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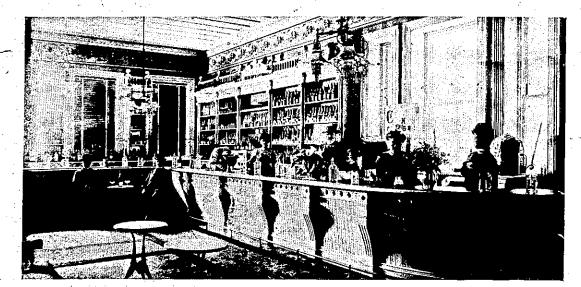
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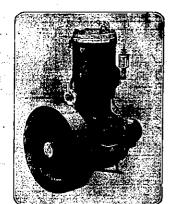
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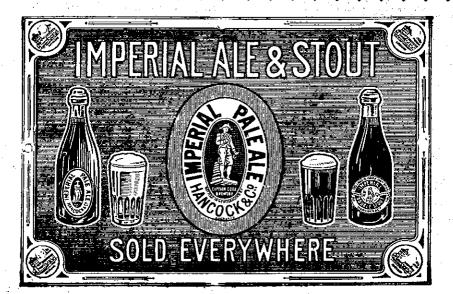
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Christmastide.

With relentless swing the pendulum of Time goes on and once again Christmas is with us. Surely it cannot be that twelve long months have drifted by since last the joy bells rang out for Yuletide, yet the calendar tells it is so, while the general air of festivity worn by all the shops confirms the story. To most people Christmas means a time for holiday making and general rejoicing, and for the meeting of old friends. If with some the unbidden sigh arises at the thought of some dear one gone during the past year to the Great Beyond, such regrets are shared by all, for it is but the lot of humanity. Christmas and the New Year serve but to mark the miles gone by on the To those well on the road of life. To those well on the journey there is sadness as well as gladness in the thought.

"Now through the twilight of the near old age

"An after-glow will shed its rosy

"They'll see old friends once more and toast their health

"And live old happy days again—in dreams."

But to the young, Christmas is peculiarly a season of mirth and jollity. For all will be bent on having a good And assuredly of all places Auckland is one of the very best to spend it enjoyably. Unlike the Old Country, when the roaring yule log plays an important role, here we one Unlike the Old and all turn out of doors to find our pleasure. Some are off to a race meeting, others betake themselves to the country. Games of cricket, tennis, bowling, and the like pass the time pleasantly for many; but perhaps the most favoured relaxation for the majority of Aucklanders is a picnic, and the number who will avail themselves of this method of spending a holiday among the beautiful bays of the Hauraki will be legion.

To the racing man there is only one method of enjoying a holiday, and that method of enjoying a nonday, and that is to assist at a race meeting. To cater for such the Auckland Racing Club and the Auckland Trotting Club step into the breach with their big summer carnivals. To attend these summer carnivals. To attend these reunions many Southern visitors will be with us, while not a few horses have also made the journey North. It is possible the vexatious absurdities of the new Gaming Act will, to a certain extent, mar the thorough enjoyment of all, but, despite this effort to put sportsmen into swaddling clothes, there should be plenty of fun left at

the big fixture.
The Northern S.S. Company, the Settlers' S.S. Company, and the Ferry Company will run innumerable excursions, and should the weather but hold fine the human freights are certain to be very heavy. Yachtsmen will, of course, go afloat, and all the popular bays are sure to be crowded. The bookings at such places at Waiwera, Kawau, Orewa, Arkle's Bay, Brown' Bay, Cowes Bay, have been unusually large. The Railway Department ilntend running extra trains to Rotorua, the Thames and elseto Rotorua, the Thames and elsewhere, so that but for the great influx of country visitors the city would be

Cricketers will have a good match to see in the Domain, and no doubt the cool shade of the oaks will be largely availed of. The several tennis clubs have their greens in splendid order, and games innumerable will take place. Bowlers will be in hard practice for the great N.B.A. Tournament, which commences here just after the New Year. In fact, the outof-door loving community will not lack for the means to enjoy itself, and with some co-operation on the part of

well nigh deserted.

Old Sol, may be certain to do so.

To one and all we wish the happiest possible Christmastide and best of good luck for the coming year. May te turfite pick winners freely and may emancipation come quickly to him from the deservedly abused Gaming Act; may the cricketer score centuries galore; may the bowler kiss "kitty" as often as he does his best girl; may the tennis player go from "love all" to love one; and may the yachtsman have a fair wind and smooth sea for his summer cruise. To all readers we reiterate the wish

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A Winning Hazard!

A TALE OF COLONIAL SPORT. (By F. D'A. C. De L'Isle.) (All Rights Reserved.)

glorious winter after-It was a g noon in 189noon in 189— as two horsemen rode merrily along the road from Hastings in Hawke's Bay, to-wards Te Aute. They were both young men, and both mounted on thoroughly well-conditioned hunters. Their destination was the hotel at Te Aute where they intended putting up for the night, with the intention of joining in a run with the Hawke's Bay H int Club, which was to meet at Gwavas on the following day.

Angus Walkor the lord of Penshurst, a large station at the foot of the Kaimanawhas, was mounted on his Patriarch—Day Dawn jumper Sudden Death; and Winiford Medecis, his friend, rode a small, nuggety brown, by Ahua—Half-caste called Demigod. the property of Walter Corisan, of the Grange, for whom he was schooling the horse over country with a view to his being raced. Angus Walkor had a warm feeling in his heart for W nford Medecis, for they were both Englishmen who had settled in New Zealand, and each had been more than useful to the other in times of trouble brought on through inexperience. So their friendship had grown firm and enduring during their four years of life in the colony. Fate had been more than kind to Walkor, who had come into a big legacy, and had also won a considerable sum of money with his racehorses Sudden Death and Devil's Dance—so much so that he was able to become the owner of Penshurst, a fine station, carrying many thousands of sheep. On the other hand, Winford Medecis had been a steady loser ever since he set foot in New Zealand, and at the present time he could only hunt because of his magnificent horsemanship, which procured

that badly wanted schooling. He was a tall, thin, gentlemanly-looking man, with very black hair and a drooping black moustache, which made him look rather melancholy, but he possessed a magnificent seat, unbounded pluck, and beautiful "hands"
—a fact that won him many friends amongst hunting men. He had ridden as a gentleman rider in the Wairarapa and Wellington provinces with some success, but was unknown on H.B. The two friends chatted pleasantly as they rode along.

him many a mount on green "cattle"

"Old Corisan means to get some cheap schooling for his horse," re-marked Walkor. "It wouldn't be Corisan if he couldn't get it done on the cheap. He's the meanest old devil in Hawke's Bay, which makes him about as mean as they can be found."
"Ah, well, the little beggar is as

game as a bulldog, and I rather like riding him. He's all heart—there isn't a white spot in him," answered Meddecis.

"I wish you would take one of mine old man. There's Black Daimond-I want him ridden, and why shouldn't I get something done on the cheap as well as Corisan?

"Why shouldn't you?" said Medecis. "But Black Diamond jumps like a bird; he doesn't want schooling.'
"No; and you wouldn't ride him if

he did as long as you could find any excuse to get down to the Grange. I'm afraid it is a hopeless case, Win. Corisan will never give her to a poor

man. He simply worships gold."
"I know it," softly answered the other man. "He has promised her to

"Yes, Crifts! Another of his own kind -origin of his father a mystery, Same old story-lands stolen or swindled from the guileless Maori in the early days; flocks and herds increasing year by year; old man couldn't sign his name, dies and leaves his son a big landholder and a colonial aristocrat. And though you had royal blood in your veins old man, Corisan would give his daughter to that exalted cad, Crofts, because he has the land and the gold. I tell you what I'll do, old man. Get her to slip over to America with you, and you can have my cheque for a couple of thousand the day you

Winford Medecis shook his head.

"No, I don't think he will ever persuade her to marry Crofts-she hates

"Woman does not know herself," remarked Walkor sagely. "She is the enigma of creation. We wait for the millenium. We do not expect it. Go in and win, old man, or you may find yourself shut out."

"I don't deceive myself, Angus," said Medecis. "If Edith Corisan preferred Crofts I could not stand in his

way."

"Then you think she favours you?" queried Walkor.

"I am not absolutely certain."

"Love requires uncertainty. It constitutes the charm, the piquancy, and the fire of passion," said Walkor. "Win., I shall study Edith Corisan."

"I am practically helpless since I have neither income nor prospects, but some day I may see the chance. Had I known Edith Corisan when I won the Grand National for you on Sudden Death I would have laid the foundation of a nice little home over that

'Well, the chance you want you can have it with Black Diamond; but I don't think I'll ever own another like old Sudden Death," said Walkor. "I'll see," answered Medecis. "Don't bind me to ride just now. Let me

bind me to ride just now. Let me look round for a bit; there's a good time yet before the National. Corisan might ask me to ride Doubloon for

"As you like, Win.," said Walkor, "though you can gain nothing by riding cheap for Corisan. To be poor with him is a crime, and the more you do for him the less likely is he to think anything of you."

"Ah, well, it keeps me near her, and

that at present is payment enough for me, heaven knows!"

"Poor devil!" said Walkor. "As hard hit as that! May you have a change of luck soon, though feast days are said to be days of mourning for

It was a brilliant meet at Gwavas, and Edith Corisan, a thoroughly typical New Zealand beauty, was the cynosure of all eyes and the centre of attraction to most of the bachelor hunting men there. Angus Walkor looked critically at her. She appeared ill at ease and her eyes constantly turned to where Medecis stood, dismounted, by his horse, in conversation with several of the racing men of the district. Herbert Crofts, a red-faced, red-moustached man of a decidedly bucolic stamp, mounted on a broken-down steeplechaser, was in close attendance on her. He had an air of proprietorship which seemed to cause the girl much annoyance, and her coldness to him was unmistakable.

"Riding old Goldseeker, Crofts." cried Walter Corisan in his rough Scotch growl, as he rode up to the group. "Aye man, he'll let ye down one o' these days. He's ower big in that near foreleg fur safe leppin'!"

"Oh, he's good enough for this country," answered Crofts scornfully. "He can put any of your lot through, anyway."

"Can he? Can he, now?" answered Corisan slowly. "I ha'e ma doots, Crofts. There are better leppers at the Grange than any at your place, I'm thinking. There now!"
"Rubbish! I've got half a dozen better than any in the Grange stables.

I see you've entered Doubloon and an unknown one in the Hawke's Bay Steeplechase. My horse will lick the pair of them." sneered Crofts. He had a disgustingly obnoxious way of jeering at everything that was not his own that made him unbearable to everybody.

Aye, an' ye think that, do ye?" d Corisan cautiously. "Mebbe Corisan cautiously. ye'd bet me a pun or two about it-

iron character, and Walter Corisan was a demon bettor, albeit a very cau-tious one. He knew he had a top sawyer in Doubloon, far ahead Croft's horse, Cavalier and he was feeling his way to a good wager. "I'll lay you an even hundred against your pair at anyrate," sneered

"An' ye'd like to, nae doot. Aye, An' ye'd like to, hae doot. Aye, aye; ye would, I know. I'll tell ye what: "A'll tak' two to one, ma lad. Twa to one," said Corisan, cautiously.
"No you won't—you won't get it," replied Crofts. "I'll lay you an even hundred or an even thousand, just as you like. My horse ye too much class.

you like. My horse is too much class

for your weeds!"

"A wager, my lad. A'll tak' yean even thousand! Ye'll regret the day ye bet against the Grange stable," and pulling out a ragged betting book Walter Corisan booked the wager,

Herbert Crofts followed suit, remarking jeeringly that he felt the money already in his pocket.

They had a fine day's hunting and well on in the day a strong hare was started that gave them a slashing

Edith Corisan, superbly mounted, dashed to the front, and remained nearly a paddock in front of the field for the whole run. Her nearest attendant was Winford Medecis, who drove his green hunter along and kept alongside of Miss Corisan for the whole run. It was a happy half hour for the leaders, and the field little knew of the conversation which pass-ed between them.

Crofts pounded along hopelessly in the rear, and old Corisan watched the run from a rise with absorbed inter-

est.
"Rattling leaper that Ahua gelding of yours, Mr. Corisan," said Walkor, as they were riding homeward that evening. "Is he to be bought?"

"I dinna ken, Mr. Walkor—I dinna n. He'll mebbe be a champion like his sire, I'm thinking. see how he took you post-an'-rails at the Boom Paddock. It's five-feet-six is you rail! An' my girl is riding Stockman, the champion high lepper o' New Zealand. I'm thinking the youngster's goin' to be good, aye!"

"He was splendidly handled by Me-

"He was splendid y handled by Medecis" said Walkor, unable to refrain from praising his friend. "I never

"Pretty fair, aye! Naer sar bad!
He's a fine horseman, yon man." said
Corisan. "A'll be askin' him to ride yon cuddy for me in the Steeplechase. Mebbe it'll do the horse good to hev' a run in public."
"I rather think Mr. Medecis is to

ride for me," said Walkor stiffly,
"I've offered him a ride on Black
Diamond. I should prefer a trained steeplechaser to an untried maiden in a big race like the Hawke's Bay Steeplechase. You ought to pay a jockey to ride your green ones for you, Mr. Corisan. I don't think you would have ever risked your neck in a steeplechase on a novice for sport, eh?" and Walkor rode on.

A few days after Winford Medecis informed his friend that he had agreed to ride Demigod for Walter Corisan in the Hawke's Bay Steeplechase. "It's not because I would not rather ride for you, old man, but by riding for Corisan I get a visit to the Grange every morning in order to ride Demigod in his work. And you know what that means to me," added Mede-

cis.
"Like the moth fluttering round the

randle. Any improvements in your prospects, Win?" asked Walkor.

"Yes, a little," answered his friend, hesitatingly. "Er—Crofts and Corlsan got to hot words the other morning and came as close to a downright as could be Crofts came. quarrel as could be. Crofts came over to see Corisan's string at work; and his remarks in regard to them and their capabilities were just about as nasty and unpleasant as I've ever heard him make them. Doubloon jumped rattily. Certainly Doubloon jumped rattly. He wants a lot more work. But still Crofts need not have told Corisan that his pet steeplechaser was a cross between a Boer jackass and a 'bus horse!" Wellington

Good Lord!" cried Walkor, "What

on earth did old Corisan do?"
"I thought he was going to smash Crofts over the skull with his crop, but he controlled himself with a tremendous effort and snarled at Crofts. 'Gang on, gang on, ye bletherin' booby! A'll lay ye an even five thousand my nomination beats yours in the Steeple. Dinna blether ef ye canna wager!'"

"Crofts snapped him up and went one better 'I'll bet horse against horse, too,' he cried. 'Done wi' ye,' cried Corisan. 'A'll teach ye some o' the particulars o' horse-racing, me bonny sport. Aye!"

'Crofts went on sneering at everybody and everything until Edith came out, then he shut up. But Corisan was downright nettled. He was muttering away for ever so long to himself. What do you think I heard him say?"
"Dunno; what was it?" asked

Walkor.

"Well, he was growling away to himself, quite close to me, and I couldn't help hearing him. "Wants ma dairter, the fule, does he! There's ither landholders as guid as you. There's—'" and Medecis paused a while—"there's Angus Walkor!"

Walkor fell back in his chair laugh-

"By jove the old man does me proud. He's determined to do well for her, eh, Win?"

"Yes; he has engaged Ducker to That five thousand

ride Doubloon! That five thousand bet is troubling him."

Well, he's engaged a rattling fine horseman, but not one to ride for me when big money is at stake. He ought to have you to ride Doubloon.

AND

If the horse is jumping badly Cavalier may give him a tremendous run for it What's your opinion, Win?"

"I think Corisan must win," answered Medecis.

How d'ye mean?" "Must win! asked Walkor. 'Well, in the first place, he's got

two shows to Croft's one." "Good gracious, you don't mean to

say that you fancy your mount?" cried Walkor.

"I don't dislike him. For a young un he is a magnificent fencer. I can bang him over anything literally at top, and he has never yet laid a hoof on even a twig of gorse. He has pace, but of that I am as yet in the dark. At anyrate, he can be of invaluable assistance to Doubloon in the race it-

self—if he doesn't very nearly win."
"But Crofts is backing his horse against Doubloon, I thought?" said

Walkor.
"No; old Corisan distinctly said nomination. I noticed his Scotch nomination. I noticed his Scotch caution when he made the bet. He would give his opponent no advan-

tage" replied Medecis.
"By Jove, Win! can we get the strength of the pair—your young 'un and Doubloon?" asked Walkor eag-

erly.
"Not much hope. Corisan says they must both run on their merits. He feels certain of Doubloon. You see, I've never let on what a good 'un the youngster is. In all our gallops together Doubloon has always been well in front at the finish. and again the amateur jock hesitated -"I've always had seven pounds in hands, Angus. And I'll tell you why: Corisan will give me a free hand, I know. He doesn't dream of Demigod winning so I'm going to try and bring off a coup!" "Hurrah!" cried Walker. "Then

I'm with you, old pal. I've been thinking my old brains full for some idea to put you on to a good thing, and here it is at last. I say, couldn't we arrange a trial between yours and

"Oh, I say, Angus! would you do that for me, old man?" cried Medicis,

excitedly.
"Most certainly, Win. I'm in this affair of yours heart and soul and would help you a lot more if you would only let me. But if you can get an idea of Demigod's chance through a trial with my horse you are welcome to it at any

Walker.
"Oh, thanks! It is most good of Old Corisan would never allow it, but I can arrange that. hacks Demigod out every afternoon. I'll get her to meet us on the Napier Park course on the Saturday before We can try them the Steeplechase. there on the quiet and Corisan will know nothing."

'Right you are. And if it's good enough we will both throw in for a good stake, Win. I will do anything for you, and as for getting a clear run -well, Black Diamond is the biggest horse in the race, and if I cannot ensure a clear course nobody can. I only hope this youngster turns out as good as you think," said Walkor.

"So do I. I'll put up the biggest try of my life if I've got a show, and

I think the trial with your horse will prove what chance I have got," replied Medecis.

The Napier Park course was deserted on the Saturday afternoon when Walkor on Black Diamond and Medecis on Sudden Death rode in at the gates and joined Edith Corisan under the trees by the sheds.

"This is going to be a queer trial," said Walkor, after they had exchanged greetings. "Do you mind acting as pacemaker, Miss Corlsan on Sudden Death? He will carry you perfectly for a couple of rounds."

"I shall be delighted. It seems like a conspiracy, doesn't, it?" she said

a conspiracy, doesn't it?" she said, asting a shy appealing glance at Medecis, who was busily changing the saddles on Demigod and Sudden Death.

"I am riding my weight in the race, and Medecis is 31b over his, so we shall be able to tell very nearly what our chance is," said Walkor.

"The side saddle was put on Sudden Death, an ex-Grand National winner, who was hard as nails from regular hunting, and the trio cantered

down to the 3-mile post,
"Go!" shouted Walkor; and Edith Corisan dashed out on Sudden Death, and the trial began. Sudden Death fenced faultlessly, and his fair pilot sent him at his jumps like a battering ram. Black Diamond lay three lengths behind, and Demigod tearing at his bit, a length behind him. After the first round Sudden Death came back to Black Diamond, and Demigod closed up to them. In the second round the trial pair got well away from Sudden Death, who was stopping to nothing. The third round was

taken at racing pace, both amateurs riding hard over every fence. Edith Corisan was waiting at the winning post, and Demigod sailed past her a good three lengths ahead of Black Diamond, both horses finishing Quickly they cantered strongly. Quickly they cantered over to the sheds, and both the men and Edith Corisan were soon strapping down the horses, the girl just as much at home at the work as a stable lad. Then re-saddling the horses, they rode off together, separating at the gates, Edith Corisan riding to-wards the Grange and Napier and Walkor and Medecis making for Has-"Win that trial makes Demigod out to be nearly seven pounds better than Doubloon, from whom he is getting two stone three pounds in the actual race. How does you chance strike you?" asked Walkor.

"I can hardly tell you how jubilant I feel. This is as good a thing as Sudden Death was," said Medecis. "Every bit. I wonder what price

we can get about him?"

"Oh! tens easily. But we must go to work carefully or the layers of odds will smell a rat."

"Well, how much shall I put in commission for you? It will have to be put on on the day of the race or old Corisan will want to know things. He's bound to come to a short price on the machine when the bookies'

saving money comes back."
"Oh! I think I can raise a hundred," said Medecis, meditatively.
"Hundred be blowed!" cried Wal-

kor. "I'm going to put on five hundred for you and the same for myself. I'll get my agents to put it on in the four big cities at 10 o'clock on the

day of the race."
"But I can never pay you, Angus, if I lose," cried Medecis anxiously.

"Oh, yes you will! Besides, you're This race means not going to lose. Edith Corisan for you, remember that. By Gad! if a girl loved me as that girl loves you, I'd feel a happy man, She looks at you as if the world were centred in that body of

yours!"
"Oh don't chaff! We must think of nothing but winning this race now.

Herbert Crofts knew his man. He knew that the more money he won from Walter Corison the better his chance of winning Edith Corisan would be. For Walter Corisan would never allow the bawbees to go out of the family. But Crofts didn't half the family. like his horse's chance against Doub-He had a safer method of beatloon.

Two days before the races he in-Two days before the races he indiced a wire to "W. Ducker, Jockey, Blue Horse Hotel. Hastings.—Give me a call," and the same day Ducker was closeted with him in his study at Croftscourt.

"Look here, Ducker," he said, "I

tand to win £6000 and Doubloon if Cavalier beats Doubloon. Have I got a chance? or should I hedge? Tell me straight-I'll make it worth your

"Well, blime! I think Doubloon can bury your bloke fur pace. Who's ridin' for ye?" asked the jockey.
"Oh! I'm going to ride myself," answered Crofts.

"Then I'll lay yer a million to a fat gooseberry that I beat yer." said Ducker, contemptuously. They knew each other well and Crofts was perfectly able to gauge his chance of winning from the jockey's outspoken

opinions.

"I'll give you five hundred to stop Doubloon," said Crofts.

