

ROUND ABOUT THE COLONY

New Zealand Birds in Queensland.

Some two years ago Mr J. E. Ward, of the "Graphic" staff, who formerly lived in Queensland, took a number of thrushes and blackbirds across to Queensland from Auckland to endeavour to acclimatise them. Nothing more was seen of them for some time, but latterly, at Auchenflower, near Brisbane, strange song birds have been heard, and Mr T. J. Coupland, writing in the "Courier," suggests that the newcomers are the descendants of the birds introduced by Mr Ward. Mr Joseph Berry, of Auchenflower, took down the birds' song and reduced to tonic-sylls, and is as follows:—

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Can any of our readers tell us if this is the call of the thrush or the black-bird?

Suez Mail Service.

A correspondent, "Mail," writes suggesting that if any arrangement is entered into whereby the Sydney steamer would leave Wellington on Fridays, so as to make the Suez mail connection, the vessel should leave Sydney on the return trip the following Friday, as by this means the English mails via Australia could be brought direct to Wellington instead of to Auckland, where at present it has to be transhipped, writes the Wellington "Times." We have made enquiries and are informed that no saving of time could be effected by keeping the mail for a direct Friday boat from Sydney to Wellington. The Brindisi mail reaches Sydney on Wednesday and the intercolonial steamer leaves for Auckland the same day, arriving on Sunday, and the mail reaching Wellington as a rule on Monday night. With a steamer leaving Sydney on Friday for Wellington, the mail could not reach here until Tuesday morning, at the earliest, and as often as not it could not be sorted until late on Tuesday afternoon, and sometimes Wednesday morning.

An Interrupted Carol.

Martha Tainui, a half-caste impostor, who at different times has "taken down" quite a number of Wellington business people, and who has spent years in gaol, was amongst the visitors to the Christchurch Exhibition. The other day, at one of the local hotels, she represented herself to be a sister of the Hon. James Carroll. On the strength of this representation, remarks an exchange, she got goods from Messrs. King, Harris and Co. for a young man, who she said was going up to Wellington to be private secretary to her brother. She also during the day played the confidence trick on several people, and had a great day at the races, where she was introduced to several notabilities as Miss Carroll. On returning to the hotel in the evening she was celebrating her victories with champagne, when she was bowled out and arrested, and the sequel came in six months' imprisonment. Her name is Mata Tainui, and she had only been four days out of gaol for similar frauds.

The "All White" Bowlers.

Anyone who may be unaware that bowling is an important pastime has only to glance at a postcard that has come from South Australia to convince himself that the bowler is a royal person (remarks the Wellington "Post"). The town turns out to greet him, the band plays, the Mayor speaks, the girls pour out tea, horses take him to see the sights, he is a guest at sumptuous dinners, singers entertain him at smoke socials. One card has a heading, "New Zealand bowling tour, a sample of the ordinary everyday ac-

perience of the New Zealand bowlers in Adelaide and on tour. This is a sample of the first three weeks, and still five weeks to follow." The day's fixtures, commencing with "8 a.m. breakfast," total fifteen. There are official receptions by mighty people, drives, afternoon teas, concerts. There is only one reference to the object of the tour, and that is covered by a line: "2.45 p.m., drive to bowling green." It is not at all certain, however, judging by anterior and posterior items, that the men went to the green to work. Apparently the actual bowling must have been done in the stilly night, in accordance with the final entry: "11 p.m., curtain falls, and bowlers go out on their own." The fact that the New Zealanders won matches under the luxurious dietary scale outlined speaks wonders for their powers of digestion, and incidentally must be a splendid advertisement for the colony's atmosphere and climate in general. However, friends of the bowlers may have some difficulty in recognising the champions when they return home. The print on that postcard makes it obvious that the pilgrims will come back with very chubby cheeks, very florid complexions, and very well-filled vests.

Funny Thing to Lose.

Says the "Lyttelton Times":—The police require an owner for a valuable motor car, which has been found under peculiar circumstances. The servant of an Avonside resident was working about the garden on Tuesday and found, under a fire tree, a very handsome motor car. A cover was put on it, but as that did not appear to be a very ample shield it was run into the shed and carefully locked there. No owner turning up, information was given to the police, and they will direct the owner to his missing property.

