

# THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

AND

## NEW ZEALAND MAIL

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### The Week in Review.

#### The Balkan War.

THE cables from the seat of war are now becoming more coherent and less conflicting. There is no doubt that the Turks are being driven back at every point, and the Allies are steadily pushing forward their advance. Nor can this be wondered at; few people realise how very small is the territory occupied by Turkey in Europe. It is really not much bigger than the South Island of New Zealand, and the population is only six times as large as our own. The Allies on the other hand, have a much larger territory and a good population, fully four millions more than that of Turkey in Europe. Turkey has for long dominated the Balkans by reason of her military prestige, but that prestige is now broken, and she has to face a superior numerical force, flushed with victory and inspired with enthusiasm. The "Young Turks" have not shown the astuteness of Abdul Hamid; they have flouted time-honoured traditions and alienated the sympathies of many of the Mohammedans. In the present war the Turkish army has not displayed that courage for which it was so long famous. Disorder seems to have prevailed in many cases, while the Allies have shown considerable military genius. It can hardly be hoped that the war will confine itself to a struggle between the Balkan States and the Ottoman Empire. The sensitive state of Foreign bourses shows that European complications are feared, and the interests of the Powers are so conflicting that the spark kindled in the Balkans may easily lead to a European conflagration.

#### A Change of Name.

An individual rejoicing in the name of "Rabbits," sought, not unnaturally to change his name to something less suggestive of "Bunny"; he, therefore, chose the name of "Roberts." It seems that it is open to any person who so desires it, to change his name to anything he pleases. All sangers, under the belief that people will only listen to Italian songsters, change their name to something with an Italian ending. Thus Mr. Scott becomes "Scotti," plain Mr. Jones becomes "Signor Jonsontelli," and Maude Smith becomes "Madame Mardoni Tremoletti." Nor is there anything to prevent a man prefixing the word "Lord" to his name as did "Lord George" Sanger; but the awkward part comes in when one is going to get married. The woman naturally changes her name, but for a man to change his name on the eve of his marriage invites complications. In filling up the certificate, he has to give his father's name, and it would look peculiar if Mr. Smith claimed to be the son of Mr. Jones. The desire of Rabbits to change his name to Roberts was both natural and praiseworthy. Probably his wife would object to being known as "Mrs. Rabbits." But his enterprise in this direction has led to his arrest, and the Supreme Court is to be asked to determine as to how far a man has the right to change his name when entering into the state of matrimony. If the New Woman movement continues to gain ground, we may, however, see the day when a man will take the name of a woman. Men often change their surname in order to benefit under a will, so there seems no reason why they should not do the same when they have to benefit from the "I will" of matrimony.

#### British Agriculture.

Mr. Jesse Collings, so well-known in connection with the phrase: "Three acres and a cow," has been protesting against the best of England's rural population being shipped off to the Dominions. It will be remembered that Mr. John Burns warned the members of the Colonial Conference against what he termed "emptying the cistern." An influential league has been formed in Great Britain, having for its object the development of British agriculture and the encouragement of young English lads to go on the land. It may surprise some people to learn that agriculture is still Britain's greatest industry, and provides annually over £200,000,000. But at present the industry is stagnant and many are seeking to recolonise England's green pastures. Thousands of acres of rich land are merely marking time, if not actually going back into cultivation, and in many villages only the old are left. The young and able-bodied have drifted into the towns or emigrated to one or other of the British overseas dominions. To prevent this wholesale emigration, steps are being taken to make country life more attractive. Small holdings are being offered for sale at prices ranging from £8 to £30 per acre. Money is lent to the holders at 3 per cent interest to enable them to build houses and make other improvements. For those who have not sufficient capital to purchase the freehold, holdings of from 80 to 90 acres are being rented at £1 per acre. The subdivision of land is causing intense cultivation, and in many cases produce is being grown of the value of £50 per acre. Near Evesham 7,000 acres are now taken up as small holdings of under 50 acres each. One fruit-grower who pays a rent of £2 per acre was recently offered £100 an acre for his standing crops, and £100 for the tenancy rights. This offer, however, he refused. Should this movement continue, it is likely that Great Britain will be able to offer quite as many inducements as the Dominions to those seeking small farms. If, therefore we wish for the stream of emigration to continue to flow towards our shores, we must make our land policy more attractive, and hold out every incentive to the settler.

#### Lord Roberts and Germany.

Lord Roberts has done yeoman service in drawing attention to the need of some form of compulsory service in Great Britain. He knows better than anyone else the value of disciplined troops; and in season and out of season he has kept before the people of Britain the great danger they would be in were the country to be invaded by even a small body of highly-trained soldiers. He pointed out recently at Manchester that in 1868 and 1870 Germany had declared war the instant her forces had shown superiority on every point. He warned his audience that the British Navy no longer enjoyed the unique superiority of former years, and that it had lost command of every sea except the North Sea, and even there its supremacy was being disputed. The nation is prone enough to disregard the warnings of military experts, and it is therefore the more to be regretted that Mr. Walter Runciman, holding the responsible position of President of the Board of Agriculture, should have described Lord Roberts' speech as deplorable, pernicious, and dangerous. Now, more than ever, is it necessary that Britain should be able to reader effective

aid on land as well as on sea. The entente with France is based on the assumption that Britain would be able to send a land force to co-operate with the French army in case France were invaded by Germany. The highest German military authorities are in favour of attacking Britain through France. The plan is as follows:—France is to be attacked by land, and in the event of Germany proving victorious the French navy and the cession of certain naval ports is to be the price of peace. At the time of the trouble over Morocco England made known to Germany that she was prepared to land 150,000 troops on French soil should Germany cross the frontier. Fortunately Germany was not at the time sufficiently prepared to take the aggressive, and a difficult situation was averted. But it may be taken for granted that unless Britain is in a position to render substantial aid to France Germany will seize an early opportunity to wound England through her ally.

#### Germany and the Far East.

Nor is the danger confined to Europe. In the Far East Germany feels that she has been thwarted. There is an agreement between France and Japan, between Japan and Russia, and an alliance between Japan and Great Britain. For all practical purposes Britain, France, Russia, and Japan are allied. The main purpose of the alliance is to guarantee each other's possessions in Asia, and to prevent any war of territorial ambition in China. Both Germany and America have serious interests in the Far East, and neither of these great Powers have so far found a place in this quadruple alliance. Germany is certain sooner or later to make her claim to be considered manifest in a peremptory manner. She did so in Morocco, and the Far East is much more important than Morocco. China interests the traders of Berlin as much as she interests those of London. At present the Chinese resent and distrust European commercial pressure, and Germany is posing at Peking, as at Constantinople, as the one disinterested adviser. It is quite possible, therefore, that Germany may join with China in resisting the pressure of the other Powers. Moreover, Germany must have colonies. Her own mineral wealth is giving out. She also feels that such colonies as she has are at the mercy of Great Britain as long as Britain is mistress of the seas. None can blame her for taking this attitude. We know what the danger would be to ourselves were sea power vested in any other hands than those of England. It was in no spirit of jingoism that Lord Roberts uttered his warning. His speech was the same reasoned logic of one who is both a soldier and a politician. It is easy enough at the present day to win a cheap popularity by

posing as a friend of peace and a false prophet of security. The man who really loves his country recognises that German interests and British interests are conflicting. The student of history knows that Germany would never enter on a war with an antagonist fully armed at all points. It is when the strong man is armed that his goods are in peace, and the security of our Empire depends on the recognition by the world that both on land and at sea British supremacy cannot be challenged lightly.

#### Ptomaine Poisoning.

No picnic would be complete without the sandwich, but it would seem that eating sandwiches at picnics is a dangerous pastime. According to the Sydney cables, twelve of a party of eighteen who were together at a picnic had to be sent to hospital suffering from ptomaine poisoning; all of them had eaten sandwiches at the picnic, and two of them were seriously ill. The next day another party of picnickers, nineteen in number, were seized with ptomaine poisoning as the result of eating sandwiches, and twelve were sent to the hospital. In many cases the meat used for sandwiches is far from fresh, and frequently the sandwiches are cut the day before and the meat goes bad before they are eaten. In view of these cases it would be well to make the sandwiches of egg or lettuce. There is always a grave danger when sandwiches are kept wrapped up for several hours before they are used that they may lead to ptomaine poisoning. The cases quoted are, of course, exceptional; millions of sandwiches are eaten every year without any deleterious results, but the dangers attending the consumption of any form of meat that is not quite fresh are so great that picnickers would do well to take every precaution to ensure the freshness of all material used in making sandwiches, pies, and other edibles for an outing.

#### The Federation and Labour.

Signs are not wanting that the executive of the Federation of Labour are beginning to realise the mistake of indiscriminate strikes. They have tendered very sensible advice to the coal miners at Huntly, and they have refused to support the strike of the general labourers in Auckland. Experience has convinced them of the futility of any attempt to paralyse industry by calling on all the members of the Federation to "down tools"; but the workers have suffered severely from the strikes which have already been entered into under the auspices of the Federation. Numbers of miners have lost their employment, and they now find themselves in the serious position of having to seek

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work elsewhere, and in many cases, work of an unsuitable nature. The first thing for the executive to recognise is that the Waikato strikers imprisoned in default of finding sureties and not in any sense of the world martyrs, have enlisted no public sympathy, and are doing no good to any cause by a persistent refusal to take advantage of the exceptionally easy terms offered by the magistrate. They might just as well be enjoying their liberty. Those who are still holding out at Waikato ought to be allowed to accept any employment offering without being held to have in any way departed from their principles. The best thing the Federation can do is to admit its errors and do the best it can to repair them.

#### When Doctors Differ.

It was only to be expected that when the British Medical Association published its book on "Secret Remedies" some of those concerned in the manufacture of these remedies would protest. This has now come to pass, and a Mr Charles Stevens is suing the association for libel for an alleged false analysis of his patent cure for consumption. Mr Stevens declares that his mixture is prepared from Zuland herbs, and does not contain "krameria," a drug that is frequently used as a tritum for sore throats. The case is attracting more than usual attention by reason of the large amount of expert evidence to be called for both sides. The plaintiff has already secured eight eminent doctors to testify to the great benefit of the mixture and give instances of cures as the result of its use. The association has naturally been able to produce a large number of doctors equally eminent who denounce the mixture as deleterious in the extreme. The case is somewhat similar to one tried recently in New York, where twenty-four doctors were retained to prove that a drug was absolutely harmless and twenty-five were engaged to prove that the same drug was dangerous to life. It would seem that when doctors differ the Supreme Courts are called in to decide.

#### Billiards and Baptists.

The spirited protest against the use of billiard tables in Y.M.C.A. institutions made by the Rev. J. F. Jones at the Baptist Conference has brought forth many replies. Mr Jones seemed to think that those who learnt to play billiards in these institutions would continue to play the game under more questionable auspices. He thought also that billiard rooms might lead to card tables, and there was no telling where we would stop. To most people it would seem that if billiards is a good game, something should be done to remove it from undesirable associations. Billiards is undoubtedly the king of indoor games. It encourages skill of hand and eye, it provides exercise in a pleasant manner, and a billiard table in the home is often a means of keeping boys off the streets. It is a little difficult to follow Mr Jones' reasoning that a game good in itself ought not to be played in the home, or in Y.M.C.A. buildings, for fear that it might lead to its being played in public houses or gaming schools. Any game can be made an excuse for gambling, even cricket matches have been made the subject of bets, but that is no reason why we should abandon the game of cricket. The Y.M.C.A. is rather to be congratulated on its efforts to rescue one of the best games from the disrepute into which it has unfortunately fallen.

#### Cheaper Cable Service.

In the House of Commons Mr W. Redmond brought forward a proposal for cheaper cables to Australia. He proposes to send messages at the rate of ten words for five shillings, and sixpence for each additional word. This would mean a considerable concession, but it is difficult to see his reason for making these cheap cables carry a delay of from two to three days, or longer. If there is to be any delay, those messages ought to be sent after other messages paying higher rates, and this would only mean a delay of hours instead of days. It is notorious that the cables could easily do twice the amount they do at present without any large increase in expenditure. They are not utilized to anything like the extent they might be, and the reason for this is to be found in the high rates charged. It seems absurd that at a time when so much is being done to link up the Empire the most efficient link should be

neglected by reason of the excessive charges made by the cable companies. It is, of course, contended that cheaper rates would not pay. The same was said of penny postage. Experience, however, has proved that the greater volume of business done by cheapening any department of our postal service more than makes up in the long run for any temporary loss of revenue. Mr Samuel, the Postmaster-General, hoped that the negotiations now proceeding between the Pacific Cable Board and the cable companies would result in cheaper messages, though he did not regard it as possible to fix the charges as low as Mr Redmond had suggested. When, however, the wireless system is more developed, competition will probably induce the companies to lower their rates, and we may see penny a word cables as universal as is penny postage.

## Our Illustrations

### A UNIQUE DISPLAY.

FOLLOWING on that portion of the Auckland Labour Day procession which was given up to the makers and the purveyors of the staff of life, came what was probably the most notable and attractive feature of the whole display. Appropriately enough, it represented the connecting link between bread manufacture and one of the primary industries of the Dominion. The exhibit by the Northern Roller Flour Mills was again one of the outstanding sections of the procession, and as a trade display it was unsurpassed in its effectiveness as a reminder of what a prominent part this firm plays in the industrial activities of the Auckland province. The general scheme was a triumph of ingenuity, and must be recorded as another success to Mr. P. Virtue (the general manager), whose fertile resourcefulness in such matters is apparently unbounded. The firm's familiar trade name "Champion," no doubt supplied the inspiration which was responsible for the idea that was so effectively carried out. Headed by the Garrison Band, the string of carts drawn by magnificent horses, splendidly appointed, presented a brave show of fluttering ensigns and banners. The first vehicle provided the key to the nature of the exhibit. It was drawn by "Mick," that proud winner of 50 many championships, and Mick stepped out with the baughty bearing that showed he was not unconscious of his importance in the scheme of things. In keeping with the "ever ready" attitude of your alert champion, the vehicle was guarded by a couple of Jack Tars, whilst a formidable looking cannon protruded its sinister muzzle over the tail-board. A very human touch was given to the picture by the presence of a sleek, well-fed boy, who was dutifully occupied feeding an enormously fat baby from the kind of "bottle" that is associated with every well-appointed nursery. The inscription, "Mary's lamb," gave a further insight into this baby-blissful domestic picture. Then followed the Auckland Pipe Band, skirling joyously, each piper with one "leg" of his pipes decorated with a white ribbon bearing the proud title of "Champion." After this came a line of waggons piled high with the white flour of blameless industry, and drawn by the glossy-coated horses, that would move any lover of horses to admiration. One of these waggons was loaded, not with the products of a wisely-protected industry, but with the boyceys of "freetrade," "single-tax," "socialism," and other shibboleths which have their devotees. These boyceys were represented in the form of masks of hideous design, and they effectively conveyed the lesson that was in the mind of the person who designed the scheme. The Poshonby Boys' Pipe and Drum Band, in strong force, came next, piping and drumming with strenuous enthusiasm and reflecting great credit on themselves and their capable handmaster. The Northern Roller Mills exhibit was finished off with another long line of lighter waggons, piled with the showy pyramids that can be so well constructed from the podgy flour bags brightly lettered in red. The drivers were all neatly uniformed in white, and wore peaked caps of neat design.

## WHERE TO DINE.

### "THE TIPPIN"—AUGKLAND'S LEADING RESTAURANT.

Established over five years ago, at the corner of Queen and Victoria Streets, "The Tiffin" restaurant has rapidly advanced in popularity. From its central situation, the large and airy rooms, the excellence of the cuisine, and its tasteful appointments, "The Tiffin" is a popular place for all those who have to take their meals in the city. The rooms, as will be seen from the illustrations in this issue, provide splendid accommodation for social functions, and catering for these events is a special feature in which the proprietor has specialised with remarkable success. Recently the rooms have been re-decorated and refurnished throughout, and now present a most attractive appearance, which certainly adds to the comfort and pleasure of those who can best enjoy their meals among pleasing surroundings.

The catering for a big restaurant is a huge undertaking, and the following figures will give some idea of the extensiveness of the business. In one month "The Tiffin" uses for various purposes:—Sugar, 1 ton; tea, 2 cwt; meat, 8400 lb.; potatoes, 3 tons; butter, 400 lb.; bread, 2,100 loaves; and fish, 4,800 lb., all the latter coming straight from the Thames. Some 10,000 lb. of apples are used in six months. In two hours on a busy day 6,000 to 7,000 dishes are washed in the pantries, and Mr Crandall recently secured 10,000 dishes from Home, specially made and marked for "The Tiffin." He has also ordered some hundreds of little soup tureens, so that each customer will have his supply of soup in an attractive silver dish.

As a chef in the Old Country, Mr W. R. Crandall has had extensive experience, and the kitchen is a model of cleanliness, and scientific organisation, in which the most modern and up-to-date machinery has been introduced, to add and perfect the culinary operations. By reason of genuine merit "The Tiffin" has won its way to be one of the leading restaurants in the Dominion.

## ARTS AND CRAFTS:

### NEW MOVEMENT IN AUCKLAND.

The exhibition under the auspices of the Auckland Arts and Crafts Club, opened at the Coburg Street Art Gallery last week, is fully representative of the new movement in art, and makes a splendid display, creditable to the exhibitors as well as to the promoters. All the pictures are arranged with ample space, and the crafts section is neatly set out, so that every exhibit can be viewed to the best advantage.

The official opening was held last Friday evening and several hundred people responded to the invitations issued by the committee, and the occasion passed off with eclat.

Referring to one of the objects of the club—"the conversion of the Philistine"—Mr. R. A. Armstrong, the president, who made a few introductory remarks of welcome, said they claimed to represent the progressive movement in art. Auckland was the largest city in the Dominion, and should lead in matters pertaining to art. At present she did not do so, but the club intended that she should. In Auckland they were not producing as good work as in Wellington and Christchurch. He attributed the cause to stagnation in art instruction, and it was their duty and intention to stir things up. It was hoped that something would be done by the Government in the way of providing travelling scholarships. There were students in Auckland who could do as good work as could be desired if they only had the opportunities. Travelling scholarships would be a "wonderful thing for these promising students. It was the desire of the club to make art more appreciated by the public. A fine and costly picture was all very good, but it did not come into the homes of the many. The many, however, could improve their home surroundings, and the craft work showed how the principles of good taste could be applied to the decoration of everyday things that entered into the life of even the poorest people. The club also hoped by getting the interest of the architects to raise the standard of architecture in Auckland. There was plenty of room for some improvement. Mr Armstrong congratulated the

committee on the splendid work they had done in connection with the exhibition, and specially mentioned the names of Mr Gerald E. Jones and Mr and Mrs R. Warner.

Mr C. J. Parr, Mayor, in declaring the exhibition open, complimented the members on the very fine beginning they had made. As the result of a hasty view of the work hanging round the walls he was quite convinced that the club had justified its existence. He was particularly struck with the crafts work of which the club had made a feature. If one of the objects was to apply to the ordinary affairs of life the principles of true art, then the club would be heartily welcome in Auckland. He was entirely with the president in his remarks about city architecture. The other three cities of the Dominion were much ahead of Auckland in that respect, and particularly was it the case in Dunedin. There one saw handsome buildings and churches that appealed to the citizens, who saw them every day, as things of beauty. Where did they see such things in Auckland? If the club could insist into the minds of those who were about to erect banks, warehouses, etc., that something was due to the city in the matter of the architecture of their buildings, then the club would do something well worth its while. It was said that the city by-laws did not extend to the matter of the style and character of a building—only to its material and matters of that nature. All he could say was that if the city did not possess the right they should assume it and be able to say to a man about to build a warehouse where it would be seen every day: "It is up to you to make a decent-looking place while you are about it." As an instance of what was now possible he called attention to a building which had gone up in proximity to the Town Hall. It was simply four square walls four stories high. The city had gone to the expense of spending something like a 100,000 in providing a fine up-to-date Town Hall, and yet they had to allow an abortion like that four-square building within a hundred yards of it. The Mayor heartily congratulated the club and trusted that it would have as successful an exhibition as it deserved.

During the evening Miss Whitelaw gave two violin solos, Mr H. Barry Coney sang two songs, and Mr Geo. Warren gave Kipling's "The Thousandth Man." The exhibition is open to the public for three weeks.

## The Big Ship Craze.

The "Economist" thinks the British Admiralty is largely to blame for starting the craze for vessels of enormous size. The Dreadnought fashion was introduced by British naval designers, and has already cost the taxpayers of the world "almost incredible millions." To quote further:—"The Dreadnought mania, after provoking a rivalry very profitable to the great armament interests all over the world, was speedily reproduced in the merchant service, with the help of big shipbuilders, who wanted to 'bilk creation.' As that time the great American lines had already reached what we think will prove to be the best size and the most reasonable speed, combining safety with comfort and economy. There are many shipping experts and experienced navigators who said before the awful disaster to the Titanic, and before the proofs that have been multiplying in the last few months, of the unmanageability of super-ships, that ships of the type of the Baltic, steady as a rock, would require a very great deal of beating. It is quite easy to prove, as a matter of naval finance, that the British fleet at the present moment would have been far more powerful, both relatively and absolutely, at a much smaller expense if the Dreadnought and the super-Dreadnought had not been introduced, and the utter waste of the system could not be better illustrated than by Mr Churchill's appeal at Glasgow for a huge expenditure on deepening and widening docks in order to provide for the bigger and bigger ships which this madly foolish policy seeks to perpetuate."

## POOR FATHER.

"Tommy, why are you so unkind to your nurse? Why don't you love her?" his mother asked him.  
"Because I don't," the infant terrible replied. "I just hate her! I would pinch her cheeks like papa does!"

# Sayings of the Week.

## Charges that Should Not Be Withdrawn.

WHEN a man set in motion the machinery of the law to deal with such charges as theft and forgery the case should be heard in the interests of the public.—*Mr. F. V. Fraser, S.M.*

## South American Mal-Administration.

I was glad to get away from South America. The corruption there is frightful. I know something about the "graft" in the United States, but it is nothing like as bad as that which goes on in Brazil, Peru, and Chili.—*Mr. R. Hesketh.*

## To the Boy Scouts.

Grow in knowledge, grow in grace, and grow happy.—*Bishop Crossley.*

## Naval Supremacy in the Pacific.

In a few years it was to be hoped that there would be an Australian, or perhaps, an Australasian fleet, and a Canadian fleet ready to co-operate with Great Britain in maintaining power in the Pacific.—*Lord Denman.*

## Labour Willing to Work.

We are prepared to stay a month, two months, or three months. So long as there is work to be done for the good of the community the Labour members would reserve their right to discuss proposals for legislation as fully as they chose.—*Mr. Veitch, M.P.*

## The Best Sculler.

Many men who were pursuing rowing and sculling in Australasia told him both at Stockholm and Henley, prior to the late world's championship race, that Arust was not only the best sculler of that time, but was capable of ranking with the cream of scullers which Australasia or any other country had ever produced.—*Lord Desborough.*

## Provocative Speeches.

He would very much deprecate any suggestion that either Government should make official representations to the other about unwise or provocative speeches made in either Germany or Britain by persons not in a position to control the policy of the respective Governments.—*Sir Edward Grey, M.P.*

## Where there are no Polices.

It is always just after the hotels close at night that breaches of the peace occur. There are numerous open places about Auckland where men can go and settle their differences without disturbing the peace of anyone, and where there are no policemen to interfere, but they all seem to want to fight in the streets.—*Sub-Inspector Henley.*

## Those Motor Horns.

Men and women lying in hospitals are being hooted to death.—*Mr. George Moore.*

## New Zealand Liberals.

In the New South Wales Government there were some men who would discredit any Labour party. He would trust some of the Liberals of New Zealand over and over again in preference to them.—*Mr. Hickey (N.Z. Federation of Labour).*

## The Church Militant.

Compulsory training of our youths is defended on moral grounds. We shall get St. Paul in cocked hat and feathers next, and the Apostle John with rifle in hand waiting behind a rock for his prey. I say nothing about the political aspect of compulsory training. It may be necessary to turn Australia into an armed camp, and make little children defend us.—*Rev. A. E. Gifford.*

Cabinet could pay annual visits to London.—*Mr. Hon. Lewis Harcourt, M.P. (Secretary of State for the Colonies).*

## 'Ich, und Mein Gott.'

Loyalty to a King could flourish only in the soil where faith in a heavenly King held sway.—*The Kaiti.*

"Years ago Dolson told me that he wanted to lead a life of obscurity." "Well, his dream has come true." "How so?" "He is now the husband of a famous woman."

## CALGARY, THE METROPOLIS OF SUNNY ALBERTA.

SURROUNDING by some of the CHOICEST WHEAT-GROWING LANDS, and in the midst of a vast Mineral Area, producing immense quantities of coal, as well as yielding Natural Gas, the city of CALGARY has made great progress. The lots recently offered to New Zealand Investors in Prospect Park at from \$90 upwards are now all disposed of, and are firmly held at \$150 to \$200.

## First Mortgage Loans.

WE PLACE quite a lot of money on Mortgages, and can certainly find investments giving excellent security to clients looking to invest sums of from £200 to £1500 at 8 per cent. For larger amounts the interest payable is usually 7 per cent. We charge 1 per cent for placing the loan and for collecting, etc. Our rule is to loan only up to 50 per cent of the selling value for property that is increasing in value.

## Geddes and Sheffield,

Financial Brokers,  
707-707a, First-street East, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.  
London Office, 29-30, Newington Cross.

## References:

Bank of New Zealand, Auckland, and Canadian Bank of Commerce, Calgary, Alberta.

Correspondence Solicited.



## RULERS OF THE NATION.

## Federationists Need Not Apply.

We have 12 men working for the Council, and all of them are arbitrationists—we don't want any federationists.—*Mr. M. J. Coyle.*

## North Island Main Trunk the Busiest.

He suggested a suspension of the second express on the South Island Main Trunk. He had been assured by commercial men in the South that one express train daily would be enough for the requirements of the public.—*Mr. Myers, M.P.*

## Linking the City and Suburbs.

The idea of Greater Auckland was that instead of having about 20 local bodies, scattered over the isthmus, the whole lot should be governed by one strong organisation.—*Mr. C. J. Pary (Mayor of Auckland).*

## Winding Up Estates.

The process of breaking up big estates was going on all over New Zealand, and he believed that in ten years' time there would not be a large estate left in New Zealand.—*The Hon. W. F. Massey, M.P.*

## Fruit Growing in the Dominion.

During the past four years the Dominion's fruit area had increased by 7,000 acres, and was now 35,000 acres.—*Mr. McKee (Motueka).*

## Christmas Excursion Tickets Not Extended.

Holiday excursion tickets are issued over an extended period during the time that the bulk of the community can avail themselves of the facilities. He regretted that for financial reasons he was unable to comply with the request to extend the issue further, as this would very materially affect the revenue of the Department. The practice followed in New Zealand is the same as that followed elsewhere.—*Hon W. H. Herries, M.P.*

## Not Locally Made.

Some people had got the idea that everything must be locally made. Some of the best men we have got here are not locally made. I am not locally made.—*Mr. Reddy, M.P.*

## On Which Side Liberty?

I came across a curious problem in Kansas as to the definition of liberty. The boundary between Kansas and Illinois in one part is formed by a populous street. On one side of the street, in Kansas, gambling is allowed, but alcohol is forbidden. On the other side, in Illinois, liquor is allowed, but gambling is forbidden. The result is one side is lined with hotels and the other with gambling saloons. On which side of the street can it be said that liberty exists?—*Hon. C. Lovison.*

## Pakeha and Maori.

A good many of the natives have no money, while they would not work. He had taken the pakeha a good many centuries to learn to work, while the Maori had not yet started. That was the difference. Were there no difference between the Maori and the pakeha there would be no need for special legislation for the Maori.—*Mr. Loughnan, S.M.*

## Australia Bars Johnson.

Just at present boxing in Australia is at the highest possible level of sportsmanship. I am not going to degrade it by going on with the importation of Johnson.—*Mr. H. D. McIntosh.*

## Wireless Kisses.

Most of the wireless messages sent by those travelling at sea are what is known as the "love and kisses" class.—*Mr. Ballistic, (Commonwealth Wireless Expert).*

## A Trip for Ministers.

He would welcome more frequent visits by Dominion Ministers to Britain, and he was convinced that the result of the Ministers' visits would be that no effort would be wanting on their part to provide for the assistance and support they might deem necessary to maintain and strengthen Britain's supremacy on the seas. Everybody would be glad if a member or members of the overseas

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# New Emperor of Japan

Yoshihito: The One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Mikado.

IN the mere yellowness of Yoshihito, who has succeeded to the throne of Japan, one writer in the *German Press* sees the direst of warnings. Yoshihito, this observer would have us know, is the yellow peril incarnate. The spirit of his reign will be "Bushido," or the way of warriors. Yoshihito, if the impressions of the French be accurate, feels that his realm has now little to learn from the western world. Japan can build her own battleships and equip her own armies. She must westernise less and Nipponize more. This, observes a well informed authority in the Paris "Temp," is the explanation of that word "enlightenment," which, in its Japanese equivalent, designates the era ushered in when Yoshihito assumed the sovereignty. He is summed up by observers in Tokyo whose impressions enliven the European Press as subtle, Oriental, inscrutable. At the age of thirty-three, he manifests piety of the ancestor-worshipping kind and a deference to Europeans which, we read, cannot deceive the diplomatic corps. The new reign is seemingly to be a reaction from the forces that made Mutsuhito welcome the civilisation of Europe. It is not that Japan will revert to her past. Yoshihito is too profound for such a display of folly. But those who have studied his career as Crown Prince see in his policy a veiled hostility to things European. Japan, having learned all the West can teach, will dismiss her preceptor and apply the lessons in most unexpected ways. Yoshihito is to see to that.

Generosity is the personal attribute which all members of the court circle most delight in referring to as the new Japanese sovereign's salient trait. The characteristic of generosity is regarded, it would seem from what the London "Post" says, as the highest that a lord of the thousand isles can possess, if we reveal the titles posthumously bestowed on many of Nippon's most revered monarchs. There were in the early days, for example, Su-jin, O-jin and others whose fame as beneficent rulers will never fade, the word jin in all these titles being but the Chinese equivalent of the Japanese word hito, signifying generous, large-hearted, benevolent. The same affix is seen in the names of many of the sovereign's relatives, as in Prince Takehito and in Mutsuhito, the late ruler of the land. Yoshi, the first syllable of the imperial name, signifies many glorious personal attributes too and the sovereign evinces all these—enlightenment, wisdom of the spiritual and earthly sort and all mortal graces. As the incarnation of Yamato Damashii, the lord of the thousand isles must live out his name, and as Yamato Damashii denies human power to interpret it—being itself the blush of the morning peak at sunrise—so the name of Yoshi can not be understood. It is too beautiful.

Something more than symbolism underlies the significance of Yoshihito as the descendant of the imperial ancestors, embodying in himself all their virtues and all their rights and duties. We have the authority of the Paris "Figaro" for that. His piety alone qualifies him as the central figure of the whole system of ancestor worship. Yoshihito possesses what in the western world would be deemed the pious mind. No native prince has been more assiduous in worship of the first imperial ancestor in the places consecrated to that devotion. He has contemplated himself in the divine mirror a thousand times. The mirror was given to the first imperial ancestor "accompanied by the injunction that her descendants should look upon that mirror as representing her soul and should worship it as herself." Yoshihito's first glimpse of the divine mirror was obtained at the imperial palace; but since its removal to the temple of Ise he has repaired thither often through that spirit of devotion which seems ever to animate him. The pious visit the temple of Ise at least once in the course of a lifetime. It is to Japanese what Mecca is to Mohammedans. Yoshihito reports every great event of his career to the first imperial

ancestress through the medium of a personal visit.

From the most impressionable period of boyhood until his marriage, Yoshihito devoted himself to an unremitting pursuit of holy exercises. When his selection as heir to the throne of the late Mutsuhito was confirmed through the death of the primary consort's offspring, the pious and exemplary youth, we read in the "Matin," slept without a flower in his room to attest his grief! Assiduous pursuit of the sacred classics henceforth ceased to be his privilege. He pined away. Long it seemed that the extreme delicacy of his health as he grew through his teens would carry off this descendant of Jimmu. He was a sickly youth at the college devoted to the education of the flower of the nobility. Yet he learned French, which he speaks with ease, and even English, a tongue

Asiatic origin of the prince is betrayed by the shape of these eyes, typically almond in their deep seated sockets. The royal complexion is given as unusually dark, even for a Nipponese, but very clear, "a sort of weak tea in hue, with suggestions of agreeable gold." Yoshihito has not the majesty of tallness and he tends to lose the slender outline which made him so soldier-like in the uniform he wears at palace receptions. The prediction is made by this observer that the lord of the thousand isles must soon get fat unless he places himself upon a rigid diet. This is not thought likely. He is too fond of western delicacies. He keeps a French cook, like the Premier, Marquis Saow-ji, whose literary and aesthetic tastes he shares. Yoshihito is also accused of having very large hands and feet.

Positive as have been the statements that Yoshihito is the son of the late Mikado by a primary wife—the lovely Haru-Ko or "Springtime"—we learn from French dailies that his Majesty's mother is really Yama Kiwara, sprung from the old Kyoto nobility. She enjoys no royal rank, not even a social position in the western sense. Her remarkable beauty and intelligence fascinated the late Mutsuhito to such an extent, it would seem, that he often abandoned his classical tutors to spend delicious hours in her society. This lady managed to acquire

temperament, but his extreme piety. Yoshihito is an artist, however, as well as a priest. As his father made verses, he makes pictures. No one, apparently, can gaze upon these works of art unless his lineage extends back several centuries. They are said to be executed in the traditional Japanese fashion—a ship climbing some monstrous wave, a moon below the horizon, and a heron flying over all. Whatever credit attaches to these masterpieces should be given to the sovereign's mother, according to the "Figaro." The lady pines for brush or pencil to this day, if we may accept one report. Another tells us that she has been dead several years. Such details are secrets of the royal house, never imparted to the profane until the sacred conditions are fulfilled. A painting by the emperor, or even a morsel of bread from a slice he had bitten, is venerated. Once, it seems, a sketch of his fell into the hands of an elder statesman, now deceased. The picture was cut into a dozen pieces, and distributed among members of the family as a precious possession forever. The artistic value was lost, but the spiritual efficacy adhered to each fragment.

Two sharply differentiated lives are led by Yoshihito. One is called by the Paris "Matin" his half-civilised existence, while the other is his affectation of European culture. Each must be lived at the great palace of carved wood which overlooks all Tokyo. The gorgeous apartments here are contrived like scenes in a play to stage the two-act scenario of the dual life. The State suites—lofty, spacious, heavy in grandeur—that run the full length of one side of the palace, might have been transferred from Potsdam or the Tuileries, so far as the observing eye absorbs the glittering detail of rich rug, upholstered sofa and draped window. These vast chambers are lighted and heated with all the cunning and luxury of the West, whence they come. Every native woman in the aristocratic throng from the Empress to the wife of the humblest subaltern is gowned, coiffured and coiffured with that meticulous regard for all lines of the figure which characterises perfect ladies. Each Japanese male seems aggressively western in the cut of his dress-suit or the braid on his gilt-buttoned uniform. Even the servants are tricked out in the livery of silk and plush which so subdues the mind in the homes of the British aristocracy.

Moving with unaffected dignity among the throngs of diplomats, high officers of the army and ladies whose deportment realises the last shriek of the century, to employ the figurative phrase of our French contemporary, Yoshihito never suggests by so much as the parting of the locks that dignify his temple an origin less European than that of the Hapsburg dynasty itself. Western civilisation sits upon Yoshihito, it seems, as the eagle sits upon some lofty crag, or as the dew glitters on the morning grass! It seems to belong there. One feels that Yoshihito has not adopted civilisation. One feels that civilisation has not adopted him. One feels only that civilisation has enlarged and perfected itself by embracing him. See! Yoshihito is bowing before that ambassador's wife. In what a western fashion he accomplishes this typically western feat! Could the sun-king, who took off his hat to every chambermaid, seem more completely civilised? Never! Thus the Paris paper. Yoshihito's great triumph is when the coffee comes. He sips it naturally, even takes more. The beverage sickened Mutsuhito, his father, who drank it only to seem civilised in the presence of the diplomatic corps.

As the artistic gifts of the new Mikado find little favour with the clausen, who deem such trifling fit only for women, his Majesty has gone in for polo. He became an expert under the tuition of his father, who dearly loved the game. Yoshihito has not the physical endurance of the departed sovereign, however. He finds exercise in comparatively tame pursuits like battledore and shuttlecock, tennis and even checkers. His social life seems far more Japanese than was that of the great ruler who has gone before him to the heaven of all their ancestors. This is conjectured to be one result of the Mikado's extreme piety, which keeps him each day within the imperial sanctuary, before the shrine of the august spirits of the ancestors. These devotions, lasting occasionally for hours, require divine harmonies as a sign of respect for the dead. This melody is always weird, being evoked from instruments as primitive as those of Jubah. It is said to plunge his Majesty into a species of ecstasy,



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, YOSHIHITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

He is a son of one of the late Emperor's secondary wives, and has made himself very popular with the public by his many participation in public life.

never entirely familiar to him. He speaks it prettily, in truth, in staccato notes, thus: "Will-you-come-to-Japan-e-dinner-in-for-mat-ly?" The German officers who initiated him into the mysteries of military tactics speak highly of his intelligence, but he never could negotiate a sword. His perseverance with the weapon was sublime in view of the way he sprawled at full length whenever it got between his legs. His Majesty excels in no western accomplishment.

Yoshihito impresses a writer in the "Figaro," who saw him often enough at garden parties in the grounds of the imperial palace, as temperamentally nervous and even timid. His smile, pleasant but infrequent, reveals rows of very well kept teeth, rather large. The dark eyes, once raven-hither and thither in a slightly furtive fashion, but their expression is kind and intelligent. "The

English in a manner unexplained. Her literary aptitudes appealed to the late Emperor, himself a poet. Yoshihito was fully eight years of age before—New Emperor of Japan—Two. . . . the possibility of his ascending to the throne seemed more than remote. His beautiful mother nearly lost her life while he was cutting his teeth, the process bringing on convulsions, which led to reports that the child was epileptic. There is no foundation for such an idea, however. Yoshihito, like so many children of extreme delicacy, has grown into a robust manhood and into his mother's beauty—using the term in a strictly Japanese sense. The lady's skin is yellow and her eyes slant. She is also little. These physical traits have been handed on to the sovereign.

From his mother the Mikado derives not only physical traits and a nervous

# Personal Notes

throughout which his countenance is transfigured. The experience concludes by a general quaffing of the sacred sake, a beverage most palatable to the potentate. Before he prays Yoshihito bathes in hot water, and he prays at least thrice a day.

Most arresting of all the details concerning the consort of Yoshihito which his sudden elevation elicits is the particular that she "has no arms and no legs." The phrase, taken from the Paris "Gaulois," is a technicality of the dress-maker's. The Japanese Empress, we regret to note, looks a fright in the sartorial sense. She cannot be fitted. She is too scrawny. The picture hat is a sheer impossibility to her. Efforts of the patient and painstaking kind to teach her the art of carrying a train, of wearing the gored skirt, result in nothing. She cannot sit down. She cannot walk.

This phraseology, to repeat, is not employed literally with reference to any physiological function. It denotes simply the inadequacy of the Empress in regard to form and fashion. Many a weary hour has she lived through in the royal palace striving to westernise herself upon the model of a fashion plate. There is a high-born dame from a European land now in the imperial suite whose task is to initiate the Empress into every mystery—even that of the corset. The result is frankly discouraging. Sada Kujio—that being her Majesty's name—is incorrigibly Nipponese.

When the consort of Yoshihito yielded her first-born to the surgeons, that his eyes might be corrected out of the almost characteristic, she shed tears. The operation was successful. The present heir to the throne of Japan, now nearly twelve, has round eyes. There are other children all with corrected organs of sight. There are likewise other consorts, their titles being secondary. The royal household, however, to use a euphemism, is conducted upon European lines. The sovereign has, for purposes of civilisation, but one wife.

THE Rev. W. R. Campbell, who is retiring from the Hamner pastorate, after service in the district for thirty-eight years, was given a "farewell" at a large gathering. Addresses were delivered appreciative of the work of Mr. Campbell, who was presented with an illuminated address, and later £200, now on deposit, supplemented by a further sum, will be handed to him before his departure, accompanied by his wife, on a trip to the Old Country. Mrs. Campbell and Miss Campbell were presented with two travelling trunks, and Miss Amuri Campbell, who is matron of the Karitane Hospital in Dunedin, but who was unable to be present, was presented with a silver-mounted tray.

Mr. W. E. O'Donnell, who is at a Theological College in England, in writing to his father in Hawera, says that he has been spending a few weeks of his vacation in France. He spent part, also, in competing at some of the leading sports gatherings in England. At the Oval, London, he ran second in the 100 yards, being beaten by the English champion, Applegarth, who did the distance in 10sec. This runner afterwards put up a record of 19.2-sec. for the 200 yards. At Stamford Bridge Mr. O'Donnell got a second in the 300 yards, and at High Wycombe, in a large field of the best English runners, he ran fourth in the 300 yards final. Mr. O'Donnell met Mr. and Mrs. J. Corrigan, of Taranaki, in London (says the "Star"), and with them saw some of the sights. Mr. and Mrs. Corrigan leave England in November.

Commander Evans, R.N., of the British Antarctic exploring ship, Terra Nova, arrived at Wellington from Sydney last week. In the course of a short interview he stated that his ship would probably leave Lyttelton towards the end of December. The ship's company, who have been engaged in surveying the eastern approach to the French Pass, have completed their work, and having returned, will spend the next eight weeks in fitting and preparing for her southern journey. He expected to arrive at Cape Evans (the expedition's base) at about the middle of January, and by that time he anticipated that Captain Scott and his various sledging parties would have assembled there. As far as he knew, the whole of the southern party would then embark on the Terra Nova for New Zealand, and her arrival might be looked for towards the end of March. Asked as to whether he thought Captain Scott had actually reached the Pole, Commander Evans replied that, provided everything went well, and the weather conditions were good, Captain Scott had arrived at the Pole either on January 14 or 15 of this year. Commander Evans left by the Maori for the South on Wednesday evening, accompanied by Mrs. Evans, and Mr. F. R. H. Drake, R.N., secretary of the British Antarctic Expedition. Mr. Drake is to proceed South in the Terra Nova, and when the vessel arrives back at New Zealand he will leave for England.

Dr. Frodsham, Bishop of North Queensland, retires on March 31st. Ill health is the reason.

Mr. A. V. Macdonald, late district railway engineer, and for many years a resident of Parnell, died of peritonitis at Te Awamutu, where he had settled after retiring from the service of the Railway Department.

Cable advice has been received in Auckland of the death at Dublin of Mr. George S. Otway, fifth son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Otway, of Epsom. The deceased, who was inspector for the Mutual Life and Citizens' Assurance Company, was well known and esteemed throughout the Auckland province. His death took place after an operation, to undergo which he went Home in April last.

Mr. E. C. Cutten, S.M., left for the South by the express last week on a month's holiday. During Mr Cutten's absence his duties will be taken by Mr. F. V. Frazer, S.M.

An old and respected resident of Otago, Mr. E. P. Gibbons, died last week. Mr. Gibbons was born at Portgall Cove, near St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1818. He came to New Zealand with his parents and four brothers in 1856, landing at New Plymouth, and coming on to Auckland. The elder Mr. Gibbons and his sons were the pioneers of timber-mill-

ing in the North Island, and established mills at Huiia, Waikato, Paeroa and Swanson. The firm also owned several vessels for timber-carrying purposes. Some years ago deceased left Swanson and settled in Otago, where he has resided with his daughter.

Mr. M. Rudd, assistant-manager at Auckland for the Union Steamship Company, left for New Plymouth and the South last week on a month's holiday leave. He was accompanied by Mrs. Rudd.

At Hamilton, last week, Dean Darby was presented by the parishioners in recognition of his efforts in connection with the new church and deanery.

Word was received in Palmerston North by cable last week from London of the death of Captain Henry Haydon, ex-Mayor of Palmerston North, and a prominent man in public affairs for many years. Last year he represented the Palmerston North Chamber of Commerce on the Empire Conference in London. He went home partly on account of his health.

Mr. William Coplestone, who has been in charge of the Ponsonby branch of the City Fire Brigade for many years, has completed twenty-five years' service as a fireman, and has been presented with a gold star and bar on which is recorded appreciation of his work during the past quarter of a century. The Ponsonby brigade has always been distinguished for its efficiency.

Mr. Thomas McFarlane, assistant and supervising engineer for the Auckland Drainage Board, intends to go into practice for himself, and was present for the last time in his official capacity at a meeting of the Board last week. The chairman (Mr. C. J. Parr) expressed regret that Mr. McFarlane was leaving the Board's service, and it was decided, upon the Mayor's motion, to give the officer a testimonial under the seal of the Board. Mr. W. E. Bush, City Engineer, on behalf of the staff, presented Mr. McFarlane with a 12in Cook level.

Mr. Alexander Allan, who died recently at Papakura, was one of the pioneer settlers of Pokeno, having arrived by the sailing ship Helen-lee in 1864. He passed through many experiences with the early settlers, and was present when the Thames goldfield was opened, afterwards putting down the Golden Gate shaft. He was one of the original owners of the coal measures at Huntly which are now worked by the Taupiri Coal Mines, Ltd. In later years he took up land at Te Rapa, near Hamilton, but retired five years ago, and removed to Papakura. He leaves two daughters—Miss Allan, of Papakura, and Mrs. Wm. Wallace, wife of the Mayor of Birkenhead.

The recently-appointed lady superintendent of the Auckland Hospital (Miss Jessie Orr) will reach New Zealand about the middle of December, according to a communication received by the Hospital Board. An authority on nursing matters writing to the Board from England, remarked that Miss Orr was a woman of pronounced personality with a

record of 15 years' continuous training, part of which was spent at Guy's Hospital, London. She is a Scottish lady whose father was a solicitor prior to his death. Latterly she has been matron of the Taunton Hospital, and it is considered that her abilities render her eminently suited for the position to which she has been appointed in Auckland.

Mr. Martin Chapman, K.C., has been appointed an inspector under the Mental Defective Act for the provincial district of Wellington.

The Hon. James Allen, Minister of Finance, leaves for London on December 13th, and has booked passage by the Orient liner Orama. His mission is to

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## A Bank of England "Strike."

"Strike at the Bank of England." Such was the startling announcement which greeted one from the contents bills of the London evening newspapers yesterday afternoon. What on earth can have happened in the establishment of the venerable "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street?" was the question everyone put to themselves, and then sought to solve by the easy process of spending a halfpenny on a paper.

The result was gasps of relief and grins. The "strike" was nothing more than a revolt of 110 boys employed in the bank-note and postal order department against the tyranny of the automatic time-keepers, which check with unflinching and deadly accuracy exits and entrances to the place of employment. The boys are subject to a fine if they arrive late in the morning, or overstay their luncheon hour. In the old days they did not mind the fine, for the simple reason that the only checks upon them were human ones, which it was possible to "dodge," and which were not always on the alert. Anyhow, they had a sporting chance of escaping the penalty of lateness, but with the advent of the automatic clock the boys found their comings and goings subject to the scrutiny of a cold, calculating, inhuman monster that never erred, never turned a blind eye upon a late-comer, and turned a deaf ear alike to excuses and blandishments. Fines became so frequent that the boys at last decided that either the clock, the fines, or they themselves must go. So yesterday morning they sent in an ultimatum to the bank authorities demanding the abolition of clock or fines under the pain of losing their services. The reply was not couched in conciliatory language. The directors of the bank did not suggest a conference in the Board Room, or at the Westminster Hotel, nor even state that they were prepared to receive a deputation. They did not even sarcastically remind the boys that the bank might be able to get along with its business without them. The reply was as brief as it was harsh and unexpected: "Those who do not return immediately will be summarily dismissed with half a week's wages."

The "strikers" were shocked by this unfeeling reply, but, having held the usual "protest meeting," decided to stand firm and take their half week's wages. Today the bank is "picketed," but in a very unostentatious fashion, by a score of boys determined if possible to prevent their places being filled by blacklegs.

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The Rev. F. H. Radford, who has been called to the pastorate of the Ingestre Street Baptist Church, Wanganui, arrived in that town last week.

Mr. C. Robinson, officer-in-charge of Parliament Buildings, who is leaving on December 2nd on a visit to the Old Country, was presented last week by the members of both Houses of Parliament with an address, expressive of good wishes, accompanied by a gold Rotherham watch.

The choice of a Rhodes scholarship candidate from Auckland for 1913 has fallen upon Mr. Frank Alwyn Taylor. The two candidates nominated from the Auckland University College were Messrs. Taylor and Jamison.

Mr. W. Brownhill, who died last week at his residence, Vermont Street, Ponsonby, at the age of 59 years, was one of the best-known commercial men on the road, especially north of Auckland.

Mr. F. A. Vickerman, who has held a prominent position on the staff of Dalgety and Co., Ltd., was made a handsome presentation last week prior to his retirement.

Major-General Godley, who left Wellington on a Departmental visit to Australia a fortnight ago, is at present in Melbourne, and is the guest of the Governor of Victoria (Sir John Fuller).

Mr. G. E. V. A. Anson, son of Dr. Anson (at one time a Wanganui College boy), is now at the end of his second year at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Mr. Cecil Jamison, son of Mr. S. Jamison, of Wellington, has, according to recent news received of him in London, achieved considerable success, and has worked hard for it.

The death occurred at Dunedin last week of Mr. Archibald Hill Jack, who has been prominent in fire and marine insurance business in New Zealand for many years.

The death occurred in Masterton last week, of a very old settler in the person of Mr. Robert Hunter. The deceased had reached the ripe age of ninety-two years.

A private cable message announced the death at Limerick, Ireland, of the Very Rev. Father O'Farrell, who was one of the first Redemptorist priests to take up spiritual work in Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stratton, of Hastings, and Mr. T. Taylor, also of Hawke's Bay, returned from a trip to England last week.

Mr. G. Darton, who has accepted a position on the Gisborne Borough Council staff, has resigned as a member of the Hawke's Bay Education Board.

Mr. John Barron, one of the earliest settlers of the Inglewood district, passed away very suddenly at the age of sixty-two years.

Mr. A. S. M. Polson, head master of the Napier Boys' High School, has been offered the principalship of the Ballarat College, Victoria.

Mr. Stephen Freeman, for many years head of the general printing department of the Hawke's Bay "Herald," died at Napier last week.

Last week a purse, containing two hundred and thirty-five sovereigns, was presented to the Ven. Archdeacon Stocker, who is retiring from the position of vicar of St. John's Church at Invercargill, after a service of thirty years.

One of Palmerston's oldest settlers, Mr. John Ayres, died at his residence, Grey Street, recently. Deceased was well known in the town and district, and was one of the oldest and most active members of Court Manawatu, A.O.F., having joined that institution in 1876, a year after it was founded in Palmerston.

Mr. Vivian Smith, teller in the Hastings branch of the Bank of New South Wales, who has resigned to take up farming in the Taihape district, was entertained by his many friends, and presented with tangible tokens of regard.

The funeral of the late Mr. W. A. McCordle, Mayor of Pahiatua, was very largely attended by both town and country residents, despite showery weather. The cortege, which was very representative and lengthy one, was headed by the Pahiatua Brass Band playing the Dead March in "Saul." Borough councillors, the borough staff, the Fire Brigade, and members of various institutions and local bodies to which the late Mayor belonged, were well represented.

Mrs. Newman, wife of Dr. Newman, M.P. for Wellington East, and daughter of the late Dr. Featherston, superintendent of the Wellington province, died on Saturday after a long illness.

At the Kaipoi Woollen Company's Auckland warehouse on Saturday afternoon Mr. Kirkbride, who has been Northern representative of the Company for the past seven years, received a presentation from his fellow employees on the occasion of his leaving the firm's service.

The deceased, who was known in political circles as the "Father" of the House, did not seek re-election last November, and was called to the Legislative Council by the Mackenzie Government a few months ago.

The Professional Board of the Otago University has nominated Mr. Frederick Fisher Miles for the Rhodes scholarship. Mr. Miles has a splendid scholastic record, and has taken a keen interest in the general life of the university.

Mr. H. J. Dixon has been appointed sheriff of the Hamilton district.

Mr. G. G. Aitken, who has been accountant at the Masterton branch of the Union Bank of Australasia for many years, has resigned his position in order to enter into business with his brother in Christchurch.

Mr. V. Hodson, of the Te Aro Telegraph Office staff, has resigned from the service to take up an appointment with the Marconi Wireless Company, at Sydney.

Mr. Horace Hunt, of Wellington, was invited, but declined, to act as judge of the instrumental music events at the Napier Competitions Society's next festival.

Advice has been received by the Mayor of Auckland (Mr. C. J. Parr) from the Governor's private secretary, to the effect that Lord and Lady Islington will leave Wellington for Auckland on November 22nd, and will finally leave New Zealand for England on December 2nd, Auckland being the final port of departure.

While in Auckland their Excellencies will be kept busy in fulfilling several engagements. On Saturday, November 23rd, Lord Islington will formally open the King George's Hall at Mount Albert.

The Mayor intends to call a public meeting at an early date to consider what steps should be taken to accord their Excellencies a public welcome and to arrange a fitting farewell function.

The Vice-Regal party would lead the procession. As was well known, the Auckland harbour lent itself in every way to such a procession, and if all the yacht and launch owners took part, the display should prove a memorable one.

The cadets and territorials, Mr. Parr thought, could form a guard of honour to escort the Governor and Lady Islington down to the boat, which leaves for Sydney on December 2nd.

A Veteran Politician—Death of Sir William Steward. Sir William James Steward, who had been ailing for some time, died on Thursday afternoon last, at the residence of his son at Island Bay, Wellington, aged seventy-one.

The deceased, who was known in political circles as the "Father" of the House, did not seek re-election last November, and was called to the Legislative Council by the Mackenzie Government a few months ago. Sir William had a long and honorable record. In 1875-6 he was member for Oamaru county district in the Otago Provincial Council, and member (without portfolio) of the Provincial Executive. In 1871 he was returned as member for Waitaki in the House of Representatives and represented that electorate, and subsequently

Waimate (1881-1907) for close on forty years. He was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Parliament of 1891-93, and in 1902 received his knighthood.

The deceased served on the Federation, Friendly Societies, and Tariff Royal Commissions. For three years he was Mayor of Oamaru (1876-9), and was a member of the South Canterbury Education Board, Ashburton and Waimate High School Boards. He was a native of Reading, Berkshire, a son of William Steward, of Ludlow, Shropshire. He came out to New Zealand by the ship Mersey in 1862, and engaged in commercial pursuits in Christchurch for five years, when he entered journalism.

Sir William's life story in relation to New Zealand has in it an element of romance. It was the toss of a coin

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.

WAIKATO AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

AT HAMILTON, NOVEMBER 12 AND 13, 1912.

Holiday Extension Tickets will be issued from Ohakine and Turstons in the Auckland District to Hamilton or Kirikiriroa, from 11th to 13th November, inclusive, available for return up to and including 20th November, 1912.

Extension tickets issued to Hamilton or Kirikiriroa from Tauramarama and stations north of Tauramarama will not be available for and will not be accepted on Auckland-Wellington or Wellington-Auckland Express trains.

On 11th, 12th, and 13th November, the Express trains to and from Rotorua and Thames will stop at Kirikiriroa to put down passengers.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1912. A train will leave Auckland for Kirikiriroa at 6.42 a.m.

A train will leave Kirikiriroa for Auckland at 5.0 p.m.

These trains will stop where required between Auckland and Mercer (Southdown, Westfield, Mangere, and Runciman excepted). They will not stop at stations Whangamarama to Te Rapa (inclusive).

A train will leave Mercer for Kirikiriroa at 8.35 a.m.

A train will leave Kirikiriroa for Mercer at 7.15 p.m.

The 6.30 a.m. train from Te Kuiti will run through to Kirikiriroa.

A train will leave Kirikiriroa for Te Kuiti at 4.50 p.m.

The 6.0 a.m. train from Rototuna to Frankton and the 2.45 p.m. train Morrinsville to Rototuna will not run.

A train will leave Putaruru for Kirikiriroa at 6.30 a.m.

A train will leave Rotorua for Kirikiriroa at 6.30 a.m.

A train will leave Kirikiriroa for Rotorua at 4.30 p.m.

From Morrinsville to Rotorua the South Express will stop where required.

BY ORDER.

AUCKLAND 1912 METROPOLITAN AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

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At

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RAWLINGS' SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Trustees under the will of the late Humphrey Rawlings will offer a Scholarship for competition in December next.

Applications containing the names and addresses of applicants must be sent not later than 1st December next to the Secretary to the Trustees, Mr. Charles C. Baker, at the Premier Buildings, corner of Queen Street and Durham Street E., Auckland. For whom due notice of the time and place of examination will be advertised.

Forms of application may be obtained on applying to Mr. Baker.

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**NEW ZEALANDERS ABROAD.**

LONDON, September 29.

which determined him when a young man of 21 to come to this country instead of going to Vancouver. After deciding that it was better to emigrate than remain in the Old Country he read up about the two places mentioned, but could not come to a decision. Chance had to settle the point. He spun a penny—"heads," New Zealand; "tails," Vancouver—"Heads" came up and New Zealand had it.

On arriving at Christchurch in 1862 young Steward was disappointed in not obtaining a position in the Bank of New South Wales, but the manager, Charles Wesley Taylor, was on the point of starting a store, and offered the young immigrant a post in the soft goods department. He accepted this, but subsequently started in the grocery business with a partner. In 1864 the Pelorus diggings were discovered, and Steward and two friends made for the spot to both engage in mining and start a store. After a rough trip overland from Christchurch to the diggings a river claim was pegged out at Mountain Camp and a site fixed for the store. Several hundred pounds were spent in building a dam, but then a big flood came down and sent it floating down stream in small pieces. A few days later news came of the burning of the store in Christchurch. Thus affected by misfortune, the young man turned to journalism.

The deceased possessed wonderful persistence, combined with extraordinary patience. For thirty-five years Sir William had given the New Zealand Parliament his best services. Up till very recently he had never been absent from his post for more than a day at a time, and in thirty years it was claimed he had not been absent half a dozen days. A venerable and respected "Father" of the Legislature indeed he was, and one whose departure will leave a conspicuous gap in Parliamentary circles.

LONDON, September 27.

**Auckland's New Matron.**

Miss Jessie M. Orr, who has been appointed matron of the Auckland Hospital, is a Scotch woman of wide experience in the many branches of nursing, who should be a decided acquisition to the profession in New Zealand. She has several times made public, it should be said, her pleasure in anticipating registration in New Zealand, where the Act, so greatly wanted here by numbers of nurses, has been in operation for over ten years.

Miss Orr, who is at present matron of the Taunton and Somerset Hospital at Taunton, is a member of the Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland, and has had fifteen years' experience of nursing, having obtained her First-class Three Years' Certificate at Guy's Hospital, where she trained, in 1900, as well as a certificate for six months' fever nursing. For four further years she remained on what is known as the private staff, then qualified from Guy's for a matron's post, which position she took in 1907 at Taunton.

She holds the certificate for Massage from the Incorporated Society of Trained Masseuses, as well as the certificate for Maternity Nursing from the British Lying-in Hospital, and served with distinction as surgery sister, night superintendent, ward sister, and hospital housekeeper at Guy's Hospital, her duties in the latter including the ordering and superintendence of cooking for over 500 patients, nearly 100 servants, 36 sisters, with work in the matron's office, the laundry, as well as classes for probationers.

"In the honourable position she has been elected to fill," says an article in a nursing paper this week, "we wish her all success, and that her relations with her fellow-workers in the land of her adoption may be as happy as they have been at Home. We feel sure she will do all in her power to make them so. Of her personal characteristics, it need only be said that her very excellent testimonials bear witness to strength of purpose, devotion to duty, and kindly relations to fellow-workers in every degree."

She is sailing, Miss Orr writes, on the first date it was possible to get a berth, by the *Atheletic*, on November 15th, which is due to reach New Zealand on December 31st, so that it will be seen she reaches her new post in a new country on the very eve of a new year.

Lady Dorothy Wood, who will be remembered by New Zealanders as a daughter of the late Lord Onslow, is to act as whip to her husband's barriars in the coming hunting season.

Mr J. T. (Crischel), the author of "The History of Frozen Meat," left by the *Otranto* to-day for Australia and New Zealand. He intends touring the Dominion for the purpose of obtaining information respecting its commercial economy, etc.

Mr and Mrs T. Anderton and their child, of the Fish Hatcheries, Portobello, arrived by the *Ionie* last week. The object of the visit is to take out a stock of live holsters and crabs and certain other flat fishes, and to make an experimental shipment of heering ova to New Zealand; also to visit all the most important European marine laboratories and hatcheries and aquaria. The authorities at Plymouth have already taken in hand the collection of turbot, plaice, lobsters and crabs, and will store them in their tanks to acoustion them to close confinement, and arrangements are being made to ship them if possible about the end of December. Mr Anderton intends to return to London and Plymouth as soon as possible to personally supervise the fitting up of the steamer and collection of the stock required.

Mrs W. J. Ralph, of Auckland, and Miss Alda Ralph are in London for a short time prior to visiting the Continent. Later Miss Ralph takes singing lessons in London for six months before going on to Milan to continue her studies.

Lieut. Lionel Halsey, R.N., took over the command on Monday last, for the trials, of the battle cruiser *New Zealand*.

Jack Board, the well-known Gloucestershire cricketer, is on his way to New Zealand with a son who intends to take up sheep-farming in the Dominion. Board will return to England in the spring.

The Hon. T. Mackenzie, the new High Commissioner, who was expected to arrive in London on October 4th, will not come till some days later, as his vessel is not due at Gibraltar till October 3rd and it is not decided yet whether she will call at Plymouth or not.

Mrs J. Urie Collins, of Auckland, leaves by the *Otranto* to-day, but will stay in Melbourne to see the Melbourne Cup run before proceeding to New Zealand.

Callers at the High Commissioner's offices this week have been: Miss M. D. Knox (Wellington), Miss C. G. Brown (Auckland), Mr and Mrs R. Sneddon (Christchurch), Mrs S. White Hardie (Auckland), Mr Langley Shaw (Waikato), Mrs Margolouth (Napier), Miss Bax (Napier), Mr Gerald Allhusen (Paroa, Bay of Islands), Mr and Mrs Albert Young (Christchurch), Mrs Henry Plimmer (Wellington), Mr and Mrs M. M. Macdonald (Auckland), Mr J. G. Denniston (Christchurch), Mr H. M. Chrystall (Christchurch), Mr B. Foster (Christchurch), Mr W. H. Holdson (Richmond, Nelson), Mr G. A. Huddle (Auckland), Mr and Mrs J. R. Mr Alex. Miss S. and Miss D. Corrigan (Hawera), Mr Kenneth Eady (Mt. Eden), Mr N. G. Bruce, Miss A. B. Weir (Christchurch), Mr Thos. Weir (Christchurch), Mr Fred C. Turnbull, M.D. (Wellington), Mrs Geo. Binney, Miss A. R. Binney (Auckland), Mr Herbert J. Silcocks (Thames).

There passed away on September 20th in London Mr Francis Ronalds, late of Christchurch, in his 81st year.

The death occurred on the 10th inst., at Cockhill Farm, Castle Cary, of Mrs Jane Allan, wife of Charles Allan. She was in her 77th year.

Mr and Mrs John Robinson, of Christchurch, who arrived in May, have been staying in the Midlands after visiting North Wales, the English lakes and other parts. On Saturday they left for Paris, and later are going to Scotland, and intend leaving for New Zealand late in November.

Mr I. S. de Beer, managing director of the D.L.C. in New Zealand, Mrs de Beer and their family left London to-day for a tour through Spain.

Mr George F. Davis, of Christchurch, has come to England on business. He will also see the trials of a large Diesel engine and generator set that the British Westinghouse Co. are building for the *Bliss*, Goldfield Co., of New Zealand, of which he is chairman of directors. Mr Davis leaves to-day for the Continent, and on his return will visit Bristol and

Manchester. He hopes to reach New Zealand again at the end of November.

Mention is made in "The British Journal of Nursing" this week of a capital snapshot that has arrived at the editor's office of one of the Congress groups from the Continent, which is entitled "Three Countries," and shows an English and an Indian nurse, with, in the centre, Miss Sutherland, of New Zealand, each holding a lovely bouquet of *Mary lilies*, presented them at the affiliation ceremony by the President (Sister Agnes Karll).

The Rt. Rev. Wilfred Gore-Browne, the newly-consecrated Bishop of Kimberley and Kuruman, was born in New Zealand when his father, Sir Thomas Gore-Browne, C.B., K.C.M.G., was Governor of New Zealand.

Mr W. T. McFarlane, of Otago, who has been touring with his wife and daughter in the Old Country and on the Continent, brought his wanderings in northern latitudes to an end this week and joined the *Orient liner Otranto*, which sailed to-day for Australia. The trio have enjoyed their visit here immensely, in spite of the poverty of sunshine our summer has shown, but they confess that the spell of New Zealand has been growing very strong upon them of late, and they will be very glad to see Otago again, as they expect to, about mid-November.

Mr B. Connaught O'Connor, Mrs C. O'Connor, and Miss Adalene O'Connor, of Dunedin, have returned to London after a five months' tour spent in visiting England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent. They proceed to Africa early in October, and hope to arrive in New Zealand in December.

