

for a day. I am, indeed, glad that one of the Northern cities is about to re-introduce its floral fete.

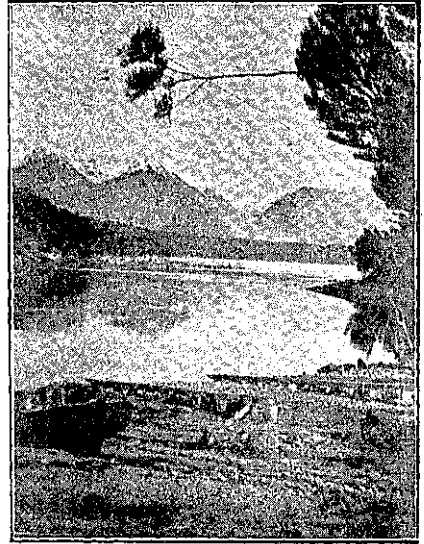
CIGARETTE SMOKING.

One of the arguments advanced in extenuation of the habit of smoking among ladies is that nowadays women are taking so much to men's work that they require the solace such as is found by men in tobacco. A writer also tells us that the habit of drinking wines is on the increase, and attributes this also to the same cause. However—the pity of it! If women cannot remain feminine, they should find other equipments.

MUSIC.

Messrs Eady and Co. send for review some charming songs. I must not forget to mention one by a New Zealand girl, Miss Ethel Wright, viz., "Mine! Only Mine!" It is somewhat ambitious; but the composer fails, I think, by dropping into the waltz refrain, which is so suggestive of songs that "have been." The wording is somewhat against her. But a great amount of merit is discernible; and I should like to see more work by her in a simpler style. Among the selection

sent me I have tried another by Ellen Wright, the English composer of "Violets." One of her latest is "A Dream," which is more florid, and not nearly as acceptable as "Two Lyrics," with words by Tesemacher. These are really de-



Helen MacLeod,

Photo.

The Hunter Mountains and Monument.

lightful, and easy to sing. For gentlemen let me advise my readers to procure "Davy Jones' Locker," by W. H. Petrie, a capital, spirited song for baritone. Further notices are held over till next issue.

Peace with Honour.

Pursuing armies cease their mighty chase,
 Each bugle blowing to a nobler call;
 Air, Earth, and Sea bear witness that the pall
 Carnage bath wove, is lifted from the race;
 Evil and passion-wrought her fearful face
 Will soon be hid, while Afric's wreck-strewn field
 Its old time wealth will far more richly yield
 For those who reap in Britain's warm embrace.
 Ho! brothers grasping close the offered hand,
 Hold closely, firmly all it bids thee take
 Of love, and love's sweet fruit, for sweet love's sake.
 Nought shall thy glory touch 'neath Empire's band,
 Or rob thee of the glory due to those
 Resolving loyalty, who once were foes.

JOYCE JOCELYN.