"Five 'undred! Five 'undred!" "Five 'undred! Five 'undred!" cried Ducker scornfully. "Is five 'undred goin' to keep me an' me missus an' me kids if I get blown out, eh? S'welph me bobs! You de come it liberal, you do!" and he chewed reflectively at a cigarette as he glanced contemptuously at Crofts.
"Well I'll make it a thousand Will

"Well, I'll make it a thousand. Will that suit you?" asked Crofts. No, nor two thousand either," re-

plied the jockey. "I'm too bloomin' straight an' too blankety virtuous to stiffen any 'orse for a paltry two thousand pounds. Nice I'd look if I got blown out for life with two thousand condemned quid to keep me for ever!" "Great Scott! Then how much do you want?" cried Crofts angrily. "Fair halves! You don't get me

stopping no dashed prad for a stiver under three thousand pounds. And I don't 'alf like takin' chances on that

neither!" added Ducker dubiously.
"Very well, then, you shall have
the three thousand. That's a bargain.
As soon as Cavalier weighs in a winner I'll give you my cheque for £3000."

Rightum!" said Mr. Ducker. The deal had been an eminently satisfactory one for him. For three thousand pounds he would have risked his neck half a dozen times. And he'd brought a mount down for a paltry tenner before now. So he was highly delighted with his bargain with Herbert Crofts.

There were seven starters for the Hawke's Bay Steeplechase of 189and few of the public who witnessed that sensational race will ever forget Old Chemist carried the top weight (13.4), and after him came Norton 12.10, Whalebone 12.7. Black Diamond 12.5. Doubloon 12.5, Cavalier 11.7, and Demigod 10.2. The public quickly picked Doubloon as the best treated horse, and he was installed fa-But a whole pile of money appeared to come from outside Demigod, the untried maiden outsider of the Grange stable. In those days all horses belonging to the same owner were not bracketed on the machine, so Demigod rapidly overhauled Doubloon, and half-an-hour before the race was firmly established at two's to one at the head of the betting. Diamond and Cavalier were well backed, and Norton and Whalebone also had many friends. The old battler Chemist was looked upon as anchored, and he was at the bottom of the

To say that Walter Corisan was astonished would be but to faintly describe his mental paralysis. And to all the anxious inquiries of his friends

he could only reply.
"Aw'm dum—fair dumfounnered! Thae public must be goin' daft-aye, clean daft. The cuddy hasna got a

Walkor sauntered quietly along by Medecis on the lawn. "Those books have taken fright, or else there has been a leakage somewhere. I wonder if any of my infernal agents have been helping themselves." "Heaven knows!" replied Medecis.

"Demigod is firmly first favourite, and it's all outside money. The public seem inclined to back Cavalier or Doubloon."

"Well, old chap; I hope you I'll ensure you a clear run. Stick to my quarters, and do as I tell you, and you'll find a clear passage cut out for you. Now I'm going to change."

"What the devil's the meaning of this Ducker?" asked Crofts in a white heat; "who is backing the Grange second string?"

"Blowed if I know. This here Demigod is bred good enough fur anybody to back, but, strike me lucky! 'e ain't never raced before. Who could be chump enough to back 'im I'd like to

"What about that cursed amateur that's riding him? Do you think he's coming the double on the stable?"

'What-Medicine? He's as cunnin' as they make 'em, an' I wouldn't put nothin' past 'im. He's a shine horse-man, too, an' if that there Ahua gelding has got any of the sire's go in 'im I wooden' be at all surprised to see 'im 'op 'ome on his bloomin' own— stiffen me if I would!" replied Ducker. "Well, I've got to win," cried Crofts.

decisively, stopping under the grand stand, near the totalisator, "and if you see Demigod is likely to beat me, take

care to stop him, or you'll get nothing from me."

"Oh, I'll stop 'im fast enough even if I've to turn 'im a seven; I ain't going to let you lose this 'ere blanky race. Don't you make no mistake about that."

Up above them, anxiously watching the machine, was Edith Corisan. Her face grew white, and she nervously clasped the stand railing as she heard the conversation below her.

The saddling bell had rung, the horses were being led about the paddock, the hum of the racecourse grew louder and louder, and the ting-tingting-ting of the machine was incessant A misty shadow floated before Edith's eyes; she seemed to be fainting, when a deep voice at her side said:

"Wish me good luck, Edith, won't

She recovered herself with an fort, and, clasping Winford Medecis by the arm, said agitatedly: "Oh! Win that wicked man Crofts has told Ducker to ride you down if you are winning. Do, do take care of him and watch him. Don't give him a chance to hurt you."

"Rather not! You watch me in the

race. I know too much for Ducker. Don't be nervous, dear. I'm on a winning hazard this time."

As Walker rode down to the post he was joined by Medecis.

"Crofts has put Ducker up to spill me, Angus. Watch Ducker, and if you see any signs of dirty work bore a

hole through him and let me pass. He'll never catch me again!"

"Very well. What orders did Corlsan give you?"

"Let me go as long as the horse lasted. He did not fancy Demigod would have any pace at the finish."

"I hope he'll be disagreeably dis

appointed. There must be a mint of money on him by now!"

It was not long before the starter sent the field away. The two top-weights pulled back last, with Demi-god next, hanging on to Black Dia-mond's flanks; then Whalebone, Cavalier, and Doubloon in the lead. The first round was slow, but in the second round Whalebone joined Doubloon and the pace improved wonder-Round the back of the course, over the sod wall, Chemist, Norton, Whalebone, Cavalier, and Doubloon went in that order, followed by Black Diamond and Demigod. At the double they were all racing, and coming down the straight the leaders took the post-and-rails together, Norton and Whalebone going ahead as the last round commenced. Cavalier also passed Chemist, and Doubloon closed

up to Cavalier.

"You'll have to sail if you want to beat Norton!" yelled Ducker to Crofts.

"Why don't you go on yourself?" cried Walkor at his girths.

"You are deliberately stopping Mr. Cori-

san's horse!"
"Mind your own interference," said Ducker, trying to get away from Black Diamond. But Walkor had him hard against the rails, and as they cleared the jump leading into the back of the course he signalled Demigod up on the outside, at the same time driving the hooks home and keeping Doubloon on the rails. With a rare dash Medecis raced up on the outside of Black Diamond, and down the back stretch the three horses raced neck and neck.

"Pull out!' yelled Ducker as they neared the sod wall. "You're driving

me over the rails!"
"Go on Win!" cried Walkor. ",Get ahead now!"

But Crofts heard them, and, glancing over his shoulder, he pulled out wide and blocked Demigod, just as Doubloon and Black Diamond thun-

dered up alongside of Whalebone.

"Keey going, you blarmey goat!" shouted Ducker to Crofts. "Leave that blanked amateur alone. He can't get through. If you get ridin' funny you'll lose the race!"

Doubloon, Black Diamond, and Cavalier rose at the sod wall together, and Cavalier struck heavily; but the horse recovered himself well, and galloped on, with Demigod at his girths, Norton and Whalebone falling behind, and Chemist well in the rear. Here Cavalier went to the front, and with Doubloon, charged the double. Black Diamond and Demigod just be-Again Cavaner struck, and, hind. faltering in between the jumps, re-fused the second rence. Doubloon smashed through the second post-andrails, and was immediately joined by Black Diamond and Demigod on the outside, Cavalier resolutely refusing to come out of the double. And so they came on to the last fence.

Ducker looked back quickly. was a magnificent horseman, and he had made up his mind to win that £3000 bribe. He just caught sight of Cavalier coming over the second of Cavaner coming over the second of the double, then, riding his horse hard, he drove him at the last fence, dropped his outside rein, as if accidentally, swayed in the saddle, and then the horror-stricken crowd saw Doubloon turn right across the fence. broadside on, and Black Diamond and Demigod charge into him as they rose together at the last fence. There was a sickening thud as the horses crashed together and fell in a crumpled mass through the fence, which collapsed under them. An agonised scream rang out from the stand; three stewards rushed to the ambulance room, and came down the course with a doctor and three stretchers; while the police with difficulty kept back the crowd that swayed against the racecourse fence.
Crofts. on Cavalier, sat down and

drove his horse along for all he was worth, to get past the post first. Medecis, though stunned, did not lose old of his reins, and was quickly on his feet, trying in vain to slip the reins over his startled horse's head. Black Diamond had fallen right on top of Ducker, who lay under the struggling horses with a badly-smashed leg, shrieking imprecations and curses on everybody and everything in his agony. Angus Walkor struggled to his legs with a broken collar-bone, and immediately fell back in a dead faint into a policeman's arms. Crofts came charging at the fence shouting out to the officials to "Look out!" as he came riding over the gap made by the falling horses.

But a Nemesis was on his track! Just as Cavalier reached the fence Doubloon staggered to his feet, right across him. Cavalier immediately baulked: Crofts made an ineffectual effort to retain his seat, and ended by going right over his horse's head, the horse going past the winning post by himself. All this had occurred within a few seconds, and before Norton had reached the last fence Medecis

The First Piano in Camp.

Sam Davis' Christmas Masterpiece.

In 1858—it might have been five years earlier or later; this is not the history for the public schools—there little camp about ten miles was a from Pioche, occupied by upward of three hundred miners, every one of whom might have packed his pros-pecting implements and left the more inviting fields any time before sunset.

When the day was over, these men did not rest from their labours, like honest New England agriculturists, but sang, danced, gambled, and shot each other, as the mood seized them.

One evening the report spread along the main street (which was the only street) that three men had been killed at Silver Reef and that the bodies were coming in. Presently a lumbering old conveyance laboured up the hill, drawn by a couple of horses well worn out with their pull. The cart contained a good-sized box, and no sooner did its outlines become visible, through the glimmer of a stray light, than it began to affect the idlers.

Death always enforces respect, and even though no one had caught sight of the remains, the crowd gradually became subdued, and when the horses came to a standstill the cart was immediately surrounded. The driver, however, was not in the least impressed with the solemnity of his commis-

"All there?" asked one.
"Haven't examined. Guess so." The driver filled his pipe, and lit it

as he continued: "Wish the bones and load had gone

over the grade!"
A man who had been looking on

stepped up to the man at once. "I don't know who you have in that

box, but if they happen to be any friends of mine I'll lay you alongside."
"We can mighty soon see," said the teamster coolly. "Just burst the lid off, and if they happen to be the men you want, I'm here."

The two looked at each other for a

moment, and then the crowd gathered a little closer, anticipating trouble.

"I believe that dead men are entitled to good treatment, and when you talk about hoping to see corpses go over a bank, all I have to say is, that it will be better for you if the late lamented ain't my friends."

"We'll open the box. I don't take back what I've said, and if my language don't suit your ways of thinking, I guess I can stand it."

With these words the teamster began to pry up the lid. He got a board off, and then pulled out some rags. A strip of something dark, like rose-

wood, presented itself.
"Eastern coffins, by thunder!" said several, and the crowd looked quite

Some more boards flew up, and the man who was ready to defend his friend's memory shifted his weapon a little. The cool manner of the team-ster had so irritated him that he had made up his mind to pull his weapon at the first sight of the dead, even if the deceased was his worst and old-est enemy. Presently the whole of the box-cover was off, and the teamster clearing away the packing, revealed to the astonished group the top of something which puzzled all

"Boys," said he, "this is a pianner." A general shout of laughter went up, and the man who had been so anxious to enforce respect for the dead muttered something about feeling dry, and the keeper of the nearest bar was several ounces better off by the time the boys had given the joke all the attention it called for.

Had a dozen dead men been in the hox their presence in the camp could not have occasioned half the excitement that the arrival of that lonely plano caused. But the next morning it was known that the instrument was to grace a hurdy-gurdy saloon, owned Tom Goskin, the leading gambler in the place. It took nearly a week to get this wonder on its legs, and the owner was the proudest individual in the State. It rose gradually from a recumbent to an upright position amid a confusion of tongues, after the manner of the Tower of Babel.

Of course everybody knew just how such an instrument should be put up. One knew where the "off hind leg" should go, and another was posted on the "front piece."

Scores of men came to the place every day to assist.

"I'll put the hones in good order."

"If you want the wires tuned up, I'm the hoy," "Pye got music to feed it for a month."

Another brought a pair of blankets for a cover, and all took the liveliest interest in it. It was at last in a condition for business.

"It's been showin' its teeth all the We'd like to have it spit out

something."
Alas! there wasn't a man to be found who could play upon the instrument. 'Goskin began to realise that he had a losing speculation on his hands. He had a fiddler and a Mexican who thrummed a guitar. A pian-Ist would have made his orchestra complete. One day a three-card monte player told a friend confidentially that he could "knock any amount of music out of the piano if he only had it alone a few hours to get his hand in." This report spread about the camp, but on being ques-tioned he vowed that he didn't know a note of music. It was noted, however, as a suspicious circumstance, that he often hung about the instru-ment and looked upon it longingly, like a hungry man gloating over a beef-steak in a restaurant window. There was no doubt but that this man had music in his soul, perhaps in his finger-ends, but did not dare to make trial of his strength after the rules of harmony had suffered so many years of neglect. So the fiddler kept on with his jigs, and the greasy Mexican pawed his discordant guitar, but no man had the nerve to touch the piano. There were doubtless scores of men in the camp who would have given ten ounces of gold-dust to have been half an hour alone with it, but every man's nerve shrank from the jeers which the crowd would shower upon him should his first attempt prove a failure. It got to be generally understood that the hand which first essayed to draw music from the keys must not slouch its work.

It was Christmas eve, and Goskin. according to his custom, had decorated his gambling-hell with sprigs of mountain cedar and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreens, and all that was wanting to completely fill the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play the instrument.

"Christmas night, and no plano-ounder," he said. "This is a nice pounder," he said. country for a Christian to live in."

Getting a piece of paper, he scrawled the words:

\$20 REWARD

TO A COMPETENT PIANO PLAYER

This he stuck up on the music-rack, and, though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from his shell.

So the merrymaking went on; the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddle aand worn-out guitar as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling of the storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man, crouching near the fireplace. His garments—such as were left-were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, halfcrazed expression. He held his thin, trembling hands toward the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent. He looked about him once in a while as if in eearch of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of the revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this waif of the storm had brought in with it all the gloom and coldness of the warring elements. Goskin, mixing up a cup of hot egg-nog, advanced and remarked cheerily:

"Here, stranger, brace up! is the real stuff."

The man drained the cup, smacked his lips, and seemed more at home.

Been prospecting, eh? Out in the mountains—caught in the storm? Lively night, this!"

"Pretty bad," said the man. "Must feel pretty dry?"

The man looked at his streaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark was a sarcasm.

"How long out?" "Four days."

"Hungry?"

The man rose up, and, walking over to the lunch-counter, fell to work upon some roast bear, devouring it like any wild animal would have done. As meat and drink and warmth began to permeate the stranger, he seemed to expand and lighten up. His features lost their palor, and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes, the people about him got merrier and happier and threw off the temporary

feeling of depression which he had laid upon him.

"Do you always have your place decorated like this?" he finally asked

of Goskin.
"This is Christmas eve," was the

The stranger was startled. "December 24th, sure enough."

"That's the way I put it up, pard." "When I was in England I always kept Christmas. But I had forgotten that this was the night. wandering about in the mountains until I've lost track of the feasts of the

Presently his eye fell upon the piano.

"Where's the player?" he asked.
"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the expression.

"I used to play when I was young." Goskin almost fainted at the admis-

sion.
"Stranger, do tackle it, and give us "Stranger, do tackie it, and bare a tune! Nary man in this camp ever had a nerve to wrestle with that music-box." His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would refuse.
"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but seizing a candle-box, he drew it up and seated himself before the instrument. only required a few seconds for a hush to come over the room.

"That old coon is going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer who was about to take in a fifty-dollar bet on the tray, paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking, with the glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisation. and as he wove his cords together the music laid its spell upon every ear and heart. He felt his way along the key like a man treading uncertain paths, but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of paradise, melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left!" said an old rough, enraptured.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his

The player wandered off into the old ballads they had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough and squeezed out tears as from a wet sponge.

As the strains flowed one upon the other, the listeners saw their homes of the long-ago reared again; they were playing once more where the apple-blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the green turf of the old New England States; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; they recalled the heather of Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the sullen roar of the sea, as it beat upon their memories, vaguely. Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in church thirty years before; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax tapers, the solemn shrines, the evergreen, holly, mistletoe, and surpliced choirs. Then the remorseless performer planted his final stab in every heart with "Home, Sweet every heart with Home."

When the player ceased the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more revelry and devilment left in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, with his head on the piano, fell asleep.

"I say, pard,' said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?"
"I feel tired," the old man said.

"Perhaps you'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so."

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them.

"I feel pretty sick. I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down in the ravine-his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him before morning. I'd like to see his face once before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of

the name. He knew Driscoll well. "He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As Goskin dashed out into the storm the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the word "Hurry!" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin. It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Driscoll was

pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They saw the old man had drawn the blankets over his face. The two stood a moment, awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down, as-tonished. There was no one there! "Gone!" cried Driscoll wildly. "Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash-drawer. "Ten thousand dol-

lars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loose change in the drawer!"

The next day the boys got out, followed a horse's track through the snow, and lost them in the trail leading toward Pioche.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card monte man, who used to deny point-blank that he could play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind when the "stranger" had pushed those locks back when he looked toward the ceiling for inspiration on the night of December 24, 1858.

SOME JOKES DATE A LONG WAY BACK.

We moderns find it hard to improve on the ancients, except in such insignificant conveniences as speed in travelling. Even our humour is in large part no more than the retailored mum-mies of Roman, Greek, and Egyptian humour—which means, of course, that those ancients merely resurrected the jokes of their own dim ancestors.

Humour comes before speech.

The Greeks had a pretty wit. And how modern the old Greek jokes do

Here is a brief and bright saying of King Archelaus, when a talkative barber trimming his beard, asked him, How shall I cut it?"
"In silence," replied the king.

Plutarch tells the following stories, both good in their way, of Philip of Macedon.

In passing sentence on two rogues, he ordered one to leave Macedonia with all speed, and the other to try to-

No less astute was his query as toa strong position he wished to occupy which was reported by the scouts to be almost impregnable.
"Is there not," he asked, "even a

pathway to it wide enough for an ass. laden with gold?" Phillip, too, according to Plutarch,

is entitled to the fatherhood of an adage which retains its ancient fame about "calling a spade a spade." Another sample of a witty saying

from Plutarch's mint is one attributed to Themistocles, that his son was the

strongest man in Greece.
"For," said he, "the Athenians rule
the Hellenes, I rule the Athenians, your mother rules me, and you rule your mother." And again, there is the repartee of

a Laconian to a man of Sparta who twitted him with being unable to

stand as long as himself on one leg.
"No!" replied the other, "but my goose can." An anecdote of Strabo gives a vivid

picture of the clashing of a harper's performances with the sounding of a bell for opening of the fish market. All the audience vanished at save a little deaf man.

The harper expressed himself unutterably flattered at his having resisted the importunity of the bell.

"What!" cried the deaf man, "has the fish bell rung? Then I'm off, too.

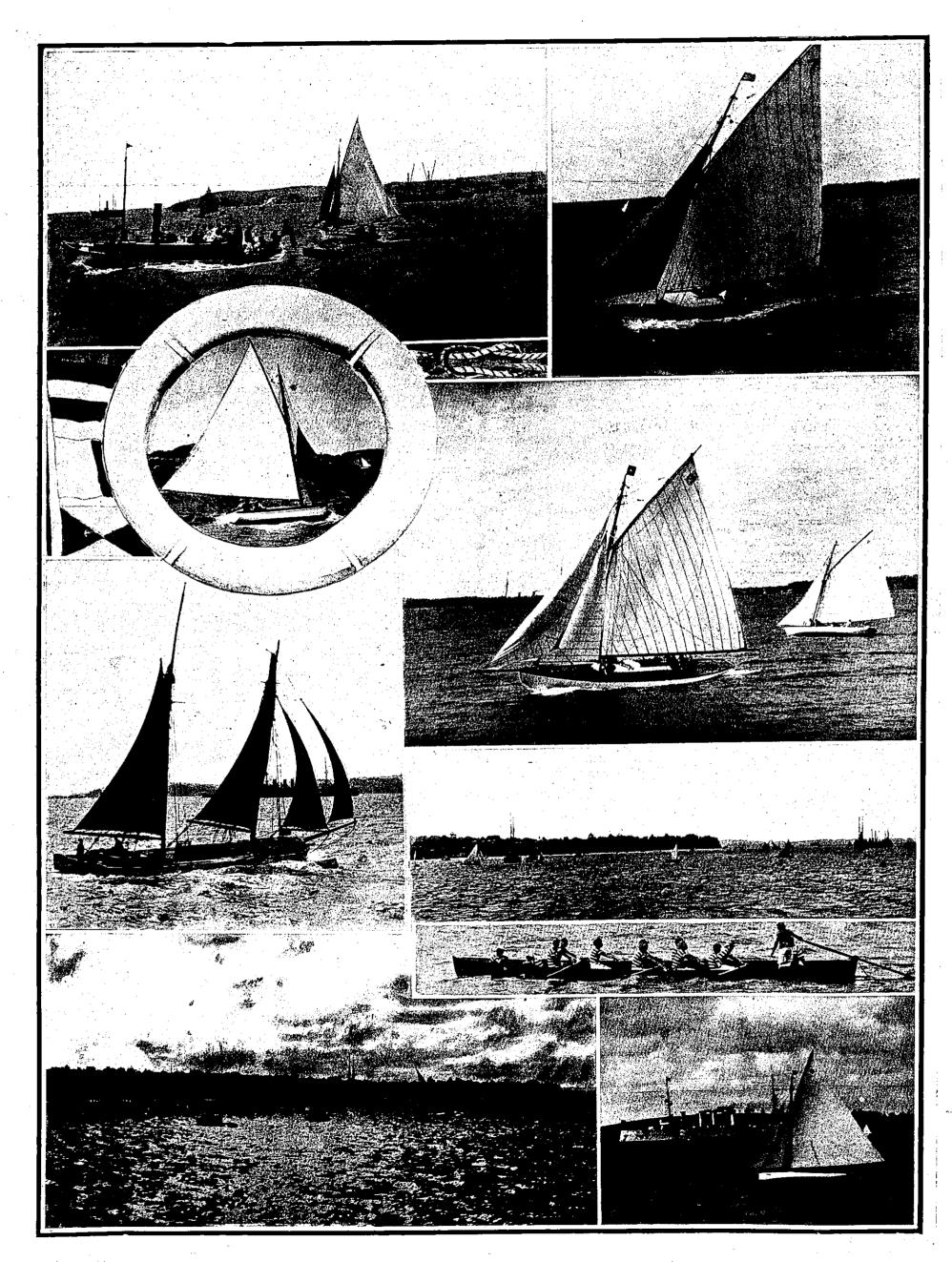
"The minister," observed the church member, as if the idea had just occurred to him, "can take a vacation, but Satan never takes a vacation."
"True" replied the other chur

"True" replied the other church member; "but Satan can stand the heat a great deal better than the minister."

