

LADIES' COLUMN.

The winter sales are now in full swing, and bargain-hunters are filling their glory, and though there is much rubbish brought to the fore, and displayed at temptingly low prices, still one comes across some veritable bargains at times. All the winter stock of tweeds, cloths, and woollen goods of every description are being sacrificed in order to clear the way for the advent of spring things, and one cannot go far wrong by investing in a dress length of tweed or serge, which, even though laid away in a drawer till next year, can be resurrected then, and converted into a coat and skirt costume, an ever useful gown to possess. It is not so safe though to invest in the absurdly low priced jackets which change in style every year, unless a wrap is actually needed for the few remaining cold months of the year. In millinery there is a remarkable reduction of figures, especially in the felt hats of all descriptions, which are particularly winter stock. Very pretty straws in all colours, and dainty enough for summer wear, are being cleared out at absurd prices in all the leading shops, and all the flowers, ribbons, etc., pertaining to millinery can now be secured at little cost.

A rich gown of deep brown taffeta voile was displayed in triumph the other day by a friend who had become its possessor during sale-time, at one half the original cost, and it was truly a ravishing costume indeed. The long trailing skirt was closely gauged from the waist to just below the hips, and the hem was adorned with simply three deep tucks. Ganging, again, formed the sole decoration of the bodice; this being carried out to shape a deep-shouldered yoke, the top of the sleeve bearing out the same 'motif'.—Just at the throat, and again at the wrists, came clear bands of coffee-coloured lace, and with this exception, the whole creation was a harmony in brown, a colour that has been so fashionable this winter.

The shops show a great variety of ready-prepared trimmings—collars, bands of embroidery, braids in many forms, galons in wool and silk—all of which are designed to lighten the work of the dressmaker, and by consequence the length of their bills to the customer. Many of these trimmings are in perfect taste, and need only to be chosen to suit well the material of the gown to produce an excellent effect. One very pretty trimming was on a coat and skirt of dark grey cloth, and was composed of bands of silk gathered into 'bouillonnes,' the silk was in mixed colours in rather a heavy pattern, which looked very striking when gathered as described. Now is the time to purchase some of the flannels and delaines, which are such comfortable wear in the cold weather. Many of them are exceedingly pretty and dressy, and those with a spot design are always effective, fashioned into a blouse; while those run through with a silken stripe are especially decorative. Bizarre effects in patterns are to be seen in the flannelettes, but some of them are really artistic, and a joy to the eye if they are worn with a suitable skirt, and if the neck adornment and waist belt are chosen with discretion—So many girls think they may wear these strange patterns with any colour scheme; of course, with a plain or an orthodox design, one may have more license. In some very stylish blouses of printed velveteen (the material that has been predicted as becoming so popular) the old idea of the leg-of-mutton sleeve was carried out, being made all in one.

LENTIL SOUP.  
4 carrots, 2 sliced onions, 1 cut lettuce, 2ozs butter, 2 pints of lentils, the crumbs of 2 French rolls, 2 quarts of medium stock. Put the vegetables with butter into a stewpan, and let them simmer for 5 minutes; then add the lentils, which should be soaked in cold water for about 2 hours previously, and 1 pint of stock, and stew gently for half an hour. Now fill up with the remainder of stock, let it boil another hour, and put in the crumbs of the rolls. When these are well soaked, rub all through a wire sieve or straining cloth. Season to taste with pepper and salt, boil up once more and serve.

VEGETABLE RISsoles.  
Take any cold vegetables, with plenty of cold potatoes. Chop the vegetables finely, and mash the potatoes with butter. Season with a little pepper and salt, and tarragon. Form into balls, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in plenty of hot dripping.

SEED CAKE.  
1/2 lb flour, 6 ozs butter, 6ozs sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz of Caraway seeds, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add eggs well beaten, and dredge in the flour; add the powder. Bake for half an hour.

ELIANE.  
What is it that banishes Coughs and Cold? Woods' Great Peppermint Cure! Equally good for the young and old—Woods' Great Peppermint Cure! Better than Plasters, Drops, or Pills, Killing the Germs of a Cough and Saving a Fortune in doctors' bills—Woods' Great Peppermint Cure!

The Only Cough Medicine Free from Narcotics.—After the enactment of the Poisons Act the Pharmacy Board of New South Wales had an analysis made of the cough medicines that were sold on the market. Out of the entire list they found only one that they declared was entirely free from all narcotics. This exception was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which proves it to be the safest and best that can be had. It is especially recommended for coughs, colds and whooping cough, and may be given to the little ones with absolute security. For sale by G. Guest & Sons, Storekeepers.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, For Coughs and Colds never fails. Is 6d

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, For Coughs and Colds never fails. Is 6d

OMAHA.

