day to attack at once, I returned to this camp and made arrangements to march on the enemy's position during the night. Captain Baker, 18th Royal Irish (Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General), fortunately found two men in the camp—Messrs. Gage and W. Astle—whom from their local knowledge I at once engaged as guides, which circumstance enabled me to determine on a combined movement. My plan of attack was to advance with the main body along the dray road to Orāgau; to detach a force of 250 men under Major Blythe, 40th Regiment, who would take a circuitous route through a somewhat difficult country, crossing and re-crossing the Puniu River, and, marching on my right flank, to take the enemy's position in reverse; and thirdly, to draw a force of 160 men from Rangiaowhia and Haerini under Captain Blewitt, 65th Regiment, who would march across to the enemy's position on my left, the three bodies of troops arriving, if possible, simultaneously before the enemy's stronghold shortly before daylight.

At midnight Major Blythe, 40th Regiment, marched, with 250 men, with directions to take the road to the right, to cross and recross the Puniu River, and to gain the rear of the enemy's position before daylight, halting there until he should hear my attack, and then to dispose of his force so as to cut off the retreat of the enemy.

The road from Rangiaowhia to Orakau I found on inquiry to be very difficult, being intercepted by deep swamp and thick bush. However, having every confidence in Captain Blewitt's energy, I directed that officer, who commands at Rangiaowhia, to march during the night and endeavour to form a junction with me before daylight on the proper right of the enemy's position, bringing with him 100 men.

At three o'clock on Thursday morning, the 31st, I marched with the main body along the dray road to Kihikihī, taking on Lieutenant-Colonel Haultain and 150 men from that post, and then proceeded by the same road to the village of Orakau, which I reached without opposition as the day dawned.

The enemy, evidently taken by surprise, opened fire on the advance guard—composed of 120 of the Royal Irish and 20 of the Forest Rangers, gallantly led by Captain King, 18th Royal Irish, and supported by 100 of the 40th Regiment, who immediately rushed forward to the attack in skirmishing order.

The position being found very strong, an earthwork with strong defences, deep ditches with posts and rails outside, and nearly covered from view with flax bushes, peach trees, and high fern—this party were forced to retire; but it at once re-formed, and, being reinforced by another company of the 40th Regiment, again tried to take the place by assault, but with no better success. Here Captain King, 18th Royal Irish, fell mortally wounded, and Captain Fischer, 40th Regiment, severely so, besides four men killed and several wounded. On Captain King's falling, Captain Baker, 18th Royal Irish (Deputy Assistant-General), most gallantly galloped up, dismounted, and, calling for volunteers, again endeavoured to carry the place by assault. This also failed.

Finding that there was no chance of taking the pa in this manner, from the immense strength, and other men having fallen, I determined to desist from this mode of attack; and having heard that both Major Blythe, 40th Regiment, and Captain Blewitt were at their appointed posts, I decided on surrounding the place and adopting the more slow but sure method of approaching the position by sap, which was shortly after commenced under the very able direction of Lieutenant Hurst, 12th Regiment, attached to the Royal Engineers Department. At this time Lieutenant Carre, Royal Artillery, endeavoured to effect a breach in the enemy's works, but could make no impression upon it.

A further supply of entrenching tools and gabions (which latter had most fortunately been prepared at the neighbouring posts for service at headquarters on the Horatui) were immediately ordered up with the men's blankets, food, etc., and every possible precaution taken by the proper disposition of the force to prevent the escape of the enemy.

During the afternoon a reinforcement of some 150 or 200 of the enemy, from the direction of Mangatautari, appeared in sight, evidently determined on relieving the place. They advanced to a bush situated about 900 yards in rear of our outposts, but seeing that it was scarcely possible to break through the line formed by our troops, they halted and commenced firing volleys, at the same time exciting the men in the pa to increased energy, by dancing the war dance, shouting, etc.

The wounded were sent on to Te Awamutu and Kihikihī. The sap was pushed forward vigorously, and the troops, so posted as to prevent any possibility of escape by the natives during the night.

Heavy firing was kept up by the enemy on the troops both in the sap and around the place during the day and night, causing but few casualties, the men contriving to cover themselves in temporary rifle pits, dug out with their bayonets and hands.

A reinforcement of 200 men, under the command of Captain Inman, 18th Royal Irish, reached me from headquarters during the afternoon.

Having reported my proceedings to the commander of the forces in the morning, I was glad to receive a reinforcement sent by him (148, of 12th Regiment), and guided by Captain Greaves, Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, which arrived about daylight on the morning of April 1, and which enabled me to relieve the men in the sap more constantly, and therefore to

carry on the work more quickly. Captain Greaves ever afforded me material assistance in the duties of the department. This day was spent in working at the sap and making rifle pits around the pa, few casualties occurring. Captain Betty, Royal Artillery, arrived during the day and assumed command of the Royal Artillery, which enabled Lieutenant Carre to render some assistance to Lieutenant Hurst in constructing the sap, he having been at it without intermission.

During the night a few of the enemy were perceived trying to effect an escape from the pa, but, being immediately fired upon, returned to their earthwork. I omitted to mention that Captain Betty, Royal Artillery, threw some well directed shells at the Maori reinforcement in the bush and on the hills, which evidently disconcerted them considerably.

At an early hour on the morning of the 2nd April, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Havelock, Bart. (Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General), arrived with the hand grenades, which were at once thrown into the enemy's position with great effect by Sergeant McKay, Royal Artillery, who thus rendered good and gallant service at great personal risk, under a galling fire.

About noon I ordered Captain Betty, Royal Artillery, to have a six-pounder Armstrong gun carried into the sap, an entrance having been made. It opened fire on the enemy's work, destroying the palisading, making a considerable breach and silencing in a great measure the fire of the enemy on the men engaged at the head of the sap.

The commander of the force, with his staff, etc., arrived on the ground at this time, and witnessed the remainder of the operations.

Colonel Mould, C.B., Royal Engineers, coming up with General Cameron, gave his able assistance towards the completion of the sap into the enemy's work.

As it was known that women and children were in the pa, the enemy was called upon to surrender previous to the concentrated fire of the Armstrong gun and hand grenades on their work. They were told that their lives would be spared, and if they declined they were requested at least to have compassion on their women and children, and send them out. They replied that they would not do so, but would fight to the last. The pa was then carried. The enemy, effecting his escape from the opposite side of the work, dashed through a space from which the troops had been thrown back under cover, to enable the gun to open. They were, however, speedily followed up, and suffered a severe loss during the pursuit of nearly six miles. Lieutenant Rait, Royal Artillery, with his troopers, and Captain Pye, Colonial Defence Force, with a small detachment, having headed them and kept them back until the infantry came up. I regret to say that in the pa and in the pursuit some three or four women were killed unavoidably, probably owing to the similarity of dress of both men and women, and their hair being cut equally short, rendering it impossible to distinguish one from the other at any distance.

The troops were recalled about sundown, and bivouacked round the enemy's late position.

At an early hour this morning I caused diligent search to be made for the killed and wounded of the enemy. Their loss was considerable, amounting to 101 killed, besides 18 to 20 reported by native persons as buried in the pa; 26 wounded and taken prisoners, and 7 unwounded taken prisoners. In addition to this number, the natives were seen to be engaged carrying off dead and wounded early in the morning at the most distant point of pursuit, and fresh tracks showed that they had been similarly occupied during the night.

I beg to bring to the special notice of the Lieutenant-General commanding the forces the gallant bearing of Captain Baker, 18th Royal Irish (Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General), during the whole of the operations; but more especially on the occasion already mentioned of the fall of that brave and lamented soldier, Captain Ring.

Also, the determined bravery of Captain Herford, Waikato Militia, who was very severely wounded (loss of eye), and the gallantry of Lieutenant Harrison, Waikato Militia, both of whom remained at the head of the sap nearly the whole time, keeping down the fire of the enemy by the well directed balls of their own rifles. Likewise of Sergeant McKay, Royal Artillery, who, as before mentioned, under a galling fire, threw, with the greatest precision and coolness, hand grenades from the sap and from the lodgment made in the outer work of the enemy into his stronghold.

The wounded received the greatest possible attention on the field from the senior medical officer, Dr White, 65th Regiment; ably seconded by Assistant-Surgeons Spenser, 18th Royal Irish, Jules, 40th Regiment, and Tilston, R.N., until the arrival of Dr. Mouat, C.B., V.C., the P.M.O., who left nothing undone in providing for their comfort, etc.

I trust the conduct of the officers and men under my command during this long operation of three days and two nights, without cover and constantly under fire, may meet with the approval of the Commander of the Forces.

The casualties on our side—16 killed and 52 wounded, of which I enclose a return—are, I regret to say, severe.

GEORGE J. CAREY, Brigadier-General.

The Assistant Military Secretary, Headquarters.

(To be continued.)

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GUNS OF THE FLEETS.

By an English Artillery Officer.

The present epoch in the manufacture of ordnance may be said to have begun in 1854, when rifled guns and elongated projectiles came into use. Since then the tendency has been rapidly upwards. Every demand of the fighting services for weapons of greater shell power and longer range has been successfully met by the gunmakers, and we have not yet nearly reached the limit of possibility. The improvements in metallurgy and the technique of manufacture have rendered possible many things which half a generation ago seemed entirely beyond attainment. One of the most recent advances in metallurgical science has been the introduction of tungsten steel, which has enabled the German gun and armour makers to reduce the weight of metal employed by nearly twenty per cent. Strangely enough, this alloy has so far been ignored by the British Admiralty. The Germans have been much more alert than our own people, and the entire output of the wolfram mines of Portugal, which are owned by a British company, has been purchased for more than a year ahead by Germany.

The German eagerness to purchase this mineral has recently become somewhat remarkable, and practically every pound that comes upon the market goes to Germany. It is reported that nine inches of tungsten (wolfram) steel armour-plate is equal in resisting power to twelve inches of the nickel-steel plate used in the British service, and this is the material which Krupp's and the other German metal works are turning out with feverish haste. The hardness and toughness of this steel fits it peculiarly for gun-making.

RECENT ADVANCES.

It is difficult to realise the advance that has been made in death-dealing implements within the lifetime of persons now living. In Nelson's days ships fought side by side, and even fifty years later, when rifled guns began to come into use, a thousand yards was considered the extreme range at which it was considered advisable to engage the

enemy. Contrast this with the 12,000 yards at which the Russo-Japanese fleets opened fire, while the critical part of the sea battles of the war in the Far East were fought at a distance of 7,000 yards. The ships which can hit the heaviest and the most accurate blows at these extreme ranges are the vessels which will win in the naval battles of the future.

Up to 1900 the 12in. gun of 40 calibres (that is, 40ft. long) was considered to be the utmost that was necessary for ships of war. The length of the weapon was then increased to 45, and finally to 50 calibres, with a muzzle velocity for the projectile of from 2,400 to 3,000 foot-seconds. In 1910, when Germany proposed to adopt a 12in. gun, greater shell power was demanded by our own Fleet, and the 13.5in. of 50 calibres was produced. Now the 15in. gun has been tested and perfected, though so far it has not been mounted on any ships.

BRITISH VERSUS FOREIGN GUNS.

There is one feature of British-made naval guns which the foreign gunmakers profess to regard as rendering them inferior to those of Germany and other Powers. They are said to be heavier for the same calibre and weight of projectile. This is, to a certain extent true, but it has compensating advantages. The British guns are much stronger, and an equally valuable result is that because of their greater weight the recoil energy is less. This enables the mountings to be made of a lighter pattern, so that what is lost in the gun is more than made up in the mounting. There is also this further advantage, that the weight of the gun is so disposed as to bring the centre of gravity as near the breech as possible. By this means the radius of the gun is reduced to the smallest dimensions, with a corresponding reduction in the size of the turret and the amount of armour necessary to protect it. The net result, therefore, is that the extra weight of the British naval gun, which foreign makers profess to regard as a disadvantage, is more than compensated for by the reduced weight of the mountings and turrets.

The United States coast-defence gun of 16in. calibre, with a shell of 1,130lb., has only a penetration in wrought iron of 31.8in. The American 12in. gun has a penetration of 52in. Of course, the

destructive effect of the bursting-charge of the huge 16in. shell on board ship would be much greater than that of the smaller projectile, though its actual energy and penetration of armour are much less. In some of the German coast-defence fortresses 12.0in. guns are mounted, for which a penetration of 53in. in wrought iron is claimed. It is undoubtedly a very powerful and effective weapon. The largest gun at present made is the 18in. gun, 60 tons weight, firing a 2,000lb. shell, with a muzzle energy of 70,185 foot-tons, manufactured at the Bethlehem Steel Company's works, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Some of these guns are said to be mounted in the sea defence of San Francisco, and a 20in. gun is said to be in contemplation for coast defence. For land works there even these monsters may be exceeded. The resources of modern metallurgists and steelmakers are capable of producing 24in. guns, but weapons of that size would certainly not be carried in ships.

THE LIFE OF A BIG GUN.

The "life" of modern high power guns is short, owing to the terrific energy and excessively high temperatures developed by smokeless powder. The intensely heated gases resulting from the combustion of nitro-glycerine and nitro cellulose powders may wear away the interior of the bore, so that after a comparatively few rounds there is great loss of power, and the shooting becomes inaccurate owing to the destruction of the rifling. In our own 12in. guns the effective "life" is about 150 rounds with full charges. After that the inner, or "A" tube, must be replaced. Of course most of the practice carried on from these costly and short-lived weapons in peace time is done with half-charges, of which 16:are calculated to be equivalent in wear and tear of one full charge.

One peculiar effect of the intensely hot powder gas on the steel of which the gun is made is to harden it to a very considerable extent, so that once a gun has been fired it is practically impossible to carry out any mechanical operation in the bore except grinding with an emery wheel. When the smokeless powder charge in a modern gun is ignited it burns with great fierceness, liberating large volumes of gas at a very high temperature, and producing great pressures in the bore. This

intensely heated gas rushes through the bore at immense speed, and washes away the solid steel as a current of water carries away the sand on the bed of a stream. That the action of the gases is purely mechanical, and is not due to any melting effect, is shown by the fact that at the end of the powder chamber, where the temperature is highest and is continued for the longest period, but where there is no rush of gas, there is practically no erosion noticeable, even after a large number of rounds has been fired. The erosion is greatest in that portion of the bore immediately in front of the powder chamber through which the whole volume of the gas pours when the charge is ignited.

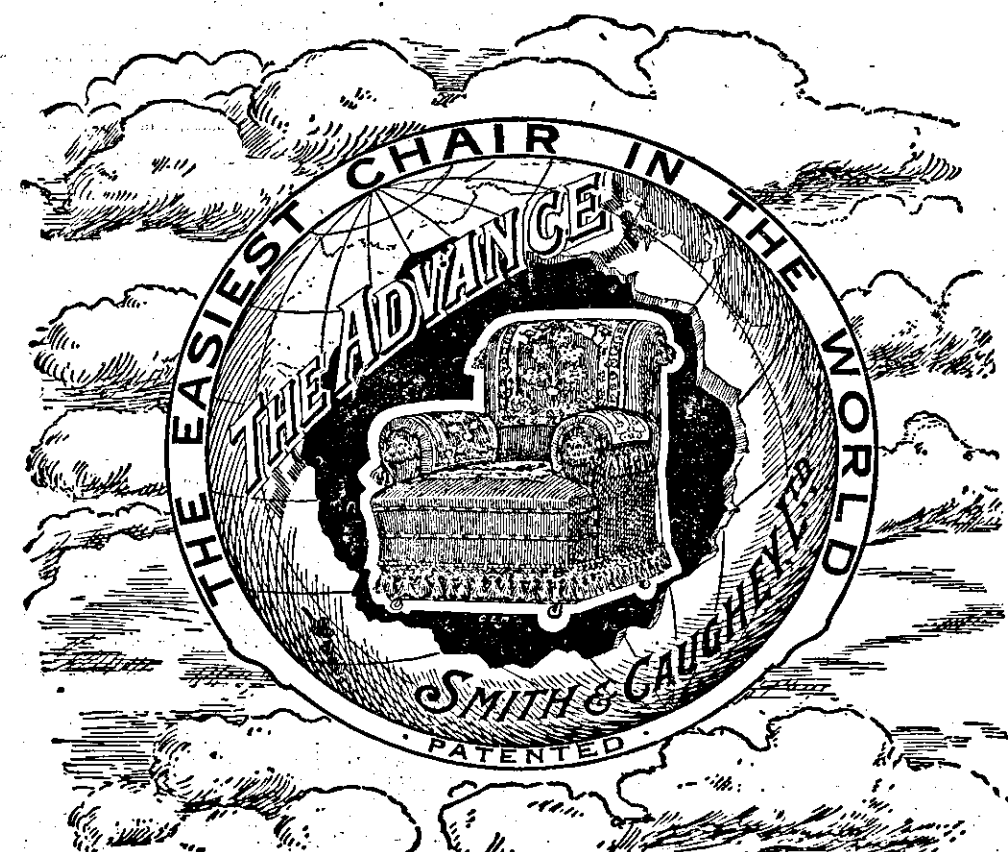
The rapid destruction of the bore of the gun from this cause is one of the most serious factors in connection with heavy artillery. It renders necessary the provision of a large reserve of guns to replace those which would be speedily worn out during the war. During the conflict with Russia the Japanese were unable to replace some of their guns which had become worn out in this manner, and at the battle of Tsushima Strait the shooting was very erratic. Some of the Russian survivors of the battle described how they watched the big 12in. shells coming towards them tumbling end over end in the most extraordinary fashion, and clearly indicating that the rifling of the guns from which they were fired had been completely eroded. Fortunately for the Japanese, the extremely sensitive fuses used by them almost always caused the shells to explode when they fell, and the Russians sustained heavy losses from these erratic "portmanteaus," as they termed the badly centred projectiles.

SUFFICIENT REASON FOR REFUSAL.

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Customer: Why not? Do I look like a man who would kill himself?

Clerk: Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, sir; but if I looked like you I should be tempted.



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NEW ZEALAND STORIES.

The Editor desires to state that New Zealand Stories by New Zealand writers, are published on this page regularly. The page is open to any contributor, and all accepted stories will be paid for at current rates. Terms bright sketches of Dominion life and people, women in short story form, are required, and should be headed "New Zealand Stories." Sketches for return of M.S. must be enclosed

Hyacinth.

By ANGELA HASTINGS.

HENRY CLAREMONT, one of the wealthiest cottonplanters in India, was giving a moon-light garden party in honour of his distinguished guest, Dr. Harley Lindon, the young New Zealand scientist who, having completed his studies in England, had received an appointment in a great Indian firm.

"I'd give half my plantation to see Daisy married to that fellow, Maggie," Mrs. Claremont. "Besides her money, Lindon and their daughter stroll down one of the quiet, lovely paths that wind in and out through the garden. Surely the sight of all this ought to have some effect on him," and the planter looked round him, with reasonable pride, at the lights and decorations that had transformed his garden into a fairyland.

"You'd think Daisy had no admirers, the way you talk, Henry," protested Mrs. Claremont. "Besides her money, she has looks."

"Are you sure, Maggie, that she couldn't have got a better dress for her? Wouldn't a red one have been more—er—well—striking?"

Margaret Claremont laughed. "My dear Henry, Dr. Lindon is from New Zealand it is true, but he is not a savage. Daisy's white frock is perfection. Even Lady Derrington complimented me on it, and she knows. Ah! there is her ladyship alone. People avoid her, she is so keen tongued. I could not endure her myself, if she were not what she is."

"Women are humbugs, pretenders," muttered Claremont, as he went over to Lord Derrington, not because he had a title, but because Claremont liked the blunt, old fellow. "I don't blame Lindon a scrap if he steers clear of the whole lot of them."

Yet Daisy was very sweet and pretty, and in a dress that a connoisseur had pronounced perfection, she might reasonably expect, or rather let us say, be expected, to attract the young New Zealander. Indeed, it was he that had proposed that they should take the quiet path, and it was he that had noticed the seat beside the giant date-tree and suggested they should sit there.

"Have you three years in India seemed very long, Dr. Lindon?" asked Daisy. "Long, Miss Claremont? No, indeed. The time has passed very quickly. India has so many interesting sights to offer, and then I have found the people exceptionally kind."

"I am glad you like us, and yet you are going away to-morrow!" She raised her blue eyes to his and gazed at him appealingly.

"I must go back. My people have been asking me, and yet I do not like leaving India—leaving you."

The girl's cheeks flushed with pleasure. "Then, her hand was resting lightly on his arm, "why should you go?"

"Yes. Why should I go?" He gazed at her admiringly. "Why should I, Daisy?"

"Is there someone whom you want to see? Someone whom you prefer to—to me, Dr. Lindon?"

"Someone—whom—I—prefer—to—you. There is no— Good Heavens! I could have sworn I saw Fred's little sister!"

He half started to his feet and stared into the shadows underneath the trees. "Fred's little sister? Who is she?"

"Fred's little sister!" He was still gazing in among shadows. "It's five years since I saw her."

"Who was she?" asked Daisy impatiently. It was surely annoying to be robbed of such a man by a mere phantom.

"Fred Lindsay's sister. She had a flower-name to, Hyacinth, and it suited

her, for she had blue eyes just the colour of the flowers."

"And you were fond of her?"

He nodded. "She was my chum's sister—his little sister, and I remember how she used to follow us round when she was small, and we'd lend her our pistols and marbles. I hadn't seen her for a long time until just before I left New Zealand."

"And then?"

"She was only a child with soft hair all loose about her and the same innocent blue eyes."

"You often think about her?"

"I never forget her, and since I made up my mind to go home, I've often wondered what Hyacinth would be like, and to-night when you asked me why I was going back, I could almost have sworn I saw her. That is the magnet and I did not know."

The girl shivered. "Do you not find it cold, Dr. Lindon? Shall we go back. You see I have no cloak."



You sit there hour after hour and do not say a word."

"I— What shall I talk about, Aunt May?"

"Anything. After such a period of silence I am ready to listen to any rubbish at all. Tell me what you were thinking about."

A rich colour stole into the soft, round cheeks, and the girl fingered her work nervously.

"Nothing in particular, Auntie."

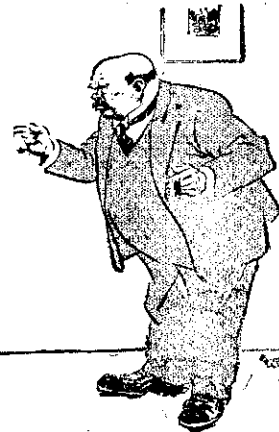
"Then you have reason to blush. Were you not thinking of Jack Tenant?"

"No, not exactly. I was thinking about the times we used to have long ago, before father died."

Aunt May sniffed contemptuously. "In those days I do not think you ever stayed at a boarding-house and paid two guineas a week."

"Oh, not! But still we did enjoy ourselves. You can, somehow, when you're all together."

"Don't be a little fool, Hyacinth. You have more now than you ever had, more



DETERMINED TO BE MASTER.

"Jane, hang that picture in the study."

"But mistress told me to hang it in the dining-room."

"Don't contradict me! Hang it in the study first. You can hang it in the dining-room afterwards if you like!"

"Forgive me, Miss Claremont. It is unpardonable to have kept you so selfishly."

"Indeed no. Your confidences were most interesting. The only thing that really disturbed me was that apparition," and though smiling Daisy sighed.

She looked wistfully after the New Zealander's tall, strong figure when, having left her with her mother, he went over to another group.

"Daisy!" whispered Mrs. Claremont. "Has she—what has happened?"

"No use—his friend's sister in New Zealand. Where is Captain Menzies? He will have to do after all," and Henry and Maggie Claremont's hearts were heavy as they watched Lindon take in to supper a stout, talkative old lady, and saw Daisy chatting gaily to the captain. Old Lady Derrington winked to herself—a curious habit—and smiled knowingly.

II.

Upon a seat just below the bank across which ice-plant trails, sat an elderly lady and a girl, the one working intently at an elaborate piece of fancy-work, the other gazing out across the beach towards the bay—Timaru's playground.

