

Jones, photo

The Old Order.



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**I**T is useless to exalt one hobby above another and declare that entomology, botany, conchology, or any ology, is of all others the best; for every recreation we turn to in our spare moments, contains its own wordless charm, and its own special mode of ministering to our individual tastes; unintelligible to all but those who go forth on the same errand.

The study of insects contains more than it implies; there is the exhilaration of going to and fro with Nature to get them from life, pleasant association with the herbs, the flowers, the trees, and even the mosses and fungi, for every class in the botanical world maintains or harbours some form of insect life. Then the untranslatable delight, of finding a new specimen; or a well-known one with unfamiliar variations, comes as a challenge to our accuracy of sight and observation, and quickens our perceptive faculties.

Even the most casual observer must acknowledge that the increasing infatuation the study entails, is greater than would be generally

supposed by those who have not dipped into the subject.

If we consider insects attentively we are carried away into an enchanted world which we have hitherto been unconscious of, and as we travel on through its inviting regions, there are creatures on wings, and creatures on foot, to arrest and hold our admiration. For the first time we see beauties that were practically invisible before; arts, industries, and stratagems undreamt of, laws immutable to puzzle and enthrall. Those who have been lured into that bewitching realm by the vivid loveliness of a butterfly, or the brightness of a gnat, by watching their habits and noting their instincts, can readily understand the wonder, akin to awe, that creeps in at the contemplation of its inhabitants; and having once discovered the pleasure to be derived therefrom, they will deny themselves no effort henceforth to renew the experience.

By degrees interest and enthusiasm are awakened, then a longing comes over us to cultivate and extend our knowledge of that fairy-world, and make ourselves acquainted with the laws and principles of the combined warfare the occupants

incessantly wage upon one another for individual tenure. In a pleasurable and profitable manner this is borne in upon us, and we are now able to conserve our neighbour's interests as well as our own, by seeing at a glance which is the useful, and which is the destructive insect, without ruthlessly destroying all that comes to hand.

Thus attaining a deeper insight into the ingeniousness they display to evade enemies and preserve their type, we are led on to ponder over the brevity of their little day, and the amount of labour they can press into it.

When we consider how many causes are working together against them, and shadowed as they are every second by perils innumerable and foes untold, the great wonder is that so many survive. But, Nature, as if to make amends, has liberally endowed them with active and passive means of defence in their spears, knives, stings, poisons, etc., with tricks of mimicry and cunning, to lessen the dangers they are heir to; for each one that is swept off the earth there are hundreds more to rise up and replace it. Every baby insect as it puts in an appearance, knows its special mission in the land, begins with that end in view, and carries it on faithfully and well until "Life's curtain is quietly rung down" upon its daily round.

Many people imagine that little winged insects grow into bigger ones; as for instance, small flies, moths or beetles; such, however, is not the case. When any insect attains wings it is full-grown, though many from different causes, circumstances, food, etc., may not be as large as they had a right to be. The body of a matured insect is divided into three well-defined parts, technically known as the head, the thorax, and the abdomen. In the course of their existence nearly all have to pass through three distinct transformations, more or less complete, and are subject to three different states; but it is only when they

finish the last change that they are insects in the true sense of the word.

The peculiar characteristics of these three transformations have been scientifically named to distinguish each stepping stone to the perfection of the higher life.

The first, or early form after quitting the egg, is the larva, signifying a mask, or spectre, for then the future outline is hidden, and it does not appear what it shall be.

The pupa is the second, or doll-like state, indicating its lack of movement, and the period when it is generally swathed and inactive.

Imago is the third and last condition as a typical winged, or perhaps wingless, creature.

In the upward and onward tendency of their successive states we are afforded a beautiful emblem of progression, beginning, as they do, in a lowly material form, and advancing at every step by a gradual and regular process towards some better and more complete end.

Most perfect insects have horns, known as antennae, which feel about and seemingly express their sensations and their language. Many ideas have been set forth by different naturalists as to their true use, but it is most generally supposed that they hear, smell, and feel, with them.

In the world of insects it is the mothers who have all the hard labour, but they never rebel, and they show the most marvellous forethought in their instincts, employing various and ingenious precautions in building and providing for their families before creeping away to die, as happens in most cases. Many of their homes alone would command our attention from the curious manner in which they are constructed, attached, and hidden. As a rule they are placed near surroundings of a protective coloring, and within reach of the particular food their children require to be reared on; for they know how to prepare and put in readiness what will be most congenial to their com-

fort and support the moment they are born.

For the battle of life the Author of Nature has equipped them with lancets, probes, gimlets, augurs, saws, etc., and accorded to them the skill of nurses, architects, ladies' maids, masons, carpenters, miners, and so on.

In truth, there is no end to the marvels they reveal, and, putting aside the inborn love we possess for all things created, insects must ever appeal to us with "mute though eloquent tongues" to reflect upon the many and beautiful lessons their life-work suggests, and evermore refrain from looking with horror or disgust upon any member of their "unnumbered multitude," which with the most superficial study is capable of imparting a loftier conception of life than we have hitherto held.

The life history of the following is from personal observation, and may serve to illustrate the design of my remarks.

### THE MANTIS.

The maternal solicitude of the mantis guides her to choose and fix upon some well-favoured leaf or branch to attach her frothy egg-cabin to; and she so effectually renders it a dwelling of safety for her brood, that I'm sure a bird would scorn to touch such an unsavoury-looking structure.

For, five, six, and nine months, according to the time of construction, which may be from the early days of summer until the late ones of mid-winter, it stands the wear and tear of the rain, the sun and the wind before the little tenants prepare to remove and brave the dangers of their heritage. It is as pretty a sight as there is in Nature, to watch them cast off the trammels of their cradle. A little perforation from within heralds the flitting, and soon two tiny black eyes come through, guiding a green, slender form with fairy limbs, all daintily enveloped in white gossamer apparel; as the wee thing slowly rises

to the delicate task of divesting itself of its encumbrances, the two thread-like antennae have first to be gently and carefully withdrawn from their filmy sheaths, and in turn, the six legs and body tenderly pressed off. Not in haste, but by degrees, it is relieved of its "clo,"



1 Mantis fashioning her egg cabin

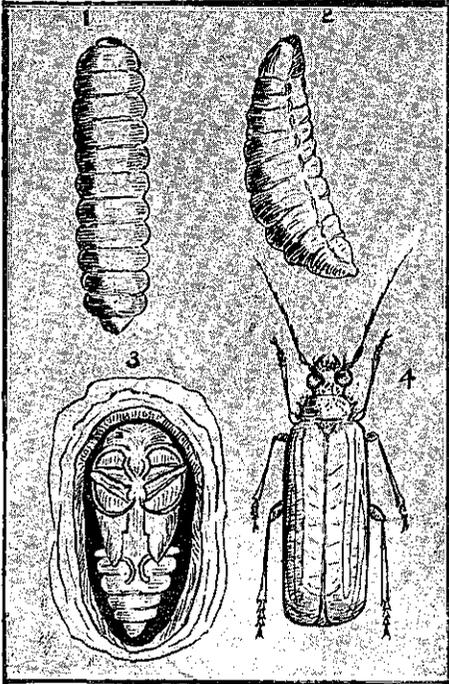
2. Egg cabin of a Mantis.

which are left hanging to the orifice, as the quivering, wingless midget steps forth.

It is no unusual sight to see twenty-five to thirty-five emerge from one cabin, and move about in a bright, quick way, as if conscious of their freedom and the glory of the sunlight. Their hunting propensities are straightway uppermost, and a mimic warfare begins among themselves if nothing better is at hand. Contrary to the general rule, these insects resemble their parents from birth; they are active from the beginning to the end, undergoing only a trifling change, such as a larger growth and a few new skins, till the budding wings appear and develop to perfection.

When mature, their outer wings are so like a stiff green leaf, that one can hardly help mistaking them for one; but hidden beneath those stiff ones are a daintier pair (only unfurled for flying) in diaphanous folds of tender green, and radiating

tints of pearly grey, set off by the stronger contrast of bright orange and peacock-blue of the spots on the fore-legs. These insects are by no means as saintly as they look with extended front legs as if in prayer. This devotional attitude earned for their kind, long years ago, the title of "Praying Mantis."



Hu Hu and Beetle.

Nothing equals their ferocity, and the flies, moths, and other insects they prey upon (for their menu is a large and varied one), soon vanish beneath their rapacious jaws. The spirit of antagonism is so largely developed in them, that two can rarely meet without defensively extending their fore-legs in hostility towards the other. The manner they assume when securing their booty is peculiarly their own; to watch them in ambush, protected by branch or leaf, then stealthily steal out upon the victim, rising upon four legs and striking with the front ones (much as a kitten would when sparring at a dog), is a revelation to the uninitiated, and merits all the interest they arouse.

And how quick they are to take

advantage of any position that provides an easy living! In our garden were a great many white Japanese Anemones, and as a matter of course, hosts of bees, flies, moths, etc., came to the feast of honey these flowers advertised; first one mantis, then another and another, furtively crept out from the green, and took up its post on the white petals, as if it were a natural part of the flowers, until quite a number had collected, and whichever insect it was whose evil genius conducted it thither after that, was quickly grabbed and devoured. The writer has kept them for months alive, but could never persuade them to eat any dead insect, no matter how hungry they were; yet they never hesitated to accept any live offering brought to the sacrifice; even though it happened to be a cousin.

#### THE HU HU.

The Hu Hu is the larva of the largest beetle in New Zealand, and was much esteemed by the Maoris as a delicacy, though not the principal food, as some would have us believe. No one looking at it in its grub-hood would ever suspect it of growing up into a fine, armoured beetle. For it is not ushered into the world in that form, but as a tiny, screw-shaped grub, with a minute light-brown head.

It begins life by tunnelling itself into the interior of a tree, where it lives, concealed by the darkness, growing and thriving on the fragments of wood it bites off with its strong jaws. For months and months it luxuriates in its gloomy burrow, eating the timber, and filling its vicinity with sawdust. Though small and insignificant, a number of them can in a comparatively short time level huge trees; all is grist that comes to their mill, and they seem equally as partial to the imported trees, as to the native. The skins of this grub are shed after the style of a caterpillar's.

When the pupal rest is at hand, it quits its sawdust galleries for a firm oval cavity about the size of a wal-

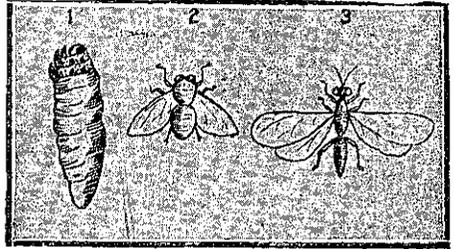
nut ; this exactly fits the recumbent position it requires for casting off the last grub suit, and to await in dormancy the day of its release. The future winged-shape is vaguely perceptible now, for it has wing cases, legs, and antennae, all beautifully enclosed in semi-transparent wrappings. But such a poor, helpless, white thing it is, looking about as comfortable as a boy tied up in a sack. After many weeks the colour grows visibly darker beneath the casings, and the occupant rouses to exertion, for the top of its head-gear has split. A little shudder thrills the insect through, and loosens the case ; by degrees the long-jointed antennae are carefully eased out, a leg is gently twirled and extricated, then a few more convulsive squirms and wriggles, aided by a continuous bobbing of the head, with extreme care and deliberation (as it stands a chance of going through life minus a leg, or with mutilated antennae if it were too hasty) away goes another half ; there now remains but a few decisive kicks and pushes to throw off the old, useless overall. It is a thrilling experience to watch, for the first time, a beetle thus deliver itself from the pupal bonds, and a grand lesson on patience and perseverance. The soft, ungainly, dwarf-winged insect has now to regain its breath and meditate on its deliverance, whilst the wing-cases, and wings, harden and develop.

After that it has only to support itself in the insect world, until old-age, or some other adversity in the form of a boy, or a bird carries it off.

They have a fierce kind of an air about them which is not justified by their harmlessness. As they usually roam around in the night season, they are often attracted by the glitter of the lamp-light, and create a great "flop" when they alight in one's room unannounced. They were facetiously dubbed "Dormitory Fleas" from this nocturnal habit, by the boys of a college not a hundred miles away.

## BAG OR BASKET WORM.

One would scarcely believe if they watched the baby bag-worms crowd out from the dessicated remains of their mother, that she had ever been anything but a woolly nest made on purpose to keep them warm and secure. Such animated specks they are, too, as they set to work at their weaving, hatching, and helping each other to get a roof over their heads ; one works inside, and another helps with the outside



1.—Bag worm parasitised by 2 and 3.  
2.—Diptera, natural size.  
3.—Ichneumon much magnified.

until the cone-shaped home is finished. As they increase in stature many additions have to be made to the case to suit their needs ; for they grow and change inside, and have to move about from place to place with it on their back. They feed mostly at night, and during the day may be seen hanging from the shrubs they selected when they issued from their mother's tomb. Their house is a very uncommon kind of structure, and resembles a ragged or mossy twig, rather than a dwelling ; it is thatched with fragments of leaves, bits of stick, scraps of lichen, and the interior made warm and strong with a lining of brown, silky texture, too tough to tear apart, so arranged at the mouth that the inmate retains under its control the power to tightly close, or open it at will. As a preliminary to the chrysalis state, it secures the case to a branch by many strands of silk wound over and over, till the aperture and branch appears to be one. The neck of the case is drawn tightly in like

a netted purse, and the caterpillar, feeling safe, and evidently knowing it will need that door no more, reverses its position by turning head over heels in readiness for future flight; that is, if it happens to be Mr. Bagworm, as he only is privileged to lead a gaysome life

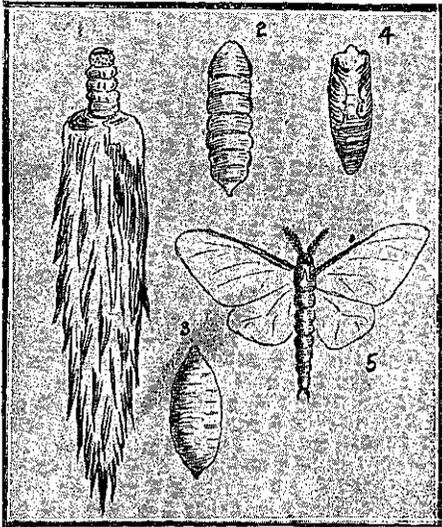
ghost of a quiver, when touched; just sufficient to indicate the resentment of such familiarities.

On one occasion, I was fortunately in time to see the acrobatic feat mentioned above; it was done to repair a rent I had let in upon the tenant's seclusion. Busily it began macerating all the edges and fluffing them out with a view to screening itself, and when all was satisfactorily ready, it returned, head downwards, to its rest. Generations of seclusion have made the family shy, for they get into a very uneasy state when any part of their anatomy is exposed, and no matter how often it occurs all operations are suspended to effect repairs.

Before the chrysalis period of their life arrives, however, many are the enemies which lie in ambush to annihilate them, chief among these is a greenish dipterous fly, who seems to be filled with a murderous longing towards the whole family, for it invades and demolishes them at an enormous rate. It is remarkable how these unbidden guests gain possession of the caterpillar's interior through the tough, leathery case. Anyhow, the eggs of the fly are buried beneath the skin, and as the fly larvae hatch out they literally eat every internal substance piecemeal, and eventually kill the kind friend of their early days by taking the vital parts as a finish up.

I have found as many as fifteen of them in their little brown envelopes, packed lengthwise beneath a flexible tent of caterpillar-skin, and the only noticeable difference in the defunct creature that had no further claim to the title of insect, was its lack of locomotion and a stiff, gorged appearance like a sack of bottles on a small scale.

Now comes a curious phase in this strange story of pillage; the plunderers are not all destined to enjoy the final state of activity which their mother intended owing to the superior cunning of a mid-get ichneumon. She took them



The natural course of a Bag Worm

2 and 3.—Chrysalis and perfect female.

4 and 5.—Chrysalis and perfect male.

5 of above is after Hudson, as the two I had died in the cocoon.

His wife is denied the pleasure of wings, and knows nothing of the world beyond her own front door; for the abode she made in her infancy, sees the cycle of her life, and becomes her sepulchre when she dies.

If she ever thought at all on the subject, it must have puzzled her when she reached her last mile-stone in the journey of life, to behold what an odd, unfinished form she had. Just a stout, creamy-coloured object, not unlike the kernel of an almond, and about as featureless; no wings, not the vestige of a leg, and not even one solitary eye to wink "I am alive" to the beholder.

She is not overburdened with energy, and her "too too solid flesh" can only make the faintest

unawares, and perfidiously installed her embryos within the bodies of the burglarous flies, to board and lodge at the same rate as they exacted from the bagworm. These later lodgers make themselves at home by dining off the immature flies, and using their shells as a halting place to change and rest in whilst they get ready to blossom forth on wings, to found families and do battle in the manner their mothers have done.

Thus we find, even in insect life, many individuals who will live on the fruit of another's labour without making an effort to attain an independence and support for themselves. A glaring example of method without industry. The bagworm constructed a home for its own use and support, and unconsciously yielded assistance to the wily fly family, they feloniously assigned their host (as well as the home) to themselves; then the astute little ichneumon arrives on the scene and filches the combined preserve for her progeny, and leaves them there in that roomy mansion to fulfil their destiny according to their strength. Thus circumstanced the poor bagworm had very little

chance to rise in life or perpetuate its history; it hardly calculated to finish up as a kind of wayside Inn to unlimited paupers. One caterpillar can lodge from six to fifteen flies, and each fly may support five to sixteen ichneumons.

So, roughly calculated, the caterpillar might easily have one hundred robust lodgers to accommodate and play the Good Samaritan to.

There is something really pathetic about the fate of this caterpillar, mischievous though it is, but it is a good example of the silent warfare that is ever presenting itself to the followers of Dame Nature, who is so rich in resources, and has so many surprises to unfold in the course of her companionship, that every day taken in her presence yields a harvest of enlightenment, and becomes a bond of intimacy that nothing can sever. This is the secret of the spell that is cast about all enterprising students when they sit at her feet and learn of her how to spell out and read the strange life-story of the insects, the flowers, the shells, the stones, or any other of the numerous treasures of which she has charge.



## SELF-CONTROL.

TO-DAY an ageless realm is mine  
 By right of conquest true,  
 Whereby is won what long was lost,  
 My birthright and my due.

My realm is wider than the realm  
 Of Kaiser, King or Tsar;  
 Nor mount, nor stream, nor ocean marks  
 Its boundaries afar.

The forces that defend my realm,  
 And wait upon my will,  
 Are stronger than imperial bands  
 That pillage, burn and kill.

But should pride raise or fear cast down  
 My soul, as here I reign,  
 Rebels would rise and foes invade,  
 And all were lost again.

VINCENT NAYLOR.



WHEN Billy was a kid he was as quiet and well-behaved a little chap as you could imagine, which was a wonder when you come to consider that he had been caught wild, still, of course, he was very small then, only a few days old in fact, which was too tender an age to show much bad behaviour. His mother had been shot during a hunting trip, and it was not until after the fatal shot had been fired that Billy was discovered, lying snugly hidden away under a manuka bush.

He looked such a pretty, wee chap, with his silky black and white coat, brown eyes, and four little pointed black hoofs terminating his slender legs, that we took compassion on him, and taking it in turns to carry him, conveyed him safely through the broken bush country to our camp on the sea coast. Here we kept him snugly enough until the time came to break up camp, feeding him the while on the milk supply which we received daily from the nearest homestead. The way he

grew was truly surprising, you could almost see him sprout. Every time the billy of milk arrived, he frisked round and wagged his tail so fast that it looked just like a white blur. Then, when he got his head down into it, he would keep going for all he was worth, his little legs quivering with the joy of it, and his sides swelling visibly, until they rounded out hard for all the world like an inflated football. But it was after he had finished his feed that the fun began, he would get so frisky and lively that there was no holding him. First he would put down his head like a professional old fighter, and charge around amongst us indiscriminately, until he persuaded us to get down on our hands and knees and play with him. It was great sport for us, but the dogs didn't half like it. It was the fun of the world to see old Rajah, our champion pig-dog, back away with his tail down, looking most disgusted, whenever the little chap made a playful prod at him. The big half-mastiff Jack, too, the dog that had done more goat-hunting than any of them, used to disappear quietly during the progress of the meal, and stow himself away in

one of the tents, he couldn't stand such foolishness at any price, it was beneath his dignity altogether.

The only one of our kuris that didn't mind much, was the curly old spaniel Rip Van Winkle; he took the matter in a proper spirit, and seemed to look upon it all as a huge joke. He would allow our little pet to chase him till further orders, but he knew enough never to let him quite catch up. He would streak around the camp with his big ears flapping wildly, and the little chap bounding after him at a great pace; then as soon as the kid began to gain on him, the wily old dog would double swiftly with a terrifying growl that would make the little fellow jump four feet in the air. Then back round the other way they would go as if their lives depended on it, repeating the game until the kid got tired of it and lay down.

When the day came at last for us to strike camp, we decided to take our pet home with us, and bring him up in civilization. We had no trouble getting him along to the bay where the steamer called, for the little chap followed us like one of the dogs, trotting along as prettily as a young fawn, and he was undoubtedly the hero of the hour when we boarded the steamer for our trip home across the harbour. We took him up on the promenade deck among the women and the children, and there he frisked around to his heart's content. But he nearly frightened one old lady into hysterics with his antics. She was sitting back in a deck-chair, deep in her book, when young Billy, no doubt mistaking the green stuff that she had in her bonnet for something edible, bounded lightly from the deck to her knees, and seizing hold of the green trimming, dragged her bonnet down over her eyes. The poor old lady thinking, no doubt, that the funnel had collapsed and fallen upon her, let out a scream like a steam whistle, at which Billy fled for his life, leaving the old dame speechless with fright, to the care of her friends, who brought her

round with a liberal application of smelling salts and water. Barring this little disturbance and a thrilling encounter with the ship's cat, commenced in play but ending otherwise, we got him across safely enough, and landing on the wharf, marched him off amid a fast increasing crowd of juvenile admirers.

When we got him fairly settled at home with a neat little shed to camp in at night, and plenty of room to roam around during the day, he was as happy as the oft-quoted Larry. In the paddock where we kept him were some low konini trees, and up these he used to shin like lightning whenever the humour for climbing seemed to strike him. Talk about a goat's sure-footedness, it was no name for his performances, he'd stand on a branch where you wouldn't think there was foothold for a rat, and browse away on the leaves quite calmly with a thirty-foot drop straight under him. He never slipped that we ever noticed, and we used to watch him pretty closely in those days.

It was in his second year, however, that Billy first took to roaming about much. Sometimes he managed to get out on the main road, and the youngsters coming home from school used to pet him and play with him. Not content with this some of the boys began to tease him, and it was this that finally led to his undoing. He took it in good part for a time, then the constant worrying and teasing of these youngsters spoilt his temper, and he started chasing them in retaliation.

Often enough you would see him bowl a youngster over in the dust, and stand over him until the other boys tempted him off after them, then he would be kept going, first treeing one boy, then chasing another through a fence, and all the while the rest of the young reprobates, perched safely out of danger on the top of the road cutting, or on the far side of a fence, would be



We carried him out to our camp.

heaving rocks and all manner of missiles at him.

After a while the neighbours round about began to interview us. They complained that he had frightened their children so that they could not induce them to go to school, and we perceived that there was trouble ahead for our pet.

We tried shutting him up in the yard after this, but he pined so much in close quarters, that we had to give him the run of the paddock to keep up his spirits. By this time he was a fine-grown, handsome, young Billy, with quite a formidable pair of horns; and as soon as he discovered the full use of these ornaments there was no holding him.

