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The Week in Review.

The Shackles of Feudalism.

AFTER the customary ejection of a few suffragettes, Mr. Lloyd George addressed a crowded meeting at Woodford on the benefits of the National Insurance Act. In the course of his speech he said that the great task before British democracy was to free the country from the shackles of feudalism. He described the Insurance Act as a beginning, but only a beginning. The Chancellor did not say exactly what the next step was to be, but rumour has it that he contemplates legislation on the lines of his namesake, Henry George. The Insurance Act was on its introduction hailed with approval by both Unionists and Liberals. The main objections since have been against certain details. With the principles of the measure both parties are still in agreement. But it is felt that as it stands the Act only touches the fringe of poverty and makes little or no provision for the very poor. One may pardon the phrase "shackles of feudalism" as being only a piece of rhetoric, but a little more detail as to what is to be done in the future would have been welcome.

The Distribution and Creation of Wealth.

The danger of so much of what passes for progressive legislation in these days lies in the fact that it is founded on a misconception as to the true relation of capital to labour. It is urged again and again that you can do away with poverty by the simple process of taking from the rich and giving to the poor. At best any relief brought about by this method can only be of a temporary nature. To set class against class may pain notoriety and even popularity, but it can never bring about industrial peace. Nor can wealth be created by any redistribution of existing wealth. Poverty can only be cured by the creation of more wealth. This can best be done by bringing about a better understanding between employers and employees. The real statesman is he who can best devise a way to bring this about. Insurance Acts and Budgets can never go to the root of the matter. They can alleviate but cannot cure the unrest of labour.

Education and Labour.

Mr. H. G. Wells and Lord Robert Cecil are both agreed that labour as a purely wage-earning class, without a more direct partnership in the conduct and results of business, will disappear. What is to take its place? To answer this it is necessary that we should clearly grasp the meaning of the labour movement. Popular education has altered the whole mentality of the working classes and given them higher aims. It has also given the worker a new sense of dignity. In New Zealand, at any rate, the employer and employee are on the same level in most cases in the matter of education. The worker no longer feels that he is the inferior of his employer in this respect. He has also ceased to feel any sense of obligation. The worker gives his work in return for a wage, and he feels no more indebted to his employer than he does to his butcher or baker for giving meat or bread in exchange for the cash equivalent of labour. The employer has ceased to be a superior being.

The Aim of Industry.

This ought to bring about a greater sense of co-operation between capital and labour. In all essential respects the workers have become the social equals of their masters. The worker speaks as good English, is as well read, has as good manners as the employer. Sometimes he is the superior in this respect. It has thus become possible to introduce a new spirit into industrial questions, and the employer can be the real friend of the worker and inculcate a spirit of esprit de corps. They are both united in a cause higher than themselves, namely, supplying the wants of the world and increasing the sum total of human happiness and wealth. Industry is not the mere accumulation of wealth, but it is the union of mankind in the attempt to provide cheaply and efficiently for the wants of mankind. This is one of the noblest occupations in which men can be engaged. The highest productive energy is only to be derived from a spirit which realises the essential dignity of all work that adds to the comfort and happiness of the community.

Co-partnership.

Mutual enmity between class and class means economic waste and lessens the wealth of the world. Mere legislation can never infuse a right spirit. Ethics cannot be divorced from economics. This is the truth which Ruskin saw long ago in *Shades of Genius* which gave him a deeper insight than the classical economists into the springs of human activity. It is abundantly plain that no mere adjustment of wages or hours of work can permanently satisfy the aspirations of labour. Some form of co-operation is demanded, either the compulsory collectivism of Socialism or voluntary co-partnership. The former means revolution, the latter means progress. The difficulties of co-partnership are difficulties of detail, and both wisdom and business ability are needed to devise some means of overcoming difficulties that are far from being insuperable. The benefits of co-partnership have been proved beyond question. It has bridged the fatal separation between employer and employee, it has established community of interest, and it has added dignity to labour. On these lines the "shackles of feudalism" may be shaken off, but if Mr. Lloyd George means by this somewhat ambiguous phrase that he is merely intending to devise further means for enriching the poor by despoiling the rich, then there is reason to fear that he may intensify and not reduce class antagonism, and by so doing impair industrial efficiency and thus lessen output and diminish the actual wealth of the country.

Suffragette Tactics.

We have received a large number of clippings from English newspapers dealing with the subject of women's franchise, and the sender has added a note to say that it is no wonder that windows are smashed when so many inequities are going on, and are encouraged by the opponents of votes for women. The logic of the note is not apparent. Many of the extracts draw attention to undoubted evils, such as the white slave traffic and the underpaid labour of women, and suggestions are made that these evils might be remedied by extending the franchise to women. Let us grant for the moment that the contention is true, and that the votes of wo-

men would remedy some existing evils. How is a just cause assisted by illegal methods? The clergy might argue that the cause of religion was a just cause. Would they assist the furtherance of their cause by smashing the windows of unoffending tradespeople? St. Paul believed that the spread of the gospel was a great cause, and one making for the amelioration of mankind. Would he have bettered his cause by violently assaulting his opponents? Surely the contrary is the case. The better the cause the less need for resort to acts of violence. The maxim of the Old Bailey was that it was only when you had no case that you ought to abuse the attorney for the other side.

The Law and the Cause.

It is those who have the most sympathy with the cause of women's franchise who most regret the tactics pursued by the suffragettes. The window smashing incidents and the assaults on members of Parliament have put back the cause several degrees. The plain logic of the case is that no political views can be made an excuse for committing an offence against the law when that offence has no bearing on the said political views. For instance: Many people think that prohibition makes for national righteousness. Are they, therefore, justified in breaking the windows of a jeweller's shop in order to draw attention to their views on the liquor question? If so, there is nothing to prevent a man committing a burglary in order to draw attention to his views on compulsory vaccination. The two things stand on all fours. At the time of the Reform Bill the Bristol mob looted the houses of private citizens to call attention to the injustice of the electoral system. They burnt several houses and destroyed a large amount of property. Yet, when the ringleaders were hanged, people felt that they had been justly punished for offences against the law. In no civilised country could the government of the country be carried on for a moment if it was conceded that political views excused crimes of every description.

Prison Treatment of Women.

For look at it in this light. The suffragettes have, in many instances, houses of their own. Would they like their windows smashed and their persons assaulted by people who held strong views on vegetarianism, or the evacuation of the Mediterranean, or even Home Rule?

If not, why do they smash the windows of other people? The window smashers were punished for the willful destruction of property, not for any political views. Some of the extracts forwarded deal with the question of the treatment of the suffragettes in prison. This is a different matter. If the accounts are true, it certainly seems that there was undue severity shown in some cases. People imprisoned for breaking windows ought to be treated on exactly the same footing, whether they believe in women's suffrage or not. Their belief or disbelief in any political question ought not to affect their treatment in gaol. If it is true that they are subjected to extra punishment on account of their views on the franchise, then the matter ought to be looked into. The law exists for the protection of life and property, not for the punishment of those who hold certain views on different political questions.

Mackenzie Ministry Defeated.

Narrowly escaping disaster at the polls last November and averting defeat by a bare vote or two in Parliament during the short session in February, the Liberal administration, with a practically untried Cabinet, came to grief last week. The downfall was not altogether unexpected. The two dominating parties were of even numerical strength, and the situation, without anticipating defections from either side, was controlled by the Independent and Labour members. It was a matter of common gossip, however, that the distribution of portfolios by the Hon. T. Mackenzie had caused deep disappointment and some dissension in the ranks of the Liberal following, and that as a result, the continuous administration was certain of a reverse. The predictions in this direction were fulfilled. The Hon. J. A. Millar, Mr. Vernon Reed, and Mr. E. H. Clarke, elected as Government supporters, ranged themselves on the side of the Opposition, along with the two Independents, Messrs. J. G. Coates and T. W. Rhodes. The Hon. Roderick McKenzie, ex-Minister for Public Works, who made a bitter attack on the Government during the closing scenes, refrained from recording his vote. Thus an Administration that has been continuously in power for some twenty-two years and has been successively led by the late Hon. John Ballance, and Hon. Richard Seddon, by Sir William Hall-Jones, Sir Joseph Ward, and the Hon. T. Mackenzie, has at last toppled and been succeeded by Mr. Massey and his supporters.

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The Shifting Scene.

The Press of the world may be said to resemble a series of magic lantern slides. Pictures are thrown on the screen, and as each picture is thrown the previous picture is blotted out. Thus we have had the picture of the coal strike with its grim tale of suffering and its menace to the industrial supremacy of Great Britain. We soon forget this in the awful picture of the sinking of the world's largest liner. We could see the huge ship lifting her stern 150 feet in the air and then plunging to her doom amid the piteous moans of the hundreds who were thrown into the icy seas. Then we saw our largest gold mine stopped because some of the workers had fallen out with the others. We had the picture of enthusiastic miners cheering the Federation delegates, and the further picture of homes being broken up and whole families leaving the silent town. Then came the British transport strike, and at the same time rumours of the evacuation of the Mediterranean. Each picture carried a terrible warning, but as it faded from view it also faded from our minds. Now after a picture of a prize-fight, we have two further pictures of great interest to ourselves. One depicts risings against the authorities in India and Egypt, the other is of Canada coming forward with the offer of Dreadnoughts to help the Empire.

The Defence of the Mediterranean.

At the moment Britain is in the most deadly peril she has ever experienced. It has been found that the British fleet must be concentrated in Home waters. She is no longer in a position to provide for the defence of the Mediterranean. On the defence of the Mediterranean depends the safety of Egypt, India, and the Pacific. Our land forces at Malta and Gibraltar are ridiculously small and utterly inadequate. They amount to a nominal total of 18,000 men, and these are divided between Egypt, Gibraltar, and Malta. Actually the garrison of Malta is three battalions short, and that of Gibraltar two battalions, while there is not a single battery of field artillery in the whole of Egypt. These places can only be assured against attack by the presence of an adequate fleet. We have at present four battleships at Gibraltar and a few armoured cruisers up the Straits. The Admiralty cannot send more, and may even reduce the number of ships already stationed in the Mediterranean. The command of the Inland Sea will then fall into the hands of Italy, or Austria-Hungary, or France. It will certainly not be ours.

The Entente.

British statesmen are trusting to France. But what have we to offer France in return for her undertaking to defend our interests in regard to Gibraltar, Malta and Egypt? At present we offer her nothing of her own against naval attack. But the vulnerable part of France is her land frontier. Unless we can offer some adequate help on land it is not likely that France will make our quarrels her own at the risk of attack from Germany. The Germans are determined to attack us through France. They have provided in their new Defence Bill for additional army corps as well as for new Dreadnoughts. If the help we can render is inadequate, if we are late in sending it, and the French defence be overthrown, it may come to pass that the very navy on which we relied to maintain our path through the Mediterranean will be turned into an engine for our destruction. If France were once more prostrated after a campaign of a few weeks, as she was in 1870, the surrender of the French fleet and the use of the Vieux Canal and Atlantic ports would be demanded as the price of peace. This would mean the destruction of the British fleet. It would certainly mean that the control of the Mediterranean would fall into the hands of the Triple Alliance. England must be in a position to render effective aid on land in return for any aid we may get from France in the Mediterranean. Can we give such aid?

England and France.

The only way by which England could be in a position to render effective aid would be by the adoption of some scheme of universal training. It must come to Great Britain as it has come in her overseas possessions. The Dervishes at Home, admirable though they are, cannot suffice for the defence of England in the event of there being a call for

the regulars to go abroad. The British standing army is the most highly disciplined in the world. A force of a quarter of a million on French soil might well turn the scale in the event of war between France and Germany. But that is the very lowest number that could be of any real use. It might be necessary to send a much larger force. The only alternative is to so strengthen our fleet, so that we should be able to command the Mediterranean and secure the safety of Egypt, India and the Pacific. The present position is fraught with danger on every side.

A New Empire.

Thus we have on the screen a picture full of gloom. But a new one is taking its place. The call of danger has roused the Empire. No longer is the "reary Titan" called upon to take up the burden alone. It is not only the little islands in the North Sea which will meet the challenge, but the British race all over the world. The Canadian Government has offered to provide two or even three Dreadnoughts as a partial discharge of her obligations. New Zealand has already given a battle cruiser, and has offered another. Australia has seized the occasion to impose further burdens on her people for the purposes of defence. A new Empire is arising, and this new Empire, as it fittingly takes its birth from the sea. The British race has found a new purpose and a new consciousness, a mind and a will acting in harmony and controlling the nerves and the muscles. The statesmen of England may be perplexed, but the statesmanship of the Empire, as was finely said by the Canadian Minister of Finance, will be equal to the need.

The German Point of View.

Some people are at a loss to know why Germany is so anxious to increase her fleet and to gain command of the sea. The answer is simple. As long as Great Britain is mistress of the sea the German colonies are at her mercy, as is also her sea-borne trade. The German point of view is simply this: She wants colonies, and she wants trade with countries over the sea. These colonies are never wholly secure unless Germany is able to defend them against any other Power. Her mercantile marine is menaced by any maritime Power greater than herself. We must admit that she is in danger as regards both her colonies and her trade. But the very existence of our Empire is imperilled if we lose the command of the sea. Germany at best could only lose her colonies in the event of a big naval defeat. Were Great Britain to suffer any irreparable naval disaster she would cease to exist as a great Power. Germany does not misunderstand our position any more than we misunderstand hers. She only says that our point of view is irreconcilable with her own. If the British fleet lost its premier position then the overseas dominions would be at the mercy of Germany just as her colonies are at our mercy now. Germany aims at expansion. We aim at preserving our very existence. The situation is not of our creating. The facts of geography have so decided. Germany is in no danger from our command of the sea, while her supremacy would threaten our very life. The preamble to the German Navy Law threw down a challenge to Great Britain. It has been answered by Greater Britain.

Formal Grammar.

Sticklers for formal correctness in matters of grammar have been turning their attention from the split infinitive to the split passive. We are told that instead of saying that a woman was prettily dressed we ought to say that she was dressed prettily. The London "Times" has taken to using the phrase "to punish severely" instead of its former usage "to severely punish." It will now have to go a step further and write "he was punished severely" instead of "he was severely punished." There is much to be said for the contention of a Manchester paper that the better the grammar the worse the English. The Authorised Version of the Bible simply teems with grammatical errors, but few would deny the beauty of its English. But it is a consolation to know that even grammarians do not always follow their own rules. One excellent grammar, which warned us against the split infinitive and other errors, also tells us "never use a preposition to end a sentence with." This is sound advice apply pat.

Woodrow Wilson

The Chosen Democratic Candidate for the Presidency of the United States

IN 1909 Woodrow Wilson was President of Princeton University, where, bulwarked by books, he fitted into an aloof and scholarly atmosphere. Two years later he was Governor of New Jersey, boss wrecker of corrupt machines, and militant master of his party. To-day he is the chosen Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Because figuratively speaking, he has worn a classic mantle for most of the years during which he has been conspicuously known to the public, you must not get the impression that Woodrow Wilson has the shy and sensitive soul of the student. A man who could step from a college office into a capital where privilege, favour and graft were so deeply rooted as to become part and parcel of the very structure, and could clean it out with a broom that fairly bristled with a scorching flame, is the personification of dramatic action. Within six months from the time when he became Governor, he had prevented

ning smile some evidence of hidden strength, latent determination, steadfast purpose. His voice is clear, resonant and distinct.

The story of his retirement from Princeton is almost a romance in itself. It is sufficient to say that he withdrew from the Presidency of the University because he found himself in constant conflict with the interests of the wealthy and privileged classes, who appear to dominate even the highest educational institutions in America. His experiences in this connection determined him to do what he could to purify the public life around him; and to the amazement of the professional politicians, he stood as candidate for the Governorship of New Jersey. Still more amazing was his victory, which was won by sheer personal ability, political insight, and unshrinking courage. As State Governor, Woodrow Wilson has proved true to his pledges and his convictions; but more than this, he has been developing con-



WOODROW WILSON.

his party from sending a wealthy machine politician to the United States Senate; he had ordered the State chairman of his party, who had accused him of abuse of patronage, out of his office, never to return; he had forced through a Democratic Assembly and a Republican Senate a direct primary and election law which takes the organisation of both parties in New Jersey out of the hands of the bosses; he had galvanised what had been a tottering attempt at executive power into an authoritative, direct, and open-minded State rule. In a word, he woke the whole Commonwealth. He has proved that he bears to politics the same relation that a "fighting parson" bears to a war for liberty. His ethics are sound, but his courage, vigour and pugnacity are sounder. There is an air of quiet and determined conviction about this spare, well formed, grey-eyed man, in whom the thinker and the doer meet so admirably. The face is long, the forehead high and smooth; the whole demeanour is that of some high-bred, well-controlled, but emphatic organisation. The face shifts quickly from grave to gay, but there is always behind the bright win-

stantly on Radical lines. And though he has thus come to command the confidence of the best men in the Democratic party, he has naturally aroused the bitterest animosity in the ranks of the "machine" politicians, the "bosses" and "grafters," whose power he has broken in his own State, and whom he has threatened to hunt out of public life. They consider that as they supported his candidature against the Republicans at the State elections, he owes them allegiance still, and what they think of him now that he has declared boldly for "the straight deal" and declared war on political corruption, may be gathered from the following "elegant extract" from the conversation of a typical Democratic "boss": "I don't want to talk too freely about Wilson yet, because it is too soon to do him sufficient harm. I am storing my ammunition for the time when I can hurt him, and help to kill him. Wilson is the greatest fakir, impostor, liar, ingrate, Wilson! The world can never know the depths of his perfidy and the unscrupulousness of his acts. Why, we who nominated him, who gave our life's blood

Sayings of the Week.

No Jews as Beggars.

WE never have a Jew begging here, and I can never remember seeing one in want. They are very well looked after by their own.—Mrs Gillam, of the Ladies' Benevolent Society.

Education Boards.

The members of the present Education Boards were no more fit to deal with educational matters and appointments than a common road board or licensing committee.—Mr. Louis Cohen, M.A.

Flooded with Foreigners.

Canada is flooded with foreigners of all types. And a poor class of immigrants they are. They are of all nationalities, and have come from the big cities on the Continent, and some of them are not of a very desirable type, either. These people are willing to work anywhere and at anything, and will take very low wages. The result is that when employers can get these foreigners for very small wages they do not want the British farmer or workman, who wants good pay and good conditions of work.—Mr. David Williams, Saskatchewan.

Examples from New Zealand.

Canada is deriding us at a wonderful rate, and we recognise the great asset we have in our wheat lands. The education of the young farmers is every-

every person at a certain age will receive an annuity as a right without losing his self-respect.—Mr. Bradney, M.P.

The Rich Fools.

Wellington seems to have been singled out by the merchants as either a very wealthy place, or a place which contains an enormous percentage of fools, as there is scarcely an article on the tariff list which the merchants will not sell for less than their tariff prices, provided the grocer is over 20 miles from the city. The Wellington public were paying 1d per lb more for their biscuits than there was any need for.—Mr. Ar:Ar:Ar Bolton, grocer, Wellington.

Stamped Receipts.

If a person makes a statement on paper which can be interpreted as payment of a sum of money over £2, and hands that over to the other party, it must be deemed to be an acknowledgment, or receipt, and a stamp must be put on it.—Mr. Cutten, S.M.

Squatters.

The squatters had performed most important functions in the agricultural settlement of this country. Of course, now that they were passing away, one should not forget their useful work. They had braved many dangers and had gone through many experiences and hardships. They introduced capital and

a sturdy person, and not given to many words, not usually excited, with a very strong, tenacious will, a very stubborn spirit of self-respect, determined to make his way in the world, and who thought nothing of anybody else—a very different person indeed from the impulsive, emotional, sometimes almost hysterical Englishmen of to-day.—Deau Juge.

New Zealand Chamois.

Think of the new attraction New Zealand will be able to offer in years to come to visiting sportsmen when the number of the chamois will have increased, and of the novel, fascinating, and very exciting sport that New Zealanders and English tourists will be able to enjoy. It is a sport which at present cannot be had in any other part of the British Dominions, except in the almost inaccessible heights of the Himalayas.—Mr. Carl Klette.

A Permanent Impression.

The reception of the American fleet in Australasia in 1908 had left a permanent impression on the minds of the people of the United States. The cordial sentiments that they cherished towards the people of the United States were heartily reciprocated.—Rt. Hon. James Bryce.

The Three Essentials.

Great Britain ought not to depend upon an ally. The three essentials were co-operation between the Dominions and the Mother Country, increased garrisons at Malta and Gibraltar, and a squadron of battle-ships in the Mediterranean.—Lord Selborne.

The Awakening East.

The Government was determined that the young men of the country should be trained to defend it. The industrial developments in China and Japan made the position of Australia a most serious one, for no one could say that the huge unoccupied lands of Australia were not attracting the attention of the awakening East.—The Premier.

An Absurd Prejudice.

With the public, the absurd belief seems to obtain that because an article comes from somewhere else it is better than what you can get at home. The retailers are not over anxious to see the prejudice die down, because on certain lines of English-made goods they can get a better profit. It has been publicly asserted by one retail firm that there is no prejudice, but if you look in that firm's window you will find that seven-eighths of the goods shown are English and American makes.—Mr. W. Brunwell, boot manufacturer.

The Yellow Press.

It is a great pleasure to me to find your newspapers adopting that quiet, sober tone—quiet, I mean, in comparison with the Californian Press. Although I am a patriotic American, I think that the yellow Press methods of our newspapers are not good for our people, and their influence has been surprisingly bad. From the little I have seen of your newspapers, I am convinced that they cannot be anything but a power for good, and they must have a great influence over the people.—The Rev. G. Burlingame, San Francisco.

Rents in N.Z.

In Wellington a cottage costing 11 s a week, in England would cost 5 s, and in Germany 5/4. The ratios were: England 100, New Zealand 290, Germany 102.5, France 78.—Professor Wilson, Victoria College.

The Spacious Dominions.

I have great sympathy with the policy of decentralisation, and think it is a big mistake that the people have crowded into the cities before properly subduing the earth. There is no doubt that it would be good for Britain and for the British Dominions if a large proportion of the inhabitants of the small and overcrowded island at Home could be distributed throughout the more spacious dominions over the seas.—The Rev. W. P. Paterson.

Early Compulsory Training.

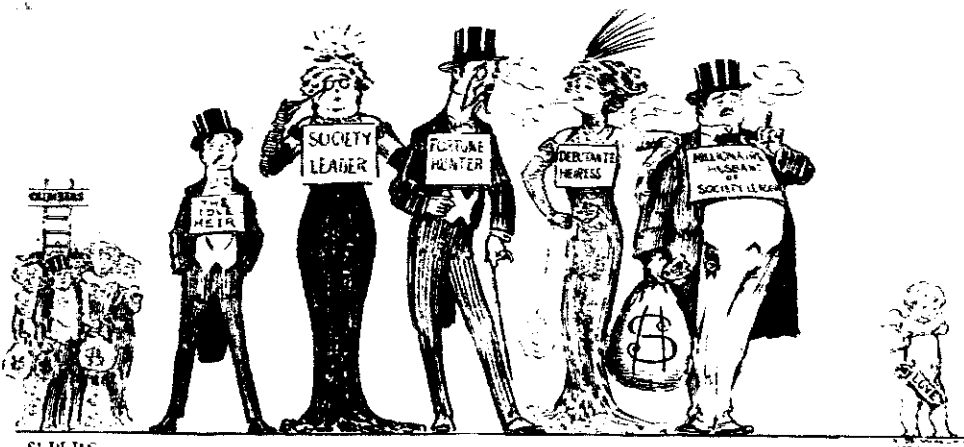
We talk much to-day about our territorial and their compulsory training, but I can assure you that in those early days everybody had to serve in the defence of the country, whether he liked it or not.—Mr. W. C. Kinsington.

The Cow, the Garden, and the Pipe.

The working man seems to want to crowd in to his work as close as he possibly can. It is quite a practice with him. If his work is in town, he will stay in town. That is why the workers' homes at Otahuhu have proved such a fiasco. It is all very well to talk about "the cow and the little garden," but the average workingman, when he completes his day's arduous labour, only feels fit for his pipe and perhaps a visit to the pictures.—Mr. H. A. Vail, auctioneer.

A Snare and a Peril.

Boardinghouses are a snare and a peril; a living volcano which is slowly burning the foundations of our national life. These are the haunts of morality mongers, pleasure-loving folks who scorn the simplicity of their own fireside, the sacredness and chastity of true wedded life.—The Rev. A. A. Murray.



Played throughout the country and always popular

thing and we are most anxious to take New Zealand's schemes as examples for our guidance.—Professor Gordon.

The Strain of Teaching.

I can always pick out a man or lady teacher, particularly a lady teacher. She may enter the service as a bright, fresh girl, but in a few years that is gone. The strain has left its mark on her face.—Mr. Robert Shields, N.S.W. Teachers' Union.

Buildings and Politics.

There is a feeling in South Canterbury that political influence has often been a determining factor when applications for buildings have been dealt with by the Government.—Mr. A. Bell, South Canterbury Board of Education.

Universal Pensions.

I am not opposed to the principle of all age pensions, but I am entirely against the system of administering the Act as provided by the existing legislation, which is in its present form one of the meanest vote-catching measures ever placed on the Statute Book. The recipient of a pension is made to feel that he has received it as an act of charity. I want the Act so amended that

men of experience in stock and agriculture to the country, and they radiated round their runs a considerable amount of settlement.—The Premier.

National Education.

I think that in the near future the nations of the world will be compelled in the interests of social self-preservation, to revise their systems of education. If the first object of a national system of education should be to erode and train in each fresh generation the instinct and habit of ethical citizenship, which is the true bond of civic unity and order, then I think it is true to say that modern national systems have largely failed in their object.—Bishop Spratt.

Children Sent Out to Beg.

There is absolutely no reason why children should be sent out to beg because the Charitable Aid Board and the Benevolent Society never refuse to take notice of any genuine case of distress. It would be well if the public absolutely refused to give to children who were sent round to beg.—Rev. W. E. Gilliam.

A Century of Change.

A hundred years ago the Englishman was supposed to be, and generally was,

The Church and the Flag.

Church-going on Sunday may be but a small part of what is meant by Christian living, and of course it is quite possible to be a regular attendant at church and to be neither in heart nor life a Christian. But so also is singing the National Anthem and saluting the flag a small part of what is meant by loyalty and patriotism, and it is possible to do both without being either loyal or patriotic. Nevertheless there are times and occasions when the refusal to sing or to salute would be regarded by everyone as ipso facto disloyal and unpatriotic.—Bishop Spratt.

Practical Uniforms.

The uniform of the frontiersman would be suited to the serious work of the soldiers. Gold braid, cock's feathers, and the tight-fitting high-necked tunic would be unknown quantities. Riding pants and leggings, Garibaldi shirt, and a "Boss of the Plains" hat, would be the useful and practical garb of the Legion.—Colonel Allen Bell.

Service in Mental Hospitals.

Ten years' service as an attendant in a mental hospital should count as long as twenty years in the ordinary service for superannuation purposes.—Hon. G. W. Russell.

FOR ALL EYE TROUBLES.

W. PARKER, F.S.M.C. OPTICIAN, London.

Rooms over Poole's homoeopathic pharmacy, 135 Queen Street (4 doors above Wyndham Street); also at Gallagher's Pharmacy, top of Brandon St. (Gate Green St). We hold the highest diploma in Visual Optics and Sight Testing. Consultation and Testing Free. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

News of the Dominion

Liberal Party Defeated.

Crisis in New Zealand Politics — Mackenzie Ministry Totters.

End of a Continuous Administration — Defections from the Liberal Ranks.

After being in power for 22 years, the Liberal Government was defeated on Saturday morning on a want-of-confidence motion, moved by Mr. W. F. Massey, Leader of the Opposition. When the results of the last general election were made known, it was apparent that the two parties in the House were almost of even strength. With a view to testing the real strength of the parties, Parliament was summoned to an early session in February last. A want-of-confidence motion was then introduced by Mr. Massey, and, after a debate lasting a fortnight, the motion was defeated by 40 votes to 38. Parliament then adjourned until June 28, and Sir Joseph Ward having resigned, the Hon. Theo. Mackenzie was called upon to form a Ministry. The reopening of Parliament last week was the occasion for an immediate notice of a want-of-confidence motion by Mr. Massey, and the first division has given the Leader of the Opposition a majority of eight votes, the figures being 41 to 33. This means that six members did not record their votes. The Government met the House presumably stronger by two votes, since Mr. Wilford had returned from England and Mr. Veitch, the Labour member for Wanganui, had fulfilled his pledge to vote against the Ward Administration, and was free to now support Mr. Mackenzie. The Opposition was also the weaker by the loss of Mr. Herries' vote, owing to his absence from the Dominion, though the Government offered a pair if required. The Leader of the Opposition was apparently sure of his position, and when the critical division was taken he was followed into the aye lobby by five members who last February voted with the Liberal Government. These gentlemen were the Hon. J. A. Millar, and Messrs. E. H. Clark (Port Chalmers), Vernon Reed (Bay of Islands), Gordon Coates (Kaipara), and T. W. Rhodes (Thames). The Government was also weakened by the absence from the House of the Hon. Roderick McKenzie (Motueka), who had declared himself against the Government, and abstained from voting, and Hon. A. T. Ngata (Eastern Maori). Mr. J. Craigie (Timaru) and Mr. E. P. Lee (Oamaru) paired, and were not in the House when the division was taken, while the vote of the Speaker (Sir A. R. Guinness) was also lost to the Government, the margin between the votes being such as not to require the casting of his vote. The leader of the defeated party lost no time in sending in his resignation, along with that of his colleagues, and on Saturday evening the Governor (Lord Islington) sent for Mr. Massey, who intimated that he was prepared to undertake the responsibility of forming a Ministry. An adjournment has been granted to enable the new Government to prepare for the work of the session, which will probably continue its usual length.

First Taste of Defeat.

The debate on the no-confidence motion had proceeded along somewhat uninterestingly for several days. On Friday night Mr. Hindmarsh moved the adjournment of the debate at 11.45, but when the Speaker put the adjournment a chorus of "Noes" from the Opposition benches declared the intention of Mr. Massey to challenge there and then the ability of the Government to dominate the position. Every eye watched the doubtful ones, and as the members for Bay of Islands, Kaipara, and Thames were seen walking towards the Opposition lobby, the hopes of Government supporters fell to zero, for it was realised that for the first time for over 22 years the Liberal party was about to suffer defeat. The figures of the division last read: Ayes 33, noes 39.

THE DIVISION LIST.

Opposition.	Government.
Atken, J.	Atmore
Anderson	Brown
Balf	Buddo
Bullard, J.	Burton
Bullard, R. F.	Carroll
Bradley	Chubia
Buchanan	Davey
Burk	Dickie
Campbell	Hill
Coates	Forbes
Dickson	Glover
Evott	Hansen
Fisher	Hindmarsh
Frazer	Isitt
Guthrie	Lawrence
Harris	McAlam
Herdman	MacDonald
Hine	Mackenzie, T.
Hunter	McKenzie, R.
Lang	Myers
Malcolm	Parata

Mander	Payne
Massey	Rangihiroa
Newman, Dr. A. K.	Robertson
Newman, E.	Russell
Noworthy	Seddon
Okey	Sidey
Pearce	Smith, R. W.
Pomare	Thomson, J. C.
Reed	Veitch
Rhodes	Ward
Scott	Wilford
Smith, F. H.	Witty
Statham	
Sykes	
Thomson, G. M.	
Wilson	
Young	

The result of the division was received quietly by the House, though it was noticed that the Leader of the Opposition held his hand up to restrain the not unnatural buzz of elation which floated around the Opposition benches.

Prime Minister's Speech.

The Prime Minister, who spoke next, said that he thought the occasion one in which the preservation of dignity was the just necessity. A crisis had been reached, and he extended his thanks to the men who had so loyally extended their confidence to him. The regret he had was that an opportunity had not been afforded to the country to obtain the verdict of the people on the party and its Ministers. He took the opportunity of extending his sympathy to Mr. Herries. He would like to have seen the debate extended more to those who opposed the Government. He thought the honourable members on the Opposition benches should have expressed their opinions on the policy brought down by the Liberal Government, instead of having maintained a rigid silence. The Ministry had taken from the Governor's Speech of

last February all those proposals which had been considered practicable. Under the circumstances, why did the Opposition not speak to those proposals which they had so scathingly criticised on the public platform. He again regretted that the country had not had an opportunity of judging between the two parties. He felt confident that the people of New Zealand would have given their verdict in favour of the present Government—he personally would be only too glad to submit the issue to the country, and offered there and then to meet the Leader of the Opposition and his party on the hustings.

Mr. Massey smiled here, and shook his head in the negative. Proceeding, the Premier said that as to the Liberalism of Mr. Massey, he did not doubt it, but would the Leader of the Opposition carry through a progressive programme with such entanglements to hinder him?

Good Work.

The Premier proceeded to deal with some phases of the Government's recently enunciated policy, dealing more particularly with land matters and agricultural development. On the question of tenure, he said, a great deal of nonsense had been talked. The Crown land tenures were tenures such as should appeal to all men desirous of working their own land. He concluded that the Liberal party had not gone back on the freehold, but had increased it. The Government was not a leasehold government, but was one devoted to placing people on the land under conditions best suited to their ideas and aspirations.

Speaking of the proposal which the Government had advanced to construct light railways, the Premier remarked: "I know my old colleague, the Hon. Roderick McKenzie, does not believe in them, but I have firm faith in them for opening up the backblocks."

Mr. R. McKenzie: "Perfect rubbish! (Laughter). Good gag, but not good policy." (Renewed laughter.)

Defending the Administration.

Amidst several disparaging remarks from the Hon. R. McKenzie, the Premier contended that his side of the House had studied the settlement of the land. It had been his endeavour, while leading the party to strike a high political level, and he hoped the Liberal party had not suffered at his hands. Throughout the debate there had been no charges of dereliction of duty made against the Administration, or of their having ignored the interests of the country. Mr. Mackenzie regretted having failed to secure the support of those men who had come behind him, as he considered was their duty at the first hurdle, especially as he had undertaken to return to the party the trust that had been reposed in him to do what the party thought best. His party was leaving behind it a record of intention to do good work for the country.

Useless Party Government.

He felt much concern regarding the future, as developments in the East were of a serious disturbing nature. As long as there was a large unoccupied area in Australasia, the statesmen who would in future voice the destinies of this country should endeavour to obtain a population of two or three million, together with a strong system of defence. He believed they were at the close of one era and the opening of another. He did not believe it was possible under the existing State parties to have sound government. It was with regret that his services and interests in agriculture would in future be curtailed. He left with regret the officers of departments and secretaries who stood by him so loyally, but looked forward to the future with hope, as he believed in the eternal arrangement of matters, and he believed there would eventually be evolved something better. The Prime Minister resumed his seat amid an ovation.

Mr. Rhodes Explains.

Mr. Rhodes (Thames) congratulated the Premier on his bearing under trying circumstances, and paid tribute to his excellent work to the country as Minister for Agriculture. The speaker declared that he had carried out his promise to support Sir Joseph Ward. His only other pledge had been for the freehold, and he claimed that he had done his duty to the best of his ability as a Liberal Independent. He had been given to understand that the Opposition would bring forward legislation of a liberal, progressive character. He had not attended any caucus, and had not given the

Ministry promise of any support. He deplored party government, asking why they could not form a strong stable government from both sides.

The Funeral Service.

Hon. R. McKenzie likened the present position to standing by the grave and listening to the funeral service of the Liberal party. He criticised the party for "showing the ragtag and bobtail Liberalism and political opportunists to assume control." He had nothing to say personally against the present leader of the Liberal party, and congratulated him on the fine appeal he made to the country before the death sentence was passed. He would himself be fighting for Liberal principles all his life, but would not support a gimmick party. Mr. McKenzie proceeded to inveigh against the Liberalism of the Premier. Members of the Opposition, he added,

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most not think they were going to control a majority of the country. As soon as an election was forced in the country parties would be divided into two straight-out camps. As the result of the caucus he had declared himself against the present Premier, but he would give support to anyone prepared to carry on the Government on sound and reasonable lines. His own policy was opposed to that of the present leader of the Liberal party.

Out for a Dissolution.

He was out for dissolution if a reasonable Government could not be set up from an amalgamation of both sides. Mr McKenzie proceeded to criticise the constitution of the Cabinet. He challenged the right of the Hon. Buxton and Myers to seats in the Liberal Ministry. Personally he would just as soon vote out the Government as vote them in; but he wanted to see them get a fair trial. He admitted that the Ministry had done fairly good work during its administration. Speaking of the old Cabinet, he said if the Opposition got by the Treasury benches they could go through the pigeon-holes to-morrow and would find nothing discreditible.

Mr Dieckie expressed regret regarding the speech made by the member for Motueka, and declared that those members who attended the Liberal caucus should have stood by what they promised.

A Pertinent Query.

Hon. Mr Colvin asked that if his old friend Mr McKenzie had such a bad opinion of the present leader, why should he have advised him (Mr Colvin) to have joined the Ministry under the leadership of the Hon. Thomas Mackenzie?

Sir Joseph Ward's Speech.

Sir Joseph Ward regretted the open disclosure by men concerning what had taken place at the caucus. Had they known any member of the Opposition to disclose what had transpired at a caucus of his party? That was one of the best features of the Opposition party, and he regretted to say it could not be said in regard to the Liberal party during the last nine or ten years. Members of the Liberal party of the House should take the position philosophically and not attempt to wash dirty linen. He would say that, with the exception of Mr Isitt and three Labour representatives, all members present at the conference, including the Hon. R. McKenzie, agreed to stand by his decision. He regretted also the circulating of untruthful statements that he had exerted influence against the Hon. J. A. Millar. He took no part in the selection of the leader. His own private opinion was that neither Mr Millar nor Mr McKenzie should have stood, as the inevitable result was a split in the party; but members pledged themselves, and thus deceived the leader chosen. The proper course would have been for dissatisfied members to withdraw from the caucus or state frankly that they could not say what they would do. He denied that he had ever been connected with intrigue of any sort since he became a member of the House.

Sir Joseph Ward went on to say that the Leader of the Opposition would as Prime Minister find many difficulties in his path, and, knowing the wreaths of

difficulties of the position, he extended his sympathy with his congratulations to Mr Massey. He would need both. (Laughter.)

Mr. Wilford Steadfast.

Mr Wilford declared that the speech the Premier had delivered that night was one that would never be forgotten for its honest, genuine ring. Never had the Liberal party required his vote so much as it did to-day, and although it would not save the party, it would be given freely. There were still live men belonging to the party—men of aspiration who were prepared to work and fight in the time to come. The Leader of the Opposition had the chance of his lifetime. If he shook himself free from the trammels of the past and produced a policy of liberality—evolution without revolution—he would find support from quarters least expected.

THE DIVISION.

The division was reached at 4.45 a.m., and, as the bells rang, the Hon. J. A. Millar entered the Chamber. The House divided—yeas 41, noes 33, the list being as follows:—

Against the Government	For the Government
41	33
Anderson	Atmore
Allen	Brown
Bell	Browne
Bollard, J.	Buxton
Bollard, R. F.	Carroll
Bradney	Colvin
Brick	Davey
Buchanan	Dickie
Campbell	Elli
Clark	Forbes
Coates	Glover
Dickson	Hanan
Escott	Hindmarsh
Fisher	Isitt
Frazer	Laurenson
Guthrie	McCallum
Harris	MacDonald
Herdman	Mackenzie, T.
Hine	Myers
Hunter	Parata
Lang	Payne
Malcolm	Poland
Mander	Ranghirona
Massey	Robertson
Millar	Russell
Newman, Dr. A. K.	Seddon
Newman, E.	Sidey
Nosworthy	Smith, R. W.
Okoy	Thomson, J. C.
Pearce	Veitch
Pomare	Ward
Reed	Wilford
Rhodes, R. H.	Witty
Rhodes, T. W.	
Scott	
Smith, F. H.	
Statham	
Sykes	
Thomson, G. M.	
Wilson	
Young	

The division is practically the same as at the previous vote, with the addition of Mr Clark and the Hon. J. A. Millar for the Opposition. Mr Poland arrived and voted for the Government. The Hon. R. McKenzie absented himself. There was no demonstration upon the announcement of the division.

Mr. Massey's Acknowledgment.

Before the House adjourned, Mr Massey expressed acknowledgment of the

temperate character of the debate. He expressed the hope that whatever occurred during the next few weeks, both sides would work together for the time being, to the good of the country. He thanked the Premier and members of the Government party for their generous references to himself.

Premier's Congratulations.

The Premier extended hearty congratulations to Mr Massey, and assured him of every assistance by members of the present Ministry. This announcement was received with applause.

Mr. Massey Sent For.

The resignation of the Hon. T. Mackenzie and his colleagues was received by the Governor on Saturday afternoon, and Mr Massey was sent for in the evening. He said he was prepared to form a Ministry.

The New Leader.

It is just 56 years since Mr William Ferguson Massey was born in Londonderry, Ireland. He looks older, but when one considers the strenuous life a politician leads, it is a wonder that his 18 years' career in the House has left him as young as he is. Even his strongest opponents acknowledge that he is one of the hardest workers in the House. Ten and eleven years ago, when there was not the remotest idea of the Opposition being taken seriously—when it consisted of only a few stray members under the leadership of Sir William Russell—Mr Massey was always one of the first men in the House, and the last out of it. A love of politics is inherent in him, as in so many of the sons of the drearful country. Were he a man of less vigorous physique, he must have paid the penalty of his enthusiasm long ago. Muscle and a certain amount of avoirdupois are not the least important adjuncts in a political career of any length. It is just 18 years ago that Mr Massey was one day welding the hay-fork on the top of a rick on his farm, when a telegram was handed up to him asking him to contest the Franklin seat against the Government candidate, Major Harris. The young farmer came out, and was defeated by a small majority, but in the following year, 1894, he won a by-election in Waitemata. In 1896 he carried Franklin, and has ever since been in the House. When increasing years compelled Captain Russell to relinquish the leadership of the faithful few who composed the Opposition, Mr Massey was chosen as his successor. That was in 1902, and since then Mr Massey has been the head and front of the party. Always confident, the leader has gone from one end of the Dominion to the other strengthening the outworks and counselling hope to his scattered forces, but it was not until after the last election that the party commanded anything like the consideration to which they considered they were entitled in the House. Mr Massey has been on the land all his life, and is known among his followers as the Farmers' Champion. He lives at his farm at Mangere, and his

name frequently figures in show and logues as the owner of prize draught stock, of the breeding of which he makes a hobby. In politics he is eminently a fair fighter; a fact his keenest opponents readily admit. He always "plays cricket," and whatever one may think of his politics, one cannot help admiring the plucky manner in which he has stood up to the bowling. He was just as keen in 1902, when the Opposition was only such in name, as he is to-day. And he was just as keen in 1908, when he went back to the House with only 13 followers. Like all politicians, he may have made tactical mistakes, but the dogged way he has kept on in the face of what seemed to be overwhelming odds is probably unique in the political history of the Dominion. When not busy with politics Mr Massey is generally to be found where farmers congregate, these two subjects being his only hobbies, and in the recess he is never happier than when in his shirt sleeves he is going round his farm looking over the stock. Mr Massey is a married man, and has three sons and two daughters.

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MONGOLIA	10,000	C. F. Preston, R.N.R.	Aug. 10th
MEDINA	12,500		Aug. 21th

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MONGOLIA	10,000	C. F. Preston, R.N.R.	Nov. 22
MALOA	12,500	A. Thompson	Dec. 20
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Death Of An Old Soldier A Canadian City in Ruins

MAJOR MAIR'S ADVENTUROUS CAREER.

A brave soldier and a worthy colonist passed away on Monday morning, when Major William Gilbert Mair died at Waitotapu. He was born at the Bay of Islands 80 years ago, and during a long life witnessed some of the most exciting and adventurous scenes that went towards the making of the Dominion. Not only did he witness these scenes, but took part in them, and no one was more justly entitled to be ranked among the "Defenders of New Zealand." His facility in the Maori language led to his appointment as interpreter to General Cameron's staff at the beginning of the Maori war, and he served rigidly through the campaign. At the famous siege of Orakau (the Maori Thermopylae) young Mair was ordered to advance to the extreme limits of the sap, to call on the defenders of the pa either to surrender or send out their women and children. The reply was, as has often been told, "We shall fight on for ever and for

the Major organised a force of some 350 Arawas. Half went by the way of Lake Tarawera and the others went down the coast, and after some skirmishes with the enemy they joined forces to attack the stronghold at Te Teko, where the Hau-haus had taken refuge. The place was mostly strongly fortified with the swift-running Rangitaiki at its rear, and impenetrable palisading on all sides. The leader of the expedition saw that sapping was the only way to take the place, and he began to apply the lessons he had learned so well from the Imperial troops at Orakau. The fanatics at last were forced to evacuate, and great was the jubilation of the Arawas, who indulged in a most realistic war dance. There were 80 prisoners, including the "prophet" Te Ia and eight of the party of Faloon's murderers, who afterwards paid the death penalty for their crime. This was one of the most successfully organised and carried out expeditions of the campaign, and served

The Model Western Capital, Regina, Swept by a Tornado—Wide Area Levelled—A Million Sterling Damage, and Loss of Life

(Comprehensive Views on Page 32.)

FROM a model city, the capital of the province of Saskatchewan, and the pride of Western Canada, famous for its miles of pavements, for its unique and ornate buildings, for its ample and well-laid-out public reserves, for its educational endowments, for its clean and orderly appearance, for its successful administration of municipal enterprises and low rate of taxation, Regina, representing years of patient endeavour and the expenditure of large sums of money, has in a few minutes of time been partly reduced to ruins. The destroying agency was a furious tornado, which struck the city in a thickly-built quarter, and, in cutting a swath two blocks wide and two miles long, levelled all the buildings within that area, and caused loss of life.

Communication was shut off from the outer world, but relief trains were sent along from Winnipeg with doctors and nurses. Fires broke out, following on the destruction of the houses, but were checked by the activity of the fire brigades. Several automobile parties were lifted bodily and hurled blocks distant. Six grain elevators were destroyed on the Canadian Pacific Tracks. Parliament Buildings, just completed of reinforced concrete, withstood the tornado's violence, but were badly shaken, and the town generally is a mass of ruins. Boats were hurled from the river surface, and carried three-quarters of a mile distant. Railway cars were carried into the streets from the yards. The girls who occupied the telephone exchange scrambled over the ruins of the

building unscathed to the street. A 15-ton switchboard fell beside them as they reached the street. A large grain elevator was carried off its foundations and moved 50 ft. from its accustomed spot. Property loss is roughly estimated at a million sterling. Martial law was proclaimed, and troops were brought out to suppress lawlessness.

Regina, situated on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 350 miles west of Winnipeg, is the centre of the most densely populated portion of the province. Being the financial centre of the middle West, the city had ten chartered banks and a large number of loan companies; it is a prominent distributing centre, and had railway facilities reaching to all parts of the province. Besides being the judicial centre of Saskatchewan it is the educational centre of the middle West, with a collegiate institute (a new building), a normal school, four public schools, and a separate school for which a new building was recently erected. The city hall was the finest and best-furnished in the West, provided by the proceeds of property sales, without costing the taxpayers a penny. The hotel accommodation in the city was also unequalled.

Regina had municipalized its water supply, inexhaustible and pure, and its electric light service, the revenue from which was sufficient to assist in keeping down the rate of taxation. There were six miles of greenlitic side-walks, besides roads paved in different material, and ample well-laid-out public reserves and boulevards. The magnificent church buildings were a feature of the city's architecture.

Personal Notes

MR. JAMES TRIGGS, father of Mr. J. R. Triggs, Conciliation Commissioner, died at Christchurch last week at the advanced age of eighty-seven years. Deceased was a native of Portsmouth, England. On coming to the Dominion about 50 years ago he settled in Christchurch. Later he went to the Thames goldfields, but subsequently returned to Christchurch and started in business as a boot-maker. Lately he had lived in retirement. He is survived by six sons and two daughters.

Mr. Allan Macdonnell, who was selected in 1909 as New Zealand Rhodes scholar, and who went Home in that year to pursue his studies at Oxford, has been awarded first-class honours in English and Literature. A private tutor gave him his first lessons in the English language, for when he arrived in Wellington as a small boy Gaelic was his only tongue. He then went to the Terrace school, passed from there to Wellington College, and then to Victoria College. It is interesting to note that the Terrace school produced another Rhodes scholar in Mr. P. W. Robertson, who was selected in 1905.

Miss Margaret Miles, who came to New Zealand from England in March last, has been appointed matron of the Dunedin hospital.

Mr. John Russell has resigned from the teaching staff of the Wellington College.

The Rev. A. G. Forbes has given notice of his resignation of the cure of Waikari, as he is returning with Mrs. Forbes to Lincolnshire, England, in October next.

Mr. S. Dryden, of Bidwell Street, a resident of Wellington for 57 years, celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday last week. Mr. Dryden, who is still well and hearty, reached Wellington in the schooner *Mar-hioness*, from Melbourne. He is the father of the well-known stick-making family.

Mr. O. E. Stout, youngest son of Sir Robert Stout (Chief Justice) has passed his LL.B. degree at Cambridge University with third-class honours.

Mr. McGregor, town clerk to the Matura Borough Council for the past 29 years, has resigned on account of advancing years. He was granted six months' salary in appreciation of his past services.

Captain A. H. Thorpe, harbourmaster at Lyttelton, is on a holiday visit to Melbourne and Sydney. Captain T. M. Hunter is acting harbourmaster.

The Rev. J. A. Brown, who has accepted a call to Reefton after being in charge of the Flemington district for four years, was entertained at a social gathering at the Fleming School, and presented with a purse of sovereigns from the congregation and a similar gift on behalf of the Tinwald congregation. Miss Craig, who is also leaving Flemington, was presented with a marble clock and a silver afternoon tea service and tray, in recognition of the good work she had done in the Sunday school.

On the occasion of Bishop Grimes' jubilee, which was celebrated at Christchurch last week, the occasional sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Dean Power, of Hawera, and the sermon *à verspers* was preached by the Very Rev. Dean O'Shea, Vicar-General, of Wellington. The "Tablet," in referring to the sermons, says:—"Coupled with the magnificent discourse at the Pontifical High Mass, seldom have finer examples of pulpit eloquence been heard in the Cathedral." In honour of the jubilee Dean Power and Dean O'Shea have been appointed honorary deans of the Christchurch diocese.

Eight months' leave of absence has been granted Mr. George Adair, director of the boys' work at Auckland Y.M.C.A. He will pay a visit to America, and spend the time studying the latest methods of Y.M.C.A. work, and return in time for the opening of the new building. Mr. Wm. M. Barton, of Wellington, has been



THE LATE MAJOR MAIR.

ever." After delivering his message the plucky interpreter was fired on suddenly by a treacherous Maori, and the bullet ripped open his tunic as it passed over his shoulder. At the end of the Waikato campaign Mr. Mair was appointed Native Resident Magistrate, and was located for some time at Taupo, but when the war broke out on the East Coast he was gazetted Major and entrusted with the command of the Arawa contingent of friendly natives. The Major had great influence with his dusky followers, who were not the easiest of fighters to handle, as any one can judge for himself by reading Hodgson's history of the Maori war, and it was frequently only his personality and his daring bravery which saved the situation.

It was during the East Coast war that the Major and the Arawas performed their famous feat of taking the Te Teko Pa. That was in 1865. The whole country-side from Taupo to the East Cape was one seething mass of fanaticism. Volkmers' cruel murder by that scoundrel Kereopa and his friends was followed by the brutal murder of Faloon, the Government interpreter, and it was to avenge the death of the latter that

to illustrate in a marked manner the military genius of Major Mair. At the end of the East Coast war the Major again settled down to the duties of Resident Magistrate in the Upper Waikato. On several occasions during the war he received the thanks of the Government for his military services, and years afterwards he was mainly instrumental in securing peace with the Maori "King" Tawhiao, who in 1861 threatened to be troublesome over the land question.

In 1882 the Major was appointed a judge of the Native Land Court, an office for which he was eminently fitted by his unique knowledge of the Maori ways, customs, and language, as well as by his high sense of honour and justice. So great was the confidence of the Natives in him that he adjudicated upon the whole of the lands in what was known as the King Country, the Maoris being only too willing to come forward to have their claims settled. When he retired from active public life the Major settled down at Lake Takapuna, and latterly has been living on his station at "Rerewhakaitea," about 20 miles from Rotorua. He leaves a widow, two sons (Messrs H. M. Mair and N. L. Mair), who live on the station, and one daughter (Mrs H. Lloyd Brett).

appointed assistant secretary to the men's department of the association. Mr Barton will commence his duties on August 1st.

Mr J. M. Mennie, of Auckland, was among the passengers for Sydney by the Maheno last week.

Mr Geo. Gow, superintendent of the Northern Steamship Company, left on a short holiday trip to Sydney by the Maheno last week.

Dr. C. N. Johnson, of the Chicago College of Dental Surgery, and editor of the "Dental Review," was a passenger to Auckland by the Makura last week en route to attend the Australian Dental Conference in Brisbane.

Mr H. Chimes, a member of the Vancouver Stock Exchange, who is passing through Auckland, was present at the noon call of the Exchange to-day. He was accompanied by Mr W. Stopford, of London.

Lieut. A. C. McMaster, M.D., New Zealand Medical Corps, has taken up the position of honorary medical officer for the Veterans' Home, vice Lieut.-Col. J. F. Carolan, M.D., whose term of duty has expired.

A piece of plate is to be presented to the Right Rev. Dr. Mules, on the occasion of his retirement from the Bishopric of Nelson. At a public meeting last week, at which representatives of practically every denomination were present, arrangements were made for the presentation.

Mr. W. Lock, who has been returned unopposed as a member of the Nelson Education Board, has a unique record on local bodies. It is the eighth time in succession that he has been elected to the Education Board; on five occasions he headed the poll; once he came second; and at the last two elections he has now been returned unopposed. He has now been a member of the Board continuously for over 20 years, prior to that he was elected on seven occasions to the Nelson School Committee, in the days when great interest was taken in those elections. He was for six years a member of the City Council (being elected three times), and twice elected to the Harbour Board. Mr. Lock was also returned as a member of the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board for the contributory district of Nelson and Richmond. Mr. Lock has stood for 27 public elections, and has been successful 21 times, exclusive of his election as the South Island representative of the Education Boards for the Middle University district, on the Committee of Advice of the Wellington Training College.

Some fine tributes were paid to Canon Sadlier, Bishop-elect of Nelson, at a gathering at Trinity College, Melbourne, when he was presented with a set of episcopal robes by the old students and teaching staff. In making the presentation the warden (Dr. Leeper) spoke of the great loss the Victorian Church would sustain through Canon Sadlier's removal to New Zealand. The Canon bore a very high reputation as a preacher, and being a man of genuine large-heartedness, would be a capable administrator. Dr. Selmon, the chairman of the College Council, expressed regret that Victoria should be losing some of the best men who had entered the Church. The Rev. G. Hiekin said that Canon Sadlier had the gift of infinite painstaking, and had qualified himself for that position of leadership in which he had been called. The Revs. F. Lynch and W. Hancock testified to the worth of Canon Sadlier as a Christian, a scholar, and a teacher. In returning thanks for the gift, Canon Sadlier said he owed to Trinity College more than he could repay during a long episcopate. He would endeavour to raise the standard of education and culture among the clergy as far as possible, and trusted that he would never admit an unqualified man to holy orders. At a large gathering of the parishioners of Christ Church, St. Kilda, Canon Sadlier was presented by his congregation with a purse containing 100 sovereigns. Other gifts were made to him of a gold chain and robe case by the Gleaners' Union of the church. (Mrs. Sadlier was given a handsome collection of silverware by the ladies of the congregation, and a pair of silver vases and a hat brush by the Decorators' Guild.

Rev. Horace Packe, M.A., vicar of Queenstown, has been nominated to succeed the Ven. Archdeacon Stocker, who has announced his retirement from the charge of St. John's Church, Invercargill. The nomination will be sent to the Primate for confirmation forthwith, but as Archdeacon Stocker does not relinquish his charge till the end of the year, the appointment will not take effect until then.

Mr. R. A. Horne, manager in Christchurch for the Dresden Piano Company, has been ordered by his medical adviser to take a long rest, and he is leaving shortly on a year's visit to Europe.

The death occurred at Feilding last week of Mrs. Whisker, aged 70 years. She deceased, who was born at Hutt, settled in the Feilding district in 1848. She passed through some stirring adventures during the Maori wars and intertribal fights. A grown-up family survives her, amongst them being several sons, who played in representative football for Manawatu for many years.

At a social gathering of postal and telegraph officers in connection with the Dominion conference of the Officers' Association, held in Wellington last week, Sir Joseph Ward was presented with a picture purchased from the Baillie collection for £100 in recognition from the officers of the Department of the many reforms instituted in the service for the benefit of the employees.

The Rev. W. MacLean, who has been temporarily filling the pulpit at the Devonport Presbyterian Church during the absence of the Rev. I. Bertram in the Old Country, was tendered a farewell function, and presented, on behalf of himself and Mrs. MacLean, with a purse of sovereigns. The Rev. Mr. MacLean has been appointed to the Somerville Memorial Church at Remuera.

Leopold Keisenberg, a 15-year-old Masterton lad, won the first prize and championship gold medal for piano playing at the Levin competitions last week.

Miss Foy, head-mistress of the Thames High School, and a member of the teaching staff for the past 26 years, has resigned.

Mr and Mrs Geoffrey Potts (Palmerston North), Mrs and Miss Fultson (Christchurch), Mr and Mrs A. C. McKellar (Wellington), Mr H. A. Smith (Sydney), and Mr H. Shacklock (Dunedin) are at present staying at Glenalton.

The death took place at the Auckland Hospital on Sunday of Captain C. W. Lealty, a well-known local shipmaster. Captain Lealty, who was 52 years of age, had been in the employ of the Devonport Steam Ferry Company for the past 24 years. As a mark of respect the flags on the vessels in port, including those of the ferry steamers, were half-masted yesterday.

Mr and Mrs J. T. Lloyd, of Ponsonby, left Auckland by the R.M.S. Marama on a six months' tour of America.

Mr Frank Bird has been appointed Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages for Whangarei district, and Registrar of Electors and Returning Officer for Marsden.

Mr W. E. Hutchison and son returned to Auckland by the s.s. Marama, after a visit to Sydney, Toowoomba, Brisbane, and other Australian towns. Mr Hutchison has gone on to Cairns, and will return one month later.

The death occurred at Nelson last week of Eugene Joseph O'Connor, at the age of seventy-eight, who, in the earlier times, was a prominent figure in public life, when he was known as "The Buller Lion." He was provincial secretary of Nelson, and when the provincial Government was abolished, was elected M.H.R. for Buller in 1871, and with brief intervals held the seat till 1893. He latterly lived in retirement at Nelson.—Press Association.

Mr S. H. Ellis, who recently severed his connection with Messrs Neumege and Mowlem, solicitors, of Auckland, left last week by the Haurangi for Fiji, where it is his intention of starting practice in his profession.

NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.

LONDON, June 1.

Lady and Miss Janet Stout, and Miss Isitt, of New Zealand, were among the guests at an evening party given by the President of the Institute of Women Journalists (Mrs Chas. Perrin) at Westminster Palace Hotel on Thursday of this week.

Mrs and Miss S. McLaughlin, of Auckland, spent the autumn in Ireland and Bournemouth, and have just returned from a four-months' trip to the Continent—Paris, Biarritz (which reminded them of parts of the New Zealand coast), several old Spanish cities, Burgos, Segovia, Naragossa and Barcelona. After Spain, they went to the Riviera and Italy, then France. After a visit to Berkshire they remain in London till July, and they probably return to New Zealand towards the close of the year.

Callers at the High Commissioner's offices this week have been: Mr J. Andrews (Christchurch), Mr F. Ausdell (Dunedin), Mr Sadler (Wairakei), Mr A. Bach (Christchurch), Mr G. Hoarso (Wanganui), Mr W. Macfarlane (Christchurch), Mr L. Austin (Christchurch), Mr Bert. Marsden (Christchurch), Mr and Mrs O'Connor (Dunedin), Mrs and Miss McLaughlin (Auckland), Mrs P. Dufaur (Auckland), Captain and Mrs Gidiard (Wellington), Mr F. P. Worley (Nelson), Mr and Mrs D. Cameron (Wairarapa), Mr Thos. Young (Wellington), Mr G. A. Fields (Wellington), Mr W. A. S. Pearce (Dunedin), Mr James Clerk (Dunedin), Miss F. Clulee (New Brighton), Mr and Mrs A. J. Berry (Rangitikei), Mr H. S. Montgomery (Napier), Mr E. T. Tylee (Napier), Mr G. Neville Hall (Auckland), Mr E. W. Ralph (Christchurch), Mr S. Williamson (Wellington), Mr R. Hay (Dunedin), Mr M. Herrold (Auckland), Mrs Deans (Christchurch), Mrs Laird (Auckland), Mrs Sharrod (Auckland), Mr Arthur K. Gandy (Westport), Mr M. Sheffield Grace (Wellington), Miss B. Wilks (Auckland), Mr M. Devereux (Takapanu), Mr Richard Reynolds (Auckland), Miss V. Sladden (Petone), Mr E. G. A. Hille (Oamaru), Mr P. Waldegrave (Wellington), Mrs H. T. Atkinson (Wellington), Mr and Mrs Wm. Wilson (Hokitika).

At the Middlesex Court, a few days ago, William James Sadler, one of New Zealand's recent settlers, was summoned by his wife, Alice Beatrice Sadler, for desertion. In opening the case for the plaintiff, counsel said the facts were not denied. The parties were married in November, 1909, and soon after defendant went to New Zealand. He recently returned to this country, and the summons was taken out. Defendant had stated that he was returning the next day to New Zealand. The plaintiff asked for an order of 10/ a week and the custody of one child. Mrs Sadler having corroborated her lawyer's statements, the Judge made the order desired.

Mr and Mrs F. J. Shields, of Nelson, and their two daughters, arrived in London after visiting Honolulu, Banff, Toronto, Niagara Falls, and Quebec, and since their arrival here have stayed at Oxford, Stratford, Leamington, Kenilworth, and Warwick. Before leaving on September 30th, they intend visiting the Isle of Wight, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the Continent.

Miss Erice L. Bayley, of New Plymouth, came to England in the Rotorua, arriving on April 17th. She hopes to stay until November. In July and August, Miss Bayley intends to pay visits in Scotland, where she has friends, and she also hopes to spend a deal of her time yachting. Later tours to the English Lakes and Paris are planned.

Mrs Ferguson, of Invercargill, and her son, Mr T. A. Ferguson, are paying their first visit to England, and greatly enjoying what they see. At present they are visiting Mrs Ferguson's sister-in-law at Ulverston, and later, they stay with other relatives in England and Scotland, after that going to Ireland and the Continent before returning to New Zealand about the end of October.

Mr Maurice Burlinson, of Wellington, came to England, via Suez, by the Otranto, arriving here on the 11th May. His stay in London will be only of three weeks' duration, after which he sets out on a bicycle tour through Belgium, France, Switzerland, Tyrol, N. Italy, Austria, Germany, and Great Britain, occupying three to four months, and amounting to about 3500 miles.

Mr and Mrs Gilmour, of Wellington, arrived in England in the middle of April by the Rotorua, and have spent the last five weeks in Devon and Cornwall. After spending some time sightseeing in London, they tour Scotland and Ireland, then return to London and Devon again. If time permits, a trip to the Continent will be included, but the New Zealanders sail for home by the Osterley early in October.

Dr. Elizabeth H. B. Macdonald, M.A., M.D., of Dundee and Wellington, arrived in London last week with her mother and sisters for a week's holiday prior to leaving for New Zealand by the Waimana, from Liverpool, on June 8th. Dr. Macdonald and her brother, Dr. R. H. Macdonald, go out as ship's surgeons in the 1,200 emigrants who are booked for Sydney by that vessel. From Australia Dr. Elizabeth Macdonald proceeds to New Zealand, where she again becomes associated, on September 1st, with Dr. Mackin in his practice in Wellington. She has, for the past year, been doing post graduate work in Scotland.

Mr A. E. Marsden, of Christchurch, arrived in London by the Waimana early in May, and intends to remain in England about 12 months, furthering his studies in technical education.

Mr E. Goldsbury, of Wanganui, who came over here about a year ago to qualify for the spectacle makers' diploma, has secured that, and is returning to New Zealand about the end of this year. Before returning, he hopes to pay a visit to the Continent.

Mr and Mrs E. H. Bedford, of Christchurch, are at present visiting friends in the Midland Counties, after which they contemplate motoring through to Scotland, returning some time, possibly in October, by another route to London, where they have still much to see before returning to New Zealand.

Mr Thos. Young, of Wellington, is returning to New Zealand shortly.

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COUNTRY VISITORS WELCOMED.

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, handicaps 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.

(Special Correspondent.)

Club Championship.

THE qualifying rounds for the Auckland Club Championship are fixed for August 3rd and 10th, and the first round of match play for the 31st August. It will not be possible to play the match to a conclusion, as the players concerned in the final will probably be off to Wellington to take part in the New Zealand meeting, opening on the 10th September. Auckland Club matches have a way of lingering on for a long time before the winner is arrived at. The Captain's Prize this season is a good example. The semi-final rounds in both grades were played some weeks ago, but it was not till Wednesday last that the B grade final was played, and it looks as if the A grade will be put off for a week or two longer.

South Auckland Team's Visit.

On Saturday, the South Auckland team pays a return visit to the Auckland Club. As far as is known at present, the team that was successful against Auckland last month will be on hand to do battle for the South. It is possible that there will be one or two extra men brought along; if so, one or two Auckland players who did not go to Cambridge will have to be chosen. I understand that all the players who went to Cambridge are available for the game, and will represent the Auckland Club. It is proposed to play four-ball matches in the morning and singles after lunch, to save congestion on the links during the afternoon.

Labour Day Match.

I understand that Mr. Downes, late of Okoroire, has presented a handsome trophy to the Club, to be competed for as the Committee may direct. The Committee have decided that the match shall take the form of a 36-hole medal handicap on Labour Day (early in October), players to choose their own partners. I think this match should attract a good field, and will be unique, in that, with the exception of the championship final, the Club never plays a match for more than 18 holes.

