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INFORMATION REGARDING THE

# TOURIST & HEALTH RESORTS OF NEW ZEALAND

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## Government Tourist Bureaux.

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TO  
NEW ZEALAND'S  
FAMED

New Zealand  
GOVT DEPT TOURIST & HEALTH RESORTS.

# MILFORD SOUND



**T**HIS TOUR THROUGH THE SOUNDS IS ONE THAT SHOULD BE MADE BY EVERYONE - A TOUR THAT WILL LIVE LONG IN THE MEMORY AS SOMETHING WORTH WHILE . . . AND AN IDEAL HOLIDAY RESORT.

**T**HE ROMANTIC GRANDEUR OF THE WORLD'S MOST MAGNIFICENT SCENERY IN SNOW-CAPPED . . . MOUNTAIN PEAKS . NATIVE BUSH AND WATER-WAYS IS HERE . . . NO BETTER HEALTH RESORT . . . CAN BE IMAGINED. . . . .

THE TOURIST DEPARTMENT . . . IN YOUR DISTRICT WILL SELECT THE CHEAPEST & BEST ROUTES. SAVE TIME & WORRY . TRAVEL IN COMFORT. NO CHARGE FOR BOOKING SERVICES.

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INVERCARGILL, *Esk St.* . TE AROHA, *Whitaker St.* . .  
AND THE GENERAL MANAGER, TOURIST & HEALTH RESORTS DEPT. - WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND. .

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We  
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Floral Toque, Straw Facing, Ribbon at Back—37/6.

Modes Made  
in  
Any Colour  
Desired.



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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S OUTFITTERS  
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All the Time  
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The Home Furnisher,  
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(Member Land and Estate Agents and  
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Land, Estate and Financial  
Agents

Union Buildings (3rd Floor),

Customs Street East

:

AUCKLAND.

# THE PEACE



# TANK

The "CLETRAC" is built on the right idea. It is light, powerful, and a fast, steady worker. It will work sturdily over all sorts of fields and in all sorts of work. It can't mire or pack the soil. And it sure gives unusual economy. Upkeep is low; efficiency is high; and the initial cost is within easy reach.

Do you know of a better business proposition in Tractors? No! Because the "CLETRAC" is the only one of its kind—and that's the "BEST KIND."

It is an all-purpose machine that does a wider range of work than is possible with other types. It ploughs, harrows, sows, reaps, does hauling of all kinds, and in addition does a vast amount of stationary engine work.

It can travel almost anywhere. There is practically no limit to the variety of work it does.

If you are interested in greater food production, in increasing the yield of your land—and incidentally in greater returns to yourself, as well as help reduce the cost of living—your duty is to investigate the

## "CLETRAC" TANK-TYPE-TRACTOR.

Manufactured by the Cleveland Tractor Co.

NEW ZEALAND DISTRIBUTORS:

# DEXTER & CROZIER, LTD.

AUCKLAND AND CHRISTCHURCH.

Safety.      Solidity.      State Guarantee.

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Value of Estates under Administration, £20,000,000.

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The Public Trust Office seeks only to be **Self-supporting**, and therefore the fees charged for administration are fixed on the lowest possible scale.

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#### ADVISORY TRUSTEES,

to advise in the Administration of Estates. This provision ensures that special features of Estates will be dealt with by experts in that particular branch of business. The advantages of State Guarantee and Private Administration are thus combined.

For Full Particulars apply to the

## PUBLIC TRUSTEE : WELLINGTON

Or at any Branch of the Public Trust Office.

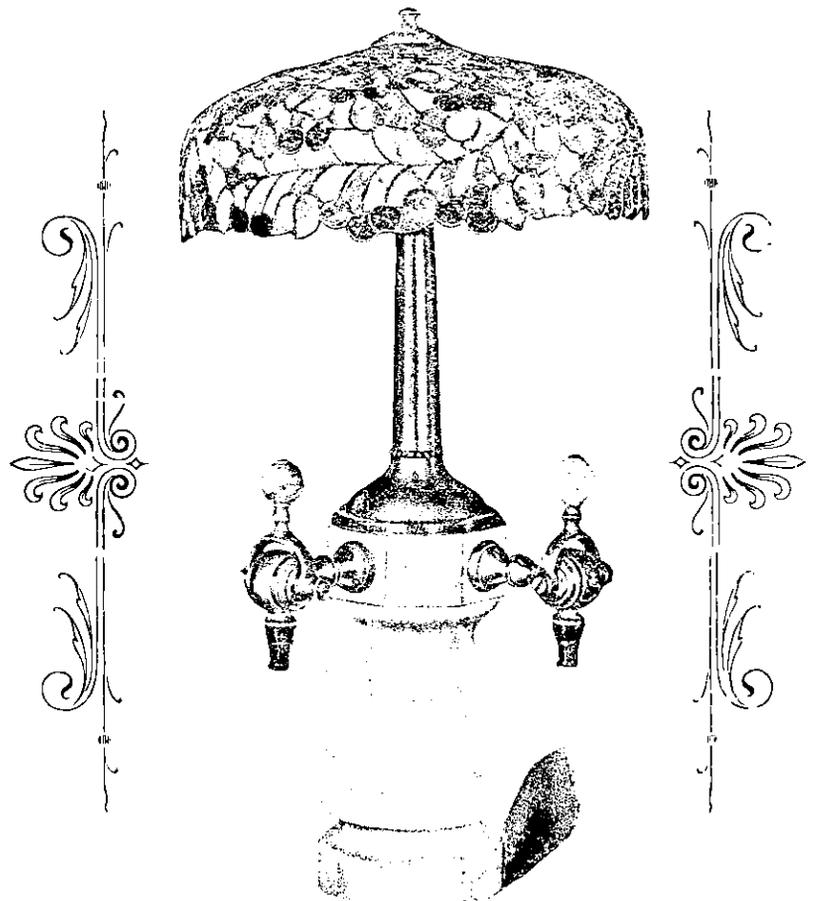
Public Trustee: ROBERT TRIGGS.

Assistant Public Trustees; T. S. RONALDSON, J. W. MACDONALD.

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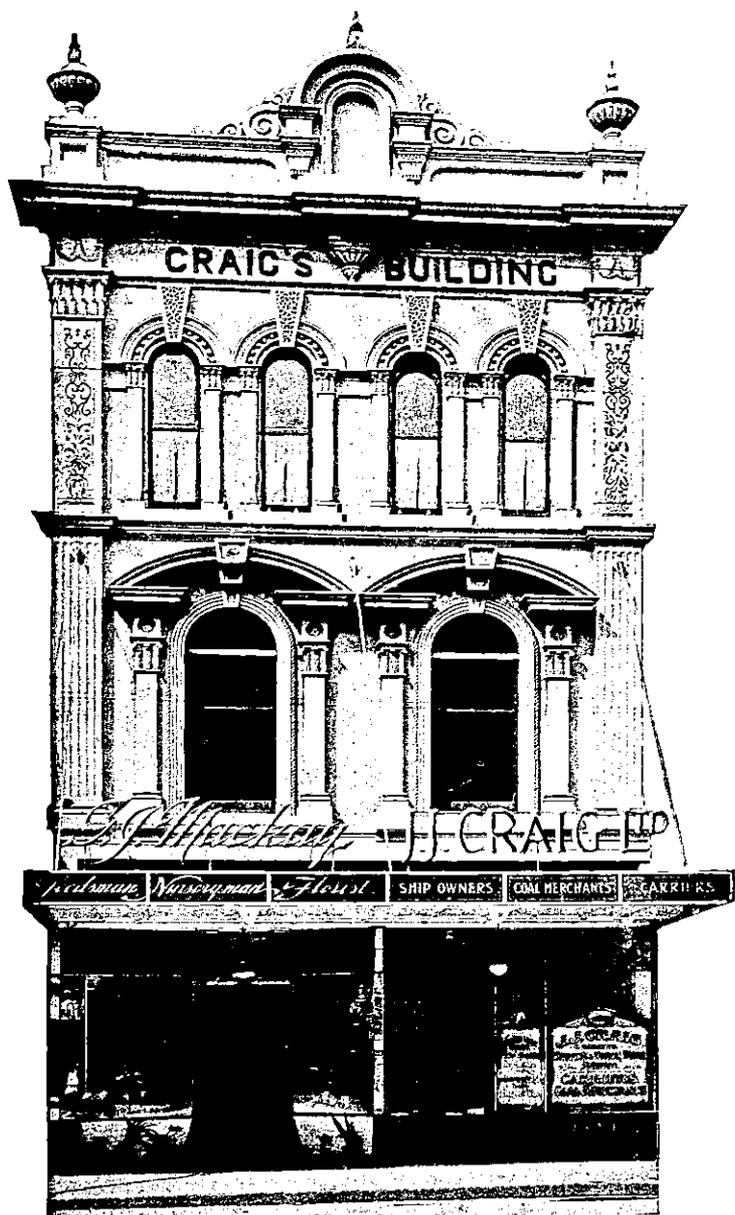
(Late R. H. Hopkins),

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## SODA FOUNTAINS,

Bakers', Pastrycooks', and Butchers' Machinery and Supplies.



# J. J. CRAIG, Ltd.,

Carriers, Coal Merchants, etc.

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Suppliers of Bricks, Lime, Sand,  
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Agents for **STANDARD GAS ENGINES**  
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Agents for the Celebrated DE MERIC DISINFECTANTS :  
**Mericine.** A powerful Disinfectant and Germicide. As a Wash for Cows after Calving it is ahead of anything on the market.

**Rectified Spirits of Tar.** This Preparation has no equal for USE ON THE FARM ; in fact it is practically indispensable.

Write us for Particulars.

J. J. CRAIG, LTD.,  
Craig's Buildings, Queen St., Auckland.

IT'S an old friend of Jack's, is Mackintosh's, and of all the other boys that have a sweet tooth. Back it comes in almost plenty, and together with them it brings back many of life's little pleasures. Only a minor pleasure, it is true, but in lots of odd moments, with all its old accustomed buttery, sugary, creamy deliciousness, this wonderful Toffee-Treat yields a delight that all who have tried it know (and who has not?).



This is the Tin that caught Jack's eye, and it's another old friend returned to prove that Peace is really here.

**MACKINTOSH'S  
TOFFEE DE LUXE**

*Sold loose by weight and in fancy tins by Confectioners everywhere.*

Buy a 4-lb. tin on your way home. Young or old share equally the delights of this delicious confection which comes from Halifax.



To the Trade—

Thank you for your forbearance during the period of shortage. There is now nearly enough Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe and Mint-de-Luxe for all. Cafe-de-Luxe and Chocolate-de-Luxe will follow in a few months' time.

John Mackintosh, Ltd.

SOLD ONCE AGAIN BY CONFECTIONERS EVERYWHERE.

# Austin



## MOTOR CARS

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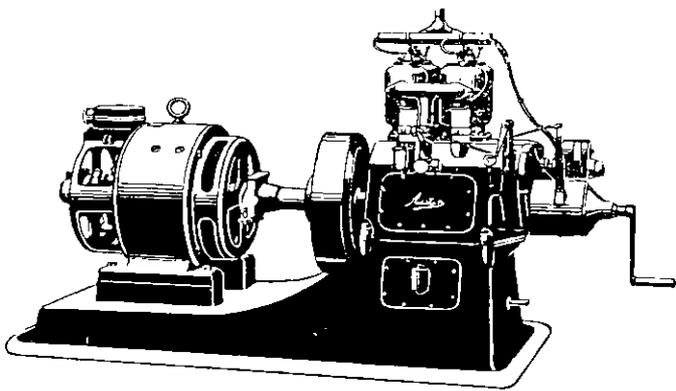
### Commercial Vehicles.

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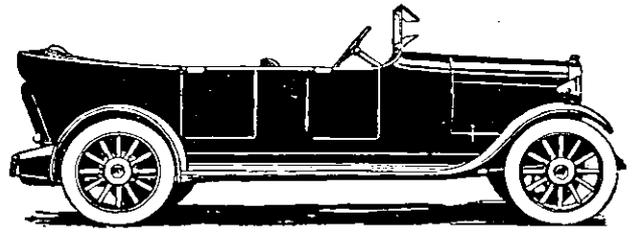
### Agricultural TRACTORS.

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### Portable Electric Lighting . . and Power Plants . .

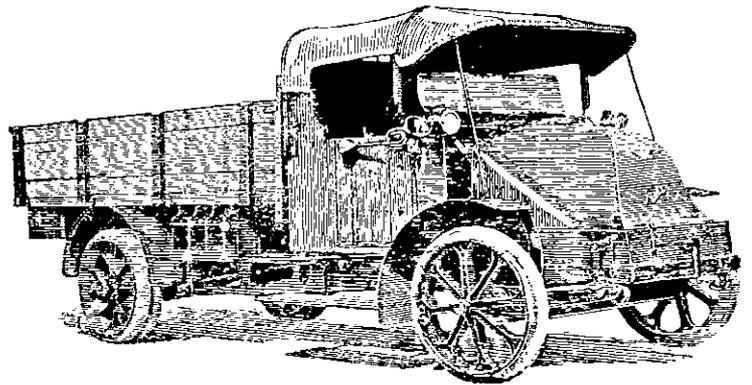


Electric Generating Plant for Lighting or Power in Town, Camp, or Ranch.



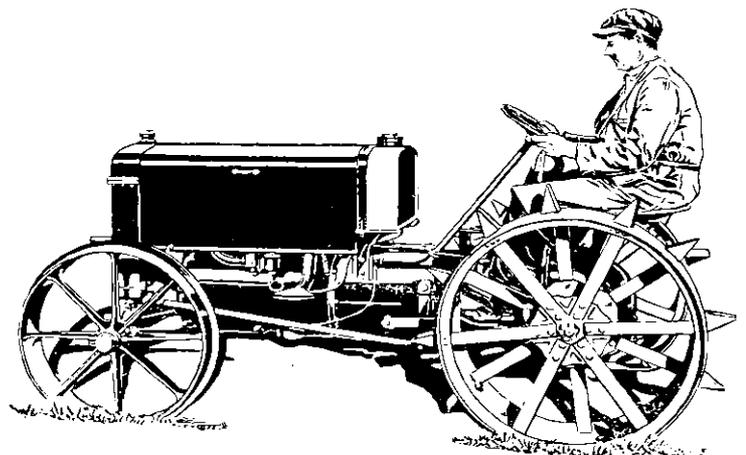
AUSTIN  
20 H.P.  
TOURING  
CAR.

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AUSTIN  
COMMERCIAL  
VEHICLE.

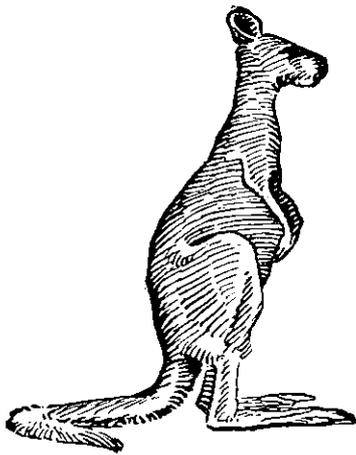
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AUSTIN  
AGRICULTURAL  
TRACTOR.

Further Particulars on Application to  
**The AUSTIN MOTOR CO., Ltd.**  
 Head Office - NORTHFIELD, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.  
 BRANCHES at - LONDON, MANCHESTER, NORWICH, PARIS.  
 Cablegrams: "Speedily," Northfield, England.  
 OR TO  
**Messrs. THE SCOTT MOTOR AGENCY**  
 WELLINGTON - NEW ZEALAND.

# SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT for ACCOUNTANTS and OFFICE MANAGERS.



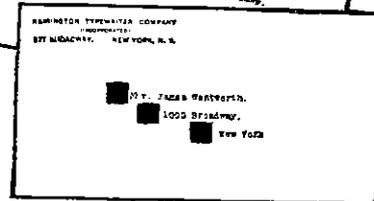
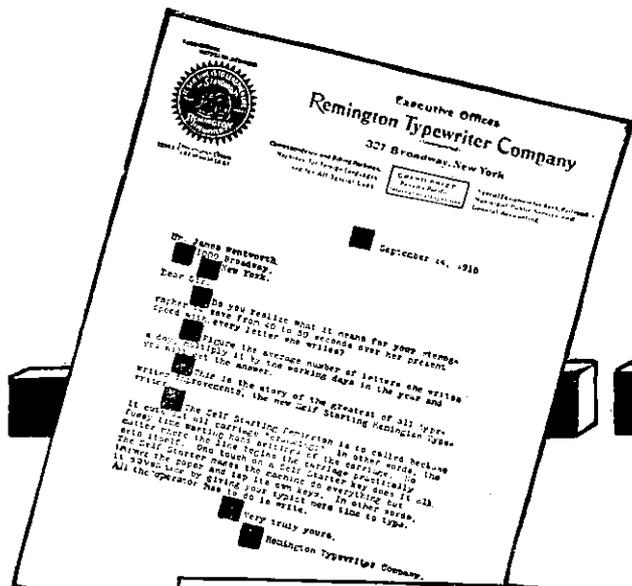
Over the  
stumbling blocks  
in one jump

Heretofore typewriting speed has been blocked by machine limitations. By a simple invention—the

## SELF STARTING REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

*Grand Prize—Panama-Pacific Exposition*

gives an automatic speed gain of 15 to 25 per cent. To fully appreciate what this means you should see the new time saver in operation in your own office. Write or 'phone for a demonstration—it will not obligate you in any way. Descriptive folders gladly mailed on request.



## Remington and Roneo Agency of N.Z.

LIMITED.

Throughout New Zealand.

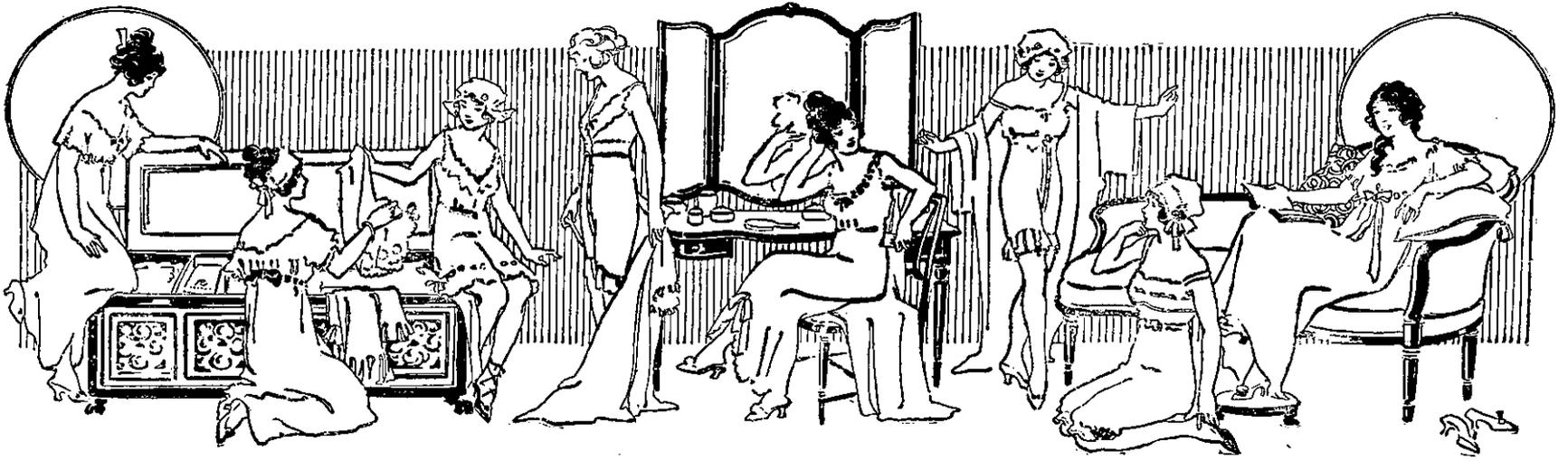
H. R. HOBDAY, Managing Director.

Send your Daughters to the :  
Remington and Roneo College.

New Zealand  
**SPORTING & DRAMATIC**  
Christmas Number **REVIEW**



READY TO PARTICIPATE IN THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.—NEW ZEALAND MAORI GIRLS ATTIRED IN NATIVE DRESS. [Tesla Studios.]



# style=grace=poise

These are the true essentials of Feminine beauty, and the corset is in most cases responsible.

WARNER'S Rust-proof Corsets are designed to give good lines to the figure, and when you are wearing the model designed for your figure you will appreciate why

## *Warner's* Rust-Proof *Corsets*

are famed for their comfort and as popular this season as ever.

***Why not?*** They are made to the very highest standard that a corset can be made, and are procurable in both ***Back or Front Lacing.***

*Every pair, irrespective*  
*of price,*

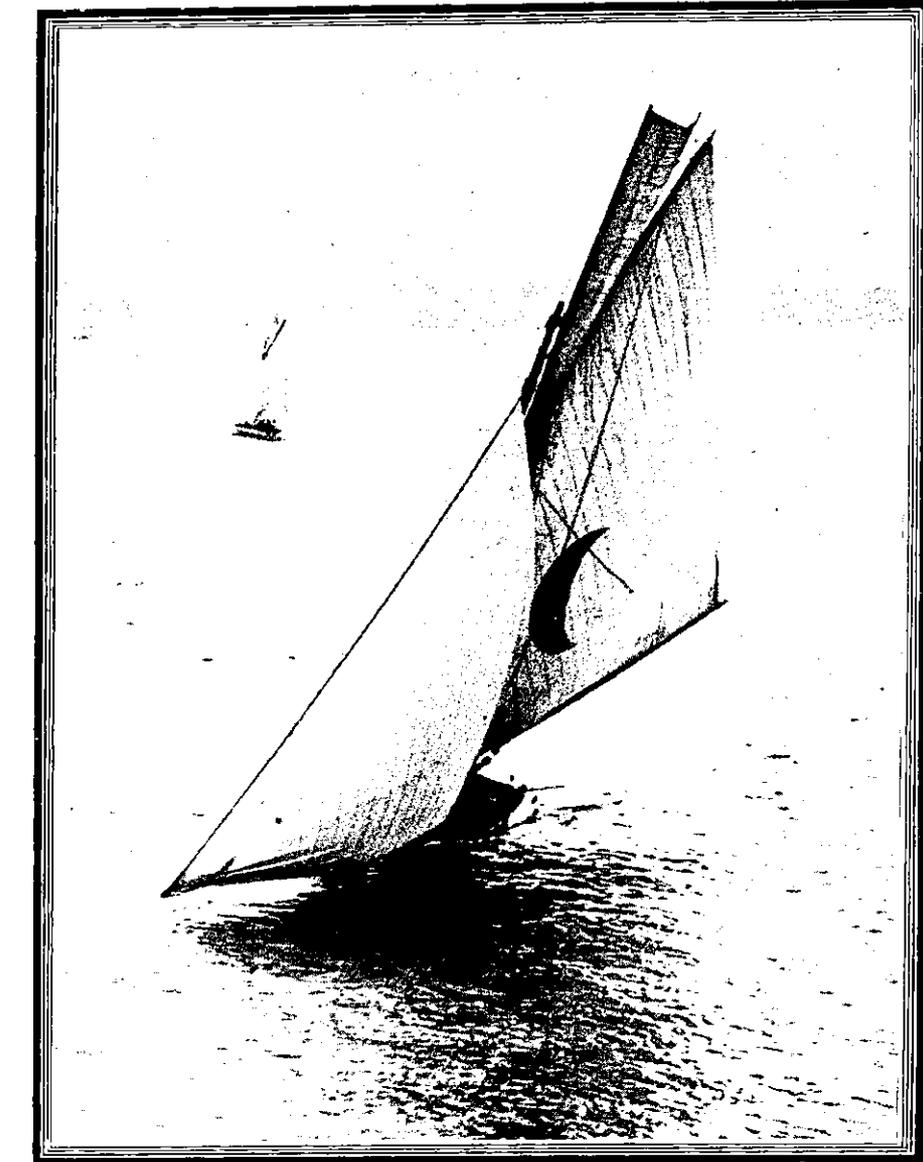
**GUARANTEED  
NOT TO RUST,  
BREAK or TEAR.**



# The Old and the New Year.

**T**HE second Christmas since the cessation of hostilities in the Great World War is close at hand, and conveys a reminder of the swift passage of Time. Memories of that gigantic conflict will be retained for several generations, while its place in the history of the world is permanent. Time alone will, however, serve to efface the unhappiness which the demon War has caused in millions of homes, though its cruel scourge will be felt by this and the next generation. It is just over a year since the coming of Peace, and all but a very small percentage of colonial soldiers have returned from active service. A year ago the majority of New Zealand's fighting sons were stationed in various parts of Europe, so that this Christmas will be the first in which so many of our returned soldiers have had the opportunity of joining in their native country for a number of years. Their memories will revert to former Yuletide periods spent in the Empire's service, and no regrets will be expressed that their heroic duties have been faithfully discharged, permitting them to again enjoy the liberties and amusements of pre-war days during the festive season of the year. To these gallant defenders of the Empire the Dominion will with one voice express a whole-hearted wish that the coming Christmas and New Year will bring both happiness and prosperity.

Naturally it was not expected that the year now rapidly drawing to a close would be marked by a complete return to normal conditions. The protracted nature of the war made such a desirable transformation impossible of realisation. The aftermath of war was reflected in the shape of discontent and industrial unrest on the one side and profiteering and extravagance on the other, resulting in frequent strikes, which occasionally developed into a riot. The same unsettled state of affairs has in a greater or lesser degree been experienced in almost every



"ARLINE," WINNER OF THE FLYING SQUADRON'S OPENING RACE OF THE SEASON ON SYDNEY HARBOUR.

[H. Glen Broughton, Photo.]

country since the war ended, but fortunately an amicable settlement has been arrived at in each instance where disputes have taken place in the British Empire before a serious climax was reached. Despite industrial troubles, the past year has been one of reconstruction throughout the British Empire, and industries which languished for several years in consequence of the nation being at war have been revived to a very gratifying extent. The New Year will undoubtedly reveal the dawn of an era of prosperity throughout the Empire, which will help materially in removing the handicap imposed on the nation by the unparalleled demands of the war period.

That Christmas and New Year will be celebrated on the forthcoming

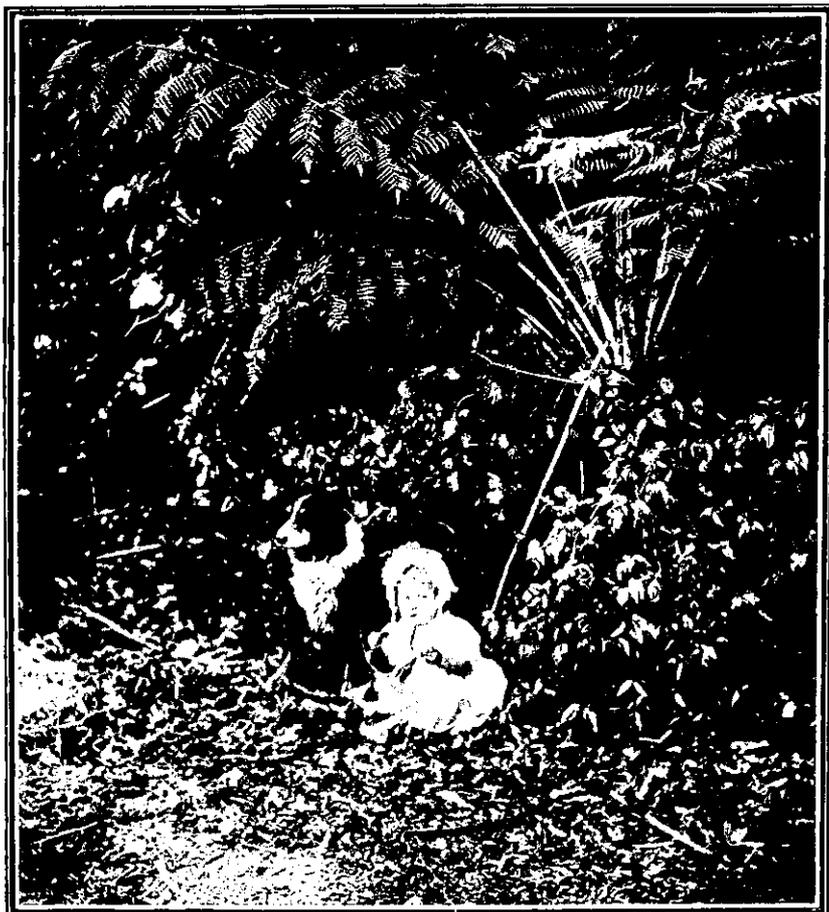
occasion with greater enthusiasm than for many years past is a prediction that can be safely ventured. Already the near approach of Christmas is heralded by the seasonable displays now appearing in the shop windows, and the demand for suitable presents with which to observe the time-honoured custom of securing for one another some small gift in token of friendship promises to be of a very brisk nature. To the children Christmas, with its promise of toys and dainties, is the most eagerly looked forward to day of the year, and the visit of Santa Claus brings much happiness and excitement for the little ones. May

this Christmas again see the children provided with an abundance of the many small gifts which mean for them unconcealed joy and convey to their mind better than anything else the universal desire to make the Yule-tide period one of rejoicing.

Hard though it may be in view of the tragic happenings of 1914-18 for many to join in the Christmas and New Year festivities with the enthusiasm and mirth characteristic of this one great period of the year, the reverent and undaunted spirit of those who have suffered much through the loss of relatives and friends invariably casts aside sad memories and makes merry at this gladsome holiday vacation. Amid the world-wide rejoicings associated with the advent of the Christmas and New Year holidays a duty that will devolve upon one and all is to offer Thanksgiving to the Creator at this hallowed period of the year. Free from the cruel curse of War mankind is again at liberty to continue the great task of uplifting humanity, and preserving the Peace which has been gained after terrific sacrifice. The future calls for a superhuman effort on the part of all if civilisation is to again be unmolested by the greed and selfishness that has constantly retarded its progress. Important developments are prophesied for 1920, which year should witness the complete fulfilment of the plans for reconstruction, and with everyone settling down in real earnest to the tasks ahead the New Year will undoubtedly bring in its train a welcome period of advancement and prosperity. It is the sincere wish of all that such will be made possible of realisation by the hearty co-operation of those concerned in the Empire's welfare. In conclusion, we take this early opportunity of extending to our many readers the Season's Greetings.

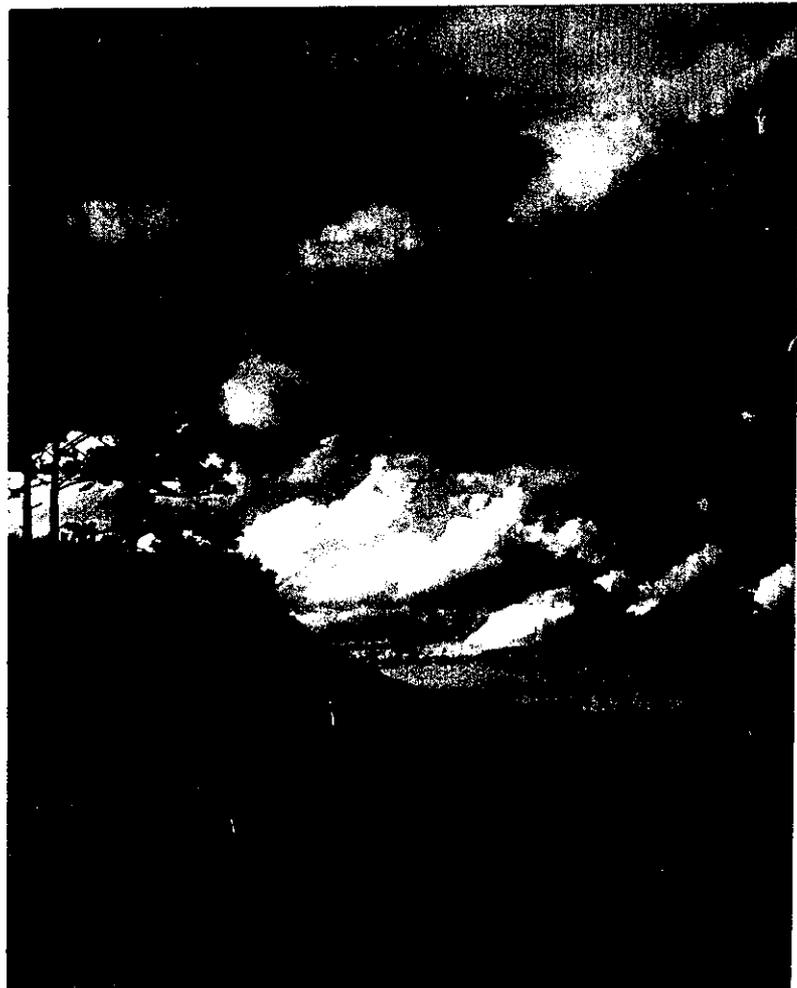
The expectation of being pleased which prevails so much in young persons is one great source of their enjoyment.—Bowdler.

What a man is depends upon his character, what he does is often governed by circumstances. Circumstances may release the inherent instinct to take chances so strong in most men—the gambling spirit, so to speak—and the result amazes those who have known him only in his sober-minded aspect.



FAITHFUL TO HIS CHARGE.

[Muir and Mackinlay, Photo.]



THE RISING STORM.

# MONEY=SAVING FOR ALL MOTORISTS

## Startling Facts and Figures from Combined Buyers, Ltd.

**IT WILL BENEFIT EVERY MOTORIST** to realise that he is paying exorbitant prices for Motor Accessories, by purchasing through ordinary retail channels. What is the remedy? To become a Member of the Motorists' Co-operative Association known as **COMBINED BUYERS, LIMITED**, which was formed to lower the cost of Motoring and thereby increase its enjoyments.

**COMBINED BUYERS, LTD., IS A CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION** of Motor Owners to supply all Motor Accessories at 10 per cent. only on cost. The list below indicates what you can save on a few lines. Tyres are sold at about 30 to 40 per cent. under retail prices. Motor Cars and Motor Trucks are available to members on the 10 per cent. on cost basis, and Farm Tractors will shortly be available at a corresponding saving. Can you afford to "stay outside" and pay the tremendous retail prices now ruling throughout the country?

**THE TEST OF TIME**—This Great Motorists' Co-operative has passed beyond the experimental stage. After three years of trading, the Company has a Reserve Fund of £6335. The amount of business done during the recent months shows that vigorous progress is being maintained, despite the fact that supplies are still being sold on the basis of adding 10 per cent. only on cost.

But the chief fact is that the Motorist **SAVES MONEY** by joining **COMBINED BUYERS, LIMITED**. The following figures tell a story of **BIG CASH SAVINGS**:

### Convincing Comparisons of Prices :

The most cursory glance through the Price List below will show you what extravagant prices you are paying for Standard Motor Accessories. In **EVERY** case the Prices quoted are those current for **IDENTICAL GOODS - MADE IN THE SAME FACTORY.**

	Retail List Price. £ s. d.	Combined Buyers' Price. £ s. d.		Retail List Price. £ s. d.	Combined Buyers' Price. £ s. d.
<b>GENUINE STEWART SPEEDOMETER PARTS—</b>					
Shafts, 72 inches. . . . .	1 17 0	16 6	Stewart V Ray Searchlight . . . . .	2 14 0	1 7 6
Swivel Joints, R.H. and L.H. . . . .	1 10 0	12 6	No. 702 Trouble Lamp . . . . .	1 2 0	10 6
Flexible Chain Links . . . . .	3 4	1 3	Electric Bulbs to suit all cars: Headlights		1 9
Nesthill Pumps . . . . .	6 0 0	2 2 0	" " " " Tail Lamps		1 3
Raybestos Brake Lining, 1½ x 5/32, per ft.	3 8	1 6	Stewart Vacuum Petrol Tank, Large . . . . .	5 5 0	2 7 6
" " " 2 x 5/32, per ft.	4 10	2 0	Weed or Dreadnought Tyre Chains, 33 x 4	2 7 0	1 5 0
" " " 2¼ x 3/16, per ft.	6 4	2 9	" " " " 37 x 5	3 5 0	1 13 6
" " " 2¼ x ¼, per ft.	8 6	3 6	Fuses (Dynamo), Special Link Fuses for		
" " " 2½ x ¼, per ft.	9 4	4 0	Buick Cars; per doz. . . . .	16 0	7 6
			Type 1a and 3a Fuses; per doz. . . . .	10 0	3 0
			Goodall Pratt No. 699 Tool Kit . . . . .	14 14 0	6 0 0

### FORD SECTION :

Brake Lining . . . . .	2 6	10	Stewart Regular Model Ford Speedometer	6 10 0	2 12 6
Stromberg Ford Special Carburetter . . . . .	9 10 0	4 5 0	Tool Boxes, 22 x 9 x 7 inches . . . . .	2 0 0	17 6
Timers (Commutators) Ford Special,			Weed Tyre Chains, 30 x 3½ . . . . .	2 0 0	19 9
Milwaukee . . . . .	18 0	10 0	Simplex Tyre Holder, 30 x 3½ . . . . .	3 0 0	1 0 0
Ford Genemotor Set . . . . .	57 0 0	27 0 0	Timer and Spark Plug Wires . . . . .	13 0	4 6
Radiator Hose, 1½ . . . . .	3 0	8	Primary Wires . . . . .	9 6	4 0

**ALL PRICES ARE FOR "DELIVERY FREE" TO SHAREHOLDERS.**

Retail Prices quoted are from current Trade Price Lists. "Combined Buyers' Prices" are the figures at which we sell to our Shareholders. Purchase of very few shares in "Combined Buyers" will enable you at once to benefit by these startling savings. In quite a short time the economics you would effect as a motorist would recoup you for the cost of shares.

The number of Shareholders at the present time is nearly 4,000, and as they are constantly increasing, the buying power of the Company is growing in strength and influence.

**SAVE POUNDS ON MOTOR SUPPLIES—**

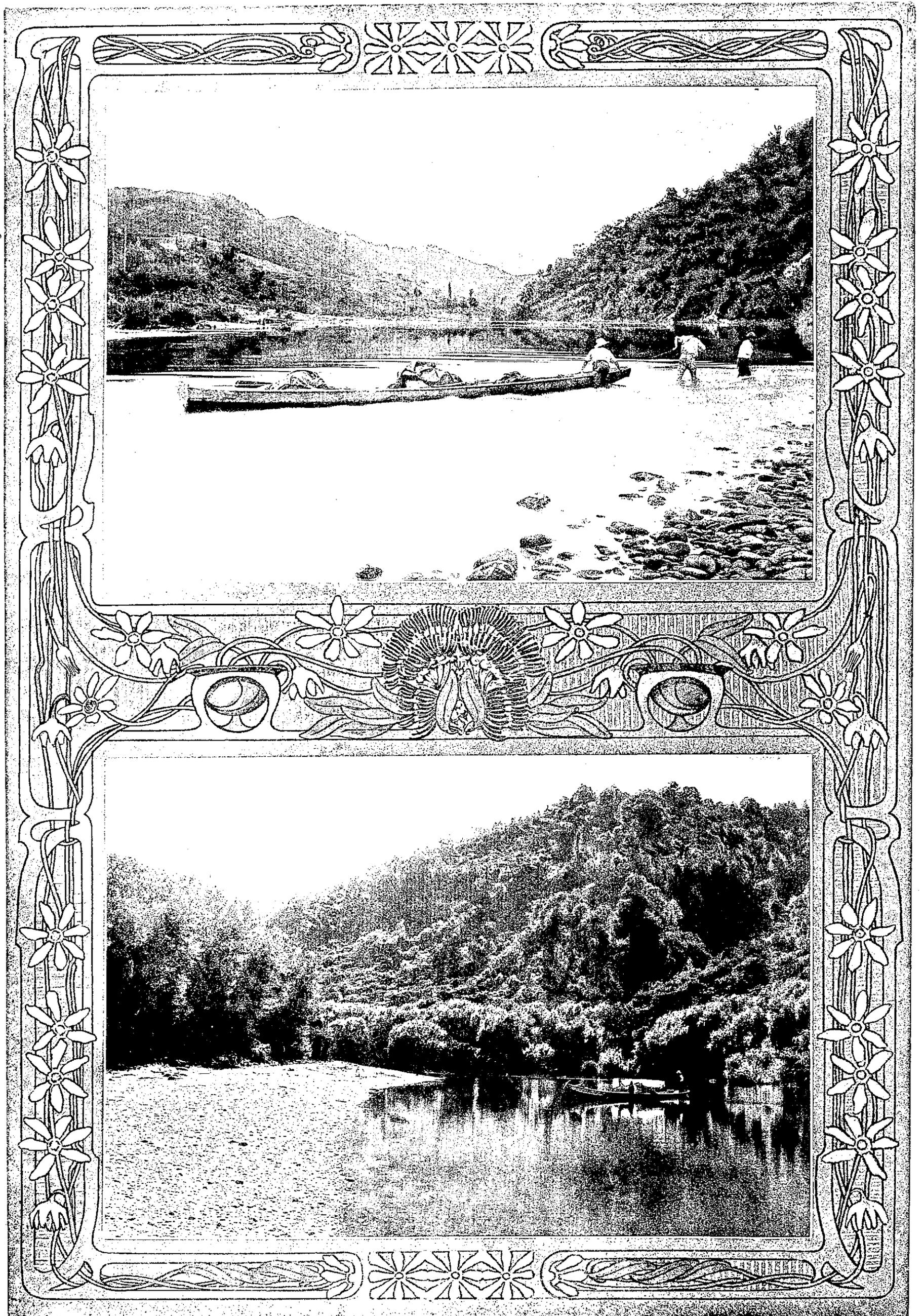
**—JOIN THE MOTORISTS' GREAT CO-OPERATIVE.**

Full particulars on application—Write To-day:

**COMBINED BUYERS, LIMITED,**  
Quinn St., and 91, 93, 95, 97, Dixon St., WELLINGTON.

G.P.O. BOX 876.