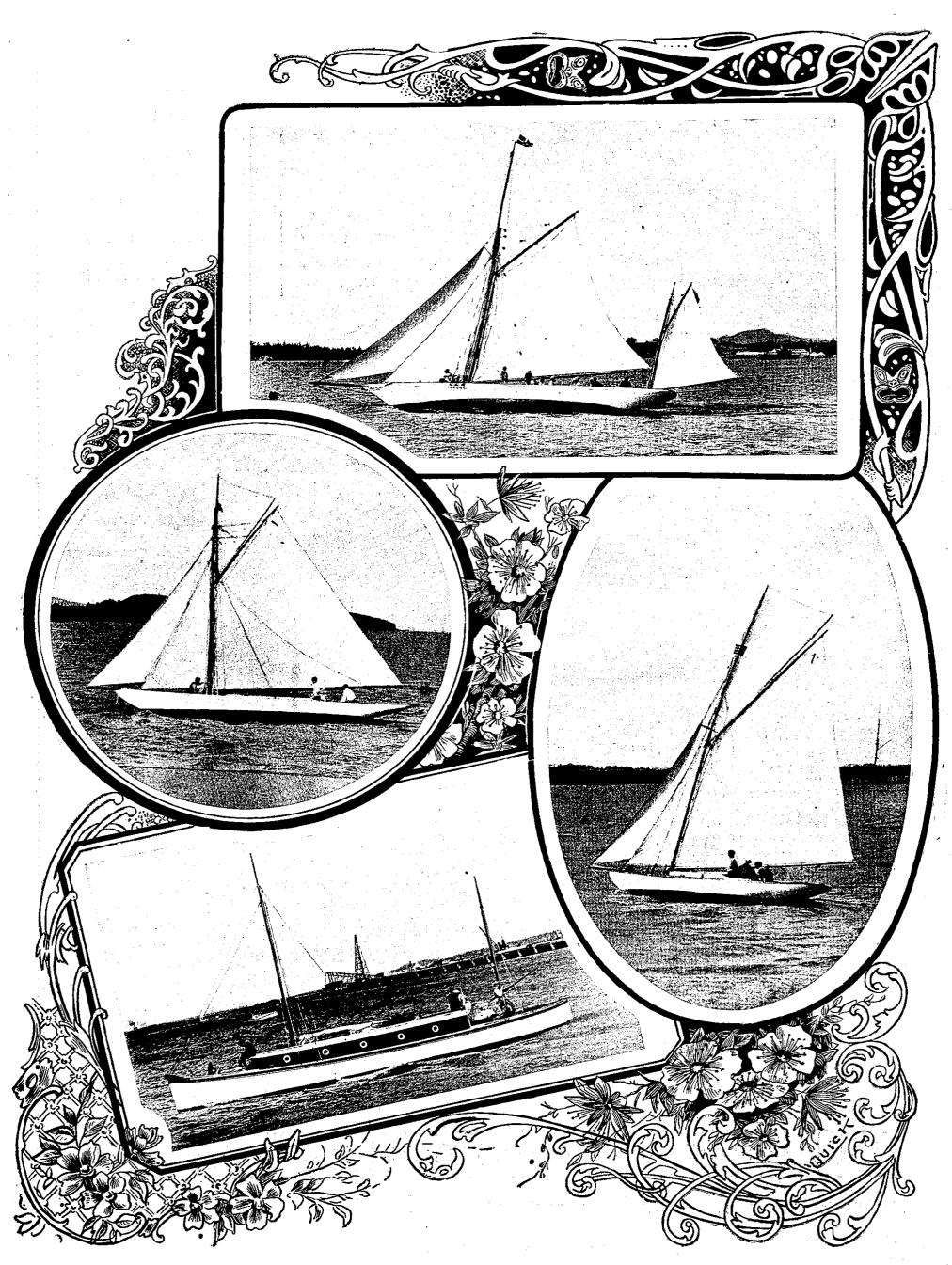
Jack Cuttynge.—That is a difficult aria in which he sings of the peerless beauty of the Soprano.

May Askem.—Why do you consider it difficult?

Jack Cuttynge.-On account of the Soprano's personal appearance.



ு On the Waitemata. ்



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PRIZE MEDALS AND AWARDS.

Sydney Exhibition, 1879
Melbourne Exhibition, 1880
Wellington Exhibition, 1886
Auckland Exhibition, 1877

,, ,, 1878 ,, ,, 1879 ,, ,, 1880 ,, ,, 1898

Dunedin Exhibition, 1890 (Highly Commended)

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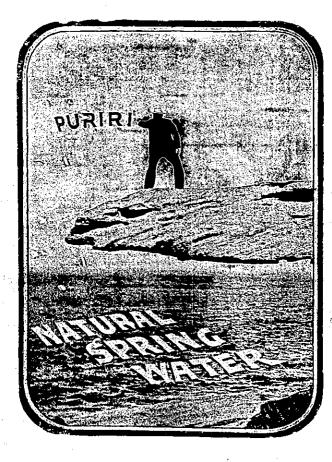
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(By George Fortis.)

He was a wise man who said "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws," for the singing of a song has made a president, honoured kings, caused a country to run rivers of blood, turned a populace into a howling, maddened mob, reduced a mob to a passion of tears, aided in starting revolutions, cheered armies to victory, and marked to laughter the most serious. And, after all, what can touch the chords of the human emotion like a song?

There were times when that famous hymn "La Marseillaise" transformed the people of Paris into a frenzied mob, and again to hysteria of tears imbecile cheerfulness. this terribly beautiful air floated a-cross La Belle France it left a trail of blood and ruin in its wake, and it nearly proved the death-dirge of its composer, De Lisle, the young French

"God Save the King," the British national anthem, has honoured the sovereigns of England for years, and the armies of both the North and South were spurred to battle during the American Civil War by the stirring marching-songs, among which was Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" that were written at The American national the time. song, "The Star-Spangled Banner," was composed in 1814, while the famous air, "Hail Columbia,,' was sung more than a century ago.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written in 1817, in New York, by Samuel Woodworth. One hot day Woodworth, who was employed in a printing establishment in Duane-street, returned to his house from the shop, and pouring a glass of water from a pit-

cher, drained it eagerly.
"That is refreshing," he said; "but
how much more refreshing had it been taken from the old oaken bucket that bung in father's well!"

Woodworth's wife, who was present, suggested that the remark offered possibilities for a poem. Seizing his pen and a piece of paper, the printer began to write, and, as the scenes of his childhood arose before him, he dashed off the lines of the song that since have been familiar in every household. It was put to music by Kiallmark some time later.

Who has not lent his voice to swell the chorus of "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Dog Tray," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Carry Me 'Long Boys," "Old Uncle Ned,' and that hallowed melody of the South, "Swannee Ribber?" They are songs of the South, yet they were all written

by a man from Pennsylvania.
"Sweet Alice Ben Bolt" is another song with which most persons are familiar. This was written in 1842, by Dr. Thomas Dunn English. It met with almost instant favour, large number of copies were sold in a few weeks. The music was composed by Nelson Kneass.

"Home, Sweet Home" was written "Home, Sweet Home" was written by John Howard Payne, who was a New Yorker by birth, and for many years a European by residence. It was first sung in 1832, in an opera by Payne entitled "Clari; The Maid of Milan." The song was a decided success, and one hundred thousand copies were sold within a year. Payne died were sold within a year. Payne died abroad but in 1853 his body was brought to America and buried in Washington.

"A Life on the Ocean Wave" was written by Epes Sargent, of Gloucester, Massachusetts. He says that he originally wrote the song for Henry Russell. The subject was suggested by the sight of the cluster of mcored in the bay, while he was walking on the Battery, in New York. He wrote out the words and then went to the office of "The Mirror," where he showed his production to George P. Morris, the editor. Morris offered to publish the verses, but said they could not be put to music.

Shortly afterward, Sargent met Russell, who asked him if he had written the song he had promised him.
"Yes.' replied Sargent. "I

"Yes.' replied Sargent, "I tried; but fear I have failed."

Russell wanted to see the lines. Sargent produced them, and the musician sat down to the piano, let his fingers wander over the keys, and then dashed off the music.

"Black-Eyed Susan" was written by John Gray in 1725. Gray was also the author of the words of the song called "'Twas When the Seas Were Roaring," and Handel, the famous composer, put it to music.

The old song, "I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree," is anonymous. Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to trace the authorship of this

melody. The music was arranged by

Wellington Guernsey.
"Annie Laurie" was written by William Douglas, of Scotland. Nor was the Annie Laurie of the song merely one of those fanciful creatures of a poet's mind. She was the daughter of Robert Laurie, Baronet of Maxwellton. The story goes that Douglas was deeply in love with the young woman, and that she returned his affection, but that rather than marry against her father's wishes she gave up her romantic lover and became the wife of a man named Ferguson. The music for this exquisite piece was composed

by Lady John Scott.

There has been a curious dispute connected with that favourite song of children, "Coming Through the Rye." The word "rye" in the melody had always been supposed to refer to a field of grain, and even the covers of songbooks containing the selection have borne illustrations of an encounter in a rye-field. It is said by some, how-ever, that Burns touched up an old Scottish song referring to fording the small river Rye, and that the popular conception of the song is shown to be erroneous by the old custom, in Scotland, of exacting a toll of kisses from lasses that were met crossing a stream on the stepping-stones.

The author of the song "Old King Cole" is unknown. Probably this ballad came from a tradition concerning a king named Cole, who existed in Britain in the third century. There was also a famous cloth manufacturer of Reading, England, called "Old of Reading, England, called "Old Cole," whose nickname became proverbial through a popular story-book of the sixteenth century, and "Old Cole" was a nickname current with the dramatists of the Elizabethan age.

"John Brown's Body," that sonorous refrain which became the marching-song of the American nation during the Cviil War, was written, with the exception of the first stanza by Charles Hall of Charlestown, Massachusetts, about 1860. The composer of the mus.c is unknown. Henry H. Brownell, of Hartford, Connecticut, also wrote a set of words to this air, which are

sometimes sung.
The finest battle-song of the Confederates during the Civil War was "Maryland, My Maryland," which was written in April, 1861, by Jas. Ryder Randall, of Baltimore. Though this song was written in New Orleans, it was first published in Baltimore, and was set to the German "Burschenlied," which begins, "Oh, Tannenbaum Oh, Tannenbaum."

The words and music to the song "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," which the Northern soldiers sang around their bivouac fires in 1863, were writen by Walter Kittridge, in

Kittridge had just finished writing a book of patriotic songs, when he was drafted into the army. While he was preparing to go to the front he was suddenly moved to write a great song. He seized a piece of paper and a pencil, and in a few minutes had com-pleted the words and music to "Tent-ing on the Old Camp Ground."

At first the piece was refused pub-

lication; but it came into popular favour from the author singing it himself, and in a short time a firm in Boston got out a song with a similar title. Then the original was printed, and

met with an immence sale.

"Hail, Columbia," was written by
Joseph Hopkinson in the summer of
1798, when war with France seemed
inevitable. The author intended the song for a young singer who was about to appear in a performance which he feared would fail to draw an

The words were set to the music of the old piece called "The President's Popular feeling was running high, and when it was announced the patriotic air attracted much attention. The performance came off; the house was filled to overflowing; the song was sung, and the crowd went mad with enthusiasm. Night after night the performance was repeated, and the audiences joined in the chorus of the song till it seemed as though the volume of sound would raise the roof. The song spread like wildfire.

The Southern melody "Dixie" has everal varsions. The original was several varsions. The original was written by a Northerner General Albert Pike, of Boston.

GREYHOUNDS OF THE RAIL,

THE WORLD'S FASTEST TRAINS.

The craze for speed is ever with us no matter which it be that of the horse, or the motor, or the yacht. The following, therefore, concerning the speed of trains should prove of inter-Needless to say New Zealand does not figure in the list.

The fastest regular long distance

run without stop in the world is on the Great Western from London to Bristol 1181/2 miles in 120 minutes, or practically sixty miles an hour. order to leave passengers at Bath a car is dropped from the train without stop, a time saving device in operation on a number of European roads.

The longest run without stop made in any country is from London to Liverpool on the London and Northwestern, 201 miles, made at the rate of fifty-four miles an hour. The next longest is on the Midland, from London to Leeds, 196 mile, at the rate of fifty-two miles an hour.

The most famous American train is the Empire State Express on the New York Central, from New York to Albany, 143 miles, which travels at the rate of 53 64-100 miles an hour; and the time of the same train to Buffalo, 440 miles in 500 minutes is just a trifle faster than that of the Midland express from London to Glasgow, 447 miles in 510 minutes. Each makes four regular stops. The North Western runs a train from London to Glasgow, 4011/2 miles, in eight hours, mak-

ing only two stops.

The Great Northern runs a train from London to Doncaster, 156 miles, without stop, in 169 minutes, at the rate of 55½ miles an hour, and the Great Central train runs over England's new road, from London to Sheffield, 165 miles, in 170 minutes, better than 58 miles an hour, slipping a car at Leicester without stop.

These fast and long runs are common to all the trank lines in England, while in the United States the fast runs are all confined to two roads, the New York Central and the Pennsylvania. Compared with many English fast runs the time between New York and Washington and Boston is slow. The distanace to the two cities from New York is about the same, and in both cases the fastest trains make it in five hours (or a little over, now, to Boston), or at the rate of 46 miles an hour, three stops being made in each

For runs of nearly 1000 miles no country can show trains to compare with the New York and Chicago trains on the New York Central the best trains making the 980 miles in 1080 minutes, or at 54 miles an hour. While this is not quite so fast as the time made by the fast trains from Paris to Lyons and Marseilles, the distance is twice as great as across France.

Coming to short runs and special summer trains, undoubtedy the fastest are from Camden to Atlantic City. Here some very fast time has been made over an ideal country for fast time by both the Reading and the ennsylvania. The best Reading time is 56½ miles in 50 minutes, or 66 miles an hour, while the best Pennsylvania time is 59 miles at the rate of 64 miles

These constitute all the fast regular trains in the United States. The fastest run in New England outside the Boston-New York run is from Boston to Portland at the rate of 44 miles an to Portland at the rate of 44 miles an hour, and the showing is still poorer in the West and South. Chicago in many respects the greatest railroad centre in the world, has no fast trains outside the New York Central and Pennsylvania trains referred to.

Throughout the West, though the best trains are very luxurious, the truns are all short, averaging about 30 miles between stations and the speed

miles between stations and the speed nowhere averages 40 miles an hour.

Next to speed may be considered the frequency of trains, their appointments, etc. In this respect a still more pronounced difference appears in different countries with almost equal

More trains leave the great South Terminal in Boston in one day than are moved in one direct on on all the roads of Spain and Portugal in two weeks. From one terminal in London more trains leave daily than move in ten days to supply 125,000,000 people

of all Russia, in Europe and Asia.

The South Terminal in Boston not only is the largest station in the world but sends out daily more than 400 trains, nearly twice the number despatched from the Grand Central Station by the three roads starting from there. The next laragest number sent from any station in this country is about 350 from the Boston and Maine terminal in Boston, and the next about 325 from the Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. Then come the Grand Central Station, New York, and the Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.

But these figures do not equal those of the great London terminal. There one statioin sends out 700 trains daily, the greatest number from any one station in the world, and all of the twelve great terminals send out large numbers of trains.

Including all suburban trains, and figuring on a mean average of winter and summer, the regular scheduled

trains leave the four great centres in the following numbers daily, the figures being for all roads and approximately correct: New York city, 1400; Boston, 1000; Philadelpia, 850; Chicago, 850. No other American city

The roadbed and the operating equipment are better in England and some parts of France and Germany than in America, and owing to the ever prevailing precautions accidents are only about one-fifth as frequent as in America. All the principal roads in England have two tracks and many main lines have four.

Turning to continental Europe it is found that France alone indulges in really fast trains and possibly she is ahead even of England in the number of trains running regularly above fifty miles an hour. The greatest travel route on the Continent is from Paris south to Lyons, Marseilles, and the Mediterranean, aand here are found

fine and fast trains,
The run from Paris to Marseilles,
585 miles, is made in 750 minutes. with only six stops. Many of the shorter runs, such as from Paris to Calais, to the Belgian frontier, etc., are at the rate of from fifty-eight to sixty-two miles an hour for the regu-

lar schedule.
According to a German authority the average speed of the fastest trains in Europe is as follows: French, fiftye.ght miles an hour; English, fifty-five miles an hour, and German, fifty-one. Fast trains are hard to find in Germany, and the service in this respect does not compare with France.

It takes the fastest train 227 minutes to go from Berlin to Hamburg. 178 miles, which is 47½ miles an hour, and the "luxe" train, the one fast goer, between Munich and Vienna runs at only 45.60 miles an hour; but there are as a rule frequent trains throughout Germaany and the service

For all the rest of Europe the speed drops to about 30 miles an hour for express trains. Italy is surprisingly slow. It takes the express 965 minutes to go from Turin to Rome, 413 miles, or only 26 miles an hour, though the Milan-Rome express makes nearly 40 mile an hour.

Between Rome and Naples, 155 miles, there are only four or five trains daily, the fastest at 34 miles an hour, while it takes 920 minutes to go 439 miles on the best train from Rome to Brindisi, a rate of less than thirty miles an hour.

The express from Stockholm to Gothenburg, the two large cities of Sweden, barely makes 30 miles an hour.

In the remaining continental countries the trains are even slower.

On the English trains third-class dining-cars are now run in which the same meals are served as in the firstclass coaches, but at considerably lower rates.

Such runs as that between London and Birmingham on the Great Western, a distance of 1291/4 miles, made without stop in 140 minutes, or at the rate of more than 55 miles an hour, are remarkable; for this seems to be about the regular gait of many trains in England.

SPEAKING OF FLOODS.

An old soldier, whose cherished name was that of two of our Presidents, died here in Washington recently, and his passing reminds me of a story I once heard him tell. Vet-eran of '61 as he was he had listened patiently to the very long story a youthful veteran of the Spanish War told. The account of hardships left him unmoved.

"Just after the Johnstown flood, my boy," said he, "there was a man in the next world who went about telling everybody how that Johnstown had sent him where he was.

"His listeners hung on his words— all of them, that is, except a quiet looking little man who seemed so little impressed that every time the Johnstown man got through he merely looked bored and said 'Oh, shucks!'

"The Johnstown man got tired of it after a while. It got on his nerves to have anybody act as if what happened at Johnstown wasn't of any import-No matter how he told his ance. story, the quiet looking little man merely said, 'Oh, shucks.'

"At last the Johnstown man spoke to a fellow who had been there a long time about it.

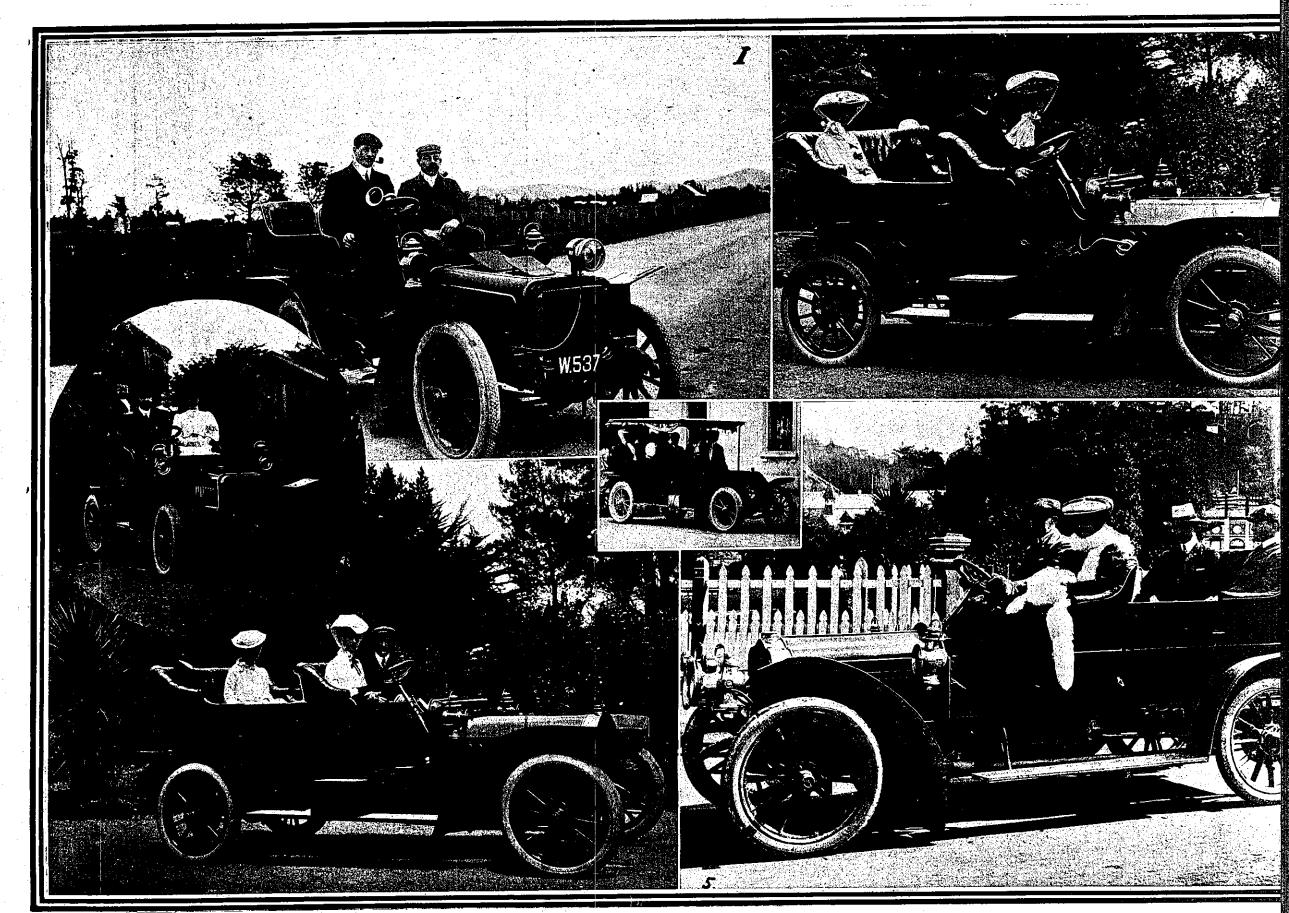
'Say,' said he, 'who is that little

man who keeps saying "shucks?" 'Who?' sa'd the man who had been there a long time. 'Do you mean the fellow over there? Why his name's Noah.'"

