

decided to make their home. The feature of the picture is its delicate colouring, which is so delicate and rich that it rather suggests the tropics than New Zealand's more sombre shades. The suggestion of a waltz day, in the summer, with the scene reflected in the glassy water is typical of Mr. Watkin's style. When hung at the Auckland Art Society's last exhibition it attracted considerable attention. Already the City Gallery possesses the picture by Mr. Watkin depicting the departure of the Māori from his island home in the sunny Pacific, and Messrs. Vaile and Sons' gift will make an excellent companion subject.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE ALBERTLAND JUBILEE.

The jubilee was celebrated last week of the birth of settlement in the now prosperous agricultural district of Albertland on December 4, 1862. The first sale of Crown lands in the district was conducted at Mangawai, and the newly-arrived members of the Albertland Non-conformist settlement, who came out each armed with an order for a grant of forty acres, competed for the bush selections that were to be their future homes. At that time only the first two emigrant ships, connected with the movement, the Matilda Wattenbach and the Hanover, had arrived in Auckland with eight hundred settlers, other emigrant ships coming later. The scene of the festivities was the township of Paparoa, between Helensville and Dargaville. Settlers from Matakohu and Maungaturoto were also participating, and the gathering numbered about three hundred.

The celebrants were honoured by the presence of the Prime Minister, The Hon. W. F. Massey and party travelled down the Waitoa River from Dargaville to Ruawai, driving thence to Paparoa. On arrival at Matakohu, two or three miles within reach of his destination, the Premier was accorded an enthusiastic welcome by a large gathering of settlers, who subsequently accompanied him in vehicles numbering about a score. The entry into Paparoa was of quite an imposing nature.

Between two and three hundred people attended a reunion of old colonists in Cliff's Hall during the afternoon, when brief addresses and exchanges of reminiscences were given. Among the guests were the Premier, the member for the district (Mr. J. G. Coates), and Messrs. Albert Glover and J. A. Young, M.P.'s.

Most interesting were the speeches of the veterans, who revived inspiring memories of the past, and interesting, too was the spectacle of the many attentive listeners now reclining in the afternoon of life. Cordial messages were received from several whose infirmities prevented attendance, and by unanimous resolution it was decided that the secretary (Mr. Henry Hook) should forward telegrams of fraternal regard, and conveying wishes for "light at eventide."

"When I heard of this function today I could not stop away," said Mr. Springer, of Ohaupo, and the remark was typical of the spirit which permeated the gathering.

A statistical record of progress, supplied by Mr. T. Wilson, junior, showed that the population of Paparoa, Matakohu, and Maungaturoto is now fourteen hundred, that the ratable value of the land is a little over a quarter of a million sterling, that sales of cattle by auction total four thousand head per year, and sheep ten thousand, that the wool industry is firmly established, and that the district has progressed more during the past ten years than for forty years before.

After so much had been said about the well-nigh insurmountable difficulties of the dense bush in the early days, it came somewhat as a surprise to hear the fearful remark of Mr. G. Tibbits, a hearty old pioneer, "Too much has been said, he remarked, 'about the hardships of the early days. Why, what did we expect when we left England?—not to pick up gold in the streets. When we could not get a yard of land to swing our feet on at home, we got forty acres to come out here, and we regarded it as an inheritance quite." (Voices: So it was.) Mr. Tibbits, with dramatic gesture, concluded by declaring that if he could be young again he would not want more than to take up land in the backblocks. His had been a glorious life among the hills and the rivers; in fact, it had been one long picnic for fifty years. (Cheers.)

One of the oldest survivors participating was Mr. T. W. Wilson, of Paparoa. By a happy inspiration he prevailed upon a still older settler, Mrs. Rowsell, of Maungaturoto, aged eighty-

one years, to rise on her feet while he affectionately referred to the occasion when he was returning home with his first cow, purchased at a cost of twenty pounds, and was befriended in a very practical manner by Mrs. Rowsell, or, as he called her, "Good old Maungaturoto." That the latter memory had been kept green was evidenced by the clearness with which Mrs. Rowsell was enabled to endorse the speaker's remarks. Little wonder it was that the gathering rose and cheered these hearty veterans.

A group photograph taken subsequently, included about fifty of the original settlers, a dozen of them being ladies. This was followed by a big demonstration and public tea at the Garrison Hall, while in the evening a public meeting was addressed by the Premier and visiting M.P.'s, Mr. Coates being in the chair.