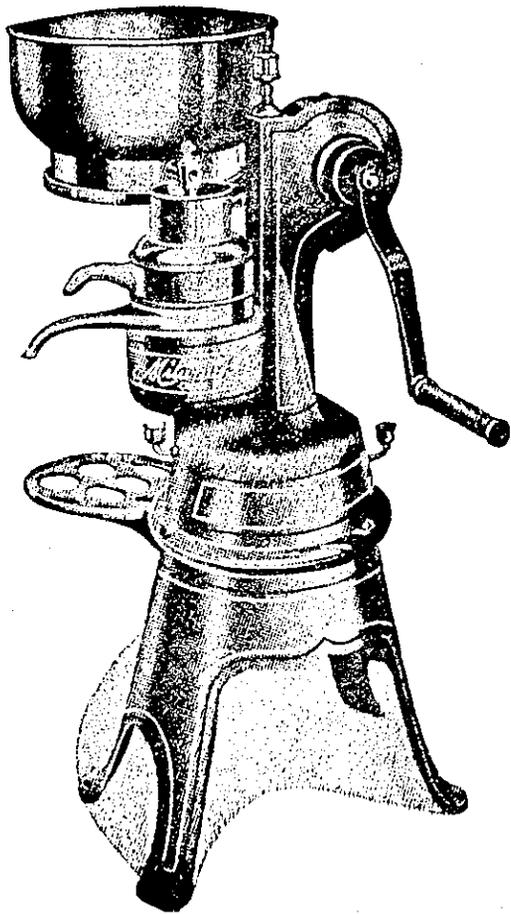
# On the Beautiful Wanganui River, far-famed for its Magnificent Scenery



ENCHANTING VIEWS DURING A CHRISTMAS TRIP ON THE WANGANUI RIVER.

[F. J. Denton, Photo.]

*Milwaukee* SANITARY  
CREAM SEPARATOR.



MECHANICALLY PERFECT.

**PUT THIS QUESTION**  
**UP TO YOUR WIFE**

**B**EFORE you Buy that new Cream Separator, ask her if she wants to wash twice as many discs every day as are necessary for perfect skimming. Ask her if she wouldn't choose the

**Sanitary Milwaukee Cream Separator**

with only half as many discs as other separators—discs smooth as glass, as easy to wash as a cup. Sanitary Milwaukee discs are made of Aluminum—and they are rust proof. They're interchangeable, too—go on the bowl core in any order. With fewer discs the Sanitary Milwaukee skims cleaner, quicker and easier. Means bigger cream checks for you—less work for your wife.

**"It Grows with the Herd by Change of Bowls."**

Full Particulars :

**A. R. McNEIL & CO., LTD.,**  
Customs Street East ————— **AUCKLAND.**

**MOTORISTS!**

**"TUNGSTEN"  
Sparking Plugs**

Dependable under all Conditions.

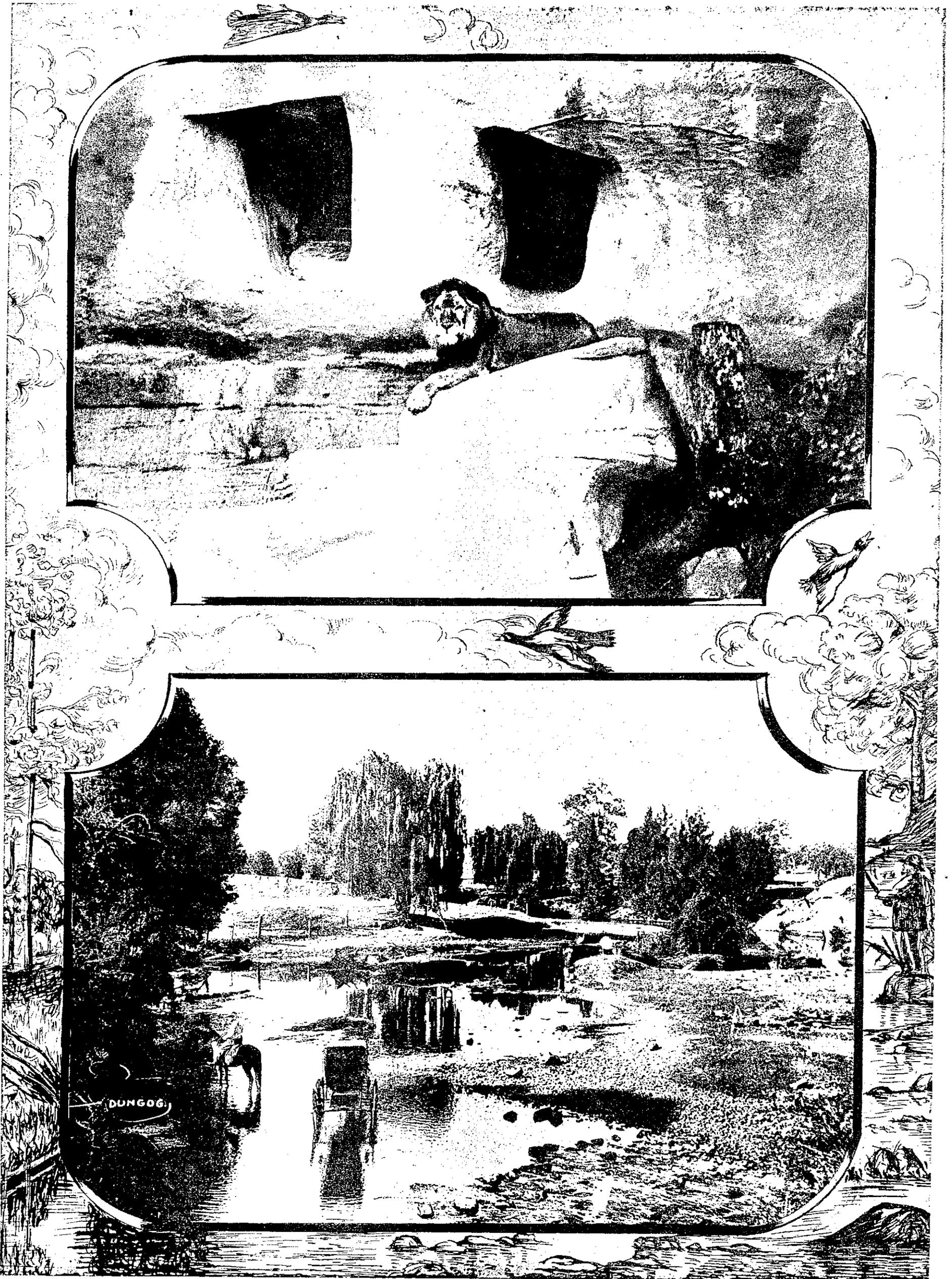
\*\*\*\*\*

Use this up-to-date Plug and avoid Ignition trouble.

Obtainable at all Garages, and Wholesale from the New Zealand Distributors :

**A. R. McNEIL & CO., LTD.,**  
Customs Street East - - - **AUCKLAND.**

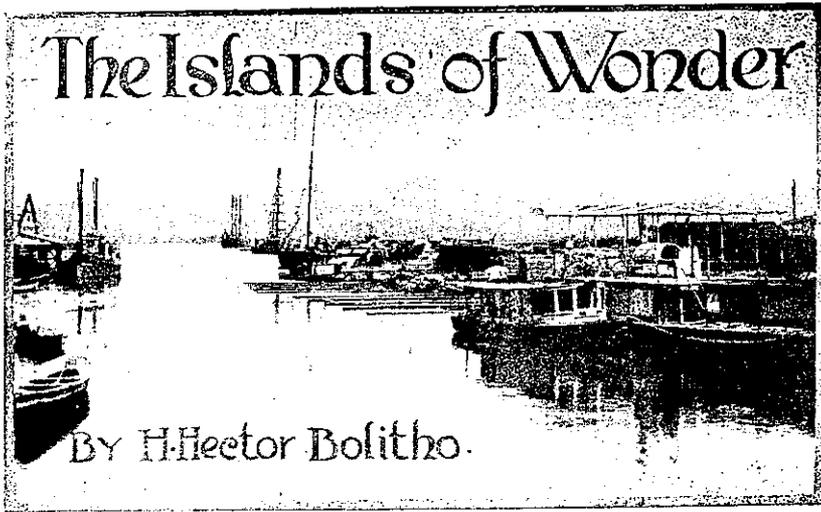
# A Corner of the Sydney Zoo, and a Peaceful Spot in New South Wales.



THE KING OF BEASTS IN HIS LAIR AT THE SYDNEY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

DUNGOG, A PRETTY WATERING PLACE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

[H. Glen Broughton, Photo.



Within a few days sail of Auckland, lie the beautiful Island Groups of Fiji, Samoa and Tonga; where the charm of native customs and the wealth of tropical scenery combine to lure travellers from all parts of the earth. Our occupation of Samoa has aroused a new interest in these places, and the fact that Suva is on the route of the Vancouver-Auckland mail service is another reason why New Zealanders should be aware of the great asset that these islands are as an antidote for the tiresome commercial whirl.

Suva forms the starting point for many delightful inland tours in Fiji, where the mountain scenery, with the glimpses of native life, provide exercise for mind and body. There is a peculiar elation which comes with the life in Fiji, and if there were any threats of increasing age when we arrived, they would be forgotten because of the tropical essence with which the very air is saturated. Sugar and copra, and also fruit are carried to the world markets from Fiji.

Tonga, which is ruled by a native Queen, and protected by our British Crown, is no less beautiful and interesting. I have visited Vavau which lies on a wonderful harbour, where countless palmy islands stand out of the water of varying blue. So clear is it, that one watches the coral beds and remarkably beautiful fish from the rail of the steamer. Bright eyed natives barter with golden oranges, and when you depart at night time, hundreds of the Tongan girls line the wharf, singing a dreamy farewell.

Haapai and Nukualofa are other Tongan ports of call. The latter is

the chief town, and here the palace peeps from behind a grove of trees. It was at Nukualofa that I saw a "fish drive" in which hundreds of natives

lined up on the reef, awaiting the haul that would be imprisoned when the tide receded.

Samoa, ours by right of occupation, is just as beautiful. German rule has not killed the native charm of the Samoans, and Apia town is a dreamy paradise of flowers and song. Some little distance from the town is Vaea Mountain where Robert Louis Stevenson is buried.

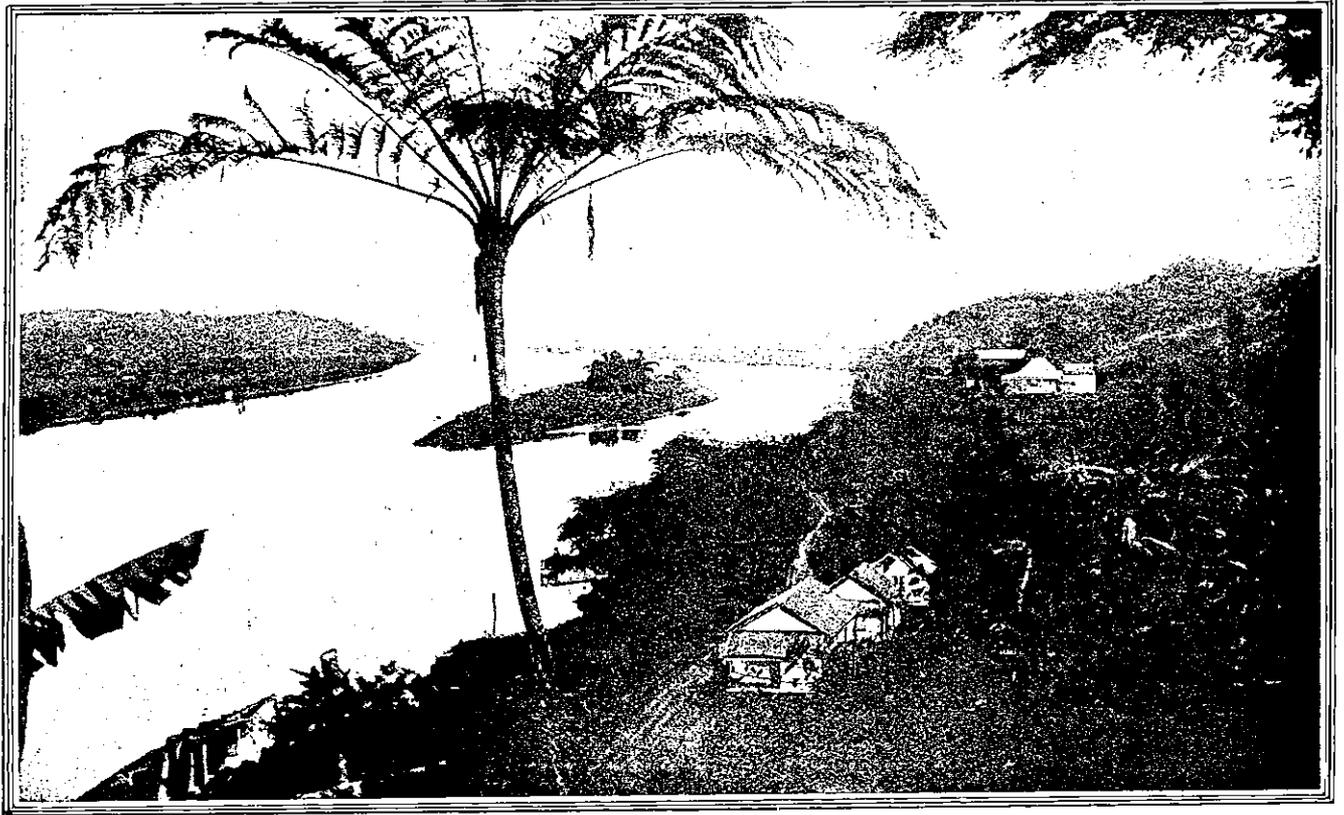
New Zealand soldiers add a "home" air to Apia and the surrounding country, and the sight of khaki and fern-leaf badges is very welcome after the weeks in Tonga and Fiji.

This island voyage is so varying and the days are so crowded with incident that there is no such thing as tropical monotony. The days at sea, in passing from one group to another, are usually fine, and small islands that are passed help to relieve the circle of sky meeting sea. In addition to their attractiveness as places of holiday, the islands are wonderfully fertile and productive, and the oversea trade of all the ports

is a considerable item. Australia and New Zealand draw fruit supplies from Samoa and Fiji, and the copra, sugar and other merchandise find their place in both American and English markets.

Our Administration of Samoa will undoubtedly assure increasingly satisfactory relations with the groups, and the trade, which suffered so greatly during the years of war, will gradually return, to the advantage of both the islanders and ourselves. Considering the fact that but a few weeks are needed for this island tour, it is surprising to find that more New Zealanders do not avail themselves of the changed world through which the voyager must pass.

The influence of missionaries and traders has not been so vast as to kill the hereditary charm of the islanders, and amid the grandeur of their hills we still find them living in almost primitive simplicity: happy and contented, singing the songs of their ancestors—now the dirges of a dying people.



A CHARMING SCENE ON THE REWA RIVER, IN FIJI.

[Stenson Studios.]



A PICTURESQUE ISLAND SETTLEMENT.—THE TOWN OF LEVUKA, IN FIJI.

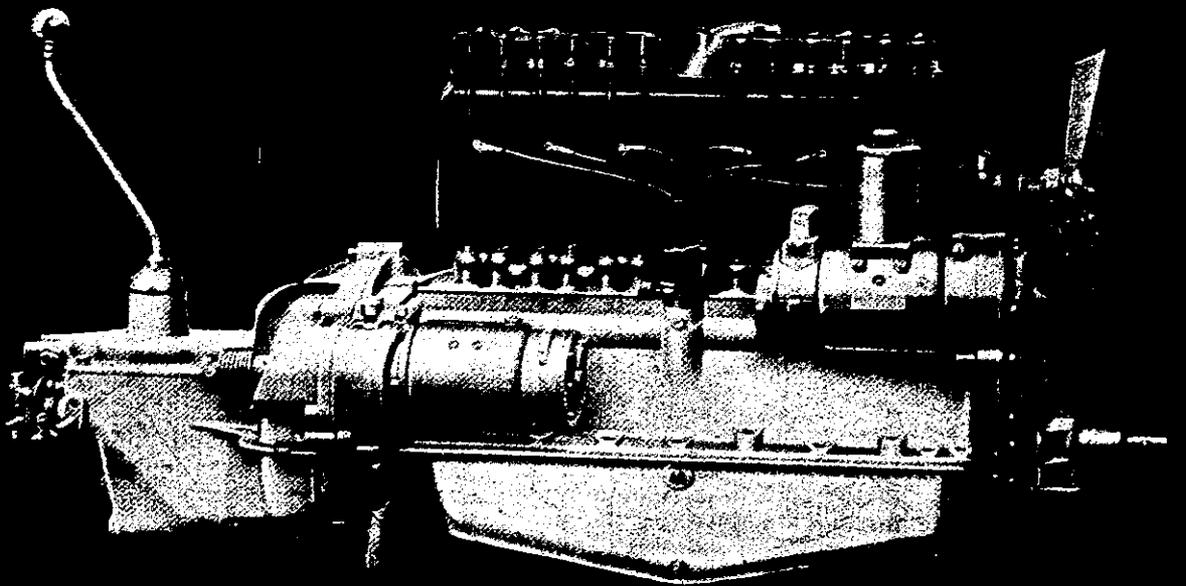
[Stenson Studios.]



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# "Big Tree" Motor Oil.

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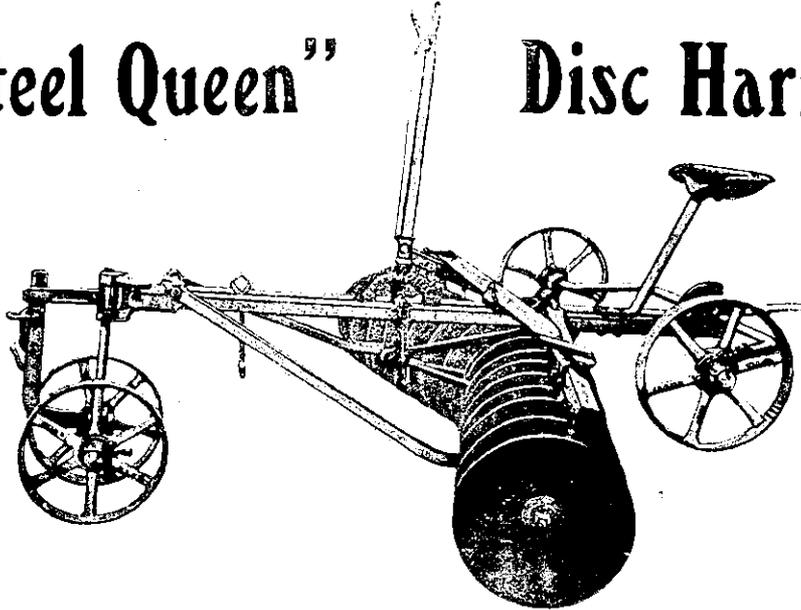
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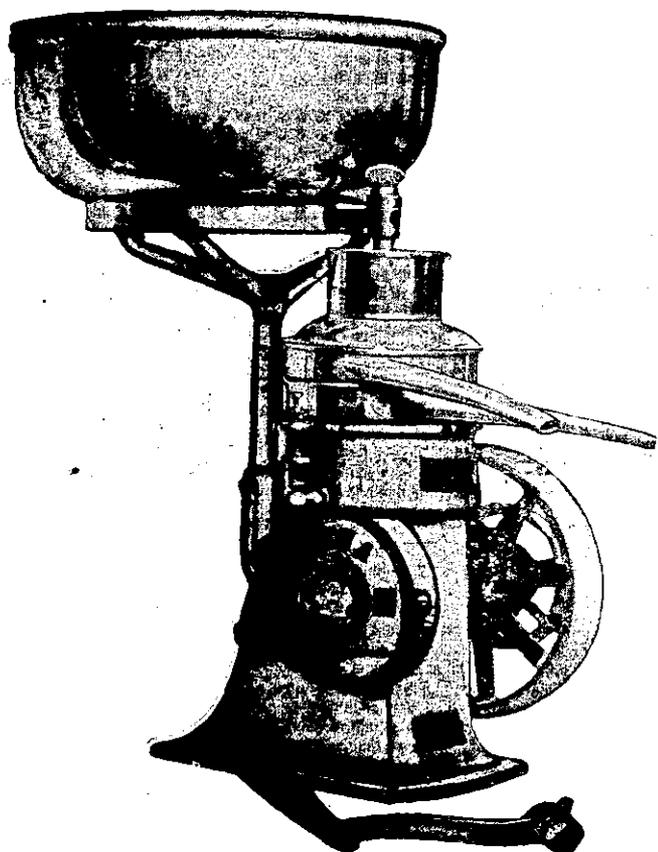
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ARE LOSING MONEY—if they have not a good Separator!

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Christchurch.

LEVIN,  
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Dear Sirs,—I have much pleasure in sending you a report on the work of the 80-gall. Vega Separator you supplied me in 1912. I have had the Separator tested several times during each season, with the result that I have had an average test of 38 per cent. cream and .02 skim milk. I have had a cream test up to 42 per cent., with a skim milk test of .01, but I find it pays me best to keep it at 38 per cent. and .02, as I get a bonus of 1/4d. per lb. If I keep the cream at 38 per cent. After four years' work, the only spare parts I have had to replace were three rubber rings, at a cost of 1/6. The metal parts, so far, are showing very little signs of wear. I find that after using the Vega Separator for four years that it is well up to your claim, namely—"a Separator with the trouble left out."

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20th of month following trial.	45	"	"	20 0 0
Terms if desired.	60	"	"	28 0 0
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# Scenic Charm of Samoa, which Island is of Particular Interest to New Zealanders.



A TYPICAL SAMOAN VILLAGE.—THE GRANDEUR OF THE ISLAND SCENERY IS WELL EXEMPLIFIED. [Tattersall's Studios.



A STEREOSCOPIC VIEW TAKEN IN PICTURESQUE SAMOA, SHOWING THE SEA THROUGH A GROVE OF PALMS. [Tattersall's Studios.

### A NEW MATRIMONIAL DECALOGUE.

Now that real people no longer recognise the double standard, which for so long has made many an open-minded and happy girl into a resigned and submissive housewife, they will be able to appreciate these Ten Requirements which a daughter of the twentieth century has made for her husband. She remarked that they were the constitution of a happy home to ensure domestic tranquility.

1. Don't lie to me. It wastes your time and mine. I am almost certain to find you out, and if I don't you will be in constant fear that I am going to.

2. Don't work for me, but with me. If I am capable of bringing up a child I am capable of understanding business. Your work means a great deal to me or else I would not have married you. I do not want you to slave so that I can have gorgeous things to wear, I expect no more for myself than you have for yourself.

3. We owe so much to ourselves that we cannot afford to owe other people. If we keep out of debt, that in itself will add many days to our calendar of happiness.

4. Dishonesty is never an accident. I know you would not cheat in business affairs, so I do not expect you to think less of your home than you do of your business. I am not incapable of understanding. If you feel the need of diversion away from home, say so, and then take it, but don't take it and let me find it out for myself.

5. Do not try to run the household affairs from the office, and I shall not try to run your office from the home. I am anxious to have things as you like them, but I do not intend to be reprimanded if they are not perfect. A "kicking" husband provoketh a nagging wife.

6. Do not flatter me constantly, thinking it will keep me in good spirits. I do not care for idle flattery, but I am human and appreciate a little honest praise occasionally.

7. I do not say that you must be home on time every night for dinner; one cannot easily form one's life along such cut and dried schedules; but I must remark that an irregular husband maketh a shiftless wife and uncertainty killeth even the germ of contentment.

8. I do not ask you to give up girls whose friendships you still consider worth while any more than I expect to overlook my former men friends. It will take very little effort to make our friends mutual. I do not claim to be the most interesting woman in the world. There are always men and women worth knowing. To be progressive one must mingle with outsiders. Let us make our home a place where real people want to come.

9. I am not asking you to be temperate, but you understand that what is right for you is right for me. I am none the less privileged and you must expect no more of me than you are giving. I am not asking for equal rights; I am taking them for granted.

10. Do not forget that we have ideals founded upon right as "God gives us to see the right," and not on the popular conception of respectability. If we live up to the highest within ourselves we will never need to think of "what will people say."

Honest men and women esteem and value nothing so much in this world as a real friend. Such a one is as it were another self, to whom we impart our most secret thoughts, who partake of our joy, and comforts us in our affliction; add to this, that his company is an everlasting pleasure to us.

### HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!

The oldest song in the world is said to be that well-known convivial, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Its origin is lost in antiquity, but it is supposed to have been learnt from the ancient Babylonians by the Egyptians, who popularised it in Africa and Asia Minor. It is still sung by the Arabs.

The Crusaders caught the tune from their Saracen enemies, and sang it under the walls of Jerusalem. The air was ultimately carried into Europe, where it survived, in various forms, among the folk-songs of the different nations.

In 1709, after their defeat at Malplaquet, the French, following a false rumour of the Duke of Marlborough's death in battle, composed

Napoleon himself, though a hater of music, never mounted his charger to go into action without singing softly a few bars of the ancient melody.

### CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

Singing Christmas carols is a custom so old that even the origin of the word is in doubt. The first carols were modelled on the songs written to accompany the choric dance and carolling—a combination of dancing and singing—which found its way from the pagan rituals into the Christian church.

In the year 589 the Council of Toledo forbade dancing in the church on certain days, and in the follow-

### REAL DIPLOMAT.

Lady of the house: "What do you want?"

Weary Walter: "I am de official representative of de Woman's Household Kitchen Culinary Cuisine League and I'm making a coast-to-coast trip testing the favourite recipe of de most prominent lady in each town."

### DID YOU?

Did you ever stumble around in the dark to look for a match, and find that—

Doors stand out nine feet from the wall?

The table reaches entirely across the room?

The electric light switch has disappeared?

The wall advances to the centre of the room to meet you?

The chairs each have 27 legs?

And the bureau, upon which you left the matches, has disappeared entirely?

The secret of success is still a secret.

The difference between repartee and impudence depends on the size of the man responsible for it.

It sometimes happens that a married man has a great deal to say, but his wife won't let him say it.

Where one woman starts to make a name for herself a thousand will be satisfied to take some man's.

If we would be generous we must know that there is not time enough to be both generous and unjust.

Clothes don't make a man; but it's only the millionaire who can go about his business looking like a rag-picker.

Some husbands are so fond of their homes that if they stayed in one evening their wives would think they were hiding from the police.

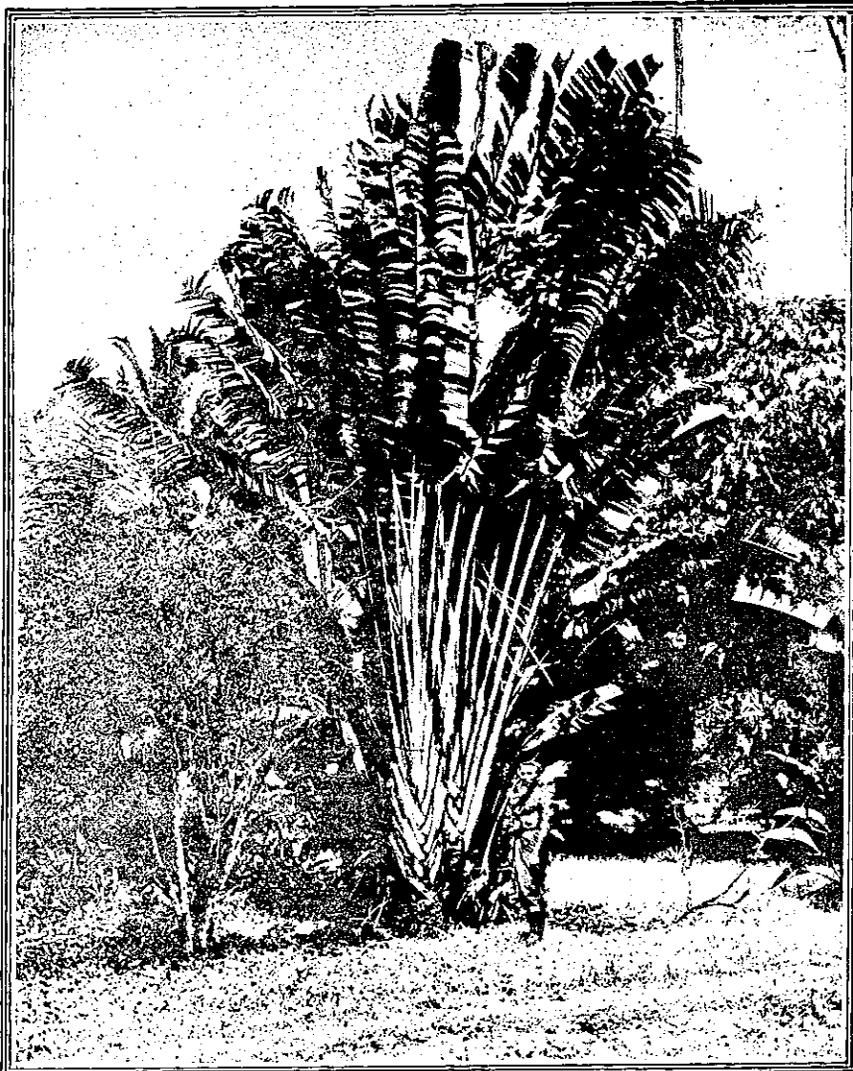
"Do any of the good things you hope for come to pass?" "They all come to pass, but they come and pass so bloomin' swift I can't grab 'em."

Happy is the man who hath never known what it is to taste of fame, wrote Lord Lytton—to have it is a purgatory, to want it is a hell.

March ahead of the ideas of your age, and it will follow you; go with them, and you can feel at ease; remain behind them and you are lost.—Napoleon III.

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day; say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors; keep your digestion good; exercise; go slow and easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy; but, my friend, I reckon these will give you a good lift.—Lincoln.

In Sussex, England, at Christmas the mummers in white suits adorned with coloured rags and tall hats, used to come around and act the mumming play of "St. George and the Dragon." Another Christmas mumming play was known as "Duffy and the Devil," the tale of an old woman who sells herself to the devil if he will do her spinning for her. He was to claim her in three years if she could not find out his name, which, of course, she does by stratagem, as in other old folk lore tales.



THE TRAVELLER'S PALM.—A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN IN SAMOA.  
[Tattersall's Studios.]

a satiric lament, "Mabrook is off to the War," detailing the supposed death and burial of the English general and the ascension of his soul to heaven.

The words were sung to the old, popular air, whose lilting rhythm lent itself to the swing of the 22 verses.

Like most topical songs, this one was of short-lived popularity, but in 1781 it suddenly echoed from one end of France to the other. The young Marie Antoinette gave birth to an heir, and the baby prince, in accordance with French custom, was placed under the care of a robust peasant foster-mother. The nurse used to put her royal charge to sleep with the old song of her village home, and the girl-mother began, almost unconsciously, to repeat the simple refrain.

As if by magic, the song became the craze of the day. It resounded through the stately galleries of Versailles, passing to the kitchen and stables, whence it was taken up by the crowds of Paris, and speedily passed on from town to town and from country to country.

ing year all secular dances in the church were forbidden. However, the custom did not die out until about the year 1209.

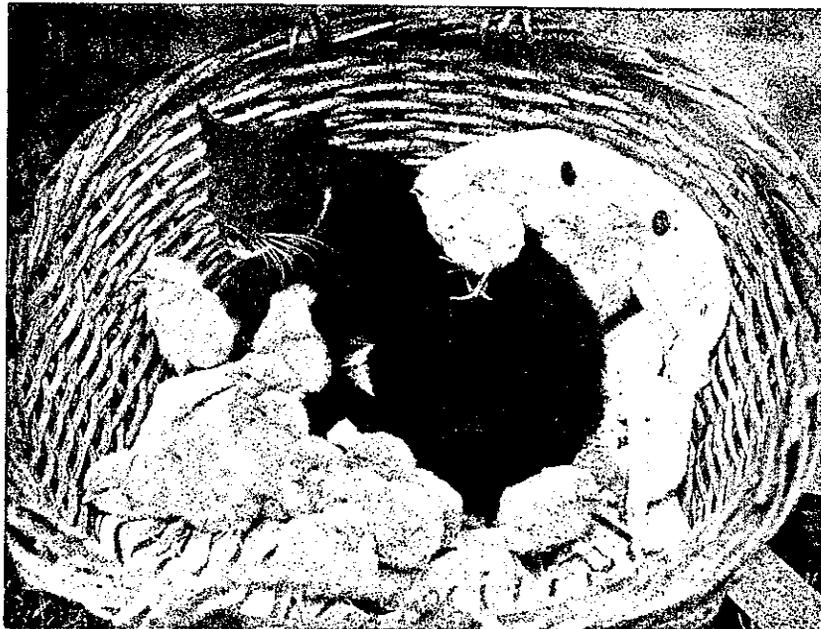
Many of the carols dating from the fifteenth century have the characteristics of folk-songs, and preserve curious legends. Carol singing flourished during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the greatest English writers—Milton and Ben. Jonson among them—produced some beautiful carols. A century later, Charles Wesley wrote the famous "Hark, How the Welkin Rings," better known now as "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

It is mighty hard for a man's breakfast to agree with him when his wife watches him eat it and tells him that he talked in his sleep all night.



SETTLING A GRIEVANCE.

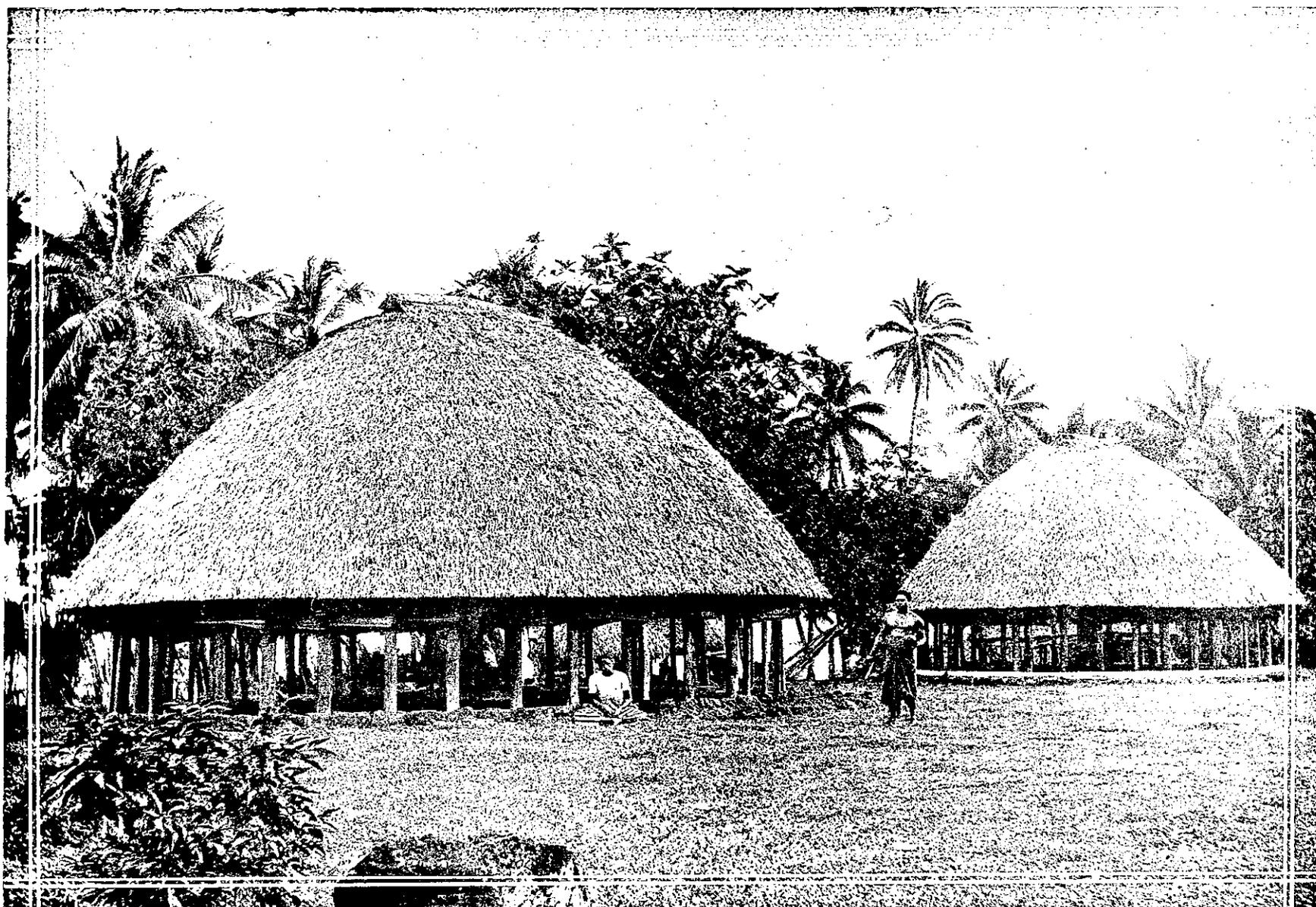
Cazna Studios.



A DEVOTED GUARDIAN.

Cazna Studios.

CHARACTERISTIC SNAPSHOTS TAKEN IN TROPICAL SAMOA.



SAMOAN HOUSES BUILT AMID LOVELY SURROUNDINGS.

[Tattersall's Studios.

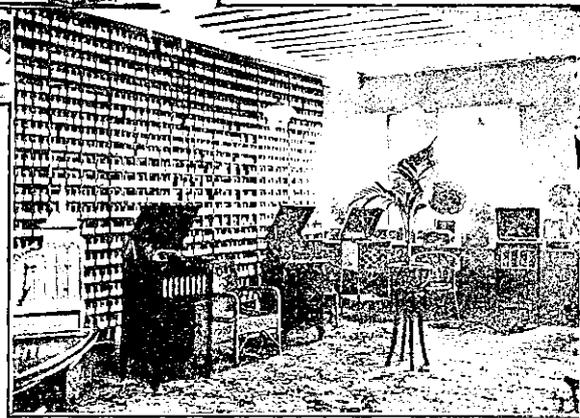
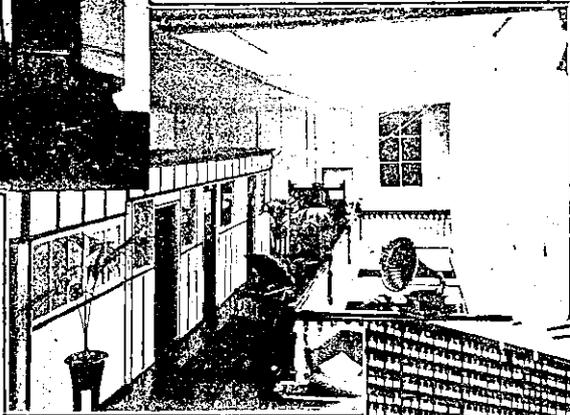
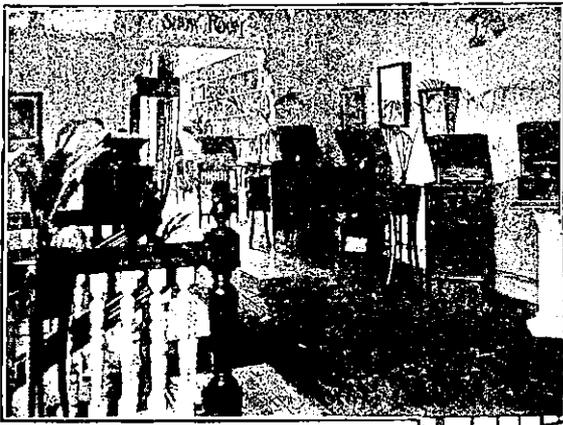


BEAUTY OF TROPICAL SAMOA EMPHASISED.—A PRETTY VIEW AT MOLIFANUA.

[Tattersall's Studios.

# EADY'S

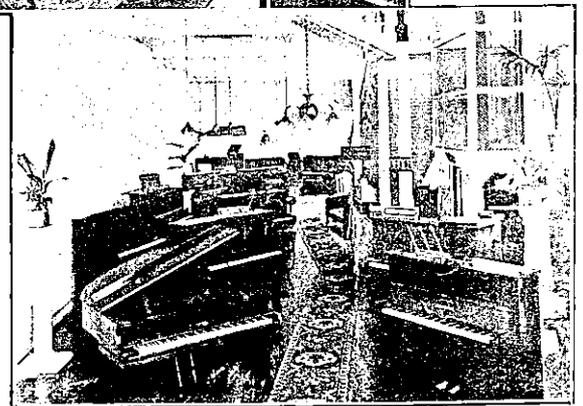
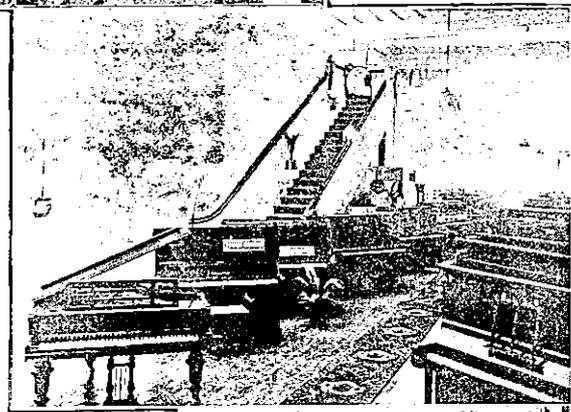
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Extending its business into additional commodious premises in Queen Street, this year, has enabled the Firm to double its stocks of superior musical instruments, so that the very best showroom selection is guaranteed. Evidences of appreciation of the modern facilities offered are the increasing orders received from all parts of the Dominion.

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# SCENES OF HISTORIC INTEREST IN SAMOA.



APIA, THE CAPITAL OF SAMOA.

[Tattersall's Studios.



A CHURCH DESTROYED BY A LAVA FLOW IN SAMOA.

[Tattersall's Studios.

