

material the House is made of. There is certainly room for vast improvement, and it is in the power of the women to effect it if they are wise and know how to act. Unfortunately, like the majority of the men, they are foolish and ignorant in political matters, and require a great deal of training before they can bring about that blessed consummation in Parliamentary Government so devoutly wished for by all good citizens. It is for the Women's Political Leagues to undertake their education, and if they succeed ever so little in that work they will have fully justified their existence.

THE day of the pugilist is rapidly passing away. Practically speaking he is making his last stand in America, but even there public opinion is strongly against him, and every state has taken or is taking measures to banish the prize ring from its borders. One of the last of the great ring contests that is likely to take place in the States was fought on October last, but the fact that the meeting place was in semi-civilised Texas is significant of the popular attitude towards this so-called 'sport.' I hardly think that anyone will seriously regret the extinction of the type of prize-fighter. It was not a beautiful one in any sense of the word; there was nothing romantic in the average 'slogger,' as there may be in a Matador or Toreador. In most cases he was a singularly undesirable specimen of animalism and brutality. Still, as a recent writer has pointed out, there has been some good in the ring. Its enemies must not lose sight of the fact that a nation with a good fist receives fewer insults and takes better care of itself on the spur of the moment than a nation of men that avenges personal insults with the sword. The duello is declining everywhere, but it has been stamped out among all Anglo-Saxon peoples, who use their fists to protect themselves and are now learning to use the law. France and England side by side, illustrate this truth. An English gentleman, if insulted, will avenge it on the spot with a bluff back-hander or a good punch in the ribs, but the Frenchman will go off to write a challenge and hunt up a second. This is due largely to the difference in physical training of the two peoples. If the Frenchman knew how to use his fist with a good right arm, he would drop his appeal to the sword, which often eventuates in farce.

CANADA (says the *Illustrated American*) has produced a poet, a national poet, at last. His name is James McLuttre, and he lives at Ingersoll, Ontario. Unlike most of the song birds of Canada, Mr McIntyre is always intelligible, as the following extract from his 'Ode to a Thousand-pound Hog' will demonstrate:

Pig had to do some routine work  
To make one thousand pounds of pork.  
Our stomach it doth not incline  
To eat a hog seven feet nine.  
On smaller pig we love to dine,  
And it we do enjoy so fine.  
For big, fat hog we don't repine;  
Let others eat enormous swine.

There are many other similar gems in his book; and in its naive repose on cheese and cream, butter, eggs and corn, as the essential themes that should occupy the visions of a poet, Mr McIntyre easily proves his right to rank in the van of modern realists.

FOR the benefit of those readers of the GRAPHIC who are dependent for their milk supply on the condensed article—and I know that in the bush districts there are many who cannot obtain fresh milk—I would like to draw attention to the special Analytical and Biological Commission which reported recently on the milk supply of London. The Commission examined seventeen brands of condensed milk, and found that of these fourteen were prepared entirely from skimmed milk, and showed an average of only 0.72 per cent. of fat. The other three brands were prepared from partly skimmed milk, or from skim milk to which a small proportion of unskimmed had been added, and they showed an average of 3.14 per cent. of fat. The 'Milkmaid' brand, prepared by the Anglo Swiss Condensed Milk Company, was found on examination by the same analysts to contain 10.92 per cent. of fat, or 99.0 per cent. more butter fat than is contained on an average in the other brands examined. The abstraction of fat from milk used as food for young children is a most serious matter. In his 'Lectures on the Artificial Feeding of Infants,' Dr. Cheadle has rightly pointed out that fat serves a vital purpose in the nutrition of young growing animals, being largely concerned in all cell growth, and necessary for the perfect formation of bone. 'I wish to lay special stress,' he says, 'upon the paramount importance of a due proportion of fat in the feeding of infants, because it is a point most imperfectly recognised by the majority of medical men who direct the feeding of young children. In spite of the significant fact that milk is a rich emulsion of fat, little children are constantly placed on artificial foods which are almost destitute of this vital element.' Fridge oil, as it is called, is alone sufficient to produce rickets.

## ... OVERLAND ...

# NAPIER to AUCKLAND.

[SEE PAGES 670-671.]

A Taupo one is in the heart of the North Island and well within the boundaries of the great thermal area. Many are the beautiful and marvellous scenes which can be visited from Taupo as a centre. The lake, of which a splendid view is obtained from Ross' Hotel, invites those who love the water, and there is some fine cliff scenery to be met with along its shores. Joshua's Spa, where there is a fine hot swimming bath, a sulphur bath, and several geysers and boiling pools, is about two miles from Taupo and Te Wairakei, a centre marvellously rich in wonders of all kinds, is only six miles from the township. The Arateatea Rapids are eight miles off, and Rotokawa, the bitter lake, three miles further on. Ateamuri is 24 miles from Taupo, and Orakei Korako about the same. These last two places may be visited en route to Rotorua, but they are often made the object of a special trip by those staying some time at Taupo. This week we reproduce a series of pictures of some of the attractive spots within this region. They are taken somewhat at random, so as to give a conception of the nature of the country as a whole. The first represents the hot springs at the Terrace Hotel. Here there are sulphur and iron baths and the only real hot lake in the thermal. The Ateamuri Hotel is a most comfortable house kept by Mr Charles Crowther. In view of the hotel, and about half a mile distant from it, stands the hill of Pohatu-roa, a rocky cone of rhyolite, which forms a most distinctive feature in the landscape. On the top of this rock there used to be a pa belonging to the Ngati-rau-kawa, in which the tribe found a safe retreat on the approach of a formidable enemy. Naturally the place was almost inaccessible, and the Maoris by scarping the sides made it entirely so to a foe without special appliances for carrying the assault.

