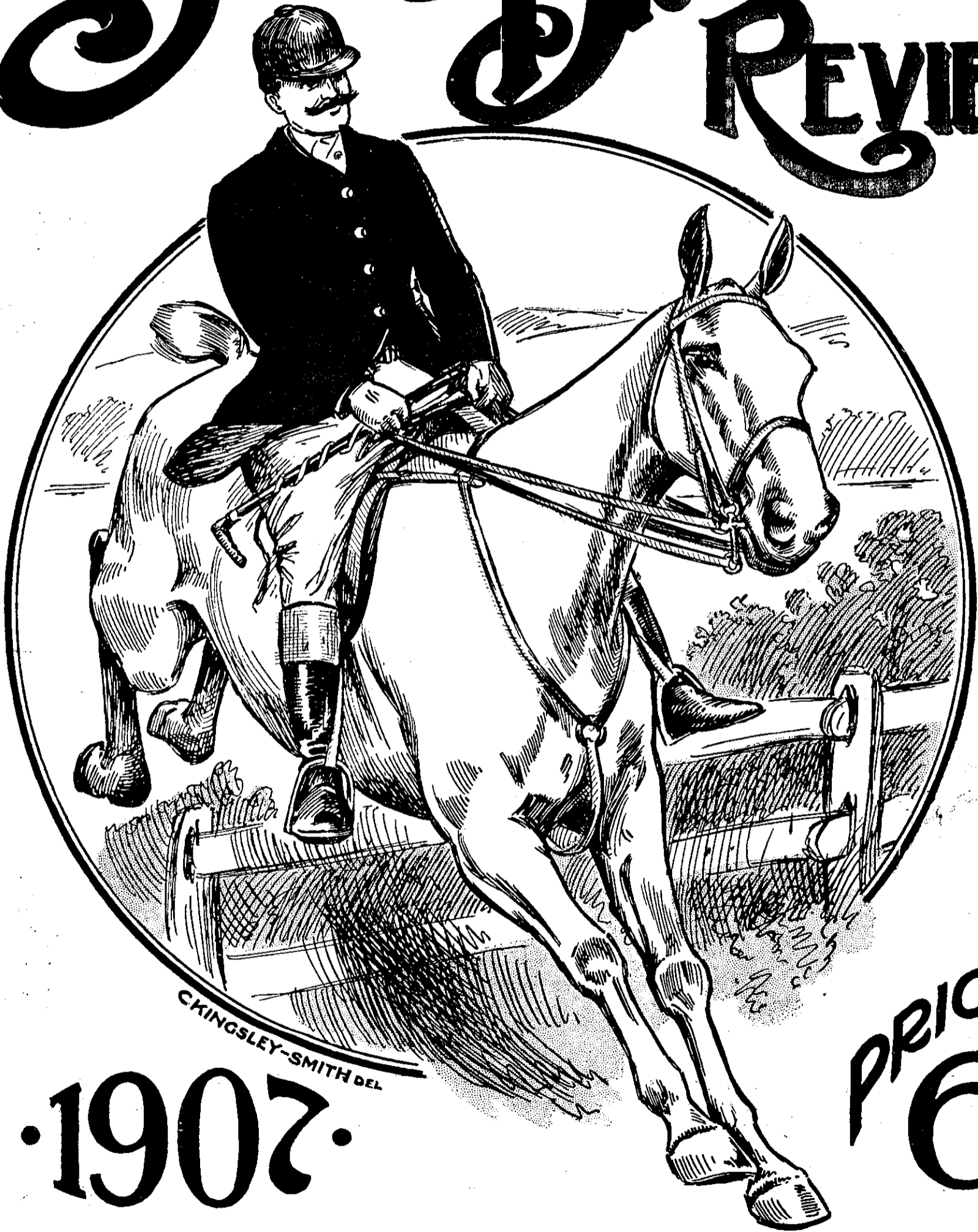


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**SPORTING & DRAMATIC  
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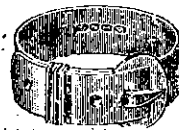
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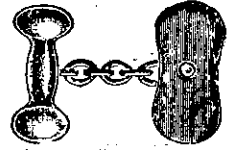
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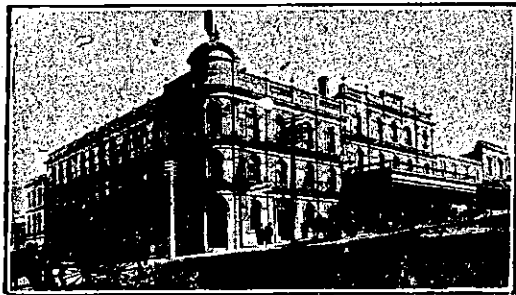


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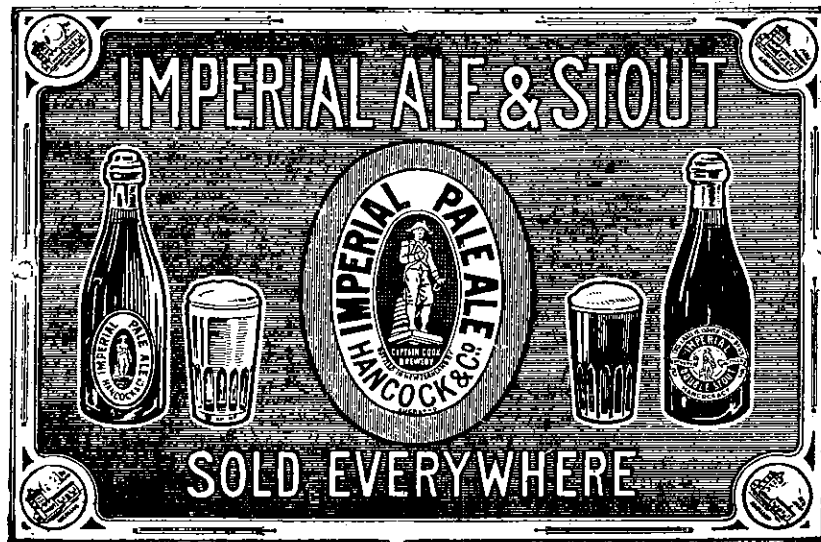
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## Christmastide.

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 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 beams,

"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 time. 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 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 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 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 Waitera, Kawau, Orewa, Arkle's Bay, Brown Bay, Cowes Bay, have been unusually large. The Railway Department intend running extra trains to Rotorua, the Thames and elsewhere, so that but for the great influx of country visitors the city would be well nigh deserted.

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 out-of-door loving community will not lack for the means to enjoy itself, and with some co-operation on the part of Old Sol, will 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 the 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

AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

# A Winning Hazard!

A TALE OF COLONIAL SPORT.

(By F. D'A. C. De L'Isle.)

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It was a glorious winter afternoon in 189— as two horsemen rode merrily along the road from Hastings in Hawke's Bay, towards 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 Hunt Club, which was to meet at Gwavas on the following day.

Angus Walkor the lord of Penuhuru, a large station at the foot of the Kaimanawhas, was mounted on his Patriarch—Day Dawn jumper Sudden Death; and Winford 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 Winford 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 Penuhuru, 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 him many a mount on green "cattle" 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. courses. The two friends chatted pleasantly as they rode along.

"Old Corisan means to get some cheap schooling for his horse," remarked 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 Medecis.

"I wish you would take one of mine old man. There's Black Diamond—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 Crofts!"

"Yes, Crofts! 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 clear out!"

Winford Medecis shook his head. "No, I don't think he will ever persuade her to marry Crofts—she hates him."

"Woman does not know herself," remarked Walkor sagely. "She is the enigma of creation. We wait for the millennium. 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 win."

"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 look round for a bit; there's a good time yet before the National. Corisan might ask me to ride Doubloon for him."

"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 the poor."

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?" said Corisan cautiously. "Mebbe ye'd bet me a pun or two about it—eh?"

It was the one vice in an otherwise iron character, and Walter Corisan was a demon bettor, albeit a very cautious one. He knew he had a top sawyer in Doubloon, far ahead of Crofts'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 Crofts.

"An' ye'd like to, nae 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 is too much class for your weeds!"

"A wager, my lad. A'll tak' ye—an 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 gallop.

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 passed between them.

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

"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 ken. He'll mebbe be a champion like his sire, I'm thinking. Did ye see how he took yon post-an-rails at the Boom Paddock. It's five-feet-six is yon 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 Medecis" said Walkor, unable to refrain from praising his friend. "I never saw a young horse better ridden!"

"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 Medecis.

"Like the moth fluttering round the candle. Any improvements in your prospects, Win?" asked Walkor.

"Yes, a little," answered his friend, hesitatingly. "Er—Crofts and Corisan got to hot words the other morning and came as close to a downright 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. Certainly Doubloon jumped rattily. 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 Wellington 'bus horse!"

"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 laughing.

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

"Yes; he has engaged Ducker to 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."