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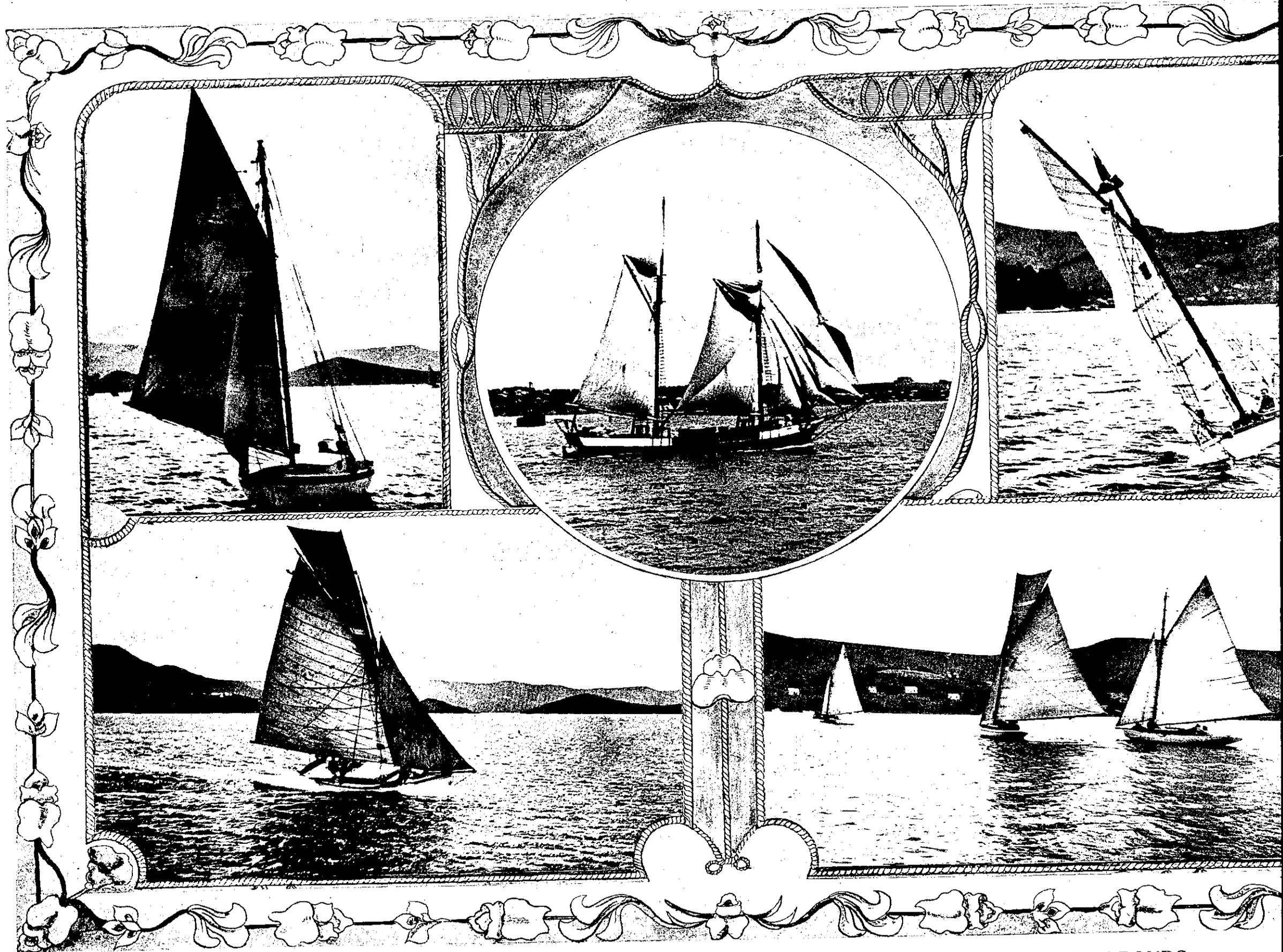
Mining and Engineering Rubber Goods; Rubber Belting; Railway and Shipping Requirements; Rubber Heels; Mats and Matting; Hot Water Bags; Waterproof Garments and Rugs; Tennis, Golf and Lacrosse Balls; Football Bladders; Handle Grips; Wringer Rollers; Milking Machine Requisites; Hose—Garden, Suction, Brewers'; Medical Goods, Ebonite, &c., and Cycle, Motor and Vehicle Tyres.

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Beautiful Seascapes at Island Bay, Wellington, and other Popular Coastal Resorts of the Dominion.

# BRAVE BUCKLEY

**B**RAVE BUCKLEY is a horse-breaker. I believe the name given him at his baptism was David, which was quite early in life turned into Dave, that again being changed in favour of the nickname "Brave," which to my personal knowledge he has earned many times over. As I saw him yesterday he was a little old man, bent and lame, walking with the help of an "ash plant" and looking sixty-five or perhaps more. To-day, mounted on a rough, underfed, three-year-old, he looked about fifty, which is, I believe, near his age. A series of hard falls and drinking bouts, many of which have left permanent marks on a face which to start with would have been "no help to him in the dock," as I once heard a "Web and rope halter" woman tell him during an altercation in a horse fair, makes it impossible to do more than guess at his age.

An inventory of his features, or rather want of them, would include but one eye, a broken nose and a curiously crumpled ear, the result of his having been "riz off the ground an' shook like a terrier would shake a rat," by a savage stallion. For at least thirty years he has been at his precarious trade unceasingly, generally having half-a-dozen colts on hand at the same time, using the most unruly one as a hack to carry him backwards and forwards to his other pupils' stables. His fees are reasonable in the extreme, being "two pounds for making a lepper of him, an' fifteen shillings for puttin' him so you can plough wid him."

He has no regular place of abode but feeds just wherever he happens to be breaking a colt, seldom two consecutive meals in the same house, and sleeps, anywhere when drunk, when sober, preferably with a partly-broken horse. The moment a colt is sufficiently educated to allow of his being ridden away from home—and this takes an almost incredibly short time in "Brave's" hands—he is "broken to public house" in the following manner:—

The first step is to ride him up as close as possible to the door, dismount, take the reins over his head and go far enough inside the door to reach a glass of whisky. Frequent disappointments in the shape of sudden backward jerks at the critical moment on the part of the colt, and the consequent spilling of his drink, have made "Brave" an adept at swallowing a glass of spirits at one gulp. After a day or two of this "whisky snatchin'" as he calls it, you may see your valuable colt tied to anything, preferably to the wheel of an ass-cart, while "Brave Buckley" gets comfortably drunk inside. Strange to relate, no serious accident ever happens. Your colt may take fright at a drunken yell from the bar or at the sudden exit of Buckley—who, being quarrelsome in his cups, is frequently flung out—and pulling back, either break the rope and gallop home or capsize the ass-cart. In neither case will "Brave Buckley" be the least worried. It is his proud boast that "No horse is fit for a gentleman to ride till he has carried me home, drunk, straight across country in the dark," and I believe this has been the coping-stone on the education of all the best hunters in the country.

I once had what I at first thought the misfortune to become the owner of a horse that had fairly earned a most unenviable reputation. He came into my possession, through a mistake, in the following rather remarkable manner. A certain well-known sportsman and horse-breeder of the neighbourhood having died, all his stock was advertised to be sold by auction. Amongst the horses was one which I particularly wished to buy, but being at the time confined to my room from the effects of a fall, I was unable to attend the sale. Not wishing to miss a good animal I marked the number on the catalogue and sent my farm steward with orders to bid up to a hundred and fifty pounds. Imagine my amazement when he returned and told me that he had bought the horse for seventeen pounds, ten shillings. I insisted that there must be a mistake which would be cleared up when I received the auctioneer's bill.

"What bill?" said the steward. "I paid for the horse and here's the receipt."

The mystery was cleared up a little later when the horse arrived, led, with a borrowed rope, by the man who had been sent to ride him home. The order of sale had been altered, and No. 5, instead of being the steady hunter that I coveted, turned out to be a beautiful chestnut five-year-old, evidently just taken off grass, which was instantly recognised by my groom as being given up as hopeless by every rough-rider in the country except "Brave Buckley." His only virtue was that he was perfectly gentle in the stable until saddled. Out of it he was a regular fiend. The mere fact of his having become mine for the ridiculous sum of seventeen pounds ten shillings, when from his looks alone he should have fetched at least a couple of hundred, showed how wide and unsavoury his reputation was. My old groom firmly refused to have any "truck with him," and the steward suggested that I should turn him out to grass and leave him there till

isn't bruk to suit you whin I'm done wid him."

This seemed such a very fair, not to say one-sided, bargain that I instantly closed with it, and the horse was forthwith handed over "body and sleeves"—as the steward had originally suggested—to "Brave."

While this arrangement was being come to, the English groom stood by wearing a look of amused contempt.

"Ow long will it take you to be finished with the 'oss, or as I should say, for the 'oss to be finished with you?" he asked.

"I don't know till I have the first 'who shall' wid him," replied "Brave."

"I suppose you 'aven't 'eard what 'e did to the man they fetched hup from Tipperary to ride him, 'ave you?" continued the groom.

"There isn't a thing he ever did that I don't know better than yourself, even to the time he was tuk to Cahirmee Fair, saddled an' bridled an' led behind a car in the hopes that the strange place an' the big crowd of horses might put behaviour into him for a while. The first man that mounted him was a poor innocent Englishman like yourself. 'Twas four miles from the Fair field he was got ather, an' no account of the horse. They toul me that he wasn't hurt at all but just bewildered wid the fright."

"Now," he continued, "as I'll undertake no other horse till this won is off me hands, I may as well begin at him."



STORM CLOUDS GATHERING O'ER A SANDY WASTE.

there was another war to which he could be sent, like what he called "the Kruger horses that was the sweepin's of the country." His only alternative being that I should "hand him over body an' sleeves to Brave Buckley," who, he assured me, "would knock the devil out of him no matter how deep-rooted he was in him."

Following this advice, much against the wish of my groom, my acquaintance with "Brave Buckley" began. Immediately after breakfast next morning, I was told that "I was wanted in the stable yard." And "wanted" I certainly was to judge by the loud and angry voices which greeted me.

"Am I to have me own way wid this horse or am I to be dictated to be them that would be in dread to see another ride him, much less ride him themselves?" was the question I was asked by a very angry and apparently half-drunken "Buckley."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the English groom, "but is it your wish hand horders that this savage 'oss is to have three feeds of corn like the 'unters'?"

"I wouldn't give it to say to any man," burst in "Brave," "that it was be starvation I bruk him, an' moreover, no man can put a wake, hungry horse into his bridle. If I don't feed him and care him meself, the Englishman can do his choice thing to him. I'll lave it all to your Honour an' I'll take nothin' from you if he

Having fetched a saddle and a snaffle bridle, he disappeared into the horse's box saying, "shut the door an' bout it an' don't open it till I'll tell you."

Being most anxious to see what was about to happen, I managed, with the help of two inverted stable buckets, to reach the window, where I had a capital view. The horse stood perfectly quiet while being saddled and even opened his mouth to take the bit as if anxious to go out, which no doubt he was. He seemed rather to resent the next item on the programme, however, which was the production of a filthy red handkerchief from "Brave's" cap. With this he was quickly blindfolded. He no longer stood upright, but crouched with knees and hocks bent and seemed to have suddenly become perfectly rigid.

"Brave" now began to pull at the near stirrup leather, leaning his whole weight on it and finally slapping it hard against the skirt of the saddle, making a noise like a pistol shot. Still the horse remained crouched and rigid. He next took hold of the ring of the snaffle, and having drawn the horse's head as far as possible towards himself, suddenly gave him a sharp blow of the ash stick on the quarter and began to twist him round and round as quickly as he could.

Having continued this for quite five minutes, he again began to pull

and lean his weight on the stirrup. The horse now resuming his crouched and rigid position and evidently being prepared for a spring the moment he should feel the man on his back. This was soon to come, for "Brave" now quietly put his foot into the iron and crept into the saddle. The instant his right leg was on the horse's back he took his left foot out of the iron and, raising his arm above his head, gave him a resounding cut of the stick on the ribs. The horse bounded into the air, crashing his head against the wall of the stable with a force that sat him back on his tail. Another blow and another collision with the wall, this time at the other side of the stall, and to my amazement "Brave"—having put both feet back into the irons—reached over and pulled off the handkerchief.

The horse, now in a foam of sweat, stood quite still, no longer crouched and rigid, but naturally. A few drops of blood trickling from one nostril and a raw place on the forehead about the size of a crown piece was all the outward damage; but he must have been more or less stunned, for he now allowed himself to be mounted without the aid of the handkerchief and walked round and round the stall, first to the right and then to the left as he was guided by the bit.

"I have him now, sir," called "Brave," "open the door, an' open it wide, I'm comin' out."

The door was a low one and I expected to see "Brave" dismount and lead the horse out. Not a bit of it, he just bent forward till his head was lower than the withers and rode out, to the amazement of the old groom and an admiring group of stablemen.

"That's an iligent stall entirely, for that kind of work," said "Brave," "there's such grand head room, an' moreover the walls are so solid. If 'twas mud walls, like most of the farmers have, he'd butt his head agin 'em a dozen times before he'd be satisfied. I always takes me feet out of th'irons since the time a rogue like this lad took me right clane through a mud wall an' nearly tore the face off me agin a raffther. He wasn't half as bad as I expected. I made sure he'd rare up an' come back on me ather the first pucker he hit the wall. 'Tis what the likes of him mostly does."

"Why did I turn him round that way? Sure that's the quare question to ask me. Hadn't I to get him bothered so he'd forget where the wall was."

"Starting to buck before the man was rightly clung to the saddle was the way he ever an' always thrun them that tried to ride him. Ather another dose like he got now, I'll engage he'll let a cripple of an Englishman (this with a scornful look at the groom) mount him."

"There's a few lessons to tache him, but the worst is over with him. I'd a dale sooner be rough handlin' the man that put the first cowardly hand on the crature, but it-can't be helped now."

"His mouth must be med all over agin out of the new, an' he must be given a disgust to rubbin' a man's leg agin a wall, which is another nice habit he has. That an' runnin' away wid his two eyes closed for fear he might see what would stop him, are the worst points in him."

"Whin I have them out of him you'll be soon sackin' me, but don't be too sure of yourself for a while yet."

Not wishing to lower myself in the eyes of the aptly-named "Brave," I refrained from telling him how very unlikely it was that I should ever trust myself to the brute. All this time the horse was being slowly ridden round the yard. The sweat was beginning to dry on him, but he still seemed to be in a dazed condition and one eye was beginning to swell.

I remarked on this to "Brave," who replied: "He'll have to come out tomorrow, whether he's rightly able to or not, an' there must be no doctorin' done to him. The small price you ped for him will keep the life in him; 'tis always them that costs big money that dies. The stiffer and sorer he is to-morrow mornin', the asier the learnin' will come to him."

Rather more than a week passed by before I again saw the horse. The grass condition had melted off him—no other words describe the change that had come in his appearance—his neck and shoulders seemed to have lengthened, and now that he was tucked up one could see what grandly sprung ribs he had. Altogether, he looked what the old groom called "the frame of a fine 'oss." He certainly was not much more than a

frame. At the first glance I thought he looked starved, but I was assured that he was the best possible feeder "at night which is the honly time 'e is hever in the stable." Judging from a big knee and a scar on one hip he and "Brave" had been having more than one "who shall," the result of which I certainly should have been told by the groom if "Brave" had not been the victor. As it was, I was only told that "the 'oss not being hunder my charge, I takes no responsibility and arsk no questions." However, it was not long till I was able to satisfy my curiosity.

"Send for Buckley at once," I ordered.

"Ain't got far to send, sir," answered the groom. "Get hup when you're called, carn't ye?"

A heap of litter in the corner heaved, and my astonished gaze met that of a very blear-eyed Buckley whose head emerged from the straw.

"Gawd honly knows what time 'e brought that unfortunate 'oss in last night. It's a mercy 'e took the saddle huff before 'e dossed himself in the corner."

By this time "Brave" had got on his legs, and having shaken himself like a dog was dressed for the day.

"Your Honour's welcome back," said he; "would you like to see the horse out? He's goin' on grand. I have him so that you couldn't put him up agin a wall if you was to try all day. But he tore the sole off

my charge ain't been seen since last Tuesday, when Buckley rode huff to buy them boots. I did 'ear that 'e was seen at a funeral at Millstreet, twenty miles from 'ere, but I ain't putting no dependence on the rumour."

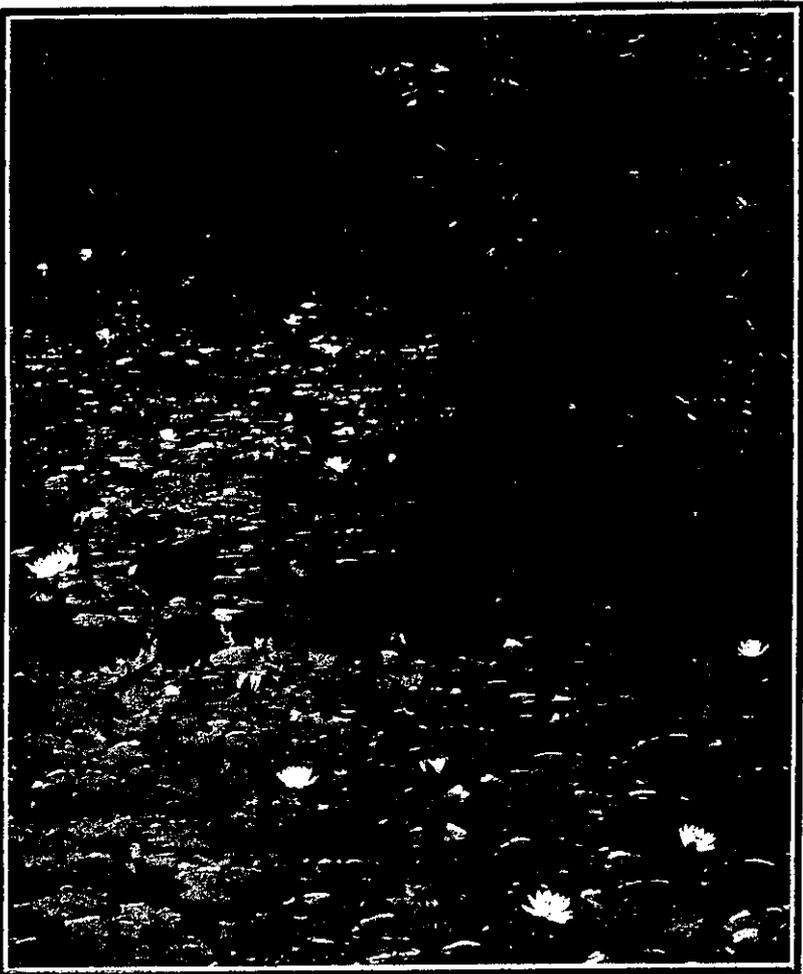
Just as I was congratulating myself on there being only seventeen pounds worth of horseflesh missing, and rather hoping that "Brave Buckley" had departed for ever with it, I was startled by a succession of wild yells accompanied by the clatter of a horse's feet at full gallop over paving stones.

"'Ere 'e comes," shouted the groom, as he hurriedly bolted round the corner of the row of boxes, "and I do believe 'e's a ranting, raving lunatic."

Certainly "Brave" looked the character.

Bareheaded, his face covered with dried blood and dirt, two funeral scarves, one of black crape and the other of white calico, tied round his middle as a girdle, into which was stuck an empty bottle after the manner of Dick Turpin's pistol in the famous circus act, and, most wonderful of all, with the reins attached to only one side of the bit, the other end having been broken off short at the ring, he sat bolt upright, smiling foolishly at his audience.

"'Twas a dacent funeral an' a damn dacent funeral an' this is a dacent lepper an' a damn dacent lepper," he solemnly announced. "I



WHERE THE WATER LILY HOLDS FULL SWAY.

wan of me boots tachin' him. 'Twas clogs I had on me, for there's no leather sole could stand the wear an' tear of a horse buckin' agin a wall whin your toe is agin it an' the spur stuck in his ribs. He stood the battle the longest I ever saw an' I'm in dread he'll take the marks of the spurs to the grave wid him. But he's cured."

The straw of his late couch having been turned over, a saddle and bridle were unearthed. Having put the latter on the horse, he requested the groom to "throw him up," and this having been done he rode out bare-backed; not satisfied with riding him round the yard, he actually galloped round the paddock more than once, the horse bending to his bridle and turning like a polo pony.

"About another week should make a lepper of him, an' then I'm done," said he; "but your Honour must give me the price of a pair of boots before I can face the Hunt."

I was so delighted with the performance that, in spite of warning look from the groom, I handed over a sovereign to the bootless "Brave."

That evening I left home and did not return for four days.

"Please, sir, you're wanted immediate in the stables," was the ominous message with which I was greeted.

"Heverything in my charge is right as usual, sir," said the groom, "but that there 'oss that was took hout of

lepped everything between this an' Millstreet, an' there's people that sez I lepped the hearse, but it's a lie for 'em. I know I lepped gravestones, for I got this clout on the head for doing so from wan of them that owned the graves. An' now I beg your Honour's pardon." Here he burst into tears and held out one foot, part of which stuck out through the remains of a boot—"but I forgot the boots."

This episode completed the education of my horse, for although not being a particularly courageous horseman, I decided that perhaps I could manage, with the help of a whole bridle, to do what "Brave" had accomplished with half of one.

Three years have passed since "Bravo"—as I christened what is certainly the best horse in my stable—attended the Millstreet funeral. "Brave's" prophesy that he would "make him so that a cripple or an Englishman could mount him" has come true. I have just seen my old groom ride him in from exercise. I still hold the greater part of the ten pounds which was "Brave's" fee, as he begged me to keep it for him and never under any circumstances to let him have more than ten shillings at one time. I also established a rule that he was to get nothing unless he was quite sober when he asked for it. This I think accounts for the fact that he has only had three pounds in three years.

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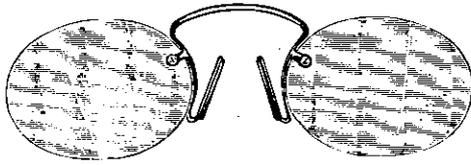
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**PAINLESS**



# THE COWARD.

**T**HE wind had moaned dismally all day over the leaden waters of the loch, and by every tiny islet and little headland in the shallows were handfuls of icy foam. The leaves that were not yet sufficiently decayed to fall by themselves were caught up, torn off, and flung, with a weird, pattering sound, on the roof of the desolate little schoolhouse. By four o'clock even the small girl who stayed as handmaid to tidy up and do the domestic work required by the school teacher, had left, going with a run down the

he stepped into the wee back kitchen, wrung the water off his clothes, mopped his face and head with his handkerchief, and returned to the fireside.

"What are you going to give me to eat?" he asked.

Margaret was accustomed to make up her mind quickly, to act on her own decisions; not for nothing had she been selected school teacher to children. She put the kettle on the fire, brought out scones, cold bacon and eggs. In a quarter of an hour the wayfarer was abundantly fed and had eaten of her best. As he gradu-

believe. When I first came, I was not used to being alone, and as sure as dark drew on feet ran round and round the house. I daren't look, not for the life of me, but they ran on, just chasing each other. It wasn't for long I found out it was ponies, Farmer Young's ponies. He told me they would lift the latch of the gate and go their ain gait each night.

She stopped, and there was a long silence.

"The trees, they're wild, too. You wouldna think how many tones there is in a tree, just like an organ with many pipes; and the rats, as big as cats, I heard them talking once. I had set a trap for them outside, and in the night I was wakened by a little musical sound, it might be like a tuning fork, just hum—hum, up and down, such a strange little sound; and I peeped out, and there in the bright moonlight was a whole flock of rats, all around one in a trap, talking how to get him out just for all the world like human beings. And in the morning the trap had gone;

tone as he could command, he asked: "You'll be knowing Mistress Macgregor, likely?"

"Up to Inverloch? The head-stalker's wife! Why, she's dead this very morning."

"Yes, I know." He paused again, and kept his face in the shade of the mantelpiece as he fingered the few small ornaments thereupon. "You'd be having a great respect for the Macgregors?" he asked.

"Mistress Macgregor is as good a woman as ever walked, and it's not yet I'll be speaking of her in the past; but as for him, he's a stern man and very proud."

"They've a right to it," he said nervously, but the tone implied a question.

"No one has a right to pride. Here, in the sight of the grand mountains with all the beauty of the colours around us, we know we're but wee creatures in God's sight; the mountains they make you quiet and humble, when you look at them as I do day by day. They just talk to you. I'll have seen Ben Cruachan now many a hundred times, and he always looks different, just according to my mood, it may be; but any jealousy or strife or evil speaking couldn't live in sight of yon mountain."

"You're a good woman," he said simply, "and so was—Mistress Macgregor."

"You've been in foreign countries?" she said with sudden acuteness, something in his way of speaking, his clothes and manner having given her the cue. "Have you ever been in South Africa?"

"Yes."

"Were you there during the war?"

"A part of it."

"And you saw the soldiers? You'll have come across Macgregor's son?"

"What was the name of him?"

"Willie Macgregor—him that did so well and got a medal, so they told us, and who's a sergeant now, for he got on so well, and who's so much thought of he can never get home to see them, but is always in foreign parts."

"It's grand for them to feel that, anyway," he said, "even if they'll not be seeing him."

Then on the instant came the sound of feet outside the door, and voices asking admittance. The man turned suddenly white and collapsed like a pricked balloon.

"It's the police, it's me they're wanting," he said.

"And you," she said, looking at him fully, "are Willie Macgregor. Yes, it's true I never saw you—it was before my time; but I can see your mother in your een. It'll not be murder you've done?"

"God forbid!"

"Here," she said, "for your mother's sake. There's my bedroom handy," and as he moved with limbs of lead to the refuge indicated she went to the door.

The local policeman, who knew and respected the school teacher, merely stopped to ask if she had heard or seen anyone go by.

"Though it's not likely you'll be hearing aught but the rain," he added. "However, we've advice of a desairter about, seen this morning at Glasgah and recognised by his photograph. He took the train on here." He hesitated a minute and added: "Macgregor's his name," he was evidently full of self-importance and



A PRETTY RIVER SCENE NEAR CHRISTCHURCH.

[Guy, Photo

muddy road to the hamlet four miles off, lest the ink black clouds should precipitate themselves in a sudden deluge. And by six o'clock the rain had come. In the mighty heights of Ben Lui and Ben Cruachan the clouds had been entangled, now they broke and fell with a continuous rushing sound. For the moment the wind ceased, the sawing of the fretful pine branches was stilled, and Margaret MacArthur, school teacher, listened with a kind of stilled awe to the great forces by which she was surrounded.

Her needlework fell from her hands and her elbows rested on the table, for it was too dark to see any more, in spite of the ruddy gleam from the resinous logs that crackled in the grate. The hissing of the rain, the crackling of the logs formed an accompaniment, like a dull undertone, to the sadness of thought. A louder crackle than usual made the school teacher jump, and then she realised it was not the fire this time, but a rap on her door. It was not often she was so disturbed in the lonely place where the schoolhouse stood as a centre for the hill bairns from far and near.

The door being opened showed a man of fair height and well built, but with an indescribable slouch and furtive set of the shoulders, as of one accustomed to be kicked and expectant of rebuff. The water running from his hat and clothes so effectually concealed their quality that for the moment Margaret thought he was a roadside tramp on the way from Glasgow to Oban.

"You can't come in here," she said, instantly on the defensive. "The post office is two miles on, and the village two miles further; go there."

When she would have shut the door, he held it open, and, passing her, shut it behind him, drawing the bolt. As he stood on the clean-boarded floor a pool quickly gathered around him.

"I'm no tramp," he said in a voice which quieted her worst fears. "Only sore beset and faint with hunger and weariness. You're a Christian woman, have a little charity."

The burr in his words betrayed one of her own countrymen, and the tone was that of the actual countryside. While she looked at him doubtfully

ally dried she noted that his clothes were of good cut and quality, his face was clean and well shaved, and he did not look like a man accustomed to lack victuals. She waited for enlightenment. He gave her none. Instead, having finished his meal, he began questioning her, lapsing into an idiom that was evidently native to him but not habitual. "Are ye all by your lone self? Are ye not feared?"

She shook her head. "When one's had trouble as I have, it's best to be alone."

"There'll be noises, likely? The shriek of the wind in the corries, I mind how it howls like a ghost—"

"Ye'll ken these parts, then?"

He stopped, evidently a little confused.

She bit off the end of her thread and began talking, more to herself than him, as is the habit of one who lives alone. "At night, now, it talks all around; there's noises ye wouldn't

they had dragged it down to their holes. There's many holes in the bank below here, between this and the loch, and they had dragged it into one; but they couldn't open it, and the poor wee beastie was dead, with his tail all gnawed."

He had watched her intently. "There are worse things than being in a trap," he said, and in answer to her serene look of inquiry he blurted out: "Being hunted. It gets on the nerves, one can't rest by day and by night, and one suspects every one—"

"You'll not be suspecting me, for I'll not know what you're hunted about," she said innocently.

He looked at her with suspicion, but her clear blue eyes disarmed him. He rose the next instant. "I'll be going on. I can't stay here the night, though I'd like it well."

She was a very quiet woman this, he thought; it was he who had to do the questioning. In as careless a



A PICNIC PARTY ON PATERSON'S INLET, STEWART ISLAND.

[Guy, Photo.

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IN THREE SIZES

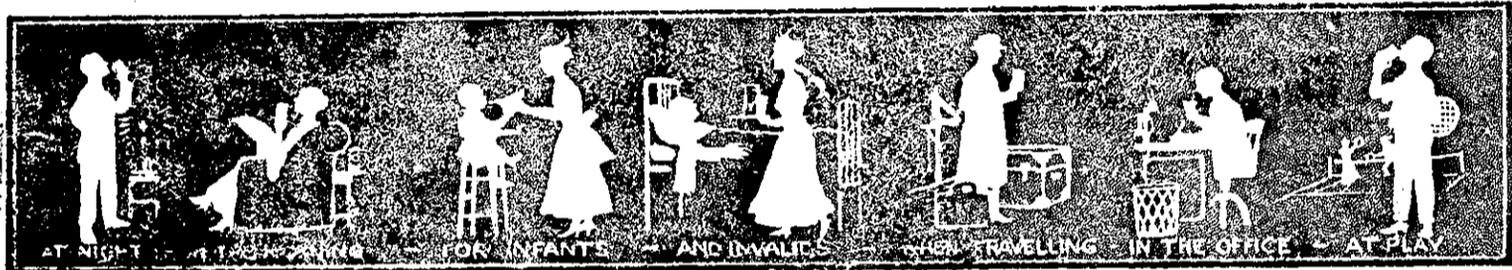
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longing to deliver his news in spite of professional etiquette, but the quiet school teacher gave him no encouragement. "That's an ordinary name hereabouts," she said. "Good night to you, Mr. Mackay," and she closed the door.

She stood just as she was inside until his steps died away. The rain had ceased now, and all the talk of the mysterious trees had begun again. Her soul was filled with an infinite sadness that found vent in words.

"Ye'll be finding comfort in the thought your mother's dead, where you cannot bring shame upon her in the place where you were born and bred," she said sternly.

"You're a brave woman as well as a good one," he said.

It was so dark down by the boat that they stumbled heavily in getting into her, but Margaret never hesitated. "You row," she said. "There's a light on the brae-side; I can steer to it."

It was a strange journey over the mile of inky water. Every now and then there came a lull in the wind when the lapping of the wavelets against the boat and the steady dip of the oars could be heard, and then again the howl of the wind as it rushed down to them deadened all noise but its own. The spirit of the mountain veritably shrieked.

light which had served them as a beacon. Then as he stood above her and she settled herself on the seat and took up the oars, he asked—

"You're not feared of much. Are ye feared to take back the boat?"

"I can see my own light burning steady in the window where I left it. I'll make straight for it," she answered simply.

His tone was lower. "Would you be feared to care for a man who had been in gaol?"

She spoke very gently: "Not if he was a brave man."

Then he thrust her off, and she dipped her oars and started into the black night without even so much as a "Good night."

tion at Taynuilt, and gies himself to the polis, for, says he: "My mither's deed, and I care naught noo." And the school teacher's heart gave a sudden leap, for the cloud of cowardice had rolled away and been dispersed, as the heavy rain clouds of yesterday hanging on the peaks of the mighty Bens had been dispersed by the sunshine of the morning.

#### CRUEL MAN.

"My husband is very inconsiderate."

"How so?"

"Insists that the house needs shingling when he knows how badly I need a diamond ring."

#### PREPAREDNESS.

"Wille, what are you taking that towel out of the house for?"

"Preparedness, Ma."

"What do you mean?"

"The gang might make me go swimming with them this morning."

#### AN OBSERVING BOY'S QUESTION.

"Pa."

"What is it, my boy?"

"How rich does a man have to be before people will make excuses for his bad habits?"

#### MUST BE ILL.

"There's something wrong with that boy."

"Why?"

"I notice he washes the back of his neck and shines the heels of his shoes."

#### KEPT AT HOME.

"The neighbourhood seems deserted."

"It is. Most of the folks have gone away for the summer. We'd have gone, too, but couldn't get away. We've got six sets of gold fish and three canaries to look after."

#### AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

"Never trust a girl with a secret. It is as hard for the average girl to keep a secret as it would be for her to wear her slashed skirt with the slash buttoned up when she had a new pair of silk stockings on."

#### CAUGHT EASILY.

"That fellow's a fool."

"So?"

"Yes. If he'd been born a fish he'd never have got past the first hook."

#### MINIMISING THE DISCORD.

"Does that girl next door to you still abuse the piano?"

"No; she's got a cornet now."

"Gracious! That must be worse, isn't it?"

"Not at all. It's only half as bad. She can't sing while she's playing the cornet."



THE ENTRANCE TO QUEENSTOWN, LAKE WAKATIPU, OTAGO. [J. S. Trevena, Photo.]

The door of the inner room slowly opened, and the man stood there with hanging head, but made no answer.

"Lift up your face and answer me," she commanded. "What are you doing now for a living, anyway?"

He raised his head, and she saw his eyes were full of tears; then he flung himself down on the chair and shook with sobs. "Oh, my mother! my mother!" he said. "And I'll never see her more!"

All the hardness died out of Margaret's face. She laid her hand on his head, and gently stroked his hair; she felt old, very old beside this boyish grief, though in years she was the younger. "How did you come to desert, laddie?" she asked, as she might have spoken to one of her own bairns.

"I cannot tell," he said, breathing heavily. "I was feared of a sudden, I did not know why; I just went, I and Jimmy Maxwell; they got him, a year back. We got away on a Dutch ship. I've been in Holland since, and I've done well as far as money goes. But he came over. They knew where we were, for sure. My father, he knew, too. I wrote him. Just at last he sent me a line when my mother was dying, because she craved a sight of me. He wouldna have had me come, for no one hereabouts kened the ruth; but it was bound to come out. She died before I got here. He told me never to see his face again. I daredna go to the wee shop where they'd be speirin' at me. So I had naught to eat and just walked and walked. I thought likely I'd get a train at Dal-mally, but now they're on to me, they'll be watching at all the stations. If I can get to Loch Etive, I'll do, for I've a cousin there with a wee boat. He kens. He'll put me down the coast till I get a ship back to Holland, or anywhere." He stopped and sat up with a great sigh.

"And how'll ye get to Loch Etive?" she asked. "They'll be watching the roads if they know you're hereabouts."

"If I'd a boat I'd go across. They'll not be watchin' there, and I'd gae by Glen Nant."

She considered the matter gravely. "There's a boat below here," she said. "but it's no mine."

"If I take it, I'll no can bring it back," he said.

"But I can," she answered firmly, and going to a corner, she took down a cap and tied it across her head with a scarf knotted under the chin.

He looked at her with a sudden light of admiration in his eyes.

Like all Highlanders, Macgregor could pull a good oar, but he was out of training, and once or twice in a lull he paused to take breath. In one of these intervals he heard Margaret say calmly—

"You're not a real coward; 'twas the suddenness that did it."

And the words broke out in spite of himself. "But I've been a coward ever since."

She did not answer, and at the next pause he went on as if without interruption. "And so I've grown into a coward. I'm feared to stand up and take my punishment. I'm no man."

"Since when have you thought that?" she asked drily.

And the answer came identically with the next storm burst, so that it was caught up and hurled away to the echoes of the corries.

"Since knowing you."

It was almost like a shout of triumph. They were silent until the boat grated on the strand below the

The little school teacher was white and languid the next morning, with dark rings under her eyes. It was not the mile-long row in the black night that had caused it, for she had been born and bred in the country, and was as much at home on the water as on land. It was that something she had thought dead and buried beneath a great sorrow had begun to stir and move in her again. After the numb time of winter her heart had awakened to the agony of feeling once more. But her little pupils noted nothing, for they were eager with a bit of news which had been brought along by the early train, and had flown from mouth to mouth, a veritable excitement in a countryside where so little happened.

"Wullie Macgregor what went for a soldier's been took as a deserter."

So ran the local version. "He was never no sairgent at all, but rin awa' in the war, and noo this verra mornin' he gaes into the polis sta-

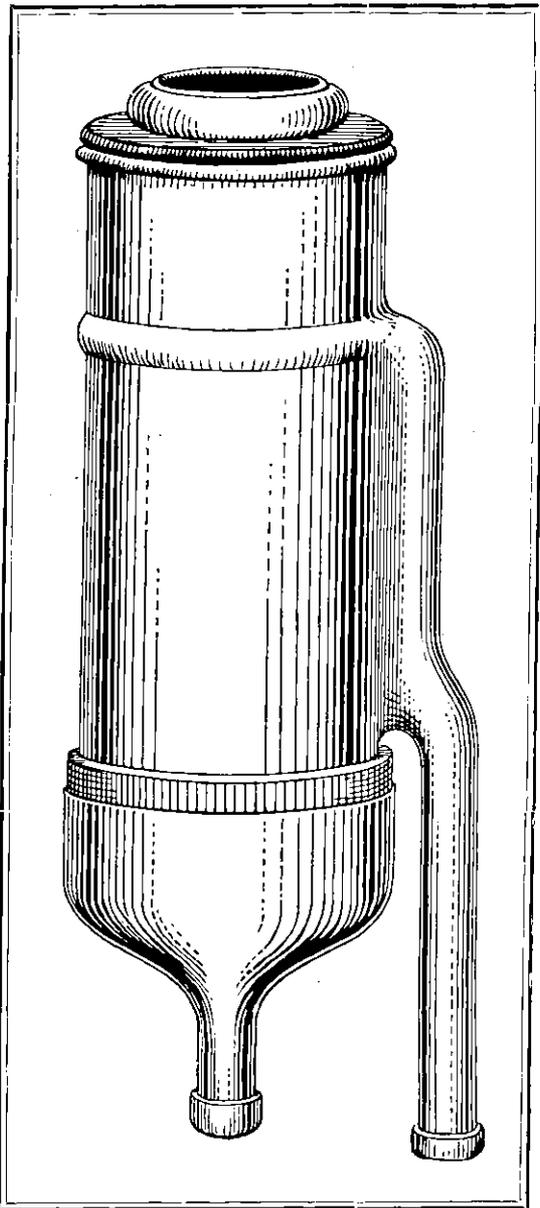


VIEW OF ST. CLAIR HEADS, DUNEDIN.

# The Progressive Dairy Farmer--

the man who is looking for **BETTER METHODS** and **BIGGER RETURNS**, cannot afford, in his own interests, to neglect investigation of the

## Ridd Milking Machine



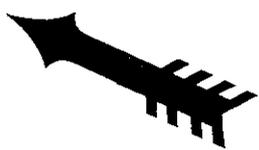
Installing the Ridd on your Dairy Farm means **LARGER YIELDS OF MILK** obtained at lower working cost.

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Wit and Humour.

AT LAST.

"Ah," said the golfer who was skating, as the ice gave way beneath him, "at last I have developed a perfect follow through."

A CORRECTION.

A school teacher had written on the blackboard the sentence: "The toast was drank in silence," and turning to the class, asked if any one could point out an error in that, instantly one small boy put up his hand, and, going to the board, wrote the correction, "the toast was ate in silence!"

WHAT THE SHELL DID.

Old Lady: So, William, you've come back to us wounded, I hear. How did it happen?

William: Shell, mum.

Old Lady: A shell! Oh, dear, dear! And did it explode?

William: Explode, mum? Not likely. It just crept softly up behind—and bit me!

AN ANATOMICAL PUZZLE.

Being very conceited about his fine figure, the sportsman wore corsets to show it off. One day he was thrown from his horse and lay prone on the ground.

A farm labourer ran to render him assistance. The first aid man began to feel the fallen one all over to see if any bones were broken, when suddenly he yelled out to another labourer:

"Run, Jack, for heaven's sake, for a doctor! Here's a man's ribs running north and south, instead of east and west."

FASHION'S TREND.

"I disapprove of the new fashions because they encourage vanity," said a well-known social reformer.

"I know a little girl whose mother has gone in for all the new fashions—sheath skirt, slit skirt, short skirt, and what not.

"This little girl's teacher said to her reproachfully one day: 'But, my dear, don't you want to grow up so that everybody will look up to you?'

"'No, ma'am,' said the youngster decidedly. 'I want to grow up so that everybody will look round at me.'"

LOOPING THE LOOP.

Scotchmen have invariably provided good material for stories of thriftiness, and in this connection an amusing anecdote is related by a young aviator who served with distinction at the front. The young fellow had a Scotchman working about his hangar, and one afternoon the Scotchman was persuaded to go up.

"But he didn't like it up there in the windy sky, poor fellow. And the higher up he went the less he liked it. Finally he yelled to the boy pilot:

"Tak' me down; tak' me down!"

"Down already?" said the boy. "Why, I was just going to loop the loop."

"For heaven's sake, dinna do't!" yelled the Scotchman in great alarm. "I've some siller in ma vest pocket, and I might lose it!"

A FRANK DINER.

A man came into a restaurant with two young women.

"A glass of beer," he said. "One only—my friends aren't thirsty—and, say, waiter, could you oblige us with three plates?"

"The plates were duly brought, and the man took three sandwiches from his pocket, and the little party proceeded to enjoy themselves.

"But the waiter hurried off and told the manager. The manager rushed up to the guest and said:

"Look here, you, what do you take us for? Ordering one beer and then borrowing our plates to eat your sandwiches from! Why, I never—"

"Who are you?" said the guest, taking a sip of beer and a nibble of sandwich.