All-day Matches.

In Sydney, all-day games are quite numerous, and give players good practice for the strenuous times they have at the big tournaments. In a recent match for the Concord Cup, E. J. Apperley, the Sydney champion, put up a very high-class performance, doing 79 and 73—152, which gave him an easy win. The afternoon round of 73 is easily a record for the course, the previous best being 75, by D. G. Soutar, the Manly professional, while the best amateur score was 77 by Apperley.

A Great Driver.

Ed. Ray, the new Open Champion of England, is credited with being the longest driver in England at present. Playing Vardon, at Oxhey, a new course near London, Ray's drives were prodigious. Vardon, who is a very long driver, was outdistanced consistently. At the second hole, Ray drove over 300 yards, and at the twelfth 480 yards, he was comfortably on the green in two, and holed the putt. Ray was round in 73 to Vardon's 77, and won 4 up and 2. Ray is said to use a driver with a steel face, and it certainly seems to be very effective.

Strange Golf.

The Monte Carlo golf course, just opened, looks like being the record course of the world. It is situated about 2500ft above sea level, and a part of it has been blasted out of the hillside. £30,000 has been spent on it up to date, and more is to follow. One of the holes

is a strange affair. It is 294 yards, but is only a mashie shot. The explanation is that the rock all the way to the hole is very hard. The slope is gentle, and the ball runs on and on. The great trouble is to play the mashie shot with such moderation as to make it stop within 290 yards. Amand Massey, the famous French professional, took his driver to play this hole for the first time, but was fortunately stopped by an official.

"Golf Illustrated" Ladies' Gold Cup.

This match, which was played shortly before the English Ladies' Championship, may be considered to have given Colonials a slight idea as to how ladies' golf in Australasia compares with the English standard. The match was played at Hanger Hill, which always a difficult course from the back tees, was more so owing to the long spell of dry weather just before the event was decided. The scores were high. Miss C. Leitch, the winner, doing 85 and 90—175, was closely followed by Miss Barry, with 91 and 85—176. In looking for the comparison of play mentioned, we have to go a little lower on the list to where Miss Nancy Parbury (Royal Sydney), 92 and 91—183, appears. This score placed Miss Parbury seventh in the large field that competed. Quite a number of well-known international players were below Miss Parbury, so though perhaps it is rash to draw conclusions from one match (even if a very searching one), we may feel justified in saying that our leading ladies are very little inferior to the Home players.

Mixed Foursomes.

The Middlemore links recovered remarkably well from the overnight soaking, and the greens played really well.

Mixed foursomes were played, and the afternoon's golf was thoroughly enjoyed by some fifty couples. The winners of the competitions were Miss Duthie and P. Hanna with a net score of 83, and the best round of the day was put up by Mr. and Mrs. D. Hay with 92.

Following are the particulars of the best cards returned:—
Miss Duthie and P. Hanna, 108—23—83;
Miss Thorpe and P. Long, 102—18—84;
Miss M. Tule and J. L. R. Binonfield, 102—17—85; Mr. and Mrs. D. Hay, 96—10—86;
Miss Alison and W. A. Fitzlough, 106—17—88; Miss G. Gorrie and P. Upton, 98—7—91.
Miss Cameron and W. W. Bruce, 117—25—92; Miss P. Gorrie and J. Mullar, 113—21—92; Miss Payton and D. Kirker, 107—13—94; Miss M. Reed and G. Pearce, 120—28—94; Miss J. Draper and H. Tonks, 112—10—96; Miss Saunders and J. Evans, 127—30—97.

Maungakiekie.

The second stage of the Maungakiekie Golf Club's captain's prize tourney was reached on Saturday. The results were as follows:—A. B. Webster beat G. L. Taylor, 1 up; A. G. Cooke beat M. Moore, 1 up; J. N. Saunders beat W. Grace, 4 up and 2 to play; J. A. Peacock beat E. Hickson, 2 up and 1; G. P. Thacker beat M. Ward, 4 up and 2; A. M. Ferguson beat C. Hay, 5 up and 3; R. O. Gardner beat D. F. Reid, 5 up and 4.

The qualifying round for the captain's match will be played on Wednesday, 10th July. The following is the draw:—Miss Metcalfe plays Mrs. Lynch; Miss Crowther plays Miss Scott; Mrs. Ridings plays Miss Murray; Mrs. Ball plays Miss Gordon; Miss M. Walker plays Miss R. Macormick; Miss Steele plays Mrs. Robertson; Mrs. Hardy plays Miss Bartlow; Miss Blingis plays Miss P. Metcalfe; Miss M. Macormick plays Miss Holmes; Miss I. Walker plays Miss A. Wilson; Miss Guttridge plays Miss Taylor.

Waitemata.

The Waitemata Golf Club's third monthly medal (bogey play) was competed for on Saturday on the Waitemata links. The best cards returned were:—A. E. Hobbs and D. Jeffries, all square; R. Poulton and W. F. Warren, 1 down; A. Clouston and A. Johns, 2 down.

Entries for the club championship and B grade handicap will close on Wednesday.

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

At Shirley.

Saturday was a very unpleasant day for golf in Christchurch. A S.W. wind

blew throughout the day, and in the middle of the afternoon a squall of considerable power brought icy driving rain and hail. The rush for the pagoda was quite an edifying sight. I doubt if Mr. MacDougall's handsome gift was ever better appreciated than when that shower came on. A fierce hailstorm on Saturday night whitened the ground, and much of the hail was still to be seen in sheltered places on Monday. We have been having frosts of some severity ever since. I don't think I have ever seen the course so wet as it is now. It may be that so much work being done has knocked the ground about in places, but mud is so seldom seen at Shirley that one notices it particularly. The ground contains about as much moisture as is good for it, and our sun in July is not powerful enough to dry it to any extent. The greens are excellent considering the frost. The treated land is looking splendid, and I think the days of bad lies on those parts of the course are over. The new grass has come through in large quantities, and I was particularly pleased to see yesterday large patches of "poa pratensis" apparently well established. A good deal of rolling will have to be done when the ground is a little firmer, but once done the effect should be permanent.

It is the intention of the committee to have the permanent course made this year, so that it may be played over by October. This will involve new greens for three holes, and these will be made and turfed at once. It will not be necessary to do any more heavy work after this year though light treatment of several fairways will be advisable. Land's End green has been entirely remodelled. It is now quite three times as large as before, and extends across the angle from fence to fence. There is a rise of some five feet up to the green, and a fall of one foot from the back to the front. It will be sown down next week, and should be ready for use about January or February. Meanwhile we use a temporary green at the foot of the hill, not so bad as most temporary greens, but, of course, not very good.

The new 18th hole putting green has now assumed shape, and will be sown very soon. The two levels will be connected by a gentle slope over which it will be possible to putt. Mr. Geo. Rhodes has kindly offered to donate a rustic fence to run along the club-house side of the green, the purpose being to prevent people walking down the slopes on to the green.

No matches were set down for Saturday week, which was just as well, considering the weather. The week-end have been less favourable than usual this winter, a serious matter to the great majority who get golf at no other time. The new Commissioner of Lands, Mr. C. R. Pollen, who comes last from Napier, is an old member of the Auckland Golf Club. He has already been nominated for membership of Shirley. He used to play a useful game from a fairly low handicap. His name figured in the old "Freaks Book" at One-tree Hill, he having holed the old second hole in 2, the "utt" being a brassie shot of 180 yards.

New Zealand Golf Council.

I understand a sub-committee is considering certain amendments to the constitution. The particular matter which seems to me to be urgent is the management of the N.Z. Championship meeting. One does not desire to find fault with the management of this meeting in the past, but all golfers know it has not always been equally efficient. If the Council were a financial body, able to retain an experienced golfer as its secretary a good step would be taken, but at present that is a dream of the future. Then, again, the general body of delegates should each year decide the date as they already do the place of meeting, so that local interests cannot override the general interests of the New Zealand golf. The time is coming soon when the championship courses will be expected to reach a higher standard of excellence than has been the case in the past, and future championships—perhaps for some years—will have to be played on two or three courses only. The question, too, of standardising handicaps must be considered with a view to getting some sort of equality at open meetings. One club puts its best man on scratch, another puts its best man on plus 5 or plus 6. What guide has a tournament committee in handicapping? Quite possibly the man on scratch is as good as the man on plus 5. A sort of informal list, in which all the prominent men are handicapped,

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my from Arthur Duncan, would be a guide and would help a tournament committee to gauge the value of local handicaps.

Three-shot Holes.

Once when Vardon was in America, they prepared for him a hole of nearly 900 yards, so that he should not get up in three shots. These, too, were the days of gully balls, so I doubt if he got there in 5. By general consent, no hole is put outside three shots from the tee, so that 520 to 540 yards is very nearly the extreme length of a golf hole. Anything longer is a freak. The general idea is that a three-shot hole should be reachable in three full-shots against a fairly strong wind with ground normal. That would seem to indicate 500 to 530 yards, hole as quite sufficient. By a three-shot I don't mean that sort which is just outside two-shots, say 420 to 450—these I think are just bad length two-shot holes. We shall have an excellent one at Shirley—Laud's End. The fairway is bounded by a road on the right, and will be bunkered on the left. The tee-shot must carry a water hazard, some 140 yards away, though short players may, by a slight sacrifice of distance, clear it at 120 yards. The line is slightly dog-leg, and the green is in the angle where two roads meet. The green, which is now being recast will be a raised one with a slight rise to the back. It will occupy a width of some 35 yards, and will be very large. The total length will be about 470 yards, perhaps a trifle short. Dunedin has a very good three-shotter in the 11th. The first shot is over a rush-bed, and must be short of the road; the second is on to a narrow fairway over a very rough, place, and the green itself is guarded by rushes. The total length is about 490 yards. At Wellington the one three-shot hole is over 500 yards, but owing to the flat nature of the ground it is commonplace. The green, too, is in a hollow and quite blind. Napier has in Shirley's a fine hole. Two long shots put one within an iron shot, and the hole is on a terrace at the top of a 20ft. bank. The road at the back penalises the too strong shot. The Willows is also a good hole, a trifle shorter. Long Tom at Wanganui would be better if the fairway were not so rough. The green, too, is placed in an extremely awkward position. It could be made a magnificent hole. The Dress Circle is also a good hole, the third shot being the chief feature. Auckland is well off in having two such good holes as the 9th and 18th. The 9th in particular, with its approach into the trees is an admirable hole.

NELSON.

The fourth round of the Encounter Shield competition was played last week. The match was won by G. Richmond. The following were the best cards handed in:—Richmond, 95—14—81; Egg-Wicker, 102—19—83; Pollock, 109—26—83; McLaren, 104—20—84; Coote, 116—25—91; Dalziel, 118—25—93; J. H. Cook, 125—30—95; Fope, 125—30—95; Walker, 162—4—96; Dodds, 168—16—98; McCabe, 112—13—99; Robinson, 112—12—100.

HAMILTON.

The results of the mixed foursomes played last week are as follows:—Mrs. Stewart and E. Wilson 43 net, 1st. Other scores were: Miss Wilkinson and Cavanagh, 45; Mrs. Shepherd and Shepherd, 49; Mrs. Douglas and Mr. Douglas, 48; Miss Carroll and Dodson, 50; Mrs. Mears and Mears, 51; Mrs. Gillies and Winter, 52.

CAMBRIDGE.

The weekly bogey competition played last week again attracted a large entry. The object of these competitions is being achieved, namely, to familiarize players with match play conditions, and already the improvement is very noticeable, the winning scores being lower and better each week. The following are the best scores:—W. J. Murphy, 3 up; C. F. Dund, 1 down; A. H. Nicoll, 2 down; E. J. Wilkinson, 4 down.

A ladder match was also decided, Wilkinson beating Dunbar 3 and 2. The revised ladder, as decided at the Committee meeting last week, is as follows:—1—Nicoll, 2—Wells, 3—Muir, 4—J. Banks, 5—T. Middleton, 6—K. J. Wilkinson, 7—H. Dunbar, 8—N. Banks, 9—D. R. Caldwell, 10—C. W. McBride.

MIRAMAR.

The men's four-ball competition last Saturday week at Miramar was won by W. R. and W. T. Doughty—4 up on bogey. The best cards handed in were as follows:—W. R. Doughty and W. T. Doughty, 2 up; R. L. D. Kildon and B. L. Taylor, 1 up; R. M. Doughty and J. A. Cleland, all square; M. W. Horton and W. E. A. Gill, all square; H. R. H. Bainsie and I. S. Thompson, all square; E. H. Liddle and P. White-Parsons, all square.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

The June medal competition resulted in a win for Mr. E. G. Sim, who returned a good card, having done the round in 90 under somewhat unfavourable weather conditions. Appended are the scores:—

SENIORS.

E. G. Sim, 90—10—80; G. Wilson, 95—11—82; H. G. Moore, 91—8—83; R. Moore, 95—12—83; W. Bendall, 96—13—83; O. H. Bruce, 83—ac—83; P. McHardy, 92—6—84; J. Slack, 93—11—84; W. L. Fitzherbert, 100—14—86; J. Strang, 93—2—91; W. Strang, 93—3—92; M. O'Reilly, 105—11—94.

JUNIORS.

It is a great pity that so few juniors take part in the competitions, and of the few who play more than half fail to return cards. On Saturday, G. Slack, who is a steadily improving player, won very easily, doing a good round of 99. The three cards sent in were:—G. Slack, 99—3—66; Pavitt, 116—0—107; A. Morgan, 126—10—116.

HAWERA.

The Hawera players had a most enjoyable time on their visit to Waverley, and after a series of interesting matches were victorious by 8 to 7. The course was in very good order, and the greens were hard and fast. Most of the matches were close, two being decided on the last green. The scores were as follows, Waverley being mentioned first in each case: Foghill 0, v. O'Callaghan 1; Muir 1, v. Tarrant 0; Capt. Daniel 1, v. Turron 0; Cave 0, v. Elliott 1; G. Daniel 1, v. Sutton 0; Jones 0, v. Cordale 1; Merriman 0, v. Tonks 1; L. 0, v. Barley 1; Johnson 1, v. Lennon 0; H. Dickie v. Page, all square; Cooke 0, v. McCarter 1; C. Dickie 0, v. Walker 1; S. Aiken 1, v. Dr. Thomson 0; Curt's v. Aikins, all square; G. Howie 1, v. Foyster 0.

Wanganui will visit Hawera on Saturday, July 13, and Waverley will play a return game in about three weeks.

LADIES' GOLF.

AUCKLAND.

The third and final round of the captain, Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield's match, was played at Middlemore on Monday. The weather was perfect. The conditions of the match were the best two rounds out of three against bogey. Miss Milly Cotter's two best gave her a card of one down. Miss Winnie Cotter was second, two down, and Miss Ewen Gorrie third, six down.

Waitemata.

The Waitemata Ladies' Golf Club's monthly medal for July was won by Miss Godgeon with a net score of 105, the next best cards returned being those of Mrs. Prime (106) and Miss Newell (108).

NAPIER.

The following is the result of the ladies' bogey handicap match, played on the nine hole course at the Waikiki links:—

A Class.—Miss M. Hindmarsh (5), 1 up; Miss C. Hindmarsh (8), 1 down; Miss M. Dean (6), 2 down; Miss I. Balfour (11), 2 down; Miss J. Croose (5), 3 down; Miss Clarke (10), 3 down.
B Class.—Mrs. Moore (12), all square; Miss Miller (12), all square; Mrs. Edgar, (14), 2 down; Mrs. Manning (12), 3 down; Mrs. Aspinall (15), 3 down; Miss G. Bernau (8), 5 down.

LADIES' HANDICAP MATCH.

The members of the Napier club played a handicap match play round on Thursday. Following are the results:—Captain's Trophy.—Miss M. Hindmarsh (9) beat Miss Croose (11), 4 up

and 3 to play; Mrs. Bernau (14) beat Miss Davis (18), 1 up; Mrs. Smith (9) beat Mrs. Kennedy (14), 1 up; Miss C. Hindmarsh (17) beat Miss Dean (12), 4 up and 2 to play.

B Trophy.—Mrs. Moore (23) beat Miss Brabant (22), 1 up at the 19th hole; Miss Miller (25) beat Mrs. Aspinall (30), 3 up and 2 to play; Mrs. Gould (30) beat Mrs. Edar (28), 2 up; Mrs. Davis (30) beat Mrs. Kelly (29) 4 up and 3 to play.

MANAWATU.

The monthly medal and eclectic competition took place last week with the following results:—

A Grade.—Mrs. A. Seifert, 107—47—90; Mrs. Slack, 97—1—98.
B Grade.—Miss Tripe, 122—37—85; Miss Coombs, 120—60—86.
Juniors.—Miss Barnicoat, 134—32—102.
The final round for Mrs. Innes' trophy (two rounds against bogey) was played last week. Miss Sybil Abraham won, and Mrs. Fitzherbert and Miss Coombs tied for second place.

OTAGO.

The junior medal competition on June 20th resulted as follows: Mrs. Black, gross 122, handicap 25, net 97; Mrs. Cohn 121—22—99; Miss Roberts, 132—29—100.
The results of the All Day Tournament on June 27 were:—

MEDAL HANDICAP.

Miss Orbell, 110—28—84; Miss Roberts, 115—25—89; Miss Bart, 118—23—90; Mrs. Black, 110—25—91; Miss Jaw, 120—28—91; Mrs. Theomin, 123—32—91.

FOURSOMES.

Mrs. Rattray v. Miss D. Williams, handicap 8, 6 down; Miss K. Rattray v. Miss Graham, 8—7 down; Miss Mill v. Miss A. Mill, 10—7 down; Miss Theomin v. Miss Finch, 10—7 down; Mrs. Black v. Miss I. Rattray, 15—7 down.

PUTTING.

Miss K. Rattray, 38; Mrs. Mackie, 39.

SENIOR MEDAL COMPETITION.

Miss Mill, gross 100, handicap 11, net 89; Miss D. Williams, 106—13—93; Miss Graham, 112—19—93; Miss K. Rattray, 102—4—98.

ROTORUA.

The ladies played for the monthly medal last week. Miss Marsh and Mrs. Iles tied for the trophy. The following are the scores:—

Mrs. Grove, gross 67, handicap 22, net 45; Miss Marsh, 74—30—44; Mrs. Iles, 74—30—44; Mrs. Dyson, 82—30—52; Mrs. Flower 94—30—64; Mrs. Sherriff, 97—23—65; Mrs. Bennett, 91—30—61; Miss Marfloy, 94—30—64; Miss Lundon 79—30—49; Mrs. Lyons, 114—30—64.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

The first rounds for the ladies' championships were played at Nga Motu last

week, the results being as follows:—

SENIOR.

Miss Hawley defeated Miss Rundle, 2 up; Mrs. Johns defeated Mrs. Arnold Jones, 4 up and 2; Miss Bunnell defeated Miss Read, 2 up and 1; Mrs. Paton defeated Miss Perry Smith, 5 up and 4; Miss Brewster defeated Miss Hall, 10 and 8.

JUNIOR.

Mrs. Hutton defeated Miss Roy, 5 up and 4; Miss Bradbury defeated Miss Dowling, 1 up and 2.

NELSON.

Winners of matches for June were as follows:—

Senior Medal, Miss Elsie Booth, B Grade, Miss Edith Dobson, Mrs. Burnes' Trophy Bogey Match, Mrs. Lewis.

Encounter Match and Junior Medal, Miss Bigg-Wither.

The committee are now employing extra labour on the links, and the additions to the clubhouse are almost completed.

CHRISTCHURCH.

A bogey match was played at Shirley on Friday week which resulted in a win for Miss Fisher in the senior division and Miss Reeves in the junior.

The monthly medal match was played at Shirley on Wednesday, 3rd July, and resulted in a win for Mrs. Hill in the senior, and Miss Reeves in the junior division.

The final of the handicap tournament for Mrs. Wigram's prize is to be played on Friday afternoon between Miss D. Fisher and Miss P. Anderson.

GISBORNE.

The ladies of the Taverly Bay Golf Club had a glorious day for their monthly medal round. Mrs. Cole presented a trophy, a pair of silver-mounted flower vases, for this event, the successful competitor being Mrs. F. T. Morgan, who brought in a very good score—90—18—

FROM BALL, played with a "Challenger" Golf Ball, was in splendid form on April 6th, when he visited Ryelet, and played two rounds with Mr. Wakley. He completed both rounds in 68. The competition records are (amateur) Mr. S. Mure Ferguson, 70, and (professional) A. Herd, 72. All the leading Amateurs and Professionals play with the "Challenger" Golf Ball.

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78. This score reduces her handicap to 18. The following results were handed in.—Mrs. Morgan, 96-18-78; Mrs. O'Mara, 102-17-85; Mrs. Barlow, 105-18-87; Mrs. Burke, 106-18-88; Miss Y. Tucker, 128-40-89; Mrs. Barker, 219-31-88; Mrs. Rees, 129-34-94; Mrs. Scott, 132-37-95; Miss King, 130-34-96; Miss H. Black, 127-27-100. In the last bogey competition Mrs. O'Mara and Mrs. Morgan tied in the A division, and Mrs. Scott and Miss H. Black tied in the B division. In the playoff Mrs. O'Mara and Mrs. Scott won.

THE ENGLISH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

MISS RAVENSCROFT'S GREAT VICTORY.

The meeting this year took place on the Turnberry Links in Ayrshire; a course of 6115 yards, with fine turf, well bunkered, and with many beautiful undulating greens. There are only two one-shot holes (165 and 160 yards), while five holes are over 400 yards and seven over 300, the remaining four varying from 220 to 200 yards. New Zealand ladies would consider the course a long one, and would probably protest against a "par" of 81 or 82, yet these were the scores put up by the scratch players, Miss Ravenscroft and Miss Cecil Leitch, whose standard of play is taken as a guide in fixing "pars." It is rather interesting to note not only the goodness of the total scores put up, but the way in which the holes were played. In three full rounds given in detail in one of the English papers (those of Miss C. Boyd, winner of the Stroke Match, Miss Ravenscroft and Miss (L. Leitch), there is no figure higher than a 6, and there are very few sixes. Then a hole of 45 yards was played with the drive, mashie and 2 putts, and also with drive, iron and 2 putts; 330 yards with drive, pitch and 1 putt; 250 yards, drive to green and 1 putt; 450 yards, drive, brassie, and 2 putts, such scores being made by odd players as well as by those who reached the final stages. Truly, the golf of the "Home" girls is of a wonderfully fine kind.

To turn to the matches. Proceedings began with the international matches for the Miller Shield, teams of nine with two reserves from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales competing against each other, and England was victorious, winning all three matches against the others. Ireland won two and Scotland one. Then followed a stroke match, open to all competitors in the championship proper, and played on level terms. There were 114 competitors, and the winner turned up in Miss C. Boyd, who plays on a 2 handicap in the Westward Ho! Club. Her score was 85, and she was closely followed by Miss C. Leitch 86, and Miss G. Ravenscroft and Miss D. Chambers 87. Next came the championship proper. Miss Leitch was looked upon as a prime favourite for this event. She is a magnificent golfer of the young school, and has won trophy after trophy from scratch, though she had hitherto been unlucky in the championship contest (having only once reached the semi-final, in 1908), and had succumbed to her sister, Miss May Leitch, in the competition for the Golf Illustrated Ladies' Gold Cup. Her match with Mr. H. H. Hilton will always be remembered as showing her steady nerve under trying circumstances. Miss Ravenscroft, who beat Miss C. Leitch in a round of last year's championship, was also picked as a likely winner. Two ex-champions in Mrs. Ross (May Hazlett) and Mrs. Jock Gibb (Miss Titterton) competed, but Miss D. Campbell, last year's winner, was unable to make the trip from Canada. Among the others competing were Miss May Leitch, a brilliant left-handed player, and winner of the Golf Illustrated Ladies' Gold Cup; Miss V. Hazlett, last year's runner-up, and last of the noted Hazlett quartet of sisters; three other Leitch girls, who, with Cecil and May, seem bent on making golfing history and a name for the Leitch quintet; Miss L. Moore, runner-up in 1910, and a large number of winners of bronze medals at previous championships—such names showing that the very best of golfers were present. There were also one or two American and Canadian ladies, and one from Australia in Miss Gentry, twice champion of New South Wales and once of Australia. The strangers all succumbed early, Miss Parbury and Miss Thomson (of New Brunswick) lasting longest, but dropping out in the third round, beaten by those sterling players Miss Teacher and Miss Nell Fraser.

The earlier rounds, as usual, were rather of the weeding-out order, though a good number of games ran on beyond the

18th hole, and still more concluded only on the home green. When the round before the semi-final was reached there were still two Leitches in the contest, but the luck of the draw brought them together, and a splendid game between the two gave pride of place to Miss Cecil, who won only on the 18th. The other survivors in this round were Miss Ravenscroft, of the Bromborough Club; Miss Temple, of Westward Ho! and Miss Herring Johnston, of Limsfield Chart.

In the semi-final Miss Ravenscroft and Miss C. Leitch met and started off on what was felt would be the deciding match for the championship, as the winner was practically certain to be able to account for the other players still left in. They had a following of over 1000 spectators, and the greater interest was taken in the match seeing that when they met at Portrush in the previous contest Miss Ravenscroft had won only at the 21st hole, and in the meantime Miss Leitch had made decided improvement in the matter of steadiness and nerve.

They seem to have started cautiously, the first two holes (350 and 305 yards) being halved in five, though fours had been the usual score at these holes in the previous rounds, of both. The third (385 yards) fell to Miss Ravenscroft in 4, the fourth (395) to Miss Leitch in 4, the next (415) was halved in 5, Miss Ravenscroft got the sixth (165) in 3 to 4, lost the next (220) in 4 to 3, making the match all square; the eighth (290) was halved in 5, and Miss Ravenscroft won the ninth (280) in 4 to 5, turning 1 up. The 10th (255) was halved in 4, the 11th (330) was won by Miss Ravenscroft (drive, pitch, and putt) in 3 to 4; she also won the 12th (420) in 5 to 6, giving her a lead of three. The 13th (160) was won by Miss Leitch in 3 to 4, but the 14th (370) in 4 to 3 again gave Miss Ravenscroft a lead of three. Miss Leitch, playing pluckily as always, won the next two (450 and 415) in 5 and 4 to 6 and 5, thus reducing Miss Ravenscroft's lead to 1 up; but as she could only succeed in squaring the next two (450 and 365) in 6 and 4, the match went to Miss Ravenscroft at 1 up. Their scores, which were fully played out, were 81 (Miss Ravenscroft) and 82 (Miss Leitch).

Meanwhile the match behind was making history unnoticed, except by a few faithful followers. Miss Temple stood 2 up at the time, she lost the 10th and 11th, and looked like losing the 13th, but Miss Johnson's indifferent putting reversed matters. At the 16th she stood 1 up. On the 17th green she laid the Sussex player a styxie and stood dorny; with 4 to 5 on the home green she entered the final 2 up.

An immense crowd followed the afternoon match, Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville acting as referee. Miss Temple, as her friends anticipated, put up a splendidly plucky fight, but Miss Ravenscroft's grip was very fine, and although at the 3rd of the Westward Ho! player assumed a lead she lost it at the 5th, and from this point Miss Ravenscroft was never down. A fine putt on the 6th gave Miss Temple a half in 3, but she missed one at the next and the 8th hole, where out of a bunker she played over the wall, and eventually picked up her ball, giving Miss Ravenscroft a comfortable lead of 2, and with a half at the 9th, Miss Ravenscroft turned 2 up. The 10th she won, but lost the 11th; the 12th was halved; the 13th was a win in 3 for the Cheshire player, and she again stood 3 up; a half follow; at the 14th, and at the 15th a beautiful difficult putt gave Miss Temple the hole in 4. To the 16th Miss Ravenscroft was nearly under the wall from her tee shot, and both took 3 to reach the green. Miss Temple lay dead with the odd, and then with a sensational putt Miss Ravenscroft won the championship. It was a fine performance throughout, and she thoroughly deserved her victory, whilst Miss Temple is to be congratulated on her fine display, and for the consistently good golf which carried her through the several heats and enabled her to beat many doughty opponents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Restart.
Another fatal fault on restarting the game after a long abstention is that of too fast swinging, with resultant bad timing and hopelessly ineffective shots. This comes from a certain over-impetuosity, which seems to characterize the efforts of so many players at the beginning of their season; for the time being they seem to have forgotten the difficulties of the game and the great respect which has to be paid to its principles.—"Colonnes," in the "Queen."

The Monthly Medal Finals.

Perhaps it is quite true that the finals of monthly medal competitions do not excite anything like the same interest as scratch medal finals, but we have not yet arrived at anything like perfect schemes of handicapping, and, however well a low figure man may play, he is always liable to be beaten by someone who, on this occasion only, touches middle-class form when playing off the limit mark.—"J.H.S." in the "Sheffield Telegraph."

International Rivalry.

There is the question of international rivalry, and in this matter the ladies differ very much in results from the men. No Irishman has ever won the male championship, but five times has an Irish lady won the championship of her sex.—Mr. Henry Leach in the "Sketch."

The Attraction of the Four-ball.

When it comes to playing they vote for the four-ball game in preference to the foursome, mainly, we think, because the average man does not like to miss a chance of playing the maximum number of tee shots. There is no doubt that the importance of the drive has become an obsession with a great number of players.—"Referee."

Herd's Little Preference.

Herd is a player who is always best suited by hard ground. Herd is a true son of St. Andrews; he was bred to hard, bare greens, and he likes to "trickle" his putts with a delicate, almost gingerly touch.—Mr. Bernard Darwin in the "Sunday Times."

The Brave Days of Old.

In the good old times which I can just remember the superiority of the foursome was unchallenged. Everyone who called himself a golfer, or pretended to know anything about golf, freely admitted that the foursome was the finest form of the game.—Sir Ludovic Grant.

Miss Leitch's Style.

Miss Leitch stands with the ball almost in line with her right foot—not by any means an easy method of playing, as was evident from her persistent topping in the match against Miss Teacher; but on the top of her game Miss Leitch is undoubtedly a splendid hitter.—"Glasgow Herald."

Matrimony and Golf.

When J. H. Taylor entered the matrimonial market he forthwith carried off the open championship, and so impressed was one enthusiastic golfer with the improved form "J.H." displayed, that he, too, at once took unto himself a wife, in the hope that he might bring his handicap down! That, at all events, was the story he told—truly a sordid confession.—"Fore" in the "Bradford Telegraph."

The Spot Stroke.

A feature that makes approaching upon hard ground so excessively difficult is the necessity for fixing on a certain spot of ground for the ball to pitch upon. With the ground soft there is no such necessity; all that there is to do is to pitch the ball practically up to the flag; the flag guides the eye, and does the marking of the spot for one.—"The Times."

A Putting Hint.

The advice of all good putters is, "Let the club do the work."—"Mid-Iron" in the "Daily Chronicle."

The Popularity of Bogey.

Nowadays bogey competitions are as popular and general as ordinary stroke-play competitions, and it is as ridiculous as it is inconvenient that they should be ignored in the official laws of the game.—Mr. Henry Leach in the "Standard."

The Straying Golfer.

The cardinal advantage of golf over tennis, cricket, croquet, and billiards is that you may stray. You are not confined within a flat and constant area which only subserves the art you practise. Part of the joy of a long drive is the long walk.—"Daily Mail."

The Natural Golfer.

Vardon has golf imprinted on his face, and to see him handle a club is to be convinced at first glance that he is a past master in the art of golf. He is a fine player, with a fine style—a pleasant combination.—"Bogeyman" in the "Leicester Mail."

A Long Drive at Sandy Ledge.

An extraordinarily long drive has been executed at the Sandy Ledge Club's course near Northwood. With a strong northerly wind behind him, Mr. G. G. M.

Bennett reached the 16th green, a length of 350 yards, with his drive. This distance seems to compare very favourably with the previous "record" drives, the longest amateur drive recorded being 369 yards by Mr. Edward Blackwell.

Criticism of Telepathy.

In one of a series of lectures which Dr. James J. Walsh, an American professor, has been delivering, the learned lecturer gave some striking illustrations of the utter failure of telepathy, or mind-reading when put to simple, practical tests. "Mind-reading," said Dr. Walsh, "is being practically tested every day in every court in the world. Every criminal trial is a test of mind reading. A man is accused of a crime, and is brought into the presence of a judge, several lawyers, some of whom are friendly, some hostile, and twelve presumably fair minded jurors. All of these, judge, lawyers, and jurors, are trying earnestly to read the mind of the accused. The latter, if he be innocent, is exerting every power of his brain to convey to the judge, the lawyers and the jurors the thoughts that are in his mind. And yet I have never heard of a single case in which the judge, counsel or jurors have been able to read the mind of an accused person. Surely, if there really were any substantial basis for the claims of those who believe in thought transference, there must have been at some time in all the ages since trials began, somewhere in all the lands where trials have taken and are taking place, some record or some report of some occasion on which mind reading had influenced the conviction or the acquittal of an accused person." Dr. Walsh did not deny that mind reading may sometimes be possible, but he pointed out that any man who can really read the minds of others can go and get at once a million dollars a year salary, for any big firm of financiers would make it fortune if it had on its staff a mind reader upon whom it could rely.

The Abors.

The Indian coolies employed on the Abor expedition were from the Naga Hills and the Manipur Hills. Children of Nature, the Nagas are by instinct a race of head-hunters. In this respect they were said to be more dreaded by the Abors than all the troops of the expedition put together, and the saddest moment the Nagas with the expedition have ever experienced in their lives was when they learnt that they would not be permitted to take off an occasional head as a trophy for their wives and families. The refusal, of course, was an absurd concession to insular prejudices that was ignorant of the true significance of the custom. It may seem to us somewhat trivial, but it means a serious thing for the individual coolie, whose wife will make his existence unendurable on his return.

Possession of an enemy's head is held by the Nagas to be the material sign of a man's prowess. A lasting stigma attaches to a man's family, to his wife and children, as also to his village, if he fail to secure one.

While we were preparing a surprise for the Abor braves, the Abors themselves were intent upon somewhat similar tactics. Abor surprises are, indeed, many and most varied, and, though their methods are common to most of the jungle tribes of India's north-eastern frontier, and, in some measure, therefore—like the "confidence trick"—are always with us, they are, as a rule, pretty successful.

No place in the jungle depths, on the river bank, or on the mountain side, was so innocent in appearance that it could not conceal some effective reminder of the Abor methods of warfare. In the main these pits took the form of shallow pits lined with poisoned pangies—fire-hardened stakes of pointed bamboo, and sufficiently sharpened to pierce the sole of any ordinary boot. The action of the poison was very rapid, sometimes a mere matter of minutes, and rarely more than six hours.

A variation on the "foot-pit" as it was called, was an ingenious adaptation of the man-trap, fitted with arrows in place of the customary gin. In this unwieldy, though pretty reliable, contrivance two hollow lengths of bamboo, each fitted with a poisoned arrow, were fixed

The last English mail shows that Houl, winner of the Grand Prix de Paris, struck form at Paris on May 20. Concerning him a Parisian writer thus wrote: "Houl, who had been some time to ride for M. de Calletat in the French..."

WAIKAPAPA NOTES.

The Clarendon-trained Nedra and Sir Letha scored a win each at the Napier Park meeting on the first day of the early age, and grief through Morohiko Blundering, but on the second day he won the Park Steeplechase (24 miles) in good style.

Wairarapa entries for the Winter Cup include Longfellow and another puppi. The Masterton horse Sir Letha will start in the Grand National Steeplechase and in the Beaufort Steeplechase. The latter and also Sir Solo are in good form and should run well.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday. A hailstorm was experienced at Riccarton on Saturday, and, needless to say, the condition of the turf was not improved, mud and slush being prominent features. The trouble is accentuated by the cutting operations which are in progress for the gravel pit in the centre of the course, the mowing being very badly cut and altogether in a disgraceful state.

True Knight is at present enjoying a well earned spell. The Ayr Laddie gelding Kills has been put into active work again at Riccarton by D. Morgan, after a short spell. The latest reports concerning the jockey W. Rutter, who has been in the Christchurch hospital for nearly a fortnight as the result of injuries sustained through the fall while schooling a horse over hurdles at Riccarton, are not promising. He has shown no signs of consciousness and he is slightly weaker.

The Otago owner Mr. A. B. Armour, who has won a number of races this season with Theclodown and others, has purchased the yearling colt by Martinian—Siberia.

AUSTRALIAN RACING.

THE MELBOURNE CUP. Two miles. The following weights have been declared:—

Table with columns for horse names and weights. Includes Tratalgar, Metallens, The Paristan, Harpist, Malt King, True Form, Aurorofundia, Reculer, Cadouria, Master Peg, Royal Laidie, Eyeфорд, Symetris, Mumairay, Barrios, Charles E., Widgevia, Rathglenau, Tumberbar, Kowabita, Necks, Myword, Golden Shore, Peary, Lory, Volone No, Mary Seaton, Glenearna, Olet, Erin, Deride, Kwasind, Blarmon, Cucke Mait, The Lion, Warradunga, Multiply, Burri, Pitham, Galt, Clupia, Avowort, Wise Lass, Something Irish, Sluk, Flaith, Elystan, Hartfell, Jolly Beggar, Paster, True Spr, Midnight Sun, Allegory, Fuder, Duke Foote, Pestyler, Woolerina, Locharno, Haber, Grant, Sheriff Muir, Simia, Gay Boh, Limeight, Neckie, Archer, Arquebuse, Sandbath, Aigo, Posio, Auld Brew, Wally, Bernard, Arderead, Eighteen Carat, Mashiro, Waverley, Princess Mel, Tonoo, Buseewa, Anlier, Golden Gauntlet, Golden Hop, Marine, Rathie, Karnattian, Alue, Birds, Mountain Oak, Rovyko, Rarkkeale, Melfield, Lord Hilda, Alora, Third Prize, Embraer, Golden Point, Aurita, St. Vasco, The Vanquisher, Moumo, Avenger, Rastator, Alder, West Park, Tadema, Lemstone, Aveling, First Principle.

V.R.C. GRAND NATIONAL HURDLE.

RACE. FLEMINGTON, Saturday. The V.R.C. Grand National Hurdle Race, of 1500 sovs, three miles, resented:— L. Robertson's b g Wingarra, 5 yrs., by Moravian—Nogara, 6 st., 11.3. W. Moffat's b g Uxbridge, 6 yrs., by Sir Tritram—Medalet, 9.10. F. B. Brennan's b g Lion, aged, by Majeatic—Ilfracombe, 9.10. Flavel 11.8, Yudinaplia 11.8, Forest Prince 11.2, King's Ransom 10.12, Merry Monarch 10.10, Yandilla King 10.10, Jolly Boy 10.9, Fiddling 10.2, Pleasant Ways 10.2, Flash Jack 10.0, Rufus 10.0, Joe 10.0, Rogue's March 9.8, Yala 9.8, Britany 9.4, Merewoods 9.6, Mountain Heather 9.6, Hardrada 9.4, Black Native 9.4, Powerful 9.2.

WARWICK FARM RACES.

SYDNEY, Saturday. The Flying Welter resented: Braveheart 1, Bakeney 2, Hyacinth 3.

BIG BOOKMAKERS.

NETTING £60,000 OVER ONE RACE. "It's only fools as backs 'osses." Robert Ridsdale used to say; "the bookie's the wise man as pockets their money."

Dr. Tuffier, a prominent surgeon of Paris, reports two cases of successful grafting of bone on a human elbow in a communication to the Academy of Medicine. The two operations were performed more than a year ago, and as the subjects are in perfect health there can no longer be any doubt of the success of the experiment.

And such giants as Gully and Davies have had their successors in more recent days, in men like Mr. Dunn and Mr. Fry, the latter of whom died quite recently at Norwood. When Mr. Fry's attention was first drawn to the possibilities of bookmaking as a road to fortune, he was a linen draper at Liverpool, who knew as little of horseracing as the man in the moon.

These came as regularly as clockwork, and so satisfied Mr. Fry that there was money in the business that he put up his shutters and started on his own account with a capital of £800, "which," he says, "I never had occasion to supplement." Commencing in a modest way at Ascot, where he lost £9 on the week, success came so quickly that he was soon laying bets in thousands of pounds, and was making more money in a year than his shop would have yielded in a lifetime.

No enormous was the scale of his transactions that when he died there was owing to him considerably over £900,000, or more than 1000 times the capital with which he opened his first book.

Grafting an Elbow.

Dr. Tuffier, a prominent surgeon of Paris, reports two cases of successful grafting of bone on a human elbow in a communication to the Academy of Medicine. The two operations were performed more than a year ago, and as the subjects are in perfect health there can no longer be any doubt of the success of the experiment.

TRAVELLING IN WINTER! Very Snug and Cozy is the traveller who enjoys the Luxurious W. rm.h afforded by a "MOSCIEL" Rug. This World-famed Rug is an embodiment of Artistic Design and Skilled Workmanship with the Purest of Wool. The "MOSCIEL" holds first place in public appreciation and may be obtained from any High-class Draper or Outfitter.

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Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH.

BOOKINGS.

(Dates subject to alteration.)

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
July 22 to August 3—"The Blue Bird."
September 23 to October 12—Oscar Asche,
Lily Brayton.

WELLINGTON OPERA HOUSE.
July 17 to 30—J. C. Williamson, "Ben Hur"
August 15 to 29—"Sinbad the Sailor"
August 31 to September 12—"The Blue Bird" Company
September 25 to October 2—Plimmer Dea-
nston Company
October 19 to November 2—Oscar Asche,
Lily Brayton Co.

Sabotage in a Play.

HERE was played a little while ago in Paris, at the Grand Guignol, that theatre devoted to the presentation of the terrible, a play called "Sabotage" (says the "Bookman"). The scene the room of a Paris skilled workman, an employee of the electric light company. In the foreground the workman and his wife. In the background the bed in which their child is sleeping. The child is ill, and the mother tells the father that the physician has said that the crisis will come in two or three days. After a time the husband leaves to go to a meeting of his union. He does not wish to go, but the call is imperative. He will not be absent long, and in the meanwhile their friend, Mme. So-and-So, will keep the wife company. The two women talk, the visitor telling of the illnesses of her own children. The mother goes to look at the child and screams. The child is strangling. The friend goes for the doctor, who comes at once and looks at the patient. He turns to the mother. "Please leave the room," he says; "you will only suffer, and you will disturb me." This simply means that the crisis has come earlier than was expected. It is much better so. It is merely the matter of a slight operation. I give you my word of honour—my professional word of honour—that all will be well. Go." Swinging the electric light over the child's bed, the physician takes out and sterilises his instruments. The woman visitor standing ready to give him any needed help. He makes an incision with a knife, then another and another. Suddenly—complete darkness. "My God! Woman! Why did you turn out the light?" "I didn't turn out the light!" "Then turn it on!" "But I can't turn it on!" The physician vainly tugs at the switching, the mother rushes in, and finally a candle is found and lighted. Too late! The child is dead! Then there is a noise, growing louder and louder. The street below echoes with the tramp of a thousand feet, and there rise the strains of the "Marseillaise." The door of the room opens, and the husband stands on the "threshold." "Victory!" he cries. "We've won! There's not an electric light burning in Paris to-night!"

"Kismet."
I have to acknowledge the receipt, from Messrs Methuen and Co., Ltd., 38, Essex Street, London, of a neat little volume of "Kismet," the well-known play by Edward Knoblauch. "Kismet" drew crowds to the Garrick Theatre in London for a year, and during the last few months has been played by Mr Oscar Asche to immense and enthusiastic audiences in Sydney and Melbourne. Very soon the play will be presented in New Zealand, and the crowds of people who will go to see it will undoubtedly find the refusal of Messrs Methuen's publication an invaluable assistance in comprehending the full meaning of this remarkable play. It is a play that strives to capture, not only the imagination and adventure, but also the colour of the East of the Arabian night. Hajji, the beggar and his hero, in a single day, carries with a sangfroid that is magnificent, the whole world of the Orient—its beauty, its brutality, its poetry, and its comedy—upon his broad shoulders. Even if one were not going to see the play, the book would well repay the reader.

Passion Plays.

Most people have the idea that the Oberammergau Passion Play is unique in the world. It is true that it is better

advertised than any of the others, but there are three villages in the Tyrol—Erl, Thiersee, and Brisllegg—where the Passion Play is still produced, and where, as at Oberammergau, it has been given with more or less regularity for several hundred years past. This summer the play comes to Erl, a little village of 600 inhabitants just inside the Austrian boundary. At the presentation of the play, in 1902 the former theatre turned out much too small, and the little village has built a fine new theatre costing, with the outfitting of the play, some £6400, a tremendous debt for so small and poor a community to assume. The theatre sits 1500 comfortably, is well built, well outfitted, and as, contrary to the traditions of Oberammergau, the stage is also enclosed, both audience and actors are completely protected against the vagaries of the weather. The text, originally written probably in the fifteenth century by a monk at Augsburg, as now used, was prepared by a pastor of the little village about the middle of last century. The music, composed many years ago by a native of the village, is also very interesting in its simplicity.

Sensational Opera in London.

Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," was given for the first time in England at Covent Garden last month, and created a tremendous sensation, says a London critic. The opera is as sensuous, passionate, and

You think the Babel is never going to stop.

Just as the strain upon one's auditory nerves is becoming unbearable the hubbub suddenly dies down and the people stand still. The music lulls also, and then swells into broad dignified Gregorian-like strains, as hosts bearing a number of little boy John-the-Baptists arrive at the quayside.

Later the whole gorgeous festive procession of the Holy Virgin passes, and while it traverses the scene, Rafeale, the young head of the dreaded Camorra, offers to steal the jewels from the Madonna and give them to Maliella for a kiss. Upon this promise the whole opera hangs.

Maliella has rebelled against the restricted life she leads with her foster-mother and the latter's pious son Gennaro, the blacksmith. Like Louise, she becomes almost demented in her longing for life and liberty. In tempestuous abandon she defies Gennaro, who loves her deeply, tears down her lovely hair, and indulges in a scandalous song and dance, calling on the assembled youths to kiss her.

Camorrist Leader.

When, however, the handsome Rafeale, at the head of his Camorrista, arrives, and would put the girl's request into practice, he is disdainfully repulsed. Maliella snatches a long stiletto pin from her hair, and invites Rafeale to a duel for a kiss. He consents laughingly. The Camorrista make a ring, and after some fruitless encounters, the girl is caught.

Rafeale demands the forfeit, and is stabbed in the arm for his pains, but he merely kisses the blood as a token of the amorous fire that burns in his veins, and, kneeling, restores Maliella her pin.



The Voice of the Vendor: "All I ask is Love—words and music!"

brutally realistic as anything the Sicilians ever gave us.

How it is performed in lands without censors is more easily imagined than described. But to think how it could be played were its intentions fully realised makes one's hair stand on end.

In fact, "I Gioielli della Madonna," given as a drama, would be just the sort of thing that might make the fortune of any theatre if put up for a run. As an opera it will undoubtedly be the financial success of the season at Covent Garden.

With a wisdom far in excess of that of most of his craft, the composer has centred his energies on the story. He has realised its powerful appeal, and everything has been done to colour its situation and increase its popularity. Tragedy is made more lurid, passion more sensuous and brutal, the gaiety is more abandoned, and the religion more profound.

Every Kind of Noise.

No opera has ever had such an opening scene. Every kind of street cry, noises and yells, every possible kind of person, buyers and sellers, that a Naples square at festival time is capable of exhibiting seem to be represented in this amazing operatic prelude. Pandemonium reigns supreme. Above the welter of sound from the orchestra and chorus comes a noise of tin trumpets, rattles, clappers, and pop guns, to say nothing of tin whistles and toy kettledrums.

At that moment the great procession passes, and Rafeale makes his sacrilegious offer.

The boast means nothing to him who made it. But to Gennaro, to whom it is repeated by the girl in scorn, as a contrast of the real love of her new lover and the pure devotion of the old—it means everything. It means his undoing. Goaded to despair by Maliella's contempt and defiance, the honest, God-fearing blacksmith takes some tools, creeps away from the house at the dead of night, and steals the priceless jewels from the Madonna.

The Sinner Becomes a Saint.

In Gennaro's absence Rafeale serenades Maliella. She descends lightly clad, and a passionate love scene takes place through the iron bars of a locked gate. After Rafeale's departure Gennaro returns with the jewels, and the girl is for a moment horrified, but while the remorseful man is praying for Heaven's mercy, Maliella arrays herself with the diadem and the jewels. Her splendour but adds to the intoxication of her recent encounter with her lover, and, murmuring Rafeale's name, she yields as in a trance to Gennaro, who, looking up from his prayers, sees his beloved more radiantly beautiful than ever.

As the act becomes a sinner so the sinner becomes a saint in the last act. Rafeale, and all his lawless Camorrista, who only the moment before have been indulging in the wildest orgy of pleasure and sensuality in their midnight

haunts, go down on their knees and cross themselves with feverish terror when the truth of the sacrilegious theft is known.

They fall away from the guilty party as from something too loathsome to touch. Maliella, after vainly protesting her innocence to Rafeale, rushes out to draw herself, while Gennaro stabs himself before a picture of the Madonna, not, however, before a beam of light irradiates the jewels in token of eternal forgiveness.

Although the music is, like the drama, almost wholly sensuous and passionate throughout, it is rich in tuneful numbers, both of song and dance, and revels in haunting rhythms and catchy phrases. It is splendidly scored, and abounds in telling effects.

Miss Ethel Irving's Impressions.

Miss Ethel Irving has just returned to London from Australia, and makes her reappearance at the Hippodrome. Miss Irving finds the Australians a race of passionate theatre-goers, says the "Daily Express," and she notes the amazing power of the Press in moulding their judgment. "The social side of Australia," she says, "is very marked. The Australians are a pleasure-loving race. Dinners, balls, dances from one end of the year to the other, and everybody goes to the theatre. Their likes and dislikes are marked. They take every sort of play offered—but it has to be the best of its kind or you hear from them.

"The power of the Press is amazing. Everybody—from the little boy in the street to the man at the top of the social scale—reads the papers, and their faith in the Press is complete. 'I read it in the paper,' you will hear them say, 'so it must be true.' We played 'Lady Frederick,' 'Dame Nature,' and 'The Witness for the Defence.' These plays have little in common, but I am glad to say that, critical as the Australians are—and they take nothing on hearsay—we got home with all three. Their appreciation was extraordinary."

Peter's Chance.

There must be passionate scenes of the battle of life in any mission-house of mean streets which is doing its work. Into "Peter's Chance," produced last month in London, the authoress, Mrs Lyttelton, has put the thrill of the fight, and something of its surge and colour. The fight, of course, is a fight for souls, and "Peter's Chance" tells of a soul finding triumph in death. Perhaps such phrases suggest too much edification. That would not be altogether unfair. The morals are a little obvious, the lessons a little laboured. But none the less, "Peter's Chance" is thoroughly alive, and what is not always the same thing, always vivid. It has atmosphere, it has a rarer quality, the suggestion of people known and felt, not merely observed.

Perhaps its rarest quality is its sympathy. Nothing human is alien from the spirit of the piece. There are no villains with horns and cloven hoofs. No one is it of the slightest importance is without a claim on our kinder emotions. The whole of the action passes in the common room of a mission-house in Stepney—a bare place, with naked walls of hideous brick, one rough table, and only one chair, which pretends to comfort. From its doors open into the chapel, and the organ music, the incense, and the lights of the sanctuary come through the play like a refrain. The head of the mission is Father Bentley, most human and humane of priests, with a keen appreciation of the power of the pomp and circumstance of ritual, an appreciation not less keen of the uses of simplicity. He can be all things to all men and women, if by any means he may save some.

The Gipsy's Thief.

You meet Father Bentley, at a tea party of folk gathered from the high-ways and byways. You hear that the little servant, Susie, was saved from suicide in the river, somebody else from drunkenness, somebody else from prostitution. You see Father Ben receive a new curate breathing the full aroma of Oxford, and send the alarmed youth away to bath two dirty children as his first pastoral duty. Then the father is giving audience to Kitty Roman, a dashing rascal of a girl, something of a gipsy in blood as well as name, and the queen of an unholy company of thieves. She wants his help for her man, Peter, who has been in a burglary, and whose companion may be expected to follow. Peter, she tells us, is a splendid helper, too good for prison, and something better than the common thief. So Father Ben agrees to give the lad shelter and hide him from the police, for he is as

pedantic moralist, and if he can get hold of the lad he has no objection in the world to cheating the law.

Peter came to the mission, and when we met him again after two months the mission had begun to deal with him. That chapel, the incense, the lights, the music, fascinated his soul. You are to believe, too, that he was a man whom good company led as easily as bad. Peter, feeling that he was a new man—Father Ben allowed him to clean the chapel lamps, the accepted symbol of spiritual approval—began to boast of his reformation. Father Ben was not so sure of it, not so sure that if Kitty Roman, the wicked gipsy, came and whistled for him the lad would not be off after her. Father Ben was going away for a night or two, and by way of making sure of Peter gave him a £20 note to keep. And Father Ben went, and Kitty came.

The Old Love.

Kitty came with her vehement joy in life and jeered at the saintly Peter, mocked him, taunted him. At first he was firm in his virtue. Then she told him that his old pal, Joe Price, was out of prison, and if Peter had no use for her Joe had. Then she played on his passions, and tempted and promised, and the end of it was that he ran after her, and she had the £20 note in her dress. The poor little servant girl, Susie, came just in time to see what had happened, Susie who knew Kitty by tragic experience, for it was Kitty who had taken her first sweetheart away from her and driven her to suicide. Now Peter was gone too.

So Father Ben came back to find that Peter and the £20 were gone. The curate suggested the police. The curate's righteous confidence that Peter was thoroughly a bad lot was a titillating piece of satiric truth. But Father Ben would not despair. He ordered the back door to be left open. He sat up to wait for Peter's return. And Peter came. But he came flashing an electric torch, he came with a suspicious bag. First he put an envelope on the Christmas tree, and then with a sack on his arm he stole up to the chapel. Father Ben intervened. The lad broke down, and gasped out a queer story. He had gone after Kitty and the old life, and the old friends had captured him. He had come to bring back the note, but he had come to rob the altar, too, and Kitty and Joe Price were waiting outside for him to bring them his booty. A queer story—but not, if you think of it, as imprudent as it sounds in curt narrative. Peter sobbed out repentance, and Father Ben took him into the chapel to pray. Then Kitty and Joe broke into the dark room, wondering whether he had played them false, and Kitty meant to have the altar plate for her pains. Up the stairs they went, and Peter met them, and there was a struggle, and Peter was stabbed. They dashed away, and Peter died in Father Ben's arms.

Miss Horniman and a Stage-struck Clergyman.

Miss Horniman, of the Manchester Repertory Theatre, amused the ladies at the Women's Institute in London recently and incidentally gave some useful advice to youthful or aspiring dramatists, as well as to some of her fellow-writers.

"Many plays are put on expensively," she said, "so as to hide the absence of acting. One never really notices scenery after the first five minutes unless the play is boring." If there were to be a great ideal theatre built there should be written above the door in a dead language, which would, of course, be translated on the programmes: "In this theatre the dramatist is top dog."

Miss Horniman had many funny stories to tell of dramatists from the producer's point of view. Every two months, she said, there came to her a heavy parcel from a clergyman, and every two months it went back. One play had nine acts, twenty-three speaking characters, a crowd of citizens, and two armies.

"What gives me the most intense delight," she added, "is when a London manager takes a play and the critics say the same of it as I said when I refused it."

"Write about the people you know," she told any aspirant in her audience. "If you have never lived in a slum, don't write about the slum, and if you don't belong to society—where they keep a man-servant—don't write about it."

Celtic Society's Concert.

On July 17 the Celtic Society's grand concert is to take place in the Auckland Town Hall. A most attractive and pleasantly-varied programme has been prepared, and the event should prove a big draw. Mrs. A. Gower-Burns, of Christchurch, has been specially engaged for the concert. Others contributing to the programme will be Miss M. Knight, Miss L. England, Mr. H. Gregson, Herr R. Pechotsch, Mr. E. Dunca, Mr. O. E. Farrow, Mr. Leo Whittaker, A.T.C., L.L.A.B., and Mr. H. Whitty. Exhibitions of Irish and Scotch dancing will also be given. The performance commences at 7.45, and seats may be booked at Wildman and Arey's.

An Easy Way to Help.

The committee who are arranging the big popular concert for the Society for the Protection of Women and Children and the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are working very hard selling tickets, and it is sincerely hoped that the general public will respond liberally, and turn up and fill the Town Hall on July 15th. Herr Wielert has arranged a most attractive programme, so surely it is not too much to expect a ready response, for, after all, this is a very easy way of helping a very good cause—to hear a really first-class programme, which includes grand organ solos, for one shilling.

"The Dandies."

In the concert chambers of the Auckland Town Hall on Wednesday the 17th Mr. Edward Branscombe will introduce his English Costume Comedy Company, "The Dandies," which is at present concluding a record season of eight consecutive weeks in Wellington. The representative, Mr. Scott Colville, informs me that during the season the company played to "capacity" business, and with the exception of one night, intending patrons were turned away nightly.

The company which opens here on the 17th was selected from Mr. Branscombe's Australian circuit which embraces all the chief centres, and the popularity of "The Dandies" is admitted and demonstrated wherever they are established. Their secret of success lies in the fact that they present varied programmes sparkling with clean wit and humour interspersed with vocal music, clever sketches and dances which appeal to all classes, and many of their regular patrons are those who had never before patronised a theatrical attraction. The whole atmosphere of "The Dandies" entertainment is filled with artistry from the performers' efforts to the costumes and beautiful stage setting with its original light and colour scheme. The company includes the following artists: The Misses Hilda Lane (soprano), Evelyn Ward (contralto), Irene Vere (soubrette and dancer), Messrs Oliver Peacock (baritone), Gavin Wood (bass), George Morgan (light comedian and dancer), Claude Dampier (character comedian), Leonard Griffiths (accompanist). The box plan of reserve seats opens at Wildman and Arey's on Thursday morning.

Rickards Tivoli Company.

The announcement of the intended re-establishment in New Zealand of the Harry Rickards' vaudeville enterprises will unquestionably please the great majority of theatre patrons, and devotees of this particular form of entertainment especially. Auckland amusement seekers are to enjoy the privilege of first seeing the company, which is coming direct from the Tivoli Theatre, Sydney, to inaugurate a New Zealand season at His Majesty's Theatre on the night of Monday, July 13.

The name of Harry Rickards has stood out for the highest pitch of excellence in the best and truest vaudeville line for close upon 40 years, and all the latest criticisms of the management's Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide shows attest that the same exists to-day. It is at once a numerically strong, well diversified and thoroughly artistic combination of vaudeville artists which is to open here. At the head of it will be Rinaldo, the wandering musician, which brief day-bill description of the artist is said to be wholly insufficient to indicate the nature of the artist's talent. An American violin-player, he presents a series of turns really wonderful in their conception and the originality of the very idea of combining humour with art in violin-playing being emphasised when it is explained that Rinaldo is not a trick violinist. Mr. Will. H. Fox, monologue artist and pianist, is an entertainer, the feature of whose specialty also is originality. He was the originator of his class of act as

a vaudeville turn as long ago as 1868. Mr Fox is equally at home playing the instrument with his nose or the heel of his shoe, or blindfolded, with a thick cloth over the keys of the piano. The star soubrette of the company is Miss Monie Mine, a strikingly pretty and dainty artist, who presents piquant song turns, which she intersperses with novel dance steps, quaint and very amusing patter. The comedy sketch double, Gus, W. Blake and Maud Granby, feature the newest original, short and diverting comedy acts, the dialogues of which are unusually witty. Mr Ronald George is a talented performer who displays versatile ability from the sublime in opera to the ridiculous in comic melodies, on numerous instruments. Walker and Sturm, who have quite recently returned from a most successful tour of America, present a raquet-juggling and eccentric comedy act of a class exceeding all others in this line. The most distinct note of novelty is struck by the Tossing Testros, a lady and gentleman. Juggling with anything and everything unusual, they refrain from working with any of the hackneyed adjuncts of the variety stage juggler, the Bright Sisters, a clever singing and dancing double; Mr Marshall Crosby, a baritone possessed of a range enabling him to win recognition everywhere as a singer of good songs in good style; and Melrose and Meuzies, an eccentric patter comedienne duo, go to make up the company. Representing the Rickards management will be Mr M. Mareus.

Some New Music.

The Vincent Music Company, 60, Berners Street W., London, forward a parcel of music containing important pieces by Mr. F. W. Holloway, organist, and choirman, of All Saints' Church, West Dulwich. Mr. Holloway is a versatile composer, who has written several antilems, and church services all of a devotional and attractive character. Worthy of special mention are his line "Communion Service in E flat," "Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis" in E flat, and the anthem "Rest in the Lord." To his many important organ contributions must now be added five recently-written solos, all of which are well worth the earnest consideration of local organists. The first is a "Cantilene op. 33," a pleasing work opening with a plaintive theme in E minor followed by a bright and joyous second movement in A major. It makes no special demand on the executive, and organists will find it a suitable selection for an opening prelude. Greater skill is required for the performance of the "Concerto Tocata op. 33 No. 2," which is a musically composition, and a solo well adapted to admirably display the possibilities of a grand organ. The "Postlude in D minor" contains much which may be commended.

The opening Allegro lends itself most happily to organ treatment, the middle movement with the suggested registration should prove most effective, while the music of the last page is worked up to a fine climax. "Prelude Symphonique op. 44" may be recommended for its straightforward character and melodiousness.

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DURHAM STREET, opposite H.M. Theatre. ONE THOUSAND SEATS. DAILY CONTINUOUS PICTURES (10—From 1.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.—3D and from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m.—3D) Monster Programme—Best Value in Town. Evening: Stalls 6d. Dress Circle 1s. Children Half-price.

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Engaged in an Entirely New and Joyous Attempt to prove to the Dandies that Shakspeare, and a few others not quite so good, are by no means the dull dogs most folks imagine them to be. Next Performance will be devoted to the Immortal Memory of CHARLES DICKENS, and will include Bardic and Fkwick Trial Scene.

SEASON OF LAUGHTER AND JOY.

TOWN HALL CONCERT CHAMBER.

Four Weeks Season, commencing WEDNESDAY—17—WEDNESDAY Mr Edward Branscombe presents his English Costume Comedy Co.

"THE DANDIES." "THE DANDIES." "THE DANDIES."

The most original, quaint and artistic combination of Entertainers ever introduced to Auckland amusement seekers. "THE DANDIES." MISS HILDA LANE—Soprano. MISS EVELYN WARD—Contralto. MISS IRENE VERE—Soubrette and Dancer. MR OLIVER PEACOCK—Baritone. MR GAVIN WOOD—Bass. MR GEORGE MORGAN—Light Comedian and Dancer. MR CLAUDE DAMPIER—Character Comedian. MR LEONARD GRIFFITHS—Accompanist. There could be no finer or brighter entertainment than "THE DANDIES." Commencing—JULY 17th—Commencing Box Plan at Wildman and Arey's from Thursday, 11th. Prices: 2s, 2s, and One Shilling. No extra charges. SCOTT COLVILLE, Representative.

TOWN HALL.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1912.

CELTIC SOCIETY'S GRAND CONCERT.

Special Engagement of MRS A. GOWER-BURNS, MRS A. GOWER-BURNS, of Christchurch. MISS MADOLINE KNIGHT, MISS LAURA ENGLAND, MR HAROLD GREGSON, HERR RAIMUND PECHOTSCH, MR ERKD DUNCAN, MR O. E. FARROW, MR LEO WHITTAKER, A.T.C., L.L.A.B. MR H. WHITTY. Exhibitions of Irish and Scotch Dancing. Concert starts at 7.45. Popular Prices: 2s, 1s. Booking, 6d extra, at Wildman and Arey's. A. J. WOOLLEY, Deal. Sec.

TOWN HALL.

ORGAN RECITALS. SIXTH OF THE SERIES. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1912.

Splendid Programme, including selections from the Works of the following Composers:—COLLIN WAGNER, MENDELSSOHN, BACH, LEMARE, GRISON, CLARK, ETC.

TOWN HALL.

By MR. PURCELL WEBB (MASTERTON).

POPULAR PRICES to All Parts of the Hall, 1s; Reserved Seats, at Wildman and Arey's, 1s. HENRY W. WILSON, Town Clerk.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

Commencing MONDAY NEXT JULY 15, FOR POSITIVELY 6 NIGHTS ONLY.

THE HARRY RICKARDS TIVOLI COMPANY.

Headed by THE GREAT RINALDO, The Wandering Violinist; Supported by Will H. Fox, Monie Mine, Blakely Granby, Walker, Sturm, Ronald George, and a Host of Other.

PRICES: 4s, 3s, 2s, 1s.

AUCKLAND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

Conductor: HERR JOHAN WIELAERT.

TOWN HALL.

THURSDAY, JULY 11.

while the Sonata in G minor, consisting of three movements, is distinguished by high musicianship, and the technical necessities are well within the powers of the organist of average attainment. The same composer's pianoforte solos are excellent pieces of their kind, and will be gladly welcomed by teachers and students. Worthy of special mention are "Bouree, op. 19 No. 3," good for part playing; "The Mill Song," excellent solo for arpeggio study and feeling for rhythm; "Minuet, op. 19 No. 5," effectively written and makes good demands on fingers. "Three Little Album Leaves," op. 31, are most daintily conceived. "An Idyll, op. 15, No. 1," is a very attractive number, set to a delightful theme in D flat major, with an irresistible accompaniment. Other decidedly interesting solos are:—"Valse, op. 19 No. 1," "Gavotte in D," and "Danse Gracieuse, op. 19 No. 4." Organists, choir-masters, and pianoforte players should make early acquaintance with this composer's compositions, as they will find much to please and interest them.

Madame Antonia Martinengo.
Madame Antonia Martinengo, formerly of the Brescians, needs little introduction to New Zealanders, who still have pleasant recollections of that popular company. She has recently returned from London, and has taken over the chambers recently occupied by Mr Spencer Lorraine in Pierce Buildings, Symonds Street, Auckland, where she will take pupils for singing and voice production.

