

Imperial Anthem—"One Flag, One Throne."

The following finely patriotic poem, by Mr. J. Liddell Kelly, who is now living at Ashburton, has been set to music by Mrs. Alice Forrester, Mus. Bach., and was sung at her concert in Christchurch a few days ago.

Mighty, peerless, proud, and free,
It circles earth, it rules the sea;
One Flag and one Throne—
Was ever an Empire like our own?

Maple, wattle, fern-leaf taine,
Eastern palm and Northern pine;
One Flag and one Throne—
How wide are the seeds of Empire sown!

Sundered, lonely, scattered far,
Yet one in soul and aim we are;
One Flag and one Fleet—
We stand united the foe to meet.

Warlike, watchful, strong to smite,
But only armed to guard the Right;
Fired, cheered by Powers above,
We hail the Empire of Peace and Love!

Hopeful, humble, let us pray
That heaven may bless old England's sway
One Flag and one Throne—
The noblest empire that earth has known.

Mighty, peerless, proud and free,
It circles earth, it rules the sea;
One Flag and one Throne—
Was ever an Empire like our own?

The Widow's Mite.

It is only from the Indian newspapers that we can get any adequate idea of how the King's visit has affected the popular feeling. The "Pioneer" gives a touching example of the humbler Durbar celebrations. A village of low-caste cultivators near Benares determined to do their best, and raised a local fund of 3/2. They collected the "poor," and a solid meal being beyond their resources—entertained them to a banquet of sugar-juce and boiled milk furnished by the relatively "rich." The greater portion of the fund was spent on oil with which to illuminate the village temple and tank in the evening. A very complete celebration in form, while in spirit it could not be outplaced by all the glories of Delhi.

Orange Blossoms.

NOTICE TO OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS.

All copy intended for publication, in these columns must reach the office, not later than Saturday morning, in order to ensure insertion in the current issue.

WALSH—CONOLLY.

THE marriage of Miss Emily Conolly, second daughter of the late Mr. Justice Conolly, to Mr. Alfred Wilson Walsh, late of Christchurch, and for many years connected with the School of Art there, took place at St. Mark's Church, Remuera. The Rev. W. Beatty was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by Mr. J. R. Marty, uncle of the bridegroom, wore a pretty dress of grey crepe de chine, trimmed with grey oriental silk, and a grey hat trimmed with tulle and feathers to match. She carried a bouquet of cream roses and dahlias and maidenhair fern. The bridesmaid, Miss Daisy Conolly, sister of the bride, wore a dress of cream crepe de chine, and a white hat trimmed with white ribbon and a white ostrich feather. Mr. Brister was best man. After the ceremony the wedding party drove to the residence of Miss Conolly, where a small reception was held.

RUSH—STEWART-BROWNE.

"Burnside," Hinuera, was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding on March 12th, when Miss Effie Stewart-Browne, younger daughter of Mr. J. Stewart-Browne, was married to Mr. William F. Rush, second son of the late Rev. H. J. Rush, of "Haute Terre," Hayward's Heath, Sussex. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked sweet in a charming trained gown of ivory satin, made in Magyar style. The bodice was veiled in beautiful silk lace edged with pearl embroidery and finished at the back with a large pearl buckle. She wore a lovely silk embroidered tulle veil over her wreath of orange blossoms. An exquisite shower bouquet completed a charming toilette. The bridesmaids were Miss Jessie Stewart Browne, sister of the bride, and Miss Dorothy Hine, a cousin. The former was wearing an effective gown of pale blue satin, the bodice being draped in lovely silk lace. The latter wore a sweet frock of shell-pink satin finished with oriental trimming. They carried bouquets of pale pink roses and sweet peas. Mr. K. Stewart-Browne acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. C. Fussell, of Morrinsville.

