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The Week in Review.

The Waihi Strike.

THE strike at Waihi shows that the Federation of Labour is bent on coercing the workers as well as the employers. It seems that there was a difference of opinion amongst the workers as to the merits of the new unionism. The engine-drivers and winders, content with the old methods, had formed a union under the Arbitration Act, while the miners had affiliated their union to the Federation of Labour. In order to compel the drivers and winders to come into the Federation, the leaders called a strike of the miners, and work had to be stopped at the mine. It will be noticed that the strike involved no dispute whatever with the mining companies, save that the Waihi Company is charged with employing non-unionists on the field. It was simply an attempt to force a body of workers to do that of which they disapproved. The weapon of the strike devised for use against the employers is to be used against the workers also, unless they subscribe to the policy of the Federation. The more peaceable and conciliatory worker is to be forced to side with those who are followers of syndicalism. This is tyranny of the worst kind.

Syndicalism.

The tactics pursued by the Federation go to show how little individual liberty would remain to us if ever the syndicalists have their way. The object of syndicalism is to break up the present state of society, and substitute what is called collective ownership. Mr. Upton Sinclair, the author of "The Jungle," may be taken as a fair representative of the advocates of this new movement. He considers that Parliamentary institutions have broken down, and that they are too complex and too completely in the grip of "the exploiting class." He looks upon compulsory arbitration as a device of capitalists to prevent the workers from striking. He defines syndicalism as the banding together of all the workers to produce one big massed strike, which he says would mean an insurrection, and to forcibly seize all industries and run them themselves. The only alternative that he can propose is for the Government to take the industries and run them for the public service. He predicts that this will take place in about five years' time. In other words, there is to be no more private ownership, but the owners of industries are to be forcibly despoiled of their property in the supposed interests of the workers.

How Socialists Would Deal With Strikes.

In all this there is no delusion. Mr. Sinclair frankly admits that there is to be no tinkering with higher wages or shorter hours. There is to be no attempt to deal with industrial matters by legislation. He has no faith in Labour members or in legal remedies. He does not think that the workers of to-day are one whit better off than they were fifty years ago, despite the numerous legislative measures passed for their benefit. The cost of living goes up with every rise in wages, and the lot of the worker remains the same. Curiously enough, Mr. Sinclair has a certain amount of regard for the Tories. He looks upon Mr. Asquith's Government as dishonest and untrustworthy. On the

other hand, he gives the Tories credit for honesty of purpose. In speaking of the debate on the minimum wage, he said that to him, as a revolutionist, the Tories seemed to be the only ones who saw the truth of the thing and who dared to say the truth. When asked by a too inquisitive reporter how the Socialists would deal with a strike under collective ownership, he fenced with the question for a long time, and at last replied that strikers would be promptly suppressed. But he explained that under Socialism everybody would be so perfect that no stress of human nature or abnormality would act upon them or their behaviour. Human nature is to be transformed by collective ownership. If not transformed, it is to be suppressed. It is probable that a good many people will be suppressed.

Under Two Flags.

Miss Malecka is in the curious position of not knowing to what nationality she belongs. She was born in England, her father being a Russian by birth, but naturalised as a British subject. The law officers of the Crown have decided that she is a British subject in the eyes of the British law, but a Russian subject in the eyes of the Russian law. Consequently in England she is treated as a British subject, and in Russia she is treated as a Russian subject. The question possesses more than an academic interest for Miss Malecka herself, as she has been arrested on the charge of belonging to a revolutionary association, and has been sentenced to four years imprisonment. The "Daily Chronicle" insists that Great Britain ought to recognise the naturalisation papers granted to her father, and also her passport, and that steps should be taken to secure her release. Other papers contend that as Mr. Malecka had omitted to get his naturalisation recognised by the Russian Government he remained a Russian subject as far as Russia was concerned. While the matter is being thrashed out, Miss Malecka is languishing in the cells at Warsaw. It is probable that her four years will have expired long before the vexed question of her nationality has been settled.

A Cheap Drink.

At an inquest held in Christchurch, touching the death of a married woman who was found dead in an outhouse, it was elicited that the deceased and her husband had been in the habit of drinking methylated spirits. The excuse offered by the husband was that methylated spirits was cheap, and it would appear, from remarks made by the coroner, that numberless cases have cropped up recently of people using this form of drink. Dr. Irving said that the constant drinking of methylated spirits made people mad. It also set up degeneration of the organs. The ease with which these spirits can be obtained, and the cheapness of them, render them an extremely dangerous form of alcohol. Mr. H. W. Bishop, the magistrate at Christchurch, said that scarcely a week passed without some degenerate appearing before him bearing unmistakable signs of being a victim to the habit, which seemed to be acquired easily, and had disastrous physical and mental effects. This statement was confirmed by a police officer and a chemist, the latter stating that many people tried to purchase the spirit on Sunday, obviously intending to use it to satisfy a craving

for alcohol. Prohibited persons were also known to consume it in quantities, along with other substitutes for alcohol. It has been suggested that steps should be taken to restrict the sale. This would not be altogether easy, seeing that the spirit is used for so many household purposes. Far better is the proposal that some liquid should be added that would make methylated spirits quite undrinkable. This would restrict the use to legitimate purposes. It is quite clear that something ought to be done to prevent the use of the spirit as an intoxicant.

The Motor Bandit.

France has produced yet another sensational encounter with bandits. It will be remembered that Paris has been terrorised of late by gangs of robbers who have made use of motor cars for the purposes of robbery and escape. One of the leaders of this gang was a man named Garnier, who for long defied all the efforts of the police to capture him. At last he and his valet and two women were tracked to a house at Noguet-sur-Marne, six miles from Paris. Here a siege was at once commenced and a huge crowd assembled. A sharp fusillade was exchanged, and after a short interval the valet came out of the house and surrendered. But Garnier and the two women maintained a stubborn defence and fired several shots from the villa. One of the detectives was seriously injured by a shot in the stomach, and two other officers were less seriously injured. The building was then assailed by means of stones hurled from a railway viaduct, and the roof of the house was crushed in. Several bombs were also exploded against the building, but the defenders still held out. Meanwhile a force of zouaves, at various points round the house, kept up a hot fire to which the bandits replied.

A Sharp Fight.

The fight between the three bandits, two of whom were women, and the two thousand troops lasted for seven hours, and was only terminated by the explosion of a melinite bomb against the house, and the carrying of the place by assault. The police found Garnier dead, the valet died on his way to Paris, one woman surrendered, and the fate of the other woman is unknown. There is an old saying to the effect that one man on the defence in a house is worth ten men attacking, but from recent experiences in France and America it would seem that one man in a house is worth a thousand outside it. That it should

take two thousand police and trained troops to dislodge three persons seems almost incredible, and goes to show the enormous advantage possessed by the defence. The story of the Kelly gang pales into insignificance before the story of the motor bandits in France and the outlaws in Virginia.

Australia's Peril.

Put in round numbers Australia has an area twice the size of China. China has a population of 300 to the square mile; Australia has one and a-half to the square mile. In two years the population of China increased by five millions; in five years the population of Australia increased by four hundred thousand. The population of China is more than two hundred times as great as that of Australia, though Australia is twice as large as China. Every year China adds to its population a number equal to half the entire population of the Commonwealth. In these facts lies the real meaning of the Yellow Peril. Australia has vast tracts of unoccupied territory, and the increase of population is small. To begin with, the birthrate is unusually low. The last census revealed the fact that the natural increase of Australia's population is tragically slow. Then again, many labour leaders object to any large scheme of immigration. They fondly imagine that the more workers there are the less work there will be, whereas the contrary is the case, as every increase in population means an increase of work. And the fact remains that unless the population of Australia shows a decided increase there will be a distinct danger of invasion by a foreign foe.

Which Is It to Be?

For its own protection it is absolutely necessary that Australia should bestir itself in the matter of increasing its population. The East is getting uncomfortably crowded, and it will soon be necessary for both the Chinese and the Japanese to seek new outlets for their surplus population. The very lowest number of men required to defend Australia may be put at double the present number. That means that Australia requires a population of ten millions. It does not seem at all likely that the birthrate will show any material advance for some time to come, if ever. Some attribute this state of affairs to the prevailing economic conditions; others attribute it to the growing luxury and selfishness of the people. The only real remedy seems to lie in a policy of immigration. And now is the time. As soon as the British Government establish

IN THIS ISSUE.

The Week in Review.....	1	In the Public Eye.....	26
A Famous Soldier.....	2	Karakas Bay, Wellington.....	27
Sayings of the Week.....	3	Auckland Society of Arts.....	25
News of the Dominion.....	4	Open-air School in London.....	29
Personal Notes.....	5	Labour War in Walla.....	10
Soldiers in the Making.....	7	In the Buller Gorge.....	31
On the Gulf Links.....	8	A Picturesque English Village.....	32
Boxing.....	10	West Africa Evolving.....	33
The Chess Board.....	11	A Mania for Building.....	83
Turf Gossip.....	12	Life in the Garden.....	85
Music and Drama.....	13	No Trump (short story).....	42
Hints to Shoppers.....	16	The Bookshelf.....	44
Our Illustrations.....	18	The "Hoodlum" Yacht.....	47
ILLUSTRATIONS—		One of the Old Girls (short story).....	51
Chief Scout Visits New Zealand.....	17	Caroline (short story).....	52
Wellington Shipping Scenes.....	14	Life and Love Agala (N.Z. story).....	55
Christchurch Holiday Resorts.....	13	Children's Page.....	57
Fatal Accident in Hineweka Bay.....	20	Academic Housekeeping.....	60
Wanganui's New Convent.....	21	Orange Blossoms.....	61
Golf at Otahuhu.....	22	Society Gossip.....	62
Anchore on the Coast of Corowall.....	23	The World of Fashion.....	69
Chinese Gambling Den Raided.....	24	Verae and Anecdotes.....	71
Auckland Society of Arts.....	25	Our Funny Page.....	73

Free Trade there will be much more employment to be found in the British Isles, and there will be fewer people seeking to emigrate. In the opinion of many able to judge, the introduction of some measure of tariff reform into Great Britain is only a question of a few years at most. Mr. Asquith's Government shows signs already of breaking up, and as soon as the Unionists get into office fiscal reform will be the first item on their programme. Australia is faced with one of the gravest programmes possible. Her vast unoccupied spaces must be populated. If they are not populated with white men they will most assuredly be populated by the yellow races. Which is it to be?

The Late King of Denmark.

The death of the King of Denmark removes from our midst one of the most democratic monarchs of modern times. From his student days he insisted on sharing the everyday life of his people. When at the university in Copenhagen he lived in student's lodgings, and had no privileges beyond those enjoyed by other students. He began his military training in a similar manner. He was a simple private in the ranks, and shared the coarse rations of the ordinary soldier. He was subsequently promoted to the rank of sergeant. He waited long before he ascended the throne. He saw a younger brother and a son become full-fledged monarchs while he was just an ordinary Crown Prince. He was a fine man physically and mentally. He was always at the head of any philanthropic movement, and to the last remained attached to the simple life.

Like Comic Opera.

A curious position was revealed in the course of an appeal case that came before Mr. Justice Cooper relating to defence prosecutions. Two young men had been proceeded against by the Defence Department for failure to attend the recent Garrison Artillery Camp. The magistrate had dismissed the case on two grounds: First, that no offence was committed until the end of the year of training; secondly, that the defendants ought to have been proceeded against under martial law. It was argued that this decision meant that anyone could choose what camp he would attend, and so it might happen that all the officers might attend one camp and all the men another. Also, the artillery might attend a cavalry camp and the cavalry an artillery camp. It was further contended that a man who had never attended a camp was still a private citizen, and so could not be amenable to martial law. Mr. Justice Cooper said that the case had been very well argued, but the position as it had been represented seemed very much like comic opera. There is no doubt that such a position would render the Act to a large extent inoperative.

The Toll of the Air.

Aviation still claims its victims, in spite of the fact that we are repeatedly being told that modern science has rendered aerial navigation comparatively safe. At St. Louis, Missouri, an aviator named Wheeler, and his companion, named Glasser, were both killed during a flight in an aeroplane. The machine became unmanageable in the gusty wind, and, dashing into a telegraph pole, became entangled in the wires. Another aviator named Rogers was killed through a seagull obtaining control of a wire during the flight, and thus preventing Rogers from working the machine. At Brooklands two aviators were killed by the fall of the monoplane. In spite of the many improvements effected lately, the list of victims shows no signs of diminution. We are still a long way distant from the conquest of the air.

The Local Government Bill.

The proposed Local Government Bill has been pretty severely criticised in many quarters, but one of its most uncompromising critics is Dr. Newman, of Wellington. He says that the more he studies the bill the more he wants to murder it. He contends that the bill creates a dual control, and that there will be two bodies with power to raise loans and to levy rates. People are not fond of rates under any conditions, but the prospect of paying rates to two separate bodies is particularly calculated to raise the ire of the average citizen. The doctor points out that in the early days there were nine provincial councils,

and the people soon got rid of them. The bill proposed to create twenty-four provincial councils, which would be far worse than nine. The doctor goes on to point out that the new councils will prove expensive, and that there will in all probability be a decided increase in the rates. The clause in the bill that has provoked the most adverse comment is the proposal to place part of the cost of education on the local rates. It seems to me pretty generally admitted that the cost of education ought to be borne by the State. There has been considerable opposition to the bill from nearly every part of the Dominion, and it seems probable that considerable modifications will be necessary if the bill is to become law.

Mr. Asquith and Disestablishment.

It would appear that Mr. Asquith is not finding the question of the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church so easy as might have been expected. It was generally regarded as a concession to certain of his followers in return for their support of Home Rule. Most people seemed to think that it was a harmless concession, unlikely to arouse either much enthusiasm or much opposition. But the proposal to devote the revenue of the church to purely secular purposes has been resented in the most unexpected quarters. Twelve Labour members have protested against the bill on the ground of injustice. Mr. Keir Hardie has done an ill-service by proclaiming that if the Government can take away the revenue of the Church it can no longer protest against the proposal of the Socialists to take away the property of private individuals. He says that he will support the bill as being a first step towards the abolition of private ownership in land. Nor are the Nonconformists altogether pleased. More than one minister has pointed out that to devote the revenue of the Church to secular purposes is to strike a blow at religious influences at a time when we can ill-afford to weaken any spiritual force. The "Manchester Guardian" says that there is already considerable uneasiness in the ranks of Liberalism, and that outside the Welsh members, there is hardly a single member of the Liberal party who has not a strong desire to substantially amend the bill. It is the proposal to divert the revenue to purely secular purposes that forms the chief stumbling block. Mr. Asquith has promised to make substantial concessions in committee.

The Naval Estimates.

When Mr. Winston Churchill succeeded Mr. McKenna at the Admiralty the appointment was pretty freely criticised. His critics have received a surprise. He has proved himself to be a strong and resolute supporter of naval strength. Speaking in the House of Commons, he said, in view of Germany's extra naval expenditure having created the condition foreseen by him in his recent speech, he would ask for a supplementary vote for shipbuilding. Subsequently speaking at the banquet of the Shipwrights' Company, he said it was his duty to again ask Parliament for men, money and materials for the navy. He pointed out that it was essential that the fleet should be concentrated at a decisive spot in European waters. One of the most interesting points in Mr. Churchill's speech was his declaration that the main development of the next ten years would be the growth of an effective overseas force. The Motherland would maintain the supremacy at a decisive point, while the daughter States guarded and patrolled the rest of the Empire.

Women and Strikes.

A single man can enter on a strike with a light heart, but the case of a married man is very different. The married man is not able to move to other work as easily as a single man, and also the strike pay is often totally inadequate for the needs of a man with a wife and family to support. For this reason it seems only fair that the wives should have some say in the matter of a strike. We note that the strike leaders at Waikiki intend giving lectures to the wives and daughters of the men on strike on the manifold advantages to be obtained by a strike. We hope they may succeed in their efforts. It would greatly help the cause of industrial peace if, whenever the men went on strike, the women also took a hand in the game, and refused to cook, or wash, or sew, or mind the house, till the men returned to work. If a strike

A Famous Soldier

LIEUT-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL

Founder of the Boy Scout Movement, Visits Auckland Next Week

A VERY distinguished visitor to Auckland next week will be Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., well remembered as the guiding spirit in the gallant defence of Mafeking, and almost as well known since as the founder of the Boy-Scout movement. "B.P.," as he was everywhere called by everybody during the Boer War, has had a splendidly-filled service record. Born in 1857—the date of the Indian Mutiny—he may claim to have had Mars as his natal star, and he has certainly spent his life amid wars and the rumours thereof. He first saw active service with the 13th Hussars in India, Afghanistan, and South Africa; and next, after a spell at big-game hunting in India and Africa, took part as a Special Service Officer in the Zulu War of 1888. In the light of later developments it is interesting to notice that he was in this campaign selected to take command of the Zulu Native Scouts. It is not improbable that he added considerably to his knowledge of scouting during this period, since the Zulus are famous for their skill as trackers, and their inherited stock of bush-lore has always been the admiration of kindred spirits amongst the Britishers. After an expedition to Swaziland in the following year, Baden-Powell's next campaign was on the opposite side of the Continent: he was sent on special service to Ashanti under Sir Francis Scott on the occasion of the expedition against King Prempeh. Here he was placed in command of the native levies, whom he organised as scouts, and whom he transformed into first-class fighting material. He has himself chronicled the history of this campaign in his well-known and very readable book, "The Downfall of Prempeh," published the year after the Ashanti War. In 1896-7 it was "the camp and the laager again"—this time in Matabeleland, where he was Chief Staff Officer. His scouting proclivities were again in evidence here, for he contrived to put in some notable scouting work in the Matopo Hills, having with him a no less celebrated Scout than Major Burnham, a boy's hero if ever there was one, who led an extraordinary life full of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Baden-Powell saw India again in the same year, when he was in command of the 5th Dragoon Guards.

From a hunting expedition to Kashmir he was recalled to take part in the greatest campaign of his career, the South African War, in which he was to make his name. On the outbreak of hostilities, he raised and commanded a Colonial Frontier Force for Rhodesia and Bechuanaland, and then took charge of the small force in Mafeking. From the 14th of October, 1899, although surrounded by a greatly superior body of Boers, and in spite of a close investment, of determined assaults, and of starvation rations, he and his plucky little garrison kept the flag flying until the siege was raised by Mahon and Plumer on May 17-18, 1900. It is a far cry now back to the dark days of the Boer War—the days after Methuen had been defeated at Magersfontein, Gatacre at Stormberg, and Buller at Tugela, and Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking were all hard pressed—and we are now-a-days a little inclined to take these things for granted, and to forget the stress and tension of that time. There has certainly been a disposition to depreciate the seriousness of the siege of Mafeking. Doubtless a great deal of hysterical writing there was, with ex-

aggerated accounts of what the garrison had to face; but when all allowances have been made for what appeared in the Press at a time of intense national excitement, the fact still stands out that the defence of Mafeking was one of the brightest and most gallant episodes of the war, and its moral effect was of the highest value. To obtain an idea of how it was regarded by competent authorities, we have to go back twelve years. In the "Times" of the day the siege was raised, a very just estimate of the garrison's work appeared, and in that always well-informed journal we find the following:—"There has been nothing like the defence of Mafeking in modern history. Kars and Lucknow were fine examples of valour, endurance, and resourcefulness, but in each case the means of defence were infinitely greater than those which were at the disposal of Colonel Baden-Powell and his valiant comrades, and the enemy who beleaguered Mafeking were well provided with modern artillery, and were able to make good use of their guns. The defence of Kimberley and the defence of Ladysmith will be recorded among the noblest achievements of the British Army, and the latter at any rate has had a decisive influence on the campaign. But there is a touch of romantic devotion about the defence of Mafeking that gives it a peculiar place in our military history. Perhaps no personage whose name has become prominent in this war is more admired and trusted than Colonel Baden-Powell. No man in our day has done so much with such slender means. None has shown a more unquenchable cheerfulness in the presence of crushing dangers and cruel trials. None has displayed a greater fertility of resource in devising expedients and in turning to the best account the gradually dwindling powers of a half-starved population. It is to the energy of Colonel Baden-Powell that we owe the organisation of the force which was able not only to hold Mafeking, but to keep the Boers back from raiding Bechuanaland. The Protectorate Regiment which was raised by Colonel Baden-Powell and Colonel Plumer has done work which cannot be over-estimated."

So much for Mafeking. It is Baden-Powell's chief claim to our regard, and just how big a claim it is might be realised if we could recall quite how we felt towards him at the time. Supposing he had come to Australasia to lecture twelve years ago instead of to-day, how we would have thronged to see him and to hear him! The achievement is none the less great because of the lapse of twelve years. He has himself, however, been helping us to forget it because he has focussed our eyes upon him in another capacity. That the Boy-Scout movement is a big idea is undeniably; that it will lead to great things in the Imperial sense is the belief and hope of some of the most eminent of our military experts, and upon this subject none speaks with greater authority and none has more belief and hope than the enthusiastic founder. He delivers an address at Auckland next Monday evening.

Freak Soldiers.

Visitors to Russia are no longer regaled with the sight of freak regiments. When Frederick Leveson-Gower went to Moscow in 1856 for the coronation of Alexander II, he noticed "opposite our house, as the procession passed, a regiment called Paulovski, all the men having turned up noses, and therefore resembling him. It seems it was the fashion here to compose regiments of men all having the same features. The late Emperor told recruits off according to their looks. There is one regiment of men all marked with the small-pox. This Paulovski regiment did a thing which amused me. Just before the cortege came up they all blew their noses at the word of command. This was in order that none of them might sneeze when the Emperor passed, as their doing so would bring him bad luck."

holiday is good for the men, so as to enable them to attend free picture shows and athletic sports, a strike holiday would also be good for the women, so as to enable them to pay calls and to take a day or two in the country. At present the men get all the best of the deal, while the woman has to keep house on a greatly diminished income and look after children rendered more than usually peevish by the lack of proper food. If women struck against a strike, we might see fewer strikes in our midst.

Sayings of the Week.

Dominion Finance.

HERE will be a recession in the value of money. As to this Dominion, the piling up of our public debt within the last five years is strongly condemned, and in financial circles the issue of short-dated loans is sharply criticised. Still, it is generally recognised that we have good security to offer, and, if more money be required, we can confidently look to the British public to find it—at, of course, a price.—*Mr. Harold Beauchamp*

Melodrama on the Screen.

In Sydney I visited picture theatres to see the class of films the showmen are exhibiting in Australia. That I have been disappointed in my investigation is to put it mildly. I have seen so much bad melodrama and nonsensical so-called "comic" films, that the feeling left in my mind is that I do not wish to enter a picture theatre in Australia again.—*Mr. H. G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.*

Taupo Trout.

Taupo is the most wonderful place on earth for trout. Two Irishmen who came for a month caught a thousand fish. I caught three tons of trout last year, but did not fish nearly so much this year, and only got about a ton. Believe me, the trout are magnificent this season. I don't see how they can well be otherwise, as the feed brought down by the rivers is wonderfully good.—*Colonel Moore.*

A Tremendous Octopus.

The Auckland Harbour Board, like all big public bodies, promised to become a tremendous octopus. They were loaded with many unfinancial schemes, and if they obtained control of the ferry services the residents of Devonport would be loaded with the other enterprises of the Board.—*Mr. A. G. Quartley, Devonport.*

Maori Names.

It is a singular thing that we give Maori names to places, and very few people learn to pronounce them properly.—*Mr. C. C. Kettle, S.M.*

North of Auckland.

If the people of Auckland knew of the difficulties which the settlers in the North of Auckland had to put up with in lack of transit facilities, they would never rest till the grave existing defects were remedied.—*Mr. A. Cochran, Waitemata County Council.*

Education Charges.

They should set their faces against any proposal to make the charges of education on any other but the consolidated revenue.—*Mr. A. J. Eutrican, Auckland.*

Technical Education.

Generally speaking, the woodwork and cookery classes of the manual training school are much appreciated.—*Mr. George George, Director of Technical Education, Auckland.*

Produce for Canada.

Canada wants Australasian produce, whether it comes from Australia or New Zealand. Australia was undoubtedly losing Canadian trade simply because New Zealand was subsidising Canadian steamers and giving Canadian products preference.—*Mr. Horne, Vancouver Shipping Agent.*

The Hard-working Ministry.

The present Ministry would be known as the hard-working Ministry.—*Hon. G. Lawrence.*

Namby-Famby Idiots.

If a country were worth living in it was worth fighting for, and that being so, it was worth being trained to fight for. As for the namby-famby idiots who objected to be drilled, the sooner they took their traps and left the country for which they were not willing to fight, the better for the country. These young men who refused to go into camp should be driven into camp and made to do double drill. The Minister for Defence had a hard row to hoe, and local bodies should strengthen his hands.—*Mr. G. J. Garland, Grey Lynn Borough Council.*

Trades Councils and Defence.

The Trades Council did not discount the necessity for defence, or say that their families, their country, or their liberties were not worth defending; but, taking into consideration the temperament of the people, an infinitely more congenial system could be evolved if it were left to voluntary service. This was a matter which transcended the technical opinion of experts. They were convinced that the compulsory scheme was inimical to the best interests of the country, both from the view of defence and the moral, social and physical welfare of the country.—*Mr. D. G. Sullivan, Canterbury Trades and Labour Council.*

One-sided Education.

One-sided education—education with the best part, viz., religion, left out—will develop a one-sided life, and such a life will topple over, and so will any social system that is built on such lines. True civilisation requires that, not only physical and intellectual, but also the moral and religious, well-being of people should be promoted and at least with equal care.—*Archbishop Redwood.*

The Police and Pictures.

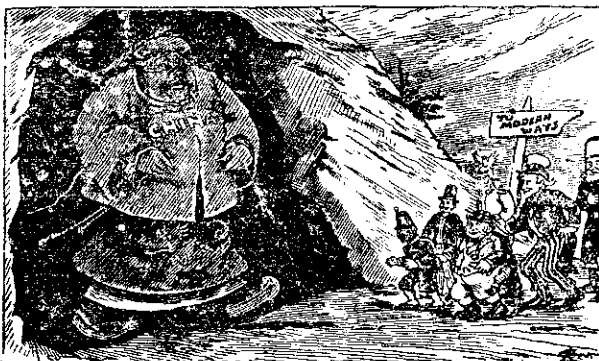
He thought that some people were too ready to see impropriety in pictures. The police had not had any complaints about the pictures exhibited, and he could not say that any juvenile crime he had come across had been directly caused by the influence of the cinematograph. He was of opinion that an official censorship was neither necessary nor desirable, and that the force of public opinion was a quite sufficient censorship in itself.—*Sub-Inspector McGrath, Christchurch.*

Cleaning up a Borough.

In my opinion one of the most serious functions of a council is to keep the borough in a state of cleanliness, so that they might have healthy people living in the district. In the last twelve months several insanitary houses have been condemned in Parnell as unfit for human habitation, and I believe that before long a similar fate will befall other houses.—*Mr. R. S. Briggs, Mayor of Parnell.*

The Same in the End.

Whether it is the bookmaker or the totalisator, the end is the same in either case. It makes a man stony broke if he follow it bug enough, the difference is that the bookie keeps the punter alive longer because he does not make his 10 per cent every time.—*Mr. T. M. Rose, an Australian bookmaker.*



Minneapolis Journal.

UP OUT OF THE GLOOM.

Trade with British Columbia.

In the development of her resources—fruit culture, lumber, fisheries, and minerals—British Columbia was bound to carry a large population, and this would offer us an expanding market for butter, frozen meat, and wool. Fortunately, owing to the enterprise of the Union Steam Ship Company, New Zealand was now in close touch with the Pacific Coast of North America. Victoria—a stopping place of the Canadian-Australian line—was within a few hours' steam of Vancouver, and, owing to the salubrity of its climate and the attractions it offers to sportsmen, Victoria was becoming very popular as a habitat for retired Anglo-Indians and others of the leisured class.—*Mr. Harold Beauchamp.*

Australians and New Zealanders.

I say this, that a New Zealander gets on better here than an Australian does in New Zealand. There is some feeling against Australians in the Dominion. I once read a paragraph in an Ashburton paper stating: "Two Australians passed through here yesterday, but up to the present nothing has been missed."—*Mr. C. M. Mantelore, Sydney.*

Foolish Quarrels.

How foolish it is to begin upsetting our ecclesiastical organisations by disestablishment, because we are told Non-conformists have a certain numerical following in Wales in face of the fact that the whole of our religious institutions are about to be changed from top to bottom. Let us draw closer together—and not quarrel with one another—to labour for a common Master and for the common good of the whole world.—*Lord Hugh Cecil.*

Scots and the Empire.

It would be a loss to the Empire if a single Scottish member were withdrawn from the Imperial Parliament.—*Mr. T. M. Wood, M.P.*

The Sheep and the Goats.

The future is on the lap of the gods but I believe that every move of the present Ministers brings me nearer the goal at which I have been aiming for years, and that is to get all the sane, sensible, and really progressive men on one side of the House and to place all the faddists, fanatics, and opportunists on the other.—*Mr. W. F. Massey, M.P.*

Musical Education.

Learning to play the piano in this world would not help one to play the harp in the next.—*General Baden-Powell.*

A Modern Revolution.

We are living in the midst of a revolution as true and deep as the French Revolution of the eighteenth century.—*Professor Wilson, Sydney.*

Outside Help.

Efforts to improve the young men who go into camps could be immensely assisted by sympathisers outside of the military organisations.—*General Godley.*

Scouts v. Compulsory Training.

He did not think compulsory training would interfere with the Scout movement. On the other hand, the Scouts would immensely improve the cadet system. Scouting imbued the boys with the right spirit, without which good soldiers were impossible.—*Lieut.-General Baden-Powell.*

"The Right Sort of Girl."

A battle royal is being waged in New York over the question whether the Y.M.C.A.'s should provide their members with a chance of meeting the "right sort of girl." Many people hold that the Y.M.C.A.'s should not trespass on the functions of the "Less Lonely League," which was formed with the express object of giving the girls a chance of meeting the "right sort of man," but there is a large body apparently which favours a compromise on terms consistent with the dignity and self-respect of both sides. After the fierce debate which began in the Y.M.C.A.'s and extended to the newspapers, it was decided that the problem should be thrashed out at the Biennial Convention of the New York State associations. Mr. Walter Dwyer, secretary of New York's biggest Y.M.C.A., had to say on the subject: "A young man who comes to New York as a stranger has little opportunity of meeting the right kind of girls; the only women to whom he can feel free to speak are those who smile at him in the street. There is nothing at all sensational in the subject; it is simply a matter of whether or not the Y.M.C.A.'s can find a way to meet the problem of such young men by providing the normal company of the right sort of girl." A proposal that the Y.M.C.A.'s should hold joint conferences and social entertainments under mutual auspices was rejected, on the ground that there is an overwhelming majority of male members, and that something of the kind was attempted years ago and failed miserably. Another proposal is that young people who arrive in an American city as strangers should not content themselves merely with joining an association of their own sex, but should seek affiliation with one of the existing churches, and in that way secure the companionship they crave. Mr. Dwyer declares that a large proportion of young men in America remain single merely because they never had a chance to find a good wife.

Oldimer: "Is your married life one grand, sweet song?"
Newlywed: "Well, since our baby's been born it's been like an opera, full of grand marches, with loud calls for the author every."

FOR ALL EYE TROUBLES.
W. PARKER,
F.S.M.C., **OPTICIAN**
London.
Rooms over Bond's homeopathic pharmacy, 135 Queen Street (4 doors above Wyndham Street); also at Gallagher's Pharmacy, top of Synagogue, (late Grosvenor). Hold the highest diploma in Visual Optics and Sight Testing, Consultation and Testing Free. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

News of the Dominion

Strategy Legitimate.

THE question of means to be adopted by the police in the detection of sly grog-selling was referred to in the Dunedin Supreme Court. In summing up in a case of alleged illicit traffic in liquor, Mr Justice Williams said it was perfectly well recognised that strategy had to be used in order to catch people at this business. It was perfectly legitimate that strategy should be used, because the offenders could not be caught without it, nor could it be expected that a person who acted as an informer must necessarily be a very desirable individual. In the present case, the person to whom the liquor was alleged to have been sold had been actuated in the matter not by greed for money, but because he had a spite against the accused. That was an element which must be taken into consideration in deciding how far his evidence was credible.

A Scandal.

"The state of some of the roads of the North is a scandal," remarked Mr. A. Cochrane at the Local Government Bill conference at Auckland last week. He stated that over one road, within 20 miles of Auckland, all the store cattle coming from the North to Auckland had to pass. It was in such a state that a vehicle might sink in a hole to below the level of the road. Hundreds of cattle were lost in traversing it; and it was a wonder that any got through. "It is not because it can't be helped," he concluded. "It's all for the want of a few hundred, or perhaps a thousand, pounds. If the people of the city knew the difficulties that are in the way of bringing stock to town it would have been remedied long ago." The meeting, a few minutes later, passed a resolution urging that the Government should give special subsidies for the construction and maintenance of arterial roads.

Civil Service Vacancies.

It seems passing strange that although last year some two or three thousand young people passed the Junior Civil Service examination, there appears to be an unaccountable disinclination on the part of many of the successful candidates to accept offers of employment. In Wellington the number of cadetships to be filled every year is considerable, and even at this early stage some 800 of the successful examinees, taken in order of merit, have been offered employment, and yet a sufficient number has not been procured. Some of those who have refused the offer have no desire to enter the service; others from the country who have been offered cadetships away from their homes are averse to leaving the parental roof; and others, again, are desirous of continuing their education. It certainly is significant that, of the 800 or so whose names appear first on the list, sufficient cannot be found to fill all the vacancies.

Plumbing Trade.

The Federated Plumbers and Gasfitters' Association has forwarded to the City Council a proposed "Plumbers' Registration Bill," which the association had drafted, the object being to make the rules for registration uniform throughout the Dominion and to ensure that a plumber, once registered, would not be subject, as now, to the varying rules and fees imposed by each individual municipality. It was proposed also to give plumbers some representation among the examiners. The association ask the Council to have the proposals submitted to the forthcoming municipal conference. The Master Plumbers' Association asked that consideration of the matter be deferred for a month, and the Council consequently allowed the matter to stand over.

A Denial.

Representatives of the Chinese community in Christchurch have written to the newspapers denying the rumour that Chinese intend to start a furniture factory in Christchurch. They say that the Chinese have not sufficient money to finance such an industry, or to instal machinery to enable them to compete with the big factories already in existence.

Strike at Waikoi.

The all-absorbing topic of general interest during the week has been the strike of miners employed in the mines of the Waikoi G.M. Co. and Waikoi Grand Junction G.M. Co. In all about two thousand miners are concerned, and they with their wives and families represent about 5000 persons practically dependent on continuation of work in these two big properties. The strike arose upon a demand being made upon the companies that they should compel the enginedrivers employed by them to become members of the Miners' Union. The latter recently cancelled their registration under the Arbitration Act and joined the N.Z. Federation of Labour, while the enginedrivers elected to remain under the Arbitration Act. The mining companies intimated that the dispute was one in which they could not interfere. A strike was thereupon declared, the whole of the miners engaged in the Waikoi and Junction mines came out, and the companies in turn stopped operations completely, leaving the adjustment of the dispute, so far as they are concerned, with the Federated Association of Mineowners. The next week the executive meets in Wellington next week to decide upon their course of action. In the meantime all three parties concerned—the companies, the Miners' Union and the Enginedrivers' Union—are standing firm, but there is so far no indication of the Lower Thames unionists being drawn into the struggle. The strike means a loss to Waikoi miners of £6,000 a week in wages, and, as credit has practically been stopped by shopkeepers, a long delayed settlement must involve severe distress.

Public Recognition.

His Majesty's Theatre, Gisborne, was packed the other night,—hundreds of people being turned away—on the occasion of a public presentation to Sir James Carroll, in recognition of his services as member for Gisborne in Parliament. The Mayor (Mr. W. Pettie) presided, and there were also present the Prime Minister and the Hon. W. D. S. MacDonald (Minister for Public Works). The chairman stated that telegrams had been received from all parts of the Dominion, also a cablegram from Sir Joseph Ward expressing regret at being unable to be present. After referring to Sir James Carroll's valuable services in Parliament as member for the district and Minister of the Crown, the Mayor presented Sir James Carroll with an illuminated address, a handsome "Canteen" heavy gold cigar-case, and for Lady Carroll a solid silver saviour. The proceedings were very enthusiastic. Among the speakers were the Prime Minister, the Hon. Mr. MacDonald, and Messrs. F. Lawry (ex-M.P. for Parnell) and Dillon (ex-M.P. for Hawke's Bay). In the course of his reply, Sir James Carroll said he had always fought beneath the Liberal flag, and any party forming under that banner must have his support.

Mental Defection.

Speaking to a reporter recently, the Minister of Education (Hon. J. A. Hauran) said he was surprised at the number of applications made for the admission of children to the home for mental defectives at Otekaikai. There was not sufficient accommodation to comply with all the requests. The demand was so pressing that it was apparent additional accommodation would have to be provided. In his opinion the solution of the problem did not lie in periodical increases of accommodation. They must go to the root of the trouble and endeavour to bring about a condition of society under which the defective element would reach an irreducible minimum. The first necessity was the creation of a sound public opinion on the subject of an atmosphere of thought leading to efficient and well-considered action.

Hospital Troubles.

The trouble that has arisen in the Auckland Hospital, and which led to the threatened resignation of the nursing staff, was the subject of a lengthy inquiry during the past week. The matron, after making a statement in reply to certain charges made against herself and justifying her management, formally handed in her resignation, which was accepted.

Industrial Decisions.

Two important decisions bearing on industrial strikes were given by Mr Justice Sim in the Arbitration Court at Auckland last week. In the case against the General Labourers' Union, arising out of the strike of men employed in city and suburban drainage works against subcontracting, the union was fined £60 and costs. In the waterside workers' strike, arising out of a refusal of unionists to discharge the Paparua on November 22 unless increased pay was conceded, the Court held that there had been a strike, but that it had not been proved that it was authorised by the union, which set up the defence that it was not bound by the action of its secretary.

Financial.

The financial year ended March 31st closed with a surplus of £806,695. The expenditure on annual appropriations increased last year by £753,494. There were small decreases in the expenditure of the Finance, Native, and Legislative Departments, but otherwise there was an all-round heightening of expenditure, in which Defence and Education figure largely. Among the permanent appropriations is the sum of £386,062 spent on old age pensions. This shows an increase of £20,927 compared with the previous year, and there is also the small total of £1,961 to represent the first few months' pensions to widows under the new scheme. During the year the sum of £381,483 was expended upon the acquisition of land under the Lands for Settlements Act.

Nuisance.

Complaints which have been made from time to time regarding the manner in which trains coming into the King Country are frequently crowded with persons under the influence of liquor were discussed last evening by the Te Kuiti Church of England Men's Society. It was decided that representations should be made to the authorities with a view to having the practice stopped. There will probably be a difference of opinion as to the cause of the evil, but no two opinions can exist as to the necessity for suppression of the nuisance.

A Definition.

The question, "What constitutes a local article?" was asked at a recent meeting called by the Industrial Association, in connection with the "local industries week," which it was decided to hold about the middle of next month. The questioner was Mr B. Buttle (last year's president of the Association). He said that he had been similarly interrogated by many people since last year's display week. After the brief discussion which followed very little doubt remained that for the purposes of the forthcoming display the general acceptance of the term was, "Anything which is made up in New Zealand and employs a considerable amount of local labour in the process." This would, of course, apply to articles manufactured from imported raw material as well as to goods made of New Zealand produce.

East Coast Railway.

At a recent meeting of the Hamilton Chamber of Commerce the principal matter for discussion was the suggested routes of the East Coast railway. Work is now in progress on this line, which commences from Waikoi, and which is extended to form part of the main East Coast route from Auckland to Wellington, but only at scattered points, as the exact route has not yet been definitely fixed. South of Tauranga two possible routes are suggested, one keeping close to the sea coast, and cutting across the Rangitaiki swamp, and the other taking a shorter line and passing behind Matata, a good distance from the coast. The general opinion was that the inland line, although over rougher ground, would be not only the cheaper to construct, but its construction would be a matter of better policy. Not only would it command more traffic, but the line would pass within 20 miles from the Rotorua terminus, and therefore easily be connected. A large number of visitors would thus be drawn from the districts near the line to the south.

Representations are to be made to the Hon. W. D. S. MacDonald, Minister for Public Works, asking him to fully consider these points before finally settling the route.

A Useful Body.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Auckland centre of the St. John Ambulance Association was held in the concert chamber of the Town Hall last week, his Excellency the Governor (Lord Islington) presiding. There was a large attendance of the public, and amongst those on the platform were Lady Islington, his Worship the Mayor (Mr. C. J. Parr), who is ex-officio president of the centre, Mrs. Parr, and a number of other ladies and gentlemen. In moving the adoption of the annual report, Lord Islington said it plainly showed the interest which had been taken in ambulance work during the year, and the energy with which it had been carried on. On behalf of all those interested in the work of the Association, he wished to express his gratitude to those who had given time and labour in teaching ambulance methods in the city and suburbs, and to those who had attended lectures and gained awards for first aid and for medical and surgical nursing. He also paid a tribute to the retiring officials, with special reference to Mr. William Rattray, who had held the position of secretary for seventeen years, almost the whole life-time of the centre. Referring to the centre's hopes for the future, he mentioned the project for establishing a permanent ambulance station in the centre of Auckland, and to the granting of a site under most advantageous terms by the City Council. A sum of £2000 had been raised, and he strongly urged the citizens to raise as soon as possible the further £1000 which was needed to comply with the conditions laid down by the Council. He urged that benefit societies, trades organisations, and all similar bodies be asked to contribute, for he felt that no building in Auckland would do so much for the public welfare.

In a short address Mr. Parr said the Ambulance Association did a most important educational work, for what was more important than the training of a young person in first aid, hygiene, or nursing? Young women in particular were bound to be better wives and mothers for such training. He felt that the Council was doing no wrong in setting aside a valuable endowment for the use of the Association. He wanted to appeal to the citizens to raise the sum still required, so that the building might be opened by his Excellency the Governor within a year, and humorously suggested that his brothers of the law might suggest to some of their clients the propriety of a bequest to the Association, when the making of a will was in hand. (Applause.)

The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows:—President, his Worship the Mayor of Auckland; vice-presidents, The Right Rev. the Bishop of Auckland, the Hon. George Fowles, Revs. W. B. Gillam and R. Somerville, Drs. Gindler, King, and Purchas, Messrs. M. A. Clark, J. J. Holland, A. S. Russell, C. J. Tunks, and the Hon. E. Mitchelson; hon. treasurer, Mr. W. Rattray; hon. auditor, Mr. A. S. Russell; secretary, Mr. G. C. Gorrie; committee, Mr. J. J. Holland (chairman), Mesdames Benjamin, Oliphant, Rattray, C. Smith, Miss Edmiston, Messrs. W. Braekenrig, W. F. Goulstone, F. J. Hutchinson, A. G. Pilkington, W. Rattray, Rev. W. Heady, and the members of the honorary medical staff, with power to add to their number.

The first aid and nursing certificates, medals, and labels gained during the year were presented by Lady Islington.

A Luxury.

When a judgment debtor was being examined at the Auckland S.M. Court lately he admitted that he spent about 5/- per week on drink and occasionally went to the pictures. Mr. C. C. Kettle, S.M., remarked that while he liked men to enjoy themselves, still a man who was only earning £2 4/- a week could not afford to fritter away money on drink, pictures, and other luxuries when he had a wife and family to keep. The cost of living nowadays would not permit of that.

The Hero: "Keep a brave heart, darling, for the worst is yet to come!"

Voices from the Back Stalls: "W'y, wotcher gain' to do now, mate? Sing!"

Grandpa sits in his racy chair,
And talks of when he "was young";
He sings the praise of those bygone days,
And the throng never throbs his tongue.
But if we talk of our modern times,
And things that are near and newer;
There's only one thing whose praise he will
sing,
W. E. Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Personal Notes

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD last week celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his appointment as Archbishop. His Grace was ordained at Mynnooth in 1865, appointed Bishop of Wellington in 1874, and elevated to the dignity of Archbishop on May 13, 1887.

Bishop Grimes has been advised of the death of Father Giniesty, rector of St. Patrick's, Church Hill, Sydney. The late Father Giniesty was one of the Marist Fathers, and was held in affection and esteem by a very wide circle of friends in Australia and New Zealand. He had a most hospitable and sociable disposition, and delighted to entertain visitors from New Zealand and from the other States in the Commonwealth.

Mr M. G. C. Pasco, who for two years past has been manager of the Ashburton branch of the Bank of Australasia, has left to take over the management of the bank's branch in Gisborne. Prior to his departure, Mr Pasco was met by the executive of the Ashburton Centre of the Navy League, when Mr C. W. Nicoll presented him with a framed illuminated address as a token of appreciation of the valuable services Mr Pasco had rendered as secretary of the centre.

Mr H. J. Day, stationmaster in charge of the Gisborne railway section, who is retiring from the service, will be succeeded by Mr H. Williams, Audit Inspector of the Christchurch district.

Mr S. R. Kennedy, late manager of the Bank of New Zealand at Patea, who died last week, was the son of the late Mr. W. F. Kennedy, and came to Wellington from Ireland with his parents when about eleven years of age. On leaving school, he entered the service of the now extinct Colonial Bank, and subsequently was appointed assistant accountant in the head office of the Bank of New Zealand when that institution took over the business of the Colonial Bank. He continued in that position until about five years ago, when he was appointed manager of the bank's branch at Patea.

Mr. George Millner, aged 82 years, who died at Hautere-Cross last week, arrived in New Zealand by the ship Martha Ridgway in 1840. He served in the militia, and worked on several goldfields. Deceased, who had been bedridden for 28 years, is survived by two sons and two daughters.

Sir James Mills will probably return to New Zealand in September. Lady Mills remaining in England while her children complete their education. The indisposition which prevented Miss Geraldine Mills from attending the Royal Court has turned out to be less serious than was expected.

The death is announced of Mr G. A. I. Pauling, district land registrar at Invercargill, who has been in a precarious state of health for some time past. The cause of death is said to have been heart failure, accentuated by an attack of pneumonia. Deceased entered the Government service at Wellington thirty years ago, when he was appointed to the Lands and Deeds Office. He remained in the Wellington office for fourteen years, during which time he was once a representative Rugby footballer. Later he went to Napier, and was transferred to Invercargill about twelve months ago. He was forty seven years of age at the time of his death, and leaves a widow, but no family.

The banquet at Invercargill to Sir Joseph Ward has been fixed for June 4.

Sir Joshua Williams on Saturday admitted as a solicitor Mr. Frank Boyd Adams, eldest son of Mr. A. S. Adams, who was admitted 19 years ago. Mr. F. B. Adams has had a bright career as a student. He was dux of Arthur Street School, dux of the High School, won the Chamber of Commerce gold medal, and was second in the whole Dominion for the University scholarship.

Mr. T. M. Wilford, M.P., left London for New York by the Baltic on April 25, and is due at Auckland on June 4. Mrs. Wilford and their daughter accompany him.

Mr. Charles Schilsky, who has been appointed examiner for Trinity College of Music for Canada, New Zealand, and Tasmania, will arrive in Auckland by the Vancouver steamer on July 30.

The funeral of the late Mr. Isaac Hill took place last week, the cortege which left his late residence at Bradford-street, Parnell, being a very lengthy one. Among the widely representative list of mourners were the Mayors of Parnell (Mr. R. S. Briggs)

and Onehunga (Mr. J. Rowe), representatives from the Auckland Master Saddlers' Association, Messrs W. F. Bines (chairman of the Parnell School Committee), J. L. Scott (headmaster of Parnell school), C. F. Mark (secretary), and all the members of the committee of the Auckland Trotting Club, representatives from the Auckland Racing Club, Avondale and Takapuna Jockey Clubs, Otahuhu Trotting Club, and a number of athletic associations, while there were also present a large number of representative business men, residents of Parnell, and a brakeload of employees from the various saddling firms in the city. The burial service at Purewa was conducted by the Rev. C. A. B. Watson, of St. Paul's, the pall bearers being Messrs. C. Bailey, senr., J. Morrison, Jas. Hill, J. S. Tansley, four of the oldest committeemen of the Auckland Trotting Club. The floral tributes were beautiful and very numerous, while letters and telegrams of sympathy have been received by the widow and family of the deceased from every part of the Dominion.

Mr. A. Clareburt, who was conductor of the Wellington Trainsways Band at the last Christchurch contest, has been appointed to the conductorship of the Dominion (Invercargill) Band.

Miss Helen Johnson, assistant matron at St. Mary's Home, Otahuhu, is leaving by the Zealandia next month on a holiday visit to Canada and England.

Mrs. Myers, wife of the Hon. Arthur M. Myers, Minister for Railways, made the journey between Rakaia and Ashburton in the cab of the engine drawing the first express the other day.

Mr. J. G. H. Mackay, formerly of Gore, who has been spending some time travelling abroad, including America, pursuing a wider study of dentistry, has decided to take up his residence in Auckland.

Prior to his departure for England, Dannevirke bowlers presented a gold fountain-pen and dressing-case to Mr. J. R. Russell, their president. Mr. Russell, who was part proprietor of the "Advocate" newspaper, lately merged in the "News," has been nine years in Dannevirke.

Mr. Herbert S. Cloughton, of Masterton, has been appointed organist to St. Andrew's Church, Wellington-terrace, and will undertake his duties on the first Sunday in June. Mr. Cloughton has held appointments as organist at St. James' Parish Church, London E., and Parish Church, Woodford, London N.

The well-known "All Black" footballer, Mr. Duncan McGregor, returned to New Zealand by the Arawa, after an absence of four years at Home.

Mr. Geoffrey Horton arrived at Wellington by the Arawa yesterday from Rhodesia, on a visit to his relatives at Henheim. He has been engaged for the last twelve years in the direction of mining enterprises in South Africa.

Sister Veronica, of the Hill-street Convent, died last week at an advanced age. The deceased lady, who came to Wellington from Auckland as far back as 1865, was a sister of Mr. James Walsh, of Tinakori-road.

The Pahiama paper referred in a recent issue to the departure of Mr. S. Girdwood, a resident for over 20 years past, and who is removing with his family to the Waikato district, where he has purchased a big block of land. At a large gathering of his friends Mr. Girdwood was presented by the chairman, on behalf of the subscribers, with a gold watch and chain. The health of the recipient and his family was drunk with enthusiasm.

The Rev. G. Wainwright, of Pansobny-road, is leaving by the Maheno on June 3rd, in order to catch the Orient steamer Orsova for London.

Mr. H. J. Wernham, of Hamilton, was a passenger by the Corinthic, leaving Wellington last week, for London, on a combined holiday and business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Beamish, of Pansobny, are leaving, with their family, at the end of the present month, to join the Orsova at Sydney for London.

Mr. Charles Wilson (Parliamentary Librarian) has been re-elected chairman of the Victoria College Council. Sir Robert Stout was re-elected the Council's representative on the University Senate.

The golden wedding was celebrated last week of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Watkinson, of Papakura. There was a large gathering of relatives and friends from far and near to do honour to the

interesting event. The "wedding banquet" was presided over by the Rev. H. Ford, who read the marriage certificate showing that Mr. and Mrs. Watkinson were united in the bonds of matrimony on the 15th day of May, in the year 1862, at the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, Scotland-street, Sheffield, Yorkshire, by Rev. Thomas Boycott. The newly-married couple set sail for New Zealand in the good ship Matilda Wattenbach on May 29th, 1862, and were numbered amongst the Albertland settlers. The various toasts submitted and duly honoured included "Mr. and Mrs. M. Watkinson," the "Children," and the "Grandchildren." Mr. Matthew Watkinson made suitable reply. The descendants of the venerable couple living include four sons and two daughters, and twenty-three grandchildren.

Mr. T. Williams was presented at Te Kuiti last week by a number of citizens, with a travelling rug, on the occasion of his departure for Whangarei. Mr. A. Scholes (chairman of the Waitomo County) presided.

Too Many Wives.

A writer in a French paper is very indignant because a man who married six wives without waiting for the death of any of them has been sent to prison for six years—a year for each wife. On the contrary, we are told, he ought to have received the highest decoration in the land. At any rate, the argument runs, if it is an excess of zeal to marry six wives almost at the same time, every man ought to be allowed to take at least two. In other words, bigamy ought to be legalised at once. Trigamy may come later on. Legislators, sociologists, moralists, and other old women are always complaining about the decadence of marriage, and here we have a good citizen offering his heart, his hand, and his name to several women, with the result that he is packed off to prison, perhaps even to penal servitude. Meanwhile, we have quite a number of young women who are condemned to endure the burden of celibacy all their lives; while, on the other hand, there are very many boys, young and old, who refuse to take a wife because one wife is either too much or too little. If we said to them: "You have the right to take two," perhaps they might make up their minds. After all, it is entirely my own concern if my appetite is sufficient to enable me to consume two portions at a restaurant. If the first of my wives knows in advance that there will be a second one, and if the second one is aware of the existence of the first, how on earth can bigamy be reprobated as immoral? Such Mormonism would have the happiest effects from the point of view of repopulation and the public welfare. No more matrimonial games of hide-and-seek, no more vaudeville complications.—This is all very fine, but would a multiplication of our own wives tend to check our admiration for those of other people?

Cook Graduates.

Examinations are now being held by the London County Council at the Westminster Technical Institute to sift out suitable winners of the eighteen half-time cookery scholarships offered to domestic servants, the fortunate ones afterwards being entitled to use the letters L.C.C.C.S. after their names if they wish. The scholarships entitle the winners to free instruction every afternoon and on Saturday mornings in superior household cookery under a qualified chef, and, in addition, a grant of £5 to cover travelling expenses and a meal during the hours of instruction.

The test occupies a couple of hours, and the candidate is required to have a thorough knowledge of plain cookery. One of the questions given asks the preparation of a breakfast for two people consisting of porridge, fried sausages, toast and coffee, and competitors are called on to prepare and cook such ordinary dishes as Irish stew, jam roly-poly, grilled chop, fruit in batter, boiled fish, parsley sauce, pancakes, fried liver and bacon, pig pudding, roast meat, gravy, Yorkshire pudding, baked potatoes, shepherd's pie, and apple pudding.

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What Dickens Made Out of His Work.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE GREAT NOVELISTS' EARNINGS.

All lovers of the great novelist must regret to hear that some of Dickens' descendants were, till the fund raised on the occasion of his centenary this year, in necessitous circumstances. Yet the novelist was not underpaid for his work. As the records of the Probate Court show, he left over £80,000; and it is an exaggeration to say that he was the best-paid writer of his time. In the last years of his life Thackeray declared that he had never made as much as £5,000 by any book that he had ever written; yet Dickens was to have been paid £7,500, with a share in after profits, if he had lived to finish "Edwin Drood."

Of course, like Thackeray, Dickens made big sums by his lectures or readings. The sum set down by one authority for the readings between 1853 and 1859 is £30,000, but that must be an under-estimate. The figure was probably nearer £45,000. Dickens himself, writing in 1868, says: "I made £33,000 as a reader in two years; £13,000 of this Mr. Chappell and his father supplied, while America had been good for the rest. Beginning at £50 a night, the Chappells increased the figure to £100, and eventually £300." It was evidently good business for both parties, as some early takings—at Liverpool, for example—were over £300 nightly.

£ s. d. OF "PICKWICK."

But what about the novels? Take "Pickwick," the first great success. The amount agreed upon for each monthly part was £14. This was afterwards increased to £15; and, as the popularity of the work increased, the publishers, at intervals, presented Dickens with several cheques, amounting in the aggregate, as they computed, to £3,000, and as Forster computes to about £2,500. This the author considered a very inadequate percentage on the publishers' gains, forgetting, perhaps, that the risk had been wholly theirs, and that he had been more than content with the original bargain.

With Maerone he was no better pleased. Maerone had given him about £400 for the "Sketches by Boz," and made about £4,000 for himself out of the book. Later, the enterprising gentleman threatened a reissue in monthly parts, and to prevent this Dickens was compelled to buy back the copyright for £2,000.

£10,000 A YEAR.

With "Oliver Twist," published in 1838, the year after "Pickwick," he had a somewhat similar experience. For writing the novel he at first agreed to accept from Bentley £500, which was afterwards increased to £750. Dickens described this as "a paltry, wretched, miserable sum"; and, surmising that Bentley was profiting very considerably by the sale of the book, he determined to repurchase the copyright, to which proposal Bentley magnanimously consented. This was the more curious, seeing that Bentley had offered to pay him £40 a month for merely lending his name to the Bentley "Miscellany" for two years, with no writing or editing—an offer which Dickens accepted, too.

"Nicholas Nickleby" was published in 1839. After a careful investigation of accounts, Talfourd made a calculation during the publication of this novel, by which it appeared that for three years previously Dickens must have been making, one way and another, £10,000 a year. The payment originally agreed upon (based on the sales of "Pickwick") was made in twenty monthly instalments of £150, that being the fee for each number. The copyright was to revert to the author in five years; but notwithstanding this, at the conclusion of the story the publishers sent Dickens an honorarium of £1,500 over and above the sum named in the bond.

"THE CHRISTMAS CAROL."

"Barnaby Rudge" (1840) brought him something like £3,000, which again left no room for complaint. It was different with "The Christmas Carol," which followed in 1843. The first edition of 6,000 copies was sold on the day of publication, and as many more would seem to have been disposed of before the end of February, 1844. But Dickens had set his heart on a profit of £1,000, whereas in February he did not see his way to more than £400, and his unpaid bills for the previous year he described as "terrible." The profits on the "Carol"

by the close of 1844 had run up to £726, but this did not help him much. A change of front became imperative, and he accepted the offer of Messrs Bradbury and Evans to advance him £2,800 for a fourth share in whatever he might write during the ensuing eight years.

"MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT" AND "DOMBEY."

Then came "Martin Chuzzlewit," the least successful of all his larger works on first publication. The monthly parts of "Pickwick" and "Nickleby" had sold to the number of about 40,000 each, but there was a drop to about 25,000 with "Chuzzlewit." There were twenty monthly parts, and the agreement had been for £200 a month, in addition to a substantial share of the profits. A clause had been inserted in the agreement to the effect that £50 of the £200 to be paid monthly might be withheld if the book did not prove remunerative. After the publication of the seventh part there was a threat to enforce this clause, which led to a rupture between author and publishers. However, when "Chuzzlewit" appeared in volume form the demand for it became almost as great as that which greeted "Pickwick," the half-year's profits of the author amounting to £750.

"Dombey and Son" (1848) also proved a pecuniary success. The sale of the first number exceeded that of the first of "Chuzzlewit" by 12,000 copies. The profits for the half-year were brilliant; deducting the £100 a month which, for six successive months, Dickens received from Bradbury and Evans, there was due to him the sum of £2,200, which he thought "pretty tidy." The next considerable story was "David Copperfield," and that also ran well into the four figures for the author.

There is no occasion to go into detail regarding the smaller works. They, too, were all highly paid, Dickens getting as much as £1000 for a short story.

The Man Who Never Thinks.

In the February "Pearson's Magazine" there appears an article entitled "The Perils of Thoughtlessness," which ought to startle the most careless into realising his misdeeds.

"Every day six people meet their death owing to accidents caused by somebody's carelessness. In other words, the idiot who 'never thinks' is accountable for nearly two thousand deaths annually. How much suffering and inconvenience, from minor accidents, can be traced to the same cause it is impossible to estimate.

"A fool with a loaded gun is a dangerous person. A fool with a gun which he supposes to be unloaded is only a few degrees less dangerous. Cases are continually occurring where some idiot points an 'unloaded' weapon at somebody, pulls the trigger and finds, too late, he has inflicted a ghastly, often a fatal, wound.

The would-be humorist who dresses up as a ghost, and tries to frighten nervous people, is another dangerous individual. His efforts are often so successful that many victims have been rendered insane, and some even scared to death, by this particular form of thoughtless jest. His actions are the more to be condemned as his victims are usually women and children.

"The person who indulges in the dangerous habit of alighting from a moving train is a fruitful cause of accidents. Over fifty deaths in one year resulted from falls from trains. Nothing short of a public nuisance is the thoughtless person who scatters orange peel or banana skin on the pavement, and he should be treated very drastically. Countless accidents can be traced to this practice. Over fifteen hundred persons were killed in one year by falls of various kinds.

"The clumsy individual who blunders against a lighted lamp and brings the whole thing crashing to the floor gives us yet another instance of criminal carelessness. There were forty-two deaths last year caused directly from burns resulting from lamp accidents.

English Tourist (in Bloody Gulch hotel): "By the way, old top, is the grizzly bear common round here?" Landlord: "Used to be, but it's extinct now. Why, even Three-Fingered Ike won't allow it in his dance hall!"

A Thrifty Plan.

Attention is called in a recent Consular report to the thrifty plan followed in the province of Hanover, Germany, of planting the roadsides with fruit trees, the produce of which is sold at auction for the benefit of the local government, the revenue thus obtained going a long way towards the upkeep of the roads. Hanover has some 7000 miles of country highways thus bordered. This year some of the roads yielded a revenue from this source at the rate of 595 dollars a mile. The fruit is protected by law and during the season of ripening the roads are patrolled by sharp-eyed watchmen on bicycles, so that little, if any, of the fruit is diverted from its proper destination.

DRIFTING INTO A DECLINE.

This Woman, Weak, Ill and Miserable, made Hearty and Strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Thomas Weir, of Christchurch, became so weak and ran down, through not having sufficient blood, that she felt away till she looked like a walking ghost, and was in despair that she was drifting into a decline. After reading in the newspapers of cures by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mrs. Weir decided to try them, with the happy result that this blood maker has given her better health than she ever enjoyed in her life before. Mrs. Weir was seen at her home, Mitre-street, Spreydon, Christchurch, by a reporter, and she gave the following statement for publication for the benefit of other sufferers.

"I enjoyed excellent health as a young girl, but as I started to grow up Anæmia attacked me. My cheeks got as white as could be. You could barely see my lips, they were so colourless, and my gums, too, were blanched. I was like a walking ghost. My face grew sallow and wasted and I became so thin you could count every bone in my body. I hated to look in the mirror I looked so ghastly ill. I ate fairly well and yet the food gave me no nourishment. I was just an invalid about the house. I could not even wipe a dish for my mother; I could not stand to do a thing. If a door slammed I trembled; every nerve was on edge. Shocking headaches came on and quite prostrated me. I simply could not hold up against the beating and throbbing that seemed to lift the top of my head off. I used to lie in bed with wet cloths tied round my temples for hours. I often dozed in the day, but I could not sleep at night, and if a little noise woke me I would be awake for hours. If I caught a cold it hung on me for weeks. How I kept alive was a miracle. I can only thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for curing me, and they did that thoroughly. Everyone thought I was going into a decline. Neighbours used to shake their heads in pity, for I faded more every day, but after I had started the second box I actually felt brighter. I was only too delighted to keep on, and presently began to eat heartily and you could see a little colour stealing into my lips and cheeks. I kept on slowly improving, and presently I was able to give a hand about the house at intervals. It was a joyful surprise both to my folk and myself. My perfect recovery is due entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I fully and firmly believe I would have been in my grave but for them."

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ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF AUSTRALIA—
SELECTION OF CANDIDATES—NO APPLICANTS
FROM NEW ZEALAND.

NO. II.

THE Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton. And why not? Soldiers of all times have been devoted to the mimic warfare of games, and the average British officer is usually an athlete. In this respect Duntroon hopes to fall no whit behind the traditions of the Old Land. Members of the staff take a keen interest in the various games. Every facility is being gradually provided, and the equipment should in a short time be of the best. There are already six tennis-courts, football, and cricket grounds, and an obstacle course, bats, rackets, hockey sticks, etc. are issued to any staff-cadet who cares to have them charged against his allowance. Practically everyone plays, and the value to character and health is hard to estimate. To be successful at games a boy must train himself in all that makes for alertness and resource; to be fair he must cultivate generous instincts and crush down all that is selfish and petty. Discipline, loyalty and co-operation he finds indispensable to carry his side to victory. Surely such virtues practised in the playing fields will be carried into the sterner games to come. Just now football is the game of the hour. Rugby is strongly represented, and the New Zealanders at the college include some good players, Mr. Jennings of Christchurch being the captain of the first fifteen.

Selecting the Best.

After all, however, sport is but an auxiliary to the college course. Cadets must show their mettle in military and other intellectual exercises before they can be judged. A capital system of marking is adopted throughout for actual class-work and examinations. On the combined result of these tests a graduate's place is fixed. A certain standard of proficiency is demanded, quite within the capacity of each cadet. The expense of maintaining the college is too great and the need for absolute efficiency is too imperative to permit of any pilfering.

Staff-cadets whose work or whose general conduct is reported as unsatisfactory are brought to the notice of the Commandant, who may recommend their removal. Where he thinks them worthy he may advise that they be allowed to drop a year, i.e., to spend another year in mastering the work they have failed to do, in which case they join the next class below them. But no second chance is given. This year two staff-cadets were forced to take the first year again. At the close of the course the total marks in all subjects are added and the result decides the places of the various gentlemen in the graduation lists. The most distinguished are specially mentioned and their names published. They are also rewarded by receiving the most coveted posts offering at the time of graduation. Yearly prizes are offered to encourage deserving students. It will be of interest to New Zealanders to learn that Staff-Cadet Miles of New Zealand was successful in gaining a prize last year.

Afterwards.

Naturally parents inquire, "What does all this lead to?" It is a pertinent question and one that must be answered. Few men would be prepared to submit their sons to an arduous course of training for four years with no definite goal. It may be said at once that positions in the New Zealand military forces are guaranteed to all graduates. Compulsory training has made such positions possible and necessary. The demand for competent officers is, and will be, for years in excess of the demand. The number of New Zealand cadets is based on the requirements of the Defence Department. The best answer to any doubt as to the certainty of positions is the fact that the New Zealand Government is paying heavily for the training of each officer. So it falls that every staff-cadet will receive a commission on graduation. Some will go to areas, some to engineers or artillery, and ultimately many will find their way to staff appointments at headquarters. On graduation each cadet will

probably be given a year's extra training in India or Great Britain, being attached in each case to a British regiment. This is a prospect that is looked forward to by all cadets with the most ardent pleasure.

Salaries.

The question of salaries at once crops up. In a new system such as is being developed now throughout New Zealand, it is impossible to forecast accurately what will take place. I am not at this distance conversant with the rates of pay prevailing throughout New Zealand; but it is presumed that they are approximately those which hold in Australia. Here a subaltern, immediately on appointment, under the present system receives £200 per annum and, subject to passing certain examinations, gains successively the ranks of captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel, passing by regular increments to £600 a year. This career is practically within the reach of any one of average ability and earnestness. Beyond this there are higher positions open to officers of special ability carrying salaries up to £1200 a year. There is a strong movement, however, setting in throughout both Australia and New Zealand for the development and strengthening of the military forces. With such a certain expansion in view, many new positions must be open to officers, all of which will be filled by graduates from the college. It is a fair assumption that the prospects of graduates are then much better than those at present existing, good as they are.

Expenses When Officers.

The next question asked is: "Are not the expenses to which officers are subjected through mess charges and general upkeep of such a character as to make private means necessary to supplement even the liberal salaries indicated above?" As one who knows, I say, emphatically, No. The majority of officers both in Australia and New Zealand have no income beyond that paid by the Defence Departments, and they have the commonsense to regulate their living expenses accordingly. The impression that officers necessarily live in an extravagant way is wrong, and arises from a false analogy with some of the crack regiments in England. There are no such crack regiments in Australia or New Zealand, and if there were we have no such class to officer them as England offers.

Entrance.