The Orchestral Society.
The Auckland Orchestral Society will give their second concert of the present season on July 11, at the Town Hall. The soloists are to be Mr Oliver E. Parrow (baritone) and Mr G. E. Poore (flautist). The orchestral selections will include the overture from "Mignon," Beethoven's "Symphony No. 5," Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre," Mussenet's "Les Erinnyes," and the march from "Leaorea" (Raff).

Mr. W. T. Sharp's Recital.
Interest continues in a marked degree in the recitals now being held weekly by candidates for the position of city organist. Last Saturday night the fifth of the series was given before a large audience, many of those present having followed up the proceedings from the initial performance. Mr. W. T. Sharp was the organist on this occasion, and he handled the fine instrument he presided at in a masterly manner. He presented a programme consisting mostly of organ compositions, while the arrangements for the king of instruments were chosen with good taste. He displayed good organ technique and mastery of control, while the effects secured were consistent with regard to the music, and his stop changes failed neither in precision nor the object intended. On the pedals much skill was exhibited, and the movement from manual to manual was achieved with lightness and dexterity. The recitalist was listened to with interest, and during the performance was honoured with several hearty encores.

Mr. Alexander Watson.
To interest an audience by a single-handed presentation of "Mabel" without book or notes, and without the assistance of scenic effects, looks to be an almost impossible task, but it is safe to say that all those who composed Mr. Alexander Watson's first audience at His Majesty's Theatre were, at least, interested. Mr. Watson's performance is one that will be remembered. His memory is faultless, his voice clear and vibrant, and his perfect enunciation and clean-cut syllables are a treat to listen to. The tall, slim man in conventional evening dress soon creates an atmosphere and on the bare and empty stage the characters of the great tragedy live vividly before his audience. His vocal indications are wonderfully good, and the characters are differentiated with remarkable cleverness. The portrayal of "The Weird Sisters" is perhaps his finest piece of work, and in the words of the "Bulletin" critic, "the three witches are brought on stage that a hurried society reporter would lazily report them as 'amongst those present.'" The varying moods, the rugged strength, and the haunted terror of Macbeth are portrayed with magnificent realism. Lady Macbeth, however, presents more difficulties, and one is inclined to picture her somewhat differently than does Mr. Watson, with a greater touch of the virago in her nature. But in the latter scenes, particularly the guilty woman's sleeping soliloquy, Mr. Watson's work was splendidly effective. The remaining

characters all showed Mr. Watson's powers as an elocutionist and his wonderful command of voice. At the close of the performance he was recalled several times to bow his acknowledgments to the audience.

To-night (Wednesday, July 10) Mr. Watson will recite "Twelfth Night."

Lyric Theatre.
The programme of pictures for the current week at the Lyric Theatre, Symonds Street, is one of the best that the firm has submitted. It contains the essential element for enjoyment and instruction, and the large crowds who have attended, anticipating good fare, have not been disappointed. The orchestral selections and the comfortable appointments add to the pleasure of the visit. The local views, entitled "Auckland Day by Day," constitute a popular feature of the programme, and of much interest to patrons. Dramatic studies are attractive films, creating unrestrained excitement, while the comic, scenic and general make up an admirable selection.

King George Theatre.
By carefully studying the public requirements, the management of the King George Theatre in Durham Street is able to produce a programme of unflinching interest. This week is no exception to the rule. The continuous show is open all the afternoon and evening. The star item is a drama founded on the Reign of Terror of the time of the French Revolution, and it is magnificently screened. There is much else to amuse and interest.

Ladies' Hats Banned.
Berlin's energetic Police President (Herr von Jagow) had to defend before the Supreme Administrative Court his decree forbidding ladies to wear hats in the theatre, even in the boxes. Amusing evidence in the Corney Grain style was given by police inspectors, who described how at various theatres they had to dodge from side to side of ladies' hats to get a peep at the stage. One inspector detailed to watch the proceedings at a variety theatre suspected of risky productions complained that just when it was most necessary for him to watch the stage proceedings a lady with a hat 39in. in diameter sat exactly in front of him. Counsel for the Managers' Association argued that big hats were no worse than heron's plumes, against which there was no decree. Herr von Jagow's advocate argued that if a panic occurred these immense hats must result in an appalling disaster. The Court reserved its decision.

Films That Talk.
The first public demonstration in London of M. Gaumont's combined cinematoscope and gramophone was given at an interesting special matinee. There was a typical Gallic cock, strutting and preening itself upon a balustrade. Colour photography had retained the sheen of its hackles. We were murmuring our applause at the amazing realism of the picture, says a London writer, when Chanticleer tossed his head with inimitable arrogance, opened his beak, and crowed right lustily, once, twice, and three times.

Thereafter four typical Frenchmen quarrelled in a railway train. One beat upon his knee in his excitement, and the thrack resounded through the theatre. A shopman arranged crockery upon his stall, and you heard it clink. Such sounds did far more to impress the audience with the importance and novelty of the new invention than did the spoken words of the people whose images flickered on the screen, for it must be admitted that the reproduction of human speech on the gramophone is in the present stage of experiment a little disappointing.

A film that did equal credit to the enterprise of the photographer and the skill of the inventor depicted a lion tamer surrounded by a dozen angry lions. As they sprang and glided about the cage you listened to the cracking of whips and a perpetual accompaniment of resonant growls that was quite alarming.

Miss Katherine Grey.
Katherine Grey, the eminent emotional actress, who created such a wonderful impression throughout Australasia in "The Truth," "The Third Degree," and other plays, is now appearing in vaudeville in San Francisco. This is Miss Grey's first season in vaudeville and she is scoring heavily in the one-act

play, "Above the Law." Miss Grey is a San Francisco girl who has achieved fame as a dramatic star through sheer ability. She has been successfully associated with the late Richard Mansfield and other great lights of the stage.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

ALEXANDER WATSON RECITALS

The Wonder and Delight of all who witness them.

ONLY THREE MORE IN AUCKLAND.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, 11th, 12th, and 13th July.

THREE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PROGRAMMES.

A WHOLE PLAY OF SHAKESPEARE, Or,

NOVEL OF DICKENS, Arranged for Platform Purposes, is given entirely from memory without note or book.

CARLYLE SMYTHIE.

SOCIETY FOR PROTECTION OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN AND PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

A POPULAR CONCERT.

In Aid of the above Society. Herr Wiehert, Musical Director, TOWN HALL, MONDAY, JULY 15, AT 8 P.M.

Tickets, 1/- to be had from members of the Committee and principal booksellers. Seats may be booked at Whitman and Arey's, 1/- extra.

MR. P. FAWCETT-WADE, ACTOR, ENTERTAINER, AND MAGICIAN.

IS OPEN TO ENGAGEMENTS at any distance, Town or Country, with HIS ORIGINAL AND REFINED ENTERTAINMENTS.

from 15 min. to two hours. Introducing Novel Illusions and Dextrous Feats of Sleight of Hand, Monologues (Grave and Gay), Humorous Stories, and Character Studies from Charles Dickens. For terms and vacant dates apply "Minerva Villa," Ring Terrace, Shelly Beach Road, Auckland.

TO BRIDGE PLAYERS.

THE "PREMIER" BRIDGE SCORER is the Best and Largest on the Market. Can be obtained from: Champteloux and Edmiston, Stationers, Queen-st.; Spreckley and Co., Stationers, Queen-st.; G. Toimian, Stationer, Queen-st.; R. Mackay, Stationer, Queen-st.; R. C. Hawkins, Stationer, Queen-st.; W. G. Allen and Co., Stationers, Queen-st.; G. Tomlinson, Stationer, Symonds-st.; and Aley Smith, Stationer, Karangahape-rd. Price, One Shilling. See that you get the "PREMIER," the Favourite Bridge Scorer.

WRIGHT'S ART CLASSES.

24th YEAR.

VACANCIES FOR A FEW PUPILS.

Studio: VICTORIA ARCADE (Top Floor). F. Wright. [W. Wright.]

MDME. ANTONIA MARTINENGO

PROFESSIONAL SINGER OF MANY YEARS' STANDING. Has recently returned from London, and having taken over the Chambers occupied by Mr Spencer Lorraine, has vacancies for Pupils in Singing and Voice Production. Pierce Buildings, Symonds Street. Phone 3408.

If you want to learn to PLAY the PIANO USE **Wickins' Piano Tutor** English and Foreign Fingering

Footnote: Footnote of all Music Sellers

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND NOTARY.
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(The Newly-erected Premises of Messrs. W. and G. Elliott,
42 and 44, QUEEN STREET,
Opposite Smeeton's.)

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Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public.
42 and 44, QUEEN-STREET, AUCKLAND.

MR. J. H. GREGORY.
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR,
(For many years with Mr. T. Cotter, City Buildings, Auckland.)
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Money to Lend on Approved Securities. AUCKLAND.

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WE HAVE REMOVED TO NEW AND MORE COMMODIOUS OFFICES, in
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LOWER DOWN QUEEN STREET,
OPPOSITE SMEETON'S.

NICHOLSON AND GRIBBIN.

Dental.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

MR. J. NORMAN RISHWORTH DENTIST
Will Remove on JULY 15 to IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, QUEEN-ST., OPPOSITE SMEETON'S.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

R. E. BRIDGMAN,
DENTAL SURGEON,
Has REMOVED TO NEW PREMISES, BRIDGMAN BUILDING, Corner Dominion and Valley Roads, Mount Eden. Phone 3912.

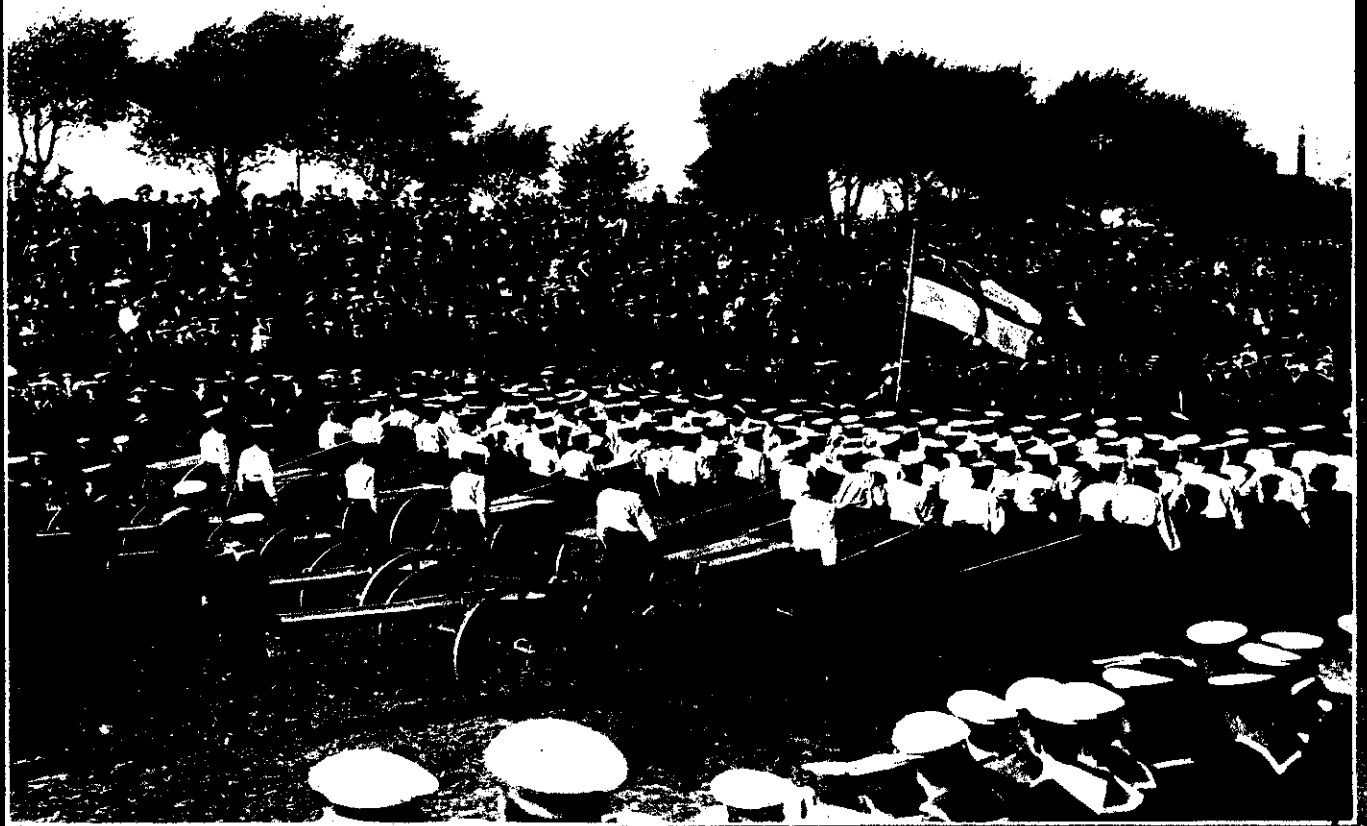
MR. J. G. H. MACKAY
MR. CYRIL G. LONG, D.D.S.
DENTAL SURGEONS
WILL REMOVE TO NEW OFFICES
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42 and 44 Queen-street (opp. Smeeton's).
On JULY 22nd.

MR. H. D. CRUMP,
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206, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.
Phones—Office 1219,
Residence 3163.
Visits Home every first and third Tuesday in the month.
WEDNESDAY IN THE MONTH.
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[A CARD.]
DR. POPE, Dentist,
Over Union Steam Ship Co.'s Office,
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AND
MR. F. BROWN,
DENTISTS,
Have Commenced Practice at
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The Weekly Graphic and N.Z. Mail.



Cribb, photo.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR ITEMS AT THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT IN LONDON.

The Naval and Military Tournament opened at Olympia last month attracted huge crowds, and one of the displays which attracted most interest was the competition for teams of bluejackets, equipped as landing parties, with 12-pounder field guns. The guns were handled with wonderful dexterity by the men, and there was keen rivalry among the teams as to who would be quickest in getting the heavy guns and carriages over the fences and walls which had to be negotiated. (1) The march past of the various teams. (2) How the guns and their carriages were lifted bodily over the obstacles on the course.



THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM—OPPOSITION MAJORITY OF EIGHT.

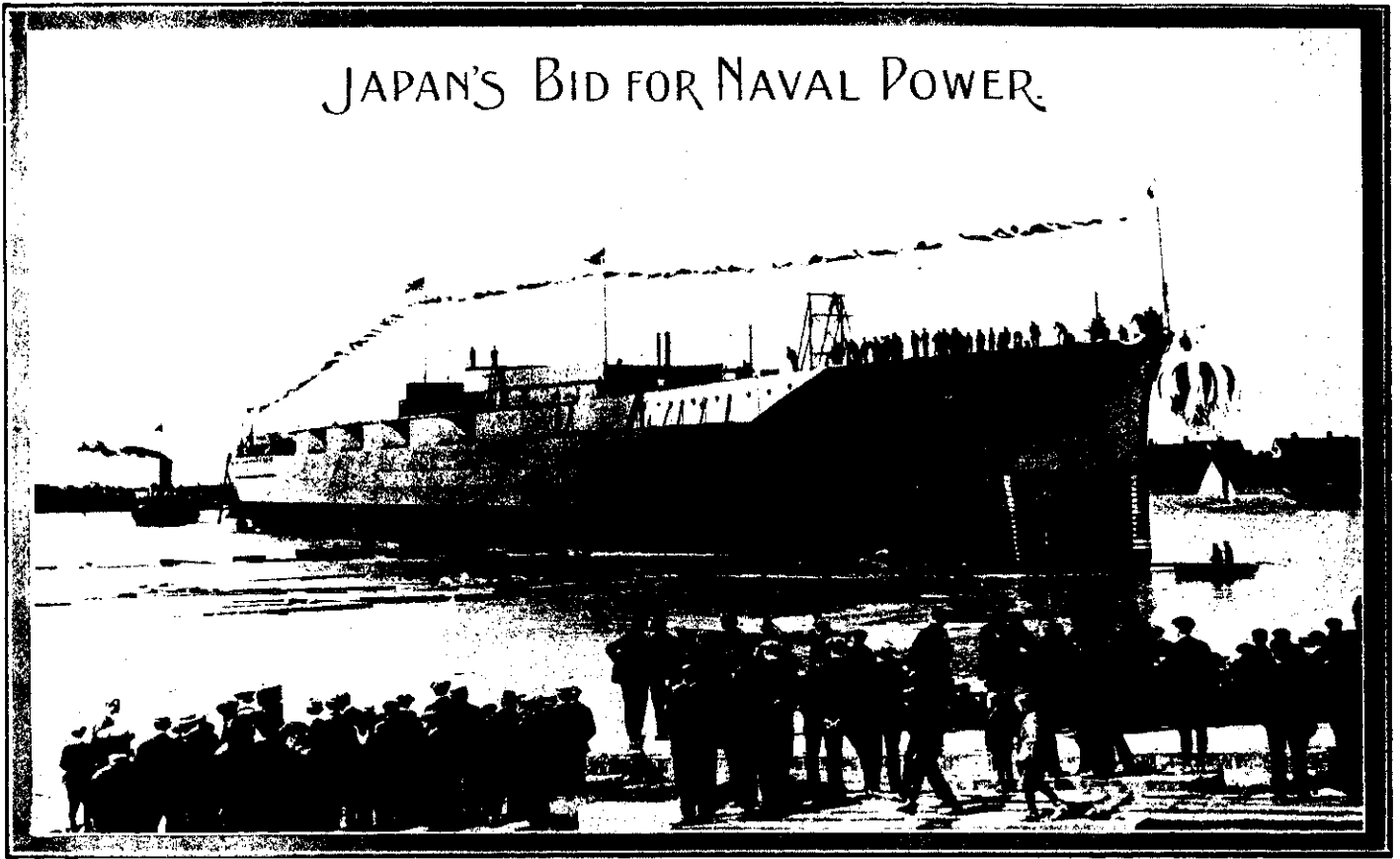
The Liberal party was defeated in a division on a no-confidence motion early on Saturday morning by 41 votes to 23. The following voted with the Opposition: (1) Mr H. M. Campbell, (2) Mr G. J. Anderson, (3) Mr R. Scott, (4) Mr. J. Allen, (5) Mr. D. H. Guthrie, (6) Mr H. J. Okey, (7) Mr F. H. Smith, (8) Mr C. E. Statham, (9) Mr W. G. Hunter, (10) Mr J. S. Dickson, (11) Mr Vernon Reed, (12) Mr R. F. Bellars, (13) Mr J. A. Young, (14) Mr W. F. Mander, (15) Mr E. H. Clarke, (16) Mr R. H. Rhodes, (17) Mr F. W. Lang, (18) Mr W. H. D. Bell, (19) Mr W. F. Massey, (20) Mr A. L. Healdman, (21) Dr. Pomare, (22) Mr W. Newborough, (23) Mr G. R. Sykes, (24) Mr J. Holland, (25) Mr J. H. Bradbury, (26) Mr A. Harris, (27) Mr G. V. Pearce, (28) Mr E. Newman, (29) Mr F. M. B. Fisher, (30) Mr J. B. Hines, (31) Mr G. M. Thomson, (32) Mr C. Kestell-Wilson, (33) Mr T. W. Rhodes, (34) Mr J. H. Essott, (35) Dr. Newman, (36) Hon. J. A. Millar, (37) Mr W. C. Buchanan, (38) Mr W. Fraser, (39) Mr D. Bulck, (40) Mr J. G. Cones, (41) Mr A. S. Malcolm.



DOWNFALL OF THE LIBERAL PARTY—THE FAITHFUL THIRTY-THREE

The Liberal Government, after an unbroken line of succession from January, 1891, a reign of power unparalleled for duration in the political history of New Zealand, has at last come to an end. The above illustrations show the members of the Mackenzie Administration and their faithful supporters in the final hour of strength: (1) Mr. A. H. Hoodman, (2) Mr. T. H. Dwyer, (3) Sir J. G. Ward, (4) Mr. P. Y. Seddon, (5) Mr. D. Fyfe, (6) Mr. R. W. Smith, (7) Mr. G. W. Forbes, (8) Hon. J. Hazen, (9) Mr. G. Wilby, (10) Mr. J. Payne, (11) Mr. H. Atmore, (12) Hon. J. Colvin, (13) Mr. A. E. Glover, (14) Hon. T. Buxton, (15) Mr. H. Poland, (16) Mr. J. V. Brown, (17) Hon. A. M. Myers, (18) Hon. T. Mackenzie, (19) Hon. H. G. Ell, (20) Mr. T. K. Sibley, (21) Mr. W. A. Vetch, (22) Hon. G. Laursen, (23) Hon. P. H. Buck, (24) Hon. W. D. S. McDonald, (25) Hon. G. W. Russell, (26) Sir James Carroll, (27) Mr. T. M. Wilford, (28) Mr. J. C. Thomson, (29) Mr. W. J. Dickie, (30) Mr. R. McCallum, (31) Mr. L. M. Scott, (32) Mr. J. Robertson, (33) Mr. T. Parata.

JAPAN'S BID FOR NAVAL POWER.



Topical photo.

THE GREATEST WARSHIP IN THE WORLD LAUNCHED.

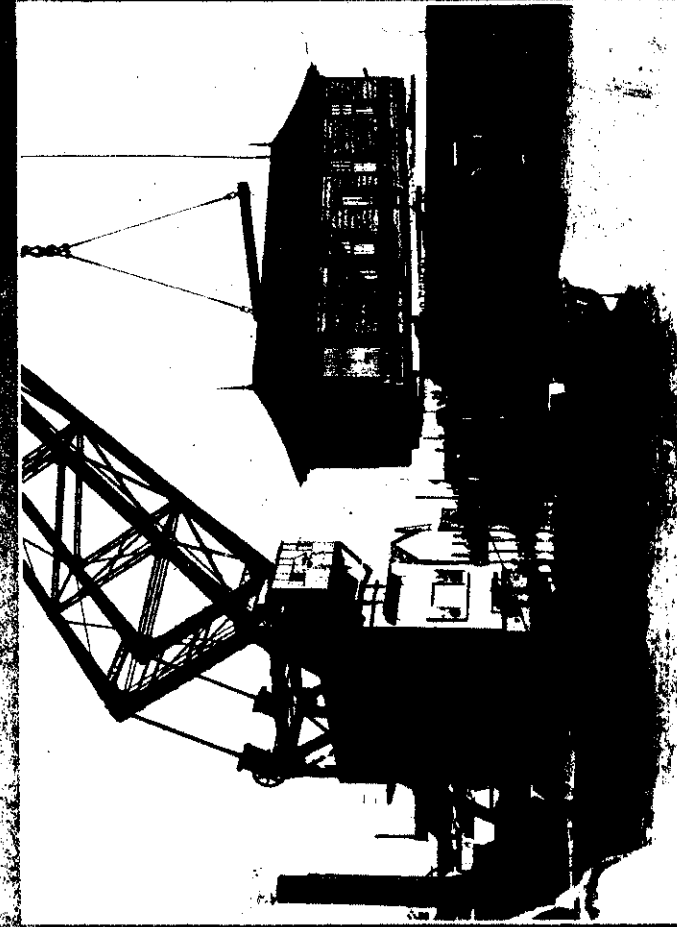
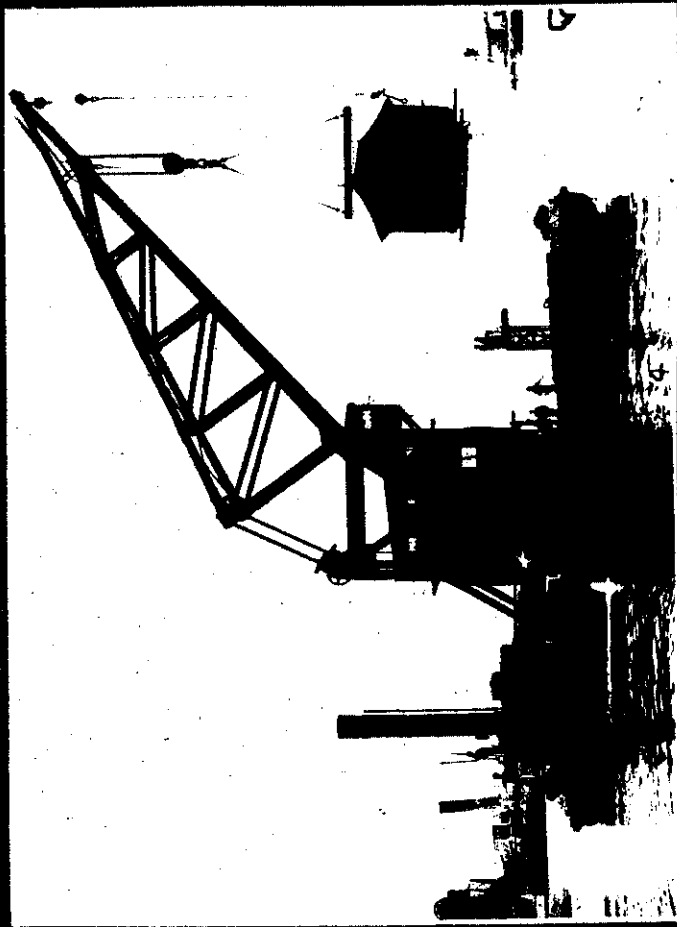
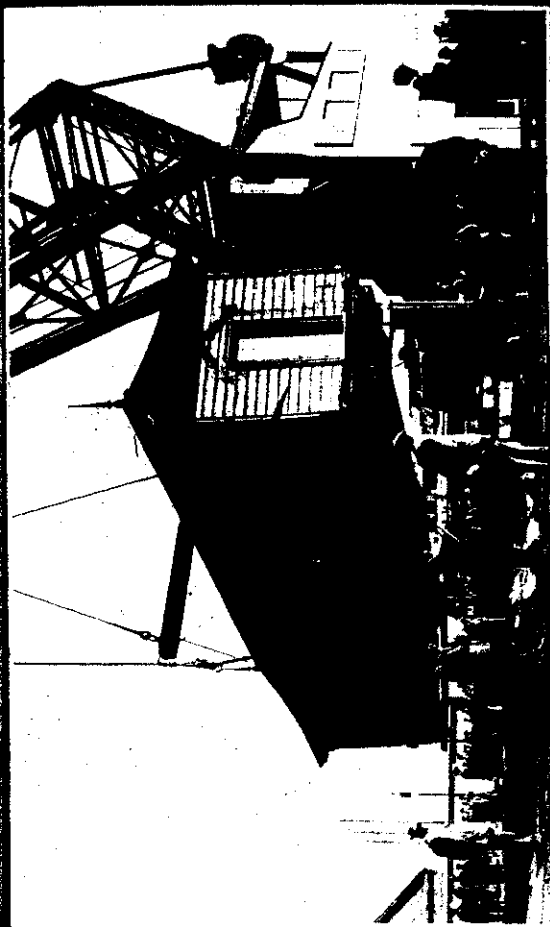
Two battleships, each of which is claimed to be the biggest in the world, were launched on May 25th—one for the United States Navy and the other at Barrow for the Japanese fleet. Both claimed to be the first to mount 14in guns. The photo shows the launch of the Kongo, the Japanese warship, her displacement being 27,500 tons. At the bow is a large balloonette from which sixty pigeons were liberated as the vessel entered the water, this being considered by the Japanese to be an emblem of good luck and peace.



Topical photo.

HOW LONDON'S MEAT SUPPLY WAS GUARDED DURING THE TRANSPORT WORKERS' STRIKE.

The photo shows a long line of policemen, guarding the meat wagons on their way to Smithfield market, from attacks by unruly mobs of strikers. The convoy shown in the picture consisted of forty carts, and they were guarded by 400 police.



MOVING A BUILDING IN THREE ACTS.—AN UNUSUAL SCENE ON THE AUCKLAND WATERFRONT.

The Auckland Harbour Board's floating crane was employed at unusual work one morning last week, when it lifted the narrow hull, carried them round the harbour, and deposited them on No. 4 jetty. Two beams were placed crosswise under the building, and a crane was attached to the end of each beam. The building was then lifted out over the water, and propelled machinery being set in motion, the vessel steamed slowly round the Queen Street wharf to the No. 4 jetty, where the building was hoisted without any difficulty. 1. The floating crane with the building high in the air, ready to proceed to No. 4 jetty. 2. The commencement of the lift, showing how the building was supported. 3. Suspended in mid-air. 4. The floating crane with the building high in the air, ready to proceed to No. 4 jetty. 5. The building being hoisted out over the water, and propelled machinery being set in motion, the vessel steamed slowly round the Queen Street wharf to the No. 4 jetty, where the building was hoisted without any difficulty.



Barton photo.

£14,000 FOR THE NEW ST. HELENS HOSPITAL IN WELLINGTON—A VALUABLE INSTITUTION.

The new St. Helens Hospital in Wellington is situated prettily and conveniently on a sharp rise in Coramandel Street, Newtown. A healthier, brighter surrounding it would have been difficult to select. The new building was opened last week by Mrs. R. J. Seddon, in the presence of a large gathering. There are now four St. Helens Hospitals in New Zealand controlled by the Government, two more by hospital boards, and there are also two other private institutions assisted financially by the Government. So the total cost of the scheme that the cost per baby born in these institutions to the State last year was only £1 17 6. The total cost of the new building, including the land, was £14,440. (1) From the left: Mrs. R. J. Seddon, Hon. T. Mackenzie (the late Premier), Mother Mary Albert, Lady Waik, Hon. G. W. Russell (late Minister for Public Health). (2) A view of the front of the new hospital. (3) The late Minister for Public Health speaking at the opening of the new hospital.



MR. CLAUDE DAMPER.

Character comedian with "The Doodles," who open at the Auckland Town Hall on July 17.



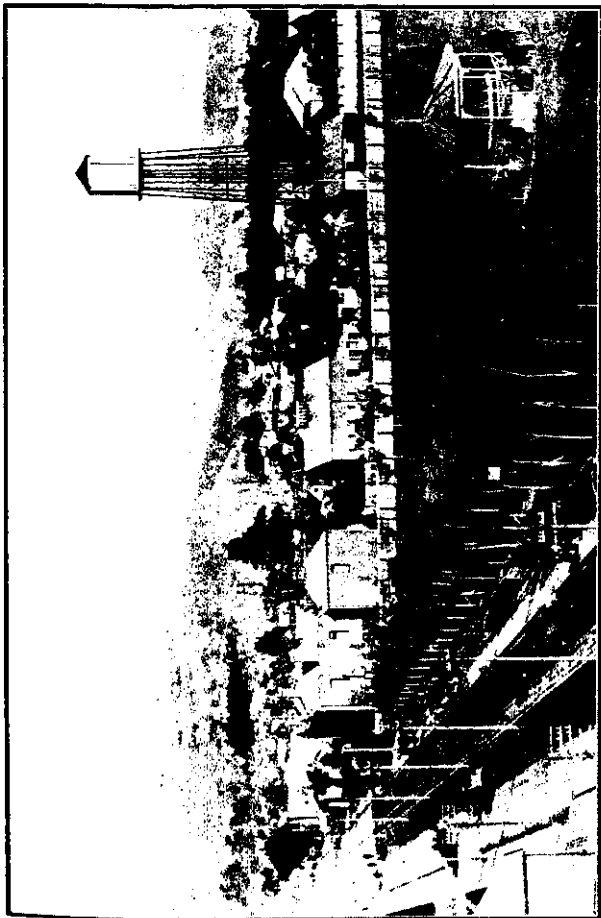
THE LATE MRS. DONALD BANKS.

Mrs. Banks, who passed away at Hastings recently, and her sister, Miss A. Coffey (on the left), were in charge of St. Benedict's School, Auckland, for ten years.



MISS IRENE VEIRE.

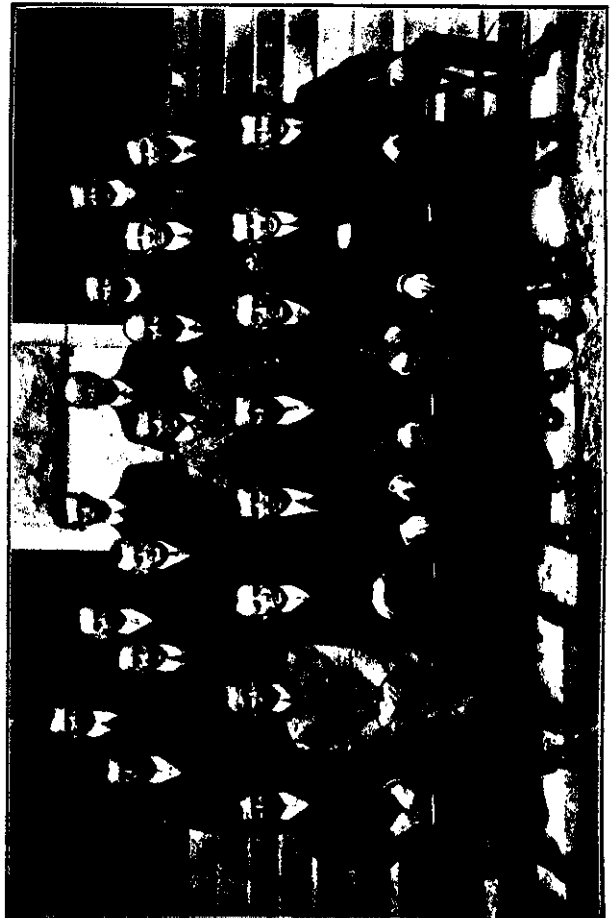
Dancer and songstress, who will appear with "The Doodles" at the Auckland Town Hall on July 17.



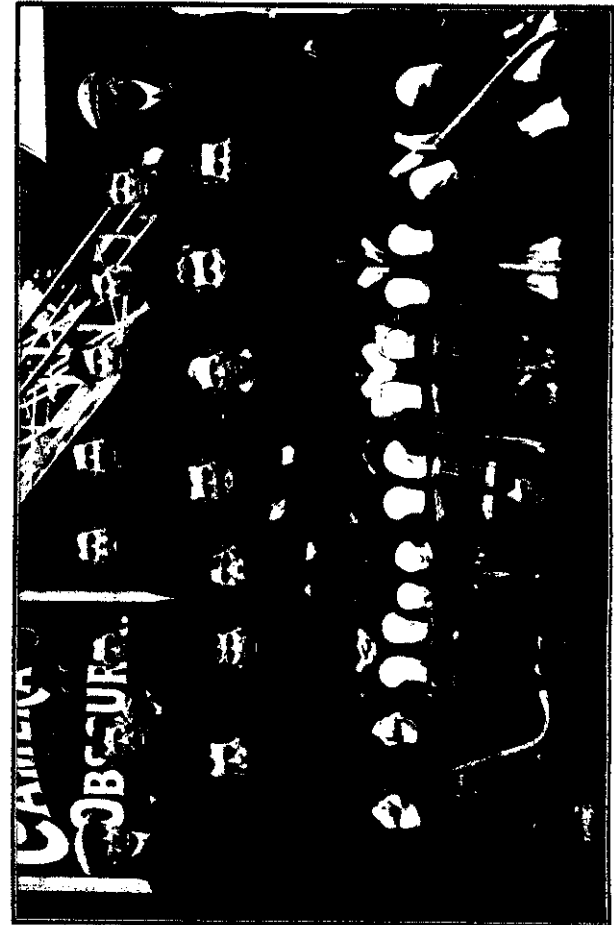
Nash, photo.
 SYDNEY, CHRISTCHURCH—LOOKING DOWN COLOMBO STREET, SYDNEY, SHOWING THE PARK, FIRE BRIGADE STATION, AND HIGH-PRESSURE WATER SUPPLY TANK.



Nash, photo.
 SYDNEY, CHRISTCHURCH—ANOTHER VIEW OF SYDNEY, LOOKING DOWN BRIDGEMAN STREET, SHOWING ST. SAUVOUR'S CHURCH AND SYDNEY'S SCHOOL.

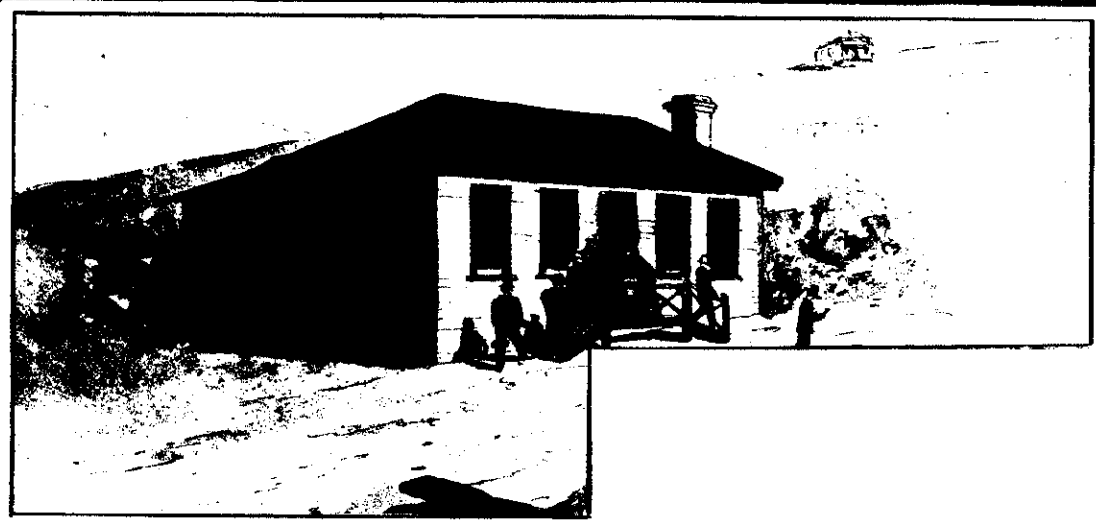


Barton, photo.
 DELEGATES WHO ATTENDED THE POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICIALS' CONFERENCE IN WELLINGTON.
 Back Row: G. V. Lewis, S. G. Coe, A. M. Shand, R. Reynolds (Dunedin), M. W. Chad (Wellington), G. T. Martin (West Coast), C. W. Brown (Christchurch), Second Row: E. G. Whiting (Auckland), G. Scadden (Auckland), R. Crawshaw (New Plymouth), C. W. M. Brown (Dunedin), R. H. Brown (Wellington), M. B. Ross (Wellington), Front Row: G. Holmes (Napier), D. Mulvey (Christchurch), H. F. Coombs (Wellington), J. H. Brown (Wellington), C. A. Newman, A. H. Rice (Christchurch), D. F. Allan (Dunedin).

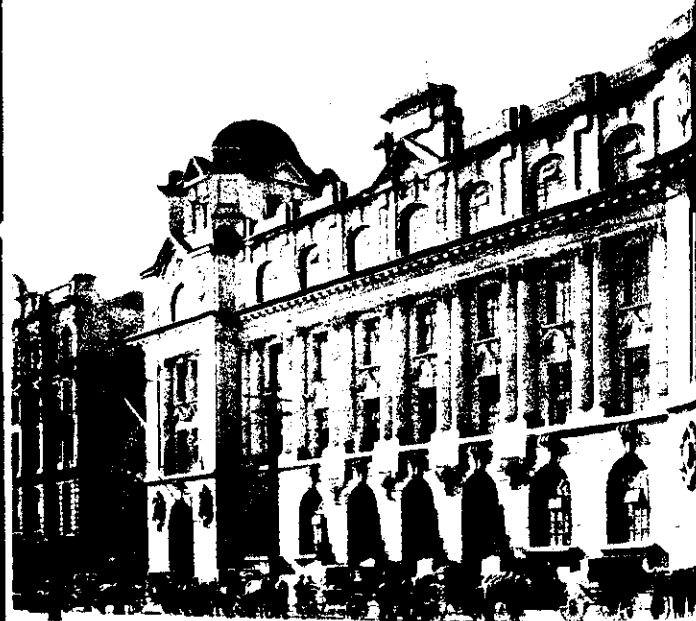
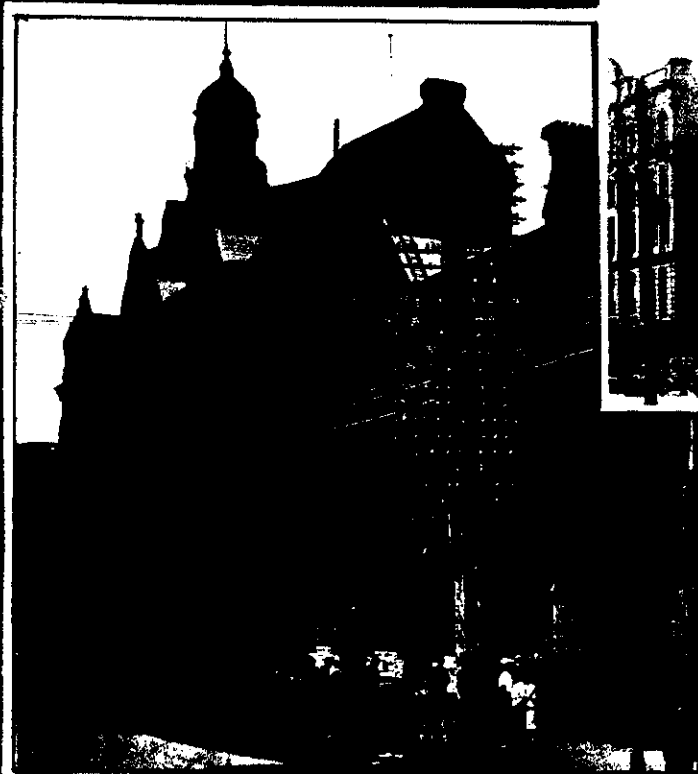


Barton, photo.
 CANTERBURY HOCKEY REPRESENTATIVES, WHO CAPTURED THE CHAMPIONSHIP SHIELD FROM WELLINGTON.
 After holding the hockey shield since September, 1909, Wellington lost the trophy to the visiting Canterbury team. Back Row: Coworth (manager), Cooper, Chambers, Jackson, Humber, Beckham, Sheppard, Henson, Bailey (president C.H.A.). Front Row: Bailey, Thorpe, Duffield, Steel (captain), Harrington, Given, Parfitt.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIX



FROM 1844
 To 1912.



Sketches of Old Buildings by Mr Edward Bartley.

HOW THE GROWTH OF THE CITY OF AUCKLAND IS ILLUSTRATED

The illustrations reproduced in the above double page show in a remarkable manner how the growth of the city has necessitated continual increases in the accommodation for the Post and Telegraph Departments. New Zealanders have been described as the greatest letter writers in the world, and a

glance at the annual report of the Postal Department gives an idea of the vast amount of work which the officials in a city like Auckland have to cope with. Postal matter delivered in New Zealand, including that received from abroad during last year, reached a total of 196,143,040 letters,

6,829,542 post cards, 53,555,632 other articles, and 1,711,330 parcels. A total of 997,794 money orders for £2,759,331 8 5 were issued, and 182,043 for £2,416,958 15 10 paid. The increase in the number of orders issued as compared with last year was 28,107. The postal note business continues to increase.

During the year 1,821,590 post-stamps the value of £574,970 18 0 were sold, an increase of 9.27 per cent in the preceding year. The number of telegrams forwarded was 3,002,123, while the telegrams posted during 1911 totalled 1,613,000.

MILLION LETTERS A YEAR



THE GROWTH OF AUCKLAND'S POSTAL SERVICE



6

THE INCREASE IN THE SIZE OF ITS POSTAL BUILDINGS.

used as a post office from 1844 to 1853. It stood on the site now occupied by the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board in High Street. (2) Mr Robert Hamilton, manager for Messrs J. and M. Jamieson, contractors for the new Auckland

Post Office. (3) Building used as a post office from 1853 to 1881. This site is now occupied by the Auckland Museum in Pellicers Street. (4) The present Post and Telegraph Office in Shortland Street. (5) Mr J. Barclay, overseer for the Public Works

Department, at the new Auckland Post Office. (6) Buildings which in 1854 occupied the site of the present post office in Shortland Street. That on the left was the first Government store, and said to be the first wooden building erected in Auckland. It

was used afterwards as a market. That on the left was the Customs House. In the centre of the above page is a view of the Queen Street front of Auckland's new post office, the interior of which is now being equipped in readiness for occupation.



A MAORI CHIEFTAIN PRESENTED TO THE KING.

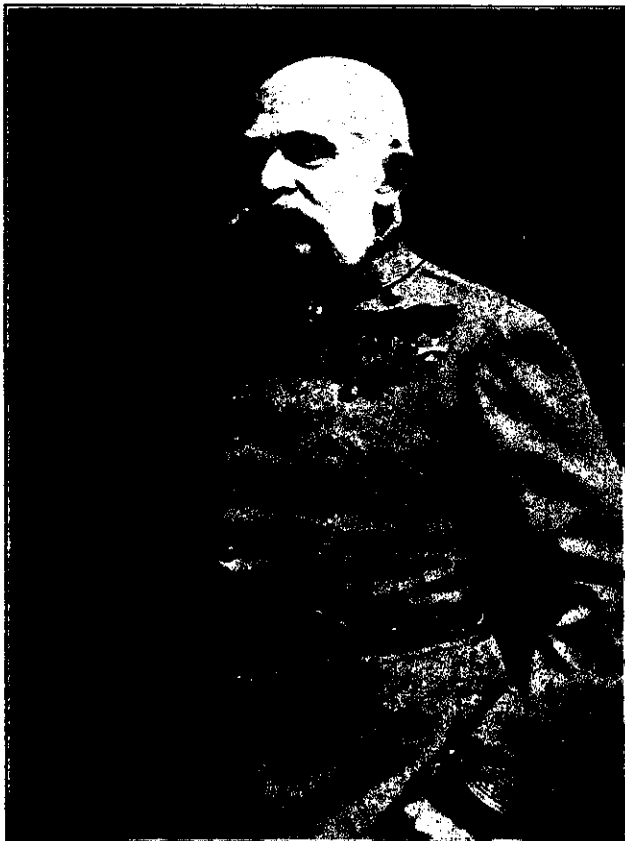
The photo shows Mr. P. Pora-Chamberlin, eldest son of Pora Hira, of Mangapohia, and his wife Bowhira, and the adopted son of Mr. T. Chamberlin-Chamberlin, of England, who was presented to the King by the Earl of Seaford, at the second levee of the season at St. James' Palace.



Topical photo.

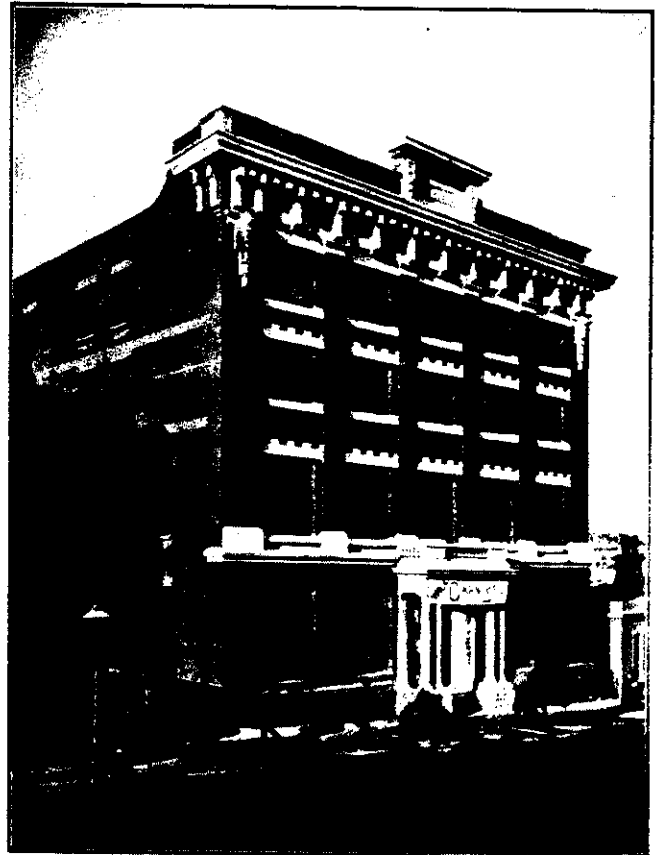
THE INSPIRER OF THE BRITISH TRANSPORT STRIKE.

Mr. Ben Tillett, the well-known Labour leader, who took such a prominent part in the big transport strikes which have lately occurred in the Old Country. He began to work in a brickyard when he was eight. Then he travelled the country with a circus. He went to sea in a fishing smack when he was twelve. He has served in the Navy and worked as a bootmaker.



AUSTRIA'S AGED MONARCH.

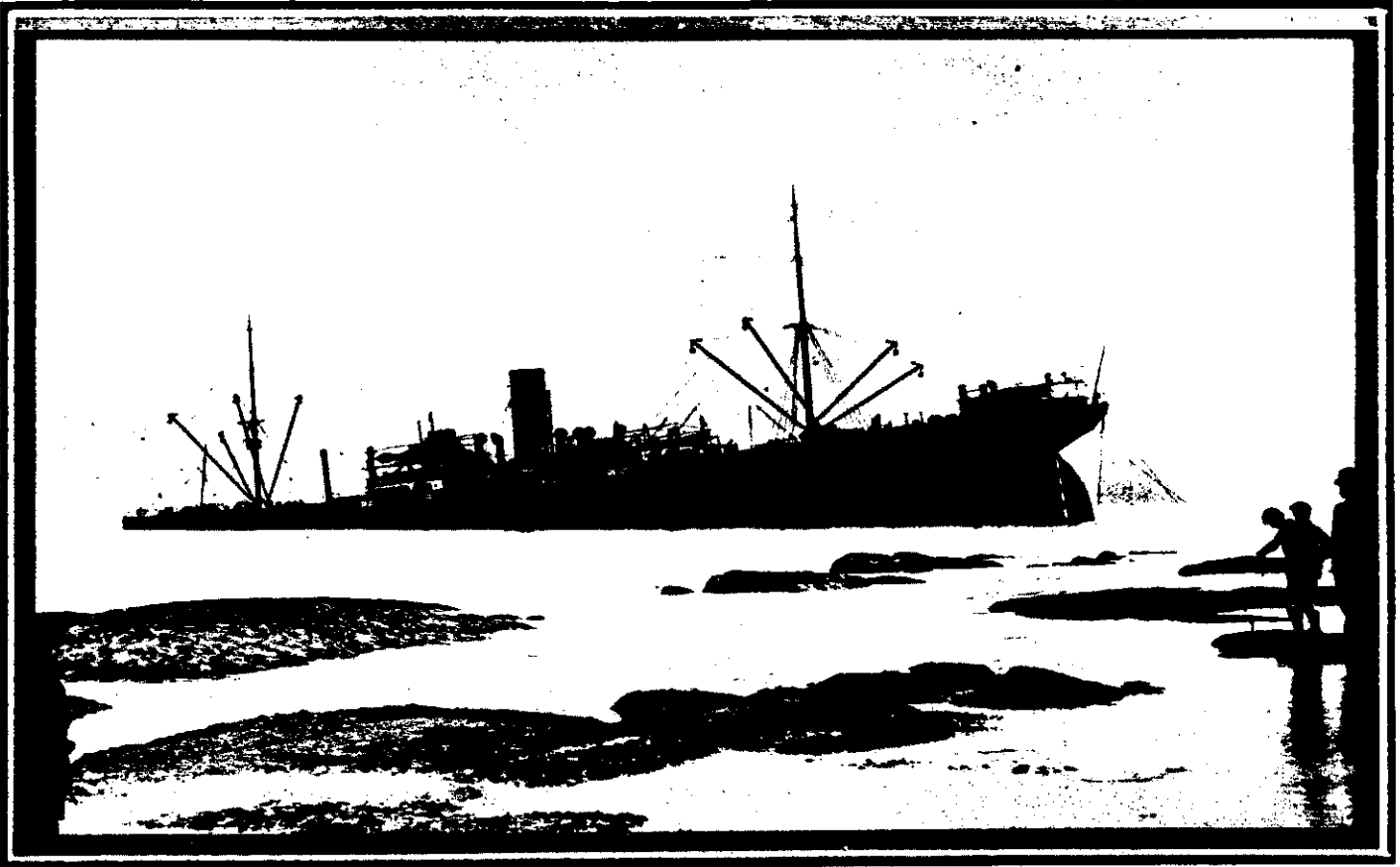
Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has just surpassed in length the reign of the old King George. He has also established a record, if that of Louis XIV. of France is taken into account, by not including the years before he attained his majority.



Perman. photo.

THE NEW HOME OF THE Y.M.C.A. IN DUNEDIN.

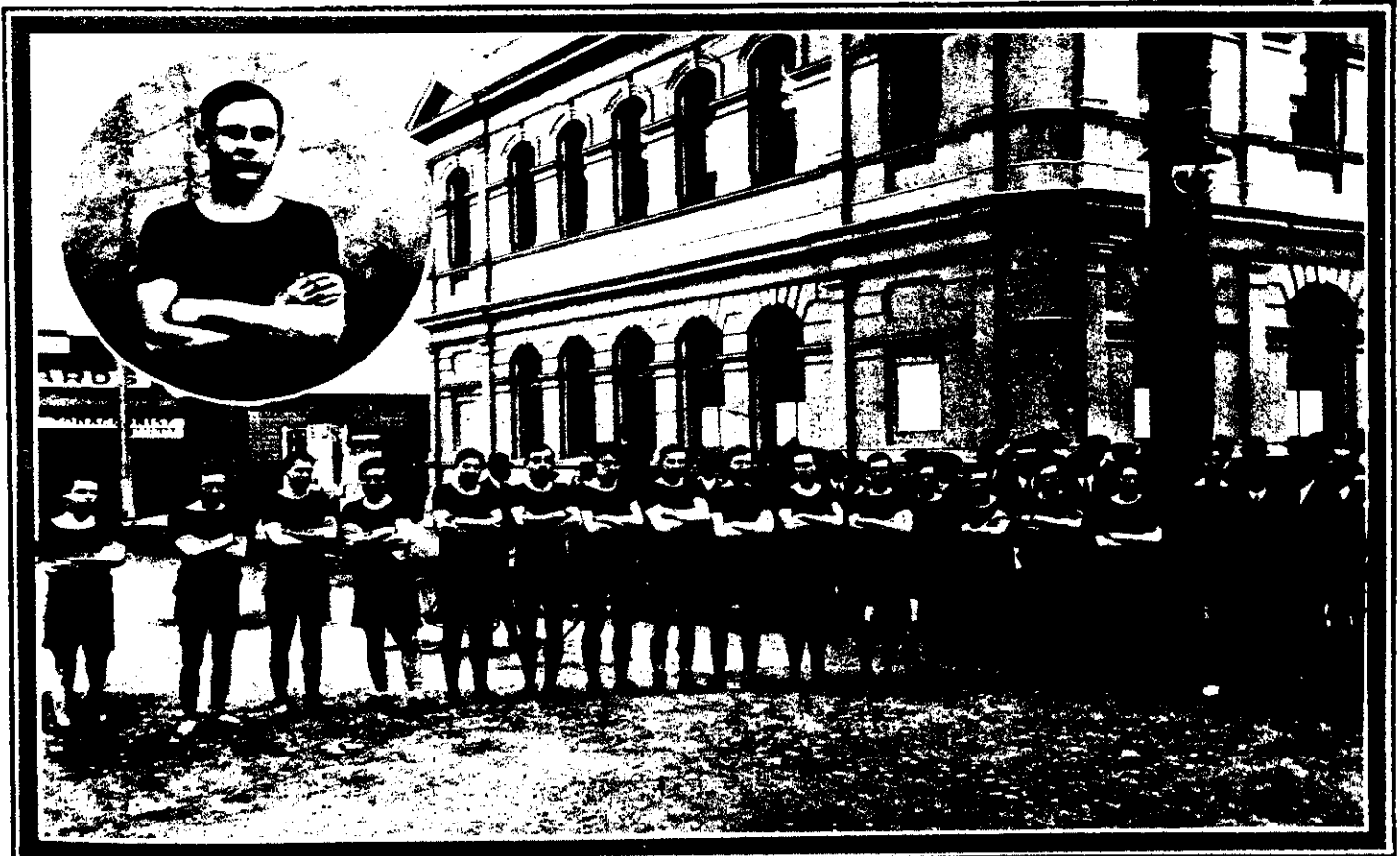
Liberal public subscriptions were received towards the cost of erecting the new building, with the result that it is expected to be opened shortly free of debt. The building contains a swimming bath, running track and gymnasium.



A.W.H., photo.

LOSS OF THE STAR OF CANADA—VESSEL WILL PROBABLY BE ABANDONED.

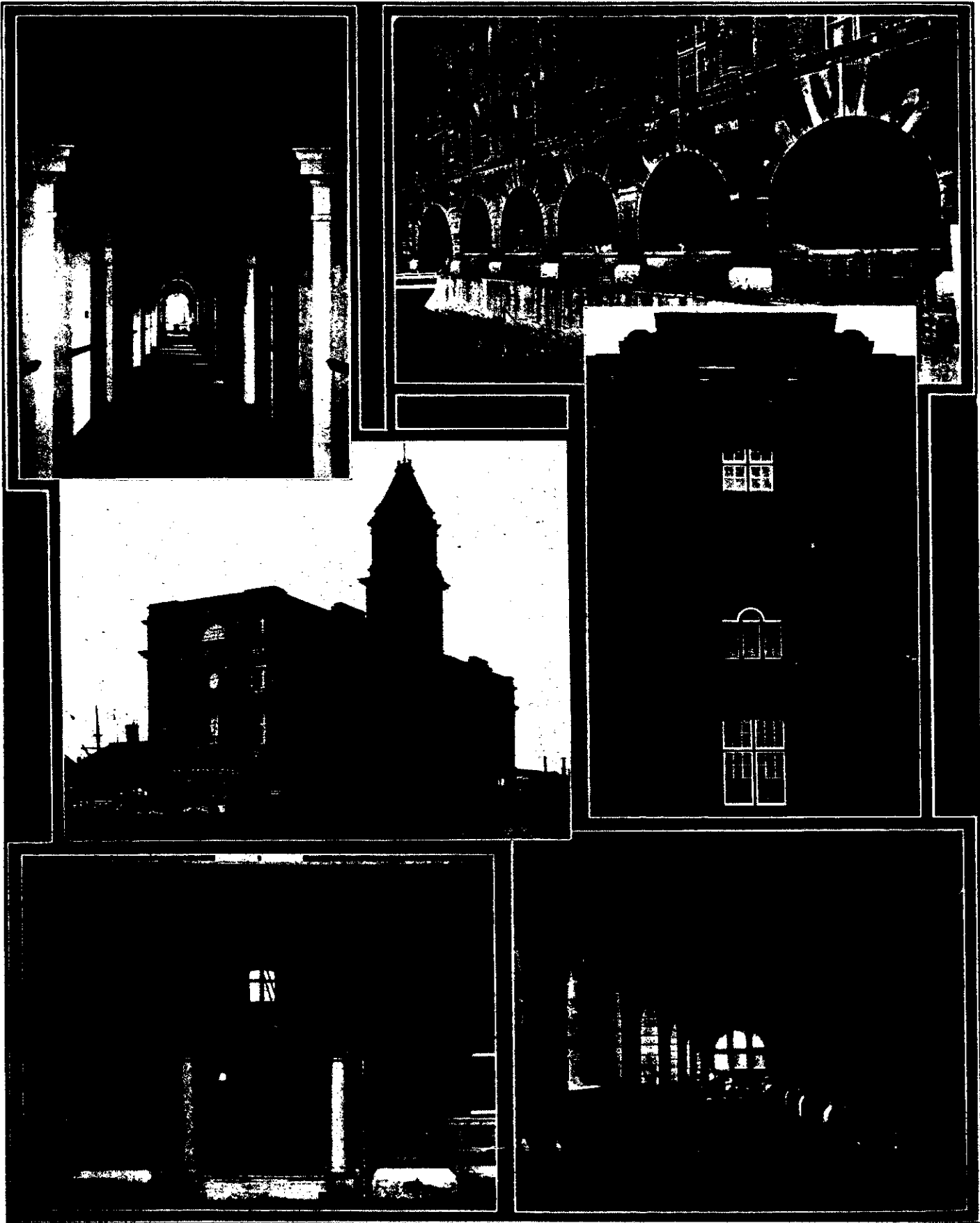
The Tysar liner Star of Canada, which went a-bore recently at Gisborne, is now reported to have her back broken. In all probability she will be abandoned to the underwriters, the latest reports indicating that the position of the stranded vessel is daily growing more serious. At high tide last Saturday some 20ft of the forward deck was awash. Lightering of the cargo has been completed, and the vessel is now practically an empty ship. The illustration shows her position on the reef, and how she has gone down by the bows.



Holiday, photo.

FEILDING HARRIERS' CLUB—THE START FOR THE FIVE-MILE SEALED HANDICAP.

The photo shows the members of the Feilding Harriers' Club lined up for the start of their five-mile sealed handicap on July 3. Inset is the winner, J. Lowe, who received five minutes and put up second fastest time. Finlay (5 minutes) was second, and J. Murray (3 minutes) was third.

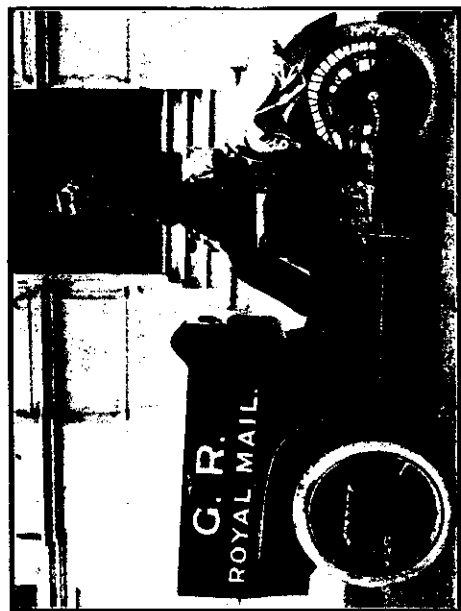


A BIG WORK COMPLETED.—SOME OF THE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES OF THE NEW FERRY BUILDINGS IN AUCKLAND.

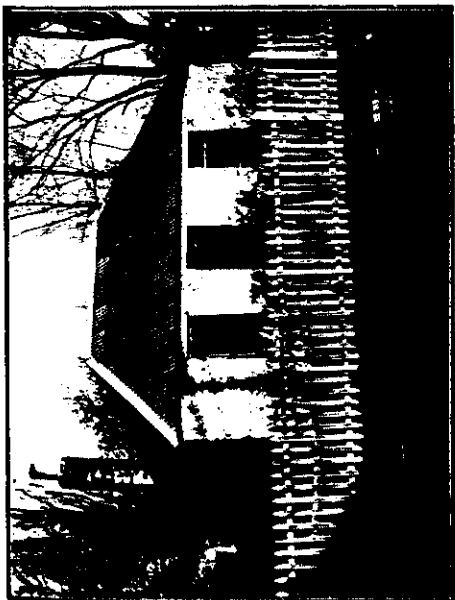
The handsome look of the new Ferry Buildings, which stands at the foot of Queen Street at the commencement of the new ferry-concrete wharf, is a decided acquisition to the public buildings of the city. The new building is practically completed, and is already in partial occupation. (1) The main passage on the second floor, running from one end of the building to the other. (2) The archways along the waterfront. (3) A view of the new Ferry Buildings, showing the old Northcote and Birkhead Ferry Offices alongside. (4) An example of the exterior features which characterise the building. (5) The main entrance to the business portion of the building. (6) Looking along the ground floor, along which passengers pass to the ferry steamers.



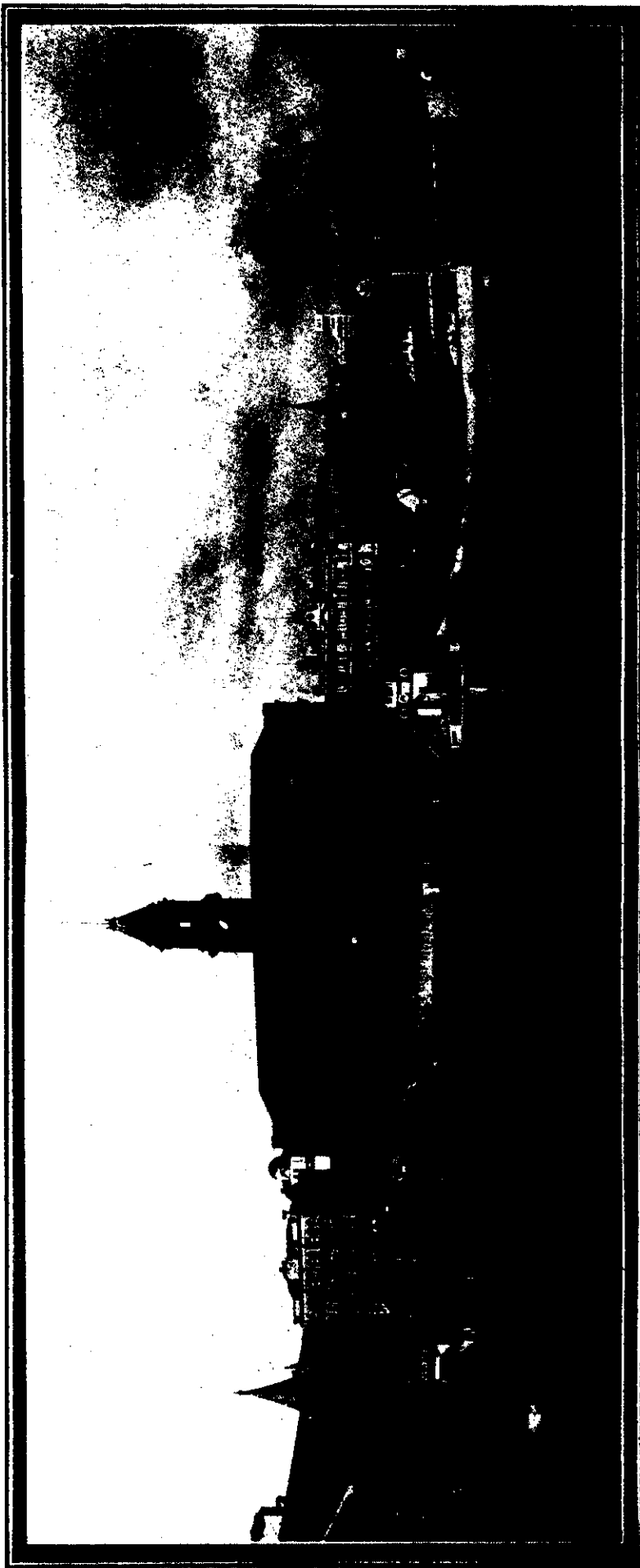
Bartram, photo.
LOOKING ALONG KENT TERRACE, WELLINGTON.



