

or, if aught earthly could do it, would bring a smile on the stern, staid features of Sir Henry Parkes (never known to laugh), ex-Premier of N. S. W. Our friend and favorite is never killed; its skill in snake killing has thrown around it the arm of the law. Fines are enforced to save jacko, and the best of feeling exists towards the merry songster. The favorite method of destroying snakes is to swoop down suddenly, seize the reptile, bear it aloft, and from a sufficient height let it fall on a rock or on hard ground. If once is not enough, jacko tries another fall till the task is done. To avoid the fangs of the serpent it is caught near the head, and thus our useful friend aids in ridding Australia of her dangerous reptiles. I have witnessed a deadly struggle between a large black snake—so venomous as to be hated and dreaded by all—and a number of merry snake killers. One poor bird was caught and crushed beneath a fold of the serpent on the limb of the tree, but the others fought bravely, and after a terrible contest inflicted fatal wounds on the snake's head and back. It is little wonder, then, that the poor degraded natives of Australia give birds a prominent place amongst their beneficent deities.

The cockatoo is one of the large family of parrots which abound in the colonies.

The white cockatoo is a bonnie bird—snow-white plumage and beautiful yellow crest, of which it is as proud as an Indian warrior of his plumes and feathers. Its place is near the house, where it talks to the visitors and enjoys a pat from the passer-by. Its knowledge of the language is quite limited—lack of education probably. Sometimes sullen, it bites severely when teased, but generally passes for a good sort of a body amongst the youngsters.

Parrots are like Joseph's coat, of many colors. One species, the galah, is largely shipped to the cities for sale. By careful training the parrot repeats a few common phrases, a few set expressions, such as greet us in every-day life, in civil, social and religious society.

The beauty of the smaller species of parrots—parroquets, loriquets and humming-birds—is much admired, but for gay plumage the wonderful decoration of the lyre bird is hardly paralleled. But we come to the magpie, the pet of colonial homes. "Maggie" is taught songs, but mischief comes naturally. They revel in such matins as "Pop goes the weasel," "There's no luck about the house," "Darling I am coming," or ask "Who are you?" "Where are you going?" &c.

What a pity that a bird so gifted should have bad qualities also. Mag. is often guilty of petty thefts, and screeches harshly, and makes much ado about nothing.

The general belief that Australian birds, though fine in plumage, are lacking in melody, is not strictly correct, as some of the small native birds have sweet notes and music unknown in other lands. There are also many imported birds which sing as sweetly here as in their old homes over the sea.

Australia, beyond the lines of civilization, is cruel and remorseless, and on her arid wastes, or in her unexplored wild woods have perished not a few of her bravest sons. Even Canadian children know the fate of Burke and Willis, Stuart and Leichardt, and others lost in the desert, or rather who perished of fever and thirst on the burning sands of the interior. To such bewildered wanderers, or to the weary

traveller under the fiery rays of the summer sun, how welcome the sight of water or the news that a spring or river is near. There is a little bird, from its note called the bell-bird, whose music is hope and joy to the weary explorer, for it sings only where water is at hand. Dear little bell bird, many a despairing soul has been roused to hope and vigor by hearing thy voice.

Before me lies a small volume of "Leaves from Australian Forests," by Henry Kendall, the late lamented poet, of Sydney. Of the bell-bird he says:—

"By channels of coolness the echoes are calling,
And down the dim gorges I hear the creek falling;
It lives in the mountain, where moss and the sedges
Touch with their beauty the banks and the ledges.
Through breaks of the cedar and sycamore bowers
Struggles the light that is love to the flowers:
And softer than slumber, and sweeter than singing,
The notes of the bell-birds are running and ringing."

"The silver-voiced bell-birds, the darlings of day-time!
They sing in September their songs of the May-time:
When shadows wax strong, and the thunder-bolts hurtle,
They hide with their fears in the leaves of the myrtle.
When rain and the sunbeams shine mingled together
They start up like fairies that follow fair weather.
And straightway the hues of their feathers unfold
Are the green and the purple, the blue and the golden."

"Welcome as waters unquipped by the summers
Are the voices of bell-birds to thirsty far-corners.
When fiery December sets foot in the forest,
And the need of the wayfarer presses the sorest,
Pens in the hedges forever and ever,
The bell-birds direct him to spring and to river
With ring and with ripple, like runnels whose torrents
Are toned by the pebbles and leaves in the currents."

That every dear niece and nephew who reads the ADVOCATE may, in the darkest hour of trouble and grief, hear a heaven-sent bell-bird whispering hope and deliverance, is the earnest wish of your Australian friend,

J. M. LACHLIN, Brisbane, Qd.

Puzzles.

1—NOVEMBER, 1890.