Nell: "Yes, she said her husband married her for her beauty. What do

you think of that?"

Belle: "Well, I think her husband must feel like a widower now.



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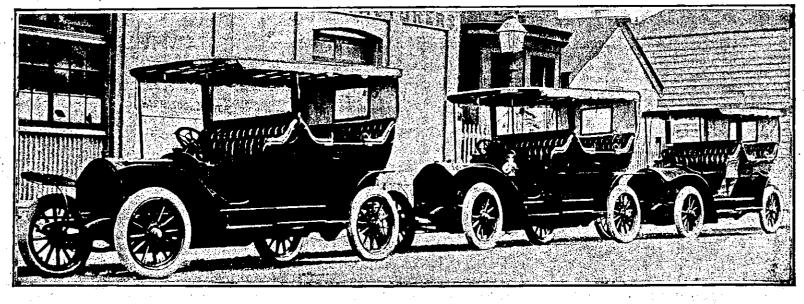
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Who is that?

A Ramble Round the Saddling Paddock.

Some of Auckland's Racing Identities.

(By "The Judge.")

It was a countryman obviously down from the far back blocks. The sort who wanders up and down Queen-street at Show time gazing with his mouth open at the crowds and the buildings, and especially at the trams. Well one day, he had drifted out to El-Seeing the racing from the flat was no use to him, but he must the flat was no use to him, but he must the flat was no use to him, but he must he will be the flat was no use to him, but he must he will be the flat was no use to him, but he must he will be the flat was no use to him, but he must he will be the flat was no use to him, but he must he will be the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he must have the flat was no use to him, but he was n had done in the best part of a thick and was parading the lawn. Knowing not one horse from another it soon appeared that the geegees failed to interest him probably because because they were not suitable for the plough or the dray. However, with him the proper study of mankind was man, and it was speedily evident that if that countryman didn't know everyone in the enclosure worth knowing then it was not for want of asking, for he pumped up questions as easily as mud from a suction dredger. Some time away back in the bush he had come to my rescue when a night in the open looked an odds-on chance, so, although I dodged him for a time, yet it was up to me to give him the glad hand, and having done so I was a goner for the next hour.

"Say, Judge, I can't make out this bally betting at all. When I want to get on a sure thing the machine's closed, and when I get over to a corner to try to lift some boodle from a book he's closed to. I'm referred to the Gaming Act, but I'm dashed if I can make any sense of that. I asked a lawyer chap and he couldn't tell me, and then I tackled a live secretary, but if you please his nibs knew about as much as my aunt's tabbies. I'm full up to the neck of it, so lets' have a drink and you can point me out whose who.

Well there was nothing for it but to make the best of matters, but it was an appalling contrast I'd let myself in

for.
"Whose the Johnnie with the square bowler and the apoplectic face?" he began, as we strolled into te paddock. "Looks like a big gun by the amount of kow-tow he's getting."

What dont you know Sir George? He is the great Whangdoodle, as it Born out here as long ago as '47 and been a sport ever since. at Stonyhurst, in the South Island, when he's at home, and breeds Shropshire Down sheep like an artist. Breeds and runs his own horses, and runs them to win every time. That's why the blue and gold chequers are so popular. They've come home in front on a lot of good horses too. There was Stonyhurst who won the C.J.C. Derby in 85, and Maligner, Treadmill, Quarryman, Glenogle, Cannie Chiel, Windwhistle, and a host of others, while some are running at this meeting. Sir George is the Racing Conference, or, rather is president, which is much the same thing.

"There's a cove over there talking to a boy in a yellow jacket and black

cap."
"What! Not know Mr. Gee Gee Stead. I could tell you lots about him if I had a week or two to spare, but I He's from the country of broad acres with a dash of the Scotch to leaven the Yorkshire. You wouldn't think it to look at him now, but he used to be no slouch in the saddle at one time. He's the boss rooster of the C.J.C., having joined as long ago as 1872, and since that time he has run more winners than any man south of the line. 1 couldn't even try to tell you the names of the horses he's owned as it would load up a three volume novel, but perhaps the best were Lochiel, Maxim, Cruciform, Menschikoff and Multiform. I saw the former beat Abner in the Newmarket Handicap at Flemington, and they whispered at the time that G. G. lifted a heavy swag from the pencil-Lochiel was the horse that broke the ring in the N.Z. Cup of '87, when it is said that the owner hadn't a red cent on the nag. He doesn't bet nowadays, and seems to have given up the habit of winning every classic event going."

"Who is the man in the grey suit and the soft hat. He's wearing a worried look, but seem popular enough." "Why, that's Secretary Hartland, the man at the tiller at this meeting.'

"You don't say, why, I expected a shiny bell-toper, frock coat and patent

leathers at the very least. 'No, style's not his strong suit, but

he gets there all right when it comes to biz. The committee don't require to be always watching the rails when Hartland's at the lever." "There's a fellow over there, who

seems to have got a down on the jockeys. Keeps on yelling 'Get out.' mean the bloke with the happy smile and the emponpoint, to say nothing of the flower in his button-hole.

Not know Freddy Yonge why I thought everyone knew him. He's a sort of general secretary to the universe. It's all one to him if it's a race meeting, or a trot, or a gymkana, or a boxing match. When a secre-'s wanted, Freddy's on deck. Reckon he's one of the most popular men here to-day. Everybody likes him, and—I'il let you into a secret—he dispenses the lunch tickets."
"Here comes an avoirdupois sort of

Johnnie with a holland suit and a come-and-have-a-drink sort of air, who'se he any way?"

What! Not know the doctor, well, well. At least they hope so when they see him. He's no end of a sport -really knows a horse from a donkey and is around when the flag flies Doctor,' wanted in the casualty ward." Spends his spare time keeping the steamers waiting, and also is a theatrical critic of the deepest dye. At least the evenings when he's not found occupying a box are not worth

"The tall sombre-looking man is Mr. Robert Wynyard. I doubt if he would know himself by that name, however, for everybody calls him "Bob," and that in itself is the hall mark of popularity. And in this case the hall mark is no fraud for the Takapuna secretary-you know he runs those pleasant little fixtures at the Shore—is a real good sort, although with some it may be a case of 'you've got to know him first.' Next please."

"Here' the man for my money," said my rustic old Man of the Sea. "Now I'll bet he's a champion florist from the sweet pea garden in his buttonhole."

"Florist be hanged, but you're half right for he's a champion all right, a champion billiard expert, a champion bowler, and a champion good fel-Why, that's Bill Lyons, low. the straightest man that ever called the odds. He's been on deck for some time now, and he knows all there is in the game and plays it fair every time. If all the selfstyled too-good-for-this-world folk did as much we shouldn't have so many exasperating spoil sports meddling around. Those who are everlastingly running down the books might do worse than follow Bill's example and play the game.

Here's another one with a dream of a flower garden in his coat and a general air of knowing what's what. Who's he?"

"What! Not know the Judge, why I thought Bob Lusk was known all over Auckland. He was an athlete in gone by. a perfect dandy over aays It hardly seems seventeen hurdles.

years since I saw him win the Championship of Australasia at Sydney. He was the right bower when it came to football, too, and he has represented the province on several occasions, notably against Stoddard's team in '88. Bob is not too bad at the wickets either, and even now taps them about for Parnell. His father, Major Lusk, bred Winnie, the dam of Record Reign, and Bob has been fond of the game all his life. A real good judge he has proved himself.

"Who is the old buffer on horse-back with the Dundreary whiskers and the my-teeth-are-my-own smile?"

"Oh, come off it, you can't mean you don't know Arthur Selby. Why, he's a typical huntsman of the old school, a veritable John Peel with a record Nimrod would not have been ashamed The Clerk of the Course was born way back in '45 and has hunted ever What's more he still goes since. straight as the crow flies. He's been associated with the Pakuranga Hounds for fourteen years, and it would be a blank day when he was not out with the old pack. He owned that fine 'chaser Nor'-West, whose sensational victory and death took place at the Spring meeting. Do you remember that onetime popular song, "The place where the old horse died." Apply the words here and see how the cap fits."

Isn't that the Hon. E. Mitchelson?" "Certainly, the very identical. I thought you would surely know the President. Everybody does, so I suppose I can't tell you anything about him. A real good man with one weakness. Ask the books what that is and you'll soon find out."

"You can't tell me that you don't know Harry Gorrie. Well it's a sure proof that you and Ellerslie are stran-Should have thought you gers. would have tumbled across him at Buckland's every Friday. He's a Pakuranga Hunt Club man, and a Vice-President and a steward and a treasurer, and the lord knows what beside. These racing clubs know a good thing when they see it, so it's a case of-get Gorrie."

There's a little cove I've noticed dodging about the paddock, when he's not riding Noah's original pony that he took into the Ark. I mean the sadfaced tourist in the knickers."

"Ha! ha! ha! He's no bally tourist. That's Charlie O'Connor, the best starter, bar none, in the colonies today, and that means the wide, wide world, for from all accounts the starting in England is not worth shucks. It would be a good idea to send Charlie home to show them how. We wouldn't hear so much about the failure of the starting gate."

"Here, come and have a said my tormentor, "for I'm beginning to see double. Is that one man over there or is it two?"

"Why you chump, those are the Duder Bros. the straightest sports-

"Yes, that's all right, but which is which?"

"Well one's Robert and one's Richard, but which is which would puzzle Sherlock Holmes. One time they both were going a bit short in front and required sticks or crutches to hobble about with, and then I'm bothered if anyone could tell t'other from It doesn't matter much because both are such good sports and good fellows. Robert used to run like deer and over any distance, while Richard was not exactly a beginner at the game. The brothers have owned some good horses in their time, perhaps the best of which were Brigadier They've got some Cuirassier. here to-day, and that one over there is Devonport, who should win the but there, let's have that drink you were bleating about before I run foul of that dashed idiotic Gaming and say things. Mine's

A FISH OUT OF WATER.

The climbing perch (Anabas scandens) is a remarkable example found in Asia. This singular creature appears much like other perch, but is endowed with an extraordinary power of leaving failing streams, climbing banks, and proceeding over dry land in quest of better filled watercourses.

Hundreds of them have been seen at a distance of fifty or sixty yards from a pool just abandoned, and travelling, though the ground was so rough that this distance must have required sufficient muscular exertion to take them half a mile over level ground.

Some writers even assert that this fish is capable of climbing the rough stems of palm-trees. The fishermen of the Ganges, who subsist largely on climbing perch, are accustomed to keep them in dry earthen pans for five or six days after catching, and they live this strange life without discomfort.

WHAT HE GOT OUT OF IT.

He never took a day of rest,

He couldn't afford it;
He never had his trousers pressed,
He couldn't afford it;
He never went away, care-free,
To visit distant lands, to see
How fair a place this world might be—
He couldn't afford it.

He never went to see a play,
He couldn't afford it;
His love for at he put away,
He couldn't afford it.
He died and left his heirs a lot,
But no tall shaft proclaims the spot
In which he lies—his children thought
They couldn't afford it,
—"Chicago Record-Herald."

'Twas not for want of breath he died,
But rather that he misapplied
The ample breath he had, I wot.
Before he went to bed that night
He witlessly blew out the light,
The gas escaped; the man did not.

* * *

They dined all alone at 8:8. On oysters they dined and 8.8, And he asked his dear K8 To tell him his f8. When they 8 t8-a-t8 at 8:8.

Soon after the Civil War, General Ingalls, U.S.A., visited a friend in the Taking a walk one morning he met a boy coming up from the river with a fine string of fish.

"What will you take for your fish?"

"What will you can asked the general.
"Thirty cents," was the reply.
"Thirty cents!" repeated the general asked the general why, if you are three were in New York you could get three dollars for them."

The boy looked critically at the officer for a moment, and then said, scornfully:

"Yes, suh; er, I reckon if I had a bucket of water in hell I could get a million for it."

"Mama, did you love to flirt when you were young?"

"I am afraid I did, dear." "And were you ever punished for

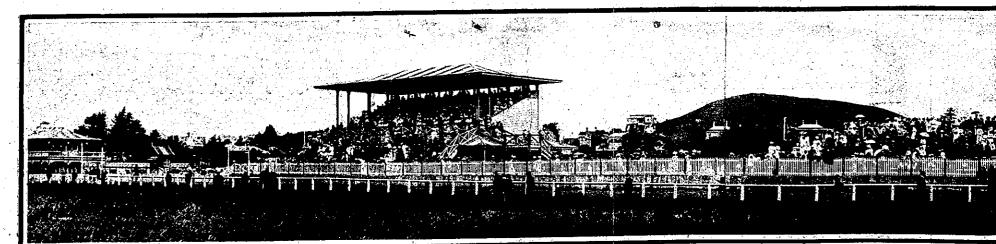
it mama?"
"Cruelly, dear. I married your father."

The following story is told by the Chinese Minister at Washington:

"There was a Chinaman who had three dogs. When he came home one evening he found them asleep on his couch of teakwood and marble. whipped them and drove them forth.

"The next night, when he came home, the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch and found it warm from their bodies. Therefore, he gave them another whipping.

"The third night, returning earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch blowing on it to cool it."



Wordering on the Humorous.

When a young man is lovesick he wants his beloved to sit up with him every night.

The happiest moment in life is when she says "Yes;" the next happiest is when he says, "Would you like the tooth to take home with you?"

You can't always judge a man by his clothes; but you can, sometimes, get some idea of him by his wife's

There once was a giddy young chamois.

Who went for a walk with his mam-

When she said, "My dear child I fear you are wild,

The wicked young goat exclaimed, "Damois!"

Mrs. Jones.—I suppose marriage is a lottery?

Mrs Bickers .- Oh! I don't know. I consider it a game of skill.

Mrs. Peck .-- Before we were married you vowed you would die for me.
Poor Henry Peck (with surprising spirit).—Well, this is a living death!

"I warn you," said the old gypsy, solemnly, "that an enemy will cross your path."

"Oh, ho!" laughed the scorcher, scornfully; "if he's going to cross my

path, you'd better warn him!"

Gasleton.-Her husband claims to have perfect control over her! Grimshaw.—Yes? suppose he can

make her do anything she chooses?

A wag who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision dealer, said, "Can you supply me with

a yard of pork?"
"John," said the dealer to his assistant "give this gentleman three pig's feet."

Too many men with bright futures before them are walking backward.

Probably Adam would never have got married if he had had to stand up in church with a frock-coat on before one thousand people and go through a ten-minute ceremony that seemed like two hours.

It is a cool frying-pan that a man will not jump out of in order to test the temperature of the fire.

The peculiarity of the pavement which is made of good intentions is that the travelling becomes faster as the material wears out.

It is doubtful whether the fountain pen is mightier than the sword

When it is considered how much fight a pugilist can talk without injury it is hard to realize that his jaw is his most vulnerable point.

Perkins.—Brown started out a year ago to hunt for a wife.
Jorkins.—Did he get one?
Perkins.—Well, not exactly; one got

We should feel better disposed toward some of our neighbours if their fathers had been the last of their race.

The trouble with the average prodigal is that he won't stay at home after he returns.

No mouse is superstitious enough to believe that a black cat brings good luck.

"Talk of opening oysters," said old Hurricane, "why, nothing's easier, if you only know how."

"And how's how?" inquired Star-

And how's how?" inquired Star-

light.
"Scotch snuff," answered old Hurricane, very sententiously. "Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses and they'll sneeze their lids off."

"I know a genius," observed Meister Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico-sometimes a legend of his loves—sometimes a marvellous stock operation in Wall Street.

"As he proceeds the 'natives' get interested—one by one they gape with astonishment at the tremendous and direfu! whoppers which are poured forth, and as they sape my friend whips them out, peppers' em, and

"That'll do," said Starlight, with a long sigh. I wish we had a bushel of bivalves here now, they'd open

In a hunter's camp different men began to unfold their yarns. Among others a Kentuckian said he once shot a buck in such a way that the bullet after hitting the right ear, passed through the heel of the right hind Jeering and laughter greeted the story.

"Brown." called the Kentuckian to

"Brown." called the Kentuckian to companion, "tell these fellows if what I say is not as true as gospel!"
"Why, yes," replied the other, "I saw it myse'f. You see, gentlemen, when he pulled the trigger of his rifle, the buck was just scratching his head guith his back." head with his hoof."

Then he whispered to his friend: "That was a narrow escape. Another time don't lie so far apart."— New York Times."

Two commercial travellers, one from London and one from New York, were discussing the weather in their respective countries.

The Englishman said that English weather had one great fault—its sudden changes.

"A person may take a walk one day," he said, "attired in a light summer suit and still feel quite warm. Next day he needs an overcoat."

"That's nothing." said the American. "My two friends, Johnston and

Jones, were once having an argument. There were eight or inches of snow on the ground."
"The argument got heated,

Johnston picked up a snowball threw it at Jones from a distance of not more than five yards. During the transit of that snowball believe me or not, as you like, the weather suddenly changed and became hot and summerlike, and Jones, instead of being hit with a snowball, was—er—scalded with hot water!"—" Tit-Bits."

Settin' on a log
An' fishin,'
An' watchin', the cork, An' wishin'.

Jus' settin' round home
An' sighin',
Jus' settin' round home—
An' lyin'.

"Have you ever thought darling, of what epitaph you would like to have on your grave?"

Husband: "Nothing complicated, my love; merely the words 'Alone at last!"—"Le Rire."

"The average chronic liar has the luck of a boy who enlisted and went to the Philippines. This boy, whenever he wanted money, would write home from Manila something like this:

"'Dear Father,—I have lost another leg in a stiff engagement, and am in hospital without means. Kindly send 200 dollars at once.

"To the last letter of this sort that the boy wrote home, he received the following answer:

"'Dear Son,-As, according to your letters, this is the fourth leg you have lost, you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try and hobble along on any others you may have left."

An Irishman got employment to carry bricks to the top of a scaffold. When he came up with the first load, not being accustomed to that sort of work, he asked the bricklayer, "How am I to get down?"

"Why, go down the same way as

you came up," was the reply.
"No fear," replied Pat, "I came up head first."

"John, dear, hadn't you been drinking when you came in last night." "That's just like a woman. Just because I had some difficulty in getting in. Because I couldn't pro-nounce a few words. Because I took off my clothes in the drawing-room, and wore my silk hat to bed, you rush off to the conclusion that I had been drinking."

When the late Baron Bramwell was on circuit at the judge's dinner there was present a learned Q.C., who did ample justice to all the good things on the table. The cloth having been removed, "I always think, my lord," said the learned counsel, "that after a good dinner a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm." "Oh. no, sir; oh, no, by no means," replied the Baron, smiling; "it is the uncertain quantity that does the mis-

A southern humorist sums up the new Gaming Act: "Twenty-six years ago Parliament legalised the State Gambling Machine to put down the bookmaker; the other day Parliament legalised the bookmaker to put down gambling! Yet people say their is no humour in Parliament."

"We don't like the milk we get in Cannes" said the millionaire who was spending the winter abroad.

"Then why not have some shipped from Cowes?" inquired the humorist, with a hoarse laugh.

A bicycle policeman of the same nationality appeared against a man he had arrested for fast riding.
"How fast was he going?" asked

the judge. "Pretty fast," answered the police-

'As fast as a man can run?" "Yis, your honor, he was going as

You know Smith used to pay marked attention to Miss Jones. has ceased paying attention to her."

"How is that?" "They're married."

"Have you been 'gymming,' Ber-

"Yeth; an' getting stwong. Cawn't woll a cigawette now without bweaking the papah." 'Stunning!

Mr Jay: Was it a quiet wedding? Mrs Jay: Of course. You didn't expect they would quarrel before the clergyman, did you?

"Barney's wooden leg has been paining 'im of late," said Scholes to his wife.

"How can that be?" asked Mrs

Scholes irritably.
"Mrs Barney has been thrashing 'im with it," was the explanation.

"Is Mike Clancy here?" asked the visitor at the quarry, just after the premature explosion.

"No, sor," replied Costigan; "he's gone.

For good?"

"Well, sor, he wint in that direction."—"Tit Bits."

She: "Don't you think a man ought to tell his wife everything?" He: "No; only as much as he

wants the neighbours to know."

Two Frenchmen who had quarrelled agreed that their wrongs could only be settled by a duel. So early one morning they repaired to the railway station, bound for a small village just outside Paris.

"A return ticket to F.," said the first at the booking office.
"Single for me," said the second

man quetly.

"Ah," exclaimed the first, "you are afraid you won't come back, are you?

As for me, I always take a return."

"I never do," said the other. "I alway take the return half from my victim's pocket."

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

The origin of the tale of Mary, who had the little lamb, is interesting. The owner of the lamb was Mary Elizabeth Sawyer, a girl of Massachusetts.

The lamb, who was an orphan, followed its mistress to school one day, and a young student called Rawlston wrote the verses, and gave them to Miss Sawyer a day or two later. Rawlston died soon afterwards, unaware of the immortal character of his poem.