"Hyacinth! Your work has fallen on the ground! It will be spoiled by that yellow clay! How careless of you!"

The girl stooped to pick it up, but did not answer.

"Hyacinth! Why don't you talk?

probably than you ever will have unless you marry Jack Tenant."

The girl sighed. "You will marry him, I suppose? Is that, I expect you to. You like him fairly well, Hyacinth?" Aunt May peered at the girl, readjusted her glasses, and peered again.

"I like him very much."

"Then that settles it. When will you marry him?"

"I—I don't know."

"Whatever are you hesitating for? I hesitated and I am still Miss Lindsay. Have some common sense, Hyacinth."

"You forget, Aunt May, that I have not yet said I would marry him."

"What? You cannot be such a little fool as to think for one moment of refusing!"

"I have not yet decided."

"Not yet decided! And why, if I may ask?" demanded Aunt May.

"Because—oh!—I really don't know, Aunt May!" said Hyacinth despairingly.

"You haven't, surely, Hyacinth Lindsay, gone and set your heart on someone else? You couldn't be such a little fool! Sit here and make up your mind. My thread is finished, and besides, it is getting rather dusky. I shall send Jack for you."

"No, don't, Auntie. I—"

"Nonsense, child. Good-bye."

Hyacinth waited until her aunt was out of sight, and then, hastily rolling up her work, hurried away down the path,

past the tea-house, on towards the left. There, she was sure, Jack Tenant would not find her. She sat down, high up upon the hill above the rocks, and stared down at the noisy waves. Over on the wharf the big electric lights were already shining, and she could hear the careless laughter of the people on the beach; and all the time she kept repeating to herself the question: "Why was she going to refuse Jack Tenant?"

She had known him two years now, at least, it was two years since Aunt May had first introduced him, and she had liked him from the moment when he took her hand and told her he was pleased to meet her. There was an indescribable charm in his happy voice, and one saw the happiness reflected in his sunburnt face. He was a good man, well educated and wealthy. He was an only child, and Aunt May had taken care that Hyacinth should see the vast acres that his father left him.

Like thousands of other girls, Hyacinth had long ago proclaimed that "her man" must be "tall and dark," but, like them, she knew quite well that if the right man came along, and happened to be medium sized and rather fair, it would not matter.

"I must refuse, and yet why? It can't be because I am so silly as to believe he will come back, and yet I simply cannot help thinking about him. I wonder why? Harley," she whispered, gazing far away towards the dim horizon, "will you come back again? Will you come back—to me?"

The sound of footsteps startled her, and as she turned, Jack Tenant's happy voice called to her.

"Here you are! I have been looking for you, Miss Lindsay. First of all, I looked on top of the seat over there, and then I looked under the seat, but couldn't find you. I guessed you'd be up here."

"Did you? It was good of you to come."

"Not at all. It was good of you to allow me."

"But it must be getting late, Mr. Tenant. I must go home."

"Wait a bit, Miss Lindsay. Now I'm here, your aunt won't mind."

"Did she know you were coming?"

"Yes, she told me you were here."

"You mean," said the girl, looking at him, "she sent you?"

"No, I don't, I came. It was getting rather dark for you to be out here alone, Miss Lindsay."

She laughed. "You are so anxious as Aunt May."

"Well, why not? A man wants to take good care of a girl he's very fond of. That's natural enough, isn't it, Hyacinth?" He paused a little before saying her name, and he watched her face keenly.

"Yes, I daresay it is," she answered quietly.

"And that is why I want to take care of you, Hyacinth. I know I'm not good enough for you, but well—I'm fond of you, Hyacinth, and if you'll only marry me, I'll give you anything you like!"

The corners of the girl's mouth twitched, and her eyes glamed with amusement.

"A circus?"

He laughed. "I think I might be able to manage a small one, Hyacinth, but," her hand was resting on the grass, and he laid his gently on it, "do you really like me, Hyacinth?"

"Jack," his face flushed with pleasure. "we have been good friends, too good not to be able to understand each other. I do care for you—I am very fond of you and yet—well, you know how people speak of loving one another. I do not feel towards you like that. Perhaps there is no such thing."

"I think there is, Hyacinth. Do you feel as if I could not satisfy you—that you would require something more than me to make you happy?"

"I don't know, Jack," she answered, her troubled face raised to his. "I do not know; I wish I did."

"I shall wait, Hyacinth. You must not trouble over a fellow like me."

"I am fond of you. I always did like you, and I would marry you at once if it were not for him!"

"For him, Hyacinth? For whom? Then there's another chap that you'd rather have?"

"No, there isn't, and yet there is. I shall tell you, although I know you will think me silly. It is someone I knew years ago. He went away when I was quite a girl, and yet lately—I cannot help myself—I think of him almost all

day long. He does not write. He may be married, but I cannot help it." Tenant gazed at her in astonishment. "And that is why you refuse me? Well, listen, Hyacinth. We'll wait a little for this fellow. I shall not ask his name, and if he doesn't arrive, then—" He laughed merrily. "You are good to wait, Jack. How can I ever thank you?" "I'm being good to myself, Hyacinth. I'm afraid I'm leading you into a bad bargain if this other chap doesn't arrive."

III.

There were no comments made on Jack Tenant's abrupt departure, for unlike modern heroes, being refused, he did not fly from the object of his devotion. Only Aunt May knew the truth, or, rather, half the truth, for Hyacinth did not dare to tell her why she hesitated, and as it was, the poor girl had taunts enough to bear. She was foolish, head-

strong. Was she waiting for a prince? A week passed by, and there came no tidings of Harley. Jack Tenant's face was hopeful, and Hyacinth's was filled with doubt. Every day her aunt urged her to accept him. Many a long walk the girl took along the lovely beach, returning tired out, and still undecided. Was she throwing away a precious reality for an impossible dream? Why should Harley return to her, and what proof had she of his love? Yet why was his image continually before her and why was his name always trembling on her lips? None of these questions she could answer, and yet for the sake of the remembrance of Harley Lindon she was throwing away what Aunt May frankly told her was the one chance of her life. No! she would not throw away that golden opportunity, the means whereby she might ingratiate her family in her aunt's favour for ever, the means whereby she herself could aid them. After all the long hours of hesitation, the decision had been made sud-

denly, out on the hills above the rocks, and with a farewell glance at the dim, glimmering horizon that seemed to suggest a world of untold possibilities, Hyacinth turned away and climbed the rough, uncertain path. There was a look of resolution on her face as she went up the long drive to the house, and crossed the broad verandah. "Miss Lindsay," said the landlady, who, having seen her coming, had waited for her in the hall; "your aunt is in the drawing-room. She would like you to go to her at once. She has a visitor." "A visitor, Mrs. Donald?" "Yes, a gentleman." "I must go up and tidy my hair first. See how the wind has blown it; but I shall not be long." The girl's hands trembled as she brushed her hair, and she told the pink face reflected in the mirror that Hyacinth Lindsay was silly, very silly, indeed, to get excited over nothing. Then gradually the flush died away because it was impossible that it should really be he.

But as she paused a moment outside the drawing-room door, and heard the voice that answered Auntie May's, again the pink flush came. She opened the door slowly, and went in. "This is—" began Aunt May. "Hyacinth! Fred's little sister!" said a familiar voice. "Harley!" Her hand was clasped in his, and as she raised her eyes to his, Hyacinth knew why she had waited. He had come back! How joyfully her heart was beating, but, save for the first words of meeting, he showed no signs of pleasure at her presence. When Jack Tenant came in, he allowed Jack to monopolise her, and he talked on calmly to Aunt May. Soon Hyacinth pleaded that she was too tired, and, begging to be excused, said good-night, and went quietly away. Miss Lindsay and her visitor had many old friends to speak of, many familiar incidents to recall, and Jack grew weary of the conversation. He strolled out to the balcony and lit a cigarette. Something white was lying on the far end, and Jack went softly down to find out what it was. He could hear something sobbing, and to his amazement, found Hyacinth. Lindsay crouched up in the corner of the high verandah seat. "Miss Lindsay—Hyacinth—what is the matter?" She started to her feet, and looked round anxiously. "Oh, it is you." "Yes. Why are you crying? May I not help you, Hyacinth?" "No. No one can help me. I will marry you, Jack, whenever you wish." "Hyacinth!" Jack's voice was filled with joy. "My Hyacinth!" He caught her hands in his. "Why have you decided to give me this happiness?" "Because I began to think that—that the other was only a foolish fancy and now—I am sure it was!" "Now? Why now, Hyacinth?" He watched her closely. She sobbed, and drew her hands away from him. A look of pain crossed Jack's bright face. "Hyacinth, is this fellow, Dr. Lindon, the man for whom you waited?" "Yes." "And he has come." "Yes, but not—not as I thought, Jack." "How can you tell, Hyacinth?" "I know. He does not care. Leave me, Jack. I shall be better if I am alone."

Tenant went back to the drawing-room, and to his relief, found Lindon sitting there alone, his head upon his arm which was resting on the table. Jack stepped through the open window. "Dr. Lindon, you are tired." Harley's face was white and drawn. "Tired? Well, yes, I am." "Too tired for a talk?" "Certainly not," said Lindon sitting up straight in his chair. "May I offer you this cigar? Shall we go out to the balcony?" "No. I'd rather stay here, I think. Thank you," Jack took a cigar from Harley's case. For a few moments both smoked in silence. "You know the Lindsays well?" asked Jack. Harley nodded. "For years." "I met Miss Lindsay, the young Miss Lindsay, two years ago." "Yes! I may congratulate you! Miss Lindsay's aunt explained the situation to me." "Congratulations! What do you mean?"

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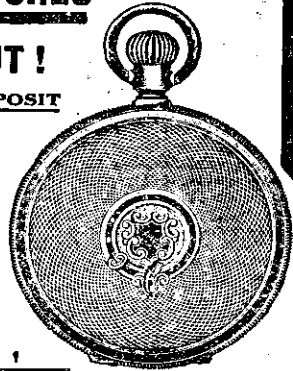
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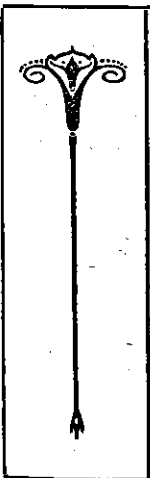
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"I understood—I beg your pardon if I am mistaken—that you and Miss Hyacinth Lindsay were to be married short—"

"Her aunt told you that?"

"I understood her to say so."

"Then she is mistaken."

"Mistaken? Do you mean that you are not to be married?" cried Harley.

"That is what I mean."

"But—"

"Excuse me. Until to-night Miss Lindsay refused me because she hoped that someone whom she preferred would return to New Zealand. He has done so, but thinking he did not care for her, she told me to-night that she would marry me."

"To-night?" repeated Lindon hoarsely.

"I think," said Tenant slowly, "that the man does care for her. She was mistaken. Lindon, for God's sake tell me, do you want that girl?"

Harley nodded. "Yes, but Tenant, when I heard of your engagement, I determined not to speak. Marry her and make her happy."

"When she cares for you? She is too dear to me for that, Lindon! No! For God's sake go to her! Tell her she is free, and that I sent you and that you love her!"

Tenant pushed Harley towards the window and rushed towards the door. Lindon hurried down along the balcony towards the pitiful, white figure.

"Hyacinth!"

She stood up and in the moonlight he

could see how white her face was, and that she was trembling.

"Hyacinth! I have not come in vain! I thought that I had come too late. Thank God, I was not!"

"Harley!"

"Tenant has told me, Hyacinth, how you waited, and he has set you free. My poor, crushed flower! Fred's Hyacinth and mine!"

He put his arms about her, and, tired out with that strenuous waiting, she leaned towards him.

"Harley, has my dream come true? I thought that you would never come!"

"My pretty flower! I thought my heart would break when I discovered I had lost you and, Hyacinth, had Tenant been less noble, you were lost for ever!"

Prehistoric Nursing Bottles.

According to recent discoveries it appears that nursing bottles were used even in prehistoric times, says "Science Siftings." This is true at least for the age of polished stone, inasmuch as a French archaeologist, M. Nicaise, when exploring a neolithic funerary deposit, found a small clay nursing bottle, and this was quite intact. This is not the only specimen of the kind which comes from early ages. Among others are the specimens found in the Gaulish burial places of Jonchery and more recently in the Gallo-Roman arena of Paris.

Automatic Cannon.

The latest invention in the art of war is, according to the German newspaper "Vorwaerts," a competent authority on these matters, an automatic quick-firing artillery on the principle of the machine gun. A correspondent of the great Socialist paper says that experiments have actually been in progress for some years with artillery, fed with a bandolier strung with large cartridges, which is actuated by the recoil as in a Maxim. "These guns," he says, "have been introduced in the navy, and have justified themselves as far as the mechanism is concerned, but they could not be kept sufficiently cool owing to the great heat generated by the firing. The experts attempted to meet this defect by cooling the tube with water. In the case of fixed or stationary artillery this problem did not present special difficulties, and has in experiment at least been solved with such success that the rapidity of fire has been increased threefold without appreciable overheating. It proved much more difficult, however, to devise a satisfactory water-cooling system to field artillery, but after many failures a successful method has been found of utilising part of the force of each recoil to send a stream of cold water along the tube of the gun. The whole apparatus adds barely 12 per cent to the combined weight of field gun and carriage. Of course, under ordinary circumstances automatic long-range guns of this type would simply waste ammunition. In emergency, of course, for repelling cavalry and on shipboard a torpedo-boat attack they would be invaluable. Accordingly the guns are so devised as to be used normally as single-loaders of the ordinary type."

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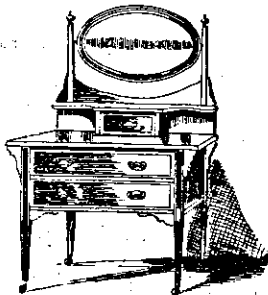
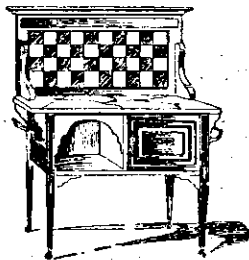
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The Apes Came Back.

An entertaining story of how some captive monkeys escaped from their house, and how they enjoyed their liberty, comes from Tokyo. A few years ago, writes the municipal authorities at Mino-Machi, in the province of Gifu, spent a good deal of money in laying out a public park and adorning it with a magnificent monkey house in which a large number of apes were installed for the amusement and education of the natives. On New Year's Eve during the absence of the night-watchman, who had gone to the celebrations, the monkeys dug a hole through the floor of their house and escaped. The "gaol-delivery" was discovered in due course and a search instituted, but without success. On New Year's Day, however, when guests arrived at the District Commissioner's office to pay their respects to that official, they found the building in the possession of a band of over one hundred monkeys, who, not content with destroying the records and books, had eaten up the fruit and sweetmeats which had been prepared for the Commissioner's friends. The local defences were duly manned, and a storming party succeeded in driving out the invaders, making prisoners of some, but the greater number got off to the woods.

Age by the Menu.

How to tell ladies' ages at dinner parties is taught us by a Parisian diner-out. If the girl you took in leaving dining at dessert, and gets up having made a large meal solely of ices, chocolate creams, preserved ginger, and sugared fruits, with perhaps one cheese straw thrown in, you know for certain she is still under twenty. If you are not sure whether she is a girl or a young married woman, you watch whether, on the contrary, she starts dinner at the outset, and, having gorged on hors d'oeuvres, shrimps, caviare, pickled salmon, and anchovies, eats nothing afterwards. If so, she is undoubtedly between 20 and 30, and married. Should she dine off a wing of a fowl or a slice of the breast she has passed the fateful year of 30, but has not reached the worse date of 35. After 35 she will dine off game, venison, etc., and like it rather well. Finally, if the lady you took in to dinner helps herself to cheese, and, still more significant, appreciates the well flavoured Camembert or the finely matured Stilton, you know exactly where you are. "She is a woman 'without age,'" as the French language politely says.

Mellor's Sauce

The Sovereign Appetiser

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WOMAN'S UNFAILING FRIEND. PENNYROYAL AND STEEL FOR FEMALES. 24 Years' Reputation. Are the Oldest, Best, and only Reliable Remedy for all Ladies' Ailments. Quickly correct and relieve the Distressing Symptoms so prevalent with the Sex. PREPARED ONLY BY E. F. Towle and Co., Ltd., Nottingham, England. Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout Australasia.

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Do not give up HOPE of regaining LOST HEALTH. Thousands of Sick and Ailing have been cured in the past by the use of these reliable remedies, and keep cured.

The Pills have gained their wonderful reputation by sheer force of merit, because every person who uses them recommends them to others. They have positively no equal for thoroughly cleansing the system and putting the liver and kidneys in functional order, without pain or grating. They are the best known remedy for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and the various conditions of ill-health known as "run-down" or "out of sorts."

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Heroines in Fiction

By the HON. MRS. FITZROY STEWART

NOVELS are said to reflect life, but in real truth the characters in fiction are produced out of the minds of their creators. So whether a character in a story is good or bad, dull or clever, grave or gay, depends not so much upon the skill as upon the mind and heart of what American newspapers call the "fictionist." Heroines in novels make a study of much interest, and one by which we can watch the trend of the times, and even the making of our national history. On the other hand, it is

of the 'fifties and 'sixties. In those days man was master, and woman had reached her lowest level of innate charm, abject obedience, and sublime helplessness.

But hope came with the 'seventies. The "tomboy" type was introduced by Rhoda Broughton. Her Nancy, her Joan, and her Nellie Strange showed us that woman could have a mind and a streak of sense and of individuality. Each of these fought with fate, although Nell was, I fancy, worsted in the encounter. And each had a will of her own, thought, and acted for herself, and although rather in the rough, may be

with injustice, hardness, and callous indifference." Until the 'eighties and 'nineties woman was in subjection.

But we see with clearer eyes in the twentieth century. Certain heroines in modern novels are perfect types of cul-

two divisions. There is the clever, scheming woman, who by dint of charm and finesse, raises herself from poverty and obscurity into wealth and a splendid position. She has a keen brain and perhaps cold heart, but is often a "good



Dora Spenslow

A DICKENS HEROINE.

curious to note the way in which the same type of woman has gone down through the centuries.

Take, for example, the ideal English-woman. We have the Jane Austen variety; Emma Woodhouse, soft and subdued; and Elizabeth Bennett, shrewd and self-contained. Thackeray gives us Ethel Newcome, good, clever, and most

called a pioneer of twentieth-century womanhood. Then the 'eighties and 'nineties brought us Ouida, and novels such as "Moths" and "The Massarenes." She sounded the "smart" note, and gave us women with big pearls, wondrous gowns, and gold-backed hair-brushes. Vera Zouroff, beautiful, pure, and proud, a lily on a dust heap, seemed to be her



Vera Zouroff

ONE OF OUIDA'S FAIR MAIDENS.

attractive; but he also made us a present of Amelia, weak, fond, and faithful—the ideal type of the early Victorian era. And Dickens' Dora Spenslow, a pretty, warm-hearted doll of a woman, who became the child-wife of David Copperfield. She, with her lack of brains and baby-like beauty, suited the ethics

type of perfection. Vera, however, took the law into her own hands, and shook herself free from the brutal Zouroff. This alone showed a step forward. In the early Victorian era a wife, even in novels, remained under the roof of the worst of husbands, and a girl lived in awe of her parents, and put up meekly



MR. E. F. BENSON'S HEROINE IN "SHEAVES."

tured Englishwomen. Lady Calmady, in Lucas Malet's "Sir Richard Calmady," shows the character of wife, mother, and friend to perfection; and there are few passages more beautiful than that which describes her discovery of her only child's maimed condition.

Then E. F. Benson's book, "Sheaves," has a heroine who is most attractive. Edith Allbut, with her white skin, black hair, and delicate charm, represents a lovely and well-placed young widow, who for love's sake marries a man much younger than herself, and who is in most ways far her inferior. Her pure, flower-like soul unfolds before us with the unconscious grace of her child-like nature. And many of us keep a warm corner in our hearts for Alice Eversley, in "Flower of the Heart," by Marriott Watson. She, with her sweet charm and gay gracefulness, is one of the most fascinating women of modern fiction.

It is curious to note that—with a few notable exceptions, of which more anon—the so-called "good" woman prevailed in early Victorian fiction with a quite curious persistence. This colourless creature was surrounded by a halo of innocence. Almost all crimes or even faults in fiction used to be committed by men, and if a bad woman crept in she was a demon of the deepest dye, a veritable fiend incarnate. Now it is almost needless to the success of a novel that it shall contain the typical adventures. Of these we have many sorts, and the species can be separated into at least

sort," with a certain sense of humour and honesty. Anyhow, she scores a success. Of these may be mentioned Julie Le Breton, in Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter." She went through a time of trial, but came out victor, married her duke, and—rather to the reader's surprise—lived happily ever after. Then Sally Snape, in "The Heart of a Child," by Frank Danby, shows a girl who rose from the gutter, and who, by "grit" and brains and looks, made her way upwards and soared aloft into a happy and most brilliant marriage.

But there are many failures among the adventuresses. Some of these shoot up like a rocket and come down like the proverbial stick; they are weak and unstable, without brains or force of character; or else their faults and follies drive them down to well-merited destruction. Becky Sharp, the immortal, was a typical adventuress. From her place as a poor, ill-used governess, she forced her way upwards until she married well, and became one of the smartest women in society. But she proved a false wife and false friend, and ended her days abroad in poverty and obscurity. Then Disraeli in his great novel "Coningsby," showed a clever woman, who made herself Marchioness of Monmouth, yet who, through her own fault, was thrust down into outer darkness. And George Elliot, in "Daniel Deronda," painted a picture which will live—that of Gwendolen Harleth. She, a poor, but handsome and well-born girl, captured Grandcourt, a cold, hard,



A THACKERAY HEROINE.

cultured man of the world, whose own character will go down to history. Hers was a loveless marriage; but her heart turned to another man, and in a boat-accident she let her husband die when she might have saved him, and met a just reward, as the man she loved married Mirah, and she was left to spend her life alone and in straitened circumstances.

She must excite sympathy and not repulsion. And there can be no doubt but that she succeeds in the attempt. After all, we like to be on the winning side, and human nature is prone to ambition. A woman who tries to rise claims our respect, and there can be no doubt that we modern readers favor the adventuress.

Then that terrible entity, the decadent type of heroine, must have a word of

neither interest nor amuse, and their one object seems to be to show the worst side of our poor humanity.

American women figure largely as heroines of modern novels. But it must be admitted that some of these grate more or less on our sense of refinement. They are made to talk with a Yankee twang, and shown as purse-proud, vulgar and slangy, with no thought in the world beyond chiffons and cotillions and the capture of coronets. But now and then one comes across a rare and most welcome exception. Who, for instance, can be more charming than Amelie Palmer in "The Relentless City?" She is as good as gold, has a clever brain and great social charm, and there is much of grace in what the author describes as "the great, glowing lantern of her joy, her divine content." Amelie was tried in the fire, and, as one may guess, came out victorious. Then another delightful heroine is the brilliant Lee, who became Lady Maudrell, in Gertrude Atherton's "American Wives and English Husbands." She is true and unselfish, with a warm heart, beauty, and talent, with a keen head for business. Such as

these show the best side of American womanhood.

An attractive great lady is rather rare as the heroine of a novel of the period.

Thackeray gave us Beatrix Castlewood in his "Esmond," and she fulfilled this difficult role to perfection. And a favourite of my own is Lady Everingham in Disraeli's "Coningsby." The author described her as having united "great vivacity of mind with great grace of manner, two qualities not often met together. Her words sparkled and her movements charmed." And there is Lady Monmouth, who has already been mentioned. Of her it was written that she had "an ambitious soul and a subtle spirit," and it is said that she admired the Queen of Sheba because that lady "thought deeply, talked finely, and moved gracefully." These qualities she herself possessed in a supreme degree. The modern great lady of fiction seems often too much of a flirt and a spendthrift; as a rule, she lacks grace, dignity, and depth of intellect.