(Own Correspondent.)  
GALLANT RESCUE.  
Our local schoolmaster discovered, the other day, what might have been mistaken at a distance, for a mermaid sporting herself amid the pellucid waves. A distinctly human scream, however, in place of the usual siren song awoke our worthy pedagogic to the realization that some one was in a difficulty. So it came to pass that the former Captain of the Rodney Rifles put spurs to his gallant steed, hastened to the rescue, and safely delivered the daughter of a recently arrived settler from a dilemma which might soon have had a more than serious ending. A self-willed damsel had foolishly rushed into perils of the deep; a stalwart knight extricated her therefrom and all is well that ends well. Our resident poet took advantage of this occasion to deliver himself of a ode, but as its lengthened sweetness lingers through nineteen verses, it will be as much as the nerves of a long suffering public can stand if I inflict one verse on them thusly:—  
O, wifely one! tempt not the briny;  
But to this warning straightway hark—  
But stay at home and wash the chi-ney  
Than take fool-riisks with the nimble shark.

LOAVES WANTED.  
The pitiful cry kept up by the hungry Leightie when the steamers come in without the usual supply of 'soft tommy' is as heartrending as the shriek of the Gael's steam whistle. There's an opening here for a baked dough shop, and though there is a local fish depot, man hankers after the loaves as well as the fishes, as it was in the beginning and ever will be to the end of the absorbing chapter.

DOME VALLEY.

(A Correspondent.)  
FARMERS' UNION.  
The monthly meeting of the DOME Valley branch of the above, was held on July 11th. A circular letter was read from Mr Backeridge, dealing with the advisability of starting a co-operative society, on the lines of those down at Canterbury. This brought forth considerable discussion; the members expressing themselves on the whole in favour of such a society being started in this district. Word to be sent to Mr Backeridge to that effect.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.  
The DOME Valley school committee held a meeting the same evening when matters in connection with filling the vacancies on the School Board, were dealt with.

BAND OF HOPE.  
The monthly meeting of the Band of Hope was held on July 13th. The attendance was but small as the weather was more promising for rain than for fine. However those who did come seemed to enjoy themselves and have a good time. Mr Hudson, vice-president, occupied the chair. The following hymn, "The Lord is Coming by and bye"; prayer; solo, "The King is Coming"; chairman; recitation, "A Glass of Claret"; Miss G. Pearson; reading, selection from Mrs Pumpkin, Mr Herbert Phillips; solo, "The Luggage van Ahead"; Miss Ione Wilson; solo, "Angel Hands"; Miss O. Phillips; address, Mr Pearson; reading, "A Temperance Address"; Miss G. Pearson; reading, Chairman; Hymn, "Only Remembered." At the close of the programme the annual business meeting was held, and resulted as follows:—President, Mr Blair; vice-presidents, Messrs Herbert Phillips, and J. Hudson; secretary and treasurer, Mr T. Oakes; committee: Mesdames Henny, Clark and G. Phillips; Misses G. Pearson, Ethel Blair, O. Phillips, S. Blair, C. Woodcock, E. Hudson, B. Phillips, L. Grimmer and A. Wilson. Messrs W. Pearson, W. Sharp, L. Phillips, H. Grimmer and H. Wilson.

MATAKANA.  
(Own Correspondent.)  
THE DAILY CO.  
The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Matakana Dairy Company has been held, and there is good reason to feel gratified at the success of the past year. The chairman of Directors, Mr S. Croker, occupied the chair and the balance-sheet and directors' report were read and showed that after paying 1d per lb more for butter fat than previous year a profit had been made of £180, a portion of this had been used in liquidating debts of past years and a liberal provision was made for depreciation, and a substantial balance carried forward as shown by the balance sheet. This is not all for there are five shipments of butter the returns of which are not to hand, that will, beyond doubt increase the amount to be carried forward considerably. The directors re-elected and elected are Messrs S. Croker, M. Carne, E. Vipond, E. Croker, S. Melkolehn, J. Braithwaite and A. Cronekshank.  
VERMOREL'S KNAPSACK SPRAY  
"ECLAIR."  
The "Eclair" is now universally known as a reliable and durable machine, sir of construction, and so easy to use that boy or girl can work it. This spray made of copper and is recommended by Royal Agricultural Society of England.  
For Bronchial Coughs take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. Is 6d.  
DISTRESSING STOMACH TROUBLE.  
Quickly cured, to stay cured, by the masterly power of Dr Eraser's Tonic Juice. Dyspepsia no longer suffers from this dread malady, because this famous remedy is a relief to every form of Stomach Trouble. It is a cure for Constipation, as well as a regulator of the Kidneys and Liver.

