

Selling Her Honour.

One of the greatest journalistic outrages within the memory of living man has been perpetrated by the London "Weekly Dispatch," in publishing the disgusting "confession" of Mrs. Cameron, the erstwhile widow of the man Seddon, who was executed last April for the deliberate, cold-blooded murder of Miss Barrow, an elderly spinster, who was a "paying guest" in the Seddon menage. Mrs. Seddon was arraigned with her husband for the murder, but was acquitted. Seddon was hanged. He protested his innocence to the last, and his widow invoked the name of God in witness of the innocence of her husband, and paraded heartbroken grief and undying devotion and fidelity to him. Within seven months the heartbroken widow had found another partner (a Mr. Cameron), and the fact that she had done so was paraded in practically every paper published in the United Kingdom. This spready discarding of widow's weeds came as a bit of a shock to those who had been lavishing their sympathies on the grief-stricken relict of the murderer, but it was nothing compared to the shock they experienced when they found she had, for the sake of a few pieces of gold, branded her helpless children for all time as the offspring of a particularly cold-blooded and callous murderer, whose wife—according to her own confession—was an accessory before and after the crime, a self-confessed perjurer, a hypocrite, and a blasphemer.



*Don't shoot, Agnes! This is a burglar of discrimination. He has collected only those manuscripts which we dare not give away nor hide for fear of hurting people's feelings.

In the box at the Old Bailey Mrs. Seddon represented herself as a ministering angel, attending unweariedly through the long hours of night on the dying Miss Barrow, but an angel quite ignorant of the fact that death was near. Then a few days after Seddon's conviction she wrote a pathetic letter, evidently designed to influence public opinion in favour of a reprieve—in which these passages occurred:—

"I cannot believe that my husband has been found guilty of murder. Both of us all along have been confident of an acquittal."

"Now I feel sure that there must be many people who feel as I do that my husband has suffered an injustice, and I fervently hope that they will take advantage of the first opportunity of signing the petition which will be issued on his behalf."

"It would be some solace to me to know that there were people in the world who still believe in my husband's innocence."

And in another published letter she wrote:—

"Before I left the Old Bailey for good I saw my husband again. He was just the same as ever. I should like the public to know what he said. 'Maggie,' he said, 'you know I am absolutely innocent of this dreadful charge. God is my judge. He knows. For goodness' sake, it is no use you breaking down like this. You have the children to think of.'"

Mrs. Seddon also took an active part in the drawing up of the petition for Seddon's reprieve, a part so well acted that she was able to undergo the ordeal of endeavouring to address a Hyde Park demonstration. And now we have her "confession" in front of us. Therein she tells us practically that she knew her husband meant to do away with

Miss Barrow, and knew exactly how he was compassing her death. As the poor old lady, on the night she died, was moaning and groaning in agony, this female fiend, according to her own account, stood at the door watching her husband "mixing water from fly papers and white precipitate powder." She saw him "approach the bed, and give Miss Barrow several doses." She saw him, whilst the unhappy victim still breathed, strip her of her clothing, explaining that it was "important that the body should become cold as soon as possible, in order that the doctor should think that the poor woman had died before he (Seddon) came home."

But, as "John Bull" has been at some pains to point out, it is quite probable that in her anxiety to make her "confession" as dramatic as possible, Mrs. Seddon has not taken particular pains to stick to the truth. As "Bull" remarks: "Liars should have good memories—and newspapers which buy 'confessions' from liars (and probably help to write them) should have good sub-editors. How can the 'Dispatch' reconcile the tale that the wife knew all about the murder from the start, and had been threatened with death if she divulged what she knew, and so on, with the following passage from the 'Confession':—

"As we stood in the dock through those weary days at the Old Bailey, 'I did it,' he whispered. 'I did it, Meg, but if you'll help me, by God I'll help

you! If the worst comes to the worst, and we are both sentenced, then I'll speak up and tell the truth, and I am guilty and you are innocent."

"I did it," he whispered: "I did it, Meg!" and yet she had seen him do it, and he had threatened to shoot her if she told anyone!

There are many discrepancies in Mrs. Seddon's confession which suggest that her confession consists of a considerable extent of statements which are by no means "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." But, passing over that, what can the world think of a creature who, for the sake of a few pounds, is willing to publicly brand her children as the offspring of a murderer, and of a woman such as her confession makes her out to be? And what can we think of the newspaper that buys and publishes such a confession?

As for public opinion the good people of Birkenhead, where Mrs. Seddon and her new husband had installed themselves as shopkeepers—have vindicated that. They made their views so painfully plain that, acting on police advice, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron closed the shop and left for parts unknown.

It is a shameful business whichever way one looks at it.

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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.

BAXTER—TANTON.