(To be continued.)

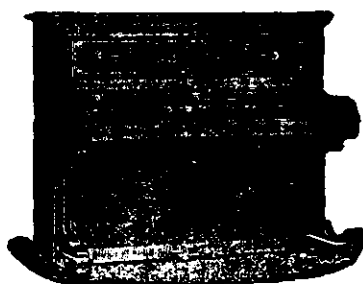
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## ROUND THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

[WITH APOLOGIES TO THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.]

WHEN we assembled for the morning meal, the Melancholy Man was more melancholy than usual. He said he had been recommended to try athletic sports as a cure for melancholia. He did. He swallowed a four hours' dose and returned home looking so 'blue' that his last washerwoman, whom he hadn't paid and was unlucky enough to meet, suggested sarcastically across the road, that he should stir himself in the tub to blue his linen and save extras. An undertaker, on the look-out for advertising boards, stopped to enquire his terms. The Melancholy Man said he felt that taking athletic sports for low spirits was about as sensible as taking a Union Company's steamer for sea-sickness. He said that walking round the Cricket Ground of the Domain on Saturday gave him as sea-sick an impression as any heaving vessel on the ocean deep had ever done. When he made his first circumnavigation he was almost cheerful. The sun shone and the band played gaily. His lady friends greeted him with pleasant bows and smiles. Seen through a glass the thousands of moving, gaily-clad objects represented the shifting lights and colours, the innumerable lovely tints of a huge kaleidoscope. Then the sun went out to look up his country friends who didn't want him, and forgot to shut the windows, and the rain dropped in on the town folks, who would have been equally glad to show it the door. By this idiotic arrangement the Melancholy Man got very wet. 'Her golden hair all hanging down her back,' no longer had charms to soothe his savage breast. It might hang there till it bleached, or be done up in a French roll or a German bun or a set of corkscrews—he didn't care. His lady friends were moving, gaily-clad objects still, but alas! to his distorted rain-blurred vision, objects in another and more impolite sense. Presently the sun reappeared. This settled the Melancholy Man. He felt the weather was cheating him at the three card trick, and no matter what you backed, something else would turn up. His spirits fell to freezing point and his looks got so chilling that everyone who passed took violent colds and sneezing fits on the spot.

'Your experience was not uncommon,' said the Practical man. 'Most people who attended the sports on Saturday returned in anything but a sportive frame of mind. Yet, to my thinking the weather was not the depressing feature in Saturday's entertainment. More deplorable is the gambling element which has already begun to gnaw like a cancer into the very core of these otherwise innocent healthy, and delightful athletic functions. The Auckland youth is no longer satisfied with his wreath of laurels. He must have heavy "stakes" in his favour to make his race worth the running. His friends and supporters must have a financial interest in him if they are to crane their lordly necks to watch the contest, or exert their lordly lungs on his behalf. Open betting on the field is prohibited, but who can arrest the tide of this corrupting evil, which finds access in thousands of surreptitious "sweeps" and heavy backing, and threatens to obliterate all that is beneficial and manly and of good report in the pastimes of the young colonial?'

'The conversation this morning,' remarked the Frivolous Youth, 'reminds me of a familiar operatic "patter."—

'Oh don't the days seem lank and long  
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong;  
And isn't your life extremely flat,  
With nothing whatever to grumble at?

'As we are all tuned up to grumbling pitch,' said the Professor, 'let me add my note to the concord of sweet growls. That it represents a "bar" to what popular sentiment calls "Love's Golden Dream," all keen observers at Saturday's gathering will agree. Stay! Since modern science refuses to admit of the tender passion, and puts it down to bacilli in the auricles and ventricles and main artery, allow me to explain that I refer to the microbe which is supposed to worry around a young man's cardiac locality in the spring. This microbe occasionally develops into a troublesome, but rarely fatal malady, called love at first sight. Now, I suppose, out of the several thousands of unattached young people who passed and re-passed each other on Saturday, all of whom, remember, were predisposed to infection, a hundred caught it. Fifty couples in love—enamoured of each other's eyes, or curve of the ear, or inclination of the nose, or whatever it may be that inspires the divine passion. Fifty marriages made, not in heaven, but a very good substitute to folks in love—the Domain. Alas! what dispels love at first sight? Second, mostly, and failing that, bad weather. It now appears more than probable that those marriages will continue unaccomplished facts; the fifty fair participants remain unappropriated blessings—unapprop-