

News of the Dominion.

OUR WELLINGTON LETTER.

November 5.

The Final Rush.

THE end of the session now seems within cooey, in spite of the Government's alarming programme of bills to be gone on with. The debate on the second reading of the new Licensing Bill was unexpectedly tame, for the only speakers were the Premier and Mr Massey. The real tussle, however, will come in committee next week. The most interesting point stressed by the Premier in his speech was the effect which national prohibition would have on the revenue of the country. The Customs revenue from the duties on liquor and the beer excise duties amount to something over three-quarters of a million sterling per annum. Adding to this the railway revenue from the carriage of liquor, the total revenue derived from the liquor trade is about £800,000 per annum. How is this going to be made up if prohibition is carried? That is the problem? When the Licensing Bill is out of the road, and settled one way or the other, the next big measure, the Land Bill, will be taken. There are a host of smaller bills which the Government talk of putting through, but if the session ends in a fortnight or less, as Sir Joseph Ward seems to expect, a lot of them will have to go overboard, following those which have already been jettisoned for the session. The Public Works Statement will be laid before the House early next week, and the volume of resultant talk will not be smaller than usual, so that some late sittings may be expected.

Noxious Weeds.

Canterbury doesn't grow noxious weeds. So said Mr Witty, M.P. for Riccarton, in the House the other night. Mr Massey couldn't let this pass. "The honourable gentleman is a proof to the contrary," he said. It was a joke. Mr Tommy Parata, M.P. for the Southern Maori District, was responsible for something humorous about weeds a little later on. Through his interpreter—he doesn't need one, but he prefers to talk Maori, and be interpreted, because it seems to amuse members—he remarked that there were "two kinds of weeds—firstly rabbits, secondly, other weeds." The rabbits, he thought, should be poisoned twice a year. Mr Wilford queried, "The same rabbits?" But Tommy only blinked peacefully, and would not enlighten the House any more.

The Newcomers.

Between four and five hundred passengers landed from the direct liner Arawa, from London, at the Wellington wharf this week. Out of these there were 346 third-class passengers—the real immigrant. Amongst these were men and women from all parts of the United Kingdom and of all trades. There were some obviously unsuitable colonists amongst them, but the majority, from all accounts, seem a very good lot, hard-working people, who give promise of getting on well. There are a good many practical farmers, with some considerable capital, and these won't go astray in coming to New Zealand. Of the workmen, there are carpenters, coalminers, bricklayers, and other skilled men. And there are a number of farm-labourers and domestic servants, and none of them need be many hours out of a billet.

The Bookies' Generosity.

A donation of forty guineas, it is announced, has been handed to the treasurer of Mother Mary Joseph Albert's Golden Jubilee Fund by the Wellington bookmakers. Yes, the bookmakers, the abused, vilified, chieved on bookmakers, whose doom is just about to be sealed by Parliament. The donation, it is stated, was a "spontaneous" one. What could have touched the bookies' hearts to the tune of forty good sovs? Have Ikey Mo and his mates all been to see "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"? Did the Mysterious Stranger touch their hearts, or were they moved to tears and charity by that beautiful and affected character, Joey Wright, the bookie who lost his voice? It seems so. Another example of the Divine Influence of Harry Plimmer and the rest of the "Stage."

Trouble Amongst the Bands.

Three brass bands which help to supply Sunday music to the people, deputised the Finance Committee of the Wellington City Council this week about another band's shortcomings. The other band is the Central Mission Band, and it won't do its share on Sunday, on account of its members' religious scruples. The bands are subsidised by the Council to give free public performances, and the City Council, in scheduling the performances for this summer, exempted the Mission Band from Sunday concerts, but has allocated ten Sunday performances to the Tramways Band. This is regarded as unfair—hence the deputisation. One or other of the bands has to play at Lyall Bay each Sunday, but the Central Mission isn't going to break its Sabbath in that way. The Rev. Mr. Blamires, representing the Mission, told the Finance Committee that it would be impossible to secure its services for Lyall Bay on Sundays; it was against the principles of the members. It didn't mind playing in the Hospital Grounds, because there it was practically a religious service. The Tramways Band, and other bands, including the Pipe Band, urged the Committee to make the Mission people do their little bit at Lyall Bay. And the Committee said it would think it over.

That Swimming Costume.