"Who am I? I'm the manager."

"The guest frowned.

"Oh, are you?" he said fiercely. "Then you're just the fellow I'm looking for. Why the dickens isn't the orchestra playing?"

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Her Father: You've been calling on my daughter for some time, young man. Why don't you come down to business?

Suitor: Very well. How much are you going to leave her?

NOT YET IN SIGHT.

A modern girl—one of those pretty, vote-chasing, athletic, modern girls who ride astride, swim in men's swimming suits, smoke cigarettes and read Wells and Shaw—a modern girl of this type repined one day at a tea because she could not be an aviator in the war.

"Oh," she sighed, blowing a cloud of cigarette smoke from her lips—"Oh, if heaven had only made me a man!"

"Heaven did, my dear," said a placid matron, "and you'll find him some day, and then all this new-thought nonsense of yours will cease forever."

PROPER DESCRIPTION.

The young lady had been educated at college and was giving an order to the grocer.

"I require some cheese," she said. "Yes, miss," replied the grocer, smiling amiably. "I have some lovely cheese!"

"You should not say 'lovely cheese,'" said the girl severely. "'Lovely' should only be used to qualify something that is alive."

The grocer's smile broadened as he glanced at the Gorgonzola. "Well then, miss," he said, "I'll stick to 'lovely.'"

THE CONTAINER.

"Some of these modern theologians embark on the vainest and most futile researches," said a well-known bishop. "Their questions remind me of the little boy.

"Pa," said this little boy, 'do cannibals go to heaven?'

"No, my son, certainly not," was the reply.

"Well, do missionaries go to heaven, pa?"

"Assuredly, my son, assuredly."

"But then, pa," pursued the boy, 'but then, how about when a cannibal eats a missionary?'

HIS TRYING MOMENTS.

A well-known poet who joined up as a war correspondent in the great fight against the Huns, when asked upon his return from active service regarding what he considered his most trying experience during his three years of war mentioned the seasickness which claimed him as a victim when making the voyage to a French port.

"One morning after breakfast on the infernal boat," he said, "a strong wind blew up, and the sea became very choppy. Heavens, how sick I got; I dropped the poem I was writing, tore off my glasses, rushed to the rail, and leaned my head far over when a sailor held before me a large placard that said: 'Food will win the war. Don't waste it.'"



MAORI WOMAN WITH PICKANINNY, PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE BANKS OF THE WANGANUI RIVER. [Tesla Studios.]

NOT DISCERNIBLE.

"I stopped on a street corner the other evening to hear a prohibition tub thumper. He thumped his tub and yelled.

"Friends, dear friends, five years ago I was a disease-rotted wreck—a hollow-chested, red-nosed ruin with alcoholic sore throat, gin-hardened liver, bleary eyes and toddy blossoms all over me.' He struck himself on the chest. 'What do you suppose, dear friends, has brought about this change in me?'

"He paused impressively and in the deep silence a voice asked:

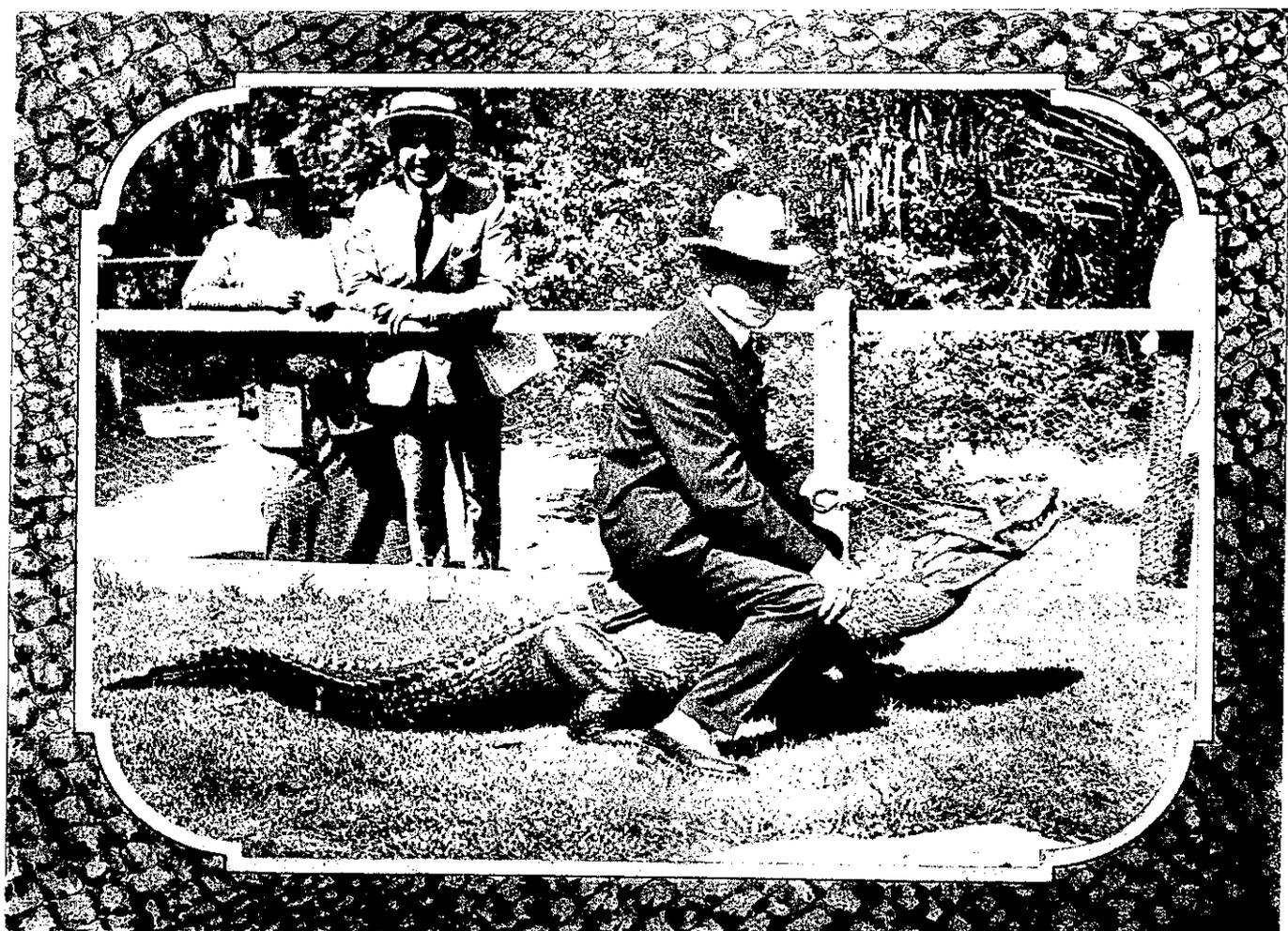
"What change?"

SPORTING INSTINCT.

An orator at a street corner told his audience of the blessedness of humanity, and while he was speaking two little dogs strayed into the middle of the crowd.

"Now," said the orator, "here we have an object lesson thrust right into our hands." He turned to a sturdy youth. "My little man, if these two animals were to fight, what would you do?"

An impressive silence settled upon the crowd while the unwashed youth studied the problem. "Well, guv'nor," he said at length, "I think I'd bet on the black 'un!"



A NOVEL MEANS OF LOCOMOTION.—A GOOD SPECIMEN OF CROCODILE AT THE ZOO, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.



## SUMMER CAMPING.



A camping scene always awakens a longing for the simple life, the fresh air and sunshine, and freedom from the ordinary cares of life. It is a call back to the early days, when man lived in tents and knew nought of the rush and bustle of city life.

Camping has memories that last long after the camp is over. Most amusements are designed to take our thoughts away from our surroundings, but camping is the real thing, and our thoughts are on the things around us. We enjoy every hour of the camp, but for full enjoyment a good tent is essential.

Great improvements have been made in tents in Auckland, and a better class will be found here than in any other

centre. When the Battleship New Zealand visited here as a new ship, her Commander purchased a tent, same as he had hired when, as a Lieutenant on H.M.S. Powerful, he had gone on a trip to the Hot Lakes District. The years that had intervened and the opportunities of seeing what other places had to offer, had not altered his decision to obtain one of these tents and to take it to England with him.

All sections of the community find camping beneficial: from the wealthy to those who have little, from the one who can go far away to the one who has the tent in his own backyard. One of the pictures shows the camp of the children of the Salvation Army Orphan Home. They have it every year, near

Brown's Bay, and the children enjoy bathing and playing on the sand.

### HIRING TENTS AND FURNITURE.

Tents and Folding Furniture may be hired for camping, and all the time the boys have been away the rates have been the same, but after the Summer of 1920, hiring charges must be advanced. The cost of tents has gone up very much. One material has risen from 8d. to 3/6, and another from 1/3 to 6/8 per yard, and they are still rising. The demand at Home for cotton goods is so great that prices are not likely to fall for some time. The whole world requires cotton goods, and conditions are such—coal shortage, etc.—that some of the British mills will

not even quote for material for next season, as they do not know what the cost will be.

The flax outlook is even worse than the cotton. The cotton growing countries have been free from the ravages of the war, but the flax countries have had years of warfare, and we cannot tell how long it will be before Russia will again count as a flax producing country. New Zealand has been fortunate in prices in many lines. Retailers have sold regardless of the cost at which they could replace the goods. In fact, storekeepers followed the practice to such an extent that goods were bought from stores and sold back to the wholesale, because they could not be imported for the money.



### COVERS.

When we sleep comfortably in shelter of a good home we often forget the animals in the paddocks. They are hedged in by fences and cannot scamper to shelter as they would do in a natural state. No matter how the storm sweeps their paddock they have to remain in it, and therefore should be provided with covers to protect them from the keen wind. Much has been done to improve these covers, the latest being diagonal straps from centre of back down under fore legs, crossing on breast, and passing through slots in front of cover, then crossing again to their own sides. This makes an elastic neck to the cover, preventing pressure on the wind-pipe when feeding, and also preventing the cover working over to one side.

The question of leather is a serious one. Animals are killed younger, and the hides are light in weight and strength, but heavier in price. The solution of the trouble is a soft smooth rope.

Before the war there was a wide range of canvas to select from, but flax is now scarce and cotton has to be used. It requires careful handling and is not nearly as strong as flax, and, therefore, where possible flax should be purchased for large stack covers.



SUMMER CAMPING.

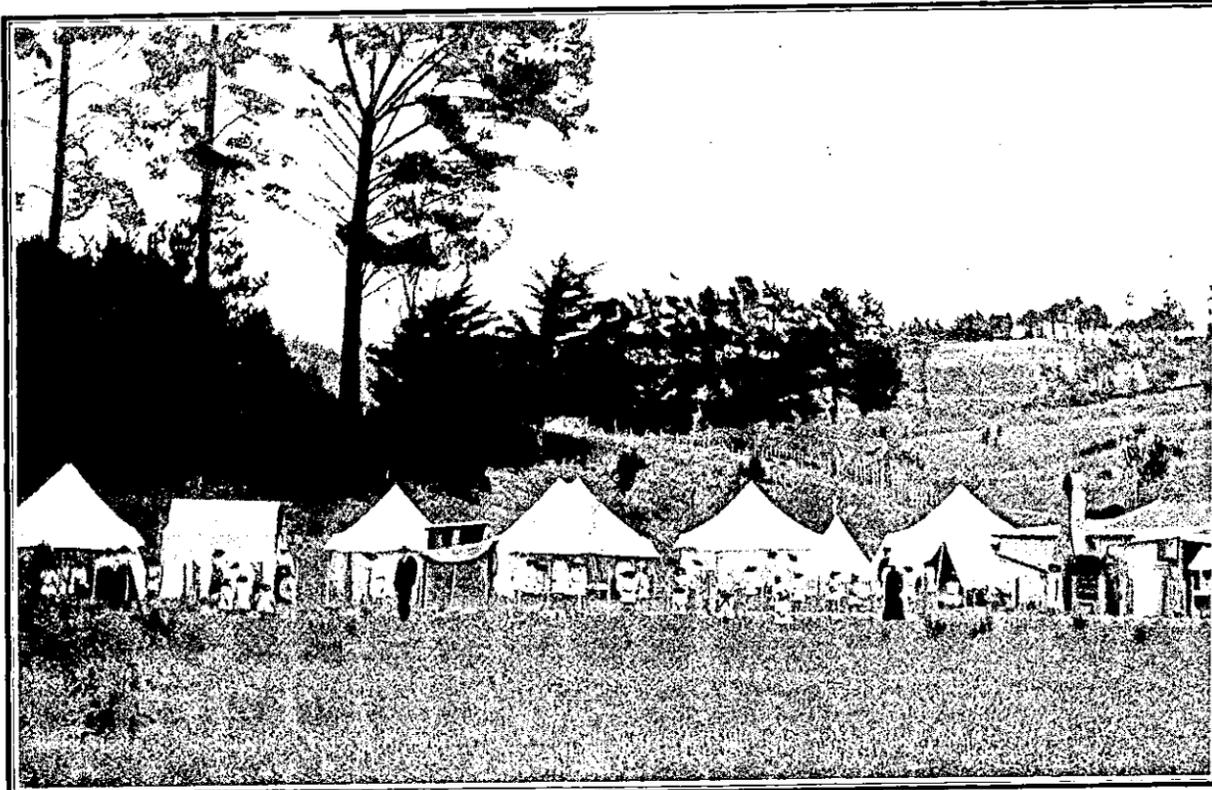


### COATS.

There is no more useful thing in the country on a wet day than one of Le Roy's Canvas Coats. They stood the test of the trenches in Gallipoli, Palestine and France, and many letters said it was the only coat that would stand the severe wear. One father, ordering a coat to be posted to his son, said: "Do not put your name on the outside of the parcel, or it might be 'pinched' before it reaches my son."

A New Fastener is now introduced, which is not only more satisfactory, but also helps out in the shortage of leather, by leaving a few hundred sides free for other purposes. The question of the leather is a serious one, which has been growing worse for years. The whole world wants leather and there is not enough for everyone. The remedy is to find a substitute for all purposes possible.

Canvas Leggings are an instance where leather is not only saved, but the canvas is better, being lighter and more pliable. Canvas Leggings are easily rolled up and can be carried in the pocket, if desired.



CHILDREN'S CAMP AT BROWN'S BAY.



### THE NATIONAL FLAG OF THE EMPIRE.

The Union Jack is the National Flag, and when in 1914 it was threatened, we realised what it was worth to us all. Our freedom and all that we value

in life depended on that flag; so from the ends of the earth men hastened to support it, and the stream never ended while the war continued.

The New Zealand Ensign is a Dominion Flag, and may be used in Dominion celebrations, but anything of a national character requires the Union Jack.

The White Ensign, representing the Royal Navy, deserves our highest admiration and gratitude for its part in the war, every branch from the battleships to the smaller craft, the minesweepers, trawlers and motor launches.

The Blue Ensign we did not hear so much about, but the Red Ensign (the Merchant Service) did wonderful work, carrying cargo and troops; men ever

ready to risk their lives for the Empire. Indeed, every branch did its best, and counted no cost too great when the Empire called.

Then we have the part the women played in doing all they could to help things along, but the one flag which represents a United Empire is the Union Jack.



**E. LeRoy, Manufacturer, 42 Queen Street, Auckland.**

**Sails, Tents, Marquees, Flags, Verandah Blinds, Baby Swings, Hammocks, Horse, Cow, Stack and Waggon Covers, Motor Car Hood Wheel and Seat Covers.**

**Canvas Coats, Capes, Sou-Westers, Leggings, etc., Hanging Cots. Tents, Marquees, Flags, and Folding Furniture for Hire.**

\*\*\*\*\* SEND FOR PRICE LISTS. \*\*\*\*\*

**GOLD MEDAL CAMP FURNITURE. "Best for the Camp, bears the Gold Medal Stamp."**

# The Poet's Corner

## THE SOUL OF THE SOLDIER.

I do not glorify the gun  
With which the soldier takes his toll,  
But I would let my praises run  
Unto the soldier's splendid soul.

I sing the warrior unafraid  
To stand to death for what is true,  
Who bravely bears a shining blade  
Against the wrong that hate would do.

His is a majesty of soul  
To fight with joy the Master's eye,  
For others he pursues a goal!  
For others he goes forth to die!

## LIFE'S GREATEST JOY.

Have you ever helped another?  
Ever earned a grateful smile?  
Ever asked a weary brother  
In to ride with you a mile?  
Have you ever given freely  
Of your riches and your worth?  
If you haven't then you've really  
Missed the greatest joy on earth.

Has a thrill of pride possessed you?  
Have you felt your pulses run  
As a weaker brother blessed you  
For some good that you had done?  
Have you seen eyes start to glisten  
That were sad before you came?  
If you haven't, stop and listen  
You have missed life's finest game.

## LOVE IN A COTTAGE—UP-TO-DATE.

I rented me a cottage  
Within a woodland nook;  
I bought me pans and pottage;  
I captured me a cook.  
All life seemed rapt and rosy;  
Birds sang in every tree.  
"Here, with my sweet, how cosy,"  
I thought, "the days will be!"

My love has lips like peaches,  
As sweet as ever kissed;  
But she is fond of speeches—  
She is a feminist.  
And so my pans and pottage,  
They failed to hold her thrall.  
She said: "Fie on your cottage!  
You'd better hire a hall!"

## A CHANGE.

But yesterday his clouds were gray,  
And sorrow seemed to fill his cup,  
He trudged along his weary way  
With eyes cast down, instead of up.

"If you refuse me," he had said,  
"My life will be one round of woe,  
In darkness ever I shall tread."  
But still the maiden answered "No."

"I go," said he, "then doomed to be  
Forever shrouded by dismay.  
The sun shall never shine for me."  
But all this happened yesterday.

To-day he steps with new-found vim,  
He seems the cheerfulest of men,  
A prettier maiden smiled at him,  
And he has taken heart again.

## LOVE A LITTLE.

Live a little, love a little, as you pass  
along;  
Cheer the hopeless and the weary with  
a friendly word, a song;  
Smile the more when clouds are lying  
low upon the misted hills;  
Soothe the souls all sadly sighing; love  
will heal a whole world's ills.

Live a little, love a little, laugh at  
fancied pain;  
Close your eyes and dream of flowers,  
sweet and fragrant after rain;  
Ease the load of burdened shoulders,  
do the very best you can;  
Sure, 'tis love that breaks the boulders,  
love of God, and love of man.

## A HISTORY LECTURE.

Her eyes are on the tufts of trees  
That toss against the square of sky  
Framed by the window, while above  
White wisps of clouds go trailing by.  
She dimly hears the voice of one  
Who tells of wars in ages gone.

Her thoughts are on the sodden fields  
Of France. Beyond the trees that  
toss,  
She sees the ruined walls of Ypres  
And near, a simple wooden cross,  
The while a voice goes on and on  
And tells of wars in ages gone.

## THE DAILY TASK.

What more could men that love a sweet  
world ask  
Than this—the labour of the Daily  
Task?  
The patient bearing of the burden  
which  
Life puts upon the poor man and the  
rich;  
The tireless striving in the age-old  
strife  
To gain the fruits that in the feast  
of life  
Make pleasant dishes for all men to  
eat  
Who love all loveliness and all things  
sweet?

What more could men desire than  
strength and chance,  
Not only heart to sing and dream and  
dance,  
But in the ring and revel of the day  
To go forth smiling to the unending  
fray,  
Serving and saving, answering each his  
call,  
Helping to lift the weak who some-  
times fall,  
Leading our own to pastures that may  
seem  
Pleasant, at least, as those that light  
their dream?

## TO AN INDIFFERENT DESDEMONA.

Lady, beautiful and black eyed,  
Frequent were my dreams in France—  
Dreams of how, if I came back, I'd  
Be your Soldier of Romance;  
Your adoring eyes would glisten  
At my modest tale and rough,  
And you'd tremble as you'd listen  
To my stuff.

"O my brave and modest hero!"  
You would sigh. "Intrepid youth!"  
As Infinity to Zero  
Is the vision to the truth,  
O my beautiful, my sloe-eyed,  
Ended is my Perfect Day—  
You who didn't even know I'd  
Been away!



AN IDEAL WAY OF SPENDING THE HOLIDAY VACATION.

## AN EQUESTRIENNE.

Though she's dainty, she is daring,  
And she has a fetching way  
When she goes forth for an airing  
On the broad back of her bay.  
I accept—accept instanter  
When she asks me if I'll ride,  
And my heart is in a canter  
As I canter by her side.

For her pose when in the saddle,  
Where she sits with such élan,  
Is enough, forsooth, to addle  
All the wits of any man;  
And her hand upon the bridle  
Is so firm and yet so light  
That I think she'd be my idol  
If I were an anchorite.

But I'm not, you see; 'twould bore her  
Were I hermit lean or fat,  
So I'm just her plain adorer,  
And contented to be that;  
Though I do not mind confessing  
Could I join her in life's race  
I would hold it as a blessing,  
And I'd let her set the pace!

## HIDDEN CONTENTS.

Build for yourself a strong box,  
Fashion each part with care,  
When it's strong as your hand can  
make it,  
Put all your troubles there.  
Hide there all thought of your failures  
And each bitter cup that you quaff,  
Lock all your heartaches within it,  
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one else its contents,  
Never its secrets share,  
When you've dropped in your care and  
worry  
Keep them forever there.  
Hide them from sight so completely  
That the world will never dream half,  
Fasten the strong box securely,  
Then sit on the lid and laugh.



A CAMPING SCENE AT ONE OF AUCKLAND'S FAVOURITE HOLIDAY RESORTS.

## PERSISTENCE.

One thing at least is fixed and sure;  
Should you doubt me, one wiser ask.  
He who would most success secure,  
Must never waver at his task.

The object he must cull and choose  
From all the others he would gain;  
Then in himself ne'er courage lose,  
But that he will the end attain.

Who sets his courage one way, to-day,  
And doubts to-morrow if 'twere wise,  
Will only flit his powers away  
And but to small achievements rise.

The hours of life too quickly fly;  
Our puny hands are far too small  
A dozen things each day to try,  
So we would only fail in all.

By neither doubt nor fear be swayed,  
Nor from wise counsel turn aside;  
But since life's game by each is played,  
One ought to choose himself as guide.

To all false light close tight your eyes;  
To timid souls your doors close fast;  
Strive with all power that in you lies,  
And, lo! the goal is yours at last.

## UNNOTED FORTITUDE.

No medals are bestowed on them—  
Those heroes well worth knowing—  
Who stir around at one a.m.  
To keep the furnace going.

## WALK A MILE WITH ME.

Oh, who will walk a mile with me  
Along life's merry way?  
A comrade blithe and full of glee,  
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,  
And let his frolic fancy play.  
Like a happy child, through the flow-  
ers gay  
That filled the field and fringe the way  
Where he walks a mile with me.

## COLD SYMPATHY.

"Suppose I should die," then he said  
Attempting to coax her to praise,  
"Do you think that a tear you would  
shed?  
Would it alter your manners or ways?"

She was wise to this form of attack,  
And in this way his question she  
parried;  
"It were foolish, I think, to wear black  
For a man that you wouldn't have  
married."

## THE DUNCE.

He never was very bright in school,  
He couldn't read or spell;  
His figuring was always wrong,  
He didn't write very well,  
And every time that he'd recite  
The boys would all make fun,  
'Cause he was constantly saying,  
"I seen" and "I done."

But when his country called him,  
And he went out to fight,  
They didn't ask if he could read,  
Or how well he could write,  
And finally when his turn came round  
To face grim death or shun it,  
Thank God, that we can say of him,  
"He seen his duty, and he done it."

## A SEARCH FOR SANTA CLAUS.

A bitter night—a squalid street—  
A basement bleak and bare.  
A hungry child with bleeding feet  
Alone sat waiting there  
All day amid the surging throng.  
She'd wandered far and near—  
All day had sung a feeble song  
That none had paused to hear.

But as she sang she caught the name  
Of Santa Claus, and how  
On Christmas night he often came  
To hungry children now.  
And so she waited in the dark  
For Santa Claus to come,  
Till in her breast the feeble spark  
Of hope grew faint and numb.

She thought because she had no light  
He failed to bring her share,  
And crept at last into the night  
To lead the good saint there.  
And Christmas morning came, and lo!  
Her dead face smiled because  
Amid a whirling drift of snow  
Her little weary soul I know  
Had found its Santa Claus.

## THE INVITATION.

The winds and waves will call to me,  
And only thou art dumb;  
The sun shines on the pulsing sea,  
And earth and sky turn gold;  
The daffodils succumb,  
And only thou art cold.

Why wilt thou close thy lattice, dear?  
The rose is climbing up;  
The yellow bee is humming near—  
His fond desire to fill,  
Nor finds one empty cup,  
And thou art still.

The time is fleeting—life is short;  
Throw not thy youth away.  
One loving hour can not be bought  
When age is in the mart.  
'Tis only youth can pay.  
Come out, come out, sweetheart.

## 'TIS BETTER TO BE SURE THAN SORRY.

Never let your gun  
Pointed be at any one;  
Tho' it may unloaded be  
Matters not the least to me.  
When a hedge or ditch you cross  
Tho' of time it causes loss,  
From the gun your cartridge take  
For the greater safety sake.

If 'twixt you and another gun,  
Bird may fly or beast may run,  
Let this maxim e'er be thine  
Follow not across the line,  
Dog or hunter oft unseen  
Lurk behind some leafy screen.  
Calm and steady always be;  
Shoot not where you cannot see.

Keep your post and silent be,  
Game can hear and game can see;  
Don't be greedy; better spared  
Is a bird than one shared.  
You may kill or you may miss,  
But at all times think of this:  
All the ducks ever bred  
Won't repay for one man dead.

## THE VICTORY.

Rupert called his troopers up  
(Strong hearts and light hearts, sing-  
ing for the fray).  
"Gentlemen, your blades I want,  
Fling your sheaths away.  
Your voices ring  
For God and king;  
For we will guard the throne of each  
Before the close of day!"

Rupert led them to the foe—  
(Prince and lord and commoner, true  
to cross and crown);  
From the heathered hills and locks,  
From the sea and town,  
Rode to their lord  
With hand on sword;  
But lived to taste the joy of war  
Before their plumes went down.

We are cavaliers to-day—  
(Gallant-hearted gentlemen whose naked  
blades are bright);  
We have flung our sheaths away  
For what we know is right.  
And singing go  
Against the foe—  
For triumph's in the sweep of steel,  
Though death is in the fight!

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### Sheep Tongues.

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SKI-ING IN NEW SOUTH WALES.—SNOW-CLAD MT. KOSCIUSKO, SHOWING SANATORIUM IN THE CENTRE.

[H. Glen Broughton, Photo.]



EQUIPPED WITH SKIS, SLEDGES AND DOGS FOR A DAY'S SKI-ING ON MT. KOSCIUSKO, NEW SOUTH WALES.

# Striking Views obtained on the Atlantic Coast.



WHEN THE CLOUDS ADD TO THE DESOLATION OF THE SAND-STREWN WASTES.



NEAR THE SAND-SWEPT SHORES OF THE MIGHTY DEEP.

## Scenic Attractions in Otago much Admired by Tourists.



LAKE WAKATIPU, OTAGO, VIEWED FROM BOBS CAVE.

J. S. Trevena, Photo.



A BEAUTIFUL FOREST NEAR GLADE HOUSE, BORDERING THE TRACK TO MILFORD SOUND, WESTERN OTAGO.

[J. S. Trevena, Photo.]

# Pastoral Scenes in the Otago District.



DOWN ON THE FARM.—STURDY SPECIMENS OF DRAUGHT HORSES IN OTAGO.

[J. S. Trevena, Photo.



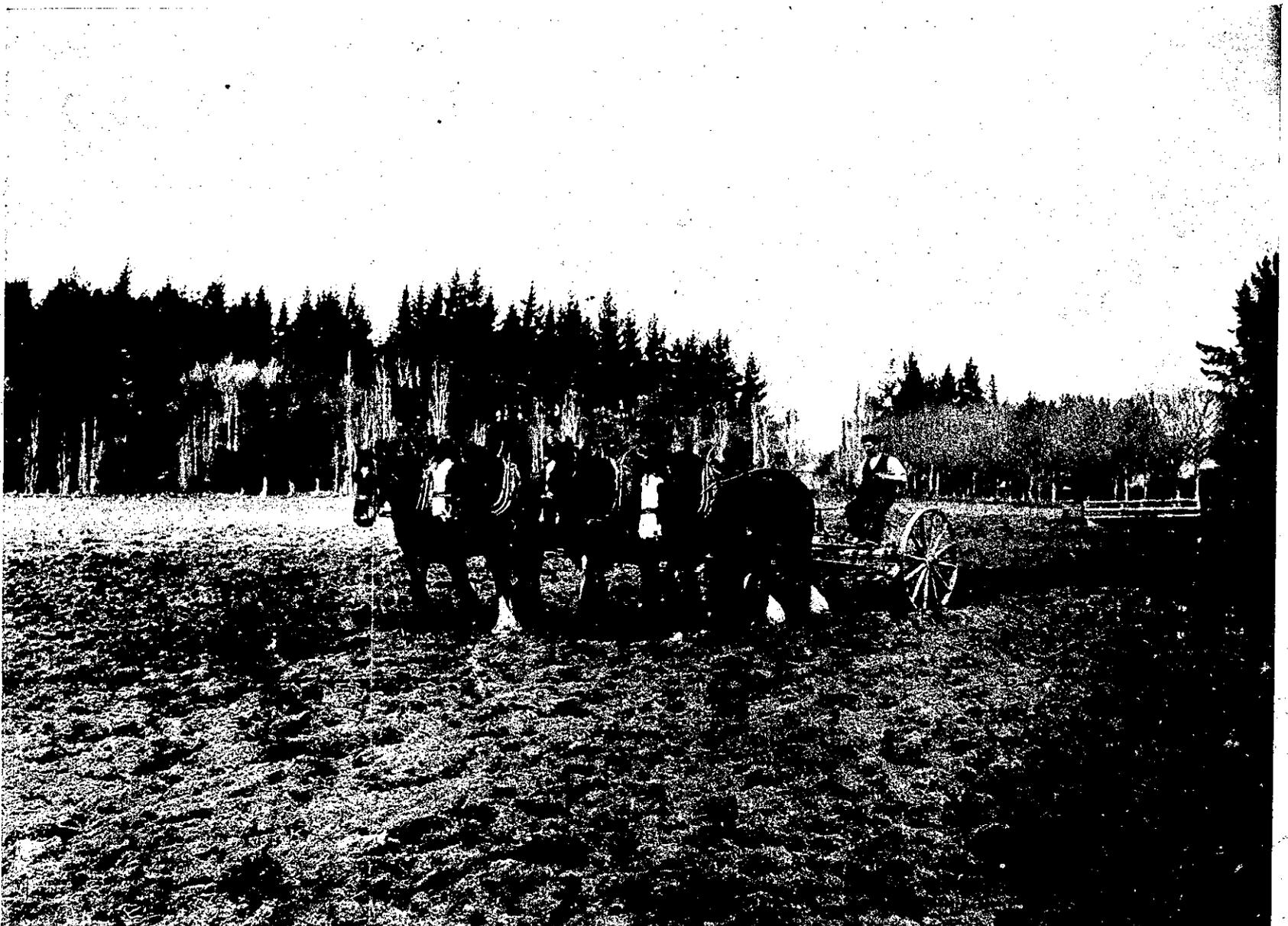
SHEEP PASTURED AMID PICTURESQUE SURROUNDINGS ON A WELL-IRRIGATED STATION NEAR DUNEDIN.

Cazna Studios.

# Farming Studies in the Productive Otago Province.



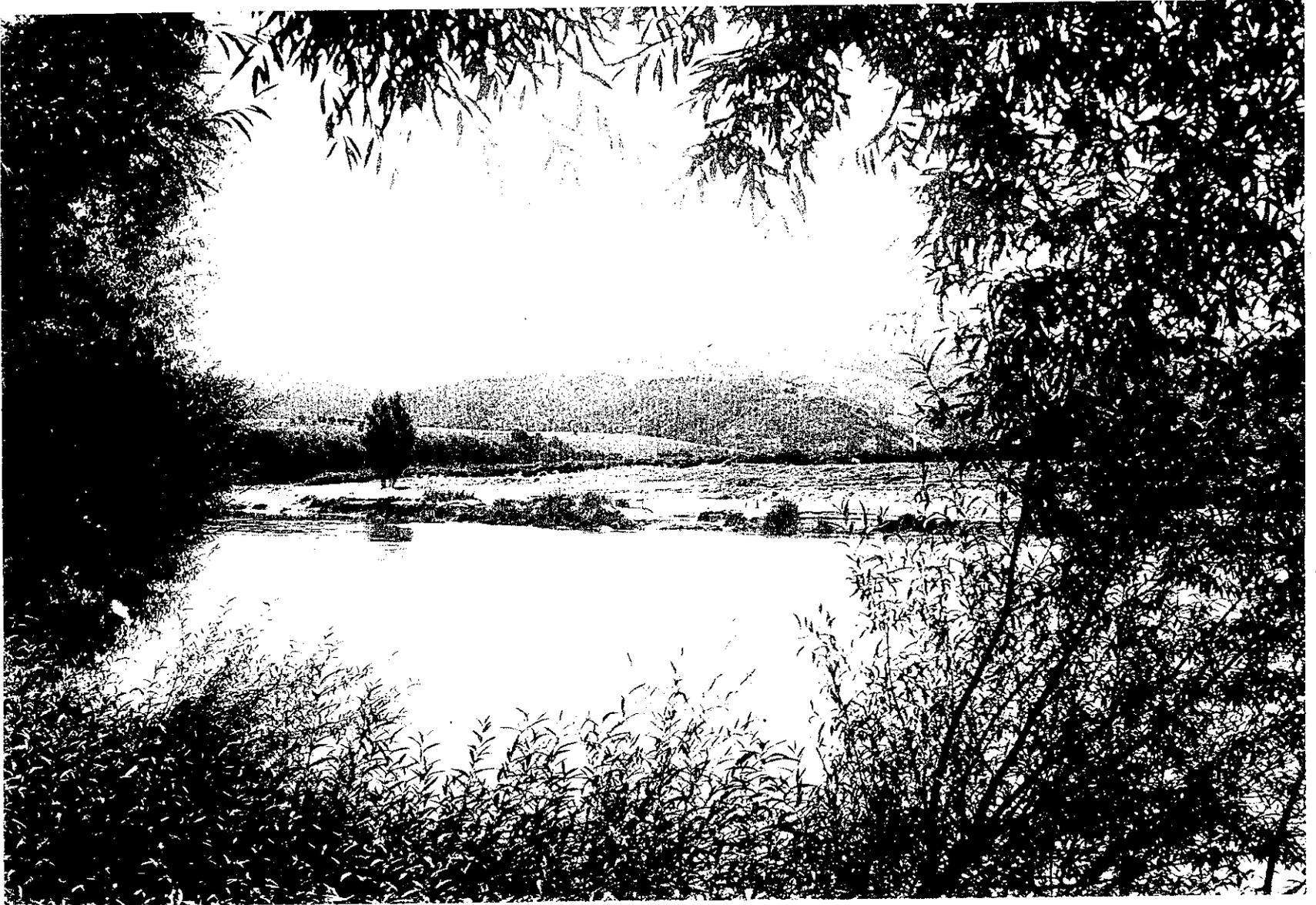
A ROADSIDE SCENE NEAR MILTON, OTAGO.



LAND UNDER CULTIVATION IN THE OAMARU DISTRICT, NORTH OTAGO.

Guy, Photo.

# The Waterways of Otago--Points of Interest on Well-known Rivers.



UNECLIPSED FOR ITS SCENIC CHARM.—TAIERI RIVER, TAIERI PLAINS, DUNEDIN.

[Guy, Photo



THE SHOTOVER RIVER, ARTHUR'S POINT, QUEENSTOWN, OTAGO.

[J. S. Trevena, Photo.

# A Popular Pastime when Mt. Kosciusko dons her Winter Garb.



UNSURPASSED AS A DELIGHTFUL RECREATION.—SKI-ING ENTHUSIASTS AT MT. KOSCIUSKO, NEW SOUTH WALES.

[H. Glen Broughton, Photo.]

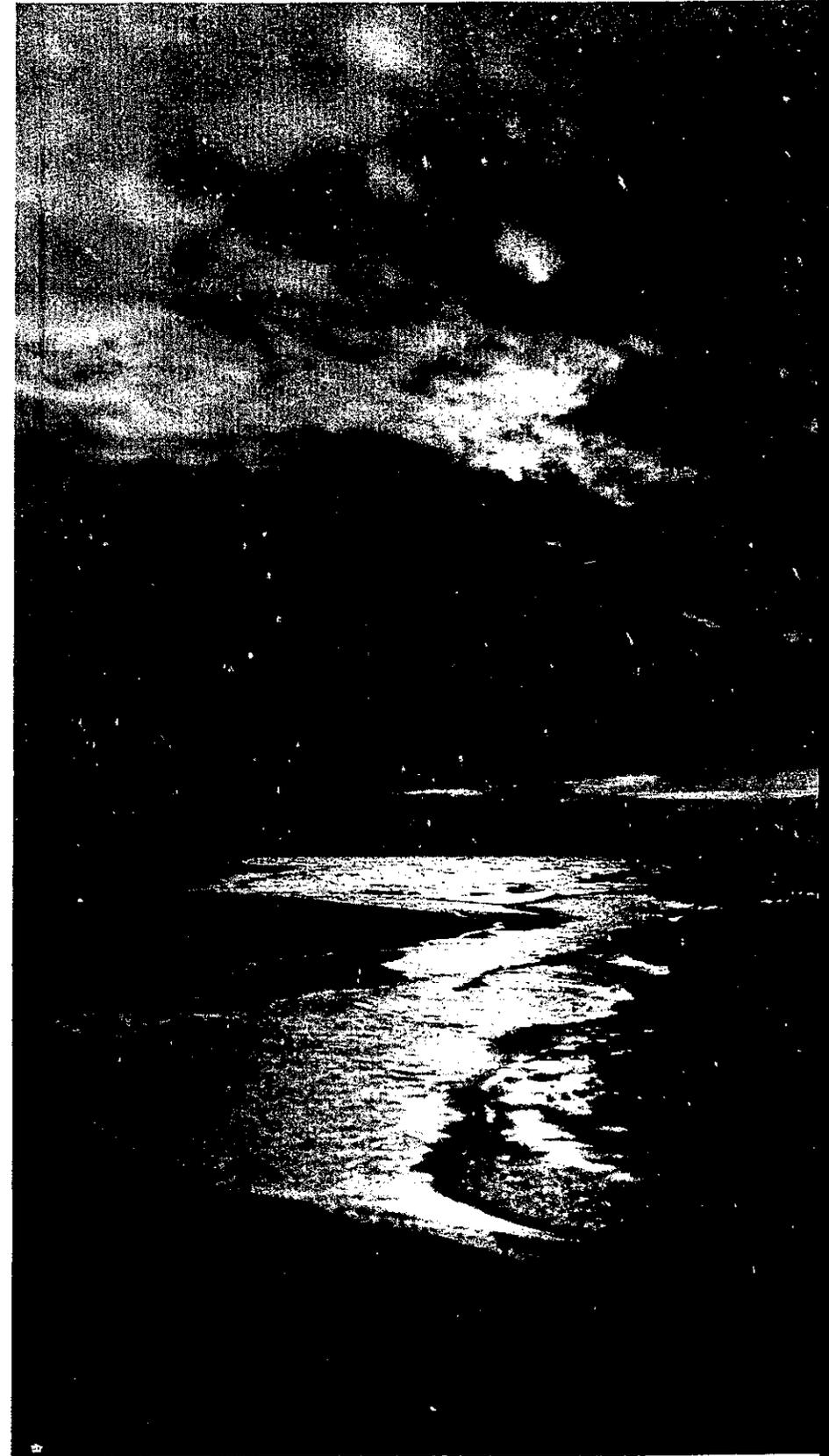


WHEN THE GENTLE SLOPES OF MT. KOSCIUSKO ARE CLOTHED IN THEIR WHITE MANTLE.

“ Then the Moon, in all her pride, Like a Spirit glorified, Filled and overflowed the night With revelations of her

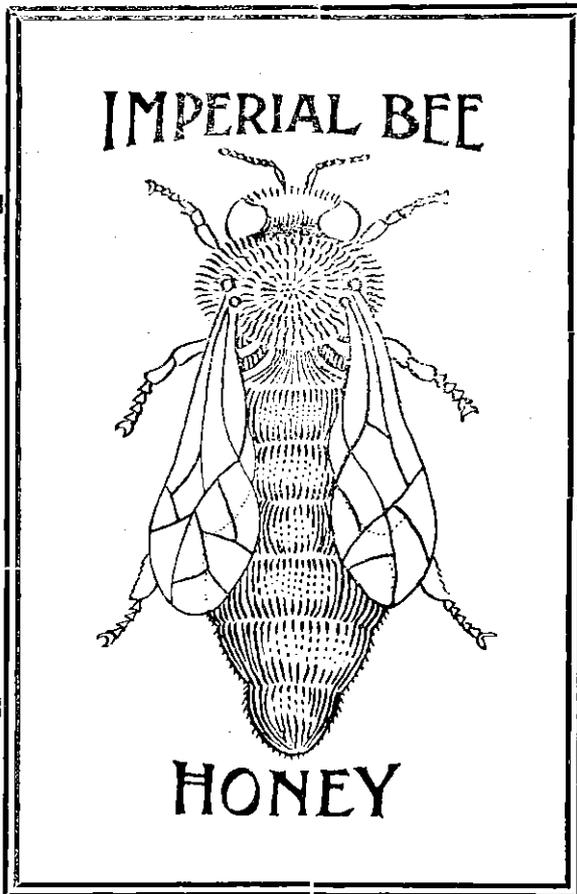


WHEN THE MOON SHEDS HER LIGHT O'ER THE LONELY PINES.