This is by open competitive examination. Lord Kitchener suggested nominations from senior cadets who were ready to pay £80 a year. The Fisher Government, however, decided to make it quite free, so that the best brains in the country could be placed on an equal footing. The full strength of the college is 160. In three years it will take in and turn out 48 each year. New Zealand will send and receive 10 of these annually. Candidates must be between 16 and 19 years of age, and unmarried. Boys who wish to enter for the examination should first write to the District Commandant or direct to the college, and get particulars regarding the conditions of entrance. These, with the necessary forms, will be at once forwarded to those inquiring. The first requisite is a medical certificate of physical efficiency. This may be obtained quite free of charge. Then comes the competitive examination, which is held in November of each year. Specimen papers may be got from the college. The standard is rather below that required for matriculation, and includes papers in English, history, geography, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and general knowledge, with two further papers of a more advanced character. The subjects to be chosen from mathematics, physics, chemistry, French and German. A matriculation pass is also accepted. Candidates are advised to study in a special way for some 12 months before presenting themselves at the examination. The more advanced candidates will not only have better chances of a place, but will find their course through the college made much easier. There is no examination fee.

Successful candidates are taken in hand by the college authorities at once, and trained for the next four years without any cost whatever to their parents, even as regards clothes. This cannot be made too clear, and is remarkable as showing that there is an institution at the call of every New Zealand boy which provides him with a fine professional training free of all fees, and afterwards guarantees him a place in an honourable profession—a thing no university in the Dominion can do. The one condition made by the authorities is that all staff-cadets should bind themselves for twelve years, inclusive of the four years spent at the college. A resignation is only accepted in very special circumstances, and in such a case parents must pay a fine proportionate to the cost of training up to date of resignation. After notification of success, cadets need not join till the following March, when the new college year begins. Warrants are then issued, covering all travelling expenses, to bring the selected gentlemen to Duntroon. On arrival a warm welcome is given them by all in residence. Those who came from New Zealand this year were at once put in good heart by the cordiality of their reception. Their comrades, after murmuring fragments of vague horrors-to-come in their attentive ears, proved themselves ready with voice and hand to lend a ready help in difficulties.

Upkeep.

On arrival, £30 is at once allotted each staff-cadet for the purchase of uniform and equipment. A military tailor attends at the college, and measures all freshmen for the requisite clothing. While in residence a fixed allowance of 5/6 per day is made. This pays for messing, extra clothing, instruments, sports, and sporting materials, books, laundry, etc. Should any balance be left to the credit of the cadet, it is kept till he graduates, and then handed to him. If at the quarterly balance it is found that he has exceeded his allowance, his parents are called on to make up the deficiency. This has, however, not yet occurred. Nor is it likely. The allowance is found to be quite adequate. Under no circumstances are parents allowed to send any money to their sons without special consent of the Commandant. An exception is made to this rule with regard to pocket-money, an allowance up to 5/ a week being permitted each cadet. Parents usually send this in a lump sum to the Commandant, who disburses it each week. The foregoing provision is made to put all on an absolute equality. No cliqueism or class distinctions are dreamt of at the college. Bullying and ragging are also kept firmly under hand. It is a very stronghold of comradeship, of thoroughness, and of health.

Not Appreciated.

It is a remarkable thing that this fine institution has in part failed to appeal to the people of New Zealand. This year the Dominion sent a number below its compliment, because there were not candidates enough. These articles have been penned by a man who knows the place thoroughly, and who is convinced that if parents only realised the character and ideal of the college, its high moral tone, its fine discipline, its appeal to all that is manly and generous in a boy, and the certain career it offers, there would never again be a scarcity of applicants. Of course, it will attract mostly boys of daring and imaginative type; but there are thousands such in New Zealand. No military tradition has become established in families here as in the old country. But it must come. There are families in Europe and America who are proud to have at least one representative of each generation carrying out a career as a soldier. Ideals of life decide these things. If a man wishes his son to be rich one day, he must seek an opening elsewhere. If he wishes him to have a profession that is honoured by the people, that is marked by the highest discipline of mind and body, and that offers unlimited chances of personal distinction, he can safely make of him a staff-cadet. Every graduate should emerge from his four years' training not only a good soldier, a good athlete, and a good fellow, but a man of tact, education, and refinement.

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I sent away for several samples of different cures at different times, but until I got Cuticura Ointment and Soap I had no real relief. After using the sample box of Cuticura Ointment my hands became easier, but they had been bad for so long and the cuts were so very deep that I had to use four boxes of Cuticura Ointment before I had a complete cure. I began to think they never would be right again, and if I had not persevered with Cuticura Ointment they never would. When I have been in my cases, I have shown them to several doctors and have had eminent from them, but I only had temporary relief. I shall only be too pleased to recommend the Cuticura Remedies whenever I come across any skin troubles." (Signed) Nurse Rae, 232 Dudley Rd., Wolverhampton, England, May 9, 1911.

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On the Golf Links

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

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

AUCKLAND.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

Middlemore Park.

THE Captain's Prize competition has as usual drawn a large entry—twenty in the A grade and thirty-two in the B. This is not quite such a large field as last year, but judging from the keenness of the entrants, some good games should result.

The fields for the matches this season have not been nearly so large as was the case last year, which is hard to understand, as the course is playing better than ever before. The fairway has been improved with the recent cutting, and the new holes opened this season for the first time have added a good deal of variety. A new departure, and one that will prove a great help to players, is the close cutting for about twenty yards in front of each green on the direct line of approach. Players found themselves much hampered in the past by the long grass immediately surrounding the green, especially the few temporary greens which were inclined to get fiery.

The last of the new greens has been sown at Middlemore, making five this season. When these are ready for use about August, members and visitors will have little to complain of as to greens. All the greens put down this season are of the hummocky type so popular on courses in England at present. The second green is a good sample, and judging from present appearances the player who holes out in two when on the green will have cause to congratulate himself.

A start has been made with the permanent tees, the tenth which has been formed for some time is now being added. The others will be done as quickly as possible.

The experience of one of the boy members of the Auckland club at present spending most of his holidays at the links seems to show that some of the players at Middlemore are decidedly erratic. In five days no less than fifty balls were retrieved from the various traps by this ardent golfer. It will be a comfort to those who contributed to this harvest to hear that as soon as some of the urgent permanent work is finished steps are to be taken to thin out the gorse, etc in the gullies and on the banks of the various creeks.

A fairly strong team has been got together to go to Cambridge on June 1. It can hardly be said to be thoroughly representative. A great many members seem to think that inter-club matches are a fine thing and good for the game, but when it comes to making a trip for the purpose of playing such a match, very few of them seem to be able to spare the time to go. It is a great pity more players don't make an effort to play in these matches, as there can be little doubt that playing against strangers is a fine thing for improving the game. The annual matches played in the South have done a lot toward raising the standard of the game there.

The New Zealand Championship.

The fixing of the 23rd September as the date for the opening of the New Zealand championship meeting has been adversely criticised in Auckland. If the date is adhered to, several of the regular attendants from Auckland will be unable to make the trip. There seems a fair attendance from Auckland will be made to have the date brought back to about the 9th, which will be in line with the dates chosen for some years past.

A Fine Performance.

Mr. H. B. Lusk, of Christchurch, playing Mr. P. Upton on Tuesday last, held out the course at Middlemore in 76, made up as follows:—

Out—4, 3, 6, 5, 4, 5, 4, 5—40.
In—3, 5, 4, 4, 4, 5—36.
This card works out to 3 up on bogey from scratch, which must be accounted a fine performance when it is remem-

bered that several of the temporary greens are in rather poor order, making putting very difficult.

The Captain's Prize.

Conditions were ideal on Saturday, and players in the opening round of the captain's prize had everything in their favour. No less than five matches ended all square, at which the handicapper should feel pleased. Several good performances were put up during the afternoon. MacCormick, playing the last nine in 39, was too strong for Tonks. Bamford and Colbeck had a strenuous game which was remarkable in that there were no less than six stymies to be negotiated. Upton put up a good fight against Burns, and, finishing in good style, squared the match. The other games in the A section provided interesting tussles, though not quite as close.

In the B grade most of the players were very evenly matched, and the eighteenth green saw the end of quite a number of hard fought matches. The closeness of the finishes on Saturday promises well for the succeeding round. All the games that finished square on Saturday must be replayed before next match day, to enable the next round to proceed. Lawrence is to be congratulated upon his victory over Stringer. Stringer showed good form, going round in 87, but this was not good enough to win, as, notwithstanding two very inferior eighties, Laurence was round in 88, and his one-stroke handicap helped him to a 3 and 2 win.

His Excellency the Governor was at Middlemore on Saturday, and indulged in a foursome during the afternoon.

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

On Saturday last a bogey handicap was the order of the day at Shirley. All medal and bogey handicaps are now divided into two classes, seniors and juniors (handicap 10 or over). The senior class was headed by J. C. Temple, who was all square from the 5 mark, and the junior by Dr. F. L. Scott, who was 3 up from 12. E. Boulton (11) was 1 up, and L. B. Andrese (10) and L. W. Harley (9) were all square. The back-markers did not figure very prominently, the best of them being H. E. Wright (plus 2), who was 1 down. Wright has been playing very consistent golf this season, and he should figure well at the N.Z. championships, if he finds it possible to attend.

Tuson Cup.

The match for the Tuson Cup between Wellington and Christchurch will be played at Shirley on May 25th. The Christchurch team will be much the same as the one which played Dunedin, excepting that Lush, who is still up North, will not be available. H. E. Wright will, however, be able to play in this match. It has been under consideration whether to add to the singles or four-ball match to be played in the morning. Such a match would add to the interest of the event, and would probably be a desirable alteration. The return match will be played at Heretaunga during October. So far the Christchurch Club has won the only match played at Christchurch, and Wellington the two matches played at Heretaunga.

Four-ball Matches.

One of the most interesting matches in golf is the four-ball best-ball match, when the four players are of about the same strength. The position that gives rise to infinite possibilities is created when one of the partners holds a half safe, and the other can go out for big things to win. Some very exceptional best-ball scores are thus made. The chief drawback to a more extended adoption of such games is that they certainly tend to block the course. The rules provide that a match playing two balls

has the right to pass, but players, especially long handicap players, are often too diffident in asserting their rights, and the four-ballers are often too averse to being passed. Four good players can, if they try, keep their place on the course, but many long handicap men are now playing four-ball matches, and they are certainly very slow as a rule. The vogue of the four-ball is now so great at Home that the rules now provide for such matches. There is an impression abroad that three-ball and four-ball matches have no standing on the course, but to my mind this is quite a mistake. The fact that the rules contain provision for such matches effectually proves that they have standing. It is, of course, provided that a match playing two balls can pass a match playing three or four, but that does not deprive them of standing. The single player and the match playing odd holes has no standing, but that is all the rules provide for. Apropos of this, I was playing in a three-ball match recently, and we were playing the 16th hole, when a gentleman and a lady walked across from the clubhouse and played from the 17th tee. One of them lost a ball in the rushes ahead, and when we arrived at the tee one of us teed up and, calling fore, drove. They were still looking for the ball, but we heard the gentleman tell the lady that we had no right to pass them—I presume because we were a three-ball. If players would follow a common-sense plan and let a match playing faster go through, a lot of trouble would be saved.

Heretaunga.

I have seldom enjoyed a day's golf more than one I had at Heretaunga last week. The weather was perfection, and the links looked at their best. One can hardly imagine a more beautiful place, and the view from the clubhouse on a fine day is perfect. The running streams, the vivid green of the grass, relieved here and there by the presence of sheep, the beautiful bush and the grand isolated kahikatea make a memorable picture. Then again the pretty houses, now becoming quite numerous, and their well-kept gardens add to the effect. The birds that throng the streams seem quite accustomed to the passing stranger, and resent very little his efforts to locate his errant ball. The rain of the previous week had softened the course considerably, and very little run could be got on the ball. This had the effect of putting some of the two-shot holes out of reach, but that must always be the case where they are full length. If the links at Heretaunga are no softer than they were last week, the authorities need have no doubts as to the success of the next N.Z. championships. They tell me an elaborate scheme of bunkering is under consideration. The bunkering already done is effective as far as it goes, though I personally prefer side bunkering to barriers across the course. Still, where there is no rough in front of the tee some such scheme to secure an effective carry is necessary. The worst of it is that the very bad ball escapes by being too short, and the one a bit better has far the worst of it. The difficulty and expense of getting sand must create a severe problem for the committee to solve. Shirley is fortunate in that one only has to dig a hole and a very effective sand bunker is made.

The Ladies' Championship.

I see that the ladies are to fight out their championship at Nelson this year. I have heard very high commendation of the Nelson links from several sources. The country is evidently very suitable for golf links, and if the club is ever strong enough financially to bring the course to a high standard of excellence, it may be a very convenient additional course for the men's championships. Two Christchurch players of standing are now settled at Nelson, Messrs. Jim Wood and C. Treweek, and they, both as players and as men of long experience, will be acquisitions to Nelson golfing circles.

General Notes.

Mr. Harry Gillies, of Hamilton, has laid out an 18-hole course on his property, some two or three miles from Hamilton. I am informed that the country is river sand, and entirely suited for the game, and that the laying out has been done with care and skill. Hamilton is more than fortunate. Some weird-looking balls are to be seen in use nowadays. Dimples, stud-markings, some marking and stars are among the curiosities. Which of them will survive?

The creek at Shirley has accounted for a goodly number of balls, but the streams at Heretaunga must be paved with them.

CAMBRIDGE.

The following is the result of last week's monthly medal competition:—E. J. Wilkinson, 96 gross—14 handicap—83 nett (winner); A. H. Nichol, 94, 10—84; K. Caldwell, 97, 13—84; Rev. Father Murphy, 107, 22—85; N. Banks, 101, 16—85; J. Bryce, 107, 18—89; J. Banks, 99, 10—89; R. Muir, 104, 14—90; S. Dunbar, 110, 16—94; T. Middleton, 110, 14—96.

A match was played on the Cambridge links last week, between teams chosen by the captain and secretary. The following is the result, the captain's players being mentioned first in each case:—A. H. Nichol lost to J. Banks, 3 and 2; M. Wells lost to J. Wilkinson, 2—1; N. Banks won from R. Muir, 2—1; O. W. McBride was all square with T. Middleton; Father Murphy and S. Dunbar were also all square; W. R. C. Walker lost to E. Caddy, 2 up; J. T. Hindmarsh lost to J. Kinnear, 5—3; Miss R. Taylor beat Miss Wells, 3—2; Miss Cox lost to Mrs. Croxford, 2—1; Mrs. Bunyard lost to Miss Willis, 2—1; Mrs. H. L. Nixon beat Mrs. Asher, 2—1. The secretary's team thus won by 6 to 4, two being halved.

On Monday last the weekly sweepstake medal handicap was won by M. Wells, with the good score of gross 90, handicap 14, net 76; R. Muir being runner-up with 103, 14—89.

WANGANUI.

A medal match was played on Thursday. The following are the results:—Class A: Miss Hawken, 1; Mrs. D'Arcy, 2. Class B: Miss C. Nixon, 1; Miss Lambert, 2.

The bogey competition, played on the Mororo links, resulted in a win for J. Soler (ser), who finished 2 down. K. J. Williams was next, 3 down, and T. Roberts third.

CARTERTON.

The first medal and shield competition for this season took place last week. Best cards were: W. Benton, gross 103, handicap 17, net 86; F. Bladen, 91, 4—87; J. T. Bicknell, 93, 4—89; B. Speedy, 94, 5—89.

OTAGO.

The monthly medal competition was played on the St. Clair links last week. The following are the best cards handed in:—

Gold Medal.—W. D. McCarthy, gross 85, handicap 8, net 77; D. M. Irvine, 91, 14—77; W. S. Ferguson, 96, 16—80; D. McFarlane, 94, 13—81; H. H. Jackson, 97, 15—82; H. D. Brewer, 98, 15—83.

Silver Medal.—E. J. Hocking, 95, 23—72; J. Lethbridge, 108, 27—81; F. J. Anderson, 108, 27—81; F. Leonard, 104, 21—83; T. E. Roberts, 107, 23—84.

MANAWATU.

Excellent weather prevailed for the golf match between the Wanganui Golf Club and the Palmerston North Club last week at the links at Hokowhitu. The match resulted in a win for the Palmerston Club by nine matches to three; one being halved. The results are as follows, Palmerston players being mentioned first in each case:—

A. Barrad beat J. Harold, O. H. Druce lost to J. Saunders, A. Scriver beat H. Meldrum, L. Seifert lost to H. D'Arcy, W. Strang beat J. Howorth, D. G. Moore beat G. Harrison, W. Seifert lost to K. Cameron, J. Slack beat M. Payne, A. L. Stedman beat D. Ritchie, H. G. Moore beat K. Bates, Dr. Wilson beat H. Bayley, L. A. Abraham halved with T. Jones, F. McHardy beat S. Rankin.

Golf is increasing in popularity in all parts of the Dominion, the latest town to form a club being Taumarunui.

LADIES' GOLF.

AUCKLAND.

Monday was an ideal day for golf, and it was generally thought that the play would be of a higher order than has been so far this season. This proved to be the case, for in the first round of the Captain's (Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield) prize, a match against bogey, Miss Winnie Cotter succeeded in lowering the "Colonel's" colours, returning a card of 1 up, and has now brought her handicap down to 10 for the L.G.U. The best cards returned for Monday were:—Miss W. Cotter, 8 strokes, 1 up; Miss M. Cotter, 12, 3 down; Miss S. Payton, 15, 5 down; Miss C. Thorpe, 18, 5 down; Mrs. E. Horton, 17, 6 down; Miss M. Alison, 11, 7 down; Miss M. McLean, 11, 7 down; Miss M. Towle, 14, 9 down; Miss A. Carr, 18, 9 down; Mrs. G. H. Richmond, 18, 9 down; Mrs. Hope Lewis, 18, 9 down.

The semi-final for the Hope Lewis Rose Bowl was played during the week, when Miss Gwen Gorrie defeated Miss Rachel Gorrie by 2 up and 1 to play, after a close and interesting match.

The match, Miss Winnie Cotter v. Miss Sybil Payton, proved most exciting. At the turn Miss Cotter was 5 up. Miss Payton stuck to her, and squared the match at the 18th. Playing on for three holes, the match was still "all square," so it was decided to play the match again. Miss Cotter concedes Miss Payton 8 strokes.

A challenge from a team of lady players has been sent to the golfers of H.M.s. Encounter and Pioneer. The match will probably be played on Thursday, 24th, and is being looked forward to with great interest.

The first of two medal handicap rounds for Mrs. Richmond's trophies was played on Monday under ideal weather conditions. A marked feature of the day's play was the steady improvement shown by a large number of players, no less than seven competitors, lowering their handicaps. In the senior division Miss Sybil Payton, with a gross score of 101, handicap 21, net 80, returned the lowest card, and brings her handicap down to 18. Other good cards were: Miss M. Alison, 100, 17-83; Miss R. Gorrie, 93, 17-85; Miss M. Towle, 106, 21-85; Miss W. Cotter, 98, 10-88.

In the junior division: Miss M. Cooper, 118, 40-78; Miss Roysie Greig, 115, 35-80; Miss C. Thorpe, 113, 32-81; Miss M. Rice, 121, 38-83.

Maungakiekie.

The best cards sent in for the medal handicap match for Miss Mary Frater's prize were: Miss Nancy MacCormick, gross score 129, handicap 40, net score, 89; Miss Gordon, 125-10-105; Miss A. Young, 143-40-103; Mrs. Ridings, 144-38-106; Miss Barstow, 145-31-112; Miss Dilworth, 156-40-116.

WAIHI.

The monthly medal competition was played on the 16th over 12 holes. Mrs. Clark was the winner, returning a card of 83, handicap 30, net 53. Miss Biddle was second, 72-15-57. Mrs. Gooch and Mrs. Noakes tied for third place with 58 net.

THAMES.

The members of this club held a competition for a trophy presented by Miss Hasketh. Keen interest was taken in the match, which was won by Miss Lily Rice, who finished 2 up on bogey; Mrs. Clendon, all square; Miss Hunter, all square; Miss Redman, all square; while Miss Stewart, Miss Gillespie and Miss McCullough were all 1 down.

A medal handicap match over nine holes was played for Mrs. Clendon's trophy. The winner was Miss Wilkes, with a net score of 46; Miss E. Read, 47; Miss Price, 48; Mrs. Clendon, 49; Miss Hunter, 49; Miss Gillespie, 55; Miss Dunlop, 57; and Miss Hague Smith, 61.

OTAGO.

The members of the Otago Ladies' Golf Club played their senior medal competition last week. Best cards handed in were:—

Mrs. Butterworth 107-17-90, Mrs. Gilray 113-21-92, Miss Gould 96-2-94, Mrs. Ward 101-6-95, Miss C. Williams 112-10-97.

The competition for the Championship of the Otago Ladies' Golf Club has now been completed. Mrs. Dodson and Mrs. Ward met in the finals, the former winning by 2 up and 1 to play after a very level game. In the Consolation Match for those who did not qualify for the Championship, Miss Law was the successful competitor.

RICHMOND HILL.

The ladies' monthly medal match was played last week. The following were the best net scores:—Mrs. Hamilton 82, Miss Steeds 89, Mrs. Harley 98, Miss Gosset 98, Miss Pratt 103, Miss Selby 105, Mrs. Rawlins 105, Mrs. Lawrence 106, Mrs. Dobbin 109, Mrs. Hargreaves 112, Miss Shand 116, Mrs. Fisher 136.

NELSON.

The senior medal was won by Miss Adams, 107-17-90.

The C grade match, 14 holes, resulted as follows:—Miss Maginnity, 95-32-63; Miss Bisley, 102-38-64; Mrs. Bigg-Wither, 111-47-64.

The third round of Mrs. Glasgow's trophy (match play, bogey handicap) is being played this week.

The Golf Club is asking for tenders for the erection of a sitting-room for the ladies and a smoking-room for the men. These extra rooms will be a great acquisition to the club.

NAPIER.

The members of the Napier Ladies' Golf Club played their monthly medal match for May, with the following results:—

A Section.—Mrs. Bernan, 104, 19-85; Miss C. Hindmarsh, 112, 26-86; Miss Kettle, 103, 16-87; Miss Dean, 106, 16-90.

B Section.—Mrs. Keely, 127, 38-89; Miss Miller, 132, 40-92; Miss Brabant, 127, 34-93.

The Napier Club intend holding their annual tournament the week previous to the New Zealand tournament, from August 29 to 23 (inclusive). Programmes, with full details, will be sent out later.

TARAHUA.

At Tarahua last week the ladies played a foursome medal handicap for silver buttons presented by the club. The new greens were in good order. Results:—Mrs. Cooke and Miss Furlong, 1st; Mrs. Neal and Mrs. List, 2nd; Miss F. Putt and Miss Hammond, 3rd.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

The second round for the Weston Cup was played at Ngamotu in perfect weather. The ground was fast, and consequently there was a lot of run on the ball. Results:—Miss Brewster beat Miss Perry-Smith, 2 up and 1; Mrs. Whetter beat Miss Glasgow, 5 up and 4; Miss Stephenson beat Miss Hall, 4 up and 3; Miss Read beat Miss Blundell, 3 up and 2; Mrs. Johns beat Mrs. Paton, 4 up and 3; Miss McKellar beat Mrs. Glasgow, 1 up; Miss Ryan beat Mrs. Hutton, 2 up.

The tie on the first round between Miss Bewley and Mrs. R. A. Gray was played off, Miss Bewley winning 3 up and 2.

WESTPORT.

At the annual meeting of the Westport Golf Club, held in the county office recently, the following ladies' committee was elected for the season: Mrs. Moss, Misses Enright, Harkness, Rayfield, and Snodgrass. At a meeting held afterwards Miss Snodgrass was re-elected secretary, and it was decided to play for the Golf Union medals and Gothard Challenge Cup, the fourth Saturday in each month, and club trophies on the second Saturday.

The first medal match of the season was played last week. The grass was exceptionally long, so good scoring was quite out of the question. The best cards handed in were:—Miss Enright, 113-28-85; Miss Snodgrass, 97-8-89; Miss J. Bailie, 116-24-91; Mrs. Wilson, 131-40-91; Mrs. Moss, 118-23-95.

In a bogey match the best scores were: Mrs. Wilson (handicap, 30), 6 down; Miss Snodgrass (6), 7 down; Mrs. Munro

(18), 8 down; Mrs. Tyers (19), 9 down; Miss J. Bailie (18), 9 down; Mrs. Moss (17), 9 down.

GISBORNE.

The first monthly medal competitions of the season was played on the links of the Poverty Bay Golf Club last week, but in spite of the fine weather the scoring was not at all good.

The A division was won by Mrs. F. T. Morgan, 102-18-84, and the B division by Miss L. King, 115-34-81.

CHRISTCHURCH.

The May monthly medal match was played at Shirley, but owing to a great portion of the links being top-dressed the scores were not good. The following were the best scores returned:—

Senior.—Miss D. Fisher, gross score 104-handicap 14-net 90; Miss B. Wood, 101-9-92; Miss Cracroft Wilson, 99-6-93; Mrs. Donald, 111-18-95; Mrs. Symons, 114-19-95; Miss Cowlishaw, 106-10-96; Mrs. Vernon, 123-25-98.

Junior.—Mrs. Stevenson, 136-40-96; Mrs. H. Wood, 124-28-98.

On Friday, May 10th, a bogey match was played at Shirley for prizes presented by Mrs. Duncan Macfarlane. The following were the best scores returned:—

Senior.—Miss N. Campbell (handicap 5), 2 down; Miss D. Fisher (11), 3 down; Miss Cracroft Wilson (5), 4 down; Miss P. Anderson (11), 4 down; Miss B. Wood (7), 5 down; Mrs. Hill (17), 9 down.

Junior.—Miss M. Newton (30), 5 down; Miss Lucas (30), 5 down; Mrs. H. Wood (20), 7 down.

The New Beginning.

By "The Stymie."

The average golfer, whether he be of those who "play in the frost or in the thaw" of a city course in winter, or of those who emulate the winter serenity of the dormouse where golf is concerned, is wont with the return of the spring to cherish fond but usually fallacious hopes of a big improvement in his game. The man who plays in winter expects that the better lies and serener air of the spring will completely rehabilitate "his game," which during the "off season" has been about as much "off" as it well could be. The man who has not played throughout the bad months nourishes the idea that the period of rest will, somehow, have enabled him to forget those ill-habits which produce the tops and scuffs, the slices and socketings, of the bygone summer. Vain hope! for long after we have forgotten our faults, we discover to our cost that they have not forgotten us.

That is not to say, all the same, that their ideas are wholly without foundation. Quite the reverse, and if players would only set the right way to work they ought to be able to make this time the opportunity for improving their play out of all knowledge. Unfortunately, their habit is to begin the season in the same purposeless and happy-go-lucky fashion as they began the previous one, and the vague hope that somehow things will turn out all right this year usually proves a very small and valueless asset when a dividend has to be declared in a Monthly Medal round.

I have small hesitation in saying that a very large percentage of golfers are conscious, at least at times, of the wish that they had the whole game to begin over again. Even quite fair players, possessing a long and arduously acquired experience of play, often realize that they cannot improve their game because they know it too well, and believe, rightly or wrongly, that they would have more chance of attaining ultimately to the glory of a lower handicap if they could be able to begin right from the beginning again. They are, indeed, probably quite wrong in so thinking, for were a fresh beginning possible, it would most likely take them into faults and difficulties, it may not be the same as those they at present labour under, but not less irritating or less apt to result in scores of vexatious dimensions. Yet the idea suggests the question: How much, and how, can the average golfer hope to improve his game at this season.

In the first place, nothing is more easy, and at the same time nothing is more fallacious, than for the player who has been enjoying a spell of rest, to

imagine that his reflections during that period, and it may be, his practice swing, with a cork in the back garden, have revealed unto him this or that minor error of grip, swing, or stance which has been the cause of all his many bad and still more numerous indifferent shots of previous seasons. When a player makes even what seems to him the most radical alteration in some detail of his style, he will usually be astonished, if he cares to take the opinion of all too candid friends, to learn that his swing seems to them to be still the same old sixpence, and even when the alteration is pointed out to them it is ten to one that they fail to recognise any change. To the onlooker, at any rate, the radical characteristics of his swing are the same as they have always been, and it is too much to hope that there will be any such miraculous improvement in the results.

Besides, it seems reasonable, if the player is going to turn over a new leaf, to ask that he should not attempt any patchwork of his old style. Let him rather start out with the idea of seeing that everything is right—and a lesson or two from the club pro. will do more to make sure of this than anything—rather than with the idea of sorting out one particular error which may or may not be the cause of the mischief.

The usual plan of the player who does not consider, has nothing at all to recommend it. If he does not play through the winter it is presumably owing to lack of opportunity, which only the lengthening days can give him again. He falls into the error, however, of delaying the start of his season until he can get a complete round, which is usually a match, friendly or otherwise, and in which he is almost certain to fall into all his old faults with a good few new ones thrown in, simply owing to his absurd effort to leap into what he is pleased to consider his true form all at once.

He would do far better to remember that long before the evenings draw out sufficiently to allow of a full round after business, there is sufficiently long light to allow of desultory, but still very useful practice. This, in any time, is his chance to do a little of that practising of particular strokes which he is so reluctant to waste time on afterwards when it becomes possible to secure a match. Let him take out his driver and half a dozen balls to the first or second tee of an evening. By that time more fortunate players will all have reached the homeward half of the course, and he can slog away to his heart's content without disturbing anyone. Other evenings should see him out for practice with his putter. There is nothing which will give him greater confidence when he starts play again than the knowledge that his work on the greens will not fail him when the time comes.

Another point that is worth remembering is that golf being what it is, the queerest of games, there is always a risk of a player losing his grip of the very strokes of which he deems himself surest. I have known a player who was remarkably strong with his cleek shots, and not a little proud of them, too—perhaps because they formed so bright a contrast with the other departments of his game—go off that most useful club completely during a period of enforced rest and never recover his old-time ability with it. For this reason the player would be well advised to start the new season by a little practice with the clubs with which he knows himself to be really proficient, and having got into form with these, then to turn his attention to the clubs of which he is doubtful. There is more than one good reason for this advice. For if he takes

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up the less familiar club first and acquires a mastery of it, he runs the risk of losing all he has acquired, while he is trying to get back his form with the other. But, on the other hand, if he plays first into form with the familiar club, he is less likely to lose it again so quickly. Moreover, it is always an advantage to take the familiar stroke first, since there it offers a much greater chance of immediate success, and the confidence born of a good start is worth half the battle.

Mixed Bogey Foursomes.

With all due deference to the stronger sex, including that venerable gentleman Colonel Bogey, one cannot partake in a merry round of prize competitions under varying conditions without coming to the conclusion that for exquisite golfing torture mixed foursomes against bogey bear of the palm.—*Yorkshire Post.*

One Way of Playing Stymlies.

On some of the courses permission is given to lift a ball on the putting greens and free it from any accumulated mud. (The rule is, of course, vicious—but that is neither here nor there, for the moment.) They tell a story of a player who was confronted with a dead stymie. The ball was lifted, carefully bereft of the few dabs of attached mud, and replaced. . . . Whereupon the player exultantly exclaimed, "Why, it wasn't a stymie at all—there's plenty of room!" . . . and promptly loled. The moral, of course, is—play the ball as it lies.

Bogey!

As a personal opinion, how can one see pleasure in playing against an opponent who is unafflicted by head or side or tail winds, who is dry while his opponent is spluttering the discomforts of pouring rain, who never gets into a bunker never makes a brilliant recovery, never sinks a long putt—certainly there is no equity in the arrangement. Such a perfectly monotonous person is only fit to adorn the moral of a fable for children or to take his seat in Elijah's chariot.—*Mr Anthony Spalding in the "Manchester Courier."*

Golf a la Francaise.

"I am off my iron shots" is a miserably bald statement as compared with "Mes coups de fer sont detraques," in which there is the true ring of despair. "Pelouse d'arrivee" is a magnificent equivalent for putting green, and I confess I much prefer the quiet, respectable "normale" to that singularly objectionable term "Bogey." Again, how glorious a person does the caddie master appear when he is called "chef de radez;" he could hardly do less than wear a gold headed coat and a cocked hat.—*Mr Bernard Darwin in "Country Life."*

The Bounce of the Ball.

It is curious how custom survives. A decade ago, when we were playing with gutta balls, one of the earmarks of a good ball was its resiliency, to test which the ball was bounced. If it was a good "stotter," i.e., a good bouncer, the probabilities were that it was a good ball, more especially if it floated pretty high in water (all guttas floated). Now this quality in a gutta ball, a virtue in itself, is more or less likely to be an absolute vice in a rubber-core. Balls that bounce high are not necessarily capable of being driven relatively further. Frequently the opposite is the case. One need only take a pure rubber ball for comparison. It will bounce very much higher than any rubber-core, but it cannot possibly be driven anything like the same distance. The bounce of a ball is a criterion as to its playing qualities.

Musicians Profit by Phonograph

If Caruso, the great tenor, happens to lose his voice or become incapacitated because of such illness as has kept him off the operatic stage the last half of two seasons, he will feel consoled by the knowledge that his royalties from a phonograph company will exceed 100,000 dollars a year for many years to come; while Madame Toltzraza is grateful that the same company refused to pay her 1000 dollars five years ago for the very same effort that they are now paying her 35,000 dollars a year for. Then the diva was willing to take the lower figures outright for her records, but a year ago she demanded a bonus of 25,000 dollars, besides the royalties, and she got it.—*From the "Popular Mechanics Magazine."*

BOXING.

Pleasures of Pugilism.

DELUSIONS ABOUT PRIZE FIGHTS.

The notion that boxing is an agonizing business originated, according to a competent authority vouched for by the London "Times," in the highly-coloured accounts of prize-fights with the naked fists. These accounts first imparted to cultivated people their notion that the experiences of a pugilist in the ring, dealing and giving blows, must be physically painful. Endurance and the capacity to endure pain were unquestionably the old-fashioned prize-fighter's chief assets. The bare knuckles cut and bruised in a way quite impossible when the gloves are on. But it is by entering the mind of the prize-fighter in action, by considering the psychology of pugilism, that the common impression of pugilism as a prolonged ordeal of nerve-shattering pain—giving rise to a kind of homicidal mania in the breast of either combatant—is most effectively confuted. To quote from the article in the London "Times":

"The writer, who has enjoyed many a strenuous bout with the gloves, and, in a remote and adventurous youth, even took part in two glove fights in Western America (being knocked out in the first, and winning the second on points), speaks from much-cherished personal experience when he says there is absolutely no truth in the impression. In the first place, even the pain of a very severe blow (provided it does not disturb the solar plexus—in which case the shock, though it soon passes off, may mean taking the count) passes unnoticed in the exhilaration of the game. It is not the other fellow's hitting, but one's own, and the perpetual motion which is the exhausting factor in the sport; there are times at the end of a particularly strenuous round when one has the feeling that the sprinter has in the last few yards of a sternly-contested quarter-mile.

"The writer will never forget the penultimate round in a ten-round affair which he lost on the other side of the Atlantic through ducking carelessly into an upper-cut. It was a species of dream; everything in and about the ring seemed phantasmal and shadowy; the cries of the spectators, rejoicing in a sequence of swift exchanges, seemed to come from very far away—a weird, other-world ululation that really did not matter at all. The call of time was a joy in itself; to sit on a chair and be sponged and fanned was the sum of all possible and impossible luxuries. And the luxury of a minute's rest was emphasized by the remark of one of the seconds, a grim old fighter who gave one good advice in the intervals—"Say, you kept that English left going in good shape; you nearly had him twice, but he's surely tough!"

The way out, proceeds this competent authority, was opened "silently, invisibly in the next bout." After the knock-out it was an awakening in a land of peace and pleasant fatigue. The winner came over, and shook hands affectionately. The loser felt that he had never known a man so well in his life, and never liked a man so much. As for two or three bruises and a cut lip—what did they matter?

"But they mattered a good deal; they were honourable marks, mementoes of an occasion when one had proved that a good physique is worth working for, that there is a moral factor in physical courage, that there is no such thing as a 'miserable body' unless one misuses it.

"Personal animosity simply does not exist in a contest between two boxers who have acquired the basis of their art—the ability to keep their temper unruined in adversity. Their feelings are impersonal, as those of two chess players; it is the situation, not the adversary, which is the real objective of attack. Indeed, boxing is the chess of athletics; like that 'gymnasium of the mind' which is the finest of sedentary games, it matches what a man is against what he is not, as well as providing a drastic comparison of the physical, mental, and moral qualities of two individuals. To get in a good hit is, of course, a joyous bit of good fortune; not because it shames the other man so much as because it is an artistic achievement. A good late cut or off-drive or a fine approach to a well-guarded hole gives one precisely the same thrill of pleasure. Really to hurt his antagonist is never the intention of a boxer in the English style.

"In a word, there is no more agony in

a boxing bout than in a well-contested sprint or a wing three-quarter's run down the touch-line—not a particle more. Many famous boxers of whom the writer has inquired have ratified his impressions of the boxer in action. The difficulty in persuading the non-experienced of the truth thereof consists in the fact that they have not been through the mill. If they see a bout, they measure the effects of blows exchanged by thinking how they would feel if compelled to receive them. But, untrained as they so often are, and without a suitable physique for the game, they necessarily exaggerate the painfulness of it all. The physical pains of boxing let an eleventh-hour convert to another personal pastime confess—as are nothing in comparison with the mental anguish and reiterated irritations of a beginner at golf. Yet who calls golf brutal and demoralizing?"

In these considerations, finally, lie the failure of all homilies against pugilism. The makers of such homilies reveal in every word that they know nothing about the thing they criticize by actual experience. The physical effects of the blows which one pugilist can legitimately deal another would never be permanently disabling. In any event, concludes the pugilist who writes thus in the British organ, recent outcries against the cruelty of the sport are "highly unscientific." The masse of the people are better informed upon this point than are the cultivated and refined.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

AUCKLANDER BEATEN IN FINAL.

Among the candidates for heavyweight honours at the Amateur Boxing Association's championship meeting, held at Alexandra Palace last Wednesday (writes our London correspondent) was Mr. P. L. Foote, of Wellington, who is now studying at the London Hospital. The competitors in the event in question were nine in number, and the form displayed was very moderate indeed, but nevertheless the New Zealander, who was looked upon as being the best of the batch, failed to realise expectations, being beaten in the final series by K. Smith of the City Police, on points, after a vigorous bout.

Foote, who drew a bye in the first round, met in the second series H. B. Grain, of the Cambridge B.C. The latter appeared overtrained and was decidedly weak in his legs. The bout was short, sharp and decisive. Sailing in at once, the New Zealander had his man in difficulties from the first blow, and after Grain had made contact with the floor half a dozen times, the referee very properly stopped what was a farcically one-sided bout.

In the semi-final Foote ran up against a very different proposition in H. Johnson, of the City Police. Foote boxed in a crouched fashion, but nevertheless, whenever he opened out there was no mistaking the accuracy of his blows. Every time the policeman attempted to lead, Foote drove the left to the face and body, and gained a marked advantage in the first round. Coming up for the second, Johnson became the aggressor, but was soon steadied by his opponent's left, and the New Zealander continued to score well at long range. The last round produced a rare slogging match. Once Foote got Johnson on to the ropes, and belaboured him freely on head and body, getting home, among other hits, a right to the jaw, which would have finished most men off. But the policeman was made of tough material, and getting free, he went for Foote, who, owing to his exertions was a trifle weak. He, however, managed to stall off the policeman's vigorous assault, and the latter also weakened. It was odds on one or the other being put out in the last minute, but they both stood up to the end, when Foote was, very rightly, given the verdict.

There can be no doubt that the New Zealander's exertions in this bout told their tale in the final, in which he met R. Smith. He opened well, and with his first blow—a stiff jolt on the chin—sent the policeman down. Smith was again up in a twinkling, and getting close, brought both hands into play on the body with effect. At the second meeting Foote several times led short, and was thumped hard on the body until, adopting long-range tactics, he began to score freely with the left on the face. There was not much in it either way, when they came up for the final round, but Smith looked the fresher. The New Zealander, however, opened in his customary aggressive fashion, but he found

Smith quite his equal at long range boxing, and his superior at close quarters, the policeman's body punches being particularly effective. At the finish Smith was doing much the better work with both hands, and the championship was very properly awarded to him. He is not by any means a finished boxer, but he is strong as a bull, full of pluck, and possesses a splendid capacity for taking punishment. It was no disgrace for the New Zealander to lose to Smith after the "gruelling" he had with Johnson, which certainly took a great deal out of the hospital champion.

FIFTH OLYMPIAD.

DESCRIPTION OF THE STADIUM

STRUCTURE COST £50,000.

The Olympic Games of Stockholm are being held in the permanent stadium, which was erected during the years 1910-1911, in accordance with the drawings of Mr. Torben Grut, the architect, and at an expense of about £50,000.

The stadium is built of grey-violet Swedish brick and unadorned granite. The plan shows a typical amphitheatre in the form of a horseshoe magnet, only the arena being open to the sky. The two arms of the building rest against a rocky slope at the north, being there built into the hill by means of two watch-towers, behind which lie the administrative buildings on the flanks of the sloping background. This slope is crowned by an arcade, which completes the frame of the arena, and the united buildings at the flanks. Under the amphitheatre and along the corridor there are arranged the Royal foyer, all the dressing-rooms, shower baths, and toilet rooms for the athletes, the luncheon-kitchen, the promenade arcades, etc.

The seats in the amphitheatre can be reached only from the outer promenade, by means of 12 staircases, each of which leads to the entrance of a section of the amphitheatre. Admission to the interior competing fields is gained through four portals, one at the southern end, distinguished by two octagonal entrance-towers, one in the middle of the northern arcade, and one at each end of the eastern and western watch-towers. Admission to the park is gained by three groups of entrances for the amphitheatre and one for each half of the northern slope, one at the north-east, and the other at the south-west corner.

The arena contains a football field, places for the jumping and throwing competitions, with, round all these, a running track, the inner circumference of which measures 383 metres. During the winter, the arena can be used as a skating rink.

The composition of the building is a modern, independent organic development of early mediæval Swedish architecture. Round the southern end runs an outer open arcade, looking towards the park. Its centrefort is crowned by granite blocks intended for sculptured figures, cycles of 30 erect figures in life size. The eight side walks are flanked in pairs by similar blocks.

On the great eastern tower there is an immense block of black hammered iron, with two granite figures representing the first pair of human beings belonging to northern mythology, Ask and Embla. The pillars of the sides are crowned by cubical blocks, which will be hewn into grotesque heads.

In the middle of the northern arcade will be hoisted the flags of the prize-winners. The numbers of the events and the names of victors will be cried from the watch-towers by means of horn signals and megaphones. Eight over the southern portal is the music gallery.

The masts supporting the roof of the amphitheatre are of pine, coated with vandyck brown and with white and coloured ornaments. The seats in the amphitheatre are of pine, painted a pearl-grey.

From the masts there will hang wreaths and garlands, while from the roof there will project flagpoles, with flags of the different nations. All the entrance towers will be decorated with Swedish flags, and also with flags bearing the section letter of the tickets.

The Stadium will become a centre for northern athletes, and it will also be a forum for open-air festivities of every kind. As its acoustic properties are excellent, it will be possible to have choir festivals, public meetings, and open-air theatrical representations there. During the Olympic games there will be room at the Stadium for 25,000 spectators.

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.

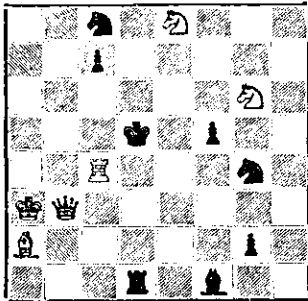
Answers to Correspondents.

"F. K. K."—Many thanks.

Problem No. 149.

By P. F. Blake, Liverpool, first prize winner in the "Magyar Sakkujsag" Tourney.

Black, 8 pieces.



White, 6 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.
2 ♘ h3; 2 ♔ 5; 6 ♗ 1; 3 ♗ 1 ♔ 2; 2 ♖ 3 5; 1; ♗ ♔ 6; ♖ 5 ♔ 1; 3 ♖ 1 ♔ 2.

Recent Problem Tourneys.

The prize winners in the last half-yearly problem tourney in "Tidskrift for Schack" were: Three-movers—First, E. Palkoska; second, G. Heathcote; third, J. Jespersen. Two-movers—First, F. Gamage; second, G. Heathcote. Honorary mention in both sections to F. W. Wynne.

The winners in the problem tourney of the American Chess Bulletin are: Section 1: Two-movers—G. Heathcote (Ariside), A. Bolus (Manchester), and G. E. Pickering (Leeds), first, second and third; and in section 2: Three-movers—A. Bolus, first and second; and J. Ortman (Amsterdam), third.

It will be noticed that, with one solitary exception, all the honours fell to Englishmen, and these all Northern Counties men. More power to them!

The San Sebastian Tournament.

There was a rather dramatic conclusion to the San Sebastian tournament, the first prize falling unexpectedly to Rubinstein, with Spielmann and Niemzowitsch tying for second and third prizes. Upon the conclusion of the first half of the tournament Spielmann was three games ahead of Rubinstein, and the latter was therefore hardly regarded as a serious pretendent for chief honours. Spielmann, however, evidently found the strain of the contest, following, as it did, immediately upon the Abazzia tournament, too much for him, and his play fell off in quality very considerably, whereas Rubinstein, who had not the same handicap to overcome, seemed to improve with every game he played, winding up a brilliant series of successes by defeating Spielmann and Niemzowitsch in succession in the last two rounds. Tarrasch took the fourth prize. It is remarkable that Teichmann, who in September won the important Carlsbad tournament, was not now able to beat a single one of his opponents, and that he made the remarkable proportion of sixteen draws in nineteen games. — "Yorkshire Observer Budget."

The Wellington Chess Club.

This club's Summer Tourney, in which the time for competition was extended, has now been declared closed. The best score was made by Mr L. Cimino, who is to be congratulated on carrying off first prize in his maiden tourney. His score was ten wins. Messrs. Gyles, senr., and Douglas tied with nine wins each, and divide the remaining prizes. Mr Croxton looked at one time like a certain winner, but was unfortunately prevented by sickness from attending in the final stages and had to let two games go by default, thus just missing the prize-list.

Entries for the annual "Petherick" Tournament closed on Saturday evening, 11th inst., fourteen names being handed in for the year's contest. Messrs. Barnes and Hicks, the two scratch men, conceded odds of pawn and two moves to Gyles, senr. (last year's winner), Gyles, senr., gives odds of pawn and move to Messrs. Carman and Fouhy, and higher odds to the remaining entrants. Play commenced last Wednesday, the drawing in the opening round being as follows: Barnes v. Buck, Carman v. Kemsley, C. Cimino v. Jolly, Hicks v. L. Cimino, Croxton v. Gyles, senr., Cornwall v. Fouhy, and Danks v. Woodford.

The first match between the newly-formed Wellington East C.C. and the Wellington South C.C. was to come off last night, in the Hataitai Bowling Club's pavilion. According to latest accounts, a large muster was expected, and the issue awaited with interest.

Mr E. Pearson Sharp writes thus in the Reading "Observer":—"If a man once gets well within the magic circle of chess it is a million to one that he will never leave it. His interest may be dormant for a certain period, through business or domestic causes, but the old affection for the game will always come up top with renewed interest and charm. In youth chess is his instructor, in later years his delight, and in old age his solace and comfort. And, provided his mental organism is not overtaxed by too close an application to his hobby, or that the midnight oil is not too prodigally consumed, the chess player will find his powers of thought, ability for concentration and steadiness of nerve intensified and rendered permanently healthier by the serious study of the game. To give

up the pursuit of chess voluntarily represents something almost morbid and abnormal; such cases are rarely found in the domain of chess."

The Students' Corner.

(For inexperienced players.)

POSITION No. 116.

White (3 pieces): K at Q87, P at QR2, P at QR2. Black (3 pieces): K at QR2, P at QR3, P at QR4.
(8: k1K5; p7: 1p6; 1P6: 8: P7: 8.)
White to play and win.

This is a very useful ending. Solution invited.

Solutions of Problems.

No. 140 (Kainer)—1. Q—R4. If 1... P—R3; 2. R—Q7, etc. If 1... PXP; 2. R—Q7 ch, etc. If 1... KXP; 2. R checks, etc. If 1... K—K5; 2. PXP, etc.

No. 147 (Liberali)—1. Q—K86.

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Notes and News.

From the "Adelaide Chronicle" we learn that the Adelaide and Perth Chess Clubs are making arrangements for a match to be played by telegraph on June 3.

Details have not been finally fixed, as the chief obstacle in the way is getting the use of a spare line. Victoria and New South Wales have an annual match, and every facility is granted them in regard to the playing, but the authorities in South Australia cannot see their way to do likewise, and will only pass the moves on in the ordinary course of business.

Speaking on the projected match, the "Western Mail" says:—"Many years have passed since these two States tried conclusions, and the coming match will be looked forward to with pleasure by many. The selection of the members of the team will no doubt cause the committee some anxiety, for with past champions and experienced telegraphic players on the one side, and present champions with no experience but plenty of recent practice on the other, some difficulty in the order in which the members of the team should play will no doubt arise. The absence of Mr W. S. Viner as leader will no doubt be felt, as on past occasions he invariably scored a win for his side. Of those players who formerly composed the team, Messrs. Hilton, Colebatch, Siebenhaar, Grosvenor, Farrington and Crossley are still in the State and may be available for selection, and, if so, with those who are in active play, viz., Messrs. Watson, Younkman, Coleman, Maysers, Tzelepsis, Macdonald, etc., the committee should have no difficulty in selecting a team worthy to uphold the honour of this State.

Turf Gossip.

By WHALEBONE.

FIXTURES.

May 23 and 24—Wanganui J.C. Winter.
June 1 and 3—Hawke's Bay J.C. Winter.
June 1, 3, 5—A.R.C. Winter.

The hunter Galvata is now being worked at Ellerslie by G. Malcolm.

Mr H. Whitney intends sending Naunau and Oucasa to Auckland to compete at the A.R.C. Winter Meeting.

The Salvanan gelding Nurood, which met with a slight mishap after the Avondale meeting, is working again at Ellerslie.

It is rumoured in the South that a Wellington syndicate will race on a big scale in the Dominion next season.

Mr V. Croninga has disposed of Ashby to Mr J. Jackson, and the son of Oulizido is at present under E. Pope's charge at Ellerslie.

The hurdle mare Miss Explosion has made a good recovery from the operation performed by Dr. King for respiratory troubles, and is being hacked about again.

It is reported in the South that Khoran is showing signs of soreness, but evidently he is not very bad, for he has been paid up for in the Great Northern Hurdles.

Messrs. C. Morse and J. A. Lucas, of Gisborne, will take a trip to Australia next month, and the horse Continance is also to accompany them to take part in the Melbourne Nationals.

The stake for the New Zealand Grand National Steeplechase has been raised to 1000sovs, which makes it the most valuable cross-country event in the Dominion. The Hurdle race remains at 100sovs.

The Hawke's Bay-owned Napper is the latest candidate to come into favour for the Great Northern Double, and he has been supported for the double event for a fair amount.

W. Ryan has taken up the position as leading horseman in the Hon. J. D. Ormond. Both F. D. Jones and L. Wilson have severed their connection with the Karamu stable.

Kopane is progressing satisfactorily in his schooling displays at Ellerslie, and the other morning, with Rebel to give him a lesson, was given a turn over the pony hurdles, fencing well for a beginner.

Private advice received in Wellington state that Benneages and Blakeney arrived safely in Sydney. The former is not to race until June 1, but Blakeney may be given a run at Rosehill this month.

Mr P. Boulan has decided to mate his naves, Chiara, by Culrasser—Quido, and Lady Chiara, by Soult—Chiara, with Seaton Delaval, and they have been shipped to Motiti Island for that purpose.

The recent meeting of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club is reported to be the most successful yet held by the club, an interim balance sheet shows a profit of a little over £2000 on the gathering.

The Castor gelding Paritutu was given his first schooling in June since his arrival at Ellerslie, when on Thursday morning, in company with Boulan, he was sent around of the hurdles. The veteran showed with great dash, and his companion, which jumped well, was of very little use to him.

The hurdle-horses Don Quex, Fuss, Lloyds and Explosive did a strong working gallop of a round of the grass at Ellerslie on Thursday morning. Explosive finished in front, with Lloyds, Don Quex, and Fuss following in that order.

The Monoplane mare Monoplane is now working at Ellerslie under T. A. Williams' charge. Unless present intentions are altered, Monoplane will form one of that trainer's team for Australia on June 10.

At the Queensland Turf Club's May meeting, Evelyn 8 and 10, by Soult—Evelyn, was the Flying Handicap, and the Lily, by Bluejacket, the Trial Handicap.

The Auckland Cup winner of 1910, Walmann, is fast getting back to form, and is working along freely on the tracks at Ellerslie. He is now handled in the Cornwall Handicap at 10/2.

In framing his handicap for the Cornwall Handicap, Mr Morse assesses General Labour as a stone better than Mascout, which is the best of the other three-year-olds engaged.

Evidently the owner of Sullinda has changed his mind about taking the filly to Otago, for the daughter of Boston Delaval has not been nominated for that gathering.

The Bunde Scotland gelding Gaetic will, it is going well in the meantime, be brought to Auckland for the A.R.C. Winter Meeting, after fulfilling his engagements at Wanganui.

The tracks at Ellerslie are probably in better condition at present than they have ever been at this time of year. The work, however, is very interesting, but should live up during the next week or two.

If present intentions are carried out, the Southern trainer, J. Hatlaway, will bring Leontaur and the hunter Hakaki up for the Great Northern meeting next month.

The Sylvia Park gelding Seaman is putting up an unenviable record this season, and up to the present has competed in 13 races, winning once, running seven seconds, and two thirds.

Word from Napier states that Whakawera has improved considerably as the result of the racing at the Hawke's Bay meeting, and the gelding is spoken of as likely to run well forward in his Wanganui engagements.

The hurdle horse Captain is reported to be doing great work at Awapuni. It was intended to nominate the son of Captain Webb for the Great Northern Meeting, but the nomination was received at the A.R.C. office too late to be included in the list.

The gelding Jack Johnson was given a turn over the pony hurdles at Ellerslie lately. The son of Meriwae was very lame when he pulled up, and it does not look as if his owner would get a race out of him.

The form of The Native at the Hawera meeting shows him to be well forward, and he is now a good favourite for the Great Northern Hurdles. A win in the Century Hurdles at Wanganui would necessitate his carrying 7 lb penalty, which would bring his weight up to 10.13.

The filly Miss Winsome is a very light-hearted little lady, and in her work at Ellerslie of a morning gives her rider anything but an easy ride. Recently she must have bucked for a couple of furlongs before settling down.

The gelding Commander is earning an unenviable reputation for falling. Last week while being schooled at Ellerslie, he came down at the first fence of the double, giving his rider, Speckman, a bit of a shaking, while on another morning the stone wall brought him to grief.

The half-brother, by Soult, to Bronze, recently shipped to Sydney by Mr. G. Currie, and which is said to be purchased at the yearling sales there, has been leased to an Australian sportsman, and is now an inmate of P. Nolan's stable.

On a recent morning at Ellerslie, Hantere, First Barrel, Orlhan, and Khebel were schooled over the big circuit, going over the hill. The quartet jumped well until they reached the double the last time, when Hantere struck hard and came down.

Merrivanna, last year's winner of the Connolly Handicap, appears to be regaining her form, judging by her displays on the Trentham tracks. Her trainer, J. Ayres, entertains hopes of landing the black mare at the post in the pink of condition for next week's contest.

The Portna stable, which used to be a power in the jumping events when it sheltered The Guard and other great performers, is said to be withering away. This is a tentative this season, if the hack hurdler Torbelle is excepted.

Probable, which was recently sold for £5, won a double at the Ashburton meeting last week. As the stakes won were worth £140, and substantial dividends were paid in each instance, it appears that M. H. Ireland made a lucky purchase when he secured the Torpedo—Palmua horse for the sum stated.

In Gisborne the opinion is held that Continance is likely to turn out a better horse over the hills than Te Aru. This is a large order, but the friends of the horse mentioned state that he is jumping everything given him in his schooling tasks with ease. Moreover, his great pace will stand to him in any steeplechase.

The report from the South as to the mishap to Coraxon would not be very reassuring to backers of last year's winner, but the fact that he was accepted for in the Great Northern Steeplechase would point to his trainer holding the view that the injury was not likely to be serious. Accommodation has been secured at Green Lane for the son of Coeur-de-Lion.

A good exhibition of jumping was witnessed at Ellerslie on Thursday morning, when Tui Cakobau (A. Ray) and Loch Fyne (V. Coleman) sent a schooling gallop of two and a-half giles over the big fences, going twice up the hill, the hunter Galvata (J. Brady) leading over the first round. Tui Cakobau does not seem to altogether relish the double, and did not jump it with any confidence, but outside that the trio fared splendidly and finished close together.

It is not very often one sees grey race-horses in training here, but at Ellerslie there are three—Flip Flap, by Loch Fyne, in T. A. Williams' stable, and a gelding by Haytree, owned by Mr J. Armstrong. Another of the same colour in M.

dura is expected to put in an appearance shortly, which will make a quartet of the light shade at headquarters—something of a record.

In view of the fact that two of them are engaged at Ellerslie, it is interesting to know that according to Southern writer, Dan Moraghan has a good team of jumpers in his stable at Riccarton and some of them should do well at the winter meetings. Included in the list are Dorado, who has been very free in his recent jumps, Outlander, Parallel, a chestnut gelding by Euroclydon, and a brown gelding by Hawiri. The two last are said to have shown much promise.

It is rather puzzling to follow Mr Morse in his weights for the Millen Hurdles at Riccarton meeting, especially in his treatment of most of the horses as compared with Sphinx. In the race under notice the daughter of Bluejacket had 9.11 in the saddle, running third, after looking all over a winner. The last fence was reached by her, but she was dropped. For that performance she has been dropped 5 lbs, and meets Nape Nape on 17 lbs, Pip Sibs (the former pair finishing in front of her), and of those she beat Surplus and 15 lbs the worst of it, Blue Mount 4 lbs, Hezloy 1 lb, and Tenfold 8 lbs.

The gelding Black Northern, recently purchased by Mr W. Montgomery, has gone into C. Coleman's charge. Lately at Ellerslie, with F. Howard in the saddle, Black Northern was sent a schooling gallop over a round of the hurdles in company with Jack. At the hurdle near the five-furlong post Haku hit hard and nearly came down, and Black Northern eased up a bit. Coming to the hurdle by the sod wall the son of Salvanan whipped off, and it was only the third attempt he was got over. After jumping, he was once round the tan, but stuck up repeatedly, and had to be led for about a furlong before he would start off. The display of the gelding is not to be regarded as one for his new owner, who was present to watch the exhibition.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday.

It is understood that arrangements have been completed for Mr. G. D. Greenwood's team of horses in the Great Northern Handicap, and that their trainer, R. J. Mason, will follow on June 20. No doubt the team will be a select one, although nothing definite about Mason's future plans has been announced. It is finally regarded as certain that he will take up his residence permanently in Sydney, and continue to train for Mr. Greenwood. This will not mean the retirement of Mr. Greenwood from the Dominion, as that gentleman will continue to race at least a few horses here, and they will be under the charge of P. V. Mason, who it is understood will set up quarters at Riccarton as soon as Messrs. Sturt Bros. take over the Yaldhurst property, which they recently purchased from R. J. Mason. The departure of the famous Yaldhurst trainer will mark a notable event in the turf history of this country.

P. P. Claridge has received two additions to his active brigade. They are the Singlestick gelding Shillinglech and the aged filly and mare, both horses are looking lusty and well, and are apparently in order to commence a preparation for jumping events, but Claridge will scarcely be able to have them ready before the Grand National Meeting. Claridge is also backing a full brother to the Sydney gelding, but he does not propose putting this gelding into active commission for some little time.

Hobbs has recommissioned the Soult gelding May coil, which has been enjoying a lengthy respite. Last spring this youngster showed a fair turn of speed. The Mentschikoff Lady Melton coil, purchased by J. R. Heale from the Sydney stable, has been ridden. He is a well-favored and promising looking youngster altogether. Hobbs has now a formidable looking lot of yearlings under his care, and they should show the greatest part in next season's juvenile races.

Mr. G. Payne, the owner of Armwell, has returned from a trip to Melbourne. He brought back with him a four-year-old gelding by Advance, which he is now presenting placed under the care of R. Langley. P. Christmas has had an addition to his team in the shape of a rising three-year-old filly, by Field Battery, from Soult Girl, which on appearances and breeding gives promise of developing into a useful filly.

H. B. Emerson's application for a Jockey's License having been refused by the Canterbury Jockey Club on the grounds of his not being in regular employment, he will now have to alter his plans, and look around for some other kind of work. Emerson had been engaged by the owner to drive Probable in his Ashburton engagements, and therefore the club's refusal came at a particularly unfortunate time. Seeing that Emerson had only just forfeited his trainer's license owing to his horses in training having been sold, the executive body certainly did not give him much time to find the regular employment necessary for him to gain the coveted license. It would scarcely have been going beyond the rules if he had granted himself a conditional license for a month, and if at the end of that time he had not secured sufficient mounts it could then have withdrawn the license.

The horse, Dorado gave a satisfactory display in a schooling task over the big fences. His stable companion L'Amille accompanied him, jumping the hurdles alongside the steeplechase fences, and the pair were quite a pleasing sight. Coraxform was very lame after the race for the Ashburton Cup last week, hence his withdrawal on the following day.

It is interesting to hear that at Ashburton Maura's is going uncommonly well. The St. Ambrose gelding is engaged in the Oamaru Cup at 7/1. He won the race last year under 6/7, and the increase of

the distance from a mile to a mile and a quarter should not injure his prospects.

The Castashore—Stephane gelding Gungway, which promises well as a jumper, has changed hands, and goes into G. A. Jones' stable.

Go lightly was sold at the conclusion of the Ashburton meeting to a patron of J. Lewis' stables at Ashburton.

Lady Marsia, which has been resting since the Easter meeting, has rejoined M. Hobbs' team.

WAIKAPAPA NOTES.

The Woodlands Hunt Club recently made an application to the Wellington Racing Club for financial assistance as the club had no totalisator permit, and that one source of revenue—the bookmaker—had been done away with by law. The Wellington Club has now declined to give a donation of £10 to the Woodlands Club. A similar application was made by the club to the Masterton Racing Club, but the latter has informed the club that, while sympathising with it in its position, the Masterton Club itself was in financial difficulties, and could not at present make any donation.

The refusal to grant a totalisator permit, and the abolition of the bookmaker, has wiped the Waiakapapa Hunt Club out of existence, it having been decided to wind up the affairs of the club.

Rally Shannon has been scratched for all engagements at Wanganui.

Xavier, which was engaged in the Wanganui Steeplechase, has broken down, and is to be given a lengthy spell.

WANGANUI ACCEPTANCES.

The following acceptances have been received for the first day of the winter meeting of the Wanganui Jockey Club:—Gladiolus 9.0, St. Toney 8.6, Mikarra 7.13, Khamis 7.12, Merry Frank 7.5, Inura 6.13. Over-time 6.13, Simple Sam 6.10, Afterthought 6.10, Tirarua 6.0, Lady Kitchener 6.8, Handsome Maid 6.8, Allurement 6.7.

Century Hurdles, two miles and a quarter.—Paisano, 12.0, The Native 10.4, Koran 10.4, Woolloomooloo 10.3, Burro 10.0, Silva 9.10, Cornehan 9.10, Sandy Paul 9.10, Stevens 9.10, Waterworks 9.10, Passive 9.9, Merry Lad, Gaelic 9.4, Scaman 9.0, Darby 9.0.

Connolly Handicap, one mile and a quarter.—Muga 13/1 8/6 (including 7/1b penalty), Hyron 8/4, Memph 8.1, Labour Day 7.12, Lady Mentschikoff 7.11, The Rover 7.9, Merivonia 7.8, Coronadet 7.5, Golden Loop 7.0, Miscal 6.11, On the Shaughran 6.10.

Purna Hack Handicap, one mile.—Boodle Boy 9.3, Simple Sam 8.8, Amber and White 8.6, Lady Volga 8.4, Draft 8.3, Manrau 8.3, Mister Tupuhi 7.10, Topnotch 7.10, Wakeham 7.8, Prosper 7.6, Teatua 7.7, Tawai 7.7, Eastwind 7.6, Kiwaiti 7.2, Silver Rose 7.0, Miroette 7.0, Kilrain 7.0, Nebulus 7.0.

Wanganui Steeplechase, about 3 miles.—Antarctic 12.3, Continance 12.0, Sir Lethe 11.8, Pleiades 11.8, Whakawera 10.10, Lovell 10.6, Okahan 10.6, Kaipowhiti 10.3, Durand 10.2, Beehive 10.1, Glenmore 10.0, Taha 9.12, Winlata 9.11, The Spaniard 9.8, Zante 9.7.

Hack Steeplechase, about two miles.—Hantere 10.8, The Spaniard 10.6, Hill Less 10.5, Morse 10.5, Drudgery 9.11, Tondergite 9.11, Makiri 9.9.

Kaitoke Hack Hurdles, about one mile and three-quarters.—Scaman 11.0, Koran 10.8, Outlander 10.8, Silver Close 10.4, Dogger Bark 10.2, Topnia 10.2, Te Patu 9.12, Golden Water 9.12, Nara 9.10, Sphinx 9.3, Canadian 9.5, Bismarck 9.4, Torbelle 8.4, Kokako 9.0, Fusilier 9.0, Epsom Downs 9.0.

He caught a tram, a boat, a bus, some 8-10, a cricket ball, He caught his typist first, The chief clerk through the wall, He caught both 'roo and wallaroo, Upon his annual tour; But saved himself from catching cold, With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB.

WINTER MEETING,

to be held on

ELLERSLIE RACECOURSE.

SATURDAY, MONDAY, and WEDNESDAY
1st, 3rd, and 5th June.

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, 1908, obtained the occupation of a Bookmaker or Bookmaker's Clerk, no Disqualified or Unfit-for-Service person will be admitted to the Ellerslie Racecourse during the Winter 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.

Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH

BOOKINGS.

(Dates subject to alterations.)

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

May 13 to May 23.—Von Arx Company.
May 27.—Wykeham-Noble Co.
June 10 to June 22.—Fortus and Talbot's Minstrels.
June 24 to July 6.—Pantomime.
July 22 to August 3.—"The Blue Bird."
September 30 to October 12.—Oscar Asche, Lily Brayton.

WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE.

July 17 to 30.—J. C. Williamson, Ltd., Pantomime Co.
August 14 to 27.—"The Blue Bird," Co.
September 23 to October 2.—Plummer Deniston Company.
October 19 to November 2.—Oscar Asche, Lily Brayton Co.
November 5.—"Ben Hur" Co.

Futurist School of Music.

FOLLOWING the lead of poetry and painting, music now boasts of a Futurist School or doctrine.

This was announced recently by a leader of the movement to the Paris correspondent of the New York "Times." This leader thinks it will be safer for the present to remain anonymous. Present, and all past music, he declares, will be no longer subtle enough for modern ears, and he styles it "ancestral." "We no longer respond to the productions of the musicians of past centuries," he continues, "and must create a new art, corresponding with the highly-evolved sensitiveness of the present, as well as that of the future." All traditional forms and scales of the past are, therefore, to be cast aside, and the Futurists are composing in scales subdivided into ninths of a tone, and having seventy-two notes to the octave. This scale, it is explained, is only provisional, and will soon be made still more complicated to suit the refinements of the Futurist taste. For the new notation, which is called "comantic," special instruments are being made, and an exhibition will shortly be given of pianos, violins, and other stringed instruments, adjusted to the requirements of the first Futurist concert, which will be given in a few weeks' time, and is confidently expected to startle Paris. The leader of the Futurist musicians has no illusions as to the permanence of his system. "When the public begins to appreciate it," he says, "there will be no excuse even for the romantic school, which must give place to what may be called schismatic music, which will have twice as many notes and will eventually be succeeded by a scale of which each note will be one vibration more than that below it."

London Symphony Travel in Royal Style.