THE marriage of Miss Lilian Tanton, youngest daughter of Mrs. T. G. Tanton, of Mosman Bay, Sydney, late of Auckland, to Dr. J. Morehead Baxter, of Collin Street, Camberwell, Melbourne, was celebrated at St. Phillip's Church, Sydney, by the Rev. Canon Bellingham, M.A. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. G. Whiteford, of Melbourne. The bride, who was given away by her mother, looked charming in a graceful gown of ivory crepe de chine, arranged with a fish-tail train, and a pointed tunic of duchesse lace, finished with erusted pearls. A Limerick lace veil was worn over a wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses, lilies of the valley, and tuberose, the gift of the bridegroom, also a handsome gold watch bracelet. The only bridesmaid, Miss Kueenic Tanton looked smart in a frock of Broderie Anglaise, over shell-pink satin, finished with clusters of pink roses, a charming headdress was worn, composed of stiff pink tulle, caught with a posy of pink roses. A shower bouquet of pink roses and a pink cameo brooch, were presents from the bridegroom. The bride's mother wore a stylish gown of aeroplane surah silk, with an overdress of French beaded ninon, and black velvet, worn with a large black tagel hat, finished with lancer plumes, and she carried a shower bouquet, pink, of sweet peas. Only members of the family and intimate friends were present at the wedding breakfast, which was held at Petty's Hotel. The tables were decorated with pale pink carnations. Mrs. Ernest O'Ferrall wore smart black glaze coat and skirt, finished with small black satin buttons and collar and cuffs in Robespierre style, in white lace, an artistic hat of black and mustard-colour ninon; crown composed of same colour wheat ears. Miss Nance O'Ferrall (Melbourne), dainty black and white voile, relieved with black velvet and lace, small cerise and black hat. Amongst the guests were: Mr. Ernest O'Ferrall, Mr. J. B. Dalley, and Mr. Whitford. Dr. and Mrs. Baxter left for Melbourne by the express. The honeymoon will be spent motoring through Tasmania. The bride travelling in a tailor-made suit of buff-tinted silk poplin, small hat of buff ninon, relieved with cerise feathers and carried a cerise parasol. She was the recipient of many handsome presents, both from Australia and New Zealand.

DELANEY—SPEIGHT.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, on January 8th, when Miss Violet Speight was married to Mr. William Delaney. The Rev. Father Holbrook officiated. The friends of the bride prettily decorated the church in a scheme of pink and white flowers. As the bridal party entered the church, the wedding march from "Lohengrin" was played, and on their departure Mendelssohn's Wedding March. During the service Miss Lorrigan sang Gounod's "Ave Maria." The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Horace Speight, looked charming in a lovely gown of ivory satin, trimmed with point lace. Miss Nellie Ormond was bridesmaid, and wore a pretty dress of white silk and taffeta, and carried an exquisite bouquet. Mr. Raymond Delaney acted as best man.

A reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, and later, the newly-wedded couple left on the honeymoon to Te Aroha. The bride travelled in a navy blue, tailor-made costume, black picture hat, ostrich plumes. The bridegroom's present to the bride consisted of a beautiful gold watch, and to the bridesmaid gold and sapphire earrings. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents from numerous friends and well-wishers.

STEPHENS—GOW.

The marriage of Miss, Ina Winifred Gow, youngest daughter of Mrs. Gow, Hawkestone Crescent, Wellington, and the late Mr. J. Gow, and Mr. Charles Hoek Stephens, son of Mrs. Wood Stephens and the late Dean of Winchester, was celebrated on January 14th. The ceremony took place at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Wellington, the Rev. A. M. Johnson and the Rev. C. W. Compton officiating.

FORREST—HANNAY.

Wednesday, January 16th, at the Kent Terrace Church, a marriage was solemnised by the Rev. J. K. Elliott, between Miss Flora Hannay, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hannay, and Dr. G. E. Forrest, of East Oxford, Canterbury. The bride, who was given away by her father, had a very becoming gown of ivory souple satin, draped with ninon and wide lace. The short pouf sleeves were of ninon, and her tulle veil was arranged in a cap fashion over a wreath of orange blossom. She wore the bridegroom's gift, a necklet of peridots and pearls.

There was only one bridesmaid, Miss Winnie Hannay, who wore wedgwood blue satin, veiled in ninon, and a black hat with blue plumes and pink roses. Her bouquet was of pink roses, and the bridegroom's gift to her was a tourmaline bangle. Mr. R. Bennett was best man. Mrs. Hannay wore black crepe de chine, and a blue toque; Miss R. Hannay, white embroidered voile, and a white hat.

HOLLIS—WOOD.

On Friday, 17th, a very quiet wedding took place at the Napier Cathedral, when Captain Hugh Hollis, of Castle Rising, England, was married to Miss Kitty Wood, youngest daughter of Mrs. Wood and the late William Wood, of Napier. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. W. Wood, wore a travelling frock of white cloth and a large white hat trimmed with ostrich feathers. Soon after the ceremony Captain and Mrs. Hollis left for Wellington by motor car.

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