Mr and Mrs A. E. Armstrong, of Christchurch, and their two children, Leo and Zoe, arrived in England in April on a trip of business and pleasure. After putting their children at school here, Mr and Mrs Armstrong have toured France and motored extensively in England in their own car—Leicester, Nottingham, Bradford, Manchester, etc. They stayed for two months at Ramsgate with Mrs Barnett of New Zealand. They sail for home by the *Orsova* on November 22nd.

Mr Armstrong, who is an enthusiastic fisherman, has had some good fishing on the river Ouse. He is of the excellent opinion that English fishing will not compare with New Zealand, and considers, by the way, that there is quite an opening in England for imports of New Zealand smoked or frozen cels for this country. He was amazed, when in a German restaurant in London, recently, to see a customer paying 3/ a lb. for smoked cels!

Mr H. M. Chrystall, of Christchurch, arrived by the *Ionie* ten days ago, and is preparing to go up to Cambridge on October 10th, where he hopes to remain some time. He has mainly come to Eng-

land to widen his experience, and hopes to go abroad at the end of his term at Cambridge, and intends to study civil engineering, with special reference to irrigation and concrete construction, for which there is a great field in the Argentine, where he may possibly end up. Herefore he goes abroad, however, Mr Chrystall hopes to get some experience with a British firm of contractors in civil engineering work, and he contemplates a visit to France in the Christmas vacation to study French.

**Those Heart Troubles.**

"J.N." writes: "If a girl is walking with a young man is it proper for her to bow to another young man who is sitting on a seat on a promenade?"

Yes; certainly. This shows the young man that he is not necessarily your only string. How, and how heavily.

"G.M." writes: "For three months I have been paying attention to a girl, and the other night I proposed to her. She said she liked me as a friend, but that was all. How shall I win her love?"

Be of good cheer. You have been saved much expense.

"E.S." writes: "I was recently introduced to a young man at a party, and he was very attentive and escorted me home. He promised to write to me, but I have not heard from him since. Would it be proper for me to write to him?"

Better telegraph. It's quicker.

"R.C." writes: "I know a young man who is attentive to me. I like him and I think he reciprocates. What can I do to win his love?"

Cause another chap to hover in your train and play out against the other. It never fails.

"H.L." writes: "A young man called on me for some time, and then suddenly told me he wasn't coming any more. I haven't heard a word from him since. Do you really think he cared for me?"

Evidently he's simply raving about you.

"B.S." writes: "I have been paying a girl attention for three years, but I have known of her telling untruths. She has just received a fine present, and she says her mother gave it to her. How can I know whether to believe her?"

If you can't stand a lie or two, don't marry. Remember that after marriage you'll be telling a few yourself.

"W.D." writes: "I am a girl of fifteen, but look older than my age. Could I be bridesmaid for my cousin, who is going to be married? She is eighteen."

Yes. But leave your doll with the verger before starting down the aisle.

"Gerlie S." asks if it is true that big men make the best husbands.

In some cases, perhaps, but we know some little women who have succeeded well at the business.

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# On the Golf Links

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

Secretaries of ladies' golf clubs are invited to forward official notices, handbooks 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.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

### Week-end Matches.

**SATURDAY**, when the mixed four-somes were played, and Monday, Labour Day, when the Downes Prize was competed for, gave a fine example of the changeable weather Auckland enjoys these times. Saturday was probably the worst golf day we have had in Auckland for years. Though it did not rain, the wind was so strong and cold that play was almost impossible. A number of players decided that afternoon tea in the club-house was better than finishing the round, and I believe they had the best of it. The winners, Miss Reid and H. G. Stringer, with 93 net, were easily first. Most of the other pairs that finished were over the century line. On Monday a change came over the scoring. The day was perfect, and the course was in first-class order, plenty of run on the ball and the green very true. I don't know if it is the new greens that have improved the scoring powers of the Auckland Club players, but since the five new ones were opened, the play seems to have got better. H. C. Tonks was the winner of the match, and fairly excelled himself. His morning round, 73 net, was the best of the day, though it was equalled by Bamford in the afternoon. Fourteen scores of 70, or better, were returned during the match. The leading scores were as under:—H. C. Tonks, 73—77—150; C. F. Gardner, 78—75—153; D. MacCormick, 79—76—155; H. D. Bamford, 82—73—155; R. O. Gardner, 79—78—157; E. Horton, 70—81—157; E. R. Bloomfield, 82—76—158; H. G. Stringer, 81—80—161; H. P. Richmond, 85—78—163; C. Foote, 75—89—164; G. Foote, 77—88—165; R. Upton, 85—88—173. Bamford's afternoon round, 82—9—73, was a very fine performance, probably the best that Bamford has done for a couple of seasons. The course taking on its summer hardness will partly account for the improvement in play, but against the length of run must be put the extra trouble near and on the greens.

The committee must be congratulated on the success of the first all-day match that has been played at Middlemore. I should like to see the next public holiday used for an all-day Bogey Handicap.

### Wind-up of the Season.

The social evening and presentation of prizes on Saturday week was a great success, notwithstanding the bad weather. About ninety stayed to tea and to dance, etc., in the evening. After tea, the programme was opened with a dance to let all the diners gather in the big room. The prize-giving then took place. The Captain, after a few words as to the object of the gathering, asked Mrs R. A. Carr to present the trophies won during the season. Each winner was enthusiastically applauded as he received his trophy. Several songs and more dances were enjoyed, and all hands managed to catch the train, having had a most successful day's entertainment.

### Four-ball Tournament.

Mr W. W. Bruce has presented the club with two trophies to be competed for during the summer, under four-ball conditions, entries in pairs and losers fall out. This should be a great success.

## WELLINGTON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

November 1.

Again we have had a perfect week and a perfectly nice week-end. Competitions were impossible, and were in consequence postponed. The only noteworthy events of the week were two performances by Mr. R. L. D. Kidston. At the Hunt links during the week the Scotsman put up a new record. He played an almost faultless round of 68, leaving something for local golfers to live up to. His other

performance was the doing of the fifteenth hole at Heretaunga in one. Wisely he chose the fifteenth, which is just in front of the clubhouse, for his spectacular feat. A large number of golfers were on the verandah just prior to the leaving of the train for town when Kidston played from the tee. The hole is a short one and the green is about forty feet above "tee level." It is usually a masbie shot, and on this occasion Kidston played a perfect shot, which landed about four feet from the hole and ran in.

At the old Miramar course there used to be, and still is, a hole called the crater; a blind hole over a ridge. More than once this hole has been done in one, as the green is a concave one and the run tends towards the pin. More than once, too, the players ahead of another game have picked a ball off the green and put it in the hole, subsequently to help to dispose of the forfeit amidst unmerited congratulations.

Another rather extraordinary hole was played at Heretaunga recently when a player started off at the fourth tee and duffed his drive altogether. He put his second in the bunker guarding the green and played his third just out. Taking his masbie, he approached into the hole from a distance of about thirty yards! But the most remarkable thing about the shot was this, the ball went into the hole on the full, and stayed there! It came straight down, missing the pin, which leaned at an angle. The golfer thus did the hole in four after three mistakes, and four is one under bogey.

All three local clubs are just commencing a long-deferred competitions programme.

## CHRISTCHURCH.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

### Special General Meeting.

Last week a special general meeting of the club was held to consider the advisability or otherwise of raising the annual subscription from £4 4 to £5 5, and of imposing a penalty for dilatory payments. Mr. H. H. Loughnan, club captain, presided over a meeting of about 30 members. The chairman for the committee, moved the resolutions on the order paper, and explained the necessity for increasing the club's income. Other members spoke, almost all supporting the proposal, and all the motions were finally carried almost unanimously. I feel certain that members will get full value for the increase, in improved facilities for play, and one anticipates the time when Shirley, with its natural advantages of sandy soil and water supply, will be a credit to Christchurch and to the Dominion.

### The New Course.

Some time has now elapsed since the Christchurch Golf Club secured the services of D. G. Soutar, of Sydney, to lay out a new course. Since that time preparatory work has been indulged in, chiefly in the preparation of new greens and tees, and the improvement of the fairways. On Saturday last, for the first time, the new course was opened for play, not the permanent course, for which several new greens are needed, but a course closely approximating to it. The day was unfortunately hardly attractive. Friday night saw the worst gale (of course, sou'-west) that Christchurch has experienced for years. The Maori took 17 hours to come down from Wellington, and for the first time in four years missed her connection. All the cricket grounds were flooded, but when the rain cleared at mid-day a few enthusiasts ventured out. The wind was still very heavy, but the ground underfoot was perfect. On an experience of only a few rounds, one can perhaps hardly speak with authority, but I am prepared to go so far as to say that the change is a very great improvement. I had not realised until I played over the new course, on what a

scientific principle Soutar had worked. The old links always struck one as consisting of 18 individual holes, which had been arranged to fit in on no special plan; but the new course seems to be more on a definite, well-considered plan. The one-shot holes come where they should come, 3, 7, 10, 17 (on the original plan 16), and when one feels that a long hole is due, it is there. The fairways have cut out very well—far better than I had hoped for—and the lies were decidedly good. It will be quite a year before the final course is ready for play, but next March will see about 16 holes in their permanent form, and the others approximately so. A length of 6,000yds is aimed at.

### Labour Day Handicaps.

Monday was a beautiful day for golf—not too bright, but still not overcast. A light easterly wind imparted a sufficient nip to the air to make for good golf, but was not strong enough seriously to inconvenience the wildest player. The course was in first-rate order, the new greens playing surprisingly well, though they were slow. The long grass, which an erring ball invariably found, meant the medal scores, which were by no means good. The bogey returns were better.

In the morning a medal handicap was played for Mr. Loughnan's trophy. The best cards returned were: W. A. Hawkins, 97—19—78; C. H. Wigram, 94—14—80; H. H. Knight, 90—9—81; C. H. Hewlett, 94—11—83. The back markers had rather a disastrous time, the long grass being the main cause. In the afternoon a four-ball bogey handicap resulted in C. H. Hewlett and H. Macfarlane returning a card of 7 up. H. E. Wright and M. H. Godby were 4 up, and B. B. Wood and K. Williams 3 up, a return equalled by S. K. Sleigh, I. W. Harley, G. H. Swann, and J. O. Jameson. Members on the whole seem pleased with the new course, though a few have found flaws, as is quite usual and proper. We make a definite promise now to visitors to our Easter Tournament that, unless something very extraordinary happens, we will give them better golf than they have ever had before at Shirley.

## PALMERSTON NORTH.

The following was the result of the monthly medal competitions last week:—Senior: C. Louison, 88—hcp. 12—70; Dr. Stowe, 89—11—78; E. G. Sim, 93—7—86. Junior: G. Slack, 192.

The men's bogey competition resulted as follows:—L. Seifert, 2, all equal; N. Wright, 11, 3 down; R. G. Moore, 7, 4 down; L. A. Abraham, 8, 4 down; H. G. Moore, 6, 6 down; W. Seifert, 7, 6 down; G. Slack, 8, 8 down.

In the juniors the best scores were:—N. Blackmore, 10, 4 up; A. H. Pavitt, 6, 5 down; G. Lyons, 6, 5 down.

## ROTORUA.

The final of the "A" championship was played between C. E. Kusabs and J. F. Robieson, the former winning by 4 up and 2 to play. The match, which was played in a high wind, with occasional rain and hail, went to the 21st, but Kusabs then assumed the lead and, playing steadily, carried off the championship.

## WANGANUI.

### Wanganui v. Hawera.

A team from Hawera visited Wanganui last week, the following being the result of the match:—Harold 1 v. O'Callaghan 0, Lewis 1 v. Gillis 0, D'Arcy 1 v. Elliot 0, Harrison 0 v. Cardall 1, Peterson 3 v. Turton 3, Bates 1 v. Sutton 0, Ritchie 1 v. Barley 0, Payne 1 v. Hill 0, Hogg 0 v. Page 1, Good 1 v. Kimbell 0. Totals, 7½ and 2½. Wanganui thus won by 7½ games to 2½.

The final for the Imlay Cup was played off between Goss and Harold. Both men played well, and at the 18th the game was all square, each having a round of 77 to his credit. The match went to the 21st hole, where Goss won, 1 up.

Mixed foursomes closed the season, the winners being Mr and Mrs Potts (10), who tied with Mrs Izard and Mr. Ritchie (4) with a score of 2 up, and won the play-off.

## NAPIER.

A four-ball bogey handicap was played on the Waiohiki links last week. The

following were the best scores handed in: A. M. Retemeyer and R. Natusch, all square; D. R. Murray and G. F. Thorburn, 1 down; C. F. Hetley and G. Kelly, 3 down; N. Kettle and A. O. Russell, 3 down; Dr. Gilray and J. K. Thorburn, 3 down; C. H. Gould and G. Manning, 4 down; I. B. Logan and W. M. J. McVay, 4 down.

## HAWERA.

Inglewood sent a team to Hawera last week, the visitors being defeated easily by the local players. The scores were: Singles, Hawera 8, Inglewood 0. Four-ball foursomes, Hawera 8, Inglewood 1.

## NEW PLYMOUTH.

Golf in New Plymouth is now practically over for the year, and the New Plymouth and Tarahua clubs can look back with some pride upon a successful year's working. The New Plymouth Club has completed all arrangements for the transfer next season to Waiwakaiho, and nine holes will be open for play from the beginning of November. The Tarahua Club has also improved the Carrington Road course, and the game has made great progress in that suburb. Next year there will be an addition to the existing clubs in the shape of the new Westown Club, which takes over the old Nga Motu course.

## PICTON.

The competition for Mr. Rutherford's trophy was won by G. J. Riddell, with H. O. Madsen second. The final of the club championship, between these two players, was won by Riddell.

A ladies competition was carried off by Miss Seymour.

## LADIES' GOLF.

### WELLINGTON.

The September monthly silver putter competition which was postponed on account of the links being prepared for the Men's New Zealand Championship, was played at Heretaunga on Wednesday, October 30. Miss A. Pearce, handicap 1, 2 down, won the senior division, and Mrs. Webster, handicap 24, 5 down, the junior.

## The Use of the Cleek.

### THE AVERAGE GOLFER'S "BETE NOIRE."

(By EDWARD RAY, Open Champion.)

It would be wrong to assume that a good player is naturally on good terms with every club, for even with the best do we find links and dislikes, and with no club are the latter more often exemplified than in the case of that much-abused but serviceable club, the cleek. Why it should be so passes all comprehension, but the fact remains that, given a club where the membership is two hundred, less than half of that number do not use it, but pin their faith to batties or driving mashies. Naturally in golf the end justifies the means, and, provided the player gets there, the club used seems a secondary consideration. But it is not given to everyone to play a half-brassy shot, in preference to a cleek, with the same ease and skill as Mr. Elliott, for this is a stroke that he has acquired by long practice. Therefore, the ordinary golfer should give the proper club a good chance before casting it from him.

Personally, I am biased in favour of a cleek where the distance calls for its use, and only those who favour the club





know the sweet feel that follows a well-hit ball. In actual distance obtained it is very little less powerful than the brassy, and, despite all that has been written in regard to the difficulty in playing it, to me it appears to be much more easy to obtain a successful stroke with it than with a brassy.

**The Cleek Swing.**

To begin with, in using it we do not swing so full. We all know that in every stroke from the long put upwards, the shorter the swing the less likelihood is there of a wild stroke. We are never or seldom afraid of pulling or slicing a mashie or an iron shot, but not so when we are on the tee, from which point the outlook is 98 per cent. rough and the remainder the cut portion; and this by reason that we are about to take a full swing on an occasion where accuracy is essential. This, then, is one point in favour of any club requiring a shorter swing; another lies in the fact that we are never afraid of digging or getting well down to the ball, and it requires a certain amount of courage and confidence in oneself to do so with a wooden club. Naturally, there is the difference of shafts to be taken into consideration when we speak of getting down, for the stiff cleek shaft is more adaptable than the more slender wooden club shafts, which do not lend themselves to very rough work. It is a difficult thing to ask, I know, but if players who look upon the cleek as their bete noire would try to forget this, trust in the club more and less in themselves, I see no reason why it should not become a serviceable club.

**Its Use in Wind.**

When playing in a high wind, there can be no two opinions but that the cleek is the better weapon; we never obtain a really high ball with it, whereas one is apt, when playing a brassy, to get a stroke that seems to be the sport of the wind, falling to earth in a spot far removed from the correct line of play. We can punch the ball lower and keep it straighter against the wind, or if the stroke be played correctly a little turf is taken after the ball is struck. This might appear to a lot of players as a very advanced type of stroke, but it is not so difficult as it reads, and there is not the slightest doubt that the ball so struck keep the line better. Care should be taken to see that this is not overdone, otherwise half-a-crown's worth of good rubber will be utterly destroyed by reason of it being topped, the effect of too premature a sway forward. This is essentially a question of timing, and perhaps in this respect the ordinary player should wait until his handicap is considerably lower before attempting it.

I think that where the majority of players fail is in the difficulty they experience in getting the ball up, and it is just this failure that makes them turn to a bally; and yet, when we think of the narrowness of the blade, it seems obvious that if played correctly the lower half of the ball should be struck and loft consequently obtained.

In regard to the shaft of the club, this should, without being rigid, be on the stiff side, for in all probability we shall call on it to extricate us from a cuppy lie, and as a little turf must be taken, any give in the shaft will prove the failure of the stroke. The length of my own cleek is 40 inches from the sole to the end of the shaft, but for the average player 39 inches will be found a good working length.

**The Down Swing.**

My own manner of playing a cleek does not differ to any great extent from that employed by my brother professionals, but I should like to point out that I always try to bring the cleek down straighter in the swing than I do with a driver or brosey, and this I think is correct. It follows, therefore, that the club has been taken back straighter up, and the effect of this up and down movement is seen in a lower trajectory. It has been pointed out that after the finish of a stroke, whether it be with a cleek, driver, or mashie, my left knee is bent forward, this being distinctly unorthodox. A glance at the accompanying photograph, showing the finish of the stroke, proves this to be the case, and I can only say that this is my style, and to explain why I do this, instead of, as is customary, keeping the left leg rigid in the follow-through, is quite beyond my powers. If the majority of players tried this method they would doubtless topple over and lose their balance altogether, but we each have our own peculiar methods of playing, and any at-

tempt to alter them would have dire results. In the finish of the cleek shot the club should be carried through to the same extent as with a driver, and the club gripped at its full length.

Some remarkable facts regarding the size of families are revealed by the investigation now being carried out by the Commonwealth Statistician. For the year 1908 a record was achieved by a mother, who in her 23rd year of marriage gave birth to her 28th child. In the same year one woman had her 16th child in her 17th year of marriage; another her 17th child in her 21st year of marriage, and a third her 17th child in her 24th year of marriage. Four mothers had each a 17th child in their 26th year of marriage, and one mother her 18th child in her 28th year of marriage. In 1911 another remarkable record was achieved by a mother who, in her 26th year of marriage, bore twins, though she had 22 children previously.

**ALWAYS WEARY  
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**How Women Get Run Down  
Owing to Anaemia.**

**Treatment that increases the  
Blood Supply Brings Back  
Health and Strength.**

Anaemia brings a host of symptoms in its train. Without sufficient blood, men and women become pale, sallow, languid, suffer from indigestion, headaches and heart palpitation, and are never fit to enjoy life. Anaemia opens the way for a decline and provides the victims for a great many diseases, because the weakened system is not able to offer the same resistance as when in good health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recommended as a cure for Anaemia, because they actually combine with food and air to increase the blood supply. In the case of Mrs. Charles Devlin, of 4 Somerset Place, Auckland, it will be noted how quickly all the distressing symptoms disappeared after she increased her blood supply with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Devlin made the following statement to an interviewer:—

"I was never in the enjoyment of good health as a girl. I was always tired and weary. I felt so very drowsy, I could not sleep all day, but at night I could not get refreshing sleep for I always woke up tired. I would wake up, too, bathed in perspiration, and I would be trembling all over. My appetite practically did not exist. I could hardly eat a thing for days at a time, perhaps a glass of milk would last me all day. I was only lumpy if I could get to the vinegar crust, or take an onion soaked in vinegar with a piece of bread. My lips and gums were as bloodless as my cheeks, there was no difference between them. My eyes were glassy with heavy rings under them, and I was just a mere frame work. I could not climb a hill without resting every few steps and gasping for breath. I thought my heart was seriously affected it felt so bad, I could not stand for long without faintness coming over me. I would have to give way and sink into a chair, and my ankles, too, swelled up. I craved for quiet and isolation. I wished I could have gone right away into the bush and never have seen any company. My head ached almost incessantly, I had plenty of work to do each day, and I could not take a rest and so I got weaker and weaker till at last people would look at me and make audible remarks as to how very wasted I looked. I was so low spirited I could never enjoy a thing, and at times I became quite hysterical and unstrung. My health however was restored by a trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As I took them I began to shake off all the lassitude. I felt new blood coming into my veins and the colour began to show in my face. It was wonderful how I picked up. I can honestly recommend them as a great health builder."

Remember only the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure. Don't be misled by taking something said to be just as good. Of all dealers at 3/ per box, six boxes 16/4, or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia, Ltd., Wellington.

**Lawn Tennis.**

**WELLINGTON.**

(By ROMULUS.)

**Preliminary List of Tournaments.**

- NEW ZEALAND CHAMPIONSHIPS**—Hastings, 26th, 27th, and 28th December.
- AUSTRALASIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS**—Hastings, 30th and 31st December and 1st January.
- HASTINGS CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS AND HANDICAPS**—Hastings, to follow Australasian Meeting.
- PAHIATUA CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS AND HANDICAPS**—Pahiatua, 1st and 2nd January.
- MANAWATU CHAMPIONSHIPS AND HANDICAPS**—Palmerston North, 20th and 22nd January.
- HAWKE'S BAY CHAMPIONSHIPS AND DANNEVIKKE CLUB'S HANDICAPS**—Dannevirke, middle of January.
- WAIRARAPA OPEN CHAMPIONSHIPS AND MASTERTON CLUB'S HANDICAPS**—Masterton, middle of January.

NOTE.—The above dates may not be absolutely correct, but are as near as can be ascertained (unofficially) at present.

**Yankee Tournaments—Wellington Club.**

At the Wellington Club's Courts on Labour Day a scaled handicap Yankee tournament was held for club members, and proved very enjoyable. As twenty-eight entries were received for the event, the four courts were kept going at top pressure throughout the day. The drawing for partners resulted in some evenly matched pairs, the games generally being full of interest.

Irons and Miss Williams (scratch) topped the list with nine wins, no less than three pairs tying for second place with 7½ wins.

**The Interclub Competitions.**

Owing to the fact that the W.P.L.T.A. has declined the Karori Borough Council's offer of four courts at the Recreation Ground, and that the Ferry Company has not taken any definite steps towards leasing the Day's Bay courts to the Association for another season, the Match Committee has found it quite an impossibility to get the interclub competitions under way. However, if the difficulty in the matter of courts cannot be overcome, a start will probably be made on the Club's own courts either on Saturday next or the following one. In that case it will be understood that the programme of matches will be somewhat restricted until additional courts are requisitioned somewhere.

The final entry for the various competitions totals 42, which is less than last year, though satisfactory. Details of the entries are subjoined:—

**Men's Competitions**

- Senior (4).—Brougham Hill, Newtown, Victoria College, and Wellington.
- Junior (10).—Brougham Hill, Johnsonville, Karori, Kilmuirie, Newtown, Roma Bay, Trinity Church, Victoria College (2), Wellington.
- Third Class (7).—Brougham Hill (2), Island Bay, Newtown, Trinity Church, Victoria College, and Wellington.
- Fourth Class (6).—Brougham Hill, Johnsonville, Oriental, Trinity Church, College (2), Island Bay.

**Ladies' Competitions.**

- Senior (5).—Brougham Hill, Newtown, Victoria College, and Wellington (2).
- Junior (3).—Brougham Hill, Newtown, and Trinity Church.
- Third Class (7).—Brougham Hill, Newtown, Oriental, Trinity, Victoria College (2).

**General Notes.**

Advices from Melbourne state that the British Isles representatives are practising assiduously, and rapidly becoming acclimatised. Critics are already impressed with Beamish and Jow's—neither of this pair is likely to play in the singles. Dixon and Parke are evidently great players, and quite good enough to extend Australia's best. Something definite should soon be known as to Brookes' final choice of players to defend the Davis Cup in the challenge round at Melbourne on the last three days of the present month. Brookes and Jowes are

favourites for the singles, with Dunlop to partner Brookes in the doubles.

The Petone Club has withdrawn its original entry for the inter-club competitions, the committee having decided that the interests of the club would be better served by dropping out of match-tennis for this season at least. Petone has been one of the most consistent supporters of the inter-club contests, but has evidently felt the strain of finding practically half-a-dozen teams throughout the season in order to fulfil its match programme. Petone won both the Men's and Ladies' Cup competitions in 1910-1911.

Peacock and Swanson are reported to be getting into form in view of this season's big tennis. They are certainties for inclusion in the team to represent New Zealand in the test matches against British Isles in January, if available. It is hoped that Swanson, who has been a notable absentee at past New Zealand championship meetings, will be a competitor at Hastings at Christmas, in which case he and Peacock (the provincial champion and runner-up in the New Zealand championship) are sure to play together in the New Zealand and Australasian championship doubles.

**Anthony F. Wilding.**

Mr Anthony F. Wilding, who is giving up the serious side of tennis to join a firm producing paper, wood pulp and tallow, says his business engagements compel him to retire from first-class tennis, as much time and trouble is necessary to get fit for an important tournament. Fitness, in his opinion, is one of the main factors required in order to come up to the top. Roughly speaking, players competing for highest lawn tennis honours can be placed in three categories: (1) The fortunate ones who have no care in the world but their favourite game; (2) The business men who can always arrange their absence from their offices to suit them; (3) The business men who, though they can get away fairly often, are entirely dependent on circumstances as to when and when not they can absent themselves from the more serious affairs of life. Mr Wilding finds himself in the latter category. However, since making that announcement, he has found time to win the Deauville Tournament against such redoubtable players as Deugis, Kleinschroth, Count Salm, and Laurentz, the last-named being the young Frenchman whose defeat of Wilding in the French covered courts in Paris was so much emphasised by many writers at the time. At Deauville, Laurentz never had a chance; in fact, only won a game here and there in the three sets, though Wilding only arrived at Deauville from a business journey in Sweden a week before the tournament (which, by the way, was for one of the largest prizes ever put up for a tennis tournament, the value being over £150), and had next to no practice. Notwithstanding this, he never played better, and with the old devil in his drive and more finish in his volleys.

**Sporting Goods.**

R. J. YATES, direct importer of Cricket Lawn Tennis, and Hockey Goods, gives best value in Auckland. Why? Because he buys in the best markets for spot cash, has no rent or wages to pay, sells at a moderate profit, consequently is cheaper than those who have to pay high rents and wages. Highest grade Tennis Racquets at 30/- each. First shipment of up-to-date Cricket and Tennis Goods, ex U.S. Athletic. Send for price lists.

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**Lake, Culpitt, King's Favourite, and Teirene.** Iron Reve is another of the Stead three-year-olds which are apparently in great form. He holds an unbeaten record, having won his only race last year, while this season his successes include a winner at Ashburton and the Wanganui Guineas. Starquater is probably a better runner than Bonifon, the sire of Iron Reve. Starquater's dam (Stephaucot) was a small mare, but a rare galloper, with a number of useful performances over long courses to her credit. Iron Reve's unbeaten record of twice last season, and in the early spring she was in great favour in Riccarton as a sprinter, but latterly, having been worked over long courses, she has been rather overlooked as a possible Stewards' winner. Heatherbrae appeared to be a long way back in the early part of the race, and her performance in finishing where she did was highly creditable. Crown Pearl and Emerald were well placed when the course proper was reached, but failed badly to run on. The time (1.13 3/5) equals the record for the race established by Penates.

The day's programme was concluded with the Apprentices' Plate, of 100sovs, which attracted only three starters. Armistead beat Genius by a length, with Medalist three lengths away.

**SPRING HURDLES of 300sovs.** Two miles. J. O'Brien's Jack—Hemogen, 10.6 ..... 1 A. F. Douglas's Golden Loop, 10.6 ..... 2 A. J. D. Ormond's Bolin, 11.2 ..... 3

Also started: Gold Bird 11.2, White Cockade 10.9, Mercedo 10.3, Gold Pio 10.3, Dancer 10.9, Don Carlos 9.0, Aema 9.0.

Mercedo led out of the straight and along the back, closely followed by Fashion Plate, with Bolin at the head of the others. Crossing the top stretch Fashion Plate ran doubt, winning, and never let the issue in lengths, Golden Loop outslaying Bolin and gaining second honours. Time, 3.45 1/5.

**SPRING PLATE of 400sovs.** One mile. Sir Geo. Clifford's bk c Quarantine, 4yrs, by Treadmill—Fairhaven, 7.4 ..... 1 W. F. Bing's Jocko, 7.4 ..... 2 A. J. D. Ormond's Ladrone, 7.4 ..... 3

Also started: Tadrone 7.1, Phroso 7.7, Canute 7.7, Carulus 7.4, Imaginative 7.5, Lady Marcia 7.2.

Carolus led to the straight, when Quarantine and Potos came through, and the pair fought out a good finish. Quarantine wearing down the leader, and getting the verdict by a length. Time, 1.42 1/2.

**RICCARTON WELTER of 400sovs.** One mile.

W. G. and G. L. Stead's br c Bon Ton, 4yrs, by Bonifon—Class, 0.7 ..... 1 E. McKenzie's Sandstream, 0.4 ..... 2 H. Whitney's Cayton, 0.0 ..... 3

Also started: East 0.2, Mira 0.6, Btk 9.2, Merry Frank 9.2, Conqueror 8.15, Gnome 8.10, Beacon 8.9, Nativum 8.9, Kilt 8.3, Seatouille 8.8, Kilmory 8.3, Zroon 8.0.

The early running was made by Kilt and Zroon, but they were unable to do the distance, when Bon Ton joined the race, and led out of the concluding stages won by two lengths from Sandstream, which finished fast for a long way back and just beat Cayton for second honours. Time, 1.42 1/5.

**T.E.N.Z. C.T.P. of 2000sovs; second 300sovs; third 200sovs.** Two miles.

E. J. Watt's br h Midnight Sun, 4yrs, by Burforn—Class, 8.0 ..... 1 Sir Geo. Clifford's br h Maresfield, 3yrs, by Carranard—Madawa, 7.4 ..... 2 A. L. Durand's b m Sinopsis, 4yrs, by M. Ambrose—Prologue, 6.13 ..... 3

Also started: Vice-Admiral 9.1, Bronze 8.0, Uthman 8.4, Lady Lucy 8.1, Domingo 8.0, Goldfinder 8.0, Soldier 8.5, Allegory 7.9, Odessa 8.9, Haskayne 6.8, Obligate 6.7.

Haskayne and Odessa plied the field to the course proper, then soldiers' chorus followed. Turning into the straight, Maresfield was second, through the field and the victory of the former was loudly proclaimed, but Midnight Sun, coming with a late run, just got up in the last stride and won by a head, crediting Mr. Watt with his first New Zealand Cup. Sinopsis was close up, third, and then came Soldiers' Chorus, with Domingo, Bronze, and Undecided together last. Time, 3.27 1/5, which equals Canterbury's time in 1905, but some grounds outside the stage, 3.25, credited to Bridge in 1910, which, however, is doubted.

**LINWOOD HANDICAP of 1300sovs.** Seven furlongs.

T. Sheehan's ch g Hesione, 5yrs, by T. Pallas—Antigone, 8.5 ..... 1 T. Fitzgerald's Fusa Fluke, 7.7 ..... 2 G. D. F. Fitzgerald's Soldier, 7.5 ..... 3

Also started: Oxenhope 8.8, Edith 8.4, Treasure Bent 8.0, Susan 7.9, Courtney 7.7, Warlight 7.7, Gold Ring 7.4, Owharey 7.0, Emerald 7.0, Jay Hill 7.0, Scotch Melody 5.0, Tynan 7.0.

Hesione won by a length and a half from Fusa Fluke, which was two lengths in front of Tiddalade.

**THE WELFORD STAKES of 1,000sovs; second 200sovs; third 100sovs.** Four furlongs.

W. Nicks' br f Peronilla, 2yrs, by Achilles—Prelude, 8.0 ..... 1 E. J. Watt's ch g Tatterley, 2yrs, by Hiccup—Lutter, 8.5 ..... 2 H. H. Lewis's br f The Hagie, 2yrs, by Hiccup—Prelude, 8.0 ..... 3

Also started: Mowbray 8.1 (100 lb), 10.0; Ganau 8.5, Jason 8.5, Prince Laidie 8.5, Kaitang 8.5, Whiz 8.9, Adelaide 8.0, Tommy Helen 8.0, Nature 8.0, Nightwatch 8.0, Flora McDonald 8.0, Haddock 8.0, Warsteed 8.0.

When the barrier fell Peronilla shot to the front and was never headed, winning at the finish by three lengths from Tatterley, with Hiccup a head and The Hagie a neck. Time, 48.2 3/4.

**STEWARDS' HANDICAP of 1,500sovs.** Six furlongs.

W. G. and G. L. Stead's br c Bon Reve, 4yrs, by Bonifon—Dreaner, 8.6 ..... 1 C. O'Brien's T. Standauer, 8.6 ..... 2 Martian—Standerace, 8.6 ..... 3 Sir George Clifford's b f Heatherbrae, 4yrs, by Treadmill—Bonnie Brae ..... 3

Also started: Robrifok 9.8, Gypsy Belle 8.15, Culpitt 8.11, Theodore 8.11, Florene 8.10, Crown Pearl 8.2, King 8.2, Bismarck 8.2, Blue Lake 7.12, Hivard 7.6, Hemia 7.8, Elgirn's Way 7.6, Diavolo 7.6, Glade 7.5, Perouel 6.13, Mt. Victoria 6.10, Distinction 6.7, Lady Volga 6.7, Glenowl 6.7, G. Victoria 6.7, Immigration 6.7, Stepmaud 6.7, King's Favourite 6.7, Ben Ledge, Ernanegarde and Crown Pearl were quickly on their feet, and the former had a good lead at the distance and looked to have the race won in hand. Standauer coming with a great run just got up and made a dead heat of it. Heatherbrae was three lengths away, third.

**APPRENTICES' PLATE, of 100sovs.** One mile.

Mr. Middle Park's ch g Armstrong, 4yrs, by G. Golden—Heddy McKinnis, Miss Marvin Downs—Mangero, 8yrs, by G. L. Macchell's Genius ..... 1 J. R. Fuzze's Medalist ..... 3

**OTAHUHU TROTTING CLUB.**

The following nominations have been received for events to be run at the Otahuhu Trotting Club's Spring Meeting, which takes place at Alexandra Park on the 20th and 23rd inst—

**FIRST DAY.**

Trial Handicap—Flying Machine, Iago, Miss Dextor, Betty McKinnis, Miss Marvin Downs, Mangero, Bury, L. E. Law, Rothschild D., Mikado, Special Bloom, Elk, Miss Winnie, King Capitalist, Adelaide, Miss Taxis, Defender, Roskill Belle, Bury, M. C.

Mangero Handicap—Victor G., Miss Moore, Viborg, Mountain King, Gwelo, Pathfinder, Lady Dorey, Flywheel, Walter B. Light, Albert Wilkes, Agnes McKinnis, Lady Zephin, Sybil, Wasp, Ludski, Louisa, Merry Will, Mikado.

Sulubran Handicap—Clington, Ghemo, Royal Albert, Vaudeur, Sylvie, Haddock, Stop It, Bell Grey, Clive, Lord Vivian, Receiver, G. W. C.

Trotting Handicap (Saddle)—Miss Dextor, Savanna, Benalla Roy, Lady Park, Iago, Fablean, Agnes H., Kirikiriroa, Count, Lamson Bell, Inon Leal, Maquirari, Crawford, Kaiti.

**SECOND DAY.**

Innovation Handicap—Flying Machine, Iago, Miss Dextor, Special Yr, Miss Marvin Downs, Rothschild D., Lady Dorey, Mikado, Elk, Auckland Girl, Miss Winnie, Adelaide, Lady Tystit, Lady Roskill, Roskill Belle, M. C.

Pepson Handicap—Victor G., Miss Moore, Dinuobula, Luotype, Previous, Mountain King, Gwelo, Pathfinder, Bert, King of Diamonds, Le Lawn, Walter D., Agnes H., Albert Wilkes, Special Bloom, Miss Judy, Annoyed, Tressler, Miss Taxis, Defender, Ludski, Louisa, Merry Will, Miss Volu, Otahuhu Spring Handicap—Clington, Ghemo, Lady Park, Vaudeur, Monica, Bay Patchen, Scud, H. C. Castling, St. Michael, Alf. McKinnis, Kirikiriroa, Prince Berlin, Clive, Lord Vivian, Crawford, Trotting Handicap (Harness)—Miss Dextor, Savanna, Royal Albert, Tabenu, Lady Dorey, Agnes H., Mikado, Nelson, Auckland Girl, Count, Sylvie, Lady Tystit, Grey W. C.

Mangakioke Handicap—Cinderella, Mountain King, Halahua, Bogey, Flywheel, Lady Lillian, Receiver, Lushui Guard.

Class Handicap—Madam Melba, Monica, Baron Leuten, Marjorie, Miss Ethel, John Harold, Lord Specialist, Bell Grey, Lord Victor.

Telephone Handicap—Weary Willie, Monotype, Iago, Jungle, Waterloo, Flywheel, Baitol.

**THE NATIVE APPEAL DISMISSED.**

The following decision has been given by the Hon. J. D. Ormond, Messrs George Hunter and C. P. Skerrett, the judges appointed to deal with the Native appeal case.—

"We have considered the appeal lodged by the Pura and Charles Tele, jockey of the Native from the decision of the stewards of the Canterbury Jockey Club and from the decision of the Canterbury District Committee, which latter body dismissed the appeal on the grounds that the finding of the stewards was not a just and proper one and that under rule 7, part 1, such a finding was conclusive and not subject to appeal. We have inquired carefully into the procedure adopted by the stewards in the conduct of the inquiry, and we have satisfied ourselves that although the course respectively followed was irregular, no sufficient ground has been shown to justify our setting aside their decision, and requiring them to rehear the matter. We are further of opinion that the finding of the stewards is under the rules conclusive, both as to the fact of a jockey and as to the consequences following such jockey, and that their decision is not subject to appeal. The appeal are consequently dismissed. We do not think

it necessary to give any direction as to the deposits lodged by the appellants, and such deposits will accordingly, under the rules, be returned to them."

**WAVERLEY-WAITOTARA RACES.**

The weather was perfect for the Waverley-Waitotara Racing Club's annual meeting, and there was a very large attendance. Following are the results—

Handicap Hurdles—Timothy, 1; Moothy, 2; Bercola, 3. Won by a head. Shoemaker broke a leg. Time, 1.13 1/2.

Waverley Cup—Master Loido and Cornelius, dead heat, 1; Sam Pan, 3. Time, 2.15 1/2.

Wilson Stakes—Lucerne, 1; Crawford, 2; Ross Bunn, 3. St. Gatte, Zetes, St. Luap, Tree, Reclpe, Astor, and Joy were scratched. Won by half-length. Time, 62.8.

Lower Handicap—Albure, 1; St. Sorf, 2; Katus, 3. All started except Conroy. Won by six lengths. Time, 1.3.

Momuhauki Stakes—Sam Pan, 1; Wimmer, 2; St. Helena, 3. All started but Albure. Won by a length. Time, 2.3.

Jackson Stakes—Te Tekura, 1; St. Gatte, 2; Grandee, 3. Crawford, Gratton, Walter Invernal, Hierarchy, Rosales, Milbanks, and O. Vic were the scratchings. Won by a length.

**AUSTRALIAN RACING.**

**V.R.C. SPRING MEETING.**

**MELBOURNE, Saturday.** The V.R.C. Spring Meeting, which provides the biggest racing carnival in the Southern Hemisphere, opened at Flemington last afternoon, with a large attendance. Results—

**MAIDEN PLATE, of 200sovs, and a sweepstake of 50sovs.** One mile. Mr. J. V. Smith's ch f Moc, 3yrs, by S. R. A. Hawdon—Craggs, 5yrs, 7.9 ..... 1 C. Moore's Waggle, 6yrs, 8.13 ..... 2

Also started: John McElhone, Knight of Malta, Rathfarham, and Loch Amos. Moc, after a few strides, took the lead from Onega, Loch Amos, and John McElhone with Waggle last. Onega passed Moc, and led by two lengths, followed by John McElhone, Rathfarham, and Loch Amos. Moc led round the turn, and in-curved the lead every stride, and won by four lengths. Half-length separating second and third. Time, 1.42 3/5.

**MARLBOROUGH PLATE of 1500sovs and a sweepstake of 250sovs.** For two-year-olds. Five furlongs. J. E. O'Brien's br c Berragon, by Multiflor—Wigwagger, 8.10 ..... 1 J. E. O'Brien's br c Cider, by Wallace—Kiss in the Ring, 8.10 ..... 2 A. McCracken's bk c Scotch Malt, by Malster—Last Loch, 8.10 ..... 3

Ordinal was first to break the line, then Billy Hillon, Berragon, Scotch Malt, and Pinkerton. Ordinal led over the tan well on the outside, Berragon and Pinkerton following. Pinkerton made his effort, and passed Berragon, but the latter came again and eventually won by two lengths, three-quarters of a length separating second and third. Pinkerton was among the last to finish. Time, 1.2.

**THE HOTHAM HANDICAP, a sweepstake of 500sovs, with 200sovs added.** One mile and a-half. J. James' ch h Lord Alwyne, 5yrs, by St. Aloysius—Denure, 7.11 ..... 1 A. J. Munghton's ch h Naugar, 7.9 ..... 2 Newhaven—Control, 8.5 ..... 3 J. Munghton's b g Golden Point, 4yrs, by Grafon—Auros, 8.5 ..... 3

Also started: Hallowmass, Sandbath, Sunbath, Mountain Oak, Adgio, Pearl King, Salvador Rosa, Uncle Matt, and Deacon Skinner.

Lord Alwyne won by half a length, with four lengths between second and third. Naugar was seventh, and Salvador Rosa last. Time, 2.36 3/4.

**THE V.R.C. DERBY of 2000sovs, with a sweepstake of 200sovs.** One mile and a-half. E. D. Clarke's br c Wolawa, by Wallace—the Infanta, 8.10 ..... 1 Hon. M. R. H. Jones's c Cider, by Ayr—Laddie—Prater's c Cider, by Ayr ..... 2 W. Brown's ch f Perdita, by Wallace—Kloping Lad, 8.5 ..... 3

Also started: Charlatan, Burrawang, Effervescence, Symetris, Bathica, Aurifer, Harriet, Elrinda, and Capita White.

From a good start Cider went to the front, leaving the straight from Aurifer, Charlatan, Bathica, and Wolawa following. Burrawang last. The field closed up to Cider round the back, where Charlatan was second, Wolawa, Bathica, Harriet, Burrawang, Effervescence, and Symetris following in that order. Burrawang ran into third place, while Bathica fell away last. Cider led into the straight, with Wolawa, with Burrawang and Aurifer next. Wolawa led at the distance, and won by three-quarters of a length, with half a length between second and third. Aurifer was fourth, and Charlatan last. Time, 2.34.

**THE MELBOURNE STAKES of 1000sovs.** One mile and a-quarter. J. Barrow's h b Duke Foote, 5yrs, by Sir Duke—Orfello, 8.3 ..... 1 Boldwin and Clark's ch h Eudorus, 4yrs, by Fordard—Pennywiler, 8.0 ..... 2 J. Brown's b or br h Maestre, 4yrs, by Postilion—Clunt See Bee 8.0 ..... 3

Also started: Elavian, Capita White, Indiscreet, and Clark's ch h Eudorus, 4yrs, Eye Glass, Artesian, Lady Medalist, and Wharf.

Eye Glass, Eudorus, and Capita White led for two furlongs, when Indiscreet went to the front, Eye Glass, Duke Foote, and Wharf following. Duke Foote took charge round the turn from Aroflinda, with Eye Glass, Maestre, and Lady Medalist next. Duke Foote led into the straight, where he

was warmly challenged by Eudorus, but he held the imported horse safe, and won by half a length. Eudorus was three lengths in advance of Maestre, after whom came Aroflinda. Time, 2.34.

**THE COBRIDGE STAKES, a handicap sweepstake of 500sovs each, with 200sovs added.** One mile. D. L. Dorette's ch g Walter Tyrill, 6yrs, by William Rufus—Inuover, 7.3 ..... 1 E. E. D. Clarke's bk f Deeside, 5yrs, by Tequilar—Fairland, 7.3 ..... 2 R. M. Hawke's b f Zoulang, 5yrs, by Pistol—Cardinal and Black, 7.11 ..... 3

Thirteen started. Walter Tyrill won by two lengths. Dumfries led in the straight. Time, 1.44.

**HOW THE FAVOURITE WAS BEATEN.**

The "Sydney Telegraph," in describing the Derby contest, says—"Cider on the rails and Wolawa next him joined issue over the last two furlongs, and furnished one of the most exciting hand to hand engagements ever seen for a similar race, Cider seemed to hold his own for nearly a furlong, but Wolawa stayed better, and gradually forged out, Lewis easing him a short distance from the post, the son of Wallace winning rather comfortably.

"Perdita was badly placed at the entrance to the straight, but getting clear, finished in the centre of the course with a brilliant run, cutting out Aurifer for third, which for a few strides seemed likely to trouble the leader. Burrawang ran something like a non-stayer, and never gave the least sign of danger from the home turn. No excuses can be made for Cider's defeat. Foley let him run alone in front, hugging the rails, and really rode a waiting race in front. There was some talk of a protest, but neither the owner or trainer of Cider saw any grounds for one. Wolawa was certainly as close to Cider all up the straight, as he was entitled to be, but there was enough room to get through if Cider had been able to command the necessary pace."

The "Herald" says that in spite of the defeat of Cider, he may safely be regarded as the better stayer, and had conditions favoured him the same as his favoured Wolawa, the tabs would probably have been turned. Wolawa fairly worried Cider out of the race in the last two furlongs. Cider was under a disadvantage in not having anything to make the pace for him, for he is a strong puller, and his rider was fighting him for half the journey. With Cider in front, and practically slowing down the field for half the race, Wolawa was able to reserve himself and beat his rival at the finish for pace. It was the slowest Derby for some years. Perdita really finished stronger than anything else.

**THE QUEENSLAND DERBY.**

**BRISBANE, November 2.** At the Queensland Turf Club's Meeting to-day the following was the result of the principal event—

**THE QUEENSLAND DERBY STAKES of 600sovs, with a sweepstake of 180sovs each.** One mile and a-half. E. J. Easton's b c King Cleo, by Gora—Cleo ..... 1 H. J. Winter's br c Koutand, by Soul ..... 2 J. J. Moore's b c Bramball, by Slimmer—May Moon ..... 3

Five horses started. King Cleo and Koutand ran a dead heat. Time, 2.37 1/2.

**THE RUN OFF.**

The owners of King Cleo and Koutand decided to divide the two colts were saddled up later in the afternoon to run off the dead-heat, when King Cleo beat his New Zealand-bred colt. Time, 2.40 1/2.

**AUCKLAND RACING CLUB.**

**SPRING MEETING.** To be held on **ELLERSLIE RACECOURSE, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 6th and 9th November.**

**FIRST RACE about 12 Noon Each Day.**

**ADMISSION:** Racecourse, One Shilling; Grandstand Enclosure, Gentlemen 10s, Ladies 5s.

Children under 12 will NOT be admitted to Grandstand Enclosure.

No person who has at any time since the passing of the Gaming and Lotteries Act Amendment Act, 1897, followed the occupation of a Bookmaker or Bookmaker's Clerk, no disqualified or undrateful person, will be admitted to the Ellerslie Racecourse during the Spring Race Meeting, and if any such person is found on such course he will be removed therefrom and prosecuted for breach.

**J. F. HARTLAND, Secretary.**

# Music and Drama.

By BAYREUTH

## BOOKINGS.

(Dates subject to alteration.)

### HIS MAJESTY'S, AUCKLAND.

October 29 to November 8—Auckland Amateurs. "The Mikado."  
November 11—Carrie Moore Company.

### AUCKLAND PICTURE SHOWS.

The Lyric Theatre, Symonds Street—Nightly.  
Royal Albert Hall, Albert Street—Nightly.

### AUCKLAND TOWN HALL.

November 30—Mr. H. Barry Casey's Recital.

### Milestones—A play of Three Generations.

It is too early to say whether "Milestones," the play written in collaboration by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch (author of "Kismet"), is a work of enduring merit; but it certainly is an unusually interesting and extraordinarily successful experiment. After being the rage of London for a season, it is now repeating its English success in America. Before long we in New Zealand and Australia will see the play for ourselves under the J. C. Williamson management, and for that reason the following summary will be of interest:—

The two authors have here attempted in the drama what Eugene Sue, Victor Hugo and other writers of their period have accomplished in fiction. They represent three successive generations of one family, beset by the same problems under varying aspects—in 1860, in 1885, and in 1912. Although the family history thus repeats itself in the three acts of the play, we never, as the London critics point out, are bored for a moment. With exquisite irony Bennett and Knoblauch reveal how the progressives of today are the reactionaries of to-morrow. The play would leave us somewhat discouraged if it did not insinuate that life moves, after all, not in a circle, but in a spiral. Though human nature remains essentially the same, we have reason to hope more from to-morrow than from the present. The burden of the play is distinctly melioristic.

The action of the play takes place in the drawing-room of Samuel Sibley senior's house in Kensington Gore. In the first act all the decorations, pictures and furniture are of the mid-Victorian period. Mrs. Rhead, a woman near sixty, is sitting on the sofa, crocheting some lace, which is evidently destined to trim petticoats. Her hair is dressed in the style of 1840, although her dress is of the 1860 period. Near her, in an armchair, sits Rose Sibley, a romantic, gentle-looking girl of twenty-one, who is dressed in the height of fashion of the period. Rose's father and her brother Sam are in the iron business with John Rhead, a young man in whom Rose is more than interested. John represents the younger generation in business, for he sees the future of shipbuilding in iron ships, whereas the Sibleys, both father and son, put their trust in English oak. John tells Rose that he loves her, but he also intimates the probability of a crisis in his business relations with her father. Rose confesses that she shares his feelings, but adds that she would not marry him without her father's consent. She advises John to win over her brother Sam, who is engaged to his sister Gertrude. Sam receives John's overtures with grave suspicion. "Why," he inquires of his partner and prospective brother-in-law, "don't you play with the cards on the table?"

Samuel: Why don't you play with the cards on the table?  
John: I'm only too anxious to play with the cards on the table.  
Samuel: There it is—business you really wanted to talk about after all?  
John (movement of irritation concealed): I expect your father's heart is not as hard as Macleans, though how it's got about I can't imagine.  
Samuel: Macleans? Macleans of Green-blithe?  
John: Yes. That's what's worrying the old man, isn't it?  
Samuel: I don't know.  
John: He hasn't mentioned Macleans to you?  
Samuel: He has not. He isn't a great talker, you know. He merely said to me he suspected you were up to something.  
John: And what did you say?  
Samuel: Briefly, I said I thought you

were. (Disgustedly.) But, by gad, I never dreamed you were hobnobbing with the Macleans gang.

John: Macleans are one of the oldest shipbuilding firms in the South of England. I went to the launch to-day with Andrew Macleans.

Samuel: What's shipbuilding got to do with us?

John: It's got nearly everything to do with us. Or it will have. Now listen, Samuel. I've arranged a provisional agreement for partnership between Macleans and ourselves.

Samuel: You've—

John: Half a minute. Macleans are rather flattered at the idea of a connection with the august firm of Sibley, Rhead and Sibley.

Samuel: By God! I should think they were. (Walks away.)

John: They've had an output of over 25,000 tons this year. All wood. Naturally they want to go in for iron. They'll pay handsomely for our help and experience. In fact, I've got a draft agreement, my boy, that is simply all in my favour.

Samuel: Did you seriously suppose—  
John: Let me finish. It's a brilliant agreement. In three years it'll mean the doubling of our business. And we shall have the satisfaction of being well-established in the great industry of the future. Your father's old. I don't expect him to be very enthusiastic about a new scheme. But you're young, and you can influence him. He'll be retiring soon, and you and I will be together—just the two of us. We're marrying each other's sisters. And we shall do it on our own terms, my boy.

Samuel: And have you had the impudence to try to make an agreement behind our backs?

John (controlling himself): I've made no agreement. The only got the offer. It's open to you to refuse or accept. I only held my tongue about it so as to keep the job as easy as possible.

Samuel: You had no right to approach anyone without consulting us.  
John: I guessed from your father's attitude these last two days that something had leaked out. That's why I'm telling you first, Sam—to-night. Come now, look at the offer. It's a good one, my boy. Don't condemn it offhand. A great deal depends on your decision—more than you think.

Samuel: I don't see that anything particular depends on my decision. If we refuse, we refuse. And we shall most decidedly refuse.

John: But it's impossible you should be so blind to the future! Impossible!

Samuel: See here, John! Don't you make the mistake of assuming that any man who doesn't happen to agree with you is a blind fool. To begin with, it isn't polite. I know you do think we're blind, old-fashioned, brainless dotts, father and I. We've both felt that for some time.

John: I think you're blind to the future of iron ships, that's all.

Samuel: Well, shall I tell you what we think of you? We think you've got a bee in your bonnet. That's all. We think you're a faddist in the style of Ned Pym's noble model!

John (this time curling): Me like Lord Monkhurst! Ha!  
Samuel: Precisely. Don't you go and imagine that all the arguments are on one side. They aren't. Five-sixths of the experts in England have no belief whatever in the future of iron ships. You know that iron ship itself? And what about British oak? Would you build ships of the self-same material as bridges? Why not stone ships, then? O, yes, I know there's a number of faddists up and down the land—anything in the nature of a novelty is always bound to attract a certain type of brain. Unfortunately we happen to have that type of brain just now in the cabinet. I quite agree with my father that the country is going to the dogs. Another Reform Bill this year. And actually an attempt to repeal the paper duty. But, of course, people who believe in iron ships would naturally want to unsettle the industrial classes by a poisonous flood of cheap newspapers! However, we've had enough common sense left to knock both those schemes on the head. And I've no doubt the sagacity of the country will soon also put an end to this fantastic notion of iron ships.

John (quietly): I see.

Samuel: Oh, don't think I'm not fond of iron! Iron means as much to me as it does to you. But I flatter myself I can keep my balance. (More quietly.) However, I expect this of you, John, with your intellect.

John (as before): Very well.

Samuel: I've made it clear, haven't I?

John: Quite.

Samuel: That's all right.

John (still quietly): Only I shall dissolve partnership.

Samuel: Dissolve partnership? What for?

John: I shall go on with Macleans alone.

Samuel: You don't mean it.

John: I mean every single word of it! (He rises. They look at each other.)

Samuel: Then I can tell you one thing.

You won't marry Rose.

John: Why shouldn't I marry Rose?

Samuel: After such treachery!

John (raising his voice): Treachery! I merely keep my own opinion. I leave you to yours.

Samuel: Do you think father will let you drop Rose into this famous scheme of yours? Do you think he'll give his daughter to a traitor?

John (sarcasm and rage): Don't get on about the matter's irritating me! And what has my marriage got to do with you? When I want your father's opinion, I'll go to your father for it.

Samuel: Don't try to browbeat me, John. I know my father's mind, and what's more, you know I know it. And I repeat, my

father will never let his daughter marry a—

John (shouting): Silence!

(Enter Mrs. Rhead by the double doors, followed by Ned Pym, Gertrude and Rose. The women remain silent.)

Ned (fretfully coming forward): Why silence? Go on. We've only come in because we thought it might interest us.

What's it all about? A hint will suffice.

John: Ned, you're a blundering donkey, and you will be a blundering donkey to the end of your life.

Ned: My one desire is to please.

Gertrude (coming to Sam, in a quiet, firm tone): Sam, what's the matter?

Samuel: Nothing! We must go! Rose, get ready. (Very respectfully to Mrs. Rhead.) I'm sorry to break up the evening.

Gertrude: But you can't go like this.

Samuel (with deference): My dear Gertrude, please leave matters to your brother and me. You're a woman, and there are things—

Gertrude (stopping him): It is possible I am a woman, but I'm a reasonable creature, and I intend to be treated as such.

Mrs. Rhead (very upset): My dear child, remember you are speaking to your future husband.

Gertrude: That's just why I'm speaking as I am. I ask Sam what's the matter (scornfully) and he says "Nothing." Am I a child? Are we all children?

Samuel (curtly): Come, now, Rose.

Gertrude: And why must Rose go off like this? She's engaged to John.

Samuel: Who told you?

Gertrude: Her eyes told me when she came out of this room.

Mrs. Rhead: We all knew it, and no word said. We've been expecting it for weeks.

(Mrs. Rhead and Rose embrace.)

Samuel: You are mistaken, Gertrude. Rose is not engaged to John, and she is not likely to be.

Gertrude: You object?

Samuel: I do, and I know my father will.

Gertrude: You object to John for a brother-in-law? John! Why? You might at least condescend to tell Rosie, if not me. It's an affair that rather interests her, you see.

Samuel: If you must know, John is going to leave our firm.

Mrs. Rhead: John?

Samuel: He thinks my father and I are old-fashioned, and so he's leaving us.

Mrs. Rhead: John! Leave the firm? Surely you're not thinking of breaking up Rhead and Sibley?

Samuel: Sibley, Rhead—and Sibley.

Mrs. Rhead: It was Rhead and Sibley in my young days, when your father and John's were founding it. John, you cannot mean it!

Samuel (sarcastically): He's going to build iron ships.

Gertrude: And is that any reason why you should make poor Rosie unhappy and spoil her life?

Samuel: I do not propose to argue.

Gertrude: The man who does not propose

to argue with me is not going to be my husband.

Mrs. Rhead: Gertrude!

Gertrude (looking at Sam): I mean it, (Sam bows.)

Mrs. Rhead: Please don't listen to her, Sam.

Samuel: All my apologies, Mrs. Rhead.

Gertrude: And you, Rosie, what do you say to all this?

Rose (shamefully and tearfully): I—I hardly understand, Sam, what is the matter?

John (coming to Rose): It's quite simple. I believe in the future of iron ships, and I have the courage of my convictions. Therefore you are not to be allowed to marry me. You see the connection is perfectly clear. But you shall marry me, all the same!

Gertrude returns Samuel's engagement ring and John leaves in anger, as the curtain falls. Twenty-five years elapse. Consequently great changes have occurred when the play reopens. The furniture has been rearranged and greatly added to. The flowered carpet of the first act has given place to an Indian carpet. The room is overcrowded with furniture in the taste of the period. Rose Sibley, now Mrs. John Rhead, forty-six years of age and dressed in the fashion of 1886, her hair slightly gray at the temples, is seated writing some note. Ned Pym, now Lord Monkhurst, enters, followed by John Rhead. The former has developed into a well-preserved, florid, slightly self-sufficient man of forty-six. The latter, now fifty, has not changed so much physically, except that his hair is grey and his features have become much firmer. But his manner has grown even more self-assured than in the first act. He is in fact a person of authority, the successful man whose word is law. There is a daughter, Emily, a handsome girl of twenty-two, combining her father's pluck with her mother's loving nature. Gertrude has grown into a faded, acid spinster with protective instincts for her niece Emily, on whom she spends all her suppressed maternal feelings. Sam is married to Nancy, a girl not of his own class. He has retired from business. Ned is in love with Emily. The John Rhead of the previous act finds his counterpart in Arthur Proce, a gifted young employee of his, who is an admirer of William Morris and who entertains warm feelings for his employer's daughter. He tells Emily of his

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great discovery of making mild steel nearly five per cent. lighter than it has ever been made before.

Gertrude: Of course, you're engaged to him. Emily: Am I? Gertrude: And it'll all be my fault. How- ever, it's go to be seen through to the end now.

Muriel: Not allow it? My poor mamma. Monkhurst: Certainly not to each other. Richard: I've told you to shut up once. Emily: And your grandfather won't allow it either.

Muriel: I'm afraid it's us—Richard and me. We're engaged to be married. (Muriel points to Richard, who is still on his knees busy with the fire.)

Announcements. THE AUCKLAND ARTS AND CRAFTS CLUB. FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION. ART GALLERY, COBURG STREET. NOW OPEN. Hours, 12 to 5, 7 to 10. ADMISSION, 1/.

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Emily: So am I.

Emily (whispering): It's just as much of a surprise to me as to anybody. I don't approve of it.

John: I've told them already you would never approve, sir.

Nancy: You haven't, young man. It was your mother who told me that.

John (to Nancy): I asked you to my golden wedding, Nancy.

Nancy: You did, Sir John. I shouldn't have come without.

John: Do you countenance this affair?

Nancy: What's wrong with it?

Rose (stiffly): John, what's the matter with you? Why shouldn't my Muriel marry her Richard?

John: What's wrong with it, if you say? What?

Emily (passionately): I won't agree to it, John (to Nancy): Nothing wrong with it, from your point of view. Nothing! (Laughing.) Only I shan't have it. I won't have it.

Rose: Grandpa, why do you always try to cross me?

John: I? You?

Rose: I've been yielding to you in everything for fifty years. I think I'm old enough to have my own way now and then.

John: What's the matter with you? Rose: Nothing's come over me. But I really—

John (isolating her): Be silent, Granny!

Nancy: We thought you thought very highly of Richard.

John: So I do. But what's that got to do with it? It's nothing but this genius business over again.

Nancy: Genius business?

John: Yes. I shall be told Richard's a genius; therefore he must be allowed to marry Muriel! Nonsense! I had just the same difficulty with her mother twenty-six years ago. You ought to remember; you were there!

Emily (stiffly): Yes.

John (to hearing): What's that?

Emily: Yes, father, yes.

John: Of course, I had. I wouldn't have it then, and I won't have it now. What? A young fellow, a very smart engineer. Insists on going to Canada. Wants capital! Well, I give it him! I tell him he may go. Everything's settled. And then, if you please, he calmly announces his intention of carrying off my granddaughter!

Rose: If she's your granddaughter, he's my nephew.

John (glaring at her): Oh!

Rose: No! I won't have it.

John (continuing, staring at Rose): My granddaughter has got to marry something very different from an engineer.

Nancy: If she did she might marry something that'll turn her hair grey a good deal sooner.

John: I have my plans for Muriel.

Emily: Imagine Muriel in Winnipeg!

Muriel: What plans, grandpa? You've never told me, have you?

John: Not told you. At your age your mother had a conspicuous place in London society. And it's your duty to carry on the family tradition. Your mother didn't marry into the peerage so that you could gallivant up and down Winnipeg as the wife of a manufacturing engineer. You have some notion of politics, though it's a mighty queer one.

Muriel: I hardly think my politics would furnish your plan, grandpa. I should have supposed the whole of my career would have made it plain that I have the greatest contempt for official politics.

John: Your career? Your "contempt"? Emily (good-humouredly, then more softly): My child—

Muriel (muttered): I'm not a child.

John (angrily): Enough! Don't make yourself ridiculous. I must quietly tell your mother and your brother that as I do. Let that suffice.

Richard (furious): I—I—

Muriel (violently): Granddad, do please keep your mouth shut!

John (as above): I'm perfectly calm, I believe.

Muriel still resists all arguments to persuade her, but when her mother appeals to her pity by picturing how lonely she will be if her only daughter were to desert her, she yields. Fortunately for the lovers, Arthur Preece enters here. He has developed into a Labour member of Parliament. His hair and moustache are grey, his expression and manner slightly disillusioned and cynical. He expresses his disillusionment to Emily. "You aren't getting ready to give up?" she asks.

Emily: But everyone knows you're the strongest man in the Labour Party.

Preece: Well, if I am—the strongest man in the Labour Party is rather depressed.

Emily: Why?

Preece: Difficult to say. Twenty years ago I thought the millennium would be just about established in 1912. Instead of that, it's as far off as ever. It's even further off.

Emily: Further off?

Preece: Yes. And yet a lot of us have waked. By that we have. But there's a different spirit now. The men are bitter. They can't lead themselves and they won't be led. They won't be led. And nobody knows that trouble's bound to happen. I often wonder why I was chosen with the reforming spirit. How much happier I should have been if I'd cared for nothing in this world but my own work—like young Richard Miller, for instance.

Emily: Don't be harassed in reform?

Preece: Not here. He's an engineer, only an engineer. He minds his own business.

Emily: Yes.

Preece (in an ordinary tone): Why won't you let him marry Muriel?

Emily (staring): Then father's told you?

Preece: Not a word. But Richard and I are great pals. He's told me his plans. Why shouldn't they marry?

Nancy (weakly): Muriel won't go to Canada.

Preece: Won't go to Canada? But I un-

derstand she had a tremendous notion of Canada.

Emily: She's promised me she won't go.

Preece: But why should she do that?

Emily (half-breaking down): Oh, I know I'm selfish. But—but I should be quite alone if she went. And then, it's not what we'd anticipated for her.

The conversation again leads back into the past. Emily and Preece discover that they still care for each other. Rose now consents to her daughter's marriage, and even John finally gives in. "We live and learn," the octogenarian remarks to Rose. "Yes, John," she replies, nodding her head, as the curtain falls.