The tour of the London Symphony Orchestra of one hundred musicians under the foremost European conductor, Herr Arthur Nikisch, assumes grand opera proportions when the matter of counting the cost comes up for consideration. The minimum cost of each of the thirty-one concerts to be given in the United States and Canada is about £1000. Manager Howard Pew, of New York, has not only contracted for the most palatial special train the Pullman Company can furnish, but has also agreed to pay the steamship fares to and from Europe and all their hotel and other expenses while on tour. The United States Customs department has already started an investigation relative to the number of instruments the British orchestra will bring with them. To each member a blank has been forwarded which asks, among other questions, the name and number of each instrument, the name of the maker and the value. The strings owned by the members of the London Symphony are said to be the most valuable of any organisation in the world.

"The Seagull."

It is difficult to say what particular object Tchekhof had in view in writing "The Seagull," says a London writer in referring to this Russian play, which was produced at the Little Theatre last month. The story is distinctly subordinate to the characters; it is in the personages of the drama that both Tchekhof and ourselves find most interest. He paints for us "the literary

man" in Trigorin—the man in whose veins flows not blood, but printers' ink, who is everything and always looking for "copy," who treats all the incidents of life which he comes across, not as dramatic episodes with an innate power, to excite or please or wound us, but as materials for short or long stories. Masha attracts him not for herself, but as a curious type—"takes snuff and drinks vodka; always dressed in black." Even Nina, a girl who is thoroughly sympathetic to him, and with whom he fancies himself in love, is primarily the heroine of a sketch suggested by the seagull, which, shot by Constantine, he finds lying at her side. "A girl loving the lake like a seagull. A man comes along, sees her, and ruins her, like this seagull, just to amuse himself—a subject for a short story." Then there is Arcadina, the actress—a typical actress, who sees everything from the point of view of the footlights, growing old and yet pretending to herself that no one can play young parts as well as she can, in love with Trigorin, and frantically jealous of Nina, fond of her son, Constantine, and yet thoroughly out of touch with him and his ideals. Nina is the passionate, emotional, ambitious amateur, who wonders what fame and glory are like, and sacrifices herself and Constantine in order to appear on the Moscow stage and be near Trigorin. And once more there is Constantine Trepleff, a difficult, sensitive, proud young man, who belongs to the generation which is "knocking at our doors," who represents a form of decadence and perhaps symbolism, but who is both clever and able for all that; and who might assuredly have "arrived," if he had not lost all joy in life, in losing his beloved Nina. These are the main characters, but there are others equally typical.

"Judge Not."

Tchekhof does not allow himself to pass judgments on any of them. He tries to put them before us as he sees them; but whether they are good or bad, noble or mean, right or wrong, he will not or can not tell us. Trigorin, who is false to Arcadina, ruins Nina and drives Constantine to suicide, is evidently a man of charm, an amiable, good-tempered man who likes fishing better almost than writing, and certainly has no bad intentions towards anybody. Is Constantine Trepleff to be condemned for his decadent tastes and for his youthful aptitude in running after false gods? Oh, dear no! Tchekhof himself was too "new" for some of his Russian contemporaries and critics, and he does not laugh at Constantine, who is his younger self. Besides, he allows him to succeed in literature towards the end of the play. All he puts before us is that a young man of this complex and difficult temperament is likely to make a mess of life, and in all probability is foredoomed to suicide. Arcadina, the actress, wants to be a good mother to her son. She cannot help having an actress's vanity, combined, as that form of selfishness usually is, with a certain cruelty. Nor is Nina judged by her creator. She is simply analysed—the amateur who thought she had enough stuff in her to become a true professional, and who failed. Indeed, Nina is very tenderly drawn, as though Tchekhof was fully aware of her virginal charm. All the characters are treated in this objective, impersonal spirit. They represent phases of life and manners: slices, cut out of humanity. And equally, of course, there is no moral to the play. It works out uncomfortable, but then that is precisely what life does, in our usual experience. Life has no arranged "situations" or "curtains" or even any special "denouements." There is not much "action" in the piece. Such action as it has is mainly psychological—an illustration of character brought into relation with one another side so contrasted. If there is any general subject, it would seem to be, as Mr. G. Calderon says in his introduction to the play, the universal frustration of desire. Medvedenko is in love with Masha, Masha is in love with Constantine, Constantine is in love with Nina, Nina is in love with Trigorin, Pauline is in love with Dorn, and Dorn is in love with himself. No one gets what he or she may want.

"Advice to Young Organists."

Be patient.
Be persevering.
Remember the swell pedal is not the village pump handle, and don't use it as such. Discretion is a valuable commodity, and an organist (perhaps of all men) requires plenty of it.
Empty tin cans may make a great noise. Don't let your emptiness be known unto all men.
Should you be so unfortunate as to find that you are losing your "enthusiasm," resign your post at once! No man has any right to retain his office under such circumstances.
If your choir should have a tendency to sing somewhat out of tune, adding power (or reeds) to your accompaniment will not usually improve matters.
Giving the note to the boys is not "good form"; and probably indicates insufficient training.
"Blessed are they who expect nothing." If you are careful in your expectations, you may not be disappointed! —J. T. Field.

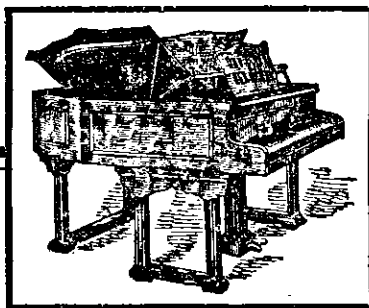
A New Venture.

Monopolism in anything, in any part of the world, as England's famous Chancellor of the Exchequer has asserted time after time, will ever prove disastrous to the general public. While there are a number of people who do not take a great deal of notice of any statement attributed to Lloyd George, there can be few who will dispute the fact that the keener competition among those who are catering for the wants of the general public, the better in every way will the general public be served. This fact is peculiarly apt at the present moment so far as theatrical affairs in Australasia are concerned. Although some may resent the use of the phrase "wants of the general public" in connection with the theatre, it is deliberately employed here on the hypothesis that yesterday's luxuries are to-day's necessities. However, the proof that the play-going public of New Zealand is fully conscious of the benefits they derive from competition amongst those catering for them, is forthcoming by the hearty welcome which they are ever ready to accord a new and enterprising theatrical firm.

Especially is this the case when the head, or heads, of that firm are known to them by the excellence of their work under older managements.
Messrs. Reginald Wykeham and Edward Nable, who have recently joined forces, will commence this venture in New Zealand with a season starting on Saturday next, 25th May, at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, their repertoire comprising several of America's musical farcical comedy successes. Neither of these two enterprising entrepreneurs will need any introduction to theatregoers. Reginald Wykeham's long association with Hugh J. Ward, both as producer and comedian, marks him as the very man to be at the head of a company whose primary object is to make the people laugh. Everyone will remember his performance of Colonel Tandy in the famous "Girl from Rector's," and his delightfully droll sketch of the Duke in "Mr. Hopkinson." Another factor which should go a long way towards Mr. Wykeham's welcome is the memory of how unsparingly he worked with Mr. Ward in his hospital campaign, being responsible for the programmes that netted such a great sum for the hospitals.
Edward Nable, who first appeared before New Zealanders under the famous Pollard direction, is another great favourite here. Though it is difficult to single out particular performances from the number of characters he has essayed, his Ichabod Bronson in "The Belle of New York," and Mr. Hoggensheimer in "The Girl from Kay's" are probably his two most popular portrayals. With two such capable actors as managers the new firm starts out under excellent auspices, and certainly with the heartiest good wishes of the play-going public throughout the Dominion.

The Auckland Competitions.

So much depends on the selection of adjudicators for competition festivals that the executive of the Auckland Competitions Society made exhaustive inquiries regarding the many applicants for these positions, and finally decided to engage Mr. W. Arundel Orchard, of Sydney, as the musical adjudicator, and Mr. W. L. Paine, of Melbourne, as adjudicator in the elocution section. Both of



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.

E. & F. S. COLDICUTT, Manager.
191 Queen St., Auckland, near H.M. Theatre.

these gentlemen are recognised as leading authorities in their professions, and they have acted as adjudicators at all the principal competition festivals in Australasia. In Sydney, Mr. Orchard occupies a very high position in musical circles, and as conductor of the Sydney Liedertafel and Madrigal Society his musical abilities are remonstrated by the magnificent performances which these Societies give under his direction. As a composer Mr. Orchard has also achieved fame, several of his songs and Choral works having become extremely popular in England and Australia. As an adjudicator, Mr. Orchard has been most successful, and the demand for his services in this capacity are more than he can fill, and the Auckland Competitions Society is fortunate in having secured such a thorough musician and adjudicator. The eloquent adjudicator, Mr. W. L. Paine, has had a most distinguished career, and ever since 1883 when he was champion of the famous Ballarat Festival he has won success as performer, teacher and adjudicator. In conjunction with Mr. Walter Bentley, Mr. Paine has appeared in many Shakesperian productions, and latterly with the assistance of Mrs. Paine has conducted in Melbourne "The Modern Academy of Eloquence," which is recognised as the finest elocution school in Victoria. For the past 20 years Mr. Paine has adjudicated at all the leading festivals, including Ballarat, Melbourne (six years), Launceston, Hobart, Hamilton, Queensland, and many others, at all of which his work was appreciated by the societies, competitors and public, and all intending competitors for the Auckland competitions, which are to be held in August, should have the greatest confidence in Mr. Paine's judgments, and benefit by his good advice.

Empire Day Concert.

Amongst the various efforts which are being made to draw together in closer comradeship the scattered members of this great Empire, none should appeal more strongly than the claims of music. Above all things, music and song are calculated to rouse patriotic and brotherly sentiment, a fact which was fully demonstrated by the enthusiastic progress of the Sheffield Choir. There are two societies now working in Auckland whose objects are common, although the work lies in somewhat different directions. The one the "Over-seas Club" has as part of its creed—the pledge, "to maintain the heritage handed down to us by our fathers," and as its special work, the establishing in Auckland of an Emigration Bureau, through the medium of which emigrants of a suitable class will be sought for and assisted on their arrival.

The "Victoria League" is so named in memory of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. It is a non-party Association of British men and women. Its objects are to advance the general interests of the Empire as a whole, and to promote and foster every movement calculated to effect a closer union between the Mother Country and the colonies. It receives and distributes Imperial information and assists with advice and hospitality Britons from all parts of the Empire visiting Great Britain or the Overseas Dominion. The League also takes care of the graves of soldiers and others who have rendered service to the Empire.

On Empire Day, Friday the 24th inst., a grand patriotic concert will be given in aid of the funds of these Societies. The artists appearing have given their services gratuitously as their quota to Imperialism, and a glance at their names will reveal the excellent programme which will be submitted to the public.

The following ladies and gentlemen will sing: Madame Wilaert, Madame Beatrice Markstedt, Mrs. Sutherland, Miss Mackenzie, Messrs. H. Barry Coney, Oliver Farrow, and Wilfrid Manning, whilst Herr Pechotzsch will give one of his celebrated violin solos, and Miss Edith Jay will be the elocutionist. Mr. W. T. Sharp will play appropriate organ numbers, and the Birkenhead Musical Society and the Dominion Boy Scouts will sing choruses of a patriotic nature. His Excellency the Governor, who is patron to both the societies, under whose auspices the concert is being given, has kindly signified his intention of being present. The following ladies and gentlemen are the concert committee:—Messdames Hope Lewis, Sutherland, Daw, J. J. Culpan; Messrs. Horace H. Hunt (chairman), S. Choumelis, J. G. Culpan; Miss Statham and Mr. J. C. Raine (joint secretaries).

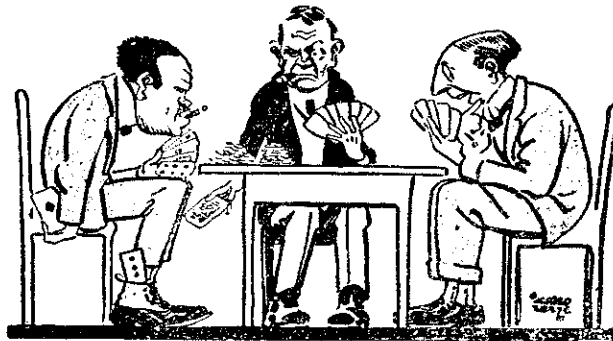
Von Ark, Illusionist.

Von Ark, the "magician," and illusionist, opened his Auckland season at His Majesty's Theatre on Saturday night. Although a large number of his tricks lacked novelty, he possesses undoubted skill and dexterity, and goes to work in a quick, business-like style. Many of his best illusions are cleverly carried out with the assistance of a lady, who appears and disappears at will, and, indeed, completely baffles the audience, even to the man who is always ready to explain "how it is done." The final illusion is particularly striking. The lady is tied up in a bag, and placed in a trunk which is locked and corded up. The trunk is concealed in a cabinet, inside which Von Ark goes also. In a few seconds the curtain is lifted to show the girl outside the trunk and the conjuror inside the box and bag, both locked and tied as before. An eccentric juggling "turn" by George Murphy caused a good deal of amusement. Professor Dean gives an exhibition of burlesque hypnotism which can be taken seriously by those who wish to do so. He is assisted by several "subjects" who are all readily suscep-

for the Australian production of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," towards the end of the present year. This company will also play "The Fortune Hunter" and "Excuse Me," which, like "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," have had pronounced success in America. The last-mentioned farcical comedy was written by Mr. Colan himself, who is the author of most of the pieces in which he appears.

While it does not take the shine out of the 1902 production, says the Sydney "Referee," the revival of "Ben Hur" at the Theatre Royal claims recognition as an important theatrical event. Only in regard to the dressing of the religious melodrama was there an opening left for fault-finding. The stage costumes were richer and more "in time" when "Ben Hur" was performed at Her Majesty's. With insufficient time for the work of preparation in this department, the producers, Mr. Wybert Stamford and Mr. James W. Hazlitt, and the wardrobe mistress, Miss Emily Nathan, did all that could be reasonably expected of them. Still the observant ones in the crowded audience must have noticed that lack of harmony in the colours and the jar-

tributed to Mr Sauer that, to his mind, Josef Hofmann is "the greatest pianist in the world to-day." And the older pianist is further credited with the opinion that it is only Hofmann's want of personality and lack of "long, flowing locks" that prevents the public from recognising his claim to that exalted position. It must be some years since Hofmann played in this country, where, indeed, he is chiefly remembered as a prodigy of quite extraordinary powers. But that was in the eighties, before wonder-children, pianistic and otherwise, became a glut in the musical market.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED.

"The Pigeon."

tile to the influence of the Professor, and in addition show a decided ability towards comedy.

The entertainment, with various alterations and additions, will be repeated nightly for a limited season.

Stray Notes.

The Kaiser is planning a new opera-house for Berlin. His desire is that the building shall be simple in design, and not be overloaded with ornamentation. The present opera-house seats 1800 people, but His Majesty wishes the new building to seat 2500. At the Kaiser's desire there will be a considerable number of places for sale at a very moderate figure.

Mr. Julius Knight, is appearing at the Repertory Theatre in Manchester—the Gaiety—and won tributes from the critics for his performance in a leading role in Mrs. W. K. Clifford's play, "The Likeness of the Night." The "Guardian" critic writes:—"No praise can be too high for Mr. Julius Knight. His performance was admirable throughout in tone and feeling, and technically a most finished piece of acting."

There have been about 2000 performances of "Charley's Aunt" in London. Nineteen years ago the play was produced at the old Globe Theatre, where it ran for over four years—the longest run ever enjoyed by a play in the West End of London, consisting of over 1400 consecutive performances. In the whole of the United Kingdom the play has been performed some 3000 times, and about five million persons have seen it. "Charley's Aunt" has been translated and played in every country on the Continent, and has even captured the theatres in Japan. In Germany the Kaiser commanded two special performances. Taking the entire world, it is estimated that "Charley's Aunt" has been played 25,000 times, and that about 25,000,000 persons have seen it.

The J. C. Williamson firm has recently acquired, amongst other plays, "Milestone," the artistic play written by Mr. Arnold Bennett in collaboration with the author of "Kismet," Mr. Edward Knoblauch, and produced not long since in London. "Nightbirds," the clever adaptation by Miss Gladys Unger of "Die Fledermaus," will reach Sydney in June, at the Criterion. Mr. Fred Niblo and Miss Josephine Colan (sister of Mr. George Colan, the well known New York author and manager) have been engaged

ring modernity of some of the dress designs took off from the effectiveness of stage pictures which were otherwise admirable from the spectacular point of view. On the principle of compensation the leading part was played in a much better manner than it was played ten years ago. In a sense the brilliant personal achievement of Mr. Eric Maxon in the character of Ben Hur was the saving grace of the revival. The young English actor who came to Australia with Mr. H. B. Irving dominated the performance, and won his laurels in the manner of an artist who has, at his command, the enviable quality which seems to surround an actor with the atmosphere of romance in a romantic part. It was the union of the man and the opportunity. Within a few days (says the writer of Musical Notes in the "London Daily Telegraph" of March 28th) London has given a welcome recently to three pianists who have long been numbered among the giants of the keyboard. Their names are Sauer, Busoni, and Godowsky—we give them in the order in which the artists appeared, and not according to their respective merits in the view either of the public or of any individual. The question as to which of the three deserves to rank highest is one that only the greatly daring would answer off-hand. Indeed, if the reply had to be dictated by purely technical considerations, very few people, even after mature reflection, would care to supply it. And who, to take an even knottier problem, would venture to lay down an emphatic opinion as to who is the greatest living pianist? Our thoughts are directed to the question by seeing the statement at-

The throbbed moaned and sighed his tale,
Threw up his eyes and sighed—
"If I should try to kill and fail,
I'm down for suicide."
His bit a larynx savagely,
But Woods' Great Promerium Cure
Came down and killed him instantly,
And saved the patient sure.

TOWN HALL
EMPIRE DAY, FRIDAY, 24th INST.
GRAND PATRIOTIC CONCERT,
AT 8.
Under the Patronage of
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.
ARTISTS:
MADAME WILAERT, MADAME BEATRIX MARKSTEDT, MRS SUTHERLAND, MISS MACKENZIE, THEIR RAIMUND PECHOTZSCH.
Messrs H. BARRY CONEY, OLIVER FARROW, WILFRID MANNING.
Elocutionist, MISS ELSIE JAY.
Organist, MR W. T. SHARP.
THE BIRKENHEAD AND NORTHCOTE MUSICAL SOCIETY.
THE DOMINION BOY SCOUTS.
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New Zealand Artists.

Annual Exhibition at Auckland—Some Excellent Work.

THE most notable feature about the annual exhibition of the Auckland Society of Arts, which was opened last week by his Excellency the Governor in the Society's rooms in Coburg-street, is the exceptional evenness of the work that has been hung. In past years there may have been some few pictures of outstanding merit, but there have also been more of infinitely inferior quality. The average is much higher, and there is a welcome scarcity of freak canvases. Southern painters are well represented, and the exhibition could not well afford to be without their work. The total number of pictures hung is 550, of which 125 are photographs exhibited by the Auckland Camera Club, and the addition of this section, which is quite new in the history of the Society, is so successful that it is to be hoped that the co-operation will become a permanent feature of the annual exhibitions.

After looking round the walls one might wish for more genre paintings, and more work that appeals to feelings deeper than the imagination, something symbolical of those great truths of humanity which are felt by every man and woman, but which can be expressed only by the great musician, poet or painter—something which most have thought, but which has been "never so well expressed before." This, however, is rather in the nature of an ideal we should set ourselves, and no one would expect much work of this nature in a young country. Art is the last thing which comes to people, and is essentially a matter of evolution, and the painter in obeying his artistic yearning must pass through his successive stages like the nautilus in that beautiful poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes. A word of compliment is the desert of the hanging Committee. No committee has ever pleased everybody. The man has not been born who could satisfactorily answer the artist's indignant "Why is my picture not hung?" and the public's equally indignant "Why on earth have you given that thing wall space?" There is even more divergence of opinion about art than there is about music, because the artist uses material which is more or less familiar to everybody, so naturally everybody adopts the role of critic naturally—with frequent admirable and useful results so long as he pays due regard to the wholesome admonition "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," but, unfortunately, this is not always so—witness the case of a farmer man who, emboldened by his success when he corrected the artist's idea of the way small pigs feed at a trough, floundered on to matters that were not bovine and so was lost. The committee must be congratulated on the success with which they have accomplished a most thankless task. It is a significant fact that there is no "Chamber of Horrors" this year. For this relief, much thanks. There are of course some pictures hung which one might have wished elsewhere, and there is one on the stairway—a Southern landscape—which perhaps should have had a better place, but the unprejudiced person must admit that the work has been done most judiciously.

The Oils.

The honour of having painted the picture of the year will fall by common consent to the veteran artist, Mr. Kenneth Watkins, who has a large canvas depicting the legend of the coming of the Maori to New Zealand—the arrival of the dusky Argonauts after their long voyage over the Great Ocean of Kiwi, from distant Hawaiki, whose identity is now "through tract of years, in mute oblivion lost." The subject has already been dealt with in the well-known picture by Messrs. Steele and Goldie, which now hangs in the Auckland Art Gallery, and no two conceptions could be more diametrically opposed. The Steele-Goldie painting depicts the grim reality of that great migration across the trackless ocean, and the dramatic incident of the sighting of the almost despairing of "Long White Cloud." We have the storm-beaten canoe, and the emaciated forms of the adventurous sailors who had forsaken their sunny homes and followed the wake of the sun in search of the half-mythical land at the edge of the

ocean. We confess that this appeals to us as being more in accordance with the spirit of the Maori Odyssey, but this does not detract in the slightest from the interest that attaches to Mr. Watkins' conception of a less strenuous, not to say idyllic voyage, over peaceful seas. The colouring, especially of the water, is very fascinating, but it is not New Zealand. Rather it reminds one of early morning "by reef and palm," and before the sea breeze has sprung up. The richly delicate shades of blue, green and yellow which Mr. Watkins has used we have never seen outside the tropics, and then only in certain Islands. They are as rare as the tints of a tropical sunset. Mr. Watkins has idealised the scene, but it will not be the less popular for that. If one were disposed to criticise one would naturally suggest that the canoes and voyagers would scarcely be in such good form as the artist paints them. There is a suggestion of wear about some of the sails, but there is hardly a strand of gear out of place, and not a chip of paint is missing. Still, the work is ambitious and praiseworthy in its attention to detail, as well as charming in its facile handling of colour.

Southern Artists.

On the principle of "visitors first," we will refer briefly to some of the numerous works sent in by Southern painters. A prolific and welcome contributor is Mr. C. H. Howorth, of Wanganui, who has nine which are of exceptionally even merit. The style of this painter has

portrait, "Low Tide, St. Ives," is a little bit of the Cornish village which is so beloved of artists, looking towards the Smeaton Pier, with the double row of fishing boats hauled up on the beach, the sort of thing you always think of if you have ever been to this quaint old fishing village, and you come across the name in after days. In this canvas will be found the Christchurch artist's best work. "Grey of the Morning" is a sea piece with the rollers tumbling green to the shore in the early morning with a stiff breeze blowing in from the sea, and the sun hardly risen above the cloud-wrapped horizon, irradiating the scene with an eerie light. "Head of Loch Gail," a Scottish scene, is a nice little bit of work, but the figure study, "Meditation," No. 84, should not be missed by those who can appreciate a really clever bit of figure painting. The pose, lighting and tone are all excellent, and the thoughtful old man with the interesting face, "les yeux fixes sur ses pensees," is the work of a true artist.

One of the finest things in the gallery is "The Crest of the Hill," by Mr. W. Greene, Timaru. The sturdy plough horses have just reached the point where the upland meets the flat, and straining every nerve for the end of the pull as the coulter turns over its fresh furrow of good, brown earth. There is atmosphere in the landscape, and real movement in the struggling beasts, who are well into the collar, as the farmer says. The tone of the canvas is subdued, and suggestive of the time of planting, and the only gleam on an otherwise clever and distinctive piece of work is the ploughman, who is somewhat out of the picture. There are two bits from Essex, by Mr. Greene, "A Shady Pool," with the sunlight flickering through the trees, being a very happy bit of colouring and brushwork.

An attractive picture is "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mr. R. Wallwork, A.R.C.A., who has treated Titania's infatuation for Bottom in a decorative style, which reminds one of a popular

awful thrill, that softens into sighs," is romantic in conception, and highly dramatic in effect, the sort of thing that Scott delighted to describe, and people with the children of his fancy. The suggestion of the red tone which is noticeable in certain effects of light in Scotch firs is well carried out. "Top of the Pass, Musten, Norway," is marked by some good brush work, but is rather cold and formal. "Fishing Boats Leaving Whitby," a large picture, is a phase of English sea coast life which has a strange fascination for every man, though he may be secretly able to tell a fishing smack from a collier. An old English fishing town or village is one of the most picturesque sights that we have left in these days when steam has robbed the sea of half its romance (in spite of Rudyard Kipling's poem), and Mr. Madden has caught and transferred to canvas the very spirit of the thing. The sunset hues on the East Cliff with the old town below growing indistinct in the evening mists, and foreground with the fishing boats from St. Ives and Penzance which go round the coast every year, make a scene which has a peculiar charm, especially for colonials, as we have nothing of the kind in these parts.

Just near this picture is a little canvas dealing with a somewhat similar subject, No. 56, "The Cornish Coast," by Mr. Lawson Balfour. It is his only exhibit, and makes one regret that he has not sent in more. Lighting and treatment, which are quite different from Mr. Madden's work, are both admirable, and reproduce the Cornish atmosphere with fidelity. The scene is typical of this interesting coast (which the steam trawler has not yet invaded), with the boats in the bay, the worn stone steps winding up the cliff, and the old-world village at the top, with the centuries-old church tower which is so characteristic of Cornwall.

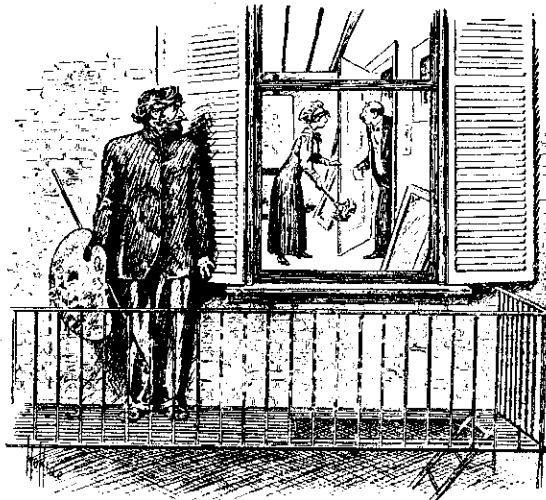
Aucklanders and Others.

A picture which is attracting a lot of attention is a large portrait of His Holiness the Pope, Pius X., painted by Miss Ellen von Meyern. Both in conception and technique the picture is admirable—good in workmanship and clean in colour. It is decidedly the best canvas that Miss von Meyern has done, and she has received many congratulations upon her work. It may be mentioned that the portrait was painted from material supplied by Father Patterson, who has just returned from a visit to Rome, and who pronounces it a most faithful likeness. There are two or three other smaller pictures by the same artist, including a portrait of Captain Amundsen, but she may be well content to rest her reputation on her large work.

Mr. C. F. Goldie is represented by eight pictures, most of which are studies of Maori heads, in his well-known style. His fidelity of detail, good drawing, and choice of subject appeal to a large following, and this year his collection is quite up to the high standard he sets himself. The models, however, are hardly so pleasing as the old rangatiras and wahines with which he has familiarised us, and for this reason they do not attract one so much as some of his work on previous occasions. In "The Widow," the work is of a nice quality, and "Atana, Papanangi" is the portrait of an old North Auckland aristocrat of a type that is now almost extinct. "Night in the Whare" is sure to find many admirers, and is essentially a "popular" picture. A typical mother of the Kainga is lighting her pipe in one of the very few halls that occur in the whare during the evening when the old ladies gather round to discuss the village affairs. The old person's face is strongly lit up amid the surrounding gloom, and the double effect of the lighted match and the reflection on the brown face, the grizzled hair, and the white blouse is skilfully managed.

There are six canvases bearing the name of Mrs. E. M. Watford, whose sympathetic style is so well suited to portraying certain aspects of New Zealand scenery. "In the Clinton Valley" is the most important one, but "Solitude" and "A Backwater on the Waikato" would probably appeal to a wider circle. "Solitude" is particularly pleasing. The glow of the western sky is real, and the knikiteaus, which are so characteristic of some of the lower reaches of the Waikato, are cleverly treated. It is in such scenes as this, and that depicted in "A Backwater on the Waikato," that Mrs. Watford's poetic treatment is most effective.

It is rather strange that some of the greatest animal pictures have been painted by women. Horses, dogs, and cats seem to have a special fascination for them. This year nearly all the ant-



Artist's Wife: Oh! Have you come for the rent? Well, I'm sorry, but my husband has just gone out.

changed since he last exhibited, and changed much for the better. There is more thought in his work, and he seems to be taking a great deal more time over it than in the past. While his work is brushed in freely, it is less theatrical and his colour scale is always pleasing. "Silverstream," a well-known Wellington spot, appeals to us most, and then come "Pastoral Scene, Akaroa," "A Hill Farm, Akaroa," "Graham Valley, Akaroa," and "On the Heathcote, Christchurch." Slightly idealised, they are still quite New Zealand in atmosphere, with the exception of the Heathcote, which perhaps rather suggests England than the harder lighting which is a characteristic of these latitudes. "Diamond Lake, Wakatipu," differs from anything Mr. Howorth has sent in, but we profess to liking him more in the quieter pastoral scenes, in the depiction of which he is so happy. "Rocks at Island Bay, Wellington," contains some good work, notably in the background and the sea, which has almost the Somerset colour, but the rocks are somewhat woolly.

The name of Mr. Menzies Gibbs has always been a popular one on the catalogue, and this year he is represented by four pictures, two large ones and two small, one of the latter being a

picture in the Auckland Gallery of a youth playing with young lions in a field of poppies. Mr. Wallwork has obtained his colour mainly by the introduction of a peacock, whose gaudy tail comes in with good effect. Bottom's knees obtrude themselves somewhat too athletically on the eye, but the picture which, by the way, was exhibited at the 1910 Royal Academy, contains much good work, and marks this artist, who has only been out in Christchurch for a few years, as a man with a style that should do much for Colonial art. He also has a capital portrait of Mr. R. Herdman Smith, which shows much vigour and originality. Other works from his brush are "Ship Repairers," "Fugitives," and "The Novel," but they do not show him at his best.

Another Southerner whose work is a valuable acquisition to this year's exhibition is Mr. J. M. Madden, of Christchurch, who has seven canvases bearing his name, all the subjects being chosen outside New Zealand. The most attractive is "Bellaggio, Lake Como," No. 130, a sunny, bright picture, which contains all that is distinctive in the work of this artist. It looks exceptionally well under artificial light. "The Rift in the Storm," a wild glen in the Highlands, one of those "scenes where savage grandeur wakes an

mal studies in the gallery are by lady members of the Society. We have Misses Amy Dawson, Kit Turner and R. C. Dobbie, who exhibit meritorious studies. Miss Dobbie's picture, "Inseparables," a black terrier and a white one, is very lifelike, and one could readily imagine these two very likeable little fellows getting into all sorts of mischief together. Miss Dawson has an attractive picture, small but full of interest, called "To Ride Like our Forefathers," depicting a charge of Lancers. It is a nice bit of colouring, strongly suggestive of "the dust of conflict." Miss Turner has several small subjects which are pleasing, and show temperament, among the best being "Puzzled," a fox terrier watching a rat in a cage, and "Garry," another canine of the same very "paintable" breed.

Mr. Edward Fristrom has a number of pictures bearing his signature, but most of them are too impressionistic to appeal to a colonial public. The charm of his "Grey Day, Silverstream," is, however, patent to all, and is easily the best thing he has done. There is real atmosphere, and the colouring is excellent, the middle distance being particularly charming.

One of the daintiest canvases in the room is H. J. Edgar's profile study of a girl seated in a chair, with her hands in her lap. This artist has the inestimable gift of knowing when to stop, and his treatment of the white dress is worth close study by those who are prone to elaborate too much. There is a delicacy of touch and a purity of tone which make this little work very desirable. The same artist's "Cornfield," though decidedly what painters call "slick," shows the same nice appreciation of tone.

An uncommon subject for a colonial artist is "The Phantom Ship," chosen by Mr. C. E. Bickerton, of Christchurch, whose "Wandering Albatross" is hung a little further on. The first-mentioned is a thoughtful treatment of a world-old legend, and is full of suggestion to the imaginative. The moonlit water in the middle distance is particularly good, the least pleasing feature of an otherwise acceptable picture being the somewhat "cardboardy" waves dashing up against the bulwarks of the vessel in the foreground.

In the depiction of Maori life as we know it to-day, no one is happier than Mr. Walter Wright, who has a number of those small pictures which are always so popular with the public. The secret of the odd charm of the small dusky children and their quaint mamas is well known to this artist, who has a facility in the composition of those little bits of native life which attract both by reason of their naturalness and their warm, bright and cheerful colouring. While regretting that he has not seen fit to put in anything of a more ambitious character, one is thankful for the bright spots his charming little studies make on the walls.

Just as his brother has the true faculty of portraying the everyday life of the Maori, Mr. Frank Wright has the gift of being able to paint real New Zealand bush, one of the most difficult of subjects. "The Last Gleam" is a typical bit of coast-line with a scow in the bay, and the last blush of the sunset illumining the bold headland across the water. Subject and method are quite in accordance with modern striving after a particular effect, and Mr. Wright must be complimented on a successful piece of work. But it is in "Morning After Rain," evidently one of the wild valleys of the Orewera country, that he is at his best. He is one of the few of our artists who can suggest the peculiar charm of the scene with a front light softly bathing the undulating slopes of the glorious forest which is one of the unique characteristics of the Dominion. This is the sort of thing which his Excellency has appealed to artists to perpetuate before it is ruthlessly swept away. The stream in the foreground, with the three figures and the dark tree in the middle distance before the valley sweeps up into the magnificent verdure-clad hills, are clever touches in one of the best pictures in the gallery.

Mr. E. W. Payton's most important exhibit is a sunset effect on Mount Tararua from the Wairoa slopes, and contains his best workmanship, particularly in the treatment of the distant sun-bathed mountain top. It looks particularly well under artificial light. Rather hard for such a large canvas, the picture would probably appeal more to fellow painters by reason of its technical excellence than to the general public. In the Hamuraua piece, No. 103, Mr. Payton has caught one of those effects of sunlight streaming through trees which

are always popular. The composition, the corner of the lake, the yellow sandy shore, and the chequered shade under the willows, is pleasing, and would find more admirers than his larger and better painted picture. There are several other canvases by the same artist, one of a Maori woman making flax mats, a bit of native life treated with much naturalness.

Trained work is the chief feature of "Dawn" and "Betrothed," by Elizabeth Kelly, whose colour scale is caviare to the general, but her pictures are undoubtedly among the most finished on the walls. The pallor of her flesh tints is not so unsuitable to a semi-symbolic subject like "Dawn," but it is rather trying in actual portraits like "Betrothed." "Dawn" is singularly attractive in conception and execution. Mr. C. F. Kelly, whose style is similar, exhibits "Happy Hours," a female figure in a field of flowers, marked by much artistic work.

About Miss Eva R. Mouldy's "Beggar Maid," No. 71, there is something that draws one to pause, something in the easy pose, the half mocking smile, and the warm colouring, but the too-bare shoulder is out of keeping with the neatness of the rest of the picture, and mars what is undeniably the work of an artist.

A clever rendering of an attractive subject is No. 322, "A Portrait in Profile," by Mr. E. K. Webber, of Christchurch. The colouring is pleasing, the work is brushed in with plenty of confidence, and the lighting is striking and singularly effective. It is one of the most pleasing portraits in the gallery, and shows that this young artist has made considerable strides since he left Auckland. He has another painting, "To Henga," and is also represented among the water-colours.

Mr. T. L. Drummond, one of the veteran members of the society, who paints with good contrasting light and shade, sends several pictures, which are redolent of the scenery among which he works at Whangarei. Those who know the locality cannot fail to appreciate the faithful manner in which he has caught the effects to be found along the Northern shores of this fine harbour, with its velvety headlands, slopes where the sun sleeps, and the long shadows under the banks. "A Summer's Afternoon" is one of the best, and "In Whangarei Harbour" is another good example of his style.

Miss Vera Jacobson, who possesses much talent and feeling, does not appear to have fixed her style yet, her works showing much difference of treatment. Her best is "Kathleen," a bonny colonial girl with fine auburn hair. The pose of the full-length portrait, No. 138, is natural, though the train might have been brought down a step with advantage, and there are several other pictures with her name, notably "Daddy" and a landscape, No. 304.

Water Colours.

Mention should be made of the works, mention should be made of the large number of fine flower studies which have been hung, among the exhibitors being Miss Ethel M. Baker, Miss N. Bennett, Mrs. W. A. Kendon, Miss Trevor Gordon, Miss Alice R. Snelling, Miss Isabella Spragg, Miss Marian M. Cochran, Mr. L. J. Steele, the veteran artist, has only one portrait, which is marked by his characteristically excellent work, and it is a pity there is not more from his brush on the walls. The best of Mr. E. M. de Viltz, canvases in an attractive portrait called "Evening," a troubadour singing to the strains of his guitar, Mr. C. Blomfield's reputation is best sustained by his "Evening, Mahinapua Creek, Hokitika," which while not altogether attractive in colouring, faithfully represents a phase of bush scenery peculiar to that part of the Dominion. Mr. J. D. Perrell's smaller pictures strike one as being better than his larger works, and "Clouds Lifting, Milford Sound," is the most pleasing, while No. 338, "A Quiet Nook, Auckland Harbour," is a pleasant departure from his usual colour scheme.

Among the water-colours Mr. C. N. Worsley's work is so particularly good that the rest of this department suffers somewhat by comparison, but nevertheless there are a lot of pictures that will well repay a close study. Mr. Worsley's two big subjects, "Sheep Washing, Cumberland," and "An Autumn Morning, Lake Maggiore," contain much that is the despair of the struggling amateur. His "Under the Plane Trees," and "The Piazza, Piazza Nuova, Brascia," are typical of the land of blue skies, and suggest sunshine in a singularly happy

manner. Mr. Frank Wright has several subjects, of which "The Stocking Glacier, Southern Alps," is a masterly treatment of an inspiring scene. Mr. J. Balfour shows several small things which are good in colouring and quite as attractive of his work in oils in the warmer medium. Mr. E. Bartley, who it will be remembered had some good work in last year, is not so well represented in his large picture, but there are a couple of small things, "The Old Moat," and "Evening," which quite bear out the promise he gave. Mr. R. Pheny has two nice bits from the West Coast, north of Manukau, which are clean in colour and well reproduce the effect that one gets on the wet sands of this beautiful coast. Mr. G. K. Webber has several interesting exhibits which are impressionistic to a degree one would not have anticipated from his work in oils. Other pictures which attract are sent in by Miss A. Denison ("The Brooding Earth"), M. J. Rogers ("On the Sea Shore"), Overton Jones ("On the Gloucestershire Border"), A. F. Nicoll ("Twilight Naples"), H. M. Meyrick ("In the Desert"), Stanley G. Brister ("The Puritan"), but the section is generally good and space forbids mention of all the names deserving appreciative reference.

The exhibits of the Auckland Camera Club make the finest collection of the art of the camera which has ever been got together in Auckland, and we trust the Society will have the co-operation of the club in future years. Those who doubt whether the artist and the photographer have anything in common will have their ideas dispelled by a look round the walls. Both in conception and technique the work is admirable, and much in advance of anything anyone not acquainted with the club would have suspected. Amateurs are most fortunate in having in their midst such an institution. As the booklet issued by the club so aptly remarks, "Every amateur photographer has frequently found himself in a difficulty where a word or two of practical advice would have saved him disappointment and much wasted material." With such enthusiasts as these exhibitors to appeal to, any amateur will have the difficulties of his hobby smoothed for him in a most agreeable way. Mr. T. D. Leedham, a veteran member of the club, has a number of the genre subjects which he manages so successfully and his scenery also shows the artistic temperament. Mr. R. B. Walfrond, another prominent member, "exhibits some very beautiful enlargements which in composition, lighting and technique mark him as the most successful landscape photographer we have. Mr. A. N. Breckon, one of our foremost marine workers, sends in some excellent things from the West Coast, singularly characteristic of this rugged scenery, upon which so many amateurs have tried their skill in vain. Other members who have excellent pictures are Messrs. T. Doree, H. B. Morton, F. J. Cullen, G. O'Halloran, M. Trenwith, Thos. Woodhead, W. J. Jacobs, Thos. Allen, Rev. T. Fisher, G. H. Sutcliffe.

The exhibition is open daily from 12.30 to 5, and 7.30 to 10 p.m.)

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Our Illustrations

CHINESE DEN RAIDED.

HOW THE GAMERS ARE PLAYED.

A MONGST the illustrations in the current issue are a series of views showing the Chinese premises in Wakefield-street being raided by the Auckland police last week, together with photographs of the gambling equipment seized. By reference to the photographs numbered 2 and 11 respectively, an idea will be gained of how fan tan and pakapoo, the favourite gambling games, are played.

Presumably fan tan is the most popular pastime. It is played with a number of coins and dice. These are covered with a bowl and the players then bet upon what the remainder will be when a pile selected has been divided by four. The advantages of the game from the gamblers' standpoint are that it is almost impossible to cheat, that it is alike suitable for small or large stakes, and that it can be played with extraordinary rapidity, so rapidly, in fact, that very large sums may change hands in a few seconds. In the game as played by the average Chinaman a square lead counting board is placed on the table (our illustration shows the table laid out), having on it at each corner spaces marked one, two, three, four. The banker, who sits at the head of the table with the "dividend" box on his right, has on the floor beside him a big containing Chinese cash. He reaches down and grasps a big handful of the money, and, placing it on the table, covers it at once with the saucer-shaped metal article known as the bowl. The players then place their money, or its equivalent, on markers in either space on the lead, thus indicating on which remainder they desire to bet. The "cash" is afterwards exposed and counted out in fours by the banker with the aid of the coupe, and those who prove to have guessed the remainder scoop the pool.

A game almost equally popular to pakapoo, a form of lottery in which tickets covered with Chinese numbers are issued. Several of these numbers are selected by the banker, and the players may bet upon as many as five numbers, paying a shilling a number. They indicate the numbers that they choose on the ticket and return it to the banker, whereupon the result of the lottery is announced. It is stated that it is a regular thing for a number of the Chinese to attend church, and it is customary for them to invest in lottery tickets before going to church, and to return afterwards to ascertain what their luck has been.

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At Miller's fancy repository, 100, Victoria-street, Auckland, there are specialties to suit all sights, and the price is right.

The New Zealand Insurance Co., Ltd., fire, marine, accident, and live stock, has its head office in Auckland and is represented and supported throughout the world.

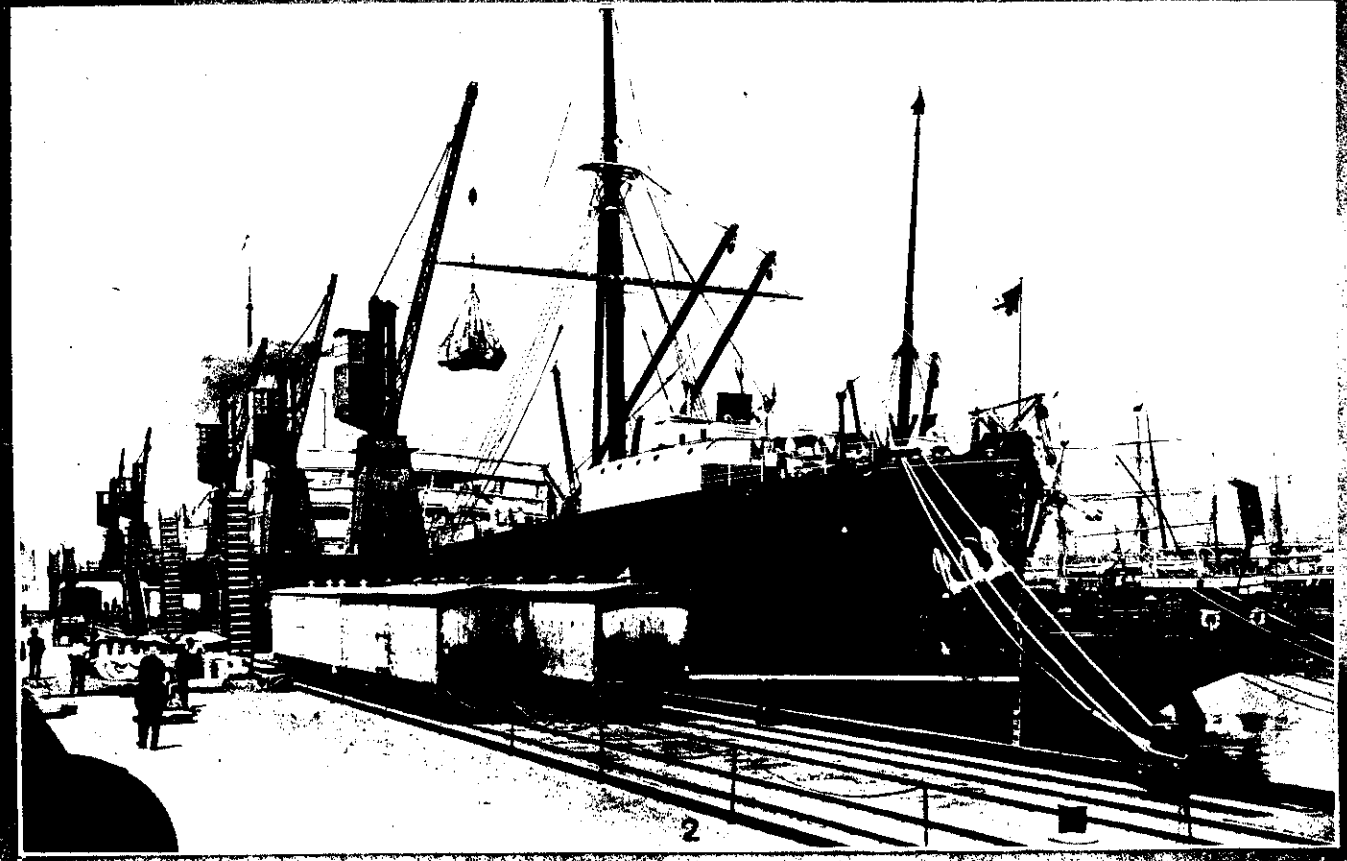
Speight's Dunedin ales are to be had everywhere and the sole agents and bottlers for the Auckland district are Hinkins and Coult, Customs-street East.

F. Moore and Co., piano and organ warehouse, Customs-street East, Auckland, advertise instruments at 20/- or 10/- a month, or for cash, from £17.

The Weekly Graphic and N.Z. Mail.



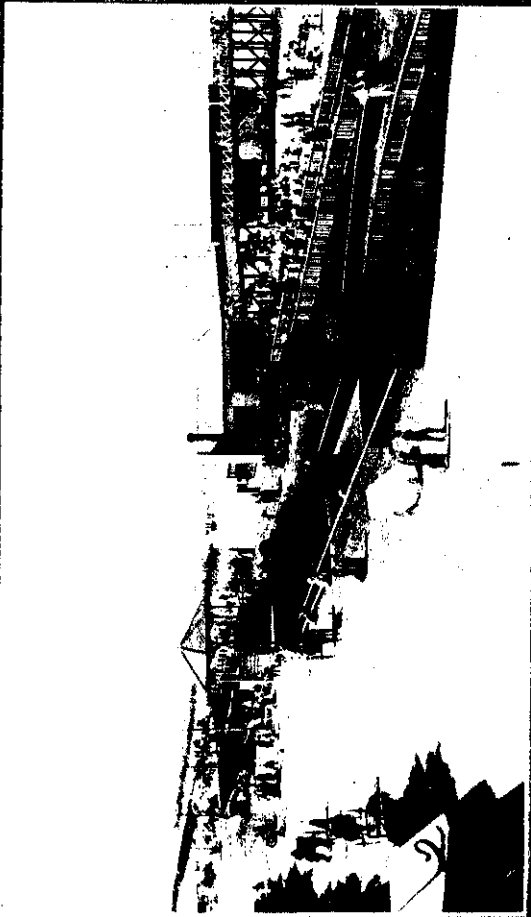
THE APPROACHING VISIT OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, THE FOUNDER OF THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT.



Barton, Photo.

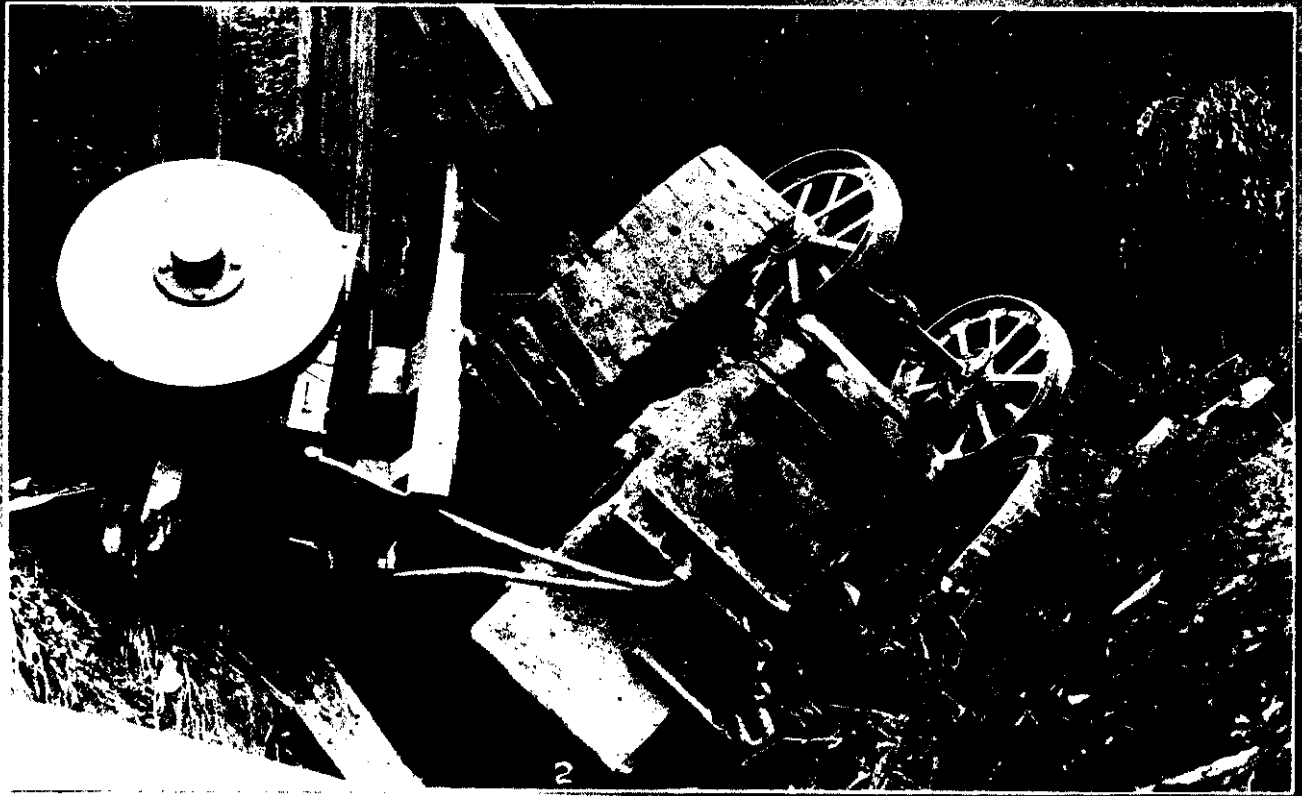
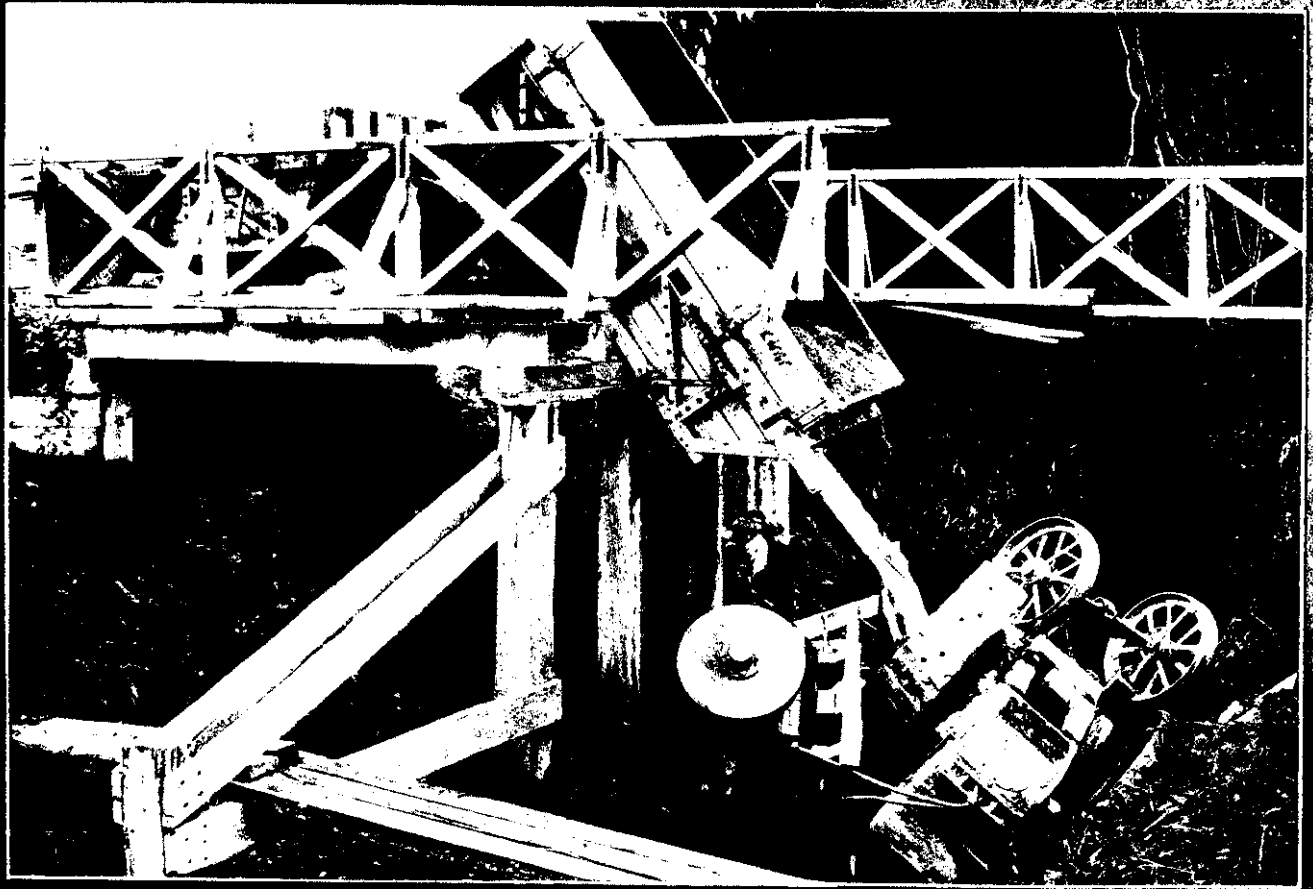
OUR SEA-BORNE COMMERCE—BUSY SCENES ROUND THE WELLINGTON WHARVES.

(1) Steamers alongside the Railway Wharves in Wellington. (2) Loading cheese for export. A visit to the wharves of any of our big seaports will show to the most casual investigator the importance and tremendous growth of the dairying industry. Great liners lie alongside the wharves while the winches swing into their holds thousands of tons of butter and cheese for the markets of the world.



SOME OF THE POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORTS NEAR CHRISTCHURCH.

(1) The New Brighton pier and beach, (2) A view of the beach at Summer from Cave Rock, (3) The Summer Hills, showing Cliff-top, (4) Mackthorne Road, on the Cashmere Hills.



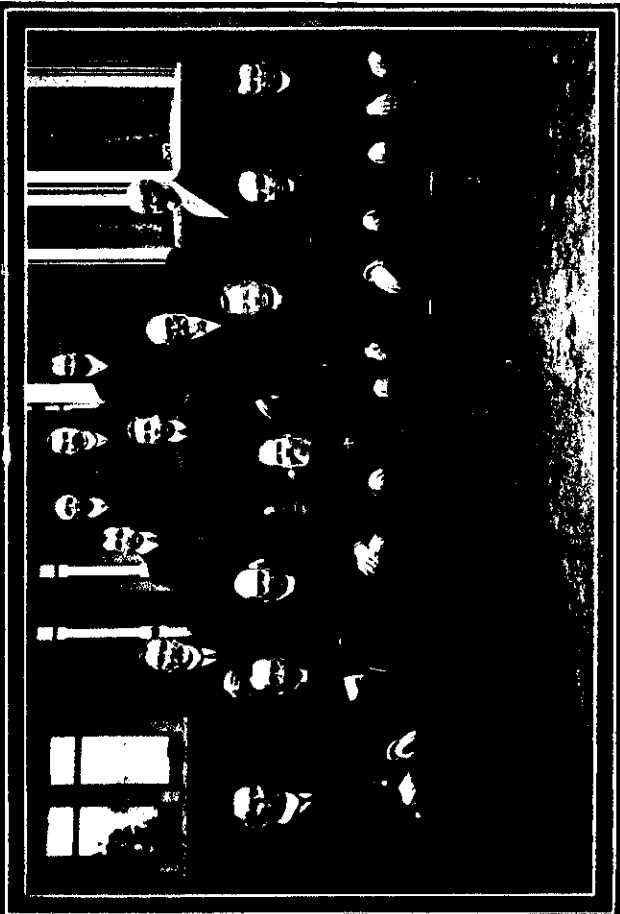
Tosha Studios, photo.

THE SCENE OF A FATAL ACCIDENT IN HAWKE'S BAY—TRACTION ENGINE CRASHES THROUGH A BRIDGE.

The Hawke's Bay Timber Company's traction engine, when drawing two trucks of gravel on May 10th, broke through a bridge on the Havelock-Mangaterere-road, turned turtle and fell 30ft into the creek below. The driver, R. E. Turpin, aged 40, was killed instantaneously, the top of his head being crushed between the cab and the bridge timber. The deceased's mate, Lawrence Williams, fell into the water beneath the engine, and remained there until the steam had cleared. He was scalded about the face and legs, but was not otherwise seriously injured. (1) A view showing the broken bridge, with the trucks and the engine. (2) The engine overturned in the creek bed.



WATERSON, PHOTO.
 ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD ADDRESSING THE CROWD.
 The Mayor of Wanganui (Mr. Mackay) is seated on the platform.



TESHA, PHOTO.
 THE COMMITTEE OF THE NEW CONVENT AND SCHOOL.
 Archbishop Redwood is seated in the centre.



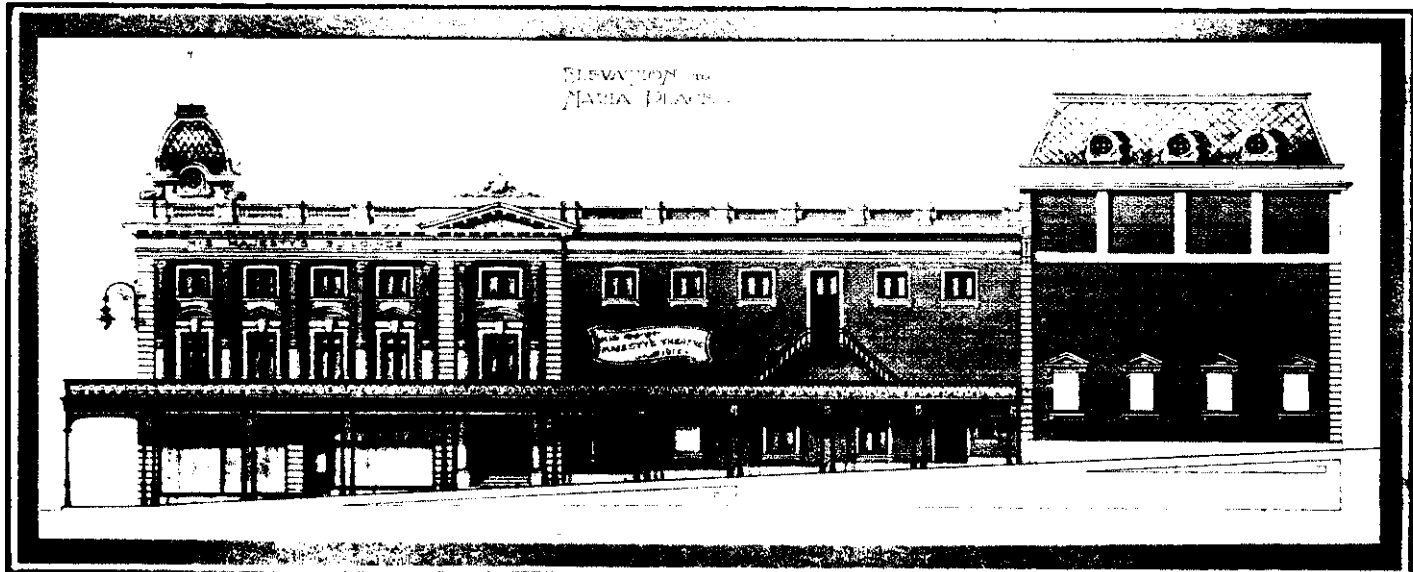
OPENING WANGANUI'S NEW CONVENT—LARGE CROWDS WITNESS THE CEREMONY.

TESHA, PHOTO.
 The above photo shows some of the crowd of several thousands which gathered to witness the opening of the new Convent of the Sacred Heart at Wanganui. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Redwood. The new building, which is a double-entrance and hallmarked to the town, was erected at a cost of \$17,500, other expenses bringing the total up to nearly £25,000.



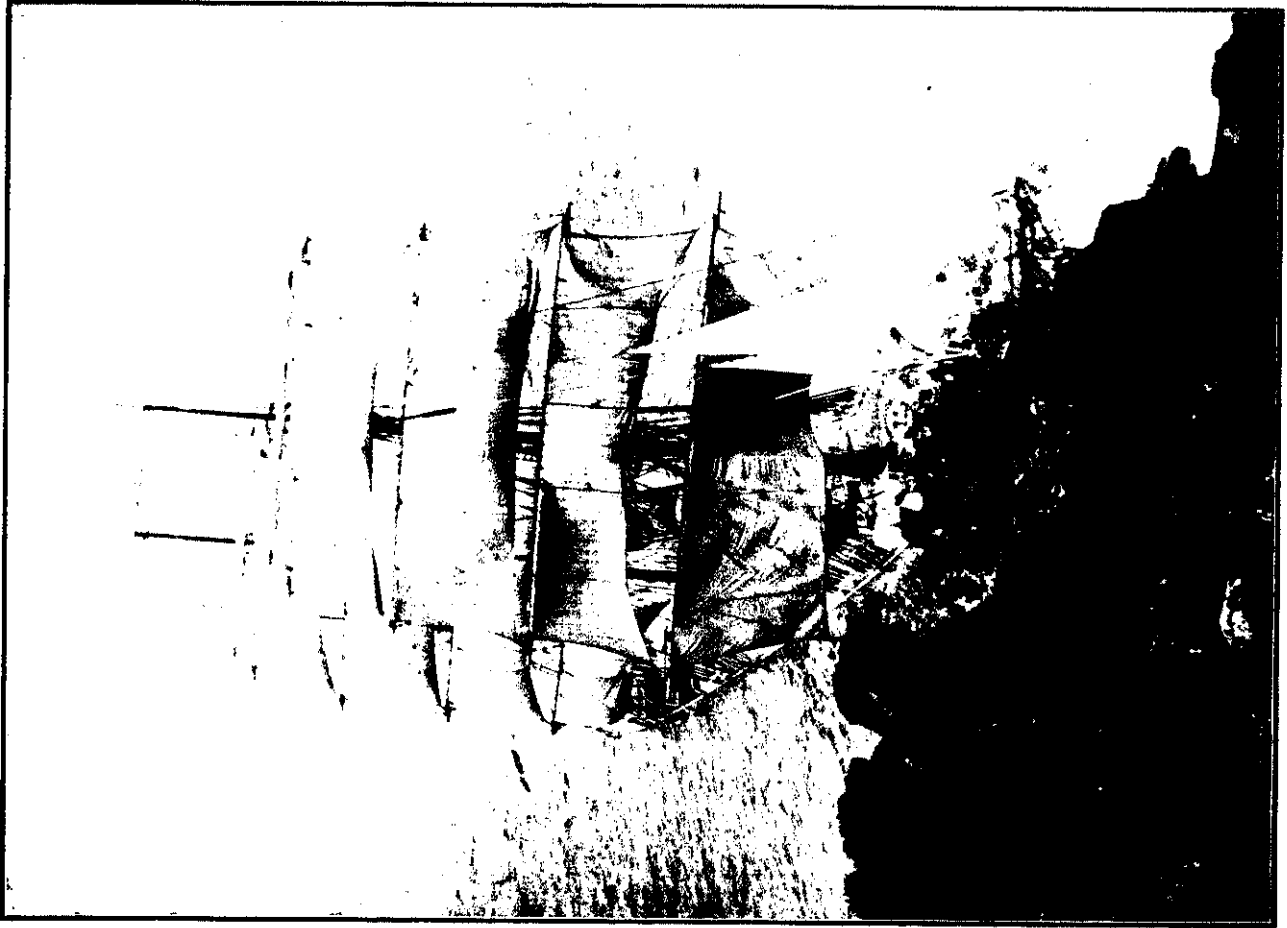
GOLF AT MIDDLEMORE PARK—PLAYING FOR THE CAPTAIN'S PRIZES.

Fifty-two players were engaged at the Auckland Golf Club's Links on Middlemore Park on Saturday afternoon in the first round for the Captain's prizes. (1) J. C. Burns driving, (2) H. Kissling and H. Horton putting, (3) W. Cave, (4) Murray George, (5) B. S. Finn driving, (6) Dr. Goldstein playing in the B grade, (7) J. Kingston, (8) W. Ralph driving, (9) H. G. Stringer putting, and P. Laurence, (10) E. Benjamin putting, and H. Clark.



WATKINSON PHOTO. WANGANUI STILL PROGRESSING A FINE NEW THEATRE WITH SEATING ACCOMMODATION FOR 1700 PEOPLE.

The above is a plan of a new theatre to be erected with a frontage of 48ft to Victoria-avenue, 168ft frontage to Maria-place, and 90ft frontage to Watt-street. A full-sized stage will be provided, and the building is to be completed near the end of the year.



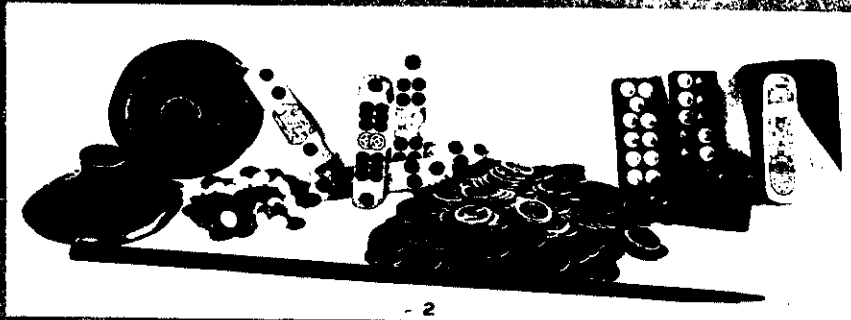
A BARQUE IN FULL SAIL WRECKED ON THE CORNISH COAST.