The first time that he made effective use of his new weapons was one day when the baker was on his rounds. Billy was feeding quietly in the paddock when the man got through the rails, and made for the back door; but as soon as he observed that the baker was well away from any cover he ceased his peaceful occupation, and arching his neck aggressively, gave vent to a defiant bleat, and bore down on the hapless tradesman like a shot out of a gun. That worthy, recognising his danger, started off on a record sprint for the house, but long before he reached it a sudden terrific shock in the rear sent him headlong to earth, amid a shower of crisp brown loaves. Sadly shaken and blown, he staggered to his feet, when Billy, with the light of victory in his eye, made for him again.

This time, however, the man had his wits about him, and met Master Billy fair on the tip of the nose with the toe of his boot. The shock was so sudden and unexpected, that Billy had all the fight taken out of him in one act, and retired slowly across the field, bleating in a heart-broken manner.

As for the baker, after ruefully gathering up his scattered loaves, he came limping heavily across to the back door, groaning at every step,

and declaring in gasps that his back was broken.

He handed in the bread to the girl in angry silence, and then making his way round to the front of the house, declared in a loud voice his solemn intention of "having the law on us for keeping a savage beast on the premises." It took the united efforts of the whole household, and a liberal presentation in hard cash, to deter him from performing this uncharitable action. Finally, however, his injured dignity was somewhat appeased by our promises to keep the savage beast under proper control in the future, and he retired still limping to his cart, keeping a sharp look out en route for the enemy, who fortunately was too busy cooling his inflamed nose in the long grass to notice him.

For a full week after this, Billy did penance in his yard, always appearing very meek and docile when approached by any member of the family. Then he began to go off his feed, and thinking that perhaps he had by this time seen the error of his ways, we let him out for a run every afternoon. He quickly recovered his spirits, and for a time became a quiet, respectable member of society once more. Then all of a sudden, for apparently no reason whatever, he took it into his head one fine afternoon to revert to his old bad practices. The girl had gone out to the drying ground to fetch in the clothes, and was busy unpegging them from the line. At one end the clothes-line was tied pretty high up on the trunk of an old gum tree, and here the girl had to climb on to an up-ended kerosene box in order to reach the pegs. It was while balancing herself in this precarious position that she attracted the notice of Billy. He took in the situation at a glance, and was utterly unable to resist the tempting opportunity, so suddenly rising on his hind legs, and giving out his war cry, he bore down on the helpless girl like a destroying avalanche. With a mighty crash his



Billy charges the baker.

head struck the box fair in the middle, knocking it into a cocked hat, and the girl, grabbing wildly into space, luckily caught hold of the clothes-line where she hung dangling, and screamed frantically for help. A rescue party, sallied hastily forth from the house, and arriving on the scene just as her strength was giving out, succeeded in putting the enemy to rout before he could make a fresh attack. That day the girl gave us notice that she would leave unless we immediately got rid of the goat, so with heavy

hearts we once more placed the offender under lock and key, until we could settle on some place to which to exile him, where he would be effectually out of the reach of temptation. The very next day, however, Billy settled matters for himself by managing to escape from the yard. Wandering up to the house, fury filled his eye as he discovered the kitchen door open, and inside at the table the hated figure of the girl busy among her cooking utensils.

This was too much, the balance of

Billy's equilibrium was completely upset. Backing silently off, he got steam up, and raising his bit of a tail defiantly erect, he came in through the door with a terrific rush. He caught the girl just behind the knees with a bang that sent her feet flying from under her. Down she came crash on her back, over went the table with the shock of the impact, holus bolus, whilst pots and pans flew in all directions with a clatter calculated to rouse the seven sleepers.

I think that Billy himself was considerably appalled at the magnitude of the disaster, for in his intense anxiety to escape, he mistook the window for an open doorway, and leapt clean through it with a second mighty crash of breaking glass that brought the whole household rushing to the scene of action in the greatest consternation.

The first sight, that met our eyes was the poor girl weeping hysterically amid the ruins of the table and the kitchen crockery which it contained, the large double-paned kitchen-window had been shattered from frame to frame, and the general wrack and ruin was appalling.

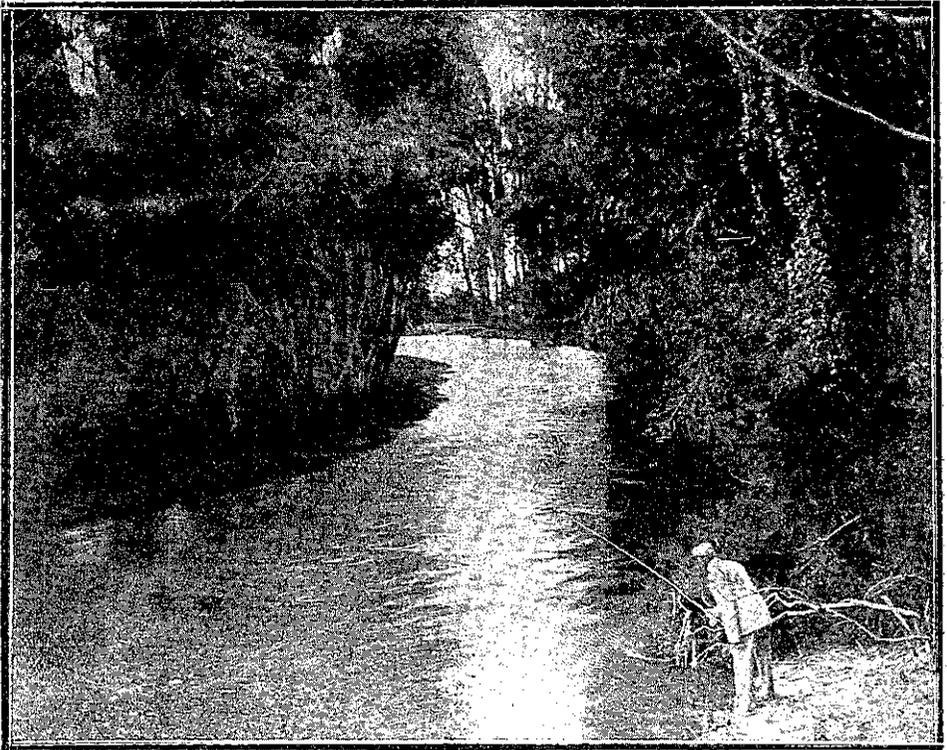
It was not without a feeling of genuine pain, that we took down the Winchester carbines, and loaded them. There was nothing else for it, our pet was outlawed, and an outlaw he died ere the day was many hours older. Whenever we relate the famous Billy's exploits now, we take our listeners into the front hall, and point with mingled feelings of sorrow and pride to a magnificent black and white rug that adorns the floor. That is all that now remains of our erstwhile handsome pet. Poor Billy!



Otto Weyergang,

A Pool on the Manaia track, Mount Egmont.

Photo.



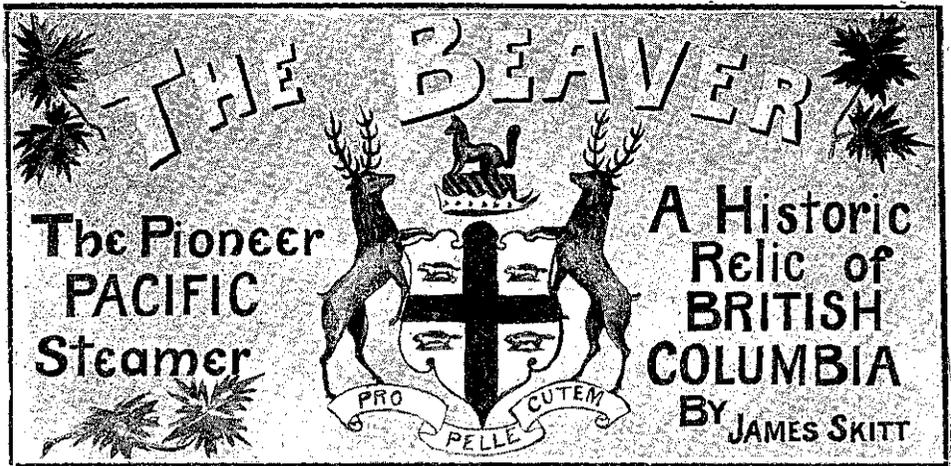
## A Song of the Angler.

WILLOW and toi-toi, tangles of fern  
 On the banks of the smooth-flowing river,  
 Old ruined fences, and pathways that turn  
 Where the flax-bushes rustle and shiver;  
 Islands of shingle, shadowy foam,  
 Bright glancing waters fast rippling home—  
 There's where the fisherman loveth to roam,  
 There flows the trout-teeming river.

Anglers, a many, with rod and with line,  
 Will "cast" up the long rippling river,  
 When clematis blossoms, and summer suns shine,  
 As the spear-grasses lazily quiver.  
 "Sing hey, for the noble four pounder," they cry,  
 "That lurks where the weeds and the water-cress lie!  
 Sing ho, for the music of reel and of fly  
 As it lights on the bright-shining river!"

Where are the fishers who angled last year  
 From the banks of the beautiful river?  
 Will they meet on the shingle, or wait at the weir,  
 Where toi-toi plumes shudder and shiver?  
 Will the old merry laugh, and the jest circle round,  
 As the fly is fixed on, or the reel is unwound?  
 Ah, yes! although some will have passed without sound  
 Like beads on the foam-winking river.

CHEYNE FARNIE.



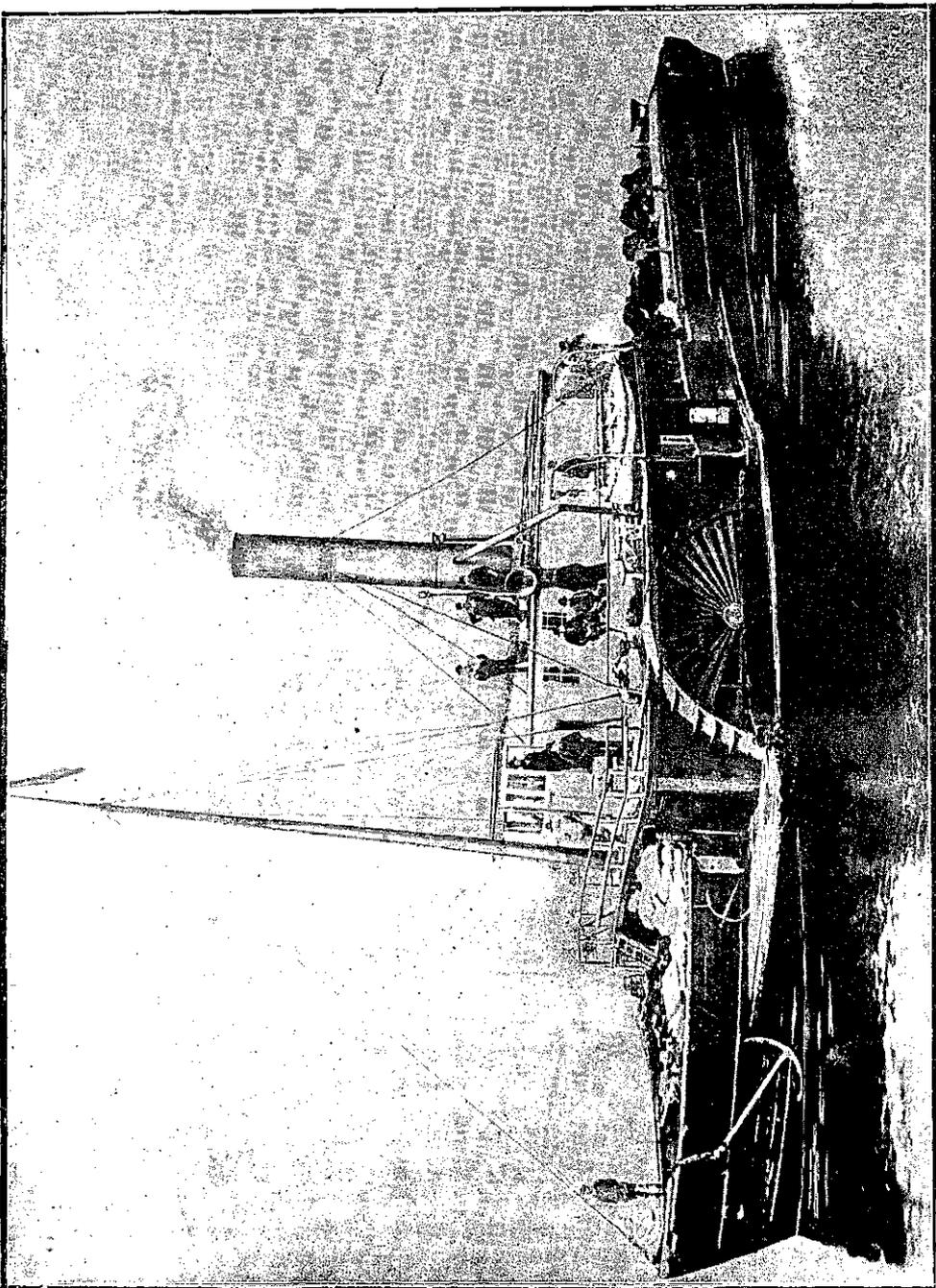
ISTORY, in its many forms and phases, abounds with innumerable records of notable ships and their achievements in peace or war, but of the thousand and one narratives that have been handed down to us, we doubt if there is one which is more interesting, especially to the dwellers on the shores of the broad Pacific, than the story of the little old side-wheel steamer "Beaver," of gallant memory, to which belongs the proud honor of being the first steam-propelled vessel to ply on the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

Many long years have come and gone since that little ship, after months of sailing to the south, put her helm over, doubled the Horn, and steamed northward into the Pacific; and if we would visit the "Beaver" ere she had yet left her cradle, we must return to those good old days in the early part of the past century, when William IV. was King of England, and steam, as a power, was yet in its infancy.

Built by Messrs. Green, Wigrams and Green, of Blackwall on the Thames, to the order of that historical corporation the "Governor

and Company of gentlemen adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay" (now known as the Hudson's Bay Co.), whose charter, it will be remembered, was granted them by King Charlie in 1670, and whose coat-of-arms heads this article, the "Beaver" was the embodiment of good material and honest workmanship. Her owners, then a very powerful factor in the land, whose trading posts had already extended to those shores in the "wild and woolly West" beyond the Rockies, were cognisant of the arduous duties that would be required of her, and had decided to have a vessel of the most modern type and the best material, and no expense was to be spared to effect this object. The greatest care was taken that her construction should be of the best, and she was to be equipped with the new power, steam. Amply were they recompensed for their trouble and care, and she has ever remained a tribute to those days of "quality, but not quantity."

Her keel was of greenheart, 12 by 12 square, her sister keelsons, lying parallel, were also of greenheart, and across these were laid the large timbers which formed the bed of her engines. British oak was the material of her stem and stern posts,



"The Beaver," Pioneer Pacific Steamboat. Launched 1835.

while her deck supports and outside planking, fastened with copper bolts and oak tree nails was of African teak. A sheet of copper covered the whole hull, and she was copper-fastened throughout. She had two masts, one long tapering funnel, and her dimensions were as follows :

Length over-all, 103 feet ; depth, 11 feet 6 inches ; breadth inside paddle boxes, 20 feet ; outside paddle boxes, 33 feet.

This staunch little craft, destined for so notable a career, was ready for launching in the early summer of 1835, and her christening ceremony was a brilliant society event. King William, the sailor king, was there with several members of the Royal family, and it was the delicate hand of a duchess of the Blood Royal that dashed the bottle of effervescing wine over her bows as she glided down to the water. That old-fashioned crowd, congregated to witness her launching, have long since joined Death's painful army, but little did they dream, as they stood gazing on that new-born wonder, that ere that little boat's allotted span had run, and her oaken ribs lay bleaching on the shores of another hemisphere, that unnamed region of red Indians and wild bears for which she was bound, would be the home of thousands of England's hardy sons and daughters, who

"Face the world and brag.

That they were born in Canada,

Beneath the British flag,

God save the King."

After the launching was effected, the two engines were placed in position. They were of the old side-lever type, of thirty-five horsepower each, and were constructed at a cost of £4,500 by the celebrated firm of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, of which James Watt, the inventor of steam power, was a member. The cylinders had a thirty-six inch stroke, and diameter of forty-two inches, and stood vertical. Her paddle-wheels, with their eleven radial arms, five feet in width, were set very far forward, making her

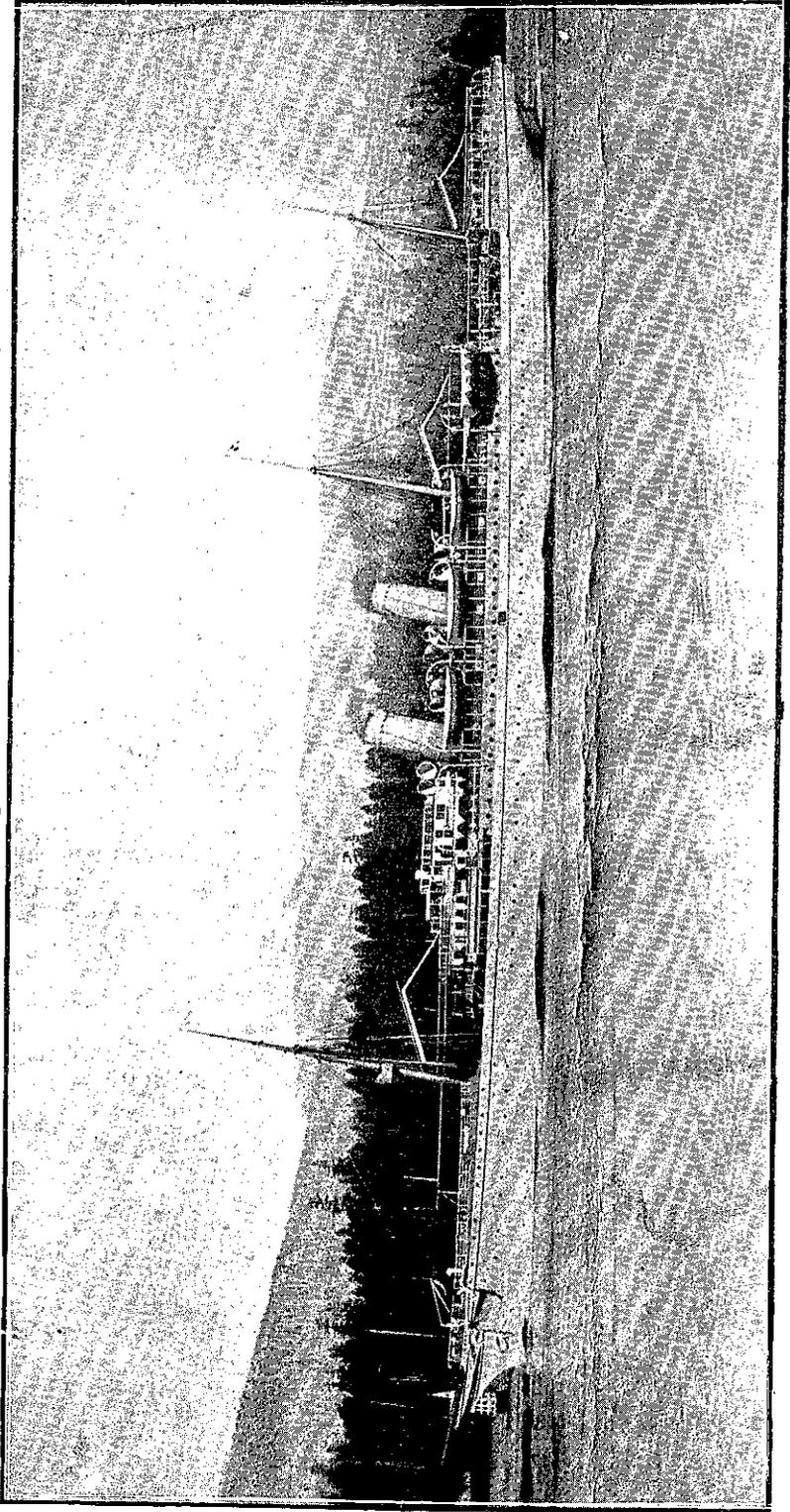
appear a grotesque sight ; and it is little wonder that the Indians, when they first saw her, called her the "Black seal fire-devil."

Her crew consisted of twenty-six men, and she was well-armed with five nine-pounder guns.

On the 29th of August, 1835, under command of Capt. David Home, the "Beaver" in company with the "Columbia," a sailing vessel of 340 tons burden, built by the Hudson's Bay Co., as an escort, bid farewell to merry England, and started on her long and memorable cruise.

Although designed and constructed for the use of steam, and in every requisite a fully-equipped steamship, it appears unlikely that the "Beaver's" engines were used continually during the whole of the Atlantic passage. Still, she can undoubtedly lay claim to the distinction of being the first steamship to cross the Atlantic from East to West. The first attempts to cross the Atlantic with steam as a motive-power were made by ships sailing to the Eastward. The "Royal William, built in 1830-1, at Quebec, crossed in 1833, from Pictou to London, in the fair time of twenty-five days ; but it was not until 1838 that vessels succeeded in making, nearly if not quite, the entire westward voyage under steam.

The "Beaver's" destination was the old Hudson's Bay trading post, Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, opposite the site of the present city of Astoria, Oregon, U.S.A. The Atlantic Ocean was safely crossed without incident, Cape Horn passed, and Capt. Home turned his midget steamer's prow northward into the Pacific. "She was the first that ever burst into that silent sea." How the hearts of that gallant skipper and his men must have thrilled within them, as, for the first time in the history of the world, they guided their little black-hulled steamer into that strange and untried ocean. Cumberland Harbour, Island of Juan Fernandez, rendered immortal by Defoe as the scene of the adventures



Canadian Pacific Railway Steamer "Empress of Japan" passing down the Vancouver "Narrows" on her way from Vancouver to China and Japan. The point from which this photo was taken is the site where the "Beaver" was wrecked.

of Robinson Crusoe, was reached on December 17th, 1835, and Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, on February 4th, 1836, from whence, after a brief stay to procure wood and water, she proceeded upon the completion of her historic voyage.

Just two months later, the Hudson's Bay officials at Fort Vancouver, espied her white sails on the horizon. Jubilate, indeed, was that little settlement of traders when, on April 4th, 1836, the "Beaver" and "Columbia" dropped their anchors opposite that old fort. Cannons boomed, the flowing bowl went free, and Capt. Home and his crew were the lions of that set of pioneer society. Proudly did that famous master narrate the adventures of his vessel, and he was feted and toasted as the first steamboat captain of the Pacific. There is a touch of irony in the fate of this brave and capable sailor, who, after battling the storms and braving the dangers of two oceans in a vessel of but 109 tons burden, was drowned in calm water the following year in Baker's Bay, Columbia River, over the side of a small boat.

A perusal of the "Beaver's" original log-book, a valuable relic, now the jealously-guarded property of the Hudson's Bay Co., Victoria, B.C., affords some peculiar and interesting reading, as witness the following extracts.

"Wednesday, September 23rd, 1835.—At 3 p.m. in a heavy squall, lost sight of the "Columbia," which was about two miles astern of us. Not seeing her when it cleared up, hove to, and fired a gun every ten minutes for an hour. The weather being heavy, heard no answer. At 8 p.m., at which time we always exchanged lights, fired three rockets at intervals. Receiving no answer, made sail.

Sunday, October 25th, 1835.—9 a.m. Hard squalls. In all topsails, topgallant sail, jib, and 2nd reef in the mainsail. Weather too unsettled to read prayers.