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**Eat More Honey !**  
**Eat More Honey !**  
**Eat More Honey !**



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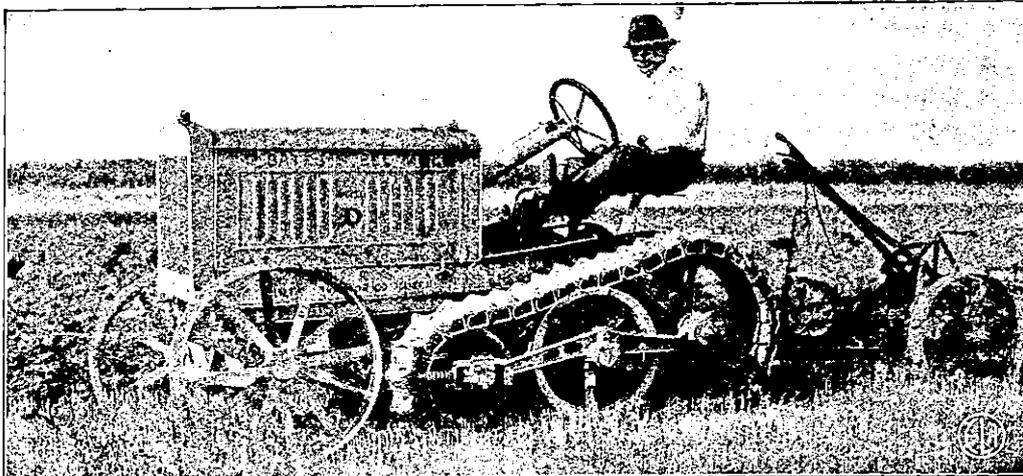
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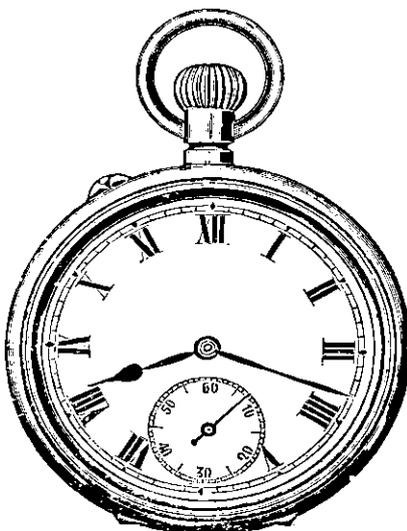
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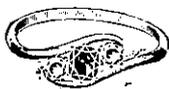
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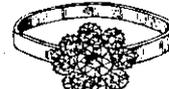
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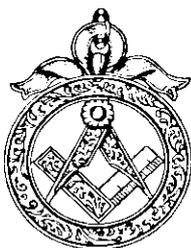
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JERUSALEM, A NATIVE VILLAGE ON THE WANGANUI RIVER.

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THE DROP SCENE ON WANGANUI RIVER, A FEW MILES ABOVE PIPIRIKI.

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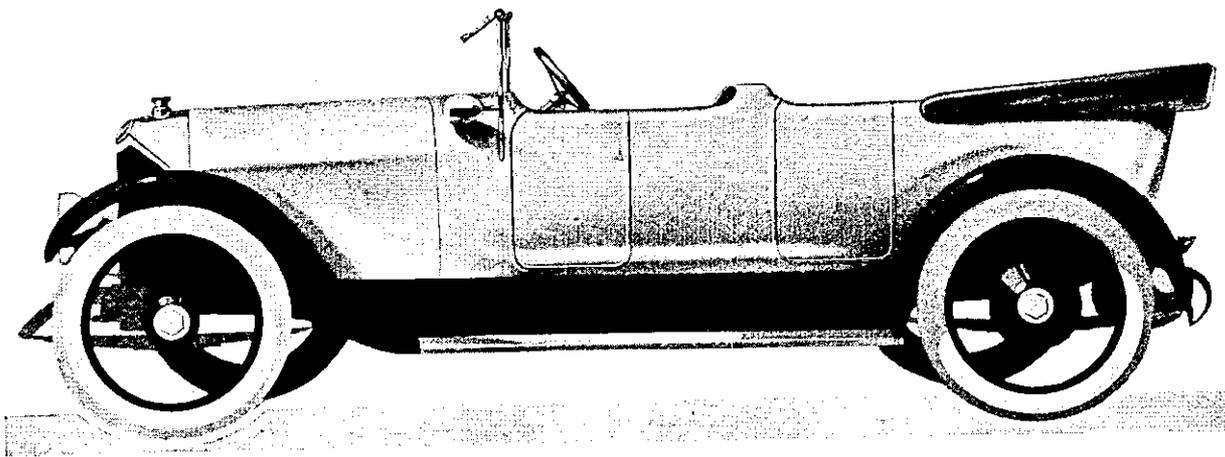
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# Words of Wisdom.

Self-conquest is the greatest of victories.—Plato.

Great souls attract sorrow as mountains attract storms.

Every prudent man is like a pin; his head keeps him from going too far.

Despondency is ingratitude—hope is God's worship.—Henry Ward Beecher.

In climbing the ladder of success, the greatest danger is from those coming down.

Weakness in any trait should marry strength in that trait, and strength may marry weakness.

As fire purifies gold, so can the human worth be tested by the furious fires of life's temptations.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel, trust and reverence.—George Eliot.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.—St. Basil.

It is an art to say the right thing in the right place, but far more difficult to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

Success gives one an opportunity of remembering people who have been kind to one, and of forgetting those who have not.

As soon as the community gets an idea that a boy is bad, why, the boy generally gets bad just to prove it, whether he has ever gone wrong before or not. It is the easiest way to go; public opinion has greased the toboggan and the boy takes the downward trip with very little inconvenience or scruple.

Yesterday and to-day are separated by an abyss which memory alone can bridge—that few care to cross that bridge is not a sign of weakness but of advancement, since the past is done with and only the future holds the germ of better things.

A man may become so possessed of one idea as to become offensive and one-sided and so warped as to forget that there is anything else in the world besides his own trade or profession, and he may become the mere fragment of a man, a dwarf.

Instead of tabooing our impulses we must redirect them. Instead of trying to crush badness we must turn the power behind it to good account. Our desires are not in themselves inherently evil, they are the energies of the soul, neither good nor bad in themselves, and capable of all sorts of uses, and it is the business of civilisation to transmute them into fine values.

Genius is something so much more wonderful than talent that we can only suggest by vague terms its elusive qualities and it is almost certain that if a man indeed possesses it, he will obey its creative impulses, without considering the monetary or other advantages that may accrue from his finished work. Yet genius appears to be in more senses than one, an uncomfortable gift, it forces women from the pleasure of sweet content and sheltered happiness into the high, lonely paths of great ambitions; sometimes it tears them from all love's tenderness, and like a ghastly will-o'-the-wisp lures them across cruel ways before they capture a shivering ray from Fame's cold star. And as men are deeper in their natures, stronger and more hard than women, so must they feel even more keenly the bitterness of the envied gift, which urges them to risk their lives and even the precious welfare of those dependent on them, for a sparse crown of laurels.



HER MORNING BATH.

[Tesla Studios.]

Like the cock and the fox in the fable of Marie de France, many people chatter when they should be dumb, and when they ought to speak are mum.

Prone to every conceivable conversational vice, they talk universally in the language of wags. While one cannot say that they are not well bred, they are given to the underbreeding of excess—excess in compliments, excess in adverse criticism, excess in striving after wit, excess in laughter.

If we associate with those who have no aim or ambition in life, we are getting an influence which is hurtful to us and which we have to throw off before we can again be at the standard at which we began. It is just as impossible to derive benefit from ineffectual associate as it is to obtain water from a dry well. We shall get from them exactly what they have. Unless we wish to be like them, to have implanted in ourselves those tendencies or forces which we find in them, then we should not associate with them.



A YOUNG EQUESTRIENNE.

People seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character. We can only see what we are, and, if we misbehave, we suspect others.—Emerson.

A man of personality and strength who is not faithful to his vows, alone knows why he injures himself, and for himself he must be judge to clear or condemn.

The wise old world knows that though many men have added to its worth, all men in turn can be done without. It is not a flattering estimate even though it be a true one.

"To live for others" is no cant precept. It is a woman's surest road to happiness and in the carrying out of this principle rests all the peace and love in life, in the home and beyond it.

"The most lovable of all things," declares the "Saturday Review," "is an old woman. An old man," continues the writer, "is sometimes a pitiful spectacle, an old woman hardly ever. Very often pathetic, she may excite pity, but in the pity there will be no contempt, only regard."

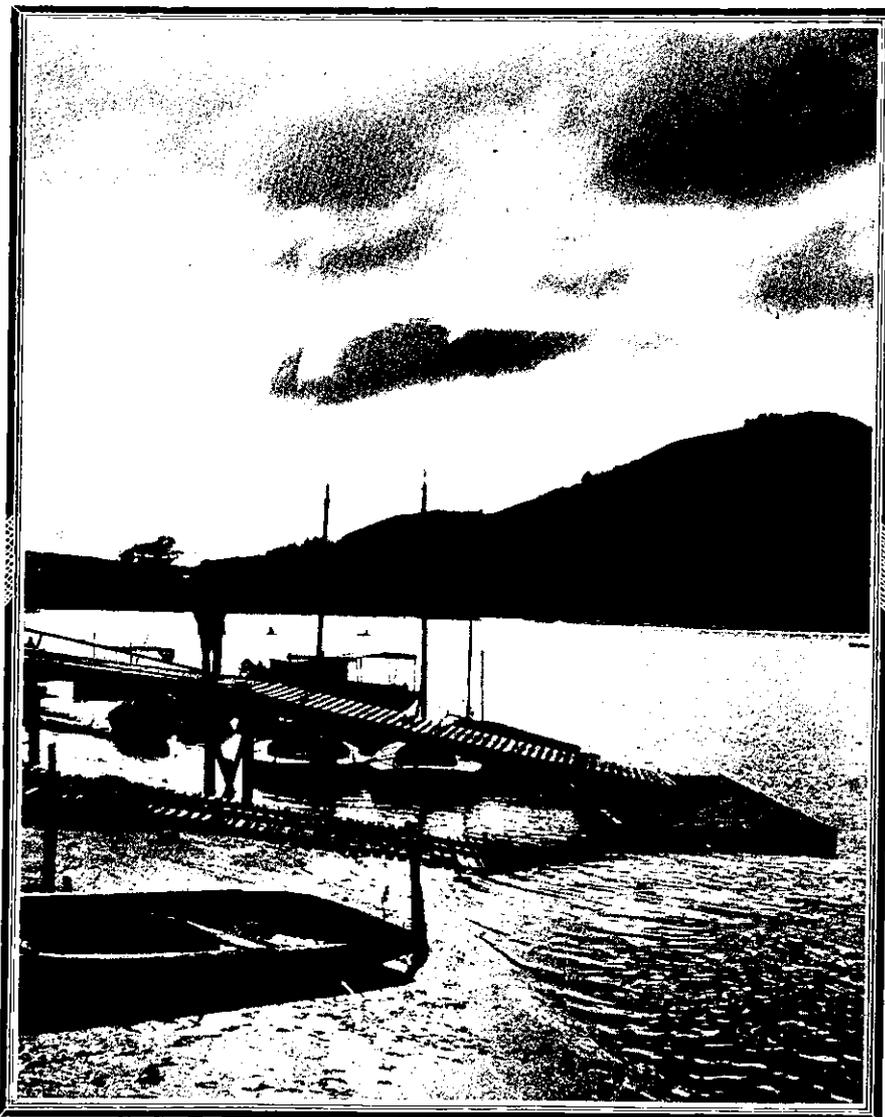
Many there are who have borne solitude so long that their thoughts seem but links of sorrow; thoughts at once so vague and passionate that they cannot believe that others ever felt as they, that any lips but theirs ever tasted such a bitter chalice of woe.



A PROMISING LIGHTWEIGHT.

Think you it demands no power to calm the stormy elements of passion, to moderate the vehemence of desire, to throw off the load of dejection, to suppress every repining thought, when the dearest hopes are withered, and to turn the wounded spirit from dangerous reveries and wasting grief to the quiet discharge of ordinary duties? Is there no power put forth, when a man, stripped of his property, of the fruits of a life's labours, quells discontent and gloomy forebodings, and serenely and patiently returns to the tasks which Providence assigns?

A man walks the path of life with his nose to the grindstone until no one dreams he knows anything or cares for anything but grindstone. Those who believe in the grindstone as the proper outlet for human energies are amazed if he suddenly revolts, after years of routine. During these years there may have been an epic conflict going on between the man absorbed or overshadowed by his "job" and the man's inward dreams and visions. There is, in every man's nature, an inherent boyishness, a lingering for the buoyancy of youth and of youth's thirst for adventure, never entirely crushed by age or experience. It is this bit of eternal youth persistent in the middle-aged man that distinguishes him from the man-machine intent only on the treadmill, and that makes him the lovable, companionable man of many friends whose charm is that he "stays young."



SCULLING IN THE MOONLIGHT ON THE WANGANUI RIVER.—SHAKESPEARE CLIFF IN THE BACKGROUND.

[Tesla Studios.]

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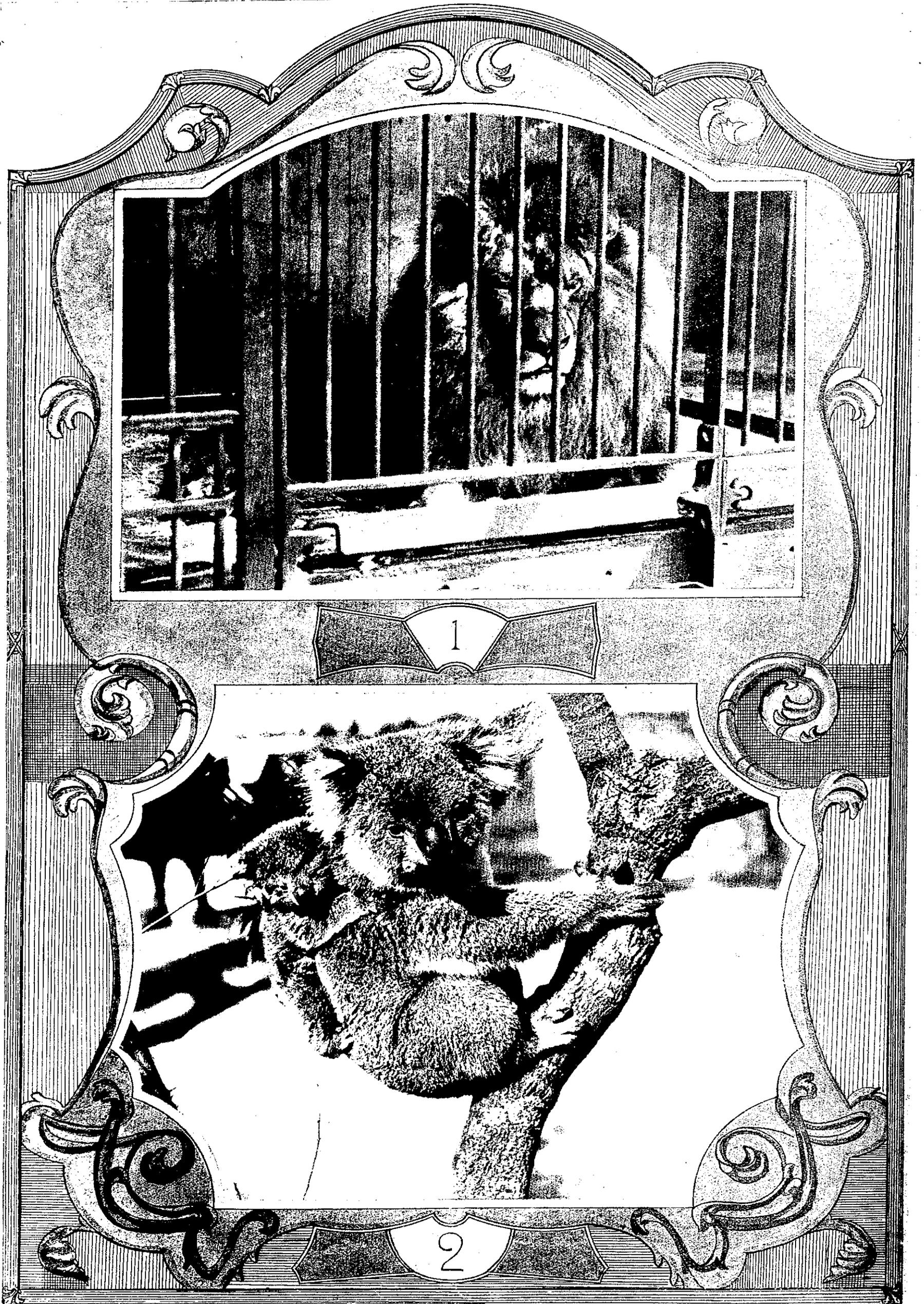
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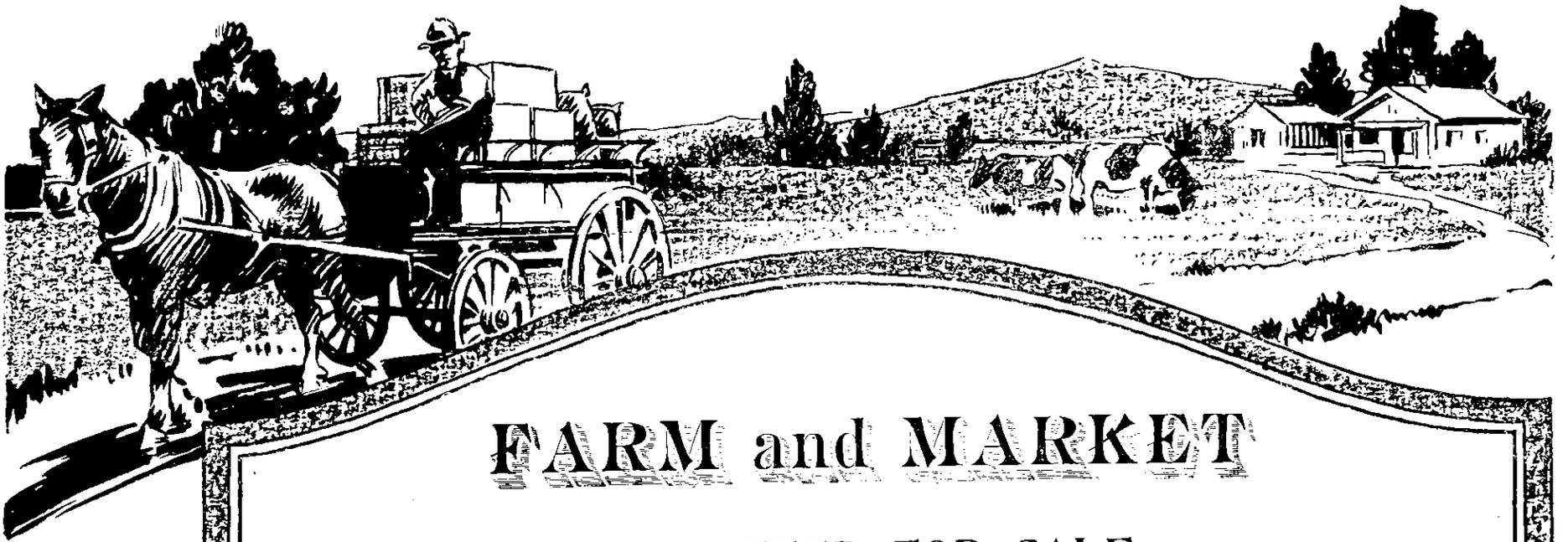
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1. THE KING OF THE JUNGLE IN EXILE. 2. TEDDY BEAR AND HER OFFSPRING

[H. Glen Broughton, Photo.]



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## IN THE DARK.

IN the east, the brooding grey mystery of the Irish twilight had already gathered; in the west, behind the hunched shoulders of the mountains, the red sun was sinking slowly, casting its last deep shafts upon the stones and heather of the mountain-path and upon three human figures, walking in single file, with that peculiar carriage of the Irish peasant—half lazy saunter, half rhythmic swing of the body.

They might have been pilgrims to some shrine, these three: so silent they were, so meditative, so apparently aloof the one from the other. First came a girl of nineteen, wearing a short homespun skirt and a faded cotton bodice that made no secret of the gracious outline of her body. She had thick, dark hair, this girl—hair that testified to her splendid vitality as surely as did the full red lips and the clear eyes shadowed by their dense black lashes. From head to foot she was a beautiful and perfect animal; and the fact that she was animal and no more would have escaped the notice of ninety-nine men out of any hundred who had chanced to see her on that evening treading the difficult mountain road with lithe, sure feet—her blue eyes made purple by the dying sun, her amber skin warmed to new colour.

Close behind her—close as the narrow roadway would permit—came the second figure in the little procession—a young man in a rough white flannel coat, who was conveying a load of turf down the mountain—a young man of bronzed face and muscular figure, whose great height compelled him to bend every time he pulled his donkey's bridle to induce greater speed or paused to adjust a knot in the rotting harness.

Third in order of descent was another girl, differing in almost every particular from the first; one whom the imaginary ninety-nine men would have passed without a glance, but whom the hundredth would have paused to look at—to look and to look again. Physical beauty she had none, save the beauty of stature; but a curious, mystic charm was hers—a charm pathetic, tragic, passionate, that brooded over her pale face and lurked in her grey eyes; and this strange, almost visionary procession was uppermost now as she followed in the wake of her sister Norah and of Shaun Sullivan and his ambling donkey. The strain of Celtic imagery wrapped her in its web, forcing her to open her senses to the pungent, mingling scents of thyme and heather—forcing her to follow the crimson light flung across her path from the mountain top to the Black Lough, lying below her in the dark cup of the valley.

But presently the dream was broken, the web rent. At the bend of the road, Norah turned to look back at her, ignoring the man between them with the toss of her head that is beauty's prerogative.

"Could you give a guess at all, Maurnah, who I met this evenin', comin' up apast Burke's field?"

For a second Maurnah's eyes rested on Shaun's darkening face, then she answered:

"Shure, how could I know? Hannah Burke herself, maybe?"

"Hannah, indade! 'Twas no less than young Michael."

"The chap come back from Ameriky?" It was Shaun who put the question, and the primitive jealousy behind it was unconcealed.

"Chap, indade!" Norah's cheeks burned and again she tossed her head.

"'Tis more than a chap Michael Burke is, I can tell you. He has a cut-away coat, an' a watch-chain, an' a gold ring on his finger. Shure, I had like to lose me life whin he spoke to me—an' I in me ould clothes!"

"And what did he say to you?"

The tone was fierce; it caused Norah's lips to part in an involuntary smile, and Maurnah's heart to contract in sudden, spasmodic pain.

"What did he say to me? What business is that of yours?"

Norah, immensely scornful, plucked a grass from the ditch, placed it between her teeth, and proceeded on her way, humming as she went.

As she disappeared round the bend of the road, Shaun suddenly chucked the rope bridle, hastening his donkey's pace to a trot, and as she reached

the Black Lough he came level with her.

"Norah!" he said inarticulately. "Norah! Hear to me!"

Norah took no heed. She went her way, choosing in waywardness to make a path through the boulders that edged the Lough.

Shaun, watching the light feet step from one rock to another, was seized with sudden fear.

"Norah! Norah!" he called. "What are you doin' at all? Walkin' on the edge of that mistortunate Lough!" He left his donkey, ran forward, and caught her arm. His grip was like a vice, his face under his battered hat expressed uncurbed emotion—fear, anger, love.

Norah cried out, half in pain, half in dread of some force she could not understand.

"Lave me go!" she said. "Lave me go, I say! I'll walk where I like—aye, an' do what I like, too, without lave nor licence from you!"

For answer, Shaun lifted her from her perilous position and set her down, trembling with rage in the middle of the road.

turned to where his patient donkey awaited him and, catching up the frayed rein with no gentle hand, made haste to follow them.

At the second bend in the road the girls' destination came into sight—a dark-thatched cabin, that seemed half built into the mountain, so closely did it nestle to the earth's breast. It was the typical homestead of the poorer mountain peasant. Before the open door stood a dirty pig-trough, and round about it scraped and clamoured a dozen chickens; these, and a couple of goats tethered on a heathery patch, were all the sign of animal life visible; but the subtle, permeating smell of burning turf came sharply to the nostrils, and a thin blue scroll of smoke wavered up the mountain from the battered chimney, giving promise of unseen existence within the cottage.

Before this dwelling the three paused, and Shaun, with the odd mingling of diffidence and obstinacy that marks his class, broke the strained silence.

He was a fine figure as he halted before the sisters; and Maurnah, standing rigidly observant of his tanned face, felt a little quiver of flattered vanity run through her sister's frame.

"Norah," he said, "don't be takin' it in bad part, what I said while ago up at the Black Lough. Shure, 'twas for your good I was manin' it."

Norah looked down pensively, her lashes shadowing her fine eyes.

Shaun's eyes held hers. "You mane that? 'Twon't be like the last time, an' the time before, an' the time before that agin? I won't be afther waitin' above at the turn two hours, or maybe three, and thin have to make me way home the best way I could—wid niver a sight nor sound of you? 'Twon't be that way, Nor-eeen?"

Norah continued to look into his eyes—continued to smile.

"Shure thin were other times, Shaun!" She whispered the words with an intense allurements; then, swift as a bird, she freed herself from her sister's arm, and with a little low laugh ran into the house.

Shaun stood looking after her, and to Maurnah it seemed that he had the look of a man spellbound. At last—not seeing her, bidding her no farewell—he turned and led his donkey down the road.

She stood where he had left her, until even the rumble of the donkey-butt had dwindled into oblivion; then she, in her own turn, passed into the house.

The open door led straight into what was the living-room and also the kitchen of the cottage. The only furniture that encumbered the mud floor was a deal table, a dresser, and a couple of chairs, all painted a dull red. At the back of the room was the door that led to the principal bedroom, and the ladder that led to the loft; but foremost object of interest in the room was the picturesque open hearth, with its glowing turf fire and dim chimney corner.

This dark chimney corner was occupied now, as Maurnah entered, by the old grandmother—deaf and almost sightless—who lived with the two girls, more upon the traditional idea of sheltering the aged of one's family than from any sense of the conventions. She was cowering in her accustomed place, mechanically turning the bellows wheel and causing the turf to glow with each fresh revolution, causing also a light to fall on the hanging kettle, on the three-legged bastible oven, and on the lissom figure and red lips of Norah, who stood in front of the fire.

In a moment Maurnah noted these red lips of her sister's, and their slow, secret smile; then suddenly two spots of colour sprang into her cheeks, and she walked across to the table, set for the homely tea. A curious wild look troubled the depths of her eyes; her whole face was altered; her whole body vibrated to some loosed emotion.

She stood there, her finger-tips resting on the table edge; then her voice suddenly rang out, harsh and startling:

"Norah!" she cried. "Norah, I want to be afther askin' you somethin'."

Norah wheeled round, her pleasant musings shattered.

"An' what is it?" she asked, smiling. She was slow of comprehension, this beauty of the mountains; but she loved her strange sister as truly as her idle, selfish nature was capable of loving.

Maurnah held her ground, as though she faced a foe.

"Norah," she demanded, "d'you intend to meet him to-night?"

Norah laughed. "An' shure, if I do or if I don't, what's that to you?"

"I want to know."

"For why?"

"Nothin'. I want to know."

"Thin what d'you think?"

Maurnah gasped, and the red in her cheeks deepened. "I think," she said vehemently, "that if you decaive him agin, you'll be no better than a—than a—" She stopped confused, and Norah's soft laugh broke across the words.

"Than a what, girl?" With her light step she crossed the mud floor, and, pausing by the table, flung a careless, affectionate arm round her sister's waist.

Maurnah shook her off fiercely. "Niver mind that! 'Tis the thruth I want. Are you goin' to meet Shaun Sullivan at the turn to-night, or are you not?"

Norah looked at her in dawning curiosity. "Arrah, what's the matter wid you at all, to be goin' on like that? Shure, wan would think he was the on'y man between this an' Clonskeen!"

Maurnah's body stiffened; her strange eyes flamed like fires upon the hillside.

"Tell me the thruth! I want to know."

"I'm not, thin, if that'll plaise you! 'Tis long sorry I'd be to go trapsin' up to the turn on a night like this for Shaun Sullivan or the likes of him."



A STORM AT WHITE ISLAND, 30 MILES FROM OPOTIKI, BAY OF PLENTY.

[W. Beattie, Photo.]

"Don't you know well there's no fathomin' that black wather? Don't you know well that there's could springs down in the bottom of it, an' that man nor woman that dhrops into thin rises agin? Don't you know that?"

Maurnah, coming up in time to hear the tirade, glanced at the Lough—truly black now, for the sun had sunk—and shivering nervously she turned towards Shaun's donkey, alone and forgotten under its load of turf.

It stood there, patient, lean, pathetically over-burdened, a strangely symbolic object silhouetted against the shadowed hills. Maurnah came close to it, picked up the rope bridle where it was worn shiny from Shaun's rough hand, and, taking a furtive glance at the two disputing in the roadway, laid her cheek for an instant against the thin, sinewy neck of the little beast. Then, as if ashamed of the action, she turned and began to walk down the road, passing her sister and her sister's lover without a glance.

But her departure broke the flow of angry words. As she passed, Norah darted after her, and, linking her arm in hers, walked on, as though Shaun did not exist; while Shaun, almost as abrupt in his movements,

"'Twas very rough you was wid me entirely, Shaun."

The bait was skilfully cast; the fish was hungry.

"Rough?" Shaun stepped forward, so close that Maurnah could smell the turf smoke and tobacco smoke from his white coat. "Rough, Norah? Shure, in your heart an' sowl you know I'd as soon—" Then he halted, suddenly self-conscious.

Norah raised her eyes—her wonderful eyes. "Shure, I do, Shaun."

The words, the tone—that infinitely soft, infinitely persuasive Irish lilt of voice—lured him, compelled him. His tanned face reddened; he took a step forward.

"Thin give the proof of your belavin'? Come a bit of a walk wid me to-night."

Again Norah looked down; again Maurnah felt her frame thrill.

Shaun, in his suspense, bent down and tried to see behind the veiling lashes.

"Shure, I suppose you won't?"

Norah lifted her lashes and their eyes met straightly.

"I wonder will I?"

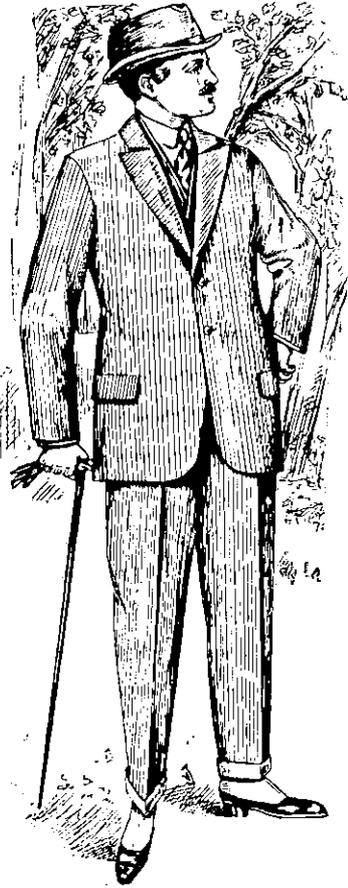
"Wisha do! Wisha do!"

Norah played her fish a little longer; then her soft, red lips smiled.

"Maybe I will, thin."

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"You'll lave him alone, thin, to fret his heart out up there in the black dark?"

"Faith, I will so!"

Maurnah stood very still. Her long fingers gripped the table; her eyes held her sister's, burning into them. "Thin all I have to say, Norah," she cried, "is that I'm ashamed—black ashamed—to be wan flesh and blood wid you!"

Norah's glance did not falter, but the smile died from her lips, and very slowly, as if hypnotised, she crept up to her sister.

"Why, Maurneen," she said below her breath—"why, Maurneen, 'tis the way wan would think you liked him yourself!"

It was a curious moment—one of those crucial moments when truths leap forth as if rified by force from the recesses of the mind. While it lasted there was no sound in the cabin but the simmering of water in the kettle and the monotonous turning of the bellows wheel. Then Maurnah caught her breath audibly, spasmodically.

"An' if I do like him," she cried defiantly—"if I do like him, what harm?"

A little cry, amazed and smothered, fell from Norah. "Glory be!" she said. "An' how long do you like him, at all? How long?"

"Three year—an' more."

Norah's curling lips parted in naive surprise.

"Three year! Why, I was a slip of sixteen thin!" She said it innocently, but it was the word that opened the gates, that freed the legions of wrongs imprisoned in Maurnah's brain. With a curious, inarticulate sound, she turned on the younger girl:

"Aye, that's right! You were a slip of sixteen. D'you think I forget it? A slip of sixteen, that day he druv us back in the butt from Clonskeen, an' looked at you wid your grand shape an' your red mouth, an' knew you for a woman grown! Niver—niver, till I'm undher the sod will I misremember that drive, whin you an' him talked an' laughed, an' I sat like a dumb woman, watchin' the two of ye! There, you have it now! You have it!" She stopped, and with her left hand wiped the sweat from her forehead.

"An' what d'you think 'tis like," she cried again, "to be seein' the pair of ye—you foolin' him, like you fools the rist, an' he goin' down undher your feet? Givin' you what I'd give me life to have for wan hour! Listen to me, now!" Her voice rose hysterically. "Listen to me now. I'm talkin' now! I'd give me heart—I'd give me sowl—for the kisses you won't take, for the chance to feel a man's arms round me, an' to know that man was Shaun!"

It was a tirade, a torrent of words, akin to the torrents that raced at high flood down her own purple mountains. As she ceased to speak she scarcely seemed a creature of the earth, so wild and passionate was her face, so white and tense the hands clasped upon her breast.

Norah stood transfixed, her lovely eyes striving vainly to fathom this mystery suddenly laid bare.

"You like him like that?" she whispered, awed and uncomprehending.

"You like him like that?"

"I do—an' more! I'd give every stitch I have—the clothes off me back, the hair off me head, to be you this minit—seein' the dusk fallin', and knowin' that whin the dark came you had nothin' to do but to throw your shawl over you, an' walk out of this house into his arms!"

Norah stared at her, still fascinated; then all at once the cunning that comes by nature to the coquette flashed over her face; her eyes danced; her lips curled again to smiles.

"Maurnah!" she cried in an excited whisper; "Maurnah, we're wan height, aren't we?"

Surprise fought with the agitation in Maurnah's face.

"What is it you mane?" she demanded. "What is it you mane?"

Norah gripped her shoulder quickly, then as quickly loosed it. "Whist a minit, an' I'll show you!" With a little rush of excitement she crossed the kitchen to the inner room, stumbling over the hollows in the mud floor; while Maurnah, her hands still upon her heart, her breath still coming swiftly and unevenly, watched her intently.

Presently she reappeared, and the elder girl uttered a faint, superstitious cry, as her eyes strained through the deepening twilight.

"What's that you have, Norah?" she called. "It looks like a shroud."

"A shroud, indade! Me fine new shawl!"

"Your shawl?" Maurnah's voice was intent and low.

"What else? Aren't we the wan height? Isn't the night black dark? Won't he be alone there?"

"Norah! Norah! Heaven forgive you!"

"What for, in the holy and blessed name? Arrah, don't be a fool, Maurnah! Won't Shaun be above there, breakin' his heart, as you say; an' isn't it betther he'd have your mouth to kiss than none at all?" She stopped abruptly and turned towards the fire. "There's that auld kittle boilin' over! I must give herself the word to stop the bellis." She threw the shawl into Maurnah's hands, ran across the room, and shouted some injunction into the grandmother's ear; then, with her lithe, quick grace, she lifted the heavy kettle from the fire.

Meanwhile, Maurnah stood with the shawl between her hands, her body trembling, her face convulsed by the storm of emotion running riot in her blood. It was a temptation of the devil's—this temptation of Norah's! Her eyes turned wildly to the picture of the Blessed Virgin, upon which the glow from the turf fire was falling like a halo. She gripped the shawl more tightly and tried to pray; but her heart was dry, and her glance swept back irresistibly to the open doorway of the cabin, through which the coming night was beckoning with long, velvet fingers.

hedges the Irish peasant girl, bred in solitary places, sheltered by her mother the Church. In this curious environment, keenly possessed of the Celtic temperament, she had grown to womanhood in a world of her own weaving—a world that, with a morbid reticence, she had guarded as a secret realm too wonderful for sharing. At first, to her unformed child's mind, it had been a fairy world in which belief in the "little people" had been strangely interspersed with a sense of colour, of sound and smell, drawn forth by her free life among the mountains, where day and night appear and disappear in a splendour unknown to the lowlands, and where Nature coins her rarest scents and unfurls her most delicate hues. From the ages of ten to fifteen this magic world had sufficed; then slowly, insidiously, a new thought had begun to mingle with the dream—an unacknowledged, unrealised thought—a first, faint suggestion that there existed in life things even more poignant, more exquisite than the blue and purple shadows and the honey scents upon the hills. It was a thought apart from all others—one that had tinged her pale cheek to faint pink when it stole upon her unawares, sometimes in the guise of a shadow that would fall soft and delicate upon a cloudless day; sometimes in the form of a fascinating, illusive light that would fit ghost-like through the blackest winter

group of men, drawn, as moths to a candle, by her young, ripe beauty.

Maurnah had paused as she passed her sister, and had furtively plucked at her skirt.

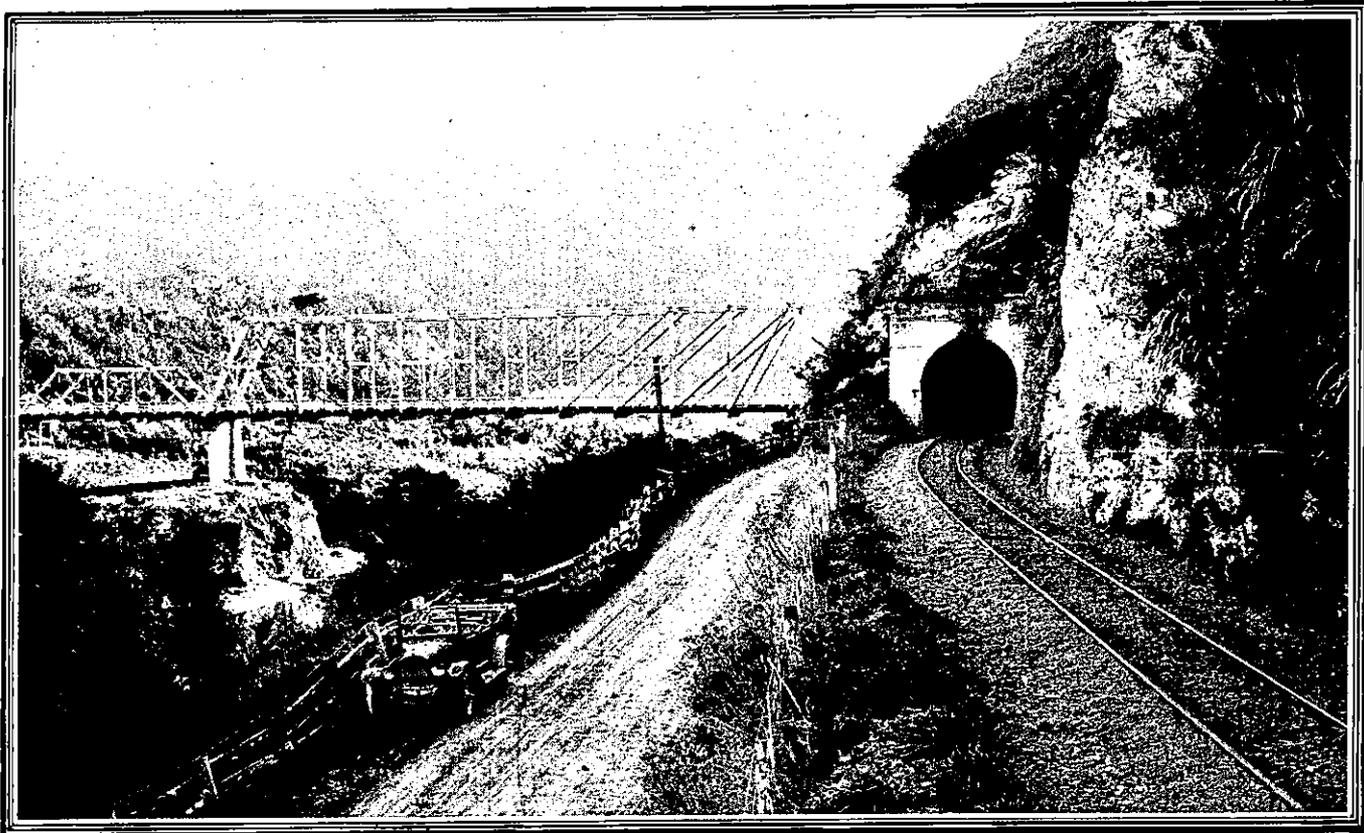
"Norah!" she had whispered.

"Norah, I'll go on home before you." Norah had looked round, her red lips curled in their first vain, happy smile of sure conquest, and had answered with some careless jest.

The men had laughed even without hearing the words, and Maurnah, overcome by the desire to fly, had dropped her sister's skirt, and, turning away confusedly, had all but fallen into the arms of a tall man standing apart from the others, who was watching Norah with absorbed eyes.

It was a Sunday morning, and he was wearing the black hat and clumsy black clothes that the Irish peasant reserves for fete or funeral; but even in this garb he had seemed a striking figure, powerful of build, with a clean-cut face, tanned by the mountain winds, and the Irish grey eye so difficult to read.

All these things Maurnah had seen, all these things had pictured his image on her brain in that moment of confusion, and during her lonely walk home the pink colour had instantly tinged her cheeks, and the secret thought had seemed not so much a thought as a strange whispering song, born of the marshy, lowland pools, and carried upward on



BALLANCE BRIDGE OVER THE MANAWATU RIVER, PARALLEL WITH WHICH RUN THE ROAD AND RAILWAY LINE.

Norah looked round from the fire, her eyes alight, her face young and ruddy in the warmth.