The Norwegian barque "Imvare," bound to Falmouth with a cargo of oranges, went ashore near Coverack late on the night of Good Friday. She lost her way during the dense fog which hung over the Channel, and could not clear the rocks. The crew of nineteen were saved. Eighteen jumped over the vessel's bowsprit and dropped on to the rocks, but one man refused to leave for fear of being drowned. One of the officers thereupon swam out to the ship and rescued him. Heavy seas continued to sweep the vessel's decks during the Easter holidays.



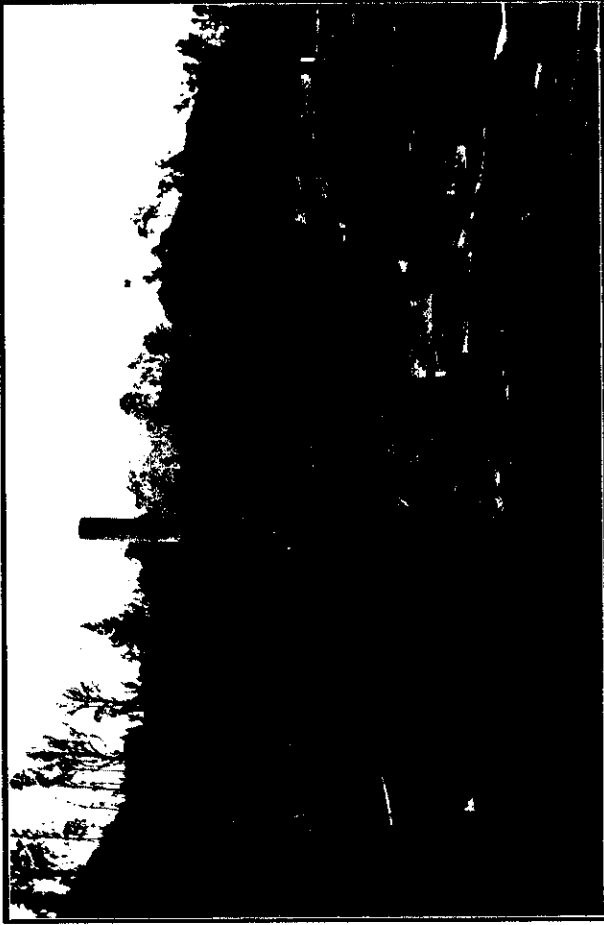
HOW THE SETTLER OF THE BACK COUNTRY REACHES THE MARKETS.

One of the most vital problems which confront the man who takes up land in the backblocks of New Zealand, is that of communication with the markets of the outside world. The above illustrations show the manner in which some of the settlers in the backcountry transport their produce to the towns. (A) A scene at Vinegar Flat, (B) Crossing the Taylor River, Marlborough. (McCusker, photo.)



See "Our Illustrations." A CHINESE GAMBLING DEN RAIDED BY THE POLICE, AND A COMPLETE OUTFIT SEIZED.

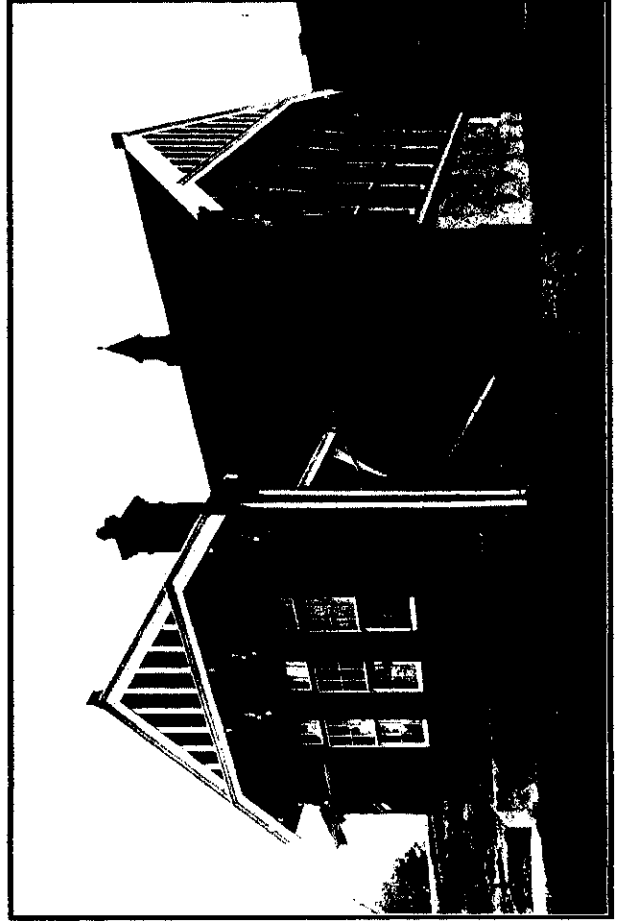
A contingent of the Auckland police, headed by Sergeants Ferguson and Bird, last week descended on premises in Wakefield-street, suspected of being used for gambling purposes by the Chinese community, and besides arresting some forty Chinese, seized a full outfit used in playing fan-tan, pakapao, and dominoes, popular Chinese games. Views Nos. 1, 3, 7, 8, 9, and 10 give types of the Chinese caught in the raid. No. 2 shows the gambling implements, and No. 11 is a lay-out of the table ready for fan-tan. The premises, known by the habitués as the "Northern Club," are shown in No. 5. The only entrance from the street is through the trap-door standing open, and from thence to the wooden structure adjoining, the upstairs portion containing tables and gambling requisites. No. 4, Senior-Sergeant Ferguson, No. 9, Sergeant Bird, No. 12, Constable Gourley, who gave material aid in the enterprise.



A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT TAUMARUNUI.

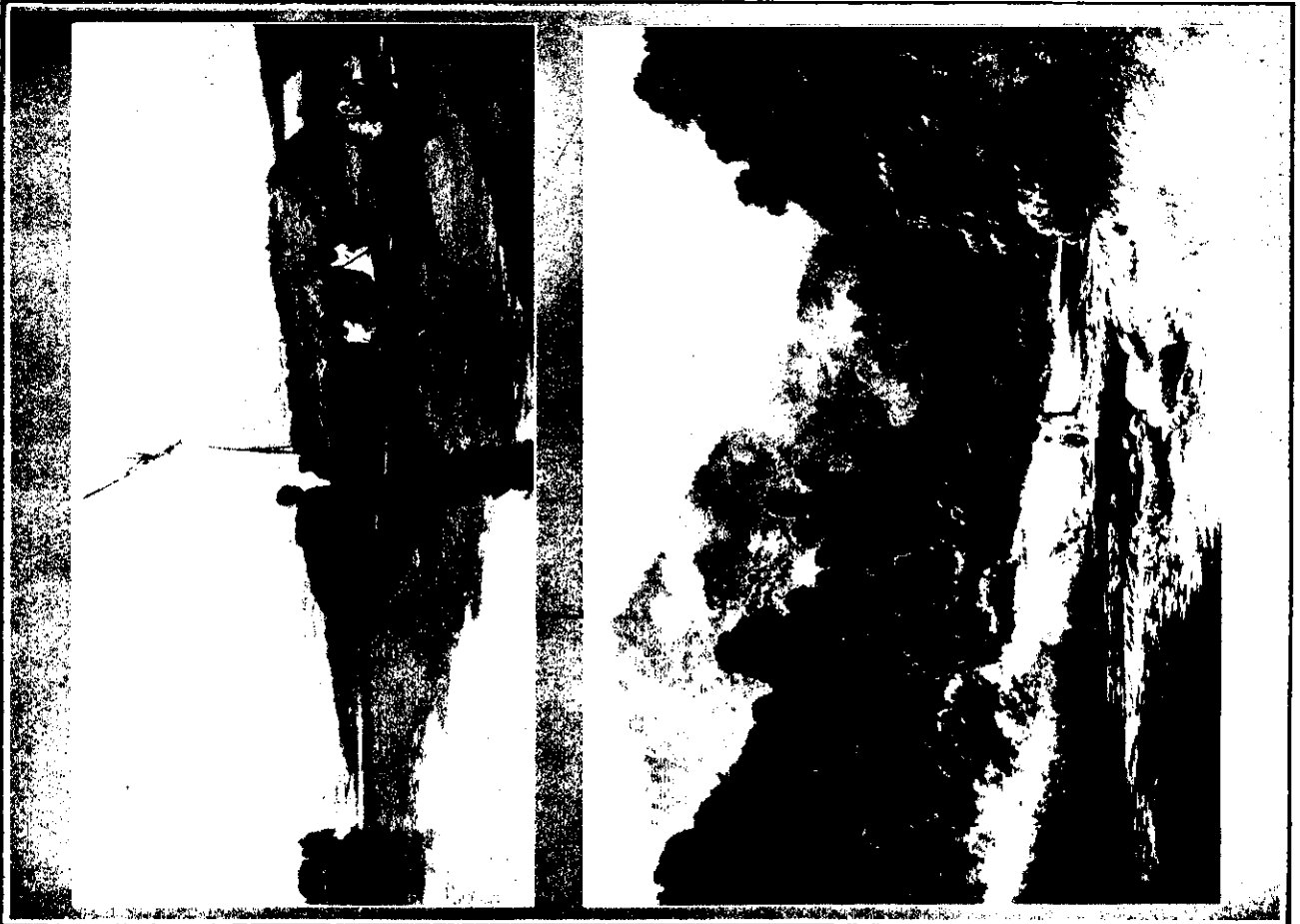
The photo shows the remains of Messrs. Winger and Smith's sawmill after the recent fire. The mill, with its machinery and stock, valued at about £2500, were all destroyed.

Tomlinson, photo.



THE NEW MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL AT DEVONPORT QUEENED.

The Devonport Manual Training School was formally opened last week by His Excellency Lord Islington. In the course of his remarks the Governor said that while it was his duty to perform such ceremonies as this, he wished to assure them that he came in to find no fault or perfunctory spirit. He had a considerable experience of educational matters, and appreciated the economic value of industrial education.



"MORNING AFTER RAIN," BY F. WRIGHT.

THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION.

"EARLY MORNING, BAGLANS," BY WALTER WRIGHT.

(Opp. 24 & 12)

(Opp. 24 & 25)



MR. W. ARUNDEL ORCHARD, OF SYDNEY.

Appointed Judge in musical section in the Auckland Society's Competitions this year.



KING FREDERICK VIII, OF DENMARK.

Died suddenly at Hamburg last week; aged 68. He was a brother of Queen Alexandra. He was walking alone at the time and his body lay unidentified in a public mortuary until the following morning.



MR. W. L. PAINE, OF MELBOURNE.

Judge of Election at the Auckland Society's Competitions.



MR. REGINALD WYKEHAM.

One of the principals in "Mr. Plaster of Paris," which opens at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on May 25.



MR. EDWARD NABLE.

Of the Wykeham-Nable Company, which opens its first New Zealand tour at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on May 25th.



MISS PRESSY PRESTON.

Leading lady in "Mr. Plaster of Paris."



Barton photo. A PIONEER CATHOLIC PRELATE.

Archbishop Redwood, aged 74, who arrived in Wellington in 1874, celebrated his jubilee last week; born 1820, ordained 1865, appointed bishop 1873, archbishop 1887.



MISS STELLA CAZELLA.

Who appears in "Mr. Plaster of Paris."



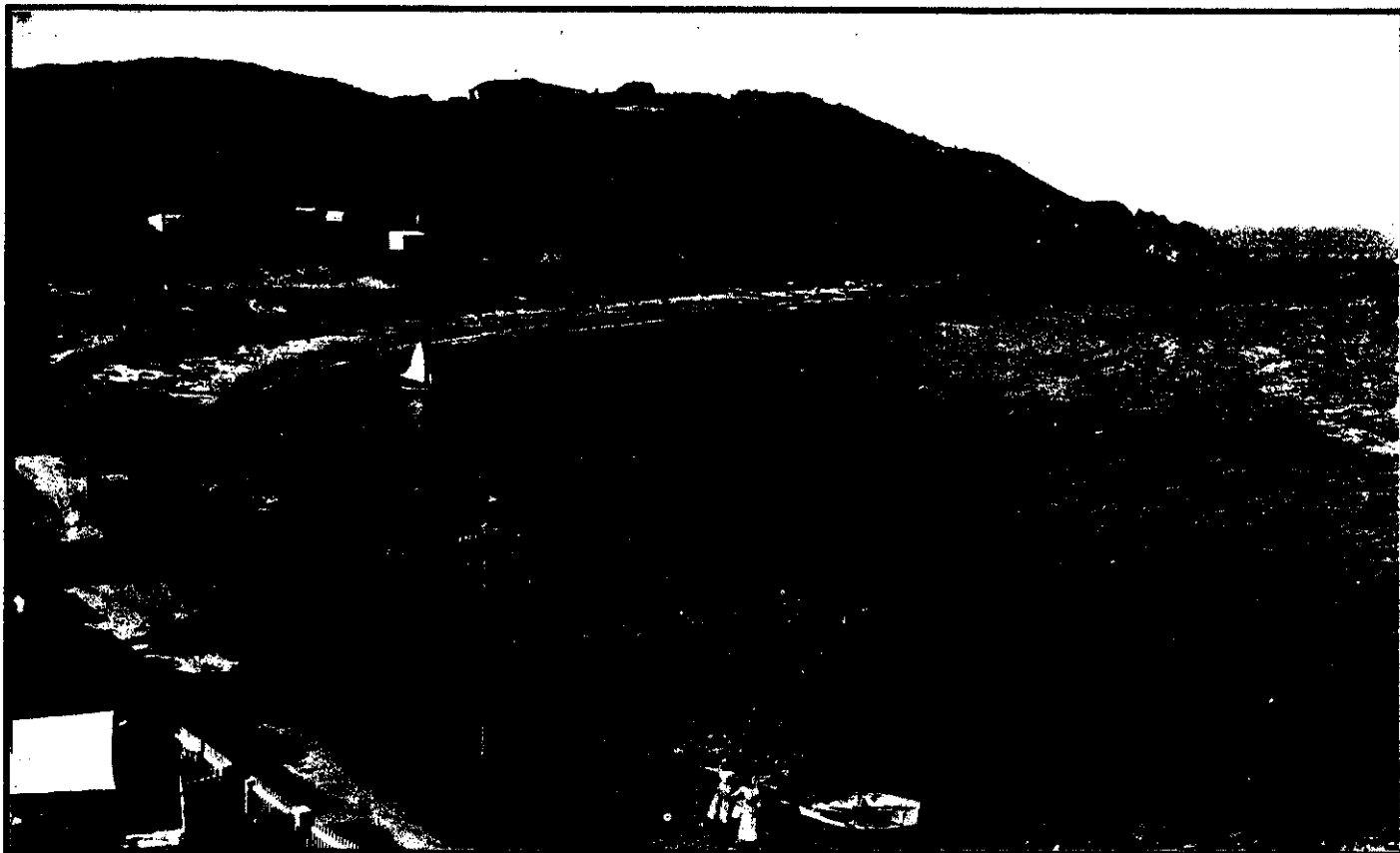
MR. MAX MONTESOLE.

Of the Wykeham-Nable Musical Comedy Troupe Company.



MR. EDWARD TREGEAR.

Elected to the Wellington City Council to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Mr. D. McLaren to the City Mayoralty.



Barton, photo.

KARAKA BAY—A FAVOURITE SEASIDE RESORT NEAR WELLINGTON.



Barton, photo.

ON THE EDGE OF THE WELLINGTON BOTANICAL GARDENS—A VIEW NEAR THE KELBURNE KIOSK.

A magnificent view of the harbour and city is to be obtained from this neighbourhood. A favourite round for visitors is by cable car to Kelburne, then through the winding paths of the Botanical Reserve and Gardens to Tinakori Road.

(Oil—44 x 33.)

"HAPPY HOURS," BY C. F. KELLY.

(Oil—20 x 22.)

"THE INSEPARABLES," BY B. C. DOBBIE.



"THE GLACIER PRECIPICES OF MOUNT ASPRING," BY C. BLOMFIELD.

(Oil 20 x 12.)

"LILAC," BY ETHEL M. BAKER.

OUR NEW ZEALAND ARTISTS—SPECIMENS FROM THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION.



(Op.—104 x 52.)

"THE LEGEND OF THE VOYAGE TO NEW ZEALAND," BY KENNETT WATKINS.
THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS THIRTY-FIRST EXHIBITION.



Topical photo.

The St. Marylebone Dispensary has established in Regent's Park the first open-air school for the consumptive children of London. A bandstand is used as a school-room, and the youngsters are there in all weathers. Recently they petitioned their teachers for permission to attend not only on Saturdays, but also on holidays - an unprecedented request from school-children.

LUNCH TIME AT LONDON'S FIRST OPEN-AIR SCHOOL FOR CONSUMPTIVE CHILDREN.



NEGATIVE No. C11, 975

Rogers, photo. **C11, 974** **NEGATIVE No. THE LABOUR WAR IN WAIHI—DISRUPTION AMONGST THE MINERS.** See "News of the Dominion."

At the time of writing, the mine-workers employed by the Waihi G.M. Co. and the Waihi Grand Junction G.M. Co., were still out on strike. In all, about 2000 miners are concerned, and they with their wives and families represent about 5000 persons who are practically dependent on continuation of work in these big properties. The strike means a loss to the Waihi miners of 20000 a week in wages, and as credit has practically been stopped by shopkeepers, a long-delayed settlement must involve severe distress. In the meantime the parties concerned—the miners, the companies, and the Engine-drivers' Union—are shuffling feet, and the next move rests with the Federation of Labour. (1) Men waiting for a mass meeting to discuss plans. (2) Dinner time. (3) Mr. E. W. Parry, president of the Miners' Union and vice-president of the Federation of Labour. (4) Speakers addressing the men before a mass meeting. (5) A small group of members of the new union talking it over. (6) A group of the union committee. Mr. W. E. Parry (president) in the center of the front row, and Mr. C. McMillan (with plaid vest) in back row. (7) Miners' Labour the mass meeting. (8) Mr. T. Feunip, organiser for the Federation of Labour. (9) Miners on their way to attend one of the free picture shows which were given during the early part of the strike.



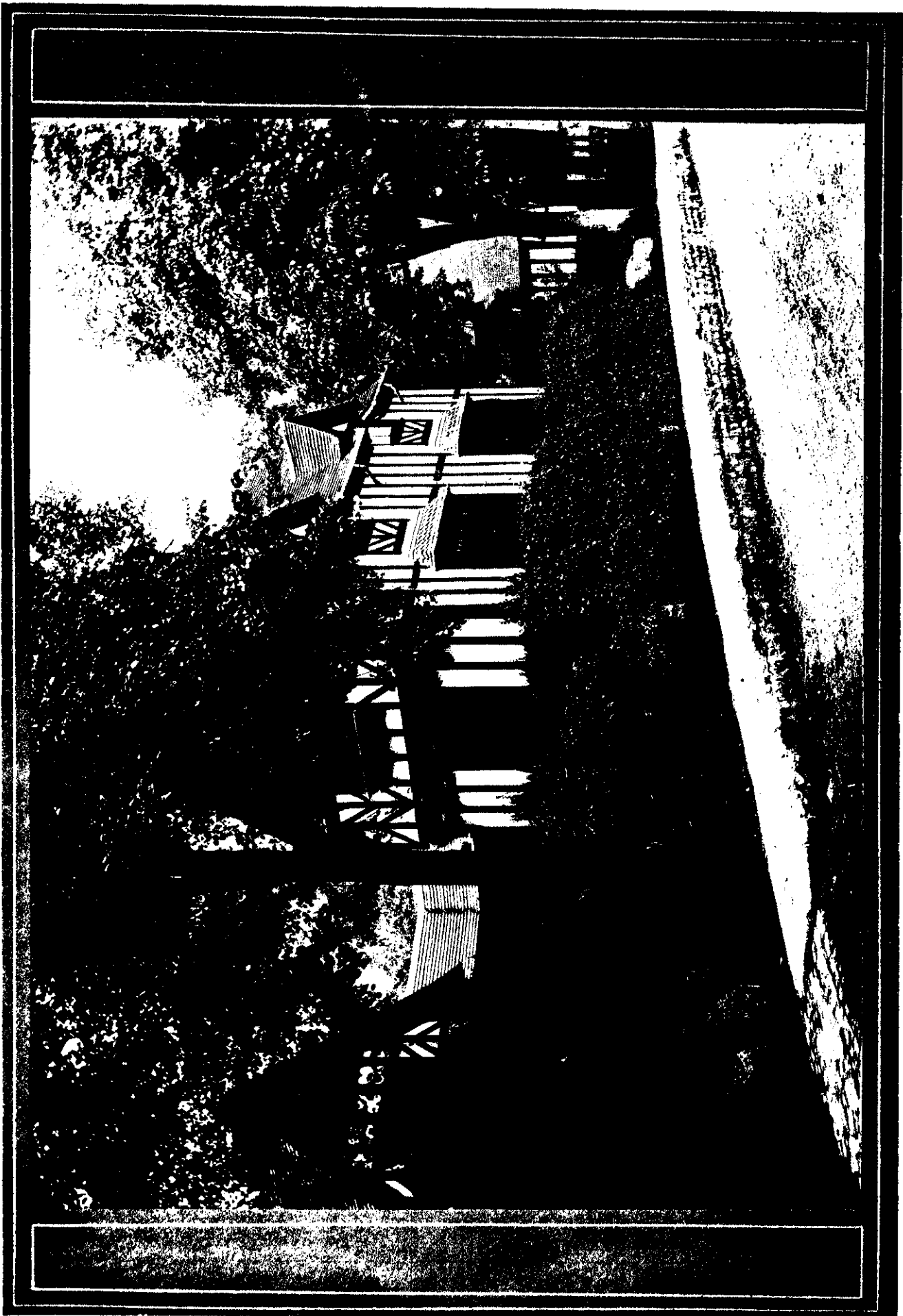
Wheeler and Son, photo.

IN THE FIORD COUNTRY OF WESTERN OTAGO—A PRETTY COVE ON PRESERVATION INLET.



Wheeler and Son, photo.

**ON THE FAMOUS ROAD WHICH CROSSES THE SOUTHERN ALPS—REDMAN'S BAR ARCHWAY
IN THE BULLER GORGE.**



A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE ON THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS—A TYPICALLY RURAL PART OF ENGLAND.

W. J. Vasey, photographer.

West Africa Evolving.

EUROPE IN AFRICA—BUSINESS IN THE BUSH—THE RUBBER AND PALM OIL INDUSTRIES—OUTPOSTS OF COMMERCE—THE "BAGMAN" OF THE BUSH—ANCIENT INDUSTRIES—EUROPE'S FUTURE COTTON-FIELD.

BY FRANK E. VERNEY.

IT is a remarkable fact to any one who knows West Africa and its potentialities as an inexhaustible storehouse of many natural products essential to the requirements of civilisation and as a huge market for the wares of the Mother Country that its affairs obtain such scant public attention.

Seldom it is that the general public has put before it with due prominence the fact that among the millions who have their habitat in West Africa there is a constant and rapidly growing demand for the manufactures of British workshops, varying in nature from a strip of Manchester cotton to a Crewe engine, from a Birmingham tin can to a Clyde steamer, and that under the influence of an increased commercial attention, combined with wise Government administration, West Africa will ultimately become one of the Empire's greatest assets.

Now it is my desire, so far as the limits of this article will allow, to show what the "West Coast" is doing; to indicate the revolution which has already been wrought in a land of which less than a century ago a few intrepid explorers brought back stories which caused the people of England to regard it as a veritable hell on earth, a place of black devils and deadly pestilence.

Our West African colonies are represented by Northern and Southern Nigeria plus the actual coastal areas or littoral territories of Sierra Leone, the Gambia, and Ashanti. But, practically speaking, by virtue of extent of area and productive value, British West Africa may be interpreted as Northern and Southern Nigeria.

Nigeria has an area of close on 334,000 square miles, which means that the Brit-

where yelling kroo boys are busy unloading from steamers and surf-boats European goods, and loading palm-oil and rubber, etc., you will find yourself in a busy thoroughfare—not the object of a crowd of admiring niggers, but one of a number, each of whom has his own business to perform, and is performing it. Here you will see a fat, satisfied-looking native, possibly a wealthy merchant, garbed in orthodox frock coat and silk hat, who, if accosted, will probably be able to discuss topical questions with you in French or English. There you will see a bush native, clad in naught but a loin-cloth, his head laden with a load of seventy or eighty pounds of produce, wending his way to market. Across the road, in that smart-looking store, a miniature Whiteley's, will be found several white men and their black assistants busily engaged in supplying the wants of their black customers, taking over the counter coin of the realm in exchange for European commodities. I can go into one of these stores and purchase almost anything, from a Sheffield razor to a Coventry bicycle. Here on the actual fringe of darkest Africa I can buy myself a complete outfit, from mosquito boots to a solar topee. I am asked out to dine either at the mess of the Nigerian Regiment or with a trader, and entertained to a table d'hôte meal which compares favourably with what I could get in London. I am offered a petit verre of Vermouth or sherry, champagne and port are at my disposal, my solids include caviare and pate de foie gras, and I can wind up with a Chartreuse, French coffee, and Havana cigars. I tell this, not as an inducement to Sybaritic individuals to visit West Africa, but by way of emphasising the metamorphosis which savage Africa has undergone in the last few decades.

Lagos has its Government buildings,

There are dusky dentists and doctors, and black barristers; and the latter, in verbose eloquence, can give points to our own K.C.'s. Even the theft of a scraggy fowl will inspire them to great oratorical efforts. However, this childlike vanity does not prevent the educated native, the product of a new civilisation, from being an extremely useful citizen.

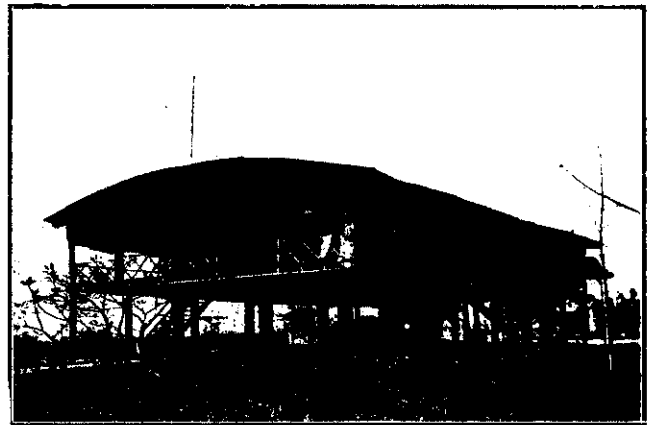
Lagos has a railway which extends inland through the oil and rubber districts (to Badan and Oshogbo a distance of about 100 miles—as far as from London to Liverpool). It is the beginning of a network of lines which will extend from the coast to the Sahara and Lake Chad, tapping territories of titanic wealth, and bringing into close touch with Europe immense virgin markets.

Lagos itself is a great centre for palm oil, palm kernels, rubber, and cotton, etc., and all day long, by canoe along the myriad of creeks and lagoons, through the

of which, particularly the former, are indispensable to the requirements of modern civilisation. Hundreds of thousands of the natives of Southern Nigeria are engaged in collecting palm-oil and palm kernels from the fruit of the oil palm tree, and tapping the latex from the different varieties of rubber trees. Traders and officials have taught them how to do this, and the Department of Agriculture has established plantations in many places to instruct and advise them in the cultivation and care of rubber trees, in order that the huge supply shall not be exhausted, and that the future may see an increase rather than a decrease in the productive areas.

In 1906 the exports in these products from Nigeria amounted to the following: Rubber, £307,977; palm-oil and kernels, £2,038,248.

From the coastal regions of Southern Nigeria, with the products of its mighty



THE MONASTERY AT IOKOJA.

forests on the heads of the natives, and down from the hinterlands by rail, come these products en route for the factories of Europe.

The trade of Lagos and its hinterlands has been steadily increasing year by year, and now, in 1906, the value of it amounts to more than £2,000,000, divided fairly equally between exports and imports. Verily an eloquent testimony in favour of the "idle" native and his much-maligned country.

In these African cities, of which Lagos is a type, every one is busy. Everywhere is the mark of progress and pregnant signs of development to come; and the vital spring of the whole is Trade, Trade with a capital T.

BUSINESS IN THE BUSH.

But to obtain a proper insight into Africa's industrial and commercial system you must come with me a few hundred miles further along the coast to the centre of the Niger delta, a huge steamy area of swamp, creek, river, and forest, forming the greatest hot-house in the world.

At Sapelo and Benin we find tremendous quantities of hardwood, mahogany, and ebony, etc., which, cut from the surrounding forests, is lying awaiting shipment.

It has been obtained either by hired native labour under the supervision of white traders employed by Liverpool merchants, or by native chiefs whose followers cut down the trees and roll them to the nearest creek, from whence they float the logs down to one of the timber ports and sell to a trader.

There are great possibilities in timber alone as the huge forests of the delta abound in it. There are millions of pounds' worth of valuable hardwoods waiting to be cut, but until roads and railways are extended the major portion of this wealth must remain locked in its natural fastness. Imagine the difficulty of dragging a log through the forests when a passage has to be cut through dense undergrowth and trailing vines which bind together the masses of vegetation with the tenacity of steel cables.

Yet, in spite of such difficulties, which will be overcome as development proceeds, £1,000,000 worth of timber has been exported to England during the last few years.

THE RUBBER AND PALM-OIL INDUSTRIES.

Two other great African industries of which the Niger delta may be regarded as the centre are rubber and palm-oil both

forests, we will go up the Niger. Down from the north, through the centre of Nigeria to the sea, flows the great river. Twelve times the size of the Thames, and fed by countless creeks, it forms a vast circulation system connecting the country's wealthy forests and fruitful plains with the outer world. Along its muddy waters come craft of all kinds from the native "dug-out" to a 2000-ton steamer laden with native produce going to the markets of Europe and European goods coming into the heart of Africa.

OUTPOSTS OF COMMERCE.

On its banks at intervals are native towns, each one with its several British stores, or "factories," as they are called in coast parlance—staffed by one or more white men and their black assistants.

Attached to each of these factories, which are generally erections of pine scantlings and galvanised roofs, with wide verandahs, are large enclosures, stocked with produce awaiting the arrival of a branch steamer to convey it to the coast. Out in the bush or up the numerous creeks are other branch factories, all ramifications of one or other of the big merchant firms of Liverpool. These factories form the tentacles of the civilising octopus of progress and commerce, really synonymous terms—which is advancing its grip on Africa. They are all engaged in tapping the wealth of the colony, in feeding great British industries and making new markets for the manufactures of British workmen.

The trader, with his factory, often opens up to trade a district in which no white foot but his own has trod. He does not follow the sword. If the sword comes at all, it generally comes after, to enforce some newly imposed law which has travestied an ancient native right, and caused resentment.

THE "BAGMAN" OF THE BUSH.

The trader's prime assistant in Nigeria's commercial system is the Hausa "middleman," who may be described as the "bagman" of the bush. He is the direct descendant of the men who, centuries ago, working in conjunction with the Arab trading caravans which came across the Sahara from Tripoli, laden with silks, cottons, and arms, bartered with the forest and coastal tribes for ivory and gold dust. Trading is bred in him, and the major portion of the country's trade comes through his hands.

From the factory he obtains on trust, or purchases for cash or kind, a consider-



LOKOJA WHARF.

ish Isles, France, and half a dozen Hollanders would easily be accommodated within its frontiers.

EUROPE IN AFRICA.

For administrative purposes it is split into two provinces, each with its own Governor and civil staff. On the north it is bordered by the Great Sahara and Lake Chad, and on the south by the Gulf of Guinea.

With this brief geographical description I will ask you to accompany me into Lagos, the metropolis of Southern Nigeria. Here is a town which fares upon one with deep conviction the fact that West Africa has both a present and a future in the trade of the world. Instead of a medley of mud huts fringed by shrieking savages, is a well-ordered town of straight streets and large squares. Leaving the wharves,

schools, post offices, railway, and a telegraph system, all partly staffed by black assistants.

Strolling into one of the schools, you will see an intelligent-looking black teacher, probably the son of a simple savage whose sole law was that of might, and whose world was limited to his wives and his cooking-pot, instructing a crowd of young African hopefuls in Euclid and algebra.

Many of the minor clerical positions in the Government offices are held by natives, who are as facile with the pen as their fathers were with a machete. Indeed, some of these dusky civil servants are in receipt of salaries of as much as three hundred pounds a year, and, in their own estimation at least, are as invaluable to the Government as is the Governor himself.

able assortment of goods, cottons, cloths, pots, pans, beads, knives, brass rods, etc., with which he loads up his caravan of bearers or his canoes, and sets forth on his journey. Into the bush or up the creeks he goes for hundreds of miles,

African conditions, one of which is of immense importance to the Empire.

Up the Niger by steam launch, past towns and villages, past the Benue, which has its source near Lake Chad, past Lokoja, the capital town, with its

and, moreover, cotton is indigenous and an ancient native industry.

Several large ginneries have been erected in various parts of Nigeria, and a substantial start has been made in production. In a large number of places the Government has inaugurated experimental farms to instruct the natives in the proper methods of cultivation, and everything is being done to encourage individual effort and to establish this industry on a sound and substantial basis. The results have already exceeded expectations, and West Africa has demonstrated her ability to do what no other place in the world can do.

Palm-oil and kernels for our soap and oil trades, rubber for our motor and many other industries, cotton for our Lancashire mills, mahogany, ebony, and other valuable hardwoods, cocoa, coffee, maize, hemp, etc.—all these is this little-known colony supplying.

But the point of all to be remembered is that every pound's worth of produce exported from West Africa means the import of an equal value of European manufactures.

As civilisation advances and our traders extend their operations, more and more goods from home are required, and there is no local manufacturing competition to handicap the imported goods of our home industries.

Space has permitted me to indicate but briefly some of the things that are being done and how they are being done. I can only sum up by stating that there are but few places on the earth's

The Most Murderous Country.

If you were asked to name the most murderous country on earth, your thoughts would probably wander in the direction of Turkey or China or the Congo or some other outlandish spot. But you would be wrong. The country in which the most murders are committed, and with the greatest freedom from punishment, is the civilised country which calls itself America. Last year there were no fewer than 8,975 deaths from murder; and you can get some idea of what these figures mean if you reflect that every time the clock strikes, from the first to the last day of the year, someone is murdered in America. An English weekly analyses these figures—the total has already been given in these columns—rather ingeniously. Suppose you read in the paper one day, says the writer, that in Chicago or New York a gang of dynamitards had slaughtered a hundred innocent persons, you would doubtless be horrified; and yet so colossal is the total of murders that such an outrage would not make any perceptible difference in the average. A closer examination of the figures is still more striking than the total. Out of nearly 9,000 murders only 1,000 were committed by what we may call professional



CHIEF ATTAH'S PALACE AT IDAH.

peddling his wares to remote villages, bartering for native produce. At the end of his tour he comes back to the factory laden with palm-oil, rubber, coffee, cocoa, kola, indigo, etc., which he exchanges for more goods, making a good profit out of the transaction.

Then, in addition to the trade through the middleman, the factory is busy supplying the needs of the native tribes in the vicinity. Every morning outside his verandah the trader will find a crowd of natives of all types, squatting beside the produce which they have brought in to exchange for whatever strikes their fancy or need. Then there is a busy time weighing in and bartering.

The trader in charge of the factory also periodically sends out his assistants, or goes himself on tours of exploration, telling the chiefs of the villages en route what he will give them for bringing produce, and inducing those already supplying him to increase their activity.

If he strikes a well-frequented native caravan route or a district particularly prolific in any of those things for which there is a demand at Home, he will open another branch factory. Thus, in snow-hill fashion, is commerce creeping its way into the vitals of African life and extending the supply sources of materials essential to the prosecution of many modern industries.

Many of these factories do a tremendous trade and the white assistants have little time for idling or sporting. At certain seasons it is work from early morning to late at night, and every man, from the chief agent of a company who goes from factory to factory in a snug

traders' stores, its Government House, its military barracks, its telegraphs, etc.—right on along the Upper Niger, and thence across country into the heart of Hausaland to the great emporium of the Hausa trader, Kano, the Manchester of Africa.

At Kano we come into contact with purely native manufacturing industries, and a commercial life in the making of which the white man has had no part—cotton cloths of splendid workmanship and design, leather riding boots, shoes, sandals, sword scabbards, saddles, etc. Iron agricultural implements, weapons, have for hundreds of years been made in this Hausa city. Indigo dyeing, hide-tanning, and cotton-weaving are proceeding extensively to-day, and the indefatigable Hausa is as expert at these things as he is at peddling European goods or farming the fertile plains of Northern Nigeria.

EUROPE'S FUTURE COTTON FIELD.

It is this same Hausa, with his ingrained love of agriculture and trade, who is, with the assistance of railways and Government guidance, going to convert the immense uplands of Nigeria into vast cotton-fields, thus solving for Europe the vitally important question of cotton supply.

For many years the fact has been demonstrating itself that the cotton belt of America is inadequate to supplying the cotton mills of Europe with the necessary material commensurate with the rapidly increasing demand. Further, painful distress on many occasions has been caused among the millions of people

surface which offer so many possibilities to the commercial world and such opportunities of prosperous development.

Nigeria may truthfully be described as the world's greatest forcing-house, in which Nature has put forth her powers and shown her fruitfulness, scattering in riotous confusion her stupendous riches, and provided the labourers to cull them, at the same time giving to the Old World a magnificent virgin market and field for commercial enterprise. As I have shown, the development of these resources have been proceeding silently and surely, and the following figures are interesting as showing the rate at which commercial development has already progressed in spite of the great difficulties of transport under which trade has laboured.

	1897	1906
	Approx.	
Nigeria	£3,900,000	£6,209,689
Gold Coast	1,500,000	3,539,994
Sierra Leone	750,000	1,602,474
Gambia	303,434	579,739
Total	£5,553,434	£12,921,896

Nigeria's railway system will give a great impetus to this development and rivet down on West Africa the mantle of prosperity, and at the same time prove beyond all doubt West Africa's value as a great asset of the British Empire.

"Your honor," said the arrested chauffeur, "I tried to warn the man, but the horn would not work." "Then why did you not slacken speed rather than run him down?" A light seemed to dawn upon the prisoner. "That's one on me. I never thought of that."

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM EFFECTUALLY CURED.

No matter how long you have suffered from Rheumatism; no matter what other remedies have failed, RHEUMO, if given a fair trial, will effect a cure. Thousands of other sufferers have been permanently cured by RHEUMO, when all else have been tried in vain. Many had spent large sums of money at Botorua and other thermal springs, but it was RHEUMO that eventually effected a cure. If you are suffering from Rheumatism, or from Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, or kindred complaints, give RHEUMO a fair trial. It has cured others and will cure you—and at little cost. All chemists and stores, 2/6 and 4/6. 26



SOME ONITSUA NATIVES.

steam launch to the greenest clerk from home, must actively fulfil his part in the great commercial struggle.

ANCIENT INDUSTRIES.

We will now go up into Northern Nigeria and see yet another phase of West

engaged in this industry by reason of bad weather or stock manipulation causing a large decrease in the output of the United States.

In Nigeria the British Cotton-Growing Association have found the remedy. It has the climate, the soil, and the labour;

A Mania for Building.

The Most Exquisite Structure in the World.

By Frederic Courtland Penfield.

A MOGUL who did things was Shah Jahan, and he came of a race not content with ordinary achievements. His grand father, Akbar, was probably the greatest personage ever born in India. He it was "whose saddle was his throne, the canopy of which was the vaulted dome of heaven." Akbar made Eastern history, made it fast, blazoning it with proud records of conquest and empire extension. Akbar was the grandest man who ever ruled Central India, and it was he who developed the Mogul Empire to the loftiest importance it attained.

Shah Jahan embellished the empire with noble structures, and his impulse for building amounted to mania. Time annulled Akbar's achievements, but those of his grandson stand to-day, and the structures of his era are beautiful enough to attract admirers from every corner of the earth. A famous critic once said that Shah Jahan built like a giant and finished like a jeweller. His works have made Agra, of all cities in India, the place of unrivalled interest.

Agra's Taj Mahal is the most exquisite building ever erected by the hands of men, and as a romance as deftly wrought in marble as any writer ever fashioned in words. It marks a great man's love for a woman—Arjamaund Banu Begum, his wife. Shah Jahan was a Mohammedan despot who led a magnificent life, and had other wives; but in his eyes the peer of her sex was Arjamaund. When she died in giving birth to a child, he

declared he would rear to her memory a mausoleum so perfect that it would make men marvel for all time. And this he accomplished. More poetry and prose have been written about the Taj, with more allusions to it as a symbol of love, than of any other creation marking hu-

man affection—and the secret probably lies in the fact that all the world loves a lover.

Arjamaund had many titles of rank and endearment, but poets like Sir Edwin Arnold preferred to speak of her as Muntazi-Mahal, meaning the "Exalted of the Palace," when extolling the charms of this splendid niece of Nur-Mahal, who likewise had been famed for beauty and charity.

Shah Jahan ruled from 1628 to 1658, and had been on the throne only two years when death took from him his adored Arjamaund. Then came the resolve to erect to her memory a monument that might measure his love and grief. Since Akbar's time, the best architects, artists and skilled workmen of India, Persia, and Arabia had been attracted to Agra and neighbouring Delhi. All were summoned to Shah Jahan's court,

and the resources of his empire placed at their disposal. The Taj, consequently, was not the creation of a single master mind, but the consummation of a great art epoch. Its construction was commenced four years after Arjamaund's demise.

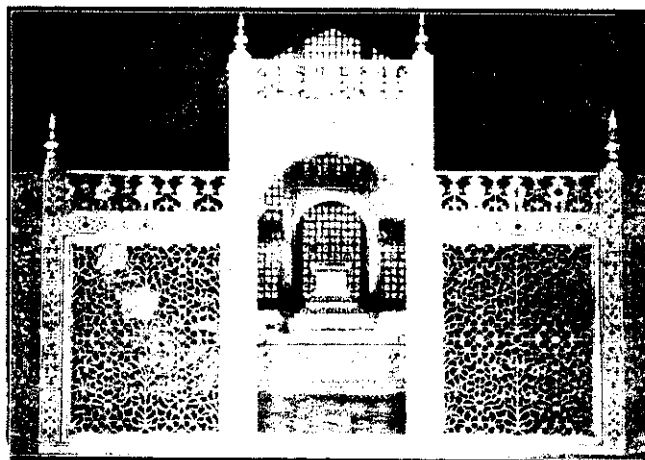
The bereft emperor had appointed a council of great architects of India to guide the work. Drawings of celebrated structures of the world, especially those in Moslem lands, were studied. More than one European was attracted to the Mogul court, and it is believed that Geromino Verronea, who had journeyed from Italy, laid several plans before Shah Jahan. There are records at Agra showing that certain suggestions of the Italian were adopted, but it is common belief that the general design was the creation of a Turkish or Persian architect named Ustad Isa.

In keeping with an old Tartar custom, a garden was chosen as the site of the tomb—a garden planted with flowers and fragrant shrubs, emblems of life, and solemn expressions, emblems of death and eternity. In Mogul days such a garden was maintained as a pleasure ground during the owner's lifetime, and used for his interment when dead.

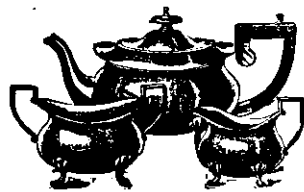
"And she who loved her garden, lieth now Lapped in a garden.
And all this for Love?"

The labourers came from many parts of the world—the chief masons from Northern India and Bagdad, the dome builders from Asiatic Turkey, and the mosaic artists from Persia. Every section of India and Central Asia was drawn upon for materials. The marble, spotless in purity, was brought from Jaypore, 300 miles away, on the backs of elephants and camels or by bullock carts. The red sandstone was contributed by Fatepur Sikri; the jasper by the Punjab, the crystal and jade by China. The turquoises came from Tibet and the Red Sea, the sapphires and lapis lazuli from Ceylon, coral and cornelian from Arabia, onyx and amethysts from Persia, and the diamonds from Bundelkund.

It engaged the unceasing labour of



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Same Design, Full Size, £15/10/-



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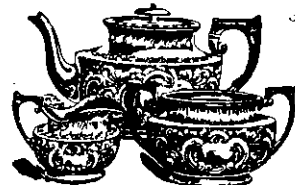
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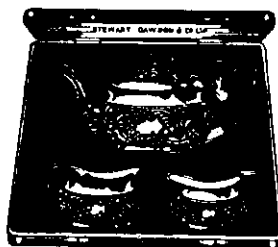
F 6527.—Best Silver-plated Afternoon Tea Set and Tray, "King James" Design, 4 pieces, £5



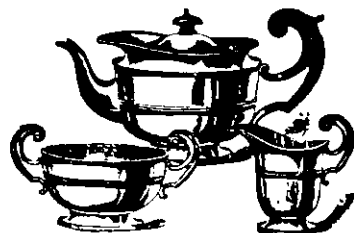
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H 2093.—Best Silver-plated Plain Design Afternoon Tea Set, 3 pieces, £3/15/-

20,000 men for seventeen years to complete the Taj; and like that other great tomb, the Cheops Pyramid in Egypt, it was reared chiefly by forced labour, unpaid and unceasing, and thereby produced great suffering and mortality. This is the chief blemish on the fair fame of the mausoleum over-looking Jumna.

According to native accounts the cost of the Taj was lakhs of rupees having to-day a value of £4,000,000; and local tradition affirms that not half this sum was ever paid by the emperor—this is a blot upon the sincerity and strict uprightiness of Shah Jahan.

The Taj garden is perhaps a half-mile square, and is surrounded by a strikingly beautiful wall of masonry. It is an orderly wilderness of rich vegetations, to be found only in Asia, and the deep greens and rich browns of the avenues of foliage unquestionably accentuate the whiteness of the Temple of Death. As the gardens help the tomb, so the tomb gives expression to the garden.

The great gateway of red sandstone, whose roof is adorned by Moorish arches and pavilions, is in itself one of India's most perfect buildings. From its summit a perfect view of the Taj is had, with the Jumna flowing sluggishly beneath its marble platform; and from there the grounds are spread before the visitor in a perfect panorama. The paved avenues, all leading to the magnificent pile, ornate of marble aqueducts filled with ornamental fish, playing foun-

tain, rests in its simplicity. A spectator marvels that so much beauty can come from so little apparent effort. Yet nothing is wanting, there is nothing in excess; we cannot alter a single stone and claim that the result would be better. And Oriental designers, working for an Eastern despot, might easily have struck a jarring note and rendered the Taj garish—the wonder is that they did not. The Taj consequently is the objective of most travellers making the pilgrimage to India.

It is easier to tell what the Taj is than to speculate upon the ideals and motives of its builders, and it should be a brave writer who attempts to describe it. Kipling, who saw the structure first from the window of a train nearing Agra, called it "an opal tinted cloud on the horizon"; and after studying the building at close range he wrote, "Let those who seef at overmuch enthusiasm look at the Taj and thenceforward be dumb; . . . each must view it for himself with his own eyes, working out his own interpretation of the sight." Another great English writer has said, "Words are worthless in describing a building which is absolutely faultless." And it taxed the talents of Sir Edwin Arnold, critic and poet, to frame in language an adequate picture of Arjamand's death couch.

If a man possesses the sentiment of form and proportion, the Taj will satisfy him. The stately portal seems to harmonise with the grandeur of an Eastern

were looted by Jat invaders in 1764 and melted down. It is said that eight years were consumed by the artists entrusted with the making and beautifying of Arjamand's cenotaph; and further, that the Koran's every line and every word is reproduced by inlay or relief carving on the interior and exterior of the Taj.

To the left of Arjamand's tomb is that of her lord and lover, its location proving that it was placed there obviously from necessity and as an afterthought. It is a span larger than his consort's stone, and occupies nearly all the space allowed by the position of the griffed enclosure—but is a sentimentally fitting intruder upon the general design.

It is a curious bit of history that Shah Jahan, conscious of triumph as the author of the Taj, long contemplated constructing a similar shrine on the opposite bank of the Jumna, where in his own body was to be placed. It was to be constructed of dark-coloured marble, but otherwise to be a counterpart of Arjamand's tomb. The foundations were placed, and the arrangements for supplying labour and material well advanced, when a son of Jahan—Aurangzeb who had long plotted for the Mogul throne, secured control of the military forces, and overthrew his father's rule.

Aurangzeb promptly adopted Delhi as his capital, leaving his parent to languish as a political prisoner in the palace within the fort of Agra. In a suite of very small rooms, and at-

When invading hordes have swept Central India, or alien garrisons been quartered in Agra fort, the Taj has always suffered mutilation. The Mah-rattas looted it of everything movable, and systematically wrenched precious stones from their places in the design ornamenting the fabric of the interior. After the Mutiny came the red-coated soldier, who relieved the tedium of garrison duty by appropriating any attractive piece of inlay overlooked by the Mah-rattas—these pretty bits made interesting souvenirs of India for sending home to the British Isles.

For twenty years the British Government has been repairing this desecration, under guidance of its viceroys. The great chamber of the Taj now seems perfect in its embellishment, but there are no diamonds, no rubies, and no emeralds, as of old. Bits of coloured glass fill their places.

The Late Mr. W. T. Stead.

Mrs Charles Bright, editor of the "Harringer of Light," the Australian spiritualist paper, relates in the current issue that she has had a communication from Mr Stead since he was lost in the Titanic disaster. She writes:—

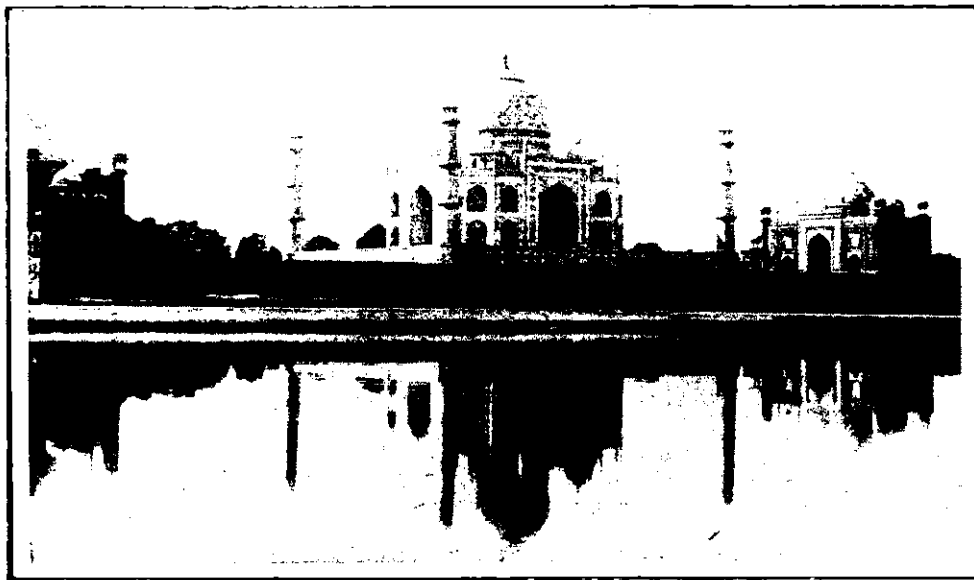
"It is not possible to write these notes without first mentioning the great defender and exponent of spiritualism, Mr W. T. Stead, whose tragic leaving of the earth life has thrilled us all. For those of us who realise to the full the transitoriness of life on this planet, viewing it as the seed time of human existence, and a school for the development of character, there is no room for terror, and even regret is shorn of half its bitterness at lives apparently cut short. For there is no actual break in life, which goes on beyond the change called death with renewed vigour and with opportunities that can scarcely be gauged in this struggling existence.

"There has occurred in connection with Mr Stead's transition one of those remarkable and unexpected experiences which come unexpectedly in the early morning when my spiritual and bodily powers are being replenished for the work that is set before me to do. Much of it would appear like a fairy tale to the uninitiated, as well as many similar experiences whose corroboration has come afterwards in my daily life. Suffice it to say that I was conscious of a great upliftment, and the words, 'Stead is here,' came clearly to my spiritual ears. Then rapidly some writing which I was enjoined by him to give somehow or somewhere in this issue of the paper. He had read my article, that was not to be disturbed, but in 'Personals,' or elsewhere, to let the world know something of the joy of the new found world.

"Just told them," he said, "that I am full of delight at my new surroundings; full of delight that this world is even more full of joy and ecstasy than I had essayed to tell people in earth life; so full of joy that I want to wipe the tears from eyes that weep through this terrible disaster; so full of joy that I want to take doubt from every downcast soul. So full of delight that I can help my beloved even more than when on earth. My affairs will go on all right. For myself it was a swift passage, a short, despairing time—chaos, confusion, only to find myself fitted out of it by loving spirits all round me. Everything so real and so tangible that I felt as if on some enchanted island, having escaped from a ship wrecked on its shores. So close is this spiritual realm to the earth that we can understand how those with open vision get glimpses of beautiful scenery and angelic beings. The people still on earth are in a fog rushing after what is of no value, and only those can be happy who get attuned to spiritual things. I can write through you so easily."

Sense of Hunger and Thirst.

Whether the hunger sense has its seat in the stomach and thirst in the throat has been a subject of much scientific controversy. The Italian physician, Vautenti, now puts the seat of both these emotions in the gullet; he found that a cocaine injection in the oesophagus (the channel from the mouth to the stomach) resulted in immediate suppression of the feeling of both hunger and thirst. Savages have long known that the chewing of cocoa leaves renders the gullet insensitive and destroys any desire for food or drink.



TAJ MAHAL AND GATEWAY FROM THE RIVER JUMNA.

tains—all breathe the superlative of art, every fluttering leaf whispers of the East.

Not by its size is Arjamand's tomb commanding, for its dimensions are very moderate. Imagine a plinth of flawless marble, 313 feet square, and rising eight feet from the ground—that is the foundation of the wondrous structure. The Taj is 186 feet square, with dome rising to an extreme height of 220 feet; that is all. At each corner of the plinth stands a tapering minaret rearing its crown 137 feet:

"four tall court ladies
"four tall court ladies."

No building carries the idea of personality further than the Taj, a feminine personality, as it should be, for it contains no suggestion of the rugged grandeur of a tomb for a great man. The Taj is the antithesis of Akbar's mausoleum, of the Parthenon, of Napoleon's resting place, of Grant's robust mausoleum on the Hudson. A sepulchre fashioned only after ordinary architectural canons can only be conventional; the Taj is different from all other buildings in the world; it is symbolical of womanly grace and purity; it is the jewel, the ideal itself; it is India's noble tribute to the grace of Indian womanhood, a tribute perhaps to the Venus de Milo of the East.

The grace of the Taj, as do the achievements of every form of perfect

queen; and the aerial dome, higher than its breadth, rests upon its base as if possessing no weight, yet is of solid marble. Heroic in treatment are the quotations from the Koran framing every doorway and aperture, wrought in inlay or sculptured in relief, and these modify the pearly monotony of the marble.

One enters reverently the burial place of Shah Jahan's queen, whose cenotaph is of the whitest marble, placed in the precise centre of the building, and surrounded by an octagonal screen of alabaster that is pierced and interwoven like lace. Every foot of the walls, every column and panel, is elaborately embellished with flowers, leaves, scrolls, and sentences, and these are inlaid in jasper, bloodstone, jade, onyx, and precious stones. Arjamand's tomb blossoms with ever-fading Persian flowers and Arabic sentences extolling her character, and is as marvellous in workmanship as if produced by Florentine masons of the present time. The sarcophagus was originally inclosed by a fence of gold, studded with gems; but this was early replaced by the screen of marble, local history asserts.

The supposition is that one Austin de Bordeaux, a French goldsmith, who had been summoned to Agra by Shah Jahan to construct the celebrated Peacock throne, had much to do with the treatment of the Taj's interior. The building originally possessed two wonderful silver doors, of his designing, but these

were treated by a devoted daughter, the great Shah Jahan there dreamed away the last seven years of his life but these apartments overlooked the Taj Mahal, two miles away, let it be known. The heartbroken Jahan outlived his splendid wife by thirty-seven years.

In this manner destiny willed that two great personages forever lie side by side in death; and consequently the Taj is enriched as a temple of sentiment; but—they do not sleep within the marble caskets the traveller beholds. There is a vault deep underneath the floor, and there, in positions agreeing with the monuments above, are the royal remains inclosed in unornamental masonry.

The curious acoustics of the Taj are observable to the visitor going often to Arjamand's shrine. A harsh voice is echoed harshly back, and ceases quickly; but a woman's tones raised gently in song are echoed many times, diversified and amplified in strange combinations of melody. Such a voice reverberates from every side, seemingly ascends, and its force finally dies away to silence like the notes of a flying wood dove in a forest.

This gem of Agra is worshipped as fervently by Hindus as by those of the Moslem faith, and Indian artists in a few years almost destroy their eyesight trying to portray in miniature upon ivory the architectural perfection and delicacy of this marvel of the world.

"Its" That Changed History.

BY A. P. TEHUNE.

PAIR OF GLOVES THAT TURNED THE DESTINIES OF EUROPE.

If a hot-tempered woman had not chanced one day to put on the wrong pair of gloves England's history, and that of the continent, too, would have been different. Voltaire, in speaking of the affair, sneeringly referred to "a pair of gloves that turned the destinies of Europe."

The woman who put on the wrong gloves was Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. She was of obscure family and had begun life with the rather unromantic name of Sarah Jennings. But she had wit enough to make up for lack of high birth or wealth. As a mere child she attached herself to the Princess Anne, who was in later years to become Queen of England.

Anne was a gentle, woman, affectionate and trustful; far better suited to keep house than rule a kingdom. Sarah was shrewd, dominating, attractive. In a short time she had Anne wholly under her influence. Then she looked about for a husband who would further her secret ambitions.

She chose Jack Churchill, who was as ambitious and unscrupulous as herself, and who was one of the handsomest and cleverest men in England. He and Sarah were married in 1678. Their chief asset was Sarah's strong influence over the future Queen, Churchill, by tremendous ability and still greater trickery, rose high in military rank. But his true career set in when Anne came to the throne.

By this time Sarah had gained an almost hypnotic power over the dull Queen. So absolute was her influence with Anne that the sovereign could refuse her nothing. And Sarah was not backward in pushing her husband's interests and her own. Fast as had been Churchill's rise, it now grew meteoric. He was placed in command of England's continental forces and won brilliant victories. His rewards for such services were prompt and plentiful. His wife saw to that.

Queen Anne created him Duke of Marlborough and conferred huge estates upon him. He won new laurels in statesmanship. He and his wife are also credited with having added largely to their ample fortune by selling government positions to the highest bidders and in other ways trading upon their power over the Queen. For a quarter of a century Sarah ruled Anne. And now she and her husband were more the real rulers of England than was the Queen herself. Marlborough had enemies. But, thanks to his wife, none of these could successfully reach the royal ear. If the Duchess of Marlborough had been as tactful as she was clever this sort of thing might have gone on for a lifetime. She and her husband could have continued shaping the destinies of England and tampering with those of all Europe. But the clever woman could not learn the rare art of prudence. The Duchess who had mastered a Queen could not master her own hot temper. In this way she and her husband were ruined and the world influencing political game they played was forever lost.

Sarah had installed a poor relation of her own—a Mrs. Masham in the Queen's service. Mrs. Masham was meek and deferential. Sarah thought her harmless and devoted to the Marlborough interests. As a matter of fact Mrs. Masham was devoted to no interests but her own. Carefully she set to work to undermine her patron's welfare.

She became the Queen's constant companion. Anne found Mrs. Masham's flattery and gentleness a delightful change from Sarah's bullying. At last Mrs. Masham delicately hinted that Sarah was in the habit of speaking disrespectfully of the Queen. Anne would not believe it. Mrs. Masham promised to prove her statement.

One day the Queen was in one apartment of the palace when Sarah, who was in an adjoining room, ordered Mrs. Masham to fetch her a pair of gloves. Leaving the connecting door open, Mrs. Masham brought the gloves. Sarah put them on. Then Mrs. Masham suddenly said:

"Oh, I have given you a pair of her Majesty's gloves by mistake!" Sarah in a rage stripped off the gloves, exclaiming:

"Is it possible I've put anything on my hands that that odious creature ever wore?"

That was enough. Anne had heard every syllable. Her eyes were opened to the Marlboroughs' real contempt for herself, their benefactress.

Marlborough soon afterward was deprived of office, disgraced and threatened with embezzlement prosecution. He and his wife were forced to leave England.

All because of a pair of gloves and a woman's sharp tongue!

Had Shakespeare Been Country Editor.

Miss Juliet Capulet will celebrate her fourteenth birthday on Lammas Eve. Pretty big girl to have a nurse, your correspondent thinks.

Rev. Mr. Lawrence preached at the meeting-house last Sunday, his subject being, "Love thy neighbour."

Mr. Romeo Montague and Miss Juliet Capulet are keeping steady company now. Looks like Paris was cut out. How about it, Rosaline?

Mr. Capulet's hired man, Peter, expects to finish his fencing this week.

Too much skylarking on the streets. Somebody will get hurt next. This means you, Mercutio. A word to the wise, etc.

Your correspondent attended a surprise-party tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Capulet Saturday eve. Among the other merry revellers were Mr. Anselme and sister, Mrs. Vitruvius, Mr. Placentia and niece, Mr. Mercurio and his brother Valentine, Mr. Valerio and his cousin Tybalt, Miss Lucio, and Miss Helona. The table groaned under all the delicacies of ye season, and all agreed that an enjoyable time was had until ye wee sun's hours.

Fresh lot of ice-cream soda at the Apothecary's. All new flavours.

—Pack.

Kitchener in Egypt.

A remarkable unsigned article in the "Fortnightly," dealing with Lord Kitchener's work as British Agent in Egypt, is evidently well informed by reason of the detailed facts which it exhibits concerning the Kitchener administration. Consequently the speculations and the inferences drawn by the contributor must also claim interest. They are startling. The writer shows that Lord Kitchener went to Cairo as British Agent on September 29, and that on the following day Italy sent the ultimatum concerning Tripoli to Turkey. He suggests that the British Government, foreseeing that if Italy did not grab Tripoli, Germany would do so, determined to assist Italy passively by barring the advance of Turkish troops through Egypt to the seat of war. So they sent Lord Kitchener to Egypt, as he was the only man possessing sufficient prestige and force of character to keep the Egyptians quiet while their Musselman co-religionists were being attacked by Italy. The price of this British assistance to Italy was to be the defection of Italy from the Triple Alliance, and her active sup-

port to England and France in the event of their being attacked by Germany. The contributor argues that the peace of Europe is preserved at present owing to the fact that Germany and Austria are effectively hemmed in between England in the north, France in the west, Italy in the south, and Russia in the east. Many enterprising examples are quoted of Lord Kitchener's methods, which have been entirely successful in reducing the most querulous Egyptian nationalists to amiable silence.

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

By Veronica.

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

AN esteemed correspondent sends us a leaf of "Sir Francis Drake" daffodil which he tells us he imported last October. The leaf measures exactly twenty-four inches in length. Evidently this variety is a very vigorous grower and we shall be pleased to learn what the blooms are like.

Sir Francis Drake is one of Kendall's raising. It is a yellow trumpet, and this raiser has the proud distinction of giving us King Alfred.

The late heavy rains should give daffodils a good chance of making root growth, so essential to first-class blooms, and we look forward hopefully to a fine display in early spring.

Immediate attention must be given to the preparation of rose beds where this important matter has been neglected or overlooked. Deep digging or trenching, leaving the soil turned up to the elements until ready for the plants, is of first importance in securing a good crop of blooms.

Fruit trees and roses which we have seen in nursery rows in the Dominion are a fine healthy lot and should give satisfaction to our intending planters. There appears no sufficient reason why we should import such from Australia when our own nurserymen want the trade and can do it well.

People who require a good supply of spring flowers should not overlook the early-flowering Gladioli. Such varieties as The Bride are splendid for cutting and last well in water. They are also cheap and easily grown.

The new purple leaved Single Dahlia appears to be a good novelty. It is quite distinct in foliage and flower from other singles, has long, stiff, fairly erect stems, and the dark crimson flowers have much more substance than any other. These are not so large as some singles, but are much more lasting, and in addition it comes true from seed.

The large flowered or Mammoth Single Dahlia certainly has enormous blooms, but they are "floppy" and altogether so lacking in substance and make one doubt whether they are worth the attention or trouble to grow, unless for mere size.

ZONAL PELARGONIUMS OR GERANIUMS.

GROWN AS SPECIMENS.

The art of growing specimen plants of Geraniums was once a very popular mode of growing or training these plants for the exhibition bench. We can remember amateurs in the Old Land finding immense satisfaction in this art, but we cannot call to mind having observed anything approaching it in this Dominion. We give an illustration of one method for which we are indebted to the "Gardener's Magazine." Besides this method, what we may term the flat system is often adopted. Either plan is easily carried out by building a framework according to the desired shape. This is composed of small stakes and wire. Then the shoots as they grow are tied out or up and pinched till the desired effect is secured. During this period the plants should have all flowers pinched out, and then when the gaps are all filled with shoots you will have a grand display of blooming Bronze and Tricolor Geraniums also make a fine show on the flat system. These are not allowed to bloom, but the fine foliage has a much deeper and more decided colouring.

DAFFODIL NOTES.

To anyone visiting Vincent Square last month it was obvious that another Daffodil season had begun in reality. A white-bearded gentleman who must well remember pre-daffodil days was standing beside me looking at the new lovely soft yellow-coloured St. David on Mr. C. Bourne's stand when, after a moment's pause, he unexpectedly exclaimed "When are they going to end?" We both agreed we did not think it

imagine that we saw Castile through a magnifying glass which not only enlarged perianth and cup but also had the power of brightening the dull red of the latter, we would get as a result something like Robespierre, which stood out as the most conspicuous flower in Mr. A. M. Wilson's group. Its brilliant red orange cup is a very attractive bit of colour, and it richly deserved the award of merit which was bestowed upon it. It has a 4-inch perianth and the cup is at least 1½ inches across. I ought to mention that there is only one bulb

of its solid red eye, is a good strong grower and "the earliest of all the reds and whites. Perianth, 2½ inches, and eye three-quarters of an inch in diameter. All the foregoing were exhibited by Mr. Wilson.

Messrs. Barr and Sons' display, which was awarded a silver-gilt Flora medal, had many single specimens of new trumpets of varying degrees of excellence. As there were two flowers of the famous Michael there, one was able to make comparisons. Cyrus appealed to me very much. It certainly has a look of Michael



NARCISSUS 'RUBALITE'.

A beautiful new poeaz variety, with large, rounded, white flowers, each with a rich orange-erimson crown. A.M., R.H.S., March 19. Mr. A. M. Wilson, Shovel, Bridgwater.

would be in the lifetime of either of us. Year by year the tide of seedlings flows stronger and stronger, and as each season passes, along the high-water mark we find new and uncommon forms and colours.

A Striking Novelty.—Perhaps the most striking one was the Ajax on Mr. Engleheart's stand with a pale warm pink trumpet and ivory perianth. Diameter of perianth, 3½ inches; trumpet, 1½ inches long by 1½ inches at the mouth. One of its ancestors was albicans, and by working on this with appropriate pollen, "Engleheart's Pink, as I should like the flower to be called, was evolved. It may be remembered that Mr. Adams, of Wolverhampton exhibited a somewhat similar break last year which had been "made in Holland."

Daffodils to Remember.—If one could

for sale, and that is priced at £20. Rubalite, from the same collection, also obtained a similar award. It is a glorious Poetaz of large size. As a rule, there seem to be two flowers only in a truss, which, I think, rather detracts from its appearance. It has a white perianth and an all-red eye. Gyrifalcon is a peculiarly taking giant Leedsii, "quite a show flower." Size: Perianth, 3½ inches; cup, 1½ inches long and 1½ inches wide. Its perianth is slightly campanulate, and each of its segments is formed on the spade or pattern; but its chief charm is the delicate suggestion of green, which is apparent throughout the whole flower. Genone is one of the old-fashioned Leedsis, almost a self. Its shade is difficult to describe. To me, green (à la blue) skim milk suggests what I mean. Sealing Wax, so named because

about it, and it is much the same in size, but with a much less campanulate perianth. It failed in that it lacked that rich smoothness of texture which is the older flower's special characteristic. King Arthur was another good yellow, and Atlas was a large bi-colour, 4½ inches across the perianth and with a two-inch long trumpet conspicuously recurved at the mouth. Those who dislike violent contrasts, such as we get in Empress, will like this bloom.