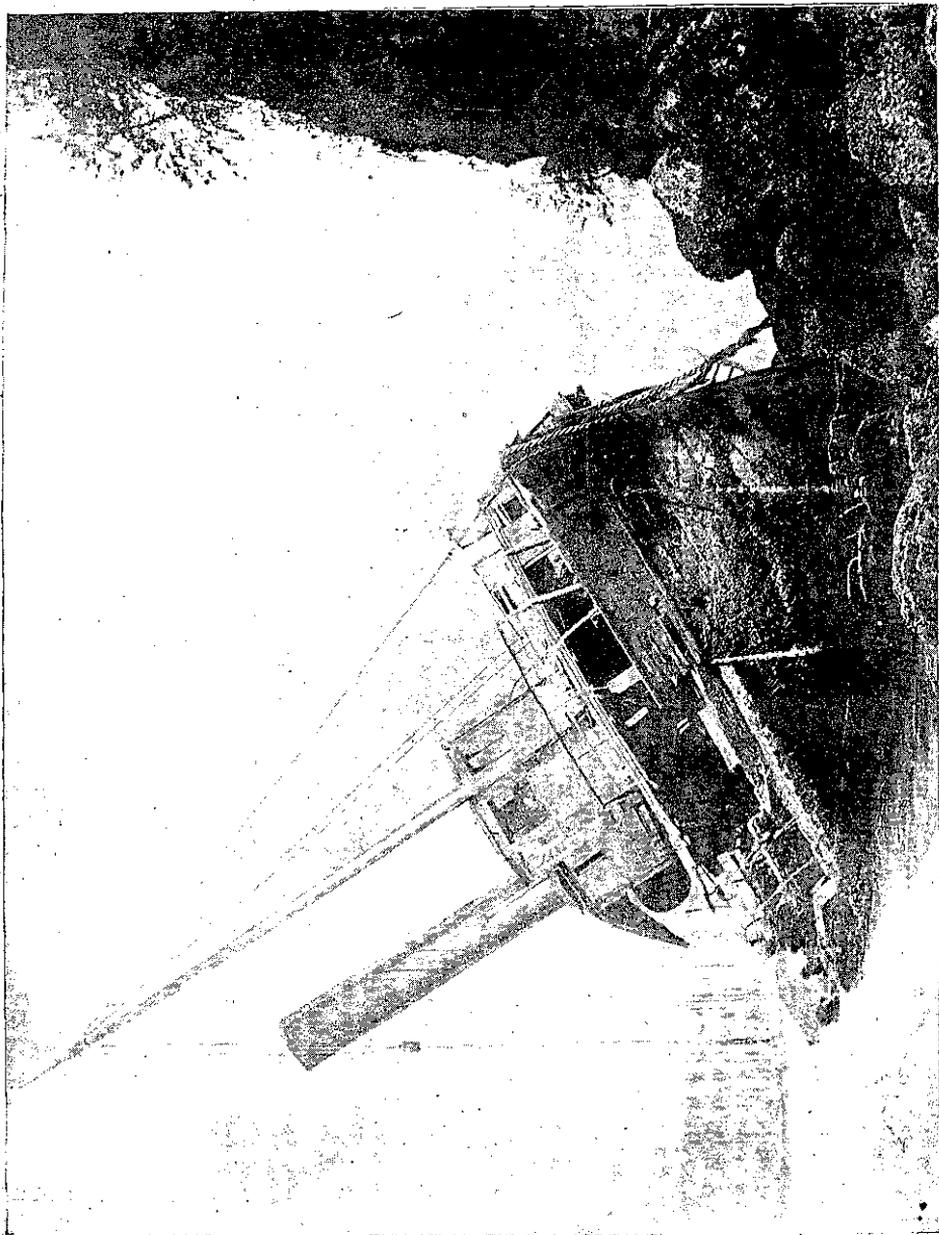
Friday, May 6th.—P.M. Squally, with heavy rains. At 4 p.m., Pri-

vate William Phillips, and William Wilson, seaman, behaved in a most mutinous manner to the chief officer, refusing to obey his orders and using most violent language, and were reported to Capt. Home. Captain called Phillips aft, and the case being fully proved, considered requisite to punish him. On sending the crew aft, Phillips called on the crew to rescue him, on which they rushed aft, collared and hustled Capt. Home, and swore Phillips should not be punished. Capt. Home reasoned with them, but they only became more violent. Capt. Home called for his sword, told them again he was determined to punish the man, and bade the crew stand back. When he was again assailed and jostled, the Capt. struck James Dick on the head with his sword, and after a severe struggle succeeded in tying up Phillips, and punished him with 24 lashes with a rope end over his clothes. William Wilson, at his own request, received 11 lashes.

Monday, August 8th, 1836.—A.M. Fresh winds from the northwest, and fine. P.M. Do. weather. Indians trading briskly. James Dick sick.

Thursday, August 24th, 1837.—At 2.45 p.m. Captain came aboard, mustered the crew, carried out the steam anchor and large warp, and brought her broadside to bear on the Indian village, steadied her with the kedge, cleared away the guns, and got ready to fire on the Indians. The Indians returned the compliment with their musketry from the island, astern. We then brought our guns to bear on them, and dislodged them with cannister shot. At 3.15, the fort and Indians having discontinued firing, we ceased ours also. Calm and cloudy weather."

Almost immediately after her arrival at Fort Vancouver, the "Beaver" set forth on her reconnaissance of the North Pacific. She explored the coast from Astoria to Alaska, discovering about the year 1837 the harbour which is now the naval



"Beaver" ashore at Prospect Point, entrance to Burrard Inlet.

station of Esquimalt, the most westerly fortress of the British Empire, and thence, a few years later, after the Oregon arrangement which restricted the boundary of Canada to the forty-ninth parallel, she carried the builders of Fort Victoria, the embryo of the present picturesque city of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. In 1838 reports of the presence of coal were brought by the Indians. The "Beaver" was sent to investigate, and it was in her furnaces that were tested the first specimens from the present enormous coal fields of Vancouver's Island. She carried large numbers of miners up the mighty river Fraser in the memorable rush to the Cariboo Goldfields; and she protected the British interests in the dispute with the United States over the ownership of the San Juan Islands at the entrance to Puget Sound; and lastly, after the Hudson's Bay Co. had surrendered its gubernatorial powers to the British Government, she carried hither and thither the imperial hydrographers who prepared the first charts of the British Columbian Coast.

But now, alas, her star was in the wane, and her destined hour drew near. Her feeble paddles were no longer able to keep pace with her younger screw-propelled sisters, and man, in his ingratitude, had relegated her honorable old bones to the wrecker's yard. Awhile she lay in idleness, but not for long, for this hoary little "watermark," the one-time pride of Britannia, was sold to a commercial company, to end her days as a common tug—as a "hewer of wood, and a drawer of

water." And then, at last, after fifty-three long years of active and distinguished service, her meritorious career was brought rudely to a close on one summer night (July 26th, 1888), while attempting to make Burrard Inlet, the port of Vancouver, B.C., with a boom of logs in tow. The ebbing tide, swirling and rushing with terrific force through the "Narrows" from the great basin within, and the heavy, dragging boom, made a task beyond her strength. She hesitated, quivered, and was forced back, still nobly striving, on to the rugged rocks which were to form her sepulchre. Day dawned to find that little Empire-builder lying 'neath the towering cliffs of Prospect Point, wrapped in a sheet of troubled waters, her head resting on a pillow of huge barnacle-clad boulders—a hopeless wreck. There in the gateway of her adopted land that she had served so long and well, the stern-visaged minister of fate had ruled that she should fall. The graceful "Empresses" from China, the fleeting Antipodean mail-boats, and many a homely, unpretentious tug pass by, but never a one too poor to do her homage, and call her mother. A few years longer she clung to that ledge of rock, slowly sinking lower and lower into the silt, until her worn and tired old frame could hold together no longer. She burst in twain, her rust encrusted boilers rolled out and sank, the icy waters closed in, and the dear old "Beaver," launched by a king, christened by a duchess, the first to double the Horn, and the pioneer of the Pacific, had passed forever into history.



# COLONIAL BORROWING.

By J. R. MACDONALD.



THE question may be asked : Cannot such a colony as New Zealand, with private and public wealth amounting to £277,000,000, borrow a few millions internally without disturbing its financial equilibrium ?

No doubt if the colony were to borrow a very large sum of money locally, it would result in a financial disorder that might land it in some form of chaos ; but that the borrowing of a few millions would, in any appreciable manner, affect the financial or commercial position is problematical, especially if the money were spent locally and not sent to London to pay off foreign loans.

Many people are prone to regard the matter of borrowing money in a serious light, but the very simplicity of it can be cited by the way in which business men every day borrow on their good name, without any security whatever. In the early days of Scotch commercial prosperity a system prevailed in that "canny" land which was as simple as it proved satisfactory. A local body or district wanted a bridge or a road constructed. What did the body do ? Went to the London market for the money ? No ; it issued notes of promise to pay, similar exactly to bank notes. With these the workmen were paid, and the tradesmen, glad enough to do increased trade, accepted them, although they had to wait a considerable time before they were redeemed. It is doubtful if the notes even bore interest.

Let us see in what manner a locally floated loan would affect the colony financially. It will be known that the banking houses act as the purse of the colony, that is, when money is received by anybody it is handed to the banks, and when a payment is made by anybody it is taken from the banks. The banks, so to speak, hold the colony's change. The bank deposits, free and fixed, at the present time amount to £17,700,000. Now, should the Government float a million loan locally, it would have to come out of this sum nominally only, for the money would simply be transferred from various depositors' names to that of the Government, and would still remain in the self-same position in the banks. Following the fate of the million further—for the Government would be spending the money, and would not keep it remaining on deposit—and assuming that the Government were to undertake public works, the money would be paid out from the Government's credit at the banks to contractors who would at once bank it again ; or, if paid to co-operative workmen, it would be spent with tradesmen who would in turn bank it again. Or, if the money were spent by way of advances to settlers, or in any other reproductive way, it would ultimately find the same goal back at the banks, only with the difference in the latter cases, that it would immediately begin to pay interest on itself. In the event of unproductive works being undertaken, the interest would have to be found by the Government, but as the works would be done for the general weal

this, palpably, would be no difficult matter.

The case of borrowing locally to pay off loans that fall due in London is a different matter altogether, and would undoubtedly mean, if carried to any great extent, a disturbance of the colony's financial position, for it would start with depleting the actual cash resources of the banks—the purse of the colony. But even local borrowing for this purpose on a modified scale could be done in periods of trade activity, when our exports are swelling in value. It is a dictum in economics that when the export trade of a country increases, so also does the import trade, evidencing increased spending power. If most of the increased imports take the form of luxuries, it would be an advantageous opportunity for the colony to borrow locally to pay loans falling due in London, thereby keeping in check such luxurious imports. That this colony is at the present time enjoying the results of increased exports by increasing its imports can be shown by the following figures. The year 1896 is taken for comparison with 1902, because it can fairly be regarded as a year of normal prosperity :

	1896	1902
Exports	£9,299,907	£13,635,469
Imports	7,035,379	10,958,088

While the exports increased in six years by £4,335,552, the imports increased by £3,922,659. Now, naturally a large part of the increase in the imports would be caused by trade activity, and would consist of machinery, iron, etc., to be used for still further increasing our exports and internal trade ; but again, many of the articles, which show an increase in 1902 as compared with 1896, must be deemed as luxuries, pure and simple. On apparel, drapery, boots, haberdashery, hosiery, linen, millinery, silks and woollens, the increase was

£714,000 ; on hardware, £152,000 ; on spirits, £75,000 ; on fancy goods, £59,000 ; and on pianos, £45,000. As an index to the increased luxurious spending power of the people, it may be worth mentioning that silks increased from £70,000 to £140,000, and pianos from £40,000 to £85,000. The total increase in the foregoing articles comes to £1,045,000, which, after 13 per cent. allowance for increase in population is deducted, makes the amount £965,000, and this must truly be regarded as luxuries which could go towards paying off foreign loans if it were so desired.

The question now arises : If the Government wanted to pay off yearly £1,000,000 of loan money owing to the London holder of new Zealand stock, how could the before-mentioned £965,000 be staved off as imports so as to go towards the payment of the £1,000,000, thereby saving any drain on the cash resources of the banks. Perhaps the best way of illustrating the manner in which it could be effected, would be by placing the colony in the position of a private trader. Suppose the trader exports to Britain £20,000 worth of goods, for which, in return, he imports also £20,000 worth of goods. His cash on hand to carry on business in the colony and to adjust balance of foreign trade which may be against him is, say £3,000. The trader owes £5,000 to a London money-lender, and he is anxious to pay off £2,000 of this sum. We will suppose that he at once remits the £2,000 by cash to London, but after doing so, he recognises that the £1,000 left will not suffice for his trading purposes, so he at once curtails his imports by £2,000, which sum he will get by remittance from London, thereby regaining his financial equilibrium. So would it be with the colony. If, say £1,000,000 were remitted in cash to London to pay a loan off, the money market here would get light, the banks, anxious to keep their reserves equable, would curtail credit, merchants and tra-

ders would therefore reduce their import orders from London.

Would this be a serious matter at the present juncture, may be asked. If the colony is at the apex of a prosperous period, the pursuing of such a policy would indeed be an unmixed blessing.

A foreign loan of £1,000,000 at 4

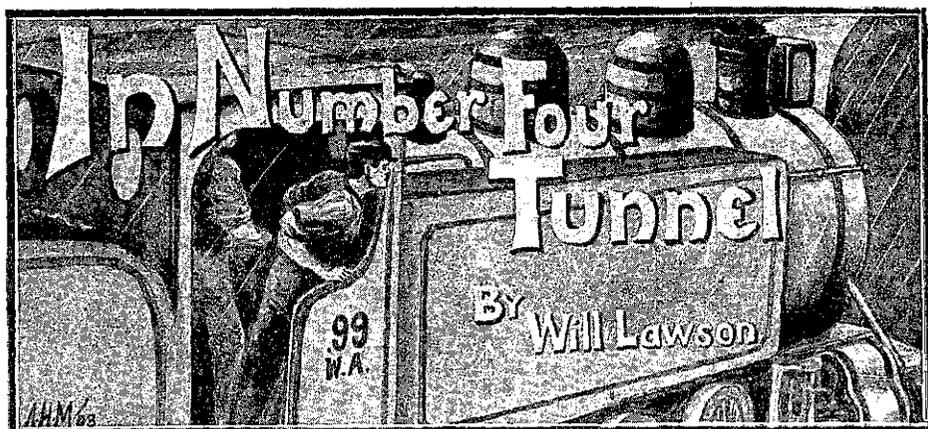
per cent. costs in twenty-five years another million, but a local loan at 4 per cent costs virtually nothing, for the interest is still retained in the colony.

What I have tried to demonstrate is that the idea that Colonial borrowing for Colonial works is pernicious, is a shibboleth, having no sound argument to support it.



Otto Weyergang, Photo.

Clematis.



**T**HE Big Tank, an American engine—No. 99, Class Wa, New Zealand Railways—was climbing noisily up the Short Hill where the grades rise in places to one in forty. Rain was falling as it had been doing for two days—in a steady downpour—and the 3.15 suburban she was hauling carried very few passengers.

In places the storm-water from the hill-side splashed on to the foot-plate, and Dan Jefferson, the driver, was prepared to meet a fall of earth round any of the many curves. But he reached Thomsontown, and thence proceeded on to Bluff Bridge, which is on the sea-coast.

Here the Big Tank waited on a siding, dozing uneasily, until she heard the Star-Duster's chime-whistle calling through the twilight away along the coast where the road is level for miles. When she heard fit she awoke and prepared to receive the mail-train, which waltzed into Bluff Bridge at the tail of the Star-Duster—a beautiful Baldwin ten-wheel locomotive. She was numbered 1182, Class M, in the railway list, but among the enginemen she was called Star-Duster, because the exhaust from her funnel flew so high that it threw a dimness over the stars.

In a few minutes the flyer whirled

her ten full carriages into the station, and paused for breath before tackling the hill. The Big Tank was then sandwiched between the express engine and the train, for the grades between Bluff Bridge and the city are too heavy for fast running with one engine. The Star-Duster was not especially suited for hill work, but it did not pay to keep a big engine solely for so short a distance, and she and the Elephant, one on the morning, and one on the afternoon train, made good time with an engine like the Tank to help them.

The guard blew his whistle, and the Star-Duster's sweet chime echoed through the gloaming, followed by the Big Tank's deep bass. And the engines rushed up the line, winding and twisting among the hills, the Star-Duster roaring her speed-song—a song of the level plains, "We're running on time!—on time!—on time!"

The Tank always slipped her wheels when the chorus came. Jefferson said it was because her piston-power was too great for her tractive force, i.e., her wheels were not pressed to the rails enough. But the Big Tank put it down to nervousness. They tore over tall viaducts and through echoing tunnels that sometimes rained loose

lime upon them, and rolled into Thomsontown hot and dripping with rain. It was still pouring.

A plate-layer had just arrived at Wellington station on a trolley, having traversed the Short Hill track, and the traffic office wired to Thomsontown, "Line all clear."

"You're making good time, this weather," the station-master said to Finch, driver of the Star-Duster.

Finch blew his whistle and pushed the regulator forward slowly.

"That's Jefferson's fault," he said pleasantly, as the train moved out of the station and wound round the curve like a luminous serpent.

Then his face became grave once more. Downhill running with a fast train is always nerve-trying work, and in wet weather the risk is increased.

Half-way down the Short Hill is the Semicircle, where the line sweeps round the head of a gully, and below this are five tunnels numbered from the city end of the line.

Numbers "three" and "four" pierce outstanding spurs of the range whose sides slope precipitously into the valley below, and between them the line is supported by an embankment across a narrow gorge. At about the time the mail-train pulled out of Thomsontown, a boy was rounding up some cows so that they would be handy for the morning milking. The animals had been sheltering below the embankment, and were loth to leave their haven and face the rain.

The boy was throwing stones and shouting to them, when a trickle of earth and water rattled down the embankment. The boy looked up. What he saw set him running along the face of the hill, and with a sound between a huge sigh and a lazy snarl the whole embankment slid down, burying beneath it five good cows. Only the frightened boy remained, and the sagging rails and sleepers, wagging in mid-air, showed where the solid line had been.

When the boy rushed into the house two minutes later and told

his tale, his father, John Sangster, sprang to his feet.

"Gimme a light," he said quickly. "P'raps the boy got scared and left the cows. Damme, they can't all be gone."

His wife and his nineteen-year-old daughter assisted him to get into his oilskin and gum-boots, and he took a lantern in his hand.

As he left the door, his daughter ran after him.

"What is it, Loo?" he asked sharply.

"I didn't want to scare mother," she replied, "but there's a train coming down the line now—Dan's train. You must stop it somehow, Dad!"

She was white-lipped and trembling. She and Dan Jefferson were engaged to be married.

"Yes, yes, girl! I'll do my best. Perhaps the line is all right, though, and there's a chance of the train being blocked further up the line. Don't you worry," he added more kindly.

When Sangster reached the broken embankment the water was leaping in cascades down the fissure, and over the lower face of Number Four tunnel a waterfall was pouring.

As he looked at the havoc wrought, he realised that his son's story was no doubt quite correct, but his own immediate loss was quite forgotten in the face of the greater disaster. And when he heard the engines calling far up the line, and remembered that they were drawing a fast train, his blood ran cold.

Then he scrambled on to the line, and started to run up the track. In the tunnel he ran hard, fearing to meet the train underground. No man likes the thought of death in darkness, and there is little room for anything besides a train in a single-track tunnel.

As he reached the open-air he heard the Star-Duster's tuneful double-chime blowing for No. 5 tunnel. About a quarter of a mile separated the two tunnels, and he had covered half that distance when



"There's a train coming down the line now—Dan's train."

the express-engine's head-light flared in the tunnel, and the train presently shot into view. It was moving fast considering the grade.

Sangster waved his light and yelled. Not that his yelling could do much good, for the noise in the cab of a locomotive travelling fast is considerable. But Finch saw the light, and short and sharp came the triple call, fearful and imperative, "Brakes! Brakes! Brakes!"

It made every heart on the train thrill, for even the uninitiated felt its terror, and every train-hand sprang to attention. Even the mail-sprongers paused in their work.

In her home on the hill-side, Loo Sangster heard it, and her life seemed suddenly grey, and cold, and lonely.

Finch's face was very grim as he opened the valve of the air-brakes. His fireman had the steam and hand-brakes hard down. There was a great screeching of brake-shoes and hissing of brake-cylinders, but the Star-Duster swept irresistibly into Number Four tunnel. Jefferson, on the second engine, was asking himself the question which was perplexing every train-man.

"What is wrong at the other end of this tunnel?"

There is seldom trouble in a tunnel.

The speed was diminishing, but would it diminish quickly enough?

Suddenly, just as the lower end of the tunnel was being reached, the head-light flickered on standing water, and the big engine splashed into it. Then she buried her cow-catcher and pilot in two hundred tons of clay and rotten rock which fell at the moment.

Sangster started running up the line.

With a jar the train came to a stop.

The Star-Duster did not appear to strike the obstacle hard, yet her cow-catcher was twisted out of all shape, and her smoke-box stays torn off. She sprang upwards and crushed her funnel on the low roof; the glass in her cab-windows was

shattered; her guage-glass burst; and the boiler-tubes gaped from the boiler ends so that the escaping steam and water drowned her fire. The steam drove her driver and fireman from the foot-plate, but before he left, Finch lifted the safety-valve by means of the relief-lever, and the throbbing roar of steam filled the long tunnel.

A guard came to the Big Tank.

"What's wrong?"

"Slip," Jefferson replied. "Tell the passengers not to move. We'll take them back immediately."

A brakeman carried this information.

When the steam had blown itself out somewhat, the engine-crews climbed over the slip and saw the real danger.

For a moment no one spoke.

Then someone said, "My God!"

It sounded like a prayer.

"You'll have to shove the train back," Finch said to Jefferson. "The Tank isn't damaged."

"Can she do it, do you think?"

"She'll have to," Jefferson replied.

A thin, sharp "crack" resounded through the tunnel.

"The whole darned hill's on the move," a brakeman said. "Sooner those cars are out of this, the better."

They fired-up on the Big Tank till her guage showed 180 lbs. pressure.

"She'll just about do it," Jefferson said.

"Crack!" the tunnel spoke again.

"Uncouple!" cried Finch.

The couplings clanged, and the Tank whistled boastfully—"I'm reversing."

"Let's see you do it," the Star-Duster snarled.

The brakes came off with a long-drawn hiss, and the smaller engine grunted. The sand-pipes spouted, and she shuddered like a giant who finds his task beyond him.

"Bang!"—the exhaust steam from her funnel struck the tunnel-roof and brought down a shower of rotten brick and lime.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"—she was off.

The sound of her exhaust quickened. Then, "Whir-r-r-r!" her drivers raced.

"Too much steam," Finch grumbled.

But she gripped the rail again, and the noise of her struggling was deafening until she cleared the tunnel.

When she had gone, Finch lit the cab-light and two hand-lights, and looked round for his fireman. Presently he came running and carrying a parcel.

"Tucker from the dining-car," he grinned. "We might be here all night."

Finch laughed, though he did not feel like laughing.

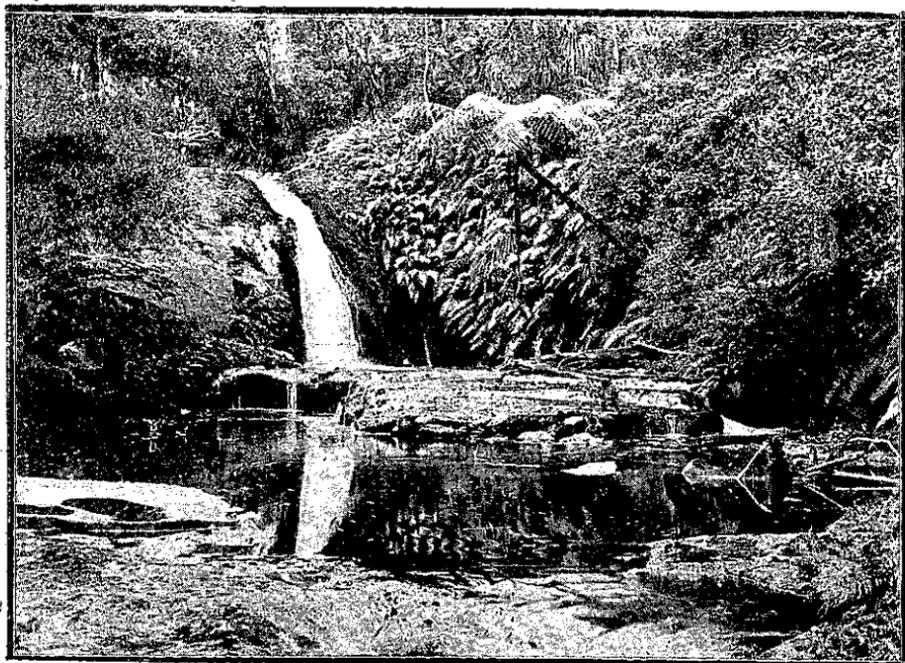
"The Tank'll bring a flying-gang when she gets that lot up the hill, and she'll tow us out of this. Disconnect for towing—lend a hand!"