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2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	
30							

ACROSS.—1. A consonant.
2. A wall, breast high.
3. A family of mites, ticks, &c.
4. One who murmurs.
5. Having credit.
6. A diphthong.

DOWN.—1. The three fates (myth).
2. The maple tree (LAT).
3. A plant.
4. Dry.
5. An evergreen tree.
6. A garden (scriptural).
7. To invent.

FAIRBROTHER.

2—CHARADE.

Well and Total done, Cousin Ed,
Was your song of welcome;
And your First puts you away ahead
In our puzzling kingdom.

With you we all Last coincide
That perseverance will be crowned at last,
And our highest aims surpassed
If we but faithfully puzzle away, puzzle away.

HENRY REEVE.

3—ANAGRAM.

In politics I meddle not because I am afraid,
But sometime I may change my mind and join the
COMICAL TRADE.

ADA ARMAND.

4—A HAPPY CROWD.

A motley crowd you will admit I've gathered here
together,
But they are e'er a merry group, in fair or stormy
weather.
"In what manner, our relations;" "an animal"
very sly;
"The foreman" of the whole affair; "an official"
you'll not deny;
"An honest associate;" "a garden of fruit;" our
"fuel and its price;"
"Crafty and what you often eat;" and "some one
very nice."

ADA ARMAND.

5—CHARADE.

It's all very fine to sing your song.
Puzzle away, puzzle away.
Who have nothing to do these evenings long.
But puzzle away, away.
But this poor child has dishes to wash.
And things to prepare for the morning "hash."
And knitting to do while the needles hash.
Puzzle, oh! puzzle away.

One stanza more—not another bit
Will I puzzle away, away.
For "brevity is the soul of wit,"
Puzzle away, away.

I fear you will LAST this puzzle commend,
But I TOTAL afford more time to spend,
Perhaps next month I FIRST make amends,
Then puzzle, oh! puzzle away.

ADA ARMAND.

6—CHARADE.

Come one and all,
Both great and small,
Unto my text give ear:
My name is Ed,
Living or dead,
Perchance you think I'm queer.

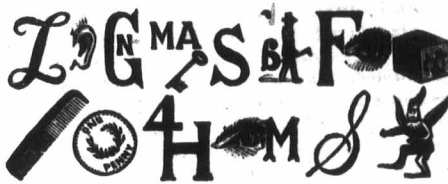
The text I'll take
Is not sponge cake
That's made to win a prize:
Or salt yeast bread,
With butter spread,
But home-made pumpkin pies.

Sometimes I sigh,
Entire that I
Am not permitted to
Eat pumpkin pie
Off! on the sly;
They catch me when I do.

They never lick
Me, with a stick,
Or LAST me once to cry.
FIRST off to bed,
They say instead,
For stealing pumpkin pie.

FAIRBROTHER.

7—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



8—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

If you would an "equal" see,
Behold it now in 1, 2, 3.
Or "a nobleman" transfix.
Spanish, too; take 4, 5, 6.
Go to bed you sleepy bore,
I just seen you 6, 5, 4.
If you don't, I'll 3, 2, 1
On your bald pate, just for fun.
May I ask your TOTAL now,
Before we get into a row.

FAIRBROTHER.

9—CHARADE.

Love figuratively told.

True love is 1 derfully prime,
Oft un 2 lovers sworn;
The earth 3 sembles Paradise,
And sometimes its 4 lorn.

Some lovers can't sur 5 alone,
And love 6 symptoms show;
Some think its 7 with their own,
And some ere 8 their woe.

Some, when their TOTAL look be 9,
Feel such a 10 der thrill;
Some, when they don't for 0 will pine,
And seek a grave 3 fill.

A weighty maid fell down at length,
Her beau rushed 2 assist her;
She was 2 80 4 his strength,
So 10 derly he kissed her.

She candy 8 4 her beau,
And had a toothache 4 it;
When her 2 30 cried, although
With 40 tude she bore it.

"4 0 I've waited long," cried Will,
"Now 1/2 me, my LAST I give to thee."
"You'll have 2 8 4 me until
You've 1 a 4 tune," said she.

HENRY REEVE.

Answers to October Puzzles.

- 1—C A L P
- 2—Rue-fully.
- 3—Astronomers.
- 4—Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.
- 5—Crow.
- 6—Order.
- 7—Kindness.
- 8—Disproportionableness.
- 9—Welcome.

Names of those who have Sent Correct Answers to Oct. Puzzles.

Elthor Moore, John F. Orchard, Elsie Irwin,
Beatrice Moore, S. H. Ferguson, Geo. Armstrong,
Harriet Gibson, Drusilla A. Fairbrother, Ed. A.
Fairbrother, A. R. Boss, Morley T. Boss, J. Irvine,
Devitt, Dorothy Fox, Henry Reeve, Mary Ellison,
Frank Colville, J. K. Wright.