**"The Mikado."**

Twenty-seven years ago Gilbert and Sullivan gave "The Mikado" to a waiting and eager comic-opera-loving public, and it is safe to say that since the date of its first production at the Savoy Theatre, in London, March 14th, 1885, not one week has passed in which the opera, or parts of it, have not been sung somewhere in an English-speaking country. It has been produced in Auckland several times during the last few years, and on each occasion its success was marked. Seventh in the line of great and original achievements by its author and composer, it has maintained a higher place in popular appreciation than any of its predecessors, except the earliest, "H.M.S. Pinafore," which was the first English comic-opera ever written, and still remains the greatest of them all.

To say that the Gilbert and Sullivan comic-plays are all royal, is but to acknowledge their crowned excellence, but legal characteristics are often sadly dimmed by ignoble uses. Not often is a production of even the best-known of these inimitable works fully adequate, but in this case the Auckland Amateur Operatic Society has done its very best, sparing neither pains nor expense, and, although one cannot pretend that it is by any means a flawless performance, still the result is a happy one, and greatly to the Society's credit. Particular attention has been paid to the staging and the training of the chorus, and there can be nothing but praise for the achievement. The engagement of Mr. Tom Pollard as producer of the opera was another wise step, which greatly improved the performance. The chorus sang lustily and with spirit; indeed, they would as a whole do credit to many of the professional companies which visit us.

Of the principals, Mr. J. Wallace Atkinson as the Mikado of Japan, and Mr. George Hall as Pooch-Bah, were both exceedingly good. Koko, the Lord High Executioner of Titipu, was excellently played by Mr. Laurie Abrahams. The local allusions which he introduces into the part, seemed to amuse the audience, but the humour of the part is sufficient without this innovation. Mr. Egerton Pegg sang tunefully, but his acting was rather colourless. The Pish-Tush of Mr. Alfred Warbrick was another good piece of work. The three little maids (Miss Gertrude Gott, Miss Lurine Wrigley, and Miss Allison Napier) played their parts very effectively and daintily. As Kathisha, Miss Margaret McKenzie proved herself fully equal to the demands of the part. The orchestra is an efficient body of musicians, who played the familiar music well under the baton of Mr. Francis Cornwall.

"The Mikado" will be staged again this evening, and each night until the end of the week. As usual with amateur performances, the production improves as the season progresses, and the last nights of the season will be a favourable opportunity for theatre-goers to renew their acquaintance with this famous work.

**Mr Barry Coney's Recital.**

Preliminary announcement is made in this issue of a vocal and pianoforte recital which is to be given in the Town Hall concert chamber on Wednesday, November 20th, by Mr. H. Barry Coney, assisted by 30 of his students.

**Carrie Moore Company.**

Miss Carrie Moore, the well-known Anglo-Australian musical comedy actress, supported by a specially-selected company, including Mr. Percy Clifton, a London comedian, will open for a short season of six nights only at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday, 11th November. Carrie Moore has recently organised a company of her own (which is at present touring in Australia) to support her in a London musical comedy-drama entitled "Chips," which she brought out to Australia. This comedy-drama was specially written for Miss Moore, and it is said gives her great scope to show her versatility as an actress. The songs, vary from the gayest to the comparatively serious, and some enchanting dances are

also introduced. Mr. Percy Clifton (comedian), who was last round here with the Arcadians, has a fine comedy part. The box plan will open at Wildman and Arcey's on Wednesday.

**West's Pictures.**

Ever since the earliest times man has been making a vain search for the elixir of life, and references of it in history and novels are countless. Now, however, a tragic story on the same basis has been prepared for the cinematograph under the title of "The Fire of Life." It is a remarkably fine film, and will be shown exclusively at the Royal Albert Hall this week.

**Farnell Cricket Club.**

A concert in aid of the funds of the Farnell District Cricket Club will be held in the Oddfellows' Hall, Manukau Road, on Friday, November 8th. A splendid programme has been arranged, and the public are assured of a good evening's entertainment for a very moderate price.

**The Lyric Theatre.**

A feature of this week's entertainment at the Lyric Theatre is the great comedy film, "Max Linder and Nick Winter." This is a capital skit on "Zigomar and Nick Carter," and on the first night of its exhibition it caused roars of laughter. The recent British army manoeuvres are splendidly illustrated, and another highly topical film deals interestingly with life in a Bulgarian village. The dramatic section contains several excellent specimens of the exciting film-drama, and the humorous element is well catered for. The Lyric Symphony Orchestra discourses tuneful music which materially adds to the enjoyment of patrons.

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**Stray Notes.**

An English visitor who saw the performance of "Nightbirds" in Sydney, expressed his amazement at the high level of excellence of the production, and particularly praised the musical side. "It is marvellous," he said, "that in a young country like this the stage should have reached such a marvellously high standard. The vocal side of 'Nightbirds' positively amazed me. The chorus singing was infinitely better than in London, and the music of 'Nightbirds' takes a lot of singing. As for the cast, one could not wish for a better one. It was quite up to the London one, and I must say that Miss Florence Young would be a decided acquisition to the comic opera stage in London. Her performance of the Countess Fliquot is one she should have reason to be proud of."

The law on the subject of criticism has been laid down by an English judge as follows:—"Everyone has a right to publish fair and candid criticism, even though the author may suffer loss from it. Such a loss, the law does not consider as an injury, because it is a loss which the party ought to sustain. It is, in short, the loss of fame and profits to which he was never entitled. Reflection upon personal character is another thing. Show me an attack upon the moral character of the plaintiff, or any attack upon his character unconnected with his authorship, and I should be as ready as any judge who ever sat here to protect him."

A novel form of matinee performance will shortly be introduced by Dr. Rudolf Lothar, the new manager of the Kommodienhaus Theatre, in Berlin. He intends to provide several times a week so-called "five o'clock" programmes, consisting of one-act pieces, to be followed by tea, which will be included in the price of the tickets. While refreshments are being served at the end of the performances, models from the leading dress-making and tailoring establishments will parade across the stage exhibiting the latest fashions.

It is understood that the Plimmer-Deniston Company will be disbanded on their return to Sydney. Mr. Allan Hamilton and Mr. Harry Plimmer will, it is stated, form a new company in the early part of next year. Mr. Reynolds Deniston, who was recently very seriously ill, is retiring from the partnership.

Dr. Richard Strauss has again shown the versatility of his genius in "Ariadne auf Naxos," the new opera which had its premiere at the new Court Theatre in Stuttgart on October 25th. It is a unique work which, according to a Berlin correspondent, defies classification in any of the categories to which his previous works have been assigned. "Ariadne" is not erotic like "Salome," nor neurotic like "Elektra," nor broadly farcical like "Der Rosenkavalier." The libretto at first glance indicates only a harmless little operatic divertissement, projected into a milieu half-mythological, half-mundane, and would seem to offer but slight scope to a painter of such heroic musical canvases as those associated with the name of Richard Strauss.

A good deal has been said lately regarding the disappearance from pantomime of the "principal boy," who, it seems, is for the future to be ousted from "her" position by a male impersonator. In London, Mr. Arthur Collins has publicly announced his intention of falling in with this fresh departure, if, indeed, he is not to be regarded as its pioneer. It is interesting to find that the Messrs. Melville are entirely opposed to the alteration, ranging themselves definitely and decisively "on the side of the angels." Their firm belief is that the proposed change will never be accepted by playgoers of tender years, and that, in this view, they can count on the unqualified support of all boys and girls. When Boxing Day comes round it is, therefore, among the things most certain that the dashing or charming "hero" of the Lyceum pantomime will be a fascinating young lad. Indeed, the matter is already settled by the engagement of Miss Daisy James.

The jujitsu dance, "In No Kats," done by Ivy Schilling and Fred Leslie in the "Florodora" revival at Her Majesty's, Melbourne, is the most strenuous turn yet presented by this clever pair. It is crowded with wrestling holds and heavy bumps. After the second night of "Florodora," Fred Leslie put in an appearance at Her Majesty's with a gag that recalled the principal characteristic of "The man with the limp" in "The Quaker Girl," and he has had it since: "Humping the bump" is "how." "In No Kats" is pronounced in the theatre.

**Seaweed as Food.**

A writer in the New York "Technical Magazine" holds that, unless the taste for seaweed as food becomes general, in a few years' time we shall run the risk of starvation. "Wheat production cannot keep pace with the progressive increase of the world's population. The sea, however, holds a vast reserve of food in its edible weeds. In the Sargasso Sea alone sufficient nutritious vegetation flourishes and decays to support the entire population of Europe if it were harvested and prepared in a manner fitting it for human consumption. On the sea beaches of the United States enough proteins are cast up by the waves and allowed to decay to take the place of the whole product of the north-western wheat fields."

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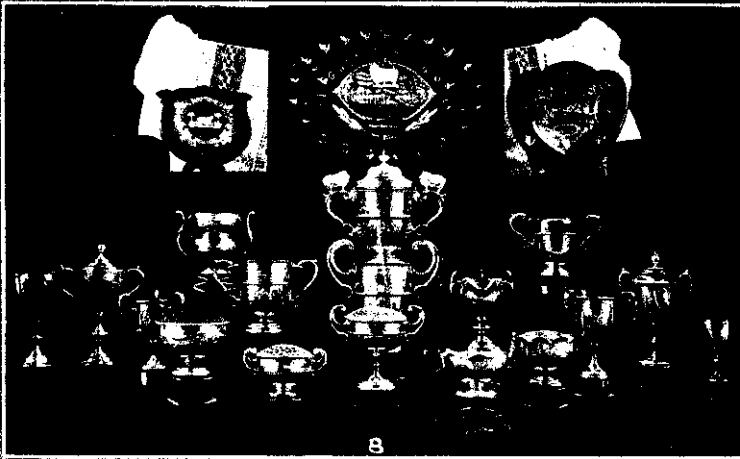
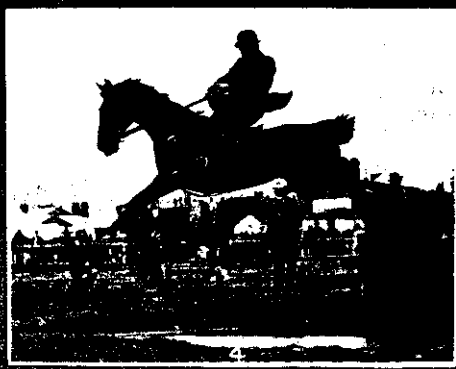
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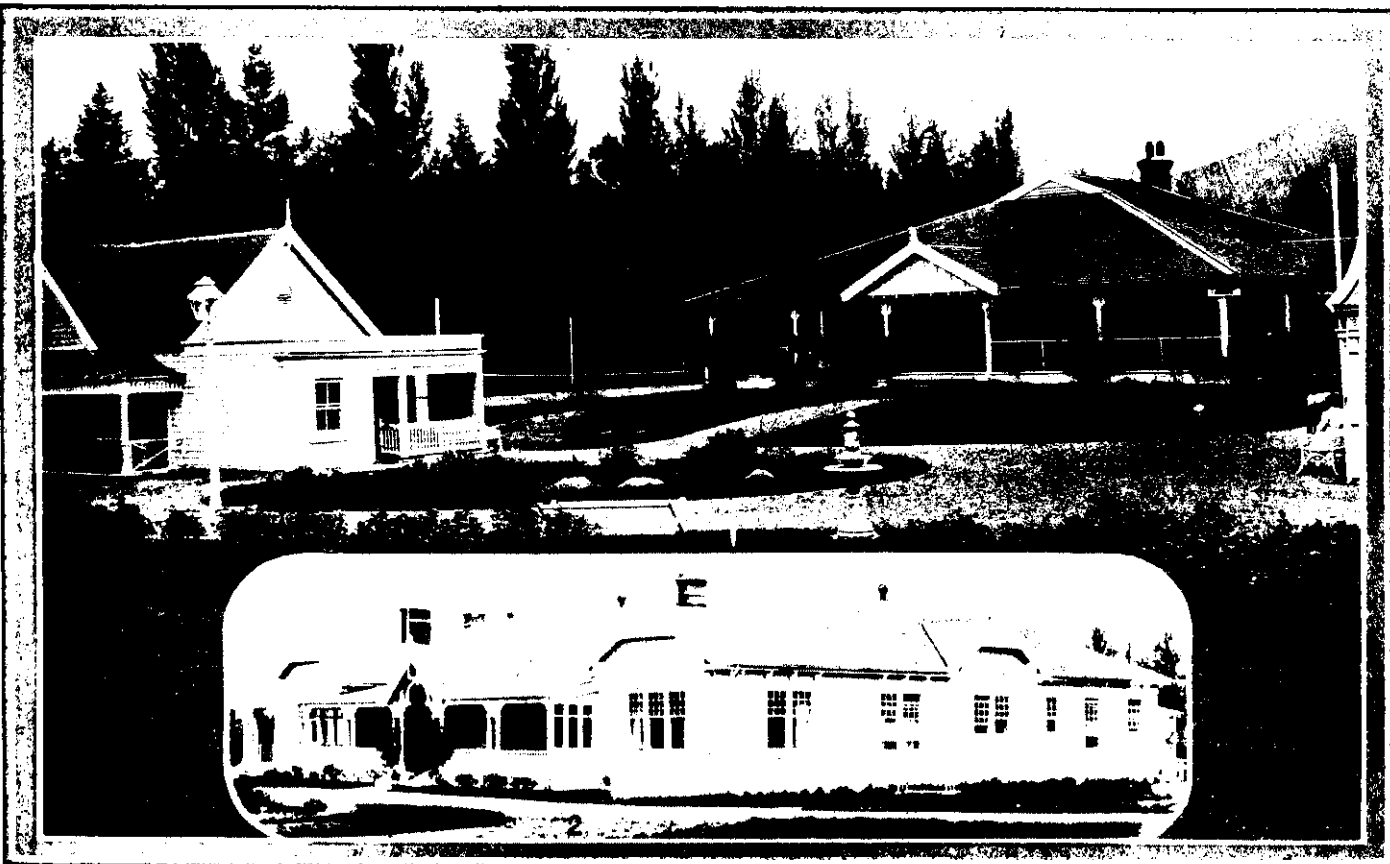


## OVER THE HURDLES.—SNAPSHOTS IN THE JUMPING COMPETITIONS AT THE PALMERSTON NORTH SHOW.

(1) Mr. J. Sweeney's (Palldun) Saffron. (2) Mr. C. D. McLaren's (Tamarora) Chandra. (3) Mr. H. R. Lancaster's (Palmerston North) Princess. (4) Mr. Wynn Brown's (Cambridge) Exchange. (5) Mr. H. Hassall's (Hastings) Micky Free. (6) Mr. Wynn Brown's (Cambridge) Jack. (7) A snapshot in the competition for ladies. (8) The Manawatu and West Coast A and P. Association's trophies. (9) and (10) In the lady's Hunter Jumping competition. (11) Mr. E. Short's (Ohizuta) taking the water in the hunters' competition. (12) Mr. E. Short's Scout, the champion hack, ridden by Miss Angus.



ALONG THE QUAY AT LYNNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.



HANMER—THE CENTRE OF THE SOUTH ISLAND THERMAL DISTRICT.

The Hanmer Hot Springs township lies on an elevated basalt-covered plain, bounded on the north and west by the outlying mountain spurs of the northern end of the Southern Alps, ranging in height from 3,000 ft. to 9,000 ft. Hanmer is the principal mineral water resort in the South Island. The hot springs are situated on Government property, and the Department of Tourist and Health Resorts controls the Sanatorium and bath buildings, which are comfortable and well-equipped. (1) A view in the grounds at Hanmer. (2) The Sanatorium at Hanmer.



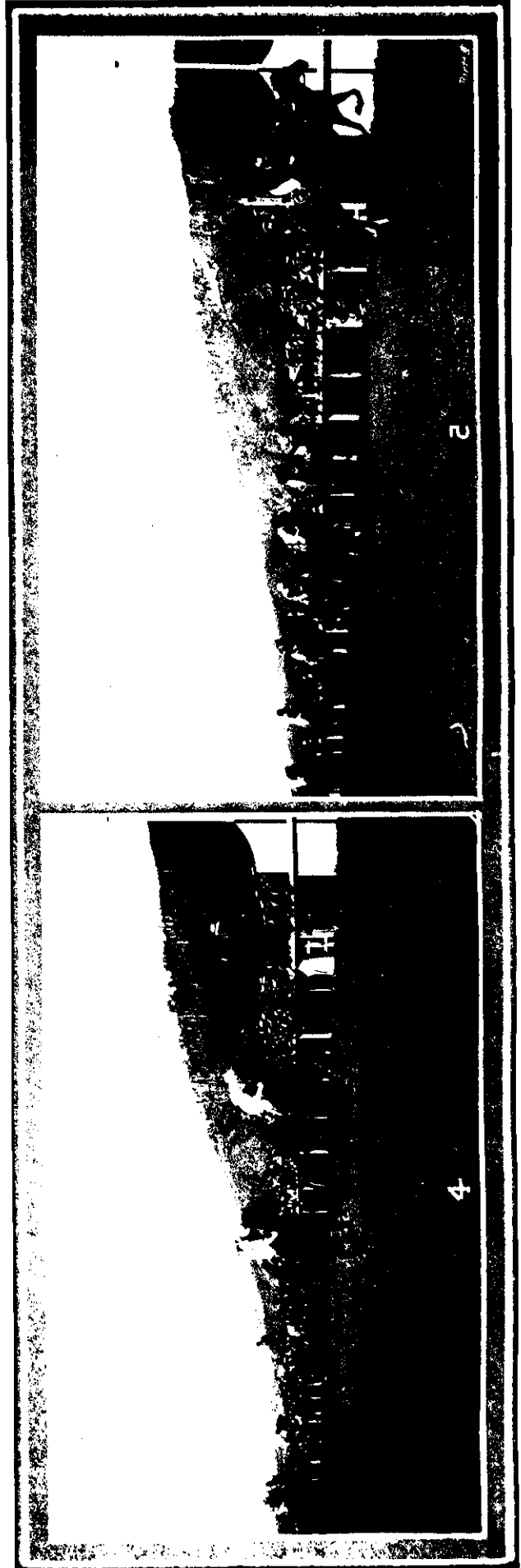
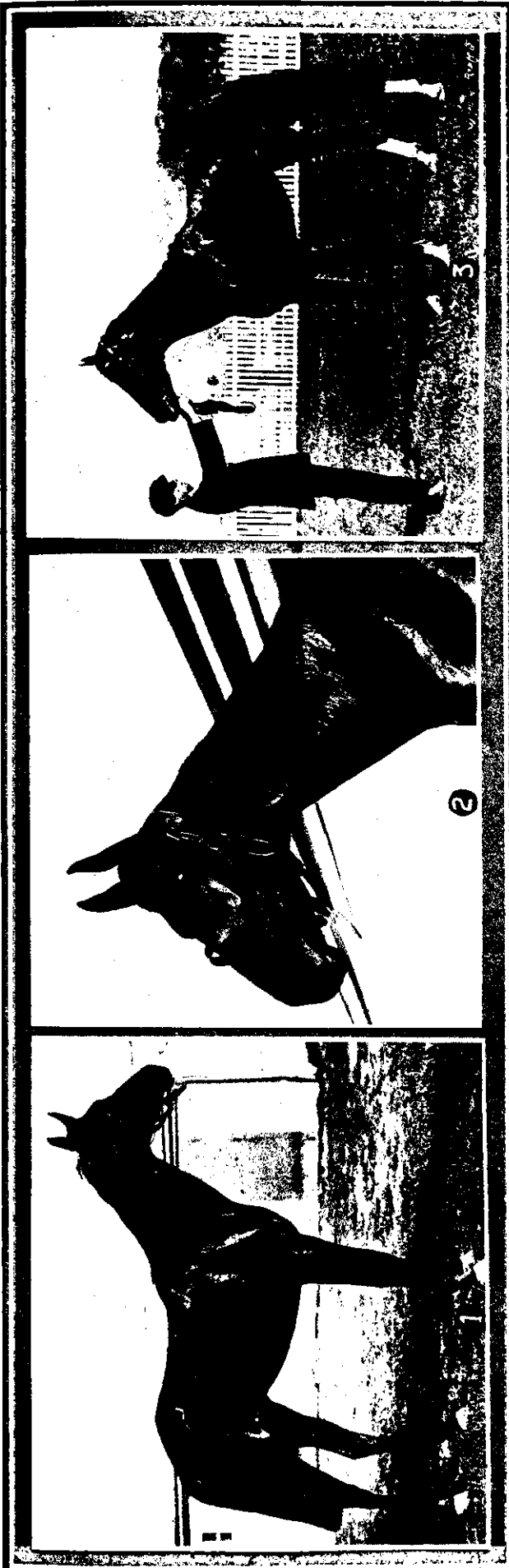
**LABOUR DAY IN AUCKLAND—A POOR RESPONSE FROM THE UNIONS.**

The feeling of unrest that is prevailing the labour ranks at the present time was reflected in the procession held last week to mark the arrival of another Labour Day. In past years the advertising element has always been fairly prominent, but there has always been a strong counterbalancing display by the unionists, who have made a point of competing keenly in the section set aside for them. This year, however, there was only one union that did not to be dispensed, and owing to the wealth of flowers blooming just now, opinion between Policemen and arbitrators, were evidently responsible for the paucity of the unions. As a result of the small number of the unions, the large crowd that collected to see the passing of the show were well rewarded, even if they regretted there were not more entries from the trade and the fair-day, the more they were able to see the procession in the Domain. (1) The procession gathering at the foot of Queen Street. (2) Passing up Wellesley Street West. (3) The crowd on Grafton Bridge, on their way to the Domain. (4) The procession in Symonds Street.



S. C. Smith, photo. **RACING AT TRENTHAM.—FINE WEATHER BRINGS THE CROWD ON THE SECOND DAY.**

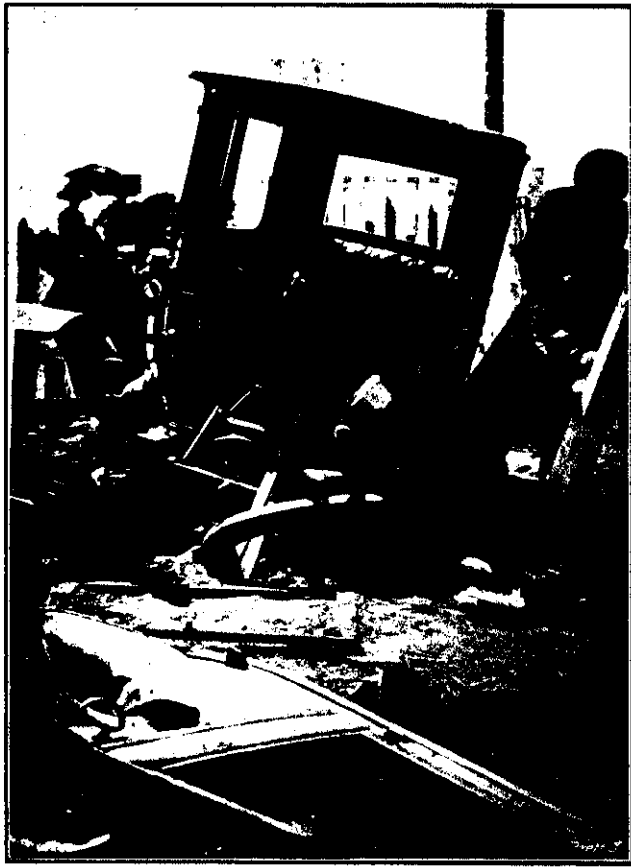
No greater contrast could well be imagined than the weather which prevailed on the first and second days of the Wellington Racing Club's meeting. One was a day of storm and gale, and the other a sunny spring day. The attendance was over 3,000, and as a result the stands were overcrowded. Among those present were the Governor and Lady Islington, the Premier, and members of the Ministry, and practically every sportsman in Wellington. (1) A view of the stand. (2) A sunbather outside Lambton Station on the morning of the races. (3) His Excellency the Governor. (4, 5, 6, 7, 8) Snapshots on the course. (9) Lady Islington and Sir George Clifford. (10) A view of the birdcage prior to the horses taking the field for the Pearce Handicap. (11) Around the dividend board.



S. C. Smith, photo.

SOME PROMINENT PERFORMERS AT THE WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S SPRING MEETING.

1 and 2 Equitas, winner of the Champion Plate. 3 Sir Knox, winner of the Pease Handicap, and also paid the largest dividend of the meeting. 4 The flash of the Champion Plate at Trentham. 5 The flash of the Pease Handicap. Sir Knox first, Meddick second and Kilsbert third.



Cray, photo. THE RESULT OF A COLLISION AT HAMILTON.  
 When a train from Cambridge was crossing the River Road, Claudlands, adjoining the Opota Estate, last week, it ran into a motor-car being driven towards Hamilton by Mr. F. L. Smith, of Beresford, who was accompanied by his son. Mr. Smith, son, was cut very severely about the head, while his son had his left foot almost torn off.

Cameron, photo.

A BUSH TRACK IN THE BEAUTIFUL PELORI'S VALLEY.



HOW THE COACH CROSSES THE RIVER AT TE TEKŌ.

The photo shows the punt which conveys coaches and people across the Rangitiki River, at Te Teko. The punt is carried to and fro across the river by the action of the river current, an ingenious arrangement of the lines at either end enabling the body of the punt to be inclined at an angle at which the rush of water propels it from bank to bank as required.



A CLEVERLY DESIGNED EXHIBIT—A. O. OTTO AND CO.'S MOTOR CAR IN THE LABOUR DAY PROCESSION.



Gilmour Bress, photo. PERI-CLAD BANKS AND RAPIDS ALONG THE TAPAPAUNI RIVER, NEAR RAGLAN.



A. Robertson, photo. A PICTURESQUE SPOT IN THE WELL-KEPT PUBLIC GARDENS AT INVERCARGILL.



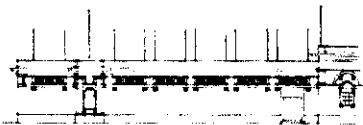
Gilmour Bress, photo. A FAVORITE HOLIDAY RESORT IN THE RAGLAN DISTRICT—THE PUNGATAKA LANDING AT TE AKAU.

# WHERE THE AUCKLAND

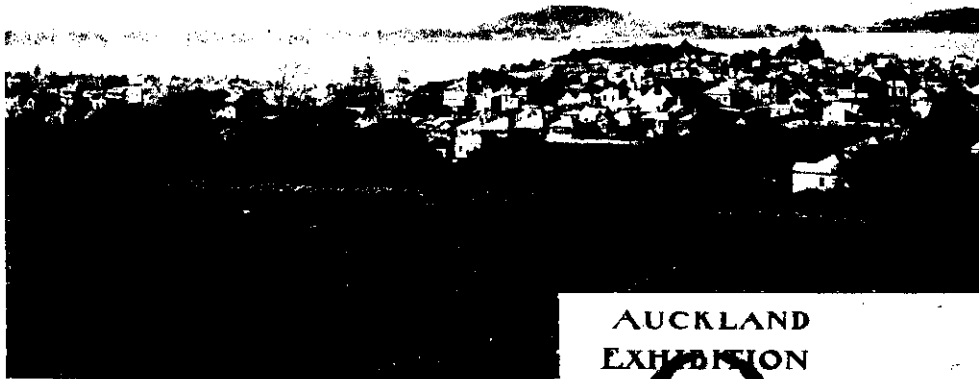


AUCKLAND  
EXHIBITION

1913-1914



AUCKLAND  
1913-14



AUCKLAND  
EXHIBITION

1913 1914



Plan by the courtesy of the honorary architects, Messrs. Bamford and Pierce.

## PICTURES FROM THE AUCKLAND DOMAIN, THE BEAUTIFUL SITE WHICH

The work of preparing for the Auckland Industrial, Agricultural, and Mining Exhibition, which is to be opened on December

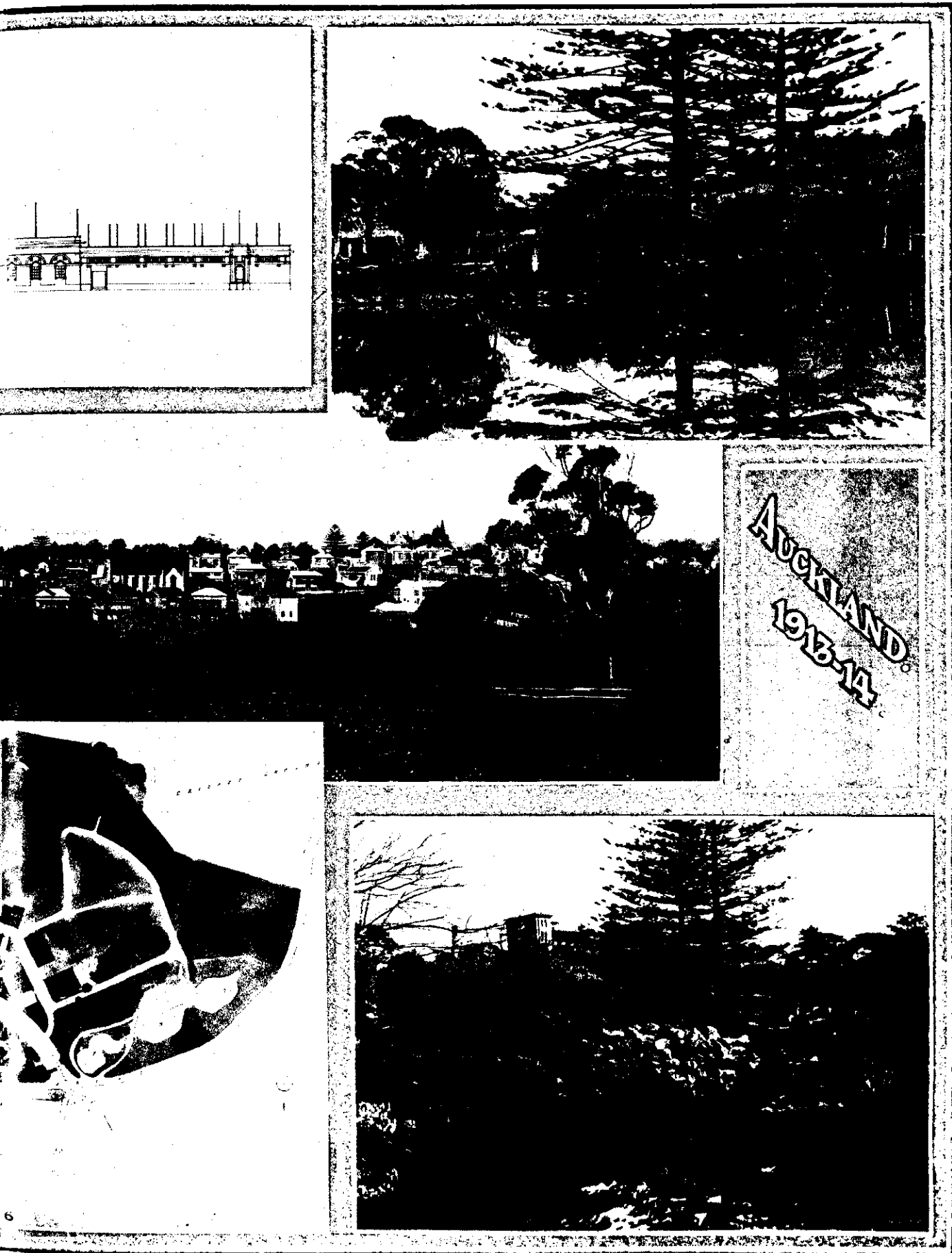
1st, 1913, is proceeding rapidly. The preliminary excavations for the main buildings are well advanced, and we are able, by

courtesy of the honorary architects, Messrs. Bamford and Pierce, to reproduce sketches showing the ground plan and the front

elevation of the main building. In the outer Domain is the extensive group



# EXHIBITION WILL BE HELD



## PLAN FOR THE AUCKLAND INDUSTRIAL, AGRICULTURAL, AND MINING EXHIBITION.

from an additional attraction and be popularly of the exhibition. (1) A corner of the buildings show a number of the gardens. (2) The front elevation of the

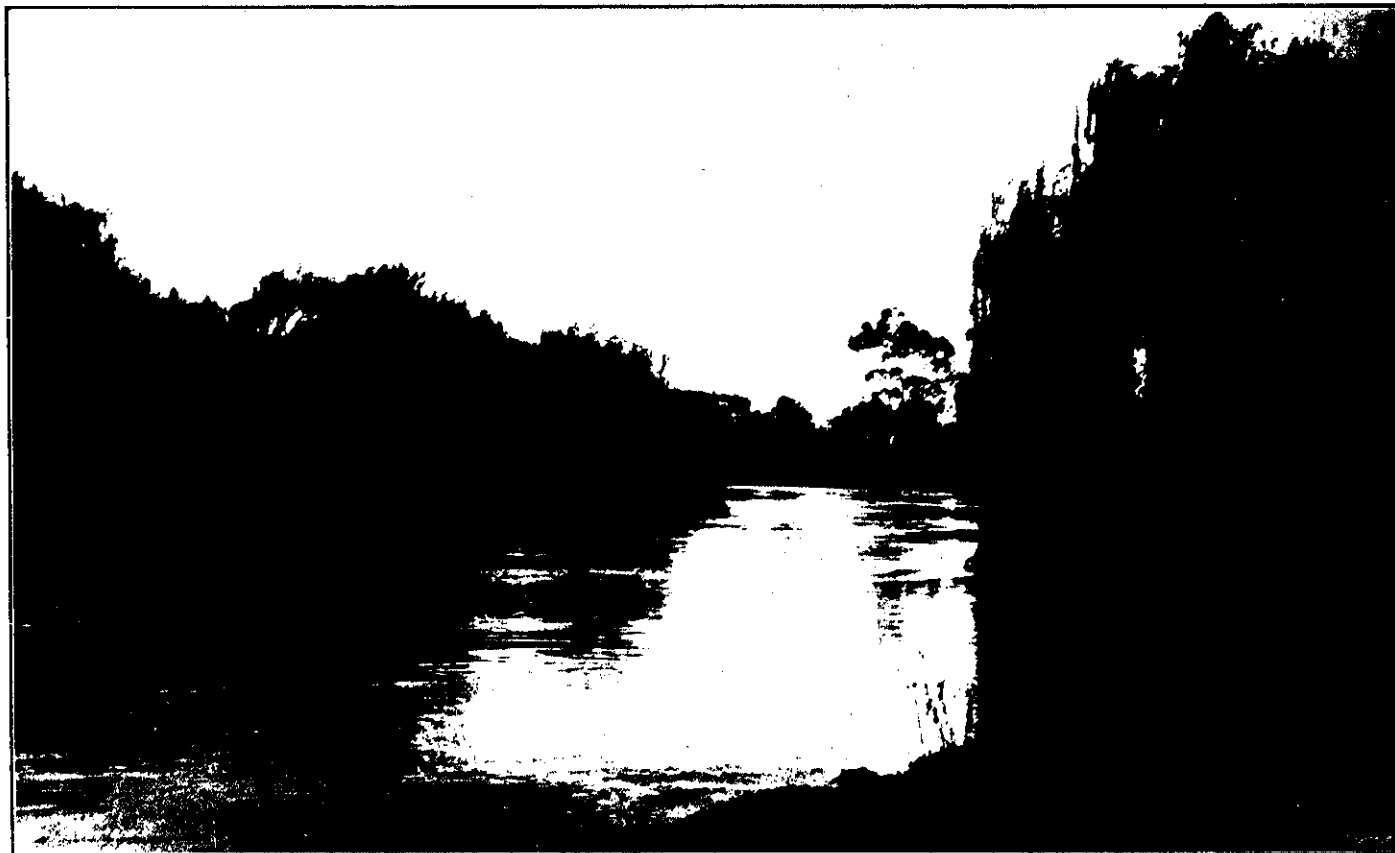
main exhibition building. (3, 5, 7) Some of the ornamental ponds which have been constructed. (4) A view from the site of the exhibition, showing part of the City, with

Decoyport and Rangitoto in the distance. (6) The ground plan of the exhibition, showing the lay-out of the buildings and the arrangement of the different sections.



W. Ferriter, photo.

TIMARU BY THE SEA—A HOLIDAY CROWD AT CAROLINE BAY



THE WILLOW FRINGED BANKS OF THE RANGITAIKI.

The Rangitiki River is the chief of the remarkable system of waterways which is found in the great swamp of the same name in the Bay of Plenty. This swamp, nearly 50,000 acres in extent, is now being drained, and a very important feature of the work is the control of the river system, and the cutting of a new outlet for the Rangitiki. A full description of this important work, fully illustrated by an excellent series of photos, will be found on page 33.



AN IMPORTANT EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION IN CHRISTCHURCH—THE NORMAL SCHOOL FOR THE TRAINING OF  
TEACHERS.

Wheeler and Son, photo.



AMID THE ASPIRING MOUNTAINS AND SHELTERED LAKES ON THE SHORES OF LAKE DIAMOND.  
IN THE SOUTH ISLAND.

Wheeler and Son, photo.



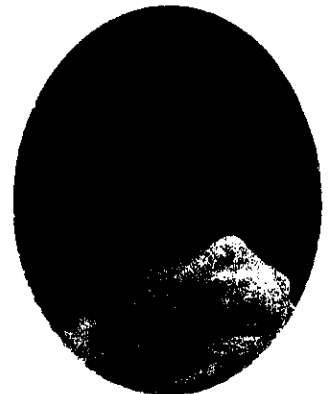
MADAME WIELANDT.

Who has been engaged to take the leading part in the opera "Cavalleria Rusticana" for the Auckland Choral Society at the Town Hall on the 12th inst.



RETIRED FROM FIRST-CLASS TENNIS.

The photo shows Mr. Anthony F. Widding, who has retired from first-class tennis and gone into business. The firm with whom he is engaged—Messrs. Henderson, Craig and Co., Ltd., does not deal in law as has been stated, but in paper, wood pulp and tallow. With Mr. Widding is Mr. C. T. Craig, managing director of the firm in question.



A NEW ZEALAND CONTRALTO.

Miss Mina Caldwell, who left Wellington four years ago to study in Europe. She is now singing in London, and intends shortly to visit New Zealand.



MISS JESSIE M. ORR.

Who has been appointed Matron of the Auckland Hospital. Miss Orr, who has been Matron of the Tainui and Somerset Hospital since 1907, leaves England on Nov. 15.



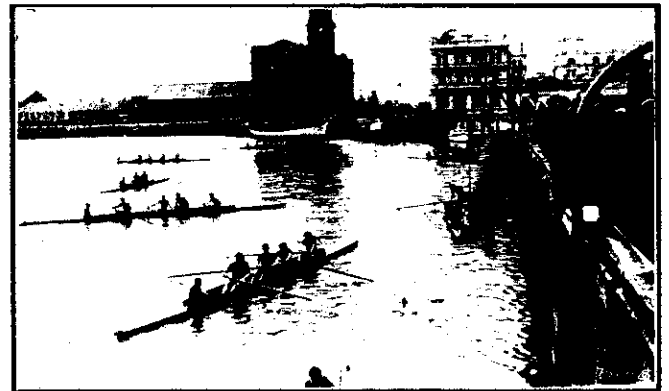
A NEW MAGISTRATE.

Mr. Edward Page, solicitor and Mayor of Eketahuna, who has been appointed a stipendiary magistrate.



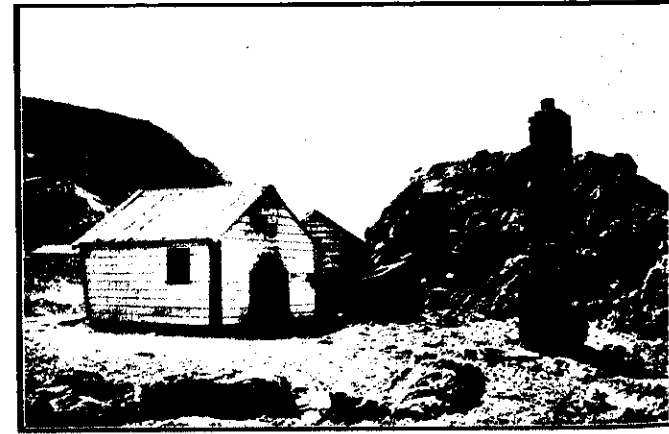
Garlick, photo.

THE AUCKLAND ROWING CLUB OPEN THE SEASON. The Auckland Rowing Club's season was opened on Saturday afternoon with Trial Fours, in which ten crews competed. The winning crew was: J. A. Gentles (stroke), Collinson, Lightfoot, and Walsh.



Golden, photo.

A NEW POST OFFICE AT OTANE, HAWKE'S BAY, OPENED BY MR. NORTHGROVE, POSTMASTER AT NAPIER.



S. C. Smith, photo.

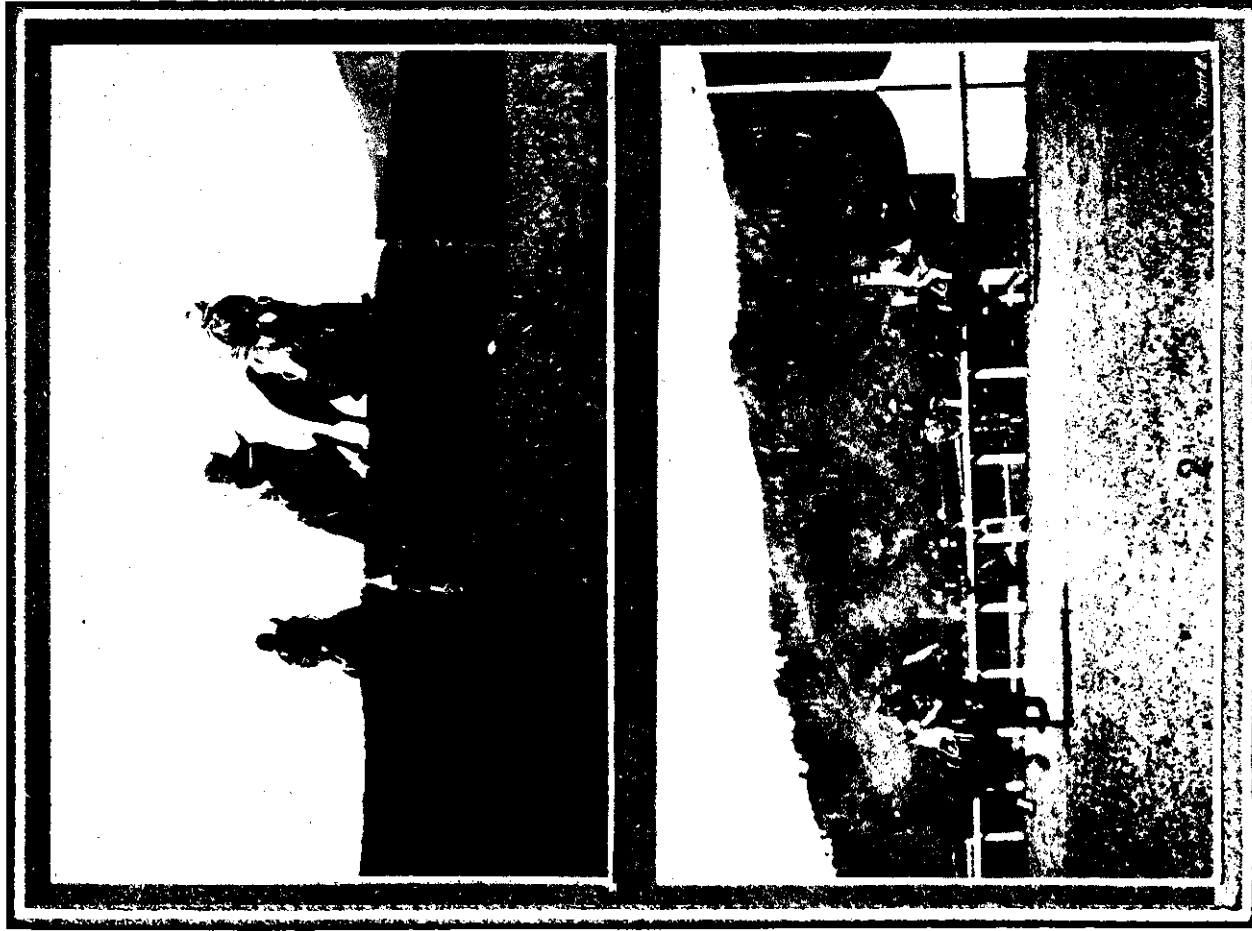
THE RESULT OF A SOUTHERLY BUSTER IN WELLINGTON. The photo shows a cottage at Island Bay which was literally blown away by the force of the gale last week. The original position of the cottage is indicated by the chimney, from which it is now separated by a distance of about 25ft.



**THE RAILWAY LINE DAMAGED BY HEAVY SEAS.**

S. C. Smith, photo.

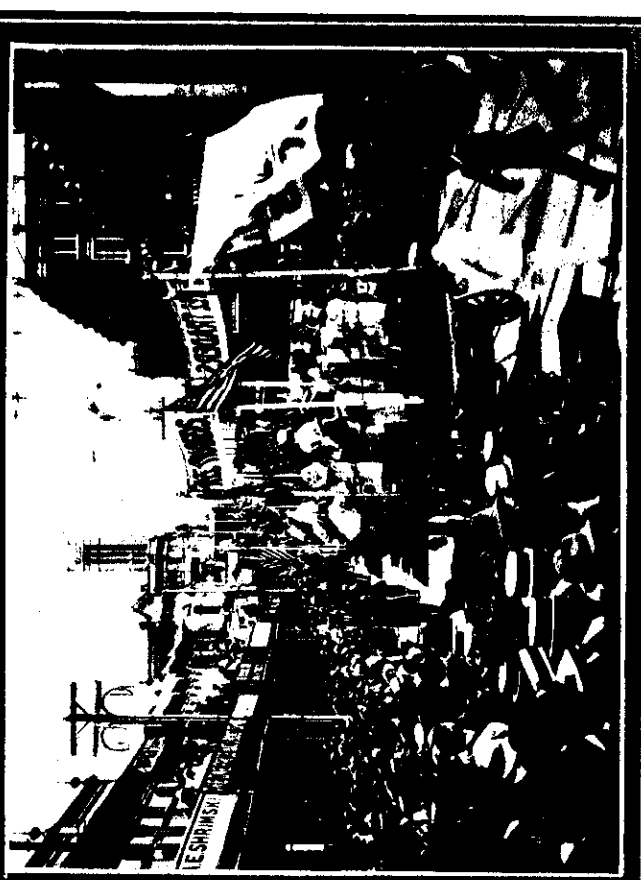
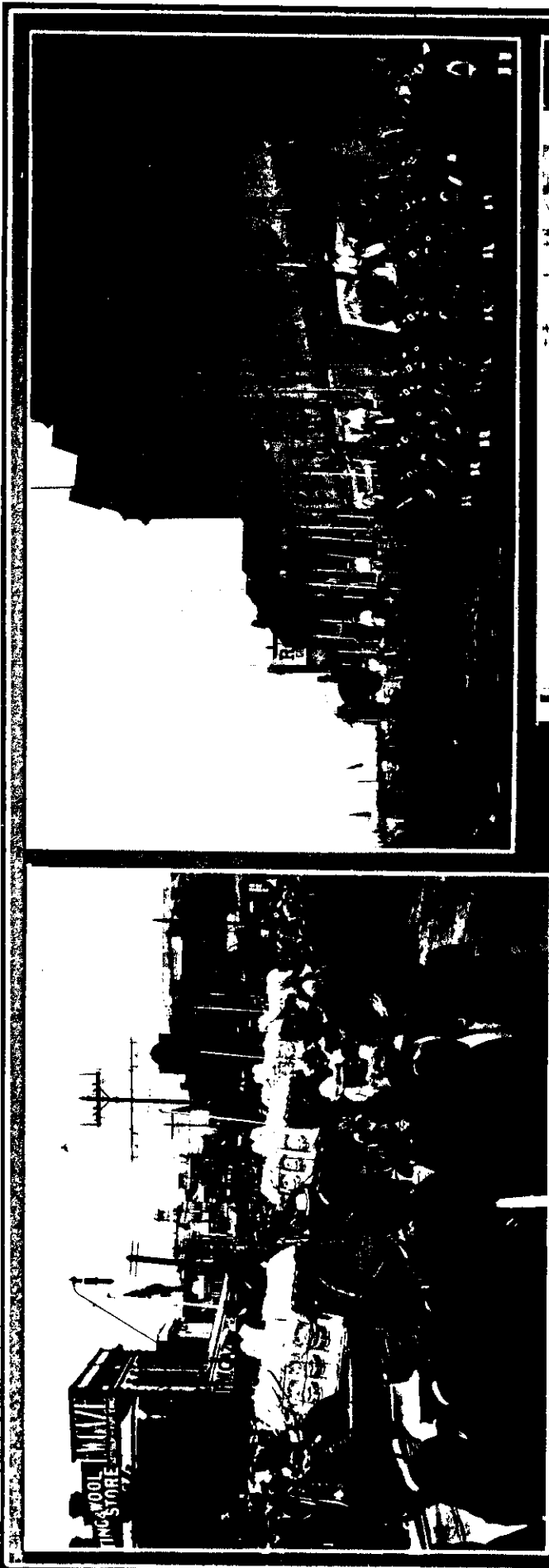
The gale which raged throughout Wellington City and province on October 26 is described as the worst for years. The seas dashed over the railway line, and at Newmarket a number of washouts occurred along the sea wall. Trains were run on the inner line only, while large gangs of men filled in the gap. (1) How the line was supported until the washout was repaired. (2) Rebuilding the sea wall and repairing the line near Newmarket.



**THE HUNTERS' STEEPCLECHASE AT TRENTHAM.**

S. C. Smith, photo.

Fifty horses went to the post for the Second Hack and Hunters' Steeplechase at the Wellington Racing Club's meeting at Trentham. (1) Zulu heading over the double, followed by Kelp. (2) The Bush—Baughlane beating Hunter, who is next, the rails.



THE LEADING TRADES EXHIBIT IN THE LABOUR DAY PROCESSION—ATTRACTIVE DISPLAY BY THE NORTHERN ROLLER MILLS.

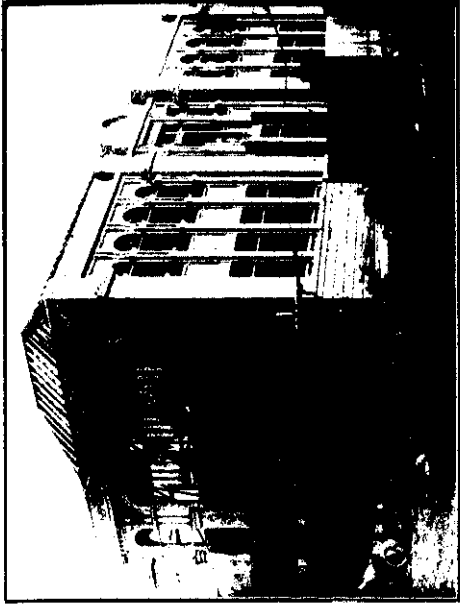
See "Our Illustrations."

A notable feature of the Auckland Demonstration was the unique trade display made by Mr. P. Virtue, as Manager of the Northern Roller Mills, the ingenious exhibit scoring first prize. No. 1 shows a number of the carts piled high with the famous "Champion" flour attracting general attention; No. 2 is a picture of the Pipe Band leading the string of carts; No. 3, the most champions of a protected industry; and No. 4 another view of the display.



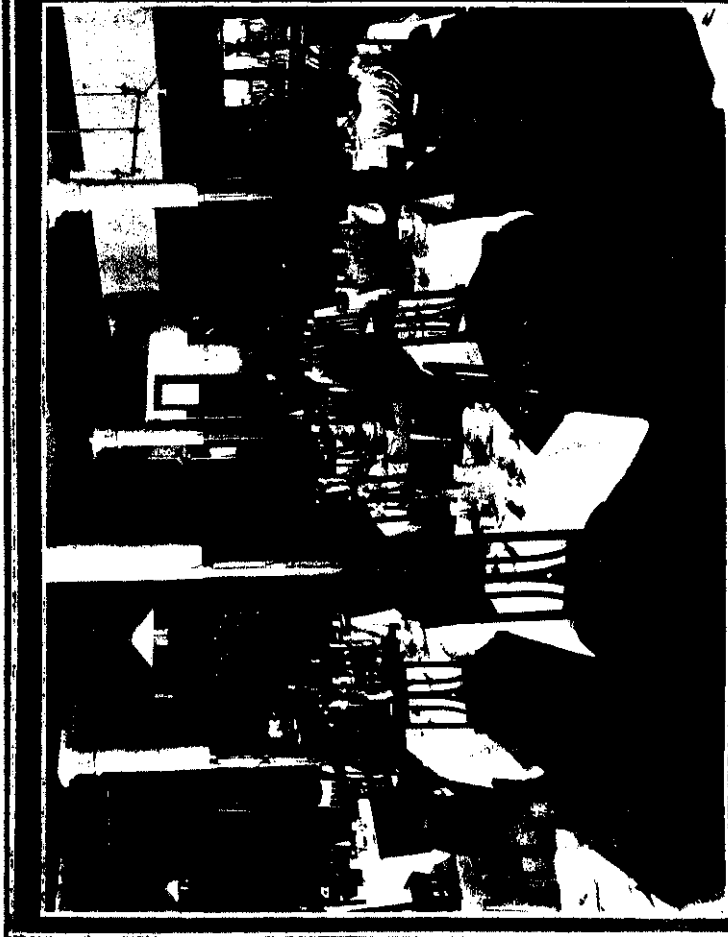
Winkelmann, photo.

A CALM MORNING ON WHANGAROA HARBOUR, NORTH AUCKLAND.



Morton, photo.

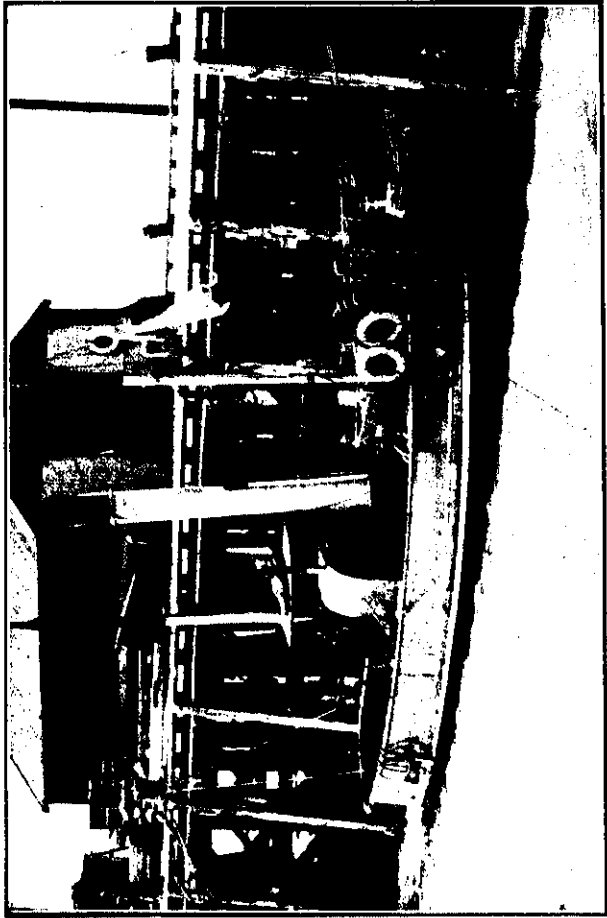
PROGRESS IN THE NORTH-NEW TOWN HALL FOR WHANGAREI.



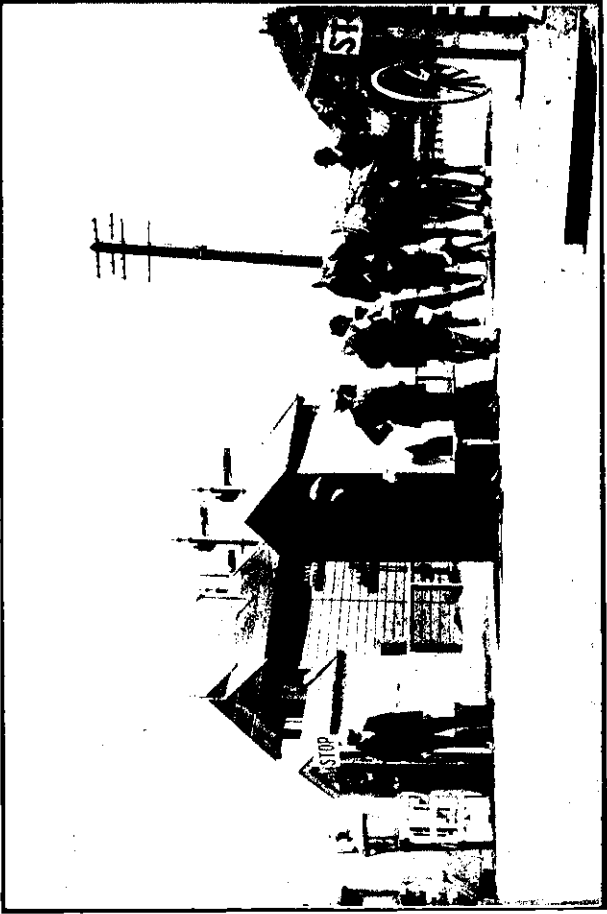
See "The Illustrations."

**WHERE TO DINE IN AUCKLAND—"THE TIFFIN," ONE OF THE LEADING RESTAURANTS IN NEW ZEALAND.**

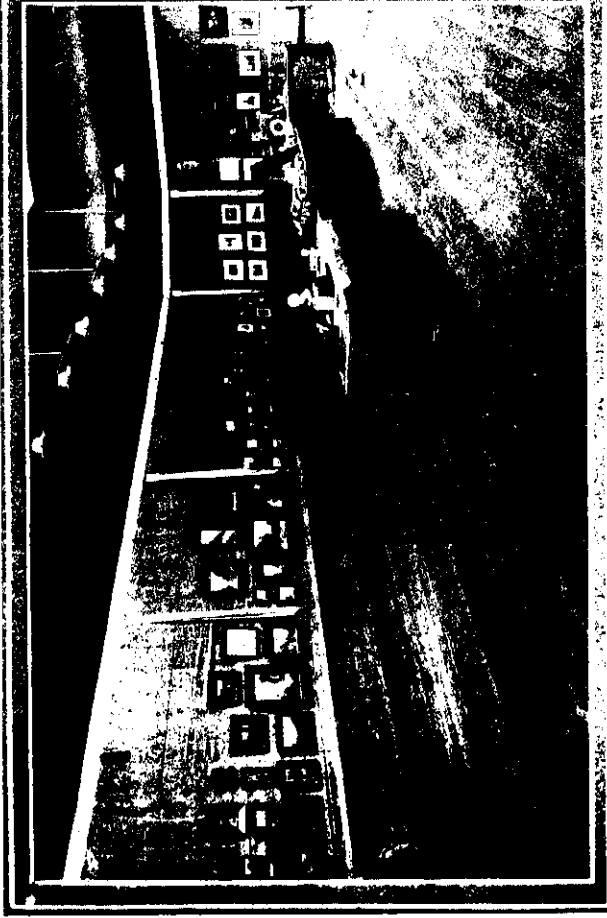
The photos show the attractively-arranged interior of "The Tiffin," at the corner of Queen and Victoria Streets, Auckland. This well-known restaurant is now undoubtedly one of the best in New Zealand, both as regards the quality of the fare, the up-to-date appointments of the rooms, and the hygienic methods employed in the preparation of the food.



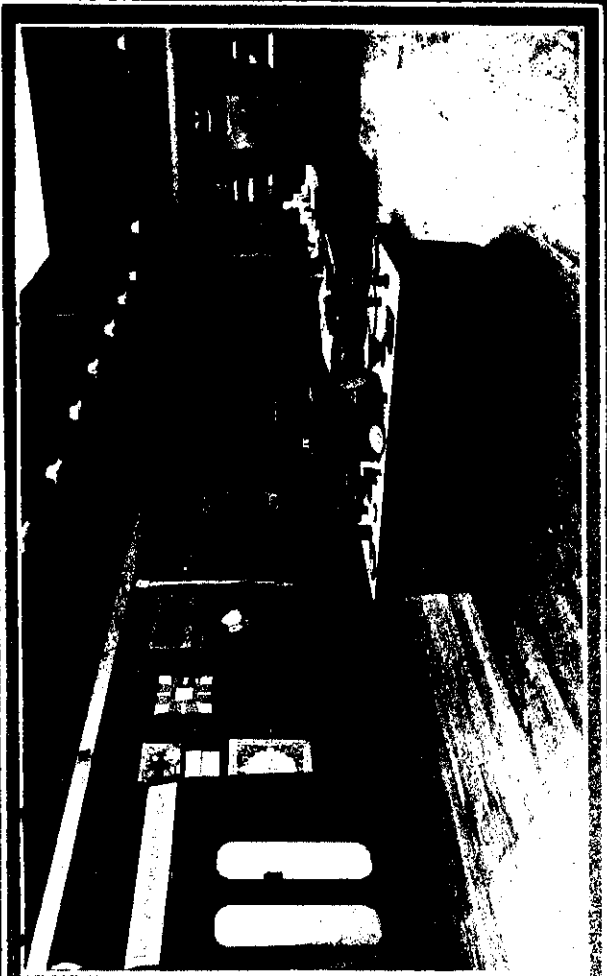
**A STEAMER "ARRESTED" IN AUCKLAND—AN UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE.**  
 The arrest of a ship is a rare event in New Zealand, but last week the small steamer Doto was placed under arrest by the Magistrate's Court. The warrant of the court was issued on a charge of illegal trading in the harbor. The vessel, which has been lodged against the owners of the vessel. The arrest of the vessel.



**TAKING THE TALLY OF THE HUTT ROAD.**  
 In order to ascertain the amount of toll contributions towards the maintenance of the Hutt Road, a tally has been taken of every vehicle and foot passenger, the name, where from, and the destination were recorded. The photo shows the occupants of every vehicle and foot passenger, the name, where from, and the destination were recorded. The photo shows the occupants of every vehicle and foot passenger, the name, where from, and the destination were recorded.

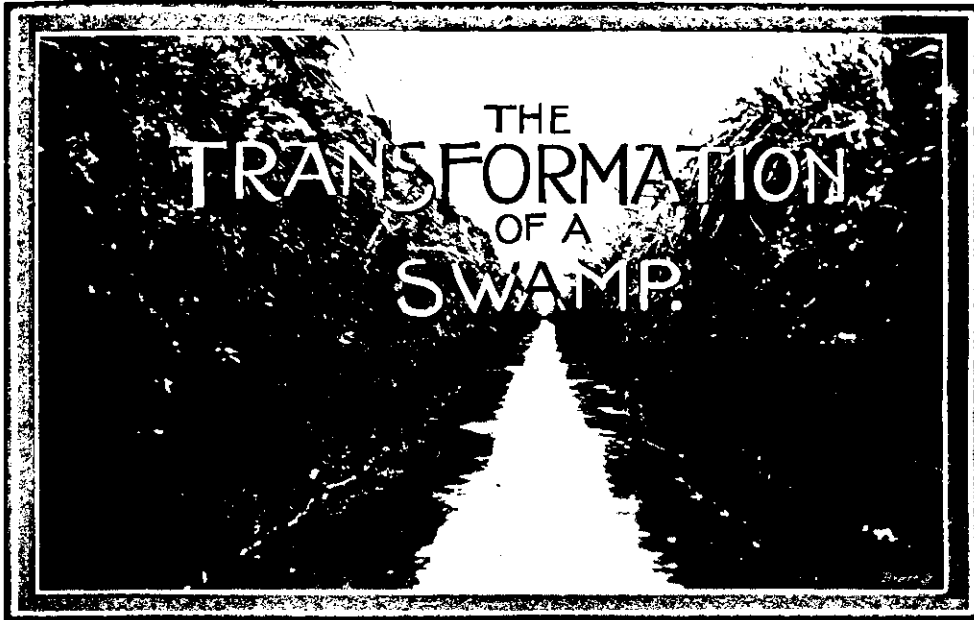


**THE AUCKLAND ARTS AND CRAFTS CLUB MAKES A PROMISING START—AN INTERESTING COLLECTION.**  
 The first annual exhibition of the Auckland Arts and Crafts Club was opened in the gallery of the Society of Arts last night. The exhibition was a very successful one, and the collection of work was very interesting. The exhibition will be open each afternoon and evening until further notice.



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**A Comprehensive Scheme to Reclaim a Water-logged Waste of 87,100 Acres  
—Operations on the Rangitaiki Swamp—Difficulties Accentuated  
by a Peculiar River System—Constructing a Canal to  
Divert the Rangitaiki River—An Experiment  
with a New Type of Dredge.**

TO make productive nearly 90,000 acres of swamp-land—a water-logged waste of wivi and raupe—which from time immemorial has only served as a home for the grey duck, the bittern, and the teal, is no light undertaking. Such a work, however, is in progress in the Bay of Plenty, on the East Coast of the North Island, where a large triangular swamp, with a sea frontage of some 15 miles, with the township of Whakatane on the east and Matata on the west, and Te Teko as the apex, is being systematically drained under the direction of the officers of the Public Works Department. The breaking-in of such an extent of country would be no inconsiderable work where there were no natural difficulties, but when the peculiar river system of the area is taken into account the work becomes doubly difficult. This river system is probably unique in New Zealand. On the eastern side of the swamp, past the township of that name, flows the Whakatane River, into which some of the drains will flow. Two-thirds of the way across towards the west, the Rangitaiki River, the main waterway of the swamp, and navigable by launches up to Te Teko—a distance of ten miles in a direct line from the coast—wends its tortuous course to find its present way into the sea at Matata. From three to five miles further west, almost under the Matata hills which bound the swamp on that side, is still another river, the Farawera, which rises in the lake of that name. Now the peculiarity of the river system is that all these three rivers are—rather were, until blocked—connected by waterways. Two and a-half miles from the coast the Orini branches out of the Rangitaiki, and, running parallel with the coast, empties itself into the Whakatane, while a mile farther up the main river another big creek, the Awaiti, breaks away from the Rangitaiki, and joins the third river, the Farawera, which in turn again joins the Rangitaiki near Matata, where the larger river enters the sea. In the old days cutters have been known to come up the Rangitaiki from Matata, and go down the Orini to Whakatane, but some few years ago both these creeks were dammed where they left the main stream, with the object of providing drainage canals.