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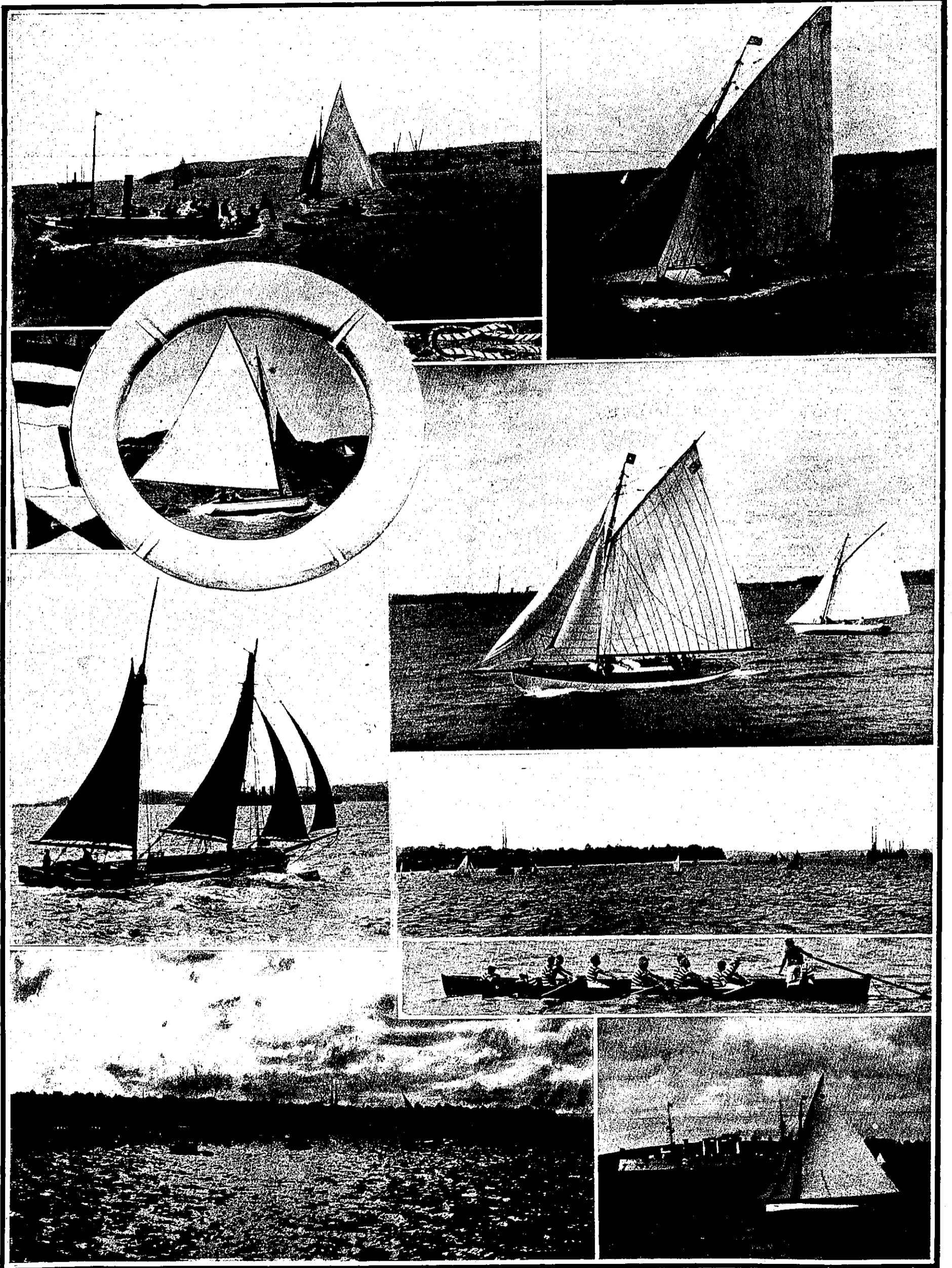
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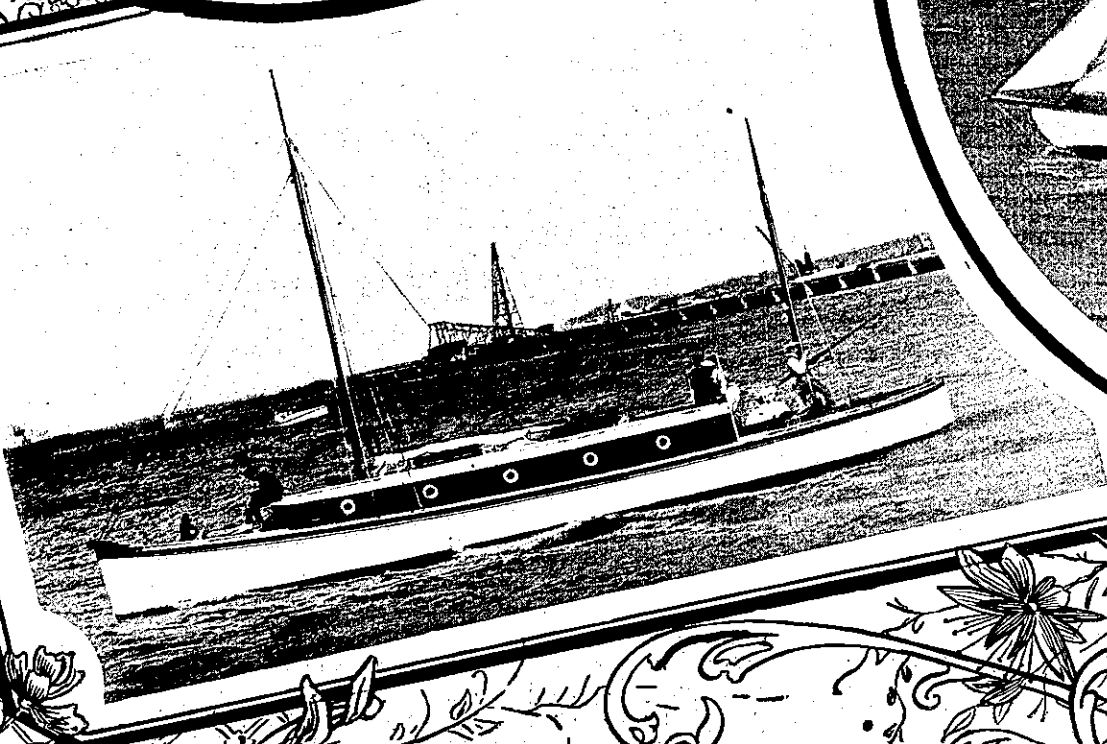
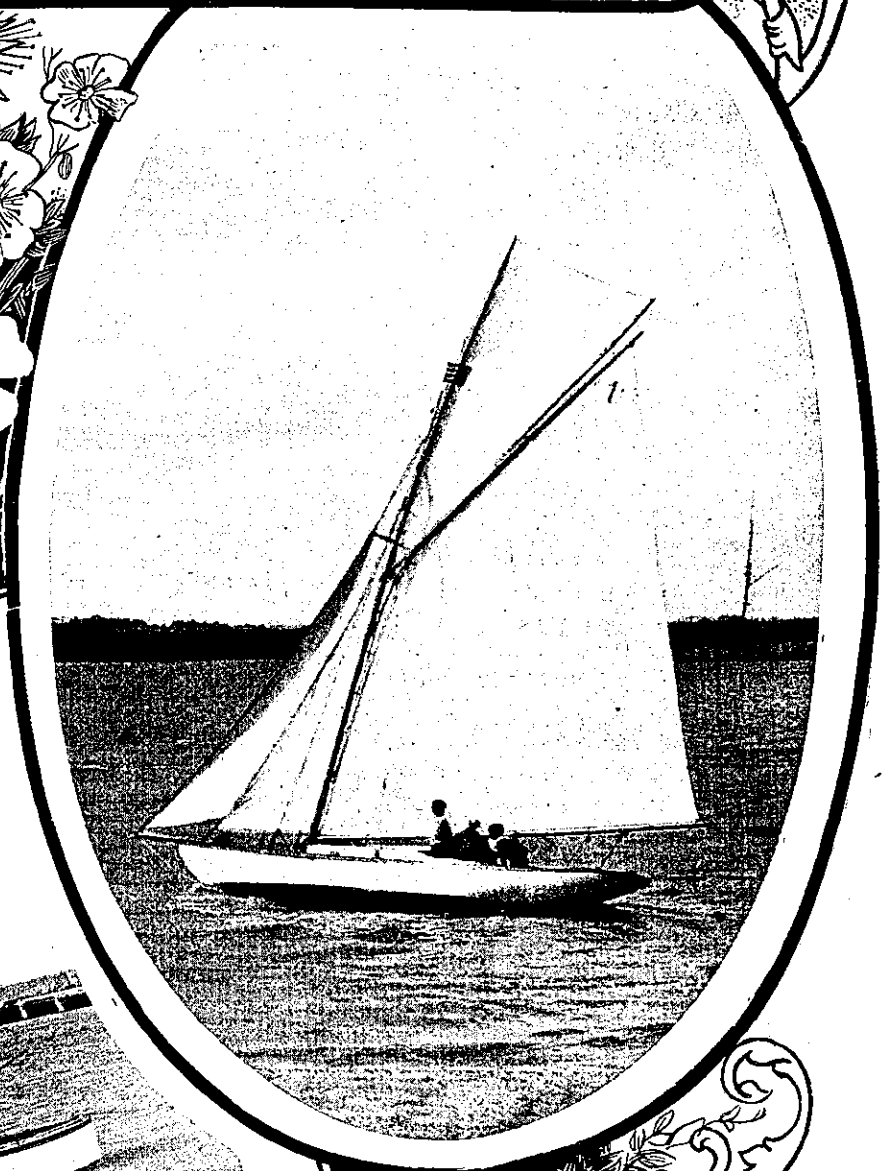
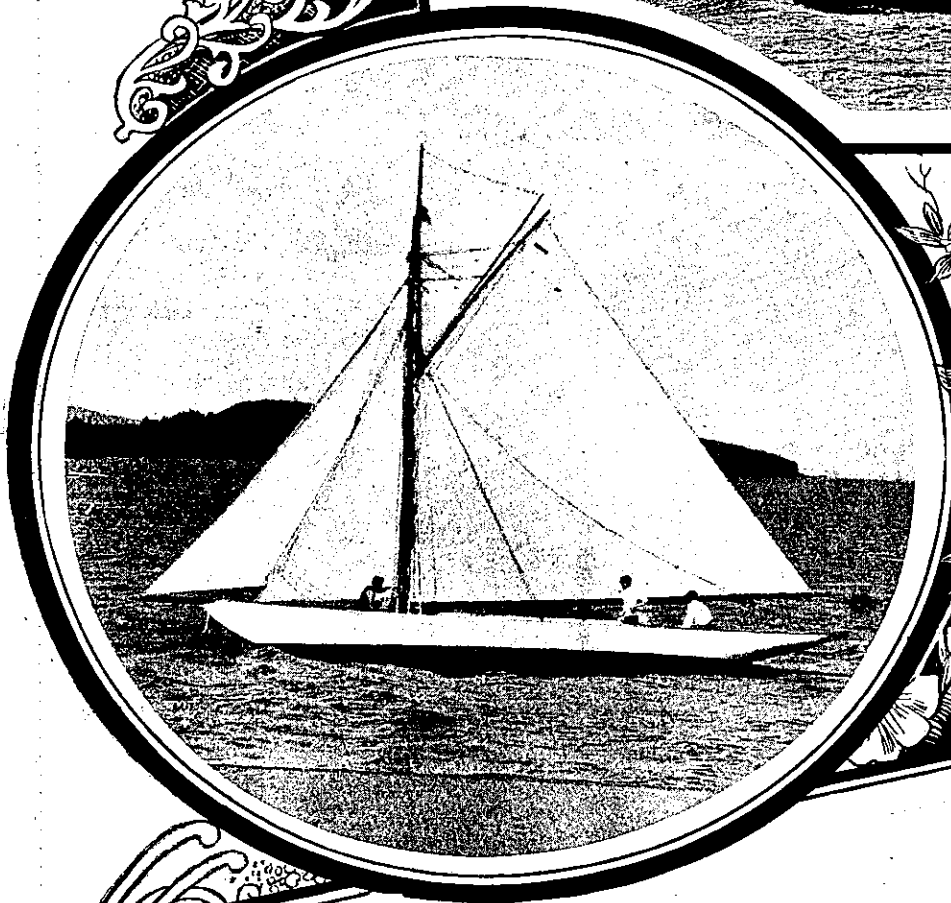
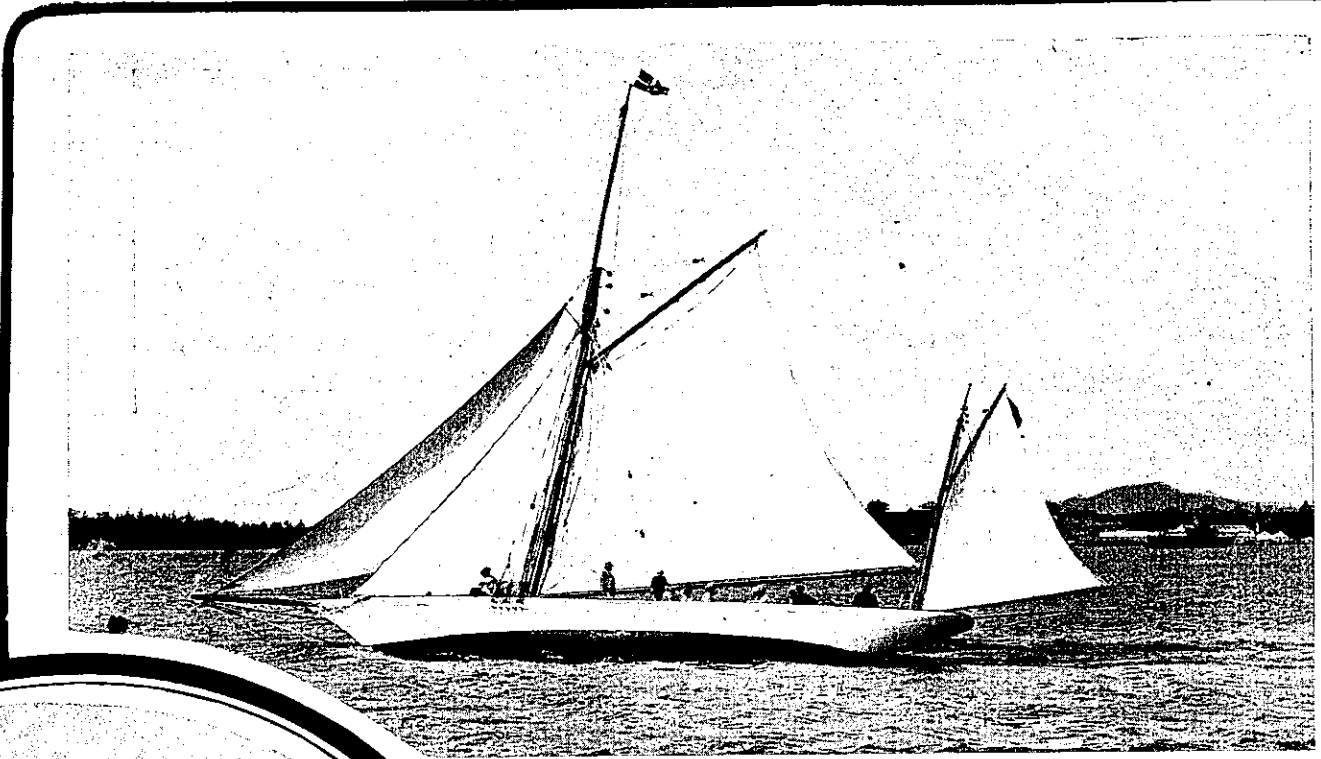
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On the Waitemata.