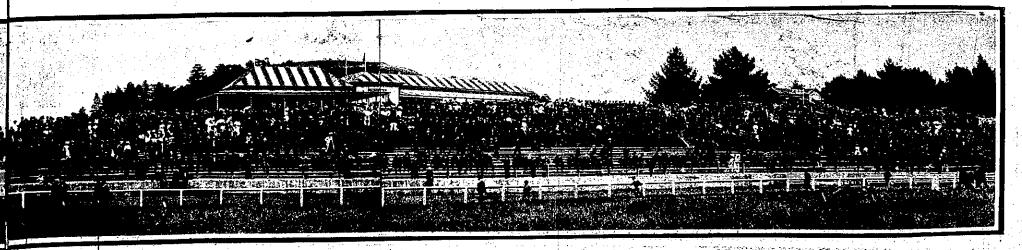
The lamb lived for many years, and was finally killed by a cow. The Waikato train as usual crawled

along and then stopped dead.
"Guard," shouted a humorous pas-

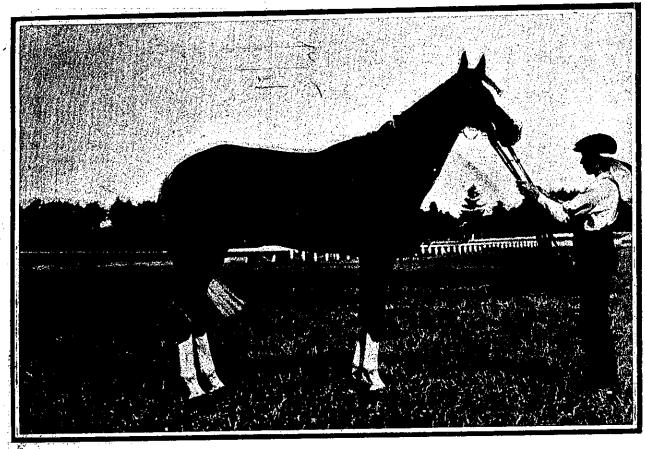
senger, "may I get out and pick some flowers?" "Afraid you won't find many about said the guard, good-humorhere,"

edly. "Oh, there'll be heaps of time," re-

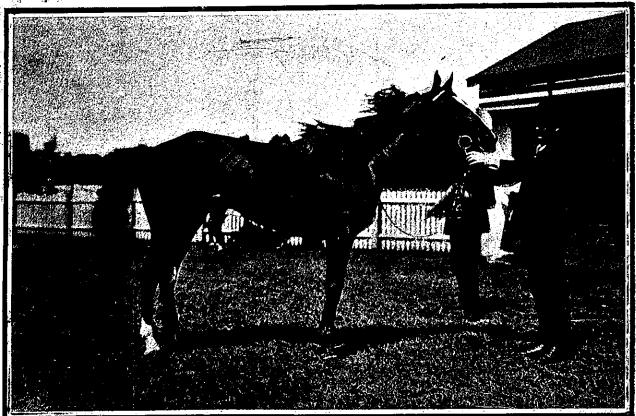
plied the jovial one, "I've brought a et of seeds.



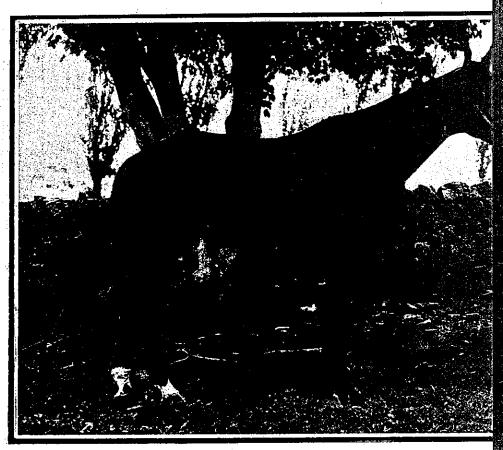
SOME OF THE AUCKLAND CUP HORSES.



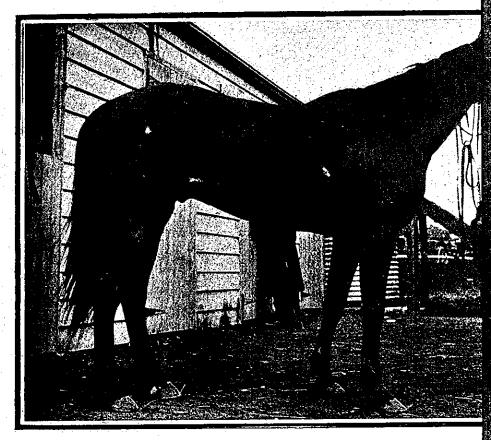
Chestnut colt DOWNFALL (San Francisco-Cantatrice), 7st. 6lbs.



Chestnut mare URANIUM (Leolantis—Brownle), 8st, 2lbs,

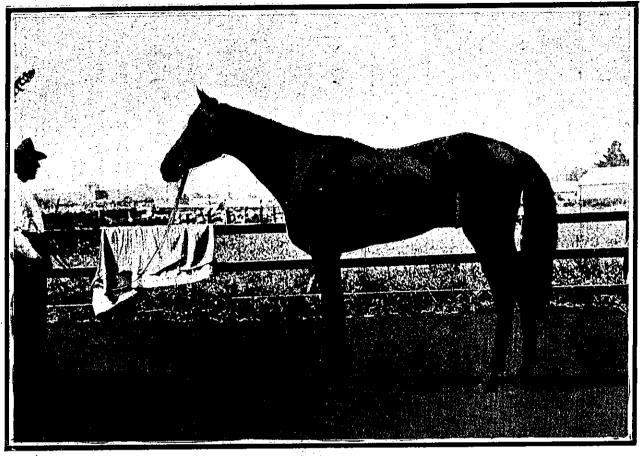


Bay horse ZIMMERMAN (Birkenhead—Solitaire), 8st. 4lbs

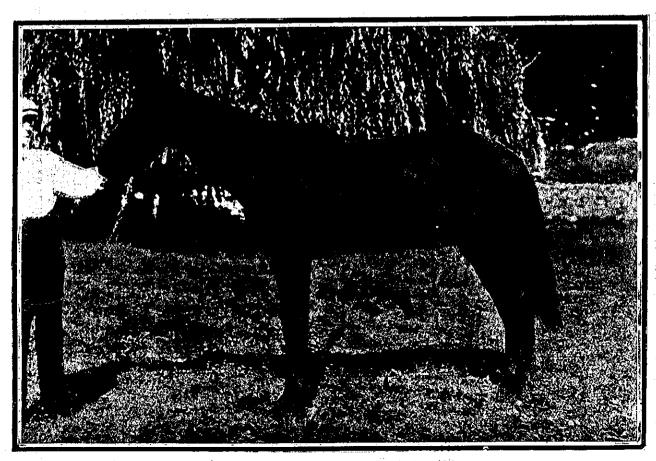


Bay gelding PARITUTU (Castor—Yattaghan), 7st. 13lbs.

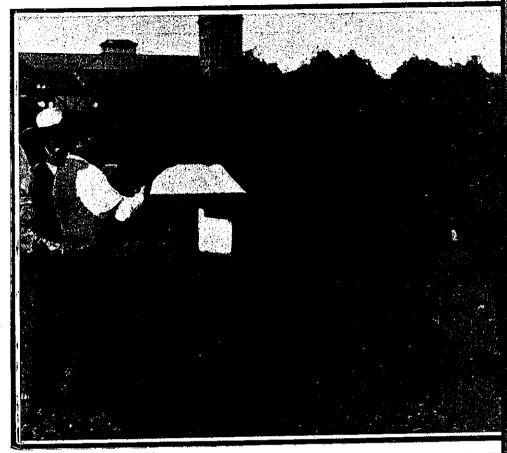
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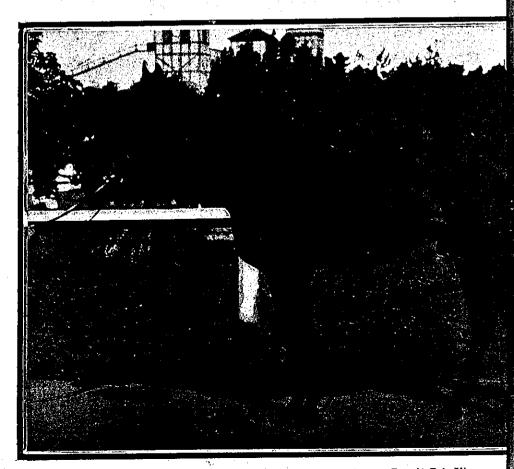
Chestnut colt BONNY GLEN (Stepnlak-Crest), 7st. 8lbs.



Black horse MAHUTA (Mahaki-Spring); 7st. 12lbs.



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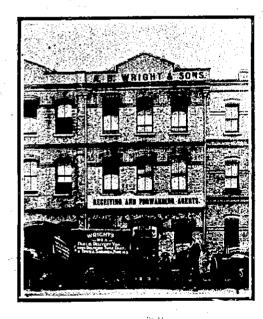
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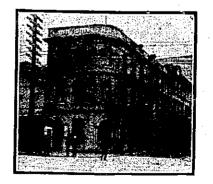
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Kapitaua.

A STORY OF THE BEAN ROCK.

(By Phillip Walsh.)

CHAPTER I.

It was about four or five generations ago-a little while before the Pakehas came to the country, when, as there were no law courts or magistrates, or policemen, the Maoris had to manage their own affairs as well as they could that a great chief lived in a pa built on a high point running out from the Orakei Peninsula. He had several wives, as was fitting for a man of his rank, and one of them had an only child, a fine boy about ten or twelve years old.

For some reason or other—or per-haps for no reason at all—the chief had an unconquerable dislike to the boy, so much so that he made up his mind to get rid of him on the first convenient opportunity. After thinking over several plans, none of which seemed suitable, an idea struck him one day when all the women were away at work on the taro patch in a gully some distance off out of sight. He told the boy that he was going fishing, as the schnapper would be coming up with the rising tide, and that if he liked he might come with him. The little fellow was, of course, only too delighted at the prospect of the excursion. So getting into the canoe they headed off towards a rocky shoal named Kapitaua, which lies in the middle of the channel, about half-way over towards Rangi-toto. The spot is bare at low water, but ere the time they reached it the tide was beginning to flow over the rocks, and in a few hours they would be covered to a depth of four or five feet. Here the chief landed the boy in spite of his cries and struggles, and telling him he might remain where he was, he paddled home again as if nothing was the matter.

As the evening approached the women came straggling over the hill, when the mother soon missed her son. She asked the father if he had seen him, and he replied that he had seen him, and he replied that he had gone along the beach with the other boys. He expected they had gone for a swim, and he would no doubt turn up at supper-time, if the sharks had not eaten him. It did not matter, however, he said, as the boy was no good, and was always getting into mischief, and sooner or later he would be sure to come to a bad end.

The mother waited to hear no more. Darting down to the shore, she ran along the edge of the water, calling and calling for the child, and fancying in every piece of drifted wood and tangled seaweed seen through the fading light, that she recognised the lifeless form of her darling tamaiti (child). It was all no use. The only answers to her cries were the scream of some startled seabird, and the echoes from the hollow cliffs. So at last, sinking down in sheer bodily exhaustion, she abandoned herself to a wild delirium of grief. There she sat, her passion gradually giving way to the dullness of despair, when—hark! a sound is wafted over the water in the still night air. It is repeated, and seems like a cry of distress. As she listens, her senses strung to the acutest tension, she thinks she recognizes the voice, which appears to come from the direction of the tidal reef.

In an agony of hope and fear she runs to where a small canoe is lying on the beach. This she manages to launch, and with lightning strokes of the paddle soon reaches the spot, just in time to rescue the boy. The water was already over his waist, and he was scarcely able to keep his footing, as the swell occasionally lifted him off the bottom.

As she helped the poor little fellow into the canoe she took in the whole situation in a flash. To bring him To bring him back to Orakei would be only to give his father another opportunity. So quietly coasting along the shore, she landed at a pa near the mouth of the Tamaki river, where she had some friends; and telling the people what had occurred, she begged them to keep him in hiding until she could send him away to a brother of her own, a powerful chief in the Waikato. This was all managed without difficulty, and his uncle, who received him kindly, gave him the name of Kapitaua, in memory of his adventure on the rock.

In the meantime, the woman contrived to get home without her absence having been noticed. To avoid suspicion, she mourned for her son as

dead, cutting off her hair, and scoring her arms and breast with sharp flakes of tuhua (volcanic glass), as was customary in cases of severe bereave-But in time the hair grew again, and the scars healed over, and after a while the incident was forgotten by all but the mother herself, and perhaps by the father, though he said nothing about it. What after all was a boy more or les? Had it been a fighting man it would have been a different thing altogether.

A fighting man? But, taihoa, wait

CHAPTER II.

Young Kapitaua found a congenial home among the warlike tribe in the Waikate. He was a robust and fearless youth and soon outstripped all his companions in the various games and contests that exercised the lambs and trained the eye of the future warriors. Under the tutelage of some of the old veterans with whom he was always a favourite, he became versed in all the secrets of the bush, and learned how to handle the slender pigeon spear, to snare the kaka, and steal a march on the ever-watchful duck, and as he grew to manhood and accompanied the tauas (war parties) that went out in the fighting season to keep themselves in practice and wipe off old scores, he always acquitted himself with credit, and generally managed to bring home a trophy or two in the shape of the head of some chief he had slain with his own hand, which he dried in the smoke and put up on a pole in front of his

By degrees he came to be talked about, and his name was mentioned among the neighbouring tribes as that of a coming man. On one occasion of he was given command of an expedimore than usual importance, when tion against a strongly-fortifled pa he displayed such cleverness in his plan of campaign and such vigour in its execution that, henceforth, he took front rank among the leading warriors of the tribe.

This gave him the opportunity of carrying out a scheme he had long cherished in his thoughts, which was nothing less than that of exacting utu for the indignity that had been put on him in his boyhood. He confided his intention to his uncle, who at once gave his approval, and furnished him with a party of three or four hundred men, all youg and active warriors, eager for adventure and burning to wipe out the insult which, according Maori ideas, was spread over the whole tribe.

With these he set out on his journey, and for several days the party marched along in single file, winding like a monster centipede, over fernclad ranges, through tangled forest and across broad rivers and bottomless swamps. But what are rivers and swamps to men going for utu? At length they arrived at Orakei, timing their approach so as to reach the pa shortly after dark. Halting under cover of the manuka scrub some little distance off, they waited for a while to see whether there was any sign of alarm on behalf of the garrison. In spite of the darkness they could distinguish the lofty fortifications, rising terrace above terrace against the star-lit sky, each surrounded by a strong palisading, which protected the rows of raupo whares within. Everything seemed to be propitious. According to native custom the people had all retired to the shelter of the fort, and, doubtless, by this time most of them were fast asleep for the night. The only sign of life was a murmuring sound of voices in the direction of a dim light that shone through the entrance gate.

Bidding his followers to keep themselves concealed, yet to be ready in case of emergency, Kapitaua went on by himself to make a closer observation. As he was about to cross a little creek just below the bluff on which the pa was built, his foot struck against something which proved to be an empty calabash, and without any definite object in view, he filled it with water and carried it up the steep path towards the gate. Approaching slowly and cautiously, he managed at last to reach the shelter of the fence, where through the interstices of the palisading he got a view of the marae, or large courtyard, which formed the common meeting place of the tribe. A fire was burning on the ground, and around it were seated in concentric circles a number of men, chiefly of the rangatira class. engaged in an animated discussion of the thousand things that made up a warrior's life in those days.

After he had waited awhile he heard a chief calling for someone to fetch him a drink, and the dark figure of a young man passed out through

the gate. This was his opportunity. Handing him the calabash, he contrived to slip in alter him unobserved, This was his opportunity. and keeping out of the light, he seat ed himself amongst the outer row where his face could not be seen. The conversation flowed on in an incessant stream. One topic suggested another, and when that was threshed out something else turned up. Be-ginning to wonder what sort of a predicament he would find himself in, he at last heard his own name mention-

ed.
"Who is this Kapitaua, this wonderful toa (hero) that everybody is talking about?" "Where does he belong to? What is he like?" said one after another.

"He is like me," said a handsome young athlete, springing to his feet and shining in the light of the fire like a beautiful whakapakoko (carved fig-

"Like you!" answered a brawny "Like you!" answered a blawly glant, with a broad smile of contempt. "Like you!" he said, as he drew himself up to his full height, and squared back his masive shoulders. "Like you! Why, you are only a tamaiti; Kapitaua is a man. He must be more fike me if all they tell about him is

The personal turn which the conversation had assumed gave promise of some lively developments. How the debate would have been settled it is hard to say, as at this juncture Kapitaua himself, who had managed to push forward towards the inner circle, suddenly rose into sight, as he exclaimed:

"Ko Kapitaua tenei!" "Here is Kapitaua himself, and he is come to claim his utu."

Before the assembly had recovered from the first shock of surprise and had time to consider whether the apparition was not the result of some practical joke, another actor appeared on the scene in the shape of the kaumatua (the head chief) himself. The old man had been reclining in the porch of the big carved whare rananga (meetinghouse) close by, whence he could easily see and hear all that was passing in the marae. Wrapped in his thoughts, he had taken little interest in the conversation so long as it had dealt with the usual commonplace matters, but on hearing the claim for utu in connection with the name of the spot in which he had committed his unnatural crime, he grasped the situation in an instant, and catching up his mere he rushed out

"Where is Kapitaua that I may kill him?

But his son was too quick for him. With a gesture of defiance he shout-

ed:
"Tenei ahau. Patua!" "Here I am; kill me if you can!" and with a single bound he was away through the gate with the whole crowd swarming

They did not get far, however, as the young Waikato warriors, who had been gradually crawling up towards the pa, made a rush when they heard the shout, and falling on them with mere and patu chopped them all down in less time than it takes to tell it. They then entered the pa, and going from terrace to terrace, and from whare to whare, they slaughtered man, woman, and child before the most of them knew that there was an enemy at their gates.

Then came the song of victory, and the dancing of the haka, when the solid rock shook with the measured stamp of the hundreds of warriors, and the sky was red with the fires in the hangis, as they were heated for the bodies of the slain to be ready for the great feast on the morrow.

Thus Kapitaua had his utu. only individual whom he spared was his mother, and after he had cut off his father's head and stuck it on a tall spear over the entrance gate, he and the venerable old lady sat down to-gether with their noses pressed, in a close embrace. And they mingled their tears in a long and mournful tangi as their thoughts went over all that had happened since they had been parted so many years before. And by and bye, when the ovens had been covered up and the warriors lain down to rest, the moon rose over the pa strewn with dead, and marked with a silver ripple where the tide flowed over the spot on which all the trouble

had begun.
"This," said the Maori who told the tale, "is the story of Kapitaua, and that is the name of the rock where the Pakehas have built the 'lighthouse on legs' (the Bean Rock Light) to show the ships the way into Auckland at

The main facts of this story are a matter of history. Kapitaua and his companions retained possession of the pa, and became the ancestors of the present inhabitants of Orakei.

"THE SCAMP"

A RACING RHYME.

(By "Tuarangi," Thames.) (By "Tuarangi," Thames.)
We bought him from a drover who was passing thro' the eamp,
Out of Mischief by Traducer, we christened him The Scamp.
For a month or two Ned schooled him over fairly stiffish jumps;
Then said 'twas his opinion that The Scamp would turn up trumps.

When we finished up our contract, we were fencing Graball's run.

We took him down to Napier, where we meant to have some fun

At a Napier Winter Meeting, which was fixed that year for June.

We guesser The Scamp would make em play a pretty lively tune.

We entered for the Maiden and Open
Hurdle Races,
Ned said he thought we'd better not
attempt the Steeplechases.
I backed our horse, I tell you, for a
rather biggish sum,
For Ned was going to ride him, and I
knew he'd make things hum.

Well, I knocked about the stables, and I got a tip or two,
And heard some marvellous stories of what "The Ghost" could do.
A big upstanding chestnut, by The Spectre out of Spook,
Owned by a good old sport—I heard his name was Charlie Brooke.

Another one worth watching was a mare they called The Nun.
Ned thought he held her safe, although we'd never seen her run.
The only other starters were a pair of Maori weeds;
You know the kind of cattle that the Maori mostly breeds.

The Scamp, I should have told you, was a brilliant golden bay,
And he shone like burnished metal when he stripped to run that day.
A long, low horse, deep chested, with no end of power behind,
A handsome head, wide nostrils, with fiery eyes, yet kind.

But the public didn't back him, The horse they fancied most
Was the son of Spook and Spectre, Charlie Brooke's big chestnut,
Ghost.

The bookies looked upon us as a pair of country mugs, could tell that by their knowing nods, sly winks, and shoulder shrugs.

This made me feel so savage that I plunged on poor old Scamp
Till I knew if he was beaten I should be a bust-up tramp.
When the starter set 'em going, The Nun shot out ahead;
Next came the two outsiders; then The Scamp, hard held by Ned.

The Ghost just took things easy with his long and sweeping stride, And the plucky jock who steered him, I could see knew how to ride.

The Nun was pulling double when they swept before the stand,
And the way she took the hurdles—at a fly—was simply grand.

On they went, till near the cutting, where the two oursiders fell;
But they didn't smash the hurdle, which I thought was just as well.
Then The Ghost passed Ned, and collared the fiery little Nun.
And, to hear his backers shouting, you'd have thought the brute had won.

The Scamp crept up behind them; Ned had him well in hand.

As they neared another hurdle, the second from the stand—

The leaders rose together, but The Nun struck hard and fell;

How our horse just cleared her rider, you should hear Ned Malcolm tell.

The pace had been a caution for the last half-mile or so.
And The Ghost, by srr lengths leading, with a furlong still to go.
How the people roared and shouted when The Scamp set sail in chase, Though no one ever doubted but The Ghost would win the race.

But I, myself, felt certain that he hadn't won it yet. How that glorious struggle thrilled me is a thing I can't forget. Our horses still full of running, was gaining every stride, And I knew that Ned meant business when he settled down to ride.

The Ghost was falt'ring slightly, and when his rider tried
To lift him at the hurdle, he baulked, refused, and shied.
The Scamp just cleared it nicely, and I thought the race was won,
When a shepherd's long-haired collie right between his legs must run.

The Scamp came down a cropper, and I

reckoned we were grass'd.

When Smith pulled The Ghost together, cleared the jump, and galloped past.
But Ned was up like lightning, and, leaping on his back,
Set The Scamp once more a-going close more a-going close The Scamp once more a-behind the Napier crack.