After the wedding a dainty breakfast was served in a large marquee erected on the lawn. The tables were tastefully arranged with white flowers. Among those present were: Mrs. Stewart-Browne (mother of the bride) in a black silk taffeta with yoke of black lace. Mrs. Hine, Gisborne (aunt of the bride), while serge costume; Mrs. W. H. Williams (Auckland), black silk and black toque; Mrs. Hutchinson, black silk; Mrs. Marty, black silk and spangled scarf, black and grey toque; Mrs. M. Main, black and white dress, large black plumed hat; Mrs. H. P. Huddleston, creme serge piped with white silk, pale blue hat; Mrs. H. Clark, pretty pair blue voile with touches of black, plumed hat; Miss B. Taylor, grey poplin dress with turned-back cuffs and collar of Irish lace, white fur boa, grey hat with white roses; Miss Myra Taylor, pretty French grey dress, grey hat lined with pink; Miss Keils, grey costume; Miss Dorothy Main, white embroidered muslin; Miss Emily Reynolds, dainty white silk frock. The bride's travelling dress was a brown tailor-made, and a smart French toque of white with touches of green. The honeymoon is to be spent touring England, America and the Continent.

MURRAY—BISS.

The marriage of Miss Biss, of Remuera, Auckland, to Mr. William Murray, of Opawa, Christchurch, was quietly solemnised at St. John's Church, Latimer Square, Christchurch, on March 12th, the Rev. Harold Purchas being the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. C. Holm Biss, looked lovely, and wore a robe of white satin Duchesse, beautifully embroidered in a design of grapes and vine leaves, mounted on Brusel's net. Her lace veil, lent by a friend, was of Brus-

sel's net, figured and bordered with Honiton point. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet. The bridesmaid, her sister Miss Constance Biss, wore a gown of palest blue charmeuse, veiled in French muslin, beautifully inserted with lace and fine embroidery, with a necklet of black velvet, fastened with a knot of pink rosebud. A large black satin hat, surmounted with soft black tulle, was finished with a cluster of tiny pink roses under the brim. A pale pink shower bouquet completed this charming toilette. Mr. Campbell, of Christchurch, was best man. The mother of the bride looked well in a costume coat and skirt, of pale grey cashmere de soie, beautifully braided. She wore a bonnet to match, wreathed with heliotrope, forget-me-nots, and carried a lovely bouquet of shaded asters and pansies. Mrs. C. Holm Biss wore a grey figured voile, large black hat, with tulle bow and wreath of pink roses, black feather box, and bouquet of roses; Mrs. Edward Morton, sister of the bride, wore an elegant gown of blue charmeuse, with tunic of grey figured nixon, bordered with bead trimming. A black tassel hat, relieved with a wreath of tiny blue flowers, was worn. Miss Hilda Biss, of Christchurch, niece of the bride, wore a pale pink voile tunic over pink satin, with yoke and sleeves of guipure lace, and a large black hat massed with white roses; Miss Vera Biss, white linen, putty coloured hat, with emerald green bow; Miss Kathleen Biss, white embroidered muslin, and hat to match. The presents were numerous and costly. Following the ceremony, the bridal party was received by Mrs. C. Holm Biss, at her residence in Hereford-street. Later on Mr. and Mrs. Murray left by motor on their honeymoon trip.

SMITH—CHARLESWORTH.

There was a picturesque and interesting wedding at St. Peter's Church, Wellington, on Wednesday last, between Miss Agnes Charlesworth, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Charlesworth, Oriental Bay, and Mr. C. Smith, third son of Mr. C. Smith, of Wellington. The ceremony was solemnised by the Ven. Archdeacon Harper, and Dr. Kington Fyffe played the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a gown of ivory duchesse satin, the lace tunic enhanced with pearl and silver embroidery; her tulle veil was attached to a pearl Juliet cap, and she carried a bouquet of white stephanotis and roses. The bridesmaids composed a rainbow group: Miss Pileher, in pale mauve satin; Miss Wilson in delicate eau de nil; each wore a mob cap, and a plume to match her gown. Two small maids followed, Myrtle Charlesworth, in pink charmeuse with a mob cap, and Fibi of chiffon, and Jean Turnbull, attired in pale blue to match. Baskets of autumn roses and leaves were carried, and the maid's gifts from the bridegroom were gold bangles or brooches. Mr. H. Smith was best man, and Mr. E. Charlesworth groomsmen. Mrs. Charlesworth, mother of the bride, wore mole charmeuse with bands of velvet, and Oriental embroideries, mole satin hat. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith left on their honeymoon journey to Australia; the bride wearing navy blue cloth with facings of blue satin and a black satin hat. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth gave a dance for young people.

