



Lake Okareka, near Lake Rotornui

Government Tourist Department, photo

South of the Straits

ten Association, with very little trumpet blare, supports five free kindergarten-gartens, and their unobtrusive work deserves more publicity than it receives. At the last birthday party the wee pupils, with great solemnity, watered flowers out of an empty watering can, danced as fairies, and romped as flowers. One small laddie, with a domestic instinct that boded well for his bride twenty years hence, refused to be torn from the washing tub, and the envied of all was the lady who worked the mangle. A dodo of smiling mothers drank tea, and beamed upon the small performers.

That there may be "not a possible doubt, no possible, probable shadow of doubt" of reclining on plush-covered chairs, a serpent-like procession of plutocrats waited outside a music shop in the early grey hours of a Canterbury springtime morning. Like William Shakespeare, Gilbert and Sullivan have been elevated to a pinnacle of respectability, and many who never frequent the theatre on ordinary occasion, resurrect their fascinators and rejoice in the melody offered for their approval. Music in the morn is usually associated with the lark, but the waiting line raised up voice in harmonious reminiscences, and snatches of "Flowers that bloom in the spring," and "Take a pair of sparkling eyes" floated out to delight the



B. H. Clifford, Christchurch

Mrs. West-Watson, wife of the Bishop of Christchurch

ears of the early morning milkman, and the itinerant paper vendor. On the morrow a still longer trail will adorn the metal and chilly steps leading to that purgatory of the penurious—the gallery of the theatre. There is a murmur among our city authorities, and rumour of backs to be provided to the supremely uncomfortable benches of this same gallery; at present, tier upon tier, we wipe our collective feet on our neighbour's coat tails.

We have just passed through the trials of Health Week, and obeying the dictates of the authorities have opened wide our windows, and let in the air, which, owing to a drop in the thermometer is particularly fresh; we have crept into our airy hatches and eaten lettuce; we have scooped up our back yard; and swatted the happy little spring fly. We have studied the subject in all its branches, and have familiarised ourselves with the preliminary symptoms of every known disease. We know how to cure them all—and fortunately, too, since we have developed the preliminary symptoms of no less than five complaints, all with a fatal termination. We are deeply aggrieved; we have not yet contracted nettle rash. Still, we have hopes—and now that Health Week is over, we shall have leisure to attend to our accumulated complaints. Next month we are to be Educated—mark the capital!—under the aegis of an Education Week Committee. Fearing the worst, we make our adieu while we may, in words of two syllables—Good-bye.