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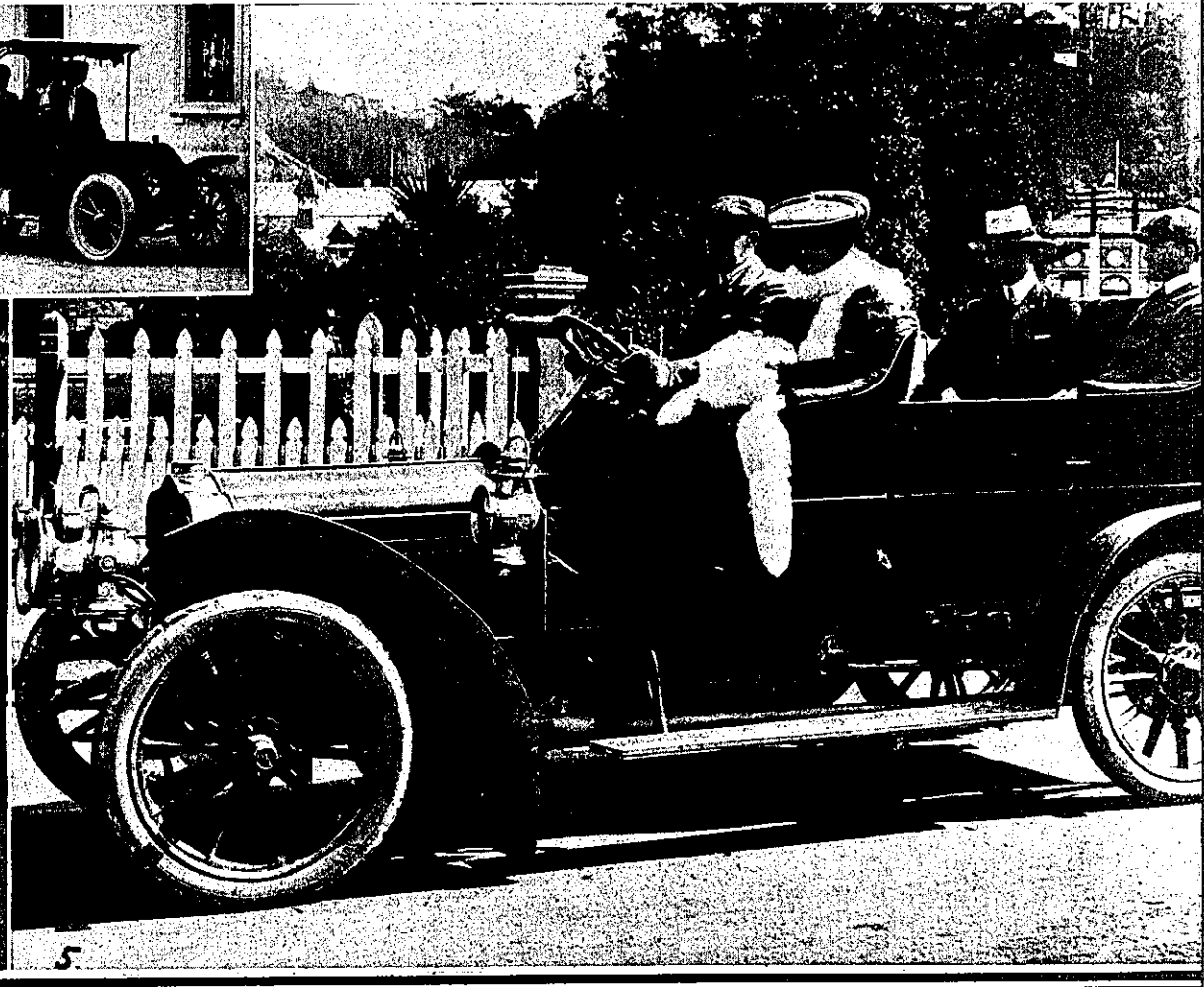
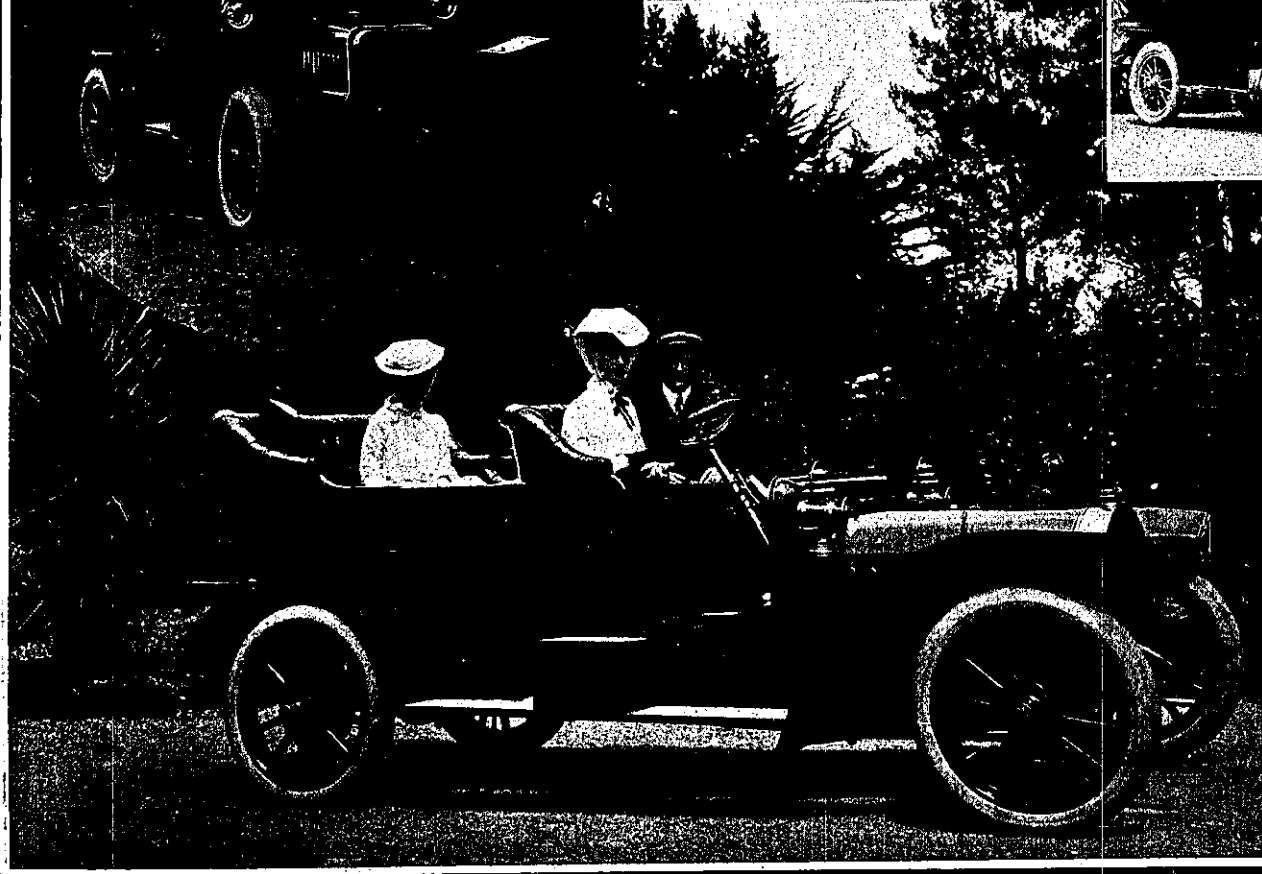
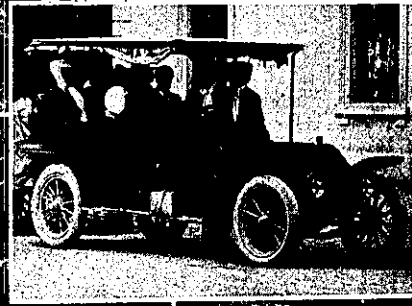
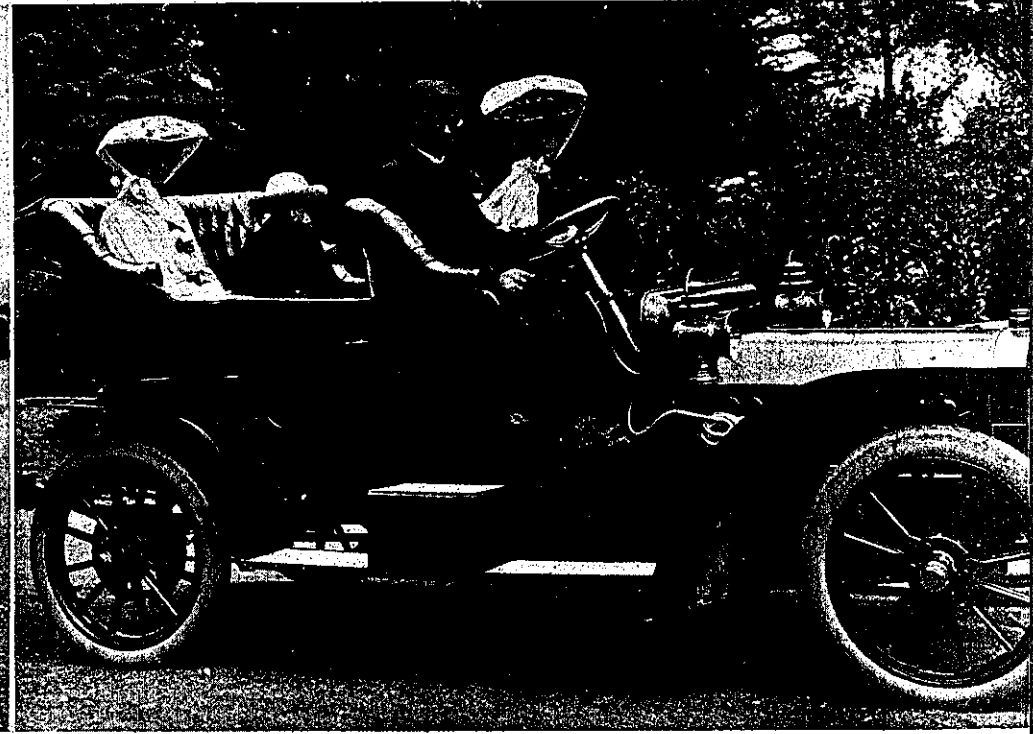
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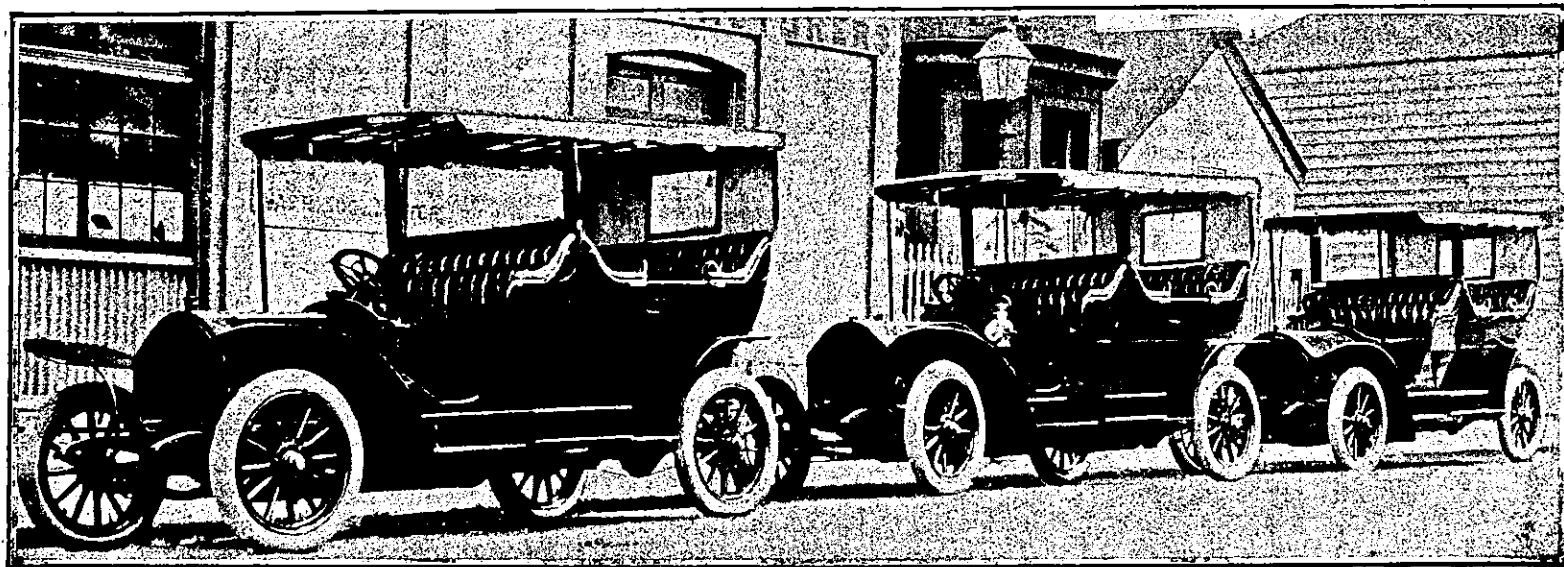
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# Who is that?