For Swimmers.

A list of don'ts to be observed by bathers has been drawn up by Mr. William Henry, honorary secretary of the Royal Life Saving Society, as follows:—"Don't bathe in quiet, secluded spots. Don't swim out from shore in the sea and other tidal waters unattended by a boat. Don't bathe shortly after a hearty meal. Don't bathe alone if subject to giddiness or faintness. Don't take fright because you happen to fall into the water in your clothes; clothes will float. Don't take fright because taken with cramp; keep calm and turn on your back, then rub and stretch the affected limb. If seized in the leg, turn up the toes, straighten the leg to stretch the muscles, and apply friction by kicking the surface of the water. Leave the water as soon as possible. Mr. Henry concludes by drawing attention to the need of making swimming a part of our national education.

Inventive.

The successor to the murdered Papatika schoolmaster writes to a friend that the late teacher evidently was a mechanical genius. All the maps were fitted on rollers, and could be pulled up and down as blinds. The blackboards were hung on hinges, and behind one of these was a telephone, at which he could hear everything that was said in either porch. The school is beautifully decorated inside. Another ingenious contrivance is a clock fitted up to ring a bell at 9.30, 11, 12, 1, and 3.30. The school-garden is in splendid condition; and last of all comes the pride of the district—a fife and drum band, containing about 16 instruments, all of which are played by the school children, girls as well as boys.

Newcastle v. Westport.

The "New Zealand Times" says:—"Yesterday we published an extract

from a Dunedin Exchange regarding the burning of Newcastle coal on direct liners in preference to the higher priced New Zealand coal. The Manari was instanced as having left Dunedin last week to coal at Newcastle. Inquiries made at the shipping offices elicited the fact that in cases (like that of the vessel named) where boats are laid up in a New Zealand port idle for some length of time, it is found to be cheaper to steam to Newcastle and take in coal there than to load the bunkers with New Zealand coal. There are always a certain number of vessels laid up, but it is only in their cases that advantage is likely to be taken of the New South Wales port for coaling."

Undesirables.

It is stated that among the visitors who departed from Christchurch last week were two of an extremely undesirable sort, two smart female pickpockets, who came from Australia to try their luck at the exhibition. It is, of course, not known how lucky, or otherwise, they were, but it is understood that they complained of having been constantly "shadowed" by the police. They are supposed to have left for Melbourne.

Pigeon Shooting.

Considerable interest is being taken by Gun Clubs and shootists generally in the appeal lodged by John Tucker, of Feilding, against his conviction for cruelty to animals by taking part in a pigeon-shooting competition. Messrs. Martin Chapman, T. Wilford, and Cohen are appearing for the appellant, and the appeal will be heard before two Judges at Palmerston North shortly.

Religion and Art.

Preaching at the Christchurch Cathedral on the relation of religion to art, Dean Harper said that people in older countries sometimes wondered at the absence of admiration for art on the part of some young colonial who was visiting older countries. He seemed to pass by unmoved the great and splendid works of art to be seen in England or on the Continent. One young Australian was taken to Westminster Abbey. It seemed to excite in him no feeling of admiration. All that he was reported to have said, after the beauties of the great church had been pointed out to him, was "Why, I do not believe it is any larger than my father's woolshed." He came of a large sheep breeder's family, and on the sheep run was a woolshed, a mass of timber and corrugated iron, which possibly covered as much space as the floor of Westminster Abbey. But it should be stated that you are born and bred in the colonies, just at that time and age when they were most accessible to impressions of all sorts, were through no fault of theirs deprived of much that might be included under the term art.

Illness in Political Circles.

Illness and death have levied heavy toll on politicians and their families for some months past. The Hon. Mr. Seddon, the Hon. D. Pinkerton, Mr. Kirkbride, and Colonel Pitt have all passed away within a few months. Mrs. Millar, wife of the Hon. J. A. Millar, died a week ago. Mr. Hanna has been very ill, and Mr. Eli has just got through an illness. Mr. Izard recently was a private hospital patient; Mr. Fisher has had a visitation of bronchial pneumonia in his family; Mr. Houston's health is reported to be far from good; and the Hon. T. K. Macdonald was prostrated for several days recently. One of the head messengers at the Parliamentary Buildings died last week.—Wellington "Post."