"Well?" she said. "Well? Will you take your chance?"

Maurnah's heart beat wildly; she clutched the shawl.

"No, I won't!" she cried. "No, I won't!"

Norah laughed, very softly and with a world of suggestion.

"All right so! Plase yourself! Lave him above there, could an' lone!"

Maurnah's head swam; she looked round the room with its dense shadows, its odd lights; then abruptly, daringly, she made a sudden gesture and flung the black shawl over her head and shoulders.

"Norah, I'll do it!" she cried. "I'll do it—if I lose me sowl!"

## II.

Love, the great power that plays with its victims as a spring tide plays with a strip of driftwood or a strand of seaweed, was whirling about Maurnah when she stole out of the cabin that night, her sister's heavy shawl about her head, held so close that no peering eye could catch even a suggestion of the white face, the startled eyes, the full, pale lips parted in an intoxication of excitement.

Up the mountain road she hurried, her feet finding the way by pure instinct, her heart beating with such violence that in the dead silence it seemed to her strained ears that it made a distinct, audible throbbing.

Until this moment of adventure and darkness, reality had never touched her. She had reached her twenty-third year in that extraordinary isolation that in so many cases

storm or the most enshrouded autumn mist.

Through the succeeding years, starved of all outside influence, this secret thought had grown, nursed to a strange perfection in her ardent, lonely soul; then, as is the way of life, the rude hand of circumstance had been thrust into the solitary places, the cowering, untouched image had been drawn into the light of day.

The circumstance in itself had been trivial; merely the growing to womanhood of one who had been a child—the resolve of Norah, the sixteen-year-old sister, to cease to scour the mountains in bare feet, to let down the hem of her homespun skirt and twist up her splendid hair.

A trivial circumstance, but one all-important to Maurnah—the strange, elusive Maurnah who had been wont to sit for long, silent hours in the dark chimney-corner and to fly from the approach of a stranger like some untamed mountain spirit.

The note of change had been struck one Sunday outside the chapel gate at Clonskeen after the last Mass. All through the long Gaelic sermon the eyes of the young men had been turning in the direction of the new beauty; and immediately the service was ended and the noisy stampede had taken place, there had been a half-shy, half-boisterous rush for Norah.

Maurnah, lingering to say a last prayer, had caught the sounds of laughter in the chapel yard, and a shy dread of her own kind had caused her to bless herself quickly and to hurry out while the crowd was still thick enough to give her shelter.

At the chapel gate she had found Norah, round about her a fascinated

the mountain winds in faint, reedy notes.

That night, as she had covered over the fire, while Norah re-lived her conquests in dreams, and the old grandmother slept in the loft overhead, the same song had stolen upon her again, mingling with the wind in the thatch; and in the spurting blue flames and the red heart of the turf she had figured out the powerful form and the grey eyes of Shaun Sullivan.

So it had been in the weeks that followed. Whether she was carrying water from the well or milking the goats upon the mountain, the song had haunted her ears, that strange, vagrant song, in which the melody could never be caught and held; until at last, and suddenly, all the joy and anguish of full knowledge, realisation had come to her, the realisation that was to make the fairy music human, make dreaming impossible for ever more.

One market day the sisters had walked into Clonskeen—Norah to buy a pink tie to wear at Mass on Sunday, Maurnah to purchase the weekly groceries, and in the main street they had met Shaun Sullivan, self-satisfied over some profitable sale.

Whether it had been the self-satisfaction, or whether Norah's eyes had offered new temptations, matters not. Some courage had risen in him, dormant until then, and he had suggested—nay, he had decided—that when the fair was ended he should drive them home through the shadowy glamour of the May evening.

To-night—even to-night—as Maurnah hurried up the road towards the Black Lough, fragmentary memories of that evening flitted through her brain. The wild thrill that had



# LIGHTING & STARTING

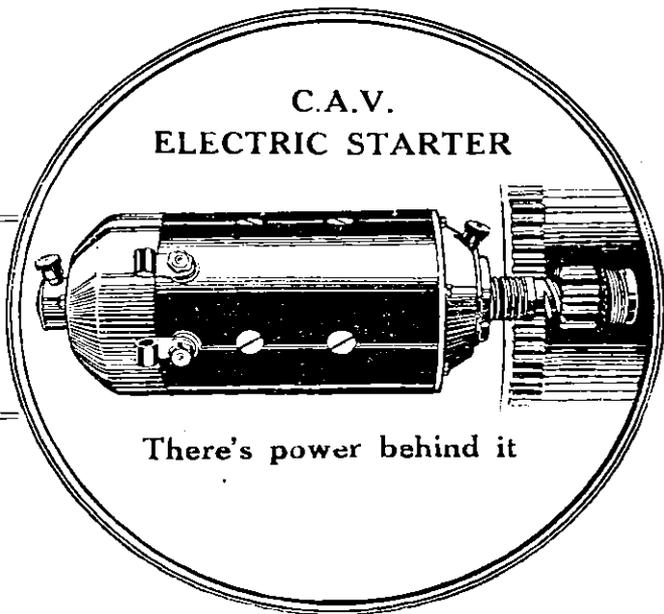
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GERRARD'S CROSS, BUCKS., ENGLAND.—The distance from the car to the building at the end of the road is 250 yards. The only light used for this photograph was that of a pair of C.A.V. "F" headlamps.

passed through her when Shaun had taken her hands to pull her into the donkey-butt; the fierce pang of jealousy that had cut her like a whip when he had lifted Norah bodily to the seat opposite his own, from whence he could watch her face through the dusk and wait for the flash of her smile.

Never since that evening had she felt the sense of spring, seen the early stars in a milky sky, or smelt the buds of the white hawthorn without a wild exaltation of the spirit; and to-night—to-night, with its deadly silence, its lapping darkness, prophetic of coming storm, the same exaltation was alive within it, but stronger a thousandfold than it had been in that distant hour.

She threw back the shawl for a moment and looked up at the sky. It was a sky of storm that coupled with her reckless mood; there was power and passion in its lowering, silent embrace of the mountains.

She laughed softly—a laugh in which a touch of hysteria trembled, and covering her face again, went onward and upward to where her hour awaited her.

It was a curious scenic effect that she came upon when her goal was reached. Confronting her dimly was the Black Lough; and the stillness and oppression of the night brooded like a tangible veil over the oval space of water with its rough rampart of boulders.

The awe, the aloofness of the place thrilled her as they had never thrilled her before; so deadly was the silence, so unfamiliar the shrouded hills, that they conveyed a sense of being isolated upon another planet.

Then on the path above her, the sound of a stone loosened drove all ideas but one from her brain, and turned her trembling body into a statue with white, parted lips, and hands that gripped her shawl.

In one moment she was the woman—speechless, motionless—waiting her lover. She did not move when he stepped out of the darkness; even the fluttering breaths she drew were short and soundless.

By the primitive law of Nature he spoke first, and in his voice were cadences she had never heard before.

"Noreen!" he said. "Noreen! I can hardly believe me sines! Spake to me? Tell me 'tis yourself I have?"

Maurnah lowered her head. "Yes, 'tis meself."

The fantasy of the strange planet was alive again. She was no longer alone upon it. All common things had utterly receded. Life, as she had known it, was a myth—the cabin on the mountainside an illusion—Norah of the red lips was no more existent than the old blind grandmother. She was paramount in this land of darkness; the Lough murmured inaudible love-words, as it lapped the boulders; the black sky and the black mountains were linking her in their embrace.

"Shaun," she said again, "'tis meself it is. Don't you know me?"

"Know you? Is it to be doubtin' that voice I would? The doubt is to think of you comin' out at all this black misfortunate-lookin' night! But don't you be standin' here, girl! There's a grand sate above be the Lough."

"A sate?"

"Well, as good as a sate"—he laughed in his happiness and pride; "an ould slob of a stone, big enough to dance a set on. Shure 'tis well I ought to know it, considerin' the nights an' the nights I've sat up there—an' me eyes sore from lookin' for you!"

Maurnah gripped her shawl tighter. "Thin you were wantin' me, thin nights I didn't come up?"

"Wantin' you?" It was Shaun's turn to speak low; Shaun's turn to show the passion that consumed him. "Wantin' you?"

He caught her arm, and in silence they made their way up the track, their feet groping a path through the uneven rocks, each poignantly conscious of the other's nearness. At last Shaun reached his goal, and swung her upwards with a movement of his arm.

She stood there lightly poised on the slab of stone; and as though some fragment of her sister's personality had descended upon her with the shawl, she moved daringly towards the Lough and strove to peer down into the fathomless depths, to catch the love-words whispered at her feet.

In an instant Shaun was beside her. "Aisy, now! Aisy, now! Don't you know if a person took a misfootin' here, like I tould you to-day, there'd be an ind to thim? Here, Noreen! Here, girl! Sit down here away from the wather!"

She yielded to his will and suffered herself to be drawn back to the seat he had ordained for her.

Neither spoke; each was aware of a tense emotion; each felt that somewhere about them—under the murmuring Lough or behind the looming hills, some force was at work—some force to which they were unconsciously ministering. Shaun's voice, when at last he spoke, was hoarse and rough in its intensity.

"Noreen! D'you know the way I cares for you? Tell me! D'you know? D'you know it at all?"

Maurnah's dry lips parted. "What way is it you cares?"

Shaun suddenly swayed towards her.

close, warm darkness as if the very elements waited for some climax. Then, curiously, with a slight note of menace, a little breath of wind quivered over the Lough.

"Noreen! Noreen! For the love o' Heaven—"

She made no answer, and with a swift change of attitude he freed his hand and flung an arm about her waist.

"You're not laughin' at me? You're not foolin' me?"

Maurnah never moved; the fierce tone in his voice thrilled her; her heart beat faster, even as her fingers drew the shawl closer about her face.

"If I thought—!" he cried.

But his savagery was silenced by

voice also was uncontrolled.

"I believe you do," he said. "I believe you do!"

Maurnah laughed hysterically—laughed to drown a sob.

His suspicions leaped up.

"Why d'you laugh? You're not decaivin' me? Remember you done it before!"

Maurnah threw back her shrouded head in sudden fulfilment of her lonely self.

"In Heaven's name, Shaun Sullivan, I'm tellin' you no lies! Whatever might be wrong wid the past—whatever decaivin' there was, this wan thing is the thruth—the Gospel thruth. I love you wid all me heart an' sowl an' self!"

"Thin you'll marry me? You'll be me woman? You'll marry me, come Shrove?"

Maurnah leaned back against the rocks and closed her eyes. The inner glory of life had been revealed; in the black and sultry mystery of the night the man had spoken, his arms had held her, his breath had brushed her lips.

With a faint cry she rose to her feet and held out her arms to him, forgetful of the shawl, forgetful of herself.

"Shaun! Shaun! You love me? Tell me agin! Tell me agin! Kiss me agin!"

It was the cry of a soul unloosed.

Even Shaun, coarse clay though he was, heard it and understood—understood in some blind, dumb way, that he had touched the infinite. His limbs trembled under him; great drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead.

"Shaun!" she cried again; and without a sound he caught her to him.

So they stayed—her shawl fallen back from her face, he striving to see her through the veil of darkness, when another whisper of wind, more menacing, louder than the first, skimmed over the Lough; while, above them, the clouds crashed together with a light, vivid and piercing beyond imagination, swept the mountains, the sky, their own white, strained faces.

As though a flaring torch had been thrust between them, they stared into each other's eyes; then Shaun flung her from him—flung her back against the rocks as he might spurn a dog.

Shaking, dazed, moving like a drunken woman struck back to consciousness, Maurnah rose up. The shawl had fallen from her; her figure, had there been light to see, was possessed of a strange new dignity, her wide eyes shone as though they had looked upon secret wonders.

"You know me now, Shaun?" she said.

"Know you?" he cried. "Amn't I clinchin' me two hands this minute to keep them off o' you?"

"You needn't be doing that," she said very quietly. "I'll pay me lawful debts. An' if ever in the time to come a thought of me rises up to you—put no pass on it. Put no pass on it, I tell you. Say this to yourself: 'She paid dear, but she paid willin'."

Whether it was his imagination, or whether it was a trick his senses had played him, Shaun did not know, but he seemed to feel that in some curious way Maurnah had receded from him with her last words. Like a cold shower upon a fevered body, a strange fear chilled his rage.

"Come here!" he called. "Come here!"

Nothing answered him but the light sound of feet scrambling from one boulder to another.

"Come here!"

He stood looking blindly about him in the close, dense darkness. Then once more the lightning illuminated the scene, his face, filled with superstitious dread, turned to the Black Lough, and he saw what his mind had already conjured.

"Maurnah!" he cried out. "Maurnah!" But the roll of the thunder scattered his words.

He rushed to the Lough's brink; he thrust forth both his hands, groping desperately; then he called again loudly, wildly, incoherently; but all that came to him, all that answered him, as he lifted his horror-stricken face, was one heavy raindrop that fell on his cheek and rolled slowly down his face like a silent, pitiful tear.

#### A CINCH.

"How's your daughter getting along with her music?"

"Much better than we are with the neighbours since she began practising."



DIAMOND LAKE, A VERITABLE PARADISE, LAKE WAKATIPU DISTRICT, OTAGO. [J. S. Trevena, Photo.]

"What way, d'you say? This way. Your face comes between me an' the earth when I'm tillin' the bit o' land. Your face comes between me an' the Almighty when I'm kneelin' in the chapel. You're the wan woman for me. D'you understand that? The wan woman."

His breath was sweeping her lips through the narrow slit in the shawl. She knew now that it was a matter of moments until his own lips touched them, and she quivered to the knowledge.

He felt her quiver. "An' you, girl?" he cried. "Am I your man? Tell me! Tell me! Is it thue? Am I your man?"

He put his fingers to the shrouding shawl; he strove with the blackness of the night to see the outline of her face. Almost unconsciously Maurnah laid detaining fingers upon his. Her brain was swimming; the mountains were gone now; the Lough was gone. Only this man existed—this man whom she loved.

"Tell me, girl? Tell me? Are you wantin' me like I'm wantin' you? Will you take me for your man?"

He bent still closer; she could feel his fierce tenacity in the clasp of the hand beneath hers. It seemed in the

a force still more savage and primitive. Above them, to the west, a long, flickering tongue of light darted out from the heart of the black clouds, followed by a crashing peal of thunder that seemed to shake the very mountains, and then die away in slow, angry reverberations.

To all strong natures there is an excitement in war of any description. To Shaun, the flash, the roar, the shattering sense of chaos, were spurs to emotion. He strained her to him in the darkness, until she felt the strong pulsing of his heart.

"Noreen!" he cried. "Noreen! Put up your mouth an' kiss me!"

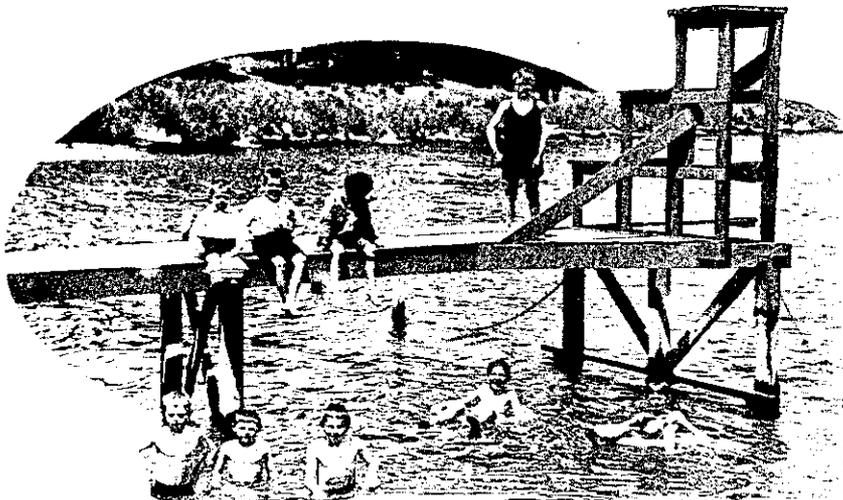
Maurnah, vibrating to the atmospheric condition—oppressed by the dull heat, strung to highest tension by the electricity in the air, suddenly yielded, suddenly flung prudence from her. Without a sound she lifted her face and let his lips find hers.

While their mouths touched, while her soft hair blinded his eyes, there came another flash, another roar nearer than the first, then again pitch darkness.

Then slowly they drew apart.

Maurnah made a gasping sound. "Now!" she cried. "Now! do I care?"

Shaun pulled her close again; his



SUMMER BATHING IN LAKE WAKATIPU, QUEENSTOWN, OTAGO. [J. S. Trevena, Photo.]

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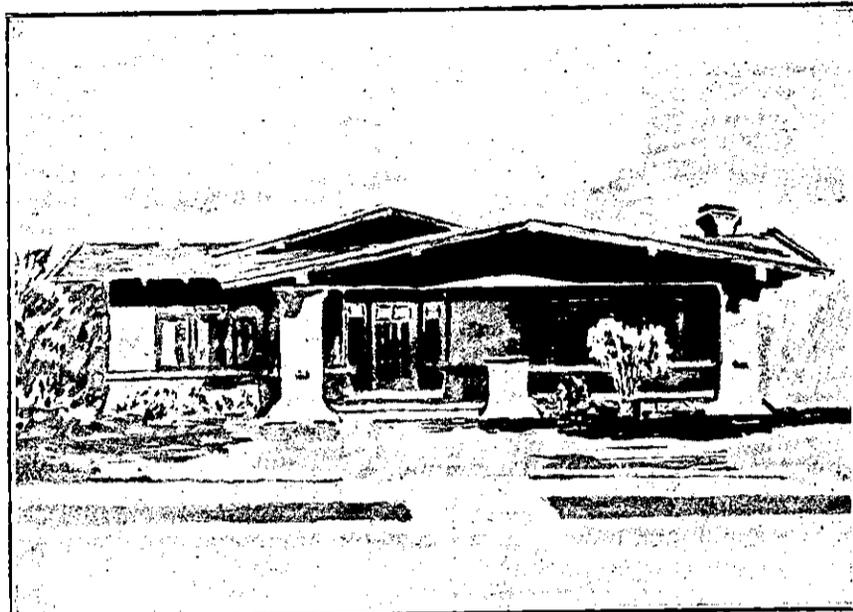
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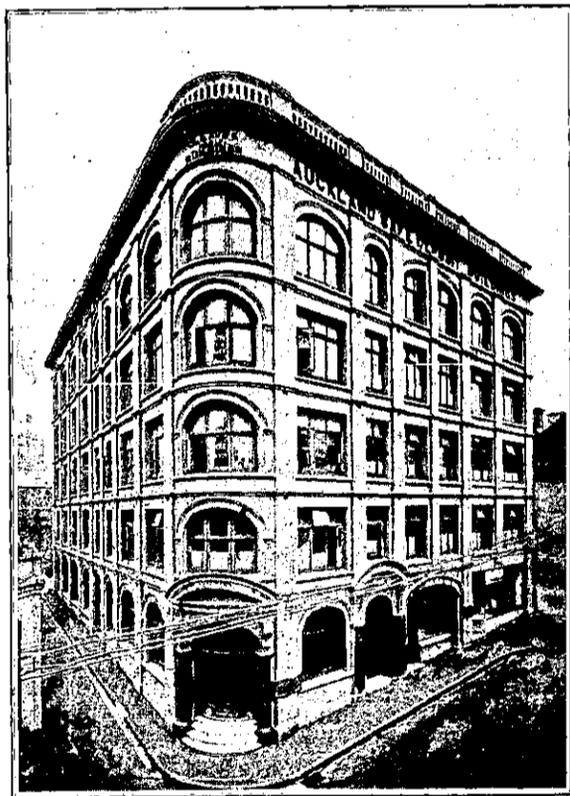
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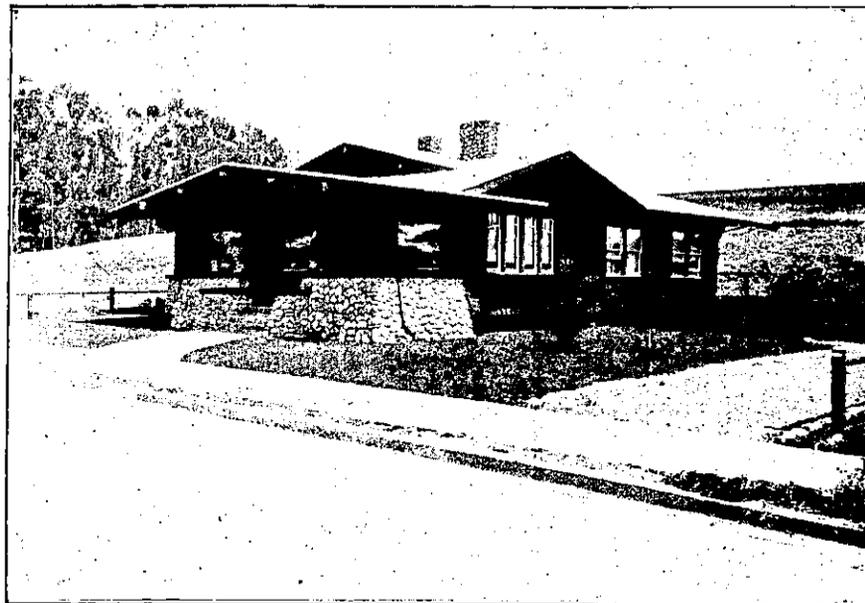


GROUND FLOOR, VULCAN LANE.

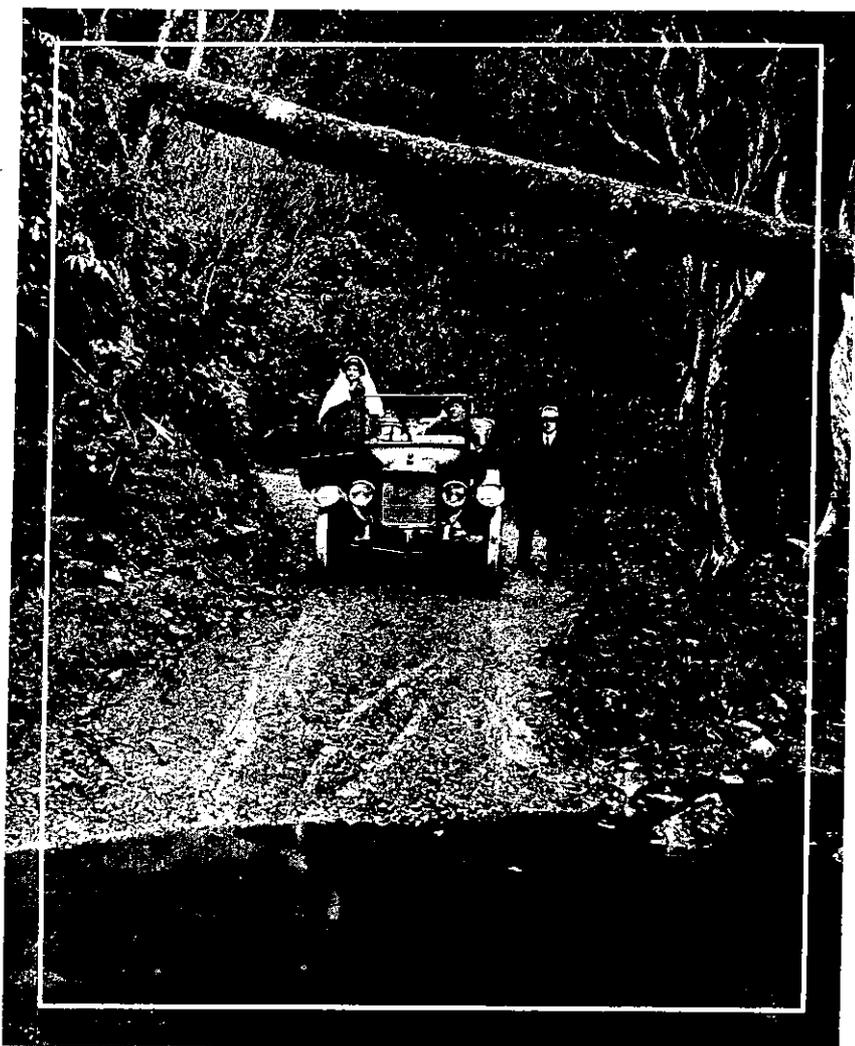
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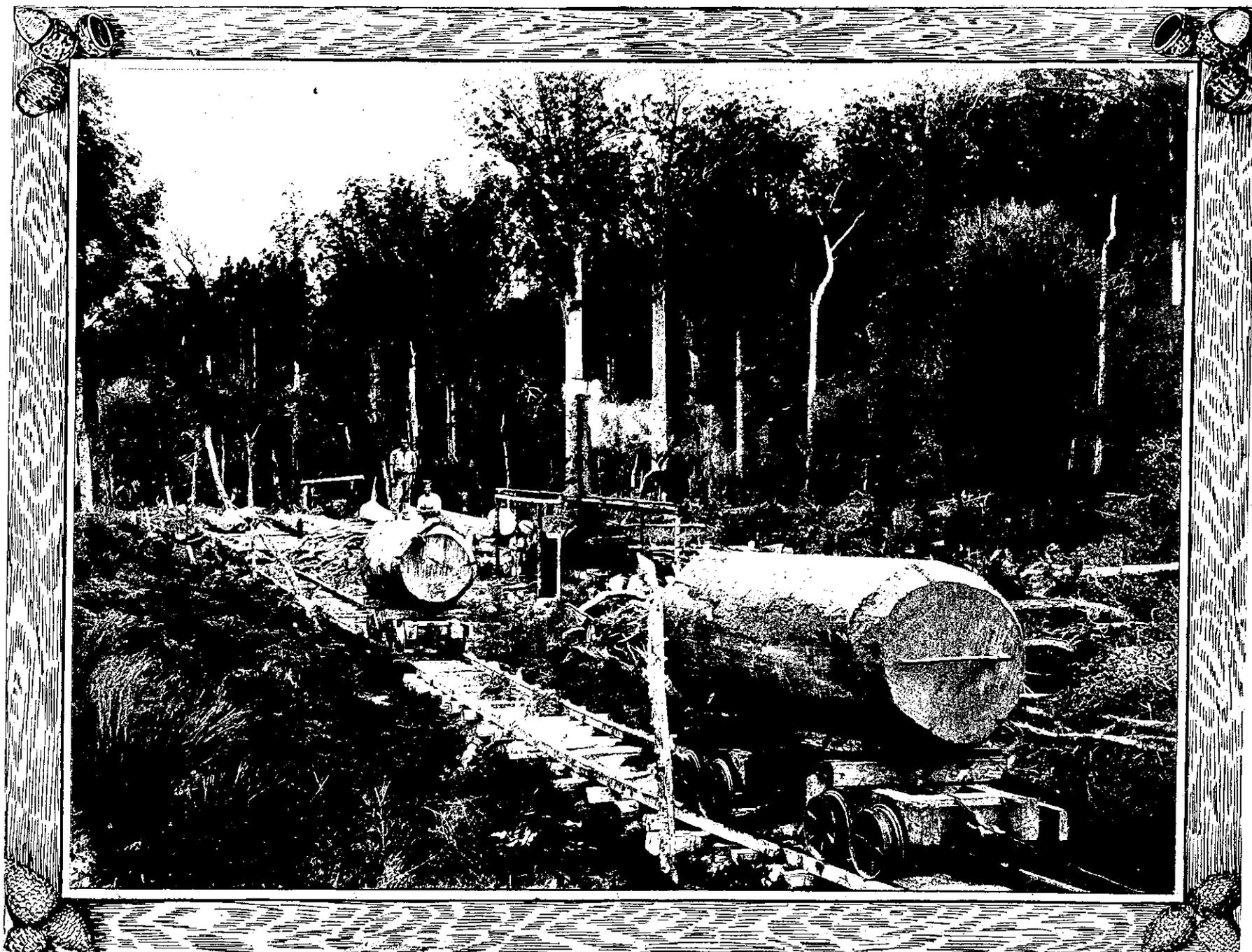
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[A. Northwood, Photo.]

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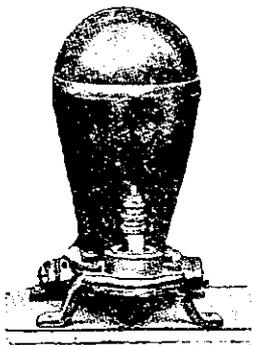
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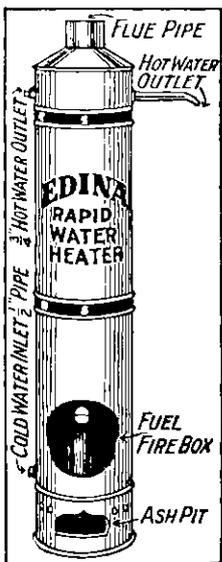
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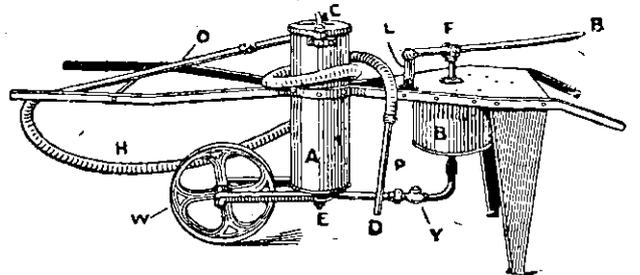
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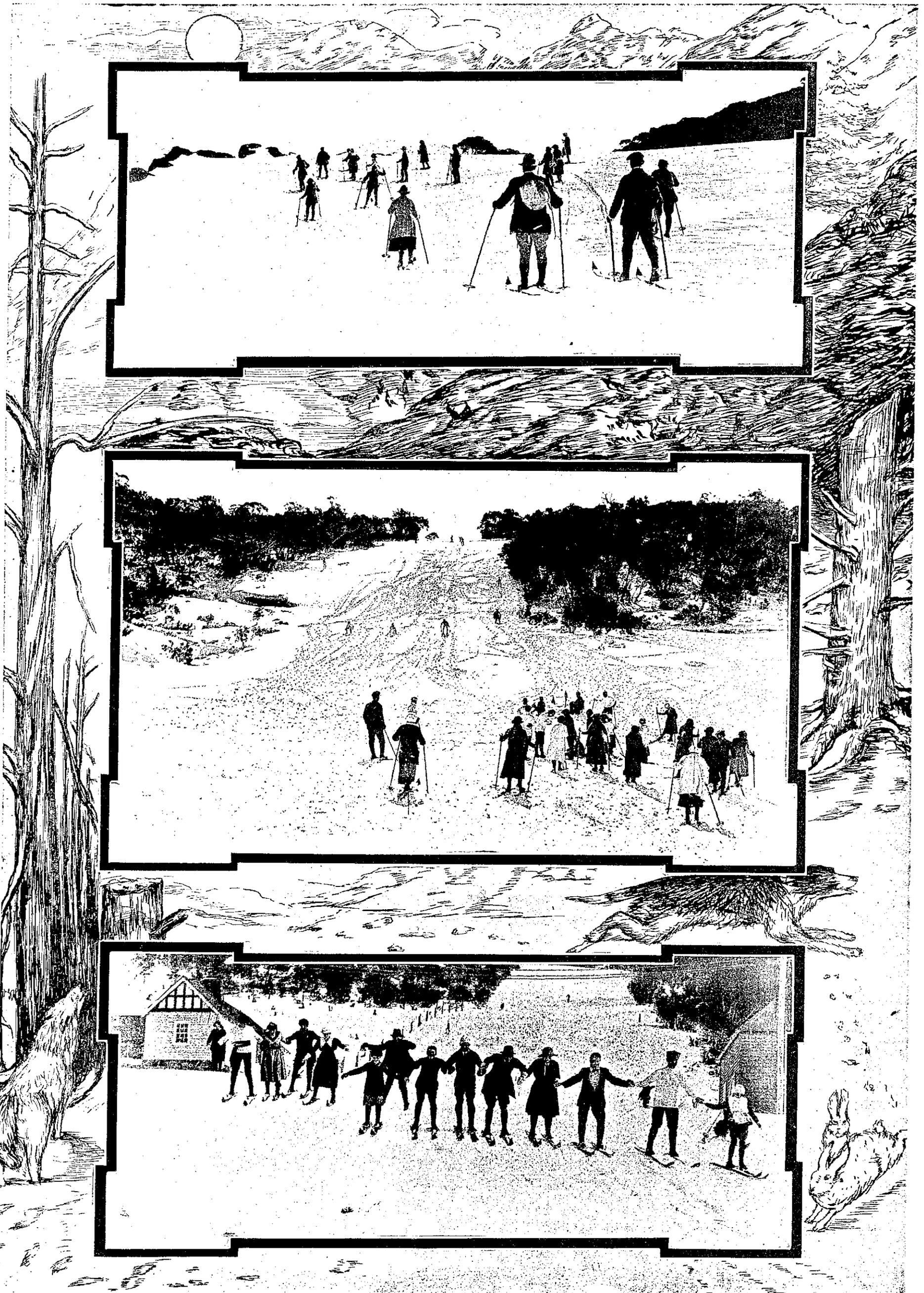
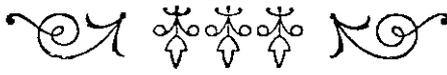
### The Fallacy of Free Trade.

**I** OFTEN notice in the press some of my people are advocating Free Trade, which would be feasible if it were universal. You know the trouble England got into through allowing the dumping of German surplusages on its markets and the miserable pittance its artisans were getting. America was not quite so “philanthropic,” and has waxed fat on England’s short-sighted policy. The Americans are noted for “points,” but invariably they are for themselves. Why do not free traders advocate the removal of the alien poll tax? If it were done, it would permit of a much lower rate of wage being paid, and a lower cost of production; and besides, we would have the cost of maintenance of those subjects instead of their surplusages in goods, with the result that we would soon be brought down to the Asiatic level. Japan, India and China are making rapid strides in manufacturing, and with cheap labour, augmented with modern machinery, they will ultimately be a menace to the British artisan; but evidently this is of little moment to “some,” as they appear anxious for cheap labour and goods without considering its disastrous effects to the British workers. It is obvious the products of the soil must be amply protected against foreign importations from countries where land is low in price and labour cheap, otherwise the Dominion must suffer. I quite believe if you were now to offer made-in-Germany goods at a trifle less than those of British manufacture, patriotism, in some instances, would vanish like smoke.

I am,

V., AUCKLAND.

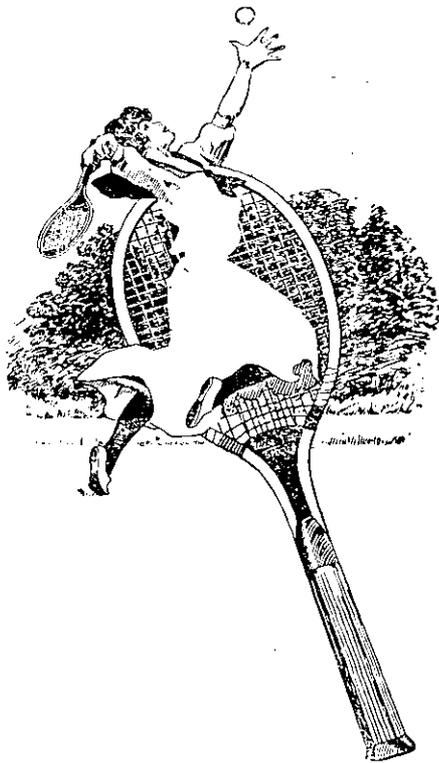
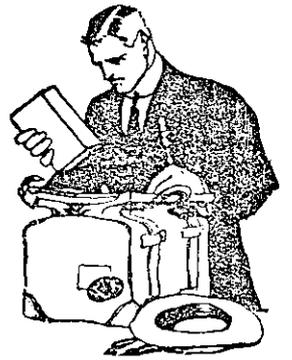
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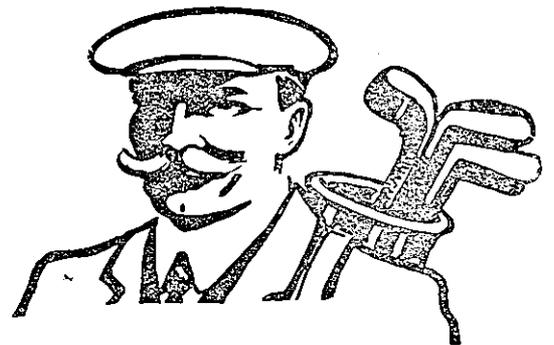


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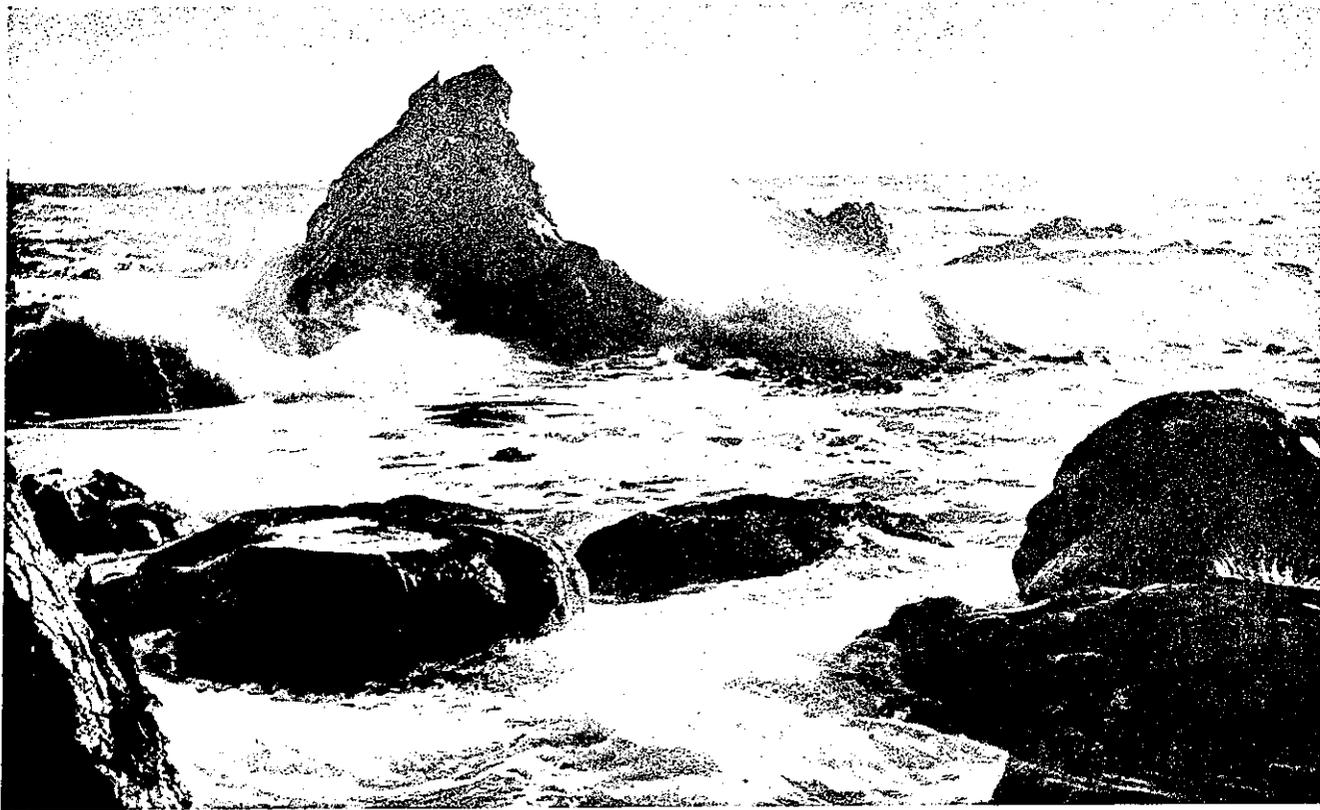
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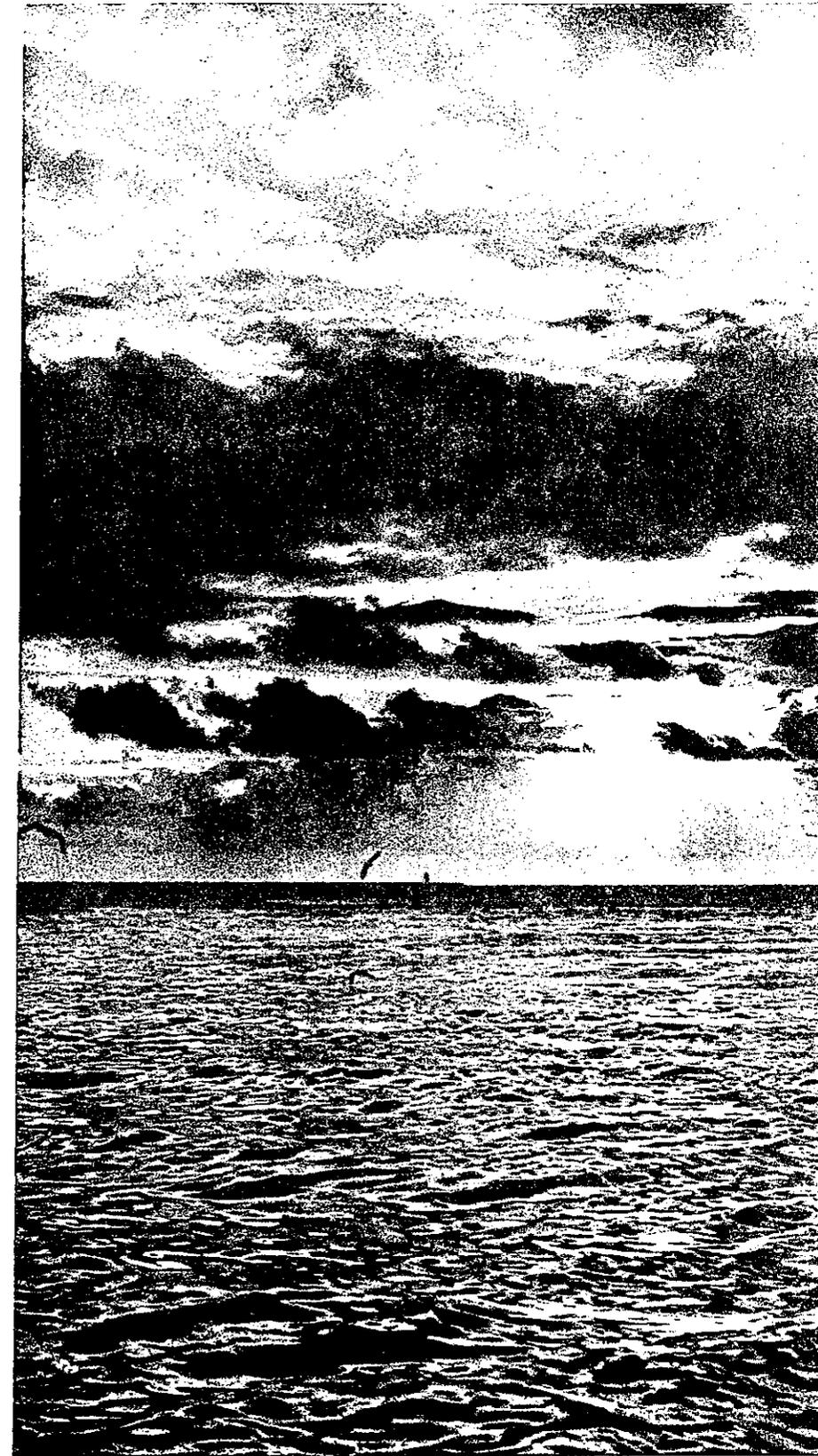
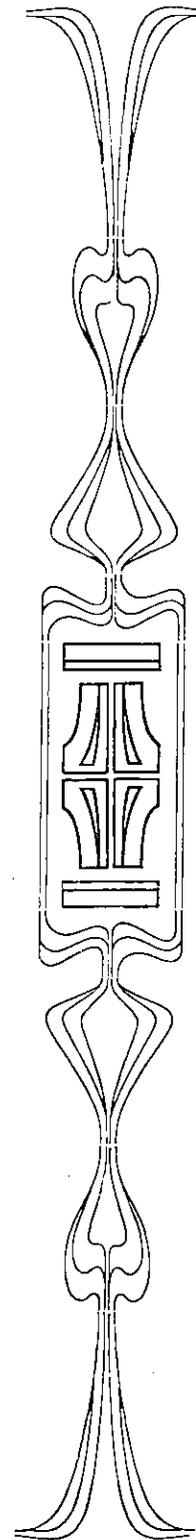


BREAKERS AT GREEN ISLAND BEACH, DUNEDIN.