Then The Nun dashed up behind him, and they galloped side by side,
But our horse soon shook her off when he had got into his stride.
I tried to cheer, but couldn't—excitement struck me dumb,
And my blessed heart was beating like a blooming "army" drum,

Scamp was travelling like a rocket when he passed the paddock gate. Where he caught and passed the chestnut about half-way up the straight. Lord; how the public cheered him when he passed the winning post; That's how we took the bookies down and beat the blooming Ghost.

Mr. Grouty (triumphantly).-That rheumatism cure Aunt Fanny recommended didn't do me a bit of good, and I knew it wouldn't!

Mrs. Grouty.-What did you take it

for, then? Mr. Grouty-Just to show Aunt Fanny that she doesn't know every-



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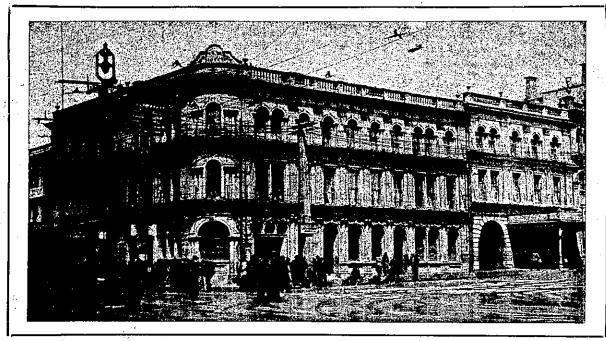


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On a False Scent.

By F. D'A. C. DE L'ISLE.

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The winter evening had closed in rapidly, and outside the weather was clear, crisp and cold. In the drawing-room at Te Nui the large back log burnt bravely, with the cheering crackle and sputter of a squadron on the firing line; the blinds had not yet been drawn, for the housemaid had not as yet appeared to light the lamp, and but for the blaze from the fire the room would have been in darkness.

A tall man, booted and bearded and burned to a brick, lay lazily stretched out in a big, soft-cushioned armchair by the fire. He was looking curiously at the broad, symmetrical back of a man seated at the farther end of the room, at a piano, playing softly a seductive bass movement reminiscent of "The old folks at home." The player was breeched, booted, and also His hands gleamed snowspurred. white in the sparkle of the huge rata log and the end of his curly moustache silhouetted a giant shadow on the white wall above the piano. There was witchery in the magic of his fingers, for, though but an indifferent instrumentalist, there was soul Probyne's music; and the plaintive melody, pronounced yet subdued in the bass where the air rolled out, stirred his listeners more than a

"Probyne," suddenly said the third man in the room, "for heaven's sake sing us a hunting song. You will give me the blue-devils if you go on with that!"

The speaker sat right back from the He was fire, in the darkest corner. glad of it, for Acland Bourke had tears in his eyes, that he would not have had his rival see for anything.

'Right you are, ord man!" replied the hunter-poet of New Zealand. Here's one the idea of which I got from dear old Harry Crawford."

A few brilliant arpeggios, a carefully-modulated change of key, and the player trolled out his hunting song in a rich, merry, jovial voice:

When the air is keen and bracing, And the dappled darlings racing To the front, across the meadows, going strong; Ride your line, and ride to keep it, Never mind the wire, leap it, Send 'em along, my boys. Send 'em along'

along! d'em along through field and fur-

Over bush, and burn, and burrow; Such rare moments seldom last for

very long;
With your horses pulling double,
Banish thoughts of grief or trouble,
Send 'em along, boys! Send 'em along!
Send 'em along!

"Yoicks! Whoo-whoop! Worry! Worry! Worry!" the bearded listener in the chair, leaping to his feet as if electrified.

"Send 'em along! Tally-ho! Gone away! Gone away! Gone away! Go ne away!" screamed Bourke hysterically from his dark corner.

While the second verse was in progress three ladies in riding habits walked quickly on to the verandah and looked in through the big French window.

"Mr. Probyne at the plano, Jim, and Mr. Bourke," said Nita Muirhead, explaining the situation to her two companions.

"Full of whisky, I suppose!" sneered beautiful Mrs. Guise with ill-disguised contempt.

"Oh, no! How can you say so?" answered Eleanor D'Aubigny. Mr. Probyne is playing faultlessly."

I was not referring to him," said Mrs. Guise, with a marked inflection on the last pronoun.
"Oh!" said Nita N ' said Nita Muirhead.

Miss D'Aubigny remained silent. The man at the piano commenced a third verse:

There's a babbling penny-a-liner Who thinks no girl's deviner Than a charming little Geisha at Hong-

Kong;
If you know of other fairies
Then your duty to him there is
To send 'em along, my boys! Send 'em

To send 'em along, my boys! Send 'em along!
Send 'em along, he'll stand the racket,
Silken hose or sealskin jacket,
Gloves of Normandy or blacelet of Shillong;
Life is short, and Time is fleeting,
Here's a very merry meeting,
Oh! send 'em along boys! Send 'em
along! Send 'em along!

"Send 'em along! Send 'em along!" shouted the other two men with infin-

The handsome widow outside said: "Hum! How elevating! Mr. Probyne is in a remarkably liberal frame of mind; let us effect a climax!"

She quickly raised the latch and stepped into the room, followed by

her two companions.
"We have returned!" she said sweetly, and swept the three men a

mocking curtsey.
"Great Scott!" said Jim Lennox, the bearded man, springing from his

"To help us pass the desert!" said Probyne, rising quickly and shaking hands with the ladies. "The house was empty, but for Jim, when Bourke and I rode over!" He dwelt a long moment over Eleanor D'Aubigny's

"We have had a glorious run!" said Nita Muirhead. "Dad and mother will be back soon; we passed the drag a couple of miles back." straight at Bourke but he had no eyes for anyone but Eleanor D'Au-

Well?" said Jim Lennox to Mrs. Guise.

"Well?" pouted the young widow, tanta¹isingly.

What is it now?" asked Lennox. "What? Well, let me think! want some gloves from Normandy, a sealskin jacket, and a bracelet—from—er—Hongkong!" said Mrs. Guise.

There was general laughter. "Nothing else!" asked I Lennox

pointedly. "What a fine time you men have when we're not with you!" said Mrs.

"Think so," asked Lennox.

have to console ourselves somehow!"
"Poor men!" sighed little Nita. How awfully bored you must get!" More laughter followed. Then the

general barking of the dogs at their kennels announced the return of the Muirhead drag. "Here comes mother," said Nita.

"I am going to help her in. Coming, Jessie" to Mrs. Guise (nee Jessie Muirhead).

"No. Take Eleanor. I want to tell Jim all about the run."

She had learnt much of the world since her marriage, four years ago, and during two years of widowhood she had become clever. that Probyne wou'd follow wherever Eleanor D'Aubigny went; Bourke Eleanor D'Aubigny went; Bourke would follow too, and she would be alone with Jim Lennox. Everything happened as she anticipated-she was

left alone with Jim Lennox.

Matchless Jim Lennox was a cousin three times removed to the Muirhead He had been overseer, under Muirhead, senior, at Te Nui, for nearly six years. An Australian by nearly six years. birth, of good Scotch parentage, Jim Lennox had passed the whole of 20 years in Queensland on his father's station. There he learned everything that could be learned about stock, and there he became the finest rider in There had never been a Australia. horse foaled that could throw him, nor had the man been born who could teach him anything about riding. When his father died, brokenhearted, ruined by drought and rabbit pest, Jim Lennox gathered his few belongings together and joined his relations Muirhead, senior, in New Zealand. soon found how useful a man he had in his young relative, and Jim Lennox remained on as overseer at a salary of £120 a year and his keep. This, together with the £80 a year he got from his father's estate, kept him mely as a bachelor. Muirhead had fallen in love with Jim Lennox at first sight and though she pursued him for two years with unflagging energy, Jim Lennox never proposed. He flirted with her, but there he stopped. When Dick Gulse, an Englishman, wealthy and hand-some, came out to New Zealand for his health. Jessie Muirhead was introduced to him in the hunting field, and within two months of the introduction had become Mrs. Richard Guise. Two years afterwards her husband died of consumption, and Mrs. Guise found herself sole successor under his will to the Guise estates in Kent, which produced a rent roll of

over £4000 a year.
As a girl Jessie Muirhead had been a scrawny, freckled, and badly-groomed hobbledehoy, whom Jim Lennox could never look at with the eye of But matrimony and traadmiration. vel had made a most marvellous difference. Mrs. Guise returned to Te Nui after the death of her husband a tall, svelte woman, with a beautiful figure, a halo of auburn hair, and a complexion like fresh cream and cherries. Her 24 years sat lightly on her, and only the plain gold ring on her marriage finger showed that she was anything more than a magnificent, full-blooded girl of 17. She set about the captivation of her old flame with a determination that pointed to almost certain reward.

After Nita Muirhead, Miss D'Aubigny, Probyne, and Bourke had left the room, the lovely widow turned to Lennox, who was once more ensconc-

ed in the big arm chair. "Well?" she queried.

"Well?" answered Lennox gazing abstractedly into the fire.

"A penny for your thoughts!" she said, going quickly over to the armchair, and taking a seat on one of its

padded arms.
"Not for sale!" answered Lennox, recovering himself. "How did you

enjoy the run?"
"Immensely! Everybody was

there!" "Ah! Create a sensation?"

"H'm-yes; I think so!"-dubiously. "I felt sure of it. How did Cul-

loden carry you?"

"Beautifully! Oh, Jim, what magnificent hunter you have made out of him!" she gushed. "Did you go straight?" he asked,

again abstractedly.

"As the crow flies! Only Pelly,
Jim Stanway, Jack Rayneford, and a

man from Hawke's Bay-Medicis, I think his name is—saw it out with

"I knew you would get thereabouts. Er-where did Nita finish?" There was a masterly indifference in the tone.

"Oh, with the field. Nelly D'Aubigny craned at the first fence and then took to the roads. Oh, Jim, how can I thank you enough for finding me such a perfect hunter?" Her hand strayed to the brown curls over his forehead, which she toyed with lov-ingly. His face was curiously flush-Under the tan of 20 years a smouldering fire was burning. seemed uncomfortable, almost shrinking from her touch.

"Oh, nothing to worry about. Er what horse did Nita ride? I was away with the sheep before you start-

ed this morning."
"Nita rode Dolly Mops, Jean's old hunter, and he went fairly well, I She rolled a curl round her finger, and patted it on his forehead.

"And Miss D'Aubigny?" he falteringly asked. She rode the brown steeplechaser

that old Grand National winner you men always make such a fuss about. He's clean gone in front. He got over the first fence with a terrible scramble; then he pecked, and very nearly stood on his head. he was going to turn a somersault—"
"Good heavens!" It was almost a

groan, with a sting of pain in it there was no mistaking. Lennox had be-trayed his concern for fair Eleanor For one moment D'Aubigny. widow's heart stood still.

"It would have been an awful thing if Miss D'Aubigny had met with an accident on a Te Nui hunter! Who on earth put her up on Doubloon? They might have provided a safer conveyance for our visitor. But I don't think old Dub so unsafe after all. He's as clever as a cat; he has never fallen with me." His tone His tone was so natural that she was almost

deceived by it." With you? Oh, you could ride a clothes horse over fences without coming to grief! But Nelly has no hands. She thinks reins were made to hang on by, and she sits on her saddle like a monkey sticking to a

dog in a circus steeplechase—"
"I will see that Miss D'Aubigny has a safer mount next time. What a pity it is that all women cannot ride like you." He looked up smilingly into her face. Her dashing horse-womanship always appealed to him. She bent fondly over him.

"I can only ride horses that have been 'made' by you Jim." Bourke's voice was heard outside on

the verandah.
"Come through the window, Miss D'Aubigny; it is much shorter."

The pretty widow discreetly left her

seat on the arm of Lennox's chair, and sat herself down in the dark corner formerly occupied by Bourke. The window opened, and Eleanor D'Aubigny entered, shepherded by Bourke and Probyne.

"We are off to dress for dinner, Lennox," said Probyne. "Muirhead has put us up in the barracks. Miss D'Aubigny, I shall count the moments

"You gentlemen will spoil Nelly," said Mrs. Guise. "Flattery is so insincere."

"I am sure no flattery would ever affect Miss D'Aubigny," said Bourke eagerly. "She is too much above the seductive powers of compliment."

"If you don't go at once, Bourke, you will keep us all waiting for dinner," said Miss D'Aubigny archly. "Then you will learn how cross I can be, for really I am dreadfully hungry.'

Bourke hurried from the room without any further hesitation.

"I must go, too," said Lennox.

"Ladies also have to dress," said Mrs. Guise. "Are you not afraid of being late, Nelly?" very pointedly.

No; I can dress very quickly," replied Miss D'Aubigny, with a significant look at Probyne.

"I hear you were badly mounted today," said Lennox to Miss D'Aubigny, his tall form towering over the slight and fragile girl before him. see that you have a far more comfortable conveyance next time!"

A jealous pang shot through the observant widow's heart. Lennox had never looked at her with that air of humble adoration; he had never stood beside her with such a semblance of protection.

"Thank you!" replied Miss D'Au-"I am not much of a horsewoman. I really do not know why I am not afraid; but I am not strong enough to ride well. I think that is why I cannot ride over counutry like Mrs. Guise."

You shall have no trouble next time, for I will put you up on Veillantif, the most perfect lady's hunter in the colony!" said Lennox.

"Oh, Jim! surely you would not trust Veillantif with Nelly!" cried the widow.

The oracles at Delphi were wont to give obscure replies, that often had a double meaning. The lovely widow double meaning. The lovely wid was as ambiguous in her question.

"Why not? Don't you consider him perfectly safe?" asked Lennox

"Oh! you had better go and dress for dinner!" said Mrs. Guise crossly.
"You will be so late!"

Lennox bowed and went out, followed by Probyne. The widow was fuming with jealous rage. She knew that Lennox prized Veillantif above either of his three magnificent hunt-The horse had won nearly every championship for lady hacks in the country. Even she had only been asked to ride him once. A feeling of a deadly jealousy towards this slim, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed doll, with her oval face and tiny mouth came over the widow. She recalled with an the widow. angry start the pained voice with which Lennox had spoken of Eleanor D'Aubigny's apparent danger in riding the infirm steeplechaser at that day's hunt meeting. Could it be possible that he loved this overgrown child? Her beart almost ceased Her beart almost ceased beating at the idea!

"Well, I'm going to dress for din-ner; it is getting late!" said she, and left the room with a curt nod to her supposed rival.

Eleanor D'Aubigny sat down by the fire, in the chair that Lennox had but lately quitted. She spread her slender fingers to the blaze, her elbows resting lightly on her knees. The firelight played on her coils of flaxen hair, that flashed like flakes of yellow silk in the light, as she sat there deep in thought. At length she rose with a sigh.

"No! She has £4000 a year; I have only £400! She is tall and graceful and handsome! Ah! I have no chance—none! He would only love a queen like her!" she thought to herself, as she walked dejectedly to her room to dress for dinner.

Two days later the Te Nui party turned out to the meet of the Rangitikei Hunt Club at Carnaryon. nox had carefully mounted Miss D'Aubigny on his magnificent hunter Veillantif. The widow looked on askance. But after the cavalcade had started they fell into couples—Nita Muir head and Bourke leading, Miss D'Au-bigny and Probyne next, Jim Lennox and Mrs. Guise, and the Te Nui drag, loaded with visitors, bringing up the rear. There was no doubt about Miss D'Aubigny's position in the hunting field that day. As soon as the hounds gave tongue. Jim Lennox cantered up to her side.

"Just take a firm hold of him," he said to the beautiful girl on Veillantif, "and let him follow the hounds. Those who pass you to-day will have to be good indeed!"

She flashed him with a grateful

Lennox was riding Skyscraper, a magnificent roan hunter, and a tremendous big jumper. But it took him all his time to keep with Miss D'Aubigny. When Veillantif felt the gentle pressure on his bit he discovered a congenial spirit. That tender wet firm touch magnification was the second to the second tender with the second tender wet firm touch magnification with the second tender der yet firm touch was just what he liked., Though several women had ridden him before, they none of them had had hands like his master-tender, yet firm, and so supporting that

Veillantif felt that he could fling himself through the air, over jumps, like a shot from a without fear of having his jaws lacerated and his head jerked Yes, he felt nearly off by iron hands. he could go freely with the lady on his back that day. He was a perfect hunter, as Lennox had said.

Light and built for speed,
His hoofs were neat, his legs were
clean,
His thigh was short, his flanks were lean, rump was large, his back full height, His mane was yellow, streaked with

with little ears and tawny head.
No steed like him was ever bred!
And Lennox had named him after Roland's horse, of which he was the

So all day Eleanor D'Aubigny rode well to the front, and all day Guise rode a parallel line to jealousy going for the highest fences, and risking her pretty neck a dozen times, in order to show Jim Lennox that although Eleanor O'Aubigny was on so fine a hunter as Veillantif, Jessie Guise on Culloden could outrival her over a stiffer country. Riding hard with Bourke and Probyne some 40 yards behind the Te Nui ladies, Lennox could not but admire the superb horsewomanship of the handsome widow. She rode with an elan that was electrical; and her hunter as if imbued with his rider's slashing spirit, took dyke and post-and-rails and wire fences in faultless style. Nevertheless, Jim Lennox paired with the rider of Veillantif returning homeward that evening, and they were so unaffectedly happy that the most impartial observer could not fail to see that both were satisfied with their Then did Pluto run surroundings. amok through the heartstrings Mrs. Guise, and she cried herself to sleep that night in bitterness of heart over her non-success with Jim Lennox. Yet once more, in spite of her belief that he loved Eleanor D'Auhigny, she essayed to storm the stronghold of Jim Lennox's heart,

"Nita, dear, do your sister a good turn.. I want half an hour alone with Jim, and that D'Aubigny girl sticks to Get her to sing him like a leech. something to amuse Mr. Probyne—he loves music—and I'll not forget you," said Mrs. Guise to her sister after dinner the following evening.

Nita was only too glad to oblige her sister, especially as it gave her the chance to be alone with Ackland Soon Eleanor D'Aubigny was singing in a rich, sweet voice at the piano, and Probyne was bending over her with rapture in his eyes. Nita Muirhead and Bourke sat on a sofa, side by side, in the alcove at the end of the room. Mrs. Muirhead contentedly knitted by the fire, and her husband dozed over a newspaper, opposite to her. Out on the verandah, under the palm trees that spread their feathery branches wide out from their stems, sat Jim Lennox, listening with mingled feelings to the song "The Danube River" floating out through the open French windows. By his side sat Jessie Guise, ing every quiver of his mobile face with a responsive thrill at her heart-Tragedy mad put on strings.

"How well matched they are!" remarked Mrs. Guise, alluding to the pair at the plane, whom they could easily see from where they sat. "His is an artistic soul, nothing materialis-tic in it; she is ethereal. They were created for each other. I wonder if he has proposed yet!"

Lennox shivered. 'Why so interested in Probyne's fate?" he asked, fencing the question. Are you afraid he may propose?"

The widow laughed musically. world that I care so much for, Jim, and Prince Probyne is not that man, But he has found his affinity-that feeble, hothouse flower is made for him, and he for her. His artistic temperament, his fair face, and heau-tiful hands and feet, his accomplishments, his distinguished manner, are just what she thinks the world of. A bushman, a strong, athletic, dark-skinned sportsman, though as handsome as a god, would have no charm for her. See! He is pressing her hand. I wonder if he is whispering the magic question to her at this mo-

Lennox faughed sardonically, and the widow passed her arm through: his, saying:

"Why is it that you have never married, Jim ?"

She gazed into his vacant eyes as if to force an answer.

%Too poor answered Lennox la-"How would you like an income of thousands a year?" she almost whistered, trembling quivering so much that he felt her agitation.

He glanced quickly at her face; his wn went white. "Jessie, dear one," own went white. "Jessie, dear one," he said, "I would never marry for money, nor would I ever marry women I did not really love. It would break my heart to think that any woman loved me without return. I say this to you, because you have been There is one almost a sister to me. woman that I could love, and she sits there at the piano singing."

He did not dare to look at her. The silence became almost oppres-

Inside, Eleanor D'Aubigny was singing the exquisite cavatina from the "Gazza Ladra" of Rossini: "Joy now reigns, my heart doth bound; why should I its bliss restrain?"

The widow laughed, a scornful, rippling laugh as she rose, and walked slowly along the verandah, followed by Lennox. She walked erect and firmly, almost regal in her height and

beautifully-moulded figure.
"Je le payerai!" she murmured flercely between her cherry lips. She had heard the prima donna in an opera use the phrase, and she had learnt its meaning. As they reached the French window that led from the drawing-room to the verandah, Lennox drew aside the flimsy curtain, saying.
"Coming in?"

As she passed him their eyes met, and she laughed. He laughed too. What a good sort you are, Jess?"

"I am glad you think so, Mr. James Lennox," she replied, as she sailed majestically into the room.

Two days after the lovely widow down at 5.30 in the morning. cooking breakfast for Jim Lennox who was going away with a mob of sheep to the Palmerston sheep sales. She had learnt this fact from housemaid overnight, and had told the cook that she would get breakfast herself for Mr. Lennox. When Jim Lennox walked into kitchen to take pot-luck before started, to his surprise he found Mrs. Guise, fresh and fragrant, making coffee for him.

Good morning, your lordship! See how much I think of you," she cried "I even get up at this early hour to provide you with a

eakfast. Am I not good to you?"
"By Jove! you are," he answere he answered. sitting down to some beautifully grilled chops and bacon. "You always are too good to me. The man who gets a wife like you will be a lucky

You flatter me, Mr. Lennox," she tseyed gravely. "Will you be curtseyed gravely. back in time for the meet?"

Not for the first run. I am going to try and pick up the hounds between here and Sandon some time in the Muirhead will take sheep on from the Travellers' Rest, and I expect to get back to Awahuri about 1 o'clock. I'll have Veillantif there to meet me; so you may possibly see me with the hounds some time this afternoon. Now I must be off. That breakfast was delicious. Let me give you a kiss for it," said

Lennox.
"Jim!" There was a world of surprise in her voice as the widow stood tremblingly facing him. Lennox looked at her for a long moment then clasped her in his arms. To his great surprise she passively suffered his embrace. He felt her quivering and trembling, and she kissed him passionately and long before she left his embrace. And they stood dumbly looking at each other.