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 Ellerslie. Seeing the racing from the flat was no use to him, but he must do the thing in style. Therefore, he had done in the best part of a thick 'un 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 those 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 the 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 were. Born out here as long ago as '47 and been a sport ever since. Lives 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 Chief, 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 haven't. 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. I 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 pencilers. 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.' I mean the bloke with the happy smile and the emponpoint, to say nothing of the flower in his button-hole."

"What! 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 secretary's wanted, Freddy's on deck. Reckon he's one of the most popular men here to-day. Everybody likes him, and—I'll let you into a secret—he dispenses the lunch tickets."

"Here comes an avoidrupois sort of Johnnie with a holland suit and a come-and-have-a-drink sort of air, whose 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 for '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 counting."

"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 fellow. Why, that's Bill Lyons, 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 self-styled 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 days gone by, a perfect dandy over hurdles. It hardly seems seventeen

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 horseback 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 of. The Clerk of the Course was born way back in '45 and has hunted ever since. What's more he still goes 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 strangers. Should have thought you 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 sad-faced 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 to-day, 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 drink," 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 sportsmen on the turf to-day."

"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 which. It doesn't matter much because both are such good sports and good fellows. Robert used to run like a 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 and Cuirassier. They've got some 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 Act and say things. Mine's whisky."

## 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 wittlessly 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 South. 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?" asked the general.

"Thirty cents," was the reply.  
"Thirty cents!" repeated the general in astonishment. "Why, if you 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?"

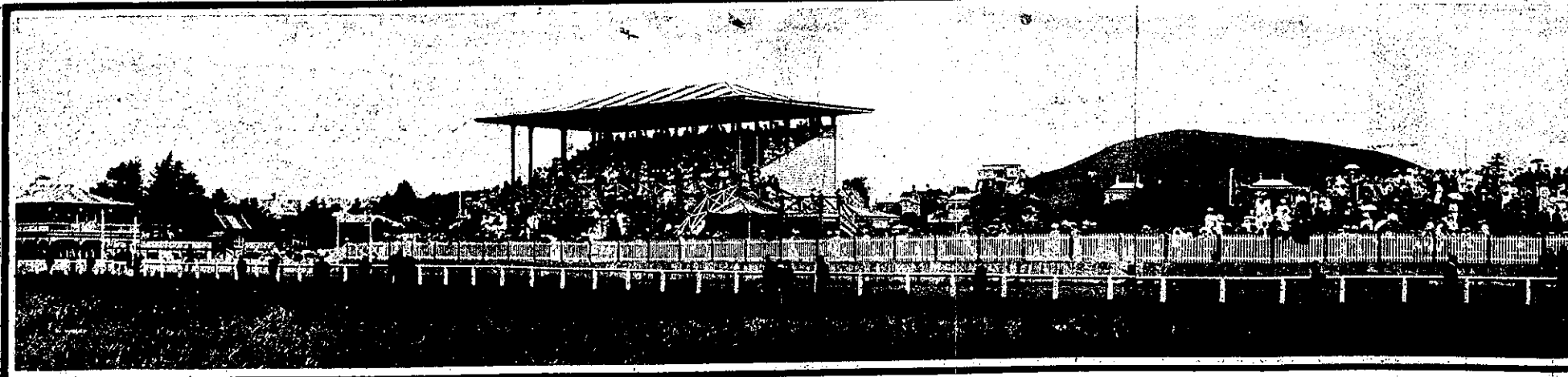
"Cruelly, dear. I married your father."

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. He 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."



Panorama of Takapuna Racecourse.

# Bordering on the Sumorous.

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 clothes.

There once was a giddy young chamberlain,  
Who went for a walk with his mam-ois;  
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 him.

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 Starlight.

"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 d'refu' whoppers which are poured forth, and as they gape my friend whips them out, peppers 'em, and swallows them."

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

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 foot. Jeering and laughter greeted the story.

"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 myself. You see, gentlemen, when he pulled the trigger of his rifle, the buck was just scratching his 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 nine inches of snow on the ground."

"The argument got heated, and Johnston picked up a snowball and 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 summer-like, 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' slighin',  
Jus' settin' round home—  
An' lyin'.

Wife: "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 pronounce 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 mischief."

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 policeman.

"As fast as a man can run?"

"Yis, your honor, he was going as fast as two min can run."

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

"How is that?"

"They're married."

"Have you been 'gymming,' Bertie?"

"Yeth; an' getting stwong. Cawn't woll a cigawette now without bweak-ing 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 quietly.

"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 always 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.

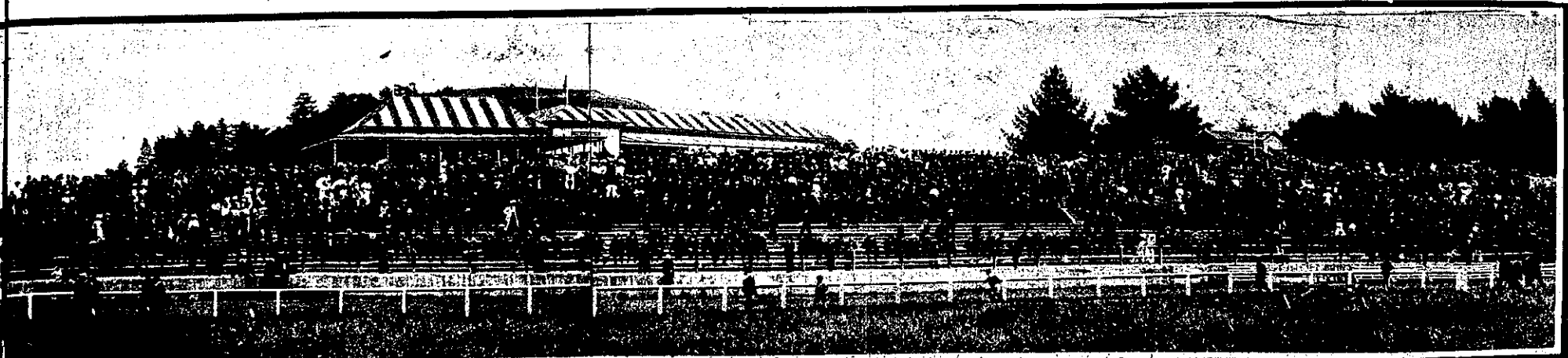
The lamb lived for many years, and was finally killed by a cow.

The Waikato train as usual crawled along and then stopped dead.

"Guard," shouted a humorous passenger, "may I get out and pick some flowers?"