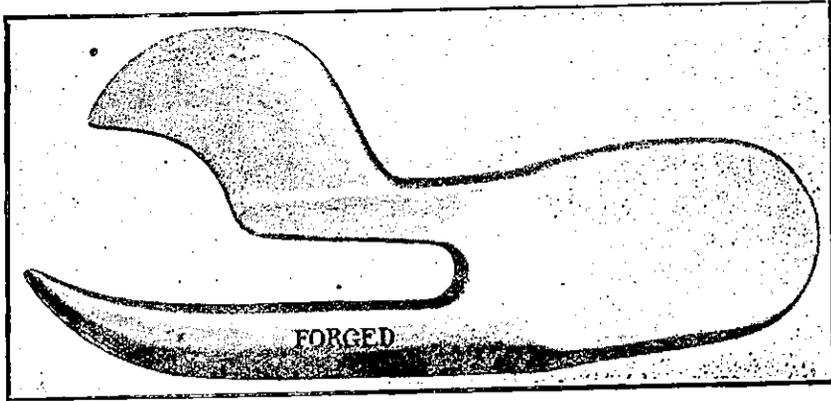
[Guy, Photo.



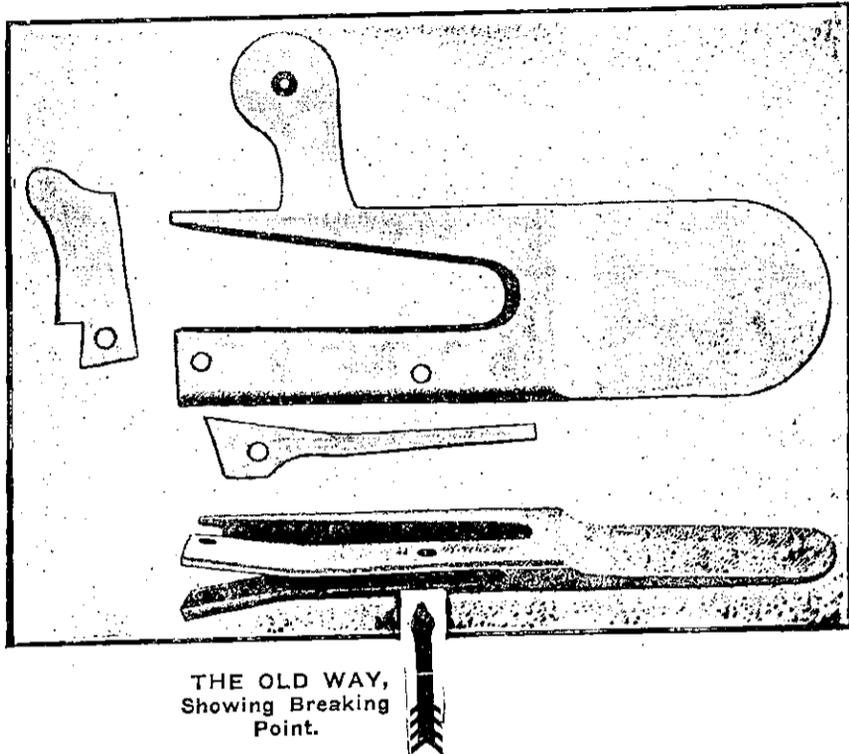
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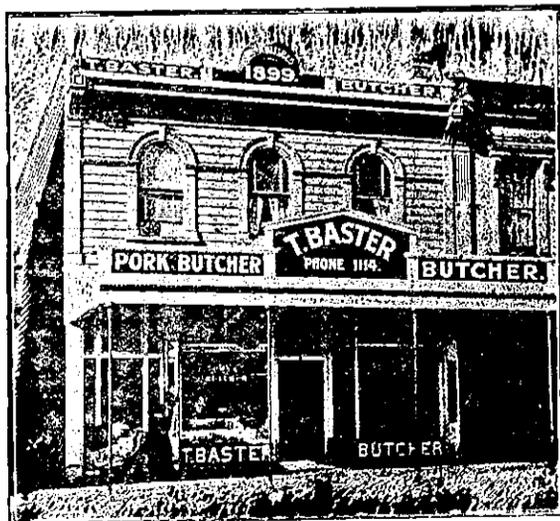
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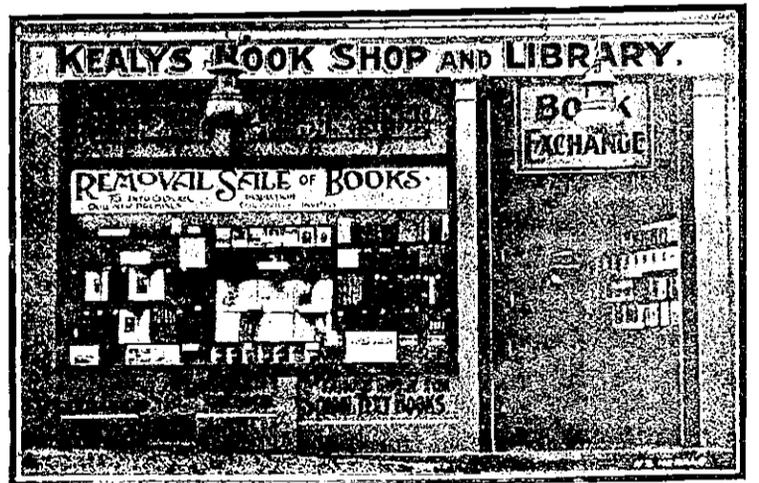
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: : Yellow to the Core, : :  
But too Brave for the Firing Squad.

**T**HE place was the ballroom of the old chateau near Feren-Tardenois, in the valley of the Ourcq river. The time was half-past 4 upon a sticky August afternoon. Outside a battery of 155's, planted in the sycamore groove, was belching away, the vibrations of the heavy charges shaking plaster from the walls of the building.

Inside a gray-haired American general was pacing the floor, wearing the livery of absolute nonchalance, yet he had landed in France but two months before. He came of the profession of war in a direct line back to Valley Forge. Now and then he would pause in his stride and pick up some trinket around the room—a lacquered snuff-box from the low Louis XIV. carved stand, a silver candlestick from the mantel over the fireplace, or a venerable print from a pile of odds and ends in the corner—tenderly replacing them with a gesture of compassion.

He wondered to himself if the owner of the chateau had survived the southward Marne rush of the Germans in June. The locusts had left an ugly trail behind them. He invariably called them "locusts" for their destructiveness and green-gray uniforms. They were running now, he mused. He chuckled and brought his mind to the pressing affairs of his division of olive-drab wildcats.

"There's that case of Corporal Ford, eh?" he snapped at the judge advocate of the division up from the rear echelon to report upon the weekly grist from the court-martial mill. The military code ever follows the army into the very hall of death.

"Get the papers," quietly said the young judge advocate to his orderly. He was of the reserves and quite accustomed to being snapped at by the regular army.

"Does the major know we sent them to corps headquarters?" replied the orderly in the third person vernacular of the army. Out in civil life back across the sea the major had been managing clerk in his father's law office. He ventured, "Ford was never found, sir."

"What, never found?" roared the general at the judge advocate. "I tell you the army is fast going to the dogs."

"Yes; we mean that our M. P.'s failed to land Corporal Ford," explained the major. He was sure the army had not gone to the dogs. Smilingly he went on: "We put a special A. W. O. L. order out for him Paris, Nancy and even the seaports of St. Nazaire and Brest were searched in vain. Got away. Vanished."

"Lucky for him," reflected the division commander. "I had decided to make an example of that youngster. Yellow to the core." The general glanced casually through the tall French windows into the Italian garden, just at that moment in a Vesuvius state of eruption. An enemy 220 pill burst with a deafening roar, shattering every pane of glass upon that side of the chateau.

Pausing to lift a signal corps telephone to his ear, the general spoke to his artillery brigade commander: "Did you hear that one? Touch up their back areas with a little gas. They are getting our range."

As if there had been no interruption, the old fire-eater resumed to the major before him: "Actually, I would have paid a substantial reward out of my own pocket to put Ford before a firing squad—yellow to the core. Had his captain back to give me the exact facts. Why, he jeopardised the whole attack. Threw down his rifle, left the first wave and, calling upon his platoon to follow, ran toward the S. O. S. like a madman. Morale of his company bad ever since. There have been several instances of self-inflicted woundings in the battalion. As for his regiment, it has lost its pep. See what the example of one coward can do!"

The general halted a moment. He pulled aside a pair of vermilion curtains opening into a faded gold-painted salon, where his chief of staff with two aides bending over a map

spread across a badly scratched grand piano were arranging for the next morning's attack. Calling: "I am told by our liaison officers we will have some French 'les terribles tauriaux' on our right. These territorialists move in to-night. Better send word out to our men they are French, although they are in mustard uniforms. Like as not our friends will give us an exposed right flank to look after."

Another mournful sound in the air. Modern shells say a requiem mass for their victims. This incomer crashed directly outside the window and buried its ugly brown nose in the soft earth alongside a rose bush in bloom. It was a dud, one of those shells which fail to explode; "a song without words," the division wag had said.

It was still night. Dawn was fast approaching. You who know wartime France—France, and this does not mean Paris—are probably familiar with the after-dark scenes along the great cross-country highways back of the front in the summer months of 1918, when the Germans had pierced the French railway lines at several points. Mars prepares in the pitchy blackness and either strikes or hides in the half-lights of early morning. Marshal Foch's magic skill was as a master of secret movement, getting men and materials over no matter what obstacles into new position, ready for sudden and unexpected operations.

Gaunt outlines were silhouetted in the tree-bordered road on the south bank of the Marne from Meux toward La Ferte-sous-Jouarre; twelve miles of infantry and artillery intertwined with queues of supply waggons. A muffled voice at the head of the east-bound column from a small motor car gave the command: "Halte! Arbez-vous." It was passed back.

Then ceased the shuffling of feet, indicating the resting of many marchers. There was the clicking of harness relaxing from the strain of pulling cannon and heavily-loaded vehicles. No lights, no talking; a deathly silence, for four years of war had made the veterans cautious. The hills of the Marne valley hereabouts

ing. Very prudently he crawled up the bank and a pale face peered into the road. The features were youthful and good, but the eyes contained a worn, frightened look. They seemed to burn through the slowly-rising mist with a terror of their own; and in their haunted, shifty stare was expressed hunger as well as fear.

"Qui vive?" ("Who goes there?") came a sharp voice from the opposite side of the road.

The person from under the bridge violently trembled, but seemed to take instant comfort from the fact that he was addressed in French. He staggered weakly across the highway, but shivered in a fresh fright when he saw the mustard uniforms of a group of soldiers. For days now he had been in hiding—since July 18, the day of the electric counter-attack of the allies north of the Marne—hiding away from everybody who wore any kind of a uniform. Mustard and olive drab are near colours. He saw the yellow, his legs gave out and he fell unconscious; exhausted from pusillanimity and lack of food.

"Soldat Americaine," commented a French caporal (corporal), after making it a certainty by flashing an electric light upon the stranger. He added, "Aidez-moi a le porter" ("Help me to carry him"). A dozen comrades rushed up, and the stranger was lifted.

"Ou?" ("Where?") asked one.

"Le cafe! La!" ("The cafe! There!") ordered the corporal, pointing to a little restaurant which overhung the edge of the river but a few hundred yards distant, now plain to be seen in the rapidly arriving daylight. Upon a shield fastened over its portal was painted, "Hotel de l'Epee."

They carried him into a small room, of which the furniture was a bar and long tables paralleled with wooden benches. A wine glass of cognac brandy was poured down his throat, and half an hour later he was seated upright against the wall, his back protected by a pillow with a blue plate holding a large yellow omelet before him.

It is remarkable the explaining others can do for you if you only let them. Those who doubt this should get into trouble some time, keep a still tongue in their heads and listen to all the ingenious excuses their friends will advance for them. Far more plausible than your own brain could invent. Unable to speak or understand a word of French save "Ah! Oui," the stranger soldier-American artlessly admitted he was in the last big battle north of Chateau Thierry, that he had been wounded and was on his way back from the hospital to rejoin his regiment when taken ill at the bridge. They said it, and he affirmed, not knowing it.

This was at the time in France when every American soldier was popularly supposed to be a hero; just as before the war, and now, when every American is considered a millionaire.

A chic mademoiselle with carmine lips and black sparkling eyes under two dense coils of blue-black hair, bombarded him with attention. As she moved gracefully around the tables serving "pinard" to the French soldiers, the glow of the morning spread like an aureole around her vibrant young beauty, the American seemed to feel a new thrill of life coursing his veins.

When the last of her own countrymen had been served she came and sat with him, bringing a battered English-French dictionary to help their acquaintance. He quivered with a strange emotion at the French words she picked out for him to see their English equivalents; "vaillant," "courageux," "heros," "grand," "brave" and a lot other of the like. She would select a word and then point her finger at him with an emphatic "vous." Through it all, cold chills ran his spine at thought of the dreaded possibility of some American soldiers entering the room.

"I wonder if she knows," he muttered to himself from the well of guilty conscience. No, of course not. One glance into the frank depths of her eyes allayed his fears. He read absolute adoration there. He quickly and rightly surmised that he was the first American soldier she had seen. Her name she told him was Margot. He said it after her, and like a lozenge it left in his mouth a delicious taste, one he had never known before.

It proved to be the longest as well as the shortest day of his experience. Every hour or so the door would fly back and new comrades in amber



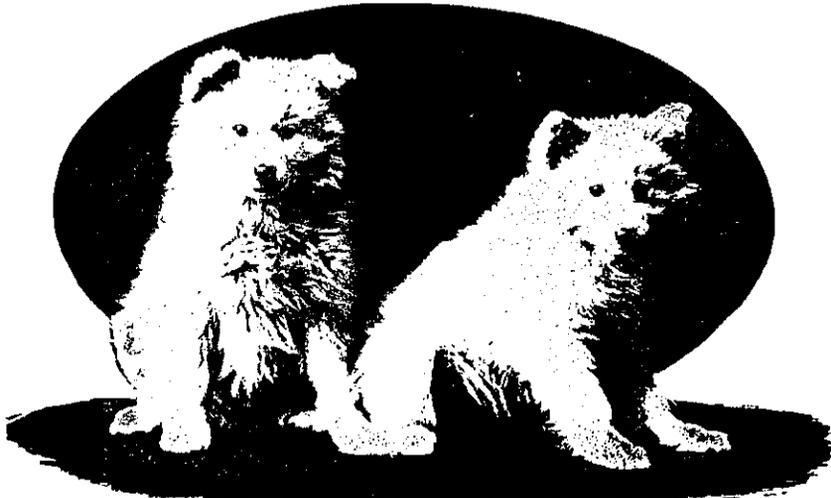
A PARTY OF TOURISTS ON THE FINE SCENIC TRACK TO THE FAMOUS MILFORD SOUND, ON THE WEST COAST OF OTAGO. J. S. Trevena, Photo.

"Humph!" growled the general, squaring back into the large room and addressing his judge advocate. "If I stay around here there will be a new C.O. on the job. I am short of an aide. Come along and we will talk in the car. I want to look over our first-line positions before dark. Like to get the day's map in my eye. We will crack our whip again before sun-up to-morrow. I want you to get that coward—I say, yellow to the core."

Burr-r-r—and quick as a flash, the general in his glass case with olive drab mountings was a cloud of canary dust up the new road his engineers had built in the wake of his advancing infantry.

are covered with woods and vineyards. A French division was about to take cover off the road in the towns and under the trees away from the river for the next twelve hours of daylight. It had come from somewhere in the line west of Paris and was going to—only the high command knew where, and his wishes had not arrived.

Near the hamlet of Trilport, half a mile from a large town of Meaux, the river takes a sharp curve, over which bend is a long stone bridge, whose grim, gloomy shadows were reflected in the historic waters of blood as a strange, unkempt figure crept out from the shelter of its south end, a human, bent and cring-



A SIBERIAN PUPPY STUDY.

Guy, Photo.

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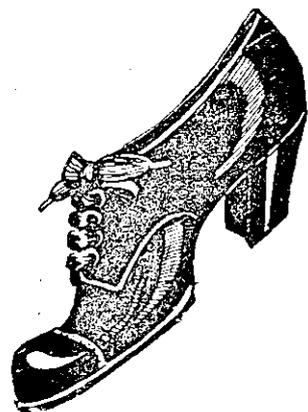
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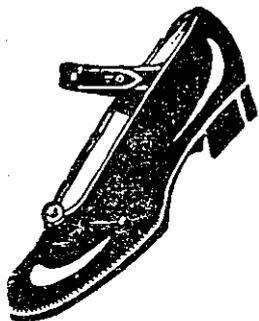
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garb would enter to shake hands with the "brave Americaine." Margot's mother, rotund, with a shrewd head to the business of having such an attraction for her place, cooked him a dinner of "rognon" (kidneys), with three vegetables, and it was delicious. Dusk came all too soon.

Pondering upon his predicament, the American concluded that his safest plan would be to stick with his newfound friends. They were marching that night. True, he might remain for a few days at the cafe. But he had no money and a welcome

from remorse. He was a corporal himself on that other occasion, with the welfare of only a score of men depending upon him. At present he was the guest of a French shock unit with the job of upholding their continued respect for all America.

Nothing easier for him to do than shirk again. Simply drop off. He put aside the unworthy temptation. He felt no inclination to desert again. He reasoned it out. He was sure it wasn't the girl in the cafe. Maybe she helped give him strength. He recalled how differently he felt the

left, and the French to the right. After two hours' rest the territorials moved quietly and swiftly into the first-line positions, relieving a badly-shattered French division of horizon blues. It was unusual to march men all night and then fight them, but the certainty of the surprise to the enemy was the gain.

One of the French soldiers gave a rifle to the American, another handed him a gas mask. He was in a sort of ecstatic daze. The artillery preparation was on and the noise was ear-racking. It ceased and the bar-

mander savagely. His new P.C. was in a railroad culvert under an embankment and the cobwebs had got in his gray eyebrows.

"Yes," replied his chief of staff, who had time to talk, as each of the day's objectives had been won. "The trouble was at the end of the woods on our extreme right—enemy had a machine-gun nest in a natural crater of rocks. We simply could not dislodge them."

"Then we exposed the left flank of the French division?" said the American general regretfully.

"Not for long," said the other. "Would have but for an American lad with blue eyes and wavy hair, who, strangely enough, was toting along with their first wave. He saw our fix, and after the French had passed us hanged if he didn't cross over and double-back on the rear of the enemy group that was blocking us. He picked off the Germans one by one. Then our boys rushed the position. Their rescuer was bumped off before they got to him, shot through the forehead."

The usually phlegmatic chief of staff quavered in his voice slightly as he added: "Here's all they found on him."

The general examined the photograph of a very pretty girl, upon the back of which was written:

"Bon chance! Mon brave Americaine."

"Who was he?" he asked.

"Probably some A.W.O.L. who lost his way into the fight, as he had no identification tag," said the chief of staff. "These runaways often throw away their tags to prevent the M.P.'s making a case against them if caught. I have asked brigade headquarters to telephone the instant his body is identified. That is the brigade ringing now."

"Let me take the message," said the general, reaching for the transmitter, continuing into the telephone: "Yes—this is division headquarters. What! Say that name again. You are sure of it? Well, I am damned! Telephone the name to the rear echelon and say that there will be no necessity for a court-martial, also for the judge advocate to get back the records from corps headquarters, and tear them up. Have the statistical bureau furnish me—yes, it is the division commander speaking—with his next of kin and address."

As the general went forward to examine another chateau suggested for his next P.C. he was heard to mutter: "And I thought him a coward—yellow to the core."

#### SHE KNEW WHAT IT MEANS.

A teacher was reading the Christmas recitative piece to her class and came across the word "unaware." She asked if anyone knew its meaning. One small girl timidly raised her hand and gave the following definition: "Unaware is what you take off the last thing before you put your nightie on."



PLAYMATES ON THE BEACH AT CASTLECLIFF, WANGANUI.

[Tesla Studios.]

wears out. Then there was the constant apprehension of other American soldiers finding him there. He could not risk such a discovery. So assuming a bravado foreign to his usual nature and which thrilled him with pleasant surprise, he clapped the French corporal on the back and tried out four French words he had laboriously pieced together from the borrowed dictionary:

"J'allez vous" ("I go with you.") "Bravo!" responded the French soldier, and communicating it on there were cheers from the others. They carried him on their shoulders from the cafe as they had elected to hide him in their unit as a sort of mascot.

As he took a place in the column with a French soldier comrade upon either side he had not the faintest idea of where he was going. Nobody knew. That is how it always is in the army—destination undisclosed almost until arrival.

Before the start was made Margot came rushing from the cafe. She came straight for him. Throwing her arms around him she gave him a resounding kiss. Had he not understood the French character he might have surmised it was for France and not for him. In his hand she quickly pressed something and then ran back to her mother. It was her photograph. He tucked it in his blouse pocket and stepped boldly out with the rest into the mysterious night.

Until that mustard-coloured division took the north fork of the highway at La Ferte-sous-Jouarre in the direction of Montreuil-aux-Lions the movement could have meant most anything. Several of the soldiers began to hum the "Madelon." They were stopped by their officers. However, the turn settled the question of immediate events among the French poilus. "Les terribles tauriaux" were going into battle somewhere near the Americans, and they were glad.

To the American volunteer in their midst came this certain knowledge shortly after midnight when the French division swept around the ruins of Chateau Thierry and took the direction of Fere-en-Tardenois. He wondered why his heart did not beat faster. Under another similar circumstance it had, and from timidity. Now he felt like an Atlas supporting an entire world. He could not fathom the change. Perhaps it was because he had suffered so much

last time he was going in. It was not the brandy, the effects of which had worn off hours before. The dull muffled roar up the road, with its spectacle of successive sunsets upon the horizon, now seemed a great voice calling to him.

At this point the cycle of his reflections was interrupted by the sense of another column moving along the same direction, an American division. Should he speak? No! They would seize him and send him to the rear. He would be shot. Then it would be too late for self-rehabilitation. He hoped the Americans would get on and leave him with his new friends, comrades who believed in him. Now he had it. He was buoyed up by the faith of the men around him.

Both columns stumbled into a thick forest. The Americans turned to the

rage curtain of fire for the attack began, accompanied by the fretful ripple of the machine guns. He felt like a man born again. Only those who have been in it know the thrills of a great attack—the nearest thing to Judgment Day speculation man has produced.

All that he had learned at the training camps instantly came back to him. He was the he-man that he always wanted to be. Out surged the first French wave yelling like demons, with the lone American volunteer, erect and heroic, on the extreme left of the line, striding in their advance, a pace-maker, and of all things he was singing, "Hail! Hail! the Gang's All Here!" at the top of his lungs.

"Held us up forty-five minutes, you say?" questioned the division com-



A CARVED MAORI WHARE ON THE WANGANUI RIVER.

[Tesla Studios.]



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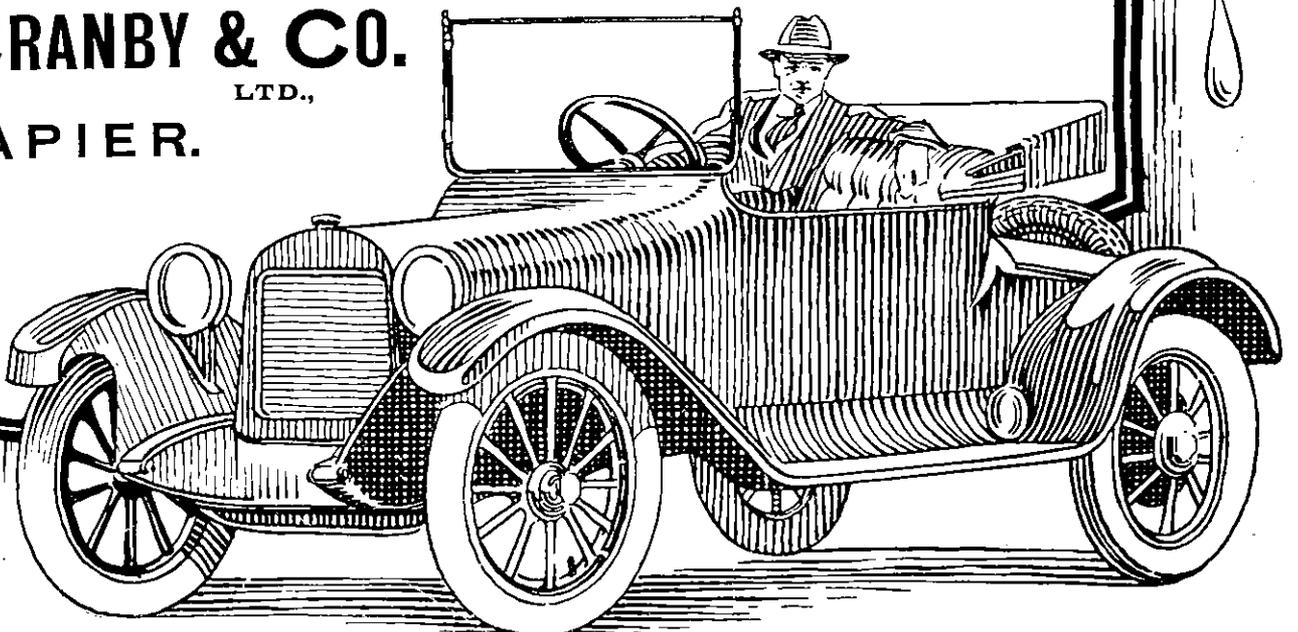
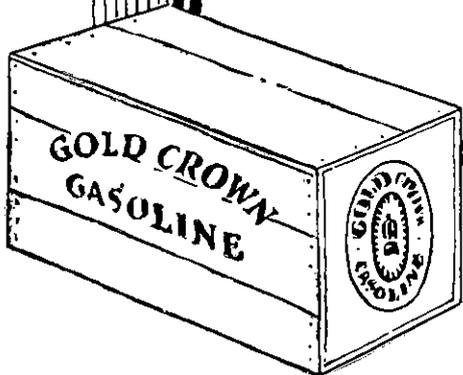
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**THE STRAIGHT TIP.**

Racegoers who experience some difficulty in selecting winners during the big holiday race meetings, owing to the diversity of the tips they receive will appreciate the humour contained in the following verses.

It was a seven-furlong race, two hundred pounds the stake,  
Of runners there were only six, the choice not hard to make;  
My mind made up I started off with but one end in view,  
Which was to put a fiver down and trust in number "Two."

I'd hardly left the paddock when I met a trainer friend,  
"What! Number two," he said, "Good lord, he'll never reach the bend;  
Four furlongs, yes, he might get that, but after that he's done,  
I've got the goods, sure thing this trip—get in on Number 'One.'"

He passed along, and to my side a youthful jockey came,  
I murmured "Two." He shook his head, "You're newish at the game.  
It's we inside who pull the strings, don't breathe a word," said he,  
"But every moke that's in the race is dead for number 'Three.'"

An owner whom I knew approached and gave my choice a smile,  
"No good to-day, his fetlock's sore, he hurt it in a trial;  
He ought not to be running, and besides there's something more,  
We've got a big thing on, keep 'em, the winner's number 'Four.'"

I told a punter pal my plan. He muttered, "Don't be mad;  
He's bred to stay, a two mile race is more his mark, my lad.  
I'm working a commission on a 'cert,' so look alive,  
For in another minute you'll hear 'Evens number 'Five.'"

With muddled mind I stopped to ask a form expert his view,  
He glanced around and whispered, "There's no chance for number Two;  
I've worked the thing out carefully, and barring jockey's tricks,  
There's only one horse in the race, and that is number 'Six.'"

By this time they were at the post, I stood perplexedly,  
What should I back? when through the crowd my wife came hurriedly;  
"Oh, Jack," she cried, "give me a note, I must back number 'Two,'  
You know my fav'rite color, and his jockey's eyes are blue.

So thirty pounds to five she took, just as the race began,  
And to the stand she led a very much bewildered man;  
Two minutes more, the race was won. Great Scot! it's never true;  
But true it was, for on the board went up the number 'Two.'"

**Moral.**

A trainer's tips are little worth, a jockey's tips are worse,  
An owner's or an expert's tips are not worth a tinker's curse.  
The only tip worth taking when you go out to the course,  
Is the fancy of the woman who has never seen the horse.

**AS THE ROWLOCKS RING.**

"Though you're all in splendid fettle, there are others on their mettle—  
From the jump you'll have to paddle all you know,"  
'Twas our coxswain's cheery warning—there'll be no mistake this morning,  
'Tis a good crew that can teach us how to row.

We were paddling up the river in the sunlight all a-quiver,  
With scarce a ripple showing as we glide;  
Trained right up to the minute, "There's no other crew that's in it  
Can outclass us," says our stroke with conscious pride.

But the starting post we're nearing; to our station quickly steering,  
With hearts now beating high with hope we see  
The starter's launch approaching, and we wonder if our coaching  
And our "work" to-day will bring us victory.

"Easy all! Now, are you ready? Then get forward—keep her steady!  
Hold your slides and let her drift down into line;  
With your blades all at the feather grip the water all together,  
And 'lift her' when the starter gives the sign!"

The cry "They're off!" is ringing, and our slides come forward swinging  
As the pistol shot gives out the signal, "Go!"  
And the "coxes" soon are yelling—but our training's plainly telling,  
As bit by bit we watch our vantage grow.

"All together, boys!—Now lift her, through the milky foam now shift her!  
Swing together—all together—bow, you're late!"  
And the rowlocks ring and rattle 'mid the scurry of the battle—  
"Backs into it! Give her every pound of weight!"

"Oh, well rowed, all—we're leading! Steady all," our cox is pleading;  
"Two, you're rolling! Sit up, man, and use your back!"  
Now the half-way post we're nearing, and a splendid course we're steering,  
And a length in front we're swinging down the track.

Our pace is fairly killing, though the other crews are willing—  
To the front we're slowly forging now we see;  
And our heads with joy are reeling—'tis a most delightful feeling  
When you know you're rowing on to victory.



"ASTRAS," WITH HER PANTHER, "CARA," PHOTOGRAPHED IN WELLINGTON. [Chas. E. Watson, Photo.]

Inch by inch we're surely gaining, every nerve and muscle straining—  
"You've got 'em now!" we hear our coxswain cry;  
And through the water flying—our opponents all defying—  
The race is won—the white post flashes by.

Yes, although in splendid fettle, we found others on their mettle—  
From the jump we had to "drive her" all we knew;  
We remembered cox's warning, and made no mistake this morning,  
When we earned the proud distinction—champion crew.

**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 for 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  
Every 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's yer backing for the Cup?"  
"I'm! Why, blime, ev'ry time 'e  
Starts 'e 'as to chuck it up!"—  
Thus they chatter every 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!

**BY ACCIDENT.**

Forgive and forget it—  
But your lips were so close!  
Chance was kind to abet it!  
Forgive and forget it—  
But I can not regret it,—  
And nobody knows!  
Forgive and forget it—  
But your lips were so close!

**POOR.**

"Are they very poor?"  
"Poor! I should say they are.  
They don't even own an automobile."

**SPOONING.**

Mary Pickford, the motion picture actress, was condemning coquettes.  
"The coquette is a coward," she said. "Standing before the brimming cup of love, she is afraid to drink it off—she just takes a little with a spoon."

**FAILED TO COMPREHEND.**

New Zealand soldiers who had the opportunity of a visit to England whilst away on active service are more familiar than ever with the Cockney accent, regarding which a returned man tells the following amusing incident:

"A Cockney cook," he said "accepted service in America, and soon after her arrival in that country her mistress, who was a widow, told her how she came to lose her husband.

"I lost my husband on the western prairies," the lady said. "He was killed by a bison. I suppose you know what a bison is?"

"Lawks, yes," said the Cockney cook. "I'd like to 'ave a quid for every one I've made a puddin' in."

Soprano (singing shrilly): "If only I could fly." Grouchy Listener (at concert): "Me too."

Mrs. Jiggs: "So your daughter married a surgeon?"

Mrs. Noggess: "Yes, I'm so glad. At last I can afford to have appendicitis."

Your appreciation may be another's inspiration.

"Don't jump at conclusions unless you are in training."

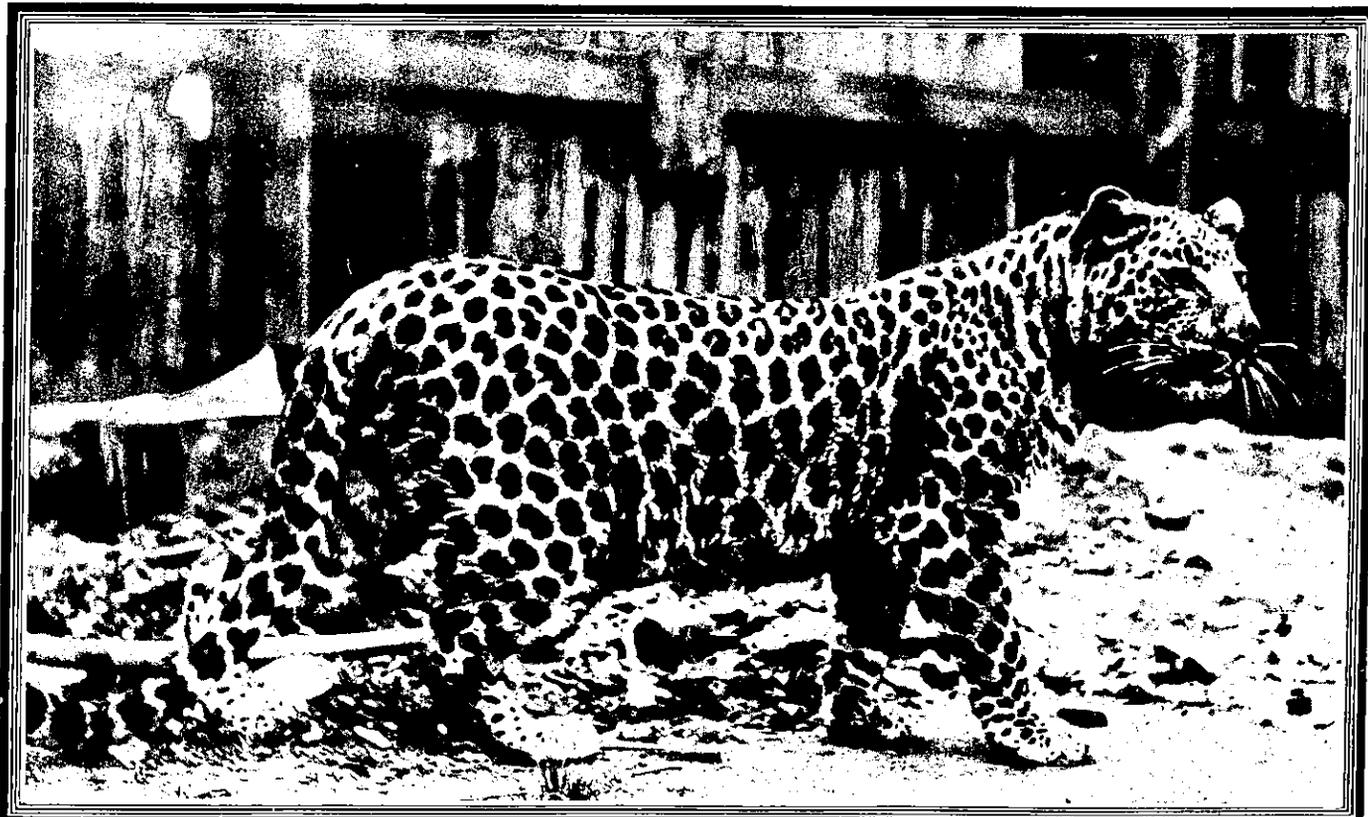
Men prefer a well-formed girl to a well-informed one.

"If a man gambles and is successful he is a speculator. If he speculates and loses he is a gambler."

Accept your limitations. Seize your opportunities. Enjoy the good of the hour. Improve the bad, and, if you can't, let it drop.—J. S. Blackie.

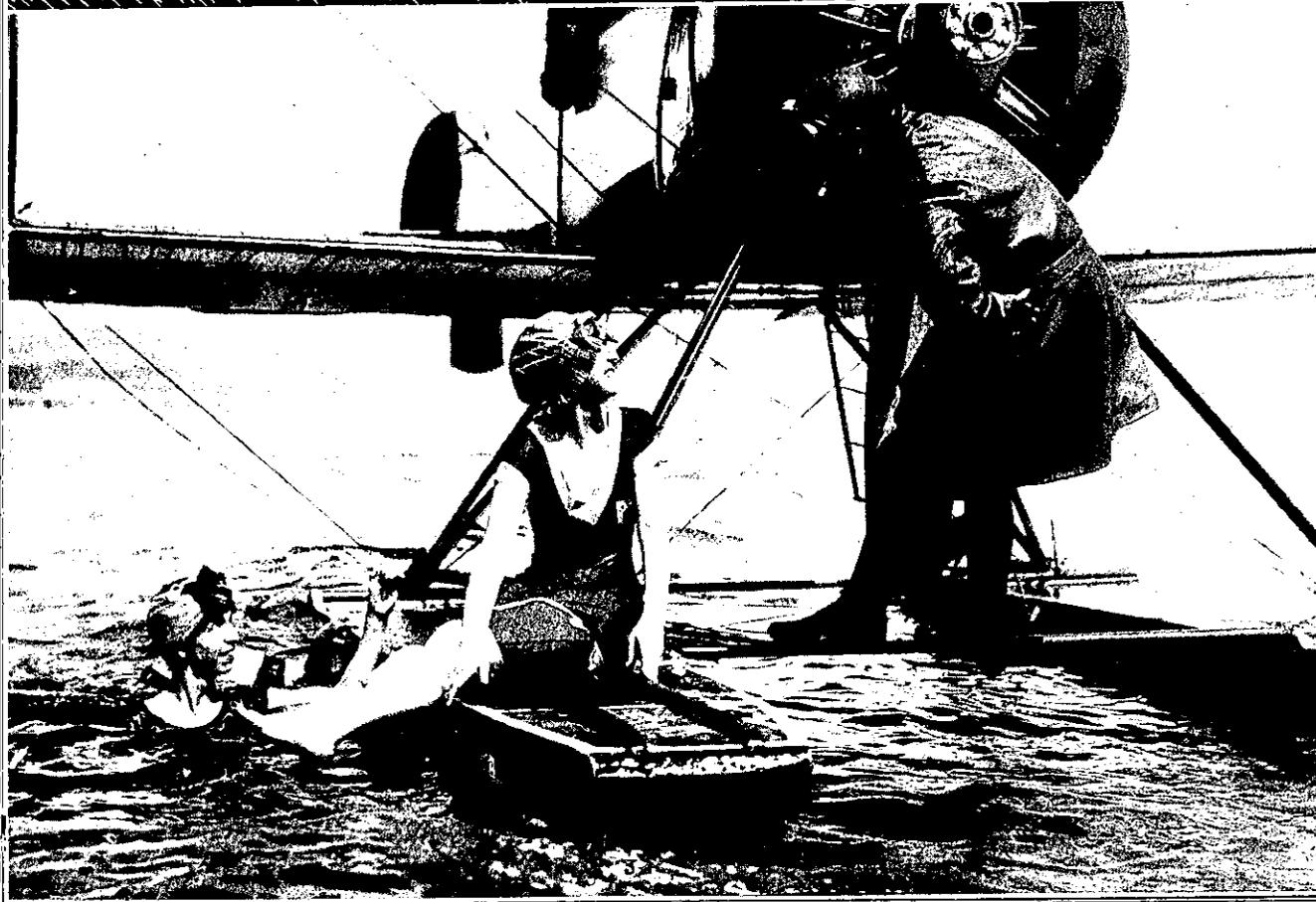
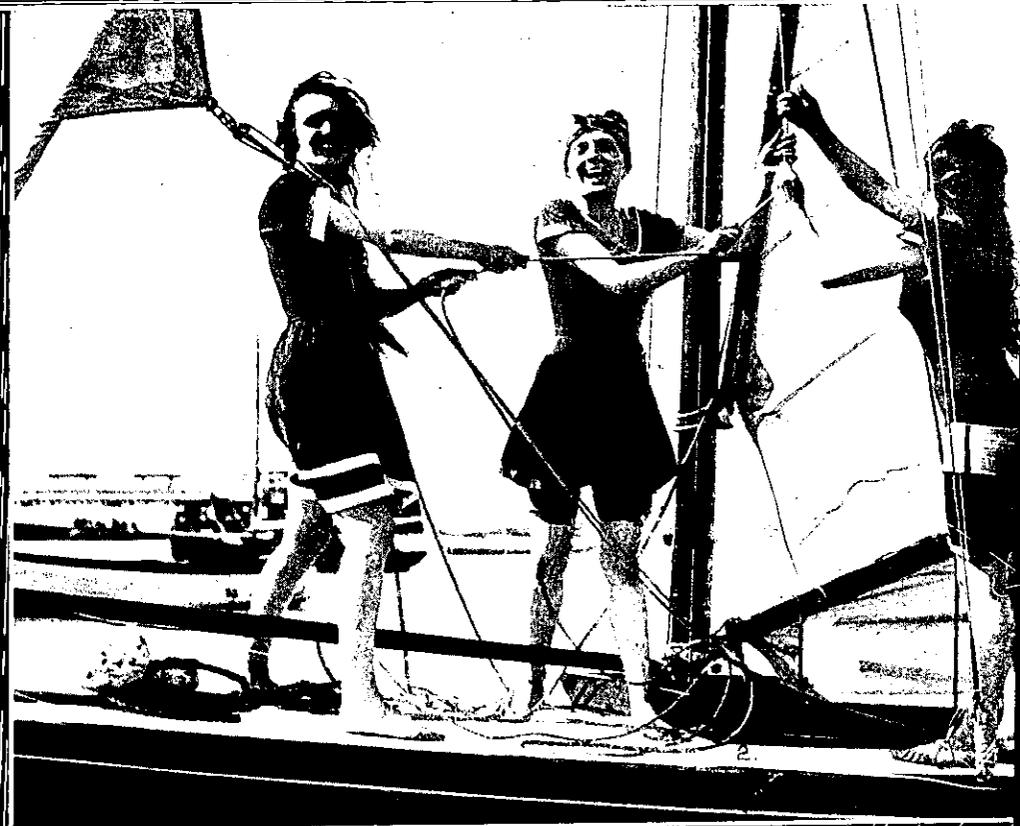
It is possible that the true rule of life as to harmless indulgences is not to worry about them. While it must be excellent for the character to be able to fast, it is equally good to be able to indulge in the little things that please our individual tastes, always provided that we do not let them, as habits, enslave us.