"I suppose I ought to ask you to

marry me?" he stammered at last.
"No!" She flushed crimson, and a
passionate light flashed in her eyes. "Go and ask the girl you love—the girl at the piano the other night." and looked o She turned away the window at the crimson dawn. Lennox quitted the kitchen in a savage humour; he could have kicked himself for his folly, the more so since he found more than a passing charm in the embrace of beautiful Jessie Guise. He discovered he had left his stockwhip behind in the kit-chen, and he returned for it. The widow sat at the table, her head on her arms, sobbing with a very agony of grief. The whole table shook with the violence of her emotion. Lennox stopped spellbound. Then he walked up to her and placed his hand on her arm.

Oh, Jess, my girl, what is the mat-

She rose with a start, hid her face in her handkerchief, and hurrled from the kitchen, sobbling as if her heart would break. Jim Lennox picked up his stockwhip, and walked out to the sheepyards with a strained, white face. He felt like a murderer.

"What horse is Nell to ride?" asked Nita Muirhead anxiously that morning

"There are only Doubat breakfast. loon and Dolly Mops to pick from. We are badly off for spare mounts to-

day."

"You must ride Dolly Mops yourself, Nita," said Eleanor D'Aubigny.
"The and make shift with Doub-

Acland Bourke looked across at Probyne. It was the last day their visit, and they both meant a five minutes' conversation Miss D'Aubigny somewhere What better opportunity than the hunting field?

Fairyland, and You could have welcome," said Bourke; has never carried a habit."

I am afraid to trust the Bounder h you," said Probyne. "He pulls with you," said Probyne. like one o'clock when the hounds are giving tongue."

"What is the matter with Rupee?"

asked Mrs. Muirhead. 'Rupee has cut his stifle, mother,"

answered Miss Nita. "Jack Gorse took him through the furze in the deadwood spinney yesterday morning, and he played up and cut himself."

"I think I can manage with Doubloon," said Eleanor D'Aubigny. keep to the roads."
"Oh. I say!" cried both Bourke and

Probyne.

Mrs. Guise, who had been silent during the above conversation, now spoke in a sweet, low voice.

Nell will you ride Culloden? Jim has made a perfect hunter of him.

All eyes were turned on her. loden, a beautiful grey thoroughbred, was her favourite hunter, broken in and perfected by Lennox.

"But what will you ride?" asked

Miss D'Aubigny.
"I am going to ride Red Hussar

"I am going to-day," was the reply.
"Dad Hussar! Why, I heard Jim say he would never allow you to get on his back again," said Nita.

"I am going to ride him neverthe-The horse is mine. I suppose I can do what I please with my own property?" said Mrs. Guise calmly.

They all tried to persuade her not to ride the horse, but Mrs. Gulse was obdurate. Red Hussar she would They consoled ride and no other. themselves with the reflection that Mrs. Guise was the finest horsewoman in the North Island, if not in all New Zealand; and so it was arranged that Eleanor D'Aubigny should ride Cul-

Mrs. Guise rode to the meet on Red Hussar—a fractious, ill-tempered, washy chestnut of immense bone and substance, beautifully barelled, long of rein and deep of quarter-an otherwise ideal lady's mount; but he constantly showed the whites of his eyes. The widow kept him well under control, and a gayer party did not ride to the meet that day. The men cast many an approving glance at the lovely widow, their fancy being taken by the superb manner in which she Probyne, handled her young hunter. finding himself by her side, talked brilliantly and well, and made himself preux chevalier with his compliments. Acland Bourke did not let the oppor-Gradually he and Miss tunity pass. D'Aubigny fell behind, until the others were a quarter of a mile or more When they all came together again Bourke was preternaturally silent: he had played his hazard and lost. Eleanor D'Aubigny, usually sweet-tempered, seemed much put out and scarcely concealed the jealous glances she flashed towards Probyne and Mrs. Guise. As the hounds threw off Mrs. Guise and Mis D'Aubigny came together in a crush at a gate.

"He's a willing fencer, Nell," said Mrs. Guise. "Take him over the side rails and get away!"

The younger woman hesitated, looking round for Probyne.

Pshaw! And he loves you!" the widow, wildly scornful. let me pass!"

She thrust Red Hussar through the crowd, faced him at the rails, and gave him a smart cut with her whip. He immediately reared straight up on end, only to be brought down again by a sounding smash between the ears. He snorted with temper and dashed at the fence, crashed through the top rail, and landed on his nose on the other side. The widow, sitting prettily back, picked him up smartly when he pecked, and was rewarded by a loud "Bravo!" from the M.F.H. Eleanor D'Aubigny followed and was alongside Mrs. Guise immediately.
"He does love me!" she panted;

"and you will never get him, try how you may." She dashed on after the you may." She dashed on after the hounds with Mrs. Guise hard after her.

When Jim Lennox, rading along the Awahuri-Sandon road, met old Burgoyne, of Romata to plandly edriving thome from the meet, he shouted to

"Which way have they gone?" Burgoyne pulled up leisurely.

December 24, 1907.

"If you wait about here I fancy they'll come out just above. Thev made for McKenzie's in a half-circle, and I rather think the cast will lie through McDonald's and James's across Petersen's to here. My word, that's a dangerous brute Mrs. Guise is Miss D'Aubigny is up on Culloden, the hunter you made for Jessie. I fancy they are riding 'jealous,' for they are going at everything like two mad women. The thing like two mad women. The young girl is safe enough, but I'm afraid Mrs. Guise will get smashed up to-day."

A sharp twinge of conscience pricked Lennox, and he was turning away up the road when the music of the pack broke on his ears, and just as Burgoyne had prophesied, the hounds crossed the road not a hundred yards above them, the scent breast high, and went racing on towards Carnarvon and the Rangitikei River. Shortly after a foam covered chestnut, with wild, white eyes, ridden by a lady, plunged through the nedge behind the nack took the road in three strides. flew the gorse hedge into the paddock beyond, and raced away like a demon possessed after the hounds. followed a beautiful iron grey, also ridden by a lady, jumping faultlessly, and racing away as furlously after the first horse.

Burgoyne jumped on to the seat of

his buggy to get a better view.
"Jess and Miss 'Aubigny,"

Lennox, astonished. "That brute's borted with Mrs. Guise!" yelled Burgoyne; then suddenly cried, "My God—the river! They're heading straight for the river!"

Veillantif had never been roughly handled before. He felt the spurs rip his sides as he sprang at the fence before him. In two strides he was over and racing across country like the wind. The ground seemed to disappear from under him as he thundered on after the two horses, now nearly half a mile ahead.

hind them came the rest of the hunt,

plodding hopelessly in the rear.

Lennox thanked his good luck in having a fresh horse under him. Veillantif closed on the leaders with incredible speed, hard ridden by his Far ahead the hounds dashed over the high bank of the river, and splashed into the water. Veillantif passed Culloden like the wind, and Lennox shouted a brief injunction to Miss D'Aubigny to "pull up." Just ahead of him Mrs. Guise sat firmly on her maddened runaway, and scientifically sawed at the bit, gripped between his jaws as in a vice. she knew her danger Lennox did not Yet she sat cool and collected, trying all she knew to stop Red Hussar before he plunged into the river, which was almost at its deepest thereabouts. For the first time since he had known Jessie Guise Lennox experienced a thrill of agonising emotion. There before him. he knew now, was the one woman in the world for him. He drove the spurs into his horse, and raced up alongside of her. They were within a dozen yards of the river bank. He saw Mrs. Guise free her foot from the stirrup, and, passing his arm round her waist, he lifted her out of the saddle, and brought Veillantif round with a "prop" that only the finest of stockmen are capable of. They turned within a yard of the edge of the Red Hussar went over river bank. the bank into the water with a tre-mendous splash. The ducking seemed to do him good, for he calmly swam across the river and stopped on the further bank to graze.

Jim Lennox looked with hungry eyes on the widow's face. Her blue eyes, like heaven opening to him, laughed into his fa

"Bravo, Jim! Well done, sir!" she

said saucily.

"Oh, thank God! Thank God I was in time," stammered Lennox, shaking with emotion. "You would have been drowned by that mad

"You saved my life, Jim. Why did you do it?" asked Mrs. Guise, flushing at the strong pressure of his arms.

Oh, Jess, "Because I love you. Oh, Jess, how blind I have been. Tell me you forgive me for this morning," answered Lennox, as he slipped from his saddle after placing Mrs. Guise on

terra firma. "Forgive you, Jim!" cooed the pretty widow. "I must forgive you now, for you saved my life." She Jim!" cooed the seemed to become so suddenly shy; a new light had entered her life.

Will you have me now, Jess?" asked Lennox, grasping her hand. "I have a right to ask you now."

"Don't Jim. There are Nell and Mr. Probyne. Why, bless my heart, what's the man doing? Jim. he's kissing her! Oh, I see it all now. We've both been on a false scent. She

was jealous of Probyne all the time, and I thought it was you. You may kiss me, Jim, now you've saved my life. But he quick—I see the rest of the field coming over the gorse fence. Oh, Jim! Jim! Do be reasonable."

Mrs. Guise contrived to make her lover behave himself moderately well before the members of the hunt, though Jim Lennox seemed to suddenly become daft for love of her.

night Eleanor D'Aubigny, clasped in the widow's arms in the privacy of her bedroom, confessed that she had long loved Prince Probyne and at last he had proposed to her. And when Mrs. Guise announce her. And when Mrs. Guise announced her engagement to Jim Lennox, they mutually agreed that they were the two happiest women in the world. in spite of their having been for some time on a false scent.

MOON PROVERBS.

When the moon is visible in the daytime, the days are relatively cool. It is said that when the moon is near the full it never storms, and the sailors say the full moon eats clouds.

If the full moon rises clear, expect fine weather.

A large ring around the moon and low clouds indicate rain in twentyfour hours; a small ring and high clouds, rain in several days.

The larger the halo about the moon the nearer the rain clouds, and the sooner the rain may be expected.

When the moon is darkest near the horizon, expect rain. If the full moon rises pale, expect

rain.

red moon indicates wind.

A red moon indicates wind.

If the moon is seen between the scud and broken clouds during a gale, it is expected to send away the bad weather.

In the old of the moon a cloudy morning bodes a fair afternoon.

If there be a general mist before sunrise near the full of the moon, the weather will be fine for some days.

Mr. Chestnut Spruce (native of Wellington, but now a resident of -Yes; I came from Wellington, and I'm proud of it, too.

Mr. Barclay Place (patronisingly).

—Well, you should be. Why, some people live there all their lives and never even try to get away!

BIG SHIPS BUILT BY THE ANCIENTS.

The record for bulkiness is being smashed so often by ocean steam-ships nowadays that the advent of a new leviathan excites little more than passing interest. For nearly fifty years the record was held by the Great Eastern, which, after the Atlantic cable was laid from her decks, was found to be too large and expensive to be operated as a liner. But the fame of the Great Eastern has been eclipsed by other vessels, and the belief is general that if a little company of delegates from ancient races were to come back to earth to investigate the subject, the members of that delegation would stand aghast before an up-to-date greyhound of the

But this belief is wrong. The shipbuilding abilities of the ancients have been greatly underestimated. built many large craft and fitted some of them luxuriously.

In order that the size of these oldtime ships may be appreciated, it will be well to compare their measurements with a well-known modern vessel. The Baltic, the largest ship in the world, is 726 feet long, 75 feet wide, and 49 feet deep, with a tonnage

That much controverted craft, the ark, is an example of bigness. Her tonnage is estimated at about 15,000 No less an authority than Lindsay thinks that she was simply a raft of stupendous size, having upon it a structure resembling a huge ware-house. As no means of produlsion were necessary, this description may be correct. The cargo, however, was unique, and probably the largest and most valuable ever carried.

The description of the ark, as given in the Scriptures, makes the vessel about 450 feet in length, 75 feet in breadth, and 45 feet in depth-proportions similar to those now in use for great vessels.

The Egyptians, fond of large things and big dimensions, made other big tonnage vessels in ancient times.

Ptolemy (Philopator) would have appreciated the Baltic. He was fond of building big boats. One of these is said to have been 420 feet long, 57 feet broad, and 72 feet deep from the highest point of the stern.

This vessel had four rudders, or what some would call steering oars, as they were not fastened, each 45

feet long. She carried 4,000 rowers, besides 3,000 marines, a large body of servants under her decks, and stores Her oars were 57 and provisions. feet long, and the handles were weighted with lead. There were 2,000 rowers on a side, and it is supposed that these were divided into five banks.

That this extraordinary vessel ever put to sea is doubted, but that she was launched and used at times, if only for display, several historians are agreed.

Another "ship," the Thalamegus, built for one of the Ptolemies, is said to have been 300 feet long, 40 feet broad, and 60 feet deep. This was a far more magnificent vessel than any previous one. An Alexandrian historian, Catlixenus, in describing her, speaks of her having colonnades, marble stairs, and garden.

Another great vessel, historical by reason of his size, is one built by Hiero, King of Syracuse. Her dimensions are estimated to be large from the description of her cargo, and the number of her decks and houses.

She is supposed to have been sheathed with lead, and accomplished at least one successful trip.

She had three entrances, the lowest leading to the hold, the second to the eating rooms, and the third was appropriated to the soldiers. There were thirty rooms, each having four couches, for the soldiers; there were fifteen couches in the sailors' supperroom, and there were three more cabins, each having three couches. floors of all these rooms were laid in stone mosaic work. There was also a temple of cypress, inlaid with ivory, and dedicated to Venus. The main-mast was composed of a single tree, and the vessel carried four wooden and eight iron anchors.

As a freight carrier, she would rival the largest of our ocean tramps. It is recorded that one or two of the launches belonging to her would carry about eighty tons. This vessel is said to have carried "60,000 measures of the ca corn, 10,000 jars of Sicilian salt fish, 20,000 talents' weight of wool, and of other cargo 20,000 talents, in addition to the provision for the crew.

These are the notably big vessels of ancient times, but the supposition is that, as rulers, whether king or people, were as emulous in those days as these, other big craft were, also built. Perhaps the Lusitania wouldn't stagger the ancients so much as we

WHEN A FISH GETS A MOVE ON.

The speed of fishes is difficult to ascertain. Nevertheless, estimates have been made, showing that the mackerel, considering its handicap in size, comes close to being the champion racer.

Unquestionably the mackerel travels sometimes as fast as an express train at high speed-say at the rate of sixty or possibly seventy miles an Other things being equal, the larger the fish the faster it swims—just as the huge steamship is able to travel at a speed much greater than the little harbour tug.

Undoubtedly the energy employed by a fish of great size, such as a thirty-foot shark, when travelling at its best gait, is something tremendous. An ordinary tug, which represents a maximum of energy in a minimum of bulk. bulk, utilizes about two hundred horse-power. Of course it is only a guess, but it would not seem to be over the mark to suppose that a seventy-foot whale makes use of five hundred horse-power when it propels its huge bulk through the water at a rate of thirty miles an hour.

A whale, which is a mammal, and not a fish, might be compared to a freight train if the shark is a cannonball express, but it can beat the fastest "ocean greyhound" in a speed con-

The tarpon is probably faster than the shark. It is believed that a tarpon in a hurry can travel at the rate of eighty miles an hour. Our own kahuwai, with a pressing appointment elsewhere, is no slouch.

CONTRARY MEN.

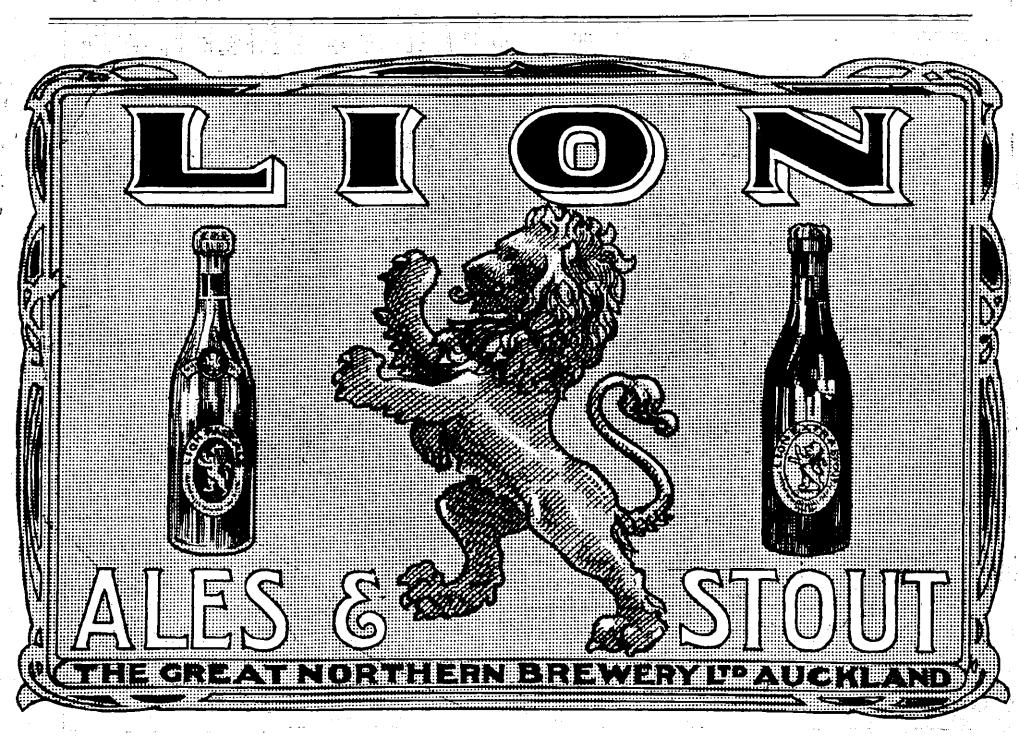
Some men do write when they are wrong,
And some do live who dye;
And some are "short" when they are

long, And stand when they do lie.

A man is surly when he's late, Is 'round when he is square; e may die early and dilate, And may be "foul" when "fair."

He may be "fast" when he is slow, And "loose" when he is "tight;" And "high" when he is very low, And heavy when he's "tight."

He may be wet when he is "dry,"
He may be "great" when small;
May purchase when he won't go by,
Have naught when he has aw!
He may be sick when he is "swell,"
And hot when he is scold!
He's skilled so he on earth may dwell,
And when he's young he's sold. a ma And He's



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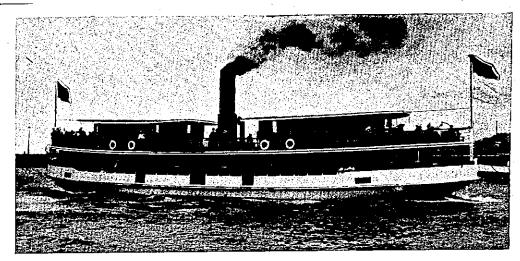
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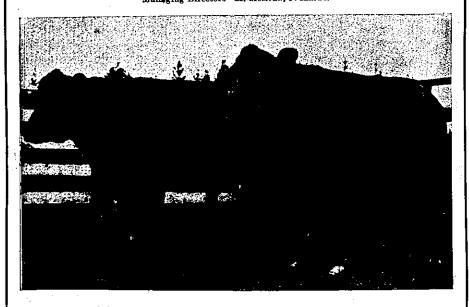
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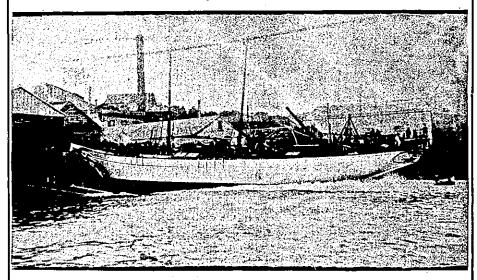
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Schooner Yacht, "LA CARABINE," to the order of Sir Rupert Clarke, Melbourne.



SCHOONER YACHT, 'LA CARABINE.'

IN the course of an interview with our representative on Monday afternoon, Sir Rupert Clarks said:—
"I am more than pleased with the appearance of the yacht, and the manner in which the work is being carried out. I had no idea, though, that you had such beautiful timber in New Zealand; and I know something about that material, too, for I have done a good deal of business with sawmillers in New South Wales. I have, however, never seen such beautiful timber as I saw in my visit to the shipyards to-day. When I had the designs of the yacht which I intended to build sent to me, they came from all parts of the world, and on my visit to Britain I had a good look around the shipyards, but saw nothing to equal the designs as submitted by Mr. Bailey. and I therefore accepted his contract. There was no favouritism in the matter at all, and I think it is a feather in Auckland's cap that she could compete with the outside world in this matter." - New Zealand Herald, August 18, 1903.



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ANECDOTES, ETC.

THE HIBERNIAN HUMORIST.

Ho, McLubberty!" saluted Police-nan Hogan. "Oi hov wan or two for man Hogan. "Oi hov wan or two for yez. Phwoy is a short man troyin' to kiss a tall woman loike an Oirishman

considerin' about goin' up a volcano?"
"Oi give ut up," replied McLubberty
"Oi t'ought yez wud! Wull, ut 's

loike this:

"He t'inks he 'll hov to cloime to git to dhe mouth av dhe crater. D' yez see ut?"

"Of do! Begorra, Hogan, yez hov dhe wit!" "Of hov. Here is anither: Phwoy

is a man thot wroites a story dhe most peculiar person in dhe worruld?"

"Yez may search me-Oi hov n't dhe answer."

"Wull thin; his tale comes out av his head. How's thot?" "Ut's a burrud, Hogan! Begorra. Oi 'll spring thim jokes on me woife."

Arriving home, the astute McLubberty began:

"Hi-yi, Nora! Ut's a wag Oi am!"
"Is thot so?" returned the partner of his joys and sorrows, in some surprise. "Phwat is a wag?"

"A wag is a felly whose tail comes out av his head—Naw, Oi am too fast! Oi hov a quistion for yez: Here, now! Phwoy is a tahl man considerin' about kissin' a short woman in dhe mout' loike a volcany?"
"Oi dunno. Till ut to me, Mur-r-r-

rty."
"Oi wull. Begorra, he has to climb dhe baste, b'cuz his head an' tail are both on dhe same ind. D' yez see

"Oi do not! Phwat is dhe p'int?"
"Whoy,—Oi—that is—Aw, 't is often said that a woman has no sinse av humor, annyhow, an', be dhe powers, Oi belave ut!"