The swimmers who frequent Lyall Bay and other seaside resorts had an easy victory over the City Council in the matter of the regulation costume for bathing. The Council was waited upon by a large deputation this week, and asked to rescind its previous resolution making the using of the Canadian costume compulsory. Mr. G. S. Hill spoke on behalf of the Wellington Centre of the New Zealand Swimming Association, saying that the Canadian costume was objected to on account of its weight. It was suitable, perhaps, for women and stout men, but it was ridiculous for swimming purposes. The old neck-to-knee costume was quite sufficient. The Council discussed the matter long and gravely, and some members pleaded hard for Propriety; one pictured in solemn tones the horrible possibilities of butterfly costumes on the beach. He said nothing about mosquito net bathing suits; he hadn't thought of that shocking possibility. Mayor Wilford supported the neck-to-knee costume, and it was decided by ten votes to five to rescind the resolution passed on October 6 enforcing the Canadian costume. The Mayor said he proposed to get the Council's caretaker at Lyall Bay invested with the powers of a special constable, and that any offenders against decency would be prosecuted. So all ends well. The merry bather has taken another fall out of Mother Grundy, and is happy.

Dr. Henry's Mission.

The astute and vituperative Dr. Henry, the Yankee professional evangelist, who recently made himself so popular at Waikiki by talking some plain language, has evidently got the Press Association man of Wanganui "by the wool." An extraordinary puff puff, couched in the usual cant phraseology of evangelists, appeared in the local papers this week, sent from Wanganui by the Press Association, in eulogy of the Henry-Potts' mission. These are some extracts:—"Great throngs have attended, and the meetings have been characterised by marked enthusiasm and profound earnestness. The mission has made a distinct impression on the religious life of the community. Dr. Henry himself is delighted with the campaign. In an interview he said he regarded the mission as one of the very best he had held in the Dominion, and he had visited no community which had been more deeply stirred or richly blessed."

Sweet are the uses of advertisement. Dr. Henry is a wise old bird, evidently, with as keen an eye to publicity as any theatrical advance agent. But it doesn't say much for the common sense of the Press Association that it could be made the medium of publishing such a palpable advertisement throughout the Dominion. To talk about Wanganui being "richly blessed" as the result of Dr. Henry's blood-and-fire oratory is more nauseating than amusing. I wonder what the Waikiki heathens thought when they read that P.A. telegram.

Wellington's Pet S.M.

Dr. McArthur, our trusty and well-beloved magistrate, of the happy face and the fair round figure, is back from London, with Mrs McArthur, after a pleasant and health-giving holiday. The Doctor looks very well and "fit," and he will get a warm welcome back when he makes his re-appearance on the bench next week. Like the sailor who loved his officer because he could "damn his eyes"—the sailor's eyes—"in such a gentlemanly way," the petty criminal likes the Doctor because when the Bench deals him out his 5/- or seven days, or one month's hard, or so, he does it in such a genial, pleasant, joking fashion that no one could possibly take offence, least of all the prisoner in the dock.

Obituary.

Amongst the Old New Zealanders whom Death reaped this week in Wellington was Mrs. Lelia Burton Nicholas, widow of the late Mr. E. O. Nicholas, South Sea Island trader, aged sixty-five. Mrs. Nicholas, who was an old resident of Auckland, was a lady with some interesting points in her career. She was born at Kororareka, Bay of Islands, in 1845, just a fortnight before Hone Heke's warriors cut down the historic flagstaff and sacked and burned the little town. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, had to come to Auckland with the other refugees after Kororareka was abandoned to the Maoris. In 1861 she married Mr. E. O. Nicholas, son of an Indian Mutiny veteran, Captain Nicholas, of South Wales. For many years she lived on Niue, or Savage Island, in the South Pacific, where her husband started as a trader in the seventies, and she had some perilous experiences voyaging to and from Auckland in various small trading craft and schooners of the old-time Island service. Mr. Louis Becke, in one of his adventure books ("Wild Life in Southern Seas"), in describing his first landing on Niue Island amidst a scene of great excitement amongst the natives, tells how he and his little daughter were met and welcomed by "Nikolasi" and his wife—"Nikolasi fine," as the natives called her—"a pretty, pale-faced English lady." Mr. Nicholas died some years ago. Two daughters live in Wellington—Mrs. F. J. Kirby and Mrs. A. Murrell. The eldest daughter (Mrs. J. Cowan) died here last year. Of the sons, there are two in the South Sea Islands.

Auckland Rhodes Scholar.