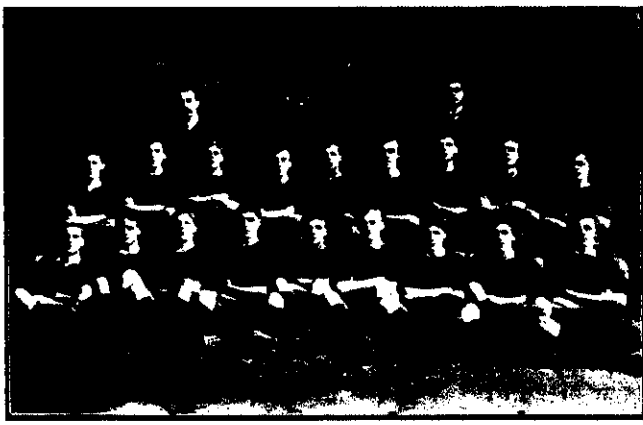
Bartram, photo.
HOW THE MAILS ARE COLLECTED FROM THE PILLAR BOXES IN WELLINGTON.



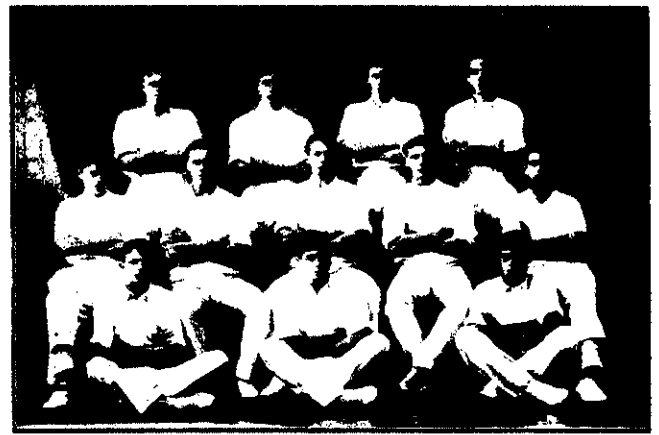
Nesbit, photo.
ONE OF THE FIRST HOUSES BUILT IN CHRISTCHURCH. The house, which is standing in Brougham Street, Seddonham, dates back to 1842, and since erection has only changed hands twice.



A BIG IMPROVEMENT TO THE AUCKLAND WATERFRONT.—THE NEW FERRY BUILDINGS, SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE JETTIES AND THE ASPECT OF THE BUILDING FROM THE HARBOUR.



Schmidt, photo.
THE KING'S COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM.



THE KING'S COLLEGE CRICKET TEAM.



MR. H. W. HUDSON.



MR. V. J. LARNER.

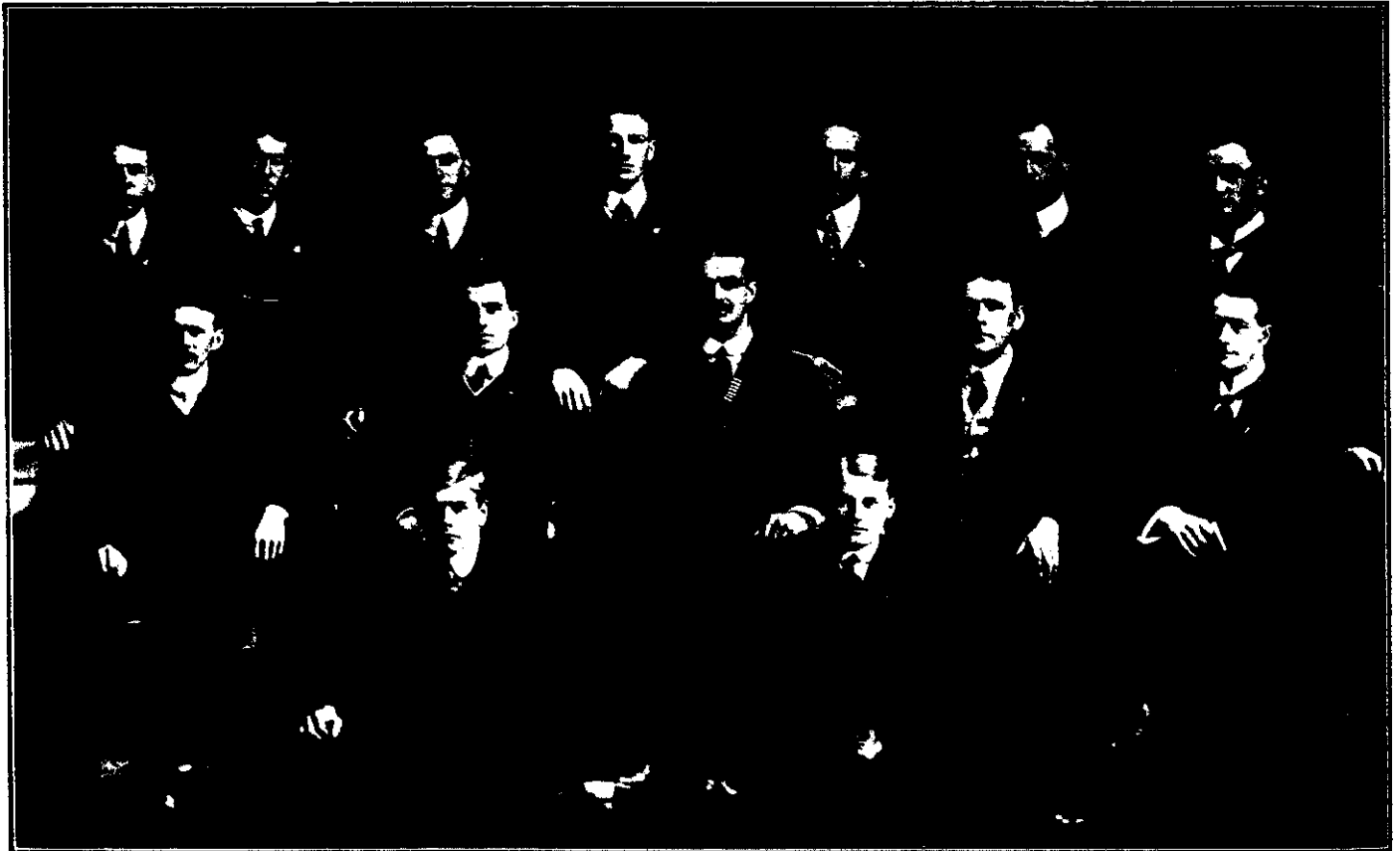
Two enthusiastic supporters of King's College, who rendered the Old Boys' Association invaluable assistance.



Bartlett, photo.
MR. GRAHAM REID,
Honorary Secretary of the Old Boys' Association.



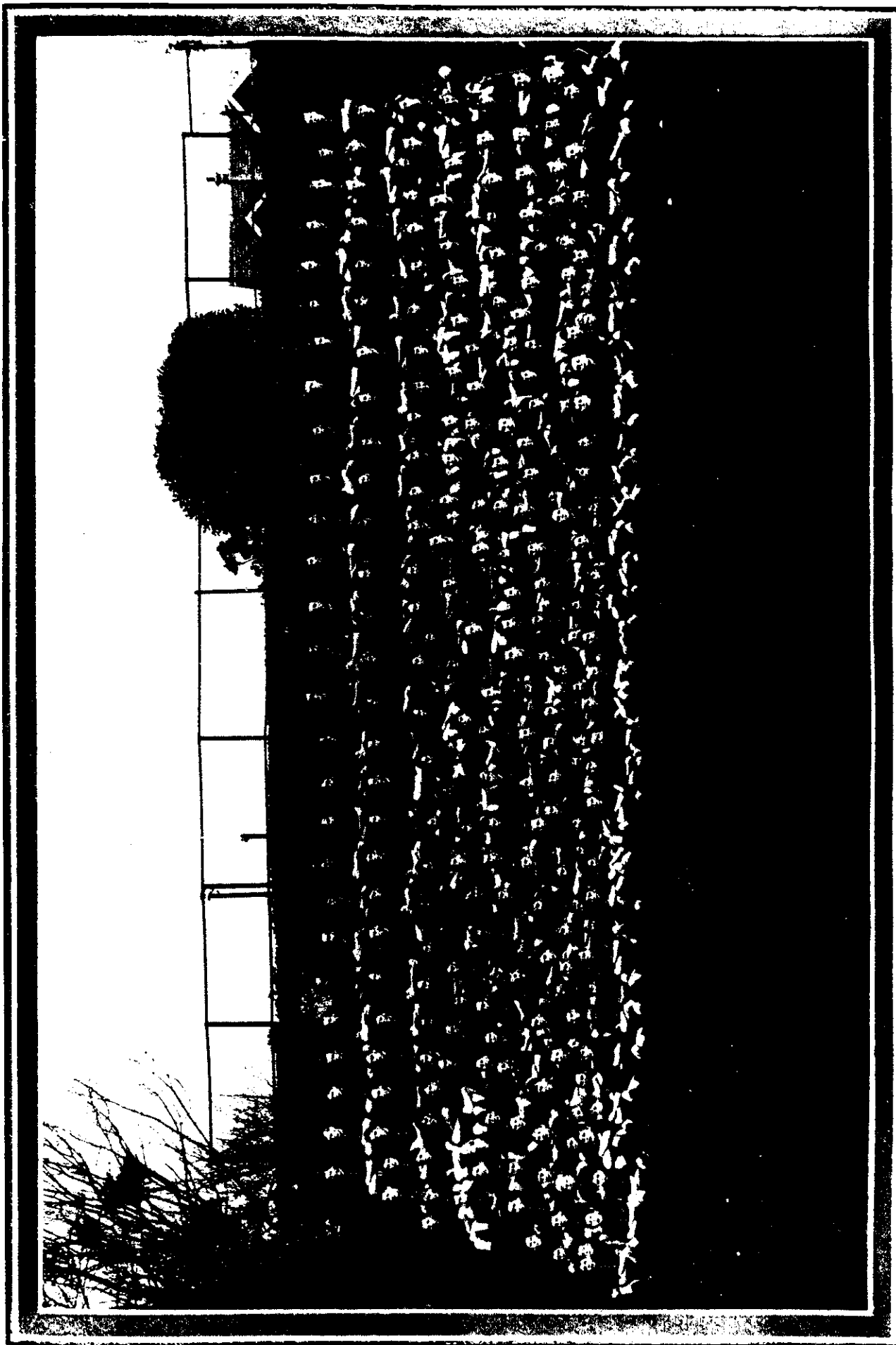
MR. C. T. MAJOR, M.A., B.Sc.,
Headmaster of King's College.



Bartlett, photo. THE EXECUTIVE OF THE KING'S COLLEGE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

Row 1 from the left: Back row: M. Reed, A. Walker, R. H. Bayly, C. B. Hall, R. P. Towle, Dr. R. J. Owen, Douglas R. Mowbray. Second row: N. A. Duthie (hon. Secy.), R. A. Allen (vice-president), A. P. Reid (president), A. P. H. Pierce (vice-president), Graham Reid (hon. secy.). Front row: E. A. Rosenthal, T. W. Dickson. The Old Boys' Association of King's College was founded twelve years ago, at the instigation of the founder of the school, the late Mr. Graham Bruce, and is now one of the best organised institutions of its kind in the Dominion. A year or two ago the members of the Association, realising the benefit of their training at King's College, decided that their old school should be put upon a permanent basis, and the success of the present scheme is, in a great measure, the result of their efforts. Referring to this, special mention should be made of the assistance they received from Mr. H. W. Hudson in formulating their plans. For Special Article see page 33.

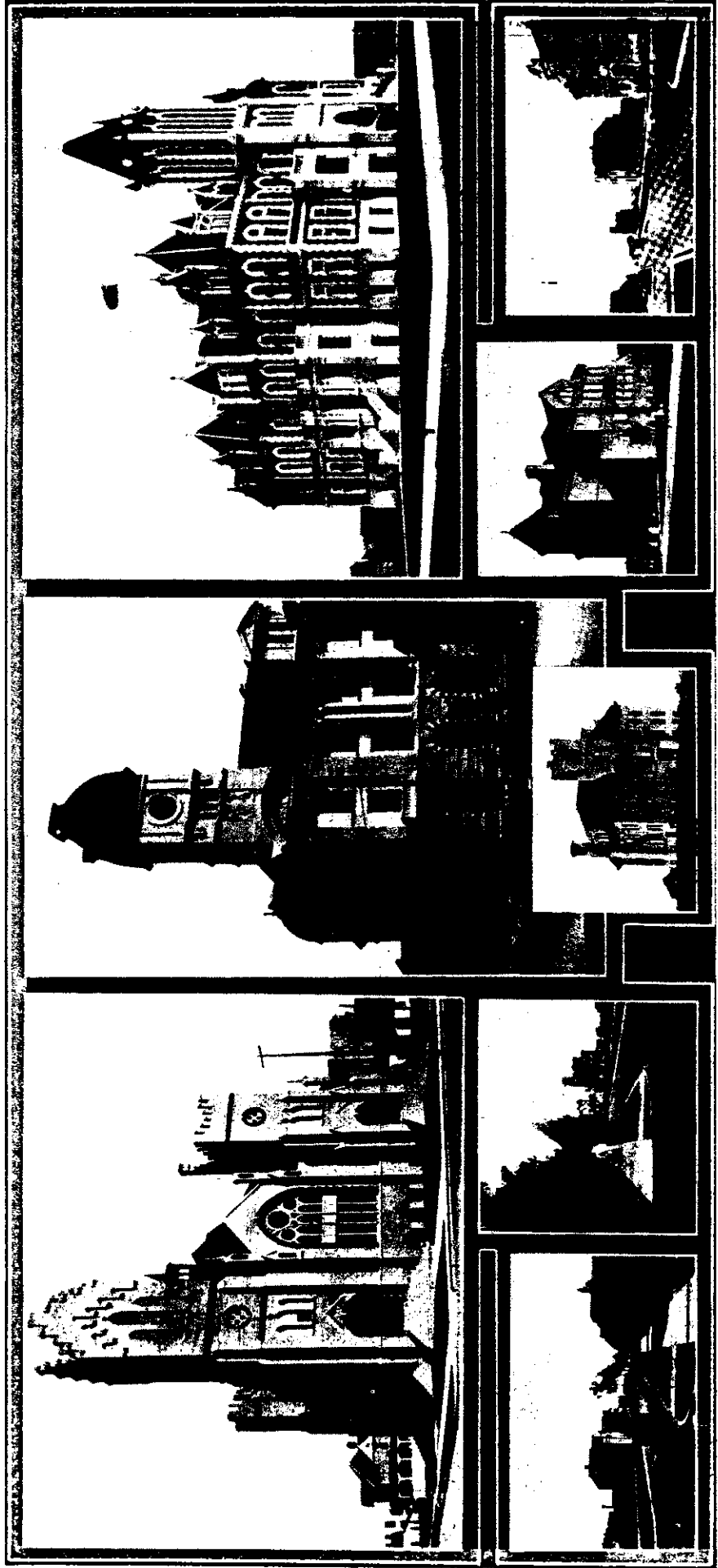
A BIG PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR AUCKLAND—THE TRANSFORMATION OF KING'S COLLEGE.



PREPARING FOR THEIR PLACE AS CITIZENS OF THE EMPIRE—BOYS ATTENDING KING'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.



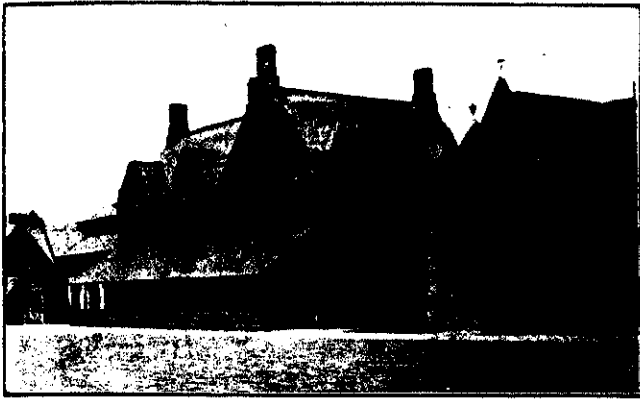
A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF THE CITY, SHOWING THE PORTION SWEEPED BY THE DEVASTATING TORNADO.



SOME OF THE ORNATE BUILDINGS AND PAVED THOROUGHFARES FOR WHICH REGINA WAS FAMOUS.

THE CANADIAN CITY, REGINA, WAS SWEEPED BY A TORNADO LAST WEEK AND A WIDE AREA COMPLETELY WRECKED.

Regina was the model city of Western Canada, the center of touring and of the industry of finance and mercantile establishments; a capital with miles of paved streets, with noble residences, beautiful churches, and self-supporting, manfully-awake services. In the lower pictures are included: (1) Knox Presbyterian Church; (2) City Hall, the finest in the West; (3) Victoria Avenue, looking west; (4) Albert Street; (5) Victoria Avenue, looking west; (6) Albert Street; (7) Victoria Avenue, looking west; (8) Another view of Victoria Avenue. (See special article.)



A VIEW OF THE NEW CLASS ROOMS FROM THE QUADRANGLE.

A Pressing Need.

A BIG PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR AUCKLAND—WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN CHRISTCHURCH

By W. Wilson, M.Sc.

ONE of the largest secondary schools in New Zealand, King's College, situated at Remuera, Auckland, is on the eve of a development which will make it similar in nearly every respect to the great English public schools, such as Eton and Harrow. The scheme is an ambitious one, but is now on the way to achievement. In view of the present movement it will be of interest to glance over what has been done in this respect at Christ's College, Canterbury, an institution resembling closely the future King's, and one which has played no small part in moulding the characters of the men of Canterbury and in preparing them in mind and body for their place as citizens of a British country.

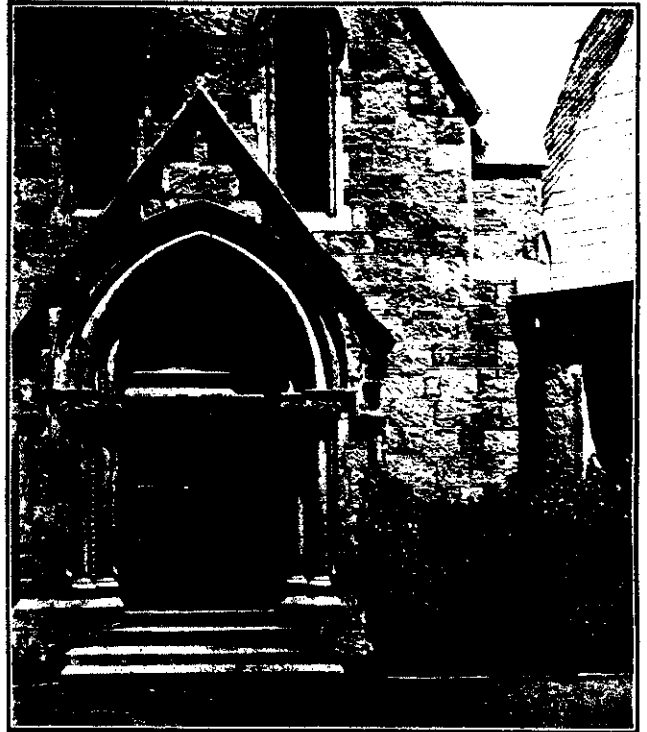
Unlike her northern sister, Christ's College is of quite a venerable age, for it was founded by the pilgrims on their arrival in 1850 and furnished with an ideal site and with the forerunners of the present buildings. The Canterbury community included an eminent architect, Mr C. J. Mountfort, whose splendid Gothic handiwork has done so much to dignify the older buildings of Christchurch. It was he that designed the original college, and also the later additions until the time of his death, about a dozen years ago, since when his son has carried on the work. Thus it will be seen that the school was assured of an appearance eminently in keeping with the noble function it was to fulfil.

There are altogether about two hundred and fifty boys attending the South-

ern college, so that the Auckland institution will be on a somewhat larger scale. However, the component parts and the general arrangement will very likely be much the same in the two cases. About twelve acres altogether are taken up by the school buildings and grounds, which are situated next the Domain and the Botanical Gardens, and washed by the river Avon. To this should be added the lower school, and also the cricket ground, which is distant about ten minutes' walk through the intervening gardens, and is one of the largest in the city.

The main entrance to Christ's College is in Rolleston Avenue, near the Univer-

sity College, and leads directly into the big quadrangle of about an acre and a-half of the green turf, round which are grouped the principal school buildings. The most prominent of these is the new headmaster's house, a large three-story edifice of dark-blue stone, erected about three years ago by the Old Boys at a cost of about £2000. This is the largest boarders' house, and contains not only the dormitories, but also the dining-hall, studies, and all the accommodation for between fifty and a hundred boys. On one side of it is another boarding-house, known as "Boorne," also complete in itself, while on the other side is the school library, followed by the big



A FINE BIT OF ARCHITECTURE: NORTH DOOR OF THE CHAPEL.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

"THE NIGHT BRINGS COUNSEL."

Nothing is truer, and if the counsel be wise the morning will bring with it ease and calm and a better frame of mind altogether. It is, however, only indirectly of the mind that it is desired to speak now; the counsel offered primarily concerns the body which cushions it, and whose joys and sorrows it shares to the full. But what affects one is inevitably reflected upon the other. Sleep, for instance, is indispensable to both, and who, having experience of insomnia, would ignore a valuable auxiliary in the wooing of sweet and natural slumber? It is just during the night that the mouth becomes a cavity ventilated only through the nose—not taking into account those who sleep with open mouths—and it is not washed by the recurring saliva bath as in the daytime. These conditions are most favourable to decomposition, and after a night's rest it is not surprising that the mouth should feel unpleasantly "stale."

But unfortunately very few people fully realise how serious this mouth stagnation is. We ought specially to guard against septic deterioration, and to begin early in life to guard against it, and the selection of the right preparation with which to effect the necessary purification is, of course, a very important matter. Tooth powders or pastes are inadequate for the purpose, because the parts most liable to attack, the backs of the molars and the fissures and interstices in and between the teeth—the

very parts where the harmful microbes live and thrive—are not purified, for the simple reason that they cannot be reached by such things as powders or pastes. Only a liquid dentifrice can penetrate these minute crevices, and to do its

work effectively it must be an anti-septic preparation whose action is gentle and continuous.

Odol, the well-known dentifrice and mouth-wash, is such a preparation, for during the process of rinsing it penetrates everywhere, reaching the cavities of the teeth, the interstices between them and the backs of the molars, destroying bacteria wherever generated. Odol alone can produce this effect, which is principally due to a peculiar property which causes it to be absorbed by the mucous membrane of the gums so that they become impregnated with it.

The immense importance of this altogether unique property should be fully appreciated, for while all other preparations for the cleansing and the protection of the teeth act only during the few moments of their application, Odol leaves a microscopically thin, but thoroughly effective, anti-septic coating on the surface of the mucous membrane and in the interstices of the teeth, which maintains its protective influence for hours after the mouth has been rinsed with it.

It is this lasting effect that gives to daily users of Odol the absolute assurance that their mouths are permanently protected against the process of decomposition, which, if not arrested, inevitably destroys the teeth. It is well to remember that it is as necessary to protect and cleanse artificial teeth as it is to safeguard those provided by nature, and that Odol is just as effective in one case as in



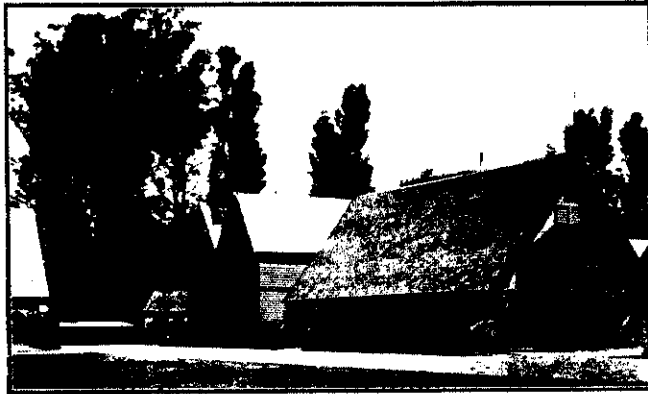
—first thing in the morning.



—last thing at night, and—

them, not only is complete purification assured, but the gums are rendered firm, hard, and healthy. Smokers, too, find nothing so pleasant and effective as Odol for removing the colour of tobacco from the breath and cleansing the palate.

school, a most picturesque old pile with old-world lattice windows and an immense roof surmounting the low stone walls. The big school can accommodate all the pupils, both day boys and boarders, for morning prayers, and it is also used as a class-room and for school socials and gatherings. The interior is covered with rich panelling recently completed as a gift by the Old Boys' Association. Then follows another boardinghouse, known as "Condell's," and at right angles to this and opposite Bourne's house, comes the school chapel, a beautiful little church of yellow-grey volcanic stone. It is cruciform in shape, and in the transepts are pews for parents and friends of the boys. Inside, the light is dim by reason of the stained glass filling nearly all the windows, memorials of past scholars who have worshipped there. Many brass tablets have been placed on the walls with the same end in view, and the organ chamber, with a good two-manual pipe organ, was also added as a memorial. Here services are held on Sundays and Saints' days for the whole school, and daily for the boarders.



THE OLDER PART OF THE COLLEGE, SHOWING THE BIG CLASSROOM AND A MASTER'S HOUSE.

The principal class-rooms come next the chapel. Four of them, to hold thirty or forty boys each, make up a two-storey stone building, the design of which harmonises with that of the chapel. The college offices and two masters' houses complete the circuit. No games are played in the quadrangle itself, except occasional snow-fights, it being reserved for drill and presentation of trophies on Sports Day.

A passage between the big school and the library leads past a double row of rooms comprising the locker room (where

Beside the main room there are dressing rooms and a gallery for spectators, and altogether it is probably the finest of its kind in the Dominion. At the other end of the field is the swimming bath, thirty yards in length, surrounded by a most artistic brick wall lately provided by the Old Boys. The sports are held in the football ground, which contains a quarter-mile oval track and a two hundred yards straight one.

The smaller boys are taught in a separate building, the lower school, which

ing home to us the mildness of our own climate, where artificial heating is less important than in the South Island. All the parts of the college are alike in the calm dignity of the architecture, even including the old office building, which is a unique example of Gothic design, executed in corrugated iron.

A very loyal and active Old Boys' Association keeps alive the memories of happy school days among its members, and watches over the affairs of the "present" boys who are following in their footsteps. Christ's College has much to thank the Old Boys for, as may have been partly gathered from their

benefactions already mentioned. In addition, they are about to undertake the replacement of Bourne's House, and later on the other parts of the school

Continued on page 56.

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For
Mercery, Clothing, Hats, and all ranges of gentlemen's wear in great variety.



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E. A. Williams, Gen'l. Outfitter,

Late 8 Upper Queen St. & Karangahape Rd., Symonds St. Near

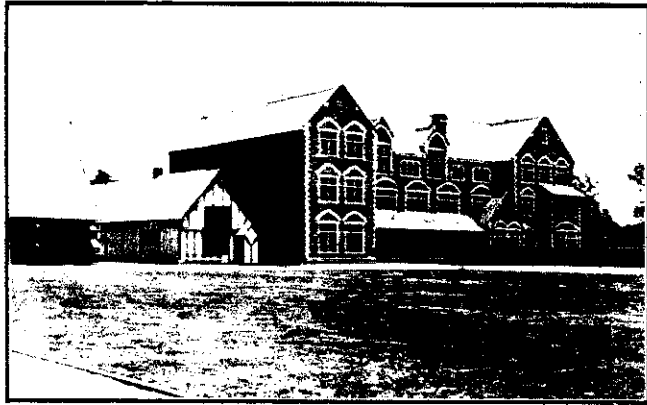
NOTE.—Ladies' and Gen's' Garments Cleaned and Pressed by Experts. Letters and phone messages receive prompt attention.

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WATSON'S BUILDINGS, WELLESLEY ST. E., AUCKLAND. Consultation Free. Miss Wricley is prepared to treat all scalp diseases and teach patients Home Treatment and Scientific Massage of Head and Face, using only preparations suited to each case. Electrolysis, Hairdressing, Pedicuring, Shampooing, Manicuring, Treatments for Blackheads, Electrical and Vibro Massage. Lessons given in Hairdressing. Hairwork of every description. Combs made up to order. Human Hair Pads a Speciality. Business carried on as usual.



30 KARANGAHAPE ROAD, Phone 2800.




SHOWING THE HEADMASTER'S HOUSE, SCHOOL LIBRARY, AND PART OF THE BIG SCHOOL.

the day boys store their books and other possessions), the armory, five class-rooms, and the chemical laboratory. The path then emerges into the football ground, of about five acres, in corners of which are situated the work-hops, five courts, and the fine big gymnasium. The latter is a high wooden structure with an elevated sky-light, where the mast and four climbing ropes ascend.

with Merton's House, is about five minutes' walk away along the river bank. They have their own playground and gymnasium, and only visit the upper school for instruction in swimming and for chapel.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature, to an Auckland, in the design of the various buildings, is the abundant provision of bold though graceful chimneys, bring-



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FIJI,
RAROTONGA,
and
TAHITI.**

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8 per Cent. with Safety

IN reply to an inquiry which reached Vancouver on the 4th ult., The DOMINION TRUST COMPANY, LTD., whose standing can be ascertained by reference to the Bank of New Zealand, Auckland, have cabled that a considerable sum of money can be at present placed at 8 per cent. per annum on first mortgage of improved Vancouver Real Estate, and that with first-class security.

The currency of loans would be three to five years.

The Trust Company's charge is $\frac{1}{4}\%$ for collecting and looking after interest and principal.

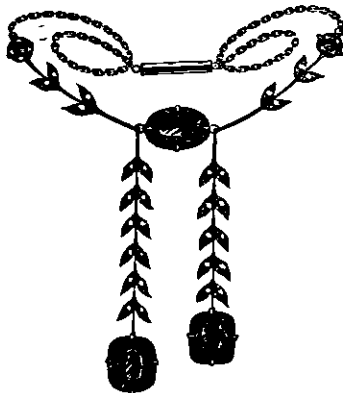
The net return, after allowing for remitting of principal (both ways) and interest, would be approximately $7\frac{1}{2}\%$ to the New Zealand investor. For further particulars apply to

ANDREW GRAY,

Investment Broker,

Smeeton's Buildings,

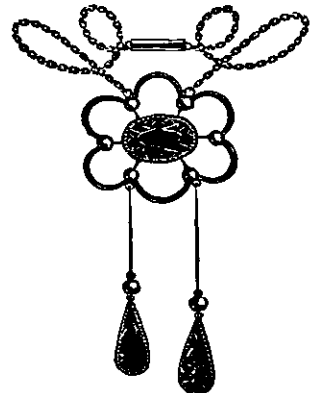
Queen St., AUCKLAND



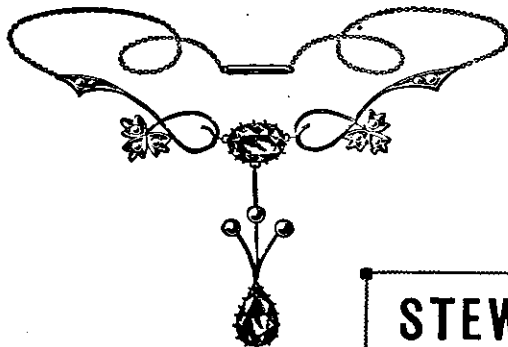
Dainty Amethyst and Pearl Necklace
9-ct. gold, £5/10/-

New Necklets

The magnificent range of New and Dainty Necklets now being shown at the Treasure House is without doubt the finest collection of gems any New Zealand Jewellery store has been privileged to show; the purity of stones, excellent workmanship will appeal to both judges of value and lovers of dainty jewellery.



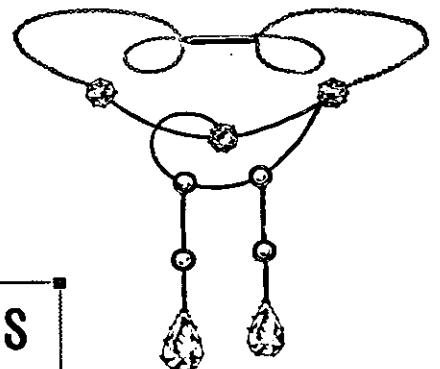
C 2589.—9-ct. gold
Amethysts and Pearls, £4/7/6
Aquamarines and Pearls, £7/10/-
Peridots and Pearls, £10/0/0



C 2571.—9-ct. Gold. Set with fine Amethysts and Pearls £3/5/-
Same design set with Aquamarines and Pearls, £4/10/-



J 4027.—Set with fine Peridots and Pearls 84/-



C 2573.—9-ct. Gold. In fine Amethysts and Pearls, £2/12/6. Also with Aquamarines and Pearls, £5/-; and Peridots and Pearls, £4/7/6

STEWART DAWSON'S

Queen Street, Auckland.

LIFE IN THE GARDEN

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

All communications for "Veronica" should be addressed to "Graphic" Office, Auckland. Secretaries of Horticultural Societies are invited to send short reports of their proceedings, and also any items of interest to Horticulturists. Photographs of Flowers, Fruits or New Vegetables, or Garden Scenes, will be welcomed.

COMING SHOWS.

Auckland Horticultural Society—
September 5, 6, and 7.
Horowhenua Horticultural Show—
Town Hall, Otaki, November.

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES.

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

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

GARDEN NOTES.

JAPANESE flowering cherries are extremely showy, and should receive attention from planters in search of a good tree for decoration. They are very free flowering, and can be procured in several colourings.

Double flowering peaches are also worthy of notice. The display made by these plants once seen is long remembered.

Fugosia Pattersonii is a plant not often seen in our shrubberies. It is one, however, deserving of extended cultivation, as the compact pyramidal growth makes a very handsome tree.

Eriostimon nerifolium is a most desirable dwarf-growing shrub, but little known. It produces star-shaped pure-white flowers, in great profusion, and only grows about three feet high.

When planting trees for effect the scarlet flowering gum (*Eucalyptus ficifolia*) should, if at all possible, be given a place. Its gorgeous display of bloom is most attractive, and the tree is of compact growth, and seldom grows over 14 feet in height.

Bouvardias, when flowering is finished, should be cut well back, and the soil around lightly forked over, giving a dressing of bonedust. Some good fresh soil may be scattered around them, or well-rotted manure or leaf-mould will answer.

In this issue we furnish our readers with the first notices of the great Horticultural Show recently held in London. The event is regarded as the biggest exhibition of the kind ever held in the United Kingdom, and was opened by Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary, on May 22nd.

Some idea of the importance of this great international event may be gathered from the charges for admission. On the first day two guineas, up to 5 p.m.; after that, one guinea; the second day, one guinea and 10; third day, 10; and 5; and so on, till the last three days, when admission was reduced to 1/.

Sweetpea seed, so far as we can learn, is of splendid germination this season. This was to be expected, as the English crop of seed was well harvested, and the bulk of the Dominion-grown seed was also well sowed. Should any of our readers have failed with their packets, we should like to hear from them.

AN INTERESTING GOOSEBERRY.

At a recent meeting of the scientific committee of the Royal Horticultural Society, Mr. W. G. Smith, of Dunstable, sent drawings illustrating flowers and fruit of a racemose form of gooseberry, which had been referred to previously as a hybrid between the gooseberry and the black currant on account of the thickly-produced clusters of very dark berries and their flavour, which was said

to be intermediate between the gooseberry and black currant. On careful examination of the fruit and flowers, he had, however, been unable to find any trace of black currant. The plant appeared to be wholly gooseberry, with flowers and fruit borne in racemes of from two to five. He could detect no black currant flavour, although the taste was delicious and strong. No oil glands are present on any part of this new form, and the fruits are perfectly glabrous. The pollen is exactly that of the garden gooseberry.

It flowers three weeks in advance of the black currant. The merit of the plant lies in its great fruit-producing properties, as on a given length of branch it produces more fruit in weight than probably any other bush extant. The colour of the fruit when ripe is deep, almost black maroon or dark mahogany, becoming black. The plant originated as a seedling in a market-grower's garden in the South of England, where it was regarded as a variety more curious than useful. Mr. R. H. Nichols of Dunstable has acquired the stock.



ECHINIUM TRUNCANTUM, EXHIBITED BY W. ASTER, ESQ., M.P., AND GIVEN AN AWARD OF MERIT BY THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.
W. J. Vasey, photo.

Flowers of the World.

The Great International Show.

The King and Queen Present — New Zealand Awards.

THE greatest Flower Show ever held in the world was opened at Chelsea, London, on May 22nd, the site covering no less than 27 acres, including the Ranleigh Gardens and Terraces, which were temporarily closed to the public. The huge tents alone covered 10 acres. Special tents, measuring 140ft x 85ft, were allotted to the Dutch, French and Belgian exhibits. In another tent there were fine exhibits from Canada, Japan, Australia and New Zealand. Orchids, ferns, and a large number of greenhouse plants were entered from America. The principal tent covered a space of three and a-half acres—the largest plant tent ever erected. Ample gangways were designed to give standing accommodation to 6,000 people. In this tent were housed the principal groups of roses, azaleas, rhododendrons, ferns, stove and greenhouse flowers.

Notwithstanding the high charges made during the first two days (£3 and £4) for admission, the show was attended by several thousands from every part of Great Britain and the Continent. The King and Queen visited the show early in the morning. The "Daily Mail" in its report, says: "Anyone who visited the show, especially in those delightful morning hours when the royal party sauntered in frank enjoyment about the gorgeous avenues and corridors and pavilions and open gardens, may well have felt that he had returned to the age of 'the golden prime' and 'the spacious days of good Haroun Al Raschid,' as painted by Tennyson. No one, certainly no gardener, has ever dreamed of anything like it, in specific rarity, in costliness, in general magnificence, in scenic arrangement.

"But even the ample splendour did not impress those who made the tour of the fairland more than the generous and thoughtful comments of the royal

visitors. The King, especially, asked if there were no way of keeping permanent the out-of-door fairland, the six acres laid out in rock and water gardens; and his impromptu suggestion has already been translated into a definite proposal. It was a happy coincidence that the Queen ejaculated as she came into full view of this feat of landscape gardening, 'What a pity it cannot be kept.'

Unrehearsed Excursions.

"Again, in visiting the Canadian pavilion, of which almost the whole was given up to great bowls of preserved fruit, the King was the first to point out the economic importance of such fruit preservation if scientifically achieved. When standing before Sir George Holford's bank of orchids—each flower a poem, the whole a thing to dwarf the hanging gardens of Babylon, as one of the world's seven Wonders—the Queen's first thought was of the number of people who would crowd to see it, and the hope that they would not be too crowded to see it as it should be seen.

"The royal party spent the better part of two hours in exploring the wonders; and the whole itinerary was of peculiar interest and charm. It would take many columns to describe even the special flowers to which attention was directed by the guides or the personal interest of the King and Queen.

"Awaiting the royal party was itself a picturesque occasion. Sir George Holford blushed with pleasure when the Duke of Portland came up and informed him that he had won the King's Cup for the best exhibit in the show. The duke listened to boast with pride in the extraordinary series of successes by his gardener. One of his few defeats was at the hands of the King. 'We were just defeated,' he said, 'by a better climate and a bunch of grapes'; and his gardener

afterwards explained to the Queen with a judicial and modest air that certainly the Windsor grapes were 'much stronger.' It was at a neighbouring stand that the King called up one of the conductors to show him, as he said, with a laugh, a model of a Paris breakfast. The model was a bunch of tiny radishes."

Impromptu Fruit Meals.

At half-past eleven a babel of foreign tongues ceased. A complete corps of foreign ambassadors had assembled, and the first event of the day was the presentation to the King and Queen of a number of distinguished horticulturists. With very little delay the tour proceeded through the foreign sections. In the French tent M. Philip Vilmorin, the

greatest hybridiser in the world, was presented; and with as much courage as common sense, instead of showing rarities pointed out how much could be done with such simple flowers as the stock and nasturtium. Both here and in the Belgian exhibit market-garden produce took a prominent place. At the entrance to the Dutch exhibit, which is a garden of colossal and most comely lilac bowls, the Queen was presented with a bouquet of a new lilac of the faintest mauve tint. Even when the journey had proceeded so far all the adjectives had been exhausted: "Wunderschön," "splendide," "magnificent," and the rest; and the successive avenues of greater glories were too much to absorb.

Perhaps the most picturesque scene was during a halt in a pergola walk belonging to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. The pergola plants were cherries and grapes and figs. An impromptu, it seemed an *al fresco*, "fruit lunch" was held, in which the King and Queen joined. Everyone declared that anything more delightful than the cherries it would be impossible to imagine. A curious variety of fig, as brilliantly green as a tree frog, was accepted by the Queen, and safely carried away by Princess Mary. The meal was repeated, though in more peripatetic manner, before the exhibit of Laxton's strawberries, where the better part of the company feasted on "King George, an improved variety of Royal Sovereign."

King George Gloxinia.

Among other flowers that especially interested the Royal party were:—

A King George gloxinia, which Mr. Sutton pointed out to the King.

A Norfolk Island pine, with white tips, a gorgeous purple statice, shown by Cypher, of Cheltenham.

A baby Tausendschön rose, a weeping standard, of Outbush's.

A purple carnation, Mikado, of Engelmann's.

A rich dark-red Odontiodo orchid of Sander's, about the colour of which the King asked several questions.

That prodigy of quaint growth, the Puga Chilensis, supposed to flower once in 100 years, but, as the King explained, really much oftener.

The three principal cups were awarded to Sir George Holford, Messrs Veitch, and Mr Mount. Sir George's orchids, which were judged the best exhibit in the show, certainly surpassed everything in splendour and costliness, and they were all home-grown. The improvement of the orchid is doubtless the crowning marvel of flower culture.



THE KING'S CUP.

For the most meritorious contribution to the Exhibition. Won by Sir George Holford, K.C.V.O., C.I.E.



HIS MAJESTY, WITH PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, CROSSING A BRIDGE IN THE JAPANESE GARDEN AT THE INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW. Topken, photo.



Topical photo.

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE'S EXHIBIT AT THE INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW.

ORCHIDS VALUED AT £200,000.

PRIZES FOR NEW ZEALAND SHRUBS.

A ROCK-GARDEN FAIRYLAND.

(From Our London Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 24.

There is in the midst of London, for the space of a week, a spot as unlike

traditional London in any mood as mind could conjecture, a blending of East and West—indeed, of more than that—of farthermost corners of the earth with the Home country, of ideality and reality, utilitarian and ornamental, in the most delicate medium that can be understood—that of flowers.

That is the International Horticultural Exhibition—the world's greatest flower show, that is now being held in the extensive grounds of the Royal Chelsea Hospital.

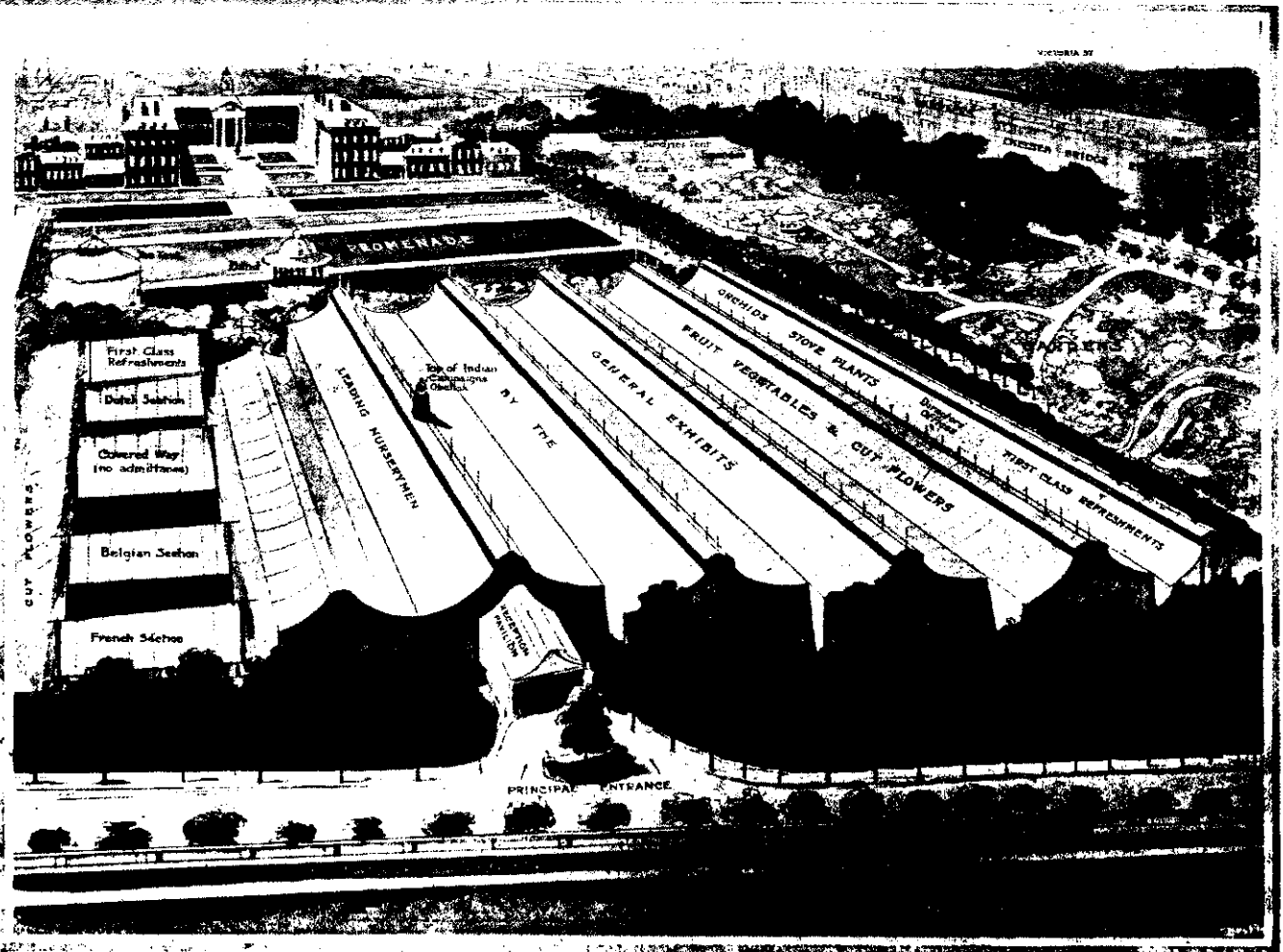
The grounds themselves are pictur-

esque and full of splendid trees that just now are at their most beautiful stage—an ideal setting for a dazzling picture. Hundreds of Chinese lanterns and fairy-lights illumine the scene at night.

Chelsea, for the nonce—that dignified historic bit of London—is more concerned with gardening than with any other subject under the sun. Within the gates that, even on the second day, can only be passed on payment of a guinea, one seems to be walking the pages of the "Arabian Nights." Strange tongues—for

this is an international affair, and several nations have sent exhibits—filling the air, add to the illusion. For once men and women, of whom there are probably thousands around one—take, second place, if, indeed, they count at all; that is, as human beings. It has been truly said that there is no occupation which develops our sense of universal brotherhood more than gardening.

One enters with a brave resolve to note what is new, to comment on beloved old-fashioned flowers, and compare these with the more cultured specimens that



"The Sphere."

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GREAT HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN CHELSEA HOSPITAL GARDENS.

the science of to-day is able to produce.

As well distinguish between the stars on a starry night. The courageous resolve lives for half-an-hour perhaps, but, after a couple of hours' rambling through one bewildering glory after another, both mind and eyes are incapable of criticism, so soaked are they in radiance.

Standing before a giant collection some of the blossoms only seemed to lack voice to announce themselves spirits. There were orchids like fairy bells, orchids with striped petals like smart little French ladies ready for a plunge into the sea, orchids like pansies, like strings of gems, like butterflies. Some seemed like pierrots, some like little yellow birds, some were harsh flame-coloured things like one might imagine anger, some of gossamer consistency like fairy laughter; others looked robust and fat, decided reds, yellow or greens, as if they might be the civic dignitaries of the flower world.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

GREAT DISPLAY OF ROSES, CARNATIONS AND SWEET PEAS.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 31.

The great International Exhibition came to the end of its brief but glorious span of life yesterday, more's the pity. Without doubt it was the greatest and grandest show of its kind that has ever been held. To do adequate justice to a tithe of the floral exhibits to be seen in the series of huge tents is beyond my pen, and anything like an adequate review of the show would occupy more columns than an ordinary daily paper has at disposal.

The exhibition proved a wonderful success, in spite of the high prices charged for admission for the first few days of its existence, and it is pleasant to learn that not only will those patriotic and enthusiastic horticulturists who contributed to the guarantee fund find their pockets untouched, but that the several charities connected with the horticultural world in the United Kingdom will reap substantial benefit.

Another pleasant feature of the show was the fact that it proved beyond doubt that the English horticulturists of to-day can hold their own with those of any nation on earth in almost every branch of this art, excepting only the purely

Japanese art of plant dwarfing. That there is nothing decadent about British horticulture was amply proved at the Chelsea Show. British horticulture, indeed, never stood in such a leading position as it does to-day, and though scarcely a nursery or garden establishment of any note in Europe was not represented, the British exhibits held their own in all directions. The exhibition was indeed a triumph for the Old Country in every way.

A Wonder of Wonders.

The orchid tent afforded a sight that will be indelibly fixed on the memory of all who saw it. Was there ever such a collection gathered under one roof before? I doubt it; and those who should know more about such things than I declare that the world has never seen such a sight before, and is not likely to see its like again for a generation.

The huge tent, nearly a hundred yards in length, contained thousands of plants of every conceivable form and colouring, and worth collectively probably half a million pounds. We heard glowing reports beforehand concerning the orchids to be shown, but such reports failed entirely to do justice to the magnificence and splendour of even the first peep into the interior of the orchid tent. It was a feast of colour almost too much, so to speak, for one meal. To examine the individual groups at all closely would have taken hours on hours, but the ordinary visitor found half an hour in the tent as much as he could stand. The eyes grew weary of the seemingly endless succession of gorgeously coloured floral freaks and wonders, and this, coupled with the effects of the warm, scent-laden atmosphere, produced in most people a very tired feeling in a short space of time. Still, it was worth travelling a long way to see such displays as those staged by Sir George Holford, Mr Leopold de Rothschild, Sir Jeremiah Coleman, and such famous firms as Sander and Sons, Cypher and Sons, Charlesworth's, and other noted orchid growers.

Sir George Holford's display of cattleyas and a multiplicity of varieties of dendrobiums, cymbidiums, and laeliocattleyas overhung with arching sprays of golden yellow oncidiums against a background of stately palms, was a sight alone worth a long journey. Sir Jeremiah Coleman's was, perhaps, an even more wonderful display, embracing as it did a particularly splendid collection of the comparatively new race of orchids known as odontiodas. One of these plants, an odontioda brailshewic, alone carried over one hundred flowers.

There were a number of particularly beautiful orchids in Sir Jeremiah's collection of odontiodas, but the Brailsheaw variety, "Vivid," a splendid and unusual scarlet variety, was perhaps the king of all. His display of odontoglossums, miltonias, laelias, and cattleyas

house fern worth growing, from huge tree ferns to tiny filmy ferns, so delicate in constitution that they had to be shown under bell-glasses. Of the latter no less than 30 distinct species and varieties were shown, whilst of the Stag's Horn fern, superb specimens of varieties of



Topical photo. SIR ARTHUR WALSH AND THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT AT THE INTERNATIONAL SHOW.

in almost endless variety was something to marvel at; but the judges gave Sir George Holford the King's Cup for the best exhibit in the show.

One wonderful plant shown by Mr Harry Dixon, was a specimen of the spider orchid (oncidium phymatolobium) which has four floriferous spikes carrying no less than 320 flowers. Among Messrs Mansell and Hatchers' grand collection were two particularly fine plants of vanda teres, each carrying seventeen spikes.

The biggest display of all was Messrs Sander's, which occupied a thousand square feet and contained almost every known species of orchid in cultivation staged in a masterly manner. The special feature of this truly remarkable exhibit was, perhaps, the bold and glorious display of miltonia vexillaria Empress Augusta, a conspicuous variety with large deep pink-coloured flowers.

Among the orchids were many more remarkable for weirdness than beauty, and others, again, showing flowers so minute that only the closest inspection gave one any idea of their true form and colouring. Two plants that roused much amused interest were masdallia xiphères, which has a sensitive lip which gives a jump soon after being touched; and the peculiar B. lobbii, with its ever moving lip. This is sometimes called the "lady orchid," for a reason fairly obvious. But of weird and wonderful forms in orchid growth there were hundreds of specimens. By common consent, indeed, the most wonderful sight of a most wonderful exhibition was the orchid tent.

Still, to most people it was a relief to leave this inimitable display of colour and form and take a turn

Among the Ferns.

In its way the display of ferns was almost as wonderful as the orchid exhibits, though, of course, lacking the diversity of colour which bewildered the eye in the latter department. In the matter of form, however, the ferns were marvellously varied, and their soft and delicate greenery came as a grateful and comforting optical refreshment after the "gorgeosities" of the orchid tent. One of the most notable collections was that of May and Sons, occupying 2500 superficial feet of space and embracing every green-

Davallia, Polypodiums, Blechnums, Adiantums, Osmundias, Nidus, Platyceriums, they staged scores. Equally fascinating was the wonderful collection of exotic ferns shown by Messrs Veitch, and the comprehensive exhibit of hardy ferns by Amos Perry, whilst no lover of shade loving plants could pass by the gold and silver ferns (Gymnogrammas), and the climbing ferns and coral ferns staged by Ellison's, of West Bromwich. Also, among the American exhibits was a noteworthy novelty shown by M. Mandt, of New Jersey, namely, Polypodium Maudslayi, which has handsome fronds from six to seven feet long.

Six Acres of Rock Garden.

The rock-gardens cover several acres, and one reflects that surely every flower that ever flourished in any rock-garden in the universe has its representative here. Water hurls itself in miniature cascades over ferns that bend to each deluge, then raise their leaves for another, or itripples eagerly over grey stones, or lazily over a sandy bed full of flowering treasures, or lying still, reflects the delicate lines of the lotus, of majestic white lilies, purple and yellow iris, or perhaps modest forget-me-not growing on its banks, or the colour of the bright fish flashing their beauty gaily. That the whole thing is made up for a few days, that all the poppies, tulips, lupins, orchids, azaleas, pansies, clematis, spirea, the hambros, lilies, ferns, will all disappear in a few days, seem to lesser mortals, as to the King and Queen, a tremendous pity, and there is—so marvellous the power of a royal whisper—already a movement afoot to try and arrange that they be made permanent.

Indisputably the greatest feature of this portion of the show was Messrs Wallace's exhibit, a masterly conception carried out in a masterly manner. It covered some 8000 square feet, situated in a natural valley between trees. Therein has been fashioned rock and water gardens, an old English terrace garden, gaily furnished herbaceous borders, wood hut and lily plantations, with waterfalls and the like. It was a great piece of work splendidly conceived and carried out. The number and variety of plants employed to furnish this ideal



Topical photo. RANK AND FASHION AT THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW. Dorothy Viscountess Cantelupo on the left.

rock and water garden render it impossible to enter into any details concerning them. This fine piece of work was non-competitive, but without doubt it was the finest of its kind that has ever appeared at an exhibition.

But it was only one of scores, each superb in its way. Possibly Maurice Prichard's 3000 square feet rock and water garden and moraine ran Messrs Wallace's exhibit most closely. The latter alone was enough to keep the attention of the lover of Alpines fixed for an hour, for it contained gems of the first water in helichrysums, omphalodes, sedums, arenarias, thalactritums, saxifragas, and the like, with funkias, irises, and trollius in bold masses, occupying congenial places.

It is really unfair, however, to pick out any particular exhibits in this section of the exhibition. There were scores of alpines and rock and water gardens, each full of the most interesting and beautiful old plants and novelties, and each in its way a masterpiece of construction and artistic and ingenious arrangement.

Trees and Shrubs.

If one is to judge by the fate of the clipped trees and bushes shown at the exhibition, there is to be a big revival

W. Cuthbertson and Elsie Herbert which bore eight or nine flowers.

Messrs. Dobbie and Co., Robert Sidenham and Co., C. W. Breamore and others set up some beautiful stands. Many new varieties not yet in commerce were staged. The best in Messrs. Dobbie and Co.'s stand included Lady Miller, Desorator, Thomas Stephenson, Marks-Tey, Brunette, Inspector, Mrs. Cuthbertson, May Campbell and Melba, which was very striking. Mr. Robert Sidenham's collection included Barbara, in glorious colour; Iris, very fine; Lilian, Scarlet Emperor, the finely-waved Helen, Pierce Spencer, Thomas Stephenson, Charles Foster, Elfrida Pearson, and others. Mr. C. W. Breamore set up lovely bunches of King Alfred, an improved Helen Lewis; Lord Curzon, Elsie, Mrs. C. W. Breamore, Flossie Jeffrey, Aggie Elder and Princess.

A new double variety, Annabel Lee shown by Mr. Alsen, has a pleasing lilac shade with a lighter centre, and Filled Cream, a seedling of the present year, is well described by its name.

As mentioned, the sweet-pea display was truly splendid for the time of year, but in spite of its beauties it only drove home the fact that there are to-day a vast number of "too much alike" varieties

grown in the open, and it is earlier in bloom than Hiawatha.

Another rambler likely to win popularity is Eileen Low, one of Levassaur's novelties. This is a rose somewhat after the style of Jessie, but of a soft pink tint peculiarly pleasing.

Mrs. H. Stevens is a beautiful white rose, bound to become a favourite, and the new climbing Souvenir de Pierre Notting is one that will be particularly welcome on account of its beautiful Marechiel Niel like blooms.

The famous French grower, M. Pernet-Ducher, played a strong hand with display of novelties containing some seedlings not yet in commerce. These embrace "Mrs. George Beckwith," a rose that may surpass even Rayon d'Or and Madame Heriot, an erect growing rose with the lovely colouring of Beauty of Lyons with the shapely buds of the hybrid teas.

Altogether the roses made a marvellous display, especially those adapted for pergola and wall decoration.

Gems of the Greenhouse.

The exhibit of stove and greenhouse plants was marvellously good in every direction, but fine as were some displays of malmalsons and tree carnations, cinerarias, begonias, calceolarias, gloxinias, and other familiar subjects, the glory of

which included a most glorious lot of double-flowered varieties of every imaginable hue. The most striking were, perhaps, Lady Cromer, a magnificent pink of huge size and splendid form; May Queen, a brilliant orange salmon; King Edward, a peculiarly rich crimson; and Mrs. Whitelaw, a vivid orange; Madame Tetraxini, a beautiful colour called orange salmon; and two new varieties, red cactus and rose cactus. The flowers in these varieties are made up of a number of long petals, which give to the bloom very much the appearance of a cactus dahlia. The plants are loose in habit of growth, and are most suitable for growing in suspended baskets.

The show of pelargoniums and cannas, though very choice, appeared to contain comparatively few real novelties, and in the cinerarias the latest introductions were by no means improvements on their immediate forerunners, though in one variety, a cross between Senecio auriculatum and Feltham Beauty, there was the promise that ere long a clear yellow cineraria will be forthcoming. Of

Hardy Herbaceous Subjects

Alpines and annuals were, of course, in strong force, but here, again, real novelties were not much in evidence. Still it was a truly sumptuous gathering of the best hardy flowers, and the Alpines embraced such a range of varieties and such splendid specimens of the rarer sorts as sent lovers of this class of plant into raptures. For the lily lover, too, there was an optical feast, for the specimens of ransouti, butemanniae, leucanthemum, and a score of other varieties were particularly fine. The display of irises, Irises, gladioli, sparaxis, and the like, though very fine, was not, perhaps, up to the highest possible watermark, but the violas shown in a growing state embraced a wonderful range of colouring and marking, and a profusion of bloom truly remarkable.

The border carnations staged included many splendid specimens of the choicest recent varieties and some quite new introductions. Among the blooms that appealed to me most were Jean Douglas, a fine scarlet variety of good form with large, smooth-looking, unsertated petals; Mrs. Henwood (white), and Miss Willmott (pink), which are almost counterparts to Jean Douglas in all respects save colour, and Elizabeth Shifner, a splendid orange buff. In the yellows the old Cecilia still stood out as one of the very best of its colour among border varieties, and in the maroons Queen May was conspicuous. On the whole, however, the display was not quite so good as one might reasonably have expected at such a show.

New Fruit.

In the fruit section there was a remarkable collection of fruiting trees in pots, including apples, pears, grape fruit, figs, nectarines, currants, cherries, and grapes in full bearing, and a splendid range of strawberries growing also in pots. The new strawberries included King George V., which is said to be a finer variety for forcing than Royal Sovereign, being a better flavour than the latter, coming earlier to hand, and being a robust grower. Maincrop, a large wedge-shaped fruit of particularly fine flavour, and the Queen, are also new covers with splendid characters for robustness and bearing qualities, and the Earl is a decided advance on Vicomtesse, the fruit being much larger and its cropping quality quite as good as its predecessor. The most discussed novelty, however, was the Laxtonberry, a hybrid between the Loganberry and the raspberry. This plant bears fruit which is quite as sweet as the raspberry and separates readily from the core, but in habit the plant takes after the Loganberry.

In the grape section nothing very new was shown. Foster's Seedling and Black Hamburg, Madresfeld Court, and Buckland Sweetwater being most in evidence among all exhibits.

New Zealand Scores.

The magnificent New Zealand shrubs, shown by the Rev. A. T. Boscawen, of Long Rock, Cornwall, achieved much distinction. They were awarded a gold medal and a first-class certificate, and to his Leptospermum Scaparium Nicholii fell the 25-guinea cup presented by the "Gardeners' Chronicle" for the best new plant, species, hybrid, or variety not previously exhibited.

The judges were a long time deciding the destination of this handsome trophy, for there was another floral Richmond in the tented field at Chelsea, in the shape of a splendid new orchid, Sir



Topical photo.

SOME OF THE ROYAL PARTY IN THE JAPANESE GARDEN.

in the old formal style of gardening. Of the hundreds of box and yew and bay specimens, trained and trimmed to represent peacocks, tables, crowns, stags and other devices, the greater number bore last Saturday a "Sold" ticket. But to the lover of the beautiful these things could not appeal as did the splendid display of acers, of golden oaks, Japanese maples, purple and other oaks, and other ornamental trees, and the glorious display of rhododendrons and azaleas of all varieties. Both of these were plentifully shown in bush and standard form, and made a particularly pleasing show. So, also, did the lilacs and the wonderful display of conifers, ceanothus, cypripis, bambos, laburnums, katmias, aucubas, silver hollies, and climatic on view. But perhaps the most interesting feature of this section was the wonderfully varied groups of new trees and shrubs shown by the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, which have been raised from seed collected by Mr. E. H. Wilson during his last two journeys in China.

Sweet Peas.

The display of sweet peas was wonderful for the time of year. It was, indeed, marvellous that such colour, size and substance could be imparted to flowers at such an early date. Some of the Melba blooms shown were nearly 3in in diameter, and there were sprays of Mrs.

in commerce, many of the so-called new varieties being quite indistinguishable from older sorts, and the "improvement" in others a very open question.

Roses.

The display of roses surpassed all previous efforts in the Old Country without doubt, but here, again, the "novelties" bore a surprising resemblance to old friends. Perhaps the best of them was Paul and Sons' Freda, a superb rose, which may be fairly described as a glorified Bessie Brown in pink. It is, perhaps, a trifle more elongated than Bessie Brown, but apart from colour, it is as like that popular rose as the proverbial "two peas in a pod."

Another good novelty is F. C. Seton, a deliciously sweet and shapely rose of cherry red colour, and Mr. Charles Turner, the introducer of the crimson rambler, introduced to the public two new varieties which ought to become as popular as our old friend, one is named Ethel, a light and graceful rambler of the Dorothy Perkins type, which comes into flower rather earlier than that established favourite. The other is also a rambler of the Hiawatha type of growth, its flowers being large and fairly double, but showing a clear white centre with a wash of golden stamens. In colour it is brighter than Excelsa when that rose is

this section lay in the magnificent arrays of hippeastrums. Several eminent firms contributed remarkable displays of these gorgeous flowers, but those made by Ker and Sons, of Liverpool, and Sir George Holford, were really startling, the blooms embracing a very wide range of colour, from white to deepest purple, many of them being lined, suffused or netted with charming effect. The only colour wanting was a pure yellow. The nearest approach to this colour, which specialists have been trying to get for years, was "Ophir," a yellowish buff shown by Messrs Ker. Other new hippeastrums were "International," a warm orange netted with red, with a white central band and a metallic suffusion of violet in the centre of each segment; "Midnight," a very dark velvety crimson; "Brilliant," a particularly rich scarlet self; and King George V., a glowing scarlet. Of salmon and rose varieties there were scores of examples on view, and taken altogether, the display of hippeastrums formed one of the most notable features of the exhibition.

Time and space will not permit of any detailed description of the vast array of the commoner forms of flora on view in this section, or of the general decorative plants, and the striking display of crotons, anthuriums, caladiums, and dracaenas. Brief mention must, however, be made of the begonia exhibits,

George Hutton's Brasso-Children "The King." Finally, the New Zealand plant was the day, but it is understood that it was only by the barest possible majority of votes. If only they were handy, these New Zealand shrubs would undoubtedly quickly find a place in English collections, and in any case, many will try them in sheltered places, and feel well rewarded if one year in ten they can achieve a display equal to Mr Brasso's, whose plants are grown in the open-air at Long Rock.

In the same group of beautiful plants of doubtful value out of doors, must be placed Mr Dorrien-Smith's unique collection of olearias, of which 30 distinct species are shown. Perhaps the most ornamental of the new ones is the New Zealand species *O. dentata*, which was awarded the Birmingham Botanical and Horticultural Society's medal.