"Poor old Star-Duster!" the fireman said; "she looks pretty rocky now."

Then he thought of that awful gulf on the other side of the slip, and he worked at the valve-gear in silence.

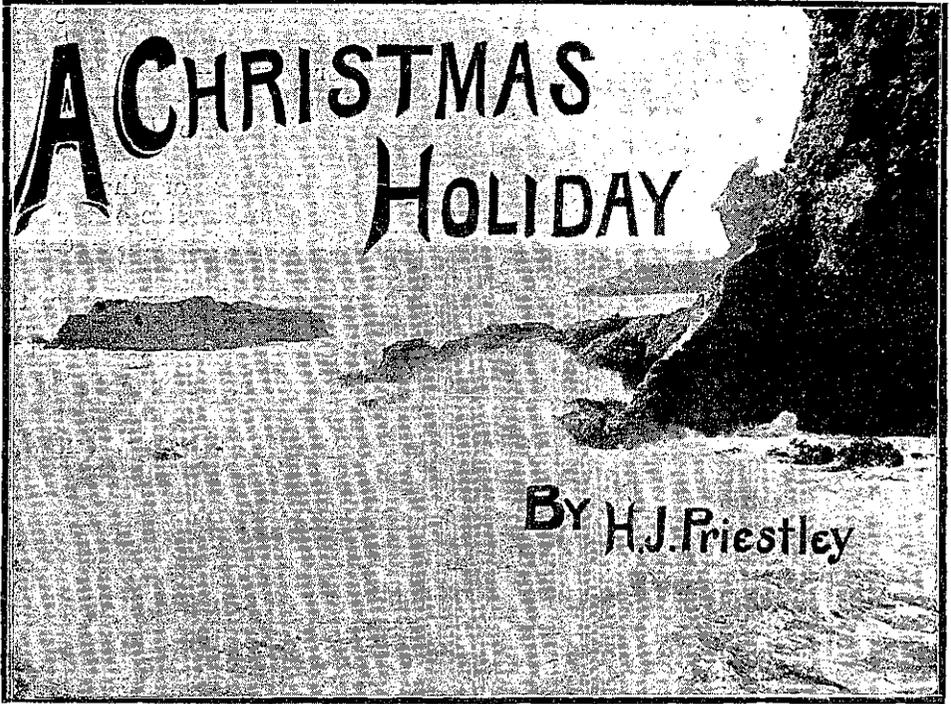
As she passed the farm-house, the Big Tank, amid all her noise and heavy labour, found steam to blow a short, hoarse, fierce call. Loo Sangster knew.

"That's Dan," she said, and her heart was glad again.



Jonas, photo.

A well known spot. Nihotapu Creek.



Photos by M. Priestley.



MOONLIGHT night, a cool, wide verandah, four young men in flannels, smoking four fragrant cigars.

"Isn't it about time, Thomson, for us to arrange about our annual camp at Kare Kare?"

"By Jove, yes! I wish we were there now. I can almost hear the boom of the breakers, and see the Lion Rock crouching in the moonlight."

"Are we to sling hammocks in the flax-mill, or to take tents?"

"Tents. And mind we take plenty of tobacco this year."

"And books!"

"And girls!" piped an appealing voice from inside the open window.

"Do take us!"

There was a moment's questioning silence.

"Why not?" queried Thomson.

And so it was settled. The committee of four drew up an invitation list of twenty-four able-bodied young people, including a chaperon. Next, a list of necessaries, including a tripod, a camp-oven, and other cooking utensils, provisions, tents, and last, but not least, an organette, a violin, and a concertina.

The invitations ran as follows:—

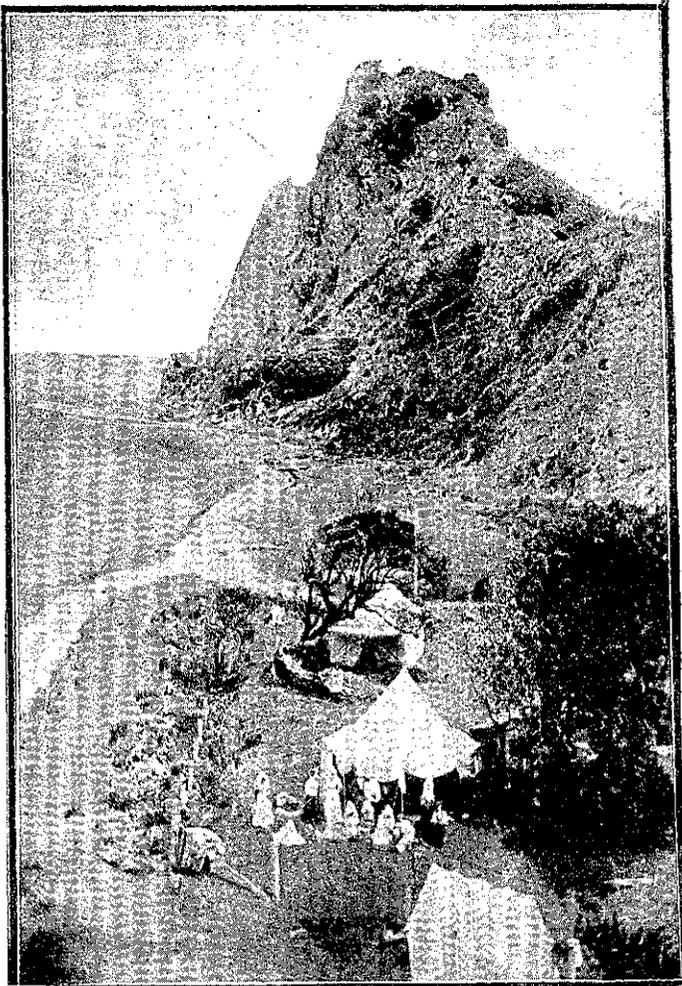
"The Kare Kare Camping Committee request the pleasure of —'s company from December 23rd, to January 6th.

"Tennis, music, and Shakespeare at intervals."

\* \* \* \*

Thus was inaugurated our now customary annual treat—the most ideal and enjoyable of holidays.

Every invitation was accepted, and an extra one asked for and granted. This last was for our dear



Our Camp by Kare Rock.

old French Professor, who, although in the sixties, was as young at heart as any of us.

"Comment!" he exclaimed, "Shakespeare and Music! Shall we then be each a character of Shakespeare?"

This was at a meeting of prospective campers. The Professor's suggestion was received with acclamation.

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece," quoted Thomson, apropos of the silky locks of his vis-a-vis, and thus was Portia christened.

Gazing saucily across at her sponsor's sun-kissed countenance (Thomson had been on the water all day),

Portia retorted, "Good Bardolph, put thy face between the sheets and do the office of a warming-pan."

"I am a tainted wether of the flock," whined merry-faced Jack Blunt, most inappropriately appropriating the character of Antonio.

"Professor must be Prospero," cried Portia.

"I can call spirits from the mighty deep," rumbled Prospero.

"Good on you!" exclaimed Thomson, "I'll take a seltzogene."

"Pray they be spirits of health, not goblets damned," misquoted Frank Whyte, punster and prohibitionist, to a chorus of groans and cries of "Hamlet!"

"Approach, my Ariel, come,"

continued the Professor, addressing Aston, his favourite student, whose delicate, almost feminine style of beauty had earned for him the name of Dolly.

"My affections are most humble, I have no ambition to see a goodlier man," quoted the chaperon, with her hand on the shoulder of young Jim Thomson, the juvenile of the party.

Amid gay laughter and good-natured badinage appropriate names were at last chosen for the whole party.

Men.—Prospero, Bardolph, Mercutio, Hamlet, Benedict, Bassanio, Gratiano, Antonio, Petruchio, Lorenzo, Gobbo, Ferdinand, Ariel.

Girls.—Ophelia, Portia, Katherine, Nerissa, Rosalind, Beatrice, Audrey, Titania, Diana, Viola, Cordelia.

The youthful chaperon insisted upon being Epilogue, "because," said she, "my word, of course, will always be final."

On the twenty-third of December, away started a very merry party, some riding, others driving.

Over twenty-five miles of rugged road we travelled gaily—climbing bush-clad ranges, descending fern-lined gullies, until at last we reached the Valley by the Sea, which was to be our holiday home.

The two waggons bringing provisions, tents, and luggage, had arrived before us, so the men at once set to work to pitch the tents on an ideal camping-ground—a green flat, bordered on two sides by limpid streams, which united and flowed to the sea. In front of us a bold, rocky headland; behind, the bush-clad hills, a roaring waterfall and rippling cascades; to the left, a disused flax-mill, which would serve as head-quarters if the weather should be wet.

Under the pohutukawas our three tents were pitched—a large oblong tent for the girls, an octagonal one for the men, and the Professor's own little private tent.

Under the largest tree a fly was stretched for a dining-tent, delight-

fully uncertain seats were improvised, and, as Bardolph said:

"There you are! What more could you wish for?"

"Beds!" wailed The Epilogue, whose camping experience was nil. "Are we to sleep like 'Massa on the cold, cold ground?'"

But Bardolph had instructed the waggoners to cut ti-tree and mangel for beds, and The Epilogue regained her cheerfulness.

Bardolph had arranged everything—even to a plan of work—for we expected to be our own cooks and bottle-washers.

Four campers—two men and two girls—were on duty for each meal. The Professor only was exempted.

The Shakesperian time-table was interesting reading.

Here is a sample:

KARE KARE CAMP,

29th December, 1900.

Breakfast, Mercutio, Gobbo, Diana and Titania

"I almost die for food, and let me have it"

Dinner, - Portia, Audrey, Bardolph, and Ariel

"What say you to a piece of beef and mustard."

Tea, - Nerissa, Ophelia, Gratiano, and Hamlet

"Say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat."

Supper, - - - - General Scramble

"Let good digestion wait on appetite."

Washing up - - - - Caliban

Yes, we had found a Caliban in the shape of a deaf mute who inhabited a shanty behind the flax-mill, and who was glad to earn a few shillings by gathering wood, keeping up the fire, and washing the dishes.

From a farm over the headland we obtained fresh meat and bread; but as fresh meat meant much cooking, we did not have it every day. Tinned beef, tongue, fowls, or fish, served quite as well.

Once, indeed, Bassanio killed a wild pig, which, with a commendable effort to appear modest over his achievement, he laid at the feet of Titania.

"You pig!" screamed the ungrateful Fairy Queen—not apostrophising the inanimate carcass.

"Comment," exclaimed the Professor, "but this is too charming! We can now have the historic dish

of which the great Lamb has written—the delicacy of whose flavour was accidentally discovered by the Chinese."

Applause was not quite universal. "To smell pork," scoffed Diana, who was on dinner duty next day, "to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into!"

Ariel, also on dinner duty, daintily held his nose.

Ay, there was the rub—the cooking of it.

Mercutio tactfully declared to be so good to look upon that none but barbarians would dream of devouring them.

We were not barbarians. The cooks alone partook of those highly picturesque dishes. Bassanio implored them to desist, saying, "You forget that it is my holiday." Mercutio was for preserving samples; but with unusual modesty the cooks declined, and Gobbo was observed silently stealing creek-wards with his culinary treasures, which were



After Lunch.

Well, the pig was hung in a tree. For three days the cooks ignored it. The flies discovered it, and—and—"We buried it darkly at dead of night."

Bassanio was cautioned never to do it again.

Our staple breakfast dish was ham and eggs, but the menu was occasionally varied, notably when Gobbo and Titania arose with the dawn in order to make salmon rissoles and banana fritters, which

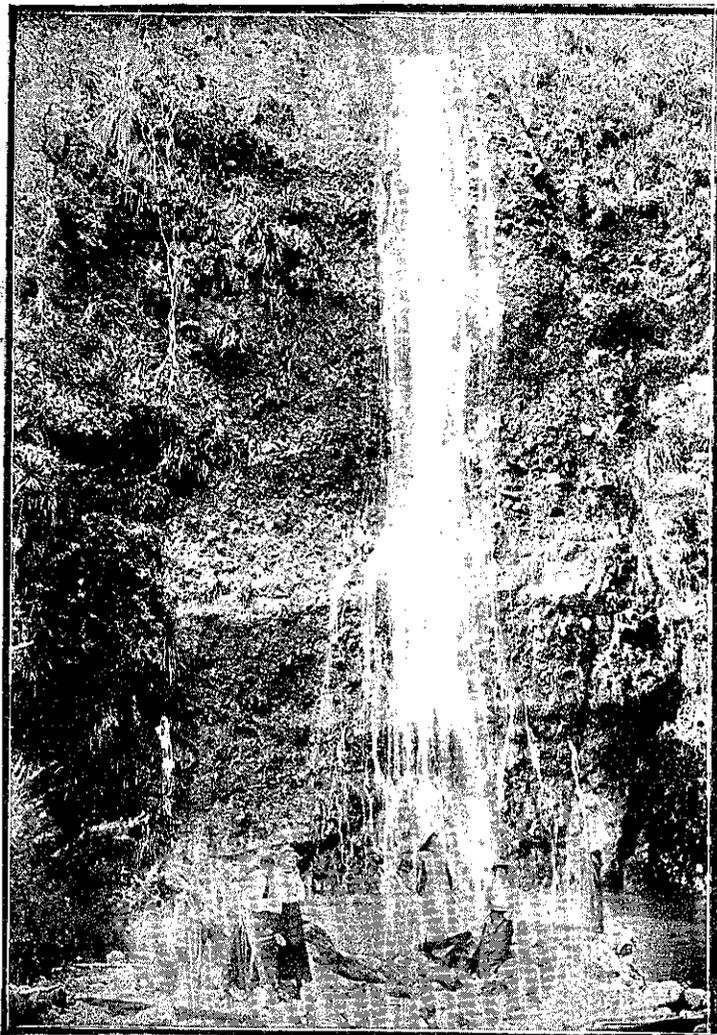
doubtless carried to the sea, where, as Diana suggested, they might

"Suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange."

"Stranger they could not, well become," said Petruchio.

"And I am sure they couldn't be richer," complained Titania, who had no sense of humour. "I used a whole pound and a half of butter."

At mid-day dinner we had plum-pudding galore, for every girl had



Kare Fall.

brought a pudding—by special request of Ariel, whose name and appearance were greatly belied by his appetite. Afternoon tea and supper were movable feasts, partaken of at all hours by sociable little groups.

And how we did eat! Appetite was universal and chronic. The jaded journalist (Hamlet), the pale divinity student (Petruchio), the over-worked medico (Bassanio), two anaemic-looking martyrs of the teaching profession, and even Titania, not to speak of the dainty Ariel, proved themselves no mean trencher-men.

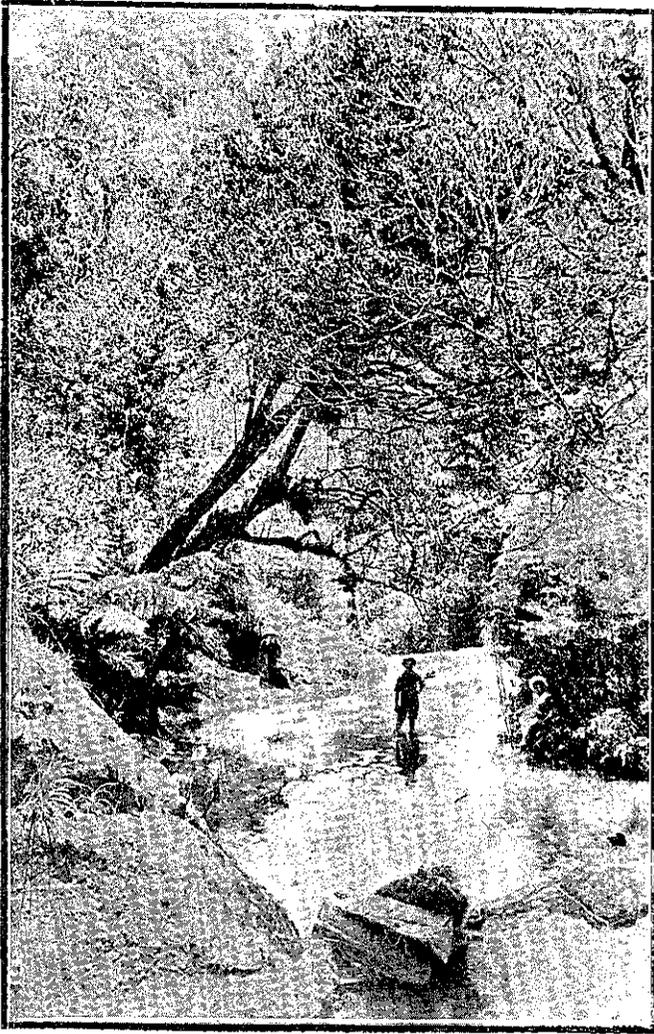
The open-air life, the daily battle

with the breakers, perfect freedom, close communion with Nature at her best, proved life-giving tonics.

We were not an energetic party. Some explored the bush, climbed the head-land, walked for miles along the beach, or played tennis on the most perfect of courts—the level sands; but most of us had come for rest, and an ideal rest we had.

Every morning, when the tide suited, we went down en masse to bathe in the breakers.

Oh, the exhilaration of that time—the joy of battling with the waters, the delightful sensation of



A winding bush creek

being carried in on the bosom of the waves, the exhilarating sense of danger overcome!

A quarter of an hour was the limit for the girls—then a run over the sands, a dash into the creek, and a rush up to the flax-mill—our temporary dressing-room.

The men stayed longer in the water, finishing up by wallowing in a sun-warmed lagoon, where they were caught by a camera-fiend.

After bathing, with pillows and books we sought a shady spot, where we read and talked, or—slept.

Sometimes the Professor would

regale us with whole scenes from comedies of Moliere, or—better still—with his own personal experiences. He had travelled in nearly every quarter of the globe, and he had the gift of seeing, and the greater gift of telling what he had seen.

Dear old Professor! He has since crossed the bourne whence no traveller returneth.

Music we had galore, morning, noon and night. It is marvellous what sweet strains the practised hand can draw even from an organette.

The first morning, we were awakened by "Hail, Smiling Morn,"

and every night we were serenaded with "Good-night, Ladies."

At least eight of our number rejoiced in fine voices—almost all were musical.

"The man that hath not music in his soul," quoth Titania, "is fit only to assist Caliban."

On Christmas morning we held service under the pohutukawas—the divinity student reading the prayers. The midsummer sun shone brightly in the cloudless sky, birds

formance of "A Midsummer Day's Dream," born of a Christmas dinner in the Southern hemisphere.

The actors were Bardolph, Gobbo, and Gratiano, and the dream was extremely suggestive of nightmare.

In the afternoon we had sports—a needle-threading race, a hurdle race, and a steeplechase.

Ere the New Year another tent was raised on our flat, and six stranger-men dared to walk on our sands, and to bathe in our sea.



A dance by the old mill.

filled the air with song—everything was as unlike an English Christmas as could possibly be, yet there we were, in a new land, under altogether changed conditions, worshipping as our forebears had done for centuries.

We had, too, the historic Christmas dinner—orthodox for the day, most unsuited to the climate.

Towards evening we were lured to a sequestered spot to view a per-

We resented it mightily at first, but The Epilogue pointed out that we had not yet purchased Kare Kare, and the Professor put us to shame by quotations from Henry George, and finally wrung from us permission to invite the interlopers to our dance in the flax-mill on New Year's Eve.

The mill was decorated with pohutukawa flowers, daisies, nikau palms and tree-ferns, and when

lighted by two lamps and many candles, it looked like a scene in a play. The floor was not perfect, but if you remembered to jump over certain marked unevennesses, you broke no bones.

"Did I call it "our dance?"

It was a fancy-dress ball, no modest dance. And the visitors were all men!

"I have an idea!" said Ariel.

"Never!" exclaimed an astounded audience.

"Oh, bother! Let three of us dress as girls."

From the combined feminine wardrobe we managed to equip Mercutio, Ariel, and Gratiano, and with the aid of razors, powder, and burnt cork, to make of them good-looking girls; but poor Mercutio could not manage his skirts, and was too painfully conscious of obtrusive feet.

Ariel, however, played the coquette as to the manner born. He danced almost all the evening with a big, blushing, embarrassed young man, who was evidently quite epris, and who did not realize the deception even when Ariel was called upon to sing tenor in "Springs Delights Are Now Returning."

The flax-mill was fairy-land, the dancers looked charming. It is marvellous what can be done by a judicious use of blouses, robes de nuit, lace, and buttercloth.

For the men—a panama hat with prairie grass plumes, and a mackintosh cape furnished forth a splendid Spanish cavalier, cycling stockings and a jersey suggested the athlete, a cravenette cloak and an old mortar-board equipped a college don, burnt cork and a blanket created a life-like Maori, and Mephistopheles was cunningly rigged out with odds and ends.

The show was quite imposing, I can assure you.

At half-past eleven dancing stopped, and the merry-makers trooped down to the beach, Ariel in front singing:

"Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands;  
Curt'sied when you have, and kissed  
(The wild waves whist),  
Foot it feately here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!

(Burden) Bow-wow!

The watch-dogs bark;

(Burden) Bow-wow!

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

(Burden) Cry cock-a-doodle-doo."

Even the stranger-men chanted the burden, and Ariel's young man was unrivalled as chanticleer.

As we neared the sea, Mother Nature put her hand upon our lips and hushed them. The breakers boomed, the moon shone white and clear, the bold headland stood out in rocky grandeur, the Lion Rock lay crouching in the distance, and the Old Year was dying! Another year of our lives!

On the stroke of twelve, every man's head was bared, and the Te Deum rang out.

"We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

Silently we turned from the sea. The solemnity of the night, of the occasion, was upon us. No word was spoken till we reached our tents, then with gentle New Year greetings we parted for the night.

The end of our holiday came all too soon.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now," said the Professor, as the brake and waggon appeared on the brow of the hill on the eve of our departure.

However, we had a merry journey home. Our clean clothes, had given out, our hats were worse for wear, our sunbonnets resembled dish-rags, our complexions were "Bardolphian." With our rags and our rowdiness we might have passed for gipsies; but our brake and our baggage waggon resembled rather the property-waggons of a travelling circus. At Nihotapu, we scandalized a proper city picnic party,

whose amazement was complete upon recognizing in the most disreputable-looking member of our troupe, a popular Auckland doctor.