Actresses seem not much to the fore in fiction, but there is a constant boom in shop-girls and governesses. "Vivien," by E. F. Benson, gives a curiously correct account of the life lived in dress-



THE HEROINE IN "THE RELENTLESS CITY."

Lena Despard, in "As in a Looking-Glass," by F. C. Philips, is another noted adventuress. But her career ended in tragedy, as her deep love for her husband made her kill herself rather than that he should find out her previous history. Then Lucia Grimson, in "The Climber," by E. F. Benson, gave another instance of hopeless failure. She was an unknown girl, pretty and clever, who made a brilliant marriage, but brought on herself ruin and disgrace, and sank once more into a life of obscurity. These examples could be multiplied indefinitely. But in any case, whether she fails or flourishes, the free-lance must be attrac-

tion. She is a product of recent growth, and was brought to life by Ibsen and Grant Allen. Of these ill weeds Hedda Gabler is perhaps the most degenerate, as she shot herself rather than become a mother. Among others a Herminia, in Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did," and Ann Veronica, in the book of that name, written by H. G. Wells. Then Lady Betty Brandon, in a novel by Miss Annie Holdsworth, can be written down in the same category. She gaily committed bigamy, and then killed herself because her second and best-loved husband had discovered the existence of his predecessor. Books such as these can serve no good purpose. They



THE HEROINE IN ONE OF "FRANK DANBY'S NOVELS."

"WINFRED"

Virginia

CIGARETTES

at the Club.

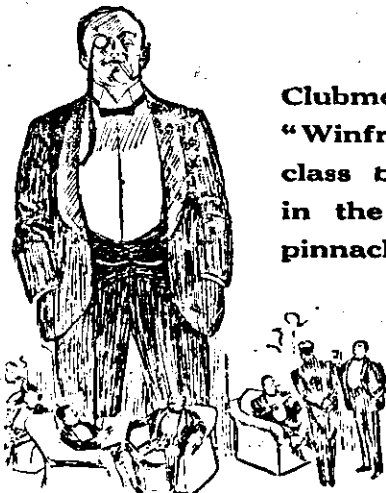
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makers' and linendrapers' shops in the West End of London. The heroine went through many ups and downs, and then married her duke in the usual triumphant fashion. Then in "The Heart of a Child" the heroine, Sally Snape, also did her turn as a shop girl, while she was, as it were, in training for her future position as Lady Kidderminster. And a book called "Sparrows," by Newtes, worked up the same theme in a way that was perhaps rather too realistic. Mavis Keeves' own weakness brought on most of her misfortunes. Then the governess has figured largely in fiction from the days of Jane Eyre downwards. Charlotte Bronte's book was a masterpiece, and in those days the character of the heroine must have struck its readers as strangely unconventional. And there are some up-to-date examples. A governess who makes an interesting study is Amy Stevens, in Miss Violet Hunt's book, "White Rose of Weary Leaf." In a way, she is a typical adventuress, and, like many of these, has a good heart, wit, and cleverness. But she plays her cards badly, chooses the wrong path, and dies in the saddest manner, alone and unloved.

The heroines of modern fiction are a proof of the trend of life in the twentieth century. We live in an age of work, energy, and enterprise. And a woman, however rich or high in the social scale thinks it no shame to put her hand to the plough, either for herself or for the benefit of others. The day of the useless fine lady is dead and gone for ever. Women think for themselves in matters domestic, social, and financial—even in things moral and spiritual. In a word, they have minds and souls, and work out their own salvation.

Friend.—Was your play much of a success?

Author.—Success! Why, the women wept so that most of them went home with their true complexions.

Cousin Kate's Correspondents.

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. Like letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," on the Children's Pages.

All Cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our Cousins some who have passed out of their teens. A Badge will be sent to each new Cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

LETTERS AND REPLIES.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—As we are shifting this week, I am not able to send you a long letter. Our flower garden is looking very well just now. We have a great quantity of larkspurs out. The roses have been very showy this year, but they have all died off now. We have a great quantity of violets; some of them are quite as big as pansies. We have the red and pink violets growing. It has been rather blowing most of the time. Our peaches are all ripening now, so I suppose we will be making some peach jam. We had a good quantity of apples this year, but the rotting moth was rather bad on some of them.—**Cousin WINNIE.**

DEAR COUSIN WILMIE.—Thank you for your next little letter. Your writing is so nice and clear. Your garden must have been lovely. I have never heard of red and pink violets. Have they any perfume? Are you leaving Taranui, or only moving into a new house?—**Cousin KATE.**

Ohappo.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I liked my badge very much. It's my birthday on the 24th of this month. I was to have been five weeks for my Christmas holidays. I went by train to Frankton, and then forty miles by coach. I came home a different way. I came about ten miles in a steam launch, and then about 24 miles by coach, and then twenty miles by train, and I was very tired.—**Cousin DELICIE.**

DEAR COUSIN DELICIE.—I hope you have a very happy birthday on the 24th. What a very out-of-the-way place Raglan must be! 40 miles is a long coach journey. They always go so slowly. Do you pass through prety country? You might have told us more about it.—**Cousin KATE.**

Wellfara.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—It is a good while since my last letter, so I think I will write a few lines to-night. You will see by the heading of my letter we have changed our address, as we are now living in Waitara, and it is very much better than Alton. We hope to be in Auckland later on. Our day school picnic was held at Ngairi last Friday. It was a very nice day, but we all enjoyed ourselves. Our Sunday-school picnic is next Thursday. I hope it will be fine, as we are going to the bush out of Urenui way. Thank you for the badge you sent me. I am in the fourth standard now. My sister is in the second standard, and my brother is just beginning school.—**Cousin DORIS.**

DEAR COUSIN DORIS.—I have been in Waitara several times. When we lived in New Plymouth, we used to drive over there, and all the country round is very pretty, but the freezing works used to smell in a very evil way in those days. I hope it is improved now.—**Cousin KATE.**

Blendheim.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have been a long while writing, because we have been shifting from Picton to Blendheim. It is a wonderful place, and it is very much better than Alton. We have two horses and one dog. I like feeding horses; I think it is great fun. Have you ever been to Blendheim? I think it is a glorious place to live in. I hope you will have the pleasure of seeing me.—**Cousin VICTOR.**

DEAR COUSIN VICTOR.—I always thought you folks liked the joys of moving into a new home, and that it was only a "grows-up" who hated it. From all accounts, Blendheim is a lovely place. I have never been there. I am sorry you are leaving us. You should find it much easier to write when you are in a new place.—**Cousin KATE.**

Wellington.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Just a few lines to let you know I am well. I am writing for the first time, asking you can I join the writing club. We have had very bad weather here, but to-day was fine. I have two little sisters; one goes to school with me, and is just one class behind me. I am nine years old now. My birthday was yesterday. I have just finished reading the "Weekly Graphic," and think it very nice.—**Cousin BOB.**

DEAR COUSIN BOB.—I am glad you wanted to join our society. I am very pleased to see you really fine day in the past few days. Summer seems to be over, and that is sad. I hope you had a nice birthday.—**Cousin KATE.**

Ridgelands.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I suppose you will think that I am never going to write to you. I have a black and white cat. Will you please give me a name for her. We have a cow, two calves, and a horse. We play school we play hide-and-seek, hop-scotch, donkey, and pass in the corner when it is wet. I have five sisters and four brothers. Thank you very much for the badge. It was very pretty. There are three girls and one boy go to school.—**Cousin ETHEL.**

DEAR COUSIN ETHEL.—I am very pleased to hear from you, and glad to know you like the badge. I think a good name for your cat would be Tut. The only game of donkey I know is one you play with where Ridgelands is and what sort of a place it is.—**Cousin KATE.**

Grain-road.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Will you kindly send me a badge, as I want to become one of your cousins? I am ten years old, and I like the fourth standard. I have three brothers and two sisters. We play roughers at school. I have often read the letters in the "Graphic." My birthday was on 23rd January. My mate and I always go to school together in the morning and sternomy every afternoon. I go in and play with her. I love school. I once had two little kittens called Toby and Topsy, but one day they both wandered away and died. I have a little dog. Would you give it a name?—**Cousin ELOENOR.**

DEAR COUSIN ELOENOR.—I am pleased to have you join our society. Your letter is very nice for such a little girl. In future only write on one side of the paper. I think I would call the dog Buster. It was sad about the kittens. How nice for you to have a chum. I expect you have lots of fun. You have forgotten to put your full name and town. Send this and I will post you a badge.—**Cousin KATE.**

Reikiorangi.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have been away for seven weeks' holiday. The name of the place I went to is Taika, and I had a good time. I was down here for Christmas. I went in to Wellington to see the Newtown Park. They have some very pretty birds there. My mother and sister have gone away for a week. I am looking after the house for my father.—**Cousin EVA.**

DEAR COUSIN EVA.—What a delightful holiday you must have had. Taika is such a pretty little place. I had a happy Christmas, but we did not have very good weather. I am looking forward to the Easter time. You are a clever little house-keeper. I hope you make your father comfortable.—**Cousin KATE.**

New Plymouth.
DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Please excuse me for not writing before. Our cat has three little babies now, and they are very lively little things. I have passed to the Fourth Standard, and I think it fairly hard so far. We have all had very bad colds. I have a good way to go to school, so I ride a bicycle. I shall end up with a middle. Why is an English teacher like a school teacher?—**Cousin GLADYS.**

DEAR COUSIN GLADYS.—You will have lots of fun with the kittens. Are you keeping all three? Of course, you are sure to find the work harder, but it will make you a better teacher. I hope you had good weather for the picnic. Is the answer to the riddle, One mind's the train, and the other trains the mind?—**Cousin KATE.**

Ashhurst.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—The local school held their annual picnic in the Ashhurst Domain the other day. I went and enjoyed myself. I had never entered the race, and I am attending school last year. Just at present I am the only one in the house. I am a bit nervous. When I was writing "year" in this letter I heard a thump in the scullery. It was like a hammer thump, and I finished quickly. I heard thump, thump, one after the other. I opened the door so frightened, and I couldn't help laughing, for there was Beauty, the cow, coming into the kitchen.—**Cousin LENA.**

DEAR COUSIN LENA.—I quite agree with you that it is nervous work staying in a house by one's self; the weird noises one hears are creepy. I think if you can it is always best to go and find out what causes the noise, and it generally ends in something very simple, and, as in your case, very funny.—**Cousin KATE.**

Sydenham.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—May I be one of your junior cousins? I am fourteen years of age, and have left school with my mate, Rosa. Would you kindly send me a pale blue badge, please? My favourite hobbies are painting, drawing, and piano-forte. I have a sister and a brother. My sister had a rooster named Kitchener. We named him that because he was hatched the day Lord Kitchener arrived in Christchurch. My little sister is seven now, but she was five when the rooster arrived. She used to bath it and then dry his feathers with a piece of rag. We had her photo taken with it. The rooster at last grew savage, and we had to kill him, for we were frightened. It would pick her eyes out, and he ate any of your cousins who would like to exchange postcards, for I am willing to do so? I was born in Timaru. It is a pretty place, especially the bay, which is beautiful. My uncle gave my sister and I a canary. Will you give it a name, please? I did not pass this time at school because I failed in that horrid arithmetic. I might just as well be home when the arithmetic time comes, for I am not a bit of good. My mother has preserved sixteen bottles of plums, and the shelf looks so nice.—**Cousin CLARA.**

DEAR COUSIN CLARA.—I am very pleased to enrol you as a member of our society. I don't wonder that rooster got wild; any self-respecting rooster would have its feathers washed and dried. It ought to have got some comfort out of being called Kitchener. It seems so hard that so many girls simply can't do arithmetic. I was very dull in that way, but my greatest stumbling block was spelling, which to most people is so easy. How would Sweetydick do for the canary?—**Cousin KATE.**

DEAR COUSIN CLARA.—This is my fifth letter I am writing now. I am in the Third Standard, and I am trying to pass into the fourth, and I hope I will not fail. I am nine years of age, and on July 5th I will be ten. I am trying to go to school every day now, and get a prize at the end of the year.—**Cousin DESMOND.**

DEAR COUSIN DESMOND.—Your nice little letter I received with pleasure. I shall wish very hard that you pass. I expect you will find the work much harder, but you won't mind that. Have you time to go to school? We have one little cousin who had four miles to walk and did not miss once in a year.—**Cousin KATE.**

Sydenham.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I find tailoring rather tiresome, and have to sit still for such a long time. Anyway, I am going to stick at it, and perhaps in time I will like it better than I do now. I have a boy friend who lives in Dunedin. His name is Carl and he has great talent for it. Next year he is going to play the cornet in the Mornington Band. I hope he gets on successfully. We are having fine weather down here now, and our boys are rickshing foot. I am very fond of cooking and ironing, and I do most of it when I am at home. In the last cooking examination I got first prize in my own class for cooking. The prize was a book entitled "Tales from Shakespeare." The tales in it are very interesting, but some of them are hard to understand. Have you ever read any of the Rev. Roeb's books? I am reading one now, entitled "Without a Home." I like it very much. I suppose that you will think my writing is very careless, but I hope you will excuse it as I run the machine myself in my finger, and I cannot write properly. I will try to write a neater letter next time.—**Cousin ROSIE.**

DEAR COUSIN ROSIE.—You are sure to find the nonmenthence thence at first, especially in summer. It is nice to be interested in some one outside, and I expect your friend hopes you will get to like your work. You must lead a busy life, and yet I am glad to see you find time for reading. I hope your finger will soon be well.—**Cousin KATE.**

Tawa Flat.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I saw my letter in the "Graphic," and was very pleased. We had our school picnic on Wednesday, and it was held at Pimmeton. We were by the ten o'clock train and we came home in the eight train at night. While we were up there we went in for two baths, and we had races, too. I went in one race, and came second, and got a skipping rope. My uncle got outside. Will you send me a name for it? I will end with a riddle: Why are potatoes in the ground like thieves?—**Cousin MAJORIE.**

DEAR COUSIN MAJORIE.—You must have had a lovely picnic. I have only paid Pimmeton in the train; it looks such a pretty place. I had a glorious bath the other day. The big curly breakers came right over us, and the water was quite warm. We had such fun, and several times were washed off our feet.—**Cousin KATE.**

Levith.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Thank you very much for the badge. I saw my letter in the "Graphic." My cousin Harold, at Otaki, writes to you. I had a pet lamb, but it got out of the paddock, and went away with some of the sheep. I am glad you liked the badge. We have a few Otaki cousins. What a silly little lamb; it would have had a much better life if it had stayed at home. They are not very satisfactory pets.—**Cousin KATE.**

Huntly.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I suppose you think I have forgotten you, but I haven't. My auntie and grandmother and two cousins are up from the South Island for a holiday. I passed the exam, and am in Standard IV now. There are five new teachers at the Huntly School, and there are three who were here before the holidays. I am going up to Auckland next Saturday with my grandmother and auntie. I am going to stay two or three days.—**Cousin IVE.**

DEAR COUSIN IVE.—I am quite content to get a letter now and again. It is nice to have visitors from other parts. I am afraid they won't think very much of the summer weather we have had so far. It has been quite a hot summer. I have never known anywhere. I hope you enjoy your visit.—**Cousin KATE.**

Reikiorangi.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—It is a long time since last I wrote you a letter, and accordingly, I suppose, you think I have forgotten you. Not so. I was ill for a long time, and, though I am quite well now, I have not seen any of the letters for some time. I have intended to write to you several times, but having either forgotten it, or put it off for some reason, I determined to do so tonight. I have now told you the reason of my neglect, and so hope you will forgive me. I hope also that you will agree with me in saying that the old proverb, "Better late than never," might very well be applied in this instance. It is rather strange how to-night, and I wonder whether it is so up in "Sunny Auckland?" Our summer has

MILK FOOD No. 1.

From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2.

From 3 to 6 months.

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From 6 months onwards.

BABY'S WELFARE.

THE ALLENBURYS' FOODS being perfectly digestible and closely resembling human milk, give freedom from digestive ailments, promote sound sleep and ensure vigorous health and development.

A valuable addition to baby's dietary when ten months old and after. They provide an excellent, nourishing, and easily assimilated food, free from those of feeding. Eaten dry they deacidify and aid the setting of teeth.

The Allenburys' Foods.

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management Free.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, or Market St., Sydney.

has been too good this year, has it, Cousin Kate? Anyhow, the beautiful blooms of the summer months are now leaving the gardens and bowers, and their places are about to be refilled by the various tints of the autumn leaves. Then it will not be long before dreary old winter will scare them into their hiding-places, and with it will come the long evening hours to be passed away by games and books.—Cousin DAISY.

[Dear Cousin Daisy.—You have had only too good an excuse for not writing. I hope you are quite well again. If I had no faith in that proverb I should get quite disheartened with some of the consuls, but they generally bob up again, sometimes after months of silence. Our summer has been a huge disappointment, but I believe we will have a very dry winter.—Cousin Kate.]

Service Intelligence.

(Answers to Correspondents.)

Tired Out (Aldershot).—This is undoubtedly the Leave season, but Leave is a privilege, not a right. "Travelling in Switzerland to learn the language" is a feeble excuse. Why not try "A

Big Game shoot with the Secretary of State for War," or "A Yachting Cruise off Ulster with the First Lord of the Admiralty?"

"Padre" (Dockyard).—We agree with you. It seems a perfect scandal that sailors should be forced to go to church when they are obviously suffering from whooping cough, St. Vitus's dance, and hay fever. Perhaps if you would let us know the length of your sermons we might suggest a remedy.

"Squire" (Hampshire).—Yes, rabbits are to be issued shortly as Army rations, and we see no reason why the authorities should not issue pheasants as well. Your suggestion that the War Office might rent your shooting and allow Regimental Officers (below the rank of Major) to procure their own company rations seem an excellent idea from every point of view.

"Senex" (Weymouth).—We know of no regulation which would prevent you, as an officer, from applying for an Old Age Pension. Perhaps this concession was in the minds of the authorities when the promised something would be done "shortly" for the Royal Garrison Artillery subaltern.

"Fishing to Let" (Thames).—See answer to "Squire," substituting "trout" for "pheasants," and "fishing" for "shoot-ing."—Punch.

A Bishop's Wit.

The late Bishop of Ripon possessed a ready wit, which stood him in good stead when addressing conglomerate crowds in the open-air. He was once asked by an Atheist heckler if he believed that Jonah was really swallowed by the whale. "When I get to Heaven," he answered, "I'll ask Jonah." "But suppose he's not there?" "In that case," was the crushing reply, "you will be able to ask him yourself."

Rescuing Father.

A telephone story current in America goes back to the time when Grover Cleveland was President. During a visit to Chicago he spoke over the long distance wire to his wife at the White

House, and asked her to bring their little girl to the instrument. Mrs. Cleveland did so, and the child's expression changed from bewilderment to wonder and then to fear. The voice was surely her father's, but he was nowhere to be seen. After examining the tiny opening in the receiver, the little girl burst into tears. "Oh, mamma!" she cried, "how can we ever get papa out of that little hole?"

A Remarkable Voice.

A young millionaire, being enamoured of the new school of opera, persuaded Mr. Hammerstein to try his voice. He hoped to sing good parts in "Thais," "Salome," "Tosca," and other famous modern works. Mr. Hammerstein, after listening to the young man's powerful voice, said gently:—"I'm afraid that you won't suit for any of the very subdued, very subtly modulated French and Italian works; but I am going to bring out Wagner's 'Flying Dutchman' later on, and I'd much like to engage you to do the howling of the tempest in the wreck scene."

The Ups and Downs of a Pirate



How to Bring Up Baby.

(By HYGIEIA.)

Published under the auspices of the Society for the Health of Women and Children.

"It is wiser to put up a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom."

So many inquiries reach us by every mail concerning the new edition of the "Feeding and Care of the Baby," that we feel bound to do something to supply immediate requirements pending the issue of the complete book.

It is therefore our intention to meet this demand by publishing in this column during the next few weeks an up-to-date summary which will enable mothers to follow the Society's teachings, especially with the aid of the Plunket Nurses. These articles, with some additions, will be reprinted in pamphlet form.

WHAT EVERY BABY NEEDS WHETHER WELL OR ILL.

I.—AIR.

Abundance of pure cool outside air flowing fresh and free day and night. Ventilation means a current across a room, which cannot be got by a mere open window. Keep baby out of direct draught.

II.—WATER.

Must be boiled. Bathing water should be boiled also if of doubtful purity.

III.—FOOD.

Suitable food, with proper intervals, and nothing between the regular feedings.

Best Food—healthy mother's milk.
Best Substitute—humanised milk. No other food for first nine months. Beware of Patent Foods, Condensed Milks, and "Pieces."

IV.—CLOTHING.

Must be non-irritating, non-constrictive, light, but sufficiently warm.

V.—BATHING.

Cosy corner. Bath and dress very quickly—no dawdling. (If baby ill or very delicate forego bath for day or so, and substitute wiping rapidly with a cloth wrung out of warm water.)

VI.—MUSCULAR EXERCISE AND SENSORY STIMULATION.

Important both in health and disease. When a baby is ill for some time the tone and activity of the muscles and other tissues and organs can usually be fairly sustained by good nursing, judicious handling, changing position in cot, massage, etc. As the baby improves airing of skin, bathing, and plenty of outing in sunlight are essential.

VII.—WARMTH.

Warmed air and surroundings are essential for premature, and necessary at first for those who have been coddled. Diarrhoea and colds are often due to cold feet and legs, and may be cured by attention to this and the other essentials. Babies—like adults—benefit enormously by being kept in pure cold air if properly clad.

VIII.—REGULARITY OF ALL HABITS.

Regularity of feeding, with proper intervals and no food between meals.
Regularity of action of the bowels.
Regularity of exercise, sleep, etc.

IX.—CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness is everything, especially with regard to food and feeding utensils.
Soiled napkins must be removed from room at once and placed in water. Hands which have come in contact with soiled napkins must be well washed before again handling the baby or its food.

X.—MOTHERING.

Proper mothering and handling of a baby are essential for the best growth and development. No woman is a perfect "born mother"—she has to learn how.

XI.—MANAGEMENT.

Fond and foolish over-indulgence, mismanagement, and "spoiling" may be as harmful to an infant as callous neglect or intentional cruelty.

The "can't-be-so-cruel" mother or nurse, who won't bring herself to wake the baby a few times, if needed, in order to establish once for all regular feeding habits, or who weakly gratifies every whim of herself and the child, rather than allow either to suffer temporary discomfort for the sake of permanent health and happiness—such a woman is really cruel, not kind. To save a lusty, honest cry she will pacify an infant with a "comforter" or with food given at wrong times, and may thus ruin the child in the first month of life, making him a delicate, fretful, irritable, nervous, dyspeptic little tyrant, who will yell and scream day or night, if not soothed or cuddled without delay.

XII.—REST AND SLEEP.

These depend mainly on the above. Remember to turn the baby in its cot, and move wet napkins, cold bottles, etc.

EXTRAS WHEN ILL.

When ill what may a baby need in addition to the above "12 essentials," which he must have whether well or ill? For broken leg, splints, dressings, etc. For burns, soothing and protective dressings.

For chest complaints—eg. coughs, colds, consumption, heart disease, pleurisy, pneumonia, whooping cough, etc.

Drugs will be ordered by doctor if needed.

For abdominal complaints—eg. colic, diarrhoea, dyspepsia:—Details for diarrhoea—(1) Prompt evacuation of microbes and fermenting and poisonous materials from the bowels—eg. by enema, and use of castor oil if needed.

(2) Arrest of further growth of microbes by temporarily stopping food supplies and giving only boiled water. Drugs, etc., will be ordered by doctor if needed.

For fevers and other diseases the above principles apply throughout.