Generosity in a Refuge.

During the quarterly visit of inspection paid by the trustees of the Benevolent Institute to the Ohoro Home (Wellington), Mr. Hogg addressed the inmates on the decision of the trustees to reward the men to a small extent for their industry, and to give them a little pocket money. That decision, he said, had been

objected to in certain quarters, on the ground that it placed temptation in the way of the men to spend their money unwisely. He hoped that for the credit of the institution the men would disabuse people's minds upon that point. The men generally expressed appreciation for the consideration of the trustees. One aged inmate contended that it would be unwise to penalise all because of the deficiencies of the few. The best plan would be to withdraw the help given from those who did not appear to appreciate it. This suggestion seemed to meet with general approval.

RHEUMATISM.

**John Kennedy, Dunedin
Bed-ridden for 3 Months
Left the Hospital a Cripple
Given Up by Specialists
Not a Pain or Ache To-day
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.**

"For three solid years Rheumatism and me a cripple," said John Kennedy, a retired mariner living at No. Arthur-street, Dunedin. "For thirteen weeks I lay in the hospital, and couldn't move hand or foot. The best doctors and specialists could do nothing for me. As a last hope I started Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cured me, and I have never had an ache or a pain since."

"I had my first attack at sea six years ago, when taking a cargo of wheat, from South Australia to London," said Mr. Kennedy. "I had always roughed it at sea, and for a long time my blood had been in a bad state. Off Cape Horn we ran into a terrible ice storm. The cold struck right into my bones. The Rheumatism was in my system—but that exposure to an ice storm set the pain going. When every head was needed on deck, I had to be paralysed with pain. My hands were useless. My fingers grew stiff, and then started to swell up. Every day I got worse. Quawing, burning pains came in my shoulders, and spread down to my elbows. I screamed every time I went to lift my arms up. I got so helpless that I could not move, unless one of the men turned me. The ship's medicine chest was stocked with all the standard treatments, and my mates rubbed me till I was blistered. But none of these things did me the least real good. I was a cripple till we reached London."

"The London doctor sent me straight to the hospital, where I was treated by the greatest specialists for three months," Mr. Kennedy went on. "At last the head doctor told me to go back to Australia and get a shore billet, for I could never stand a cold climate or exposure at sea. I shipped for Queensland—and no tongue ran tell the unspeakable torture I went through on that voyage. When I left the ship I was a wreck. Every day the Rheumatism got a bigger hold on me."

"I made my way to the Gulf country, and got a light station job. There I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The other men said they were only for pale people—but one chap named Charlie Morley said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured his neck of one of the worst cases of Rheumatism on record. I sent straight for a supply. After the first two or three boxes, I could have knocked them off—but Morley said that if I didn't give them a fair chance to cure my Rheumatism it would be my own fault if I was crippled for life."

"So I kept on. Soon the pains in my hands and shoulders began to ease up. Gradually my muscles lost their stiffness, and I could move my joints with ease. My general health improved in fifty ways. My case was so stubborn that it took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a few months to cure me—but in the end they did twenty times more for me than the best hospital doctors of London could do. When I started them I was a cripple—when I left them off I was a strong active man. Since then I have never had the slightest sign of Rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me for good."

Nothing else could possibly cure John Kennedy, because nothing else could drive the Rheumatism poison out of his veins. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They do just that one thing—but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't thicken with mere symptoms. They strike straight at the root and cause of all blood diseases such as anaemia, general weakness, dizziness, indigestion, biliousness, headaches, back-aches, kidney and liver troubles, lumbago, Rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, nervousness, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, failing powers, and the secret blood troubles that ruin the regular health of growing girls and women. If you are not sure whether Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are suited to your own case, write for free medical advice to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington. From the same address you can order the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at 3/ a box, or six boxes 16/6 post free.