PUHOI.

(Own Correspondent.)  
CHURCH.  
We had the pleasure of a flying visit from the Rev. Father Zanna, who arrived in Puhoi on Friday last. On Sunday, before a crowded congregation, he gave a most impressive sermon on the Pharisaical laws which was listened to with rapt attention. We much regret the rev. gentleman was unable to remain with us, as several said they felt much better by having had the pleasure of being in the company of such a genial, and true Christian man. We trust in the near future he will again come among us.

BLACK SHEEP.  
It is reported we have a very black sheep amongst our white ones, because he does not keep the Sabbath, in accordance with some so called pious people. His great sin is he entertains friends who call in for a quiet chat, and to exchange their views of things in general, as they are unable to meet during the week. We fail to see that he is blacker than others, who stand outside a church before and after Divine service, asking their friends to dances, card parties, and even booking orders for goods from a needle to an anchor. If they are so religious let them read the scriptures, and follow out the Divine teaching. "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

FARM.  
Mr A. Russak had asked us to let his friends know that the new farm he has bought, is from Mr Kers, of Mount Maungakarama. If he has paid as much for it, as the length of the name, it must amount to a good sum. Mr Kers has improved the estate for over 30 years, and, on account of increasing years, he is retiring to a smaller farm of his own. Mr Russak's sons take possession in September, and whenever any of their Puhoi chums turn up to stay with them, bringing their wives and sweethearts, especially the latter, they will receive a hearty welcome.

SICKNESS.  
Thanks to a good friend, our correspondent is now well again. He was recommended to take brandy and soda baths and the rheumatism quickly left him, and since he has been about again others who suffered from the same complaint only have to shake hands with him and they receive an electric B. and S. shock. The consequence is rheumatism in Puhoi is now a thing of the past. It's worth knowing, and inexpensive to those who shake his friendly hand.

MONEY LENDER.  
Some one came along the other day, asking us whether it would pay him to start money lending as he had more coins than he knew what to do with. Says one of our settlers: "Do as you like, but to my mind we all think that the like of you would serve us in the present tense, lend us money in the conditional mood, keep us in the subjunctive, and ruin us in the future. At present we can do without it."

INSURANCE.  
Another agent has called on us, and advises us to look to the future. He came across three young fellows and when he thought he had secured them he asked their occupations. "Doing nothing," said they. "Oh! loafing are you?" "No," said one, "how can that be, when it takes 'leaven to make a loaf."

THREE SHILLINGS REWARD.  
On Wednesday night, July 12th, a flat bottomed boat, 20 feet long, painted black and white, and containing two sets of rowlocks and a galvanized chain and anchor, was stolen from Mr Weinz Russel's wharf, at the Waiverua end of the Puhoi creek. A scow belonging to Mr Gibbs, the son of Capt. Gibbs of Auckland, had been unloading coal at the Puhoi wharf, and his two assistants left him suddenly during the Wednesday afternoon, and no one saw us have seen them again. One was a thick set Norwegian. It is thought they may have borrowed the boat, and either cast it adrift or sold it. The above reward will be paid to anyone returning it to Mr W. Russak.

WHANGATEAU.  
(Own Correspondent.)  
DEATH.  
Much regret is felt throughout the whole district at the death of a young son of Mr David Darroch which occurred early on Sunday morning, as the result of lockjaw occasioned by very recent injury to the foot. Much sympathy is expressed for the grief-stricken parents and other relations. The boy had endeared himself to his many companions, and was most popular. The funeral at the Dacre's Chapel Cemetery on Monday afternoon was attended by the children of both schools and by the many friends of the Darroch family who had been made aware of the passing away of one who will be widely missed.