It is some sixteen years since this big stretch of land and water was first tackled by the pioneer, and it was a band of Canterbury settlers, with big hearts and small purses, who first invaded what was at that time one of the finest shooting grounds for duck in the North Island. The work, however, was past their powers, for to successfully drain such a large extent of swamp with a limited fall, a comprehensive scheme and sufficient capital to carry it out was required. These settlers did not possess much capital, and, after putting in several years of heart-breaking toil with little or no results, they threw up their sections, and, with three or four exceptions, none of the land on the swamp to-day is in the hands of the original holders. Later on a Drainage Board was formed, and succeeded, after much trouble, in borrowing

various small sums, which were totally inadequate to carry out the extensive works required. The Board was, of course, composed of settlers holding sections on the swamp, and squabbles as to the various schemes and moneys to be expended naturally arose. Such loans as the Board were able to raise had to be secured privately, and only small amounts could be so obtained. The whole position was very unsatisfactory, and no work of any magnitude was completed. This condition of affairs continued until 1910, when, mainly through the efforts of the Hon. R. McKenzie, then Minister of Public Works, assisted by Mr. Macdonald, member for the district, the

Rangitaiki Land Drainage Act was passed. The passing of this Act will be of untold benefit to the settlers. By it the Drainage Board was dissolved, and its assets and liabilities taken over by the Government, which has undertaken to advance up to £50,000 for the reclamation and draining of the swamp. Outside the financial assistance, the most important factor of the new arrangement was that the laying out of the drainage scheme was placed in the hands of the officers of the Public Works Department. Early in 1911, the preliminary surveys were started, since when the levels of the whole of the area affected—87,100 acres, to be exact—have been taken, and a comprehensive and complete scheme of drainage and roading has been initiated. All the money raised under the Act for drainage and reclamation will subsequently be repaid by the settlers by means of a special rate, varying according to the benefits which the various sections will receive from the new works, for which purpose a classification of the land was made last May.

The Lands Drainage Branch of the Public Works Department, in the persons of Mr. J. B. Thomson, engineer in charge of the scheme, and his enthusiastic assistant (Mr. O. N. Campbell), is handling the extensive works in a very business-like and energetic manner.

**THE NEW OUTLET.**

The most important work in the operations—in fact, it is the keynote of the main scheme—is the opening of a new outlet for the Rangitaiki River, which, after coming down through the swamp to within a mile and a half of the coast, turns sharply to the west and runs parallel to the sea for between seven or eight miles before emptying itself into the ocean at Matata. The new outlet means digging a canal with the necessary banks for a distance of 1 mile 30 chains. The banks will be formed of the matter excavated, and are required to prevent the waters of the river spreading over the adjoining lands, which are lower in the immediate neighbourhood of the new cut than higher up the swamp. The difference in level between the Rangitaiki River where the cut commences, and high water on the coast where the cut will finish, is eight feet, so that it is obvious that a very considerable difference in the levels of the drains will be effected when the new outlet is completed. In 1911 a contract was let to Messrs Rich and Jeffreys at £11,123 for this work, which the contractors propose to carry out by using a suction dredge. This is the first time that this type of dredge has been used in drainage operations in New Zealand, and it will be interesting to see how it does the work. The new cut will



A VIEW SHOWING THE BEND IN THE RANGITAIKI RIVER, FROM WHICH THE NEW OUTLET IS TO BE CUT, AND A TEMPORARY WOODWORK DAM IN THE FOREGROUND.

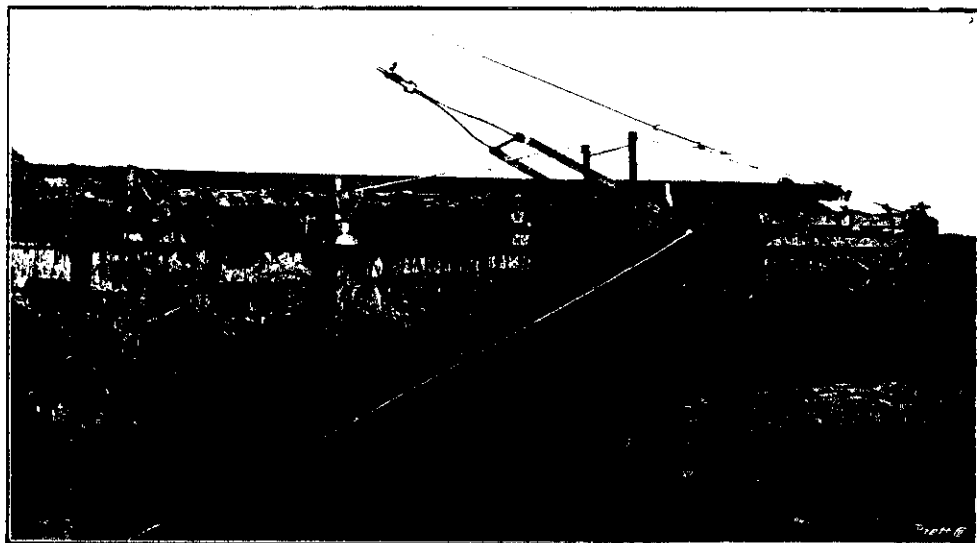


VIEW OF THE SUCTION DREDGE TO BE USED IN CUTTING THE NEW

The banks which are to be formed on each side

mean the handling of 320,000 cubic yards of material, which will be carried out by the delivery pipes of the dredge on to the banks, nine chains apart. The dredging plant consists of two 16in centrifugal pumps with a capacity of 700 cubic yards of solids per hour. The pumps are driven by a 400-h.p. engine and a 375 h.p. boiler. Last month the dredge was given a trial run, but the boiler, which is of the locomotive type, did not prove of sufficient power, and an additional boiler, it is understood, is to be at once obtained. The delivery pipes, which are carried to the spoil banks on a number of small pontoons, are joined together with heavy green hide casings, in order to allow of the necessary play. A large dam with special sluice gates has been erected at the entrance to the new cut to admit the necessary water to float the dredge and the pontoons carrying the delivery pipes. This has proved an expensive but necessary part of the work taking. Before reaching the coast, the canal will pass through 25 chains of sandhills, portions of which will require to be sheathed to prevent the sand drifting in.

Through various circumstances the work on this contract has been delayed, but as it is the most important part of the whole scheme, the settlers are anxiously looking forward to its completion. To successfully divert a large river is no child's play, and in the case of Rangitiki fears have been expressed that, in common with other rivers emptying into the Bay of Plenty, it may silt up at the mouth. This is, of course, possible, but with such a large body of water, and the scour which such will of necessity set up, there is a general feeling that there is not a great deal to be feared from this result. At the present time the river has a fall of



ELEVATOR OF THE HAMMOND DREDGE,

Which delivers the excavated material many feet clear of the edge of the cut.

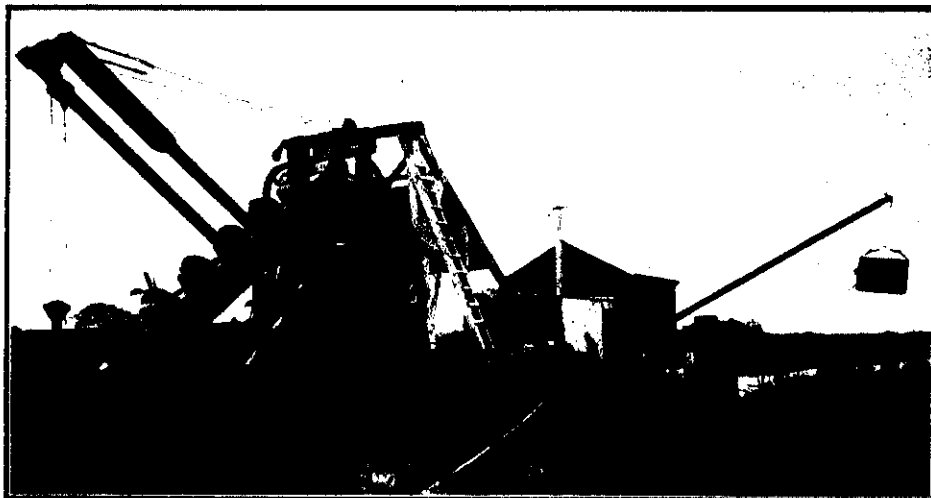
one foot to the mile, but the new cut, with the old bed to serve as an overflow channel in flood time, should considerably increase this, for the water will find its way to the sea when the new channel is completed in 1½ miles, as against 7-8 miles in its present channel.

#### WORK ON THE TARAWERA.

On the Lower Tarawera River, which joins the Rangitiki close to Matata on the western boundary of the swamp, some excellent work is being done by what is known as the Hammond pony

dredge. This is a dredge of the bucket-ladder type—an American importation which originally cost about £1,500. It is carried on a floating pontoon measuring 56ft by 26ft and has a draught of about 3ft. It will excavate to a depth of 12ft, and has a capacity of 1½ cubic yards per minute, the excavated matter being delivered on the bank by an elevator. It is driven by a 30-h.p. Standard engine, and does its laborious work on a consumption of four tins of benzene a day. In an average eight hours' day it has delved out a channel 2 chains long by 28ft wide to a depth of 4ft 6in. At present it is working in a very wet portion of the swamp, doing work which could not be done by any form of hand labour, and is doing it effectively and cheaply. The engineer in charge, Mr A. Wannop, is very enthusiastic as to the working powers of his pet machine, and rightly so, for with only two native assistants he can lift and place on the bank from 400 to 600 yards of spoil a day. It is quite a sight to stand on the top of the dredge and watch the great bucketfuls of wivi and rushes being pulled out of the floating swamp into which the dredge is biting her way and see these great masses of growth delivered at right angles on the bank by the elevator. The dredge is fitted with power winches at each side, and is probably as effective and economical a machine in reclaiming swamp land as has ever been used in the Dominion.

In some of the new cuts formed by the dredge the stream was running so



HAMMOND PONY DREDGE AT WORK NEAR THE TARAWERA RIVER.



OUTLET FOR THE RANGITAIKI RIVER, NEARLY 14 MILES IN LENGTH.

with the excavated material are nine chains apart.

strongly that it took all the power of a good launch to stem the current, which gives an idea of the possibilities as to eventually obtaining good drainage for the sections along the Tarawera where the swamp appears to be newer and lower than elsewhere.

**PRIESTMAN DREDGES.**

Two Priestman grab dredges of the latest type have been ordered from Home, and would already have been at work but for the delay caused by the strike in the Old Country. One of these will be placed on the Tarawera, while the other will be started at work on the eastern side of the swamp at Mangarua. Whether this form of excavator will do better work than the "Hammond Pony" dredge has yet, however, to be seen.

**TRAPPING PUMICE.**

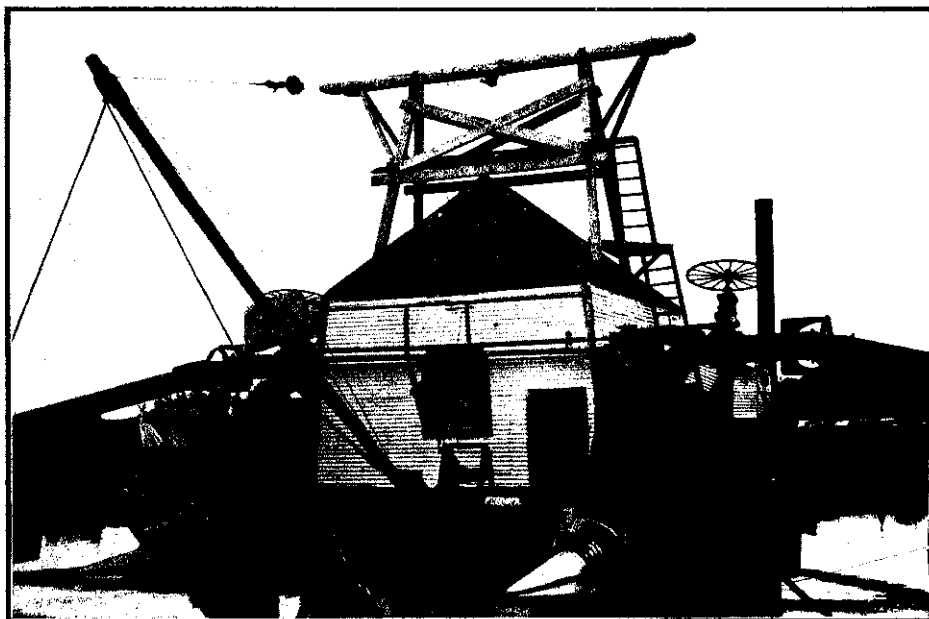
At the top end of the swamp on the western side, the Tarawera river brings down large quantities of pumice, which threatened to become a serious menace. The pumice gradually filled up the bed of the river, which caused the water to rise and overflow the surrounding sections and the Rotorua-Te Toko coach road, the main outlet for all the traffic eastward of Matata. The engineers had here a very difficult problem to face, which they finally overcame by a smart piece of work. They diverted the river into a small lake known as Rotoiti-paku, and then cut a channel from this lake into another lake, Rotorua, a little further down, with the consequence that the sand and pumice are trapped in these lakes, which thus form settling beds, and, as at a low estimate they will hold some four million cubic yards of silt, there need be no fear of their becoming filled up for many years to come. Con-

siderable scouring action has been set up in the new river bed, and a lowering of the water level by some 4ft has already been obtained.

**OTHER WORKS.**

The main drains on the eastern portion of the swamp, lying between the Rangitaiki and the Whakatane rivers,

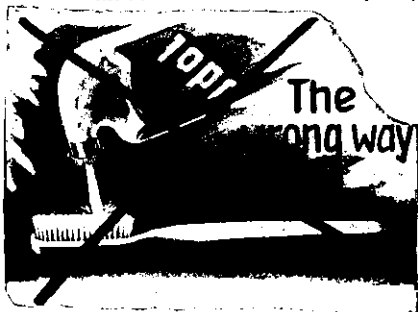
have been placed about 1 1/2 miles apart, and empty into the Orini, which, as before mentioned, was some years ago dammed from receiving the waters of the Rangitaiki. A new outfall drain, the



VIEW OF THE SUCTION DREDGE.

This dredge has two 16in. centrifugal pumps, driven by a 100-h.p. engine, giving a capacity of handling 700 cubic yards of solids per hour.

There are two ways of doing most things—the right way and the wrong way, and, obviously, there is a vast difference between the two. For instance to use Odol; the wrong way is to pour the Odol straight on to the toothbrush, and by doing so run the risk of burning the mouth with it. For Odol is a concentrated liquid of great strength, and a few drops only are needed in a tumbler of water to make that delightful antiseptic and refreshing emulsion which alone can ensure the complete purification of the whole oral cavity.



The right way to use Odol is to shake a few drops into a tumblerful of water, stir with the toothbrush, and rinse the mouth thoroughly. Then clean the teeth in the ordinary way with the toothbrush dipped in the tumbler, and conclude by gargling with the mixture.

This should be done regularly night and morning, and, when practicable, after each meal, but particularly before retiring to rest, for it is during the night when the teeth are most exposed to injury through particles of food being left to ferment in the mouth. The evening cleansing is particularly refreshing, as the air passing over the odolized tissues is cooled in the most agreeable manner.



Kopepeo, 43 miles long, running almost parallel with the Orini and emptying into the Whakatane River, is also to be cut, which will give the main drains another outlet and thus increase the fall.

To cut the water off which comes down from the hilly country on the south-eastern side of the swamp, some 1½ miles of outfall drain 20ft in width is to be cut. On this drain one of the Priestman grab dredges is to be placed at work, commencing at the upper end and cutting out the drain towards the outfall. This drain will have an average fall of 4ft to the mile and when completed a very great change in all the sections on this side of the swamp may be expected.

#### THE PROSPECTS.

When the reclamation of the Rangitiki swamp lands was commenced some 16 years ago, old residents of the district confidently predicted that it was a hopeless task. For many years it looked as if their predictions were likely to become true, but since the work has been taken over by the Public Works Department the outlook has changed materially. In the old days referred to, the would-be settlers on the swamp were somewhat contemptuously referred to as "pukekos" or swamp birds, and with a slightly veiled sarcasm kindly inquiries were made as to the development of wobbled feet. These times, however, have gone, and the holder of a swamp section is now regarded with curious eyes. The land was originally opened under the optional tenure with right of purchase at from 6/- to 10/- per acre, but during the last year or so sections have changed hands in a practically unimproved condition at £12 and £14 per acre, and even at this price the land should be a good investment. Over the greater part of the swamp very little timber is found, and, as will be seen from the illustrations of drains on Mr C. F. Reini's property, the water level has been reduced more than sufficiently for drainage pur-



ONE OF THE LINES OF DELIVERY PIPES FOR DISCHARGING DREDGED MATERIAL ON TO THE RIVER BANKS.

poses. Although contrary to what might be expected, clearing the land and thus fitting it for the plough gives comparatively little trouble, for most of it can be done by aid of the fire-stick and

cattle. In the matter of ploughing it is also a great help to be able to go straight ahead without the delays and breakages which are generally incidental to turning up timber country.

Along the main road on the southern side of the swamp where the land is considerably higher than further down, many of the settlers have already knocked a good portion of their holdings

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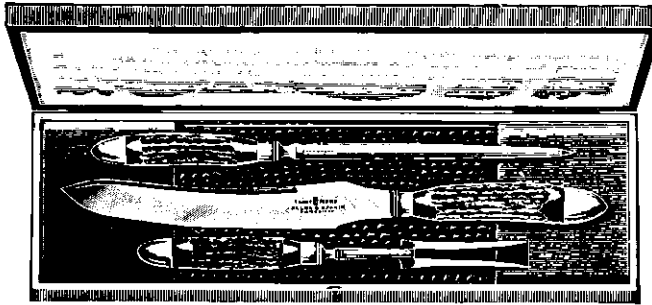
F 6537.—Case with Silver-plated Jam Spoon and Butter Knife, Pearl Handles, 16/6.

Others at 10/6, 12/6, 14/6.



H 5649. Case with Six Solid Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, £2.

Others at 35/, 37/6, 50/, and 60/.



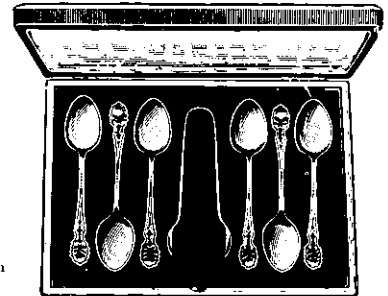
H 1721.—Handsome 3-Piece Carrying Set in Case, Finest Sheffield Steel, Staghorn Handles, Best Silver-plated Mounts, £1/15/.

Case with 5 Pieces, similar quality and pattern, £2/15/.

Other 3-Piece Sets at 16/6, 18/6, 21/-, 22/6, 25/-, 32/6.

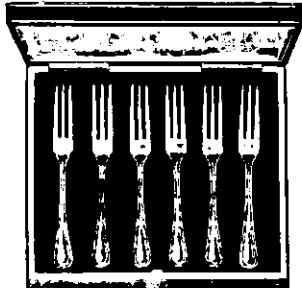


F 6637.—Case with 2 Best Silver-plated Jam Spoons, 13/6.



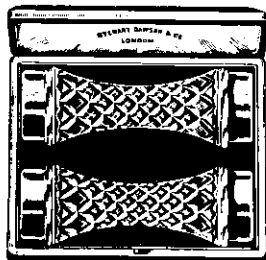
F 2728.—Case with 6 Best Silver-plated Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, 17/6.

Others at 8/6, 10/6, 14/6 upwards.

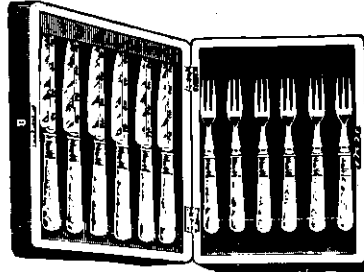


J 3076.—Case with 6 Best Silver-plated Cake Forks, 10/6.

Others 12/6, 15/6 upwards.

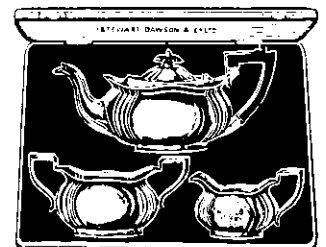


321.—Case with Pair Fine Cut Glass Knife Rests, Solid Silver Mounts, £1/1/.



J 3204.—Handsome Oak Case containing 6 pairs Best Quality Silver-plated Dessert or Fish Knives and Forks, Finest Pearl Handles, £2/15/.

Others at 27/6, 35/, 45/, 50/.



H 1708.—Case with Solid Silver Teapot, Sugar Basin and Cream Jug, Afternoon Size, £9/10/.

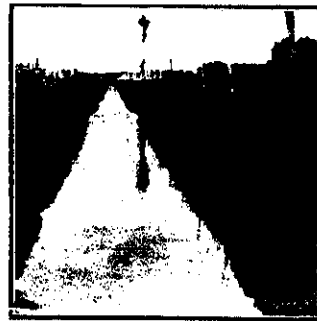
into shape and what a comparatively few years ago was a dreary rush-covered waste is now a charming picture of agricultural prosperity. With the completion of the full drainage scheme there is every probability of the whole of the swamp, with perhaps the exception of one or two lagoons, being thoroughly drained, although some of the areas at the lower end between the Orini and the coast and along the Tarawera will take some time to convert into good grass land.

Among the fortunate ones who have holdings on what in a few years' time will be one of the largest areas of drained swamp land in the North Island, are Messrs Lees, Martin, Luxton, Burtley, Feist, Spurr, Greenup, Smith, Hayward, McCrae, Sutherland, White, Barr, Sumner, Platt, McFarland, Esley, Powell, McCracken, Reid, Wilson, Bradley, Thorne, Black and Thompson, Carr and

Walker, Gow, McCutcheon, Motion, and various members of the Seecombe family.

### A Legal Strike.

Strikes are very much in the air at the present time, and even the public lawyers abroad appear to have been infected with the contagion (says the British "Law Journal"). The advocates of Milan have refused to plead until the Government has remedied the gross abuse of the congestion in the Courts by appointing more judges. The judges, it is said, openly sympathise with the advocates, and have not indicated on them any fines. It is difficult to contemplate the profession in England taking so extreme a step to back up the resolution which the Bar Council has sent to the Lord Chancellor to remove a similar grievance. Strikes, indeed, are



A DRAIN ON MR. BEID'S FARM.

Note the complete absence of timber, and the depth of fall for drainage purposes.

hardly known in England among the professional classes, although the recent action of the doctors in relation to the Insurance Act shows that new times are producing new manners, and that the weapons of the working-men are being adopted by those who exercise more skilled vocations.

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THE BUCKET DREDGE AT WORK.

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# LIFE IN THE GARDEN

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

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

## 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.

## COMING SHOWS.

- WELLINGTON ROSE AND CARNATION CLUB.** Rose Show, November 12, Town Hall, Wellington; Carnation and Sweet Pea Show, December 11, Town Hall.—H. A. Fox and J. E. S. Lord, Joint hon. secretaries.
- DUNEDON HORTICULTURAL, FLORAL AND INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION.** Spring Show, November 20 and 21; Autumn Show, March 5, 1913.—H. C. Patterson, Secretary.
- HOROWHENUA HORTICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY.** Spring Show, Old Town Hall, November 20; Autumn Show, March 12 and 13, 1913.—Mr. Frank Sonn, hon. secretary.
- HUTT VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.**—Rose Show, 20th November; Sweet Pea and Carnation Show, 18th December; Autumn Show, April, 1913.—T. E. Barker, Wellington, secretary.
- HAMILTON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.** Summer Show, November 21; Autumn Show, April, 1913.—Wm. H. Paul, secretary and treasurer.
- NORTH OTAGO HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.**—Summer Show, December 5.—W. Macdonald, secretary, Oamaru.
- AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.** Grand Summer Exhibition, Town Hall, December 6 and 7.—W. Stuebel, managing director, Swanson Street.
- HAWERA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.**—Autumn Show, December 19, Melville G. Bell, Secretary.
- MASTERTON HORTICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY.** Rose and Sweet Pea Show, November; Autumn Show, February or March, 1913.—H. M. Doddington, Secretary, P.O. Box 23, Masterton.
- TIMARU FLORAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.** Autumn Show, Olympia Hall, March 6 and 7, 1913.

## HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

### In the Flower Garden.

Every effort should be put forth to get the bedding plants planted out. Salvias, than which there is nothing so lasting and gorgeous for the summer beds, should be liberally planted. Petunias, when good, make most attractive beds. Portulacas are very showy, and verbenas, although not so popular as in years gone by, are still a useful class of plants for bedding out, especially when a good strain is secured. Other plants such as fuchsias and pelargoniums which have been grown in pots may be put out. These will make a most effective display, and are well worthy of a place. Young plants of chrysanthemums should be set out into well manured, deeply dug soil. Plant out dahlias. Early-flowering bulbs may be lifted when ripened, but on no account should the "grass" or leaves be cut from daffodils. They should be allowed to go off naturally, and only lifted when the foliage has quite withered to the crown of the bulb. Cutting off the foliage before this ripened spoils the following season's crop of bloom. Carnations and pinks will require staking, and the flower buds should be thinned out considerably.

### In the Vegetable Garden.

Scarlet Runners and other pole or climbing beans, and also dwarf French and butter beans, should be sown. Those already above ground should be moulded up and staked where necessary. See that these plants have sufficient room to grow and thin out to four or

A thin layer will answer in order to keep the fruit clean. Sow sugar corn and sunflower. Seeds of carrot, parsnip, beet, turnips and saladings can be sown.

### Chrysanthemums.

These fine Autumn flowers are the glory of the garden in their season, and

flowered sorts are very useful for cutting, and lend themselves much better to some forms of decorative work than the double bloom. Single varieties are now largely used for decorative work in England, florists showing a decided preference for this section.



NEW SINGLE DAHLIA, MARTON.

A beautiful single variety, the blooms of medium size, fine substance, and perfect in form; the colour pale buff, suffused with rose, with deep rose-coloured zone. A.M., R.H.S., F.C.C., N.D.S., August 27. Messrs. J. Cheal and Sons, Hereford.

six inches between the plants. Sow some more peas—Yorkshire Hero and Vetch's Perfection are two of the best, and generally succeed well in most places. Attend to moulding up, hoeing and supporting the previous sowings. Plant out tomato and cape gooseberries. Egg plants, peppers and capsicums can also be got out. A warm sheltered position should be allotted these plants. Cucumbers, melons, pumpkins, and marrow should be sown in "hills" five to six feet apart and eight to nine feet between the rows. Continue to transplant cabbage, cauliflower and brussels in showery weather. Mulch strawberry beds with hay, straw or lawn grass from the mower.

they should now be got into their flowering quarters. The chrysanthemum prefers a rich and fairly heavy soil. Special culture is necessary in order to produce the large blooms seen at the flower shows, but as the majority of growers require them for cut blooms, the cultivation for this purpose is very simple. Too numerous shoots from one plant should be thinned out, leaving six or eight of the strongest, and when the buds appear they should be thinned out considerably in order to produce fair-sized flowers. The chrysanthemum family is an exceedingly numerous one and new varieties are still being added yearly. The new section of single

### Tomato Culture.

The planting of this favourite fruit will in many gardens have been already attended to. Our object in writing at this time is to remind all who have such plants in their gardens of the disastrous results to last year's crop in many localities through blight, and we desire to impress upon our readers the necessity of taking immediate preventive measures by means of frequent sprayings with Bordeaux mixture. Spraying should commence with the 4,4,40 formula, and as the plants advance in growth gradually increase the strength of the mixture. Where there is a large number of plants to spray it will be most econo-

mical to purchase the sulphate of copper and lime in bulk, but where there are only a few plants to go over, the Bordeaux can be bought from seedsmen in jars of 1lb upwards. This paste is ready for use, only requiring water to be added. Those growing tomatoes should attend early to the proper staking of the plants in order to prevent them being knocked about by the wind. They may be trained on trellis or one or more stakes as desired. Plants can be put out for late crops all through November.

**Border Carnations.**

During the months of November and December the carnation grower is repaid for all the work and trouble of the whole year. The period is at hand when the blooms of the choice seedlings he has sown, and grown, show themselves, and new shades of colour amongst the selfs and new combinations among the fancies are noted and glistened over by the true lover of the British carnation.

The stick supports placed to each plant should be gone over constantly to see that they have not been loosened by the rough weather, and the fastenings, if in the shape of "time savers," which are split rings, pushed up the stems where required. Disbudding must be also attended to as each head of bloom develops far more buds than it can carry to perfection, and only one, two or three buds should be allowed to each flowering stem, according to the strength of the plant.

**Pruning Lilacs.**

As soon as the lilacs, weigelas, and flowering cherries have finished blooming, prune them back to allow room for growths for next summer.

**Rust on Carnations.**

To keep carnations free from rust, spray with crude eucalyptus oil, using one part of oil to fifty of water. Prominent Goulburn growers state that nothing they have ever tried has the same effect as the Australian oil.

**FOXTON HORTICULTURAL AND FLORAL ASSOCIATION.**

The schedules for this society's forthcoming shows have been issued. A spring exhibition is to be held in November. This is really a summer show for roses, sweet peas, vegetables, etc., and there are 230 classes scheduled, which should give scope enough for a very large number of competitors. The autumn function takes place early in March, and for this event over 200 classes are provided. The Foxton Association is to be congratulated on its enterprise. Copies of schedule may be obtained on application to the secretary, Mr. H. C. Patterson, Foxton.

**"ROSE OF THE CENTURY."**

**BEAUTIFUL NEW WHITE BLOOM AT THE NATIONAL SHOW.**

"The greatest white rose that has ever been raised" made an unblushing appearance at the autumn show of the National Rose Society at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on September 16th. The description we have quoted is that of one of the judges, and his enthusiasm was matched by the verdict of one of his colleagues, who declared the exhibition to be "the rose of the century."

The name of this new bloom is the "British Queen," and there was not an expert at the show who did not admit that it surpassed the "Frau Karl Druschki." The bloom is of enormous size; it has (unlike the "Frau Karl Druschki") a most fragrant tea perfume, and the petals are large and massive.

Mr. Samuel McGrody, of Portadown, Ireland, for whom the "British Queen" gained a gold medal, stated that it had taken him ten years to raise the rose. "The freedom with which it blooms is remarkable," he said. "I believe it will be found to be the most perpetual blooming variety yet raised as hybrid teas. It is not only an exhibition rose, but a rose for amateurs. It will grow in any climate, and is not fickle to the weather."

A gold medal was also awarded to "Mrs. C. E. Pearson," a copper pink rose of lovely shade, also to Messrs G. Beckwith and Son, of Hoddleston, for "Sunburst," a rose raised by M. Perrot-Ducher, the famous French cultivator.

**HOW TO TRIM HEDGES.**

This may seem, even to the inexperienced person, a very simple operation. However, it is not an easy matter to trim a hedge in a proper way unless the workman has had some practical experience. A well-kept hedge which encloses or divides a garden is sure to improve the general appearance of the latter, and a badly-kept one to detract from its good appearance. A well-balanced hedge should be rather wider at the bottom than at the top. Example: If it be 18 inches wide at the base, it should be 12 inches wide at the top; a gradual cutting away of 3 inches on each side. Unless required for some particular purpose, the hedge must be of unusual height. A good average height is 4 feet 6 inches for boundary hedges and 3 feet 6 inches for divisional ones. The branches on both sides must almost touch the ground. There is a tendency on the part of some persons to "under-cut" the hedge, that is, to cut away some of the lowest branches nearer to the main stems than those about 1 foot higher up.

result of this mistaken kindness being a rank growth, which is very pleasing to the eye, and not infrequently draws forth words of commendation from visitors. But too often the grower finds little satisfaction in the crop of fruit, these plants reward him with, and in the majority of cases he decides that outdoor tomato culture is only suitable for those having very sheltered gardens, exceptionally good soil, and plenty of time and money to cater for the wants of the plants.

Having grown many score varieties in the open air during the past 20 years, on various soils, and not always under the best of conditions (but never once failing to get a profitable return for my labour), I give a few salient points in tomato culture, and feel sure if these are observed the amateur will get a better return for his pains.

**Make Soil Firm.**

Tomatoes like a very firm soil; therefore plants already growing in a spongy or loose compost should have the soil for two feet around them trodden as firmly as possible.

feeding with soot-water for the first fortnight thus preparing the plants for something stronger—has much to commend it, as it induces a strong, yet not too rank, growth. As a matter of fact, I have many times grown heavy crops on outdoor plants by the use of this alone. But with so many really excellent and cheap proprietary manures now offered, I certainly advise the use of a little of one or more of these.

Avoid a too drastic removal of foliage, except to cut a portion of a leaf away here and there where extra crowded. We never commence defoliation until the autumn, and even then the suicidal policy adopted by many is not followed, only half of each leaf being removed.—F. R. CASTLE, in "The Gardener."

**SHREWSBURY SHOW ON THE SECOND DAY.**

**A FEW THINGS SEEN AND HEARD.**

The International Show in London, of course, stands out as the leading horticultural



NEW COLLARETTE DAHLIA, ANTWERPIA.

Red-erimous, with yellow collar. A.M., R.H.S., F.C.C., N.D.S., August 27. Mr. J. B. Riding, Chingford.

When this is done, the regular sloping side of the hedge is broken and it has a bulging appearance. When the final height of a new hedge is being determined, the workman may use a garden line so as to be sure that the top is perfectly level. On subsequent occasions, when the hedge is trimmed, the harder wood will act as a guide as to how hard back the youngest shoots must be cut. The frequent trimming of such hedges as those of Privet tends to secure a dense, well-filled surface. Use shears, not the tool generally termed the "brushing-hook."

**TOMATOS IN THE OPEN AIR.**

Few plants cultivated by the kitchen gardener appeal more strongly to the amateur than tomatoes. The great mistake of many growers is to commence giving the plants strong doses of liquid manure before a single fruit is set, the

Do not attempt to produce a record crop by running up several leaders. This plan answers very well if it is desired to cover a bare wall in a short time, but it neither favours an early nor a profitable crop. Most growers find it to their advantage to grow but one leader to each plant; and, realising that in an ordinary summer these will perfect four to six bunches of fair-sized fruit, little cause should be found for complaint. Persistently remove all side shoots as soon as they show. It is decidedly unwise to let them remain to rob the plant a day longer than is necessary.

Trusses of flower showing a leaf at the extremity should have this removed at once. It is a great mistake to leave this larger the impression that it will mean a larger and heavier bunch, the chances being against either.

**The Question of Feeding.**

Do not fall into the too common error of giving the plants doses of strong manure, mild at least the second time of fruit is set. The old-fashioned plan of

tural event of the year, but we only have International at rare intervals. Shrewsbury comes every year, a grand show, immense crowds, and enthusiasm that is unequalled in the country.

By a means of its own, the Shrewsbury Committee has persuaded railway companies to run the cheapest of excursions from all parts of the country, and the people come in a happy, rollicking crowd, some of whom have travelled a hundred miles or more with fourpennies in the carriage, and they protest that they have enjoyed the experience. The Shrewsbury crowd seems to come from everywhere. They are mostly working folk out for the day, and if you listen you hear the broad dialects of the North and Midland shires, and rub shoulders with the cotton spinner from Lancashire, the cutter from Sheffield, the potter from Hanley, the farm labourer from Salop, and the collier from Wales, and ten to one most of them have been to Shrewsbury many times before.

They haven't all the same object in

view, and one man in the carriage in which I travelled informed me that he was going to hear the music, and if anybody wanted to find him during the day, he would not be far from the bandstand. It was true, and several times I noticed him, oblivious to everything except the music of the band of the Coldstream Guards, and it was the same with hundreds of others who sat for hours near to the bandstand sublimely happy. It struck me that this love for good music is a fine trait in the character of British human nature, and Shrewsbury Show without its music would be destitute of one of its great attractions.

It doesn't seem to matter which of the many attractions the crowd likes best, every unit of it seems to make a rule of going through the tents. In fact, the Shrewsbury crowd is one that intends to have its shillingsworth, so it does the show tents in a business-like manner; then and after thousand they press through, good-humoured, and laughing if they get stuck at a tight corner, and seeing as much as they can of the fruit and flowers as they are carried along.

I rather admired the attendants at the trade stands, who were there, of course, to do business. They smiled quite patiently as the crowd cracked jokes at their expense, and I paused in front of a big rose exhibit at a moment when the crush was not so great. The attendant was in conversation with a man, addressing him with "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," just as he would a real live lord at a Temple Show, pointing out to him the merits of this rose and that, and taking down an order in his book.

I noticed one lady from Yorkshire—you can tell where most of the people hail from if you listen to their talk—helped herself very freely to the literature on the different trade stands, and by the time she had finished she had got quite an armful. "What has to get those, Mary?" said another lady, apparently an acquaintance whom she met at the exit of the tent. "They war givin' 'em away," said the former, as she held up for inspection a dainty little order booklet with a small pencil attached by a silken cord. "I thought they'd be so nice for th' children; they'll be mighty pleased wi' 'em, and you must tak' 'em summat back wen yer go out for t' day." Such is one of the uses to which the literature distributed by nurserymen at shows is put.

I think I only saw one man who looked as if he had received a shock of disappointment. He stood before Messrs Blackmore and Langdon's splendid exhibit of tuberous begonias, and his face was blank with astonishment. He had evidently never been to a big show before, and after he had recovered himself, he turned round to his companion, and said, "Bill, I'm done; I thought I could grow begonias, but I think I'll throw my whole lot away wen I gets whosum, Bill, aren't they grand?" Away in a little, probably home-built greenhouse, not far from a Lancashire cotton mill, that man grows begonias, and is a local champion. He had come to Shrewsbury to find that someone else could grow them better, and the shock was great to him. "Come your ways on," said the man addressed as Bill, as he tugged at the arm of his companion. "You won't be so cocky about yer begonia growin' after this, th' balloon all be goin' up in a minit, and I don't want ter miss it."

"Call them dahlias!" said another honey-landed son of Sheffield or somewhere in that locality. "Whatever are things comin' to?" The man was looking at a big display of the modern Collette dahlias, but, instead of admiring, a look of the most intense disgust spread over his face. He was evidently a delilla grower, and perhaps an exhibitor of the old school, and to see what his favourite flower had been brought to troubled him. He moved on, and the next time I saw him he was standing before a stand of show dahlias, as happy as a sand-boy, looking after all, as if the world was not lost, and it was a real study to watch him critically examining first one flower and then another, before he drew from his waistcoat pocket a bit of pencil about half an inch long, with which he proceeded to write down a few names on the margin of the programme of events that he carried in his hand.

It is to the credit of the Shrewsbury Committee that, while its show has grown to such gigantic proportions, it still encourages the cottagers, and one tent was devoted to their exhibits, but I think the society might do something more to educate its cottagers in methods of exhibit-

ing. When inside the marquee I might have been hundreds of miles away from the famous Shrewsbury Show in some little village that was holding its first exhibition. Not but what the produce was good, but there were all the things that are so painfully and regretfully characteristic of cottagers' shows, such as asters exhibited in paper collars, Phlox Drummondii adorned in the same absurd way, twelve pansies occupying positions of stately solitude on a board big enough for a dozen Japanese chrysanthemums, and big, ungainly bundles of garden flowers which the card underneath described as "mossyags."

The closing of the tents is an exciting time on the second day at Shrewsbury. The balloons have gone up, the bands have finished, the acrobats are packing up their traps, the horse-jumping is over, and there is nothing left but fireworks. The trips are due out, at least some of them, and a few old thousands of people suddenly remember that they must take something back with them. So they crowd to the tents again just when the police are trying to clear them, and the exhibitors have not the least difficulty in getting rid of flowers, or, in fact, anything else for which they have no further

of soil, mix them together, and pour on a winglassful of some mineral acid. Should there be a marked effervescence, it may be taken for granted that an abundance of lime is present. If there is none, or only very slight effervescence, lime will have to be applied at the rate of 5cwt per rood before good results can be expected or obtained.

#### Nitrogenous Manures.

To almost all classes of plants, excepting the pea family (Leguminosae) nitrogenous manures are essential. Superphosphate applied to the crop at the rate of 1cwt per rood will be found the best for achieving good results with peas and beans. Concentrated nitrogenous fertilisers also include rape dust, dried blood, and sulphate of ammonia. Change should be the order of the day in the matter of application, as plants, like human beings, are very impatient of an over-abundance of any particular plant food.

Kaimt is another fertiliser that should be in more general use where the best results are expected and hoped for. Onions are wonderfully improved by its help. In a plot that came under the observation of the writer, where kaimt at the rate of 1cwt per rood had been

#### A BEAUTIFUL FLOWERING SHRUB.

#### CARPENTERIA CALIFORNICA.

A native of the Sierra Nevada, California, this evergreen shrub, though hardly in most parts of the country, will be found to thrive and flower more satisfactorily when planted against a sunny south or west wall or some other similar position. The flowers are produced, three or four together, in clusters at the ends of the shoots; they are white and fragrant; about two inches or rather more across, with an attractive cluster of yellow stamens in the centre. The leaves are 3 inches to 4 inches long, broadly lanceolate, glossy green above, much lighter beneath. *Carpenteria californica* belongs to the Natural order Saxifragaceae, and has been in cultivation rather more than thirty years. Fairly free in growth in light, sandy loam, with, for preference, a little peat and leaf-mould added, the subject of this note forms a pleasing evergreen bush of good size. A.O.



A FINE SHOW OF CLANTHUS PUNICEUS, THE NEW ZEALAND WHITE GLORY PEA.

W. J. Hatcher, photo.

Grown by Mr. Elliott, of Te Araroa.

#### THE TUBEROUS BEGONIA.

The tuberous begonia has by no means come to its own in the small garden. In larger gardens it has since its advent been a keen competitor with the old geranium. The geranium ranked high in the favour of all classes, but the small garden owner, with no facilities for its winter keeping, could have it in his window only except by an annual purchase of plants. With the tuberous begonia the case is different, and its use might have been expected to spread rapidly in small gardens. As a superior and refined bedding plant it surely deserves a high place, but in the estimate of its capabilities it has been exceedingly unfortunate. It began with being regarded as a greenhouse subject only, and that idea seems to cling to it still among small garden owners. And yet what treatment does it need? The tubers are taken up in autumn, dried, paped up, and hidden away from frost, either in the dwelling-house or any place more convenient.

For the starting in spring no special coddling is needed. A cold frame or a box and a piece of glass supplies all that is wanted, and the care and labour is less than is needed to raise any luxuriantly from seed; it is more easily handled in every way.

Then in the garden it lends itself to all sorts of arrangement, beds, borders, clumps, edgings, everywhere at home, brilliant and refined, and with all it is

use. You see them later wending stationwards, dozens of them with the spoils of the show in the shape of bunches of flowers, etc., the same rollicking crowd that arrived in the morning, and the quaint old Shrewsbury streets are like a fair. They climb back into the carriages, perhaps a dozen in one the same as they came, they shout farewell to those left behind, and sit down to discuss the adventures of the day. They have been to Shrewsbury Show once more, and will come again next year if they are alive and well. This is how the great event maintains its popularity.

H. in "Gardeners' Magazine."

#### THE SCIENCE OF ARTIFICIALS.

By consulting a dictionary, I find that the definition of the word "artificial" reads as follows, "made by art," "not natural." Thus, in the case of artificial manures, the skill of the chemist is brought into play, and the elements necessary for the building up of healthy tissue combined in such a way as to be easily assimilable by the plant to which they are applied. The first matter that calls for investigation is the constitution of the soil and the deficiency or otherwise of plant food. To the injury of plants, lime is essential. In order to prove whether or not there is a sufficient quantity of lime present, take a few samples

used, the yield was decidedly in advance of the plot where it was absent.

#### For Flowers and Pot Plants.

Passing on to the flower garden, dahlias and sweet peas are grass feeders, and well repay liberal treatment with artificial manures, which should be watered in after each application. Superphosphate, sulphate of potash, and Chay's Fertiliser, applied in turn, weak and often, will achieve good results. Asters, stocks, and gladioli are also lovers of rich food, and this should be weak and often.

Artificial manures are almost indispensable in the cultivation of plants under glass, by judiciously feeding with artificial manures. Begonias, cyclamen, gloxinias, and almost every subject grown, might be included within the pale of the diseason.

To sum up in a few words the virtues that have gained for artificial manures the high position they hold, and undoubtedly deserve, in the opinions of the gardening public, I would call attention to the cleanliness with which they can be handled. The offensive smell, so distasteful in farmyard manure, is reduced to a minimum. The results are quicker and better; and the last, but perhaps the most important, point in their favour is that one must needs stir and loosen the soil, thereby ensuring aeration, so necessary for the successful cultivation of flowers, fruit, and vegetables. GEO. H. COMLEY, in "Garden Life."



no passing call that it makes; it comes early and remains till the frost gives it notice to quit, and the tubers are lifted.

The tuberous begonia has many of the characteristics we look for in a plant that best meets the conditions of the suburban garden. It likes pure air, of course, but it is quite content with and flourishes on the substitute that such localities can supply. Soil is a secondary consideration, but it should be well worked and well enriched. The changes of our climate, rain and storm, do not trouble it much. A dropping season suits it best, partially perhaps because it is a surface rooter, and certainly it should be attended to with water during drought.

The position, like the soil, is a secondary consideration; it prefers a very partial shade, but can do without it, and very often does. It makes a fine window plant, but in that position it must have shade when necessary; it cannot stand hot sun beaming on it through the glass. I like the double varieties best for pots, but for outside the singles are better. Quite small tubers give large blooms, and make themselves larger as they go on.—H.H.

**THE MADONNA LILY.**

The most prized lily of the garden, as it is also the most chaste, is the beautiful Madonna Lily, *Lilium candidum*, which is known to all. Not merely is it the admired of gardeners and gardening folk, since the poets of all ages have sung its praises, just as the artist has loved to paint it or the sculptor to reproduce, so far as is possible, somewhat of a sculptured beauty whose uniqueness none will deny. The best of such representations, however, fall very short of the real thing. No picture of it could possibly equal the garden picture at its best—albeit that "best" is but rarely seen—the effect is best when the planting has been of the thoughtful order, and care has been taken to so arrange the clumps or groups in near proximity to some dark-leaved subject, so that all the good of which the plant is capable stands out in bold relief—mirrored and framed, as it were, by an environment well up to the standard of merit of the subject itself.

Such work might reasonably be called "planting for effect," and certainly far too much is done without any such aim or object. In the case of this lily, however, such positions as those indicated may mean something more, the drier, poorer soils playing their part in keeping at bay—to some extent, at least—a leaf disease which is not infrequently of an overwhelming character when the plant is grown in richer soils and in more open places. The Madonna Lily is so prone to fall in what one might describe a good position, and succeed in quite unorthodox places and soils of a very diverse character, that no definite rule can be laid down respecting it.

Years ago the plant seemed quite indifferent to heavy soils or light or partial shade or full exposure, if occasionally, apparently by great height or vigour, displaying a preference to soils of a rather holding nature. It was not always so, however, and a long tenure of the soil or the reverse had almost invariably played a part. To-day, however, the best-informed cultivators are seeking after a sign, and the most that can be offered includes a position of comparative dryness and not a little warmth, in conjunction with shallow planting and unmanured soils. Doubtless the disease which almost swept this unique lily out of cultivation a score or more years ago greatly weakened the stock, a weakness from which no complete recovery has been made.—Abridged, from "The Garden."

**THE FUTURE OF SINGLE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.**

Realising that the large Japanese, incurved, and other double-flowered types of chrysanthemums may enjoy many years of fair prosperity, I would fan remind readers that in the rapidly-rising single-flowered section we have a type that will speedily attain to a dominant position in the floral world.

For conservatory decoration, for cutting for the bouvier, or for the table, the simple blossoms of the single forms are of exceeding value. The future of the chrysanthemum lies largely with them, and certainly no garden should be without a small collection of the finer forms.

One surety of the future of the single chrysanthemums is the appreciation of the gentler sex, and where the ladies can admire and find beauty, it is of little avail for the rigid floriculturist to stem

the tide of popular appreciation. The lightness, daintiness, and symmetry of these blossoms, together with their freedom and good range of colouring, will appeal to the flower-lover, and the result will be an ever-extending reign of the single chrysanthemums. Take, for example, the pictured beauty of *Mensa* as a case in point, or such a glorious variety as *Altricham Yellow*, with its appealing charm, and any uncertainty which may be in your mind concerning the future of the group should speedily vanish. There are good whites, yellows, bronzes, pinks, and crimson hues, in profusion, to say nothing of the indescribable wealth of intermediate shades, which combine to give us fine material for decorative purposes. There is a wonderful diversity in the way of petal formation, many types being met with in a representative collection, and this same diversity will make work for the selectors, when the day comes (as it surely will) for the standardisation of form in the single chrysanthemums.

The single chrysanthemum is going to have a good future as a popular market flower. The light, graceful forms, the clear colourings, and their ease of arrangement, will all tell in favour of our subjects.

P. S. HAYWARD.

**SWEET PEA, LADY MILLER.**

Among sweet peas of recent introduction, this variety must take a foremost place. It is exceedingly vigorous, flowers freely, and the blossoms are beautifully waved. It belongs to the cream pink section, the two colours being very delicately blended. Although there are now several good varieties in this colour section, all are very beautiful, and we cannot well have too many of them. When cut and bunched *Lady Miller* is particularly charming, and it is also very beautiful in the garden. If a census of sweet peas for colour were taken, we think those of cream and pink hues would be well on top. It was raised by Mr A. Malcolm, and has been shown by Messrs Dobbie in very good condition this year.

**YELLOW KARL DRUSCHKI ROSE.**

(Natalie Bottner, raised by Bottner and introduced in 1910, is a rose of great charm; it has flowers of a soft creamy yellow, and of beautiful form. It is a glorified *Mme. Hoste*, with stiff stems that carry erect, and will make it an ideal bedder. It is a result of a cross between *F. H. Druschki* and *Goldest*. This rose has been sent out during the present season by a Sydney firm, and some have been introduced into the Dominion. It is very suitable for our climate, and must become a great favourite.

**THE BENEFITS OF DEEP WORKING.**

A writer in "The Gardener" says:—"From a long experience, I have proved that deep cultivation, and moderate manuring, will add 50 per cent. to the yield of many crops. Take peas for example. On deeply worked soil the crop is larger by half, the quality is immeasurably superior, while the crop hangs in good condition for a longer period. Added to all this, there is much less chance of mildew attacking the haulm. Other crops respond to good cultivation in almost as marked a degree."

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# In the Jungle.

By E. BURROWES.

OLIVIA STANHOPE looked up at the gate clicked, and heavy footsteps came up the gravelled path.

She had been busy working all the morning: the day was rough and wet—no inducement to venture out into such inclement air. But now it was clearing, and presently it would be pleasant enough to go out and fight through the boisterous wind to the cliff edge, and there look down on a boiling sea, flinging foam-tipped waves against the rocks with a noise like thunder. She would go out after lunch, and in the meantime here was a postman at last, who deposited three letters and a couple of papers, and then tramped away again on his long country round to outlying farmhouses high up at the top of the combes.

She was horribly lonely, and the daily post was the one break in the monotony of her life. Yet she shrank from leaving the little fishing village where she and her mother had spent a good many happy years together. Now Mrs. Stanhope was lying in her last resting-place in the little wind-swept chieftainyard, which hung almost over the cliff edge, and Olivia knew what it was to be quite alone. Her only sister was in Canada, and, despite the urgent invitations which had reached her from that distant country, Olivia felt she could not make her home with a relation, however dear they might be to her. Their ways were not her ways: they had not met for some years, and Lilian was absorbed in her own concerns, of husband, busy farm life, and a trio of strapping children. Olivia would be the one too many in that household, and she had no mind to fill such an uncomfortable position.

So she had made no plans yet for her future: she was poor, and must cut her coat according to the very slender amount of cloth left to her. In the meantime she was staying on, just living from day to day.

Today's letters did not look very interesting: one was a bill, the second a note from her solicitor about certain investments left by her mother; but the third—a thin letter bearing an Indian stamp and postmark—she opened with interest and hasty fingers. This was her weekly letter from the jungle—a gleam of interest in her grey, humdrum life.

Spender was very faithful as a correspondent: he had never missed a mail since he went out three years ago to take up his new post as District Superintendent of Police in the lonely station set far in the jungle—a very different life, that, to the life led by Olivia Stanhope at home: a life of some privation and much adventure, a life full of interests and excitement; and he made Olivia see it all through the medium of his graphic pen. They had drifted into a friendly correspondence: nothing more—and to both of them—lonely souls—the weekly letter had become something of a moment, marking a red-letter day in each week as it slipped by. It was so, at any rate, to Olivia, and perhaps more so still to the lonely man in the far-off jungle.

They had met and fraternised amazingly at a country house party nearly four years ago; they had seen each other off and on during the few months remaining to Spender of his year's leave; and when at last he went back to India, he wrote out some pretext of returning a book Olivia had lent him: that was how it all began. They had written steadily ever since.

But this letter was different to all the rest. As she read it slowly, with amazed, unbelieving eyes, the warm colour rose and flamed Olivia's face, invading even her delicate ears and white throat.

Spender had just heard of her beheavement . . . of the fact that she was left singularly alone . . . yet it could not be altogether pity that had inspired him to write this!

"It has been in my mind often," he wrote, "that this friendship of ours—delightful as it has been, Olivia—could not last. I know it . . . and the time has now come for me to tell you what is in my heart. I love you—I want you to be my wife. Friendship is only an empty shell as compared with what I can offer you—what I want you to give me. Can you give it? I can make you happy—of that I feel sure. We're both horribly lonely people, Olivia—let us be all in all to each other for the rest of our

lives. I know I am asking a great deal in expecting you to come out here to me. I can't come home for another two years, and we have nothing to wait for, you and I. We are old enough to know our own minds. I can give you any reasonable comfort and a good home. Only try to care a little when I care so much. There has never been anyone else in my life and heart, Olivia—there never will be."

"There has never been anyone else in my life and heart . . ."

The letter dropped from Olivia's shaking fingers. Never been anyone else! Ah! if only she could echo those words! But she could not; even now, when she had thought that long-past episode was buried deep in its grave, its pale ghost



"This letter was different from all the rest."

rose and confronted her. She had not forgotten . . . she wondered whether she ever could forget. That had been at best only a madness . . . unutterable bliss for a few short months, then disillusion and heartbreak.

And now, what was offered to her? The substance—the precious substance—of a good man's devotion and whole-hearted love, a gift no woman could afford deliberately to set aside; and yet how could she take it unless she had its due equivalent to offer? A one-sided bargain was no use.

She liked Jim Spender very, very much, but there her feeling for him stopped short. Was mere liking, good comradeship, a sufficient basis on which to start married life? She thought not. And marriage with Spender would make such a complete change in her life: she would have to go out to India, perhaps to live a life utterly ungenial to her tastes . . . all well enough if it was with the man she loved, but with one on whom she looked simply as the best of good friends—was it possible? Was it fair to herself or to him?

The unrest which woke in her as she read, and re-read Spender's letter drove her out to battle against the wind along the rocky cliff path. The strife of the elements, the fierce buffeting of the wind, and the roar of the foaming waves, did her good, even if they did not help her much to come to any definite decision. Sometimes the idea appealed to her! She was so unutterably lonely. Spender was her best friend—they had tastes in com-

mon, and he was lonely too. A vision rose before her of the man working in the jungle, with sometimes hardly another compatriot to speak to, with no woman's care, no real home. He must have cared for her for some time; he was waiting, and watching, and hoping now for her answer . . . what was it to be?

The short spring afternoon had merged into dusk by the time she reached home again, blown about and tired out with her fight against the roaring wind. She was wet, too, with the spray which had caught her as she stood for a minute on a tongue of rock, watching the rolling mountains of water as they broke into creaming masses below her very feet.

As she entered her pretty, fire-lit sitting-room, a man rose out of a low chair to meet her.

"I ventured to wait for you, Miss Stanhope," he said in a pleasant voice, "as your maid said you were to be in soon. I wanted to see you particularly on a matter of business. I am afraid you will not like my errand, which is, briefly, to tell you that I shall have to give you a quarter's notice next week. I want this cottage for an invalid sister who has been ordered down here for her health, and who, in addition, wishes very much to reside near us. I am sorry—I need hardly tell you that—sorry to lose you and such a good tenant. But I am sure you will understand."

"Of course—I do understand," said Olivia slowly; "but—somehow I never dreamt of having to leave this place." The last words were spoken more to herself than to Giles Emerson, the squire of the village, from whom some five years previously Mrs Stanhope had rented the charming cottage which she had made her home—and Olivia's.

Olivia had had vague dreams of living on there, month after month, year after year, a quiet, monotonous existence. Now it appeared that she must find a fresh foothold in the world. Her loneliness rose up insistently as, after a little desultory conversation, the Squire took his departure, and Olivia was left alone in the pretty room, with cold rain striking the windows in long, angry lashes, and the boom of the sea coming distinctly to her ears on the hurrying wind.

A quarter's notice! She had not the least idea as to where she could go: this was her home: how was she to leave it? How begin a search for a shelter—alone? She shrank from the mere idea. Then, quite suddenly, like a comforting sense of warmth, came the thought of Spender's letter: it lay closely in her pocket . . . She had read it half a dozen times. She read it now again by the firelight: each word, in the clear, manly handwriting, stood out as in letters of fire. She read love, and warmth, and hope between every line of it: she could see and feel the man's loneliness . . . measure it, perhaps, by her own; and her pulse began to beat fast as dream-castles rose before her in the glowing fire.

After all, if the best happiness in the world had passed her by, left her heart cold and desolate, why should she deliberately refuse to comfort herself—and another—with the second best? They were both lonely people—they could keep each other company—they had the firm

foundation of a sincere friendship—and on her side real liking—to go upon. And he cared. That was what frightened her. She could not give him the love he craved, but if he would be content with the next best thing—

She was completely at a loose end now . . . no one wanted her except Spender. A maid came in with a lamp, drew the warm curtains, set out Olivia's solitary tea, and withdrew quietly to her own domain, and presently, when she had drunk a cup of tea and eaten some toast, Olivia got up and went to her writing-table, where she sat for a long time, pen in hand, paper before her. On a sudden impulse she plunged her pen into the ink and wrote for some minutes. . . .

At all costs the truth must be told. She could give friendship, not understanding, good comradeship—but not love. If he would be content with what she had to give, she would come out to him. Only let him send her word, and think well before he did so. . . . The letter was dropped presently into the village post-box by the little maid, and Olivia felt as if she had bared all her boats behind her. . . . Yet before her there stretched weeks of suspense and waiting . . . for that answer which was to decide all her future life.

It came eighteen days later by means of a cable. Only two words met Olivia's eyes as she tore the message open—but they were enough to send the blood to her face in a wave of crimson.

"Come out."

The die was cast: her hand was put to the plough, and there was no looking back. And over her starved heart there poured a wave of delicious warmth. Who could tell what magic happiness the shrouded future might hold for her and Spender?

"I'll be touch and go, Spender."

Spender looked across the narrow bed at the doctor, and nodded. The sick man, lying there with fever-flushed face and babbling lips, was slipping perilously near the great oblivion from which there is no coming back. So had he lain for many days, delirious and unconscious. Spender had found him practically dying, at a Dak bungalow further up country through the jungle, when he was coming back from one of his inspections. The man had been deserted by his servants, and, only for the timely arrival of the Police Superintendent and his servants, must have succumbed in a very few hours to the fever from which he was suffering. Spender had since then fought the demon with desperate tenacity of purpose. The patient lingered still—sometimes relapsing into a state of coma perilously akin to death. Today he seemed as if he would slip out of their hands—yet while there was life there was also hope. The doctor had murmured this eerie apophorism, and Spender had nodded silently. They had come by easy stages nearly as far as the small station in which Spender was quartered; but a few miles now lay between them and their destination, and Spender was inclined to push on, wishing to get the sick man into comfortable quarters in his own house; and with this view the doctor, whom they had



"Hour after hour he sat there watching the patient."

met providentially within a few miles of the Dak bungalow, fully agreed.

The cool season was, fortunately, just upon them, and refreshing breezes rustled round the tents of the camp. The sick man passed an easier day, but Spender dared not leave him at night, and hour after hour he sat there watching the patient as he tossed and turned uneasily, hoarse mutterings breaking now and again for his lips.

He was a youngish man, and though thin as a skeleton, and sadly changed with the fever which was raging in his blood, he was good-looking. A keen sportsman, too, for Spender had ascertained that he was travelling in India for the purpose of shooting, and was apparently a man of means. His name—Basil Hartley—was, indeed, fairly well known, owing to some important expeditions he had shared with a famous explorer.

The night wore away slowly. Spender dipped into a book occasionally—sometimes he ventured to doze, for the sick man seemed quieter, and the fever had certainly abated since the morning. Tomorrow they might make the move of the few miles which lay between them and home. Home! It was a word which at last had a significant meaning, full of beauty, for Jim Spender. Six months had passed since the coming of Olivia; he had never married quite quietly on her arrival at Bombay, and the months which had slipped away since then had been full of subtle enchantment for Spender. What a difference in his daily life! How full it seemed now, where before it had been empty—a shell without a kernel. He smiled to himself now, letting the book slip on to his knee, as he thought of Olivia's pathetic truthfulness.

"I don't love you," she had told him rather wistfully. "You know, I warned you of that! But . . . I will try. . . . I mean, it may come some day. Only be patient with me. I want to make you happy—I want to be happy myself. But we must leave that on the knees of the gods. At any rate—"

"At any rate, we need each other, Olivia," he had told her tenderly. "We were both lonely—we shall know that no longer. And I will wait, my own, if I have to wait for years. . . . Only love me in the end!"

He believed that his faithful observance of his promise was bearing its own reward to him at last. He was so thoughtful of all Olivia's wishes—so kind and tender with her—he had that rare understanding which is given to few men . . . and some day his day—his hours—would come. They were the best, the closest of friends—and, after all, but a very narrow gulf runs between that sincere friendship—and love.

So, full of hope, Spender was content to wait. . . . Olivia had told him that once, long ago, there had been someone else. He understood that her heart had been touched for the first and only time—that a wound had been made in it which only time could heal. And he believed that it was nearly effaced now; all bitterness and regret were gone, surely, . . . and the time was near at hand when a fresh growth of the same lovely plant would spring up . . . and flower for him.

He started out of his pleasant dreaming as the sick man turned impatiently and began to talk in a low, rapid voice. The hoarseness of utterance was nearly gone—but the delirium was still there. Spender bent over him for a minute, straightening the bed-clothes and pushing the pillows into a more comfortable position.

Basil Hartley looked up at him with pleading eyes.

"You'll have to let me go," he muttered, because Olivia want me. She had always wanted me . . . and I her. What demon persuaded me to give her up? I can't remember now. . . . Was it you with your siren's voice . . . and your long, dark hair? . . . Yes, . . . you must be the demon that parted us. I swear it wasn't true what she heard; . . . but Olivia was so good . . . so truthful; . . . She believed all other women to be the same. . . . It was I who was the cur to leave her in silence. . . . Oh! I was deadly poor, . . . so was she, . . . and gold seemed the only thing worth having in those days. . . . Now I know better. . . . There are things no money can buy. . . . I know it. . . . I have gold in plenty, but I could never find love to buy. . . . it has no price, has it?"

The muttering voice stopped. . . . The blazing eyes seemed to search Spender's face with agonised questioning.

"No, . . . it has no price," said Spender—and scarcely knew his own voice. What made his heart beat so violently with a nameless dread of what he might hear next?

"Olivia is so good, . . . so truthful. . . ."

What Olivia?

As if in answer to his unspoken question, the muttering voice spoke again.

"Yes, Olivia Stanhope . . . didn't you know her? . . . She was worth working and waiting for. . . . and she cared, . . . she cared. I shall never find her again. . . . It's too late, . . . too late. Oh! I know I behaved like a cur. . . . If I could live those years over again . . . I'd do better. . . ."

The murmuring voice died away into silence. . . . Hartley turned on his side with a sigh, and Spender, watching him, half fascinated, half shrinking, every drop of blood in his veins turned to ice, saw that he had fallen asleep.

Olivia Stanhope! There could be no mistake. And now the long arm of coincidence was to bring back into Olivia's life the man she had loved years ago—the old wound was to reopen, . . . the old agony of parting must be renewed, and the Spender, would stand as far off as ever from the happiness of which he had lately dared to dream.

Yet it was not of himself the man thought as he sat there through the soft dawn while the sick man slept and strength came slowly back to his wasted body. It was of Olivia and her happiness—of Olivia and her future.

If only this thing had happened six months ago! The man winced at the thought. Six months of such happiness as he had never dared to hope for . . . six months, each full of hope for the future . . . of good comradeship, of companionship—all the old loneliness gone. He would have lost those six months, but Olivia, . . . would she not have attained her heart's desire? Fate had twisted the threads of their lives together into a horrible muddle, and now there was no way out.