Another New Zealand plant on view was *Celmisia spectabilis argentea*, which bids fair to become popular at Home. This plant, which has the large pure white flowers of an immense daisy and bold silvery foliage, secured an award of merit for its exhibitors, Messrs Bees, of Liverpool.

On the whole it will be seen that little New Zealand scored pretty heavily, considering the competition its plants had to meet in the greatest horticultural show ever held.

Exhibits from Japan.

The house from Japan is full of quaint garden screens and lattices, of all manner of extraordinary figures—galloping horses with riders, etc.—fashioned of ferns, of dozens of dwarf trees as old as Chelsea's glory, and of most exquisite dwarf wisteria, white and mauve; of giant lilies; porcelain garden seats looking like huge pot-pourri jars; and fascinating miniature rock-gardens—things not more than a couple of feet square, full of grottoes with little streams, and baby bridges, summer-houses no bigger than egg-cups, and steps not more than an inch long.

Australia's Exhibit.

Australia has sent a splendid collection which is housed in a picturesque green and white miniature cottage over which roses are trailing. An emu and a wallaby extend a welcome at the top of the steps at the entrance, and the large room inside has walls that are completely covered with a capital canvas representative of Australia's principal industries—agriculture, fruit growing, and mining, etc. Fungus and cabbage trees decorate the centre of the apartment, and there are immense exhibits of apples, grapes, raisins, pears, almonds, bananas, and all manner of dried and bottled fruits, honey, etc.

Canada.

The elegance of the Canadian display was the talk of the show. In a beautifully-furnished tent the Government staged huge glass urns, containing splendid samples of apples, pears, peaches, and grapes. It was an altogether marvellous display worthy of the great western country.

In future issues we shall publish illustrations of some of the principal exhibits.

"THE DAILY MAIL" ROSE.

A NEW COLOUR.

As the Queen came into the French tent at the Royal Flower Show, her attention was suddenly caught by a wonderful group of roses. It attracted her notice even though it lay on the other side of a bank of rhododendrons, and she stopped to point out the unusual beauty of the flowers to those who were with her.

Most striking of all among these splendid blooms was the seedling rose plant shown by M. J. Pernet-Ducher, which was awarded "The Daily Mail" Gold Cup offered for the best new rose.

The new rose has had a second christening, as "The Daily Mail rose," a new name is added to the old. As it had been previously named Madame Edouard Herriot, after the Lady Mayoresse of Lyons, there was some question whether it was qualified to receive "The Daily Mail" Gold Cup, but the question was happily decided between the committee of judges and the "inventor."

It was agreed by everyone that no unnamed seedling in the show came near M. Ducher's rose for superb quality, and that it must have "The Daily Mail" Gold Cup for the best new rose. On his side, M. Ducher was cordially willing to give his rose the double name, and as such it figures in the show and will figure in M.

Ducher's catalogue. The rose will be offered to the public for the first time next November.

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M. Ducher has been a "rosarista" at Lyons all his life; one of his father's triumphs was "Baroness de Rothschild."—"Daily Mail."

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The Fixer.

By PORTER EMERSON BROWN.

WITH his heel Hollander kicked a pile of books from a corner of the table, and resting his feet upon the spot thus made vacant lay back luxuriously in his chair, and with head on one side and fingertips together, let his gaze rest in cold, critical judgment upon the man before him.

"Stop fussing with that matchbox," commanded Hollander, "and sit down."

Kendall, impatiently, with the manner of a man to whom it makes but little difference where he is or what he does, tossed the little gold box amid a heap of clutter on the table and slumped into a heavy leather chair opposite that of his friend.

"Now let me look at your tongue," ordered Hollander.

The other snorted impatiently.

"You think you're funny," he said, peevishly, "but you're only fire-eater. Why, there's nothing the matter with me except that I'm a bit off my feed, and tired of doing the same old things over and over again. And here you—"

Hollander interrupted him with an imperious wave of the hand.

"Ajum!" He cleared his throat impressively. "The diagnosis is ready. I, old Dr. Hollander, having painstakingly and thoroughly investigated your case in all its phases, am at length ready to speak. So list!"

"You, dear patient," he went on, with yet added erudition, "are suffering from an unusual complaint. To us savants it is known scientifically as collywobles extraordinary-sis. In your case it has been induced by a condition of megalo-bankacountis that you inherited from your parents and aggravated by the excessive non-vigilance of your mode of life.

"To reduce the diagnosis to terms which your mind is able to comprehend, your pathway through life is too well macadamised and landscape gardenised. You haven't enough trouble. You have too much money for the size of your brain. Your sense of appreciation is so atrophied that it cannot perform its functions, and your sense of gratitude ossified beyond belief. Instead of being in your knees thanking a prodigal heaven for the gifts it has so indubitably showered upon you, you're lying on your back, wailing because you have so many things to be thankful for that you can't get round without tripping over them. It takes a man of brains to be rich. You're mentally upholstered for an income of about twenty-two dollars a month and your board.

"But fear not. The cure is at hand; and that cure is one upon which all of us savants stand agreed. You need a counter irritant; and that means a wife, Marry. That is my advice, Marry. Find some poor, unfortunate girl whose parents are not overparticular, and lead her to the altar, or the altarman, and there promise a lot of things that you couldn't make good on to save your life.

"That's what you need—a wife. Remember, we appreciate things—desirable things, of course—in this world only for their infrequency or difficulty of obtaining. Applying this syllogism, the single man, who can get what he wants when he wants it, appreciates nothing. But the married man, who has to take what he can get when he can get it, appreciates everything.

"It is only the married man who appreciates his club. He has a home with which to compare it. Only the married man appreciates his home. He has a club with which to compare it. The single man has no home, but only a club; and he has no standard of comparison, which is absolutely essential to appreciation. Oh, it takes mentality to be a bachelor; for the bachelor has to live by imaginary standards. Now I have the mental qualifications necessary, therefore I am in my bachelorhood perfectly and supremely contented. You haven't; hence, it is necessary that you should have those standards concretely before you. I think that covers your case. Five hundred, please."

Kendall gazed at him wearily. "As that all?" he queried, resignedly. "For the present, yes."

"Thank th' Lord," exclaimed Kendall, fervently. He viewed his friend with the simulation of great admiration. "What an ornament you would make to the Senate!" he said. "Anyone who can talk as much, and say as little, as you can has no business to be concealing his lights under the bushel of private life. You owe your talents to your country."

"Thank you," returned Hollander, modestly. "But you may not evade the issue through subtle flattery. Meet yourself face to face. You're in a lousy way. What are you going to do about it?" Kendall shook his head.

"Nothing," he returned. "How can I? Why, even if I could find a girl I wanted to marry, it's a thousand to one she wouldn't want to marry me. I never saw one yet."

"That you would marry, or that would marry you?"

and graceful, good figure, and all that sort of thing, of course, eh?" he asked.

"I suppose so," returned Kendall. "Yes, of course she would have to be that sort."

"Blonde or brunette?" queried Hollander.

"Brunette," Kendall returned, less apathetically. "Black hair, you know, and lots of it; but none of this Marcel and puff business, though it must be naturally wavy, and just a bit rebellious."

Hollander nodded.

"Eyes?" he asked.

"Brown. Deep, frank, expressive brown, with long lashes and arched brows."

"Nose?"

"Thin, aquiline, patrician; with delicately moulded nostrils."

"Teeth? Oh—ah—white and even and glistening between red, curved lips, of course," he answered himself.

Kendall inclined his head.

"Right-oh," he agreed.

"What else?" asked Hollander.

"Um—ah—well, she must have a soft-speaking voice; and she must be able to sing, and to sing well; and to play, and to play well; she must of course be superlatively attractive as to manners, and as to mannerisms; of good family; travelled; of unexceptional taste in

a little effort on my part, do you? Why, the girl's as good as found already!"

"I'd like to bet you five thousand to a pint of peanuts that she isn't," asserted Kendall, "and, furthermore, never will be."

"You're too generous," returned Hollander. "I'll take your bet, even money." Kendall waved a protesting palm.

"I'm no robber of feeble-minded children," he declared, loftily. "If your poor old guardian could know of your making any such proposition in aurora-borealis finance as this, he'd turn over in his grave like a squirrel in a cage. I'll give you ten to one, and not a cent better—I mean worse."

"Well," retorted Hollander, "it's just a matter of form, anyway. We'll make the time one month; though I don't anticipate that I shall need a fourth of that. Why, look at the girls there are in New York! All one needs is a little patience and energy, and a certain amount of system. I'll be like taking spectacles away from old ladies."

"And when, may I ask," queried Kendall, ironically, "will the ceremony occur?"

"Oh, I'll tell you in plenty of time to prepare your trousseau," replied Hollander. His eyes happened to turn to the broad window through which one might catch a glimpse of the green verdure of the Park, and beyond a little stretch of the bridle path, dun against the bright blue of the reservoir.

With a little exclamation of excitement he leaped from his chair.

"By jinks!" he exclaimed, "that looks like her now!" And butting the startled Kendall, who likewise had risen, over his chair and into the corner, he rushed through the door and was gone.

Dashing across the avenue and leaping the Park wall, Hollander reached the bridle path just in time to get in the way of a galloping thoroughbred that bore upon its back a stout, batty youth, who succeeded in pulling his mount to its haunches barely in time to save the ardent and excited Hollander from being ridden down.

"What th' Billy blazes!" began the youth on the Kentucky gelding. "My great suffering Aunt Maria! Why don't you look where you're going, you big—Whoa, there! Easy, now, pony!" A moment of restoring to a placid frame of mind his hysterical horse, and the young man turned his eyes again upon Hollander: this time with recognition.

"Well, I'll be dinged!" he exclaimed. "So it's you, is it?"

"Yes; it's I," returned Hollander.

"Well, what in Sam Hill—"

"You talk too much, Tubby," interrupted Hollander, curtly. "Get down off that horse. I need it."

"Well, wha' d' yer know about that?" queried the amazed cavalier. "Get down off that horse; I need it," he says to me, just like that. My horse, too! Well, wha' d' yer know—"

"Come, hurry up, now," admonished Hollander. "I can't wait here all day."

"Well, you don't need any nerve stimulant," opined the horse-man, positively. "I may as well tell you that I'm out for a little afternoon merry-go-round, and I don't propose to lend my Blue Grass pride to every pampered, pot-headed disturber of the peace that thinks 's wants to do a Wild-Weat speciality. You want a horse, go to a livery stable."

Across the reservoir, beyond the expanse of glittering water, there could be seen against the afternoon sun the figure of a girl upon a clean-lined sorrel.

Hollander glanced quickly at her, and yet more quickly at the man above him. He spoke no word. He merely grabbed the cavalier by one whitepocketed leg with his left hand and gave it a quick yank, at the same time catching the bridle in his right; whereat the cavalier, who was not in the least anticipating any such forceful attentions, described a neat arc around the side of his horse, and ere he had time to sit up and ask, in weak surprise: "Wha' d' yer know about that?" Hollander, upon the Kentucky gelding, was tearing down the bridle path with his silk hat in his hand and his frock coat streaming out behind.

On the west side of the Park, halfway down, where the path winds under a little bridge that is usually thickly festooned with baby carriages, Hollander overtook the girl whom he was pursuing. And at the same place three mounted police and seventeen volunteer life savers overtook Hollander. So that it was not until after half a mile of very painstaking and impatient explanation that he really had a chance to look at her closely.

She was all, and more, than his glimpse



AHEAD OF TIME.

"That I would marry. Modesty forbids my answering your other question."

"But there are so many girls," said Hollander, "that surely there must be one who would be willing to marry you."

"Then find her," returned Kendall, crossly, "and don't talk so much about it."

"And if I do?"

Kendall shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not averse to marriage as an institution," he said. "In fact, I think it's an extremely good thing, especially for our descendants. Find a girl that I will want to marry and that will want to marry me and I'll be only too glad to comply with your wishes."

"Of courses you have certain ideas, certain specifications, so to speak, as to what the girl must be like," said Hollander, tentatively.

"I never thought much about it," replied the other.

"Then think now."

"Um—ah—well—oh, this is a silly business. What's the use of my sitting here talking like an ass?" said Kendall, impatiently.

"Even an ass ought to exercise its brain once in a while," returned Hollander. "Kk—she must be tall and lithe

dress, a girl who doesn't have to depend upon frills and feathers and flounces to make herself appear well, but who is beautiful in spite of, and not because of, the druggist, the modiste, and the milliner. And she must be gentle, affectionate, thoughtful, honest, and of compelling, fascinating personality."

"Money?"

"Oh, I don't care about that. As you so kindly observed, I now have an income that is beyond my mentality. So doubtless it were as well to have her subtract from it as to add to it."

"Anything else?"

"I don't think of anything," returned Kendall, thoughtfully. And then: "Oh, yes! She must of course love me, and I must love her."

Hollander nodded.

"Of course," he agreed.

"But I say," said Kendall, "you don't really mean—you really have no serious idea of starting out on any such wild goose hunt as this, have you?"

"You're not complimentary to your future wife," reproached Hollander. "I certainly do mean to start out on this wild-wife chase; and I mean to find her, too. You don't suppose I'd see a lifelong friend die of the jimbockies for want of

from Kendall's window had led him to believe. Her hair, beneath the little cocked hat, was dark and wifull and curled only by nature's fingers. She had dark eyes, glorious eyes, and a thin, aquiline, patrician nose, beneath which curved in a fascinating, tantalising bow the reddest of lips which, parted, allowed one to see white even little teeth. And her habit showed her little, perfectly moulded figure to positive bewildering advantage. Hollander reined his big, hard-mouthed gelding down to a slow trot, and cogitated.

They were rapidly nearing the Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street entrance. It was growing late. The chances were that she had finished her ride, and was on her way back to her groom. In another minute it would be too late for him to speak to her. And Hollander's convolutions churned wildly in an effort to evolve some method by which he might approach her diplomatically, possibly.

"When you have but a moment in which to think of something to say, that something almost invariably eludes you. It is always the next morning that the oratorical gems that you might have uttered come teeming to your mind in provoking, sneering, exasperating border. So it was with Hollander. His mind gave him no fruit of its labours. And at last, in frantic despair, for the entrance was now close at hand, he dug his heels into the big gelding's flanks and drew up beside her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, confusedly, raising his silk hat the while, "but—"

And there he stuck.

"Are you speaking to me?" she asked in surprise that quickly turned to coldness. Her voice was low and musical, and quite beyond the fondest specification-hope.

"I was trying to," returned Hollander. "But I didn't get along very well, did I?" He laughed; and then was sorry that he hadn't kept silent. "You see," he went on, weakly, "I wanted to talk with you; and I tried to think of some way to approach you diplomatically and conventionally, tried so hard to think that the inside of my head feels like a scrambled egg. I know I'm awfully rude, unpardonably ill-bred," he rushed on. "But it's a very vital matter, you know; and I thought that under the circumstances you might forgive me. I'm a gentleman, you know; at least, I was born that way, and I've tried to stay as near like one as I was able, so I didn't want to follow you home like one of those private detectives that hide in people's sideboards and climb up their fire escapes, you know. And I knew that if I let you get away from me this time I might never be able to find you again. So I knocked a friend of mine off his horse and—well, here I am," he finished, lamely.

"You are rude," she said coldly. "Very."

"Oh, I know it," he agreed, earnestly. "I'm worse than that. I ought to have my head punched, and maybe I'll get it done if you have a brother. He's all for Kendall's sake, you know. He's a really chap, one of the best friends a fellow ever had; and he's got the grumps, what in old days they used to call the grumps, I believe. And it's all because he's got too much money and not enough to do, and no girl friends at all; and a man ought not to live entirely apart from women, you know, especially when he has no mother nor sisters nor cousins. I says somewhere—I don't remember now just where—Shakepeare or the Bible or some place like that—that it isn't a good scheme for a chap to live alone. And Ken— I say, here we are almost at your entrance. And there's your groom waiting, isn't he. Won't you turn back with me, and go halfway around again? I know it's a terrible thing for me to ask. Why, you don't even know who I am. But I'll tell you now, you know. I'm Hollander—John Monteith Hollander. The Gramery Park Hollanders, you know. My great-great-grandfather was a useful old roller. You've heard of him, perhaps? His name's in all histories. Had a trading post at Utica or Schenectady or Rochester or somewhere and used to swap wood alcohol with the Indians for fur and stuff. But won't you turn and make another round with me? Isn't it late. Of course my costume's atrocious. But I'll throw it hat away and people won't notice such. Won't you, please?" There was an infant-beseeching in his gray eyes.

The girl reined in her little sorrel in frank doubt.

"Really, this is most extraordinary," she said in pretty perplexity. "I know I ought not to. But—"

"There isn't a bit of harm in your doing so," he protested. "Of course, it's

unconventional, and all that; but there's no harm, I'm sure. If people see us, they'll think we know each other of course, and won't suspect the slightest impropriety. I'm sure I know a lot of people. And it might easily have been that I would have known you if I hadn't been so unlucky."

"I have a brother," began the girl, thoughtfully.

"Well, send him around to-morrow," suggested Hollander. "I won't care what he does to me. By Jove, it'll be a pleasure to let him disfigure me for life. It's worth it!"

"I didn't mean that," smiled the girl.

"I meant only that possibly you might know him. He belongs to lots of clubs; and he went to Yale."

"What class was he in?"

"Nineteen Hundred."

"Of course I know him!" exclaimed Hollander delightedly. "And surely that makes it all right. Not the most carping disciple of Mrs. Grundy could say anything against your riding in the park with an old college classmate of your brother. Why, that's propriety personified!"

"But you don't know who my brother is," protested the girl.

"I know that no matter who he is, he was my chum. If he weren't I'd go down to my lawyers to-morrow morning and make application to have a guardian appointed. You will ride around again with me, won't you? Surely, your brother and I having been such fast friends for so long—"

"By Jove, that's awfully good of you. I don't know how to thank you!"

They rode for a moment in silence through the leafy arches of the trees.

"You were speaking of a friend of yours, a Mr. Kendall, I think you said."

"Oh, yes! By Jove, I'd forgotten all about him, you know! Well, Kendall's a bully fellow. Rich as mud—of a fine family—belongs to all the clubs, and could shine in society only he doesn't want to. I rag him a lot about being scantily furnished mentally. But really he's most unusually intelligent and brainy and of splendid principles; altogether the kind of a man you won't find in many a long day's hunt. If only an all-wise Providence had taken his money away from him, he would have amounted to something. But it didn't. So he doesn't amount to any more than the rest of us. But there's this difference between Ken and the general run of chaps. The latter don't care whether they amount to anything or not, and get along perfectly contentedly in amounting to nothing. Ken doesn't. Although he doesn't think that it's ungodly prowess and ungodly ambition that are siling him, it really is. And the only thing that will do him any good is to give him an incentive. Ability without incentive is no good; as incentive without ability is likewise."

"Now," he went on, "I've figured it out that there are two great incentives for the normal man. The first is necessity; the second is the loving of a good woman. For a man will work twice as hard for the woman he loves as for the woman that loves him. Now necessity never can be Ken's incentive. So it must be the loving of a woman. That's why I did a Paul Revere's ride after you. You're going to let him love you."

She looked up in startled surprise.

"What!" she cried, in amazement.

He nodded coolly.

"Yes," he returned. "You must let him love you. Then you must make him up and sic him at some big thing. Make him an honest politician, or an honourable business man, or some other kind of a curiosity; the Lord knows we need 'em badly enough these days. That's all he needs—to be taken in hand by some one capable of doing it. He's like a motor without a driver, cutting circles all over the lawn, with engine racing and clutch slipping. Get at the wheel and control; and it'll save him and won't hurt you."

For a moment she did not reply.

"But what makes you think I could do this?" she asked at length.

"I don't think, I know."

"But to assume that he would—would love me!"

"If he didn't, I'd punch his head."

She smiled.

"That wouldn't benefit him any."

"It would me, though," he returned. "A lot."

"It's very strange," she said at length, thoughtfully. "Most strange."

"I'll bring him around some time," he suggested. "What is your day?"

"Friday afterwards, I'm at home."

"Next Friday, then," he decided. "Good."

"But I—it's too absurd. And it's too—too dangerous. I really couldn't promise—really, I don't understand myself this afternoon. If anyone had told me that I should be doing as I am, and

saying what I am, and listening to what I am— But you've interested me very, very much, you know; and my curiosity—yes, you may bring him Friday, if you wish. But I promise nothing."

"Oh, that's all right," he replied. "I don't want you to. Just let me bring him around. That's all I ask. Eh, by the way—"

"Yes!"

"I almost forgot that I don't know who you are or where you live."

"I'm Priscilla Van Dyne."

"Van Dyne!" he cried. "Then your brother is—"

"Tom Van Dyne."

"Not Tully Van Dyne!"

She smiled assent.

"Eh—you—eh—you didn't notice anything, did you?"

"Why, no?" she said. "What?"

"This horse I'm riding."

Her eyes rested on the big gelding.

"Why?" she exclaimed, with a little gasp. "It's Hard Head!"

He nodded.

"I hope your brother'll be out when we call," he said. "He hit the bridle path an awful thump."

Half an hour later a gloomy, brow-corrugated, fidgeting Kendall was interrupted by the whirling entrance of an excited, hatless, enthusiastic Hollander.

"Well," cried the latter, as he plumped himself into a chair and reached for a cigarette, "you might as well pay me now. By Jove, I ought to get a bonus! I've got the specifications beaten a mile!"

"What have you been doing?" queried Kendall. "Look at your trousers, man. They're covered with mud."

"What care I for trousers?" asked Hollander, airily. "Why, my son, she's a wonder; and if you don't love her, and make love to her, you ought to swap that thing you wear instead of a brain for a under-done custard pie, and give something to boot besides, and furthermore congratulate yourself for making the trade of your career. Why, my boy, she's—she's—she's—"

Words failed him. He could but sit with an expression of transcendent, admiring, excited, worshipful adoration upon his handsome visage, the while pawing the air with mute but most expressive fingers.

"Have a lucid interval, won't you?" requested Kendall, impatiently. "What's it all about, anyway?"

"Why, I've found her; that's all; and we're to go around to her house Friday afternoon—"

The lobby clock in the corner of the room gave forth a bell-like chime and then struck six musical strokes. At the second, Hollander leaped to his feet, and at the third he had snatched Kendall's hat from his man, who had just entered, bearing his master's headgear, stick, and gloves.

"Pardon the petty larceny, old man," he said, hurriedly, "but I threw my cover at a squirrel; and it was all for your sake, you know. Have a dinner engagement at seven-thirty and must go to the rooms and dress; and to-morrow away for three days; not back until Friday; so meet me that afternoon—three o'clock, at the Scorpion—that's near her place—and I'll take you around to see your future wife. Until the fateful day, then, my boy," and in another instant, they heard him descending the stairs, four steps at a time.

It was on Friday afternoon, at quarter past five, that an aggrieved and unaccompanied and apologetic and abashed Hollander found himself making profuse, sincere, but confused apologies to a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl.

"Don't understand it at all," he murmured, humbly, lugubriously. "Nothing like it happened before. I assure you. Told him distinctly when and where I'd meet him. But he wasn't there. So I called up his rooms. Not there, either. Waited at the club until a few moments ago and then came away, leaving word behind as to where you lived. Ashamed to death about it all, really. There was some confusion when I told him, and he may have made some mistake. It's not at all like Kendall. Certainly must be some misunderstanding somewhere. Do hope it isn't my fault. Never felt so humiliated and ashamed in my life, by Jove. More than sorry. Where's your brother? I'd feel much better if he'd come in and punch my head; and then we could both go and punch Kendall's. Really, it's quite unforgivable—quite. Don't know how to ask you to pardon me. But you'll try, won't you? Maybe he's sick. By Jove, I never thought of that! That's it. He's sick. I certainly do hope he's sick—sick as the deuce. Then I sha'n't be under the necessity of making him so when I find him."

The girl smiled.

"It's not very flattering to me, is it?" she queried.

"Oh, you can't look at it that way, you know," expostulated Hollander. "After he once sees you, he'll be clattering up your front steps and getting in the way of everybody, from the milkmaid to the night watchman."

A servant entered, silently.

"What is it, Mason?" queried the girl. The man handed Hollander a note.

Hollander gazed at the girl, happily.

"See!" he cried, with joyous relief. "I knew there was some good reason for his not coming. He's sick, as I said; or some of his folks have died, or something of the kind has happened. He's phoned the club and gotten my message. He's sick, undoubtedly—probably in the hospital. Poor chap! I'm sorry for all the hard things I said about him; I honestly am, by Jove. If you had known Ken as long as I have, you'd be just as sure that only some vital thing would make him break an engagement. Yes, he must be sick—very sick—grippe, probably. Poor old chap!"

The girl had nodded.

"If you'll permit," said Hollander, tentatively, as he made ready to tear open the envelope.

"Of course," she replied. "I'm really just as anxious as you. I want to know whether I am to feel sorry or insulted. Open it, please."

Quickly Hollander tore the end from the envelope and extracted therefrom a folded sheet of paper.

Spreading this out, he bent his gaze upon it. Then he gasped, and rubbed his eyes vaguely, and gasped again. And helplessly, he handed the paper to the girl.

"You read it," he said, weakly; "and tell me whether you see the same things I do."

She took the note from his hand and bent her dark eyes upon it. Then suddenly she burst forth into musical merriment.

"Oh!" she cried. "It's too funny!" and the red lips parted wide in honest, rapping, infectious laughter. "Don't look at me like that! It's too, too funny! And to think—"

Laughter conquered words; and she let it have its full frank, delicious sway.

Hollander turned at length to the servant.

"Is the boy still there?" he demanded; and at an affirmative answer from the man, he left the room impetuously.

In another minute, the boy, cap in hand and unstrained hair sticking up at uncompromising angles, stood before him.

"Where did you get this message?" cross-examined Hollander.

"At the Little Choir Around the Corner," replied the boy, sociably.

"Who gave it to you?"

"A swell guy who was down dere gettin' himself married."

"And what was the bride like?"

"All tub th' mustard," returned the boy, enthusiastically. "Short an' kind o' fat—not too fat, yuh know, jus' kind o' wid a little nose an' blue bangs an' yaller hair, wid more'n a million of them puff things on it, an' gee! she was all dressed up like a horse."

Hollander asked no more for there was in his mind the list of "specifications" that he had so carefully compiled. So without a word he tendered the boy a coin and returned to the still laughing girl.

Suddenly there spread over his clean-cut features an expression of profound, immense, enormous discovery.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, to himself. "And to think I never thought of that before! And all the time I was going to—"

"Well," he said aloud, "I am waiting."

"For what?" she queried.

"For you to do your part," he returned. "I was a good John Alden; the fact that I was working for a rascally Standish is nothing against me. So as soon as you say your line, I'll do the best I can to make the proper answer."

Her face was awfully; and she had stopped laughing.

"And—well, she didn't say it, exactly, but there must have been some reason for her brother's remarking, when he entered the room a moment later, quite unexpectedly:

"Now wha'd yer know about that! First he stole my horse; and now he's trying to steal my sister! I guess I'd better go out in the dining room and lock up father and mother and the silver!"

Little Clarence (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, the Forty Thieves—

Mr Callipers—Now, my son, you are too young to talk politics.

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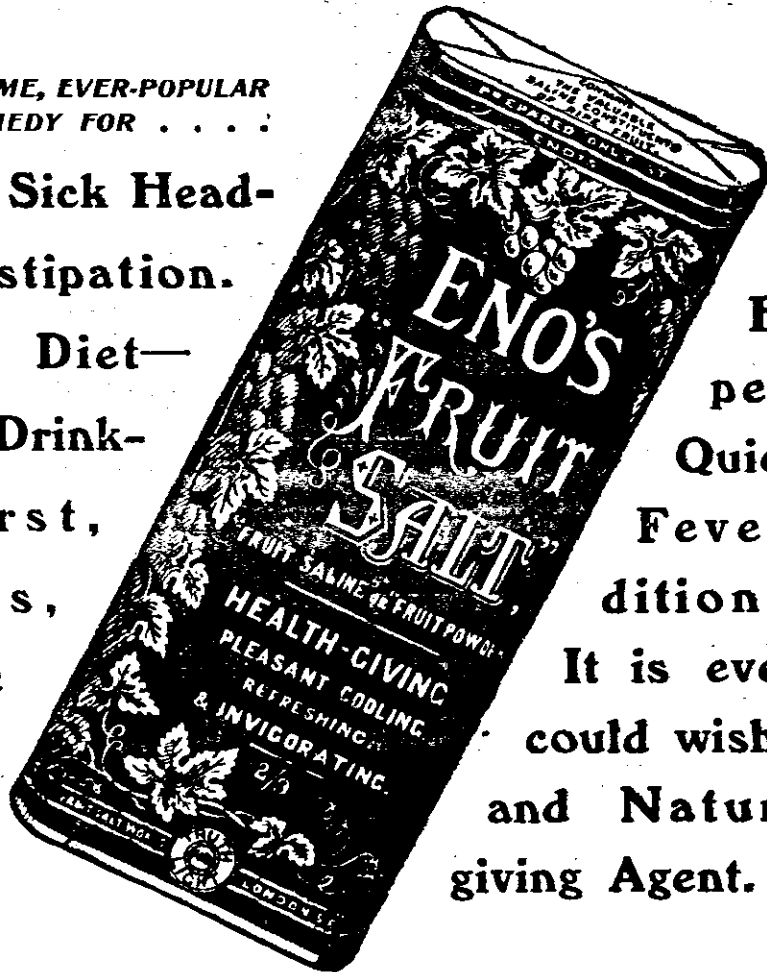
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A Strange Duel.

By E. F. Martin, late of the Royal Niger Company's Service.

IN the month of January, a few years ago, towards the close of a dazzling tropical day in the Western Sudan, I had a memorable encounter with a family of hippos.

It happened, at the time, to be returning from a shooting trip up the Benue, a river that joins the Niger at Lokoja. I was due at the latter place next day, in order to catch the steamer that was to take me down river, on my way home on leave. I had gone up the Benue as far as the town of Loko, on the north bank, not far from the large island town of Nassarawa. At Loko I had contracted a severe dose of malarial fever, and at the time of which I write I was feeling anything but up to the mark; in fact, I could hardly put one foot before the other. As all those who have suffered from tropical malarial fever know, it does not require a very severe attack to leave you quite unfit for any ordinary exertion.

My party was an exceedingly small one, consisting of my servant, Bakari, a Fulani from Marawa, beyond Yola, and two canoe-men; and my conveyance, a little Kakanda dug-out, was barely large enough to carry the four of us in safety. In my hurry to get back to Lokoja I had to leave our large craft behind at Loko.

The river Benue at the point where my adventure occurred was broad and deep—in width about a quarter of a mile—flowing between great sweeping stretches of golden sand on the one side and dark virgin forests on the other. These forests teemed with game.

The few natives who still inhabit that part of the country are gone too friendly. They form the remnants of the original inhabitants who were driven across to the south bank of the river by the continual slave raids of the Mohammedan races from the north.

The wonderful hush which at eventide hangs like a mystic veil over all the tropical world was settling down, and the sun had just sunk below the horizon.

Presently I noticed a far-off splashing, intermingled, now and then, with the unmistakable snort of the hippo.

Following the direction of the sound I could dimly see, some hundreds of yards away, that a family of the great aquatic beasts was sporting itself in giant gambols. Had it been possible, we would have shaped a course away from the group, as it is never safe for a canoe to pass near where young hippos are at play. We had no help for it, however, but to go straight on our course, as the river at this point ran in a single deep channel.

The sunset splendour gradually died out of the sky, and the glassy surface of the river, stretching for mile on mile, took on the cloak of night. Suddenly my canoe-man started to urge the frail craft forward eagerly. Their keen ears had heard some sound that I, as yet, was unable to distinguish. But I soon discovered the cause of their anxiety; our worst fears were justified. Old Father Hippo had spotted us!

In the gathering gloom the hissing, blowing sound of the great beast could be heard from time to time as he swam swiftly in our wake.

My boatmen were now standing up, straining every muscle in the wild race for life. There was no more concealment. The frail craft leapt forward with a swish and a surge at every powerful paddle-stroke, the man in the bow, in his intense excitement, ever now and then sending a shower of water over me. Up against the stars, the man in the stern swung and bent like a sinuous shadow in the tremendous struggle. He grunted as he strained every muscle, and his breath came in sobbing gasps. Rocking up and down, and from side to side, the canoe tore through the water like a living thing.

I carefully examined the magazine and lock of my rifle, for nothing could be left to chance now. My servant knelt at my feet, his white coat showing up very clearly against the night. Every now and then he would say: "Dooba, massa, chan! Ka gani! Kaji!" (Look, sir, yonder! You see! You hear?)

The darkening surface of the water seemed to be broken some distance astern,

but it was difficult to make anything out for certain, while our speed and the noise of our going prevented me from hearing very clearly what my servant seemed to hear so well. Not very long after this, however, I caught the whiff of a gleam of foam, and heard the spluttering hiss above the rush of water. In spite of our pace, our pursuer was overhauling us.

Then, as we dashed, but ever nearer and nearer came that menace of the dark waters, threatening to engulf us in the dark.

Then, raising my rifle and taking a quick snap aim at the patch of foam, I let go.

The flash of the explosion and the stunning report of the discharge, together



"With a roar it turned on its unlooked-for assailant."

with the smell of burnt powder—all the associations of that moment, away out on the wide waste of dark waters—have left an impression on me that I shall never wipe out. The sudden glare of that instantaneous photograph revealed the crouching form of the canoe-man in the stern, who had stopped paddling when I raised my gun, and over whose head I had fired; the peering, strained attitude of my servant, and that ominous gurgling patch of brilliant white, where our enemy was now thrashing along, right under our stern. Then everything vanished in the subsequent blackness, the darkness of night seeming intensified a thousandfold.

Suddenly the whole place seemed filled with rolling echoes. Over the water, far and wide, volley after volley of distant and still more distant musketry thundered and roared, stirring the leaves of the trees in the woods and dying away gradually in the hidden recesses of the hills. Frightened monkeys chattered on the far-off banks of the river; the sudden call of a night-bird was heard in the forest. Then something happened that baffles description. There came a roar and a splash just at our stern, and the hot breath of the beast that was chasing us blew in our faces. My shot had not taken effect!

With a horrible snapping crunch the terrible jaws closed on the poor dug-out. A gurgling cry, a ghostly scream; then a

rush of water overwhelmed me. As I was engulfed, a feeling of being lost in a great cold vastness seized me—the terror of the unknown depths was upon me—for I was hurled down and down, a helpless thing, the black waters all around me and above me, waters that swarmed with that terror of rivers, the alligator. As the canoe upset, something struck me between the shoulders, sending me headlong to the bottom. I struck madly outwards and upwards, and finally I rose to the surface spluttering and well-nigh done. I found that I had come up close to the great steering-paddle used by our Cox. Taking this as a float, and with the aid of the stream, I made for the south shore. In order not to draw the attention of my enemy, I at first uttered no sound, but swam on and on down the stream, edging ever to the left.

The horrible thought that at any moment cruel jaws might seize me, dragging me down to a death too terrible to think of, was always with me. Later on, when I thought that I might be out of harm's way, so far as the hippopotamus was concerned, I uttered a faint halloo. I had hardly any voice left, what with fever, excitement, and fatigue.

A weird, long-drawn wail answered me,

due to the death went on for some time—a time that seemed an eternity to me—as I never knew that the next charge might not mean the end of my new friend and helper. Exhausted as I was, if the hippo had won, I should have died like a dog, crushed and mangled out of all recognition.

But my time was not yet. The great river monster was beginning to stagger and founder in his repeated fruitless attempts to close with his foe. Dark patches showed on the ploughed-up sand, where its life-blood was soaking. Presently the man seemed to gather himself together, and, rushing in on his enemy, struck fiercely and repeatedly, burying his long knife up to the hilt in the gaping wound that was now visible low down on the hippo's right side. The moon had risen over the closing scene of this titanic struggle, and as the monstrous head lurched forward and downward I saw a torrent of blood gush forth from the cavernous jaws, and knew that the end was at hand, and that my unknown friend had saved my life. A moment more, and with a gulping, sobbing mutter the hippo rolled over on its side—dead.

I must have lain for at least an hour after the great fight had ended, too exhausted to move or to care even what became of me. My new friend (who later proved to be an Akpoto Bissa) disappeared when the hippo fell, but soon returned with a bundle of brushwood and made a cheerful fire quite close to my feet, and presently, in spite of my wet clothes, I fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke, several men and women were sitting and standing about in the firelight, some of the women cooking at two or three other fires close at hand. My clothes had been taken off as I slept, and were being dried not far from me. My servant, Bakari, was sitting on his heels near by. When I asked him how on earth he got there he explained that he had been picked up by a canoe containing some traders, on their way up river, who on seeing our fire had decided to camp on the same sandbank. Neither of my two canoe-men had put in an appearance.

With the help of the traders and their people my Bissa friend cut up the hippo, but presented me with the canine tusks as a memento of an occasion that hardly required much in the way of a souvenir to keep me from forgetting it.

Next morning the friendly Bissa procured me a canoe, and I set off on my interrupted journey to Lokoja, accompanied by Bakari. On arriving at my destination I found that our bow canoe-man had preceded us, and was calmly ensconced under my bungalow. The other poor fellow was not found until some days later, when a mangled, lifeless form was seen floating among some reeds by the river bank, near Mozum. The hippo had taken his toll.

The fragrance of the blushing rose,
Of luscious fruit the taste;
All for our pleasure God bestows,
Whose wisdom may be traced,
So with the good and beautiful,
Our health maintained and right;
With Peppermint Cure to make more sure,
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from no great distance ahead. Suddenly I touched bottom. Half swimming, half wading, I had hardly reached dry land when I thought I noticed a familiar hissing and blowing behind me. Suddenly an enormous black shape came splashing and foaming after me, out of the depths. I had floundered right into the family of hippos!

I had barely time to dodge to one side before the beast was on me. I tried to run, but stumbled and fell heavily. Wet and exhausted, I lay panting on the sand as the enraged animal rushed by me. Then something happened that I should never have believed possible, had I not seen it with my own eyes. The beast had stopped and turned, evidently intending to come for me again, when up from the sand, just behind the hippo, sprang the dark form of a man. Slipping quickly and silently alongside of the monstrous brute, the stranger stooped and made a desperate lunge at its belly. With a roar it turned on its unlooked-for assailant, who had run off to some little distance and awaited the hounding charge, which he easily dodged, following it by the same deadly knife-thrust.

Like a flash the man was away, and again stood waiting, eager and alert, at some distance behind his gigantic enemy, who, on finding he had missed his man, flung himself round, bellowing the while. Seeing his opponent once more, he went for him again with a mad fury. This

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The Bookshelf.

By DELTA.

FEUILLETON.

Some New Methuen Publications.

MESSRS. METHUEN published on May 9 the sixth volume of the revised form of Professor Bury's edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." One more volume completes the set. Volume six contains twenty illustrations and two maps. Intending visitors to London will be glad to hear that a pocket guide to that great city has been compiled by Mr. George Clinch. It is one of the series of Little Guides which the Messrs. Methuen are issuing in pocket form. To pack the City of London into this compass has been no light achievement. Yet this has been essayed and achieved by Mr. Clinch, and the result was to be ready on May 9, in time for the spring visitors to London. The book has 32 illustrations and a map; the arrangement is alphabetical, in accordance with the scheme of the series. Lovers of Wagner will be delighted with "Tannhauser and the Master Singers of Nuremberg," which is the last of the useful series by Mrs. Leighton Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump. As in the other two volumes, the main features will be, firstly, a clear account of each drama, with the chief motives, and, secondly, the embodiment of Wagner's own notes and explanations, collected for his essays and correspondence. This work also has to be issued early in May, and should shortly reach here. "A Servant of the Public," by Anthony Hope, is the latest addition to this firm's two shilling series. This is the story that deals with the relationship of Miss Ora Piment, a brilliant and successful actress, with society and with the forces of attraction and repulsion she sets in motion unconsciously. "A Servant of the Public" is decidedly a notable contribution to the Messrs. Methuen's two shilling series. June 5 was to see the fourth volume in the pocket re-issue of Mr. Lucas' edition of Lamb's "Plays and Poems" issued. Mr. Lucas, as editor, is sufficient guarantee, were it needed, of the excellence of this edition. A valuable addition to this firm's popular series of shilling novels is, "The Charm," by Mrs. Alice Perrin.

Still Another Work on the Borgias.

"Caesar Borgia: A Study of the Renaissance," by John Leslie Garner, is an important work that was to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin early in June (12/6 net). Another notable publication issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin is Maxim Gorky's play, "The Lower Depths," which is to be included in Mr. Unwin's series of "Plays of To-day and Tomorrow." "The Lower Depths" attracted much attention on its recent production in London, and as a guarantee of the excellence of the translation, we may say that it has been undertaken by Mr. Lawrence Irving. The Unwin house is famous for the quality of its fiction, and its high quality was never more in evidence than with the publication of Mr. Alphonse Courlander's new novel, entitled "Mightier Than the Sword." In this novel Mr. Courlander draws an amazingly vivid picture of a journalist's life. The story opens in a country town, and closes in France, but its main subject is Fleet Street. The outstanding quality of the book is its first-hand genuineness: one feels in reading it that every page is derived from personal experience. In no other novel probably has so convincing a picture of modern journalism been presented. The reader is made to see the inside of a great newspaper office, to share in the sensations of the reporter or the special correspondent as he speeds on his quest for news, and to feel the intense fascination of the thrabbling life of Fleet Street. There is love-making in the book, and conflicts of love and ambition are skillfully drawn, but the real mistress of the hero is the Street; a relentless tyrant to all her lovers, to whom she is a crushing monster. The book is, in the opinion of those who have read the N.Z. by far the most striking book Mr. Courlander has written.

Another Fisher Unwin publication of superlative interest is Frau Adelheid Popp's "Autobiography of a working Woman." This book has been well received by most of the English critics. Mr. Richard Whiteing, of "John Street" fame, says of this book: "It is of surpassing interest for her own generation, but this is not all. Posterity is to be envied the pleasure of reading it when the stress of our day of battle is over, and there is the peace for the sheer wonder that is the soul of things. It will be as captivating as the touches about the slave lairs in the older authors. Two looks that should interest those who are interested in China are "Men and Manners of Modern China," by J. MacGowan (12/6 net) and "The New China," by M. Henri Borel. Both these volumes are written at first hand, and both have been issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Against Female Suffrage.

A writer in the "Literary World," reviewing "Woman Adrift," by Harold Owen (S. Paul, 6/), says: "We have read Mr. Owen's argument carefully, and



IN THE POLITICAL EQUALITY NURSERY.

Bye, Baby, Buntings.
Mother's gone to meeting.
Gone to get her ballot in.
—With apologies to Mother Goose.

sure what the unpardonable sin is, but I believe it is a disposition to evade the payment of small bills.

On Labour: Labour is the only prayer that is ever answered.

On Hoodlumism: The cure for hoodlumism is manual training, and an industrial condition that will give the boy or girl work—congenial work—a fair wage, and a share in the honours of making things. Salvation lies in the Frobel methods carried into manhood.

Against Vivisection: Vivisection is blood-lust, screened behind the sacred name of Science.

In Favour of a Multiplicity of Sects: All denominations are needed—they fit a certain type of temperament. Down in Pennsylvania they break up the coal and send it tumbling through various sieves, and each size finds its place in a separate bin. If sects did not serve mankind they would never have been evolved—each sect catches a certain-sized man.

Regarding Humour: Do not stand under an umbrella when God rains humour. Where the Heart is: Home is where the heart is.

True: If you want work well done, select a busy man—the other kind has no time.

Discontent: Discontent is inertia on strike.

On Politicians: Politicians are men who volunteer the task of governing us for a consideration.

The Book of Life: The Book of Life begins with a man and woman in a garden. It ends with Revelations.

REVIEWS.

The House of Lisronan: By Miriam Alexander. (London: Andrew Melrose. Auckland: Wildman and Arcey. 3/6.)

This is the novel that won the Melrose prize of 250 guineas, being chosen unanimously by judges of such merit as A. C. Benson, A. E. W. Mason, and that inimitable writer, W. J. Locke. As

will give him every credit for putting the case against female suffrage with fullness, ability, and absolute fairness, in spite of his obviously careful researches, of his having ransacked the past and present for example, precedent, or metaphor illustrative of his case, his arguments can all be boiled down to the two old stock ones based first on the inferiority of women, and secondly on the antics of a few militant Suffragettes. As we say, these arguments are stated fully and with ability; but if you prove that as a rule man's brain is the larger and his strength greater, and that he takes a higher place than woman, even in such a feminine walk as cookery, yet you have done nothing to meet the case of the ever-growing class of women who have to earn their own living, who are separate units in the State, and who in every way as much as men require such protection as the possession of votes confers. It is obvious from his denigrations, that Mr. Owen has never dwelt among the labouring classes, or he would know that in times of strike, stress, or shortness of work the woman not only carries on her usual avocation of cook, housekeeper and nursery governess combined, but also earns such money, as comes into the home to keep at bay the landlord's agent and the insurance man, and pay something on account of the grocer at the corner. This is at once the most homely and the most forcible argument to be offered in favour of woman suffrage.

Some Hubbard Epigrams.

On Failure: A failure is a man who was blundered, but is not able to cash his experience.

On Affinities: When your wife and your affinity are the same person, society has no rope on your foot.

The Unpardonable Sin: I am not just

is engaged by the title, it is an Irish story. Miss Miriam Alexander is, we understand, an Irishwoman, and certainly had we not this information the story as told would make it evident that no one, unless Irish born and bred, could have such an intimate and thorough knowledge of the Irish character. We confess ourselves, after the late perusal of Miss Margery Bowen's trilogy on the Prince of Orange, somewhat sceptical about Miss Alexander's portraiture of that Prince, to whom Christendom owes so much, and we cannot help inclining to Miss Bowen's portraiture. But it does not detract in the least from our admiration of "The House of Lisronan" as a whole. For on whichever religious side a reviewer's sympathies may lie, he must still regret the injustice and the cruelties practised by both sides in those days. "The House of Lisronan" is a romance of the days of William the Third. The story opens with the visit of a Dutch subject of the King, to whom the Stadtholder had been indebted for financial aid to enable him to carry on the Protestant war, to the lady of Lisronan, who, save for her little son Dermot, and her servants, had no one to guard her in her house.

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of Lisronan if we except Owen D'Arcy, her neighbour, lover, and would-be husband. This Dutchman, Van der Wynnykt, offers his hostess the deadliest insult man can offer woman, an insult that only falls short of perpetration by the intervention of Owen D'Arcy. Then is issued the Catholic disabilities edict under which the Lady of Lisronan is rendered penniless and homeless, her estate being given to Van der Wynnykt, at his special request, he being determined to revenge himself upon that hapless lady. The monstrous injustice about to be done to Lady Lisronan sends Owen D'Arcy hot foot to the King, to beg for justice for that lady. William the Third, when Prince of Orange, had been indebted to D'Arcy, but refuses any knowledge of the petitioner. D'Arcy, enraged by his Sovereign's treatment of him and his petition, comports himself in such fashion as, according to law, and custom, leaves the powers that were no option but to commit him to death for treason, and Lady Lisronan is left without a protector, even her most faithful servants being thoroughly cowed at the stringent laws and cruel persecutions directed against Irish Catholicism. The scene in which der Wynnykt returns to Lisronan to disposses Ethna Lisronan of her estate, and possess himself of her unprotected person is almost too painful to read. Der Wynnykt, thwarted in his desire, picks Ethna up and throws her from the top of a long flight of stairs to the bottom in full view of her son. The result of the fall is not death to Lady Lisronan, but life-long injury. In the meantime Dermot, Ethna's son, is growing to manhood, and has sworn, against the express wish of that gentle lady, to revenge his mother to the death. But the rest of this story must be discovered by the reader, should he so desire. And should he not desire he will have missed a most remarkable, historic novel, which, if only promissory of better things to come, should soon place its author in the front rank of writers of historic fiction.

Love Guilds the Scene: By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (London: Macmillan and Co. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

These clever collaborators have so identified themselves with the powder and patch period that anything they write about this theme is accounted as the last word on the subject. The present volume of short stories, entitled "Love Guilds the Scene," and which are ten in number, are delightfully reminiscent of "The Bath Comedy," "French Nan," and last, but not least, "The Incomparable Bellairs." Though each of these ten stories could stand alone, they form a sequence in the life of Lady Kilcromey, formerly Kitty Bellairs. Indeed, all the dramatis personae, with two exceptions, will be found old acquaintances by admirers of the Castle's fiction. Here is the argument upon which these stories are based. "You remember how," say the collaborators, "in the dedicatory preface to Baron Kanzler, in the 'Epilogue to the Rivals,' Julia declares:—

"Ladies, for you—I heard our poet say—
He'd try to coax some mortal from his play.
"One moral's plain," cried I, "without more fuss;
Man's social happiness depends on us!
Though all the drama—whether damnd'd or not—
Love guilds the scene, and woman guides the plot.
From every rank obedience is our due—
D'ye doubt? The world's great stage shall prove it true."

Here, in a nutshell, is the matter of which the Castles' treat in this latest novel of theirs. But who would miss the inimitable Castles' elaboration of a theme that so long as men and women inhabit this earth will never state in interest.

According to the Evidence: By Oliver Onions. (London: George Bell and Sons. Auckland: Wildman and Arey. 3/6.)

Mr. Onions has raised a very delicate point in this very powerful, yet unpleasant, story of his, entitled "According to the Evidence." He has raised, in short, the point as to whether under given circumstances, a man may be held justified, and the law of Nemesis remain inoperative, if he take another man's life deliberately. So splendidly, indeed,

is the rebutting evidence ranged on the side of the murderer, there is no other name for him in civilised language, that we in common we are certain with many of Mr. Onions' readers frankly declare that here are extenuating circumstances hitherto, at least, unparalleled in the fictitious records of crime. But the danger of Mr. Onions' book lies in the fact that owing to the very strong sympathy every decent reader must have with the perpetrator of the murder of this story, the difference between extenuation and justification will be lost sight of. According to the Christian code, there is no justification for the taking of human

life unless in self-defence, and as society is constituted this view is sound. But Mr. Onions' book is clearly the expression of a long-felt opinion that cases of this and a like nature should be judged on their individual merits. More and more judges are seeing the necessity of this; in common justice, in fact, to say nothing of mercy. But it is a question as to whether society is ripe for Mr. Onions' book. But if it only sets people thinking it will, we think, have achieved its author's purpose. Whether man shall

be permitted without hinder to inflict knowingly deadly evil upon unborn generations, is a matter that has long occupied the minds of those who live to uplift the race, both physically and spiritually. Mr. Onions' protagonist, tried in France, would, we think, be acquitted. But in England we have not yet reached this point. "According to the Evidence" is an impressive and a well-argued story. But Mr. Onions has been greatly daring. That thousands of crimes have been committed that have never been found out, is unanswerable. But that a man's sin never finds him out is contrary to historic evidence. Mr. Onions may shelter

both from the artistry and the moral force of the book. There is so much in Mr. Onions' story, however, that we frankly regret that we have no more space to devote to a book that should cause a flutter in social, religious, legal, and indeed all circles that discuss the ethics of right and wrong.

BITS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

Her Abomination.

"It is astonishing how weak a woman becomes when she desires to avoid a scandal."—"Lying Lips," by William Le Queux. Stanley Paul.

Eve's Adornments.

"If a man spots anything remarkable about a woman's dress, nine times out of ten it is something that annoys him; if he merely considers her well-dressed, the effect as a whole is enough for him, and details are superfluous."—"Cloude," by Charles Eggleston. John Long.

From "Crimson Wings."

"It's always a joy to a woman to be envied."

"A woman's tears are with a man the final argument; with a woman they are the beginning of suspicion."

"Women always become a little more beautiful than usual when they fall in love, just as children always become a little more delightful than usual at Christmas time. Love always beautifies, even if it be only love of Santa Claus."

"When a man takes a fancy to a girl, he always likes to imagine that he is the only male thing she has ever seen; and how splendidly girls—the clever ones—play up to this little weakness!"—"Crimson Wings," by Rathnell Wilson. Greening.

Author's Devices.

"Although the French have a proverb that it is not necessary to eat the whole of an egg to know that it is bad, many amateurs think themselves unfairly used if their manuscript is not read from first to the last word. It is a favourite device to lay traps to catch the reader, and so prove that he has not done his duty by the manuscript. The commonest of these is to reverse certain pages in loose-sheet manuscript. If these are not turned to their proper position it follows that they have not been read. Other would-be authors will lightly gum together the corners of two



Young Girl (about 2.30 a.m.): "I wish the men to-day were like these brave knights. Oh, wouldn't I just adore one!"
"Yes, my lady! I'm the knight in that story you're just reading."

life unless in self-defence, and as society is constituted this view is sound. But Mr. Onions' book is clearly the expression of a long-felt opinion that cases of this and a like nature should be judged on their individual merits. More and more judges are seeing the necessity of this; in common justice, in fact, to say nothing of mercy. But it is a question as to whether society is ripe for Mr. Onions' book. But if it only sets people thinking it will, we think, have achieved its author's purpose. Whether man shall

himself behind the fact that his hero was living and flourishing at the end of the story. But the reader is clearly intended to believe that here was a crime that Nemesis winked at, nay, implored that fickle jade Fortune to smile upon, for—says the hero when making his adieu to the reader—Nobody has paid. Nobody ever will. Which is again contrary to the evidence. To have made his protagonist's motive a single and a pure one, he should not have married Eve Soames. This marriage at once detracts

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pages, or lay pressed leaves or bits of bright-coloured worsted between the sheets, which, if undisturbed on the return of the manuscript, are convincing evidence to them that the story has not been examined."—"The House of Harper." By J. Henry Harper—Harper and Brothers.

The "Song and Dance" Horse.

"The necessity of getting quickly from hall to hall on occasions when several engagements run simultaneously led to my introduction to the professional for this purpose. The 'Song and Dance' horse.

"Strictly speaking, there are two varieties of alleged horse which are supplied for this purpose. The 'Song and Dance' horse, so called because of his cross-knees which make him look as if he were always dancing, and the 'Religious' horse, so called on account of his knees being always bent as though in prayer! I have had both varieties in one time and another, and I invariably take off my hat to them if I pass them in the street—it arises from much the same feeling as prompts one to raise one's hat when a funeral goes by!"—"The Autobiography of an Eccentric Comedian," by T. E. Dunville.

The Prop of Religion.

"Her mother reminded me of one of those beautiful roses, through the heart of which the seller fastens a piece of wire—her wire was religion, and I

wondered whether she would have held together without that."—"The Heart of Life," by Pierre de Coulevain.

At a Dance in Germany.

"To secure a partner for a dance at a German Kurhaus, the young man has to fix his eyes upon some maiden with whom he would like to dance, and directly the music begins leap up and make spurs on (wairu) (se) suosuos Aq pappasaj; Suroq aroqej jouj 30j tsep w erect in front of her, clicks his heels together (that is most important), says, 'Day ich bitten!' and off they go. During the dancing little officials run up and down, tapping the partners on the shoulder when they think they have had enough. They must then stand aside until they are allowed to resume so that the floor is not crowded, and everyone has an equal chance of a good dance."—"Streams," Bennett & Co.

The Spur.

"Women become more desirable by being sought. They are like the knick-knacks in a shop window. You mildly admire one, and contemplate buying it, but the knowledge that another means to possess it increases its value tenfold, and spurs you on to instant acquisition."—"A Little Aversion," by Clara I. Martin. Arrowsmith.

Liszt's Egoism.

"My mother's drawingroom was frequented by all the higher prelates. She attracted Liszt there. For six months


in succession he came every evening. It was there that I had occasion to observe the prodigious egoism of that man, who believed, in good faith, that he carried the world or art and the world of beauty on his shoulders. And, as a matter of fact, there was something cyclopean about this pianist with the amazingly elongated tentacles, which made him master of two octaves at a time, joined to nerves of iron. When you listened to him you received the sensation not of a piano, but of an orchestra. He would go and sit down to the instrument uninvited; he sent thrills of poetry through our souls. Then he turned his eyes towards his very select audience, and, without moving a muscle, listened to the exclamations:

"Admirable! Divine! Superhuman!" "But if the conversation strayed away

from him, even for a second, he rose without a blush, took his hat, bowed to not a soul, and slunk away."—"Men and Things of my Time," by the Marquis de Castelfane.

Bret Harte's Precaution.

"Bret Harte and I were rambling through Pontefract one day, when Bret Harte turned to me with some anxiety, 'You know this place,' he said. 'Do you know where it is possible to purchase a bottle of whisky? For you know,' he added, tapping me on the shoulder with an air of great seriousness, 'have always found that, however kind and thoughtful one's hosts are, it is a wise thing to have a little whisky in your own room.'"—"Memoirs of a Spectator," by J. N. Fletcher. Eveleigh Nash.

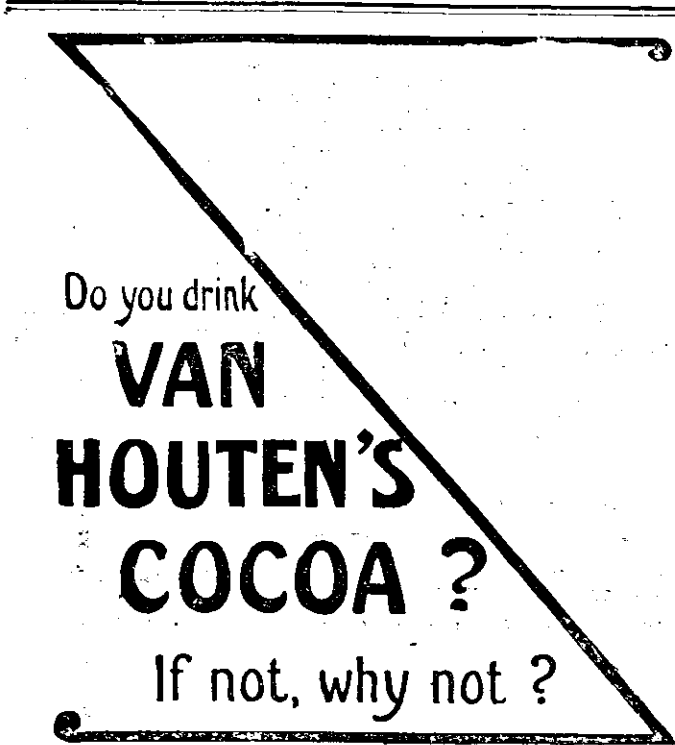


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The Swimmer.

A STORY OF COOK STRAIT.

Written for "The Weekly Graphic" by James Cowan.

ONE bright and windy morning four-score years ago saw a long red-painted canoe, packed with wild-looking brown men, sliding northward over the long blue swell that set into the southern entrance to Cook Strait, the Maori sea of Raukawa. A triangular sail, apex downwards, made of interwoven strong strands of twisted flax, was set on a mast forward, and under its steady pull the great dug-out—it must have been quite eighty feet in length with a beam amidship of five or six feet—went easily climbing up the clear hills of brine and sparring down into the purpled hollows with a monstrous tongue-darting gargyle of a carved figurehead out-thrust before it like some pagan god of the wind and waves. There were perhaps sixty people on board, some on the thwarts, some squatting on the close-laid manuka-sticks that formed the flooring of the canoe. Most of them were men, fierce-eyed, black-tattooed fellows, stripped to a waist mat, with short handed tomahawks or weapons of green-stone or whalebone stuck in their flax-plaited girdles; flintlock muskets were laid beside them. In the stern sat two steersmen with their long steering-paddles, one out on either side of the tall spiral-carved sternpost; the helmsmen were the pick of the canoe crew, for the brisk southerly swell made the safe handling of the long, narrow craft a matter of delicate sea skill. And just in front of them squatted the captain of the war canoe in a crouching attitude, with a flax mat about his shoulders; a small-built man with a hawk-like profile, the hooked nose that the Maoris call "ihu-kaka" or "parrot's-beak," and an eye and expression that indicated a mingling of cunning and ferocity. This was Rauparaha, the great Rauparaha who had conquered all before him with his newly-gotten muskets in the hands of his "ever victorious" army of Ngati-Toa. He was returning to the shores of Hataitai (where Wellington now stands) and to Kapiti Island with his captives and his loot from the sack of Kaiapohia, the ruined capital of the Ngai-Tahu tribe, that stood a few miles from the present site of Christchurch. And there, in the middle of the canoe were some of the miserable new-made slaves, once free men and women of Kaiapohia; they sat with bowed heads, their arms were loosely bound in front of them and beside them with ghastly savage irony were displayed a number of decapitated heads, some of them the heads of their closest relatives slain in the storming of their stockaded home-town.

The canoe was one of a fleet, for in the distance, ahead and on either hand, you could have seen the three-cornered sails of other canoes—some were big double canoes—gleaming a moment in the strong sunshine, then dipping as the war-boats sank into the trough of the seas.

With this brave fair wind the run to the fortress-isle of Kapiti was only a matter of a few hours now, for Cape Campbell lay well astern. But the Sea of Raukawa, funnel-like and mountain-bounded, is notorious for its unexpected shifts of wind, and so it came that all of a sudden the flax sail of Rau's war-canoe was taken aback, and only sailorly promptitude kept the long narrow craft right side up. The flaxrope sheet was cast loose in an instant and the sail and mast doused; and out came the paddles. The wind had chopped right round to the north-west, and it was now a dead plug into the teeth of the breeze. Old Rau's tattooed brows grew black and troubled as he cast his keen quick gaze around the horizon and mumbled a karaka storm-allaying charm. The paddles were now going strong, full forty of them. The prisoners had been unbound and paddles thrust into their hands, and soon they were toiling as hard, if not as willingly, as the others. Up and down like one man went the naked brown shoulders and the feather-plumed black heads; and a grey-haired warrior rose in the middle of the canoe and waving a spear-tongued weapon of wood, a towha, belted with red kaka

feathers just below the tongue, chanted a time song for the crew—"Rite, ko te rite, rite, ko te rite, hukere, ka hukere"; and so the cannibal boat fought onwards over the wind-troubled breast of Hine-Moana.

One of the 'midship captives, paddling with a dull mechanical stroke, was a chief of the South Island tribe, the Ngai-Tuhuriri, who were the principal clan of Kaiapohia pa. His name—as my old Maori historian and folk-lorist Whatahoro tells me—was Kahaki-rangi. He was a man of perhaps forty; a tall, square-shouldered, powerful fellow, a "toa" or warrior of some repute in his tribe. Beside him, crouching on the bottom of the canoe, with but a scrap of torn waist-mat to clothe her nakedness, was his young daughter, a girl of fifteen or sixteen years, dragged away like him from the ravaged pa, a destined slave-wife for some Ngati-toa savage. Her name was Pito-rua.

For some hours the canoe men paddled steadily on, steaming with salty perspiration, for it was bitter hard work forcing the deeply-laden craft through the water, and the sea had lost its regularity of run in consequence of the shift of the wind, and grew confused and choppy. The other canoes were not to be seen, for they, too, had had to lower their sails and take to the paddles. Old Rau headed his canoe for the faint-looking hills of Hataitai; he was anxious to get under shelter of the land.

And now the paddlers were hungry as well as weary. There was plenty of water on board, in calabashes, but no food except a few small baskets of kumara. "We are hungry," said one of the warriors to Rau; "we are niate-kai. Let us lie-to for a meal, else we shall never reach the further shore of Raukawa."

Old Rauparaha's feroious eye lighted on the woeful little group of prisoners huddled amidships. There were several women and girls besides the young girl Pito-rua.

"Heat the oven!" ordered the old savage.

Several men laid their paddles inboard and busied themselves in the forepart of the canoe. There, well up towards the bows, was a pile of large flat stones, the oven-stones, such as were carried on large canoes on long cruises. The "kohata-takutaka" or "ahi-papa" this primitive sea-stove was called. The oven was quickly prepared. Rough soots were dipped in the sea, and laid dripping on the bottom of the canoe, and the stones were arranged on the top of them. Wet soots were also laid around the edges of the fireplace to prevent damage to the canoe. Sticks of manuka were piled upon the flat stones, and ignited with flint and steel (a gun-flint and a tomahawk head), and the cannibal fire was soon blazing away.

"That girl will do!" said Rauparaha, pointing a cruel hooked finger at poor Pito-rua. "Kill her and cook her!"

The poor little girl did not utter a sound as she saw her murderers come crouching over the thwarts towards her. She gave her father a pitiful look and sprang to his side. The horror-stricken Kahaki-rangi pressed his nose to the girl's in farewell. The next instant she was torn violently from his arms, and a tomahawk sank into her brain. The father sprang at the executioner, but was felled by a blow from a man behind him.

"Slay that man, too!" cried Rauparaha. "He is the girl's father, is he? Then cook him also!"

But Kahaki-rangi did not wait for the cooking. Exerting all his strength he threw his opponents off, stunned one of them with a canoe-paddle, and in a moment had jumped over the side of the canoe and had disappeared.

Diving, he swam under water in the wake of the canoe as long as his breath held out, and when he rose on the top of a wave and turned his head to look back, he saw the canoe was nearly twice her length from him. A yell came from the cannibals, and two or three men

snatched up loaded muskets and fired at him, but he dived again before the triggers were pressed.

Rauparaha did not put his canoe around and give chase to the escapee, as he probably would have done had the water been smooth. And a meal was more important just then. So the fugitive was left to sink or swim there in mid-strait, while his daughter's flesh was roasted on the red-hot stones of the "ahi-papa," and poor little Pito-rua went into the stomachs of the Ngati-Toa anthropophagi.

Most men in Kahaki's plight would have just thrown up their arms and gone to the bottom. He was right out in the middle of the stormy Sea of Raukawa; as he lifted on the top of the sea he could just see the faint blue mountains of the South Island, the ranges at the back of Cloudy Bay, and beyond them the snows of the Kaikouras. In the other direction were the hills of the Hataitai country and the purple mountains that rose back of the Whanganui-Tara entrance, the harbour which we now call Port Nicholson. But that was the enemy's country. His one hope, a poor one, lay in winning the southern shore. And towards that southern shore, the coast of Cloudy Bay, the brave Kahaki-rangi turned his resolute tattooed face.