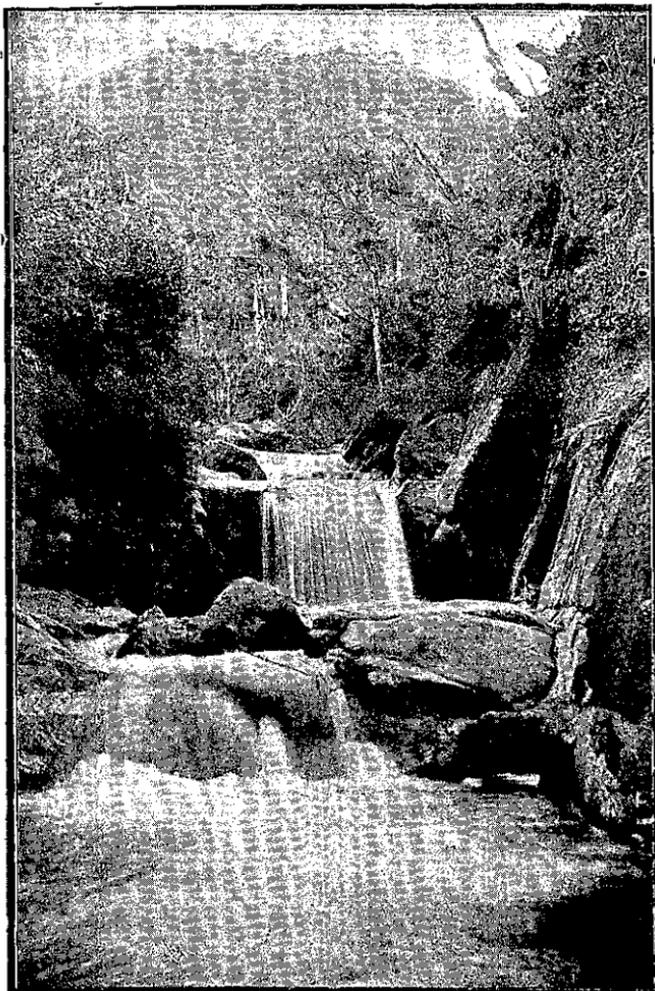
There, too, we came upon a traction-engine drawing a section of a huge kauri-tree—a veritable giant of the forest—out of the bush. We joined with the proper City people in a ride on that log. It held forty of us easily.

As we neared our destination, Bassanio sang

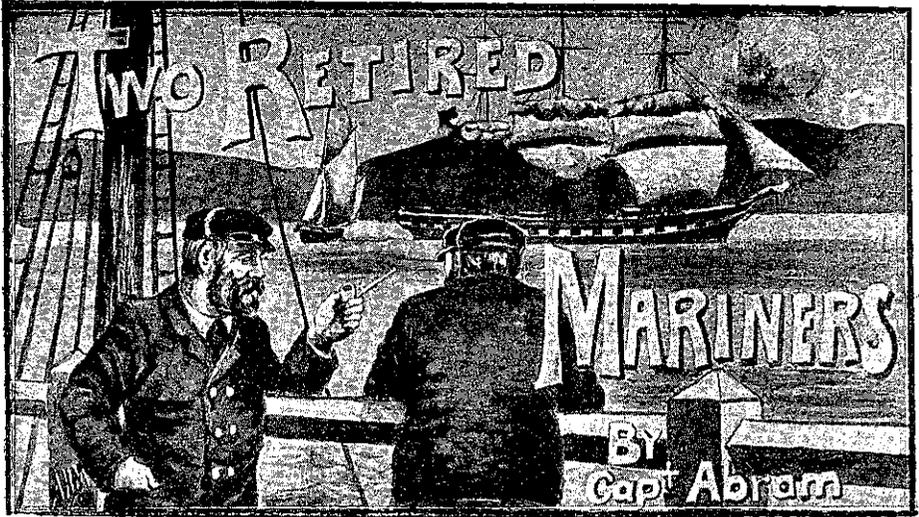
“A great while ago the world begun  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we've striven to please you every day.”

Yes, truly, “our play was done”  
—our play for the year.

And, after all, “Home, Sweet Home” was all the sweeter for the sweetness of the holiday.



E. Bradbury, photo. Karaka Fall, Thames.



## CHAPTER III.



AFTER a refreshing night's sleep and an early breakfast, the love-afflicted Captain Gray went house-hunting. On the outskirts of Breakham he looked at the first house on his list, and decided it would do. It was surrounded with a lovely garden, and the grounds contained a snug coach-house and stable. He immediately made the necessary arrangements to purchase it. Then he hurried off to call on his lady-love. As an excuse he decided to ask her advice about it. It never struck him that the subject might be a delicate one.

Mrs. Newton answered the door and greeted him cordially. He was invited into the drawing-room. Woman-like, her curiosity was aroused as to why he had made such an early call. He, poor man, was in a terrible dilemma. He was with the wrong lady, and he did not exactly know what to say. He made a bold attempt at conversation.

"Nice day, Mrs. Newton," he said uneasily.

"Yes, Captain, very."

"Er— I came to—er—to see Miss Boyd," he blurted out. "Is she at home?"

"Yes, Captain," replied the old lady, looking solemnly at him. "She'll be down in a few minutes."

Her glance made him feel decidedly uncomfortable. What would she think of him, an acquaintance of three days, calling again so soon?

Miss Boyd was surprised to see him as she entered the room. Blushing slightly, she shook hands with him.

"Rose, my dear, the Captain has come to see you. I'm going into the garden," said the aunt glancing at her niece.

Poor Rose looked slightly embarrassed as her relative left the room. Not so the worthy skipper, Mrs. Newton's absence, on the contrary, afforded him considerable relief.

"You'll pardon me, I hope, Miss—er—Rose, I mean, but I've come to see you on a very important matter," he said.

Miss Boyd's heart palpitated rapidly.

"What is the matter?" she asked nervously.

"I've been out this morning looking for a house, found one to suit, and purchased it; and now I'm here to ask you to come and see it, as I—er—wish you to approve of it."

This was a little too much for her.

"I fail to see," she said hastily, "what difference it can possibly make to you, whether I like the house or not, as long as it pleases you."

This reply knocked the captain flat aback. Poor fellow! He thought he was getting on so well. But this short answer of hers had taken all the wind out of his sails, and left him stranded for the want of words. Suddenly the fear flashed through his mind that he could not be carrying out the business as the book relating to love directed. One chapter certainly dealt with getting the cage first, then the bird.

"I took it to be the house, then the wife," he soliloquised. "Perhaps that wasn't what it meant, after all, and I ought to have got the wife first!"

Miss Boyd noticed his confused manner, and really felt sorry for him.

"What are you thinking about, Captain?" she asked.

"To tell you the truth," Gray murmured, glancing up at her, "I am a little mixed up in this affair."

"What affair?"

"Getting married," he replied innocently.

"Why, Captain, who are you going to marry?" she asked in a tone of surprise.

"You," he answered, nearly encircling her in his arms.

She could not repress a scream.

"O Captain, how could you say such a thing to me?"

"O Lor'! What have I done now?" thought Gray. "Another blunder! This will never do. I shall never make any headway like this." Then aloud: "Will you allow me to explain in my own way. I have been going by the book—and made a mess of it!"

"Of what?"

"Oh! Here's a show," he thought. "Now for it—sink or swim!"

"You remember when first I met you?" he said aloud.

"Yes, Captain, three days ago."

"Well, from that moment I made up my mind to—er—propose to you. I went home and studied a bit about the business in a book that I have."

"What business?"

"The proposing business," he answered innocently.

"Oh!" And she laughed merrily.

"You may laugh if you like," said Gray to himself. "But I'm determined I'll keep on until I get it right."

"Will you allow me to explain what I want?" he asked her.

"I'm not stopping you, Captain."

"I—er—want—er—you to be—er—my wife," spluttered out the flustered skipper.

Miss Boyd smiled at the Captain's way of proposing.

"You've gone a round-about way to do it," she said. "As to accepting you, I haven't known you very long, and besides, I know very little about you. You were very kind to me during the trouble with Bess. I'll admit that I do not dislike you, and will promise to give you an answer in a day or two."

He grasped her by the hand. "Call me by my Christian name, Rose," he begged.

"Very well, if it will do you any good, Gerizam," she answered shyly.

Mrs. Newton came in and looked first at her niece, then at the skipper.

"Aunt, dear," said Miss Boyd, "the Captain wants me to look at some property he's bought."

"Very well, Rose. What time will you be back?"

"We shan't be very long, aunt."

She watched them disappear. "It looks very much like losing my niece," she said to herself. "Ah well, she isn't a child, and ought to know what she is about. The Captain is a bit wild, perhaps, but appears a

very decent sort of man. He has, no doubt, enough money to live comfortably on, so she might do worse."

Meanwhile, the Captain and his companion had arrived at the house.

"What a beautiful house!" exclaimed Miss Boyd. "And the grounds are just lovely!"

"I am glad you like the place," replied the delighted skipper. "I bought it for you to share with me."

ask me that question when we are not even engaged!"

"That, my dear, is very easily fixed up," replied the ardent mariner in a matter-of-fact tone, though his heart was thumping violently. "Just say you will be my wife. Let it be four weeks from to-day. Then we can go right on rigging up the house at once."

"You said about an hour ago that you would wait for a few days for my answer, and now you press



"I've a good mind ter break every bone in yer ugly carcase."

Her eyes met his for a moment, then she turned quickly away to hide her blushing cheeks.

"Another blunder!" he muttered.

As they were walking through the drawing-room, Gray asked her how she would like it furnished.

"Oh, Gerizam!" exclaimed his fair companion. "How can you

me for it at once. That's scarcely fair, Captain."

After a minute's hard thinking, Gray responded, "My dear, we are not growing any younger—are we? Let's clench the bargain now!"

We can guess what took place, for when they returned to Miss Boyd's home they were an engaged couple.

In confidence she told herself that from the first she knew she could love and honour the noble Gerizam Gray, master mariner. And he did not require any prompting from a book to assure her that he would do all in his power to make her happy as long as he lived.

Directly he saw Mrs. Newton, he informed her that he wished to have a private interview with her. Miss Boyd disappeared.

"Well, Captain, you wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, Mrs. Newton," he replied boldly. "I want to talk to you about your niece, who has agreed to be my wife in four weeks' time—of course with your consent. I've bought the house and she has approved of it. We intend to rig up the furniture at once."

It was some minutes before the aunt replied. Gray thought it hours.

"So, Captain Gray," she said, "my niece has consented to be your wife?"

"Yes," said Gray, smiling. "And I'm proud of it, and she shall never have cause to regret it."

"I trust not, Captain. She is old enough to know her own mind. At the same time this has been very sudden."

"Perhaps so," responded the skipper. "When I get a fair wind, I make good use of it."

"Yes; I think you do!" replied Mrs. Newton laughing.

"Then you make no objection, Mrs. Newton?"

"No, Captain. If my niece is satisfied, it is all right. She is marrying you—I'm not."

"That's a fact," innocently answered Gray. "I never thought of that."

On his way home he again wondered what James would have to say about his engagement. There would be a scene, he was confident of that.

"Ah well," he soliloquised, as he thought of Mrs. Newton's remark, "he's not going to marry her, though—not if I know it. All the

same he can come to live with us after we're settled, if he likes."

The next day he had arranged to take his intended for a drive. He had been out to see that Dick was in good condition, and was sitting on the verandah reading, when he was greeted familiarly from the road by a man shabbily dressed. He looked up with surprise and saw a sailor who had sailed under him many years.

"Hullo, Backstay! What are you doing here?"

"On me beam ends, sir," answered the sailor, coming up to the verandah.

"What, haven't you left off the old game yet? I suppose as soon as you're paid off, you spend all your earnings in a few days?"

"'Shamed ter say that's what's appened, Capt'in."

"I thought as much. More fool you! What are you doing now?"

"Thinkin', sir, of tryin' a bit o' country life."

"How are you off for money?"

"'Ard up as can be, sir."

"Humph," grunted Gray. "Well, Backstay, I'll give you a job."

"Thank ye, sir."

"But remember, you must keep straight, or I'll have nothing more to do with you."

"Very good, sir," replied the happy sailor, touching his forelock.

"All right, said the skipper.

"Come inside and I'll rig you up a little decent. Had anything to eat?"

"Not fer some time, sir," quickly replied the sailor.

Captain Gray having "rigged him up with spic and span gear, and a good square feed," as he termed it, gave him some money and ordered him to return at 2 p.m. sharp.

Backstay was there to the minute, looking quite spruce.

"Now, said his commander, "I'm going to make you my coachman. Of course, I shall have charge of the steering gear, but you can stay aft and look after the anchors and so on."

"Ay, ay, sir. Yer give the

order, an' I'll 'ave the anchors cock-billed in less than no time—sartin'!"

The buggy was ready, and the skipper and his coachman took their places and started to drive to Miss Boyd's. They had a mile to go on the outskirts of the town. As they neared a narrow part of the road they saw another buggy approaching them. As it came nearer, Captain Gray "ported" to keep his vehicle on the right side. That is, in nautical phrase, directed the horse's head to the "starboard" (right), as all ships keep to the right when passing at sea.

"What is that lubber up to?" muttered the frantic skipper as the driver in the other vehicle did not show any signs of doing the same. "Why doesn't he port?"

"Run inter 'im, sir," said Backstay. "An' knock 'is figger-'ead away if he doesn't keep ter the rules o' the road."

The two buggies were in close proximity to one another.

"Why don't yer keep on yer right side?" inquired the stranger hotly.

"I'm on my right side, you swab!" retorted the angry Gray.

As they were now stem on to each other they stopped.

"Are yer goin' to get out of me way?"

"No," retorted the skipper with some warmth. "I'm going to stick to the rules of the road."

The stranger recognized that this was one of the retired mariners. He urged his beast on, and when abreast of the skipper, raised his whip and hit him with it.

"Take that, yer sea-dog!"

Backstay saw this, and instantly heaved the anchor on board the stranger's buggy. It brought it up with a sudden jerk.

Both Backstay and the stranger jumped out of their vehicles and were soon wrestling with one another.

"Yer fat-'eaded lubber, yer'd strike me capt'in, would yer? I've a fair mind ter break every bone in yer ugly carcase!" cried the sailor

furiously, as he chastised his opponent.

Gray got out of his buggy and stopped the fight.

"Why did you persist in keeping on your wrong side?" he asked the miserable driver, who had by this time two deeply-coloured circles round his aching optics. "I was on my right side."

"Yer wrong," retorted the man. "When two vehicles pass each other they keeps to the left, an' what's more, yer sea-dog, yer'll 'ear o' this, I promise yer."

Captain Gray was taken aback at this statement of the case.

"Can you prove that what you say is correct, my man?"

"Yes, I can," was the curt answer.

"Look here, if I've done you an injustice, I apologise."

"That's all very fine, but what about me black heyes? Apologising won't mend them!"

"No, but perhaps this will," replied the skipper, giving the man a sovereign.

The man grabbed it, looked at it, then said: "All right, Captain, this'll fix 'em." And he disappeared.

Backstay honestly thought that he deserved a sovereign too. He gave the man the black eyes, and certainly deserved the reward. With becoming apologies for obtruding his opinion, he ventured a suggestion to that effect, but Gray did not see it in that light, and the subject dropped.

They boarded their buggy again, and continued their drive to Miss Boyd's.

"We must make a note of the difference in the rules of the road," Captain Gray remarked to his coachman. "I'm sorry that I made such a mistake, and that you pounded that man so heavily."

"Ay, Captain, but the yokel 'as 'ad fair luck, sir, an' it were good fun fer me, sure. Yer paid 'im well, sir," answered the sailor, thinking of the sovereign.

They arrived at Miss Boyd's

house considerably after the appointed time. Nevertheless, the skipper was heartily greeted by his lady-love and her aunt.

"Come down off there, Backstay, and let me introduce you to the ladies!"

The sailor hopped off the buggy, and stepped up to the ladies.

"Ow d'y'do, madams."

"Vast heaving, you rascal," roared out the skipper. "I've not introduced you yet!"

into the front seat of the buggy, with Backstay aft to look after the anchor gear.

The lucky sailor thought that his present position was far preferable to hauling out a weather reef earing on a dirty night. He made up his mind to stick to it, and study the captain's interests and Miss Boyd's as well.

The drive was certainly a success. Gray now knew the rule of the road and had a quiet horse.



"What would you like?" "Yer good opinion, my dear."

"Beg yer pardin', Captain, sure I'm a bit out o' me lat'tude."

The ladies were much amused.

"This man," said Gray, "is a good, honest fellow, he has sailed with me for years. He was an excellent sailor, but inclined to be a bit wild. He is now under my command, and will be handy in helping to rig up the house. Now, my dear, we'll make a start if you're ready."

"Take great care of my niece," said Mrs. Newton as a farewell.

The Captain and his intended got

On returning to Mrs. Newton's, Gray was invited to dinner.

"Can you drive the buggy back, Backstay?" asked his commander.

"Ay, sir," replied that gentleman. "I can navigate 'er all rite."

"Away you go then!" ordered the skipper.

Gray enjoyed himself as a man can sometimes. A couple of hours after dinner, the maid came into the drawing-room, and told the skipper he was wanted at the front door.

"Hullo, Backstay!" said he on recognizing his valet at the door. "What do you want?"

"Tel'gam fer yer, sir."

"Nothing the matter, Gerizam?" enquired Miss Boyd, who had followed him out.

"No, my dear, only a wire from my esteemed friend, Captain James."

"We'll go and meet the Captain, to-morrow, Backstay," said the skipper turning to his man.

"Send your man into the kitchen, and he shall have refreshment, then he can walk home with you, Gerizam."

"A very good idea, my dear. Will you kindly show him the way?"

"Yes," she replied. "Come on, Backstay."

"Thank ye, mum."

To his unbounded delight he was introduced to a charming maid. "More luck!" he commented, as he gazed at the rosy-faced, smiling girl.

"Now, May," said the kind hostess to her maid, "make Backstay as comfortable as you can."

Miss Boyd was a lady who enjoy-

ed making everyone happy. In Backstay's case she hit a bull's-eye.

"What would you like?" enquired the maid as her mistress left the room.

"Ter 'ave yer good opinion, my dear."

The girl blushed. "What would you like to have to eat?"

"Anythink yer likes ter give me," answered Backstay, making himself decidedly at home, as all sailors do in a very short space of time no matter where they be.

"I rather like your man, Backstay," said Miss Boyd to his master on returning to the drawing-room.

"He seems so grateful for any little thing you do for him."

"Do you call introducing him to a pretty maid and giving him a good feed, little things?" asked the Captain, and the ladies laughed merrily at the remark.

"Well, Backstay, how did you get on in the kitchen?" inquired Gray, as he and the sailor were walking home.

"Tip-top, sir."

"Do you like this country life?"

"So far, first-class, sir," replied Backstay.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



Jonas, photo.

Awa-awa-roa Bay, Waiheke.

# THE CONSTANCE BARNICOAT PRIZE ESSAY.

By ARTHUR FAIR.

The following Essay won the Prize at the inaugural Competition held last December. It will be remembered that, in order to encourage the study of contemporary world-history, Miss Constance Barnicoat offers an Annual Prize of Three Pounds to the students of Nelson College over the age of fifteen for the best Essay on the man or woman who the writer thinks has made the best use of his or her life during the past year. By special request from Miss Barnicoat the Essay is published in this Magazine.

**T**O any person scanning the events of the year and judging the most important proposals on foot and their originators, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain would stand conspicuously apart from all other politicians by reason of his energy and enthusiasm. He has declared a policy which has stirred not only England and the British Empire, but also the whole world. The contrast, however, lies here. While his proposals are hailed with delight by all the colonies and by the majority of Englishmen, they are received with exceeding great bitterness by all the other great commercial states, such as Germany, the United States of America and Russia. In fact, there is no better testimony as to the efficiency of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals than the hatred and bitterness with which our rivals greet them. Most of them recognise that the adoption of preferential trade is justified, but all agree in declaring it prejudicial to their own welfare.

"From their deeds shall ye know them!" Yes! from the Colonial Secretary's deeds is he known, and for his deeds is he honoured. By all his works is he known to be a great politician. Sprung from the sturdy, industrious "middle-class," he is a descendant of a hard-working, independent line. Its priceless heritage of manliness and integrity, and also that firm self-reliance, without self-

conceit, which is, undoubtedly, so necessary to a statesman, have descended on him. Following out the traditions of his fathers he himself worked in his mills alongside the poorest artisan. He busied himself with their work and saw their life. This information being certain and reliable was invaluable to him in later years and served to give him that knowledge which is necessary to a proper treatment of workmen's difficulties.

Rising step by step, he became first Councillor, then Mayor of Birmingham. There his public spirit was so prominent that he was requested to stand for Parliament, and was elected member in 1876. He proved himself a zealous, painstaking and reliable member, and soon was elected leader of the Liberal Unionists' party in the House of Commons. In 1895 he accepted the post of Colonial Secretary much to the surprise of many of his supporters; for this post had been an unimportant one. But Mr. Chamberlain had reasons for accepting it as he told his constituents.

Hitherto, the position of Colonial Secretary had been anything but an important one. For a great number of the inhabitants of England were ignorant of the resources and extent of the colonies. Many imagined them to be still in a primitive state. None saw the vast possibilities that lay before them. They could not acknowledge their power

or wealth, for as yet they had none. But they could have helped and encouraged them, and they did not. They could not see in those far-distant shores—in the forests of New Zealand and the snow-capped peaks of Canada—the home of a powerful nation and the cradle of a new and far-reaching dominion. They did not see the mighty future stretching vast and illimitable before them. An Empire was springing up, and they did not perceive it. Their power was growing greater and greater, their lands wider and wider, and their ambitions nobler and nobler; but they did not know it. They desired to lop off these useless appendages, and free themselves from what seemed to them to be shackles binding them. Even as late as 1896, Mr. Gladstone showed his want of faith in the Colonies. In that year, he said, "I have always maintained that we are bound by ties of honour and conscience to our Colonies. But the idea that Colonies add to the strength of the Mother-country appears to me to be as dark a superstition as any that existed in the Middle Ages." This was the cry. They were a burden continually—a nuisance to protect and a bugbear to help. Canada was not then famed for her golden crops nor Australia for her golden streams. On New Zealand's plains were not as yet the flocks of sheep which later dotted its green fields.

When Mr. Chamberlain stepped into his position at the Colonial office he had no desire to carry on his work in the same manner as his predecessors. He did it in his own way, and devoted all his energies to the task just as he had done in his business life. He brought the same untiring spirit to bear on his public work. The Colonies received that encouragement and that loyal sympathy and help which in later days they proved only too willing to reciprocate. For has not every colonist alike a never-dying love for his birth-place? Does he not think tenderly of the far-distant "Home"? What memories does that word re-

call! What sweet scenes of childhood! Whether from the rugged Orkneys, the green fields of Kent, or the smiling lakes of Killarney there is still within each heart, beneath each rugged exterior, a love, a longing for and an allegiance to the Mother-country which Time cannot decay nor the procession of the ages destroy. Mr. Chamberlain was not the first to perceive this, but he certainly was the first to see what was the logical conclusion to this reasoning. He himself said that the world was not ruled by interest but by sentiment, and he understood how much better it was to be ruled by sentiment than by ties of interest. He saw that the ties of sentiment even more than the ties of interest demanded imperatively the closer attachment of the Colonies to the Mother-land. He saw that the earth was now commanded not by aggregations of territory but by fellowship, by kinship, and by mutual ties which hold fast, unbreakable, come calm, come storm. Therefore he set out on his mighty work of combining the children of Britain. With friendly help, with kind encouragement and indomitable perseverance he bound the colonies together, and soon the Downing Street, that a few years before had been either hated or despised, began to be looked to with more respect and hope. These were the first fruits of his work.

Link by link the chain was forged, and slowly but steadily the colonies grew in wealth and strength. Gradually but surely they developed their resources, and soon the World with startled gaze saw a new Empire—a new dominion springing up. They saw with shame and inward dismay the increasing strength of the British race. Their shores were spreading, their power growing. They had pluck, perseverance, and devoutness. Here was a nation marked out by the hand of God for supremacy. "Beneath whose flag the trader of every land could uncord his bales unhindered, and the devout of all creeds pray in their

own accents to their Maker, unafraid." Here was a new nation and a new principle clamouring for recognition. Should England accord them a just audience, or should she reject them? This was a question which had for some time been agitating the minds of the people. It was a question which required to be answered. What would the response be?

While all the world hesitated, while England did not dare to commit herself, Mr. Chamberlain had been studying the question, and had made his decision with characteristic boldness and correctness. He declared in unhesitating accents his policy. He assisted the Colonies in every possible way. He helped their finances; he encouraged their trade; he forwarded their industries. The Colonial-office work grew like a mushroom, and at its head was this ever-busy, indefatigable man. He was always working, always improving. He set the Colonies of the West of Africa, whose finances were tottering, and whose liabilities were entirely out of proportion to their developed resources, on a sound financial basis; and they stand to-day as a monument to his perseverance and success.