IS ASTHMA CURABLE.  
Those who are afflicted with this distressing complaint must have frequently asked themselves this question. ERASER'S MOUNTAIN KIDNEY ASTHMA POWDER has solved the difficulty, and thousands of sufferers have been restored to a normal state of health through using it. A single trial will convince the most sceptical. Obtainable from J. Harrison, Agent.  
Enjoy Your Meals.—Your food does little good when you have no desire for it; when you dread the next meal. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will sharpen your appetite and strengthen the digestive organs. They are just what you need to make you relish and enjoy your meals. For sale by G. Guest & Sons, Storekeepers.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

The man on the rude bunk in the tattered tent smiled grimly into the priest's eyes. Yet in that one quick smile there was a lifetime of scorn and bitterness, and the priest, looking down with pitying glance on that hard, stern, unyielding face, upon which the twilight of death was fast setting, knew intuitively that a wild and wasted life was ebbing to its close. He stooped and ran his soft white hand over the brow which carried many a furrow that years alone had never placed there, for who lay dying was a young man still—young as the years are counted, old in adversity and in iniquity.

Outside the tent the night was calm and still, excepting when a burst of rude laughter or the chorus of a song rang out from one of the many groups of diggers who were gathered around the camp fires of Minter's Gully, for the "boys" were on gold in Kuraupai, and a day of toil was ended, usually, by a night of riot. Now and then the noise fell upon the ears of the dying man, and he would smile wearily, as if the old familiar echoes brought with them mingled joy and pain. The priest looked down upon the broad shoulders and the white round arms that looked almost womanish in their nudity, and he knew, for he was a man of the world as well as a priest, that the wreck before him was the remnant of an athlete. He did not know the man except by repute, and the reputation he had borne was an evil one. He had heard of him as a cynic in his sober moments, and as a savage in his cups. A sneering, reckless, ruthless devil, possessing neither love nor reverence for things human or divine. One who knew no fear and had no faith. Men said he was one who would give his last crust to a starving dog, and his last sneer to a woman—and yet women had liked him as much as the men hated him, and he repaid their liking with ceaseless wooing and mocking contempt, until they said that he was fair to none and faithful to all. And now he was hovering on the very boundary of life's lease.

"You had better leave me, Father." "I cannot leave you to die alone, my son. Is there not one man in all the camp whose hand you would like to grasp before the end comes?"

"Again that cold smile flashed over the clean-cut face. "Not one, Father; no, not one, neither here nor in all the earth. Do not rats leave a sinking ship? Friends are true until the bank breaks, then good-bye to friendship. I know, for I have tried them, Father, and I'd rather die alone like a wounded dog than have those I don't believe in with me in an hour like this."

"Is there no woman, my son, whose hand can close your eyes and soothe the last dark hour? Tell me, my son, and no matter whom, or what, she may be I will bring her to you if she is within my reach."

"A woman, Father? In all God's earth there is not one whose hand could help me now."

"Then let me pray for you, for there is one friend to whom the friendless can turn when earth holds none. You are not of my faith; but as a man and a sinner let me kneel and pray for your immortal soul."

"No, not that, Father. Let me die as I have lived—friendly, faithful, godless and alone."

"I will not leave you, though you are stubborn in your sin; even to the doors of death I will go with you."

"How long shall I live, Father?" "Two hours, my son."

"Then let me talk, if you will stay and when the end comes take from beneath my pillow a bunch of withered roses and place them in my dead hand."

he had stood between me and trouble from childhood. "And he wronged you?" murmured the priest with white set face. "Listen, Father. One night my horse had gone lame with me as I rode homewards, so I threw the bridle over my arm and walked up the hillside, and neither the horse's nor my footsteps made any sound on the deep grass that grew there, so together the old chestnut and I reached a gap in the hedge that faced my bedroom window, and I was passing through when I saw a man standing in the garden, and his head just reached above the window-sill. "Are you listening, Father?"

"Go on to the end," said the sorrowful voice of the Churchman.

"I saw him, and knew him; it was my friend—the friend of a lifetime. Then the window opened, and my wife leant down; I saw the bloom of the lamp on her bright brown hair, and on the white gown, on her arms and neck as she leant far out of the window. In her hand she held a bunch of roses, the same that now lie beneath my pillow. She raised the roses to her lips and, kissing them, gave them to him, and he, with a light happy laugh, turned with the flowers in his hand and walked with swift flying steps to the gap in the hedge where I stood; and I, O God!—I did not speak. I could not speak; my tongue was as iron in my mouth, and the wild blood of a wild race was singing in my veins. He stopped with a little start of surprise when he saw me; then came on with outstretched hand. I, dashing his hand aside, felled him to the earth with one blow of my fist, and kicked him as a man kicks a hound that has bitten the hand that fed him. Then he staggered to his feet and faced me with his face all bathed in blood; and, being a man, he struck back, and then—I scarcely know how it was done; it was an old wrestling trick I had learnt in the gymnasium—but his back was across my knee, my forearm was across his throat, and I threw all my weight on the curve of his neck. There was a quick sharp sound, as if something in his back had broken. One low, bitter, awful cry left his lips, and he lay dying at my feet."