Hour after hour Kahaki swam slowly but steadily on. The sea was rough and the spray half-blinded him often, but he cleared his eyes with a dash of a brown hand and swam on, now and again turning on his back to ease his arms and float awhile. He was a man of great muscular development, an athlete such as the Maori toa had to be in those days of perpetual war. The night came down, and still Kahaki swam, guiding his course by bright Antahi, which we call Canopus, and the high-swinging Jewels of Maahu-Tonga, the Southern Cross.

And Kahaki hooted to his prayers and incantations, murmured karakias, appeals to his tribal atua Kahukura, the Rainbow-god, to Tangaroa and to Ruamano and to Tuhirangi, ocean-deities and sometime saviour of the drowning mariner. And tears from his smarting eyes, tears for his daughter, little Pito-rua, mingled with the brine of the sea. But more karakias he mumbled between the washes of spray, heart-strengthening charms and spells; and, like brave Ulysses of old, Kahaki swam on towards the unseen southern shore.

Suddenly a strange black object broke

the phosphorescent glimmer of the sea just ahead of the swimmer. At first he thought it was the back of a quietly-rising whale; then as the sea set him within reach of it he knew. He gripped it; it was a great log, a driftway tree-trunk. Joyfully the swimmer threw his arm over the rough bark and rested awhile, and said to himself:

"My gods have hearkened to my prayer. They have sent me this tree. I shall not die, I shall not die!"

Gripping with all his strength a knotty projection on the upper round of the log, Kahaki drew himself out of the water and thankfully stretched a leg on either side. He was quite naked and half-dead with cold, but there he clung all through the hours of darkness. Once a great sperm-whale rose out of the depths and spouted so close to him that he was bathed in the falling geyser of fine spray from its spiracles. And dolphins sported round, like sea-gods found old Poseidon, and as they flashed ahead and all about, trailing quick flames through the darkness of the sea, Kahaki-rangi said to himself: "My atua are taking me home."

The first faint light of dawn showed the log-besetler that he was well into the light of Cloudy Bay. The tree-trunk, a tolara flood-borne from the Here-taunga or some other northern river, was in the grip of a shoreward-setting current, but its drift was too slow for Kahaki. With one hand, the right and then the left, he paddled away to help his salvaging ship along. The tide presently turned, and to his dismay sent him steadily out again. All day long he paddled, in a heroic effort to guide his log shorewards. Hour after hour he watched the coast recede and then grow nearer again. The strong flood tide had set him fast ashore; the silver-glimmering beach of Cloudy Bay grew closer, and now he heard the steady roll of the breakers loud and full.

In through the surf drove the life-fragment log. The backwash took it and hurled it out a space; and Kahaki rolled over with it but clung like a wild cat to his hold, where a branch had been broken off leaving a short projecting stump. In again came the roller, and on it rode Kahaki. The log stranded, and Kahaki threw himself face down and desperately dug his hands and feet into the sand. The great wave left him. On he struggled, sand and spray blinded, and there, just as darkness came on again, he fell senseless, but living, on the hard white strand of Wharearangi.

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ALWAYS KILL!

The Cradle.

By ANNE WARNER.

HE was sitting at one of the tiny tables in the Ritz, just because he had been "over" long enough to acquire the tea-habit and to be beset with a thirst that only tea would satisfy as soon as "feef o'clock" came to time each day. Sometimes he fulfilled his craving in the Bois, or at the Palais, or in one of the many private salons where he was persona grata, but when he was near he liked the Ritz—because—because—oh, because the Ritz is the Ritz, and has an atmosphere apart and individual.

The afternoon was fine, and the tables were all full. A constant succession of visitors moved in and out, and a constant (in another sense of the word) succession of other visitors sat and watched them. It amused this man already mentioned to watch these watchers—the

with grey lace (grey lace coats, let me tell you) imbedded in its yoke and cuffs, a princess gown of tucks so finely laid as to hair-line the cloth, grey bottines, and a bit of grey silk stocking showed where her foot advanced beneath the table.

The man across the way did not but admire. She was talking with her companion—a conversation devoid of animation, but evidently pleasing and interesting. Only once did she turn her head at all—and then a flash of remembrance shot full in his face!

It was the little girl who married Dick Bentley the autumn before he died—the little girl who came from San Francisco all alone to marry him when the doctors said that he could not go to her!

Six years ago—that was!

He was getting up and dragging his chair across towards her. He did not seem to remember the usages of society in that minute—he remembered only the wonderful sweetness and



"Then a flash of remembrance shot full in his face."

eyes, whose enjoyment consisted in contemplating the enjoyment of others—the little groups who chok'd down their tea between absurd on-lookings—the people who came there not to satisfy any need except that of their curiosity.

There were many such in the room and his eyes roamed meditatively over them all until, having completed the circuit, and encompassed the whole crowd they came back to the starting point and saw that the starting point had altered during their tour. The two regally blonde Frenchwomen who had been there a minute ago were gone, and in their stead sat a diminutive creature with an elderly lady—the one in grey, the other in black.

The tiny one was delectably tiny, fairy-like in the extreme. She was exquisitely groomed, and her attire was so perfect in its simplicity and so devoid of any species of ornament that an American or English woman would never have given her a second glance, while a Continental would have suspected and forgotten an empress incognito. She sat on a grey hat with little soft silk roses tucked beneath its brim, a grey jacket

courage that the wee little thing had shown at that long-ago wedding when she had taken a vow to be a widow at once with the vow to be a wife.

"You remember me?—Davis, you know! I was at your—at Dick's—" he stopped short, but her hand was put forth and her eyes (grey, too) were smiling.

"Yes, of course. How pleasant to see you here."

There was something unutterably quiet yet sincere in her voice. He sat down.

"You are staying in Paris?" he said.

"For a few days, yes; we leave to-morrow night, however."

"And I, to-morrow noon."

"The Riviera?—the Channel train?" she asked.

"The Channel-train."

"Ah!" There was no fluttering interest in her manner—only a sweet cordiality. She did not look at him, but at her tea-cup. He was full of desire to know of her, nevertheless.

"You are travelling?"



"A cradle—a completely furnished cradle."

"I think I may call it that. We stay a few weeks in one place and then in another."

"Always?"

"I have no home. I was an orphan, you know. I can't remember either my father or my mother, and there came no child to me." Suddenly, there in the midst of the five o'clock Ritz, her face went down in her hands; across her bowed head the elderly lady threw a meaning glance at Davis, who was fearfully shocked at the sudden emotion betrayed by one so full of self-control.

But the next instant she was smiling through a mist (also grey), and saying: "Oh, we like to roam about, madame—and I. And we amuse ourselves as we go, n'est-ce pas, madame?"

The elderly lady smiled. Affection and deep sympathy both were manifested in her face.

"And so you go to-morrow," the girl went on a little uncertainly; "if it was not that we go too I should ask you to call; but as it is—" she made a significant gesture.

"But I wish that I could come," said the man hurriedly. "I do wish I could come. Can't I come to-morrow morning—just for a few minutes?"

His tone was very earnest and pleading.

"But I am going shopping to-morrow morning," she said, "and it is something that I cannot put off."

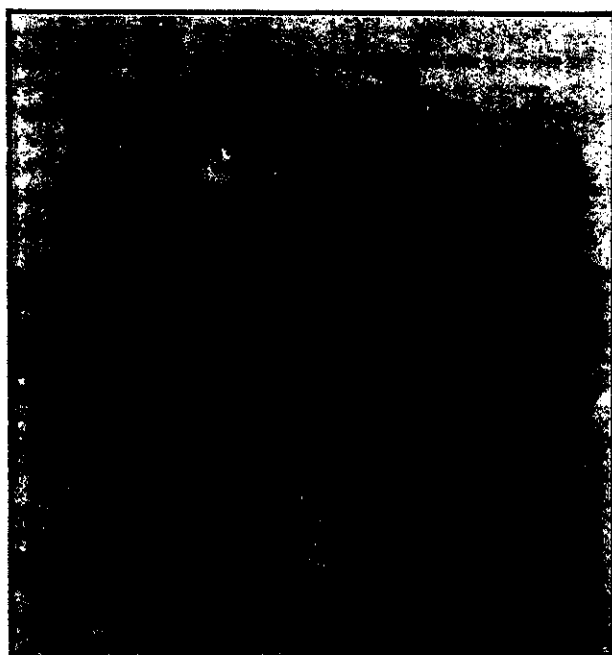
"But I can go, too," he declared eagerly. "Haven't you seen how the men go shopping with the women? Let me go with you to-morrow."

She looked at him, and he saw a strange sort of conflict in her face, and then she blushed. Anything more heart-storming than that blush was never seen before. "Oh, let me go with you!" he all but begged. It seemed to him that he had never in all his life wanted permission to do anything so much as he wanted hers to accompany her on that "tour de commission."

She played with her teaspoon a long minute, and then she said, "Very well, come, then. I am at the Hotel de Bade, and I will be ready at half-past nine."

He was exact to the minute on the following morning, and she was too. She came down directly his card went up, and again her gown was grey and as simple as befitted early morning.

"This is really very nice of you," she said as they went out to the cab, "but I'm afraid you'll be bored—men at home do not interest themselves in these expeditions generally."



"Good-bye," she said, gently.

She smiled.
 "What are we going to buy, if I may ask?" he said as the cab rolled away.
 "We are going to buy a cradle," she said.
 "A cradle?"
 "Yes, a cradle. I have a little friend here in Paris whom the world has made poor, but whom Heaven is making rich,

and I have promised her a cradle. You see, the world has made me rich, and Heaven has left me poor, so the best pleasure life gives me is when I can balance the load a little for someone else." Her great eyes turned towards him, and something rose oddly in his throat so that he could not possibly speak to her.
 "I take a great deal of pleasure in helping people," she said, "and madame

is lovely about helping me to help them. Places where I cannot go, she goes, so we can know every person and know just what they need. I have a bed in ever so many hospitals, and a long list of dear sick or unhappy people in almost every place we stay. It keeps me from thinking of my own life—it teaches me that sorrow is not mine alone."

She paused for a minute, and then went on in a brighter tone, "But the cradle is not exactly charity. You see, they ran away—Sophie and her lieutenant—and were married, and the parents declare they will not forgive them—but, of course, they will. They have a cunning apartment, and a bonnie and tout cela only poor Sophie feels it is almost scandalous that she cannot have real lace on every little thing she is making, and so I have promised that the cradle at least shall be suitable for one whose grandpapas are a baron and a general."

He found himself still unable to articulate.

"You won't mind?" she went on, a shadow of anxiety darkening her voice. "You know you said yesterday that men went shopping often. I've seen them day after day, and I think it is very sweet to see. At Madame Jeanne's yesterday I saw a very great man indeed choosing his wife's hats, and I admired him all the more for it. I like the way they both work together here; the little time that Dick was spared me we never went one single place apart; we used to laugh when he bought cigars with me, and I hat-pins with him."

The cab was crossing the Pont Neuf and beginning its struggle for existence in the Quartier Latin.

"I assure you," he said, "so far from minding, I feel deeply honoured. I'm very glad I took tea at the Ritz yesterday."

She gave him a glance so devoid of anything but gratitude that an echo of the swallowed choke came back—and just then the cab stopped.

They alighted.
 It was a big and brilliant store, and the windows were full of cradles containing happy waxen babies.

They went in.
 Instantly a clerk was before them, smiling, bowing, deeply concerned for their welfare.

"A cradle—a 'completely furnished' cradle."

"Ah, on the second floor—all everything would be found there. Monsieur would see, madame would view—a moment till the lift descends! Voila! Take care of the crack in entering! Cradles—furnishing—second floor!"

The elevator took them up, and as they quitted it he had to notice the lovely, heightened interest in her face. She looked up and down the vista of little beds, and said softly, "Just to think that a baby will come to claim every one of them—"

But another clerk was before them—another of those perfect beings whom all the shopping public of the wide world may well envy Paris—and a very few other cities.

"A cradle! at about what price? This way, I beg."

They went round to the other side and there stood twenty in a row, all different, each exquisite, some in enamel, some in carved wood, some in gilt or in silver, some made of the great silken ropes interwoven, some made of twisted bamboo.

He could only watch her face as she moved up and down the line, touching them with her gloved finger tips—the touch as tender as the expression on her face.

The clerk was not voluble; he was silent; he saw the sale was made beforehand. He answered questions, and sometimes he looked at Davis. Davis hardly knew what to do with the look; he felt it would be thieving to accept, and yet it was too overwhelmingly delightful to refuse.

She stopped at last before one that outshone all the rest. Two great storks carved in dark wood held, hung between them, a basket of woven silver.

"Do you think it is too rich?" she asked Davis with an irresistible appeal in her tone and eyes.

The clerk did not even trouble to raise his eyes—he thought he knew—and he did!

"No, no, indeed!" came the answer. She flashed one look of radiant joy over the two men and the cradle.
 "And now the furnishings," she said breathlessly.

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As they moved away she slipped her porte-monnaie into her companion's hand. "You can pay it all," she whispered. He nodded.

They sat down before a great table upon which were displayed samples of blankets, coverlets, wee tucked pillow-slips, lace-edged aprons, and so forth.

"You're not bored?" she said to him, her eyes and cheeks and lips overpread with the wonderful, tender charm. "You are sure?"

"Bored!" he ejaculated. And then he was silent and watched her.

The clerk brought out great rolls of carefully corded-up treasures, and she bent above them and revelled in them and chose from among them.

"Do you think I am foolish?" she asked him just once when a little down quilt with a wreath of hand-embroidered roses was under consideration.

"I think you are an angel!" He answered.

She laughed a little soft laugh and took the quilt.

Finally it was all over. She gave the address: "Mme. Leon de Gourville, 11bis l'Passage de la Visitation," and he drew out his purse.

"Oh, that is the wrong purse," she reminded him quickly.

"Sh—later," he said with authority. They brought him the change from his two-thousand-franc notes, and then the clerk ushered them back to the elevator and wished them an revoir.

When they reached the door below it was raining; the cabman had raised the hood, and stood ready to tuck them in behind its apron.

"I have been very happy," she said when they were moving again; "it was kind of you to be so patient."

"But I was happy, too," he declared.

"What a strange thing a woman is," she went on; "we are no better than children, after all. Do you know, my pleasure this morning was hundred-folded by the knowledge that that clerk—that man that I shall never see again—thought I was buying for myself. To know that he thought I was one of those heaven-blessed women that really do exist!—to think that he was quite sure of it—oh!" her face suddenly went down in her hands again, just as it had the afternoon at the Ritz. "God help me!" she sobbed, and then was instantaneously brave again.

"But we must settle our accounts," she said, putting down emotion with finance, the latter being death to sentiment of any sort the world over. "How much was it all?"

He battled fiercely with that horrible lump that had risen again at the sight of her face in her hands.

"It was nothing," he said.

"Nothing!"

"Listen!" He put his hands on hers to gain emphasis. "Listen!—it's been a—wonderful morning for me too. I'm rich, too!—let me do some good—I pray you by—by all that is holy—let me give the cradle. I ask you with— with my soul."

She was still for a minute. Then she looked at him.

"Are you really rich?" she asked.

"Very," he said tersely.

She was silent for another minute. Then: "I shall tell Sophie," she said simply. "I can give her something else myself."

They came to the hotel a little later. "And you leave to-night for Dresden?" he asked as he accompanied her within.

"Yes, and you go to Calais?" she replied.

They touched hands.

"Good-bye," she said gently.

"Good-bye."

He reached his hotel in good time to make the Gare du Nord and the Channel-train, but he did neither. He went to his room, and, throwing himself across a large easy-chair, he thought, And thought.

He was a man, and yet he forgot so much. He never forgot before or after, but he forgot it that day.

He sat still thinking until nearly four o'clock, and then he sprang up and rang furiously.

"Indicateur," he said to the boy who came. "Here"—he tossed him a coin—"ask in the office if I can get a compartment on to-night's German express—the one that goes to Dresden. Tell them to send—to telegraph—it's—it's vital."

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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. Teras 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

THE ANGEL MAKER.

By MAY RICHMOND, Ponsonby.

MR. TOOMBS leaned upon his spade and looked anxiously across the cemetery. What he saw coming up the white path was the figure of a young woman dressed in heavy mourning, carrying a basket of flowers.

"I guessed she'd come this mornin'," he muttered ruefully, "and I'm sure I don't know wot to say to 'er. I reckon she'll be awful riled up."

Under the somewhat peculiar exterior of Mr. Toombs beat the softest heart in the world. The face was keen and kindly, and to the waist his figure was normal, but forty years of grave-digging and exposure to all weathers had played havoc with the rest of his person. His poor legs bulged out in the most alarming manner, giving one the impression he had warped severely.

Mr. Toombs now turned his attention to a corner of the cemetery where two tiny graves lay side by side in the morning sun. Two small mounds, but what a contrast! The one flower-laden, placed there by tender, loving hands; the other—a forlorn heap of clay.

Mr. Toombs watched the black-robed figure as if fascinated, watched it approach the graves, saw it start, then wheel round angrily, and beckon imperatively to him.

"It's out now," he said to himself, grimly, as he hurried across, as fast as his warped appendages would let him. "They have desecrated my baby's grave; my darling baby!" cried the wrathful young voice, when Mr. Toombs arrived rather breathless. "Do you know who has dared?" and the tears struggled with the indignation of her tone.

Mr. Toombs flicked a speck of clay from his sleeve. "Yes, lady," he replied respectfully; "I know who did it."

"You know who did it!" and on the naturally sweet face was an expression not good to see. "Tell me at once, and I will have them punished," demanded the mother, angrily.

"Lady," said Mr. Toombs very gently, "will you let me tell you the tale of that there little grave? Belike you won't feel so bitter when you know."

Something in the simplicity of the old man, and the almost wistful look in the kindly grey eyes, arrested the bitter retort upon the lips of the mother.

"Tell me of it, then," she answered. They were standing beneath a giant kowhai tree, laden with a wealth of yellow blossoms, for it was springtime in New Zealand, and above the quiet sleepers within this Aere of God grow the beautiful native trees, and close by the blue sea murmur.

"Were the girl-mother as done it?" began the old sexton, "and 'ow she used to dot on the little lad! Many's the time she brought 'im 'ere to play, bestways when she could get a day off from 'er work. It's a pleasant spot this, lady, with the native bush and the bit 'er beach. 'E were a wonderful bright child, too, and used to chat away to me."

"Mr. Toombs," 'e sez one day. My name's Toombs, lady—kind 'o bapropriate coincidence, I calls it."

"Mr. Toombs," 'e sez, solemn-like, "is yaller curls a 'bob-bobbin' in the wind, you make people into angels, don't you?"

"Make people into angels?" I sez, surprised. "Wot do you mean, laddie?"

"When you plant people they grow into beautiful angels, wif shiny wings, don't they?"

"Well, I 'opes so; utaybe I does 'elp 'em on a bit," I sez.

"And when you're an angel, will your legs be straight, Mr. Toombs?"

"I 'opes so," I sez again. Then 'e picks 'imself up quick.

"I sorry I sed that; mother says I should never hurt anyone's feelings; 'course I didn't mean to. 'Ave I 'urt your feelin's, Mr. Toombs?" 'e sez, anxiously like.

"No, laddie; I sez, 'my feelin's ain't so easy 'urt."

"'Cause, after all, I like you just 'actly as you are, Mr. Toombs; you're uncommon."

"Did you ever 'ear the like? Anyway, 'e adds, laughin', 'Don't make me into an angel quite yet; I want to stay on top a long time, and play with the butterflies and flowers; and 'e waves 'is fat little 'and to me and dances off. But, poor mite, in less than a week 'e

"Yes," she sez, 'angin' 'er 'ead, and cryin' afresh. 'They 'ave found it out where I am, and 'ave sent me off—the world isn't kind to a girl who 'as once done wrong, it doesn't forgive—so I'm goin' away to make a fresh start. If my boy 'ad lived, I think 'e would 'ave been a good man. I tried to teach him wot was right, and to love wot was beautiful. Perhaps it is better as it is, for I shall be spared the pain of ever seeing anything but love in 'is eyes for me. And, Mr. Toombs, I've done wrong just now, but the other baby 'ad so many flowers an' my boy 'ad to do without so much in life, and it was the last thing I could do for 'im, so I took the other baby's. I didn't mean any 'arm. You won't tell, Mr. Toombs, will you—you never saw anybody takes them?"

"So you are eighty-to-day. Do you think your incessant smoking has done you any harm?"

"It's too early to tell yet!"

"—London Opinion."

"No," I sez, "I never saw anybody take 'em."

"Good-bye, Mr. Toombs," she sez, 'oldin' out 'er 'and, 'I thank you for bein' such a good friend to my boy an' me; my laddie loved you, an' I know you loved 'im, an' 'e 'ad so few to love 'im, poor mite, an' 'e was bonnie an' sweet, wasn't 'e, Mr. Toombs?" an' she lifts up 'er big girlish eyes full of tears.

"Ay, that 'e was, I sez.

"And I can never, never thank you, Mr. Toombs," an' before I could say another word she slips away in the darkness, an' I suddenly felt kind 'o lonely an' sad, standin' there and thinkin' I should never see 'er, or the baby with the yaller curls, again, or 'ear 'is merry dancin' feet."

"Ay, that 'e was, I sez.

"My baby had yeller curls and dancin' feet, too," she murmured.

"Mr. Toombs," she said gently, "you have taught me much to-day. I was selfish in my grief, and who am I that I should judge! I loved my baby girl dearly, but I have those near me who help me bear my trouble, husband, friends; while she—poor soul! Ah, there is a world of suffering there. The laddie shall have my flowers, and these too—at least, most of them; that I brought for my own baby," and her face was softly tender as she laid spring violets upon the resting place of the little stranger. As she did so, a breeze shook the tassels of the kowhai tree,

"Oh, Mr. Toombs," she sez, with a start. "I thought you would be in at your tea. I have come to say good-bye to my laddie. I'm goin' away."

"Goin' away," I sez.



and a shower of golden petals fell, covering the grave of her own little one with a flowery carpet.

"See," she said, smiling. "It is a benediction"; and Mr. Toombs, standing by, was not ashamed of the tear that slowly made its way down the honest grime of his furrowed cheek.

When spring gave place to summer, under the big kowhai tree nestled two carefully-tended green mounds, alike as two flowers upon one stem. A tiny cross stands at the head of each.

"For," says the sweet-faced woman, who places blossoms upon them both. "The girl-mother may come back some day—who knows?" And Mr. Toombs, never far away when the young black-robed figure makes its appearance, echoes "Who knows, indeed?"

"Have you no children of your own, Mr. Toombs?" she asked one day.

Mr. Toombs' face puckered into a smile. "No, lady, I am a bachelor; I always 'olds that with a depressin' trade like mine, to say nothin' 'o the name, it would be selfish 'o me to ax any woman."

"That is very thoughtful of you."

"But if I 'ad been marrit, and 'ad a child," continued Mr. Toombs, waxing eloquent upon the subject; "I'd like 'im to 'ave been the livin' image 'o the little lad who lies there."

RINGWORMS ON NECK AND FACE

Tormenting Itching and a Shocking Sight. From School 6 Months. Tried Everything, but Did No Good. Applied Cuticura Ointment and Ringworms Disappeared.

"My little girl was covered with ringworms all down her neck and her little face, with the tormenting itching, was a misery to the poor child and a shocking sight. She had to stop away from school for six months and I was really frightened she would never get better. I tried everything people would advise me, but none of them nor any doctor's advice did any good till one day I saw your advertisement of Cuticura and I sent for the Ointment and also bought some later on which I applied to her head and neck and before very long the itching ceased and the ringworms all disappeared within five weeks from the time I commenced using the Cuticura Ointment. My little girl tells everybody how she was cured of the ringworms she had."

I gave some of the Ointment to a lady next door for her baby and she tells me it has cured her little head of the itch it had.

I cannot tell you how thankful I am to the cure by Cuticura Ointment nor can I speak too highly of same when I think of the ringworms my little girl had." (Signed) Mrs. Fleischer, 81 Bellevue Street, North Sydney, N. S. W., Dec. 17, 1910.

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have afforded the speediest and most economical treatment of itching, burning, scaly and bleeding skin and scalp humors, of young and old. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world, but to those who have suffered much loss hope and are without faith in any treatment, a liberal sample of Cuticura Ointment with 32-p. booklet on the skin will be mailed free, on application. Address R. Towns & Co., Dept. 11K, Sydney, N. S. W.

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 WHOOPING COUGHS SPASMODIC CROUP
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A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, giving the stomach with drugs. Used with success for thirty years.

The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inhaled with every breath, soothing the inflamed lining, softens the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Sold by Chemists.

Vapo-Cresolene Co.
 62 BENTLEY ST., N.Y. U.S.A.

A Pressing Need.

Continued from page 34.

still composed of timber. The handsome main gates were presented by an individual old boy, and the ornamental gas fittings in the chapel by another, and so the tale goes on. It is a most gratifying sign that our younger Auckland College has also its old boys who are grateful and patriotic, and whose aim is to make their old school second to none in the colony. All honour to them in their efforts, and to the memory of the large hearted citizen whose bequest has furthered their work. May they meet with the success which is the just end of their endeavours.

SUCCESS IN SIGHT.

Seventeen years ago, in consequence of lack of room at old S. John's, Mr Graham Bruce, one of the principals of that school, founded King's College in Remuera. In spite of the fact that there were then three other large private schools, the new venture proved a distinct success and speedily sprang into popularity with the Auckland public. In a short time the number attending increased to 150 boys, while the school was noted for the soundness of its scholarship and the skill and enthusiasm of its boys at their games and exercises. A high standard both in work and in play were set and maintained.

After Mr Bruce's death in 1901, there was rather a long interregnum, the trustees (as is always to be expected in the case of a private school) being unable to find a suitable successor. Indeed, at one time it seemed as though the school must close.

However, in 1905, Mr C. T. Major, of Scotch College, Melbourne, took over the Principalship, and infused some of his own energy and life into the concern with such success that to-day he is able to look back on seven years' work, during which the members have risen from 60 odd to almost 300, and the school itself has regained, if not enhanced, its old-time popularity. Nor is this success undeserved. In examinations the school claims as high a percentage of passes in matriculation and Civil Service as other secondary schools; in games and exercises the high standard is well known, while in military drill their excellence has passed into a proverb.

That a private school, unaided by endowment or outside assistance, and against the keen opposition of such splendid educational facilities as Auckland boasts, should have grown to such dimensions, is the best proof of the good work that is done, the confidence of the parents, and the need for such a school. Recognising this need, and feeling also the heavy strain and responsibility of controlling both the finances and the education connected with so large an institution, Mr Major in 1912 offered the school to the public on condition that they found £20,000 to obtain a site and erect suitable buildings.

The Old Boys' Association took up the matter, interested several leading citizens, and called a public meeting to discuss the question. A committee was appointed, representative of the interests concerned, to go into the whole question, and, if possible, take up the option. The committee have been working quietly for the past six months, and now find their efforts crowned with success. For the requisite amount of money has been guaranteed, and it was announced at a meeting of the committee recently that the option was completed. Thus, the first stage has been safely passed, and King's College, with all that it means, has been saved for Auckland.

The committee consists of the Right Rev. the Bishop of Auckland, Hon. E. Michelson, Rev. W. Beatty, Professor Deltmann, Dr. W. C. W. McDowell, Messrs. H. W. Hudson, V. J. Larner, J. C. Macky, H. B. Morton, J. W. Stewart, C. J. Tunka, A. C. Caughy, D. L. Nathan, A. S. Hankart, Ernest Yates, and the president of King's College Old Boys' Association. It has been decided to add the following names to the list: Hon. A. M. Myers, Dr. H. D. Jamford, Messrs W. R. Bloomfield and C. M. Calder, and three members of the Old Boys' Association. The announcement by Mr Major that the Puh College had been amalgamated with King's has been received with expressions of approval.

One of the most interesting features in connection with the placing of King's on a permanent footing is the splendid

Alone with the Baby.

IT was the first time Mrs. Youngwife had been able to bring herself up to enough confidence in Youngwife to leave the baby in his charge while she went out to a concert. The fact that Youngwife had declared that he could "take care of the kid all right" did not give her unwavering confidence in his ability to do so, and she said, while giving the finishing touches to her toilet:

"Remember, dear, that if he should awaken, you musn't take him up at once, but step softly to his crib, and try to soothe him to sleep. Don't rock the crib only the least little bit, for the best authorities, say that a child should not be rocked. Don't give him bottle unless it is really necessary, and remember what I told you about heating it to just the right temperature. I have left the alcohol lamp and the thermometer and

well enough for you to peep-peep at the idea of the baby not being safe with you, but no one can take a mother's place when a child is ill, and I have known you to drop off asleep in your chair and sleep so soundly that a pair of twins screaming at the top of their lungs wouldn't arouse you. But you have promised me faithfully that you will not do that this evening. If I thought you would I simply—hadn't you better make yourself some coffee that will keep you awake?"

Youngwife snickered, and took refuge in the masculine "Nonsense!"

"That's what men always say when they know that their wives are right, and they can't dispute it. If you want me to I will run down and make some coffee before I go. And if anyone comes

shout for life. And if you should happen to want to go into the room where he is asleep you'd better take off your shoes or slip in on your hands and knees, for you know how he awakens at the least little noise, and it takes him so long to go to sleep again once he is fully awake. If he should begin to breathe as if he were all choked up, run in as quick as you can and get Mrs. Naylor. She said she would be at home all evening, and would run in at any minute if you needed her. She would know just what to do, for she has had five of her own. She was so good and thoughtful the day I thought he was going to have a spasm, and he didn't have it. When I think of that awful day I feel as if I'd better not go to the concert after all. Remember that if there is the remotest suggestion of his having a spasm you are to run for Mrs. Naylor, and then 'phone for mother and me—remember now!"

Perhaps he remembered, but it is certain that he did not forget, three minutes after his wife had left the house, to "call up" a croup, and say:

"Hi, there! Say, can't you get hold of a couple of the boys, and come around here and let's see what we can do with a game of poker? Wife's out until 10.30 at least, and the kid is sleeping like the dead. He won't stir, and if he does you can sing and trot him to sleep. Hike around here as soon as you can! Savvy! All right! I'll look for you!"

ANTIQUATED DEVICE.

The First Burglar—(contemplating father's invention).—Wot abah't the bloomin' burglar-alarm!

Second Burglar.—May as well put it in the bag; we can get somethin' for the bells, p'raps.



ENOCH ARDEN.

An American view of Roosevelt and the Presidential election.

"Now when the dead man come to life behold His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe Hiera, yet not his, upon the father's knee. And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness."—GEE! IT WAS TOUGH!

everything all ready. And if you have to take him up, warm his little blanket before you put it around him. It might chill him to put it on him cold, even if it is of wool. And don't jump him up and down trying to get him quiet if he cries after you take him up, and don't take him into another room where the temperature may be lower than it is in this room, nor—I don't care if your mother did rear seven healthy children without a thermometer of any kind in the house. Babies are reared scientifically in these days, and—if he should get to breathing heavily you must telephone for mothers, and she will call at the hall for me. You know that croup always begins with heavy breathing, and sister Helen's children have both had croup this winter. When I think of it, I have a good mind not to go to the concert at all, but it is so long since—oh, it is all

you tell them that you are alone with the baby, and they'd better come some other time. If three or four of your chums should come in here, and you got to playing poker, you would forget that you ever had a baby of your own, and he might roll out of the bed and cripple

IN BAD WEATHER

HOW TO ESCAPE COUGHS & COLDS.

BEFORE starting out in wet or cold weather, take one or two Peps tablets from their silver wrappers and let them slowly dissolve in the mouth. A powerful medicine will then come from the tablets in the form of fumes which you breathe through the throat into the lungs. In this easy and pleasant way not only is the foul and germ-laden atmosphere filtered as you breathe it in, but every part of the throat and bronchial tubes is soothed, strengthened, and made to successfully resist the microbes that spread coughs, colds, sore throat, influenza, bronchitis. Breatheable Peps keep the cold out and stop infection.

Protect YOUR THROAT & CHEST WITH **PEPS**

"D.C.L."

Scotch Whisky

One of the principal branches of THE DISTILLERS CO. LTD. The Largest Scotch Whisky Distillers in the World. Capital employed—over £5,000,000. DUNDEE, SCOTLAND.

Known and appreciated at the four corners of the Earth for its purity, quality, flavour, great age, and digestibility.

way the Old Boys' Association—one of the most active bodies of its kind in the Dominion—has worked for the object in view. Of the large sum of money raised towards the project, one half is the direct result of the exertions of the Association, and the keen regard they have for their old school is the most flattering testimony the management could have.

Cousin Kate's Correspondents.

TO OUR YOUNG READERS.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of Cousins, by writing to

COUSIN KATE,

"The Weekly Graphic,"

Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. 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.

Napier.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—Once more I am writing to you. We do not see anything of Uncle Man in the "Graphic" now. We had our term holidays last week, and I enjoyed them very much. I stayed in town for three days with my auntie, but I think I would just as soon stay home, because there is more fun. Our school ball is to be held on the 29th of this month, and I am in the "Grand March." I am glad that football is in now, because we often play.—Cousin ARTHUR.

[Dear Cousin Arthur,—I am glad to hear from you again. I don't think midwinter holidays are ever so jolly as the summer ones, do you? There are so apt to be wet days. I am glad you enjoyed yours. You must let me know how the school dance goes, especially the "Grand March."—Cousin KATE.]

Taunū.

Dear Cousin Kate,—We have been having some awful weather down this way. A week last Sunday the water was about two feet deep over the road just below our place. It is the Palmerston Winter Show at the end of this month. I suppose we will all be going. Our violets are just coming out in flower. Some of them are almost as big as a penny, but they do not smell so nice as the little ones. I had such a darling little yellow kitten given to me. I just love cats and dogs. The other lovely cat that I had has disappeared. I think a dog or something must have killed it.—Cousin WINNIE.

[Dear Cousin Winnie,—If only New Zealand could give Australia some of our rain, what lovely places they both would be to live in. As it is, we have far more rain than anyone wants. A violet loses half its beauty when it has no scent, I think. I am glad you have got such a nice little kitten.—Cousin KATE.]

Levin.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I received your welcome letter and badge, which I wish to thank you for. It was very kind of you to send it so soon. I have a pet dog called Tosa. I am very fond of him, and he is very fond of me. I will tell you about him some other time. I love all animals. I have music.—Cousin ELMA.

[Dear Cousin Elma,—I am glad you liked the badge. You do not tell me what kind of dog Tosa is. What a quaint name you have given him. What do you do at home in your spare time? Are you fond of sewing?—Cousin KATE.]

Oxalis Bay.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would very much like to become one of your cousins. I am eight years of age. At school I am in Standard I. Do you like pets? I do. I have a pet kitten. Can you find a name for it, please? We are going to have a school concert soon. Next time I write to you I will tell you all about it. May I have a badge?—Cousin ALICE.

[Dear Cousin Alice,—I am very pleased to find you as a member of our society. I think Kluffy would do for your kitten. I expect you have great games with it.—Cousin KATE.]

Hanks Peninsula.

Dear Cousin Kate,—My favourite one of your cousins is the "Graphic," and I would like to write to

you as other girls do. I am ten years of age, and in Standard III. During the summer my schoolmates and I used to play rounders, but now we play hockey. My home is in the country, and sometimes my sisters and I spend the day in the bush. I will tell you more next letter. Would you please send me a badge?—Cousin LAZZIE.

[Dear Cousin Lizzie,—I shall be very pleased to have you on our long list of cousins. Unless you take the "Graphic" each week, I can't see that it can be much good joining; you would not see your letters and answers. Hockey seems a very popular game this season.—Cousin KATE.]

Eltham.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Would you kindly send me a badge, as I want to become one of your junior cousins? I am fourteen years old, and in the sixth standard. I have only been in the North Island six weeks. I used to live in the South Island, among the cold lakes. The scenery down there is much prettier than the scenery I have seen in the North Island. I have been to the Ngare Gardens once, and think them very pretty. The weather in the North Island is different to the South Island. Coming across on the boat I was not sick. Have

thought she may never have to do it. It is bound to be useful. We felt the earthquake very sharply here; it was very funny. We had the coldest morning of this winter this week. It was just below 50 deg.; it is very rarely as low as that. Write again soon.—Cousin KATE.]

Normanby.

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? I am in the sixth standard and I am fourteen years old. I have been reading your letters in the "Graphic" and I am very much interested in them. We have just formed a hockey club at school and I am secretary. My sister has a bike and I often go for a ride on it. The people in Normanby have started skating here and I would like to learn. We are having a holiday from school on Monday as it is the King's birthday. We are having very bad weather lately. The days and nights are also very cold. We have a horse but I cannot ride it yet as she stumbles.—Cousin ANNIE, Taranaki.

[Dear Cousin Annie,—You may become one of my cousins, and I shall enroll you with pleasure. Hockey seems to be gaining in favour every year. You are sure to get the skating craze. How can you cure a horse from stumbling? It is such a dangerous thing.—Cousin KATE.]

Huntly.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Just a few lines to let you know I am quite well and hope you are the same. I have joined the Hockey Club and I have lovely fun. I like school very much. Miss Jory, one of the school teachers, took us to the Hamilton school. It will be my birthday next month. I



IN THE HOME OF A SUFFRAGETTE.

"Say, Grandpa, what's the news in the papers about mother?"

you ever been to Queenstown? It is noted for its scenic attractions.—Cousin HILDA.

[Dear Cousin Hilda,—I am very pleased to call you as a member, but you will be senior cousin if you are fourteen. I have never been to the Queenstown district; it must be very lovely. Eltham is not much of a place, but lovely Mount Eboran saves it from being ugly.—Cousin KATE.]

Stratford.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Being greatly taken up with your correspondence in the "Graphic," I feel that I would like to become one of your senior cousins. The cousins' letters are of great interest to me, and I hope that you will find a space in your column for mine. I am now of the age of sixteen, and am learning the trade of tailoring. I like it fairly well, but one gets tired of seeing all the time; in fact, I think most people tire of their long-term trade. Don't you think so? Two years ago I passed with proficiency the sixth standard, and I could have gone to the High School if I wished, but my ambition was to earn my own living. I dare say you felt the earthquake shock of the 29th inst. Most people, I feel sure, got a most distressful shock. They are, indeed, unaccustomed. We are having miserably cold weather—so cold, that we must wrap ourselves up well when going out. I suppose Auckland weather is quite the reverse to our Stratford weather. Would you please send me a pale blue badge, as I think that is my favourite colour.—Cousin EVA.

[Dear Cousin Eva,—I am very pleased indeed to add your name to our long list of cousins. I think it is a splendid thing for a girl to be independent, but I also hope you are gaining some knowledge of house-keeping and cooking; a woman is only half a one unless she can manage a house. Even

will be 11 years old. On Wednesday, 5th, a little boy got run over by a train, he got his hand cut off by his wrist.—Cousin IVY.

[Dear Cousin Ivy,—Thank you, I am very well and glad to know you are the same. Hockey is a grand game for a winter's afternoon. I read about that dreadful accident and I see the poor little chap has had both hands amputated. I think it is so pathetic. Fancy a boy without hands!—Cousin KATE.]

Hokitika.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I received the badge, and many thanks for it. I am the latest cousin who has ever written to you. What do you think we got on May 17? My baby brother. We have not decided his name yet. I am ten and a muser. We have had a few fine days lately. There is no news down here. Hokitika is in Westland.—Cousin LOUIE.

[Dear Cousin Louie,—I don't think you are really the latest one, for some never write even to say "thank you" for the badge. What a lovely surprise; you will never be dull with a baby in the house. I only hope he will be a good one. You will have to start and make him some nice woolen garments to keep the cold out.—Cousin KATE.]

Palmerston North.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I went to the pictures on Thursday night, and I liked them very much because they were so funny. We have just begun school again after three weeks' holiday. Mother went to Wellington for a week, and when she came back she brought me a box of paints and a drawing set, and she brought my brother

a watch for his birthday. Our new house is nearly finished now. It has all the roof on, and we will be moving into it in July. I think we are going to have a tennis lawn in front of the house. Won't we be busy moving into it?—Cousin NELLIE.

[Dear Cousin Nellie,—You Palmerston North cousins seem just as keen on pictures as the Auckland ones. I have been in Auckland over three years, and have been five times, and yet there are, I think, eight picture shows here, so you see I am one of the few people who do not like them. What lovely presents to receive! I shall expect a nice little sketch some day. You will have a busy time. Your children will enjoy it, I expect, but your mother will be glad when you are settled.—Cousin KATE.]



14 Days Free Approval PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE

We solicit a trial order. These articles are sold on our usual straight-deal principle. You test them for fourteen days. If then dissatisfied, we return the goods and we will promptly refund your money in full.

We can afford to do this, because all our goods are honest in every detail. We know you won't want to send them back!

Besides they are sent to your door carriage-paid and free of charge.

These are the advantages of dealing with the reliable firm—a firm on the spot and established in New Zealand.

35/-—WORTH £33-1 Lady's Solid Gold Watch (stamped). Beautifully chased and engraved. All latest improvements. Guaranteed ten years. Complete with long muff-chain. A snap! Sacrifice, 35/-. Money back if not satisfied.

10/6—WORTH £15-1 Gent's handsome gem-metal Lever Watch. All latest improvements. Non-overwind attachment. Compensating balance. Special diamond cap. Complete with Rolled Gold Albert. A bargain! Sacrifice, 10/6. Money back if not satisfied.

52/6—WORTH £101 Beautiful Diamond and Emerald Doublet Half-hoop Bangle. Set in English 8-ct. half-matched gold. Sixteen diamonds and two emerald bangles in setting. Complete with safety chain. Guaranteed all genuine stones. Sacrifice £29/9. Money back if not satisfied.

45/-—Genuine Sheffield Cutlery. 4-doz. Malador Silver Teaspoons, 4-1/2-oz. Malador Silver Tablespoons, 4-doz. Malador Silver Dessert Forks, 4-1/2-oz. Malador Silver Dessert Forks, 4-1/2-oz. Table Knives, 4-doz. Dessert Knives,—white handles. Guaranteed by the highest quality. Complete in velvet-mounted case. Sacrifice £45-1. Money back if not satisfied.

29/6—WORTH £210-1 Gent's very handsome Solid Silver Double-Case Lever Watch. Fully jeweled movement. All latest improvements. Compensated for all climates. Ten years' guarantee. Complete with Solid Silver Double Albert. Chance of a lifetime! Sacrifice the lot, 29/6. Money back if not satisfied.

18/6—WORTH £210-1 Gent's Engine-turned double case, 18-ct. Gold movement, 89-jeweled timekeeper. Complete with Rolled Gold Albert. A bargain! Sacrifice £18/6. Money back if not satisfied.

1/-—WORTH £201 Beautiful Name or Motto Brooch. Genuine Colonial gold—case, splendid value! Only limited number left. Note the price: only 1/-. Money back if not satisfied.

1/6—WORTH £41 Gent's Rolled Gold Double Albert. Only limited number left. Sacrifice 1/6. Money back if not satisfied.

19/6—WORTH £21 Lady's Solid Gold bezel 89-jeweled movement! Complete with strap and case. Sacrifice 19/6. Money back if not satisfied.

12/6—WORTH £15-1 Solid 9-ct. Pearl Tuck Brooch. Complete with gold chain and belt drop. Set with real garnet. Guaranteed genuine! Sacrifice 12/6. Money back if not satisfied.

Narrow & Company
194 ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDING
WELLINGTON, N.Z.

Palmerston N.

Dear Cousin Kate.—It is a long time since I wrote to you. My cousin was coming to stay with us in the holidays, but she did not come. I have another garden now under the drawing-room window. It has nearly all daisies in it. I went to the pictures last night, and I think they were the best pictures I have seen to. I wanted to go to the orchestral concert last night, but we did not get the tickets in time, so we are going next time. I see that Audrey is writing to you now. I know her quite well. She comes to play with me sometimes. I have been reading a book called "Maton at Billabong," and I have just finished it. Have you read it, Cousin Kate?—Cousin DAKYNS.

[Dear Cousin Dakyns.—You are such good, faithful cousins, you and Freda, and Cousin Nellie. I am following your good example. I hope your daisies are a great success. You are fond of music, I see. Palmerston North, I believe, is quite a musical centre. I have not read the book you mention. Have you read "The Blue Bird"? It is such a charming little book, and all about children.—Cousin Kate.]

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Palmerston North.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I went to the pictures on Friday night, and I liked them very much, and Cousin Dakyns was there too. My sister is going away today at one o'clock to Wellington for a holiday, and will be back in a fortnight. I expect she will have a good time. My brother is going back to Christ College to-morrow after his holiday. One night we went to tea at one of my friends' home, and so had a lovely time. I went to the orchestral concert last night with my brother, and I liked it all except the singing, which I could not hear very well because we were too far away from the stage. We were in the second to last seat.—Cousin FREDA.

[Dear Cousin Freda.—I expect you had lots of fun while your big brother was home for his holidays. Do they hold the orchestral concerts in the Opera House? If so, no wonder you could not hear well at the back. Our new Town Hall is much bigger than that, and so often people cannot be heard, especially speakers; their voices just get lost. We have a lovely grand organ, and you can hear the softest passages of that.—Cousin Kate.]

FOR THE YOUNG FOLK.

Once upon a time, when people were more able to see the wonderful things that were happening around them every day—when they could see beauties and wonders they believed in them, and were constantly meeting fairies when they were out walking—there lived a little boy called Eldwyn, with his old grand-parents in a tiny thatched cottage at the foot of a hill. Eldwyn was a rough, wild little boy. He lived out of doors all day long. In the summer he would pick flowers and nuts and wild berries to sell in the town, and in the winter he would gather wood, and play in the snow. But, though he lived among the birds and flowers and the dear little

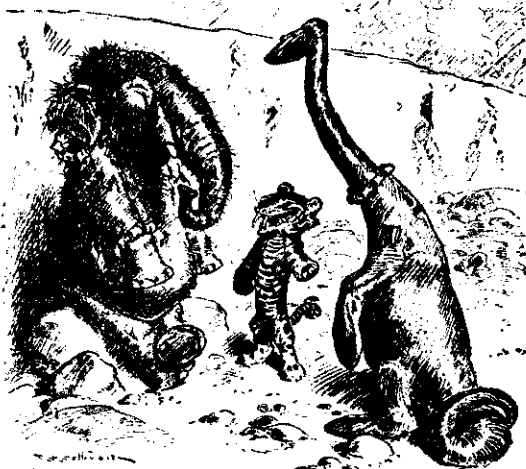
and peeped at him from behind a tree. "I won't hurt you," said Eldwyn. "I wish you would come and talk to me." When Eldwyn said this the little girl laughed, and hid herself completely behind the tree, only to peep out a moment later, crying, "Catch me, then!" Eldwyn sprang to his feet, and darted after her, but she was too quick for him, and flitted here and there gathering flowers as she ran, till he was tired out and threw himself on the ground. Then up to him darted the little maid and covered him with her flower petals, laughing and singing and clapping her hands. "Don't run away again," pleaded Eldwyn, catching at her hand and drawing her down to his side. "I wish you

When the wild flowers spring and the songbirds sing,
My heart is a fountain full.
When the evening came, and Eldwyn had to go home, he could hardly tear himself away from his beautiful little playmate, and all night he fancied he heard her singing:—
"My heart is a fountain full."

Well, after this Eldwyn never spent a day alone. He would play with his little companion for hours, and all the time he was learning to love the birds and flowers and wild creatures as she loved them, and the two children would sing together:—
I met sweet Love with his rosy wings,
His lips were sweet and cool.
When the wild flowers spring and the songbirds sing,
My heart is a fountain full.

But one sad day, something happened. Eldwyn saw a lovely green bird fly to a bough and begin to sing, and without thinking he pecked up a stone. "Eldwyn! Eldwyn! What are you doing!" cried she. But Eldwyn pushed her roughly aside, and aimed the stone, and the bird's song ceased. "You have killed it!" cried she. "You have never met Love! You are cruel!" and he felt the little hand tremble in his as she slunk away from him, and when he looked round she was gone. Then indeed he shed bitter tears. "Oh, come back! Come back!" he cried. "I will never be cruel again," and as he spoke, a beautiful butterfly alighted on his hand and fluttered there for a minute while he kissed its wings, and then it flew away.

Many years passed, but Eldwyn never saw the little girl again; but she had taught him what he never forgot, and the wild birds and animals and the little children would all gather around him for Eldwyn's heart was a fountain full of love. And sometimes he would take the children up the hillsides, and tell them the story of the little Butterfly Girl, and teach them her song. To no one but the children would he repeat it. "Look at the clear blue sky," he would tell them. "What does it say to us? 'Love.' Look at the rabbits peeping up between the brambles—what do they say to us? 'Love.' What do all beautiful things, and all helpless, weak things, all things that we look on say to us but 'Love.'"



"Miss Mammoth, allow me to introduce Mr. Plesiosaurus Dolichodeirus." "Charmed to meet you, I'm sure, but er—pardon me—I didn't quite catch the name."

wild creatures, he was not a kind little boy at all, and the wild birds and animals did not love him; indeed, they were afraid when he drew near; and the other children did not care to play with him. He was too rough.

One day, when the sun shone through a golden mist, and the spider's webs on the blackberry leaves sparkled as though they were hung with diamonds, and the larks up in the blue sky sang to the rising sun, Eldwyn began to climb the hill, with a wallet containing his lunch slung across his shoulders. He was going to spend his whole day on the hillsides, gathering blackberries and nuts, so he had plenty of time before him, and when the mist cleared away and the sun shone down on his gold head, and made him feel very hot and tired, he slipped into the shade of some tall dark fir trees, which grew on the hill, and sat down to rest. It was very dim and cool, and very quiet. Suddenly, out of nowhere, as it appeared, a sweet child-voice began to sing:—

I woke in the sun on a rainy day,
And my wings were wet with dew,
And a rainbow shone when it saw me play,
And my wings like rainbows grew.

I danced in the sunlight among the flowers
When the Jay was just begun,
And the sun smiled on me those golden hours,
And my hair shines like the sun.

I gathered the hyacinths, wild and sweet
That grew in the woodland way,
They looked though my lashes, my smile to greet,
And my eyes are blue as they.

I met sweet Love with his rosy wings—
and then the song ceased. As the voice had drawn nearer, the little singer herself had come in sight. A little dainty, flitting, beautiful girl she was, who had tripped out of the sunshine into the shade of the fir trees, and had almost reached Eldwyn's side before she saw him. When she did see him, her song ceased and she darted away, almost as though she had flown.

Eldwyn sat very still indeed. He had never seen such a beautiful little girl before, nor heard such a sweet voice, and he hoped she would come back. The little girl, meanwhile, had been watching him, and as he sat so very still and smiled, she presently ventured near

would finish that pretty song you were singing." While Eldwyn was speaking he was watching her and thinking how dainty and sweet she was. It did not surprise him very much that she had two beautiful butterfly wings; it surprised him much more that she should care to play with him. Suddenly she spread her wings and began to sing:—
I met sweet Love with his rosy wings,
His lips were sweet and cool.

WEAKNESS TO STRENGTH SCOTT'S EMULSION

The recuperative and strength-making powers of genuine Scott's Emulsion result, not in temporary improvement, but in the acquirement of renewed health and lasting strength.

Thousands of Doctors, in every part of the world, recommend SCOTT'S. Grateful mothers praise it. Here is an example:

"My little daughter, Molly, wasted to skin and bone, and was so weak that I thought she would die. I was advised to give her Scott's Emulsion, and now, after a short course of same, she has grown quite fat and strong, and looks a bonny healthy child."

Mrs. E. Newell, 62, Regent St., Sydney. 31.8.11.

Mrs. Newell got the genuine Scott's Emulsion—hence the good results. Further reason why you should insist on SCOTT'S Emulsion—should see the Scott trade mark on the package.



Whenever in doubt, see the sign of SCOTT'S Emulsion—the sign of SCOTT'S Emulsion and genuineness. Printed on your package for YOUR guidance and protection. OF ALL CHEMISTS & MEDICINE DEALERS.

Advertisement for ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD IRISH LINEN. Includes text: ESTABLISHED at BELFAST in 1870, the centre of the Irish Linen industry, we have a large fully equipped power-loom factory at Banbridge, Co. Down, Ireland; hand-loom for the finest work in many cottage homes and extensive making-up factories at Belfast. ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD IRISH LINEN WORLD RENOWNED FOR QUALITY & VALUE. Lists various linen products and prices.

How to Bring Up Baby.

(By HYGIEA.)

Published under the auspices of the Society for the Health of Women and Children.

"It is wiser to put up a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom."

A Dangerous Neighbour—the House Fly.

THE following is the conclusion of the report of Dr Champtaloup's lecture, the first part of which was given recently.

Flies as Carriers of Microbes.

Dr Champtaloup gave several remarkable proofs of the transmission of bacteria by flies, and said that Dr Nash, in his annual report for 1909, summarised the position as follows:—

"With legs, bodies and intestines laden with putrefactive germs, these flies in the fly season swarm all over all exposed food, drown themselves in every uncovered jug or cup of milk, range over every tin of condensed milk or piece of sugar on which they can alight, each fly contributing its quota of generally unknown and often unmentionable filth, including its own intestinal evacuations, polluting human food to such an extent as in a short time to convert, for instance, milk from a wholesome food to a virulent dangerous poison."

He next showed two slides illustrating plainly what happens when a house fly with dirty feet walked over food stuff on which bacteria could grow. The first showed a Petriplate filled with nutrient gelatine upon which a house fly, just from a dish of dirty water, was allowed to wander for a moment. The plate was covered and set in a warm place for three days. Wherever the fly's feet touched the gelatine, and where the body dragged, the bacteria grew. The tracks of the wandering fly were marked in colonies of living bacteria, many thousands in each. The other slide showed a somewhat similar condition, though accidentally produced. Dr Champtaloup proceeded to discuss some disease bacteria which flies carry and the diseases they give rise to. Among these were tuberculosis and various parasitic diseases.

Massacre of the Innocents.

One authority stated that in the United States of America there died annually 49,000 babies under two years of age as a result of intestinal affections due to flies. In many of the large towns of Great Britain the infantile mortality per annum was from 100 to 150 or more per 1000 babies born, and infantile diarrhoea played a large part in this enormous waste of child life. On comparing the figures for New Zealand during the last 10 years, we find that the average proportion of deaths of infants under one year of age to every 1000 births was 71.9, while England and Wales was 109, a marked difference in our favour, and an indication of the better sanitary conditions under which we live. Of the total deaths under one year of age in New Zealand during the years 1900-10, 19.8, or nearly 20 per cent, were due to diarrhoea, these figures by no means indicating the actual number of persons attacked. Dr Newsholme, medical officer to the Local Government Board, said that opened cans of condensed milk were often seen black with flies, attracted by the sugar in the milk, and he attributed to them a considerable share in the causation of diarrhoea in children. Typhoid fever was a disease upon which much investigation had been made in its relation to flies, and that insect had been found guilty up to the hilt. The excessive death rates in the camps of the American soldiers during the Spanish-American war did more than anything else to call attention to the importance of the fly as a distributor of the germs of typhoid. Fortunately we now have a means of prophylactic injection against typhoid which had already very considerably reduced both the attack and death rate among the soldiers in India. It would be unwise, however, to state that the fly was the chief source of the spread of typhoid, cholera and dysentery and diarrhoea, until we had facts definitely proving it. The fly was certainly a fac-

tor, but proof had yet to be brought that it was the chief factor.

Note by Hygiea.

What Dr Champtaloup clearly conveys is that we have every reason to regard the house fly as a leading factor in carrying the germs of various diseases, and particularly in depositing them in our milk jugs.

It was the great surgeon Sir Joseph Lister who said long ago that he only knew of one species of microbe that would not flourish and multiply with extreme rapidity in milk. He pointed out that milk might be regarded as an ideal culture medium and breeding-ground for all kinds of germs. In view of this, and the fact that the fly, from its habits and the filth in which it revels, is such a universal conveyer of all sorts and conditions of microbes, one can see how extremely important it is to keep down the pest, and to specially guard against the possibility of its entering the milk-jug.

Dr Champtaloup certainly brought home to all of us, who had the privilege of attending his lecture, that the familiar spectacle of a fly or two struggling in the milk is a very much more serious matter than the presence of a consider-

able quantity of ordinary dirt, which most people would regard as very much more disgusting and objectionable. "Clean dirt" may contain more or less germs, but the house fly, however clean he may look, should always be regarded as having come in all probability direct from unmentionable filth, the living germs of which he carries on his person.

Viewing the drowning fly in this light, many of us said at the conclusion of the lecture that we should never again be able to regard milk as safe and unpolluted after merely removing the flies. We know better now, and we know that, especially in the case of babies, such milk would not be entirely safe to use even after scalding it, seeing that the spores of minute organisms may survive the boiling point.

While giving due attention to warding off the germs of disease, we must never lose sight of the fact that this is not the first line of defence. The first line of defence against every form of disease and every species of microbe is the maintenance of a high standard of health and fitness, so that if dangerous germs do gain access to the system the cells of the body will be in such good fighting form that they will either prevent the microbes from making an effective landing, or will defeat them after they have become established.

Good air, good food, proper exercise, and regular, healthy habits form the first line of defence. This was clearly inferred in Dr Champtaloup's lecture.

Destruction of Flies.

The last section of the address briefly dealt with some of the means for the destruction of the house fly and its haunts. In the essential matter of cleanliness, compulsory legislation and inspection could only play a part in prevention. Other facts must be the education of the public in matters of general sanitary knowledge, and in the import-

ance of breast-feeding and proper care of food to which their Society was paying so much attention with such excellent results. In educative measures particular attention should be directed to the school child in inculcating knowledge of matters bearing on household cleanliness. (Applause.) Attention should be given to frequent removal of all accumulations of dirt, dust, or manure. All refuse should be stored pending removal in properly constructed covered cans. All foodstuffs, particularly milk, should be protected from contamination by fine gauze or other substance. It would be a good day for Dunedin when we could afford the installation of an up-to-date destructor instead of depositing our refuse in heaps in the vicinity of the town. In conclusion, the lecturer explained several effective fly traps and fly poisons. He sat down amid hearty and prolonged applause.

Short-weight Bread.

The London County Council has had a report prepared on the frauds practised in London on bread consumers. It is stated that the consumers of bread lose between £400,000 and £500,000 a year in respect of deficient weight. This startling statement appears in the report of the public control committee of the London County Council. The committee in recommending that the Board of Trade should be urged to introduce legislation for the amendment of the law on the subject, gives details of systematic purchases made by the council's inspectors, extending over a year, and the bread was bought at shops, from carts and barrows, at private houses, two-penny loaves at shops, and "standard" bread.

A COUGH CURE THAT STANDS ALONE.

FOR ALMOST FIVE DECADES.



**BONNINGTON'S
CARRAGEEN
IRISH MOSS**

Has proved the most reliable remedy for all Chest and Lung troubles. For Influenza, Coughs, Colds and Bronchitis it is unequalled as a soothing medicine and lung healer.

BONNINGTON'S IS THE ONLY GENUINE IRISH MOSS, and the only one capable of performing all that is claimed for it. Don't be induced to try something "JUST AS GOOD"—Get BONNINGTON'S.

If the name is right the cure is assured.

MISS PRISCILLA VERNE, the celebrated actress, writes:—"I still take your Irish Moss whenever I am troubled with a cold or loss of voice; I find it most helpful to me in my professional duties, and will always recommend it to my friends."

PREPARED BY
**GEORGE BONNINGTON,
CHRISTCHURCH.**

The Rebellion of Mrs. Dalton.

I.

MR RUFUS DALTON'S lip set in the manner that indicates, to the initiated, incipient rebellion. Her clear, blue eyes had a steely glitter, and a spot of nervous colour burned on each cheek.

Was it not enough, she asked herself as she mentally reviewed her wrongs, that she should know herself as the wife of a man who upset all the traditions in regard to the American husband, and systematically stunted her in the matter of pocket-money? Was it not enough that she should endure the torment of being the worst-dressed woman in her own drawing-room? Was not this enough, without having the author of her humiliation vaunt his selfish theories at her tea table and boast ingloriously of the success of his "system"? She heard again the chorus of protesting "Ohs!" from her afternoon tea guests, as, with a thumb in each armpit of his vest, Mr Dalton delivered his dictum:

"The husband of to-day is a slave! The liberality of American men, the extravagance of American women, are bywords among the nations of the earth. The one back bent by toil that the other may be decked in silk and broadcloth; one forehead lined with worry that the other may be smooth and free from care! And the wonder of the age is that these willing slaves have the remedy in the hollow of their hands and fail to use it. The cure is a proper division of the income!"

A proper division of the income, fr-r-r-ooth! Mrs. Dalton's teeth shut with a decided click, and the last fork among the silver she was counting rattled into the drawer with a metallic din.

Mrs. Dalton always dressed in gray, and resembled normally a gentle, uncomplaining dove. Hardly dove-like, however, were the defiant features that met their own reflection in the sidobol mirror that evening, as she turned the key on her wedding silver; and even less so was the angry twist she gave the electric light switches as she darkened the house for the night.

Almost hawk-like was her flight up the stairs, but dove-like again was her soft patter across the bedroom floor. Her lord was already sleeping the sleep of the most righteous of his sex. A faint, self-satisfied smile came to his wife's ears as an echo of his eternal preaching. Mr. Dalton's clothes lay on a chair, folded as his dear mother—her hardly so dear mother-in-law—had taught him in his well-regulated childhood. Mr. Dalton's trousers, precisely creased, hung over the chair, the pockets bulging with bills, whose crisp cracks had emphasised the exhortation to economy with which he had favoured her friends. They crackled again as Mrs. Dalton, with fingers that trembled with their unaccustomed task, lifted the trousers from their resting-place and with guilty haste bore them to her dressing room.

Undisturbed, however, the even breath with its nasal accompaniment from the bed continued; no good angel brought a warning dream; no sense of impending calamity ruffled that calm brow.

Triumphant and unrelenting, Mrs. Dalton returned to the room, tiptoed once more to the chair, creased the trousers in the self-same lines, and placed them on the exact spot where they had hung before. This done, Mrs. Dalton went to her couch and slept dreamlessly until morning.

II.

"Wake up, Rufus; I have something to say to you!"

Mr. Dalton's last forty winks were suddenly interrupted. A sleepily interrogative glance from the gentleman met a surprising sight; Mrs. Dalton up and dressed a full half hour earlier than her wont, not in morning negligee, but in trim-fitting waist and stiff collar, with her hair done in a style usually affected only for high social functions. Mr. Dalton's look was one of reproach at her inconsiderate disturbance of his well-earned rest.

"My dear Clara," he expostulated, "is it anything that cannot wait until breakfast time?"

"It is something that must be settled here and now. I've struck!"

"Struck?" Mr. Dalton rose on one elbow and surveyed his wife as though doubting her sanity. "Do I understand you?"

"Probably not. I'll explain. I have joined a union, of which I am organiser,

walking delegate, all the officers, and all the members. You are capital, I am labour, and I've struck."

Mr. Dalton rose to a sitting posture.

"Your explanation, my dear, fails to—er—elucidate. It must also be explained."

"Very well. You"—here Mrs. Dalton placed an index finger in the hollow of profits—the poor growing poorer, the country orator—"are capital, grinding, grasping, overbearing capital. Labour—that's me—sees an unfair division of the profits—the poor growing poorer, the rich richer. Labour watches for an opportunity to get even, to find capital at a disadvantage."

"You certainly have me at a disadvantage; I do not understand you."

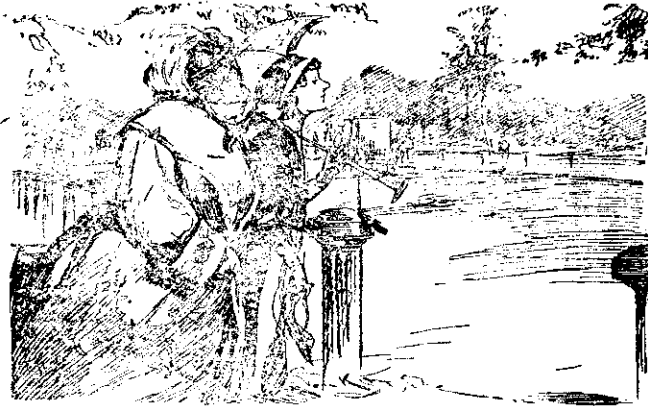
Wild-eyed now, and a little alarmed at Mrs. Dalton's symptoms, Mr. Dalton gazed at her anxiously.

"I mean to keep you in that state," returned the lady recklessly. "It is poor labour's only chance. My figures of speech seem to distress you, so I will come down to plain prose. You see your trousers?" Mr. Dalton did. "Do you know how much money you had in the pockets?"

"To a penny," Mr. Dalton replied.

"So do I. And I've taken it—to a penny! And I've hidden it, and mean to keep it, unless—"

Mr. Dalton found his breath and sat up in sudden horror.



"All this talk of the incivility of an towards woman is rubbish. This morning in the train three men offered me their seats."

"—London Opinion."

"Do you mean to tell me, Clara Wesley Dalton, that you, representative of a good old Puritan family; you, reared as a gentleman's wife of a gentleman, deliberately went through my pockets like the common school of the comic papers?"

"Not deliberately, Rufus—rather hurriedly."

But Mr. Dalton was not to be diverted by such ill-timed kvetch. Dignity in pajamas is hard to attain unto, but Mr. Dalton performed the feat.

"Will you tell me why you have thus lowered yourself?" he asked with icy displeasure.

"I have already told you. I—have—struck! I am tired of making over last year's gowns; I am tired of hearing other women rustle by in silks while I slink along in percale. I want some money of my own, to squander, to throw away if I please! And I've taken it, and I'll keep it all unless you promise me a third of what I've taken—just a third; I am moderate, not high-handed. Promise me that—your word, Rufus, is as good as your bond and I will return every cent. Labour when she has the upper hand lays down the law; defy her, and she works her worst; compromise, and you save a little from the wreckage. The walking delegate has spoken!"

Purple in the face, with rage, Mr. Dalton pointed an accusing finger at his defiant wife.

"Do you know what you are?" he asked between gasps. "Just an ordinary thief! My wife a felon! To creep into my room like a thief in the night and shamelessly purloin my hard-earned gold—"

"Currency, every bit of it, except seventy-nine cents in silver and bronze," she interrupted.

