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ENGAGEMENTS.
The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Mellars, third daughter of the late J. P. Mellars, Esq., of Mairdavaile, Taupiri, Waikato, to Albert S. Hawkes, of London. The marriage will take place early in the New Year.

Orange Blossoms.

FURNESS—BEAUMONT.
St. John's Church, Ponsonby, which was crowded with interested spectators, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on December 18, when Miss Leona May Beaumont, daughter of Mr. W. Beaumont, Ponsonby, was married to Mr. Albert Victor Furness, son of Mr. John Furness. The Rev. W. Gittos performed the ceremony, and Mr. Nicholas Nicholas presided at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very winsome in a pretty cream silk eolienne Empire frock, with cream lace sleeves and yoke. The corsage was also softened with lace, and the skirt had glace silk and French knots. The embroidered tulle veil was worn over a tiara of orange blossoms, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet of white sweet peas and maidenhair fern. Miss Evelyn Beaumont and Miss B. Tonkin attended the bride. Miss Beaumont was attired in a dainty green floral voile, strapped with green silk, and lace yoke and sleeves. Miss Tonkin wore pink floral voile, with pink silk and cream lace yoke and sleeves. They each wore cream Leghorn hats with green velvet ribbon and pink roses, and carried shower bouquets of pink carnations. Their souvenirs of the occasion were handsome gold bangles. Mr. F. Bartlett officiated as best man, and Mr. J. Furness as groomsmen. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's parents, where they were entertained at afternoon tea, when the usual toasts were proposed and duly honoured. The wedding presents, which were numerous and beautiful, were much admired by the guests. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Furness departed on their honeymoon, the bride wearing a smart dark green tailor-made costume with hat to match. In the evening a number of young people were entertained at a very enjoyable enchaire party, and a pleasant time was spent. Mrs. Beaumont (mother of the bride) wore a handsome black silk poplin gown and black and white bonnet; Mrs. Furness was in black mercerized and cream hat; Mrs. A. Furness, pretty silk blouse, and white hat;

Miss Beaumont, champagne lustre, pink hat; Mrs. Keating, cream, with brown velvet straps, brown hat; Miss M. Beaumont, heliotrope muslin, and heliotrope and green hat; Miss C. Beaumont, white embroidered muslin, blue hat; Mrs. Ford, black silk, black hat; Miss Ford, white embroidered dress, white hat; Miss Price, cornflower blue silk, cream hat; Miss Browne, white silk, blue hat; Mrs. Boyce, brown silk voile, blue hat; Mrs. Brook-Smith, black silk, black hat; Mrs. H. Smith, cream skirt, cream silk blouse, and pink hat; Miss Porter, pale green silk muslin, black and white hat; Mrs. Bond, black and white muslin, and white hat; Messrs. Furness, Beaumont (2), A. Furness, Keating, Price, Boyce, Smith, Rev. Bond.

Names and Natures.

What's in a name? Everything, says M. de Rochetal, who has invented onomatology. His peculiarity (says the Paris correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph") is that he pays no attention to the history or etymology of surnames, as any ordinary scholar without originality might do, but considers only Christian names. He has been at work on these for 20 years. The results of his researches are positive, though he does not explain by what scientific process he reached them. He merely lays down the law. All Marys are weak, melancholy, and unlucky; Peters are strong and constant; Pauls are active, lively, and eloquent; but impulsive; Georges, "like the dragon-slayer," whom the onomatologist seems to have known well, are all big, fine men, and usually think a good deal of themselves; a Louis is exceedingly sensitive and irritable, but active and intelligent; Leons are gentle and warm-hearted, and would be superior men if they had stronger characters; Henry is the ideal name; and Henrys have deep, passionate hearts, and wonderful energy, but are a trifle irritable; Johns are strong, passionate, full of go, and well armed for the battle of life; but they are not always easy to get on with. Is this a dig at John Bull? Among women other than Marys, Helens are, as a rule, like Helen of Troy, pretty, but fickle; Susans are not much more to be relied upon; Henriets are constant in love or hatred; while Louisas are nice girls, but without force of character; and "want looking after"; Elizabeths are dreamy and quiet natures, and are often unhappy; Marthas are good-hearted, but pugnacious as foas; and as for Alices, beware of them, for they are dangerously passionate, and "have a reprehensible love of independence." They are also subject to fits of depression—perhaps when not allowed to have their own way.

THE GUINEA POEM.

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1/ has been sent to the writer of this verse, Mrs W.M. Post Office, Shannon:—
*Sir Joseph is a clever man;
To rule the country is his plan.
The Opposition has no hope,
For Joseph uses Sapon Soap.*
WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best original four-SHORT line advt. verse about "SAPON" wins each week. "SAPON" wrapper must be enclosed. Address, "SAPON" (Oatmeal Washing Powder), P.O. Box 635, Wellington. If your Grece does not stock Sapon, please send his name and address.

Guard your anaemic young daughter against future ill-health by building up her strength to the normal condition of youthful vigour. Stearn's Wine will do it—has done it for millions.
There were callers, and no one seemed to notice the small girl who sat quietly in her corner.
Presently the conversation turned to dentistry. "It is really amazing," said her grandfather, "the progress that has been made in dentistry since I was a boy. But then, too, people take better care of their teeth now than they used to."
"I take good care of my teeth," volunteered the three-year-old.
The visitor turned to her smiling. "Is that so?" one exclaimed. "How do you take care of your teeth, dear?"
The little girl glanced shyly at her grandfather.
"I keep mine in," she said.

Candour from the Colonies.

A NEW ZEALAND CRITIC OF BRITAIN AND THE BRITISH.

(From the "London Daily Express.")