The Professorial Board of the Auckland University College last week selected Mr Alfred George Marshall, M.A., as the Auckland candidate for the 1911 Rhodes Scholarship. Mr. Marshall is the son of the Rev. Marshall, and was born at the Northern Wairoa, 22 years ago. His career through primary school, Grammar School, and University has been a brilliant one. He carried off a number of scholarships, graduated B.A. in 1908, and a year later took his M.A., with first-class honours in mathematics and mathematical physics. After being demonstrator in chemistry and physics at the Auckland College for six months, he was last June appointed assistant to the Professor of Mathematics at Canterbury College, and at present holds this post. In athletics the Auckland candidate has been prominent since his school days, having represented the college at several championship meetings. As a debater, Mr. Marshall has frequently won coveted honours for his college. The choice of the Professorial Board is not only a very sound one in every way, but it will give the keenest satisfaction to Mr. Marshall's many friends and fellow students, among whom he was extremely popular.

At a meeting of the Professorial Board of the University Council last week, Mr. Montague Ongle, of Waitaki High School, was nominated as Rhodes Scholar for Otago.

Annulment of Divorce.

Judgment was given by Mr. Justice Cooper last week, on the motion of the Solicitor-General, to discharge a decree nisi granted on the 10th March, 1910, at Gisborne, in the divorce case of Jobson v. Jobson, and to dismiss the petition to have the decree made absolute. It appears that since the granting of the decree nisi the parties, William Jobson (petitioner) and Edith Lilian Jobson (respondent) have lived together as man and wife at Wanganui and Wellington. The grounds of the Solicitor-General's motion were that the petitioner had condoned respondent's adultery, and that

the Court had not had material facts before it at the time.

The Court reminded the decree nisi, and, as a matter of course, dismissed the petition for a decree absolute, which was desired by both parties.

Mr. Justice Cooper said it was the first case in New Zealand in which the Attorney-General or Solicitor-General had intervened in a divorce suit.

Workers' Homes at Huntly.

Last week Mr. Greenslade asked the Government what steps, if any, have been taken to acquire an area of land on the western side of the Waikato river at Huntly for the purpose of enabling the miners at Huntly to obtain sections upon which to erect their own homes?

The Hon. J. A. Millar answered that some inquiries have already been instituted into this matter, and he was at present awaiting a report as to the suitability and also as to the value of the land, with a view to acquiring the whole or portion of same for workers' dwellings.

Public Libraries.

In view of the fact that the number of public libraries has increased from 312 to 437, the Prime Minister last week promised Mr H. J. Greenslade careful consideration would be given to his proposal to raise the annual vote £3,000 to £4,000.

ECZEMA--THE SKIN SCOURGE.

This Man Tortured Night and Day—Cured by Rich New Blood.

Eczeema is one of the most torturing of Skin Disorders. The burning, itching, prickling sensation is often maddening. Sometimes persons apparently healthy in every other way are attacked. Often it is a symptom in stomach trouble, rheumatism, gout, or a generally low state of health. Lotions and ointments are only of value to allay the itching sensation. They do not cure. All the highest medical authorities agree that a tonic is necessary to drive the complaint from the system.

Amongst tonics, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand alone. They actually make the new good blood that drives the impurities from the system and leaves the skin soft and smooth as a child's.

"For months I suffered with Eczeema," said Mr Malachi O'Mara, 409, Lonsdale street, Melbourne, Victoria. "It first appeared on my arms, and then spread all down the front of my body, on to my thighs, and as far as the calves of my legs, in the form of a dry scale which would rub off in a dry powder. If I rubbed the skin hard it would go quite raw and inflamed. I could not go to business for some weeks. Countless tiny red pimples with matter would push through the skin and a rash would come out in large patches. I might say my body was covered with small sores, and as fast as some would go others would come. I got very thin. I could not eat or sleep for the terrible itching. I was told if I took mineral water baths I would get better, so I went to Daylesford and took them some weeks. They didn't do me any good, so I bought some ointment and took sulphur, thinking that might cure me, but it did not. It would only stop the itching for a little while. I grew quite ill with worry and weakness. I thought I was permanently affected, when one day I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure Eczeema, so I sent at once and got some, and took between nine and ten boxes altogether, and here is the result: I am completely cured, and my skin is as clear as ever it was. If it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I don't think that I would ever have got better. I am sure no one ever suffered more than I did, and in curing me, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved their worth— I shall always advertise them."

Don't let any dealer talk you into taking something which he says is "just as good." If you are pestered to take a substitute, send 3/ for one box, or 10/6 for six boxes, to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia, Ltd., Wellington.