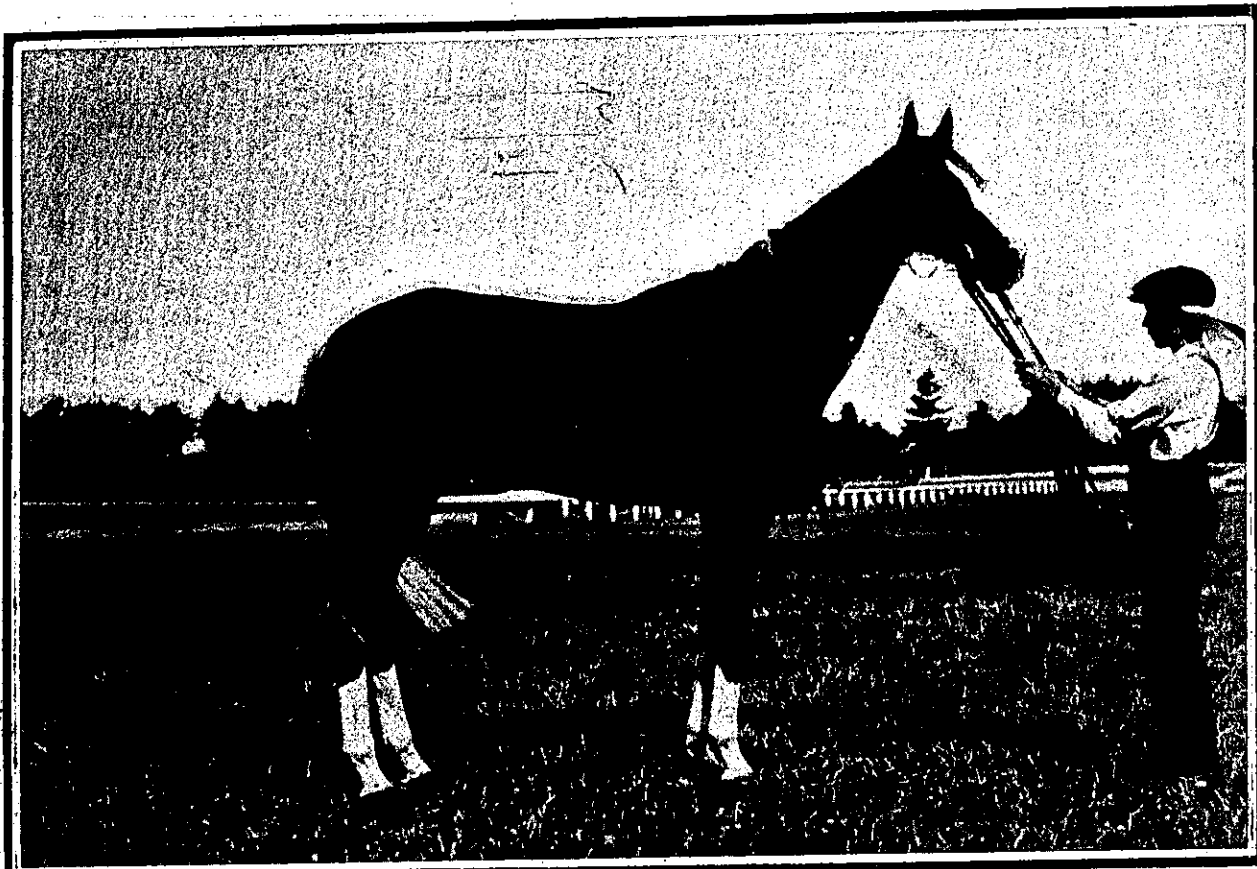
"Afraid you won't find many about here," said the guard, good-humoredly.

"Oh, there'll be heaps of time," replied the jovial one, "I've brought a packet of seeds."



Auckland, taken at the last Meeting.

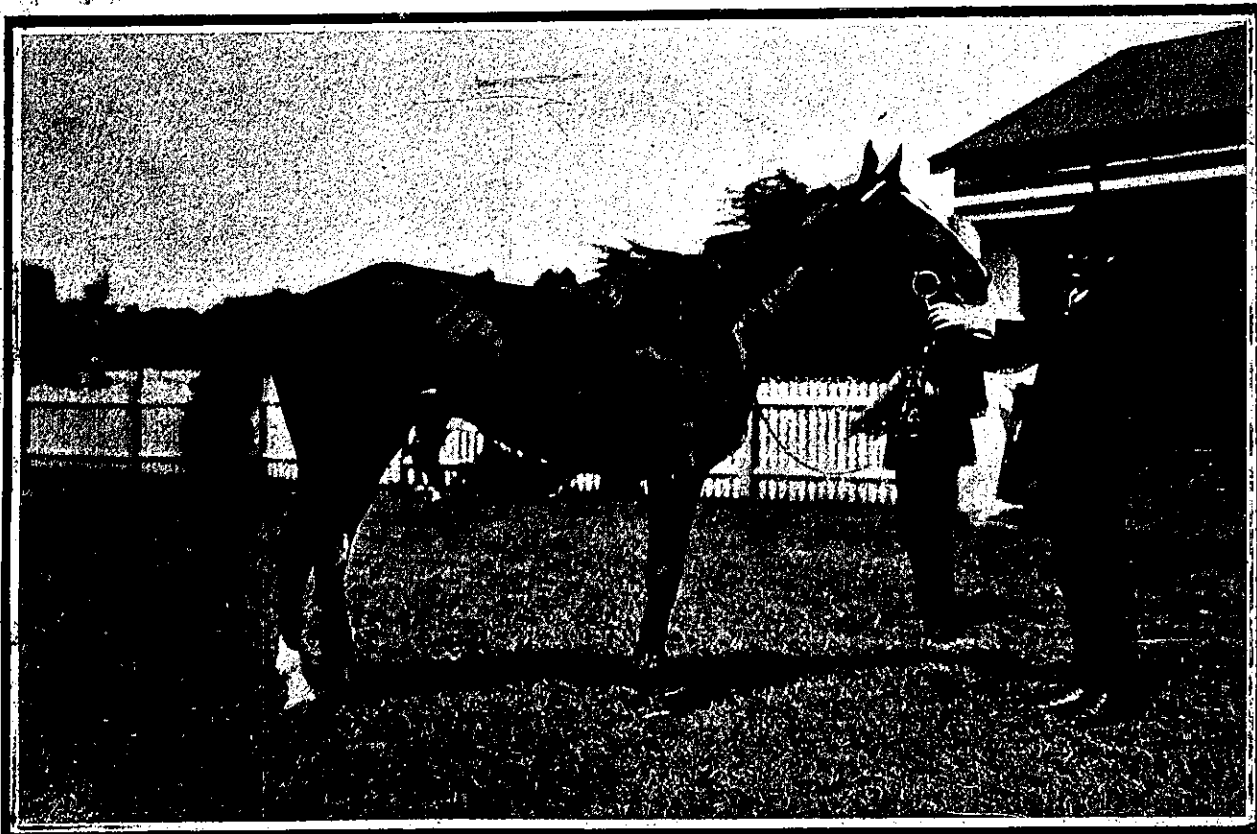
SOME OF THE AUCKLAND CUP HORSES.



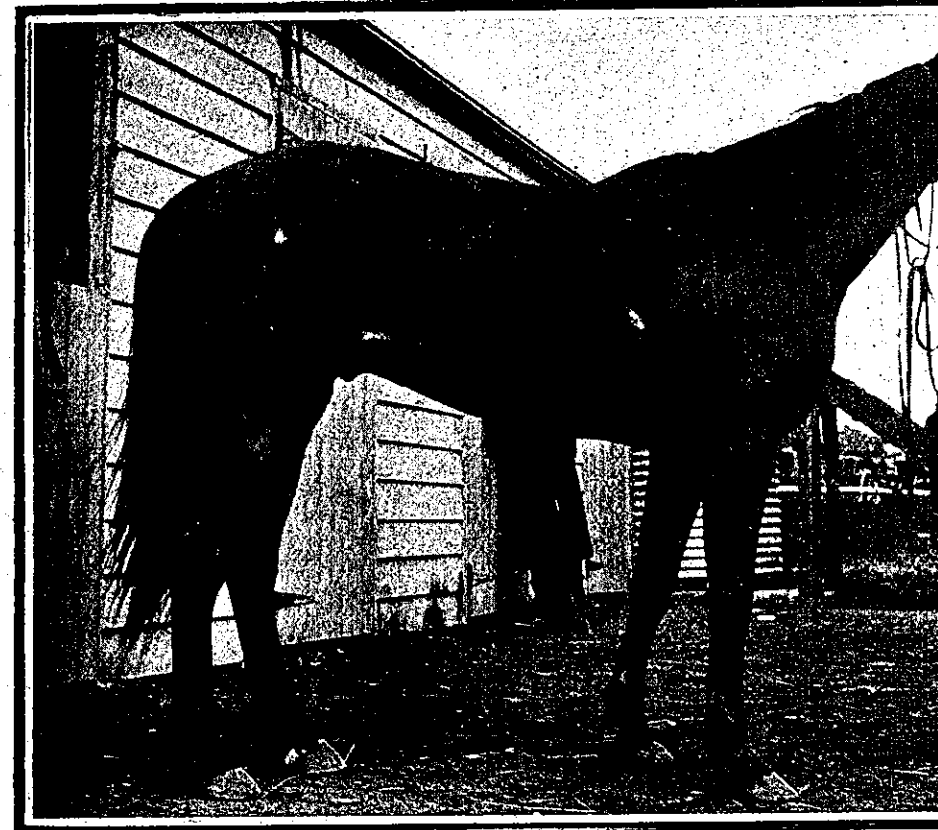
Chestnut colt **DOWNFALL** (San Francisco—Cantatrice), 7st. 6lbs.



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

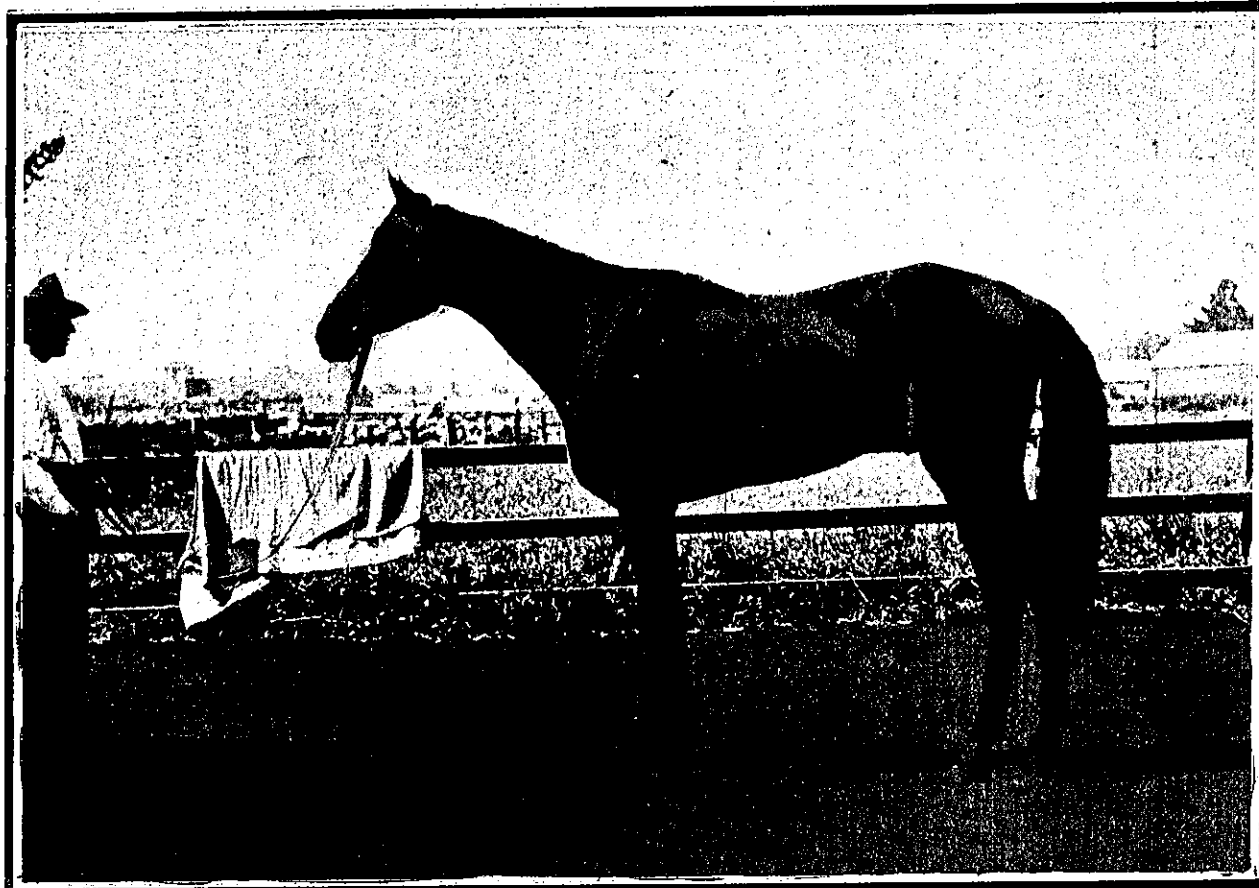


Chestnut mare **URANIUM** (Leolantis—Brownie), 8st. 2lbs.

