

District Lands and Survey Office, Auckland, June 1st, 1905.

WRITTEN TENDERS will be received at this Office up to 30th June, 1905, for the 21 Years Lease of the Native School Reserve at Galatea, lately occupied by Mr Wylie. The reserve in question contains 323 acres, at an upset annual rental of 27 15 0, and is subject to a loading of 2500, which sum, together with half year's rent, and lease fee, will have to be paid by successful applicant on the notification that his tender has been accepted. Map of locality can be seen in the office of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Auckland.

JAMES MacKENZIE, Commissioner of Crown Lands.



**TOWER'S**  
Waterproof Oiled Clothing and Glass Finish Coats for all kinds of wet weather wear. Best in the world.

A. J. TOWER CO., Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Perth or Auckland. Factories: Boston, U.S.A.

Thorough efficiency is proved by the enormous sale of

# CALVERT'S

CARBOLIC

## Tooth Powder

Being antiseptic, its regular use keeps the teeth healthy as well as clean, and also gives them the requisite polish without injuring the enamel. It is at the same time most pleasant to use.

Calvert's Prickly-heat Soap is very serviceable in hot climates as a preventive of prickly-heat and other irritation of the skin. It is pleasantly perfumed and contains 10% Crystal Carbolic.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, ENGLAND.

MARTIN'S

# APIOL & STEEL PILLS

(For Ladies)

A French Remedy for all irregularities. Thousands of ladies always keep a box of Martin's Pills in the house, so that on the first sign of any irregularity of the system a timely dose may be administered. Those who use them are inwardly happy, hence their enormous sale. All Chemists and Stores sell them throughout the world, or post free 6/- MARTIN, Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

MARTIN'S

# APIOL & STEEL PILLS

(For Ladies)

\*LINSEED COMPOUND.\* The "Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colic. Of 20 years' proven efficacy.

\*LINSEED COMPOUND.\* The "Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colic. Gives immediate relief.

\*LINSEED COMPOUND.\* The "Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colic. Gives immediate relief.

\*LINSEED COMPOUND.\* for Coughs and Colic. Gives instant relief in Asthma and Bronchitis.

\*LINSEED COMPOUND.\* of 20 years' proven efficacy, for Coughs, Colic, Asthma and Bronchitis, &c.

**COAGULINE.** Transparent Cement for broken articles.

\*LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS\* of Mountain Mass. Agreeably Aperient. Worthy of trial.

\*LINSEED COMPOUND.\* Trade Mark of the Compound Essence of Linseed for Coughs and Colic.

# After Dinner Gossip

AND

## Echoes of the Week

### As Japanese Children See the War.

The Japanese illustrated fairy story of "Little Peachling," adapted to the present war and its causes and effects, which appears in another portion of this issue, will be found not a little instructive, as well as intensely comical and amusing. Below we print the fairy story itself, as it appears in Mr Mitford's well-known book, "Tales of Old Japan" (kindly lent by the Rev. Gray Dixon), and it explains several points not originally quite clear in the brief notes of such English as the author-artist of the book possessed. It is quite significant, by the way, that only English and Japanese are given. There is no German, nor yet any French, and it is also to be noted—a point to be again referred to later—that America, or Columbia, as she is called in the story, is hand in glove with John Bull in his discovery of Japan and his encouragement, not to say his abetting, of her in her struggle with the bear. Our Artist's English is a trifle vague, but always interesting. The preface—which, by the way, is not printed with the pictures—is as follows:—

"Little Boys and Girls  
"Now we are for the audacious and proud Russia in making war.  
"This an account of the making war.  
"Now I have a nurseley tales to please you.  
"This nurseley tales is the very likeness to old nurseley tales Moto-taro. But how many likenesses must yours reading to the end of this book.  
"R. Nagagaron. December, 1904."

It should be mentioned, for fear any should miss it, that the English translation of the pictures is on the prints themselves. Noticing each page individually, there is little to comment on in the first picture, save the admirable expressions of delight and pride on the faces of the old couple. The English here is also faultlessly correct. In the second picture we see the sudden realization or discovery by America and England that there is a new Power in the world, and that the Jap. is civilised, while the sun of the new Power rises in the background. In the next, the youngster is shown to be strong enough to be seriously reckoned with. Exactly what nation is represented by the cross-cornered referee at the back is unfortunately not explained. Probably it is England, but, on the other hand, either the second or the fourth figure in the pulling group might be England. Readers can settle the point for themselves. There is real drama in the next page illustrating Russia's molestation of Korea and China. The Rooster belongs to Korea, and the pig to China. The excellence of the medallion showing America and England urging young Japan to "go in and win" is quite delightful, as is also the questioning look on the young warrior's face. He is saying as plainly as print can, "Will you back me up?" Following this we see what is the current Japanese opinion concerning the method of backing by ourselves and America. While Japan prepares for the contest, England and America provide the shells and sinews of war, and generally help to get this ready. Despite the fact she is not in the treaty, America is particeps criminis in the supply of war material to a belligerent. Probably this most indiscreet acknowledgment would somewhat scandalise both Uncle Sam and our own diplomatists. The other pictures are best understood through the fairy story which we now proceed to give:—

### THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE PEACHLING.

Many hundred years ago there lived an honest old wood-cutter and his wife. One fine morning the old man went off to the hills with his billhook, to gather a faggot of sticks, while his wife went down to the river, to wash the dirty clothes. When she came to the river, she saw a peach floating down the stream; so she picked it up, and carried it home with her, thinking to give it to her husband to eat when he should come in. The old man soon came down from the hills, and the good wife set the peach before him, when, just as she was inviting him to eat it, the fruit split in two, and a little plump baby was born into the world. So the old couple took the babe, and brought it up as their own; and, because it had been born in a peach, they called it *Momotaro*, or Little Peachling.