"And the priest went on with his praying."

"Then I picked him up in my arms as though he had been a child, and with him I took the little bunch of roses, and passing through the house, I carried my burden into my wife's bedroom, and threw the man and the flowers at her feet. She, being a woman, understood it all without words. She went down upon her knees by the limp body; taking his face between her hands she pressed it to her bosom and kissed the white lips; whilst I, mad with the madness of a devil untamed, heaped taunts upon her head and his. And I stood by and saw her struggle with her broken load until she placed the dying man upon her bed—her bed and mine—and then she turned, and taking from my pillow, where she had pinned it, a letter, gave it to me with the one word "coward" on her tongue, and then sped away into the night to bring a physician, who lived close by, and I was left alone with him and the letter she had given me. I read it through from end to end, and then all heaven and hell seemed to open, and the air was full of condemnation. I looked up at last—looked at the form upon the bed, and saw the big black eyes of him I had loved fixed on my face with such a gaze of yearning love and pity that all the marrow froze within my bones, and with one bitter cry I asked my God to let the hills fall down and cover me. He called my name and I crept close to him. He drew my head down, and he kissed my lips, and out of his great love forgave me all, and from the letter in my hand, and from his dying lips that never died, I knew that he had come that night to tell my wife; that evening he had won the promise of her dearest friend to be his wife, and she had given him the roses to take as a sweet token of her fond regard, with wishes for a happy, hopeful life.

"And when they came to him and told him that his life was sapped, and that the shroud and not the bridal garb would be his portion, he told them all it was an accident, a horse's blunder in the darkness did it; and then he placed my hand within my wife's and asked her, for the Man of Nazareth's sake, to let the past be buried with him."

"But from that hour to this I've been a vagrant on the face of the earth, a wanderer without friends or resting-place. My punishment has never ceased by night or day, and every hour has been to me a living death. I never met a man to call him comrade but he betrayed my trust, and laughed at me until I learned to loathe the very voice of mankind. I have known no woman in these long, accursed years who has not turned when trouble touched me, or else grew weary of me as a passing boy; so I grew weary of the ceaseless pain, and with my own hand I have paid the penalty of the unpardonable crime, for a life for a life must be given. Father, place the bunch of roses so that they will hide the gunshot wounds through which my life is ebbing. Throw the tent wide open; let me see the camp fire glisten once again. So this must be the ending."

"And the priest closed his tired eyelids and went on with his praying."

"I can see him, too—my firmest friend. I see him now with his brave good face, looking so kindly in the calm of an unspotted life, and the sight of that face brings back a pain that deadens the anguish of the gunshot wound in my side."

"And the priest paused awhile in his praying. "We were friends from boyhood, Father. He was a Churchman, though not of your faith, and he stood by my side when my girl wife and I were married, and his lips were the first to wish us long life and happiness, and his hand was the first that we clasped as man and wife. He was my friend, and in all the wide earth there was none whom I loved as I loved him, for

Baking Powder.  
PERFECT SUCCESS  
In baking can be obtained by using  
SHARLAND'S  
Moa Brand  
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It is not only guaranteed free from Cream of Tartar and Tartaric Acid, the injurious substances of most other Baking Powders, but

It is guaranteed to make the finest Pastry and Scones that can possibly be baked. Guaranteed, remember! If you follow the instructions contained in each tin

YOU CANNOT FAIL.  
It is surely worth your while to try. See what others besides ourselves say about it:

TESTIMONIAL.

Messrs Sharland and Co., Limited, Auckland.

Dear Sirs,  
In response to your request we have made an exhaustive trial of Sharland's "Moa" Brand Baking Powder, especially in regard to the making of scones. We find that the Scones made with it are very light and spongy—the texture being even and the colour much whiter than when made with Cream of Tartar Powders. We would like to remark that many people make the mistake when making scones of putting them into the hot oven too quickly after mixing, instead of allowing them to remain on the tray to work for five or ten minutes before putting into the oven. In conclusion we may say that after a most thorough investigation of your "Moa" Brand Baking Powder we are satisfied that by its use the very best results are obtained in making scones and all other kinds of cakes and pastry.

Yours faithfully,  
McGRUBGOR & MONTGOMERY,  
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