No way out unless . . . some old words from the Bible came flashing into his mind as he sat there with bowed head.

"One shall be taken and the other left."

If Olivia never knew. . . . If Hartley, instead of pulling through, thanks to Spender's care of him, had quietly died in the jungle . . . passed for ever out of Olivia's life . . . oh; he knew that sooner or later her heart would turn to him . . . she was forgetting—the wound was nearly healed, and he was very near to the gates of Eden which were opening before him. If Hartley had not pulled through . . . if—if he had just let him die.

I suppose the greatest and most awful temptation of Spender's life came to him during the slow dawn when the sick man slept. . . . Presently he would wake . . . nourishment would be administered frequently and with care, . . . and all would depend on that whether he lived or died of exhaustion. And he was in Spender's hands. The doctor had gone . . . those two were alone but for the servants, who were travelling with Spender. And they were within a few miles of the station where Olivia was waiting the return of her husband from his inspection tour.

The light grew stronger . . . there was a stir in the camp . . . the voices of the servants came to him as he sat there watching, waiting—struggling against some insidious influence that seemed to be creeping over him.

Hartley stirred and opened his eyes. They were quite clear and sane now, and they rested on Spender with a look of surprise.

"I say . . . I suppose I've been pretty bad . . . where am I?" he asked weakly.

"You're all right—I'm Spender, the Police Superintendent—found you farther up country pretty delirious—brought you down here . . . you'll do now . . . wait a minute and I'll get you something. You'll have to feed up now, you know—then you'll be as fit as a fiddle."

The moment had passed. As Spender poured some nourishment down Hartley's throat the demon retired, vanquished and discomfited. For Olivia's sake . . . that was the thought that coursed through Spender's mind—Hartley must be saved. Further than that

he could not think: the future lay before them all, but he could not tell what it might hold.

"And who is the man Jim? What a time you must have had!"

Spender turned aside and chose a pipe with deliberation: they had reached the station that evening—the sick man had been made comfortable in one of the spacious rooms of Spender's bungalow—the doctor had come in and pronounced him to be practically out of danger—thanks, he said, to Spender's good care and nursing—and all he had to do now was to get strong, and feed well. In a few days he would be all right. But Olivia had not seen him yet. Her welcome of her husband was almost more than the man could bear. How delightful such a home-coming would have been at any other time! How dear was her presence there on the wide verandah, sitting in a low chair, her fresh white frock throwing up the beauty of her dark eyes and curling hair. She surely must be happy, he thought, with a wistful pang—she looked so well and blooming.

"He's been shooting big game, I fancy—his name is Basil Hartley."

"Basil—Hartley?"

It was not joy in her voice! That much Spender knew—and his heart leapt at the thought. It was amazement . . . even horror . . . glancing at her he saw all the colour had faded from her dear face.

"Yes—he's made himself quite famous as a siukaree out here. He'll be all right in a day or two now—but it was touch and go."

"I wish—I wish you had not brought him here."

"Couldn't leave the poor beggar in the jungle, dear," said Spender, lightly, but without looking at his wife, "and he shan't bother you."

Olivia did not speak . . . it was as if a dead weight had fallen on the trembling happiness which was beginning to spring up in her heart . . . a delicate flower it was, not fit to bear much bruising or hard blows. . . . What peace and quiet contentment she had known during these last six months only her heart could tell. But some day she meant to let Spender share her confidence . . . and now—something seemed to wrench away all those dear castles in the air which she had been building.

"He shan't bother you, Olivia," she heard Spender saying, "and in any case the poor beggar's been very ill. I'm going to look in on him now—he will be up in a few days, I hope."

He went, and Olivia was left alone. He went because he could not endure to be there with her while that look of pain was on her face; he could not speak . . . he could not tell her what he knew through the sick man's ravings . . . things must shape their own course. But he set his teeth hard at the thought of Olivia's pain.

And there was Basil Hartley's point of view, too . . . sooner or later he must be told that Olivia was under the same roof with him. . . . He saved Spender the trouble of explaining things badly by asking a question the next day.

"You're married, Spender? Lucky fellow to have a home—a real home."

"Yes—I've been married about six months. I fancy you may have known my wife, Hartley—didn't you come from her part of the world—Devonshire? Her name was Olivia Stanhope."

There! it was out now. He saw the man start, violently, then turn and stare at him.

"So you married Olivia Stanhope," he said rather uncertainly. "No wonder I called you a lucky fellow. I—I knew her well some years ago."

He fell silent then. It was not till he was able to walk on the verandah that he and Olivia met.

Then he held out his hands—his face was very pale and set.

"Olivia—you haven't forgotten me?" he said hoarsely.

She gave him one hand quietly, a faint smile on her face.

"Of course I haven't—and I am glad to see you are nearly yourself again. Jim seems to add sick nursing to his other talents! Sit down in this comfortable chair and tell me what you have been doing."

Her tone of ready, easy friendship killed anything like sentiment on his lips—he stared at her amazed. To think that this Olivia was the girl from whom he had parted years ago in an agony of pain . . . he recalled her tender words . . . her letters . . . and cursed himself for a cad as he did so. But as she set the example, he was forced to

follow—and they chatted with ease about old times—old friends—old interests—and a good deal, skating away from any dangerous topics, about Hartley's shooting expeditions.

So the days passed . . . days during which Spender waited in an agony of suspense for something to happen. He hardly knew what . . . Hartley had asked him once, with startling abruptness, whether he had raved much during his delirium, but Spender had passed it off lightly, telling him he had talked—as most people do—a good deal of rubbish—much of it hardly incomprehensible, and he thought he saw relief spring into the other man's eyes.

There came the day of Hartley's departure; he was full of gratitude to Spender for all his care of him, but when he found Olivia on the verandah looking so enchanting, and yet so unapproachable, his self-restraint gave way; Spender had gone to his office for a minute, and they were alone.

"Olivia!" he said eagerly. "You must let me speak to you of old times. . . . I've never had a really happy moment since. . . . I was a fool and a coward to let you go. . . . Have you ever forgiven me? Are you happy? I must know!"

Olivia looked at him steadily.

"Oh! I forgave you long ago," she said in her soft, clear voice. "We both made a mistake—a mistake which might have made our lives hideously unhappy if we hadn't found it out in time. And I am quite happy—nay, the happiest woman in creation. I wouldn't change places with anyone. You see—"

She paused, and the warm colour stole up into her face; it was always so difficult for Olivia to speak of the great hidden secrets of the heart, but the crucial moment had come—and she felt she must speak—she must clear away the cobwebs. . . .

"You see, I love my husband," she said, very clearly.

Hartley winced a little, but the man who was coming from the room inside towards the verandah stopped short, a wave of joy pouring over him. He scarcely believed the evidence of his own ears. . . . the impossible—the miracle had happened! And happened when he had least hope for it.

"I am glad you are so happy," said Hartley's voice quietly. "No one deserves happiness more than you do, Olivia, and your husband is a fine fellow. Good-bye—and God bless you both."

So the man took the blow manfully, and passed for ever out of the lives of Olivia and her husband. Olivia sat for a long time on the verandah listening to the sound of wheels as the cart bore Hartley away to the distant station. Presently Spender would come back, and then . . . her heart beat uncomfortably fast, yet with a new happiness. The gates of Eden stood open before them; they had but to enter in. She knew now that where she had grieved for the shadow . . . the substance was hers.

There was a suspicious softness in her pretty eyes as Spender came to her later on the sheltered verandah; doves were cooing in the trees in the compound. A great peace was stealing over the country.

She rose to meet her husband.

"I am so glad he has gone," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "It is nice to be alone together again, isn't it, Jim? And you don't know—I want to tell you. . . ."

He drew her to him gently.

"My dear, I know," he said quietly. "No need to tell me. I know what Hartley was to you once . . ."

"What he could never be again," she said with sudden passion; "what I just thought him to be, really . . . but no one has ever been anything really to me—in my heart of hearts, except—"

She paused, and Spender caught her closely to him.

"Except?" he prompted.

"She hid her eyes against his shoulder. "You," she said, very low.

The shadow had passed. . . . The substance was with her; she knew now the true from the false, and in the jungle, far from civilisation, the exquisite flower of love bloomed for Olivia and Spender—a flower to be cherished as long as life lasted.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla puts red corpuscles into the blood, gives steady and even power to the nerves. Ask your doctor about this strong tonic.**

# Sporting Stories.

Heard and Told by Well-known Sportsmen.

## LORD HAWKE.

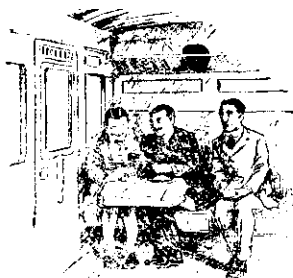
The Lay of the Lobster.

FOR downright fun some of my cricketing tours in America would be hard to beat. While in New York on one occasion I caught a chill, and was unable to play for the next day or two. The reporters at once stated that I was laid up through eating too much lobster salad, and someone sent me the following:—

### THE LAY OF THE LOBSTER AND THE LORD.

There was once a lobster in New York. They made him into salad; His lordship ate, almost too much, It made him very maudlin.

Their criticism of Sammy Woods was very tickling. "After Demon Woods arrived the Staten Islanders were mowed down like wheat before a sickle. He is a big, brawny fellow; but nobody knows where he has got his speed from, unless it may come from the bottom of his pockets. During the over he thrusts his hands deep into his flannels, and only



### J. B. HOBBS'S STORY.

"The other fellow looked on with hungry eyes."

withdraws them to field a ball. In bowling he takes a few fancy steps like a skirt-dancer, and kick out like a Georgia mule before letting the ball go."

On another occasion, while the members of a cricket team were journeying to fulfil an engagement, the sorry pair of horses attached to the conveyance which they had hired came in for a good deal of adverse criticism.

"I say, driver," at last remarked the captain of the team, "you've got a whip; just touch 'em up a bit. At this rate we shall never reach our destination."

The driver explained that he had never had occasion to drive that particular pair of horses before. "As you remark," he added, "I've got a whip, but I don't like to take the risk of using it."

"I see," was the grin rejoinder; "you're afraid of knocking 'em down, eh? Very well. Here's sixpence for you. That ought to cover the damage if you do knock 'em down. Now, then, hammer away."

### C. GRAHAM-WHITE.

The Monoplane Hunt.

To the ordinary individual there might appear little that is humorous in aviation; it would seem, rather, to be a grim and grisly business, with sudden death always at the pilot's elbow. But the dangers of airmanship are ridiculously exaggerated, and there is, as a matter of

fact, much that is amusing in what I might call everyday aviation, and particularly in regard to the operation of a flying-school.

And now as to the most amusing incident I can think of. Well, here it is.

A pupil, after landing at my Hendon aerodrome one evening at the end of a



### W. G. GRACE'S STORY.

"I struck with one of my outside bats."

fight on a monoplane, jumped out of the machine before it had stopped running along the ground. Stumbling, he not only let go of the machine, but accidentally touched the engine-switch and accelerated the motor to a high rate of speed.

The result was that the monoplane darted away like a big, angry bird; and, as though rejoicing in its new-found freedom, it ran this way and that about the aerodrome, its motor humming defiance.

With confident mien, some of the mechanics hurried out to catch the runaway; but they had not reckoned upon the ridiculously eccentric actions of the machine.

Soon we who were watching were convulsed with mirth. Whirling hither and thither under the impulse of its propeller, but without the power actually to



### "PLUM" WARNER'S STORY.

"Bravo, Massa Pelham! I taught you to bat, sah."

rise, the monoplane seemed instinct with the desire to elude pursuit.

Buzzing away across the aerodrome, it led the mechanics a fatiguing chase. Then, suddenly wheeling round, it plunged at them, and scattered them with the fear of its spinning propeller.

Again they chased it; again the machine, as though a thing alive, wheeled round and made a vicious dart at them. This time one man managed to grip its tail, but he was shaken off and fell flat on his back.



### LORD HAWKE'S STORY.

Demon Woods takes a few fancy steps like a skirt-dancer, and kicks out like a Georgia mule before letting the ball go."



### SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S STORY.

"Tell me, Mon, how long has this thing been going on"

Perspiring freely, and with many terse remarks to express their annoyance, the mechanics again took up their weary pursuit. Meanwhile, quite characteristically, unfeeling onlookers merely laughed.

Up and down, to and fro, the men ran and dodged and slipped and fell, their furious, unavailing shouts and cries mingling with the spiteful sputter of the monoplane's engine.

At length, having laughed at the ludicrous spectacle until we could laugh no more, some of us who were standing by the sheds made a move to join in the game.

But the machine seemed possessed. It wrenched itself away from the grip of several pairs of eager hands, and then hopped and floundered to some other corner of the aerodrome. One or two of the pursuers sat on the ground, quite exhausted. Others were laughing too much to pursue effectually. And still the monoplane buzzed at large.

Finally, when we were all weak from running or laughing, I managed to get hold of a wing-tip. The monoplane whirled round and round furiously, but I was able to hold on. And then a mechanic ran in and switched off the motor. At once the machine stopped its absurd gyrations. But while it lasted the monoplane hunt was the funniest sight you could imagine.

### J. B. HOBBS.

The Mean Professional.

I remember on one occasion a certain team finishing up at Lord's at half-past six one evening, and having to open the next morning at Manchester, necessitating a railway journey the same night.

As there was no time for the men to get anything to eat before leaving London, and there were no restaurant-carriages on the train, it was decided that a luncheon-basket would have to serve each man. Now, one professional on that side was awfully mean, and he



### CHARLES JARROTT'S STORY.

"The two travellers inspected the famous feather bed."

openly vowed that he wasn't going to pay for a basket. "A pork-pie will do for me all right." And he proceeded to fetch one. In the meanwhile, the captain had luncheon-baskets, with half a bottle of wine in each, put in the professionals' compartment, paying for them himself, a fact of which all but the man who had gone for the pie were well aware.

The train started, and one of the players told the mean one that they had secured baskets for all, purposely omitting the information that they were a present from the captain. "I don't

want one. I've got all I want here," said he.

"Very well," said the other, "we must divide it between us."

And they did, although the other fellow looked on with hungry eyes. When all had been demolished the captain walked in from the adjoining compartment and asked them if everything were satisfactory.

"Splendid, sir," replied the pros., "and thank you very much. It was very kind of you."

The other fellow immediately wanted an explanation of the gratitude, and when he was told he nearly went raving mad.

### W. G. GRACE.

Cricket Under Difficulties.

The following story may be a chestnut to some readers, but it amused me greatly. A cricketer who was to go in sixth on his side, seeing that the preceding batsmen were making prolonged stands, betook himself to the refreshment tent. Suddenly wickets began to fall, and his captain, in hunting up the man to tell him to prepare to bat, found him in a state bordering on intoxication.

"I am afraid," said the batsman, "that I can't do much good. I am sure I shall see three balls."

"Never mind," said the captain; "smack at the middle one."

The batsman survived one over, and was then bowled by a straight one. As he walked back to the pavilion his captain went out to meet him, and imperiously asked why his advice hadn't been taken.

"I did exactly what you told me,"



### LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S STORY.

"The first bird I ever shot was a squirrel."

replied the batsman. "I struck at the middle ball, but in a moment of indecision I struck with one of my outside bats."

### GEORGE HIRST.

New use for Toffee.

Probably some readers are aware that I have had certain investments in a toffee factory, and it was this fact which led to the following amusing incident. During a match at Bramall Lane some time ago a strong wind kept blowing the balls off when I was batting. "Stick 'em on with your toffee. Garge!" yelled one of the crowd.

### "PLUM" WARNER.

"The Man Who Taught Me Cricket."

I was once touring with Lord Hawke's team in Trinidad, and there scored the first century ever made in the island. At its conclusion a nigger, who had bowled to me as a youngster, came rushing up, shouting: "Bravo, Massa Pelham! I taught you to bat, sah. You play well, sah. I proud ob you!"

### FRANK MITCHELL.

(Captain of South African Cricketers.)

"My Niggers."

I do not think my reminiscences contain a more amusing incident than the following. A lady friend wrote to ask my wife and myself to stay at her house for the Worcester match in May last. The invitation was accepted, and in a subsequent letter she said: "Bruce (the young son) amused me to-day when I told him you were coming to stay with us, by asking if Mr. Mitchell would bring his niggers with him when he came."

### NAT GOULD.

"My Lucky Day."

In my early days I came a "cropper" in Sydney. In other words, I severed

my connection with a couple of papers for which I had been working, and then found I could not get another berth. I tried all sorts of devices to get on another paper, but could only get a few special articles to write. I then learned something of what the feeling must be of a man who really wants work and cannot get it. At last the turn of the tide came. I was offered the editorship of the "Bathurst Times," and took it. Then came the deluge. A few days before leaving Sydney for Bathurst I was in Phalert's Hotel, when the proprietor came to me and said:

"You're just the man I wanted to see. I have a wire from A—in Brisbane, sending thirty pounds he wishes you to invest at the races for him to-day."

"Very well; I'll do my best," I said, and added: "My luck's in."

The money was handed over to me, and I went to Randwick. I am writing entirely from memory, but it was the day Lamond won the Metropolitan Stakes. An extraordinary thing happened. It has never occurred since; I don't suppose it ever will again. I lacked every winner in five races.

Timbrel, I believe, won the first race at a fair price; Sloth won a selling race. I backed them both. Then I backed Lamond, which won comfortably, and put a couple of pounds on Pearlshell at ten to one, which won the next race—the Oaks—although another horse, Volley, was the favourite. I re-

sipience on a horse—a forty to one chance.

With much trepidation the Scotchman handed out the sixpence, and, strange to say, the horse won. When the bookmaker handed out a sovereign and sixpence to Sandy the latter could not believe his own eyes.

"Do you mean to tell me I get all this for my sixpence?" he asked.

"You do," replied the bookmaker. "Ma conscience!" exclaimed Sandy. "Tell me how long has this thing been going on?"

**LORD LONSDALE.**

**The Novice.**

I was once initiating a debutante at a race meeting into the mysteries of betting, and concluded a lengthy explanation as follows:—

"So, you see, if the horse starts at fifteen to one, you get fifteen pounds; if at ten to one, ten pounds, and so on."

"Oh, yes, I understand perfectly," said the pretty novice. "But what do I get if the horse starts at one o'clock exactly?"

**LORD ALVERSTONE.**

**Told in Court.**

My fondness for athletics was once brought up as "evidence against" me by a man in the dock.

"I knows yer," said the prisoner, "and

"No," said the wretched one, "but it's my turn to sleep on that feather."

**LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.**

**A Mixed Bag.**

One of the best stories I ever heard was about a fellow who was very fond of shooting. He said: "The first bird I ever shot was a squirrel, and the first



**H. W. STEVENSON'S STORY.**

"You soon get to know 'em by their shape."

time I hit him I missed him altogether, and the next time I hit him I hit him in the same place, and after that I took a stone and dropped him from the tree, and he fell into the water and was drowned. And that was the first bird I ever shot."

**MELBOURNE INMAN.**

**The Movable Spot.**

I came across something really unique in the way of rules in an hotel at Newara-Eliya, where I was once booked to play when touring in India. In the billiard room, immediately opposite the table, where everyone could see it, hung a card bearing the following announcement:—

- For first cut ..... 100 rupees.
- Second cut ..... 50 rupees.
- Third cut ..... 20 rupees.
- Any subsequent cut .... 10 rupees.

Judging from the appearance of the cloth, I should think that table must have been a veritable gold-mine to its proprietor, if he collected all the fines. Evidently his motto was, "Cut and come again."

On another occasion, while staying at Wellington, New Zealand, I was invited to play at the Tarahua Club, Pahiatua. The table itself, I found, wasn't at all bad, but when I looked at it closely I noticed that the billiard spot was at least three inches too far to one side.

I had become fairly hardened to trying conditions by this time, but to attempt to play with the red ball inches out of its recognised position was more than I dared do.

"What's the matter with that spot? I asked. "It isn't right, is it?"

The man addressed squinted at the spot.

"Seems sorter crooked," he agreed, slowly; "but the fac' of the matter is that we change the position of that yere spot once a week. Otherwise it'd work a hole in the cloth!"

That beat me. I fled for the hotel and sought out the gentleman who had invited me to come there. He listened to my tale of woe, and then, asking me to wait for a moment, disappeared. I don't know whether they balloted or not, but the spot was moved into its right place, and the situation, so far as I am concerned, saved.

**H. W. STEVENSON.**

**False Billiards.**

One summer, on the west coast of Ireland, another man and I were overtaken by a storm, and had to go into a tavern for shelter. The rain fell steadily. We had three or four long hours before us. Time began to hang heavily on our hands.

"Landlord," said I, "do you happen to have a billiard-table?" "Sure," said the landlord. "Sure. Just step this way."

He proudly threw open the door of a dark, stuffy room. We saw an antiquated table with a patched cloth, and in the corner was a rack of crooked cues.

"Any balls?" said I.

"Sure," said the landlord, and he unlocked a closet and set on the table three white balls, and alike—there was no spot you know.

"But, see here," I remonstrated. "how do you tell these balls apart?"

"Oh, that's all right," said he. "You soon get to know 'em by their shape."

**HEALTH WRECKED**

**BY DEBILITY.**

**Did Not Expect to Live.**

**Life Saved by Bile Beans.**

"For three years I suffered terribly from debility, and became so bad that I hardly expected to live," says Mrs A. Fullerton, of Allen Street, Woolloomboola, South Brisbane, Q. "The trouble first commenced with an excess of bile, which got into the system. Very soon I became run-down and so weak that I was utterly helpless, my son, Andrew, having to assist me about. Bilious attacks became so bad it was impossible for me to keep my food down. Everything I would eat or drink would retch up. Indigestion attacked me, and the pains in the chest, back, and between the shoulders were dreadful. I became a real wreck of my former self, and gradually got worse and worse."

"During this time I tried all sorts of remedies and medicines, but nothing gave me any ease, and at last I gave up all hope. I could see no prospect of ever getting better. My son was very much alarmed at my condition, for he thought I should lose my life during one of the terrible fits of vomiting. It was after reading of some cures of Bile Beans that he purchased a supply, and I commenced taking them. When I had finished the first box I realised that I was ever so much better, for I was able to retain food, and began to pick up strength. I continued with Bile Beans, and as I did so the biliousness and indigestion left me, all pains were ended, and my energy returned. After a full course of Bile Beans I was completely cured, and made to feel that life was worth living. Now, at 85 years of age, I am hale and hearty and in splendid condition, which is all due to Bile Beans." Obtainable at all stores and chemists.

**A MERCIFUL LAW.**

Kentucky's new law for women workers is now in effect. It forbids all girls under twenty-one years of age from being employed in excess of 10 hours a day or 60 hours a week, other than those employed as domestics or nurses.



**NAT GOULD'S STORY.**

"'Pearshell!' I yelled."

came the scene to this day. They came dashing down the straight, the light blue and white of the flon. James White's colours showing up conspicuously on Volley, and Tom Hales riding easily.

"The favourite's won," I thought. But it was not all over. For once in a way—a very rare occurrence—Tom Hales seemed to be caught napping; probably he was a trifle over confident. At any rate Mic O'Brien came down on him with a swoop on Pearlshell, and before we knew where we were they were racing neck and neck.

"Pearshell!" I yelled. I remember that shout as well as if I uttered it as I write, for there is nothing like backing a winner, at a good price, to beat a hot favourite, to make the memory clear years afterwards. It was a finish, desperate close, between two consummate horsemen, and O'Brien got Pearlshell up and won.

And after that I backed the first and second of the fifth race. My pockets were crammed with money, and, needless to say, the proprietor of Phalert's was astounded when I doled out A's share.

Then I went home and found my wife upstairs with a lady friend packing up for Bathurst.

"Look here! How's this?" I said, as I emptied a heap of gold on the bed.

"Whose is it?" she asked.

"Ours. I've won it—backed every winner!"

What a day that was! I have often given it as an instance of how luck may change in a few hours. Next morning we went up the Blue Mountains to Bathurst.

**SIR THOMAS LIPTON.**

"Ma Conscience!"

This story of a Scotsman who went to a race meeting for the first time in his life is not without its humour. The old man's friends persuaded him to risk

many's the time I've given yer a hand when ye've been stepping it round the track like a greyhound. So let's down lightly, like a good cove as yer are."

**CHARLES JARROTT.**

**"Half-time."**

Two of my friends, white on a motor tour, put up at a country inn. When they inquired about accommodation, the landlord burst forth into a pean of praise. "Beautiful large feather bed. Plenty of room for the two of you, and big enough for three. This way, gentlemen."

The travellers went up to their room and inspected the famous feather bed, which did not look very inviting. However, there was no choice, so they turned in. At about two in the morning one gave the other a violent nudge and said:

"Get up; it's half-time." "Half time? What are you talking about? This isn't a Cup-tie."



**MELBOURNE INMAN'S STORY.**

"Cut and come again."

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# A Brazilian Blood Feud.

By ASHMORE RUSSAN.

Of course Raoul was justified in shooting and killing Diego Macedo, but, seeing that Macedo had fired both barrels of his foolish little pistol and missed, it would have been more politic and, as it turned out, far better business to have let the gullian go. But Raoul always said that it was too dark to distinguish Macedo's weapon. It might have been a long-barrelled six-chambered Colt instead of the nickel-plated twin-shot toy usually carried in the "Sertao" by Brazilian fazendeiros, and if so, and if Raoul had hesitated—well, he, and not the Brazilian, would most likely have been the victim.

Da Costa did not fire at all. Macedo and he had crept through the scrub to where Raoul sat by his camp-fire polishing his spurs, or his stirrup-irons, or his pony's bit and curb, for Raoul du Chalroy had once been an officer in a crack European cavalry regiment, and smartness had remained a religion with him. Macedo, who was leading, blazed away at ten paces. Raoul snatched up the double-shot-gun which he was seldom without, and returned the fire. The full charge struck the would-be assassin in the neck, and Macedo fell dead without so much as a groan. Buck-shot at close quarters may be trusted to do its work effectually. Da Costa ran to his horse, left among the rubber trees, and rode hard back to Villa Nova. So the blood-feud began.

Now as to the events that led up to it. Raoul du Chalroy and Macedo represented opposing rubber interests. Villa Nova is in a famous rubber district where the manioca grows wild in its millions. Both men was marking out new rubber lands for purchase, and the rivalry between them was keen. Each had erected a few makeshift buildings. One night Raoul's huts caught fire and were burnt to the ground. It may have been an accident—a spark from a cooking fire burning in "catinga" scrub forest, almost as dry and inflammable as tinder. Raoul, however, did not stop to think. Within an hour or so Macedo's huts were likewise ashes.

Pedro Gonsalves, who actually set them alight, made no secret as to who gave the order.

"So, you villains, Senhor Raoul gets back his own!" he shouted from the scrub, before riding away. For the same number of miles Raoul's negro henchmen would have been willing to do much more damage. Life is cheap in the "Sertao" of Brazil.

The shooting followed the same night, as might have been expected.

Raoul was not so imprudent as to stay in the neighbourhood of Villa Nova. Long before Da Costa got back with Macedo's sons, his brothers, his uncles and cousins, his compadres and his neighbours, and some score of variously-coloured rapscallions who were neither relations nor neighbours, all armed to the teeth, Raoul was riding hard to Maranaos, the principal town of the district and the seat of the local Government. There he gave himself up to the political chief, Colonel Esteves, who, luckily for Raoul, was deeply interested in his rubber ventures.

"It's a bad business," said the chief, when he had heard the story. "You won't be able to go back. The Macedos are powerful, and there's a delegado in the family. Fortunately he's absent; the delegates are sitting at Todos Santos. But he'll soon be told. You won't even be safe here in Maranaos without guards. I must see the judge and the tentente of police. I am afraid I shall have to let them lock you up for your safety and my own. I wish to keep my position under the Government."

So Raoul, who counted a duke among his uncles, for his own good made acquaintance with the interior of a Brazilian prison, pending an inquiry and possible trial. At Maranaos he remained some months—six in all, I think—but not exactly as a prisoner. Every morning at eight o'clock the door of the jail was opened to him, and, accompanied by two black policemen, armed with service rifles and a sufficiency of ball cartridges, he was free to go where his mood inclined him. Often he went hunting deer, or shooting quail or duck, always accompanied by his black protectors, and frequently by the coronel and the tenente.

At sunset, however, he was back at the prison, about the only safe place for him in Maranaos just then after night-fall.

Now, a certain Luzzoni resided in the Rua Direita, which street led straight to the scrub forest, Raoul's hunting-ground. Morning and evening the prisoner on parole had occasion to pass Luzzoni's, and almost as often his nose was greeted with an appetizing smell which reminded him of better days. No Brazilian cooking, that! No bacalhau and red peppers, no tough stewed beef and green peppers, no rice, farinha, and peppers, no arradillo and peppers; no, nor porco and peppers—nothing of the Brazilian "Sertao" cookery about it. The second or third time that Raoul encountered the savoury odour he paused. Luzzoni saw him from a casement and came to the door.

"Parlon, signore, will you honour me by partaking of my breakfast?" he said, in a mixture of Italian and Portuguese. "Signore!" exclaimed Raoul, recognis-

hours. Afterwards, there were frequent messengers. Thus it happened that when the Macedos got wind of Raoul's hunting expeditions, and went out in strength to ambush and shoot him, it was Luzzoni who rode through the cordão on a horse lathered from bit to crupper, gave the warning which he had received almost too late from his countryman, and by a ruse rescued Raoul and his attendant policemen from pretty certain death.

"Hide—hide! And keep silent!" he gasped, as he pulled up in the calderao of the woods, where he had found Raoul. "Give me your shot-gun and plenty of cartridges. No time for explanations. The Macedos are too near. When you hear me shouting over yonder," pointing to the farther edge of the wooded hollow, "ride straight and hard for Maranaos. Keep a sharp look-out."

Raoul gave him the gun without a word, unslinging his rifle from his back, and rode with his attendants into the scrub, where they quickly muzzled their horses. The Italian had dashed off at the best speed of his tired animal. Presently they heard him shooting at intervals a mile or so away.

Raoul understood the ruse, but sat silent. There was not another double-breech-loading shot-gun in that part of Brazil. All the fazendeiros used Winchester rifles for game and carried little double-barrelled pistols for protection, or show. No other gun had half the volume of sound his possessed, or half

don. Luzzoni also sang—Italian operatic airs to the guitar; he also danced, but not the "Matteiche." I was struck by his great concern for the ex-officer, my guide. Indeed, he watched Raoul with the look almost of a hound for his master—affection and admiration, blended with a determination to protect. Others laid their pistols on the table before dancing. Not so Luzzoni; the long Colt remained in the pouch attached to his belt. Occasionally he glanced at the one case—men as if fearing the rifle of an avenging Macedo, might suddenly be thrust between its bars. There was an audience outside, of course, men, women, and children—that was usual.

With Raoul as guide, I rode some six hundred miles over shocking bad roads, and trails, inspecting properties, or, rather, vast areas of derelict land in the manioca belt. We visited Villa Nova, but there, as at Porto Alegre and everywhere else we were accompanied by a police guard. Seventeen strong, and mostly well armed, we rode into villages, where the blood-feud had been sworn against Raoul, and naturally nothing happened. But I noticed that the slayer of Macedo never sling his hammock at nights where he might have been shot from an unshuttered casement, and I followed his example. To learn that one had been made a target in error would have been small satisfaction after the event, assuming that one had survived. But we got through the dangerous country without mishap, or, indeed, any attempt on Raoul's life. It would have been rather perilous, anyway, for the shot-gun with which he had killed Macedo was seldom or never out of his right hand when riding through the forest tracks, and never out of his hammock when he slept.

At one halting-place, near Villa Nova—a large house on a hundred-thousand-acre fazenda, where at least half the people must have sympathised with the Macedo clan—Raoul boldly challenged all and sundry, to a shooting match. The target was the ace of clubs, stuck in a cleft stick, an inch in diameter; the distance about a hundred paces. Every fazendeiro present tried hand, eye, and rifle—and missed. But Raoul, who had just, obliterated the pip at his first shot, and split the stick at the lower edge of the card, with his second. I felt safer after that exhibition. But such personal matters have little to do with this story.

Luzzoni remained at Maranaos. No doubt he considered that his friend would come to no harm, seeing that he was not only accompanied by police, but also by the representative of an English syndicate, inspecting rubber lands with a view to purchasing them. The fazendeiro of the "Sertao," has a keen eye to the main chance. Most of the big estates are held in common by anything from ten to fifty members of a family, and a Macedo, owing through marriage a five per cent. interest in a Gonzales estate, for instance, might be trusted to forget his thirst for Raoul's blood while there was hope of a deal.

It was some time after my departure from Brazil when the feud came once more to a head and Luzzoni again intervened. The English syndicate had not bought any of the lands, and consequently, Raoul had lost a stoguard far more potent than his protectors of the police. The fazendeiros of the "Sertao" were disappointed, singly and in the mass. All the deals were "off," consequently the blood-feud was on again with a vengeance.

That the English syndicate refused to buy, was no fault of Raoul's, and a philosophic man would have taken small notice of the sneers and recriminations. But the ex-officer, who had more reason to be disappointed than any of the fazendeiros, was not philosophic. He lost his temper, and gave back gift for gift. Finally, he quarrelled with Delegado Major da Silva, a connection of the Macedos, but hitherto friendly. The trouble was over some land which Da Silva had bought and paid for in the belief that it would be taken over at a good profit, by the English syndicate. Raoul was Da Silva's guest at his home at Porto Alegre at the time of the quarrel.

In Brazil if you wish to annoy your enemy or antagonist, you allege that his descent is more or less contemptible. You may assure him that he is the son of an ass, the son of a mule, the son of a rattlesnake or of a jaracara—a serpent still more venomous and far more hideous—the son of a forest monkey, or even the son of a worm or a carapato, without much risk to yourself; but if you call him the son of a certain something, which in its full



"Raoul snatched up a double shot-gun and returned the fire."

ing and repeating the Italian pronunciation. "Who are you?"

"Luigi Luzzoni, Italiano from Milan, at your service," replied the little Milanese, who, by the way, stood perhaps five feet in his boots and might have weighed seven stone with his spurs, heavy Colt, and belt of cartridges.

Raoul, being a linguist, promptly thanked him in his own language, and entered the house with his protectors.

No doubt Luzzoni surpassed himself. The representative in the interior country—the "Sertao"—of a firm of Italian produce merchants at Todos Santos, he was a most excellent cook. I have breakfasted and dined with Luzzoni myself, and I know. I never heard what he gave to Raoul on that occasion, but there would most likely be soup, fish, macaroni and tomatoes, and lamb—Brazilians of the "Sertao" prefer goat; there are religious scruples with regard to lamb. There would be quails, or a duck, or a chicken, a salad of sorts, and plenty of good Chianti, food and drink for the gods; to a duke's nephew who was spending his days in the woods and his nights in prison, eating anything he could get, and when he could get it.

So the friendship began. As long as Raoul remained on parole at Maranaos, he breakfasted and dined sumptuously every day at Luzzoni's. The Italian would accept no refusal, listen to no excuse, accept no remuneration, or even thanks.

"No, signore," he would say; "we are the only Europeans in this desert of a Maranaos; therefore it is my duty. It is also an honour to me to do this, and it is my pleasure." Yet he did not know, perhaps, never knew, that Raoul could call a duke his uncle, for the ex-officer never spoke of his family.

Luzzoni had an agent, a compatriot, at Villa Nova, which was some eighty miles by an awful road from Maranaos. There and back the Italian rode in forty

the reverberation. Raoul waited for half-dozen shots, listened to the beating of horses' hoofs on the rocky road and a signal or two; then he left the shelter and rode for safety. In the Rua Direita he waited until Luzzoni arrived.

"Yes, Signore Raoul, they caught me," said the Italian, laughing rather breathlessly. "Fifty of them there were. João Macedo, the delegado, was chief. They were suspicious and angry, but they let me go. You see, my agent at Villa Nova buys their rubber and their hides. He pays the best price, and they know where the money comes from. No, signore, no fear of their wringing the neck of the goose that lays the golden eggs, the goose whose kilo always weighs a thousand grammes and not eight hundred. Besides, I told them I was seeking you, as you had left your shot-gun behind, and it was not a day for the deer and the rifle. No doubt they are still in the calderao, for I rode on fast, hid in the "catinga," and let them pass by." And Luzzoni laughed again—a silvery little laugh, which accorded well with his slender, tiny figure and handsome, beardless face.

Raoul was not tried for the shooting of Macedo. At an inquiry it was held to be justifiable, and he was a foreigner notwithstanding that he was a foreigner and the slain man a native. The name of the Governor of the State chanced to be Esteves, the same as that of the political chief of Maranaos. Blood is thicker than water everywhere, but particularly so in the "Sertao."

It was about this time that I found myself at Maranaos on a visit to the rubber forests, under Raoul's guidance. He introduced me to Luzzoni, who had called at our temporary residence with half-a-dozen bottles of wine and a guitar. A score or so of the young men of the town also looked in. They enjoyed my Scotch whisky very much, sang the "Matteiche" and danced it, too—with abn-

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meaning will not bear translation, there is often only one atonement—blood.

In his anger Raoul applied the forbidden reproach to the delegado, who as may be imagined, was pretty nearly all powerful in the "Sertao."

"For that you shall pay," Da Silva rejoined, and left the house.

In a few minutes he returned with a dozen friends, well armed. There was a severe struggle, but Raoul had been pounced upon before he could use his shot gun or the knife which he carried in an arm-hole of his waistcoat. Both were taken from him.

"Tie him up," ordered Da Silva. It was done, and the prisoner was promptly hauled to a store-room and flung on the floor, trussed hands, arms, feet and body.

"Now put a guard over him him," said Da Silva. "Where is the son of Diego Macedo?"

The young man was found without much trouble and a loaded rifle given to him.

"I place your father's murderer in your charge," said the delegado. "Watch over him with care. If he tries to escape—well, your father's murder is still unavenged, and you are sworn—you understand?"

"I do," said the young Macedo, a powerful, heavy-featured ruffian, kicked Raoul savagely. When shall he try to escape, Senhor Delegado?" he asked.

"Whenever you choose. But wait until my friends have gone home," was the reply.

It was a sentence of death.

Da Silva returned to his house, which adjoined the store-room, and young Macedo sat on an empty packing-case with the rifle between his knees, jeering at his captive while waiting for the dispersal of the crowd outside and the departure of the delegado's friends.

Raoul had only enemies amongst the people of Porto Alegre, but luckily Luzzoni's agent at Villa Nova chanced to be there on business. He heard of the arrest, mounted his horse, and rode to Maranaos and Luzzoni.

The little Italian wasted no time in words. He knew well that he would have to race if he would save Raoul's life. Into one saddle-bag he packed carefully two bottles of most potent caehaca, the whisky of the country; into the other two loaded revolvers and a knife; then he mounted his best horse and left the Rua Direita at the animal's fastest speed.

Only those who have ridden from Maranaos to Porto Alegre will be able to appreciate that breakneck gallop. Even by daylight it is not a road at all, but a tortuous, switchback track through villainous "atinga" scrub forest. No wheeled vehicle could travel over it; the mercantile traffic is by mule-pack trains. Up and down, through streams and mud-holes, over whole-backed masses of slippery igneous rock, on which one's horse's hoofs ring as if passing over a cellar, through clumps of cacti, only avoided by detours in the day, absolute spiky traps when the sun has set—such is the way. Luzzoni started at nine o'clock and reached Porto Alegre at midnight. In a corral near the centre of the village were many horses, and the moon was up. The little Italian chose the best looking, unsaddled his own tired animal, saddled and bridled the fresh one, and hitched it to a post close to Delegado da Silva's store-room, in which a lamp still burned. Then, treading softly, for Da Silva's roystering friends had not yet gone home, he approached the window and looked within.

Raoul still lay trussed on the earthen floor. Young Macedo was nodding. An empty caehaca bottle stood on the packing-case beside him, with a broken glass. Luzzoni stole away and returned with the two bottles of strong liquor he had left in his saddle-bag; the revolvers were in his pockets, also the knife. He tapped the window gently. Young Macedo rose sleepily and opened it.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I've brought a drink for Signoro Raoul," replied Luzzoni.

"Urse him!" was the muttered reminder. "Give it to me and get off. It's time he tried to escape."

"I'll wait to see you give him a drink. He must need it badly."

Young Macedo snatched the bottle and drew the cork with his teeth.

"He'll want a lot of drinks soon enough, but you won't see him drinking, unless you are fool enough to go with him where he's going to."

"Where's that?" asked Luzzoni.

"Inferno," answered young Macedo, and, inserting the neck of the bottle

between his lips, he drank and drank. When, for want of breath, he took it away, the bottle was half empty.

"That's good."

"Yes, Give Signoro Raoul some of it."

"No. There's none too much for myself."

"I have another bottle. It's yours if you will share it with him."

"Hand it over."

Luzzoni did so and stood with his elbows on the sill, watching, and listening to the merry-makers in the adjoining building.

Raoul had been very wide awake at the first sound of the Italian's gentle voice, but he snored loudly when young Macedo reeled towards him with the half-empty bottle.

"Here, wake up, you, and take hold!" said the guard, shaking his prisoner ineffectually. "The fool's asleep," he went on, staggering drunkenly and nearly falling as he spoke. "I can't rouse him."

Young Macedo, four parts drunk, was amused. He lifted his foot, but nearly fell again.

"Come in and kick him yourself," he said, and, staggering to the door, he unlocked it. Luzzoni entered the store-room very warily, turning the key behind him; but, as he had not quite closed the door, the bolt was not shot home.

Macedo had rolled off the packing-case to the floor, awakened, and missed his prisoner.

"Senhor Delegado! Senhor Delegado!" he shouted, hoarsely, endeavouring to get on his feet and to pick up his rifle; but the caehaca had been too potent. He toppled over again and lay sprawling. Just as Da Silva with half-a-dozen of his friends burst into the room through another doorway.

"Escaped! Maldito!" In a moment they were in the open, emptying their pistols at a horseman who flashed past, almost lying on the animal's neck. Fortunately, for himself, Raoul had not been robbed of his spurs, and by a mighty effort of will had been able to use them, notwithstanding that his legs felt as heavy and almost as lifeless as lead. Luzzoni had no chance of escape. He had not provided a second horse, and his own tired animal was without saddle or bridle. He ran, but the delegado saw and recognised him immediately, for the moon was at the full.

"The Italianni!" he shouted, and started in pursuit. Five minutes afterwards, Luzzoni was being dragged, pushed, and kicked to the storeroom, which he entered breathless. Young Macedo was sitting up, weeping with rage and maudlin drunkenness.

"Too—much caehash," he mumbled, his head lolling. "He gave me caehash—"

tongues of my friends here. Macedo, the drunken idiot, is, as you will perceive, again asleep. He will not remember anything."

That night and the next morning, Raoul rode eighty miles through scrub forest. He reached the railway station at Machado Portella, took the daily train to Todos Santos, and turned his back on the "Sertao" for good.

The Signorina Luzzoni rode leisurely to Maranaos alone, although Da Silva had offered to accompany her. According to the last information I had of her, she was still agent at Maranaos, for the important firm of Italian produce merchants. The Senhor Delegado da Silva proved himself a gentleman of sorts by preserving a golden silence. He would have had Raoul shot, and in his rage would have shot his rescuer, believing that he had to do with a man; but then the Brazilian of the "Sertao," gentleman or otherwise, does not live, who would not resent to the death that one forbidden insult.

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"For twelve long years did I suffer in this way, and had given up hope of ever getting cured—I was in despair. At this stage a friend strongly recommended Zam-Buk, and to encourage me to try this balm, bought a supply and gave it to me. I obtained such relief from the first two or three applications that I was more than encouraged to persevere. I laid in a good supply of Zam-Buk, and dressed the wound twice a day. Evidence of healing soon appeared, and all running ceased. Zam-Buk ended all pain, irritation and smarting, and the wound became re-united. I persisted with Zam-Buk until my leg was completely cured, and new skin had formed over the once-injured place."

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"In a moment they were in the open, emptying their little pistols at a horseman who flashed past, almost lying on the animal's neck."

"He is very sound asleep," he said, bending over the prisoner. "I don't like to disturb him. We two had better finish the other bottle."

"That's sense," said the guard, smacking his lips.

Very soon young Macedo was almost speechless and quite incapable. Assured of that, Luzzoni tossed down another glass of water. "Now," he said, "I'll wake Raoul and give him a drink."

"Give—him—two, senhor, my dear senhor—good caehash," mumbled Macedo, thickly, letting his rifle fall to the ground, and stretching himself full length on his packing-case. "Good—ni—good caehash, good amigo," and he snored.

Immediately Luzzoni was alert. So was Raoul. Not for years had Raoul drunk intoxicants, but he swallowed the dose of caehaca which the Italian gave him; he needed it. While holding the bottle to his friend's lips, Luzzoni cut the ropes that bound him—snip—snip—snip. Raoul was free, but he did not speak while the Italian chafed his legs and arms. His eyes spoke his gratitude. Presently he rolled over and stretched his limbs.

"Obrigado," he whispered.

Luzzoni raised him to his feet and supported him to the door. Outside he assisted him into the saddle, thrust the revolvers into the saddlebags, and unlatched the borrowed horse.

"Start slowly, signore," he said, "but when the stiffness has worn off, ride hard. Maranaos will not be safe now. Da Silva is your enemy, remember."

As Raoul gathered up the reins, there was a yell from the store-room. Young

shoo-oot him. Give me the rifle. I'll—shoo-oot—him."

"No, you drunken fool," rejoined Da Silva, pale to the lips with fury. "I'll shoot him myself. Stand him up against the wall, friends, and get out of the way."

He snatched up the rifle and opened the breach. A cartridge was there.

"Now, senhor," he went on as he closed the breach, "say your prayers and be quick about it."

The Italian had himself backed to the wall. Calmly he faced his executor, drawing up his small figure to its full five feet, in the lamplight.

"I said my prayers before I started on this errand," he rejoined. "Now," and he threw open his jacket and vest, baring neck and chest, "now, Senhor Delegado da Silva, shoot—shoot—and kill a woman! It will be a fine tale to tell the Governor at Todos Santos, and the other delegates."

The rifle crashed to the floor and exploded harmlessly.

"Madre de Dios!" Da Silva muttered. There was no room for doubt. "And the scoundrel has a wife and family," he went on.

"I know," said the signorina. "He has no suspicion that I am a woman. Unless you or your men tell him, he will never know. Now, will you lend me a saddle and bridle? My horse is tired, but will be able to get to Maranaos. I borrowed a fresh horse for my friend. I will see that it is sent back."

"All that I have is at your disposition," replied Da Silva, gallantly, after a pause. "Even my tongue and the

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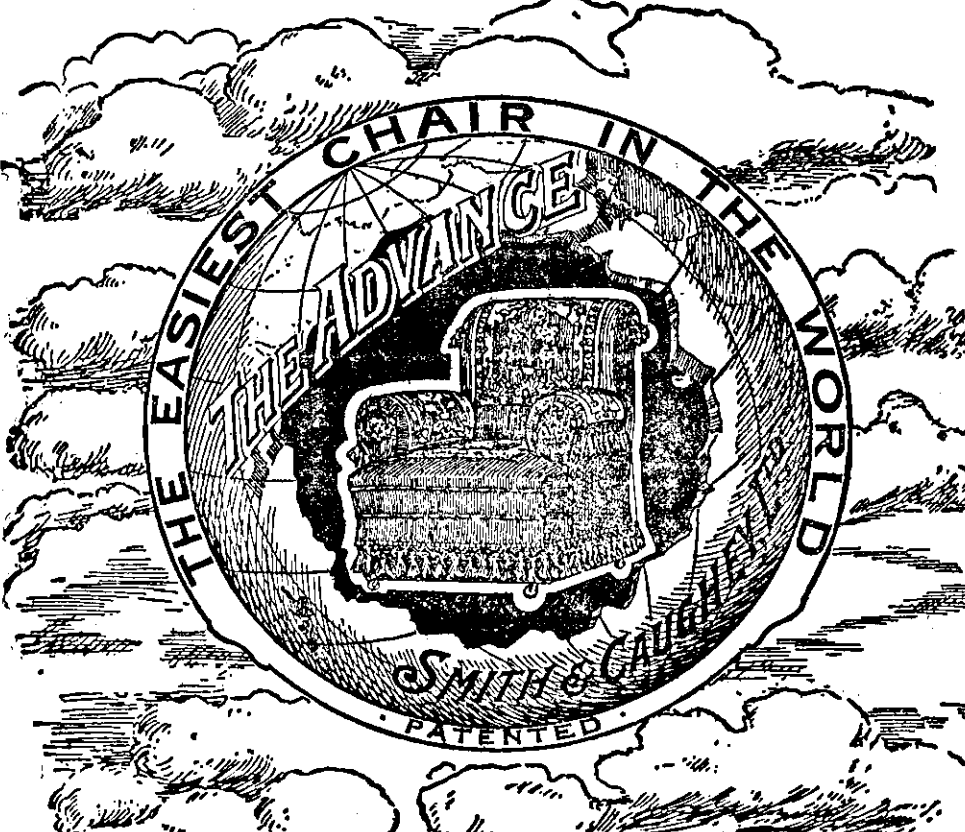


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# Marcus the Chattel.

A Tale of Two Half-brothers.

By Mrs. TALBOT HUNTER.

"MOTHER," said Eustace Poingdestre, lighting his cigar, "who is that lovely girl over there? And when did she come?"

Indolent Mrs. Poingdestre looked across the verandah to the gardens, where a beautiful quadroon stood amid a wealth of colour.

"That is Dolores, my seamstress, dear," she said listlessly. "Don't you remember? I bought her from Paquita Valdena a short time ago."

"Ah—to be sure! Well, I've never seen such beauty."

"Oh, nonsense," said Mrs. Poingdestre, stifling a yawn. "Dolores is well enough."

Twelve months had elapsed, most of which had been spent by Eustace in hunting excursions in the far North-west, so he remained ignorant of the momentous course of events at home.

When he once more presented himself at Bellefontaine his mother received him with a stern face.

"As soon as you have dressed, Eustace," she said, "come to my room. I wish to speak with you."

An hour afterwards he entered his mother's boudoir. She was standing opposite the door, a regal figure in her long sweeping skirts, holding an infant in her arms.

"Impiter!" cried Eustace. "What's that?"

"Your son," replied the lady, looking intently at him. "The child's mother, Dolores, my seamstress, who was my property, I have manumitted. The child himself, is your property? You are at once his father and his owner. What I demand of you is, that you manumit him at once. Are you willing?"

"Perfectly willing," replied Eustace with a smile that provoked a burning rejoinder from his mother.

"Very well," she said haughtily. "The child has been named Marcus. You will please have the manumission document made out at once, for at present he is simply Marcus, the chattel of a Louisiana gentleman, and as saleable in New Orleans as molasses or tobacco!"

"You shall have the paper to-morrow, Madame," said Eustace, briefly. "Is that all?"

"That is all?" coolly replied the lady. "I intend to provide for the boy's education, and while I live he and his mother will have a home beneath this roof."

Not long after this episode, Eustace Poingdestre brought home his bride—a beautiful Baltimore belle—and settled down to the systematic, make-believe hard work of a Louisiana planter. By-and-by a son was born to Eustace, and then the wife, who knew from the beginning the story of her husband's sin, hated the quadroon and her son, more vindictively than ever.

However, the boy, as she knew, had been manumitted by his father, and was safe in the protection of her mother-in-law, while she lived, so Adele Poingdestre could do no more than cultivate in the heart of her son a hatred of his half-brother, who had been born in the shadow of Canaan's doom.

So they grew up divided in their lives—though springing from one parent stock—"A little more than kin and less than kind."

One morning, Eustace Poingdestre was found dead—he had passed away in sleep. His will had long been made—an annuity to his widow, and the whole of his property, goods, and chattels, (human and otherwise) to his beloved son, Lucius Poingdestre.

It was an irreparable wound to the proud heart of Marcus that his father had not even mentioned his existence—indeed, but for the manumission document, he might have been amongst the chattels. He felt it the more, that he had formed a deep attachment to Lillian Calliver, a beautiful girl who was visiting Mrs. Poingdestre. Lucius also loved Lillian with all the strength of an ill-trained fiery nature, and so the life-long

feud between the half-brothers culminated in the supreme antagonism born of rivalry in love.

When Lillian went back to her home to Ohio, Marcus was the favoured suitor. Suddenly Mrs. Poingdestre fell sick, and the hopes of Mrs. Eustace rose correspondingly. She more than surmised that the bulk of her mother-in-law's fortune would descend by bequest to the unacknowledged son; the will, of course, was in the hands of the family lawyer, but the vindictive woman knew that if she could only gain possession of the manumission of Marcus she would be sure of both revenge and money; therefore, one afternoon, when her mother-in-law slept, she obtained the document from her private desk, and immediately burnt it to ashes.

"I'm quits now with that quadroon wench," she muttered, as she watched it burn to a blackened rag; "she wouldn't have parted with that for the State of Louisiana."

At the end of the week Mrs. Poingdestre died, and, on the will being read, consummate was the mortification of the plotters, to learn that her property was bequeathed—not to Marcus, but to his mother, Dolores, in trust for him. Mrs. Eustace was transported with rage, when she discovered that she had been outwitted. Then a shrill of triumph elated her, in the thought that Marcus, for whose future benefit this will had been devised, was by her own act, in the eyes of the law, the slave and chattel of her son, and as such could inherit no property.

That same night Lucius and Marcus Poingdestre confronted each other like the two elder sons of Adam.

"Where is my manumission?" demanded Marcus in an ominously calm and determined tone.

Lucius laughed viciously.

"The document's destroyed, my dandy nigger, I watched it burn to ashes, and you're now my property, you half-bred trash."

Like lightning the octoroon sprang at him, and felled him to the ground.

It was twilight in the swamp to which Marcus the chattel had fled for concealment, hoping that when a few days had passed he might finally make his escape to Sandusky.

Noxious insects tormented him, and noxious reptiles swarmed around him, but he endured the former and destroyed the latter, thinking them, even then, less loathsome than his own species.

Suddenly his ears—stung to their finest tension by the ghastly silence and the apprehension of capture—caught a far-away faint sound, never to be forgotten by one who has once heard it—a high-pitched, sostenente wail, like a long-drawn note of music. The sound made Marcus Poingdestre's bones to shudder, and he realised the terribly sublime image of the Temanite—the hair of his flesh stood up!

He had not speculated on this appalling possibility. He had supposed that after a season of hiding, the affair would blow over, and his brother would leave him to the hazardous prospect of making his escape. He had never calculated on being hunted like a wild beast by his father's son, nor had the practice ever been favoured by a Poingdestre in any emergency.

He stood beside a hollow tree-stump where his nights had been passed. On his flight from home he had secured his revolver and knife—the latter was necessary as a protection against the attacks of animals when out in the woods. The report of streams he wished to avoid, unless—

Lucius Poingdestre and two of his neighbours, attended by half a dozen hands as torch-bearers were following, as well as the difficulties of the ground would admit, a couple of Canan blood-hounds, when one of them suddenly fell—shot dead, Marcus, through a fissure in the bark, had picked him off as he struck the direct trail, and now turning the handle of his bowie towards his

throat, stepped from his ambush to face the other hound, which by instinct leapt at him. It instantly fell, streaming with blood. The fugitive, who now felt himself secure, rose and confronted his enemy, who seemed to quail before his glittering eye.

"Well, brother Lucius!" He held up his dripping blade. "Come down, you coward, and try conclusions! You'll have to fight for me, by—"

"Marcus! Marcus!" protested Lucius. "I have not come here to harm a hair of your head, but I beg you to return to Bellefontaine! I apologise for what I said. See—here is your manumission paper—"

"My manumission?" repeated the octoroon in amazement. "You said it was destroyed?"

"That was a fact, Marcus. It was destroyed—in a fit of rage, I am sorry. I seek you in reparation. Here is the necessary instrument, which insures your freedom—made out and signed by me—these gentlemen are witnesses."

"I see!" interrupted Marcus derisively. "You are so resolute in your benevolence that you absolutely hunt me like a wild beast in order to manumit me! Do you think me a fool?"

"I swear to you," cried Lucius, "that you are free, and these gentlemen have witnessed—"

"That's so—that's so," interrupted the two friends.

Marcus pondered for a moment. He was not in any way deluded by his brother's professions of good-will which were transparently insincere; but the document, being all the restitution that Lucius could make, was his right, and he was now inspired by anxiety to ascertain what marvel had turned the current of animosity in his two deadly foes.

"Give me the paper," he said curtly, "and ride back. You will see me to-night."

"Lucius Poingdestre," said Marcus in a cold bitter tone, as he stood in his brother's room that night, "I am not such a fool as to be guiled by any hollow professions of yours in restoring what you committed a crime to steal. You require some service at my hands—what is its nature?"

"Will you sign this paper?" asked Lucius nervously, "a simple statement that you have been legally freed, and are entirely your own master?"

"Willingly," replied Marcus, in some surprise. He wrote a few words rapidly and signed his name. "What more?"

"Nothing," answered Lucius, as with a smile of triumph, he read the paper and placed it in his pocket-book. "But before you leave me, I want you to read this."

He extended an open letter, and Marcus, stung by his brother's reviving insolence, took it from him, and read like one petrified:—

"Dear Lucius,—

"I have heard of the terrible calamity that has overtaken Marcus, and am distracted with sorrow. What I can do to save him from such a fate I will do. You have outwitted me to consent to our marriage. Search for your brother by night and day till you have found him, restore him to liberty, and I will be your wife."

"Lillian Calliver."

The paper fluttered from the hands of Marcus, and he staggered from the room.

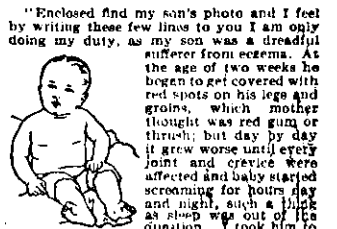
Outside, the octoroon, with wild eyes, looked up to the over-lasting stars, and cursed the memory of that father whose sin made him an Ishmael.

"Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be to his brother."

"So those two lovely men were in love with you?" "Yes." "And they really fought a duel about you?" "Yes, yes." "Swords or pistols?" "P-pistols!" "How exciting! Were they loaded?" "No. Both of 'em were sober."

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# Wind Among the Barley Sheaves.

By Mrs. STANLEY WRENCH.

A MURMURING wind swept through the bearded barley, setting alive whispers in the trees that bent to listen to the secrets the blood-red poppies tell, and tall white camions swayed dreamily to and fro, virgins of the cornfields, whilst wanton poppies danced their measure, and the sky was languorous as a woman's eyes.

But Bernard the Chief, who strode through the barley-field with his burden, heard nothing of the secrets the flowers brought to tell, knew nothing of the charm of surging life, and cared little for the thistles which, for very malice, pricked his feet as he ruthlessly trod down the summer blossoms.

"T'faith," he muttered, "the child is heavy for one of so few summers," and impatiently he cursed the fence over which he was forced to climb before he could set his feet in the pathway that led up to the house upon the hill. Here report said Bernard the Chief and his smuggler gang hid their booty at whites, and here in very truth he could crow defiance to the whole county.

Once he shifted his burden, and the little bundle stirred uneasily. One might have thought there came a pitiful cry from the sacking, but if so the Chief took no heed.

The door swung open as though some silent watcher had known of his coming. It indeed was the case, for woe befell the servants at the house upon the hill did Bernard the Chief have to wait at its gates for more than the space of a second. He strode within the hall, where were gathered in waiting half-a-dozen men, and swore loud and lustily, as was his wont, though not an eyelid stirred of those who stood by.

"Call Dame Marjorie," he shouted, and almost before the words had left his lips a grey-haired old woman appeared, who faced him sternly.

"How now?" she queried in a voice as sharp as his own.

He set the sack upon the floor, and guffawed long and loudly, his burly form shaking with merriment, his great red cheeks quivering with laughter as the sack moved a little, stirred again, then from out of the folds there appeared the head of a tiny black-haired child.

Not a word said his men, but Dame Marjorie came nearer.

"What in the devil's name is this?" she asked, suspicion biting into her voice.

"Thou may'st well ask, good dame," he made answer, and stooping drew out the little one, who gazed up at him fearlessly. He set her upon her feet, and looked round at his men.

"This is the little Lady Lucille de La Vendee," he said, with an evil sneer playing round his lips. "You will, I pray you, do her homage."

"What joke is this?" croaked the old woman in his ear, but he motioned her away.

"Your liege lady," he said, and motioned to the men, who one by one came forward, bent on one knee, took her baby hand, kissed it reverently as women kiss the misal, and muttered the oath of fealty which had served its turn before with the Chief himself.

The child could not have been more than four summers, yet she stood there with a gravity beyond her years, her dark eyes aglow, her little hand outstretched with the department of a queen. There could have been no better proof of her birth. The child was nobly begetton. Then how, in Heaven's name, could she be here in this nest of the Sparrow-hawk? Bernard the Chief was a smuggler noted for miles around, not only for deeds of daring, but for his doings, which whispered of bloodshed and rapine, of slaughter, and deeds at which even hardened men would shudder and turn their faces. How came he by this fair child, and for what purpose was she brought hither?

The mystery was soon solved, though it was but one pair of ears that heard the story. Dame Marjorie carried the black-haired baby away at a sign from her

lord and master, and he followed, closing the door behind him so that none could hear.

"How now?" she said again. "What new move is this?"

The child stood silently there, her eyes big with solemn wonder, and, drawing her towards him, Chief Bernard stood the little one between his knees.

"Look well at her, my mother—look well at her," he said. "Hast ever seen one like her before?"

Dame Marjorie stared hard. Then her eyes blinked, a look of fear crossed her face, and she turned away.

But the man laughed harshly.

"Well?" he queried. "Well?"

"She is like—she is very like Mademoiselle Charlotte," she stammered.

He laughed again, then bent his head lower, put a finger beneath the child's chin, tilted her face upwards, and bade the old woman watch her nostrils quiver.

"'Twas a trick of Charlotte herself," he said. "Dost remember when she was angered? Dost remember? Well," as the old woman nodded again, "this is Charlotte's child. Charlotte is now my lady of Vendee, but a widow to boot, and this is her only child."

Despite her audacity of hearing before, the old woman shivered and crossed herself now.

"Ah!" she said. "Then my lord of Vendee is dead."

He drew his fingers lightly across his throat with a dry laugh.

"So," he said. "And his child is here—his child and hers."

A passionate look crept into his eyes. "I swore to be revenged," he said. "I swore to have my own back again when he stole her from us. She was mine, till he came with his lute and his tales of the sunny South—mine till he won her heart away with his troubadour pastimes, and the nonsense that all women love. But now," and he chuckled again, "now I have his child, and my further day of vengeance will be yet assured."

"What of the child?" she asked, her eyes on his face.

"Look well to her," he said. "Let her want for nothing. Let her lack nothing that those of gentle birth have as their right. If need be, get her silks and geggaws; jewels she can have in plenty," and again he laughed. "There are more in the treasury yonder than she can ever wear. Get her a servant, and see that when she grows there is someone to tutor her, for I would not have Mademoiselle Charlotte's child grow up ignorant of such things as are reckoned of great store amongst those of high birth. She shall look on me as her relative—call me what you will, but teach her to forget La Vendee. She is but a child."

At that instant the babe looked up at him with big, innocent eyes and a strange smile played about her mouth, so serious for a child of such few summers.

"I am four years old," she said gravely, and the words sounded like a menace.

He lifted her high in his arms with a huge laugh. He liked a maid of spirit.

"God's truth, and so you be," he said. "Well, but you'll make a likely lass one of these days. There'll be more nor one head cracked through you, I'm thinking, ere you reach the age of four score. But go to, now. He a good lass, and you shall have plenty of playthings, though I ha' to pluck out hearts to get you gold."

He set her down, laughed again, stuck his knife into his belt, and strode from the chamber. Then Dame Marjorie turned to the child.

"What is your name, little one?" she said.

The baby stamped her foot.

"I am not little one," she said. "I am Lady Lucille de La Vendee."

Dame Marjorie laughed.

"Toity-toity," she said. "A proud little madam, like her mother, Mademoiselle Charlotte as was. Still, by God's good grace that can be cured."

But Madame Marjorie little knew. The child's proud spirit rather grew with her years, and she exacted obedience as a matter of right from all with whom she came in contact. Bernard the Chief was little at home, his smuggling exploits took him farther and farther afield, but when

he heard the accounts of her doings he would rock himself with loud laughter.

"Ah, a proud young madam—a likely lass!" was all he would say, and even Dame Marjorie brought him tidings of her misdeeds, for, like all healthy children, she often did amiss; he would not have her punished, but rather joyed in her misdeemeanors.

"No!" he would say; "well, she will find a mate some day. He will tame her. But sparrows cannot prate to eagles."

By the time she had reached the age of fifteen she was a beautiful maiden, with hair the colour of a raven's wing, eyes like sloes with the bloom upon them, and a skin that rivalled the hawthorn in its whiteness. She had tutors by this; the good cure taught her all the Latin he knew, and showed her how to juggle with figures, whilst one of the maids, a creature from the South, brought back by the Sparrow-hawk on one of his wanderings, showed her how to do wonderful stitches in silk, and set stories in a piece of tapestry. It was over one of these, a captive Love, with laughing Graces round, that the girl laid down her needle.

"Tell me," she said, and peered up into the Southern girl's face—"tell me who and what is Love?"

