

The Shore Yacht Club have an ocean race programme for next Saturday. Should conditions prove favourable the destination will be the Bay of Islands. Mr Wilkinson will take command up till Friday.

In the second event of the Prince Alfred Yacht Club's 30-rating championship there were nine competitors. The race, which was sailed in Port Jackson, on Saturday week, was very keenly contested, but Culwulla proved too good for her opponents, easily winning from Petrel. Culwulla was nearly a minute late in starting. This, however, did not affect her much, for when the yachts had settled down, it was soon noticed that Culwulla was making her way to the front. At Steel Point Mr Marks' yacht had assumed the lead, of which she was never afterwards deprived. On allowances being deducted, Culwulla was found to have 3min 45sec to spare from Petrel. Kukuburra secured third prize, being 37sec behind Petrel. The three placed yachts were all well sailed. The points scored in connection with the Prince Alfred Club's Championship, the second event of which was sailed on Saturday, are:—Petrel (two seconds), 4; Fleetwing and Culwulla (one win each), 3; Heather and Kukuburra (one third each), 1. Of these Petrel, Culwulla and Heather were all built by Logan Bros., of Auckland.

The following are the handicaps for the running events at the Thames Amateur Athletic and Cycle Club's sports, to be held on Thursday next:—Mile Race, 100 yds: T. Watene, A. Williamson, W. E. Torrens, D. Garsaty, 150 yds Handicap: P. Myles, scratch; F. Barton, 4 yds; E. Rainger, 4 yds; H. G. Chevis, 4 yds; A. Twinaime, 5 yds; W. E. Torrens, 5 yds; I. Garry, 5 yds; J. Moore, 7 yds; T. Watene, 8 yds; J. Taylor, 10 yds. 300 yds Handicap (Ladies' Bachelors): E. Rainger, scratch; P. F. Myles, 3 yds; F. Barton, 5 yds; W. E. Torrens, 6 yds; A. Twinaime, 6 yds; D. Garsaty, 7 yds; J. Moore, 11 yds; S. Taylor, 18 yds; Samuel Roe, 25 yds. Half mile Handicap: A. Rainger, scratch; H. G. Chevis, 10 yds; A. Twinaime, 20 yds; J. Taylor, 30 yds; J. Moore, 30 yds; J. Moran, 45 yds; E. Martin, 45 yds; A. Moran, 45 yds; H. Osborne, 45 yds.

THEATRICAL SUPERSTITION.

Mr Frank Thornton tells a good story illustrative of the superstition that prevails amongst theatrical people, as with others. Here it is in his own words:—
"Once upon a time I came to an agreement with poor D'Oyly Carte to stage-manage and produce 'Princess Ida' in America. And we further agreed that the contract should be signed and that I should start by to-morrow's midnight train for Euston. Home I went, packed up trunks, sweated, bustled, worried, grafted, got ready. Then, early next morning, I rattled in a cab down to Mr Carte's office. Self-congratulation rose within me as I reflected that the signing of the contracts would occupy but ten minutes, and that then I would have the rest of the day to spend in the way that I liked best. The doorkeeper stopped me. 'Beg par-



Auckland.
FIRST OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND YACHT SQUADRON.
FRONT ROW.—R. R. Masfield (Vice-Commodore), C. P. Murdock (Commodore), J. R. Gray (Rear-Commodore).
BACK ROW.—R. S. Reynolds (Hon. Treasurer), F. W. Coombes (Hon. Secretary), P. H. Cole (Assistant Hon. Secretary).