As I am confining these notes to the newest of the new, I will only mention Volcano before I pass on to Mr. Bourne's flowers. Volcano is the best of the Cape-hill doubles, in that it is quite symmetrical in form and the colour contrast is good and well proportioned, the red bits peeping up among the deep yellow being "just about right."

The cynosure of the Bletchley flowers was again Helios. Thora, the lovely pale cinnamon-cupped giant Leedsii, was shown in fair form. The soft, sulphur-clothed St. David again appeared, but something must have happened. If he were not a saint, I should have said his wife had smartened him up—his halo (I beg pardon, perianth) was so much flatter and tidier and his massive squat trumpet had lost its ungainly appearance.

NEW DAFFODILS.

At the London Horticultural Society's Spring Show many new varieties of daffodils were exhibited, including the "Aurelia," which is a cross between a single jonquil and the yellow trumpet daffodil, "Monarch"; the "Early Dawn," a large, white trumpet, with a remarkable orange-coloured margin; and the "Bride of Lammermoor," a beautiful cream-coloured daffodil.

DAHLIA-GROWING AS A HOBBY

Of all the flowers the Dahlia is perhaps most suited to the requirements of the hobby gardener, and it is when it is treated as a special subject that we find it giving the most satisfaction. The fact is, the Dahlia delights in attention and good living, and these two are essentials which appeal to amateur growers.

The Dahlia is the subject par excellence for the man who wishes to make a hobby of gardening. In the first place, the forms are as varied as anyone need wish. He may take up the simple Single, or the neat and precise Pompones, or may wish to excel in the production of immense Doubles. More likely however, he will settle on the Cactus section, as here are to be found the loveliest flowers, although perhaps the most difficult to deal with.

THE VALUE OF DEEP DIGGING.

Many readers have devoted a great deal of time and labour in digging out

trenches and refilling them with a whole list of ingredients, amongst which are cow manure, bonemeal, wood ashes, leaves, and so on. These preparations are carefully undertaken with the hope of producing huge Sweet Peas. Now, let me at once say that if Dahlia growers

will put the same enthusiasm into the preparation of the ground, they will be sure of a rich reward.

As my object is to explain how best to make a success of Dahlia growing, I will not cover up any of the unpleasant features, but point out at once that

there are a few drawbacks to contend with, and it is only by preparing beforehand, and by meeting them with a determination to win, that success is assured. There are matters which must be settled right away, as, for instance, the choice of a spot for their summer quarters



GOOD PYRAMIDAL SPECIMEN ZONAL PELARGONIUMS.

Left, Bertha de Prossilly, soft rose; centre, Gustave Emich, scarlet; right, Olive Schreiner, white, with red edge.



A FINE EXHIBIT OF AZALEAS, ETC., SHOWN BY MR. L. R. RUSSELL AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SHOW LAST MARCH, AND AWARDED A SILVER-GILT HANKSIAN MEDAL.

It is quite a mistake to suppose one class of soil has any great advantage over another; far more depends upon the way in which it is treated. Select, as far as possible, a sheltered but open situation, unless, as often happens, there is but one place, and no other. Whatever may be the nature of the soil, whether clay or loam, dig it deeply, and in the end prepare it in such a way that it is friable all through, and rich in manure.

INFLUENCE OF WEATHER CONDITIONS.

Now, I come to the great drawbacks to be met with when striving to perfect blooms. When I have named them, I have pretty well exhausted the real enemies. They are rain, sun, and wind—in other words, the weather. The grower of Dahlias, however, can rejoice in one fact—he cannot only combat these; but if properly done, the work can all come under the heading of hobby gardening. In fact, there are very few things relating to the culture of these flowers which need cause any undue worry.

In nine cases out of ten failure with these lovely flowers is brought about by weather conditions, and so from first to last the weather should be regarded as the thing to guard against. First, select the most suitable varieties; next, plant well, and follow a few simple rules as to thinning and disbudding; guard against wind by systematic tying; and when the flowers are half open, shade a few of the best, and I can promise any amateur he can produce flowers which will be the envy of his neighbours.—H. Stredwick.

AN AMATEUR'S PRIZE-WINNING BORDER CARNATIONS.

The following are a few points in the cultural methods as adopted by Mr J. E. McLaren, junior, of Dalmeny Park, near Edinburgh, who is a successful grower and exhibitor, having won a good many prizes at shows in Central Scotland, including Edinburgh, Dundee and Kirkcaldy. Last year's stock numbered close on 200, and this year it will be something nearer 500. Any amateur who has perhaps the matter of three or four dozen plants knows the amount of work entailed in keeping them all going, not to mention the layering; but the results obtained are really worth the work, and in fact to do the thing right one must keep in line with the new varieties which means an ever increasing stock.

The main points in Mr McLaren's system are:—Deep and thorough culture of the soil; efficient drainage; robust healthy plants from good growers; novelty in variety; careful disbudding; a constant watch on mice, wireworms, earwigs, and greenfly; early layering and careful potting up; and plants free from coddling.

ASPECT AND PREPARATION OF BEDS.

The beds lie with a fair slope towards the north and are sheltered from the prevailing winds. The plants do not have a very warm position and on that account are rather late in coming into flower; this, however, suits the late shows in the district. Should earlier flowers be required, a part may be framed and forced as necessary.

The border is selected in the autumn and well dug over, 2 to 2½ feet deep, of course keeping the bottom and middle spits in their former positions. At the same time a good dressing of sand, road grit, broken shells and leafmould is worked in, together with a barrowload of old well-rotted cow manure to every 8 square yards or thereabouts. Beds are in consequence raised about 6 inches. Each spit has a fair sprinkling of Vapourite.

PLANTING.

In early spring the ground receives several dustings of soot and wood ashes, which are forked in, and the ground still left rough. The plants, which are all from layers and have been potted up in 3 and 4-inch pots, wintered in the frame, and carefully hardened off, are planted out at from 15 to 18 inches apart, choosing a fine day for the job. Where ground can be got it is advisable to plant wide, for the back-breaking job of layering is lightened if there is room amongst the plants.

After the plants have fairly got a grip, the hoe is kept constantly amongst them, and a dressing of common salt given on two occasions, and raked in.



A BIG CHRYSANTHEMUM, 12½ INCHES IN DIAMETER, MARY MASON, GROWN BY MRS. A. HARRIS, A Billens, photo. WELL-KNOWN EXHIBITOR AT PALMERSTON NORTH.

This keeps the plants healthy and clean, especially in dry weather. Frequent dustings of soot on damp days are beneficial, along with a teaspoonful of Clay's to the "lazy" plants.

FORCING BY "COLLARS."

Disbudding is seen to as soon as possible leaving two or three buds on the weak growers and three to five on the vigorous ones. Crown buds of course are to be preferred, and are shaded or forced as found necessary. This shading and forcing is done by means of "collars," or small horizontal platforms of wood raised to the height of the flowers by supports. Each platform contains a small hole in the centre, into which the stalk is passed by means of a broad saw cut from the edge of the platform. The bud, which is then above the collar, is either shaded by a flower pot or forced with a tumbler or jam pot placed upside down on the platform.—"The Gardener."

ROSE NOVELTIES.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS BY THE RAISERS.

MESSRS. DICKSON'S NEW SET, 1911.

Alexander Hill Gray—Tea. The respect of all rose-lovers warrants the issuing of a champion rose, and a Tea at that, to pay due homage to one of the world's greatest Tea rose growers. Its growth is robustly vigorous and erect, and wonderfully floriferous, every shoot being crowned with a flower bud, which develops into a bloom of very large size, great substance and perfect formation, with high-pointed centre, from which the petals gracefully reflex. Its buds deep throughout "Marechal Niel" like lemon yellow colour intensifies as the bloom develops. Strongly tea-perfumed. The best and largest pure yellow tea rose yet introduced, superb in every respect, and valuable for any purpose. An ideal pot rose and an exhibition bloom of the first rank, especially fine in autumn. Awarded the gold medal of the National Rose Society. Countess of Shaftesbury. Bright silvery carmine, mottled and flushed with pale shell pink at the edges of the

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Bianca	20/-	Noble	80/-
Blood Orange	2/-	Occident	108/-
Bullfinch	2/-	Pilgrim	56/-
Cresset	7/-	Red Armorer	28/-
Diadem	8/-	Red Chief	32/-
Diana	42/-	Red Crest	42/-
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Incognita	32/-	White Lady	4/-
King Alfred	27/-	White Queen	84/-
Lady Marg'et Boscawen	36/-	Zenith	56/-

All Others at Lowest Market Prices.

Narcissi Bulbs should be ordered so that they may be sent from England end of August or early in September. They should be planted or potted and then plunged in damp moss fibre or sand directly they arrive to get rooted before the nourishment contained in the Bulbs is exhausted.

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TERMS CASH.

petals, giving a plectee edge effect, deepening to light cochineal carmine; ideal exhibition rose. Gold medal. H.T.

Carine—An absolutely distinct and charming rose. Buds long and elegant carried on rigid stems. The many phases of colour depicted in the development of this exquisite rose are almost too intricate to describe, including orange carmine, blush buff, creamy fawn, and coppery salmon, all colours that attract and delight and vary in tone and intensity as the bloom develops, so much so that as many as three distinct coloured and perfect flowers may be seen on the same plant at the one time. A most fascinating, unique and invaluable decorative rose.—H.T.

Duchess of Westminster—A peerless tea-like rose with beautifully smooth and massive petals. The blooms are very large, full and perfectly formed, with high-pointed centre. Very sweetly perfumed. This colour, which is a novel, is a dainty clear rose madder. Growth vigorous, erect and very free flowering. A gorgeous and absolutely distinct rose, grand for exhibition or any purpose, its blooms commanding attention and lasting in good condition a long time. H.T.

Fernhurst—A superb and most chaste rose of deep globular imbricated form. The blooms are large, full and invariably produced with a perfect finish and smoothness; vigorous, upright growth, with large handsome foliage. The colour is a glowing suffused pure rose coppery pink on fawn, a co-mingling of colours impossible to depict, a delicate sunset shade, a rare combination which has been greatly admired on our winning stands during the past season. A grand rose for any purpose, very delicately perfumed.—H.T.

Lady Barham—A majestic rose that commands the attention of tyro and expert alike, not only by its enormous flowers, which are carried on stiff, erect flower stalks, but by its unique colour and perfect globular shape, a form that lends itself to displaying the pure delicate orange shell pink—a deep flesh coral pink. Strongly tea perfumed. A perfectly formed rose of majestic appearance and indispensable to exhibitors, every shoot carries a bloom.—H.T.

Lady Greenhill—H.T. A transcendently beautiful rose of extreme refinement, having large, perfectly finished flowers with high pointed centre and deep shell-shaped petals. The colour, which is a unique one in our roses, is intense saffron orange, heavily zoned and overspread on deep creamy white; the reflex of each petal is faintly but decidedly suffused with delicate coppery shell pink—a combination of colours, which, when viewed in varied positions, possesses delightful charms. This variety has excited great admiration, and has been pronounced as one of our choicest seedlings by rose experts from all parts of the world. It blooms profusely, and the flowers, which are carried on erect flower stalks, are strongly tea-perfumed. The robust growth is a deep, coppery bronze, with fine, varnished, purplish, bronze foliage. It never goes a wasted, faded colour, as the colour intensifies as the flower expands. Specially grand for exhibition and forcing purposes, and worthy of all praise.

Lady Margaret Roseawen—H.T. A most chaste and beautiful rose with vigorous and erect growth and exceedingly free-flowering habit. The foliage is broad and massive, cypress-green in colour. The flowers are large and full, with perfect spiral form; colour soft, shell pink on fawn. A very distinct and lovely rose, suitable alike for garden decorations or massing purposes, and a variety that will prove a success in any district. Strongly tea-perfumed.

Mabel Drew—H.T. A truly magnificent rose, superb in every respect. It is exquisitely shaped, with smooth, circular petals of great substance. The blooms are large, and full, carried on strong and erect flower stalks. The colour is deep cream in the young state, passing to intense canary yellow in the centre as the bloom develops. It is a tea-hybrid tea, with a deliciously refreshing perfume, and sturdy, vigorous growth, although a transcendently beautiful rose requiring no laudation at our hands, having been awarded by a unanimous vote the gold medal of the National Rose Society. Altogether an "everybody's rose," but pre-eminently an exhibition rose in every meaning of the word, never failing to produce large and perfect blooms in profusion. Undoubtedly one of our very best productions, and a Hawke's Bay rose of very decided superiority.

Melody—H.T. A most charming and

decidedly beautiful rose, which attracted the attention of all visitors to our rose gardens during the past two seasons, because of its marvellous floriferousness, delightful colour, and its exquisite purple wood and rich, glossy, deep green foliage, which is mildew-proof. The blooms are carried on erect stems, and are of good size, beautifully formed and strongly perfumed; the colour is an intense, pure, deep, saffron yellow, with primrose edges—a delightful colour harmony. A decorative and forcing rose of the highest merit. This rose has proved in the United States of America, the freest flowering winter forcing rose yet introduced. At Sharon Hill from one two-year-old plant last December, 29 flowers were cut, and from the same plant on the next crop in February 27 flowers were cut. Awarded silver medal, Boston, U.S.A., National Flower Show, March 25th, 1911.

Mrs Cornwallis West—H.T. A truly magnificent and absolutely distinct rose of huge size and great substance, with exquisitely imbricated globular form. The blooms are very full and always open well; the petals are very smooth, well-shaped, leathery, and are entrancingly beautiful. The purity of the transparent delicate pink—which is between a shell and a rose pink—on the purest white, gives it an attraction all its own, that it is difficult to convey. It is a very vigorous grower, with typical H.T. septenate leathery cypress-green foliage, which gives this noble rose a most striking appearance. This variety has had many flattering comments passed on it by experts who have seen it growing and blooming in our seedling quarters. Needless to say, it was awarded the National Rose Society's gold medal at Salisbury, July 13th, 1910.

SINGLE-FLOWERED CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

(By E. Molyneux.)

Of the many sections of chrysanthemums none has made such rapid progress as single-flowered varieties. The year 1887 brought us two remarkable varieties—Admiral Sir T. Symonds, a rich yellow and the largest bloom, even of any sent out in recent years; not that that was a boon, as too large a flower is not always the most admired. The other variety, *Souvenir de Londres*, was sent out by Delaux, and was the first of the rich-coloured sorts, being brilliant magenta-crimson.

Since then we have had varieties in galore, until now we have colours sufficient to satisfy the most exacting. The tendency now seems to be towards medium-sized, shapely flowers, of which the *Mensa* is the ideal. In this the foretaste is substantial, shapely, with an elegant recurve at the tip, and, what is of perhaps more importance, the colour is purely white, really an *Elaine* white. This latter has never been excelled in the purity of its colour, and is the one variety I have always employed as a test of any other so-called white.

There is no doubt but that single-flowered chrysanthemums will play a great part in the near future, where quantities of cut flowers are required for filling vases, especially for table decoration, as the double blooms, no matter how small they may be, have a distinctly heavy appearance in small vases, but where they can be employed in a bold manner they are in great request.

For the amateur gardener with limited space, singles are just the thing, as the plants do not require so much root space as other sections, and they are effective either disbudded or grown in a mass and allowed to develop all their blooms. For exhibition in groups the singles always attract notice and are becoming more in evidence. At Windsor, Cardiff and York special encouragement is given to this section, and right well exhibitors respond, the public reaping the benefit of a handsome display.

The method of culture that finds most favour is the production of plants to give from twelve to a couple of dozen blooms, each shoot being allowed to carry one flower only. In this way the blooms are not unduly large, but they are shapely, true in colour, and, having a substantial stem, are so useful in a cut state or equally valuable in groups.

Cultivation is simple. Short cuttings inserted in the usual way will prove excellent plants if care is taken to grow them sturdily by affording plenty of space and air at all times. A weak growth is useless. Top the plants once at four inches high, and allow them to grow uninterruptedly afterwards, ex-

cept for thinning the shoots for a given quantity of flowers. Secure the shoots early to supports, yet loosely, so that the flower stems are straight—an important item when arranging them in vases or in a group of plants.

The following two dozen varieties represent the very cream of selection:—*Mensa*, pure white; *Charles Kingsley*, a magnificent yellow companion to *Mensa*; *Edith Pagram*, rich pink; *Bronze Edith Pagram*, bronze; *White Pagram*, white; *Mary Richardson*, reddish salmon; *Sylvie Slade*, rose-garnet, with a white ring round the disc; *Altrincham Yellow*, yellow; *Metta*, deep magenta-red, with a white zone; *Mrs. W. Buckingham*, pink; *Kitty Bourne*, deep yellow; *Ceddie Mason*, bright crimson; *Mary Anderson*, blush-white; *Mrs. R. C. Pulling*, pink; *Gertrude*, white; *Reginald Godfrey*, clear yellow; *Charles Dickens*, orange-yellow; *Arcturus*, velvety-crimson; *Ideality*, pure white, circular form; *Mrs. W. G. Patching*, bronze; *Crimson Mary Richardson*, crimson; *Merstham Jewel*, reddish terracotta, with golden centre; *Sandown Radiance*, rich chestnut-crimson; and *Manor Beauty*, dark red, flushed terracotta.—"The Gardeners' Magazine."

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Dorothy Vernon. Giant Leedsii	- - - -	30s. do.
Elfrida Pearson. Giant Leedsii	- - - -	£9 9s. do.
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Vega. Giant Leedsii	- - - -	20s. do.

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No Trumps

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

WORD DE LYS laid down the third paper, and meditatively lit a cigarette. He had plunged into the frolic lightly, and now he had come to a point at which he must either go on or turn his back upon a fascinating opening. In the agony column of the first of the newspapers lying on his table was an advertisement which he had marked in red. It ran thus:

F.C. Most urgently begged to communicate.

Doris. F.C. he recalled, had arrested his passing eye, as being the initials of his Christian and his family name—Francis Charnian. That, he supposed was why he had answered the advertisement. In the agony column of the second paper, published two days later, appeared this:

Doris. Will keep appointment anywhere.

F.C. That was his, de Lys's, plunge into some affair that obviously did not belong to him. Yet Doris had begged F.C. to communicate, and F.C. had communicated. There was nothing immoral or crooked in this, he reflected. That brought him to advertisement number three, which was as follows:

F.C. Serpentine Bridge, eight thirty tonight.

Doris. He sat meditating for a few minutes, and then he rose, looked out on the spring sunshine in the square, and dismissed the matter from his mind. After all, it was ten o'clock of an April morning, and time was not made to be wasted. He spent the day agreeably, dined lightly and early at home, and by eight o'clock was in the street in the twilight. He walked all the way through Knightsbridge and by Hyde Park until he came to Queen's Gate. Then he turned off into the park where the road divides it from Kensington Gardens and leads over the Serpentine. It was by this time fairly dark, but the lamps were lit, and he could make out the figure of a man leaning over the bridge as he approached it, though he could determine no more than this. Cabs rattled by; an electric bromium, well lighted, flashed past with a pleasant tinkle of bells. He took up his station by one corner of the bridge and waited, watching with watchful eyes.

Now, under the lamplight, he could make out the man's figure more clearly, leaning as it was, well over toward the water below. But it was not a man of whom he was in search. His glance passed on and tried to pierce the obscurity of the bridge. He could see one corner of the bridge opposite, but there were two corners beyond; he moved slowly a pace. No one was visible on the bridge save the bent figure; he moved back to his former position, and taking out a watch, struck it and examined his watch. It was twenty-five minutes to nine. Suddenly, with the extinguishing of the match, the flare of which had darkened all about him, a man appeared out of nowhere, and stood by him. It was not the figure on the bridge, which was still crouching there.

"F.C.," asked the newcomer, in a low voice.

"I don't suppose you're Doris?" said de Lys, examining him as carefully as he might in the darkness.

"No, but I am come from her," said the stranger quickly. "If you are F.C. will you please come with me?"

"One moment," said de Lys, as the other was moving off. "What guarantee have I that you come from Doris?"

"For one thing, the fact that I am here," said the man abruptly. "For another—this." As he spoke he held out an unglazed band, on a finger of which was a ring.

He drew the ring from his finger, and de Lys slipped it on his own.

"Now, I am ready," he announced. They walked in silence to the street,

when the stranger hailed a cab. The lights of the street had revealed to de Lys some facts about his conductor. For one thing, he was a man of fifty, spare and gray, and he was obviously a gentleman. In the cab he made out other things, as, for example, that the stranger's lips were narrow, and his eyes hard and curiously lighted; his jaw full and firm for so slight a head. He turned on de Lys as the latter was making these observations.

"You do not ask me any questions," he said abruptly.

"No; why should I?" said de Lys. "You are taking me to Doris."

Something like a frown ruffled the other's brow, and after a little he spoke again. "You don't ask me who I am?"

"Perhaps I know—or can guess," seemed a safe answer, and was the safer for its pendant. "If I am going to Doris nothing matters."

Again the elderly stranger seemed perturbed. He drummed his fingers on the window for a moment, and then suddenly withdrew his hand, and sat back as if he had come to a conclusion. De Lys watched him out of eyes that seemed to be busy elsewhere and followed his example of silence. He had a certain misgiving and a much greater wonder. He had not been able to overhear the directions given to the cabman, and he occupied himself with an endeavor to trace the way they were taking.

"I understood I was here to see Doris," complained de Lys mildly.

Mr. Swainson examined him under lowered brows, but seemed to find some puzzle. "You are either," said he sullenly, "a remarkably shameless young man or a wonderful fool."

"It never does," said de Lys, shaking his head, "to decide too rashly."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Swainson bluntly, "and I hope to get sufficient evidence for a decision before you and I part. Let me tell you frankly then that you have been brought here under a pretence."

De Lys slapped his knee vigorously. "Hanged if I didn't suspect it!" he exclaimed cheerfully.

"You have been brought here," pursued Mr. Swainson, who was obviously embarrassed by this interjection, but who stuck tenaciously to his task, "by a contrivance of mine which I think is fully justified by the circumstances of what I regard as a scandalous case."

"Oh, come, sir," protested de Lys, who was anxious to know more of his position.

"I repeat, scandalous, and I might have made the word stronger," said Mr. Swainson. "Before I broach my object let me put it thus: Last year about this time my ward, Miss Graham, makes your acquaintance while on a visit to Edinburgh. She is still my ward at the time, and I made inquiries. I find you to be a member of an apparently respectable firm in the city, and I have nothing to say. Though I have not set eyes on you until this moment, Mr. Channing, I should have had nothing to say at this moment, had it not been for what is well known to both of us." He came to a pause. De Lys wished with all his heart that he would say what was well known to both of them.

he thrilled. But, as usual with him, he dallied with predicament.

"Would not that be compounding a felony?" he asked after due consideration.

Mr. Swainson shrugged his shoulders. "I am not much concerned with technical terms if I can save an unfortunate young woman from her folly."

"And this letter?" inquired de Lys softly.

"Ah!" Mr. Swainson's eyes narrowed on him. "It will be a letter addressed to Miss Graham which I shall post myself to-night."

"A letter of renunciation?" suggested de Lys.

"More that that," said the older man grimly, "of confession."

"Ah! then Doris believes in me still."

De Lys got that out, and the flash of annoyance in the other's eyes told him he was right. He accepted himself in the position and in the personality of Frederick Channing; he began to be eager for Frederick Channing to be innocent. All his forces were ready to be arrayed against the enemy and on behalf of Doris. If only he knew the details of Frederick Channing's supposed and alleged crime!

"Miss Graham's opinion on matters of business is hardly one on which to pin much faith," said her ex-guardian coldly.

De Lys mused. There were the elements of a pretty tangle here, and he turned them over. On one thing he was determined—not to give any answer until he had seen Doris. He made this clear forthwith.

"You put me in a difficult position," he said at last. "My decision affects two lives and for all time. I should like time to consider; and I think you will see that it is only fair that Miss Graham should be considered in this."

"Good heavens, man, am I not considering her, first and last?" burst out Mr. Swainson, and checked himself. "Very well," he went on slowly, "I dare say it is better she knew. I will see her and bring her to you."

"I think it would be better if we consulted alone," suggested de Lys.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Swainson shortly, and went out. He was gone ten minutes, during which the prisoner made a cursory tour of his room, examining books and inspecting pictures to acquaint himself, if possible, with the characters and tastes of the inmates. In the centre of the room was a card-table with a box of cards open. The click of the door arrested him in the midst of this occupation, and Mr. Swainson re-entered, holding the door open for a handsome girl in evening dress. She was of average height, rather slight, and quick and dark of eye; and her pallor at this moment was intense. It was evident that Mr. Swainson had been explaining the situation to her. Her bosom was agitated with emotion. But as she swung in behind her guardian she stared, started, and exclaimed, "This—this isn't Mr. Channing."

De Lys made no movement, and Mr. Swainson's glance went back from him to her.

"Well," he said dryly, "he came here as Mr. Channing, and does not seem anxious to disclaim the identity, which in the circumstances is rather remarkable."

"No, no, Mr. Swainson, I assure you there is a mistake. It is not—not Mr. Channing." She turned to him emotionally.

It was evident he did not credit her for a moment. He snidled sourly. "What do you say to that, sir?" he asked de Lys.

"I never contradict a lady," said de Lys. "But perhaps, if you would permit us a private interview, we might advance a stage farther in this interesting drama."

Mr. Swainson looked from one to the other. It was clear he thought he held the trump cards, and that by leaving them together he hoped the woman would persuade the man to accept safety. At any rate he slid from the room, peeping on the threshold only to call his prisoner's attention to the alternative. It was sufficiently dramatic to satisfy de Lys. Voices arose and issued through the opened door, voices from below—the rumble of male voices.

"You know the choice," he said. "I think I can give you twenty minutes."

The door shut him out, and the girl who had stood staring at de Lys, spoke vehemently as it did. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"I should like to know myself who I am, and what I have done," said he in a friendly way.

"You answered this—this advertisement," she began tempestuously.

"Your advertisement," he interposed.



"I am willing to repair my mistake," he said. "I am willing to pay." "Pay," she echoed wildly, and was suddenly silent, lost in grief.

He identified the main streets at first, but lost his bearings presently in a maze of Kensington Roads. He only knew vaguely that they must be somewhere in the centre of the garden district of Kensington. Then the cab drew up, and his guide got out. De Lys followed, and mounted the steps which led to the door of a considerable house. The door banged loud behind him as the stranger closed it.

"I think," he said with that firm equableness which he had shown before, "that this will be the best place."

De Lys followed him through one large room into a smaller one beyond, both of which were softly lighted.

"Sit down, please," said the stranger. "A little conversation is, I fancy, necessary between us, Mr. Channing."

"My dear sir," replied de Lys politely. "I am quite sure that what you fancy you usually obtain. I am quite ready—as a preliminary, of course, to Doris."

His host, if he may be so called, bent critical brows at this rejoinder. "I am," he began with a certain pomposity, "John Swainson."

"Indeed!" murmured de Lys, seeing that the pause emphasized the importance of this announcement.

"I suppose I am plain enough," said Mr. Swainson sharply. "I am Miss Graham's guardian—or rather I was until, under the conditions of her father's will, she attained the age of twenty-five last December."

De Lys was under-tooled to murmur that it would be a privilege to be a ward of Mr. Swainson's.

"Come, sir, we are not here to speak flippancies or to beat about the bush," said Swainson.

"Miss Graham ceased to be my ward in December," said Mr. Swainson, resuming, "but I feel myself still bound to protect her—even against herself," he added.

"Come," thought de Lys. "Doris believes in me; that's a comfort." Aloud he said: "I quite understand your feelings, my dear sir. If you will allow me to say so, they do you credit. I am sure neither Doris nor myself would willingly give—"

Mr. Swainson thrust him aside with an imperious gesture. "I may say now," he interrupted with acerbity, "that if I wanted evidence as to what exactly you were I have got it. Anyone who in your position, and with the serious charges hanging over your head, could behave with such flippancy, is capable of anything. Well, I am glad. It makes my task easier, easier of proposal, and easier, I think, of fulfilment. I make you this proposition, Frederick Channing. He moistened his lips, and set his white fingers together. "At this moment there are in my house officers from Scotland Yard who will act on my signal. I summoned them here by telephone on a subterfuge. Never mind that. If you give me a signed undertaking to break absolutely with Miss Graham and write a letter to my dictation, I will open the doors and let you go. I am not anxious to be catchpall to the law. But if, on the other hand, you refuse, I will call the officers in and hand you over to the justice you have been evading."

It came as a certain surprise to de Lys that he was involved in an affair of some consequence. There were elements of the dramatic in the situation which appealed to him, in sight of which

"No," she declared fiercely, "not mine, one forged in my name to trick—" She stopped. "Why did you answer this advertisement?" she demanded abruptly. "Let us sit down, Miss Graham," said he soothingly, "and I will tell you exactly how I stand, and with what light you can shed we may be able to see our way clearer."

She sat down reluctantly, keeping her eyes suspiciously on him. He could see she was torn between anger and misery, and his pity went out to her.

"Let us begin by pleading guilty," he said in his most sympathetic manner.

should seem that I had lured him to his—"

"Pardon me, my dear lady," protested de Lys. "It is I you would seem to have lured."

She stared as if incomprehending. "Oh, yes," she said at last. "I forgot. Well, it doesn't matter about you; but it does matter that he should think I was trying to lure him."

"I don't quite see how he is to think that, unless he is a remarkably suspicious young man," said de Lys, stroking his chin pensively.

barred, and, pushing aside the curtains he peered out. What it looked out upon he never discovered, for he found himself, to his amazement, gazing into the shadowy and unrecognisable face of a man.

"Good evening!" began de Lys courteously. "What can I do for you?"

The man, who had apparently succeeded in pushing aside the unfastened shutters which should have barred the window, came forward without a word. He gave a quick glance about the room, breathing somewhat heavily as if from previous physical exertions.

"Where's Miss Graham?" he turned on de Lys to ask abruptly.

De Lys eyed him speculatively. The stranger was young and alert. He could not be a burglar, since he asked for Miss Graham. It occurred to de Lys that he might be one of Mr. Swainson's detectives.

"It's no use," he said, shaking his head. "The man has got away."

"Who has got away?" asked the young man.

you are to be arrested. Mr. Swainson—"

"But they don't know I'm here," protested the real Frederick in surprise. "No one can know, for I followed Mr. Swainson's cab in the dark all the way from the Serpentine."

"You were the man hanging over the bridge," said de Lys with a sudden inspiration.

"Why, this must be he—this is he," cried the young man, turning on him fiercely. "He's the detective."

He seemed about to lay hands on de Lys, but the girl's voice stopped him.

"No, Frederick. I confess I don't know in the least who he is, but I don't think he's a detective. In fact, he pretended to be you."

Mr. Channing eyed him suspiciously, and de Lys hastened to say.

"Don't you think we had better postpone recriminations, and face the situation?"

"I'm hanged if I know what the situation is," said Mr. Channing gloomily.

De Lys reminded him. "There is a warrant out for your arrest."

"And a detective is coming up almost at once. I told Mr. Swainson," put in Miss Graham.

"To send a detective to arrest me?" asked Mr. Channing in horror.

"No, no, I can't explain—him," said Miss Graham with agitation.

"Let me," said de Lys placidly. "Miss Graham and I thought that by my pretending to be you it would divert attention from you, wherever you might be, and so enable you to escape quietly from the country."

"But I'm not going to escape," protested Mr. Channing almost angrily.

"Oh, Frederick!" It was plain that both Miss Graham and de Lys regarded this as a rather rash statement, and the young man displayed indignation.

"I have sufficient evidence to demonstrate my entire innocence of participation in the mad crime of my partner," he said with lofty hauteur. "I have been collecting proofs. I wrote to you I was innocent," he added reproachfully. "Why didn't you wait?"

"I believed it—I do believe it," she cried. "Of course he is innocent," she said, turning indignantly on de Lys.

"Of course he is," agreed de Lys.

"You might," continued Mr. Channing with great pathos, "you might have waited till I was proved guilty before throwing me over, and giving my ring to somebody else."

"I never—what ring?" demanded Miss Graham excitedly.

He pointed with dignified sorrow to de Lys's hand, which that gentleman endeavoured to hide. Miss Graham leaped upon him like a tiger.

"What are you doing with my ring?" Where did you get that?" she asked.

"I got it from Mr. Swainson," said he, surrendering meekly to the onslaught.

Miss Graham had captured it, but it would not come off.

"Oh, it's scandalous!" she panted. "Do



"I don't know who the deuce that is," said Swainson, "but this is your man." He indicated de Lys and the detectives moved forward.

"I have never believed these agony ad-off place. I saw one, and I decided to test it."

"It is no excuse—it's no reason," she cried piteously.

"I admit it," he said gravely. "I am willing to repair my mistake. I have stumbled into something which does verisimilitude genuine. I have always thought them faked, practical jokes, the larks of young fools whose idea of wit is a damp squib. That was my jumping-exist, which is not altogether a sham. I am willing to pay."

"Pay," she echoed wilyly, and was suddenly silent, lost in grief.

"I take it," said de Lys gently, "that Mr. Swainson was responsible for the advertisements. And I take it also that you are aware what he wants."

"He wants me to—to break with Mr. Channing," said the girl sadly.

"Will you please tell me about Mr. Channing?" urged de Lys.

"Mr. Channing is a partner, a junior partner, in the firm of Grange & Channing, Solicitors," said the girl in an even, emotionless voice.

"Grange & Channing?" De Lys seemed to recall the name somehow. He remembered suddenly. "I think I understand," he said softly. "Mr. Grange's death was the occasion of the discovery of large defalcations by the firm."

"By Mr. Grange," corrected Miss Graham quickly. "Mr. Channing was ignorant of everything."

"You know that?" he asked.

"He wrote and told me so," she said simply.

"O simplex manulitis!" sighed de Lys to himself. "You have seen him then?"

"No." She seemed uneasy at that. "He—the papers say he has disappeared. But I know he is only doing what is right and necessary."

This profound faith was worthy of matters.

"Then you do not share Mr. Swainson's feelings in this matter?" he asked. "Remember, you have been left with me really that we may arrange to break, and so secure my safety. I can see now Mr. Swainson's motives, and his wisdom. You would do anything to secure the safety of Mr. Channing?"

"Yes," she said frankly, looking on him without shame. "I know him. I know he would be guilty of nothing base. I would do whatever he might want. I wrote to tell him so. I will go to him, if he will let me. I have told him so."

"Has he answered?" he asked gently.

"No," she said with an indrawing of her breath that was like a sob; and then she appeared to recollect. "But you have not said why you are here."

"I have apologized," said de Lys, "and I have now to make amends."

"Oh," she broke out, as if she heard not, or hearing gave no heed, "that it

She was evidently not considering him very seriously, and he endeavoured to direct her attention to the present.

"Well, what are we to say to Mr. Swainson?" he asked almost cheerfully.

"Say!" she stared at him. "It doesn't matter what you say," she returned contemptuously.

"What I mean is, am I to give you up?" he explained. "Because, frankly, I don't like the idea at all."

Her eyes dropped for a moment under his gaze.

"I think I'd better refuse," he said. "What is the use of playing with the situation?" she demanded scornfully. "Do you think it is a time for silly masquerades, when you are face to face with real life?"

He had admired her fidelity as that of the angels, but he did not know now if her emotionalism was not too strenuous. She seemed resolved on tragedy and the bus-kin.

"I am not playing masks," he said mildly. "I am in earnest. If I refuse to give you up I go to prison, and I am right, I think, in supposing that there is a warrant out for Mr. Channing."

She flushed. "It's a shame! It is persecution!" she exclaimed.

"Well," he suggested in his even way, "if suspicion is thus diverted, and he wants to escape, he shall have the chance."

"He does not want to escape," she protested vehemently. "He is not guilty. He—"

"Would you go overseas with him, thus branded by suspicion—unjust of course?" he asked softly.

"Yes." Her answer was defiant. Such faith removed mountains, and was touching; it certainly excused her tragedy airs.

"Very well," he said after a pause. "Go down and tell Mr. Swainson that I refuse to give you up, and that you glory in my refusal. That would make him act."

She hesitated, looking at him with all her heart, so to speak, and then: "You mean this? May God be good to you!" she cried. "Perhaps it will help. Yes, I will accept your sacrifice. You are a good friend."

She turned as she reached the door and ere she fled noiselessly gave him this fire of her fine dramatic eyes.

"A good girl, a nice girl, and a pretty girl," reflected de Lys, left alone, "but a too-emotional girl. He mused: "I should tire of a gusher first of all, I think. They are so wearing on the nerves."

As he reached this conclusion he was aware of a noise that came from the long windows behind him. It was a scratching, scuffling sound, and it drew him to an examination of the windows. One of them was shattered for the night, but the other was only partly

broken, and, pushing aside the curtains he peered out. What it looked out upon he never discovered, for he found himself, to his amazement, gazing into the shadowy and unrecognisable face of a man.

"Good evening!" began de Lys courteously. "What can I do for you?"

The man, who had apparently succeeded in pushing aside the unfastened shutters which should have barred the window, came forward without a word. He gave a quick glance about the room, breathing somewhat heavily as if from previous physical exertions.

"Where's Miss Graham?" he turned on de Lys to ask abruptly.

De Lys eyed him speculatively. The stranger was young and alert. He could not be a burglar, since he asked for Miss Graham. It occurred to de Lys that he might be one of Mr. Swainson's detectives.

"It's no use," he said, shaking his head. "The man has got away."

"Who has got away?" asked the young man.

"The man you want," replied de Lys, dallying with the situation easily.

"Humph!" The young man stared at him hard. He was rather short, bright-eyed, and evidently impetuous. "Who are you?" he inquired. Really de Lys hardly knew how to answer this question. He was reluctant to declare himself in his true person, and this near-comer, although he seemed sure of his right to interrogate, was quite unknown. However, he summarily resolved to carry out the plan on the chance of this being one of Swainson's detectives.

"I am Frederick Channing," he said quietly.

The young man started, stared, gaped, opened his mouth to speak, and seemed struck impotent by something. "Whom did you say?" he asked.

"Frederick Channing." De Lys pronounced the names syllable by syllable as for an interrogating child.

There was a momentary silence between them, as the young man seemed to be taking this in, and then he said rather fiercely.

"You're a liar."

De Lys drew himself up. "In that case," he began with great dignity; but he was not allowed to proceed.

"What's that you're got there? How did you get that? Look here, what do you mean by passing yourself off as—somebody else?" The young man was pointing, in excitement to the ring on de Lys's finger.

"What—the ring?" said de Lys. "Why, it was a present. What's it to do with you?"

"Look here," said the stranger, obviously trying to restrain himself. "I should like to understand a little more of this. You say your name is Channing?"

"Frederick Channing," put in de Lys. "That makes it worse," said the young man, goaded to anger. "Why—"

The click of the door arrested both of them in the midst of this altercation, and



"I am sorry I'm not the real Frederick Channing, and I hope I didn't pinch too hard," he said softly.

they turned to see Miss Graham re-enter the room.

"Doris!" exclaimed the young man with mingled rapture and pathos.

"Frederick!" called out Miss Graham.

"Well, I'm — bothered!" remarked Lord de Lys.

"Frederick, what are you doing here? You must go," panted Miss Graham. "There are detectives in the house, and

help, Frederick!" Frederick helped, and the ring was regained after a rough treatment of the finger.

"It seems to me," said de Lys, musing his finger tenderly, "that if Mr. Channing does not want to be arrested he had better go."

Continued on page 49.

The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

FEUILLETON.

New Publications Received.

FROM Messrs Methuen and Co., "The Quest of Glory," by Marjorie Bowen; "The Halo," by Baroness Von Hutten; and "Under Five Reigns," by Lady Dorothy Nevill. (These two latter works are the latest additions to Methuen's Popular Shilling Library.) "Fire and Stubble," by the Baroness Orczy (Methuen and Co.), and "A Daughter of the Bush," by Ambrose Pratt (Ward, Lock, and Co.), through Messrs. Wildman and Arey. Also copies of "The Do-Little Dialogues" by Mrs. Leo Myers, and the current issue of "Votes for Women," from Lady Stout.

Of Interest to Sportsmen and Sportswomen.

Mr. Walter Winans, who won the gold medal at the last Olympic Games with the double hunting rifle, has been selected to shoot in the same competition as representative of the U.S.A. at the Olympic Games, which are to take place at Stockholm this autumn. It is interesting to learn that this information was received by Mr. Winans just after he had shot his 2000th head of big game. Mr. Winans is the author of several books on the rifle: "Hints on Revolver Shooting," "The Sporting Rifle," "Practical Rifle Shooting," "The Art of Revolver Shooting," "Shooting for Ladies," all of which are published by the Putnam.

The March "Bookman."

The current "Bookman" contains as its chief attraction an appreciative article on Lady Thackeray Fitchie, by Mr. Lewis Melville, which is a poetic reading. Mr. Melville's article is profusely and superbly illustrated. Mrs. George Gretton contributes an interesting paper on John Opie, one of the great portrait painters of the Georgian era. An article with an exceedingly alluring title is that of Mr. Coulson Kernahan, entitled "A Woman who Expected the Impossible." This article embodies a review of "Second Fiddle," by the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker. Apropos of this fine novel, we re-echo Mr. Kernahan's "You can't do better than knock at the door marked 'Mr. Evelyn Nash' and ask for 'Second Fiddle,' by Mrs. Arthur Henniker." Other notable reviews are on "William Morris," by May Morris; "Beaumarchais and Lafayette," by A. W. Evans; and "The Life of Sir George Newnes," by Hulda Friederichs (Hodder and Stoughton).

The Author of "Second Fiddle."

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker, whose new novel, "Second Fiddle," has just been published by Mr. Evelyn Nash, is the daughter of the first Baron Houghton, who is still better known in the world of letters as Monckton Milnes, and with her father's wonderful charm of manner and genius for friendship she inherits also his capacity for drawing into her social circle, as it was said that he did into his, almost "everybody worth knowing" in literature, in art, and in the public life of the day. She married in 1882 the late Major-General the Hon. Arthur Henniker, and published her first novel, "Sir George," in 1891; following this with "Foiled" in 1893; and "In Scarlet and Grey" in 1906, one story in which volume, "The Spectre of the Real," she wrote in collaboration with Mr. Thomas Hardy; in 1898 she published "Sowing the Land," and in 1903 "Contrasts." Moreover, as a dramatist she has attained success, with "The Courage of Silence," a four-act play, and produced at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, in 1905, and "Our Fatal Shadows" in 1907. "Second Fiddle" offers the presentation of a commonplace woman. Mrs. Henniker has also written many military stories for various magazines, and it is probable that her next book may be a collection of these.

Interesting to Irvingites.

A lecture entitled "Some Thoughts on Hamlet," delivered by Mr. H. B. Irving before the Chancellor and Senate of Sydney University some time last year, has been printed in pamphlet form and published by the Australian Book

Company. It is said to be a "brilliant and incisive essay on Shakespeare's dramatic art, arguing subtly against the reality of Hamlet's madness; incidentally it drives a strong nail into the coffin of the theory that Bacon was the author of the plays."

Some Genuine Examples of Precocious Humour and Wisdom.

In the very heart of the Midlands is a village whose peasantry pride themselves on possessing more intelligence and education in the aggregate than the ordinary run of villagers. And they encourage their children to compete in the competitions that are weekly offered in the children's columns of the local newspapers. A prize offered for the best essay on "How to succeed in business" elicited a number of replies. Here are some extracts from the prize essay:—"When a man wants a watch, you sell him a watch. That's nothing. But when a man wants a pennyworth of oil, and you sell him a watch, that's business." He goes on to say that business now-a-days is not done by sitting at home waiting for custom. That might have been good enough in former days, but it will not do to-day. In business more than anything else, you must keep abreast of the times. Hard work with thrift and punctuality constituted the old method, but the new one means much more. It's no use raking in custom if you don't know how to rake in

REVIEWS.

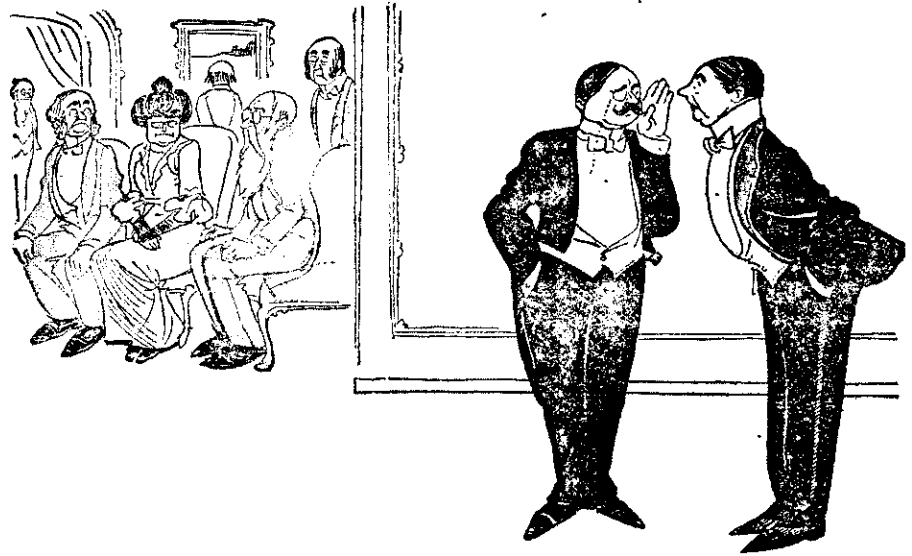
The Quest of Glory: By Marjorie Bowen. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 2/6 and 3/6.)

The better acquainted we become with Miss Bowen's work, the more we recognise its superlative qualities. And never have we appreciated it so highly as in this terribly poignant, yet exalting story, which deals with the fortunes of the Marquis de Vauvargues, once a soldier of France, and afterwards one of its finest scholars and philosophic writers. The terribly pathetic and impressive scenes are set, respectively, in the retreat from Prague, in the Rhone province of Aix, and in Paris, in the time of Louis "the Well-beloved, and his master, the Duc de Richelieu. Miss Bowen's book is divided into three parts: "The Quest Joyful," "The Quest Sorrowful," and "The Quest Triumphant." Independent of the superb characterization of Vauvargues, and the historic, and the human aspect of the story, the book is uncommonly interesting as presenting new portraits of Louis XIII., the Duc de Richelieu, and Voltaire. Whether depicting the court life at Versailles, or describing the simple life of a provincial noble, Miss Bowen is equally correct and felicitous. To those readers who possess that splendid trilogy of novels written by this author, on William of Orange, we strongly recommend that they shall add "The Quest of Glory." Indeed, no lover of historic romance can afford to miss this book, which we have received through Messrs. Methuen and Co.

riding, because he is very much in love with a lady of fashion, worthless enough in all conscience, as the reader will discover. And, in an evil hour, Lord Stowmaries lends his ear to the suggestion that a profligate cousin of his shall go to Paris as Lord Stowmaries, re-wed Rose-Marie, and thus provide the real Lord Stowmaries with the means to invalidate the union. How this dastardly conspiracy is circumvented, and how the profligate cousin becomes virtuous through love of Rose-Marie, and how eventually she does become Countess of Stowmaries, must be left for readers to discover in the course of the unravelling of a somewhat complex plot. And here we shall leave the reader with just the intimation that some very high personages figure in this fine moving drama, and one high personage—indeed the highest personage in the England of that day in particular. "Fire in Stubble" was published on February 8th of this year, and during that month went into three editions, which speaks volumes for the popularity of this story, which has been received through Wildman and Arey, from Methuen and Co.

The Guests of Hercules: By O. N. and A. M. Williamson. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 2/6 and 3/6.)

The principal motive we should imagine, that these talented collaborators have had in mind in the writing of this story of Monte Carlo, has been to expose the evils of speculation as carried on in that gambling Hades. The Williamson's story paints Monte Carlo in much less lurid colours than we ever remember to have seen that place depicted in. But we can say with perfect truth that we have never read anything on the



Brown (to Funnyman, who is going to dine with the Duldrum family): "I say, old man, they're a terribly strait-laced crowd; so, as it's Friday, only tell them your fish stories!"—(London Opinion.)

cash." "Make the most of your time—there is no working to get rich when your wife's a widow."

Extracts from other essays sent in:—"My idea is firstly, be honest, and then make your windows look tempting."—L.C.

"Little children like I can rise quite as much as such men as Tennyson, Shakespeare, etc., by learning the thorough root of all the grammatical expressions."—A.B.

"Business does not consist of arithmetic, but of other things, such as laws, stocks, population of the Empire, English monarchs' history, and grammar."—B.G.

"Always be polite, and look at every coin on both sides in case it's a wrong one."—S.T.

"You have to keep your temper all the time, or people will go somewhere else for what they want."—C.W.

"Never cheat if you can help it. It doesn't pay in the long run."—A.T.

"Honesty is the best policy, because people get to know you in time."—F.A.W.

Fire in Stubble: By the Baroness Orczy. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 2/6 and 3/6.)

At last we have a story from the Baroness Orczy's pen which is better than the fascinating "Scarlet Pimpernel." The book's scenes are laid partly in Paris, and partly in London, and the period is that of the Restoration. Here is a brief outline of a singularly fascinating romance, which is, besides, strikingly original in plot, and absolutely satisfactory as to denouement. Monsieur Legros, a wealthy Court tailor, allows his only daughter, as an infant, to be married to an English boy of aristocratic family, believing that he was heir to a title. Years pass, and Rose-Marie, the child wife has grown to young womanhood. Fully expecting that on his majority the husband would come to claim his wife, Rose-Marie is educated in a manner befitting the exalted station she is hoping to fill, and is, indeed, capable of filling. But Lord Stowmaries, the boy husband, not coming to claim his wife, her father, M. Legros, applies to the Archbishop of Paris to ratify the union, and force Lord Stowmaries to consummate the same. But Lord Stowmaries is very averse to the Church's

evil of this great gambling hell that has impressed and moved us so much. Impressed us, indeed, by sheer sincerity and artistry of narrative. Readers of the Williamson's delightful itineraries, in which personal experience of travel, romantic sentiment, scenic description and informative matter is happily blended into a delightful whole, will be forced to confess that in "The Guests of Hercules" there is a degree of literary merit the collaborators have never before reached. The most pitiful characters that can ever walk across life's stages are those outcasts of aristocratic society, who are known as rooks and gamblers. The Lord and Lady Dauntrey of this story are living, breathing types of humanity that infest and render even more sordid the existent gambling haunts of the continent. Mary Grant is at once the most wilful and original of the Williamson heroines, and Della Robbia the most passionate of Williamson lovers.

The Do-little Dialogues: By Mrs. Leo Myers. (Auckland: Gordon and Gotch, and all booksellers.)

These Do-little Dialogues are a reprint of three very admirable articles which appeared in the literary columns of a

dally contemporary, some time ago, which excited such popular interest, and which reiterated requests to have them reissued in booklet form, that this has now been done, and very daintily indeed in the little work in its cover of dove and silver. These "Dialogues," which were written with a view to help solve the vexed "Domestic Servants' Problem," are both sympathetically and practically written, and constitute very interesting reading. The dialogues are three in number, and are respectively entitled, "The Trouble," "The Treatment," and "The Cure." The first is a singularly astute diagnosis. "The Treatment" is practicable and all-sufficing, showing an all-round grasp of the needs of the future, and the weakness of the present situation. The assumption that present conditions are largely due to the indifferent standard of domestic service generally accepted by mistresses, is only too true, as is the urgent necessity for a proposed house-wives society, the object of which would be to remodel the whole system of housecraft as at present in vogue, and the deputing of representatives, who would meet and confer with similar representatives of the Servants' Union, in the endeavour to place matters on a more satisfactory footing between mistress and maid. "The Cure," which is the last of these brilliant dialogues, is a safe and sure one—if the patient best responds to the treatment, but we are not hopeful enough of the patient's reciprocation. "I serve"—the motto of a long line of English princes, has fallen into disrepute, alike in the highest and lowest rank of service. Yet the "Cure" is both practical and altogether admirable, could it be put to the test. Apropos of the scheme, it is interesting to read what Lady Dorothy Nevill, in "Under Five Reigns," says about a smaller similar scheme tried by her on her own estate in England. Lady Nevill says:—"In a little wooded hollow, not far from the house stood a fair-sized cottage, and here I established a model laundry, where a certain number of poor girls were trained for domestic service, not always I am bound to say, with very satisfactory results." Though the conditions would be different, the same stumbling block of unfitness would always stand in the way. The perfect servant, like the good cook, is born, not made. Nevertheless it is up to the women of this Dominion to employ the power conferred upon them by the suffrage to plan and further this or a similar scheme of compulsory domestic training. It is vital both to the moral and the physical welfare of this Dominion. Though we are not sanguine as to the adoption of this particular scheme, it is highly commendable, and deserving of public attention and support. It is strictly within the boundaries of woman's sphere, and we trust the author will live to see its realisation.

Under Twelve Reigns: By Lady Dorothy Nevill; and **THE HALO**, by the Baroness Von Hutten. (London: Methuen and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 1/3 each.)

Those readers who remember Lady Dorothy Nevill's vivaciously written "Reminiscences" will cordially welcome these new "reminiscences," which extend over "five reigns." "Since I published my 'Reminiscences' four years ago," says the author, "I have come across further notes and letters connected with the social life of the Victorian and Edwardian eras, a number of which it seemed to me might not prove unacceptable to that indulgent public which accorded my previous effort such an encouraging and kindly reception." "Under Five Reigns" will be found an absolute mine of interest, entertainment and information, not only to those who love to delve into bygone ages, but to those who were and are acquainted with the various great personages who pass and re-pass throughout its pages. Lady Dorothy was born during the reign of "the first gentleman in Europe," and has lived to see five monarchs on the English throne. It is a long, and a splendid, and a courtly, and otherwise distinguished procession to view which this gracious old lady, who is the best type of English aristocrat, leads her numerous readers in absorbed interest and impressive silence. Sprightly, vivacious, and extremely amusing, as well as pathetic, are the stories told of the great people of those "five reigns." But there is not a breath of scandal, or of malice, or of anything that is tainted or ignoble to

mar her historic gossip. Indeed, and notably in the case of Lady Cardigan's "Recollections," she essays the task of redressing some honoured name from undeserved obloquy. In short, "Under Five Reigns," is undiluted pleasure to read, and one of the most notable of the Methuen shilling reprints. "The Halo," it will be remembered, was considered when it first appeared to be one of the most remarkable presentations of the artistic temperament that had ever appeared in novel form. The theme is a painful one, but it is only due to the Baroness Von Hutten to say that she handled it both cleverly and with considerable delicacy. We do not purpose to tell Baroness Von Hutten's story for her. Readers who liked the story—and of its artistic craft there can be no two opinions—will be glad to possess it at the low price of one and three-pence, which is its present cost in this Dominion. This, and the preceding reprint, has been received by us from Messrs. Methuen and Co. The latest addition to this firm's popular shilling library ("Home" price) is Mr. Arthur Morrison's inimitable "Tales of Mean Streets." Though it is years since we read this novel, it is as green in our memory as though it were but yesterday. In his depiction of certain London life and haunts Mr. Morrison is second to none.

BITS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Woman's Ways.

"Man may have some excuse for his contempt of woman. I myself could have no feeling of equality for a creature who was willing to give up her name, her occupation, and her home for me; to let me decide her place of residence, her employment and her income; who allowed herself to be given to me by a religious form; who promised publicly to obey me. Still less could I have a feeling of equality for her if I should see her mincing about on absurdly high-heeled shoes, wearing upon her head a tray of calico flowers and artificial poultry representing the flora and fauna of all climes, her bare arms and neck showing chill and blue through a film of lace."—"Do They Really Respect Us?" By Margaret Collier Graham.

Improper Hours at Harrow.

"Dr. Butler, when headmaster of Harrow, made it a rule that the pieces to be acted should be submitted to him

before he gave the requisite permission. One of them was 'The Palace of Truth,' and at a critical point in the story the hero said to the heroine: 'Meet me outside the garden gate at nine o'clock to-night.' Dr. Butler ran his pen through the words, and substituted 'at three o'clock this afternoon.' — "After-Thoughts," by the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.

The Heir and the Soup.

"The arrival of a son and heir in a gentleman's family is not all skittles. I have found in business that the more a thing looks like being skittles the more it isn't. It is just the same in the home. At first of course the congratulations of one's friends were welcome, and there were presentations to the child of a gratifying nature. After the notice (in the best newspapers) advertising the birth, a perfect deluge of samples and circulars descended upon us. Of different kinds of meat extracts alone so many samples were sent that for over a week clear soup at dinner became simply a matter of course. All satisfactory enough as far as it goes, but is it everything? What about character?"—"Exit Eliza." By Harry Fain. Cassell. 1s.

The Study of a Theatrical Manager.

"As a manager he had been blessed with an instinct for providing what his public wanted. Thanks to that inestimable gift, he made money. Of such plays as he occasionally witnessed in the fashionable theatres of London he understood no more than he understood of literature or the contents of the National Gallery; but now that instinct had been supplemented by experience, he understood as accurately as any one man can ever do at what point in his own dramatic fare an audience of the lower middle class would shuffle their feet and want a crine to happen—at what point their appetites would turn from crime to sentiment; he understood how often in the menus of love and murder the savoury desired by every British palate would be for the low comedian to sit down on an egg."—"The Position of Peggy," by Leonard Merrick

Unframed Pictures.

"Every woman needs a house of her own. Without it, she is like a picture without a frame—without a wall to hang upon."—"Under His Roof," by Elizabeth Robins. 6d. net.

The Irresistible Combination.

"Add but the talent of impudence to the gift of beauty and you have men importunate."—"Thirteen," by E. Temple Thurston. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

The Independent Domestic.

"In England ladies' maids refuse to wait up for their mistresses' return from evening parties. (I knew an unmarried lady who was compelled to sleep one night dressed as she was because her maid, having locked herself into her room, declined to get up to unfasten her dress for her!) In Germany the servants make it a condition that they shall spend so many evenings at masked balls."—"The Thread of Life," by H. R. H. the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. Cassell. 10s. 6d. net.

A Too Forceful Sermon.

"In one of the early settlements the men took turns in conducting Sabbath services. In course of time it came to the turn of Lachlan McGillivray who had been a lumberman. McGillivray took as his topic the story of David and Goliath. Warming up to his subject, he rose in excitement to the climax. "The stone from wee David's sling was guided to the head of the giant, and the stone pierced his brain, and he fell; David rushed up—and—and—tore his sword from its scabbard, and whirled his sword round his head, and he cut off his—his—d—d head," thus using the graphic language of the river driver. This was 'big Lachlan's' last invitation to conduct the service."—"The Scotsman in Canada." Two vols. 42s. net. Sampson Low.

Frenchman and the Little God

"To the average Frenchman every woman is interesting, for every Frenchman is in love with her, and in each fair stranger he sees the possible heroine in a romance of which he may play the agreeable part of hero.

"Flirtation is an English art, not a French art. A Frenchman either loves—and when he loves he adores on his knees—or else he has no use at all for what English people mean by flirtation, the make-believe of love."—"The Chink in the Armour," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Methuen. 6s.

What Eve Likes.

"No well-born girl is ever indifferent to three addresses and possibly a yacht, however much she may appear to be so."—"The Principal Girl," by J. C. Smith. Methuen. 6s.



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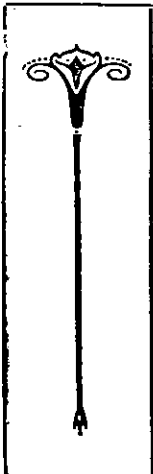
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The "Hoodooed" Yacht

By M. V. PRESTON.

Illustrated by W. E. Wigfull.

A "hoodoo," in American parlance, is a curse, a kind of malignant fetish—attaching to some person or thing; and if ever any object was "hoodooed," it was the motor-yacht that figures in this story. He would be a bold man who, after reading it, declared that there is no such thing as bad luck. From first to last the worst of ill-fortune dogged the vessel and her owner, and even shipwreck and foundering did not satisfy the relentless "hoodoo."

I WAS the proud owner of a forty-five-foot gas-oil launch, fitted with auxiliary sails, electric lights, copper gas-tanks, galvanized water-tanks, and a four-cylinder twenty-horse-power engine. This outfit cost me £800, and, by chartering, furnished my wife and myself with a comfortable living.

On November 1st, 1910, I secured a six-months' charter to take a party south for the winter. At the same time, although I did not know it then, I acquired a persistent and hard-working hoodoo. A foolish little dispute over a bill of less than £2 led to a lawsuit that kept me in New York until November 25th, and lost me the charter.

On November 28th we decided to go to Florida and take a chance of getting charters. We were lying at anchor off College Point at the time. I winched in all the slack of the chain, but could not budge the anchor. I therefore started the engine, and, with the timely help of a swell from a passing Sound steamer, managed to break the shank of the seventy-six-pound Babbitt anchor.

We started to cross the East River to get gasoline at Clason Point, but our hoodoo promptly placed a submerged mooring-log in the way. When the propeller had ceased its argument with this obstacle, the engine was racing at about a thousand revolutions per minute, while the propeller was only making about fifty. The tide being favourable towards an adjacent quay, we managed to keep steerage-way, but, having no anchor, had to trust to luck in stopping.

Our hoodoo had left a nice new row-boat on the near side of the landingstage. This lessened the blow somewhat, and after ploughing through the planking of the unfortunate skiff we stopped at the stage.

I left instructions to repair the row-boat, haul out the yacht, and put in a new propeller key, the old one having been sheared off by the blow against the log.

Someone told me that I could get information about the canals from the information bureau of a certain paper. I called them up, and learned that the

ready. I tried to get an anchor, but there was nothing doing. Then it started to rain.

My wife had gone to a friend's house to get our trunk, and to a tailor to have two of my suits pressed. Away in the distance I saw a large moving van, rolling and pitching along in the rain, with my wife perched up on the top, directing the driver as to the best course. After my wife, her trunk, and my newly pressed clothes had been safely landed at the wharf, and the trunk covered with



"She was escorted back to the yacht by an inquisitive crowd."

an old piece of canvas to keep out some of the rain, we rowed out in our dinghy to the yacht and put on dry clothes.

By the time I had settled my bill and put the trunk aboard it was dark, and we started out again for gasoline. Ordinarily you cannot get gasoline after dark, but I convinced the man in charge that there would be no danger in using my electric lights, so I ran a sixty-foot extension-cord to his tap, and made it light enough for him to fill his cans. We took on two hundred gallons of gas and rain. This combination did not bother me, however, as there was a separator between the tank and the feed-pipe capable of holding half a gallon of water and dirt, without interfering with the flow.

A run of half an hour brought us to the Harlem River side of Ward's Island, where I filled the water tanks with city water and rain that ran off my oilskins.

About 9.30 p.m., with a fair tide, we started through Hell Gate and the East River. At eleven o'clock we were abreast of the Statue of Liberty, when a sleet squall swooped down upon us, and then the engine began to back-fire through the carburetors. Sheets of flame lit up the engine room, but as we were in a heavy sea and could hear the howling of tugs, and ocean liners all round us, I let the engine keep up its cannonading until we passed Robbin's Reef light and were in the shelter of the Kill von Kull. Then, as we had no anchor, we ran in to a Standard Oil Company slip and tied up for the night.

Both of us had been soaked through for hours, so we got outside of a hand ful of quinine pills and some whisky. Now, my wife is a good sailor and can handle the wheel better than the average man, but she lacks experience in carrying a combination of quinine and whisky.

The cold grey dawn of the 29th found her "down and out."

While the yacht was on the ways our industrious hoodoo had led some kind friends unknown to inspect my carburetors. They forgot to screw the tops on tight when they had finished, and the vibration of the engine had loosened the bolts, so that the tops of the carburetors were almost falling off. Sheets of



"My wife held the stern of the yacht close to the bank, her heels sunk deep into the mud."

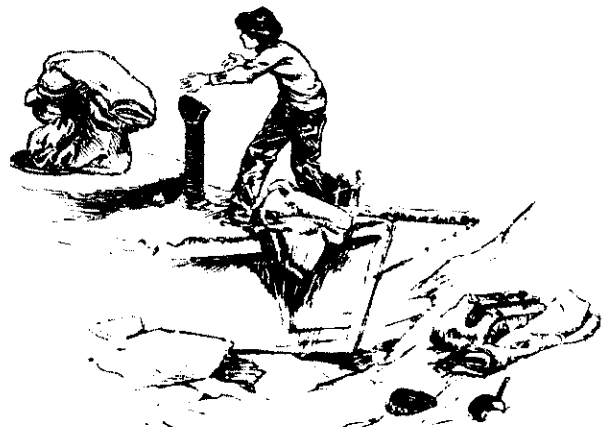
flame had shot across the exposed gasoline, but our hoodoo had prevented it from igniting, evidently saving us for more extended attentions.

We turned into the Raritan River at ten o'clock. The rain was now beginning to have some effect on the ice-covered decks and cabin, and just as we sighted New Brunswick the downpour ceased. We locked in, and while my wife went after a supply of eatables I scouted for an anchor. The best I could get was a watch charm kind of thing weighing about twenty-five pounds, so I decided to wait until we reached Trenton.

My wife long ago adopted overalls as a comfortable sailing costume, but always put on the conventional skirt when going ashore. As her skirts were wet, however, she rolled up the legs of her overalls and put on her long coat. After she had been shopping for about half an hour, one leg unrolled itself, and she was escorted back to the yacht by an inquisitive crowd. We disappointed them by getting under way before my wife removed her coat.

It was almost dark when nearing Bound Brook Lock, we met a craft towing down. As the canal was very wide at this point, we kept to the middle of the canal to let the other people have the tow-path side. Guided by our hoodoo, we ran hard and fast aground. Then it rained some more. After supper we turned in.

We had breakfast early on the 30th, and I commenced removing the ballast. There was four thousand three hundred pounds of it to be lifted out, carried up the five steps of the companion, lowered to the dinghy, rowed ashore and dumped, while the rain poured down in sheets. About ten o'clock the Pearl of Tamton came along and tried to get us off, but she only succeeded in getting herself on the rocks as well. She got off in a few minutes, but had to leave us for something with more power. About noon a tow came along, and I rowed out to meet them with a heavy cable. They did not stop but threw the eye of our cable over a bit, and the yacht climbed over boulders and submarine hills to deep water. We had to return for the ballast, however, so I started to back up. The stern-line had been coiled on the aft-deck, but, using the bouncing and tilting due to our submarine mountain climbing as an excuse, our hoodoo kicked the line overboard, where it proceeded to make a bobbin of the propeller. All things come to an end, however, and so did the rope.



"I passed blankets, pillows, and clothing to my wife, who threw them ashore."

I formerly wondered why women wore high-heeled shoes. Now I know. After breaking through the frozen crust of the bank, they made a fine anchorage in the mud. With my wife holding the stern of the yacht close to the bank, her heels sunk deep in the mud. I used a boat hook with a knive lashed to it, and cut the rope into small, frayed chunks. I also used some language. And still it rained in torrents.

By the time the rope was frayed off and the ballast replaced it was three o'clock, and we started on. The yacht, as the result of our shipwreck, was now somewhat shaky. The three-quarter-inch iron shoe had been torn loose, the rudder-head torn out, and the new propeller-key cut half-way through. We wobbled into Griggstown at dusk, just as it stopped raining. Two deserted houses and a gaping small bay were all we could see.

Owing to the rather rapid succession of events, my wife had not made any bread, and I accordingly bribed the boy to get us a loaf, for which he had to walk three-quarters of a mile.

Just as it started to rain again our hoodoo led a native along, and I invited him aboard. He told me that the nearest shipyard where I could get my damages repaired was at Bordentown. After looking the boat over he went ashore, leaving a little remembrance, which I found the next day.