"Felony," he repeated, gathering scorn from her flippancy, "is punishable by imprisonment!" Mrs. Dalton nodded a cheerful affirmation. "Is it nothing to you that the mother of my children should be branded as a thief? This revelation of your character is a blow!"

Overcome with self-pity, Mr Dalton leaned weakly back among his pillows. "Do I get a third?" asked the walking delegate.

Anger and prudence warred in Mr Dalton's countenance, and from the battle prudence emerged victorious.

"Since you are so lost to the dictates of pride and the respect due me, I yield to the vulgar demand: You win at the cost of my conscience."

"I should have lost at the cost of my own! Rufus Henry Dalton, I've a mental picture of the new gown I'm going to buy that blinds me even to the stern displeasure on your manly brow! Breakfast ready—better hurry!"

Mrs Dalton trotted cheerfully to the door.

"Clara!" Mr Dalton called to her angrily. "Will you kindly treat me with the honour due your husband and tell me where you have concealed your stolen goods—my money?"

"You'll stick to the letter of your bond?"

She stood with her hand on the door.

"You may credit me with too much self-respect to descend to your level. You may be a felon, but I am a man of my word!"

ITCHING PILES CURED.

"WAS SICK OF EXPERIMENTING WITH USELESS REMEDIES."

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR BILE BEANS.

All sufferers from that terrible complaint piles should profit by the experience of Mr. D. Jones, of Barker-street, Casino, N.S.W., who says:—"Through working in wet mines I contracted that agonising complaint itching piles. The intense irritating and itching caused me to suffer acutely, and deprived me of many hours of rest. This complaint had a terrible effect on my general health, and soon I was reduced to an awful state. I tried first one thing, and then another, but nothing gave me any relief."

"I was sick of experimenting with useless remedies. Acting on the advice of a friend, I purchased a supply of Bile Beans and commenced taking them. This splendid remedy soon gave me ease. The irritation and itching became less severe, and by continuing with Bile Beans, I was soon rid of the awful piles. It is twelve months ago since Bile Beans cured me, and there have been no signs of the piles returning, and I am perfectly satisfied that the cure is permanent. I always keep a supply of Bile Beans on hand."

Every medicine chest should contain a supply of Bile Beans—the world's greatest family medicine. Bile Beans banish headache, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, flatulence, bad breath, piles, stomach troubles, liver disorder, debility, back pains, and female ailments. Sold by all chemists and stores.

Allcock's PLASTERS



No matter whether the Pain is in the Back or Side, Chest or Limbs, you can always rely on an Allcock's Plaster. It is a standard remedy, sold by chemists in every part of the civilized world.

Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc.

Brandreth's Pills

ENTIRELY VEGETABLE.
ALCOCK MANUFACTURING CO.,
Birkenhead, ENGLAND.

BOVRIL



For
Health
and
Beauty

ARE YOU FAIR TO YOURSELF?

YOU begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs, always so conspicuous. A bottle of the world-famed



Lockyer's Hair Restorer, 1/6

gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.

DON'T LOOK OLD.

EASTERN DRAPERIES, ORIENTAL EMBROIDERIES, JAPANESE ART WORK, RENARES BRASSWARE, SWATOW GRASSLAWN, DRAWN THREAD WORK, ETC.,

To be obtained at
ERNEST A. RIMMER,
Oriental Art Specialist,
Showroom,
Ground Floor, Strand Arcade, Queen St.

ENGAGEMENTS.

No notice of Engagements or Marriages can be inserted unless signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person with Full Name and Address.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice M. Pairman, of Bapanui, Wanganui, to Mr J. H. S. Bree, of Wellington.

The engagement is announced of Miss M. Williamson, of Patutahi, and Mr. H. Williams, of Mangatu.

Advertising Tricks.

A few days ago Parisians were witness of an affecting scene near the Gare Saint Lazare. A gentleman of colour, in the latest Paris fashion, drove up to the door of one of the chief restaurants. A latterdemation, also of colour, was loafing about, and he came forward to open the taxi-cab door. There were mutual exclamations of surprise. "You, Mohamed?" "Is it you Ramaut?" The two brothers, for such it seemed they were, embraced, and then the well-dressed one led the other into the restaurant, where they lunched both well and wisely, to the admiration of a good few who had been attracted by the unexpected meeting. The lunch over, the affluent black led away his poor brother, an interested little crowd bringing up the rear, to a tailor's establishment. There the shabby one was fitted out from head to foot. By the time the operation was complete, the curious ones had increased in numbers, and when the two emerged from the tailor's they were still followed. At every opportunity they looked into the shop windows and admired the new clothes. Then one would say, for all to hear, "What a beautiful jacket. How can — do it for sixty francs?" and so on, faking each article of clothing in turn. Verify the tricks of the advertiser are ingenious.

Grafting a Cornea on a Blind Eye.

Dr. Magiot has been engaged upon interesting work at Paris in the way of grafting of the human cornea upon the eye of a blind man. A young man of fifteen years had almost lost the sight of one eye from a burn by quicklime, and an opaque layer covered all over the cornea so that all light was cut off from the retina. Seven months ago Dr. Magiot cut in the middle of the opaque tissue an opening of about one-fifth of an inch square and then fitted in a miniature window pane in the shape of a square piece of transparent cornea. This he had taken from the eye of another person eight days before. The tissues joined up completely about a week after, and the person thus partially recovered his sight. It is to be remarked that the piece of cornea was preserved in the living state before the grafting process according to a method similar to the one followed in America by Dr. Carrel.

HOW TO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

One of our lady readers, who found that her skin was becoming harsh and dry from use of powders, rouges and creams, sends us the formula below. She states that the simple, harmless and inexpensive lotion made therefrom softened her skin, and so greatly enhanced the beauty of her complexion that she has entirely done away with all other preparations which she had been accustomed to use. This lotion can easily be prepared at home or by any good pharmacist. It calls for two ounces of Rose Water, one drachm Tincture of Benzoin, and two ounces Flowers of Oxozin. Mix together and apply night and morning with the hands, or use a soft cloth or sponge. Always shake well before using. Our obliging correspondent asks that her name be withheld for personal reasons, but nevertheless gives us permission to publish her letter for the benefit of other readers. She adds that this formula was given her by a woman 65 years old, whose youthful complexion and almost total absence of wrinkles were a source of wonder and admiration to all who knew her.—(Ad.)

Orange Blossoms.

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

All copy intended for publication, in these columns must reach the office, not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

SMITH—BELLA.

On Wednesday, June 26, a quiet but pretty wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, Hamilton, when Miss Bell, of Te Rapa, was married to Mr W. Nisbet Smith. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. M. Cowie. The bride was given away by her brother, Colonel Allen Bell. Mr Walter Bell, of Punho, Taramaki, acted as best man, and little Miss Elaine Bell, niece of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. After the ceremony the party drove out to Colonel Bell's residence at "Sunshine," where the wedding breakfast was served and the newly-married couple left immediately afterwards for their new home, after receiving the congratulations and good wishes of numerous friends.

REID—SIMPSON.

A very quiet wedding was solemnised at St. Mary's Church, New Plymouth, on June 25th, when Miss Ethel Simpson, second daughter of the late Mr. Francis Simpson, was married to Mr. R. B. Reid, of New Plymouth. Mr. and Mrs. Reid left by the midday train for the South, where their honeymoon is to be spent.

TWIGG—MACKENZIE.

Mr. Garnet Wolsey Twigg, of Madeira Cliff, Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, a son of Mr. H. J. Twigg, of Hawke's Bay, was married on May 16th to Miss Phyllis Margaret MacKenzie, daughter of Mr. W. G. MacKenzie, of 36, Earls Court Square, London. The marriage was celebrated at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, London, the Rev. H. B. Brew, a cousin of the bride, and the Vicar of St. Peter's officiating.

PORSYTH—GIBSON.

An extremely popular wedding took place on Tuesday last, at the Church of England, Whangarei, the bride being Miss Florence Lucy Gibson, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs G. T. Gibson, of the Settlers Hotel, Whangarei, and the bridegroom, Mr Herbert Forsyth, eldest son of Mr J. Forsyth, of Kamo Road. Rev. Jasper Childer was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a gown of white silk, trimmed with Brussels insertion, with wreath and embroidered veil. She carried a shower bouquet of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were the Misses A. J. and Sadie Gibson, and wore white embroidered frocks, with bouquets of snowflakes and jonquils. Mr Menzies was best man.

After the ceremony, the large number of invited guests sat down to a lavish wedding breakfast in the Masonic Hall. Among those present were the mother of the bride, who wore black silk lace over black silk, black velvet hat with plumes; mother of bridegroom, wine-coloured cloth, trimmed with velvet and braid, with black velvet hat; Mrs Armstrong (sister of bride), brown costume, black and green hat; Mrs J. Gibson (sister-in-law of bride), brown costume, black hat, relieved with green; Mrs Dickey (sister of bridegroom), navy blue costume, black velvet hat, relieved with pink; Miss J. Stanley (Auckland), grey silk dress, black velvet hat with ostrich plumes; Miss A. Brown (Auckland), grey costume, mauve felt hat with white plumes; Mrs J. Hoey, moss green costume, and hat to match; Miss Tucker, cream dress and black picture hat; Mrs Donaldson, blue dress and black hat; Mrs W. Simons, grey dress, hat to match; Mrs H. Gardis, blue costume, and velvet toque; Mrs E. Peters, black costume, grey hat. The wedding cake was a magnificent example of the confectioner's art, being five tiers in height. The bride and bridegroom left at mid-day for Auckland, en route to Rotorua, where the honeymoon is to be spent.

Many and valuable were the presents received, not only from Whangarei, but also from Auckland and outside districts. Their future home will be in Whangarei.

BARTRUM—LORIE.

The picturesque little church of St. Peter's, at Lake Takapuna, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Miss Constance E. Lorie, daughter of Mr A. Lorie, of Hamilton, was married to Mr J. Arthur Bartrum, geologist, of Wellington, and son of the late Mr B. P. Bartrum. The Rev. W. G. Monckton, M.A., officiated, and Miss Mactier presided at the organ. The bride, who was given away by Mr C. Cooper, looked daintily in a lovely ivory charmeuse robe. The corsage was trimmed with cluny lace veiled in nixon, and the trained skirt was finished with pleatings and draped with exquisite hand-made Korean lace, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridal veil was arranged over a tiara of orange blossoms, and a beautiful bouquet completed this charming toilette. Miss Muriel Lorie (sister of the bride) was bridesmaid, and looked pretty in an old rose colienne, over satin, the overskirt and revers finished with fringe of the same colour, and a black velvet Napoleon hat with black and white plumes and lined with old rose satin. She carried a shower bouquet of pink sweet peas and maiden hair fern, and wore a pretty gold bangle with pearl star, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr C. A. Cotton attended the bridegroom as best man.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the hotel, "Mon Desir," where the guests were entertained at afternoon tea. Mr and Mrs Bartrum left later for Wellington by the Main Trunk express, the bride wearing a smart smoke-grey striped cloth tailormade costume with black satin facings and large buttons, and a mole grey crinoline hat with forget-me-not trails and large natter blue plumes. Mrs Lorie (mother of the bride) wore a handsome grey figured silk trimmed with Oriental trimming and fringe, and rosada velvet turban toque; Miss Ethel Lorie, dainty mauve frock with satin bands; and white net fichu, and violet upturned hat with white lancer plume in front; Miss Ida Lorie, effective natter blue frock with fringe of the same tone, and large black plumed hat; Miss Bartrum, navy tailormade costume, and hat en suite; Miss Gladys Lorie, white embroidered Swiss muslin, and large white satin hat with band of fur and lined with old rose satin.

BARTLETT—DIXON.

A very quiet wedding was celebrated at St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, on Wednesday morning. The Rev. W. Tinsley was the officiating minister, when Miss Fanny Nora, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dixon, of "Oakleigh," Kihikiki, was married to Mr. Leslie Bartlett, second son of the late Mr. E. Bartlett, of Redditch, England. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a cream charmeuse, trimmed with all-over lace and handsome insertion. She also wore the customary veil and orange blossoms, and carried a lovely bouquet of daphne, hyacinths, and maiden-hair fern. The bridesmaids were the Misses Nathalia and Eileen Gane (cousins of the bride), and Mr. Richard Bartlett (cousin of the bridegroom) was best man. The bridesmaids both wore pretty white silk frocks. The bridegroom gave the bridesmaids pretty gold brooches. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a beautiful peridot pendant, and the bride's to the bridegroom a travelling rug. After the ceremony the wedding party were entertained at the residence of Mr. G. E. Clark. Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett left by motor car for Auckland, en route for Wellington. The bride's travelling dress was saxe blue velvet, with hat to match.

GRIERSON—GRIFFITHS.

St. Mary's Church, Parnell, was the scene of a popular and fashionable wedding between Miss Betty Grierson, youngest daughter of the late Mr. U. R. Grierson and Mrs. Grierson, of St. Stephen's Avenue, Parnell, and Mr. C. A. Griffiths, of Wellington. The church was beautifully decorated by the girl

friends of the bride, white and palest pink camelias and snowdrops, and paper-white narcissi and lilies being used with charming effect. The bridal pair stood under a floral archway, from which hung a floral wedding bell. All the seats reserved for the guests had bunches of heather tied with white ribbon on them. The church was filled with interested spectators. The weather was gloriously fine, and the church was bright with sunshine as the bride, looking beautiful in her graceful bridal robe, walked down the aisle on the arm of her brother, who afterwards gave her away. The bride's frock was cut on simple lines, and made of very rich, souple satin, with a pointed drapery of exquisite fine lace, which was gracefully draped down the long square train, the drapery caught up with dainty wreaths of orange blossoms; the bodice was high-waisted, and finished with the same beautiful lace and lovely pearl and silver bugle trimming. A tulle veil was softly arranged round the face, and finished with a wreath of orange blossoms, and a lovely bouquet of white flowers completed a very beautiful bridal toilette. The bride carried a grey suede prayer-book, the gift of the Rev. Canon McMurray, who, assisted by the Rev. Mark Sutton, performed the ceremony, which was fully choral. A trio of pretty dark girls attended the bride, the maid of honour being Miss Ethel Grierson, sister of the bride, and the Misses Una Buddle and Thelma Bloomfield, who all looked very charming in exquisite frocks of pale pink chiffon velvet. The skirts had pointed trains, and had long panmoe effect, one side being gracefully draped with lovely deep-cream lace; the bodices were composed of the lace, one side being veiled with pink nixon, the other of the lace unveiled, and a draped belt effect of the pink velvet, with one point caught up on the left shoulder. "Charlotte Corday" caps were most fascinating, composed of brown tulle, with frills of the same lace as used on the frocks, with an inner pleated frill of palest pink, and a band of brown marabou feathers, and tiny wreaths and bunches of palest pink and blue flowers. Large flat muffs of pink shirred nixon, covered with brown marabou feathers, and a graceful drapery of the cream lace, caught up with wreaths of the pink and blue flowers; brown suede shoes, and silk stockings completed charming toilettes. The bridegroom's gifts to the bride were two lovely rings, one of diamonds and the other of emeralds and diamonds—the latter a birthday gift, the bride celebrating her nineteenth birthday four days after the marriage. To the bridesmaids the bridegroom presented lovely aquamarine necklets. The best man was Mr Wickham (Wellington), and the groomsmen Dr Milson and Mr Desmond Kettle.

The wedding reception was a very bright affair. Mrs Grierson received her guests at the door, and then they passed on to the drawing room, where the bride and bridegroom, standing in a large, square bay window, from which hung a floral wedding bell, received the congratulations of their friends. The lovely array of wedding presents was much admired. Tea was served in the dining room, and the customary toasts honoured. The wedding cake was a square one, on a lovely silver stand and laden with dainty "favours." The bride's travelling frock was a smart tailored coat and skirt of a duck's egg green, with a decided grey tone in it. A lovely white tagel straw hat, lined with black velvet, and trimmed with lovely feathers shaded from green to grey, was most becoming. Lovely furs completed the toilette. The bridal pair left by motor, and were simply showered with confetti and rose leaves. Mrs Grierson wore a much-admired toilette of blue charmeuse veiled with lovely fine black lace; the front of the frock had a smart arrangement of heavy cream lace and a touch of petunia satin veiled with black. A lovely blue hat, massed with shaded feathers, of blue and petunia, a bouquet of shaded pink bouvardias, were an effective finish. Mrs Harry Bloomfield, sister of the bride, looked charming in a lovely frock of opal-tinted shot chiffon taffeta, with a wide collar of lovely cream lace, smart white hat lined with black and massed with lovely white feathers; Mrs Lucy Bloomfield wore grey crepe de chine and embroidery, with touches of blue, grey hat with blue feathers; Mrs Winkfield, a relative of the bridegroom, wore pale natter blue crepe de chine, hat to match with touches of vieux rose; Mrs C. Buddle wore a lovely white net and lace frock, and a long smart velvet coat,

and black hat with feathers; Mrs. J. Sturholme (Taihape) wore a smart natter blue charmeuse coat, and a lovely black hat with white feathers; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, shot peach-pink taffeta, veiled with grey union, smart black velvet coat with fur collar, and a lovely hat; Miss Irida Bloomfield, white cloth coat and skirt, white fur toque; Mrs. Archie Clark wore a lovely coat of black velvet, smart hat massed with natural coloured ostrich feathers; Mrs. Sydney George, putty-coloured cloth coat and skirt, smart black velvet hat with bows of cherry colour; Mrs. Langguth wore a smart black and white toilet and ermine furs; Mrs. Seymour Thorne-George wore a lovely frock of black and white charmeuse, and black nimon with lovely dull gold embroideries, gold and black hat; Mrs. W. Colbeck, soft shade of natter crepe de chine, smart putty coloured hat with lovely roses on it, long seal coat; Mrs. H. O. Nolan, pretty frock of grey with touches of pink, and a smart hat; Miss Gillies wore a smart mole-grey velvet with touch of emerald green; Mrs. Leatham wore blue, the bodice composed of shaded blue embroidery and a smart dark blue hat with blue tulle and blue poppies and corn; Mrs. Steggall wore a smart grey toilette; Mrs. Atkin Carrick wore a toilette of black and white, with a touch of petunia in her hat; Mrs. Saunders, pretty grey cloth, black hat; Miss Nellie Wale wore a lovely frock of grey charmeuse and a smart hat; Mrs. Kinder, herself a recent bride, wore her lovely going-away frock of dull rose-pink cloth, finished with a touch of dull gold and blue embroidery, and a glorious pink hat lined with black, and lovely pink lacer plumes; Mrs. Bloomfield, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Hancock, Mrs. and Miss Cole, Misses Enid and Mavis Reed, Misses Nesta and Tom Thomas, Miss Bidings, Miss Una Saunders, Mrs. and the Misses Richmond, Mrs. Howard Richmond, Mrs. and Miss Nelson, Miss Ruth Spencer, Mrs. Rose, Miss Muriel Dargaville.

Woodrow Wilson.

Continued from page 2.

for his election, who made him—where we are to-day? That man Wilson has torn the heart-strings out of us all, and one by one we are breaking down in spirit and in body. This country has never known a more arrogant, a more cold-blooded, a more faithless leader. I want to live to show him up to the people of this country as he is, as we know him, and then I'm going to retire from politics forever. But not until Wilson has been buried deep." This is the sort of opposition that Woodrow Wilson has now to face from his own party, but if he can command support from the reputable section of the Democrats it is quite possible that the split in the Republican ranks may open the way for him to the Presidential chair.

The writer of a recent article in the "Munsey" on Woodrow Wilson is a Presidential possibility, says: "You leave Woodrow Wilson with the feeling that you have rubbed up against the new kind of leadership in our public life. It is more than the mere domination of faction or party; it is the authority of high culture and the realisation of a solemn responsibility. Just as the programmes of parties must henceforth be programmes of enlightenment and readjustment, so must the processes of political change be processes of thought. The men to bring them about, whether Democrats or Republicans, must be men of broad mentality and large vision. To this task Woodrow Wilson brings a peculiar degree of fitness. He is still a teacher, only his school is the Forum of a State; his text books are legislative bills; his pupils are the people who want good government. Whatever may be the outcome of the approaching struggle that projects him before the whole nation as a Presidential possibility, one thing is certain—the country is all the better for his participation in its politics."

least ten first-class theatres in that city alone doing the same thing and coining money. England is slower to act than we are, but she is bound to follow the same tendency."

I asked him to explain what he calls his educational films. They, of course, provide moving, not talking, pictures. "Why," he exclaimed, "we've tried them here in New Jersey, and I am certain that the whole scheme of infant education, sooner or later, is going to be changed. The eye of the child is the natural medium for instruction, and is the surest and wisest route to the brain. Under my system we lay far less emphasis on puzzling the child with 26 hieroglyphics and in asking it, 'Do you see the man?' or telling it 'This is a cat,' when you can show it a man or a cat in a moving picture and at once engage its eye."

"I have planned out an eight-year course for the child, beginning with its tenderest years, and have demonstrated by experiments in this neighbourhood that infant curiosity is aroused and its intelligence stimulated to an astonishing degree."

No Child Suicides.

"I am told that in the past few years there have been scores of child suicides in Germany due to the severity of the studies. My system involves no suicides and the maintenance of no truant officers either. All our films are tested on six boys and six girls. Perhaps they are lessons in hydraulics, or in pottery processes, or in the manufacture of glass. "After the children have watched the moving pictures they are asked to write essays on what they have seen. So far I have never found one of these twelve children unable to produce an intelligent description."

Take our historical films. We have projected the surrender of Cornwallis and the Battle of Trafalgar, for instance. The demand for the latter films in England almost equals the popularity of the former over here. There is not the slightest difficulty in constructing them. We hire some coast liner for a few weeks and organise shipwrecks. I have found the United States Government quite willing to furnish us with sailors and sailors to lend actuality to our films. I am sure the British authorities would give corresponding facilities in England."

A Social Revolution.

Mr. Edison says that civilisation is about to realise what an amazing social revolution the simultaneous combination of the photograph and phonograph is going to create. It means an enormous income to him, but I never saw a man so absolutely indifferent to material fortune. He is fabulously wealthy. He has received patents for 800 inventions, but looks like a poorly-paid mechanic. He works all day in a suit which resembles an engine-driver's. His appearance suggests that he probably shaves once a week, is too absorbed either to wash, or eat, or do anything else with conventional regularity. But he thinks out his problems in a palatial office as big as a church, with two galleries stored with scientific volumes and models of electric appliances. He is never idle for a single moment. His brain is as animated as his own beautiful invention, the kinoscope. "I call from six a.m. to midnight," says this amazing sexagenarian genius, "my working day, and the longer I work the happier I am."

Fish That Fight.

In the gardens of Singapore it is the custom to stock the ponds with all manner of queer fish—many of them of the fighting variety so dear to Orientals.

This species of fish is so combative that it is only necessary to place two of them near each other, like fighting cocks, and perhaps to irritate them a little, to bring on a lively conflict.

They charge each other with fins erect, at the same time changing colour from the dulllest of grey greens to brilliant reds and blues. Indeed, confinement on close quarters is not needed to arouse their combative propensities.

Even a single fish, seeing himself reflected in a mirror, will dart at his own image; and, irritated all the more by his failure to reach his supposed enemy, will assume the most brilliant hues; seeing his reflected antagonist do the same, he will double his efforts to reach him.

Why They Go to Church.

"No, I didn't get out to church on Sunday," said Miss Lillypadd to Miss Giddylove. "I had such a perfectly dreadful, awful, terrible, horrible cold that I couldn't go. My nose was a lovely ster red. I was awfully annoyed because I couldn't go. Was the sermon our new rector preached a good sermon? Tell me about it."

"Oh, it was lovely! So eloquent and so full of—of—you know what I mean! I just loved every word of it. It was on the text— I wish you could have seen the hat right in front of me. It was the strangest combination of purple and yellow and pink and magenta and blue and red and half-a-dozen other colours, and yet it had a certain air about it that gave it—well, what you would call tone. And the woman with her had a perfect dream of a hat in three shades of green, with five blue plumes. As a rule, I don't like a combination of blue and green, but this was ever so fetching. But, as I was going to say, the rector took his text from— What under the sun makes Katie La Vellera wear blue with that coffee-tinted complexion of hers, and sky blue at that! Honest, her hat was a huge thing in sky blue. It was enough to set one's teeth on edge above a complexion like hers. It was as bad as a woman who sat next us with a positively yellow complexion and a Royal purple hat! Think of it!— Royal purple and a yellow complexion! Not one person in a thousand can wear Royal purple and— But the new rector did preach beautifully. So eloquent and so—let me see, what was his text? I made up my mind to remember it, and I—it was from either Matthew or John, or it may have been from Luke, but it was all about— The soprano in the choir had a white and green and gold hat that was a perfect beauty. How some of these choir singers do dress, anyhow! That had never cost less than five guineas, and— I wish to man that you could have seen the spectacle Maizie Lightyear made of herself in a flame-coloured red velvet hat with a bushel of flowers and feathers of the same tint! It was enough to cause someone to ring in a fire alarm! That hat was fully a foot and a-half high, with a flame-coloured feather a foot long above it all. I saw people nudging each other when she came down the aisle with it on! Trust Maizie to go the limit in hats or any other fashion. It might have done for a horse show or a country race meeting, but for church—mexy on us! How anyone could have serious thoughts about their immortal souls with a thing like that on one's head! I am sure we shall like the new rector if all of his sermons are as good as the one we had on Sunday. It was so—so, well, so full of uplift—that just expresses it, uplift! It was from— Do you know that red seems to be the prevailing colour this season? I counted no less than twenty-nine red hats in the congregation—all red, and nineteen with a touch of red in them. Too bad you didn't get out. The new rector's sermon was lovely, just lovely!"

HOW RHEUMO CURED CAPTAIN JOHN GIBBS.

RHEUMO affords permanent relief from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, or Lumbago. It has cured hundreds of others, and if you suffer from these complaints will just as surely cure you. RHEUMO neutralises and expels from the blood the cause of the excruciating agony—the excess uric acid. Read the experience of Captain John Gibbs, the popular skipper, lately of Auckland. He writes:

"I was incapacitated for eight months and could not go to sea. In fact I was bent double with pain. I tried Rotomag for three months, and came back to Auckland not having received any benefit. Nothing seemed to do me good until a friend of mine, who had also taken RHEUMO, asked me to give it a trial. I did so, and after taking four bottles, the result surprised both myself and friends who knew how I had suffered. I always recommend RHEUMO to anyone who suffers with Rheumatism or Gout."

RHEUMO is sold by all chemists and storekeepers at 2/6 and 4/8.

Fond Father: "Yes, Johnny, when the millennium is come the lamb can lay down with the lion in perfect safety."

Little Johnny (doubtfully): "I suppose that's so, but I'd rather be the lion, just the same."

COLD WEATHER SKIN TROUBLES.

THE PERILS OF BLOOD-POISON FROM CRACKED HANDS.

ZAM-BUK HEALS SORES AND STRENGTHENS THE SKIN.

Mrs. H. Cameron, of 139, Gwynnec-street, South Richmond, Melbourne, says:—"My husband is a presser, and suffered severely from cracked hands, which is caused by placing them in cold water and then having to use hot irons. During the winter he suffered very badly indeed. The dye and dirt got into the cracks, and along with the cold caused him much agony."

"He tried all kinds of remedies, but nothing gave him permanent relief. It was after reading about Zam-Buk that he sent for a supply, which worked such wonders that he determined to persevere until he was completely cured. In a short time Zam-Buk had healed up the cracks and strengthened his skin, for since that time he has not been troubled at all with his hands."

"My little girl sustained a severe burn on the leg, by coming in contact with a red-hot stove. Her leg was badly blistered and very painful. Having Zam-Buk handy, the wound was quickly dressed with this splendid healing balm, which gave immediate ease and soon healed the wound. We always keep a supply of Zam-Buk handy."

Zam-Buk is a healing, soothing, and antiseptic Balm, of great purity and efficiency, and is well known for its splendid cures. Zam-Buk is invaluable for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Abrasions, Boils, Eczema, Pimples, Sores, Wounds, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Barbers' Rash, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, all winter Skin Troubles. Zam-Buk is obtainable from all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 per Pot, and 3/6 Large Family Size (containing nearly four times the amount of the 1/6 Pot).

Go, little ones, upon thy way,
And heed the joyful tidings I tell
There is no cold or cough to-day,
That cannot be made well.
Do, tell the name, the magic name,
The perfect balm, the secret cure;
Inscribe upon the tablets of fame,
"Zam-Buk" the "Great Peppermint Cure."

Edison's Latest Wonder.

INTERVIEW WITH THE GREAT WIZARD.

TALKING PICTURES FOR SCHOOL AND PLAY.

How would you like to hear and see Caruso or Sarah Bernhardt for sixpence? And what would you say if your small children no longer crept like snails unwillingly to school?

A double miracle, no doubt, but the age of miracles is not past, for Thomas A. Edison is still alive. I found the wizard of electricity bubbling with enthusiasm over the prospects of his "talking pictures," says the New York correspondent of the "Daily News."

"Yes," he said, "I've read of the demonstration before the Royal Institution in London, and am quite aware that the Frenchman Gannont has been working on a combined cinematoscope and gramophone, and if he has really solved the synchronising problem I congratulate him. That has been my chief difficulty, but it is conquered. My apparatus is perfect, and all we have got to do is to get more scenarios written, have our actors rehearsed, and turn out the films."

"I'm even more interested," proceeded Mr. Edison, "in the application of talking pictures to grand opera. For five cents and ten cents you are going to see the world's greatest operas sung and acted by the world's greatest artists, and on both sides of the Atlantic simultaneously."

"There is no scenery save what is projected on the screen, and the voices of the singers accompanying the action of the pictures are precisely as if the opera itself was being performed. And all for a nickel or a dime! At last the pleasures of the poor will be considered. Life is always a real struggle for them, and I never had much use for the rich; they can cater for themselves."

Plenty in the Business.

Questioned as to where he was going to build his theatres, Mr. Edison said there would be no difficulty about that. "Look," he said, "at what is happening in New York. Even the Academy of Music is now giving 'movies'—(American slang for animated pictures.) There are at

A COMPLEXION LOST AND FOUND.

The following letter tells an interesting story:—

"For a period of eight months I have been trying to do something for my complexion, which for some unaccountable reason had been going from bad to worse. I equipped myself with all sorts of beauty preparations, and had the curious experience that at least three 'Specialists' gave me the same identical face-cream, only named and put up differently. I could make no headway, and if anything the clay colour of my skin was even more pronounced than ever. I intended to call on you for some time, but was rather afraid that your fee might be beyond my means—a foolish fear which I afterwards found groundless. But at last I had no choice in the matter, and now after two months' use of Valaze, my complexion has become better than it has been in my girlhood days. I found it and your other specialities unlike anything I have seen in England."

Should you not benefit by this lady's experience?

Without Valaze you cannot do justice to your complexion whatever the season of the year, whatever the climate, because Valaze unpickers wrinkles and prevents them, keeping the skin free from blotch and blemish. Valaze clears, softens, and purifies the skin, making it supple and beautiful. In jars, 4/- and 7/-.

Novena Cerate—especially beneficial to cleanse the skin in winter instead of washing with soap and water. It soothes, cleanses, purifies and beautifies the skin. Always all irritation caused by exposure to the wind and weather. Price, jars 2/- and 3/6.

Valaze Lip Lustré protects the lips from the cold and wind, prevents cracks, chaps and sores, and imparts a natural colouring which cannot be displaced by biting or wetting. In tubes, 2/- and 3/.

All Chemists or direct, post free, from Valaze Depot, City Chambers, Queen-st., Auckland; or, Mlle. Helena Rubinstein, Maison Valaze, Brandon-st., Wellington.

Kleptomania.

Much is heard of kleptomania, but a genuine case is rare. Possibly an instance recorded possesses elements which may be considered as convincing. A servant girl was caught stealing bottles of champagne and port. When taxed with her guilt she broke down completely, and confessed that she began to tittle in her last place, and earnestly pleaded for another chance. Before the month's probation was up a bottle of methylated spirit disappeared. Again there was a confession, and the servant said that all the empty bottles were hidden in the bottom of her trunk. To the doctor who was called in there seemed to be nothing for it but to recommend immediate dismissal. At the last moment, however, and by the merest chance, another explanation suggested itself—kleptomania. Proof of the assertion was demanded in the shape of the empty bottles. Instantly all contrition and humility disappeared. Then the astounding truth was revealed. In the box were no fewer than eleven bottles, the contents of which were in each case absolutely intact. Along with them were a man's waistcoat, recognised as having been stolen from a recent visitor, a razor-strop, a faded blue table-centre, an old linen petticoat, the property of the mistress of the house, and several equally absurd and valueless articles. Now, it must be obvious that this collection was not made with a view to subsequent sale, being that valuable jewellery and silver-plate could have been obtained with just a little, indeed with considerably less, trouble.—"Knowledge."

DEATH.

MAIR.—On July 8th, at Watotapu, Major Mair, aged eighty years.

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NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor desires to draw the attention of occasional contributors of any items to the Society Gossip columns that name and address must be given with copy, otherwise any such communication cannot be recognised.

All copy intended for publication in these columns must reach the office not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

AUCKLAND.

July 9.

Bridge Party.

ON Friday night Mrs. Hope Lewis gave a jolly little bridge party for Mrs. Potts (Palmerston North), who is at present on a visit to Auckland, staying at Glenalvon. There were three tables, at two of which auction bridge was played, a form of bridge fast becoming popular. Mrs. Lewis wore a heliotrope ninon, with wide hem of charmeuse, the bodice embroidered with cerise beads; Mrs. Potts wore a pretty frock of white silk crepe de chine, with crystal beaded and pearl trimming; Miss Fenton wore a becoming frock of Nattier blue charmeuse; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, black velvet, the bodice composed of ninon and silk embroidery; Mrs. R. Browning wore black; Mrs. Duthie, white ninon over white charmeuse; Mrs. Harry Bloomfield, pale blue ninon over pink; Mrs. Drummond Ferguson wore a lovely frock of blue charmeuse, gracefully draped with ninon, with touches of pink embroidery veiled, and a long pink rose on the train catching up the drapery of ninon; Mrs. Foster wore a becoming amethyst toilette; Mrs. Percy Upton, white ninon over charmeuse; Mrs. B. Steggall, black frock, and pretty embroidered scarf; Mrs. Edmunds, Royal blue cashmere de soie and ninon over dull gold embroidery; Miss Maud Browning, a charming frock of saxo blue charmeuse, with tunic of ninon, and lovely fine gold embroidery, and clusters of cherry satin berries.

Progressive Bridge.

Mrs. Devore, St. Stephen's Avenue, Parnell, gave an enjoyable progressive bridge party on Friday afternoon. The drawing room was charmingly decorated with yellow narcissi and roses. Tea was laid in the dining room, and the table looked dainty decorated with snowdrops and pink roses, arranged in silver vases. There were seven bridge tables, and the games were keenly contested. When scores were added up, it was found that Mrs. Nicoll and Mrs. McGregor were the two highest, and each received handsome prizes. Mrs. Kenderdine, the "lowest scorer," was "consolated" with a pretty china vase. Mrs. Devore, who wore a lovely black and white toilette, was assisted by her daughters, the Misses Kato and Blanche, who were wearing dainty frocks of white ninon over charmeuse, and clusters of pink flowers at their waists. Among the guests were:—Mrs. Lucas Bloomfield, Mrs. Duthie, Mrs. Sydney Nathan, Mrs. Baume, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Kenderdine, Mrs. H. Wilson, Mrs. P. Oliphant, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Wallace Alexander, Mrs. McGregor, Mrs. Drummond Ferguson, Mrs. Keesing, Mrs. Ziman, Mrs. L. Benjamin, Mrs. G. Coates, Mrs. Bruce Hay, Mrs. Nicoll, Mrs. Aubin, Mrs. Edmunds, Mrs. Koch, Mrs. Spicer.

Hockey Dance.

The Mt. Eden Ladies' Hockey Club gave their second annual dance on Thursday night. The gathering was held in the Masonic Hall, Upper Queen Street, and was generally voted a great success. The music, floor and supper were good. The supper and decorations were carried out by Mesdames Jacobi, Warin, Taylor, Macfarlane, and W. Taylor, assisted by Misses Jacobi, Taylor, Lynton, Harris, Walters, Latimer, Lee, Hardley, and D. Bond. The colours of the club's badges—blue and gold—decorated the tables, and, together with the white flowers and greenery, made a pretty effect. Among those present were:—Mrs. Isemonger, handsome black silk; Mrs. Burton, black silk; Mrs. Cooke, black, and a brown velvet eyeing coat; Mrs. Warin wore a grey coat, with black charmeuse revers; Mrs.

Jacobi, pretty blue dress, black velvet coat; Mrs. Taylor, black silk; Mrs. Macfarlane, saxo blue silk, cream coat; Mrs. Latimer, black silk; Miss Jacobi wore white satin; Miss H. Taylor, pale pink, veiled with ninon; Miss Latimer, pale pink satin, with silver beaded trimming; Miss Walters, debutante, wore cream satin, with sequin trimming; Miss M. Rowan, white satin; Miss Myrtle Rowan, pale pink silk, with overdress of pink spangled chiffon; Miss Reynolds, dainty white satin, with silver beaded trimming; Miss Daws wore a pretty white satin frock; Miss Tupper, vieux rose velvet; Miss M. Tupper, pink satin, veiled with grey ninon; Miss Hales, Nattier blue velvet; Miss Weymouth, pale green satin; Miss Hawk, green satin, with a beautiful sequin overdress; Miss E. Hawk, white satin; Miss Taylor, white satin; Miss Isemonger, dainty white satin debutante frock; Miss J. Isemonger, white silk; Miss Burton, debutante, white charmeuse satin, veiled with white ninon; Miss Macfarlane, pale blue satin frock, trimmed with cream silk lace; Miss Foley, grey satin; Miss Killip, pretty white frock; Miss Blakey, smart white silk frock, with silver beaded panels; Miss Jowitt, blue satin; Miss Histed, black velvet; Miss Strat, grey satin, violet flowers; Miss R. Beehan, ivory satin; Miss Lynton, heliotrope silk; Misses White, charming cream frocks; Mrs. Patterson, lovely white satin frock, ninon overdress with handsome silver fringe; Miss E. Cooke, pink satin, veiled with ninon and a pretty Juliet cap; Miss Protheroe, pale blue; Miss M. Protheroe, maize silk; Mrs. W. Taylor, Brussels net over white silk; Miss Bond, cream frock; Miss Hansen, pale pink; Miss Ross, white satin, trimmed with white fringe; Miss Seecombe, white frock; Miss Wheeler, blue satin; Miss Lascan, pale pink silk, veiled with grey ninon; Miss Bell, black velvet, cream Maltese lace berthe; Miss Walters (Papakura), black velvet; Miss Harvey, cream silk. Miss Jacobi, who acted as secretary, worked hard to make the dance the success it was. Messrs. Jackson, Familt and M. Beehan gave the ladies of the club every assistance, and contributed largely towards the success of the evening.

Bridge Party.

Mr and Mrs G. H. Baker "Mounar-gyle," St. Stephen's Road, Parnell, gave a delightful small bridge party on Tuesday of last week. The supper was laid in the diningroom, and the decorations were effectively carried out in shades of crimson and white. The ladies' prize was won by Mrs. Segar, and the gentlemen's by Mr J. W. Roberts. Miss Iris Baker entertained a few of her friends at euchre. Miss Tudor Hughes-Jones winning the ladies' prize and Mr Fairchild the gentlemen's. Mrs G. H. Baker received her guests in a grey paillette silk; Miss Iris Baker in a pale blue gown of charmeuse satin; Mrs Hughes-Jones wore pale blue silk and assisted her sister. Among the guests were Mrs Bedford in a smart dove grey velvet gown; Mrs Thomas, black silk veiled with silk ninon; Mrs Kinder, a lovely embroidery gown of primrose silk; Mrs Segar looked well in dove grey satin trimmed with gold and silver sequins; Mrs Alexander, handsome black net gown; Mrs E. Davis, grey silk veiled with floral ninon; Mrs Devore, handsome black satin; Mrs E. Smith, black sequined net over black silk; Mrs Coates, black satin; Miss Innis, black velvet; Miss Hatrik (Wanganui), lovely grey satin gown; Miss Tudor Jones, pale pink satin veiled with pale blue ninon; Miss Eleanor Millar, floral grey voile; Messrs. Roberts (Symonds Street), J. W. Roberts, Murray, E. Davis, Bedford, Fairchild, Randrup, Prof. Segar, Mrs. Owen and Kinder.

At Home.

On Wednesday evening, after the marriage of her daughter, Mrs Lorie entertained about 50 guests at the Mouza Tea

Kiosk, Milford, Lake Takapuna. The evening was spent in dancing, bridge competitions, and music. The large room of the kiosk was eminently suitable for such an entertainment, and the wide verandahs made delightful sitting-out-places after the dances. Refreshments were served during the evening. Nothing was wanting on the part of the hostess and her quartet of charming daughters to make the evening an enjoyable one.

A Dance.

Mrs. Walker, of Victoria Avenue, gave a very jolly dance on Thursday night for her son's friends. The young folk enjoyed themselves immensely. The supper table was charmingly decorated with lovely anemones. Among the guests were Miss Hilda Bloomfield, Miss Molly Taylor (Cambridge), Misses McLennan, Miss Eva Cumming, Miss Mamie Hesketh, Miss Nesta Thomas, Misses Blavis and Enid Reid, Miss G. Hanna, Misses Margio and Clare Tole, Miss Jessie Frater, Miss Eileen Barstow, Miss Connie Craig, Miss Dorothy Nathan, Miss Ruby Coleman, Miss Winnie Alexander.

At Home.

Mrs. Dargaville was "At Home" to a number of guests on Wednesday last. The time was pleasantly spent and everyone was glad to see the hostess looking so much better, after her serious indisposition. Mrs. Dargaville was assisted with her duties as hostess by her two daughters, Mrs. Sheppard and Miss Muriel Dargaville. "Lunatali" is a charming house for parties, and all the rooms were decorated with masses of spring flowers. The tea table looked daintily arranged with a large centre bowl of narcissi and snowdrops. Mrs. Dargaville wore a handsome black toilette relieved with white; Mrs. Sheppard wore a pretty frock in a soft shade of nattier blue crepe de chine finished with embroideries; Miss Dargaville, a lovely white embroidered net over charmeuse, and a blouse of lovely Irish crochet; Lady Lockhart wore a smart black cloth frock with hems of blue and white embroidery, a smart black hat was very becoming, and lovely brown furs; Mrs. J. A. Tole wore black velvet, smart black and white hat and black fox furs; Mrs. Hope Lewis, blue cloth coat and skirt, and a smart nattier blue French sailor hat trimmed with fur; Mrs. Copeland Savage wore grey cloth coat and skirt, black hat with green and black feathers; Mrs. Jim Carpenter, dove grey cloth, and black beaver hat; Mrs. W. Colbeck, smart white cloth with fine black stripe coat and skirt, black and green felt hat, brown furs; Mrs. J. R. Reed, dark grey cloth coat and skirt, smart black hat; Mrs. Howard Richmond, blue cloth coat and skirt, black hat with green feathers; Mrs. Ransen, mole velvet coat and skirt, black hat with black and red bows; Mrs. Cole, blue cloth coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Ivy Buddle looked smart in brown faced with tan, and a smart hat to match; Miss Eva Firth wore black velvet, black hat and feather bag; Mrs. John Reid, Mrs. Markham Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Major, Mrs. B. Dawson, Mrs. Foster, Miss Stevenson, Miss McGregor (Christchurch), Miss Lorna Towle, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Buddle, Mrs. Douglas, Miss Douglas.

At Golf.

The Middlemore golf course on Saturday, when the mixed foursomes were played, was animated with players and onlookers, and the weather was lovely. Afternoon tea in the men's room was a jolly part of the proceedings, and the outing was most enjoyable. Miss Vera Duthie and Mr. Pat Hanna were the winners, with Miss Thorpe and Mr. P. Lawrence only one stroke away. Among those on the links I noticed Mrs. W. Colbeck, Mrs. Tonks, Mrs. Wyrera Williams, Mrs. Jim Foster, Miss Molly Taylor (Cambridge), Mrs. Louison, Mrs. Felix Kelly, Mrs. Macfarland, Mrs. B. A. Carr, Miss A. Carr, Mrs. E. Horton, Mrs. Edmunds, Misses Thorpe, Draper, Hesketh, Cumming, Bloomfield, Saunders, Jamison (Wellington), Barstow, Gorrie, Oliphant, Coleman, Reid, M. Reid, Shuttleworth, Hamlin (Napier), Richmond, Mrs. H. Richmond, Misses Cummons, Cameron, Alison, Gorrie, Hill, Rice, and a large contingent of men.

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Frocks.

One marked feature about the frocks worn by the bride, Miss Betty Grierson, and her bridesmaids, also Mrs. Grierson and Mrs. Harry Bloomfield, all of which were imported direct from London, was that the sleeves were placed into the armhole. The reign of the Magyar appears to be over. Another point to be marked was that the skirts were mostly draped, and certainly fuller.

Personal.

Mr and Mrs Joe Studholme (Taihape) left in the Marama for a short trip to the Islands.

Mrs Wyhern Williams is on a short visit to Auckland.

Mr and Mrs Potts (Palmerston North) are at present in Auckland, and are staying at Glenavon.

Mr and Miss Vida Caldwell and Miss Molly Taylor are in town for the Hau-raki Club ball, on the 10th.

Dr and Mrs Grant left by the Marama for a trip through Canada, and then on to England and Scotland.

Mrs. and Miss Caldwell, of Cambridge, are on a visit to Auckland, and are staying at "Cargen."

Mrs. McLean and Miss Gillingham, of Fairlie, South Canterbury, have arrived in Auckland, and are staying at "Cargen."

Mr. and Mrs. Witton, of Wellington, are staying at "Cargen," also Mr. and Mrs. Horner, of Wellington.

Mrs. and Miss Beard and Mrs. Moore, who have been staying at "Cargen" for some time, returned this week to Masterton.

WELLINGTON.

July 6.

At Home.

On Tuesday night there were several things going on, but the most popular was the Victoria League's "At Home" in the Masonic Hall. Ferns, palms, and bamboos were grouped picturesquely about the hall, which was carpeted with crimson and furnished with small tables and groups of chairs, and the stage, arranged for the setting of a little play, was furnished as a drawing-room. Red and rose-coloured camellias and rhododendrons were effectively massed near the footlights, and two tall, handsome screens made temporary wings. A semicircle of chairs was arranged for the vice-regal party, and the members of the Council of the Victoria League; but the latter were so busy seeing after their guests that they neglected to mark the seats as reserved, and their places were usurped by early comers who desired a good view. Before and after the little play there was a concert by some of the "Orphans," who possess many excellent musicians and capital reciters, while songs by Mrs Fisher and Miss Dill were very well received. Most of the accompaniments were played by Miss Gow. Besides his Excellency, the party from Government House included Lady Islington, who over her dress of pale blue crepe de soie with its elaborate beaded embroideries of dull pompeian reds and greens had a long coat of crushed panne in the same shade of blue with bands of chinchilla bordering the deep pointed cape collar; her jewels were diamonds, and in her hair she wore a fillet of dull gold. Miss Stapleton Cotton was in turquoise blue satin, over which she had a picturesque wrap of white cachemire de soie with gold embroideries; Mrs Guise was in black satin; Mrs Stopford, who with her husband, Captain Stopford of H.M.S. Pioneer, has been staying at Government House for some time, wore black crepe de chine and a black scarf with Turkish embroideries.

The Vice-regal party were received by the president of the League, Miss Coates, who wore a long black satin coat with an erin gimpure collar over her dress of black satin; Mrs Chadfield, the honorary secretary, was in white satin with a tunic of violet sequined net. Other members of the Council present were: Mrs Corliss, in emerald satin veiled in black jetted nixon, emerald green scarf; Miss Harding in black chiffon velours, with a panel of embroidery in rose, ivory, and gold; Mrs Harris, in white satin with a transparent gimpure, the trained skirt looped up into paniers with black velvet roses; Mrs Lake, black crepe de chine embroidered in jet; Mrs Fisher, ivory silk veiled in net with pale blue embroideries and a coat of geranium-coloured cloth; Miss Dill, rose pink satin, with pointed dapples of saxon; Miss Corliss, white satin with a

tunic of crepe de chine embroidered in crystals; Miss Gow, a princess dress of black chiffon velvet with a collar of Cluny lace.

Of the girls who took part in the play, Miss Wilson looked well in a dark tailor-made with white furs; another girl had on a becoming rose du Barri cashmere with a satin rever, and a hat garlanded with roses; Miss Wylie made a spirited and amusing servant in an appropriately comic get-up. All the performers showed self-possession and resource as well as talent.

Mrs Golley was present wearing a long black satin coat bordered with ostrich feathers over a dress of black crepe de chine.

An At Home.

Mrs. Frederic Ward, who was a bride of last Easter, gave an At Home on Wednesday to return some of the hospitality she has received. Flowers are scarce in Wellington just now, but from Otaki Mrs Ward had received a great bunch of mimosa and quantities of lovely violets, so the rooms were gay and fragrant. The hostess wore black crepe de chine, with a touch of vivid green on the high-waisted bodice, and at the gimpure of lace; Mrs Fitzgerald was in black nixon over ivory satin, with black and gold embroideries, and a black hat.

A Ball.

The New Century Hall was effectively decorated on Wednesday night for the annual ball of Duthie and Co.'s employees, and much credit for the success was due to the committee, which comprised Miss Mace, wearing ivory nixon and lace; Miss Park, cream crystalline; Miss Hill, pale pink crepe de chine; Miss Mackenzie, pale blue satin, with a tunic of black net; Miss Haskell, dewdrop nixon over ivory silk; Miss Crawford, pastel charmeuse.

Lord Islington and the Church.

His Excellency the Governor has been very thorough in his inspection of the different institutions in or near Wellington, and is taking a great interest in the Anglican Church social work. On Monday he addressed a meeting in connection with the various branches, and spoke very earnestly on the need of support both moral and financial, urging the importance of personal service in particular. St. Mary's Home for Girls, which his Excellency recently visited, has been doing excellent work for years, and quite lately a similar establishment for boys has been started at the Hutt. The claims of lonely immigrants appeared strongly to Lord Islington, and he laid stress on the importance of the Mission to Seamen in an island country. The meeting coincided with the session of the Diocesan Synod, so the audience was a large one.

Coming Balls.

Their Excellencies the Governor and Lady Islington have issued invitations for a ball at Government House on July 22.

The Race Club Ball is to take place on Thursday, July 18.

Still another big ball will be that given by the members of the Star Boating Club during the first week in August, and there will also be one given by the Garrison officers.

A Dance.

Mr Wilfrid Fitchett's coming-of-age was an important event which was celebrated by a dance given by Dr and Mrs Fitchett. There were no formal invitations issued, as it was doubtful if Mr Fitchett could get leave to come to Wellington, but luckily everything turned out well, and the telephone conveyed the news to all those invited. Of course they were all young people, with the exception of a few old friends of Dr and Mrs Fitchett, and they all knew each other well; so there was a cheery informality about the dance that made it especially enjoyable. Congratulations were showered on Mr Fitchett, and at supper his health was proposed by Sir Joseph Ward, who with Lady Ward, the Premier and Mrs Mackenzie, were present. The Marine Engineers' Hall is a new place for a dance to be given, but the big upstairs room was just the right size, and the floor was polished to perfection. Flags and lycopodium decorated the rooms, and the supper tables had each its vase of violets. The hostess had a bevy of girls and some stalwart young men to help in the preparations, and next day the more energetic of them arrived at the hall to assist in the process of tidying up. Mrs Fitchett wore black embroidered gauze over dull gold tissue; Lady Ward, black crepe de chine, with a tunic of beaded net; Mrs Mackenzie, black velvet and lace.

Afternoon Tea.

Mrs. Garcia Webster's tea was quite a large affair, but as people were coming and going most of the time, there was never any crowding. The hostess looked well in a dress of black crepe de soie, embroidered in blue and dull gold over a deacons of blue charmeuse. Rhododendrons, daphne, and carnations made a colour relief to the yellow and white so prevalent this time of the year, and bowls of violets gave out fragrance. Helping with the tea and coffee were Miss Watson in pink and white silk cleverly draped, and her sister in a somewhat similar frock of blue; Miss Tweed, in a brown tailor-made and a brown hat; and Miss Beauchamp, in blue shantung and a blue hat.

Many of the guests came on from the opening of St. Helens Hospital, where there was a big gathering. As a special invitation to all the mothers and children who had been patients at the old St. Helens was issued, there was plenty of animation, and the babies kept up a chorus, mainly of protest, while the speeches were being made, which was slightly disconcerting. As a souvenir of the occasion, Mrs. Seddon was presented with a pair of silver candlesticks, after which, at the request of Mr. Mackenzie, three cheers were given for Mrs. Seddon and for Lady Ward. The latter wore black satin, and a black hat with white plumes; Mrs. Seddon was in all black; and Mrs. Mackenzie's dress was dark mole colour.

Pioneer Club.

The Pioneer Club is temporarily losing one of its keenest members, as Mrs. Salmond is going to England by the Tainui. She was one of the originators of the Club, and for some years now has been the honorary treasurer, so her absence will be felt a good deal.

There was a club meeting on Thursday to say good-bye to Mrs. Salmond, and to wish her a pleasant voyage and a safe return. Narcissus and jonquils gave a spring-like aspect to the rooms, and the bitter weather was modified by cheerful fires. Mrs. Salmond is taking her eldest son to England to further his studies, and by the same steamer are travelling several other youths bound to England for the same purpose.

Girls' Friendly Society.

Since the days long ago when Lady Jervis started the Wellington branch of the Girls' Friendly Society, that work has had various ups and downs, and for many years it was little heard of. Nevertheless, the Society was steadily doing much unobtrusive work, and, thanks to Lady Jervis' energy, it is established in a good building free of debt. Of late the G.F.S. has once more come into public favour, and entertainments for the girls are given at frequent intervals. One of the energetic members is Miss Stapleton-Cotton, who, on Thursday, gave the third of her social evenings this winter, much to the girls' delight. Games and competitions alternated with the musical part of the programme, and very special interest was taken in a paper on Abraham Lincoln, read by her Excellency, Lady Islington. Some part-songs by the G.F.S. Glee Club were very well sung, and there were other items contributed by Miss Stapleton-Cotton's party, which included Mrs. Heard and Mrs. Stopford. Prizes in the spelling competition, which created great fun, were won by Misses Jameson, Walker, and Wright, who were presented with beautifully illustrated books by Lady Islington. Throughout the winter there will be entertainments every Thursday evening, to which the girls are looking forward eagerly.

Personal.

Mrs. and the Misses Williams have come back to Wellington to live, after making their home for some years in Auckland. Frequent visits to Wellington have kept them in touch, and their many friends are glad to welcome them back for good.

The Hon. A. Myers and Mrs. Myers are now occupying Mr. Ian Duncan's house, in Hobson Street, which they have taken furnished for some months.

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Denniston (Preb Forest, Canterbury) are spending some weeks in Wellington, and have taken Mrs. Hacon's house in Tinakori Road for that period.

HAMILTON.**Parish Social.**

On Wednesday evening the annual parish social took place in St. Peter's school-

room. A very large number assembled, and, obeying the Vicar's injunction "each to speak to a stranger," a really social evening was enjoyed by one and all.

Card Afternoon.

A merry party was that which assembled at Mrs. W. Whyte's pretty home in Selkirk Street on Friday afternoon last. The popular game of Five Hundred was played with a great deal of fun and merriment, and at the close of the afternoon, Mrs. Frank Jolly was found to have won the leading prize, the second prize being awarded to Mrs. Kerr. A dainty afternoon tea was handed round during an interval of the games. Mrs. Whyte received her guests in a smart emerald-green silk rep frock, prettily piped and braided with black. Among those present were: Mrs. F. Jolly, who wore a handsome black mer-veilieux gown, with oxidised lace trimmings, large black satin hat; Mrs. Green-slade, stylish natter blue velvet trained frock, black velvet hat with lovely white feathers; Mrs. A. Hyde, pretty vieux rose silk stripe, trimmed with Oriental embroidery and pipings of black, large hat to match with wreath of berries; Mrs. Mears, white and black Sicilian gown with black trimmings, lovely black velvet hat, with fur tails; Mrs. Tompkins, dark green silk, with erin net yoke and sleeves, black hat; Mrs. Yule, dark blue tailor-made, large scarlet velvet hat; Mrs. Fergusson, navy coat and skirt with black facings, large black velvet hat, with dainty black and white aigrette; Mrs. Stevens, navy serge, braided with black; Miss Stevens, courtour-blue cloth dress, felt hat to match; Mrs. McLeod, light grey coat and skirt, with pretty blue facings, grey hat with grey and blue velvet wings; Mrs. Burd, handsome black charmeuse frock, black velvet hat with plumes; Mrs. T. Jolly, dark navy tailor-made, black hat with emerald green; Mrs. Kerr, blue cloth costume with brown revers, paddy hat to match; Mrs. P. P. White, lavender silk voile, black velvet hat.

Personal.

Mrs. Parkinson has gone to town for a short holiday among old friends.

Miss Margaret Oliver and Miss Ruth-erford are in Auckland for a few days.

Mrs. Jackson, accompanied by Miss Jackson, are in Wellington, where they had the pleasure of seeing Mr. George Jackson receive his B.A. diploma at the capping ceremony.

Mr. Insoil has sold his pretty home to a Devonport resident, and will be giving up possession almost immediately.

Mr. Mulcock has sold, to a gentleman new to the district, and will probably be moving to Auckland to reside.

CAMBRIDGE.

July 6.

The English Pierrots appeared at the Town Hall last week. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Jay, black silk gown with ermine lace vest; Miss Jay, a dark natter blue frock with cream yoked Mrs. Fraser, a pale blue pastel cloth trimmed with Oriental trimming; Miss Williams, pale blue lustre frock and scarf the same shade; Miss Hill, white frock and ermine cloak; Mrs. Sowers, grey gown; Mrs. Hally, black silk gown and reseda green silk cloak trimmed with Oriental trimming; Mrs. Nelson, blue frock; Mrs. Rout, black gown and pale grey coat; Mrs. Gow, black silk gown; Mrs. Bryce, pale blue frock and grey coat; Miss Bryce, white frock; Mrs. McDermott, black silk and cream vest, beaten silver scarf; Mrs. Young, white gown, beaten silver scarf; Miss Landon, pale pink frock; Miss E. Taylor, white gown; Mrs. Brooks, black silk; Mrs. Brooks, ermine frock and ermine coat; Mrs. J. B. Lusk, black and white voile and ermine coat; Miss Willis, white frock and pale pink coat; Miss Horral, blue gown trimmed with ermine lace; Mrs. Couper, grey gown; Miss Molly Taylor, white frock and white coat; Mrs. Asher, ermine gown and ermine coat.

Waikato Hunt.

On Wednesday the meet of the Waikato hounds was held at "Broad-meadows," the home of Mrs. Martyn and Mr. Jack Martyn. There was a very large gathering present, and all were entertained most hospitably by Mrs. Hume and party from Hamilton, Mr. Caldwell and party and Mr. J. Sowers and party; Mrs. B. Couper and Miss Cave driving, Mr. and Mrs. Asher driving, and many others.

Personal.
 Mr. B. Couper and Mr. D. Caldwell have gone to Te Aroha for a few days to take the baths.
 Mr. R. Muir, the golf secretary, has gone to Auckland for a fortnight.
 Mr. J. B. Laek, of Auckland, who has been on a six weeks' visit to her parents in Cambridge, returned home on Monday.
 Miss Cave, of Papakura, is visiting Mrs. B. Couper, of Cambridge.

TE KUITI.

July 4.

Cinderella Dance.
 A very jolly little Cinderella dance took place in the Town Hall last Wednesday night. The music was supplied by Messrs. Christian (piano), Saunders (violin), Clapham (violin), and Aitken (flute). A very dainty supper was provided by the ladies, who are to be congratulated on the success of the dance. A special word of praise is due to Mr. Neville Aitken, who was untiring in his efforts to help the ladies. Amongst the ladies present I noticed: Miss Farrell (Melbourne), a dainty Swiss muslin, embroidered in crimson; Miss Graham, pink satin, over-dress of blue crystalline; Miss Ivy Graham, red velvet, Oriental embroidery; Miss Spencer, pink charmeuse; Mrs. Spencer, red silk; Miss Pine, black silk; Miss I. Pine, cream voile; Miss Brown, vieux rose satin, over-dress of black silk net; Miss Dora Brown, pale heliotrope satin, piped with violet velvet; Miss Smith, over a dainty frock of ivory satin charmeuse, trimmed with silk fringes and silver crystal net; Miss May (England), cream tulle net; Miss MacGovern (Te Awamutu), very pretty frock of white chiffon, with hand-painted flowers; Miss Boddie, pink silk; Miss Clare Boddie, white silk striped voile; Mrs. Lamb, pale blue satin, over-dress of white lace; Miss McKenzie, cream satin charmeuse, pearl trimmings; Mrs. Colin McKenzie, soft white net, over white silk; Mrs. Alex. Johnston, black silk voile, over Royal blue satin; Miss Mills, dainty pink and white muslin, over white satin; Mrs. Hammond, white satin, over-dress of crystal net; Miss Board, black silk.

Personal.
 Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Boddie are on a visit to Auckland.
 Mrs. Walter Johnson (Waipi) is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alex. Johnson.
 Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Julian are spending a few weeks in Wellington.
 Miss Farrell (Melbourne) is visiting her sister, Mrs. Kelso.
 Mrs. G. P. Pinlay has been spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. R. W. Duder (Devonport).

GISBORNE.

July 6.

Subscription Dance.
 A subscription dance was held in Whinray's Hall last Thursday. Though too crowded till after supper, the event was a great success. Some of those I noticed were: Mrs. W. Beanson, who wore a black chiffon velvet Princess frock; Mrs. J. Blair, black spangled net; Mrs. Jex Blake, white satin; Mrs. Simmons, oyster-coloured satin with pearl trimming; Mrs. T. Sherratt, white crepe de chine piped with emerald green; Mrs. Gaddum, floral silk, fichu of lace; Mrs.

Jamieson (Hawke's Bay), emerald green satin, gold trimmings; Mrs. E. Crawford, white glace silk, bands of silver trimming; Mrs. O. Sainsbury, grey crepe de chine; Mrs. Hine, black velvet; Mrs. R. Gally, white satin; Mrs. Trull, white satin, tunic of silver beads; Mrs. H. de Lantour, maize-coloured satin, ninon tunic; Mrs. Hughes, cream satin, relieved with touches of orange-coloured velvet; Miss H. Nolan, mauve ninon; Miss Jamieson (Christchurch), white satin tunic of Oriental silk; Mrs. J. Henderson, black silk trimmed with velvet; Mrs. A. Murray, royal blue silk, trimmed with black lace; Mrs. Thorne George, pale blue satin, tunic of silver; Miss D. Bright, sky blue silk; Miss Williamson (Invercargill), white ninon, pink trimmings; Mrs. Calis, yellow ninon, fichu of cream lace; Miss E. Williamson, blue silk Empire dress; Miss H. Sherratt, blue silk; Miss K. Sherratt, white broadened silk; Miss K. Williams, pink silk covered with net; Miss F. Davies, black silk, tunic of emerald green; Miss N. Davies, green satin, covered with dewdrop net; Mrs. Stevens, old-rose silk veiled in white ninon; Miss D. Hine, pink satin with tunic of mole ninon; Mrs. Hamilton Irvine, pale grey ninon; Mrs. Rutledge, black silk; Miss D. Bennett, pink silk veiled in grey; Miss D. Falkner, black ninon; Miss M. Falkner, pale pink floral ninon; Miss B. Murray, pink crepe de chine; Mrs. J. Dods, black velvet, Oriental trimming; Miss B. MacLaurin, orange-coloured ninon; Mrs. D. Williams, pink silk; Mrs. M. Foster, pink satin.

Personal.
 Mr. and Mrs. Norman Symes are visiting in Gisborne last week, and are staying at the Gisborne Hotel.

FEILDING.

July 6.

Mrs. Carty is staying in Feilding. Miss Wheeler has returned from Wangamui.
 Mrs. R. Jones is away in Wellington. Miss Campion (Fordeil) is the guest of Mrs. Walpole.
 Mrs. Francis is staying with her mother, Mrs. Walpole.
 Mrs. Jamieson has returned to her home in Christchurch.
 Miss Oldershaw is staying with Mrs. R. Jones.
 Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson (Hawke's Bay) are visiting Mrs. R. T. Reynolds, "Sandown."
 Dr. G. Singer is at present visiting Gisborne.

The wedding between Miss Daisy Bright and Mr. H. Reed has been arranged for the 20th August.
 Miss Williamson (Invercargill) is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Bright.
 Dr. and Mrs. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Mann have returned home from Melbourne and Sydney.

NAPIER.

July 6.

Tennis Dance.
 The Hawke's Bay Tennis Association gave their second annual ball last Thursday night. The hall was decorated with flags and greenery, and the side rooms furnished as drawingrooms and bridge-rooms. The supper tables were beautifully done with jonquils and violets, and a very delicious supper was provided.