don, sir; Mr Carte is very busy now, sir, and cannot see you.' For a moment the news knocked me over, then I knocked the doorkeeper over, jumped up the stairs and into Carte's office. 'D'Oyly!' I shouted, 'what's the game?' He looked up from his desk and said very affably, 'There is no game; I will meet you at the train and sign the contract.' I answered: 'Rats! If you're going to sign the contract why not do it now?' Rising with dignity he said very solemnly and collectedly, 'My dear Thornton, don't get excited; I'll meet you at the train and sign the contract.'
"Well," continued Thornton, "at about fifteen minutes before midnight I arrived at the railway with my bags, my trunks, my boxes, my portmanteaux, my hat-boxes, my mackintosh, my great coat, my umbrella, my goloshes, my orange, my biscuits, my tea-bottle, my milk-bottle, my cushion, my fur-cap, my slippers, my cough-mixture, my whisky, my cigar-box, etc. And there was no sign of D'Oyly Carte. I began and kept at it for ten minutes. As I stopped momentarily to get

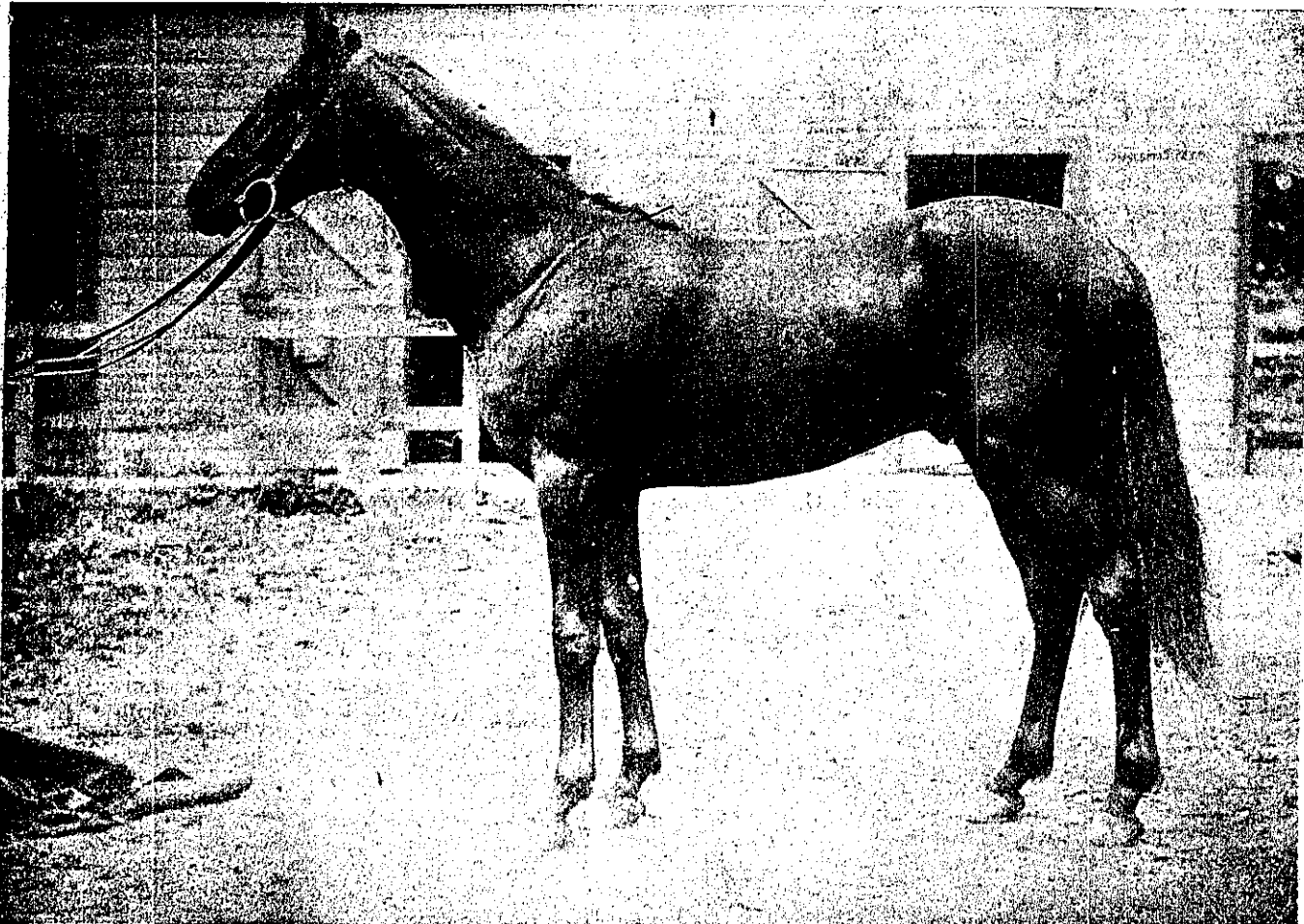
breath, I heard a soft, suave voice purring at my side: 'My dear Thornton, my wife has come with me to see you off.'
"Oh, no, D'Oyly; I'm not off."
"My dear Thornton, don't make a scene; kindly get in the train and I'll sign the contract."
"My dear D'Oyly, I will get into the train after you have signed the contract, and it's now two minutes to twelve."
"Mrs Carte got hold of my right arm, Mr Carte took my left, and partly by entreaty and mostly by shoving they got me into the carriage.
"The clock began booming the midnight twelve.
"Sh-h-h! dear Mr Thornton," purred Mrs Carte.
"Sh-h-h, be blowed," I said; 'look here, D'Oyly, if that contract's not signed, I'll get out at Liverpool and come back.' Bang! went the last stroke of midnight."
"Shriek! went the train whistle. D'Oyly Carte whipped the contracts out of his pocket, Mrs Carte fetched an ink-bottle and pen out of her pocket, and we were