Burns longed for the power to see ourselves as others see us, but perhaps a more fascinating thing would be to see ourselves as our children see us; and this we Englishmen can do in a delightfully candid book, "Wake Up, England!" (Skeffington), written by Mr. P. A. Vaile, a New Zealand barrister, who is already known here as an authority on tennis.

As befits a citizen of the youngest among the nations, Mr. Vaile is splendidly egotistic and cocksure. He loves England, but he sees her faults exceedingly clearly:—

"One of the things that struck me most forcibly soon after my arrival in England was the absence of national spirit. In its truest and best sense, patriotism is almost unknown in England. If we were to judge by the Japanese standard, I should perhaps be well within the truth if I said it is non-existent." It is otherwise in the Colonies.

"The fact is that in the Colonies generally there is as much true national spirit to the square yard as there is to the mile in England. The reason, too, is plain. The Colonial looks on England always as 'Home.' His father and mother came from there. He is going there—at least for a trip—as soon as he can. The glamour of the unseen and the ancient is on England. He has read of her great deeds, and been told of her beauties.

"It is his parents' and his own nation. His desire is always for her; his eyes always upon her, and he follows her fortunes through political or other strife with greater keenness than do many of her own sons, for the Colonial takes a keen and intelligent interest in politics, feeling, as he very frequently does, that probably later on he will be taking a hand in the moulding of his country's destiny."

INSULAR IGNORANCE.

How can they love England who only England know?

"I have no hesitation in repeating that the average Englishman doesn't know how to love his own country; he doesn't know anything of her beauty, her grandeur, her strength, her history, and, worst of all, knows nothing and will believe nothing—of her weakness."

Mr. Vaile travels about the country finding much to lament. He goes to Oxford to watch the New Zealanders thrash the University at football, and he is not surprised.

"After the Oxford match was over I stood and saw the crowd file by. I had seen the thousands of pink and white faced boys, with blue eyes and grey caps and overcoats, each trying his level best to be as like the other as he could, and succeeding too well. I saw them go by me with their soft skins, their pretty mouths, and their round chins. I ran my eye over them, and I knew that man for man the Colonial youth is their master—and the knowledge gave me no pleasure."

SNOBS AND HYPOCRITES.

We are snobs and hypocrites. Our theatres are bad; our sport is decadent; our aristocracy useless. There is much plain talking about prominent men, and praise only for Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Haldane, and, he it added proudly, the Press. The London Press is indeed "one of the greatest of earth's many marvels."

Mr. Vaile has, among many other things, a capital plan for making the Old Colony a nation of marksmen:—

"My idea is to offer annually—or, if found convenient, quarterly—a certain number of rifle scholarships. These could be of the value of, say, £25 each, and would be tenable for a year, and, in special cases, perhaps, for two or three years. There might also be one special

scholarship of greater value, say, from £100 to £250, to be competed for by all winners of ordinary scholarships during the year. The winner of this would release his minor scholarship. These scholarships would be made available for technical or other instruction, and under special circumstances the money itself might be paid monthly to the winner. This is a very brief and general outline of my proposal."

Mr. Haldane approved the idea. "Mr. R. B. Haldane, the Secretary of State for War, suggested to me that I should offer a scholarship, or scholarships, for each of the districts under his decentralisation scheme, and this, no doubt, will be done, for I consider it an excellent idea.

"I must confess that I was much amused by my conversation with the Secretary of State for War. He told me that my scheme was, in his opinion, all that was required to make his decentralisation scheme popular with the nation. I thought this sounded encouraging, but I was not there for fun, so I said: 'I take it that you absolutely mean what you say, Mr. Haldane' (he had my scheme laid before him in writing), 'and that you didn't send for me merely to bandy compliments. Directly I am ready to proceed, will you state this in writing, and give it to the Press of England?' And he promised to do so."

Mr. Vaile, by the way, considers that the range difficulty can be overcome by the extensive use of the sub-target.

KINDLY OPTIMISM.

On the whole, Mr. Vaile is optimistic about us if we only wake up.

"In the first place we must give up being maudlin cosmopolitan sentimentalist who have always higher consideration for a foreigner than for our own people. We must cease posing as the beautiful, free England, where every one, including the Anarchist, the gipsy, the filthy scum of Europe, and the general criminal refuse of the world may come, without let or hindrance, and squeeze the sons of the soil out of their own country. . . .

"We must put in power keen men of business, men who have been able to successfully manage their own business, and not titled muddlers who regard the House as a playground, or an advertising medium; and almost above everything, we must so regulate our education as to draw out and cultivate in our children that which is most worthy of cultivation, so that in the end we shall be found rearing reasoning beings and not automata."

A vigorous book, with many exaggerations, but full of patriotism and common sense.

The publication of a new volume of Dean Hole's letters has set the Blyth Press quoting his most famous stories. The following is the well-known story of the pup which ate half the curate's sermon, as told by the Dean in a letter to a person who asked for the subsequent history of the animal:—

"You will be pleased to hear that when the dog had inwardly digested the sermon which he had torn, he turned over a new leaf. He had been sullen and morose, he became a very jolly dog. He had been selfish and exclusive in his manner, he now generously gave it up to an aged poodle. He had been noisy and vulgar, he became a quiet, gentlemanly dog, he never growled again; and when he was bitten he always requested the cur who had torn his flesh to be so good, as a particular favour, to bite him again. He has established a reformatory in the Isle of Dogs, for perverse puppies, and an infirmary for Mangy Mastiffs in Houndsditch. He has won 26 medals from the Humane Society for rescuing children who had fallen into the canal. He spends six days of the week in conducting his brothers and sisters, who have lost their ways, to the Dogs' Home, and it is a most touching sight to see him leading the blind to church from morning to night on Sundays."

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