The blue-eyed serving maid smiled slyly. She knew the tale, but, Jack-a-day! how could one tell it to a child's ears?

"Love is a song," she said. "Hast never heard it, my Lady Lucille? It is when the flowers whisper together, when the trees bend and tell their secrets, and when the birds answer one note of silver with another of liquid gold."

"Ah!" said the child softly. "I know. I have heard it among the barley sheaves."

The serving maid laughed.

"Faith, and I have no manner of doubt," she said. "When the reapers bind the sheaves there be many a tale of love told, I fancy."

"Why is Love's song so sad?" she asked.

The serving maid bent lower over her task to hide the blushes.

"'Tis a trick he hath when he sings to a woman's ear," she said. "I doubt not a man hears it all joyous."

The Lady Lucille was silent for the space of three needlefuls of silk and their working.

"Does love wear a blue cloak?" she asked.

The maid started.

"Ah, Mother of God!" she cried. "What fancy is this?"

The child pointed to the tapestry.

"Love hath no clothing on here," she said; "but when he sings among the barley sheaves doth he wear a blue coat?"

"Maybe, yes," said the maid, all a-twitter with wonder. "I have no doubt he dons his brave clothing then."

"So!" said the child, threading another needle. "May one speak with Love if one meets him?"

The serving man laughed gaily.

"Aye, to be sure," she cried. "Wherefore not? 'Twould be but a lonely day were there no honeyed speeches."

"So!" she said again, and was silent, but her eyes were very thoughtful, and that night as she said her beads she added another prayer, and went to bed with cheeks aglow.

It was the time of the barley harvest, and the little Lady Lucille loved the whispers that ran through the field of bearded grain, so that she would take her book of Hours and sit there for the space of a whole afternoon at whites, her maids content, for they could gossip in the stableyard then, or hang together and tell tales of sunnier climes and happier days than now, when they were free, and before they had heard the dread name of Bernard the Chief, or, as most folks now called him, the Sparrow-hawk.

The day after she had worked at the tapestry she went out into the barley field with cheeks aglow, walked the whole width of the field, and sat down beneath the hedge where wild clematis wreathed the branches in feathery masses of silver-grey, and purple sloes gleamed like dusky eyes amongst the gold and green of the leaves.

As on the day when she had been brought hither, poppies danced a wanton measure in the breeze, white camion blossoms swayed like maids in a dream, and gaudy marigolds blinked their petals as the hot sun poured down upon them. Little Lady Lucille lay back upon the bank, closed her eyes, and listened for the song of the wind among the barley sheaves. Soft and low, faint and clear, like echoes from the revels of the Wise Wee Folk, she caught its refrain, and smiled to find how it fitted in with

dreams of her own weaving. There was the sea's wild note mingled with the laughter of spring, the panting breath of summer and the whisper of a west wind, than a wail of sorrow for the parting of the year, and a graver, deeper note breathing of something of which she knew not the meaning of yet.

Then slowly the sun faded, the colour went from the sky, a grey mist crept up from the pebbly beach, and the dun barley field with its scarlet poppies and azure cornflowers melted into a colourless void. Fog such as sometimes sweeps inland from a steel-grey heaving sea, and my Lady Lucille alone, save for the wind among the barley sheaves.

He came then, this wonderful elfish sprite, who had danced in upon her moods before, wearing, as was his wont, a blue cloak, his curls like the golden wheatears of San Fe, where the wind is soft and the skies are always blue.

He came before her, bending low, and little Lady Lucille kept her eyes closed, for she knew if she opened them too soon the vision would fade.

"Art alone, my Lady Lucille?" he said.

"How sweet his voice was—how low!"

She answered him by a sign, for she feared to speak.

"Tell me," he pleaded, and his voice had a winning note. "Tell me, doth the Chief tarry at the house upon the hill?"

She shook her head.

What strange questions he asked, and how odd was his fashion of wooing!

"Dost remember La Vendee, little Lady Lucille?" he asked; and with that she opened her eyes. How should Love know of La Vendee?

Mystery of mysteries, he was still there. He had not vanished as ever before.

Her eyes grew wistful.

"Dost know La Vendee, too?" she queried, her little voice sharp with a misery no child should know.

"Aye," he said abruptly. "I come from thence."

She held out piteous, pleading hands.

"Dost know my mother, Mademoiselle Charlotte?" she cried. "I hear my serving maids tell of her. 'Tis whispered the Chief loved her too well."

There was sound oddly like an oath from the blue-clad figure in the mist. But Lady Lucille was used to oaths and took no heed.

"My mother," she pleaded. "Tell me of her."

"He came a little nearer."

"She mourns a daughter," he said. "She has sworn vengeance."

Her heart beat fast.

"How?" she queried. "On the Chief?"

"Aye," he said. "But needs must wait. Another twelvemonth and 'twill be time enow."

A dull rhythm throbbed through the gloom, and she strove to see his face.

"How shall I know?" she queried, for her wits were sharp.

"In the time of the barley harvest," he said. "Thou shalt hear a song among the sheaves."

"So!" she said, and smiled. "Good-bye, Love. I will be here waiting."

She tarried a little longer, tarried till the plash of oars below told her that the blue-clad figure had vanished from her ken, then sighed again as the wind swept through the bearded barley.

"A whole year," she sighed. "I must possess my soul in patience."

That winter my Lady Lucille worked hard at her tapestry, so that the Loves and the Hours and the Graces were finished, and when the Sparrow-hawk came back from one of his marauding adventures he found the needlework hung in the inner hall, and praised the diligence and handiwork.

"How so?" he said, and stared at her as he had never stared at her before. "Thou art an industrious wench."

Never had he called her wench before, and her cheeks flamed.

"I am Lucille de La Vendee," she told him proudly, and he rolled with laughter.

"How now?" he cried. "How now? The minx hath a proud spirit. See now, how old art thou, pretty one?"

"I shall be sixteen next moon," she answered him proudly.

He seemed surprised, and thought for a while in silence; then he summoned the old priest, who, fat and mumbling, knew little save his book and his prayers.

"I will wed the Lady Lucille at the time of the next barley harvest," he said. "Do thou see she is in readiness. Teach her all that a wife must have heed, the duty of humility, meekness, and how to keep a still tongue for her lord's sake."

If Lucille heard she took no heed, but all noticed that from that time she bore herself even more proudly and communed much with herself apart. Likewise too



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she wandered much out of door, but her maids, who loved the scented chamber and the snug wood-fire, let her wander and took no heed.

"Her marriage will come in the time of the barley harvest," they said, and sewed fine embroideries apace, whilst one pale maiden who had been carried off from a mountain fastness wove a web of silk with a border of white lilies, such as is used in the lands of the North for a maiden's pall. But of this none took heed.

Little Lady Lucile braided her hair in two long plaits now, wore a gown that reached to her ankles and looked no longer a child; yet for all that she was sweeter and fairer than before, and it was small wonder that Sparrow-hawk waxed desirous. He even took to paying her compliments and showering gifts upon her. Of his compliments she took no heed, of his gifts she set no store. Once indeed she flung back a great chain of rubies with which he had bound her.

"I like it not," she said. "It smells of blood."

Then he laughed a mighty laugh, caught her in his arms, and for the space of a heart-beat held her captive. She struggled not, but gave him one cold look, and he felt his hands go as wax, and that night the Sparrow-hawk drank long and deeply.

The barley field ripened beneath the summer sky, the beads glistened in the sunlight, poppies were astir with their lazy longing, and golden bedstraw glowed on the wayside banks that lined the rocky path up to the house upon the hill. Already the chapel was being prepared, its musty interior swept and garnished, and the great altar hung with the silken cloth and the lilies that the maids had woven. But Lady Lucile sought not the chapel, nor yet the banqueting hall, where long tables were being spread. Day after day she sought the barley field and listened for the song of the wind among the sheaves. She heard the whippers of the South, the wonders of the West, even the strange secrets of the North, and once she wept as the chill east wind swept in from the sea, bringing tears of brine. But for all that no figure of blue ever wandered in from the sea-path, and no strange bark ever hovered near the shore.

So came the eve of her bridal. Late that evening she dressed herself in a russet gown, twisted a gold chain she had worn about her middle the night she had been brought to the house upon the hill, and taking with her nothing but her little book of prayers, wandered out into the barley field, her heart big with longing, and her eyes all aching with a misery she could not fathom.

Would he come—and too late? None saw her go, and had they seen who could guess what were her thoughts? The morrow's bridal was to be a wonderful sight, and gay doings were promised. So they smiled and gossiped in corners, and Dame Marjorie told her beads. Dame Marjorie knew that little Lady Lucile was the heiress of La Vendee, and that by this marriage a mighty fief would fall to her son's share. Who could say him nay when his bride was this wondrous child, so loving and so doted on by him? So her foolish old heart pated.

Out in the barley field Lucile stood with finger on lip listening. Would he come in time? Ah! through the twilight she heard the sound of oars, and her heart beat fast. It was he. She was sure. So the little russet-clad figure stood motionless and waited.

But not for long. Up the sea-path he strode, his golden curls gleaming, his heart beating with hers. She saw his blue cloak, and clapped her hands softly. With that he came and knelt at her feet.

"Ah, my Lady Lucile!" he said, and he kissed her hands; "my little Lady Lucile." She wondered why her heart beat so fast, why her hands trembled.

"Come," he said, "and quickly. My boat waits below."

So with her hand in his she went down the seaward path till they stood alone on the shore. But not alone, for there amongst the rocks was a strange company. Men in armour! She looked at him in amaze.

"What do they here?" she asked. "Who are they?"

"My lady," he said, "it is twelve years since Bernard the Rubber Chief invaded La Vendee, treacherously struck down our Chief, and laid dire insult upon his widow. He bore off our little lady, and we, all lads as we were, swore vengeance.

But we must needs have time. We wert stripings and our fathers were slain, slain as only the Sparrow-hawk can slay brave men. Some were hamstringed, and their bitter shrieks have dwelt in our ears since. Lads though we were, we rescued our lady, your noble mother, and in caves and hiding places have we hid our time till we were grown. Now we have come to deal vengeance, and it is time. Up at the house on the hill to-night all men will be drunk. They are making merry over the bridal that will

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never come. Come, my Lady Lucile. I will lead you to your lady mother. She waits across the bay, and then—" He paused, and his eyes grew sad. "Then," she bravely, "I will wed you next barley harvest, for you are my love." All unshaken she stood there with her confession, and again he bent and kissed her hand. "Come, my Lady Lucile," he said. But she was stubborn.

"I will not come," she said, "unless you call me by other name." A hot blush crept to her cheeks. "Must I do all the wooing?" she asked, and her head bent lower. "Come, my love," he said, and she suffered him to lead her to the little boat. When she turned to look for the men in armour on the shore the beach was solitary. "Where are they?" she asked. "Wait," he said, and pulled seawards.

"Is it far?" she asked; but he was looking back—back towards where the nest of the Sparrow-hawk stood in lonely state. She, too, followed his gaze. A great red tongue of flame leapt upwards, there was a dull boom, answered by another, and she felt her eyes glow. "Ah!" she said, "La Vendee is revenged at last. They are there." "Yes," he said, "they are there. Heaven speed their work."

In turn she is sweetheart, counsellor, wife, mother, housekeeper, and servant. To be all these things, and be them well, is one of the privileges of her sex, but the greater the actress, the more solid the family structure remains.

# CONSTIPATION

OBSTINATE CASE OVERCOME BY DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS.

Mrs. Edith Kelly, of 179 Canning-street, Carlton, Melbourne, and whose photo. is here published, suffered for many years with obstinate constipation, and although she tried various remedies, found nothing could equal Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills for genuine relief. She also gives these Pills to her children when they

are out of sorts at all, and the results are most gratifying, as her letter states.



Mrs. E. Kelly

From a Photo.

179 Canning-street, Carlton, Melbourne. Dear Sirs, Having tried Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills for Constipation, with which I suffered greatly for many years, after availing myself of many other medicines, to little or no effect, I found your remedy good; they do not purge, but act in a soothing way, and I believe they suit me much better than other remedies. I frequently recommend them to my friends so suffering. You can use this testimony in the hope that it may assist any folk afflicted with obstinate constipation. They are also a good family medicine. I use them when necessary with my children, they act so mildly. (Signed) Mrs. Edith Kelly.

Constipation is the root of nine-tenths of the sickness of man, and a large proportion of the sickness of women. It is a simple thing of itself, but like many simple things, it may grow, and become complicated. When the bowels are clogged the waste matter decays and ferments, and enters the blood, and is carried to all parts of the body, producing Headaches, Biliousness, Sleeplessness, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and various other ailments, disturbing the Heart and Nervous System, and, if continued, is liable to cause inflammation of the Bowels, Liver and Kidneys. As a family remedy for Costiveness, Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have a wide reputation. They are mild in action, causing neither weakness nor sickness, and do not gripe. To overcome Constipation, take from one to four Pills regularly, until the bowels movedaily, and are restored to healthy action.

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East & West

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## A Plea for Short Honeymoons.

In the "Memoirs of Daniel Macmillan" his opinion is thus stated: "That going out for the honeymoon is a most wise and useful invention; it enables you to be so constantly together and to obtain a deeper knowledge of each other; and it also helps one to see and feel the preciousness of such intimacy as nothing else could. Intercourse in the presence of others never leads below the surface, and it is in the very depths of our being that true, calm deep and true peace and love lie. Nothing so well prepares us for the serious duties of after-life."

"As to long honeymoons," says the Bishop of Rochester, "most sensible people have come utterly to disbelieve in them. They are a forced homage to utterly false ideas; they are a waste of money at a moment when every shilling is wanted for much more pressing objects; they are a loss of time, which soon comes to be dreary and weary. Most of all, they are a risk for love, which ought not so soon to be so unpleasantly tested by the inevitable petulances of a secret enemy. Six days, by all means, and then, oh! happy friends, go straight home. Whenever you come back, six weeks hence or one, you will have just as much to stand the fire of a little hard staring, which won't hurt you, and of bright happiness, which need not vex you; and the sooner you are at home the sooner you will find out what married happiness means." — From "How to be Happy Though Married," by E. J. Hardy.

## The Family Structure.

In an article contributed recently to an American magazine, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt made strong plea for the conservation of the home. That plea was backed by the unalterable truth that woman makes the home whatever it is. During the first few months of married life is determined generally the attitude of husband and wife. It is the impressionable stage—the wife ready to listen, to learn, and to understand; the man joyful in his possession, willing and eager to discuss his dearest hopes, his plans, and his ambitions. Those first few months are the crucial stage for the average couple. The writer remembers hearing once a woman bemoaning her fate, and wringing her hands, because marriage for her had proved disastrous. "I was the best housekeeper that could be found," said she, "but it was quite natural that I didn't like my husband walking into the house with his muddy boots." The poor man was made to change them in the laundry before he was allowed to cross the threshold of that too perfect home. Home-making there came to grief on the shoal of muddy boots and too excellent house-keeping. The world is full of such women. When a man is working in the city all day, or in the fields, maybe, home at sundown is heaven, or should be. It is the holy of holies, into which can be taken not only muddy boots but the little vexations of the day; the trials, the joys, and the successes which have come the way of the breadwinner. That is his right, to be able to bring them home is to be understood. Men need encouragement. Every woman knows that. As David Graham Phillips once said, "A man is as often in need of coddling as the lady of the house." A wife during the course of her married life is called upon to play many parts.

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FLUORID

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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. Terse 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

## CONQUEST

By A. WHITAKER, Tauranga.

Doctor yet," muttered Jim, "and two days since Bill took the message. Twenty miles from a township. Cuss it!"

Jim looked anxiously within the whare of the sick man, and then turned again to look down the road through the bush clearings. He heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the road at last, and up to the door came the doctor and with him a boy of about sixteen years of age.

"The crisis will be to-night," said the doctor, after examining his patient. "It would be as well to let this boy stay and help you. You look worn out, man."

"Oh! never mind that," said Jim brusquely. "Will Martin get better?"

"Certainly, with care," replied the doctor.

The boy now came forward, and in a singularly soft, low voice, said: "I want a job up in the bush. Can I stay with you for a while? I could help you with your mate."

"Anything if it will help him," and Jim's hard face softened.

Next morning, very early, the sick man opened his eyes and gazed around him. Jim was preparing breakfast, whilst the boy slept in the inner room, after staying with the patient nearly all the night.

"I thought someone was here," he said. "Someone I know." This very feebly and wistfully.

Hearing the voice, Jim sprang forward with a smile upon his plain face. "Now, old chap, no talk. I'm so glad the worst is over. Here's your medicine, and we'll soon have you felling trees again. The doctor came and has gone off as soon as it was light. He says all you need is a good nurse."

"But who has been here?" feebly inquired Sidney Martin again.

"Oh, the doctor and a young lad who has stayed up here in search of work—and found it, by Jove! He's going to nurse you better than I can I do believe. Such a handy little man he is. He cleared up this room and waited on you like a woman. But I must be off to milk Betty. Just be quiet now. I won't be long." Jim went off.

The door of the inner room opened, and the boy came softly forward to the bedside.

"So you are the boy! Why, why I dreamed of someone I knew."

"Don't—don't talk, please," urged the boy, interrupting him.

"Her voice, too!" muttered the man. Then raising himself with an effort he commanded sternly: "Come here, boy! Kneel down." The boy obediently fell on his knees, his face whitening, his lips quivering, his eyes dark and shining with excitement, whilst Sidney held his chin upwards and looked into his face earnestly and searchingly.

"Dearest, dearest," the boy whispered, "you know me!" And the voice was full of quiet exaltation.

The sick man smiled gladly, and lying back on the pillow calmly once more, said: "So you came when I called you. My love! My love!" and tears filled his eyes, as the boy covered his feeble hands with kisses.

"Yes; and you must get better quickly."

"Oh, I shall do that now, and I'm too happy to care how you came and, Charlie, I don't ask you why you did this, in fact, why—" and he pointed to her boy's attire and shorn head—"I will just be glad that I have you, whilst I may, and ask no questions. But you won't leave me? You are real?" he continued.

For answer the real womanly Charlie, with the boyish face, closed his mouth with her fingers first, and kissed him afterwards, playfully and yet lovingly. Then with a brisk air she took command

and began her duties of nursing this man whom she loved and for whom she was risking so much. She forbade him to talk, she sang softly and went about the room, cleaning it, and making ready the next meal, whilst the man's eyes smiled upon her watchfully.

It was wonderful how well the boy character suited her. She was 20, but now looked 16. Her slim form was trim and neat in the knickers and Norfolk suit she had managed to procure. Her hair was cut quite nicely. Sidney even wondered who had been a party to robbing his darling of her beautiful dark brown hair, and he was resentful. But her face, clear cut and firm, was sweet, and the eyes wide-set and frank in their innocent gaze, were beautiful to behold. And so the days passed very happily.

Jim suspected nothing, but often speculated about this wonderfully clever boy with the refined manners and speech. Sidney had said: "We shall hear his story soon, only wait." And he himself recovered with wonderful rapidity, so Jim was content.

It was a week later. The patient was seated in the big wicker chair, fully dressed. He had been very particular that Jim should officiate very often when his nurse was out and around the settlement, and so she was to have the great surprise of seeing him sitting up and dressed when she returned. It gave Jim a shock to see her when she entered and looked at Sidney with a sudden joyous smile and greeting, half fear, too, as she ran forward to his chair.

"Are you sure you are well enough?" and she gazed anxiously at him.

Jim muttered as he went out: "Strange boy; he fairly loves Sidney already. So do I. One can't help it. But still, I've known him two years now, and he only a week."

Late in the afternoon Clarice and Sidney were alone. Jim had left them to visit some other camp about ten miles away and would not be back till late in the evening.

"Now, dear," said Clarice, "I must confess, shall I?"

"I suppose you must, and this cannot go on long, I know," and Sidney sighed deeply and stroked the cropped head of "Boy," as he called her now resting between his knees.

She was squatting on the rug and looking abstractedly into the burning logs, clasping her knees with both hands. Suddenly she turned round and, kneeling on the floor, reached her hands up to Sidney's shoulders and looking into his eyes said: "Remember, I'm not going away. You shan't send me away. Where thou goest I will go, and where thou dwellest I will dwell." She said these last words in a low whisper and with adoring eyes. "You need me. I need you. Now say it shall be so. Say it, dear." And she pleaded with agony of apprehension in her voice. Then breaking off, she suddenly said: "No, you shan't even give an opinion; just wait until I have finished my story."

She returned to her former position—the man trembling with the sudden wave

of temptation to accept—this girl—to throw away convention. Ah! how he loved her. And he was weak yet from his illness. He closed his lips firmly, glad she had turned away her pleading face and prepared himself to listen to her story, reserving his decision. Ah, no, it must not be. He had decided.

"When you left me," she began, "that night, and I had listened speechless to your confession, I was broken-hearted. You said it was good-bye forever; you said, 'I have done you an injury which I can never efface; but, God helping me, it shall end here.' I knew it was little Ellie, your father's good name, and your own honour which must stand first with you. I could not have wished you to act otherwise. No, no indeed. I went away to my uncle's home and went on with my life as if I had never met you on the voyage out from England. And somehow, a year passed—but I could not forget. My uncle died, I was left absolutely alone, with just a small income. A friend of uncle's who had gone from Canterbury to Auckland invited me to visit her for a while and there in her house was little Ellie. Ah! the joy of meeting the darling!" Clarice's voice trembled. "She was staying with my friend awaiting the new term at school, and what news she had for me of her father! I listened to it eagerly. That you should lead this life, convinced me that not only were you seeking consolation and comfort in hard work out in the beautiful bush; but that you must be—anxious about a means of support. You had told me that your father disapproved of emigration, and, in fact, disapproved of all you had done since your marriage."

At this word Clarice's voice broke, and she put her head on her knees, and her form shook with sobs. The man leaned forward.

"Dear, I know. I know you feel full of pity for me. I know that's how it all began!"

"Yes." And Clarice looked up once more at the logs burning. "Then came news of your illness. Jim had to write the weekly letter to Ellie, and this was the first sign. I had expressly forbidden Ellie to mention me in her letters to you. I used to go to the school to visit the child and to take her out. It used to please me as much as it pleased her. One day I left Mrs. Bailey to stay in Tauranga. A relay of Mrs. Bailey's wanted a companion—help there, and I thought it would be better to absorb myself in work. I was anxious about you, and had coaxed Ellie to write a little letter telling me how you were getting on."

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25 Elliott St., Auckland.

"But a few days after I had settled in my new quarters I was walking back to the farm from town when I was suddenly attacked by some ruffian in the semi-darkness. I was seized and gagged. I struggled fiercely, when suddenly the man flung me on the ground and left, and there coming along on horse-back was the son of the lady for whom I now work. He is only a boy, but probably the ruffian never thought of that, and was scared. The lad was much concerned to see my sorry plight. We reached home, and his mother gave me wine, and insisted I should go at once to bed. They both sought to rally my spirits. The boy said, with a smile: 'You would be safe dressed as a boy. You must borrow my clothes next time.'

"All night I tossed and turned on my narrow bed. I was not so much concerned with my adventure, strange to say, as I was tortured with the thought of Sidney Martin. Here she looked up and smiled wistfully. 'Sidney, alone, perhaps, ill—perhaps dying. The boy's clothes. Why not? I could visit you. No one would know me. I had always been told I had a boyish face. We had often played theatricals when father was alive. I was always Rosalind, and loved the part. I resolved to try, and made my plans. I told Mrs. Taylor I would go away, back to Auckland, for a few weeks, to recover from the shock of the night attack. I would go to a hairdresser and sell my long hair, and I would immediately set out with a boy's outfit.

"It took four days of my time—and much of my money—to get here. I had to borrow a horse from the doctor, whom I visited. But he was glad of my company the 20 miles out. Strange he should have been coming up to you just as I called to ask his help. I knew if you were worse this doctor, being the only one, would be sent for. And I was right. And now that I have come, I have decided I shall stay. I am not needed by anyone but you. My work is here."

She sighed softly, and leaned back against Sidney's knees once more, looking up quietly into his face as if for her now the whole matter had been settled. Sidney dare not return her gaze. He shunned the inevitable. Yet he knew he must shatter her assurance.

"Dearest, listen! You know I love you—you know that early marriage was turned to mockery by the mother of my child. You know how for three years I have striven for Effie's sake to live so that she should never know what a mother I had given her. You know Effie thinks her dead, and has no remembrance of the woman who deserted her in infancy for a light love. And you know how you came into my life, and when we met we each understood that we belonged to each other—married or not! Bound as I am hand and foot, you are mine and I am yours, darling. Suffering disgrace and dishonour through the woman whom I so early had become infatuated with, the disillusion and bitterness of those first years of married life! Can anyone wonder what it was to me to meet you? To be loved by one whom I recognized at once as my other self? Can anyone wonder I fell into the temptation of basking in the sunshine of her presence for a few weeks? Ah, Clarice, I'm trying to excuse myself for my weakness. But now, now once more you come into my life!"

"Yes, dear; and always I shall be here!" she said firmly.

"I know, I know—in spirit, yes. Yet the conditions are the same—honour, my father's good name, and Effie, my child, Clarice! you know what she is to me. The winsome, curly-haired baby, who loved her daddy always so devotedly. How can I bring her to shame!"

Clarice put her head forward once more, her chin on her palm, meditatively. "We can say I'm her mother, as I will be. Her new mother. You are a widow—er apparently, and your wife is really dead to you."

Sidney groaned. "You make it hard for me," he replied.

"Hard," said Clarice, "some sacrifice must be made, and mine is willingly made. Do you not love me sufficiently?" she said reproachfully.

With sudden passion the man took the girl into his arms and kissed her, and then, drawing in his breath quickly, said: "The sacrifice of your good name, too, dear. No, no, I cannot accept it. I cannot always remain here," he continued. "Some day there is the estate, I see my father here. Effie must be taken home. Oh, Clarice! Can't you see? It is hard for us both. Dear one, be brave, take up your life again. At least I shall not have accepted your unselfish offer, your good name—your good name too.

You have pulled me through this difficulty and cheered me. We have had these few weeks together, and in the future we must just live in thought with each other. We could not be happy long—in dishonour, you know."

"Am I to leave you in this desolate spot, working away for Effie's support and with only Jim for a companion?" she said.

"Yes, dear. It is not all desolation. There is something alluring about bush-clearing, something fascinating. It is a healthy life. In a few years this land will sell for twice its present value, and who knows—we may meet again. But you—I am anxious about you," he added.

"I am helpless, God knows, where you are concerned—helpless! And yet you are peculiarly solitary now."

Clarice sobbed as he spoke, but sprang up quickly and went into the small inner room as Jim opened the outer door of the whare.

"Hello! sitting in darkness," he said. "Only burning logs for a light; it looks cosy and snug, and so pleasant to see you sitting up. Here's news of some kind," and he placed a telegram in Sidney's hand. "Hope it's not bad news," he added. There was a pause, then a rustling of paper. "Hold up, man! hold up!" and Jim rushed to pour brandy out for the fainting man in the chair.

"Boy! Boy!" he shouted, "come here."

They read the telegram together: "Motor accident; Effie injured."

Sidney recovering, said, "I must go early."

"I will come with you," said Roy quickly.

They made preparations. Jim rose with the dawn and had the light cart ready at the door. They drove to the cross roads, eight miles, in fear and trembling for their invalid, and there the coach came along at eight o'clock, and they said good-bye hurriedly to Jim. All day and all night they travelled. "Boy" and Sidney silently, yet with fear gripping their hearts. Next day, with wonderful strength and fortitude, the father looked upon his fair little daughter in the hospital cot—smiling her last at him. "Poor Daddy!" said Effie, her face like an angel's, her curls ruffled about her; "who will comfort you now?" "Boy" stood hidden behind Sidney, overcome with emotion for a moment, then she vanished.

Sidney took the child's face between his and kissed her.

"The motor car came so quickly," whispered Effie, "and I was pushing my pram out of the way. But don't grieve, don't, Daddy. Courage, you said, and Honour were the words of our shield. I tried to be brave, and I'm not afraid now. I did want you so badly." She clasped his hands feebly. The blue eyes glazed for a moment. "Where's Clarice? Daddy, she is my darling too. Yours, you said once. She will comfort you, perhaps, if you can find her. She told me not to tell."

The words began to come more faintly—"find her, find her." The nurse stepped forward and gave her a stimulant. Sidney leaned heavily back in the chair. His child, Oh God! Everything going! What next?

And so he sat dazed and stunned with grief, watching the dying child, and wondering blindly, madly what it all meant. The nurse gazed at the white-faced, stricken man pityingly. Half an hour passed—an hour.

Soon the medicine was once more administered, and another form stood by the nurse's. A sweet-faced, pale girl, with clear eyes and broad brow, a hat low over her hair—Clarice! in her own dress.

She knelt by the bed and watched for a glimmer of returning consciousness in the small face upon the pillow.

Effie raised her eyes, and seeing Clarice said: "Here you are, my little mother," and she smiled beautifully. "I always call her that, Daddy! I wanted a mother, although I had you. Look after him," she whispered. "Kiss me, both of you!"

So saying she closed her eyes and peacefully slept forever.

And afterwards, for the two stricken hearts, Clarice, nervous and strengthened by some strange insight into the inner life of things, and into Death, which Effie had met so bravely, said "Good-bye" firmly.

Sidney returned to the bush—she to her lonely furrow. And what can the future hold?

## A Strike Against War.

The International Socialist and Trade Union Congress at Copenhagen in 1910 discussed the question whether a stoppage of work by the workers in any two countries between which war was threatened could effectively prevent war breaking out. It was agreed that the International Bureau should prepare a report for consideration at the Congress in 1913. In order to obtain the views of trade unions and Socialist organisations throughout the country the British section of the Bureau has issued a circular headed, "A Strike Against War" asking the following questions:—Are you in favour of the organised working-class movements of all countries being asked to come to a mutual agreement whereby, in the event of war being threatened between any two or more countries, the workers of those countries would hold themselves prepared to try to prevent it by a mutual and simultaneous stoppage of work in the countries affected? "Have you any suggestions to put forward or remarks to make on the proposal, or on the conditions necessary to its being made effective?" The replies were to be sent to 28, Victoria Street, Lon., where the Labour party has offices, not later than September 30.

## Absinthe Drinking.

France consumes more absinthe than all the rest of Europe together. Worse still, she is consuming more every year. The year 1911 saw an enormous and quite unprecedented leap of over 1,000,000 gallons. A commission appointed to study its effects entirely confirmed the indictment of the National League against Alcoholism that "absinthe is the source of madness and crime; it causes epilepsy and consumption; it makes the husband a brute, the wife a martyr, and the child a degenerate." All the same, there are difficulties in the way of the suppression of the trade in absinthe. The manufacturers are a powerful corporation, and the State receives from the sale of this drink £2,000,000 a year and the communes a little less than £1,000,000. In the words of M. Caillaux, "a wave from the depths" is to be feared if all the absinthe drinkers of France—chiefly recruited from the lower classes—

are to be deprived of their favourite liquor. For these reasons the Government has abandoned the idea of a complete interdiction of the sale of absinthe. It has been discovered that the principal poison in absinthe is a vegetable substance, thuyon, so the suggestion is that distillers should have the right to produce a liquid and label it absinthe, if need be, so long as it is free of this pernicious ingredient. Further, no plant containing thuyon shall henceforward be used in French distilleries, and of these plants absinthe or wormwood is the chief. From now on, then, it looks as if we should have an absinthe which is not absinthe. Whether it will be any less pernicious is at least doubtful. The absinthe manufacturers profess themselves entirely satisfied with this compromise, a fact in itself suspicious.

## HOW RHEUMO CURED MR GILLESPIE.

A host of witnesses sing the praises of RHEUMO. The success of this wonderful remedy is due to the fact that it attacks and at once expels the real cause of Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, or Lumbago—excess uric acid in the blood. Mr Andrew Gillespie, of Wellington, is so well known throughout N.Z., that his experience will interest many. He writes:—  
"Whilst suffering from a severe attack of Rheumatic Gout, a friend brought me a bottle of RHEUMO. Its effect was certain: the pain left; the swelling went down, and the second bottle completed the cure. My wife also had a severe attack, and one bottle effected the cure. After taking three bottles, a friend who had been suffering from Rheumatic Gout for some three years, and whose case was considered hopeless, received almost immediate relief from pain, and was able to leave her bed. When I hear of anyone suffering from Rheumatic Gout, I always recommend RHEUMO. There are many sufferers who would get prompt relief if they only tried RHEUMO."



# "C.A.C."

Few words are needed. One celebrated cartridge fully maintains its enviable reputation for excellence. The Colonial Ammunition Company, Ltd., can make nothing better in the essentials of quality, and is content at need to let its name rest absolutely — on this one cartridge. —

# "Nitro-Special"



# Cousin Kate's Correspondents.

## TO OUR YOUNG READERS.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of Cousins, by writing to

**COUSIN KATE,**

"The Weekly Graphic,"

Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever it interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," on the Children's Pages.

All Cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our Cousins some who have passed out of their teens. A Badge will be sent to each new Cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

## LETTERS AND REPLIES.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I feel very ashamed of myself to think that I have been a cousin for more than two years, and have not written to you. But, really, I have not had your address until mother and the "Graphic" sent to her; so there is an excuse, although a very small one. We came to London a couple of years ago, and I have been going to school. I rather like English schools; the girls are all so jolly and full of fun, and we are always having holidays and plenty of games. At school we had a pet dog—a fox terrier. You can't imagine the fuss that is made of it, being amongst so many girls. I have been to the Tower of London; it is really a wonderful place, and a place that makes you think, because, naturally, you think of all the different wicked deeds performed inside those walls, years ago. We saw the tower in which the Princesses were murdered and buried, and the block on which one of Henry VIII's wives was executed. I think it was Henry VIII's. We also went to Kensington Palace, the birthplace of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, and there are all so many of her toys that she played with there. Last summer we stayed at Hampton Court. I think Henry VIII. must have been very fond of himself, as in nearly every room there is some painting of him, either sitting or standing. He must have grown very tired. Tomorrow we are going to Scotland, and I hope to see all the old historic places that one hears about. I am afraid this letter is rather long. I cannot write often, as at school we often find plenty of things to do instead of writing letters. At present we are having nine weeks' holiday. It is strange to think that all the news is about three weeks old when you get it. But how do you never think about that—much love, from Cousin KEN.

[Dear Cousin Ema.—I was delighted to hear from you again. What a delightful time you must be having. I am glad to hear you must be happy at school. The average English school is a real good sport. It was interest all the cousins very much to read your nice, interesting letter. I would have sent you a "Graphic" with your letter in it, but the only address you give is London, and that is rather vague.—Cousin KATE.]

Palmerston North.—We are having very disagreeable weather here, raining and blowing nearly all the time. We have a pet lamb at home. It is getting bigger now. I am in Standard VI. at school now, and I was 12 years old last April 4th. I have not quite a mile to go to school, so I am let off easy as far as distance is concerned.—Cousin HERBERT.

[Dear Cousin Herbert.—We surely ought to have a most glorious summer, and won't we only if it were this bad weather! I suppose football will be out of the question now, and you will have to start cricket or whatever game you play in summer.—Cousin KATE.]

Dunverliffe.—Dear Cousin Kate,—You will think I have forgotten you, but you will see I have not. We have shifted back to Dunverliffe again. We were only ten weeks in Pahi-ana, and we have been twelve years in Dunverliffe. Although I have not written to you, I have been reading the letters in the "Graphic." The little canny I told you we had died before we left Pahiana. We do not know what happened to it. I thought Tul was a very pretty name for a cat. I am always so pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic." We are having a school

bazaar in about three weeks' time, and I am in it. I am a butterfly; I have to be dressed in white, and a pair of white wings. I think I will have to close my short letter, as I have no more news to tell you. I hope to see my letter in the "Graphic" as soon as possible.—Cousin ELLEN.

[Dear Cousin Ellen.—Well, it did not take you long to get tired of Pahiana. Surely you had not moved all your furniture as well; if you had, what an awful bother. I hope the bazaar will be a success. You must tell me all about it.—Cousin KATE.]

Te Kuiti.—Dear Cousin Kate.—It is such a long time now since I wrote to you last, that I feel quite ashamed of myself, but I have been so busy studying for my musical examination, which took place on the 10th of September, that I have had very little time for anything else. However, I suppose I am not the only exception, for I see in mostly all the letters in the "Graphic" that someone is begging to be excused for not writing. I have been pleased to see my letters (which have been for a long time in the Cousin's Page). You will excuse my letter being short (but sweet), as I am in a hurry. I will write a longer letter as soon as I possibly can.—Cousin HAZEL.

[Dear Cousin Hazel.—I shall quite forgive you forgetting us if you pass your examination. I often laugh when I am reading the letters, so many begin as your letter does. I shall look for a longer letter next time.—Cousin KATE.]

Patea.—Dear Cousin Kate,—I would very much like to become one of your cousins. I am nine years of age. I am in Standard one. We have a football team at the school, and I am one of them. We won three games out of five. I am learning the piano and violin, and I like playing very much. I have one brother two years old, and one sister nine months old. I wrote to you last night, but did not know your proper address, so I am writing again in case you did not get it.—Cousin NORMAN.

[Dear Cousin Norman.—Little boy cousins are always welcome. Fancy a boy of your age being in a football team. You must be strong and big for your age. How do you like babies? I suppose you have to take care of your wee sister sometimes.—Cousin KATE.]

Puketarata (Kio Kio).—Dear Cousin Kate, We are still having wet, bleak weather. We have a pet kitten. Every morning, as soon as the door is opened, she jumps into bed with us, and lies on our arms just like a baby, and goes to sleep. At school on Thursday the girls played the boys' cricket. The boys won by 23 runs. We only made 30 runs. The boys ride together.—Cousin FRANK.

[Dear Cousin Phoebe.—Our weather is very mixed, but we have had some lovely days just to cheer us up. What a dear the kitten must be. Have any of your schools played basket ball? It's a great game, and one of the few that boys and girls can play well together.—Cousin KATE.]

Utakura.—Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? I am going to school, and in the fourth standard. We have three horses, and one of them belongs to me. It has been raining a lot lately. How do you get on in your home? What is the difference between an oak tree and a tight boot? There is a riddle for you.—Cousin ILLIE.

[Dear Cousin Illie.—I am very pleased to have a new cousin. I am glad you have a horse to ride; it must be horrid not to have one in the country. I can't guess the riddle.—Cousin KATE.]

Utakura.—Dear Cousin Kate,—I wish to become one of your cousins. I am nine years old, and I milk six cows. I am going to school. It is raining just now. We have been having terrible weather lately. Here is a riddle: Why was Adam's day the longest?—Cousin ADA.

[Dear Cousin Ada.—New cousins are always sure of a welcome from me. You poor child, fancy a child of your age having to milk six cows. What ever time do you get up to get through before school time?—Cousin KATE.]

Scott's Gap.—Dear Cousin Kate,—I see you have quite a big circle now. The weather has been very bad lately, and there have been great floods down here, but we have not been stopped from going to school. We have a week's holiday, so I hope it will be fine. We have some flowers out, and the fruit trees are coming out in blossom, and they look very pretty. It does not seem like spring, as it is so wet, but I suppose the weather will be better in summer. We have not very good roads here, but every year the people try to improve them, so they will soon be good roads. We are not going to have our examination yet. Christmas is near, so we have a long time to wait. If I pass I will be in the sixth standard.—Cousin THELMA.

[Dear Cousin Thelma.—Yes, indeed, our circle is a very big one, and grows every week. Surely summer weather will come now for it is so near Christmas. I hope all the wet won't spoil the fruit for the summer.—Cousin KATE.]

Collingwood.—Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your senior cousins? I am fifteen years old, but do not go to school. We are having very miserable weather lately. The lucky girls here played their last game last week. Tennis starts here next week. I hope it will be fine for the opening day. We live on a farm, and we have two horses, and we also have nine cows in milk. I have three sisters and four brothers. I am sending an addressed envelope. Please will you send me a dark brown badge?—Cousin LILLIAN.

[Dear Cousin Lillian.—I am very pleased to read you as a cousin, and I hope you will be a good correspondent. I suppose you have left school. What do you do with your spare time?—Cousin KATE.]

Huntly.—Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you are wondering what has become of me. We have been having very wet weather here lately. I have got a flower garden at school. Standards three, four, five and six have got gardens at school. The boys have vegetable gardens, and the girls flower gardens. We are having our holidays this week. The subject I like best is reading. We are having an examination. My brother has written one letter to you. I don't know when he is going to write again.—Cousin IVY.

[Dear Cousin Ivy.—I should have thought you would be more likely to write in wet weather than fine, just for something to do. You are having all sorts of trouble at the moment in Huntly. Don't you hate strikes?—Cousin KATE.]

### FISHERMAN'S LUCK



"Look what's here!"



"I'm not a fisherman, but I'm a fish."



"Come on in, the water's hot!" —Engelene Hatter.

## Candid Critics at Court.

### PRETENDERS SEARCH FOR A BRIDE.

#### STORIES FROM THE KING'S MANUSCRIPTS.

Another fascinating volume of history has been issued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission (says the London "Daily News"). It deals with the Stuart Papers belonging to the King, and preserved at Windsor Castle, and tells, inter alia, of the plots of the OH Pretender, otherwise known as James III., and the Earl of Mar and other adherents.

In 1771, when James, then 29 years of age, was in exile on the Continent after his defeat in Scotland, his adherents began to urge the importance of his speedy marriage, and that a Protestant wife should be found. Courtiers thereupon began a series of visits to various Continental Courts, and their outspoken descriptions of the eligible ladies they—so put it plainly—had been sent to inspect for a delightful reading.

### Why a Princess Would Not Do.

The Princess of Hesse was one of the earliest princesses on the list. But we find the Earl of Mar reporting to the Bishop of Rochester that he has sent "one whom he can trust" to see the lady, and that "they tell us that she is not at all that agreeable person we were told by some; that she is fat, and appears likely to grow very much so; that she has had teeth . . ." and so on. Besides, the King of Sweden had designs on the lady. My lord of Mar comments that "this thing is very unlucky, and the more that it is hard to tell where the King can set on next."

### A Bride of Thirteen.

But other ladies were offered. One de Wilda suggested a niece of the Emperor of Austria, and was straightway asked to see the lady, while later a spontaneous offer came from the Czar of one of his daughters, probably the eldest, Anna, afterwards Duchess of Holstein, who was not then grown up. She was said to be 13, and her sister, afterwards the Empress Elizabeth, 11.

Queen Mary was much in favour of the union with the Czar's family, and suggested that two trusty persons should be sent to see the little lady. "The main point," wrote the Queen, "is to know exactly her age, temper, and constitution, if it be possible, and if she is healthy and good humoured."

Two months later the Duke of Ormonde, to whom the Queen had written, replied that the Czar's eldest daughter was said to have been born before the marriage of her parents, and in the next month the Czar withdrew the offer.

### A Candid Connoisseur.

In the meantime, Charles Wogan had been instructed by the Earl of Mar to go to Germany "to look out for eligible princesses, and particularly to report upon the daughter of Prince Lewis of Baden and a princess of Saxony, cousin to the King of Poland." The former had been recommended by the King of Sicily.

Wogan travelled under the name of Germain, giving out that his journey was one of diversion or curiosity. His report was scathingly outspoken. Of neither of the two ladies suggested did he speak in favour. Of Prince Lewis's daughter he declared that she was "about thirteen . . . but of the size we generally find in seven or at most eight." She danced "but indifferently, which with her extreme littleness and womanly crabbedness at the same time, would make one imagine she is or has been ricketty." There is more of the same kind in this amazing letter.

### Pimples a Bar to Marriage.

But Wogan recommended the two daughters of the Countess of Furstenburg, whom he saw at Rastadt. Of these ladies he wrote:—

"The elder . . . is about 23, tall, well shaped and graceful, with fine eyes and no disagreeable features, but as I observed some redness about her nose and the upper part of her cheeks, proceeding from some small pimples, my attention was drawn upon the other.

"This young lady is of a very advantageous size, about 18, straight, finely shaped, but a little lank about the hips which I reckon to be owing to the disposition she still seems to be in of growing taller . . ."

Further letters on the subject of the Pretender's search for a wife, and much interesting comment on the history of the time, are to be found in this entrancing volume.

# How to Bring Up Baby.

(By HYGIEA.)

Published under the auspices of the Society for the Health of Women and Children.

"It is easier to put up a fence at the top of a precipice than to maintain an ambulance at the bottom."

## THE TYRANNY OF HABITS.

AT the dawn of life it is easier to mould a child into good habits than into a bad, but once bad habits have been formed it may be extremely difficult to eradicate them—indeed, in spite of all that we can do, the child may lose not only its health and strength, but may even lose its life owing to the persistence of habits which undermine vitality and the resistiveness of the organism.

One of the most striking instances in this connection is what Darwin tells us as to his experiments with certain insects. I cannot at the moment recall the details, but the essential point was as follows:—In Nature the insect in question lived on certain leaves and grew apac—say it was the paper-mulberry. Darwin started them on other leaves instead—say lettuce leaves. Once the insects had acquired a taste for the wrong leaves they would eat nothing else. Nothing would induce them to go back to their natural food, though the wrong food did not nourish them properly, and led invariably to their premature death. My readers will realize how closely this accords with what may take place in the case of children who are allowed to drift into the practice of quoted from Dr. Still further illustrate habits.

The following concluding remarks quoted from Dr. Still further illustrate the subject:

### Dr. Still on Morbid habits in Children.

"Stewart H. aged one year and a-half, was brought because for the last two months he had taken to eating mud, hearthstone, bits of brick, soap, or anything he can get hold of." He was particularly fond of the white plaster off toy horses.

"His appetite for normal food was bad. The bowels had been constipated, and occasionally after such things as those mentioned he retched.

"The child was very irritable, and during the persistence of the dirt-eating habit he had begun to sleep badly, talking in his sleep and starting up in terror at night. He was intelligent, and showed no sign of disease except some rickets. Three months later he was taken to Scotland, with the result that his general health improved greatly, and his appetite became good, and he lost his craving for unnatural food altogether.

"Mud and mortar seem to be special favourites with these children. Coal, cinders, and gravel were also mentioned in some of my cases. In nine out of my 14 cases the habit began in the second year of life. In one only it began in the first year (at eight months); in two it began in the fourth year.

"Now what is the significance of this curious perversion of appetite. As I have mentioned, there was nothing in any of the cases to which I have referred to suggest any mental deficiency. Imbeciles often show a similar habit of dirt-eating but in them it is less strange, for it is associated usually with an extreme degree of mental deficiency.

"Some light is thrown upon the point by the disorders with which dirt-eating is associated. It goes, I think, in the majority of cases with definite indications of the 'nervous' temperament. One child I had seen a few months earlier for spasmodic nodding, another a few months after the dirt-eating was attended for, with the habit, another subsequently developed stuttering and cannibalism, others, like the cases I have mentioned, show an abnormal pica-ness or exorbitance.

"No doubt these nervous symptoms are aggravated by more or less digestive disturbance set up by the abnormal material eaten, but I think that the development of other nervous disorders, in some cases after the pica has entirely ceased, and the family history in others, go to prove that the nervousness is partly at least cause rather than effect.

"In almost all cases the appetite for ordinary food is extremely poor—in fact,

it is often this rather than the dirt-eating which excites the mother's anxiety. The abdomen is usually large, the stools sometimes contain mucus, and the bowels are constive or irregular.

"It is natural enough that such symptoms should be induced by the indigestible substances eaten; but in some cases it has seemed to me clear that there was digestive disturbance before this habit began, and I suspect that this is so in the majority of cases, and that the subsequent discomfort, hardly felt as such perhaps by the child, plays some part in exciting the habit of dirt-eating in a nervous child. This is confirmed, I think, by the effect of treatment. The duration of the habit is often months, or even some years, if no special measures are taken for its cure.

### Treatment.

"The first essential in treatment is to prevent the child obtaining the dirt, coal, mortar, or other injurious substance for which it craves; the second is to improve its general health, especially its digestion.

"There is no part of the treatment more valuable than a few weeks at a bracing seaside place, or, if this is not attainable, at some high-standing, breezy, inland country place. At the same time, it will be necessary to aid digestion by the most careful dieting, and care must be taken that the food is not such as to set up fermentation in the bowels, or to keep up a mucous catarrh by its irritating residue. I need not repeat here what I have already said elsewhere on the subject of feeding and indigestion. These cases of pica call for careful adaptation of the diet to the digestive capacity of the particular child."

(Gen. Frederic Still, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P., Professor of Diseases of Children, King's College, London).

## Brown's Baby.

This is what the Browns had to say of the latest addition to the family:—

The Mother: "Oh, isn't he the bestest, grandest, handsomest, smartest little fellow in the whole world? Such eyes! Such features! Such shoulders! And hear him talk, will you? Why, he understands perfectly every word I say."

The Father: "There's a boy for you! Smith will brag about that kid of his, will he? Well, you just wait until this youngster is a month old, and I'll take the conceit out of Smith."

Little Bobby: "So that's what the doctor brought, eh? I suppose he must have a spite against this family."

Little Bella: "Oh, ma, he's swallowed all his teeth, and all his hair's blowed off!"

Bachelor Brother: "I don't want to cause you folks any anxiety, but he's the smallest human being I ever saw outside a penny museum. You want to feed him up on roast beef and porter-house steak right away."

Uncle Jack (a dog fancier): "Is his nose cold? Hold him up by the back of his neck, and we'll see if he's got any fleck."

Grandma: "There you go! Spoiling the child as soon as his eyes open! I suppose when he's a month old we shall all have to stand on our heads to amuse him! Give me that infant this instant, before he has spasms and dies!"

The Family Cat: "Well, that settles my hash. It's either him or a new home or become a tailless feline inside of a month. Why, that kid's got a grip on him like a longshoreman's!"

The Baby: "Goo-goo! Goo-goo! Goo-goo-goo-goo!" Or, in other words, "I'll make it jolly hot for this family—about midnight!"

## Tame Wolf as a Pet.

Mrs M. T. Lloyd tells in "Badminton" very prettily the true life story of a tame wolf. She bought it as a cub from a man who had caught it on a jungle path. It soon became her favourite pet and fast friends with her pet cat. After eight months' absence she returned to Lucknow and sent for the pet she had been without so long:

"On going out in a dressing gown I saw a creature like a beautiful collie, with a large ruff, a thick brush, and glorious fawn eyes, held on the chain by a wild-looking pahari (hillman). She glared at me a moment, and when I spoke to her made a dash towards me and threw herself at my feet, whining like a puppy, then sprang on and pawed, and finally lay down and rolled with sheer joy. No doubt about the recogni-

tion and the delight at being home again. She was let off the chain, and after dancing round me for some minutes, suddenly made a bolt for my bedroom, the French windows of which opened on to the verandah, through it to the bathroom, and with one bound into my tub—as in old days.

Her appetite for meals was always small, but she loved sweets, sugar, and all sorts of cake. I kept a bag of large brown bull's-eyes in my room wherewith to appease her when she took it into her head to howl at the moon. After two or three she would be quite comforted and lie down quietly to sleep."

"Grannie," as the wolf was called, had a particular dislike to black clothes. The sight of a clergyman made her lay her nose to the ground and howl. The poor beastie died at the Zoo in London.

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August 6th 1912.

I have much pleasure in writing to thank the Proprietors of "GLAXO" for the benefit my baby has derived from "GLAXO." As an infant, he was very delicate, and I tried several Patent Foods without success. The Plunket Nurse prescribed Humanised Milk and persevered with it for 6 months. Baby then only weighed 9 lbs. and seemed to be deriving no benefit from it.

Mr Reich recommended "GLAXO" and asked a nurse to call, who gave me necessary instructions and advised me to persevere with "GLAXO."

Baby made marked improvement after the first large tin and is now what "GLAXO" terms "A Bonnie Bairn."

I have recommended it to several friends here.

(Signed) A. M. KYDD.

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Infants fed on these Foods are neither Fretful nor Wakeful.

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management Free.

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# Mysteries of Sleep.

## TRAGEDIES REVEALED IN DREAMS.

### Puzzles for Psychologists—An Old Woman's Death.

**S**TRANGE indeed are the ways of death. How it came to a lonely old Highland woman is recorded in a weird story just to hand which shows that the remains of Grace Cameron, an old-age pensioner of eighty years of age, who has been missing for thirteen months, were recovered in the Teelig Burn, Inverness, last month, by foresters who were cutting away a tree which was forming an obstruction.

The remains were in a very decomposed state, but the bones have been identified as those of an adult female, and the circumstances leave little doubt but the remains are those of Grace Cameron.

Deceased was a native of Glenurquhart, and left home on 6th July, 1911, presumably to walk there, leaving her house at Drumchardine open, and her basket ready to go out shopping, with her pension book on top. Some money was also found in the house, and there was never any idea of robbery or foul play. The woman, who was not very sound in her mind, must have wandered on through the woods until overcome by fatigue. Search parties scoured the country for days after the woman was missed, but without obtaining any clue.

Extraordinary interest is imparted to the story by a remarkable dream which a Mr Martin, a native of the parish, has had. Mr Martin, who has been in the service of the Caledonian Railway Co. at Glasgow for the past forty years, happened to be at home when the woman went amissing, and took a great interest in the case. After returning to Glasgow it was much in his thoughts, and about eight months ago he dreamt on two successive nights that Grace Cameron had wandered out, and had died in the Teelig Burn.

So impressed was the man with his double dream that he wrote home, particularly impressing responsible persons to go to the spot and put the matter to the test. His letter was ignored, although it still exists, and bears out the above statement. The strange part of the affair is that the remains were found at the very spot dreamt of by Mr Martin, who arrived at Kirkhill on the evening previous to the finding of the remains, and had fully intended to personally test the truth of his dream.

### A Lost Brooch Recovered.

But there are many other out-landish instances on record of similar dreams.

The story of how a dream led to the recovery of a gold brooch is an interesting one which comes very pat here.

"I missed my gold brooch," says the lady narrator, "which I supposed I had left in a sitting-room of an hotel. I sent there at once, but was greatly disappointed to find that after diligent search they could not find the brooch.

"That night I dreamt that I should find it shut up in a number of the 'Queen' newspaper that had been left on the table, and in my dream I saw the very page where it would be."

"Directly after breakfast I went back to the hotel and asked to see the papers, at the same time telling the young ladies about the dream and where I had seen the brooch.

"The papers had been removed from the room, but were found, and to the astonishment of the young ladies, I said:—

"This is the one that contains my brooch; and there at the very page I expected, I found it."

### Murder Scenes Enacted.

An English lady, who had resided in India for some time, once related the following remarkable experience:—

"I fell asleep," she said, "and dreamt I was in the next room, when I saw a half-caste woman enter hurriedly, screaming. She was followed by three men with sticks. Two of these men proceeded to beat her to death, while the third looked on, the whole time the woman was shrieking for help. I was awakened by a lady friend

shaking me and begging me to wake. She told me that I had been screaming out for help for somebody. I began telling her my dream. She would not let me finish, and we sat up talking the rest of the night.

"The next day she told me that the dream was true. A woman who had been unfaithful to her husband in the house had been beaten to death by her husband and one of her brothers, while her other brother looked on."

### I've Cut Her Throat.

A Kensington lady once had an equally startling dream.

"One night," she said, "in relating her experience, 'I dreamt very distinctly that I saw a crowd and I heard a voice saying 'She is quite dead, I've cut her throat. I've cut her throat.' I was very frightened, as it impressed me as being too real. I awoke and noted the

I was journeying to Duluth, Minnesota, from St. Paul, in which latter place I had gone to sleep."

"I was aware that I had been in the train about four hours, and that I was somewhere near the town of Shell Lake, Wis., distant from St. Paul about eighty miles.

"I had often been over the road, and as I peered through the coach window I recognised, in the moonlit scene, features of country and habitation I had seen before.

"We were plunging on almost heedlessly, as it seemed, when suddenly I fancied I heard, and was startled from reverie by, a piercing shriek, which was protracted into piteous moaning and gasping, as if some human creature were suffering some hideous torture.

"Then I felt the train grind heavily to an awkward stop. There was a sudden commotion fore and aft. Train men with lanterns hurried through my car and joined employees near the engine.

"I could see the lantern lights flash here and there, beside and beneath the cars. A minute later I was out upon the road itself, where I was content to be told in very ugly snappish English that 'someone got killed, I reckon.'

"Everybody moved and acted in a spirit of stealth, and each, it appeared, expected a horrible find.

"The trucks were being examined from the rear of the train forward. Blood-splashes were discovered on nearly all the bearings under the entire

men on a later train state that a man's leg was foused by them at Spooner, and that for miles this side the tracks were scattered with flesh and bone. There is no possible means of identification."

Then followed exact details of my dream.

"I had been living and sleeping one hundred miles from this locality when it occurred," concludes the narrator.

### A Mother's Murder Depicted.

But the case of a poor, struggling servant girl is one of the strangest examples of dream warnings.

This simple lass was the sole support of her widowed mother, who resided alone in a little ivy-clad, thatched "hut and hen" some five miles from where her cherished daughter worked in the service of the "laird."

The girl had retired to rest late in the evening, and about four o'clock in the morning she experienced a vivid dream-picture which portrayed the brutal murder of her mother.

She saw an evil-looking man stealthily enter the little cot and, without apparent reason, club to death the sleeping form in the well-knobby kitchen bed.

The girl awoke trembling in every limb, and so great a hold had the dream upon her that she rose immediately, dressed, and literally rushed to her house.

When she arrived she found the picture was only too true.

A wandering madman had found in her mother a victim for his demoniaic impulse.

### Curious American Incident.

The following occurrence has just been reported by the "Call" of San Francisco. A young man was recently killed as the result of being struck by a passing train, and his father says that at 5.30 a.m. on the day of the accident his wife was awakened by a shock that threw her out of bed. She told her amazed husband that someone had struck her. Husband and wife searched the house, but could find no intruder. They concluded it was only a nightmare. It was at 5.30 that morning that two young men, one of whom was her son, were sleeping beside the railroad track near French Camp, when they were struck by the San Francisco paper train and killed.



THERE'S A DIVINITY THAT

time—4 a.m. The next morning at breakfast I told my family.

"When I arrived at my place of business I saw a crowd outside the next house, and found on inquiry that a man had murdered his wife by cutting her throat, about 4 a.m., in this house."

### Railway Tragedy Witnessed.

For real out-and-out vividness of detail, however, the stirring narrative of an American lawyer is in a class by itself.

He relates:—"About midnight, headache and fatigued, I left my study, where I had been poring over unimprising law text, and, climbing to my chamber door, fell into bed for the night.

"Nothing unusual had transpired in my affairs during the day, and yet, when I gave myself to rest, my brain buzzed on with myriad fancies.

"The weird intonation of an old kitchen clock fell upon my ears but faintly as it douglled out the hour of two. The sound of the clock chime had hardly died when I became conscious of my position in a passenger coach on the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha Railroad.

train. When the gang reached one of the forward cars all lights were cast upon a truck which was literally covered with what appeared to be brains human brains apparently, for amongst the clots were small tufts of human hair.

"This truck particularly must have ground over the bulk of a human body. Every fixture between the wheels was smeared with the crimson of some crushed victim."

Continuing with a wealth of detail which may stand deletion here, the gentleman said:—

"Horrible! I shuddered and awoke—relieved to find it all a dream.

"The evening following the night of the dream I returned home at 5 o'clock, slipped into my study and took up my evening newspaper. The article which first fixed my attention read:—

"Fate of a Tramp: Horrible death experienced by an unknown man on the Omaha Road."

"Duluth. Every truck on the morning Omaha train from St. Paul this morning was splashed with blood. Trampmen think some unfortunate man must have been stealing a ride. Train-

### Mr Asquith and the Suffragettes

An "Independent" cable appearing in Australian papers last week says: "It may fairly be said that the suffragettes are making Mr Asquith's life a very miserable one. Things have come to such a pass that the Premier dare not go to even a wedding without a bodyguard. This was sufficiently demonstrated yesterday, when Mr Asquith attended the nuptials of some friends, at which he was accompanied by no less than three detectives. The Premier has made up his mind not to put in an appearance at any private receptions until the suffragettes abandon their present tactics. At three receptions in succession he has been assaulted by women. During last week a big reception in honour of the Prime Minister was to have been held by the National Liberal Club. The gathering, however, is said to have been postponed on the urgent advice of the Scotland Yard authorities, who had information that a band of suffragettes had planned not only to attack Mr Asquith, but to give the function a rough house generally."

### The Independent Swiss.

Switzerland is a small country, but she has a high opinion of her powers of self-defence, and an opinion that is probably well justified by the facts. Just at present a new picture postcard is attracting a good deal of attention. It was issued in view of the approaching visit of the German Emperor, who is represented as standing by the side of a Swiss soldier who has just fired at a target and made a bull's-eye. "Perfect, my boy," says the Emperor. "Switzerland has the best marksmen like you, but what was it you do if 200,000 Germans should enter your country?" "In that case, sire," replied the soldier, "we should have to use a second bullet."

# 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.

Owing to lack of space the accounts of several Weddings are unavoidably held over until the next issue.

### TYLER—MAHONEY.

INTERESTING to many was the recent marriage at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, of Mr G. A. Tyler to Miss Nellie Mahoney, daughter of the late Mr Wm. Mahoney and of Mrs Mahoney, of the Oxford Hotel. The Rev. Fr. Ormond, who performed the ceremony, was assisted by the Rev. Mrs. Holtbrook and Doherty. The "Wedding March" and suitable selections were played by the cathedral organist, Mr Harry Hiscocks. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr Jas. Mahoney, wore a prettily draped gown of duchess satin, trimmed with lovely rose point lace caught with orange blossoms, a handsome Limerick lace veil, and mob cap with tiny wreath of orange blossoms and myrtle. She carried a beautiful bouquet of roses and azaleas. The necklet worn was of aquamarines, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Kitty Mahoney, and Misses Peggy Flynn and Rona Tyler. Miss K. Mahoney's dress was of Polish pink silk crepe, the draped skirt finished with pleatings of fine Venetian lace, and tiny chiffon roses, which were also introduced in the corsage. A pleated coat of same lace finished a charming toilet. The hat worn was of pink tulle, with drape of black Venetian lace, lancer plumes, and long streamers of black velvet. The bouquet carried was a beautiful one of pink roses and sweet pea. A necklet of aquamarines, the gift of the bridegroom, was worn. The two diminutive maids wore white net frocks and mob caps, and carried crooks decorated with pink roses, sweet pea and streamers of pink ribbon.

Mrs Mahoney, mother of the bride, wore a handsome mauve givonne silk, trimmed with black embroidery, and relieved at the neck with ivory lace, floral toque of shaded blues; her bouquet consisted of heliotrope wistaria. Miss Mahoney wore an elegant champagne silk culienne, the bodice trimmed with silk lace and touches of black, pleated skirt and draped panier, hat of silk tulle and Leghorn, mixed with shaded flowers, with bouquet of maiden-hair fern and forget-me-nots. The bride's travelling costume was of lagoon blue cloth, with black facings, floral hat in fuchsia shades. The bridegroom was assisted by Mr F. Robinson, of the Auckland Harbour Board.

A reception at the Oxford Hotel followed the ceremony at the Cathedral. Mrs Mahoney received her guests in the large diningroom, which was decorated with flowers, ferns, and a floral bell. During the reception the happy couple were the recipients of many congratulations. The presents received from their many friends were numerous and handsome, many cheques being included, and the newly-married couple left by the Mahono for Sydney and Melbourne. At the reception were: Mrs G. Tyler (mother of the bridegroom), black charmeuse, feather boa, and heliotrope floral hat; Miss Tyler, costume of natter blue, with smart blue hat to match; Mrs Wheeler, sister of the bridegroom, natter blue silk cashmere, and pretty floral hat; Mrs D. Flynn (sister of the bride), black charmeuse, and black velvet toque with ostrich plumes; Mrs J. Corbett (Hikutai), black satin charmeuse, black beaded toque and plumes; Miss Corbett, champagne sun top, with natter blue trimmings, Leghorn hat with lace drappings; Miss Mollie Corbett, grey silk crepe, with tomato pippings, hat to match, and looked very chic; Mrs Twobill (Thames), black silk poplin, relieved with cream lace, black bonnet with white plumes; Miss Violet Twobill, very smart blue cloth costume, with silk ruchings, blue net hat with red roses; Mrs Kneebone, beautiful tailored grey silk costume, smart hat to match; Mrs J. Tyler, pretty cream frock, and picture hat; Mrs Michael Brown, grey charmeuse, with nixon overdress and touches of ecru, charming hat of fuchsia shades; Miss Browne, white satin charmeuse, beauti-

fully trimmed with overdress of apricot nixon, oyster grey hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs W. Stone, grey satin charmeuse, with nixon overdress, black and white picture hat; Miss Hawke, tussore silk costume, with brown facings, hat to match; Mrs C. Clarke (Papa-toetoe), green shot silk underskirt, with overdress of handsome black Spanish lace, wallflower toque; Miss Clarke, smart embroidered tussore, Leghorn hat, pink roses and black velvet; Mrs. Lawless, black resida costume, tulle toque; Mrs. J. Cooper, smart blue costume and floral hat; Mrs. J. Arnell, black charmeuse, mauve toque; Mrs. Hiscocks, lagoon blue silk poplin, black picture hat; Mrs. Caradus, blue striped Shantung silk, hat to match; Mrs. Clark, black silk, lace cape, black bonnet; Mrs. Snedden, dark green shot silk costume, hat with white wings; Mrs. McVeagh, black silk, black bonnet; Mrs. Brodie, black silk, lace cape, black bonnet; Miss Brodie, natter blue dress, hat with pink roses; Miss Grace, grey voile, lace trimmings, black picture hat; Miss Mulholland, cream taffeta silk, with chiffon overdress, black hat with Lancer plumes; Miss Cutts, wine-coloured silk, white hat with plumes; Miss Flynn, cream resida, lace trimmings, white hat with roses; Miss W. Flynn, grey cloth with brown fur trimmings, white hat to match; Mrs. Cullen, black silk, black bonnet; Mrs. Bauer, grey silk, pretty lace hat; Mrs. Webb, dress of dark grey, black toque; Miss Mellbone, black and white silk, black crinoline hat, Lancer feathers and gold roses.