On December 1st the sun came out for half an hour, but got digested at the prospect, and retired for a whole week. I discovered that a valve was out of commission, so spent a few hours taking it apart, and found a tinful of tobacco in it, evidently dropped by the native, who said he was a plumber.

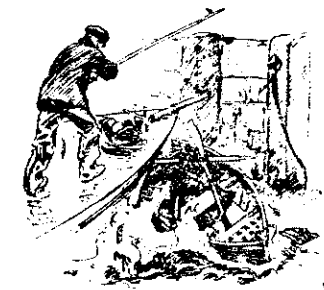
After dinner we started for Trenton, and reached there at sundown. While it was still light enough to read a newspaper, the lock-tender refused us admittance, until I lit our green light. We then looked through and tied up for the night. The rain was now succeeded by snow.

December 2nd was very cold, and threatened more snow. We went ashore to do some shopping, my wife to get food, and I tobacco and an anchor; but I found there were no large anchors to be had.

While returning to the boat my hoodoo played a little joke. I was arrested and almost locked up, being mistaken for someone badly "wanted" in Ohio. We got under way about half-past ten, and locked out at Bordentown. I failed to find any shipyard, however, and was told that there was only a three foot tide, so beaching the boat would not do any good. I bought an old, rusty mud-hook for an anchor, as there was nothing better to be had.

We started for Philadelphia at two o'clock in a driving sleet. This cut our faces so badly that we were compelled to face aft, with only an occasional glance forward to direct our course. No matter what kind of weather we had (and we had everything on the calendar, except snow, my wife always stayed outside with me to take a spell at the wheel.

When about ten miles south of Bordentown I smelt smoke, and opened the cabin doors. A cloud of dense black smoke poured out. I jumped inside, and found that the large oil-burner was one mass of flame. Fortunately, my frozen mittens protected my hands, and I carried the stove out on the aft-deck, where I left it to burn out. The excess

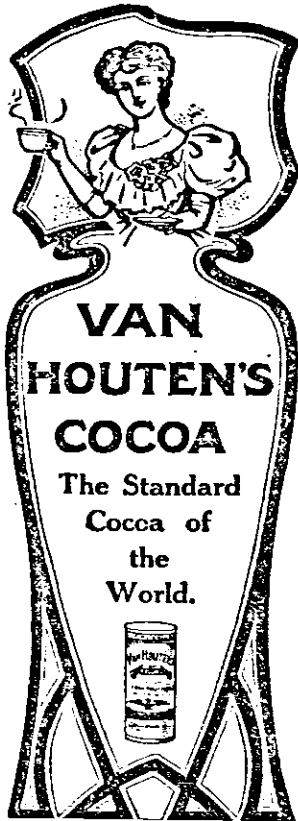


"After ploughing through the planking of the unfortunate skiff, we stopped at the stage."


Raritan and the Chesapeake Canals closed on December 1st. By sailing night and day, we could get through to Chesapeake Bay before the canals closed. (A few days later I found that the canals closed only when frozen up.)

It was up to me to get busy, so I hustled down town and bought £2 worth of charts. Chart No. 120, from Bordentown to Delaware City, was out of print, I was told.

When I got back to the shipyard I found the yacht lying at mooring, all



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16, Broughton Street, Battersea, London, January 10th, 1912.

Gentlemen,—My wife has asked me on several occasions to write and testify to you the benefit that we have derived from the use of

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with our two children. Honestly, we do not know what it is to have a bad night, and I lose no opportunity of informing my friends as to the cause of this. I am sure that if people only knew what a pleasure it makes the rearing of children, as long as the money was in the house they would not be without Woodward's Gripe Water. Our gratefulness for the good which Woodward's Gripe Water has done us must be my apology for thus troubling you.—Faithfully yours, WILDA AN BECK.

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stve vibration, due to our damages, had shaken the oil out of the stove. Of course we had now to open all ports, as the smoke was thick enough to cut. A batch of dough for making bread, pies, and all the rest of our supper was so full of soot that we had to throw it all overboard. Our hoodoo danced with glee.

We arrived in Philadelphia after dark, and tied up at the B. and O. dock. The cabin was too cold to sleep in, and smelt vilely of smoke, so we went to an hotel for the night. Here I found that three of my toes were frozen, while my wife had one of her heels in a similar plight.

Early on Saturday morning, December 3rd, I telephoned all the shippers on either side of the river, but found none that could haul the yacht out before Monday afternoon. We accordingly started down the river for Shepard's shipyard at Essington, where we arrived in the afternoon and were immediately hauled out; but, as all the men had left for the day, found we should have to wait for repairs until Monday.

On Sunday we had a number of visitors, but did not get a call from our persistent hoodoo. In fact he took a vacation until Tuesday.

On Tuesday morning the yacht was launched, but was unable to proceed, as the engine was frozen up. The condensation in the gas-tank had formed water that froze up. I had to disconnect the gas pipes, and with an ice-pick punch holes in the layer of ice covering the bottom of the tank. Of course I got drenched with gas before I could get the pipes connected up again. The water-tanks and feed-pipes, the engine and circulating pump, and the toilet were all frozen solid. I waded through snow, knee deep, to a frozen up pump; then went to the engineer of the shipyard and borrowed enough hot water to thaw out the pump. I filled a few pails with water, and waded back to the boat to warm the water on our stores. Then I applied hot water cloths to the different frozen pipes until they were thawed out. I had to run the engine all night to keep it from freezing up again.

On Wednesday, December 7th, after breakfast, I tried to get out on deck, but found the doors blocked with snow, and had to crawl under the cockpit deck and raise the aft-hatch to get out. I spent the whole morning shovelling snow with a dustpan and clearing the davits and rowboat of ice. We got under way after dinner, and made Delaware City at sundown, where we locked in and tied up for the night. Jove, wasn't it cold.

We did not know when we should be able to shop again, so we laid in a store

examination I found that we were cut through at the bow as clean as a knife-cut cheese. Below the cabin-floor was flooded, and forward a pair of shoes were waiting around in the incoming flood.

I headed the yacht for the southern bank, thinking to get out of traffic and into shallow water. The yacht struck the bank at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and I dragged the rowboat across the roof of the cabin to the port side to give her a list towards shore. Then came a mad rush to get our things off before the boat went under. I passed blankets, pillows, and clothing to my wife, who threw them ashore. The yacht was now listing quite badly, so that to get our trunk up to the cockpit through the narrow cabin-doors was quite a struggle.

We worked our way forward on the slanting deck to the bow. My wife jumped ashore on to the ice-covered rocks, landing heavily and breaking the arches of both feet. After dumping the trunk over the bow, where it broke through the ice and lay half in the water, I managed to pull it up the steep, rocky bank.

I left my wife seated on a pile of blankets nursing her broken feet, and made my way through the snow back to Delaware City. Here I managed to get a dilapidated one-horse rig, and drove back to the wreck. The boat was out of sight. A few minutes after I left, the suction of a passing tug had listed the yacht to starboard, and she began to slide into deep water. Just as she went under the ice and out of sight the ship's clock rang her own funeral knell—four bells.

After getting my wife (her hands still covered with dough from breadmaking) into the rig, with our trunk and blankets, there was no room for me, so I trotted alongside behind till we reached an hotel. Both my wife and I were dressed in "Arctics," overalls, sweaters, mittens, and caps. The hotel-keeper looked us over and decided that he had no empty rooms, but after hearing my story he found that he could put us up. We were the only guests, and the rooms were so cold that our wet clothes froze overnight.

I received a number of offers to raise the yacht, but, as my cash was very low, I had to apply to friends in New York for the necessary funds. Receiving a promise of financial assistance, I contracted with two men to repair and pump out the yacht.

My wife and I decided to give up the Florida idea, as our hoodoo seemed untiring. We had covered only a hundred and forty miles in eleven days, and there still remained eight hundred odd miles to go. It was necessary for me to commence earning money, instead of spending what little remained; so on Saturday afternoon we took the train for Philadelphia, where I secured employment that just about kept us alive all the winter.

No Trumps.

Continued from page 43.

Channing regarded him with increased suspicion, as if he imagined reasons for wanting him out of the way. "I have no reason to fear the police," he said haughtily.

"I'm sure of that," de Lys said quickly "but I thought it would look better to surrender rather than be taken."

"It is of no consequence to me," began the young man, but Miss Graham intervened with feminine perception.

"Yes, he is right, Frederick," she declared. "Run away now and go to the police yourself."

Mr. Channing's brow lowered as he regarded them both with suspicion.

"What I want to know is," he said firmly, "what exactly this man's doing here and who he is."

"I don't know, Frederick," declared Miss Graham truthfully. "He hasn't any right here."

"Then it's he who ought to go away," said Mr. Channing.

"Ah, here are the officers," said de Lys, hearing a sound without the door.

Miss Graham made a step as if to fly to Mr. Channing, but refrained. Two men, obviously detectives, stood in the doorway. It was manifest that they had not expected to find the company that met them.

"Mr. Channing?" the smaller and more authoritative man ventured, looking from one to the other.

No one replied. The officer coughed.

"I was told I should find Frederick Channing here. There is a warrant for his arrest," he said deprecatingly.

"Well, where is he?" asked de Lys courteously. "So far as I know there are only ourselves here."

The officer coughed again, and, turning to his man, whispered a communication, which caused the other to leave the room unaggressively.

"Won't you sit down and wait?" said de Lys invitingly, as he indicated a chair. He himself with a gesture motioned Mr. Channing to a seat at the card table, which stood open, and he addressed Miss Graham openly.

"We may as well finish the rubber," he said evenly.

Once more with feminine quickness Miss Graham obeyed, and took her seat facing the detective and opposite the chair into which Mr. Channing had chanced to drop. De Lys took a pack of cards from the box and began to deal.

"If you would discard from strength, my dear Doris," he said pleasantly, "you would find it on the whole a better plan. I always do."

At the affectionate address Mr. Channing's face worked and his eyes flashed, but he made no other sign, probably because Miss Graham kicked him under the table.

"No trumps!" announced de Lys, as evenly as if he had been playing in his club. "The advantage of no trumps," he added; apparently addressing the astonished detective, "is that you score a great deal, if you do score at all, with comparatively poor cards. Do you play bridge?"

"No, sir," said the detective.

"Ah—a pity. It is a wonderful game, and—"

At this juncture the second detective returned in the company of Mr. Swainson, who capped upon the party at the table.

"What the—" he paused. "I don't know who the deuce that is—perhaps Miss Graham will explain later—but this is your man."

He indicated de Lys, and the detectives moved forward.

"Pardon me," said de Lys, swinging round in his chair, cards in hand. "Who is it you are looking for?"

"For you, Frederick Channing," said Mr. Swainson sharply.

"My dear good sir, I am not Frederick Channing, as you well know."

"Not Frederick Channing?" roared Mr. Swainson. "Then who the deuce are you?"

"We need not go into that at present," said de Lys equably. "Let it suffice that I came here at your invitation. Your play, Doris!"

Mr. Swainson's acid but gentlemanly face was suffused. "This is mere bluff," he said to the officer. "He is Channing right enough."

"Do you identify him as Frederick Channing?" inquired the detective doubtfully.

"Well, no, I have not seen him before but there is really no doubt." Mr. Swainson was clearly put out.

"Well, he wasn't Mr. Channing," remarked Miss Graham triumphantly.

The detective looked still more doubtful. Mr. Swainson gave way to his annoyance.

"Who may you be?" he asked angrily of Mr. Channing.

"Oh, he's a friend of mine," said de Lys cheerfully. "I hope you don't mind the liberty I've taken."

The detective touched Mr. Swainson on the arm and drew him aside ere he could burst forth at this. They conferred together sotto voce, and apparently came to some determination.

"One of you," said Mr. Swainson with carefully achieved calmness as he advanced once more, "is Frederick Channing, for whom the police have a warrant."

"If that is the case will the police please take him away," said de Lys, throwing down his cards. He regarded the angry man and the puzzled man with a smile.

"Certainly," said Mr. Swainson, and made a gesture to the officer, who approached de Lys forthwith and with deliberation.

Now de Lys was seated within touch of Doris on his right, and he chanced to observe that Mr. Swainson was not looking at him, as would have been expected, but toward Doris with intentness. Instantly he made a guess at the trick which his ingenuity approved. It was to be the judgment of Solomon over again. He put out his hand furtively under the table and held it poised during the moments of the detective's approach. As the officer's hand fell on his shoulder he pinched hard and Miss Graham uttered a cry.

It was a cry of pain, but served for a cry of distress.

"Ah!" said Mr. Swainson in a satisfied way. "I told you so."

"Frederick Channing, I arrest you—"

De Lys got to his feet indifferently. "Good-by, old chap," he nodded to Channing. "Sorry it ends like this. Go and inform—well, you know whom."

As the young man passed him, something bewildered, he whispered, "Give yourself up when you will—and stand the racket."

There was no anxiety to detain Mr. Channing, nor did Miss Graham accompany him. She "played the game" wonderfully, showing such distress as reduced Mr. Swainson to silence and misgivings, now that he had his way. De Lys went through the feint of cheering her up, and when he was taken to the door in the company of the officers she followed him.

"Thank you, oh, thank you," she whispered in his ear in the dimness of the hall.

"My dear lady, it is nothing. It has only been an entertainment for me, and I hope will be little more than that to you now."

In deference to their supposed relations the officers had indulged them with privacy.

"Do you think—"

"He is innocent? Yes, he could not be anything else." Which was indeed, the conclusion to which de Lys had come after a study of the naive young man.

"But you?" she faltered.

"I shall get a fine drive to my own neighbourhood," he said lightly, "and then convince those obstinate fellows that I am not the person I have protested I was not. I dare say they will look foolish."

"But Frederick—Mr. Channing?"

"Will have the credit of surrendering of his own accord," he said gravely. He moved away, and then paused. "I am sorry I'm not the real Frederick Channing. I hope I didn't pinch too hard," he said softly. "Where did I—"

"Oh, it was nothing nowhere," she said in confusion.

"I think I was right in going to trumps," he reflected as he went off with his captors. "If I had tried hearts I— Don't you think we might take a tax-cab?" he broke off to ask the officers.

AWKWARD.

Mrs. De Troop (who is short-sighted).—Good morning, Mrs. Simkins. Your husband must be very fond of gardening. I saw him the first thing this morning down in the bottom of the garden. And how well he looks, to be sure!

Mrs. Simkins turned her back and slammed the door in her neighbour's face. The latter, aghast, went to tell her daughter.

"And you told her mother, that the thing in the onion-bed was her husband!"

"Of course I did."

"Well, that's not her husband, that's a scarecrow."



"The hotelkeeper looked us over and decided that he had no empty rooms."

of supplies. We also bought warmer clothes and boots, as our frozen feet were bothering us a good deal.

We had met a little lump ice in the Delaware River, but he had been accustomed to bumping on ice on Long Island Sound the winter before. Large ice-floes were no novelty to me, but I was now to get acquainted with the thin-skin variety. I would rather meet ice a foot thick than the mean, insignificant little window-panes looking stuff about an eighth of an inch thick; stir-saws are nothing to it.

On Thursday, December 8th, after fitting the gas-tank and the water-tanks, we started at 9.30 a.m. We had waited for a tug to break the way for us, and now had one about a mile ahead of us. It looked as though the way was clear. My wife, contrary to her habit of staying on deck with me, was below mixing bread. The yacht had made her way for almost a mile, when my wife rushed up on deck and told me that the water was pouring in. On

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"I had an attack of rheumatism, but by vigorously rubbing Zam-Buk in a few times, this was banished."

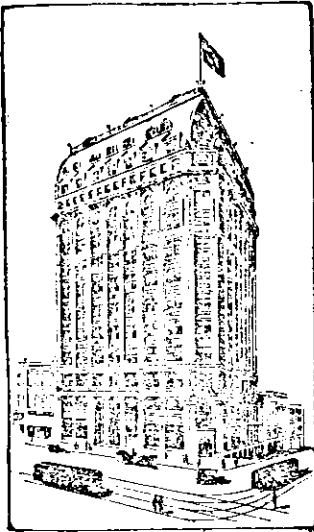
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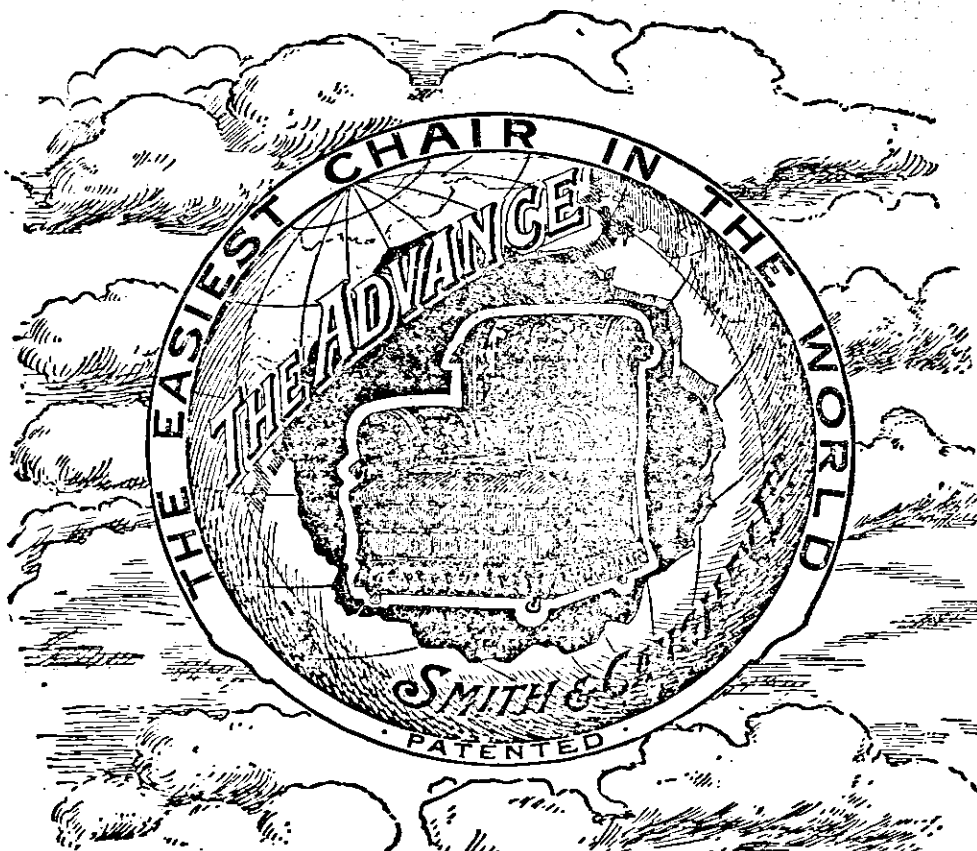
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One of the Old Girls.

By EDNA FERBER.

GABE was the gentleman about whom Effie permitted herself to be gayed. He came to Chicago on business four times a year, and he always took Effie to the theatre, and to supper afterwards. On those occasions, Effie's gown, wrap and hat were as correct in texture, lines, and paradise aigrettes as those of any of her non-working sisters about her. On the morning following these excursions into Lobsterdom, Effie would confide to her friend, Miss Weinstein, of the lingerie and negligees:

"I was out with my friend, Mr. Marks last evening. We went to Rector's after the show. Oh, well, it takes a New Yorker to know how. Honestly, I feel like a queen when I go out with him. H'm? Oh, nothing like that, girlie. I never could see that marriage thing. Just good friends."

Gabe had been coming to Chicago four times a year for six years. Six times four are twenty-four. And one is twenty-five. Gabe's last visit made the twenty-fifth.

"Well, Effie," Gabe said, when the evening's entertainment had reached the restaurant stage, "this is our twenty-fifth anniversary. It's our silver wedding, without the silver and the wedding. We'll have a bottle of champagne. That makes it almost legal. And then suppose we finish up by having the wedding. The silver can be omitted."

Effie had been lumming with the orchestra, holding a lobster claw in one hand, and wielding the little two-pronged fork with the other. She dropped claw, fork, and popular air to stare open-mouthed at Gabe. Then a slow, uncertain smile crept about her lips, although her eyes were still unsmiling.

"Stop your joking, Gabe," she said. "Some day you'll say those things to the wrong lady, and then you'll have a breach of promise suit on your hands."

"This ain't no joke, Effie," Gabe had replied. "Not with me it ain't. As long as my mother selig lived I wouldn't ever marry a Goy. It would have broken her heart. I was a good son to her, and good sons make good husbands, they say. Well, Effie, you want to try it out?"

There was something almost solemn in Effie's tone and expression. "Gabe," she said slowly, "you're the first man that's ever asked me to marry him."

"That goes double," answered Gabe. "Thanks," said Effie. "That makes it all the nicer."

"Then—" Gabe's face was radiant. But Effie shook her head quickly.

"You're just twenty years late," she said.

"Late!" expostulated Gabe. "I ain't no dead one yet."

Effie pushed her plate away with a little air of decision, folded her plump arms on the table, and, leaning forward, looked Gabe I. Marks squarely in the eyes.

"Gabe," she said gently, "I'll bet you haven't got a hundred dollars in the bank—"

"But—" interrupted Gabe. "Wait a minute. I know you boys on the road. Besides your diamond scarf pin and your ring and watch, have you got a cent over your salary? Nix. You carry just about enough insurance to bury you, don't you? You're fifty years old if you're a minute, Gabe, and if I ain't mistaken you'd have a pretty hard time of it getting ten thousand dollars' insurance after the doctors got through with you. Twenty-five years of pinocle and poker and the fat of the land haven't added up any bumps in the old stacking under the mattress."

"Say, looka here," objected Gabe, more red-faced than usual. "I didn't know I was proposing to no Senatorial investigating committee. Say, you talk about them foreign noblemen being mercenary! Why, they ain't in it with you girls to-day. A feller is got to propose to you with his bank book in one hand and a bunch of life-insurance policies in the other. You're right! I ain't saved much. But ma selig always had every-thing she wanted. Say, when a man marries it's different. He begins to save."

"There!" said Effie quickly. "That's just it. Twenty years ago I'd have been glad and willing to start like that, saving and scrimping and loving a man, and looking forward to the time when four figures showed up in the bank account where but three bloomed before. I've got what they call the home instinct. Give me a yard or so of cretonne, and a photo of my married sister down in Iowa, and I can make even a boarding-house inside bedroom look like a place where a human being could live. If I had been as wise at twenty as I am now, Gabe, I could have married any man I pleased. But I was what they call capable. And men aren't marrying, capable girls. They pick little yellow-headed, blue-eyed idiots that don't know a lamb stew from a soup bone when they see it. Well, Mr. Man didn't show up,

vest. Now me, I've got a kimono nature, but a straight-front job, and it's kept me young. Young! I've got to be. That's my stock in trade. You see, Gabe, we're just twenty years late, both of us. They're not going to boost your salary. These days they're looking for kids on the road—live wires, with a lot of nerve and a quick come-back. They don't want old-timers. Why, say, Gabe, if I was to tell you what I spend in face powder and toilette water and hatpins alone, you'd think I'd made a mistake and given you the butcher bill instead. And I'm no professional beauty, either. Only it takes money to look cleaned and pressed in this town."

In the seclusion of the cafe corner, Gabe laid one plump, highly-manicured hand on Effie's smooth arm. "You wouldn't need to stay young for me, Effie. I like you just as you are, without the powder, or the toilette water, or the hairpins."

His red, good-natured face had an expression upon it that was touchingly near patient resignation as he looked up into Effie's sparkling countenance. "You never looked so good to me as you do this minute, old girl. And if the day comes when you get lonesome—or change your mind—or—"



"I guess I haven't refused you the way dames in the novels do it. Maybe it's because I've had so little practice. But I want to say this, Gabe. Thank God I don't have to die knowing that no man ever wanted me to be his wife."

and I started in to clerk at six per. I'm earning as much as you are now. More. Now, don't misunderstand me, Gabe. I'm not throwing bouquets at myself. I'm not that kind of a girl. But I could sell a Style 743 Slim-shape to the Venus de Milo herself. The Lord knows she needed one, with those hips of hers. I worked my way up, alone. I'm used to it. I like the excitement down at the store. I'm used to luxuries. I guess if I was a man I'd be the kind they call a good provider—the kind that opens champagne every time there's half an excuse for it, and when he dies his widow has to take in boarders. And, Gabe, after you've worn tailored suits every year for a dozen years, you can't go back to twenty-five-dollar ready-mades and be happy."

"You could if you loved a man," said Gabe stubbornly.

The hard lines around the jaw and the experienced lines about the eyes seemed suddenly to stand out on Effie's face.

"Love's young dream is all right. But your cigar ash dribble down on to your

Why—ah—not exactly? no," said Gabe. "Just a temporary indisposition, I suppose?"

"Well, you wouldn't hardly call it that, seeing that she's been sick with typhoid for seven weeks."

"Typhoid!" shouted Gabe.

"While I'm not in the habit of asking gentlemen their names, I'd like to inquire if you happen to be Marks—Gabe I. Marks?"

"Sure," said Gabe. "That's me."

"Miss Bauer's nurse telephones down last week that if a gentleman named Marks—Gabe I. Marks—drops in and inquires for Miss Bauer, I'm to tell him that she's changed her mind."

On the way from Spiegel's corset department to the car, Gabe stopped only for a bunch of violets. Effie's apartment house reached, he sent up his card, the violets, and a message that the gentleman was waiting. There came back a reply that sent Gabe up before the violets were relieved of their first layer of tissue paper.

Effie was sitting in a deep chair by the window, a flowered quilt bunched about her shoulders, and her feet in gray knitted bedroom slippers. She looked every minute of her age, and she knew it, and didn't care. The hand that she held out to Gabe was a limp, white, fleshless thing that seemed to bear no relation to the plump, firm member that Gabe had pressed on so many previous occasions.

Gabe stared at this pale wraith in a moment of alarm and dismay. Then:

"You're looking—great!" he stammered. "Great! Nobody'd believe you'd been sick a minute. Guess you've been stalling for a beauty rest, what?"

Effie smiled a tired little smile, and shook her head slowly.

"You're a good kid, Gabe, to lie like that just to make me feel good. But my nurse left yesterday and I had my first real squint at myself in the mirror. She wouldn't let me look while she was here. After what I saw staring back at me from that glass a whole hall-room full of French courtiers whispering sweet nothings in my ear couldn't make me believe that I look like anything but a hunk of Rognofurt, green-spots included. When I think of how my clothes won't fit it makes me shiver."

"Oh, you'll soon be back at the store as good as new. They fatten up something wonderful after typhoid. Why I had a friend—"

"Did you get my message?" interrupted Effie.

"I was only talking to hide my nervousness," said Gabe, and started forward. But Effie waved him away.

"Sit down," she said. "I've got something to say." She looked thoughtfully down at one shining finger nail. Her lower lip was caught between her teeth. When she looked up again her eyes were swimming in tears. Gabe started forward again. Again Effie waved him away.

"It's all right, Gabe. I don't wobble as a rule. This fever leaves you as weak as a rag, and ready to cry if anyone says 'Boo!' I've been doing some high-pressure thinking since nurse left. Had plenty of time to do it in, sitting here by this window all day. My hand! I never knew there was so much time. There's been days when I haven't talked to a soul, except the nurse and the chambermaid. Lonesome! Say, the amount of petting I could stand would surprise you. Of course, my nurse was a perfectly good nurse at twenty-five per. But I was just a case to her. You can't expect a nurse to ooze sympathy over an old maid with the fever. I tell you I was dying to have some one say 'Sh-sh-sh!' when there was a noise, just to show they were interested. Whenever I'd mean the nurse would come over and stick a thermometer in my mouth and write something down on a chart. The boys and girls at the store sent flowers. They'd have done the same if I'd died. When the fever broke I just used to lie there and dream, not feeling anything in particular, and not caring much whether it was day or night. Know what I mean?"

Gabe shook a sympathetic head. There was a little silence. Then Effie went on. "I used to think I was pretty smart, earning my own good living, dressing as well as the next one, and able to spend my vacation in Atlantic City if I wanted to. I didn't know I was missing anything. But while I was sick I got to wishing that there was somebody that belonged to me. Somebody to worry about me, and to sit up nights—"

But on the occasion of Gabe's spring trip he encountered a statuesque blonde person where Effie had been wont to reign.

"I'll be back in three months, like always," was all that Gabe said. "I ain't going to write. When I get here we'll just take in a show, and the younger you look the better I'll like it."

Miss—er—Bauer out of town?"

The statue melted a trifle in the sunshine of Gabe's ingratiating smile.

"Miss Bauer's ill," the statue informed him, using a heavy Eastern accent. "Anything I can do for you? I'm taking her place."

CAROLINE.

By William Freeman.

IN the Table of Precedence, as exemplified in the household of His Grace the Duke of Kingston, Knight of the Garter, Privy Councillor, and Heaven knows what besides, Caroline, I think, would have found a place very near the bottom. The boot-boy ranked below her, and the odd men who hung about the garage in the capacity of chauffeur's labourers, but they were all. For her work, although appertaining to the kitchen, was unskilled, and of negligible value, and such mental gifts as she possessed were not thought worthy of testing. His Grace and his beautiful, languid Duchess, Caroline knew by sight, as one may recognise the fixed stars, and her intimacy with them was upon the same level. Monsieur Tardet, the chef, she regarded with an awe which reduced her to incoherency in his presence. Mrs. Blain, the housekeeper, whose husband had been a curate, and whose father was rumoured to have lost a fabulous fortune on the Stock Exchange, was illimitably above Caroline and all Caroline's concerns. The superior servants she called "Sir" and "Miss," and to the inferior ones proffered a humble friendship with no very great success. For Caroline was pale of face and wispy of figure, and endowed with auburn hair too plentiful to be always under control. Further she was painfully shy and addicted to attacks of stammering, and her accent was of the purest, richest Cockney. None but an optimist of the deepest dye, or a man very much in love with her, would have predicted a brilliant future for Caroline.

And yet within three months of her coming to Kingston House romance, undisguised and triumphant, entered into her life. The beginning dated from her first whole day's holiday. Caroline's purse had been left behind, and a three-penny fare was due, and the motor-bus conductor inclined to be insolent. It was then that the clean-shaven young man who had been watching her from the opposite seat came to her rescue. And it may here be mentioned that Caroline's only relatives consisted of a brother and sister-in-law, who kept a little greengrocer's shop in the Edgeware-road, and two small nephews, and that it was one of the nephews, recovering from pleurisy at St. Christopher's Hospital, whom Caroline was on her way to see.

To encounter a friend when one is very much in need is delightful. To find that same friend awaiting one when there is a return journey to be made is, to say the least of it, flattering. Caroline's foolish little heart was palpitating absurdly when Mr. Francis Wygram, of Upper Norwood, had introduced himself on the motor-bus, came forward to meet her at the hospital doors.

"I've been waiting for the past twenty minutes," he said, lifting his hat, "but I would have waited twice as many hours rather than have missed you."

"Me!" cried Caroline, blushing furiously. "Who else? And if I might be granted the boon of a few moments conversation in private..." His tones would have done credit to the finest love scene in the weekly novelettes which were her staple literary food.

Caroline, her head whirling and her knees a-tingle under the combined influences of youth and spring, nodded a mute permission. The day was an April one, with a mild sun and a sky bluer than one had any right to expect in the heart of the Metropolis. She had a clear half-hour to spare, and Mr. Francis Wygram, pacing devotedly at her side, made the most of it. What his manner lacked in aristocratic repose it made up in fervour. He had, it appeared, seen Caroline from afar many times before. He had loved her almost from the first. Not until now had he dared to make his love known. His future hung upon her answer.

Caroline, her blushes coming and going, stood looking down at her new glove shoes, and trying to cope with this unique situation.

"All that may be right enough," she said, twisting her gloves until they were

mere attenuated wisps, "but I don't know nothin' abaut yer, nor you abaut me, reely. Give me time ter—"

"A lifetime," said Mr. Wygram, passionately (they were now within the romantic purlieus of Westbourne Park Station), "would be little enough to sacrifice in your service!"

The upshot of which was that Caroline permitted him to imprint one reverential kiss upon her cheek, and agreed, weather and other things permitting, to meet him by the Marble Arch on the following Sunday afternoon.

I doubt if she slept for twenty consecutive minutes that night. Never before, you must remember, had anyone thought it worth while to make love to her. Never before had she been treated with a beautiful and deferential courtesy, nor been given to understand that to exist in her society was an honour in itself. Mr. Francis Wygram had not only done all these things, but he was handsome, and of manly bearing. His garments were obviously made-to-measure, his accent, to Caroline's ear, flawless. Caroline, staring up at the

him as it never could again, no matter who the wooer. A big tear of pure happiness brimmed up as she turned away. He felt it fall with a warm splash on his hand.

The long-planned fancy-dress ball which was to supply gossip for two continents was to take place at the end of the month. People not even remotely connected with His Grace of Kingston found matter for pride in the description of the great ball-room, in the list of guests who were to be present, in the fabulous cost of the decorations, and felt that while such things existed the glory and honour of social England could suffer no eclipse. The daily papers had a vast amount to say on the subject, and did their best to interview anybody and everybody of consequence in the household of his Grace. But no one thought of interviewing Caroline, although, in common with the other servants, she shared in some faint reflection of the event.

Mr. Wygram knew—who didn't?—about the preparations. He discussed them with her in detail during an afternoon they spent together in Kew Gardens.

"There's a Ryal 'Ighness comin'," said Caroline. "They say 'e's a relation of the Dook's."

"Which reminds me," said Wygram, "that there's one thing which I think you ought to know. I—"

"Beg parding?" said Caroline.



THE QUICKER-QUICK-LUNCH.
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moon, which illuminated her room—the smallest and most draughty in the house so exquisite a dream came to an end.

She said nothing to Emily and Janet, her immediate superiors in the household. Emily was a feather-headed gossip with no sense of the dignity and fitness of things, and Janet had once had an affair with a second-footman, which ended in a breach-of-promise action, and left her permanently embittered. And there was no one else in the house to whom she could unbosom herself. The arrival of Sunday found Caroline's mind in a whirl of confusion and dread and exaltation, which betrayed itself in the smashing of three dishes and a gravy-boat, and the singing beyond repair of her best apron.

"Bah, leedle donkey!" cried Monsieur Tardet, shaking an exasperated forefinger, "you haf the—the moonshine mad-ness!"

"N-n-no, sir!" gasped Caroline. "Zhen you are in loff?"

And Caroline's cheeks instantly flamed an affirmative crimson, which set the kitchen in a roar.

But she forgot every humiliation at the sight of Mr. Wygram, spruce with a flower in his buttonhole, immaculate gloves, and a silver-mounted cane swinging from the sleeve of his well-cut coat, awaiting her at The Arch.

"P-please to a-see yer," murmured Caroline as he bent over her hand, and for the rest of that golden afternoon moved in realms of romantic splendour which she did not entirely leave behind her until long after dusk had fallen, the holiday ended, and she was back again in the big grim house under the black-velveted supervision of Mrs. Blain.

At their parting Wygram—the fascinating, gallant Mr. Wygram—kissed her once, twice, thrice, full upon the lips, and the simple heart of Caroline went out to

Caroline nodded speechlessly her hand sought his.

"But I ain't worf it!" she whispered when presently he kissed her good-bye. He would never know how she loved him, or how romance was colouring and irradiating the drab fabric of her life.

Thenceforth every stage of the preparations had its own double significance to her. Her official concern with the ball was practically nil. At the most she could but hope for occasional glimpses of the guests as they arrived. But in her dreams she saw over and over again, the magnificent culmination of it all, when her man should meet a prince of the blood royal, as a relative and equal. Wygram was going, he told her, as a gondolier.

"Meenin' to say?" she inquired with a puzzled frown.

"As one of the fellows who paddle people about in a queer-shaped boat, as a place called Venice, where the streets are always covered with water."

"Him, mair's always a-bustin', I suppose," said Caroline contemptuously, and Mr. Wygram, without disputing so ingenuous a theory, went on to supply her with details of his costume. Red-brown, it was to be, with a plumed cap. His face was to be darkened slightly, and he was to wear a fierce, upturned moustache. Caroline's sensation of existing as a character in a dream became intensified.

The day arrived. Strange workmen, florists' assistants, electric-light fitters, refreshment-caterers, and what-not, who had invaded the house in irregular levies during the past week, gathered up their tools and belongings and went. The last insatiable reporter and the last photographic enthusiasts departed with notes and films. Caroline went about her work in a state of inspired fervour which was attributed solely to the general excitement of the occasion. Janet admitted that she could be shippy on her feet. Mrs. Blain unbent sufficiently to favour her with a nod of approval. Caroline, as a rule abnormally sensitive to praise or blame, was scarcely conscious of either.

Nightfall brought the first of the group of onlookers, who hung about the great stucco entrance until the early hours of the morning. Carriages and cars, whose panels could have filled a volume on heraldry in themselves, drew up in swift succession. The servants not on duty crowded about a window on the first floor, from which they could see all. But Caroline was consumed with a restlessness which made it impossible for her to stay long in one place. At the height of the excitement she wandered downstairs to a point from which one could get a glimpse of the grand staircase. Even as she stood there a tall figure in a red-brown dress and plumed hat slipped past the footmen and plunged with the gorgeous crowd.

A door banged noisily. It was one leading from the white-tiled kitchen to the entrance at the side. She went down, and stood for a moment steadying her nerves and breathing the mild night air.

A pleasant faced, middle-aged man stepped very quietly out of the shadow and touched her on the arm.

"Been down here long, miss?"

"'Bout five minutes."

"H'm!" The middle-aged man produced a card. On it was written:

JAMES WINCH.

New Scotland Yard. "No wish to startle you, but the fact is you've been seen a good deal in the company of a tall, clean-shaven young man that we're rather interested in."

"Yes?" said Caroline. "Know who he is?"

"Wot if I do?"

The middle-aged man shook his head in slow disapproval.

"You've nothing to gain by that attitude, my girl! And I venture to doubt if you're as wise as you think you are. What name he's going by is no concern of ours. What's more to the point is that his real name's Martin, and that he was given eight months for burglary in 'ought-four. We were told that he'd been running straight since then, but from information received—a woman, as usual—we know that he's trying his luck again, here and to-night, and—Steady, there, steady!"

Caroline, by a superhuman effort, succeeded in reaching a chair. Her ear caught dully the sound of a shrill cheer. His Royal Highness had arrived.

The detective proffered a brandy flask, but she waved it away.

"Feel better? Sorry if I've upset you, but business is business. And time's short. We're morally certain that our man gained admission, and that he's an

"Have you heard the story of Lord William?" he asked in a low tone.

"Not 'art!" said Caroline. During her very first week in the house she had been told of this one black sheep in an otherwise blameless family—the never-do-well, who had been shipped off to somewhere in the Bush, and had there kept a store, married a quite impossible person whose only virtue was that she was not an aborigine, and a little later, to the unfeigned relief of his noble relatives, had contracted a fever and died.

"I," said Wygram, his eyes intent upon Caroline's, "am his son."

"Ooh-er!" gasped Caroline, and dropped her bright new sunshade upon the gravel with a crash.

"Within the last week," he continued, "I have obtained unofficial recognition. The ball is to witness my public return to the bosom of my father's family."

There was a long pause. He became aware that Caroline's face was growing paler and paler.

"Which means," she said, "that you w-won't be able to keep company with me no more, an' that we can't never git married!"

"My dearest girl, it means nothing of the sort. I'd spurn the dukedom itself under such conditions! Our chance of having a home of our own will be infinitely greater."

Caroline faced him, passionate admiration shining in her eyes. Her voice shook when she spoke.

"Reely?"

"Really and truly. I mention the matter because you were bound to know, and because you might be surprised at seeing me in the house. The whole thing must, of course, be kept secret for the present."

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the house. If his Grace had availed himself of the help we suggested such a thing couldn't have happened. If Martin went in you must have seen something of him."

"Not me!" Her brain, emerging through the thick haze of a fainting attack, worked swiftly. A dozen plans were formulated and dismissed in the interval which passed before Winch spoke again. "Think it over for a minute."

"I tell yer—!"

"Ah, but we're all liable to make mistakes—specially when excited! The truth will be known for certain in an hour or so. It'll save a heap of trouble, and keep your own name out of the affair, if you help us now."

Caroline feigned to hesitate.

"You'd b-b-better see the housekeeper," she said at last, and rose to lead the way to Mrs. Blain's room.

At the door she paused to peer in, and in that moment found time to shift the key from the inner to the outer side.

"This way!" she said briskly, and as Winch instinctively stepped forward, slammed the door behind him and locked it.

A second door shut off the passage, and that also she locked. The only window in the room was below ground level, and barred. Mr Winch might make a good deal of noise before the rest of the house were aware of his imprisonment.

Caroline raced upstairs to her room. Janet, passing her on the way down, noted her brilliant colour.

"Go in' to meet that feller of yours?" she sneered.

"Yuss!" said Caroline, and sped past her into the passage which gave access to the hall.

The main staircase itself was almost deserted. In the friendly shadow of a curtain she stopped to adjust a roughly-fashioned mask over her face, and then ran nimbly up into the most wonderful ball-room in London.

She had seen the place before, of course but only by daylight. Now its brilliance smote her eyes like a blow. The room was one vast kaleidoscope of colour. Music, etherealised by the distance, came softly from the great gallery at the other end. Swaying, whirling couples, among whom a million pin-points of jewel-light flashed and vanished and flashed again, passed and repassed her. Caroline shrank back overwhelmed.

A tow-headed young man, wearing the costume of a Knight of Malta, approached her.

"You were expected before," he said banteringly. "We all know you'd do something to sustain the Carlingford reputation, but this—" he touched the cheap, badly-fitting skirt—"is the absolute limit! Twentieth century scullery-maid, I presume?"

Caroline nodded. Clearly he was mistaking her for someone with a character for eccentricity and the ability to sustain it.

"Rippin'! Is Lord Teddily with you?"

"I ain't s-a-seen 'im since I come in," said Caroline.

"Accent and all! Gad, but you ought to—"

But Caroline slipped away. Her search could brook anything but delay.

The music came to an end. Before it began again she had twice circled the room. Its size and the extent of the crowd which filled it were her salvation. The Duke and Duchess who were talking with the Prince, she evaded carefully.

There were a number of small discreetly shaded alcoves opening out to the right and left, and into each of these she plunged in turn with a sublime disregard for the amazed occupants. Old rumours began to circulate, and unfriendly eyes to follow her movements. Caroline was very near the end of her tether, when at last she came upon her man.

He was standing within a curtained doorway, talking to a tall blonde woman dressed in shimmering blue. Caroline ignored her absolutely.

"I want to speak to yer," she said. He eyed her with a steady insolence which betrayed no sign of recognition.

"Naow!" said Caroline.

The blonde woman shut her fan with a snap.

"Your original young friend is to be congratulated upon having an accent strictly in keeping with her costume," she said, and moved away.

"I ain't much to say," pursued Caroline, "nor much time to say it in. But

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they know you're here. There's a man worth every risk, and which stood upon from Scotland Yard waitin' below. 'Ook it!"

He spoke for the first time, in a voice which was a mere, urgent whisper.

"Since you know so much, you must know that they've no chance of identifying me if you hold your tongue. How much will you take to help me through with the job?"

"Nothin'," said Caroline, and laid an imperative hand on his arm.

The man's nerves were unsteady, and he was bewildered and furious at the failure of a plot which had been

the very brink of success. Else, I think, he would never have been mad enough to have struck her a stinging blow in the face with his open hand.

And at that something in Caroline's brain snapped. With the mark showing livid on her white cheek, and her eyes blazing, she flung herself upon him. The strings of the mask broke, and it dropped at her feet as he struck her again. High above the hum of conversation and the swirl of draperies and the low cadences of the music rang a girl's scream. Men crowded to the alcove.

They spread the incredible news that a guest wearing the costume of a Venetian gondolier was struggling in the grip of a tousle-headed little servant girl; that Lady Whiston's pearls and the DeVries diamonds lay scattered on the floor between them; that the Duke himself was doing his best to separate the combatants, and finding the matter next to impossible.

And in the meantime Detective Winch, in the housekeeper's room below, had hammered and yelled, until chance brought Janet and his release. He wasted no time in explanations which could very well wait, but made a dash for the ballroom. The interest of the entire company was focussed upon the alcove, and no one hindered him when he ruthlessly elbowed his way through the crowd, to find the two chief actors standing sullen and panting, and the Duke between them. With a deft twist Winch jerked off the dark moustache and wig.

"Nick Brady!" he gasped, and instinctively glanced over his shoulder towards Caroline.

Caroline caught the words. But she was not looking at Winch, but at the face of the tall, slim man who wore the costume of a gondolier, but who was not him she had known as Francis Wygram. She stared at him with wide-opened, terrified eyes, and then, with an odd, sobbing cry, fell forward. The Duke himself caught her.

There were explanations—of a sort—later. Caroline and Mr. Winch spoke, and the Duke and Mr. Brady listened. The latter, having long ago learnt the value of silence at such times, exhibited the mute philosophy of a stoic. Winch himself was bewildered, but non-committal. For the life of him he could not fathom Caroline's course of action. On the other hand, he had made a far more important capture than he had bargained for. He realised his debt to Caroline, and bore no malice. The Duke thought him a strenuous but rather incoherent man.

Caroline was glad to accept the day's holiday, which, with a cheque that took her breath away, Mrs. Blain was instructed to offer her. From Winch she obtained Wygram's address, and went there to see him.

It was a mean, untidy little room on the first floor, with a cracked window-pane and frowsy curtains. Wygram, who had been going rapidly through a pile of papers when she entered, looked up with a start.

"Uho!" said Caroline. The stairs were steep, and her breath came quickly.

"You!—Have you come to make me exhibit myself as the scamp I am?"

"The lilac in the Park's a-lookin' a fair treat," said Caroline.

"Isn't it plain enough that I begin the love-making business with an eye to robbing the place later?"

"I see a bloke neely run over just now. Starin' at the sky an' the trees, 'e was, and tryin' to cross the road at the same time. I lay 'e thought 'e was in the country," said Caroline.

"But I didn't go through with the job. You—you've spoilt me for that sort of thing, for always! Brady put me up to it, same as he did the first one, and when he heard he cursed me for a swivelling coward, and took over the risks himself. And now I hear they've got him."

Caroline abruptly abandoned her appreciation of the charms of Nature.

"Not 'arf!" she said with enthusiasm.

Wygram moved suddenly towards her, scattering the papers, and gripped her hands.

"I've had the offer of a berth in Rhodesia. It's a rough district, with no other folk for God knows how far, but a man with pluck and a little capital can make a success of his life there."

"I've fifty pounds," said Caroline. "You'll 'ave that, anyway. And—her voice dropped a little, but did not falter—"you can 'ave me too, if I'm worth takin'!"

His face flushed.

"I found how much I needed you—cared for you—weeks ago. It kept me straight, and knowing that you must hear the truth in the end was my punishment. But I didn't dream of—this! You'll be making a poor sort of bargain, but if you're willing to take the risk, dear, I'll try to make some sort of amends."

He caught and held her in his arms, and she leaned back a little, and smiled happily up at him.

"What about a day at the Crystal Palace to begin with?" said Caroline.

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HEALS. For Piles the greatest boon.
There is no limit for its uses if **ONCE
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"HOMOCEA" has quite cured my
eyes (after having suffered for 16 years)
this after effort of medicals. I have been
to two Hospitals and tried a number of
doctors, but without any good having
been done. E.M."

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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, woven in short story form, are required, and should be headed "New Zealand Stories." Stamps for return of MS. must be enclosed

LIFE AND LOVE AGAIN.

By M. E. LEA (Winton).

IT was sixty years ago, and about six o'clock on a summer afternoon, when John Westrop, riding slowly on the outskirts of a New Zealand forest, was startled by a long-drawn-out cry. "Coo-ee, Coo-ee-ee." Looking back, he saw a tiny homestead nestling in a bend of the bush, and near it a man waving his hat as a signal to the rider to return. This he was not sorry to do, for he had ridden far that day, and had hoped to have reached his destination early in the afternoon.

"This must be Leigh's place! How on earth could I have missed it!" he exclaimed aloud as he cantered back.

"Why, Westrop, this is indeed a pleasant surprise. I thought to offer hospitality to a stranger, and find myself entertaining a friend unawares," said Leigh, as he grasped the hand of his old chum, and new partner.

"I got away sooner than I expected," Westrop explained. "Do you possess Gyges' ring, Leigh?" he asked. "I swear there was no farm or house visible as I passed here a few minutes ago."

"Yet it is not a hundred yards from the track. Only a 'new chum' would have missed it. An old settler would have known at a glance that this bend in the bush was a likely spot for a house," replied Leigh.

As they approached the house they were met by Mrs. Leigh, who had come out in answer to the "coo-ee."

"Kate, it is Westrop," said Leigh, while his eyes shone with pleasure. "I'm so glad," Kate said. "We have been counting the days till you should come, and it is good of you to have come sooner than we expected."

"I worked like a galley slave to hurry things through," Westrop explained, "and left as soon as I obtained my diploma."

"We did not quite understand why your father wished you to obtain that before coming to farm in the back-blocks," said Kate.

"He thought I had neglected my studies while at college," began Westrop.

"So you had," Leigh interjected.

"I know," admitted Westrop. "And he said I must go through some definite course of study before he would give me a share in this venture of ours. He said I was too one-sided, and that a course of reading would serve to balance me and show me I was something more than a mere healthy animal."

"But why medicine?" Kate wanted to know.

"Oh, he left the choice of a subject to me, and as I was compelled to follow a groove, medicine was as good as any other. There was something practical about it, and it pleased the mother. She thinks I shall be useful to sick folk here. She gave me a magnificent case of instruments, and a well-furnished medicine chest as a part of my kit."

"You will not have many opportunities of using them," remarked Leigh. "We are all so splendidly healthy that a doctor who depended on his practice would starve in the country and would make but a poor living in the towns."

Westrop's eyebrows went up. "Towns," he exclaimed.

"Don't be scornful," retorted Leigh. "We call them towns, and we depend on them for all our stores."

"And we call this a house," said Kate brightly. "Though, as you see, it is only one large room built of rough boards, and the windows are merely holes in the walls."

"We have shutters, though!" murmured Leigh, as they stepped indoors. "We use them on whichever side the wind happens to be blowing."

"If you had lived a whole year under canvas you would consider this luxurious," said Kate.

"You still have a use for canvas,"

Westrop remarked tentatively, as he glanced round the room.

"Those are our bedrooms," Kate explained. "Your's is the middle one. And we don't call that canvas; we say curtains. The advantage of having our bedrooms merely curtained off from the living-room and from one another is that we get all the ventilation in the summer and all the warmth in the winter."

"I see. It is, as you say, luxurious. It—"

He broke off abruptly, astonished into silence by the appearance in the doorway of a vision of loveliness. The girl held a brimming milk-pail in her hand. On her head was a blue sunbonnet, from beneath which strayed rebellious curls. There was a natural, noble grace in her attitude. Who could this queenly milk-maid be? He heard as from a great distance Kate's voice saying: "Winifred, this is Mr. Westrop," and then he remembered Leigh had written: "My little sister, Winifred, has elected to join us,

the hardships, such as stock-riding, and that sort of thing, well, as I said before, we simply revel in them. Confess, Kate," turning to her sister-in-law, who was busy with the teacups, "confess that you never enjoyed a run after the hounds as you did that mad gallop after the cattle last week."

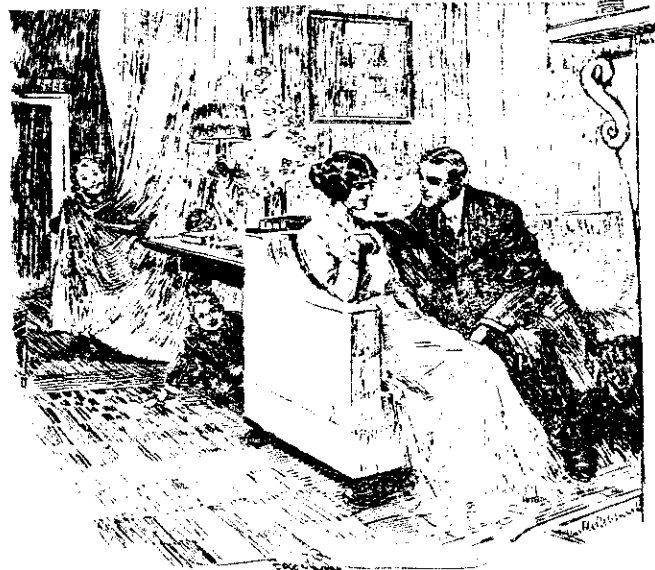
"I admit it, dear. We were helping Arthur to muster the stock," she explained to Westrop.

"I am eager to begin work," he said.

"We shear the sheep next. You will begin upon that to-morrow morning," Leigh remarked grimly.

Westrop's face fell, while Winifred laughed merrily. "We all have to do the duty that lies nearest; so there is no escape for you," she said.

Westrop proved an apt scholar, and soon there was nothing in the ordinary routine of farm work that he could not do. He enjoyed every hour of the peaceful, happy days.



ON THE TRAIL.

The advantage of having Boy Scouts in the family.

and right glad we are to have her." He had pictured the "little sister" a half-grown girl with lank, dark hair, like her brother's. "A self-willed little hoyden," he had mentally dubbed her.

She was a brown beauty with glorious eyes that quietly and deliberately appraised him before they smiled a welcome.

"Another of our luxuries," remarked Leigh with a dry smile, as his guest, in sitting down to tea, struck his knee against the side of the large packing-case which, covered with a snow-white cloth, did duty as a table.

"I shall get used to them all in time," Westrop replied as he carefully rubbed the injured knee.

"It will not take you long," Winifred interposed, as she smiled upon him kindly though somewhat dazlingly.

"You like the life here?" he asked, involuntarily.

"It is as the breath of my nostrils," she replied enthusiastically. "Both Kate and I revel in it."

"But—the 'luxuries'?" he questioned doubtfully.

"We are such stuff as pioneers are made of," replied the girl, gaily. "We enjoy even the 'luxuries.' And as for

friends still standing at the gate. He reined in his horse, and as he did so Kate held high the baby boy who had lately come to gladden their home. Westrop raised his hat, and with a boyish laugh of sheer happiness rode away with no foreboding of the sad fate so near to them.

During the weeks of his absence he thought much of the simple colonial home. Leigh and Kate were like brother and sister to him, while Winifred, though nothing in her manner had ever shown more than a cheerful friendliness, had become the one woman in all the world for him. He loved the girl not only for her peerless beauty, but for her noble mind, her high courage and simple, loving nature. In the long, lonely evenings as he sat by his lamp fire his thoughts dwelt almost continually on Winifred. In the sleepless watches of the night her image was always before him.

Since they had been together life had been all sunshine, except for the two terrible days when side by side they had fought for Kate's life and the life of her child. He had never seen anything so beautiful as Winifred's eyes raised to his as he said at last: "All danger is over." The dampness of her brow had made her hair curl bewitchingly, and her sweet lips quivered as she said in a half-strangled voice: "We owe both lives to you." His eyes grew moist at the recollection, so that he could no longer see the stars above him.

As he rode homewards he resolved to speak to Winifred, and by the very strength of his love win hers. That very evening he would get Kate to arrange an opportunity for him.

When he came within sight of the house he saw no one about. "It is the first time I have returned after even a single day's absence without finding them all watching for me," he said with a chill sense of disappointment.

When he cantered up to the gate no one came out, but Winifred sat in the garden, singing softly. "She is singing the child to sleep," he thought, as he quietly approached her.

But she had no child in her arms. She was leaning forward with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, singing softly. "Yet she must have heard his horse's hoof-beat. An indefinable fear fell upon him."

"Miss Leigh—" he began.

At the sound of his voice she rose swiftly and faced him in silence. "Oh, what had happened to Winifred's lovely eyes!" He knew them for Winifred's eyes with the light of reason gone out of them. Before him was Winifred's stately form—"empty of mind."

"Winifred! Winifred!" he cried, as he took her hand. When she felt his warm touch she clasped his in both of hers and laughed gleefully, childishly. As he led her towards the house he asked pitiously: "Winifred, what is it? What can have made you like this?"

She made no reply, but soon he knew. Near the doorstep lay Kate, Arthur and the baby boy dead. Winifred passed them without a glance. Westrop stooped to examine the bodies, and found they had been tomahawked—the work of the Maoris. Sick with grief and horror, he followed Winifred indoors, and the sight of her indifference utterly unmanned him.

When he had recovered some degree of composure he went out and reverently brought in the bodies and laid them side by side on Kate's bed. As he covered them tenderly he almost envied them their repose. "Why couldn't my dear love have died, too?" he moaned.

He returned to the living room and set food upon the table. Winifred ate greedily, like one half-famished. When the hunger was appeased she, to Westrop's relief, went to her room. Later he looked in and saw that she slept. All night he lay awake, planning how best to serve her.

At daybreak he rose and began to prepare breakfast. While he was trying to make a soup Winifred came out of her room. By some unaccountable instinct she had followed her usual habit and dressed neatly—even her hair was becomingly arranged. At breakfast she took her food daintily as if in imitation of her companion there was none of yesterday's haste and greediness.

Since she was quite unembarrassed by his scrutiny Westrop studied her closely. She had possessed a thoroughly well-balanced mind, with a high spirit not easily crushed, and he found it impossible to account for her imbecility.

She spoke not at all, seemed not to understand anything he said to her, but liked to be near him. She stood by while he buried their dead in one grave in a sunny corner of the garden, but she showed no particular interest in what he was doing.

He resolved to take her to town at once. But Winifred, docile in all else, positively refused to mount the horse. She drew him away with signs of such abject terror that he had to give up his project. So he settled down to work and wait till the autumn stores should be brought. It might then be possible to induce her to return in the wagon, or they might have help sent out to them. He worked hard, hoping thus to banish grief and care. In all he did Winifred was constantly with him. She followed him about with a dumb devotion that went far towards comforting him.

Autumn passed and winter set in; yet the carriers did not come. Westrop wondered at this, for he knew that stores had been ordered, and he could think of no reason why they should not have been brought. However, he was short of nothing, and deep down in his heart he was glad that none came to take Winifred from him. He could not bear to think of anyone seeing her as she was, and the best life held for him now was to serve her tenderly and reverently.

Spring had returned, when one day Winifred hurt her hand, and Westrop gently dressed the wound, which proved a very fortunate one, for after she had retired for the night she returned to the living room. Her hair hung over her shoulders in loveliest profusion; her hand was pressed on the top of her head.

"What is it, Winifred?" Westrop asked tenderly. "Have you hurt yourself again?" He examined the place where her hand rested, and found there an injury, not new. At once he understood. The Maoris had struck her down and left her for dead. Her consciousness had returned, but something pressing upon the brain had caused her loss of reason. A flood of half-delirious joy swept over him. He caught her hands and spoke wild words of love and gladness. Then, utterly unstrung, he buried his face in her lap and cried like a woman till his nerves grew steady. Winifred ran her fingers through his hair and laughed gleefully over this new plaything. When he grew calm Westrop carefully thought out all the details of an operation, and after he had sent Winifred to bed made what preparations he could. Early in the morning, before she woke, he went to her room.

Some hours later the operation was over, and she was sleeping off the effects of the anaesthetic, while her doctor sat motionless, watching with an outward professional calm that hid a world of anguished anxiety for her first conscious moment.

She opened her eyes and smiled drowsily. Then the smile faded, and she asked, anxiously: "What is the matter? Is Kate worse?"

"No," he answered steadily; "Kate is better."

She smiled and slept again. It was impossible to hide from her the knowledge of what had happened, and the shock retarded her recovery and made convalescence more than usually tedious.

She had no recollection of the tragedy. Her memory carried her back to the Wednesday of the second week of Westrop's absence. That afternoon they had all worked happily in the garden while the baby slept in his cradle near. From that time her mind was an absolute blank till she awoke in bed to find Westrop watching over her.

To see her natural grief was happiness after the misery of witnessing her former imbecile indifference. Yet he pitied her from the depths of his being. To meet such sorrow standing was hard enough, but to face it while weak and helpless without the relief of bodily activity was enough to make the bravest quail.

He nursed her with tenderest, most delicate care. Weeks passed before she could leave her bed, but when she was able to get about, she improved faster, and was soon taking her share in the lighter household duties and giving some help in the garden.

"This is a terribly lonely life for you," Westrop said one day, as he looked with sad sympathy at the girl as she sat sewing. "But I can see no way of altering it yet. You must not attempt the journey to town until you are much

stronger. If we had a second horse it might be managed soon."

"Never mind," replied Winifred, "I am happier here than I could be anywhere else. There is a certain satisfaction in sticking to one's post. Arthur and I were determined to succeed in this venture, and it comforts me to carry on his work."

"I am glad you are not impatient to get away," said Westrop. "I feel as you do about Leigh's unfinished work," he added. "I shall stick to it, of course."

"Yes," she said; "of course."

He looked at her wistfully. He longed to ask for more than this trustful comradeship, but in the circumstances to ask was out of the question. Even as he looked she smiled upon him, and the frank friendliness of her glance killed his rising hope.

In the autumn, the Bishop, whose wide diocese comprised the whole colony, passed that way. He gladly accepted their hospitality. He had not expected to find anyone there, for news of the massacre had reached town months before he left. The natives had made no secret of their evil deed, but had boasted of the completeness of their revenge in that they had not left one alive. Their motive was a fancied grievance against a trader.

While they smoked their after-dinner pipe, Westrop told of Winifred's long illness and slow recovery.

"You have passed through terrible experiences," said the Bishop, sympathetically. "But, Miss Leigh need not endure the loneliness much longer. Early next month I shall be returning this way, and shall be happy to act as her escort to town. We can send back your horse with the men and the stores."

"You are very good, Bishop; that will be a very suitable arrangement," said Westrop. But his heart felt like lead. Winifred would be strong enough for the journey now that there was a second horse available, and he must give her up.

"Yes," said the Bishop, as he remarked the pain in the young man's eyes, "a very suitable arrangement, unless you can think of a better one while I am away."

The Bishop continued his journey, and John Westrop tried to hide the heaviness of his heart, but with no particular success. Winifred noticed his depression, and rejoiced.

"Now he will speak. He will not let me go," she thought.

But he did not speak. "She cares for me only as a friend," he thought, "and it will grieve her to refuse me."

The last day came. Then Winifred took matters into her own hands. In the evening, as Westrop sat out of doors watching the sunset and thinking how lonely he would be at that hour to-morrow, she came and sat beside him.

"The Bishop will soon be back," she said, "and I have much to say to you. I have never thanked you for all you have done for me."

"Ah, don't. It hurts!" he interrupted, hastily.

"I am not going to," she said, in her low, sweet, soothing voice. "Listen to me quietly while I tell you why."

"You took kind care of me when I was a walking horror. Don't interrupt," she commanded, as he essayed to speak. "I shudder to think of all you must have endured from me. But, John, I thank God daily that it was you, and no other man or woman, who had the care of me then. You gave me back my reason. Yet I offer you no thanks. Thanks would be a poor, quite inadequate, return for so priceless a gift. Then you nursed me with a patience passing the patience of woman. Of all the precious services you rendered me then I would not give up one for a king's ransom, for they were given with a tenderness and delicacy that make the recollection a sweet possession, a gift unspeakably precious."

"John," she asked softly, "can you guess why I accept all these things without even a desire to repay you? Can you guess why they are a great joy and no burden to me?"

"I dare not guess," he replied hoarsely.

"It is," she continued, "because you have for me a still greater gift, which you long yet fear to offer. But, whether you offer it or not, it is mine. And I have for you one to equal it—yes, John, one to equal it."

She paused, half laughing, half crying.

"Ah, John," she continued, piteously, "I cannot offer it if you do not ask for it."

Then he understood.

"I am almost afraid I offered my love after all," she said, some minutes later, as she raised her face from the safe shelter of his shoulder.

"I don't know about that," he replied unsteadily. "I only know that the desire of my heart has come to me, and I am almost dazed with joy."

When the Bishop came, there was still light enough for him to read their faces.

"I see," he said, as he took the hand Winifred offered him in greeting. "Westrop has thought of a more suitable arrangement, and I am to marry you before leaving in the morning."

Saving of Distance by the Canal

The opening of the Panama Canal will effect the following saving of distances for such ships as may choose the new and shorter route:—Europe to San Francisco, 6200 miles, and to Valparaiso, 2100 miles; Britain to New Zealand, 1800, and to Australia, 800 miles. Between American and Oriental ports the saving will be as follows:—New York to Shanghai, 1400 miles; Montreal to Sydney, Australia, 2740 miles; and between New York and Australasian ports the saving of distance will average about 2400 miles.

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Special Soft Nose

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At the Reduced Price this Cartridge is Splendid Value!

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THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE AGAINST ILL-HEALTH.

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Nearly One Million Bottles Sold Annually in Australasia Alone.



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 it interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," on the Children's Pages.

All Cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our Cousins some who have passed out of their teens. A Badge will be sent to each new Cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

LETTERS AND REPLIES.

Tawa Flat.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I am very sorry I did not write before, but I hope you will excuse me. I have not written for over four months. I will try and write a long letter, but I don't suppose you like long letters. It was fine on Friday and Thursday, and I hope it will be fine for a good while. We have got a new teacher, and she is very nice. We had one before her who was nicer than this one. We are going to have another one soon, and I hope she will be nice. Next Thursday I am going to the Zoo and the pictures. My music teacher is going to take me. We do not go anywhere very often. Our school teacher is teaching us to dance. A lady that was up here taught us the Maypole dance, and a clapping polka. Our new teacher took some photos last week, and some of them are very nice. She has taught us some games. We have got some flowers out, but not very many. We had a lovely lot of cosmos, and we had a good few dahlias out. I am sending you a photo, on which I will mark out myself. My sister Marjorie is writing to you too. I am going in for a race competition this year. It is in November this year. I am trying to beat another girl. I am going in for the examination, and I hope I will pass.—Cousin DORIS.

[Dear Cousin Doris,—I was so pleased to have your letter, and it was not a bit too long. Your teacher seems to take a great interest in you all. You must tell me about your visit to the Zoo when next you write.—Cousin KATE.]

*** Hastings.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Just a few lines in answer to your ever welcome letter and badge. I will try my hardest now, dear Cousin Kate, to write as regular every week as I can. We are having very changeable weather here at the present, and it seems fairly hard for anyone to guess whether it is going to be wet or fine, as the weather is so unsettled. I have just lost my dear pet kitten. It was such a good companion to me.—Cousin ELSIE.

[Dear Cousin Elsie,—I am afraid you are undertaking more than you can manage. Supposing you write once a month, and keep to that. Although if you do write more often I will be very pleased. Tell me something about your studies.—Cousin KATE.]

*** Stratford.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Will you please accept me as a cousin? I am now 12, and my sister and I have a governess. She says I am a bad writer, but I do my best. My sister and I have a dog, and I go for our drives, and nearly every fine morning after lessons we go for a drive. We have a bicycle each, and our hobby is cycling.—Cousin JUAN.

[Dear Cousin Juan,—I shall be only too pleased to enrol you as a cousin, but you have forgotten to send me your full name and address. Do this, and I will send you a badge. How delightful to have something of your very own to drive.—Cousin KATE.]

*** Nelson.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Just a few lines to let you know that I have the mumps. They only hurt us when they are coming. I suppose you have been wondering why I have not been writing to you. It is because we have been very busy shifting to Nelson.

Well, don't you think that the Titanic shipwreck was awful?—Cousin THIELMA.

[Dear Cousin Thielma,—I am sorry to hear you are ill, but I expect you are quite well and jolly ere this. You have made a big move. What a lot of packing you must have had. I should think you would find Nelson charming. The Titanic disaster was awful, and so needless.—Cousin KATE.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have made a very strong cart now. I have great fun with it. We give each other a ride nearly every day. We have had very bad weather lately. I wonder what kind of weather you have been having.—Cousin DESMOND.

[Dear Cousin Desmond,—I think you might have told me how you made that



1. "Mebbe you won't believe this, but its true. I was on a huntin' trip and suddenly I spies a hull flock of wild turkeys sittin' on the dead limb of a tree. Then I takes careful aim and fires!"



