

THE PACT AT LOCARNO

Something at last seems achieved; the note of doubt will be removed as soon as we are assured that Great Britain and the Continental Powers are determined to abide by the pact (says *America*). When England, France, and Germany sign an agreement not to make war until the last means of avoiding hostilities has been found useless, the world can congratulate itself that much of the bitterness which poisoned the conferences of 1918 and the subsequent year, has disappeared. For that new spirit of conciliation, in humble gratitude we thank Almighty God.

Perhaps the position of Germany can now be discussed without fear of exposure to the accusation of disloyalty to one's own country. It may even be that the very men who drew up the terms at Versailles, are now beginning to realise that what they demanded was and is impossible. We need not raise the question of what nation was responsible for the war, or upon what Government rested the responsibility of at last touching the match that set the world in flames. If there was glory enough to share, much the same may be said of the responsibility. There had been precious little of justice and charity in any European chancellery for more than a century. Justice was forgotten; charity was held to be an ignoble weakness. Expediency and diplomacy, which are often fine phrases for deception, were supreme, for the world of politics had decided that it could make headway well enough without Almighty God and His law. What happened in 1914 was not the result of the act of a crazed fanatic, but the inevitable working out of a godless statecraft to a godless end.

Whether or not Germany's was the supreme guilt, it was no step toward international peace to compel the new German Government to wear the penitent's sheet and to confess that her people had fought for ends that were plainly and objectively unworthy. As the late President Wilson well said, our quarrel was not with the German people, but with the Government that had ceased to represent them. To ask that people, now living under a Government of its own choice to stand before the world as a nation of unrepentant malefactors, was not statecraft. It was not even good sense, for it placed a bar against the growth of what all, presumably, desired—international peace. It was in this mind that Pius XI bade the nations remember that in dealing with Germany not only justice but charity was indispensable. The peace party which branded sixty million people dwelling in the heart of Europe as a nation of criminals was in reality a war party.

BAXTER'S PHARMACY,

Theatre Building's, TIMARU.

The Greatest Skin Healer on Earth.—However stubborn and of long standing your skin trouble may be, do not despair. Use Exmacura regularly, and you will be surprised how quickly it relieves irritation and suffering, and finally eradicates every trace of the disease. Exmacura is obtainable from Baxter's Pharmacy

CHILD OF MARY'S WEDDING

At St. Joseph's Church, Wellington, a marriage between Harold Riddler and Mollie Kennedy was solemnised recently by Rev. Father Cullen. The bride, who entered the church to the strains of the "Wedding March" played by Miss Mary Dillon (one of the sodalists), was attired in a beautiful bridal gown of white georgette and lace, and also wore her blue mantle, which she laid at the foot of Our Lady's Altar. A guard of honor was formed at the church by the Children of Mary, who also sang during Nuptial Mass. The bridesmaid, Miss Eileen Kennedy, wore a frock of pale pink georgette and silver lace, with cap to match; and Mr. Jack Riddler attended the bridegroom. After the ceremony a reception was held by the bride's parents at the Oddfellows' Hall, when various toasts were honored. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Riddler left for the north.

A few days previous to the wedding, the bride was the guest of the Children of Mary at a "kitchen tea," and also was the recipient of a present from the members of the sodality.

McCORMACK'S ART

WHAT SOME CRITICS LEARNED FROM HIS RECENT TOUR.

Mr. John McCormack left England on Saturday, and before he returns to us will have been round the world (says the *Universe* for October 9). After his American engagements he is going to the Far East, and will make for the first time a concert tour in Japan.

After his Albert Hall concert he made one or two appearances in the provinces, and his visit to Birmingham brought some interesting tributes. The Town Hall, our own correspondent writes, was crowded to overflowing, and in response to insistent clamor Mr. McCormack sang many extra songs.

The *Past* critic remarks that "the surprise of the concert lay in the discovery of a vocal 'celebrity' entirely free from the tricks or 'stunts' through which celebrity is generally attained. Were we taken aback somewhat when the first group offered no adventures on the high C's, no displays of fervor indiscriminately applied? Perhaps so; Mr. McCormack's quality took time, not to make itself manifest, but to make its way with his listeners." In like manner, the *Mail*: "Most people, no doubt, expected to be given an exposition of vocalism of the type that tenor celebrities have unfortunately made too familiar. What they got instead was so surprising that some rapid mental readjustment was necessary before the singer could be appreciated for what he really was."

As we have said before, it is an education to hear John McCormack sing, precisely because the absence of "stunts" connotes a deeply-thought and laboriously-attained art. For instance, breath-control, with the wonderful phrasing it renders possible, is a matter of sheer conscientious hard work. As he himself said to us once, you must get the goods before you can deliver them, and before you can get them you must work for them. Anyone with requisite vocal organ can get on to a high A (after taking a good breath on purpose), and proceed to bellow

upon it. To phrase the last bars of "Waldeseinsamkeit" properly is quite another matter. What the amateur singer listening to McCormack learns is to go for the middle of the note, for the contour of the musical line, for the inside of the song, all the time, and for nothing else.

F. READE WAUCHOP

PRODUCER OF ENTERTAINMENTS
Late London and Australian Theatres.
ADDRESS:
194 Lichfield St., CHRISTCHURCH

MARBLE ALTARS

We make a speciality of the manufacture of Marble Altars.

The quality of our work is higher and the cost lower than for imported altars.

Designs submitted and quotations given.

J. TAIT

MONUMENTAL SCULPTOR
52 CASHEL ST., CHRISTCHURCH
(Near Bridge of Remembrance)

ART UNION

IN AID OF THE O'CONNOR HOME, WESTPORT

(Entirely without State aid)

For the aged needy of both sexes and all denominations.

£500	IN PRIZES	£500
	in Alluvial Gold.	
1st Prize	£300
2nd Prize	50
3rd Prize	30
24 Prizes	£5 each	120
	Total	£500

TICKETS 2/6 Books of 9 for £1

Closes 30th January, 1926.

Drawn 20th February, 1926

F. A. DE TOURETTES, *Chairman.*

G. R. WIMSETT, *Secretary,*

P.O. Box 86, Westport.

FOR SALE

FARM FOR SALE.

314 acres (freehold). One of the best dairy farms in the Auckland province. First time in the market. Retiring after 48 years' residence on this property; adjoins township, and two hours' run to Auckland by rail or car. Railway and river frontages. Close to dairy factory, Government domain, and hot mineral springs. Three dwellings (all in elevated positions); two cow sheds with milking plants installed. Rich river flats, all improved. Price: £80 per acre. Good terms. Owner, Box 12, Helensville, Auckland.

S. M. Richardson □

JEWELLER AND RING SPECIALIST □

269 HIGH STREET

□ **Christchurch**