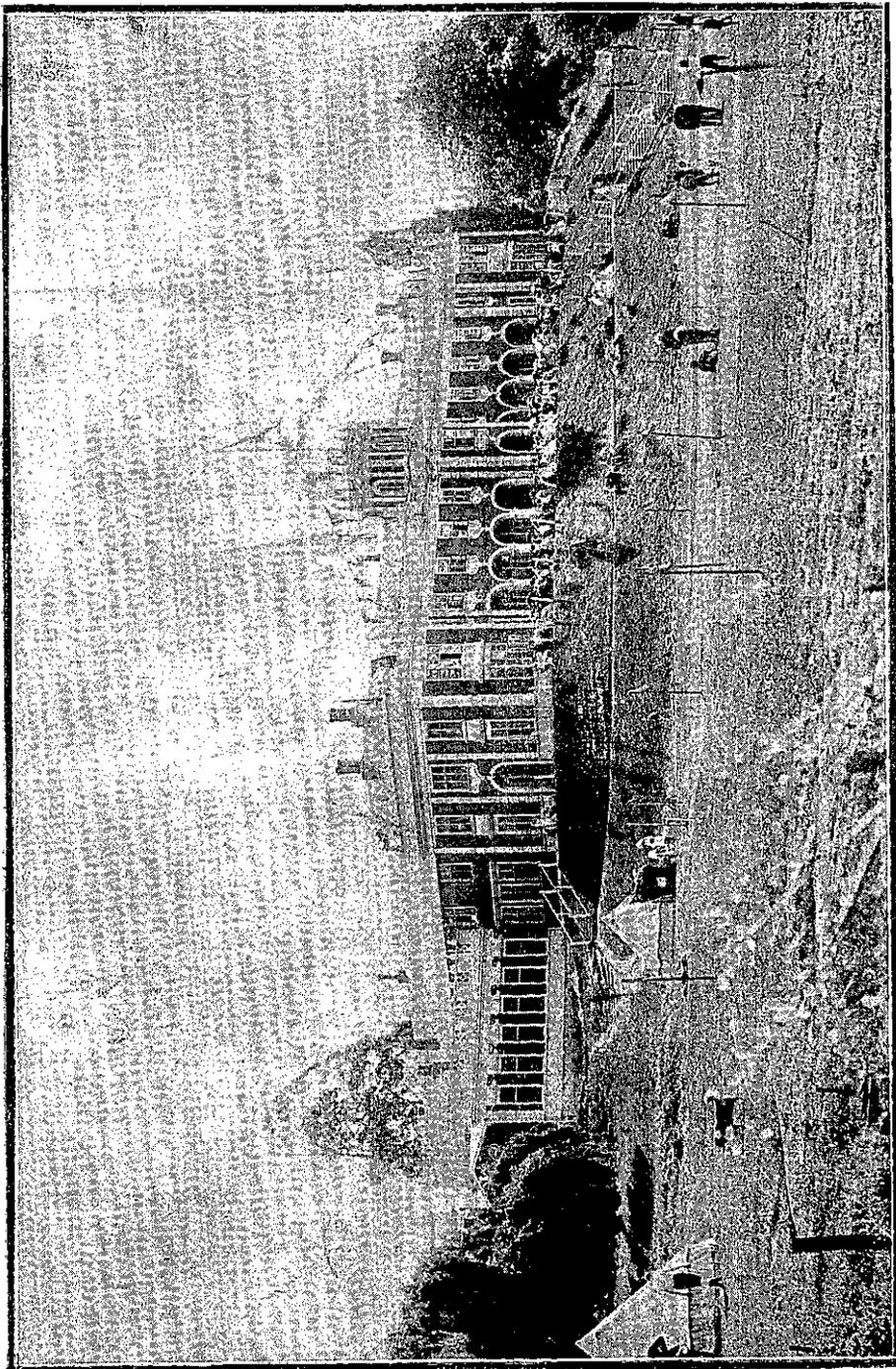
But he did not stop at helping all people within the bounds of the British Empire. He held that every person with British blood in his veins, and English parents, had a claim on the protection of Great Britain. Whether separated by tens or thousands of miles from the British Isles, they were still entitled to this protection. He held that blood was stronger than water, and the ties of kinship more binding than residence. Consequently, when a call came across the waters from the Transvaal, he did not hesitate to respond to it. As the Transvaal executive could not be persuaded to give the franchise willingly, he appealed to war, and everyone knows the end. In 1902 the Boers surrendered, and the Transvaal Free State became the Transvaal Colony.

But sedition and conspiracy were

seething all over the country. Parties of malcontents demanded reconsideration of the terms, and bombarded the Colonial office with petitions and grievances—with complaints and demands which were very hard to handle, and very difficult to decide. Complaints and counter-complaints came in, accusations and tales and counter-accusations, till the Colonial Secretary decided that it would be better for him to go and see and hear for himself what was being said and done. So he went out in the "Good Hope," and arrived in Pretoria on January 3rd, 1903. There began his first work for the year.

The complaining party, who had during the past year been troubling him with their woes and complaints, had arranged a splendid reception for him. They came in full force prepared to combat every word, and to dispute over the minutest point. They also presented him with a memorial or petition. This, according to auditors, was one of the most impudent documents ever put forward. It asked him to confer everything which they before had refused to give to the Outlanders. It requested the English to give more money. It asked for the return of irreconcilables. It asked for the pardon of the rebels of Cape Colony. It did not in one word or one sentence acknowledge the generosity or long-suffering of the English Government.

For such a document as this, Mr. Chamberlain had criticisms in no unmeasured tones. He rose with a peculiar smile on his lips, and a peculiar tone in his voice. The burghers did not grasp his intentions at first, but as each cold, carefully-worded, satirical sentence was translated to them, they winced in their seats. They saw they had met a master-mind. They perceived that here was a man with a quick power of decision and action. They saw that they would get their bond and no more. Mr. Chamberlain told them coldly and carefully how impossible were their demands, how



Nelson Boys' College.

inflexible the Mother-land. She had conceded as much as possible, she could not give any more. And haggard De Wet, and carefully-groomed Botha, felt in each one of those clear-cut, pitiless words, the death-knell to their hopes and ambitions.

At Johannesburg, the Peace-maker had a chat with the mine-owners, and came to an amicable arrangement for taxes on the mines. Here was the most loyal welcome accorded him. Afterwards, at Bloemfontein, the delegates with a zeal worthy of a better cause, attacked him again. They brought up all the demands which had been refused at Johannesburg. In reply, the Peace-maker, in his most cutting tones, expressed his surprise and annoyance at their requests. He repeated in more emphatic terms his already most emphatic answer. The Colonies would remain under the Crown till all disaffection had settled down. He was not going to risk another possible war. When they had proved their loyalty they should be free, and not before. The irreconcilables would remain in prison till they were content to be British citizens.

In all his speeches, Mr. Chamberlain had shown to South Africa his determination to settle the question definitely. His firmness did an incredible amount towards steadying matters in a truculent country. They saw that what he said he meant. And he told them to forget the past—"Be it bad or good, it is the past, and the only remedy for past injuries is courage, cheerfulness, and mutual respect." He told them that the day of small States was past. Now was the time for mighty empires. And the one of which they formed part was the mightiest and freest. To this they acquiesced, albeit rather unwillingly, and settled down to bear whatever ills came to them, and to look cheerfully and hopefully to the future. This was the first work of Mr. Chamberlain.

But during this time he had another and greater proposal pre-

pared. He had a scheme for the consolidation of British power throughout the world. A mighty plan that was presently to thrill through the whole world, and to cause mighty nations to tremble and threaten. A scheme which was to divide England into two great parties, and set the whole collection of Colonies eager with anticipation, was in preparation. He was getting in readiness for the preferential trade campaign.

He had studied the problem for many years. He had seen the flow of trade between the Mother-land and the Colonies, and carefully watched the trend of it. The iron and steel manufactures were carried out to the Colonies, and wool, wheat, cotton and gold brought home. They were united by sentiment and love to their children. But the ties of commercial union were growing weaker. While their loyalty was tested, and passed the test in the case of the Boer war, their trade with their kin was decreasing.

The cause of this decrease was to be found in many things. The material could be supplied more cheaply by the United States and by Germany. This was owing to several reasons. In the first place, the taxes which were levied to sustain and continue the Boer war had raised the cost of living. The drain on the best-fitted physical men in the country had raised the wages and caused more incompetent men to be employed. Hence the cost of production was greatly increased, and with the additional cost of living, combined to make all articles of manufacture higher. Money was also at a high rate of interest, so that the total cost of production was greatly increased.

The work-people were also protected by fairer and more just laws than held either in Germany and United States. Their wages were higher and their hours were shorter than those of their competitors. Then the trade was greatly injured by the "dumping." This was the

system of disposing of surplus products in England. When manufacturers found that the supply exceeded the demand in their own markets, they immediately shipped the surplus to England, to be disposed of there at a slight profit on the cost of production. They must keep on producing, for if they do not a great deal of their capital is lying idle, and it is better to produce at a small profit than to have a lot of useless capital. But to reduce the price in their own immediate market would be madness; so they reduce it in someone else's—England's for preference, because that is the only unprotected place. All the others have protective tariffs high enough to prevent this "dumping." But England, as Mr. Chamberlain says, "is the dumping-ground of all nations."

So here the difficulty lies. England, owing to the system of Free Trade introduced by Cobden and Bright, lies helpless at the mercy of the foreign exporter. She cannot retaliate, for they all have high protective tariffs. She cannot stop the evil, for she has Free Trade. This policy of Cobden and Bright's was very good and very efficient when proposed, since at that time England was the chief manufacturing country, and her rivals had not yet emerged. It was quite right to let the corn in free to allow the labouring classes to live cheaply at that time. Then the new grain-producing countries had not been opened up. Then the Colonies had not attained a celebrity as wheat-growers. The only grain-raising countries were those of Europe, and their supply was limited and dependent on the European weather.

The reformers did not foresee that England would be the only country to adopt their principles. Their plans were founded on the supposition that all countries would adopt the free trade principles, and also that England would remain the supreme manufacturing power. They had not the prophetic vision to foretell the rise of the Colonies, and of

America and Germany as manufacturing powers. Their views were only human, and were therefore mutable. Some of the free trade advocates seem to think that these two men had divine authority for what they wrote and spoke. They treat their opinions as if they held good for eternity, and are not to be altered or amended.

But the Colonial Secretary was not one of these. He saw that the commercial condition of the whole world had changed since those views were advanced. He saw how the Colonies and Germany and United States had risen to power. He saw how Britain's trade had diminished. Like the practical man he is, he immediately set about improving it. For this purpose he introduced the scheme that is now known as the Preferential Trade proposals.

These proposals had been fully discussed with the Premiers at the Colonial Conference in 1902. And at that conference resolutions were passed without dissentient voice declaring that it would stimulate and facilitate intercourse between the Colonies and England if preferential treatment were granted. Several practical proposals were put sur le tapis, but very few were carried. The Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, intimated that the time was not yet ripe for the Mother-land to grant the concessions; but Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, introduced the scheme into Canada, a 33½ per cent. preference for English goods coming into Canada, and also a further reduction of the duties on English goods. He also proposed to raise the tariff on foreign goods. Mr. Seddon, in a very loyal speech, declared that New Zealand was quite willing to allow a ten per cent. preference duty on all English goods, and promised to introduce a bill to deal with the matter in the course of the present sitting of Parliament. The other Colonies expressed their satisfaction at the proposals, and said that they

agreed in the main. But they desired further time to think of it and obtain statistics, etc.

But the crowning stroke to the Preferential Trade party's policy was struck in September, 1903, when Mr. Chamberlain declared to the House of Commons his belief in the efficacy of Preferential Trade, and gave them an outline of his main principles. These included a slight tax (2s. a quarter) on all foreign wheat and grain, and a preference duty on all Colonial produce.

The frank declaration of his principles of course led to a terrible debate on the subject. The Free-traders rose in all their wrath to enquire whether the principles, that had made England what it was, were to be abandoned? They wanted to know whether Mr. Balfour, the Prime Minister, was in accordance with the Colonial Secretary? And if so, what were to be his plans for the future? In fact, the proposals became the question of the hour. They were eagerly discussed everywhere, and the Ministry seemed to be divided on this point. Mr. Balfour supported his follower in part, but declared that he had no "settled convictions" on the matter. An "enquiry" was being set on foot as to the financial condition of the country and the Colonies. He said also that an enquiry into the trade would be made.

During this time, Mr. Chamberlain's policy was fiercely attacked and his proposals criticised. The cry, "dear bread!" was raised, and it was said that the course undertaken by him was calculated to raise the price of living, and that the poor man was being taxed. Mr. Chamberlain replied to this criticism by stating that the tax on wheat and meat would be only slight. A small tax like that proposed to be levied came on the foreign producer. If he desired the market, he would lower his prices. That had been proved by previous experience. But in addition to this, the taxes that were added to the

wheat would be taken from other staple commodities, such as tea, cocoa and coffee.

"Besides," said these carpers, "will we not rouse the hostility of other nations? Will they not raise their taxes against Britain? Will not Germany withdraw us from the Favoured-nations treatment?" Evidently these questioners do not know what the Favoured-nation-treatment is. Germany, when she extended this favour to Great Britain, only promises not to tax her any more than any other nation. But in the commodities which she sells England is only competed against by the United States of America, and this country is too far away to be a formidable rival. Well, the way England obtains the tax on her manufactured goods is through France. This latter, when making a treaty with Germany, reduces as far as possible by mutual concessions, the duty imposed by Germany on her claret, silk and other principal exports. Of course, not having a great export of machinery and woollens, she does not care how high the duty is on those. So she allows them to remain high, and England has to acquiesce. For she can make no bargain since her market is open to all comers.

They also say the other countries will raise their tariff against England. But there is considerable doubt about this. Most of them are as high as possible at present, and those articles on which there are no duties are necessary to the welfare of the country. They cannot do without them, and as for raising the tariff, that would be too severe a blow to their own interests to deserve consideration.

In desperation the Free-traders resort to the argument that such a system would breed laziness and idleness. They say that such a tariff would be a kind of wall enclosing a garden of lotos-eaters. Such arguments betray the shallowness of their adherents. For it is evident that the preferential tariff

would not be so high as to produce such a result. On reaching such a pitch it would be immediately reduced.

Such were some of the arguments advanced against Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, and in some such manner were they met. But the opposition to his scheme grew great. Minister turned against minister, and member against member, till the parties grew discordant and the Opposition grew joyful. At last at the same time three ministers resigned in order to express their approval or disapproval of the Government's policy. These were Ritchie, Hamilton, and Joseph Chamberlain. The latter resigned in order to leave the hands of the Government more free to treat of the preferential trade policy. He then proceeded to issue pamphlets explaining his policy and declaring his belief. Then, in response to the voice of the masses, he determined to lecture throughout the whole of England. He chose the main towns, and was everywhere greeted with huge audiences and packed halls. He had first to combat the theory that his policy would raise the price of bread and of living. This he has done, and is still doing, to many audiences. His

followers are growing, his beliefs impressing more and more, and there is now within definite sight, victory. Nearly all of the Colonies have supported him, especially Canada and New Zealand. Mr. Seddon, Premier of the latter colony, has carried through a Bill for Preferential Trade with regard to New Zealand. Slowly, surely, and firmly, the idea of such a scheme is seizing England—is growing upon the Empire. Soon the ultimate goal will be reached.

If within the next few years we see the end attained, if we see an Empire bound together by unbreakable bonds and turning a steadfast and calm face to every trouble, then will Mr. Chamberlain's work be fulfilled. A glorious Empire will be formed with Liberty and Freedom for its motto. Justice will be given to rich and poor alike, to high and low, to powerful and powerless. Then does it not behove us to fall on our knees and beseech the Lord of all Power and Might to bless and preserve us, to strengthen and keep us. Then shall our prayer be

“Lord God of Hosts!  
Be with us yet,  
Lest we forget,  
Lest we forget!



## PHILOSOPHY.

WOULD-BE philosophers and sages  
Will sometimes lift their pens to say,  
In tedious misanthropic pages,—  
'Tis useless that the world is gay,  
'Tis useless for the world's great heart  
To beat, to love, or joy, or hate,  
Since feeling has on earth no part,  
As it can nothing consummate.

A vain philosophy is this!  
Why should we toil, or strive, or live  
If not to earn our hours of bliss?  
What guerdon else can wisdom give?  
Or wealth, or health,—except the power  
But to enjoy our lot of mirth,  
And cull the sweets of every flower  
Whose blossom gauds the fruitful earth.

*Man does not live that he may die!*

Nor was he made a thing of toil:

The beauties he goes daily by,

The redness of the bursting soil,

All these are his: and if he lives

As happy as his nature can,

And best enjoys what nature gives—

He acts the destined part of man.—HAMER.

# My Lady's Bower.

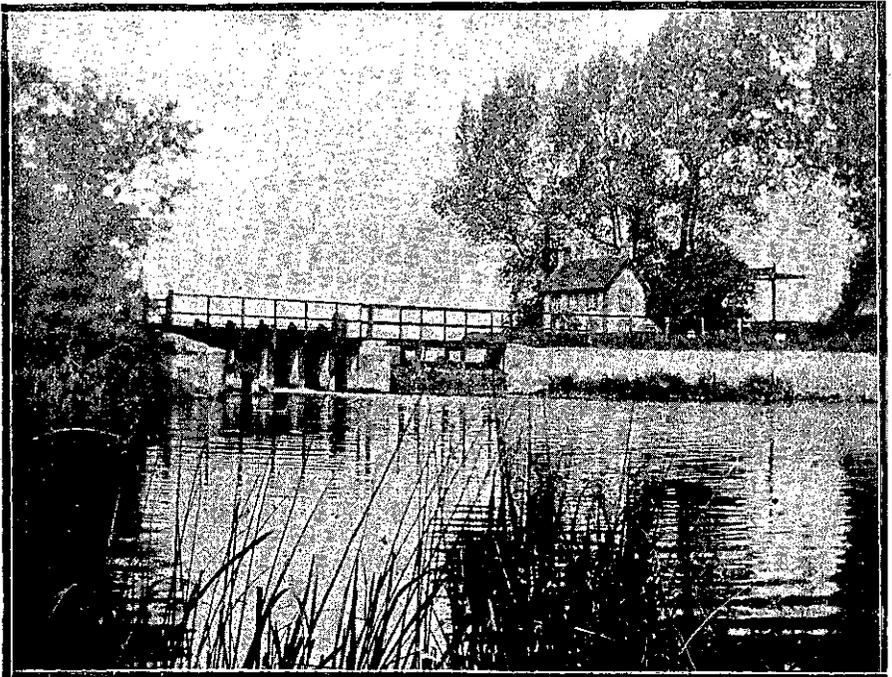
BY ALMA.

The Photos in these pages are some typical English scenes taken by a lady during a visit to the Old Country.

## QUIET DAYS FOR BUSY WOMEN.

**H**OLIDAYS! How we have altered the significance of the name! Once, we women may have understood that a holiday, i.e., holy day, was one on which we, in common with the rest of the world, might retire into ourselves or some other sanctum, and there rest awhile from the cares of things mortal. I wonder who did the cooking and washing of dishes on those holy days! Most

likely no one, for they were, in all probability, fast days, days of prayer. For many reasons, I think they may have represented a better order of things. Life is such a hurry-scurry nowadays. But even if women could share in the blessings of retired days, what about the children? Would they, could they fast, too? And would they not need attention just as they need it on ordinary days? And who but women would give it? I am inclined to believe that women, those



E. Nicolls, photo.

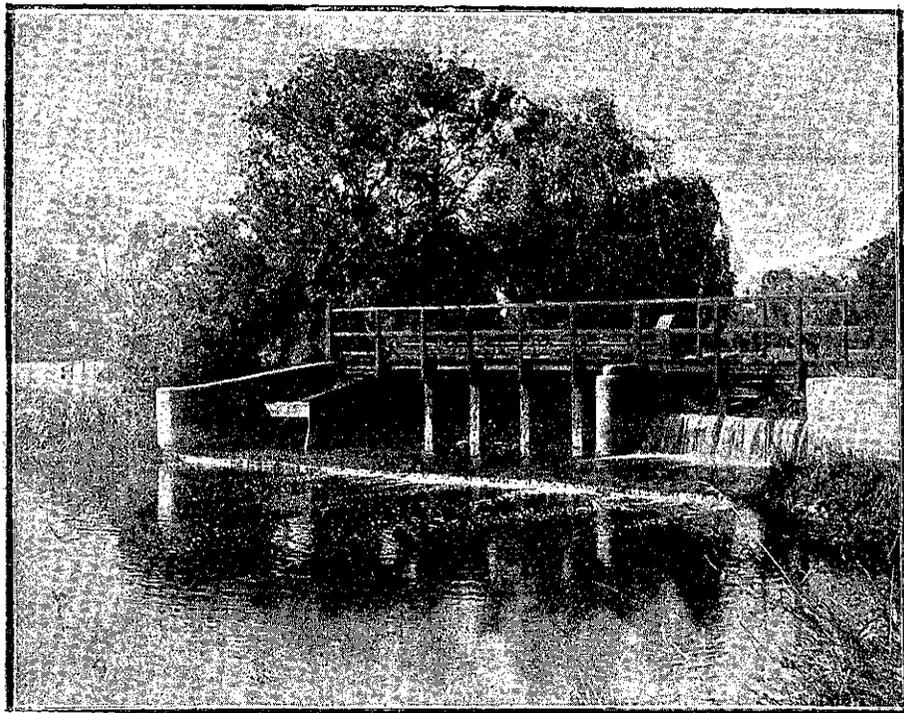
On the Ouse.

at all events, who were wives and mothers, still had to work, holy day or not, or still worried if they did not work—which is much the same, or worse.

I believe that it really is a wonderful tonic to women to spend, just now and again, say twice a year, a day of separation from all usual occupations. I fancy the smile that comes when work-tired women read such a remark. But I still believe it possible, to relegate all duties on two days a year to

the luxury of it! I remember realising the benefit of a day's retreat from ordinary life after a Quiet Day of the kind still formally observed in a few of our churches. I am not considering it from the religious point of view, merely from the selfish one of the at times tired worldling. It seems to me quite possible to have in one's own unorthodox life some such rest: and I am convinced that women need it.

As for holidays, they are for us our harvest days. They may bring



A Lock on the Ouse, near Bedford.

some other whom they in turn may relieve, and to go away to some quiet place and think—nothing. That is what we want, to throw aside all thought of work, to refuse to worry over anything at all, and to, in some measure, strive to bring the mind into a condition of tranquillity. Upon these grounds I uphold to all housekeepers, the habit of stealing, by main force if necessary, a rest of twenty minutes each day. But a whole day! Think of

attendant pleasures, that is undeniable; but they certainly bring extra preparation of food, longer hours, more worry for the women upon whom the burden falls. I have no desire to emphasise this phase of holiday life; but I think that when holidays are over, when the children have returned to school, when the men-kind have gone back, with sunburnt faces, lighter hearts and tighter muscles, to their daily routine, then the women, whose

work-share has been lost sight of in the hurly-burly, should surely have their holiday. And I have never seen the wisdom of a visit to a watering-place or a fashionable crowding of any sort.

Rest—that is the motto for the busy woman. And rest is not to be found in being rushed off to drive in the dust to see a geyser play, nor in dressing for a late dinner, nor the hundred and one things that society inflicts under the name of pleasure. No! Rather let it be taken at a

will effect nothing if the mind is worrying over the cares at home.