Mrs. Edgar was gowned in pink satin, veiled with tosea net worked with silver; Mrs. Smart (Wapukuran), handsome sea-green satin, tunic of chiffon and lace; Mrs. Mantering, natter blue, tunic of tosea net the same colour; Mrs. Whitely, handsome black satin gown trimmed with jet; Mrs. Sandtmann, pale grey charmeuse, with grey embroideries and lace; Mrs. Edrie Williams, white satin, inset with pale blue embroidery; Mrs. McHardy, pale grey satin and lace; Mrs. Hursthouse, tangerine gown; Mrs. Lang, handsome black satin and jet; Mrs. U. D. Browne, pale blue satin, handsome overdress of blue; Mrs. McLernon, black satin and ninon; Mrs. Thomson, vieux rose, overdress of deeper shade, with gold fringe; Mrs. H. Ferguson, primrose satin; Mrs. McCarthy, tangerine and blue gown; Mrs. Jowat, pink satin and chiffon, with silver fringe; Mrs. Cato, white satin, with pale blue chiffon overdress; Mrs. Russell, white silk, embroidered with cherry blossom; Mrs. A. Humphries, handsome white satin frock, with silver fringe; Mrs. Gould, black satin gown, with ninon tunic; Miss Sutton, goblin blue satin, with net tunic; Miss Lang, primrose chiffon; Miss Sandtmann, vieux rose, with silver fringe; Miss N. Sandtmann (debutante), white charmeuse, with overdress of ninon and silver embroidery; Miss Whitely (debutante), white satin, with silver lace; Miss McCarthy, white, overdress of violet ninon; Miss Lusk, natter blue ninon and satin; Miss Lippscomb, vieux rose frock; Miss G. Dinwiddie, pale blue; Miss G. McVay, black, tunic of emerald green; Miss Dewes, white spangled net; Miss McHardy, white satin frock; Miss Snodgrass, pale blue chiffon; Miss L. Snodgrass, pink frock; Miss Moeller, black velvet; Miss Grant, pink ninon; Miss Ashton, pale blue gown; Miss — Ashton, mole ninon over yellow satin; Miss Martin, white satin and silver; Miss Waterhouse, pale blue chiffon; Miss Bowen, white satin and ninon frock; Miss Retemeyer, pale blue; Miss Miller, brown satin, with old gold tunic; Miss Palmer, blue net, with blue embroidery.

Golf.
 On Saturday, the Ladies' Club played a handiicap bogey match over the nine-hole course. Some of the players were: Mrs. Bernau, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Mantering, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Hector Smith, Mrs. T. C. Moore, Mrs. Cato, Miss Crosse, Miss Kettle, Misses C. and D. Hindmarsh, Miss Dean, Miss Davis, Miss Brabant. On Thursday last another round for the Donnelly Vase was played.

Personal.
 Mrs. R. M. Turnbull, of Kereru, is in town for a few days.
 Mrs. Balfour is in Napier once again, and is staying at the Masonic Hotel.
 Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Crosse (Havelock) have gone to Fiji for a month's holiday.
 Mrs. Smart, of Wapukuran, is staying with Mrs. Edgar.
 Mrs. C. Robinson has returned from her visit to the South.
 Mrs. Moore, of Dunedin, is staying in Napier.

DANNEVIRKE.

July 6.

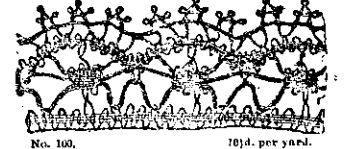
Dance.
 Mr. and Mrs. McDowell gave a most enjoyable little dance in the concert hall

on Monday evening in honour of the twenty-first birthday of their son Royden. Mrs. McDowell received her guests in a handsome white satin gown with lace overdress. Miss Aileen McDowell was wearing a very pretty turquoise velvet frock. Miss G. McGregor, Miss Tyler (Wellington), Miss Bartlett, and Mr. Kelleher sang delightfully during the evening.

Social.
 Members of the Mothers' Union, Girls' Friendly Society and Church of England Men's Society held a most enjoyable social in the Parish Hall on Tuesday evening by which their hall improvement fund should be greatly increased. Songs were contributed by Miss McGregor, Miss E. Benzie, Miss Bartlett, Mr. Kelleher, and Mr. Hobman, and a quaint comb selection, which was much enjoyed, was given by Miss B. Robertson, Misses M. and R. Tansley. Music for the dancing was supplied by Mrs. Ried-Mackay, Mrs. Green, Miss Kelson and Miss Johnstone. Amongst those present were: Mesdames Dawson, Sounley, A. E. Green, Tansley, W. Green, Baker, Rowe (Palmerston), Mackay, McDowell, Mason, Benson, H. Knight, Fry, Grey, Johnstone, Misses McGregor, Knight, Tyler, Cross, Irvine (2), Chal-

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Bridge.

The third evening of the Bridge Club was held on Thursday at the tearooms. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Bakiston, Mr. and Mrs. Bunny, Mr. and Mrs. Tansley, Mr. and Mrs. Bamford, Mr. and Mrs. Bottrell, Mr. and Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. Rathboun, Mrs. Giesen, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. and Miss Hartgill, Mrs. and Miss Ryan, Mrs. Macallan, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. O. Wright, Mrs. and Miss Soundy, Mrs. and Miss Robertson, Mrs. Budeley, Misses Cowper, Patterson, Barker, Baker, B. Robertson, Caulton, Wiltshire, Edkins, Hopper, Morrish (Palmerston), Coombs (Palmerston), Cross, Messrs. Crangier, Evans, Wells, Hewett, Ryan, E. Knight, Freeman, Edwards.

Personal.

Miss McLeod, M.A., late of the High School staff, left by express on Monday to take up her duties at the Hawera High School. Miss Hartgill returned on Saturday from a visit to Hastings and Napier. Miss Phyllis Keeling, who has been spending a long holiday in the South Island returned home on Monday. Miss Tyler (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. J. McDowell. Miss Greig (Auckland) is staying with Mrs. W. F. Knight, "Tahoraite." Miss D. Norrah (Palmerston) is the guest of Miss Cowper, Kaitoke. Miss Coombs (Palmerston) is spending a few days with Mrs. J. A. Robertson.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

July 6th.

Bridge Party.

Last Tuesday evening Mrs Cleaney gave a very pleasant bridge party, and the prizes fell to: Mrs Matthews (first), Mrs Heard, (second), and Mrs Jim Wilson (third). The hostess was robed in a rich black silk, finished with cream lace. Amongst the others present were: Mrs H. Bailey, Miss K. Hamerton, Mrs J. Wilson, Mrs Walter Bayley, Mrs Adenbrooke, Mrs Heasak, Mrs Fitzmaurice, Mrs Curtis, Mrs MacDiarmid, Mrs Dixon, Mrs Johns, Miss F. Wood, Mrs Percy Webster, Mrs Matthews, Mrs V. Elliott, Mrs H. Russell, Mrs Dodgshun.

Farewell to Miss Rosina Buckman.

Miss Rosina Buckman was greeted, on her last appearance on the New Plymouth stage, with the utmost warmth, prior to her departure for the Old Country. During the evening, Miss Buckman was the recipient of an exquisite bouquet of violets. Those who assisted Miss Buckman at this concert, which was in aid of the Technical School funds, were: Mrs Stubbs, Mrs Cooke, Miss Warren, Miss Leatham, Miss Ainsworth, and Miss Henderson, and Messrs Haslam, Johnson, and Cooke. Miss Buckman, who was received with tremendous applause, was robed in a lovely gown of the softest French grey nunon, over a silk foundation, with a deep silver fringe on hem, finished with narrow silver embroidery, the doublet being relieved with one large scarlet rose; Miss Warren, black velvet, real lace berthe; Mrs Stubbs (Wairarapa), egg-shell nunon over satin tunic outlined with silver; Miss Leatham, smoke-grey velvet, corsage piped with erize; Mrs Cooke, multi-coloured satin, striped voile, relieved with cream lace; Miss Ainsworth, sky blue silk, trimmed with silver fringe. Amongst the audience I noticed: Mrs Glasgow, Miss Glasgow, Mrs Dockrill, Miss Brewster, Misses Thomson (3), Mrs J. Webster, Mrs Martin, Misses Greatbach, Mrs Lodge, Mrs Roy, Misses Ray (3), Mrs Percy Webster, Miss Brennan, Mrs Dowling, Miss Dowling, Mrs H. Fookes, Mrs Murray, Mrs Heard, Mrs Fitzmaurice, Mrs Crawford, Mrs J. Harvey, Misses Bedford, Mrs G. Kibbell, Mrs Penn, Miss Brewster, Mrs A. Jones, Mrs Wylie, Miss Stanford, Mrs Fitzmaurice, Misses Fitzmaurice, Mrs Shields, Mrs Paul, Miss Tidy, Mrs Halford, Mrs E. Russell, Mrs Foote, Miss Voote, Misses Humphries, Miss Hlyth.

A Dance.

In the Brougham Street Hall, last Thursday evening, the Misses Mills gave a very jolly little dance. The music was supplied by Mrs Wood. Amongst those

present were: Mrs Mills, black velvet robe, relieved with cream lace; Miss Mills, roseada green satin, trimmed with Oriental trimming; Miss K. Mills, white nunon over a satin foundation, the tunic belled with pearl trimming; Miss S. Mills, apricot crystalline; Miss Bewley, pale pink satin, with tunic of blue and pink floral chiffon; Miss Halford (debutante), very pretty white nunon over satin, with lovely ivory-tinted satin opera coat; Miss G. Roy, pale pink chiffon taffetas; Miss Glasgow, white satin, veiled in nunon; Miss R. Watson (debutante), dainty white satin, veiled in nunon, the tunic outlined with pearl passementerie trimming; Miss Douglas (Auckland), white satin; Miss N. Dempsey, pale heliotrope chiffon taffetas; Miss Kyngdon, rose pink silk; Miss N. Whitton, pale dove grey silk; Miss F. Evans, rose pink satin, with tunic of nunon finished with silver; Mrs Halford, black chiffon taffetas; Miss D. Bradbury, pale sea green silk; Miss Wheatley, white satin, veiled in silver spangled net; Miss R. Wingfield, pale pink crystalline; Miss F. Wingfield, white insertion muslin; Miss Greatbach, white nunon over satin; Miss S. Greatbach, pretty royal blue velvet; Miss Sturtivant, pale blue satin; Miss Taylor (Eltham), white satin; Miss M. Thomson, saxe blue velvet; Miss Wilson (Te Kuiti), white satin; Miss R. Leatham, pale pink satin, veiled in silk fisher net; Miss B. Hirst, pale pink floral muslin; Miss Wilson (Eltham), white muslin, trimmed with lace; Miss Grant, pale green silk; Miss I. Fitzherbert; Miss D. Bailey, white muslin; Miss Penn, pale blue silk; Miss R. Penn, rose pink crepe de chine; Miss M. Corkill, white muslin.

At Home.

A very enjoyable "At Home" was given last Thursday afternoon, by the citizens of New Plymouth to bid adieu to Miss Rosina Buckman. Mr Tribe, on behalf of the Mayor, made a very appropriate speech, after which a presentation was made (lovely silver toilet requisites) by the Mayoress (Mrs Browne). Also a bouquet from the citizens, by Mrs E. Gilmour. As Miss Buckman stepped forward, she was received with a round of applause, which was doubly expressed after her charming little speech of thanks, followed by "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow" and cheers.

Mesdames Browne (Mayoress), Hood, Dockrill, Wood, R. Cook, A. Williams, R. Jury, Heatley, Bach, G. Blanchard, Hawker, W. J. White, Sanford, and E. Gilmour, formed the ladies' committee.

Mrs Browne (Mayoress), was robed in a smart prunelle coloured costume, with cream lace vest, black hat with plumes; Miss Buckman, looked charming in an oyster grey cashmere de soie, piped with a dark roseada green silk, pretty black velvet hat lined with shell-pink silk, with bunches of tiny shaded apples; Miss E. Buckman, navy coat and skirt, black hat, with white wings; Miss J. Buckman, dark navy coat and skirt, smart electric blue hat with white wings; Mrs Calvert, pretty brown velvet costume, fawn velvet hat, swathed with pale blue and pink ribbon; Mrs Buckman, black silk, finished with lace, black toque to correspond; Mrs E. Gilmour, dainty grey costume with cream lace yoke, smart grey hat, trimmed with emerald green; Mrs Dockrill, black cloth coat and skirt, black feathered hat; Mrs Heatley, mulberry coloured costume, cream lace vest, black hat, trimmed with cream lace; Mrs R. Cook, smart prunelle coloured costume, white feather boa, toque to correspond; Mrs A. Williams, navy coat and skirt, black hat; Miss L. Berry, slate-grey costume, pretty rose-pink hat; Miss M. Berry, navy costume, hat to correspond; Mrs W. Amfury, brown costume, brown velvet hat, lined with pale blue; Miss Amfury, French grey cloth, trimmed with braidings, pretty grey hat, lightened with erize; Miss Hampton, navy costume, moss green hat; Mrs Hood, flecked tweed costume, brown hat; Miss Trimbel, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Home, black costume, toque to correspond; Mrs Scanlan, cream costume, smart black hat, swathed with tangerine; Mrs Dowling, navy costume, black hat; Mrs Wood, black velvet, pretty black hat with white wings; Mrs Brooking; Mrs R. Jury, navy costume, hat relieved with white; Miss Hall, mole-coloured velvet, prunelle-coloured hat; Mrs J. Hampton, navy costume, brown hat; Miss Rennell, black and white costume, black hat; Mrs Heard, navy costume, hat en suite; Mrs Fitzmaurice, navy costume, navy felt toque, swathed with brown; Mrs Paul, pretty dove-grey edienne, piped with black, black hat, with erize coloured saucer

plumes; Mrs R. White, black silk, peacock and cream-coloured toque; Mrs Sanford; Mrs J. Clarke, navy costume, black hat with white feathers; Miss Fookes, navy costume, black toque; Miss M. Humphries, fawn grey coat and skirt, faced with black, black toque with feathers; Miss Morey, navy costume, grey and pink hat; Miss Morley, dark navy coat and skirt, flecked green straw hat, swathed with peacock blue silk; Mrs Percy Webster, navy coat and skirt, faced with black silk, smart navy and erize toque; Miss Glasgow, grey costume, grey toque to correspond; Mrs McCloud, navy costume, black hat with Lancer plumes; Mrs S. Webster, pretty grey coat and skirt, faced with black, black velvet toque, lined with white; Mrs A. S. Cooke; Miss Ainsworth, rose pink striped costume, black hat; Mrs R. George, navy costume, black and green hat; Mrs Tribe, black costume, moss green and black toque; Miss Tribe, fawn tweed coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs F. E. Clarke, heliotrope costume, black velvet toque; Miss B. Clarke, navy coat and skirt, white felt toque; Miss Roy, saxe blue costume, toque en suite; Miss G. Roy, moss green costume, white felt toque, massed with cherries; Mrs Cholwell, Miss Cholwell, saxe blue costume, white woollen coat; Mrs Bewley, dark navy costume, black toque; Miss Bewley, navy costume, piped with a lighter shade, white and black hat; Mrs Baker, black; Miss Baker, navy coat and skirt, black hat, with saxe blue wings; Miss Hanna, vieux rose costume, hat to correspond, white fur; Miss Bedford, navy costume, faced with royal blue, black hat; Mrs A. Jones, navy costume, saxe blue hat, with white wings; Mrs Corney, navy costume, saxe blue hat; Miss Corney; Mrs Whetler, black coat and skirt, saxe blue toque; Miss J. Elliott, smart grey costume, pretty erize hat; Miss I. Gilbert, prunelle-coloured costume, with black velvet toque; Mrs Hooper, black velvet robe, toque to correspond.

Personal.

Miss Rosina Buckman left New Plymouth last Friday evening by the Rawara for Auckland, en route for Sydney. Miss Buckman will sail for London by the Otway, leaving Sydney on July 20th. Miss Cutfield, who has been spending her holidays with her people in New Plymouth, has returned to the Hamilton Hospital, where she is one of the nursing staff. Rev. J. Wilkinson, New Plymouth, is at present in Auckland. Mrs. Colville has been on a short visit to Feilding, but has now returned. Miss Cunningham, New Plymouth, has gone on a visit to Sydney and Melbourne. Miss Douglas, who has been the guest of Mrs. M. Fraser, New Plymouth, has returned to Auckland.

STRATFORD.

July 6.

Bridge.

Mrs. Uniacke gave a very enjoyable bridge party on Saturday afternoon. She also entertained the members of the Bridge Club and a few additional guests on Friday evening. Included were Mesdames Grant, Glasgow, Budge, Stubbs, Robinson, Chinchin, Rennell, Richards, Budd, Wake, Crawshaw, Hogg, McIntosh, Dymock (Wellington), Menzies. The hostess was wearing mole nunon tunic over azure taffetas, Oriental bordered.

Social.

Another very successful church social was held at the Parish Hall on Tuesday evening. Dancing was the order of the night, and zealously indulged in by old and young. The supper arrangements were satisfactorily managed by Mesdames Hind-on, Middleton, Highnett, and Arden.



It is a self-imposed drudgery to get out the broom and dust pan to gather up baby's crumbs, or a little litter here and there. A BISELL "Cyclo" BALL BEARING Carpet Sweeper will do the work quickly, easily and thoroughly, leaving you time for pleasanter tasks. A great saver of energy and carpets when used for general sweeping. Sold by the best dealers. Prices 15/- to 29/- Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. 25 Warren St. NEW YORK, U.S.A. (Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)



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Presentations.

A very interesting function took place at the District High School on Tuesday afternoon, when Mr. Skoginn, chairman of the committee, made several presentations to Miss Beedie, of the teaching staff, who is severing her connection with the school. An illuminated address, silver-backed toiletware, and a salad bowl, given by committee, children, and teaching staff, were the tangible evidences shown of the appreciation of Miss Beedie's ability and popularity.

Show.

The interest of the week has been the Stratford Poultry, Pigeon, and Canary Show, which was opened at the Town Hall on Wednesday by Mr. L. Kirkwood, Mayor. The exhibition of birds and number of entries were splendid, and the attendance fairly good. A chief feature of the show was an exhibition of babies, and, naturally, they attracted a good deal of attention. About twenty-five innocent competitors were entered for the award. The difficulty was great to decide which was the beauty. Difficulties were considerably minimised by presenting eleven babies with prizes, one baby girl, Theresa Fashish (Waitara), carrying off the championship.

Personal.

Captain and Mrs. Lampen were this week presented with a very handsome solid silver tea service, on the occasion of their marriage, by the officers of the 11th Regiment.

SOUTH TARANAKI.

Hawera, July 5.

A Dance.

The fourth and last of a series of "Assemblies" organised by Miss Douglas was held in the Foresters' Hall last Friday evening. Music was supplied by Mrs. Bowen and her sister, Miss Connell. Miss Douglas wore a pale pink charmeuse frock, with grey ninon tunic, and trimmed with grey fringe; Mrs. Williams, black velvet, cream lace berthe, violets on corsage; Mrs. Moore, black silk; Mrs. Raine, black charmeuse, with black ninon tunic, corsage relieved with Oriental embroideries; Mrs. Page, pale blue Ottoman silk; Mrs. A. Piper, cream satin, with silver trimmings; Mrs. Fantham, cream net over silk, corsage trimmed with lace; Mrs. R. McLean, grey charmeuse, with steel trimmings; Mrs. Stisted, heliotrope satin, with blends of same embroidered in violets; Mrs. G. Cooper (Eltham), blue silk, relieved with pale pink velvet bands; Mrs. T. Winks, white satin, trimmed with wide silk insertion and pearls; Mrs. Cardale, grey crystalline, with steel trimmings; Mrs. Webster, cream charmeuse, corsage trimmed with chiffon, and pearl embroidery; Mrs. Duckworth, blue frock; Mrs. Williamson, grey silk; Mrs. O'Callaghan, white charmeuse; Miss Glenn, blue charmeuse, with tunic of pink ninon, pretty trimming on corsage; Miss Moore, pale primrose charmeuse, with pale green overdress; Miss Raine, white satin, with silver sequin trimmings; Miss Williamson, pale pink silk; Miss B. Nolan, pale blue charmeuse, with pink ninon tunic, embroidered in pearls; Miss Nolan, of Gisborne, cream net frock, cerise rose on corsage; Miss Williams, old gold charmeuse, trimmed with ruchings of same; Miss McCartney, white silk with silver trimmings; Miss Hay, pale blue frock; Miss Caplen, black crystalline; Miss E. Caplen, pink satin, with an overdress of white dewdrop net; Miss Wake (Stratford), pale blue charmeuse; Miss — Wake, white satin, with silver trimmings; Miss Riddle, heliotrope taffeta, with dewdrop net tunic; Miss Reilly, white charmeuse, with overdress of cream net, pink roses on corsage; Miss C. Reilly, white frock, with an overdress of blue and touches of green; Miss Hair (Manaiia), green, with a floral ninon tunic; Miss Revell, white muslin, trimmed with embroidery and fringe; Miss Clark, black velvet; Miss White, black net frock; Miss Morrison; Miss Stringer; Misses Hunter (2); Miss Stewart; Miss Norton; Miss Bretherton, etc.

Personal.

Miss Nolan, who has been visiting Mrs. R. H. Nolan, has returned to her home in Gisborne.

The Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Cassell are visiting Wellington.

Mrs. Blakeley (Auckland) is visiting her sister, Mrs. Holder.

Miss Reilly is visiting friends in Christchurch.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

July 6th.

Cinderella Dance.

Very successful was the Cinderella dance held in the Empire Hall last Thursday night. A pouring wet night in no way interfered with the attendance, and owing to it being Show Week there was a large number of visiting men present—in fact there was a surplus of men, a most unusual thing at dances here. A small committee of girls—Miss Sybil Abraham, Miss Warburton, and Miss W. Watson—were the organisers of the dance, and Mrs Chaytor and Mrs Warburton the chaperons. The stage had been cosily arranged as a drawing-room, and the supper served in a room adjoining the hall. Colonel and Mrs Chaytor, Mrs and Miss Warburton, Captain and Mrs Powles, Mr and Mrs Harman, Mr and Mrs H. Cooper, Mr and Mrs Broad, Mr and Mrs B. Beale, Mr and Mrs A. N. Gibbons, Mr and Mrs C. Louisson, Dr and Mrs Putnam, the Misses S. Abraham, W. Watson, E. Moore, D. Morrah, Barnicoat (2), D. Waldegrave, T. Mawhinney, E. Dundas, A. Coombs, C. Cargill, Turner, Dobbie, Barber (2), Armstrong, Bond, S. Preece, Coutts, Bates (Wanganui), Pascal, Tripe, Messrs. Goring, Johnston, K. Dunnean (Wellington), Levein, McDonald, Wardrop, (Wellington), Abraham (2), Waldegrave (2), Collins, Blackmore, Henry, Hankins, Goldingham, Hill, Scott, Watson, and several others were there; Miss Sybil Abraham wore a becoming black charmeuse frock with tunic of black ninon and effective touches of emerald green; Miss Warburton, pink charmeuse with pale blue ninon tunic, the bodice veiled in ninon and prettily embroidered in pink; Miss W. Watson, soft black silk frock, with cluster of blue roses at waist; Miss Gladys Mawhinney, white satin with green tosea net tunic, bodice veiled in green net; Miss Alice Coombs, white satin, with overdress of dewdrop grey ninon; Miss Pascoe, a very pretty white frock; Miss D. Waldegrave, cream satin, with gold tissue roses; Miss Cargill, white satin; Miss Barnicoat, a dainty frock of pale blue satin, veiled in pale blue ninon; Miss Alison Barnicoat, pink satin, with tunic of mauve ninon, bodice veiled in the ninon; Miss Armstrong, black satin, with black net tunic finished with a gold fringe; Miss Bond, cream satin, with pearl trimmings; Miss Moore wore pale blue; Miss Morrah, pink silk; Miss Tripe, white satin, with pearl trimmings; Miss Coutts, white muslin and lace.

Bridge Party.

On Friday evening Mrs. W. Coombs, Featherston Street, entertained a party of friends at bridge. Mrs. H. S. Fitzherbert (New Plymouth) was the guest of honour. The hostess wore black silk, with cream lace yoke and jet trimming; Miss Coombs, hydrangea pink crepe, with deep cream lace insertion on skirt, and bodice; Miss M. Coombs, grey silk, with band of cerise at waist; Mrs. Fitzherbert (New Plymouth), black shantung, with tucked net vest and sleeves; Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, black satin veiled in black net embroidered in steel; Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave, mauve taffeta and lace; Mrs. McGill, black crepe de chine with cream lace and cluster of crimson roses; Mrs. Millton, black satin and jet; Mrs. McKnight, black velvet, with green embroidery; Mrs. A. Guy, lobelia blue ninon over Paisley silk; Mrs. Spence, white silk veiled in white tosea net, the net fcliu finished with white silk fringe; Mrs. Gibbons, white satin veiled in white net, cluster of crimson roses on corsage, crimson shoes; Miss Randolph, black crepe de chine, with emerald green chiffon tunic veiled in gold and green beaded black net; Miss F. Randolph, pale blue satin, the blue ninon tunic caught with ninon roses, dull gold embroidery on corsage; Messrs. McKnight, Armstrong, Gibbons, C. E. Waldegrave, Blackmore, W. L. Fitzherbert, Hill, Foote, Natush, Guy.

Progressive Bridge.

Mrs. R. M. McKnight, Queen Street, gave a small progressive bridge party last night. Mr. and Mrs. Carter were the prize-winners. Pink daisy-stemmeds and foliage decorated the drawing room, and the supper table in the dining room was prettily done with snowflakes and

lighted with pink shaded candles. Those playing were: Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Morrah, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. and Miss Coombs, Miss Randolph, Mrs. Millton, Messrs. McKnight, Armstrong, Pavitt, Hodson, and Dr. Bett. The hostess wore a black velvet frock, with touches of emerald green. Miss Aileen McKnight was also in black velvet, with cream lace and pipings of cerise.

Personal.

Mrs. H. S. Fitzherbert, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, returned to New Plymouth last Saturday.

Mrs. Ford Hutchison has gone to Masterton for a week.

Miss D. Morrah is visiting friends in Dannevirke.

Mrs. Neald, Wellington, is the guest of Mrs. H. Waldegrave.

Mr. Martyn Abraham, the eldest son of Mr. L. A. Abraham, leaves for England on July 11. He goes Home to Cambridge.

Mr. M. Cohen has gone to Sydney to meet Mrs. Cohen, who is on her way out from England. Mrs. Cohen's sister, Miss Nathan, is accompanying her.

WANGANUI.

July 6.

At Golf.

The Golf Club were fortunate in having a fine day for golf on Wednesday. Mrs. James Watt and Mrs. Lomax provided afternoon tea. Amongst those present were: Mrs. A. Izard, Mrs. H. Good, Miss H. Anderson, Mrs. Lomax, Miss Montgomery-Moore, Miss Cowper, Miss M. Milne, Miss Bates, Miss R. Hawken, Miss R. Fairburn, Miss Brettagh, Miss Nolan (Gisborne), Miss Stevenson, Miss Collier, Mrs. Gwyn-Potts, Miss Parsons, Miss Davis, Miss Spenser, Miss G. Christie, Miss I. Nixon, Miss Lambert, Miss L. Williams, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Puterson, Miss Frankish, Mrs. Meldrum, Mrs. Bayly, Miss W. Bayly, Mrs. John Anderson, Miss W. Anderson, and others.

Surprise Party.

On Tuesday evening there was a very enjoyable surprise party at Mrs. Mackay's. Mrs. Mackay wore a beautiful gown of cream charmeuse, with silk fringe, pale blue band in her coiffure; Mrs. Wall was gowned in a white charmeuse robe with overdress of apple-green, and aigrette in her coiffure; Miss H. Anderson, white embroidered net frock, with touch of pale pink; Mrs. Barnard Brown wore a pretty white charmeuse gown with tunic and silver, band of silver in her coiffure; Miss W. Anderson, smart black satin gown, with bands of rose-pink floral chiffon; Miss R. Nixon, pale blue charmeuse, with tiny pink roses bordering her corsage; Miss R. Fairburn, cream charmeuse gown, with pointed ninon tunic, edged with bugle fringe, becoming emerald-green satin ribbons in her coiffure; Miss Christie, pale blue charmeuse frock, with tunic of floral blue ninon, edged with musquash, pale blue ribbons in her coiffure; Miss G. Christie, pale pink satin gown, with stylish square-cut tunic of blue ninon, edged with silver; Miss W. Bayly, pale blue satin robe, with overdress of blue ninon, blue in her coiffure; Miss Kerr wore a pale blue satin, profusely embroidered in the same tone; Miss Nolan (Gisborne), white satin frock, with bands of heliotrope floral ninon, caught with pink and blue flowers formed of satin; Miss Stevenson, pretty pale pink frock, veiled in grey ninon, waving aigrette in her coiffure; Miss Darley, becoming pale blue crepe de chine, with ninon the same shade, and touch of lace on corsage.

Personal.

Mrs. Ballance, of Wanganui, is staying in Wellington with relations.

Miss Morton Jones, of Wanganui, has been staying in Wellington.

Miss Wheeler, of Halecombe, is the guest of Mrs. Smith, her sister, in Wanganui.

The Misses Bates, of Wanganui, have been the guests of Mrs. Gifford Moore, in Palmerston North.

Dr. and Mrs. Skorman, of Marton, are staying in Wanganui with Mr. and Mrs. H. Gool.

Miss Marshall, of New Plymouth, is staying in Wanganui with Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Marshall, Putiki.

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PICTON.

July 8.

Enchere Tournament.

At the Maurilian enchere tournament held last week Master M. Bush, playing as a lady, won the first prize offered to the ladies, and Mr. J. Radd annexed the men's. A supper and a dance finished up a pleasant evening.

Children's Party.

Mrs. Kenny gave a children's party on Saturday at her residence, Bridge End, which the little ones enjoyed immensely. All sorts of games were played and a dainty supper finished up the evening. Those present were: Miss Edith Kenny, Misses M. Kenny (Tory Channel), G. Newman, G. Beswick, M. Tribe (Koromik), O. Haughey, T. Philippotts, M. Nicol, H. Madsen, J. Scott, Masters Paul Kenny, Scott (2), Kenny (2) (Tory Channel), J. Nicol, and W. Burgess.

"Afternoons."

Mrs. Vickers' afternoon on Friday was largely attended. Mrs. Dawkins received a great many guests on her day last Monday.

On Tuesday Mrs. Beswick gave a small afternoon for Mrs. A. Chaytor (Blenheim). Among those present were: Mrs. and the Misses Beswick (2), Mrs. Bone (Christchurch), Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. and the Misses Allen, Mrs. H. C. Seymour, Mrs. T. J. Smith, Mrs. Beauchamp, Miss Beauchamp, Mrs. C. Philippotts, Mrs. Lucena.

Church Social.

Another of these little gatherings was held in the Anglican Sunday Schoolroom on Wednesday evening, Mesdames David Cragg, Cook, and Miss E. Cragg being managers and hostesses. A very pleasant programme was rendered as follows:—Piano solo, Miss M. Newman; song, "May Be," Mr. R. Andrews; "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs" and "When Birds Go North Again," Miss Ria Macalister; "The Sad Sea Waves" and "Annie Laurie," Mrs. M. Jennings; "The White Squall," "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall," Mr. Batchelor; "Idle Words" and "Shadow Land," Mrs. Willets; "No One Knows," Miss Myrtle Cragg; recitations, "An Unauthorised Version" and "Reveries of a Schoolgirl in Church," Miss Lily Cragg; "The Old Canteen," Rev. T. J. Smith; reading, "The Little Hatchet" and "Delany at the Telephone," Mr. Edwards. Misses Williams, Cragg, and Newman played the accompaniments.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. John Duncan, who were away at the Palmerston North Show, returned home to the Grove on Saturday.

The Rev. John Dickson and Mrs. Dickson have gone South, their friends insisting on a change of scene, after their recent sad bereavement in the death of their little girl. Much sympathy is felt for them here and elsewhere.

Mrs. Paterson, who has been visiting her daughter, Dr. Ada Paterson, has returned to Dunedin.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chaytor, Farnham, Blenheim, spent several days in Picton this week with Mrs. and the Misses Allen.

Miss Fuller, who was away enjoying her holidays in the North Island, has returned home earlier than she intended owing to the illness of her mother, Mrs. Fuller, of Kent Street.

Miss Chaytor, who has been visiting the Hon. T. and Mrs. Mackenzie in Wellington, has returned to Picton.

Mrs. McKie and Dr. and Mrs. Brownlee, of Christchurch, who arrived last week to visit Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, have returned home.

CHRISTCHURCH.

July 8.

A Juveniles' Dance.

A delightful dance was given by Mrs. Beckett, "Almora," Riccarton, on Saturday evening, for her eldest daughter. Those present were: Misses Hall, Wood, Cowlishaw, Anderson, Macdonald, Pinkney, Wigley, Holderness, Harley, Butterworth, Bowden, Bowen, Tschemmaker, Robinson, Masters Blunt, Reeves, Steadman, Harman, Harrison, Holderness, Lawrence, Ross, Harris (2), Goldingham, Helmore (2), Cotton, Rick, Mr and Mrs Stewart, Mrs. F. Cowlishaw, Mrs. Wigley,

Mrs. George Harris, and Mr. and Mrs. Bond were also present.

Afternoon Tea.

An afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Beals at the Shirley Links on Thursday afternoon in commemoration of the 4th of July. The tables were decorated with bands of red, white, and blue ribbon, caught in the centre and held in place by small flags—the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes arranged crosswise. Amongst those present were: Mesdames Rice, Wigram, Reid, Leonard, Clark, Thomas, Campbell, Gibbs, Gibson, Bloxam, Westera, Merton, Harris, Acton-Adams, Randall, Donald, Loughnan, Nancarrow, Turnbull, Harvey, Godby, Stevenson, Cooper, Denniston, Day, Bell, Wood, Nedwill, Misses Brennan, Michie (Dunedin), Abraham (Palmerston North), Denniston, Cresscott-Wilson, Anderson, Campbell (2), Merton, Fisher, Cowlishaw, Wilkin, Murray-Aynsley, Pyne, and Thurston.

Personal.

Mrs. Phillips ("The Point") and the Misses Phillips left Christchurch last week for a visit to Sydney.

Visitors to Christchurch include: The Misses Knight (Racecourse Hill), Mrs. and Miss Murchison (Lake Coleridge), Mrs. Percy Johnston (Mt. Torlesse), Miss Gadley (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. Wigram (Park Terrace). Mrs. J. C. N. Grigg (Longbeach) is staying with Mrs. Launcelot Lane. Miss Hamilton (South Canterbury) is the guest of Mrs. Pyne (Bealey Avenue). Mrs. E. F. J. Grigg (Amberley), Mrs. E. Palmer (Gisborne).

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hall have returned to Christchurch from the North Island.

Mrs. Currow has returned to Christchurch after a lengthened visit to Auckland.

Miss M. Shaw (Napier) is the guest of Mrs. G. Rhodes (Christchurch).

Mrs. W. H. Triggs (Christchurch) is staying in Wellington.

Miss Abraham, who is the guest of Mrs. Denniston (Christchurch) is returning to Palmerston North this week.

Miss Brennan (Ceylon) is the guest of Mrs. F. de C. Malet (Papanui), Christchurch.

BEAUTIFUL FIGURES.

SLIM SHAPELINESS RESTORED.

Women who are inclined to be plump should be very watchful of themselves. A certain degree of plumpness is not without its personal attractiveness, but it must not be forgotten that this engaging fullness of figure generally develops into positive stoutness. Whatever the degree of the obesity, the Marmola Prescription Tablets present a reducing remedy of the highest order. Containing in a solid condensed form all the components of the celebrated Marmola Prescription, these dainty tablets restore the slim shapelessness of figure so much admired. At the same time the general health is greatly improved. The reducing process is both pleasant and harmless, and in a very few days there is a feeling of relief and bodily well-being which is delightful and exhilarating. The dose is one tablet after each meal, and one at bedtime. Subcutaneous excess fat is removed without wrinkling or loosening of the skin. Bottles containing supply for a regular course of treatment are obtainable of chemists for 3/6, or, post free, of the Marmola Company, 5 and 7, Barrack Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Complete directions for treatment accompany each bottle.

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been staying in Wanganui for some weeks with her sister, Mrs. H. Sarjeant, has gone to Wellington.
Rev. H. Reeve and Mrs. Reeve, of Wanganui, are staying in Wellington.
Captain and Mrs. Hume, of Wanganui, are spending some weeks with friends in Wellington.
Miss Spenser, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Wellington.
Miss Nolan, of Gisborne, has returned from her visit to relations in Hawera, and is now the guest of her aunt, Mrs. D'Arcy, in Wanganui.
Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn-Potts, of Wanganui, have been staying in Palmerston North with Mr. and Mrs. G. Polta.

BLenheim.

July 8.

Christening Party.

Mr and Mrs Frank Dillon invited a number of their friends out to "Lee-field" on Thursday afternoon, to be present at the christening of their infant son (Patrick Arthur). The ceremony took place in the drawingroom, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion with white chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. Afterwards a dainty tea was served in the large billiard-room, which looked very pretty with decorations of pink chrysanthemums and palms. Mr Dillon received her guests wearing a handsome dress of red charmeuse with overdress of embroidered satin. Among those present were: Mesdames Weld (Flaxbourne), Richardson, Seymour Fell (Picton), Vavasour, Redwood, Waddy, Adams, Bell, Clouston, Monro, Tilly, Woods, Elliot, Meade, Walker, Bennett, Sharp (Nelson), Watts (Lansdowne), Misses Skinner, B. Vavasour, E. Redwood, Horton, Dillon, Messrs Corbett, Fell (Wellington), Vavasour, Bell, Monro, Redwood, Tschemmaker-Schute, Drs. Walker, Bennett and Elliot Meade.

Skating Carnival.

A most successful skating carnival was held last evening in the Town Hall. Excellent music was rendered by the Hibberden Band. Prizes were awarded for originality in dress, and were won by a clever impersonation of a rooster by Mr. Pollen, and by Miss Elbeck, a gypsy. Miss D. Hillman was awarded a prize for the most graceful skater. Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Hylton, and Mrs. F. Redwood acted as judges. Among those I noticed present were: Mesdames Whelan, Bacon, Bagge, Jackson, Brock, Fraser, Tyler, Lucas, Macey, Dunn, Powell, Misses Cheep, Powell, Neville, Whelan, Macey (2), Lucas, Beaton, Messrs. Bacon, Monro, Hillman, Whelan, Powell, Brock, Lucas, Mortimore.

Sale of Work.

Despite the pouring rain on Thursday afternoon and evening, there was a large attendance at the sale of work in St. Andrew's Hall in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Home; and the promoters and workers have the satisfaction of being able to send away a substantial sum of money. The following ladies had charge of the stalls: Fancy goods, Misses Skinner and Chaytor; plain work, Mesdames Heffer and Louisa; produce, Mesdames Corry, E. Dodson, and E. Rose; sweets, Misses Draper. The tea-rooms were managed by Mesdames Scott and Horton and the Misses Farmer, McCallum, and Lucas. In the evening the gathering was entertained by the dancing of a number of children trained by Miss McNab; and some tableaux arranged by Mrs. Edward Tall.

Personal.

Mrs. J. MacLaine is spending a week in Wellington.

Miss H. Horton is spending a short holiday in the Empire City.

Miss Blashky (Greystown) is the guest of Mrs. Pillus, Alfred Street.

Mrs. J. Sharpe (Nelson) is visiting Mrs. Watts, "Lansdowne."

Mr. S. Fell (Wellington) is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. Dillon, "Lee-field."

Miss Chaytor has returned from Wellington.

Mrs. Redman (Picton) was in Blenheim during the week.

Miss Urquhart has returned from Wellington.

Mrs. R. McCallum has returned from her short visit to Wellington.

Dr. Paterson (Picton) was in Blenheim during the week.

Miss Rutherford, "Kekerangui," was in town during the week.

Mr. Francis Houston (Wellington) is spending his holidays with his mother, Mrs. W. Clouston, "St. Andrew's"

The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

SOME of the frocks of the moment are absolutely Puritanical in their severity of outline. None the less, this outline is expressed in the most costly fabrics. Coats and skirts are particularly plainly made, with the exception, perhaps, of such adventitious adornments as buttons. Plain and shot velvets (real silk velvet) trimmed with fur certainly make ideal winter garments. Nothing is more becoming than black or dark shaded velvets, with sable or chinchilla.

In Paris, a white velvet coat of full length has created quite a sensation. It is trimmed with a very deep border of skunk, with a huge roll collar and wide cuffs of the same fur. The muff to match the coat was similarly composed of white velvet and fur, and to strike a contrast it was lined with black chiffon, while the hat also was of black satin, though practically smothered in white aigrettes.

Ratzen and zibeline cloths are much used by tailors, with narrow fur trimmings; but, soft and delightful as those fabrics are, they are apt to be a little heavy for stouter folk, and difficult to manipulate. Despite the continuous prognostications regarding the fuller skirt, the tailor "jupe" remains as tight as ever; while evening frocks, although long, and therefore of necessity fuller at the feet, still preserve their snaky, willowy curvatures.

An Attractive Accessory.

The quaint little capes that under the second Empire were known as peleries are making a tentative bid for favour. At the moment they are made of taffetas and moire outlined with narrow ruches, and as the warm weather approaches will be found ideal substitutes for coats and peltry. Fichu draperies in a very great variety of styles still pursue the even tenor of their way. A novelty, however, is the bretelle fichu, fashioned of embroidered lawn or lace. Over the shoulders it is

not more than three or four inches wide; as it nears the waist it broadens slightly, when it is crossed over, and is fastened with a ribbon bow or a small corsage "pooey." No longer is the collarless corsage deemed good taste; a collar-band is a sine qua non in alliance with long sleeves. Very pretty indeed are the new chemisette or gumpie sets, both with and without sleeves, that can be utilised for bringing a last season's blouse up to date without the intervention of a needle and thread.

Imitation Feathers.

An effective new hat is trimmed with several "plumes" of silk fringe knotted at intervals with the ostrich feather fronds of the larger Lancer feathers. Another has a still quaint imitation feather made of stone-coloured faced cloth cut into the narrowest possible strips. A third shows three larger plumes, shaded grey to blue, of tiniest tulle ruches hanging loose.

Vogues for Small Buttons.

Buttons play a large part in the outdoor and indoor garments of the nursery children this season. A pretty method of fastening a tunic is that of carrying a close double row of buttons from the shoulder to the hem on the left side, these being sewn on either side of the opening, while twisted-loops of cord or braid connect each pair of buttons.

In other cases the button-fastening is merely a blind. Large oval or round moulds are covered with silk to match, and these are carried in a straight line from shoulder to hem, while a fly-edge and row of patent fasteners perform the real service of closing the garment.

Blue Serge Frocks and Persian Embroidery.

Nothing more sensible or practicable for children has been invented for some time than the simple frock or overall of blue serge, with straight box-pleated front and back, the sleeves being cut in one, after the style of kimono sleeves.

Coloured Shoes

and stockings, to match whatever gown worn, have largely taken the place of black or tan.

In Mending Gloves

if possible, a glove-needle should be employed, and the silk chosen should exactly match. A tear can be mended if the edges are button-held all round, and then drawn carefully together.

A scrap of stockin-stitch, or a tiny wad of cotton-wool, in the tips of the fingers, is put by some economical wearers, and this undoubtedly adds to their wearing properties.

Neck Ruffles

which appear to be taking the place of the scarves of last year, are now of all descriptions, though all fasten with a coquettish knot, bow, or posy of flowers, under the left ear. Fringed shot silk, black or coloured tulle, ribbon, minon, crepe de chine, or very soft silk, fashioned like petals, and edged with ruffled ribbon—all are employed. The newest ones are of pleated tulle, with garlands of tiny hand-made flowers round the middle, and these are the quaintest.

Fancier Hats

take one back to tales of maiden aunts and gossiping good ladies sowing parish scandals into work for the poor. They are the same old models worn long ago—



A charming suit in soft Zibeline cloth, with black velvet collar and large revers in white ratine.

The latter give place to short under-sleeves of Persian embroidery, the same embroidery forming a narrow turned-back collar. These little frocks are frequently cut into a "V" at the neck, where they give place to a vest of embroidery or smocking, bordered with a piping of the same colour.

Fashion Notes from London.

(From Our Lady Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 17.

Unusual Mixture in Dress

Materials.

As befits a month that, usually softly sunshiny and shyly sumery, is already piling up "records" in temperature, and behaving with all the abandon of an old-time July, shop-windows have risen to the occasion, and the lightest and coolest fabrics are given front rank.

Very graceful and artistic are some of these, notably the crinkly cotton crepes or crepes of silk and wool, made in all sorts of beautiful new shades. Materials of this description call for little trimming; indeed, their character is spoiled by much.

Exit Mustard.

The vivid mustard yellow, so all-prevailing a colour early in the spring, has evidently burnt itself out, or has been toned into a delicate biscuit colour, that now is widely seen in various soft goods. Some of these lightly trimmed with black look very well.

Veiling.

though not nearly so general as last year, still is seen, and two very effective gowns on view in the West End this week, that could be copied by the New Zealand home dressmaker prepared to take a little trouble, were especially worthy of note. Both were really the same, with the colours reversed, so I'll describe one only.

It was built for a tall, slim woman, though there's no reason why a short, slim, or even a fairly plump one should not look well in it. It had a tight-fitting foundation, slightly draped at one side of the skirt, which was made a little full, of soft, dull, pale blue charmeuse, with large bunches of hydrangeas in various pale colours (heliotrope, pink, and blue), hand embroidered on one side of the décolletage and the skirt; a beautifully draped tunic, with jagged-edged, of palest mauve, minon, or marquisette veiling the left of the bodice, and right of the skirt.



This figure shows but little of a plain toilette-de-visite of thick grey charmeuse. The bodice is veiled in light grey, decorated with tiny black velvet buttons, and possessed of a panel of the same material, extending down the front of the skirt. More discernible in our sketches is a black velvet straight-cut coat, with an inverted Zouave "empacement" of heavy grey silk passementerie, embroidered over a charmeuse ground, with a delightful toque to match. The lines of this coat, although simple, are alike becoming to the stout and slight woman.



A pretty frock for a debutante, made of biscuit and rose-blossom voile, with an apron of lettuce-green taffetas and a big biscuit net collar.

black, perhaps, dipping over each ear, with flowers above the dip, and with, dangling under the down-turned brim at the back, a bewildering network of bows and ends of ribbon. Imagination will not paint a modern woman in one of these. With skirt paniers she ought, perhaps, to seem quite consistent, but both paniers and panier hats seem so far removed from the day of motor buses, of hurrying people, and not too many fine manners, that one cannot but think—whatever the stupidity of it—that a lady so clad would be treated with the kindly wondering tolerance that would be given some innocent stepped off the stage or out of an asylum.

Hats fashioned of drap d'éponge, in light shades, and simply trimmed with a loose draping of soft white broderie Anglaise, are cool-looking innovations.

Mixed Materials.

Most unusual blendings of materials are taking place in the West End dress world—a method that will prove a snare to all but the wariest and most artistic home dressmaker. One reception gown, for instance, undoubtedly handsome, proved, on close examination, to have a long, draped skirt of dull ivory charmeuse, with a sort of short tunic coming into a point at one side of the décolletage, and over the other hip, and slightly down the back, which was of very fine creamy lawn or linen heavily hand-embroidered. The half of the bodice not covered had a white charmeuse foundation, with a piquant line of very tiny mauve velvet buttons, the whole being covered with gently pleated black tulle. There was a narrow black belt at the high waist.

Fashion Notes from Paris.

(By a Parisian Expert.)

PARIS, April, 1912.

The Black Curtain.

Have you ever taken heed to your appearance at a time when you hated the image of yourself in the glass, not for the sake of those who saw you, but for one who did not see?

A poor woman I once knew, who suffered every now and then from attacks of some form of brain trouble, always knew when they were coming on, for there fell slowly between her and the bright world, down, down, till it was almost blotted out, a black curtain. We are not all mad—but, between us and the sun-line, the black curtain has come down. To write of dress now, when the whole world is moved with horror over the awful tragedy of the Titanic, seems a mockery, and yet a necessity, like many mockeries! It is not necessary for those of us who have not had the misfortune of losing a dear one in the catastrophe, but who are full of sympathy for those who have lost their relatives and friends, that we should mourn in sackcloth and ashes. But if we show in our dress the same spirit we feel in our grief, we shall not make many mistakes.

Concerning the Wearing of Black.

A black dress is always a useful possession. But black can be so very chic, and so very dowdy. The sable gown, which stands out among a host of coloured fellows, depends largely upon those other dresses for its success of contrast. It is always not easy to do much with dead black, and very little contrast can be got out of several blacks! The only way out of the trouble is to deal with varying materials, and with blacks that are bright, against blacks that are dull. A little black frock which took my fancy, and made with the utmost simplicity, consisted simply of a tunic of pique, soft and dull, embroidered all over with large ring dots, in dull black cable silk, the border edged with a fringe of the same cable silk; the under-dress was of bright surfaced satin with an incomparable gloss in its surface. There was a sash of trimming in the shape of jetted rings in bright and dull jet, which formed a belt and caught up the indescribably picturesque draperies, and a very high but very transparent collar of tucked tulle rose above a quaint little tie of black bugles finished with a tassel of the same long narrow tubular beads.

Black Charmeuse Suit.

The charmeuse suit is always a useful adjunct to the modern toilette. I have an affection, too, for black Sicilian alpaca.

A tailor-made of black cotton, pin-dotted with white, is a serviceable choice for warm days. For smarter wear, we must not forget the coat and skirt amount of dull black moire, with a small amount of watering in its design. Never trim moire more than you can help; and that rule applies to all our tailor coats and skirts. Nothing is in better taste than a spirit of simplicity where black is concerned.

Our Sketch.

A chic little black and white costume will be found illustrated on this page. Here we have a simple little black pekines satin suit made with the slender allouette so much in vogue. The skirt is



fashioned with an over-drapery, and is trimmed with braided hours and buttons. The wide ravers in white satins, which adorn the corsage and the cuffs to the half-length sleeves, are very novel and uncommon.

Vogue for White Blouses.

White blouses are coming back into vogue; their disappearance could only be of short duration, for no bodice is more practical, graceful and becoming. Does not a pretty lingerie chemisette, with a dainty pleated ruffie, embellish a tailor suit, giving it a neat and truly Parisian aspect? White and black combined give some lovely effects. A blouse in white ninon-veil, crossed with a wide garland of black carnations embroidered in silk, was a marvel of good taste. Another in black mousseline-de-soie, with shoulder straps and bouffant of wide black insertion, in which were introduced lozange designs of white net lace, was chic.

Dressy blouses of lace or embroidery have mostly their sleeves short, reaching down to the elbow and falling straight, without fitting the arm. Many have square or round decolleté necks, which make them appear very seductive. For wear with these are added gimpings of very thin double tulle, hemmed at the top with a white ribbon in order to stiffen their edges.

Gimpure and embroidery are used together more than ever, and very seldom is a blouse composed of a single material. The most favoured of all combinations consists in making the shoulder straps and lower part of the bodices of the same gimpure, filling in the intervals of the lace which forms the sleeves.

Ask the jockey, ask the groom,
Ask the girl who wields the broom;
Ask the worried business man,
Grocer, postman, publican!
Ask the butcher, milkman, baker,
Shop-girl, clerk, and cordial maker?
All reply in accents sure—
"Stick to Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

German Women.


"But I reckon, madam, there are two things I should not care to be in this country, and those are a woman or a dog." The speaker was an American. He was on a tour through Germany, and, being ignorant of the language, welcomed the presence in the railway carriage of two English ladies as a favourable opportunity of unburdening himself of some of the impressions he had gathered. No doubt his judgment was unduly severe—he came from the land of the "new chivalry"—but there was at least a grain of truth in it. The German woman has often been praised by her menfolk as a pattern of the domestic virtues, but the eulogy contained the implication that she was lacking in the other ones. If the truth must be told, she was not given many chances of exercising them. To illustrious lips is credibly ascribed the saying that the cardinal points of a woman's horizon are "the four K's"—Kirche, Kinder, Kuche, and Kleider—and that all her duties and pleasures should lie on or between these. This was undoubtedly the traditional notion of a German woman's sphere. In society she was treated with an exaggerated appearance of deference. But behind there lurked in the mind of the average German male the solid conviction that women were inferior beings, unfitted for the really serious business of life, and that the only proper work for them was to bear and rear him children to sew on his buttons, and to cook his meals. Until a couple of years ago it was, in most of the German States, illegal for a woman even to participate in a political meeting. But silently and

persistently the German woman has been working out her own emancipation, and an exhibition which a month or two back drew its tens of thousands at Berlin showed how far she has already progressed towards it. This exhibition, which wore the name "Woman, Domestic and Professional" was an eloquent testimony to feminine capacity, activity, and power of organisation.

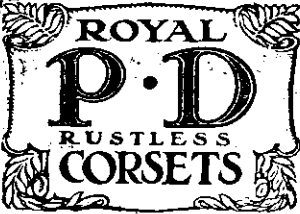
A REMEDY WHICH REALLY GROWS HAIR.

We have received from one of our readers the following formula which he considers as being of great value. Our correspondent says: "This mixture is a tonic for the hair which if applied morning and evening with the tips of the fingers, so as to make it penetrate well into the scalp, will certainly make the hair grow, will cure baldness, will restore to grey hair its natural colour, and will destroy dandruff. Mix 1 dram menthol crystals dissolved in a teaspoonful of alcohol with 3oz. bay rum, and then add 1oz. Lavona de Composee. If desired, half a teaspoonful of French Fougère perfume, which imparts a very pleasant scent, may be added. Shake well, then let it stand for half an hour, after which the lotion will be ready for use." Some readers without doubt will be desirous of trying this remedy which can be prepared by any chemist. Our obliging reader finishes his communication with the following advice, which shows the faith he has in this remedy: "As this lotion really produces a growth of hair it should not be applied where hair is not desired."

"Smooth and Flowing"—Does that Describe Your Figure?



If not you must know that your figure lacks its correct support. No doubt you are wearing the wrong Corset. Hundreds of women have discovered that this is the trouble—and they have found the remedy in



When a woman wears a P.D. Corset, the lines of her gown and the youthfulness of her figure show to the best advantage. The P.D. Corset imparts the "Smooth and Flowing" effect to the form! AT ALL DRAPERS.


Young housewives will find that work will be lightened if they always use

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE



It is most economical and easily made. Men folk appreciate it because of its pleasant aroma, delicious flavour and full strength. Your grocer has it—but say Symington's.

12 Theo. Symington & Co., Edinburgh and London.



J. C. SHARLAND

CHEMIST TO HIS EXCELLENCY
THE GOVERNOR

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Only Address—
SHORTLAND STREET,
AUCKLAND.

Exclusive Lines from Roger & Gallet, Fiver, Bismol, Crown Perfumery Co., Biscotte Co., Houbigant, etc. Douring customers can rely on perfect attention.

Verse Old and New.

The Turn of the Years.

HOW may we know you, year of all?
You come, as others come,
Night-sandaled, and your flying
feet
Set bells awing in every street—
But you are dumb.

We run, unwearied travellers
Still on the upward slope
Of life, to take your strong young hand,
To search, to dare, to understand—
Pillagers of hope.

You lead us on, you lead us up;
We seek your Avatar
By fords of faith, the pass of tears,
Peaks of delight—O year of years,
You take us far!

And then you go. We hear your voice,
We know your name at last . . .
You were the Future that we sought,
And all the years may bring us naught
But you, the Past.

V. H. Friedlander.

An Invitation.

Unless you come while still the world
is green,
A place of birds and the blue dreaming
sea,
In vain has all the singing summer been,
Unless you come and share it all with
me.

Ah! come, ere August flames its heart
away,
Ere, like a golden widow, autumn goes
Across the woodland sad with thoughts
of May,

An aster in her bosom for a rose,
Unless you come, who knows but you
and I,
Another year, may seek ourselves in
vain;

For flowers live on, yet each October die,
But human faces—do they bloom
again?

—Richard La Gallienne.

The Burnt Field.

Fire in this field has wasted all;
Never a blossom, a blade of grass,
Survived the ruin—but let that pass;
Now the good earth heeds the new
Spring's call.

A magic touch—and the black grows
green
(How could the burnt clod guess this
hour!)
Up starts the clover, the bee in its
flower,
And never least trace of the old wreck
seen!

Fire in this field . . . and my heart the
field!

How could I know, in that fiery bath,
That the Spring would come, despite
all scath—
That the seeds of joy lay safe concealed!

Edith M. Thomas.

History.

"Past is the past." But no, it is not
past;
In us, in us, it quickens, wants, aspires;
And on our hearts the unknown Dead
have cast
The hungers and the thirst of their
desires.

Unknown the pangs, the peace we too
prepare!

What shakes this bosom shall rever-
berate
Through ages unconceived; but in dark
lair
The unguessed, un hoped, undreaded
issues wait.

Something Original.

A man wished to have something original on his wife's headstone and hit upon "Lord, she was Thine." He had his own ideas of the size of the letters and the space between words, and gave instructions to the stonemason. The latter carried them out all right, except he could not get in the "e" in Thine.

Very Busy.

LORD Haldane's remark that Scotsmen did not sit easily on horseback reminds one of a story told of the Earl of Elgin when he was Viceroy of India. He was not a good horseman, and he was always rather uneasy and flustered when riding. One day when he was riding near Simla and devoting his attention to keeping his seat, an aide-de-camp came galloping up with some important news.

He told his Excellency what he had come about, but the earl rode on without replying. The aide-de-camp rode alongside, and, after a few minutes, thinking his message had not been heard, he repeated it in a rather louder tone.

The earl turned upon him indignantly. "Great Scott, man!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see I'm busy riding! Don't interrupt me!"

True to His Trade.

An actor had the misfortune to fall off a ferryboat at night. Of course there was great confusion on board. The searchlight, which is carried on American ferry-boats, was turned round and round in an effort to find the man. He came up for the third time just as the light struck him, and from force of habit the actor raised himself and delivered a most ceremonious bow. Then the rescuers grabbed him.

Two Conversationists.

"Nothing lost here but the squeal," declared the pork-packer. "Are you as economical in conducting your business?" "Just about," answered the visitor. "I'm in the limber business. We waste nothing but the bark."

Our pregnant acts are all unprophesied,
We dream sublime conclusions; destine,
plan.

Build and unbuild; yet turn no jot aside
The something infinite that moves in
man.

We write The End where fate has scarce
begun;
And no man knows the thing that he has
done.

Laurence Binyon.

Communion.

Who said the night was blind?
Lo, it can surely find
My lover's heart!
When all the hours of light
I could not read it right
So far apart!

Who said the night was still?
It is the throb and thrill
Of ecstasy!
Across the quiet streets
How loud your passion beats
Your thought of me!

Who said the night was cold?
It has a warmth untold
By garish day,
It teaches every hour
Your love's great, wondrous power
So far away!

Leolyn Louise Everett.

Mirth Unending.

Oh, wherefore should a mortal sigh
And vow that life is full of care?
Each moment that goes swiftly by
is sure to bring a laugh somewhere;
And the supply is ever new
And louder grows the note of cheer;
The clothes that fashion brings to view
Are getting funnier every year.

These hats and shoes and all the rest
Of the attire that meets our gaze
We'll greet with wild hilarious zest
As now we jest of other days.
The present price-tag may exert
A certain influence severe,
But look ahead for laughs alert;
Our clothes get funnier every year.

Something Original.

Mary met Emily on the street. They had not seen each other for many years. "Why, how do you do!" exclaimed Mary effusively, topping off the salutation with a few vague pecks at Emily's face. "Now, this is delightful," said Emily, who was older than Mary. "You haven't seen me for eleven years, and yet you knew me at once. I couldn't have changed so dreadfully in all that time. It flatters me." Said Mary: "I recognised your bonnet."

Sherlock Holmes.

A funeral cortege was passing down Mile End Road, London. There was a long string of mourning coaches, and the

Who?

Who is it always finds fault with the
play
And says it's a pity, alas!
That the theatre, yes, sir! has seen its
best day?

Why, the man who goes in on a pass,
Who is it always picks flaws in the
Church
And scoffs at its present estate?
"And where is the church member frog
from a smirch?"
Why, the man who puts least in the
plate.

Who is it who's ready to knife his own
town
And talk of the much that it lacks?
"We need public spirit; no wonder we're
down!"
Why, the fellow who dodges his tax.
Who is it who rails at the Government
most,
And calls it "a deuce of a note"
That we have to be ruled by a dishonest
host?
Why, the insect that won't even vote.
—Walter G. Doty.

Where My Treasure Is.

Lord of the living, when my name is run,
Will that I pass beneath the risen sun;
Suffer my sight to dim upon some scene
Of thy good green.

Let my last pillow be the earth I love,
With fair infinity of blue above;
And fleeting, purple shadow of a cloud
My only shroud.

A little lark, above the Morning Star,
Shall shrill the tidings of my end afar;
The muffled music of a lone sheep-bell
Shall be my knell.

And where stone heroes trod the moor
of old,

Where bygone wolf howled round a
granite fold,

Hide Thou, beneath the heather's new-
born light,
My endless night.

Anecdotes and Sketches.

GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE.

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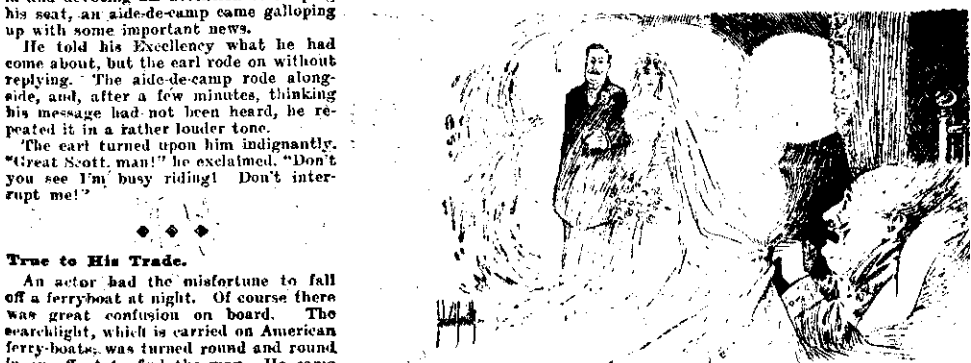
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THE CONFIRMED BACHELOR'S NIGHTMARE.

The Real Test.

"He drinks heavily."
"I know it."
"He gambles."
"I am going to marry him to reform him."
"My girl, listen to me. Try one experiment before you do that."
"What experiment?"
"Take in a week's washing to do, and see how you like it."

searse was loaded with splendid wreaths. A passer-by turned to a coter pushing a barrow. "Who's dead?" he asked. "I dunno," was the thoughtful reply; "but I reckon it's the bloke under them wreaths."

Choate Nearly Won a Convert.

Joseph H. Choate was once associated in a law case in New York with a young Hebrew attorney, who, when the case

had been won, felt uncertain as to what fee he should charge for his services. He decided to ask the advice of the senior counsel, Mr. Choate. "That's all right, my boy," said Choate, kindly; "I'll attend to it. I am about to send in my bill, and I will just double the amount and send you a cheque for your half."

In a few days the young Hebrew received a cheque, which was ten times as big as the amount he had thought would be due him. He immediately wrote to Mr. Choate and expressed his delight and gratitude, and in a postscript he added this:

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Bad Shot.

"Miss Popinjay!" he cried
She froze.
"Arabella!" he whispered.
She melted.
He kissed her hand.
She withdrew it hastily, and gazed reproachfully upon him.

He raised his eyebrows.
"I didn't think it of you," she said, almost tearfully. "I had always considered you a young man with ideals, and—"

"I—I am sorry," he stammered, "if I have offended. I—"

"Well," she said, bitterly, "I certainly expected you to aim higher."

Whereupon he took heart, and the hint.

Better Than Drowning.

Two Germans were walking one cold day on the banks of a large pond, when one of them fell in. He could not swim, and screamed for aid. The other, who was an officer, did not feel inclined to take so cold a plunge, and calmly watched the struggles of the sinking man. All at once the man in the water began a verse of the "Marseillaise," and the officer jumped in forthwith, for his strict orders were to arrest any person whom he heard sing that famous song. The unfortunate citizen was imprisoned for eight months, but that was better than drowning.



ON ITS FEET AGAIN.

THREE IN ONE

Physician (after the examination).—Your ailment is of long standing.
Patient (cheerfully).—Thin it's co-valescin', begob! Th'last docthor I wint to towid me thot same ailmint wex deep seated!

"I think she will make a fine wife. I have been calling on her for several months now, and nearly always find her darnin' one of her father's socks."
"That caught me, too, until I found out that it was always the same sock."



"I was surprised to see you in difficulties, m'sieu."
"Ah, but his horse—'e is not a sport! 'E 'E was off before I give no word!"
—"London Opinion."

"Why don't you give your wife an allowance?" "I did once, and she spent it before I could borrow it back."
Hobbs—He was killed by an infernal machine.
Nobbs—Did they arrest the chauffeur?



HIS ESTIMATE.

Wife: "How does my new spring hat look, John?"
Husband: "Um! It looks to me like a month's salary."

"I have heard of haughty strides and graceful glides, but the heroine of this melodramatic tale has a sort of zoological walk."
"What kind of walk is that?"
"Why, the author speaks of her pur-suing her cat-like tread with dogged determination."

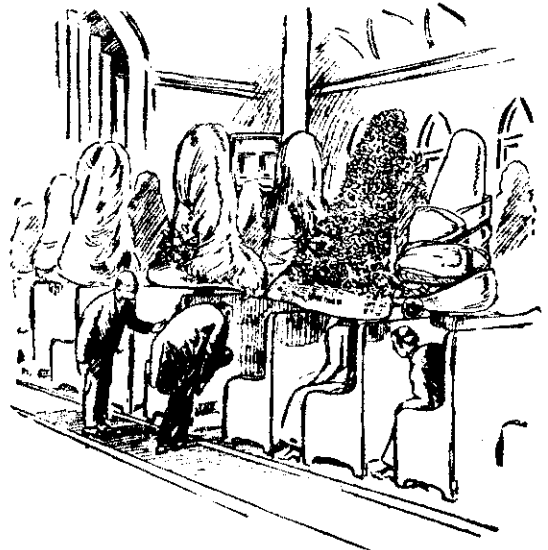
Wife—Did you post that letter I gave you?
Hubby—Yes, dear. I carried it in my hand, so I couldn't forget it, and I dropped it in the first box. I remember, because—
Wife—There, dear, don't lie any more. I didn't give you any letter to post.



Young Jones (smitten): "I should say that girl's lovely golden hair was quite a natural colour."
Old Brown: "Ah, my boy, it's a case of perhaps—or peroxide!"
—"London Opinion."



"Please, Master, mayst I get off this afternoon? My grandmother is to be burnt for a witch."



IF EASTER HATS CONTINUE TO GROW.