"Mebby that 's so; but d' yez know phwat Oi t'ink?"

"Na!"

"Wull, ut's dhis: Av yez iver was a wag, Mur-r-rrty McLubberty, ye hov not been wor-r-r-rkin' at ut for a long toime. Thot's phwat Oi t'ink!"

Judge Hawkins was only a junior when he "dumbfounded" Lord Campbell by correcting the latter's diction in Court in revenge for a similar snub previously administered by the Judge to himself. Lord Campbell was pre-cise to the verge of pedanatry. The case involved references to various descriptions of carriages, both public and private. Referring during his address to the jury to a brougham, which he pronounced with two syllables broam-the Judge interrupted with this bland correction:-"Excuse me, but I think if instead of saying 'broam' you were to say 'broom' you would be more intelligible to the jury, and, moreover, you would save a syllable." "I am much obliged to your Lordship," replied Mr Hawkins, as he proceeded to close his speech and sit down to nurse his re-sentment. Presently the Judge, while summing up, said "omnibus." Instantly the daring, non-pedantic Mr Hawkin's rose, and exclaimed:—"Pardon me m'lud, but I would take the liberty of suggesting that instead of saying 'omnibus' your Lordship should say 'bus' and you would then be more intelligible to the interest of the saying the sayin intelligible to the jury and, besides, you would save two syllables." smile flitted across the jury box and a titter rippled through the Court, and Lord Campbell looked at Mr Hawwith thoughts too deep for words.

In a London auction room two men were disputing the possession of a picture by a celebrated English painter, which faithfully represented an ass. Each seemed determined to outbid the other. Finally, one of them said:—
"My dear, sir, it is of no use; I shall not give in. The painting once belonged to my grandfather, and I intend to have it." "Oh, in that case," replied his rival, suavely, "I will give it up. I think you are fully entitled to it if it is one of your family portraits."

Have you heard of the pretty Irish girl who, caught in the act of playing on Sunday morning, and being accosted by the parish priest with the greeting, "Good morning, daughter of the Evil One," replied promptly, "Good morning, father."

A friend of Curran's was bragging of his attachment to the jury system, and said—"With trial by jury I have lived, and, by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die!" "Oh," said Curran, in much amazement, "then you've made up your mind to be hanged, Dick?"

Lord Cockburn, after a long stroll, sat down on a hillside beside a shepherd, and observed that the sheep selected the coldest situation for lying down. "Mac," said he, "I think if I were a sheep I should certainly have preferred the other side of that hill."
The shepherd answered—"Aye, my lord; but if ye had been a sheep ye would have had mair sense," and Lord Cockburn was never tired of relating the story, and turning the laugh on himself.

It is not every one who enjoys a joke at his own expense. The judge who pointed with his cane and exclaimed—"There is a great rogue at the end of my cane," was intensely en-raged when the man looked hard at him, and asked coolly-"At which end, your Honor?"

A man who was offering gratuitous information at a country fair was disparaging the show of cattle. "Call these here prize cattle?" he scornfully said. "Why, they ain't nothin' to what our folks raised. You may not think it. but my father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts."
"I can very well believe it," observed a bystander, surveying him from head to foot."

The sporting bishop was playing to his curate. The first ball was yards off the wicket. "Please bowl inside your parish, Jones," the bishop said playfully. The second ball yorked his middle stump out of the turf. "I think, my lord," the curate remarked with great respect, "that ball was within the

A prominent lawyer, who formerly practised at the bar of Kansas City, tells of a funny incident in a court there during a trial in which a certain young doctor was called as a witness.

Counsel for the other side, in crossexamining the youthful medico, gave utterance to several sarcastic remarks tending to throw doubt upon the ability of so young a man.

One of the questions was: "You are entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?" "I am."

"Then," continued the cross-examiner, "suppose my learned friend, Mr Taylor, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"
"Your learned friend, Mr Taylor,

might," suggested the young physician.

A gentleman had bought a brand new billiard table, and, in order to celebrate the occasion invited a few friends down to try it. When he turned the light up in the room he found that the pockets had disappeared! After a futile hunt round he called his wife and asked her if she had seen them.

"Do you mean those little net things?" said the lady. He nodded.

"Why I thought they had been left there by mistake; they looked very clumsy sticking out beneath!"

The visitors turned away and exam-ned the pictures intently. The husband asked weakly what she had done with them.

"I thought that I would make use of them, somehow," replied the careful little woman, brightly, "so I just filled them with wool and made pincushions of them!"

The late Mr Justice Hawkins was not one of those ultra-dignified Judges who affect an utter ignorance of things sporting. A sporting Bishop at a country house to which Mr Justice Haw-kins arrived later than he had ap-pointed, joined in the jocose conjectures that the Judge had been delayed by a race meeting. The sporting Bishop enquired, "Who has won?" Mr Justice Hawkins was as ingenuous as a Judge upon the Bench. "Didn't you buy an evening paper?" asked the sporting Bishop. "I didn't," replied the sporting Judge; "I heard I was to meet you here."

In an infant school the teacher chose the miracle of the water being turned into wine as the subject for the usual daily Bible lesson. In telling the story she occasionally asked a few questions. One of them was:—"When the new wine was brought to the governor of the feast, what did he say?" A little girl, remembering what she had heard probably on some festive occasion, called out, "Here's luck."

A newly enlisted fireman of only average pluck was serving at his first fire and the chief rushed up to him and shouted, "Shin up that ladder to the eighth story, crawl along the cornice to the fourth window, drop down three stories, and catch that wooden sign you see smoking there, swing yourself alog to the second window that the red glare is coming from, break the glass, and go in and rescue those three old ladies—well, what the deuce are you waiting for?" "For pen and ink, sir," said the new man. "I want to hand in my resignation."

The babies in the infant class of a Melbourne school were learning spelling (says the "Australasian.") The teacher wrote STAR on the blackboard; but no one knew what it meant.

T-A-R spell?" she asked.
"Tar," said the boy at the head.
"Now, I'll put an S in front of it.
What is it now?"
"Saphalt" speld the boy at the heates.

"S-phalt," said the boy at the bottom.

Less ingenious was the black boy to whom the station accountant undertook to teach arithmetic. A column of double figures was to be added up. The first column made a sum of 37. "Will I put down the 7 or the 3?" the tutor asked.

"Mine don't give a dam, boss," Jacky said, cheerily.

THE CUP.

You are walking down the street, Mildly cursing at the heat, And a friend you chance to meet Walking up;
Unsuspiciously you pause, And with no apparent cause, He jaws an' jaws About the Cup.

It's the Cup, the Cup, the Cup,
"Wot's yer fancy fer the Cup?"
"Got no chance, 'e ain't my fancy"—
"Ain't a decent rider up'—
"Straight, I got 'im in a double—
Ten to one? 'Tain't worth the trouble."
So they boast and blare and bubble Of the Cup.

In the eating-house at lunch
Ev'ry sporting group and bunch
Talk between each bit they munch,
And each sup.
Hardly have the time to eat—
"Tell yer, he'll be hard to beat,"
So they babble and they bleat

Of the Cup.

It's the Cup, the Cup, the Cup, "Wot yer backin' fer the Cup? 'Im! Why, blime, ev'ry time 'e Starts 'e 'as to chuck it up!"—Thus they chatter ev'ry minute. And I don't care what will win it, For I don't know one horse in it— In the Cup.

There's no safety in retreat,
In the office, in the street,
Every blessed man you meet
Brings it up.
On the train and on the car
On the corner, in the bar,
Here and there, and near and far,
It's the Cup,
It's the Cup, the Cup,
It's the

n the Cup; -T. O'Ruddy in "The Gadfly."

"WANTED ON THE VOYAGE,"

The porter shouted, "Right away,"
The guard his whistle blew;
The train remained just where it was,
As if 'twere stuck by glue.

The stationmaster stormed and raved, "What ails the blessed train?"
The brakes were tried; they acted The whistle blew again.

But still no move. What could be wrong?
No signal blocked the way;
No bearings hot, no axles sprung,
The rails in order lay.

They made a systematic search, And found out what was wrong: "Twas nothing much; they'd but forgot To hitch an engine on.

Mr. Isaacstein (reading).-Fire in Queen street! Loss estimated

£30. Mrs. Isaacstein.—Any inzurance? Mr. Isaacstein.—V'y, of course not -you don't subbose anybody vould estimade a loss at £30, eef dere vas any inzurance, do you?

"Madam, I must request you to remove your hat," remarked the polite theatre attendant.

The lady smiled grimly.
"Does my hat annoy the little man behind me?" "Yes, madam."

"Then you'll find it much easier to remove him."

The sport that pleased me when a baby

Remains to me of joy the source, Save that my horse was then a hobby, And now my hobby is a horse.

There is a good story told of a gentleman who arrived at home from the club at two o'clock one morning perfectly satisfied with life: The house, however, was wavering, wavering, wavering, around, but he watched his chance, chance, and presently when the steps got in his neighbourhood he made a jump and climbed on to the portico. The house went on wavering and wavering, but he watched the door, and when it came his way plunged through it. He reached the stairs, and with difficulty got to the top. raised his foot and put it on the top step. But his toe hitched, and he rolled down the stairs, fetching up on the bottom step with his arm round the newel post, and he said: "God pity the poor sailors out at sea on a night like this."

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the Proprietor of this well-known hostelry will be pleased to see, and accommodate, a three-fifths majority of his Country friends who visit Auckland during the 'Xmas

A direct veto has been passed by him against all second-class liquors, and noth-ing but the best vintage of Wines, the best brands of Spirits, the best brews of Ales and Premier Stout, are supplied by him; the Charges too are moderate, and all his Measures Liberal.

CAMPBELL & EHRENFRIED'S EXHIBITION ALES ON DRAUGHT.

BUTCHERS' SUPPLIES.

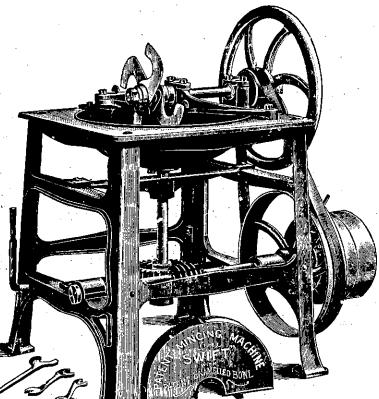
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ALBERT ST., AUCKLAND.

Importer of Salt, Spices, Clothing,

AND ALL

BUTCHERS' MACHINERY.



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Sausage Machines

Fillers

With Enamelled Bowls and Cylinders.

RICHARD H. HOPKINS,

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ONLY ONE ADDRESS.

Cable Address-" Octagon," Auckland.

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Kauri Gum Merchants

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Highest Market Prices Given for all Consignments of Gum.
Commissions Executed for Country Settlers.
Prompt Account Sales rendered.



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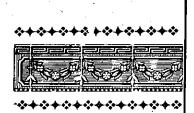
and at 81 Pine St., New York, Hongkong & Hankow, China.

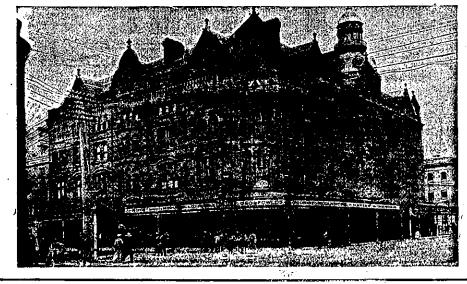
G. W. S. PATTERSON & CO., Gore Street, AUCKLAND, N.Z.

Try GEO. FOWLDS, Clothier of Outfitter, VICTORIA ARCADE, Auckland, N.Z.

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BOYS' and MEN'S CLOTHING HARD HATS, SOFT HATS, STRAW HATS, WHITE SHIRTS, WORKING SHIRTS, SOX and STOCKINGS.....







HOSIERY, MERCERY, UMBRELLAS, MACKINTOSHES, BUSH RUGS,

First

Assortment and Quality.

Second

BLANKETS, TRUNKS, BAGS and PORTMANTEAUX....

to none in Value

Special

Kaiapoi Men's Tweed Suits, 21s.

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS

EXCURSION TOURS

To Hot Lakes, Thermal Springs, Cold Lakes, Glacial Districts, Waterfalls.

SHOOTI FISHING. CAVES.

Unparalleled Scenery of the North Island

Main Trunk Railway Line.

THROUGH BOOKING by Rail and Coach to Auckland and Rotorua via MAIN TRUNK RAILWAY, as under:

		Ordinary Return.				养	* Holiday Excursion.						
Fares from	То	1st	Cla	188.	2nd			1st	Cla	.88.	2nd	Cla	86.
Wellington	Auckland,	£5	13	6	£4	1	10	£5	0	6	£3	9	0
3 *	Rotorua,	£5	13	8		_	0	£ 5	0	8	£3	9	1
Wanganui	Auckland,	£4.	19	2	£3	14	4	£4	в	10	£3	2	2
21	Rotorua,	£4	19	4	£3	14	6	£4	7	0	£3	2	. 3
Napier	Auckland,	£5	17	6	£4	3	10	£5	4	6	£ 3	11	0
13	Rotorua,	£5	17	. 8	£4	'4	0 .	. £5	4	8	£3	11	. 1

* Holiday Excursion Fares will be issued from 16th December to 2nd January. Tickets available for return until 15th February.

Rotorua, Hot Lakes, Waitomo Caves, Te Aroha, and Okoroire Hot Springs.

ROUND-TRIP EXCURSION TICKETS are issued throughout the year,

1. From Auckland to Thames by rail, Thames to Auckland by steamer, or

Round Trip-First-Class, 21s., Second Class, 15s.

2. From Auckland to Rotorua, thence to Thames by rail, Thames to Auckland by steamer, or vice versa.

Round Trip-First-Class, 32s. 6d.; Second-Class, 21s.

3. Auckland to Hangatiki, Hangatiki to Rotorua, and Rotorua to Thames by rail, Thames to Auckland by steamer, or vice versa.

Round Trip-First-Class, 39s.; Second-Class, 24s.

These tickets are available for three month; from date of issue.

The journey may be broken at any station at which the train is timed to stop after travelling ten miles from the original starting-station, provided the specified time for which the tickets are available is not exceeded.

THROUGH BOOKING by Rail, Motor, and Coach to the

HANMER PLAINS HOT SPRINGS.

RETURN EXCURSION TICKETS to HANMER PLAINS, available for return for three months, will be issued daily throughout the year from Invercargill, Dunedin, Christchurch, Papanui, and Kaiapoi.

Return through Fare (by rail, motor, and coach), First-Class:-

From Christchurch and Papanui			 •••	£1	8	0
From Kaiapoi		•••	 	£1	6	0
From Dunedin	•••		 	£3	5	0
From Invercargill		•		£4	5	0

The journey may be broken at any station at which the train is timed to stop after travelling ten miles from the original starting-station, provided the specified time for which the tickets are available is not exceeded.

The COLD LAKES and the GLACIAL DISTRICT of **OTAGO:**

Wakatipu, Wanaka, Hawea, Manapouri,

Te Anau, Sutherland Falls, etc.

RETURN EXCURSION TICKETS, available for Three Months, will be issued between 1st November and 31st March, as under:

To KINGSTON, LAKE WAKATIPU

(Including saloon steamer passage Kingston to Queenstown and back).

From	18	5. CI	2nd. Class			
ϵ	£	8.	đ,	£	8.	đ.
Christchurch (via Wimea line only)		13		2	0	0
Christchurch (round trip via Waimea Line or Invercargi	14	0	0	2	4	6
Dunedin (via Waimea Line only)		15		1	0	6
Dunedin (round trip via Waimea Line or Invercargill)	2	2	6	1	5	0
Invercargill (via Kingston Line only)	1	0	0	0	14	0
Invercargill (via either Kingston or Gore & Waimen Line)	1	5	0	0	15	6

TO PEMBROKE, LAKE WANAKA

(Including saloon steamer passage, Kingston to Queenstown and back, and coach, Queenstown to Pembroke and back).

60s_ (first-class). From Dunedin (via Waimea Line only)

The journey may be broken at any station at which the train is timed to stop after travelling twenty-five miles from the original starting station, provided the specified time for which the tickets are available is not exceeded.

ROUND - TRIP TOURS through OTAGO. CENTRAL

ROUND-TRIP TICKETS, available for Three Months, will be issued from 1st November to 31st March, as under:-

No.	o. ROUTE.			
		ra	гө.*	
1. 1	rom Dunedin to Queenstown (via Waimea Line to Kingston); return to Dunedin via Wanaka and Lawrence; or vice versa	£4	0	0
2. I	rom Dunedin to Queenstown (via Waimea Line to Kingston); return to Dunedin via Arrow and Lawrence; or vice versa	£8	5	o.
3. I	rom Dunedin to Queenstown (via Waimea Line to Kingston;		_	_
	return to Dunedin via Wanaka and Clyde; or vice versa rom Dunedin to Queenstown (via Waimea Line to Kingston);	£3	14	0
4. 1	return to Dunedin via Arrow and Clyde; or vice versa * Including steamer and coach fares.	£2	14	0

The journey may be broken at any station at which the train is timed to stop after travelling twenty-five miles from the original starting-station, provided the specified time for which the tickets are available is not exceeded.

provided the specified time for which the fickers are available is not exceeded. The steamer service on Lake Wakatipu is conducted by the Railway Department, and is run in conjunction with the through trains from and to Dunedin and Invercargill; the Lake Wanaka service by R. S. MacDougall. The coach service is conducted by Messrs. Craig and Co.

TOURIST **EXCURSION TICKETS** (FIRST CLASS)

Are issued daily (Sundays excepted) throughout the year, as under:

- (a.) Available over lines of BOTH ISLANDS for SIX WEEKS from date of issue
- (b.) Available over NORTH ISLAND lines £4 for FOUR WEEKS from date of issue
- (c.) Available over MIDDLE ISLAND lines for FOUR WEEKS from date of issue £5

Tourist Excursion Tickets may be extended for any period not exceeding four weeks on payment of an extension fee of £1 10s. per week, or portion of a week, on application to the Stationmaster at any of the above-mentioned stations before the expiration of original ticket.

HEAD OFFICE.

WELLINGTON, DECEMBER, 1907.

The same of the sa

BY ORDER.

£7

"CHAMPION"

Protects and Pleases all.

The "CHAMPION" Brand of Flour may be denominated a good Temperance Flour, and pleases either prohibitionists or moderates, the former as it absorbs water freely, the latter because it doesn't disdain yeast or "beer froth." The flour, however, requires plenty of working. Now, as both parties mentioned above absorb a fair amount of liquid, perhaps they might explain the working process because there are so many. Is it the Flour or the Consumer that has to be handled? But apart from the humorous and other qualities of

"Champion"

Brand.

It is the CHEAPEST and BEST Flour on the market,

Which is a solid consideration when the cruel Southern Flour Trust and a few chosen M.H.R.'s are trying to control the Food Supply of the Breadwinner, and cripple one of our real, live industries, so let us be free from the clutches of the Southern Octopus and the Coolie brand of Flour recommended by a few M.H.R.'s, and use only



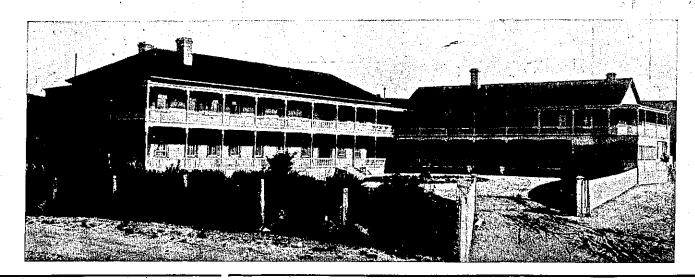
'Champion' Flour.

TARIFF: 10/- per day; £3 per week; or for a lengthened stay easier terms can be arranged.

GEYSER HOTEL, Whakarewarewa,

F. WATKINSON, Proprietor.





Situated in a unique position close to the wonderful geysers and Maori settlement.

Visitors staying at the Geyser Hotel have continued opportunity of witnessing them, as they can be seen playing from the verandah of the hotel, also of studying native life and customs.

The Hotel possesses its own private Hot and Cold curative Mineral Baths, of which the most valued are the "Spout," "Oil," and "Carlsbad," Baths.

It has lately been very much enlarged and refurnished throughout in a most luxurious style, thus making it on a par with the best and leading Continental Spa Hotels. The Electric Light is established throughout Hotel and Baths.

N.B.—Tourists staying at the Geyser Hotel are on the spot. Constant coaches run regularly between Whakarewarewa and the Rotorna Sanatorium, and vice ver:a.

VISIT New Zealand's Wonderland and STAY at

The Grand Hotel, Rotorua.

Rooms Reserved by Letter or Telegram addressed to the "Manager," of Grand Hotel, Rotorua.



Close to the Government Gardens and Famous Curative Baths







The Leading Hotel in Hot Lakes District



UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE & PRINCESS OF WALES

Governors of Australia,



New Zealand, etc.

LAKE HOUSE HOTEL, Ohinemutu



TARIFF:

From 8/6 per day; £2 10/- per week.

This Hotel is so well and favourably known as to need no comment. The most commanding position in the district, on the borders of the magnificent Lake Rotorua.

Twelve Separate Bath Houses are situated on the splendidly laid out grounds of the Hotel, the mineral waters of which have highly curative and valuable medicinal properties.

Free Conveyance between the Hotel and the noted "POSTMASTER," "PRIEST," and "RACHEL" Baths.

CHAS. SANSOM, Proprietor.

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Fire and Marine Insurance Company of New Zealand.

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Paid-up Capital, Reinsurance, General, Reserve and Accumulated Funds amount to=

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Fire Risks of every description accepted at lowest current rates, including damage to property caused by Bush Fires and Lightning.

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Ordinary Accident. Fidelity Guarantee.

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The South British Company's "Up-to-Date" Policy, combining Accident and Sickness Benefits, is a most attractive one.

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HEAD OFFICE:

Queen and Shortland Sts., AUCKLAND

JAMES KIRKER, General Manager.