This suggests, then, that women must cultivate the philosophical frame of mind! Hard? Yes, it is, bitterly hard, and the older one grows, the harder it becomes, at least in one's developing years, which are roughly, I suppose, from twenty to fifty. But those are just the years in which 'tis needed. And to gain anything from life, it must be done. It is a necessity of happiness. If women worry all the time

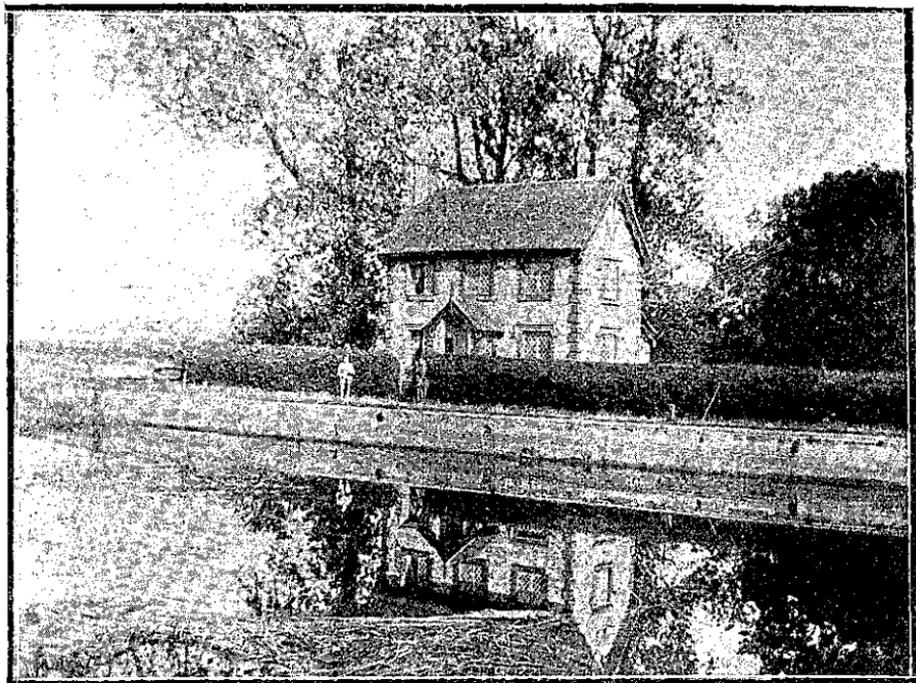


E. Nicolls, photo.

A Village Inn on the Ouse

quiet farmhouse where there is no other rest or pleasure-seeker, or, for that matter, at any place where a woman may spend the day under shady trees or in retired walks, where she may have plenty of simple food, fruit, cream, home-made bread, fresh eggs, and where she may sleep in peace from nine of the clock until eight. Retreats of this kind are what we want. But there is something else. All the quiet days of freedom from work

that they are away from their families, they are not only not benefiting their health, physical as well as mental, but they are even injuring it. They must learn to banish that dull dog, Care, and to convince themselves that a little fatalism, of the right kind, is necessary. Do not sew. When women sew, they think. I go as far as to say, do not read! Just let the sunshine and laziness steal into your being, and merely exist. 'Tis only for a short while:



E. Niccoils, photo.

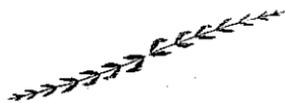
Fishing Cottage on the Ouse.

and you will return "as a giant refreshed." Do not even talk much. Nerves, which make up a very fair representation of women, nerves are good servants. Good servants require holidays. Give them complete rest. Be a mollusc, be anything for the time being, but do not be an energetic woman.

Yet, even as I pen the words, I know full well that the women to whom such retreats are most necessary, are just the ones, who will say they are not in need of rest, or that they cannot afford to take it. To both of which arguments, I answer, "it is false." They do need rest, and they can afford it. And the penalty of not taking it now is that some day it will force itself upon them in the shape of ill-health of some kind, and that in the end

they will not only be able to afford it, but they will pay very much more dearly than now they dream of. Therefore, be not penny-wise in the matter of health!

And, to return to my first suggestion, women can take two days a year. Those days may be spent in their own gardens, under their own trees—or, if it comes to the worst, in their own rooms provided the windows are wide open. But send the other people and children out during those days, for it is quiet and rest that are needed. Only remember that where there is a will, there's a way. Therefore, stir up the sluggard will, make the way and determine that you shall have two days at least in the year, a holiday from all the ordinary cares and worries of life.



# ≡: MUSIC. :≡

By HORACE STEBBING.

## SCHUMANN.

It would indeed be difficult to find amongst the many composers of celebrity, one who has done more for the Romantic School of music than the subject of the following brief biographical sketch.

Robert Schumann, the contemporary of Mendelssohn and the disciple of

Schubert, can claim the distinction of being something more than a composer of eminence, for his literary pen became an incalculable power for good at a period when musical criticism in Germany was for the most part vapid, and therefore of little benefit to the serious student of music, and further, it is not too much to say that but for Schumann's critical ability many of the best works of the masters of his time might never have been ours to enjoy.

Lofty aims and pure motives, combined with a forceful intellectuality enabled him to exercise a powerful influence over his countrymen, and they in turn cultivated a keen appreciation of only the best in art. The composer and critic was born at Zwickau, on the 8th June, 1810, his father following the trade of a bookseller.

For some years he attended college at his birthplace, but was afterwards sent to Leipsic to complete his education.

Although intended for the law his natural bent was music, and when he reached the age of twenty he gave himself up entirely to its study.

In Leipsic he received instruction from Wieck, the celebrated teacher

of the pianoforte, and soon displayed such extraordinary talent that his master was enabled to quell the hitherto strong family opposition that existed in regard to Schumann following music exclusively. Wieck predicted for him a brilliant career as a pianist, but owing to an accident to his right hand, the sinews of which became strained, he was obliged to abandon the idea of appearing before the world as a virtuoso.

From this time forward Schumann settled down to composition and higher musical criticism.

His works, particularly his piano pieces, revealed striking originality, and demanded in their interpretation and execution greater abilities than those required for the artistic rendering of the piano music of Mendelssohn.

Fortunately, in Clara Wieck, the daughter of his music master, who afterwards became his wife, he discovered one who entirely understood his musical ideas, and her skill as a pianist in a great measure established Schumann's reputation, and he therefore attracted the attention of those who were already interesting themselves in the new school of romantic music.

If we would look for that which points more particularly to the excellence of Schumann's musical composition, we must endeavour to comprehend as far as possible the subtle working of his brain in the construction of melody that is often almost entirely enveloped in the most mysterious of harmonies.

Schubert appealed to nature for his inspiration, whilst Schumann, on the other hand, almost exclusively relied upon his imaginative



Schumann.

powers, hence his music is always broad and full of dramatic colouring.

In 1837, Schumann, being anxious to wed Clara Wieck, he endeavoured to get her father's consent to their union, but was refused.

Wieck had gone to considerable trouble in placing his daughter's talent before the musical connoisseurs of Europe, and being only eighteen years of age at the time of the request, he preferred that she should remain unmarried for some years.

Three years later, however, after

having received the degree of Doctor at the University of Jena in recognition of his merits as a composer, he again urged his suit but with the same result.

The young couple, however, soon afterwards married, Clara Wieck proving herself in every way an ideal life companion.

Schumann's increasing affection for his wife produced in his mind the happiest of thoughts, and during the first year of his marriage he composed numerous songs which literally teem with romantic ideas.

A group of these songs he dedi-

cated to Clara Schumann, which may be found under the title of "Myrthen," the "Frauenliebe, and Leben," "Liederkris," etc.

The year 1841 saw his first two symphonies, and a musical setting of Heine's "Tragodie," which immediately attracted attention.

In 1843 Schumann accepted a post as professor at the Conservatorium of Leipzig, but after visiting Russia in 1844, where both he and his clever wife met with most appreciative audiences, he decided to remove to Dresden. Here he founded a Choral Union which still bears his name.

An interval of some six years passed, when he was recommended for, and accepted the position of Director of Music at Dusseldorf. This he held for nearly two years, but owing to some disagreement he resigned the post.

Just about this time appeared symptoms of brain trouble, and he became subject to frequent fits of melancholia.

A change of scenery and surroundings was considered desirable, and a concert tour with his wife being arranged, a journey to Holland was undertaken.

So delighted were the people, that quite an ovation was accorded them, which fact temporarily relieved Schumann's mental affliction, but unfortunately on returning to Dusseldorf, his malady increased to such an extent that he became quite irresponsible for his actions, and one day he attempted suicide by throwing himself into the Rhine.

Upon being rescued, he was found to be thoroughly demented, and was at once sent to a private institution in Bonn, where he died, deeply regretted, on the 29th July, 1856.

Schumann's music is always highly original, and possesses a peculiar charm for musicians.

His great strength lies in the magnificent harmonies which he has constructed.

So ingeniously are these arranged that they are not infrequently mistaken by the uninitiated for melody.

Portions of the composer's works, however, may be considered by some, perhaps, as occasionally somewhat monotonous, but for the most part his music is beautifully tender and expressive, and denotes a mind of purity and lofty ideals.

Perhaps his best known works are the cantatas, "Paradise and the Peri," "The Pilgrimage of the Rose," and his vividly dramatic music to "Manfred."

To Schumann we should remain grateful for many elegant songs, pianoforte pieces, overtures, concertos, etc., whilst his brilliant literary efforts on behalf of music include "Rules and Maxims for Young Musicians," "Music and Musicians," besides numerous critical writings which rank high in the estimation of present-day musicians.

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"Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything.

"It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just, and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling, passionate, and eternal form."

PLATO.

"If the flow of a song of Anacreon's intoxicates us, it is as true to a pulse within us as the wine he drank. We hear not their sounds with ears, nor see their sights with eyes, but we hear and see both so truly, that we are moved with pleasure; and the advantage, nay even the test, of seeing and hearing, at any time, is not in the seeing and hearing but in the ideas we realise, and the pleasure we derive."

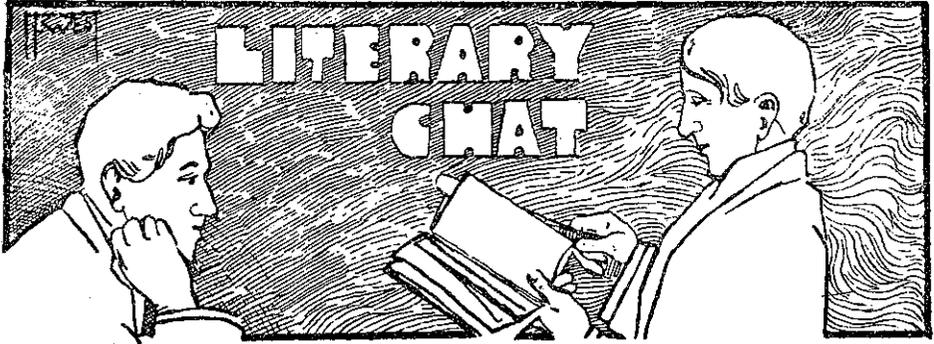
LEIGH HUNT.

On the "Realities of Imagination."



Amongst the Ferns, Upper Mangorei, Taranaki.

B. Welis, photo.



BY "THE SAGE."

S. Baring Gould's books are always welcome. The latest published in Methuen's Colonial Library, and forwarded for review by Messrs. Wildman, Lyell and Arey, is entitled "Chris of All-Sorts." Miss Christine Lavenham, the heroine, is an orphan who resides with her aunt, Lady Laura Demant, she is introduced to the reader returning from a hunt. She has lost her way, her horse, a borrowed one, is knocked up and she is benighted some sixteen miles from home. A village surgeon, Mr. Tom Bates, whom she now meets for the first time, and asks the way, has to acknowledge that he is in a similar plight. The only thing to be done was to put up at a village inn for the night. Mr. Tom tries in vain to get a fresh horse and guide in order to let Lady Laura know where her niece is, and has eventually to stay at the inn also. They are seen by a certain person, "who considers himself to be a wag, but all whose wit consists in insolence." He spreads the news all round the district as a spicy bit of scandal, and makes highly unpleasant allusions in the hearing of Captain Fenton, to whom Chris is engaged. This, Lady Laura considers the more unfortunate, in that Captain Fenton has just heard of a wealthy uncle's death by which he believes he will succeed to considerable property and a title. A meet-

ing between the lovers ends unpleasantly. Sir Roger, as he now considers himself, does not appear to implicitly believe his lady-love's assertions that what he regards in the light of an indiscretion, was really unavoidable, and they part. Chris, at Lady Laura's suggestion that it would be as well for her to leave the district for a time, goes to stay with another aunt in London, Lady Barbara Fitzwarden, where she interests herself in slumming. Meantime, the Captain, to his dismay, finds that his uncle had married without his knowledge, and the wife and a son and heir take possession of the property and title. He forthwith starts for South Africa. In the course of her slumming experiences Chris, with the assistance of an old Admiral, a great friend of Lady Barbara's, discovers many things, and secures proofs that the woman her lover's uncle married was the run-away wife of another man, and in fact the mother of one of her club girls. Captain Fenton returns in disgrace from South Africa, the accusations brought against him are practically that he could not "teach Tommy in a week, fresh from his barracks, to use eyes and ears like a Red Indian," and further, because he failed to read correctly instructions which were afterwards proved to have been seized and entirely altered by

the wily Boers. Chris displays admirable skill in managing her club of unruly factory girls, and equal ability in setting things straight all round, and bringing about the happy ending so necessary to make one put down a book with the proper amount of satisfaction.

“Erb,” by W. Pett Ridge, is another addition to Methuen’s Colonial Library, which is well worth reading. Erb, or to give him his full name, Herbert Barnes, is a Railway carman and an agitator. He loses his billet through his efforts to aid the cause of his fellow workmen, but gets the appointment of paid organising secretary to the Railway Carmen’s Society. He is living with a small sister engaged in unhealthy work at a factory. His other sister, a fine looking girl, is parlour-maid at Eaton Square. A servants’ party to which Alice invites her sister and brother is delightfully described. Erb falls in love with Rosalind Danks, the daughter of a man who describes himself as a Professor of Elocution, but Rosalind gives the lessons and he exhibits his elocutionary powers principally in extracting loans from the unwary. Erb, by way of securing frequent interviews with Rosalind, and also improving his mode of delivery, takes lessons from the young lady. Lady Frances, the daughter of the house where Erb’s sister is in service, takes great interest in this pushing young man’s career. She wishes to learn all she can about the working classes, and rightly concludes Erb can teach her. He gets to know prominent labour-members, assists at elections, and is asked to stand himself, edits a labour paper until a libel action finishes it, gets turned out of his secretaryship, and finally discovers that efforts to aid one’s fellow-labourers do not invariably meet with the gratitude one would expect. In refusing an offer of reinstatement in the secretaryship, he winds up by thus stating his con-

victions: “I think—I don’t know, mind—I think I’m seeing things clearer than I did. I idealised you. I imagined all the right, and all the justice, and all the everything was on our side. I’ve come to see that, as a matter of fact, it’s about fairly divided.” The author has succeeded in giving an interesting delineation of the labour question in a bright and readable manner.

Another work from the same publishers, forwarded by Messrs Wildman, Lyell and Arey, is “The Mississippi Bubble,” by Emerson Hough. The scene is laid at a time when little was known of America, and in the opening chapter a traveller tells startling stories of its wonders to a number of gallants at a gaming table. Two ladies are driving to Sadlers Wells to drink the waters. Lady Catherine Knollys a noble and queenly figure, “tall, well-rounded, vigorous and young, not yet twenty, and adored of many suitors.” Her companion was Mary Conynge, also a beauty, “soft of speech, slow, *sauve*, amber-eyed and innocent of visage.” Their coach was stopped, not by footpads as they feared, but by John Law, of Lauriston, Scotland, and his brother Will. On their first journey to London they had been robbed, and Will wounded. John Law, was the perfection of masterful manly beauty. He recognised the Knollys arms on the coach, and persuaded the ladies to give him and his brother a lift, and called on them afterwards. At short notice he determined that Lady Catherine should be some day his, and both ladies fell in love with him. He had studied finance deeply, and also the chances of dice and cards. He staked his valuable ring, all the robbers had left him, at the gaming table, and with most amazing luck won everything before him. He had first-class introductions, was consulted by the leading ministers re finance, killed his man in a gambling duel, and was condemned to

death therefor. He sent a message to Lady Catherine to come to the prison and aid his escape. Mary Conynge intercepts it, goes herself and represents to him that Lady Catherine has refused. In despair he flies to the Messasebe Valley in America with Mary as his mistress, has many adventures there, finds out Mary's treachery and casts her off. Eventually he goes to France, helps the dicing, drinking, amorous Philippe Duke of Orleans, regent of France, to work miracles and drive all Paris mad with the prosperity occasioned by his system of finance, Bank of Issue and Company of the West. At a supper given by the amorous Duke to introduce a new mistress of surpassing beauty, Law creates a sensation by denouncing the queen of the hour as his cast-off mistress. The greed of the Regent bursts the bubble Company, and Law barely escapes the fury of the mob. Lady Catherine, who has refused all his overtures while in prosperity, softens at his adversity. The book is one which cannot fail to be read with the greatest interest.

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“Christian Thal” is the title of a new story by M. E. Francis, whose brightly-written Dorsetshire stories have often charmed us. As usual, Longmans, Green and Co. are her publishers, and the book was forwarded for review by Messrs. Upton and Co. This time the authoress has gone farther afield for her scene. Professor Lennox, in order to get a quiet place to write his book, has taken his daughter to Schonwald. He is annoyed exceedingly by the young musician, Christian Thal's practising on the piano, and sends his daughter to ask him to stop. She is so charmed with both music and the musician that she cannot do it. By degrees she finds that she is in love with him and he with her. Annola Isto, a Hungarian lady of not very prepossessing appearance, whose loss of voice has caused her to give up a most cherished ambition, heard Christian play as a

boy of ten, and at once determined to train him, and make up in some measure for her own bitter disappointment by watching his success. He was now twenty, and bid fair to rise to the top of his profession. Annola was extremely jealous of Juliet, and when she found out that they loved one another, she impressed Juliet so strongly with the belief that a love-affair must utterly ruin Christian's career, that she promised to give him up. She meets him again some years after when he has realized the height of his ambition, and they find their feelings are not changed to one another. But Juliet's joy at the fact is suddenly damped by the perusal of a newspaper paragraph, giving the romance of a great musician, which showed that Christian had been secretly married to Annola Isto, the lady who had made his career for him, two years before. He hates his bonds, and she suffers bitterly from jealousy. The story is a simple one, but the characters and scenes are exceedingly well-drawn—Christian's fellow-students, the examinations, an evening which the stern old Maestro gives on the only occasion on which he unbends, and the Countess Galphi with her most amusing way of talking German with English accent and idioms. The authoress, with her characteristic way of seeing the humorous side of everything, has made this book exceedingly pleasant reading. Musical people will fully appreciate the few lines of music which head each Chapter.

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From the Editor comes a copy of “The Huia, A New Zealand Annual,” started as stated in the Editor's fore word, “as an experiment with the intention of bringing into a focus the literary talent which is scattered throughout New Zealand.” As this is an object on which this Magazine has been engaged during the past four years, we naturally sympathise with any new effort in this direction. The

contributions, of which many are by frequent contributors to this Magazine, principally take the form of readable stories and verse, and the collection is certainly well worth the expenditure of the very moderate price charged, sixpence. "The Huia" is not illustrated, which naturally places it at considerable disadvantage with other publications. There is one inexcusable blot in the get-up, for which the publishers are doubtless responsible. The fifth page is disfigured by a solitary advertisement. As one reads with interest W.B.'s words, "The comfort of the body induces to the expansion of thought. Now I will tell you further" (one is here annoyed by the obtrusive ad. which interposes) "It went chop wood, The universal Food-chopper." This should not have been allowed at any price.

A book of poems, entitled "Tena Koe," by Mary Sinclair, published by Fisher Unwin through Messrs. Chamtaloup and Cooper, of Auckland, has come to hand. The fact that it was through the Countess of Ranfurly's kindly commendation, suggestion and encouragement that the book was published, should vouch for the quality of its contents. The book is gratefully dedicated to her by the authoress. The poems embrace a great variety of subjects. They were written at intervals, during more than half a century of a very trying life, and their bright, cheery nature plainly shows the fortitude with which the poetess encountered her many troubles. The number of family events recorded will probably cause it to find favour with the writer's friends rather than with the general reader.



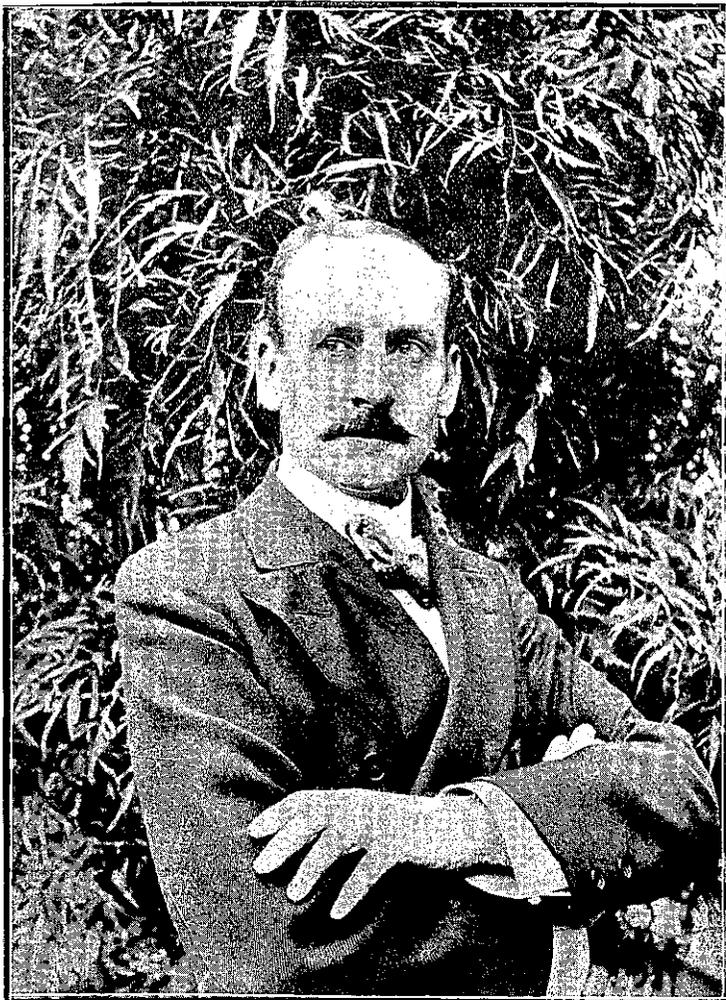
From a drawing by Amy B. Dawson. A winning smile.

# The Stage.

By S. E. GREVILLE-SMITH.

**T**HE Sanford Company of Players, who have entered upon a tour of the Colony, beginning at Auckland, are like the Frawley Company, good samples of the modern American school. They have demonstrated that they possess both talent and education, and though they

have chosen to appear here in melodrama, rather than on the more elevated planes of stage art, at least they have given us a first-rate article of the kind. Melodrama has come to mean to many people a slap-dash performance, largely composed of loud declamation and lime-light, but that is not the sort of



Mr. Walter Sanford.

thing that Mr. Sanford dispenses. He supplies us with plots and situations that are lurid enough, and characters that are elemental, but the methods he employs to unfold and present the two first, and to evolve the third are as closely copied from Nature as possible. Mr. Walter Sanford is an actor and manager of fifteen years' experience,

for the production of reigning English and American successes. He produced on an elaborate scale, the well-known English melodramas, "Youth," "Harbour Lights," "A Run of Luck," etc. He owns the sole rights in the great English play, "My Jack," in America, having bought the play outright for that country from the author, Mr. Benj. Landeck, at the time of its production in England. It will be remembered that Mr. George Rignold produced this play in Australia. Mr. Sanford learned his art in



Miss Maude Barber, of Sanford's American Players.