2. --- Shiver me tow-line if I didn't hit that limb lengthwise and split it right open from one end to the other! And when it split, all the toes of them turkeys drops inter the slit, and they're held fast, like a trap!"



3. --- But when the gun went off it kicked so hard that it sent me sprawlin' backward inter the river, and I went clean to the bottom.---



4. --- And when I crawls outter the water I feels kinder heavy and soggy like.---



5. --- And tar and feather me for a shorter and nifter if the slat in my pants wasn't jist chock-full of fish! ---



6. --- Well, I sawed off that limb with all the turkeys caught in it, and carried home the finest mess of fish and nobbest string of game birds you ever seen."

cart. I think you were a clever chap to do it and I can imagine the fun you have with it. Mind you play fair and give the others a fair share. Cousin KATE.]

*** Pahiatua.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Marjory and I are writing together, to let you know that we are mates at school. Marjory is staying at our place to-night. We are having very bad weather here. We play hop-scotch at school, and on cold days chasing and many others. We both learn music. Marjory is wondering whether you have thought of a name for her kitten yet. Did you get the letter I wrote to you a fortnight ago? If you have not a red badge, would you please send me a blue one. Marjory's father has 36 ducks, and 23 are laying every day.

little pony and his name is "Billy."—Cousin KATHLEEN.

[Dear Cousin Kathleen,—I enjoyed your charming little letter, which is both well written and neat, and one of the best I have received from such a little girl. It must be lovely riding when the weather is fine but horrid in the wet. We have had four perfect days, which has been a great treat, for the weather has been awful for months. I shall look forward to hearing from you again.—Cousin KATE.]

*** Stoke.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I went to our Sunday school picnic at Tabuna on Saturday. We were driven in traps to the picnic and we had a grand time. First thing on Saturday morning it rained a little and we were

place; I can well imagine you enjoyed yourself there. You must tell me how the concert went off when next you write.—Cousin KATE.]

Origin of Names.

In case your surname should happen to be Jones, Brown, Smith, or McGill-cuddy, or anything else for that matter, you have probably wondered at times how such a name originated. Some names are easy to trace to a pos-

MILK FOOD No. 1.
From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2.
From 3 to 6 months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3
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.

The 'ALLENBURYS' RUSKS (Malted). A valuable addition to baby's dietary when ten months old and after. They provide an excellent, nourishing, and appetising meal, especially useful during the troublesome time of teething. Eaten dry they mechanically aid the cutting of teeth.

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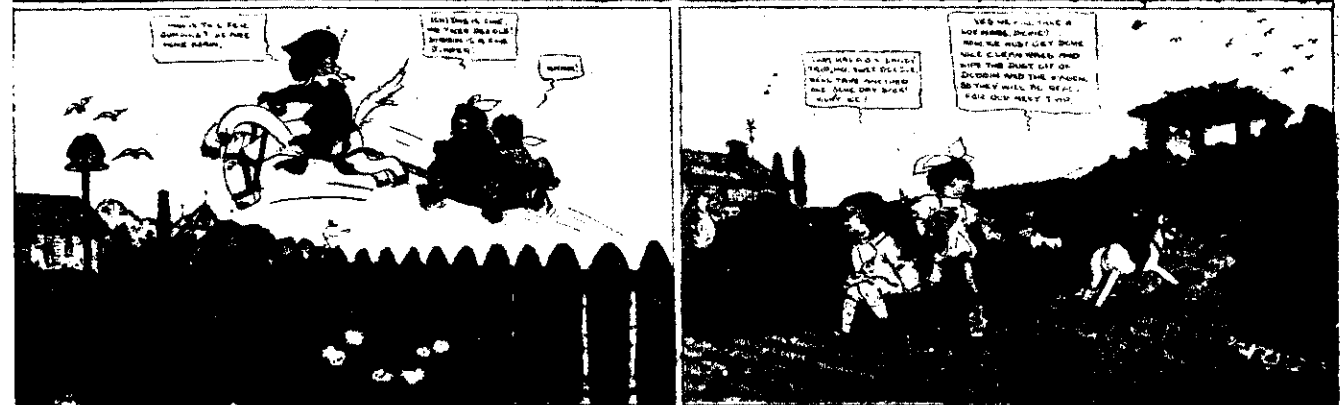
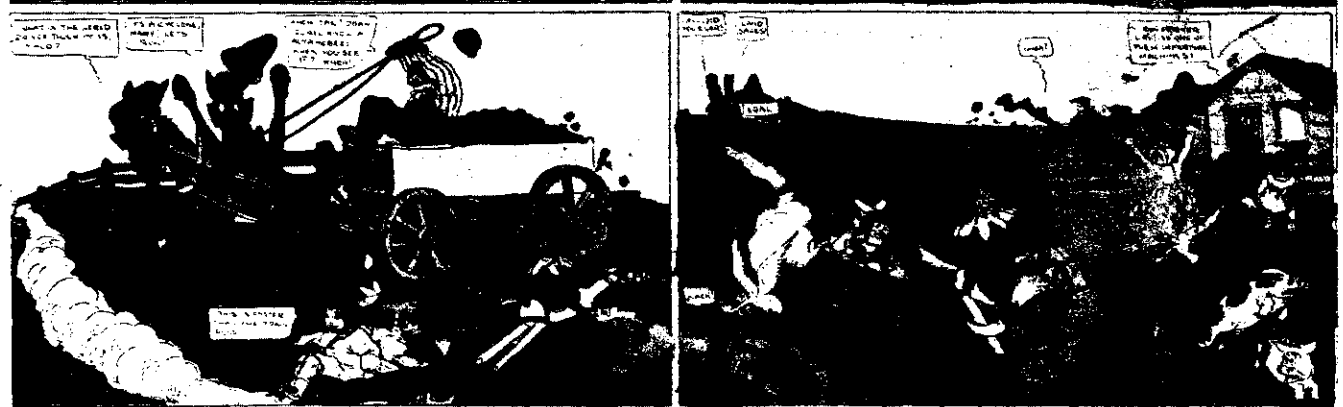
sible origin, but others will always remain a puzzle, even to their owners. The first names of which we have any account are those of Adam and Eve, residence Garden of Eden in the beginning and for some considerable time later it was unnecessary for persons to have more than one name; surnames were unknown. As the population increased, however, it became absolutely necessary for the purposes of identification to have names other than the simple personal name. As the population continued to

increase, still further marks of distinction in names became necessary, but it was not until the twelfth or thirteenth century that surnames became hereditary. It is very interesting to learn the source from whence came our surnames. Mr. C. W. Bardsley in his work on "English surnames" says that every surname in all the countries of Europe will be found as coming from one of the following sources:—Baptismal or personal names, localities, dignitaries and officers, occupations, nicknames. As examples of

surnames coming from baptismal or personal names, the following are some of the most common:—A man named John, having a son, the son was distinguished from the father by being called "John's son," and from this came the surname of Johnson; from Richard, James, and William we have Richardson, Jamieson, Williams and Williamson. The following are examples of surnames derived from localities in which persons lived:—A man living near a brook was known as "John at the Brook," and we have from this the surname Brooke and

Brooks. Then "Gilbert at the Wood" gives us the surname Atwood and Wood, and "William at the Water," Atwater and Waters. Examples of surnames from dignitaries and officers—Lord, Cardinal, Bishop, Sheriff, Judge, Justice, Priest. The following surnames came from occupations:—Smith, Carpenter, Painter, Beeman, Honeyman, Fisher, Miller, Barber, Wheelwright, Falconer. The following nicknames became surnames:—Cruikshanks, Whitehead, Redman, Shortman, Proudfoot, Lightfoot, Prettiman, Whiteman.

MR. TWEE DEED



DON'T BUY STALE, SOFT, FLY-SPOTTED and SHOP-SOILED BISCUITS—BUT BEAUTIFULLY FRESH

Hygienic Biscuits PACKED IN THE Atlas Biscuit Factory

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MAILED TO YOU IN SEPARATE PACKETS.
SWEET, FRESH, CRISP, and ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM ALL CONTAMINATION.

One of the Old Girls.

Continued from page 51.

somebody that just naturally felt they had to come tiptoeing into my room every three or four minutes to see if I was sleeping, or had enough covers on, or wanted a drink, or something. I got to thinking what it would have been like if I had a husband and a home. You'll think I'm duffy, maybe."

Gabie took Ellie's limp white hand in his, and stroked it gently. Ellie's face was turned away from him, toward the noisy street.

"I used to imagine how he'd come home at six, stamping his feet, maybe, and making a lot of noise the way men do. And then he'd remember, and come creaking up the steps, and he'd stick his head in at the door in the funny, awkward, pathetic way men have in a sick room. And he'd say, 'How's the old girl to-night? I'd better not come near you now, puss, because I'd bring the cold with me. Been lonesome for your old man?'"

"And I'd say, 'Oh, I don't care how cold you are, dear. The nurse is downstairs, getting my supper ready.'"

"And then he'd come tiptoeing over to my bed, and stoop down, and kiss me, and his face would be all cold, and rough, and his moustache would be wet, and he'd smell outdoorsy and smoky, the way husbands do when they come in. And I'd reach up and pat his cheek and say, 'You need a shave, old man.'"

"I know it," he'd say, rubbing his cheek up against mine.

"Hurry up and wash, now. Supper'll be ready."

"Where are the kids?" he'd ask. "The house is as quiet as the grave. Hurry up and get well, kid. It's darn lonesome without you at the table, and the children's manners are getting something awful, and I never can find my shirts. Lordy, I guess we won't celebrate when you get up! Can't you eat a little something nourishing for supper—beefsteak, or a good plate of soup, or something?"

"Men are like that, you know. So I'd say then: 'Run along, you old goose! You'll be suggesting saurkraut and wieners next. Don't you let Millie have any marmalade to-night. She's got a spoiled stomach.'"

"And then he'd pound off down the hall to wash up, and I'd shut my eyes, and smile to myself, and everything would be all right, because he was home."

There was a long silence. Ellie's eyes were closed. But two great tears stole out from beneath each lid and coursed their slow way down her thin cheeks. She did not raise her hand to wipe them away.

Gabie's other hand reached over and met the one that already clasped Ellie's. "Ellie," he said, in a voice that was as hoarse as it was gentle.

"H'm?" said Ellie.

"Will you marry me?"

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Ellie, opening her eyes. "No, don't kiss me. You might catch something. But say, reach up and smooth my hair away from my forehead, will you, and call me a couple of fool names. I don't care how clumsy you are about it. I could stand an awful fuss being made over me, without being spoiled any."

Three weeks later Ellie was back at the store. Her skirt didn't fit in the back, and the little hollow places in her cheeks did not take the customary dash of rouge as well as when they had been plumper. She held a little impromptu reception that extended down as far as the lingerie and up as far as the rugs. The old sparkle came back to Ellie's eye. The old assurance and vigor seemed to return. By the time that Miss Weinstein, of the French lingerie, arrived, breathless, to greet her Ellie was herself again.

"Well, if you're not a sight for sore eyes, dearie," exclaimed Miss Weinstein. "My goodness, how grand and thin you are! I'd be willing to take a course in typhoid myself, if I thought I could lose twenty-five pounds."

"I haven't a rag that fits me," Ellie announced proudly.

Miss Weinstein lowered her voice discreetly. "Dearie, can you come down to my department for a minute? We're going to have a sale on imported lawn-jeerie blouses, slightly soiled, from nine to eleven to-morrow. There's one you positively must see. Hand embroidered, Irish motifs, and eyeleted from soup to nuts, and only eight-fifty."

"I've got a fine chance of buying hand-made waists, no matter how slightly soiled," Ellie made answer, "with a doctor and nurse's bill as long as your arm."

"Oh, run along!" scoffed Miss Weinstein. "A person would think you had a husband to get a grouch every time you get reckless to the extent of a new waist. You're your own boss. And you know your credit's good. Honestly, it would be a shame to let this chance slip. You're not getting tight in your old age, are you?"

"N-no," faltered Ellie, "but—"

"Then come on," urged Miss Weinstein energetically. "And be thankful you haven't got a man to raise the dickens when the bill comes in."

"Do you mean that?" asked Ellie slowly, fixing Miss Weinstein with a thoughtful eye.

"Surest thing you know. Say, girlie, let's go over to Klein's for lunch this noon. They have pot roast with potato

plankuchen on Tuesdays, and we can split an order between us."

"Hold that waist till to-morrow, will you?" said Ellie. "I've made an arrangement with a friend that might make new clothes impossible just now. But I'm going to wire my party that the arrangement is all off. I've changed my mind. I ought to get an answer to-morrow. Did you say it was a thirty-six?"

The Chinese Home.

It is difficult for the Occidental mind to picture the wall-within-wall life of a Chinese home (writes Harriet Monroe, in the March Century). Down a narrow lane one passes between two walls behind which may be hovels or palaces, there is no telling which, since the one-story roofs beyond are invisible.

One pulls a string at a gateway, the address of some family of high degree. A servant appears, leads through another gateway, a flowery courtyard, a little room or two, and finally into a reception-room, with its carved wood wainscoting and furniture, its porcelains and jades and brasses, its blue and green-and-gold ceiling, and its window pattern of paper panes.

Here the hostess appears, offers her Occidental guest tea or champagne, or both, with cakes and candied fruit or lotus-buds. Then she may lead one through other courtyards, all with the usual one-story rooms around them, and into her secluded garden of rocks and pools, of pretty paths and bridges, of clustering trees and flowers.

In such a palace as this each courtyard, with its surrounding rooms, may be the special home of one of the sons and his wife and children; but somewhere in the maze of walls, under one of the low, tiled roofs, is the common dining-room, with the kitchen beyond. Here the men of the family eat together twice a day, and afterward the women and children.

And somewhere also there is a central family hall, with the ancestral tablets, which must have their tribute of incense at proper seasons.

These are held in such reverence that no foot may pass above them, and therefore two-story dwellings are unknown in regions uncontaminated by foreign influence.

SAME OLD STORY.

She: "How ever did they ever come to marry?"

He: "Oh, it's the same old story. Started out to be good friends, you know, and later on changed their minds."



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.

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54 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. T. Towle and Co., Ltd., Nottingham, England. Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout Australasia.

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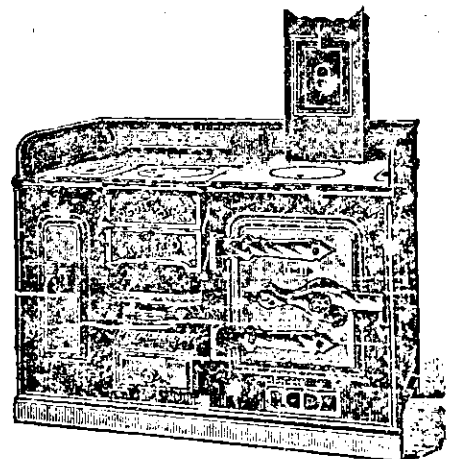
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Academic Housekeeping.

LONDON UNIVERSITY'S PROPOSAL.

DRAWBACKS TO EXALTING HOUSEWIFE.

ITS PROPER SPHERE.

LONDON, March 15.

It is possible that in the near future the university degree of B.Sc. will be bestowed on successful students of home sciences at London University.

To qualify for this, applicants will have to be proficient in the chemistry of cooking and the laundry, applied chemistry, housework, sanitary science, hygiene, economics, bacteriology (with application to bread-making, alcohol, disease and its prevention, etc.), ethics, general biology, physics, physiology, psychology, and the management of business affairs—a list which, the average housewife will opine, would indeed justify the reward of even so dignified an honour as a B.Sc. diploma.

Far be it from a New Zealander, a native of the first country in the world to endow a Chair of Domestic Economy, to suggest that academic housekeeping is likely to be fraught with anything but advantages, but many thoughts must occur to the ordinary practical housekeeper (that is, the one who has learned her art by experience) on hearing of this proposed exaltation of housework.

in their work, no one who knows their bright resourcefulness and their sensible methodical manner of coping with the worries that arise, would ever be so stupid as to claim, but it is not on the girls, whose vivacity and youthfulness would stand the strain, that it falls, but on the woman who is between youth and early middle-age—the period to which all must come—the line of demarcation which, regretfully leaving behind it an all too short youth and its frolics and gaieties, must look forward to a much longer term of increasing quietude and, more important still, a time when the mind, not so ready to absorb outwardly will ask for its compensation inwardly from the stock of experience and culture garnered during the eager early years.

Here comes in what might be called the treachery of housework for, having claimed all one's time, attention and energy for years, it falls far behind all other arts in bestowing no diploma of culture of itself, as a reward for faithful service, no virtue that is its own reward. One exception must be made—it does give health when duties are not too exacting and health is one of the greatest of prizes. Nevertheless that is a prize by no means the copyright of housework.

NOT BECAUSE, BUT IN SPITE OF HOUSEWORK.

In New Zealand—and in Canada, from all accounts—glowing examples are to be found of the way intellectual, refined, delightful women have, though hampered with housework, bent their will sternly to the task of keeping house

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER TROUBLE.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE BY BILE BEANS.

Mrs. E. Campbell, of 7, Rae Place, Woolloomooloo, Sydney, says:—"Severe attacks of dyspepsia made me very down-hearted and disinclined for work. I suffered greatly with wind round the heart, and stab-like pains in the back. Every time I breathed I would gasp, the pains were so acute. My liver became sluggish, which caused me to have awful headaches. I dreaded riding in trams or any conveyance, the vibration causing terrific head pains. Frequently I had attacks of dizziness, and two or three years ago these were so bad that I fell down in the street. General debility caused me awful suffering, and my life became intolerable.

"I was tired of experimenting with various so-called cures and remedies, for nothing which I took gave me any relief. However, I commenced a course of Bile Beans, which was the starting point of my lost health being restored to me. Bile Beans quickly banished the headaches and pains in the back, and roused my liver to normal activity. In a short time the flatulence had ended, and I was able to get about without fear of dizziness, or any painful symptoms. I regularly took Bile Beans, until

ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS.

O. PHELPS BROWN'S ACACIAN BALSAM.

NATURE'S HERBAL REMEDY.

Affords a sure and speedy relief and permanent cure in all Lung difficulties, such as Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Asthma, Deep-seated Coughs, Fresh Colds, Sore or Weak Lungs, Night Sweats, and even Consumption itself, if the treatment be faithfully persevered with.

THE ACACIAN BALSAM

is composed exclusively of Herbal and Mucilaginous products more powerful for good than all the Mineral Medicines compounded since the world began.

It will loosen a cough, cause free and easy expectoration, remove inflammation, and heal and strengthen the lungs up to a condition of health.

In all lung complaints the ACACIAN BALSAM should be used in conjunction with the HERBAL OINTMENT. The ACACIAN BALSAM is the internal, and the HERBAL OINTMENT the external remedy, and they greatly assist each other in effecting a cure.

Full directions for taking the ACACIAN BALSAM accompany each bottle.

Price 2/9, 4/6 and 11/- per bottle.

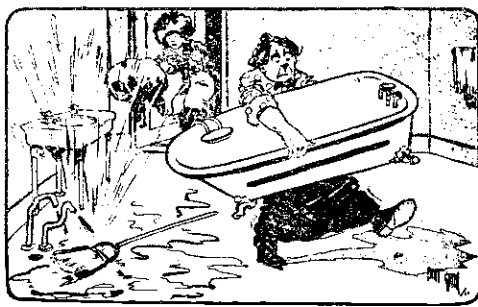
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Mrs. Gadder: "Now, Nora, in your cleaning, be sure to move every-thing out and to sweep under it."



Nora (some hours later): "Begorra, yez shuuck loike th' ould boy, but Oi moved yez, yez devil!"

It is a necessary evil—a routine which is gone through in New Zealand by thousands of women because, through lack of means or scarcity of domestic labour, it must be done by the mistress of the house.

Whether she loves her work—as, for instance, an artist loves painting or an author writing, or whether she loathes it, as she may do in her heart—it still must be done; and, in this art, virtue is not always its own reward. Housework, giving no glorious result at the end but being just as exacting, just as backsliding day by day, just as neutral a joy and as unsatisfactory an intellectual companion, may be just as barren of real pleasure at the end of a hardworking life as at the beginning—that is to say, for those whose brain insists on thinking beyond pots and pans, stews, gravies, bed-making, scrubbing, window-cleaning, and the thousand and one tasks too humble to find place in a dictionary of virtues.

It is no lack of appreciation of the loveableness and thoughtfulness of the other sex that prompts one to say that far too few men, even in these enlightened days, realise the bitter cross that housework represents to many women, who bear it uncomplainingly year after year, but whose lives bear all too plainly the marks of that burden and whose husbands should be wise enough to understand their import.

A CRITICISM OF NEW ZEALAND WOMEN.

Very few remarks are commoner to the writer, from tourists who have studied us and our ways, than New Zealand women, over the age, perhaps, of twenty-eight, look as aged and more worried than their English cousins ten years their seniors. Hotly as we may contest the dictum there's little doubt, in the minds of all travelled New Zealanders, that the remark is true. And the reason, since one there must be, certainly seems to be that the worries of house-keeping sit too heavily on us.

That New Zealand girls are unhappy

tasks in their proper sphere, a strictly subordinate one, and have succeeded in retaining their personality not because but in spite of housework. Unfortunately such women must probably ever remain glorious exceptions and their way has been tremendously difficult.

One there is as an example—a really first-class housekeeper in every one of the manifold branches of her profession—who lays hands on most of the new magazines and good novels that appear in New Zealand, who can discuss them with an assurance that many a critic might envy, who can darn a stocking beautifully and in record time, knows all there is to be known about a well-stocked kitchen garden, does her own cooking, cleaning, dusting, ironing, etc., etc., is a delightful musician. But, as a woman, she's a worn-out shell, all energy, enthusiasm and fire, always determined to be her own charming self and not a household drudge. She receives from her friends that peculiar worship that such women call out, a devotion that renders her one of the unforgettable ones in a world of women. But, unless one is mistaken, the price to be paid will be terribly big.

HOUSEWORK'S REAL WORTH.

A certain amount of housework is good for every woman, though why a good deal that is given her should be regarded as her metier, as if she were predestined to domestic slavery, is difficult to guess.

Homecraft—a good name, since it is a craft and not an art—to a definite extent is the business and pride of our sex, just as pretty clothes are, and the knowledge that she can do it and do it well is as justifiable and satisfactory a stiffener to the backbone—if we may use a vulgar expression—as the knowledge that one is a skilful surgeon, a good mother, a champion in sport, or excels in any department.

Things that have to be done should always be done as well as possible, but in the matter of housework women should take a leaf out of their men folk's book, and confine their household duties to prescribed hours.

all my ailments were gone, I was freed from debility, and once more I enjoyed the best of health. Since Bile Beans cured me I have never had any return of my old troubles."

The world's greatest family medicine—Bile Beans—banishes biliousness, headache, constipation, indigestion, piles, liver trouble, stomach disorders, flatulence, colds, liver chill, rheumatism, sleeplessness, anaemia, and female ailments. Sold by all chemists and stores.

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SPASMODIC CROUP ASTHMA COLICUS
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Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

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Topics of the Day.

By Our London Correspondent.

A NATION'S BALANCE-SHEET.

LONDON, April 3.

THE news that Mr. Lloyd George's latest national balance-sheet showed a surplus of revenue over expenditure of six and a-half millions led many sanguine income-tax payers to hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would see his way clear to reducing the income-tax, on, at any rate, earned incomes. This still stands at 9d in the pound, whilst that on unearned incomes—investments, house property, and the like—is 1/2. These are war time rates, and as the income-tax was primarily designed to provide funds for martial operations a great many financial authorities hold the view that it is unwise of the Government to keep the tax at a high figure in the piping times of peace. Be that as it may, Mr. Lloyd George has no intention of allocating any part of his huge surplus to the relief of the taxpayer, whose only comfort is that the Chancellor neither proposes to impose any new taxes in the current financial year, nor to raise the figure of any tax already in operation.

He is—very unwisely many people think—going to treat the six and a-half millions as a cash reserve to be drawn upon for any purpose at any moment, and if by good luck no need arises for touching it during the year, or only a portion of the reserve is spent, Parliament will at the end of the year decide whether the amount in hand shall be devoted to reducing the National debt, or to other purposes.

Mr. Lloyd George's announcement to this effect was made in Parliament during his speech on introducing the Budget in the House of Commons last night. It has created a great amount of interest, for the procedure proposed in connection with the surplus is absolutely without precedent, and has naturally evoked a good deal of criticism. It is held in high financial quarters that the surplus should have been used at once to reduce the National Debt by the purchase of Consols which are at an abnormally low level, and so do something towards restoring the National credit.

But perhaps Mr. Lloyd George is wise in his generation. The year before us will disclose the full consequence of the coal strike on the National revenue. Mr. Lloyd George in his Budget makes an allowance of £800,000 to cover the almost inevitable falling off in the consumption of dutiable goods, the falling off in income tax due to traders' diminished profits, and the losses on stamp duties and the postal services, which are bound to show the effect of any suspension or diminution of trade activities. His allowance for all these possible effects of the strike is certainly not generous, seeing that in the month of March alone the coal war cost the revenue £400,000. This fact suggests that the Chancellor may very probably find his emergency fund useful to make good deficiencies in revenue. There is also the new Insurance Act to be considered, and, of course, it may be found necessary to use the surplus for strengthening the programme provided for in the British Navy Estimates.

The German navy proposals will come before the Reichstag towards the end of this month. The German shipbuilding programme under her existing navy law should be automatically reduced this year, and only two ships laid down instead of four.

If the German Government decides to abrogate that law, and continue laying down four or even three ships a year, Mr. Winston Churchill will have something to say as to the disposal of the Chancellor's nest-egg. As a matter of fact, it is Puncinello's secret that Mr. Lloyd George's idea of treating the surplus as a new contingency fund was primarily Mr. Churchill's, and that the possible needs of the navy was in reality the sole reason for the holding up of the surplus. In short, the £8,500,000 is earmarked for the navy, and will be spent on it if the German Government gives any indication of increasing her naval programme.

As regards Mr. Lloyd George's Budget for the current financial year, he estimates that the National revenue will reach the gigantic total of £187,180,000—two millions in excess of last year—

and the expenditure is put at £186,885,000, giving an estimated surplus of £304,000 only.

OIL FOR EVERYTHING.

A further indication of the possibilities of oil fuel on railways has been furnished by experiments on the Great Central Railway on entirely different lines to those adopted on the Great Western. For their short-distance suburban traffic the Great Central directors propose to make use of petrol electric motor coaches capable of carrying from 50 to 100 passengers, according to the exigencies of the various services, and they are now experimenting with a motor coach between the terminus of Marylebone and South Harrow, a distance of 8½ miles, with a couple of stops en route. The coach contains four compartments, and can seat 50 passengers. At one end is the engine compartment. A six-cylinder petrol engine, the primary source of power, drives a specially wound electrical generator, which supplies the electrical energy driving the axles. A small petrol-driven set operates the vacuum brake gear, and provides electric lighting. The car is controlled entirely from one handle. The advantage of this arrangement is that if the driver should be suddenly seized with illness the involuntary release of the controller handle would cut off power.

One man can attend and drive the engine, thus the cost of stoking labour is saved. The driver has full control of his engine from both ends, and it is unnecessary for anyone to be in the engine compartment since he knows from his instrument what the engine is doing, and can shut it down from either driving end. The coach is capable of running 150 miles with one charge of petrol, the speed depending on the slopes and the load hauled; but on favourable track it can do 40 miles an hour. It can also be used as a slip coach, and can be quickly chartered as a special, since there is no delay as with getting up steam, and, as it gets into its stride (to use a racing term) much quicker than an ordinary steam-driven train, its adoption for suburban traffic where stations occur at short intervals will mean a considerable saving of time to travellers.

The Caledonian Company, which has suffered very severely through the strike, is not going to be caught napping again. They also have been experimenting with oil fuel in liquid form, several engines having been adapted for the purpose. In the engines so fitted the oil is stored in a cylindrical tank placed on the top of the tender in part of the space ordinarily occupied by coal. The special fittings will permit of the engine using either coal or oil, and if further experiments prove as successful as those already carried out, the company intend to adapt the whole of their 900 odd engines so that coal or oil may be used as expediency may dictate.

FUEL FIVE SLICES A PENNY.

That the coal war will give a tremendous impetus to the "solid oil fuel" industry is as certain as that night will follow day. Already our great railway companies are carrying out exhaustive experiments with fuel made of crude oils and various kinds of waste products such as grain husks, coal slack and other substances which have hitherto proved either a nuisance and an expense to get rid of, or of such a low value as to be hardly worth handling with gratifying results. Bakers, laundrymen and other tradesmen are doing the same, and now a vigorous crusade is being undertaken to prove to the housewife that it is to her own advantage, financially and otherwise, to render herself independent of the coal merchant or peripatetic vendor of "black diamonds" by the use of oil fuel. For the home a different form of fuel to that made for ordinary steam and heat-raising purposes is being exhibited at the International Smoke Abatement Society's exhibition at the Agricultural Hall. This new fuel takes the form of thin, oblong, dark-brown slabs, 3½ in. long, 2½ in. broad, and half an inch thick. To sight and touch, at least, these slabs closely resemble thin slices of moist gingerbread.

The slabs are practically pure slices of crude oil, solidified under a new process.

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

All copy intended for publication, in these columns must reach the office, not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

STEELE—DOUGLAS.

THE Buenos Aires "Herald" (Argentina), of March 2nd, contains an interesting account of a New Zealand wedding:—"Haringham Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding last night, when Miss Mabel T. Douglas, of 'Monzie,' Parnell, Auckland, daughter of Mr. W. S. Douglas (the editor of the 'New Zealand Herald'), was married to Mr. Harry Steele, son of Mr. and Mrs. Steele, of 'Cricklewood,' Auckland. Miss Douglas arrived in Buenos Aires on Thursday morning, having transhipped at Monte Video from the R.M.S. Ruapehu. Mr. Harry Steele is a well-known member of the Belgrano Athletic Club, and, although he has only been in the country for about two years, has made many friends. In testimony of the appreciation in which he is held there was a large gathering of friends in the pretty little church, a fair sprinkling of well-known city people being amongst them. Mr. T. B. Cavendish presided at the organ. As the wedding party entered the church, the 'Wedding March' from 'Lohengrin' was played, and at the conclusion Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' the bride was led to the altar by Mr. R. W. Denton, by whom she was given away. She wore a beautiful gown of white Limerick and Carrickmacross lace, over white Liberty silk, with full bridal veil of white tulle, and carried a pretty bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. Her bridesmaids were two charming little girls, the Misses A. and Kathleen Reynolds, who looked sweetly pretty in dresses of white tulle over pink Liberty silk, trimmed with pink roses, and white heather and pink roses entwined in their hair. The best man was Mr. G. P. Steele (brother of the bridegroom), who accompanied the bride on her voyage from New Zealand, and the groomsmen were Mr. Basil Buddle, also of New Zealand. The service was conducted by the Venerable Archdeacon Hodges, and at its conclusion a reception was held at Haringham Lodge, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Denton, who had kindly issued the invitations for the wedding. The guests afterwards spent a pleasant hour or two in dancing. The wedding presents from friends in Argentina and from New Zealand (which the bride brought with her) are very numerous. At the conclusion of the honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Steele will take up their residence at Haringham."

LLOYD—TOMS.

The marriage of Lilian May Toms, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Toms, Palmerston North, to Edgar Lloyd, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lloyd, Epworth, England, was solemnised on May 15th, at the home of the bride's parents. Rev. D. Hird, M.A., was the officiating minister. The bride was given away by her father, and was attired in a very becoming costume of amethyst cloth, braided and finished with handsome gold embroidery, smart hat of the same shade, trimmed with white osprey and ermine fur. She carried a pretty posy of white flowers and maiden-hair fern. Her sister, Hilda, attended as bridesmaid, and wore a smart costume of grey cloth trimmed with handsome embroideries, black hat, and carried a posy of gold chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. She also wore a wrist watch, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr. Ernest Toms supported the bridegroom as best man. The house was brilliantly decorated with lovely flowers, the drawing room being a real bower of white chrysanthemums and asparagus fern. Afternoon tea was served in the dining room, golden chrysanthemums and lovely autumn foliage being freely used for decorations. The bride's mother wore a handsome black silk dress, and carried a pretty posy of flowers. During the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd left Napier, the latter wearing a navy tailor-made costume, large black hat, and a set of handsome ermine furs, the gift of the bridegroom.

MATTHIAS—JONES.

Holy Trinity Church, Gisborne, was on Wednesday afternoon the scene of a very pretty wedding, the Rev. Dawson Thomas officiating, when Miss Maud Jones, eldest daughter of Mrs. J. N. Jones, Gisborne, was married to Mr. Vincent Matthias, of the local Post and Telegraph Department. The bride was given away by her brother (Mr. A. Jones), Mr. J. Jones being best man, and Mr. E. Palmer groomsmen. The bride was attired in a dress of white silk taffeta, cross-over bodice, magyar style, trimmed with pearl insertion, with yoke and sleeves of guipure lace. The panel skirt was finished with silk fringe and pearl trimming, with square train from waist edged with swansdown and trimmed with true lovers' knots in pearls. The bride carried a beautiful bouquet of white azaleas and white roses with sprays of maidenhair fern and long streamers of asparagus and

Every one of these little "slices of oil" is guaranteed sufficient in itself to boil a kettle, cook a breakfast for one person, or to light a fire. Each slice burns with a strong, steady flame, for not less than fifteen minutes, and demonstrates to all who try it the tremendous heat, light, and power possibilities of this new alternative fuel.

The sections of gingerbread oil, as well as the oil briquettes composed of oil solidified with 80 or more per cent of waste products, will be placed on the British market before the shadow of the coal strike passes away. The slices of oil will be obtainable at 1d. per box of five. The slabs of oil and the oil and waste-product briquettes together will enable housewives to dispense with coal without even the cost of an oil stove.

Henceforward the housewife or domestic who makes use of these oil slabs for the initial cooking-stage in the morning will not only spare herself the unpleasant and exasperating task of trying to light a fire by means of damp wood, but will be able to light any fire within a few seconds.

As for the briquette tests on the railways, they have proved uniformly successful in spite of the unfamiliarity of the firemen and drivers with the new fuel. One particularly convincing test was that made in connection with the

Great Western Railway's Swindon-Oxford service, the train selected being the 2.20 p.m. from Swindon, which runs to Didcot (24 miles) without a stop, and thence to Oxford (10½ miles) with stops at Culham and Radley. The engine, an ordinary "2-2-2" passenger type, was not altered or adapted in the slightest particular for the consumption of the new fuel, but with its full complement of six passenger coaches and four heavily laden trucks, it accomplished the non-stop run to Didcot in exactly 25 minutes—two or three minutes quicker than the best average coal-driven time—and the two-stop run on to Oxford in 27 minutes. The whole journey was done on half a ton of oil briquettes, though the train stopped nearly an hour at Didcot, during which period a small head of steam had to be maintained.

Apart from economy on fuel, this and other test runs give as the principal advantages of solid oil over coal for driving locomotives, the driver's ability to secure greater speed than formerly from his engine, the increased celerity with which a high speed was obtained, and the driver's ability to maintain a steady head of steam continuously, owing to the absence of cinders and ashes, the complete elimination of sparks from the chimney, and a reduction of the fireman's labour by fully fifty per cent.

white ribbon. The chief bridesmaid (Miss Jean Jones) wore a dress of dove grey corduroy, trimmed with cross-over of grey satin and fancy buttons to match, two-piece skirt, trimmed with grey satin; Miss Olive Jones (second bridesmaid) wore a dove-grey corduroy, trimmed with passementerie and gimp lace. Both bridesmaids carried shower bouquets of gold chrysanthemums and autumn foliage, and wore black hats with grey plumes.

The bride's mother wore a black silk dress, trimmed with black silk braid and silk fringe and a black toque with violet Lancer plume. The mother of the bride-silk fringe. The mother of the bridegroom wore a smart tailor-made costume and black hat. Among the presents received was a silver tea service from the staff of the Post and Telegraph Department. The bride's travelling dress was a mole-colored costume and smart set of black enny furs.

THORNTON—ISITT.

The marriage of Miss Frances Isitt, only daughter of Mr. L. M. Isitt, M.P. (Christchurch), to Mr. Cuthbert Thornton (Christchurch) was celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents, Cashmere Hills, last week. The bride's uncle, the Rev. F. W. Isitt, officiated. The ceremony took place in a large marquee, which was prettily decorated with flowers and evergreens. The hymn, "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden," was sung. One end of the marquee was arranged as a vestry, and partitioned off with a screen of evergreens and flowers. A large marriage bell composed of marguerites was suspended from above where the bridal pair stood. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely gown of white crepe de chine, the bodice trimmed with some beautiful lace (a wedding gift), a full tulle veil embroidered with fine seed pearls, which was also a wedding present, and carried a lovely bridal bouquet. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Ida Scher (chief) and Miss Caverhill (consort of the bride), wearing pretty frocks of white spotted muslin and edgings of Valenciennes lace, also large brown straw hats with bunches of brown chrysanthemums and a touch of languine silk. Their bouquets were brown and yellow chrysanthemums mixed with autumn leaves. Two tiny flower girls wore white muslin frocks and Juliet caps edged with pearls, and carried baskets of brown chrysanthemums and autumn leaves.

After the ceremony the guests (of whom there were a large number) were received at the house by Mrs. Isitt, who wore a becoming gown of brown silk crepe, relieved with touches of gold, brown velvet hat lined with black velvet, shaded brown and black ostrich feathers, and carried a lovely bouquet of pink geraniums. Mrs. Thornton wore a gown of black silk (sate), with net yoke of dull silver, black velvet and seal tone. Amongst those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Salter, Miss Caverhill, Mr. and Mrs. Smellie and the Misses Smellie, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Miss Gordon, Mrs. and Miss Bain, the Misses Saunders (2), Salter, Way, Thornton (2), Caverhill, Guthrie, Mrs. Alford, Mrs. Schmidt, Mrs. Stocks, the Misses Taylor (4), Mrs. Donnelly, Miss Francis. The bride's travelling dress was a tailor-made cut and skirt of brown tweed, brown hat with brown and gold ribbons.

SMITH—BAUMBER.

On Tuesday afternoon, at the Durham-street Church, the marriage of Mr Douglas Smith, eldest son of the Hon. G. J. Smith, M.L.C. (Christchurch), and Miss Estelle Baumber, second daughter of the Rev. W. Baumber, of Nelson, took place. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. Baumber, assisted by the Rev. M. C. H. Laws. The service was fully choral, and at the close of the ceremony the Wedding March was played. Mr. Smith was attended by a military wedding by the colors of the Regiment, who stood in lines and formed an arch of swords over the happy pair as they left the church. The bride, who looked very pretty, wore a simple and elegant gown of soft white satin and lace, flowing veil of white tulle, second by sprays of orange blossoms, and carried a lovely bouquet of white flowers and maiden-hair ferns. She was attended by three bridesmaids, Miss Baumber (sister of the bride), chief, Miss Smith (bridegroom's sister), and Mrs. England. They were prettily gowned in half-tropic silk, made with fichu boleros, long gloves, and shoes to match the frocks, and wore pretty Juliet caps of fine cream lace edged with pearls; their bouquets were of beautiful violets. The wedding party adjourned to the Art

Gallery, where a reception was held by the bride's parents. The scene was an unusually bright and pretty one, owing to the full military costumes worn by the bridegroom and his fellow officers. The wedding presents were very numerous and handsome; especially so was a massive silver salver, engraved with the autographs of all the officers present.

ENGAGEMENTS.

No notice of Engagements or Marriages can be inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person with Full Name and Address.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Clifford Campbell Rae, of Auckland, and Miss Lila Carlisle Patterson, of Otahuhu. The engagement is announced of Miss Elsie Gabriel Rae, youngest daughter of Mr. W. Rae, Auckland, to Mr. C. Little, Auckland.

The engagement is announced of Miss Claire Bates, third daughter of Mr. H. D. Bates, "Matangi," St. John's Hill, Wanganui, to Mr. R. W. Orton, of Bucks, England.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marjorie H. Morrison, third daughter of Mr. W. B. A. Morrison, of "Wapiti," Epsom, and Mr. Hugh J. Dobbie, son of Mr. H. B. Dobbie, of Market-road, Epsom.

Peace in the Holy City.

The terrible jealousies that mark the guarding of the various holy spots in and about Jerusalem are well illustrated by an incident recorded by a French correspondent. Jerusalem has been in a state of ferment recently over a padlock, says the correspondent. Some time ago the padlock of the door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was found to have been broken. The keys of the tomb of Christ are in the hands of a Mussulman family in which the guardianship has descended for generations, but the documents establishing the family's rights to hold the key say nothing about the padlock. There was no precedent to go upon, and the authorities were much embarrassed to know to whom to confide the mending of the lock. The choice lay between the Catholics, the Orthodox priests, the Armenians, the Melchites, the Copts, and the Abyssinians. All Jerusalem prepared for riots. The councillors and the Governor of Jerusalem held a meeting, and decided to replace the padlock temporarily by a strong cordon of troops and police. They then entrusted the president of the municipality with the mission of having a new lock made, and decreed that the president should himself solemnly attach the new padlock. This has been done, and peace reigns once more in the Holy City.

Men's Preference for Silly Women.

That men dislike and will not marry clever women is the complaint of an interesting article by Mrs. Macrosty in the current number of the "Englishwoman." Two women have honoured her with their confidence within the past month: "One is pretty; the other is beautiful. One possesses private means . . . the other earns several hundred pounds a year. . . . Both would make ideal mothers." Yet both these women have confided to me that during all the fifteen years of their marriageable age no offer has been made to them. "No man has ever looked at me with love in his eyes," said one, and she added sadly a second afterwards, "I wish it were otherwise."

Mrs. Macrosty takes the mere man to task for his folly. "Domestic problems are not solved by stupidity," she says, "nor is college training any bar to the supervision of servants. The husband who marries, knowing that his wife must spend a good part of her days in cooking, sewing, and superintending the cleaning, is far more likely to find what he wants in a man who has never ceased to add to her knowledge. . . . The silly woman has learned only the art of doing nothing. As an outlet for her activities the clever woman bakes cakes, bottles fruit, and learns to make her own pressed and potted meats instead of purchasing at the shops the glass jars which contain so little nutriment. The silly woman finds sufficient stimulation

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.

May 20th.

A Successful Dance.

MRS. SOUTHEY BAKER gave a successful dance party on Tuesday. "Keswick" is just an ideal house for parties. The house stands on a rise, with beautiful grounds all round it. The whole place was lighted with large Japanese lanterns. All the wide verandahs were canvased in, and furnished with comfortable seats. The large hall was used for dancing, also the drawing-rooms, which open out from it. The hall is a delightful room panelled with stained wood, and there was a light decoration of lycopodium and yellow chrysanthemums. The walls were lined with interesting and valuable heirlooms. The upper hall was used as a lounge, and ices were served there. A charming morning-room was a favourite setting-out place. The dance was given in honour of Miss Dorothy Baker's coming out, and the debutants looked sweet in a very dainty frock of silk crepe de chine and a lovely shower bouquet. A delicious supper was served at small round tables, all beautifully decorated with red dahlias and red gun-blossoms, and lighted with red-shaded candles.

Mrs. Baker wore a smart frock of grey charmeuse, with tunic of lovely embroidered grey net; Miss Lloyd, a becoming frock of palest lemon colour, with some lovely lace on it; Lady Lockhart, a handsome toilette of yellow brocade, with some lovely lace on it; Mrs. Hickley, a smart black frock; Mrs. C. Buddle, black with a fichu of fine white lace and a large deep-pink rose; Mrs. W. Lloyd, white silk and a draped scarf of languine.

Among the guests were: Mrs. C. Pollen, in a handsome grey frock; Mrs. Archie Clark, a smart black frock; Mrs. J. R. Reed, a pretty blue frock; Mrs. Duthie looked smart in black charmeuse with tunic of spangled net; Mrs. Caldwell wore a black frock of charmeuse, with short tunic effect of lovely embroidery; Mrs. H. Marsack, a smart pink with touches of black; Mrs. Brodie, black charmeuse with tunic of beetle's wing, spangled net; Mrs. Sydney Thorne George looked charming in a lovely frock of palest champagne with trimmings of brown fur; Mrs. Braithwaite, a becoming frock of pale yellow; Mrs. C. Young, bronze-green charmeuse with overdress of gold beaded net; Mrs. A. Herrold, white charmeuse with tunic of nixon; Miss Merle Pollen looked charming in her lovely little coming-out frock; Miss Isidore Cumming, a pretty pink frock; Mrs. Jim Carpenter looked charming in a lovely white satin frock with tunic of lovely gold embroidered net; Mrs. W. Colbeck wore a dainty little grey frock; Mrs. Fred Waller, natter blue nixon over white charmeuse and a lovely large deep pink rose in the corsage; Mrs. Harold Cooper (Palmerston North) was very much admired in a

lovely grace frock of blue charmeuse with tunic of silver-beaded net, and cluster of tiny pink roses, and a large blue tulle bow in her hair; Mrs. E. Anderson looked smart in emerald green and black; Mrs. Edmunds, cream lace and crepe de chine; Miss Vesta Thomas looked graceful in black; her sister in blue; Misses Reed, who were welcomed back from their trip to England, looked charming; Miss Mavis in palest lemon-coloured nixon over charmeuse, and Miss Enid in a pretty white frock; Miss Nora Moore, pretty coming-out frock; Miss Crumpton (England), floral silk and lace; Miss Blanche Peacocke, blue charmeuse and pink roses; Miss Bay Tole looked smart in blue; Miss Margie Tole looked dainty in a pretty palest blue frock; Miss Jenny Nicoll, white; Miss Rossie Greig, saxe-blue with fichu of white lace; Miss Dorothy Nolan, pretty blue frock with brown fur; Miss Dorothy Nathan was dainty in pink; Miss Phyllis Macfarlane, white satin and pink roses; Miss Olive Aickin, natter blue crepe, pink roses; Miss Ruth Spencer, looked very pretty in a blue frock; Miss M. Cooper, blue charmeuse and fur; Miss Vera Duthie, yellow and blue; Miss Mab Rice, saxe-blue nixon over white charmeuse; Miss Dorothy Nicol, pretty blue charmeuse frock; Miss Earl, white; Miss Nora Buddle looked charming in a dainty frock of finest white muslin over palest pink, with touches of saxe-blue; Miss Neville looked very pretty in a lovely little white frock with touches of pink; Miss Thelma Bloomfield, pale green and a becoming touch of red; Miss Lena Saunders looked dainty in pink and pale blue; Miss Eileen Dyer (Rotorua) looked smart in natter blue crepe de chine; Mrs. Noel Bamford, cerise, and her sister, Miss Moyra Nation, most charming little frock of finest white spotted silk muslin over palest pink charmeuse, with dainty frills of palest blue; Miss G. Cole, pale pink nixon over charmeuse; Miss Winnie Alexander looked sweet in a lovely pink and grey frock; Miss Hipkin looked pretty in a dainty white frock with pink roses and a mob cap wreathed with roses; Misses Martin, pretty blue, blue and gold, and pale yellow frocks respectively; Miss Finmore (Fiji) looked dainty in palest yellow nixon over charmeuse.

St. John's Ambulance Society.

St. John's Ambulance Society held their annual general meeting on Wednesday night in the concert chamber of the Town Hall. His Excellency the Governor Lord Islington presided, and her Excellency Lady Islington presented the diplomas to the successful competitors. A most interesting item on the programme was an exhibition of ambulance work given by squads of the Boy Scouts. Miss M. Lusher played two interesting pianoforte solos. Madame Chambers sang charmingly, and Mr. O. Farrow was in fine voice. Her Excellency, as usual, looked charming in a pretty clinging black frock and a lovely coat of red

in gazing at the shop windows, scolding the servants, and adorning her person."

THE CHILD'S START IN LIFE.

There is another point in favour of the clever wife. The child born of a wise mother, taking maternity seriously, is likely to have a good start in life—not only because of his inheritance, but also by reason of a prudent upbringing, free from uncertain alternations of petting and scolding.

Still, Mrs. Macrosty concludes what she calls her "grumble" in a hopeful vein. There have been signs in the last two or three years, she thinks, that

clever men are marrying clever women, and that female ability is no longer the bar to marriage it once was. It is not that the supply of silly women is running short, but that men are beginning to recognise the wealth of inheritance which they may bequeath to their children if they give them wise mothers.

HAVE you an A.B.C. BEDSTEAD, made in any colour? Inspect the A.B.C. Stocked by every furnishing firm, shop-keeper, and storekeeper.

geda green chiffon velvet. Seated with her Excellency was Dr. Whitman of the Encounter, and Mrs. Whitman, the Mayor (Mr. C. J. Parr) and Mrs. Parr, Mrs. Rattray, Dr. and Mrs. Knight, Mr. Holland, Mrs. Lusher, Mr. Tunks, and a number of other gentlemen.

Postponed.

Needless to say it was a disappointment when it became known that owing to the death of the King of Denmark, the Court would have to go into mourning, and so their Excellencies' dance on the 24th, and the Citizens' Ball, which was to precede it on the 22nd, have been cancelled. These dances have been looked forward to with the keenest anticipation, and the disappointment will be proportionate.

Afternoon Tea.

Lady Islington has given some delightful little afternoon teas in the past, and she gave another last Tuesday. Her Excellency looked lovely in a frock of biscuit coloured crepe de chine, the bodice composed of lace in the same tone, & tunic of beautiful embroidery, and a long narrow train of the lace. A petunia coloured rose was worn at the belt, and a bandeau of emerald green was a delightful touch of colour in the hair. Miss Stapleton-Cotton wore an artistic frock of blue and vieux rose. Mrs. Guise wore a dark tailored suit, black fur hat and stole. Among those honoured with invitations were: Mrs. Seegner, Madame Rigoreau, Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, Mrs. Duthie, Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield, Mrs. Whitney, sen., Mrs. Holfgate, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Edmunds, Mrs. Louisa Myers, Mrs. Dettman, Mrs. J. A. Tole, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. R. Isaac, Miss Edith Isaac, Miss Bagnall, Mrs. W. Coleman, Mesdames Whitten, Hurst, and Mortimer (wives of officers of the Encounter.)

The Girls' Realm Dance.

Last season the Girls' Realm Society dance was such a huge success that they found it advisable to take a larger room this year. St. Benedict's Hall was simply packed with dancers, and the hall was prettily decorated, the stage being set aside for the chaperons, furnished with comfortable chairs. Supper was served in the upper hall, and was arranged on one long table, which was decorated with chrysanthemums, and laden with good things, provided by the girl members of the Realm. Miss Kathleen Farley, the energetic secretary, assisted by members of her committee, worked hard to make the dance the suc-

cess it was. Miss Dorothy Baker, the youthful president, made a charming hostess, and looked daintily in a smart frock of pink charmeuse veiled with blue nylon. Among the chaperons present were: Mrs. Cooke, in black; Mrs. Southey Baker, smart grey frock; Mrs. Percy Butler wore a pale mauve toilette; Mrs. Caldwell wore a handsome black frock with embroidery; Mrs. Duder wore black charmeuse and lace; Mrs. Cumming wore a pretty natter blue toilette; Miss Grace Sharland looked pretty in a smart white frock with a silver osprey in her hair; Miss Kathleen Sharland wore a charming frock of white veiled with hand painted chiffon in a design of pink flowers; Mrs. Wallace Bews, black with gold embroidered tunic; Mrs. Sanderson, Mrs. Sharland, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Lusher; Miss Kathleen Farley wore a pretty blue frock; Miss Lassie Scott-Smith wore a smart green frock veiled with gold spotted net and finished with touches of amethyst; Miss Earl looked nice in a pretty white frock; Miss Spinks wore a pretty pink frock; Miss Z. Duder looked pretty in a pale blue charmeuse veiled with blue chiffon; Miss Marjorie Lindsay wore a frock of palest pink veiled with white nylon; Miss Isadore Cumming looked well in a pretty pink frock; Miss Queenie Butler wore a pretty white muslin with silver trimming; Miss Dorothy Butler wore a lovely little frock of pale grey charmeuse veiled with spangled net; Miss Eleanor Froud looked smart in white silk with pink chine; Miss Dorothy Goodwin wore copper coloured nylon; Miss Bertha Butler looked pretty in a dainty white frock with touches of pink; Miss Ruth Horrocks wore a pretty white frock with wide band on the skirt of deep flame pink, and a bandeau of the same colour in her hair; Miss Molly Taylor, of Cambridge, wore natter blue and gold spotted net; Miss Gwen Hill, green charmeuse; Miss Matis Cooke, saxe blue; Miss Muriel Payton, a dainty frock of white charmeuse with tunic of nylon; Miss Ellaine Cooke looked charming in red; Miss I. Devore looked nice in a pretty pink frock; Miss Milly Clifford wore a dainty frock of pale green nylon over satin; Miss Judy Barnett, amethyst; Miss Ruth Spencer was pretty in pale blue and white lace; Miss M. Lusher wore white over pale blue with dainty frills of fringe; Miss D. Cheeseman wore grey; Miss Heather Bews looked pretty in blue; Miss Vida Caldwell wore her lovely coming-out frock; Miss Snelling, white; Miss McMillan, Royal blue chiffon over white charmeuse;

Miss Winnie Alexander looked smart in pink and grey; Miss Kathleen Holmes wore a pretty white charmeuse veiled with white beaded nylon; Miss M. Millar, eau de nil satin; Miss D. Millar, black velvet and lace; Miss Connelly wore green; Miss Phyllis Macfarlane, white lace over pale blue; Miss P. Metcalfe wore vieux rose red and satin; Miss Gossett, pink; Miss Iria Dunlop, cream silk and palest pink pompons; Miss Elsie Neil, pink satin; Miss D. Hay, cinnamon coloured nylon over satin; Miss — Hay, vieux rose; Miss Jessie Frater, grey nylon and violets; Miss Gladys Buddle wore a lovely frock of cream lace over gold satin; Miss Madge Peacocke wore a pretty white frock; Miss Andrews, white satin; Miss Olivier (Christchurch), oyster white charmeuse, with spangled nylon; Miss Thelma Hanna, white nylon over pink; Miss Martin, blue charmeuse; Miss Crowther, blue charmeuse; Miss E. Barstow, pink charmeuse veiled with pink floral nylon; Miss Campbell, taupe; Miss Phyllis Baker, white, with green in her hair; Miss Smallfield, blue; Miss Brookfield, pink satin, with tunic of brown tosea net; Miss Marriner wore a pretty pink frock; Miss Jessie McKay, pink satin, with nylon and brown fur; Miss Connie Craig, grey chiffon over pink; Miss Dorothy Abbott wore a sweet little white charmeuse frock, with beaded nylon tunic.

A Song Recital.

Mrs Sutherland arranged a most enjoyable song recital in aid of the funds of the Girls' Friendly Society. The concert was given in the Town Hall Concert Chamber, in the presence of Her Excellency Lady Islington, who was attended by Miss Stapleton Cotton and Captain Escount, A.D.C. The president of the G.F.S., Mrs. Crossley, received Her Excellency and escorted her to the seats arranged for the vice-regal party. The Devonport Musical Society, conducted by Mrs Sutherland, gave several glees, etc. Others who contributed items of interest were: Misses Coleman, Elsie Commons, Macdonald, Murdoch, Carter, and Mrs Sutherland, Messrs. E. MacOrmuick and Guy Pierce, all of whom were encored. The accompanists were Miss Ralph and Mrs Sutherland.

Auckland Art Society.

The Auckland Art Society held their opening conversation on Thursday night. His Excellency Lord Islington attended, but owing to indisposition Her

Excellency was unable to be present. Mrs Devore, president of the Society, made a most interesting speech. His Excellency was greeted with applause who she rose to speak, and he declared the exhibition open. The Mayor (Mr. C. J. Parr) and Captain Boscawen, A.D.C., accompanied His Excellency. The rooms were crowded, and it was hard to see all the visitors. A few I noticed were: Mrs Devore, Miss I. Devore, Mrs Bedford, Mrs Guy Williams, Mr and Mrs D. Caldwell, and Miss Vida Caldwell (Cambridge), Mrs Upton, Miss Fenton, Mrs Hudson Williamson, Miss Hudson Williamson, Mrs H. Gillies (Hamilton), Miss Gillies, Miss Buller, Mrs Stride, Mrs Watkins, Mrs and Miss Payton, Mr Dudley, Miss Bagnall, Miss I. Gorrin, Miss Brown, Mrs Herrold, Mrs Nicoll, Miss Molly Taylor, Mrs Benjamin, Mrs Newton, Mrs Colbeck, Mrs H. Cooper (Palmerston North), Mrs Louis Myers, Miss Ruby Coleman, Mrs Lusher, Miss M. Lusher, Mrs Robertson.

Young People's Dance.

A very enjoyable dance for young people was given by Mrs. L. Marriner for her daughter Mary on Friday last, at Ararua, Remuera. The decorations, both inside and outside, were on a most lavish scale, and very picturesque. The beautiful grounds and carriage drive were ablaze with fairy lights and Chinese lanterns, and inside the rooms were very effectively decorated in white and green, as was also the supper table. About a hundred young people were present. Miss Mary Marriner received her guests in a pretty pale mauve frock, with deep drop chiffon overskirt, and mauve in hair; Mrs. Marriner wore black satin trimmed with old cream lace; Miss Marriner looked very pretty in aolt green and gold gown, and Miss Jean Marriner wore a dainty frock of pale blue. Amongst the guests were Miss Colgrove, in a sweet frock of pale grey trimmed with old point lace; Miss Yolande Baker in blue satin with nylon overdress; Miss V. Pailson; Miss D. Cook, in a very handsome pink frock; Miss E. Miller in blue; Miss Rene Moore was charming in old gold, with aigrette in hair; Miss Jean Moore, dainty shimmering blue silk caught up with spray of pink roses; Miss M. Nicoll; Miss M. Tressider, pretty white embroidered net dress; Miss I. Baker, pink nylon effectively trimmed with ribbon and pink roses; Misses P. and V. St. Clair in white, and many others.

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Personal.

Mrs and Miss Hilda Bloomfield have returned from their trip to Hawke's Bay, via Taupo.

Mrs H. Gillies (Hamilton) is in town, and is the guest of Mrs Gillies.

Colonel and Mrs Holgate have rented Mrs MacCallum's house in Victoria avenue.

Mrs W. G. Beard and Miss Beard, of Masterton, are at present in Auckland on a visit, and are staying at Cargen.

Mrs L. Moore, of Masterton, has arrived in Auckland, and is staying at Cargen.

Mr and Mrs D. Caldwell and Miss Caldwell are at present in Auckland, and are putting up at Cargen.

Lieut. and Mrs Hurst, of H.M.S. Encounter, who have been spending a few days at Te Anau and Rotorua, have returned to Cargen.

Miss Sadie Wynick, of Christchurch, is spending the winter months with her uncle, Mr Gore Gillon, Prince-street.

WELLINGTON.

May 18.

Afternoon Tea.

A special feature of the tea given by Mrs. Fisher on Thursday was the excellence of the music. The hostess, who has a charming contralto voice, sang several times, her little girl playing the accompaniments with wonderful skill and sympathy. Then Mrs. Gerat Fitzgerald, who is a brilliant pianist, played once or twice, selecting some of the newest composers. A solo by little Esther Fisher again showed her unusual talent. Crimson and tawny red chrysanthemums decorated the pretty drawing room, and in the tearoom the table was done with vivid red berries and autumn foliage set in silver bowls. Mrs. Fisher wore cream net with pale blue embroideries on the corsage, and a pale blue sash, draped horizontally round the skirt. Her little daughters wore pretty white silk frocks. Mrs. MacEwan, who was helping with the tea, was in grey ninon, with steel embroideries and a picture hat; Miss Litchfield, who was assisting her, was in a navy tailor-made and a hat wreathed with roses.

Miss Hislop's Tea.

The same afternoon Miss Joan Hislop gave a tea in honour of her sister (Mrs. Cooper, of Christchurch), who is visiting her. Several of the guests came on from Mrs. Fisher's. Miss Hislop wore electric blue charmeuse, with a glimpse of lace and blue embroideries; Mrs. Cooper was in grey crepe de chine with a satin sash. During Mrs. Walter Hislop's absence in England Miss Joan Hislop is keeping house for her brothers.

Fineer Club.

It was the author under discussion at the Pioneer Club's last literary evening. Selections from his books were given by Mrs. Cordiss, Mrs. Harding, and Mrs. Myers. Mrs. Gray read a carefully-compiled paper on the author himself, and music was supplied by Miss Newton and Mrs. Salek. The Pioneer Club makes a feature of literary discussions, and they will be continued throughout the winter.

Picture Fund.

A proposal to take up a street collection in aid of the Picture Purchasing Fund has fallen through, owing to want of volunteers. The fund is still steadily mounting towards the amount desired, a memorial picture to the late Mr. Wardell being well subscribed for.

Personal.

After a stay of some weeks in Australia, Mrs. E. G. McCarthy and her sister (Mrs. Butters) have returned to Wellington.

Mrs. H. Miller, who has been here about two months, has gone back to Sydney, where her home is. While in Wellington she was staying with her mother, Madame Gipe Dawson.

Two Dunedin ladies visiting Wellington are Mrs. George Webster, who is staying with Mrs. Watson, and Miss Ulrich. The latter is the guest of Mrs. E. Chapman, Nelson street.

Miss Lennox, Auckland, is paying a round of visits here.

Mr and Mrs M. McCallum, of Auckland, were here for a day or two, en route to England by the Corinthic. When the Auckland Shakespeare Club came to Wellington, one of its most applauded members was Mrs McCallum, her performance of Lady Cecily being noted in

one of Bernard Shaw's plays, being a notable one. There were several friends at the wharf to see off Mr and Mrs McCallum.

News that Lady Findlay and her sons are leaving Wellington for London at the end of June does not come as a surprise, as it has been hinted at since Christmas. The two younger lads are to be put to school in England, and Lady Findlay will, of course, spend most of her time in that country, so as to be near them. Should Sir John Findlay receive the High Commissionership, he will find most of his family established in or near London.

Lady Stout is another mother who went home to superintend her children's careers. Two of the boys have now taken their medical degrees at London University, and Miss Janet Stout has completed her school education, and is to be presented at Court this season. As Lady Stout is reported to have said that she would not leave England until the women were permitted to vote, it will probably be a long time yet before she returns to New Zealand. She has taken an active part in the suffrage campaign, and quoted New Zealand largely, but it is doubtful if the majority of the women out here agree with the opinions she voices on their behalf. There are a good few other New Zealanders in London who support the suffrage campaign, but so far none of them have seen the inside of Holloway Gaol.

Among the Corinthic's passengers to London were Mrs Sprout, who is the wife of the Bishop of Wellington, and Mr Stuart Sprout. They will be away for some length of time, as Mr Stuart Sprout's health is not satisfactory, and the journey is undertaken for his benefit. During Mrs Sprout's absence her daughter and son-in-law, Mr and Mrs Ernest Coleridge, will live at Bishopscourt with the Right Rev. Dr. Sprout. On arriving in England Mrs Sprout and her son will be met by Mr Maurice Sprout, the Bishop's eldest son, who went to England some years ago to continue his education, and is now a master at one of the well-known public schools.

Another passenger by the Corinthic is Mrs Stuart Hawthorne, who has been backward and forward a good deal lately. One of her sons, Mr Willety, who has been living in London for a good many years, has a distinct vogue as a writer of songs.

Of late years there has been a great influx of military officers to the Dominion, and many of them have been stationed in Wellington. Captain Thornton, who has been on the General's staff for some considerable time, is now returning to England again. With Mrs Thornton, he leaves New Zealand in June. They have come into town for the last few weeks, having now given up the house they had at Silverstream.

Although it is a little late in the season, the Ruahine's passenger list is filling up well. Mr and Mrs Balcombe Brown are travelling by this steamer, and it is hoped the long sea voyage will improve Mr Brown's health. They are taking with them their eldest son, who is to enter the church.

By the Ruahine Mr and Mrs Haywood Murray are leaving for a six months' trip to England. They intend to be back at the Hutt by New Year.

Mrs Newman left on Friday for Sydney, where she will stay about a month, returning to Wellington in time for the session. Dr. Newman is M.P. for Wellington East, and Mrs Newman is keenly interested in politics, being a leading member of the Women's Reform League. Mrs Menzies is accompanying her sister, Mrs Newman, to Sydney.

Mr and Mrs Dymock are leaving next week for a trip to Australia.

Miss Ednel Nathan has gone to Sydney for a stay of three or four weeks.

Mr and Mrs Mackenzie are at present en route to Melbourne, where Mr Mackenzie, who was lately promoted to be Surveyor-General for the Dominion, will represent New Zealand at a congress.

Mrs Larnach has gone for a trip to Auckland and Rotorua, where she will join Mrs and Miss Wroughton, from Ashburton, who are spending several weeks in the North Island.

A few days ago Mr and Mrs Beauchamp and their family returned from a long trip to England. Mrs and the Misses Beauchamp left here early last year, and a few months later Mr Beauchamp, who travelled by way of Canada, united with them in London. Since then they have travelled on the continent, and came as far as Australia by the P. and O. line. Quarantine regulations delayed them in Melbourne, and they finally came on to Auckland by a Tyser steamer, reaching Wellington by the overland route.

Mr and Mrs C. E. Adams have gone for a trip to Melbourne and Sydney. While in Melbourne Mr Adams will take part in a scientific congress.

Miss Tendall's charming tea rooms were the scene of a pleasant little tea-party on Thursday morning, the guest of honour being Miss Mander, who left for England next day by the Corinthic. From the Old Country Miss Mander goes on to the United States, where she intends to study science among other things.

The Misses Shand are paying a round of visits in Wellington, where they have many friends. At present they are staying with their sister, Mrs Hale Monro, and they will also be the guests of Dr. and Mrs Shand before they return to Timaru.

Mr and Mrs Arnold Williams and Mrs Taylor have gone on a trip to England via Monte Video.

HAMILTON.

May 20.

An "At Home."