off; I in the carriage, D'Oyly Carte and Mrs Carte running along the platform, Mrs D'Oyly clutching her skirts up with her left hand, and keeping stride with her husband. So for thirty yards we sped along, Mrs Carte holding the ink-bottle in her right hand, D'Oyly Carte signing the contract, then scrambling me the pen, I signing the duplicate. Throwing the duplicate to them I hung out of the window and shouted, 'Why didn't you fix it up before?' And D'Oyly Carte propping at the edge of the station with red puffed cheeks, with his panting wife beside him, clutching the ink-bottle in her right hand and her skirts in her left, clapped his hands one each side of his mouth and shot back the answer through the distance, above the roar of the train, 'Because—I never—sign—a—contract—on—Friday-y!'

The King's cigars are especially made for him in Cuba of the finest Vuelta Abajo tobacco. Only perfect leaves are used, of a rather dark-coloredo maduro-colour. These are made up into a longish cigar, nine inches, with a girth of one and a-quarter inches at the thickest. Their manufacture alone costs one shilling a cigar, and the completed article, with the band bearing the Royal Arms, represents exactly four shillings as it leaves the factory in Havana. To this must be added the import duty, which the King pays at the English port, so that each of His Majesty's cigars costs 4s 3d. A thousand is the number usually ordered at a time. In addition to these, the King keeps a hundred or two cigars of the rarest order for special occasions. Ordinarily, these Koh-i-Nors of tobacco never leave Cuba, but are reserved by the planters for their own delectation. Royal importunity, however, brings some to Europe, delicately wrapped in oilskin and sealed in glass cases. These cigars cost 30s each—and are worth the money.

Until a year ago the King used to create half a dozen cigars a day, with cigarettes galore to fill up the odd moments. His Majesty has never used a pipe, through statements to this effect have been erroneously made. Last autumn, as the result of this ardent wooing of Lady Nicotine, the King suffered from "smoker's throat," and by medical advice restricted himself to two cigars per diem. Royal personages, indeed, are given to excessive smoking, for the late King Humbert of Italy was a tremendous smoker. His doctors pointed out that the habit was undermining his health, whereupon he promised, "on the faith of a king," never to touch cigar or pipe again, nor did he break his vow.

At the Napier M. Court, on the 19th inst. fines were inflicted as follows in cases of prohibited persons found on licensed premises: Alexander Cameron, £1, costs 7s; Robert Kestley, £1, costs 11s; John B. Martin, £1, costs 12s. The alternative in each case was seven days' imprisonment.



A. L. Cleave, photo. Mr H. Friedlander's b c CYRUS, by Cyrenian—Silk. Ellerslie.