By degrees Little Peachling grew up to be strong and brave, and at last one day he said to his old foster-parents—  
"I am going to the ogres' island to carry off the riches that they have stored up there. Pray, then, make me some millet dumplings for my journey."  
So the old folks ground the millet, and made the dumplings for him; and Little Peachling, after taking an affectionate leave of them, cheerfully set out on his travels.

As he was journeying on, he fell in with an ape, who gibbered at him, and said, "Kia! kia! kia! where are you off to, Little Peachling?"  
"I'm going to the ogres' island, to carry off their treasure," answered Little Peachling.  
"What are you carrying at your girdle?"  
"I'm carrying the very best millet dumplings in all Japan."  
"If you'll give me one, I will go with you," said the ape.  
So Little Peachling gave one of his dumplings to the ape, who received it and followed him. When he had gone a little further, he heard a pheasant calling—  
"Ken! ken! ken! where are you off to, Master Peachling?"  
Little Peachling answered as before; and the pheasant, having begged and obtained a millet dumpling, entered his service, and followed him. A little while after this, they met a dog, who cried—  
"Bow! wow! wow! whittler away, Master Peachling?"  
"I'm going off to the ogres' island, to carry off their treasure."  
"If you will give me one of those nice millet dumplings of yours, I will go with you," said the dog.  
"With all my heart," said Little Peachling. So he went on his way, with the ape, the pheasant, and the dog following after him.

When they got to the ogres' island, the pleasant flow over the castle gate, and the ape clambered over the castle wall, while Little Peachling, leading the dog, forced in the gate, and got into the castle. Then they did battle with the ogres, and put them to flight, and took their king prisoner. So all the ogres did homage to Little Peachling, and brought out the treasures which they had laid up. There were caps and coats that made their wearers invisible, jewels which governed the ebb and flow of the tide, coral, musk, emeralds, amber, and tortoiseshell, besides gold and silver. All these were laid before Little Peachling by the conquered ogres.

So Little Peachling went home laden with riches, and maintained his foster-parents in peace and plenty for the remainder of their lives.

\*Momo means a peach, and Taro is the termination of the names of the eldest sons, as Hikotaro, Tokutaro, etc., in modern times. However, the termination has been applied indifferently to any male child.

†The country folk of Japan pretend that the pheasant's call is a sign of an approaching earthquake.

### The Question of the Canes.

The evergreen question of corporal punishment in our schools has again been very much before the public during the last week or so. There can be no possible doubt that a tremendous change has come over public opinion in regard to this matter within the last decade or so. Not only is corporal punishment rapidly becoming almost obsolete in our secondary and primary schools, amongst elder pupils, at all events, but even in the administration of home discipline the small boy of to-day is far less acquainted with the slipper, the strap, or the stick, than were his forebears. Does anyone ever read to their children nowadays that most delightful of juvenile stories "Holiday House," and, if so, are they not struck with the tremendous place occupied by corporal punishment in the early days of the Victorian era? What modern parent or guardian would allow a nurse to beat a child with a tawse, or leather cat-o'-ninetails, for some purely mischievous prank, as were the nephew and niece of Lady Harrier by the redoubtable Mrs Crabtree, a capital portrait of the head nurse of those days, by the way. But is it not evident, indeed, that corporal punishment is being evolved out of existence? The good mammas of "Good Queen Bess's glorious days," carried fans with long handles of some three feet of tough cane, and were wont therewith to chastise their grown-up daughters if they became unduly pert. And this was amongst persons of quality. One can only surmise what happened amongst we commoners. Personally, I cannot range myself on the side of those who see in the disappearance of the stick a degeneration and dangerous effeminacy of society. For certain offences, at certain ages, nothing can be better than a spanking, but thrashing children who can be made to understand other forms of correction, and to beat a child for being unable to spell or manage the three R's as quickly as his or her fellows, is mischievous and stupid. It is an axiom of education that the teacher who cannot keep moderate order and discipline without a ready recourse to the cane must be a weak fellow, and unfit to be in the charge of youth. Times there are, as has been said, when the cane is necessary, and when it is applied it should be in such style as not to be easily forgotten. But a teacher who is everlastingly using the cane is good for nothing. The writer well remembers being beaten twice and three times in a morning, as a child of 10 or 11, for inability to do certain arithmetical studies conducted on the blackboard. The matter went on for weeks, and the strict unwritten law which compels a public



Why not look young? There's genuine pleasure in holding back Father Time fifteen or twenty years. You can do it easily with Ayer's Hair Vigor, for it gives all that deep and rich look to the hair which belongs to young life.

# Ayer's Hair Vigor

You know the story—how good Queen Bess, pointing to the beautiful hair of a peasant girl, said, "There's a real royal crown. I would trade my golden one for it." That was long ago. Now you can have a "real royal crown" of your own, simply by using Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the hair grow thick and long and stops it falling out.

When your hair is rich and heavy, and when the closest inspection fails to detect a single gray hair, you will certainly look a great deal younger, and you will be much better satisfied with yourself, too. Isn't that so?

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.