An event which created rather an unusual amount of interest took place in the Town Hall last Friday evening. This was an "At Home" given by Messrs Bennis, Burd, Cussen, Furze, Jackson, Penniket, King, Stevens and Tompkins, in honour of the debut of their respective daughters. The stage was arranged as a drawing-room, with clumps of bamboo and pampas mingled with chairs and lounges, which formed a cosy nook from which to view the dancers, making time fly for the onlookers. The supper table was gracefully decorated in white flowers mingled with smilax, asparagus, sprengrick, and umbrella grass, with hoops and streamers of white chiffon. Mrs. Bennis and Mrs. Furze, who had been chosen to receive the visitors, stood at the entrance of the hall, while the other ladies busied themselves in assisting the M.C.'s (Messrs. Burd and Penniket) with the necessary introductions. The debutantes, who numbered twelve, danced the opening set all together, and made a very pretty picture in their graceful white dresses. They were, individually: Miss Riro Bennis, who wore a lovely tunic of silver net over white charmeuse, with cluster of lilies of the valley in her hair; Miss Dorothy Burd, in white embroidered chiffon tulle gown, bead hair ornament; Miss Linda Cussen, dainty white embroidered pineapple silk, with lace trimming; Miss Tui Ring, sweet frock of white ninon over silk, bordered with white rosebuds and pearls; Miss Nancy Furze, handsome frock of white chiffon tulle and lace, with touches of silver; Miss A. Jackson, chic frock of white charmeuse, with tulle of ninon, bordered with beads and fringe; Miss C. Penniket, rich dress of white satin and Irish lace, with silver buckles, clasping panels at the side; Miss Gladys Stevens, pretty dress of white charmeuse, silver bugle trimming; Miss Gladys Tompkins, lovely frock of white paillette, veiled in ninon and dotted with pearls; Miss D. O'Neill, white ninon over silk, with pretty fringe of fichu; Miss E. Provis, lovely tulle dress of white Duchesse satin, finished with fringe; Miss Speedy, pretty white silk frock, trimmed with lace; Mrs. Bennis wore a lovely dress of pale blue charmeuse, with overdress of net, richly embroidered with pearls and bugles; Mrs. Furze, handsome black silk, black velvet coat with silk collar; Mrs. Burd, black chiffon tulle with Oriental insertion trimming; Mrs. Cussen, black silk, inserted with lace, grey cloak with black facings; Mrs. Jackson, apricot mervelloux, veiled in black net; Mrs. Ring, pale blue silk, with beaded chiffon overdress; Mrs. Tompkins, black velvet trained dress; Mrs. Stevens, rich black silk, with fichu; Mrs. Manning, embroidered cream paillette, long black coat; Mrs. McLeod, striking dress of apricot charmeuse, veiled in black lace; Mrs. Vere Chitty, cream satin, with crepe de chine; Mrs. Hurd-Wood, beautifully embroidered cream silk frock, cream scarf; Mrs. Insell, black velvet, with silvery vest; Mrs. Swarbrick, white chiffon tulle, trimmed with silk embroidery; Mrs. O'Mara, lovely cream silk; Mrs. Eben Wilson, black silk, beautiful coloured sequin trimming; Miss Lambert, straw-coloured silk, veiled in ninon, gold buttons; Miss P. Lambert, grey silk, veiled in ninon; Miss Andrews, white Sicilian silk with silver trimming; Miss Insell, black charmeuse, veiled with ninon, and beaded fringe; Mrs. Douglas, black silk with white insertions; Miss Dickinson, black velvet frock, pretty silver scarf; Mrs. Bayly, pink satin, veiled with

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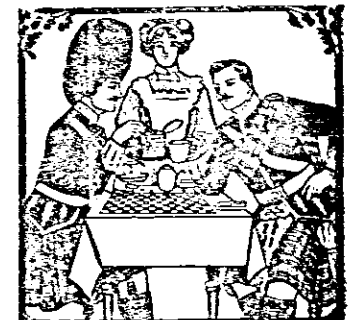
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ninon, silver trimming; Miss G. Roche, pink silk, trimmed with ninon; Miss Tompkins, blush pink charmeuse with ruchings; Miss B. Taylor, pale blue crepe de chine, pretty blue beads in hair; Miss M. Taylor, white charmeuse; Miss Pickering, white satin, lace trimmed; Miss I. Pickering, white satin, with silver bugles; Miss Lovell, cream charmeuse, soft chiffon overdress with fringe; Miss Seddon, pink silk, veiled in black; Mrs. Coventry, lovely lace dress over satin; Miss Anstienne, cardinal velvet; Miss A. Bond, buttercup satin; Miss Holden, white silk, with dewdrop chiffon overdress; Miss Lewis, black silk, with large red rose; Miss B. Ranshead, blue silk; Miss P. Edgcombe, blue silk; Miss Hunter, red satin, cream net overdress; Miss B. Hunter, pretty blush pink chiffon taffeta, trimmed with pearls; Miss Loughman, pale pink satin, black embroidered overdress; Miss Ring, white satin, touches of floral silk; Mrs. Stewart, white satin, draped with blue ninon; Miss Cussen, pink silk; Miss E. Cussen, petunia silk; Miss Steele, white silk, veiled with ninon; Miss Primrose, white ninon over silk, touches of red; Mrs. Holloway, black silk; Miss M. McPherson, black silk; Mrs. Hume, white satin, with black lace overdress; Mrs. B. Hume, black velvet; Mrs. Choqueuel, mink-coloured velvet, piped with erise; Mrs. Goring, cream satin, with netted overdress, deeply fringed; Mrs. Green-lade, lovely cream satin gown, corsage and panels of silver bugles; Miss A. McPherson, black silk; Miss Bryce, cream charmeuse, ninon overdress; Miss Wilkinson, heliotrope crepe de chine; Miss Campbell, white; Miss Malcolm, pretty blue satin; Miss Rich, green; Miss Swinburne, cream; Miss N. Swinburne, cream; Miss Barton, pale pink silk; Miss M. Barton, green tunic frock; Miss O'Neill, pretty shell pink satin, rope trimming; Miss Wall-nutt, white silk, black girdle; Miss Chitty, white embroidered silk; Miss Edgcombe, pink silk; Miss M. Olliver, white silk, lovely silver scarf. The gallery looked quite a bower of greenery, and from the many fitting glimpses one caught of pretty draperies the charming sitting-out places did not lack occupants. The floor was really excellent, having been worked into a mirror by a band of willing helpers under the capable direction of Mr. Skaud. The music supplied by Gittos' Orchestra was of the first quality, and the readiness of response to the frequent expressions of approbation was much appreciated by the young folk, more especially as the parental programme was, in their estimation, all too short.

Personal.

Mrs. Greenslade has been away for a short visit to Auckland. Miss Cox and her brother have sold their place at Tamahere, and intend residing in Auckland. Misses I. Pickering, N. Purze, and G. Stevens came home on Saturday evening for their vacation. Miss Crawford, of Auckland, is spending her holiday in Hamilton with Miss Furze. Miss Ella Dickinson is visiting Hamilton for a few weeks.

CAMBRIDGE.

Hunting Season.

Last Saturday was the opening of the hunting season. The meet was held at

the residence of the Master (Mr. Wynns-Brown). Before the hunt started all sat down to a most sumptuous lunch provided by Mr. and Mrs. Wynns-Brown. Several toasts were proposed and responded to, and before leaving hearty cheers were given for the Master and his wife. There was a very large and representative gathering present.

Personal.

Mr. Frank Willis and Mr. Mien are staying with Archdeacon and Mrs. Willis at present. Mr. Seaton, from St. John's College, is the guest of the Vicar (Mr. Mortimer-Jones) during the holidays. Mrs. Richardson, of Wanganui, is on a visit to her daughter (Mrs. C. Peake).

GISBORNE.

May 18.

Farewell Tea.

A farewell afternoon tea was given for Mrs. L. T. Symes on Thursday. Mrs. Fred Parker received her guests in a smart wine-coloured silk dress with epaulettes of Oriental lace; Miss E. Brooke-Taylor, white lace blouse and cream skirt; Mrs. Walter Barker, black coat and skirt, black hat with white feather and trimmings of gold, also a pretty scarf of mauve silk and marabout; Mrs. Symes, grey coat and skirt, trimmed with black braid, smart hat with a green wing; Mrs. Morgan, cream serge costume, small hat; Mrs. McLean, grey costume with black satin revers and cuffs, black and white straw toque; Mrs. Fenwick, blue frieze costume, large hat with bunches of blue flowers; Mrs. W. Sherratt, mink-coloured corduroy velvet, with touches of old rose, pretty grey furs, and hat to match; Mrs. Agnew-Brown, navy tailored dress, set of black fox furs, grey velvet hat with Lancer plumes; Mrs. Arthur Rees, grey coat and skirt, black satin hat; Mrs. G. Stock, navy coat and skirt, black beaver hat with silver trimming; Mrs. Carmichael, mustard-coloured costume with Oriental trimming, black satin hat, trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. H. M. Porter, grey coat and skirt, cream straw hat with black wing; Mrs. Williams, blue dress with black trimming, pretty hat with feathers; Mrs. Bennett, black and white dress, velvet hat with black Lancer plumes; Mrs. W. B. Willock, navy costume, smart black hat with wreath of flowers.

Personal.

Mrs. H. B. Lusk (Napier) is visiting her mother, Mrs. W. L. Rees, Bridge-water. Sister Wheeler arrived back from Wellington on Wednesday. Mr. Pascoe (Ashburton) arrived in Gisborne on Wednesday. Mrs. L. Dawson Thomas has returned home from a visit to Sydney. Miss Etta Nolan is staying with friends in Wanganui. Mr. J. J. Corry, Mayor of Blenheim, is visiting Gisborne for a few days.

NAPIER.

May 18.

Dance.

Last Friday night Mrs. Ziele gave a very jolly little dance. The rooms were charmingly decorated with chrysanthemums and autumn leaves, and a huge log fire cast a comforting glow over everything. The hostess received her guests

wearing a pretty white satin frock with tunic of sage blue net embroidered with beads of the same colour; Mrs. Kettle, black, steel embroidery; Mrs. Edgar, emerald green; Mrs. von Dadelzen, white lace frock; Mrs. Dr. Smith, black; Mrs. Darrow, handsome black jet gown; Mrs. Didsbury, blue satin; Mrs. Hawkins, black, steel trimming; Mrs. Henley, floral silk, pink chiffon; Mrs. S. Riddell, pink satin, grey ninon overdress; Miss Riddle, gold embroidered net; Miss Bowen, pale blue; Miss C. Hindmarsh, goblin blue ninon frock; Miss Campbell, white; Miss Luck, mauve and pale blue frock; Miss Bell, heliotrope chiffon; Miss Bell, white and silver; Miss Bernaa, pink satin tunic of pink ninon.

Afternoon Tea.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. Winston Barron gave an afternoon tea. Those present were: Mrs. Kettle, Mrs. Lyskum, Mrs. Hoadley, Mrs. P. S. McLean, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. S. Riddell, Mrs. Ziele, Mrs. Bowen, Mrs. Handyside, Mrs. Snodgrass, Misses Kettle, Lyskum, Lusk, Snodgrass, Handyside.

Golf.

On Thursday a round for the L.G.U. was played and also a round for the president's and vice-president's medals. Among the players were: Mrs. Bernaa, Mrs. Kiley, Mrs. T. C. Moore, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. A. O. Russell, Mrs. Russell Duncan, Miss Davis, Miss Kettle, Miss Crosse, Miss Tuke.

Personal.

Miss Margery Campbell, of Invercargill, who has been staying with Mrs. E. E. McCarthy, left for home on Monday. Mrs. J. S. Handyside is staying with Mrs. Handyside, Gladstone-road. Mrs. Stopford has returned to Napier after paying a round of visits in the South Island. Mrs. Douglas Williams, of Otare, is in town for a few days. Mrs. W. G. Stead has gone to Taupo for a holiday. Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Lowry left by car on Monday for Taupo. Mr. and Mrs. St. Paul leave for England this week. Mrs. Perry, Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Acton Adams are spending a week at Taupo. Mrs. Perry leaves for England in a fortnight's time and will probably be away for some time.

DANNEVIRKE.

May 18.

Bridge and Euchre.

The Rangitira Croquet Club held another of their successful evenings on Friday evening at Morgan's tea rooms, in aid of their pavilion fund. On this occasion tables were arranged for bridge and euchre, and a most enjoyable time was spent by the large number of guests. Mrs. Hartgill and Mr. Stevens were the successful bridge players, and Mrs. Roy Robertshaw and Miss D. Knight were the prize-winners in the euchre tournament. Amongst the guests were: Messrs. Green, Hartgill, Lloyd, Boyd (Palmerston), W. Green, Giesen, Macaillan, Cowan, Bickford, Dawson, Gibbs (Wellington), Stevens, Clarke, Baddeley, McGibbon, Collett, Robertshaw, McLennan, Patterson, McDowell, McNeil, Potts, H. Knight, Soundy, Mason, Tansley, Simmers, Carson, Thomson, Misses Patterson, Morgan, Hartgill, Knight, Hobday, Taylor, Benzie (2), Edkins,

Soundy, Cross, Freeman, Wiltshire, Caulton, Hooper, Messrs Stevens, Potts, McGibbon, Varnham, Wells, Robertson, Green, Knight, Edkins, Tansley, Collett, Ryan.

Golf Links.

Quite a lot of new members have joined the club this season, which promises to be a most enthusiastic one. Numbers were out on the links on Saturday and Wednesday, but were just playing practice games, as the competitions do not commence till next week.

Personal.

Miss Marjorie Cowper has returned from a visit spent in Wanganui. Mrs. H. Quigley returned from Gisborne last Tuesday.

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Mrs. Dr. Gibbs (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. Dr. Dawson.
Mrs. L. Rathbone is on a short visit to Levin.
Mrs. D. Williams (Te Aute) is staying with Mrs. H. Cowper.
Mrs. and Miss Barker (Waitahora), who have been spending a most enjoyable holiday in the South Island, returned home on Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Russell and Miss Evelyn Russell left on Thursday by express train to join the s.s. Maungani in Wellington on Friday, en route for England.
Mrs. F. G. Cowper (Kaikohe) left for a visit to Australia on Thursday.

HASTINGS.

May 18.
Dr. and Mrs. Barcroft have gone to Wellington for a few weeks' holiday.
Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Lowry and family have gone to Taupo for a short holiday.
Mrs. McNeil (Feilding) is the guest of her sister (Mrs. J. Miller, King street).
Mrs. Millson and Miss Japp, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. Cameron, left Hastings for Wellington this week, en route to the Old Country.
Mr. and Mrs. Shannon (Feilding) are the guests of their daughter (Mrs. H. Richardson).
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Stead and family have gone to Taupo for an extended holiday.
Mrs. F. Gaseyne is confined to the house through a slight indisposition.

FEILDING.

May 18.
Miss L. Hill is staying with friends in Wellington for a few days.
Miss Maffroy is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Glasgow.
Mrs. Innes Jones, who has been staying in Masterton, has returned.
Mrs. and Miss Whitehead, of Dunedin, are the guests of Mrs. Innes Jones.
Miss Harding, of Wellington, who has been staying with Mrs. L. Gorton, has returned.
Miss M. Haybittle, who has returned from Sydney, is staying with her people.
Miss Miller, of Dunedin, is the guest of Mrs. Miller.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

May 18.
Mrs. G. Griffiths has returned to New Plymouth after her pleasant trip to Blenheim and Wellington.
Mr. H. Brown (managing director of the Taranaki Petroleum Works), with Mrs. Brown, has gone for a short trip to Christchurch.
Mrs. J. Hempton, wife of the Collector of Customs, is on a visit to Auckland.
Miss V. Brett, of the Auckland Telephone Department, who exchanged duties with Miss Fabian, of the New Plymouth staff, returned to Auckland last week.
Mrs. E. Gilmour, who has been the guest of Mrs. Macklow, Fairfax road, Epsom, has returned to New Plymouth.
Mr. and Mrs. Jim Noble, who have been visiting New Plymouth, have returned to their home in Hamilton.
Mrs. W. H. Alexander and Miss Phyllis Alexander (Auckland) are on a visit to Captain and Mrs. Mace (Omata), the former's parents.
Miss D. Baily is the guest of Mrs. G. Baily, Remuera, Auckland.
Mrs. and Miss Dovenish, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Skinner (Blenheim), have returned to New Plymouth.
Misses B. and C. Baily (New Plymouth) have gone on a visit to Palmerston on account of their brother (Mr. W. Baily) going under an operation for appendicitis.
Miss Doris Bradbury (New Plymouth) is the guest of Mrs. Kemp (Remuera).
Mr., Mrs., and Miss Atkinson are leaving New Plymouth shortly to take up their residence in Hamilton.

MARTON.

May 18.
 Recently the Town Hall presented a gay scene, the occasion being a children's fancy dress ball given by Mrs. Sladden and Mrs. Stronborn. Being the first of the kind given here, unusually keen interest was taken by all invited. The ballroom was hung with crimson curtains and gay bunting and palms draped the dress circle, while Chinese lanterns were suspended from the ceiling. On entering the hall the guests were received by their hostesses, Mrs. Sladden,

gowned in eau-de-nil silk, with dewdrop net tunic, and Mrs. Stronborn, pale pink silk brocade.
 The grand march, led by Bluebeard, was indeed a brilliant spectacle—while Crozier's Orchestra supplied appropriate music to the old-timed games and dances.
 The new supper-room, on the ballroom, supplied a long-felt want. The tables were artistically decorated with autumn flowers and foliage, and the delicious supper much appreciated. The stage was arranged as a drawing-room.

The girl's characters were Molly Sladden, Bo-Peep; Bessie Sladden, Cupid; Margaret Sladden, Queen of Hearts; Kathleen Stronborn, Shepherdess; Clodagh Kitecat, French Folly; Molly Scott, Charity Girl; Nancy Scott, Alice in Wonderland; Jean Carrington, Shepherdess; Rita Bell, Fairy; Betty Simpson, Japanese Girl; Barbara Wilde, Nurse; Eugenie Wilde, Italian Peasant; Jean Rawson, Little Grannie; Joan Simpson, A Greek Girl; Freda Marshall, Autumn; Beatrice Marshall, French Fisher Girl; Margaret Marshall, French Peasant; Katie Cameron, Kate Greenaway; Ruth Cox, Quaker Girl; Ethel Cox, Good Luck; Nancy Lane, Flower Girl; Kathleen Anderson, Irish Girl; Josephine Anderson, Fairy; Nancy Brike, Fairy; Mona Bricie, Folly; Annie Lowe, Folly; Marjorie Bryce, Gipsy; Nellie Stewart, Red Riding Hood; Shirley Miles, Japanese Lady; Joyce Powell, Cherry Bipe; Ella Hutton, (Wanganui), Geisha; Faith Nethercliff, Pierrette; Joan Broad, Little Red Riding Hood; Dulcie Hawke, Spanish Dancer; Poggie Deighton, Quakeress; Bubbles Deighton, Fairy Queen; Diana Deighton, Polly Put the Kettle On; Gyacie Duncan, Japanese Girl; Ruby Ferens (Westport), Quakeress; Margaret Mackenzie, Queen Elizabeth; Vida Wilding, Welsh girl; Molly Wood, Dutch girl; Pattie Cooke, Dutch girl; Helen Wood, early Victorian lady; Gladie Swainson, Dutch girl; Phyllis Wilson, Fairy; Sheila Campbell, Valentine; Mary Marshall, Chrysanthemum; Father Marshall, French fishwife; Lorna Marshall, fortune teller; Gwen Beckett, a page; Sophie Alloway, powder and patches; Isabel Alloway, Greek lady; Nancy and Constance Alloway, Kate Greenaways; Gwendoline Bull, Swiss girl; Muriel Bull, Punchinello; Margaret Galpin, pierrette; Elspeth Cameron Night; Jessie Tennant, Amazon; Molly Bishop, purple hyacinth; Winifred Beckett, snowflake; Beryl Barthorp, powder and patches; Nancy Mair, Little Miss Muffet; Elsie Meldrum, Swiss peasant; Phoebe Forlong, French peasant; Boys: Dilnot Stadden, Swiss boy; Warren Stronborn, gentleman of the 17th century; Tom Scott, Tweedledum; Bob Scott, Tweedledee; Roddy Fullerton-Smith, page; Aubone Fullerton-Smith, Pierrot; Basil Openshaw, Little Boy Blue; Cecil Bell, shepherd boy; Alex. Aldworth, sailor; Richard Wilde, Bluebeard; Sam Wilde, Little Boy Blue; Don Bryce, goblin; Pat Lowe, baker; Harold and Norman Porritt, gnomes; Jack Stewart, Boy Blue; Archie Stewart, nigger minstrel; Denis Morrison, Court page; Piers Powell, clown; Jack Hutton (Wanganui), soldier; Noel Nethercliff, goliath; Ian Deighton, Boy Blue; Buster Broad, powder and patches; Philip Briant, Dick Whittington; Godfrey Briant, Chinaman; Strathmore Cooks, Dutch boy; Alex. Meldrum, barrister; Keith Wilson, cricketer; Bruce Wilson, clown; Leighton Hill, wild cat; Willie Galpin, pierrot; Tommy Caccia-Birch, Robin Hood; Roland Simpson, pierrot; Howard Wallace, Turk; Tommy Theod, red indian; Lionel Barthorp, cowboy; Jim Broad, cook; Jack Broad, clown; Dick Broad, policeman; Guy Broad, Little Boy Blue; Ian Bricie, jockey; Kenneth Marshall, jockey; Basil Marshall, Little Jack Jumper; Ian Miles, Chinaman; Cyril Greaves, a scout; Rex Marshall, nigger; Reggie Anderson, Con the shagstegan; Gordon Anderson, masher; while Mrs. Bristow as Bluebeard, Mr. Braithwaite as a pirate king, and Mr. Bristow as a nigger added materially to the children's amusement.

Among the many invited guests were Rev. and Mrs. Kitecat, Dr. and Mrs. Scott, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Birch, Mr. and Mrs. Cecilia Birch, Mr. and Mrs. Meldrum, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Broad, Mr. and Mrs. Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cooke, Mrs. Fullerton-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Milne, Mr. and Mrs. Alloway, Mr. and Mrs. Openshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Nethercliff, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Porritt, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Barthorp (Silverhope); Mesdames E. Smith, Rawson (2), Wallace, Mackenzie, Bricie (2), Galpin, Awley, Howard, Briant, Shannon, McBlister, Cox, Deighton, Wilson, Powell (Hunterville), Simpson (Hunterville), Hutton

(Wanganui), Hodgkinson, Bull (Hunterville), Cooke; Meses Sanders (Christchurch), Cosh (2), Cook, Beam, Lane, Tennent (2), Smallbone, Campbell, Stodman, Morrison, Hardy, Duncan, Wallace (2), Somer, Beckett, Fild Herbert, Danford, McGregor, McBeth (2), Hibbard, Howard (2), Simpson (2); Messrs Cooke, Brodrick, Smith, Rickman, Bricie, Fullerton-Smith, Cash, and many others.

STRATFORD.

May 18.

Golf.
 A ladies' golf match—the first of the season's medal competitions—was played on Saturday, resulting in a win for Miss Freda Wake. Others playing were: Mesdames Young, Budd, Budge, Uniacke, Misses Davis, Orbell, F. Orbell, Wake.
 Mr. Hedditch was the successful winner of the men's match. Others who played were: Wright, S. Spence, Uniacke, Crawshaw (2), Grant, Fussell.

Rinking.
 The rink at the Town Hall continues to attract a large attendance. The following were noticed on Saturday evening: Mesdames Rennell, Drake, Uniacke, Wake, Crawshaw, Stubbs, Misses Orbell, Dive (Eltham), Bayly (Wanganui), Bayly (2), East, Curtis (3), Walker (Auckland), Brookfield (Wanganui), Stubbs, Paget, Menzie, Crawshaw, O'Brien.

Song Title Tea.
 Mrs. Stubbs entertained a number of girls at a "Song Title" tea on Monday afternoon, and prizes were awarded for guessing the greatest number of songs and originality of illustration. Prizes were gained by Miss Anderson, Miss Doris Menzies second, and Miss Nancy James. Of those who were there were: Miss Brookfield (Wanganui), Miss Bayly (Wanganui), Misses Pine (2), Wade (2), James (2), Bayly (2), Crawshaw, Nancy Stubbs, Orbell, Anderson, Paget (2), Mesdames Uniacke, Crawshaw.

A Social.
 At the Parish Hall on Tuesday evening a social was given by members of Holy Trinity Church in honour of Miss Ethel Black, who has for many years presided at the organ, and is leaving to take up her residence in Auckland. The Vicar (Mr. Butler), in making the presentation, spoke in most flattering terms of Miss Black's ability and conscientious working for the church, and expressed regret at her departure. The gift was a handsome gold bangle and turquoise and gold necklace. A delicious supper, provided by the ladies, was partaken of, and dancing entered into with a hearty spirit. During the evening musical items were rendered by members of the choir and Orchestral Society. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, Mrs. Kivell, Mrs. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. George Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hobbs, Mrs. Crawshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Penn, Mr. and Mrs. Alger, Mr. and Mrs. Lander, Mrs. Highnett, Misses Butler (2), Seagle, Wislart, Orbell, Highnett, James (3), Hobbs, King, Middleton, Mrs. Prentice, Miss Prentice, Misses O'Leary, Gladys Black, Rogers, Messrs. Douglas, Rogers, Lillington, Kivell, Staples, Lewis, Hobbs, Anderson, Black, Burmester, Grubb, Rogers, and others.

Enchre Party.
 In addition to the attractions of the week there has been Mrs. Rennell's enchre party on Tuesday, when a very enjoyable evening was spent. Miss Wake and Mr. Hedditch won the dainty prizes. The guests were: Misses Bayly (Wanganui), Wake (2), Orbell, Curtis, Walker (Auckland), Brookfield (Wanganui), Stubbs, Menzies, Messrs. Hedditch, Spence, Captain Lampson, Messrs. Croker, McBlister, James, Crawshaw.

Personal.
 The Stratford contingent of the Mounted Rifles left for the Territorial Camp at Waverley this morning, under command of Captain Henry.
 The Ladies' Bridge Club met at Mrs. Chinchin's home on Friday, and a very pleasant evening was spent.
 Mrs. E. C. Robinson, after a holiday extending over 12 months, has returned to Stratford, and taken the house lately occupied by Mrs. Chinchin.
 Miss Brookfield (Wanganui) is spending her holidays with Mrs. Stubbs.
 Mrs. Bond entertained a party of young people at a very enjoyable "musical" during the week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bayly (Wanganui) spent a few days in Stratford during the week.

Miss Bailey (Canterbury) is visiting Mrs. Copping.

The schoolgirls who have returned home for the holidays include: Misses Nancy Stubbs, Rei Crawshaw, Ora and Mona Paget, Curtis (2), McCutchan.

Miss G. Fookes (New Plymouth) is visiting Mrs. I. C. Fookes.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

May 18.

Enchre Party.

The Misses Randolph were hostesses at a progressive enchre party given on last Saturday afternoon at the residence of their mother, Mrs. C. W. Walker, College-street. A profusion of richly tinted chrysanthemums was used in the decoration of the drawing-room, which was used for cards; and in the dining-room pink chrysanthemums and lamps with pink shades made a pretty decoration for the tea table. The Misses Armstrong and Reed were the prize-winners. Mrs. C. W. Walker wore a soft black charmeuse toilette; Miss Randolph, cream cashmere, with wide cream satin hem, satin and lace finishing bodice; Miss F. Randolph, pale blue crepe, with lace trimming; Mrs T. A. B. Bailey (Christchurch), brown crepe de chine, with Oriental trimming, and Tosca net yoke on corsage; Mrs Clere, cream cloth coat and skirt, braided in cream, black beaver hat; Miss Barnicoat, cream serge coat and skirt, large black satin hat with pale blue feather ornament; Miss Alison Barnicoat, pale pink coat and skirt, hat with pink trimming; Miss D. Tripe, grey coat and skirt, black seal hat with cluster of crimson berries; Miss E. McLennan, green Shanghai frock, black hat with black feather; Miss Harris (Christchurch), navy coat and skirt, brighter shade of blue hat; Miss Coombs, grey silk frock, with touch of cerise at waist, black beaver hat; Miss A. Coombs, hydrangea pink crepe; prettily trimmed with cream lace, large black hat with black feathers; Miss Warburton, deep lobelia blue toilette, with Oriental trimming, grey hat; Miss T. Waldegrave, navy coat and skirt, with white cloth collar and touches of emerald green, large hat with small cerise flowers; Miss D. Waldegrave, navy coat and skirt, black beaver hat; Miss Pascal, navy coat and skirt, hat with saxe blue silk trimming; Miss Mawhinney, navy coat and skirt, black felt hat with cerise silk bow at side; Miss Bond, pale blue frock with white lace, black hat with emerald green silk bow; Miss Alma Guy, navy coat and skirt, black beaver hat; Miss Armstrong, rose pink frock, black velvet hat with long white feather; Miss Cotterill, pink frock, and black hat with black feather; Miss Wilson, saxe blue cloth, with cream lace and darker shade of blue velvet trimming, large hat with grey feathers; Miss Reed, navy coat and skirt, wine coloured hat with feathers; Miss H. Porter, pretty white muslin and lace frock, black hat with ruching of black feathers; Miss Elliott, cream cashmere and lace, navy blue hat; Miss Moat, navy coat and skirt, hat with cluster of hydrangea pink flowers; and a few others were there.

Personal.
Miss Winnie Watson has returned from a short visit to Manakau.
Mrs R. M. McKnight is back from Hunterville.

room, and the supper table in the dining-room. The hostess wore a black charmeuse toilette, elaborately trimmed with black jet embroidery; Mrs Bailey (Christchurch), rose pink silk, with bead trimming; Miss Randolph, black crepe de chine, the emerald green tunic veiled in gold and green beaded black net; Miss F. Randolph, pale blue charmeuse, with Hue ninon tunic, pink rose at waist; Mrs Morrak, cream silk and lace; Mrs C. Waldegrave, black chiffon taffeta, with trimming of black jet insertion and black Tosca net; Mrs H. R. Waldegrave, black velvet, with cream lace on corsage; Miss T. Waldegrave, pale blue silk muslin, with lace; Mrs Clere, pale pink silk, with silver insertion and cluster of crimson roses; Mrs Coombs, black silk richly embroidered in black, yoke of black Tosca net over white; Miss Coombs, white crepe de chine and lace; Mrs Millton, black velvet, with bodice and tunic of black sequined net; Miss Warburton, white muslin and lace, band of silver in hair; Miss M. Smith, in white, with cluster of crimson roses on corsage; Messrs Armstrong, McKnight, Morrak, Clere, Scott (2), Keeble, Blackmore, Hill, C. E. Waldegrave, Reed, and Dr. Bett.

Personal.
Miss Winnie Watson has returned from a short visit to Manakau.
Mrs R. M. McKnight is back from Hunterville.

WANGANUI.

May 18.

Hunting.

The Egnont-Wanganui Hunt Club held a very successful meet at Marangi, Mr. Allan Cameron's property. There was one really good run, and several promising starts, which ended in disappointment. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Cameron provided delicious afternoon tea. Amongst those following were: Mr. J. Higgie, Mr. W. McLean, Miss Campbell, Miss Cutfield, Mr. C. Gordon, Miss A. Nixon, Mrs. J. C. Patterson, Mr. H. Cameron, Mr. Cumberland, Mr. L. Turner, Mr. Wootton, Mr. A. Gordon. Riding and driving were: Mrs. C. London, Miss Campbell, Mrs. A. Higgie, Miss Higgie, Miss Camper, Mr. and Mrs. Allison, Miss M. Allison, Miss Carrall, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. and Miss Sanderson, Mr. Enderby, Mrs. Horner, Miss Ashton, Mrs. C. Gordon, Miss Cameron, Miss Morrison, and others.

Golf.

The weather was lovely on Wednesday—no wind or sun—so a perfect golfing day. There was a large attendance at the Belmont Links, and afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. and Miss McBeth. Amongst those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Harrold, Mr. and Miss Hogg, Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Moore (Palmerston North), Mr. Bates, Mrs. and Miss Fairburn, Mrs. and Miss Wilford, Mrs. and Miss Darley, Mrs. and Miss Bayly, Mrs. Twesley, Mrs. D'Arcy, Miss Nolan (Gisborne), Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Meldrum, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lambert, Miss Lambert, Miss Cave, Miss Montgomery-Moore, Miss Spenser, Miss Brettargh, Miss Guntis, Miss Dymack, Miss S. Dymack, Miss Christie, Miss G. Christie, Miss Leslie Williams, Mrs. Louax, Miss L. Williams (Sydney), Mrs. and Miss McBeth, Miss Nixon, Miss Parsons, Mrs. Howarth, Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Miss Goodwin, Miss Harper, Mrs. Good, Mrs. A. Izard, Miss H. Anderson, Miss R. Hawken, Miss Bar.

Bridge.
Mrs C. W. Walker entertained a party of friends at bridge last week. Chrysanthemums and autumn tinted foliage were used in the decoration of the drawing-

Personal.

Miss Dorothy Humphreys, of Taumarunui, who has been making a round of visits in Wanganui, has gone to Rangitikei.

Mrs. Ballance, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Rotorua.

Mrs. Henry Farjeant, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to her sister, Mrs. Cave, in Waverley.

Mrs. Fitzmorris, of Australia, is the guest of her sister (Mrs. H. Nixon) in Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Allen, of Wanganui, are the guests of Miss Lysaght, Mokoia, Hawera.

Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Moore, of Palmerston North, have been staying in Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bayly, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to Taranaki.

Miss Moore, of Palmerston North, is the guest of Miss Bates, St. John's Hill, Wanganui.

Miss W. Bayly, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Etham and Stratford.

Miss Hardeastle, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to England and the Continent.

Rev. L. and Mrs. Dove, Collegiate School, Wanganui, have returned from their holiday in Wellington.

Mr. A. A. Sherriff, of Wanganui, is at present at Rotorua.

Miss Mason, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Wellington and the Wairarapa.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Lethbridge, of Wanganui, have returned from their trip to Rotorua.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Wanganui, have returned from their trip to Wellington.

Mrs. Bridge, of England, has been staying with friends in Wanganui.

Dr. Howard Christie, of Wanganui, is staying in Christchurch.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

Hawera, May 18.

Afternoon Tea.

On Wednesday, Mrs. J. R. Cassell gave a most enjoyable afternoon tea. This being the centennial anniversary of Charles Dickens, Mrs. Cassell gave a short outline of his life, and several of the guests read short passages from his works. Included in the guests were: Mrs. Foyster, Miss Lysaght, Misses Good (3), Misses Caplen (2), Miss Newland, Miss McLean, Misses Nolan (2), Miss Pratt, Miss Clapcott, Miss Hull (Auckland), etc.


On the Links.

There was a very large number on the golf links last Tuesday afternoon. Delicious tea was given by Mrs. Page and Miss Pratt. Amongst those present were: Mesdames Kimbell, McLean, O'Callaghan, Holder, Wallace, T. Campbell, Webster, Bayley, Nalder, Foyster, Worthy, Johnson, Glusson, Misses Caplen (2), Claycott, Hawken, Young, Winks, Nolan, Hull (Auckland), Raine, Short, Revel, Douglas, Scott, Good, Carroll.

At the Opera House.

A very appreciative audience filled the Opera House on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, when Professor Norwood gave a series of interesting hypnotic performances. Among the audience were: Mr. and Mrs. Gillies, Dr. and Mrs. MacDiarmid, Miss Littlejohn (Well-

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ton), Mr. and Mrs. Page, Mr. and Mrs. O'Callaghan, Miss Russell (Christchurch), Mr. and Mrs. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilson, Mr. G. and Miss Brown, Mr. Mrs., and Miss Baine, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Pantham, Mrs. A. Good, Mr. and Misses Nolan (3), Misses Glenn (2), Reilly, Williamson, Young, Winks (2), Hunter, Hull (Auckland), Messrs. Nader, Nancarrow, Barton, Hill, Parkinson, Treweek, etc.

Personal.

Miss Edgerton (Auckland) is the guest of Mrs. Gool (Ramanui).
Miss Russell (Christchurch) is staying with her sister (Mrs. O'Callaghan).
Mr. and Mrs. J. Buchanan, who have been visiting Hawera, have returned to their home in Masterton.
Mrs. Thomson and her small daughter have returned from Dunedin.
Mrs. Caplen is visiting Wellington.
Mrs. Rawson (Wellington) is staying with her daughter (Mrs. Lennon).

BLenheim.

May 18th.

On the Links.

The weather being perfect last Saturday afternoon, there was a fair attendance on the Wilher Golf Links. Among those present were:—Mesdames Corry, MacLaine, F. Dodson, Walker, Bennett, Lucas, Hulme, Misses H. McCallum, Chapman, McLauchlan, McKay, Skinner (2), Jenkins, Clouston, Warren (Wellington), Messrs. Reid, Golding, Skinner, Grace, Churchward, Hodson, and Dr. Bennett.

Missionary Sale.

The annual missionary sale was held in the Church of the Nativity schoolroom on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon and evening. There were nine stalls besides the afternoon tea and supper. The stall-holders were as follows:—Indian stall, Mesdames Tilly and Florence; Sower's hand stall and braai pies, Mrs. de Lambert and Sower's; work stall, Misses Sownan and Jackson; flowers, Misses Hale; produce, Mesdames McKenzie and Girling; sweets, Misses Draper (2); Gleaner's Union stall, Mesdames Rogers, Carkeek, and Fisher; Christian Endeavour stall, Mrs. Paton, Misses Tapp, and Williams; jumble stall, Messrs. Girling and McKenzies; afternoon tea, Mesdames Healy and Byford and Misses Walker (2).

Social.

An enjoyable social function was held in St. Patrick's Hall on Wednesday evening, when his Worship the Mayor (Mr. J. J. Corry) and Mrs. Corry entertained the members of the committee which assisted Mr. Corry in the Mayoral campaign. There was a full attendance of the members and their friends, and the gathering was a large and spirited one. A sumptuous supper was laid out in the ante-room, the table being tastefully decorated with white and pink chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. Mrs. J. Corry received the guests, wearing a handsome dress of black satin.

Concert.

On Friday evening the Newbury-Spada Company held a most successful concert in the Blenheim Town Hall. Among those I noticed in the audience were:—Mesdames Innes, White, Cheek, Florence, Bell (2), Bennett, Howard, Mills, Bull, Fowler (Kaikoura), Redwood, Lucas, Goulding, Misses Ball (3), Phillips, Bull, Lucas, Reid (2), Jenkins, Draper, Florence, Clouston, Innes, Bell (3), Neville (2), Purser (Wanganui), Messrs. Redwood, Lucas, Howard, Bull, Litchfield, Moffat, Parker, Mrs. Bennett and Bell.

Personal.

Hon. Mrs. Townshend and Miss T. Townshend have returned from their holiday to Christchurch.
Mr. and Mrs. Adam Bell have gone for a trip to Napier and Rotorua.
Miss Warren (Wellington) is visiting Mrs. J. Corry, Maxwell-road.
Mr. and Mrs. D. Strachan have returned from the Pelorus Sounds.
Mrs. Fowler (Kaikoura) is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bull, Walter-street.
Mrs. Meade is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tschemmer-Schule, "Avondale."
Mrs. Wicks has returned from Picton, where she has been spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. S. Macalister.
Miss V. Britain has returned from the North Island.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Monro, "Bank House," are spending a few days with Mrs. Monro, Hawkeshaw-street.

Miss D. Waddy, who has been visiting Mrs. Griffiths, has returned to Wellington.

Miss Urquhart is at present in Wellington.

Miss L. Monro (North Island) is the guest of Mrs. Chaytor, "Marshlands."

NELSON.

May 18.

Afternoon Tea.

Some enjoyable "farewell teas" were given during the week, at which Mrs. Jack Sharp was the guest of honour. Mrs. Alec Glasgow gave a charming little tea at the "Haeremai," which, to some, was specially enjoyable, as there was no competition. The hostess was wearing a black costume, small black hat, with white plumes. Some of those present, besides Mrs. Sharp, were: Mrs. Barr, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. and Miss Marsden, Mrs. Cock, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Robison, Mrs. Benwick, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Airey, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Izard, Mrs. Dodson, Mrs. Bunny, Miss Roberts, Miss Forbes.

Bridge Party.

Mrs. Gibbs gave a very successful bridge party for Mrs. Sharp at her residence, Hardy-street. The hostess resided in a pretty black ninon gown over pale yellow; Mrs. Hamilton Smith was wearing black silk; Mrs. Jack Sharp, white cloth, black and white hat; Mrs. Horn, dark blue velvet, Tuscan and black hat; Mrs. Barr, grey tailor-made, tazel hat with pink satin under brim; Mrs. Marsden, grey foulard, saxe blue hat; Miss Marsden, grey satin, with ermine furs; Mrs. Fowler, red costume, hat with white ostrich plumes; Mrs. Bunny, black and white check costume, small black hat; Mrs. Coote, grey satin cloth much soutache, grey hat; Mrs. D. Edwards, pale blue cloth with black feathered hat; Mrs. Izard, navy serge; Mrs. Burnes, amethyst costume, hat en suite; Mrs. Hobby, pink satin cloth, hat of the same shade; Mrs. de Castro, pale grey voile; Miss Roberts, olive-green tailor-made; Mrs. Robison, grey costume, black hat; Miss Stuart Forbes, black tucked ninon over white silk, black satin hat with choux of purple; Mrs. Blechynden, black voile costume, mauve toque; Mrs. McLaren, navy and tan striped voile, hat en suite; Mrs. Richmond Fell, tweed coat and skirt, fur toque; Miss Houlker, grey tailor-made, green hat; Misses Clark, blue cloth frocks, black hats; Miss Taylor, grey coat and skirt, grey straw hat with cerise velvet; Mrs. Squires, navy tailormade, wide black hat; Miss D. Booth, dark blue cloth, saxe blue hat. Other bridge hostesses during the week were: Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Hamilton Smith, Miss Gilkison, and Mrs. Booth.

Personal.

The Postmaster-General (the Hon. H. G. Ell) and Mr. D. Robertson, secretary of the Post and Telegraph Department, have been spending a few days in Nelson.

Colonel Wardrap Moore, an English visitor, who is touring the Dominion, is at present in Nelson.

Dr. Andrew, who has been away in Wellington, has returned.

Miss Monica Bunny, who has been away in the Wairarapa for several months, has also returned.

Mrs. and Miss Hayter have left by motor-car for their home in South Canterbury.

Mrs. H. L. Fowler has gone for a short holiday to Wellington.

Miss F. Richmond has returned from Wellington.

Miss Lorimer has been mountain-climbing to Mt. Arthur during the holidays.

Miss Heaps (Wanganui) is the guest of Mrs. Heaps.

CHRISTCHURCH.

May 18.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fairhurst, Merivale, (Christchurch), have gone to Marton for a short visit.

Mrs. and the Misses Barker (Marton) are spending the vacation in Christchurch.

Mrs. Olivier has returned to Christchurch from the North Island, where she has been spending some months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Merton (Christchurch) are spending the holidays at Ashburton.

Archdeacon York and Mrs. York (Greymouth) are visiting Christchurch.

Miss M. Stoddart (Christchurch) has been notified by the Societe des Artistes Francais of the acceptance of one of her water-colour pictures for this year's exhibition in the Paris Salon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rhodes ("Meadowbank") and Miss M. Tahart have returned from Christchurch from their visit to the North Island.

Mrs. C. Reid (Merivale) is the guest of Mrs. P. Johnson at Mt. Torlesse.

Miss Hay (Timaru) is staying with friends in Christchurch.

Mrs. G. W. Russell and Miss Russell (Christchurch) are the guests of Mrs. Currie (Napier).

Mrs. Vernon (Christchurch) is staying with Mrs. Rich at Longbeach.

Mrs. Ranald Macdonald and Mrs. Bowden (Christchurch) are spending a few days at Sumner.

Miss A. Thomson (Geraldine) is visiting Christchurch.

Mrs. Lewin (Methven) is in Christchurch, en route for a visit to the West Coast.



At the Theatre

at Concerts or other places with impure and overheated atmosphere, the Invigorating and Refreshing Qualities of the "4711" Eau de Cologne will never fail to be appreciated. The perfume produced from a few drops of the "4711," or a gentle friction with same, will always revive the nerves and your entire system.

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The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

THE general style of the gowns is something between the empire and the princess robe. Tunics, draperies, high waist belts, fichus and revers form the trimmings in them all, just as one sees everywhere, and the charm of them lies more certainly in the colour schemes and in the beauty of the materials.

Chiffons, marquisettes, nets and voiles of cobwebby daintiness are responsible for the exquisite evening gowns of the season.

Some of the chiffons are brocaded in velour—a marvellous effect. Others are printed in either dainty pompadour or rich Oriental colours. One bordered design that I saw was printed in fifty colours and shades.

Quite the most effective idea in chiffon—while the creation of a Parisian dressmaker—may be easily copied by any woman clever with the needle. It is simply printed or stencilled chiffon, with the designs outlined with tiny crystal beads. Some of the beautiful Paris model gowns are simply trimmed with fichus, surplises and draped tunics of this beaded chiffon.

The New Tunic.

It is quite obvious that the advance couturieres have no intention of permitting the tunic to be abandoned. Every day new ideas are exploited in its fashioning to render it more attrac-

tive. Charmingly simple in line, and built in accordance with the latest modes is the frock illustrated.

Tunics of Greek Net.

To those women whose expenses just now put a ban on much extravagance, "doing up" becomes the sole refuge. A review, as a matter of fact, of the wardrobe, invariably suggests numbers of ways in which an evening frock may be increased.

An old silk or satin dress, wide in the skirt and made with long or loose sleeves, can be metamorphosed with the help of a tunic or a complete veiling. In fact, the dress of three years ago, which was made ample at the hem, is more readily convertible into a modern frock than one of the last eighteen months. In two years' time, probably, we shall be bemoaning the fact that the dress of today has no use beyond the making of sachets and patchwork quilts.

A net tunic or overdress is more lasting than chiffon. A veiling of broad-meshed Greek net, edged with a little embroidery of beads and bugles, will completely change an old evening gown, the skirt of which has been narrowed in the gores, while a new bodice—cut in kimono form—of net may be supplied, bordered in the same way as the skirt.

Black velour will probably be the most important fabric of the season in coats, because it will not only be used

for afternoon coats, but also for evening wear.

However, the most luxurious evening coats are of brocades regal enough for wear at the brilliant French courts of long ago.

Juliet caps are among the novelties just brought out from Paris. These caps are not cheap, for they consist of strands of pearl beads woven into a coarse network and joined at the intersections with rhinestones, or they are of fine net embroidered with pearl or crystal beads or thickly pailletted with gold, silver or iridescent spangles. Yet it is possible for the amateur to make one of these Juliet caps and have it look precisely as it should, by shaping the crown by means of gores, ribbon-stayed on the under side. The Juliet, as one may see by the pictures representing the ill-fated heroine, fits closely to the head, is posed a trifle toward the left ear and is suited only to the girl who has a quantity of waving hair or hair which can be made to wave.

Fashion in Fans.

Fans have undergone considerable change, and those shown for the coming season include a variety that will make an appeal to many tastes. It is expected that two fans will find special favour, the new design in ostrich plumes and the lace one on a pearl mount.

Ostrich feathers, in the up-to-date models, will be uncurled, and the shape of the mount is long and narrow, forming a point. The suitable frame for a white feather fan is goldfish shell, which is the technical name of a yellow Japanese shell, whose colouring is peculiarly well suited to throw out the tone of snow-white plumes. Pearl, in a variety of shades, tortoise-shell, and bone are the correct materials for fan mounts, and their effect is frequently enhanced by carving or by gold scroll patterns inlaid.

Flower Frocks.

The debutante of the coming season should she choose to do so, may, as her great-grandmother did before her, deck herself with flowers when she arrays herself for the dance. It is the typical white frock of nearly seventy years ago, with its festooned flounces supported by lilies and white roses, that her mother would order for her, and in it she would resemble the prettiest of damsels a Winterhalter painted, as fresh and sweet and modest as the violet.

Her hair she would dress not with the painful neatness of those times but in the simple braids and coils then fashionable, more carelessly disposed.

Pearls for her throat there would be and for her wrists more pearls, small ones wrought into broad chains. On her feet there would be shoes as pretty as Cinderella's and only a little more substantial, made of satin to match her dress, with pearl rosette ornaments.

Wired Sleeves.

A new introduction in evening frocks which is a modification of the old style is represented on this page. The original is not a white but a pale coral pink tulle dress, with a waistband and flat bow at the back of a darker shade of coral. Tucked into the belt is a bunch of roses, which fall in trails, partly beneath and partly outside the veilings or material.

Of the sleeves something must be said with particular emphasis—namely, that they are lightly wired to cause the gauzy folds to stand away from the arms.

By no detail of dress is Fashion's trend more unmistakably indicated than by the mode in sleeves, and as we have already got the bell shape and leg of mutton patterns before us, as well as a modi-

fication of the deep gauntlet with a puff above it, we have proof positive of the introduction of mid-Victorian designs.

It is because the new sleeves are so much wider and more important looking than the old ones that a rather slighter waist measurement is required.



AN EVENING TOILETTE FOR A DEBUTANTE.

One of the models suggested by a Winterhalter painting of nearly 70 years ago.



GRACEFUL EVENING TOILETTE.

Carried out in lemon-coloured charmeuse and gold lace.

There is a great charm about the even-
meuse and gold lace, with a gold tulle
the belt and at one side of the skirt
waist green tulle is wound. Half the
of lemon tulle, very cleverly and lightly
always becoming in close juxtaposition

ing frock which is made of lemon char-
train lined with emerald green tulle. Into
tiger lilies are placed, and round the
bodice is made of lace and the other half
posed over flesh-coloured tulle, which is
to the arms and shoulders.

Fashion Notes from London.

(From Our Lady Correspondent.)

LONDON, March 29.

A week end spent in Brussels gave the
writer an opportunity of criticising the
shops of that capital noted, among those
interested, as showing the finest win-
dow-dressing in the world.

If faint praise damns, then what ap-
pears over-praise sickens before the sub-
ject of discussion is even viewed, and it
was with anything but an impartial eye
that your correspondent confesses she
set out on a pilgrimage of the man

Pre-eminent

as the Queen of Dress Fabrics is the

**LOUIS
VELVETEEN,**

with all its charming lustrous
finish: draping exquisitely to suit
the clinging fashions of the day—
yet sold at a price within the
reach of all.

DO NOT TOLERATE A SUBSTITUTE.

Every Yard you buy
should be stamped L-O-U-I-S



A CHARMING EVENING DRESS.

In soft Dresden blue satin, nixon tunic and fichu, bordered with dowdrop net, headed by wreath of pink chiffon rosebuds and leaves. The bodice is most becomingly arranged with crossed bands of the net and rosebud trimming.

Shopping streets of the capital of Belgium. It is with humility she now acknowledges that public opinion—a collection of many voices is pretty generally right in the main essential.

Window dressing in Brussels is an art that puts even Parisian effects in the background. Those New Zealanders who visited the Fair of Fashions at the Festival of Empire in the summer, may remember how extraordinary life-like were the waxen ladies on whom Continental couturieres displayed their confections. Such appear in all the leading Brussels windows, and set so naturally that one seems to be gazing on to an interesting stage scene all the time. There is little doubt that such a method of displaying goods must be very much more expensive than the old expressionless dolly ladies and tailors' block men, but there's no doubt whatever as to the difference of effect.

One scene shown was a drawing room, charmingly decorated, and a children's party in progress. Eight little girls, all exquisitely dressed even to shoes and stockings and with wreaths of roses in their hair, danced round in a ring, while a lady in evening dress played the harp and another looked on.

Another showed it being night—a decorated balcony overlooking a lake (very realistic looking in the moonlight) with a group of people in dainty gowns drinking coffee and a little girl ascending the balcony steps to join them. And there were numbers of other pictures—the setting of each chosen to display the dresses.

A favourite method of exhibiting goods is novel and is seen in many windows, the floor of which is always brightly polished parquet, on which giant vases, in beautiful designs, are laid down on their sides, evening and reception gowns in beautiful silks being thrown lightly

over, these, not more than two perhaps in each window.

The colour schemes, too, are remarkably effective. One window full of goods all navy, silks, velvets and cloths, was set off by huge vases of flaming poppies placed among the otherwise sombre materials. Another window at night was embellished with great golden chrysanthemums, each lit inside with electricity.

The fashion so popular in London of hanging great festoons of ribbon, flowers, etc., across window panes, was nowhere seen in any of the good shops. In the background given precious stones, tassels, etc.—generally a square of real lace laid on dark velvet—London can hold her own.

Even fruit shops in Brussels are worth staring in, and a new manner of window dressing is seen there. This is a sort of long mirror glass box attached, like a ledge, to the bottom of the window outside, in which bunches of grapes, single choice oranges, peaches, pines, etc., are displayed with genuine elegance. Grocers decorate their little cream cheeses—surely not very poetic goods—with vine and shiny laurel leaves till each is a study. In short, window adorning is a real profession.

Dressing in the street is not widely different from that in England and not, it seemed to a casual onlooker, as distinctive and daring as that often seen in the Gay City. As here in London, shot silk dominates all else for cloaks, coats, and skirts, and as trimming.

The children one passes in the parks are rather more elaborately dressed than English ones.

One cloak—in dark blue cloth and with a hood, often worn over the head, by both grown-ups and little ones—is a universal adornment of the poorer classes, and is at once a sensible and becoming garment.

DRAP D'EPONGE.

Here, in London, everything is, in the spring weather, very bright and pretty. Drap d'eponge—the towel-like cloth of which I wrote last week—goes forward by leaps and bounds in popularity, whole coats and skirts now being made of it, with revers and buttons of a contrasting colour.

AN INNOVATION

of the week is a large rosette which has suddenly sprung into fashion, shaped like a loose dahlia, and of the silk the garment it finishes is trimmed with. Costumes show it at the junction of the revers, whether these be long or short, on evening coats it appears at one side of the long hood at the back, and on hats in all manner of strange ways. One toque this week in navy lagel and hunched up toward a sugar-loaf crown, had two rosettes, one of bright navy and the other of mustard coloured silk, standing back to back, right on the roof of the crown.

POCKETS,

though not apparently always for use, appear on blouses and many coats and skirts, and on a few indoor gowns, the latter always having a tiny frill of gold or silver lace springing from the pocket, which is set on the left breast.

Fashion Notes from Paris.

March, 1912.

The assertion that you cannot be well dressed on a small allowance cannot be held true in these days, for the present-day fashionable woman not only can, but very often does, turn into most artistic and distinctive toilette her last year's frocks which are beginning to look somewhat "tripee" and old-fashioned.

RENOVATIONS.

The problem of remodelling one's last year's clothes takes up a large share of the attention of the woman of limited

income at the beginning of the new season. It is therefore most important that she should have every help possible if she would avoid mistakes. I cannot advise, in general, exactly what to purchase, since it depends largely on what is left over of last year, the possibilities of which (or making over are best known to the individual. Of course there are many "left-overs" that require only a little manipulation to make them possible. It is quite possible, for instance, to re-model an out-of-date evening gown into a dream of beauty. I was delighted with a "renovation" which came my way yesterday. This was a blue satin dress veiled in misty grey, with wonderful embroideries of silver and flossette; no one would have believed that it had been evolved from an old-fashioned and rather

straps of fine old lace—in fact, one should never discard a good dress until one is certain that one cannot give it a new lease of life; it is a truly marvelous economy.

OUR SKETCH.

In our sketch on this page you will find illustrated a last year's frock which has been very successfully renovated. I cannot imagine anything prettier than this simple frock of pale rose satin veiled in nixon and ivory guipure, with a coat effect in guipure, the train and sleeves edged with silver fligree and silver fringe. In the original gown the corsage, which was somewhat soiled, has been replaced by the lace coat, a veritable "cachemire" covering a multitude of sins. A pale pink satin collar had been added to carry out the colour scheme. The skirt is as cleverly handled as the coat, though the addition of the silver fligree trimming and the silk fringe has given quite an up-to-date appearance to what was, at the outset, a somewhat dowdy frock.

LOGIC IN DRESS.

Is there any logic in dress? I wonder! Whole volumes might be written on this subject. I will not begin here and now. 'Tis my duty to recall only the passing whims and fancies of the dress-maker's mind. No argument, however, is necessary to defend the beauty of the flowered and broadened ribbons this season. It would be hard to surpass the grace of a wide black chiffon scarf bordered with three inches of creamy swansdown. Your imagination might revel in the same idea carried out in geranium red with a heavy grey bead-embroidery border; or chrysoprose green with a black jet bead-embroidery border, or Madonna blue with a bordering of fine black silk fringe, and many other artistic combinations. The newest scarf for the neck is made like the double-faced scarf of last summer, but fastened in a short burnous in the middle back and then flattened to form a capuchon hood, with a tassel at the point, the V above the hood being filled with a triangle of lace and embroidery to fit the neck.

SUNSHADES.

It would be interesting indeed to know how a sunshade ever happens to be saddled with such an unkind epithet as "ugly"; but according to Jean Ingelow, that is what they were once upon a time called. Among the bevy of pretty parasols to be seen in the shops in the Rue de la Paix and elsewhere are some lovely Dresden and Pompadour effects, which are the strongest possible proof that the sunshade has at last justified itself and is indeed "its only excuse for being." Of black velvet, a pretty model shows a striking departure from the ordinary. Even the handle is velvet-covered, the lining being of rose-coloured silk, so becoming to the complexion, by the way. Every one of the ribs in a pretty Pompadour model shown are finished with tiny rose-buds of pale pink taffetas to harmonise with the pink shepherd's bow. Emerald green and the crude apple-green are favoured colours in parasols, as well as the other details of the toilette.



shabby ball dress. Another transformation has been worked by draping an emerald green satin with an over-dress of black nixon, caught with big jet buckles, whilst a lavender blue satin bodice and skirt had been converted into one of the new swathed corasges with a chemisette and sleeves of real lace, and

Essential for a Good Figure. The Correct Corset.

Many a woman with a "Slack set up" appearance goes through life envying her more graceful sister's figure.

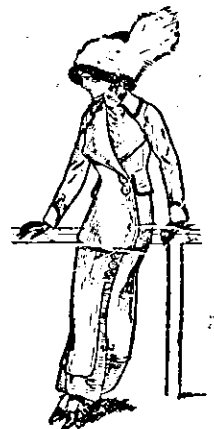
It is largely her own fault, because she buys Corsets without a thought as to their influence upon her figure.

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are the most important factor in developing and moulding the figure, because they are built scientifically and on hygienic lines.

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LATEST VICTORY GRAND PRIZE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION. 1910

Verse Old and New.

Up Against the Bars.

OLD King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he!
He called for his pipe and he
called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
But only two of the fiddlers came;
The third, they said, was barred
From earning his living henceforth, be-
cause
He carried no union card.
Nor came the pipe with its fragrant weed
Nor the bowl with its golden brew;
For all such things had been driven from
court
By the W. C. T. U.

§ § §

Sleep.

Clothe me in dreams, O sweet, sad
wraith of Sleep!
Wrap me from head to feet in garments
white
Of mystic dreams; with stars of radiant
light
Gemmaed here and there in these pale
clouds that weep!
For tired heart, and weary grain doth
leap
With one great throb toward the dim
Unknown
That holds long rest for earth-born sigh
and moan.
Shroud me in pallid dreams, O ghost of
Sleep!
Lay your wan fingers on my aching
eyes.
And bid Life's other phantoms flee away
Into the solemn sludges that have no
day.
Where, broodingly, eternal silence lies!
Then whisper, soft as moon on frost-
wreaths hoar,
"Dream, worn-out one, dream here for-
evermore!"
—Fanny Driscoll.

The Call of the Child.

He haunted the opera house, he'd heard
every singer of note,
Could hum all the trills and cadenzas
that swelled from each silvery
throat.
But when he came to his fireside and
Flossie climbed up on his knee
And said: "Oh, do sing to me, daddy,"
this jingle he'd warble with glee:
"Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the
fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see such
sport,
And the dish ran away with the
spoon."

He entered the Marathon races, he'd met
every man of renown.
Was in with the runners and boxers the
length and the breadth of the
town;
But when little Jim would invite him to
play horse or bull in the ring,
The science of sport was forgotten and
he'd join and merrily sing:
"Ride a rock horse to Banbury Cross
To see an old woman ride on a white
horse,
With rings on her fingers and bells on
her toes,
And she shall have music wherever
she goes."

He knew the political leaders, had met
the wise men of finance.
He watched the men pulling the wires
that caused all the puppets to
dance;
But he'd leave a board meeting or dinner
if Johnny were sick in his bed.
And murmur a song to the laddie as
softly about he would tread:
"Rockabye baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will
rock.
When the bough breaks the cradle
will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and
all."

He delved into the occult and abstract,
to science devoted his mind,
Would hold very learned discussions with
all the wise men of his kind,
But he'd stily tell Jenny and Tommy
that the moon was made of green
cheese,
And say that the roll of the thunder
was the storm king trying to
sneeze.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the King's horses, all the King's
men,
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty,
together again."

In the workaday world or in science,
Or when men are by pleasure beguiled,
There come times when our hearts are
awakened,
And we hark to the call of the child.
—Cecil Burleigh.

§ § §

The Beggars.

Sordid stroller of the street,
Eyes of hunger, shuffling feet,
What have I to do with thee
And thy trailing misery?
Take this pittance, turn away,
Go thy aimless, angry way,
Dull resentment in thy mind
Smouldering against mankind.
Why, within my secret room,
Through the softly-scented gloom,
By the fire-side's glint and glow
Steals the vision of thy woe?

Say what wrong I did to thee
To endure my misery?
—From "Poems of Revolt and Satan
Unbound," by Constant Lounsbury.

§ § §

The Mule.

The mule is stupid, so they say;
He has no brain with which to think;
But he can always turn away
When he has had enough to drink,
No matter if his foolish brother
Insists that he must have another.

Which?

Rich and fat was the altar-fest
For the holy flage that G.Y.;
But there in the pool from the slain
lamb's throat.
A slender body lay.
While the Horror stiffened each lovely
limb
And kissed the red lips gray.
Far o'er the desert a shadow flees
In the glare of the angry sun;
Is it man or ghost or hunted beast,
Or sand by the whirlwind spun,
And why does it run and look behind,
And look behind and run?
The yellow hair of the white boy-priest
Is damp with a ghastly dew;
Can he not raise those perfect hands
From his bosom where they lie,
And why does he stare at the noon-day
sun
With such a fearless eye?

He does not smile, he does not stir,
But still the shadow flees;
It can not be that sound is born
On such wan lips as these,
Yet surely shadows never sobbed
In such strange agonies.
Across the desert of the world
Still stumbles in his pain
The Man who killed; and yet, which is
The slayer, which the slain,
The delicate-fingered Abel, or
The shamed and branded Cain?
—Willard A. Wattles.

§ § §

The London Baby's Plaint.

Please Father, dear Father, come home
to us now,
The clock in the steeple's run down!
The suffragist ladies have started a row,
And smashed all the windows in town!
And now the dear mother is landed in
jail.
With numerous ladies of note;
They don't care a sixpence for pardon or
bail,
But they'd break all the laws for a
vote!
We babies are crying for Mother to
come;
Please Father bring Mother right home.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

A Chance to Demonstrate.

A SHORT time after the concert
began a man rose and said:
"Is there a Christian Scientist
in the audience?"
Another man rose in his turn, "I
am a Christian Scientist," said he.
"Then, sir," said the other, advancing
towards him, "I will ask you to change
places with me, as my seat is in an
abominable draught."

§ § §

Unruffled.

"I ain't crying!" said little Ethel,
cheerfully, from the dining-room, where
she was having a late solitary break-
fast.
"I'm glad to hear it," replied her
mother from the adjoining room. "Why
aren't you crying, my dear?"
"Cause," said Ethel, as she placidly
watched the contents of her overturned
omelet bowl flowing over the table and
trickling down on the floor, "cause
dere's no use crying over spilled milk."

§ § §

Couldn't Understand.

James Whitcomb Riley used to tour
the country with Bill Nye in lecture
courses. One night, while the two were
behind the scenes in the theatre of some
Eastern town, Riley got tired of waiting
while Nye tried to make himself beauti-
ful, and, tiptoeing to the drop curtain,
peered out into the auditorium. He
came back to Nye's dressing-room in
consternation. "Great Scott!" he
whispered, "this is awful! There aint
a pecky handful of people out there, Bill!"
"I don't know why there isn't Jim,"
replied Nye, dreamily, continuing to
"wrasle" with his tie, "we've never been
here before."

An Egotist.

One evening as a family sat grouped
about the library table, the little son
looked up from his book and asked:
"Papa, what is an egotist?" "An egu-
tist," the father answered, "is a man
who thinks he is cleverer than any one
else." But the mother, laughing coldly,
appended: "No, my son, that is not quite
right. An egotist is a man who says he
is cleverer than any one else—every man
thinks he is."

§ § §

Enjoying It.

Paul J. Rainey was dining in New
York—fresh from his slaughter of seven-
ty-four lions in Africa. "Ugh!" said a
young girl. "Killing lions! How could
you?" "Lion-killing is a matter of taste,"
said Mr. Rainey, and then, with a laugh
he continued: "Everything is a matter
of taste, you know. At the Kingsway
in London I once went to see Lena Ash-
well in 'Madame X.' It was a matinee.
Girls and women surrounded me. These
girls and women wept under Lena Ash-
well's spell like pumps, like fountains,
like Niagaras. I was sorry I hadn't
brought my raincoat. It got so damp I
feared I'd catch cold. But after a while
the spectacle of hundreds of weeping
girls and women began to amuse me.
Forgetting the damp and the discomfort,
I began to laugh. I couldn't help it.
I laughed on and on. I held my sides
and shook. A beautiful young girl on
my right looked at me over her wet
handkerchief, first reproachfully, then
indignantly. At last she plucked up
courage to say, in a low fierce voice,
broken by sobs: 'I wish you—you'd go
away! Even if the play doesn't amuse
you, at least you might—you might let
those around you enjoy it!'"

Help From Little Johnnie.

"What were you and Mr. Smith talking
about in the parlour?" asked her
mother.
"Oh, we were discussing our kith and
kin," replied the young lady.
The mother looked dubiously at her
daughter, whereupon her little brother,
wishing to help his sister, said:
"Yeth, they walk, mother. I heard
em. Mr. Smith asked her for a kith
and she thaid, 'You kin.'"

§ § §

Modern Beauty.

A young man the other day said to
his best girl:
"I visited that palmist this afternoon,
and he told me I'd marry a blonde."
The girl, who was very dark, said
thoughtfully:
"Did he say when the marriage would
take place?"
"Yes, in three months."
"Well, I can easily be a blonde by
that time, dear," said the girl, with a
shy smile.

An Optimist.

"Yes, sir," rejoined Mr. Weller. "Wot-
ever is, is right, as the young nobleman
sweetly remarked ven they put him down
in the pension list, 'cos his mother's
uncle's wife's grandfather vunce bit the
king's pipe with a portable tinder box."
"Not a bad notion that, Sam," said
Mr. Bob Sawyer, approvingly.
"Just what the young nobleman said
ev'ry quarter day afterwards for the rest
of his life," replied Mr. Weller.

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The Real Thing.

Little Dot (aged five): "Mamma, Dick
and I got married this morning."
Mamma: "You did, did you? Who per-
formed the ceremony?"
"I don't know what you're talkin'
about."
"Well, how did you pretend that you
were married?"
"Why, I got my dishes an' set the table
an' then we both sat down, an' he said
there wasn't a thing fit to eat, an' I
said he was a brute, an' then he went
out an' slammed the door."



Festive Gentleman (retreating home): "It's all very well—saying there's no place like home—but—it's getting there's the trouble!"



THE HEIGHT OF HIS AMBITION.

ART AND SCIENCE.

"What a beautiful picture of an angel!" said the lady who was visiting the art gallery.

"Yes," replied the aviation enthusiast; "but between you and me, those wings aren't practical."

SOMETHING THAT WAS WORSE.

A friend once wrote Mark Twain a letter saying that he was in very bad health, and concluding: "Is there anything worse than having toothache and earache at the same time?" Twain wrote back: "Yes, rheumatism and Saint Vitus's dance."

Night was coming on, and the storm was increasing, and some of the deck fittings had already been swept overboard, when the captain decided to send up a distress signal. The rocket was already lit and about to ascend, when a solemn-faced passenger stepped up.

"Cap'n," said he, "I'd be the last man on earth to cast a damper on any man's patriotism; but it seems to me this here's no time for celebratin' an' settin' off of fireworks."



OLD FOLKS—YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

JUDGING FROM THE PAST.

Mother: If you're very good, Edlith, I'll take you to the circus.
Little Girl: Do you really mean it, mother, or is it just a promise?

"Who's the author of that novel you are reading?"
"There's no name given."
"Due to modesty, I suppose?"
"No; fear, I should call it."

ALSO WITH GLOVES.

Assistant Editor: Here's a farmer writes to us asking how to treat sick bees.
Editor: Tell him he'd better treat them with respect.

"Cy" Warman, the poet and humorist, tells the story of an after-dinner speaker who was called on to speak on "The Antiquity of the Microbe." He arose and said, "Adam had 'em," and then sat down.

THE SPECIALIST AND THE IGNORANT.

It has always been my opinion, since I first possessed such a thing as an opinion, that the man who knows only one subject is next tiresome to the man who knows no subject.—The Holly Tree.



THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

"I want a sixpennyworth of your very best cigars, please!"



"Only unmarried men wanted! That's the third job Eliza's done me out of this morning!"

MATERNAL PRIDE.

Pride is one of the seven deadly sins, but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues—faith and hope. Nicholas Nickleby.

WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE.

Real estate operator: Did you accept young Richleigh when he proposed last night?
Daughter: We didn't close the deal, but I took an option on the property.