N.B.—The rational treatment of every form of ill-health, from broken bones to fevers, is to take extra care to provide as perfectly as possible all the simple essentials for health—Pure air, pure water, suitable food, suitable clothing, cleanliness, exercise, rest, and regularity of all habits.

Though drugs are rarely essential to the cure of disease in babies, there are times when the saving of life may depend on their timely and proper use—a question which can be decided only by a doctor.

If baby is ill a doctor should always be called in if possible.

Never resort to soothing powders or patent medicines!

EYE'S APPLE.

How many apples were eaten by Adam and Eve? We know that Eve 81, and that Adam 812, total 893. But Adam 8,142 please his wife, and Eve 81242 please Adam, total 89384. Then again Eve 814240y herself, and Adam also 8124240y himself, total 8,938,480.

Notes for Women.

LADY BALLOONIST.

The Royal Aero Club challenge cup, which is given for the longest aggregate distance covered by balloon in three consecutive years has fallen to a woman, Mrs. Anneton Harbord, one of the world's most prominent aeronauts.

FAME FOR A WOMAN.

A new star has arisen among playwrights, and that a woman, and a young and charming one, we are told, whose first play, "Rutherford and Son," produced this week, has aroused every critic to admiration.

The play, which is a study of "the parental machine," has been done, the authoress explains, simply "at odd times," and Miss Sowerby has had no previous experience of stage technique.

AUSTRIAN WOMEN'S ENTERPRISE.

There has been organised in Austria amongst women postal clerks a trade union, which has just issued a striking table of grievances on their behalf to the Chancellor of the Austrian Post Office. Some of the reforms urged include equal rank and pay for postmistresses with postmasters, one full holiday each week, preferably Sunday, accession after thirty years' service to the rank and title of head mistress, and eligibility after thirty-five years' service to the official franchise.

Yet another interesting body in Austria is its Union of Working Women. This has now been in successful working order for ten years, and comprises among its membership women in such widely

BILIOUS HEADACHES



THERE are few ailments that cause more distress than biliousness, and there are many causes for this complaint, but they all spring from a disordered liver, which does not properly fulfil its functions, aided by the hot climate, which causes that organ to become sluggish in its action. The bile being turned from its proper channel enters the blood and produces the yellow skin and jaundiced eye. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills remove this trouble speedily. They open the clogged up system, purify the blood, and drive away all traces of biliousness. A splendid instance in support of this contention is the case of Mrs. Ettie Kocass, of 12 Red Lion Street, Rozelle, Sydney, and whose photo is reproduced.

This lady, like hundreds of others, suffered for a considerable period from severe headaches due to Biliousness, and after trying several medicines, was convinced that nothing could approach Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills for this complaint. These are her words:—

Dear Sirs,

"That dreadful complaint, Biliousness, and its forerunner, Bilious Headaches, was my trouble for some time. I saw Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills advertised for Biliousness, as a reliable remedy, and decided to give them a trial, after almost despairing for relief, having tried so many medicines without result. I was glad to find Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills so good, they having dispelled my attack. I seldom feel the old symptoms of biliousness now, but keep the Pills in my home for self, husband, and family. I can say Indian Root Pills assist one to make condition, and I usually enjoy this state of health. You may use this for publication."

12 Red Lion-street, Rozelle, Sydney.

(Signed) MRS. ETTIE KOCASS.

DR. MORSE'S

INDIAN ROOT PILLS

Nearly one million bottles sold annually in Australasia alone.

varied trades and professions as commercial, law, and private clerks, postal employees of all grades, music teachers, factory workers, and shop assistants, and issues an ably edited weekly journal.

THE WOMAN F.R.C.S.

Dr. C. Mansell Moulin, as vice-president of the Royal College of Surgeons, has written of Miss Davies-Colley's achievement in gaining the first diploma of F.R.C.S. ever won by a woman:—

"Miss Davies-Colley has achieved a feat of which any man might be proud, and has achieved it in the

face of obstacles which no man has ever had to meet, for of the twelve great hospitals in London, eleven are closed to women. No woman may attend the clinic or follow the teaching of any surgeon at any one of the eleven great general hospitals open to both sexes as patients."

The eminent surgeon goes on to plead that women now being allowed to pay the fees of the College and pass its examinations, yet have no voice on its governing body, an injustice that he thinks should be remedied.

WOMAN SCHOLAR HONOURED.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Beit Memorial Fellowship for Medical Research it is gratifying to note that a woman, Miss Elizabeth Thomson Fraser, has been elected to a Fellowship worth £250, and is placed high on the list of distinguished students.

Miss Fraser qualified M.B., Ch.B. in Glasgow in 1900, M.D. (Honours) in 1903, and her scientific distinctions include a long list of First-Class Honours in various medical subjects, as well as Honours and Bella Houston Gold Medal for M.D. degree.

She has made a number of original contributions already to scientific medical research, and proposes to use her Fellowship grant in making an inquiry into the value of the complement fixation test in tuberculosis as a guide to diagnosis and treatment at the Pathological Institution at the Royal Infirmary in Glasgow.

For five years Miss Fraser has been assistant-bacteriologist to the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, and, previous to that, was a house surgeon in the gynaecological wards there.

Pure Milk Supply—Guaranteed

A safe, nutritious and palatable Summer food for children & adults

JUST NOW when the question of the purity of Milk is being keenly discussed you will be interested in the special precautions taken by the Horlick Coy to ensure absolute purity in their milk supplies.

The Dairies from which Horlick's Milk is procured are situated in the famous Buckinghamshire district of England, specially noted for its pure air and the richness of its milk. Veterinary surgeons have full charge of the cattle, the cows are carefully and regularly examined, and the first sign of unhealthy condition in any one of them is followed by isolation. The stables, the food and the water supply, and the treatment of the cattle by the attendants are subjected to the most stringent conditions. The entire body of every cow is washed daily, the milker's person and attire are clean in every respect, and hands, although scrupulously clean, are not allowed to come in contact with the milk. The milk is all strained through metal gauze and a layer of cotton, and all the pails and utensils used are aseptically clean.

When the milk arrives at the Horlick Factories, it is thoroughly examined by the chemist and his staff of assistants, and not until it has passed a series of bacteriological tests is it allowed to pass into the process of manufacture.

Danger of Cow's Milk

Dr BURNET HAM, Chairman of the Board of Health (Melb.), says: "Milk quickly absorbs effluvia and is a considerable medium for the propagation and conveyance of disease germs. The growth of bacteria is delayed when milk is in cool storage, but when it is brought into the open air after having been in cool storage it quickly goes bad".

Dr CONSTANCE ELLIS says: "Cows milk is, at its best, a very sorry substitute for the natural food. Diarrhoeal diseases are usually precipitated by some kind of milk poison and a very large percentage of infants die during the Summer months.

The VICTORIAN STATIST says: "Of the infantile deaths from preventable causes about one in every three is due to diarrhoeal diseases, which are specially prevalent and fatal in hot weather, when milk food, the chief diet of children, undergoes rapid changes and consequently becomes dangerous to infant life".

Free Sample Offer

Horlick's malted milk is FOOD and DRINK in its most pleasing form. For infant feeding, (when human milk is unobtainable) for Business or Professional men, for Athletes, Brain-workers, Travellers, Cyclists and Invalids Horlick's Malted Milk is rapidly taking the place of the heavier forms of food.

To convince you of the palatability and high standard of food value in Horlick's Malted Milk we want you to TRY IT AT OUR EXPENSE. Write to-day for free sample jar—sufficient to give you two satisfying meals.



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FREE SAMPLE COUPON

To Horlick's Malted Milk Coy
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Please forward free & post-paid sample jar of
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Cut the Coupon out now—Post it to-day—Please write plainly

NAME
ADDRESS

The Modernisation of Palestine.

Continued from page 35.

for many centuries they have been out of repair and never used. The result has been that in modern times Jerusalem has been dependent on the rainfall, which comes in the winter months, for its water supply, accumulated from the fountains in rock-hewn cisterns built generally beneath the houses. A short rainfall, a few years ago, made it necessary for the municipal authorities to run a daily tank-train from a spring at Retic several miles down the Jaffa and Jerusalem railway.

Now this is no longer necessary as Solomon's old aqueduct has been repaired, or rather a modern pipe has been built along it, and pure water is now obtainable in the city from the ancient source. It is now proposed to build large reservoirs at the springs of Ain Falrah and Ain Fouwar, situated in the upper part of the valley of the Brook Cherith, some twelve and eighteen miles north of the city respectively, and bring in water from here. A German firm offers to erect the reservoirs and piping on favourable terms.

THE SEVEN WELLS OF BEERSHEBA.

The next Palestine town to have a water-supply was Beersheba, the name meaning "Seven-wells," the site being identified with the history of the patriarch. It is a place of hoar antiquity, and yet, as a town, it is the newest in Palestine, having been but recently established and built as a Government centre, in order to bring the Bedouin tribes of this locality into subjection. As in Bible times, when "from Dan to Beersheba" was proverbial, so now it marks the southernmost limit of Turkish rule.

A more recent attempt to establish another Government centre further south has failed. The wells mentioned in Genesis are in the valley below the town. It is said that all seven of them can be identified. From one of them the water is pumped up to the town

through piping by a motor. In this region the rich soil, under favourable conditions, still yields a hundred-fold of wheat or barley, as the sacred record tells us was the case in the time of Isaac.

If it seems strange that one of the most ancient sites, where stands the newest Government post, should be one of the first in Palestine to have an adequate water-supply, it is equally singular that the little squalid mud village of Jericho, whose only importance is because of the crowds of tourists that, in the season, pass the night in the hotels there, should be the next locality favoured with the water-supply.

Here a three-inch pipe has been laid from Elisha's Fountain, which lies to the west, near the ruins of old Jericho, for two thousand metres, to near the Serai, or Government House of the present Jericho, whence it is distributed by small pipes to the hotels, convents, and mosque. So that new travellers en route for the Jordan and Dead Sea can have pure drinking-water in place of the fouled water that formerly came through the ditches by the roadside, from the distant fountain. Then all over the country the primitive way of raising water for irrigation and other purposes is being rapidly superseded by pumps driven by kerosene motors.

Anniversary of Handkerchiefs.

A week ago (says the Paris correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph") fell the anniversary of the modern handkerchief in its present square shape. It is only 127 years that the latter has been in use. Previously handkerchiefs were of all shapes, long, narrow, oblong, even round; but one day Queen Marie Antoinette, at Trianon, remarked to Louis XVI., or perhaps to some courtier in power, that it would be much neater to use only square handkerchiefs. That was at the end of the year 1784. A few days later, on January 2, 1785, Louis XVI. issued an edict decreeing that "the length of handkerchiefs shall equal their breadth henceforth throughout the kingdom," and the edict of the King whom the Revolution guillotined has influenced custom to this day.

A Gorgeous Wedding.

Washington was in a fever of excitement a few weeks ago over a wedding which was declared to be the most gorgeous the city had ever seen. It was the union of Mrs. Oliver Cromwell, who is to win immortality as "the million pound bride," with Mr. E. T. Stotesbury, who is known to fame as Mr. Pierpont Morgan's partner and head of the great Philadelphia banking house of Drexel and Co. The ceremony was performed at the bride's home, her son giving her away, and it was, of course, the occasion for a great gathering of fashionable people and men of mark in politics and diplomacy; but the magnificence of the ceremony, according to some voracious chroniclers, "was not a circumstance to the gorgeousness of the presents." Their value exceeded \$1,000,000. The bridegroom's gifts to his wife included "gift-edged" securities worth \$800,000, and a pearl necklace valued at \$100,000. It is asserted in Washington that this necklace is the finest in the world, but Mrs. Stotesbury's pride in its possession may be discounted to some extent when she has to wear this remarkable ornament, since it "reaches to the floor when circling the bride's neck." The lady will not lack jewellery, Mr. Morgan having sent her a necklace worth \$800, which contains 200 diamonds, and other friends having contributed numerous rings and bracelets for her personal adornment. One of the gifts is a sapphire valued at \$20,000, one of the costliest single stones in the world. Perhaps by way of affording appropriate settings for all this wealth of precious possessions the bride included in her trousseau eighty Paris gowns and sixty house dresses. Her friends in Washington, it is reported, have named her "Queen of Sheba," and certainly there appears to be good reason for this tribute to her gorgeousness. Mr. Stotesbury, of course, seems to have cut a quite insignificant figure alongside his magnificent bride. The only gift mentioned in a lengthy newspaper report as having been received by him is a set of three dozen plates which once belonged to Queen Adelaide. Happily he is a man of simple tastes and no doubt he is quite content.

AWFUL BAD LEGS.

RESULT OF ACCIDENTS.

HUSBAND AND WIFE CURED BY ZAM-BUK.

Mr. W. J. Ward, of 244 Perth St., Subiaco, Perth, W.A., says:—"While timbering in a mine at Mt. Magnet, W.A., through insufficient light, I made a false stroke with an adze, which slipped and caught me on the shin, inflicting a terrible wound. The pain was dreadful, my leg swelled up to the size of two, and I was completely disabled. My leg soon got into a very bad state, and although I tried many remedies, nothing eased the inflamed condition. The wound was gaping open, presenting a repulsive and angry appearance.

"Zam-Buk was recommended to me and I commenced treating myself with this splendid balm. I dressed the injury night and morning, and in a few days the aching pain was relieved and the swelling and inflammation reduced. As I continued with Zam-Buk the out itself was cleansed and resumed a more healthy appearance. I persisted with Zam-Buk until the wound was completely healed and new healthy skin grown over.

"My wife, going into the kitchen one dark night, struck her leg against the front of the grate. The abrasion soon developed into an ulcer, around which the surface was black and blue from congealed blood. The wound refused to heal, and several times she went into hospital, and for over twelve months was an outdoor patient, but it did not get any better. After suffering for five years she commenced using Zam-Buk. This splendid balm quickly drew out all poisonous matter and cleansed the wound, giving it a chance to heal, which it did rapidly. My wife continued applying Zam-Buk until her leg was completely better. Now we are never without a supply of Zam-Buk handy." Zam-Buk is sold by all chemists and stores at 1/6 and 3/6 per pot.

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At 31st December, 1911—
 Authorised Capital .. \$5,000,000.00
 Subscribed .. \$2,250,000.00
 Paid-up .. \$1,500,000.00
 *Surplus and Reserve, \$550,000.00

*After allowing for an 8 per cent Dividend, bonus to employees, &c.

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 *Late of Auckland, N.E., and at one time Director of the Northern Steamship Company, and Bycroft, Ltd., and a member of the Thames Drainage Board.

It is often said that there is no happiness like that resulting from work well done. Consequently pride in achievement is pardonable. Some figures regarding the growth of this company may therefore be interesting, because this company recommends only such investments as it makes for itself, and if it can demonstrate that it is successful in handling its own funds, then it can be successful in handling those of clients or estates.

The paid-up capital on	
March 31, 1906, was.....	\$18,850
December 31, 1906, was.....	74,100
December 31, 1907, was.....	103,918
December 31, 1908, was.....	134,800
December 31, 1909, was.....	482,551.54
December 31, 1910, was.....	618,721
October 1, 1911, was.....	696,787
October 1, 1911, was.....	805,000
The assets of the company on	
March 31, 1906, were.....	\$89,435.00
December 31, 1906, were.....	251,838.33
December 31, 1907, were.....	371,492.62
December 31, 1908, were.....	482,551.54
December 31, 1909, were.....	623,005.34
December 31, 1910, were.....	1,643,496.50
October 1, 1911, were.....	2,060,000.00
The reserve and undivided profits on	
December 31, 1908, were.....	\$52,942.45
December 31, 1909, were.....	100,000.00
December 31, 1910, were.....	223,000.00
October 1, 1911, were over.....	410,000.00

While these results are most encouraging, it must be stated that they are not the result of lucky speculation. The company's business consists of acting—
 As executor under wills or by appointment of any court.
 As trustee for bondholders or in the management of sinking funds, etc.
 As administrator and guardian.
 As receiver, liquidator, and assignee.
 As transfer agent and registrar.
 As confidential agent for the investment of funds of persons or corporations.
 As escrow agents.
 Conducts a department for savings.
 Owns and rents safe deposit boxes in very strong safe deposit vaults.
 Lends money on first mortgages on improved city property, never exceeding 50 per cent. of a conservative valuation of the property.
 Purchases debentures from municipalities and disposes of them at retail, in no case does it deal in speculative securities.
 Further information about the company or about investments will be gladly furnished on application.

This Company keeps its reserve invested in first mortgages on improved real estate. It is prepared at any time to act on such mortgages at their face value or invest funds for investors in such securities.
 All moneys advanced on mortgages by or through this Company are protected by the following safeguards:
 Each mortgage is a first mortgage.
 Not more than 50 per cent. of the value of the property is loaned.
 The property under each application is valued by our valuator, who, we know, is conservative.
 Each application for a loan is passed upon by our Board of Directors.
 The title to the property is examined and the mortgage drawn and registered by our solicitors.
 The buildings must be worth at least 90 per cent. of the amount of the loan.
 The land must be worth at least 90 per cent. of the amount of the loan.
 The buildings must be insured for at least 80 per cent. of the amount of the loan in reliable British companies, with loss (if any) payable to the lender.
 No security can be better than first mortgage when so protected, especially in a growing community, where the security is continually increasing in value.
 Money may be invested in this way to return 6 per cent. to 7 1/2 per cent.
 Notice: This Company nor any client of this Company has ever lost any principal or interest on such investments.
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Mistress and Maid.

ENGAGEMENTS.

HOW TO SOLVE THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

A PLEA FOR EACH.

The servant question has to all appearance reached a very serious crisis, even in the United Kingdom, and great difficulty is frequently experienced by mistresses in obtaining suitable maids.

A writer in "Chambers' Journal" puts two sides of the question to the magazine's readers.

(1) THE MISTRESS: A PLEA FOR THE MAID.

There are times when it will be very necessary to censure and show disapprobation of disagreeable conduct, and to point out faults and failings; but it must be remembered that this should always be done in love.

A wise mistress will take into account all the circumstances of the case, and, whilst knowing it to be her duty to administer a reprimand, she will also seize the opportunity to instil the lesson of obedience into the mind of the girl.

To make it a habit of casting the eyes around in order to find some little thing out of place, or to be continually seeking grounds for censure on every possible occasion, is not conducive to happiness.

If a servant finds that she is frequently found fault with when striving to do well, she will become soured, her disposition will become hardened, and eventually she will relinquish all efforts to please, and become utterly heedless of reproof, simply because she will anticipate blame as a matter of course.

While in all cases real evil must be strongly resisted, there are doubtless many cases of trifling faults; it may be expedient to overlook. Girls will sometimes be thoughtless and inadvertent without any real intention of doing wrong, and wise judgment will be required in deciding what may be overlooked. Sometimes a maid makes a

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 Airini Carr, only daughter of the late Mr R. A. Carr and Mrs. Carr, of Epsom, to Mr. Grabeme Robinson, of England and Cakutta.

The engagement is announced of Miss Madge Walters, of Auckland, to Mr. M. Guthrie, of Taihape.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lulu McAllum, youngest daughter of Mr. Duncan McAllum, of Omata, New Plymouth, to Mr. R. Self, Te Kuiti, second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Self, of Norwich, England.

most determined effort to please her mistress and merit a smile or kind word, and often the most bitter tears are shed because her feelings and efforts are not sufficiently sympathized with.

This lack of interest and sympathy often leads to careless and disobedience.

(2) THE MAID: A PLEA FOR THE MISTRESS.

To the maid we would say: Method and punctuality are indispensable to prosperity. The importance of working on a fixed plan cannot be too strongly enforced.

It is easy to see that work done in a haphazard fashion, without order or method, will only result in worry and discontent. Tasks that appear formidable will begin to disappear when they have been well arranged and systematically attacked.

Always begin by planning work so that time, strength, and labour may be saved. Slovliness of habit in work and person has been the ruin of many a promising girl, and has meant for her a miserable existence instead of a bright, happy life.

If servants started their work with a fixed resolve that whatever was required to be done should be done to the best of their knowledge and power, then their anomalous position as "one of the maids" would be changed, and they would be rated at their true value, and would become trusted helps and friends of the family.

When the work is felt to be hard and little progress appears to be made, servants are apt to be discouraged, and, without due consideration, contemplate a speedy change. This is not good. And they should beware of the disastrous habit of wandering from one situation to another in the hope of getting "a better place and more wages." "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

When occasion to leave and go elsewhere does arise, it is wise never to carry away information regarding the master and mistress. If they cannot be spoken about kindly, then a discreet silence should be observed. Gossip should never be repeated. It is almost impossible to get, or give, a true impression. Exaggeration slips in, and false judgments are formed, and as a result many have been made to suffer needlessly.

"Never to be idle" is a good maxim. When hands are not usefully employed, then attention should be given to the cultivation of the mind. The amount of work that can be done in spare moments is surprising; if we could count our wasted moments we should be filled with wonder and regret.

Then the habit of cheerfulness on the part of the servant will be appreciated in the home.

Protecting the Dead.

The graves made by certain of the Australian blacks are so designed that the "Evil Spirit," coming to claim a victim may imagine it untenanted. The graves are dug wide and deep, and to one side is excavated a little unobtrusive shelf, on which the corpse is seated in huddled posture, hands clasped around the knees. A boomerang and a nulla nulla are placed where he can easily reach them for defence, and a sheet of bark serves as a wall between the shelf and the grave. After the grave is filled in, a mound composed of sticks, built in sugar-loaf fashion, is raised above it as a guard against dingoes and the like.

Orange Blossoms.

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

All copy intended for publication, in these columns must reach the office, and later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

STRANGE—HIRST.

A PRETTY wedding was celebrated at St. John's Church, Ponsonby, when Mr. G. H. Strange and Miss Ivy Hirst, third daughter of Mr. S. L. Hirst, Ponsonby, were married. The bride was gowned in duchesse satin veiled with richly embroidered chiffon, orange blossom coronet, and embroidered veil, and carried a shower bouquet. She was attended by Miss Ruby Hirst and Miss Strange, who wore white satin gowns trimmed with deep insertion and silk fringe. They also wore pearl coronets and carried shower bouquets. Little Phyllis Hetherington (niece of bride) looked dainty in white silk frock, pink tulle and pearl coronet; she carried a pink and white floral crook. The bridegroom's brother, Mr. J. Strange, was best man, and Mr. Leonard Hirst was groomsmen. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. S. Griffith (uncle of the bride), assisted by the Rev. A. C. Lawry and Rev. G. F. Stockwell, brother-in-law of the bride. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's parents, "Whare Reka," Hamilton Road, where a number of guests were entertained. The bride and bridegroom were the recipients of a large number of handsome presents.

and Miss M. Rae, who wore pretty dresses of pale blue with black hats, and carried bouquets composed of blue flowers. Sheila Gerard acted as train bearer and Mr. Fred Shera filled the position of best man. Mr. Philipotts presided at the organ and played the Bridal March when the bride entered the church and the Wedding March after the ceremony. A quiet reception was held at Mr. E. Gerard's residence at Epsom.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard left the same evening by the Maheno for Sydney, where the honeymoon is to be spent. The bride's going-away costume was of light blue cloth with a neatly trimmed black hat.

A GOOD SKIN LOTION.

A home-made lotion that is excellent for the skin and prevent premature wrinkles is made by mixing together 2oz Rose-water, 2oz Flowers of Oxzoin, and 3dr Tincture of Benzoin (simp.). Shake well before applying with fingers or soft cloth. This lotion is also unequalled for chapped hands and faces, as well as for all skin and complexion blemishes. It contains no bismuth or pearl white, and can be prepared by any chemist.—(Ad.)

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GERARD—CLARKE.

The marriage took place at St. Matthews Church, Auckland, on Monday, of Mr. Hugh Gerard, well known in commercial circles, and Miss Mabel Clarke, of Wellington. The Rev. H. H. Robjohns was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by Dr. Theo. Endletsberger, was daintily attired in an elegant dress of white satin, and besides wearing the customary veil and orange blossoms, carried a handsome bouquet. She was attended by Miss Zedda Gerard



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LEGS. FEET. ARMS. HANDS. CRUTCHES

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.