The Premier, to whom a resolution of welcome and confidence was enthusiastically carried by the exceptionally large audience, said that two reasons why he was very pleased to be present were that his first political constituency extended into a portion of Albertland, and that his parents, although actually not Albertlanders, came out to New Zealand at the same time and under similar conditions. He therefore looked upon the occasion as a jubilee of his own, and he recognised in the faces before him very many old friends. (Applause.) He could not express the admiration he felt for the Albertland settlers, because of their pluck, their grit, and their success. They were not only heroes and heroines, but they were benefactors to the Dominion. Further, they and their descendants would yet make the North of Auckland one of the brightest spots in the British Dominions. Mr. Glover had suggested the erection of a monument to those pioneers, but he (the speaker) thought it unnecessary. Their monument had been established for all time in the smiling fields and prosperous settlers. His ambition was to see on the lands of New Zealand a strong and independent yeomanry, possessing their freehold, and outnumbering the dwellers in the city. There should be a majority of producers over and above consumers. He predicted that the dairy cow and the fruit trees would do more towards the prosperity of the North than the timber and kauri gum industry had done in the past. Mr. Massey concluded by wishing the settlers all the prosperity which they merited, and resumed his seat amidst applause.

A most enjoyable musical programme was provided by Albertlanders, thus completing a function of outstanding felicity.

CATHOLIC PRIEST HONOURED.

A large and enthusiastic gathering of the Catholic community, and the numerous friends of Rev. Fr. Holbrook, A.M., St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, filled the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall last week to bid farewell to him before leaving on a well-earned holiday for the Old Country. His Lordship Dr. Coarty, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Gillan, V.G., and 30 diocesan priests, the Marist Brothers, his Worship the Mayor, Messrs A. M. Myers and J. H. Bradley, M.P.'s were amongst those present. Mr. P. J. Nerhey, J.P., was in the chair. Mr. M. J. Sheehan (hon. secretary and treasurer) to read the address to Father Holbrook, which set out the many good qualities and works accomplished by the recipient, notably the reduction of the cathedral debt by £3,000, the care of the orphans and sick and distressed, and the establishment of confraternities, and wishing him an enjoyable trip and speedy return. The chairman then handed to Father Holbrook the address, and the treasurer presented a purse containing 200 guineas. The Bishop bore eloquent testimony to the excellent work and character of Father Holbrook. He was gratified at the manifestation of love and esteem evinced not only by Catholics, but non-Catholics. He had pleasure in announcing for the first time that on his return Father Holbrook would fill the position of Chancellor of the Auckland Diocese. (Applause.)

His Worship the Mayor (Mr. C. J. Parr) said he had had ample opportunities of judging of the work of Father Holbrook in the city, and he entertained for him the highest regard. On behalf of the citizens he wished Father Holbrook a pleasant trip. Messrs A. M. Myers and J. H. Bradley, and Messrs Moore and Higgins, and Mons. Gillan all spoke eulogistically of Father Holbrook. An address and travelling trunk from the Celtic Society were presented by the president of the Society (Mr. Hall-Shallop-

Father Holbrook, an rising to reply, was accorded an ovation. He thanked all of them for their high encomiums, which had overwhelmed him. He had, in the words of the address, striven "to be faithful," he would try to be ever so. He was gratified at the evidence of amity in our city, for no matter at which altar they worshipped they could, as citizens of our great city and Dominion, unite to make life brighter and happier. He thanked the committee who worked so hard to make a success of the function in his honour. He would always look back upon it with gratitude and appreciation.

In the Garden of Life.

A FANTASY.

By MRS G. H. A. RYVES.

A rosebud in my garden beckoned me, and she spoke and said: "Look at my petals unfolding to the sun, and in between them see my golden heart; and deeper down the little vesicles arranged for my seeds. Look right through my stalk and along my leaves, on this side and on that, with all their innumerable veins. See the little pink thorns upon my stem, and look all down along the sap-ways to my roots where they strike into the earth; and you will find my law which is my soul. You will find it spread out all over, and in, and through me, and you can smell it in my scent."

So I found the Law of the rose which is her soul, and labelled it in the book of my mind; and I laid it against the patterns of other flowers I had in my mind's collection, and found it fitted in parts with many others. So I took note of it all, and wondered at the divisions and subdivisions that could be made of them.

Then a shadow suddenly came over the sun; it was the shadow of a man. And he said to me, pointing to the rose: "This is illusion, an appearance only, there is no real rose."

But I answered, lightly, "Oh! you are mistaken, for the rose has just shown me its soul."

"What do we know of a soul?" he said. "A rose is nothing but a mere name for an appearance which soon disappears. We know of nothing except what is made up of parts; divided and divided all comes to atoms. Now take away one, and then take away another—this is still a rose, you say; but at last there is nothing left even to call a rose. It is illusion."

But I answered him, "Nay, in that case the rose would have flowered out and faded,—passed away as all things must one day; yet even among the dust of worlds there will be hidden somewhere the Law of the Rose, which is its soul."

But the man insisted that there is no soul; that the rose atoms produce appearance only. "Phenomena are all," he said, "and all is illusion."