Mr. A. C. Henderson, of Sanford's American Players.

although a young man. He is one of the best known managers in the United States, occupying a position for years in America equivalent to that of Mr. Bland Holt in Australia, as a producer of elaborate and high-class melodrama. At one and the same time, Mr. Sanford successfully managed and controlled four New York theatres, where he established a permanent stock company,

the company of some of the most famous American actors, such as Booth, Barrett, and McCullough. Mr. Sanford is unlike the usual "star" of a theatrical company, in that he is a strong believer in plays with fine roles for all his company, and holds that the audience does not want to see one strong part for a whole evening's entertainment. The plays now being presented by



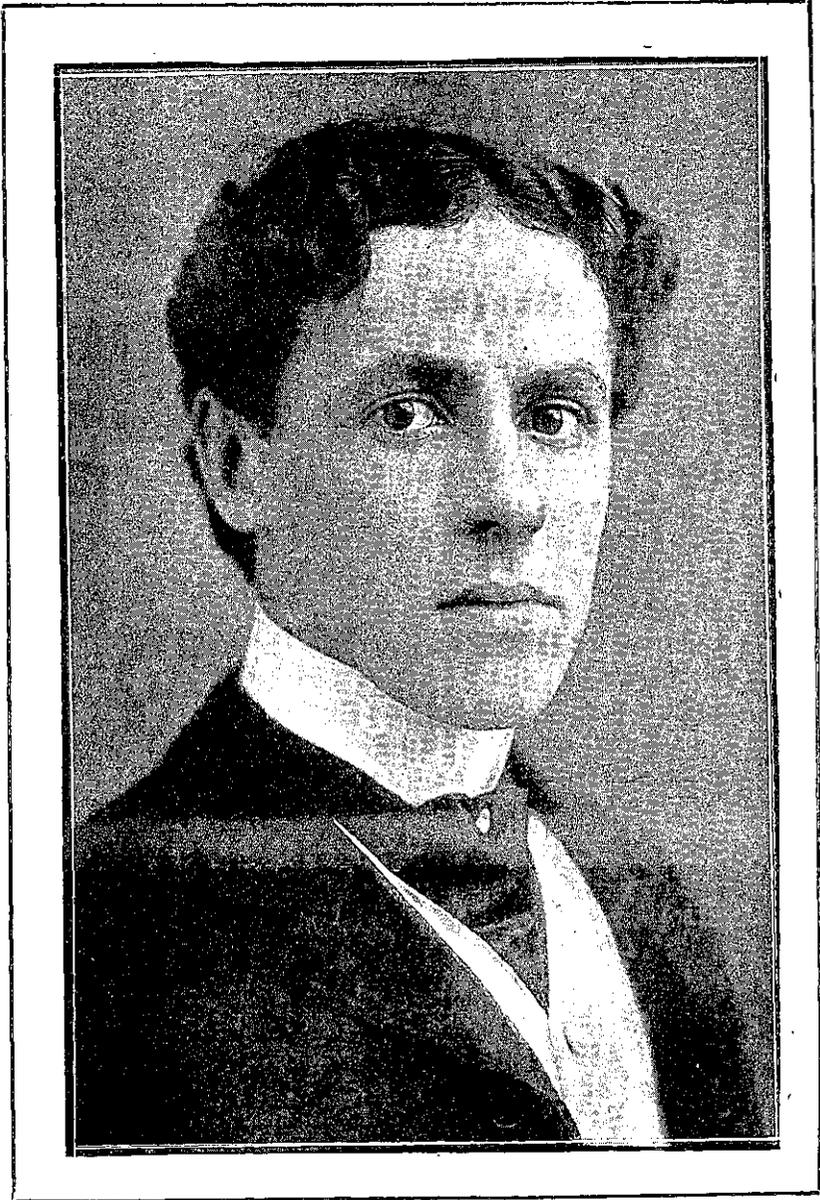
Miss Laura Wall, of Sanford's American Players.

him, give ample proof of this theory, as they enable several members of his company to score great personal successes. Mr. Sanford's father is the oldest living theatrical manager in the United States, having attained the ripe old age of eighty-six.

Miss Maude Barber, the ingenue of the Company, is a young actress of promise. She has been connected with several of the best productions in America, notably "Arizona,"

which is familiar to local playgoers. Miss Barber has also held several important positions in leading stock companies of the United States, mainly in the Eastern States. She is of fine appearance, and shows appreciation of the roles assigned her.

Miss Adelaide Boothby, the sourette, possesses the rare gift of humour, and has made herself a great favourite already. She is full of life, quickness of action, is pretty



Mr. Griffith Wray, of Sanford's American Players.

of face and graceful of figure. Miss Boothby is a native of the State of Maine, U.S.A., her uncle being the present Mayor of Portland, one of the large cities of that State. Miss Boothby began her career two years ago, and has made great strides under Mr. Sanford's tuition. She appeared in New York City in a production at the Madison Theatre, and Mr. Sanford immediately engaged her.

Miss Laura Wall is a graduate of the great Dramatic School of America, conducted under the auspices of the well-known theatrical manager of the United States, Mr. Charles Frohman. Miss Wall graduated with the highest honors, taking the gold medal for rhetoric and elocution. She is the possessor of an exceedingly rich voice, that responds to every demand, and in addition she has the dramatic fire

and tensity of the true tragedienne. She has been a leading member of several of the most prominent companies in the United States. In addition to her other gifts she possesses youth and beauty.



Miss Adelaide Boothby, of Sanford's American Players.

Mr. A. C. Henderson, the jeune premier, is one of the best-known actors in the United States. His career has been a varied one, and he has been connected with many of the best companies in the States. He was leading man at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, for two years, having also been engaged in that capacity in several of the prominent Eastern Stock companies, as well as travelling organisations. Mr. Henderson brings to his art the finish of experience.

Mr. Griffith Wray is one of the most versatile and talented mem-

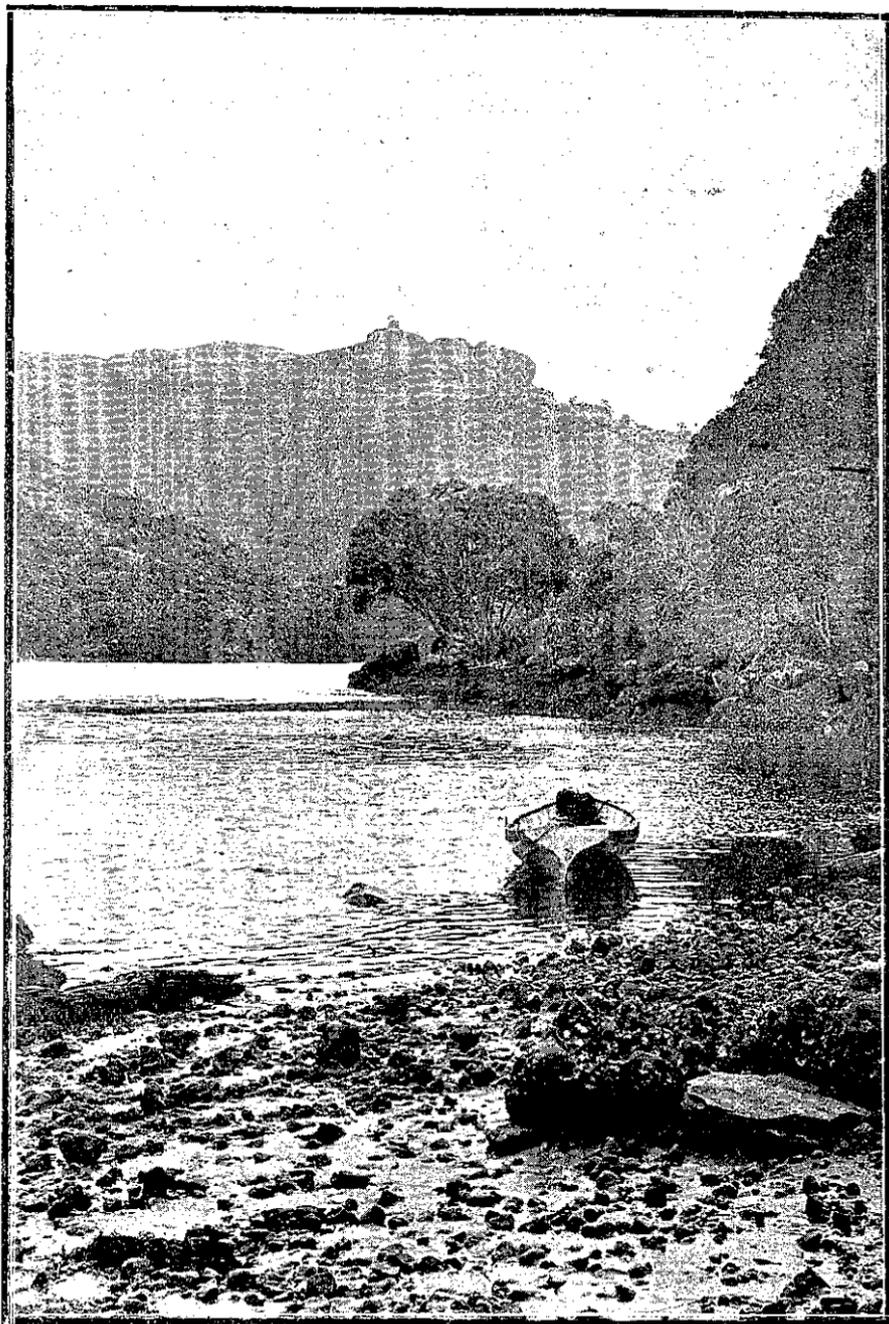
bers of the Company. He is a very young man, but already shows depth of true dramatic temperament. He has made himself a great favourite as the comedian of the Company. Mr Wray is a graduate of the Empire Dramatic School, and took the highest honors for character work. He is also a graduate of the Wisconsin State University.

Mr. George Kunkel has been here before as leading man of the Josephine Stanton Company. He comes of an old theatrical family. His father is one of the oldest comedi-



Mr. Bart. W. Wallace, of Sanford's American Players.

ans in America, and played in the original production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Kunkel, who is a native of Pennsylvania, has held positions of note in several of the leading American companies.



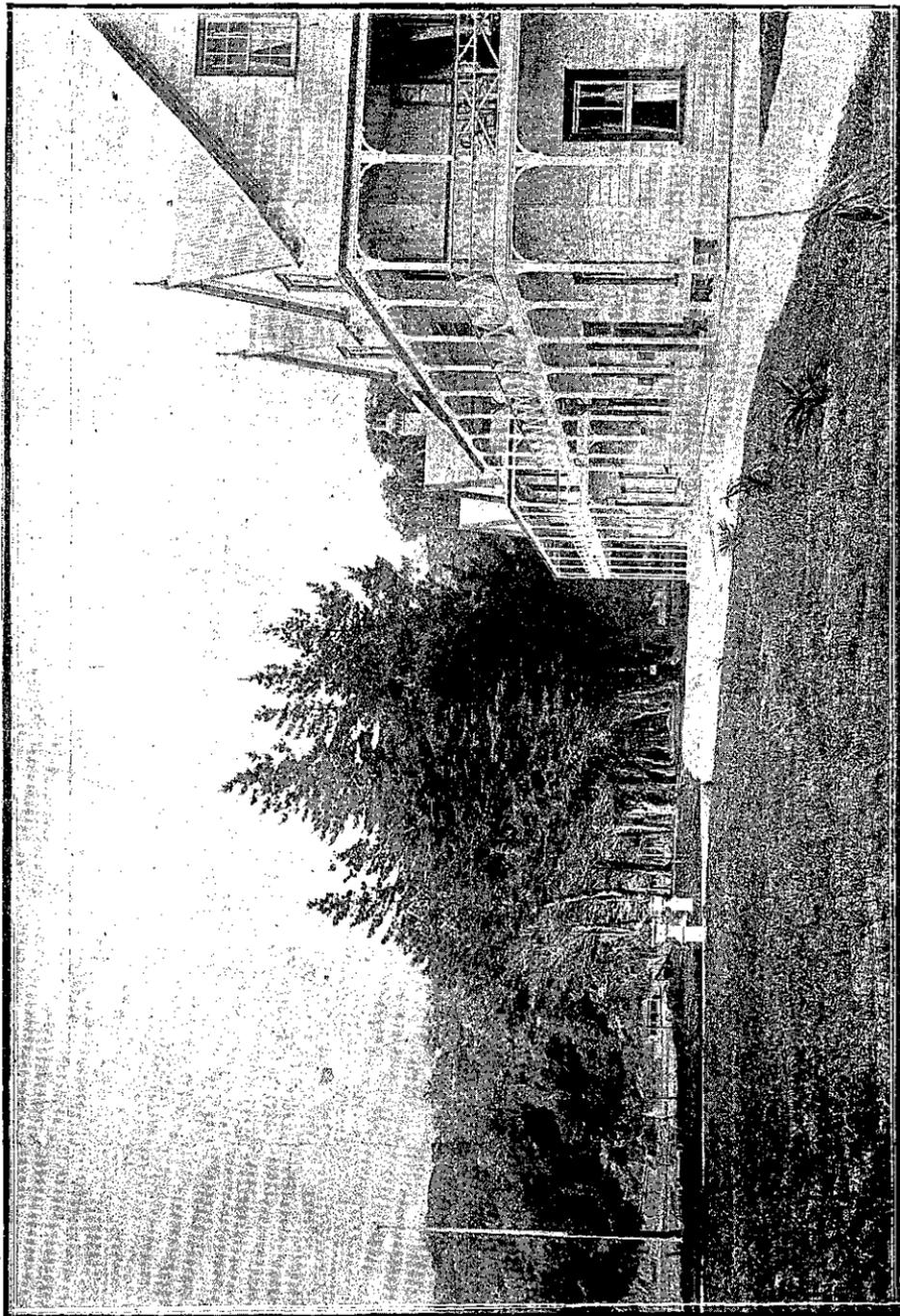
Jonas, photo.

Waihi Bay, Whangaroa.

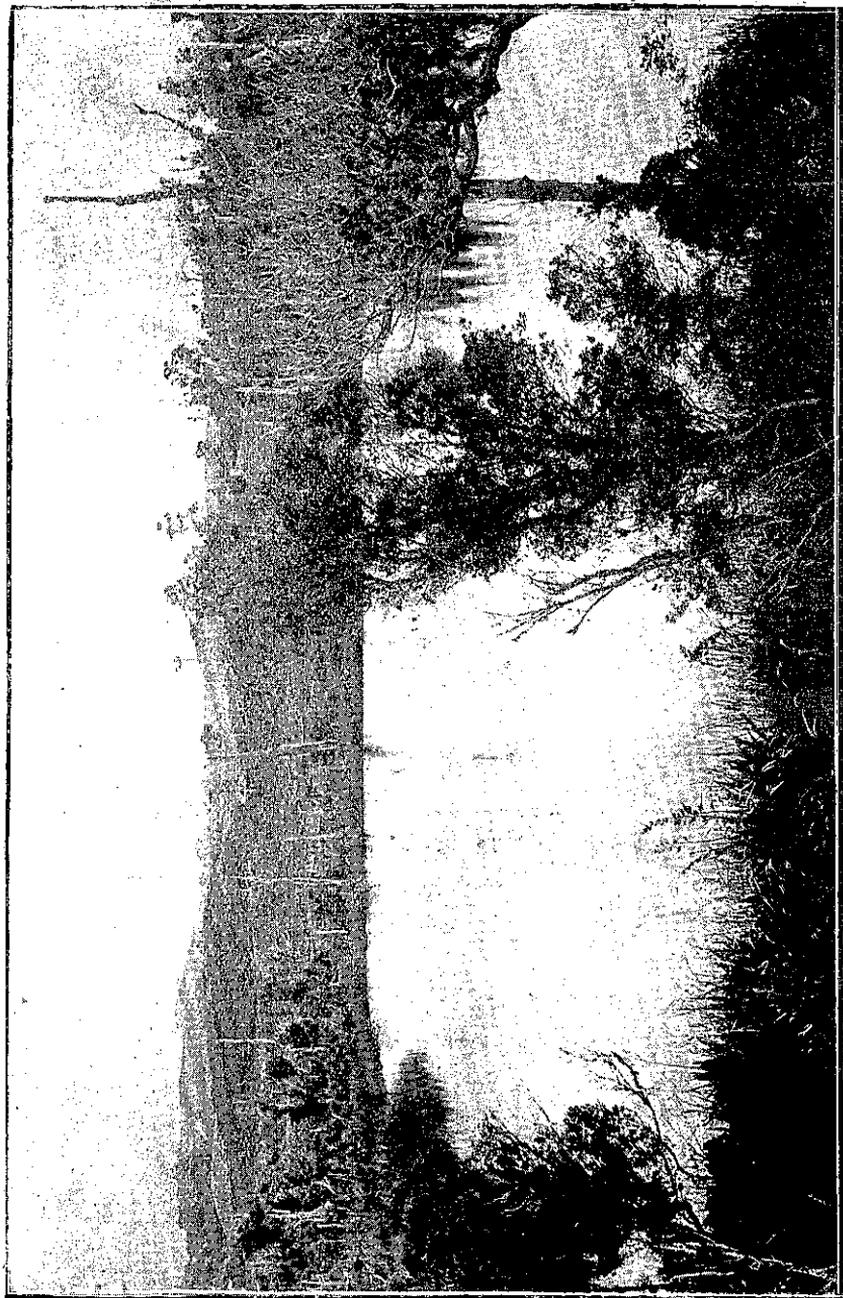


W. R. Robinson, photo.

Clay Model of Sir John Logan Campbell, by Alfred D. Carlsen, an Auckland youth who has never received tuition.



Waiwera Hotel.



B. Wells, photo.

Lake Rotokare, Taranaki.



Cromarty, Preservation Inlet.

C. W. Sundstrum, photo.



## ROUND THE WORLD.

### PEACE OR WAR.

This has been the question of the month. It has been answered over and over again in the most emphatic manner both in the negative and the affirmative by those who claim to know all about it. Reasons which the respective givers consider perfectly unassailable, are put forward to prove that it is unavoidable, or that it is impossible, as the case may be. At the time of writing, the question still requires a reliable answer, and no one knows how long it will be before it gets it. Our sympathies are naturally with Japan. Russia is the aggressor, and it is her breach of faith and utter unreliableness, her greed and her present determination to stop at nothing that she thinks will tend to her aggrandisement that have caused the trouble. Never, perhaps, was there prospect of a war of which probable results were so doubtful and so difficult to calculate. The opinion of those who should be capable of some degree of judgment are as often as not directly opposed to one another as to the outcome; but one and all agree that had Japan not been in a position to show fight at once, Russia would have not only secured the despotic rule of Manchuria as an earnest of future possessions in that direction, but she would also have effectually prevented Japan—as she has hitherto been trying to do—from securing ascendancy in Corea. This would undoubtedly have severely clipped the wings of this enterprising little country, which has made

such phenomenal strides of late years in claiming for herself a prominent place amongst the powers of the earth. But such a casualty has been put off, at least for the present, by the fact that she was alert and in a position to show her teeth even to such a powerful opponent, especially as that opponent had her attention divided by other weighty considerations, and will have for some time to come. It is this reason of her unpreparedness, and the very present fear of the disaster which might ensue if England and America were to assist Japan, a contingency that would be more than likely to occur, which will in all probability make for peace. There is also another contingency which Russia has to fear. It has been declared that China will remain neutral, but judging China by her own code of political morality and reliableness, she cannot fail to place little reliance on such a declaration. That China should take sides with Russia in order to gratify an old spite while the much more recent one of Russia's behaviour over the Manchurian question rankles, is inconceivable. In the event of her taking up arms it will undoubtedly be on the side of her one-time foe.

### THE LABOUR QUESTION IN THE TRANSVAAL.

It was with pleasure we read of our Premier's and Mr. Deakin's appeal to the Colonial Secretary of the Transvaal Government. It was

with no uncertain sound that they voiced their opinion of a measure which every true Briton should view with detestation—the importation of cheap labour from foreign countries to compete with local labour. Although the replies received were diplomatic and non-committal, the expression of the opinion of the representatives of the Australasian colonies cannot but bear some weight. It is also pleasing to notice that outside those most interested in the cheap working of the mines, there is considerable dissatisfaction in the Transvaal over this proposal. The fact put forward in the replies to the appeal, that the conditions in South Africa differ entirely from those in Australasia should not be allowed to count for a moment against a principle which means so much to the Empire.

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#### AN IMPERIAL COUNCIL.

By a late cablegram we notice that an invitation has been sent to the Canadian War Minister to sit as a member upon the Imperial Council of Defence. Mr. Lyttelton, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, also stated at the Canada Club dinner that the precedent might advantageously be extended to the foreign affairs of the Colonies. No

one can fail to agree with him on this point, the only wonder is that a movement which must so obviously be of great importance and benefit to the Colonies has not been instituted before. Numberless instances have occurred of gross mismanagement arising from the entire ignorance of the Colonial Office as to how certain measures would affect the particular Colonies to which they referred, and their progress has been thereby often considerably retarded. It is natural that we should have a better idea of what would tend to our welfare than even the best-informed politician at the other side of the world. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's idea of granting the Colonies treaty-making powers is going some steps further, and is hardly consistent with the system of an Imperial Council with colonial representatives, and with the unity of Empire. With such a Council we shall be satisfied, and there is little doubt that we shall have it shortly. The bungling and neglect which occurred in the administration of Colonial affairs in the past would be much more disastrous if continued now that the Colonies have increased so much in population and importance, and any measure likely to insure us against this must be hailed by us with universal approbation.



# THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

## PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITIONS.

By no means the least interesting items in this number are Two Prize Essays. One on a Natural Science Subject, for which Dr. Barraclough offers an Annual Prize of Five Guineas to any one in New Zealand not holding a scientific appointment. His object is to encourage habits of observation and research amongst New Zealanders. The other is on the man or woman who the writer considers has done the most with his or her life during the last twelvemonths. This is also an Annual Prize, given by Miss Constance Barnicoat, but unlike Dr. Barraclough's, it is limited to the students of Nelson College, at which, we understand, she was herself educated. The object in this case is the study of contemporary world-history.

The promoters of these Annual Competitions, recognising that this Magazine devotes itself to the interests of education, and that its very extensive circulation throughout the Colony must make it the best medium for their purpose, arranged with the Editor for publication in these columns.

The value of such competitions, even judged by these two essays, which in both cases are the inaugural ones, cannot be too highly estimated, and the example is one which may well be followed by others desirous of encouraging young New Zealanders to devote more of their energies to studious research, thus lessening in some measure the oft-repeated reproach that they are too much addicted to sport.

## ART IN ADVERTISING.

Why is the Magazine recognised all the world over as the most effective medium for advertising? Because it can be made the most attractive. An original and attractive illustrated advertisement catches the eye at once. Advertisers complain that the public won't read advertisements. Don't ask them to read them. Give them a humorous sketch instead. It is more expressive, can be taken in at a glance, with the few words required, and what is more, is safe to be remembered. Recognising this fact we have made arrangements to supply original sketches and designs to suit any business. On arranging for an advertisement write stating requirements, and a design will be forwarded, subject to any alterations which may be desired.

Articles on the following subjects will appear shortly:—

- THE BLACK-BACKED GUIL: A DOMINICAN FRIAR.—By H. L. Machell.
- THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE MAORI.—By W. Shanaghan.
- YACHTING AT THE ANTIPODES.—By "Kotiri."
- FAKED SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.—By Gilbert Anderson.
- A VOYAGE THROUGH THE BACKBLOCKS.—By W. Brooke.
- MOUNT EGMONT TO WAITOMO CAVES.—By Wilhelmina Sherriff Bain.
- AN AFTERNOON WITH BORIS SARAFOFF.—By A. Darby.

Storiettes by the following Authors:—

- THE COWARDICE OF MOOKA-MEE.—By Racey Schlank.
- WHAT A RED HANDKERCHIEF DID.—By Harold W. Black.
- THE WINNING OF NAN.—By L. M. Eastgate.
- TWO WHITE ROSES.—By William Hearne Thomas.