March 25.

Government House Garden Party.

THE garden party given on Thursday afternoon by His Excellency the Governor and Lady Islington was most enjoyable.

The weather, though not bright, had a quiet softness about it that was very pleasant, despite its greyness. The vivid green of the lawns made a pretty setting for the frocks. The worst feature of our Government House being only a temporary residence for the vice-regal representative, is that the gardens are underdeveloped. I could not help picturing to myself what could be done to make them more distinctive. As it is they are distinctly commonplace. One side of the verandah was covered in with green canvas, with lots of chairs placed about. This made a pleasant spot to sit and chat to one's friends. Tea was served in the ballroom, which had a buffet down its entire length.

The playing of the band of the Third (Auckland) Mounted Rifles, under Conductor Whalley Stewart, was an enjoyable feature. The programme included both classical and popular items. Suppe's brilliant overture was given with good effect, the wood wind, especially the solo clarinet parts, being strikingly effective. The tubular bell effects in several of the items were pretty and distinctive. The large proportion of clarinets and other wood wind instruments, in addition to the brass, gives a delicacy and variety in effects very pleasing to appreciators of good music. In fact, the whole performance was agreeably reminiscent of the military bands heard at similar society gatherings in England.

The drawing-rooms looked charming in their colour scheme of grey and pink, masses of pink lilies being used with good effect.

Lady Islington looked charming. Imagine the softest tone of vieux rose veiled with white silk muslin made short, with bands of lovely embroidery. The bodice was delightfully quaint made with a two-pointed fichu of the embroidery, cut up almost to the top of the arms, the bottom point reaching to the waist, in front the fichu was caught with a lovely big rose in a deep shade of vieux rose; with this was worn the sweetest hat, quite small, of vieux rose straw, the top of the crown worked in coloured embroidery and a big ruffling of tulle; Miss Stapleton-Cotton wore a very becoming frock of grey charmeuse and a large black hat; Mrs. Guise wore a

striped grey frock and a charming grey hat, with clusters of lovely tangerine roses at one side; Lady Fuller wore a beautiful toilette of amethyst and blue; the foundation was of amethyst satin charmeuse with lines of lovely embroideries and lace veiled with a tunic of saxe blue ninon, and a lovely hat massed with feathers in the colours of her frock; Mrs. T. C. Williams wore a black charmeuse frock and a long coat of handsome string coloured lace, and a lovely cream bonnet embroidered in seed pearls; Mrs. J. Studholme wore a smart coat and skirt of grey and white striped cloth, with ruches of black satin with bead work on them, and a blue and white hat; Mrs. Lucas Bloomfield wore grey crepe de chine, grey hat with dark natter blue feathers; Miss Thelma Bloomfield looked pretty in a bright blue frock, with touches of black and a large black hat; Mrs. H. Bloomfield wore pale grey crepe de chine, small black velvet hat; Mrs. Grierson wore a frock in a dark shade of grey with touches of coloured embroidery and a toque to match; Miss Shepperd wore a lovely black lace frock over white silk, black and white toque; Mrs. C. V. Houghton wore a very smart frock, which was much admired, of black and white ninon and a small black hat massed with white tips; Mrs. Rose (Wellington) wore a lovely black and white toilette with handsome lace coat; Miss Rose looked smart in black charmeuse, with white lace bodice, draped with black and white scarf, black hat; Mrs. W. Colbeck wore grey and a pretty hat; Miss Sybil Abraham wore a pretty frock of palest pink and blue ninon, with black sash, and a black hat with tulle bows; Mrs. F. L. Armitage, prune-coloured cloth coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs. Stride wore a handsome black robe over white charmeuse, black hat; Mrs. Copeland Savage looked charming in black and white striped ninon, black hat. Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield wore a lovely frock of emerald green charmeuse, veiled with black ninon, and a smart osprey covered black hat; Mrs. Horton looked charming in her pretty frock of blue charmeuse, with tunic of white beaded ninon, and a pretty shaded blue hat; Mrs. W. Ranger wore a pretty black and white frock with hat to match; Mrs. Sweet looked well in a blue and white toilette; Mrs. McGuire wore black and white; Mrs. Boscauw, pale pink frock, long brown velvet coat, hat to match; Mrs. Bedford, cream lace frock, long black velvet coat, black hat. A much-admired frock was worn by Mrs. Drummond Ferguson of fine white muslin and Irish crochet, with dainty touches of deep pink, smart black hat of velvet, with touch of pink, and an ermine necklet; Mrs. Sydney Nathan wore blue cloth and black charmeuse, black hat; Miss Dore-

thy Nathan wore a lovely little white frock, black velvet hat, with long white feathers tipped with blue; Miss Roysie Gregg wore a dainty little blue frock, and pretty hat; Miss Dorothy Nolan wore a sweet white lace and insertion frock, pretty white hat; Mrs. J. R. Reed, grey crepe de chine, with touches of yellow; Mrs. Alison, black velvet coat and lovely black hat; Miss Jessie Reid, grey tailored suit, smart black seal hat; Miss Marjorie Towle wore white relieved with cerise; Mrs. Braithwaite wore a white frock and a black hat; Mrs. Arthur Myers, saxe blue shantung, with black charmeuse, black hat covered with cream feather tips; Mrs. Coleman, black charmeuse coat and skirt, with touches of white, black hat; Mrs. J. J. Craig wore black charmeuse, and black and white hat; Miss Craig wore a pretty grey frock, with white hat to match; Mrs. W. Scott, vieux rose cashmere de soie, black and white hat; Mrs. Noakes wore a pretty cream bengaline coat and skirt and smart hat; Miss Eva Firth looked graceful in a pretty voile and lace frock, and a flower wreathed hat; Mrs. E. Firth wore a pretty grey toilette; Mrs. Ryan wore a pretty pale blue and white frock and hat; Miss Dunlop wore blue, and a black hat; Miss Mary Foster wore a smart blue voile, high waisted coat and skirt and a pretty hat; Mrs. Sydney George looked lovely in palest pink cloth and a pretty hat; Mrs. W. R. Lloyd wore a pretty toilette of palest grey, with touches of blue; Miss Marriner wore a pretty frock in a champagne tone, with hat to match; Mrs. W. Oliphant, cream coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Margaret Oliphant wore grey; Mrs. Parkes wore a lovely toilette of pale green charmeuse velvet, veiled black ninon and a smart black hat; Mrs. Philips, vieux rose and white satin foulard, with bands of cream lace, pretty flower-wreathed hat; Miss Worsp wore vieux rose foulard; Miss B. Worsp wore white crepe embroidered with vieux rose, beads, tassel hat with natter blue plumes; Mrs. Sydney Worsp wore a pretty pink and white frock, with a dainty bunch of pink roses on a black velvet band round her throat, and a pretty wing-covered hat; Mrs. Edmunds, Royal blue ninon black hat; Mrs. Woodward, white frock, long black coat, and a blue hat; Misses de la Poer Beresford, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Raek, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Archdale Taylor, Mrs. Savage, Misses Savage, Mrs. John Reid, Mrs. Segner, Mrs. Corbett-Smith, Miss Metcalf, Miss Atkinson, Mrs. Wolfe, Mrs. Napier, Mrs. Nelson, Miss Nelson, Mrs. Lawford, Mrs. McLoughlin, Miss Lloyd, Mrs. Markham, Mrs. E. Davis, Mrs. Rayner, Mrs. J. Alexander, Miss Ragnall, Mrs. Streiton Izard, Miss Moss, Mrs. Goodhue.

New Nurses' Home.

The opening of the new Nurses' Home on Wednesday afternoon by Lady Islington was most successful. Lady Islington made one of the best of the many good speeches she has made in Auckland. Mr P. M. Mackay, chairman of the Board, in his speech of welcome expressed the general appreciation of Lady Islington's kindly interest in the hospital, and asked her to accept from the Board the key with which she opened the door, as a souvenir of the occasion. After this ceremony had been performed, there was an adjournment to the social hall, where gold medals and certificates were presented to successful sisters and nurses. There were three nurses who had obtained great distinction whilst undergoing their training—Nurse Mueller and Nurse Hawkins were bracketed, and Nurse Cumming, who took first place at the

State examination for the whole of New Zealand. Other nurses who were successful were Nurses Metge, Scott, Nutsey, Mitchell, Hopkin, Martin, Cook, Edgerly, Adams, Boyd, Regbie, and Borhams. After an inspection of the home, afternoon tea was provided in a marquee on the lawn. Lady Islington, who was accompanied by Lady Fuller and Miss Stapleton-Cotton, was very much admired in a lovely frock in a tone of deep cream, beautifully embroidered in self colour; a hat lined with black completed a charming toilette.

Newspaper Picnic.

A newspaper conference has been held in Auckland during the past week. Some thirty representative provincial pressmen from Australia and other parts have spent a few busy days in Auckland. What with business and pleasure their time has been fully occupied. The Mayor of Auckland (Mr. C. J. Parr) gave them a civic welcome, and later on Mr. and Mrs. Parr entertained them at tea in the Mayoral Chambers. A tour of inspection was made of the building, and the visitors were given an opportunity of hearing the organ played. On Wednesday the proprietors of the "New Zealand Herald" and "Star" arranged a water picnic for the visitors, who are accompanied by five ladies. The fine steamer Wakatere was chartered for the outing, and is an ideal boat for picnics of this sort, having lots of deck space. There was a short delay in starting, as three motor cars which had taken some of the visitors out for a spin were delayed, but soon they arrived with their cargoes of happy-looking sightseers, who, judging by their bouquets and button-holes had been visiting some rose gardens. The Wakatere slowly steamed up the harbour as far as Chelsea, enabling the visitors to see the City waterfront and the residential parts of Ponsonby, Herne Bay, and the North Shore. Then we steamed down to Waiheke, and for a short time there was rather more movement on board than many cared for, but the captain most thoughtfully steered for a sheltered bay, where we were in smooth water. Here we had luncheon. The saloons were beautifully decorated, the tables done with light Michaelmas daisy and yellow flowers. Even the most doubtful sailor felt bright and peaceful after our sumptuous lunch, which was a very jolly meal. There were quite a number of speeches and toasts. In a short time the scene was changed, and the ships sides were lined with fishers. Soon the fish were being hauled in on every side. To Mr. Teupery, doyen of the visitors, fell the honour of making the biggest bag. We had Burke's Band on board, so you can imagine we had some lovely music. After tea had been enjoyed, a start was made for home, which was reached shortly after six. As we came up to the wharf we all joined in singing, "Auld Lang Syne" and other things, and I think all enjoyed themselves very much, and the visitors seemed delighted with our beautiful island-studded harbour, even though the sky had been grey. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Horton and Mr. T. W. Loys received the guests, and with Mr. E. Horton and Messrs. Arthur and Harry Brett helped to give all the guests a delightful time. Among those on board were: Mrs. Overend, Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Asher, and Mrs. Nicol (all from Australia), Mrs. Arthur Brett, Mrs. Harry Brett, Mrs. Sholto Douglas, Mrs. Roblett, Mrs. Masfen, Mrs. Doige, Mrs. Monckton, Mrs. W. Rainger, Mrs. Elliott, Miss Courtyne, Mrs. Edmunds, Miss Wood, Miss Carpenter, Miss Hall.

ANDREWS & CLARK,

The Carpet Warehouse,

QUEEN STREET.

Maungakiekie Golf Club.

The opening of the above club's season has been postponed till April 15th owing to the abnormal growth of the grass, through the continued wet weather. The club's new professional coach will arrive in Auckland shortly, and members who so desire can arrange for lessons through the hon. secretary.

At a general meeting of ladies, held in the clubhouse, the following were elected officers for the coming season:— Captain, Mrs. Ball; secretary, Mrs. Ridings; ladies' general committee, Mrs. A. Ferguson, Mrs. Ridings, Mrs. Kingswell, Misses Mary Prater, Souler, Murray, Scott.

WELLINGTON.

March 23.

Changes.

Politics loom largely in the public mind, and there is much excitement. His Excellency the Governor has arrived from Auckland, and will be here for a few days. Government members and their wives are in town from all parts of New Zealand. At Awarua House great preparations are being made for a move, a difficult task, as it has been the home of Sir Joseph and Lady Ward for somewhere about ten years. Under Lady Ward's regime there has been a great deal of entertaining, and Awarua House has a reputation for hospitality that is not bounded by political considerations. It is probable that after leaving Awarua House Sir Joseph and Lady Ward will go South for a time, and spend the three months before Parliament re-assembles in resting after the turmoil.

Old Girls' Association.

The annual At Home of the Wellington College Old Girls' Association was held with much success at the College on Saturday afternoon. After a little formal business in the way of electing a committee, and a new secretary in the place of Miss Holm, whose resignation is regretted, came afternoon tea and an entertaining little programme. School colours carried out in yellow sunflowers with dark centres decorated the tea tables, and all the arrangements were well carried out. Miss McKean, headmistress of the College, wore pale grey crepe de chine, embroidered in grey, and a grey picture hat; Miss Holm, blue voile with a paisley pattern, black hat with blue berries; Miss Newman, black and white striped ninon, and a black hat; Miss Flux, dark blue tailor-made, and a blue hat; Mrs. Bradley, black and white striped taffetas, with black soutache, and a black hat; Miss Ecclefield, navy blue coat and skirt, green hat with blue wings; Miss Ballinger, a ninon dress with lace yoke, tassel hat with tiny flowers; Miss Wilson, white lingerie dress and rustic hat; Miss Richardson, grey voile, and floral hat.

Pretty and Popular.

Much interest attached to the departure of Miss Rita Simpson, who is one of Wellington's prettiest and most popular girls, and is to be married to Mr. Hobson, in London, in two months' time. Mr. R. M. Simpson takes his daughter to the Old Country, and Miss Elsie Simpson, who goes, too, will be her sister's bridesmaid. Miss Hilda Miles, who is now in South America, on her way to England, will also be one of the bridesmaids. A number of farewell teas have been given for Miss Simpson, among the hostesses being: Miss Miles, Miss Watson, Miss Ewen, and Mrs. Whyte. Miss Simpson wore saxe blue shantung, with braided revers, and a blue hat with black wings; Miss Watson, a mole grey soule cloth braided in mole, black and white plumed hat; Miss Miles, pastel mesaline, with soutache of the same shade, and a net guimpe; Miss E. Simpson, blue eolienne, with embroidered lawn collar and cuffs; Miss Ewen, pale blue shantung and blue and white hat. Mr. Simpson's house on the Terrace has been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, from Napier. Mrs. Simpson intends to spend the winter in Sydney, and Miss Margaret Simpson, after a visit to her sister, Mrs. A. Young, will travel about.

Many Passengers.

When the Ionic left the wharf for London there was an animated scene. So many well-known passengers were on board that a crowd assembled to make their farewells, and at times it was difficult to move. There were many people to see off Mr. and Mrs. Herries, and everyone hopes the long sea journey and London advice will restore Mrs. Herries to health. Mr. Herries hopes to be back

in New Zealand when Parliament is in swing again. A large contingent of Christchurch people were on board the Ionic, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Ellworthy and their children, Mrs. Ellworthy's sister, Miss Ada Julius, is travelling with them. Then Colonel and Mrs. Goring (Hawke's Bay) were also passengers, and intend re-visiting the Old Country after many years' absence.

Among people returning to England after a few months' visit to the Dominion are Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bridge and their small son and Mrs. Jones, and Mr. Moore Brown. The two latter have been most of their time at Roturua and Taupo, where Mr. Moore Brown has been fishing. They have visited New Zealand several times for the same purpose. Dr. and Mrs. Elliott left by the same steamer for their holiday trip Home. Mr. and Mrs. Coghill-Peacock and their family travelled by the Ionic, and with them went Miss Margaret Knox, who had a great many friends to wish her bon voyage.

An Important Infant.

Anything to do with the Seafield family is of interest to New Zealand, as it was in this Dominion the present Earl was born and he did not leave it until after his marriage to a daughter of the late Dr. Townsend, of Christchurch. Lord and Lady Seafield have an only child, a girl of eight, who, it is said on good authority, may succeed to the title in her own right, as the Earldom of Seafield is one of the few which can descend in the female line. The nearest male heir is the Hon. Trevor Ogilvie-Grant, who is living at Karori, near Wellington, and to him and his wife (formerly Miss Hardy-Johnston, of Christchurch) a little son has just been born. The Barony of Strathpey, also a Seafield title, will descend to him and, of course, to his small son, who is therefore perhaps the most important infant in New Zealand at the present time. The mother of the present Earl, with her daughters, left Oamaru a good many years ago, and they have since been living in England.

Personal.

Mrs. de Castro's tea was in honour of Miss L. Turnbull, whose marriage takes place before long. Purple asters and coccopsis decorated the rooms, and music and recitations helped to amuse the guests. Mrs. de Castro wore saxe blue soutache with narrow Russia braid, and a transparent yoke; Miss Turnbull, a pale grey soule cloth, and a black hat with wings.

Mrs. and Miss Seddon, who have been away nearly a year for a trip to England, returned to Wellington on Wednesday with Mr. Tom Seddon, who met them in Sydney. Mrs. Morice (West Coast) and Mrs. Bean (Christchurch) were in Wellington when they arrived.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Bossie Fitzgerald and Mr. Ward, which is to take place at St. Paul's pro-cathedral on April 15th. Miss Dolly Webb, who is to be one of the bridesmaids, has come over from Nelson and is at present staying with Mrs. Menzies, Thorndon Quay.

A slight postponement has been made in the date of the marriage between Miss Phyllis Riddiford (who is a daughter of the late Mr. E. J. Riddiford) and the Rev. Leonard Sedgwick. The ceremony is now arranged for April 24, and Mr. Sedgwick, who has a living in Wiltshire, is at present on his way from England, to which he will return with his bride. Miss Riddiford's sister, Mrs. Michael Lindsay, is expected from India in time for the wedding.

Mrs. W. Phazaray returns to England by the Moldavia, and Miss Ethel Wilson, Palmerston North, accompanies her.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Clifford and the Misses Clifford are off to England again quite soon, and have taken passage by the Malwa.

The Athenic, which leaves for England next month, is already a full ship.

Dr. and Mrs. Anson have left their house at the Hutt and are going to England to see Dr. Anson's mother, who lives at Windsor, where her husband was a canon for a period of forty years. Mr. Hugo Anson accompanies them, but his elder brother is already in England at one of the great universities.

TE KUITI.

March 22nd.

At Home.

Despite the windy, boisterous day, a good number of ladies went out to Mrs. W. Gadsby's last Wednesday to a very enjoyable "At Home." During the afternoon a very interesting competition, "The Perplexed Politician," took place, and was

most perplexing to the guests, as well as the politician. Mrs. Vercoe was the least perplexed, and won the prize. Afternoon tea, dainty cakes, sandwiches, and fruit were served during the afternoon. Mrs. Gadsby was wearing a black silk voile, yoke of white lace; Mrs. Broadfoot looked exceedingly well in a frock of mole-coloured silk, trimmed with emerald green silk and dull gold embroidery, large mole straw hat, bunch of feathers and green and black silk trimmings; Mrs. Cory Matthew, lawn tweed costume, black hat wreathed with blue flowers; Mrs. Harry Matthew, grey costume, brown hat covered with pink and brown roses; Mrs. Fullerton, cream serge costume, braided with black silk, gold buttons, black hat, white lace trimmings; Mrs. Sinclair, grey costume, cuffs and collar of cerise velvet, large black hat; Mrs. Dransfield, white muslin, embroidered with pink and black silk, blue and white hat; Mrs. Boddie, brown costume, black and white toque; Miss Boddie, brown velvet, brown hat covered with red poppies; Mrs. Boscawen, blue linen, blue and fawn hat; Mrs. Vercoe, Shantung silk costume, natter blue silk straw hat; Mrs. Sumnerville, tassore silk, black hat covered with red berries; Miss Williams (Tauranga), white silk crepe, black and pink hat; Mrs. Cheal, grey frock, black satin coat, grey and black felt hat; Mrs. Graham, grey costume, blue and gold silk toque; Miss Graham, grey silk voile, black hat; Miss Ivy Graham, peacock blue silk, pink and mole chiffon hat; Mrs. Parsons (Wai-totara), pretty green silk voile, braided with a darker shade of silk braid, green velvet and silk hat; Mrs. Walker, beautiful frock of cream chiffon taffetas, trimmings of silk fringe and silk embroidery, black feather hat; Miss Scott (Auckland), white embroidered linen, large black hat with bunch of white feathers; Mrs. Melling, black silk, black hat; Mrs. M. J. Jones, black and white costume, black hat; Miss Day, cream and black costume, black hat with clusters of pink poppies; Mrs. B. Bayly, navy blue costume, grey straw hat with red berries; Mrs. Pine, prune-coloured silk, black hat; Miss Pine, white embroidered muslin, burnt straw hat wreathed with red poppies; Mrs. Power, blue linen, brown hat; Miss Gillanders, white muslin.

Personal.

Mrs. Alfred Julian is visiting friends in Hamilton.

Mrs. Parsons, of Waitotara, is the guest of Mrs. Graham.

Miss Williams, of Tauranga, is on a visit to Mrs. Sumnerville.

Miss Scott, of Auckland, has been staying with Mrs. J. E. Walker.

HAMILTON.

March 22nd.

Garden Party.

A garden party was given by Mrs. A. Hamond Hyde on Wednesday last at her residence in Selkirk-street in honour of their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Julian and also Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Petersen and their daughter Thelma, the singer. Various games—golf, croquet, bowls, and several competitions—were among the attractions. The winners proved to be Mrs. Harry Valder and Miss Roche, Miss Lambert and Mrs. Manning, Miss Wallnutt and Mrs. Tompkins. A string band on the verandah rendered enjoyable selections. The hot-house was thrown open to the guests, who greatly enjoyed the unusual pleasure of plucking their own grapes.

Mrs. Hyde received her guests in vieux rose silk striped voile, richly trimmed with metallic embroidery, ninon yoke and sleeves, pretty view rose hat to match. Mrs. Brewis was wearing a charming black frock with pearl trimming veiled in ninon and tucked yoke and sleeves, white and black hat; Mrs. Julian (Te Kuiti), smart blue and white

striped silk, with beautiful Oriental trimmings hat to match; Mrs. Herdman, pink flowered muslin, shantung coat with black revers, piped with green, large hat with green; Mrs. Petersen, black velvet, black fur toque; Miss Thelma Petersen, navy serge, dark grey fur toque; Mrs. Bollard, violet costume prettily braided with black, black and cream toque; Mrs. Greenslade, charming grey satin, veiled in ninon of same shade with dainty pink trimming, black plumed hat; Mrs. Allen Bell, coronation blue flowered silk trimmed with black, big black hat with white feather; Mrs. P. A. White, grey trained frock with silk bands, black velvet hat; Mrs. Choquet, smart shantung costume, black hat; Mrs. Towsey, grey cloth costume, black hat; Mrs. Heywood, fawn cloth coat and skirt, brown hat with daisies; Mrs. F. Smith, pale grey princess frock, black satin scarf, pretty white hat with black trimming; Mrs. Valder, sea, pale heliotrope gown with purple bands, black bonnet; Mrs. Harry Valder, green costume, black hat with flowers; Mrs. Burd, black silk, black hat; Miss Dorothy Burd, white muslin, pretty black hat; Mrs. Purze, black poplin with fringed floating panel, black hat with chiffon veil; Miss Purze, black and white figured foulard, black insertion and girdle, large black hat; Mrs. Eben Wilson, charming grey paillette, pretty grey ninon scarf, white hat with black osprey; Miss Lambert, grey over pink, grey hat trimmed with pink roses; Miss Pearl Lambert, pretty moss-green striped frock, trimmed with pale green silk, large hat; Mrs. McDermid, navy tailor-made, smart navy hat with green wings; Mrs. Bert Hume, stylish black and white striped silk, black ninon overskirt edged with black insertion, large white and black hat; Miss Graham, dark coat and skirt, black hat with touches of cerise; Mrs. Yule, grey striped voile, large hat; Mrs. Cork, pale grey tunic frock with black satin piping, large black hat; Miss Roche, coronation blue frock with white tucked muslin yoke, hat with blue ribbons; Mrs. Manning, lovely soft black dress, trimmed with fringe, with black net yoke and sleeves, white feather bon, and black and white hat; Mrs. W. Whyte, stylish emerald green frock, trimmed with black fringe, large black hat; Mrs. Grocott, pretty natter blue silk crepe trained gown trimmed with buttons, hat with beehive crown of stretched silk; Mrs. F. Wilson, grey and black striped costume, black hat; Mrs. Stevens, green Sicilian frock, trimmed with insertion, black toque; Mrs. Bennett, navy blue costume with long coat, green toque; Mrs. Osborne, dark costume, black hat; Miss Wallnutt (Auckland), pale pink voile, black hat with roses; Miss Carrie Wallnutt, pretty blue frock with insertion, black hat with marguerites; Mrs. Coleman, royal blue paillette silk, tucked net yoke and sleeves, white and black hat; Mrs. Browning, navy coat and skirt, floral hat; Mrs. Stevens, dark green silk, piped with pale blue, tucked net loka and sleeves; Miss Cutsen, cream serge dress with blue embroidery, black hat with blue flowers; Miss Ruby Cutsen, blue cashmere, black hat; Mrs. Swarbrick, black coat and skirt, black hat; Miss McPherson, brown costume, Tuscan hat with black ribbons; Mrs. Warren, black coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Warren, vieux rose muslin; Miss Malcolm, smart white muslin dress with floating panel back and front trimmed with insertion, pretty large hat. Among such a large assembly one could but distinguish a few, but we were all united with a feeling of regret when we had to say goodbye, and such a pleasant and entertaining afternoon drew to a close.

