

"Mary, Mary, you know I drink very little, and, as you said, there were many others besides me here last night. Don't talk foolishly."

"I shall talk just as long as I please, and say what I please."

"That will do, then. Talk to yourself. I wonder how you dare act so."

"Dare! Mr Leslie, did you say dare? Then I say that I wonder at you for so forgetting yourself. What am I?"

"You are my own dearest wife, but you are acting very foolishly just now."

"Thank you, sir. You have at last given me to understand the esteem in which you hold me. How I did love you, Jack Leslie, but now I will go back to my mother's at once."

Patient reader, I have the most profound admiration for a mother-in-law, and I should have never introduced her had not she been the culminating point in my story. Jack Leslie was but a man, and that was the last straw.

"Then, hang it, go to her?" he roared, and slamming the dining-room door, he walked to the front entrance. Here he stopped as the sound of subdued sobbing reached him and he tiptoed his way back to the dining room and listened. Mary was crying, and then he remembered that for the first time since their marriage he had not kissed her "good morning." He longed to reopen the door, but, man-like, he said to himself, "I didn't start this quarrel and I won't go back." He went out, slamming the front door, and started briskly for the office, thinking as he went along, "I wonder if she had any real reason for quarrelling with me." He remembered that at the Jones' reception and ball last week she danced most of the plain dances with Tom Gray, his big college cousin, and she had had a long, confidential talk with him. He remembered how proud he had felt

"See that you do so hereafter. What can I do for you, sir?" turning abruptly to the visitor who had so disturbed his meditations. The man opened wide his eyes. He had undoubtedly expected a different reception.

"I'm Duffee, of Ridgefield," he answered.

"Please state your business quickly," as the appearance of his visitor did not seem agreeable to Jack Leslie.

"Its of no importance. Probably you'll hear from me again," significantly responded "Duffee of Ridgefield," as he started toward the exit.

"Just as you please," and Leslie wheeled around in his chair, leaving the stranger still in amazement. The latter made a motion, as if to speak, and then, turning, left the office.

(To be concluded.)

## CONCERT AND ART-UNION DRAWING AT PETONE.

(Petone Chronicle.)

THE art-union drawing in connection with St Mary's new Catholic church, Petone, took place during the concert on Friday, 26th April, publicly on the stage, by a committee of the following gentlemen, who were mostly non-Catholic:—Messrs A. Burns, Bailey, W. King, Cameron, Vance, Sullivan, Dunne, McGill, Coffey and J. Moore. The drawing was conducted on the usual art-union system, having all the numbers in one barrel, and all the prizes in another. Two boys out of the audience were taken to draw, one numbers and the other the prizes, and after each drawing the barrels were turned round to shake up numbers, then the numbers were called out twice, and the ticket

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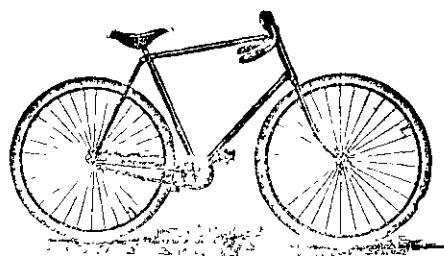
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when his wife said, when Tom asked her for a waltz, "I dance the round dances only with my husband." But Jack was just in the mood for thinking most dreadful things, and he muttered.

"Tom wasn't at our wedding last June, and why should he stay away, unless—"

A hungry-looking dog came along just then and was unceremoniously kicked into the street, and the young man continued gloomily toward his office.

"Say, keep yourselves straight; de young boss is cranky dis mornin'," was the message the office boy sent down the line of clerks about ten minutes later, and before lunch it became quite apparent. The "young boss" was always the kindest of employers, but this morning there was trouble. The office boy had dropped a bottle of ink on the floor, an event which on any other occasion would have caused a laugh, but Mr Leslie, after angrily commenting on his carelessness, discharged him on the spot, though before departing the youth whispered confidentially to the head bookkeeper:

"Say, Mr Smith, I'll be back in de mornin'. He won't never think of it."

Tears came to the eyes of the pretty typewriter at the sharp way she was being spoken to, and even several business men were snubbed quite badly.

So the morning passed. No business. No lunch. He sat in the private office thinking, and the more he thought the more he multiplied the significance of his wife's conversation with his college cousin, and the more miserable he felt. Just in the midst of this unpleasant reverie the junior clerk opened the door and announced:

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

The stranger, a plain-looking, red-faced man, stepped inside.

"Don't you know enough to knock at the door before you open it?" said Mr Leslie to the unfortunate junior clerk.

"I—I knew you were alone, sir, and I never knocked before unless you had visitors, sir," was the hesitating reply.

passed through three hands, to secure certainty, while another wrote down the number of the prize. The whole thing was carried out in a most open and straightforward manner, and the winners obtained their prizes by simply being lucky. We are glad to learn that some of the best prizes remained in Petone. No. 5 prize, an artistic painted 3 panelled fire-screen, in oils, on satin, valued £20, won by Mr A. Ward, Petone; No 12 prize, a handsome painted mirror valued £10, won by Mr H. McGill, Hutt road; an oil painting valued £5, won by Mr Fenwick, Railway workshops; an artistic fire screen, worked on velvet, valued at £5, won by Mr G. Woods, Hutt road. The whole proceedings were most interesting, and the concert was as usual one of the best ever given in Petone. When the Rev E. Donnelly gives a concert, talent and variety can always be relied upon, and he deserves great credit and support for putting such excellent talent before the Petone public, who always get at these concerts or social treats more than value for their money. The performers at the concert were Mrs Swift, an artistic sweet singer and one of Wellington's best sopranos; and the same may be said of Miss Gibbs, a contralto, who knows well how to use her voice: Misses Silva played two duets in their usual good style; Misses Oudby, McGuirk (2), Murphy, and Olive Moore, Messrs Dunn, Vance, James Moore, and Willie Moore were each excellent in their songs, and brought down the house with roars of applause. We hope to hear and see more of the talented Moore family in Petone, who seemed to gain the admiration of the audience. Before the drawing took place Mr Burns, editor of the *Petone Chronicle*, explained that the art-union would take place on the usual art-union system. He himself was not a Catholic and had no interest in the art-union. The money realised from it was not for the benefit of the Rev Father Donnelly: he had all the trouble and expense in getting it up, but the proceeds go towards building a Catholic church for the Catholic people of Petone. It was to their interest and the interest of Petone, where the money would be all spent, not Father Donnelly's personal interest, but that of the Catholics of Petone.

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