### REES—GLASSFORD.

An interesting and pretty wedding was solemnised at St. Matthew's Church, Hastings, last week, the contracting parties being Mr. G. L. Rees, of Hastings, and Miss M. Glassford, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. Glassford. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. B. Brocklehurst, and the Rev. N. Robertshaw played the wedding march. The bride was charmingly attired in a cream charmeuse gown trimmed with cream silk lace and ruchings, lovely veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaid, Miss Marbrook, looked dainty in a white Swiss embroidered muslin, hat of black and white. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. C. P. Hopkins as best man, and Mr. T. Roultson gave away the bride. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at the Ngatari tearooms. The happy couple left by motor car for the North, the bride wearing a rose poplin frock, large black hat.

### BEVERIDGE—LAMBOURNE.

At St. David's Church, Auckland, on October 15th, the marriage of Miss Grace Lambourne, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lambourne, of Grafton Road, to Mr. Robert Beveridge, chief engineer of the Waipouri, was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Saunders. The church was artistically decorated by the friends of the bride, and the service was choral. The bride, who was given away by her father, was charmingly gowned in ivory satin, slightly draped, the bodice being trimmed with pearl passementerie and beautiful lace. She also wore the orthodox veil and orange blossom, and carried an exquisite shower bouquet. The bridesmaids were the Misses Celia and Florence Murray, and wore very becoming dresses of maize charmeuse, with nixon paniers, the bodices draped with carrick macross lace. Their large hats were lined with black, and the crowns were covered with maize-coloured hyacinths and roses. Shaded roses composed the bouquets. The two small bridesmaids, Misses Gladys Gash and Babs Beveridge (nieces of the bride and bridegroom respectively), wore very pretty frocks of white silk voile, white stirred silk hats with maize-coloured hyacinths, and carried crooks with primroses. Mr. P. Beveridge (brother of the bridegroom) acted as best man, and Mr. Campbell Rennie as groomsmen. After the ceremony the bridal party were entertained by the bride's parents. Mrs. Lambourne (mother of the bride) wore a handsome black silk gown and pretty bonnet; Mrs. Clark, pretty striped voile overdress, large black hat with white feathers; Mrs. F. Gash, dainty grey dress,

hat to match; Mrs. Burton, black dress; Mrs. Hunter, blue cloth, and black hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Beveridge (Wellington), beautiful muslin frock, inserted with lace, large blue hat; Mrs. W. Lambourne, pretty grey voile, hat to match. The bride and bridegroom were the recipients of a large number of presents, amongst which was a lovely engraved tea-service, presented to the bride by St. David's Choir.

### FOWLDS—SIMMONDS.

A pretty and interesting wedding was solemnised on Thursday afternoon at the Epsom Methodist Church, when Miss Olive Elfrida Simmonds, daughter of the Rev. J. H. Simmonds, was married to Mr. George M. Fowlds, son of the Hon. Geo. Fowlds, of Mount Albert Auckland. The Rev. G. Bond, assisted by the bride's father, performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. H. E. Simmonds, looked very pretty in white crepe de chine, trimmed with Brussels lace. The train was lined with shell-pink and adorned with true lovers' knots of ribbon and pink chiffon roses. She wore a tulle veil over orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of maiden-blush roses and maiden hair ferns. There were three bridesmaids, namely, Misses Amy Paque, Agnes Fowlds, and May Fowlds. Miss Paque wore pink measline silk and pink and black hat with ivory lace, and the Misses Fowlds wore pink satin frocks with fine ivory lace overdresses, and black hats with crown in imitation of big pale pink roses. The bridegroom presented the bride with a bracelet set with green tourmalines, and to the bridesmaids silver purses with engraved initials and date. Mr. Harry Hart, of Wellington, officiated as best man, and Mr. Robert Gunson and Mr. Arthur Neale as groomsmen. After the ceremony the bridal party were entertained at afternoon tea at the College schoolroom of the Wesley Training College, Three Kings, Mount Eden, the residence of the parents of the bride. Later Mr. and Mrs. Fowlds left on their honeymoon tour, the bride wearing a travelling dress with long pale blue cloth coat with black satin revers, and a large champagne nixon hat trimmed with black forget-me-nots.

Mrs. Simmonds (the bride's mother) wore a handsome amethyst silk with Oriental trimming; Mrs. G. Fowlds, natter blue cloth dress, large black hat; Mrs. Moses, black silk lace overdress, black hat; Miss Moses, broderie anglaise over white silk, large white hat; Mrs. Savage, white hat.

Mrs. Hector Pierce (Takapuna), black tailored suit, black hat; Miss Campbell, (Birkenhead), pale blue silk, lace panels, large hat, white feathers; Mrs. Caughey, pale grey silk, spotted silver, white hat, plumes; Mrs. Wesley Spragg, mole silk, black hat, marabout scarf; Miss Winterless, black and white dress and hat; Mrs. G. Gunson, grey costume and hat; Mrs. Crump, brown silk, brown hat; Mrs. Harold Simmonds, saxe silk crepe, black hat with blue; Mrs. Paque, blue with Oriental trimmings.

## 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 Hibba Crawford, only daughter of Mrs W. G. Reid, Ingestre-street, Wellington, to Mr D. A. Hamilton, Melbourne.

The engagement is announced of Miss Triene McHardy, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie McHardy, of Napier, to Mr. T. Price, of Hawke's Bay.

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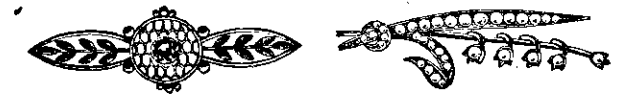


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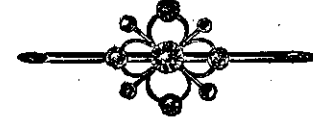
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# Society Gossip.

Special to the "Graphic."

## NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor desires to draw the attention of occasional contributors of any items to the Society Gossip columns that name and address must be given with copy, otherwise any such communication cannot be recognised.

All copy intended for publication in these columns must reach the office not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

### AUCKLAND.

November 4.

#### Grammar School Sports.

THE picturesque oval at the Auckland Domain presented a pretty and animated scene last Thursday, when the Grammar School pupils held their annual sports. Fine weather favoured the function, and crowds of interested spectators, including the parents of the pupils and their friends, watched the various sports from the pavilion and terraced slopes. Afternoon tea was provided, and the pupils were very attentive handing it round to the guests. Burke's string band played lively selections during the afternoon. In the evening the annual dinner and reunion of the ex-pupils took place at "The Tiffin." Mr. A. S. C. Brown, President of the Auckland Grammar School Old Boys' Association, presided, and amongst those present was the Mayor of Auckland (Mr. C. J. Parr).

#### "Toy" Afternoon.

Last Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Monckton gave a most enjoyable "Toy" afternoon as a contribution towards a Christmas Tree in connection with the coming bazaar for St. Peter's Anglican Church, Takapuna. The function was held in the Parish Hall, which was converted for the nonce into a drawing-room, being covered with carpet and rugs, and furnished with lounges, chairs and small tables. The tea tables and hall were gaily decorated with bowls and masses of beautiful flowers out of Mr. Brett's garden. Mrs. Monckton was an ideal hostess, and looked extremely well in a black toilette and black hat with aigrette of pink roses.

#### At Home.

A delightful "At Home" was given by Mrs. P. A. Edmiston on Thursday afternoon at her handsome residence in Symonds Street. The artist who contributed to the musical programme submitted on the occasion were Madame Chambers, Miss Bartlett and Miss Essie Holland. The hostess, assisted by Miss May Cameron, received her guests in the drawing-room, which was massed with roses and golden irises. The guests dispersed in the billiardroom and lounges, and later a dainty repast was served in the dining-room downstairs. Mrs. Edmiston was charmingly gowned in a wild rose pink charmeuse with black nixon and dull gold, tunic edged with huckle fringe; Miss May Cameron wore a lovely embroidered white voile costume; Mrs. Reid Bloomfield, black satin and black and white bonnet; Mrs. Lucas Bloomfield, mole grey costume, smart mole hat with pale blue plumes; Mrs. Cotter, black toilette with touches of pink, black plumed hat; Mrs. Napier, old rose cloth tailor-made, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. Copeland Savage, smart cerise nixon frock, large black hat with black tulle ruching; Mrs. Payton, pale grey Sicilian coat and skirt and black hat; Mrs. W. H. Derry, navy blue striped voile frock and stylish putty taged hat with rosebuds and lace aigrette; Mrs. Myers, grey costume and grey bonnet with pale blue plumes; Miss Fells (Dunedin), navy tailor-made, blue hat with pink roses and electric blue ostrich feathers; Mrs. C. M. Nelson, platinum grey gown and black toque; Mrs. Kent, black toilette and white and black hat; Mrs. J. Reid, black and white striped silk; Mrs. Black, pigeon-wing grey tailor-made, smart grey hat with clusters of pink rosebuds and ribbon aigrette; Mrs. Sharp, handsome embroidered white linen costume; Miss Jessie Reid, cream Sicilian frock, smart white turban toque with touches of black velvet; Mrs. J. Isaacs, pale grey Sicilian coat and skirt, grey hat with plumes; Miss Isaacs, cream serge frock and cream toque; Miss Edith Isaacs, stylish navy and cerise shot

tailor-made, hat en suite; Mrs. Archdale Taylor, tabac brown frock, black hat with white lace and plumes and pink roses; Miss Gorrie, shot lagoon blue nixon and navy frock, hat to match; Mrs. Rainger, smart navy blue taffetas frock, large navy hat with white ostrich Lancer plumes; Miss Worsp, black and white checked coat and skirt, white tagel hat with lace aigrette; Misses Lindsay, white embroidered Indian muslin frocks; Mrs. Keesing, electric blue crepe de soie, black satin coat and white tricorn hat; Mrs. Thornes, wallflower brown crepe challi, grey hat with black plumes; Mrs. Benjamin, grey costume and black hat; Mrs. Tewsley, cream tailor-made and white plumed hat; Mrs. —, Newton, stylish swallow blue taffetas with nixon Romney fleu and blue satin plumed hat; Miss Dorothy Nathan, cygnet grey frock and coatee, black velvet hat with white brush aigrette; Miss Cameron, smart navy shot charmeuse, black hat with pink irises; Mrs. —, Benjamin, heliotrope sponge coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Mennie, black charmeuse toilette, black and oxidized silver bonnet; Mrs. Oliphant, embroidered Shantung, large black hat with lussar plumes; Miss Oliphant, navy frock and old rose hat with white ostrich feathers; Mrs. Elliott, Eton blue taffetas and black hat; Mrs. Witham, natter blue frock, hat en suite; Mrs. Bagnall, champagne crepe de soie.

#### Juvenile Dance.

A most enjoyable evening was spent at the Epsom Hall recently, when a juvenile fancy dress ball was given by a committee of ladies, including Mesdames Williams, E. W. Burton, A. Smith, W. Smith, R. Clarke, and Rapson. The ball was opened with a grand march, and the following were some of the dresses worn:—Miss Ida Brook, Lady of the Harem; Olive Burton, Starlight; Pearl Burton, Pretty Spanish Dancer; Doris Raukin, Spanish Dancer, red and gold; Gwen Williams, Little Bo-peep; Eric Williams, Viking; Edna Smith, Bo-peep; Rene Wilson, Flower Girl; Isabel Mc-Lauchan, Dainty Fairy; Peggy Leslie, Shepherdess; Hazel Leslie, Little Boy Blue; Phyllis Leslie, white silk; Eva Gregory, Night; D. Craig, Folly; Alma Reid, Folly; Margery Cooper, Spanish Dancer; Connie Cooper, pale pink; Ella Gregory, white silk; Muriel Clark, Japanese; Doris Smith, Red Hiding Hood; Betty Rapson, Dutch Girl; Edna Reed, white silk; Esma Colley, white silk; Violet Rapson, Witch; Elsie Reed, Folly; Enid Carter, Hop-o-my-thumb; Any Lyman, sweet little Quakeress; Arthur Burton, cricketer; Young, clown; Mrs. Williams, blue and silver; Mrs. E. W. Burton, black satin and sequins; Mrs. A. Smith, black silk; Mrs. Rapson, grey velvet; Mrs. W. Smith, cream silk; Mrs. E. A. Craig, pale pink; Mrs. Leslie, black and silver; Miss Vivie Burton, white silk; Miss Couch, white silk; Miss Jessie Brook, pink satin; Miss Rene Hankin, cream silk; Miss J. Craig, pale pink; Miss Vera Clay, white silk; Mrs. R. Clark, pale pink; Mrs. Cooper, black silk; Mrs. Rankin, green silk; Mrs. Reed, black and yellow; Miss Braham, cream silk (this young lady helped with the music, and her kindness was much appreciated by those present); Mrs. Dowling, smart cream frock; Mrs. Brook, grey silk; Mrs. Clay, brown velvet and silk; Mrs. Mc-Lauchan, black and silver; Mrs. Wintle, black silk; Mrs. Anderson, black satin.

#### An Revolv Dance.

A most enjoyable little "Au Revolv" dance was given to the Misses Tooman (who are leaving shortly for a tour of the East) in St. Aidan's Hall, Remuera, by a few of their girl friends on Tuesday night last. The hall and stage were prettily decorated with flowers and bunting, and the words "Au Revolv Dance" done in red, white and blue lettering, were placed overhead. Amongst those present I noticed were: Mrs. Ballaglier, black, handsome scarf;

Mrs. E. Blair, white satin, pale green tunic overdress, and gold trimmings; Mrs. Kennedy, black silk voile; Mrs. Clarke, cerise satin, black nixon tunic; Mrs. Goodfellow, rose pink floral tunic; Miss Tooman, maize coloured satin, handsome lace overskirt; Miss D. Tooman, white de soie, satin Spanish lace paniers; Miss Buxton, very handsome emerald green satin, with sequin overdress; Miss M. Cronin, pretty royal blue satin, nixon overdress; Miss Bell, in black velvet, Maltese lace trimmings; Miss Ivy Kennedy, dainty white satin, nixon overdress, and silver trimmings; Miss Ruby Kennedy, pale pink charmeuse; Miss F. Garland, yellow nixon over pink satin; Miss Eva Gallagher, pale blue silk; Miss Mabel Andrew, white satin; Miss Kalmann, stylish gown of cerise satin, royal blue nixon overskirt; Miss Hazel Andrew, white muslin; Miss M. Casey, pale pink satin, black nixon panier; Miss Gwen Casey, handsome white satin, and guipure lace overdress; Miss D. Knight, elegant gown of royal blue satin; Miss Edith Bell, white satin, pearl trimmings; Miss Taylor, white embroidered silk; Miss Hilda Bell, pink satin; Miss Melville, blue silk; Miss McMahon, pretty pale blue satin; Miss Beehan, yellow silk; Miss Murphy, pretty grey toilette; Miss Gladys Neal, striped nixon over pink satin, and pearl trimmings; Miss Kendrick, white silk; Miss K. Fouly, handsome pink satin; Miss M. Fouly, white satin gown; Miss Hazel Taylor, pink frock; Miss Hazel Kennedy, lavender voile; Miss Bond, pink satin, silk lace overdress; Miss M. Bond, her debutante frock; Miss Stratz, grey frock; Miss Isemonger, yellow satin; Miss McCable, blue silk. Amongst the gentlemen I noticed were: Colonel Bell, Messrs Clarke, Trevittick, Kronfeld, Northcroft, Pountney, Elliott, Wood, Brown, Blair, E. Jones, Cooper, Cullier, Duercoop, McGregor, Ballgarnie, Gallagher (2), O'Brien, Webb, Taylor, Gamble, Saunders, Leving, Baker, and others.

#### Halloween Evening.

A somewhat novel form of entertainment was given by Mr. and Mrs. Smeeton on Thursday evening, when they issued invitations for a Halloween evening. This delightfully quaint custom of keeping up the last night of October affords

opportunities for many novel and original ideas for entertainment. There was much amusement caused by the hunting for treasures, etc., and a prize was presented to the discoverer of the greatest number of treats. Mrs. Smeeton wore a grey charmeuse; Miss Mill was in white silk; Miss Edna Smeeton was prettily frocked in white satin, with spangled net tunic. Amongst those present were: Mesdames Dutton and Woolward, Misses Marjorie Lusher, Ellen, B. Watt, Tompkins, Oliphant, Fowlds, Page, Forsdick, etc.

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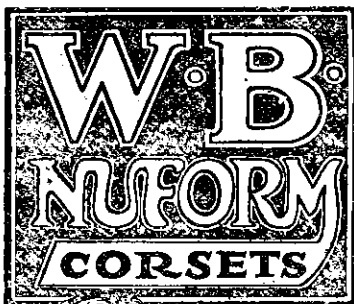
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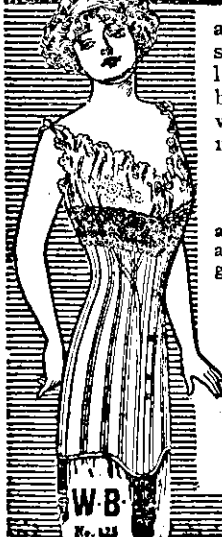
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**At the Y.W.C.A.**

The members of the Y.W.C.A. also kept up the old-time custom associated with the celebration of Halloween. The hall was decorated with red geraniums, red lanterns and drapings, while rosy checked apples added to the effect as they hung suspended from the roof or floated in a tub of water. In one corner a witch with a black head and characteristic cap was busy stirring her cauldron to discover answers for the numerous visitors who sought her counsel. In the dim light behind a curtain another group watched carefully the predictions of their future to be found from the "burning of nuts," while still another group of girls tried the water test to secure knowledge of a destined partner. Mrs. Stewart, in witch's cap and red hood, charmed her audience with her song of Halloween. A double encore hardly sufficed to satisfy her hearers. The origin and later meaning of this ancient Celtic festival was explained by Miss Stillwell, and supper brought to a close a most delightful evening. Among the guests were a number of English and Scotch girls, who had just arrived from the Old Land, and who expressed much gratitude at the warmth of welcome found in Auckland.

**Students' Recital.**

A dramatic recital by a number of students, under the direction of Mrs. C. Forsyth, was given in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall on Tuesday evening last, before a large audience.

A most interesting programme was submitted. The stage, which was draped in Royal blue toning, admirably matching the dresses worn, represented a drawing room. Mrs. Forsyth was associated with Miss Fanny Eury in two scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," playing the Nurse to Miss Lary's Juliet. They were both in costume, Juliet's dress being very pretty, with pale blue effects. Excellent portrayals were given. Miss Cottrell appeared in the sketch, "Reggie," given with taste and dramatic power, and she was in soft pale blue silk, with small pink roses nestling in its folds. Later in the evening she played Ophelia in the mad scene. She was robed in pale grey, and with streaming hair and wild eyes, carrying a sheaf of daisies and grasses. Miss Gillett did excellent work. As Lady Teazle she was piquantly charming, and Mr. Dennis as Sir Peter Teazle was in excellent vein. She acted in a dramatic recital, "The Telegram." As Lady Teazle she wore a pale pink silk, draped with green nixon. Miss Stubbs, who wore salmon pink silk, gave a humorous sketch splendidly. Master Lindsay Bevis, dressed as a groom, gave the "Amateur Rider." Miss Marie Gaudin, Miss Beryl Nettleton, and Master Trevor Laurie recited naturally. The programme concluded with a sparkling modern comedy, "Granny's Juliet," the parts being taken by Mrs. Forsyth, and Misses Gillett and Cottrell. Mrs. Forsyth, as the Countess, looked very handsome in crimson silk and black chiffon. Miss Gillett wore blue charmeuse and nixon. Miss Cottrell as Annie, was in pale grey velvet, trimmed with fringe. During the evening Dr. Cox, Messrs. Hemm, Palmar, and Mulgan played two quartets, which were most enjoyable.

**Personal.**

Mrs. S. E. Hughes, of Shelly Beach Road, Ponsonby, left by the Wimmera on Tuesday night, on a three months' visit to her eldest son, who is chief engineer of the C.S.R. Co.'s big refinery at Yarraville, Melbourne. Miss Taylor, of Sydney, is at present on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Beattie, at Avondale.

**WELLINGTON.**

November 2.

**At the Races.**

Desperately unpleasant was the weather at Trentham on Saturday—one can never rely on it for the Spring Meeting and the only women who can be said to have disregarded it were the lucky owners of long fur coats. Equipped in these, with small fur toques or hats, they were snug and warm, while other women shivered in their water-proofs and labor-waives. Rain added much to the discomfort, and the grandstand was swept with driving showers. To compensate, the races were more exciting than usual, and there were many amusing incidents. Their Excellencies the Governor and Lady Dington were present. Lady Dington wore a black coat and skirt, with white facings, and a black hat; Miss Stapleton-Cotton, a black and white tailor-made, and black

hat. The president of the Racing Club, Mr. Harcourt, entertained the vice-regal party at luncheon, and at afternoon-tea. Miss Harcourt wore a blue dress, and a long seal coat, blue hat.

On Monday the sun shone gloriously in a cloudless sky, and not a breath of wind disturbed the trees. Great was the indignation about the inadequate train arrangements. Many ladies had to stand for the long journey, and some of the pretty frocks were badly treated in the crush. As for the huge hats—they seem bigger than ever this spring; it is a miracle how they arrived with so little damage done. His Excellency the Governor, attended by Captain MacDougall, was present, and later on Lady Islington and Miss Stapleton-Cotton motored out for the afternoon. Lady Islington's hat was black, massed with upstanding loops of tulle, and she wore black fox furs with her black dress; Miss Stapleton-Cotton's black cloth coat and skirt had a collar of black satin, and her hat had pleur-use plumes; Mrs. Harcourt was in grey whipcord, with braid and buttons, blue hat with blue and grey wings; Mrs. Gillon was also in grey, with a rose-wreathed hat.

Visitors to Wellington were fairly plentiful. Mrs. Elgar (Featherston) wore dark blue Ottoman silk, with pale blue and mole shaded pleur-use plumes; her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert Hamilton (Palmerston), was in Gentian blue cachemire de soie, and a blue hat, the long plumes shading from blue to opal and orange tones; Mrs. Myers (Auckland) narrow black and white striped whipcord, and black hat, and ermine furs; Mrs. Sidel (Dunedin), a long black satin coat and skirt, and a black and white hat; Mrs. Nathan (Palmerston), smoke grey ribbed silk on tailleur, and a hat with roses; Mrs. C. Pharyzyn, who has come over from Sydney for a visit to her friends and relations here, wore champagne cloth, and a champagne hat with blue ospreys; Mrs. P. M. B. Fisher was in pale grey, and a hat with flowers.

**Pupils' Gathering.**

Very charming was the scene at the breaking-up of Miss Borlase's pupils, as most of them came in fancy dress, and the decorations were unusually elaborate. Clematis was largely used in its graceful trails, and some cunningly made chrysanthemums were notably effective. Many of the dresses were reminiscent of the fancy ball some weeks ago, and there was a whole set of Boy Blues and Bo-Peeps, who then gained such admiration and a handsome prize. Miss Borlase wore black satin and nixon.

**Assembly Dance.**

On Friday evening there was a dance to mark the end of the assemblies which have been running through the winter months. It, too, was more or less of a fancy dress affair, but most of the young men had not aspired to anything more ambitious than flannels or cricketing garb. Two girls went as Marsinah, from "Kismet," and as they were closely veiled there was much guessing as to their identity. Miss Borlase wore black crepe de chine and jet; Mrs. Morton Clark, who has had much to do with the dances, was in a Pompadour costume of rose pink brocade, with a fichu of lace.

**Groydon School.**

The annual sports of Groydon Preparatory School for Boys came off most successfully at Kelburne Park on Thursday. It was a most interesting and amusing spectacle, and the boys—looking such quaint little shrimps in their white sports jerseys and shorts—were tremendously keen on the events. The three-legged race was responsible for some comic incidents, and even more so was the sack race, which aroused shrieks of laughter from the onlookers. Most of these were sisters, mothers and aunts of the boys, and therefore deeply interested in their success. In between there was time for a hurried dash up to Kelburne Kiosk for tea, much needed on these occasions, and generally impossible to get. When the sports were over Lady Ward presented the prizes, Rutherford gaining the senior championship, and Marchbanks the junior. Very handsome most of the prizes were, ranging from silver trophies and quite grown-up looking brief bags to pocket knives and pencils. Miss Sommerville wore a grey tailor-made, and a white tegal hat with flowers; Mrs. Sommerville, dark grey coat and skirt, and a hat with black wings; Lady Ward had on a blue tailor-made, with touches of black, and a black and white hat.

**Arts and Crafts Club at Home.**

On Friday evening the members of the Arts and Crafts Club held a conversa-

zation at their first annual exhibition at the Society of Arts' Gallery. The club were to be congratulated on the extent of the display and the very interesting collection of art. It was, of course, impossible to do more than glance cursorily at the pictures and crafts as one wandered through the crowd, but the view obtainable at the conversation was really meant as an encouragement to repeat the visit on a less crowded occasion. A pleasant programme of musical selections was given by Miss Edith Whitelaw, who played some beautiful violin solos, songs by Mr. Barry Coney, and recitations by Mr. G. Warren. Later, refreshments were served in the supper-room downstairs. The catalogues were most handsomely got up, and much appreciated. The exhibition was opened by his Worship the Mayor (Mr. C. J. Parr), and he complimented the members on the very fine beginning they had made. Mrs. Warner was in cream charmeuse, and plaited beaded coronet in her coiffure; Miss E. Whitelaw, a charming rose, pink silk; Miss Jakins, pretty blue silk frock; Mrs. W. H. Derry, an exquisite rose chiffon frock over hand-embroidered cream satin; Mrs. J. A. Toke, black nixon toilette; Mrs. Sholto Douglas, green velvet gown; Mrs. Napier, a magnificent black evening gown; Mrs. Lyons, black lace evening frock; Miss Phillipson, pale blue; Mesdames Armstrong, Langwith, Mairriner, Wrigley, Misses Hunt, Toke, Douglas, K. Williamson, Butler, Beale, and others.

**Personal.**

The Hon. Trevor Ogilvie-Grant, with Mrs. Ogilvie-Grant, their little daughter and baby son, are leaving for England early next year. They will stay with Mr. Ogilvie-Grant's brother, the Earl of Seafield, both in England and at the historic old place in Scotland, where the Earl was lately welcomed with great ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster have gone to Australia for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson are back in Wellington again. The former has been for a trip to England, while Mrs. Simpson has been wintering in Sydney.

**CAMBRIDGE.**

November 2.

**Surprise Party.**

On Saturday evening, a jolly little surprise party was given Mr. and Mrs. Norman Banks by between twenty and thirty young friends to celebrate the addition of a large room to their house. The form of amusement was dancing. Mrs. Banks received her guests in a pretty blue and gold frock; Mrs. Fraser, was wearing a pale blue satin with an overdress of pink nixon; Mrs. Wallace Hunter, a cornflower blue velvet trimmed with silk to match; Miss Wells, primrose nixon trimmed with Oriental trimming; Miss Caldwell, primrose satin with tunic of blue nixon caught up with bunches of pink roses and forget-me-nots; Miss Roberts, pale blue voile, with point lace berthe; Miss B. Taylor, pale pink silk crepe frock; Miss Myra Taylor, with silk and lace frock, with yellow sash; Miss Barstow (Auckland), white satin with gold-beaded tunic; Miss Landon, pale rosea green voile frock; Miss A. Landon, white muslin.

**Croquet.**

The Cambridge Croquet Club had an official opening of their lawns and new pavilion on Wednesday afternoon, in the presence of a large gathering. The Mayor (Mr. G. Dickenson) declared the lawns open. There were a number of visitors from the Hamilton Club. Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. Brewis (Hamilton), grey coat and skirt, and small black hat; Mrs. Furze (Hamilton), black gown and black hat; Mrs. Hyde (Hamilton), green coat and skirt, and large hat with a wreath of black roses and black wheat ears; Mrs. T.

Jolly (Hamilton), blue coat and skirt and black hat with a touch of emerald green; Mrs. Stephens, black coat and skirt, and small black hat with white osprey; Lady Magill (Auckland), black silk coat and black bonnet; Mrs. Middleton, grey coat and skirt and black hat with black plumes and wreath of tiny pink roses; Mrs. Middleton, black gown and black hat; Mrs. Hopkirk, black and white striped voile and black toque, with white osprey; Mrs. McDermott, fassore silk frock and large black hat; Mrs. Banyard, pink frock and large black hat with pink roses; Mrs. Cooper, blue tweed coat and skirt and burnt straw "sunshine girl" hat, with coral and black osprey; Mrs. Nicoll, navy blue coat and skirt and large grey hat trimmed with shot blue and gold ribbon; Mrs. Caldwell, white silk blouse and grey skirt and black hat with black and white bows; Miss Gwynneth, blue coat and skirt, and large black hat with green and black bows; Mrs. Asher, purple cloth costume and large grey hat trimmed with grey and black ribbon bows; Mrs. McCullagh, brown tweed coat and skirt and brown hat; Mrs. C. Hunter, navy blue coat and skirt, and putty-coloured hat trimmed with black; Miss Veale, green crepe trimmed with wide band of guipure lace on skirt, and square tunic of the same lace, large black hat with wreath of pink flowers veiled with lace; Mrs. H. Nixon, pale pink frock and white hat; Miss Nixon, white frock and white hat; Mrs. E. J. Wilkinson, navy blue coat and skirt, and small hat with blue and black wings; Miss Lewis, pink frock and large black hat with pink flowers; Miss Ferguson, brown coat and skirt and white hat; Mrs. Edmonds, grey costume, grey hat.

**Winter Social Club.**

On Thursday evening the last night of the season of the Winter Social Club was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, when over fifty members and friends were present. The opening play was called "Personally - or by Letter," in which Mrs. Caldwell made a most charming Margery, the others taking part in it being Miss Gwynneth, and Messrs. Couper, Bown and Hammond. The second piece was "An Excellent Receipt," in which Mrs. Couper made a fascinating Lady Armadale, Mr. Caldwell Sir Walter Armadale, and Miss Landon Joyce (the maid). The next piece was "The Golden Wedding," in which Miss Dunne made the sweetest old lady, Mr. Bown the old Professor (aged 82), and Dr. Roberts as Admiral Flanack. The last item was an amusing little piece called "Lights Out," those taking part being Mrs. Hammond as the Maiden Aunt, and Miss Landon and Miss Caldwell two pretty girls. Mr. Meredith took the principal part excellently, and other performers were Messrs. A. Willis and A. R. S. Richardson. Mr. Shaw, who was in excellent voice, sang two songs during the intervals. At the close of the evening Dr. Roberts made a little speech, in which, on behalf of the club, he returned thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell for their kindness and hospitality to the club in giving the use of their house for the rehearsals and entertainments. Mr. Caldwell responded. Mrs. Caldwell was wearing a white Liberty satin, with a tunic of white nixon, and pink coral ornaments; Mrs. Couper, amber satin, with tunic of brown nixon, edged with brown fur, and wide Oriental trimming at the foot of the skirt; Mrs. Hammond, black silk and cream lace vest; Miss Landon, erise satin, with tunic of nixon the same shade, and trimmed with Oriental trimming; Miss Caldwell, black satin charmeuse, with a cinrass of Oriental trimming; Miss Dunne, black silk, with overdress of black spotted net, bodice trimmed with floral silk, veiled in net; Miss Gwynneth, black satin charmeuse, and black net and applique trimming; Mrs. F. Ross, white silk, with

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overdress of black ninon, spangled with steel beads; Mrs. E. K. Roberts, black silk, trimmed with jet; Miss Atfield, white satin frock; Mrs. Niccol, white satin, with overdress of gold beaded ninon and gold girdle; Mrs. Jay, black silk, with pippings of cerise; Miss Jay, rainbow ninon overdress over white silk; Mrs. Meredith, an opal silk, draped with ninon, trimmed with silver; Miss B. Taylor, pale blue satin, with tunic of blue ninon; Miss Willis, black satin, draped with ninon; Miss Brooks, white silk and lace; Mrs. Norman Banks, white satin, with overdress of shaded blue ninon, beaded with gold; Mrs. Huddleston, mauve silk, trimmed with velvet of a deeper shade, and white lace; Mrs. Lundop, black silk, and cream lace vest; Miss A. Lundon, white satin frock; Miss Wells, pineapple silk embroidered over white silk; Miss J. Wells, white embroidered Japanese silk; Miss Roberts, white satin, and pink roses in her hair; Miss Middleton, white silk; Miss Magill (Auckland), pale blue silk; Miss Clambroskey, cream net blouse, and black silk skirt; Mrs. Hally, oyster grey satin, with tunic of grey ninon, embroidered, and trimmed with fringe; Mrs. A. Gibbons, vieux rose voile, with touches of black; Miss Hill, white silk.

**Personal.**  
Lady Magill and Miss Magill, who have been staying with Mrs. Middleton, returned home on Friday.  
Mrs. Gavin, of Wellington, who has been visiting Mrs. Willis, of "Oakleigh," left for Hamilton on Friday.

**HAMILTON.**

November 2.

**Dresden China Ballet.**

An original ballet by Miss Cecil Hall was staged in Hamilton on Monday night last in the Town Hall in aid of the Waikato Hospital. The members were a party of friends from Devonport, who were entertained by Mrs Douglas and Mesdames Brown, Graham, Gillies, and Wilson. The first part of the programme consisted of various concert items by Miss Stone, and Messrs Allan, Hobbs, and Towsey, and an exhibition of physical drill by the N.Z. cadet team. The second part, the ballet of Dresden china, was a really dainty production, the young faces looking sweet in their quaint settings of palest blue, blush pink, primrose, and lettuce green, with powder and patches. The minuet, the rose dance with its garlands, the moon-bone dance, the flirtation dance, were all delightful to watch, so thoroughly graceful were they. The authoress, Miss Cecil Hall, danced a "Poisant" dance and the "Moore" dances, both beautifully airy, and light and dainty. Amongst those present were: Mrs Douglas, in black silk; Mrs Brewis, pale blue evening cloak; Miss Brewis, pale blue silk frock; Mrs Ebon Wilson, grey silk; Mrs Watts, grey crepe de chine; Mrs Meares, white silk; Miss Bond, pale pink crepe; Mrs Greenhale, grey silk; Miss Vida Hunter, black velvet and chiffon over red; Miss Holden, pale blue silk; Miss Elsie Holden, grey silk; Miss —, Holden; Miss Lewis; Miss Gillies' lovely sealskin coat; Mrs Lawson, grey silk; Miss —, Lawson, pale pink; Mrs Meland, seam; Mrs G. MeLeod, Mrs Reece, Miss Lovell; Miss Lambert, sage green silk; Miss Cooper, lovely black cloak; Mrs F. Jolly, black silk; Mrs T. Jolly, black silk; Mrs Tompkins, black velvet; Miss G. Tompkins, pale blue crepe; Miss Manning, stylish fawn cloak; Mrs Atkinson, Miss Atkinson; Mrs Furze, black velvet coat; Miss N. Furze, Mrs Warren, Miss Warren; Mrs Shephard, cream lace dress; Mrs F. Wilson, black silk; Mrs Hall, Misses McPherson, Mrs Valder, Miss Riley.

**Personal.**  
Mrs Cooper has just returned from a short visit to town.  
Mrs Heywood is back again, after a pleasant visit to her folks in Wanganui. The New Zealand Cadets, who have been to Canada, paid a short visit to Hamilton. They were accorded a welcome by the Mayor in the Town Hall on Friday, when they gave a short exhibition of their skill. Some of the cadets particularly wished to go to Rotorua, so sufficient was subscribed in the room to send them there from Saturday to Monday. Upon their return they went over the experimental farm, some motoring to Cambridge. They were entertained by various members of the Victoria League. The Devonport girls gave a rehearsal of the Dresden China Ballet in the Hospital for the benefit of the patients, after which a dance was held in the Nurses' Home, which was greatly enjoyed. On

Sunday a motor launch picnic was given to them, when a large number journeyed to the Narrows. On Monday morning brakes were placed at their disposal, and a lovely drive through the well wooded Waikato" was much appreciated. On Tuesday quite a large number assembled at the station to bid the "Dresden China" girls good-bye, when three cheers were given for them, and also for Mrs Douglas.

**TE KUITI.**

November 4.

**Farewell Tea.**

On Friday afternoon Mrs Alfred Julian gave a farewell tea in honour of Mrs Fullerton and Miss Sinclair, who are immediately taking up their residence in Takapuna. A dainty afternoon tea, an interesting competition, and a social chat made up a very pleasant afternoon for all. The flower decorations, which were composed of pale pink stock, carnations, asparagus, fern and most beautiful roses, were greatly admired. Mrs Julian, who is an untiring hostess, received her guests wearing a very pretty frock of vieux rose satin, Oriental trimmings; Mrs Fullerton, dainty frock of white Indian muslin embroidered in pale green, pink and white hat; Miss Sinclair, white spotted muslin, black hat; Mrs Corey Matthews, black silk voile over royal blue satin, pink and heliotrope hat; Mrs Hunt, black silk, black hat; Mrs Line, navy blue costume, brown and white hat; Mrs Huddleston, brown silk poplin, brown and green hat; Miss Petrie (Greymouth), pale blue crepe embroidered with silk flowers, black feather hat; Mrs J. H. Will, floral muslin, black hat; Mrs Fowler, navy blue costume, pretty blue hat; Miss Metcalf, pretty frock of checked voile over silk, black hat, red flowers; Mrs Findlay, smart costume of grey and pale blue, large black hat with blue border; Mrs Boddie, black velvet, black and white toque; Mrs Snaddon, stone grey frock, mode hat with touches of cerise; Mrs Howarth, smart costume of Shantung silk, large black hat wreathed with cerise roses; Mrs J. A. Johnston, tussore silk costume, fawn hat, red poppies; Mrs Walker, white muslin frock, black clip hat with cherries; Mrs Wickson (Patea), black silk crepe, lace yoke and undersleeves, black heather hat; Mrs Dransfield, white embroidered frock, sweet hat of white tagel straw, crown of pink satin and roses, lined with black; Mrs Byrt Jordan, blue and white striped voile, hat of biscuit straw, big bunch of yellow flowers; Mrs Kelso, embroidered muslin, white tagel hat, wreath of cerise flowers; Miss Erukinu, mottled blue frock, blue hat; Mrs Sharples, grey frock, grey and black hat; Mrs Graham, dove grey satin charmuse, pretty tagel hat to match; Miss Graham, pink cloth costume, black and emerald green hat; Mrs Gadsby, grey costume, black and white hat; Mrs Wolfe, black satin, black and white bonnet; Mrs M. J. Jones, black silk coat over white silk voile frock, black and pink hat; Mrs Hardy, black and white striped silk, pretty heliotrope and white hat; Mrs Pine, prairie silk, black hat, berries of sweet pea; Mrs Cochrane, navy blue poplin piped and buttoned with cream, blue and mole hat; Mrs Frank Julian, mottled blue silk, Oriental embroideries.

**TAURANGA.**

November 2.

**Children's Party.**

On Thursday evening of last week Mrs. Hewes gave a delightful children's party. About fifty children were present, and, judging by their merry, happy faces, thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The attraction of the evening was a magic lantern given in the dining room, and the ever-wonderful phonograph, of which children never tire. Supper was served in the dining-room.

**Personal.**

Dr. Stuart, who has been spending a holiday of seven months in England and British Columbia, arrived in Tauranga last Friday, and was warmly welcomed by his numerous friends.  
"The Haymakers" reaped a plentiful harvest at the Opera House last Thursday. The cantata being a favourite, drew an overflowing house, and well repaid those who braved the elements.  
According to advice received from the Bishop of the Diocese, the Rev. C. L. Wilson, who is at present acting as curate at St. Augustine's, Napier, will arrive in Tauranga the second week in November, and will act as locum tenens till about the middle of January, when a permanent appointment will be made. Tauranga having been made a parochial

district at the last meeting of the Synod, the appointment of vicar is now entirely in the hands of the Bishop.

**GISBORNE.**

November 2.

**At the Show.**

The Agricultural and Pastoral Show was held on October 22nd and 23rd, and proved a great success. The grandstands were crowded with eager spectators. During the afternoon the Gisborne Brass Band played appropriate music, which was most enjoyable. Amongst those present I noticed: Mr and Mrs E. H. Mann, Dr. and Mrs Williams, Mrs de Lantour, Mr and Mrs H. de Lantour, Mr and Mrs and the Misses Busby, Mr and Mrs Nolan, Misses E. and H. Nolan, Misses H. and B. Black, Misses M. and P. de Lantour, Misses Z. and C. Williams, Mr and Mrs H. H. Well, Mr and Mrs B. Black, Mr and Mrs A. J. Henderson, Mr and Mrs J. C. Field, Mr and Mrs H. White, Mrs W. Smith, Miss J. Smith and Miss Wilberforce, Mrs Hughes, Mrs J. Clark, and Mrs G. Reynolds.

**A Dance.**

On October 24th the Misses E. and K. Williams and Mr G. Williams gave a very jolly dance in Whimray's Hall. A large marquee was arranged as a drawing-room, and was decorated with Chinese lanterns and greenery. Amongst those present I noticed: Miss E. Williams, effective gown of lemon yellow satin, cream lace on corsage; Miss K. Williams, dainty floral taffetas; Mrs Ken Williams, pale blue silk, with overdress of mole ninon, silver trimming on corsage; Mrs (Dr.) Williams, sage green ninon over white satin; Mrs E. H. Mann, beautiful gold tissue robe; Mrs H. Williams, amethyst coloured fish net over silk of same shade; Mrs Ralph Murphy, tangerine satin, with black lace overdress; Mrs Rowley Murphy, cream satin and lace; Mrs C. Kissling, emerald green silk, black ninon overdress; Mrs W. B. Barker, plum coloured satin, and black face overdress; Mrs T. Palmer, floral taffetas, with panner effect; Mrs H. V. Gully, white satin with silver trimming, silver Juliet cap; Mrs W. B. Wilcock, dark ruby velvet; Mrs Gaddum, pale blue charmuse; Mrs H. Black, gold-spangled net over white satin; Mrs Hughes, black silk relieved with white; Mrs (Dr.) Reeve, pale grey crepe de chene; Mrs C. Sainsbury, black chiffon taffetas; Mrs A. J. Henderson, floral ninon over deeper shade of silk; Mrs Hine, black velvet and jet; Mrs O. Sainsbury, black silk; Mrs J. Murphy, pink satin, with silver trimming; Mrs Barnes Graham, pale pink charmuse; Miss E. Nolan, pale blue silk, with touches of mauve; Miss H. Nolan, white fish net over satin; Miss B. Murray, white crepe de chene, with silver trimming; Miss T. Busby, black ninon over white satin; Miss J. Busby, mauve satin, with floral ninon overdress; Miss D. Faulkner, pale pink silk; Miss M. Faulkner, pale blue ninon over pale pink silk; Miss H. Watkins, black velveteen, with white lace on corsage; Miss C. Watkins, rose coloured crepe de chene; Miss F. Davies, grey crepe de chene, with silver lace and touches of pale blue on corsage; Miss N. Davies, white net over white silk; Miss Dodgshun, white satin and silver trimming; Miss M. de Lantour, saxe blue silk, with touches of tangerine; Miss P. de Lantour, sage green ninon over white satin; Miss L. King, pale blue silk; Miss Rogers, black silk; Miss K. Sherratt, emerald green silk; Miss D. Hine, pale pink satin; Miss Williams (Has-Gings), black lace over white satin; Miss Z. Williams, pink velveteen, with cream lace on corsage; Miss U. Williams, champagne coloured silk, and silver trimming; Miss Reynolds, emerald green silk, with gold trimming; Miss Minnett, pale blue satin; Miss Ludbrook, black velvet; Miss H. Black, pale pink silk; Miss B. Black, saxe blue embroidered ninon over white silk; Miss E. Williamson, pale blue silk; Miss M. Williamson, silver net over pale blue silk; Miss S. Evans, pale blue silk; Miss D. Bennett, tangerine satin, with gold spangled overdress; Miss C. Cooke, white satin, with silver trimming; Miss M. Ross, pink ninon over white satin; Miss M. Wachtman, pale blue silk; Miss A. Orr, mauve satin, and floral ninon overdress; Miss G. Lewis, pale pink silk, with overdress of gold tissue net. Some of the gentlemen present were: Messrs Williams (2), Masterman, Nolan, Smith, Hamilton, Dodgshun, Murray (2), Pascoe, Wilcock (2), Potts, Jackmann, Hine, Jeffreys, Watkins (2), Murphy (4), Gully, and Dr. Williams.

**The Races.**

The races were held last Thursday and Friday, and, despite the cold weather,

many spectators were present. Some of those I noticed were: Lady Carroll, grey satin tailored costume, smart grey outfit hat with white ostrich plumes; Mrs F. Barker, smart saxe blue coat and skirt, black hat with large shaded blue and creme ostrich feathers; Mrs Winter, cream silk coat and skirt, black ermine hat with floral mount; Miss M. Williamson, pastel green costume, brown hat with shaded brown ostrich feather; Miss E. Williamson, mauve coat and skirt, black picture hat; Mrs Brooson, white embroidered muslin, black picture hat; Miss M. Faulkner, white embroidered muslin, cream hat with cornflowers; Mrs Wachs-

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mann, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs D. Coop, pastel blue costume, with touches of pale pink, grey hat with pink roses; Mrs W. L. Rutledge, grey cloth costume; cream hat; Mrs W. Smith, smart grey silk costume, large cerise picture hat; Mrs T. Scott, pale blue bordered voile, grey tagel hat with blue plumes; Mrs Barnes Graham, gold silk, with black stripe, black hat with white ostrich feathers; Mrs Rowley Murphy, vieux rose silk, cream hat with pink roses; Miss Cook (Christchurch), white muslin frock, cream hat with red floral mount; Mrs M. Foster, cream coat and skirt, grey hat with saxe blue onprey; Mrs R. Sherratt, grey cloth costume, grey hat with pink ostrich feathers; Mrs H. de Lantour, grey cloth costume, grey hat with pink trimming; Miss Schumacher, embroidered grey muslin, large grey hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs Harding, black satin costume, black hat with large shaded black and gold plume; Mrs Willock, green coat and skirt, becoming black toque; Mrs H. M. Porter, grey coat and skirt, cream hat with floral mount; Miss L. Smith, black chausseuse, panels of black lace over gold silk, black picture hat; Miss Wilberforce (Wellington), dainty grey ninon over pale blue, black picture hat; Miss E. Nolan, white net over silk, black hat with white lace bow; Miss H. Nolan, white embroidered muslin, large hat with white ostrich feather encircling the crown; Mrs J. Murphy, green silk coat and skirt, smart hat with green and blue ostrich plumes; Mrs R. Murphy, brown silk frock, with saxe blue trimming, pretty hat with floral mount; Miss B. Black, blue coat and skirt, putty coloured hat with blue flowers; Mrs Bennett, black satin frock, grey hat with shaded plumes; Mrs J. Dunlop, grey coat and skirt, grey hat trimmed with blue; Mrs W. Reeve, grey silk frock, floral toque; Mrs C. A. Fenwick, pretty apricot coloured frock, draped with floral chiffon, large picture hat; Mrs O. Sainsbury, grey velvet frock, grey hat with pink plumes; Mrs C. Sainsbury, pale blue chausseuse, draped with grey chiffon, grey plumed hat; Miss M. Rees, dainty white frock, black hat with white wreath of roses; Miss D. Rees, white muslin, and white lace hat; Mrs J. W. Williams, light coloured fawn costume, large black picture hat; Mrs Thomas, dark blue silk coat and skirt, cream hat with pale blue lamer plumes; Miss D. Hine, white muslin, pretty hat with red poppies; Mrs Jex Blake, white embroidered coat and skirt, large black plumed hat; Miss Wilson, grey coat and skirt, hat en suite; Miss L. Busby, vieux rose costume, black plumed hat; Mrs J. Dods, tussore frock striped with blue, hat en suite; Miss Wallis (Auckland), white muslin, black hat with floral mount; Mrs W. Barker, grey silk frock, with which was worn a black velvet coat, cream hat with grey and black feathers; Mrs E. H. Mann, brown costume, small floral toque; Mrs A. J. Henderson, brown silk costume, smart hat with sweeping grey feather; Miss G. Lewis, grey silk frock, black picture hat.

speech, and little Ruth Caro presented Miss Lee with a lovely bouquet of roses. Among those present were: Mrs. Averill, Mrs. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dinwiddie, Miss Hetley, Miss Sutton, Miss C. Sutton, Mrs. Lusk, Misses Lusk (2), Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Didsbury, Mrs. Crawshaw, Mrs. Newton, Mrs. A. J. Williams, Miss Dixon, Canon Mayne, Dr. Caro, Miss Tonkin, Miss Liang.

**Personal.**

Mrs. Eric Caro has gone to Wellington for a fortnight.

Mrs. Duke Shields (Waikoni) has returned from her visit to Gisborne.

Miss Cora Lee, of Wellington, is the guest of Mrs. Cecil Cornford, Barrack Hill.

Mrs. Ludbrooke (Tokomaru Bay) is spending a holiday in Napier.

The marriage of Miss Lusk to Dr. Singer will take place on the 21st of this month.

Mrs. S. Riddell and her two children, who have been visiting Mrs. T. C. Sanderson, "Glenross," returned home on Tuesday.

**HASTINGS.**

November 1.

**Pupils' Gathering.**

A good number of parents and friends assembled at the Oddfellows' Hall on the invitation of Mrs J. Betts to witness the display of dancing by her pupils. The children danced very prettily, and reflected great credit on their teacher. The little girls looked very sweet in their white lace and muslin frocks. A delicious afternoon tea was served in the large ante-room. Among the children present I noticed: Ruth Pharaazyn, Barbara Pinckney, Sheila Murray, Betty Lewis, Wellwood (2), Symon, Hudson, Douglas, Jean Landels, Garnett, Betty Woodward, Bowie, Masters Lewis, Douglas, Pharaazyn, Bowie, Hudson, Weber.

Among the mothers and friends were: Mesdames Wellwood (2), Fenwick, Pinckney, Weber, Murray, Betts, Landels, Woodward, Milne (Dunedin), Bowie, Barnett (2), Misses Rouch, Wellwood, and others.

**Personal.**

Mr and Mrs G. Warren have returned to Tomoana.

Mr and Mrs T. H. Lowry have gone to Christchurch.

Mr G. P. Donnelly has gone to Wellington.

Mrs F. Luckie, junr., is staying with Mrs Luckie, senr., Charles Street.

Miss A. Hewson has gone to Palmerston North.

Miss Richmond has been the guest of Mrs Lowry, "Crosby."

Miss Burr has gone for a short holiday to Hawera.

Mr and Mrs T. Lindsay and family are leaving shortly for Waipawa.

Mr and Mrs Lindsay will be much missed by their many friends.

Mr and Mrs Hassal are visiting Palmerston North.

Mr G. Evans (Palmerston North) spent Slow Week with his relations in Hastings.

Miss Baird has returned from Hawera. Mr Dunlop (late of Nelson), son of Professor Dunlop, has come to take charge of the dental practice of Mr Harris in Hastings. Mrs Dunlop, who is a cousin of Mrs Ormond, has arrived here also.

The Rev. J. Hobbs (late vicar of St. Matthews) has been visiting old friends in Hastings after a year's absence.

November 2.

**Spring Show.**

The second day of the Hawke's Bay Spring Show proved very fine, and many lovely spring toilettes were worn by the ladies. Mrs. J. Humphrey (Napier), grey costume, black hat; Mrs. J. Norton, green costume, white hat; Miss White, black costume, pretty-coloured hat; Miss Watt, grey frock, black white hat; Miss Neill, navy and white striped silk frock, black hat; Mrs Lowry, tussore silk coat and skirt, burnt straw hat; Mrs. F. Gordon, grey striped voile, black and pink hat; Mrs. Troutbeck, grey tweed costume, black toque; Mrs. Morton (Wanganui), coat and skirt lemon

and heliotrope shot silk, black plumed hat; Mrs. de Lisle, pink and blue coat and skirt, hat en suite; Miss Russel, grey coat and skirt, hat with cerise plume; Mrs. Saunders (Kopua), mole costume, tussore hat with plumes; Mrs. Lowry North, saxe blue costume, saxe blue toque; Mrs. St. Hill (Porangahau), black and blue costume, hat with lemon roses; Mrs. C. Gordon, grey costume, black and grey hat; Mrs. Hawkins, green taffeta, black picture hat; Miss Overton, grey dress, cream and pink hat; Miss Clarke (Hedgeley), grey costume, pink and blue hat; Mrs. G. Moore (Risington), cream dress, black picture hat; Mrs. Wood (Napier), grey costume, black toque; Mrs. Tosswill, grey and black striped muslin, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Scott, cream frock, handsome blue cloak, black plumed hat; Mrs. Wood, navy blue tailored costume, navy blue straw hat with blue pink and white wings; Miss Evans, white muslin frock, large black hat; Mrs. Macfarlane, grey costume, black hat; Mrs. Warren (Tomoana), grey frock, black and pink hat; Mrs. Hunter (Porangahau), black costume, hat en suite; Miss J. Hewson, grey and black frock, black and white toque; Miss A. Hewson, black coat and skirt, black toque; Miss Glesson (Napier), marine blue tailored costume, black hat with pink roses.

**Dancing.**

Mrs. J. Betts invited a number of parents and friends to a display of dancing by her pupils in the Oddfellows' Hall.

The children were all dressed in white muslin and lace frocks, and went through the dances very gracefully. Delicious afternoon tea was provided. Among the children I noticed Ruth Pharaazyn, Betty Woodward, Barbara Pinckney, Hudson, Wellwood (2), Murray, Symons, Douglas, Lewis, Garnett, Masters Pharaazyn, Lewis, Hudson, Douglas, Bowie, Weber; among the parents and friends I noticed Mesdames Wellwood (2), Bettes, McKebbin, Fenwick, Garnett, Murray, Woodward, Bowie, Landels, Milne (Dunedin), Evans, Pinckney, Weber, Roach.

**DANNEVIRKE.**

November 2.

**Dance.**

Mrs. A. B. Knight was the hostess at an enjoyable little dance at Tahoraite on Thursday evening the guests being: Mr. and Mrs. H. Cowper, Mr. and Mrs. C. Cox, Mrs. and Miss Hartgill, Mrs. F. Cowper Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Robertshaw, Misses Knight, Irvine, G. Irvine, Varnham, (Wellington), E. Robertson, Barker, MacDonal (Wellington), Bolton, Messrs. Norrie, Irvine, N. Green, Barker (2), Varnham, Wells, E. Knight, F. Knight, Russell.

**Bridge.**

On Friday evening Mrs. Macellan gave a most enjoyable bridge party in honour of Mrs. A. Paul, of Wellington. Mrs. E. Lawford and Mrs. Hartgill proved to be, after many interesting games, the fortunate prize-winners. Mrs. Macellan received her guests in a black satin chausseuse gown. Present were: Mesdames Paul, F. Cowper, Giesen, Soundy, Baddeley, Ryan, Guy (Auckland), Lawford, Hartgill, Kerr, G. Speedy, Summers, MacGibbon, Rathbone, Bickford, A. E. Green, W. Green, and Dawson.

**Croquet.**

The Rangitira Croquet Club opened the season on Wednesday afternoon. Delicious afternoon tea was provided by the committee, and an interesting half-hour tournament was enthusiastically contested, Mrs. Dawson winning the first grade and Mrs. R. Robertshaw the second grade. Among the many present were: Mesdames MacGibbon, Paul, F. Cowper, Soundy, Dawson, Lawford, Gilmore, H. Knight, Macellan, McLennan, Robertshaw, Bennett, Harvey, Simmers, McDowell, Collett, Tomlinson, Runciman, Tansley, Johnstone.

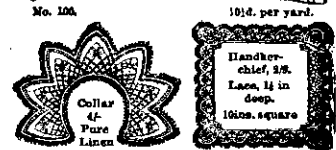
**Personal.**

Miss McDonald (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. A. B. Knight.

Mrs. R. N. Blakiston left on a short visit to Wellington on Saturday.

Miss Varnham (Wellington), who has

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been staying with Mrs. W. T. Irvine, left for her home on Tuesday.

Mrs. Gordon Lloyd returned from Wellington on Wednesday.

## FEILDING.

November 2.

### Bridge Party.

Mrs. Barton gave a most enjoyable bridge party at her charming residence on Friday afternoon last. Bridge was played in the drawing-room, which was tastefully decorated with pink and red flowers and lovely red leaves, and delicious afternoon tea was partaken of on the verandah. Mrs. Stewart won the first prize, a very handsome afternoon tea cloth, and Mrs. Miles, the second, a pretty vase. Mrs. Barton received her guests in a pretty white charmeuse frock trimmed with French knots and lace; Mrs. Aylmer, a pretty grey coat and skirt, becoming grey satin hat to match; Mrs. Willie Barton, Rangiora, tweed coat and skirt with blue facings, black hat; Mrs. Horrocks, blue coat and skirt, black hat with primrose-coloured trimming; Mrs. Innes Jones, navy blue coat and skirt, blue hat with pink roses; Mrs. Halliday, black and white coat and skirt, smart little black and white hat to match; Mrs. (Dr.) Hall, pretty white voile frock, becoming black velvet hat with violets; Mrs. Gillespie, white muslin frock with lace and insertion, pretty hat with blue plumes; Mrs. Blue, dark blue costume with grey hat; Mrs. Revington Jones, white muslin frock, black hat; Mrs. Fitzherbert, pretty blue silk frock, becoming white hat with becoming pink roses; Mrs. Guthrie, dark blue frock, black hat; Mrs. Roberts, black dress, black hat trimmed with blue and green shot ribbon; Mrs. Wheeler, black coat and skirt, black velvet hat; Mrs. Clayton, pale heliotrope costume, pretty Tuscan straw hat with heliotrope trimming; Mrs. Miles, tussore costume with black hat; Mrs. Stewart, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Spain, dark blue costume, hat to match; Mrs. Glasgow, grey spotted furl, white hat with Paisley trimming; Mrs. Evans, grey costume, green hat trimmed with roses; Mrs. Goodbehere, grey Paisley frock with grey hat to match; Mrs. George Haggitt, brown and white muslin with black and white hat; Mrs. Woollams, blue braided costume, blue and white hat; Mrs. Louison, grey coat and skirt, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Miller, prune-colouring frock, black hat.

### Euchre.

The same evening the young people were entertained at euchre. The supper table looked so pretty decorated with shades of pink and red and tinted foliage, with pink lamp shades, which gave a very pretty effect. The supper was delicious. The ladies' first prize was won by Miss Guthrie, and the second by Miss Wyatt; the gentleman's first prize was won by Mr. Broad, and the second by Mr. Ellis. Mrs. Barton received her guests in a very pretty frock of white charmeuse; Miss Ersell wore black frock with bands of black satin; Miss M. Barton, Rangiora, pretty pale pink union frock, pink roses in hair; Miss Millie, black velvet frock, black band in hair; Miss Kirton, pink velvet frock

with overdress of black net; Miss Innes Jones, frock of pale green charmeuse; Miss B. Innes Jones, white silk taffeta, frock with bangle trimming, pink bands in hair; Miss D. Hill, turquoise blue velvet with pretty lace on bodice; Miss I. Kirton, blue frock with touches of heliotrope in hair; Miss Ethel O'Halloran, pink frock with touches of white lace; Miss Wyatt, pale green charmeuse frock with white fichu; Miss Guthrie, frock of vieux rose relieved with white lace; Miss Baddeley, very pretty white silk frock with handsome lace trimming; Messrs. Barton (3), Ellis, Bartholomew (2), Bevard, Grut, Carr, Logie, Dr. Guthrie, Atkinson, Hout.

### Personal.

Mrs. Brewster, who has been spending a few weeks in Napier, has returned. Mrs. and Miss Barton, Rangiora, who have been staying with Mrs. Aylmer, have returned to Masterton.

## NEW PLYMOUTH.

November 2.

### At the Theatre.

The Plimmer-Denniston Company concluded their season at the Theatre Royal last Thursday evening with "A Woman of No Importance." Amongst the audience I noticed: Mrs. Paul, Miss Cunningham, Mrs. Percy Webster, Mrs. H. Stocker, Mrs. Penn, Miss Penn, Mrs. F. Webster, Mrs. Jennings, Miss Jennings, Mrs. H. Collier, Mrs. Birdling (Waitara), Miss Birdling, Mrs. F. Fookes, Mrs. E. Gilmour, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Marks, Mrs. A. C. Fookes, Miss Fookes, Mrs. Nichols, Misses Fitzherbert, Misses Bedford (2) Mrs. Home, Miss Wade, Mrs. Wylie, Mrs. Harrison (Eltham), Mrs. Turton, Mrs. F. G. Evans, Miss Read, Mrs. Moyes, Mrs. Quilham, Miss Testar, Mrs. Birch Johnston, Mrs. Leo. Nolan, Mrs. Kirkby, Misses Capel, Mrs. Courtney, Miss G. Shaw, Mrs. S. Rennell, Mrs. R. Cook, Misses Roberts (2), Mrs. Clement Webster, Miss W. Webster, Miss Bewley, Miss Grant, etc.

### Tennis.

The New Plymouth Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club open their season to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon.

Mrs. W. Penn opened her private court last Saturday, and amongst the players I noticed: Miss Kyngdon, Miss Blundell, Miss Webster, Misses Simpson (2), Misses Bedford (2), Misses Fitzherbert (2), Miss Bewley, Miss Thomson.

### Personal.

Rev. Mr and Mrs A. H. Colville have returned from Auckland.

Mr and Mrs M. Fraser and Mr G. Fraser left last Friday for Dunedin, where the latter's marriage to Miss Milroy will take place on November 6th.

Mrs. Freeth, who has been on a visit to Auckland, has returned to New Plymouth.

Archdeacon and Mrs F. G. Evans have returned from Auckland.

Miss F. Evans has returned from Rotorua, where she was the guest of her sister (Mrs Bertram).

## WANGANUI.

November 2.

### Concert.

Madame Ada Wray and her pupils gave a very enjoyable concert in the Fire Bri-

gade Hall last week. There was a very large and appreciative audience. After the concert a delicious supper was served in an adjoining room, the table being effectively decorated with pink and deep crimson roses. Madame Ada Wray wore a beautiful gown of cream satin, with overdress of cream lace, and gauze of net embroidered in gold, touch of gold on her corsage, and a coronet of the same in her coiffure; Mrs. Dove, black silk and lace, with long opera coat having a collar of ermine and cream lace; Mrs. Medhurst, cream net and lace frock, pretty pale blue opera coat; Mrs. Ballance, black silk and lace; Miss Drewett, black charmeuse robe with berthe of lace, pastel blue opera coat; Mrs. Thompson wore black and heliotrope; Mrs. Fairburn, pale blue silk, with ninon; Miss R. Fairburn wore blue velvet, long grey satin opera coat, and pale blue in her coiffure; Mrs. G. Saunders, black silk, with lace, black satin opera coat with blue revers; Mrs. Wilford, black satin, and long black satin opera coat with feather trimming; Mrs. James Watt, black silk, with beautiful real lace on her corsage; Mrs. A. Wilson, pretty high evening gown, with pale blue opera coat; Mrs. Kennedy (Wellington) wore a smart black and white gown; Miss M. Cooper (Dannevirke), pale saxe blue crepe de chine frock, with ninon; Mrs. Brettargh wore black silk, and touch of cream; Mrs. O. Lewis, pale grey satin, with ninon overdress, heliotrope ribbons in her hair; Miss Wilford, black satin, with chiffon and jet, blue opera coat, and pink roses in her coiffure; Mrs. Gwynn-Potts, old rose charmeuse, with overdress of ninon, and silver on her corsage. Amongst the choir, who all wore white, with crimson roses, were Mrs. D'Arcy, Mrs. and Miss Darley, Miss Gillilan, Mrs. H. Sarjeant, Mrs. Babbage, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Williams, Miss Montgomery Moore, Mrs. Allen, Miss Willis, Miss Pawsen, Mrs. Cowper, Miss G. Anderson, Miss Kerr, Miss W. Anderson, Miss H. Bates, Miss C. Bates, Mrs. Braik, Miss M. Milne. There were also present: Mrs. Izard, in a pale grey charmeuse, with overdress of ninon, and touch of silver on her corsage; Mrs. Latham, black silk, with cream net and lace; Mrs. Cooper, Miss Alexander, Mrs. Morton Jones; Mrs. H. Reeve, smart black silk and lace frock, cherry aigrette in her hair; Miss Morton Jones, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Hume, Mrs. Heywood (Hamilton), Mrs. and Miss Spenser, Mrs. McGrath, Miss Polson, Mrs. Milne, Mrs. C. Paterson, black charmeuse robe, with emerald green embroidered ninon tunic; Miss Stewart, cream charmeuse robe, with silk fringe, and the corsage with crossover effect, in her coiffure she wore crimson velvet flowers; Miss Ashcroft, Miss R. Jones, Miss A. Nixon, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. A. Nixon, Miss R. Nixon, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. A. Lewis, Miss L. Williams, Mrs. J. Harold, Miss E. Hawken; Miss Wake (Stratford) wore a cream frock and becoming rose-pink opera coat.