At Home.

Mrs. Towsey gave an "At Home" for Miss Thelma Petersen at the residence of Mrs. A. Hyde, "Aroha House." The

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weather was perfect, and between 50 and 60 guests assembled in the large dining-room, which was tastefully decorated with Autumn leaves and dahlias. Miss Petersen's singing was much admired. During the afternoon Mrs. Towsey also sang and Mr. Towsey gave a pianoforte selection. Mrs. Towsey wore a stylish grey skirt and a pretty white point lace blouse; Mrs. A. Hyde, blue charmeuse frock with overdress of blue paisley ninon; Mrs. Herdman, beautiful floral muslin; Mrs. Manning, black silk voile; Mrs. E. Wilson, grey silk; Miss Pearl Lambert, smart green voile dress; Miss Bertha Lambert, pink; Mrs. Hunter, black silk; Miss Vida Hunter, cream; Mrs. English, pretty green dress; Miss Aitken, cream; Mrs. H. A. Dixon, grey; Mrs. Furze, black; Miss Emily Roche white embroidered dress; Miss Roche (Auckland), blue costume; Mrs. Swarbrick, black; Miss Searauke, black; Miss Lorie, blue; Mrs. Crocotti, sage green dress; Miss Hulse, cream; Mrs. Cork, grey; Mrs. P. B. White, grey; Mrs. E. Heywood, champagne voile; Mrs. F. O. B. Loughman, black costume; Mrs. Loughman, dainty grey ninon; Mrs. Ross, tussore dress; Miss Cussen, cream; Miss Ruby Cussen, blue; Miss Lichfield, blue muslin; Mrs. Warren, white costume; Mrs. Douglas, cream; Miss Douglas, grey; Mrs. Sims, black silk; Miss Sims, champagne costume; Misses Barker (Auckland), white; Mrs. Milne, grey costume; Miss Milne, white; Mrs. Greenslade, beautiful grey ninon; Mrs. Payne (Thames), black; Mrs. Grant (Wellington), black; Miss McPherson, grey; Miss Crook, cream; Mrs. Choqueel, white embroidery dress; Mrs. Petersen, brown silk frock; Miss Thelma Petersen, pretty cream dress.

Petersen Concert.

There was a large audience present at the Town Hall to hear Miss Petersen. The young vocalist received a splendid reception and all her numbers were heartily encored. A few of those present were:—Mrs. Petersen, Mrs. Brewis, pretty blue silk; Mrs. Manning, was in black frock; Mrs. Greenslade, red velvet princess gown, with spangled overdress; Mrs. Heywood, black silk with cream oriental trimmings; Mrs. Copeland, (Auckland), pretty blue frock; Mrs. Towsey, black charmeuse, relieved with black net over blue; Mrs. Herdman,

blue silk, veiled in grey ninon; Mrs. Gillies, pink silk with grey ninon overdress; Mrs. Furze, black; Mrs. F. Smith, cream gown; Mrs. English, cream; Mrs. Bollard, black silk; Mrs. Stewart, pink silk with silver tunic; Mrs. Payne, black, trimmed with silver; Mrs. Sims, black, bands of Oriental trimmings; Mrs. Ross, cream; Mrs. Hyde, cream charmeuse veiled in cream ninon; Mrs. Julian (Te Kuiti), fawn silk, tunic of black silk; Mrs. Anderson, cream; Miss Malcolm, pretty blue floral muslin; Miss Crook, blue dress overdress of silver; Miss Barker, pink floral muslin; Miss Lambert, grey silk; Miss Hunter, blue ninon.

Personal.

Mrs. Brewis is at home again after a very pleasant holiday in the South Island. Dr. Brewis will not return for a few weeks, as he has extended his trip for some deerstalking. Mrs. Gillies returned from town last week. Miss Hamilton (Hawera) has been paying a short visit to Mrs. Bayly this week. She is on her way to Australia for a few months. Mrs. Julian, from Te Kuiti, is visiting Mrs. A. Hammond Hyde. Mrs. J. Whight has been paying a flying visit to Hamilton, staying with Mrs. Insoll, and getting a glimpse of a few other friends. Mrs. Northcroft's mother is paying her a short visit.

GISBORNE.

March 22.
Dr. J. E. K. Brown, late of Dunedin, has been appointed house surgeon at the Gisborne Hospital, vice Dr. Singer, resigned.
Mr. Frank Long is staying with his aunt, Mrs. Walter Barker, Whataupoko, Gisborne.
Dr. Reeve, Kaiti, left for South last week.
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wall returned to Gisborne last week after a pleasant trip to England.
Mrs. Hart, Christchurch, is the guest of Mrs. W. B. Willock, Kaiti.
Miss Ina Lewis has returned home from her visit to New Plymouth.
Mr. Vincent Pyke and Miss Pyke arrived home last Wednesday.

HASTINGS.

March 21.

Handkerchief Tea.

Mrs. Dr. Tosswill gave a "Handkerchief Tea" to Miss Maud Williams, of Havelock, who is shortly to be married. Among those present were: Mrs. and Misses Williams (2), Miss E. Williams (Frimley), Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. and Miss Lowry, Mrs. De Lisle, Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Nation, Mrs. Tanner, Mrs. and Misses Crosse, and several others.

Dance.

Mrs. Newbigen invited a few of her most intimate friends to a small impromptu dance in honour of her guest, Mrs. Wylie (Wellington). Among those present were: Mrs. Macdonell, Mrs. Halse, Mr. and Mrs. G. Maddison, Mr. and Mrs. J. Betts, Mrs. Beilby, Miss Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Landels, Misses Wellwood (2), Baird, Miss Martin-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bennet, Mr. and Mrs. Elkington, Miss Smith, Messrs. Beatson, Wellwood, Smith, Hartshorn, Baird, and several others.

Croquet.

Miss E. O'Reilly gave a croquet competition afternoon to her many friends prior to her leaving for England. Among those present were: Mrs. Pegler, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Lawlor, Mrs. Hulse, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Pinckney, Mrs. Gillispie, Mrs. Webber, Mrs. Brodie, Mrs. McKibbin, Mrs. Pollock, Mrs. Garnett, Mrs. Hall.

Children's Party.

Mrs. Lawlor gave a delightful children's party on the racecourse on Saturday afternoon. The day was beautifully fine, and the little ones, numbering about 50, spent a most happy time with all kinds of games and delicious things their kind hostess had provided.

Personal.

Miss Clarkson, Wellington, who has been the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Wheeler, Havelock, has returned to her home.

Mrs. and Miss Luckie have returned. Mrs. Macfarland, Olive Grange, has returned from Taupo, and has quite recovered from the severe shaking she received in the accident at Rangitaiki. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lowry have gone to Auckland. Rev. and Mrs. Brocklehurst have returned from Auckland. Dr. Barcroft has gone to Taupo for a short holiday. Mr. and Mrs. Circuit are spending a few weeks at Taupo. Mrs. Dudley Hill's little child has recovered from a serious illness. Miss Lowry, Havelock, has gone to Taupo. Mr. and Mrs. Tosswill have returned to Pahiatua. Miss Mackersay has returned from Dannevirke.

DANNEVIRKE.

March 22.

Tennis and Croquet.

Saturday was hardly an ideal day for tennis, but quite a number were at the courts in spite of the cold wind blowing. Mrs. W. F. Knight, assisted by Miss Young and Miss Westall, presided over delicious afternoon tea. Others present were: Mesdames Blakiston, Nymand, Burmester (Auckland), Misses Hartgill, Irvine, Baker, Knight, McGibbon, G. Irvine, Barker, Hopper, and Cowper.

Kitchen Tea.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Bickford gave a most successful "kitchen" tea in honour of Miss Mildred Ryan, who is to be married early next month. Such a useful assortment of gifts was received, that I am quite sure it would be difficult to think of any useful article that will not have a home in that particular kitchen. An interesting and amusing flower competition was held during the afternoon, the pretty trophies falling to Mrs. W. F. Knight, Miss Hartgill, Mrs. Gordon Lloyd, and Miss E. Ryan, Miss Caniton and Mrs. Tanaley winning the two consolation prizes. Mrs. Bickford received her guests in a reseda green poplin skirt and pretty blouse; Miss Mildred Ryan looked charming in

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a vieux rose velvet magyar frock, inset with pretty silk lace, and black hat with plumes. Others present were:— Mrs. Bunny, dainty white embroidered muslin, large black hat; Miss Phillips, pink linen, pipings of plum colour, plum coloured straw hat; Miss D. Phillips (Auckland), white muslin, flower-wreathed hat; Mrs. Russell, champagne poplin coat and skirt, black satin hat, brown plume; Miss Russell, brown tweed costume, light-straw hat swathed in pink; Mrs. Beckett (Auckland), navy costume, pierrot hat trimmed with cerise satin; Mrs. Tennant, brown cloth costume, brown toque; Miss Fleming, mole cloth costume, black hat; Mrs. H. Blakiston, grey costume, black hat, crimson crown; Mrs. Lloyd, navy costume, lace collar and revers, black hat; Mrs. Burmester (Auckland), pretty quaker grey costume, black hat; Mrs. L. Rathbone, blue velvet magyar gown, large brown straw hat, brown silk bows; Mrs. Hartgill, nut brown voile, pierrot hat, Royal blue and black plume; Miss Hartgill, floral voile, white hat, emerald green plume; Mrs. H. Hunter, grey velvet coat and skirt, black hat, grey feathers; Miss Maysmor (Wellington), black and white striped ninon, black hat, white plumes; Miss Gaulton, grey silk costume, black hat, pink and grey trimming; Miss Mitchell, navy costume, large black hat; Miss M. Cowper, black velvet magyar gown, black velvet hat; Mrs. A. Green, black and white check tweed costume, picture hat; Mrs. Soundy, plum coloured lustre costume, toque en suite; Miss Irvine, dainty white linen, saxe blue straw hat; Miss D. Knight, green cloth coat and skirt, emerald green satin hat, black plume; Mrs. R. N. Blakiston, pink voile, net yoke and sleeves, crimson velvet toque; Mrs. Prior, blue poplin frock, black hat; Mrs. Ryan, reseda green striped voile, green toque; Miss E. Ryan, navy costume; Mrs. Dawson, smart green voile, black hat; Mrs. G. Speedy, grey cloth costume, black hat; Miss Young, black cloth costume, tagel straw wreathed with shaded pink roses.

Personal.

Miss Marjorie Cowper is spending a holiday in Wanganui.

Mrs. P. Reaney (Napier) has returned home after a short visit to Dannevirke. Mr. and Mrs. F. Bull (Napier) have been the guests of Mrs. Barker.

Miss Alma Herbert left on Friday on a visit to Gisborne.

Miss Westall (Napier) is the guest of Mrs. W. F. Knight, "Ahoraita."

Miss Dora Phillips (Auckland) is staying with her sister, Mrs. E. Bunny.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ranson returned on Wednesday from a short visit to Wellington.

Mr. McNickle, who is acting-Vicar of St. John's, in Rev. E. Robertshaw's absence, arrived with Mrs. McNickle on Monday.

Mrs. L. Mair, who has been spending an enjoyable holiday in Wellington and Auckland, returned home on Thursday.

Mrs. F. G. Cowper returned from Wellington on Thursday.

Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. E. Bunny, Miss Phillips, and Miss D. Phillips were among the few fortunate people who journeyed to Palmerston North to hear Miss Ethel Irving.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

March 23rd.

Garden Party.

The Park Tennis Club held a most enjoyable garden party, postponed from last week at Mr. R. Cook's lovely residence "Overdale" last Thursday, and there was a good attendance of the public considering there were other attractive events going on at the same time. The stall-holders and their scouts seemed to do a thriving business, and the president's wife (Mrs. Cook) made an excellent director. Following is a list of those in charge of the stalls: Afternoon tea, Mesdames Cook, Ambury, Drew, Black, White, Pitt, Boile, G. List, Bouton, Misses Evans, Harrison and Hooper; ice cream, Misses Stoddart, Hammond, Howell and M. Ambury; produce, Mesdames Asher, Tribe and Sandison; sweets, Misses Buchanan, Cholwell, Ambury and G. Pellow; bran tubs, Misses D. Healey and C. Pellow; fortune telling, Mrs. Clarke; Aunt Sally, Mr. Parker; Snigh, Mr. Willis; guessing competitions, Misses Sole (4), Ambury, Lepine, Stroh and Blanchett; cake guessing, Miss Barron; sleep guessing, Mr. Ambury and Miss Pitt. Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. R. Cook, in a light green linen, black feathered toque; Mrs. Healey, pretty vieux rose linen coat and skirt, black hat

lined with pink; Mrs. Waugh, cream coat and skirt, violet toque; Mrs. N. McIsaac, cream costume, pretty black and royal blue toque; Mrs. J. Clarke, pale grey voile finished with cream lace, black hat with feathers; Mrs. Ladner, dark green costume, green hat circled with Marguerite daisies; Mrs. Hammond; Miss K. Bennett, very pretty oyster grey costume, hat to correspond; Miss Sole, bottle green coat and skirt, cream straw hat trimmed with shell pink ribbon bow; Mrs. Little, pretty black and white striped voile, cream lace yoke finished with black guimpe, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. Tribe, black; Mrs. Bannister, reseda grey costume trimmed with cream lace, myrtle green hat; Mrs. Paget, of Stratford, smart saxe blue costume braided in silk, pretty black hat with feathers; Mrs. G. White, cream coat and skirt, brown hat with pink roses; Mrs. W. Ambury, black costume, hat to correspond; Miss Lepine, cream costume, hat relieved with bows of emerald green striped ribbon; Mrs. G. Brown (Mayoress), black costume, black hat, circled with white roses; Mrs. Roberts, black; Miss Roberts, stylish ecru coloured costume braided and trimmed with black silk, black hat lined with biscuit coloured silk, relieved with tomato coloured flowers; Miss W. Roberts, smart French grey costume, grey hat, trimmed on the side with crimson roses; Mrs. Doile, cream costume, black hat; Miss Evans, black, with cream lace yoke, hat trimmed with mauve roses; Miss Howell, pretty white embroidered muslin, natter blue hat with pink roses; Mrs. D. White, tussore silk, faced with black; Mrs. G. List wore a dainty cream costume tucked and girdled with a cream silken cord, white hat wreathed with roses; Mrs. Burton, black and white striped muslin, hat to correspond; Mrs. Drew, white embroidered muslin, hat wreathed with pink roses; Mrs. J. Arery, golden brown taffetas, cream lace vest, bonnet trimmed with pale pink floral chiffon; Miss Bedford, pale grey costume, black feathered hat; Mrs. Dowling, heliotrope floral voile, faced with heliotrope, black hat; Miss Dowling, vieux rose voile cream lace vest, ecru coloured hat trimmed with scarlet roses; Mrs. S. Cottier, natter blue costume, black hat trimmed with pale pink roses; Mrs. J. Morey, pale pink flowered delaine faced with brown silk, brown hat en suite; Mrs. Lewis Webster, of Stratford, oyster grey voile, inset with cream lace, black feathered hat; Miss Ramson, natter blue costume, black hat; Miss Ramson, cream, trimmed with dainty cream lace, hat to correspond; Mrs. Horne, black costume, black and white toque; Miss Wade, blue and white striped muslin piped with emerald green, hat to correspond; Mrs. Jenkinson, mauve coloured costume trimmed with deep black fringe, black hat; Mrs. Scanlon, pale grey ninon over oyster pink satin, embroidered in gold, black hat with emerald and black lancer plumes; Mrs. Hall, fawn tweed coat and skirt, black hat with white roses; Miss Carter, cream muslin, pale grey hat trimmed with folds of grey muslin; Mrs. A. Avery, pale blue voile, black hat lined with rose pink silk; Mrs. Honeyfield, black; Mrs. Newman, black costume, heliotrope floral toque; Mrs. McCloud, cream lace robe, with tunic of blue and pink floral muslin, black hat with lancer plumes; Mrs. Clarke, heliotrope costume braided in black, black hat and feathers; Mrs. E. Asher, black and white muslin faced with pale grey, black hat; Mrs. F. Tribe, pale green floral muslin faced with lettuce green silk, black hat; Mrs. Wells, pale blue voile, cream lace yoke, black hat with feathers.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Abier, New Plymouth, have left for a prolonged visit to their old home in Jersey.

Archdeacon Walsh, who has been on a visit to New Plymouth, has returned to Auckland.

Mrs. and Miss Devenish, New Plymouth, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Skinner, Blenheim.

Mrs. H. Stocker and Mrs. Fred Webster (the former's mother) have gone for a three months' trip to Sydney.

STRATFORD.

March 22.

Tennis.

On Monday members of the Inglewood Tennis Club came down to play a match with the Stratford Club. The day was beautifully fine and an enjoyable time was spent. Stratford put in some very good play and defeated the visitors by 40 games. Inglewood players were Mesdames Matthews, Law, Hynes, Patterson and Miss Fitzlerbert, Messrs Taylor,

Law, Patterson, Sutherland (2). Stratford team comprised Misses O'Brien, Orbell, Black, Lake, Mackay, Messrs Wilkie, E. H. Young, C. Crawshaw, R. B. Anderson, Thompson.

Dance.

A Cinderella dance was got up by a bevy of maidens and held in the Parish Hall on Tuesday evening. A dainty supper, good music and an excellent floor resulted in all expressing it "a jolly little dance." Among those present were Mesdames Wake and Curtis (chaperones); Misses James (3), Misses Wake (2), D. Bayly, Black, Orbell, Curtis, Anderson, and others, Messrs. Vaughan, Hedditch, and Crawshaw (2), James (2), Young, Anderson, Hall, W. Robinson.

Blascheck.

A very appreciative audience filled the Town Hall on Thursday evening on the occasion of the visit of "Blascheck," and Miss Wright, the clever "Society Entertainers." Spontaneous outbursts of laughter proved real enjoyment, for such it was. Among the audience were Mr. and Mrs. Budge, Mr. and Mrs. W. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Fookes, Mr. and Mrs. Uniacke, Mr. and Miss Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Wake, Mr. and Mrs. Porritt, Mr. and Mrs. Munro, Mr. and Mrs. Bayly, Miss Bayly, Misses Wake (2), Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Richards, Dr. Paget, Dr. Carbery, Dr. and Mrs. Stevens.

Hunting.

A good deal of interest is being taken in the formation of a branch of the North Taranaki Hunt Club. A meeting was held on Tuesday, when it was practically decided to form a branch.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Stewart Curtis have been visitors to Stratford during the week. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis' future home will be at Christchurch, where Mr. Curtis has been appointed to a responsible position in connection with the electrical power scheme.

Dr. Carbery returned to Stratford on Monday, after attending the military manoeuvres at Seatoun.

Mrs. Cook, New Plymouth, has been visiting friends in Stratford.

Mrs. McHardy, New Plymouth, is the guest of Mrs. W. G. Malone, "The Garlands."

PAHIATUA.

March 22.

Afternoon for Miss Allen.

A very pleasant handkerchief afternoon was given by Mrs. P. Tulloch for Miss Mabel Allen, whose marriage to Mr. Morling, of Napier, takes place on Easter Tuesday. Despite the stormy weather prevailing, almost all the invited guests assembled at "Hilly Park." Two competitions caused much excitement. The first, a telegram competition, was won by Miss Ruby Warren (a silver mounted scent bottle). The second, a left-handed sewing trial, was won by Miss Burgess (silver trinket box). During the afternoon songs and music were contributed by Misses Allen, Burgess, Moore, C. and H. Tulloch. Mrs. Tulloch received her guests in a biscuit coloured tussore; Miss Mabel Allen wore a navy costume; Miss Allen, navy; Miss F. Allen, wedgwood blue; Miss Tulloch, brown; Miss C. Tulloch, green; Miss H. Tulloch, tussore. Others present were: Misses Burgess (3), Stone, Marshall, Warren (2), Falconer, Miller, Lyons, Grut, Wakeman, Moore, Hare, Dunning.

Personal.

Miss E. Miller has received an appointment on the teaching staff of the Otaki School. She left last week to take up her duties.

Dr. and Mrs. Strams, Hutt, are visiting Mrs. H. Mowbray, Hukamui.

Sir Henry and Lady Miller have been the guests of Mrs. H. H. Miller, Ngatari.

Mrs. Kerr, Auckland, is visiting Mrs. Thompson.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

HAWERA, March 22.

Golf.

The Hawera Club opened its season last Monday. The grass is still very long, consequently there were not as many competitors as on the opening in previous years. The men's medal match in the morning was won by Mr. Gillies with a net score of 93, Mr. Tarrant 95, and Mr. Elliott 98 were the best three cards handed in. In the afternoon mixed foursomes were played, the winners being

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Mr. and Mrs. Gillies, one up; Miss Glenn and Dr. Thomson, and Mr. and Mrs. Bell finished at square; Mrs. Kimbell and Mr. Cardale, Miss Pratt and Mr. Kimbell, Miss E. Caplan and Mr. Elliott were each one down.

Personal.

Miss Thomson, who has been staying with Dr. and Mrs. Thomson for several months, has returned to her home in Dunedin.

Mrs. Webster, New Plymouth, is visiting her son, Mr. A. W. Webster.

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Tonks are spending a short holiday in Auckland.

Miss Littlejohn, Wellington, is staying with her sister, Mrs. J. B. MacDiarmid.

Mrs. Matthews, Patea, is the guest of Mrs. Barton.

Mrs. O'Callaghan is visiting Rotorua. She was accompanied by her father, Mr. Russell, of Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett are visiting friends in Opunake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Good, Stratford, and their three little daughters are staying with Mrs. Good, Ramanui.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Tonks and Miss Hamilton have gone to Sydney.

Mrs. Johnson, Wanganui, is the guest of Mrs. Alan Good.

Tennis.

Mrs. W. Coombs and Mrs. Spencer gave afternoon tea at the Linton-street tennis courts last Saturday afternoon. Mrs. A. D. Thompson, Mrs. Bendall, Mrs. Luckson, Mrs. McKnight, Miss E. Wilson, Miss A. Reed (Wellington), Miss Barnicoat, Miss Randolph, Mrs. Clere, Miss Watson, Miss A. McKnight, and the Misses Porter were a few present.