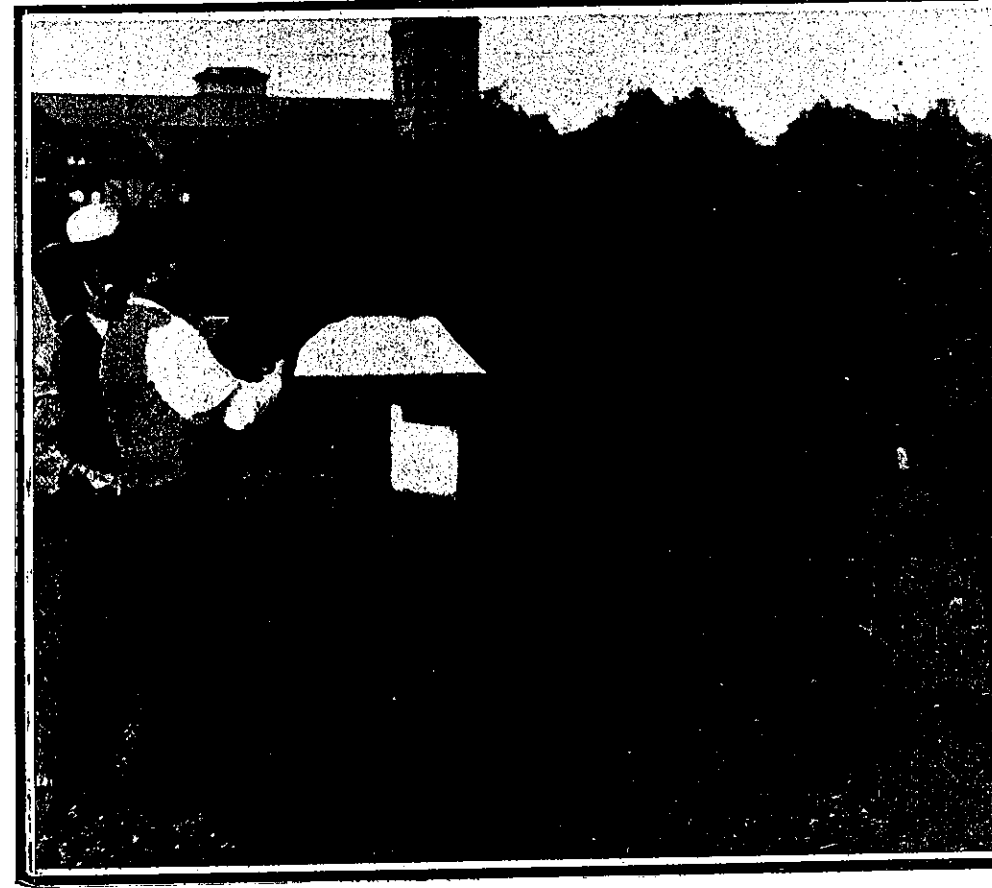


Bay gelding **PARITUTU** (Castor—Yattaghan), 7st. 13lbs.

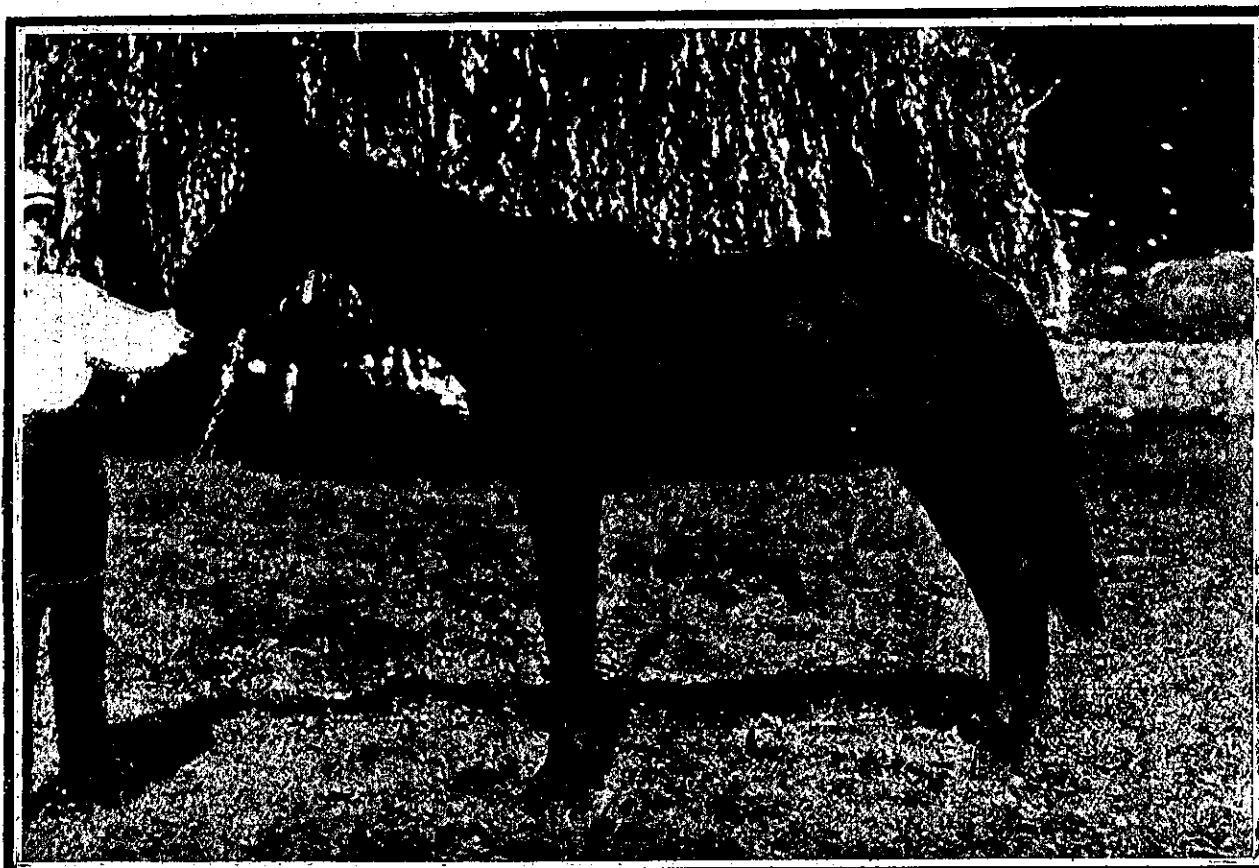
SOME OF THE AUCKLAND CUP HORSES.



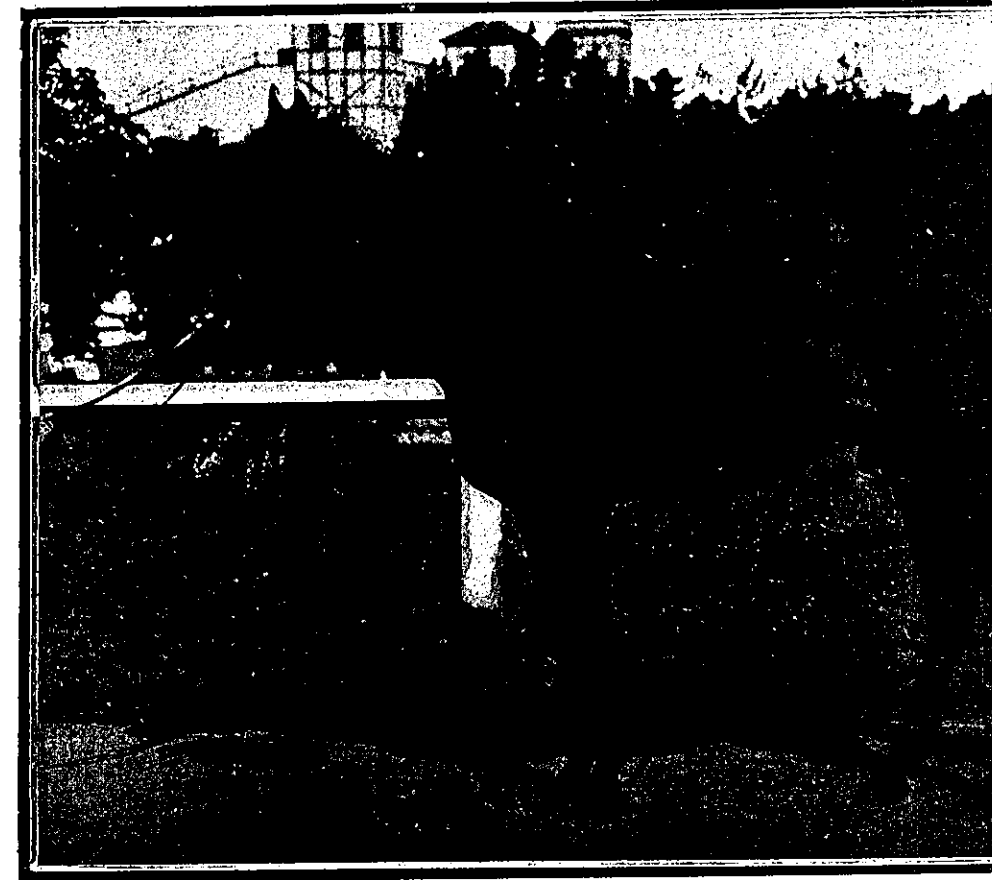
Chestnut colt BONNY GLEN (Stepnlak—Crest), 7st. 8lbs.



Bay horse CARL ROSA (Seaton Dela val—Vieux Rose), 7st. 4lb.



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



Bay horse STAR ROSE (Daystar—Queen Rose), 7st. 5lbs.

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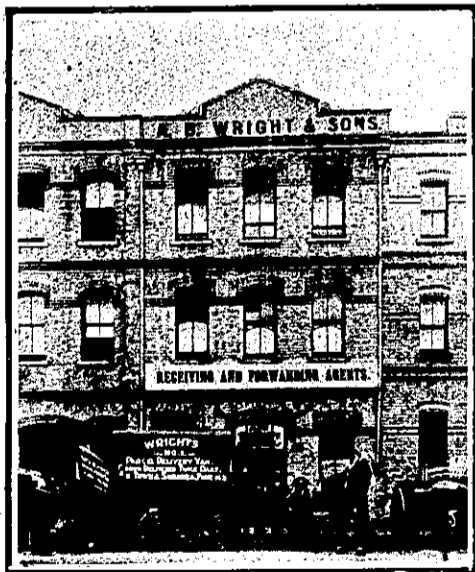
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# Kapitaua.

## 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 perhaps 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 Rangitoto. 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—bark! 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 recognises 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 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 bereavement. 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 less? Had it been a fighting man it would have been a different thing altogether.

A fighting man? But, taihoa, wait a bit!

### CHAPTER II.

Young Kapitaua found a congenial home among the warlike tribe in the Waikato. He was a robust and fearless youth and soon outstripped all his companions in the various games and contests that exercised the lads 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 whare.

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 expedition against a strongly-fortified 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 young and active warriors, eager for adventure and burning to wipe out the insult which, according to 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 fern-clad 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 after him unobserved, and keeping out of the light, he seated 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. Beginning to wonder what sort of a predicament he would find himself in, he at last heard his own name mentioned.

"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 figure).