PYNE—CAVERHILL.

A "Daisy" wedding attracted much attention at Pilton recently, when Miss Daisy Caverhill, sixth daughter of Mr. T. W. Caverhill, was married to Mr. Arthur Pyne, eldest son of Mr. W. Pyne, of the New Zealand Railway Department. The bride's dress of nixon was daintily embroidered with her name flower, and hemmed with satin, and her veil—worn over a wreath of orange blossom—was also embroidered, and her bouquet was composed of marguerite daisies. The only bridesmaid was Miss Daisy Kerlake, who was in an embroidered lingerie robe, and carried a bou-

quet of daisies tied with pale green ribbon. Mr. F. Lewis was best man. Mrs. Caverhill wore black silk with soutache and a yoke of lace. Mrs. Arthur Pyne's travelling dress was of dark blue cloth, with which she wore a black hat and furs.

A Famous Name.

The appointment of Rear-Admiral Troubridge as Chief of the Naval Staff carries on the traditions of a family which has already written its name large in the book of the Navy. He is, of course, a descendant of the famous Troubridge who commanded the *Caledon* at Trafalgar. At the time of Lord Howe's battle of "The First of June" Troubridge happened to be a prisoner of war on board the French ship the *Sans Pareil*. On the day of the battle, Howe, seeing that he was in a favourable position for forcing an engagement, ordered his crews to breakfast before the battle. The French misunderstood this, and thought that the English fleet was afraid to engage. "There will be no fight to-day," said the captain of the *Sans Pareil* to Troubridge; "your admiral will not venture down." "English sailors," replied Troubridge, "never like to fight on empty stomachs. The signal is lying for all hands to breakfast, after which be quite sure they will pay you a visit." Less than six hours later the captain of the *Sans Pareil*, "with his masts gone by the board, his bulwarks torn to splinters, and one-third of his crew struck down, was inviting Troubridge to pull down the colours of his ship in token of surrender.

INCORRECT DIAGNOSIS.

TONIC PRESCRIBED FOR WELL-KNOWN SYDNEY MAN WHO HAS LOST THIRTY POUNDS IN WEIGHT.—WORMS THE CAUSE.

The striking case of Mr. G. B. Renton, of 14, Sir John Young's-erecent, Sydney, and connected with a well-known George-street wallpaper house, illustrates two things: One that doctors are not infallible, and the other that adults are troubled with worms just as children are, and that Comstock's "Dead Shot" Worm Pellets are a most effective remedy for this most unpleasant complaint. The letter of Mr. Renton is purely voluntary and freely given, and simply states the facts, which we will at any time confirm.

"Some time ago I began losing weight in an alarming manner," writes Mr. Renton—"so much so that I went to see a doctor, who examined me, and came to the conclusion it was due to over work and worry. I continued to lose weight, and also suffer from peculiar internal pains. I became very anxious at the continued loss of weight, and thinking I might be going into a decline, went to a second doctor, who examined me thoroughly and gave about the same opinion as the former one had done, and prescribed a tonic. One night going home in the train, I read one of your advertisements giving symptoms of people who have worms. The symptoms given strongly coincided with my own, and I determined to test the question. I accordingly procured a packet of your Comstock's "Dead Shot" Worm Pellets, and took eight tablets, and in the morning four Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, and to my intense satisfaction and relief passed two very large stomach worms. I took them in a glass and showed them to the doctor who had last examined me, and who had prescribed the Tonic, and it is needless to say he was surprised at the result. Altogether, I lost thirty pounds in two months, due to these worms, and you may believe me, I was thoroughly alarmed, thinking I might have consumption. I regained all this lost weight immediately I rid my system of the worms, and am in splendid health at present. These are the simple facts which speak for themselves, and I shall be only too pleased to confirm them to any person who doubts their truth. You have my permission to use this for publication."

Comstock's "Dead Shot" Worm Pellets are a purely vegetable medicinal preparation for the eradication of Worms in children and adults. For sale by all chemists and storekeepers, price 2/6, or will be sent post paid at the same price by The W. H. Comstock & Co. Ltd., Farish-street, Wellington, N.Z.

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