Personal.

Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave has returned from her visit to Raurimu. Miss Dorothy Waldegrave is staying with friends in Wellington.

Mrs. Mellor is back from a short visit to Nelson.

Miss Reed has returned from her trip to Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Armstrong paid a short visit to Wellington this week.

Miss Alice Reed and Mr. Rupert Reed, of Wellington, spent the week end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy McLennan (Waltuna) are staying with Mrs. J. R. McLennan.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Sutherland went to Wellington for a few days this week.

WANGANUI.

March 23rd.

Farewell Tea.

Miss W. Bayly gave a farewell tea to Miss Nina Jackson, who leaves for England next week in the Ionic. A menu guessing competition was held. Several tied for the first prize, and in the play off Miss R. Fairburn was victorious, and Miss W. Anderson second. Amongst those present were: Miss W. Bayly, Miss Hawken, Miss R. Hawken, Miss N. Jackson, Miss D. Christie, Miss W. Marshall, Miss Beetham (Wairapa), Miss G. Christie, Miss R. Fairburn, Miss M. Lethbridge, Miss W. Anderson, Miss L. Williams, Miss W. Brettargh, Miss Kerr, Miss I. Stevenson, Miss N. Nixon.

Tennis.

There were a large number at the tennis courts on Saturday, when afternoon tea was given by Miss P. Morton Jones, amongst those present being: Miss P. Morton Jones, in a black and white embroidered muslin frock, pretty black and white hat; Miss Campbell wore a white muslin frock, with touch of black, and straw hat with black daisies; Mrs. Bal-lance, black, with black chamoisee coat, black hat with plumes; Miss Alexander, smart blue coat and skirt, straw hat with beautiful blue toned wings; Miss Drev-ett, black cloth coat and skirt, black hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Couper wore a stylish pale grey cloth coat and skirt, white feather boa, and big grey hat with grey ostrich plumes, and a band of rose pink velvet on the brim; Mrs. Gill-Carey, brown flecked Harris tweed coat and skirt, blue hat with pink roses; Mrs. Good, white pique skirt and muslin blouse, cream straw hat with electric blue velvet; Miss Moore wore a crimson linen frock, with Irish crochet collar and cuffs, cream straw hat with black glace silk; Mrs. Cecil Wright, pale grey tweed coat and skirt, cream vest, cream Tagel straw hat with pale blue wings in it; Miss Spenser, white muslin frock, straw hat with scarf; Miss Brooks wore a pale blue linen frock, cream hat; Miss O'Brien, white muslin, with insertion, straw hat with shaded wreath; Mrs. Harold, stylish black and white tweed coat and skirt, with buttons of the same,

small straw hat with shaded blue and green wings; Mrs. Fairburn, green tweed coat and skirt, with green cloth collar and cuffs, braided muslin and lace vest, blue hat with grey wings; Miss R. Fairburn, white pique skirt and muslin blouse, cream straw hat lined with blue chiffon, and blue floral ribbons; Miss Good (Hawera) wore a black and white striped coat and skirt, cream vest, cream straw hat with black velvet; Mrs. H. Bayly, electric blue coat and skirt, black hat with ostrich plumes and gold ornament; Miss W. Bayly wore a pale pink crepe frock, with pipings of black, black hat with pink flowers; Miss Hawken, cream cloth, with hip yoke and pleats, very pretty hat with crimson velvet cherries; Miss E. Hawken, white muslin frock with insertion, long white coat, straw hat with tiny electric blue flowers; Mrs. J. C. Greenwood wore a black and white coat and skirt, cream vest, heliotrope straw toque with wings the same shade; Mrs. Hatherley, tweed coat and skirt, cream vest, seal toque; Mrs. Hughes Johnston, white muslin frock, with embroidery, black hat trimmed with pale blue, and wings at the side; Miss Skeet, white linen frock, old rose silk hat; Mrs. Patterson, navy blue serge coat and skirt, braided, and straw hat with striped velvet ribbons and wreath of heliotrope flowers; Miss Wilford, navy blue serge coat and skirt, cream vest, pale grey erinoline straw hat lined with blue, and black rose at the side; Miss Ash-croft, black and white striped frock, black hat; Miss Nixon, white crepe de chine frock, straw hat with blue and black striped velvet ribbons; Miss Parsons, white frock, with pretty black hat; Miss Kerr, white linen frock, white hat with silk fringe; Miss Nixon wore a white muslin, large straw hat with red wreath of flowers; Miss D. Brettargh, white muslin gown, with insertion, black straw hat with old rose ribbons; Miss H. Anderson, white linen frock, straw hat with scarf; Miss Mason, pale blueish grey linen coat and skirt with wide revers and buttons, cream vest, small high-crowned hat with black glace bows; Miss J. Mason, navy blue serge coat and skirt, with black silk military braid, smart cream straw hat, with border of black, and the brim up-turned at the back, crimson cherries at the sides; Mrs. Sanderson wore a cream costume, large straw hat with flowers.

On Monday, when a match was played between Patea and Wanganui, and the visiting team won, amongst those present were: Mrs. Harold, Mrs. Good, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Izard, Miss H. Anderson, Miss O'Brien, Miss P. Nixon, Miss C. Nixon, Miss Moore, Mrs. Gill-Carey, Miss Good (Hawera), Miss Williams (Sydney), Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Gonville Saunders, Miss O. Williams, Miss Morton Jones, Miss Grant, Messrs. Harrison, Addison, Izard, Harold, Wybourne (Patea), Miss Poudrell (Patea), Mrs. Payne, Mr. Poudrell (Patea), and others.

Personal.

Miss Cannon, of Christchurch, who has been the guest of Mrs. A. Nixon, Wanganui, has returned home.

Mrs. Fletcher Harrison, who has been staying with relations and friends in Wellington and Feilding, has returned to Wanganui.

Mrs. Arthur Nixon, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Westport.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hole, of Wanganui, are back from their visit to friends in Hawke's Bay.

Mr. Colin Campbell, of Wanganui, is at present in Napier.

Miss Mildred Newcombe, of Wanganui, has left for Sydney, whence she sails for England and the Continent.

Mrs. J. C. Wray, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Sydney.

Miss Tousey, of Wanganui, has been staying in Wellington with Mrs. Hill.

Miss Millar, of Feilding, who has been the guest of Miss Kerr, in Wanganui, has returned home.

Miss Brewer, of Wanganui, is staying in Auckland with relations.

The Misses Williams (2), of Sydney, are staying in Wanganui for a few months.

NELSON.

March 21.

Bridge.

The members of the Golf Club organised a very successful bridge drive to raise funds for the ladies' championship

PALMERSTON NORTH.

March 22.

The Theatre.

Miss Ethel Irving and her company staged "Lady Frederick" at the Opera House last night in the presence of a huge audience. Visitors were present in large numbers from Bulls, Feilding, Danerirke, Levin, Akitoi, Kimbolton, and all the surrounding districts. Amongst others I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Roy McLennan (Waituna), Mrs. McLennan and the Misses McLennan, Miss Wilson (Bulls), Mr. and Mrs. Harold Abraham (Levin), Mr. and Mrs. R. McBeth and Miss Vera McBeth (Kimbolton), Mrs. (Dr.) Beedie (Kimbolton), Miss Shannon (Straway), Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Connell, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cooper, Mrs. Broad, Mr. and Mrs. Sim, Mr. L. A. Abraham, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gaisford (Raungitikei), Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Toxward, Mr. and Mrs. A. Guy, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hoben, Mrs. J. Strang, Mr. and Mrs. C. Louissou, Mr. and Mrs. Kirton and the Misses Kirton (Feilding), Mr. and Mrs. Lawson (Feilding), Mrs. Barker (Gisborne), Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie (Feilding), Mr. and Mrs. A. McDonald, Mrs. McKnight, Miss Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Moore, the Misses Moore, Miss A. Barnicoat, Miss W. Watson, Miss Mawhinney, Mrs. and Miss H. Waldegrave, Mrs. and Miss Warburton, Mrs. and Miss Tripe, Mr. and Mrs. T. Rodgers, Miss Scanlon, Mr. and Mrs. Stedman, Mr. and Mrs. A. Barraud, Mrs. Macintyre, Mr. and Mrs. J. McDonald, Mrs. A. D. Thompson, Miss E. Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Mellor, Mr. and Mrs. Bendall, Miss Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Clere, Miss H. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. White (Awahuri), Mrs. and the Misses Coomba, Mrs. Luckson, Mrs. (Dr.) Martin, Miss Preece, Miss Bond, Mrs. J. M. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. F. Nathan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, the Misses Fraser, Miss Jackell, Miss Holben, Messrs. R. Abraham, Bond, Higginson, Keeble, Wither, Moore, Pavitt, Dr. O'Brien, etc.



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tournament. The committee were: Mrs Burnes, Mrs Jack Sharp, Mrs Robinson, Misses Booth and G. Clark. Progressive euchre was played by some, and bridge by many others. The euchre prizes were won by Miss Blechynden and Mr Hanron (Cable Bay), and the successful bridge players were Miss Stevens and Dr. Gibbs. Mrs Marsden wore blue satin, with tunic of black ninon; Mrs Burnes, black chiffon over silk; Mrs de Castro, grey frock; Mrs Melsop (Palmerston North), heliotrope satin, with Oriental galon; Mrs Robinson, French grey ninon; Mrs Booth, black and white chiffon over black silk; Mrs Kenwick, royal blue charrmuse, with overdress of black; Mrs Barr, aluminium grey satin; Mrs P. Andrew, vieux rose taffetas; Mrs Holly, pale blue satin; Mrs Hayter, black silk; Mrs Murray, black chiffon taffetas; Mrs J. Sharp, black ninon over black charrmuse; Mrs J. Wood, Mrs Horn, Mrs and Miss Dodson, Mrs Harrison, Mrs Allen, peacock blue velvet; Miss Marsden, black frock with ermine; Mrs Bunny, Mrs Wortley, Miss Richmond, salmon pink crepe frock; Miss Sutherland Smith, white silk and lace; Miss Bateson (Stoke), sequined chiffon over white satin; Miss Elsie Booth, mauve satin, with mauve tunic; Miss Vera Leggett, pale green embroidered chiffon over green satin; Miss Stevens, sequined net over cream charrmuse; Miss Morrison (Masterton), white chiffon taffetas; Miss Houliker, pale blue chiffon; Misses Clark, white lace frocks; Misses Langley Adams, Miss J. Wright, Miss Blechynden, Misses Cook, Gikison, Tomlinson, Mary Hodson, Maginnity, G. Hayter, Gibbs, de Castro.

The Races.

The autumn meeting of the Nelson Jockey Club was held during the week at the Richmond Racecourse. There was a very large attendance, including many visitors from the West Coast, Marlborough and Wellington, as well as a large contingent from the Takaka and Murchison districts. Mrs George Seymour (Blenheim) wore a fawn striped tailor-made, wide brown hat; Mrs Kenwick, blue silk gown, black velvet coat, small black and blue hat; Mrs Noel Adams, pale mauve voile frock, black hat with large ostrich feather, sealskin coat; Mrs D. Edwards, white lace frock, pink tassel hat with roses; Mrs Hoby, black velvet coat and skirt, black hat with fencer plumes; Mrs Airey, grey gown, hat en suite; Mrs Hayter, champagne voile, floral hat; Mrs Huddleston, brown linen costume, with striped revers, large brown hat with pink flowers; Mrs Philip Andrew, white cloth tailor-made, hat with pink roses; Miss Ingles (Wellington), sage blue coat and skirt, smart black hat; Mrs A. P. Burnes, aeroplane blue voile over satin, blue hat; Mrs E. B. Moore, natter blue frock, black hat; Miss Booth, black and white striped voile, with emerald green, and black hat; Miss D. Booth, floral muslin, black hat; Miss Houliker, blue frock, black hat wreathed with blue flowers; Miss Joan Cleghorn (Wellington), mauve muslin, mauve chip hat with pale pink tulle bows; Miss K. Morrison (Masterton), rosebud cloth coat and skirt, much braided, black and white hat; Miss Shirley Blackett, white embroidered muslin, hat with red roses; Miss Gladys Adams, green linen, hat en suite; Miss Lewis, white linen, black feathered hat; Mrs Donald (Christchurch), white coat and skirt, floral hat; Miss Eileen Adams, white frock, large white hat; Miss Gerlie Clark, pale blue shantung, black hat with pink roses; Miss E. Clark, white serge, white lace hat; Mrs Robinson, grey striped tailor-made, smart green hat; Mrs Ralph Jackson, white silk with Oriental insertion, black plumed hat; Miss Bateson (Stoke), pale blue linen coat and skirt, floral hat; Mrs J. Simpson (Westport), grey coat and skirt, black hat.

Afternoon Tea.

A large "afternoon tea" was given at the "Hacramat" by Mrs Donald, of Christchurch, among others present being: Mrs Dodson, Mrs and Miss Booth, Mrs Andrew, Mrs Harrison, Mrs Bunny, Mrs Allen, Mrs S. Gibbs, Mrs Kenwick, Mrs Airey, Mrs Kingdon, Miss J. Tomlinson, Mrs and Miss Clark, Mrs and Miss Gibbs, Mrs F. Hamilton, Mrs Burnes, Mrs Lewis, Mrs Harris, Mrs Cook, Mrs Hamilton Smith, Mrs Broad, Mrs Robinson, Mrs J. Wood, Mrs Squires, Miss Leggett.

Personal.

Mrs Roberts, who recently retired from the Board of Education office, was

entertained at an afternoon tea by the staff, and was presented with a silver inkstand and a silver jewel casket by the inspectors and clerical staff.

Mrs George Seymour, Blenheim, is visiting Nelson for the races.

Dr. and Mrs J. Simpson, of Westport, are spending a few weeks here.

Miss Joan Cleghorn, Wellington, is the guest of Mrs Booth.

Mrs Lyell has left for a trip to England.

Mrs Glasgow, Brooklands, leaves for England next week.

PICTON.

21st March.

A Social

Arranged by the members of the Linkwater Athletic Club, was held in the Grove Wharf shed on Friday evening, and, like its predecessor a few weeks ago, was a great success, both financially and socially.

A Picnic

Arranged for Saturday was greatly enjoyed by those ladies and children who went up to Kaiparip. The weather was perfect, the water as clear as glass, and the bathing was greatly enjoyed. Those present were:—Mrs. Madsen, Mrs. Pinner (Masterton), Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Vickery, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. C. Philpotts, Mrs. Williams, Misses Seymour, B. Allen and Williams, and several children.

Personal.

Mrs. and the Misses Mowat are staying at Mr. John Conely's place at the Bay of Many Coves.

Mrs. Cook, of Richmond, Nelson, was in Picton last week on her way to Blenheim to visit Mrs. Huddleston.

Mrs. and Miss E. M. Allen are in Blenheim for a few days, staying with Mrs. A. Chaytor at Farnham.

Mrs. and Miss Gregg, Mahakipawa, spent a few days in Picton this week.

Mrs. Duckworth spent a few days in Picton previous to going on from Blenheim to Levin, where she intends to live.

Miss E. Wallace has returned from a visit to the West Coast. Mrs. Boyd, of Hokitika, returned with her.

Mrs. Wicks spent a few days with her people in Picton this week.

BLENHHEIM.

March 22.

Tennis.

In the Marlborough championship handicap matches some very good games were witnessed, and general interest was shown by the public. A great crowd was present on Saturday, when several of the finals were played. Some of those present were:—Mesdames McCallum, Florence, Strachan, Innes, Jenkins, Shipley, Bull, Broughton, Lambie, Orr, Walker, Mentone, Sharp, Brock, Thompson, Scott, Waddy, Hulme, Corry, White, and Bagge. The Misses Florence, Horton (2), Neville, Griffiths, Jenkins, Newton, McCallum, Clouston (3), Chapman, Ross, Anderson, Bell (3), Northcroft, Wolkstein, and Fulton.

Farewell Tea.

The staff and pupils of the High school entertained Miss Ross at a farewell tea at the High school. Miss Ross was presented during the afternoon with a silver tea-service. She will be much missed here, having been on the High school staff for the past eight and a-half years.

Personal.

Mrs Ian Johnston, Waverley, is on a visit to Mr and Mrs Vavasour, "Ugbrooke."

Mrs Duckworth has left for her future home in Levin.

Miss Amy Neville has returned from an enjoyable visit to Auckland.

Miss Skinner returned on Saturday from a short visit to Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Percy Wright, Nelson, are in Blenheim for a few weeks. Mr Wright is relieving Mr Esson at the Bank of New Zealand.

Miss Monro is visiting Miss McLaurin. Mr and Mrs J. Bell and the Misses Bell have gone to Napier for a few weeks.

Mrs J. Mowat and the Misses Mowat, are visiting the Bay of Many Coves.

Mrs J. Neville, who has been visiting Mrs. Neville, "Thurston," has returned to Christchurch.

Miss Marjorie McRae, "Altmarlock," is on a short visit to Blenheim.

Mr. and Mrs. Menlove have been in town for the tennis tournament.

Miss Foster, Seddon, is the guest of Mrs. H. Sharp at Springlands.

Mrs. Tilly is visiting Wellington.

Mrs. Carrier "Burleigh," left on Tuesday for Masterton.

CHRISTCHURCH.

March 22.

A Tennis and Croquet Party

Was given by Mrs. Wilding, "Fownhope," Opawa, as a farewell to Miss Julius, who is leaving for England almost immediately. Mrs. Wilding wore a costume of violet linen and black tulle, with black feathers relieved with jet; Mrs. George Gould, tailor-made coat and skirt of striped fawn cloth; black hat with white wings; Mrs. Keith Ollivier, frock of pale blue ninon and lace, Tuscan and blue hat; Mrs. C. Nedwill, pretty blue costume with hat, and shaded ribbons to match; the Misses Burnes, frocks of grey ninon with grey hats to match; Miss Souter, coat and skirt of blue serge, white hat trimmed with white silk ribbon; Miss R. Tabart, costume of blue cloth, braided with black, green floral tulle; Miss Kitson, blue coat and skirt, Tuscan and black hat; Miss Campbell, blue linen costume, black hat with blue shaded feathers; Miss Campbell, white muslin frock, black hat with wreath of pink roses; Miss J. Wells, coral pink coat and skirt, hat trimmed with roses. Others present were: Mrs. Alpers, Misses Prins (2), Mrs. Poulton, Miss Dobson, Miss Gosset, Miss Merton. The players included Misses Anderson (2), Burns, Campbell, Butterworth, Gould, Bowden, Julius, Griffith, Meares, Rich, Wedd, Ogle, Pyne, Wilkin - Rolleston, Loughnan, Reece, and Harley. The tennis competition was won by Miss Griffiths (England), and Miss Butterworth, the runners-up were Miss Harley and Miss Rolleston. The croquet was won by Miss J. Wells, Miss Kitson second. The prizes given were of art jewellery, which were much admired and appreciated by the fortunate recipients.

An At Home

Was given by Mrs. George Gould at "Avonbank," Fendalton, in honour of Miss Griffiths (England), who is staying with Mrs. Gould. The hostess wore a handsome gown of black satin and ninon; mole hat with flowers; Miss Gould, white silk frock and white floral hat; Miss Griffiths, floral muslin dress, hat trimmed with flowers; Mrs. Rolleston, white silk frock veiled with black ninon, black hat and feathers; Mrs. Pyne, coat and skirt of fawn coloured cloth, hat to match, with black feathers; Miss Pyne, blue cloth costume, braided with black, black hat trimmed with tulle; Mrs. Hutton, black coat and skirt, black bonnet; Miss Rolleston, white linen costume, Tuscan hat with flowers; Miss B. Pyne, heliotrope frock and grey hat; Mrs. L. Lane, grey striped costume braided with black, black hat and feathers; Mrs. Julius, black cloth coat and skirt, black and white bonnet; Miss Julius, black costume relieved with gold, green feathered toque; Miss R. Acland, blue striped ninon, hat with flowers; Miss Reeves, coat and skirt of blue cloth, Tuscan hat with flowers; Miss Murray-Aynsley, blue coat and skirt, blue hat with pink roses; Miss Bowden, grey ninon, over white silk, grey and blue hat; Miss H. Burton, striped costume of black and white, mole hat and ostrich feathers; Miss Burton, cream costume and Tuscan hat; Mrs. Maling, black and white striped silk, black bonnet.

Personal.

Dr. and Mrs. Finch, Christchurch, have returned from a visit to the South.

Miss Griffiths, England, is the guest of Mrs. George Gould, Fendalton.

Miss D. Wells, Amberley, is staying with Mrs. Allen, "Mill House," Fendalton.

Miss R. Acland, Woodbury, is staying with friends in Christchurch.

Miss Pyne has returned to Christchurch from a trip to Mount Cook.

The Misses Meares are staying at Sumner.

Mrs. Studholme, Waimate, is in Christchurch.

Mrs. C. Reid and Miss Cracroft Wilson, Christchurch, have returned from a visit to Hamner.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Anson, Christchurch, leave to-day for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Elworthy, "Parsons," left Christchurch this week for Wellington, en route for England.

Mrs. J. Morrison, England, is the guest of Mrs. Anderson, Armagh-street, Christchurch.

VALAZE COMPLEXION TREATMENTS.

FOR A DRY SKIN.—Dryness and harshness of the skin are due to the lack of natural oil in it. To increase or restore the fat-content of the skin, the following home treatment is essential. Valaze Skin Food for night use, and Novena Cerate during the day. Valaze Skin Tonic for bathing the face in the morning, and Novena Sunproof Cream as a protective against wind, and sun, should be thoroughly rubbed into the skin, and some Novena Poudre dusted on before leaving the house. Washing the face with soap and water had best be stopped till the condition of dryness has improved. The cleansing properties of the Novena Cerate and Valaze Skin Tonic will prove quite sufficient for every purpose of hygienic cleanliness.

FOR A TENDER SKIN.—This requires substantially the same treatment as a dry skin except that Valaze Soap and Voskasta may be used once or twice a week, at night only, to be followed by the use of Valaze Skin Food.

FOR A GREASY SKIN.—In this case the complexion acquires a pasty and muddy appearance, and blackheads are a frequent accompaniment. The remedy is frequent washing in warm water with Valaze Soap and Voskasta, and the application three or four times a day of Valaze Liquidine, which acts directly on the pores, freeing them from over-abundant secretions. In addition, Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Cure should be applied at night following a slight application by means of a hot towel, of Valaze Skin Food, according to the special directions given for the purpose.

VALAZE SKIN FOOD. 4/ and 7/. Novena Cerate, 2/ and 3/6; Valaze Skin Tonic, 3/8; Novena Sunproof Cream, 2/ and 3/6; Novena Poudre and Valaze Powder, 2/6 each; Voskasta, 3/; Valaze Soap, 2/3; Valaze Liquidine, 6/6. "Beauty in the Making," Miss Rubinstein's book, post free on application.

All Valaze preparations are obtainable from leading chemists, or direct, post free, from Valaze Depot, City Chambers, Queen-street, Auckland; or, Miss Helena Rubinstein, Maison Valaze, Brandon-street, Wellington.



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BESTSTEAD'S. Stocked everywhere.

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

TO say that the new evening gowns are luxurious, yet simple, seems quite like a contradiction. But that is exactly what they are. The modes are the essence of simplicity, and the material and trimmings are superbly beautiful—indeed, quite regal.

The first of all—the train has returned. Women should be sincerely grateful for this, because it is not burdensome in size—being rather small. However, it is sufficiently long to give the desired grace.

The Empire style, so far as the waistline is concerned, prevails again. But

to some frocks it is modified so that it is slightly above the natural waistline. However, in some models it is quite extreme—being directly under the armholes.

Sleeves are decidedly different, but

as the majority are veiled and draped with chiffon.