### Golf.

On Saturday mixed foursomes were played on the Belmont Links to close the season of 1912. The weather was simply awful, the coldest day we have had this year, and most of the afternoon it poured with rain. Prizes were given by the president (Mr H. Watson). The winners were Mr and Mrs Gwynn Potts (19), who tied with Mrs. Izard and Mr. Ritchie (4), with a score of 2 up on

bogey, and the former couple won the play-off. Afternoon tea was given by the ladies, and Mrs Izard presented the prizes. Amongst those present were Mr and Mrs J. Harold, Mrs Reid, Miss Stevenson, Miss Parsons, Mr Harrison, Miss Nixon, Mr and Mrs Potts, Miss Montgomery Moore, Miss Dymock, Miss H. Anderson, Mr, Mrs and Miss Hogg, Miss Lambert, Mr and Miss R. Fairburn, Miss Darley, Mr and Mrs Von Haast, Mrs Good, Mr and Mrs G. Saunders, Mr and Mrs O. Saunders, Miss Harper, Mr and Miss Brettargh, Miss Cooper, Mr and Mrs D'Arcy, Miss Bates, Miss C. Bates.

### Personal.

Dr. and Mrs Wilkin, of Wanganui, are staying in Wellington.

Mrs Coates, of Wanganui, has been staying in Dannevirke with relations.

Dr. Eric Marchant, of Wellington, has been staying in Wanganui.

## SOUTH TARANAKI.

HAWERA, November 2.

### Tennis and Croquet.

Last Monday was an ideal day for the opening of the tennis and croquet lawns. Afternoon tea was supplied by the lady members of the club. Some of those present were: Mrs Campbell, grey crepe, with pipings of black, black and white toque; Mrs Wallace, navy blue, trimmed with a lighter shade of blue, hat to match; Mrs Glasson, white linen, light brown hat, lined and trimmed with pink; Mrs Gibson, white and blue checked linen costume, black hat trimmed with rose pink flowers; Mrs Webster, navy serge costume, black hat trimmed with red velvet; Mrs T. Campbell, black and white striped costume, hat trimmed with shot ribbons; Mrs Bright, white striped frock, grey hat; Mrs Sutton, navy blue voile, with cream lace yoke, cream hat with vieux rose velvet trimmings; Mrs Cowern, black velvet coat and skirt, saxe blue hat with feathers; Mrs Fantham, grey frock, black beaver hat with violets; Mrs Staveley, grey costume, blue and purple shot coloured hat trimmed with purple flowers; Miss Williamson, brown tweed Norfolk costume, black hat relieved with yellow flowers; Miss Caplen, white silk frock, white hat; Miss Glenn, navy silk, white blouse, hat with striped scarf; Miss Power, navy blue serge coat and skirt, braided in black, black hat with lancer plume; Miss Clapeout, navy blue delaine frock, trimmed with spotted material, cream and blue hat; Miss Nolan, brown tweed costume, brown hat; Miss Revell, black and white check frock, white hat trimmed with black daisies; Miss Tonks, white muslin, black and white hat; Miss Douglas, navy blue serge, black hat; Miss Reilly, white, white and blue "Sunshine" hat; Miss C. Reilly, white linen frock, saxe blue hat; Miss Short, navy and white spotted frock, brown hat; Miss Scott, white linen; Miss A. Young, tussore silk; Misses Hunter (2), white; Mrs Gorrie, Mrs McCarter, Misses McCarter (2).

### Afternoon Tea

Mrs Raine gave a very enjoyable afternoon tea last Wednesday afternoon for Miss Pratt, who is leaving Hawera for some months to visit relations. Miss Pratt will be very much missed on the croquet lawns, being a very enthusiastic player. Some of those present were: Mrs

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Kimbell, Mrs Joll, Mrs Campbell, Mrs E. McLean, Mrs T. Campbell, Mrs Webster, Mrs Glasston, Mrs Williamson, Mrs Holder, Mrs Bennett, and others.

#### Personal.

Mrs O. Hawken is visiting friends in Auckland.

Miss Douglas has returned from Auckland.

Mr and Mrs R. Douglas arrived in Hawera last Monday, after their tour in the Auckland district.

### STRATFORD.

November 1.

#### New Zealand Cadets.

The N.Z. Cadets, in charge of Captain Fullerton, arrived in Stratford on Wednesday evening. As it was too late to accord them a civic reception, they were officially welcomed by the Mayor in the evening at the Town Hall prior to the performance of "Our Regiment." Later they gave a splendid exhibition of physical drill.

#### "Our Regiment."

As far as local theatricals are concerned, the performance of "Our Regiment" is the most successful effort that has been achieved here. The acting was very good indeed, and if any individuals are to be singled out for special mention, they must be Captain and Mrs Lampen, Mrs Uincke, and Captain Stevens, who all acted their parts admirably. Mr Bond, in the dual part of Curate and Soldier, was very amusing. Mr Budd made humorous capital out of the part of Mr Ellaby; Mrs Hogg and Miss Cameron made the most of small parts. Mr

Cameron and Mr. Lonergan were also in the cast. Among the audience were noticed: Dr. and Mrs Cameron, Dr. Carbery, Dr. and Mrs Stevon, Mr and Mrs J. C. Fookes, Mr and Mrs Grant, Mr and Mrs Budge, Mr and Mrs Glasgow, Mr Robinson, Mr and Mrs Porritt, Mr and Mrs Stubbs, Mr and Mrs Young, Mr and Mrs W. D. Anderson, Mr and Mrs Crawshaw, Mr and Mrs Munro, Mr and Mrs Wake, Mr and Mrs Bayly, Misses Bayly, Mr and Mrs Twiss, Mr and Miss Fussell, Mrs Stevens (Hawera), Mr and Mrs Penn, Rev. Butler and Miss Butler, Mr and Mrs Richards, Mr and Mrs Rennell.

#### Tennis.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at the Stratford Tennis Club's Courts on Thursday. The courts were officially opened by the President, Mr. Young. Mrs Young dispensed delicious afternoon tea. Many friends and members availed themselves of the opportunity of enjoying an outing under bright and sunny weather conditions. Several matches were played during the afternoon. The ladies present were: Mesdames Paget, Stevens, Uincke, Fookes, Porritt, Anderson, Crawshaw, Stubbs, Wake, Miss Wake, Robinson, Budge, Curtis, Malone, Coleman, Misses Anderson, Curtis, O'Brien, Fussell, and Mackay.

#### Personal.

Mrs W. G. Malone has returned from a short visit to Wellington.

Mrs H. G. Curtis (Christchurch) is visiting her mother, Mrs James.

Mrs Stubbs returned on Monday from a week-end visit to Wanganui.

Mr Melcklar (Wellington) has been spending a few days in Stratford.

### PAHIATUA.

November 2.

The Bishop of Wellington conducted a confirmation at St. Peter's Church on Tuesday, at which eight candidates were presented. Many attended the service in spite of the inclement weather.

On Thursday last a recital was given by Mr Scott Leslie in the Foresters' Hall. The members of his company, ably supported Mr Leslie, and all their items were much appreciated. Among those present I noticed: Mesdames Burgess, Lloyd, Tosswill, Tulloch, Isaacson, C. Miller, Farnes, Scott, Hart, Harkness, Misses Burgess (3), Beard, Warron (2), Lloyd, Mackie (Kumeru), Hughes (2), Tulloch.

The Misses Beard are the guests of Mrs G. A. Burgess.

Mrs Beard is visiting Mrs P. Douglas.

Mr and Mrs D. Crewe have returned from a visit to Wellington.

Miss Inglis (Hawke's Bay) has been staying with Mrs Inglis.

The Rev. A. H. Compton (Wellington) has been visiting friends round Pahiataua.

Miss Z. Mexted is suffering from an attack of scarlatina, and is at present in the Pahiataua Hospital.

Mrs Malcolm (Auckland) is visiting her mother, Mrs Inglis.

Dr. and Mrs Bruce Baird have taken up their residence in Pahiataua, where the Doctor intends to practise his profession.

### NELSON.

November 2.

#### "At Home."

A large and fashionable gathering was the afternoon tea given by Miss Marsden at the "Hacremai" during the week. A pleasing change was the musical portion, and those who played and sang included Mrs Izard, Mrs J. Wood, and Miss B. Sharp. A novel word competition was won by Mrs Izard (first), and others who won prizes were Mrs Sadler and Miss Lorimer. Among those present, beside the hostess were: Mrs Rees, Mrs Marsden, Mrs Davis, Mrs Squires, Mrs N. Adams, Mrs Robertson, Mrs Bunny, Mrs Harrison, Mrs F. Bett, Mrs Burnes, Mrs Fowler, Mrs Edward Saxon, Mrs Saxon, Mrs Bushby, Miss Saxon, Mrs Izard, Mrs Stanley Lucas, Mrs Glasgow, Mrs Mules, Mrs Sadler, Mrs J. H. Cook, Mrs T. F. Taylor, Mrs Wade (Invercargill), Mrs Robinson, Mrs Cooke, Miss Othman, Miss M. Cook, Miss E. Booth, Miss D. Webb, Mrs and Miss Tomlinson, Mrs and Miss Leggett, Miss B. Sharp, Mrs Broad.

#### Gymkhana at Wakefield.

A highly successful out-door fête and gymkhana was given by the Wakefield Bowling Club at the pretty recreation grounds at Wakefield. The fête was opened by the club president (Mr Harris), and special trains conveyed large numbers from town, including the band of the 12th regiment. Visitors from the various country districts were present also, and sports, dancing on the green, and several side shows kept everyone amused, and the club is to be congratulated on the success of its undertaking.

#### W.C.T.U. Sale of Work.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union, held its annual bazaar and garden party at "Fairfield," kindly lent for the occasion by Mrs Arthur Atkinson. The various stalls and the tea kiosks were well patronised during the day, and several amusing competitions for men were held in the evening. The grounds were brilliantly lit with acetylene gas, and the citizens' band played selections in the evening.

#### Personal.

Mrs Burnes and her sister, Mrs M. Hazlett (Invercargill), are away in Wellington.

Mrs Booth has returned from her visit to Marlborough, and Miss Dora Booth is back from Sydney.

The Misses Blackett have returned from Wellington.

Mrs Wade (Invercargill), is the guest of Mrs Fowler.

Mr and Mrs H. C. Cook have returned from their trip to England.

Miss Kathleen Hoochenden is back from a holiday visit to Western Australia.

Miss N. Gilkison is staying at the Blue Mountains, Sydney.

Miss F. Richmond is visiting friends in Wellington.

Mrs N. Adams, who has been motoring in Takaka, has returned to Nelson.

Mrs Bert Munro (Motueka), has returned from a short visit to Wellington.

The Rev. and Mrs Taylor have returned to the West Coast.

### PALMERSTON NORTH.

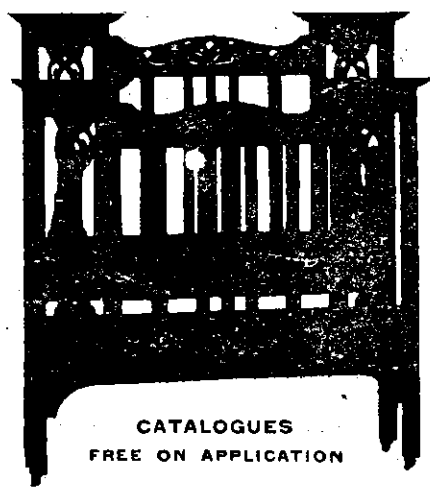
November 2.

#### At the Annual Show.

The event of the week has been the Manawatu Agricultural and Pastoral Show, which opened on Wednesday, and continued on Thursday and Friday. The weather was very harassing at first. On Wednesday it was cloudy, with occasional showers, and Thursday morning was wet, but cleared at midday into a perfect day. As is usual at the Show, there was a great number of ladies. On the lawn of the members' stand I noticed: Mrs. Willis (Rangitikei), wearing a navy coat and skirt, and a black bonnet with black ostrich tips; Mrs. N. Gorton, grey coat and skirt, grey hat with small blue flowers; Miss Levett (Bulls), cream coat and skirt, black hat with white flowers; Mrs. Harold Cooper, cinnamon-brown coat and skirt, hat of same shade, with mauve pansies; Mrs. Jack Straung, navy coat and skirt, with cream stripe, small brown hat; Mrs. Williamson, fawn striped coat and skirt, ermine fur, white hat lined with black and trimmed in front with a black feather mount; Mrs. Goring Johnston, navy coat and skirt, white coque feather box, white hat with navy blue silk and white osprey; Mrs. G. Potts, long black coat with Coronation-blue revers, large black hat with Coronation-blue flowers; Mrs. W. Potts (Wanganui), grey coat and skirt, blue satin hat with pink roses; Mrs. Arkwright (Bulls), brown coat and skirt, with Coronation-blue revers, black velvet hat with cream osprey; Mrs. J. Gaisford (Bulls), grey tweed coat and skirt, emerald-green hat; Mrs. Morrish, blue coat and skirt braided in black, emerald-green hat with green feather; Miss Morrish, navy coat and skirt, sage blue straw hat with black brush osprey; Miss Hunter (Hawke's Bay), navy coat and skirt, with white muslin collar, hat with cream and blue striped silk; Mrs. A. Sutherland, cream serge coat and skirt, cream felt hat lined with black and trimmed with a cream osprey; Mrs. Holmes, navy coat and skirt, hat with mauve silk bows; Mrs. Ward, black silk coat and skirt, black bonnet with cream ostrich tip; Mrs. A. Ward, navy coat and skirt, cerise straw hat with navy and cream spotted silk scarf; Mrs. Bartholpe (Hunterville), navy Eton coat and skirt, piped with cerise, black hat; Mrs. Cohen, black coat and skirt, black hat with black wings; Miss Nathan, black coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. R. S. Abraham, navy coat and skirt, mauve straw hat with shaded pink roses; Mrs. H. Abraham (Levin), grey coat and skirt, hat with small pink and blue flowers; Miss Abraham, navy coat and skirt, brown straw hat; Miss Sybil Abraham, navy coat and skirt, the deep collar on the coat edged with black fringe, hat with navy silk bows; Mrs. Hewitt, black coat and skirt, hat with dahlias (rose); Mrs. Jack Hewitt (Pahiataua), navy coat and skirt, white coque box, large white hat with black silk bow and small pink flowers; Miss G. Lloyd (Auckland), grey coat and skirt, white hat with black osprey in front; Mrs. R. McDonald, navy striped coat and skirt, hat with mauve silk bow and cluster of small mauve roses; Mrs. H. R. Waldegrave, navy coat and skirt, large cream straw hat with green and brown silk; the Misses Doris and Marjory Waldegrave, navy coats and skirts, small sailor hats; Mrs. R. M. McKnight, navy coat and skirt, black hat with wine-coloured and pink flowers; Miss A. McKnight, navy Norfolk coat and skirt, cream and navy straw hat; Miss Randolph, navy coat and skirt, black hat with mauve flowers; Miss Jones (Wanganui), grey check coat and skirt, with wide white silk sash, grey ermine hat; Mrs. F. S. Molloy, navy coat and skirt, black hat with small navy coat and skirt, Miss Alice pink and blue flowers; Miss Alice Coombs, navy coat and skirt, small hat with pink flowers; Mrs. Tripe, navy coat and skirt, white and black straw hat with white ospreys; Miss Tripe, grey coat and skirt, white hat with Paisley band; Miss Bell, grey coat and skirt, hat with sage blue silk bow; Miss Alison Burnicott, pink coat and skirt, cream and navy straw hat; Mrs. Paisley, pink coat and skirt, black hat with white wings; Miss Mason, navy coat and skirt, hat with white lace and small pink flowers; Miss - - Mason, pale grey coat and skirt, floral hat; Mrs. Longman

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lobelia-blue, coat and skirt, hat with blue velvet and cream feather mount; Mrs. Clere, grey coat and skirt, white hat with small flowers; Miss Collins (Christchurch), grey coat and skirt, black hat with black silk ruching; Mr. and Mrs. Mellop, Mrs. and Miss Porter, Mrs. Dermor (Feilding), Mr. and Mrs. Howie (Pohangina), Mrs. Penny, Mrs. A. McDonald, Miss Dundas, Miss Preece, Miss Holben, Miss Jickell, the Misses Park, Mr. and Mrs. A. Barraud, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Haggitt (Feilding), Mrs. G. Haggitt, Mrs. Knight.

**Personal.**

Mr. Southey Baker and Miss G. Lloyd (Auckland) are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Hokowhitu.  
Miss Jones (Wanganui) was the guest of Mrs. McKnight for a few days.  
Miss Matier (Levin) is staying with Mrs. A. Guy.  
Miss Hunter (Porangalan) is the guest of Mrs. Morrah, Bank of Australasia.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith and Miss Ella Smith (Bank of New Zealand) have returned from Australia.  
Miss G. Bell (Fordell) was staying with her sister, Mrs. Tripe, for a few days this week.  
Miss Collins (Christchurch), who has been visiting Mrs. Clere for three weeks, has gone on to Napier.

**BLENHEIM.**

November 2.

**Tennis.**

The opening day of the Marlborough lawn tennis courts was held last Saturday. The weather being anything but pleasant, the majority of the ladies wore their winter costumes. The president, Dr. Bennett, declared the courts open in a few well-chosen words. A delicious afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. Bennett, which was greatly enjoyed by the visitors. Mrs. Bennett wore a handsome navy costume braided in black, white furs, black hat with long cream plume. Among those present were: Mrs. R. McCallum, purple and green shot poplin costume, with green revers, hat with purple pansies; Mrs. R. Adams, grey tailor-made with grey toque with sage blue wing; Mrs. Strachan, navy costume, black hat with emerald green plume; Mrs. Florance, navy costume, sage blue hat; Mrs. B. Clouston, wine-colored cloth costume, hat to match; Mrs. Thompson, grey corduroy velvet dress, large grey hat with flowers; Mrs. G. Shipley, sage-green frock, cream hat with flowers; Mrs. E. Meade, black velvet costume, large black and white hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Griffiths, grey costume, black toque with black plumes; Mrs. Orr, navy costume, black hat; Mrs. White, black dress, large black leghorn hat with black feathers; Mrs. Corry, navy costume, black hat with crimson roses; Mrs. F. Redwood, navy costume, burnt straw hat with sage blue wing; Mrs. P. Hulme, white linen dress, white hat with shaded scarf; Mrs. G. Waddy, cream dress with brown hat; Mrs. Gawte (Mahakipawa), green tweed dress relieved with black, hat to match; Mrs. Fisher, black costume, black toque; Mrs. Satchell, navy costume, heliotrope hat with pansies; Mrs. Sturrock, navy costume, cream hat with red geraniums; Mrs. Duncan, purple costume, black hat with ribbon; Mrs. Ball, black velvet dress, large black hat; Mrs. MacLaine, navy costume, burnt straw hat with

scarf; Misses Anderson, dark grey costume, black toque with black and white wing; Miss Newton, brown tweed costume, brown hat; Miss Urquhart, cornflower blue costume, black furs, grey hat with purple and grey wing; Miss Neville, navy costume, black hat with erise; Miss Z. Clouston, brown tweed costume, brown fur hat; Miss A. Clouston, white linen frock, white leghorn hat with pink wreath of flowers; Miss A. Neville, navy costume, black hat with plume; Miss B. Griffiths, navy costume, Tuscan straw hat with blue ribbon trimmings; Miss M. McNab, navy costume, black hat with scarlet trimmings; Miss D. Horton, navy tailor-made, black hat with roses; Miss N. Mowat, navy costume, black beaver hat; Miss Fulton, purple linen dress, white hat; Miss E. Florance, navy costume, felt hat with wing; Miss Iz. Wolfertan, cream dress, cream leghorn hat with pink roses; Miss Chapman, blue cloth dress braided in black, black hat; Miss McEachlan, fur coat, fur hat; Miss C. Hall, brown costume, brown hat; Miss Greenwood (Wellington), green tweed costume, large leghorn hat with pink and blue flowers; Miss Bell (Napier), grey striped costume, silk straw hat with pink and white clovers; Miss M. Bell, navy costume, brown hat with wing; Miss J. Bell, navy costume, purple hat, with violets; Miss M. Mead, grey costume, hat with flowers; Miss Greenfield, Wellington, brown costume, brown hat; Messrs. Bagge, Hulme, Brock, Knar, Strachan, Spence, Whitmore, Golding, Moffatt, Speedy, Hill, Drs. Bennett, Adams, Meade, Anderson, and Walker.

There was a fair attendance at the opening of the St. Andrew's Lawn Tennis Club on Saturday. The president, Mr. A. McCallum, declared the courts open. Afternoon tea was provided by the lady members. Among those present were:—Mrs. Cheek, Mrs. Smale, Mrs. Hardin, Mrs. Horton, Misses H. McCallum, Lucas, Fulton, Logan, Dodson, G. Reid, Cheek (2), Smale (2), Hutchison, Messrs. Parker, Batty, Hart, Quinn, Reid, Shaw, Boden, and Logan.

**Enchre Party.**

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Welch entertained a number of friends at progressive enchre at their residence in Weld Street. There were six tables, the winners being Miss Neville and Mr. J. Horton. An enjoyable supper was served at the close of the game. Mrs. Welch received her guests in dark blue charmuse with pretty Oriental trimmings. Among those present were:—Mrs. R. McCallum, Mrs. Lovey, Misses Cheek (2), Neville (2), Burgess, E. Jenkins, D. Fisher, Whelan, Redwood, M. McCallum, S. Reid, Greenwood (Wellington), Messrs. Hart, G. Spence, Soper, Stapp, F. McCallum, R. Reid, and Lovey.

**Personal.**

Mrs. Foster (Christchurch) is visiting her daughter, Mrs. B. Coleman, Maxwell Road.  
Miss Bell (Napier) is the guest of her aunt, Miss Bell, George Street.  
Mrs. S. Gawte, Mahakipawa, has been the guest of Miss M. McNab, Maxwell Road.  
Miss Rudl (Christchurch) has been spending a few days with Mrs. G. Shipley.  
Mrs. Canavan has returned from a short visit to Wellington.  
Mrs. R. McCallum has returned from Wellington.

**PICTON.**

November 2.

**Labour Day.**

Labour Day was celebrated here on Monday in rather an original fashion. All business places except the Bank of New Zealand being open. An excursion train was run from Blenheim to give people an opportunity of meeting friends by the s.s. Maori, which came over from Wellington with about twelve hundred excursionists. A model yacht regatta was held on Labour Day, and was an exceedingly pretty sight.

**Progressive Enchre.**

Dr. and Mrs. Redman entertained their friends at enchre on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Redman wearing a handsome pink silk gown. The prizes were won in the ladies by Miss Greensill first, Mrs. Riddell second, Miss D. Greensill booby; and in the men's Mr. Edwards first, Mr. Admore second, and Miss Seymour booby. Supper was enjoyed on the verandah, which was decorated with flags and Chinese lanterns and the card room with roses and red may. Songs were sung by Misses Greensill and R. Macalister and Mr. Riddell, and a musical monologue by Miss Burton. Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. Redman, Dr. Hill, Mesdames Boswick, Dodson (Tua Marina), Madsen, Robinson, Haslett, Riddell, Morris, Smalley (Waipukurau), Lucena, Misses Seymour, Boswick, Edwards, Burton, Wallace, Morris, Macalister (2), Dawkins, Greensill (3), Messrs. Robinson, Riddell, Admore, Heifer, Rutherford, Edwards, Madsen, and Captain Burgess.

**Tennis Social.**

The Tennis Club held their annual dance in the Albert Hall on Wednesday, and though the attendance was small those present enjoyed themselves. The

supper and music were both very good. Some of those present were: Mesdames Smith, Seymour, Madsen, Lane, Cragg, Nicol, Scott, Riddell, etc.; Misses Gearey (3), Jackson, Blizzard, Riley, Storey, Cragg, (2), Horton (Blenheim), O'Sullivan, Chambers, Le Mont, Barr (2), Oxley, Macalister, Greensill, Messrs. McIntosh, Lambert (Blenheim), Heifer, Wastney, Armstrong, Jones, Dawkins, Robertson, Riddell, etc., etc.

**Personal.**

Mrs. Smalley (Waipukurau) is in Picton visiting her people. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace.  
Mr. Cullen (Mahakipawa), who has been on a six months' trip to England, arrived home on Friday.  
Mr. Troogood (Featherston), who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Madsen, has returned home.  
Mr. and Mrs. A. Chaytor, who have been spending a few days in Wellington and Picton, have returned home to Parnham, Blenheim.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. Tripe, Wellington, are in Picton for a week or so.  
Mr. and Mrs. H. Baillie, North Island, are spending a short holiday in Picton.  
The Rev. T. J. Smith has returned from Nelson.

**CHRISTCHURCH.**

November 2.

**Fancy Dress Ball.**

A charming and very successful fancy dress ball was given by Mr. Edgar Stead, at "Strowan Park," the residence of Mrs. G. G. Stead, on Friday night. The ball-room, which had been specially erected for the evening, was tastefully decorated with festoons of primrose and white art muslin, and large clusters of yellow broom, and presented a brilliant scene, with all the various costumes, niggers and pierrots mixing with ladies of the powder and patch period, and gentlemen of the French Revolution dancing with all descriptions of French and Dutch peasants not to mention Puritan maidens and

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Quaker girls in abundance; there were also ladies of the mid-Victorian period, with crinolines and coalscuttle bonnets, waltzing gaily with Roman soldiers, Dutchmen, and tramps. The guests included: Mrs. Stead, handsome gown of pale mauve satin, with wattleu train of black velvet; Mrs. G. Rhodes, powder and patch costume of blue flowered silk, over quilted pink silk underskirt; Lady Clifford, gown of pale grey satin; Mrs. Nancarrow, Spanish lady, with gown of black and lace and mantilla; Mrs. H. Reeves, "Lady Mary Carlyle," in pale blue taffetas and cerise roses; Mrs. Allen, powder and patches; Mrs. Belthol, powder and patch gown of flowered silk; Mrs. J. Vernon, "Queen of Clubs," in white satin, with crown and ornamentations in black satin clubs; Mrs. Killian, Puritan, grey frock, with collar, cuffs, and cap of white muslin; Mrs. Savill, French peasant, with short blue and white striped skirt and chemiselet and cap of white muslin; Mrs. H. Wood, powder and patches; Mrs. D. Westera, "Peg Woffington," charming panier gown of cream and apricot flowered silk, over quilted petticoat; Mrs. T. Barker, "Ann Page"; Mrs. M. Godby, Chinese lady, with long embroidered saque, relieved with black; Mrs. Nedwill, Egyptian lady; Mrs. Day, Roman lady; Mrs. J. Deans, Breton fish-wife; Mrs. Grigg, Dutch woman; Mrs. F. Courage, "Autumn," frock of brown nixon and bunches of flowers and grapes; Mrs. Onslow, "Lady Hamilton," white satin frock and flowing veil of white nixon; Miss Beech (England), peasant costume; Miss Denniston, Dutch peasant; Miss Woodhouse (Dunedin), Puritan; Miss M. Rhodes looked charming as "Lady Teazle" in pale blue and pink powder and patch costume, black velvet hat with feathers; Miss Ogle, "Madame Pompadour," in frock of white silk, with pampers and pale pink rosettes; Miss Kember (England), mid-Victorian costume of white muslin, and poke bonnet; Miss Ward (Wellington), Eastern costume of pale blue crepe de chine, with long head-drape of blue nixon; Miss Clifford, French peasant; Miss M. Clifford, Quaker girl; Miss Cracroft Wilson, "Folly," in black and white satin and silver bells, black and white cap; Misses P. and D. Anderson, pierrettes' frocks of black tulle, white caps and ruffs; Miss Killson, Dutch girl; Miss Harley, Puritan, in grey frock, with white muslin collar, cuffs, and cap; Miss B. Payne, mid-Victorian lady, in mauve and white flowered silk and poke bonnet; Miss Moore, Moorish lady; Miss W. Campbell, pierrette, short black frock, and cap with white bows; Miss Nancarrow, "Marie Antoinette," black velvet gown, with white muslin cap and fichu; Miss Hamner, pierrette; Miss M. Hamner, "Night," black net frock over satin and silver stars; Miss Phillips, Dresden shepherdess, yellow

low and white brocade, hat with yellow ribbons and staff; Miss M. Phillips, pierrette, short white muslin frock and cap, with black bob; Miss Connell, "Sweet Seventeen," white muslin frock and sun-bonnet; Miss Rutherford, flower girl; Miss Wilkin, "Undine," pale green nixon, over white satin and water lilies; Miss Fisher, Gipsy; Miss Knight, Quaker girl; Miss Jameson, white muslin crinoline frock; Miss Wood "Ophelia," white satin and nixon and sheaf of lilies; Miss Rolleston, "Enid," white muslin gown, with bands of silver; Miss Burns, Dresden shepherdess, pink and blue satin, with picture hat; Miss N. Burns, "Nell Gwynne"; Miss Park, witch; Miss J. Fulton, panier gown of floral silk, mob cap; Miss Milne, "Night," in black tulle, with silver stars; Miss Rose, pierrette, in black and green satin. Other characters represented were: Mr. Stead, a courtier; Mr. S. Stead, polo player, Mr. Savill, harlequin, Mr. Clark, Windsor uniform; Captain Onslow, waiter; Major Pinwill, Windsor uniform; Mr. G. Rhodes, tramp; Mr. T. Rhodes, "Sir Peter Teazle"; Mr. Godley, "Mr. Stafford"; Mr. Reeves, "Monsieur Beaucaire"; Mr. Acland, "Lord Nelson"; Mr. Westera, gollywoog; Mr. L. Rutherford, Haji; Mr. I. Deans, Turk; Dr. Nedwill, jockey; Mr. Nancarrow, Cardinal; Mr. Montgomery, Turk; Mr. V. Nancarrow, pierrot; Mr. Alpers; Mr. A. Allen, clown; Mr. Kember, pierrot; Mr. Douglas, pierrot; Mr. G. Westera, pierrot; Mr. A. Deans, surgeon; Mr. W. Deans, scout; Mr. D. Deans, monk; Mr. Murdochson, cook; Mr. C. Campbell, Highlander; Mr. E. Harper, Roman soldier; Mr. C. Harper, Roman soldier; Mr. Grigg, Dutchman; Mr. Upton, Roman soldier; Mr. Killson, "Babhai"; Mr. Brittain, Bedouin; Mr. H. Wood, Court dress; Mr. B. Wood, cavalier; Mr. J. Anderson, "L'Aristocrat"; Mr. W. Campbell, "Dick Turpin"; Mr. H. Wright, sailor; Mr. Killian, policeman; Mr. Johnston, Highlander; Mr. Vernon, entomologist; Mr. Barker, judge; Mr. Courage, cook; Mr. R. Rutherford, "Hamlet"; Mr. Burns, powder and patches; Dr. Guthrie, naval officer; Mr. Lawrence, cowboy; Mr. Greenwood, Red Indian; Mr. Milne, Mr. F. Wilding, foreign potentate.

### Reception.

A citizens' reception, to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Ashe to Christchurch, took place at the Theatre Royal on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. H. B. Sorensen (Danish Consul) presided, and short speeches were also made by Mr. T. W. Stringer, K.C., Dean Bynault (Vicar-General) on behalf of Bishop Grimes, and Mr. O. T. J. Alpers. Mr. Ashe responded in a few well-chosen words on behalf of himself and his wife. A large number of Christchurch residents were present, who, on leaving gave a hearty cheer for the celebrated visitors.

### Wedding Reception.

A wedding reception was held by Mrs C. F. Thomas at her residence in And-over Street (Merivale) on the occasion of the marriage of her daughter, Gwen-dolyn Thomas, to Captain Malet. The bride wore a lovely gown of ivory satin with draped skirt and panel of shadow lace, a beautiful veil of Limerick lace, caught with orange blossoms, and carried a lovely bridal bouquet. The bridesmaids (Miss Marjorie and Miss Barbara Thomas) wore dainty frocks of white spotted muslin with insertions of lace and touches of pink, white lace hats with pink roses and black ribbon velvet; their bouquets were of white roses. Mrs Thomas wore a gown of mauve silk crepe, large black hat with white ostrich feather; Mrs Malet, black silk gown with silk and lace coat, black hat with wings; Mrs Randal, white broderie Anglaise frock, black pedal straw hat with white lancel feather; Mrs L. Malet, black and white striped nixon over black satin and relieved with violet, violet straw hat with pansies; Mrs Ross, black silk and lace; black bonnet; Miss Ross, black and white striped voile, black and white hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Ross, cinnamon voile gown, brown straw hat with shaded flowers; Miss R. Ross, grey voile relieved with touches of tangerine, black and white hat; Miss Wilson, black ottoman silk coat and skirt, blue hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs Walker, mole cloth and skirt, black hat; Mrs Turton (Geraldine), blue cloth gown with nixon drape, blue hat; Miss Walker, white silk coat and skirt, hat with blue tulle and pink roses; Mrs S. Harper, black silk coat and skirt, black hat with violets; Mrs Pyne, black cloth coat and skirt with Oriental embroidery, black hat with ostrich feathers; Miss K. Pyne, dark blue serge coat and skirt relieved with tangerine, black and white hat; Mrs H. Wood, putty-coloured silk coat and skirt relieved with blue, black and white hat with white mount; Mrs Godby, biscuit cloth coat and skirt inserted with lace, large black velvet hat with white flowers; Mrs Morris, white linen coat and skirt, tuscany hat with pink roses; Miss Denniston, cream embroidered muslin frock, shot blue and green tulle hat; Miss Woodhouse (Dunedin), blue and green striped muslin, large blue hat; Miss Ogle, dark blue serge coat and skirt, white hat with shot blue and green silk; Miss Cracroft Wilson, cream shantung coat and skirt, shot blue and apricot hat with roses; Miss D. Anderson, pale blue and pink floral muslin, pale grey hat with ostrich feathers; Miss P. Anderson, mauve and white floral silk frock, grey hat with feathers; Miss B. Wood, shot blue and gold taffetas frock, blue and gold hat; Miss M. Anderson, grey floral muslin, tuscany hat with blue

ribbon and pink roses; Miss C. Gosset, grey linen coat and skirt, grey hat with pink and blue flowers; Miss Milne, reseda green satin gown, black hat; Miss Killson, white embroidered muslin, blue tagel hat with roses; Miss Merton, dark blue serge coat and skirt, black hat; Messrs Harper (3), Anderson (2), Acland, Walker, L. Malet, Turton, Wood, Ross and Lane.

### At the Theatre Royal.

At the first performance of "Kismet" were: Mrs Stead, Mrs Gerald Stead, Mr and Mrs Stringer, Mrs Quane, Mr and Mrs J. Fairhurst, Miss Fairhurst, Mrs and Miss Cook, Mrs Bryant, Miss Har-graves, Mr and Mrs T. Barker, Mrs Nicholla, Miss Jameson, Mr and Mrs Selig, the Misses Selig, Mr, Mrs and Miss Hermann, Dr and Mrs G. Russell, Mr and Mrs Hepworth, Mr and Mrs Raphael, Mrs Randle, the Misses Thomas, Dr and Mrs Stephenson, Mr and Mrs Lord, Mrs Loughnan, Mr and Mrs W. Wood, Miss Wood, Miss Wood, Mr and Mrs Andrae, Mr and Mrs Butterworth, Mr and Mrs Steele, Mr and Mrs McBeth, Mrs and the Misses Harris, Mr and Mrs Bouillon, Miss Ballin, Mrs Cooper, Mrs J. Williams, Mr and Mrs L. Matson, Mr and Mrs Collins, the Misses Cuthbert, Mrs Marshall, Miss Watson, Miss Williams, Mr, Mrs, and the Misses Croxson, Mrs Kohn, Mrs Stevens, Dr and Mrs C. Nedwill, Mr and Mrs Killian, Mr, Mrs and Miss Harris, Mr and Mrs Godby.

### An Afternoon.

A reception was given on Thursday afternoon by the Christchurch Ladies' Shakespeare Club to Miss Lily Brayton, at the residence of Mrs Thacker (Latimer Square). A beautiful bouquet was presented by Mrs Thacker, on behalf of the members of the club. The guest was also the recipient of a Maori greenstone tiki. Miss Brayton expressed her pleasure and thanks, remarking that she hoped she might visit New Zealand again some time.

### Personal.

Commander Evans, R.N., of Captain Scott's Antarctic expedition, returned to Christchurch to-day from England. Mrs Evans has returned with him. Sir Joshua and Lady Williams have arrived in Christchurch from Wellington. Mrs Pyne (Christchurch) has returned from Hawke's Bay. Miss Ward (Wellington) is the guest of Miss B. Wood (Springfield Road), Christchurch. Mrs Courtney Nedwill (Christchurch) has been the guest of Mrs Killian (Cent Hills). Mrs Prins (Christchurch) is visiting Mrs P. Murray-Aynsley, at Methven. Mrs Vernon has returned to Christchurch from Dunedin.

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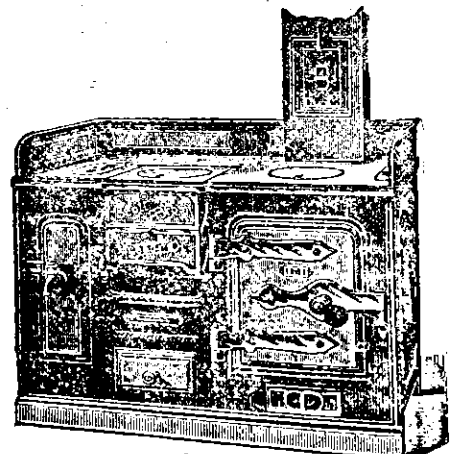
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# The World of Fashion.

By MARGUERITE.

FOR morning wear the linen skirt, with its row of black velvet buttons fastening on one side, in front, is the smartest of the simple novelties, and with this a short striped bodice with a small basque and a waistband of the same material, long sleeves, with white cuffs and low collar in white lawn, and a sailor knot in any becoming colour. With this simple little dress it will be imagined that a sailor hat in straw would be the right thing to wear, but for many a year the small sailor hat has disappeared, and to-day the straw hat is following suit. We, therefore, find with the linen skirt and striped blouse a hat in white felt, lined with some light-coloured straw, pink, blue, green, or cerise, match the sailor knot, and at times a bushy white nigrette of corn. But as a rule the white felt hat with its coloured lining has no trimming whatever, and is often worn by motorists, who envelop it and the face with a veil in the same shade as the lining of the hat, which they discard with their coat as they alight from the car.

Buttons provide all the scope for originality which is otherwise lacking in some of the one-piece frocks and braided tailor-made costumes of the moment. Some of the newest buttons are those which are made of carved white bone, cut in the form of a half-closed butterfly, the centre of which is filled with a tiny red boule of bone, as polished as a bagatelle ball. These looked very attractive on a coat and skirt of ivory Irish linen, with a narrow roll collar of red silk. With the costume it is intended to wear a white hem-stitched lingerie shirt and a tiny red silk tie.

Shantung is the material of all others which commends itself this season for travelling or race coats and driving wraps of a light description. Shantung unadorned is, however, little seen, and the newest coats are chiefly trimmed with a colour, or—for important occasions—with coarse macramé lace, and with straps and pipings of the same fabrics.

A charming note of relief is sometimes gained by means of a single revers of almost gigantic proportions, which starts somewhere about the shoulder, and terminates in a point below the waist. Shot Pongpouour silk in dark colourings,

spotted foulard and Paisley-patterned soft silk in navy and saxe blue, Empire green and old gold represent the favourite choice. The fastenings of the coat consist of straps of the shantung arranged in the form of a ladder reaching from the knee to the waist, and repeated on the sleeves.

Nothing short of an Elizabethan ruff seems to be the aim of the new uncurled ostrich feather collarettes and boas, some

in place at the centre, and fasten a suggested panel at the side of the skirt. Very restrained, you see, is it not? These small fashionable additions make for smartness always, and prove particularly becoming to the slight figure of the up-to-date mondaine. For afternoon gowns, the pleated black chiffon, arranged over a foundation of white charmeuse, is delightfully simple and seasonable. The foundation of such a frock is very skimpy and very narrow; sometimes as little as two yards only being allowed for its whole circumference, but the overpleating of chiffon is, of course, considerably fuller. A handsome embroidery is introduced at the neck, waist, wrists, and again round the foot-hem, and by such means the most charming, simple and up-

a double flat border may be employed if we prefer it. Such a shawl is almost an imperative possession with the collarless gown of the immediate moment.

### As an "Afterthought."

The up-to-date summer girl has a single butterfly embroidered on some of her linen shirt-waists—a good-luck butterfly, cleverly introduced.

A charming white linen blouse I saw, had narrow pink lapels from the shoulders, one overlapping the other, the point almost reaching to the waist, and was made with very little fullness. Three mother-of-pearl buttons, graduating in size, were on the upper lapel. Then, on a little white lapel just above the pink, a single large butterfly was embroidered.



One of the new costumes of pale grey linen, with white lawn Robespierre collar.



A simple hat of white Manilla straw, with black glace bow and black straw lining.

of which are becoming so wide and bushy that they can only be worn with impunity by a woman with a long neck.

In order to secure as long fronds as possible, each one consists, in reality, of two or three knotted together, as is done in the case of the pleureuse plumes which are used in millinery. These ruffles look most effective in a two-colour scheme, in black and white, brown and white, and black and grey, or black and pale blue.

More moderate in fashion, as in price, are the charming little collarettes of taffetas, about eight inches in width, bordered at the top and bottom with a narrow feather trimming. A large bow of the glace silk conceals the fastenings at the side, from whence depend two long ends.

to-date costume can be arranged with wonderfully little outlay.

### Novelties.

Amongst the novelties must be mentioned the new satin shawl with tasseled ends. These shawls are seen now upon many smart occasions, and are exceedingly graceful. Sometimes such shawls, or scarves, are made of double chiffon—white over black or black over white—and are finished with a French hem set the right way round; or even

A pretty idea, this—suggesting a little coat-of-arms, added as an after-thought. If there were many butterflies embroidered on one single blouse, they would look like a conventional design, but the single butterfly suggests a little good-luck charm. The white linen bags to carry with white linen suits are very coquettish and trim this season. They are heavily-embroidered, but can easily be laundered. Later on, we shall see the same kinds of bags in white moire, in faille, and in white suede. They have been specially designed to go with white cloth tailor suits.

That one could wear a white lace and lawn blouse over black, is a notion that has not hitherto been exploited. Nevertheless, the effect is rather pleasing if the blouse is trimmed with good Irish lace, and the under slip is of black chiffon. The idea is one that can be recommended to those in slight mourning. Another variation of the scheme, is to wear a lingerie tunic over a black satin petticoat.



A simple frock in snuff-coloured taffetas with crystal buttons.

## Fashion Notes from Paris.

(BY A PARISIAN EXPERT.)

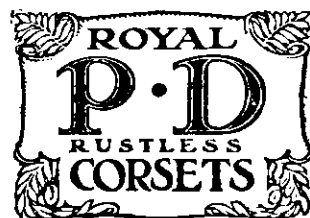
PARIS, August 23.

First and foremost, I must certainly mention moire as the chosen fabric for the tailor-made costume for the moment. I mean, of course, the tailor-made costume de luxe. These costumes are made absolutely plain. The coats are plain, the skirts are plain, and a very simple backed is, of course, a subtle charm about this extreme simplicity, which only the initiated will recognise. Such additions, for instance, as whole groups of buttons and particular merits the buttons will be added in quite a novel position, such, for instance, as the following of the shoulder seam. As many as twelve or fifteen tiny buttons and simulated buttonholes will be carried from the neck line to the shoulder. Groups of the same trimming will outline a miniature breast pocket, a chiffon blouse accompanies the suit. There cufflet or wristband, and groups of such buttons and buttonholes will hold a coat



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Inspart to the figure, a delivery of line in keeping with the current fashions and every woman who values her appearance, should wear them.

Obtainable from all Drapers.

Our Sketch.

Now let me discuss the charming sketch shown on this page, and specially designed for the readers of the "Graphic." Here we see a dainty mon-laine garbed in the most up-to-date demi-toutette frock. It consists of a sheath of pale celadine-tinted taffetas with an over-dress of ninon in the same colour. The bodice is cut on kimono lines, the round



neck showing a tucker of filmy white tulle, the embroideries being in two-toned tints of ochre. The skirt is high-waisted, slightly gathered, and arranged in two tiers edged with silk fringe and handsome embroideries.

Notes for Women.

LACE WORKERS' WAGES.

The minimum wage arranged by the Board of Trade for women lace workers in England has been fixed at 25s. an hour.

WAR ON HATPINN.

Stern laws concerning hatpins are spreading. The Prefect of the Department of the Rhone, the chief city of which is Lyons, has declared that no woman in the department whose hatpins are not protected and rendered harmless will be allowed to enter a tramcar or other public vehicle, or any place of amusement.

Similar action, it is said, is contemplated in Paris.

SCHOOLS FOR MOTHERS.

These institutions, that are doing more than anything else, probably, to stem infant mortality in this country, are, fortunately, increasing, and, in Kensington district alone no less than 20,000 dinners for specially nourishing food, supplied at a low price, were partaken last year by nursing or expectant mothers. There are three such schools, and at these infant consultation days are held over a week, sewing classes often, and lectures on the rearing of babies given.

PARENTS' ADVISERS.

The newest move of the London County Council is an exceedingly interesting decision to open offices in many parts of London known as Local Juvenile Advisory Committees (in connection with Labour exchanges), where children

will be able to be entered, after special advice has been given, for work, and no longer need be rushed into the blind alley employments that have wrecked so many young people's chances later.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH, SUFFRAGETTE.

Mrs. Booth, wife of the new leader of the Salvation Army, a woman whom the writer heard described by the chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, recently, as one of God's greatest saints on earth, is, it is interesting to note, not only of the opinion that women ought to have a vote, in order that certain much-needed reforms directly affecting women and children could be quickly effected, but thinks that women should be able to serve as jurors and policemen—the latter, it is assumed, for their own sex.

GIRLS' COMMERCIAL SCHOOLS.

A great experiment is to be set afoot in Berlin in a few weeks, though from the details the writer is supplied with, it is not quite evident whether the new system of continuation schools means that they are compulsory—it would appear so.

At any rate, on the new plan every half-year 1,250 girls will be turned out fully trained in trade subjects, 1,550 in commercial subjects, and 1,900 unskilled workers will be prepared for accepting better employment.

Berlin is to be divided into ten districts, so arranged that unskilled working girls will be sent to the school that is nearest to their dwellings, and skilled work girls to the school that is nearest their workshops. For sales girls there will be one school as near to the centre of the city as possible.

Domestic teaching of a first-class description is to spread over the whole time.

MAMMOTH FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

The world's largest foundling hospital is in Moscow. It houses every year an average of fourteen thousand babies. The institution is kept up in extraordinarily handsome style, its income being derived mainly from the duty levied on playing cards.

Children are never refused admittance, and mothers may claim their little ones again at any time, up to the age of ten years, by giving back the receipt and number supplied when the baby is taken in. As the majority of the huge staff of nurses required are peasant women, there are always groups of poor mothers anxious to become nurses, and there is no doubt that, if it lives, a peasant child has a much better chance for the future in the hospital than out of it, for if a boy shows any special aptitude, he is later sent to a university, while girls are trained as governesses. And if a girl marries before she has attained her majority, the hospital provides her

trousseau. If a baby has not been baptized prior to its entry, it is received into the Orthodox Church that day, and given the name of the Saint of the day.

Why Do People Marry.

Dear Sir,—I have often tried to think why I did it. My wife knows it was not on account of her money, and I know it was not on account of her looks. I really fancy it must have been a case of heredity, for I find that both my parents and my grandparents were married.—Yours, etc., S. Ingleton.

Dear Sir,—I married because I never could say "No" to a lady.—Yours, etc., Bert Pipkin.

Dear Sir,—I married for a somewhat uncommon reason. I wanted a son and heir. Up to date I have seven girls. Sometimes I think my wife does it out of spite.—Yours, etc., The Major.

Dear Sir,—I married my wife for a bet. She is 5ft 2in high, and I am just over 4ft, and someone dared me to propose to her. I enclose her portrait, and hope it may be a warning to others.—Yours, etc., A. Wippersnaff.

Dear Sir,—I was the only well-to-do one in my family, and the poor relations were always at the rich bachelor. So I married in self-defence.—Yours, etc., Arthur Close.

Dear Sir,—I work hard in the City, and accumulate a great deal of money, but have no time to spend it. So I took unto myself a wife.—Yours, etc., C. Dibbs.

Dear Sir,—I married because I had red hair. I wanted the beastly stuff turned grey.—Yours, etc., Rufus.

Dear Sir,—I married for love. I have just completed my first eleven, and my relatives, whom I had considered sportsmen, are refusing to help me any more.—Yours, etc., One Who Trusts to Providence.

Dear Sir,—My marriage was due to a silly mistake—for which I have never forgiven myself. I was introduced to her at a dance. I did not quite catch her name, but I thought it was "Mrs. Someone." I had a great flirtation with her in a corner of the conservatory, and kissed her, and, when she told me I ought to be married, I told her I would marry to-morrow if I could find a woman like her!—Yours etc., A Caution to Flirts.

And now for the ladies:—

Dear Sir,—I married because that is the only way to become a widow, and I do think that a widow's costume is just too sweet for anything.—Yours, etc., Pet Simpson.

Dear Sir,—My maiden name was

Smith, and I hated it because it was so common. That's why I married.—Yours, etc., Jane Jones.

Dear Sir,—I should have thought the reason was obvious. I would ask you what more admirable foil is there for a pretty woman than an ugly man?—Yours, etc., Sylvia Wartz.

Dear Sir,—I married because the year I did so it was all the fashion for women to marry.—Yours, etc., Up-to-date.

Dear Sir,—Poor mamma in her will left all her jewellery to whichever of us girls got married first, so I married my music master.—Yours, etc., Little Wide-awake.

Dear Sir,—When one received on the average two proposals a day (not excepting Sundays) one had to do something for peace and quiet.—Yours, etc., Anna Nyas.

Dear Sir,—We are not married, and we do not intend to marry until the Marriage Service permits us to promise to hate, neglect, and disobey our husbands.—Yours, etc., Susan Snape, W.A.S.P., Maud Kickman, W.A.S.P., Carrie Hamer, W.A.S.P.

A "Radium Palace."

The Radium "Palace" which is to be built in Paris for the use of Madame Curie and the Pasteur Institute will, it is said, cost £16,000. Probably all the radium it will contain when finished could be accommodated in a thimble, though necessitating an expenditure greater than the cost of the "palace." The elaborate precautions against burglary which are to be taken scarcely seem necessary; no burglar would waste his time stealing a few grains of dirty-looking salt which could be disposed of in no channel he could use. But the leaden walls of the safe in which the radium is to be kept are all essential, for lead offers the most effective resistance to the passage of the potent rays which, night and day, radium shoots out in every direction. And, curiously enough, lead appears to be the final product resulting from the successive transformations the wonder-element undergoes.

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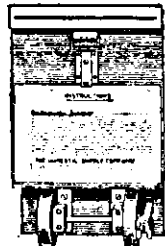
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# Verse Old and New.

**Oceans.**  
**W**HILE still the dusk impends,  
 above the glimmering  
 waste  
 A tremor comes: wave after  
 wave turns silvery bright:  
 A sudden yellow gleam athwart the east  
 is traced:  
 The waning stars fade forth, swift  
 perishing pyres.  
 The moon lies glearily wan upon the  
 front of Night.  
 Then all at once upheals a flood of golden  
 light.  
 And a myriad waves dash forth a  
 myriad throes:  
 Now is the hour the amplest glory of life  
 to taste.  
 Out-winning towards the sun upon the  
 billowy waste.  
 The pure green waves with crests of  
 dazzling foam ashine,  
 Onward they roll: immexably grand,  
 they leet.  
 A wild and jubilant triumph-music all  
 again!  
 The sea-fowl, their white kindred of  
 the spray-swept air,  
 Scream joyous echoes as with wave-  
 dipped pinions fleet  
 They whirl before the blast or vanish  
 mid blown sheet.  
 In loud-resounding, strenuous, conquer-  
 ing play they fare,  
 Like clouds, high over head, forgotten  
 lands of the brine—  
 Great combing deep-sea waves with sun-  
 lit foam ashine.  
 On the wild wastes she lives her lawless,  
 passionate life:  
 Enslaved of none, the imperious mighty  
 Sea!  
 How glorious the music of her waves at  
 strife  
 With all the winds of heaven that,  
 Reverely wooing, blow!

On high she ever chants her psalm of  
 Victory;  
 Afar her turbulent paen tells that she  
 is free:  
 The tireless albatross with wings like  
 foam or snow  
 Flies leagues on leagues for days, and  
 yet the world seems rife  
 With nought save windy waves and the  
 Sea's wild free life!  
 How oft the strange, wild, haunting  
 glamour of the Sea,  
 The strange, compelling magic of her  
 thrilling Voice,  
 Have won me, when, 'mid lonely places,  
 wild and free  
 As any wand'ring wind, I have heard  
 along the shore  
 The wondrous ever-varying Sea-song  
 loud rejoice,  
 I have seen a snowy petrel, arising,  
 poised  
 Above the green-sloped wave, then pass  
 for evermore  
 From keenest sight, and I have thought  
 that I might be  
 Thus also deathward lured by glamour  
 of the Sea.  
 Hark to the long resilient surge of the  
 ebbing tide:  
 With shingly rush and roar it foams  
 adown the strand:  
 The great Sea heaves her restless bosom  
 far and wide—  
 Heedless she seems of winds and all the  
 forceful laws  
 That bar her empire over the usurping  
 Land:  
 Enough, she dreams, is her imperial  
 command  
 To make the very torrents, waveward  
 falling, pause:  
 She scorns the Bridegroom-Land, yet is  
 a subject Bride  
 For she must come and go with each  
 recurrent tide.

On moonless nights, when winds are still,  
 her stealthy wanes  
 Creep towards the listening land; with  
 voices soft and low  
 They whisper strange sea-secrets 'mid  
 the hollow caves:  
 A wondrous song it is that rises then  
 and falls!  
 Deep-buried memories of the ancient  
 long-ago  
 Confused strange echoes of some van-  
 ished old-world woe,  
 Weird prophecies reverberant round  
 those wave-worn walls:  
 When loud the wrathful billows roar and  
 the Sea rages  
 Her deepest mourning broods beneath  
 the foaming waves.  
 As some aerial spirit weaves a rain-bow  
 veil  
 Of mist, his high immortal loveliness  
 to hide;  
 So too thy palpitant waters, duskily pale,  
 Ofttimes takes on a sudden splendour  
 wild.  
 Then they sea-horses rise, fierce pranc-  
 ing  
 side by side,  
 And—like the host of the dead-arisen  
 —ride  
 Ghastly afar to bournes where all the  
 dead lie piled!  
 Superb, fantastic, crowd'd with flying  
 splendour frail,  
 Thou, when in dreams, thou weav'st thy  
 phosphorescent veil!  
 Vast, vast, immeasurably vast, thy  
 dreadful peace  
 When heaving with slow, mighty  
 breath thou leet  
 In utter rest, and dost thy ministering  
 winds release  
 So that with folded wings they too  
 subside,  
 Flirting through hollow spaces, though  
 the highest  
 Stir his long treacherous pinions when  
 thou sigh'st!  
 Then in thy soul, that doth in fathom-  
 less depths abide,  
 All wild desires and turbulent longings  
 cease—  
 Profound, immeasurable then, thy dread-  
 ful peace!  
 But in thy moon of night, serene as  
 death, when under

The terrible silence of that arched  
 dome  
 Not a lost whisper ev'n of thy wandering  
 thunder  
 Ascends like the spiral smoke of perish-  
 ing flame,  
 Nor dying waves on thy swart bosom  
 sinks in foam—  
 Then, then the world is thine, thy  
 heritage, thy home!  
 What then for thee, O Sea, thou  
 Terror! or what p'ine  
 To call thee by, thou Sphinx, thou Mys-  
 tery, thou Wonder  
 Above thou art Living Death, Oblivion  
 under!  
 — Fiona MacLeod.

**The Never Never Land.**  
 There's a spot where skies of turquoise  
 blue  
 Bend over a sapphire ocean;  
 Where a beach of mellow golden hue  
 Is lapped by the wavelets' motion,  
 To gaze on those skies and seas serene  
 I've travelled on trains and coasters;  
 But, alas! the spot is never seen,  
 Except on the railway posters.  
 There's a beach where maidens lithe and  
 slim  
 Attract with seductive glances,  
 As they dance and play, or smoothly  
 swim  
 Where the creamy sea foam dances,  
 On the rocks they back, like fair Undine,  
 And the zephyrs soothe their  
 slumbers;  
 But, alas! their forms are only seen  
 In the coloured summer numbers.  
 There's a spot where sunshine reigns  
 supreme,  
 While elsewhere we're drenched with  
 showers,  
 Where (while we shiver 'neath East  
 winds' scream)  
 The residents bask 'mid flowers,  
 It's Nice, and Eden, and Heav'n com-  
 bined—  
 A scene such as Beerbohm stages;  
 But, alas! this spot I cannot find  
 Except in the guide-books' pages.  
 — C. W. C.

# Anecdotes and Sketches.

## GRAVE, GAY, EPIGRAMMATIC AND OTHERWISE

**The Mysterious Handful.**  
**A**TROUPE of wandering musicians  
 were playing before a Swiss  
 hotel. At the end of the per-  
 formance one of the members  
 left the group, approached the leader of  
 the band and pulled out a little paper  
 box, which he emptied into his left hand  
 while the eyes of the leader followed every  
 movement.  
 He then took a plate in his right hand,  
 passed it around, and a large sum was  
 collected, everyone meanwhile wondering  
 what he held in his left hand.  
 "Why, it's very simple," said the leader  
 when questioned. "We are all subject to  
 temptation, and to be sure of the fidelity  
 of our collector he has to hold five flies  
 in his left hand, and we count those when  
 he returns, to make sure of the money."  
 ♦ ♦ ♦  
**Merely Suggested.**  
 "Keep your seats, please, ladies and  
 gentlemen," said a theatrical manager,  
 "there is no danger, but for some inex-  
 plicable reason the gas has gone out."  
 Then a boy shouted from the gallery:  
 "Perhaps it didn't like the play?"  
 ♦ ♦ ♦  
**The Irish Jury.**  
 Some years ago, while attending the  
 Clonmel Assize, I witnessed a trial (said  
 O'Connell) which I shall never forget. A  
 wretched man was charged with the murder  
 of his neighbour. The evidence was  
 running strong against the prisoner; in  
 fact, it was the strongest case of circum-  
 stantial evidence I have ever met with.  
 As a matter of form—for of his guilt  
 there was no doubt—the prisoner was  
 called on for his defence. He failed, to  
 the amazement of the whole court, he call-  
 ed the murdered man. And the mur-  
 dered man came forward!! The case  
 was clear; the prisoner was innocent.

The judge told the jury it was unneces-  
 sary to charge them. Yet they request-  
 ed permission to retire. They returned  
 to court in about two hours, when the  
 foreman, with a long face, handed in a  
 verdict of guilty. Every one was aston-  
 ished. "Good God!" cried the judge,  
 "of what is he guilty? Not of murder,  
 surely?" "No, my lord," replied the  
 foreman, "but if he didn't murder the  
 man, sure he stole me gray mare three  
 years ago."  
 ♦ ♦ ♦  
**Absent-minded.**  
 Absent-minded Prof. Drydust was in  
 the habit of having his pet dog sit by  
 his side at table, and eat from a plate  
 of its own. At a grand dinner party one  
 evening the Duchess of Somebody, who  
 was next to him at table, wishing to at-  
 tract his attention, gently pulled his  
 sleeve.  
 The old gentleman, interrupted in some  
 abstruse mental problem, to the conster-  
 nation of all present, mechanically trans-  
 ferred a bone from his plate to hers, and  
 exclaimed sharply:  
 "Oh, get away! don't bother! Here,  
 take this out on the mat and eat it!"

**"Not Understood."**  
 The local big-wig's presence in the  
 chair at an entertainment was desired,  
 and two of the organisers waited upon  
 him with a deferential request.  
 The required promise was duly obtain-  
 ed. "You may rely upon me," said the  
 big man. "Friday the 25th, in the parish  
 room. It's quite an unsectarian affair, I  
 suppose."  
 "Bless your 'eart, sir," came the reply,  
 "the place was only firewashed last  
 week. You won't find nothin' of the  
 kind on the premises."  
 ♦ ♦ ♦  
**A Repressed Patriot.**  
 The late Patrick Collins, of Boston, was  
 elected president of the Land League and  
 visited Ireland soon afterward.  
 A barber in Dublin was shaving him.  
 "You're Mr. Collins, I'm thinkin'," said  
 the barber respectfully.  
 "I am," assented Collins through the  
 soap.  
 "Well, thin," declaimed the barber,  
 flourishing his razor. "I want to tell ye  
 that we've twenty thousand brave sons  
 of ould Ireland ready to rise at a mo-  
 ment's call and throw off the cursed yoke  
 of England!"  
 Collins preserved a discreet silence until  
 he was shaved. As he was putting on his  
 collar he asked:  
 "Why don't you rise?"  
 "Ah," replied the barber, "th' cursed  
 constabulary won't let us!"

**Times Have Changed.**  
 "I did not have a very nice time when  
 I first went to Annabel's" little Madge  
 announced on her return home. "Annabel  
 was cross as she could be; she wouldn't  
 let me play with her doll or touch one  
 of her playthings."  
 "Well," replied her mother, "when I  
 was your age, had I gone to see a little  
 friend and she would not let me touch  
 her playthings, I should have gone  
 straight home."  
 "But times have changed since you  
 were a little girl, mother," Madge re-  
 plied after the reflection. "I stopped her  
 face and stayed."  
 ♦ ♦ ♦  
**An Unfortunate Text.**  
 The widower had just taken his fourth  
 wife, and was showing her round the  
 village. Among the places visited was  
 the churchyard, and the bride passed  
 before a very elaborate tombstone that  
 had been erected by the bridegroom.  
 Being a little near-sighted she asked him  
 to read the inscription, and in reverent  
 tones he read:  
 "Here lies Susan, beloved wife of John  
 Smith; also Jane, beloved wife of John  
 Smith; also Mary, beloved wife of John  
 Smith."  
 The paused abruptly, and the bride,  
 leaning forward to see the bottom line,  
 read, to her horror:  
 "Be ye also ready."  
 ♦ ♦ ♦  
**After a Nut.**  
 "What's the child's name?" asked the  
 priest of the grandfather at the christen-  
 ing.  
 "O' Nanno," the grandfather replied.  
 And he turned to the father and whis-  
 pered hoarsely:  
 "What's the name?"  
 "Hazel," replied the father.  
 "What?" asked the grandfather.  
 "Hazel," repeated the father.  
 The grandfather threw up his hands in  
 disgust.  
 "What d'ye think ay that?" he asked  
 the priest. "With the calendar ay the  
 saints full ay gurril names an' him  
 namin' his after a nut!"



A MAIDEN EFFORT.



"AN ERROR."



"Oh, Tommie, you told a fib. You won't go to heaven when you die."  
"I bet ya a nickel I will."

"It's useless to urge me to marry you. When I say no I mean no." "Always?" "Invariably." "And can nothing ever break your determination when once you make up your mind?" "Absolutely nothing." "Well, I wouldn't care to marry a girl like that, anyhow."

The "Fort Wayne News" tells a horrible tale about a young lady who thoughtlessly jerked back her head so suddenly to keep from being kissed that it broke her neck. This should be a warning to girls not to jerk back. In fact, it would be better to lean a little forward.



Before.

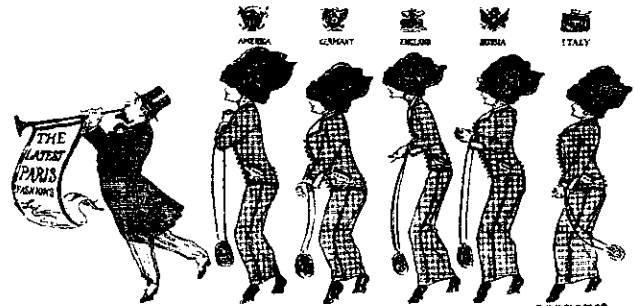


After.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.

"ILL" writes: "I paid attention to a certain girl for a year, but my parents thought another girl more suitable for me. What do you advise me to do?"  
Who's doing the marrying, you or your parents?

"W.B." writes: "If one young man is paying a girl regular attention, is it proper for her to go out with other young men?"  
Not only proper, but advisable. Monogamy breeds contempt.



THE PIED PIER OF PARIS.



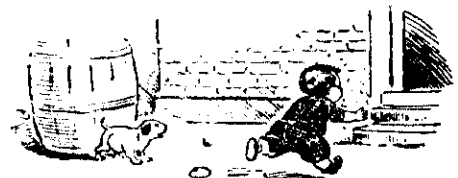
"A pergola over there in the corner. A wallgarden of hollyhocks, gladioli, and petunias, formal paths bordered by nasturtiums and geraniums, a winter-garden with lilacs and hycinths and a sun dial in the middle - and there you are. And yet you say, Emma that I'm no gardener!"



NO MAN'S LAND.



"A FOWL TIP."



"A HOME RUN."