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

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 ranga (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 crying:

"Where is Kapitaua that I may kill him?"

But his son was too quick for him. With a gesture of defiance he shouted:

"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 after him.

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. The 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 together 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 night."

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.)

We bought him from a drover who was passing thro' the scamp,  
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,  
We 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 outsiders fell;  
But they didn't smash the hurdle, which I thought was just as well.  
Then The Ghost passed Ned, and colared 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 horse, still full of running, was gaining every stride,  
And I knew that Ned meant business when he settled down to ride.

The Ghost was faltering slightly, and when his rider tried  
To lift him at the hurdle, he balked, 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 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 everything!



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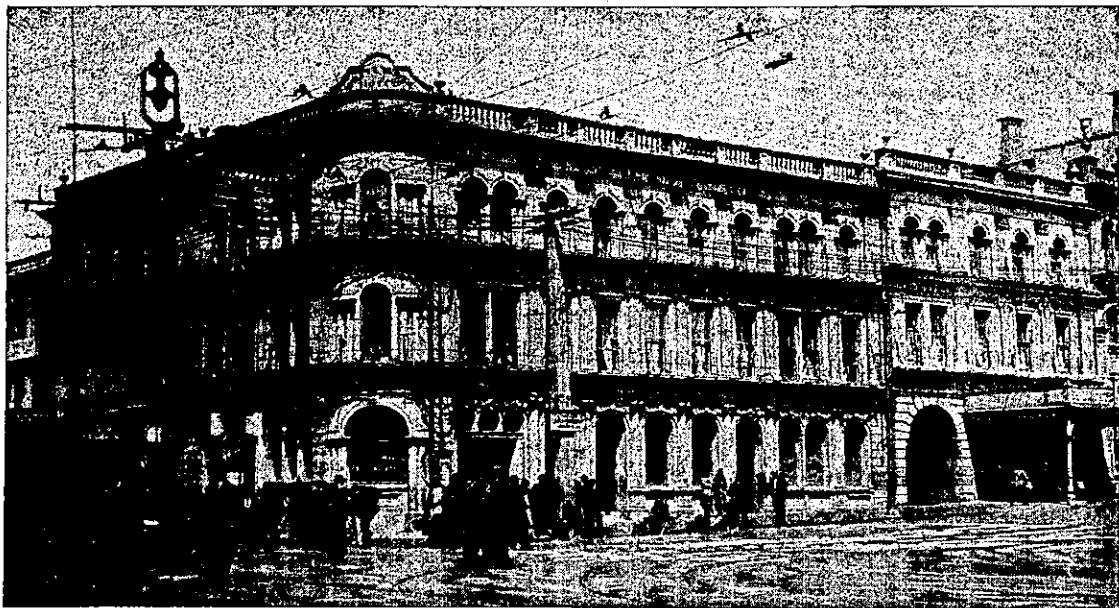
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was jealous of Probyne all the time, and I thought it was you. You may kiss me, Jim, now you've saved my life. But be quick—I see the rest of the field coming over the gorse fence. Oh, Jim! Jim! Do be reasonable."

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

That 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 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 twenty-four 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.

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 Auckland).—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 steamships 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 seas.

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

In order that the size of these old-time 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 of 23,876.

That much controverted craft, the ark, is an example of bigness. Her tonnage is estimated at about 15,000 tons. No less an authority than Lindsay thinks that she was simply a raft of stupendous size, having upon it a structure resembling a huge warehouse. As no means of propulsion 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 and provisions. Her oars were 57 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' supper-room, and there were three more cabins, each having three couches. The 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 mainmast 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 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 think.

**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 hour. 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, 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 cannon-ball express, but it can beat the fastest "ocean greyhound" in a speed contest.

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; He 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 awl. 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.

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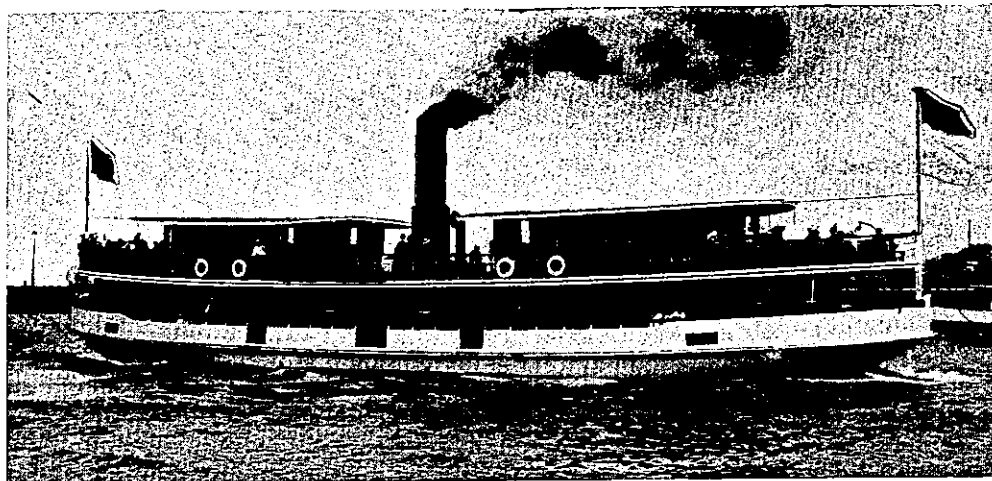
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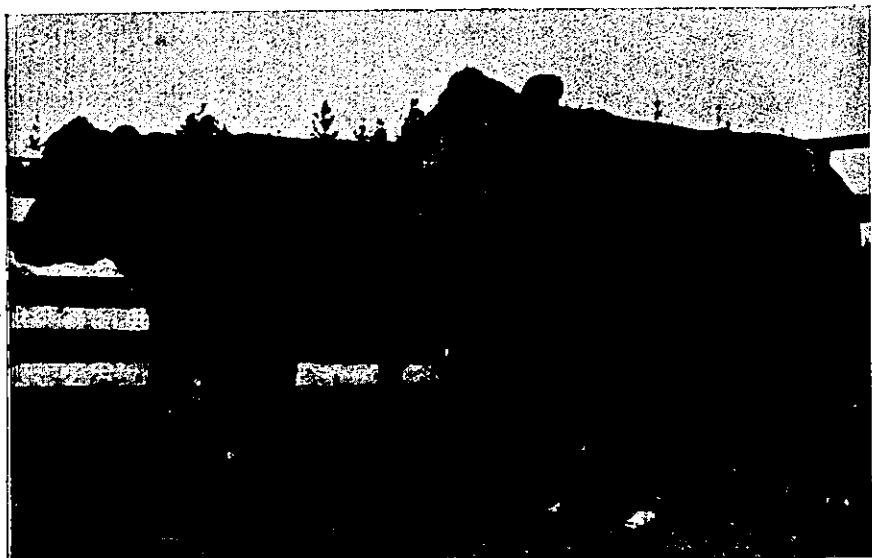
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C. BAILEY, JUN., has the reputation of being one of the best  
Designers and Builders in the Colonies, and has received the  
Highest Testimonials. He guarantees faithful work and good  
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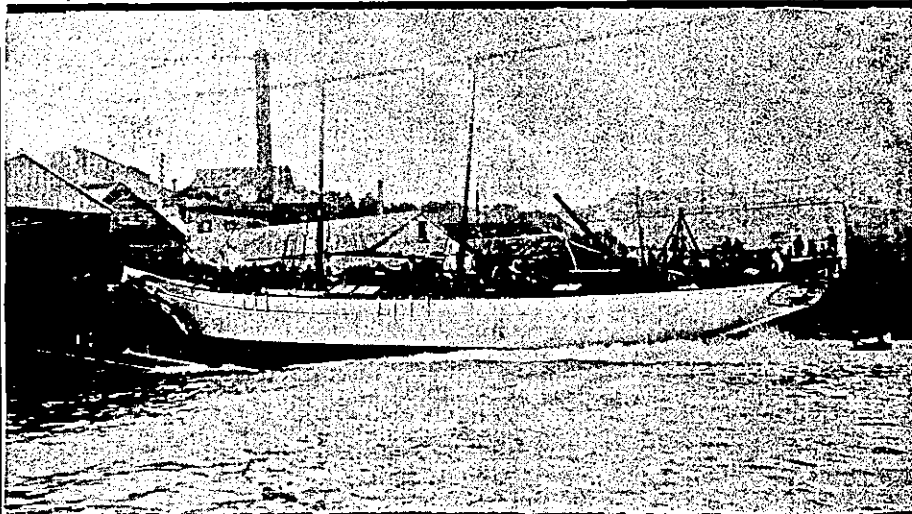
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"QUEEN OF BEAUTY," "PRESTO," "NAOMI," No. 1,  
2 and 3, "ELSIE EVANS," "UNION," "TOKATPA,"  
27 "MILKMAID" Type, and others too numerous to men-  
tion, and the handsome

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 Clarke 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.*

# ANECDOTES, ETC.

## THE HIBERNIAN HUMORIST.

Ho, McLubberty!" saluted Police-man Hogan. "Oi hov wan or two for yez. Phwoy is a short man troysin' 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?"

"Oi do! Begorra, Hogan, yez hov dhe wit!"

"Oi hov. Here is anither: Phwoy is a man thot wroites a story dhe most peculiar person in dhe wor-ruld?"

"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-ye, 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 mou't loike a volcany?"

"Oi dunno. Till ut to me, Mur-r-rrty."

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

"Oi do not! Phwat is dhe p'int?"

"Whoy,—Oi—that is—Aw, 't is often said thot 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-rrkin' 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 precise to the verge of pedantry. 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—broom—the Judge interrupted with this bland correction:—"Excuse me, but I think if instead of saying 'broom' 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 resentment. Presently the Judge, while summing up, said "omnibus." Instantly the daring, non-pedantic Mr Hawkins 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 woould then be more intelligible to the jury and, besides, you would save two syllables." A smile fitted across the jury box and a titter rippled through the Court, and Lord Campbell looked at Mr Hawkins with 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 enraged 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 diocese!"

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 cross-examining 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 examined 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 pin-cushions 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 Hawkins arrived later than he had appointed, 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 black-board; but no one knew what it meant. She rubbed out the S. What does 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?"

"S-phait," 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;  
Unsuspectingly you pause,  
And with no apparent cause,  
He jaws an' 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, the Cup,  
It's the  
Oh, d—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 alls the blessed train?"  
The brakes were tried; they acted  
right.  
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 at £30.

Mrs. Isaacstein.—Any inzurance?  
Mr. Isaacstein.—V'y, of course not—you don't subbose anybody would estimate 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, 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. He 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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### A1 Stores

Farm Seeds, Clover Seeds, Turnip and Mangel Seeds.  
Garden Seeds, Vegetable Seeds, Flower Seeds.

EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN.  
EVERYTHING FOR THE FARM.

### O'Leary Bros. & Downs

SEED MERCHANTS,  
The A1 Seed Stores  
Corner—  
QUEEN & WELLESLEY STS.  
Auckland.

## Shakespeare Hotel

WYNDHAM & ALBERT STS.

### JOHN BONNER

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 Season.