But I answered still, "Nay, for the rose has shown me its soul,—I have found its affinity with eternal Law; the rose has spoken for all its kind."

Then a blackbird suddenly burst into song: He sang to me of joy;—yet not to me but to his mate. I noted his glossy feathers and his golden beak, and the brightness of his watchful eye; and how he balanced himself upon the elder bough, and how his throat swelled with his song; and I knew his Law, which is his soul, and I put it also into my mind's collection and labelled it and fitted its pattern to that of other birds, and wondered again at the divisions and subdivisions that could be made of them.

Then I turned to the objector and asked him: "Is this also illusion?" And he said: "Yes; here are appearances—here are phenomena,—all go the same way, dust and ashes—dust and ashes."

Then I saw my Beloved standing by, and I went near to him and looked into his eyes, and I saw therein his Law, and I saw that it spread all over him and made him what he was: my Love, and my Beloved. The shadow of the objector again darkened my path, and I turned and asked him smiling, "Is this also illusion?" and he said: "What now?"

"Surely you can tell me," I said, "surely you know the heart of a man and of a woman—you, who know so much?"

And he laughed a mocking laugh; loudly he laughed and he said: "Oh, you innocent dreamer! a man's heart and a woman's? You will need no aid to tell you, you will soon know that

the greatest of all, as you hold it, is illusion even as 'tis lead."

"Is there but one wise man?" I cried. "I am a woman and I have my woman's creed;—speak, Beloved! Is love illusion? Is love to perish? Can it be broken to fragments and scattered so that there be nothing left of it as love? Speak, my Beloved!—speak!"

And he said: "I have no answer to make this man." Thereupon the man turned upon his heels and went his way.

Then my Beloved came near to me, and drew me close to him and looked into mine eyes. "Shall I tell thee?" he asked, "Can I tell thee if thou dost not already know?"

I answered him, "I know, Beloved, but I wanted thee to shatter the man's arguments."

"Nay, but let him go," he said, "let him have his arguments—we have our love."

Sugar from Sawdust.

A short time ago certain scientists proved to their own satisfaction, if not to the public's that the cow was by no means indispensable as a purveyor of milk, and introduced to our notice a laboratory-made article which they declared had all the virtues of the best fed cow, and not of its possible vices. Success in the laboratory does not, however, always guarantee success when a process is tried on a commercial scale, and up to the present synthetic milk, like synthetic rubber, shows no sign of becoming a serious competitor with the natural article.

For that reason, perhaps, the world will refuse to take the latest synthetic triumph very seriously. It is the production of sugar, highly nutritious cattle-food, acetic acid, furfural, formaldehyde, and a few other more or less valuable items, from sawdust.

How sawdust can be turned into valuable cattle-food, or a substance for utility in a number of industries, was explained before Mr. Zimmerman before the Royal Society of Arts the other day.

By the "Chassen Process" sawdust is subjected in closed retorts to digestion with a weak sulphurous acid solution, and under pressure of about 90lbs. to 100lbs. to the square inch. A very effective transmutation takes place under these conditions. Of the resulting product, sugar is an important constituent, the amount being about 25 per cent.

Though improvements have been made in the quality of the sugars obtained, so far it has not been possible to prepare a crystalline sugar on a commercial scale. But the converted fibrous product known as "saccharose" has proved of great nutritive value when mixed with a small quantity of molasses or some fatty substance.

Mr. Zimmerman quoted the results of a number of experiments upon horses and sheep with this diet. The most striking was that with a colt declared by four veterinary surgeons to be in such a state that it ought to be destroyed, as it was not possible for the animal to digest any normal foods. At the end of six months' feeding on saccharose and molasses the colt showed a total increase of more than 40 per cent in weight, and was "fit for any work."

Discussing the possibility of utilising the converted wood substance and its sugar content in other directions, Mr. Zimmerman mentioned that a factory, capable of treating 200 tons of sawdust per week, could turn out between 300,000 and 400,000 gallons of proof spirit per annum. This would also give by-products of 50 tons of acetic acid, 10 tons of furfural, and 2,000 gallons of methyl-alcohol for recovery. Of late years, too, molasses had been used for road sprinkling, and it was strongly suggested that Cuban molasses could be shipped to New York for this purpose. Why should not a similar product, home-produced, be used for home consumption?

Synthetic rubber, made from starch or sugar, was also mentioned by Mr. Zimmerman, who said that converted wood might claim to be the cheapest base from which to start such a purpose, and it would doubtless be of great assistance for the development of this process.

Whoever would have suspected sawdust of possessing such possibilities? To the average person sawdust has...her to be applied as a substance chiefly useful for stuffing dolls, smoking fish, and throwing on tavern floors.

"Many a man," said Uncle Eben, "claims to be chain' dull care away when he's rely' rummin' after trouble."