Nothing so buoys a man to greatness as the belief that the world expects him to be great. Faith in self is the great lever which can lift a man from the pettiness of his mere manhood and make him worthy of a place with the immortals. And this faith is begotten and sustained by the illusion that all other men fall in with his views and regard him as the bearer of the world's weight, as the mediator of its troubles and as the moulder of its fate.



THE PANTHER "CARA," TAMED BY "ASTRAS," THE MYSTIC MINDREADER, APPEARING ON FULLER'S VAUDEVILLE CIRCUIT. This panther was trapped in the jungles of India by the natives when it was five months old. [Chas. E. Watson, Photo.]

Holiday Scenes at the Seaside, in which a Yacht and Waterplane add to the Enjoyment of the Fair





# PERFECTION

JUST as—in the World of Art—the Venus De Milo is acknowledged to be the most perfect representation of the female form, so—in the Motor World—the “CLINCHER CROSS” is recognised as the most perfect All-Rubber, Non-Skid Tyre.

The “CLINCHER CROSS” gives the greatest safety and resilience by reason of its unique tread, and the All-Plantation Rubber from which it is built ensures long mileage and maximum freedom from tyre-trouble.

*The North British Rubber Co., Ltd.,  
Edinburgh, London and Branches.*

NORTH BRITISH  
**“CLINCHER CROSS”**

MOTOR TYRES

# The Oldest Auckland Hardware House

## CRUICKSHANK, MILLER & CO., Ltd.

Over 50 Years the Popular  
Domestic and Farmers'

### IRONMONGERS.



Call and inspect our new Show Rooms in Lorne Street, one door from new Wellesley Street Post Office, near the Public Library.

We are receiving regular American and British shipments of new and up-to-date Ironmongery suitable for the city householder and the country producer.

Our Motto: "HIGH QUALITY, LOW PRICES."

### SPORTS GOODS' DEPARTMENT:

Unique Assortment of Summer Sporting Goods JUST LANDED.

Cricket and Tennis Requisites.

Also Thos. Taylor and Jacques' Famous BOWLS.

# Cruickshank, Miller & Co., Ltd., Queen St.

(Opposite Smith & Caughey's) and LORNE STREET, AUCKLAND.

## YATES' RELIABLE SEEDS

A WISE INVESTMENT  
ALIKE FOR  
Farm and Town Dweller  
IS TO PURCHASE

SEEDS that can be depended upon  
for QUALITY and GERMINATION.

Messrs. ARTHUR YATES & CO., Ltd.,  
send out Seeds that for the most part are grown in New Zealand or Australia, Remachined by themselves and tested carefully for growth.

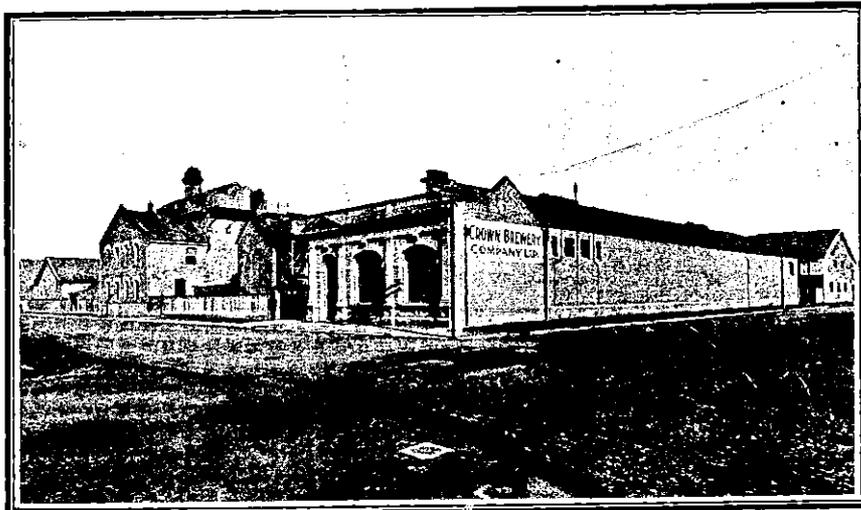
Grass, Clover and Forage Seeds.  
Vegetable and Flower Seeds.  
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Orders Booked for Forward Delivery.  
Prices and Catalogues upon application.

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SEED FARMS: Waiau-Karaka, New Zealand.  
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Macquarrie Plains, Tasmania.  
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## YATES' RELIABLE SEEDS



## Crown Brewery Co., Ltd.

ANTIGUA STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

TELEPHONE 108. P.O. BOX 73.

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:: Celebrated ::

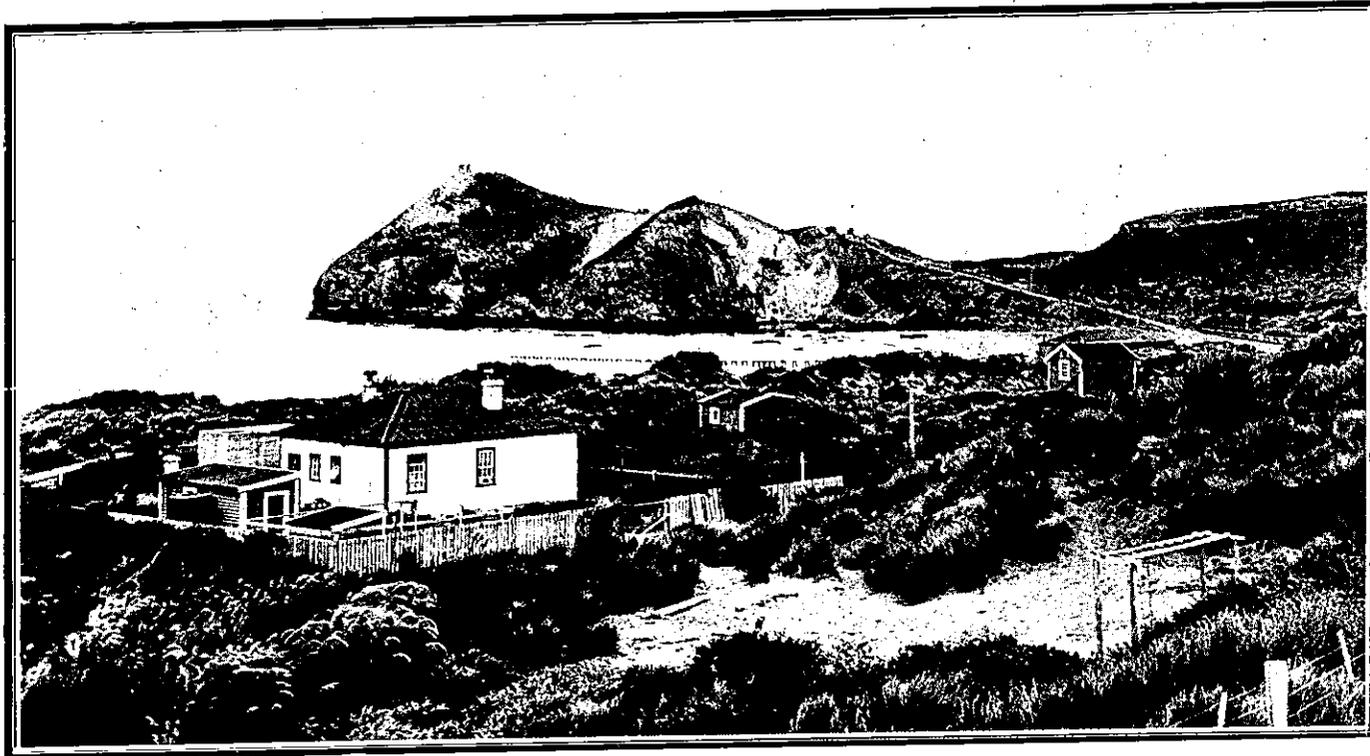
### Sparkling Ales and Stout.

40 PRIZE MEDALS.

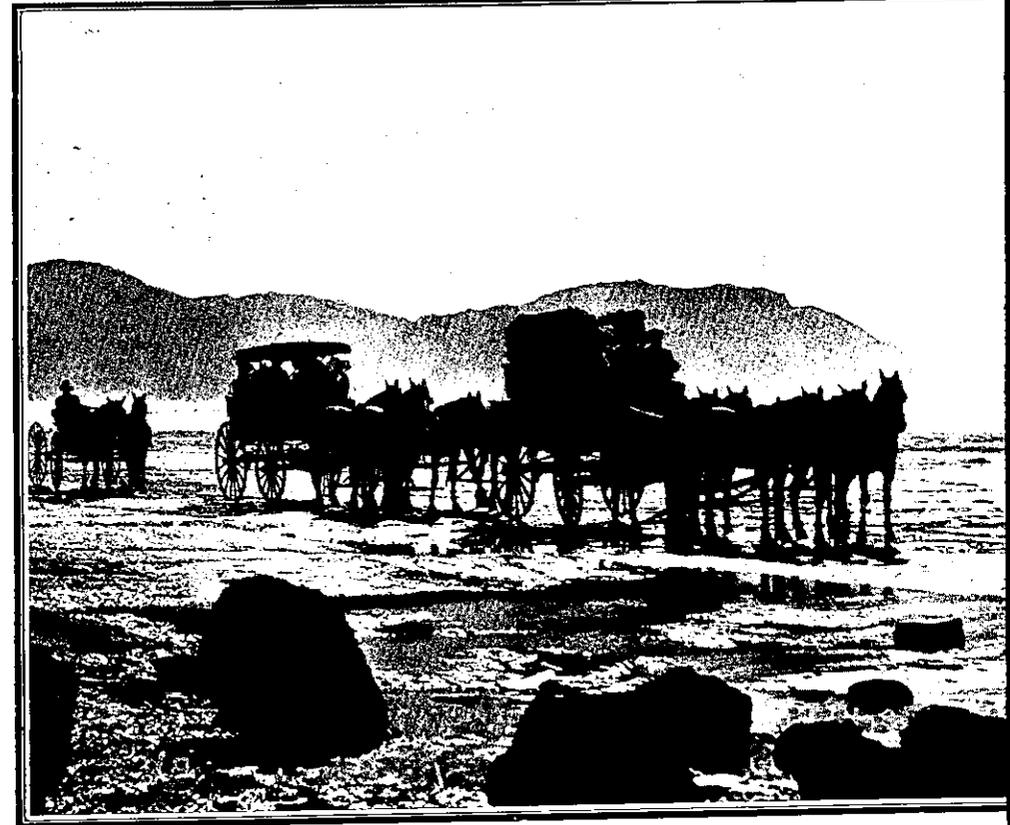
In Bulk and Bottle at all the principal  
Hotels and Clubs in New Zealand.

Private Families Supplied.

A SERIES OF VIEWS TAKEN AT WELL-KNOWN SPOTS IN BOTH ISLANDS.



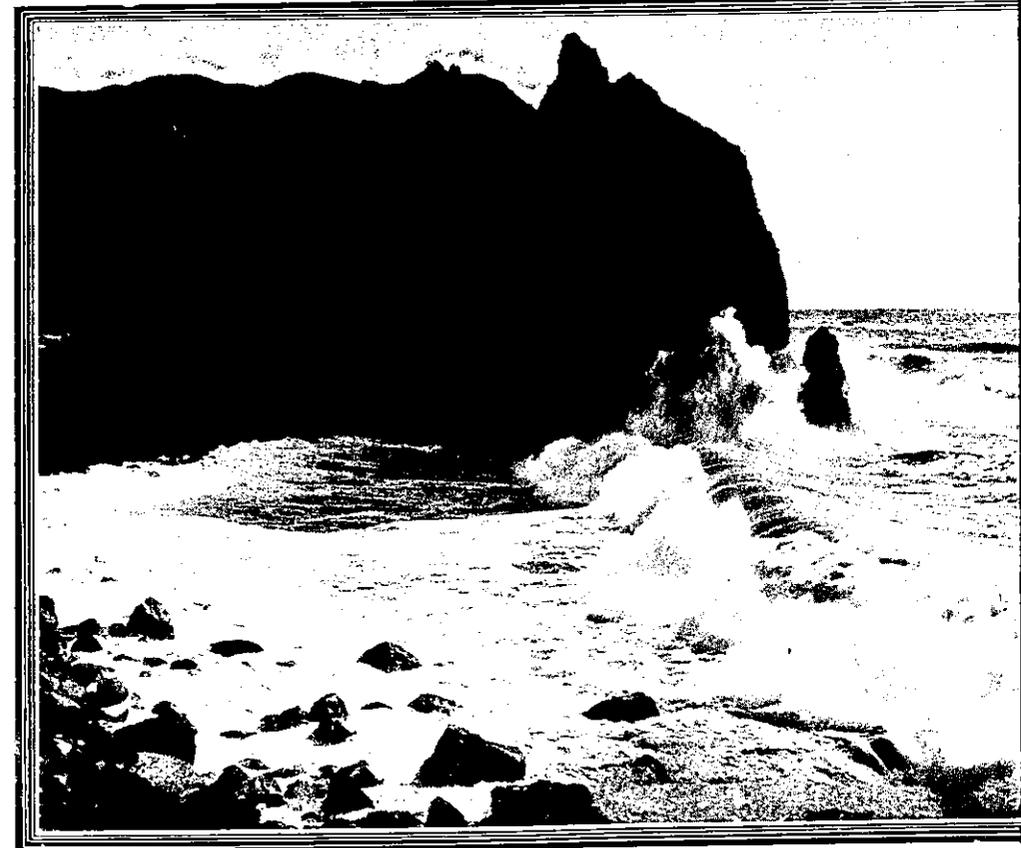
VIEW OF CASTLEPOINT, AN IDEAL SEASIDE RESORT IN THE WAIRARAPA.



THE GISBORNE-TOLAGA BAY COACHING SERVICE AT PUATERE.



BOATING ON THE CLINTON RIVER, NEAR GLADE HOUSE, OTAGO. [J. S. Trevena, Photo.]



A STORM AT WHITE ISLAND, BAY OF PLENTY.

AUCKLAND'S LEADING AUCTIONEERS.

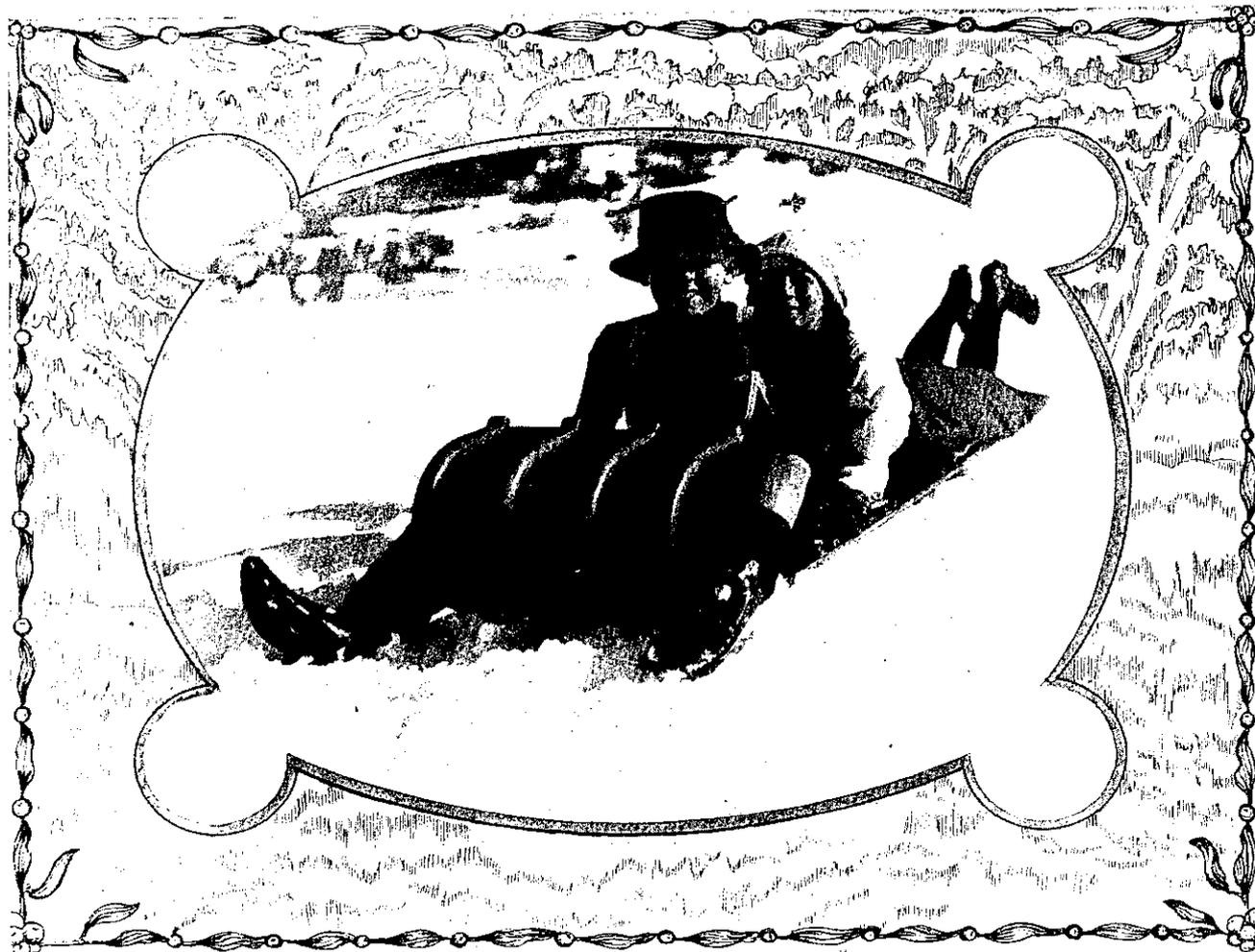
RICHARD ARTHUR, LTD.

One of the oldest established auctioneering firms in the city of Auckland is that of Richard Arthur, Ltd., auctioneers and house furnishers, Elliot Street, Auckland. The present firm was founded by the late Mr. Richard Arthur nearly 60 years ago, since when the business has made such remarkable expansion that at the present time it ranks as one of the leading auctioneers and land and estate agents establishments in the Dominion. Mr. Thos. B. Arthur, the managing director, is a son of the late founder of the firm, and undoubtedly possesses wonderful ability as an auctioneer and salesman. This combined with strict integrity, good service, fair dealing with clients and the confidence of the general public, has resulted in the establishing of a very successful business. A perusal of Messrs. Richard Arthur's (Ltd.) business announcement appearing in this issue should be followed by a visit to the firm's premises in Elliot Street, where there is a very fine display of furniture in mahogany, oak, rimu, mottled kauri, etc., all beautifully finished, and in most attractive designs. The firm's own factory is invariably busy turning out furniture according to clients' designs, the articles being all up to the Arthur standard and procurable at prices that are far below ordinary current rates. Those of our readers who contemplate matrimony should not fail to visit Messrs. Richard Arthur, Ltd., where they will receive full value for every penny spent.

Another feature of the firm's business is the rug and furnishing department. The writer was shown some splendid samples of Indian wool rugs. These rugs are hand woven, and are very attractive in their design. The quaintness of the pattern and the glorious rich colour combination gives just that master touch which is needed to make a room look comfortable and luxurious.

An important branch of Messrs. Richard Arthur, Ltd., is that of the land and estate department. The firm excel in this line of business, this department being in the capable hands of Mr. T. B. Arthur. Any business placed in the hands of this reliable firm will be conducive to their clients' interest and result in a profitable investment.

Messrs. Richard Arthur, Ltd., contemplate building a very fine furniture warehouse, which will be completed about March next. In the meantime, the public are cordially invited to inspect their large and varied assortment of furniture and house furnishings at their auction rooms, Elliot Street, and, if unable to pay a personal visit, a new illustrated catalogue will be forwarded to anybody desiring same on application.



TOBOGGANING ON MOUNT KOSCIUSKO, NEW SOUTH WALES.

[H. Glen Broughton, Photo.]

## WHEN THE WORLD WAS NOT IN A HURRY.

WRITTEN ON A MENU CARD AFTER SUPPER.

We drank then to appear men; men drink now to drown thoughts or get ideas.

We fell in love in a country village; we never had a train to catch.

We frankly admired her—or her—and our compliments were received with a blush—it focussed the kiss.

We exaggerated our years; now we brush our hair over where the grass doesn't grow.

The days were long, but never long enough.

The fireside was repose without spurious domesticity; we could tolerate listening to others.

If we couldn't eat breakfast we apologised; now the same ailment is a pose.

We could catch cold with too long a "good night" at the garden gate. We can still prolong a "good night," but we don't catch cold.

We could wait for half an hour after an appointment was due. Then we would apologise for being too early. Now we look at our watch if we have been kept waiting. "Autres temps autres moeurs!"

We did not mind writing compromising letters.

We were devil-may-care about settling days.

Life was a boon!

We could look into her eyes and mean it; we can still mean it.

We had no past life with which to amuse her.

Ale was not taboo.

Weekly papers were news sheets—to us.

We could believe 30 was 22—if they said so.

'Twas a boast that we had lunched with an actress!

We were distinguished if we knew a jockey.

We wooed, we loved, we renewed our wooing, we quarrelled, we made it up, we loved, and each fell in love with another.

Soda water was for teetotallers and sick headaches.

We sauntered—we meandered—we ran after a butterfly—we rested on the green sward—we threw a stone at a bird—and we peopled the world with heroes and heroines of romance.

We were more in a hurry to be convincing before the world was in such a hurry.

There are so many people in the world who are hoarding strength, only to lose it. There is no peace for a man until he frankly and fully faces the facts that life is given to us to be expended, that we were sent into the world to be used up, that the glory of a locomotive is to reach the scrap heap, and of a man the grave, worn out in service.

## DECIDED NOT TO WAIT.

"Have you an appointment with Mr. Highfalutin?" asked the young lady at the desk.

"No. I wished to see him on important business."

"Mr. Highfalutin' is very busy. Unless you have an engagement with him I'm afraid he will not be able to see you to-day."

"But I must see him. It is very urgent."

"Perhaps you have a card. I will see that it is taken in to him."

"My card will not enlighten him."

"State your business to me, and I will see if he cares to receive you."

"It is a matter that concerns only Mr. Highfalutin' himself."

"Wait here for a few minutes."

"Very well."

"Mr. Highfalutin' says he will see you in four hours if you care to wait that long."

"No. I don't believe I will. That's too long altogether to sit around merely to tell a man that his house is on fire. And a fellow who is as busy as all that wouldn't have time to go to his own conflagration anyhow."

## UNSELFISH SOLDIERS.

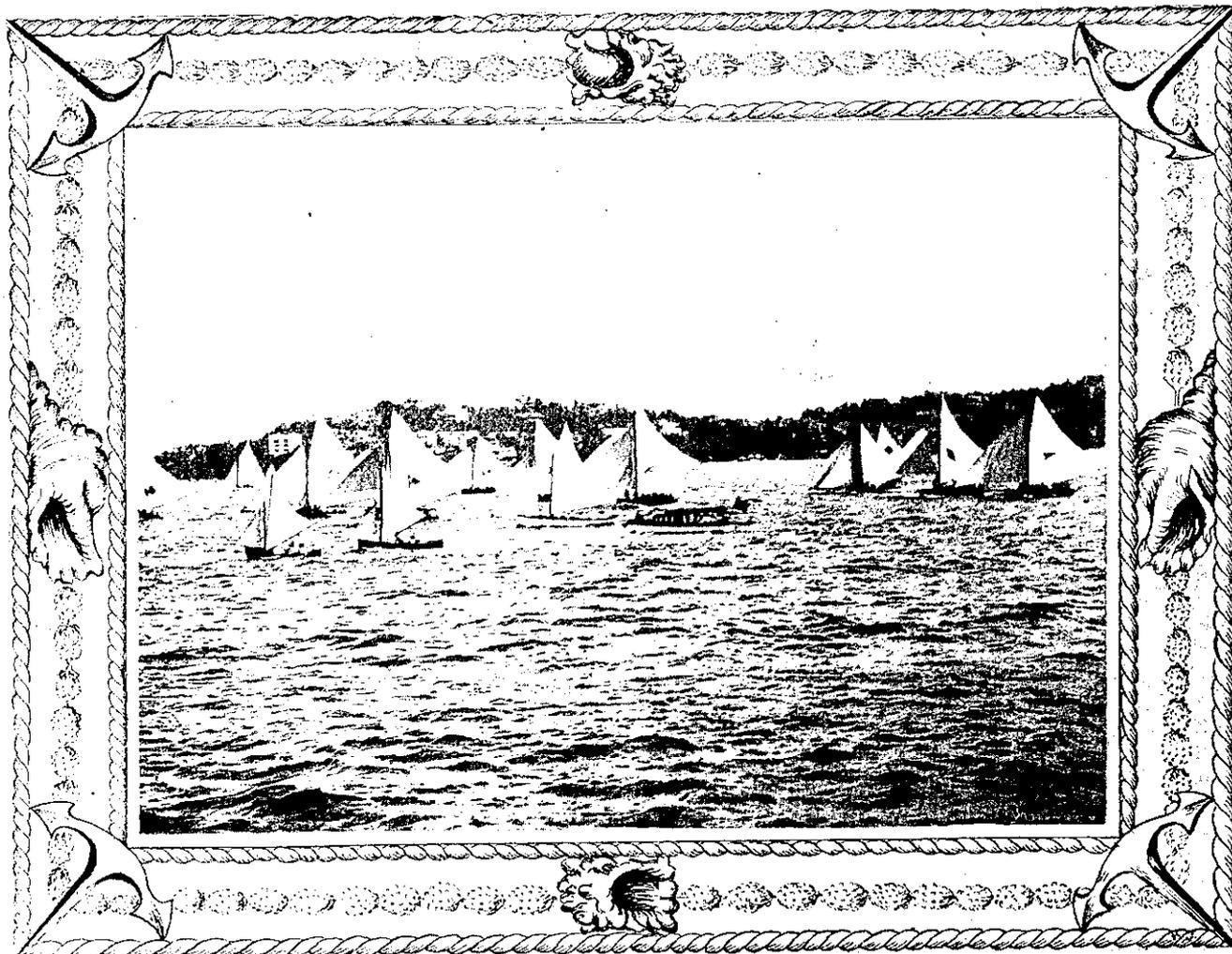
"Patriotism drives all feelings of selfishness or greed out of a man's breast," said a distinguished commander at a luncheon recently tendered him. "A soldier is never selfish and greedy. That is why soldiers' decorations are always of bronze or iron—valueless, you know."

"Yes, soldiers are unmercenary, and I for one can never believe the story of the soldier to whom his commander said, or was alleged to say:

"For valour on the battlefield I pin the iron cross on your breast and lodge £15 in the bank in your name."

"Thank you, colonel," said the soldier, "but if it's all the same to you, would you mind pinning the £15 on my breast and lodging the iron cross in the bank in my name?"

Now, to raise habits to a moral question is to tread on dangerous ground, since some habits are hideous, indeed. But the majority are harmless enough, having little effect except upon those who indulge in them and it becomes a personal matter as to whether a man will rise above or be conquered by the weed, the wine or the ace of trumps.



WHITE WINGS ON SYDNEY HARBOUR.

[H. Glen Broughton, Photo.]

# SUMMER DAYS.



THE delight of Summer cannot be equalled, but there is another side even to the joys of perfect weather and unlimited sunshine.

The complexion becomes "scorched" and rough, the skin often peels, and the face is rendered sore and unsightly. This can be avoided if proper care and attention are given.

CREAM OATINE should be used regularly. Just a very little should be used night and morning. It will keep the skin delightfully soft and smooth and in perfect condition.

# Oatine FACE CREAM

is invaluable as a cooling agent. It brings immediate relief when stung by knats and midges. It is a boon to children whose skins are specially sensitive.

OATINE CREAM also possesses special properties whereby it penetrates into the pores, not only feeding and nourishing the skin in a natural way but removing dust and grime embedded there which soap and water alone will never reach. It will keep the hands soft and velvety and will prevent them becoming ingrained with dirt from domestic work.

In dainty white jars from all Chemists, Stores, etc.

In addition to Oatine Cream, the following OATINE TOILET PREPARATIONS make an irresistible appeal to all who appreciate first-class quality and good value:—

- |                     |                         |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| OATINE SNOW.        | OATINE TOOTH PASTE.     |
| OATINE FACE POWDER. | OATINE SHAMPOO POWDERS. |
| OATINE SOAP.        | OATINE SHAVING STICK.   |
|                     | OATINE SHAVING CREAM.   |

# PEKINGESE

The Perfect Dog with all Powerful Charm.



Mrs. C. NEALE of the "Tang" Kennels, with "Trixie," an exquisite specimen.

*"The best pal, the sweetest, quaintest friend one ever had."*

FOR LOVELY PUPPIES,

Apply:

**MRS. C. NEALE,**

160, Riddiford Street,  
WELLINGTON.



## Ladies' Lingerie

—AND—

## Dainty Blouses.

We are now showing at our NEW SHOWROOMS a very fine selection of Ladies' Imported High-class Lingerie, viz.: Blouses, Camisoles, Skirts, Crash Coats, Sports Coats, Dresses, Hosiery, and everything attaining to the Ladies.

You are invited to call and inspect our beautiful Garments.

**MRS. E. PALMER,**

LADIES' OUTFITTER,

234, Queen Street : Auckland

(Next Princess Theatre)

## Information for Prospective Purchasers

[Published by Arrangement.]

### THE A.B.C. STORES.

#### A BUSY NEWTON (AUCKLAND) ESTABLISHMENT.

The A.B.C. Stores, situated at the corner of Pitt Street and Karangahape Road, Newton, Auckland, otherwise known to the drapery buyers of Auckland as "Ashley's Busy Corner," drapers and clothiers, is the newest addition to the leading stores of Auckland. The proprietor of this enterprising business, Mr. George Ashley, is well known as the late manager of the J.C.L., Queen Street. Mr. Ashley spent 26 years of his business life with Messrs. Court, working through various departments of the firm, and for the last ten years held the responsible position of manager. In February last he purchased the drapery business of Messrs. J. N. Porter and Co., in the popular shopping centre known to the public of Auckland as Newton.

During the seven months of his proprietorship, Mr. Ashley has made many alterations and improvements to the premises, such as adding a fine mantle showroom for the display of costumes, coats and frocks, also a separate department and entrance for the men's and boys' clothing and mercery. These alterations and extensions were rendered necessary by the rapid growth of the business under the new owner. Other departments are: manchester and household drapery, dress goods and silks, hosiery and gloves, laces and embroideries, ribbons, haberdashery, bedding, ladies' underclothing and corsets, blouses and millinery.

The phenomenal growth of the business is ascribed to the policy of the new proprietor in catering as he does for the great bulk of the people, who are, he believes, workers like himself and who require to secure the best possible value for their money. By the way, the watchword of the A.B.C. embodies this principle, being "The best possible value, with courteous service." Mr. Ashley's extensive experience in the drapery trade specially fits him to build up a popular business; his knowledge of the public requirements and his experience in selecting and training a competent staff assures to his patrons a satisfactory service. The A.B.C. caters for the mail order customer also, and offers to exchange any goods or refund the money if not approved.

Visitors to Auckland during the coming summer should make a point of visiting the A.B.C. and comparing values and the service rendered before filling their drapery and clothing requirements.

#### N.Z. CO-OPERATIVE HONEY PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION, LTD.

##### A UNIQUE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

The Dominion of New Zealand appears to be rapidly becoming the home of co-operative undertakings. One of the most successful of such ventures appears to be the New Zealand Co-operative Honey Producers' Association, Limited, whose head office and main depot is situated at Auckland.

For many years the beekeepers of the Dominion had each individually to endeavour to find a market for his or her honey within the Dominion, with the result that at certain times of the year there were much larger quantities of honey available than could be consumed, and in consequence prices to the producer were extremely low and the inducement to produce good quality honey was practically non-existent.

However, just before the war a few far-seeing beekeepers realised that some organisation was needed to properly develop the honey industry in the Dominion and also to find suitable markets. With this idea the New Zealand Co-operative Honey Producers' Association, Limited, came into being, and in order to cope with the surplus honey produced in New Zealand, organised an export trade, and for some years has had its own packing depots in England and has been packing and selling New Zealand honey to storekeepers in the British Isles.

As a result of this campaign, New Zealand honey has won the top place in Great Britain against all comers.

It is understood that since the beginning of the present year the association has exported to Great Britain from its various grading stores in the main ports of New Zealand a quantity of honey exceeding 1,000,000 pounds.

The association has now decided to offer a portion of its members' honey crop to the New Zealand public, and the honey is being packed under the brand "Imperial Bee," and a standard has been set up which will be a guarantee of both quality and colour.

The proposition, we understand, is being properly advertised, and already the new brand has met with great favour.

This movement is a distinctly interesting one, and there is no doubt that with the association having the output from about 1200 large apiaries scattered throughout the Dominion, they should be able to develop the industry along sound lines and to provide the public with a uniformly good quality honey, which will doubtless be the means of increasing the consumption.

There is little doubt that we should all eat more honey and benefit accordingly, were we able to obtain a standard article all the year round.

#### LOWERING THE COST OF MOTORING.

##### SUCCESS OF A GREAT MOTORISTS' CO-OPERATIVE.

The problem that faces both the car owner and the motorist-to-be is the excessive price charged for accessories and requirements in the upkeep of a car. In 1916 a company was formed in Wellington under the trading name of "Combined Buyers, Ltd., with a capital of £100,000, and commenced purchasing motor supplies direct from the manufacturer and distributing them amongst their shareholders at cost price, plus 10 per cent. only. Later the registered capital was increased to £250,000 to extend to as many motorists as possible the privileges of membership.

The company has a paid up capital of £110,000 and a reserve fund of £6335 after three years of trading; whilst amongst its directors are Mr. W. S. Bennett, Wellington; Mr. R. S. Abraham, of Palmerston North; and Mr. James Cow, of Ashburton. Each year the business has shown considerable expansion, and at an early date the company intends erecting up-to-date premises on its site in Taranaki Street, Wellington, and branch establishments in other centres.

The sole aim of the company is to supply its motorist-shareholders with all requirements in the most economical and efficient manner, and thus effect for them considerable money saving, and promoting their pleasure and satisfaction.

The purchase of a very few shares in Combined Buyers, Limited, will enable any motorists to partake of the great benefits and money savings made possible, and in quite a short time the economies effected would recoup for the initial outlay in purchasing the shares. Fuller particulars are explained on another page.

#### GROWTH OF THE SADDLE TREE INDUSTRY IN NEW ZEALAND.

##### A PIONEER AUCKLAND FIRM.

The saddle tree industry in New Zealand was started at the end of the year 1902 by Mr. J. Edwards, who had a practical and extensive experience of the various branches of the business; he showed his faith in the people of the Dominion and in his ability to make a success of the industry by building a factory in Rutland Street, in the City of Auckland. For some time it was a hard fight to overcome the local prejudice against anything made in New Zealand; especially in face of a rank Free Trade policy as regards saddle trees.

By close attention to business and British pluck, he kept the flag flying until the saddlery trade found it very convenient to have a firm in their midst who could supply any shape tree required in small quantities to suit the needs of the trade at short notice. Previously large stocks of imported trees had to be kept in case of anything going wrong with shipments.

This entailed a heavy outlay of capital, which was lying idle. When it was seen that they could be supplied locally a better support was given, although on account of trees being admitted free into the Dominion it kept down the price to a very low margin; in fact, so low that Mr. Edwards at one time was considering seriously of closing down the business. However, shortly before the war broke out a better demand was made for trees, which encouraged Mr. Edwards to instal up-to-date machinery to cope with the demand. The war had only just commenced when the saddlery trade throughout the Dominion woke up to the fact that a firm was in existence in their midst that would prove most useful during the stress of the great European crisis. The war caused a big demand for military trees of various shapes. More machinery was imported to meet the extra demand, and during the last five years the saddlery trade has been well supplied with trees considering the many war restrictions that have tended to hinder business.

During the war period Mr. Edwards has taken his two sons, Mr. A. Edwards and Mr. W. Edwards, into the business, and the firm is now carried on under the name of J. Edwards and Sons. The firm are adding new machinery to the plant, and hope by earnest attention to business to supply all the needs of the trade in the future. We hope the saddlery trade will recognise the strenuous efforts this firm have made under great difficulties by encouraging and continuing the support accorded them during the last five years.

#### A LEADING FIRM OF JEWELLERS.

##### MR. JAMES PRINCE'S STORE OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

At this season of the year our thoughts naturally turn to Christmas gifts and the most suitable form the intended presents should take. This can be easily solved by a reference to the advertisement of Mr. James Prince, watchmaker and manufacturing jeweller, Queen Street, Auckland. The firm is one of the oldest established jewellery businesses in Auckland, having been founded over 50 years ago by Mr. James Prince, Senr., and the wide measure of success achieved has been based upon the foundation of integrity, guaranteed workmanship and splendid value. Mr. Prince has recently opened up new premises adjoining the old establishment, which is directly opposite the "Herald" office, Queen Street, Auckland. A perusal of Mr. Prince's advertisement, appearing elsewhere in this issue, should be of interest to our readers, and should convince them that splendid bargains are being offered by the firm in watches, rings, pendants, etc. Masonic jewels are made to order, and any sporting club desirous of purchasing trophies could not do better than interview this firm, whose reputation for gold and silversmiths' craft is far famed. Ladies will be interested in a charming assortment of toilet requisites, manicure sets (in ebony, silver, plate or solid gold), gold band bracelets, and engagement and dress rings, all of which are offered at most tempting prices. Electroplate and silver tea and coffee services, presentation clocks, watches, wedding and birthday gifts can be purchased from a very fine assortment. We strongly advise our readers who desire to purchase Christmas gifts at a reasonable figure to interview Mr. Prince, as by doing so they are assured of obtaining the greatest satisfaction when making their respective purchases.

#### PEKINGESE TOY DOGS.

##### A CHARMING GIFT.

"The best pal, the sweetest, quaintest friend one ever had." Thus writes Mrs. C. Neale, one of the very best authorities in Pekingese dogs in the Dominion. In the course of an interview with Mrs. Neale at her kennels, 160 Riddiford Street, Wellington, that lady freely discussed upon the pedigree and attractiveness of her "Pekes," convincing the visitor that she is an ardent enthusiast where "Pekes" are concerned. An inspection of the Pekingese toy dogs leaves no doubt that her enthusiasm is more than justified. During the writer's visit to the "Tang Kennels," the quaint, wrinkled faces of the inmates, with their almost human expression, not forgetting their beautiful silky, glossy coats, made one envious to own such a treasure. The puppies are really lovely, and a glance at Mrs. C. Neale's announcement, appearing in this number, will convey some idea of the beautiful class of Pekingese puppies procurable at the "Tang Kennels." Applications for puppies should be made either verbally or by letter to Mrs. C. Neale, 160 Riddiford Street, Wellington.



THE GOVERNMENT STEAMER "TAWERA" AT THE HEAD OF LAKE TE ANAU, SOUTHLAND.

[J. S. Trevena, Photo.]

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