A direct veto has been passed by him against all second-class liquors, and nothing 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.**

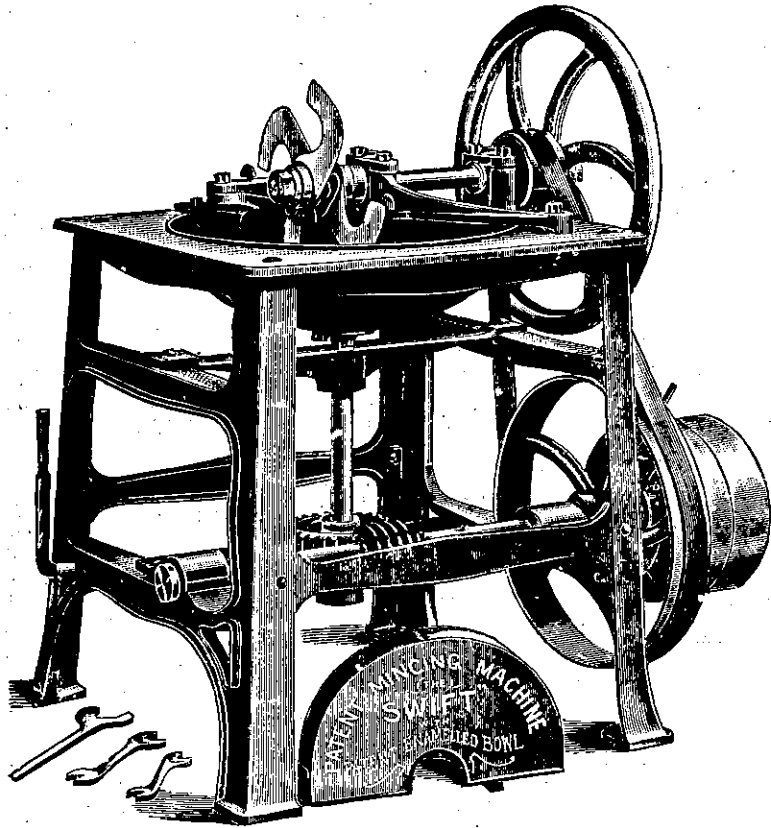
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ALBERT ST., AUCKLAND.

Importer of Salt, Spices, Clothing,

AND ALL

**BUTCHERS' MACHINERY.**



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Sausage

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Fillers

With Enamelled Bowls and Cylinders.

RICHARD H. HOPKINS,

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**G. W. S. Patterson**

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Commissions Executed for Country Settlers.  
Prompt Account Sales rendered.



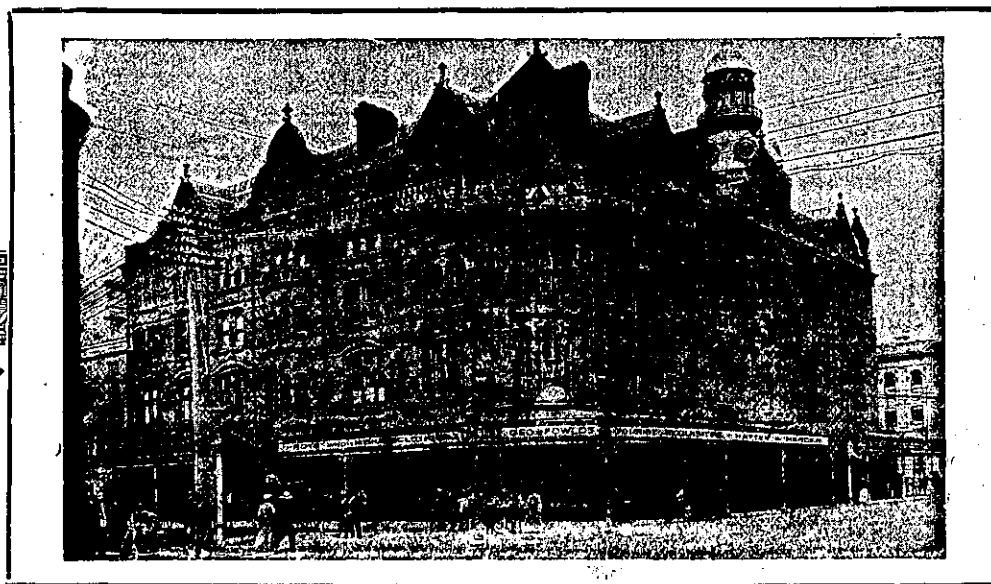
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Hongkong & Hankow, China.

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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,  
BLANKETS, TRUNKS, BAGS and PORTMANTEAUX. ....

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in Assortment and Quality.

**Second**

to none in Value.

**Special**

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To Hot Lakes, Thermal Springs, Cold Lakes,  
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CAVES. FISHING. SHOOTING.

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Fares from	To	Ordinary Return.		* Holiday Excursion.	
		1st Class.	2nd Class.	1st Class.	2nd Class.
Wellington	Auckland,	£5 13 6	£4 1 10	£5 0 6	£3 9 0
"	Rotorua,	£5 13 8	£4 2 0	£5 0 8	£3 9 1
Wanganui	Auckland,	£4 19 2	£3 14 4	£4 6 10	£3 2 2
"	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
"	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, as under:

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

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 months 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	1st. Class		2nd. Class	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Christchurch (via Waima line only)	3	13 6	2	0 0
Christchurch (round trip via Waima Line or Invercargill)	4	0 0	2	4 6
Dunedin (via Waima Line only)	1	15 0	1	0 6
Dunedin (round trip via Waima 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 & Waima 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).

From Dunedin (via Waima Line only) ... 60s. (first-class).

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 CENTRAL OTAGO.

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

No.	ROUTE.	First-Class Fare.*
1.	From Dunedin to Queenstown (via Waima Line to Kingston); return to Dunedin via Wanaka and Lawrence; or vice versa	£4 0 0
2.	From Dunedin to Queenstown (via Waima Line to Kingston); return to Dunedin via Arrow and Lawrence; or vice versa	£3 5 0
3.	From Dunedin to Queenstown (via Waima Line to Kingston); return to Dunedin via Wanaka and Clyde; or vice versa	£3 14 0
4.	From Dunedin to Queenstown (via Waima Line to Kingston); return to Dunedin via Arrow and Clyde; or vice versa	£2 14 0

\* Including steamer and coach fares.

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.

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 - £7
- (b.) Available over NORTH ISLAND lines for FOUR WEEKS from date of issue - £4
- (c.) Available over MIDDLE ISLAND lines for FOUR WEEKS from date of issue - £5

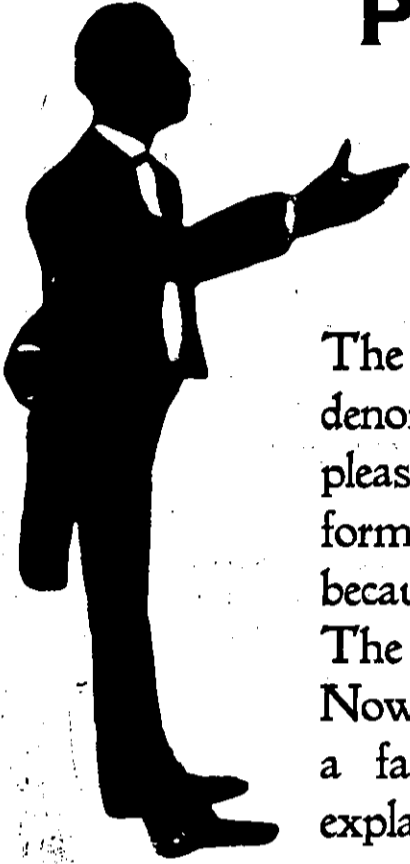
Tourist Excursion Tickets may be extended for any period not exceeding four weeks on payment of an extension fee of £1 10s. per week, or portion of a week, on application to the Stationmaster at any of the above-mentioned stations before the expiration of original ticket.

BY ORDER.

HEAD OFFICE,  
WELLINGTON, DECEMBER, 1907.

# “CHAMPION”

Protects and Pleases all.

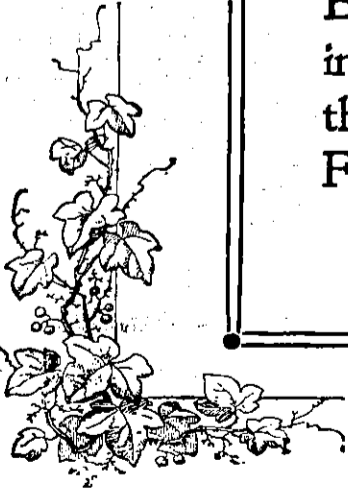


The “CHAMPION” Brand of Flour may be denominated a good Temperance Flour, and pleases either prohibitionists or moderates, the former as it absorbs water freely, the latter because it doesn't disdain yeast or “beer froth.” The flour, however, requires plenty of working. Now, as both parties mentioned 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



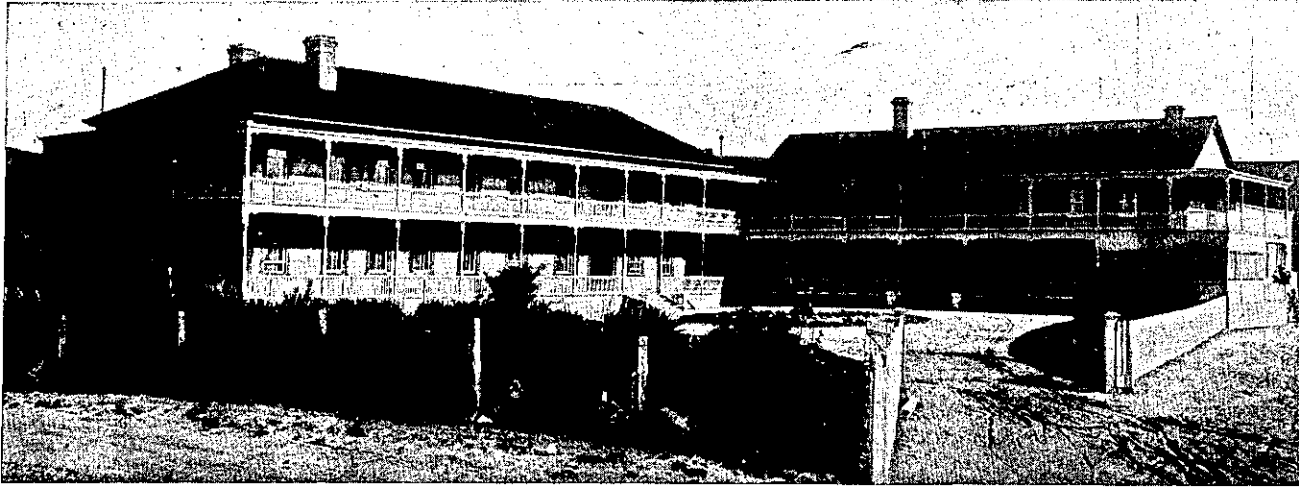
*‘Champion’ Flour.*

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

# GEYSER HOTEL, Whakarewarewa,

F. WATKINSON, Proprietor.

## ROTORUA.



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

Visitors staying at the Geysers 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 Geysers Hotel are on the spot. Constant coaches run regularly between Whakarewarewa and the Rotorua Sanatorium, and vice versa.

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

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Governors of Australia,  New Zealand, etc.

# LAKE HOUSE HOTEL, Ohinemutu

## ROTORUA



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.

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**The Company is noted for its Prompt and Equitable Adjustment.**

**DIRECTORS:**

J. H. UPTON, Esq. - CHAIRMAN.                      J. EDSON, Esq.  
J. BATGER, Esq.                      R. A. CARR, Esq.                      W. R. WILSON, Esq.  
THOS. PEACOCK, Esq.                      W. C. W. McDOWELL, Esq.

**HEAD OFFICE:**

Corner of **Queen and Shortland Sts., AUCKLAND.**

*JAMES KIRKER, General Manager.*