The use of chiffon is undoubtedly responsible for the vogue of the overskirt and the double tunic effects. In the new three-layer creations some exquisite colour harmonies have been blended, as in nearly every instance, white satin charmeuse forms the foundation and, if it is veiled with rose, it may have an over-tunic of violet. This gives a chameleon effect at the top, and a rainbow around the foot. Dainty combinations such as white, light blue and pink, or white, rose and gray, are also among the harmonies that Fashion enthusiastically endorses.

However, in these three-layer effects, as in everything else, Paris has created the unusual. The foundation of this gown is of white charmeuse, and the overskirt of emerald green chiffon is almost completely covered with a tunic of the most exquisite chiffon I have ever seen—it looks as though all the brilliant Oriental colours had been carelessly daubed on it with a brush, and through this is woven many threads of gold. The simple Empire bodice is entirely of the Oriental chiffon and it is finished around the low round neck and on the sleeves with gold embroidery. The only other adornment is a huge gold buckle directly in the centre of the front at the high waistline. No one, except such a genius as Poiret, would have ever conceived such an artistic costume.

Speaking of Paris reminds me that the only real sensation in the fashion world this season is the new model, which is known as the Alladin costume. In this Paris has made an effort to bring about a revival of the hoop skirt—but modified. The foundation of the gown, green crepe meteor, and the overskirt of yellow chiffon, are of clinging slender lines, but the just-below-the-knee tunic, of green chiffon, is extended to a generous width by a hoop and this is edged with deep green silk fringe. This buoyant certainly makes it look like a lamp—thus it derives its name, the Alladin costume. The bodice, of yellow over green, is simply trimmed around the low V-neck, and on the flowing sleeves with skunk. But this costume is not complete without a coiffure bandeau of purple crepe and yellow bird of paradise, and also Turkish slippers of purple.

Several of the great Parisian dress-makers are using many stencil bordered chiffons, with the patterns outlined in tiny crystal beads. The effect is both luxurious and artistic, as it looks as though the material is embroidered and applied. These borders, which edge the tunics and overskirts, are also draped in fichu and surplice effects on the bodices.

Although this is to be a season of brilliant and dainty colour evening gowns the all-black costume cannot be deprived of its usual popularity. Whether it is of crepe de chine, crepe meteor or satin—every woman should possess at least one black evening gown. Jet, of course, is the favourite and most desirable trimming for these gowns.

Again, the black-and-white gown is to be much in vogue. It matters not whether it may be a gown of fine white Brussels net over black velvet, trimmed with wide antique gold lace, or a dainty chiffon costume of black over white—as it is certain to be charming and effective. A touch of bright colour is generally added by a corsage bouquet. This season corsage flowers are tremendous—some of the roses measure at least nine inches in diameter. These huge flowers are generally made of silk or satin when the gown has a girdle of the same colour.

Gold and silver thread cloths, as well as brocaded velours, satins and chiffons, are among the most luxurious materials.



A PRETTY COIFFURE

showing a combination of Greek and Mediaeval styles.

curiously charming. Paris is particularly keen about the flowing sleeve that extends just a little below the elbow, and to emphasize this large bell-like end of the sleeve, they generally edge it with fur, or heavy Oriental embroidery. As there is scarcely an evening gown that is not partially composed of chiffon or fine net, the majority of sleeves are designed with clever touches that are only possible with such dainty materials. Although some of these sleeves are quite large, they do not look so, as the net or chiffon is closely shirred around the top and just below the elbow—this latter shirring is either corded, or finished with a band of crystal or coloured beads to match the trimming on the gown. Another clever style has small hoops around the elbow, but the chiffon is gathered in directly below the elbow. And although these sleeves look like balloons, they are fascinating.

The decollete line is not changed as the woman of good taste knows that a fairly low decollete is lovely, providing it is perfectly modest. As the dainty fichu and the surplice drapings both give soft and graceful lines to a bodice; Fashion heartily approves of them. With few exceptions, I am sure that women will consider the new gowns the prettiest that have ever been created.

Yes, the materials of which many of the gowns are fashioned, are almost fairy-like in their daintiness. And satin charmeuse or crepe meteor is the foundation of nearly every evening gown



This pretty evening frock selected for illustration is made over a foundation of white satin. There falls a tunic of emerald green ninon, the bodice being a clever commingling of white ninon and bead embroidery, the green being introduced in a folded belt arrangement of most effective character.



SIMPLE EVENING GOWN

of coral pink charmeuse, lace and broad satin ribbon, veiled with pink pinon.

THE IDEAL CORSET

Women long ago discarded the old stiff corset, which disfigured rather than enhanced, for



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Fashion Notes from Paris.

(By a Parisian Expert).

PARIS, January, 1912.

Balls and receptions will, this month, have a much more brilliant appearance than for some years past. Colour is more lavishly used, and for variety of hue and shade, the materials of the season have never been surpassed.

A very attractive dancing dress in cerise satin has a slim, straight skirt, edged at the hem with a narrow bordering of skunk, and partly veiled by a transparent tunic of ninon-de-soie, chosen in a paler shade of pink, and elaborately embroidered with small white porcelain beads. The front of the bodice and the short sleeves are embroidered to correspond, while the décolletage is becomingly outlined with fur. A shoulder scarf to match has been especially provided for wearing with this gown, according to a pretty fashion which bids fair to become very popular later in the season. The scarf in question is carried out in shaded chiffon, pale pink in the centre, but deep cerise at either end, where the scarf is adorned with white porcelain bead embroideries.

Another charming little frock to be worn at a forthcoming ball is of white ninon-de-soie over white satin, interlined with diamond dew-drop net. The draperies in net and ninon are lightly drawn together into a deep hem of white satin, along the top of which there are trails and clusters of tiny roses, rosebuds and foliage, carried out in white satin, and silver tissue. Small garlands of the same white and silken flowers form a charming berthe while the fullness of the short-waisted bodice is drawn down under a broad sash ribbon, printed with chine flowers in soft shades of pink and mauve, blue and green, and finished at the back with long floating ends.

A pretty little dance frock will be found illustrated. This is arranged with a foundation of silver tissue veiled with dove-grey net. The short-waisted bodice which is cut en-pointe, is most becomingly arranged, and is trimmed with a silver metal lace worked in satin flowers, and incrustated with tiny seed pearls. The same handsome garniture forms an interesting feature of the skirt.

A commendable feature of the present styles in tailored suits is the use of the belt, partially or entirely encircling the waist of the coat, for by virtue of the great vogue of this erstwhile minor accessory, it is quite possible to bring up-to-date the tailor made of yesteryear. But it must be a belt of the straight, stiff variety, calculated to make a straight line, and should consequently be of leather or firm kid, albeit decorated

with handsome clasps, and often combined with velvet, moire, satin, or what ever silken material may trim the suit. The belt is worn in various ways. Sometimes it goes about the waist precisely as the belt of a shooting suit would do, again, it merely crosses the back of the coat, thus taking up the looseness at

quite youthful matrons, if she is only careful in her choice of colours. The woman no longer young should, however, be most conservative choosing soft greys or black, or gentle violets, for her evening colours, and selecting her materials for day-use always with an eye to the same quiet effect, and spending her money more for handsome quality of material, than for texture which is merely the latest caprice.

The trained skirts, or those which fall slightly upon the floor and are topped by a gracefully hanging tunic, are also the privilege of these ladies, such skirts, being part of reception or evening gowns in pale cloths, crepe, meteor, veiling, etc. But with any evening dress unless the lady is going to a ball, and has a fine neck and arms to boot, it is more usual for the bodice to be made with a fine lace stock and long sleeves of the same, than to be low cut. And when there is a slight décolletage with a house gown, such as a middle-aged matron would wear at her own dinner-table or reception, the stylish woman provides herself with one of the narrow scarfs which are so charming for house wear, and keeps her shoulders and part of her throat well draped with it.

The street skirt of the woman no longer young all but touches the ground;

fore, for the beauty and adornment of long evening cloaks in chiffon in velvet and in brocade, as well as for the trimming of other wraps that are made entirely of fur. On some of the handsomest evening cloaks, for example, in ermine, there are large square sailor collars of Venetian lace lined with chiffon, while round the hem very broad flounces of the same beautiful dentelle are placed. In the case of trimmings for blouses, and also for the adornment of lingerie, there is a great demand for beautiful Cluny and Maltese laces.

Hem-stitched pleated frills of bastiste or lawn are often introduced upon silk blouses, finishing the top of a high-tucked collar, falling over the bands, and running doubly or singly down the front. Handsome blouses of crepe-de-chine charmeuse, hand-embroidered in self-colours, and without other trimming, having some note of white or cream at the throat, are being turned out by some of the exclusive blouse-makers, and are extremely elegant without being too ornate for general use.

Women in Business.

The invasion of women into American business life is apparently gaining force every year. During the lunch hour in the business section of New York one sees almost as many women and girls as men (writes the correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph"), and even in the stock market here, which many strong men are shy about entering too deeply, has given way before the feminine invasion. There are many brokerage houses in Wall-street, which, for some time, have provided special rooms, "tickers," etc. for lady customers, but they have not been very popular, women, for some reason, preferring the regular rooms set aside for stock-market speculators. Now the reason for the unpopularity of the special ladies' room has come to light, continues this writer, and a Stock Exchange firm has remedied the trouble by adding to its various departments a nursery. As one member of the firm pointed out, even women who speculate may have babies, and it remained for members of this particular firm to recognise the fact. So in reopening the customers' room for women this year it adopted the motto, "Bring your babies and your sewing." Every day several youngsters, ranging in age from six months to six years, are seen playing near the "stock-ticker," around which the mothers are observing the market prices movements. It has been suggested that the firm will provide cots, so that the youngest generation may sleep while speculation goes on.



that point, and allowing the front forms to fall straight from the shoulders, or the ends are woven through straps set upon under arm sleeves, and then joined directly in front.

Such styles as may be called youthfully skittish, are naturally unsuitable to the woman between thirty-five and forty-five; but she may wear any of the dignified models which are put forth for

her coat too, is preferably long, and her headgear is a toque, for giddy brim hats on a greying head, or over a lined face, only add to the look of age.

So far as the revived interest in lace is concerned, it is pleasant to find that there is a strong feeling in favour of "Old" Italian, Flemish, Duchesse, and Bruges laces, while the Honiton, Brussels, and Venetian are all well to the

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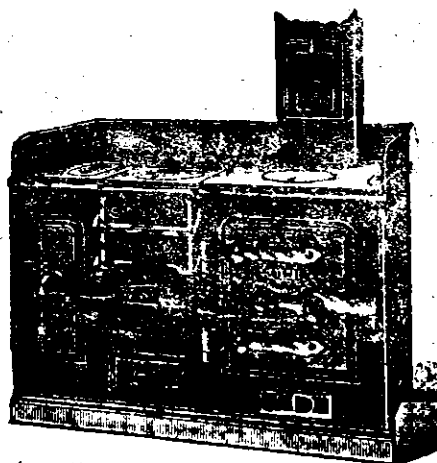
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The PEERLESS, The RECORD, The UNIQUE.



Verse Old and New.

Robert W. Chambers.

HAMBERS, Chambers, Robert W.
Won't your conscience ever
trouble you?
Though you make a magnate's
salary

Out of yarns like that of Valerie,
Out of tales with plots erotic,
High-born heroes, rude, despotical,
Stagey speeches full of gushiness,
Kissy-kissy mushy mushiness—
Though a huge success your thought to
be.

Are you really what you ought to be?

Robert, Robert, come be sensible!
Trash from you is indefensible.
Life you've seen, and thought a bit of it;
Treat of that and make a hit of it!
Spurn your tainted Aristocracy.
Give your youngsters clean democracy.
You can write so well in every way,
Folk are bound to read you anyway.
Drop this mamby-pamby quackery;
Shake yourself and be a Thackeray!

Arthur Guiterman.

Bandits.

In wild and bloody days of old,
When murder ruled the land,
The bandits all were brave and bold
And slew with ruthless hand.

The helpless traveller they found
Upon a lonely road
They deftly swatted to the ground
And eased him of his load.

The weak, the strong, the old, the
young
Were forced to pay the toll;
Whoever came their way was stung
And parted with his roll.

Whoever came their way was stung
And parted with his roll.

The bandit has no gun to-day,
Nor does he stoop to stab;
He has a more effective way—
He drives a taxi-cab.
Milwaukee Sentinel.

At Olympia.

The fanes of Zeus and Hera spell decay;
Of those who worshipped here there is
no trace

Save, mute within the valley's wide
embrace,
Symbols that show how Glory passed
away.

Where once she dazzled with her morning
ray
These broken columns, mighty in
disgrace.

Attest; for they like phantoms haunt
the place
And glean no little wonder for the day.
And yet why mourn? Why marvel that
no more

The altar smokes? The sun holds no
regrets;
The sea hold none! the mountains
were no chains;

Still Apheus smiles onward as of yore;
And lo! the air is sweet with violets.
Gods come and go; Nature alone
remains.

—C. G. Blanden, in Chicago Post

Peacocks.

In gorgeous plumage, azure, gold and
green,
They frample the pale flowers, and their
shrill cry

Troubles the garden's bright tranquility!
Proud Birds of Beauty, splendid and
serene

Spreading their brilliant fans, screen
after screen
Of burnished sapphire, gemmed with
mimic suns—

Strange magic eyes, that, so the legend
runs
Will bring misfortune to this fair de-
mesne.

And my gay youth, that, vain and de-
bonair,
Sits in the sunshine—tired at last of
play

(A child, that finds the morning all too
long),
Tempto with its beauty that disastrous
day
When in the gathering darkness of de-
pair
Death shall strike dumb the laughing
mouth of song.

—From "The Inn of Dreams," by Olive
Custance (Lady Alfred Douglas.)

Guarded.

Once, long ago, a little one of mine
Would take my hand and look into
my face,
As if she magically might divine
My tempted heart, my imminent dis-
grace;

And by that hand-clasp and that wat-
er-ful look
Would lead me safe into the better
world.

Her faith so perfect that I could not
brook
The thought of aught to waken her
dismay.

That little one, has vanished; o'er her
head
Blow summer blooms, and on her
stone you read

The simple story of the life she led,
Joyous in semblance, innocent in deed.

But even yet, across the dim of years—
How many!—comes in the old plead-
ing guise,
To keep me clean from all that soils
and sears,
The Christ-like candor of those early
eyes.

—Richard Burton, in Harper's Maga-
zine.

The Light Heart.

Vibrations sweet as from a plectrum
fall
Upon a world that gathers store with
loss—

A world no longer visible and gross,
Loud with the unseen owl's hallooing
call

From far-down frontiers, to take the
ear.
We see the mighty heart of Heaven
bare;

Untraceable in gliding through the air
The earth-embracing moon looks full
and clear.
Leading on night distinct with many a
star,
Unhooding our dull eyes, until they see
Bright shoots of light out of infinity,
Phantasms divine, shadows of things
that are.

If in the inviolable sky we spell
No letter of a message; if we see
Of all the noble shows of nights and
days

None of us, or our hopes designed, 'tis
pays
The expense of duller being here. Wt
matter
This mortal earth that scatters a
decays.

If we have tasted this? If we be sh
As the perfected olive to her bed
As worshipping the creature that beg
her.

—From "Poems," by Miss M. Jourdain

In the Cloth-Mill.

In the dark high-raftered room
Sits the weaver at his loom;
Now to right, and now to left
Speeds the shuttle through the web.

Like a bird across the sky
Back and forth he makes it fly.
Or like mouse when all are sleeping
See it through the threads come
creeping.

Then, as though affrighted, dive,
Till you think it thing alive!

Music here the weaver makes.
When the great loom throbs and shakes,
When his hand and foot shall beat
Quick-step march for soldiers' feet;

Or a song for shepherd lads,
While he weaves their chequered plaids.
Till the loom with one voice speaking
Sets each beam and rafter creaking.
Till the song of warp and woof
Rises rocking to the roof.

Swifter till the web be done,
Singing all the way you run,
Fly shuttle, faster fly,
Weave the ragged fleece!

—From "Poems," by Marna Pease.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE

Dickens and Irish Humour.

HERE is no man who loves a
good story better than Canon
Tegumouth-Shore, the King's
Chaplain, and in "Some Re-
collections" he tells one or two
good stories of the Emerald Isle. Here,
for instance, is a typical Irish bull. A
landlord had been shot at, and the magis-
trate sent for the surgeon who had
examined the patient.

"Well, doctor, can you tell us how
many wounds the unfortunate gentle-
man has received?" inquired the magis-
trate.

"Three, your worship."

"Any of them fatal?"

"Well, your worship, one of them is
fatal, but he may recover of the other
two if he remains quiet for a fort-
night."

The Canon mentions the fact that
Dickens once remarked that he could not
in the least appreciate, nor sometimes
even understand Irish humour. This
was illustrated when someone told the
following anecdote when Dickens was
present.

There was a countryman near Belfast
who desired to learn the violin, and,
hearing of a good teacher in that city,
he called to see him. The professor ex-
plained that his terms were 5/ an hour
for the first month and 2/6 an hour for
the second month, on which the in-
quirer said:—

"Well, then, I'll come to you for the
second month."

"Those present laughed," says the
Canon, "but Dickens took it quite se-
riously, and proceeded to argue that the
professor must surely have meant that
the two months should be taken con-
secutively!"

"Another story told the same evening,
which did not appeal to the sense of

humour of the very distinguished guest,
was this:—

"An Irishman desired to have a new
barrel made of the same size as one
which had been worn out, and he told
his servant to cut the bung-hole out of
the old cask and take it to the cooper
and order him to make a barrel to fit
that bung-hole exactly!"

Looking Backward.

Nobody ever mentions it since they
have come into money, but at one time
there were scoffing spirits in the neigh-
bourhood who had been known to aver
that at one time old Wellerby had
driven a bus. If that had been so
young Wellerby had managed very suc-
cessfully to banish the memory of those
dreadful days from his mind. There was
a reception at Wellerby House one
day recently, and the young heir to the
broad domains was observed to be
ostentatiously showing off the family
seal. It represented St. George and the
Dragon. "One of my ancestors, you
know," he observed pompously, "is
said to have killed the Dragon." "Good
gracious!" said a guest near by. "How
did he manage it? I suppose he didn't—
er—run over it, did he?"

Can't Be Too Careful.

"I want," explained the advertising
man—"I want a picture that has the
idea of speed in it—real speed. I want
it to go at a regular marathon. But it's
got to be new."

"Yes, I see," said the artist, picking
up a pencil. "How about Mercury?
Something like this."

He sketched rapidly the figure of the
messenger of Olympus, winged sandals,
winged cap, symbolical staff and all. The

advertising man looked it over approv-
ingly.

"Seems all right," he commented
"But what does it mean? Who's Mer-
cury?"

"Oh, Mercury? He was the speediest
thing that ever lived," the artist de-
clared. "Mercury was the god of speed
you know."

But the advertising manager gave one
long regretful look at the sketch and
shook his head.

"Too bad," he murmured sadly. "Too
bad; I like its looks, but it won't do.
It won't do, young man. We can't get
mixed up with any one's religion like
that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Gentler Sex.

Here is a little scheme which a wife
tried on a good—but rather tight—
husband when she wanted a particular
something for Christmas. One night,
when he was comfortably seated after
dinner smoking his pipe, she brought out
a bundle of papers and said she had
hesitated for a long time whether or not

to read some letters she had received.
He pricked up his ears, seemed interested,
and she took the rubber band from the
package, telling him he must promise
not to ask who the writer was until she
had finished, and then not to go gunning
for her correspondent. He promised and
she began to read:

"My own darling," she began, "I think
of you all day and dream of you at night.
Wherever I go you are with me, and I
live for you alone. The other night
when I discovered that you loved me—
At this point her husband's pipe went
out and he sat up very straight.

"What?" he said, rising with a red
face, "who, the—?"

"Now," said his wife, "you promised to
wait until the end—to be quiet until I
had finished."

"But—" said her husband.

She continued to read, "Your eyes are
my sun, your mouth is the mouth of
dreams, your lips—"

"Well I'll be—" said her husband
furiously.

"I dream of a day when you'll be
mine and mine alone," read on his wife,
calmly, "and I long for the day when I
can call you—"

"Stop that!" shrieked the irate hus-
band. "Who wrote that rot? Just let
me get my hands on him!"

"You've got your hands on him now,
dear," said his wife, sweetly; "you wrote
these letters when we were engaged."

He sat down and lighted his pipe.
"What did you say you wanted for
Christmas?" he asked.—St Paul Dis-
patch.

Loved Venice.

A young lady who had returned from
a tour through Italy with her father
informed a friend that he liked all the
Italian cities, but most of all he loved
Venice. "Ah, Venice, to be sure!" said
the friend. "I can readily understand
that your father would like Venice,
with its gondolas, and St. Mark, and
Michelangelo's." "Oh, no," the young
lady interrupted, "it wasn't that. He
liked it because he could sit in the
hotel and look from the window."



"Dear me, how could they wear such heavy
things."



"I'm as miserable as a dog. I think I shall shoot myself."
 "Don't do that."
 "Then lend me ten bob."
 "I think you had better stick to your original intention!"

MODERN EDUCATION.

Knecker: Is Jones well educated?
 Bocker: He can read a speedometer and write a cheque.



AT THE SKINFLINT'S BOARDING HOUSE.

Hostess: "How do you find the meat, Mr. Jones?"
 Jones: "Only by the greatest perseverance!"

SO ANNOYING.

Mrs. Eeru: Although I have been to school and college and am supposed to be educated, I always mix up those two countries—Rocco and Morocco.

A HINT.

Staylate (at 11.30 p.m.): If there is anything I dislike it's catching trains.
 Miss Keen: I notice you keep putting it off.

ALSO RAN.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Smith told us, "my husband is an enthusiastic archaeologist. And I never knew it till yesterday. I found in his desk some queer-looking tickets with the inscription, 'Sphinx 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were he explained to me they were relics of a lost race. Isn't it interesting?"

B-R-R-I-N-G

Willie's Mother: You young scamp What are you up to now?
 Willie: Oh, mamma, my foot went sound asleep and I'm trying to wake it up

REALISTIC.

First Little Suffragette.—Don't you want a dolly that talks?
 Second Little Suffragette.—No, I want one that breaks windows.



THE JUNGLE TOILETTE.

Wash basin, water supply, and towel rack.

PAPA'S JOB.

"What is Billy Hardatis doing these days?" asked Smithers.
 "Oh, he's working his son's way through college," said little Binka.

INCENTIVE.

"Now, I want something in your happiest vein," said the editor.
 "Better pay in advance, then," declared the poet.



DOES PRACTICE ALWAYS MAKE PERFECT?

QUICK CHANGE.

Mr. Hiram Daly (at dinner): Tell Bridget this steak isn't done enough.
 Mrs. Hiram Daly: Bridget! My dear, you are three cooks behind—her name is Maggie.

INTEREST.

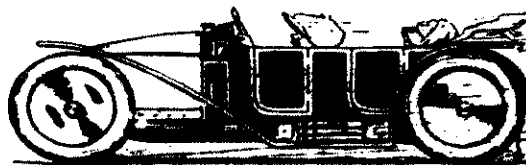
Mrs. Willis.—Then you've really got little Willie interested in religion?
 Mrs. Gillis.—Yes; he's in the next room now making out an All-Saints Eleven.

TWO FACTORS.

Willis.—I've got to cut out this high life while my wife is away.
 Gillis.—What's the trouble now?
 Willis.—The pace and the neighbours are beginning to talk.

HER TOPIC.

Uncle Jack, who was visiting them for the Christmas holidays and was from the West, wished to talk to Elizabeth's father at his office. He could not find the telephone directory, and thus appealed to three-year-old Elizabeth for information regarding the phone number: "Elizabeth, what does mother ask for when she talks to daddy at his office?" he inquired.
 Elizabeth was wise for her class. "Money," she replied.



THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Used Speed 10 miles an hour
 "Now, do be careful, Fred. You're across the top."

1912—Speed 60 miles an hour
 "What's the matter, John? Can't you go a little faster?"